



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES MARCH - APRIL 2021

Joe Alpert reports: “I have been up to my ears in alligators for the last seven months because of the pandemic. I usually do one-third of my time on inpatient rotations on the teaching services here at the University Medical Center in Tucson. However, when the Covid war began we moved many of our regular attending physicians over to the Covid wards. This left big holes in the non-Covid teaching services, and I volunteered to increase my inpatient efforts to help fill in the holes. So, for the last seven months I have been almost continuously on the inpatient services of the coronary care unit, the cardiology consult service, and the general internal medicine wards. I always have help from residents, fellows, and superb nurse clinicians which helps to ease the burden a bit, but I am still up very early every morning to get in my daily exercise and go over the clinical records and the regular e-mails with journal submissions and notes from friends. Qin and I have been Zooming with my daughter and granddaughter in Cambridge and with medical school colleagues on a regular basis. Qin and I took a couple of short breaks from this hectic lifestyle to spend a few days in our La Jolla condo and a few days in a high-end and very safe hotel in Cabo, Mexico. Both of these were much-needed respites from the daily heavy clinical workload. Now we are ready here in Arizona for the next onslaught from the Covid forces, and I will be back here in the hospital doing a lot of time with the various inpatient services listed above. We have been super careful with preventive measures here and so far no staff members have acquired the Covid infection. My spouse and I look forward with hope to the end of the Covid war!”

Gus Foster's book, *American Panoramas*, has been published by the Museum of New Mexico Press, Santa Fe. Gus explains: "The book is an overview of about 30 years of my panoramic photographs around the United States. I spent nearly 20 years in various wilderness areas and climbing high peaks in the American Rockies, taking 360-degree photographs from the summits. Following that I focused on the landscapes of food growing in the US, nearly a billion acres under cultivation – all the crops having a distinctive visual appearance. The third section covers my 'time photographs' using a special camera that makes a 360-degree revolution in less than a second. These images, most with multiple 360 turns in each photo, essentially tell a 'story' about the passage of time. The publication includes essays by James Enyeart, Evan Maurer, and the late Edward Hall. The only writing I did was anecdotal pieces about a dozen of the photographs included in the book." New Mexico PBS recently published a five-minute video clip focusing on Gus's experiences in the mountains, which can be viewed at

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jQkm4nYEEzs&t=74s>

Bob Hanson reports: "After eight weeks in two hospitals and one rehab facility I was sent home on Saturday, November 14. Covid-19? No. In October I received a cancer diagnosis. In my case, Plasmacytoma, a cancer which attacks the bones. Now at home, experiencing the rigors of chemotherapy, I am consigned to this regime for many years to come to deal with Multiple Myeloma. That said, I just got some good news. My wonderful concierge physician, himself a recipient of the Pfizer vaccine, has contracted to receive an initial batch of the Moderna vaccine, and because of my age and compromised immune system (a result of chemo) has told me that I will be his first patient to be vaccinated. It is likely that I may be the first member of the Class (not a health care professional) to be vaccinated. By the times these notes appear in print, I hope that many more classmates will have received the vaccine."

In September, despite a drought in the country's Northeast, **Eben Ludlow**, **Bill Bell**, and **Pepper Stuessy** paddled down the St. Croix River on the easternmost Maine-Canadian border. They report: "Because water levels were low, a lot of effort was expended avoiding and extricating our vessels from submerged rocks. However, no animals or humans were injured in this process. After a week canoeing, hiking, and driving in Maine, the trip's highlight was an all-too-quick lunch with **Gardner Mundy** in New Hampshire. Everyone agreed that Gardner's treat of a whole box of Klondike Bars far surpassed anything on Chef Pepper's menu of the previous days."

