



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES MAY – JUNE 2023

Our Free 60th Reunion will be held in Davenport College in New Haven from Thursday afternoon, May 25, 2023 through Sunday morning, May 28, 2023. Already 229 classmates have told us that they plan to come to the Reunion, and there will be many more by the time the Reunion rolls around. To add your name to the list of those planning to come, simply email the word “Yes” to guy.struve@davispolk.com.

Pre-Reunion activities are planned for Monday through Wednesday, May 22-24 , 2023 in New York City, with headquarters at the Yale Club of NYC. To get questions answered, go to www.yale63.org. To sign up for any of the activities, simply email jonlarson99.jl@gmail.com.

Mike LaFond reports: “All is well with our families. We continue to enjoy all four seasons. We enjoyed our annual family get-together in northern Minnesota in July, and we will have visits with our three kids and their families again this winter. I remain active in the Episcopal Church. And I do hope that Peace will return to our own country and to other countries in our challenged world. I look forward to participation in our 60th Reunion!”

Our deceased classmate Fred Schneider served as Freshman Counselor to a group of members of the Yale Class of 1968. Fred and his Freshman Counselees remained close as long as he lived. Fred’s Freshman Counselees will be holding a memorial celebration for Fred during their 55th Reunion. Their Reunion will take place the weekend after ours, but any of our classmates who can make it are welcome to join them in reminiscing about Fred at the memorial celebration. The memorial celebration will be held on Saturday, June 3, 2023 from 10:00 AM to 12:00 Noon in the second-floor library of Davenport College.

Jonathan (“Jon”) Bogert of Savannah Lakes, SC died on December 7, 2022 at Self Regional Healthcare in Greenwood, SC. Jon was a graduate of Yale University with a B.A. degree. He was a retired Certified Public Accountant in New York, having worked for Local 802 Musicians Union of New York as well as Price Waterhouse, Sterling Drug, and Baker Hughes, CPA. Jon had numerous interests. He loved playing golf and tennis. He enjoyed world news, crossword puzzles, lively conversation, and telling jokes. He and his lovely wife Elizabeth loved to travel. They visited Switzerland, Japan, Argentina, and Britain, and their favorite place

to visit was France. Jon was raised in the Methodist Church and was a member of St. Paul's in Englewood, NJ. More recently, Jon attended Trinity Episcopal Church in Abbeville, SC. Jon is survived by his wife of 26 years, Elizabeth Nebolsire Bogert; his children Laurie Fuller and David Bogert; his stepchildren Matthew Bodman, Philip Bodman, and Michael Bodman; and three grandchildren.

Jon's widow Elizabeth Bogert writes: "I so enjoyed attending the last three Reunions with Jon. Here are some of the classmates and spouses I remember talking with: Mary Frances and Tom Bailey, Dixon Bogert, David Boren, Susan and Reve Carberry, Shirley and Ed Carlson, Margaret and Jim Courtright, Midge and Skip Eastman, Joyce and Tim Holme, Karen and Jon Larson, Emily and Bob Myers, and Ian Robertson. Jon and I danced to the great music and saw David Gergen and his wife dancing nearby – we all smiled at each other. Jon and I spent a few lovely weeks in Maine with the late Dr. Hugh Hunt and his wife Carol."

Skip Eastman writes: "Jon Bogert and I, along with Bob Myers, were roommates on the top floor of Vanderbilt our Freshman Year. Jon was the New Jersey State Heavyweight Wrestling Champion and went on to captain several Yale wrestling teams. We didn't see much of Jon Freshman Year due to his dedication to wrestling, and when he was around, he was quiet and pretty much kept to himself while concentrating on his studies. All in all, Jon was an easy guy to room with, and we had lively chats about multiple topics. However, when we sensed he was in a bad mood (he'd growl at us when he was trying to lose weight to wrestle down a class), we knew it was time to disappear. Jon and I both headed to Calhoun our Sophomore year, where Jon roomed with Walt Alexander. Later we both joined Phi Gamma Delta. We remained good friends throughout our years at Yale and my wife Midge and I enjoyed catching up with Jon and his wife Elizabeth at the Class Reunions."

Charles "Charlie" Clark Cheney, a Connecticut Yankee who delighted in wearing his Mexican *huarache* sandals, passed away on February 3, 2023, in Bethesda, MD, where he had resided since 1980. Born in New Haven, CT, Charlie was a proud veteran of the U.S. Navy and member of the Yale Class of 1963. He also held degrees from the University of California-Berkeley, Universidad de Las Americas-Mexico City, and The Park School of Buffalo, with "time served" at The Taft School. A man who was not afraid of the written or spoken word, he was "born to talk" about most any subject and especially on topics touching history, politics, genealogy, the use of language, and anthropology. A Cultural Anthropologist by formal education and professional dedication, Charlie was a humanist at heart who loved to "root for the

underdog,” and this was reflected in his work, volunteering, and spirit. Charlie is survived by his wife, Susan, his three sons Lawton, Matthew, and Benjamin, and six grandchildren. A Memorial Service will be held at the Trinity Episcopal Church in Milton, CT on Monday, April 3, 2023 at 3:00 PM, and a Celebration of Life will be held sometime in July 2023 in Bethesda, MD.

