



Class of 1963 – Alumni Notes January-February 2024

Jud Calkins reports: “**Hank Higdon’s** granddaughter Casey O'Brien is tearing it up as an All-American Junior on Wisconsin's national championship women’s ice hockey team. I got to watch her when the Badgers were in playoffs last season and Hank tipped me off to a televised game. This September I got to watch her in person when she appeared in the St. Louis area for a two-game series. They prevailed handily in both games and Casey had a goal and an assist in the one I saw. Stay tuned for her on TV as Wisconsin moves into national contention again this season.”

Eben Ludlow, Pepper Stuessy, and Bill Bell followed up our Reunion with a visit to spookmate **Charlie Brinley**, who is recovering well from “heart events,” and then to the Upper Connecticut River for several days of canoeing not-so-gentle rapids, followed by a week of hiking and fishing in Maine’s Baxter State Park semi-wilderness. Lots of rain, conversations, and a few moose. Bill Bell reports: “There was a moment, the day after Memorial Day, as Eben and I had dumped and were hanging on to the canoe at the top of a set of pretty big rapids, that we potentially could have qualified for both the adventure and obituary sections of the Class Notes. The Upper Connecticut in springtime is No River for Old Men.”

Dick Moser writes: “I’m pleased to share that I’ve been selected as one of 14 members of the Small Business Administration’s new Investment Capital Advisory Committee (ICAC). This committee will provide advice, insights, and recommendations to SBA on matters broadly relating to facilitating greater access and availability of patient investment capital for small business. A new path to which I look forward.”

Avi Nelson reports: “For five and a half years, 1984-1990, I was the editorial director of the then all-news radio station in Boston, MA (WEEI). In that capacity, I wrote, presented to an editorial board for advice and consent, and broadcast generally three editorials per week. There were over 700 in all. I have put together a compendium of these editorials and self-published them in two books, Vol. 1: 1984-1986, and Vol. 2: 1987-1990 – one editorial per page. Read now, some of the presentations are dated, made anachronous by, as our alma mater foretold, “time and change.” Others could have been written yesterday – the issues unresolved and the debates unchanged over the intervening decades. The

editorials bear a libertarian/conservative orientation, reflective of the author and the board. But as a whole, the compendium provides an angular political-historical record of the period – including the 1988 presidential campaign, when Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis was the Democrat nominee and nearly won the presidency. My objective is to offer the books gratis to libraries, organizations, academies, think tanks, and/or individuals for purposes of research and scholarship.”

Ian Robertson recounts: “On August 30, I stood on a *lauhala* mat placed on the promontory in front of my *hale kaha kai*. Behind me, the ocean and a glorious Kona sunset. I was waiting for *Kahu* Dan Akaka and his wife Anna to lead my bride-to-be to join me on the mat. Bonnie and I had agreed to never marry, but our 65th Reunion changed everything, aided by **Chris Getman** (who escaped his Rhode Island cardiac ward to make fun of me), **Benno**, and **Capt. Gwin** and **Sonar Landa** (who invited Bonnie to join that most clandestine of (male only) Societies). On our return to Palm Springs, I invited Bonnie to dinner where I announced: ‘I want to renegotiate!’ ‘Does that mean you want the other side of the bed?’ she asked. I produced a green velvet pouch containing a ring. Bonnie was stunned. ‘Does this mean you want to get engaged?’ She said. ‘Do you?’ I countered. ‘Yes,’ she said. ‘As long as we don’t have to get married.’ So, on August 30, we did. And we danced barefoot on my lawn. On Saturday, October 15, Bonnie and I were supposed to leave for our honeymoon. Bonnie woke me early Saturday morning. ‘Don’t freak out!’ She said. “On Thursday I thought I had a UTI. A doctor at Urgent Care advised a CT scan but when I told him that we were leaving on my honeymoon Saturday he said it could wait three weeks, but I had severe back pain last night.’ I called **Jim Biles** and asked him to speak to Bonnie. After speaking to him Bonnie handed me the phone. Jim said, ‘If she has a tumor in her kidney and it dislodges, she could bleed out. If she has a kidney stone, she could be in agony for three weeks, and if you don’t have access to proper care it might be infected and she could die. **Cancel your flight and get her to Emergency RIGHT NOW!**’ A trip to the emergency room aided by constant advice from Dr. Biles resulted in the immediate removal of a very large kidney stone. By Sunday morning Bonnie was home, and we rescheduled our honeymoon. Three weeks of agony or perhaps catastrophe avoided. **Thank God for Jim Biles.**”

