



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES MARCH-APRIL 2022

In celebration of the onset of the ninth decade of life, the undefeated Ivy Champs (6-0) football Bullpups of 1959 held a rousing mini-reunion on Harvard weekend at the New Haven Courtyard Marriott, centering at “Bullpup House” off the hotel lobby and lacking only a victory over Harvard for perfection. Twelve original players attended, plus three honorary members, many wives and partners, and distinguished guests Bob Blanchard of the 1960 team (still the last undefeated-untied Yale football team) and Nadine Logan, retired staff assistant to Yale football. The steering committee of **Jud Calkins**, **Vic Sheronas**, and Anthony O’Connell, son of **Tim O’Connell**, unveiled a labor of love, a Google website titled *A Football Family, 1959-1962*, that preserves Bullpupology in many forms, including season memorabilia (with two grainy game films) and later Bullpup doings, and which is subject to supplementation over time. Others in attendance were **Wally Grant**, Toddie and Chris Getman, **Larry Gwin**, Erica and **Hank Higdon**, Marilyn and **Tom Iezzi**, Mary and **Erik Jensen**, Carol Stevens and **Bill Kay**, Kathy and **Peter Kiernan**, Vanessa O’Connell and Savannah Neibart, Christiane and **Stan Riveles**, Bonnie Englund and **Ian Robertson**, Lisa and David Sheronas, **Guy Struve**, **Jim Thompson**, Jan Truebner, and Paula and **Dave Weinstein**.

Andy Barclay writes: “I’ve published a new book, *The Memoirs of Dr. Sex*, available on my website, docbarclay.com. The book is an updated radical empiricist’s view of love and attachment. As Bishop Berkeley said: ‘In vain do we extend our view into the heavens, and pry into the entrails of the earth, in vain do we consult the writings of learned men and trace the dark footsteps of antiquity; we need only draw the curtain of words, to behold the fairest tree of knowledge, whose fruit is excellent, and within the reach of our hand.’ Thus, the book is not ‘about’ anything, the reader *experiences* multi-dimensional thought as applied to bonding and the growth of love from sex (magnetic opposites) to mature (chemical; shared electrons). Along the way, we see how life-energy flows from the spirit, splits into the dimensions of mind (fast) and

body (slower) and exits into the world (slowest); the behavioral energy reaches the limit of the 'behavioral pool' 3½ years away and is reflected back to the Source. We experience these slow waves on the way, seven years later, transmitting them from body to mind to spirit, completing the circuit. This suggests that life is a form of SONAR where behavior comes from God and the information obtained from our decision-matrix is transmitted back to God with the energy-difference between the two representing God's 'learning-curve,' as it were..”

Koichi Itoh reports: “Being a Yale in Tokyo can be somewhat of a lonely existence, especially for native Japanese such as myself. Not belonging to the local foreign expatriate community here in Japan, I find not a single Yale College alumnus among my circles of friends and associates since my graduation 58 years ago. I married my wife Naoko 56 years ago, but she had not spent much time abroad, and it was impossible to integrate her into my Yale circle of friends, which did not exist here. The very first exposure for Naoko to my Yale connection was when Karen and **Martin Wand** came to Tokyo on their cruise tour of Japan in the fall of 2002, and the Wands hosted us in 2013 when we visited them in Farmington immediately after our 50th Reunion. Then came our private 1400 Club (the so-called corner suite in Pierson College where seven of us roomed together in our Senior Year) reunion in Japan in the height of cherry blossom season in 2016, when Naoko and I spent two weeks with Mary Ann and **Mike Fowler**, Jean and **David Porter**, Carol and **Eustace Theodore**, and Teddi and **Fong Wei**. This not only broke the ice completely for Naoko with my closest Yale friends, but the two weeks turned out to be like old times at Pierson – bonding us together and reestablishing old individual ties a half century after graduation. Our 55th in 2018 brought the entire 1400 Club together with **Eric Souers** and Janice Ware (**Jim Ware's** widow) joining us for the first time. The Yale Reunion was followed by several days in Brooklin, Maine, where David Porter and Jennifer Mitchell-Nevin hosted us with their laid back New England style hospitality. I am grateful to all my Yale friends, but especially to Eustace Theodore for looking after our 1400 Club group and to Guy Struve for keeping me connected to our Class since graduation. I very much look forward to our 60th, by which time I hope we will no longer be hindered by Covid-19.”