Victor Laruccia recounts: "About 15 years ago I started a little film festival here in San Diego, the SD Italian Film Festival, based on my culture and education and interests. It is small, flexible, and always on the point of running out of its budget. But we serve an important, if niche, market. I was the Executive Director up to December of last year. We offered the then Associate ED, Diana Agostini, a promotion to ED. She accepted. I was elected President. Our Artistic Director, Antonio Iannotta, remained in place, and the three of us set the course for the coming year – without any idea of the tsunami of disease and panic that would hit us in three months. This year, mid-March, our board was trying to decide if we should fold up shop. Diana and Antonio said we should continue and adapt to virtual events. We made two other decisions which proved to be – so far – a kind of salvation: cut the budget by two-thirds, and increased the number of monthly events from two to eight. The decisions had surprising consequences. The first was that the young crew of professionals all felt not only that they had a stake in the game (they always did) but that salvation depended on their joyful engagement. Our routines became less process and more game; chasing art offset fleeing disease. They all became wizards in their own areas, most of which were novel for them at the outset. Switching from live events to virtual presentations, discussions, and panels is not simply a linear progression; it is an evolution,

one which we could foresee even a couple of years ago but which we thought would not be necessary for another five to 10 years. Another outcome depended on the capacity of the Internet to reach across vast distances, and the enforced stay-at-home conditions for not only us in the US but also the people of Italy. Our Artistic Director found many Italian artists – writers, directors, producers, camera operators, critics – not merely happy to join us in discussions but honored by the request.

Talk about lemons and lemonade. But I think Sicilian lemons help. And in fact our theory of branding worked. By the time we reached our fall festival, our reputation here in San Diego had doubled in spread. More surprising our brand reached an audience in several other states. It is strange for a very small, very local arts group to field compliments and complaints from hundreds of miles away. By the time our festival was over, even though we had to reduce the number of events in that series, we doubled our projected income, hosted over 15 guests from Italy, and had panel participation for half our films. Of course, it's not clear that our festival will survive, but I suspect that could be said by almost all arts organizations in our country. It's clear, however, that there is no longer a box to think outside of. The near future will look a lot more diverse and quite foreign to most of us. We are outside the box."

Bill MacArthur writes: "Sadly – or perhaps not! – I have nothing exciting to report on our Covid-19 experience. After returning from Paris in a rush on March 13, 2020 on the orders of our doctor daughter (who spent the spring and summer taking care of Covid patients at New York University Hospital), we have vegetated first for three months at our home in Florida, then three months at our home in Maine, and now we are back in Florida. I am told by good authority, however, that boring is good, and I will take it. Nonetheless, we sorely miss our four

kids and seven grandkids, all in New York City, and our tramping around Africa and Asia doing the NGO work that fills up our retirement years.”

Chris Reaske reports: “My wife Mary K and I have been busy for the last 16 years ‘reparenting.’ We became the full guardians and really thus parents as well as grandparents of our younger daughter’s only child, Isadore Leginsky, when he was three years old. It has been a wonderful joy to live as a threesome through all the years of preschool, elementary, middle, and high school here in Lexington, MA. With the Covid period, Izzy was sent home from Tufts University this past March, completed the semester on line, and is still here and will be for the spring semester. Tufts gave students the choice and Izzy chose to stay safe. A few of our Class may remember meeting Izzy when I brought him to an earlier Reunion. After my years of teaching and administration in colleges and universities, and notably for 13 years at Yale and 12 after that at Boston University, I became an officer of The Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, MA, a place the three of us have enjoyed together greatly and where, after retiring at about age 71, I continue as a member of The Board of Advisors. We are all healthy so far and being conservative and waiting for the vaccines to come. Hopefully Izzy will be able to return to campus in the fall for his final two years. I look forward to our 60th!”

Chris and **Stan Riveles** welcomed their first grandchild into the world, baby Jude Alexander Finnegan, on October 21. The welcome was literal, as they spent the first week of his life together with their daughter Maria and son-in-law James. With careful planning, quarantining, and testing along the way, Stan and Chris traveled from their home in Taos, NM to stay with their children in Dublin, NH. Back in Taos, where social distancing is facilitated by low population density and physical separation, they carry on volunteer activities via Zoom. Walking and biking are easy physical releases. Otherwise, from their couch, they have savored

the six seasons of *Longmire*, the updated cowboy and Indian soap opera whodunit on Netflix, where it's tough to tell the difference between the white hats and the black hats. Set in a fictitious Wyoming county but filmed in New Mexico, *Longmire* is highly recommended as a diversion from present realities.

