



## CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2020

**Bob Dickie** reports: “The American Bar Association has just published the third edition of my book *Financial Statement Analysis and Business Valuation for the Practical Lawyer*, this time with a co-author, Peter Russo. At least one previous edition was the ABA’s best seller. Despite the title, it is not intended for insomniacs looking for a cure – indeed the ABA asked for the movie rights, and we are told by number-haters that it is quite user-friendly. A former Chief Justice of the Delaware Supreme Court says, ‘Best to immerse yourself deeply and without delay’, and a former Chair of the Executive Committee of Sidley Austin calls it ‘a marvel . . . stunningly comprehensive and sophisticated, and yet accessible and practical’.”

**Tony Gaenslen’s** autobiography, *A Hard Road to Justice: My Life as a Renegade Lawyer*, has been published and is available on Amazon. Tony writes: “It seems ironic, to say the least, that at the very moment that I was making my final editorial adjustments to *A Hard Road to Justice*, George Floyd’s life was being squeezed out of him by a Minneapolis policeman. *A Hard Road* is both a memoir of my life of social activism and a call to action to a new generation facing challenges as great or greater than those we of the Sixties faced in the Civil Rights movement. I was encouraged, if not pushed and shoved, into writing *A Hard Road* by my dear friend Dorothy Cotton, for 17 years Director of Education for Martin Luther King Jr.’s Southern Christian Leadership Conference. ‘You’ve got to tell your story,’ Dorothy kept telling me. ‘It will inspire others to realize that they too can take actions for positive change.’ Dorothy had never been quite able to get over the fact that I, a Texas-born and self-identified Southerner, should have jumped into the Civil Rights movement on graduating from Yale. I found myself in a

Mississippi jail for my part in a Mississippi Freedom Summer voter registration drive. In my dual identity as a privileged white southerner and a ‘nigger lover’ ripe for killing, I am in a unique position to speak compellingly to a new generation of young activists on the subjects of white supremacy, lynch law (from which I escaped by the narrowest of margins), the crime of slavery, and the sacredness of all human life. As my friend Peyi Soyinka-Airewele, philosopher and daughter of Nigerian Nobel Prize winner Wole Soyinka, puts it: ‘There is a cost and you know that cost and so it matters that people hear your voice.’ I am eager to bear the message. My priority audiences as I get out of the starting blocks are my fellow Quakers, and students at my alma maters, Yale University and Cornell University.”

**Wally Grant** writes: “I recently informed everyone in my law firm that I was retiring from my law practice after 53 years. Following Yale, I spent a year wandering through Europe and then attended Stanford Law School. After graduating from Stanford, I returned to my hometown, Longmont, CO to open my law practice. The following 53 years passed quickly, and I enjoyed each of those years. I met interesting people, undertook challenging projects, had bright and engaging colleagues, and learned something new every day. While practicing law, I married twice and divorced twice. My first wife, Johna, still lives near-by and we see each other often at grandchildren’s events and holidays. We have four wonderful and bright children, three daughters and one son, and nine grandchildren. I had a brief second marriage to a woman with two children, a daughter and a son, whom I helped raise before, during, and after our marriage. In addition to practicing law, I was involved in businesses ranging from a winery to manufacturing ski bindings to farming, cattle feeding, and land development, the last three activities with my two brothers. All of that has rewarded me with a wonderful, fulfilling, and exciting life in a beautiful venue filled with jogging, skiing, biking, and just sitting in the sun. I

am now entering the next chapter of my life, retirement. I am healthy and strong, hopefully as strong as I think I am; I think I have enough money to take care of me comfortably and leave some for the next generation; and I intend to make the most of retirement. I love to read and travel; I have lengthy lists of books to read or listen to, and places to visit.”

