

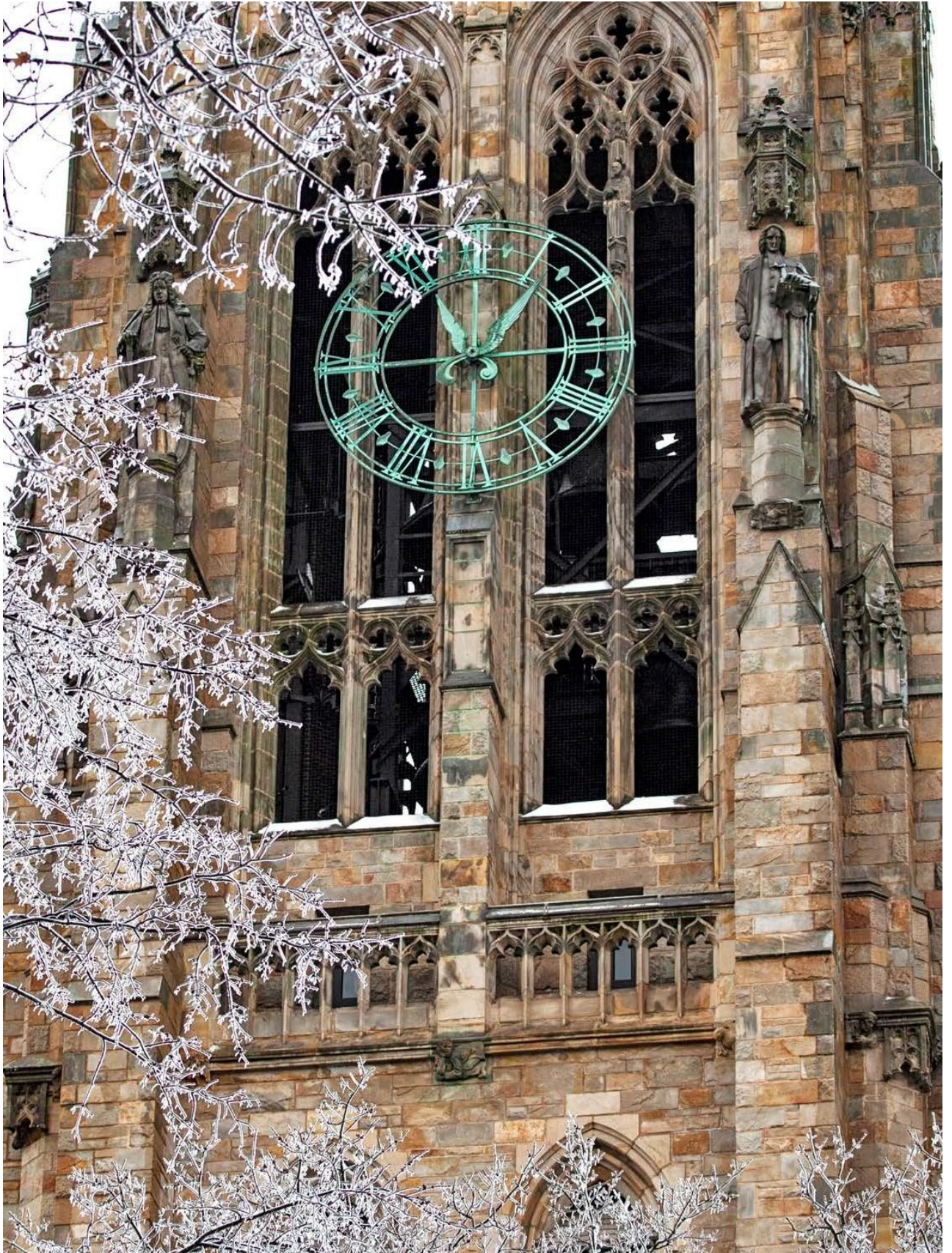
Yale 1963



At 60

In Memoriam

Battell Chapel
May 26, 2023



Yale College Class of 1963



**Sixtieth Reunion
Memorial Service**

**Friday, May 26, 2023
5:00 P.M.**

Battell Chapel

Officiants

**The Reverend Robert C.V. Morris
The Reverend Robert W. Woodroffe, III**

Organist

1963 Members of the Glee Club

Kaddish

Stan Riveles

Memorial Readers:

*Peter Cressey, Bill Couchman, Michael Skol,
Jon Larson, James Courtright, and Edgar Carlson.*

Organ Prelude

Welcome and Invocation

Let us worship the God who gives all life,
and remember those who are gone from among us.

Hymn: O God, Our Help in Ages Past

All

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our classmates who have departed this life since our last Reunion. We thank you for giving them to the world, to their families and friends, to know and love as companions on this earthly pilgrimage. We give thanks for the gifts of friendship that never end, for the joys and sorrows we have shared together, for the contributions that they made in college and in the years beyond, to their communities, the nation, and the world. Grant that all who mourn may be sustained in their grief by your abiding care and comforted by the love that transcends death. *Amen*

A Reading from Ecclesiasticus 44

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them^[a] great glory, his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms, and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding, and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations and in understanding of learning for the people,
wise in their words of instruction;

those who composed musical tunes, and set forth verses in writing; rich men furnished with resources, living peaceably in their habitations—
all these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name, so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial, who have perished as though they had not lived;
they have become as though they had not been born, and so have their children after them.
But these were men of mercy, whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Peoples will declare their wisdom, and the congregation proclaims their praise.

Song: Little Innocent Lamb

Glee Club

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He makes me to lie down in green pastures; he leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul; he leads me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

**Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.**

Thou dost prepare a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;

Thou dost anoint my head with oil; my cup runs over.

**Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.**

Kaddish: The Jewish Memorial Prayer

Stan Riveles

[English Translation:

Let the glory of God be extolled, let His great name be hallowed, in the world whose creation He willed.

May His kingdom soon prevail, in our own day, our own lives and the life of all Israel,
and let us say: **Amen**

Let His great name be blessed for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Let the name of the Holy One, blessed is He, be glorified, exalted and honored, though He is beyond all the praises, songs, and adorations that we can utter, and let us say: **Amen.**

For us and for all Israel, may the blessing of peace, and the promise of life come true,
and let us say: **Amen**

May He who causes peace to reign in the high heavens, let peace descend on us, on all Israel and all the world, and let us say: **Amen**

May the Source of peace send peace to all who mourn, and comfort to all who are bereaved. **Amen.]**

Song: And When the Leaves

Glee Club

The Reading of the Names

Jon Larson

Walter G. Alexander, May 30, 2018
Richard P. Anthony, July 17, 2021
Myron A. Arms, December 26, 2021
Robert C. Barker Jr., August 9, 2019
Edward G. Baur, February 24, 2022
William B. Bidwell, August 23, 2018

Jim Courtright

Gerrit J. Blauvelt, November 11, 2018
Jonathan Bogert, December 7, 2022
Laurence Huey Boles Jr., July 14, 2019
Elliott R. Bolsinger, November 3, 2022
George Stewart Brown, April 19, 2021
David Walter Budding, January 5, 2018

Bill Couchman

Anthony Ray Bullard, September 1, 2017
Coleman P. Burke, November 8, 2020
Charles C. Cheney, February 3, 2023
Carlton R. Chickering, December 5, 2018
Robert Beck Clark, June 4, 2022
Christopher H. Corbett, June 22, 2021

Michael Skol

Michael P. Coughlin, February 25, 2021
Harold F. Doolittle Jr., May 6, 2020
A. Peter Foote, February 1, 2021
Charles A. Frank III, June 16, 2019
William H. Frederick, March 2, 2023
Russell I. Fries, August 20, 2022

James Courtright

Charles Mark Furcolo, December 16, 2021
Charles M. Ganson Jr., November 10, 2021
Edward S. Gilfillan III, December 14, 2017
Harvey Gardere Gleason, June 24, 2020
John Goldthwaite, January 2, 2020
Gregory E. Good Jr., December 28, 2022

Edgar Carlson

Stephen H. Goulding, January 18, 2021
Robert W. Grose, March 9, 2020
Stephen F. Gunther, December 26, 2020
R. D. Douglas Hall III, January 4, 2022
William S. Hamilton Jr., October 9, 2021
Robert H. Hanson, August 22, 2021

Peter Cressey

Dennis Noel Harshfield, June 1, 2018
Harold B. Hawkins, December 31, 2020
William Howard Holme, May 29, 2020
William J. Hone, May 1, 2020
Andre Fouilhoux Houston, March 5, 2020
Michael Whitfield Jecko, May 20, 2021

Jon Larson

Robert DeWitt Jones, October 13, 2019
Douglas G. Kalesh, January 23, 2020
Robert L. Kay, April 5, 2019
Jerome P. Kenney, June 25, 2019
Bruce E. Kiernat, April 22, 2018
David K. King, March 23, 2006

Jim Courtright

Elton W. LeHew Jr., May 25, 2020
George V. Lenher, April 6, 2019
James Lilienthal, December 28, 2022
Thomas E. Lovejoy, December 25, 2021
John M. Lucas, January 21, 2018
Charles Allan Lutz, January 5, 2021

Bill Couchman

William B. Lynch, January 2, 2020
Joel Charles Magyar, October 15, 2018
Richard Malone, December 18, 2022
Charles Lester Marlow, October 14, 2021
Lee Marsh, August 23, 2022
James C. McCormick, May 28, 2018

Michael Skol

Nathan Milikowskt, July 21, 2021
Bill (William F.) Moore, April 12, 2023
Barrett Morgan, April 17, 2020
R. Patrick Murphy, February 19, 2019
Paul S. Neill, September 7, 2020
Nicholas Niven, April 18, 2019

Edgar Carlson

Jonathan W. Nusbaum, September 15, 2021
John P. Nutting, April 7, 2021
Timothy J. O'Connell, September 10, 2020
Donald James Parmenter, February 4, 2019
Louis Peter Pataki, November 29, 2021
William C. Petty III, January 13, 2020

Peter Cressey

Peter T. Pochna, January 27, 2022
Kenneth Edward Porter, March 6, 2023
M. Weldon Rogers III, July 20, 2019
Frederic Hull Roth Jr., July 2, 2018
Herbert B. Roth Jr., September 18, 2021
Hugh Rowland Jr., September 5, 2019

Jon Larson

Craig L. Ruddell, January 29, 2021
R. Bruce Sampson, May 22, 2020
Pierre M. Schlumberger, October 1, 2020
Fredric T. Schneider, September 7, 2022
Henry Ripley Schwab, January 14, 2021
George V. Sheffield, September 1, 2019

Jim Courtright

Christopher F. Sheridan, March 6, 2023
Albert D. Sturtevant, November 29, 2020
Duward F. Sumner Jr., January 15, 2023
Crispin W. Thiessen, January 24, 2020
Gordon Grand Thorne, June 27, 2018
Francis J. Tytus, October 9, 2019

Bill Couchman

David Butler Vietor, February 8, 2022
Arthur M. Virshup, May 20, 2022
William C. von Raab, February 20, 2019
Edward J. Walsh, October 1, 2022
Douglas Frazier Wax, January 3, 2021
James H. Weber, April 1, 2020

Michael Skol

Thomas R. Welch Jr., May 9, 2018
Michael S. Wilder, May 18, 2022
Richard Eugene Willis, January 29, 2020
David E. Winebrenner IV, March 28, 2023
John F. Younger Jr., August 18, 2022

Blessing

The Lord bless you and keep you;
the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious to you;
the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace. **Amen**

Hymn: Give Thanks for Life

All

[Text by Shirley E. Murray, used by permission of Hope Publishing Co].

Give thanks for life, the measure of our days,
Mortal, we pass through beauty that decays,
Yet sing to God our hope, our love, our praise: Alleluia, Alleluia!

Give thanks for those who made their life a light,
Caught from their faith flame, bursting through the night,
Who touched the truth, who burned for what is right. Alleluia, Alleluia!

And for our own, our living and our dead,
Thanks for the love by which our life is fed,
A love not changed by time or death or dread: Alleluia, Alleluia!

Give thanks for hope, that like the wheat, the grain
Lying in darkness does its life retain,
In resurrection to grow green again: Alleluia, Alleluia!

YALE CLASS OF 1963

OBITUARIES, EULOGIES, AND REMEMBRANCES

*" How bright will seem, through memories' haze,
those happy, golden, bygone days."*

Dedicated with reverence and respect,

to our Classmates who have passed on...

- Between graduation and our 55th Reunion,
and
- Since our Memorial Service in Battell Chapel
at our 55th Reunion in 2018.



All Deceased Classmates

Those Who Have Passed Since the 55th Are in Bold

Esmond Adams	February 13, 1989	Thomas F. Christie	February 3, 2016
Eugene Hale Adams Jr.	February 13, 2005	Ronald C. Chrzanowski	February 15, 1999
Roger S. Ahlbrandt Jr.	November 17, 1999	Robert Beck Clark	June 4, 2022
Walter G. Alexander	May 30, 2018	Michael Frederic Cook	March 13, 2011
John Brice Ethan Allen	February 7, 1977	Christopher H. Corbett	June 22, 2021
David Riley Anderson	January 14, 2002	David Bruce Cornay	February 10, 1989
Richard P. Anthony	July 17, 2021	Michael P. Coughlin	February 25, 2021
Myron A. Arms	December 26, 2021	Richard Bates Couser	September 23, 2008
Daniel L. Arons	August 6, 2014	Francis Hayden Curry	September 30, 1991
Darrel E. Ashcraft	March 17, 2014	Trumbull C. Curtiss	February 3, 2011
George Alan Baradel	May 21, 1986	David Michael Davidson	May 23, 2010
Robert C. Barker Jr.	August 9, 2019	John David De Hetre	March 2, 1997
Kenneth Jon Barwise	March 5, 2000	Robert Merle deVoursney	October 26, 2007
David A. Bass	July 15, 2009	Robert C. Diercks	November 21, 1995
Michael E. Batten	May 6, 2015	William R. Dimeling	October 18, 2001
Burton I. Bauchner	February 26, 2010	John R. Dobrin	August 4, 2011
Edward G. Baur	February 24, 2022	Clyde M. E. Dolan	December 3, 1995
Alpheus C. Beane Jr.	October 8, 2011	Peter H. Dominick Jr.	January 1, 2009
Michael Davitt Bell	April 9, 1997	John Donelson III	January 20, 2010
John Hemingway Benton	February 16, 2000	Frank William Donovan Jr.	January 19, 2011
William B. Bidwell	August 23, 2018	Harold F. Doolittle Jr.	May 6, 2020
Philip Tut Billard	January 5, 1996	Bram Canaday Drew	September 20, 2008
Stephen Robb Billings	July 1, 2015	Christopher James Elkus	July 16, 2014
Charles P. Blair III	April 20, 2005	David Heath Ellis	January 28, 2015
Robert Grant Blaney	June 28, 1988	David Emmons	October 19, 2009
Gerrit J. Blauvelt	November 11, 2018	Roger Gene Emrich	November 17, 1967
Aaron Nixon Bloch	April 8, 1995	Edward A. Erekson	May 25, 2009
Arthur Walker Boddie Jr.	October 22, 2006	Dan Lewis Erickson	
Laurence Huey Boles Jr.	July 14, 2019	John G. Finch III	March 29, 1992
John C. Bowen III, M.D.	May 13, 2013	John B. Fisher	September 1, 2009
William Knapp Boyle		Robert Carter Fisk	May 2, 2010
Christopher W. Bramley	October 5, 2016	Douglas Russell FitzPatrick	April 9, 1997
Louis Daniel Brodsky	June 16, 2014	A. Peter Foote	February 1, 2021
George Stewart Brown	April 19, 2021	Charles A. Frank III	June 16, 2019
David Walter Budding	January 5, 2018	Nicholas Steven Freud	August 18, 2006
Anthony Ray Bullard	September 1, 2017	Warren W. Friedman	December 26, 2002
Charles Sheffield Bunker	February 7, 2005	Russell I. Fries	August 20, 2022
Gary C. Burget	May 31, 2017	Jonathan Rodolf Fritz	November 13, 2005
Coleman P. Burke	November 8, 2020	Charles Mark Furcolo	December 16, 2021
Ernest Perry Buxton III	March 15, 2015	Charles M. Ganson Jr.	November 10, 2021
Daniel M. Byrd III	July 26, 2011	James Hoyt Gaver	July 26, 2001
Steven Murchie Cahill	January 24, 2012	Richard A. Giegengack	January 11, 2007
Lawton Miller Calhoun Jr.	April 7, 1969	Charles William Gifford	May 14, 1975
Joseph Francis Celesello Jr.	December 21, 1999	Richard Eastman Gilbert	November 27, 1967
Bruce William Chambers	May 26, 2007	Thomas A. Gildehaus	March 10, 2014
Richard Wilson Chase	August 14, 2009	Edward S. Gilfillan III	December 14, 2017
Carlton R. Chickering	December 5, 2018	Michael Timo Gilmore	March 3, 2014

Joseph Chester Glass III February 25, 2016
Harvey Gardere Gleason June 24, 2020
Peter Stokes Godfrey January 8, 2015
John Goldthwaite January 2, 2020
Allen Judson Gould March 15, 1999
Stephen H. Goulding January 18, 2021
Alan Dickson Granquist July 7, 2010
Robert Abraham Greenberg March 4, 2013
Arthur Walker Griffith Jr. April 29, 2010
Robert W. Grose March 9, 2020
Stephen Edward Guisinger July 3, 2001
Stephen F. Gunther December 26, 2020
R. D. Douglas Hall III January 4, 2022
William S. Hamilton Jr. October 9, 2021
Robert H. Hanson August 22, 2021
Richard French Harrah May 12, 2015
Herbert Raymond Harris II June 9, 1994
Dennis Noel Harshfield June 1, 2018
Joseph Hartshorne January 31, 2012
Matthew A. Hawes April 29, 2008
Harold B. Hawkins December 31, 2020
Beverly Pierce Head III September 6, 2011
Peter Harold Hemingson July 6, 1997
Michael L. C. Henderson January 28, 2006
Joseph A. Herzenberg II October 28, 2007
Paul Styring Higgins May 25, 1997
Alexander Paul Hixon Jr. November 1, 1995
Peter W. Hobson February 23, 2008
James Dillon Hoey April 27, 2003
John C. Hoff June 3, 2017
Thomas Randall Holahan August 18, 2007
Harry S. Holcomb III September 19, 2013
Burr Chapman Hollister September 29, 1974
William Howard Holme May 29, 2020
William J. Hone May 1, 2020
Richard Magnus Hopper January 2, 2016
Andre Fouilhoux Houston March 5, 2020
Sven Erik Hsia February 13, 2016
David Henry Hull September 13, 1998
Hugh Blair Hunt July 19, 2003
Walter A. Hunt Jr. May 27, 2016
J. Harold Hyde February 6, 2017
John Kenneth Irwin November 23, 2015
Victor M. Ivansheck Jr.
Richard Jacunski September 24, 2013
Robert Jacunski May 3, 2011
Michael Whitfield Jecko May 20, 2021
Eric Christian Jensen February 15, 2017
Rees C. Johnson September 5, 2013
Robert DeWitt Jones October 13, 2019
Douglas G. Kalesh January 23, 2020

Robert L. Kaye April 5, 2019
John Webster Keefe January 31, 2011
Jerome P. Kenney June 25, 2019
George A. Keyworth II August 23, 2017
Alan Baird Kidwell July 15, 2011
Bruce E. Kiernat April 22, 2018
David K. King March 21, 2006
Nathaniel W. Kingsbury November 9, 1998
Wilbur J. Kingwill March 22, 2009
Yale Kneeland III August 25, 2014
Robert Edward Knight August 12, 2016
Herbert Howard Knox January 7, 2006
John Edget Koehler December 14, 2001
Brett Hart Kramer June 3, 1971
Alan Michael Kranowitz June 3, 2002
William Justus Kranz March 7, 1970
Raymond Harris Lane July 9, 2013
William Alan Langley July 27, 2001
William Wiltsie Lapham October 18, 2003
John Peter Lason April 11, 1995
Roger Malcolm Laub November 4, 2015
Elton W. LeHew Jr. May 25, 2020
George V. Lenher April 6, 2019
Frank Scott Letcher December 17, 2015
Stephen Alexander Lewis May 26, 2011
Michael Lienert February 2, 1995
Robert Boyd Livingston September 8, 2016
David Williams Lodge November 15, 2003
Frederic Gregg Loeser November 10, 1995
Daniel Maxwell Logan August 3, 1993
Ray M. Longwell April 2, 2011
Edwin Bruce Loomis November 7, 1968
Thomas E. Lovejoy December 25, 2021
Anthony P. Lovell November 15, 2008
John M. Lucas January 21, 2018
Charles Allan Lutz January 5, 2021
William B. Lynch January 2, 2020
Thomas C. MacArthur June 8, 1990
David John MacKenzie January 3, 2015
Joel Charles Magyar October 15, 2018
James Hewitt Mairs February 4, 2012
Thomas F. Mankiewicz July 31, 2010
Charles Henry Mantle February 27, 1985
Frank Marangell May 20, 2001
Charles Lester Marlow October 14, 2021
Edward K. Marsh December 5, 1965
Lee Marsh August 23, 2022
Edwin T. Mason January 17, 2013
John S. Mason Jr. February 17, 1992
Joseph W. McArdle November 10, 2006
James C. McCormick May 28, 2018

Nathan Milikowsky July 21, 2021
 W. McCook Miller Jr. September 12, 2017
 Stephen Edwin Mochary August 13, 2001
Barrett Morgan April 17, 2020
 Thomas Wynne Morriss October 8, 1977
 David Cummins Morton II January 14, 2003
 Frank Stuart Mozeleski November 29, 2004
 Richard B. Munks May, 1987
 Brian David Murphy August 30, 2005
R. Patrick Murphy February 19, 2019
 Toby Mussman September 30, 2010
 Michael Graham Neely December 21, 1995
Paul S. Neill September 7, 2020
 Richard Norman Neubert October 14, 2010
 Robert H. Nichols II November 22, 2013
 Warren C. Nighswander May 11, 1998
Nicholas Niven April 18, 2019
Jonathan W. Nusbaum September 15, 2021
John P. Nutting April 7, 2021
Timothy J. O'Connell September 10, 2020
 John D. O'Gara January 22, 2011
 Peter F. Olds-Clarke October 20, 2011
 Charles Laubach Oldt May 12, 2003
 Robie M.H. Palmer January 28, 2013
 Stephen Baillie Parker April 23, 2015
Donald James Parmenter February 4, 2019
Louis Peter Pataki November 29, 2021
 John Marshall Payne June 16, 2009
William C. Petty III January 13, 2020
 Drayton Phillips Jr. July 15, 1997
 Ogden Mills Phipps April 6, 2016
Peter T. Pochna January 27, 2022
 Jeremiah Carter Poinier May 20, 2000
 William S. Porter September 19, 2006
 John Dewitt Pratt February 18, 2012
 Gordon Earl Pruett September 23, 2002
 James Frederick Purcell Jr. August 28, 1978
 Gordon Clark Ramsey June 21, 2007
 Robert H. Rasche June 2, 2016
 Benton Witham Reaves November 11, 2007
 Michael Chandler Redman August 5, 2001
 James Ogier Reinhardt August 16, 2016
 Richard Smart Rewis January 25, 2015
 Bryan Leigh Rogers May 28, 2013
M. Weldon Rogers III July 20, 2019
 Duncan Ross November 26, 2002
Frederic Hull Roth Jr. July 2, 2018
Herbert B. Roth Jr. September 18, 2021
Hugh Rowland Jr. September 5, 2019
Craig L. Ruddell January 29, 2021
 John Randolph Ryan January 2, 2003

Seymour S. Saltus July 14, 2017
R. Bruce Sampsell May 22, 2020
 David Hale Savasten November 25, 2002
Pierre M. Schlumberger October 1, 2020
Fredric T. Schneider September 7, 2022
 Paul Clayton Schnitker November 19, 1969
Henry Ripley Schwab January 14, 2021
 Richard C. Seamans September 27, 2015
George V. Sheffield September 1, 2019
 Charles Sherwood III June 23, 2002
 Charles Holladay Siegel July 21, 2004
 Edward Lewis Smick May 9, 2004
 Frederick M.R. Smith August 11, 2017
 Hartley Roy Smith II February 22, 2006
 Richard F. Spang February 1, 2004
 Robert Scott Spilman July 9, 1960
 Jerald Louis Stevens September 5, 2014
 William C. Stifler III November 27, 2015
 William Ned Stirlen June 19, 2013
 Joel B. Strauss September 14, 1986
Albert D. Sturtevant November 29, 2020
 J. Hamilton Tabor II February 3, 2016
 Richard Stuart Teitz June 19, 2017
Crispin W. Thiessen January 24, 2020
 John Lowell Thomas October 21, 2004
 Michael Stanley Thomas July 18, 1960
Gordon Grand Thorne July 27, 2018
 Robert Francis Tomain August 1, 2015
 John T. Trippe October 29, 2005
 Peter Louis Truebner January 23, 2015
Francis J. Tytus October 9, 2019
 Drayton Valentine November 5, 1974
David Butler Vietor February 8, 2022
Arthur M. Virshup May 20, 2022
William C. von Raab February 20, 2019
Edward J. Walsh October 1, 2022
 James H. Ware April 26, 2016
Douglas Frazier Wax January 3, 2021
James H. Weber April 1, 2020
 Leon Arnold Weisberg December 13, 2006
 Bruce Dean Weizel January 1, 1974
Thomas R. Welch Jr. May 9, 2018
 Tobias Victor Welo September 5, 2000
 Walter Eugene Welsh June 8, 1962
 Stephen Franklin Weltman January 31, 2007
 Alfred William White May 10, 2008
 Christopher Whitman May 29, 2007
 Thomas Burnett Wiens July 14, 2000
 Joseph Martin Wikler September 19, 2014
 Stephen Van C. Wilberding June 11, 2016
Michael S. Wilder May 18, 2022

Richard Eugene Willis	January 29, 2020	Donald Robert Wright	February 8, 1977
James H. Wilmotte	April 25, 2016	Jules Noel Wright	1997
Evan Morris Wilson Jr.	June 30, 1964	John F. Younger Jr.	August 18, 2022
Washington Carlyle Winn Jr.	July 3, 2011	William Harry Yurasko	November 1, 2012
Robert Henry Winter	July 17, 2011	Craig S. Zimmerman Jr.	March 2, 1969
Peter Jennings Wood	September 5, 2014	Christopher Zug	February 26, 1979

Addendum: Classmates who have passed recently:

Jonathan Bogert	December 7, 2022
Elliot R. Bolsinger	November 1, 2022
Charles C. Cheney	February 3, 2023
William H. Frederick	March 2, 2023
Gregory E. Good, Jr	December 28, 2022
James Lilienthal	December 28, 2022
Richard Malone	December 18, 2022
William F. Moore	April 12, 2023
Kenneth Edward Porter	March 6, 2023
Christopher F. Sheridan	March 6, 2023
Duward F. Sumner Jr.	January 15, 2023
David E. Winebrenner	March 28, 2023

“If Tomorrow Starts Without Me...”

" If Tomorrow starts without me, don't think we are far apart...

For every time you think of me, I am right there 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.”



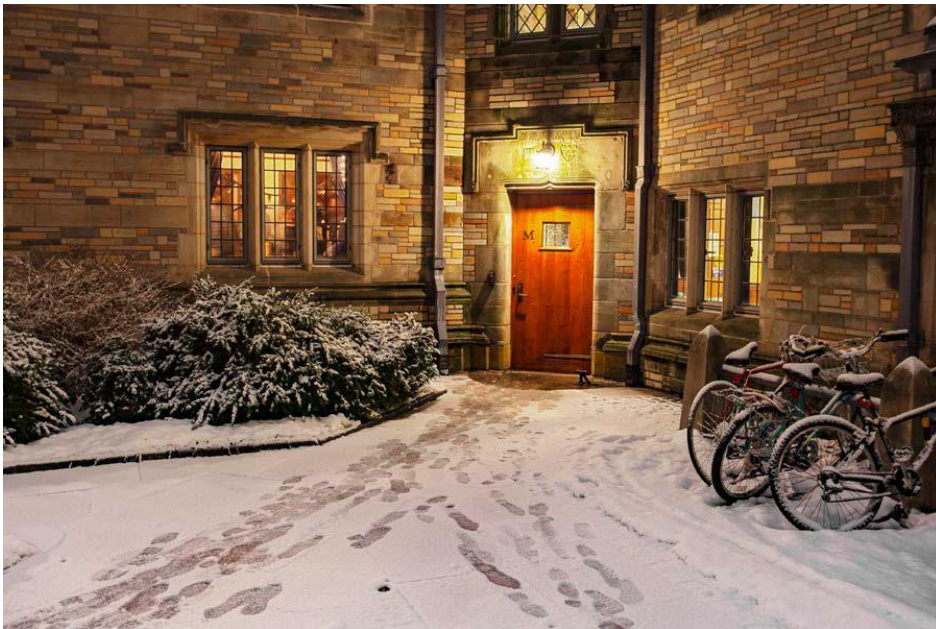
T.S. Eliot *“Four Quartets”*

Home is where one starts from.
What we call the Beginning is often the End.
And to make an End is to make a Beginning.
The End is where we start from.

With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling

We shall not cease from Exploration.
And the end of all our Exploring
will be to arrive where we started...

And know the place for the first time.



SLOW DANCE

“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!”

Ecclesiastes 3:1 - 3:8

King James Version of the Bible

To every thing there is a Season,
and a time to every purpose under the Heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die;

A time to plant, and a time to pluck up [that which is] planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal;

A time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh;

A time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;

A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose;

A time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew;

A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate;

A time of war, and a time of peace.

Ode on Intimations of Immortality

from Recollections of Early Childhood
William Wordsworth

...Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

“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.”

Bright College Years

Bright College years, with pleasure rife, the shortest, gladdest years of life;
How swiftly are ye gliding by! Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?

The seasons come, the seasons go, the earth is green or white with snow,
But time and change shall naught avail, to break the friendships formed at Yale.

In after years, should troubles rise, to cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, through memories’ haze, those happy, golden, bygone days.

Oh, let us strive that ever we, may let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:

"For God, for Country and for Yale!"

How Bright Through Memory's Haze

Dedicated with reverence and respect, to the Classmates who have departed us too soon.

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.

May our tears in remembrance 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 on Earth...and forever thereafter.

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



Battell Chapel



Woolsey Hall Graduation

Memorials and Remembrances of Classmates Who Have Passed Since Our 55th Reunion

Walter G. Alexander



Died on May 30, 2018

Walter George Alexander of Roanoke, VA passed away on May 30, 2018.

He served his country in the United States Army Reserves during the Vietnam conflict.

Walter was an Eagle Scout and graduated from Yale University in 1963. He worked for Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company for over 20 years as Director of Information Systems.

Walter was preceded in death by his wife of 51 years, Karen Swanson Alexander. He is survived by five children, Walter Alexander, John Alexander, Richard Alexander, Karen Barrie, and Anne Skrzycki, 18 grandchildren, and other extended family.

Walter was active in the Boy Scouts of America as a scoutmaster for many years. He enjoyed spending time with his family and dogs. He shared a passion for building and flying model airplanes at the Roanoke Valley Radio Control Club with his three sons and grandchildren.

Richard Pleasants Anthony

Died on July 17, 2021

Richard Pleasants Anthony died unexpectedly in Boston, MA on July 17, 2021 of heart disease. A veteran campaigner for liberal causes, Dick enjoyed shoe-leather campaigning in neighborhoods, often traveling to New Hampshire or Maine to have more impact. He believed strongly in the political process and activism, and was deeply concerned about climate change, the threat of nuclear war, racial equity, and social justice. He was passionate about family and about nature, and was an avid walker. He had a fine intellect, kind heart, quirky sense of humor, and impeccable sense

of decency. His ever-curious mind served him well as a science writer at MIT. His bass voice graced choirs from school days until his death. Dick is survived by his spouse, Becky Siebens, his son Sam Anthony, and two grandchildren.

Charles Brinley remembers:

Freshman year Dick, Gardner Mundy, and I roomed together in Durfee Hall, following which Dick left Yale for a four-year hiatus, during which he served in the U.S. Navy at Jacksonville Naval Air Station. In 1964 he returned to Yale and graduated in 1967. Upon returning to Yale he sang in the Battell Chapel Choir, was active in the Yale Dramatic Association, and majored in History. Dick's career took a bit of a winding route, starting as a reporter for mostly New England newspapers. Later he served as a speechwriter during the Carter Administration, after which he was a freelance medical and science writer, which was a bridge to a position at MIT as a staff writer. Dick was fascinated by science, so it was fitting that he landed in that position. Dick loved hiking and birding, as well as kayaking in coastal Maine waters from a family camp in Tenants Harbor, Maine. Singing was a passion in which he engaged throughout his life and which brought him much joy. He had a rich light baritone voice and sang in many choirs over the years.

Myron A. Arms



Died on December 26, 2021

Myron A. "Mike" Arms passed away peacefully on December 26, 2021 in his home overlooking the Sassafras River on Maryland's Eastern Shore.

Mike grew up in the Shaker Heights neighborhood of Cleveland. He attended University School where he was the president of his senior class. He attended

Yale University as both an undergraduate and graduate student, earning his B.A. in English and Masters in Education. In 1961, he married his long-time sweetheart Caroline (Kay) Beck Kling, and a year later became the father of twins, Christopher and David. After teaching English at William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia for a few years, Mike returned to academia and earned his Masters of Theology from Harvard Divinity School. While attending Harvard, his third son, Stephen, was born. Mike returned to Philadelphia and continued teaching in independent schools until he abandoned the formal classroom in 1977 in favor of a different kind of educational setting: a 60-foot traditional wooden schooner called Dawn Treader. As founder and director of a program of sea-learning experiences and a Coast Guard-licensed Ocean Master, he sailed for the next five years with hundreds of teenage boys and girls. In 1983, Mike bought the empty hull of a Flying Dutchman 12, a 50-foot bluewater cutter, that he and good friend John Griffiths finished over the years. This boat, Brendan's Isle, would be Mike's home for the better part of the next 25 years as he sailed multiple trans-Atlantic passages and cruised Europe, the Arctic, the Caribbean, and Canada. These voyages would become the background for the countless articles in sailing publications and four books he authored, including *Riddle of the Ice*, which became a Boston Globe best-seller. On a lifetime of sailing, Mike reflected, "It's funny how things go. Sailing for me, used to be a hobby. Then it became a vocation. Then an obsession. Then, a metaphor: a window on the world." In all, Mike published five books: *Touching the World* (published in the 70's about experiential learning), *Riddle of the Ice*, *Cathedral of the World*, *Servants of the Fish*, and *True North*. Mike continued to sail into his 70's in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, where he spent his summers with Kay. Mike is survived by his wife Kay, his three boys, Chris, Dave, and Steve, and five grandchildren.

Chris Getman '64 remembers:

Mike Arms was part of the group in Pier-son which included me, Drayton Valentine, Ed Whitcraft, Pete Truebner, Mit Massie, Jeff Col-linson, and Dan Moger. Mike got married after

Sophomore Year and had twin boys in June of 1962. He was a very accomplished guy who built his own 50-foot sloop, Brendan's Isle, which he sailed all over the place, especially north. He wrote several books including *Riddle of the Ice*, which was a precursor to the conversations we're having about climate change, and *Servants of the Fish*, which describes how the fishing off George's Bank was decimated. Both are interesting, thoughtful, and prescient books. Mike didn't have much contact with Yale after he graduated, which is Yale's and 1963's loss. He was a unique, fun, and very interesting guy.

Robert C. Barker Jr.



Died on August 9, 2019

Dr. Robert C. Barker, Jr. died from a heart attack on August 9, 2019 at his home in Fort Smith, AK. Bob was born in Fort Worth, TX on February 6, 1941.

He graduated from high school in Fort Worth, and then attended Yale University, earning a B.A. in English Literature in 1963. He obtained his medical degree from Tulane College of Medicine. After serving two years in the Air Force as a general medical officer, he resumed his medical training at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, focusing on internal medicine and gastroenterology.

While in Houston, he met and married his beloved wife, Jere Jones Guin Barker. On completion of his training there in 1975, they moved to Fort Smith, where he practiced with Holt-Krock Clinic and Sparks. After retiring, he volunteered for many years at Good Samaritan Clinic. He is survived by his wife, Jere Barker; children Mara E. Barker, Heather B. Heitman, Bevin B. Raines, and Brent C. Barker; a brother; and grandchildren, cousins, nieces, and nephews. He was an active member of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, and enjoyed reading, music, cycling, running, rugby, and race horses.

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

Bobby Barker, my roomie in 1959, impressed me immediately as a true Southern gentleman. He was born in Fort Worth, TX, where he met Betty. They married when Bobby went to medical school after three years at Yale pre-med. Betty died 12 years later. Bobby found and married Jere, who adopted his two children, and they had two more children together. Bobby's brother, Charlie, Yale '64, joined our other roomies, Dan Arons, Bucky Buxton, and S. K. Wilson, at parties in Silliman. All six of us became doctors in four states. Bobby joined his best buddy, S. K. Wilson, at Holt-Krock Clinic in Fort Smith, AK. Bob became the premier gastroenterologist in the Tulsa-Fort Smith area. He retired to race thoroughbreds as well as serve his church and local history museum. Bobby and I talked or e-mailed almost every week. I do miss our friendship and dialogues. Well done, Dr. Barker!

Edward G. Baur



Died on February 24, 2022

Edward Grosset Baur died peacefully of natural causes in the early morning of February 24, 2022 in Jacksonville, FL. He had recently moved there with his wife of 38 years, Emily Baur.

Ed's charm and wit got him elected senior class president of Liberty High School, Bethlehem, PA, where he graduated in 1959. He was the first in his family to attend college with a full scholarship to Yale University. While there, he married hometown sweetheart Linda Meyer. He graduated from Yale in 1963, and the couple moved to New York, where Ed graduated from Columbia with an M.B.A. before landing a job at J. Walter Thompson.

In the Vietnam Era, Ed graduated from the U.S. Navy Officer Candidate School in 1966 and served as a Lieutenant on a guided missile destroyer. Upon his honorable discharge in 1969, he moved with his wife and young son to Appleton, WI, where he was a marketing manager for Kimberly-Clark and haunted the trout

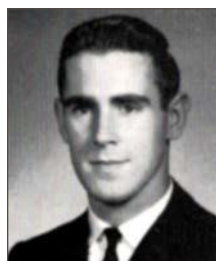
streams of northern Wisconsin. His career also took the family to Florida, where he used his diverse education in the paper industry and in teaching Economics and Marketing at the University of North Florida and Stetson. In 1980 he became a Management Engineer at the Cleveland Clinic, one of many roles he would play in the rapidly changing world of health care. In 1984 he married kindred spirit Emily Osborne, and the two of them enjoyed exploring the streams, woods, and old canal towns of the region. They returned every summer for many years to a picturesque cabin on Casco Bay, ME.

His sons fondly remember a supportive father who was quick to laugh, who was passionate in his own opinions, and who did not hesitate to express his love for his family. His wife remembers his treasuring time spent simply sharing life together with loved ones. Ed is survived by his wife, Emily Baur, and by two sons, Grayson and Drew Baur.

Joseph Alpert remembers:

Ed, David Gergen, and I shared a room in "Dirty Durfee" freshman year. I remember Ed as a charming, intelligent, and fun-loving person. He had a magnificent tenor singing voice. Ed, David, and I performed many practical jokes in Durfee during our freshman year. I have had some contact with him over the years since we graduated. I had hoped to see him at the 60th.

William B. Bidwell



Died on August 23, 2018

William Bradford Bidwell passed away peacefully on August 23, 2018 at Connecticut Hospice, with his daughter Laurel Bidwell and his son Birch Bidwell by his side.

Robert Flanagan remembers:

Bill and I were high school classmates before Yale and shared a room (with Erik Jensen) in Farnum during our freshman year. Bill continued a long family tradition of engagement

with Yale. His father and older brother were Yale graduates, and after earning a Ph.D, Bill served as Recording Secretary of Yale for many years. Over the years that I knew him, Bill was one of the quietest and most reliably sensible people who I have ever met.

Dave Hilyard remembers:

Bill was the Recording Secretary and Director of Stewardship at Yale, a position requiring infinite care and sensitivity. I had the pleasure of working with him for more than 20 years. When Bill retired, an officer of the University complimented him on his 'kindness and gentleness and the empathetic way he went about his duties.

After graduating from Yale, Bill went to the University of Rochester, where he earned a Ph.D. in History. He then taught for several years before returning to his alma mater.

Bill and his partner Nan Bartow worked for many years as volunteers with the Urban Resources Initiative (URI). During their retirement, they spearheaded the restoration of Beaver Ponds Park in New Haven.

Bill had a large extended family, including four grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews. Those of us who knew Bill well knew we were blessed.

Gerrit J. Blauvelt

Died on November 11, 2018

Gerrit John "Gerry" Blauvelt, M.D. died peacefully at home, surrounded by his family, on November 11, 2018.

The cause was idiopathic pulmonary fibrosis, an incurable lung disease. Gerry practiced medicine in San Francisco for nearly 50 years, beginning as an intern at Pacific Presbyterian in 1967. Among the first psychiatrists to open an office in the San Francisco Financial District, in the early 1980s, he practiced through June 2018. He served as an Associate Clinical Professor at UCSF.

Gerry was born in Shaker Heights, OH, and was educated at University School, Yale College, and University of Pennsylvania Medical School. He continued his education with

a psychiatric residency at Langley Porter, UCSF, and spent time at Littlemore Hospital in Oxford, England, learning Maxwell Jones's approach to therapeutic communities. This approach informed his years of public service working with psychiatric outpatient groups, including 20 years as medical director of a geriatric garden with his patients.

Gerry is remembered for his probing questions, not always gentle and sometimes sly, but always with compassion and a genuine interest in what others truly thought and felt.

Gerry enjoyed sailing and being on the water, especially at family homes over the years in Centerport, Long Island; Cotuit, Cape Cod; and Duck Cove, Tomales Bay. He loved clamming and taught his grandchildren and anyone who was uninitiated how to dig in the mud with their toes.

He felt fortunate to share most of his life with his high school sweetheart, Sandra (Blair) Blauvelt. He is survived by his wife Sandy; his daughter Molly, his son Andy, and four grandchildren, all of whom he adored.

Laurence Huey Boles Jr.



Died on July 14, 2019

Laurence Huey Boles, Jr. passed away peacefully at his home in Flagstaff, AZ on July 14, 2019 with his wife of 41 years, Leslie (Mallen) at his side. He is survived by a daughter, Suyin, of Tucson, AZ. He is also survived by a brother, Edgar (Beth) of Chagrin Falls, and their family. Larry was raised in Cleveland Heights and graduated from University School in Shaker Heights in 1959. He graduated from Yale in 1963. He later earned a Masters Degree in History at CWRU in 1966, and a Ph.D. in History and Political Science from Northern Arizona University. Larry was an instructor in History, Spanish and French at Northern Arizona University and later an instructor in History at Coconino Community College in Flagstaff. Larry's Ph.D. dissertation dealt largely with French history. He passed on Bastille

Day, perhaps the most famous day in France's history. Larry loved music and was a talented singer and musician. He was a member of the Glee Club and Octet at University School and a member of the Yale Glee Club which toured Europe. Larry was a self-taught musician, playing the piano, guitar and banjo, and could play a tune from hearing it. Larry's wit, humor and good nature will be missed by his family, friends and former students.

