



## CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2021

**Tom Lovejoy** has been elected to membership in the National Academy of Sciences. The National Academy of Sciences was created during the Lincoln Administration to provide scientific advice to the government and the public. Membership is determined by a rigorous internal peer review selection process. There are currently 2,461 members in all fields combined.

**Avi Nelson** reports: “Despite Covid, last October, November and January I played in three baseball tournaments. The first was in Arizona, the second two in Florida. These were age-limited divisions, 70+ and 75+. That meant flying to and from, staying in hotels, and eating daily in different restaurants – as well as associating with ballplayers on the field and in dugouts. I’ve been offered a range of reactions to my having played. Suffice it to say, everyone has different risk aversion profiles to challenges. So far, it has worked out. I’m playing baseball again this season in a couple of leagues in the Boston area, although not as a full-time player. I’ve gone back to doing some political writing and have published several op-eds recently in the Boston Herald (and one in the Washington Times). For the first time, I’ve tried my hand at writing a short story. Whether anyone will publish it is another matter. I spend considerable time at the piano, playing and composing informally, and have finally posted on YouTube a Ballade I wrote that was played on the radio years ago. Add in a few webinars, and that makes up the complement of my intellectual involvement – watching old movies on TV not counting.”

**Bill Nordhaus** has published a new book, *The Spirit of Green*. Bill explains: “In an earlier era, green referred to the color of grass and trees and jealous eyes. But over the last half-century, ‘green’ has taken on a life of its own, reflecting a new approach to individual actions, companies, political activities, and laws – an interconnected set of ideas about the dangerous side effects of modern industrial societies and how we can cure or at least curb these dangers. *The Spirit of Green* covers a wide array of social, economic, and political questions

that are examined from a green vantage point. These questions include established areas such as pollution, congestion, and global warming. But they also involve new frontiers such as taxes, corporate governance, and finance. The book discusses how the power of markets can be effectively buttressed with new approaches to collective action.”

**George Stewart “Stovy” Brown** died at home in St. Leonard, MD on April 19, 2021 in his tenth year of ALS, the 80th year of his age, and the 51st year of marriage to Anne Virginia Wright. Born in Baltimore, he attended Calvert and Gilman and graduated from Yale. His entire working career was spent with IBM while living in Annapolis, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Stamford, CT. He retired to Southern Maryland in 1991 and devoted the rest of his time to the Southern Maryland Sailing Foundation, the Prince Frederick Rotary Club, and the Calvert County Democrats. He is survived by his wife and by his brother and nephews.

**Norm Dawley** recalls: “I met Stovy in 1959 when we were both sent to Boston to compete in a freshman regatta on the Charles River at MIT. Sailing was a club sport at Yale with zero financial support from the University. To compete at regattas we would pile into someone’s car (often Stovy’s 49 Ford Convertible, ‘Gypsy’, since he was one of the few who had a car), all chipping in for gas and tolls; go to the regatta, sleep on anyone’s floor that would have us; try to cadge meals at the host’s dining hall or failing that binge on 15-cent hamburgers. Stovy was a wizard in the shifty winds of the rivers and lakes where we usually competed. As I remember, we won the Sloop Championships at Coast Guard one year in Ravens. The biggest win of our college careers was the McMillan Cup at Navy in 1963, on our third and final try. Again, Stovy’s tactical calls and skill in shifty air were critical to our success. At that time the McMillan Cup was emblematic of collegiate national big boat championship, as the Kennedy Cup is today. We visited Anne and Stovy when they had recently finished their beautiful house on St Leonard’s Creek as I was retiring. We decided that Solomons was a great place to retire and moved there also. Since then Stovy and I have sailed many, many more miles together on the Chesapeake, as well as more Vineyard, Block Island, and around Long Island races, at least three races to Bermuda and the race from Victoria, BC to Maui. I admire Stovy endlessly for his amazing good spirits, energy, and ability to stay productively involved in

sailing, Rotary, family and friends through his long battle with ALS. I am equally awed by Anne's skill and dedication at giving and managing his care with constant good cheer."