Tom Stempel reports that he was gobsmacked in September 2023 when he was awarded the inaugural Lifetime Achievement Award for Service to Screenwriting Research. He had no idea it was in the works. The award was given by the international organization Screenwriting Research Network, which includes screenwriting researchers around the world. When Tom started researching screenwriting in the late sixties, nobody else was doing that, especially in America, where the emphasis in film history was on directors. Although there are now more researchers studying screenwriting in the U.S., the focus is still on directors, which is less true in other countries. Tom explains that this is why he has a bigger international fan base than his domestic one. Tom started researching screenwriting when he was a graduate student at UCLA, and he has written six books, five of them on screen and television writing. Four of his six books are still in print, including his definitive *FrameWork: A History of Screenwriting in the American Film* and *Storytellers to the Nation: A History of American Television Writing*. For the past 15 years he has written the online column “Understanding Screenwriting,” which you can read at <https://scriptmag.com/author/>.

James Lewis Axtell died on August 28, 2023. Jim graduated from Yale in 1963 and earned a Ph.D. in History from Cambridge University in 1967. Athletics played a large role in his college years. Jim set records in track both at Yale and at Cambridge. He was chosen for the All-England university basketball team after being the top scorer on the Cambridge varsity for two years. Jim later claimed that he finished his Ph.D. dissertation in only two years so that he could return to the U.S. without having to guard first team All-American and Rhodes Scholar Bill Bradley on the Oxford team the following year. After teaching at Yale, Sarah Lawrence, and Northwestern, in 1978 he became Professor of History at the College of William and Mary, where he remained for 30 years of distinguished service. Jim was a prolific and multi-faceted scholar, at home in colonial American history, Native American history, and the history of higher education. He wrote a 650-page history of *The Making of Princeton University* and a major work on ethnohistory, *The Invasion Within: The Contest of Cultures in Colonial North America*. Jim was predeceased by his beloved wife and best friend of 61 years, Susan Hallas Axtell. He is survived by his two sons Nathaniel and Jeremy and two grandchildren.

Doug Allen remembers: “At a special track and field reunion celebration at the Yale Club in New York, it was emphasized that 1959-1964 was the high point in the history of Yale track and field. Jim’s contributions were outstanding. I recall that he set Yale records in the long jump and in the triple jump. After our graduation in 1963, he went to Cambridge University, where he set Cambridge and U.K. jumping records that stood for decades. That a classmate so healthy and so productive has died reminds me of our mortality and how grateful I am for our many years of meaningful experiences.” **Kip Clark** writes: “In our Sophomore Year, Jim and I lived in Silliman College where we became good friends and History Majors. During Senior Year, while writing our senior theses, we stumbled on unpublished photographs in the Yale Manuscript Division in our different fields. Jim had worked in a darkroom earlier and he suggested that we spend a day in the Silliman darkroom developing full-page copies for our theses. To our surprise, both our theses won departmental prizes. After graduation, I often saw Jim at National History Conferences. He was a remarkably gifted historian and one of the leading scholars in the emerging field of Native American history.” **Hank Hallas** recalls: “Jim was a hard working scholar and athlete. He set a high standard. He dated Susan Hallas (no relative) at Wellesley College and I dated my first wife, Susan Seymour, also at Wellesley. Jim used to kid me about that from time to time. He had a great sense of humor. I tried, without success, to get him to come to our Reunions. I wish I had succeeded.”

