



## CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 2019

**Coley Burke** has endowed a visiting professorship in climate change research and policy at the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies. Coley has previously supported scholarships at the School and the construction of Kroon Hall, where the third-floor auditorium is named in his honor. “I think climate change is the biggest threat we face,” Coley said. “All over the natural world, animals and humans are being affected. Weather patterns are changing, and we are already seeing the impact on communities around the globe. I am happy to support Yale in educating the scientists and leaders who will step up with new discoveries, policy ideas, and innovative solutions to these challenges.”

**Jud Calkins** relates: “On Memorial Day I took the challenge once again in the Football throw of the St. Louis Senior Olympics. Training went poorly but I mustered a game-day throw of 98 feet 11 inches (33 yards) for my sixth gold medal out of seven appearances since 2000. (I took second in 2014 by two feet but returned in 2015 to best my rival by the same distance.) This year I beat the silver medalist by 18 feet and was pleased to be only a yard behind my distance of 2015. In the 1500 meter power walk all age categories competed together. I finished in the middle of the pack but learned at the end that I had taken gold -- albeit with only one other senior in our 75-79 age category. I accepted nonetheless!”

**Carter Findley** reports: “At the convention of the World History Association held in San Juan, PR on June 27-29, 2019, I was one of two people awarded the Pioneer in World History Award for my services to the Association and the field. My services include holding all of the WHA’s elected offices – member of the Executive Council, Vice President (1998-2000), and President (2000-2002). My biggest job as President was moving the association beyond one

totally dependent on volunteers to one with a permanently staffed executive directorate. Financing that required a contentious struggle to double the dues, then single-handed negotiations with the research foundation of the new host institution, the University of Hawai'i, without any backup but what I was able to get gratis from Ohio State's Office of Legal Counsel. Another of my controversial initiatives was to launch a fund-raising drive to create an endowment for the WHA. Ever since the first \$2,500 was raised (2001 or so), I have been the manager of the endowment, and its chief defender (not always successful) against efforts to treat it like a piggy bank. After being raided – sawed about in half – during a crisis in 2014, the fund is back up to \$135,000 now. That is partly due to new contributions, including the cost of WHA Life Memberships. It is also partly due to the funds' performance. As a service at no cost to WHA, this is perhaps not bad, if I do say so. They seem to think I am some kind of wizard. Actually, all it comes down to is that the WHA's money is invested in Vanguard funds, where Lucia's and my IRA money is invested. The same research I do to manage our accounts serves the WHA account as well. Then, too, if I'd had three heads, one of them would have made a career in investment. I was always interested. In fact, I bought my first shares of stock in August 1959, three weeks before the start of Freshman year at Yale.”

**Chuck Hellar** reports: “During the weekend of June 7-10, 2019, the Sisyphus finally surfaced from being an underground secret society to telling the world that we existed 56 years ago. At a reunion in Seattle, eight of the original 15 members of the Class of 1963 had a glorious time reacquainting along with six of the most beautiful wives in the world. After a magnificent dinner Friday night, we met on Saturday morning and afternoon and each told our life story in 45 minutes or less. Meanwhile, the ladies went on a long sightseeing trip coordinated by Sue Hellar. After a brief rest, we had dinner at an old Seattle club, the Rainier Club, and then continued our personal stories. Sunday was free time with a wonderful cocktail party at my

son's condo overlooking Elliott Bay, the Olympic Mountains, and Mount Rainier, followed by a casual dinner that evening. It was a memorable weekend! The classmates attending were **DuPont Guerry, Chuck Hellar, Rees Jones, Bill MacArthur, Hoy McConnell, Norm Sinel, Jerry Slack, and Hank Wood.** Two others, **Charlie Sawyer** and **John Tuteur,** wanted to come but had scheduling conflicts. Two have passed away, **Frank Kawasaki** and **Stu Mozeleski,** while **Wes Baldwin, Wolf Dietrich,** and **Richard Rosenfeld** had made other plans for the weekend before the date was set. You may hear from this group again; we plan to meet again soon.”

