



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES JULY - AUGUST 2021

You are invited. The planning team of **Jon Larson, Ed Carlson, Ed Dennis, John Derby, John Hagedorn, Jere Johnston, Dick Moser, John Tuteur, and Jim Thompson** has finished making all arrangements for the Y63 Gathering in San Francisco for the week of September 20-25, 2021. 56 Classmates and our partners are already confirmed to participate in a full week of shared relaxed conversation, fine dining, and planned activities. September is an excellent month to visit San Francisco due to the excellent all around weather and fewer visitors.

We have chosen to stay in the small Town of Tiburon just north of San Francisco and a short 20 minute drive or ferry boat ride to the city. It is near to the Napa and Sonoma wine country, Muir Woods, sailing, fine dining, and the other planned events are close by. We plan to provide convenient door to door coach transportation to and from all of our planned events for the week.

Fine dining will include a Class Dinner and an evening at the Larson's in Tiburon. Detailed information is available on our Y63 Class Website www.yale63.org, including the Signup Sheet and a Brochure describing in detail all of the plans and events for the week. Advance deposits are refundable to accommodate changes in plans, and all activities are personally selectable.

Any questions can be sent to our committee coordinator Jon Larson (jon_larson@hotmail.com), who is using skills learned leading our Tour de France and British Isles class tours to hopefully assure us another enjoyable experience together before we gather in New Haven in two years for our Free 60th Reunion.

Dick Moser reports: “Last April, while contemplating without much pleasure the prospect of retirement, free time, and reduced income, I had a brainstorm. I had seen ads by Amazon looking for people to become independent contractors for delivery services. Their

estimate of start-up costs was low and they even offered a \$10,000 bonus for veterans. The business sounded interesting, so I applied, got accepted, and, after talking to a couple of successful contractors, signed up and started LastMile LLC. I've probably worked with 40 or more early stage companies as investor, director, or CEO over my career, but I've never started one from scratch, so this was going to be a new, new experience. After completing Amazon's training program, I launched my delivery business in mid-October with two employees, three Amazon vans, and two delivery routes. Workdays ran from 3 AM until 10 PM seven days a week for the first three months as we grew to 60 employees and 35 vehicles. It's still a seven-day-a-week job with a new problem literally every day, but we've reached a size where I can afford the overhead of people to take some of the load off my back so that I can focus on making it run better. Given the nature of the delivery job and of the work force it's a management intensive business with high turnover, so two days every week have to be devoted to recruiting/hiring. One of these days it might even make some money! The next time you see your Amazon delivery driver, tell her or him thank you. These folks work their butts off at a ridiculous pace for long hours just to be sure you get your packages; if their delivery company is any good, they love their jobs. Especially over the last year, they've been essential cogs in the machinery of our economy. No matter where LastMile goes, I'll never take them for granted again; I count myself lucky to have gotten to know a few of them and to have them call me 'Boss man', 'Patron', 'Uncle Dick', or just 'Hey'. I'm exhausted, exhilarated, and never for a minute bored."

Dan Rowland has two recent pieces of good news. A collection of his essays written over a 50-year period, *God, Tsar & People: the Political Culture of Early Modern Russia* (Cornell University Press), was published in November 2020, and is garnering some excellent early comments. (Further information can be found in the Yale Authors section of the

May-June, 2021 edition of YAM.) And CivicLex, a civic organization that he founded with some friends in 2009, and for which served as president until 2018, is becoming a national model of local journalism and civic engagement. It was recently featured on the PBS *News Hour* by Judy Woodruff, on *On Point* (WBUR, Boston), and in a discussion on reviving American democracy hosted by the Library of Congress. Dan and his wife Wendy celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in May, then sold the farm in Montville, Maine where they were married, and moved their “summer” home to an old house along the Passagassawakeag River in Belfast, Maine. They spent the winter in Belfast, sheltering from Covid, and working on their woodlot and pond. Dan continues to work with CivicLex, on the restoration of the Pope Villa, an 1812 masterwork by Benjamin Henry Latrobe, and on a civic education plan for the state of Vermont. He and his wife are grateful to be alive and relatively healthy!