Warren Hoge died peacefully at home of pancreatic cancer on August 23, 2023. After being expelled from Exeter for gambling, Warren graduated from Trinity School in New York in 1959 and from Yale in 1963. After serving in the Army for six months in 1964, Warren attended graduate school at George Washington University while working as a reporter for the old Washington Star in 1964 and 1965, then became the New York Post’s Washington Bureau chief for four years. The New York Times hired Warren as a metro reporter in 1976. By 1979 he became the bureau chief in Rio de Janeiro, followed by stints in Central America, New York, and London. By the time his journalism career was over Warren had reported from more than 80 countries. He became the Times’s foreign news editor in 1983, and assistant managing editor in 1987. After leaving the Times in 2008, Warren became vice president of external affairs at the International Peace Institute, and senior adviser in 2012. Warren is

survived by his wife, Olivia Larisch Hoge, whom he married in Rio in 1981; his son Nicholas; his stepdaughters Christina Villax and Tatjana Leimer; and six step-grandchildren.

Tony Elson recalls: “Warren and I became friends through our involvement in singing organizations that spanned our time at Yale. Because of our participation in the Yale Glee Club tour of Latin America after our Sophomore Year, we developed a lifelong interest in that region (and Brazil in particular), which we fostered by taking a language learning course in Brazilian Portuguese in our Junior Year. Warren was a very gregarious person who loved to engage with his friends and associates discussing current events, politics, the arts and culture or just exchanging funny stories. He was also an avid, daily reader of the New York Times and knew well before graduation that he wanted to be a journalist. In his Senior Year, he took a course in the writing of ‘Daily Themes,’ in part to help develop the discipline for daily reporting he would require as a journalist. Warren was truly a creature of New York City, having been born and raised there and spending most of his journalistic career at The Times’ head office, except for two foreign correspondent assignments in Rio de Janeiro and London. Even during the final months of his life, burdened by cancer and the risk of Covid and dependent on a wheelchair, Warren managed to attend four performances of the Metropolitan Opera.” **Phil Stevens** recalls: “I knew Warren not only as a classmate, but because for several years he dated a close friend of mine! For me he always showed cheer and a warm smile.” **Gurney Williams** writes: “After more than 60 years singing with Warren closely in a semicircle facing hundreds of crowds, I can hear his effortless, smooth solo. And more than ever, I hear and remember his journalistic voice as an elegant editor and writer at the Times. Most of the time for the Whiffenpoofs of ’63, it would have been hard for Warren to be heard individually. And that was good because he was a skillful middleman in the strong three-member baritone section. **Danny Rowland** and **Charley Sawyer** were crowd-pleasing soloists, quiet or loud. When baritones backed up with each other in chords, Warren melded them into a harmonic team, just as described in the last line of his *Times* obituary: ‘He’s ambitious, but he’s nice to people over and under him.’ More captivating than just nice, Warren often delivered impromptu talks in Danny’s farmhouse in South Londonderry, VT. He held the floor with small audiences of Whiffs and wives with a hint of sweet smoke from the large fireplace. Topics ranged from politics and worldwide news or what he had learned from the latest Secretary of Something the other

day. But he was open to hear from anyone else. ‘That!’ he would say, meaning ‘I hear and understand you!’ Or ‘Yes! And I’ll tell you why’”

Robert Victor Jensen passed away peacefully on July 10, 2023. Bob graduated from Yale University in 1963 and obtained his law degree from the University of Washington School of Law in 1966. After law school, Bob joined the Peace Corps and was stationed in Ecuador from 1966 to 1968. That is where Bob met the love of his life, Maria Ines Vergara. Bob was an avid outdoorsman, and scaled most of the peaks in the Northwest, including Rainier, Adams, Baker, and Hood, and many in Ecuador, including Chiimborazo and Cotopaxi. Bob was an early environmentalist, working tirelessly to protect the habitat he treasured. He was most proud of his work as an Assistant Attorney General for the State of Washington on behalf of the Department of Ecology, interpreting and enforcing the newly enacted Shoreline Management Act. He later served on the Shoreline Hearings Board and Pollution Control Hearings Board. Bob inspired everyone he met with his kindness, devotion, patience, and integrity. His warm smile and cheerful disposition brought joy to every occasion. Bob is survived by his wife; three children, Howard Fernando Jensen, Dorian Miguel Jensen, and Monica Cristina Jensen; 14 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

