



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES MARCH-APRIL 2020

In early September 2019, **Bill Bell**, **Eben Ludlow**, and **Pepper Stuessy** did a 62-mile paddle through the lower half of the Upper Missouri River Breaks National Monument in north-central Montana. It is Lewis & Clark country, and they passed several campsites of the 1803 Corps of Discovery. They were occasionally bested by the mud and out of cell phone range on the river, but due to their modern equipment, their trip was a breeze compared to that of the Corps. The entire adventure took place over ten days and (days of yore) included a road trip from Denver.

Basil Cox writes: “Just spent a lovely ten days on the Amalfi Coast of Italy with Tingle and **Richard Barnes**, whom I never knew at Yale and who lived in Pittsburgh unknown to me for 40+ years until my wife Jayne and I met them 5+ years ago. We have been close friends ever since. Mother Yale watches out for her flock.”

John Impert reports: “**Leo Damrosch's** *The Club* was chosen by the New York Times Book Review as one of the ten best books of 2019. ‘Damrosch brings the Club's redoubtable personalities – the brilliant minds, the jousting wits, the tender camaraderie – to vivid life, delivering indelible portraits of Samuel Johnson and Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, David Garrick, Edward Gibbon, and of course Johnson's loyal biographer James Boswell.’ Leo has been engaged for the last generation in examining the 18th century Enlightenment in his books and on-line lectures. Leo manages to combine erudition with a light touch that makes his books a joy to read. Since **Dale Hershey** suggested a few months ago that I consult Leo's

account of Tocqueville's travel in America, I have also enjoyed his TV interviews and his Great Course on Gibbon. Next up for me: his biography of Rousseau and *The Club!*”

Marc Lavietes reports: “I am almost retired as a pulmonary/critical care physician. I still supervise a weekly fellows' pulmonary clinic at the University Hospital of Rutgers-Newark (New Jersey). I have been a staff member at Rutgers-Newark for more than 40 years, participating in patient care, teaching and – to a small degree – the research aspects of the program. I spend much time now volunteering for two medical organizations, Physicians for a National Health Program (PNHP) and Physicians for Human Rights (PHR). As you all know, the likelihood of enacting any comprehensive health care program at the national level is essentially zero, at least through 2021 if not beyond. In New York, however, PNHP has crafted a state-based plan (‘NY Health’) that has made substantial progress through the Legislature. I have spent countless hours participating in legislative hearings, visiting legislators, writing and doing public relations work in behalf of PNHP and the bill. PHR functions mainly to provide medical support to candidates seeking asylum from foreign countries. Over the years, I have interviewed people from almost everywhere: Central America, Africa, the Middle East, China. My most memorable interview was with an applicant who had been born into slavery in Mauritania. His story of his escape facilitated by SOS-Slaves to Brooklyn, where he now is a truck driver, was fascinating. For the past 30 years, my wife and I have had second homes; first in the Berkshires and now on the Jersey Shore in a modest residential neighborhood a few blocks from Asbury Park and the ocean. We live there half time in a comfortable old three-story, 14-bed wood frame house. We have ten bicycles in the garage for the nine grandchildren (none in common) and their friends. Rides along the boardwalk are delightful. We have done a little traveling. We spent two weeks

touring Iran a few years ago. A week in Havana, Cuba. And more recently two weeks in southern France. My favorite trip of all however was a 10-day drive more than 15 years ago from Memphis, Tennessee, going south on route 61 to New Orleans, where we visited my now deceased Yale roommate, Lee Weisberg. Highlights along the way were the annual Kling Biscuit Blues festival in West Helena, Arkansas, followed by two days in Vicksburg, Mississippi. Exploring the battle sites in Vicksburg beats any lecture or book on the Civil War. Now, off to my neighborhood gym with my wife.”

Avi Nelson recounts: “This fall I played in three senior men's baseball tournaments – two in Florida in November and one in Arizona in October. This follows my playing baseball on a few teams in the Boston area over the summer. Anyone interested in participating in future tournaments is welcome to contact me. Now retired from a career on television and radio, I spend a fair amount of time at the piano, composing and playing informally. Some philanthropic and cultural involvements and a couple of business interests also command my attention. I stay in frequent contact with our classmate **Rob Lacy**, now retired as a successful ophthalmologist, celebrating a friendship that has continued since Yale.”