George Stewart Brown



Died on April 19, 2021

George Stewart "Stovy" Brown died at home in St. Leonard, MD on April 19, 2021 in his tenth year of ALS, the 80th year of his age, and the 51st year of marriage to Anne Virginia

Wright. Born in Baltimore, he attended Calvert and Gilman and graduated from Yale. His entire working career was spent with IBM while living in Annapolis, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Stamford, CT. He retired to Southern Maryland in 1991 and devoted the rest of his time to the Southern Maryland Sailing Foundation, the Prince Frederick Rotary Club, and the Calvert County Democrats. He is survived by his wife and by his brother and nephews.

Norman Dawley remembers:

I met Stovy in 1959 when we were both sent to Boston to compete in a freshman regatta on the Charles River at MIT. Sailing was a club sport at Yale with zero financial support from the University. To compete at regattas we would pile into someone's car (often Stovy's '49 Ford Convertible, 'Gypsy', since he was one of the few who had a car), all chipping in for gas and tolls; go to the regatta, sleep on anyone's floor that would have us; try to cadge meals at the host's dining hall or failing that binge on 15-cent hamburgers. Stovy was a wizard in the shifty winds of the rivers and lakes where we usually competed. As I remember, we won the Sloop Championships at Coast Guard one year in Ravens. The biggest win of our college ca-

reers was the McMillan Cup at Navy in 1963, on our third and final try. Again, Stovy's tactical calls and skill in shifty air were critical to our success. At that time the McMillan Cup was emblematic of collegiate national big boat championship, as the Kennedy Cup is today. We visited Anne and Stovy when they had recently finished their beautiful house on St Leonard's Creek as I was retiring. We decided that Solomons was a great place to retire and moved there also. Since then Stovy and I have sailed many, many more miles together on the Chesapeake, as well as more Vineyard, Block Island, and around Long Island races, at least three races to Bermuda and the race from Victoria, BC to Maui. I admire Stovy endlessly for his amazing good spirits, energy, and ability to stay productively involved in sailing, Rotary, family and friends through his long battle with ALS. I am equally awed by Anne's skill and dedication at giving and managing his care with constant good cheer.

John Hilgenberg remembers:

Stovy and I were classmates for 15 years in three different schools. A physics major, he was probably the smartest guy I knew, and very decent and kind in every way. After a career with IBM he retired to southern Maryland, where he enjoyed his life-long competitive passion, sailing. He often saw his good friend and neighbor, Norm Dawley, another avid sailor dating back to their days with the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club. Stovy is survived by his wife, Anne Wright Brown, along with a wide circle of friends gained from his active leadership pursuits, sailing and county Democratic politincs.

David Walter Budding



Died on January 5, 2018

David W. Budding passed away on January 5, 2018 at the Metrowest Medical Center in Framingham, MA. He was the husband of Martha M. (Marti) Budding. David was educat-

ed at the Cathedral Choir School of 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, and 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, MA on housing policy, and spent the latter part of his career building and managing medical databases with Tufts Medical Center, Lifespan, and Perot Systems. David was a passionate gardener and most of all loved music, which gave him the greatest joy in his life and connected him with his beloved wife Marti. In addition to his wife, he is survived by four children, Lauren Budding, Anthony Budding, Jeffrey Berndt, and Nathan Berndt, and ten grandchildren.

Anthony Ray Bullard



Died on September 1, 2017

Anthony Ray "Tony" Bullard, 77, of Westminster, passed away at home surrounded by his family on Friday, September 1, 2017.

Tony was born on November 22, 1939 in Washington, D.C., and was the son of the late Dexter and Anne Bullard. He was the beloved husband of Suzanne Bullard for 47 years.

Tony was a graduate of Yale University, class of 1963. He furthered his education at University of Pittsburgh with a Masters of Public and International Affairs in 1965. He became a respected professor at Hamilton College then at Briarcliff College. During that time he continued his education at Columbia University, earning a Doctorate of Philosophy in Government in 1972. He then returned to Maryland to work at Chestnut Lodge, a family-run psychiatric hospital in Rockville, as the administrator. While working at the hospital he earned his Masters of Business Associate in Health Care in 1980 from Loyola College.

Tony and Suzanne moved out of Rockville, buying a horse farm, where they bred Morgan horses and competed. He was an avid scholar and reader and had many interests in life, including a deep affinity for Biblical studies. He enjoyed canoeing and went on several wilderness trips, some with his family. He also had an interest in weaving, photography and the political environment.

Tony was involved in many professional and community organizations ranging from psychiatry, education, Rotary Club, and We The People. He helped found Gabriel's Network, which provides help to pregnant mothers and families in need. He volunteered at homeless shelters and local soup kitchens. He had the honor of receiving the Citizen of the Year Award in 1987. He was received in the Catholic Church on the Easter Vigil of 2010 and is a member of St. John Church. Every day he tried to bring a smile to everyone he met.

Surviving him in addition to his wife are son Wilson Bullard, daughter-in-law Kristin Bullard and grandchildren Wil (12), Joe (10) and Molly (8); daughter Caroline Resari, daughter-in-law Sheila Resari, and grandson Nicholas. He was predeceased by his brother Dexter "Rusty" M. Bullard Jr., and brother-in-law Yarl Dyrud.

Coleman P. Burke



Died on November 8, 2020

Coleman Poston Burke, respected and revered by many, died peacefully at his home in Bedford, NY on November 8, 2020. Loved for his jokes and songs, he was a hail fellow well met. He was a graduate of Pingry School, St. Paul's School, Yale University, and the Case Western Reserve University School of Law. He loved all sports, especially hockey, and many a teammate commented on his agility and sportsmanship. A standout on rinks and ponds for decades, he chased after victories and team unity with great heart. From 1966 to 1969, he served in the Mekong Delta in the Vietnam

War as a Communications Officer for the U.S. Navy. Coley was a kid at heart and lived every minute of life to the fullest. He followed one of his favorite mottos every day: "Work hard, play hard." An avid fly fisherman, he fished the Snake River in Jackson Hole with his best friends annually for 50 years. Ever fascinated with science, he devoured non-fiction books, and in the 1990s conducted his own dinosaur-hunting forays in Patagonia.

He was responsible for the exploration of a new dinosaur field in Argentina, and eventually he discovered a new species, named *Orkoraptor burkei* in his honor. He loved all forms of music, performing banjo and piano at the Bohemian Club and with his family around the dinner table. He was a self-proclaimed foodie and delighted his kids and grandkids when announcing that his car was incapable of driving past an ice cream shop. He and his wife Susan traveled the world and entertained New Yorkers on many an occasion, including their 35th anniversary party, which included 15-foot faux-dinosaurs. In his early career, Coley practiced law with his family firm, Burke & Burke. In 1983, he left the firm to found Waterfront, NY, a commercial real estate enterprise located in the Chelsea District, before that neighborhood became fashionable. The firm, now called North River Company, has grown to nine states across the country. Coley was extremely proud of the team he built over 40 years. A man of great faith, he loved the outdoor chapel behind his Bedford home, walking or cross-country skiing the stream-side trail through the woods. His strong belief in freedom, education, and the environment led him to serve on many boards such as the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, The Yale School of the Environment, The Yale Peabody Museum, The National Forest Foundation, and the National Audubon Society.

In 2019 his alma mater Case Western Reserve founded the Coleman P. Burke Center for Environmental Law in his honor. He loved mischief, loved people, and always spoke of the spirit of fellowship. Every year he mailed hundreds of birthday cards to friends and employees. He was uncommonly humble, curious, and generous. He always made himself available to lend an ear, lend a hand, or hand

you a punchline to one of his 1,000 jokes. He is survived by his beloved wife of 39 wonderful years, Susan, son Erik and daughters Lisa, Sarah, and Ashley, and eight grandchildren. He lived his life as he sang his songs: in full harmony.

Ridgway Hall remembers:

Coley and I were classmates at St. Paul's as well as at Yale. He was a superstar hockey player there, for which he was revered. When he came to Yale, he teamed up on the Yale hockey team with two other former St. Paul's hockey stars, Frank Bishop and Patrick Rulon-Miller, both a year ahead of us, to form what Sam Chauncey called 'The last of the great St. Paul's School lines.' They played together at Yale for two years. The reason for Dean Chauncey's comment is that for decades, before artificial ice rinks were popular, St. Paul's, in Concord, NH, had beautiful black ice from late October through April, and produced some of the best high school hockey teams in the country, routinely beating the freshman teams of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The annual game against Princeton was played during the Christmas holidays in Madison Square Garden, with the winner being awarded the 'Hobey Baker' stick – owned by that hockey legend who played for both SPS and Princeton, and died in WWI. When Coley and I were at SPS they had five or six natural ice rinks with hard, black ice on a large pond. The ice was kept smooth by a sled with a shaving blade pulled by a pair of white horses. After the ice was shaved, a tractor with a large rotating brush swept off the ice chops, and play resumed for four or five days until it was time for the next shave. Skating in the open air, with pine trees along the edge of the pond, was an experience we all treasured. It is now largely a thing of the past – the school has several artificial rinks, and hockey is no longer the religion it once was, when we had 24 club teams playing at all levels, as well as the varsity and JV. One Coley story: One day at St. Paul's, just before our midwinter dance weekend with a big hockey game coming up, our English teacher assigned us to write a poem that captured the spirit of the weekend. One of my classmates at once burst out with, 'Go, Coley, go!'

William Hildebrand remembers:

All who knew Coley identified him by his smile. It was a smile that said, 'I am glad to get to know you.' It was a smile that said, 'If there is anything I can do to make your life better, I will try.' And, for all his worldly success, he never stopped reaching out to others and enjoying everyone he met. There were times when that warm and welcoming smile did disappear. They came in 60-minute intervals and occurred 26 times a year. That was when he proudly wore his Yale Hockey jersey and represented all that was best in Yale athletics. Seeing #5 take the ice produced frowns on the faces of his opponents and smiles on the faces of his teammates. Those who knew him as a teammate and a friend are much richer for the experience. Those who did not know him can be certain he would have enjoyed knowing you and would have wanted the best for you. Coley was a rare combination of extraordinary talent and humility. He possessed a zest for life and a love of others.

Peter Kiernan remembers:

I don't recall ever meeting Coley before late in junior year at Yale, when we both joined Desmos, our senior society. The senior society experience and the bond between the 15 classmates in the same society can be and often is strong. And my memories of Coley reflect how perfect a friend and companion and confidant he was. He always was in search of a 'caper,' as he called his endeavors and amusements. I can even now hear him saying that word in my mind. Yale today receives many of what they view as ideal candidates, far more than they can accept. What they don't do today nearly as well as they did in our day, I believe, is look for the ideal friend, the leader we search for, the truly good model for what we would all want to be if we could – the Coley Burkes of this world.

Grinnell Morris remembers:

Coley was one of the finest individuals I have had the pleasure of knowing. Our relationship became close after prep school and college as we worked together to bring change to the BOD of our school. Coley was wide open to the ideas of others and willing to challenge

the status quo to bring about necessary change. He is missed!

P. Geoffrey Noyes remembers:

Coley and I met when he invited me to join him to play guitar and sing for the vagabonds and down-n-outers sheltering in the waiting room of the New Haven railroad station. We did it often; he was on a first-name basis with most of the denizens. Coley came from Hamilton College (his maternal family were founders of the college, I think), a hockey star there and at Yale and in (unsuccessful) tryouts for the USA Hockey team. A favorite memory: After Yale, Coley would organize and bring upstate to the Hamilton College hockey arena a coterie of hockey friends, male and female, for a week-end of jungle hockey and splendid dinners. He and I both had a deep sense of attachment and love for the hills, valleys, and tiny villages and hamlets of Central New York. The Burke family summer home was in Oxford, Chenango County; we would round up there of a week-end and go back-roading, with a sense that here was a genuinely natural world. He was a naturalist. I felt that he and I were special friends, but I always knew that he made everyone in his wide circle of acquaintances a special friend . . . many, many. He radiated outward.

Robert Power remembers:

When my mother died a while ago in Ireland I went through our family guest book and found Coley's name and time of visit dated 1962! Following that we remained in close contact ever since. I can recall many hunting, fishing, and shooting trips in England, Ireland, Canada, Alaska, and so on. He was terrific company, an engaging raconteur, an accomplished pianist (which few people knew), and enormously generous. He was an extremely successful businessman; while he didn't invent 'self storage', he built his fortune around that concept with a number of strategically situated acquisitions around the country, not least his purchase of the entire block in NYC bounded by 11th/12th Avenues and 28th/29th Streets. Where amongst other clients he stored treasures from the Metropolitan Museum! He was a warm and outgoing personality and I amongst many, many others will miss him dearly.

John Rixse remembers:

Coley, always silky smooth...you instilled in me a love of hockey for life!

Carlton R. Chickering



Died on December 5, 2018

Carlton R. Chickering passed away on December 5, 2018 at Waterbury Hospital, CT. He was the husband of Phyllis (Cowley) Chickering. Carlton graduated from Danbury High School as a National Merit Scholar and went on to Yale, graduating in 1963. He joined UniRoyal Chemical upon graduation from Yale and worked there until he retired. He also met his wife of 50 years at UniRoyal. Carlton was diagnosed with Type 1 Juvenile Diabetes at the age of 13. He carefully watched his diet and followed his insulin regimen closely. Fortunately for Carlton, his wife, Phyllis, carefully monitored their diets and eating habits so that he could live a full life. Phyllis had been a walking encyclopedia of carb counting; she died in April 2022.

James Courtright remembers:

(with input from Val Dusek and Jack Plotkin)

I knew 'Chick' from freshman year in Durfee and as roommates for the next three years. We were in the same German section and joked for some years after about a perfectly apt German phrase. He had a great laugh and one which is remembered. A great friend for 55+ years and always made contact when we were in Connecticut. He recruited me to be a YAF agent even though I never matched his exceptional efforts (see his own 25th reunion statement). Despite his diabetes, his wife Phyllis carefully watched his diet like a hawk and he far outlived the prognoses of a lifespan of about 40 years.

Chick was the mastermind behind the perhaps still unequaled grand senior suite for five of '63. He met challenges with his own combination of acceptance, humor, and criticism.

He managed the difficult courses in Chemistry and found time to enjoy and to win recognition with his classic car. Above all he treasured the Yale experience, from its outstanding professors, to its students, to its traditions, and importantly to the Class of 1963, serving both as Chair of Agents for the YAF and as a member of the Class Council. His chuckles were his hallmark and were appropriate for the moment and the occasion. In later years, whenever I visited Yale, there was always a time for a fine dinner, for laughter, and for friendship. In the end, diabetes, in its insidious way, destroyed his memory and later took our friend. We managed a few saddening visits these last several years and we still hold dear those earlier days with Chick at Yale that meant much to us and to him.

Richard Heppner remembers:

Chick was my roommate for three years and my friend for life. We shared both enjoyable times and serious discussions as we matured together at Yale. He showed me how to be a good friend. He loved to sing, debate, and work on classic cars. I particularly admired how stoically he coped with his juvenile diabetes. He didn't allow that deadly condition to restrict his social life or academic pursuits. That he survived for more than 60 years with juvenile diabetes may be attributed to his meticulous diet and insulin management. I will be eternally grateful to Chick for assuring me that Carol, my wife of 52 years, was the right match for me. Times spent with him are some of my most pleasant memories of Yale.

Robert Beck Clark



Died on June 4, 2022

Robert Beck Clark passed away at home in Murray, Utah on June 4, 2022. The eldest of three children, he was born on July 18, 1941 to Calvin Beck Clark and Thelma Phillips Clark Williams in the thriving coal mining town of Rock Springs, Wyoming. Reading nonfiction books

from the local library in grade school sparked his interest in becoming a physicist. Robert attended Provo High School where he served as a student body officer, co-captain of the football team, state championship debater, state medal winning wrestler and the first president of the Provo High School Chapter of the National Honor Society. He was also selected as a first team all-state football player. He married the true love of his life, Lois Yvonne Anderson from Richfield, Utah in the Manti Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 2, 1959.

They spent the next nine years at Yale University where Robert was the recipient of the Boltwood scholarship. In 1963 Robert received his bachelor's degree, with honors, as a double major in physics and mathematics. At Yale he also played on the Ivy League championship and Lambert Trophy winning football teams (he told of tackling his teammate Dick Cheney at practice) and completed his Master of Philosophy and Doctor of Philosophy degrees in theoretical elementary particle physics.

Robert was dedicated to his family. He loved the gospel of Jesus Christ and enjoyed many opportunities to serve in his church including as bishop of both the New Haven, Connecticut and Bryan, Texas wards of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He also loved and served others as ward missionary, Sunday School teacher, seminary teacher, home teacher, high councilor, and scoutmaster.

During their 32 years living in Texas, Robert served as Regents Professor of Physics and Associate Dean of the College of Science at Texas A&M University. He was also elected as a fellow of both the American Physical Society (APS) and American Association of Physics Teachers (AAPT) and was honored as the recipient of both the Oersted and Phillips Medals and served as the treasurer and president of the AAPT and member of the Governing Board of the American Institute of Physics and the Executive Committee of the Council of Scientific Society Presidents. He started a popular summer program at Texas A & M teaching high school teachers to boost their science teaching skills.

Robert spent the last nine years of his academic career as a Professor of Physics at Brigham Young University. Since his retire-

ment, Robert and Yvonne enjoyed serving together as inner city missionaries, home teachers, and temple workers.

In addition to being exceptionally hard-working, Robert liked to have fun. He was always up for an adventure, especially with his children and grandchildren. Adventures ran the gamut from delivering his newspaper route early in the morning searching for possums and raccoons, physics related field trips, trying out different restaurants together, and treating the family to Disney World. He shared his deep love for books by reading the Wizard of Oz books to his children and grandchildren and helped them learn to read with Dick and Jane. He loved building and flying model planes, any sports his children and grandchildren played, and never met a stranger. He was always learning and sharing what he learned. He whistled and sang around the house. He had a soft spot for the corny films of a bygone era like Little Rascals and Flash Gordon. He reached for the stars and encouraged others to give their dreams their best shot. Robert and Yvonne championed and sustained their children and grandchildren in their pursuit of education and other goals.

Robert is preceded in death by his wife, his parents, his brother Dennis Brian Clark and sister JoAnn Schopflin. He is survived by his four children: Lois Elaine Clark Holt (Richard), Melinda Lyn Clark LeCheminant (Alan), Niels Robert Beck Clark and Orin Peter Anderson Clark, his eight grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

Christopher H. Corbett



Died on June 22, 2021

Christopher Hawley Corbett passed away peacefully in South Portland, ME on June 22, 2021, his 80th birthday, surrounded by loving family, a year and a half after a diagnosis of ALS. Chris was raised in Montclair, NJ, the third of four children, a proud Eagle Scout, avid sailor, and lifetime lover of the outdoors.

As a young man, he discovered music, playing trombone in a 17-piece jazz big band and guitar and vocals in a classic 1950s rock band, and thereafter managing to join every sing-along or porch jamboree he could find – making music and encouraging merriment around campfires, at jazz bars, and in the living rooms of a wide network of friends. As he saw it, music was a wellspring of joy and togetherness, something meant to be shared.

After graduating from Yale University in 1963, Chris served as a weapons officer in the U.S. Navy, spending four years on a destroyer escort based out of Newport, RI. He married Margaret “Peggy” Anne Fulton in 1967 and together they embarked on a life marked by community, family, and a shared love of nature. They raised three children in Andover, MA, instilling in them their passion for hiking, camping, skiing, travel, and reading good books. Chris earned an MBA from Northeastern University and became a plant manager at the Polaroid Corporation, directing manufacturing at three film factories during the heyday of the SX-70 instant camera. He then served for 16 years as Vice President of Operations at New England Business Services and went on to work as a consultant to manufacturing companies while also volunteering as an advisor to numerous nonprofits through the Executive Service Corps of New England.

After losing Peggy unexpectedly in 1998, Chris began spending more time in Maine, where he ended up settling permanently. He dedicated himself to community service, helping youth build boats through the Maine Compass Project, becoming a founding member of the committee of Southern Maine Conservation Coalition, serving on the board of the Environmental Funders Network, and working to protect green spaces through several land trust organizations. For 22 years he also administered a mini-grant program for public-school teachers in honor of Peggy, who had been a chemistry teacher, raising and distributing more than \$200,000 to encourage creativity and hands-on learning in science classrooms. On a hiking trip to Yosemite in 2001, Chris met and was instantly smitten by Manny Morgan, herself an avid outdoorswoman who happened to live in Maine. They married in 2007 and enjoyed

an exuberant life together. They traveled the world, sailed, climbed mountains, and spent summers among many friends on Chebeague Island.

Given a terminal diagnosis of ALS in the summer of 2020, Chris did what he’d always done, setting a determined example of how to live gracefully and joyously. His last months were spent in the constant company of friends and family, infused with music, laughter, and conversation. As his body grew weak, he opted to make use of Maine’s Death with Dignity process, which afforded him the ability to die at home and without suffering. He will be remembered as hard-working, generous and gentle, even-keeled, deeply curious, open-minded, and always bent on having fun. Chris is survived by his wife, Manny Morgan; his children Stephen, Matthew, and Sara Corbett; his stepchildren Hoyt and Kim Morgan; and 11 treasured grandchildren.

Rees Jones remembers:

Chris Corbett and I both grew up in Montclair, NJ, where we went through school together and were in a great troop of Boy Scouts which was an important activity since our scoutmaster inspired us to achieve and succeed. When we both were accepted to Yale it was natural that we would be roommates. Within our group of Dave Hilyard, Walt Hunt, and myself, he was the entertainer and calming influence. We couldn’t have had a better fourth. His guitar skills were ever-present during our social activities. Post-Yale, Chris was a Navy officer, a successful businessman, an active outdoorsman and a great family man.

John Miller remembers:

Chris was a roommate, fraternity brother, co-manager of the TD snack bar, and Navy mate but, most of all, he was a close friend of 60 years.

During the summer following our Junior year, Chris, Joe Schwartz (Class of ’62, fraternity brother and manager of the track team with Chris) and I traveled the country in a vintage station wagon from coast to coast and north to south. Wherever we stopped to camp, Chris entertained us and other campers around us with his guitar and large vocal repertoire, gar-

nering new friends with his music and infectious personality. When it became apparent to us during our Senior year that additional education wasn't in our immediate future but the draft was, we decided to enlist in Navy Officer Candidate School.

Chris's poor eyesight was a definite roadblock to military service, but he memorized the standard eye chart and bluffed his way through the induction physical and subsequent OCS physicals! We ended up as bunk mates at OCS in Newport, RI. We were together on the parade ground when we were ordered to return to our barracks where we were informed of President Kennedy's assassination and told to prepare for what might be immediate activation. Luckily for Chris, his job as a weapons/gunnery officer was supported by a fire-control system that didn't require him sighting down the long barrel of a deck gun! We remained in touch after the Navy through annual gatherings at The Game, and our children became friends as we shared summer vacations at the Corbett Cape Cod "compound" and ski trips in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine.

After losing his wife Peggy in a tragic diving accident, Chris married Manny, with whom we shared adventures in our natural wonders throughout Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, including hiking, and mountain biking in Moab. Chris's body gave up on him due to the ravages of ALS, but his engagement and upbeat personality never wavered. Just a couple of days before the end, Chris was joined on the Anchorage dock in Portland, ME by friends and family to celebrate his life with music, dancing, laughter, and tears.

Michael P. Coughlin



Died on February 25, 2021

Michael P. Coughlin died on February 25, 2021 in Mountain View, CA as the result of an automobile accident. Mike was born in Pittsfield, MA on October 29, 1941. Mike was really smart and very funny. His boyhood was spent

with his many friends playing sandlot baseball and basketball at the Boys Club (where he won the dubious honor of "Most Improved" two years in a row). He maintained lifelong friendships with many of his friends from Pittsfield High School, Class of 1959. Mike graduated in 1963 from Yale University and then earned his M.B.A. from Rutgers University. He worked for Price Waterhouse and Baldwin United Corporation in New York City before moving to Mountain View, CA. He spent the remainder of his career in the hospitality industry. Mike was an avid golfer and enjoyed many trips to California and Nevada golf venues with his friends. He will be missed by his dear wife, Carmen Hughes Coughlin, whom he married on August 30, 1997. He is survived by his stepdaughters, Yvette Olguin and Yvonne Heyl, and two grandsons.

Reve Carberry remembers:

Michael and I became friends Freshman Year as bursary students working in Timothy Dwight. At the end of the year he invited me to join Jack O'Gara, Steve Weltman, and himself as roommates in Berkeley. I was delighted to accept and we had a wonderful year together, largely fooling around as Sophomores are wont to do – a lot of pranks on each other and with upperclassmen on the floor. Although I took a single for Junior Year, we still spent time together, primarily over meals in the dining hall. After that I left Yale for a year and we grew apart. Michael was a gentle man and a fun-loving gentleman.

Craig Cooper remembers:

Mike Coughlin and I grew up together in Pittsfield, MA. He, Jack O'Gara, Steve Weltman, and I were Class of '59 at Pittsfield High School. Mike was quiet, introspective, but with a smile and a good word for all. Mike listened. You could talk with him and get help and be secure that confidences would stay confidential. He had a deformed foot about which he never complained. What I most remember were the hot August days when we would bicycle about four miles through woods posted against trespassing, across the railroad tracks to the lake. There was a big oak from which someone had hung a rope. You went back up

the railroad embankment with the rope, about 40 feet, and swung out over the lake to a point about 20 feet from shore and let go of the rope about 10 feet above the lake. Mike loved this, probably because he truly excelled.”

Thomas Iezzi remembers:

Mike Coughlin, Burke Jackson, Gene Kennedy, Dick Nicholson, and I started an intensive 14 month graduate program at Rutgers University in June 1963, a month after we graduated from Yale. The program included courses we needed to sit for the CPA exam. We were a class of 40 students, all anxious to finish the program and get hired by a Big Eight accounting firm. We attended class daily, did our assignments, and found time to have some fun. Mike was our Class Secretary and our organizer and an active participant in our softball games and social events. He was the best story teller in our class. We completed our program in 1964 and began our careers in Public Accounting.

Richard Nicholson remembers:

I can still hear Mike’s distinctive voice telling a joke or instigating some extracurricular activity like a trip to tour the Budweiser brewery.

Harold F. Doolittle Jr.



Died on May 6, 2020

Harold F. (“Pete”) Doolittle, Jr. died on May 6, 2020 from Lewy Body dementia with complications from Covid-19. Pete was born on November 25, 1941. Five weeks later, his family moved to Bennington, VT, where Pete’s father managed the EverReady Battery Plant. As a fourth grader at Lincoln School in Lakewood, OH, Pete met Lory (Lorena) Chaney, who would become his wife in 1963. Pete graduated from Yale University with a degree in Industrial Engineering, and received a Masters in Business from the University of Chicago Business School in 1965. Upon Pete’s graduation, Lory and Pete headed for the Island of

Mauritius, where Pete worked for two years for the Development Bank of Mauritius, helping to diversify the economy of Mauritius.

In 1967 the couple went north to study and travel in Europe for several months. On their return to the US, Pete held a series of corporate jobs before the couple moved to Greenville, ME, where Pete helped the J. M. Huber Corporation develop land holdings around Moosehead Lake. Pete’s corporate career included consulting positions and corporate administration with several large companies, consulting firms, and private equity firms. In 1999, Pete was approached by two co-workers to form Clearview Capital, a private equity firm currently located in Stamford, CT. Pete retired from the firm in 2011.

Pete spent an active life hiking, biking, skiing, playing tennis, learning languages, rehabbing houses, and traveling. He loved riding his Kubota tractor over his Vermont fields, herding sheep, and chopping wood. Pete’s keen financial abilities provided him and Lory with opportunities to support cultural and educational institutions, housing and land preservation projects. Thanks to the care of his loving family and the fine staff at Carleton Willard in Bedford, MA, Pete was able to live a secure and comfortable end of life. Pete is survived by his wife of 57 years, his sons Andrew M. and Peter C., and six grandchildren.

James Green remembers:

Pete was one of the first people I met at Yale since he lived right upstairs in Durfee with Cris Thiessen and we became friends during our orientation week. I remember Pete as someone who was easy to get to know and could always be counted on as a true and loyal friend. We spent a lot of time together during our four years since we roomed together in Sophomore and Junior years. We also shared the same major, Industrial Administration, and were fraternity brothers in Phi Gamma Delta. After Yale we went our separate ways. Still, through the years we got together with our wives for mini-reunions with Cris Thiessen and Gary Wilkinson and had a great time sharing a house for our 50th. Being together for our 50th will always be a special memory since it was the last time we were together.

Troy Murray remembers:

In Saybrook College, I admired Pete's energy, enthusiasm, and occasionally impish sense of humor. We reconnected at our Class's 50th Reunion, and not too long ago Pete, Lory, and I had lunch together at Carleton Willard, where he still showed a great deal of that familiar spark.

G. Garrett Wilkinson remembers:

Pete's intellect, curiosity, kindness, and keen sense of humor formed an immediate bond that evolved into a lifelong friendship. Along with our two suitemates, Jim Green and Cris Thiessen, post-graduation get-togethers included his marriage to Lory Chaney in August 1963, a mini-reunion at Cris's house in Sun Valley, ID, a fall visit to Pete and Lory's house in Addison, VT on Lake Champlain, and of course our 50th at a rental house in East Branford, as well as biking wine country in California."

A. Peter Foote



Died on February 1, 2021

Arthur Rogers remembers:

Peter Foote and I were close friends for 64 years, having first met at Andover sophomore year in 1957. At school we played on the same football and lacrosse teams, where even football practice was fun with Peter around! After school we roomed together for four years at Yale and figured out how to graduate and get a great job. Peter and I were best man in each other's wedding and godfather to our sons. Along the way we shared many "firsts": first round of golf at Augusta National and Pine Valley in 1962, first occasion in over-imbibing at Vassar College and first time we found a mate and got married.

Peter had a knack for uplifting whatever

we were doing. An accomplished guitar player and Everly Brothers fan, he entertained us on many social evenings at Yale and beyond. In more recent years Peter had an investment company and wrote a periodic one-page market forecast letter which I always found succinct and accurate – a testament to his sound judgment. He leaves behind his wonderful wife Cathy and three terrific kids.

Michael O'Brien remembers:

Peter became my roommate in my second year at Yale. We joined Deke with Artie Rogers. Peter became a great friend of mine and I spent many weekends at his parents' house in Bedford. Peter was one of the happiest and funniest persons I ever knew growing up. He was a tremendous amount of fun and he had a wonderful twinkle in his eyes. He was always game for any adventure and we managed to get into a lot of trouble together. He loved playing the guitar and entertained us all. He had the ability to make everyone around him feel extremely comfortable. All of us who knew him well loved Peter as a tremendous person and will miss his smiling face, wit, and friendship terribly.

William Bell remembers:

Even those of us who knew Peter only casually loved his quick wit, ready laugh, and readiness to grab his guitar. He was an incredibly fun guy to be around.

Charles A. Frank III



Died on June 16, 2019

Charles A. Frank III passed away on June 16, 2019. He was born on July 30, 1940 in Glen Cove, NY, the son of Dorothy and Charles A. Frank Jr. He grew up in Gladwyne, PA. Charlie graduated from The Hill School, Yale University, and New York University Stern Business School. His career focused on the financial sector, with positions at W. E. Hutton & Co., United States Trust Company, and Mellon Bank.

He was an outstanding athlete at Yale, lettering in three varsity sports for three years, soccer, squash, and tennis. At Yale he was a member of DKE and Skull and Bones. He ran in several marathons and then took up golf. He is survived by his wife Betty, whom he met in his sophomore year in college and married in 1964; two sons, Garrett and Reade; and five grandchildren. In addition to being a wonderful husband, father, and grandfather, Charlie served the community in numerous philanthropic endeavors. He was a Trustee of The Hill School, where he served as Board Chair for 15 years, during the successful transition to coeducation; Trustee of the Barnes Foundation (Philadelphia, PA); Trustee of the Greater Marco Family YMCA (Marco Island, FL); and Trustee of the Lorenzo Walker Institute of Technology Foundation (Naples, FL).

Michael Freeland remembers:

"Charlie was a standout three-sport athlete, and his commitment to those sports and to his academic obligations required him to be extraordinarily self-disciplined.. I remember Charlie studying in his bedroom with the door closed, then going to bed early (and rising early), while many of the rest of us caroused around, shooting the bull, drinking beer, and whatnot. Charlie definitely knew how to have a good time (he was, after all, a DKE), but he also knew how to allocate his time and set his priorities. Charlie had another wonderful virtue – he was kind, a gift that I deeply appreciated. I was not in Charlie's league, not by a long shot, but he never seemed to notice, and he always treated me as his friend."

Michael Gill remembers:

"Charlie would always greet you with a smile, and handshake. A graceful and successful athlete, Charlie was also a graceful spirit in all his interactions. He was a true gentleman in every good sense of that word."

James Johnson remembers:

Charlie Frank was my roommate all through our four years at Yale. He was the center of stability in our rooming group. We all respected his athletic prowess and cheered him on as he accumulated letters. He was the best

man at my wedding and our close friendship continued through the years. His death was a blow and I will never forget him.

Russell I. Fries



Died on August 20, 2022

Russell I. Fries passed away on August 20, 2022, while on a cycling trip on a beautiful day near Smiths Cove, Nova Scotia, where he had spent happy summers since his childhood.

Russell graduated from Lawrenceville School in 1959, Yale University in 1963, and Johns Hopkins University, where he earned his M.A., followed by a Ph.D. in Economic History in 1972. Throughout his varied career, Russell showed great love for the stories and histories behind people and objects, recording and remembering them faithfully. Following his graduation from Hopkins, he taught at Southern Methodist University, then as an Associate Professor at the University of Maine at Orono (UMO) until 1984. Beginning in 1972, he also worked summers at the Historic American Engineering Record on the Paterson Great Falls Historic District, helping to win its 1976 designation by President Ford as a National Historic Landmark. After his time at UMO, Russell worked at the Institute for Defense Analyses in Arlington, VA until 2001. Later in life, he focused intensely on the history of surveying, building an important historical collection of surveying equipment and surveying the land around his homes in Savannah and Nova Scotia. Russell loved animals all his life, and his beautiful photographs of butterflies, bobcats, woodpeckers, grouse, and more inspired others to look more closely and affectionately at the creatures around them. He was also an athlete who refused to act his age, cycling competitively with those 20 years his junior. In his personal life, Russell was a dedicated caretaker, both for his mother in her declining years and for his beloved second wife, Ann L. Fries, whom he married in 1992, during her five-year battle with lung cancer. Russell is survived by his two children from his first marriage, Gwyneth Marcelo

Fries and Thomas Fries, and his stepdaughter Lea Marshall; and three grandchildren.

David Breithaupt remembers:

After having lost contact after Yale, Russ moved to Princeton, where we were living. Subsequently, we both moved our families to different islands off Savannah, GA. Russ worked diligently on his guitar, piano, and singing. He was a very supportive board member of the Savannah Children's Choir and the annual Savannah Music Festival. Russ will be remembered for his dinner parties, his movie room with its very large screen and multiple speakers . . . and his alacrity with puns.

Charles Mark Furcolo

Died on December 16, 2021

Charles Mark Furcolo passed away on December 16, 2021. Mark was the eldest child of Kathryn (Foran) Furcolo and former Massachusetts Governor Foster Furcolo. Mark was a graduate of Yale University (1964) and the University of Pennsylvania Law School (1967). Early in his career he served as an Assistant Attorney General for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, arguing appellate cases in the state and federal courts. Mark also served as Assistant District Attorney for the Suffolk courts. Most of his legal career was spent as a civil trial lawyer and partner at the Boston law firm of Burns & Levinson. His greatest joy in life was raising and caring for his six children. He was a loving and devoted father and grandfather who will be remembered for his kindness and love. Mark is survived by his children Tara (Furcolo) Bresnahan, Nicole (Furcolo) Reimers, Christopher Furcolo, Charles C. Furcolo, Katherine Furcolo, and Zachary Furcolo, as well as by seven grandchildren.

James Little remembers:

We met while playing on the Undefeated 1959 Bullpups football team. Mark was a very gregarious guy. He loved to party and always (and I mean always) had the best-looking date at every event. I visited Mark's family in Boston and spent one wonderful weekend at their

summer home in Centerville, Cape Cod. Mark was one of our intrepid 12 roommates who migrated from the Old Campus to Berkeley College (nine of whom met at Freshman football). Mark hosted all 12 of us at the Governor's Mansion for The Game in 1960. The Governor's photographer took a photo of all of us Friday night. We all got large blowups of that photo and many years later presented one to Vice President Dick Cheney with all of the cigarettes and beer cans air-brushed out. Mark had a lot of fun our first two years and then decided he should get more serious about the academic side of Yale. He left for a year at the end of Sophomore Year and returned to a single in Stiles as a member of the Class of 1964. I only saw him once after Yale at a mini-reunion of the Berkeley 12 at the Vice President's residence in DC around 2005 or 2006. He was doing well and had proudly brought two of his sons (out of his total of six children).

Lee Marsh remembers:

Mark and I met on the Freshman Football Team. One long weekend he invited me to drive to Massachusetts with him. I wondered where he was going to get a car, because we weren't allowed to have cars Freshman Year. Mark said to meet him at Phelps Gate. Parked right in front of Phelps Gate was a Massachusetts State Police car. Mark said, 'This is our ride. We're going to ride with him up to Massachusetts.' This was a new and unusual experience for a kid from the South Side of Chicago. Once we were in Massachusetts, the police officer turned on the siren and took us to the Governor's House. Mark was a great guy and we had a lot of fun. The problem was we had too much fun.

Charles MacKay Ganson Jr.



Died on November 10, 2021

Charles MacKay ("Mack") Ganson, Jr. died November 10, 2021 in the Newton Wellesley Hospital, three days before his 82nd birthday. Until a few days

before his sudden death he was able to do what he loved: play golf and tennis, care for his wife and home, walk his Corgis, and work full-time. Mack was founder and president of Ganson & Company, and served as an investment advisor, private trustee, and fiduciary to a wide span of family, friends, clients, and colleagues, to whom he offered management, problem solving, and advice. He was a sometimes gruff, gentle giant who devoted his life to guiding others. As a manager and counselor, he was direct and clear. He held himself to high standards, and expected the same of everyone around him. As one client said, "Mack was the man who made things happen, the person you turned to with problems." A fellow investor said that "Mack's opinions were always filled with witty, clever, and amusing retorts that masked a deeply thoughtful, considerate, loyal, and principled man."

Mack lived his whole life in Weston, MA. He attended Phillips Academy Andover, Yale University, and Harvard Business School, after which he worked at Price Waterhouse and the Bank of Boston before starting his own firm. Mack was involved for some years managing public funds for the Town of Weston and was also the long-time Treasurer of The Country Club in Brookline, MA. Mack leaves behind his wife Julia and her two sons, Alex and Matthew; his brother and sister and their families; and nine nephews, nieces, and grands who delighted him. A few golf courses in Brookline, South Carolina, Scotland, and Weston will miss the glory of his swing, and repeated victories on the 17th hole at Yeamans Hall will live in the hearts of his friends.

Edwin Murray remembers:

I will always remember Mack's wonderfully welcoming smile and outgoing friendliness. He and his three roommates (Jay Rixse, Don Abbott, and Gordon Pruett) lived across the courtyard of Pierson College from me and my three roommates (Gordon Kuster, Bill Sanford, and Jack Smart). We didn't cross paths a lot because Mack played golf and several of us were involved in crew. But at mealtimes and around the college, I was always impressed by Mack's sunny, upbeat attitude. Even during the grim prelude of studying and cramming for exams,

Mack exuded good cheer; he was a good influence for us all.

Anthony Rhineland remembers:

Mack and I spent a lot of time together growing up, rooming together at prep school, travelling out West on a camping trip once and another time to Scotland to visit his father's ancestral home. (His father, Charles Ganson, was my godfather and as an old Yale the main reason I attended Yale.) Mack was an enthusiastic traveler and tennis player and a good friend.

John Rixse remembers:

In the beginning, when we joined up in Pierson (along with Don Abbott and Gordon Pruett), one would have considered this an unlikely grouping. But my friendship with Mack was one of my most meaningful and enduring. From the outset Mack took me into his home (literally and figuratively), driving me to Weston on weekends in his red Austin Healey. There, he immediately immersed me into Ganson life, usually involving an assemblage of 10-20 immediate and extended family and friends. The weekend's activities included, *inter alia*: dinners, tennis, touch football games, crazy nighttime 'hide and seek' in the barn amongst the horses, and learning to fly-fish. Our time together in Weston formed the basis of a lifelong friendship which only grew over the years. In 1968, after our wedding, Mack invited Terry and me to join him and others for a year in a family property in Weston. Over the passing years, we visited when in the Boston area, traveled with Mack and Julia in Scotland, and spent time with them at Yeamans Hall Club outside Charleston, SC. Given the pandemic, we were fortunate to visit them at home in Weston this past September. Now the gentle giant has departed.

William Sanford remembers:

Although I never knew Mack well at Yale, one time I particularly remember is when he included me and my date at a family get-together with roommates and friends the evening before the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge my senior year. I remember him being a wonderful host, introducing us to his family and ensuring that all present were fully participating in the festivities. We all had a great time thanks largely to

his efforts, and it was one of the events at college that still stick in my mind after all these years. His successes later in life do not surprise me.

Edward S. Gilfillan III



Died on December 14, 2017

Edward Smith Gilfillan III passed away in Harpswell, ME after a brief illness on December 14, 2017. He is survived by his wife of 53 years, Katherine (Kathie).

Ed was born on June 1, 1941, and grew up in Manchester, MA. 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 M.Sc. and Ph.D. degrees at the University of British Columbia, where he studied zooplankton ecology. From 1970 to 1974 Ed was at the University of Massachusetts Marine Station. He went on to be a researcher at the Bigelow Laboratory of Ocean Sciences in Boothbay Harbor, ME. Ed joined the Bowdoin faculty in 1977, becoming director of the Bowdoin Marine Research Station at Bethel Point, ME 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 research on the complex interactions of petroleum and toxic metals in the marine environment. This unique partnership involved Bowdoin students who studied the effects of petroleum and other pollutants on marine life. Ed co-authored more than 70 papers on the environmental aspects of oil spills, including the 1978 Amoco Cadiz grounding off the coast of Brittany and the 1989 Exxon Valdez accident in Prince William Sound, AK. Ed was a natural teacher. There are many Bowdoin graduates who are doing what they are doing now because of their experience with Ed. After his retirement, Ed remained active professionally, and focused his energies on travel, his passion for learning as a voracious reader, his love of the outdoors as an avid hunter, and his large network of friends, family, and former students.

Andrew 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.

Thomas Wehr remembers:

I well remember when Ed Gilfillan generously treated me to a Thanksgiving weekend visit with his family in Manchester, MA. During my stay he fixed me up with Miss Manchester of 1959 on a double-date, during which we drove around in Ed's 1950's Morris Mini, a type of car I had never seen before. I was very impressed with a mercury still that he showed me in his father's lab (not for the faint-of-heart chemist).

