



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES MAY – JUNE 2021

Paul Dahlquist shares: “Living on the Island of Hawaii has been a real blessing in 2020. We are relatively isolated, have a salubrious climate, and have one of our two children living nearby. The other we weren’t able to see since February, but he was able to fly up from Honolulu for two weeks over Christmas and New Year’s. While the local economy has greatly suffered, daily life has been reasonably normal except for masks and social distancing. I have even been able to play golf with regularity since about April, and at age 79 (until 12/24/20 when I turned 80) have been able to shoot my age several times. Now, at age 80, it should be easier. One of the things I did with so much time on my hands was to delve into family history via genealogy, photographs, letters (including every letter I wrote home during my Yale years!), and more. It was great fun, and resulted in a ‘book’ I had printed in a very limited edition called *This is My Story, and I’m Sticking to It*. I learned a lot writing it, and perhaps the friends and family who have read it did as well. I have been asked by a number of others for copies so I will probably print some more. Or, if someone wants it badly enough, a pdf file can be sent though the download will probably be lengthy. Among the things I have found is one ancestor, Thomas Judd, who arrived in Massachusetts in 1633 and became a founding father of not one, but two, cities in Connecticut – Hartford in 1636 and Farmington in 1644. Pretty cool to find such a connection to the state where I went to college. May 2021 be so much better than the past year!”

Mike LaFond reports: “Pam and I and all of our kids and grandkids are healthy. We live in the boonies of New Hampshire, but we do hope that by the Summer of 2021 we will be able to move about more easily and frequently.”

Victor Sheronas writes: “Here’s a novel development for us retirees with available time. I’ve been asked to stand for election as the Democratic candidate for auditor of our township, East Nantmeal, PA. Not bad for having just turned 80! If elected, I’d join the other two auditors, who are both women and Republicans. A new auditor is elected every two years and serves a six-year term; this way, the auditors have overlapping terms. I’m also in the midst of planning this summer’s veggie garden and ordering the necessary stuff. Otherwise, we’re still successfully hunkering down and sooo looking forward to when we can resume hugging and eating out.”

Mike Skol relates: “Big news on the client front was the award to Skol & Serna of an interesting contract in Colombia: Over the years, the Colombian government has confiscated billions of dollars’ worth of ‘properties’ (nearly 6,000 in all: land, buildings, companies, zoos, stores) from drug traffickers, terrorists, guerrilla groups, money launderers, et al. Now, in what is called a ‘megasubasta’ (big auction), these assets will be sold to international bidders. Two basic contracts were awarded: one for the conduct of the sale itself (to Cherokee Nation Aerospace & Defense), the other (to us) to create and administer a comprehensive compliance program (including investigative due diligence) to assure that the process is conducted free of corruption and that bidders and their money are legitimate (i.e., not narco-traffickers trying to buy back their old holdings, Venezuelan generals, etc.).”

A. Peter Foote passed away on February 1, 2021. **Bill Bell** recalls: “Even those of us who knew Peter only casually loved his quick wit, ready laugh, and readiness to grab his guitar. He was an incredibly fun guy to be around.” **Michael O’Brien** writes: “Peter became my roommate in my second year at Yale. We joined Deke with Artie Rogers. Peter became a great friend of mine and I spent many weekends at his parents’ house in Bedford. Peter was one of the happiest and funniest persons I ever knew growing up. He was a tremendous amount of fun and