Mohamed Sbeih writes: “In September 1959, I came to Yale as a foreign student from Jordan. I am actually a Palestinian, having been born and raised in what is now called East Jerusalem. Two days after graduation I was on a flight heading home since I had not returned home all four years. With a BSEE degree, I was apprehensive about my job prospects in Jordan – a country with little or no industry. Soon my fears turned true and I moved to Beirut, Lebanon, where I worked as a sales engineer traveling throughout the region. I was about to immigrate to Canada when, in 1966, I met my future wife. With wars and conflicts on the horizon, my wife and I decided to come to the US and in 1971 I became a US citizen. For the next 32 years, I worked in the electronics and computer industry, first as a marketing engineer and gradually shifting to other business functions including finance, information technology, and quality. I retired in 2000 and have enjoyed my retirement. We have lived for 38 years in Granite Bay, CA, a suburb of Sacramento. We have two grown children, both successful and productive citizens. Our daughter is a US Foreign Service Officer, and our son owns and runs a REIT in

Sacramento. After I retired, I developed a hobby of reading history focusing on the Ottoman Empire. I also studied taxes, something I longed to do since my MBA student days in the mid-1970s. We have four acres and a few fruit trees that keep us busy most of the year. For the last 15 years, I volunteered as a tax preparer in the AARP tax aid program for the elderly and other moderate income taxpayers. This job was rewarding for me in that I was able to help people, explain their financial situation, and plan action for next tax year. The sad fact is that in this country financial illiteracy is probably as great as computer illiteracy.”

Richard Stromberg writes: “After looking around the country for a Continuous Care Retirement Community, we moved 30 miles from Front Royal to Winchester, VA. As we learned when my parents did it (Edgar '31S), it’s a gift to our children. It is taking some getting used to, not helped by the pandemic, and we miss our house, but we don’t miss keeping it up. I love looking out the window to see someone else shoveling snow, including shoveling out our cars. Condensing from 3,500 square feet to 750 wasn’t easy. I strongly recommend getting a ‘downsizer’ like the ClutterTroops we used. Moving this close allows us to continue our activities. We continue to hike two or three times a week. (Though Shenandoah National Park is a half hour farther away, we have discovered other trails closer to our new home.) My problem is keeping up with my wife, who is a year older than I am, going uphill, though getting a stent last year has helped.”

Recently I observed to **Martin Wand** that, based on Yale’s estimates, about 700 members of our Class are still alive, which represents 66% of the 1,060 classmates who started with us at Yale in the Fall of 1959. Martin’s response was: “Very interesting and impressive. You might mention that in your next Class Notes to soften the sad news of our classmates passing.” **Michael Freeland** points out that the 2017 Social Security period life tables (the most

recent that have been made public) show that 50.8% of men born 80 years earlier are still alive at age 80 in the U.S. population as a whole.

Michael P. Coughlin died on February 25, 2021 in Mountain View, CA as the result of an automobile accident. Mike was born in Pittsfield, MA on October 29, 1941. Mike was really smart and very funny. His boyhood was spent with his many friends playing sandlot baseball and basketball at the Boys Club (where he won the dubious honor of “Most Improved” two years in a row). He maintained lifelong friendships with many of his friends from Pittsfield High School, Class of 1959. Mike graduated in 1963 from Yale University and then earned his MBA from Rutgers University. He worked for Price Waterhouse and Baldwin United Corporation in New York City before moving to Mountain View, CA. He spent the remainder of his career in the hospitality industry. Mike was an avid golfer and enjoyed many trips to California and Nevada golf venues with his friends. He will be missed by his dear wife, Carmen Hughes Coughlin, whom he married on August 30, 1997. He is survived by his stepdaughters, Yvette Olguin and Yvonne Heyl, and two grandsons.