Harvey Gardere Gleason



Died on June 24, 2020

Harvey Gardère Gleason died at home surrounded by loving family on June 24, 2020. Harvey graduated from Metairie Park Country Day School in 1959, Yale University in 1963, and Tulane University School of Law in 1966. During the Vietnam War he served our country as a Captain in the United States Marine Corps stationed in Da Nang. After his service he began a maritime law career at Chaffe McCall Phillips Toler and Sarpy, and retired from Eustis O'Keefe & Gleason. He was a member of the London Maritime Club, Boston Club, and several Mardi Gras organizations. A lifelong Episcopalian, he was a parishioner of

Trinity Episcopal Church, New Orleans, where over the years he engaged in worship, Bible study, and prayer groups.

His love of prayer translated into a ministry in his retirement and during his cancer treatments and decline. Harvey loved working in his workshop and created a multitude of beautiful prayer boxes which he freely gave to his many friends, relatives, doctors, and nurses. Harvey loved trees and walks in the woods. He played the Marine Corps Hymn on his bagpipes.

Even as cancer grew and severe fatigue and weakness set in, his barrel-chested voice echoed the poetic verse, "Let us then be up and doing." Harvey leaves his wife of 53 years, Mary Frances Mears Gleason; children John Harvey Gleason, Mary Elaine Leverich Gleason, Edward Campbell Gleason, and Laura Gardère Crawford; five grandchildren; and many nieces, nephews, and friends to whom he was deeply attached.

Thomas Bailey remembers:

As Yale classmates, fellow Marine officers, and Vietnam veterans, Harvey and I shared many a 'sea story' over the years. What I remember most in recent years is that the essence of almost every conversation we had focused on his concern for the wellbeing and comfort of others. Oh, but to hear him play just one more time the Marine Corps Hymn on bagpipes! *Semper Fi!*

David Boren remembers:

Harvey Gleason was a true gentleman. What I most remember about Harvey is his kindness. He never said an unkind word to anyone or about anyone. He was a caring friend who always had the time to listen to the concerns of others and to offer an encouraging word. While he had a quiet manner, he had a keen sense of humor. He often chuckled. He saw the funny side of life and helped others see it too.

James Courtright remembers:

Harvey readily shared his views and his love of his family. When in Wisconsin some years ago, he warmly invited me to a family gathering at the nearby Episcopal seminary where his son had started preparation for a successful ministry. Harvey and I were in reg-

ular phone contact over the last 20 years, often with conversations sprinkled with humor. Among the wide range of topics we discussed, some covered his cancer treatment and the possible prognosis. More recently, when new chemotherapies at VA hospitals for Agent Orange related cancers became available to veterans, he wanted me to make sure this information would be shared with the Class. I have honored this promise.

Thomas Hartch remembers:

Harvey was a cheerful, intelligent, a Southern gentleman, who often shared an amusing story. At the 50th Reunion, we had a long talk over dinner in the Commons. As usual, he was insightful and voiced a strong moral compass.

John Goldthwaite



Died on January 2, 2020

John Calvin Goldthwaite died on January 2, 2020 at Valley View, Goshen, NY following a protracted illness. John graduated from Phillips Andover Academy in 1958, going on to

Yale University where he was a Scholar of the House his senior year. He graduated in 1963 and served in the US Coast Guard reserves. John then went to New York to work at McGraw-Hill Publishers doing editorial work. But his real love was writing, so he started free lancing.

He married Leila Davis in May of 1971 and in 1973, Jessica was born. He wrote several children's books for the publisher Harlin Quist. One, *The Kidnapping of the Coffee Pot* (under the pseudonym, Kaye Saari), was mentioned as one of the notable kids' books of 1975 by the New York Times. *The Natural History of Make Believe*, published in 1996, won the Harvey Darton Award 1996-1997 for the best book on an aspect of the history of British Children's Books. In 1999, John suffered a heart attack which left him disabled for the next 20 years, unable to write. He is survived by his daughter, Jessica Goldthwaite, his former wife and friend, Leila Goldthwaite, family, and many old friends.

David Willis '62 remembers:

I met John freshman year in McClellan Hall and we later shared an apartment in New York City. His curiosity about animals and the natural world, (particularly the oddities – both in the wild and in New York City) was relentless and always most stimulating. The following recollection from Dick Turner, '62, illustrates this.

Dick Turner '62 remembers:

In July of 1978, my children and I had driven East to see my folks, and my son Marc and I drove up to Cornwall-on-Hudson to see John and climb Storm King Mountain. Marc was only 7, it was a hot day, and the mountain proved a formidable climb for someone so young (and for his out-of-shape father). Marc became fatigued and whiny. It was John who turned the tide. He was kind and empathetic in a way I'd seen when we were in college. Marc calmed right down and listened wide-eyed as John promised that if he persevered to the summit we'd see the large airborne hawks who frequented Storm King and they would be 'something you'll have in your memory forever, whenever you want it.' Although there were wisps of cloud beneath us when we reached the top, there was a particularly impressive raptor swooping the thermals. Marc is now 49 and has frequently brought the scene up over the years.

James Courtright remembers:

I remember John Goldthwaite from the year we were Scholars of the House, and always admired his ability to write so very well and to comment about the possibility of writing children's books.

Stephen H. Goulding



Died on January 18, 2021

Stephen Howard Goulding died on January 18, 2021 of Covid-19 at Banner University Medical Center in Tucson, AZ. He was born on February 8, 1941 in Kansas City, MO.

Steve graduated from Hinsdale Central High School in Hinsdale, IL in 1959. He played NCAA basketball at Yale University, where he graduated in 1963. He received a Master's in Business from the University of Chicago. He successfully managed and expanded Oak State Products, a cookie manufacturing company in Wenona, IL. He spent over 50 years at Oak State, beginning in the mixing room when he was in college, eventually becoming President and retiring as Chairman of the Board. Steve was a pilot and an outdoorsman. He loved to hunt, fish, and scuba dive. As a world traveler, he always remembered the best restaurants, from local fare to exotic cuisine. He was a connector, facilitator, story teller, and avid reader. He was a trustworthy, caring, warm, and gentle family man. Steve was a philanthropist. He supported and served many organizations and causes, including Social Venture Partners of Tucson, the Boys and Girls Club of America, Ducks Unlimited, The Wetlands Initiative, and numerous Early Childhood Education initiatives. Steve is survived by Peggy, his wife of 36 years, son Byron, daughter Susan Hawkins, and three grandchildren. Steve is a hard act to follow.

L. Michael Griffel remembers:

Steve was the captain of the basketball team, and I was the classical pianist. We had not that much in common, but we immediately took a shine to each other, and our friendship lasted through the years. Steve was such a gentle soul, soft-spoken but immensely articulate, an attentive listener with, more often than not, a kindly smile on his face. We and our wives met a number of years ago for dinner in Manhattan and then attended a Carnegie Hall concert together. That was a wonderful evening, as each of us recalled our times together at Yale and expressed gratitude for the happy lives we had lived. Steve was as sweet as ever, and I cherish my times with him. To know him was to love him.

Robert Hetherington remembers:

Steve had a positive, upbeat spirit. He was curious to know what you were doing. He loved all aspects of his life, especially being CEO of his company. Because his company was so success-

ful, he could pursue his many interests with passion – family time, playing golf, traveling, and flying his plane. At Yale playing basketball was at the center of his life. He was a good team player. To be successful you had to be part of a good team. May Steve go from strength to strength in the life of perfect light and joy.

Ralph Howe remembers:

Fond memories of our Basketball Captain who stood nearly a foot taller than I. He would always ask me how my squash was going and I would watch almost all of his home games at Payne Whitney Gymnasium. I remember one time in Yale's losing effort against Princeton, he guarded and held their star Bill Bradley to less than his average point output. We enjoyed many of his stories at Scroll and Key. He made many a cookie in his business day; I wish I'd had more of them.

Louis Livingston remembers:

Two memories of Steve stand out: his imposing physicality at 6'8" and his sweet personality encompassing a very dry wit. He knew how to combine both attributes in an engaging way. I remember Steve's describing his basketball matchup with Princeton great Bill Bradley. Steve expressed pride that he had held Bradley – and he paused – to 'under' 20 points. (Despite his modest self-satire, Steve underestimated his accomplishment; Bradley's Ivy League career average was nearly 30 points per game.) It was a delight to spend time with Steve.

William Reed remembers:

I enjoyed Steve's fellowship two evenings a week during senior year. Steve was an impressive figure at 6'8", yet he was a thoughtful, quiet, and gentle man. A Midwesterner, he offered a steadying point of view. He returned to his family's cookie business after graduation and thrived as a successful businessman and family man.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Steve's 7-foot height, varsity basketball career, and team captaincy were all features of, and distractions from, his deeper, more enduring nature. Steve had a dedication and perseverance to task, as well as humanity and good

humor that he exhibited in all aspects of his life, at Yale and beyond. Looking back at our '63 Class Book, I realized that Steve was not the highest point scorer, or even the best rebounder, on that team. But Steve was assigned the task of guarding Bill Bradley, probably the best player the Ivy League has ever produced. Yale fell just short of beating Princeton. Throughout, Steve could be counted on to give his best, inspire and support others, provide the right direction. These were the finest features of a trusted leader, who stuck up above the crowd.

Thomas Worrell remembers:

Steve was a terrific athlete and his excellence was apparent in all parts of his life. Generous and thoughtful, he brought out the best in those fortunate enough to be around him.

Robert W. Grose



Died on March 9, 2020

Robert "Bob" W. Grose passed peacefully on Monday, March 9, 2020 in Chicago, Illinois at the age of 78. Bob was born in Baltimore, MD on June 20, 1941, son of the late Dr.

William E. Grose and Sara Ruth (Cox) Grose. Bob graduated from Gilman School, class of 1959. He graduated from Yale University in 1963 where he was an All-American lacrosse player. Following Yale, he graduated from the University of Chicago Business School and the London School of Economics. After returning to the U.S., he and his young family lived in Baton Rouge, LA and then Tarrytown, NY for several years before moving back to the Baltimore area to live and work.

Bob is survived by his wife of twenty-five years, Vicky (Pippin) Grose, three children: Peter Grose (Marisa Perez-Grose), David Grose (Travis Brady), Holly Grose (David Buckhoff); two stepchildren: Hillary (Owen) DeGroff (Justin DeGroff) and Grayson Owen. His beloved grandchildren are Sofia Grose and Marisol Grose, Grier Grose, Oliver Buckhoff, Calder DeGroff and Grey DeGroff. Also survived by

his sisters Susan Grose Rioff, Barbara Grose Carnevale, his brother George Grose (Amy Macht), many nieces, nephews, great-nieces and great-nephews and his former wife, Patricia (Macmanus) Grose.

Stephen F. Gunther



Died on December 26, 2020

Stephen Flack Gunther, M.D. passed away in a Covid ICU on December 26, 2020 in Washington, DC. Born in Troy, NY on October 31, 1941, he graduated from the Albany

Academy in 1959 and Yale College in 1963. He married his high school sweetheart and true love, Beverly Elizabeth Burke, in 1962. Dr. Gunther graduated from Albany Medical College with AOA Honors and then completed the Yale Orthopedic Residency Program under the direction of the renowned orthopedic chairman, Dr. Wayne Southwick. He then joined the US Navy Medical Corps and moved to Washington, DC, where he was stationed at the former Bethesda Naval Hospital and attained the rank of Commander during the Vietnam War. He left active duty in 1975 in order to begin a new position as Chairman of Orthopedic Surgery at MedStar Washington Hospital Center (WHC), where he continued to practice through 2019. He was a Professor of Orthopedic Surgery at the Uniformed Services Medical School, George Washington University School of Medicine, and Georgetown University School of Medicine.

Under his leadership and Beverly's gracious mentorship, the WHC Orthopedic Department flourished, and many appreciative students and residents progressed to illustrious academic careers. He also treated patients at Children's National Hospital and the MedStar National Rehabilitation Hospital. Dr. Gunther had a great passion for teaching, collaborating, and patient-centered care. He won many teaching awards from residents and peers, including the prestigious Gold-Headed Cane award at WHC in 2006 for his lifetime achievements in medicine.

He was an accomplished orthopedic scholar including national award-winning research on median nerve microanatomy. Dr. Gunther was President of the Eastern Orthopedic Association, Sierra Cascade Trauma Society, and the DC Hand Society. He served as Chairman-Secretary of the Twentieth Century Orthopedic Association, and he was an elected member of the Cosmos Club. Dr. Gunther loved the outdoors, and he particularly relished skiing, hiking, biking, rollerblading, golf, and ice skating with his family and friends.

He particularly enjoyed serving as camp doctor over a 50-year period at Camp Pasquaney in rural New Hampshire. He was one of the leaders of the GW Ortho Plaster Blasters softball team for 25 years. Dr. Gunther, also known as "Red," "Big Red," and "Gunny," will also be remembered for his many athletic feats and awards. These include his illustrious collegiate hockey career at Yale and semi-pro career for the Washington Chiefs, coaching hockey, winning US Speedskating National Championships, completing over 2 million pushups, and winning five club championships in golf at Chevy Chase Club. He was a loving family man, a loyal and generous friend, and a most talented, highly skilled, and compassionate doctor. He is survived by his beloved wife of 58 years, Beverly Burke Gunther; five children, Gwen Gunther, Dr. Stephen B. Gunther, Elizabeth Gunther Muller, Matthew Gunther, and Cristin Gunther Head; and ten grandchildren.

Richard Foster remembers:

Steve Gunther was in the next room to mine in Welch Hall when we arrived at Yale in September 1959. He remained a great friend throughout his life and mine. Steve was a great hockey player (I was a rank intramural wannabe) and formed a quick friendship with Benno Schmidt, another hockey-playing classmate and lifelong friend. At the end of Freshman Year, we three took a suite in Trumbull and lived a great Sophomore Year there, joining DKE in the process. Those stories will have to wait for another day. The love of Steve's life was Beverly Burke. They married while Steve was at the Yale Medical School. Not surprisingly, Steve and Bev produced a wonderful cluster of children who are all doing well in

life and producing their own children. After graduation – Steve from Yale Medical School, Benno from Yale Law School, and me from the new Yale School of Engineering and Applied Sciences – we went our separate ways but never lost touch. No matter how long it had been between the times we saw each other, we were able to pick up where we left off. To Steve we were all ‘dillybags’ and that is as true today as it was then. It was a great honor in life to know Steve.

William Hildebrand remembers:

Big Red, as he will always be known to me, and I played on the same line for every game of our three varsity years. We roomed together on the road and even sat next to each other in the dressing room. Steve was a true Renaissance man – accomplished scholar, doctor, hockey player, and golfer. He was warm, friendly, and approachable. He was also a fierce competitor – exactly the man you want at your side in battle. His beautiful and talented wife, Beverly, was the wind beneath his wings. Together they produced and raised five outstanding children, of whom Steve was inordinately and justly proud. He deeply loved his family. Raising our families and pursuing our careers meant that we were not in close contact for many years, but when senior hockey brought us back together, it was as if we had never been apart. Steve’s passing means we will again be separated, but I know where he is and I know when I get there we will ‘lace ‘em up’ and hit the ice.

Thomas Iezzi remembers:

Steve was a member of Trumbull College and an outstanding hockey player and an excellent physician. He was always a positive person.

Peter Kiernan remembers:

I knew Steve Gunther but not well at Yale. We were both Dekes, and I saw him there on a regular basis, but we were not close friends. I have been fortunate enough to see Steve and Beverly much more often in recent years. Steve and I both played golf at the same club in the Washington area – Steve a multi-time club champion and me a duffer – with many opportunities to chat about Yale and otherwise. Even

better, at least in one sense, was my recent bout with arthritis in my hands – a challenge to any golfer. I asked Steve to take care of this, and he did. As a doctor, he was informal, reassuring, had a skilled and soft touch, and was just perfect. He treated me with cortisone shots for a time – once suggesting that, if I chose, he would be glad to give me my shot in the parking lot by our golf course, and ultimately immobilizing a joint in my right forefinger with a steel pin and instantly and permanently solving my pains there. Someone who had been a friendly acquaintance before became a good and true friend in the process. I will miss him in the days ahead.

Benno Schmidt remembers:

I first met Steve when we tried out for the freshman hockey team. Steve was by far the best and fastest skater in our Class and it was clear from the beginning that he was headed for three years on the varsity. We had a great group on the team, including Billy Hildebrand who would become Steve’s and my close friend and who would captain the varsity. Steve and I became best friends and we wound up rooming together for the next three years, one year with my good friend Dick Foster. Steve and I spent many hours in the basement of Trumbull playing on a battered pool table. I visited with Steve at his home in Troy, NY several times. It was during one of those visits that I met his lovely girlfriend Beverly whom Steve married and with whom he had a long and devoted marriage. I’ll never forget Steve’s description of his first freshman English class: he said a janitor dressed in dirty clothes came in to clean the blackboard, turned to the class and said, ‘my name is Harold Bloom and I am teaching this class.’ I find it hard to believe that Steve has died. I thought he would be the longest-lived classmate. He was surely the fittest member of our Class, a world-class speed skater and hockey player throughout his life. But he was on the front lines of the pandemic and we have lost a great classmate and dear, lifelong friend. I often think that the greatest feature of our Yale experience was the people we met there, and for me Steve was the best of the best. I will miss him deeply. Steve, you enriched my life.

Thomas Wies remembers:

What can one add to the accolades that have already made the pages of our Class Notes? A warm human being, a great athlete and, although I was never his patient, no doubt a careful and caring physician.

R. D. Douglas Hall III



Died on January 4, 2022

Roy Douglas (“Doug”) Hall III passed away on January 4, 2022 at Beverly, MA Hospital, surrounded by his family. Doug grew up in Ponte Vedra Beach, FL, where he honed his swimming skills at the Ponte Vedra Beach Club, which carried into his college years at Yale University (Class of 1963) as a member of the swimming team. After graduation, he moved to Boston, where he worked for the real estate department of John Hancock and served as President of the Young Republicans Club of Boston. Doug and family moved to Bloomfield Hills, MI in the early 1970s, where he was manager of real estate financing for Ford Motor Credit in Dearborn, MI. Later returning to Massachusetts and residing in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Doug was very active in the community and served as Chairman of the Town Finance Committee. He grew his career with Bay Colony Properties of Boston, as Senior Vice President (1975) and President and Chief Operating Officer (1979), eventually leaving with a partner to create their own firm, Coastal Ventures, Inc. Most recently, Doug was Chief Financial Officer of Proteus Industries of Gloucester, MA, a producer of clean label protein ingredients and applications. Proteus Industries was acquired by Kemin Industries, Inc. (2021), giving him an opportunity to semi-retire. Doug was a long-time member of Essex Country Club (Treasurer 1988-1996; The Essex Jacket, 1999) and avid golfer (admittedly not the best). He enjoyed traveling and was a supporter of the arts. Doug is survived by his wife, Susan (Dodge) Hall; his daughters Lisa S. Hall and Sarah E. Hall; and two grandchildren.

Stephen Bender, Bob Kirkwood, and Chip Palmer remember:

“We (roommates of Doug’s, along with John Finch, for our Sophomore through Senior Years) met Doug first as teammates on the Freshman swimming team, coached by the inimitable Harry Burke, and later on the varsity swimming team where we generally occupied the far end of the bench together. The lottery placed us, as well as Doug, in Saybrook, where we shared an entryway junior year and a floorway senior year. That proximity led to many walks with Doug to or from the House of Payne, meals together in the Saybrook dining hall (or, in response thereto, hamburgers at the Yankee Doodle), and many good times in our respective rooms. Doug consistently brought smiles, equanimity and good cheer each day. For spring vacation our Junior Year, Doug and his wonderful parents, hosted us at their home in Ponte Vedra, Florida. Those days were filled with sun and sand at the Ponte Vedra Beach Club, home cooked meals and an abundance of pitchers of rum punch and six-packs of beer leading to nightly drinking games at Doug’s parents’ home, enlivened by southern college coeds who were also vacationing in Ponte Vedra – as well as more isolated late night beach activities. It was during that vacation when we really learned how truly daring Doug was! Previously, from time to time he would tell stories about diving for golf balls in the lagoons which threaded through the Ponte Vedra Club golf course on which his parents’ home bordered. One morning, as we walked, still groggy from the prior evening’s partying, over the bridge from their home to the pathway through the golf course to the Beach Club, we saw a gigantic alligator sunning itself on the green at the other end of the bridge. We all were hugely startled to say the least, but not Doug, who was totally nonchalant. Other memories include Doug’s parents once again marvelously hosting us at their Ponte Vedra home for the many activities and festivities related to John Finch’s wedding to Jill Lewis in early June 1964 after we had finished our respective first years of business, law, or medical school. Unfortunately, we each lost touch with Doug as we all pursued our separate journeys. Happily, one of us had the good fortune to reconnect with

Doug over lunch and at a former swimmers reception at the Kiphuth Exhibition Pool during our 55th Reunion. While our appearances belied it, Doug's positivity and good cheer made it seem just as if we were walking to swimming team practice together those many years ago."

William Selden Hamilton Jr.



Died on October 9, 2021

William ("Billy") Selden Hamilton died on October 9, 2021, after living with leukemia. He was a Professor of Slavic Languages and Linguistics and spent nearly three decades as

Assistant Dean of the College at Wake Forest University. A consummate teacher, Billy always provided a listening ear and a warm chair on the lower quad. Billy earned each of his three degrees from Yale University. From 1970 to 1982, he taught at the State University of New York at Buffalo, where he became a lifelong Buffalo Bills fan. Even in his last days, he sported a Buffalo Bills hoodie and hat, testimony to his willingness to believe everyone is capable of redemption. Billy's graduate work took longer than usual because he dropped out to play bluegrass music, spending most of a year playing with Walter Hensley and the Dukes of Bluegrass. Billy had a natural ease with languages and almost any musical instrument. His family attributes this to his curiosity and humility – he wasn't afraid to mess up or to be wrong. He spoke Russian, Czech, Polish, Ukrainian, Serbo-Croatian, German, Dutch, French, some Italian, some Old English, and a touch of Gaelic. He played (in descending order of competence, but ascending order of hilarity) banjo, mandolin, guitar, fiddle, piano, bass, zither, trumpet, saxophone, and bugle.

Billy took several forays behind the Iron Curtain, from his dissertation research in Czechoslovakia, where he witnessed the Soviet invasion firsthand, to Wake Forest-sponsored trips to Moscow and St. Petersburg until 2000. He won the 2021 Jon Reinhardt Award for Distinguished Teaching at Wake Forest University,

a fitting capstone to his long career in education. His 1980 textbook, *Introduction to Russian Phonology and Word Structure*, is still in print and used in Russian courses around the country. Billy not only taught language and linguistics, but he also taught many aspiring old-time and bluegrass musicians of varying abilities over the years. Billy is survived by his wife of 52 years, Cynthia ("Cindy") Escher Hamilton; his daughter, Sage Hamilton Rountree; his son, John Hamilton; and three granddaughters.

John Hardwig remembers:

Bill (he was 'Bill', not 'Billy', back then) suffered more than most of us from the cafeteria food. The 'mystery meat' – his expression – appalled him. But the most unpalatable item in our daily fare was the selection of jams and jellies for toast at breakfast. They were completely unacceptable. Bill found a remedy, though – he bought a jar of Dundee Marmalade. Each morning he would carry it across campus from Vanderbilt Hall to the Commons and back again before going to his classes. To preserve it, the precious marmalade was kept on the window sill outside of his bedroom. Bill was a Russian major which was, to me, exotic enough in itself. What drew his interest to Russian was the language. To my untutored mind, totally ignorant of either the fascination or the power of linguistics, that was nearly incomprehensible. But Bill went on to prove the aptness of his choices. I wish I could report that I (and our other roommates) were early fans of Bill's bluegrass music. We were not. Bill used to scream into his pillow in an effort to elevate the pitch of his voice. We scoffed. And we refused to allow him to play his mandolin in our rooms. Bill was banished to the common bathroom down the hall and it was at the sinks there that he honed his skills. All I can say in my defense is that I did go to a couple of performances of the Grey Sky Boys while we were undergraduates and I still have an LP of their music. It sounds much better now than it did back in the '60s when I could have learned firsthand from Bill about that rich genre.

John Hitz remembers:

Once you got through the laconic reserve and southern Ohio accent, you found that Bill Hamilton was a sophisticated person with a keen intellect. In a milieu of go-getters and world-beaters, his calm sense of humor and musical talent stood out. I am not surprised that his students loved him.

P. Geoffrey Noyes remembers:

Billy and I were not roommates until graduate school, but our primary connection was music. First, as undergraduates, the Grey Sky Boys. After I got out of the Army, we formed the Ohio River Boys and held forth at the Enormous Room on College Street. Billy came over to West Berlin (and East Berlin) to see and play with our BG band there in 1965. I was enriched many times over by Billy's wise suggestions, wise examples, and deep understanding of human nature and relationships. Best of all was our great fun with 'humor structures' . . . linguistic puns and mangled rubrics.

David Schoenbrod remembers:

Billy and I first met as members of Manuscript, a senior society at Yale College, and, through the regular meetings of this small group of seniors, became fast friends. We parted at graduation, Billy to start graduate work in linguistics at Yale, I to study at Oxford and travel abroad. Two years later, Billy had taken a break from study to play bluegrass but was considering resuming study and I was returning to Yale to study law. We were both on the cusp of getting serious about launching our lives as adults, but I did not know that when I called Billy's parents' home in Ohio to see if he wanted to share an apartment in New Haven during the coming year. Instead of reaching Billy, however, I found myself talking with his father who interviewed me about this roommate idea. With his thorough approval, we did room together. Being roommates was according to Billy's father, helpful to Billy and, according to me, helpful to me. We indeed did help each other cross the threshold from students to adults.

At the end of that year, I left the apartment to get married. The marriage did not last but the feeling of connection between Billy and me

did. We got in touch only infrequently over the decades but when we did get in touch the connection was palpable.

I am helped in describing that connection and an essential quality of Billy by William Arrowsmith's introduction to Euripides' play, *The Bacchae*. Arrowsmith writes that the play focuses on sophia—wisdom—which he writes is “a moral rather than an intellectual skill” – “a firm awareness of one's own nature and therefore of one's place in the scheme of things.” According to Arrowsmith, with that wisdom comes “skill, craft, cleverness, know-how, cunning, smartness, and the specific craft of experience . . .”

Billy had that wisdom. It was apparent in his reflections on life and, at the end, on dying. One can hear it in those of his songs available on YouTube. Especially apt is song number 14, “In Death I Sweetly Sing.”

Billy was, is, a wise and wonderful friend. I miss you, Billy.

Lewis Turano remembers:

I roomed with Billy and John Hardwig in a triple in Silliman, Sophomore through Senior Years. Although our paths didn't cross academically, with majors in Russian (Billy), Philosophy (John), and Chemistry (me), our three years were a great time together. It's hard to remember Billy without thinking about bluegrass. The Grey Sky Boys, Billy's group of string players (banjo, fiddle, guitar, even a washboard bass) would gather in our suite and play afternoons or evenings. They strove for and achieved a very authentic bluegrass sound. On those (rare) occasions where studying to bluegrass was not going well, John or I would ask the group to leave our suite. They often ended up in the bathroom down the hall and now their music reverberated off the tile floors and walls, louder than before. I had a classical piano background, and a rudimentary electric keyboard in our suite. I would play along, learning songs and names of the bluegrass legends who were Billy's heroes. I was never invited to join Billy's group – who ever heard of a piano in a bluegrass group? Our paths diverged after Yale, but I was fortunate to room with and know Billy for three years.

Robert H. Hanson



Died on August 22, 2021

Robert Hixon Hanson, Sr. passed away peacefully at home from complications of multiple myeloma on August 22, 2021. Bob spent his life in the diligent pursuit and achievement of excellence. He graduated from both The Hotchkiss School ('59) and Yale University ('63) with honors. At Yale he was an esteemed member and captain of the rifle team, joined the Army ROTC, and competed in Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship, becoming an Olympic contender in 1964 and 1968. During this time, Bob also developed a love of flying, earning private, seaplane, and jet pilot licenses. His wife and children were often his favorite passengers in his twin-engine Piper Aztec. Another lifelong passion was golf. He got started as a caddy at the Round Hill Country Club in Greenwich, CT., and continued to test his skills at courses around the country and the world.

Unceasingly ambitious, Bob spent 25 years as an investment banker at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith in New York City. Seven years into his tenure with Merrill Lynch, Bob met Arlene Peters, his wife and the love of his life. Three children soon followed, along with an adventurous cross-country move to Wyoming in 1990. Bob became Vice President of D.A. Davidson in Cody, was a partner with Greenstar Telecommunications, and co-owner of The Trophy Collection – a travel and taxidermy business with clientele from around the world. He enjoyed the Wild West and gleaned much pleasure from living on a high-country ranch surrounded by wildlife and a pristine, rugged landscape.

It was a love of travel and conservation that took Bob and his hunting partner, Arlene, around the world fishing, hunting, and mountaineering. Counted among their favorite places were Africa, Antarctica, Alaska, and Nepal. Bob's exuberant face shines through in photos at the Base Camp of Mt. Everest in 1990 and in snapshots of numerous trips he took with Arlene and their children around the world.

Throughout his years, Bob contributed to and volunteered for numerous institutions, clubs, and committees. He was a loyal supporter of his alma maters. Bob served on the Board of Greenwich Academy in Connecticut and on the Class Council of the Yale Class of 1963. Bob was Secretary of the Boone and Crockett Club for 25 years of his 30-year membership, the longest of any secretary in the club. For his final chapter, Bob wrote a memoir chronicling the tales of his life in hunting and the outdoors.

Bob is survived by his wife of 49 years, Arlene Peters Hanson; his daughters Diane Hanson-Haynes and Karen Percy; his son Robert Hixon Hanson, Jr.; and six grandchildren.

John Davison remembers:

Bob was an integral part of WYBC. On-air he conducted numerous interviews and Yale sports play-by-play like a pro. Off-air, as part of the management team, he was the 'voice of reason', always seeking to steer us in the right direction. The last time I saw Bob he was emceeing the WYBC Trivia Tournament at Mory's during our 50th Reunion. Bob had all of us participating and even laughing out loud as we reminisced about the good times we had at WYBC. Now we also remember with fondness the friendship we had with Bob along the way.

Jon Larson remembers:

I first met Bob at David Anderson's fishing ranch in Montana when I was fortunate to be included in a group of David's friends to come to the ranch for some days of fly fishing on the rivers nearby, good food, and of course trading lies together all evening over good wines and spirits. I recall Bob flying into Bozeman, MT in his own plane along with most of the others in their own planes while Bart Brown and I flew in commercial. Bob waxed us all on the practice skeet range with his amazing skills. Only then did I learn that at Yale he was captain of the rifle team and joined the Army ROTC and competed in Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship, was involved in sniper training for the U.S. Army, and was an Olympic contender in 1964 and 1968.

Jonathan Rose remembers:

I first met Bob as a classmate at Hotchkiss.

His passions are manifested by the breadth of his pursuits from conservation to being a fully licensed pilot. Though a staunch conservative, Bob readily engaged with opposing points of view. His enthusiasm was infectious. We shall all miss him.

George Seawright remembers:

My association with Bob was primarily as a member of the Rifle team, along with a quite skilled group of marksmen. Road trips to West Point were the highlight of the season, with Yale usually the winner. The team was together for most of four years, well led by team captain Bob Hanson.

Michael Skol remembers:

I knew Bob at Yale via WYBC. He became Vice Chairman and I Program Director. Great fun to work with him. Inklings of his future investment prowess. Always looked forward to re-engaging at reunions or his occasional visits to New York. Over the years our political views merged (toward the conservative end) and we enjoyed exchanging e-mail diatribes on real or imagined assaults on ancient truths.

Guy Struve remembers:

Bob was one of the longest-serving members of the Yale Class of 1963 Council. He was not one of our more vocal Council members, but he could always be counted on for seasoned judgment and steadfast support.

Dennis Noel Harshfield



Died on June 1, 2018

Dennis Noel Harshfield passed away on June 1, 2018 at the Warner Center for Caring in Fernandina Beach, FL.

After graduating from East High School in Sioux City, IA in 1959, he attended Yale University from September 1959 to May 1962.

He graduated with a B.A. in General Science from the University of Iowa in 1965.

Dennis served in the United States Air Force from 1965 to 1970.

He received an Associate Degree in Computer Science from Jones College in Jacksonville, FL in 1974.

He worked in computer programming for Atlantic Bank, First Union National Bank, Wachovia Bank, and Wells Fargo Bank. From 1978 to 1988 he was responsible for the application programming for the online network which covered the state of Florida.

Thereafter, he worked on programming for Automatic Teller Machines until his retirement in 1999.

Harold B. Hawkins



Died on December 31, 2020

Harold B. Hawkins, M.D. passed away on December 31, 2020 in Hamden, CT. Although Connecticut was his home for most of his life, Harold was born in Oklahoma, and considered himself to be an Okie.

Shreveport, LA, where he lived for five years, held his best memories. There he learned to play golf, caught turtles in a bayou to sell to a local 5 & 10 store, and played chess incessantly, in person and over the phone, with a friend with whom he was in contact for life. Both of his parents graduated from the University of Oklahoma, an amazing accomplishment in the 1930s.

They intended that their sons go to college and, at considerable sacrifice, supported his undergraduate studies at Yale University. He attended Dartmouth Medical School and graduated from Harvard Medical School. Following a stint in the Public Health Service assigned to the Peace Corps in Fortaleza, Brazil, internship, and residency, Harold was a radiologist at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, CT for 28 years. Harold and his wife of 54 years, Lynne Berneike Hawkins, raised their family in West Hartford. With his undergraduate degree in art history, Harold loved to travel.

The family took wonderful trips, always

with all three children. When the dollar was strong and the franc weak, they had beach vacations from Normandy to the Riviera. His family had a cabin in Taos, NM, where the family also spent many summer weeks. When he gained a few middle-age pounds, Harold began running, and ran the Boston Marathon in 1978. With the example of their parents, all three children run and love to travel.

In addition to his wife, Harold is survived by his children, Carolyn H. Lee, Harold B. Hawkins, and Robert H. Hawkins, and six grandchildren.

James Baird remembers:

If I recall correctly, Harold left Yale before graduation in order to pursue an M.D. degree in an accelerated program offered by Harvard Medical School. Upon earning the M.D., he longed for his missing B.A. degree and re-enrolled in Yale College, taking a bunch of history of art courses in order to graduate.

Carter Findley remembers:

Harold Hawkins was originally from Oklahoma, but he was living in Atlanta when he graduated from high school. I met him at a Yale Club picnic in Atlanta shortly before we headed north for Freshman Year, and he was one person with whom I managed to stay in contact as long as we were both at Yale and again in later years. During the summer after Freshman Year, Harold and I were both working in Atlanta. Late in the summer, I heard from Harold that Mike Henderson, who had roomed right across the hall from me in Vanderbilt and whom Harold also knew, was coming down in one of his father's old cars. How would I like to take a trip to Florida with them? After being cooped up in an office job all summer trying to make a little money, the answer was: a lot. Mike arrived in Atlanta, probably in mid-September of 1960, in a '53 black Jaguar. He stayed a day or so in Atlanta, and then the three of us headed off to Florida, intending to drive from there back to Yale for the start of Sophomore Year. One of the most popular activities for summer evenings in Atlanta in those days was to go to an outdoor amphitheater, the Chastain Theater at North Fulton Park, to see stage productions of musicals.

My great contribution to the Atlanta festivities was to fix the three of us up with dates to go see South Pacific or something like that. Because Michael was the guest of honor, I racked my brain to find an especially interesting date for him. I decided on Dana Ivey, a high-school classmate of mine whose ambition was to become an actress. And she did: among her credits is creating the role of Miss Daisy in *Driving Miss Daisy* on stage in New York. Then there we were in that awe-inspiring automobile, heading south into the heat. Harold remembered that we rotated drivers – not a chance I would have taken, if it had been my father's car. Michael gave strict instructions not to exceed the speed limit. I seem to remember that the state troopers stopped us at least once, probably just for the novelty of seeing three kids in a car like that. Our destination was Daytona. Harold remembered driving out onto the beach in that car, 'cruising for chicks,' not that any of them paid us any attention.

Harold and I both remembered the deep-sea fishing expedition that was an obligatory bad-trip for visitors to Daytona. You know: nobody catches anything; the boat bounces up and down all day; everybody gets sunburned; usually there is a drunk on board; loud-mouthed profanity; people getting sick over the side of the boat; the captain muttering under his breath about what kind of way is this to make a living. The deep-sea fishing aside, we had a few days of sun and fun in and around Daytona, then started for New Haven. Somewhere in Florida, the car broke down. Astonishingly, we found a garage that could work on it. We headed back northward, more or less along the coast. I can remember stopping at some place in the coastal part of Georgia for a really good lunch of shrimp creole at a place with the grandiose name of the Lafayette Grill. Then we headed for Freehold, NJ, where we spent a night at the Henderson house. The next day we drove on to New Haven. The closer we got to New Haven, the grayer, colder, and rainier it got – an apocalyptic welcome. Good-bye summer. Hello Sophomore Year. At this stage, I cannot exactly reconstruct how Harold and I stayed in contact after that. There were times when we stayed with Harold and Lynne en route to summer vacations. We also met up at

reunions, as recently as 2008 – truly one of the friendships formed at Yale.

Anthony Gaenslen remembers:

Harold Hawkins and I met as two frightened Freshmen unable to understand a word Professor Scoville said as he laid out elaborate calculus formulae on the blackboard. Out of that initial shared terror grew our life-long friendship. Harold had a genius and a passion for it, tracking down and keeping up with classmates who otherwise would have been lost from sight. Every Yale reunion, on calling Harold, he delightedly dropped whatever he had going on, rushed right over, and we picked up our friendship as if we had parted the week before. He was one of the special gifts Yale, and life, brought me.

Robert Haight remembers:

Harold was my friend for 60 years. I can remember meeting him in the Yale Freshman Dining Hall in 1960. We were roommates, with others, for our Sophomore and Junior years before he went to Dartmouth Medical School. One evening Harold and I and our two roommates, Tony Gaenslen and Mohamed Sbeih, met Lynne and two of her high school classmates at the home of Hy and Cornelia Tindall in Milford, CT. Hy Tindall was the English teacher for Lynne and her friends. The Tindalls, relatives of my godmother, looked after me while I was at Yale, and they took it upon themselves to have this evening get-together to try to improve my social life. The evening was very enjoyable for all, and it led to the marriage of Harold and Lynne. Harold's course at Yale was different from most, as he left Yale after his junior year to go to Dartmouth and then Harvard Medical Schools and then to Stanford for a medical internship. After serving as a doctor to Peace Corps volunteers in Brazil, he returned to Yale to complete his undergraduate degree in 1970 by taking a full menu of Art History offerings. His interest in art history continued to expand throughout his life, it guided his travels, especially in France, and it brought great pleasure to him and his family." Harold will be remembered for his generous laugh, the wide range of his interests, and his steadfast friendships.

William Howard Holme



Died on May 29, 2020

William Howard Holme died on May 29, 2020 at Newtown Rehabilitation and Health Care Center in Newtown, CT. Bill was an Eagle Scout and a 1963 magna cum laude graduate of Yale. He was proud to be a Mason at the former Bethel, CT Eureka Lodge, a member of the Bethel United Methodist Church, a member of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, Western Connecticut Chapter, and a volunteer with the Bethel Public Library. An electrical engineer, Bill worked for various companies, usually in the defense or space industry, including working on the Hubble Space Telescope with Perkin Elmer. Bill is survived by two daughters, Kristin Borsch and Suzanne McCloskey, and five grandchildren.

Thomas Holme remembers:

Known to classmates as 'Willy', Bill was my first cousin. His dad was my dad's brother. He taught at the Naval Academy and hoped that I would matriculate there. My dad taught at Yale and hoped that Bill would join me there. We won and Bill became a Yalie. A group of us joined together in the Spring of 1960 and went to Calhoun. Joining Bill and me were Roger Emrich, Todd Tucker, Don Parmenter, and Hugh Hunt. Sadly, our six are now only Todd and me. That was ancient history, of course, but a photo of Bill with Todd and me in the Calhoun section of the Class Book is a reminder of good times and friendship.

John Rixse remembers:

Willy, half of the dynamic duo...you are missed.

William J. Hone



Died on May 1, 2020

William J. Hone died peacefully on May 1, 2020 from complications of lung disease. In 8th grade, Bill moved to Salem, OH, where he met the love of his life and wife of 56 years, Marjorie Vaughan Hone. He graduated from Yale University in 1963 with a degree in Chemical Engineering. After two years at du Pont, he and his wife moved to New York so that he could attend Columbia Law School. Bill found that he had a talent for and love of patent law, which gave him the mental challenge of mixing law, technology, and good horse sense. He started his legal career in patent litigation at Fish and Neave, was a partner at Davis Hoxie, and was a founding Principal of Fish and Richardson.

Following retirement in 2006, he continued to pursue his passion, working as a consultant and licensing guru for several biotech firms. Among his proudest professional achievements were obtaining the patents for PCR machines and many of the techniques now used in Covid-19 testing. One of Bill's favorite traditions was a Memorial Day camping trip in the Adirondacks that he attended with friends and family for 50 years. He loved to work on his massive Lionel train layout. He would play trains with any kid under 90 who wanted to play with him. Bill and Marge lived in Irvington, NY since 1973. Bill served as President and Board member of Echo Hills Mental Health Clinic and as a trustee and elder of the Irvington Presbyterian Church. Bill is survived by his wife, two sons, James Curtis (JE '90) and Brian Thomas, and three granddaughters.

W. Burke Jackson remembers:

Bill was part of a group of close friends, several of whom were from the Midwest, with similar values. We spent many hours together in our rooms in JE, talking about life, especially our girlfriends. We learned to love Marge, his high school sweetheart whom he married shortly after graduation. He loved competing

in sports and was a key member of our championship touch football team. We would see each other mainly at or around reunions and loved reminiscing about our time at Yale. We miss his goodness and sense of humor.

Avi Nelson remembers:

After Bill's passing, four of us got together via Zoom to reminisce. Burke Jackson, Rob Lacy, Art Rettig, and I were close friends of Bill's at Yale and remained in contact with him and Marge through the decades. Alan Huckleberry, another one of our group, was not on the Zoom call but remembers Bill as a gentle man with a lot of common sense. Among the memories, we recalled how active Bill was in Jonathan Edwards College. He worked in the Master's office, and senior year he was the college Social Chairman, organizing two of JE's signature events, the Spring Sing, a convocation of Yale singing groups, and the Toga Party (which lived up or down to its name with behavior which would not have been confused with adulthood). Bill was a great athlete and played several intramural sports, especially touch and tackle football. He helped JE win the touch football championship and finish in second place for the Tyng Cup senior year.

Bill courted his childhood sweetheart long-distance through the college years; Marge went to Michigan State. In the spring of senior year, we pooled our resources and, unbeknownst to Bill, flew Marge from Michigan to Yale. It was a complete and successful surprise, but then the drama took an unexpected turn. Bill had borrowed Burke's car, and he was driving with Marge on York Street when, right below our third-floor window, they got into an accident. Fortunately, only the car was damaged, but the accident attracted a constabulary visit. At that time, the rules of propriety for young ladies were somewhat more Victorian, and Marge says that she and Bill have always been grateful for the kindness of one of New Haven's finest in leaving her name off the accident report. So the adventure remained unsullied and was always remembered by Bill and Marge as an incredible weekend. Marge said that many years later she finally revealed to her mother the full details of the visit. Marge said that her mother was not amused. (But after 57

years we still are.) Bill was a good and stalwart friend. We are grateful for our long association with him.