he had a wonderful twinkle in his eyes. He was always game for any adventure and we managed to get into a lot of trouble together. He loved playing the guitar and entertained us all. He had the ability to make everyone around him feel extremely comfortable. All of us who knew him well loved Peter as a tremendous person and will miss his smiling face, wit, and friendship terribly.” **Art Rogers** remembers: “Peter Foote and I were close friends for 64 years, having first met at Andover sophomore year in 1957. At school we played on the same football and lacrosse teams, where even football practice was fun with Peter around! After school we roomed together for four years at Yale and figured out how to graduate and get a great job. Peter and I were best man in each other’s wedding and godfather to our sons. Along the way we shared many “firsts”: first round of golf at Augusta National and Pine Valley in 1962, first occasion in over-imbibing at Vassar College and first time we found a mate and got married. Peter had a knack for uplifting whatever we were doing. An accomplished guitar player and Everly Brothers fan, he entertained us on many social evenings at Yale and beyond. In more recent years Peter had an investment company and wrote a periodic one-page market forecast letter which I always found succinct and accurate – a testament to his sound judgment. He leaves behind his wonderful wife Cathy and three terrific kids.”

Stephen Flack Gunther, M.D. passed away in a Covid ICU on December 26, 2020 in Washington, DC. Born in Troy, NY on October 31, 1941, he graduated from the Albany Academy in 1959 and Yale College in 1963. He married his high school sweetheart and true love, Beverly Elizabeth Burke, in 1962. Dr. Gunther graduated from Albany Medical College with AOA Honors and then completed the Yale Orthopedic Residency Program under the direction of the renowned orthopedic chairman, Dr. Wayne Southwick. He then joined the US Navy Medical Corps and moved to Washington, DC, where he was stationed at the former Bethesda Naval Hospital and attained the rank of Commander during the Vietnam War. He left

active duty in 1975 in order to begin a new position as Chairman of Orthopedic Surgery at MedStar Washington Hospital Center (WHC), where he continued to practice through 2019. He was a Professor of Orthopedic Surgery at the Uniformed Services Medical School, George Washington University School of Medicine, and Georgetown University School of Medicine. Under his leadership and Beverly's gracious mentorship, the WHC Orthopedic Department flourished, and many appreciative students and residents progressed to illustrious academic careers. He also treated patients at Children's National Hospital and the MedStar National Rehabilitation Hospital. Dr. Gunther had a great passion for teaching, collaborating, and patient-centered care. He won many teaching awards from residents and peers, including the prestigious Gold-Headed Cane award at WHC in 2006 for his lifetime achievements in medicine. He was an accomplished orthopedic scholar including national award-winning research on median nerve microanatomy. Dr. Gunther was President of the Eastern Orthopedic Association, Sierra Cascade Trauma Society, and the DC Hand Society. He served as Chairman-Secretary of the Twentieth Century Orthopedic Association, and he was an elected member of the Cosmos Club. Dr. Gunther loved the outdoors, and he particularly relished skiing, hiking, biking, rollerblading, golf, and ice skating with his family and friends. He particularly enjoyed serving as camp doctor over a 50-year period at Camp Pasquaney in rural New Hampshire. He was one of the leaders of the GW Ortho Plaster Blasters softball team for 25 years. Dr. Gunther, also known as "Red," "Big Red," and "Gunny," will also be remembered for his many athletic feats and awards. These include his illustrious collegiate hockey career at Yale and semi-pro career for the Washington Chiefs, coaching hockey, winning US Speedskating National Championships, completing over 2 million pushups, and winning five club championships in golf at Chevy Chase Club. He was a loving family man, a loyal and generous friend, and a most talented, highly skilled, and compassionate doctor. He is survived by his beloved wife of 58 years, Beverly Burke Gunther;

five children, Gwen Gunther, Dr. Stephen B. Gunther, Elizabeth Gunther Muller, Matthew Gunther, and Cristin Gunther Head; and ten grandchildren.

