

Yale 1963

Section Title



In Memoriam
Surviving Spouses
Undergraduate Scrapbook
'63 In Service to Yale
Occupational Listing
Geographic Index

In Memoriam



I NTRODUCTION,

Guy Struve
October 2012

*They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

—Laurence Binyon, For the Fallen

| | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| Esmond Adams | February 13, 1989 | Frank William Donovan Jr. | January 19, 2011 |
| Eugene H. Adams Jr. | February 13, 2005 | Bram Canaday Drew | September 20, 2008 |
| Roger Sheridan Ahlbrandt Jr. | November 17, 1999 | David Emmons | October 19, 2009 |
| John Brice Ethan Allen | February 7, 1977 | Roger Gene Emrich | November 17, 1967 |
| David Riley Anderson | January 14, 2002 | Dan Lewis Erickson | August 2, 1986 |
| George Alan Baradel | May 21, 1986 | John G. Finch III | March 29, 1992 |
| Kenneth Jon Barwise | March 5, 2000 | John B. Fisher | September 1, 2009 |
| David A. Bass | July 15, 2009 | Robert Carter Fisk | May 2, 2010 |
| Burton I. Bauchner | February 26, 2010 | Douglas Russell FitzPatrick | April 9, 1997 |
| Alpheus C. Beane Jr. | October 8, 2011 | Nicholas Steven Freud | August 18, 2006 |
| Michael Davitt Bell | April 9, 1997 | Warren William Friedman | December 26, 2002 |
| John Hemingway Benton | February 16, 2000 | Jonathan Fritz | November 13, 2005 |
| Philip Tut Billard | January 5, 1996 | James Hoyt Gaver | July 26, 2001 |
| Charles P. Blair III | April 20, 2005 | Richard Augustus Giegengack | January 11, 2007 |
| Robert Grant Blaney | June 28, 1988 | Charles William Gifford | May 14, 1975 |
| Aaron Nixon Bloch | April 8, 1995 | Richard Eastman Gilbert | November 27, 1967 |
| Arthur Walker Boddie Jr. | October 22, 2006 | Allen Judson Gould | March 15, 1999 |
| William Knapp Boyle | June 23, 1909 | Alan Dickson Granquist | July 7, 2010 |
| Charles Sheffield Bunker | February 7, 2005 | Arthur Walker Griffith Jr. | April 29, 2010 |
| Daniel M. Byrd III | July 26, 2011 | Stephen Edward Guisinger | July 3, 2001 |
| Steven Murchie Cahill | January 24, 2012 | Herbert Raymond Harris II | June 9, 1994 |
| Lawton Miller Calhoun Jr. | April 7, 1969 | Joseph Hartshorne | January 31, 2012 |
| Joseph Francis Celello Jr. | December 21, 1999 | Matthew Armstrong Hawes | April 29, 2008 |
| Bruce William Chambers | May 26, 2007 | Beverly Pierce Head III | September 6, 2011 |
| Richard Wilson Chase | August 14, 2009 | Peter Harold Hemingson | July 6, 1997 |
| Ronald Casmir Chrzanowski | February 15, 1999 | Michael Lee Carter Henderson | January 28, 2006 |
| Michael Frederic Cook | March 13, 2011 | Joseph Alexander Herzenberg II | October 28, 2007 |
| David Bruce Cornay | February 10, 1989 | Paul Styring Higgins | May 25, 1997 |
| Richard Bates Couser | September 23, 2008 | Alexander Paul Hixon Jr. | November 1, 1995 |
| Francis Hayden Curry | September 30, 1991 | Peter W. Hobson | February 23, 2008 |
| Trumbull C. Curtiss | February 3, 2011 | James Dillon Hoey | April 27, 2003 |
| David Michael Davidson | May 23, 2010 | Thomas Randall Holahan | August 18, 2007 |
| John David De Hetre | March 2, 1997 | Burr Chapman Hollister | September 29, 1974 |
| Robert Merle deVoursney | October 26, 2007 | David Henry Hull | September 13, 1998 |
| Robert Christoffer Diercks | November 21, 1995 | Hugh Blair Hunt | July 19, 2003 |
| William Rembrandt Dimeling | October 18, 2001 | Victor M. Ivansheck Jr. | August 11, 1985 |
| John R. Dobrin | August 4, 2011 | Robert Jacunski | May 3, 2011 |
| Clyde Morgan Edwards Dolan | December 3, 1995 | John Webster Keefe | January 31, 2011 |
| Peter H. Dominick Jr. | January 1, 2009 | Alan Baird Kidwell | July 15, 2011 |
| John Donelson III | January 20, 2010 | Nathaniel Wales Kingsbury | November 9, 1998 |

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Wilbur J. Kingwill | March 22, 2009 | William Sherwood Porter | September 19, 2006 |
| Herbert Howard Knox | January 7, 2006 | John Dewitt Pratt | February 18, 2012 |
| John Edget Koehler | December 14, 2001 | Gordon Earl Pruett | September 23, 2002 |
| Brett Hart Kramer | June 3, 1971 | James Frederick Purcell Jr. | August 28, 1978 |
| Alan Michael Kranowitz | June 3, 2002 | Gordon Clark Ramsey | June 21, 2007 |
| William Justus Kranz | March 7, 1970 | Benton Witham Reaves | November 11, 2007 |
| William Alan Langley | July 27, 2001 | Michael Chandler Redman | August 5, 2001 |
| William Wiltsie Lapham | October 18, 2003 | Duncan Ross | November 26, 2002 |
| John Peter Lason | April 11, 1995 | John Randolph Ryan | January 2, 2003 |
| Stephen Alexander Lewis | May 26, 2011 | David Hale Savasten | June 25, 2002 |
| Michael Lienert | January 1, 1999 | Paul Clayton Schnitker | November 19, 1969 |
| David Williams Lodge | November 15, 2003 | Charles Sherwood III | June 23, 2002 |
| Frederic Gregg Loeser | November 10, 1995 | Charles Holladay Siegel Sr. | July 21, 2004 |
| Daniel Maxwell Logan | August 3, 1993 | Edward Lewis Smick | May 9, 2004 |
| Ray M. Longwell | April 2, 2011 | Hartley Roy Smith II | February 22, 2006 |
| Edwin Bruce Loomis | November 7, 1968 | Richard F. Spang | June 27, 1909 |
| Anthony P. Lovell | November 15, 2008 | Robert Scott Spilman | July 9, 1960 |
| Thomas Carpenter MacArthur | June 8, 1990 | Joel B. Strauss | September 14, 1986 |
| James H. Mairs | February 4, 2012 | John Lowell Thomas | October 21, 2004 |
| Thomas F. Mankiewicz | July 31, 2010 | Michael Stanley Thomas | July 18, 1960 |
| Charles Henry Mantle | February 27, 1985 | John T. Trippe | October 29, 2005 |
| Frank Marangell | May 20, 2001 | Drayton Valentine | November 5, 1974 |
| Edward K. Marsh | December 5, 1965 | Leon Arnold Weisberg | December 13, 2006 |
| John S. Mason Jr. | February 17, 1992 | Bruce Dean Weizel | January 1, 1974 |
| Joseph Withrow McArdle | November 10, 2006 | Tobias Victor Welo | September 5, 2000 |
| Stephen Edwin Mochary | August 13, 2001 | Walter Eugene Welsh | June 8, 1962 |
| Thomas Wynne Morriss | October 8, 1977 | Stephen Franklin Weltman | January 31, 2007 |
| David Cummins Morton II | January 14, 2003 | Alfred William White | May 10, 2008 |
| Frank Stuart Mozeleski | November 29, 2004 | Christopher Whitman | May 29, 2007 |
| Richard Bennington Munks | May 19, 1987 | Thomas Burnett Wiens | July 14, 2000 |
| Brian David Murphy | August 30, 2005 | Evan Morris Wilson Jr. | June 30, 1964 |
| Toby Mussman | September 30, 2010 | Washington Carlyle Winn Jr. | July 3, 2011 |
| Michael Graham Neely | December 21, 1995 | Robert Henry Winter | July 17, 2011 |
| Warren Christen Nighswander | May 11, 1998 | Donald Robert Wright | February 8, 1977 |
| John D. O'Gara | January 22, 2011 | Jules Noel Wright | June 20, 1909 |
| Peter F. Olds-Clarke | October 20, 2011 | Craig Skillings Zimmerman Jr. | March 2, 1969 |
| Charles Laubach Oldt | May 12, 2003 | Christopher Zug | February 26, 1979 |
| John Marshall Payne | June 16, 2009 | | |
| Drayton Phillips Jr. | July 15, 1997 | | |
| Jeremiah Carter Poinier | May 20, 2000 | | |

ESMOND ADAMS

*May 22, 1941 –
February 13, 1989*

Esmond Adams was born and raised in Alabama, and graduated from Huntsville High School as 1959 class president. He attended Yale for two years, then transferred to Birmingham-Southern College in order to be closer to home. There he reunited with his high school classmate, Suzanne Compton, and graduated from BSC in 1963, earning a B.A. in philosophy. Esmond and Susie were married on September 28, 1963.

After graduation, Esmond worked for IBM for 2 years. Then he obtained his Ph.D. in Economics in 1969 from the University of Alabama. Thereafter, he taught Economics at Central Missouri State University for almost 20 years.

Esmond became a lifelong Dodgers fan at a young age during his family's annual summer trips to New York City. But he never forgot his roots; as an Alabama native he was a great supporter of the Crimson Tide football team throughout his life.

Esmond was survived by his wife, Suzanne (who passed away in 1994), and by his two sons, Ruskin and Thomas.

Nelson Levy remembers:

Esmond's Alabama accent just was not made for speaking German. One day, Frau Guttman, our native speaker in German I, shrieked at Esmond that his voice was hurting her ears, and said that she would give him 100 if he would never utter another word in her class.

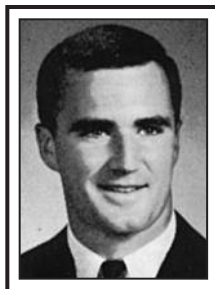
EUGENE H. ADAMS, JR.

*June 16, 1941 –
February 13, 2005*

Hale Adams was born on June 16, 1941 in Denver, Colorado. Following college, he lived for many years in Grand Junction, Colorado.

Hale was known for his love of life, his sense of humor and his extensive volunteerism in the swimming community. His initial involvement began in Grand Junction, but grew into substantial involvement in the Colorado Swimming and USA Swimming programs.

Hale died in Grand Junction, Colorado on February 13, 2005. He was survived by his wife, Marcia; two daughters, Whitney (Chaz) Lightner and Courtney Adams; one son, Eric Adams; and a grandson, Austin Lightner.

ROGER SHERIDAN AHLBRANDT, JR.

*July 6, 1941 –
November 17, 1999*

After Yale, Roger Ahlbrandt received his M.B.A. from Harvard, and began a long and successful business career in a number of different roles.

For the last number of years before his death, he served as the Dean of the Business School at Portland State University in Oregon. He dedicated his life over many years to helping the underprivileged and the economic underclass.

Roger Ahlbrandt was a rock, physically and personally. He was a wonderful roommate and a great lifelong friend. The words that come to mind in remembering Roger are courage and character. I'll never forget the voice mail from Roger in early 1999, which I have saved to this day and still listen to occasionally in the office. Roger called to tell me that he had good news and

bad news – the good news was that he was getting married in May in Portland, and insisted that his three roommates – Neil Thompson, Roger Flannery, and myself – 140be in attendance. Of course, we were. The bad news was that he had cancer and his doctors had given him six months to live. The wedding in Portland was a joyous celebration, a wonderful and uplifting occasion, and a great reunion. Roger was weak, but incredibly strong. He died almost exactly six months later, on November 17, 1999, with incredible grace, dignity, and courage.

Roger leaves his first wife, whom he married twice and divorced twice, and his widow, Mary Jo. The love of his life, however, was his beautiful daughter, Julie, his only child, who graduated from Yale in 2001 and is currently working in San Francisco.

Roger was a truly special person and to this day, over 12 years after his death, I continue to think of him all the time.

Henry G. Higdon

Robert Myers remembers:

The first one I ever knew to sport a tattoo (tiny on one deltoid) . Most gracious to me when I accompanied him on the golf course in Pittsburgh one summer in the early 1960's.

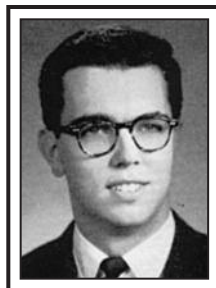
Neil Thompson remembers:

They do not make better men than Roger Ahlbrandt. He was a great leader who captained our varsity lacrosse team. When the words driven and disciplined are mentioned I always think of Roger. He was exceptional in so many ways. We roomed together at Yale and at Harvard Business School and that experience was one of the great privileges of my life. I miss him dearly. We think of you often, Brandt!

William Bell remembers:

Roger, my roommate for two years at Andover, was a true "rock". He sought to dominate any athletic opponent. He understood the meaning of integrity before many of the rest of us. He was at once fearless and kind-hearted. He left us much too soon.

JOHN BRICE ETHAN ALLEN



*October 30, 1941 –
February 7, 1977*

Jock Allen was born in New York City, the son of Ethan and Jean Alison Brice Allen. He prepared at Choate. Chemical Engineering major. Dean's List, fall, 1959. Member, Trumbull (squash and tennis teams, 1960-62); Alpha Chi Sigma (Alumni secretary, 1962); American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Political Union.

Ph.D. recipient, University of Wisconsin, 1969, in Organic Chemistry. Employed at E.I. duPont de Nemours from 1969 until his death in 1977, first as a Research Assistant, then as Engineering Supervisor, finally as Senior Research Chemist.

Jock was a member of Phi Lambda Upsilon and the Sierra Club, serving as Conservation Chairman of the Delaware group in 1971.

Married September 17, 1966 to Mary Ann Hasenbach, University of Wisconsin, 1964 B.S. and 1965 M.S. Sons, William Ethan born October 10, 1968 and David Brice born June 13, 1971.

Survived by his wife, sons, father (of Roxbury, Connecticut) and mother (of Darien, Connecticut).

Cornelius Gallagher remembers:

Jock was one of my two freshman roommates at 272 Durfee Hall, along with Phil Scott. It could have been the plot of a sitcom: put together one kid from Texas and another from a Pennsylvania coal town with a well-to-do preppy from Darien and see what you get. It turned out pretty well, though it took a while for us to understand each other. I remember one conversation about dates. To Phil and me, taking a girl on a date meant putting a ten dollar bill in your pocket, going to a movie and afterwards buying her an ice cream soda. To Jock it meant a round of night clubs in New York, at a cost well into three figures.

Jock was a very diligent student, and I don't recall him being involved in any extra-curricular activities, except for his attempts to play the gui-

tar. He thought it would be cool and collegiate, and would impress girls. Over two semesters he never got past the first few bars of Malaguena—Phil and I still cringe when we hear that tune. But he took our lack of enthusiasm for his efforts with his characteristic good humor. He was a good person, and he died much too young.

DAVID RILEY ANDERSON



*July 29, 1940 –
January 14, 2002*

David R. Anderson, a journalist who reported for the Eureka Times Standard, the Lewiston Sun Journal, and the New London Day, died of heart failure on January 14, 2002

at his home in Manila, California.

Mr. Anderson's exceptional talent for writing and drawing, his vast general knowledge and an irrepressible wit distinguished his many articles and illustrations. In addition to daily newspaper submissions on city news and the environment, he contributed special features, reviews and political cartoons. He also acted as an editor for the Eureka Times Standard.

He received B.A. and M.A. degrees from Yale University and Humboldt State University in Chinese Studies and History. While serving in the Army, he learned Mandarin Chinese at the Monterey Language School, with subsequent tours as a translator in the Philippines and Vietnam. He later sponsored a Vietnamese family to resettle in California.

Mr. Anderson co-founded the Pacific Arts Center in Arcata, California, where he juggled roles as producer, dramaturgist, designer and actor. He produced a regular newsletter for the theater providing background on each play. His imaginative posters, masks and costumes marked the group's 16 year success.

In every community he visited, Mr. Anderson was an enthusiastic supporter of the arts. An affinity for the natural world, and the beauty of the Pacific Coast convinced him to settle in Northern California.

Mr. Anderson was a serious bird watcher, roaming as far as Hudson Bay in search of wildlife. He wrote a book on the birds of Humboldt County, the place that most held his heart. He was the first in his generation of a large extended clan. His family and friends were legion. Great in body and soul, he was unforgettable to anyone who met him.

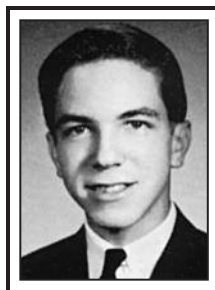
William Hamilton remembers:

Dave Anderson could write a term paper on the night before it was due, without ever working on it ahead of time. He would get a bottle of whiskey, sit in an armchair and write it longhand without any stopping or backtracking. I know he left school fairly early, and I don't know what became of him. But I remember him fondly.

John Rixse remembers:

Dave, too soon, young man...you are missed...

GEORGE ALAN BARADEL



*April 29, 1943 –
May 21, 1986*

Barry Baradel was born in Lindenhurst, New York, son of George Wybrantz and Mary Louise Grviffing Baradel. He prepared at Lindenhurst High School. French Honors major. Dean's List, 1960, spring, 1962; Yale National Scholarship, 1959-63. Member, Pierson (Pierson Players, 1960-63).

