

YALE COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1963

FIFTIETH REUNION

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Battell Chapel

Friday, May 31, 2013

5:30 P.M.

REMEMBRANCES OF DECEASED CLASSMATES

David Alden Bass

By David E. Breithaupt

Dave Bass was a mixture of firmness and gentleness. He could defend a strong point of view, but then he was also a good listener, patient and caring, soft-spoken, and with a mellow Oklahoma cadence to his speech. Dave was easy to be with and often hilariously funny, entertaining our dates in our shared Saybrook living room while playing the guitar. Dave was an excellent student and seemed to be academically strong from the moment he arrived on the old campus.

He became the Thomas H. David Professor of Pulmonary Medicine at Wake Forest University, and in his 30 year career received a number of prestigious honors. Dave was married and had two children. Though we lost Dave too early, he surely contributed joy to his friends and family and better health to those he taught and treated in his medical career. Oklahoma and Yale can be truly proud of Dave.

Burton Irwin Bauchner

By Susan Bauchner

Burt loved to tell me about his jobs while at Yale, such as running the elevator at the Beinecke Library, or the birthday cake service he ran, delivering cakes on his motor scooter.

When he graduated Yale, Burt joined the Army Reserves.

His business career included working for a small business investment company, building apartment houses, condominiums and an office building as a general contractor, and working for and owning an independent insurance agency.

Burt retired in his early 50's to pursue studies in architecture, philosophy, religion and more at Yale, NYU and the New School.

He fulfilled dreams of travelling, visiting Mexico, Israel, Egypt and Europe.

Burt was an avid reader: His home office was a library, with floor to ceiling books, organized by categories.

Burt was a volunteer leader in the Bridgeport (CT) Jewish community for many years. When he moved to Vermont in 2000, he became a ski instructor and was active in local politics.

Having grown up as the oldest of six children, Burt had a strong loyalty to his family. Burt and I raised two children and there are now five grandchildren.

Whether on his motorcycle, sitting at his computer, skiing or reading, Burt's mind was always active.

He lived an interesting and full life. He never stopped learning and he never stopped giving back to his family and community.

Alpheus Crosby Beane, Jr.

By David F. Mawicke

Alph Beane was a large presence in every way, he filled a room. He was great fun, mischievous, and always either smiling or laughing. He was a beloved husband, father and grandfather. He was a good provider, a good Samaritan to others, and he made little of his own travails which involved the deadly car accidents of his sisters, his

mother's early death and a financial crisis he and his father had to weather. From the 78th floor of the World Trade Center, two times he avoided terrorists, wisely moving his office to the 'burbs after the second attack.

Alph loved golf and paddle tennis, but Linda his wife and Crosby and Alexander were his true loves. We miss him, for those who knew him well, we was truly XXXL.

John Canada Bowen III

By Daniel Rowland

John Canada Bowen III, a vascular and gastrointestinal surgeon for over 42 years, died at home on May 13, 2013 at the age of 72. He had an extraordinarily successful career, serving with such distinction in the Army during the Vietnam War that he was awarded the Bronze Star. He was the Chair of the Department of Surgery at the Ochsner Clinic Foundation from 1993 to 2002 and in 2012, Ochsner presented him with its highest award, The Spirit of Leadership Lifetime Award. He was also awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously by the Society for Surgery of the Alimentary Tract. He and his beloved wife Mimi lived in a fine house in New Orleans, where they welcomed visiting friends with lavish hospitality.

Johnny “Slide Trom” Bowen was a legendary member of the Whiffenpoofs of 1963. Though he had no musical training, and tried out for the Baker’s Dozen by singing Elvis’ version of “Love Me Tender,” Johnny had an absolutely sensational natural voice, singing the biggest solos for both the BDs and the Whiffs, most famously the

Whiff arrangement of “Slap That Bass.” If he was a stranger to the insular world of Yale singing, he was our portal to the wider world outside of Yale, where his strikingly handsome presence, self-confidence, and savor-faire impressed everyone he met, including most famously Princess Grace at a post-concert reception in Monaco. Johnny's outsized and completely generous personality was an even greater contribution to our Whiff group than was his magnificent voice. As we gather for our 50th Reunion, Johnny's so-recent death leaves a gaping hole in the hearts of all of his Whiff colleagues, our families, and all of his classmates.

Daniel M. Byrd, III

By Stanley Riveles

Dan Byrd and I met on the first day of freshman football practice in the fall of 1959. He was a 6'3", 230 pound tackle from Atlanta, Georgia. He looked ferocious but was gentle as a lamb.

At first, I couldn't comprehend his southern drawl, and my Jersey twang stumped him. I was greatly surprised to discover his Republican Party affiliation because his political views seemed entirely consistent with my own Eastern liberalism. He carefully explained to me that (back in the day) southern and northern Democrats had little in common. Southerners who disagreed with Jim Crow were invariably Republican—the Party of Lincoln.

Dan was garrulous and immensely intelligent, though he suffered from ADHD. Despite the disability, he earned his Ph.D. in Pharmacology in 1971. He specialized in the field of toxicology and had a research career in non-profit sector, along with stints in the government at HUD and EPA.

In the early 1990s, when I last saw him, he was living in southwest Washington with his third wife, Karen Engdahl Byrd. In his later years, Dan resided in Holiday, Florida. In addition to Karen; his children, Mary Katherine (born 1963); Laura McKay (1964, Y'89); and Dan M. IV (1968), survive him.