Dick Foster writes: “Steve Gunther was in the next room to mine in Welch Hall when we arrived at Yale in September 1959. He remained a great friend throughout his life and mine. Steve was a great hockey player (I was a rank intramural wannabe) and formed a quick friendship with Benno Schmidt, another hockey-playing classmate and lifelong friend. At the end of Freshman Year, we three took a suite in Trumbull and lived a great Sophomore Year there, joining DKE in the process. Those stories will have to wait for another day. The love of Steve’s life was Beverly Burke. They married while Steve was at the Yale Medical School. Not surprisingly Steve and Bev produced a wonderful cluster of children who are all doing well in life and producing their own children. After graduation – Steve from Yale Medical School, Benno from Yale Law School, and me from the new Yale School of Engineering and Applied Sciences – we went our separate ways but never lost touch. No matter how long it had been between the times we saw each other, we were able to pick up where we left off. To Steve we were ball ‘dillybags’ and that is as true today as it was then. It was a great honor in life to know Steve.”

Bill Hildebrand shares: “Big Red, as he will always be known to me, and I played on the same line for every game of our three varsity years. We roomed together on the road and even sat next to each other in the dressing room. Steve was a true Renaissance man – accomplished scholar, doctor, hockey player, and golfer. He was warm, friendly, and approachable. He was also a fierce competitor – exactly the man you want at your side in battle. His beautiful and talented wife, Beverly, was the wind beneath his wings. Together they produced and raised five outstanding children, of whom Steve was inordinately and justly proud. He deeply loved his family. Raising our families and pursuing our careers meant that we were

not in close contact for many years, but when senior hockey brought us back together, it was as if we had never been apart. Steve's passing means we will again be separated, but I know where he is and I know when I get there we will 'lace 'em up' and hit the ice."

Peter Kiernan recalls: "I knew Steve Gunther but not well at Yale. We were both Dekes, and I saw him there on a regular basis, but we were not close friends. I have been fortunate enough to see Steve and Beverly much more often in recent years. Steve and I both played golf at the same club in the Washington area – Steve a multi-time club champion and me a duffer – with many opportunities to chat about Yale and otherwise. Even better, at least in one sense, was my recent bout with arthritis in my hands – a challenge to any golfer. I asked Steve to take care of this, and he did. As a doctor, he was informal, reassuring, had a skilled and soft touch, and was just perfect. He treated me with cortisone shots for a time – once suggesting that, if I chose, he would be glad to give me my shot in the parking lot by our golf course, and ultimately immobilizing a joint in my right forefinger with a steel pin and instantly and permanently solving my pains there. Someone who had been a friendly acquaintance before became a good and true friend in the process. I will miss him in the days ahead."

Benno Schmidt remembers: "I first met Steve when we tried out for the freshman hockey team. Steve was by far the best and fastest skater in our Class and it was clear from the beginning that he was headed for three years on the varsity. We had a great group on the team, including Billy Hildebrand who would become Steve's and my close friend and who would captain the varsity. Steve and I became best friends and we wound up rooming together for the next three years, one year with my good friend Dick Foster. Steve and I spent many hours in the basement of Trumbull playing on a battered pool table. I visited with Steve at his home in Troy, NY several times. It was during one of those visits that I met his lovely girlfriend Beverly whom Steve married and with whom he had a long and devoted marriage. I'll never forget Steve's

description of his first freshman English class: he said a janitor dressed in dirty clothes came in to clean the blackboard, turned to the class and said, ‘my name is Harold Bloom and I am teaching this class.’ I find it hard to believe that Steve has died. I thought he would be the longest-lived classmate. He was surely the fittest member of our Class, a world-class speed skater and hockey player throughout his life. But he was on the front lines of the pandemic and we have lost a great classmate and dear, lifelong friend. I often think that the greatest feature of our Yale experience was the people we met there, and for me Steve was the best of the best. I will miss him deeply. Steve, you enriched my life.:

Harold B. Hawkins, M.D. passed away on December 31, 2020 in Hamden, CT.