**Al Pakkala** relates: “**Collin Middleton, Barry Wendell,** and I reconnected in New York City on June 9, 2019 and then drove to New Haven, where we toured the Yale campus, something I had not seen for more than a quarter century. I was surprised at how much I had forgotten about the campus and how beautiful the architecture is. Vincent Scully's Art and Architecture class was my favorite during my four years there. Barry not only ordered near perfect weather for our visit, but played the role of an outstanding host. Following an interesting tour of Boston, including an enjoyable meal at the Union Oyster House, Barry successfully navigated the serpentine streets of Marblehead, MA en route to the Barnacle Restaurant, where we devoured delicious seafood dinners. Several days of enjoyable time spent in New Hampshire represented the successful conclusion of our mini-reunion. This visit was a treat for the three of us, who by some miracle have remained close friends since attending Yale.”

**Phil Stevens** reports: “I retired in January, after 48 years of classroom teaching, advising students, research, and writing in cultural anthropology at the University at Buffalo, SUNY. My mind said keep going; my aging arthritis-filled joints said quit. I'm ambivalent on being congratulated for ending a very satisfying career! I have been easing out; I was given a free semester in Fall 2018, my official retirement date was January 2 (to avoid RMD's for

2018!), and my last two doctoral students finished their programs in May. In June I chaired a reunions panel session at Deerfield Academy on ‘Medicine and Spirituality at the End of Life.’ I gave an overview of the ethnology of after-life beliefs. Two MD’s gave perspectives on American medicine’s response to the spiritual needs of terminal patients. On that weekend I drove south to Easthampton where one of my freshman year roommates, **Chip Palmer** was celebrating his 60th Williston Academy class of 1959 reunion. We chatted about family, careers, and bucket lists. I’m looking forward to the enjoyment of retirement that (nearly) everyone raves about; but before that could happen, I had left knee-replacement surgery on June 18. Recovery was, as folks had said, long and painful, and to me, frustratingly slow. Probably the right knee will have to be done . . . later. And in late August I started a program of therapy for severe stenosis in my lower spine, which sends frequent sciatic pain down my left leg (the surgical leg), making walking and prolonged standing difficult. So retirement plans are still uncertain. I have a lot of writing I want to finish, including two books and many shorter publications; my emeritus status will give me access to all University facilities as long as I want. My wife Marie retired from her elementary school teaching job two years ago. She and I will spend some months in Florida; a few years ago we took over my mom’s condominium in Jensen Beach on Hutchinson Island. We love the location, but we will not become official residents; we are not Floridians! I do plan return visits to various research sites in Nigeria in 2020 or 2021, and in June Marie and I will cruise the Danube, on a trip that includes the Oberammergau Passion Play (through Yale Educational Travel). We hope for a lot more traveling.”

**Charles A. Frank III** passed away on June 16, 2019. He was born on July 30, 1940 in Glen Cove, NY, the son of Dorothy and Charles A. Frank Jr. He grew up in Gladwyne, PA. Charlie graduated from The Hill School, Yale University, and New York University Stern Business School. His career focused on the financial sector, with positions at W. E. Hutton &

Co., United States Trust Company, and Mellon Bank. He was an outstanding athlete at Yale, lettering in three varsity sports for three years, soccer, squash, and tennis. At Yale he was a member of DKE and Skull and Bones. He ran in several marathons and then took up golf. He is survived by his wife Betty, whom he met in his sophomore year in college and married in 1964; two sons, Garrett and Reade; and five grandchildren. In addition to being a wonderful husband, father, and grandfather, Charlie served the community in numerous philanthropic endeavors. He was a Trustee of The Hill School, where he served as Board Chair for 15 years, during the successful transition to coeducation; Trustee of the Barnes Foundation (Philadelphia, PA); Trustee of the Greater Marco Family YMCA (Marco Island, FL); and Trustee of the Lorenzo Walker Institute of Technology Foundation (Naples, FL).