Andre Fouilhox Houston



Died on March 5, 2020

Andre Fouilhox Houston died peacefully at home on March 5, 2020 after a heroic battle with cancer. Grandson of the renowned architect J. Andre Fouilhox, Andre was admired and loved by family, friends, and colleagues for his brilliant mind, his soulful understanding of life, and his ever-present nutty and eccentric humor. Andre attended Yale University, where he received a B.A. and M.A. summa cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa. Shortly after graduating from architectural school, Andre joined the Peace Corps, where he designed several buildings in Iran. Andre designed over 50 residential projects and more than a dozen religious buildings, among them the seven-sided Wallace Presbyterian Church in College Park, MD. Before founding his firm in 1987, Andre was an Associate at Metcalf and Associates, where he designed the competition- and award-winning residences at the Torpedo Factory in Alexandria, VA and the U.S. Embassy and U.S. Ambassador's residence in Cairo. Andre also worked at Perkins and Will in Chicago and Teheran, where he designed, among other projects, the Iranzamin School in Teheran. Andre is survived by his wife, Annie Houston; his daughter Marianna Werth and his son Maxwell Houston; and five grandchildren.

Allan Chapin remembers:

Andre somehow escaped Exeter pretty much unscathed except for his name, which as I remember had become "CUH". I liked him on sight and we became friends and roommates in JE with Michael Bell, Banko McAvity, Crowley and Heinz. We converted our two-bedroom suites into a submarine with three bunk beds in one living room and all the desks in one bedroom. After a year of this and spending my

time rushing Fence and writing for the Daily News, I took a leave from this merry band and joined the Marine Corps. When I returned the following year, our friendship resumed. Andre was writing a paper on Chambord, Francois I's hunting lodge. He discovered that all four of the towers were identical but one had its dormers and chimneys reversed. He became a dormer expert. And years later when he came to help me redesign my old Dutch farmhouse upstate, the first thing he did was tell me to put in dormers which he promptly designed. I never look at them without thinking of him and Chambord.

Douglas Crowley remembers:

Andy was a very private person and I am sure he would hate the idea that his friends were writing about him. He could be outrageously loud and boisterous, especially after a few drinks, or withdrawn and contemplative, depending upon the situation. He had a lively imagination, was very creative, and worked hard at Yale. Andy never abandoned his faith, even at Yale or during a brief flirtation with Buddhism in the 1970s, and I remember him quietly getting up and heading off to Mass at Saint Thomas More on Sunday mornings while the rest of us slept off the effects of the night before. Throughout his life he devoted a good part of his time to various good works in Washington. He had redesigned Saint Peter's, the church where his funeral was held on March 14, 2020. It was a truly surreal moment for us who mourned Andy's death, dutifully scattered around his church, as the coronavirus began its descent on our lives.

Ridgway Hall remembers:

Andy was a gifted artist, noted for his meticulous pen-and-ink drawings of cathedrals, and a highly successful architect, focusing mainly on residential work. After Yale he hopped on a motorcycle and traveled through Europe, staying at the cheapest places he could find. He later served in the Peace Corps in Iran, which produced a life-long interest in Persian art, carpets, and culture. His architecture notably brought light and excitement into rooms – which he did in remodeling two rooms in a house Jill and I owned in Washington for many

years. His son Maxwell describes Andy's taking him as a child to parks to pick up trash, telling him, 'You should always try to leave a place better than you found it.' In a sometimes raucous but often quiet way, that was what Andy was about.

Michael Whitfield Jecko



Died on May 20, 2021

Michael Whitfield Jecko passed away on May 20, 2021 after a long struggle with Alzheimer's Disease. Mike was born in Washington, DC and grew up in Bethesda, MD. He graduated in 1959 from Bethesda Chevy Chase High School, went on to study at Yale University, and graduated in 1963 with degrees in electrical engineering and business administration. He met his greatest love, Susan, in 1983 and spent 38 years with her as his constant companion. Together, they raised six children. Mike had a long and successful career working at GE, PEPCO, the Rouse Company, and Accenture. But his greatest loves in life were his family, his friends, and Susan. Those who spent time with Mike knew of his love for tennis and the Washington Redskins; his affection for a 5:00 PM happy hour; the peace he felt at the beach; his uncanny ability to solve any problem with a chart and a spreadsheet; his masterful social organizing skills; that he could turn any event into something that involved betting brackets; and that he loved a good joke. Mike laughed a lot, whistled constantly, was well known for his trademark "Jecko Shuffle" dance, and was always planning for the next time he could spend time with those he loved. Mike is survived by his wife; his four children, M. Scott Jecko, Audrey Coulbourn, Mike Jecko, Jr., and Brittany Jecko; his stepchildren Holly Steiner and Scott Severn; four grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Peter Kiernan remembers:

I first met Mike Jecko at his BCC high school senior prom. I didn't go to BCC but had

a date with one of his classmates. She pointed to him and said, 'He's going to Yale next year also.' And there he was in a red tux jacket with a mustache – and blonded hair and a cigar if I remember accurately. Not your typical Yale entrant back then – or now. Once at Yale we became friends. When it came time to pick roommates for the next three years, he was a natural choice for me, and so I came to room with three members of the freshman basketball team: Mike, Rich Giegengack, and Chip Oldt, all sadly gone now. Mike was a wonderful friend, a welcome confidant, and always there when needed. I had quite a number of friends at Yale who were super studious and quite a few others who really enjoyed a party. Mike was the rarer find. He worked assiduously all week and then easily changed speeds and enjoyed Deke and smaller party scenes to the absolute fullest on the weekend. The two never seemed to clash. He was a brilliant student, especially in what we now call the STEM subjects but also quite strong in the liberal arts courses we took together. Most of my friends did their homework – when and if they did – to get it done. Mike's approach was to do it and do it and do it again until he was satisfied it was 100% perfect. In Sophomore year, he was in a very demanding math class, and he and one other student tied for first place in the class with 99 averages. He didn't make a show of it, but he was definitely one of our brightest classmates. Back in Washington after graduation and a post graduate year in engineering at Yale, Mike went on to business success, rising to be the chief of computer operations at local companies, a consultant, and – in his spare time – the President of Manor Country Club for several terms, long enough to lead them through a very substantial rebuilding effort. I miss him – and have missed him for a number of years now as he was sidelined with Alzheimer's – a doubly difficult way to end life for one so smart.

Avi Nelson remembers:

Mike and I were electrical engineering majors, so we were course classmates Sophomore through Senior years and frequently lab partners. He was a really good guy and very bright, often making the sometimes arcane subject of electrical engineering seem easy. Going

against the stereotypical, slide-rule-in-pocket engineer-type, Mike's outgoing and engaging personality made him universally popular; and his good looks always impressed the women, one of whom, I recall, referred to him as 'snake eyes.' (Funny what stays in memory after over half a century.) I recall reading years ago that Mike had become the first grandfather in our Class, and I bet he was the first great-grandfather too. I always looked forward to seeing Mike at our Class reunions, where we enjoyed enthusiastic reconnections and relived reminiscences. But at the 50th he wasn't himself; the Alzheimer's had already set in, and the 55th he was too sick to attend. Some classmates' deaths hit particularly hard. This one did for me. RIP, Mike.

Robert DeWitt Jones



Died on October 13, 2019

Robert DeWitt Singleton ("Dupe") Jones, M.D. passed away on October 13, 2019 in Calhoun, GA. Dr. Jones graduated from University City Senior High School in St. Louis,

MO, where he was an all-city football standout. He continued both his academic and athletic pursuits at Yale University, where he was a formidable presence on the Bulldogs' offensive line, as well as on the lacrosse team. Dr. Jones earned his M.D. from Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, NY before making two medical missionary trips to East Africa with Operation Crossroads Africa. Dr. Jones did his Mixed Surgical internship at Queen's Medical Center in Honolulu, HI, and then served a tour with the U.S. Public Health Service, assigned to the U.S. Coast Guard and trained by the U.S. Navy as a flight surgeon. During his tour, he was awarded three Sikorsky Search and Rescue Awards for his heroics performed while operating from the Sikorsky HH-52 Seaguard helicopter platform. After that service, Dr. Jones did his General Surgery Residency at Hartford Hospital in Hartford, CT and his Orthopaedic Residency at Yale New

Haven Hospital in New Haven, CT. In 1976 he entered solo general orthopaedic private practice in Inverness, FL. Moving with his family to Georgia in 1988, Dr. Jones continued practicing medicine in that state as well as others in the Southeastern United States, always putting the best care of his patients first, until his health began to fail in 2016. Dr. Jones is survived by his beloved wife of 51 years, Stephanie Newman Jones of Calhoun, GA, his sons Robert DeWitt Jones and Stephen Singleton Jones, three brothers; two grandchildren, and a host of nieces, nephews, and cousins.

Judson Calkins remembers:

DeWitt became a fellow St. Louisan in his early teens when his minister-father moved the family from Virginia. I sought him out and we roomed together from Farnam Hall through Timothy Dwight. DeWitt was a member of the undefeated 1959 Bullpups and a three-year varsity player. He was tough and disciplined on the field and also the classroom, where he pulled all-nighters in his pre-med and other classes. No doubt influenced by his father, he was headed for missionary medicine, and he strictly eschewed alcohol and much of the social scene in dedication to duty. He did two early medical missionary outings to East Africa with Operation Crossroads Africa. Much of his later medical career was spent in Florida and Georgia, but his health began to falter in 2016. DeWitt and Stephanie, his wife of 51 years, had two strapping and talented sons. DeWitt was serious, low key, and loyal to his friends and family, considerate and stable and the most pleasant of roommates to have. He will be long remembered by me, his teammates and his many other friends and admirers.

Henry Hallas remembers:

He was tough as nails and I would share a foxhole with him in a heartbeat! He almost lost his life one day in August 1960 due to excessive heat and the rigors of a tough sport. His heart rate went over the top but he made it through. The team adopted salt tablets from then forward. I believe he held the record for weight lost in a practice, evidence of his hard work ethic!

Michael Haltzel remembers:

Dupe was such a decent guy. He managed to combine a down-home folksiness with a quiet dignity. And he was modest to a fault. I remember enthusiastically congratulating him when he broke into the football starting lineup in senior year. He just shrugged it off, although I suspect that he was also excited about it. I wish he had chosen to attend at least one reunion. He was a fine man, the kind of person I like to think Yale helps mold.

Dave Hilyard remembers:

I met 'Dupe' and Jud Freshman Year when I was standing in the line at the gym to get screened for sports. I started hearing a little snickering in back of me and then I heard someone say. "If I had legs like his, I would sue for non-support." Dupe was talking about me, and he was so proud of his little joke. He just beamed. After that, we were fast friends. Dupe was a tower of strength in the face of injustice. He came from a midwestern town where his father was a minister. Dupe did not feel comfortable with the social behavior at the Yale we knew in the 1960's. He was totally unaccustomed to it. We knew it bothered him, but he never imposed his opinions on us. When Dupe was in New York at Columbia Med School, he bought a motorcycle. It seemed so out of character and yet it enabled him to get away from his studies.

One day he was riding his bike and stopped to help a young woman whose bike had broken down. This was his first introduction to Stephanie, who would later become his wife. One day they were out riding their cycles on the West Side Highway when a large group of Hell's Angels came up behind them. The Angels made it clear that Dupe and Stephanie were welcome to ride with them. So they did.

After Columbia, Dupe returned to Yale where he was a senior resident in Yale New Haven Hospital. While he was there, I told him that my godson who was a hemophiliac had contracted AIDS. Dupe had me bring him to Yale where he cut through a lot of red tape to get him access to the doctors he needed. One night Dupe returned home after a long tour of duty. He was called some time later and told he was needed at the hospital. On the way back

to the hospital, he was hit by a drunk driver and nearly killed. His recovery was long and difficult and a very sad part of it was that he couldn't be a surgeon. For a while he worked in the Yale Health Center where he ministered to the needs of Yale's varsity athletes. In 2013, I was able to track Dupe down at Fort Bragg to urge him to attend our 50th. Over about two weeks, we had several long conversations, and I learned that Dupe had been struggling with demons his entire life. He never imposed himself on others, and I don't think any of us ever suspected what he was feeling. With us, he was a man of great character and principle whom we all loved.

Douglas G. Kalesh



Died on January 23, 2020

Douglas George Kalesh, M.D. passed away on January 23, 2020. After graduating from Yale College in 1963, Doug received his M.D. from SUNY Downstate College of Medicine in 1968. Following service as a Major in the Army, he developed a practice in obstetrics and gynecology in Washington, DC. In our 25th Reunion Class Book in 1988, Doug reported that "there has been the privilege to witness life, death, reproduction, marriage, divorce and gender roles. Embroiled in all this, I somehow forgot to marry and have children." In our 50th Reunion Class Book in 2013, Doug related that he was retiring from the practice of medicine after 37 years in private practice, and that he had "spent 12 years trying to learn the intricacies of ballroom and swing dancing, as well as the joys and passions while in the arms of Terpsichore."

Andrew Barclay remembers:

I met Doug Sophomore year in Berkeley. We would eat lunch frequently over the years, mainly because he was one of the funniest people I ever met, and his conversation often broke up the entire table. On Sundays, we were part of a group that met to watch the Giant games.

He was an avid fan of the Giants and had a lot to say about the play-by-play. Often, we would turn down the sound and allow Doug to narrate the game because he was better than the network color announcer. At other times he was thoughtful and serious and had some profound insights into world affairs and affairs of the heart which we all appreciated. We maintained a correspondence over the years, and when I didn't hear back from him, I knew he had to be experiencing serious health issues. My biggest regret is that I never got to see him dance, because the concept of Doug Kalesh ballroom dancing, I mean, seriously Doug?

Michael Freeland remembers:

Doug and I were good friends during our Freshman year. Both of us were Bursary boys at Commons, we both came from backgrounds that seemed out of place to us, and we both enjoyed good personal relationships with the staff that ran Commons, especially our immediate supervisor, Janet. We were not the easiest guys to manage, but Janet put up with us and over time we became her friends.

Michael Skol remembers:

Doug Kalesh was one of my two freshman roommates in Bingham (1127). That he was from Brooklyn and of Lebanese Christian heritage, and the 3rd (Bob Vollero) was New Haven/Italian, was my grand introduction to what we now call diversity. We actually had great fun riffing on our clashing cultures (and, frankly, in language which would not be tolerated these days.) Good times, good friends, but other interests (in my case, WYBC, and the move, with different roommates, to Trumbull) led us apart. I saw very little of Doug since 1959-60. One reunion, as I recall. But I do think of him whenever I see Lebanon in the news and wonder how he was affected by that tragedy (he was rightly proud of his heritage).

Robert L. Kaye



Died on April 5, 2019

Robert L. Kaye of Rocky Hill, CT died on April 5, 2019. Robert was born in Chicago, IL on March 16, 1942. He lived his early years in Hammond, IN, where he attended the public schools. He continued his education at Yale University, where he graduated summa cum laude with honors in Chemistry. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1963 and received a Ford Fellowship for post-graduate study at Cambridge University, Cambridge, England. Returning to Yale, he received NASA and National Science Foundation fellowships, and became a candidate for a doctorate in organic chemistry.

His objective of a career in chemistry was interrupted in his late twenties by the onset of schizophrenia, a disease which plagued him on and off throughout his life. Despite being unable to complete his research for a doctorate, he was awarded a Master's Degree. He taught at Yale, published three scholarly papers on organic chemistry, and later completed requirements for an M.B.A. from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Hospitalizations interrupted his work in the late '60s and early '70s. But throughout he was able to maintain contact with friends and family and continue his interest in photography and chemistry. In 1976 he was hired by Pfizer Chemical. He married and adopted a son John, who also graduated from Yale. The family lived in Groton, CT until 1989 when he was divorced. Since 2010 he lived at The Atrium in Rocky Hill, CT. He is survived by his son John Kaye, his sister Louise Stone, and his brother Richard Kaye.

Robert's sister writes: "Schizophrenia is a challenging disease. As Robert coped with it, he saw his dreams of a future in science disappear. As his sister, I took an active part in his life, especially during the last ten years when I became his conservator. Social activities were not a part of his days. But during these years his wit, intelligence, and good manners made

a lasting impression on those who cared for him.”

Jerome P. Kenney



Died on June 25, 2019

Jerome Paul Kenney passed away peacefully at his Manhattan home on June 25, 2019 from pulmonary fibrosis. Robert Kapito, President of BlackRock, called Jerry “a true legend in our business, known for his strategic brilliance, formidable competitiveness, impeccable courtesy, deceptively alluring calm, relentless work ethic, and unassailable integrity.” Jerry was born July 26, 1941 in Newton, MA, the second son of Francis J. and Madeline Kenney. Jerry’s father, the son of Irish immigrants, never went to college and worked as a traveling glove salesman. Wanting a better life for his children, he encouraged his sons to apply to Harvard or Yale. Jerry’s mother, a graduate of Boston’s Emmanuel College, had the education and discipline to implement this vision. The four brothers, Brian (Yale ’61), Jerry (Yale ’63), Robert (Yale ’67), and Richard (Yale ’71), all played football at Yale, and sister Maureen graduated from Emmanuel College ’64.

Throughout his life, Jerry was driven by a vision and passion to make things better for his family, colleagues, and community. Holding a B.A. in Economics from Yale and an MBA in Finance from the Kellogg School of Business Management at Northwestern, Jerry started his career as a research analyst at White Weld & Co., a boutique investment bank, becoming the Director of Research. When, in 1978, Merrill Lynch, a major retail firm, acquired White Weld, Jerry seized the opportunity, ultimately becoming President of Merrill Lynch Capital Markets in 1984 and building Merrill investment banking throughout the world. In 2006, he helped engineer the sale of ML Asset Management to BlackRock, which he joined as a Senior Advisor in Corporate Strategy, helping advise the leadership of the firm through a number of large acquisitions. BlackRock CEO

Larry Fink credited Jerry with helping to navigate the firm through a period of dramatic growth. “Jerry’s wisdom was indispensable in guiding us through that period and setting us on a path to growth. His counsel and advice were grounded in decades of experience that he combined with his unique style and grace.

He was a fierce competitor, but he had the ability to cloak the toughest message in his trademark politeness and fairness that helped ensure it would be heard.” That approach – kindness and discipline together – suffused everything Jerry did. He thought in terms of a “virtual circle” to describe his philosophy of supporting institutions and individuals that helped him develop the knowledge, skills, and habits to succeed. He believed in paying backward and forward. Jerry served as Treasurer and head of the Finance Committee at Nightingale Bamford School, as well as a member of the boards of the Stanford Business School, Northwestern University Kellogg School of Business Management, and the Yale School of Management.

Jerry met his wife, Carol Brock Kenney, in 1973 when she worked as an economist at Loeb Rhodes & Co. They were married in 1975 and enjoyed a decade working on Wall Street at competing firms. By 1982, when Carol, through mergers, was the Chief Economist of Shearson American Express, they took turns playing spouse at corporate events. Carol and Jerry also enjoyed classical music, opera, and collecting African art. Jerry’s passions also extended to renovating several historic homes on Martha’s Vineyard, where his family vacationed year round. Recognizing the role that horses played in their own daughters’ lives, Carol and Jerry purchased Misty Meadows Equine Learning Center in Martha’s Vineyard, built it into a state-of-the-art equestrian facility, and then gifted it to the community. Jerry is survived by his wife, two daughters, four siblings, 11 nieces and nephews, and their families.

Henry Higdon remembers:

Jerry’s contributions were to football and athletics at Yale: The most high-profile example is the Kenney Center, above the Yale Bowl, and while the four Kenney brothers have been

credited overall, it is really Jerry who was the driving force and the lead contributor to this magnificent structure. It is one thing to write a check for such an edifice, but Jerry was really the lead architect and designer as well, and had to fight with the University, and even with Robert Stern, the head of the Yale Architecture Department, to have it done the right way. Jerry was a relentless influence on the Yale administration on the values and benefits of a strong football and athletic program. His research on the subject covered the leading educational institutions in the country and espoused the premise that any leading educational institution necessarily has to have a strong athletic program. As in his business, he never proposed a program where he had not researched all the facts. Jerry almost single-handedly raised close to \$60 million to fully endow the Yale football program, the only such accomplishment in the entire country. Jerry's contributions also included the recent purchase of new helmets for the football team, with cutting edge customized technology which will minimize the possible concussion impact on Yale players. He funded the purchase of the new helmets entirely on his own.

Jerry was what I would call a quiet leader, but a strong, strong leader. He never, ever raised his voice and always listened to an opposing point of view. Over the years a large number of smart people on Wall Street described Jerry to me as 'the smartest guy on Wall Street.' I have come to agree with them as over the years I've gotten to know many of these 'smart' people. Jerry stood out!

Thomas Iezzi remembers:

Jerry Kenney, Tex Younger, Tim O'Connell and Lee Marsh were freshmen football teammates on our undefeated team. A great bunch of guys on a fantastic team.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Jerry's effort to give back to Yale persisted throughout his life. The Kenney Brothers Center at the Yale Bowl is a small piece of his contributions. His professional success was balanced with dedication to philanthropy and friends.

This is a great loss to us all who loved and

admired Jerry. From the first September day of early season football when we sat together on the Freshman bus, I felt we were friends. His character, ready smile and giggle, good heart – all these things made him memorable. Despite his many accomplishments, he always remained the same modest, virtuous man from beginning to end.

Ian Robertson remembers:

"Jerry was always emblematic of the Thalian notion of 'a sound mind in a sound body'. An athlete at Yale, he believed that athletic excellence was central to a university's academic reputation and alumni support. He wrote a white paper to prove his theory, then set out to prove his hypothesis by endowing Yale athletics. Despite his lofty position and spectacular financial success, Jerry was always simply 'Jerry'. Richly endowed with the sagacity, patience, and discretion that are prerequisites to success, Jerry surmounted difficulties that would have unhorsed lesser men. His adroitness, unerring sense of proportion, and ability to assign to objectives their true priorities mark him as a model for us all."

Fredric Schneider remembers:

"Jerry was one of the intellectually and physically toughest and most accomplished people I have known, a man capable of the most sustained and difficult work, with a dedication to perfection. And yet he maintained a sweetness of disposition and an immense generosity not only to Yale and other philanthropy, but to all who were privileged to know him."

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Beta brother! Especially important to me was his late-life goal of "educating business leaders in a global world...to other disciplines," as he wrote in our 55th reunion book; and his efforts on behalf of college athletics. He was absolutely right, that "excellence in athletics will enhance the stature of even the best academic schools."

John Younger remembers:

"As important as Jerry's time was to him and others, he would always respond to my calls, my harebrained schemes about matters

important to me, but of small or no interest to him. But because they were important to me, they were important to him. We all know that's the kind of man he was."

Bruce E. Kiernat



Died on April 22, 2018

Bruce Edmund Kiernat of St. Paul, MN passed peacefully on April 22, 2018.

Born on June 20, 1941, he is survived by Elizabeth ("Sandy") Moore Kiernat, his wife of 50 years, and by his children R. B. Kiernat and Betsy Zakrajscheck.

Bruce was a graduate of Yale University and University of Minnesota Law School.

He loved and enjoyed his family, Franconia, reading, trivia, travel, and flowers.

David K. King

Died on March 21, 2006

David K. King, M.D. passed away on March 21, 2006. After entering Yale with our Class, Dr. King received his undergraduate degree from the University of Charleston and his medical degree from the West Virginia University School of Medicine.

After completing a fellowship at the M.D. Anderson Hospital, the Tumor Institute, Dr. King relocated to Phoenix, AZ and devoted himself to the care of those with cancer. He served as President of the Association of Community Cancer Centers and the Arizona Division of the American Cancer Society and was Chief of Staff, Banner Good Samaritan Medical Center.

Dr. King served as the Principal Investigator of the Western Regional Clinical Community Oncology Program for 23 years, and was instrumental in developing the City of Hope Samaritan Bone Marrow Transplant Program.

Dr. King was survived by Vicki, his wife of almost 40 years, as well as a daughter, son,

mother, and brother.

He touched the lives of thousands of Arizonans through his 30+ years of medical practice and through the many hours he devoted to developing educational, outreach, research, and cancer care programs.

Elton W. LeHew Jr.



Died on May 25, 2020

Elton W. (Doc) LeHew, Jr. died on May 25, 2020. Doc came to Yale from Guthrie, OK. He was married after freshman year to Jan Fife, from whom he was divorced in 1989. They had one child, Lisa. Doc practiced as a psychiatrist in Pensacola, FL, New Canaan, CT, and Naples, FL. He wrote, "I have been privileged to work in a very exciting profession and help a lot of sick folks." In 2014 Doc married Terrie Van Lengen, who tragically predeceased him.

Judson Calkins remembers:

I met Oklahoma's own Doc LeHew at the close of eighth grade at Camp Lincoln, a summer sports offering in Minnesota. He was there for basketball, I for football, lured in part by Doc's fellow Oklahoman, Bud Wilkinson, then making Sooner history in the sport. Doc was lean, slow-talking, always with a smile, same as at Yale. Curiously, I noted, he walked on his toes, explaining that it was for calf development to help his lift on the basketball court. Our jaws mutually dropped when we met on the Old Campus in 1959. I can't recall now whether he was still walking on his toes, but he remained the same gentle, thoughtful, intelligent classmate that we all came to know.

Joseph Lastowka remembers:

Doc was one of those who truly enjoyed those 'Bright College Years'. As Phi Gamma Delta brothers and residents of Saybrook College we enjoyed great parties and savored our participation in intramural sports, including the basketball team's part in Saybrook's Tyng Cup championship. Doc could shoot. I could

rebound. There was never any question that Doc, the son of a Oklahoma doctor, would be anything other than a Doc himself, even if it took a summer session at the University of Colorado to nail down the science premed prerequisites – and to perfect the techniques there of home brew long before today’s micro-brewery craze, with the help of our classmates Bob Bradshaw and George Hillman. In ‘after years’ my wife Frankie and I had the pleasure of spending time with Doc and the three women in his life, his first wife Jan, then his special friend Diane, and most recently his very recently departed second wife Terrie on many occasions at our home or at Yale reunions that Doc never missed. Always a great time! Classmate Dick Malone and his wife Pat were always a part of these get-togethers. In those after years, stuff often was happening. I valued Doc’s help and guidance on family medical issues. I was pleased to offer my help with some of his legal issues. For certain, time and change could naught avail to break our friendship formed at Yale.

Richard Malone remembers:

Doc, Jon Nusbaum, Bob Kaye, and I met the summer before Yale at the National High School Institute at Northwestern, became good friends, and agreed to room together if we were all accepted to Yale. That sure made it easier walking onto the Old Campus our freshman year. While not as often as we wanted, whenever we got together, especially at our Reunions, it was as though we were back at Saybrook or the Phi Gam house.

Richard Moser remembers:

I met Doc when he and I were lab partners in Physics our sophomore year. Almost nothing we did in the lab made any sense to me and Doc happily carried me through the experience. On the other hand, he had trouble with the exams, and I was able to help him there. Between the two of us we managed to pass. Doc was ‘Doc’ even back then and knew exactly where he was headed after Yale. A solid friend, a good guy to his core. In our later years I looked forward to seeing Doc at Class Reunions and at our San Francisco mini-reunions, both of which he attended. There was something about Doc’s joy

in being with classmates, his insouciance, and his general openness that made him fun just to be around. I can’t fail to mention that, thanks to rigorous lifelong use of Retin-A, he was the youngest-looking guy in the Class. I was envious.

Jonathan Nusbaum remembers:

Two remembrances of Doc will always be with me: his ability to laugh at himself and his caring for others. In spite of his own health issues and personal tragedies, his observations of life in assisted living were more than a little amusing. He never failed to ask about my own health issues. Probably why he was such a good psychiatrist.

Christopher Reaske remembers:

Doc LeHew was a great guy with what seemed an ever-present smile for all of us in Saybrook. I loved his Southern accent; the cadences of his speech were just so welcoming. When I learned of his passing, his smile was right there as if we were back in the dining hall.

David Winebrenner remembers:

Several years ago Doc was extremely helpful to my son Andy, who had been diagnosed with prostate cancer. Doc reached out to Andy and gave him an uplifting second opinion, which made a great difference to him. I know Doc was devastated by the recent death of his bride Terrie, with whom he had a wonderful relationship.

George V. Lenher

Died on April 6, 2019

George Victor Lenher of Church Hill, MD died on April 6, 2019. He was born on July 20, 1938 in Wilmington, DE. He was educated at Tower Hill High School, Lawrenceville School (‘57), and Yale University (‘63). George served in the Delaware Air National Guard from 1963 to 1969. His career began with First National City Bank in New York City. He moved on to Rhode Island Hospital Trust Bank, before becoming a financial advisor with Morgan Stanley Smith Barney and retiring in 2007. George married

Eleanor “Meg” Gummey on November 13, 1965. They made their home in Chappaqua, NY and East Greenwich, RI before moving to Church Hill in 1999. George was a member of many organizations and served on many boards over his lifetime. He served as Presiding Clerk of the Board of Overseers at Lincoln School (Providence, RI). He was past President of the Kent County Humane Society and past board member of Church Hill Theatre. George loved hunting, fishing, playing golf, and traveling. In addition to his wife, he is survived by his children, Eleanor Lenher, DVM, Caroline Lenher, Rebecca Gels, Robert Rutley, Angela Wilcox, and Tanawat “Win” Roongtanapirom, and seven grandchildren.

Robert Hanson remembers:

I knew George only in passing during our undergraduate years, but we were reunited years later due to our mutual love of big game hunting – particularly African hunting. We shared membership in a number of organizations which focused on hunting and outdoor activities, the most notable of which was the Camp Fire Club of America. That club owns a beautiful preserve in Westchester County, NY, and has rifle, pistol, and shotgun ranges, as well as stocked ponds for fishing zealots. George was a life member of the Club, having joined in 1968. I followed in 1980. It was there that we renewed our friendship.

As George reported in our 50th Reunion Class Book, he was diagnosed in 2006 with G 4 glioblastoma, an extremely aggressive cancer of the brain which is almost always fatal. It is a variant of the brain cancer which took the lives of Beau Biden and John McCain, among others. That George beat that cancer, against the odds, and lived to the ripe old age of 80, is a testament to his tenacity and resilience. He will be missed.

Thomas E. Lovejoy



Died on December 25, 2021

Thomas Eugene Lovejoy III died of pancreatic cancer on December 25, 2021 at his home in McLean, VA. Dr. Lovejoy was considered one of the most consequential conserva-

tion biologists of his generation for his ability to meld field research – on how fragmented forests deplete diversity and how they can store carbon if protected – with environmental and policy work to draw attention to the plight of the Amazon, the world’s largest and most diverse rainforest. Among his many innovations, he introduced the term “biological diversity” in 1980; he made the first projection of global extinction rates in a report to President Jimmy Carter; and he devised the concept of “debt-for-nature swaps,” in which part of a country’s foreign debt is forgiven in exchange for investments in conservation. Throughout the course of Dr. Lovejoy’s career, much of it based in the Washington area for organizations such as the Smithsonian Institution, the World Wildlife Fund, and George Mason University, he became increasingly alarmed about climate change and the global extinction crisis. In spreading this message, he allied with lawmakers and Hollywood celebrities, often leading them on tours of his research station north of Manaus, the capital of the Brazilian state of Amazonas, known as Camp 41. With his pince-nez glasses and vast bow tie collection, Dr. Lovejoy was also a fixture in Washington, testifying on Capitol Hill, meeting with journalists, and hosting senators and scientists for dinners at Drover’s Rest, his historic log cabin in McLean, filled with books and curiosities from the natural world. Despite the severity of the forest destruction in the Amazon and elsewhere, and the grave projections of the warming world, he maintained a sense of optimism that humans could find ways to change course and avoid the worse outcomes. Dr. Lovejoy was born in New York City. He was an only child and grew up in a privileged setting on the Upper East Side. Dr. Lovejoy said that he chose

his boarding school, the Millbrook School in Dutchess County, NY, because it had a zoo. He said that the school's first biology teacher and zoo founder, Frank Trevor, inspired him to study biology, particularly birds. He received a bachelor's degree in biology in 1964 from Yale University, and stayed at Yale to complete his Ph.D., also in biology, in 1971. In the summer of 1965, while in graduate school, Dr. Lovejoy got a chance to visit the Brazilian Amazon, a trip that persuaded him to do his doctoral dissertation there on the ecology of birds. The Biological Dynamics of Forest Fragments Project, which Dr. Lovejoy launched in 1979 with the support of Brazil's National Institute of Amazon Research and the Smithsonian, is one of the world's biggest – and longest-running – biological ecosystem experiments. Dr. Lovejoy is survived by three daughters, Katherine L. Petty, Elizabeth P. Lovejoy, and Anne L. Jenkins, and six grandchildren.

Donald Abbott remembers:

Our two paths came together as ninth graders at Millbrook School, where in the first three weeks two transformative teachers, Frank and Janet Trevor, 'flipped his switch on life and biology.' 'That was it,' he declared. 'I'm going to be a biologist.' Tom and I could not get enough of Millbrook's natural science curriculum. In the first months of Freshman Year, Tom finagled a way for me to shift my scholarship 'bursary job' from being a Pierson busboy to becoming a four-year ornithology assistant under Phil Humphrey at the Peabody Museum. Then, when I served as Headmaster of Millbrook from 1976 to 1990, Tom was a valued trustee, an expert advocate for the school's deepening commitment to environmental education. Still later in 2010, he invited a group of fellow Millbrook classmates to immerse ourselves in Camp 41, his pioneering research station in the Amazon rainforest north of Manaus, Brazil. While there, my wife Betsy and I were privileged to witness firsthand the profound reach and impact of his life's work. To me, there simply never was a finer friend and public servant or a more extraordinary teacher.

Ralph Carriuolo remembers:

What do you say on the death of a college

roommate? 'Gawd, we had fun'? What do you say about someone passing with whom you matured from being a boy into an adult, with all the intermediate stages of stupidity and joyousness along the way to share? Tom was the absolute antithesis of anyone I had known as a boy (and I to him as well), yet we shared our disappointments, our successes, our rites of passage, our friends, and our booze, year after year, until we parted at graduation time, never to be connected again in the same way for the rest of our lives. And now he is gone. There is a hole in my history.

James Courtright remembers:

My first contact with Tom Lovejoy was as his lab partner in Invertebrate Zoology in the Fall of 1959. From the beginning, he shared his enthusiasm for organisms and the environment and gave credit to his teacher at the Millbrook School for sparking that interest. He and I had occasional contact over the years and he gladly accepted my invitation for him to give a seminar at Marquette covering his exciting work on Brazilian rainforest species preservation. His passion for 'endless forms most beautiful' may not be easily equaled.

Ridgway Hall remembers:

Tom seemed to keep a low profile at Yale and I didn't know Tom very well. He went on to become world-class scientist. We shared an interest in environmental conservation I came to know him well in the years since. He was among the first to call attention to the importance of biological diversity to the health of the planet and all its inhabitants, including us humans. He also sounded an early alarm over climate change, including its effects on the oceans (which have become 30% more acidified over the past century), coral reefs, shellfish and other marine species. He edited two extraordinary books on the impacts of climate change on biodiversity - notably the loss of numerous species - for which he won international acclaim. That said he was a totally charming fellow who loved good food, wine and conversation. I always enjoyed getting together with him over lunch periodically, and my big regret is that we didn't do enough of that. *Carpe diem*

Tom and Bill Nordhaus (who won a Nobel

Prize for his work on economics and climate change) and I teamed up at our 40th and 50th Reunions to lead a discussion group on "The Environment, Climate Change and Sustainability: The Search for Solutions." The first time we were joined by Ann Yonkers, who launched the farmers' markets in Washington, DC, and the second time by Ian Robertson, our Santa Monica ecologist. To chat with Tom over lunch you would feel not so much in the presence of a pioneer, but a friend and classmate, who occasionally offered suggestions or contacts to make upcoming travel more interesting. He loved good food and wine. In mid-December I told him about a forthcoming family trip to the Galapagos Islands. When I returned on January 4 I planned to call him to talk about it, but instead found his obituary. This magnificent, vibrant friend was suddenly gone.

Richard Holloway remembers:

Although I did not know Tom personally, I greatly admired his understanding of the natural world and the clarity with which he could explain why we should be so concerned.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Although Tom was only a distant friend, I felt a professional kinship. He operated at the intersection of science and policy, as did I. He was an environmentalist in an era when being such was only a long range project. So was the situation of nuclear arms control. Unfortunately, we never had the chance to compare notes.

John Rixse remembers:

Tom, you are truly up there amongst the stars...who would have known, starting there in Millbrook...thank you, thank you.

Ian Robertson remembers:

I met Tom after Yale through the good offices of Jerry Fuchs and Guy Struve. Prior to the 45th Reunion, Jerry Fuchs hosted a wonderful evening at the Explorers' Club in New York. Tom, the featured speaker, gave a fascinating talk. Thereafter Jerry and Peter Cressy, who co-chaired the 45th Reunion, agreed to include a discussion group on the environment. We had a lively debate about climate change featuring Tom, Bill Nordhaus, and Wick Murray. By the

50th Reunion, Tom and Bill's talk attracted large audiences. I suggested that the issues that they were addressing seemed so enormous that the ordinary individual might feel overwhelmed and powerless. Perhaps if I reviewed the 20 or so projects that I had undertaken over the last 30 years, classmates might recognize a role Everyman might be able to play. Both men generously agreed, immediately reaffirming the generosity of spirit that is the hallmark of the most distinguished members of our Class.

Bruce Umminger remembers:

Tom and I both worked in the greater Washington, D.C. area for over twenty years. I spent one year of my tenure at the National Science Foundation on sabbatical to work with Tom planning a National Biodiversity Information Center. During that time, I was amazed at his list of contacts contained in two Rolodex wheels, each about a foot in diameter, that we referred to as his twin Ferris wheels. On one occasion I was visited by an FBI agent doing a background check on Tom for a high-level Federal position. The agents said I was one of three references Tom provided. I asked who were the other two and was told Robert Redford and Prince Charles!" He was a giant in the fields of conservation biology and biodiversity who worked tirelessly at trying to save our planet. He was a generous person, both socially and professionally. He always brought out the best in people.

John M. Lucas



Died on January 21, 2018

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. John was born in 1940 in Kansas City, MO. He graduated from Yale University in 1963 and from the University of Pennsylvania School of Architecture in 1968. During

graduate school and for several years after, he worked both building houses at Prickly Mountain in Warren, VT and in the office of Louis I. Kahn in Philadelphia. It was John who came up with the name of Prickly Mountain. The founders and others were assembled on a large rock at the top of the mountain – all but John, who was sitting on a spread of raspberry bushes. After a while, John said, “Ouch, it’s so prickly up here,” and the name stuck. After Louis Kahn died, John stayed on to catalogue his drawings, and then to photograph his projects around the world. In subsequent years, John worked at a number of architecture firms, including Kohn Pederson Fox in New York City until 2005. 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. He had become an Architect’s Architect: ever curious, and ever anxious 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.

Charles Allan Lutz



Died on January 5, 2021

Charles Allan Lutz (also known as Lanny Lutz) passed away on January 5, 2021 in Los Angeles of severe kidney disease. Lanny grew up in Birmingham, MI and Darien,

CT. In high school, Lanny excelled in competitive sports. He was captain of the hockey team and played football. He loved sailing and often won races during the summers on Long Island Sound, racing out of the Noroton Yacht Club. His love of sailing pushed him to work as an adolescent on Lindt Foster’s 83-foot yacht and dream of travelling the world, which he later did. Like his father, Lanny went to Yale. At Yale Lanny majored in English but also studied French and participated in Yale Drama performances.

In his second year at Yale he decided to

take a year off to explore France. In Paris he met and fell in love with Katia. Lanny and Katia married in Paris and then moved back to the US so that he could finish his B.A. at Yale. After Yale, Lanny taught English at Milford Academy while Katia taught French at several prestigious schools. In 1967, they moved to New York City where Lanny decided to devote his time fully to acting. In order to develop his craft, in 1969 Lanny went to London where he attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA). Here he won The Bancroft Award (Gold Medal), for his interpretation of Tartuffe, while his wife worked for the BBC and their daughter, Natalie, learned English with a thick cockney accent with her nanny since at home only French was spoken.

After RADA, the family moved to NY, where Lanny continued to pursue acting. He then moved to LA and finally to the Chicago area. He lived in Oak Park for more than 20 years, where he did many acting jobs and was a prominent community organizer. At 69 he played a small role in the film Batman, the Dark Knight and in the same summer the role of Cordelius in Romeo and Juliet. At that time, struggling to make ends meet and find a “survival job” that would allow him the freedom he needed to audition and find roles, he decided to get a truck driving license. Lanny followed a six-month program which weeded out the original 500 students to 50 in the end. He was very proud that he had succeeded and knew how to parallel park an 18-wheeler by the end of the ordeal. Five years later he decided to try one last time to “make it in LA”. He left the full life he had lived in Oak Park to move across the country.

He left behind him his baby grand piano, many friends, and people who admired the work he had done raising awareness against racism. For five years he lived in LA, going from one agent to another, going for walks on the beach, going to the library, and compulsively following the news. He played piano in the lobby of his residence, a low-income housing residence for the elderly. Most of his neighbors were African American and called him Beethoven. Lanny is survived by his daughter Natalie, who lives in France; his sister, Carolyn L. Gibson; his ex-wife Katia Lutz; his dear friend Jan-

et Bohler; and two grandchildren.

Lanny had a full and adventuresome life which he dedicated to his passion, acting. He dreamed of becoming a great actor and continued to pursue it until the end. He was happy to be free and chose the life he wanted. Lanny said of himself that he was a gypsy and lived as one. He never would have been happy in an ordinary well-kept life. At the end of his life he was not the publicly recognized great actor many said he was and this lack of stardom saddened him but he was never prone to self-pity. He was happy with the life he had lived. He was successful in that he never compromised his dream and lived according to his values. He fervently fought racism and loved a good debate. He loved fine wine and good meals with friends. He had a booming laugh. He was for some a Zorba the Greek.

George Squibb remembers:

Lanny and I were best friends growing up in Birmingham, MI and we found ourselves on the Old Campus in 1959. We became roommates in Silliman College our sophomore year. Lanny was a lover of debating, and I remember that year as one long debate! He dropped out the summer following, moved to Paris, married Katia, and returned to finish in the Class of 1964. Being involved in theater at Yale was formative, and he went on to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, where he won their major prize. He and Katia – eventually joined by their daughter Natalie – settled in NYC, where Lanny pursued a career in acting, against very stiff competition. Alas, that career never took off and he developed a useful sideline as a wine merchant. Eventually he moved, a bachelor now, to Chicago where repertory theater was his passion. Throughout his life, Lanny was at work fighting racism, calling out himself and others concerning racial bias. He was passionate about music, played the piano beautifully, and had Chagall and Rembrandt prints on his walls. On a level deeper than the mundane, his life ‘succeeded’ because of his freedom to live his dream.

In his 70s he moved to Los Angeles where he struggled – as you can imagine – to establish a supportive community at extreme old age. He died there with kidney failure in a hospital. His

family, Covid-constrained, connected as best they could by telephone. Many of us friends always hoped Lanny might mellow his insistence on a career in acting, but that was not his path. Win or lose, theater remained the centerpiece of his life. Some of you have, by now, actually watched a person die – that dramatic moment – and been filled with the strong emotions that follow it. One emotion I felt at a recent death was a ‘relief-acceptance-happiness’ feeling, as struggles were now over, and the dying person’s life became a complete, and somehow even a perfect entity. In death it became a valid expression of the mystery and diversity of human existence. That’s how I remember Lanny. Hooray! What an amazing life!