John Impert recalls: “I met Bob in Pierson College our Sophomore Year. Bob was a friendly guy who planned to become a lawyer. In 1987, when I moved to Seattle, I reconnected with Bob, who worked in the capital, Olympia. Bob's most notorious case was defending the state legislature against an artist who had painted murals (the labors of Hercules) for the state capitol building. The artist objected when the state legislators voted to cover the murals because they hated the artist's modern style. Bob loyally defended his employer, the attorney general's office, while hating the position he was forced to articulate. Bob won the case, but he was surely happier when the murals found a new location at a state college.” **Tom Rusling** writes: “Bob and I met late in Freshman Year, pitching a frisbee on the Old Campus. There was something about this guy that was endearing. A warm smile, an easygoing manner, and little in the way of confrontation, UNLESS he disagreed with your point of view. Bob had a kind heart and was always putting others' needs before his own. During college summers he operated ‘Big Daddy's Fruitstand’ and that must have been worth a visit. He created new

words to ‘St. James Infirmary,’ to wit: ‘Oh, I went down to Big Daddy's Fruitstand, to see what I could see . . .’ Bob's dedication to helping others was borne out early with his joining the Peace Corps in lieu of military service. He was posted in Ecuador, where he met the love of his life, Maria. He pursued her doggedly, doing all the right things in the Ecuadorian culture to win his bride. Bob and Maria have been devoted Christians, and live their faith. I cannot remember Bob without a vivid image of his winning smile, which he showed often.”

Williamson (“Wick”) Murray died on August 1, 2023 at a hospital in Fairfax, VA. Wick graduated in 1963 from Yale University with a history degree. He served in the Air Force until 1969, including a tour in Southeast Asia. Wick returned to Yale and earned a degree in military and diplomatic history in 1975. After teaching at Yale for two years, Wick became a professor of military and diplomatic history at Ohio State University from 1977 to 1995. He also taught at the Army War College, the Marine Corps University, and the Naval War College. Wick was a prolific author, writing studies of the American Civil War, World War II, the Iraq and Afghanistan conflicts, and many other topics., Wick is survived by his wife of 30 years, Lesley Smith; a son and daughter from a previous marriage; and five grandchildren.

Stan Riveles writes: “We, and the country, have lost a unique asset. Wick and I were brought together at Reunions through our mutual interest in how policy and history complemented and clashed. We became friends and, eventually, professional colleagues at the Defense Department after my retirement from State. Chris and I occasionally visited him and Lee at his ancestral home in upstate NY, where he enjoyed talking while cooking sirloin steaks for visitors. We rarely talked shop, but always about the lessons of history and the limits of policy making. His energy and wit never flagged--always in the midst of preparing his next book.” **Guy Struve** recalls: “Wick had an enormous library, and his store of knowledge and insights was equally vast. Wick generously shared his knowledge of Civil War strategy and tactics by guiding classmates on tours of the battlefields of Antietam, Gettysburg, and Spotsylvania.”

Alan Parker passed away on August 8, 2023. Alan's love of language and culture ignited following a summer in Germany as an American Field Service exchange student. He went on to study economics at Yale University where he was also a member of the Yale Russian Chorus. Singing with the chorus was a source of joy that continued throughout the rest of his life. After his M.A. in comparative economic systems at UC Berkeley, Alan joined the U.S. Department of State as a Foreign Service Officer. His career included assignments in Sweden (where he met his wife of 55 years), Russia, India, East and West Germany, Romania, Israel, and the UN. Alan is survived by his wife, Ingegard Parker; his daughters Elisabeth Gomez and Carolyn Fowler; and six grandchildren.

