



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 2020

Susan Bauchner, the widow of our classmate **Burt Bauchner**, wrote poems each week during the early months of the pandemic. She also wrote a haiku which was published in a small book called *Haiku of Sheltering*. It reads as follows:

green grass calls to me
'don your mask, come out and play,
spring is here at last””

Allan Chapin relates: “Since retirement is illegal in my family but was becoming imminent at Sullivan & Cromwell, I accepted an offer to become a partner of Lazard in 2000. I left there to work at a boutique, thinking life was too short to work with the new management. I continued to traverse the Atlantic and sat on the Boards of what is now ABI-Inbev, Kering (the parent company of Gucci), and SCOR (a French reinsurance company). Now, while I continue to do deals, I devote a lot of time to the French-American Foundations here and in France, Aperture Foundation and the Pompidou Foundation in France, which specializes in Alzheimer’s. The latter is my anchor to windward. But so far I remain sane (I think – although the world has gone mad) and pretty healthy. I have a wonderful and beautiful Swedish partner who will tell me when I’m not. We have been together quite a few years and she’s the love of my life. Never too late. I have three sons and two daughters and three grandsons so far. The grandsons are all nearby. We had two of them for a backyard camping trip last weekend. Covid has us upstate in Claverack, NY pretty much full time. My forays to NYC have convinced me that the City does not exist at the moment. Not sure when it will again. And transatlantic travel is impossible. The

U.S. passport prevents you from going almost everywhere. I haven't been away from Europe so long since Yale.”

Michael Gates Gill shares: “Several years ago, I was happily surprised to meet Claire, the greatest love of my life. Her children and grandchildren were living out in San Francisco by the sea. It seemed like the place where we should be. Last October we got an apartment we call Seagill perched on a hill in Sausalito above San Francisco Bay. When the pandemic arrived, and the command to shelter in place was given – it felt to us like we were in a little bit of Heaven. We can see the sun rise over the Bay in the morning and the moon shine over the hills at night. Such shared sights when you are in love at this strange time become a rare delight.”

Becky Griffith, the widow of our classmate **Walker Griffith**, writes: “My bridge groups have continued to play during the pandemic. We sterilized the cards and of course we use hand sanitizer. It has kept us engaged and that is so important to us as most live alone. This has kept us able to chat and laugh. Many of our friends think we are crazy!”

Bob Hanson reports: “Having been forced to stay home since the beginning of the pandemic, I started and finished writing a book. I had long considered doing this, but never had the time or inclination to sit down and commit myself to the effort. The book is entitled *Wind in My Face, Sun at My Back: Recollections on 50 Years of International Big Game Hunting*. The book, once photos are added, will run to about 250 pages. While it will never be included in the pantheon of the many scholarly tomes written by our classmates, it was fun to write, and to vicariously relive the many hunting experiences of the last half-century – most of them shared with my wife.”

John Impert relates: “My pandemic experience was coming down with the coronavirus. In the two weeks prior to the onset of symptoms on June 27, 2020, I had made a

trip to Long Island from Seattle on Delta Airlines. The terminals in Seattle and JFK were largely deserted, and the aircraft was less than 50% occupied. Everyone wore masks. Once on Long Island, there were few people at the Atlantic or bay beaches. No one else in my family has evidenced any symptoms of Covid-19, before or since. Not only do I not know how I was infected, but I do not seem to have been much of a “spreader”. My symptoms, lasting six days, included fatigue, occasional low grade fever, a dry cough, and the loss of my sense of smell (which has slowly returned over the past month). I feel fine. I was lucky to have had a mild case, and I should enjoy some degree of immunity going forward.”

Dick Moser writes: “Pre-pandemic, Donna and I were making tentative plans to move to Portland, OR, where our housing dollar could go a lot farther. After the pandemic arrived, we realized that we weren't all that comfortable with going through with a move under pandemic conditions. In May I decided to apply to become a contractor with Amazon for delivery services. Got accepted, started my company, and started the complex process of getting trained to do the work, getting licenses, getting insurance, finding vendors, etc. I'm well into that now, expecting to launch the business in the September/October time frame. The biggest challenge, I think, will be finding, hiring, training, managing, and retaining a workforce of (eventually) 70 to 100 delivery drivers. That will draw more on leadership skills developed in the Marine Corps than on skills learned in business school. Despite the prospect of 12-15 hour days and seven-day weeks for a few months until I'm up and running smoothly (and profitably, one hopes), I'm excited about starting a new business. Keeps the old synapses active. Now if the old body can just keep up!”