Although Connecticut was his home for most of his life, Harold was born in Oklahoma, and considered himself to be an Okie. Shreveport, LA, where he lived for five years, held his best memories. There he learned to play golf, caught turtles in a bayou to sell to a local 5&10 store, and played chess incessantly, in person and over the phone, with a friend with whom he was in contact for life. Both of his parents graduated from the University of Oklahoma, an amazing accomplishment in the 1930s. They intended that their sons go to college and, at considerable sacrifice, supported his undergraduate studies at Yale University. He attended Dartmouth Medical School and graduated from Harvard Medical School. Following a stint in the Public Health Service assigned to the Peace Corps in Fortaleza, Brazil, internship, and residency, Harold was a radiologist at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, CT for 28 years. Harold and his wife of 54 years, Lynne Berneike Hawkins, raised their family in West Hartford. With his undergraduate degree in art history, Harold loved to travel. The family took wonderful trips, always with all three children. When the dollar was strong and the franc weak, they had beach vacations from Normandy to the Riviera. His family had a cabin in Taos, NM, where the family also spent many summer weeks. When he gained a few middle-age pounds, Harold began

running, and ran the Boston Marathon in 1978. With the example of their parents, all three children run and love to travel. In addition to his wife, Harold is survived by his children, Carolyn H. Lee, Harold B. Hawkins, and Robert H. Hawkins, and seven grandchildren.

Carter Findley writes: “Harold Hawkins was originally from Oklahoma, but he was living in Atlanta when he graduated from high school. I met him at a Yale Club picnic in Atlanta shortly before we headed north for Freshman Year, and he was one person with whom I managed to stay in contact as long as we were both at Yale and again in later years. During the summer after Freshman Year, Harold and I were both working in Atlanta. Late in the summer, I heard from Harold that **Mike Henderson**, who had roomed right across the hall from me in Vanderbilt and whom Harold also knew, was coming down in one of his father’s old cars. How would I like to take a trip to Florida with them? After being cooped up in an office job all summer trying to make a little money, the answer was: a lot. Mike arrived in Atlanta, probably in mid-September of 1960, in a ’53 black Jaguar. He stayed a day or so in Atlanta, and then the three of us headed off to Florida, intending to drive from there back to Yale for the start of Sophomore Year. One of the most popular activities for summer evenings in Atlanta in those days was to go to an outdoor amphitheater, the Chastain Theater at North Fulton Park, to see stage productions of musicals. My great contribution to the Atlanta festivities was to fix the three of us up with dates to go see *South Pacific* or something like that. Because Michael was the guest of honor, I racked my brain to find an especially interesting date for him. I decided on Dana Ivey, a high-school classmate of mine whose ambition was to become an actress. And she did: among her credits is creating the role of Miss Daisy in *Driving Miss Daisy* on stage in New York. Then there we were in that awe-inspiring automobile, heading south into the heat. Harold remembered that we rotated drivers – not a chance I would have taken, if it had been my father’s car. Michael gave strict instructions not to exceed the speed limit. I seem to remember that the

state troopers stopped us at least once, probably just for the novelty of seeing three kids in a car like that. Our destination was Daytona. Harold remembered driving out onto the beach in that car, ‘cruising for chicks,’ not that any of them paid us any attention. Harold and I both remembered the deep-sea fishing expedition that was an obligatory bad-trip for visitors to Daytona. You know: nobody catches anything; the boat bounces up and down all day; everybody gets sunburned; usually there is a drunk on board; loud-mouthed profanity; people getting sick over the side of the boat; the captain muttering under his breath about what kind of way is this to make a living. The deep-sea fishing aside, we had a few days of sun and fun in and around Daytona, then started for New Haven. Somewhere in Florida, the car broke down. Astonishingly, we found a garage that could work on it. We headed back northward, more or less along the coast. I can remember stopping at some place in the coastal part of Georgia for a really good lunch of shrimp creole at a place with the grandiose name of the Lafayette Grill. Then we headed for Freehold, NJ, where we spent a night at the Henderson house. The next day we drove on to New Haven. The closer we got to New Haven, the grayer, colder, and rainier it got -- an apocalyptic welcome. Good-bye summer. Hello Sophomore Year. At this stage, I cannot exactly reconstruct how Harold and I stayed in contact after that. There were times when we stayed with Harold and Lynne en route to summer vacations. We also met up at reunions, as recently as 2008 – truly one of the friendships formed at Yale.”