Received a Fulbright Travel Grant and French Government Fellowship, enabling him to study at the Sorbonne from 1964 to 1965. Continued his studies at the Yale Graduate School, serving also as an Assistant Instructor of French. Barry moved to Paris late in 1969 and made France his permanent residence, with the exception of a year-long return (1975-76) to complete the M.A. degree at Yale. Taught at the École Nationale Supérieure du Pétrole et des Moteurs, 1981 until his death.

Notification of Barry's death was received from a close friend and long-standing colleague,

who wrote the following, "His death of cancer put a tragic end to his teaching/translating career, and his personal and intellectual qualities are a great loss to his friends, students and fellow teachers."

Survivors included his mother, Mrs. Mary Baradel.

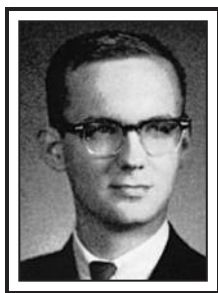
Koichi Itoh remembers:

Barry was my sophomore year roommate at Pierson College. He was a child prodigy and the first student ever to go to an Ivy League school from his local Long Island high school. He had a great talent for languages, and he was like a native speaker in French, which he learned completely on his own without ever having gone abroad. His died young and I grieve at his not having been able to fully realize his potential. May Barry rest in peace.

Carlyle Hall remembers:

Barry was my roommate Freshman year. Like me and our other Freshman roommate, he was only 16 years old. He was a minor celebrity at the time because he had just won \$100,000 (about \$1 million in current dollars) on a TV show called "The Big Surprise." He looked really young. If you recall a kid who looked about 14 years old wondering around our campus, that was Barry. He became very much involved in Yale's intellectual life. He went on to become a professor in France. After Yale, Barry came out as gay and, unfortunately, become one of the first victims of the AIDS epidemic.

KENNETH JON BARWISE



*June 29, 1942 –
March 5, 2000*

Jon excelled at Yale and graduated Phi Beta Kappa in three years. He was an outstanding scholar, a gifted teacher and a world-class logician. Jon published 5 books, co-authored nearly 100 articles and edited several landmark volumes in logic. As Jon's colleagues

have said, "Jon was one of those people who define a whole field."

Jon died of cancer March 5, 2000 at age 57 in Bloomington, Indiana. During the last year of his life, Jon conducted an extensive e-mail correspondence with family, friends and colleagues. Jon was survived by his wife, Mary Ellen, his three children and his mother.

Donald M. Fleming, Jr.

Jacob Plotkin remembers:

Jon was a member of '63 because he graduated in three years. At Yale we were in one class together: a grad philosophy course in which the distinguished logician Alan Anderson presented a semester-long proof of Gödel's Incompleteness Theorem via Post Canonical Systems (uniquely strange).

I really didn't get to know Jon until after our Ph.D.s; we both ended up in mathematical logic. When we first met again at a professional meeting, we both rolled our eyes in memory of Anderson's course. I always enjoyed our meetings, sporadic though they were. Jon was a down-to-earth, friendly guy.

Jon wrote a much admired Ph.D. thesis at Stanford. He went on to have a stellar career, with appointments at top-ranked departments, many important publications, twenty one Ph.D. students and a wide circle of friends in the profession. (For more about Jon's contributions, I recommend Solomon Feferman's article "In Memoriam" in the December 2000 Issue of The Bulletin of Symbolic Logic.)

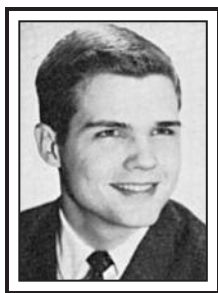
Some tidbits about Jon: In the middle of his groundbreaking 1975 treatise on admissible sets the reader is treated to a scone recipe. (Jon really loved scones!) When Jon was at Yale in 1968-1970, a mysterious — and fictitious — mathematician, Eli Bers, started writing papers. Those who remember this upstart know that Jon was the "B" in "Bers" (Barwise, Eklof, Robinson, Sabbagh).

Edgar Lynk remembers:

One of the smartest people I've ever known. We attended the same high school. He was a year or two behind me then, but graduated with our class with an additional Master's degree in Mathematics. We roomed together for part of one

summer. He tried in vain to explain his extremely abstruse work to us, his fellow roommates, who partied a little too much for his liking. His untimely death was a real loss and so very sad.

DAVID A. BASS

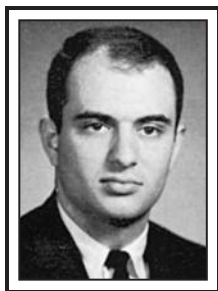


*June 10, 1941 –
July 15, 2009*

David Bass taught at Wake Forest School of Medicine in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The medical school alumni newsletter contained the following tribute to David:

"The school mourns the passing of David A. Bass, the Thomas H. Davis Professor of Pulmonary Medicine and profession emeritus of internal medicine, who died the week of July 13, 2009 following a long illness. During his 30-year career in the Department of Internal Medicine, he served with distinction in many capacities, including chief of the section on pulmonary, critical care, allergy and immunology, acting chief of rheumatology and co-head of the section of molecular medicine. He also directed the M.D./Ph.D. program for Wake Forest University and the School of Medicine. He was elected to the American Society of Clinical Investigation and received a number of other prestigious honors throughout his productive career."

BURTON I. BAUCHNER



*October 25, 1941 –
February 26, 2010*

Burt was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey and moved to Bridgeport where he attended Sheridan School, Maplewood Junior High and Bassick High School. He

graduated from Yale University in 1963, and then served six years in the U.S. Army Reserves.

Burt lived and worked in Connecticut until

his retirement at age 50. His career began as a property appraiser at First Connecticut Small Business Investment Corporation. He then was a general construction contractor for many years, building apartment houses, condominiums and a shopping center. Later he became the principal of an independent insurance agency, where he introduced computerization to the business. Throughout these years, Burt was also an active volunteer in the Bridgeport Jewish community, serving in leadership roles at the Jewish Family Service, Jewish Federation, Jewish Home for the Elderly, and Congregation B'nai Israel. Other interests included tennis, computers, sailing, cycling, motorcycling, photography, skiing and, of course, reading.

Burt retired at an early age to pursue further education and travel. In the 1990's he lived in New Haven, Connecticut, then New York City before settling in Warren, Vermont in 2000. He worked for the Sugarbush Mountain ski school and rental shop, and became active in local politics. He was elected to the Warren Select Board and served as its chair for two years. He also founded and coordinated the Valley Democrats, and was a delegate to the Washington County and Vermont State Democratic committees.

Although his careers, interests, and residences changed over the years, Burt's commitment to his family was always foremost. Burt is survived by his wife Susan (Kaplan) Bauchner, whom he married in 1964 and remarried in 2009, and their children, Adam Bauchner of Ithaca, NY and Lisa Pavati of Austin, TX. Also, his siblings, Leonard Bauchner, Arlene Lear, Larry Bauchner, Eugene Bauchner, and Susan Charlas, their mother, Pauline Bauchner and five grandchildren: Njyhalo, Briana, Adrian, Lilian and Amari. He also leaves behind scores of nieces, nephews, cousins, and lifelong friends.

The traits we remember most about Burt are his love of reading and learning, his curiosity, his patience for research, his commitment to family and to community, his compassion for humanity, his charitable nature, his wanting to be of service. He certainly lived out his passions and fulfilled his values.

ALPHEUS C. BEANE, JR.



*May 28, 1939 –
October 8, 2011*

Alph's ready laugh, mischievous outlook, basic kindness and gentle demeanor made everyone around him happy to be in his company. He was devoted to his wife Linda, his boys Crosby and Alexander, and his grandchildren. He loved golf and paddle tennis, and was skilled at both. He worked hard for himself and his clients, and he was a great friend to many of us.

Alph's early life had some difficult times that included the tragic deaths of some family members and the financial collapse of his father's company in the soybean oil scandal of 1963, but through it all Alph remained the gentle optimist that he had always been.

Alph's career in the financial district spanned 50 years, starting with his job as a runner for Merrill Lynch at age 16 and ending with his retirement from Morgan Stanley at age 66.

Alph's office at Morgan was on the 73rd floor of the World Trade Center. He twice survived terrorist attacks there.

There are several stories of his help to others on 9/11. He was like that, a compassionate person, who required no credit for the good that he did. When I asked him about the ordeal he said only two things: He was glad he was a golfer, because he had to walk from Ground Zero to 125th Street to catch a train home, and after the second attack on his building, he said he was definitely going to get his office out of NYC, and he did.

I have a large number of Alph Beane stories, most of them best told over cocktails, which is how many of them began. I will save those.

One story that describes his essential goodness is related to a classmate of ours. Alph knew this classmate at Yale, but not that well. He found out that he was struggling through a rehab stint at a hospital near Chappaqua and Alph took it upon himself to visit him and then visit him often, over a period of a couple of years. He enlisted others of us to visit as well. Alph was the

good Samaritan.

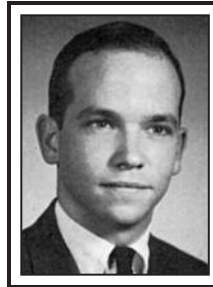
Playing golf with Alph was sometimes like an Easter egg hunt. His ball was usually down the middle, but he seemed always to be interested in lost balls in the woods. Other people's. He would finish most rounds with a dozen found golf balls or more, collect them at home, and I believe donate them somewhere when the number hit several hundred.

Alph got mad at Metro North for one of its many affronts to its commuter clientele. His solution was to refuse to pay for or show a ticket to the conductor. With applause from his fellow commuters, he was met at Grand Central by the police, charged with a crime, and the case went to court. The judge kicked him out of the courtroom, warning Alph not to show up in his court again. Complaint registered.

Alph will be missed by all of us who knew him, there is a large empty space in our hearts where he once stood.

David Mawicke, Yale roommate and lifelong friend

MICHAEL DAVITT BELL



*March 30, 1941 –
April 9, 1997*

Born in Pittsburgh, son of Davitt Stranhan and Marian (Wheldon) Bell, brother of Frank Bell, 1961. Prepared at Phillips Andover. Strong Prize. Scroll and Key Society.

Married Claudia Rutledge Swett, August 5, 1967. Father of Sophia Rutledge Bell and Cathleen Davitt Bell.

Harvard University, M.A. '68, Ph.D. '69. Taught at Harvard and Princeton until 1975 when he joined the faculty at Williams College, where he was J. Leland Miller Professor of American History, Literature, and Eloquence, from 1981; chair of the American Studies Program, 1985-1986; and chair of the English Department, 1987-1994.

Author of *Hawthorne and the Historical Romance of New England* (1971); *The Development of*

American Romance (1980); *The Problem of American Realism: Studies in the Cultural History of a Literary Idea* (1996); and *Culture, Genre, and Literary Vocation: Selected Essays on American Literature* (published posthumously, 2000). Richard Brodhead described him as “one of the most clear headed and generous minded contributors to the study of American literature.”

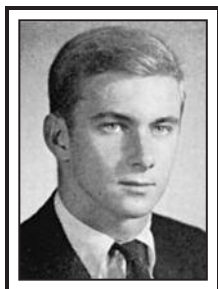
Shortly before his death, in December 1996, *The American Monthly* published his essay entitled *Magic Time: Observations of a cancer casualty*. It combines his “etiquette for the dying” with literary references, the happiness he had reached in the “emotional openness and intensity” of the relationships he cared most about (especially with his daughters), and his candid and comic appraisal of his cancer and impending death. The comedy was characteristic of Mike. Inserted in tiny letters at the bottom of his tombstone at Williams is what he called his last joke: “If you can read this, you’re standing on me.”

Louis Livingston

Thomas Worrell remembers:

Michael and I heeled and then worked on the same publication for four years. We shared the same major. We borrowed classical LP’s from each other. He was always gently witty, warmly gracious, kind, serious about his work and his commitments but not about himself. He was — surprise — the classmate I knew best when I went into a senior society, a source of comfort and encouragement. Michael was just the sort of person you were happy to have the chance to know better. You could always expect the best from Michael. And you were never disappointed.

JOHN HEMINGWAY BENTON



*May 30, 1942 –
February 16, 2000*

A roommate of several classmates in Branford, and friend of many others, John was a member of Zeta and assistant sports editor of the News.

John was a fascinating

roommate. Always looking to refine our sensibilities, he decorated our walls with original paintings by Reginald Marsh, Thomas Hart Benton (no relation) and George Bellows, culled from the apparently vast collection of William Benton, his imperious father. With his even temper and pleasant dry cynicism, he certainly elevated our consciousness of art, and music as well, hewing to Mozart while many of us preferred blues.

After graduating from Yale, he studied at Cambridge and then lived in Paris and Chicago.

An admirer of Frank Lloyd Wright, he eventually moved to Malibu and fulfilled a life-long dream of building a Wright house, commissioning Wesley Peters, who succeeded Wright as head of Taliesin, to design a house in the Wright style and tradition on a dramatic cliff overlooking the ocean. John was his own builder. He said there wasn’t a stick of wood in it that didn’t have to be cut by hand to fit a particular space, and building it took years. But it was a triumph.

John married Melinda Popham of Kansas City in 1970, and they had two children, Lilly and William. The children lived with him in Malibu growing up, before and after John and Melinda were divorced. For a number of years he was a serious blue water yacht racer, Formula One car racer and devotee of fast cars of any make.

He was also, as he had been for years, a devotee of unfiltered cigarettes, and died in early 2000 of esophageal cancer.

At an informal roommates’ reunion Basil Cox hosted about 20 years ago in Nova Scotia, John had grown a beard, but was as always well dressed, a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other, with a jaunty smile and one of his remarkable puns to greet life’s uncertainties. He still carried with him a kind of pain, a product of a complex family and life. He was a firm friend, a source of ideas in art, music and architecture, a courageous guy always testing himself.

James F. Kelley

Phillips Stevens remembers:

John Benton was another Deerfield classmate; quiet, no frills, genuine. Fellow Branford College resident. Kings College, Cambridge, after Yale; then followed his father (Senator William Benton, D/CT) in both UNESCO and Encyclopedia Britannica; and pursued his real

love, race cars. Race cars! Who would have thought? But some time after Yale as my experience of the world changed, in my memory John became linked to his father, Publisher of the Britannica, who defeated Prescott Bush in 1950, and stood up to Joe McCarthy in 1951.

Richard Harrah remembers:

John Benton was part of our gaggle of roommates. He came from a fabulous political and artistic background. Every month he'd take the train down to his family's home in Southport and return with some wonderful painting from his father's American art collection. This was the first time I ever had the pleasure of living with great art. I'd be reading an assignment in the living room late at night and glance up at the wall opposite me and get lost in a Reginald Marsh painting, or a George Bellows or Thomas Hart Benton. It was such an unexpected luxury. Thank you, John Benton.

PHILIP TUT BILLARD



*April 24, 1941 –
January 5, 1996*

For Phil, Yale represented both a challenge and an opportunity. As a graduate of Bethesda Chevy Chase High School in 1959, he was challenged to compete with his high-achieving classmates in the academic, athletic and social activities at Yale. His keen intellect and his strong work ethic led to an impressive academic record and membership in Phi Beta Kappa. In addition to his interest in English and foreign languages (he was multi-lingual), he enjoyed writing. He joined the Yale Daily News and wrote a popular sports column entitled "Bull Dog Tales" in which he shared commentary on Yale's sporting teams and the athletes. His columns frequently reflected his dry sense of humor and perceptive insights. In the social arena, he enjoyed spirited interaction with his classmates and fraternity brothers and competed on the Pierson College intermural sports teams.

Of his many achievements, Phil seemed to be proudest of being a Yale graduate. In addition to Yale, he studied at Columbia University and at an international business school in Fontainebleau, France (INSEAD), graduating with an MBA. Once he had finished his studies, Phil spent a year in the U.S. Army, serving as an intelligence officer in Vietnam. When his Army tour was over, Phil got a job working for Exxon as an auditor, and performed company audits throughout South America. It was while on assignment in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, that he met his future wife, Lisette. Phil and Lisette were married for 25 years and had two daughters together, Lydia and Barbara.

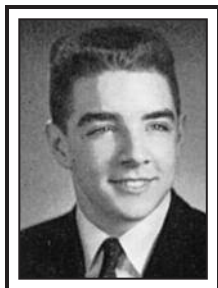
Phil became interested in the law while still employed by Exxon in Caracas, Venezuela, and decided to go back to school, this time to the University of Texas in Austin, where he obtained a law degree in 1977 and served on the law review. Subsequently, he worked at the Hughes & Luce law firm in Dallas for five years before taking a job with Hewitt Associates, a benefits and tax consulting firm in Newport Beach, California, where he became a partner and continued employment until his death from pancreatic cancer on January 5, 1996.

Phil made a typically trenchant observation in our 25th Reunion Class Book where he related "technical corrections" available in the tax law (with which he worked) to a useful way to approach life:

"We may not want to imitate many features of our tax legislation, but we are all psychologically free to borrow this technique [technical corrections] whenever we wish. Though we can't actually change the past, we can do the next best thing. If we failed to get something right the first time, we can mentally make a retroactive 'technical correction' and then go happily on our way—on to the 25th Reunion and to all the exciting adventures beyond that await us in the next 25 years or so."

Although Phil did not get the extra 25 years, the 54 years of life that he did get were marked by variety, quality and love for his wife, Lisette, and his two daughters and for Yale.

James L. Thompson

CHARLES P. BLAIR III

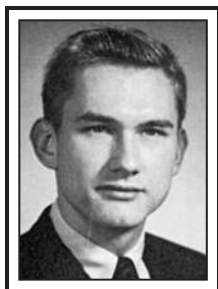
*June 27, 1941 –
April 20, 2005*

Chuck Blair was born on June 27, 1941 in Cuba, New York, the son of Charles "Chile" and Eleanor Murphy Blair.

