



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES JUL-AUG 2022

Hank Hallas reflects: “My grandfather came from Galicia, which was part of Ukraine in 1906. I had the privilege of thanking him for doing so on his deathbed in 1974. I asked him why he had come to America. He told me, ‘To avoid being cannon fodder in the Russian army.’ The Nazis murdered over 8,000 people from his home town in World War II. Three of his sons were in the South Pacific in World War II: Pearl Harbor, Midway, Guadalcanal, and Iwo Jima. I am the beneficiary of his decision at age 19.”

Pepper Stuessy drove with kayak atop his van from Colorado and **Eben Ludlow** flew down from New York City to join snowbird **Bill Bell** in Florida for five days of paddling through nearby Okefenokee Swamp. The search for Pogo became by far the most demanding of the eight canoe adventures which Bill and Pepper have undertaken in recent years. Bill reports that “with absolutely no dry land anywhere, reaching the overnight platforms spaced about ten miles apart was crucial and a missed turn on a water trail had Eben and me paddling at maximum exertion for many hours one day in order to avoid a swampy night in the canoe. Everything about endurance that Pepper and I learned from Yale Track and Eben from running marathons came into play.” Joyous end to the ordeal was celebrated with fellow Mace and Chain alumni **Bob (Woody) Woodroffe**, who drove down from Hilton Head, and **Chuck Whelan**, who came up from Key West for several days of good meals, drinks, and conversation.

Larry Tierney writes: “After 48 years of working at the San Francisco VA Hospital, my credentials to practice there haven’t been renewed. For the past few years, I had been on volunteer status, being compensated by my Federal pension. I will maintain my medical license and pursue other volunteer activities. As before, I will be Professor of Medicine Emeritus at the University of California School of Medicine. Being more or less fully retired, I won’t be hampered by professional responsibilities from more actively pursuing my passion for ornithology, which has taken me to all 50 states and 30 countries; no need to request annual

leave! Otherwise, I will hyperventilate over the fates of the local sporting teams, and increase attendance at jazz and rock concerts, which are widely available in San Francisco. My wife Mary Jo, a retired nurse practitioner, seems to believe that pickleball is the ideal way to spend retirement days, and daughter Julie, a clinical psychologist recently moved to Sonoma, is otherwise tied up in expressionistic painting when not mending distraught brains. One debit for Bay Area retirement: no decent corned beef or pastrami-serving delis worth their salt! We could use Katz West. If other 1963ers can disabuse me of this notion, please do so.”

Richard Pleasants Anthony died unexpectedly in Boston, MA on July 17, 2021 of heart disease. A veteran campaigner for liberal causes, Dick enjoyed shoe-leather campaigning in neighborhoods, often traveling to New Hampshire or Maine to have more impact. He believed strongly in the political process and activism, and was deeply concerned about climate change, the threat of nuclear war, racial equity, and social justice. He was passionate about family and about nature, and was an avid walker. He had a fine intellect, kind heart, quirky sense of humor, and impeccable sense of decency. His ever-curious mind served him well as a science writer at MIT. His bass voice graced choirs from school days until his death. Dick is survived by his spouse, Becky Siebens, his son Sam Anthony, and two grandchildren.

Charlie Brinley remembers Dick Anthony as follows: “Freshman year Dick, **Gardner Mundy**, and I roomed together in Durfee Hall, following which Dick left Yale for a four-year hiatus, during which he served in the U.S. Navy at Jacksonville Naval Air Station. In 1964 he returned to Yale and graduated in 1967. Upon returning to Yale he sang in the Battell Chapel Choir, was active in the Yale Dramatic Association, and majored in History. Dick’s career took a bit of a winding route, starting as a reporter for mostly New England newspapers. Later he served as a speechwriter during the Carter Administration, after which he was a freelance medical and science writer, which was a bridge to a position at MIT as a staff writer. Dick was fascinated by science, so it was fitting that he landed in that position. Dick loved hiking and birding, as well as kayaking in coastal Maine waters from a family camp in Tenants Harbor,

Maine. Singing was a passion in which he engaged throughout his life and which brought him much joy. He had a rich light baritone voice and sang in many choirs over the years.”