**Jerry Bremer** writes: “Charlie was a remarkable man – an enormously successful competitive athlete who had a human sweetness about him in all his dealings with people, high and low. He will be missed here below, but will be welcomed with open arms and hearts above.” **Pat Clarke** remembers: “Charlie was one of Yale’s major athletes, lettering nine times. But most important were his kindness and humility. I never saw him treat anyone unkindly, and despite his accomplishments, he never bragged. He was slow to anger and bore injustices quietly.” **Michael Freeland** recalls: “Charlie was a standout three-sport athlete, and his commitment to those sports and to his academic obligations required him to be extraordinarily self-disciplined.. I remember Charlie studying in his bedroom with the door closed, then going to bed early (and rising early), while many of the rest of us caroused around, shooting the bull, drinking beer, and whatnot. Charlie definitely knew how to have a good time (he was, after all, a DKE), but he also knew how to allocate his time and set his priorities. Charlie had another wonderful virtue – he was kind, a gift that I deeply appreciated. I was not in Charlie’s league, not by a long shot, but he never seemed to notice, and he always treated me as his friend.” **Gates**

**Gill** recounts: “Charlie would always greet you with a smile, and handshake. A graceful and successful athlete, Charlie was also a graceful spirit in all his interactions. He was a true gentleman in every good sense of that word.” **Jeff Johnson** writes: “Charlie was one of the nicest people I ever knew. His charitable activities testify to his basic goodness. The memories of our four years together at Yale have flooded back to me. They were good years. I don’t think I ever saw him angry.”

Ginneil Rae (Ginny) Horlings, wife and best friend of **Mark Horlings** for 40 years, died on May 1, 2019 at their home in Phoenix, AZ. Ginny had been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer only four and a half months earlier. They had enjoyed a blended family of Ginny’s two daughters, Kelly and Julie, and Mark’s daughter, Amy. Ginny’s mother created Ginny’s unusual first name as a tribute to Eugene O’Neill, a distance relative. Ginny grew up in Northern California, earned her college degree at San Francisco State University, and was an outstanding elementary school teacher. She began teaching school in Koror, Palau while Mark served as Attorney General of Palau, and continued in Blythe, CA, Parker, AZ, the Dilkon School on the Navajo Reservation, and the Encanto School in Phoenix. After retiring in 2007 she served as an enthusiastic court-appointed Special Advocate for foster children, classroom volunteer, and tutor, and enjoyed traveling, birding, and tennis with Mark and her many friends. **Chuck Duncan** remembers Ginny as vibrant in her own right and the perfect companion for Mark, in addition to being a reliable critic of his theories. After a 2017 visit, Chuck retains an image of Ginny and Mark, heads together on an Oregon beach, enjoying the sweep of the Pacific Ocean.

**Jerome Paul Kenney** passed away peacefully at his Manhattan home on June 25, 2019 from pulmonary fibrosis. Robert Kapito, President of BlackRock, called Jerry “a true legend in our business, known for his strategic brilliance, formidable competitiveness, impeccable courtesy, deceptively alluring calm, relentless work ethic, and unassailable integrity.” Jerry was

born July 26, 1941 in Newton, MA, the second son of Francis J. and Madeline Kenney. Jerry's father, the son of Irish immigrants, never went to college and worked as a traveling glove salesman. Wanting a better life for his children, he encouraged his sons to apply to Harvard or Yale. Jerry's mother, a graduate of Boston's Emmanuel College, had the education and discipline to implement this vision. The four brothers, Brian (Yale '61), Jerry (Yale '63), Robert (Yale '67), and Richard (Yale '71), all played football at Yale, and sister Maureen graduated from Emmanuel College '64. Throughout his life, Jerry was driven by a vision and passion to make things better for his family, colleagues, and community. Holding a B.A. in Economics from Yale and an MBA in Finance from the Kellogg School of Business Management at Northwestern, Jerry started his career as a research analyst at White Weld & Co., a boutique investment bank, becoming the Director of Research. When, in 1978, Merrill Lynch, a major retail firm, acquired White Weld, Jerry seized the opportunity, ultimately becoming President of Merrill Lynch Capital Markets in 1984 and building Merrill investment banking throughout the world. In 2006, he helped engineer the sale of ML Asset Management to BlackRock, which he joined as a Senior Advisor in Corporate Strategy, helping advise the leadership of the firm through a number of large acquisitions. BlackRock CEO Larry Fink credited Jerry with helping to navigate the firm through a period of dramatic growth. "Jerry's wisdom was indispensable in guiding us through that period and setting us on a path to growth. His counsel and advice were grounded in decades of experience that he combined with his unique style and grace. He was a fierce competitor, but he had the ability to cloak the toughest message in his trademark politeness and fairness that helped ensure it would be heard." That approach – kindness and discipline together – suffused everything Jerry did. He thought in terms of a "virtual circle" to describe his philosophy of supporting institutions and individuals that helped him develop the knowledge, skills, and habits to succeed. He believed in paying backward and forward. Jerry served as