Charlie Tucker reports: "The worst effects of the pandemic have largely missed us, being in a sparsely populated part of California (known as the Eastern Sierra), although I think both my wife and I had Covid-19 in February, contracted in the local hospital where she spent four days after a ski accident, and I spent much of the four days visiting, followed by me being as sick as I have ever been, and my wife so sick I took her to the ER at 8 AM a week after her discharge, in mid-February, where, Covid still not being a known factor, they put her through many tests, discovered a bronchial issue, and sent her home with an inhaler. So, from then on, lots of alone time, grocery store, drug store, hardware store, and, after suitable isolation and testing, daughter, son-in-law and kids here for four weeks in June after school shut down, and then for six weeks in August-September where I did First Grade again, with granddaughter, on Zoom. The Fifth Grade grandson did OK on Zoom, most of the time. I am not sure First Grade did much good for anyone. Daughter and son-in-law worked remotely from here (it may be the sticks but California subsidized fiber optic cable installation, so the Internet is incredibly good here – at times there were six people on line at the same time and it worked). I am very glad that we live in a house with repair and maintenance needs, and not a condo or retirement community, or I would have been more stressed by doing nothing than I am. The high point of the day is sometimes going to the grocery store and sometimes the UPS truck. I am a volunteer fireman, so there is some social contact there between trainings and fires – I have only gone to little fires, staying back to defend the home front while the younger folks went on the big fires, one being six miles away, and another which went on for two months 12 miles away on the other

side of the mountain close to us, but with bare granite between us, and on two boards, an elected position on the local water district (unopposed), and the homeowners' association (unopposed).

I painted our house and did some landscaping. We ate indoors at a restaurant once, and outdoors at a restaurant once. And, most importantly, read a lot of books. An average of one book every two days. Thanks to Kindle Unlimited, it has not broken the bank. And some concern for Veterans' mental health, having lost two good friends to suicide after their Viet Nam experience, one way back then, one just a few years ago. If you have a concern, and a dark sense of humor, I recommend VetTV on the net. Google it. It is directed at veterans of the Middle Eastern Wars (as history will probably recall them), but is just as appropriate for any survivors of a modern war.”

John Tuteur reports: “I was fortunate to have been on the front lines of conducting the November 3, 2020 Presidential Election in my role as Napa County, CA Registrar of Voters. The election went off smoothly in spite of the pandemic. Thanks to over 100 volunteers who staffed pandemic screening tables at our nine vote centers, the dedicated efforts of our five-member staff and the eager participation of our citizens, Napa County saw the highest turnout in modern history. Voters heeded the messages to Vote Safe and Vote Early so that 60% of the final turnout of 86% was ready to report at 8:01 p.m. on Election Night. 73,183 voters exercised their precious right to vote; 96% used their vote-by-mail ballot.”

IN MEMORIAM:

Coleman Poston Burke, respected and revered by many, died peacefully at his home in Bedford, NY on November 8, 2020. Loved for his jokes and songs, he was a hail fellow well met. He was a graduate of Pingry School, St. Paul's School, Yale University, and the Case Western Reserve University School of Law. He loved all sports, especially hockey, and many a teammate commented on his agility and sportsmanship. A standout on rinks and ponds for decades, he chased after victories and team unity with great heart. From 1966 to 1969, he served in the Mekong Delta in the Vietnam War as a Communications Officer for the U.S. Navy. Coley was a kid at heart and lived every minute of life to the fullest. He followed one of his favorite mottos every day: "Work hard, play hard." An avid fly fisherman, he fished the Snake River in Jackson Hole with his best friends annually for 50 years. Ever fascinated with science, he devoured non-fiction books, and in the 1990s conducted his own dinosaur-hunting forays in Patagonia. He was responsible for the exploration of a new dinosaur field in Argentina, and eventually he discovered a new species, named *Orkoraptor burkei* in his honor. He loved all forms of music, performing banjo and piano at the Bohemian Club and with his family around the dinner table. He was a self-proclaimed foodie and delighted his kids and grandkids when announcing that his car was incapable of driving past an ice cream shop. He and his wife Susan traveled the world and entertained New Yorkers on many an occasion, including their 35th anniversary party, which included 15-foot faux-dinosaurs. In his early career, Coley practiced law with his family firm, Burke & Burke. In 1983, he left the firm to found Waterfront, NY, a commercial real estate enterprise located in the Chelsea District, before that neighborhood became fashionable. The firm, now called North River Company, has grown to nine states across the country. Coley was extremely proud of the team he built over 40 years. A man of