Lea Pendleton recounts: “My partner Linda and I decided to extend our winter stay in Naples, FL until mid-June after watching the news stations report that Massachusetts was turning

red with daily increases in Covid-19 numbers. Then we made a reservation on JetBlue. A couple of weeks later, JetBlue canceled. This was not good. How should we get home? We had good friends who were considering taking a charter jet flight with two other couples. We started talking about how elegant it might be: a brand new Cessna Citation Latitude. Lots of 'you only live once' (and we wanted to continue living once), so we joined our friends. On the appointed day, the gates of the small airport in Naples opened automatically and we drove out on the tarmac to our plane. The pilot and co-pilot greeted us, took our luggage, no security, only pleasantness and ease. When we were aloft, one of our group, a former flight attendant, served up some very good wine and elegant snacks. In three hours we were at the small Beverly, MA, airport, having been whisked home on smooth, non-Covid air."

Fred Schneider recounts: "During late March and early April 2020 I biked around Manhattan between 30th and 96th Streets and between the Hudson and the East Rivers to take photographs of the relatively deserted streets and almost empty well-known places, at the time so very different from the usual vibrancy of New York City. This was a change from using my bicycle for the last 40 years as my primary means of transportation in the City, but in March and April there was little reason to be going anywhere by bike or otherwise with almost everything closed down. I e-mailed images of my weekly masked rides to folks both here and abroad under 'Subject' headings like 'The Bike Bandit Rides Again' and 'The Bike Bandit Hits Midtown.'"

Joe Valenta reports: "When life began to change with the virus, I did some of the usual home projects like cleaning the garage and weeding and re-barking the yard, both long overdue. Then I settled on books. I'm active in a group that is like a book-of-the-month club, but due to the pandemic we canceled our meetings. Then we started holding them on Zoom, and we've had

several enjoyable sessions. We're feeling very good about ourselves now, and our attendance has shot up in the process. We are not sure we'll ever return to our regular meetings."

Ed Whitcraft reports: "I wake up with nothing to do, and by the time I go to bed, it is only half done."

Harold F. ("Pete") Doolittle, Jr. died on May 6, 2020 from Lewy Body dementia with complications from Covid-19. Pete was born on November 25, 1941. Five weeks later, his family moved to Bennington, VT, where Pete's father managed the EverReady Battery Plant. As a fourth grader at Lincoln School in Lakewood, OH, Pete met Lory (Lorena) Chaney, who would become his wife in 1963. Pete graduated from Yale University with a degree in Industrial Engineering, and received a Master's in Business from the University of Chicago Business School in 1965. Upon Pete's graduation, Lory and Pete headed for the Island of Mauritius, where Pete worked for two years for the Development Bank of Mauritius, helping to diversify the economy of Mauritius. In 1967 the couple went north to study and travel in Europe for several months. On their return to the US, Pete held a series of corporate jobs before the couple moved to Greenville, ME, where Pete helped the J. M. Huber Corporation develop land holdings around Moosehead Lake. Pete's corporate career included consulting positions and corporate administration with several large companies, consulting firms, and private equity firms. In 1999, Pete was approached by two co-workers to form Clearview Capital, a private equity firm currently located in Stamford, CT. Pete retired from the firm in 2011. Pete spent an active life hiking, biking, skiing, playing tennis, learning languages, rehabbing houses, and traveling. He loved riding his Kubota tractor over his Vermont fields, herding sheep, and chopping wood. Pete's keen financial abilities provided him and Lory with opportunities to support cultural and educational institutions, housing and land preservation projects. Thanks to the care of his loving family and the fine staff at Carleton Willard in Bedford, MA, Pete was able to live a secure and

comfortable end of life. Pete is survived by his wife of 57 years, his sons Andrew M. and Peter C., and six grandchildren.