Joe Valenta, who is a retired Navy Captain with 28 years of service, was recently elected to a national office in the Naval Order of the United States. The nationwide group has 1,500 members whose mission is to promote an understanding of our country's maritime history. Joe will serve a two year term, 2020-2021, as the Vice Commander General-Project Director of the Naval Order. In 2016, Joe founded the organization's Northwest Commandery, composed of 40 members in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, and he is active in supporting national projects to recognize our naval heritage.

Robert DeWitt Singleton Jones, M.D. passed away on October 13, 2019 in Calhoun, GA. Dr. Jones graduated from University City Senior High School in St. Louis, MO, where he was an all-city football standout. He continued both his academic and athletic pursuits at Yale University, where he was a formidable presence on the Bulldogs' offensive line, as well as on the lacrosse team. Dr. Jones earned his M.D. from Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, NY before making two medical missionary trips to East Africa with Operation Crossroads Africa. Dr. Jones did his Mixed Surgical internship at Queen's Medical Center in Honolulu, HI, and then served a tour with the U.S. Public Health Service, assigned to the U.S. Coast Guard and trained by the U.S. Navy as a flight surgeon. During his tour, he was awarded three Sikorsky Search and Rescue Awards for his heroics performed while operating from the Sikorsky HH-52 Seaguard helicopter platform. After that service, Dr. Jones did his General Surgery Residency at Hartford Hospital in Hartford, CT and his Orthopaedic Residency at Yale New Haven Hospital in New Haven, CT. In 1976 he entered solo general orthopaedic private practice in Inverness, FL. Moving with his family to Georgia in 1988, Dr. Jones continued practicing medicine in that state as well as others in the Southeastern United States, always putting the best care of his patients first, until his health began to fail in 2016. Dr. Jones is survived by his beloved wife of 51 years, Stephanie Newman Jones of Calhoun, GA, his sons Robert DeWitt Jones and Stephen Singleton Jones, three brothers; two grandchildren, and a host of nieces, nephews, and cousins.

Jud Calkins remembers DeWitt Jones as follows: "His nickname, not widely known at Yale, was 'Dupe'. DeWitt became a fellow St. Louisan in his early teens when his minister-father moved the family from Virginia. I sought him out and we roomed together from Farnam

Hall through Timothy Dwight. DeWitt was a member of the undefeated 1959 Bullpups and a three-year varsity player. He was tough and disciplined on the field and also the classroom, where he pulled all-nighters in his pre-med and other classes. No doubt influenced by his father, he was headed for missionary medicine, and he strictly eschewed alcohol and much of the social scene in dedication to duty. He did two early medical missionary outings to East Africa with Operation Crossroads Africa. Much of his later medical career was spent in Florida and Georgia, but his health began to falter in 2016. DeWitt and Stephanie, his wife of 51 years, had two strapping and talented sons. DeWitt was serious, low key, and loyal to his friends and family, considerate and stable and the most pleasant of roommates to have. He will be long remembered by me, his teammates and his many other friends and admirers.”

Hank Hallas recalls: “He was tough as nails and I would share a foxhole with him in a heartbeat! He almost lost his life one day in August 1960 due to excessive heat and the rigors of a tough sport. His heart rate went over the top but he made it through. The team adopted salt tablets from then forward. I believe he held the record for weight lost in a practice, evidence of his hard work ethic!”

Mike Haltzel writes: “Dupe was such a decent guy. He managed to combine a down-home folksiness with a quiet dignity. And he was modest to a fault. I remember enthusiastically congratulating him when he broke into the football starting lineup in senior year. He just shrugged it off, although I suspect that he was also excited about it. I wish he had chosen to attend at least one reunion. He was a fine man, the kind of person I like to think Yale helps mold.”