great faith, he loved the outdoor chapel behind his Bedford home, walking or cross-country skiing the stream-side trail through the woods. His strong belief in freedom, education, and the environment led him to serve on many boards such as the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, The Yale School of the Environment, The Yale Peabody Museum, The National Forest Foundation, and the National Audubon Society. In 2019 his alma mater Case Western Reserve founded the Coleman P. Burke Center for Environmental Law in his honor. He loved mischief, loved people, and always spoke of the spirit of fellowship. Every year he mailed hundreds of birthday cards to friends and employees. He was uncommonly humble, curious, and generous. He always made himself available to lend an ear, lend a hand, or hand you a punchline to one of his 1,000 jokes. He is survived by his beloved wife of 39 wonderful years, Susan, son Erik and daughters Lisa, Sarah, and Ashley, and eight grandchildren. He lived his life as he sang his songs: in full harmony.

Ridge Hall writes: “Coley and I were classmates at St. Paul's as well as at Yale. He was a superstar hockey player there, for which he was revered. When he came to Yale, he teamed up on the Yale hockey team with two other former St. Paul's hockey stars, Frank Bishop and Patrick Rulon-Miller, both a year ahead of us, to form what Sam Chauncey called ‘The last of the great St. Paul's School lines.’ They played together at Yale for two years. The reason for Dean Chauncey's comment is that for decades, before artificial ice rinks were popular, St. Paul's, in Concord, NH, had beautiful black ice from late October through April, and produced some of the best high school hockey teams in the country, routinely beating the freshman teams of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The annual game against Princeton was played during the Christmas holidays in Madison Square Garden, with the winner being awarded the ‘Hobey Baker’ stick – owned by that hockey legend who played for both SPS and Princeton, and died in WWI. When Coley and I were at SPS they had five or six natural ice rinks with hard, black ice on a large

pond. The ice was kept smooth by a sled with a shaving blade pulled by a pair of white horses. After the ice was shaved, a tractor with a large rotating brush swept off the ice chops, and play resumed for four or five days until it was time for the next shave. Skating in the open air, with pine trees along the edge of the pond, was an experience we all treasured. It is now largely a thing of the past – the school has several artificial rinks, and hockey is no longer the religion it once was, when we had 24 club teams playing at all levels, as well as the varsity and JV. One Coley story: One day at St. Paul's, just before our midwinter dance weekend with a big hockey game coming up, our English teacher assigned us to write a poem that captured the spirit of the weekend. One of my classmates at once burst out with, 'Go, Coley, go!'"

Bill Hildebrand recalls: "All who knew Coley identified him by his smile. It was a smile that said, 'I am glad to get to know you.' It was a smile that said, 'If there is anything I can do to make your life better, I will try.' And, for all his worldly success, he never stopped reaching out to others and enjoying everyone he met. There were times when that warm and welcoming smile did disappear. They came in 60-minute intervals and occurred 26 times a year. That was when he proudly wore his Yale Hockey jersey and represented all that was best in Yale athletics. Seeing #5 take the ice produced frowns on the faces of his opponents and smiles on the faces of his teammates. Those who knew him as a teammate and a friend are much richer for the experience. Those who did not know him can be certain he would have enjoyed knowing you and would have wanted the best for you. Coley was a rare combination of extraordinary talent and humility. He possessed a zest for life and a love of others."