Jim Green recalls: “Pete was one of the first people I met at Yale since he lived right upstairs in Durfee with **Cris Thiessen** and we became friends during our orientation week. I remember Pete as someone who was easy to get to know and could always be counted on as a true and loyal friend. We spent a lot of time together during our four years since we roomed together in Sophomore and Junior years. We also shared the same major, Industrial Administration, and were fraternity brothers in Phi Gamma Delta. After Yale we went our separate ways but through the years we got together with our wives for mini-reunions with Cris Thiessen and Gary Wilkinson and had a great time sharing a house for our 50th. Being together for our 50th will always be a special memory since it was the last time we were together.”

Troy Murray writes: “In Saybrook College, I admired Pete’s energy, enthusiasm, and occasionally impish sense of humor. We reconnected at our Class’s 50th Reunion, and not too long ago Pete, Lory, and I had lunch together at Carleton Willard, where he still showed a great deal of that familiar spark.”

Gary Wilkinson recalls: “Pete's intellect, curiosity, kindness, and keen sense of humor formed an immediate bond that evolved into a lifelong friendship. Along with our two suitemates, Jim Green and Cris Thiessen, post-graduation get-togethers included his marriage to Lory Chaney in August 1963, a mini-reunion at Cris’s house in Sun Valley, ID, a fall visit to Pete and Lory’s house in Addison, VT on Lake Champlain, and of course our 50th at a rental house in East Branford, as well as biking wine country in California.”

Harvey Gardère Gleason died at home surrounded by loving family on June 24, 2020.

Harvey graduated from Metairie Park Country Day School in 1959, Yale University in 1963, and Tulane University School of Law in 1966. During the Vietnam War he served our country as a

Captain in the United States Marine Corps stationed in Da Nang. After his service he began a maritime law career at Chaffe McCall Phillips Toler and Sarpy, and retired from Eustis O'Keefe & Gleason. He was a member of the London Maritime Club, Boston Club, and several Mardi Gras organizations. A lifelong Episcopalian, he was a parishioner of Trinity Episcopal Church, New Orleans, where over the years he engaged in worship, Bible study, and prayer groups. His love of prayer translated into a ministry in his retirement and during his cancer treatments and decline. Harvey loved working in his workshop and created a multitude of beautiful prayer boxes which he freely gave to his many friends, relatives, doctors, and nurses. Harvey loved trees and walks in the woods. He played the Marine Corps Hymn on his bagpipes. Even as cancer grew and severe fatigue and weakness set in, his barrel-chested voice echoed the poetic verse, "Let us then be up and doing." Harvey leaves his wife of 53 years, Mary Frances Mears Gleason; children John Harvey Gleason, Mary Elaine Leverich Gleason, Edward Campbell Gleason, and Laura Gardère Crawford; five grandchildren; and many nieces, nephews, and friends to whom he was deeply attached.

Tom Bailey writes: "As Yale classmates, fellow Marine officers, and Vietnam veterans, Harvey and I shared many a 'sea story' over the years. What I remember most in recent years is that the essence of almost every conversation we had focused on his concern for the wellbeing and comfort of others. Oh, but to hear him play just one more time the Marine Corps Hymn on bagpipes! *Semper Fi!*"

David Boren remembers: "Harvey Gleason was a true gentleman. What I most remember about Harvey is his kindness. He never said an unkind word to anyone or about anyone. He was a caring friend who always had the time to listen to the concerns of others and to offer an encouraging word. While he had a quiet manner, he had a keen sense of humor. He often chuckled. He saw the funny side of life and helped others see it too." **Jim Courtright** recalls:

“Harvey readily shared his views and his love of his family. When in Wisconsin some years ago, he warmly invited me to a family gathering at the nearby Episcopal seminary where his son had started preparation for a successful ministry. Harvey and I were in regular phone contact over the last 20 years, often with conversations sprinkled with humor. Among the wide range of topics we discussed, some covered his cancer treatment and the possible prognosis. More recently, when new chemotherapies at VA hospitals for Agent Orange related cancers became available to veterans, he wanted me to make sure this information would be shared with the Class. I have honored this promise.”