Treasurer and head of the Finance Committee at Nightingale Bamford School, as well as a member of the boards of the Stanford Business School, Northwestern University Kellogg School of Business Management, and the Yale School of Management. Jerry met his wife, Carol Brock Kenney, in 1973 when she worked as an economist at Loeb Rhodes & Co. They were married in 1975 and enjoyed a decade working on Wall Street at competing firms. By 1982, when Carol, through mergers, was the Chief Economist of Shearson American Express, they took turns playing spouse at corporate events. Carol and Jerry also enjoyed classical music, opera, and collecting African art. Jerry's passions also extended to renovating several historic homes on Martha's Vineyard, where his family vacationed year round. Recognizing the role that horses played in their own daughters' lives, Carol and Jerry purchased Misty Meadows Equine Learning Center in Martha's Vineyard, built it into a state-of-the-art equestrian facility, and then gifted it to the community. Jerry is survived by his wife, two daughters, four siblings, 11 nieces and nephews, and their families.

**Hank Higdon** sums up Jerry's many contributions to football and athletics at Yale: "The most high-profile example is the Kenney Center, above the Yale Bowl, and while the four Kenney brothers have been credited overall, it is really Jerry who was the driving force and the lead contributor to this magnificent structure. It is one thing to write a check for such an edifice, but Jerry was really the lead architect and designer as well, and had to fight with the University, and even with Robert Stern, the head of the Yale Architecture Department, to have it done the right way. Jerry was a relentless influence on the Yale administration on the values and benefits of a strong football and athletic program. His research on the subject covered the leading educational institutions in the country and espoused the premise that any leading educational institution necessarily has to have a strong athletic program. As in his business, he never proposed a program where he had not researched all the facts. Jerry almost single-handedly



raised close to \$60 million to fully endow the Yale football program, the only such accomplishment in the entire country. Jerry's contributions also included the recent purchase of new helmets for the football team, with cutting edge customized technology which will minimize the possible concussion impact on Yale players. He funded the purchase of the new helmets entirely on his own."

Hank Higdon adds: "Jerry was what I would call a quiet leader, but a strong, strong leader. He never, ever raised his voice and always listened to an opposing point of view. Over the years a large number of smart people on Wall Street described Jerry to me as 'the smartest guy on Wall Street.' I have come to agree with them as over the years I've gotten to know many of these 'smart' people. Jerry stood out!" **Stan Riveles** writes: "This is a great loss to us all who loved and admired Jerry. From the first September day of early season football when we sat together on the Freshman bus, I felt we were friends. His character, ready smile and giggle, good heart – all these things made him memorable. Despite his many accomplishments, he always remained the same modest, virtuous man from beginning to end." **Ian Robertson** remembers: "Jerry was always emblematic of the Thalian notion of 'a sound mind in a sound body'. An athlete at Yale, he believed that athletic excellence was central to a university's academic reputation and alumni support. He wrote a white paper to prove his theory, then set out to prove his hypothesis by endowing Yale athletics. Despite his lofty position and spectacular financial success, Jerry was always simply 'Jerry'. Richly endowed with the sagacity, patience, and discretion that are prerequisites to success, Jerry surmounted difficulties that would have unhorsed lesser men. His adroitness, unerring sense of proportion, and ability to assign to objectives their true priorities mark him as a model for us all." **Fred Schneider** writes: "Jerry was one of the intellectually and physically toughest and most accomplished people I have known, a man capable of the most sustained and difficult work, with a dedication to perfection.