**William J. Hone** died peacefully on May 1, 2020 from complications of lung disease. In 8th grade, Bill moved to Salem, OH, where he met the love of his life and wife of 56 years, Marjorie Vaughan Hone. He graduated from Yale University in 1963 with a degree in Chemical Engineering. After two years at du Pont, he and his wife moved to New York so that he could attend Columbia Law School. Bill found that he had a talent for and love of patent law, which gave him the mental challenge of mixing law, technology, and good horse sense. He started his legal career in patent litigation at Fish and Neave, was a partner at Davis Hoxie, and was a founding Principal of Fish and Richardson. Following retirement in 2006, he continued to pursue his passion, working as a consultant and licensing guru for several biotech firms. Among his proudest professional achievements were obtaining the patents for PCR machines and many of the techniques now used in Covid-19 testing. One of Bill’s favorite traditions was a Memorial Day camping trip in the Adirondacks that he attended with friends and family for 50 years. He loved to work on his massive Lionel train layout. He would play trains with any kid under 90 who wanted to play with him. Bill and Marge lived in Irvington, NY since 1973. Bill served as President and Board member of Echo Hills Mental Health Clinic and as a trustee and elder of the Irvington Presbyterian Church. Bill is survived by his wife, two sons, James Curtis (JE '90) and Brian Thomas, and three granddaughters.

**Avi Nelson** writes: “After Bill’s passing, four of us got together via Zoom to reminisce. **Burke Jackson, Rob Lacy, Art Rettig,** and I were close friends of Bill’s at Yale and remained in contact with him and Marge through the decades. **Alan Huckleberry,** another one of our group, was not on the Zoom call but remembers Bill as a gentle man with a lot of common sense. Among the memories, we recalled how active Bill was in Jonathan Edwards College. He worked in the Master’s office, and senior year he was the college Social Chairman, organizing two of JE’s signature events, the Spring Sing, a convocation of Yale singing groups, and the Toga Party (which lived up or down to its name with behavior which would not have been confused with adulthood). Bill was a great athlete and played several intramural sports, especially touch and tackle football. He helped JE win the touch football championship and finish in second place for the Tyng Cup senior year. Bill courted his childhood sweetheart long-distance through the college years; Marge went to Michigan State. In the spring of senior year, we pooled our resources and, unbeknownst to Bill, flew Marge from Michigan to Yale. It was a complete and successful surprise, but then the drama took an unexpected turn. Bill had borrowed Burke’s car, and he was driving with Marge on York Street when, right below our third-floor window, they got into an accident. Fortunately, only the car was damaged, but the accident attracted a constabulary visit. At that time, the rules of propriety for young ladies were somewhat more Victorian, and Marge says that she and Bill have always been grateful for the kindness of one of New Haven’s finest in leaving her name off the accident report. So the adventure remained unsullied and was always remembered by Bill and Marge as an incredible weekend. Marge said that many years later she finally revealed to her mother the full details of the visit. Marge said that her mother was not amused. (But after 57 years we still are.) Bill was a good and stalwart friend. We are grateful for our long association with him.”

**Elton W. (“Doc”) LeHew, Jr.** died on May 25, 2020. Doc came to Yale from Guthrie, OK. He was married after freshman year to Jan Fife, from whom he was divorced in 1989. They had one child, Lisa. Doc practiced as a psychiatrist in Pensacola, FL, New Canaan, CT, and Naples, FL. He wrote, “I have been privileged to work in a very exciting profession and help a lot of sick folks.” In 2014 Doc married Terrie Van Lengen, who tragically predeceased him.

