

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
Stanton E. Samenow	May 8, 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

..... 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.

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:

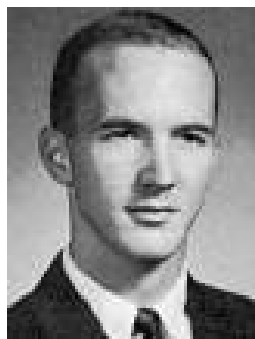
"I met Dick Malone our Freshman Year at Yale when we both lived in Vanderbilt. We remained good friends throughout our college years, although Dick moved to Saybrook while I went to Calhoun. We both joined Phi Gamma Delta where Dick was the House Chairman. He was a fun-loving guy with a dry wit. Dick 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.

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

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", "frogritz 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.

Stanton E. Samenow



Died on My 8,2023

Stanton E. Samenow died on May 8, 2023 of complications from leukemia in a hospital in Fairfax County, VA. Dr. Samenow devoted decades of his career to

the study and rehabilitation of criminal offenders, beginning in 1970 with his work alongside Samuel Yochelson, a psychiatrist who oversaw a years-long study of patients at St. Elizabeths psychiatric hospital in Washington, D.C. At that time, psychologists generally agreed that many if not most criminal offenders had mental disturbances which could be treated through psychotherapy. That approach, Yochelson and Dr. Samenow came to believe, was profoundly flawed. Yochelson and Dr. Samenow compiled their findings in a work titled *The Criminal Personality*, published in three volumes from 1976 to 1986. Dr. Samenow also wrote *Inside the Criminal Mind*, a book geared more toward a popular readership and first published in 1984. Dr. Samenow and Yochelson identified more than 50 “errors in thinking” that lead criminals to see the world as “a chessboard, with other people serving as pawns to gratify their desires.” “Criminals cause crime – not bad neighborhoods, inadequate parents, television, schools, drugs, or unemployment. Crime resides within the minds of human beings and is not caused by social conditions,” Dr. Samenow wrote in *Inside the Criminal Mind*. Dr. Samenow formulated intensive counseling techniques used in prisons to help offenders avoid recidivism by breaking away from those “errors in

thinking.” At the core of the approach was acceptance of individual responsibility. Dr. Samenow, who left St. Elizabeths in 1978 to pursue a private practice in northern Virginia, frequently testified in court, mainly as a prosecution witness, in cases involving the insanity defense. Dr. Samenow received a bachelor’s degree in psychology from Yale University in 1963 before pursuing graduate studies in psychology at the University of Michigan, where he received a master’s degree in 1964 and a doctorate in 1968. He is survived by his wife of 52 years, the former Dorothy Kellman, two sons, Charles and Jason Samenow, and two grandchildren. Stanton E. Samenow died on May 8, 2023 of complications from leukemia in a hospital in Fairfax County, VA. Dr. Samenow devoted decades of his career to the study and rehabilitation of criminal offenders, beginning in 1970 with his work alongside Samuel Yochelson, a psychiatrist who oversaw a years-long study of patients at St. Elizabeths psychiatric hospital in Washington, D.C. At that time, psychologists generally agreed that many if not most criminal offenders had mental disturbances which could be treated through psychotherapy. That approach, Yochelson and Dr. Samenow came to believe, was profoundly flawed. Yochelson and Dr. Samenow compiled their findings in a work titled *The Criminal Personality*, published in three volumes from 1976 to 1986. Dr. Samenow also wrote *Inside the Criminal Mind*, a book geared more toward a popular readership and first published in 1984. Dr. Samenow and Yochelson identified more than 50 “errors in thinking” that lead criminals to see the world as “a chessboard, with other people serving as pawns to gratify their desires.” “Criminals cause crime – not bad neighborhoods, inadequate parents, television,

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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, & 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.
