



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES MAY-JUNE 2022

After reviewing an earlier draft of the following Class Notes, **Jay Rixse** wrote: “This is the first time I can recall when the Class Notes were all devoted *in memoriam* to classmates who have passed. It makes for wonderful reading and remembering (even of those who were not known to all). It brings a sense of unity of our Class, beyond the casual and superficial. Each individual, remembered by classmates, shows the depth of character, career, personality, and humanity that each demonstrated from their time at Yale. A truly poignant set of notes, but one that makes me proud to be a member of the our Class.”

Charles Mark Furcolo passed away on December 16, 2021. Mark was the eldest child of Kathryn (Foran) Furcolo and former Massachusetts Governor Foster Furcolo. Mark was a graduate of Yale University (1964) and the University of Pennsylvania Law School (1967). Early in his career he served as an Assistant Attorney General for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, arguing appellate cases in the state and federal courts. Mark also served as Assistant District Attorney for the Suffolk courts. Most of his legal career was spent as a civil trial lawyer and partner at the Boston law firm of Burns & Levinson. His greatest joy in life was raising and caring for his six children. He was a loving and devoted father and grandfather who will be remembered for his kindness and love. Mark is survived by his children Tara (Furcolo) Bresnahan, Nicole (Furcolo) Reimers, Christopher Furcolo, Charles C. Furcolo, Katherine Furcolo, and Zachary Furcolo, as well as by seven grandchildren.

Jim Little writes: “We met while playing on the Undefeated 1959 Bullpups football team. Mark was a very gregarious guy. He loved to party and always (and I mean always) had the best-looking date at every event. I visited Mark’s family in Boston and spent one wonderful weekend at their summer home in Centerville, Cape Cod. Mark was one of our intrepid 12 roommates who migrated from the Old Campus to Berkeley College (nine of whom met at Freshman football). Mark hosted all 12 of us at the Governor’s Mansion for The Game in 1960. The Governor’s photographer took a photo of all of us Friday night. We all got large blowups of that photo and many years later presented one to Vice President Dick Cheney with all of the cigarettes and beer cans air-brushed out. Mark had a lot of fun our first two years and then decided he should get more serious about the academic side of Yale. He left for a year at the end of Sophomore Year and returned to a single in Stiles as a member of the Class of 1964. I only saw him once after Yale at a mini-reunion of the Berkeley 12 at the Vice President’s residence in

DC around 2005 or 2006. He was doing well and had proudly brought two of his sons (out of his total of six children).” **Lee Marsh** remembers: “Mark and I met on the Freshman Football Team. One long weekend he invited me to drive to Massachusetts with him. I wondered where he was going to get a car, because we weren’t allowed to have cars Freshman Year. Mark said to meet him at Phelps Gate. Parked right in front of Phelps Gate was a Massachusetts State Police car. Mark said, ‘This is our ride. We’re going to ride with him up to Massachusetts.’ This was a new and unusual experience for a kid from the South Side of Chicago. Once we were in Massachusetts, the police officer turned on the siren and took us to the Governor’s House. Mark was a great guy and we had a lot of fun. The problem was we had too much fun.”

Roy Douglas (“Doug”) Hall III passed away on January 4, 2022 at Beverly, MA Hospital, surrounded by his family. Doug grew up in Ponte Vedra Beach, FL, where he honed his swimming skills at the Ponte Vedra Beach Club, which carried into his college years at Yale University (Class of 1963) as a member of the swimming team. After graduation, he moved to Boston, where he worked for the real estate department of John Hancock and served as President of the Young Republicans Club of Boston. Doug and family moved to Bloomfield Hills, MI in the early 1970s, where he was manager of real estate financing for Ford Motor Credit in Dearborn, MI. Later returning to Massachusetts and residing in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Doug was very active in the community and served as Chairman of the Town Finance Committee. He grew his career with Bay Colony Properties of Boston, as Senior Vice President (1975) and President and Chief Operating Officer (1979), eventually leaving with a partner to create their own firm, Coastal Ventures, Inc. Most recently, Doug was Chief Financial Officer of Proteus Industries of Gloucester, MA, a producer of clean label protein ingredients and applications. Proteus Industries was acquired by Kemin Industries, Inc. (2021), giving him an opportunity to semi-retire. Doug was a long-time member of Essex Country Club (Treasurer 1988-1996; The Essex Jacket, 1999) and avid golfer (admittedly not the best). He enjoyed traveling and was a supporter of the arts. Doug is survived by his wife, Susan (Dodge) Hall; his daughters Lisa S. Hall and Sarah E. Hall; and two grandchildren.