William B. Lynch



Died on January 2, 2020

Mr. William B. Lynch, 78, died on January 2, 2020 in Livingston after a 13-year battle with Parkinson’s Disease.

Born and raised in West Haven, CT, Mr. Lynch spent his entire adult life in New York and New Jersey, most prominently in Greenwich Village and in Montclair. He graduated from Yale in 1965.

A software engineer for most of his life, he was a computer scientist before computer science even existed as an undergraduate major. He did IT work for, among other places, IBM, Goldman Sachs, and the Bank of New York.

He always enjoyed trivia (watching Jeopardy! was a perennial highlight for him), scuba diving, Pepe’s Pizza in New Haven, and being active in the Yale Alumni Association.

Mr. Lynch is survived by his sons Tim and Chris, his siblings Barbara Bowden and James Lynch, and his two grandchildren. He will be missed by all.

Joel Charles Magyar



Died on October 15, 2018

Geoff Martin and Doug Dick write:

"We are sorry to report the death, on October 15, 2018, of Joel C. Magyar, our roommate in Davenport College and lifelong

friend.

Joel was most recently living in Fort Myers, FL with Obie Bailey, his husband and partner of over 50 years, who passed away earlier this year.

Joel arrived at Yale from Harrisburg, PA with an extensive collection of LPs, a preview of his lifelong love of musical theater. Later on, Obie and Joel were among the producers of "My One and Only" on the New York stage.

After they moved to Florida, the two of them made regular theater visits back to Broadway to keep current. Joel was a serious stamp collector from boyhood; in recent years, his collection filled a small den with many shelves of well-sorted albums.

His skill with mathematics led him to a career as an insurance actuary, first with New York Life, and later as a Vice President with Integrity Life in its developing days. He was a Fellow of the Society of Actuaries.

Joel was highly intelligent, with a wonderful sense of humor. He was friendly, open, and trusting, and had a kind consideration and acceptance of people, which never changed as he got older. We had just been making plans to get together more often, so his passing is especially sad. He is greatly missed."

Douglas Dick remembers:

Joel was a wonderful person. He was our roommate from freshman year on. Extremely intelligent, friendly, positive, and caring, and with a fun sense of humor. I was fortunate to have seen him in the Ft. Myers, FL, area, where he and his husband, Obie Bailey, had a condominium. After Obie passed away, Joel was planning to move to Bonita Springs, FL, (which I was happy about since it would have been closer to me), but it was not meant to be. I miss seeing him and being together.

Charles Lester Marlow



Died on October 14, 2021

Dr. Charles Lester Marlow, III of New Haven, CT died on October 14, 2021 at Connecticut Hospice in Branford, CT, following a brief illness. Dr. Marlow graduated from Baltimore

Polytechnic Institute in 1959, and attended Yale University, graduating with a B.A. degree in English in 1963. After one year of graduate study at Yale, he went on to graduate study at SUNY Stony Brook, where he was admitted into the doctoral program in English, but his studies were interrupted when he was drafted into the United States Army in 1967. He chose to serve as a medic, attended one year of basic training as a Clinical Specialist, and saw active duty in Vietnam from May 1969 to May 1970. He attended the University of Sussex in England during the 1971-1972 academic year, and later earned a D.Phil. degree in 1977 after completing his thesis. Based on his Army service as a medic, he took an interest in medicine, which led him to study the required pre-med subjects in the hope that he would be admitted to medical school and become a physician. During this time, he worked as a Licensed Practical Nurse and then became a Registered Nurse. He enrolled in the post-graduate pre-medical program at Columbia University in 1973 and took employment at St. Luke's Hospital as a registered nurse, where he was employed for several years. In the mid-1970s, he sought admission at American medical schools, but was told that he was too old to enter their programs. Not deterred, he was eventually admitted to Kasturba Medical College in Manipal, Karnataka State, India in 1979. He finished his studies there in 1984, completed an internship in Rural Community Medicine in India, and passed the Foreign Medical Graduate Examination in the United States. Thereafter, in 1987-1988, Dr. Marlow attended one year of supervised clinical training at St. Vincent's Medical Center in Bridgeport and then completed an appointment as an Intern in Internal Medicine at the Hospital of St. Raphael in New Haven in

1988-1989. From 1993-1996, Dr. Marlow was a Resident in Psychiatry at Elmhurst Hospital Center and successfully completed the requirements to be board-eligible in psychiatry. He never again practiced medicine. In 1997, he was hired as a Registered Nurse at the Yale Psychiatric Institute, where he worked for a period of time. He was also employed as a nurse at other health care facilities in the New Haven area until his retirement. His ambition was "to give real help where it's really needed." He wrote that "The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he would never be found out." In this spirit, Dr. Marlow lived a modest and ascetic life, but left behind a generous legacy for the cities of Baltimore and New Haven.

Orin Brustad remembers:

I met Charlie sophomore year and he moved in with Dave Savasten and me junior year. He was modest and slow to reveal his pre-Yale life in Baltimore. Once encouraged, however, following ingestion of Black Russians, he regaled us with his experiences at H.L. Mencken's high school and life on Loch Raven Blvd. Charlie was as remarkable as anyone I met at Yale or thereafter. We stayed in touch after graduation through periodic long letters in which he shared much of his intellectual and cultural life but little of his [presumably fascinating] experiences as an army medic in Vietnam, a medical student in India and a psychiatric resident in NYC.

He never objected to me calling him Charlie, but I don't recall him ever introducing himself that way (he signed his letters with an unpunctuated Chas). His friends would often challenge him by mentioning a year, say 1936, and he could "reel" off all the Academy Award winners for that year as well as the principal actors and plots of all the nominated films. Once, in New York, we scored standing room tickets for an original-cast performance of Camelot. He promptly bought a 33 RPM recording and within a week he had memorized and typed out the lyrics of all the songs. (He gave me a carbon copy!) Visiting him in New York 15 years later he was eager for me to dine at Madhur Jaffrey's restaurant and, after dessert, presented me with her Indian cookbook.

I last saw Charlie in Cooperstown where

we met in Cooperstown, NY, in 2014, to share several performances at the Glimmerglass Opera Festival. We enjoyed Madame Butterfly, endured Ariadne in Naxos, and heard a lecture by Justice Ginsburg on her own opera exploits with Justice Scalia. While in Cooperstown, Charlie indulged me a brief visit to the Baseball Hall of Fame where he lingered at some of the Baltimore Orioles' shrines.

A Hindu scripture sums up Charlie: "Set thy heart upon thy work, but never on its reward."

Fredric Finkelstein remembers:

Charles was an exceptional classmate who had an unusual and varied career in both the arts and sciences. I spent a lot of time with him in the Trumbull dining room having engaging discussions about literature and art and again during his time at St. Raphael's Hospital in New Haven discussing medicine. Charles was a sensitive, thoughtful and caring individual.

Cedric Reverand remembers:

Charlie was one of my roommates sophomore year. Since we were both English majors, we sometimes ended up in the same English class. These were also the days when many plays destined for Broadway tried out, first, at the Shubert Theater. Charlie and I would occasionally go to plays together, and probably saw more plays that failed and never opened on Broadway than we needed to. Charlie had a wry sense of humor, and a completely deadpan delivery. He could remember movies and plays from the thirties, and the songs. He would, on occasion, break out singing one of those songs (always with a straight face). I remember one evening, about 10:30, when we were both walking back to Trumbull from the Library, when Charlie started singing "Good morning, Good morning, I danced the whole night through, / Good morning, good morning, to you." With a perfectly straight face. Very funny guy. I'm sorry I lost touch with him (he never came to reunions, even when he was actually living in New Haven). .

Lee Marsh



Died on August 23, 2022

Lee Marsh died peacefully on August 23, 2022, after several days in the hospital. Lee graduated from Yale in 1963, where he was on the football team. After graduating, he served in Army Intelligence and then attended DePaul University School of Law, from which he graduated in 1971. Following a judicial clerkship and law practice in Illinois, Lee moved to Los Angeles, where he eventually became in-house counsel for Bally's Total Fitness. After retirement, Lee split his time between southern California and Maui, and traveled extensively. He is survived by his daughter Samantha and two grandchildren.

Judson Calkins remembers:

Lee had a distinctive walk and bearing, short, brisk steps, erect in posture, chin high, shoulders slightly tilted, wearing a perpetual half-smile with eyes squinting over ever-present contact lenses, the guy who did not run but galloped across the Yale Bowl. He was Chicago through and through, from a flat 'A' and clipped cadence in speech to a jaunty style, a Mike Royko-like knowledge of official Chicago, and his favorite descriptive adjective 'goofy.' His biggest football moment was junior year at Penn when he veered off left tackle and bolted 69 yards for the score, taking a ribbing from teammates about the Mack-Truck size of the hole but earning back-of-the-week honors in the East ahead of Syracuse's Ernie Davis. Lee was a great friend and accomplished raconteur with a head-thrown-back laugh that will shine brightly in the memory of his classmates.

Wally Grant remembers:

Lee was a great friend and teammate and a great guy. I had good times with him on the football team, when he was in language school in Monterey, and when he visited me in Colorado. I recall a fun weekend in Aspen with my then wife, Johna, and Lee. The only lodging we could afford was a campsite on the Roaring

Fork River. Lee had a great smile and laugh which I will never forget.

James Little remembers:

I met Lee at freshman football in the Fall of 1959. We became friends and were two of the 12 who moved from the Old Campus to Berkeley as sophomores. Lee was always curious and interested in learning. He had something to contribute on almost every subject – a trait that followed him throughout life. Our Berkeley crowd had many mini-reunions over the years and Lee was always an active participant. I never saw him happier than after he had married Sandra. They worked together in her successful medical services company and enjoyed traveling all over the US and many interesting international destinations. After Sandra died, Lee went through a long period of grief and his health deteriorated. Nelson Levy and I had lunch with Lee in Florida in March and, despite his medical and physical issues, he was just as garrulous as ever, as we talked and laughed about old times and current issues.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Lee was at his best one-on-one. He was a great storyteller and did not mince words. He was a leader and provocateur in our group of ex-football players.

James C. McCormick



Died on May 28, 2018

James Cornelius McCormick died peacefully on May 28, 2018, surrounded by his loving family, after a long and valiant struggle with multiple health problems.

Jim grew up in Manhattan. Due to his father's untimely death when Jim was not yet two years of age, he was raised by three adoring women, his mother, aunt, and grandmother.

He attended The Collegiate School in New York City and went on to Yale University, where he was a member of the Glee Club and the Alley Cats.

He received an M.B.A. from NYU Business School and was involved in institutional equities sales for most of his professional life, notably at Arnhold and S. Bleichroeder and Drexel Burnham Lambert.

Kindness and humility defined Jim; he was a true gentleman and a devoted husband, father, grandfather, and friend. He will be remembered for his sharp wit, generosity, and understanding of history and its role in shaping global events past and present.

His gifts for creating endearing nicknames and silly song lyrics will always bring smiles to his family. Jim resided in Madison, NJ for 45 years before moving to Harding Township, NJ two and one-half years ago.

Jim is survived by his devoted wife of almost 50 years, Kathleen Willis McCormick; his son Sean and daughters Marjorie and Ellen; and three grandchildren.

John Burke remembers:

Jim was a good friend and one of those guys who loved Yale

Charles Duncan remembers:

Jim had dreamed of Yale since his earliest days. He belied the usual characterization of New Yorkers being callous. Jim cared. You could see it in his eyes and wide smile and hear it in his voice as many surely did in concerts by the Glee Club and the Alley Cats.

Throughout his life he never stopped questioning the foundations of all theories and beliefs and wondering why so few would do the same. Many would agree that never was there a more memorable moment than to receive a deep word of support, a trusting look and a pat on the back from Jim.

Nathan Milikowsky



Died on July 21, 2021

Nathan Milikowsky passed away after a long illness on July 27, 2021. Born in Tel Aviv, Israel, Nathan graduated from Yale University, studied at

NYU Law School, and served in the U.S. Marine Corps. Nathan was a dynamic entrepreneur in the steel business for more than 50 years, in partnership with his brother, and he built and nurtured many successful businesses. He was most proud of restarting a bankrupt factory in western Pennsylvania in 2003. In a matter of months, Nathan and his team turned C/G Electrodes into the most productive and profitable competitor in the global graphite electrode industry. He implemented an innovative employee profit-sharing program, and when he reluctantly sold the business seven years later in a large acquisition, he was thrilled that a third of his employees became millionaires.

In recent years, he chaired the boards of two cutting-edge medical device startups based in Israel. Nathan was married for nearly 45 years to his beloved wife Rebecca Gold. After raising their daughters Shira (Yale '03) and Brina in the Boston area, they relocated to New York City and continued to spend time at their home in the Berkshires. Nathan enjoyed soaking up the arts and culture of both communities, and few things made him happier than attending a performance produced by Rebecca or directed by Shira. The patriarch of his large extended family, Nathan was a surrogate father and brother to many who knew him, and he was widely loved for his kind heart, sharp mind, and fighting spirit.

Alan Schwartzman remembers:

Nate and I go back a long way, to Hopkins Grammar on the Hill in New Haven, where we spent six years together as classmates. I remember Nate – called 'Mili' then – as one smart cookie who liked to play tricks and get me in trouble. Mili also loved to play chess, a skill he developed from his father, and card games, mostly in the break room for Third Formers and the Senior Recess Room, where we spent countless hours gaming and also pretending to study. Nate and I were buddies on intramural pickup sports, sorely lacking in the skill level needed for any varsity sport. Along with Mike Wilder, we became the three amigos in touch football, tennis, and soft ball, leading up to our joint acceptances at Yale where, alas, we went our separate paths. Got to see him at several reunions, where he always looked 'GOOD.' He will be etched in my memory that way.

Michael Wilder remembers:

We will remember him for his parties at his parents' home and his 'larger than life' attitude. I didn't see much of Nathan recently but he did join us at our Reunions. A fun-loving guy all his life.

Barrett Morgan



Died on April 17, 2020

Barrett (Barry) Morgan passed away peacefully from complications related to Covid-19 on April 17, 2020. Born in Worcester, MA in 1939, Barry was a lifetime resident of that city. He attended the Bancroft School and Milton Academy before attending Yale University. Following his graduation from Yale, he returned to Worcester to pursue a Master's degree in geography at Clark University. It was at Clark that Barry met his wife, Mahroo. Upon completion of her degree, Mahroo returned to her home in Iran, and Barry happily followed. They were soon married, and Barry delighted in the years that they spent living in Iran, embracing the people, language, culture, and history of the region.

In Iran, Barry worked for an American engineering company conducting geological prospecting in the southeastern desert of the country, where his team discovered a significant water source that subsequently irrigated large new farmlands in the region. He forged lifelong friendships there as well as in England, where he had also lived for a period. In the late 1960's, Barry and Mahroo moved back to Worcester with their young daughter Anna Mitra, and soon thereafter their son Ralph Tavakolian was born. Barry joined the David Clark Company, a maker of high-altitude aviation and industrial protection equipment, and later purchased the company with several colleagues. He spent 30 years working at David Clark, contributing to its recognition as one of the international leaders in its field.

Throughout his life Barry was an ardent supporter of Worcester's civic and cultural institutions, including the Worcester Arts Mu-

seum, Arts Worcester, the Russian Museum of Icons, and Music Worcester. An avid collector of ceramics, Barry even tried his hand at the potting wheel in classes at the Worcester Center for Crafts, where he was President of the Board. A consummate extrovert, Barry relished vigorous and wry conversation, and was never happier than when out and about visiting with family and friends. He took great interest in foreign lands and cultures, and traveled with purpose as an ethnographer rather than a mere tourist. Barry is survived by his wife, Mahroo, his daughter Anna Mitra, his son Ralph Tavakolian, five grandchildren, and a generation of young relatives who will miss their beloved and fun-loving "Baba", as he was affectionately known.

Ridgway Hall remembers:

The overriding image that comes up when I think of Barry is his exuberance. He took a palpable joy in people and friendships. One of his children has described Barry as 'the consummate extrovert', and that captures Barry exactly. He was such a source of positive energy that I later wished that I could have bottled some of it for needed uplifts in the years that followed our times together at Yale.

Stallworth Larson remembers:

Barry was up for travel and adventure. As graduation approached, Barry suggested a drive to the Panama Canal and I said sure. At one point we rushed to get to the bull ring in Mexico City and just made it before the first corrida. I turned around to hail a beer man, and down the steps came Charlie Cheney, who joined our expedition. Barry was our guide and driver and took us to interesting places like Tikal in Guatemala. This was an adventure, and I have always been grateful to Barry for putting it together and including me.

Robert Power remembers:

My roommate for the last three years at Yale. Barry was a larger than life character who was a man amongst us boys. Full of fun, widely read and traveled. He was from a prominent Worcester, Mass. family and went on to succeed mightily in his business endeavors.

We traveled together widely, he was in-

variably fun and interesting and amazingly well informed.

Ready to try anything, I persuaded him in my capacity as Captain of Polo to try out even though he had limited experience on a horse, he did so to great effect!

He died of Covid, a sad end to such a wonderful man.

The summer before our senior year Barry and I drove throughout Northern Europe. He was, as usual, excellent company, very level-headed, knew a ton about the places we were visiting, and definitely was ready for some wild times! After Yale, he had an amazing knack for engaging in unusual projects which turned out fortuitously to be home runs for him. I think a clear mark of his excellent judgment.

Fredric Schneider remembers:

I first met Barry at our 35th Reunion, but we became good friends quite quickly. He had a great sense of humor and carried the weighty responsibilities he had from his family's long-established position in Worcester, MA with grace and dedication, supporting its many important eleemosynary institutions with wisdom, energy, and benefactions. His philanthropy was legion, matched only by his devotion to family, friends, and two beloved dogs, one named Eli.

John Tuteur remembers:

Vee and I were fortunate to be part of Barry's California connection while he was at the Monterey Language Institute many moons ago. Barry's energy and humor helped to make his roommates' time at Yale exciting.

R. Patrick Murphy



Died on February 19, 2019

Robert Patrick (Pat) Murphy died on February 19, 2019 at the Winchester, VA Medical Center. Pat was preceded in death by his beloved companion of almost 30 years, Diane Lowe

Ferguson. He is survived by Diane's sons,

James and Reed, and Diane's grandchildren. Pat is, most likely, survived by his adopted daughter Letitia, from whom he was estranged for many years. He was preceded in death by his adopted son Torin.

Pat grew up in Fairfax County, VA, where he attended public school. He graduated with a degree in English in 1963 from Yale University, which he attended on a Navy ROTC scholarship, and was then commissioned as a regular officer in the U.S. Navy. The Navy, as he was fond of saying, in its infinite wisdom, decided that "Eng" was a fungible abbreviation, and so he was assigned exclusively to engineering duties. His last assignment was as Engineering Officer on USS. LaSalle (LPD-3). After completing his active duty service in 1967, Pat attended graduate school at the University of Virginia, receiving an M.A. in 1968 and a Ph.D. in 1971, also in English. After teaching English at the University of Idaho for six years, he decided on a change of careers.

Pat graduated with a J.D. from Duke University Law School in 1980. He practiced law in Houston, TX and Washington, DC for 25 years, mostly for large multinational firms. He attained a national reputation in immigration and nationality law, and was the 1996 recipient of the Edith Lowenstein Memorial Award presented by the American Immigration Lawyers Association ("AILA") "for excellence in advancing the practice of immigration law." Pat wrote and spoke frequently on immigration law, and for ten years was the editor-in-chief of the Immigration Law Handbook, the course materials for AILA's annual conference.

Pat retired with Diane to Shenandoah County, VA, where they both became immersed in the county's rich history. This interest manifested itself in the 2013 publication of *The French and Indian War in Shenandoah County: Life on the Inner Frontier, 1752-1766*.

Pat Murphy was something of a Renaissance man: Navy officer, college teacher and published scholar, lawyer and legal writer and editor, and local historian. In a kind of reverse if not perverse humility, he never referred to himself as "Doctor Murphy".

Paul Field remembers:

Pat, Ron Sampson, and I graduated togeth-

er from Falls Church High School in Virginia and then on to Yale. Pat was commissioned from NROTC and served as an engineering officer at sea - just the thing for the English professor he became (and later lawyer). In recent years we got in touch and had conversations that meant a lot to me.

Pat was a brilliant and private person who ultimately found great happiness with his partner Diane Ferguson for 25 years. After she passed away recently, Pat moved to a smaller condo and continued alone with the help of two daily helpers. I called him about a month before he died, and we had an hour-long chat. He had found his happiness with his partner and was quite brave about dealing with life alone and ailing.

John Rixse remembers:

Pat, a good comrade in arms...we miss you...

Paul S. Neill



Died on September 7, 2020

Paul Neill died on September 7, 2020. Paul was born in East Orange, NJ in 1941, and raised in Short Hills. Following his graduation from Yale University, Paul proudly served in the U.S. Marine Corps during the years preceding and including the Vietnam War. He earned his MBA from NYU and Rutgers University, and had a lengthy career in corporate management before running his own consulting firm until his retirement. Beyond his degrees, his service, and his professional accomplishments, Paul's crowning achievement is his half-century marriage to his soulmate, Lillian, who survives him. Their love and devotion serve as both foundation and model to his beloved children Kimberly and Brian.

It was in his retirement that Paul's varied talents and interests flourished – as historian to Christopher, jokester to Sean, shark hunter to William, homework helper to Aiden, storyteller to Jaxson, and the primary subject of Nora's

most-admired artwork. Paul was a voracious reader, often juggling multiple novels while not missing a page of the New York Times. He loved classical music, rugby, sailing, and the beaches of Cape Cod. He often returned to Yale with his children and grandchildren for football games each Fall, and enjoyed attending crew races with his long-time friend and classmate Bill Petty. He was smart, yet humble. He was dignified, yet quiet. He was a confident speaker, yet even a better listener. He was generous with his time and attention. He was patient and he was kind. He will be missed by many, and remembered fondly by many, many more.

Paul Field remembers:

It was the dreary winter of our junior year. In a moment that perhaps changed the course of Paul's life, I was hurrying out of Silliman, past Paul. He asked where I was going in such a hurry. "Free beer and John Wayne movies at the Navy ROTC building!" "Oh, boy! I'm in!" He immediately joined me, Pete Roman, and others for a terrific string of boozy Wednesday nights with the Marine unit. And although I don't think we had thought much about our military service, in 1964 we found ourselves USMC officers cruising the coast of Viet Nam.

Peter Roman remembers:

My favorite memory of Paul Neill is from my wedding in 1966. It was a military wedding in dress white uniforms and Paul was circulating among the guests at the reception being his usual pleasant and amiable self. Then the thought struck him (as he told me later) that it might be fun to declare it an old Marine Corps tradition to drink wedding toasts from a helmet. His field gear was in his car, so he went and got his helmet and filled it up with a few bottles of champagne. I still have a 6x8 color picture of Sally, my wife as of an hour before, giving him a quizzical look as a smiling Paul handed her the helmet.

Nicholas Niven



Died on April 18, 2019

Nicholas V. Niven, M.D. of Santa Cruz, CA passed peacefully the afternoon of April 19, 2019 in the company of his immediate family, due to complications from pneumonia.

Born in Los Angeles, Nick went to school in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara and then graduated from Yale as an English major, developing a lifelong interest in reading and writing, prose and poetry. Nick earned his M.D. in Internal Medicine at UCSF and later moved to San Diego and joined the United States Navy, two years later honorably discharged as Lieutenant Commander. Nick married Rebecca Allen in San Antonio, TX in 1965. Eric was born to Nick and Becky in 1972. The family moved to Santa Cruz in 1975 and Nick joined the newly formed Gastroenterology Santa Cruz, where he practiced medicine for 40 years. Sarah (Niven) Nielsen was born in 1979. Nick remarried in 1992 to Corinne (Pate) Niven and in 1997 Camille Niven was born. In addition to his three children, "Papa Nick" had five grandchildren. Nick loved to garden, especially tomatoes, and really enjoyed the outdoors. He was a fan of every kind of sport, especially the 49ers and college football. But mostly he was a great dad and granddad.

John Hagedorn remembers:

In our upper-class years, Nick and I shared a suite of rooms in Silliman College with several other roommates. Nick was the only English major among us. He had developed a lifelong interest in reading and writing prose and poetry while in high school. In our Junior Year at Yale, Nick encouraged me to take the Daily Themes course in which we wrote short stories each week. The story for which I received my highest grade was based on a tale told me by Nick that was set in the California coastal country between Carmel and Big Sur.

Jon Larson remembers:

Upon arriving in New Haven Freshman

Year, being from Hawaii I initially felt most comfortable associating socially with my colleagues from Hawaii and also with the California recruits. I fell in right away with a northern California group known to each other including Peter de Bretteville, Nick Niven, Bill Robbins, and Dick Thieriot. Nick was super handsome, dressed well, and always dated amazingly attractive women. After marriage and medical school he returned to Santa Cruz, CA near Carmel and Monterey Bay and joined a large HMO group where he practiced gastroenterology for 40+ years, lived the good life in one of the most beautiful communities on the California coast, and raised three great kids.

Gerrit Osborne remembers:

Nick was my "go to" guy when I needed someone to talk to. I spent the Summer after graduation in LA, and saw him frequently. His dad and mine had known one another in New Haven 30 years earlier. My favorite recollection of him was as my best man.

Jonathan Wilford Nusbaum



Died on September 15, 2021

Dr. Jonathan Wilford Nusbaum died on September 15, 2021 in his home, next to his devoted wife. Jonathan worked as a general surgeon at Fairfield (OH) Medical Center for many years. Later in his career, he worked as a medical expert for the State of Ohio for disability hearings. He attended Lancaster (OH) public schools and graduated from Lancaster High School in 1959. He graduated from Yale University in 1963. He then graduated from The Ohio State University College of Medicine in 1967. Jonathan completed his residency in General Surgery under Dr. Robert Zollinger at The Ohio State University Hospital in 1972. He served in the U.S. Air Force in Minot, ND from 1972 to 1975. He volunteered his time as Director of Operations for the Lancaster Festival from 1987 to 2021. He was an active Park National Bank Board member from 1979 to 2020,

and an enthusiastic student of early U.S. history until the end of his life. He is survived by his wife, Judy Nusbaum; his daughters Emily and Laura Nusbaum; his stepdaughter Jennifer Hostenske; four nephews; and six grandchildren.

Joseph Lastowka remembers:

Although Jon Nusbaum and I knew each other well during our three years at Saybrook and as brothers in the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, our friendship did not ripen until our mutual friendship with Dick Malone and Doc LeHew brought us together at Yale Reunions. At each Reunion through the 55th, Jon and I shared many discussions focused on family and health. When my oldest son was born blind, with a fortunately incorrect suggestion that a cancer that might quickly take his life was involved, and again later when my younger son was diagnosed with a cancer that did take his life, Jon's stabilizing guidance was truly a blessing.

Richard Malone remembers:

I first met Jon along with Doc LeHew and Bob Kaye at the National High School Institute. We became good friends there and agreed if we were all accepted to Yale we would be roommates, which we were for four great years. Jon was a serious student but also liked to have a good time of which we had many at the Phi Gamma Delta house. It was not unusual to go there and see Jon and George Hillman as partners in a serious bridge game. Pat and I will miss seeing Jon and Judy at reunions where we also had many good times. It's hard to believe that of the four roommates I'm the last man standing.

John P. Nutting



Died on April 7, 2021

After graduating from Yale University in 1963 John attended the American Institute for Foreign Trade, known as Thunderbird. After Thunderbird

he enlisted in the US Army and served in Heidelberg, Germany at the Headquarters for U.S. Army Europe. After the Army he settled down in Tiburon, California in 1967, married his first wife and started a career at Bank of America in San Francisco. In April 1976 he joined the Mexico Rep Office of the bank in Mexico City. He enjoyed a great career for 23 years and retired in 1999. He met his second wife Layla in 1978 and was remarried in 1981. He credited Yale for getting him the two great jobs in his life, a great assignment in the Army., and a lifetime job for 32 years with the Bank of America.

He is survived by his wife of 32 years Lilia Diaz Nutting (Layla), his children John and daughter Jennifer, and grandchildren Zoe and Will Blandon.

Timothy J. O'Connell



Died on September 10, 2020

Timothy James O'Connell passed away peacefully on September 10, 2020 at the West Haven VA Medical Center in Connecticut. Born in Rockville Centre, NY, on June 28, 1941, and raised in Glen Cove, Tim graduated in 1959 from Friends Academy of Locust Valley, where he excelled and loved sports. A natural athlete, he was invited to try out for the New York Yankees while still a teenager, a thrilling moment of his early life. Tim was recruited to play football for multiple Ivy League colleges. He proudly chose Yale, keenly aware that New Haven was where his father's Irish forebears had settled. At Yale, he lived at Jonathan Edwards College and was a member of Skull and Bones. He polished his Latin translating skills and developed a love of history.

Known for his calmness under pressure, Tim was quarterback of the 1959 undefeated freshman team, and played on the 1960 varsity team. That team also won every game – and to this day, is Yale's only undefeated and untied varsity football team since 1923. Tim also played basketball and baseball for Yale. He graduated in 1963. A proud member of the

Air National Guard, Tim was among the thousands of reservists mobilized in 1968 by President Johnson to back up U.S. demands for the return of the USS Pueblo. During his service, Tim relocated to Myrtle Beach, SC with his then-new wife Nancy (Freitas) O'Connell, formerly of Brooklyn, New York. Upon his honorable release from active duty, Tim considered following in the footsteps of his father, a trial lawyer on Long Island. He attended Chase College of Law in Northern Kentucky, just across the border from Cincinnati, Ohio, while Nancy attended the University of Cincinnati for her master's degree in education. Tim then worked at the O'Connell law firm in Mineola, NY.

But Tim ultimately decided that law was not his calling and moved into insurance and financial services, working at Transamerica. By 2008, Tim relocated to New Haven and he lived a retired and active lifestyle, enjoying many Yale football games and reunions with his football teammates. Living just blocks from campus, Tim often visited local restaurants, including Mory's. He was jolly and positive, and grateful to share happy memories with his son, Anthony, his daughter Vanessa and his grandchildren. Tim suffered several bouts of cancer, starting in his early thirties and until his death. He appreciated the doctors and other medical professionals who treated him over the years, especially at Smilow Cancer Hospital at Yale-New Haven and at the VA hospital in West Haven. Survivors include three children, Patricia Gottesman, Vanessa O'Connell, and Anthony O'Connell, as well as six grandchildren. He is also missed dearly by his first wife, Nancy, who enjoyed spending time with him in his final years. He was truly an inspiration to his family.

Judson Calkins remembers:

When a host of lads, mostly strangers to one another, assembled in late, hot August 1959 in the shadow of the Yale Bowl to prove themselves in Freshmen football, one among them had already been anointed: Timothy James O'Connell, of Glen Cove, Long Island, a lonely Catholic at Quaker-affiliated Friends Academy of Locust Valley, where he was a four-year starter in football, three at quarterback, plus Long Island's prestigious *Mister Basketball* and,

in baseball, good enough to warrant a tryout with the Yankees at age 15 (arrived by public transport).

At quarterback Tim helped lead the Bullpups to an undefeated, untied season against six Ivy opponents, playing against Harvard in the finale with a cast protecting bone chips in his left wrist and leading the final, game-winning drive. Tim moved on with his teammates to varsity football where the unbeaten string was extended to 15 games by the heroics of Yale's 1960 team, winner of the Lambert Trophy as best team in the East. Tim also became a multi-year starter in varsity baseball. He was a reserved but affable classmate whose adult life was hampered by illness and absence from his children and his Yale brotherhood, but through initiatives of his teammates and children Anthony and Vanessa he was reunited with the Class of 1963 at recent reunions. The season of '59 has become shrouded in lore and bound the Bullpups tightly together. Just before Tim's death, Anthony arranged a moving gathering by Zoom in Tim's hospital room with many fellow Bullpups in attendance.

Michael Gill remembers:

Tim O'Connell was voted Irishman of the Year by the Knights of Columbus our Senior year. I went with him to watch him receive the award. He was treated like a young Jack Kennedy. Tim had that same kind of Irish charisma – a light and cheerful charm that drew everyone to him. That night Tim just had to approach the podium and the whole room was on their feet clapping and applauding. Tim said: 'I don't deserve this.' Then he paused, 'But I sure do enjoy getting it!' The whole room erupted with laughter and more applause. Tim was a natural. A natural athlete. Most of all, Tim was a natural in the friendly and cheerful way he treated everyone from a famous professor to a local priest at Jocko Sullivan's bar. After Yale, a brain disease hurt Tim and knocked him off balance. But he never lost his love for life. Tim's family was an adoring and important part of his life throughout – just as were his loyal Yale friends who always loved him and showed their love and loyalty.

Wally Grant remembers:

I met Tim on the first day of Freshman football and had the pleasure of being a teammate of his for the four years of our Yale football careers. I also had the pleasure of rooming with Tim in Jonathan Edwards College our Senior year. Tim was a terrific athlete and a rascal with a wry sense of humor. He was fun to have as a roommate and often left me guessing as to what excitement was to come next. There was seldom a dull moment with Tim around. I'm proud to have been Tim's friend.

Henry Hallas remembers:

Tim was referred to as a 'rascal' during the memorable Zoom call. He was indeed. I found myself one Saturday night Freshman year with the two biggest rascals in our class . . . Pete Truebner and Tim! It was post football season and we were in the corner entryway on the third floor of Wright Hall overlooking the corner of High and Elm. The Campus Police used to hang out there under the street lamp, perfect targets. Tim got his nickname that night. I had watched Tim weave his football magic Freshman year. He was our leader but he crossed swords with Coach Ollie Sophomore year. Tim was relegated to JV games. I don't recall him ever losing. We were trailing Princeton and Tim called a deep fly pattern, my favorite. When he threw the ball he led me into the defenders. Of course I was upset with this but we got a pass interference call. We got better field position, scored, and won the game. Tim knew what it took to win. He will be missed greatly as a leader and friend.

Henry Higdon remembers:

Apart from Tim's athletic prowess there was always a twinkle in his eye. And there was more: in conversation, Tim would hold himself at a slight angle, his gaze slightly away, as if reserving a bit of himself only unto himself, perhaps prompting his high school yearbook to cite as his main occupation, 'Thinking.' Tim will remain a Bullpup in spirit, and through his son Anthony who now, by acclamation, has become an Honorary '59 Bullpup.

Ian Robertson remembers:

Tim O'Connell was known to us as Tackah

or Timmy. He arrived at Yale after a spectacular three-sport career at Friends Academy. At quarterback he was the 'Anointed One.' Hank Higdon, who had won state in Ohio as a sophomore quarterback, assessed the situation and moved to halfback. Jud Calkins whose John Burroughs team had gone undefeated (kinda – talk to Hanser), Captain of St. Louis Country Day and won state in Missouri, chose to stay at QB. So did "Rusty" Reaves, the all world prep athlete, Tom Fake, the Natrona, WY standout, Weldon Rogers and, of course, our incomparable Wally Grant. Timmy started. He shared time with Jud, Wally, and early on Rusty as well as Tom. Tim was a big athlete and a skilled passer, making critical game saving completions to the likes of Hoey, R. Jacunski, Higdon, and others.

Most memorable was his effort in the Harvard Game, played at home in mud. Timmy, despite bone chips in his wrist, started the game and shared time with Jud. Timmy led us on our game-winning drive, wisely handing off to Schmaltz, "The Speedster" (as per the Yale Daily), who fled 65 yards in the mud and ran it for the go-ahead TD. This inspired "Ball Gate". For 59 years Timmy treasured the Game Ball he received after the Harvard Game. Jud Calkins was given a Game Ball as well. David "Schmaltz" Weinstein recently said, 'As I was walking off the field, Gib handed me the Game Ball!' Fact is they all deserved one and treasure their trophies still.

Coach Jordan Olivar did not like to play Sophomores. He expected to lose a game for every Soph that started. Timmy was our guy but he played behind Tom Singleton and Bill Leconby. Unfortunately, Tim did not endear himself to Ollie. Ollie sent him in the Brown game with orders to run out the clock. Instead Timmy chucked the ball, First Down!! Ollie was livid. Late in the season Princeton week, the scout team (read O'Connell, Hallas et al.) went up against the first team defensive backs: Wolfe, Muller, and Singleton. They were best DBs in the league. Timmy shredded them. He threw three TDs to Hallas. Ollie was beside himself. Timmy had an unbelievable arm. Friday before the '60 Princeton game the QBs were having fun in the Bowl, airing it out as far as they could. Singie made a truly impressive

throw. Timmy got a ball and easily and casually chucked ten yards further than Tom. Clearly, Timmy had the kind of arm that could have allowed him to play on Sunday. Senior year Timmy began as our starting quarterback. The offense had a hard time scoring. Ollie stubbornly stuck to his belly series offense. That offense had been incredibly successful in '60. After three games Timmy sat. The Varsity went 2-5-2. 29 well placed points over nine games would have resulted in our third undefeated season. One wonders if Timmy and Horse Hallas could score three TDs in a single scrimmage against the best DBs in the league, how many could they have scored in nine games? We will never know." Timmy would have thrived in another offense. Sadly, he never got to play on Sunday. But that was not because he lacked the talent.

Donald James Parmenter



Died on February 4, 2019

Donald James Parmenter died peacefully on February 4, 2019 due to liver failure complications from an aggressive form of lung cancer diagnosed just three days before. Don

was awarded a four-year Naval Scholarship to Yale University, where he entered as an engineering major. During his first year he fell in love with history and changed majors and all his life was interested in history. After graduating from Yale in 1963, he served four years in the U.S. Navy as a Lieutenant on the USS Adroit minesweeper. During his time in the Navy he met and married the love of his life, Sharon Odom, in Charleston, SC on January 30, 1965. Don had a long career in telecommunications, working for 33 years for Western Electric, AT&T, and Lucent Technologies.

His career started in Guilford, CT, where they enjoyed a rental home in Sachem's Head by the ocean. A few years later they moved to Columbus, OH, where they made great friends and fell in love with tennis. Another move took them to the northwest suburbs of Chicago, where they experienced two of the four worst

winters ever in the area.

Don's final career location was in Madison, CT, where Don and Sharon made lifelong friends and learned to golf. He retired in 2002 and relocated to Wilmington, NC, playing golf and making great friends. Don is survived by his wife, Sharon Odom Parmenter, his daughter, Heather Parmenter-Watkins, a grandson, and nieces and nephews.

John Rixse remembers:

Don, I will never forget your tale of the observation car on the train from Seattle...

Louis Peter Pataki



Died on November 29, 2021

Louis Peter Pataki, Jr. died peacefully at the Norwalk, CT Hospital on November 29, 2021. Louis was an Astronomy Professor at New York University for the past 21 years. He

received his undergraduate and Ph.D. degrees from Yale University and his J.D. from Indiana University. He had previously taught astronomy at Indiana University and practiced law in New York. Louis, an Eagle Scout, was a Scoutmaster for Troop 2 in Rowayton, CT for many years, and a volunteer with the Rowayton Fire Department. He also enjoyed stamp collecting, orienteering, and his Hungarian, Italian, and Irish heritage. Louis is survived by his wife of 55 years, Jane Smith Pataki; his son Jonathan Pataki; his daughter Daisy Pataki; and four grandchildren.

In what proved to be his final course description for his NYU astronomy course, Lou wrote to his students: "Above all, I want you to enjoy this class. I started here before most of you were born. I have often said, jokingly, that my classmates were dying and my graduate students were retiring, and what was I doing still here? The answer is simply that I am here because I love what I am doing and I want to be here. I love working with college students and attempting to bring them an understanding of science and to share in my joy at having

had an opportunity to be part of a great adventure in discovering new facts and ideas about our universe. It's been 61 years since I entered college. My college alma mater has the line: 'How bright will seem through mem'ry's haze, Those happy golden bygone days.' It well captures my feelings about my college experience. I hope if you think about your college days a half-century from now you will vaguely remember this course as a part of your happy golden college years. I am here for you."

James Baird remembers:

Lou, I recall, made his living as an attorney. In retirement, he taught astronomy at NYU.

James Courtright remembers:

Lou was well informed on many topics. He and I both acted as intermediaries between the faculty and the administration. His NYU website reveals the care with which he made science approachable and interesting to his classes.

George Johnson remembers:

I had no family, friends, or relatives in the East. Lou invited me to his family home in Peekskill, NY for Thanksgiving of Freshman Year. His parents could not have been more hospitable and I remember the occasion most fondly. Lou was a ham radio operator. He was passionate about his involvement and had cards he had exchanged with other ham operators all over the world. My second strong recollection is from Spring Term of Senior Year. I was preoccupied with my honors thesis (and maybe too many hands of bridge), and so was late for my term paper in a seminar. Lou offered to help and we set up an assembly line. I wrote in my room and he typed the final version. I turned it in on its due date the next day. It was a most friendly gesture. I might not have graduated on time but for Lou's timely intervention. If I had to describe Lou in a sentence, it would be that he was as sincere, unassuming, steady and straightforward as they come, and also very smart.

Geoffrey Martin remembers:

Lou's low-key, dry-humor conversation was such a treat for me. He was willing to

talk about his teaching demands, which often sounded like those of my past, so we could talk of similar experiences.

Michael Skol remembers:

Lou Pataki was one of a number of '63 classmates I came to know only years (actually decades) after New Haven. The New York Yale Club lunches, followed by the virtual versions, were my basic contact with him. I was much impressed by his soft-spoken modesty — despite his significant intellectual prowess. If pressed, he could explain astronomy and related disciplines with confidence and unusual clarity. His demeanor stood in easy contrast to so many others in this age of prevaricating loudmouths. His political conservatism, by the way, was expressed in a way even a liberal could admire.

James Wetmur remembers:

Lou Pataki was a regular at our monthly New York Yale Cub Class lunches, except when his professorial duties interfered. At our ripe old age, he was still teaching astronomy to NYU students. What dedication! At our lunches, Lou was always thoughtful and whether he talked about science or politics, I always listened. I will miss his intellect and his Hungarian family conservatism.

William C. Petty III



Died on January 13, 2020

William C. Petty, III died on January 13, 2020 of complications from pneumonia at the University of Vermont Medical Center in Burlington, VT. Born in Port Chester, NY, Bill graduated from the Kent School in 1959 with honors and from Yale University in 1963 with a B.A. in History. Bill was a member of the Scroll and Key Society and rowed crew at Yale all four years. In his senior year he was Captain of the Yale Heavyweight Crew Team and his passion for Yale crew continued throughout his life. In 2010 Bill was responsible for identifying and

recruiting Steve Gladstone, one of the premier rowing coaches in the United States, to become Yale's Head Crew Coach. After Yale, Bill went to the Navy Officer Candidate School in Newport, RI. He was commissioned on November 22, 1963 and served for three years in the Navy as LTJG on the USS Tanner and USS Shasta. After the Navy, he joined the Wall Street investment firm of Dominick & Dominick. He then worked at Estabrook Capital Management, followed by Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company for 12 years, then returned as a Director to Estabrook in 1985. He retired in 2018. Bill took great pride in his family and was a loyal and caring friend to many. He was a Trustee of Kent School, always a loyal supporter of his alma maters, and a member of the Yale Club of New York City and the Lawrence Beach Club. Bill had a sharp intellect and a keen sense of humor, and was a devotee of his many interests, including rowing, music, reading, and any time spent on the water. He is survived by his wife of 49 years, Nancy (Dowling) Petty, his two sons, Jonathan C. Petty and Timothy D. Petty, and four grandchildren.