Reve Carberry remembers: “Michael and I became friends Freshman Year as bursary students working in Timothy Dwight. At the end of the year he invited me to join **Jack O’Gara**, **Steve Weltman**, and himself as roommates in Berkeley. I was delighted to accept and we had a wonderful year together, largely fooling around as Sophomores are wont to do – a lot of pranks on each other and with upperclassmen on the floor. Although I took a single for Junior Year, we still spent time together, primarily over meals in the dining hall. After that I left Yale for a year and we grew apart. Michael was a gentle man and a fun-loving gentleman.” **Craig Cooper** writes: “Mike Coughlin and I grew up together in Pittsfield, MA. He, Jack O’Gara, Steve Weltman, and I were Class of ’59 at Pittsfield High School. Mike was quiet, introspective, but with a smile and a good word for all. Mike listened. You could talk with him and get help and

be secure that confidences would stay confidential. He had a deformed foot about which he never complained. What I most remember were the hot August days when we would bicycle about four miles through woods posted against trespassing, across the railroad tracks to the lake. There was a big oak from which someone had hung a rope. You went back up the railroad embankment with the rope, about 40 feet, and swung out over the lake to a point about 20 feet from shore and let go of the rope about 10 feet above the lake. Mike loved this, probably because he truly excelled.” **Tom Iezzi** recalls: “Mike Coughlin, **Burke Jackson, Gene Kennedy, Dick Nicholson**, and I started an intensive 14-month graduate program at Rutgers University in June 1963, a month after we graduated from Yale. The program included courses we needed to sit for the CPA exam. We were a class of 40 students, all anxious to finish the program and get hired by a Big Eight accounting firm. We attended class daily, did our assignments, and found time to have some fun. Mike was our Class Secretary and our organizer and an active participant in our softball games and social events. He was the best story teller in our class. We completed our program in 1964 and began our careers in Public Accounting.” **Dick Nicholson** adds: “I can still hear Mike’s distinctive voice telling a joke or instigating some extracurricular activity like a trip to tour the Budweiser brewery.”

Stephen Howard Goulding died on January 18, 2021 of Covid-19 at Banner University Medical Center in Tucson, AZ. He was born on February 8, 1941 in Kansas City, MO. Steve graduated from Hinsdale Central High School in Hinsdale, IL in 1959. He played NCAA basketball at Yale University, where he graduated in 1963. He received a Master’s in Business from the University of Chicago. He successfully managed and expanded Oak State Products, a cookie manufacturing company in Wenona, IL. He spent over 50 years at Oak State, beginning in the mixing room when he was in college, eventually becoming President and retiring as Chairman of the Board. Steve was a pilot and an outdoorsman. He loved to hunt, fish, and

scuba dive. As a world traveler, he always remembered the best restaurants, from local fare to exotic cuisine. He was a connector, facilitator, story teller, and avid reader. He was a trustworthy, caring, warm, and gentle family man. Steve was a philanthropist. He supported and served many organizations and causes, including Social Venture Partners of Tucson, the Boys and Girls Club of America, Ducks Unlimited, The Wetlands Initiative, and numerous Early Childhood Education initiatives. Steve is survived by Peggy, his wife of 36 years, son Byron, daughter Susan Hawkins, and three grandchildren. Steve is a hard act to follow.

Mike Griffel remembers: “Steve was the captain of the basketball team, and I was the classical pianist. We had not that much in common, but we immediately took a shine to each other, and our friendship lasted through the years. Steve was such a gentle soul, soft-spoken but immensely articulate, an attentive listener with, more often than not, a kindly smile on his face. We and our wives met a number of years ago for dinner in Manhattan and then attended a Carnegie Hall concert together. That was a wonderful evening, as each of us recalled our times together at Yale and expressed gratitude for the happy lives we had lived. Steve was as sweet as ever, and I cherish my times with him. To know him was to love him.” **Bob Hetherington** reflects: “Steve had a positive, upbeat spirit. He was curious to know what you were doing. He loved all aspects of his life, especially being CEO of his company. Because his company was so successful, he could pursue his many interests with passion – family time, playing golf, traveling, and flying his plane. At Yale playing basketball was at the center of his life. He was a good team player. To be successful you had to be part of a good team. May Steve go ‘from strength to strength in the life of perfect light and joy.’” **Ralph Howe** writes: “Fond memories of our Basketball Captain who stood nearly a foot taller than I. He would always ask me how my squash was going and I would watch almost all of his home games at Payne Whitney Gymnasium. I remember one time in Yale’s losing effort against Princeton, he guarded and held