Steven Murchie Cahill

By George du Pont

Steve graduated from Yale brimming with youthful energy and might as well have been run over by a truck.

“. . . Life was not kind to Steve”, writes his sister Susan. In addition to his failing eyesight which rendered him legally blind, . . . “Steve was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia shortly after earning his MBA. He was married briefly, prior to the devastating diagnosis and worked sporadically in real estate until the mid 80's, and from then on, he was in and out of institutions, but mostly in.”

She continues; “ My dear, sweet brother was one of the kindest, loveliest men I have known — always calling his nieces, nephews and loved ones on important occasions and never uttering a disparaging word about anyone. Somehow, he retained his humor and dignity throughout his ordeal. And of course, he spoke so fondly of his time at Yale, probably some of his happiest years.”

As a tribute to Steve, I ask that the next time you see Watergate Bob Woodward, on TV, you squint and conjure up his “brother by

another Mother”); Steve Cahill. Same tone, same cadence, same thoroughness, same appearance, same even-handedness, same Chicago suburban roots. Oh; and with your eyes barely open, imagine a smart, fun, tall, brunette Marilyn Monroe giving you a good approximation of Steve's sexy wife. What better tribute to Steve than to imagine them happy together!

Richard Wilson Chase

By Leonard Chazen

A descendant of Connecticut Yankee Congregationalists, Dick was part of the circle of pioneer social activists who formed around William Sloane Coffin. Dick's passionate commitment to civil rights and other causes never got in the way of his sense of humor. As his daughter Molly recalls: "Richard loved to tell stories and it was often difficult to tell when he was telling the truth or making it upespecially with that twinkle in his eye."

After college and law school, he spent a few unhappy years as a tax associate and moved on to McKinsey where he participated in one of the first studies of waste recycling. There Dick found his life's work. Returning to Connecticut, he became the first State Recycling Commissioner in the country, and he later brought the responsible waste disposal cause to San Diego, California where he settled in the 1980s. Dick was the driving force behind a plan to build a huge landfill in Gregory Canyon outside San Diego that is designed to protect the surrounding environment. The project was approved by

voters in 1994 and again in 2004, and more than twenty years after the project began, his wife and business partner Nancy continues to obtain the government approvals needed to start construction.

When he wasn't advancing Gregory Canyon, Dick was at work developing a project to be built on a platform 40 foot above San Diego's 10th Avenue Marine Terminal that would include hotel, aquarium and sports area. One San Diego official who worked with Dick said: "Richard was not a small-idea person; he worked on a much bigger canvas than most people."

When Dick died of cancer in 2009, he left behind a devoted family. His daughter ended her tribute to her father by saying: "Richard was a passionate believer that each of his children could make their own unique and significant impacts on the world and he did everything he could to support that. Spread over 26 years, his five children --- David, Matthew, Larna, twins Molly and Peter -- all had a father who dreamed big for them."

Michael Frederic Cook

By Michele Urvater

My husband was a uniquely extraordinary human being, husband and father. When his life was cut short by esophageal cancer over 400 hundred people attended his memorial at the Bank Street School for Children where he devoted 40 years of his life to teaching.

To capture Michael's essence, I offer a few quotes from former students and colleagues:

“You have been that “ahah!” teacher for me and I have carried your belief in me my whole life. You were the first person to ever explain that asking good questions is at least as important as having the answers. “

“I am a teacher at Harvard Medical School now and have had so many teachers since 1973 from middle school through fellowship training, but few have been as memorable and effective as you.”

“You speak your mind. You tell the truth. You encourage others to be their best selves. You are a man of rare

integrity”.

Alas Michael’s experience at Yale in the 1950’s was not happy.

It was particularly painful for him, as a refugee from the holocaust

that he had to deal with a roommate who was anti-Semitic and

encountered a professor who called him a "cheeky Jew". Of course

Yale today is a different place, yet its past must be remembered.

Richard Bates Couser

By Jonathan Couser

My father arrived at Yale in 1959 with high hopes of a major in forestry, born from a love of nature he found in the Boy Scouts and an intention to become a park ranger. Yale's course in organic chemistry, however, proved his downfall – twice – leading to a change in majors, to political science, and in career to one of his other passions, the law. In spite of the sometime reputation of lawyers in the general public, Dad firmly believed in the power of law to help resolve disputes and make for a more fair and peaceful society, and brought a sense of honor and integrity to his cases that earned him a high reputation among his colleagues and among justices on the bench. He was fond of reciting the advice of an older partner at his firm when asked to take on a morally questionable client – “Dick, you never HAVE to take a case.”

While he worked very hard, Dad never let his career marginalize the more important things in life. He and Mom took my sister and I along on nearly every vacation, seeing them as a chance to

expose us to the outdoors and to the world rather than as a chance to get away by themselves. We hiked and camped and paddled, all around the country and in Europe as well. When I was about nine years old, he also rediscovered his youthful faith in Jesus Christ, and devoted his energies to the service of the church, teaching adult classes, acting as a church deacon, and using his professional abilities to help churches learn how to prevent and protect themselves from abuse by errant clergy and others, advice which he compiled in his first book, *Ministry and the American Legal System*. His love for the word of God culminated toward the end of his life with the publication of his second book, *The Deuteronomy Project*, a study for lay people, in dialogue form, of the capstone book of divine law in the Pentateuch.

Diligent in his work, generous to his family, loyal to his friends, and devoted to his God, my father lived as full a life as I believe God has granted to any man, and I honor his memory here today.