After graduating from New York Military College in 1959, he attended Yale and MacMurray College, and then served in the Air Force.

Chuck lived for many years in Champaign, Illinois. He died in Savoy, Illinois on April 20, 2005.

He was survived by four sisters, Mary Polaski, Suzy Blair-Miller, Angela Blair-Allen, and Bonnie Blair-Cruikshank, and a brother, Rob Blair.

ROBERT GRANT BLANEY

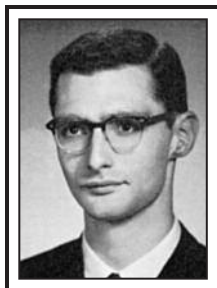
*January 2, 1941 –
June 28, 1988*

Robert Blaney died while conducting a high school class tour on a trip to France. He was chairman of the foreign language department at Cincinnati Country Day School.

He was survived by his wife Sally, and their children Tim (Northwestern '88); Laura (Northwestern '89); and Rebecca (University of Chicago '91).

Cecil Wacaster remembers:

Angels come in all forms. Our classmate and my roommate Bob Blaney offered gifts of patience, kindness, grace and weird, usually subtle, humor to Bruce Wheltle and me as we encountered New Haven winters, New England culture, and University pressures. Bob died too young, in the midst of a study tour for his Cincinnati high school students, doing what he loved.

AARON NIXON BLOCH

*February 28, 1942 –
April 8, 1995*

Aaron Nixon Bloch died on April 8, 1995 at the age of 53. His career included teaching, research, university administration and industrial management.

He joined the University of Buffalo in 1992 as a faculty member and provost. Among his duties was overseeing the university's 15 schools and faculties, in addition to its undergraduate, graduate and professional and international programs. He also was responsible for stimulating new academic programs and helping find the resources to support them. As a professor, he taught chemistry and physics.

Mr. Bloch's research focused on theoretical and experimental condensed matter physics and chemistry. In 1975, the Maryland Academy of Sciences named him a Distinguished Young Scientist.

Born in Chicago, he graduated from Niles Township High School in Skokie. He got a degree in chemistry from Yale University and earned a Ph.D. in chemical physics at the University of Chicago in 1968. The following year, he did post-doctoral research at Massachusetts Institute of Technology before joining the Johns Hopkins University faculty.

He left teaching 11 years later to take a senior scientific position at Exxon Corporate Research. He became director of its physical and biological sciences laboratory. He returned to academia in 1988 as vice provost and chief research officer at Columbia University.

Mr. Bloch was a fellow of the American Physical Society and held fellowships with other groups, including the Woodrow Wilson, National Science and Alfred Sloan Foundations.

Surviving were his wife, Enid; a daughter, Sarah; two sons, Adam and Michael; his mother, Judith, and two sisters, Janet Martin and Merry Jones.

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:
A chemistry whiz.

Carlton Chickering remembers:

Aaron and I were lab partners in Instrumental Methods. We had great fun together, swearing every time we got shocked due to an errant probe in some circuit. He also was a big help in writing good lab reports.

Fritz Thiel remembers:

Aaron Bloch, David Rosenberg and I were roommates in 121 Farnam Hall freshman year. Harry Dodds, a very dark-skinned black law student, lived nearby as a freshman counsellor, and within days he had captured Aaron's, David's and my deepest respect.

One day I inadvertently revealed my predilection for smoked whitefish and salmon. "What?", Aaron said. "A midwestern boy from Ohio eating lox and smoked fish?!!" He had not realized that Jewish delicatessen cuisine came from Ashkanazi culture in Northern Europe and was shared by Germans, Scandinavians, Baltics and many others alike.

After graduation, Aaron roomed with John Harper, Kirby Klump and me as graduate students at the University of Chicago. Harry Silverstein and Rick Holbrook also dropped in now and then. Aaron and John were from the North Shore, and visiting Aaron's home introduced me to Winnetka, Kenilworth, Skokie etc., areas which since have been part of my life. I once asked him about a beginning relationship I was having with a beautiful young woman whose behavior raised some questions. Thinking about it intensely and speaking slowly and in a low voice, he said: "She's beautiful. But as we review her actions, overall this doesn't seem like someone you should get involved with." He was willing to tell me the truth. That year I also went out once or twice with a young woman who was meticulously in her personal care, wore lipstick and a bright-red close fitting silk dress. She was a cheerleader, a segment comprising perhaps .0000001% of the University of Chicago student body. Untypical as she was, she caused smirks. Aaron called her the "little pink date" and derived great pleasure in poking good-natured fun at her behind her back. I mention this

because I can vividly remember Aaron, otherwise somewhat serious and pensive, laughing in a low tone, expressing a sector of his personality very much there but not always expressed.

I can still see Aaron sitting in the living room reading. Deeply engrossed in the material, he would intermittently reach to his beard and curl a cusp between his fingers for a second or two. The light outlined his angular facial features and already thinning hair.

Aaron received his Ph.D. quickly and went on to a successful career at Johns Hopkins. When I learned that Aaron had died far too early, I was shocked and profoundly saddened. Aaron Bloch was a friend, thinker and wonderful human being.

Jonathan Laing remembers:

A warm personal friend who was best man at my wedding and I at his wedding. Was moving up in the academic world, Provost at State University of New York at Buffalo at the time of his sad passing. He had it all — a sparkling intelligence and self-deprecatory wit. His demise leaves a real void for all of us who knew him well.

ARTHUR WALKER BODDIE, JR.



*December 21, 1941 –
October 22, 2006*

Arthur Walker Boddie, Jr.'s personal motto was *carpe diem*, Latin for "seize the day." It was an odd motto perhaps for someone who was quiet and soft-spoken. For me, my father was a model of gentleness and humility; he regarded it as bad form to discuss professional success. What I knew of his career I tended to learn from others – that he was a renowned surgical oncologist and well-regarded in academic medicine with over 75 publications and two patents for procedures related to cancer therapy. Later I discovered that some of his patients had traveled from all over the country and the world to be treated by him – and only him – because they

trusted and loved him so.

Dad was born December 21, 1941 and grew up in Detroit, Michigan, where he attended a Jesuit high school. He was headed for the College of the Holy Cross when one day he met a Yale alum who expressed an interest in interviewing him for Yale. That chance meeting changed the course of his life. In 1959, he left his family and friends in Detroit for New Haven. Yale offered him a wonderful opportunity, of course, but it was also a bold move. He was just one of a handful of blacks in the Yale Class of 1963. He never spoke much about his Yale experience, but I gathered that he was often lonely. He majored in English and wrote poetry, which he did for the rest of his life. He graduated from Yale Medical School in 1967. After being drafted, he served in the United States Air Force from 1968-1980. He married my mother, Joy Marchbanks, in 1966. I followed in 1968, and my sister, Ellena, was born in 1971.

Dad came from a family of doctors and was a third-generation physician. His mother's death from breast cancer in 1971 convinced him to become an oncologist. For ten years, he was an associate surgeon and associate professor of surgery at the University of Texas System Cancer Center at M.D. Anderson Hospital in Houston, Texas. In 1990, Dad left M.D. Anderson for the University of Illinois at Chicago and retired in 2004 as a Professor of Surgery and Vice Chairman of the Department of Surgical Oncology. He also served as President of the Chicago Surgical Society. How he balanced all of his professional demands, I'll never know. I recall him waking almost every morning at 5 A.M. to head to the hospital to "check on a patient." He would work late into the evening on grant proposals, research papers, and his lectures. I would often find him asleep in his armchair.

In later years, Dad developed frontal temporal lobe dementia and Alzheimer's, an unusual medical combination, ironically befitting a man of science. With his family at his bedside, he slipped peacefully away on the morning of October 22, 2006 at Northwestern Hospital in Chicago. He was 64.

Elise C. Boddie '90

Edgar Lynk remembers:

Art and I used to hang out a bit our freshman

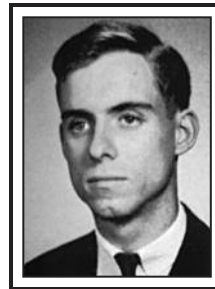
year. He had a little sports car, I forget what kind, and from time to time we'd go on a road trip to one of the women's colleges or to New York. He was soft-spoken, a bit taciturn (even worse than me), highly dedicated and very serious. He introduced me to the classical guitar and to the notion that, if you want some art on the wall, paint it yourself! We both stayed at Yale for further study, he for Medicine, me for Physics. Didn't see too much of him during that time. Especially after he got married. Unfortunately, we didn't keep in touch over the years and I regret that. I only learned of his fairly recent death earlier today, the deadline for these writings. He was a great guy, and he will be missed.

WILLIAM KNAPP BOYLE

2000

Unfortunately, we have been unable to locate any biographical information about Mr. Boyle.

CHARLES SHEFFIELD BUNKER



*April 7, 1941 –
February 7, 2005*

Sheffield Bunker, who died of heart failure in February, 2005, was my freshman roommate and perhaps the shiest, most retiring person I met at Yale. He came and went so quietly Willy Holme and I called him "the ghost" in our Wright Hall suite. That's not to say we didn't owe him a lot — the only good furniture in our rooms, occasional vats of rough red wine produced by his family's gardener and glossy French magazines portraying a world of indescribable elegance. His love of France took him to the Sorbonne in junior year, and thereafter we lost touch for good. He spent years teaching at Saint David's School and Greenvale School on Long Island, where he was head of the language department. Former students remember him much as I do: thin, quiet, well-dressed —

'a nice guy'. After retiring from Greenvale in 1998 he settled in Austerlitz, New York, much loved by a few close friends for his wide knowledge of books and music. He spent much time as a volunteer with Animalkind – a charity dedicated to the welfare of stray cats. They have pledged to create, in his memory, a garden at their adoption center, "where his spirit will be near all the kitties he so much cared for and about". A photo shows him with the same shy smile I remember, superintending the loading of a small cat into a very large truck – suggesting that empathy with young, shy, lonely creatures was a fundamental key to his being.

Norman Etherington

John Sterne remembers:

Sheff was a roommate and a friend. From Sheff I gained an appreciation for Baroque and Renaissance Music. Thank you, Sheff, for giving me something which I passionately enjoy even today.

DANIEL M. BYRD III PH.D.



*December 30, 1940 –
July 26, 2011*

Dan Byrd earned his Ph.D. in Pharmacology in 1971. In 1982 he became a Diplomate of the American Board of Toxicology.

After 14 years in the consulting industry, Dan moved in 1987 to a nonprofit firm, the Life Sciences Research Office in Bethesda, Maryland.

In his latter years, Dan resided in Holiday, Florida.

He is survived by his third wife, Karen Engdahl Byrd, and by his children, Mary Katherine (born 1963), Laura McKay (1964) and Dan M. IV (1968).

STEVEN MURCHIE CAHILL



*January 29, 1941 –
January 24, 2012*

Born in Chicago, Steven Cahill grew up in Hyde Park and River Forest, Illinois. He attended Oak Park River Forest High School, where he served on the student council, captained the swim team, and served as a senior class officer. He was commencement speaker at his 1959 high school graduation ceremony.

After graduating from Yale with a B.A. in economics, he earned an MBA from the University of Chicago in the early 1970s. Steve worked on the Great Lakes ore boats during the mid-to-late 1960s and served in the Marine Corps Reserve. Steve sold real estate in Missouri after locating in Branson, Missouri in the 1970s. In San Diego, California, where he relocated in the early 1980s, he worked as a real estate appraiser until his return to the Branson/Springfield, Missouri, area.

His brother, Douglas Cahill; a sister, Susan Pappas; three nieces and a nephew; two great-nieces; and two great-nephews survive him.

Bentley Burnham remembers:

Steve was a quiet, steady friend and oarsman.

F. George du Pont remembers:

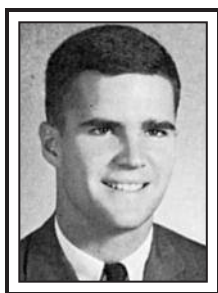
Steve unexpectedly reached out of my past in 1974 when our first son was born and sent us a wonderful cast-iron stagecoach. In college Steve, as the Econ Major, had the thankless task of collecting our portions of the SNET phone bills with complicated, itemized long distance calls and taxes, which he did with patient good cheer. As captain of the Trumbull swimming team he was in his element when encouraging others to do their best and leading by example.

Steve's older brother lost his vision and Steve spent countless hours at Yale recording textbooks for the blind. Sadly, Steve was to slowly lose his own vision as well. After Yale I lived in Chicago

and Steve shared his wonderful city with me including jaunts to the Art Institute, Soldier's Field and even a local Oak Park High football game. Steve used to say "New Haven" with the emphasis on the "New" and refer to anything East of Ohio as "Back East."

His friendship was rock solid. When I read Hemingway I celebrate Steve who was so proud of their shared Oak Park roots.

LAWTON MILLER CALHOUN, JR.



*February 22, 1942 –
April 7, 1969*

Born in Savannah, Georgia, son of Lawton Miller and Mary Anne Train Calhoun. Prepared at Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Virginia.

Absent from Yale due to illness, September 1962 to February 1963, returning to complete degree in 1963-64. History major. Ranking Scholar, spring 1961. Member, Pierson (swimming, 1960-61); Junior Prom Committee (treasurer); Delta Kappa Epsilon; Yale Key; class treasurer; Senior football manager, 1962.

Lawton's father has furnished a summary of Lawton's career and leisure time activities.

Career: Assistant Secretary, Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., New York City, Assigned to Southern Division. Called on correspondent banks and important accounts in the Southeast. Resigned in 1968 and joined The Robinson-Humphrey Co., Inc., Atlanta, Georgia, an investment banking firm with many branch offices in the Southeast. Stood number one in a class of 60 trainees when he met his untimely death.

Activities while employed in New York: some golf with Robert Trent Jones, Jr. and others on summer weekends; skiing with Henry "Hank" Higdon, Yale 1963 and others at a jointly rented home in Vermont during weekends in the winter.

Lawton's ties to the University remained strong in the years following graduation. He was a member of the Class Officers Association, serving as Class Treasurer and also Chairman of the

5th Class Reunion in 1968.

Lawton was survived by his parents, three sisters and paternal grandmother.

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

What a true Virginia name. I met him via Ernest Perry Buxton, Jr., M.D.

William MacArthur remembers:

Lawton Calhoun was one of my best friends as an undergraduate and we subsequently roomed together in New York at a time when the wheels were coming off for him. He always seemed to have so much going for him — brains, personality, looks, background, savoir faire etc., but he was incomprehensibly (to us) deeply unhappy. Knowing what we now know about the workings of the brain, it seems such a tragedy that some of today's normal treatments for his depression were not then available. They could have saved one of the real stars of our class.

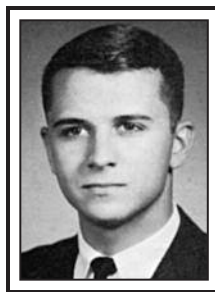
Judson Calkins remembers:

Dear Lawton: manager of our football teams, a ready smile, a warm Virginia accent, always upbeat; a friend to all, God rest your gentle soul.

John Rixse remembers:

Lawton, You were a true gentleman. Your charm, grace and sense of humor will always be remembered.

JOSEPH FRANCIS CELELLO, JR.



*July 6, 1939 –
December 21, 1999*

Joe was born on July 6, 1939 in Naugatuck, Connecticut, a son of Joseph F. and Julia (Yumplitz) Cellelo. He graduated from Naugatuck High School, Yale

University with a B.A. and the Virginia Law School. I did not know Joe at Yale; however, he knew me as a spotter for Yale Football. He headed up the Trust Real Estate for Connecticut Bank and Trust for 27 years. I spent 21 years working

in various capacities at CBT. We became very close friends. The bond we had grew out of our love of sports, especially fast pitch softball where Joe played first and I roamed the outfield. We played on the same team for 15 years. During the day Joe handled all the real estate details of many of Connecticut's wealthiest families. He was extremely talented in handling the thorniest real estate transactions. To this day I don't know how he put up with the demands that job required.

Joe had retired from CBT. He was divorced from his wife Helen and they did not have any children. He had a close companion, Nancy Polydys, while passing into and through retirement. On December 21, 1999 Joe unexpectedly committed suicide. Many of us knew Joe had demons, but none of us could begin to understand them. Not their origin, nor the hold they had on him. Joe was survived by one sister, Judith C. Green, and a niece, Sarah Green. Joe was buried in the St. James Cemetery in Naugatuck. His grave site contains his softball jersey and some soil from the fields we had played on.

Those of us who played ball with Joe likely had the closest insight into the man. He had great grit and fierce determination. When Joe made contact with the ball, which he frequently did, his head would go down, he would pump his short Italian legs and arms and sprint his choppy steps up the baseline. He would always run through the bag and beyond as a champion sprinter clears the tape in the 100 meters. It was a blur of a shuffle, just as his swing also seemed to be. Short, concise, efficient and usually where no player stood. If he were thrown out, which rarely happened, you'd see him down the right field line, kicking the grass, occasionally throwing his cap down, arms on his hip regaining his wind and swearing some blasphemy at the pitcher, the first baseman, the Ump or himself and sometimes at all four at once!

Joe was the consummate fan. He was a fan with and for all of us and we were and are better players and human beings for that gift of his. I never met a better fan, a more loyal fan.

Joe was also an extremely interesting and curious human being. He had a great range of interests and aptitudes. I never had a boring conversation with Joe. We would wander on the

paths of many subjects and that's what made time with Joe always interesting and fun....it could be travel, the environment, antiques, Trust customers, banking, Civil War reading, you name it! I miss my friend Joe.