Steve Bender, Bob Kirkwood, and Chip Palmer remember: “We (roommates of Doug’s, along with **John Finch**, for our Sophomore through Senior Years) met Doug first as teammates on the Freshman swimming team, coached by the inimitable Harry Burke, and later on the varsity swimming team where we generally occupied the far end of the bench together. The lottery placed us, as well as Doug, in Saybrook, where we shared an entryway junior year

and a floorway senior year. That proximity led to many walks with Doug to or from the House of Payne, meals together in the Saybrook dining hall (or, in response thereto, hamburgers at the Yankee Doodle), and many good times in our respective rooms. Doug consistently brought smiles, equanimity and good cheer each day. For spring vacation our Junior Year, Doug and his wonderful parents, hosted us at their home in Ponte Vedra, Florida. Those days were filled with sun and sand at the Ponte Vedra Beach Club, home cooked meals and an abundance of pitchers of rum punch and six-packs of beer leading to nightly drinking games at Doug's parents' home, enlivened by southern college coeds who were also vacationing in Ponte Vedra – as well as more isolated late night beach activities. It was during that vacation when we really learned how truly daring Doug was! Previously, from time to time he would tell stories about diving for golf balls in the lagoons which threaded through the Ponte Vedra Club golf course on which his parents' home bordered. One morning, as we walked, still groggy from the prior evening's partying, over the bridge from their home to the pathway through the golf course to the Beach Club, we saw a gigantic alligator sunning itself on the green at the other end of the bridge. We all were hugely startled to say the least, but not Doug, who was totally nonchalant. Other memories include Doug's once again marvelously hosting us at their Ponte Vedra home for the many activities and festivities related to John Finch's wedding to Jill Lewis in early June 1964 after we had finished our respective first years of business, law, or medical school. Unfortunately, we each lost touch with Doug as we all pursued our separate journeys. Happily, one of us had the good fortune to reconnect with Doug over lunch and at a former swimmers reception at the Kiphuth Exhibition Pool during our 55th Reunion. While our appearances belied it, Doug's positivity and good cheer made it seem just as if we were walking to swimming team practice together those many years ago."

Thomas Eugene Lovejoy III died of pancreatic cancer on December 25, 2021 at his home in McLean, VA. Dr. Lovejoy was considered one of the most consequential conservation biologists of his generation for his ability to meld field research – on how fragmented forests deplete diversity and how they can store carbon if protected – with environmental and policy

work to draw attention to the plight of the Amazon, the world's largest and most diverse rainforest. Among his many innovations, he introduced the term "biological diversity" in 1980; he made the first projection of global extinction rates in a report to President Jimmy Carter; and he devised the concept of "debt-for-nature swaps," in which part of a country's foreign debt is forgiven in exchange for investments in conservation. Throughout the course of Dr. Lovejoy's career, much of it based in the Washington area for organizations such as the Smithsonian Institution, the World Wildlife Fund, and George Mason University, he became increasingly alarmed about climate change and the global extinction crisis. In spreading this message, he allied with lawmakers and Hollywood celebrities, often leading them on tours of his research station north of Manaus, the capital of the Brazilian state of Amazonas, known as Camp 41. With his pince-nez glasses and vast bow tie collection, Dr. Lovejoy was also a fixture in Washington, testifying on Capitol Hill, meeting with journalists, and hosting senators and scientists for dinners at Drover's Rest, his historic log cabin in McLean, filled with books and curiosities from the natural world. Despite the severity of the forest destruction in the Amazon and elsewhere, and the grave projections of the warming world, he maintained a sense of optimism that humans could find ways to change course and avoid the worse outcomes. Dr. Lovejoy was born in New York City. He was an only child and grew up in a privileged setting on the Upper East Side. Dr. Lovejoy said that he chose his boarding school, the Millbrook School in Dutchess County, NY, because it had a zoo. He said that the school's first biology teacher and zoo founder, Frank Trevor, inspired him to study biology, particularly birds. He received a bachelor's degree in biology in 1964 from Yale University, and stayed at Yale to complete his Ph.D., also in biology, in 1971. In the summer of 1965, while in graduate school, Dr. Lovejoy got a chance to visit the Brazilian Amazon, a trip that persuaded him to do his doctoral dissertation there on the ecology of birds. The Biological Dynamics of Forest Fragments Project, which Dr. Lovejoy launched in 1979 with the support of Brazil's National Institute of Amazon Research and the Smithsonian, is one of the world's biggest – and longest-

running – biological ecosystem experiments. Dr. Lovejoy is survived by three daughters, Katherine L. Petty, Elizabeth P. Lovejoy, and Anne L. Jenkins, and six grandchildren.