Mike Haltzel reports: "As frequently happens, I got to know Alan better after we left Yale than while we were undergraduates. We both were involved in foreign policy, and our conversations usually revolved around some aspect of international affairs. Alan was unfailingly well informed and judicious in his judgments, all the while retaining a sense of humor and a twinkle in the eye. We last met at a D.C. area class luncheon at Mount Vernon shortly before Christmas 2022. Alan mentioned his chemotherapy but quickly segued to Nordic security (he was thrilled with Finland's joining NATO) and U.S. collegiate athletics (he was dismissive of their corporate culture). What a fine guy. I'm grateful to have known him." **Dick Moser** shares: "A handsome, quiet man, Alan was both self-effacing and self-confident. And Yale he quickly developed enthusiasm for the Russian language, Russian culture, and economics. He was active in the Yale Russian chorus, an organization which he supported and in which he participated for many years. Alan's easygoing style could hide a driving curiosity and sharp intellect." **Stan Riveles** remembers: "Alan and I occupied different corners of the State Department universe. But if he was not abroad, we would meet for lunch in the cafeteria to talk about the latest foreign policy cock-ups. Alan never lost his faith in the essential goodness of man and the best intentions of our policies, even if they came up short. He was always more 'idealist' than 'realist' in his approach to the daily work as a diplomat, and was always able to put himself in the other guy's shoes. His wife Inge was the perfect complement to his optimistic outlook on the world."

George Duvall Tuttle died on August 24, 2023, at his beloved farm in Sonoma County, CA. He graduated magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Yale University in 1963. George spent the

next year abroad, mostly in Paris, and returned to attend Yale Law School, graduating in 1967. In the summer of 1965, he volunteered at a law firm in Bogalusa, Louisiana, representing Black citizens there who were denied state police protection in a shopping center, and winning for them in federal district court. He moved to San Francisco in 1969 and began a successful 30-year corporate law practice at Brobeck, Phleger & Harrison, handling complex transactions and advising boards and CEOs of major companies. On sabbatical in 1989 he did volunteer work with Mother Teresa in the House of the Dying in Calcutta. He retired from Brobeck in 1997 but maintained an office there until the firm failed in 2003. George and his husband, Ben Cushman, became a couple in 1990 and took every step the law would allow to formalize their relationship: Domestic Partners in San Francisco in 1992, a Civil Union in Vermont in 2000, Domestic Partners in California in 2001, and, finally, married in 2008. They moved full time to The Farm in Sonoma in 2005. George died on the 15th anniversary of their marriage.

Sharif Graham writes: “I met George when we were both tapped for Elihu in 1962. When the 15 of us started assembling, we knew right away that George Tuttle would be our leader. He was just, well, presidential. After we graduated, I heard he became a lawyer and moved to California. I encountered him once on the street in Paris and we had lunch. Then came the zinger: an announcement that he was getting married, to a man! Although we got to know each other well during our year in Elihu, we evidently did not share such intimate details as our sexual orientation. Now of course everyone does, a great improvement. At subsequent reunions (50, 55, 60) George came with his marvelous husband Ben. I even visited them once at their splendid ranch in Sebastopol, CA. Although George's later years were not easy, having Ben at his side made all the difference. It was truly a joy to have known such a man, and I wish him bon voyage.” **Lea Pendleton** remembers: “George was one of a group of seven classmates, **Woody Woodroffe, Kip Clark, Tony Dater, Eben Ludlow, Pete Morris**, myself and George, who occupied two suites on the same floor of Silliman. Most of us were members of Zeta Psi fraternity. After graduation and his return from a year in Europe, George and I roomed together as freshman counselors in Bingham Hall while we attended Yale Law School. Later, George became the godfather of my first born son, Charlie, and in honor of that he sent Charlie a silver piggy bank from Gumps. Over the years, I had several wonderful visits to George and his husband Ben

at The Farm in Sebastopol, CA, where they grew several acres of pinot noir grapes, which were bottled by a local vineyard, reputedly an excellent wine. George had an extremely inquiring mind, as well as a quick, wry sense of humor.”

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