Henry C. Hallas

Christopher Bramley remembers:

I met Joe in a class at Yale during my sophomore year. We became good friends and spent time together after graduation playing golf, visiting and attending Yale football games, including the 1968 game. Joe was a wonderful person and a great friend. I am glad we stayed in touch over the years and miss him.

William Oldakowski remembers:

A true gentleman. Quiet, polite, unassuming. Always had time for a nice word or two.

BRUCE WILLIAM CHAMBERS



*June 22, 1941 –
May 26, 2007*

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, son of William Roberts '28, and Lois Marie Mathews Chambers. Prepared at Northside High School, Atlanta, and Wyoming High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. History, the Arts and Letters major; on Dean's List, 1960-61; Ranking Scholar 1959-60, 1961-62. Member, Timothy Dwight (debate team, 1961-63; dramat, social activities committee, 1961-62; on basketball team, 1961-63); Phi Beta Kappa, elected fall, 1962; Baptist Fellowship, 1959-63 (vice-president, president, 1962-63); Dwight Hall (Freshman cabinet, 1959-60; Sophomore cabinet, 1960-61).

Charles Faulhaber, his sophomore roommate in Timothy Dwight, remembers "Bruce as the quintessential Yalie, interested in everything, opinionated. a terrific debater who would take hold tenaciously and not let go." A devoted disciple of Uncle Sid Lovett at Dwight Hall, he spent two years at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School before deciding to follow his passion for art. He

took an M.A. at the University of Rochester (1969) and a doctorate in the history of art at the University of Pennsylvania (1974). He carved out a national and international reputation for his expertise in 19th and 20th century American art as the author of at least 25 exhibition catalogues and scholarly articles and more than 150 short essays on individual works of American art published in dealers' and auction catalogues.

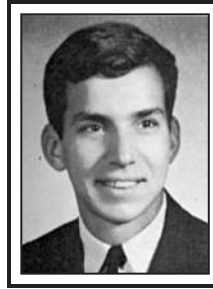
During his career he moved easily from his first position as Instructor and then Assistant Professor of Art History at Emory University (1970-76); to museum positions, as the Assistant Director for Curatorial Services of the University of Rochester's Memorial Art Gallery (1976-78), its acting director (1979-80), and Director of the University of Iowa Museum of Art (1980-82); to the business world as an associate with Berry-Hill Galleries in New York (1982-89) and then president of Artists' Chambers in Hamden, Connecticut (1990-94); then back to the academic world as Dean of Graduate Studies at the Fashion Institute of Technology of the State University of New York (New York City, 1994-2000). After his formal retirement, he remained active as a consultant to numerous art galleries and auction houses.

Bruce was a quintessential Yalie in another respect, his devotion to public service: board of St. Thomas's Day School and Junior Warden of St. Thomas Episcopal Church (New Haven), board of the Connecticut Afro-American Historical Society, board of the Connecticut Trust for Historic Preservation (secretary 1993-94), vestry member of Trinity Episcopal Church on the Green (New Haven) and chair of its 250th anniversary planning committee.

Bruce never lost his love for Yale, becoming a fellow of Timothy Dwight in 2000, after he retired, and frequently giving guest lectures for Timothy Dwight Dean John Loge's courses in American literature. Before our 45th reunion Dean Loge reported to Charles Faulhaber that the last time Bruce lectured for him, in the spring of 2007, he came with an oxygen tank — going on, giving back to Yale, despite his infirmity.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret (Peg) Moon Chambers, who is a practicing architect in New Haven, and two sons, Nicholas and Adam.

RICHARD WILSON CHASE



*November 20, 1941 –
August 14, 2009*

Dick Chase was born in Waterbury, Connecticut on November 20, 1941, a descendant of Salmon Portland Chase, who was President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury and later Chief Justice of the United States.

At Yale, Dick studied philosophy, and became an activist in the Civil Rights movement.

After graduating from Harvard Law School in 1966, Dick worked at the law firm of Cravath Swaine & Moore and the consulting firm of McKinsey & Company in New York City.

Dick then went to work for the Connecticut Department of Environmental Protection, where he developed the environmental expertise that he later put to use as a developer.

In 1983, Dick moved to San Diego, California, where he started the firm of Taconic Resources to develop and finance environmental infrastructure projects. At the time of his death, Dick was spearheading the Gregory Canyon project, a plan that involved developing a solid waste landfill and renewable energy project to help reduce the stress on San Diego's landfills. His wife and business partner Nancy Chase said: "While nobody ever wants to talk trash, Richard Chase spent the last 20 years implementing a plan to help keep San Diego clean." Dick also proposed an ambitious effort (which was rejected by the voters) to build a 40-foot-high deck above the 10th Avenue Marine Terminal in San Diego, which would have supported a hotel, aquarium, and sports arena.

San Diego County Supervisor Ron Roberts said: "Richard was not a small-idea person; he worked on a much bigger canvas than most people. At the same time, he was very reserved, very quiet — not flamboyant or ego-driven. He was one heck of a nice guy who was satisfied staying out of the limelight even though his ideas necessitated working in the public eye."

Richard died of gall bladder cancer on August 14, 2009, after an illness of one week. He was survived by his wife, Nancy; their twin chil-

dren, Molly and Peter; sons David and Matthew; stepdaughter Larna Hartnack; and five grandchildren.

Kenneth Irvine remembers:

Dick had a passion for all liberal causes. If he were still here, he would be campaigning hard for Obama.

RONALD CASMIR CHRZANOWSKI



*October 7, 1941 –
February 15, 1999*

Ron was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, the son of the late Casimir and Nellie Chrzanowski, and lived in Cheshire, Connecticut for 30 years. An accountant, he retired in 1996 as the town treasurer of Wallingford, Connecticut. He received his master's degree from Stamford University in 1965. He was a member of various professional organizations and was a communicant of St. Bridget's Church.

Besides his wife, Jane Chamberlain Chrzanowski, he left a son, Kenneth; a daughter, Catherine; a brother, Raymond and a sister Frances; two grandsons and two granddaughters; and several nieces, nephews and cousins.

Ron's wife Jane said of him at our 40th Reunion Memorial Service:

"I've been wondering for days which among the many words that describe Ron would be the most appropriate for this occasion. I'm still not sure, but it has caused me to remember. To remember who he was when we went on our first date (which was his last weekend at Yale), who he was when we married, when he taught his children to garden, to fish, and Heaven help us, to drive. When he sat a month-old grandchild in the crook of his elbow and read her the Wall Street Journal. And who he was when he was diagnosed with multiple myeloma and began a six-year struggle, and who he was at the last, when the cancer seemed to win. But it didn't win, he simply left it behind. And he is well now, and for that I am most thankful. Sad but thankful.

"He was proud to have been one of you. And I am proud to tell you so."

William Oldakowski remembers:

Really a nice guy. Quiet, shy. Border-line brilliant.

MICHAEL FREDERIC COOK



*September 2, 1941 –
March 13, 2011*

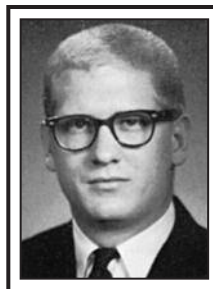
Michael Cook was a dedicated educator for 40 years at the Bank Street College of Education and the Bank Street School for Children. He was a Math and Science Specialist at the Bank Street School for Children, and a member of the Computers in Education Faculty of the Bank Street College of Education.

Together with a colleague, George Burns, Michael was the author of *Logo: A Learner's Guide*, published in 1986.

In our 25th Reunion Class Book, Michael wrote: "I continue to be challenged and rewarded by my teaching and wish that the care of children were a higher priority in the world's agenda."

Michael is survived by his wife, Michele Urvater; his daughter, Alessia Cook; his sister, Sophie Cook; and his brother-in-law, Robert Urvater.

DAVID BRUCE CORNAY



*May 14, 1942 –
February 10, 1989*

Bruce Cornay prepared for Yale at St. Martin's Episcopal School in New Orleans, Louisiana, and he returned to New Orleans after graduating magna cum laude from Yale.

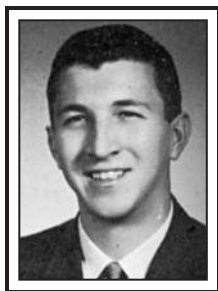
Bruce earned his M.A. from Tulane

University in 1970, and his Ph.D. in 1974. With Charles P. Bigger, he published a book, *Eros and Nihilism*, in 1976.

Bruce was the Chairman of Cornay Web Graphics, Inc., a full service graphics house specializing in print production. He also served as the Chairman of the Louisiana Capital Area Health Planning Commission Committee on Drug Abuse, and as a Board Member of the East Baton Rouge Alcohol and Drug Abuse Treatment Center.

Bruce wrote one of the shortest personal essays in our 25th Reunion Class Book: "Reading, writing, teaching, making money, and sailing the Caribbean."

RICHARD BATES COUSER



*February 6, 1941 –
September 23, 2008*

After Yale, Dick Couser studied law at Stanford and served on the Law Review. He practiced in Concord, New Hampshire, all of his career and distinguished himself as a business lawyer and earned a reputation for integrity and diligence.

Throughout his life, Dick was devoted to community service as a Boy Scout scoutmaster, president of the A Better Chance program, member of the community inter-faith council, and president of the local non-profit fundraising organization. In addition, he served as a board member and legal counsel for starting a new school in Manchester, New Hampshire, as well as a board member for many more organizations.

Later in life, he experienced a calling to Christianity and wrote his first book, *Ministry and the American Legal System*, published by Fortress Press in 1993. In 2008, his second book, *The Deuteronomy Project: A Journey into the Mind of God*, was published.

His wife, Linda, daughter Alison Couser Rhodes and son Jonathan Bates, Yale B.A. and M.A., survived him, together with seven grandchildren.

Michael Gibbons remembers:

Dickie Couser was my roommate at Yale and a lot of other places from the time we were in Boy Scout Camp together. He started as a forester and ended up a lawyer...one of the best 100 litigators in the country by some ratings. Dickie took what he received at Yale and spread it about. He was a father, grandfather and universal pastoral counselor. He wrote books, articles and hundreds of legal opinions making new law at one point. Most of all, he was a very best friend. Dick also left a lot at Yale: an updated Alpha Phi Omega service fraternity, and a Yale Boy Scout troop. I don't know if Yale recognized it, but the Scouts that were in it considered Dick, and Yale, one of the best things in their lives. He also left an interesting take on the Yale Freshman of semester "riot." He was convinced that I was the one who pulled the fuses that took out all the lights on Old Campus. I did not.

Thomas Worrell remembers:

Richard, one of the four of us rooming together in Pierson sophomore and junior years, was New Hampshire warm, if such a thing makes sense, and Yankee serious about everything he set his hand to. He combined integrity, compassion and a firm personal code of ethics that made him a role model for those fortunate enough to know him. I'm grateful I fell into that category.

FRANCIS HAYDEN CURRY

October 30, 1940 –

September 30, 1991



After a Yale career that included membership on the Record, Denny seized the opportunity to spend a year in Iran on a Fulbright Fellowship where he traveled widely and studied old Persian drama. On his return he earned his law degree at the University of Virginia, where he began a long association with the cause of assisting the disadvantaged in American society. With his degree and a Heber Smith Community Law

Fellowship in hand, he set off for Delray Beach, Florida to provide legal services for migrant workers, and in 1969 he went on to California and the Oakland Legal Aid Society.

In East Oakland, Denny drew satisfaction from his work in the struggle for social justice, winning some major tests, and helping his clients deal with discrimination, evictions, beatings and scams. He taught welfare rights classes and attended Black Panther breakfasts.

Meanwhile, he pursued wide interests in hiking, skiing, sailing and drinking wine in the California outdoors, cooking, and creating stained glass windows.

In 1975, Hayden, as he was then known, together with a U. Va. Law classmate and another Oakland Legal Services colleague, formed the law firm of Clifford, Curry, and Cherrin in Oakland, an association that lasted three years. He then moved into real estate with considerable success, buying and renovating properties on his own and clients' account.

Also in 1975, Denny closed the book on a life of concealing his sexual identity, and he reveled in the freedom of the San Francisco '70's while still holding out hope of finding a partner, which eventually he did.

Denny's 1980's were by all accounts happy years in which he lived a rich, inventive and healthy life. In 1980 he and his U. Va. classmate, law partner, and close friend, published *A Legal Guide for Lesbian and Gay People* (Nolo Press.)

Exploring hypnotism, he took over a retiring hypnotist's stock in trade and became "The Duvall School of Hypnosis," teaching classes and pursuing a special interest in hypnosis and sports.

Late in the 1980's his partner was diagnosed with pneumonia and AIDS. Denny became his devoted caregiver, and by the time he died Denny knew that he, too, had AIDS.

He continued his active and engaged life with courage and grace even as his health failed. But in those days medicine had no answer, and Denny passed away on September 30, 1991, in his 51st year.

Alan Parker

Charles Tucker remembers:

A great friend, full of life, he convinced me, a very shy 18-year-old who dreaded saying anything in class, let alone in front of an audience, that I could act upon the stage, and helped me do it, in gradually more important roles. This turned out to be very good preparation for being in the courtroom.

TRUMBULL C. CURTISS



*May 30, 1940 –
February 3, 2011*

Trum Curtiss grew up in Buffalo, New York. After graduating from The Hill School in 1958, he went on to Yale, majoring in American Studies, doing a brief stint in the Marine Corps, and graduating in 1963. He was also a graduate of the Harvard Business school's P.M.D. class of 1982.

His passion was always creative writing (when he wasn't playing hockey), but after Yale he joined the M&T Bank in Buffalo and turned to the then just evolving business of bank marketing and advertising.

Trum was married in 1964 to the former Leslie Arlington Fisher, and, over several years and almost as many cities, had three daughters—Cullen, Meredith and Wylie.

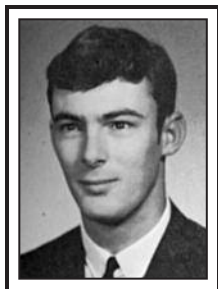
In 1970 they moved to Boston, where he spent almost 30 years working for BayBanks (now Bank of America) as Director of Marketing and then president of several banks within the system. He was at the helm of the groundswell around ATM machines, drive-thru, new branding and international banking. He became an avid golfer as well as a lifelong fan of the Patriots, Red Sox, Celtics and Bruins.

In 2000 Trum and Leslie retired to Savannah, Georgia, but continued to spend the summer months in Canada, on Lake Erie, in a family cottage. Golf remained his ultimate passion no matter where he lived or where he traveled.

Trum died February 3, 2011 after a year's illness. He is survived by his wife, their three

daughters and their husbands, six grandchildren, three sisters, and one brother.

DAVID MICHAEL DAVIDSON



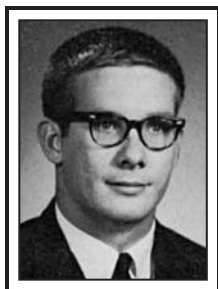
*May 11, 1941 –
May 23, 2010*

David 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, he 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 his 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 survived him.

JOHN DAVID DE HETRE



*December 17, 1941 –
March 2, 1997*

Dave DeHetre was born in Compton, California. He prepared at for Yale at New Trier Township High School in Winnetka, Illinois and

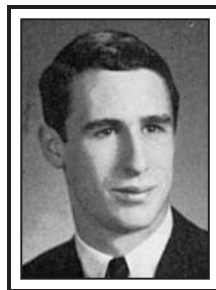
Boardman Township High School, Youngstown, Ohio. Among other activities at Yale, Dave earned a major "Y" as the Varsity Manager of the Football Team in 1962, was on the United Student Fellowship from 1959-1963 (serving as its Chairman in 1961-1962), and chaired the Council of the Yale Christian Community in 1963.

After Yale, Dave married, obtained his M.S. from Carnegie Mellon, and then pursued a career in accounting and management. He spent eleven years as a traveling consultant with Touche, Ross. Dave then became chief auditor and systems analyst for CNA Financial Corporation. After CNA, Dave joined the American Bar Association where he "found himself the Chief Financial Officer for 300,000 lawyers and judges — a fate which can only begin to be appreciated by one who has attempted to serve as the administrator of a law firm." David enjoyed travel and fly fishing as a respite from his professional travails.

David Winebrenner (Yale Varsity Football Manager 1961) recalls being informed by coach Jordan Olivar that Lawton Calhoun, who was to manage the football team in 1962, would be absent from Yale from September 1962 thru February 1963. Dave recommended to Ollie that he should call David DeHetre at his home in Youngstown, Ohio to ask him if he would serve as the Varsity Football Manager for the 1962 season. "I would be delighted," said David in his deep bass voice. David immediately packed up and drove to New Haven in time to assume his duties with the team.

Dave was survived by his wife, Gwyneth DeHetre, and his children David Andrew, Mary Elizabeth, and Sara Rebecca.

ROBERT MERLE DEVOURSNEY



*April 13, 1942 –
October 26, 2007*

Bob DeVoursney was a good man, devoted to family, public service, and learning. His kindness, imagination, and intellect are among his enduring legacies.

Born in Chicago, Illinois, he was affiliated with Trumbull and majored in Politics and Economics. He could see connections among things that others could not. He loved the intellectual stimulation he found at Yale. He consistently displayed the passionate search for truth that foreshadows the most successful academic careers.

Bob's professional life was dedicated to teaching and improving government. Shortly after graduating from Yale, Bob switched from a career in finance to the public sector. He went on to study politics and government at Northwestern University and the University of North Carolina, receiving his doctorate in political science. He gave back to the academic community, sharing his considerable knowledge with generations of students, first at Syracuse University and later at the University of Virginia, where he taught courses in government and planning.