Tony Gaenslen remembers: “Harold Hawkins and I met as two frightened Freshmen unable to understand a word Professor Scoville said as he laid out elaborate calculus formulae on the blackboard. Out of that initial shared terror grew our life-long friendship. Harold had a genius and a passion for it, tracking down and keeping up with classmates who otherwise would have been lost from sight. Every Yale reunion, on calling Harold, he delightedly dropped

whatever he had going on, rushed right over, and we picked up our friendship as if we had parted the week before. He was one of the special gifts Yale, and life, brought me.”

Bob Haight remembers: “Harold was my friend for 60 years. I can remember meeting him in the Yale Freshman Dining Hall in 1960. We were roommates, with others, for our Sophomore and Junior years before he went to Dartmouth Medical School. One evening Harold and I and our two roommates, Tony Gaenslen and **Mohamed Sbeih**, met Lynne and two of her high school classmates at the home of Hy and Cornelia Tindall in Milford, CT. Hy Tindall was the English teacher for Lynne and her friends. The Tindalls, relatives of my godmother, looked after me while I was at Yale, and they took it upon themselves to have this evening get-together to try to improve my social life. The evening was very enjoyable for all, and it led to the marriage of Harold and Lynne. Harold’s course at Yale was different from most, as he left Yale after his junior year to go to Dartmouth and then Harvard Medical Schools and then to Stanford for a medical internship. After serving as a doctor to Peace Corps volunteers in Brazil, he returned to Yale to complete his undergraduate degree in 1970 by taking a full menu of Art History offerings. His interest in art history continued to expand throughout his life, it guided his travels, especially in France, and it brought great pleasure to him and his family.” Harold will be remembered for his generous laugh, the wide range of his interests, and his steadfast friendships.”

Lanny Lutz (also known as Charles Allan Lutz) passed away on January 5, 2021 in Los Angeles of severe kidney disease. Lanny grew up in Birmingham, MI and Darien, CT. In high school, Lanny excelled in competitive sports. He was captain of the hockey team and played football. He loved sailing and often won races during the summers on Long Island Sound, racing out of the Noroton Yacht Club. His love of sailing pushed him to work as an adolescent on Lindt

Foster's 83-foot yacht and dream of travelling the world, which he later did. Like his father, Lanny went to Yale. At Yale Lanny majored in English but also studied French and participated in Yale Drama performances. In his second year at Yale he decided to take a year off to explore France. In Paris he met and fell in love with Katia. Lanny and Katia married in Paris and then moved back to the US so that he could finish his B.A. at Yale. After Yale, Lanny taught English at Milford Academy while Katia taught French at several prestigious schools. In 1967, they moved to New York City where Lanny decided to devote his time fully to acting. In order to develop his craft, in 1969 Lanny went to London where he attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA). Here he won The Bancroft Award (Gold Medal), for his interpretation of *Tartuffe*, while his wife worked for the BBC and their daughter, Natalie, learned English with a thick cockney accent with her nanny since at home only French was spoken. After RADA, the family moved to NY, where Lanny continued to pursue acting. He then moved to LA and finally to the Chicago area. He lived in Oak Park for more than 20 years, where he did many acting jobs and was a prominent community organizer. At 69 he played a small role in the film *Batman, the Dark Knight* and in the same summer the role of Cordelius in *Romeo and Juliet*. At that time, struggling to make ends meet and find a "survival job" that would allow him the freedom he needed to audition and find roles, he decided to get a truck driving license. Lanny followed a six-month program which weeded out the original 500 students to 50 in the end. He was very proud that he had succeeded and knew how to parallel park an 18-wheeler by the end of the ordeal. Five years later he decided to try one last time to "make it in LA". He left the full life he had lived in Oak Park to move across the country. He left behind him his baby grand piano, many friends, and people who admired the work he had done raising awareness against racism. For five years he lived in LA, going from one agent to another, going for walks on the beach, going to the library, and compulsively following the news. He played piano in the lobby of his

residence, a low-income housing residence for the elderly. Most of his neighbors were African American and called him Beethoven. Lanny is survived by his daughter Natalie, who lives in France; his sister, Carolyn L. Gibson; his ex-wife Katia Lutz; his dear friend Janet Bohler; and two grandchildren.