their star Bill Bradley to less than his average point output. We enjoyed many of his stories at Scroll & Key. He made many a cookie in his business day; I wish I'd had more of them.” **Louis Livingston** remembers: “Two memories of Steve stand out: his imposing physicality at 6’8” and his sweet personality encompassing a very dry wit. He knew how to combine both attributes in an engaging way. I remember Steve's describing his basketball matchup with Princeton great Bill Bradley. Steve expressed pride that he had held Bradley – and he paused – to ‘under’ 20 points. (Despite his modest self-satire, Steve underestimated his accomplishment; Bradley’s Ivy League career average was nearly 30 points per game.) It was a delight to spend time with Steve.” **Bill Reed** recalls: “I enjoyed Steve’s fellowship two evenings a week during senior year. Steve was an impressive figure at 6’8”, yet he was a thoughtful, quiet, and gentle man. A Midwesterner, he offered a steadying point of view. He returned to his family’s cookie business after graduation and thrived as a successful businessman and family man.” **Stan Riveles** writes: “Steve’s 7-foot height, varsity basketball career, and team captaincy were all features of, and distractions from, his deeper, more enduring nature. Steve had a dedication and perseverance to task, as well as humanity and good humor that he exhibited in all aspects of his life, at Yale and beyond. Looking back at our ’63 Class Book, I realized that Steve was not the highest point scorer, or even the best rebounder, on that team. But Steve was assigned the task of guarding Bill Bradley, probably the best player the Ivy League has ever produced. Yale fell just short of beating Princeton. Throughout, Steve could be counted on to give his best, inspire and support others, provide the right direction. These were the finest features of a trusted leader, who stuck up above the crowd.”

Dale Hershey writes: “My wife, Susanne Hershey, died on February 18, 2021, after fighting ovarian cancer for over two years. She was 74 years old. We had been married for 54 years. I find it hard to capture the essence of this person, so essential to my parallel existence in

this long time. Sue and I first met when she was a Radcliffe sophomore and I was a second year law student at Harvard. She had grown up in Rochester, NY. She graduated from the Harley School there, excelling both academically and athletically. She was a strong, long-legged, lithe girl, born to be an equestrienne. Her early years were spent in the Genesee Valley south of Rochester. There she developed a lifelong passion for riding and the equestrian sport of eventing. We met on Columbus day in 1964 on a day trip to Mount Monadnock. I was immediately fascinated by the ease, friendliness, and scope of her conversation. I noticed the verve and excitement in her discussion of ideas and events. These traits continued throughout her life. It was always fun to spend time in her company, and one would learn something too. She had a wide-ranging curiosity about science, art, intellectual development, protection of the environment, and public affairs. She enjoyed playing the piano, especially the works of Bach, Handel, and Chopin. After our marriage we began working in Pittsburgh, my home town and her adopted city. She spent 18 years working at The Winchester Thurston School, first as an English teacher, then as a teacher of psychology, and then guidance counselor and college counselor. The school leaders praised her creative contributions to the school's transition to a coed institution. For each student she wrote a detailed account of the person's educational achievement and aptitude. The school's head said that 'she guided the student college application journey and wrote recommendations that captured the essence and potential of each child, leading to lifelong bonds with her students.' One student said, 'She was interested in environmental issues. She was just a refined, kind, humanistic, and lovely person.' Sue was interested in the training of young riders in the sport of eventing (show jumping, cross country, and dressage). She was largely responsible for the establishment of the Instructors' Certification Program of the United States Eventing Association. She helped to organize certification testing programs around the country. Hundreds of riding instructors have been certified in this

program. In 1980 we moved from a comfortable home in a Pittsburgh suburb to a 24-acre tract only seven miles from the center of the city. She transformed the land into a farm where she and our two children could keep horses, and I had space and all the manure I needed for gardening. She sought to use the land responsibly, so she arranged for the construction of solar panels in a corner of our yard. Sue was absolutely unique. I loved her dearly. I would never have sought to spend my life with anyone else.”

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

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

Class Reunions. Even so, I always felt a great continuing fondness for Henry, and I miss him deeply. *Requiescat in Pace*, dear friend.”

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