Beyond teaching, Bob devoted much of his life to helping government fulfill its obligation to improve the lives of his fellow citizens. He worked at the national level as research director at the Council of State Governments before moving to Charlottesville and taking a position at the UVA's Weldon Cooper Center for Public Service, where he worked extensively with the State Legislature and as the executive director of the Virginia Association of Planning District Commissions.

A rock to be leaned on, Bob weathered life's hardships with dignity and an eye on the horizon. He loved music and sustained a fascination at humanity's architectural and cultural achievements. As his son David noted, Bob "never cared much for the luxuries life could afford. He called it as he saw it, and didn't judge others based on their station or situation." He was devoted to the important things in life, living by a mantra that he sometimes professed, that "the best philosophy is a sense of humor."

In his last moments he was surrounded by his daughter Nicole, his sons Paul and David, and Mair, his wife of 38 years. He was a caring father and husband, unwavering in his devotion to and protection of his family.

As Mair, his wife of 38 years observed, Bob "always tried to be true to the intellectual stan-

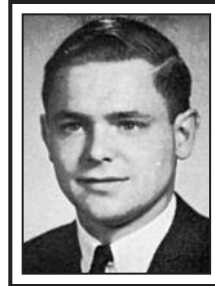
dards Yale set for its students".

Peter F. Rousselot

David Palmer remembers:

He was the fastest runner I ever knew.

ROBERT CHRISTOFFER DIERCKS



*May 28, 1941 –
November 21, 1995*

Chris came to Yale from Edina, Minnesota. He was equipped with a ready smile, great dimples, and a razor-like wit. He rapidly proved himself to be really good at bridge, tennis and partying. On top of that, he was smart, much smarter than the rest of us, and did everything with ease. His roommates and other Saybrugians secretly envied the way Chris made everything work — great grades, a challenging major in Chemistry and the Beta fraternity, yet always available to goof off with or support us lesser lights. On top of it all, Chris had great parents who came to a Yale football game every fall, partied with us at Mory's and became good friends with all of his roommates and their parents. His ruddy complexion, which made him look like he was blushing all of the time, just seemed to go with his outgoing personality.

Chris had his choice of medical schools, and chose to go back to his beloved Minnesota. While he never talked about it, Chris went through medical school with the same seeming ease as everything else. He became a dermatologist, served in the Navy, married a nurse, and established a successful practice in Minneapolis. When we talked, which was infrequently, he was the same old Chris, biting sense of humor and all.

Life isn't always fair. That ruddy complexion was the precursor of high blood pressure and nasty cholesterol. Far too young, in his late thirties or early forties, Chris had a devastating heart attack and an ensuing stroke. The latter cost him almost all movement on the left side of his body. While he continued his practice as a dermatologist on a limited basis, the spark that made him so

special was gone. His marriage ended badly; and Chris became increasingly bitter at his cruel fate.

Several years later, his roommates met with Chris on Lake Michigan for a weekend to relive old times. We came from all over the country; and our secret mission was to cheer Chris up, rekindle his spirit and let him know how much we loved him no matter what the circumstances. While there were moments of levity and joy, it was clear that the old Chris would no longer be with us.

Several years later, Chris took what was left of his life. We were all deeply saddened, but none of us were surprised. It was a bitter reminder of the cruelty of fate. Chris was the best and the brightest; and his legacy is to remind each of us to live each moment fully.

Nelson K. Neiman

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Beta brother. Chris was often available for conversation and advice, which was impressive because he was so busy with so many college activities.

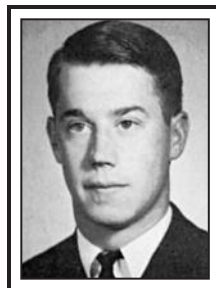
William Flippin remembers:

Chris was always the best organized guy I knew, a rarity amongst us procrastinators! We used to call him Bob because that's what the people who did not know him would ask us on the phone. Bob? Bob? Robert Diercks. Okay. Here's Chris. From his Roommate Droopy.

Herbert Turin remembers:

On one of our trips to Hawaii (1970), we visited Chris and his wife at their home in Pearl City where he was stationed as a Navy doctor. We remember the Monkey Bar at the Pearl City Cafe where you could sit at the bar and watch live monkeys behind a very large glass. Or maybe they were watching us. I met Chris' father, the CEO of Cargill, when I served on a committee tackling the problem of grain quality. He graciously opened doors and my eyes to how commodities changed hands internationally. Later we visited Dr. Chris at his home in Edina, MN before his untimely demise.

WILLIAM REMBRANDT DIMELING



*July 4, 1941 –
October 18, 2001*

A few reunions ago, we initiated a memorial service for our classmates who had died and since then that service has been a part of each succeeding reunion of the class of 1963.

Years ago, the following was written about my good friend and suite-mate, Bill Dimeling, for the 2003 reunion after his death in 2001:

"Bill Dimeling was born and grew up in Clearfield, Pennsylvania, a small town he was proud of all his life.

"Bill was fortunate to find his wife, Mimi, at one of the earlier gatherings of suite-mates and Jeff and Sharon Collinson of Rhode Island. Their daughter, Meg, is a Yale graduate of distinction and is working at a good job in New York City. He was very proud of her.

"He never lost his charm or sense of humor and never thought of himself as anything but hardworking and fortunate for what he achieved.

"Bill's business career was exciting, interesting and prosperous. Years ago, Bill ran the Reading Railroad. The one on the Monopoly board game.

"He loved Mimi and Meg without reserve and they loved him back. They were closer than most families, in my opinion.

"We will miss him and remember him for the rest of our lives."

It wasn't only the Reading Railroad that Bill ran. His business life was as full and robust as his personal life. He, with his investors, owned Piper Aircraft, Business Express Airlines and Rocky Mountain Helicopter, all successful turn-arounds from their bankruptcies. He owned and ran one of the oldest private banks in the U.S., Tobias Knoblauch Private Bank, and was involved in such diverse businesses as coal mining, dress-making, and real estate development. In politics, while he was in law school at the University of Pennsylvania, he was active in the U.S. Senate campaign of Richard Schweiker and later co-managed Drew Lewis' campaign for governor of

Pennsylvania.

Since that reunion and on the occasion of our 50th we can add those words about Bill's wife, Mimi, and his daughter Meg.

Mimi Dimeling lives in Philadelphia and is involved in charitable organizations, her grandchildren and her friends. Bill's seven suit-mates, their wives and Mimi continue to see each other regularly. Mimi, just like the rest of our wives, still laughs at our stories including Bill's, even when the tellings run into high double digits.

Bill's daughter, Meg, married a fine young man, who is also a Yalie, and they have a home in Connecticut, a 2-year-old son and a 2-month-old daughter.

Bill would have been proud of how Mimi continued to thrive after his illness and death and continues to this day to be a part of the circle of classmates who were and are close to both of them. There is no telling how much Bill would have loved and enjoyed Meg's children. Bill's emotions were always near the surface, and they would have been in evidence from time to time around his grandchildren.

Bill, for many reasons, impressed his personality on us; we could not help but like him, enjoy his conversations, stories and historical quotations. For those classmates who knew him, we will continue to be impressed with and remember all of those special Dimeling traits and good times.

*Bill Kramer, Sharon and Jeff Collinson,
Fred Hanser, Peter Truebner*

William Kramer remembers:

Bill and I were roommates, although we had singles in the same suite in Pierson and he was one of a kind. Great wit, excellent sense of humor, a natural politician and businessman. Always fun to be around. I can recall several moments with classmates and our other suitemates when no one could stop laughing. We will remember him especially at this reunion.

David Culver remembers:

I raise a glass to the memory of an incisively perceptive, enormously capable and outrageously fun-loving classmate both in college and high school.

Michael Freeland remembers:

I got to know Bill Dimeling at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. We had both come to the Law School from naval service, and shared a sense of belonging to a generation older than the Class of 1968 graduates who populated the majority of our Law School class. Even though they were just five years younger, their college experiences were amazingly different from ours — we were the end of the 50's and they were the beginning of the 70's. Bill and I saw a fair amount of one another through legal associations and Philadelphia Yale Club activities. His business reverses with some unfortunate partners, and his untimely death, were a sad end to a fine Philadelphia gentleman. He is greatly missed..

John Rixse remembers:

Bill, fond memories of our times during NROTC summers...you're missed, but not forgotten!

William DeWitt remembers:

I would like to say a few words about Bill Dimeling. Bill was a wonderful friend, roommate, Fence Club President and a truly great guy. No one was more fun to be with than Bill. He certainly was a big part of our lives in Pierson College and fortunately we stayed in touch through the years following graduation until his untimely death. He is greatly missed.

John Gillespie remembers:

Bill Dimeling was a friend, humorist, luncheon companion, sometime political junkie and all-round good guy.

JOHN R. DOBRIN



August 4, 2011

John Robert Dobrin was born in Montreal and raised mostly in Nashville. He became a U.S. citizen as a child. He left Yale after our freshman year, and graduated in 1964 from Vanderbilt University.

John received a master's degree in history from the University of Pennsylvania, where he also did doctoral work in 20th century French history.

John joined the United States State Department in 1972. He was assigned to Paris to cover the left-wing opposition. In the early 1980s he was based in Warsaw as a U.S. liaison to the Solidarity movement. He later played a similar role in Cape Town during the late stages of transition from apartheid to democratic politics.

Over the years, John also served in Washington in the European and Political-Military Affairs Bureaus, where he was an expert on issues affecting NATO and the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks. He traveled extensively to West Africa to help manage the US response to the Liberian civil war of the late 1980s and early 1990s.

In retirement, John was a consultant on nuclear safety issues. He also taught courses in French language, art and culture in the Washington area.

Survivors included his wife of two years, Gail Simonton Dobrin of Washington.

Carlyle Hall remembers:

John was a Freshman year roommate. He struggled to keep up with his Yale classmates. He was an engineering student and felt that it was so much more difficult than the rest of the curriculum. When he had difficulties in Freshman year, he befriended William Sloan Coffin. At the time, that was like befriending Jesus.

CLYDE MORGAN EDWARDS DOLAN



*November 12, 1942 –
December 3, 1995*

Born in Bangor, Maine, son of Rodney James Edwards and Edith Goodrich Morgan Edwards. His natural father was killed in action over New Guinea in WWII.

His mother later married Chester Robert Dolan, who became Clyde's adoptive father. Skip earned his nickname by, you guessed it, skipping several

grades. He prepared at Andover and entered Yale at age 16.

Psychology major. Member Branford and US Army ROTC.

Tulane University, Masters in Psychology in 1965 and see below.

Married Margaret (Peggy) Jane Lovett, June 12, 1965, Grace New Haven Nursing School BS, RN, 1965. Sons Chester Robert, born January 20, 1967, Mark Morgan, born August 10 1968 and Donald Charles, born February 14, 1976. Chester Robert (Rob) was born severely disabled and died July 11, 2005. Mark Dolan holds a Master of Architecture degree from Tulane University and a Masters in Organ Performance from Westminster College, NJ. Donald Dolan holds a Doctorate in Piano Performance from Rutgers University, NJ. Sons Mark and Donald teach music and are church organists. Peggy Dolan has worked at Overlook Hospital, Summit, NJ as a BSN, first in neonatal intensive care, then as a lactation consultant.

After his tour of active Army duty, Skip was employed by Dr. Sidney Fishmann at the NYU Prosthetics Research Dept. Skip then made a career shift to work at Manufacturers Hanover Bank, NYC, where he rose to Vice President, Corporate Lending. Later he was a corporate loan officer at Midlantic Bank and Ramapo Bank in NJ. Residing in Basking Ridge, NJ, Skip became a close friend of our classmate and fellow banker Charles Sherwood III, USMC, deceased June, 2002.

Returning in the mid 1980's to the field he always leaned toward, Skip obtained a Masters of Science in Nursing at Fairleigh Dickinson University and worked at the VA Hospital in Lyons, NJ and the Matheny School in Far Hills, NJ. Skip, Peggy, Mark and Donald were deeply committed to caring for Rob while he lived.

Skip remained active in the US Army Reserve throughout his adult life, retiring with the rank of Major. Another lifelong love was antique cars, especially the classic 1956 Thunderbird purchased from his grandfather Morgan after graduation from Yale.

I vividly recall our late night forays to The Spot Apizza on Wooster Street, where we enjoyed the brick-oven baked sausage, onion and anchovy pies washed down with Gazossa or

beers while 'Skippy' and Proprietor, Ernie Boccamielo, discussed philosophy and life.

Our roommate Allan (Weave) Weaver recalls the following: Skip had a strong belief that "things" were out to get him, which he codified as a corollary to Murphy's Law: The Animosity of Inanimate Things; the "Great Davenport Doughnut Caper" wherein we observed the early morning dropoff at the Davenport kitchen door and thereupon developed a hunger for warm doughnuts, forgetting that our tracks in the snow led right back to our tower room in Branford; and the story Skip told of his Philosophy professor advocating Nihilism, whereupon Skip, apparently fed up with the stuff, asked the Professor "If you really believe this, why don't you just go and crump yourself out?" (Skip always had a way with words.) The Professor replied, "A well-taken point."

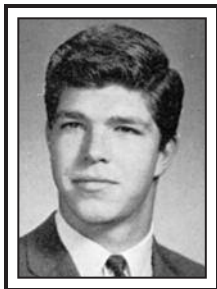
His roommates, friends and family remember a smart, compassionate, fun-loving man who could swap jokes for hours.

Survived by his widow and sons Mark and Donald.

Richard Nicholson remembers:

Late night forays with "Skip" down to the Spot Apizza on Wooster Street for Ernie's best onion pizza ...with a bottle of Pabst or Gazossa. The huge brick oven is still there!

PETER H. DOMINICK, JR.



*June 9, 1941 –
January 1, 2009*

Peter was a nationally and internationally known architect in Denver and founder of the firm 4240 Architects. Peter was an aesthete and an athlete, and an accomplished fly fisherman. He died at the end of a great day of skiing. His wife Philae and two children, Philae and James, survive him.

The following biographical memorial is taken from Peter's own words:

Born in New York City, my parents moved to

Colorado in 1946 to pioneer a new life. Our first home was in the "country." I had a horse, which on occasion I rode to school. My first school was a one-room schoolhouse. At age 14, I was sent to St. Mark's School in Framingham, Massachusetts.

At Yale, I took my first Art History class; then I took my first Architecture class taught by the electrifying Vincent Scully. Increasingly fascinated by the conceptual thinking behind the world's most significant buildings and how they related to their culture, their landscapes, their artistic traditions, a life of creativity began to germinate as a possibility. I began to take art courses, and discovered I could draw. Paul Rudolph was the Dean of the Architecture School at the time, and his oftentimes brutal assessment of student work convinced me I wouldn't survive under his tutelage. Vincent Scully recommended Louis Kahn and the University of Pennsylvania, which was in its "glorious period".

In 1968, upon graduation, I helped my father in his re-election campaign to the U.S. Senate. Richard Nixon was elected President. I decided to travel the world, to leave the United States until Nixon was no longer President.

A more profound journey could not have been imagined. I traveled westward, away from my known world, my family, and friends, to circle through the South Pacific, Asia, India, the Middle East, and Africa, before returning to the United States nearly 3-1/2 years later. My discovery of the uniqueness and beauty of the "indigenous societies" architecture was new territory. From this experience, I began to realize that "knowing where you are" through design was, and is, one of the most joyous aspects of our work.

I decided to return to Colorado, the place of my childhood, after nearly 20 years. Assigned the design responsibility for the 1976 U.S. Olympic speed skating rink, I proposed a covered track, the first ever, spanning 700 ft. by 400 ft. When Richard Lamb successfully campaigned to reject the Olympic Games in Colorado, my dreams of a "first" were crushed. I chose to start my own practice.

During this time, I ran into my old friend from Penn, William Saslow. He reintroduced me to the old Union Station area of Denver, a then 26-block strip of historic brick warehouse buildings,

isolated from the Central Business District by the Denver Urban Renewal District. Working with Philip Millstein, the Denver Partnership, the newly created Historic Denver, and others, we were able to change forever the future of Denver. My architectural practice, Dominick Architects, evolved from small scale projects, to modestly scaled projects.

In 1978, I married Philae Carver. In an instant I went from bachelor/traveler, to husband/father. This lifestyle change preceded more changes ahead. The "bust" in the "boom-bust" cycle kicked in. We would win design competitions, but the projects went on hold.

In 1988, I began negotiations to merge Dominick Architects with a small but very talented group, UDG, Inc. We were awarded seven significant commissions by the Walt Disney Co. During these halcyon years of Disney, when Michael Eisner was being hailed as the modern-day Medici, we worked with one of the great creative companies of its time and collaborated with the most talented designers, working at their most creative boundaries. The practice grew. We separated ourselves from UDG, Inc., and on May 1, 2003, 4240 Architecture was born.

Over the past 35 years, I have become increasingly involved in the world of contemporary art, its intellectual content and its emotive power. I aspire to the art of architecture and the energy of its innovations, as well as to a competent professional practice. As our lives become ever more global, I continue to believe in an architecture that expresses our human values, and aspirations responsive to our cultural contexts, and sensitive to our varied and magnificent environments.

Jon Larson remembers:

Pete was an alter ego for me. Tall and handsome, Western born and bred, a creative architect, outdoorsman and a family man. His premature passing is a great loss for his family who loved him and for his extensive network of associates and friends.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Got to know Pete through the Yale Charities Drive. Always exuberant. We met and up-dated at various class reunions; he eagerly discussed his

various innovative architectural projects. One obit called him "a fierce steward of the land."

Stanley Riveles remembers:

My wife and I recently passed through Kearney, Nebraska, where one of Peter's last architectural projects is located. We stopped for a while at the Great Platte River Archway that spans I-80. The Monument memorializes the great westward migration. It is a fitting tribute to Peter's vision and imagination.