Tom Hartch remembers Harvey as “cheerful, intelligent, a Southern gentleman, who often shared an amusing story. At the 50th Reunion, we had a long talk over dinner in the Commons. As usual, he was insightful and voiced a strong moral compass.”

William Howard Holme died on May 29, 2020 at Newtown Rehabilitation and Health Care Center in Newtown, CT. Bill was an Eagle Scout and a 1963 magna cum laude graduate of Yale. He was proud to be a Mason at the former Bethel, CT Eureka Lodge, a member of the Bethel United Methodist Church, a member of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, Western Connecticut Chapter, and a volunteer with the Bethel Public Library. An electrical engineer, Bill worked for various companies, usually in the defense or space industry, including working on the Hubble Space Telescope with Perkin Elmer. Bill is survived by two daughters, Kristin Borsch and Suzanne McCloskey, and five grandchildren.

Tim Holme writes: “Known to classmates as ‘Willy’, Bill was my first cousin. His dad was my dad’s brother. He taught at the Naval Academy and hoped that I would matriculate there. My dad taught at Yale and hoped that Bill would join me there. We won and Bill became a Yalie. A group of us joined together in the Spring of 1960 and went to Calhoun. Joining Bill and me were **Roger Emrich, Todd Tucker, Don Parmenter, and Hugh Hunt**. Sadly, our six

are now only Todd and me. That was ancient history, of course, but a photo of Bill with Todd and me in the Calhoun section of the Class Book is a reminder of good times and friendship.”

Douglas George Kalesh, M.D. passed away on January 23, 2020. After graduating from Yale College in 1963, Doug received his M.D. from SUNY Downstate College of Medicine in 1968. Following service as a Major in the Army, he developed a practice in obstetrics and gynecology in Washington, DC. In our 25th Reunion Class Book in 1988, Doug reported that “there has been the privilege to witness life, death, reproduction, marriage, divorce and gender roles. Embroiled in all this, I somehow forgot to marry and have children.” In our 50th Reunion Class Book in 2013, Doug related that he was retiring from the practice of medicine after 37 years in private practice, and that he had “spent 12 years trying to learn the intricacies of ballroom and swing dancing, as well as the joys and passions while in the arms of Terpsichore.”

Andy Barclay remembers Doug Kalesh as follows: “I met Doug Sophomore year in Berkeley. We would eat lunch frequently over the years, mainly because he was one of the funniest people I ever met, and his conversation often broke up the entire table. On Sundays, we were part of a group that met to watch the Giant games. He was an avid fan of the Giants and had a lot to say about the play-by-play. Often, we would turn down the sound and allow Doug to narrate the game because he was better than the network color announcer. At other times he was thoughtful and serious and had some profound insights into world affairs and affairs of the heart which we all appreciated. We maintained a correspondence over the years, and when I didn't hear back from him, I knew he had to be experiencing serious health issues. My biggest regret is that I never got to see him dance, because the concept of Doug Kalesh ballroom dancing, I mean, seriously Doug?”

Michael Freeland relates: “Doug and I were good friends during our Freshman year. Both of us were Bursary boys at Commons, we both came from backgrounds that seemed out of place to

us, and we both enjoyed good personal relationships with the staff that ran Commons, especially our immediate supervisor, Janet. We were not the easiest guys to manage, but Janet put up with us and over time we became her friends.”

Mike Skol remembers: “Doug Kalesh was one of my two Freshman roommates in Bingham (1127). That he was from Brooklyn and of Lebanese Christian heritage, and the third (**Bob Vollero**) was New Haven Italian, was my grand introduction to what we now call ‘diversity’.

We actually had great fun riffing on our clashing cultures (and, frankly, in language which would not be tolerated these days.) Good times, good friends, but other interests (in my case, WYBC, and the move, with different roommates, to Trumbull) led us apart. I saw very little of Doug since 1959-60. One Reunion, as I recall. But I do think of him whenever I see Lebanon in the news and wonder how he was affected by that tragedy (he was rightly proud of his heritage).”

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