Stallworth Larson writes: “Charlie and I were first classmates at Taft. I was just getting to know him when his abrupt departure from Taft occurred. He liked to refer to it as his defenestration from Taft. The next I heard of him was when a fellow Taft classmate asked the Dean of Students at a school assembly, “Mr. Douglas, I hear that Charlie Cheney is going to Yale, is that true?” Mr. Douglas replied emphatically that there was no way Charlie Cheney was going to get into Yale. Well, of course, he did. Legacies still trumped defenestrations then. It also didn’t hurt, I am sure, that after arriving midway through his 11th grade year at his next school, Park School in Buffalo, which was rather more “progressive” than Taft and suited Charlie just fine, Charlie that spring was elected student president of the school. Charlie and I never roomed together and were in different colleges and fraternities at Yale. He joined Deke! Some may recall his athleticism (not). At Yale Charlie and I soon discovered that we had similar temptations, which led to several foreign trips together and then to an invitation to his wedding to his wife of 57 years, Susan Armstrong. This in turn led to my wife Juliette and I meeting with no assistance from Charlie or Susan beyond our invitations to their wedding. Juliette and Susan had been classmates at Northwestern and then roommates in New York City. We are forever grateful to Charlie and Susan for enabling us to find such everlasting happiness. We and they were on different sides of the political spectrum, but neither of us on the extreme edges, and we enjoyed many happy visits and family get-togethers over the years with our two girls and Charlie and Susan’s three boys, Lawton, Matt, and Ben. We shall miss Charlie’s bright wit and conversation. I think he was probably the most voracious reader I have known. As such, he was in good part an autodidact since his class attendance at Yale was not splendid. Charlie was a history major with major mathematical and scientific blind spots which dropped him out of Navy Officer Candidate School, which we entered together, but not from thereafter earning a Ph.D. in anthropology from Berkeley.”

Phil Stevens recounts: “Charlie was a good friend, fellow sometime Amherst, NY resident (graduate of Park School), and fellow anthropologist (Ph.D., UC Berkeley, 1972). He was beloved by members of the Washington Area Professional Anthropologists, of which he had been President and was a continual supporter; he was active in the venerable Society for Applied Anthropology; and he was instrumental in gaining Presidential status for my 2008 double panel

on ‘Anthropology, the Military, and War,’ held at the annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association in San Francisco in November 2008. At that session over 500 people heard ten anthropologists discuss the Army’s controversial ‘Human Terrain System,’ which proposed to ‘embed’ anthropologists with front-line troops in Iraq and Afghanistan, to advise them on local customs in their thwarted efforts to ‘win hearts and minds’ (remember the old Vietnam slogan). My wife and I will fondly remember pleasant times with Charlie and Susan; and I will remember him as a cheerful and optimistic fellow.”

James Robert (“Jim”) Lilienthal died peacefully on December 28, 2022 in his home city, San Francisco, under comfort care after a 14-month battle with cancer. Jim spent four years at Yale University and later graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California at Berkeley. Jim was an inveterate world traveler, writer, and photographer for most of his life. He spent a nine-year period traveling on a shoestring budget the length and breadth of Mexico, Central America, and South America – after a similar long period in Eurasia during which he developed a special relationship with Russian citizen Luda Pryakhina and, later a friendship with her granddaughter Nina. He was a true adventurer, robbed at machete-point in Venezuela, sleeping on dirt floors in rural villages, riding local buses on terrifying Andes mountain roads with squalling children and chicken crates almost in his lap. He and a stranger (who became a fast friend) bounced along in the open back of a cargo truck across the remote Bolivian altiplano with local campesinos one day to experience a Tinku ceremony. As a final reward to him by the Fates, he completed a rich, extraordinarily photographed, deliciously described travel throughout Sicily and Calabria, returning to San Francisco just one day before his final illness set in. Jim never felt more at home than when he was embracing another culture, whether or not he spoke the local language. His prolific, although unpublished travel writings, were, like Anthony Bourdain’s, more than just a travelogue; they expressed his emotional and analytical musings on the cultures he was communing with. His folk-art collection, writings, and superbly composed, superbly atmospheric travel photographs survive him. In part because of those travels and his participation in World Affairs Council activities, he was remarkably knowledgeable and astute about international society, policy, and politics. When in the Bay Area, he frequently attended the San Francisco Symphony, Opera, and many other artistic and folkloric events. For seven years during his mother’s final decline, he gave up travels and remained in San Francisco to play a major role in her medical care, welfare, and household. Jim is survived by his brother Peter Lilienthal, his niece Ann Moniot Lilienthal, and other extended family.