Lanny had a full and adventuresome life which he dedicated to his passion, acting. He dreamed of becoming a great actor and continued to pursue it until the end. He was happy to be free and chose the life he wanted. Lanny said of himself that he was a gipsy and lived as one. He never would have been happy in an ordinary well-kept life. At the end of his life he was not the publicly recognized great actor many said he was and this lack of stardom saddened him but he was never prone to self-pity. He was happy with the life he had lived. He was successful in that he never compromised his dream and lived according to his values. He fervently fought racism and loved a good debate. He loved fine wine and good meals with friends. He had a booming laugh. He was for some a Zorba the Greek.

Jory (George) Squibb remembers Lanny Lutz as follows: “Lanny and I were best friends growing up in Birmingham, MI and we found ourselves on the Old Campus in 1959. We became roommates in Silliman College our sophomore year. Lanny was a lover of debating, and I remember that year as one long debate! He dropped out the summer following, moved to Paris, married Katia, and returned to finish in the Class of 1964. Being involved in theater at Yale was formative, and he went on to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, where he won their major prize. He and Katia – eventually joined by their daughter Natalie – settled in NYC, where Lanny pursued a career in acting, against very stiff competition. Alas, that career never took off and he developed a useful sideline as a wine merchant. Eventually he moved, a bachelor now, to Chicago where repertory theater was his passion. Throughout his life, Lanny was at work fighting racism, calling out himself and others concerning racial bias. He was

passionate about music, played the piano beautifully, and had Chagall and Rembrandt prints on his walls. On a level deeper than the mundane, his life ‘succeeded’ because of his freedom to live his dream. In his 70s he moved to Los Angeles where he struggled – as you can imagine – to establish a supportive community at extreme old age. He died there with kidney failure in a hospital. His family, Covid-constrained, connected as best they could by telephone. Many of us friends always hoped Lanny might mellow his insistence on a career in acting, but that was not his path. Win or lose, theater remained the centerpiece of his life. Some of you have, by now, actually watched a person die – that dramatic moment – and been filled with the strong emotions that follow it. One emotion I felt at a recent death was a ‘relief-acceptance-happiness’ feeling, as struggles were now over, and the dying person’s life became a complete, and somehow even a perfect entity. In death it became a valid expression of the mystery and diversity of human existence. That’s how I remember Lanny. Hooray! What an amazing life!”

Douglas Frazier Wax passed away peacefully on January 3, 2021 at his home in Newbury Park, CA, surrounded by his loving family. Doug grew up in Ohio, later moving to Boston, MA. Doug demonstrated a strong work ethic early with his own paper route. As a Boy Scout he earned the rank of Eagle Scout. Doug was an exceptional student, graduating from Wellesley High School at age 17 and enrolling at Yale University. While at Yale, on a blind date, Doug met a foreign exchange student from Finland named Arja Lahti. After a brief courtship, Doug and Arja were engaged. They married in 1963, the same year that Doug graduated from Yale with a Bachelor’s Degree in History and Economics. Doug and Arja moved to California, where they would spend the next 57 years together. Doug began his professional career in banking with United California Bank. He went on to found American West Bank in Encino, CA in the mid-1980s. Doug’s business acumen drew him away from banking and into real estate. In 1972 he obtained his real estate license and joined the McDonald