Myron A. “Mike” Arms passed away peacefully on December 26, 2021 in his home overlooking the Sassafra River on Maryland’s Eastern Shore. Mike grew up in the Shaker Heights neighborhood of Cleveland. He attended University School where he was the president of his senior class. He attended Yale University as both an undergraduate and graduate student, earning his B.A. in English and Masters in Education. In 1961, he married his long-time sweetheart Caroline (Kay) Beck Kling, and a year later became the father of twins, Christopher and David. After teaching English at William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia for a few years, Mike returned to academia and earned his Masters of Theology from Harvard Divinity School. While attending Harvard, his third son, Stephen, was born. Mike returned to Philadelphia and continued teaching in independent schools until he abandoned the formal classroom in 1977 in favor of a different kind of educational setting: a 60-foot traditional wooden schooner called *Dawn Treader*. As founder and director of a program of sea-learning experiences and a Coast Guard-licensed Ocean Master, he sailed for the next five years with hundreds of teenage boys and girls. In 1983, Mike bought the empty hull of a Flying Dutchman 12, a 50-foot bluewater cutter, that he and good friend John Griffiths finished over the years. This boat, *Brendan’s Isle*, would be Mike’s home for the better part of the next 25 years as he sailed multiple trans-Atlantic passages and cruised Europe, the Arctic, the Caribbean, and Canada. These voyages would become the background for the countless articles in sailing publications and four books he authored, including *Riddle of the Ice*, which became a Boston Globe bestseller. On a lifetime of sailing, Mike reflected, “It’s funny how things go. Sailing for me, used to be a hobby. Then it became a vocation. Then an obsession. Then, a metaphor: a window on the world.” In all, Mike published five books: *Touching the World* (published in the 70’s about experiential learning), *Riddle of the Ice*, *Cathedral of the World*, *Servants of the Fish*, and *True North*. Mike continued to sail into his 70’s in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, where

he spent his summers with Kay. Mike is survived by his wife Kay, his three boys, Chris, Dave, and Steve, and five grandchildren.

Chris Getman writes: “Mike Arms was part of the group in Pierson which included me, **Drayton Valentine, Ed Whitcraft, Pete Truebner, Mit Massie, Jeff Collinson, and Dan Moger**. Mike got married after Sophomore Year and had twin boys in June of 1962. He was a very accomplished guy who built his own 50 sloop, *Brendan’s Isle*, which he sailed all over the place, especially north. He wrote several books including *Riddle of the Ice*, which was a precursor to the conversations we’re having about climate change, and *Servants of the Fish*, which describes how the fishing off George’s Bank was decimated. Both are interesting, thoughtful, and prescient books.

Mike didn’t have much contact with Yale after he graduated, which is Yale’s and 1963’s loss. He was a unique, fun, and very interesting guy.”

Louis Peter Pataki, Jr. died peacefully at the Norwalk, CT Hospital on November 29, 2021. Louis was an Astronomy Professor at New York University for the past 21 years. He received his undergraduate and Ph.D. degrees from Yale University and his J.D. from Indiana University. He had previously taught astronomy at Indiana University and practiced law in New York. Louis, an Eagle Scout, was a Scoutmaster for Troop 2 in Rowayton, CT for many years, and a volunteer with the Rowayton Fire Department. He also enjoyed stamp collecting, orienteering, and his Hungarian, Italian, and Irish heritage. Louis is survived by his wife of 55 years, Jane Smith Pataki; his son Jonathan Pataki; his daughter Daisy Pataki; and four grandchildren.

In what proved to be his final course description for his NYU astronomy course, Lou wrote to his students: “Above all, I want you to enjoy this class. I started here before most of you were born. I have often said, jokingly, that my classmates were dying and my graduate students were retiring, and what was I doing still here? The answer is simply that I am here because I love what I am doing and I want to be here. I love working with college students and attempting to bring them an understanding of science and a share in my joy at having had an opportunity to be part of a great adventure in discovering new facts and ideas about our

universe. It's been 61 years since I entered college. My college alma mater has the line: 'How bright will seem through mem'ry's haze, Those happy golden bygone days.' It well captures my feelings about my college experience. I hope if you think about your college days a half-century from now you will vaguely remember this course as a part of your happy golden college years. I am here for you."