**John Hilgenberg** writes: "Stovy and I were classmates for 15 years in three different schools. A physics major, he was probably the smartest guy I knew, and very decent and kind in every way. After a career with IBM he retired to southern Maryland, where he enjoyed his life-long competitive passion, sailing. He often saw his good friend and neighbor, **Norm Dawley**, another avid sailor dating back to their days with the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club. Stovy is survived by his wife, Anne Wright Brown, along with a wide circle of friends gained from his active leadership pursuits, sailing and county Democratic politics."

**Michael Whitfield Jecko** passed away on May 20, 2021 after a long struggle with Alzheimer's Disease. Mike was born in Washington, DC and grew up in Bethesda, MD. He graduated in 1959 from Bethesda Chevy Chase High School, went on to study at Yale University, and graduated in 1963 with degrees in electrical engineering and business administration. He met his greatest love, Susan, in 1983 and spent 38 years with her as his constant companion. Together, they raised six children. Mike had a long and successful career working at GE, PEPCO, the Rouse Company, and Accenture. But his greatest loves in life were his family, his friends, and Susan. Those who spent time with Mike knew of his love for tennis and the Washington Redskins; his affection for a 5:00 PM happy hour; the peace he felt at the beach; his uncanny ability to solve any problem with a chart and a spreadsheet; his masterful social organizing skills; that he could turn any event into something that involved betting brackets; and that he loved a good joke. Mike laughed a lot, whistled constantly, was well known for his trademark "Jecko Shuffle" dance, and was always planning for the next time he could spend time with those he loved. Mike is survived by his wife; his four children, M. Scott Jecko, Audrey Coulbourn, Mike Jecko, Jr., and Brittany Jecko; his stepchildren Holly Steiner and Scott Severn; four grandchildren; and two great grandchildren.

**Peter Kiernan** writes: "I first met Mike Jecko at his BCC high school senior prom. I didn't go to BCC but had a date with one of his classmates. She pointed to him and said, 'he's going to

Yale next year also.’ And there he was in a red tux jacket with a mustache – and blonded hair and a cigar if I remember accurately. Not your typical Yale entrant back then – or now. Once at Yale we became friends. When it came time to pick roommates for the next three years, he was a natural choice for me, and so I came to room with three members of the freshman basketball team: Mike, **Rich Giegengack**, and **Chip Oldt**, all sadly gone now. Mike was a wonderful friend, a welcome confidant, and always there when needed. I had quite a number of friends at Yale who were super studious and quite a few others who really enjoyed a party. Mike was the rarer find. He worked assiduously all week and then easily changed speeds and enjoyed Deke and smaller party scenes to the absolute fullest on the weekend. The two never seemed to clash. He was a brilliant student, especially in what we now call the STEM subjects but also quite strong in the liberal arts courses we took together. Most of my friends did their homework – when and if they did – to get it done. Mike’s approach was to do it and do it and do it again until he was satisfied it was 100% perfect. In Sophomore year, he was in a very demanding math class, and he and one other student tied for first place in the class with 99 averages. He didn’t make a show of it, but he was definitely one of our brightest classmates. Back in Washington after graduation and a post graduate year in engineering at Yale, Mike went on to business success, rising to be the chief of computer operations at local companies, a consultant, and – in his spare time – the President of Manor Country Club for several terms, long enough to lead them through a very substantial rebuilding effort. I miss him – and have missed him for a number of years now as he was sidelined with Alzheimer’s – a doubly difficult way to end life for one so smart.”