Trumbull Cary Curtiss

By Leslie Fisher Curtiss

After graduating from Yale, Trum began a long and successful career in bank marketing, beginning in Buffalo and culminating in Andover, Massachusetts, as president of BayBank Merrimac Valley. We spent over 30 years in the Boston area raising our three daughters.

In the late 1990's when banks began to merge and BayBank became BankBoston and then Fleet and then Bank of America, and with most of his friends and the fun gone from the business, Trum decided to retire in order to enjoy his passions- golf, traveling, and warm weather.

After some research, we moved to Skidaway Island, Georgia, a paradise of golf courses and easy access to the beach and the beautiful city of Savannah. Fortunately for us, many like-minded friends were already there or came shortly thereafter, so the Patriots and Red Sox were cheered on by an unrivaled southern contingent, with Trum at the helm.

Trum was retired for 13 years. He never looked back and never seemed at a loss for things to do. Although Savannah became our home, we always spent our summers at Trum's family cottage in Canada where our children and their growing families have come as well, just as they did as little children. As much as he loved Savannah, that little cottage on the lake held his heart and that is where he rests today.

David Michael Davidson

By Jerome P. Kenney

David Davidson received his Ph.D. in history from Yale in 1970 and taught Latin American history at Cornell. But he left teaching in the early 1970s and joined a spiritual community, where he devoted himself to the study of perennial philosophies.

There, he carried on a life of simplicity, devotion, and spiritual freedom. In the ensuing years, he studied with masters of Zen, Vipassana, Yoga, and Advaita Vedanta, as well as with Werner Erhard. He was given the name of “Dasa.”

In the 1980s, David began a training, consulting, and coaching business based on his spiritual studies. David gave seminars on empowerment and high performance, stress, and change management. His corporate clients included Corning and Cornell, along with hospitals, small businesses, and school districts.

According to David’s obituary, “He came to accept his death and remarked to an old friend with gratitude, ‘Now I can abandon myself completely to what has always been most important, living in

the oneness of the universal consciousness.” His wife Nishkala, his daughters Adore Rodriguez and Lila Tavelli, his brother, and his granddaughter survive him.

Peter Hoyt Dominick, Jr.

By Ian F. Robertson

Son & grandson of Yale men; one a US Senator, the other a lion of Wall Street ... large shoes to fill, a tall order for a boy who at 14 stood 4' 11" and weighed 87 lbs.

Undaunted, Peter became a man of great passion, transcendent vision, vast and varied accomplishment.

An internationally renowned architect, he was also a: fly fisherman, hunter, rancher, horseman, art collector, skier, world traveler, wordsmith, urban revivalist, husband, father, and friend.

Nobody was more fun.

Architects make plans. Peter also took risks. In the 1970s, he reimagined lower downtown Denver (LoDo) acquired entire blocks of property and began transforming his city.

The 80s oil crash cost Peter his LoDo empire and his architectural practice, but by 2008 he had formed 4240 Architects; completed innumerable projects, had 1 Billion \$\$ worth of projects in the office, and was "just getting started."

My favorite and indelible image, Peter, Stetson in hand,
running Buck his feral one eyed palomino flat out in Rocky Mountain
timberland, jumping rocks, logs and ditches, dodging limbs and trees,
oblivious of certain catastrophe, whooping as he rode.

Peter was a volcano of energy, a man of uncommon character,
and to countless people many who are present here today. The Very
Best of Friends.

Aloha Pedro

John Donelson, III

By Carlyle W. Hall, Jr.

Throughout his life, John was usually the smartest guy in the room, and, at Yale, he spent much of his spare time working on something he called “programming software” – a concept most of us had some difficulty understanding, let alone foreseeing the “information revolution” then several decades away. After Yale, he got a Stanford PH.D. in “higher mathematics” with his dissertation, “A Characterization of the Special Matrix of the Symmetric Bilateral Random Walk.” In his ensuing professional career, John used “applied mathematics” in such far-ranging subjects as how to better position America’s submarine rocketry, if need be, to strike the Soviet Union in wartime and how to make our nation’s trains safer.

Deeply compassionate and humble, John never flaunted his prominent Tennessee family roots. It took much prodding before, one day, he revealed to his roommates that he was he was a direct descendant of Nashville’s founder.

John disdained pretension, phoniness and hypocrisy, which he liked to meet head on with his very wry sense of humor – often targeting himself. He especially delighted in telling about his disastrous high school scientific experiment when he went deep into the Tennessee woods to secretly set off some homemade space rockets at Lookout Mountain and inadvertently caused an enormous conflagration whose flames were ultimately doused by fire stations converging from miles around.

John's intense curiosity was boundless in scope, leading him ultimately to study the grand and, for him, completely appropriate subject of "cosmology" (defined in Wikipedia as "the study of the Universe *in its totality*").

John is survived by his delightful wife, Janice (whom many of us got to know at Yale), three children and now five grandchildren.

Frank W. Donovan, Jr.

By Edgardo Donovan

Frank Donovan attended the Taft High School in Watertown, Connecticut. After graduating in 1959, he continued his education at Institut Le Rosey in Rolle, Switzerland prior to attending college at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut. At Yale, he was a scholar of the house and graduated in 1963 with a major in Romance Languages. He attended Columbia University and graduated with a Masters in Business Administration in 1965. He earned his CPA license shortly thereafter. Throughout his career, he worked for many internationally renowned companies to include Deloitte Touche, KPMG, JC Penney, FIAT, and Chemical Bank. His executive career has spanned continents, cultures, diverse management disciplines, and always evolving technologies over more than 40 years. Since 1980 Mr. Donovan made the New York City area his home.