Don Abbott remembers: “Our two paths came together as ninth graders at Millbrook School, where in the first three weeks two transformative teachers, Frank and Janet Trevor, ‘flipped his switch on life and biology.’ ‘That was it,’ he declared. ‘I’m going to be a biologist.’ Tom and I could not get enough of Millbrook’s natural science curriculum. In the first months of Freshman Year, Tom finagled a way for me to shift my scholarship ‘bursary job’ from being a Pierson busboy to becoming a four-year ornithology assistant under Phil Humphrey at the Peabody Museum. Then, when I served as Headmaster of Millbrook from 1976 to 1990, Tom was a valued trustee, an expert advocate for the school’s deepening commitment to environmental education. Still later in 2010, he invited a group of fellow Millbrook classmates to immerse ourselves in Camp 41, his pioneering research station in the Amazon rainforest north of Manaus, Brazil. While there, my wife Betsy and I were privileged to witness firsthand the profound reach and impact of his life’s work. To me, there simply never was a finer friend and public servant or a more extraordinary teacher.” **Ralf Carriuolo** writes: “What do you say on the death of a college roommate? ‘Gawd, we had fun’? What do you say about someone passing with whom you matured from being a boy into an adult, with all the intermediate stages of stupidity and joyousness along the way to share? Tom was the absolute antithesis of anyone I had known as a boy (and I to him as well), yet we shared our disappointments, our successes, our rites of passage, our friends, and our booze, year after year, until we parted at graduation time, never to be connected again in the same way for the rest of our lives. And now he is gone. There is a hole in my history.” **Jim Courtright** recalls: “My first contact with Tom Lovejoy was as his lab partner in Invertebrate Zoology in the Fall of 1959. From the beginning, he shared his enthusiasm for organisms and the environment and gave credit to his teacher at the Millbrook School for sparking that interest. He and I had occasional contact over the years and he gladly accepted my invitation for him to give a seminar at Marquette covering his exciting work on Brazilian rainforest species preservation. His passion for ‘endless forms most beautiful’ may not be easily equaled.” **Ridge Hall** remembers: “At Yale I didn’t know Tom very well, but because we shared an interest in environmental conservation I came to know him well in the years since. Tom and **Bill Nordhaus** (who won a Nobel Prize for his work on economics and climate change) and I teamed up at our 40th and 50th Reunions to lead a discussion group on “The Environment, Climate Change and Sustainability: The Search for Solutions.” The first time we were joined by **Ann Yonkers**, who launched the farmers’ markets in Washington, DC,

and the second time by Ian Robertson, our Santa Monica ecologist. To chat with Tom over lunch you would feel not so much in the presence of a pioneer, but a friend and classmate, who occasionally offered suggestions or contacts to make upcoming travel more interesting. He loved good food and wine. In mid-December I told him about a forthcoming family trip to the Galapagos Islands. When I returned on January 4 I planned to call him to talk about it, but instead found his obituary. This magnificent, vibrant friend was suddenly gone.” **Ian Robertson** writes: “I met Tom after Yale through the good offices of **Jerry Fuchs** and **Guy Struve**. Prior to the 45th Reunion, Jerry Fuchs hosted a wonderful evening at the Explorers’ Club in New York. Tom, the featured speaker, gave a fascinating talk. Thereafter Jerry and **Peter Cressy**, who co-chaired the 45th Reunion, agreed to include a discussion group on the environment. We had a lively debate about climate change featuring Tom, Bill Nordhaus, and **Wick Murray**. By the 50th Reunion, Tom and Bill’s talk attracted large audiences. I suggested that the issues that they were addressing seemed so enormous that the ordinary individual might feel overwhelmed and powerless. Perhaps if I reviewed the 20 or so projects that I had undertaken over the last 30 years, classmates might recognize a role Everyman might be able to play. Both men generously agreed, immediately reaffirming the generosity of spirit that is the hallmark of the most distinguished members of our Class.” **Bruce Umminger** writes: “Tom and I both worked in the greater Washington, D.C. area for over twenty years. I spent one year of my tenure at the National Science Foundation on sabbatical to work with Tom planning a National Biodiversity Information Center. During that time, I was amazed at his list of contacts contained in two Rolodex wheels, each about a foot in diameter, that we referred to as his twin Ferris wheels. On one occasion I was visited by an FBI agent doing a background check on Tom for a high-level Federal position. The agents said I was one of three references Tom provided. I asked who were the other two and was told Robert Redford and Prince Charles!”