**Avi Nelson** recalls: “Mike and I were electrical engineering majors, so we were course classmates Sophomore through Senior years and frequently lab partners. He was a really good guy and very bright, often making the sometimes arcane subject of electrical engineering seem easy. Going against the stereotypical, slide-rule-in-pocket engineer-type, Mike’s outgoing and engaging personality made him universally popular; and his good looks always impressed the women, one of whom, I recall, referred to him as ‘snake eyes.’ (Funny what stays in memory after over half a century.) I always looked forward to seeing Mike at our Class reunions, where we enjoyed enthusiastic reconnections and relived reminiscences. But at the

50th he wasn't himself; the Alzheimer's had already set in, and the 55th he was too sick to attend. Some classmates' deaths hit particularly hard. This one did for me. RIP, Mike."

**Pierre Marcel Schlumberger** passed away peacefully on October 1, 2020 in New Braunfels, TX, after a courageous battle with Parkinson's Disease. "Pete", as he was known to family and friends, was born in Houston, TX on June 29, 1942, the first member of his family to be born in the United States. He graduated from The Kinkaid School in 1959, Yale University in 1963, and The Southern Methodist University School of Law in 1966. Pete began his law practice at Pritchard, Platter and Allen in Houston, TX in 1966. Later he decided to work as a sole practitioner in order to spend more time with family and to focus on estate and non-profit work. He had a strong desire to serve the community where he lived. In Houston, Pete gladly served on numerous boards, including Schlumberger, Ltd., the Anchorage Foundation, Inc. (President), The Rothko Chapel (Corporate Secretary), and the Fondation de Musée Schlumberger. After his retirement Pete and Lesley moved to New Braunfels, TX, where Pete continued to serve the community. There he served on numerous boards, including Sophienburg Museum and Archives (President), New Braunfels Historic Museums Association, Inc. (President), and Comal County Historical Commission (Treasurer). Pete was extremely instrumental in the preservation and revitalization of the historic Courtlandt Place neighborhood in Houston, TX, which was accepted into the National Register of Historic Places in 1979. Pete considered this achievement one of his greatest legacies to the city where he was born. For many years Pete was an avid tennis player. While living in New Braunfels, he was a devoted fan of the San Antonio Spurs. As a hobby, he maintained an extensive collection of vintage black and white movies from the 1930s to the 1950s. He is remembered for his late-night showings of classic movies that define modern cinema. Pete especially enjoyed studying Texas history, Texas maps, and the works of early Texas artists. Pete was known as an intelligent, quiet person with a sharp wit and an unfailingly gracious manner. He was rarely seen without his camera in hand, especially at family gatherings and events. Pete is survived by his college sweetheart, best friend, and wife Lesley McCary Schlumberger, to whom he was married for 58 years; his daughters Leslie Anne Schlumberger Garcia and Claire Schlumberger Henry; and five grandchildren.

**Doug Graybill** writes: “One memory of Pete resonates strongly in my recollection. I had mentioned to a few friends that I was looking for a place to stay during the summer before senior year because I would be there for 4-6 weeks before school started. One day Pete approached me saying, ‘I understand you’ll be in New Haven for a good portion of the summer. Would you be willing to look after my condo while you’re here?’ I asked how much? And he replied, ‘You’re doing me the favor. Free, of course.’ I was ecstatic. Pete was just that kind of a guy. Quiet, generous, friendly, trusting, mostly kept to himself, and never let on that his family was as wealthy as they were. He was a close friend to few, but welcoming to many who encountered him around Yale. I must say he was a wonderful friend to me.”

**Bill Heron** remembers: “Pete was quiet and incredibly thoughtful. He was a very giving person as well although somewhat self-contained. After Yale and law school he was a very generous philanthropist in Texas.”

**Chris Little** writes: ““Pete and I were classmates and good friends for six years at The Kinkaid School in Houston. We then roomed together in Vanderbilt during Freshman year and in Timothy Dwight during Sophomore and Junior years. Between Junior and Senior years, he married the love of his life, the lovely Lesley McCary, and moved off campus. He sported a black eye at his wedding, caused by a squash ball off my racquet. Typical of Pete, he took the untimely injury with good humor. He was a true gentleman and a philanthropist, devoted to his family and to an extraordinarily wide range of civic, cultural, and historical organizations in Texas.”

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