



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES JANUARY - FEBRUARY 2023

SAVE THE DATES! Our Free 60th Reunion will be held in New Haven from **Thursday afternoon, May 25, 2023 through Sunday morning, May 28, 2023**. Even if you have never before come to a Reunion, we look forward to seeing you there. In fact, especially if you have never before come to a Reunion, we look forward to seeing you at this one. It will be our best and most inclusive Reunion yet.

You will have a choice of accommodations for the Reunion. Rooms will be available free of charge for all members of the Yale '63 Family in the Reunion residential college (yet to be identified). Hotel rooms will also be available to be reserved from blocks of rooms that Yale has asked to be set aside for reunion attendees at downtown New Haven hotels. Reservations for rooms in the residential college and for hotel rooms in the Yale-reserved blocks will open simultaneously early next year, at a date and time to be specified. We will give you ample and repeated notice of the date and time when the reservations will open. In the meantime, rumor has it that classmates have been able to reserve hotel rooms at the Blake, the Courtyard Marriott, the Graduate (the former Duncan), and the New Haven Hotel.

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.

Dave Breithaupt writes: “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.”

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 attend 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.

Jud Calkins recalls: “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.” **Jim Little** writes: “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.”

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 butterflies 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.”

Michler Bishop remembers Fred Schneider as follows: “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 day, and he was ready with his usual insightful, wry observations.” **Jud Calkins** writes: “Freddie 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.” **Paul Field** recalls: “Fred and I met at WYBC, and I have enjoyed his company ever since. He was extraordinarily charming, caring, funny, smart, creative, involved, and just great fun to have in one’s life.” **Geoff Martin** shares: “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 our lunchtime video gatherings, and I will miss his intelligent commentary.” **Avi Nelson** writes: “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. When he spoke about some pieces in the collection, the MFA experts listened intently to him. Regrettably, Fred contracted a form of ALS. With characteristic will and courage, Fred soldiered on, continuing to attend the monthly New York Class of '63 lunches and to participate in e-mail discussions with our '63 group. As he and I had similar perspectives, I was enlightened by numerous conversations with him about the political world.” **Mike Skol** recalls: “Fred and I have been friends since our days at WYBC. Something of an

iconoclast, he could be acerbic, especially about US 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 cloisonné to the point where he became a notable collector, a recognized expert, a lecturer on the subject (including in Japan!), 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. He refused to be self-conscious about his condition – thereby putting visitors at maximum ease. When I brought him dark chocolate bars (his favorite), I had to put the stuff in his mouth. One wonders how most of us would handle that kind of catastrophe.”

Edward J. Walsh, Jr. died on October 1, 2022 from the consequences of metastatic prostate cancer. He attended Crosby High School before enrolling at Yale University, where he received his B.S. in Chemistry in 1963. From there he moved to Madison, WI, where he attended the University of Wisconsin, from which he received his Ph.D. in Chemistry in 1968. After NIH post-doctoral studies at Cornell University, he and his family moved to the Rochester, NY area, joining the Eastman Kodak Research Laboratories (photographic systems) in 1969. He leaves behind his loving wife of 59 years, Lea; three children, Edward, Deborah, and Rachel’ and six grandchildren, Brendan, Cameron, Trevor, Taryn, Hazel, and Riley, all of whom brought great pride and joy to his life. 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 back yard as well as playing at all of the courses that Rochester has to offer.

John Harper writes: “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.: **Al 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."

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 imperfect. 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.

Jud Calkins writes: “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.” **Bill 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.” **Jim Little** recalls: “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.” **Ian Robertson** says: “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. Hank Higdon, the MVP of our undefeated freshman team, referred to John as the heart and soul of the squad, the personification of our mantra: ‘when the going gets tough, the tough get going.’ When his knees gave out after freshman year, coach Gib Holgate recruited John to coach the freshman team in hopes that Tex would imbue later classes with his fighting spirit. It was only fitting that after serving in The Corps and reaching the rank of Captain, he moved to San Antonio. In an earlier era, he would have stood with Travis, and Bowie, and Crockett at the Alamo. In ‘after years’ Tex and I formed a special bond as a result of our encounters with the ‘black dog’ of depression. We ignored the notion that depression was a sign of weakness, and that ‘real men’ did not discuss their travails. We helped one another through some tough times. No man was more loyal. I was deeply moved when Tex together

with Wally Grant attended the celebration of life that we held for Barbara, my wife and companion for 49 years. 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.’”

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