Andrew Barclay remembers:

Bill was a monster, he rowed six on the heavyweight crew. When he dropped his oar in the water, the whole boat lifted up, I mean right out of the water. I always looked up to him, you had to, the dude was like six foot twenty.

Douglas Buck remembers:

Bill rowed with me also, usually at number six, the slot for strong and steady oarsmen. This characterized Bill's life, always there, always dependable and a fine example for the rest of us.

David Culver remembers:

David Culver, Luke Fouke, Paul Neill, and Jon Truslow and their spouses attended a memorial service celebrating Bill Petty's life on February 1, 2020 at The Kent School Chapel in Kent, Connecticut. Luke Fouke and David Culver spoke at the service reminiscing about their 60+ year friendship with Bill starting at The Kent School in 1955. A cavalcade of other speakers told numerous stories highlighting Bill's unique personality. Most recalled his dry,

witty, and frequently irreverent commentary about people, institutions, and topical events. And they all noted his lifelong passion for Yale Crew, and observed that he didn't mince words about people and situations he thought were out of line, but that he was level-headed, controlled, and slow to anger. Bill was someone you could always count on for wise counsel and advice, frequently delivered with quaint aphorisms like C. S. Lewis's maxim: "Integrity is doing the right thing when no one is looking." or Mark Twain's: "If you tell the truth you don't have to remember anything."

L. Michael Griffel remembers:

Bill Petty had a way of making you feel appreciated, of listening to your remarks and stories with the greatest of interest, of proving his kindness with deeds as well as words. He was upbeat and hard-working, a loving family man, and a devoted friend. Bill was strong and courageous, dealing with misfortune nobly, even with a smile on his face.

Robert Hetherington remembers:

Rowing crew was at the center of Bill's life at Yale. He was one of the heavy lifters. He generated power for the boat. He was also a good teammate. His optimistic spirit kept everyone moving forward. After Yale he kept in touch. He had a gift for friendship.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Bill was a big man with a big personality and an abundance of personal warmth. His blunt speech, sense of humor, and friendship made for memorable encounters. Bill and Nancy, his wife and friend of almost 50 years, were a great team. If they did not finish each other's sentences, they agreeably disagreed. As Captain of the Crew our senior year, Bill was a physically imposing figure. Yet his physical limitations in later years never seemed to diminish him or inhibit his personality and positive outlook.

John Rixse remembers:

Bull, always in the engine room...

Thomas Worrell remembers:

In his modest way he brought out the best

from himself and from those around him. He deserved the many acolytes that he received over a lifetime of dedication.

Peter T. Pochna



Died on January 27, 2022

Peter Tichenor Pochna died on January 27, 2022 in a nursing home in Hastings-on-Hudson, NY. He moved to the nursing home after being diagnosed with dementia last year. He passed due to a heart attack but was already well on his way, receiving end-of-life care and being comforted by staff and family. He died at peace and with dignity. Peter grew up in Darien, CT and lived for periods in New York City and Greenwich, CT before moving to Newport, RI, where he lived for 25 years. Peter graduated from Yale University with a degree in economics and started his career at Citibank. He then worked for venture capital firms including Foster Management Group and Phoenix Management Group. He married Priscilla Tilt in 1963. They later divorced but maintained an amicable relationship, and she provided him with strong support in his final months. Peter was passionate about many things. He enjoyed attending Broadway plays and classical music concerts at Carnegie Hall. He was a good athlete who played soccer and lacrosse in college. He played tennis throughout his life and remained a strong player well into his 70s. He was an avid sports fan who closely followed the New York Mets and enjoyed telling stories about attending World Series games in the Mets championship seasons of 1969 and 1986. He also closely followed Yale sports, particularly the lacrosse team. He liked growing roses and painting abstract art and was an avid reader of newspapers, history books and spy novels. Perhaps most of all he enjoyed people. He had many friends, some of whom he remained close with for more than 60 years. He dedicated much of his later life to a spiritual fellowship, building his own character with the God of his understanding and

mentoring others on the way. He is survived by his two children, Nina Melissa Pochna and Peter S. Pochna, and four grandchildren.

Judson Calkins remembers:

Peter and I shared Timothy Dwight College, Book and Snake, and, later, the fellowship of AA, which became the centerpiece of his world. He enjoyed a quiet life in simple surroundings in Newport, RI, reveling in conversation with AA friends and others, following the lives of his daughter Nina and son Peter Jr., maintaining a good tennis game, and ultimately taking up painting. He was tall, aristocratic and handsome, slow to speak, quick to laugh, and possessed of a pleasing, dry wit.

Henry Higdon remembers:

Peter was a great student/athlete and played two varsity sports at Yale — excelling in both soccer and lacrosse. He enjoyed competing. Peter was a member of Deke, Book and Snake, and the notorious Timothy Dwight College (the Zoo). Peter met and married a beautiful woman named Priscilla Tilt — their wedding took place early in the year 1963 and was attended by the entire Book and Snake delegation. Peter and Priscilla were larger than life, always the life of the party, and were wonderful on the dance floor as they were both tall, athletic, and most graceful. Unfortunately Peter somehow developed a drinking problem which contributed to their eventual divorce and completely changed Peter's life. Peter became an almost evangelical member of AA and completely turned his life around. He became an inspirational role model to members of that group.

Neil Thompson remembers:

Peter arrived in New Haven in the fall of 1959 with that 50-strong gang from Andover. We soon became teammates on the Freshman Soccer and later Varsity Soccer teams. Pochs was a very gifted soccer player with the complete tool kit: tall, fast, strong, durable, intelligent, upbeat, team player, and that rarity of self-confidence without an ego. A privilege to have seen him in action. We stayed in touch throughout the next six decades. Along with many others, I had profound respect for him as he dealt with some serious medical issues.

Charles Yonkers remembers:

The Great Pochs, the irrepressible big guy with a hearty approach to all life. He was ever the enthusiast and warm solidifier of any group. It was thanks to Book & Snake that we became such friends in Senior Year. In the summer of 1964, Henley Webb and I sublet his apartment on the Upper East Side NYC and commuted to a Wall Street firm for a clerkship. Pochs always made the rest of us feel safe.

M. Weldon Rogers III



Died on July 20, 2019

M. Weldon Rogers III passed away peacefully in his sleep early on the morning of July 20, 2019 at his home in Boca Grande, FL. Weldon grew up in St. Louis, MO. After graduating from St. Louis Country Day School and Yale University, he began his career in banking at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company before moving to G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., both in New York City. His career advanced rapidly with a move to Missouri Portland Cement in St. Louis. He later became the owner and president of EckAdams, an office seating manufacturing business. Family was extremely important to Weldon. He loved spending time with his children, grandchildren, and friends in Boca Grande, St. Louis, and other places. He enjoyed golf, tennis, travel, and people. He never met a stranger. Weldon is remembered for his faith in God, his eternal optimism, humor, boundless energy, and the way he connected with and cared for so many people. He is survived by his children Sandy Rogers, Didi Bowers, Caroline Rogers, and Sarah Watt and five grandchildren.

David Culver remembers:

"Weldon was one of my oldest friends starting at St. Louis Country Day School in the early '50's, then at Yale and continuing until our last phone conversation in June of this year. Always dependable and upbeat, Weldon was someone you could count on regardless of

the circumstances – welcoming, encouraging, frequently loquacious, and sometimes even effusive. When we got together at Yale, he always lit up the room and our conversations were stimulating, enlightening and most importantly, fun! I think he must have majored in conversation at Yale, because he was never at a loss for words, and his flowing social manner always led the conversation. Weldon was always on the go, making friends, enjoying all the social, sporting, and extracurricular activities, all of which contributed to his big-hearted sense of friendship."

William DeWitt remembers:

"I got to know Weldon at St. Louis Country Day School from which we both graduated in 1959. We became close friends at Country Day, which continued at Yale where we were in Pierson together.

Weldon had an engaging personality with an infectious smile that could light up a room. If you were having a bad day, Weldon was your man to make you feel everything was great. While we ended up living in different cities following graduation, we saw each other periodically, and when we did it was as if we got together every day. Over the years, I met countless people who learned I grew up in St. Louis and asked if I knew their good friend Weldon Rogers. He will be greatly missed by all those who had the good fortune to know him."

Frederick Hanser remembers:

"Weldon was a very personable, friendly, and outgoing person, an excellent student who was always involved in extracurricular activities, a talented athlete, and, yes, he loved the girls. At Yale he became Secretary of Fence Club and a member of the Bakers Dozen. He provided a great deal of energy and fun to his relationships. He was a wonderful friend and will be greatly missed."

Frederic Hull Roth Jr.



Died on July 2, 2018

Frederic Hull Roth, Jr. passed away peacefully on July 2, 2018 at Community Hospital of Monterey Peninsula, CA, surrounded by his three children and Kathy, the love of his

life and wife of 55 years.

Born on July 27, 1941 in Cleveland, OH, he left the Midwest to attend Yale University, where he earned a bachelor's degree in English. He then traveled across country with Kathy to begin a teaching career at Robert Louis Stevenson School in Pebble Beach, CA. Although Fred stayed only two years in California, he fell in love with the Monterey Peninsula and knew he would someday return.

Fred completed his education at Columbia University and then the University of Virginia, where he earned a Ph.D. in English Literature. Teaching was a calling for Fred, who was a passionate, tireless, and consummate educator, devoted to his students inside and outside of the classroom.

At Hamilton College in Clinton, NY, he taught the literary canon and at the same time helped to oversee the community's "A Better Chance" program, providing educational opportunities to hundreds of underserved high school students.

At Cranbrook School in Bloomfield Hills, MI, Fred chaired the English Department and served as faculty advisor of the school's yearbook and literary magazine.

In 1991 Fred and Kathy returned to the Monterey Peninsula and to Stevenson School, where he served as head of the English Department until retiring in 2007.

In retirement, Fred pursued all the joys of his life – reading more books and seeing more films; walking the forest trails and beaches he loved; traveling the world with Kathy; and, especially, spending time with his friends and family.

Walter Collins remembers:

Fred was a great guy. Other than a few

short visits in California and New York in the 1960s, we hadn't gotten together in 50 years. We tried around the 55th Reunion, but his health wouldn't allow it to happen. I have great memories of Fred who was the undisputed master of "Club" 918, our room in the corner turret of Saybrook College. It was a great space, and tough to leave. The fact that Fred, an English major, roomed with two Engineering majors, Larry Parker and me, was a testament to his sense of humor.

Herbert B. Roth Jr.



Died on September 18, 2021

Herbert B. Roth, Jr. died on September 18, 2021.

Joseph Alpert remembers:

I remember Herb Roth with great fondness. My strongest memory of him is when, bleary-eyed, he would return to Pierson after a long night of disc jockeying just when the rest of us were leaving for class. Herb was absolutely unique in his attitudes, his lifestyle, and his personality. I so enjoyed seeing him again at one of our Reunions and hearing about his unique life.

Richard Friedlander remembers:

Herb lived in Leggett, CA, on a beautiful site overlooking the Eel River and had made his living as a potter for over 40 years. About 50 years ago, he and five others purchased 160 acres of land on the Eel River in Northern California. The other four proved to be absentee owners, leaving Herb as the sole custodian of this magnificent wilderness, a strenuous, year-round duty he performed for the next 50 years with unrelenting conscientiousness born out of love for the land he was tending. And not just his own property: he headed the Leggett Volunteer Fire Department, no easy task given the state's predilection for wildfires. While he was

doing all this, he did find the time to become a true artist of clay, with many devoted customers for his Wild River creations. Herb was naturally gregarious and loquacious and had many visitors locally and from all around the country, people in his present and from his past, a circle of acquaintances expanded by his participation in craft fairs up and down the state. Blessed with limitless curiosity, he also loved to travel, regaling me with many colorful stories of his experiences abroad, some of which I even believed. Herb attended at least two Class Reunions and from all he told me with great fondness was someone who got the most out of what Yale had to offer: among which were his classmates, his teachers, his job at the Art Gallery, and the wee hours music program he hosted on WYBC.

Martin Gerstel remembers:

Herb truly marched to a different drummer and was a unique and totally authentic human being, in addition to being a multi-talented artist and writer. I was originally in the Class of '63 but left on a medical leave of absence near the end of the first term of my Sophomore Year. Being on full scholarship I feared that was the end of Yale for me, but fortunately I was able to return the following September to the Class of '64, again on full scholarship. I had not known Herb Freshman Year – he and I only shared the fact that we were both from public high schools and on a full scholarship – but fortunately for me, we were assigned to room together when I returned to Pierson. During the first term we largely went our own separate – and very different – ways, but I grew to admire his calm and warm personality. Among other things I was introduced by him to Picasso's blue period, Ayn Rand and wood printing, which Herb excelled at. However I had lingering doubts as to the authenticity of his devotion to the arts and thought that it was just a passing phase for effect, and at some point, he would change his ways. But then, over winter break a family tragedy happened to me and I was devastated. During the following very difficult months, Herb was always there for me – without ever intruding and I came to more fully understand and appreciate the unique and loving person that he was. About 20 years later we accident-

tally met – he was easy to recognize – at a street fair in Menlo Park CA where he was selling his exceptional ceramic pottery. After that we stayed in touch – my wife and I visited him at his rustic acreage and home/workshop overlooking the Eel River in northern California and he would occasionally stay at our home when participating in SF bay area art fairs. Of course my college questioning of his authenticity were long gone, as he and his different drummer remained happily together for decades as he earned his living – and expressed himself – as a potter. The words warm, caring, honest, and authentic do not do justice to Herb – he was truly one of a kind and will be missed. Lastly, I am grateful that Herb made a large ceramic dining set for us which my wife and I cherish – so a part of him remains with us.

Jon Larson remembers:

I had never met Herb before our 55th Reunion. I was rooming in the college dorm on the top floor, it was very warm, and at 2:00am I decided to take a quick shower to cool off. I mistakenly left the door key in the room and was locked out in the hall, wearing only a towel. I ventured down to the Courtyard to try to locate a phone or hopefully a wandering guard on duty. And there was Herb sitting on a bench at 2:00am enjoying a cigar. I sat down with him, he offered me a cigar, and we sat there for another two hours and chatted about life, loves (won and lost), and opportunities (taken and missed). until finally a guard arrived around 4:00am and let me back into my room. After two hours together, me sitting there in a towel on a bench in the courtyard the entire time, with only the owls who arrived to feed on the mice that arrived to nibble on all of the food that had dropped on the grass during dinner, we felt like we had known each other our entire lives, sharing intimacies about our wins and losses and experiences in life that we had barely shared with others. Time passed too quickly and I am disappointed in myself that I did not make the effort to accept his invitation for Karen and me to come visit his pottery ranch on the Eel River in northern California and now that opportunity is gone forever.

Michael Skol remembers:

Herb Roth was an original. At Yale and for all time to follow (presumably also before New Haven, but I have no direct knowledge). We knew each other best at WYBC where he did his laid-back jazz show. Late at night, often in the dark. Or in one of the midnight 'Tomb' playlets. Had occasional contact with Herb since, including at a couple of reunions, and any number of e-mails. At our 50th, he capped the evening wearing a Green Cup upside down on his head. I remember Herb as consistently friendly, cheerful, understanding, forgiving and invariably funny. I have one of his pottery pieces and will guard it always (before the next reunion, I will put it on my head for a minute or two).

Hugh Rowland Jr.



Died on September 5, 2019

Hugh Rowland, Jr. passed away on September 5, 2019 at his home in New York City. While Hugh was physically weakened in recent years, his spirit and intellect remained

bright. His passing was sudden and unexpected, and he will be greatly missed by many. Hugh was born on October 7, 1941, and raised primarily in New Britain, CT. A lifelong booster of all things Yale, Hugh graduated from Yale College in 1963 and Yale Law School in 1967. Hugh was a much-loved husband, brother, father, and grandfather. He is survived by his beloved wife, Irmela Florig-Rowland, who cared tirelessly for him after he became ill; two siblings; his son and daughter-in-law, Gregory and Amy Rowland; and his grandchildren, Isabel, Margaret, and John Rowland.

Hugh spent his entire legal career, spanning more than 40 years, at Debevoise & Plimpton, an international law firm, working out of both the firm's New York office and London office. Hugh had a wide-ranging practice encompassing all aspects of international commercial transactions. His longstanding clients included Chrysler and Phelps Dodge. Hugh

was loved and admired by colleagues and clients for his engaging manner, keen intelligence, creativity and mentoring, as well as his ability to maintain a playful sense of humor at critical moments. "There's got to be a way to skin this cat," was one of his signature comments. Hugh also devoted significant time to charitable causes, such as Union Settlement in East Harlem, where he served on the Board of Directors, including as Chair, from 1972–2002, and on the Advisory Council, from 2003–2015.

Richard Holloway remembers:

I had the pleasure of sharing an apartment with Hugh in postgraduate years. What a quick wit and marvelous sense of irony he had.

Nelson Luria remembers:

Hugh and I have been close friends since meeting as members of our senior society. We roomed together two of my three years in law school, Hugh having taken a sabbatical to be a Rotary Fellow in Strasbourg near Irmela, whom he married 25 years later. While I was in Vietnam, he provided regular companionship for my new wife. Hugh's life revolved around Irmela, his colleagues and work at Debevoise & Plimpton, his son Gregory, and his grandchildren. His intelligence was formidable but unassertive, and his sense of humor typically manifested itself in a hearty chuckle. Afflicted with a severe stroke some seven years ago and with ongoing health problems since, he continued to embrace life, traveling to Irmela's apartment in Munich and retaining a keen interest in the affairs of our times. I saw him regularly and never heard him complain or lose the twinkle in his eye.

Craig L. Ruddell

Died on January 29, 2021

Craig L. Ruddell passed on January 29, 2021.

Craig L. Ruddell, graduated with a Bachelors degree from Yale 1963 and a Ph.D (University of Washington). He was married in May of 1990 to Rosemary Garrett who was always very active in the church, most recently as a member of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in

Newport News, Virginia. She died on March 16, 2021.

Craig and Rosemary are survived by her two children, Donald and Cathy, 8 grandchildren, Wes, Zack, Roy, Christopher, Drew, Spring, Hamid, and Saphia, and 4 great-grandchildren.

R. Bruce Sampsell



Died on May 22, 2020

R. Bruce Sampsell died on May 22, 2020. He was in good health and was mowing his lawn, hurrying to beat an oncoming rainstorm, when he fell, tumbled down a slope, and landed very hard on the back of his head. He was rushed to the UNC Hospital's ER, where CT scans revealed severe injuries to his skull and brain. He survived under Home Hospice care for four days before dying peacefully. After graduating from Yale, Bruce went on to the Harvard Business School. It was a great fit, and the case study method prepared him for the challenges he faced throughout his career. Beginning in 1969, he held a variety of management and staff positions with Quaker Oats in Chicago, finally serving as President of their Fisher-Price Toy Division in Buffalo.

Before retiring in 1990, he was Vice Chairman and COO at First Empire State Corporation in Buffalo. Bruce had many interests and brought much to life, but the greatest joy of his life was his marriage of over 50 years to his beloved Bonnie, who survives him at the home they built in Chapel Hill, NC. All who knew him will miss his intelligence, his wit, his knowledge, his ability to cut through massive information, organize it, analyze it, formulate a sound action plan based on it, and to say in one sentence what would take many people five sentences to say.

Douglas Dyckes remembers:

Bruce, Cameron Smith, and I roomed together for three years in Silliman College. He was the catalyst who brought us together.

Cameron and I had not previously met, but Bruce somehow recognized that we would all get along well. The fact that we stayed together for all three years was a tribute to his ability to assess the aspects of character that made us compatible. Although we were different in our interests and experiences, we all got on well and readily supported one another. Bruce's sharp sense of humor, and his ability to suggest logical and reasonable compromises when we did have differences of opinion, were certainly major factors too. This is not to say that Bruce was not competitive. One only had to play squash with him to see just how keenly engaged he could become in a 'friendly' game. But in the end it always was friendly, and win or lose, regardless of any trash talk that may have preceded or followed the match, it remained only a game. The same spirit, plus his relatively slender build, served Bruce and our crew well during his years as coxswain of the Silliman intramural eight. Cameron and I, as oarsmen, had lots of opportunities to observe his competitiveness as he would exhort us all to 'pick it up' nearing the finish of a grueling race. It worked; he steered and cheered us to many more victories than defeats.

Cameron Smith remembers:

For many years Bonnie and Bruce sent Seymour and me Christmas letters detailing their activities. The main focus was trips and studies, following their shared interest, Egyptology. They didn't just take tours. Their work resulted in papers, culminating in one, I think, on the identity of a mummy in an Indiana museum. This 'deep dive' opened memories of late nights at Yale, often after the heat had been turned off, during which Bruce, Doug Dyckes, and I labored over assignments that often appeared to be impossible to finish before the upcoming morning's classes. Bruce was usually the one who kept us going – 'Why are you getting ready to go to bed so early, weenie? You've got to get it right!' My Yale experience includes some more pleasant memories, but 'getting it right under pressure' is a value that I credit Bruce and Yale with giving me.

Pierre Marcel Schlumberger



Died on October 1, 2020

Pierre Marcel Schlumberger passed away peacefully on October 1, 2020 in New Braunfels, TX, after a courageous battle with Parkinson's Disease. "Pete", as he was known to family and friends, was born in Houston, TX on June 29, 1942, the first member of his family to be born in the United States. He graduated from The Kinkaid School in 1959, Yale University in 1963, and The Southern Methodist University School of Law in 1966. Pete began his law practice at Pritchard, Platter and Allen in Houston, TX in 1966. Later he decided to work as a sole practitioner in order to spend more time with family and to focus on estate and non-profit work. He had a strong desire to serve the community where he lived. In Houston, Pete gladly served on numerous boards including Schlumberger, Ltd., the Anchorage Foundation, Inc. (President), The Rothko Chapel (Corporate Secretary), and the Fondation de Musée Schlumberger. After his retirement Pete and Lesley moved to New Braunfels, TX, where Pete continued to serve the community. There he served on numerous boards including Sophienburg Museum and Archives (President), New Braunfels Historic Museums Association, Inc. (President), and Comal County Historical Commission (Treasurer). Pete was extremely instrumental in the preservation and revitalization of the historic Courtlandt Place neighborhood in Houston, TX, which was accepted into the National Register of Historic Places in 1979. Pete considered this achievement one of his greatest legacies to the city where he was born. For many years Pete was an avid tennis player. While living in New Braunfels, he was a devoted fan of the San Antonio Spurs. As a hobby, he maintained an extensive collection of vintage black and white movies from the 1930s to the 1950s. He is remembered for his late-night showings of classic movies that define modern cinema. Pete especially enjoyed studying Texas history, Texas maps, and the works of early Texas artists. Pete was known as an intelligent, quiet person with a sharp wit and

an unfailingly gracious manner. He was rarely seen without his camera in hand, especially at family gatherings and events. Pete is survived by his college sweetheart, best friend, and wife Lesley McCary Schlumberger, to whom he was married for 58 years; his daughters Leslie Anne Schlumberger Garcia and Claire Schlumberger Henry; and five grandchildren.

Douglas Graybill remembers:

One memory of Pete resonates strongly in my recollection. I had mentioned to a few friends that I was looking for a place to stay during the summer before senior year because I would be there for 4-6 weeks before school started. One day Pete approached me saying, 'I understand you'll be in New Haven for a good portion of the summer. Would you be willing to look after my condo while you're here?' I asked how much? And he replied, 'You're doing me the favor. Free, of course.' I was ecstatic. Pete was just that kind of a guy. Quiet, generous, friendly, trusting, mostly kept to himself, and never let on that his family was as wealthy as they were. He was a close friend to few, but welcoming to many who encountered him around Yale. I must say he was a wonderful friend to me.

William Heron remembers:

Pete was quiet and incredibly thoughtful. He was a very giving person as well although somewhat self-contained. After Yale and law school he was a very generous philanthropist in Texas.

Christopher Little remembers:

Pete and I were classmates and good friends for six years at The Kinkaid School in Houston. We then roomed together in Vanderbilt during Freshman year and in Timothy Dwight during Sophomore and Junior years. Between Junior and Senior years, he married the love of his life, the lovely Lesley McCary, and moved off campus. He sported a black eye at his wedding, caused by a squash ball off my racquet. Typical of Pete, he took the untimely injury with good humor. He was a true gentleman and a philanthropist, devoted to his family and to an extraordinarily wide range of civic, cultural, and historical organizations in Texas.

Fredric T. Schneider



Died on September 7, 2022

Frederic T. Schneider died on September 7, 2022. After being educated in the Paterson, NJ public schools, he was graduated from Yale College and Yale Law School. He spent the rest of his life as a resident of New York City, working first as an attorney, then as an investment banker, and finally as a hedge fund manager specializing in risk arbitrage, before leaving Wall Street in 1996. He served as a board member of a number of nonprofit organizations, both local and national, involved in civil rights, healthcare, education, and the visual arts. He was active at and supportive of Yale in various capacities, including as a member of his college Class Council, Associate Fellow of Davenport College, vice-chairman of the Law School Alumni Fund, co-chairman of his Law School class reunions, and donor of objects to the University Art Gallery. In New York City, he pursued three serious avocations. First, Tae Kwon Do / Korean karate, which he practiced for over 50 years, rising to the level of 5th degree black belt and judging and refereeing international tournaments, including at Madison Square Garden and West Point Military Academy. Second, he studied psychoanalysis and maintained a small practice for a dozen years. Third, he studied and collected Japanese art, focusing on cloisonné enamels, about which he wrote a book and lectured at universities and museums in Asia, Europe, and America. The gift of 900 Japanese cloisonné enamels and related research materials to the Peabody Essex Museum will significantly expand PEM's renowned holdings of Japanese art. He is survived by his longtime partner, Lynn Whisenant Reiser, MD of Hamden, CT, and a sister-in-law, Mary W. Schneider, of Paris, France.

Before he died, Fred Schneider wrote this message to his classmates:

"Gentlemen, come to the 2023 Reunion. You will have a good time amid lovely surroundings. You may learn something. You will make Mr. Struve happy. And, it is free. I had

planned to be there, in my wheelchair, accompanied by my attractive health aide and by my lovely and accomplished partner, Lynn Reiser. Unfortunately, I passed away on September 7, 2022.

"I had attended all 11 of our prior Reunions. At almost every one of them, I met someone who became a good friend. From Jerry Kenney at our Fifth, to Wally Grant at our 55th, and Jimmy Biles, Charlie Cheney, Bob Knight, Barry Morgan, Bev Head, and others in between. They, along with many more I knew at Yale or met at subsequent gatherings, Zooms, and New York Yale Club monthly luncheons, made my life much richer.

"The last five years had not been easy, but I continued to enjoy them. They started well enough with my annual trip to Japan Spring 2019 accompanied by Lynn and expanded by an additional two-week tour of Japanese art sites with half a dozen friends. But soon after my return I was diagnosed with early symptoms of motor neuron disease/ALS. By spring 2020, COVID had cleared New York City of all traffic, and I was able to explore the empty streets on bicycle with camera. By the summer, I could no longer ride my 53-year-old Hercules bicycle as my main means of transportation around Manhattan as I had for 40 years, and soon enough I was not able to practice serious karate as I had for 50 years. More recently, I could no longer dazzle people with my dancing. But I still had my mind, my speech, Lynn, my friends, and my sense of humor until the very end. I had been able to find a good home at the Peabody Essex Museum (PEM) in Salem, Massachusetts, for my collection of Japanese art and endowed it with funds that can make it a source of knowledge for scholars and collectors worldwide.

"Most weekends I was at Lynn's beautiful home in Hamden surrounded by her 15 acres of trees and gardens on a hillside sloping down to a stream that forms its eastern border, with a view of the head of the Sleeping Giant. This year we shared the property with two bears, three bobcats, a fox, a white skunk, a groundhog, a possum, three turkeys, half a dozen deer, and innumerable rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, small birds, and butterflies. We also nurtured and observed our monarch butter-

flies from wild eggs and minuscule caterpillars in terrariums until they were ready to fly free outdoors.

"I always thought there was wisdom in the great Vietnamese monk, Thich Nhat Hanh's, insight that the miracle was not that one person walked on water, but rather that all of us can walk on dry land. We, individually and collectively, have walked a long way on diverse and interesting paths, seen a lot, experienced a lot, done a lot, and accomplished a lot. May it continue for all of us who have life and breath."

F. Michler Bishop remembers:

Fred was a kind person with a wry, sarcastic touch when making a comment about some recent social or political development. For that reason and many more, when a number of us got together at the Yale Club for lunches each month, I always enjoyed his being there. No doubt, he had bicycled down to the club from uptown after his gym workout. The last time I had lunch with Fred, we went to his favorite neighborhood French restaurant and picked up some food to take home. Later, we looked at and talked about several of the especially beautiful pieces in his collection. He also talked about his disappointment at missing the 2020 and 2021 graduations, something that he very much enjoyed as a Davenport Fellow. When he was a senior, he had mentored a group of sophomores. They had continued to get together on an annual basis, and he talked about how he missed those get-togethers, as well. But, in general, he was in his usual good spirits despite his serious, debilitating illness. Of course, we talked about the political goings-on of the today, and he was ready with his usual insightful observations. I will miss him.

Judson Calkins remembers:

Fred and I first connected studying history together late nights in the upper reaches of Phelps Hall. He aced me by miles at exam time. What an upbeat, fantastic guy, even in the face of ALS at the end, and what a mind and career, in a variety of professions and in the acquisition of world class art. I had a standing invitation to stay with Fred when in New York, which did not come to fruition, but we made up for it at Reunions. His final essay to classmates was an

extraordinary outpouring of love unto others, in this case his classmates, even in the face of finality. It will remain a keepsake for me and a shining example to follow.

Geoffrey Martin remembers:

I recall with great appreciation the first time I took Gwendolyn to Yale for a Class Reunion; when we arrived in front of Davenport, Fred was nearby, and he greeted us so warmly, talking about his collection of Japanese art. Gwen loved it, and was most impressed by Fred's warmth, as I was. After that they chatted several times. I enjoyed bantering and joking with Fred during out lunchtime video gatherings, and I will miss his intelligent commentary.

Avi Nelson remembers:

I knew Fred casually at Yale but got to know him better and appreciate him more in recent years. Fred was multi-talented. I remember, particularly, his enjoyable visit to Boston the year before the pandemic. Among other places, we went to the Museum of Fine Arts, where I saw first-hand how knowledgeable he was about Japanese art; he had written books on the subject. When he spoke about some pieces in the collection, the MFA experts listened intently to him. Fred was trained in the law, was a professional in the financial world, an expert in Tai Kwon Do, and a perceptive analyst of politics. Regrettably, he contracted a form of ALS. With characteristic will and courage, Fred soldiered on, continuing to attend the monthly NY Class of '63 lunches and participate in email discussions with our '63 group. As he and I had similar perspectives, I was enlightened by numerous conversations with him about the political world. They are conversations I will miss. RIP, Fred.

J. Patrick O'Brien remembers:

I got to know Fred after our 50th reunion when we discovered we lived within a couple blocks of each other in NYC on the Upper East Side and that we were both passionate collectors of Asian art [Fred of Japanese and I of Chinese]. He was an expert on Japanese enamels and my wife, Maria, had just taken up enameling so that was another interest we shared.

[Recently he donated his fabulous world-class collection to the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts.] He and Lynn visited us in Boston and we had many nice breakfasts together at our neighborhood NYC Lexington Ave coffee shop. It may not sound like high praise but Fred was one of the most genuinely NICE human beings I have ever known — gracious, modest, considerate and of course, smart as hell. He dealt with his ALS [which left him without the use of his arms for a couple of years] in a way that only increased my admiration for him. A terrible loss for me. It's not often you make a good friend so late in life and I am so very grateful for the time we did manage to share together.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Fred was my roommate sophomore year at Yale. I respected his independence of mind and adherence to principle. But, honestly, we were quite different and did not get along particularly. In later years, I learned of his brilliance and personal accomplishments—and of his enormous courage in the face of chronic illness.

Michael Skol remembers:

Fred and I have been friends since our days at WYBC. Something of an iconoclast, he could be acerbic, especially about U.S. politics. But that only partially masked a kind and caring nature. He notably supported family members and others facing difficult situations. Fred excelled at whatever task he took on, from a long-time career in the arbitrage business to his decision to educate himself in the art of Japanese cloisonne to the point where he became a notable collector, a recognized expert, and the author of an in-depth book on the subject. His last two years or so revealed a steadfast character we must all admire: The steady deterioration from ALS left him — once healthy and athletic — nearly paralyzed. Yet he maintained his humor, his contacts, and his participation in those events he could still manage. One wonders how most of us would handle that kind of catastrophe. Fred was lucky to have Lynn with him during those years. She, and we, will miss him.

Henry Ripley Schwab



Died on January 14, 2021

Henry Ripley Schwab of Mystic, CT passed away from Covid-19 on January 14, 2021. Henry was born on August 17, 1941 in New York City. Henry graduated from St. Paul's School in 1959, at which point he had already discovered a lifelong love for ancient Greek language and literature. He went on to study History, the Arts and Letters at Yale University, graduating with a B.A. in 1963. After a year at Oxford, he returned to Yale to receive an M.A. in 1965 and M. Phil. in 1972 in the Classics Department. In 1978 Henry co-founded Book Haven, an independent bookstore in the midst of the Yale campus, to focus on the needs of an academic community. Henry managed the store for 27 years with his then wife, a fellow Yale graduate. Over that time they navigated major changes in the book industry, including the beginnings of Amazon.com and proliferation of bookstore chains. Book Haven came to supply nearly half the textbooks for Yale students, and to stock its own wide selection of contemporary academic books. In 1988 Henry founded a small publishing company to publish primarily literary criticism by Yale faculty and friends. The company, Doberman Books, was named after his dog, who spent many happy days gently greeting bookstore customers. Henry found great pleasure in travel, especially to Greece and the Peloponnese, although his fondest memories were from his nearly 60 years in New Haven. Henry devoted his life to reading and research, and he donated his extensive personal book collection to the Yale Classics Library in Phelps Hall. He is survived by his three children, Matthew, Lesley, and Ruthie, and three grandchildren.

Michael Freeland remembers:

Henry was a great friend to me through all four years at Yale, and he was my roommate for three of those years. We first met in Lawrence Hall Freshman Year. Henry and I could not have been more different, but we ended up enjoying each other a lot. Henry came from an

old established family, and he was financially comfortable. He came to Yale from St. Paul's, with intellectual training and an education that I could not match. Henry spoke several languages and could read and write ancient Greek and Latin. I had never met anyone like Henry, and I stood in awe of him. When it came time to move on from Lawrance Hall to Berkeley College, Henry and I joined my Freshman Year roommate, George Knapp, and five others – Jerry Bremer, Pat Clarke, Charlie Frank, Jeff Johnson, and Dave Lodge – to occupy a second-floor suite overlooking the Berkeley courtyard, where we spent two wonderful years. Henry's classical education brought a special perspective to the spontaneous bull sessions in which our suitemates were constantly engaged. Henry also was an enthusiastic participant in many long, leisurely meals in the Berkeley Dining Hall, where the conversation was seemingly endless and always rewarding. After two years of communal living in Berkeley, the opening of Morse College offered an opportunity for single rooms and exciting new architecture. Henry and I had adjacent rooms, and Bill Seawright and Doug Wright had the next rooms down. Henry spent most of his time senior year intensely pursuing academics, so we saw a bit less of each other that year. Shortly after graduation, Henry married a strikingly beautiful girl, Debbie Johnson, and in 1966 they had a son, Matthew. Henry and Debbie honored me with a request to become Matthew's godfather, which I gladly did, even though at the time I was on a Navy destroyer returning from Vietnam. Meanwhile, Henry continued to pursue (forever) a doctorate in Classics at Yale. He opened a rare book store in New Haven near Mory's. Over the years, Henry and I grew less close. I saw him only when I returned to Yale for Class Reunions. Even so, I always felt a great continuing fondness for Henry, and I miss him deeply. 'Requiescat in Pace', dear friend.

James Johnson remembers:

Henry Schwab was a member of our eight man rooming group in Berkeley College for Sophomore and Junior year, after which he was among the first to occupy the "new colleges" (Morse and Stiles) for his Senior year.

Henry was brilliant. His interests transcended the normal Yale curriculum into the esoteric. He could talk intelligently on any subject. I was not surprised that after we all graduated that he was taking a course in Babylonian. I was shocked to learn that he was a victim of COVID. He deserved better.

George V. Sheffield

Died on September 1, 2019

George Vernon Sheffield passed away at the age of 80 on September 1, 2019 after a long courageous fight with Lewy Body Disease. A resident of Hopewell, NJ for over 50 years, he was born in Paterson, NJ and grew up in Ridgewood and Wyckoff. He received a Bachelor of Engineering with high honors from Yale University while also enrolled in a special program in liberal arts. This began his lifetime of developing extensive broadly based knowledge and interest in many areas. He then spent 35 years working at the Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory in fusion energy research. While there he held a number of management positions including Head of the Engineering Analysis Division (EAD). It was a unique organization that he envisioned and created which included several engineering disciplines. George also authored and published many scientific papers. Creativity was the center of a number of his activities throughout life. After retirement he spent much of his time with another very special talent, drawing and sculpting. His art was a special joy for him and is greatly admired by all who have seen it.

His love of animals, both domestic and those he had on the farm as well as the wild-life in the nature surrounding his home, provided him with a lifetime of enjoyment. For many years he had at least one very devoted dog, often named Petie. George raised his family to pursue their dreams through hard work, honesty and integrity. He was a very positive person and used his sharp wit and dry sense of humor to diffuse even the most difficult situations. George was loved by all who knew him for his kind, gentle, giving, helpful and modest nature. It was often stated that anyone who

met him sensed immediately that he was a very good person. He will be greatly missed.

Son of the late Halsey Foote Sheffield and late Doris Amali and his stepmother the late Susan Sheffield, he was born on May 8, 1939. He was preceded in death by his brother Halsey Foote Sheffield, Jr. George is survived by his loving wife Judith Giarrusso Sheffield, his sons (Andrew, Eric and David), his stepchildren (Karen Munford and Rick Giarrusso), their spouses (Wendy, Jennifer, Camille, David and Jean), seven grandchildren and step-grandchildren.

Albert D. Sturtevant



Died on November 29, 2020

Albert Dillon Sturtevant passed away peacefully at his home in Washington, DC on November 29, 2020, of complications from Alzheimer's Disease.

Al was born and raised in the Georgetown neighborhood of Washington, DC, attending St. Albans School before going on to Yale University and Yale Law School, from which he graduated in 1967. Al joined the Army in 1967, and later served in the Navy Reserves until 1978. Al began his legal career at the Securities and Exchange Commission, serving as Assistant Chief Counsel in the Division of Trading and Markets before going into private practice in 1973. He later became a mediator and arbitrator for securities disputes and was registered as an arbitrator with the National Association of Securities Dealers, Inc., the New York Stock Exchange, and the American Arbitration Association.

He was active in the community, volunteering at St. Albans School and serving on the first Community Board of Directors for the District of Columbia National Guard Capital Guardian Youth Challenge Academy, a challenge academy for high school dropouts in DC, from 1992 to 1995. Al's gentle spirit and soft-spoken warmth earned him the regard of all who knew him. He enjoyed tennis, camping, and hiking during his summers in Maine and later in Blue

Ridge Summit, PA. He also enjoyed traveling to visit his sons as they moved across the US and around the world. Al is survived by Lee Sturtevant, his beloved wife of 51 years; three sons, Albert, David, and Charles (Yale 2001); five grandchildren (to whom he was Granddude); and several granddogs, including his buddy Otis.

Sam Deloria '64 remembers:

Albert Sturtevant, the Senior Prefect of the Class of '59 at Saint Albans, was given the tag of 'Albert Pretevant, Senior Sturfect' by a class wag (not me), which he held in some circles all his life. Among the many memories was the Pretevantmobile, a heaterless 1941 Ford convertible which made our road trips colder than the reception we were likely to get from the privileged young ladies we were about to try to court. I remember him laughing, but it took some work to get one out of him. Otherwise, he was the most serene and collected, not controlled, person I have ever known. Not remote, not holding in an alter ego he didn't want to share, just not wasting words. With me, at least, he knew I would chatter away and save him the trouble. He had a good life, a successful career, a wonderful, loving wife and family, and kept the love and esteem of everybody who knew him. The guy was a rock. His death brings into focus what is for me the worst part of aging, and that is losing the dear ones you thought would be there forever, and, had it been up to them, they would have. Goodbye, Pre!

William Bell remembers:

As a fellow Washingtonian at the time, I enjoyed summertime outings with Al, in addition to rides to New Haven and back in his wonderful semi-antique convertible, the 'Pretevantmobile'. Al had a quiet charm, and was rewarded by his enduring marriage to Lee, who deserves our gratitude for her care and for serving as Al's social secretary during these last few years."

William Dow remembers:

Al Sturtevant falls easily into and defines the category of people we know as a 'nice guy'. Al's father was a patent lawyer in DC and Al

had attended St Albans, at that time to me an unknown feeder school for spiffy venues like Yale. Al was deliberate and kind and was gifted with a good sense of humor and, even more, an ability to enjoy watching life's passing parade with a nonjudgmental sense of bemusement.

F. George du Pont remembers:

Al's generosity glows across the decades just clearly now as it did across the hall when we lived in Trumbull. Returning a book or class notes to Al's room always included a friendly conversation and a few comments about his roommate, a spiny, ugly, solitary rockfish. The only time I ever saw Al explode was when a prankster dropped an Alka-Seltzer tablet into his aquarium. Both Al and the rockfish hit the ceiling. When the rockfish recovered from the initial shock, Al was quick to forgive.

Stephen MacKinnon remembers:

A fine, always calm friend. I miss not visiting him in DC.

Lea Pendleton remembers:

For many years, Al and his wife Lee lived next door to my brother, Miles ('Kim') Pendleton, '61 (now deceased) and his wife 'E' in Washington, and they were friends. I saw Al and Lee while visiting Kim and E. Although we were not close, Al was always friendly, and very much a gentleman. Coincidentally, like me, Al had a favorite dog named Otis. Mine was an English Bulldog.

John Schafer remembers:

Al Sturtevant lived across the hall from me on the top floor of Lawrance Hall Freshman year and then he, George Steers, and I roomed together in Trumbull College for three years. He was such a good friend. He was kind, soft-spoken, and very modest about his accomplishments, which were many. I attended a small high school in Vermont and knew no one at Yale. I wondered whether I could survive academically and socially. Al's friendship (and George's) helped me first to survive and then to enjoy being at Yale. Al was a good tennis and squash player and we used to play both. Trumbull College had a squash court in the basement and we used to battle it out down there.

I always lost. I saw Al last at our 50th Reunion when signs of his illness were apparent.