**Jud Calkins** writes: “I met Oklahoma’s own Doc LeHew at the close of eighth grade at Camp Lincoln, a summer sports offering in Minnesota. He was there for basketball, I for football, lured in part by Doc’s fellow Oklahoman, Bud Wilkinson, then making Sooner history in the sport. Doc was lean, slow-talking, always with a smile, same as at Yale. Curiously, I noted, he walked on his toes, explaining that it was for calf development to help his lift on the basketball court. Our jaws mutually dropped when we met on the Old Campus in 1959. I can’t recall now whether he was still walking on his toes, but he remained the same gentle, thoughtful, intelligent classmate that we all came to know.” **Joe Lastowka** remembers: “Doc was one of those who truly enjoyed those ‘Bright College Years’. As Phi Gamma Delta brothers and residents of Saybrook College we enjoyed great parties and savored our participation in intercollege sports, including the basketball team’s part in Saybrook’s Tyng Cup championship. Doc could shoot. I could rebound. There was never any question that Doc, the son of a Oklahoma doctor, would be anything other than a Doc himself, even if it took a summer session at the University of Colorado to nail down the science premed prerequisites – and to perfect the techniques there of home brew long before today’s microbrewery craze, with the help of our classmates **Bob Bradshaw** and **George Hillman**. In ‘after years’ my wife Frankie and I had the pleasure of spending time with Doc and the three women in his life, his first wife Jan, then

his special friend Diane, and most recently his very recently departed second wife Terrie on many occasions at our home or at Yale reunions that Doc never missed. Always a great time! Classmate **Dick Malone** and his wife Pat were always a part of these get-togethers. In those after years, stuff often was happening. I valued Doc's help and guidance on family medical issues. I was pleased to offer my help with some of his legal issues. For certain, time and change could naught avail to break our friendship formed at Yale." **Dick Malone** remembers: "Doc, **Jon Nusbaum**, **Bob Kaye**, and I met the summer before Yale at the National High School Institute at Northwestern, became good friends, and agreed to room together if we were all accepted to Yale. That sure made it easier walking onto the Old Campus our freshman year. While not as often as we wanted, whenever we got together, especially at our Reunions, it was as though we were back at Saybrook or the Phi Gam house." **Dick Moser** recalls: "I met Doc when he and I were lab partners in Physics our sophomore year. Almost nothing we did in the lab made any sense to me and Doc happily carried me through the experience. On the other hand, he had trouble with the exams, and I was able to help him there. Between the two of us we managed to pass. Doc was 'Doc' even back then and knew exactly where he was headed after Yale. A solid friend, a good guy to his core. In our later years I looked forward to seeing Doc at Class Reunions and at our San Francisco mini-reunions, both of which he attended. There was something about Doc's joy in being with classmates, his insouciance, and his general openness that made him fun just to be around. I can't fail to mention that, thanks to rigorous lifelong use of Retin-A, he was the youngest-looking guy in the Class. I was envious." **Jon Nusbaum** writes: "Two remembrances of Doc will always be with me: his ability to laugh at himself and his caring for others. In spite of his own health issues and personal tragedies, his observations of life in assisted living were more than a little amusing. He never failed to ask

about my own health issues. Probably why he was such a good psychiatrist.” **Chris Reaske** recalls: “Doc LeHew was a great guy with what seemed an ever-present smile for all of us in Saybrook. I loved his Southern accent; the cadences of his speech were just so welcoming. When I learned of his passing, his smile was right there as if we were back in the dining hall.”

**Dave Winebrenner** writes: “Several years ago Doc was extremely helpful to my son Andy, who had been diagnosed with prostate cancer. Doc reached out to Andy and gave him an uplifting second opinion, which made a great difference to him. I know Doc was devastated by the recent death of his bride Terrie, with whom he had a wonderful relationship.”

**Barrett (“Barry”) Morgan** passed away peacefully from complications related to Covid-19 on April 17, 2020. Born in Worcester, MA in 1939, Barry was a lifetime resident of that city. He attended the Bancroft School and Milton Academy before attending Yale University. Following his graduation from Yale, he returned to Worcester to pursue a Master’s degree in geography at Clark University. It was at Clark that Barry met his wife, Mahroo. Upon completion of her degree, Mahroo returned to her home in Iran, and Barry happily followed. They were soon married, and Barry delighted in the years that they spent living in Iran, embracing the people, language, culture, and history of the region. In Iran, Barry worked for an American engineering company conducting geological prospecting in the southeastern desert of the country, where his team discovered a significant water source that subsequently irrigated large new farmlands in the region. He forged lifelong friendships there as well as in England, where he had also lived for a period. In the late 1960’s, Barry and Mahroo moved back to Worcester with their young daughter Anna Mitra, and soon thereafter their son Ralph Tavakolian was born. Barry joined the David Clark Company, a maker of high-altitude aviation