He loved the opera especially at La Scala in Milan, Italy. He also passionately pursued fly-fishing which led him to fish all over the

world to include Alaska, Key West, Ireland, Greenland, Canada,
Argentina, Italy, and Iceland.

Bram Canaday Drew

By Vincent A. DeConti

Bram and I were assigned to a three person dorm suite as freshmen. We came from entirely different backgrounds, Bram from St Paul Military Academy, I from New Britain CT public school. Bram later admitted that he had never met anyone with an Italian last name and wasn't sure what to expect. We spent freshman year learning to play bridge and squash.

Toward the end of freshman year Bram asked me if I would share a double suite with him the following year. I guess we became best friends that year when we shared confidences, talked about relationships with our fathers, the women we dated, and of course our love of fishing.

After graduation Bram went to Graduate school and earned a degree in psychology. He worked for many years as a clinical child psychologist for the St Paul School system. We lost touch for a few years after graduation until my phone rang one day. It was Bram returning from traveling around Europe. During his visit, we planned

the first of many fishing trips to Canada. Bram's planning always included making sure we had four for bridge.

Friendship is about sharing both your highs and your lows.

Bram was always a compassionate listener. Even if he had no answers for whatever problem I might have, he was always sympathetic. We could always escape our problems by talking about our next fishing trip and the great days we would have.

Bram passed away in September 2008. I miss not being able to call him. I will remember our good times together.

David Frank Emmons

By Molly L. Emmons

My dad loved Stephen Dunn's poetry and I think he would have liked to have a poem read more than something about himself. Below is "A Postmortem Guide" from Dunn's *Different Hours* (for which he won the Pulitzer Prize).

Tell them I had second chances.

I knew joy.

I was burned by books early
and kept sidling up to the flame.

Tell them at the end I had no need
for God, who'd become just a story

I once loved, one of many
with concealments and late-night rescues,
high sentence and pomp. The truth is

I learned to live without hope
as well as I could, almost happily,
in the despoiled and radiant now.

You who are one of them, say that I loved
my companions most of all.

In all sincerity, say that they provided
a better way to be alone.

John Burgis Fisher

By Stephen B. Parker

For those of you who know little about crew, the Stroke is the first rower in the shell. He is the most important oarsman in the boat. The coxswain depends upon the stroke to take up the pace and speed of the shell. The stroke must take the entire crew up to a faster level even if he feels he's been putting out maximum effort already. John always gave more. He was a superb stroke. No matter what he was personally battling at the current speed, he always cranked it up to the higher pace. We won more races than we lost. It comes down to leadership. We all trusted in John. We knew he would deliver.

I was always looking at the back of John's head, as I rowed the #7 oar. In my lifetime, I have not met a person that had my confidence to the degree John had mine and I would guess my crew mates, to a person, felt the same way. I miss him greatly.

Robert Carter Fisk

By F. Michler Bishop

Bob Fisk was the kindest man I have ever met, and one of the strongest. Despite a progressively debilitating disease, he never complained or became bitter or depressed. He loved life and the people in his life and was determined to enjoy as many aspects of life as possible – family, friends, work, volunteer organization, etc.

He parented his three daughters in the most loving and caring way. He volunteered his time and energy for causes that he thought worthwhile, like the World Wildlife Organization. And he professionally remained engaged and working up until his last day, providing his legal advice and his caring manner to a wide variety of people who could not afford legal help.

He loved to discuss topics from wildlife conservation to poetry to politics, especially politics, but always with a sense of humor. Often he was amused by something and would laugh, sometimes just a soft chuckle but at other times, a full-throated guffaw, with his eyes twinkling mischievously at some story or joke or prank. And how he

loved to throw parties for his friends, with good food and drink and music and dancing, and even dance cards!

I am sure all of us here who knew him are thankful. He enriched and enlivened our lives.

Alan Dickson Granquist

By Joseph S. Alpert

I remember Dick Granquist with great fondness and am greatly saddened by his premature demise. Dick spent most of his childhood years abroad, including many years in Sweden and Belgium. He was fluent in French and Swedish, highly sophisticated with a breadth of knowledge and worldly experience that was truly remarkable. I recall many midnight conversations with Dick that still live in my memory as some of the very best intellectual experiences of my 4 years at Yale.

After graduation, Dick continued to excel, graduating magna cum laude from the Harvard Law School in 1966. Following graduation, he joined the New York law firm of Davis Polk & Wardwell in 1969, specializing in corporate law. He subsequently became a partner at Davis Polk from 1977-1986 when he left to found a firm of his own. In addition, he worked as counsel for several other New York law firms.

Dick was a long-time resident of Darien, Connecticut. He died on July 7, 2010, leaving his wife, Joan; his children, Karen and John; and grandchildren Ashley and Sarah.

Dick was one of the most intelligent, thoughtful, and sensitive people in our Class. He was accessible to all, and his kindness and selflessness were extraordinary. Dick's standards for himself were incredibly high, and he never accepted less than his best as being good enough. It was an inspiration to know Dick. David Gergen, Mike Reed, and myself were Dick's close friends at Pierson and Stiles College. We greatly miss his presence among us today.

Arthur Walker Griffith, Jr.

