



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES JANUARY-FEBRUARY 2022

John Impert reports: “At the end of July, I fell down our cellar stairs, seven steps to a wall and a 90-degree turn, then seven more steps to another wall and another 90-degree turn. I was unconscious at the bottom for some seconds, awaking to find blood spurting across my skull, as well as a crumpled right wrist. My fall occurred during a heat wave. Annick and I had gone up to bed and turned off the lights. Deciding it was too hot to sleep, I had descended to the ground floor in the dark with a pillow in one hand and a book in the other. Spurning a few further steps to a hallway light, I groped for the switch for the cellar stairs light, planning to sleep in our much cooler basement bedroom. Stepping unexpectedly into the dark staircase, I bounced to the bottom. Two physician friends in Seattle suggested likely outcomes. If I had been taking a blood thinner, like many our age, I would have quickly bled to death. If I had remained unconscious for a few minutes, even without a blood thinner, I could also have ‘bled out.’ As it was, regaining consciousness quickly, I called out to Annick and removed my T-shirt to try to staunch the blood flow. Then I remounted the two flights of stairs and, covered by then in blood, I surprised Annick, brushing her teeth, crying out to her to call 911. The responding firemen created a turban of bandages over my head and asked our son, who lives nearby and had been summoned by his mother, to drive me to an Emergency Room, saying they had a wait list for ambulances and I seemed to be ambulatory. It was also a busy night at the University of Washington's ER. After negative CT scans of my head and neck, the attending residents did not complete their ministrations of my wounds until morning. I was released (to a second son) at 8:30 AM with 23 sutures in my skull and a heavy cast extending nearly to my right shoulder (following a painful ‘reduction’ of the broken wrist bones by the orthopedic resident). Unfortunately, in mid-August, when the initial cast was removed, my broken radius proved to be ‘unstable,’ so wrist surgery was needed to insert a metal plate and screws. After six weeks, the surgeon said I could discard my wrist brace. As reminders of the accident, I retain a six-inch

scar across my skull as well as a 2.5-inch scar on my wrist. Needless to say, I'm determined never again to walk around in the dark.”

Nancy Petty relates: “On Saturday, October 9, 2021, the Yale Rowing community, family, and friends gathered at Yale’s Gilder Boat House in Derby, CT to christen The **William ‘Bull’ Petty** Captain ’63 Boat (Shell). Yale Rowing Coach Steve Gladstone was Master of Ceremonies for this momentous occasion. Ed Trippe and Harry Howell were Crew mates who rowed with Bill and orchestrated the ‘Petty Project’. Will Elting was in attendance, as was **Nancy Godfrey Lundy**, whose deceased husband, **Peter Godfrey**, rowed with Bill. Bill’s and my two sons Jonathan and Timothy and their wives and children were all present.”

Alan Schwartzman writes: “Mary and I are moving East after 54 years in Boise, Idaho, where I served for my entire career in the Idaho Judiciary. Our new address will be 1150 Eleni Lane, West Chester, PA 19382. Reunion trips to New Haven will now be a lot shorter and more plentiful than before. Looking forward to this new phase of our lives. We will eventually move into a Quaker Senior community for active (i.e., non-senile/demented) adults called Kendall Crosslands, about ten minutes away from Eleni, the home of our nurse-practitioner daughter and her family. So, ready or not, here we come!”

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 seven 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 emceeding 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 Rose** recalls: "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." **Bill Seawright** relates: "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.” **Mike Skol** recalls: “I knew Bob at Yale via WYBC. He became Vice Chairman and I became Program Director. Great fun to work with him. Inkling 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** adds: “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.”

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 recounts: “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.” **Mike Wilder** writes: “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.”

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