Robert Power remembers:

What a lovely man! Peter and I were good friends at Yale and I found his name in my parents' guest book many years later when we were selling our house in England. I lost touch with Peter and then reconnected when I discovered that one of my best friends was also one of his best friends. We all loved fly fishing and Peter and I, having not seen each other for many years, were planning a fishing trip together when he died.

He was one of those rare people who loved life to the full and inspired those around him to have as much fun as he did. A brilliant and very successful architect, he is much missed.

Ian Robertson remembers:

He was the "Best" of friends

Walter Hunt remembers:

Peter was both an outstanding architect and a remarkable human being. I have great admiration for the body of his work at 4240 Architects, but greater admiration for him as an enthusiastic, energetic contributor to peoples' lives.

His untimely death was patently unfair !!! He had so much more to do and give. I so enjoyed my encounters with him in Denver

Charles Cheney remembers:

I will miss the company of Pete Dominick at our upcoming reunion. During past ones, we enjoyed discussing our different careers and similar world views over beers and cigars.

JOHN DONELSON III



*March 4, 1941 –
January 20, 2010*

In *American Lion*: Andrew Jackson in the White House, Jon Meacham gratefully acknowledges the access that John and Janice Donelson gave him to the Donelson family papers, providing new insights into Jackson's life. Cleveland Hall, the Donelson ancestral home outside Nashville, lies across the road from the Hermitage, Jackson's home. But the relationship is more than proximity, as Jackson was married to one of John's forebears. Meacham visited Cleveland Hall and characterizes the Donelsons as "welcoming, charming, witty, and gracious hosts."

John did not fit the conventional mold. His roots reached back to the beginnings of our nation, and his family was intimately connected with its early history. But his professional vision focused on quantum physics and the origins of the universe.

A direct descendant of Nashville's founder, Captain John Donelson, he was related to President Andrew Jackson. He had deep knowledge of, and pride in, the Donelson family legacy. Indeed, John Meacham drew on the family's papers in researching his bestselling biography of Andrew Jackson.

John received his Ph.D. in Mathematics from Stanford University in 1972. After briefly teaching at Johns Hopkins, he devoted his career to applied physics at the Institute for Defense Analysis and SAIC, as principal investigator and program manager for 25 years, working principally on naval submarine science. After the end of the Cold War, he applied his extensive knowledge of sensors to improvements in railway safety. He never abandoned his academic interests: he taught at George Mason University and George Washington University, where he developed a PhD program for computational sciences and informatics. At the same time, he led a study group with other scientists on cosmology and quantum mechanics.

He ran marathons, and loved bicycling, classical music, and the political satire of the *Capital Steps*. John is survived by his beloved wife, Janice, his three children, and five grandchildren.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Many years after graduation, John and Janice became dear friends. We discussed history, technology, cosmology, running and art. We lost a wonderful conversationalist of tremendous intellectual powers.

Richard Holloway remembers:

I remember JD III as a brilliant classmate and also as a real gentleman. And funny. At a Washington DC Yale mini-reunion, he put everyone into convulsive laughter with a presentation laced with spoonerisms. Thanks John.

Carlyle Hall remembers:

John was a much loved roommate and fraternity brother. He was probably the smartest person I encountered at Yale. A brilliant mathematician. He got a part-time job as a computer software programmer, something that, at the time, none of us really had any idea what he was doing. He had a great sense of humor and, although he was John Donelson the 8th, he decided to call himself John Donelson the 3rd (or as all of us called him "JD III"). Very humble. He ancestry dated back to Andrew Jackson. Many stories from that era. John lived a very well-rounded life. His wife, Janice, and his kids were all devoted to him. As were all of us.

FRANK WILLIAM DONOVAN, JR.



*March 5, 1940 –
January 19, 2011*

Frank Donovan was born on March 5, 1940 in Detroit, Michigan to Frank and Helene Donovan.

Frank attended the Taft School and the Institut Le Rosey in Switzerland before attending Yale. At Yale, he was a Scholar of the House and graduated with a major in

Romance Languages.

Frank attended Columbia University, and graduated with a Masters in Business Administration in 1965. He earned his CPA license shortly thereafter.

During his career, Frank worked for many internationally renowned companies, including Deloitte Touche, KPMG, J.C. Penney, Fiat and Chemical Bank. His executive career spanned continents, cultures, diverse management disciplines and always evolving technologies over a period of more than 40 years.

Frank loved the opera, especially La Scala in Milan, Italy. He also passionately pursued fly fishing, which led him to fish all over the world, including Alaska, Key West, Greenland, Canada, Argentina, Italy and Iceland.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Chantal Maury.

Frank is survived by his sister Julia Darlow; brother Rusty Donovan; son Pier-Franco and his spouse Roberta Donovan; son Roberto Donovan; Son Edgardo and his spouse Rosangela Donovan; daughter Marcella Donovan; daughter Julie Maury; and four grandchildren.

Boris Troyan remembers:

I remember the colors and smell of the autumn leaves at the beginning of the school year and the special sound of new textbooks when you opened them. I remember Frank, a lover of opera, of Italy and Italian women.

Stephen Sohmer remembers:

Frank was a tall, angular fellow who wasn't easy to know. To be, well, frank, he was a great snob, overly proud of having attended Le Rosey and Charlotte Ford's debutante ball. Oddly enough, when one did manage to get to know him (a bit), his snobbishness was rather charming and endearing. I came to enjoy and like him as many did. When I learned of his passing, I realized I would miss him. I would like to have told him so and to have seen the look on his face.

Robert Power remembers:

Frank was my roommate for sophomore year. A chain smoker and passionate about classical music and opera, he tried to educate me about opera by getting me to buy a season ticket to the

Met. Unfortunately it never took.

He married the daughter of an Italian nobleman and I attended their storybook wedding in their palazzo in Florence. Sadly that was the high point of his life and they were eventually divorced. My wife and I remained close to his wife until she died of cancer.

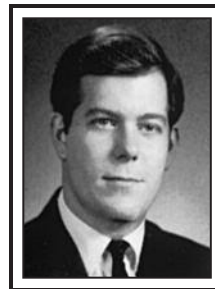
BRAM CANADAY DREW



*January 26, 1941 –
September 20, 2008*

He practiced psychology for 30 years at the St. Paul's and Children's Hospital in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was an avid fisherman and skilled at wordplay; he was rarely bested at Scrabble. His sister Laurel Coke of San Francisco, brother Alden of Minneapolis, and special friend, Myrna Harper, survived him.

DAVID EMMONS



*May 31, 1940 –
October 19, 2009*

Dr. David Emmons graduated high school from Westtown Friends School, a Quaker boarding school located in a sleepy Pennsylvania town about an hour outside of Philadelphia. After graduating from Yale, he earned his Ph.D. in Sociology from the University of Chicago. Later David accepted a job at Richard Stockton College of New Jersey, where he taught courses on criminology, sociology and terrorism for 30 years until his death. He worked patiently and tirelessly on behalf of his students, particularly those who were initially reluctant to accept his help. In many ways, his desire to seek out and work with the underserved was a natural outgrowth of his youth, part of which was spent working with the Civil Rights Movement in rural

Mississippi from 1965 to 1969. He valued his time as a community organizer and campaign worker for the Holmes County Freedom Democratic Party, where he was director of the Six County Voter Education Project and co-founder of Mississippi Action for Community Education, above his various academic achievements.

Outside of the classroom, David's personal passions tended to dovetail with his academic interests. The day after the 9/11 tragedy, camera in hand, David began to document the impromptu expressions of remembrance and commemoration by ordinary New Yorkers. His photographs, which capture the act of memory making and memory marking, have been exhibited throughout New York and New Jersey, most recently at the New York Historical Society. He later conceived of, designed, and taught a course titled "Understanding September 11," the largest course ever taught at Stockton. The course won numerous statewide and national awards and he was teaching an online version of the course at the time of his death. In 2006 and 2007, with his daughter Molly, David began photographing post-Katrina New Orleans, and developed several bodies of work that have been exhibited in the tri-state area.

David's devotion to the underserved, most needy, and his students especially, may be what he is remembered for most. At his memorial service, students spoke with love and thanks for the impact he had on their lives.

After David's death his daughter Molly was inspired to devote her life to the service of others by deciding to become a nurse mid-career. David Emmons will be missed by many and in his spirit we should all strive to be better human beings. In addition to Molly of Brooklyn, New York, David is survived by his two brothers, John and James Emmons of San Francisco, California.

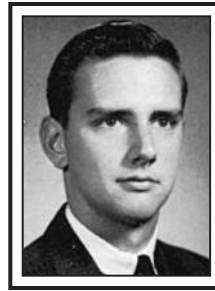
F Dassori remembers:

Brilliant, funny, original and sweetly gentle. If he were alive today, renewing and building on our undergraduate friendship would be high on my list for the coming decade.

Hamilton Tabor remembers:

Roommate in Manhattan, summer of 1961

ROGER GENE EMRICH



*July 8, 1941 –
November 17, 1967*

Born in New York City, son of Elmer F., '31 and Genevieve Shaw Emrich. Prepared at North Little Rock High School, North Little Rock, Arkansas and Miami Edison Senior High School, Miami, Florida. Electrical Engineering major. N.R.O.T.C. Scholarship, 1959-63. Member, Calhoun (touch football and crew teams, 1961-62); Phi Gamma Delta, Institute of Radio Engineers; American Institute of Electrical Engineers; Yale Engineering Association; on freshman 150-lb crew.

Married July 8, 1966 to Eva Brown, San Diego University and Pepperdine University, M.A., later owner of World Famous Travel and Tours in San Diego.

Thomas T. Holme, Jr., '63, friend and roommate, in consultation with Roger's wife and parents, has provided the following biographical sketch.

"Roger was commissioned in the United States Navy the day of graduation and following pilot training at Pensacola, Florida served as a Naval Aviator. On 17 November 1967, while flying a mission over North Vietnam in a F-4 Phantom Jet from the Carrier U.S.S. Coral Sea, Roger was shot down. Carried in a MIA status until the return of the POW's, Roger was later declared killed in action. Roger's name has been inscribed on the Vietnam War Memorial Plaque in the Rotunda at Woolsey Hall which was dedicated during our 15th Reunion."

Military honors awarded Lieutenant Commander Emrich include: Air Medal with two Silver Stars, Navy Commendation Medal with Combat "V" and two Gold Stars with Combat "V's", Purple Heart, Combat Action Ribbon, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal with three Bronze Stars, Republic of Vietnam Meritorious Unit Citation (Gallantry Cross Color with Palm), and Republic of Vietnam, Campaign Medal with Device.

Thomas Holme remembers:

"War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. The person who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself." John Stuart Mill, 1863.

Words written 100 years prior to our graduation are still true. Rog, we miss you.

Norman Dawley remembers:

I remember long walks between the Old Campus and the Engineering and Physics buildings with Roger. We discussed our futures and most everything under the sun. Roger enjoyed his participation in NROTC and the opportunities it gave him, though it made his schedule very busy, effectively adding a sixth class. Very sadly Roger's life was cut short over North Vietnam. Lt. Commander Emrich was on his 136th combat mission. I have paid my respects to him at the Vietnam Memorial. He is buried at Arlington Cemetery. Here is a link to more about Roger, <http://www.arlingtoncemetery.net/rgemrich.htm>

John Rixse remembers:

Roger, you did what you loved to do (even if it was to take to the air!). You set a good example for the rest of us.

Michael Gibbons remembers:

Roger Emrich died in Vietnam and it was a long time before his remains were found, and then it was by his wife and father. He is home now. At Yale we were in NROTC together and hung out on campus often.

On one of the coldest days ever in New Haven, my friend Roger and I were walking to lunch at Commons,. It was a Sunday and there were very few people outside, and none on the plaza leading to Commons save one man...who hailed us. He had noticed that I was wearing a caribou hide parka with a hood trimmed in wolverine fur. The trim was important because it kept ones face from freezing. It had been made for me by Toothless Mary. Mary was a Brooks

Range Eskimo from Anaktuvic Pass. The Brooks is a mountain range in North Central Alaska, and I had worked, as an anthropologist, there with Mary and her extended family the year before.

The passer-by who hailed us claimed to be a reporter for the New Haven Register. He said that he was doing a "special" on the very cold weather and he wanted a picture of me in the parka for his story. I suppose that Roger and I were lucky that it was only a newspaper reporter that was after us – or I was. If we had not been on campus, it is likely that I would have been followed by a pack of dogs as the parka had been neither tanned nor glazed, and the smell was still with it.

More hungry than cold, for the parka was a good one, I stood for the picture while Roger went ahead to lunch and to assure us a favorable table.

When I sat with him, I told Roger that I was not sure that the man really worked for a newspaper and that he probably someone who only wanted a picture of this guy in a fur "coat." Roger assured me that the man was a reporter. When I asked him how he knew, he said "because the reporter is using a Leica camera, and only real pros have them." Roger was like that: quiet, didn't assume much, but never missed a detail. These were characteristics that endeared him to me. In the early nineteen sixties, before the era of brand diminishment, only very serious photographers slung Leicas. Roger was right, of course, the next day my picture appeared on the front page of the Register with wolverine trim blowing across my face.

Martin Schneider remembers:

I shared a suite with Rog Emrich for our 4 years at Yale. Rog was a very enthusiastic and capable electrical engineering student, a scholarship member of the Navy ROTC at Yale and a great person to be around. His promising future was terminated in the Vietnam War, where the plane he was flying in was shot down over enemy territory.

Avi Nelson remembers:

Roger was my occasional lab partner and i remember him as just a really nice guy. I recall when I found out he was killed in Vietnam how it

brought the war home to me directly. I have a mental picture of him in his ROTC uniform — and, of course, in that image he remains forever young.

Heber Pierce remembers:

Roger was in my Naval ROTC class and we dated the same girl from Albertus Magnus. I heard Roger had been shot down in Vietnam and it saddened me deeply. When the Vietnam Wall came to Chicago some years ago, I went to Grant Park to find his name. The book to look up locations was too crowded so I gave up hope of finding his name. I walked the wall and stopped at random to read some of the names. My wife's brother was there somewhere. I stared at the wall and found myself looking directly at Rogers name. It was an otherworldly moment. I said a prayer for him and never mentioned the experience again except to close friends. I remembered Roger and it seemed, on this day, as if he remembered me.

DAN LEWIS ERICKSON



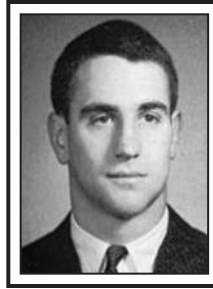
*May 19, 1941 –
August 2, 1986*

Born in Conrad, Iowa, son of the late Ernest and late Reba Lucille Chadwick Erickson. Prepared at Gilmore City Community School, Iowa. Member, Timothy Dwight. Left Yale

after freshman year.

Unfortunately, little is known about Dan's career after leaving Yale, this despite his early reports of pursuing writing as a career. He spent some time in Sweden before moving to New York City, adding advertising to his career interests. In 1977 he moved to Brookline, Massachusetts, where he resided at the time of his death.

JOHN G. FINCH III



*March 24, 1941 –
March 29, 1992*

John G. Finch was killed in a tragic accident. He was working on his property when a tree completely uprooted and he was crushed.

Born in LaPorte, Ind., he was a graduate of Lawrenceville School in New Jersey and received a bachelor's degree in economics from Yale University in 1963 and a master's in business administration from Harvard University in 1965.

At Yale, John was Captain of the Swimming Team that finished in second place in the NCAA's.

He worked as an investment banker with Laird & Co., Eaton Corp and Sara Lee Corp. He had been managing director of Booz Allen and Hamilton and managing director of corporate finance for Smith Barney. He was also a consultant for American industrial development in Poland.

He was a volunteer with the Boy Scouts and Indian Guides and was a member and former trustee of the Sherman Congregational Church. He also belonged to Quaker Hill Country Club in Pawling and the Yale Club in New York City. He was on the board of directors of Delphi Technology of Atlanta as well as several other corporations.

Besides his parents and wife, John was survived by two sons, John G. and David; two brothers; Jerry and Ron and several nieces and nephews.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Captain of our freshman and varsity swim teams. One word describes his activities as a swimmer and, later, as a born-again Christian: driven. He told me briefly about that conversion in a phone call before our 25th. John's post-college plan had been business. As a student of religion I was saddened not to have had the conversation about his conversion experience that he promised in that phone conversation.

Richard Palmer remembers:

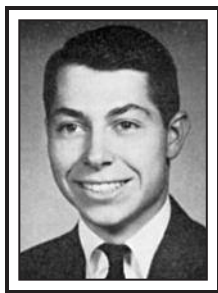
John Finch and I met as swimming team members early in our freshman year and were roommates, together with Steve Binder and Bob Kirkwood, for our last three years. He was an excellent student and team captain our senior year and, more memorably, a wonderful friend not just at Yale but throughout his life. After Yale and Harvard Business School, he applied the same talent, commitment and determination to his business career that had characterized his undergraduate life and, not surprisingly, attained much recognition and success.

It is still my privilege to with talk with John's widow Jill. Though it has been 20 years since his terrible accident, she still loves him deeply, and his Yale roommates still warmly remember and admire him. We miss John and wish he could be with us to tell stories about our years at Yale and celebrate our 50th Reunion.

Douglas Hall remembers:

John was a friend and a leader of the swimming team.