By Michael F. Gibbons

I met Chip Griffith in a New England prep school. I went there as a senior and, after three weeks, felt very out of place...perhaps like a monkey. I remember day 21 well, it was between classes and we were all on the move to the next class. I knew who Chip was, and of his high stature at the school, so as I saw him coming I said to myself, "heads up monkey, here comes a premier primate." As he passed, he said "Hi Mike" and smiled as only he could. I didn't know that he knew my name, but that single greeting and the smiles said that I am here, you are here, and we both belong. Raised from monkey to human in a single encounter.

I made it my business to find out more about Chip and discovered the kindness and effort with which he led his life were already in place as a senior in school. Chip engaged his environment and made it a better place. As an adult, he saw that people were fed as one part of his charitable efforts, he raised money for more things than I can mention, and he continued smiling. He led others to do the same

by his example and by asking them to follow him. He was a man who wanted to make things better and expended effort, example, and enterprise to do so.

We passed and greeted many times and never had a conversation of more than thirty seconds, but after three or four hundred of these at prep school and four years at Yale, there was a strong relationship. Early on, Chip discovered that I knew about airplanes. His passion was the World War II variety. Many of our greetings passed airplane information. For instance, I would say "twelve cylinder Allison, and he would come back with "Rolls Royce Merlin," both engines that powered WW II fighters. Can this endear guys who pass in the New Haven gloom. It did. What I took from Chip was the many ways in which to be kind, and that some take only a few seconds.

The world is less of a place without this man.

Beverly Pierce Head III

By Guy Miller Struve

Bev Head was many things – all of them with total commitment:

Husband to a remarkable wife, Mimi, and proud father of three children, Barton (tragically killed in 1983), Hillery, and Maye;

A successful entrepreneur, the chairman and majority owner of a leading producer of aromatic cedar lining and cedar wood oil;

An enthusiastic supporter as his wife and daughters built the largest family-owned distributor of commercial construction supplies;

A leader in service to his native city of Birmingham, Alabama, most notably as an unpaid assistant to the first black mayor, tirelessly promoting better relations between the city government and the business community;

A passionate and intrepid sailor, who sailed his 54-foot sloop across the North Atlantic twice, once from the Caribbean to the Mediterranean, and once following the Viking route by way of Iceland and Greenland;

A wise and even-tempered leader of our Class for many years;

A man who faced illness and death with grace and courage, and never stopped hoping to join us at this Reunion; and

A wonderful friend to so many of us, always not only willing but eager to hear about our successes and to help in our difficulties.

It is hard to believe that he is gone – that we will not again in this life see his glowing smile and his twinkling eyes. But we are much the richer that he was here.

Robert Jacunski

By Richard Jacunski

Twins! Womb mates and room mates growing up and older

Always playing football – always best friends live and dead

Then that finale time together sitting quiet

Then post mortem church singing for him

And a final knock-noc-noc as he was wheeled bye

My final five – Dam dam dam dam dam . . .

His daily dee-v’oceans at served mass com muni ones

And endless Fran-si-cans injecting more-feens

After so many nightly vis-i-tations final-ly real-lized

My brother Bob’s prayers –

Were for me fie’ally

P.S. “Soft ye now the fair Oh-feel-liahs – nymphs!

And in thy ori-sons may all our sins be re-mem-bered.”

Eternal Love, Bro Dick aka RJ

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John Webster Keefe

By Douglas S. Dick

John Keefe was my roommate for four years and the Best Man at my wedding. He was smart, witty, sophisticated, loved parties, and had a wonderful, and occasionally biting, sense of humor. He had a great love of the Arts, especially the visual arts of the nineteenth century, and was a passionate collector.

John's expertise was in Art History, and after receiving his M.A. from Yale, he served on the staff at several well-known museums. In 1983, he became the Curator of Decorative Arts at the New Orleans Museum of Art, a position he held until his death. He organized over 100 exhibitions, authored many catalogues and books, wrote numerous articles, and was awarded the Order of the Arts and Letters from the French government. Equally important, as the Director of the New Orleans Museum of Art said, "John was a great teacher, a mentor, and a friend to many in the museum community and beyond, and he will be greatly missed".

When we were roommates together, I suppose I took John for granted, as roommates do. But now looking back, I know what a unique and exceptional person he was.

Alan Baird Kidwell

By John M. Derby

Alan Baird Kidwell, was one of nine of us from Hawaii that were in the Yale class of 1963. He graduated from Punahou School in 1959 and served in Vietnam with the United States Army after he graduated from Yale.

Alan started his business career as a CPA with Alexander & Grant and then formed a successful tax advisory partnership. Alan became known as a brilliant and creative thinker and he was a trusted tax and business advisor to many well-known successful Honolulu entrepreneurs and real estate developers in town.

Alan was a thoughtful and sharing individual who relished his role of helping others achieve their personal and professional goals, and he truly excelled in that role.

Alan will be greatly missed for his wit, his wisdom, his friendship and his caring nature.

Wilbur John Kingwill

By Charles L. Norton III

Jay's obituary notice in our Class book details his life and work achievements very well.

I look back and remember his wit, energy and intelligence, and how he was able to focus in a friendly and collegial way on a particular project; I envied this ability to come up with a good solution to a particular problem.

He was blessed with the ability to take risks, more risks than I normally take; in hindsight, I see that I was in awe and slightly afraid of that aspect of his personality, and I was not lucky enough to learn from him and become more assertive.