Company in Woodland Hills, CA, performing industrial real estate transactions. Doug excelled and after four years he and his fellow agent, Robert Lipson, formed their own company, Industrial Park Associates (IPA). After ten years of rapid growth IPA was sold to Daum Johnston America. Doug remained with Daum for three years, achieving the mark of top agent in the Valley office in 1987, 1988, and 1989. In 1990 he went back on his own, reviving the IPA name and assembling top agents to work with him at the new firm. Doug's son Mike joined him in the business in 1997. In 2002 the company moved to Oxnard, CA, where it remains active to this day. Doug retired in 2018, but still visited the office regularly until the late fall of 2020. He loved putting deals together and was an encyclopedia of industrial real estate knowledge. Doug was well known for his integrity and ethical treatment of his clients and fellow brokers. At the time Doug cofounded IPA he also began developing industrial buildings for his own account and for clients. He went on to develop over 50 industrial buildings in the cities of Canoga Park, Chatsworth, San Fernando, Sylmar, Valencia, Simi Valley, Camarillo, Oxnard, and Ventura. Doug was an active member and two-term President (1981-1982) of AIR CRE (formerly the American Industrial Real Estate Association). Doug mentored a number of his clients and their family members, shaping them into successful real estate developers with significant real estate holdings. Doug and Arja loved traveling, visiting Arja's homeland of Finland numerous times, as well as China, France, and Argentina, to name a few. They most recently visited Northern France in the summer of 2018. Doug had a great sense of humor and enjoyed planning parties. Doug is survived by his wife of 57 years, Arja L. Wax; his son Mike Wax; his daughters Nora Plechner and Alexa Smith; and 11 grandchildren.

Andy Barclay remembers: "I met Doug after Freshman year when I relocated from Vanderbilt to Berkeley College. A bunch of us started eating lunch together and hanging out. Doug was a soft-spoken person and very intelligent, but he didn't wave it around, if you know

what I mean. He, Art Gilliam, and **Doug Kalesh** went up to Conn College one weekend, and he came back saying he thought he had met his future wife. We all kind of laughed at that until we met Arja. From then on, it was Doug and Arja. They got married in 1963 and were never separated. Doug was a couple of years older than I. He had something nice to say about everyone and everything. He always saw the good side. He was part of a group, including **Steve Jones, Dick Barnes**, and Doug Kalesh, who would watch the New York Giants play football on TV. We also played bridge with him (and Arja, who would count the points in her hand out loud in Finnish). Can you believe it? I learned how to count from one to fourteen in Finnish, but I can only remember one or two now, maybe because you don't get many hands above six or eight. Arja says that Doug was in failing health this last fall, walked with a cane, and then was confined to a wheelchair. He may have had a stroke but the hospitals in California were tied up with Covid-19 treatment and had little time to treat anything else, so they brought him home to care for him. Toward the end, one of his kids said to him: 'Dad, we're going to miss you.' Doug responded, 'I'm going to miss me too.' We're all going to miss him. He was a great success story and an outstanding member of our Class."

Art Gilliam writes: "I met Doug in our senior year. He was a couple of years older than the rest of us and had more life experiences. My recollection is that he was returning to Yale. He seemed wiser, and we tended to listen to him, because his words had the ring of experience and authority. But most importantly, Doug was the one who had the car! I convinced him that it would be great if he would drive several of us to New London, where we could get together with some of the girls at Connecticut College. My ulterior motive was that I had met a wonderful girl that summer before senior year. She was in college in Atlanta but was an exchange student that year at Connecticut College. So Doug, good guy that he was, agreed to drive to New London. Several of us piled into his car, and off we went. The good news is that it was during one of our

visits to Connecticut College that my friend introduced Doug to his wife-to-be, Arja, who had come to Connecticut College from her home in Finland. Doug and Arja soon married and had a happy life together. I was glad to see them at our 50th Reunion and am deeply saddened that Doug has passed away. I am happy to have been a small part of his life and especially to have been instrumental in his finding his lifelong companion.”

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