Peter Kiernan writes: "I don't recall ever meeting Coley before late in junior year at Yale, when we both joined Desmos, our senior society. The senior society experience and the bond between the 15 classmates in the same society can be and often is strong. And my

memories of Coley reflect how perfect a friend and companion and confidant he was. He always was in search of a ‘caper,’ as he called his endeavors and amusements. I can even now hear him saying that word in my mind. Yale today receives many of what they view as ideal candidates, far more than they can accept. What they don’t do today nearly as well as they did in our day, I believe, is look for the ideal friend, the leader we search for, the truly good model for what we would all want to be if we could – the Coley Burkes of this world.”

Geoff Noyes remembers: “Coley and I met when he invited me to join him to play guitar and sing for the vagabonds and down-n-outers sheltering in the waiting room of the New Haven railroad station. We did it often; he was on a first-name basis with most of the denizens. Coley came from Hamilton College (his maternal family were founders of the college, I think), a hockey star there and at Yale and in (unsuccessful) tryouts for the USA Hockey team. A favorite memory: After Yale, Coley would organize and bring upstate to the Hamilton College hockey arena a coterie of hockey friends, male and female, for a weekend of jungle hockey and splendid dinners. He and I both had a deep sense of attachment and love for the hills, valleys, and tiny villages and hamlets of Central New York. The Burke family summer home was in Oxford, Chenango County; we would round up there of a weekend and go back-roading, with a sense that here was a genuinely natural world. He was a naturalist. I felt that he and I were special friends, but I always knew that he made everyone in his wide circle of acquaintances a special friend . . . many, many. He radiated outward.”

Bobby Power writes: “When my mother died a while ago in Ireland I went through our family guest book and found Coley’s name and time of visit dated 1962! Following that we remained in close contact ever since. I can recall many hunting, fishing, and shooting trips in England, Ireland, Canada, Alaska, and so on. He was terrific company, an engaging raconteur,

an accomplished pianist (which few people knew), and enormously generous. He was an extremely successful businessman; while he didn't invent 'self storage', he built his fortune around that concept with a number of strategically situated acquisitions around the country, not least his purchase of the entire block in NYC bounded by 11th/12th Avenues and 28th/29th Streets. Where amongst other clients he stored treasures from the Metropolitan Museum! He was a warm and outgoing personality and I amongst many, many others will miss him dearly”.

Albert Dillon Sturtevant passed away peacefully at his home in Washington, DC on November 29, 2020, of complications from Alzheimer's Disease. Al was born and raised in the Georgetown neighborhood of Washington, DC, attending St. Albans School before going on to Yale University and Yale Law School, from which he graduated in 1967. Al joined the Army in 1967, and later served in the Navy Reserves until 1978. Al began his legal career at the Securities and Exchange Commission, serving as Assistant Chief Counsel in the Division of Trading and Markets, before going into private practice in 1973. He later became a mediator and arbitrator for securities disputes, and was registered as an arbitrator with the National Association of Securities Dealers, Inc., the New York Stock Exchange, and the American Arbitration Association. He was active in the community, volunteering at St. Albans School and serving on the first Community Board of Directors for the District of Columbia National Guard Capital Guardian Youth Challenge Academy, a challenge academy for high school dropouts in DC, from 1992 to 1995. Al's gentle spirit and soft-spoken warmth earned him the regard of all who knew him. He enjoyed tennis, camping, and hiking during his summers in Maine and later in Blue Ridge Summit, PA. He also enjoyed traveling to visit his sons as they moved across the US and around the world. Al is survived by Lee Sturtevant, his beloved wife of 51 years; three sons, Albert, David, and Charles (Yale 2001); five grandchildren (to whom he was Grand-dude); and several granddogs, including his buddy Otis.