I remember the ill fated set up for Hal Holbrook in Woolsey Hall, when after spending a lot of time and late night energy hanging black velour drapes, the Yale Physical Plant Department took them down the next morning, much to our chagrin.

I remember the experience of working together to design the set for *The Playboy of the Western World* for the Dramat on the main stage of the University Theatre.

I remember spending time with him in Boston when he was in town with *Moon Children*.

He was successful in the business of the Theatre, which many consider not to be a business at all; he worked his way up and became a general manager - a person with Broadway successes to his credit who could be entrusted with investors' money.

He chose to work a *tough room* - as we say in the world of standup comedy - and made it his own.

When he retired, he continued to be active with local issues in Falmouth and Woods Hole.

Stephen Alexander Lewis

By Suzanna Lewis

Steve and I met working together on a technology project for the IRS in Fresno. Our first 'date' was at a karaoke bar, he proposed to me at the deli counter of the local grocery and for 25 more years we lived this ordinary life. But Steve himself was extraordinary. In his last weeks, the house was thronged with all the people in his life who honored and loved him. And I miss the person for whom my love and respect continuously grew over the years.

Ray McGown Longwell

By Ray Healey

For years Ray Longwell was one of my *great* friends, my favorite hockey fan, a scholar of architecture, a rower and sailor par excellence and, a true, old-school gentlemen. He was a Yale and I was a Harvard man.

We met many years ago at a school which Ray's son Ian and my daughter Melina attended, and, sipping coffee, we fell deep into conversation; it didn't take long for our talk to turn to sailing.

Whenever we got together, we fell back instantly into an ongoing, engrossing conversation that seemed eternal, one that we picked up as easily as hoisting a glass.

Our conversations were about events in our lives: politics, our concerns for justice and the environment, the pleasures of history and literature, his boys, my girls -- but in the end, we always returned to sailing.

Ray is still a major presence in my life, no more so than when I hang out at his residence in New York City, watching his favorite

New York Rangers with his beautiful wife Vana, and his two Ian and Kevin -- knowing that Ray is right there with us, cheering.

As I watch Ian and Kevin mature, it's clear that Ray succeeded in the most important mission of his life: raising great kids. Each of his sons has shown considerable promise -- Ian as a musician and entrepreneur, Kevin as a brewer and businessman -- but, what I like most is that, like their Dad, they are true gentlemen.

As an honorary uncle to these boys -- one who has watched them play hockey and prove their worth in various fields -- I told Ray just before he died, that I will be there for them forever.

I miss Ray every day, but I know he is in a better place, and I'm sure he is sailing.

Anthony Philip Lovell

By J. Robert Kirkwood

Tony came to Yale from a lobstering family on Cape Cod, graduating from St. Paul's Prep. School. He was in Silliman and a close friend of Dan Arons. Tony went on to Yale Medical School, married Kathy, and then went to the University of California in San Francisco for internship and residency. He came back to Yale for cardiology.

Tony and Kathy settled in Springfield, Massachusetts and Tony practiced at the large Baystate Medical Center, where he was a key cardiologist. He was not only a superb clinician, but he involved himself in the community and the environment. Tony influenced the board of the Springfield Symphony Orchestra, as well as the Connecticut River Watershed Council. Commitment to medicine, his patients, the community, the environment, and to Kathy, Alyssa and Andrew, his family, drove him.

With a huge laugh and humor he brightened those around him. Humility, intellect, strong ethics, and kindness defined him. He

passionately planted his healthy vegetable garden. Despite being in great shape, Tony succumbed to a glioblastoma of the brain. He was a good friend to me. Kathy is here this evening.

Thomas F. Mankiewicz

By Charles Kivowitz

Tom Mankiewicz led a charmed life. He wrote like a dream. He dated movie stars. He told stories for a living and he told stories to charm people. His corduroy jacket, glass of Jack Daniels and ever-present cigarette became his trademark. He enjoyed horses and believed in animal rights. He pursued his hobbies and his causes with passion and gusto. He relished teaching at Chapman College. He led the Los Angeles Zoo. He died of pancreatic cancer.

Edwin T. Mason

By Lee Marsh

I met Ned my first day at Yale as our class was being prodded, tested and photographed at the Payne Whitney; we discovered that in addition to being alphabetic neighbors, we were from Chicago, went to public high school and were active in sports. Ned gave me memorable assistance on a key test that day.

Later during the Freshman year I was able to repay the favor when Ned injured his knee and moved into our suite in Wright Hall above Yale Station, rather than hobble across the Old Campus to his room in Vanderbilt; he became a de facto roommate then and remained one for the rest of our time at Yale.

After graduation Ned returned to Chicago married his high school sweetheart Jan, raised their four beautiful girls Laurie, Lisa, Lynn and Sara, and became a successful stock analyst and broker.

In recent years Ned and Jan spent their time visiting the girls and watching their nine grandchildren grow up. Ned particularly reveled in the exploits of the three playing football in Oklahoma.

Ned always had an insatiable curiosity, a need to know and experience everything. He read voraciously and eclectically, but he had a special love of history and he would often travel near and far to see historical sites firsthand.

Ned never lost his appreciation for Yale nor the friends he made there. He always looked forward to reunions but none more than the almost annual reunion with our Berkeley roommates.

Among my favorite memories of Ned is a trip to Tuscany where we visited many hill towns, saw the Palio in Siena and enjoyed the quiet starry nights relaxing and hearing the wild boar crunching on apples in the vineyard.