Jim Courtright remembers: “Jim Lilienthal was my Freshman Year roommate; he went to Pierson and I to Calhoun. We met up again at our 55th Reunion and he had a fantastic time. He told me that he had spent the last 50 years traveling widely to many countries especially South America and getting to meet persons from other cultures. After June 2018, he and I started emailing one another on a variety of topics, ranging from the political scene in Wisconsin to his recent sharing of many photographs of Sicilian villages in late summer 2022. His last email last Fall contained a bit of good news and some shared humor; he said there was also some bad news he would tell us about later. He never sent the bad news but I knew what he had learned.”

Jon Larson writes: “Jim was truly a gentle soul. He possessed a never-ending intellectual curiosity. I never heard him express words of anger or deceit even though his innate shyness certainly made it more difficult for him to engage openly one on one. Karen and I enjoyed seeing his sweet smile and the twinkle in his eyes. Jim had two great passions in life, the World Affair Council of San Francisco and global travel. He was a very active member and sponsor of many of the events of the Bay Area Global Policy Forum, which explores political, economic, security, and environmental policy and practices through more than 100 moderated conversations every year which are open to members and the public. Jim worked hard to give audience members the chance to ask their questions to the speaker directly and gain insights they might not get elsewhere. Jim was a tireless traveler and loved to be on the road. Jim joined us for several of the Yale 1963 get-togethers over the years. He was going to join us in May for the Yale 1963 San Francisco Gathering but he had to withdraw because he was battling the cancer that was taking him down.”

Richard J. (“Dick”) Malone passed away on December 18, 2022 at Mercy Health-St. Elizabeth Main Hospital, OH. He was a 1959 graduate of Niles McKinley High School and a 1963 graduate of Yale University. Mr. Malone was employed initially by J & L Steel, followed the progression of the company through LTV and WCI, and retired from RG Steel as the Chief Industrial Engineer after more than 47 years of service to the companies. Mr. Malone was a staunch supporter of Liberty Township athletics and a member of the Liberty School Board. He was the past President and Treasurer of the Liberty Township Baseball Association and even coached baseball. He loved his trips to Avalon, NJ with his family. Madison on the Lake was also a special place for him and his family. He was a passionate Ohio State and Cleveland sports fan and loved watching his kids and grandkids in sporting events. Mr. Malone is survived by his wife of 54 years, the former Patricia McNamara; his sons Richard Malone, Vice President of

Information Technology at Graphics Packaging, and David Malone, a high school principal in Niles, OH; and six grandchildren.

Skip Eastman remembers: “I met Dick Malone our Freshman Year at Yale when we both lived in Vanderbilt. We remained good friends throughout our college years, although Dick moved to Saybrook while I went to Calhoun. We both joined Phi Gamma Delta where Dick was the House Chairman. He was a fun-loving guy with a dry wit. Dick was not always the life of the party, but rose to the occasion when the alcohol was flowing freely. Dick was a groomsman in my wedding, and I in his. My wife, Midge, and I got together with Dick and his wife, Patty, at Class Reunions and visits to Dick’s homes in Girard and Niles, OH and vacation home on Lake Erie, as well as our homes in NJ and MD. One year we rented a vacation home together in Avalon, N.J. near Joe and Frankie Lastowka’s summer home. I have a fond memory of taking Dick’s youngest son, David, fishing when he caught his first fish (5” long). Dick was a good friend, and we remained so until his death.”

Joe Lastowka writes: “In spite of the distance between Dick’s Ohio home and mine near Philadelphia, I had a closer relationship to Dick Malone and his family for the past 60 years than with any other classmate. The bond between us began at Saybrook when we played intracollege basketball, together with his roommate Doc LeHew, and at Phi Gamma Delta where the three of us were brothers. It reached into our families after my wife Frankie and Dick’s wife Pat first met at our fifth Reunion, and continued with our children as the Malones vacationed many years, including last summer, in Avalon, NJ where we’ve had a summer home for 50 years. Dick was deeply committed to serving his community as a youth sports coach and school board director. His biggest disappointment was the decline of the American steel industry where he worked from graduation until retirement. He had great pride in the accomplishments of his sons Rick and David, and his grandchildren. We often laughed about the Yale weekend I matched Dick up with a beautiful girl who was my first grade classmate. I married her a year after our Yale graduation, my wonderful wife Frankie of 58 years, who died shortly before Thanksgiving last year, only a month before Dick’s death. The year 2022 ended with profound sadness.”

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