This year's Yale-Harvard Game on November 20, 2021 commenced with a ceremonial coin toss in honor of **Jerry Kenney** by his widow, Carol Kenney. The announcement preceding the coin toss captured in a few words what Jerry meant to his family, his friends, and Yale: "Honoring a Yale legend, Jerry Kenney, Class of '63, are his widow Carol Kenney, his brothers Brian Kenney, Class of '61, and Robert Kenney, Class of '67, his nephew Jeff Kenney, Class of '93, and his grand-niece Kate Donovan, Class of '21. Jerry left a lasting mark on his beloved University and the Athletic Department. He was strategically brilliant, doggedly competitive, and absolutely honorable. Yale Athletics is forever grateful to the Kenney family for their friendship, passion, and support."

Wick Murray received the 2021 Founder's Award of the Pritzker Military Museum and Library. The award is presented in recognition of an extraordinary contribution to the mission of the Pritzker Military Museum and Library and the preservation of the heritage of the Citizen Soldier. In presenting the award, Colonel Jennifer N. Pritzker, the Chair of the Museum and Library, said, "To our delight, Wick is still turning out scholarship as he enters his ninth decade."

Tony Rogers writes: "Other than my family, my two passions in life have been music and writing. In my teens I played in various rock and jazz bands, joining the musicians' union at 19 so I could play with a jazz trio at the Crosstown Lounge in NW Washington, DC (the bass player was a young man named Butch Warren, who later went on tour with Thelonious Monk, and recorded with Herbie Hancock and Dexter Gordon, among others). When I graduated from college and law school, I earned a living driving a Red Top Cab in Arlington, Virginia, driving a John Deere tractor on a 700-acre farm in central Missouri, and working at a boys' school in Paris. My goal during those early years was to learn as much as I could about people who weren't like me. For the rest of my working life, I was a hospital administrator, running the Quigley Hospital at the Chelsea Soldiers Home outside of Boston, and for 15 years, running the day-to-day operations of the MIT Medical Department. In my every spare moment, I wrote, publishing stories in 20 literary magazines, winning the Writer's Voice Capricorn Award for a collection of short stories (*Bewildered, Harold Faced The Day*), and the Nilsen Award for Best

First Novel (*The Execution of Richard Sturgis, As Told By His Son, Colin* – published by Southeast Missouri University Press in 2013). My memoir about growing up in a political family during the Eisenhower and Nixon administrations – *Fake Smiles* – was published by Tidepool Press in 2017. Since then I have been writing a series of psychological mysteries (ten so far) featuring a retired judge who accidentally becomes an amateur detective. The first three are now available on Amazon: *Judge Randall And The Tenured Professor*; and the newest, *Judge Randall And The Murder To Be Solved Later*. They are not hard-boiled detective stories, nor are they Agatha Christie’s. My model has been the Inspector Maigret mysteries by George Simenon, all 84 of which were recently reissued in paperback by Penguin Books, and are well worth reading. My wife, Tamara, and I are about to celebrate our 44th wedding anniversary. We have three grown children (a journalist, a clinical social worker, and a fund-raiser for non-profits), and six grandchildren. Both of my sons have played in Boston and NYC punk rock clubs, including the legendary CBGB’s.”

Pepper Stuessy (Colorado) and **Bill Bell** (Maine) met up in September 2021 for their sixth annual and longest wilderness canoe trip yet, 65 miles down the Lower Wisconsin River to where it joins the Mississippi. Bill reports: “Lots of bald eagles. When camping shared sandbars with sandhill cranes. Pepper got photos of several pairs of whooping cranes, a very endangered species making a slow comeback after near extinction.”

Charles MacKay (“Mack”) Ganson, Jr. died in the Newton Wellesley Hospital on November 10, 2021, three days before his 82nd birthday. Until a few days before his sudden death he was able to do what he loved: play golf and tennis, care for his wife and home, walk his Corgis, and work full-time. Mack was founder and president of Ganson & Company, and served as an investment advisor, private trustee, and fiduciary to a wide span of family, friends, clients, and colleagues, to whom he offered management, problem solving, and advice. He was a sometimes gruff, gentle giant who devoted his life to guiding others. As a manager and counselor, he was direct and clear. He held himself to high standards, and expected the same of everyone around him. As one client said, “Mack was the man who made things happen, the

person you turned to with problems.” A fellow investor said that “Mack’s opinions were always filled with witty, clever, and amusing retorts that masked a deeply thoughtful, considerate, loyal, and principled man.” Mack lived his whole life in Weston, MA. He attended Phillips Academy Andover, Yale University, and Harvard Business School, after which he worked at Price Waterhouse and the Bank of Boston before starting his own firm. Mack was involved for some years managing public funds for the Town of Weston and was also the long-time Treasurer of The Country Club in Brookline, MA. Mack leaves behind his wife Julia and her two sons, Alex and Matthew; his brother and sister and their families; and nine nephews, nieces, and grands who delighted him. And a few golf courses in Brookline, South Carolina, Scotland, and Weston will miss the glory of his swing, and repeated victories on the 17th hole at Yeamans Hall will live in the hearts of his friends.