Dave Hilyard remembers: "I met 'Dupe' and Jud Freshman Year when I was standing in the line at the gym to get screened for sports. I started hearing a little snickering in back of me and then I heard someone say. "If I had legs like his, I would sue for non-support." Dupe was talking about me, and he was so proud of his little joke. He just beamed. After that, we were fast friends. Dupe was a tower of strength in the face of injustice. He came from a midwestern town where his father was a minister. Dupe did not feel comfortable with the social behavior at the Yale we knew in the 1960's. He was totally unaccustomed to it. We knew it bothered him, but he never imposed his opinions on us. When Dupe was in New York at Columbia Med School, he bought a motorcycle. It seemed so out of character and yet it enabled him to get away from his studies. One day he was riding his bike and stopped to help a young woman whose bike had broken down. This was his first introduction to Stephanie, who would later become his wife. One day they were out riding their cycles on the West Side Highway when a large group of Hell's Angels came up behind them. The Angels made it clear that Dupe and Stephanie were welcome to ride with them. So they did. After Columbia, Dupe returned to Yale where he was a senior resident in Yale New Haven Hospital. While he was there, I told him that my godson who was a hemophiliac had contracted AIDS. Dupe had me bring him to Yale where he cut through a lot of red tape to get him access to the doctors he needed. One night Dupe returned home after a long tour of duty. He was called some time later and told he was needed at the hospital. On the way back to the hospital, he was hit by a drunk driver and nearly killed. His recovery was long and difficult and a very sad part of it was that he couldn't be a surgeon. For a while he worked in the Yale Health Center where he ministered to the needs of Yale's varsity athletes. In 2013, I was able to track Dupe down at Fort Bragg to urge him to attend our 50th. Over about two weeks, we had several long conversations, and I learned that Dupe had

been struggling with demons his entire life. He never imposed himself on others, and I don't think any of us ever suspected what he was feeling. With us, he was a man of great character and principle whom we all loved.”

We have learned that **David K. King, M.D.** passed away on March 21, 2006. Dr. King received his undergraduate degree from the University of Charleston and his medical degree from the West Virginia University School of Medicine. After completing a fellowship at the M.D. Anderson Hospital the Tumor Institute, Dr. King relocated to Phoenix, AZ and devoted himself to the care of those with cancer. He served as President of the Association of Community Cancer Centers and the Arizona Division of the American Cancer Society and was Chief of Staff, Banner Good Samaritan Medical Center. Dr. King served as the Principal Investigator of the Western Regional Clinical Community Oncology Program for 23 years, and was instrumental in developing the City of Hope Samaritan Bone Marrow Transplant Program. Dr. King was survived by Vicki, his wife of almost 40 years, as well as a daughter, son, mother, and brother. He touched the lives of thousands of Arizonans through his 30+ years of medical practice and through the many hours he devoted to developing educational, outreach, research, and cancer care programs.

Donald James Parmenter died peacefully on February 4, 2019 due to liver failure complications from an aggressive form of lung cancer diagnosed just three days before. Don was awarded a four-year Naval Scholarship to Yale University, where he entered as an engineering major. During his first year he fell in love with history and changed majors and all his life was interested in history. After graduating from Yale in 1963, he served four years in the U.S. Navy as a Lieutenant on the USS Adroit minesweeper. During his time in the Navy he met

and married the love of his life, Sharon Odom, in Charleston, SC on January 30, 1965. Don had a long career in telecommunications, working for 33 years for Western Electric, AT&T, and Lucent Technologies. His career started in Guilford, CT, where they enjoyed a rental home in Sachem's Head by the ocean. A few years later they moved to Columbus, OH, where they made great friends and fell in love with tennis. Another move took them to the northwest suburbs of Chicago, where they experienced two of the four worst winters ever in the area. Don's final career location was in Madison, CT, where Don and Sharon made lifelong friends and learned to golf. He retired in 2002 and relocated to Wilmington, NC, playing golf and making great friends. Don is survived by his wife, Sharon Odom Parmenter, his daughter, Heather Parmenter-Watkins, a grandson, and nieces and nephews.

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