And yet he maintained a sweetness of disposition and an immense generosity not only to Yale and other philanthropy, but to all who were privileged to know him.” **Tex Younger** recalls: “As important as Jerry’s time was to him and others, he would always respond to my calls, my harebrained schemes about matters important to me, but of small or no interest to him. But because they were important to me, they were important to him. We all know that’s the kind of man he was.”

Terrie LeHew, the wife of **Doc LeHew**, passed away on June 13, 2019. Doc writes: “Terrie was the primary focus and delight of my life for the past 15 years. We met while she was designing and decorating what was supposed to be an aging psychiatrist’s bachelor pad. That didn’t last long, and a year later I convinced her to move in. After several years of (mostly) wonderful cohabitation, we got married on the courthouse steps. This, too, was my idea. About three years ago Terrie was diagnosed with large bowel cancer. She had the usual surgery and chemotherapy, but about six months ago she took a turn for the worse. She was referred to Avow Hospice, and they assumed her care. They were very caring and clinically astute regarding the treatment of terminal cancer. She did not suffer much, in spite of extensive metastatic disease. She fought dying to the end, as you would expect Terrie to do. I miss her terribly.”

**M. Weldon Rogers III** passed away peacefully in his sleep early on the morning of July 20, 2019 at his home in Boca Grande, FL. Weldon grew up in St. Louis, MO. After graduating from St. Louis Country Day School and Yale University, he began his career in banking at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company before moving to G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., both in New York City. His career advanced rapidly with a move to Missouri Portland Cement in St. Louis. He later became the owner and president of EckAdams, an office seating manufacturing business. Family was extremely important to Weldon. He loved spending time with his children,

grandchildren, and friends in Boca Grande, St. Louis, and other places. He enjoyed golf, tennis, travel, and people. He never met a stranger. Weldon is remembered for his faith in God, his eternal optimism, humor, boundless energy, and the way he connected with and cared for so many people. He is survived by his children Sandy Rogers, Didi Bowers, Caroline Rogers, and Sarah Watt and five grandchildren.

**Dave Culver** remembers Weldon as follows: “Weldon was one of my oldest friends starting at St. Louis Country Day School in the early ’50’s, then at Yale and continuing until our last phone conversation in June of this year. Always dependable and upbeat, Weldon was someone you could count on regardless of the circumstances – welcoming, encouraging, frequently loquacious, and sometimes even effusive. When we got together at Yale, he always lit up the room and our conversations were stimulating, enlightening and most importantly, fun! I think he must have majored in conversation at Yale, because he was never at a loss for words, and his flowing social manner always led the conversation. Weldon was always on the go, making friends, enjoying all the social, sporting, and extracurricular activities, all of which contributed to his big-hearted sense of friendship.” **Bill DeWitt** recalls: “I got to know Weldon at St. Louis Country Day School from which we both graduated in 1959. We became close friends at Country Day, which continued at Yale where we were in Pierson together. Weldon had an engaging personality with an infectious smile that could light up a room. If you were having a bad day, Weldon was your man to make you feel everything was great. While we ended up living in different cities following graduation, we saw each other periodically, and when we did it was as if we got together every day. Over the years, I met countless people who learned I grew up in St. Louis and asked if I knew their good friend Weldon Rogers. He will be greatly missed by all those who had the good fortune to know him.” **Fred Hanser** writes: “Weldon was a very personable, friendly, and outgoing person, an excellent student who was

always involved in extracurricular activities, a talented athlete, and, yes, he loved the girls. At Yale he became Secretary of Fence Club and a member of the Bakers Dozen. He provided a great deal of energy and fun to his relationships. He was a wonderful friend and will be greatly missed.”

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