JOHN B. FISHER



*September 27, 1940 –
September 1, 2009*

John Fisher, son of the founder of Fisher-Price Toys, devoted his life to philanthropy and the outdoors. John was one of the original investors in the Buffalo Sabres hockey team and served as a director from 1970 until it was sold. He helped found the Allentown Community Center, which helped poor people climb out of poverty. In 1987, John headed the United Way fund drive to what was then a record total of \$15 million. He was active as a fund-raiser and manager of a number of anti-poverty, anti-addiction and religious activities.

After receiving his MBA from Harvard, John went to work for his father's company, first as a toy designer and eventually rising to vice president. He remained with the company until it was

sold in 1969. Thirty years after rowing in the lightweight crew at Yale, he took up masters rowing and won a gold medal at the World Masters Championships in Montreal. A 1983 canoe trip to the Yukon with six others was made into a documentary, *On to the Polar Sea: A Yukon Adventure*, which won an award from the Canadian film industry. His wife, Judith, his two children, Will and Suzanne, and a sister survived him.

Bentley Burnham remembers:

John was a fine leader and fine oarsman. As stroke, he always gave his all and made us do the same!

F. George du Pont remembers:

John was a good friend, a good student and a dedicated oarsman. The summer after Freshman year we worked together on a fire suppression crew in the Northwest. We were a motley bunch! Agricultural Majors from the Southeast, local Bend Oregon high school seniors and a few Forest Service lifers. One seven day week of eighteen hour days we earned \$200. John got along with everybody in a stressful, dangerous, exhausting environment. I can visualize him smiling when he spilled half of our dinner into the campfire; and saying; "YOUR dinner was ruined!"

John's generosity of spirit and quest for knowledge brightened my college years.

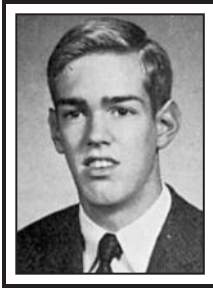
Philip Ryan remembers:

John relocated from Buffalo to Guilford CT, with his wife Judy, a few years ago. The family owned property on one of the Thimble Islands, in Long Island Sound. He was sick by this time, and was being treated at Yale. A ferry brought Judy and John back and forth from their island home, and Jill and I would have coffee and small talk at the local market overlooking the sound. John was a kind and straightforward guy, softspoken and still had a mouthful of teeth (check the Old Campus). We miss him greatly.

William Oldakowski remembers:

Called him "JB Butch". Studious, serious ... beyond his years. Had a lot to contribute.

ROBERT CARTER FISK



*December 14, 1941 –
May 2, 2010*

Bob was the eldest grandchild of Averell Harriman, Governor of New York and U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain in World War II. He worked for several years at Washington's Legal Aid Society. The bulk of his 40-year career was in private practice, specializing in providing legal services for low-income clients in the District. Bob served during the Vietnam War in the U.S. Army medical services corps, including duty in Tay Ninh City. He was awarded the Bronze Star. He was a member of the board of directors of the Brooks School in North Andover, Massachusetts, and of the national councils of the World Wildlife Fund and the National Parks Conservation Association. He served on the vestry of St. John's Episcopal Church in Arden, New York. His humanity and warmth will be remembered by his classmates. Survivors included his companion, Joy Thornton of Washington; three daughters, Katherine Carroll of Baltimore, Caroline Easterling of Rockville, and Mary Dowdle of Haymarket; a sister; a brother; and four grandchildren.

Stanton Samenow remembers:

Bob was a remarkable guy, maintaining a sense of purpose and sense of humor throughout a deteriorating physical disability. He just kept going. I also remember him fondly as my vice president in the Yale Russian Club.

Koichi Itoh remembers:

Bob was a good friend and a fellow Manuscript member in our senior year. When I last saw him at our 35th reunion, he was already afflicted with a serious ailment and was wheel chair ridden. I will miss seeing him at our 50th. May Bob rest in peace.

DOUGLAS RUSSELL FITZPATRICK



*August 8, 1940 –
April 9, 1997*

Douglas FitzPatrick graduated from Montpelier High School in 1958 and received his bachelor's and master's degrees in civil and structural engineering from Yale University.

Early in his career, he worked for New England Telephone in Vermont, the National Park Service in Yosemite, Bechtel Corp. in San Francisco, O'Brien and Gere in Syracuse, Paulsen Associates in South Burlington and Camp Dresser and McKee in Indonesia.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was self-employed from 1977 until 1996, building a small consulting engineering firm. The company was sold to DuBois and King of Randolph, Vermont, where he accepted the position of Vice President.

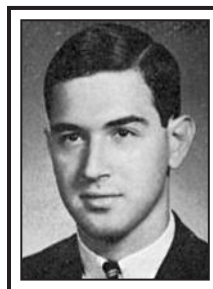
At the time of his death, Mr. FitzPatrick was chairman of the Berlin Planning Commission. He was instrumental in its creation and was a board member for 26 years.

He also helped in reviving the Yale Club of Vermont and was its president.

He enjoyed his engineering work, problem solving and puzzles and time spent with family and friends.

Survivors included his wife Carol, two daughters, Sandra and Heather; three grandsons; his mother and two brothers Samuel and Malcolm.

NICHOLAS STEVEN FREUD



*February 6, 1942 –
August 18, 2006*

Nicholas Steven Freud came to Yale from New York City, where he was born in 1942, the son of Dr. Frederick and Fredericka Freud. He was married in

1966 to Elsa Miriam Doskow. He died in 2006 at his home in San Francisco, at the age of 64. He was survived by his wife, Elsa, and their son, Christopher F.A. Freud

Nick was a man of many accomplishments — husband, father, songster, wit, actor, raconteur, pundit, bon vivant, rector's warden at his church, incredibly talented international tax lawyer. Nick loved practicing tax law and he was very good at it, but his real passions were elsewhere (as they should be). First and foremost, Nick loved his family, his wife Elsa and his son, Chris. One of Nick's other passions was opera. He had season tickets to the San Francisco Opera, and when the Class had its first San Francisco mini-reunion, Nick arranged for us to get a special backstage tour of the Opera House. Another passion was a men's club to which he belonged, the Family. Ham that he was, Nick always participated enthusiastically in the theatrical and musical productions at the Family. Another deep passion was service and faithful devotion to his church. Nick served St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church, a large urban parish in San Francisco, in many capacities, singing in the choir, a member of the Search Committee for a new Rector, and ultimately as Rector's Warden during a very challenging time for the parish.

Another passion, not very well known to most of his acquaintances, but which should bring a knowing smile to his friends at Yale, was memorialized by his son Chris (a fine sports-writer in Vail, Colorado). Writing shortly after his father's death, Chris wrote this about his father:

"Pop didn't like, or know much about, sports at all — with one notable exception. Yale-Harvard football. For one Saturday morning in November, the formal, well-mannered, extremely intellectual man known as my father turned into a raving, fight-song singing, white-hanky-waving lunatic. For those three hours, my father would bellow at the television about how the Yale coach was calling all the wrong plays, and say a lot of unmentionables about all things Harvard. One year, he demanded that then-Attorney General John Ashcroft, also a Yale alumnus, have the Harvard running back deported because the Canadian-born Crimson player was inflicting damage on the Elis."

Nick was indeed an accomplished and committed citizen of the many communities which claimed him, a truly admirable man. But those who knew Nick loved and admired him most for his charm, his warmth, and his gracious and caring soul. When Nick asked, "How are you?" he really wanted to know; and he was a wonderful listener if you wanted to tell him how you really were.

Nick was with us for 64 years, during which he gave a tremendous lot to those around him. It should have been longer.

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

He was a top San Francisco attorney. He was invited to my Stanford Camp at Lake Tahoe, and he enjoyed it immensely. Lots of dialogue and professors to meet.

Stephen Sohmer remembers:

I didn't know Nicky Freud at Yale. We met through a mutual friend with whom we shared a mutual interest in wines and everything about them. By then he was married to a marvelous woman, Elsa, and they were living in condo heaven above San Francisco. The first thing one noticed about Nicky was how stuffy he was — remarkably, almost uniquely stuffy. He knew it, and was so funny about it that one couldn't get enough of his company. Watching and listening as he presided over a dinner table was better than theater. I won't be the only one who misses him.

Duward Sumner remembers:

I had many good times with Nick, in Jonathan Edwards, in the Glee Club, and especially when he joined me on a visit to my family's home in Dallas in 1964. He and my Goldwaterite step-father should have been like oil and water, but they had a marvelous time together. We lost him much too soon.

WARREN WILLIAM FRIEDMAN



*November 25, 1941 –
December 26, 2002*

Warren Friedman was a literary Clark Kent, writing self-described menial English criticism essays to pass the time and get his Yale degree while waiting for the Superman blockbuster novel to emerge from his imagination. He would labor night after night, cigarette dangling from his mouth, at 2 and 3 A.M. in our small Pierson cubbyhole, pecking away on his little typewriter in the middle of his bunk. Or partially hidden by a blanket draped over a desk lamp, he would hammer at the typewriter on his desk, ashes dripping on the floor, secondary smoke climbing into my lungs, but literary criticism jewels and drafts of novel chapters spewing forth. Then would come the self-criticism period when he edited his creations with dictionaries and thesauruses wildly thrown around the room as if that would force just the right words to leap forth onto his pages.

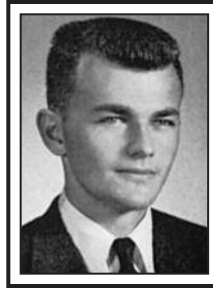
That went on, night after night, month after month. It got him his Yale degree but Clark Kent never changed into Superman. He used his writing instincts to become a good lawyer with a J.D. from Washington University and memberships in the Missouri and Illinois bars. And he was a fine citizen in his Missouri hometown near St. Louis. Before that, Warren served in the U.S. Army. He was a gentleman, a husband and a brother. He was the kind of guy that Yale should honor – satisfied with being a good solid Clark Kent while always keeping a Superman vision in his mind and encouraging others to pursue the Superman dream.

Roderick Petrey

David Culver remembers:

I raise a glass in memory of a wonderfully capable, insightful and compassionate classmate both in college and in high school!

JONATHAN FRITZ



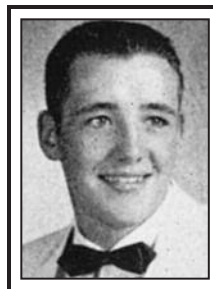
*May 12, 1941 –
November 13, 2005*

Following college, Jonathan Fritz returned to the South Kenai Peninsula of Alaska, where he grew up. He was the son of Dr. Milo Herbert and Elizabeth Berry Fritz, two noted medical pioneers in Alaska, who came to Alaska following World War II. Jonathan died in Anchor Point, Alaska on November 13, 2005.

Richard Cooper remembers:

Jon lived next door in McClellan during freshman year. He was somewhat of a mystery, very seldom seen either in class or in his room. As a result, he was the butt of many practical jokes which he always took in stride. He did an English paper on Hemingway and, rather than hit the stacks in the library, actually called the great man in Idaho. He claimed to have spoken with Hemingway, but because of his propensity to embroider slightly on his accomplishments, whether he actually did remains part of the Jon Fritz mystery. He was a very good guy.

JAMES HOYT GAVER



July 26, 2001

Jim, affectionally known as "Gave," was a champion swimmer in high school in Florida. He entered Yale with an athletic scholarship. He was my freshman-year roommate in Bingham Hall. I can personally attest to his passion for the sport. He was generally either in class or training for his next swim meet.

Jim had an enduring sense of humor. I cannot forget when he threatened to throw me out our window. Only when I realized he was in jest did I return to normal.

Gave excelled in English. I can remember how enamored he was of Chaucer, which was the first assigned reading in honors English. I still see his jovial face as he read aloud select passages.

He entered Trumbull College. He soon became a prominent member of the college Beer and Bike team where he acquired the moniker "Priapus."

Jim enlisted in the Marine Corps after his second year. Quickly, he rose to the occasion. He and a colonel were in charge of air operations during the Cuban missile crisis. He returned to Yale in 1964, and graduated in 1967.

Jim's love of sports never wavered. Not only did he coach both an age group swim team and a semi-pro basketball team, he also played football. In his later years developed a strong passion for sailing.

He started his career by joining the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. There he rose to become a vice president of the technology department. Jim served for over 30 years before retirement.

Jim died from a sudden heart attack six months after retiring. He will always be fondly remembered as having a strong passion for life and for others.

Robert Jensen

RICHARD AUGUSTUS GIEGENGACK



*February 4, 1941 –
January 11, 2007*

Rich Giegengack was raised in nearby Hamden, Connecticut, the son of long-time and legendary Yale track coach Bob Giegengack. He attended Portsmouth Abbey School

in Portsmouth, Rhode Island prior to Yale and, following our graduation in 1963, attended the Yale School of Architecture, graduating with a Masters in Architecture in 1968.

Gieg was a practicing architect for the rest of his life, working with Peter J.B. Vercelli ARIBA in New Haven; Icon Architects in Washington, DC;

and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill (SOM) in Washington, New York, and London, eventually becoming a Design Partner in the firm. At SOM, he was responsible for the design of a number of important projects, including major renovations of eight National Landmark railroad stations between Boston and Washington, the 1976 Bicentennial Master Plan for the Washington Mall and Constitution Gardens, and the Trinity College Landscape Master Plan.

Following his departure from SOM in 1993, Gieg practiced out of his own small architecture firm working on a series of private residences and summer homes, some of them very significant in scope and design. Should anyone wish to see some examples of his remarkable work from this period, just Google "Camp Topridge boat-house" and "Harlan Crow library."

At Yale, Gieg resided in Pierson College. He played basketball all four years and was a member of the great Yale team that in 1962 was the Ivy League Champion and lost in overtime in the NCAAs to Final Four team Wake Forest.

Never married but always surrounded by exceptional, attractive, fun women, Gieg was a valued best friend to many, a frequent selection as a godfather, and a constant source of entertainment, enlightenment and companionship to all who knew him. Who else knew all of the words to "Casey at the Bat," the inscriptions on all of Washington's most significant monuments or the eight vegetables in V-8 Juice? Gieg's secret attraction was his intelligence and the generous and inclusive way he had of expressing it — never with condescension, always without pretense. He had an innate, almost naïve sense of ethics, an honesty that saw no choices where others might be bedeviled by what course of action to take — the right one or the advantageous one.

Gieg gave so much to all of us who knew him. Through his work, his friendship, his personal support. How many of us would — like Gieg — travel halfway across the country to ring doorbells for a friend running for political office? Or drive hundreds of miles multiple times — in the midst of your own severe illness — to comfort a friend injured in a serious accident? Or, in the throes of a major project for a paying client, take time out many times over to advise friends without charge on problems with projects someone

else had been paid to design?

We are all one of a kind but Gieg more so than most. His loss is a loss for all who knew him.

Peter Kiernan

R Elson remembers:

I remember Dick Giegengack mainly from our experience together prior to Yale at a Benedictine monastery school (Portsmouth Priory) near Newport, Rhode Island. The Priory school in the 1950s was the closest thing to a combination of a strict British boarding school and Outward Bound that I can imagine. From 6:15 A.M. until 11 P.M., there was little time for idle thought or goofing-off with the full regimen of religious rituals, classes, study halls, sports and extra-curricular activities we students had to engage in. Gus (as he was known then) and I spent a lot of time together in Christian doctrine, math and Latin classes, as chapel acolytes, on the basketball court, and as co-editors of our senior class yearbook.

One needed a good sense of humor and spirit to survive life at Portsmouth. Gus had these in abundance, for which he was recognized as a class leader and an essential member of any bull session one could find precious free time to arrange. He also had a wonderful ability to express his feelings and points of view, and could readily laugh at himself for any awkward or silly situation he found himself in. Dick knew he wanted to go to Yale long before I did, mainly because his older brother matriculated there and his father was Yale's legendary track coach. Being a close friend, Dick had an important influence on my decision to attend Yale when I was offered admission.

At Yale, following freshman year together as roommates (along with Jere Johnston, another Portsmouth graduate), we had much less time together, with our different academic majors and extra-curricular pursuits. But I greatly admired his skill and determination in playing with the varsity basketball team for three years (my basketball career at Yale was terminated in the first try-outs for the freshmen squad) and early conviction about a career as an architect, in contrast with my less certain path.

By all accounts, Dick had a highly successful

career in architecture. His artistic creativity and infectious sense of humor have been sorely missed.

Andre Houston remembers:

I got to know Richard mostly at Yale Architecture School, where he was a skinny weed of a lad. When I caught up with him again in Washington, DC, about 10 years later, he had gained what the French call, I believe, "avoir du poids." According to Richard, when I saw him at first, I didn't realize who it was because he had gained so much weight. When I recognized who it was standing in front of me, I said, again according to Giegengack, "Is that you in there Giegengack?" I don't think I said that. I am not that clever. Be that as it may, Richard repeated this story, apparently to many people besides myself, with a great smile on his face, often. The last time I heard him repeat it to me was when he was in the hospital dying of postate cancer. He said it with a big smile.

William Oldakowski remembers:

Fraternity brother and freshman basketball teammate. Great sense of humor. Always fun to be with.

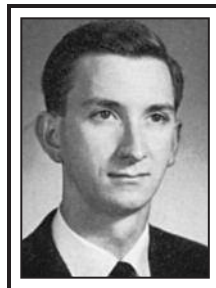
Jerome Johnston remembers:

Ever the smiler, Gus could light up a room. Loved his sport of basketball.

Hamilton Tabor remembers:

Terrific Guy! Good architect. Hope he is practicing on the other side. God Bless!

CHARLES WILLIAM GIFFORD



*May 7, 1941 –
May 14, 1975*

Born in Indianapolis, Indiana, son of William E., Jr. and Ruth Smock Gifford. Prepared at Concordia Lutheran High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana and J.M. Atherton High School, Louisville, Kentucky. Economics

major. Member, Jonathan Edwards (Beethoven Guild 1960-63; co-chairman, 1963); Yale Rifle Club and Yale Record, 1963-63.