Another was the opportunity to share together the joy of the weddings of our daughters , my Samantha and his youngest Sara.

Ned was many things and as we all do he had his faults, but foremost he was a loving father and grandfather and a true and caring friend.

Charles Lewis Mussman

By John F. Younger, Jr.

Toby Mussman gave me the most thrilling sporting moment I believe I have ever witnessed.

In the Spring of 1962, the freshman swimmers challenged the varsity to a full-fledged meet. The freshmen had a superb team, captained by the incredibly talented, world-class swimmer Steve Clark. The last race was the traditional 400-meter freestyle relay. The freshmen had a two-point lead, so the result of the meet depended on this last event, winner take all.

By the end of the third heat, the race was a dead heat. It was up to the final two men, "Muss" and Clark. They hit the water simultaneously. The crowd was on its feet the entire time. "Muss" swam the race of his life. He hit the wall no more than a hundredth of a second before Clark!!! He had stayed neck and neck with, and eventually nosed out, the fastest swimmer on the planet, certainly in the United States.

Toby burned that moment into my memory forever. He slid up out of that water, with his wonderful gleaming smile, pumping his arms in triumph, surrounded by his teammates, who were pummeling him mercilessly, inharmoniously singing, “Bulldog, Bulldog, Bow, Wow, Wow, . . .” What a day!

John David O’Gara

By Marcia B. O’Gara

I met Jack long after he graduated from Yale and after he had learned to appreciate his Yale education. What I cherish most are his inquisitive mind, his quick wit and his loyalty to his friends and family. His determination, enthusiasm, generosity and love of life inspired others and brought people together.

Jack founded a scholarship to honor his best friend and, as its chairman, inspired others to join him to make it the largest single award in Berkshire County, Massachusetts for the last 22 years.

Whatever Jack did he did with passion and he could see the connections among things that others could not. He used forensic analysis in his work on the impact of steroid use on major league baseball, which was cited in Newsweek, The Wall Street Journal and The Boston Globe. He had an innate sense of ethics and as a director of internal audit he loved the challenge of uncovering a well-hidden corporate fraud and his success provided him with ample material for

his book which is still used in the field today. He was a lecturer on corporate fraud detection at industry conferences and seminars.

He was a voracious reader and loved engaging anyone and everyone, recounting many youthful exploits, discussing athletics or any noteworthy topic. He is deeply missed by his family and friends.

Peter F. Olds-Clarke

By Guy Miller Struve

Peter Olds-Clarke loved music and his wife Trish. Many of you will remember that Peter played the organ for the Memorial Service at our last reunion, and delivered a moving remembrance of his good friend Gordon Ramsey, who had played the organ at the reunion before. Now we are remembering Peter in his turn.

After studying Classics, music theory, and organ at Yale and Stanford, Peter pursued graduate studies in Musicology at Boston University and the Church Music Certification Program at Westminster Conservatory in Princeton, New Jersey. Peter also studied the organ with private teachers in this country and abroad, and was chosen to participate in a group recital at the Basilica of St. Clotilde in Paris.

Peter served as Organist and Choirmaster at the Church of St. John in Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania for 24 years. He had earlier held similar positions at St. Mary's Church on the University of

Pennsylvania campus, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in Palo Alto, California.

Peter and his wife Trish built a home on Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. It was constructed with a 25-rank pipe organ on which he practiced daily.

Peter will be remembered for the joy which his love of music brought to him and to others.

Robie Marcus Hooker Palmer

By John H. Huston

Mark Palmer was special, not just because he was my roommate for 4 years, and not just because he introduced me to the strange sounds of Ravi Shankar's sitar music in 1959 before it was cool, but probably more because he wrote speeches for 3 US Presidents and 6 Secretaries of State, and played a significant role in ending the Cold War and bringing democracy to Eastern Europe.

As I was told by Steve Steiner, our fellow classmate and Mark's good friend and colleague in the State Department, early in Mark's diplomatic career, he was the sole speech writer for then Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, and a decade later was the drafter of President Reagan's famous Westminster speech establishing US policy on advancing democracy and human rights. One of the lasting accomplishments laid out in that landmark address was the creation, thanks to Mark's vision, of the United States National Endowment for Democracy.

Described by the Washington Post as “a forceful and influential diplomat”, Mark later became the leader of the State Department’s principal office for arms control policy, and here too he made lasting contributions to creating a better and safer world. As a student, he made his first trip to Russia with the Yale Russian Chorus in 1960, and then as a Foreign Service officer in the 1980s, he became this country’s number one Kremlinologist and expert on Soviet affairs.

Appointed by President Ronald Reagan as our Ambassador to Hungary in 1986, Mark had the courage and foresight to use that position to provide major support to the democratic movement in Hungary as it moved to end decades of Communist dictatorship, and thereby he helped bring down part of the Iron Curtain.

After the Berlin wall came down in 1989, Mark was recruited away from the State Department to lead new business ventures in the emerging democracies of Eastern Europe which included establishing the first independent TV stations in 6 of those countries.

Through his work and his book, ”The Real Axis of Evil”, Mark remains revered in the US and international democracy community

for his vision, determination and leadership in advancing the cause of liberty.

More importantly, he was a loving husband to his wife of 46 years, Sushma, as well as a caring and fun-loving man for his friends and family. The cause of freedom and democracy around the world will miss him, but not as much as me.