George Steers remembers:

Al and I roomed together for four years, the last three with John Schafer. Al introduced me to Sam Deloria, who always called Al 'Pretevant'. Don't ask. Something about St. Albans school where Al may have been a prefect. Al was quiet and modest with a wonderful dry and understated sense of humor. After graduation, Al and I drove around the country 'sleeping rough'. Jim Hinkle joined us. We did it backward – out in the north (when it was still freezing at night) and back home through the South (when the heat and humidity were at their peak). On the way from the Black Hills to visit a classmate in Harlowton, Montana, we traversed a 90-mile stretch of uninhabited prairie land along Highway 212 from Belle Fourche to Hammond. We had pretty much talked ourselves out at that point and for 60 miles or so said nothing and saw no one. Not a car, not a bus, not a soul. Finally Al observed, 'Not a lot of folks going up to Hammond today.' That was Al. Comfortable with a companionable silence but a keen observer and a sly wit. We reunited with John Schafer in Los Angeles where he was at a Peace Corps training program and Bill Moore at his family's home in Dallas before he returned to New Haven. It was a wonderful trip and we saw a world now gone in many places.

Crispin W. Thiessen



Died on January 24, 2020

Crispin Wayne Thiessen passed away on January 24, 2020 at the age of 78 surrounded by his family at his home in Sun Valley, ID. Cris is survived by his wife, Mary, three children, and five grandchildren who adored him. Cris was born in Ohio in 1941 and his family eventually settled in Scarsdale, New York, where he lived through high school, excelling academically and becoming a state champion wrestler.

After graduating from Yale University with a degree in Metallurgical Engineering, he joined the U.S. Navy as a nuclear submarine officer and was on the crew that commissioned the USS Greenling (SSN-614) in 1967. While serving in the Navy he met his wife, Mary, and welcomed their daughter. After leaving the Navy, Cris embarked on a successful career at Westinghouse Electric Corporation based in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and had several international postings in Brussels, Belgium, where his twin sons were born. While proud of his many business accomplishments, what gave Cris the most joy during his life was his strong marriage and watching his children and grandchildren grow up, thrive personally and professionally, and enjoy life. When Cris was only 14, he wrote a surprisingly introspective autobiography for his school which began with a quote from *The Life We Prize* by Elton Trueblood: "A man has made at least a start on discovering the meaning of human life when he plants shade trees under which he knows full well he will never sit." Cris ended his essay by stating that he only hoped that he could become a man who would plant a shade tree someday. For those who knew Cris, it was clear that he planted enough shade trees during his lifetime to fill a forest.

James Green remembers:

I met Cris in our Freshman year during the orientation week before classes started since he lived directly above me in Durfee. We immediately became friends, but never would have expected that friendship to last 60 years. He was always a serious student but he loved having a good time and I do not think there was a movie that came through New Haven during our four years there that he did not see. He was also very serious about Naval ROTC and worked very hard to maintain his scholarship so that he could become a Nuclear Submariner, a goal he achieved after Yale. Unfortunately, his commitment to the Navy kept him from being my Best Man since he could not get leave soon enough to make the wedding. Once we left Yale we went our separate ways but always stayed in touch. After we both retired, we were able to see one another by getting together with our wives or with our other roommates, Pete Doolittle and Gary Wilkinson and their wives for

mini-reunions as well as all being together for our 50th. Last Summer my wife and I stopped to see Cris and Mary in Sun Valley and spent a very enjoyable day with them at their beautiful home. Even though Cris was still doing chemo for his pancreatic cancer, he was in great spirits and as affable as ever and had me convinced that with that spirit and fight he would beat it. Unfortunately, that was not to be, but I will always remember that last visit and the many wonderful times we had together at Yale and through the years since.

John Rixse remembers:

Chris, You are remembered...miss you

Joseph Valenta remembers:

I'll remember Cris as my best friend at Yale at a time when we didn't realize how influential a friend could be to our decision-making process. We were both engineering students in the Regular NROTC program with Naval careers ahead. The only key question for us then was, after graduation where could one best serve? After endless fast-friend discussions, and numerous double dates in his VW, we both decided to 'Go Nuc'! So we flew with a dozen other classmates to DC to interview with Admiral Rickover, and then we were duly selected! Cris's cool, logical, persuasive, and warm yet stalwart manner were invaluable to me during this period. I'm honored to have been his friend, and will miss him greatly. I miss the fine companionship, support and counsel of my best friend at Yale. We kept in touch, seeing him last at our 55th, where he was in good spirits even with his disease. I continue to miss him and his great smile-Fair winds and following seas Kris...

Gordon Grand Thorne



Died on June 27, 2018

Gordon Grand "Gordy" Thorne died on June 27, 2018 at home, Bramble Hill Farm, Amherst, MA. Gordy was an artist, a maker of things. He ex-

perimented, discovered, played, lifted, worked wood and stone, defined and defended what it is to create. He was very aware that his life had a freedom because he was born to abundance.

He wanted to take as many people along with this abundance as possible. At first he created open spaces in which people could develop and show their art work. So the third floor of Thornes became Available Potential Enterprises, A.P.E. It was used by dancers, artists, actors, writers, and children for discovery and making things.

He and his wife came to think of their part of the third floor of Thornes as an open field. Their interest in preserving space expanded to land. They started a foundation called The Open Field Foundation, which bought the Bramble Hill Farm in Amherst, MA. Its mission was to support young organic farmers, and to encourage children and their families in the exploration and experience of the natural world.

After leaving Thornes, the next open space was 123 Main Street, Northampton, MA, a place right on the street, all windows. The space became Window. His last and largest project was his involvement in the Arts Trust at Hawley Street. Gordy never wanted to be the center of attention. He would leave a present in a special place so that you would find it on your own. This was his gift to you – that he kept giving you back to yourself. Gordy is survived by his wife Anne Love Woodhull, his son Ben and daughter Nell, and six grandchildren.

Francis J. Tytus

Died on October 9, 2019

Francis Jefferson Tytus, (Jeff) was born March 2, 1938 and died from a fall and the resulting brain injury October 9, 2019. As a child he spent a great deal of time in nature, hunting and fishing, and grew a love of the outdoors and nature that lasted a lifetime. He was born into a world of wealth and privilege, first-born son in the Taft family, great nephew of William Howard and cousin to both Bob Taft senators. He demonstrated considerable intellect, and his family had high expectations for

his prospects. After graduating from Phillips Exeter near the top of his class, he entered Yale University. He was becoming a person who followed intellectual pursuits to mastery. He would read a book, like it, and read every book the author had ever written. He studied literature and photography and picked up classical guitar. After his freshman year, he was drafted, and, although he could have avoided it, he did not seek a deferment. He served two years in the United States Army, stationed in West Texas. There he developed an interest in pistol shooting, and was appointed to the Army's competitive team. His love of shooting and gun collecting began there. Afterward, he went back to Yale, but was persistently frustrated there. He once told me that the TAs teaching him were younger than he was. The Vietnam War was starting, and it was a time of conflict and discontent. To the considerable dismay of his family, where he would have been the fourth in a long line of Yale alumni lawyers, he transferred to the University of Cincinnati to study theoretical mathematics. He graduated from the University of Cincinnati with an M.A. in math. By this time he had married and had a daughter, Eleanor. His son, John came two years later. He was admitted to Ohio State to pursue his Ph.D. His particular line of study was Russell's paradox. He also won several prestigious teaching awards and his Calculus classes were much sought after at the University. With his rare ability to articulate ideas, he was able to share the world of higher math in a way that allowed the average person to see its beauty and find it everywhere in the world around them. A divorce interrupted him from completing his studies, and he switched to computer programming. There, he had a number of accomplishments, the most famous of which is the computer algorithm that chooses license plate numbers. His co-workers described his code as "elegantly simple and reductive." He retired after 25 years as a programmer. He worked on math, particularly on Russell's paradox, but although he thought he had cracked it, he never published the work. He spent the remainder of his years reading books of every kind and subject, playing tennis, shooting, having many conversations with others, and hanging out with his dogs.

David Butler Vietor



Died on February 8, 2022

David Butler Vietor died peacefully at home in Edgartown, MA on February 8, 2022, after a three-year battle with pancreatic cancer. Each summer the Vietor family relocated to Edgartown, where his father taught David to sail at the age of eight. David went on to graduate from St. Paul's School in 1959 and Yale University in 1963. He received his Master's in German Literature from Stanford University in 1965. He began his career teaching German and Russian at Boston University and later at the Choate School. But his true calling came after successfully racing the family's boats named Orpheus. He was hired to work for Ted Hood at Hood Sails, and soon was brought on board various winning yachts as an astute sail trimmer, navigator, and tactician. Hard put to turn down a customer's request to join the crew, he famously one Bermuda race was listed as part of the crew on five boats! He was often part of a U.S. team competing in Dragons, Six Metres, or Solings all over the world. He moved from Hood Sails to become President of Ratsey and Lapthorn, where his pattern of intense racing continued, leading to The America's Cup. David did two America's Cup campaigns in 12 Metres: the 1980 Clipper effort as captain and skipper and as CEO of the Courageous effort for 1987. He became a founding member of The Courageous Sailing Center in Boston, which teaches underprivileged children the skills of sailing and boat handling as a foundation for life. After leaving Ratsey, he became Director of the Acorn Foundation, where he became deeply involved in many philanthropic activities, including producing winning documentaries about the history of the City of New York. Retiring to the Vineyard, he became part of many pro bono organizations. His happiest days were spent in the company of other sailors, who always enjoyed his dramatic retelling of close calls and dramatic decisions on the race course. He is survived by his wife, Nancy Blair Vietor, whom he met on a port starboard

collision 71 years ago; his sons Andreas, Oliver, and Ed Vietor; his daughters Susan Vietor Daughtry and Christina Vietor Osterman; his stepchildren Marshall Hight Prida and Ethan Trask; and 16 grandchildren.

Ridgway Hall remembers:

I first met David Vietor in high school, where we discovered a shared interest in sailboat racing. He was a remarkable combination of classical music buff, foreign language enthusiast, and astute sailor. Once I walked into his room in Farnam Hall during our freshman year, and he was sporting an old tweed jacket with slightly frayed cuffs, his coffee table piled high with books, listening to Mozart's Requiem. He offered me a cup of tea and allowed as how it might be nice to sport a name like Wolfgang Amadeus von Vietor. I had actually come to ask if he'd sail with me the following weekend in a regatta at New London with the Yale Sailing team. That was the beginning of 4 years of racing together for Yale during which our team – including classmates Norm Dawley, Stovy Brown, and Jim Biles – racked up enough victories that sailing became lettered sport. After Yale we stayed in touch, occasionally racing against each other in regional regattas. I got an 'other side' look at his sail trimming expertise when racing 19 foot Lightnings in Madison, CT. He was crewing for his future wife, Nancy Blair, and they were in last place rounding the windward mark. We all set spinnakers, and suddenly their boat started moving faster than all the rest of us. One by one they passed the entire fleet, reaching the leeward mark in first place. As they passed us I made every adjustment I could think of to sail trim and other variables with no success. Over the years David sailed on 17 Newport to Bermuda races, several trans-Atlantic races, and two America's Cup campaigns. He always had a philanthropic side, serving as a Director with the Acorn Foundation, and on the boards of the South Street Seaport Museum, Mystic Seaport and the Martha's Vineyard Hospital, and teaching sailing to underprivileged kids in Boston. He was an enthusiastic raconteur on any subject, will be remembered as truly one of a kind.

Arthur M. Virshup



Died on May 20, 2022

Dr. Arthur M. Virshup of Palm Beach Gardens, FL passed away on May 26, 2022. Arthur attended Yale University in 1959 and SUNY Medical School in 1963. After medical school, he served two years in the U.S. Air Force Medical Corps, and then completed his internship and residency at George Washington University, followed by eight months as a Senior Fellow in Rheumatology at Georgetown University Hospital. In 1973, Dr. Virshup established the first rheumatology practice in Palm Beach County, and set up the first free clinic to provide rheumatology care to indigent patients. He was honored multiple times throughout his career, including at the Arthritis Foundation's Palm Beach Gala in 1996, and was given the "Hero in Medicine Award" by the Palm Beach Medical Society in 2006. In 2021, four free rheumatology clinics were renamed after Dr. Virshup and another rheumatologist, Dr. John Whelton. After retiring in 2014, Dr. Virshup continued to volunteer free rheumatology care to those in need. Arthur was married for 45 years to his wife, Lorraine, who passed away in 2013. He is survived by his two children, Tamara and Seth.

Stanton Samenow remembers:

I enjoyed Arthur as a roommate but more as a fellow alum. Dorothy and I got to spend time with him and Lorraine in Florida and at our house. We remained in touch with Arthur by phone until almost the very end. A lively, compassionate, generous guy. And really smart.

Joseph Schofer remembers:

Arthur was a friend from our freshman year and my roommate for junior and senior years. He was joyful, curious, and loyal. Among the youngest members of the Class of 1963, he went on to become a rheumatologist, served in the Air Force, and established medical a prac-

tice in Florida. He gave time and services to those who could not afford them and asked his partners to do the same. He was recognized for his charitable works in his community. We exchanged visits over the years since graduation and shared many good times. His laughter, devotion to family and friends, and commitment to his community are sorely missed.

Richard Stromberg, Stanton Samenow, and Joseph Schofer remember:

We were good friends with Arthur Virshup from the Fall of 1959, joined as roommates in Pierson College in 1961, and immigrated to the newly-opened Morse College in 1962. Arthur was the youngest in our Class at graduation. Arthur lived a life of service, starting as a hospital volunteer while we were at Yale, and providing free services to those in need throughout his medical career, insisting that his partners do so as well. Arthur always found time to squeeze another patient in need into his day. He was much loved by those patients, and he received numerous awards for his service to his community. He became a skilled boat captain and was recognized by the Coast Guard for providing emergency medical services to boaters in south Florida. Arthur had a sharp and indefatigable sense of humor, always quick with a joke. After Yale, we went our separate ways but enjoyed getting together at Reunions. With the encouragement of our wives at the 35th, we decided that we should get together every year, and we did so for several inter-reunion cycles, first visiting each other's homes and later meeting at various interesting places. Arthur was the ideal house guest. At one of our roommate reunions based at Stanton's house, Arthur decided to make some maintenance repairs on his own. He was just that type of person, finding ways to help others even without being asked. Arthur was proud of his Yale degree. His son said at the funeral that his stuffed Yale bulldog was in the coffin with him. Arthur's passing breaks up a set that we held together for 63 years. We shall miss him.

William Conrad von Raab



Died on February 20, 2019

William Conrad (“Willy”) von Raab died in Charlottesville, VA on February 20, 2019.

Willy was born in New Rochelle, NY and raised in Roslyn, NY. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale University in 1963 and Bachelor of Law from the University of Virginia in 1966. During the Nixon Administration, Willy worked as a Director at the Cost of Living Council from 1972-1973 and Executive Assistant to the Administrator of the Federal Energy Administration 1973-1975. From 1977-1979 he served as Vice President of Administration and Finance at New York University.

In 1981 he returned to Washington, becoming the Commissioner of the United States Customs Service during the Reagan Administration until 1989. Willy aggressively championed the “War on Drugs” and challenged the importation of pornography and the exportation of military contraband. In his later years, living on his farm in Madison, VA, Willy was active on numerous boards and with the Piedmont Environmental Council advocating for land conservation. Willy is survived by his wife of 20 years, Lucy S. Rhame; his daughter Alexandra Lambert von Raab and her daughters; and his son Nicholas Christian von Raab.

Guy Struve remembers:

I remember Willy von Raab not only for his strong conservative views, but also for his well-developed and wicked sense of humor. Willy discovered very early that I was a perfect straight man, and I can still see the smile and glint in his eye which announced that yet another zinger was about to come my way.

Edward J. Walsh



Died on October 1, 2022

Edward J. Walsh Jr. died on Oct.1, 2022 due to the consequences of metastatic prostate cancer. He was a 53+ year resident of Monroe County. He was born in Waterbury,

Connecticut to Edward and Hazel Walsh. He attended Crosby High School before enrolling at Yale University where he received his B.S. From there he moved to Madison, Wisconsin where he attended the University of Wisconsin from which he received his Ph.D. (Chemistry) in 1968. After N.I.H. post-doctoral studies at Cornell University, he and his family moved to the Rochester area, joining the Eastman Kodak Research Laboratories (photographic systems) in 1969.

He leaves behind his loving wife of 59 years, Lea, and his three children, Edward, Deborah (Paul), and Rachel (Jamie) plus his six grandchildren: Brendan, Cameron, Trevor, Taryn, Hazel, and Riley all of whom brought great pride and joy to his life.

He also leaves his two sisters, Patricia Flaherty and Noreen Lawlor, and his brother Neil Walsh and sister-in-law Wendy Thornley Walsh, plus many nieces and nephews.

Ed enjoyed his participation in local political activities and ancestry studies. He was an avid golfer who spent almost every day...summer and winter....hitting golf balls in his backyard as well as playing at all of the courses that Rochester has to offer. He also enjoyed playing handball, tennis, and skiing and he was most grateful to all of his friends and sports playing partners. He wished to thank them all for their friendship and good times.

Per his wishes there will be no formal services, but our family hopes that in lieu of flowers you will share a fond memory of Ed or perhaps make a donation to Perinton Ambulance, 1400 Turk Hill Rd., Fairport, NY 14450, or to a charity of your choice.

John Harper remembers:

My friendship with Ed started about 12

years ago when Ed's freshman roommate, Bob Nichols, began stopping in Rochester on his trips between Chicago and New Hampshire. Even though both families had been in Rochester for many years, we had not met before Bob's visits. These visits resulted in pleasurable socialization around good food, gin and tonic, and Yale stories of interest only to the men. We enjoyed each other's company to the extent that Walshes and Harpers continued to socialize, with Yale stories replaced by Mah Jongg. What started as pleasant socialization developed into real bonds of friendship, that are not sundered by Ed's passing. Anyone meeting Ed would become aware of his many interests. We were pleased when his research in genealogy produced the fact that the wives have a common ancestor dating from the 1640's. Friendships can take a variety of forms. Ours was deepened by the subtle nuances in the personalities of Lea and Ed.:

Alfred Neely remembers:

Ed, Bob Nichols, and I were roommates our Freshman Year. Ed was our good and lifelong friend. Bob and Ed attended our 50th Reunion in June 2013. Bob died that November, and Ed wrote in the In Memoriam section of the 55th Reunion Class Book: 'Bob was the driving force behind my attendance at the 50th Reunion. I suspect that his desire to attend the Reunion kept him going after his diagnosis.' I recall that by early 2013, Bob had his prognosis and an intense desire to live to make it to the Reunion. And he insisted that Ed accompany him, and Bob's good friend did. In the early years after graduation Ed and I were often in touch at a distance and occasionally got together. For the past 30 or so years we have met more often, usually in Rochester. Golf was central to each visit. Lea, Ed, and I would play on foot, with the benefit of pull carts. Ed was a fine and avid golfer. I knew he was my good friend on account of the grace and good humor with which he tolerated my game. I am an avid golfer, but not a good one. I can still hear his barbed and amusing jabs when my drive failed to make it to the forward tee. But I was always invited back whenever I wanted, and I always came back — sounds like the stuff of good friendship.

Douglas Frazier Wax



Died on January 3, 2021

Douglas Frazier Wax passed away peacefully on January 3, 2021 at his home in Newbury Park, CA, surrounded by his loving family. Doug grew up in Ohio, later moving to Boston, MA. Doug demonstrated a strong work ethic early with his own paper route. As a Boy Scout he earned the rank of Eagle Scout. Doug was an exceptional student, graduating from Wellesley High School at age 17 and enrolling at Yale University. While at Yale, on a blind date, Doug met a foreign exchange student from Finland named Arja Lahti. After a brief courtship, Doug and Arja were engaged. They married in 1963, the same year that Doug graduated from Yale with a Bachelor's Degree in History and Economics. Doug and Arja moved to California, where they would spend the next 57 years together.

Doug began his professional career in banking with United California Bank. He went on to found American West Bank in Encino, CA in the mid-1980s. Doug's business acumen drew him away from banking and into real estate. In 1972 he obtained his real estate license and joined the McDonald Company in Woodland Hills, CA, performing industrial real estate transactions. Doug excelled and after four years he and his fellow agent, Robert Lipson, formed their own company, Industrial Park Associates (IPA). After ten years of rapid growth IPA was sold to Daum Johnston America.

Doug remained with Daum for three years, achieving the mark of top agent in the Valley office in 1987, 1988, and 1989. In 1990 he went back on his own, reviving the IPA name and assembling top agents to work with him at the new firm. Doug's son Mike joined him in the business in 1997. In 2002 the company moved to Oxnard, CA, where it remains active to this day. Doug retired in 2018, but still visited the office regularly until the late fall of 2020.

He loved putting deals together and was an encyclopedia of industrial real estate knowledge. Doug was well known for his integrity

and ethical treatment of his clients and fellow brokers. At the time Doug cofounded IPA he also began developing industrial buildings for his own account and for clients. He went on to develop over 50 industrial buildings in the cities of Canoga Park, Chatsworth, San Fernando, Sylmar, Valencia, Simi Valley, Camarillo, Oxnard, and Ventura. Doug was an active member and two-term President (1981-1982) of AIR CRE (formerly the American Industrial Real Estate Association). Doug mentored a number of his clients and their family members, shaping them into successful real estate developers with significant real estate holdings. Doug and Arja loved traveling, visiting Arja's homeland of Finland numerous times, as well as China, France, and Argentina, to name a few. They most recently visited Northern France in the summer of 2018. Doug had a great sense of humor and enjoyed planning parties. Doug is survived by his wife of 57 years, Arja L. Wax; his son Mike Wax; his daughters Nora Plechner and Alexa Smith; and 11 grandchildren.

Andrew Barclay remembers:

I met Doug after Freshman year when I relocated from Vanderbilt to Berkeley College. A bunch of us started eating lunch together and hanging out. Doug was a soft-spoken person and very intelligent, but he didn't wave it around, if you know what I mean. He, Art Gilliam, and Doug Kalesh went up to Conn College one weekend, and he came back saying he thought he had met his future wife. We all kind of laughed at that until we met Arja. From then on, it was Doug and Arja. They got married in 1963 and were never separated. Doug was a couple of years older than I. He had something nice to say about everyone and everything. He always saw the good side. He was part of a group, including Steve Jones, Dick Barnes, and Doug Kalesh, who would watch the New York Giants play football on TV. We also played bridge with him (and Arja, who would count the points in her hand out loud in Finnish). Can you believe it? I learned how to count from one to fourteen in Finnish, but I can only remember one or two now, maybe because you don't get many hands above six or eight. Arja says that Doug was in failing health this last fall, walked with a cane, and then was confined to a wheel-

chair. He may have had a stroke but the hospitals in California were tied up with Covid-19 treatment and had little time to treat anything else, so they brought him home to care for him. Toward the end, one of his kids said to him: 'Dad, we're going to miss you.' Doug responded, 'I'm going to miss me too.' We're all going to miss him. He was a great success story and an outstanding member of our Class.

Herman Gilliam remembers:

I met Doug in our senior year. He was a couple of years older than the rest of us and had more life experiences. My recollection is that he was returning to Yale. He seemed wiser, and we tended to listen to him, because his words had the ring of experience and authority. But most importantly, Doug was the one who had the car! I convinced him that it would be great if he would drive several of us to New London, where we could get together with some of the girls at Connecticut College. My ulterior motive was that I had met a wonderful girl that summer before senior year. She was in college in Atlanta but was an exchange student that year at Connecticut College. So Doug, good guy that he was, agreed to drive to New London. Several of us piled into his car, and off we went. The good news is that it was during one of our visits to Connecticut College that my friend introduced Doug to his wife-to-be, Arja, who had come to Connecticut College from her home in Finland. Doug and Arja soon married and had a happy life together. I was glad to see them at our 50th Reunion and am deeply saddened that Doug has passed away. I am happy to have been a small part of his life and especially to have been instrumental in his finding his lifelong companion.

James H. Weber

Died on April 1, 2020

James H. ("Shamus") Weber died of Covid-19 on April 1, 2020. A teacher for over 50 years, he believed that the years he spent at Yale were a true and solid springboard for his life's work. Shamus realized even as a freshman that the 1960's marked a golden age at Yale because

it harbored an abundance of glittering minds whose work was so important that it continues to influence their respective fields today. He felt lucky to have had several of them as his teachers: Robert Fagles for freshman English, Larry Richardson for classical languages, William Wimsatt for English and literary theory, Vince Scully for art history, and Robert Engman for art and sculpture.

Although Shamus took a leave of absence his junior year, he courted and married his childhood sweetheart Cynthia during that break and returned to Yale to graduate in 1965. He began teaching that fall at Millbrook School for Boys in Millbrook, New York, and later taught at Westover School for Girls in Middlebury, Connecticut. His influence as a teacher was no less profound than that of the great teachers he had been privileged to have at Yale. Many of his students maintained contact and became good friends.

His wit and wisdom evidently influenced students even beyond his knowing. One such student e-mailed his family a week after his death to say that Shamus's advice from 25 years ago was now helping her cope with the Covid-19 crisis. She had gone to Shamus in tears and was so overwhelmed with her life that she was planning to leave school. He had quietly handed her his handkerchief and said: "When one is overwhelmed, you simply handle one whelm at a time. Eventually, you will be underwhelmed."

Edward Foster remembers:

Shamus, my sophomore roommate at Jonathan Edwards, and Cynthia were my dear friends for decades but because we lived a continent apart, we did not see each other very often. They were both great cooks and great diners and whole weekends were spent at their table talking art, literature and words in the English language. He was one of a kind and will be sorely missed.

Thomas R. Welch Jr.



Died on May 9, 2018

Thomas R. Welch died at his Chicago home on May 9, 2018.

After Fessenden School, Tom enrolled at the Taft School before matriculating at Yale. As an undergraduate, Tom sang with The Alley Cats. His undergraduate major was Architecture and he stayed in New Haven, earning his Masters in Architecture from Yale in 1968.

He joined the prominent and historic Holabird & Root firm in Chicago, working on many significant projects in his native city. He also travelled the world for the firm designing major hotels in Bogota, Colombia and Kuwait.

Tom was bright, articulate, and witty, a real raconteur. He was a superb host and personally cooked everything ever served at his wonderful dinner parties.

Tom was a highly respected leader of the Yale community in Chicago. He served on the Board of Directors of the Yale Club of Chicago for over 20 years. He chaired several events on architecture and was always in demand to speak on the history of Chicago architecture.

He will be missed by generations of fellow Yalies in Chicago. He was urbane, generous of spirit, and a loyal friend.

Michael S. Wilder



Died on May 18, 2022

Michael Stephen Wilder passed away at home on May 18, 2022, with loved ones by his side, leaving behind a legacy of learning, family, the law, sports, and philanthropy.

Michael grew up in New Haven, CT and spent his adult life in West Hartford, CT. He graduated from Hopkins School, Yale College, and Harvard Law School, where he made lifelong friends. Michael had an esteemed career as an

attorney at The Hartford for over 30 years, retiring in 2001 as General Counsel, after which he became an independent arbitrator. Michael served on the boards of the Hartford Whalers, the Producing Guild, Safelite Group, Congregation Beth Israel Library, and the West Hartford Public Library.

He enjoyed being part of an investment group for many years and was an avid reader of books and newspapers alike, possessing an unmatched intellectual curiosity. A devoted fan of the Baltimore Orioles and UConn women's basketball, Michael followed and celebrated sports. He was also a generous supporter of causes he believed in, including education and the arts. Michael was predeceased by his wife of 38 years, Marjorie (Levitin) Wilder. During the past seven years, Michael and his companion Sandra Zieky of West Hartford, CT enjoyed socializing and traveling together. Michael is survived by his two daughters, Kathryn and Amanda, and five grandchildren.

Hugh Baum remembers:

I'd spend time with Mike at virtually every reunion and also during the year when he would visit his daughter in Yorktown Heights. He and Marjorie lived on the same floor of a 4th floor walkup building as did my wife and I during our 3rd year at law school. I will miss him.

William Dow remembers:

Michael Wilder was my classmate at Hopkins from 1952 to 1959. He was a wonderful guy; professionally successful, personally generous, civic minded, and responsible. My bet is that if he were grading himself on his life he would be very satisfied on all fronts. And he would be correct. Mike was, among other accomplishments, editor of the school paper at Hopkins. The story Mike always repeated when we spoke about Hopkins was how our Headmaster, F. Allen Sherk, convinced Michael that he shouldn't be a dentist, but should rather go to Yale and realize his full academic potential. And, as it was a different time, Headmaster Sherk secured his admission to our local university, from which Michael departed directly to the Harvard Law School. Mike was an interested and devoted Hopkins alum and a

regular at all reunions. He was respected, admired and, importantly, liked.

John Impert remembers:

Mike and I were classmates at Harvard Law School and subsequently lawyers for ITT Corporation during my tenure there from 1974-1987. I worked at ITT's headquarters in Brussels and New York, while Mike became the general counsel for its most important subsidiary, The Hartford Insurance Company. I looked forward to seeing Mike and his wife at tri-annual meetings of ITT's lawyers and their spouses.

Marc Lavietes remembers:

Mike and I had been grammar school friends in New Haven. His father-in-law was my high school math teacher. Our paths crossed periodically and we occasionally saw each other socially throughout the years. A very likable acquaintance.

Stephen McDonald remembers:

I visited the Freshman dorm occupied by Michael Wilder, Alan Schwartzman, and Esmond Adams before our first classes had even begun and marveled at the wall of empty beer cans from floor to ceiling. I was concerned for my fellow Hopkins graduates until I was told that it took a Southern lad to have achieved such a decoration in a week's time. I picked up with Michael again during many Hopkins Alumni planning activities over the years. He was always the first to volunteer for the committees (or the school administrators were sharp enough to know he would get things organized and contacted him first). He was the chairman of every Hopkins Class of '59 alumni activity that I can remember. He was a "make it happen" kind of guy and got us to the goals of each class project with the highest participation of any class in recent memory. We are going to greatly miss his spirited and energetic leadership qualities, as well as his fellowship.

Alan Schwartzman remembers:

I have many fond remembrances of Michael, dating back to 8th Grade [Form II] at Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, from which we both graduated in 1959 and then went

on to Yale. Michael and I were buddies during all those years, He was so gregarious and social, trying to teach me how to dance swing/rock'n'roll for all those mixers and fix-me-uppers with both the locals and college girls. This was always a losing proposition, but he tried. I actually met and dated (once) the eventual love of his life, Marjorie. He even requested my permission/blessing to ask her for a date; now that's true character (*menschlichkeit*) and karma. I remember how he rigged up a rear set of wheels for his paralyzed dog's hind end so that she could motate and relieve herself, rather than put her down. That was the real Michael. We were roommates in our Sophomore Year at Berkeley, along with Esmond Adams and Ed Gilfillan. Alas, they are all gone now except for me. I was so looking forward to seeing Michael again at our Yale 60th. I shall have to content myself with several rendezvous that we had in Palm Desert, CA, where he wintered with his faithful companion, Sandy, after Marjorie's death. Mary and I would drive down from Boise and could always count on his hospitality and *gemütlichkeit*.

Richard Eugene Willis



Died on January 29, 2020

Richard Eugene Willis died peacefully in his home in Brunswick, ME on January 29, 2020, in the quiet hours of the morning, having valiantly made it through the holidays for his family. His last word was, "Love," a word that defines him more than any other. Richard was born on October 23, 1941 in Springfield, MA, and graduated from Springfield Classical High School as one of the kids we called "egg-heads" back in that century. Richard completed his B.A. in History at Yale, where he was named to Phi Beta Kappa, then surged toward the great Pacific, where his graduate advisor, in front of a class crammed with striving academicians, asked why someone from back East would choose Stanford for his doctorate, to which Richard quipped imperiously, "I find

the weather to be quite salubrious." Decades later, when asked by his wife of over 30 years, who married him because of his ice-dry wit, not in spite of it, what he liked most about his doctoral stint, he knitted his Gandalf-wild brows and said, "Might of been the pub across from the British Museum where I ate bangers and mash every single day because my fellowship grant housed me reasonably well but allowed few luxuries."

Dr. Willis, a title few were allowed to use, continuously aligned his life's work with his personal belief that education is a lifelong pursuit and should endow the learner with ever-greater skills for being useful to others. His lifetime work included: Instructor, University of California at Berkeley, 1967-1970; Assistant Professor, Tufts University, 1970-1974; History Department Chair, Oak Grove-Coburn School, 1974-1978; Director, Division of Humanities and Sciences, Thomas College, 1978-1985; Dean, Division of Graduate and Professional Education, Thomas College, 1985-1991; Dean, Division of Continuing Education, Central Maine Technical College, 1991-2001; President, Mid-State College, 2001-2002; Program Director, Master of Science in Education, St. Joseph's College of Maine, 2002-2008; Distance/Online Faculty Member, St. Joseph's College of Maine, 1990-2018. He was published in various journals as well as a bibliography of books on American and European military history. Richard was singularly devoid of hubris, and that he vigorously eschewed both pretense and "self-puffing". He was a man of towering empathy and he "got" the humanity thing with a laser-sharp ability both to recognize all that is good and honorable in people and to spot deceit and cruelty and call it out. Richard is survived by his beloved wife and best friend, Shirley; his sons Nicholas and Jeremy; his daughter Maria Amoroso; his stepson Mark Hunter; and his grandchildren and friends.

John F. Younger Jr.



Died on August 18, 2022

John F. (Tex) Younger, Jr. died peacefully in his sleep on August 18, 2022. After graduating from Midland, TX High School, where he served as president of the student body,

John spent a formative post-graduate year at the New Hampton School in New Hampshire. He then earned an undergraduate degree from Yale University, where he took enormous pride in being a core member of the undefeated freshman football team. He earned a law degree at the University of Texas at Austin, where he met, quickly fell in love with, and married Chica Gray, whom he loved more than anyone. Always a champion of the underdog, John intervened and advocated for those who suffered injustices and lacked the resources to defend themselves. He felt it was his duty. It was this conviction that led him to the Marine Corps and to the practice of law. His first post was in the JAG Corps. From there, he went on to become a respected trial attorney in San Antonio.

In addition to giving his time and expertise in the courtroom, his professional services afforded him the opportunity to give philanthropically. He gave generously to friends and family, the church, people who were down on their luck, and entrepreneurs with “new and promising” business endeavors. John loved golf, and his prowess on the course earned him the affectionate nickname, Bogey. Fishing was another favorite pastime, especially in Junction, and he spent far more time acquiring, assembling, and organizing his gear than he did in the water. His pleasure in acquiring the gear himself was exceeded only by the joy of buying it for someone else. Perhaps the one thing he loved most, outside of his friends and family, was music. John had friends from all walks of life, human and animal. His love for his pets, and all animals, was unconditional and unabashed. It also meant that, while John loved the camaraderie of a guys’ weekend away, he didn’t make for much of a hunter.

Like all children of God, John was imper-

fect. He knew his faults. He also struggled with depression. He walked through life on earth led by his heart – a true romantic – which meant that he was vulnerable, and he didn’t always make the “smart” choice. He never stopped loving his family and friends, and we are all grateful that he is now, and will for ever more be, at eternal peace. John is survived by his wife of 54 years, Chica Younger; children, Galeana Elizabeth Younger, John Stuart Younger, and Isabella Allen; and four grandchildren.

Judson Calkins remembers:

All males from the Lone Star State acquire the nickname “Tex”, but for John it was perfect – the quintessential Texan, just the right doses of accent, swagger, and joie de vivre. Football was fundamental, from his Midland High School days with future Sooners’ great Wahoo McDaniel to his role as a sparkplug on our undefeated Freshman Bullpups, where he introduced our team mantra, “When the goin’ gets tough, the tough get goin’.” A bad knee resulted in a pregame taping ritual, from ankle to hip, which made him the butt of good-natured jokes, such as a lunchtime raffle at a Bullpup reunion on who could guess Tex’s weight before and after the tape was applied. With Tex, a great joke was always a moment away, and his farewell signoff echoes today, “I love ya, and there ain’t a damned thing you can do about it.” His classmates return that sentiment.

William Kramer remembers:

I first met John Younger at a summer ‘seminar’ camp for high student council members sponsored and put on by SMU in Dallas. John was president of the Midland High School student council, a senior at Midland High School, and I believe the captain of Midland’s high school football team. I was a junior at Highland Park in Dallas. We were placed in the same group and had football and rock and roll music in common. I had a band going and Younger was a fantastic singer. John put a group together from our group of attendees and we entertained all of the attendees for the whole week. The band was better than the one I was in in Dallas! We became close friends and found out our parents knew each other. I visited John in Midland his senior year and we

were friends ever since through Yale (roommates), law school at the University of Texas, and in each other's weddings. After all of that, my wife, Patti, and I and John and his wife Chica saw each other frequently on trips together to Chica's family home in Cuernavaca, fishing and golf trips with only the "boys", with our families each summer at Padre Island, and at Reunions at Yale. I thought we would go on this way as long as we lasted, until John fell into depression and then out and then back in over and over. He never really came out of it and eventually depression was the cause of his death. A lifelong friend with a passion for his friends and the freshman football team at Yale that was unmatched. He loved you and you could not do anything about it.

James Little remembers:

The last time I saw Tex was at the 2009 50th Bullpup reunion. I will never forget when Tex got on the bus in front of Payne Whitney to go out to the Bowl for the Brown game. There were five or six of us and the rest were students, including many comely young ladies. Tex stood at the front of the bus and got everyone's attention. Then he addressed the coeds and said (in his unique Texas accent): "I'm very old and very sick and very rich, probably not much longer to go, wouldn't one of you young ladies like to marry me?" The entire bus erupted in laughter.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Entering Yale, John Younger was the first Texan I ever met, and he fulfilled every Texan stereotype I had read about or seen on the silver screen. Nevertheless, there was no one like "Tex"; he was one of a kind. Outgoing, generous, over-confident, he was irrepressible. About his Freshman football teammates, he would end every email message thus: "I love every one of you, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it."

Ian Robertson remembers:

I met John Younger during my first week at Yale. He immediately stood out from the more than 100 aspirants who tried out for freshman football. His accent promptly earned him his nickname "Tex". He was an undersized critter

wrapped in more tape than Tutankhamun, the result of encounters with bigger athletes who outweighed him by as many as 50 pounds. Bigger perhaps but not stronger ... or tougher. There is an old Texas saying, 'It ain't the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog.' Tex wasn't big, but he had plenty of fight. Like other freshmen, football players were required to pass a physical examination which included a requirement to do ten pull ups. After 50 John was ordered to stop when his hands were slipping because they were too bloody. Tex tried out for center, the most competitive position on the team. Eventually seven centers made the team, honors included, one all state, one all metropolitan (an area more populous than many states), two all New England, and one high school All American. John was not intimidated. He had grown up playing football in Midland, TX and had competed successfully in that arena. Neighbor George H.W. Bush recommended him for Yale. Yale recommended a year at a New England prep school, where he was named all New England center. Tex didn't just make our team, he played a lot and always gave as good as he got. It was only later that we learned that John had a congenital heart condition that should have prevented him from playing football. His ailment was ironic. Tex was all heart. When I flew to San Antonio for John's memorial, it was fitting to find the cathedral nearly filled with loyal friends. To paraphrase words Tex was wont to say: 'We love you, John, and there ain't nothing you can do about it.'

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Tex! One of a kind. His triumph over depression, and his incredible infectious enthusiasm for life, for Yale, and for his classmates, stand out in my memories.

Classmates who have passed recently:

Jonathan Bogert	December 7, 2022
Elliott R. Bolsinger	November 3, 2022
Charles C. Cheney	February 3, 2023
William H. Frederick	March 2, 2023
Gregory E. Good Jr.	December 28, 2022
James Lilienthal	December 28, 2022
Richard Malone	December 18, 2022
William F. Moore	April 12, 2023
Kenneth Edward Porter	March 6, 2023
Christopher F. Sheridan	March 6, 2023
Duward F. Sumner Jr.	January 15, 2023
David E. Winebrenner	March 28, 2023

Jonathan Bogert



Died on December 7, 2022

Jonathan (“Jon”) Bogert of Savannah Lakes, SC died on December 7, 2022 at Self Regional Healthcare in Greenwood, SC.

Jon was a graduate of Yale University with a B.A. degree. He was a retired Certified Public Accountant in New York, having worked for Local 802 Musicians Union of New York as well as Price Waterhouse, Sterling Drug, and Baker Hughes, CPA. Jon had numerous interests. He loved playing golf and tennis. He enjoyed world news, crossword puzzles, lively conversation, and telling jokes. He and his lovely wife Elizabeth

loved to travel. They visited Switzerland, Japan, Argentina, and Britain, and their favorite place to visit was France. Jon was raised in the Methodist Church and was a member of St. Paul’s in Englewood, NJ. More recently, Jon attended Trinity Episcopal Church in Abbeville, SC. Jon is survived by his wife of 26 years, Elizabeth Nebolsire Bogert; his children Laurie Fuller and David Bogert; his stepchildren Matthew Bodman, Philip Bodman, and Michael Bodman; and three grandchildren.

Jon’s widow *Elizabeth Bogert* writes:

“I so enjoyed attending the last three Reunions with Jon. Here are some of the classmates and spouses I remember talking with: Mary Frances and Tom Bailey, Dixon Bogert, David Boren, Susan and Reve Carberry, Shirley and Ed Carlson, Margaret and Jim Courtright, Midge and Skip Eastman, Joyce and Tim Holme, Karen and Jon Larson, Emily and Bob Myers, and Ian Robertson. Jon and I danced to the great music and saw David Gergen and his wife dancing nearby – we all smiled at each other. Jon and I spent a few lovely weeks in Maine with the late Dr. Hugh Hunt and his wife Carol.”

Skip Eastman writes:

Jon Bogert and I, along with Bob Myers, were roommates on the top floor of Vanderbilt our Freshman Year. Jon was the New Jersey State Heavyweight Wrestling Champion and went on to captain several Yale wrestling teams. We didn’t see much of Jon Freshman Year due to his dedication to wrestling, and when he was around, he was quiet and pretty much kept to himself while concentrating on his studies. All in all, Jon was an easy guy to room with, and we had lively chats about multiple topics. However, when we sensed he was in a bad mood (he’d growl at us when he was trying to lose weight to wrestle down a class), we knew it was time to disappear. Jon and I both headed to Calhoun our Sophomore year, where Jon roomed with Walt

Alexander. Later we both joined Phi Gamma Delta. We remained good friends throughout our years at Yale.

Elliot R. Bolsinger



Died on November 3, 2022

Randy was in Saybrook and graduated with a Degree in Psychology.

He was a Systems Engineer with IBM's Computer Task Group, Poughkeepsie, NY.

He is survived by his former wife Barbara Anne O'Reilly, their children Sean-Kevin O'Reilly, Cara Mireille, Melody Lynnette, and Elaine Kirstin and their granddaughter Serrina A. Brown.

Randy's "Yale 63 at 55" Class Book contribution dated May 2018 reprinted here, is just as foretelling today as it was five years ago.

"If anyone, like me, still feels nostalgia for those "shortest, gladdest years of life", let's note that today's times bear a remarkable resemblance to our senior year:

We have an insular communist dictatorship threatening the U.S. with nuclear missiles.
We have an inexperienced U.S. president who many fear is not up to the job.

Happily, our "shortest, gladdest years" came to a peaceful conclusion, and we must hope that will continue to be true for every class yet to graduate. The Age of Anxiety will certainly outlast us all, but as our remaining years draw to a close, let us have the courage to be glad in all of them, long or short, "while life and voice shall last."

Charles Clark Cheney



Died on February 3, 2023

Charles "Charlie" Clark Cheney, a Connecticut Yankee who delighted in wearing his Mexican *huarache* sandals, passed away on February 3, 2023, in Bethesda, MD,

where he had resided since 1980.