and industrial protection equipment, and later purchased the company with several colleagues. He spent 30 years working at David Clark, contributing to its recognition as one of the international leaders in its field. Throughout his life Barry was an ardent supporter of Worcester's civic and cultural institutions, including the Worcester Arts Museum, Arts Worcester, the Russian Museum of Icons, and Music Worcester. An avid collector of ceramics, Barry even tried his hand at the potting wheel in classes at the Worcester Center for Crafts, where he was President of the Board. A consummate extrovert, Barry relished vigorous and wry conversation, and was never happier than when out and about visiting with family and friends. He took great interest in foreign lands and cultures, and traveled with purpose as an ethnographer rather than a mere tourist. Barry is survived by his wife, Mahroo (Tavakolian), his daughter Anna Mitra, his son Ralph Tavakolian, five grandchildren, and a generation of young relatives who will miss their beloved and fun-loving "Baba", as he was affectionately known.

**Ridge Hall** recalls: "the overriding image that comes up when I think of Barry is his exuberance. He took a palpable joy in people and friendships. One of his children has described Barry as 'the consummate extrovert', and that captures Barry exactly. He was such a source of positive energy that I later wished that I could have bottled some of it for needed uplifts in the years that followed our times together at Yale." **Stallworth Larson** writes: "Barry was up for travel and adventure. As graduation approached, Barry suggested a drive to the Panama Canal and I said sure. At one point we rushed to get to the bull ring in Mexico City and just made it before the first corrida. I turned around to hail a beer man, and down the steps came **Charlie Cheney**, who joined our expedition. Barry was our guide and driver and took us to interesting places like Tikal in Guatemala. This was an adventure, and I have always been



grateful to Barry for putting it together and including me.” **Bobby Power** recalls: “The summer before our senior year Barry and I drove throughout Northern Europe. He was, as usual, excellent company, very level-headed, knew a ton about the places we were visiting, and definitely was ready for some wild times! After Yale, he had an amazing knack for engaging in unusual projects which turned out fortuitously to be home runs for him. A mark I think of his excellent judgment.” **Fred Schneider** writes: “I first met Barry at our 35th Reunion, but we became good friends quite quickly. He had a great sense of humor and carried the weighty responsibilities he had from his family's long-established position in Worcester, MA with grace and dedication, supporting its many important eleemosynary institutions with wisdom, energy, and benefactions. His philanthropy was legion, matched only by his devotion to family, friends, and two beloved dogs, one named Eli.” **John Tuteur** adds: “Vee and I were fortunate to be part of Barry's California connection while he was at the Monterey Language Institute many moons ago. Barry's energy and humor helped to make his roommates' time at Yale exciting.”

**R. Bruce Sampsell** died on May 22, 2020. He was in good health and was mowing his lawn, hurrying to beat an oncoming rainstorm, when he fell, tumbled down a slope, and landed very hard on the back of his head. He was rushed to the UNC Hospital's ER, where CT scans revealed severe injuries to his skull and brain. He survived under Home Hospice care for four days before dying peacefully. After graduating from Yale, Bruce went on to the Harvard Business School. It was a great fit, and the case study method prepared him for the challenges he faced throughout his career. Beginning in 1969, he held a variety of management and staff positions with Quaker Oats in Chicago, finally serving as President of their Fisher-Price Toy Division in Buffalo. Before retiring in 1990, he was Vice Chairman and COO at First Empire State

Corporation in Buffalo. Bruce had many interests and brought much to life, but the greatest joy of his life was his marriage of over 50 years to his beloved Bonnie, who survives him at the home they built in Chapel Hill, NC. All who knew him will miss his intelligence, his wit, his knowledge, his ability to cut through massive information, organize it, analyze it, formulate a sound action plan based on it, and to say in one sentence what would take many people five sentences to say.”