John Marshall Payne

By Carter Vaughn Findley

John rendered us all the great service of editing the *Yale Banner* our senior year. After serving in the Navy and marrying Edith (Petie) Kaar in 1966, he made his career in law as a professor of Rutgers Law School. There, he made distinguished contributions in teaching, scholarship, and administration.

In scholarship, issues of land use and affordable housing particularly excited his passions. He is particularly noted for his work on New Jersey's 1975 Mount Laurel decision, a case of national importance as concerns affordable housing.

However, you could not room with John for three years, as I did, without realizing that he was a person of vivid esthetic sensibilities, especially in the visual arts and architecture. Japanese art was an early and lasting fascination. No doubt, that is why the U.S. Navy posted him there.

Ultimately, Frank Lloyd Wright's work became John's artistic fascination. The restoration and legal protection of Wright's work

added new dimensions to John's professional and personal life. In 1996, the Paynes got the chance of a lifetime to buy a small Wright house in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. They restored it to perfection. One of my happiest memories is having them show it to me and my wife, Lucia, when we visited them in 2007.

John DeWitt Pratt

By Stephen P. Bradley

John Pratt was the best that one can be – a truly good friend. Having cocktails and hors d’oeuvres on his barge at sundown on Squam Lake in New Hampshire last summer, life seemed to be a good as it gets. But we knew at the time that would probably be his last summer at Squam and it was. John maintained to the end that everything you needed to know in life could be learned from Homer Simpson.

John lived his life to the fullest – he was on Admiral Rickover’s staff for the nuclear navy, went to the Harvard Business School, joined state government and rose to become the Welfare Commissioner of Massachusetts, and finally became “employee #1” at MIT’s Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research and was key to creating and then managing the institute for the next twenty-five years.

Not only did he lead in his public life, he led in his private life as well. An avid hiker, sailor, and kayaker John led climbing expeditions with his friends in the mountains of New England, the

Himalayas, and Africa. He was never happier than when surrounded by family and friends, especially at his beloved Squam Lake. I will miss him dearly.

Alfred William White

By Michael Skol

Born in Puerto Rico, Alfred White was a veteran of the Korean and Vietnam Wars. He received his master's degree in education from Boston University. He taught for several years, most notably at the Silver Lake Regional High School in Kingston, Massachusetts. In 1995, he retired from the New Hampshire State Liquor Commission.

Alfred loved music, photography, reading, and humor. He wrote in our 40th Reunion class book that his greatest pleasures were twice yearly visits from his son Ben and his wife, who lived in Turkey. A daughter, Rebecca White, of Arlington, Massachusetts, also survived him.

Washington Carlyle Winn, Jr.

By DuPont Guerry IV

Wash is a celestial object.

From childhood, I felt and was oriented by his subtle gravity.

He first loomed large for me as a kindergartner. I was the smallest in the class, a minor moon with an orbit stabilized around his even then Jovian and jovial presence.

His Yale infatuation with Egyptology made legitimate my doing stuff just because it was interesting. His voluptuous, Johnsonian, generative, neological relationship with words was contagious, playful and freeing. He pajamated rather than putting on pajamas.

In Charlottesville and Boston, he made medicine less ponderous and priggish, opera a possibility, and eating hummus a viable choice.

As an academician, he perfected and modeled teaching by collegial provocation, an extension of his usual *modus operandi*.

I loved Wash and hated his Tory politics. But they were ethical, principled and provocative — that trick again — and made me see the

messy incongruities in my own, made me push to find their sometimes illusory bedrock principles.

Over the last several years, he got many of us comfortably back in orbit — through e-mail rants and epiphanies, reunions that included additions old and new to his cosmos (his beloved children and grandchildren), a melodramatic trek to a Lincoln Center horse-opera, and phone reports from his circuit-riding of godchildren and friends.

And suddenly his corporeal sun winked out, leaving the still luminous orb of his spirit and spirituality.

We will always feel his light and gravity — and be better for it.

Robert Henry Winter

By Roderick N. Petrey

Bob Winter was the “ideal” Yale Man. He was smart, athletic, good-looking, humorous, charming and adventurous. Growing up in Venezuela with a jungle for his backyard, Bob moved on to Coral Gables, FL, for his high school years.

The spirit of adventure captured him early, starting with a pilot’s license at 18. At Yale, he’d take spring breaks flying friends to and from the Caribbean, using his parent’s Coral Gables home as a way station and dorm. In New Haven, he and one of our classmates, Bill Johnson, who also owned a plane, would take weekend dates up in the air to watch their reactions when they took the plane into a deliberate spin.

A member of the Army ROTC at Yale, Bob served on active duty in Germany and spent several years selling securities in Europe. After that, Bob did well in real estate development. He and his wife, Denise, bought a farm near Houston and established the Pecan Creek Animal Rescue and Sanctuary which saved thousands of animals.

Bob had three sons, six grandchildren and a lovely wife, Denise, who loved Bob dearly despite always playing second fiddle to his airplane. Bon Voyage to Bob and all of our departed classmates.

William H. Yurasko

By Paul Field

William H. “Bill” Yurasko was born in Newark, NJ and graduated salutatorian from the Peddie School in Hightstown, NJ in 1958 where he won the Wyckoff Honor Prize as a senior. He graduated Yale (Silliman College) in 1963 after taking a year off to take courses at the London School of Economics. He married the love of his life Barbara in 1975 and raised two sons, William and Christopher. The family settled in Vienna, VA in 1979 where he lived out the rest of his life. Being a Yalie was one of his proudest achievements. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and three grandchildren. Go Yale, beat Harvard!