George R. A. Johnson remembers: "I had no family, friends, or relatives in the East. Lou invited me to his family home in Peekskill, NY for Thanksgiving of Freshman Year. His parents could not have been more hospitable and I remember the occasion most fondly. Lou was a ham radio operator. He was passionate about his involvement and had cards he had exchanged with other ham operators all over the world. My second strong recollection is from Spring Term of Senior Year. I was preoccupied with my honors thesis (and maybe too many hands of bridge), and so was late for my term paper in a seminar. Lou offered to help and we set up an assembly line. I wrote in my room and he typed the final version. I turned it in on its due date the next day. It was a most friendly gesture. I might not have graduated on time but for Lou's timely intervention. If I had to describe Lou in a sentence, it would be that he was as sincere, unassuming, steady and straightforward as they come, and also very smart." **Jim Courtright** writes: "Lou was well informed on many topics. He and I both acted as intermediaries between the faculty and the administration. His NYU website reveals the care with which he made science approachable and interesting to his classes." **Geoff Martin** recalls: "Lou's low-key, dry-humor conversation was such a treat for me. He was willing to talk about his teaching demands, which often sounded like those of my past, so we could talk of similar experiences." **Mike Skol** adds: "Lou Pataki was one of a number of '63 classmates I came to know only decades)after New Haven. The New York Yale Club Class lunches, followed by the virtual versions, were my basic contact with him. I was much impressed by his soft-spoken modesty – despite his significant intellectual prowess. If pressed, he could explain astronomy and related disciplines with confidence and unusual clarity. His demeanor stood in easy contrast to so many others in this age. His political conservatism was expressed in a way that even a liberal could admire." **Jim Wetmur** remembers: "Lou Pataki was a regular at our monthly New

York Yale Cub Class lunches, except when his professorial duties interfered. . At our ripe old age, he was still teaching astronomy to NYU students. What dedication! At our lunches, Lou was always thoughtful and whether he talked about science or politics, I always listened. I will miss his intellect and his Hungarian family conservatism.”

Peter Tichenor Pochna died on January 27, 2022 in a nursing home in Hastings-on-Hudson, NY. He moved to the nursing home after being diagnosed with dementia last year. He passed due to a heart attack but was already well on his way, receiving end-of-life care and being comforted by staff and family. He died at peace and with dignity. Peter grew up in Darien, CT and lived for periods in New York City and Greenwich, CT before moving to Newport, RI, where he lived for 25 years. Peter graduated from Yale University with a degree in economics and started his career at Citibank. He then worked for venture capital firms including Foster Management Group and Phoenix Management Group. He married Priscilla Tilt in 1963. They later divorced but maintained an amicable relationship, and she provided him with strong support in his final months. Peter was passionate about many things. He enjoyed attending Broadway plays and classical music concerts at Carnegie Hall. He was a good athlete who played soccer and lacrosse in college. He played tennis throughout his life and remained a strong player well into his 70s. He was an avid sports fan who closely followed the New York Mets and enjoyed telling stories about attending World Series games in the Mets championship seasons of 1969 and 1986. He also closely followed Yale sports, particularly the lacrosse team. He liked growing roses and painting abstract art and was an avid reader of newspapers, history books and spy novels. Perhaps most of all he enjoyed people. He had many friends, some of whom he remained close with for more than 60 years. He dedicated much of his later life to a spiritual fellowship, building his own character with the God of his understanding and mentoring others on the way. He is survived by his two children, Nina Melissa Pochna and Peter S. Pochna, and four grandchildren.

Jud Calkins remembers: “Peter and I shared Timothy Dwight College, Book and Snake, and, later, the fellowship of AA, which became the centerpiece of his world. He enjoyed a quiet

life in simple surroundings in Newport, RI, reveling in conversation with AA friends and others, following the lives of his daughter Nina and son Peter Jr., maintaining a good tennis game, and ultimately taking up painting. He was tall, aristocratic and handsome, slow to speak, quick to laugh, and possessed of a pleasing, dry wit.” **Hank Higdon** recalls: “Peter was a great student/athlete and played two varsity sports at Yale — excelling in both soccer and lacrosse. He enjoyed competing. Peter was a member of Deke, Book and Snake, and the notorious Timothy Dwight College (the Zoo). Peter met and married a beautiful woman named Priscilla Tilt — their wedding took place early in the year 1963 and was attended by the entire Book and Snake delegation. Peter and Priscilla were larger than life, always the life of the party, and were wonderful on the dance floor as they were both tall, athletic, and most graceful. Unfortunately Peter somehow developed a drinking problem which contributed to their eventual divorce and completely changed Peter’s life. Peter became an almost evangelical member of AA and completely turned his life around. He became an inspirational role model to members of that group.” **Neil Thompson** writes: “Peter arrived in New Haven in the fall of 1959 with that 50-strong gang from Andover. We soon became teammates on the Freshman Soccer and later Varsity Soccer teams. Pochs was a very gifted soccer player with the complete tool kit: tall, fast, strong, durable, intelligent, upbeat, team player, and that rarity of self-confidence without an ego. A privilege to have seen him in action. We stayed in touch throughout the next six decades. Along with many others, I had profound respect for him as he dealt with some serious medical issues.”