Ted Murray writes: “I will always remember Mack's wonderfully welcoming smile and outgoing friendliness. He and his three roommates (**Jay Rixse, Don Abbott, and Gordon Pruett**) lived across the courtyard of Pierson College from me and my three roommates (**Gordon Kuster, Bill Sanford, and Jack Smart**). We didn't cross paths a lot because Mack played golf and several of us were involved in crew. But at mealtimes and around the college, I was always impressed by Mack's sunny, upbeat attitude. Even during the grim prelude of studying and cramming for exams, Mack exuded good cheer; he was a good influence for us all.” **Tony Rhineland** recalls: “Mack and I spent a lot of time together growing up, rooming together at prep school, travelling out West on a camping trip once and another time to Scotland to visit his father’s ancestral home. (His father, Charles Ganson, was my godfather and as an old Yale the main reason I attended Yale.) Mack was an enthusiastic traveler and tennis player and a good friend. “ **Jay Rixse** remembers: “In the beginning, when we joined up in Pierson (along with Don Abbott and Gordon Pruett), one would have considered this an unlikely grouping. But my friendship with Mack was one of my most meaningful and enduring. From the outset Mack took me into his home (literally and figuratively), driving me to Weston on weekends in his red Austin Healey. There, he immediately immersed me into Ganson life, usually involving an

assemblage of 10-20 immediate and extended family and friends. The weekend's activities included, *inter alia*: dinners, tennis, touch football games, crazy nighttime 'hide and seek' in the barn amongst the horses, and learning to fly-fish. Our time together in Weston formed the basis of a lifelong friendship which only grew over the years. In 1968, after our wedding, Mack invited Terry and me to join him and others for a year in a family property in Weston. Over the passing years, we visited when in the Boston area, traveled with Mack and Julia in Scotland, and spent time with them at Yeamans Hall Club outside Charleston, SC. Given the pandemic, we were fortunate to visit them at home in Weston this past September. Now the gentle giant has departed." **Bill Sanford** writes: "Although I never knew Mack well at Yale, one time I particularly remember is when he included me and my date at a family get-together with roommates and friends the evening before the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge my senior year. I remember him being a wonderful host, introducing us to his family and ensuring that all present were fully participating in the festivities. We all had a great time thanks largely to his efforts, and it was one of the events at college that still stick in my mind after all these years. His successes later in life do not surprise me."

William ("Billy") Selden Hamilton died on October 9, 2021, after living with leukemia. He was a Professor of Slavic Languages and Linguistics and spent nearly three decades as Assistant Dean of the College at Wake Forest University. A consummate teacher, Billy always provided a listening ear and a warm chair on the lower quad. Billy earned each of his three degrees from Yale University. From 1970 to 1982, he taught at the State University of New York at Buffalo, where he became a lifelong Buffalo Bills fan. Even in his last days, he sported a Buffalo Bills hoodie and hat, testimony to his willingness to believe everyone is capable of redemption. Billy's graduate work took longer than usual because he dropped out to play bluegrass music, spending most of a year playing with Walter Hensley and the Dukes of Bluegrass. Billy had a natural ease with languages and almost any musical instrument. His family attributes this to his curiosity and humility – he wasn't afraid to mess up or to be wrong. He spoke Russian, Czech, Polish, Ukrainian, Serbo-Croatian, German, Dutch, French, some

Italian, some Old English, and a touch of Gaelic. He played (in descending order of competence, but ascending order of hilarity) banjo, mandolin, guitar, fiddle, piano, bass, zither, trumpet, saxophone, and bugle. Billy took several forays behind the Iron Curtain, from his dissertation research in Czechoslovakia, where he witnessed the Soviet invasion firsthand, to Wake Forest-sponsored trips to Moscow and St. Petersburg until 2000. He won the 2021 Jon Reinhardt Award for Distinguished Teaching at Wake Forest University, a fitting capstone to his long career in education. His 1980 textbook, *Introduction to Russian Phonology and Word Structure*, is still in print and used in Russian courses around the country. Billy not only taught language and linguistics, but he also taught many aspiring old-time and bluegrass musicians of varying abilities over the years. Billy is survived by his wife of 52 years, Cynthia (“Cindy”) Escher Hamilton; his daughter, Sage Hamilton Rountree; his son, John Hamilton; and three granddaughters.