Bill Bell shares: “As a fellow Washingtonian at the time, I enjoyed summertime outings with Al, in addition to rides to New Haven and back in his wonderful semi-antique convertible, the ‘Pretevantmobile’. Al had a quiet charm, and was rewarded by his enduring marriage to Lee, who deserves our gratitude for her care and for serving as Al’s social secretary during these last few years.” Sam Deloria ’64 remembers: “Albert Sturtevant, the Senior Prefect of the Class of ’59 at Saint Albans, was given the tag of ‘Albert Pretevant, Senior Sturflect’ by a class wag (not me), which he held in some circles all his life. Among the many memories was the Pretevantmobile, a heaterless 1941 Ford convertible which made our road trips colder than the reception we were likely to get from the privileged young ladies we were about to try to court. I remember him laughing, but it took some work to get one out of him. Otherwise, he was the most serene and collected, not controlled, person I have ever known. Not remote, not holding in an alter ego he didn’t want to share, just not wasting words. With me, at least, he knew I would chatter away and save him the trouble. He had a good life, a successful career, a wonderful, loving wife and family, and kept the love and esteem of everybody who knew him. The guy was a rock. His death brings into focus what is for me the worst part of aging, and that is losing the dear ones you thought would be there forever, and, had it been up to them, they would have. Goodbye, Pre!” **Willie Dow** writes: “Al Sturtevant falls easily into and defines the category of people we know as a ‘nice guy’. Al’s father was a patent lawyer in DC and Al had attended St Albans, at that time to me an unknown feeder school for spiffy venues like Yale. Al was deliberate and kind and was gifted with a good sense of humor and, even more, an ability to enjoy watching life’s passing parade with a nonjudgmental sense of bemusement.” **Geordie du Pont** recalls: “Al’s generosity glows across the decades just clearly now as it did across the hall when we lived in Trumbull. Returning a book or class notes to Al’s room always included a friendly conversation and a few comments about his roommate, a spiny, ugly, solitary rockfish.

The only time I ever saw Al explode was when a prankster dropped an Alka-Seltzer tablet into his aquarium. Both Al and the rockfish hit the ceiling. When the rockfish recovered from the initial shock, Al was quick to forgive.” **Lea Pendleton** writes: “For many years, Al and his wife Lee lived next door to my brother, Miles (‘Kim’) Pendleton, ’61 (now deceased) and his wife ‘E’ in Washington, and they were friends. I saw Al and Lee while visiting Kim and E.

Although we were not close, Al was always friendly, and very much a gentleman.

Coincidentally, like me, Al had a favorite dog named Otis. Mine was an English Bulldog.”

George Steers remembers: “Al and I roomed together for four years, the last three with John Schafer. Al introduced me to Sam Deloria, who always called Al ‘Pretevant’. Don’t ask.

Something about St. Albans school where Al may have been a prefect. Al was quiet and modest

with a wonderful dry and understated sense of humor. After graduation, Al and I drove around

the country ‘sleeping rough’. **Jim Hinkle** joined us. We did it backward – out in the north

(when it was still freezing at night) and back home through the South (when the heat and

humidity were at their peak). On the way from the Black Hills to visit a classmate in Harlowton,

Montana, we traversed a 90-mile stretch of uninhabited prairie land along Highway 212 from

Belle Fourche to Hammond. We had pretty much talked ourselves out at that point and for 60

miles or so said nothing and saw no one. Not a car, not a bus, not a soul. Finally Al observed,

‘Not a lot of folks going up to Hammond today.’ That was Al. Comfortable with a

companionable silence but a keen observer and a sly wit. We reunited with John Schafer in Los

Angeles where he was at a Peace Corps training program and **Bill Moore** at his family’s home in

Dallas before he returned to New Haven. It was a wonderful trip and we saw a world now gone

in many places.” **John Schafer** recalls: “Al Sturtevant lived across the hall from me on the top

floor of Lawrance Hall Freshman year and then he, George Steers, and I roomed together in

Trumbull College for three years. He was such a good friend. He was kind, soft-spoken, and

very modest about his accomplishments, which were many. I attended a small high school in Vermont and knew no one at Yale. I wondered whether I could survive academically and socially. Al's friendship (and George's) helped me first to survive and then to enjoy being at Yale. Al was a good tennis and squash player and we used to play both. Trumbull College had a squash court in the basement and we used to battle it out down there. I always lost. I saw Al last at our 50th Reunion when signs of his illness were apparent."

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