David Butler Vietor died peacefully at home in Edgartown, MA on February 8, 2022, after a three-year battle with pancreatic cancer. Each summer the Vietor family relocated to Edgartown, where his father taught David to sail at the age of eight. David went on to graduate from St. Paul’s School in 1959 and Yale University in 1963. He received his Master’s in German Literature from Stanford University in 1965. He began his career teaching German and Russian at Boston University and later at the Choate School. But his true calling came after successfully racing the family’s boats named *Orpheus*. He was hired to work for Ted Hood at Hood Sails, and soon was brought on board various winning yachts as an astute sail trimmer, navigator, and tactician. Hard put to turn down a customer’s request to join the crew, he

famously one Bermuda race was listed as part of the crew on five boats! He was often part of a U.S. team competing in Dragons, Six Metres, or Solings all over the world. He moved from Hood Sails to become President of Ratsey and Laphorn, where his pattern of intense racing continued, leading to The America's Cup. David did two America's Cup campaigns in 12 Metres: the 1980 *Clipper* effort as captain and skipper and as CEO of the *Courageous* effort for 1987. He became a founding member of The Courageous Sailing Center in Boston, which teaches underprivileged children the skills of sailing and boat handling as a foundation for life. After leaving Ratsey, he became Director of the Acorn Foundation, where he became deeply involved in many philanthropic activities, including producing winning documentaries about the history of the City of New York. Retiring to the Vineyard, he became part of many pro bono organizations. His happiest days were spent in the company of other sailors, who always enjoyed his dramatic retelling of close calls and dramatic decisions on the race course. He is survived by his wife, Nancy Blair Vietor, whom he met on a port starboard collision 71 years ago; his sons Andreas, Oliver, and Ed Vietor; his daughters Susan Vietor Daughtry and Christina Vietor Osterman; his stepchildren Marshall Highet Prida and Ethan Trask; and 16 grandchildren.

Ridge Hall remembers: "I first met David Vietor in high school, where we discovered a shared interest in sailboat racing. He was a remarkable combination of classical music buff, foreign language enthusiast, and astute sailor. Once I walked into his room in Farnam Hall during our freshman year, and he was sporting an old tweed jacket with slightly frayed cuffs, his coffee table piled high with books, listening to Mozart's *Requiem*. He offered me a cup of tea and allowed as how it might be nice to sport a name like Wolfgang Amadeus von Vietor. I had actually come to ask if he'd sail with me the following weekend in a regatta at New London with the Yale Sailing team. That was the beginning of 4 years of racing together for Yale during which our team – including classmates **Norm Dawley**, **Stovy Brown**, and **Jim Biles** – racked up enough victories that sailing became lettered sport. After Yale we stayed in touch, occasionally racing against each other in regional regattas. I got an 'other side' look at his sail trimming expertise when racing 19 foot Lightnings in Madison, CT. He was crewing for his future wife,

Nancy Blair, and they were in last place rounding the windward mark. We all set spinnakers, and suddenly their boat started moving faster than all the rest of us. One by one they passed the entire fleet, reaching the leeward mark in first place. As they passed us I made every adjustment I could think of to sail trim and other variables with no success. Over the years David sailed on 17 Newport to Bermuda races, several trans-Atlantic races, and two America's Cup campaigns. He always had a philanthropic side, serving as a Director with the Acorn Foundation, and on the boards of the South Street Seaport Museum, Mystic Seaport and the Martha's Vineyard Hospital, and teaching sailing to underprivileged kids in Boston. He was an enthusiastic raconteur on any subject, will be remembered as truly one of a kind."

Guy Miller Struve

Davis Polk & Wardwell LLP
450 Lexington Avenue | New York, NY 10017
+1 212 450 4192 tel | +1 212 450 5192 fax
guy.struve@davispolk.com