Born in New Haven, CT, Charlie was a proud veteran of the U.S. Navy and member of the Yale Class of 1963. He also held degrees from the University of California-Berkeley, Universidad de Las Americas-Mexico City, and The Park School of Buffalo, with "time served" at The Taft School. A man who was not afraid of the written or spoken word, he was "born to talk" about most any subject and especially on topics touching history, politics, genealogy, the use of language, and anthropology.

A Cultural Anthropologist by formal education and professional dedication, Charlie was a humanist at heart who loved to "root for the underdog," and this was reflected in his work, volunteering, and spirit. Charlie is survived by his wife, Susan, his three sons, Lawton, Matthew, and Benjamin, and six grandchildren. A Celebration of Life will be held sometime in July 2023 in Bethesda, MD.

Stallworth Larson writes:

"Charlie and I were first classmates at Taft. I was just getting to know him when his abrupt departure from Taft occurred. He liked to refer to it as his defenestration from Taft. The next I heard of him was when a fellow Taft classmate asked the Dean of Students at a school assembly, "Mr. Douglas, I hear that Charlie Cheney is going to Yale, is that true?" Mr. Douglas replied

emphatically that there was no way Charlie Cheney was going to get into Yale. Well, of course, he did. Legacies still trumped defenestrations then. It also didn't hurt, I am sure, that after arriving midway through his 11th grade year at his next school, Park School in Buffalo, which was rather more "progressive" than Taft and suited Charlie just fine, Charlie that spring was elected student president of the school. Charlie and I never roomed together and were in different colleges and fraternities at Yale. He joined Deke! Some may recall his athleticism (not). At Yale Charlie and I soon discovered that we had similar temptations, which led to several foreign trips together and then to an invitation to his wedding to his wife of 57 years, Susan Armstrong. This in turn led to my wife Juliette and I meeting with no assistance from Charlie or Susan beyond our invitations to their wedding. Juliette and Susan had been classmates at Northwestern and then roommates in New York City.

We are forever grateful to Charlie and Susan for enabling us to find such everlasting happiness. We and they were on different sides of the political spectrum, but neither of us on the extreme edges, and we enjoyed many happy visits and family get-togethers over the years with our two girls and Charlie and Susan's three boys, Lawton, Matt and Ben. We shall miss Charlie's bright wit and conversation. I think he was probably the most voracious reader I have known. As such, he was in good part an autodidact since his class attendance at Yale was not splendid. Charlie was a history major with major mathematical and scientific blind spots which dropped him out of Navy Officer Candidate School, which we entered together, but not from thereafter earning a Ph.D. in anthropology from Berkeley."

Phil Stevens recounts:

"Charlie was a good friend, fellow sometime Amherst, NY resident (graduate of Park School), and fellow anthropologist (Ph.D., UC Berkeley, 1972). He was beloved by members of the Washington Area Professional Anthropologists, of which he had been President and was a continual supporter; he was active in the venerable Society for Applied Anthropology; and he was instrumental in gaining Presidential status for my 2008 double panel on 'Anthropology, the Military, and War,' held at the annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association in San Francisco in November 2008. At that session over 500 people heard ten anthropologists discuss the Army's controversial 'Human Terrain System,' which proposed to 'embed' anthropologists with front-line troops in Iraq and Afghanistan, to advise them on local customs in their thwarted efforts to 'win hearts and minds' (remember the old Vietnam slogan). My wife and I will fondly remember pleasant times with Charlie and Susan; and I will remember him as a cheerful and optimistic fellow."

Bill Bell remembers:

Charlie Cheney was a remarkable young feller, all the more so as the years passed. While he had his own room in what was then Calhoun, he was ever present – and always welcome—in our "The Castle" suite. And he boxed above his weight in contributing to the conversation and fun. For some reason he was frequently shirtless, to the point that an occasional alcoholic endeavor in The Castle was to "try to light Cheney's chest hair on fire."

Once liberated from Yale's confines, Charlie took off to the sky, intellectually. As a graduate student, writer, and teacher, he excelled. There were no limits to his curiosity and observations. I vividly remember at one reunion sitting with Charlie and his lovely spouse Susan beneath a tree on the crosswalk lawn leading down from Sterling

Library, drinking wine, and as the campus bells tolled we were, again “for some reason”, conversing in Spanish.

Charlie also became a wonderful spirit of Reunion friendship, making phone calls in advance encouraging attendance. Once gathered, he would then organize a Mory’s luncheon among our Calhoun crew. Spouses also looked forward to again catching up with Susan. And at every gathering, Charlie Cheney seemed to have gotten younger, such was his enthusiasm for life. News of his passing therefore comes a surprise, with sadness, but also gratitude for the blithe spirit which he brought to everything.

William H. Frederick



Died on March 2, 2023

William “Bill” Hayward Frederick, age 81, died in Owls Head, Maine after a hard fought battle with a rare and aggressive form of cancer, neuroendocrine carcinoma. He spent the final months of his life eating lobster and watching lobster boats, seagulls, harbor porpoises, and the beautiful snowy winter weather along the coast in the state that he explored many times with his wife Muriel (Henderson) Frederick who preceded him in death in 2009.

The attributes that Bill will most likely be best remembered for are his love of food and his generous hospitality. A consummate world traveler and accomplished amateur chef, Bill would make a bee-line for a local market upon arrival in a new destination. He made a quick study of available ingredients and area cuisine before whipping up some scrumptious feast. He brought all of these experiences home much to the

delight of many a dinner guest in Athens, Ohio where he lived from 1973 until 2020. Born on 10 September 1941 in Massachusetts, Bill attended Noble and Greenough primary and secondary schools where he won awards in biology, chemistry, and essay writing, was active in the Drama Club (co-President) and French Club (Treasurer) and was Editor-in-Chief of *The Nobleman*.

Bill stayed in touch with many of his classmates who remember him fondly as a very clever and smart person with a great sense of humor and an infectious laugh... it's difficult to forget such a friend. Bill took an undergraduate degree at Yale while studying Southeast Asia under Harry J. Benda. Then before entering a PhD program Bill and Muriel moved to Kobe, Japan where he taught at the Canadian Academy while Muriel acted as dorm mother. Their daughter Anita was born while they were living in Japan. They went on to live in the Netherlands, Indonesia, and finally Hawaii. Once in Hawaii, Bill received his Ph.D. at the University of Hawaii at Manoa where he studied with Robert Van Niel and Walter Vella. From Hawaii, Bill and family moved to Athens, Ohio where he served as Foreign Student Advisor at Ohio University (OU) from 1973 to 1979, and taught at OU from 1973 until his retirement in 2010. His son Jason was born in Athens. During this time Bill received a Fulbright Scholarship to complete work at Gadga Mada University in Yogyakarta, Central Java in the 77/78 and 78/79 academic years and he co-founded the national Southeast Asian Studies Summer Institute in 1983.

In addition to his tenure at OU Bill was also a teaching or research fellow in Washington, D.C., Japan, Australia, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Indonesia. Frederick is author of *Visions and Heat: The Making of the Indonesian Revolution*, co-author and co-editor of the *Encyclopedia of*

Indonesia in the Pacific War, co-author of The Encyclopedia Britannica entry on Southeast Asia, co-author and co-editor of the sixth edition of Indonesia: A Country Study and editor of Not Out of Hate: A Novel of Burma by Ma Ma Lay. Bill also authored more than 40 chapters, articles, edited works, translations, editorial essays, and the like. At the time of his death he was working with Harry Poeze, a senior researcher at KITLV in the Netherlands, preparing a two-volume collection of primary sources for Southeast Asian history, and a translation of Tan Malaka's last writings (1948-49). Bill is survived by his daughter Anita Hayward Frederick of Owls Head, Maine, his son Jason Wyatt Frederick and daughter-in-law, Maria Frederick of Lakewood, Ohio, and his grandsons Gian and Simon Frederick, also of Lakewood, Ohio.

Gregory E. Good Jr.



Died on December 28, 2022

John Impert remembers:

Greg was one of several Dallas high school graduates in our class. I made his acquaintance in a freshman French class. Later, Greg was one of ten Yalies in the Junior Year in France program. Before settling in Paris, the one hundred student group spent six weeks in Tours for intensive French lessons. Greg and I cycled one long weekend day to visit royal chateaux in the Loire Valley, Greg riding a regular bike, while I had a used Velo Solex, a cycle that had a small

motor perched over the front wheel that the rider engaged (to start the engine) once he began to pedal. After graduation, Greg was one of a large group of classmates who enrolled in Harvard Law School, where Greg met his first wife, a Syracuse University graduate. Greg later migrated from law to public affairs, and was Texaco's spokesperson for the complex securities lawsuit that involved Texaco, Getty, and Pennzoil in 1995. Greg then moved to Paris, where he counseled clients on issues involving American law.

Bob Dickie remembers...

Greg and I got to know each other senior year. He was one of the best listeners I have ever met in my life. He would hear what was said with all the nuances, and he would hear what was not said, and understand it all. Then he would respond thoughtfully, insightfully, constructively, and generously.

His emotional intelligence was matched by his raw intelligence. They came together in an ebullient, creative, penetrating, and often hilarious bundle of mental and physical energy that was a joy to be around.

Greg went on to Harvard Law School, married "the coolest girl" he met at a wedding, became a judge in a small town north of New York City, and was in-house lawyer at Texaco. He had wonderful tales to tell about all that. Then he followed his passion for Paris and about 25 years ago decamped for there. He had developed that passion during his junior year in Paris, and it never left him. He took up acting with the same intensity with which he tackled everything.

Sadly, he and his wife had parted company some years back, but for the past 15 years or so, he was very happy in his relationship with his French woman friend, Michelle, and he had great love for his daughter Jennifer. Count me among those who will miss Greg and think of him often. He

was a gift to the world, and we were fortunate to be his friends and classmates.

Thomas Hartch remembers:

Greg Good was one of my best friends at Yale. He had prepared for Yale at a large Texas high school where he was a class officer. Greg had an excellent sense of humor, a lot of brain power and an ability to positively interact with a wide spectrum of classmates.

After college Greg matriculated at Harvard Law School. In the summer following second year, he married the beautiful and talented Mary Balet in Pelham, New York. The next year he served as a groomsman in Gale's and my wedding. Upon graduation, Greg had a wide range of high profile employment opportunities. Subsequent to checking out a couple of the possibilities, he showed his independent streak as he and Mary moved to a sparsely inhabited town in Orange County, New York. Their daughter, Jennifer, was born and Greg ran a small business and became a judge. To put this in perspective, the time frame was a very few years out of law school and I was working away as a lowly associate in a medium sized law firm while someone in my peer group had already become a judge. I was impressed.

For Greg, one of the most defining events in his undergraduate life was spending junior year in France. It left him with such a favorable impression that about 30 years ago he moved to Paris where he practiced law and, in his later years pursued his interest in the theater. He was a unique individual and will be deeply missed.

Nash Gubelman remembers:

Greg and I met in our freshman year shortly after arriving in New Haven. We were both enrolled in the remarkable Directed Studies Program. He was a long way from his home in Texas so I invited him to come home for Thanksgiving with me in Goshen Connecticut which was only an hour

away. We became good friends and he came up often during that first year. In later school years and afterwards we would connect and see each other occasionally while he was working in New York. However, it wasn't until many years later when Greg had transformed himself from lawyer to actor and was living in Paris, and I had crazily bought a French chateau that we really reconnected. By that time Greg was living in a classic beautifully detailed 19th century apartment at the end of a cul-de-sac in the coveted Marais District, 10 minutes walk from Notre Dame. He spoke fluent French and had found Michelle, a beautiful French partner with whom he spent many years at the end of his life. Greg was a lovely man and it's hard for me to think of Paris without him.

James Robert Lilienthal



Died on December 28, 2022

James Robert ("Jim") Lilienthal died peacefully on December 28, 2022 in his home city, San Francisco, under comfort care after a 14-month battle with cancer.

Jim spent four years at Yale University and later graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California at Berkeley. Jim was an inveterate world traveler, writer, and photographer for most of his life. He spent a nine-year period traveling on a shoestring budget the length and breadth of Mexico, Central America, and South America – after a similar long period in Eurasia during which he developed a special relationship with Russian citizen Luda Pryakhina and, later, a friendship with her granddaughter Nina. He was a true adventurer, robbed at machete-point in Venezuela, sleeping

on dirt floors in rural villages, riding local buses on terrifying Andes mountain roads with squalling children and chicken crates almost in his lap. He and a stranger (who became a fast friend) bounced along in the open back of a cargo truck across the remote Bolivian altiplano with local campesinos one day to experience a Tinku ceremony. As a final reward to him by the Fates, he completed a rich, extraordinarily photographed, deliciously described travel throughout Sicily and Calabria, returning to San Francisco just one day before his final illness set in. Jim never felt more at home than when he was embracing another culture, whether or not he spoke the local language.

His prolific, although unpublished travel writings, were, like Anthony Bourdain's, more than just a travelogue; they expressed his emotional and analytical musings on the cultures he was communing with. His folk-art collection, writings, and superbly composed, superbly atmospheric travel photographs survive him.

In part because of those travels and his participation in World Affairs Council activities, he was remarkably knowledgeable and astute about international society, policy, and politics. When in the Bay Area, he frequently attended the San Francisco Symphony, Opera, and many other artistic and folkloric events. For seven years during his mother's final decline, he gave up travels and remained in San Francisco to play a major role in her medical care, welfare, and household. Jim is survived by his brother Peter Lilienthal, his niece Ann Moniot Lilienthal, and other extended family.

Jim Courtright remembers:

"Jim Lilienthal was my Freshman Year roommate; he went to Pierson and I to Calhoun. We met up again at our 55th Reunion and he had a fantastic time. He told me that he had spent the last 50 years traveling widely to many countries

especially South America and getting to meet persons from other cultures. After June 2018, he and I started emailing one another on a variety of topics, ranging from the political scene in Wisconsin to his recent sharing of many photographs of Sicilian villages in late summer 2022. His last email last Fall contained a bit of good news and some shared humor; he said there was also some bad news he would tell us about later. He never sent the bad news but I knew what he had learned."

Jon Larson writes:

"Jim was truly a gentle soul. He possessed a never-ending intellectual curiosity. I never heard him express words of anger or deceit even though his innate shyness certainly made it more difficult for him to engage openly one on one. Karen and I enjoyed seeing his sweet smile and the twinkle in his eyes. Jim had two great passions in life, the World Affairs Council of San Francisco and global travel.

Jim was a very active member and sponsor of many of the events of the Bay Area Global Policy Forum, which explores political, economic, security, and environmental policy and practices through more than 100 moderated conversations every year which are open to members and the public. Jim worked hard to give audience members the chance to ask their questions to the speaker directly and gain insights they might not get elsewhere.

Jim was a tireless traveler and loved to be on the road. Jim joined us for several of the Yale 1963 get-togethers over the years. He was going to join us in May for the Yale 1963 San Francisco Gathering but he had to withdraw because he was battling the cancer that was taking him down."

Richard J. Malone



Died on December 18, 2022

Richard J. ("Dick") Malone passed away on December 18, 2022 at Mercy Health-St. Elizabeth Main Hospital, Youngstown, OH.

Dick was a 1959 graduate of Niles McKinley High School and a 1963 graduate of Yale University. Mr. Malone was employed initially by J & L Steel, followed the progression of the company through LTV and WCI, and retired from RG Steel as the Chief Industrial Engineer after more than 47 years of service to the companies. Mr. Malone was a staunch supporter of Liberty Township athletics and a member of the Liberty School Board. He was the past President and Treasurer of the Liberty Township Baseball Association and even coached baseball. He loved his trips to Avalon, NJ with his family. Madison on the Lake was also a special place for him and his family. He was a passionate Ohio State and Cleveland sports fan and loved watching his kids and grandkids in sporting events. Mr. Malone is survived by his wife of 54 years, the former Patricia McNamara; his sons Richard Malone, Vice President of Information Technology at Graphics Packaging, and David Malone, a high school principal in Niles, OH; and six grandchildren.

Skip Eastman remembers:

"I met Dick Malone our Freshman Year at Yale when we both lived in Vanderbilt. We remained good friends throughout our college years, although Dick moved to Saybrook while I went to Calhoun. We both joined Phi Gamma Delta where Dick was the House Chairman. He was a fun-loving guy with a dry wit. Dick was not always the life of the party, but rose to the

occasion when the alcohol was flowing freely. Dick was a groomsman in my wedding, and I in his. My wife, Midge, and I got together with Dick and his wife, Patty, at Class Reunions and visits to Dick's homes in Girard and Niles, OH and vacation home on Lake Erie, as well as our homes in NJ and MD. One year we rented a vacation home together in Avalon, N.J. near Joe and Frankie Lastowka's summer home. I have a fond memory of taking Dick's youngest son, David, fishing when he caught his first fish (5" long). Dick was a good friend, and we remained so until his death."

Joe Lastowka writes:

"In spite of the distance between Dick's Ohio home and mine near Philadelphia, I had a closer relationship to Dick Malone and his family for the past 60 years than with any other classmate. The bond between us began at Saybrook when we played intra-college basketball, together with his roommate Doc LeHew, and at Phi Gamma Delta where the three of us were brothers. It reached into our families after my wife Frankie and Dick's wife Pat first met at our fifth Reunion, and continued with our children as the Malones vacationed many years, including last summer, in Avalon, NJ where we've had a summer home for 50 years. Dick was deeply committed to serving his community as a youth sports coach and school board director. His biggest disappointment was the decline of the American steel industry where he worked from graduation until retirement. He had great pride in the accomplishments of his sons Rick and David, and his grandchildren. We often laughed about the Yale weekend I matched Dick up with a beautiful girl who was my first grade classmate. I married her a year after our Yale graduation, my wonderful wife Frankie of 58 years, who died shortly before Thanksgiving last year, only a month before Dick's death. The year 2022 ended with profound sadness."

William F. Moore



Died on April 12, 2023

Bill Kramer remembers:

Bill and I were both from Dallas when we entered Yale as good friends. We always found each other at the reunions and discussed what each of us

were doing with our lives at the time. Since he settled in New Haven, we lost touch some, but not much. We were both interested in architecture as a career, but after I saw some of Bill's drawings in one of the classes we attended together, I knew I did not have the talent needed for that profession and switched to an economics major. Bill always had a smile on his face when we met; I was always glad to see him.

Ed Dennis remembers:

Bill Moore was a wonderful, warm human being who had great loyalty to YALE, in addition to superb talent and skill as an architect.

Bob Dickie remembers: Losing Bill a few days ago just didn't fit with reality. He came to Yale and went through life a fit, athletic, bright, friendly fellow with a ready smile, and so he was til the end. His Texas charm and ready smile greeted everyone, friend and stranger alike, and brought warmth and intelligence to every room he entered.

He married the lovely Julie, with whom some of us had grown up through our teens in the New Haven area. Like Bill, Julie was and remains very friendly and widely admired and generous. They were a wonderful couple and great parents for their daughter Lisa and grandson Kiran.

Bill and Julie were a valuable force in New Haven, and Bill's architecture enriches key parts of the community. He also remained active until late in life with kayaking and wide range of interests. Our Class and the New Haven community will miss him.

Hank Wood and Lisa Moore remember.

Bill grew up in Dallas, TX, and graduated from St. Mark's School with his Yale roommate, Bart Brown. They invited two high school graduates to room with them at Yale, Jim Howard of Gainesville, GA, and Hank Wood of Des Moines, IA.

Bill earned a B.A. of Architecture in 1963 and a Masters of Architecture in 1966 from the Yale School of Architecture. During senior year, Bill met Julie Duff who was working in the Yale Dean's office. They married in 1965. Their daughter, Lisa, graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1995 from Brown. Lisa and her partner Vinetta gave birth to Bill's beloved grandson, Kiran, in 2014.

In 1967, Bill joined Roth and Saad Architects, a small New Haven firm where he worked for several years before co-founding and co-leading Roth and Moore Architects. In the subsequent decades, Roth and Moore's designs won numerous local, state, regional and national architectural awards. On the Yale campus, Roth and Moore designed Seeley Mudd Library, the Slifka Center for Jewish Life, and the renovation of Watson Hall on Prospect Street for the Department of Computer Science. Bill was devoted to Yale and loved living in the midst of New Haven. He served on the board of the AYA, as a director of the Yale Club of New Haven and as a member of its Alumni Schools Committee through which he interviewed local high school students applying to Yale. He served as an Associate Fellow of Berkeley College where he

had the great joy of getting to know a number of students and, for those contemplating a career in architecture, providing insight into the nature of the profession. Bill retired after 45 years of architecture practice and then went on to audit 30 Yale classes, surrounding himself with new ideas and with youthful energy and intellect. Bill supported and nurtured generations of Yale students far from home, including Hank's daughter, Susan 9Y0, her hockey goalie and swim team captain roommates and my granddaughter, Mary 2Y3.

The most wonderful Yale reunions were the 45th and 50th during which Julie and Bill hosted a Trumbull entryway consisting of 8 guests: a formal dinner, breakfasts and late-night kitchen roundtable humor. We were able to spend time with the people we loved, thanks to the Moores' hospitality. After suffering two strokes in February, Bill fought the good fight right up to his April 12th passing in New Haven. He is buried in Grove Street Cemetery, within view of many of the Yale buildings he loved.

Kenneth Edward Porter



Died on March 5, 2023

Kenneth Edward Porter passed away quietly at the age of 82 in Redwood City on Sunday, March 5, 2023, after a long struggle with dementia. His

family and several longtime friends visited him in his final days, and he was surrounded by the love and support of his three children until shortly before he took his last breath.

Born in Indianapolis on December 25, 1940, Ken made a group of lifelong friends there, including Sally, who would become his wife of 55 years. In 1963 he graduated from Yale University, where he majored in English, lived in Timothy Dwight College, and served as editor of the Yale Daily News; he went on to organize and participate in countless alumni functions and fundraising activities throughout his life to show his love for Yale. After college, he and Sally married and moved to the Bay Area, where he completed a law degree at U.C. Berkeley. The two of them then joined the Peace Corps, working on the island of Saipan from 1967 to 1968, an indelible experience that expanded their horizons as well as their circle of close friends.

Upon their return to the Bay Area, Ken worked for more than four decades in insurance sales and financial consulting, but his real focus was always on his family and friends. He was a devoted husband who loved being a father. Brilliantly smart, endlessly patient and kind, he was always quick with a funny remark, his dry, sardonic wit and eagerness to make people laugh in any situation made everyone who met him love him right away.

He and Sally enjoyed traveling in the U.S. and abroad, with their kids, with friends, or on their own; playing cards and games; hosting dinner parties and holiday gatherings; reading and going to the movies; and attending concerts by their favorite folk, country, and other artists. In his later years he was thrilled to become a doting grandfather to Claudia, Kenzie, and Madeline, who called him "Ganghee."

Ken is survived by his younger sister, Barbara; his three children, Ted, Daniel, and Amy; and his three granddaughters. He -will be loved and dearly missed always.

Donations in Ken's name are encouraged to be made to Mission Hospice and Home Care, Yale University, or the Alzheimer's Association.

Ken's children remember:

Our dad took his last breath at 9:28pm last night, March 5th, 2023. We were with him until a little after 8pm, talking to him, holding his hand and playing his favorite folk songs of the 60s.

The attending nurse said he had a smile on his face afterward, and we noticed it, too. I like to think that he is smiling because he is finally free and at peace. The nurses said a blessing and a prayer once we arrived.

We are extremely saddened to lose our dad, but it is a blessing that he is no longer struggling from dementia and can finally be at peace.

Thank you all for the love and support of both of our parents and for being a constant in our lives.

Best to you all, Amy, Daniel and Ted

Jon Larson remembers: Ken was another of those gems in the diamond mine during our four years in New Haven. Although I built and operated comfortably within my own vertical stovepipe of rich associations including engineering studies, roommates, Calhoun, Beta, Mace and Chain and intramural crew, I failed to continue to reach out further, ("drill and mine") for more associations with other organization and classmate gemstones as Ken. It was not until our 25th reunion that I started to become aware of what I had missed, and it was not until around our 40th that I first met Ken through our San Francisco Bay Area classmates and activities. He organized and sought out my participation in a number of activities designed to keep us '63 Alumni together. He was the co-president of the Bay Area Yale 1963 Club that sought out interesting speakers and

programs for us on a monthly basis throughout the year ranging from the former U.S. Ambassador to France Howard Leach (Yale '52) to world class scientists at UC dealing with diabetes treatments and other leading edge sciences.

Ken was a regular at our Yale/Harvard football games every year. He co-organized the Yale 1963 mini-reunion activities held here in San Francisco. A world class funds raiser, it was impossible to ignore his appeals for money and assistance raising money for Yale and Yale '63.

Ken always had a proverbial sparkle in his eyes and he loved to kid his good friends. He had a great sense of humor he shared with us. He ran his own insurance business, carried out his Dad and Grandpa responsibilities in the Porter family, and did his duties in neighborhood organizations including his church. Ken had one woman in his life, his beloved Sally, and they were an item, pledged to only each other from high school on to the end when we lost her unexpectedly and prematurely from a sudden onset of cancer. He soldiered on the best he could, relying more and more upon his three children to take over and help him manage his diminishing life skills right through to the end.

It was difficult in recent years watching the dementia slowly take the luster off that sparkling wit and experiencing his outgoing personality receding over the recent years he was afflicted. Well loved by all who knew him and generous to the end, Ken is one of those unique individuals who will remain in the heads and hearts of the many who knew him. His family reported to us he passed with a smile on his face, no doubt he knew he would soon be rejoining his beloved life partner Sally again and getting the place sorted out anticipating the arrival of the rest of us, and sharpening up his rapier wit to keep us entertained when the rest of us finally get there.

Fred Pritzker remembers:

When I first met Ken we were assignees as roommates in 384 Wright Hall along with Bill Bassin. It was clear to me that our common interests would allow us to click. We both were dating our future wives, we both loved English Literature, philosophy and politics and various sports. But what stood out most was Ken's unique and constant sense of humor. He had developed his own language which allowed him to pepper his speech with words like "grodner", "froglitz and "hoaggy". When it was time for bed Ken would often coax us to the stairwell for his version of the "384 cheer". We joined 4 others for our next 3 years at Timothy Dwight. Many of us married our Yale dates which further cemented our lifelong bonds - travelling together, visiting each other and later meeting by Zoom. I will miss him dearly.

Ron Allison remembers:

Ken was a generous supporter of Yale education and especially the Yale Class of '63. He served as a fund raiser for our class gifts in Northern California. Events at his picturesque hillside home in Lafayette near Mt. Diablo brought us together to enjoy each other's company and to encourage donations. Ken's enthusiasm for our class and fellow classmates will be missed.

Joe Wood remembers: Those who knew Ken Porter at Yale and at Yale Class meetings after graduation will know what I mean when I say Ken was a funny guy, a devoted supporter of Yale, a passionate Democrat and a loving husband to his dear wife Sally. But there are some other qualities of Ken which are perhaps not so well known. After Yale Ken and Sally signed up as Peace Corp volunteers in Micronesia. The choice reflected the idealism of the Kennedy era, but it was also a way for Ken to provide practical help to people who needed it. After law school in California Ken never was tempted by a career in law. He chose insurance instead. I liked to kid him about the less than stellar returns embedded in some whole life

insurance policies, but to Ken insurance was not a financial choice. He saw it as a crucial source of protection if and when things went badly wrong. He knew cases where that had happened and he was proud to think that he was helping people avoid such awful outcomes. As a passionate progressive in politics Ken wasn't content to just heap scorn on the other side -though he did do some of that. He actually liked canvassing at election time, going door to door, making a small but intensely practical difference. The common theme to all of these endeavors was simple: do what you can to make a positive difference in the lives of others. And be humorous as you do it!

Pennell Rock remembers: Ken Porter, my friend with a kind soul and a smart sense of irony. I did not know him as an undergraduate, but we became friends as fellow alumni in San Francisco. He was very devoted to Yale, and after retiring had a great life with his wife Sally, his life-long love, organizing many events to bring San Francisco '63 folks together. I was very sad to hear of his decline with Alzheimer's, which with the death of his wife, seemed to decline even more precipitously.

Jim Courtright remembers:

I did not know Ken Porter until he recruited me to be one of the several Class Agents for the YAF in about 1994. Over the years, we had many pleasant and often humorous email exchanges, both about life in general and about writing effective appeals to likely donors. His phone calls often came in late spring with just one more short list of classmates to contact before the end of the campaign year. He truly cared about the Class and about Yale and took pride in the dollar amount raised and in the solid participation percentage achieved. His tireless efforts resulted in recognition by the YAF, for which he received

the Chair's Award on behalf of the Class. He made me and many others feel as if we had been good friends ever since our Yale beginnings. All of us who knew him were saddened by his change in health and will savor for years to come those many moments from our joint past.

Christopher Frank Sheridan



Died on September 15, 2020

Christopher F. Sheridan died peacefully at home on September 15, 2020.

He is survived by his companion, Phyllis Vinci; his sons, Chris D. (Maureen) & Jeremy A. (Amy); and grandchildren, Alyx, Tucker & Jax. He is preceded in death by his parents, and brother.

Chris was born in NY on March 21, 1942. He graduated from Yale (1963) and entered Naval Officer Candidate School. He returned to Yale for an MA in City Planning, graduating first in class (1969) & earning the Parsons medal.

Chris married Claire Effinger in 1965 and had two sons (div. 1979). Chris had a fruitful & diverse career in Project Planning, Community & Economic Development, first in DC, then Dover & Portsmouth, NH. He co-owned Coastal Shores Real Estate (NH) until 1990. His work as a realtor/investor took him to Florida then Tucson, where he met his love, Phyllis, in 2005. Chris was passionate about tennis, hiking, traveling, & photography.

Friends will most remember his sharp wit & ready jokes. His sons remember him as a supportive and engaged father who strongly encouraged them to pursue their goals. Most of all, he will be

remembered for the deep love he held for Phyllis, his family, and friends.

Duward Franklin Sumner Jr.



Died on January 15, 2023

Duward Franklin Sumner, Jr., 81, left this world to join the love of his life, his partner of 54 years, James Earl Dice.

Duward passed away on January 15, 2023 in Arlington, VA, as a result of a stroke. He was soon joined by his sister Sharon Willey, on February 5, 2023. He is survived by his sisters Linda Elwood (Judd) and Selma Sue Simpkins. He is also survived by cousin Sandy Mathews, Sister-in-law Linda Kagy and numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by parents Duward Franklin Sumner and Bennie Marjorie Sumner Kagy and stepfather J.B. Kagy.

Duward was born on June 29, 1941 and grew up in Dallas, Texas. He graduated from Woodrow Wilson High School in 1959 and Yale University in 1963. After serving several years in the U.S. Navy, Duward and Jim traveled the world together while living in San Francisco, Pompono Beach, Florida and Washington D.C. Duward was a member of theatrical organizations in both San Francisco and the Washington D.C. area and was a member of Actors Equity Association. In addition, he was a founding member of the Gay Men's Chorus of Washington D.C. Duward worked in the insurance industry (what performers call "your day job") for years as vice president of the National Professional Insurance Agents of America and later for the U.S. Merit Systems Protection Board.

Tom Stempel remembers:

Duward Sumner and I had the good fortune to both be assigned to Jonathan Edwards College in our sophomore year. JE had and still has a long history of arts activity, as the Master at our time Beekman Cannon wrote in a small book entitled *Music & the Performing Arts in Jonathan Edwards College*. Both Duward and I were interested in theatre, and the college had The Gilbert & Sullivan Society, which put on musicals. I was also involved in the larger Yale Drama Association, but Duward stuck to the G&S. I think he figured, rightly, that he could get bigger and better roles at JE than at the YDA. At the end of our sophomore year he played the lead in Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*. Since there were not yet any women undergraduates, we had to search far and wide for women to appear in our shows.

We ended up doing three productions our senior year. The first was a revue for Princeton weekend. A second production was a real off-the-wall choice. It was not a musical, but Cyril Tourneur's 1606 Jacobean *The Revenger's Tragedy*.

And then we went our ways, not altogether separately. I went into the Navy and married Kerstin in 1964. We had 53 great years together before she passed away in 2018. Duward joined the Navy and after his discharge he got back into acting, appearing in both Equity and non-Equity shows. In 1969 he moved to Washington D.C. and while working in the insurance business managed to appear on stage, in educational and industrial films, and in occasional feature films.

In 1975 Kerstin and I were in Washington and we visited Duward. When we walked into his apartment and looked at the décor, I knew at once what I had not known before. He was gay. The reason he ended up in Washington was he had met Jim Dice in San Francisco. Jim was a dentist in the Navy. They were together over forty years. Jim died a year ago.

David E. Winebrenner, IV



Died on March 28, 2023

David Edwin Winebrenner, IV of Naples, FL, formerly of Darien, CT, died on Tuesday, March 28.

Dave was born in Hanover, PA, on September 13, 1940, to Betsy and David (Ned) Winebrenner. He graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, MA and Yale University in 1963. After graduation, Dave served in the US Navy on the U.S.S. Alamo, a troop transport ship operating in the South China Sea at the onset of the Vietnamese War.

In 1966, Dave married Elizabeth Cooper. They first lived in Michigan and then moved to Wallingford, PA where Dave received his MBA from Drexel and their three children were born. Dave and Liz then moved to Darien, CT where he was active in the children's soccer program, Babe Ruth League, St. Luke's Parish and the Kiwanis Club. A lover of playing music, especially the guitar, Dave played in two old time rock and roll bands, The Retreads and Elmo Kelsey.

The majority of his business life was spent in the field of insurance. Upon retiring, Dave and Liz moved to Naples where Dave was an active volunteer for the Naples Therapeutic Riding Center, serving for a number of years on its Board. He loved his time with the horses and students.

Most of all, Dave loved spending time with his family and grandchildren. Summering at Lake Geneva, WI was a highlight as he was able to gather with his children and their families and spend quiet time on the water.

Dave is survived by his wife of 57 years, a son and daughter-in-law, Dewey and Anne Winebrenner of Lake Forest, IL, another son and daughter-in-law, Andy and Wesley Winebrenner of Vestavia

Hills, AL, and a daughter and son-in-law, Catie and Paul Jacobsen of Winnetka, IL and nine grandchildren, Meg, Ellie, Bobby, Nick and Ben Winebrenner of Lake Forest, Seve Winebrenner of Vestavia Hills, and Cooper, Will and Teddy Jacobsen of Winnetka. He is also survived by two sisters, Elizabeth Fawcett of Abbottstown, PA and Kris Ratliff of Tucson, AZ. He was predeceased by his brother, John.

A memorial service will be held at a later date in Darien. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in his name to the Naples Therapeutic Riding Center.

Dave loved the sea, he loved the beach, he loved his grandchildren. It is fitting that he spent his last moments enjoying all three.

Jon Larson remembers:

Dave lived in “The Castle” with six others of us, a special block of five rooms reserved for seniors in Calhoun (Hopper) College that he shared with roommates Eric Schultz, Bill Robbins, Juan Rodriguez, Rusty Hale, Bill Bell and myself.

At our 50th reunion he shared the following wisdom he had gleaned from his 50 years after Yale in the military service, an extensive career in insurance, coaching young people in sports, volunteer work supporting Yale, and being the proud patriarch to his large family which was the true source of so much enjoyment in his life.

1. Keeping a positive attitude is essential.
2. Find out what you enjoy doing the most and then it is not work anymore.
3. Save 10% of everything you earn and invest it wisely.

The unexpected suddenness of his passing so close to our 60th Reunion (he fully intended to join us) is another reminder to each of us to value the remaining time we have to enjoy each other, the blessings of our loved ones, and the Earth's bounty around us with the measure of time we have left.

Bill Bell remembers:

I can't remember Dave without a smile, or at least the sneaky beginning of a smile, on his face.

Dave simply loved just about every minute of what he was up to, from the camaraderie of managing Yale's football team to tuning up his guitar. He took an interest in what each of us senior year “suitemates” in “The Castle” were doing, constantly wished us well in everything, and took on responsibilities such as supplying a case of “mixer” for drinks (from his family-owned “PM Juice” plant in Gettysburg, PA) and collecting everyone's share of the monthly phone bill.

And did he love Rock and Roll! His summer prior to senior year had been as a member of a group—I think they called themselves the “Red Jackets”—made up of Yale and other collegians and playing the raucous joints on the shores of Lake George NY. Dave and my last hour on campus as Yale seniors, following the commencement ceremonies and then the distribution of diplomas back in the college courtyard, was spent, amidst packing, in Dave's room. He hooked up his speaker and echo chamber, fired up his guitar, and we belted out some favorites. Best way to end it!

But it didn't end there—Dave and his gang played at one of our YC '63 reunions. Abandoning his collegiate crew cut, he came to reunions looking more and more distinguished. I was again looking forward to his mischievous smile at our 60th, but the sadness of his absence is tempered by the knowledge that he left us with his life so well lived.

End of our Remembrances of Classmates
who have passed on.

Some Shared Observations on our Own Futures



“The Long Goodbye”. All those gathered here today are in some manner or other, now and will be over the coming years, engaged in the long process of saying goodbye. Every day, hour and minute we are here become ever more precious and valued as the allotted time for our lives here on Earth seems to accelerate towards its end. This includes the painful possibility of living on with our lives diminished after losing long time Life Partners who may predecease us (“Con te Partirò”).

Looking forward from here, our hope must be that our experience and insights have become a permanent part of history and that they will be openly valued and shared so that others who follow us will view, appreciate and benefit from our commitments and vision. Your lives reflect in many ways our hopes for securing a better future for our society and this nation.

Our collective story including all of those we honor and remember here today, may be seen as a continuing volume in a greater story that is yet to be written by new generations of Yale men and women including the Yale Class of 2023 who in 60 years will be writing their own Class Book “Yale 2023 at 60” as Yale reaches its own 362nd year since founding in 1701 as “The Collegiate School to educate students for Public employment both in Church and Civil State.” In the over 300 years since its founding, Yale has worked to educate those who would become leaders and contributors to every sector of society. You have continued in that tradition well.

And now as our physical capabilities begin and continue to fail us, and as our mental recall becomes less crisp....

our Consciousness of things for which to be thankful and our ability to love and to forgive, others and especially ourselves, continue to expand towards infinity as we become more God-like ourselves. This is God’s way and will.

• • • — *Jon Larson*



....In reflecting back, we gain added respect for the accuracy of our alma mater's prophecy:

*"How bright will seem through memory's haze,
Those happy, golden, bygone days."*

How brighter, indeed, do they now seem.

Robert Penn Warren was a professor of literature at Yale when we were here. His Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, "All The King's Men," ends with:

*"...Soon now we shall go out of the house and go into the convulsion of the world,
out of history into history and the awful responsibility of Time."*

We were in the "house" of Yale for four years; we have been out for sixty. As undergraduates we did not contemplate, nor could we comprehend, a temporal passage of such magnitude. I have lived through the six decades, but I cannot tell you where the years have gone. Again from our Alma Mater:

"...How swiftly are ye gliding by, Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?..."

Now we members of the Class of 1963 reconvene. The sixty years that were in our future are in our past. For all the divergence in life's paths over that interval, **we share one convergence – our awareness, growing daily in poignancy and acuity, of the awful and precious responsibility of Time.**

• • • – *Avi Nelson*



It has also become clear that the older we grow, the more precious family and friends become. Anne and I spend far more time with each other and have grown ever closer these days. She is a source of joy as well as strength. We also see far more of our two children,

We especially like it when they join us at our wonderful get-away place on Cape Cod and travel with us beyond our borders. To a welcome

degree, we also find ourselves sharing dinners and lunches with friends as often as once a week. They keep us alive and laughing. At the same time, it has become clear that we are more vulnerable than 10 or even 5 years ago. Our bodies and our minds are not as nimble as they once were. And we have experienced profound sorrow at too many memorial services.

We are pursuing all of the obvious — exercise, nutrition, sleep, social engagement and the like. But we have also come to believe that a certain amount of acceptance — stoicism, as the ancients called it — is necessary. As a friend recently told me, “Clearly, 60 has become the old 50; 70 has become the old 60, but remember: 80 is still 80!”

When all is said and done, we are immensely grateful that we are still vertical. We still have family and friends to sustain us. **And many of us have had glorious lives — due in no small part to our years together at Yale.**

• • • — *David Gergen*



The vision of comprehensive central planning collapsed with the Berlin wall in 1989. Even with modern supercomputers, the economy is far too complex to be managed by the largest and most idealistic of hierarchies. Instead, countries have found the formula for prosperity in the mixed economy: contracts that govern private exchange, government support for basic science, alongside profit-oriented research and innovation of the market. *Looking Backward* reminds us of the profound difficulty of predicting the structure of our societies far into the future.

If we go to sleep today and wake up at century’s end, what will we find in 2100? Will it be a dystopian landscape where the successors of today’s thuggish leaders find new methods of control and new tales to spin about ancient empires and climate change? Will ocean crustaceans be footnotes in the cookbooks? Will the Western forests of the United States be replaced by charred ponderosa pines and savanna?

It need not be so. We should instead find strength from our valiant high-school science teachers, our great research universities, and forward-looking political leaders. We should insist that the data-based facts and theories of natural and social scientists replace fake facts and false narratives. We should persuade nations to look to the EU and similar club-like organizations as models for global governance in human rights, resisting war, and climate control.

Our futures are not in the stars but in ourselves. We will not be here in 2100 to witness the results of our efforts. However, our grandchildren will be here, with their children and their grandchildren. I hope that they will look backward with appreciation – that they can say that **We, in this generation, including the efforts of the Yale Class of 1963, had the resolve to overcome the obstacles and take the steps necessary to preserve our precious democracies and this beautiful planet.**

• • • — *Bill Nordhaus*

Enjoy the little things in life.
One day you may look back,
and realize they were the big things.



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YALE UNIVERSITY

CLASS OF 1963

May, 1963

The Class Council

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FIELDING LEWIS WILLIAMS, JR.

Yale today is a far cry from the Yale of fifty years ago. Gone forever are the days of the trolley car and the horse and buggy. Just as Yale has changed in the past, she will surely change in the future -- and so will we. Now, on the eve of graduation, minds are filled with memories of the past four years and faces of friends are quite distinct. But all too soon these memories and faces will fade.

In the following pages, our classmates have tried to create a vehicle by which our fading memories may be revived. This book is not meant to be merely a contemporary factual review of undergraduate life -- that would be both dull and meaningless. Rather, through subjective interpretations of undergraduate life, the editors have attempted to capture some of the spirit of Yale as we have known it. Subjective interpretations such as these demand more than a passing glance from readers. They demand a personal involvement. With this involvement, undergraduate life becomes eternal. Now, and fifty years from now, we will be able not only to read of past experiences, but also to relive them.

And so we move on into the future. Undergraduate Yale will soon be left far behind. But even when our undergraduate days become the "horse and buggy" days to a future generation, each of us will carry with him at least a bit of the past in the pages of this Class Book.



Wally Grant

Secretary, Class of 1963
Wallace Howard Grant

Gentlemen,
May you rest in eternal peace.
You will remain in our heads and hearts...
Forever.



*The Yale Class of 1963 expresses its profound gratitude and appreciation
to our classmate Jon H. Larson and his Larson Family Foundation www.lff1.org
for their work in formatting and producing this In Memoriam Book
documenting the passings of Classmates
and for maintaining the Class of 1963 Website where it is available to all.*