**Doug Dyckes** remembers: “Bruce, Cameron Smith, and I roomed together for three years in Silliman College. He was the catalyst who brought us together. Cameron and I had not previously met, but Bruce somehow recognized that we would all get along well. The fact that we stayed together for all three years was a tribute to his ability to assess the aspects of character that made us compatible. Although we were different in our interests and experiences, we all got on well and readily supported one another. Bruce’s sharp sense of humor, and his ability to suggest logical and reasonable compromises when we did have differences of opinion, were certainly major factors too. This is not to say that Bruce was not competitive. One only had to play squash with him to see just how keenly engaged he could become in a ‘friendly’ game. But in the end it always *was* friendly, and win or lose, regardless of any trash talk that may have preceded or followed the match, it remained only a game. The same spirit, plus his relatively slender build, served Bruce and our crew well during his years as coxswain of the Silliman intramural eight. Cameron and I, as oarsmen, had lots of opportunities to observe his competitiveness as he would exhort us all to ‘pick it up’ nearing the finish of a grueling race. It worked; he steered and cheered us to many more victories than defeats.”

**Cameron Smith** writes: “For many years Bonnie and Bruce sent Seymour and me Christmas

letters detailing their activities. The main focus was trips and studies, following their shared interest, Egyptology. They didn't just take tours. Their work resulted in papers, culminating in one, I think, on the identity of a mummy in an Indiana museum. This 'deep dive' opened memories of late nights at Yale, often after the heat had been turned off, during which Bruce, Doug Dyckes, and I labored over assignments that often appeared to be impossible to finish before the upcoming morning's classes. Bruce was usually the one who kept us going – 'Why are you getting ready to go to bed so early, weenie? You've got to get it right!' My Yale experience includes some more pleasant memories, but 'getting it right under pressure' is a value that I credit Bruce and Yale with giving me."

**James H. ("Shamus") Weber** died of Covid-19 on April 1, 2020. A teacher for over 50 years, he believed that the years he spent at Yale were a true and solid springboard for his life's work. Shamus realized even as a freshman that the 1960's marked a golden age at Yale because it harbored an abundance of glittering minds whose work was so important that it continues to influence their respective fields today. He felt lucky to have had several of them as his teachers: Robert Fagles for freshman English, Larry Richardson for classical languages, William Wimsatt for English and literary theory, Vince Scully for art history, and Robert Engman for art and sculpture. Although Shamus took a leave of absence his junior year, he courted and married his childhood sweetheart Cynthia during that break and returned to Yale to graduate in 1965. He began teaching that fall at Millbrook School for Boys in Millbrook, New York, and later taught at Westover School for Girls in Middlebury, Connecticut. His influence as a teacher was no less profound than that of the great teachers he had been privileged to have at Yale. Many of his students maintained contact and became good friends. His wit and wisdom evidently

influenced students even beyond his knowing. One such student e-mailed his family a week after his death to say that Shamus’s advice from 25 years ago was now helping her cope with the Covid-19 crisis. She had gone to Shamus in tears and was so overwhelmed with her life that she was planning to leave school. He had quietly handed her his handkerchief and said: ‘When one is overwhelmed, you simply handle one whelm at a time. Eventually, you will be underwhelmed.’”

**Gus Foster** writes: “Shamus, my sophomore roommate at Jonathan Edwards, and Cynthia were my dear friends for decades and because we lived a continent apart, we did not see each other very often. They were both great cooks and great diners and whole weekends were spent at their table talking art, literature and words in the English language. He was one of a kind and will be sorely missed.”

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