Herbert B. Roth, Jr. died on September 18, 2021. **Richard Friedlander** writes: “Herb lived in Leggett, CA, on a beautiful site overlooking the Eel River and had made his living as a potter for over 40 years. About 50 years ago, he and five others purchased 160 acres of land on the Eel River in Northern California. The other four proved to be absentee owners, leaving Herb as the sole custodian of this magnificent wilderness, a strenuous, year-round duty he performed for the next 50 years with unrelenting conscientiousness born out of love for the land he was tending. And not just his own property: he headed the Leggett Volunteer Fire Department, no easy task given the state's predilection for wildfires. While he was doing all this, he did find the time to become a true artist of clay, with many devoted customers for his Wild River creations.

Herb was naturally gregarious and loquacious and had many visitors locally and from all around the country, people in his present and from his past, a circle of acquaintances expanded by his participation in craft fairs up and down the state. Blessed with limitless curiosity, he also loved to travel, regaling me with many colorful stories of his experiences abroad, some of which I even believed. Herb attended at least two Class Reunions and from all he told me with great fondness was someone who got the most out of what Yale had to offer: among which were his classmates, his teachers, his job at the Art Gallery, and the wee hours music program he hosted on WYBC.”

Joe Alpert shares: “I remember Herb Roth with great fondness. My strongest memory of him is when, bleary-eyed, he would return to Pierson after a long night of disc jockeying just when the rest of us were leaving for class. Herb was absolutely unique in his attitudes, his lifestyle, and his personality. I so enjoyed seeing him again at one of our Reunions and hearing about his unique life.” **Martin Gerstel** writes: “Herb truly marched to a different drummer and was a unique and totally authentic human being, in addition to being a multi-talented artist and writer. I was originally in the Class of '63 but left on a medical leave of absence near the end of the first term of my Sophomore Year. Being on full scholarship I feared that was the end of Yale for me, but fortunately I was able to return the following September to the Class of '64, again on full scholarship. I had not known Herb Freshman Year – he and I only shared the fact that we were both from public high schools and on a full scholarship – but fortunately for me, we were assigned to room together when I returned to Pierson. During the first term we largely went our own separate – and very different - ways, but I grew to admire his calm and warm personality. Among other things I was introduced by him to Picasso's blue period, Ayn Rand and wood printing, which Herb excelled at. However I had lingering doubts as to the authenticity of his devotion to the arts and thought that it was just a passing phase for effect, and at some point, he would change his ways. But then, over winter break a family tragedy happened to me and I was devastated. During the following very difficult months, Herb was always there for me – without ever intruding and I came to more fully understand and appreciate the unique and loving person that he was. About 20 years later we accidentally met – he was easy to recognize – at a street fair in Menlo Park CA where he was selling his exceptional ceramic pottery. After that we stayed in touch – my wife and I visited him at his rustic acreage and home/workshop overlooking the Eel River in northern California and he would occasionally stay

at our home when participating in SF bay area art fairs. Of course my college questioning of his authenticity were long gone, as he and his different drummer remained happily together for decades as he earned his living - and expressed himself - as a potter. The words warm, caring, honest, and authentic do not do justice to Herb – he was truly one of a kind and will be missed. Lastly, I am grateful that Herb made a large ceramic dining set for us which my wife and I cherish – so a part of him remains with us.” **Mike Skol** recalls: “Herb Roth was indeed an original. At Yale, and for all time to follow (presumably also before New Haven, but I have no direct knowledge). We knew each other best at WYBC, where he did his laid-back jazz show (‘Improv’). Late at night, often in the dark. Or in one of the midnight ‘Tomb’ playlets. Had occasional contact with Herb since, including at a couple of Reunions, and any number of e-mails. At our 50th, he capped the evening (at Mory’s) wearing a Green Cup upside down on his head. I remember Herb as consistently friendly, cheerful, understanding, forgiving, and invariably funny. I have one of his pottery pieces and will guard it always (before the next Reunion, I will put it on my head for a minute or two).”

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