John Hardwig recalls: “Bill (he was ‘Bill’, not ‘Billy’, back then) suffered more than most of us from the cafeteria food. The ‘mystery meat’ – his expression – appalled him. But the most unpalatable item in our daily fare was the selection of jams and jellies for toast at breakfast. They were completely unacceptable. Bill found a remedy, though – he bought a jar of Dundee Marmalade. Each morning he would carry it across campus from Vanderbilt Hall to the Commons and back again before going to his classes. To preserve it, the precious marmalade was kept on the window sill outside of his bedroom. Bill was a Russian major which was, to me, exotic enough in itself. What drew his interest to Russian was the *language*. To my untutored mind, totally ignorant of either the fascination or the power of linguistics, that was nearly incomprehensible. But Bill went on to prove the aptness of his choices. I wish I could report that I (and our other roommates) were early fans of Bill’s bluegrass music. We were not. Bill used to scream into his pillow in an effort to elevate the pitch of his voice. We scoffed. And we refused to allow him to play his mandolin in our rooms. Bill was banished to the common bathroom down the hall and it was at the sinks there that he honed his skills. All I can say in my defense is that I did go to a couple of performances of the Grey Sky Boys while we were

undergraduates and I still have an LP of their music. It sounds much better now than it did back in the '60s when I could have learned first-hand from Bill about that rich genre.” **John Hitz** remembers: “Once you got through the laconic reserve and southern Ohio accent, you found that Bill Hamilton was a sophisticated person with a keen intellect. In a milieu of go-getters and world-beaters, his calm sense of humor and musical talent stood out. I am not surprised that his students loved him.” **Geoff Noyes** recalls: “Billy and I were not roommates until graduate school, but our primary connection was music. First, as undergraduates, the Grey Sky Boys. After I got out of the Army, we formed the OHio River Boys and held forth at the Enormous Room on College Street. Billy came over to West Berlin (and East Berlin) to see and play with our BG band there in 1965. I was enriched many times over by Billy's wise suggestions, wise examples, and deep understanding of human nature and relationships. Best of all was our great fun with ‘humor structures’ . . . linguistic puns and mangled rubrics.” **David Schoenbrod** writes: “Billy and I first met as members of Manuscript, a senior society at Yale College, and, through the regular meetings of this small group of seniors, became fast friends. We parted at graduation, Billy to start graduate work in linguistics at Yale, I to study at Oxford and travel abroad. Two years later, Billy had taken a break from study to play bluegrass and I was returning to Yale to study law. We were both on the cusp of getting serious about launching our lives as adults, but I did not know that when I called Billy’s parents’ home in Ohio to see if he wanted to share an apartment in New Haven during the coming year. Instead of reaching Billy, however, I found myself talking with his father who interviewed me about this roommate idea. With his thorough approval, Billy and I did room together. Being roommates was, according to Billy’s father, helpful to Billy and, according to me, helpful to me. We indeed did help each other cross the threshold from students to adults. At the end of that year, I left the apartment to get married. The marriage did not last but the feeling of connection between Billy and me did. We got in touch only infrequently over the decades but when we did get in touch the connection was palpable. I am helped in describing that connection and an essential quality of Billy by William Arrowsmith’s introduction to Euripides’ play, *The Bacchae*. Arrowsmith

writes that the play focuses on *Sophia – wisdom* – which he writes is ‘a moral rather than an intellectual skill’ – ‘a firm awareness of one’s own nature and therefore of one’s place in the scheme of things.’ According to Arrowsmith, with that wisdom comes ‘skill, craft, cleverness, know-how, cunning, smartness, and the specific craft of experience’ Billy had that wisdom. It was apparent in his reflections on life and, at the end, on dying. One can hear it in those of [his songs available on YouTube](#). Especially apt is song number 14, ‘In Death I Sweetly Sing.’” **Lew Turano** shares: “I roomed with Billy and John Hardwig in a triple in Silliman, Sophomore through Senior Years. Although our paths didn’t cross academically, with majors in Russian (Billy), Philosophy (John), and Chemistry (me), our three years were a great time together. It’s hard to remember Billy without thinking about bluegrass. The Grey Sky Boys, Billy’s group of string players (banjo, fiddle, guitar, even a washboard bass) would gather in our suite and play afternoons or evenings. They strove for and achieved a very authentic bluegrass sound. On those (rare) occasions where studying to bluegrass was not going well, John or I would ask the group to leave our suite. They often ended up in the bathroom down the hall and now their music reverberated off the tile floors and walls, louder than before. I had a classical piano background, and a rudimentary electric keyboard in our suite. I would play along, learning songs and names of the bluegrass legends who were Billy’s heroes. I was never invited to join Billy’s group – who ever heard of a piano in a bluegrass group? Our paths diverged after Yale, but I was fortunate to room with and know Billy for three years.”

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