Entered military service, U.S. Air Force, held rank of 2d Lieutenant in 1964, 1st Lieutenant shortly thereafter. In 1970 stationed in West Berlin as special research analyst, Department of Defense.

Married September 14, 1971 to Melissa Rich; University of Vermont, '66.

Survived by his parents Mr. and Mrs. William E. Gifford, Jr.

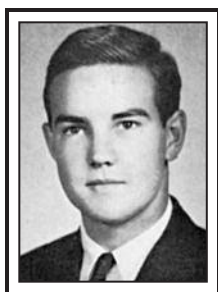
Michael Koenig remembers:

Great guy. Wonderful sense of humor. My regret is that we his friends didn't pick up on what was happening and manage to save him somehow.

John Stratton remembers:

What an amusing and multifaceted mind...and a wry with to go along with his many skills and talents! I remember an odd small pinup he had taped to his desk: a youngish woman, sadly dreamy. "I like her," he said. "She has Weltschmerz." Good fellow, indeed not forgotten but remembered every day.

RICHARD EASTMAN GILBERT



*September 15, 1940 –
November 27, 1967*

Dick Gilbert was born in Trenton, New Jersey, son of Charles Burton and Elizabeth Louise Eastman Gilbert. Prepared at Lawrenceville and the Oakham School, Rulland, England. Political Science major. Dean's List, spring 1962. Member, Saybrook and St. Anthony Hall. Roommates W.H. Frederick, B. Heneman.

M.A. Fletcher 1964. Business International Development Foundation, Project Officer 1964-66. Ford Foundation, Caracas, Venezuela, Project Assistant 1966-68; Graduate school.

Married Lucy Ann James, December 30, 1963, Bennington College, B.A. '63. Daughters Ann

Ashby born August 18, 1964 and Elizabeth Eastman born June 13, 1966.

Survived by his mother, Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, brother Charles Gilbert, widow and two daughters in Pennington, New Jersey.

William Smart remembers:

Richie was one of the thinkers of our little band, always ready with a laugh and a smile, and a joy to be around. He and Lucy were a perfect match!

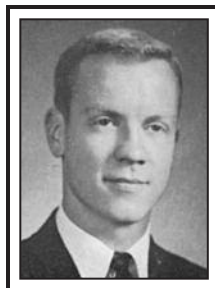
He is missed.

Douglas Rand remembers:

Richie Gilbert was a good and passionate man who did not survive the emotional scars of his work for the CIA in the Dominican Republic in the mid 60's.

He left behind two very young daughters and beautiful in mind, spirit and body, Lucy Ann James (Bennington College, Dance). Since Richie's passing, the public has become more aware of the dark nature of protecting America's "interests". Some politicians now casually mention possible future wars with Iraq and China. Hopefully the good in all of us can prevail in all of our future relationships and young men will not be asked to do the dirty work of the elite.

ALLEN JUDSON GOULD



*April 21, 1941 –
March 15, 1999*

Allen Gould grew up in Rochester, New York. He received a Bachelor of Science degree in Electrical Engineering from Yale in 1963, and a Master's degree from Stanford University in 1965.

Allen worked for Bell Laboratories in New Jersey and Singer Corporation in San Francisco.

In 1975 he moved to Maine and settled near North Anson, where he homesteaded for about ten years, tending his home and his meticulously laid out garden. He lived simply and elegantly, enjoying classical music, candlelight, and quiet

moments by the pond.

Allen was well known in the greater Farmington, Maine area as the beloved owner of a local fix-it shop, the Electric Works. He repaired all sorts of devices from toasters to windmills, both in and out of his shop. He would make house calls for special problems or for people who had difficulties getting out. He enjoyed explaining electricity and discussing innovative solutions to unusual problems.

In 1996 he left Farmington to go to Ghana with the Peace Corp. There he taught adult courses in electricity and made a lasting impression on the local people with his many kindnesses and attention to individuals.

After his two-year stint in the Peace Corps he returned to the States and spent some time at the Kripalu Center for Yoga and Health in Lenox, Massachusetts.

He had begun to receive letters from the people of Ghana, pleading with him to return to Africa to complete a course of study that had been interrupted by his leaving. He had decided to return, on his own, to do just that, when he was diagnosed with cancer.

ALAN DICKSON GRANQUIST



*March 30, 1941 –
July 7, 2010*

Dick Granquist graduated magna cum laude from Harvard Law School in 1966, and joined the New York law firm of Davis Polk & Wardwell in 1969, specializing in corporate law. He became a partner at Davis Polk & Wardwell LLP in 1977 and retired from that firm in 1986. In semi-retirement thereafter, he was of counsel at several law firms, including Schulte, Roth & Zabel.

Dick lived most of his childhood abroad — his father worked for International Harvester — including many years in Sweden. He was fluent in Swedish and French. Returning to the U.S. to finish his secondary education, he graduated from high school in Westtown, Pennsylvania,

outside Philadelphia.

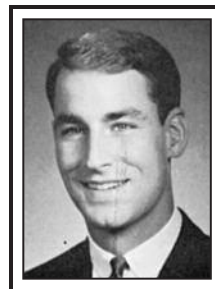
Dick was a long-time resident of Darien, Connecticut. His wife, Joan, children Karen and John, and grandchildren Ashley and Sarah survive him.

Guy Struve, who knew Dick at Yale, at Harvard Law and at Davis Polk remembers him as follows: "Dick Granquist was one of the most intelligent, thoughtful and sensitive people in our class. His standards for himself were incredibly high, and, he never accepted less than his best as good enough. It was an inspiration to know Dick, and his memory remains an inspiration."

Joseph Alpert remembers:

I remember Dick as one of the brightest and most insightful individuals that I met during my four years at Yale. He was multilingual and sophisticated, and had a huge fund of knowledge. He was a very, very loyal friend, and I treasured the time that I spent with him except for those times when he would smoke while shaving next to me!! We had a small group of friends in Stiles our senior year that included Dick, Dave Gergen, Mike Reed and myself; we called ourselves the committee of the house. We spent many hours together arguing, joking, and sharing experiences. I wish Dick were going to be at our 50th to relive those times.

ARTHUR WALKER GRIFFITH, JR.



*July 31, 1940 –
April 29, 2010*

Walker "Chip" Griffith spent his career in finance, starting in New York City before migrating to Chicago, Atlanta, and, finally, Nashville, where he was a partner in J.C. Bradford.

Chip was President of the Southeastern Chapter of the Society of the Cincinnati and In the community, he served as a board member of Second Harvest Food Bank.

He had a strong interest in serving one's country and was a member of the U.S. Army

Special Forces. He became an expert on World War II aviation and an avid builder and collector of model aircraft.

Over the years, Chip frequently lamented the absence of a ROTC program at Yale and hoped the day would come when he could be present at the commissioning ceremony for Yale ROTC officers. He would have been immensely pleased to see the full return of those programs in 2012.

Michael Gibbons remembers:

I went directly from a regular high school to senior year in a residential prep school. My first month there was miserable. A foggy morning found me walking one of the paths of the place. Along came this big guy with a smile. To me it said, "I am here and belong here and you are and belong here too." I saw that smile a lot that year. After a while, I found out it was Chip, so I would say "Hi, Chip" and he replied "Hi, Mike." I didn't know he knew my name. This continued at Yale for four years, saying no more than our greeting. It always made me feel better about being there. Chip Griffith made places better for me by simply walking around smiling.

STEPHEN EDWARD GUISINGER



*January 14, 1941 –
July 3, 2001*

Steve Guisinger was born in Kansas City, but spent most of his life in Dallas, Texas. He died unexpectedly after complications from surgery for colon cancer.

Steve and I met in France, where I roomed with Steve during the first part of our Junior Year in France program. After the summer of 1963 in Washington, DC, where Steve and I shared a house with Bob Flanagan and Bill Nordhaus, Steve matriculated at Harvard's School of Public Administration, and later transferred to the Economics Department, where he got a Ph.D., and married a young English woman, Diana Hunter, who was working for a related Harvard program. Steve's field of study was foreign direct invest-

ment and development, and perhaps Diana's and his best years were spent in Islamabad, Pakistan, when Steve was an advisor at the Ministry of Finance. Diana had a first daughter, Victoria, while they were still living in Cambridge, and a second, Alexandra, in Dallas, shortly before leaving for first Ethiopia and then Pakistan. I was pleased to have been Steve's best man at his wedding in 1966, as well as the godfather of Alexandra, attending her christening in England.

Steve returned to Dallas to take positions first at Southern Methodist University and then at the newly opened School of Management at University of Texas Dallas. Steve wrote and co-authored a number of books on aspects of economic development, but he was most proud of his pioneering ventures at the School of Management, first in setting up one of the earliest US-China exchange programs with Tsinghua University, and then being at the forefront in the development of "distance learning."

Unhappily, his marriage did not survive the Texas heat. Diana returned to England, under an arrangement where the two girls spent the academic year with Steve in Dallas, and Christmas vacation and summers in England. Victoria studied at the University of Chicago and earned master's degrees from Yale's School of Management and the School of Epidemiology and Public Health. Alexandra went to Harvard and then got her Ph.D. at Yale in political science. A third daughter, Amari Guisinger, born late in Steve's life, recently graduated from the University of California, San Diego and plans on applying for doctoral programs in economics. Victoria and her husband, Marco Del Negro (another Yale Ph.D., in economics), live in Brooklyn with their daughter and son. Victoria has enjoyed a career in global public health, and Marco is an Assistant Vice President at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Alexandra and her husband David Nickerson (yet another Yale political science Ph.D.) live in South Bend, Indiana, with their two sons. Alexandra is an assistant professor and David a newly tenured associate professor of political science at the University of Notre Dame. Needless to say, Steve would have been extremely proud of the accomplishments of his daughters and their spouses.

John Impert

Herbert Turin remembers:

Another roommate who shared a love of tennis. One summer I visited him in Dallas and we were the only players on the courts in the afternoon when it was extremely hot. He worked in economic development in Africa, Ethiopia in particular. Later, he became a consultant for businessmen interested in opportunities in China and Japan. I remember that his father read Moby Dick every year.

HERBERT RAYMOND HARRIS II

March 4, 1939 –

June 9, 1994

Dr. Herbert Raymond Harris II was Assistant Director of Academic Computing for 12 of his 17 years at the University of Kansas. In this capacity he was responsible for the “human phase of computing” — developing computer applications and user manuals to support University personnel with computing needs but no programming background. During his tenure at the University, he was nominated for employee of the year (1985); founded and directed the Midwestern Computer Camp; was recognized by BYTE magazine as one of the first computer camps in the nation for junior high and high school students; transitioned the center from a single, centralized computing system to microcomputers; and offered seminars on computer use. After his passing in June 9, 1994, Academic Computing Services dedicated the “Herb Harris Student Computing Lab” to recognize his advocacy of computing resources for students.

Herb earned a Ph.D. in Linguistics from the University of Kansas in 1981. His dissertation, “A Grammatical Sketch of Comox,” preserved a previously undocumented Indian Language, whose oral tradition was upheld by a single elderly native speaker and her partially fluent son, in Vancouver, Canada. He dedicated the dissertation to his wife, Darlene Ann Jones, whom he had married in 1963. They had two children, Lisa (1967), a system engineer/program manager, and Jason (1977), a software engineer/programmer.

Dubbed Eagle Scout “Great Low Flying Eagle” as a boy, he became involved with Boy

Scouting again with his son in 1985, eventually becoming Scoutmaster for Troop 59. He loved camping, and especially loved the High Adventure program. The troop honored his memory with an Eagle Charm on the 1994 High Adventure trip flag.

As an undergraduate at Yale, he was a member of Skull & Bones and lived at Calhoun College. As a Calhoun player, he performed in “The Tempest”. His senior year, he was class president, football letterman, a member of the drama and glee clubs, and graduated in philosophy.

He was prone to undertake major, DYI building projects (some requiring creative recovery schemes to complete). The first was a sailboat he built in his friend’s backyard/garage, and towed to Clearwater, FL to spend the summer after high school sailing.

Herb was born March 4, 1939 in Kansas City, MO to Herbert and Katherine Harris and has one surviving brother, Charles, Millspring, NC. As a Kansan, he was a loyal vegetable gardener, armed each Spring with a roto-tiller, seedlings, seeds, row markers and string. He loved celebrations, and was himself a holiday tradition in the aging plastic Santa suit he dawned at each year’s office party.

He had an infectious energy and enthusiasm for life. He was always ready to run with an idea, take on a challenge and encourage others to strive high and try new endeavors. He could turn simple life occurrences into vivid stories with his wit and extraordinary language skills. He loved a healthy debate and embraced change with positive, creative solutions. He was a friend to everyone who knew him and is remembered fondly by us all.

Jacob Plotkin remembers:

Herb was a great storyteller. When he spoke everyone listened; in part this was due to his quick wit and natural acting ability. He was a little older than the rest of us (two years) and more worldly wise in many ways. I still remember his infectious laugh, his animated way of speaking, and his eyes, which literally sparkled as he regaled us with his humorous tales.

Gary Brauner remembers:

A very witty and charming guy who pre-saged the 60's era with non-traditional dress, style and mores five years ahead of his time — how did he know? A very insightful lunch companion who left you thinking and questioning always.

James Courtright remembers:

Herb will always be remembered for his conversation, his wit, and intellectual openness. Herb Harris Student Computer center at the University of Kansas was dedicated to his memory and is still fondly remembered by persons who knew him. He earned his Ph.D. in Linguistics, a most appropriate discipline.

Rudolph Dusek remembers:

Herb returned to Yale in his senior year so we knew him for one year, whereas for many of us that was too short of time, as was his life. It was a surprise to me that my roommates and I were with Herb at Calhoun for only one year, for he was such a presence at Calhoun. There are so many memories of him in the dining hall engaging in Socratic conversation and debate. His was an engaging and passionate person who had little patience for 'flim-flam' James Ben Courtright says he is not sure there was ever a time that Herb did not want to test the logic and to argue, sometimes just for the fun of it. He was always stimulating in argument with other philosophy majors. His outrageous and controversial remarks were meant to shock or jog the listener and not always appreciated by his teachers, but ultimately had a salutary effect.

Herb had a positive effect on many classmates. Gary Brauner gave money to Calhoun to set up a printer room in Herb's memory. Jack Plotkin, Jack Cole and many others remember him fondly.

At one dinner at Calhoun he appeared with shaved head and beard. However, when he turned the other side of his head, he looked like a different person. He had left a beard and long hair on the other side — a veritable Janus. Herb claimed that after a bottle of bourbon he would wake up the next morning "as fresh as a newborn babe." I took his advice to drink bourbon thereafter.

Herb was constantly arguing philosophy.

However, Herb's interest in communication theory and linguistics was very evident while at Yale and I can recall him as an undergraduate analyzing non-verbal communication at a time when that had not yet become such a popular topic.

Herb used to refer to "Darlene, the love of my life," whom he married after graduating. After Herb graduated from Yale he got a M.A. at the University of Kansas in '71 and a Ph.D. in 1981, both in Linguistics. Later he was the beloved (by both students and staff) director of the Undergraduate Computing Center at the University of Kansas. He had been active in leadership positions at the SIGUCCS User Services Conferences on several occasions in 70's and 80's. After his death in 1995 the University of Kansas Student Computing Lab was named after him. His daily e-mails to co-workers at the center were extremely funny motivating and encouraging, and made him a beloved by the staff. He had an early interest in Linux and other computing protocols and saw them as a means of facilitating access and communication primarily among students long before Facebook. The e-mails and reminiscences of lab personnel and students at the dedication ceremony make one remember Herb with nostalgia. Even years later, one can still Herb's voice as one reads his emails.

JOSEPH HARTSHORNE



*July 23, 1936 –
January 31, 2012*

Joseph Hartshorne passed away January 31, 2012, at home in Pahrump, Nevada.

Joe was born on July 23, 1936, in Alton, Illinois. He was a resident of Pahrump for close to 30 years, having come from New York City and prior to that from Stony Creek, Connecticut.

Joe served in the United States Army and spent much of his early career in security for the J. C. Penney Corporation before coming to Pahrump and becoming an established real estate professional.

Joe was a life-long bachelor, but he had many very close friends and loved ones that were closer to him than some families are.

Joe enjoyed jigsaw puzzles tremendously. He also enjoyed reading immensely. Among his favorites were mysteries, histories and biographies. He was always available to help a friend when they needed his help and never asked for anything in return.

He is survived by his nephew Greg (Caron) Smith of Oxnard, Calif., and his children Samuel and Adrianna; his nephew Douglas (Sally) Smith of Ashburn, Va., and his children Jessica, Rebecca, Zachary, Melissa and Anastasia; and his niece Kristen (Charles) Moser of Frederick, Md., and her daughter Katherine Sue.

MATTHEW ARMSTRONG HAWES



*May 19, 1941 –
April 29, 2008*

Matt grew up in the Washington, D.C. neighborhood of Georgetown in the 1950's – an idyllic period. There was a grocery store on the corner and all kinds of neighborhood children, including future St. Albans and Yale classmate Albert Sturtevant. His was a lively family in which there was always on-going and lively debate among the four children, not to mention the two parents, serenely refereed by Mr. Hawes and witnessed by the family kinkajou.

He entered St. Albans in its Lower School. By Upper School, he was playing soccer, starring in the history department and serving as president of the Government Club, where he did battle with the conservatives. There he acquired his strong opinions and stentorian voice in defending them, always making sure his conversations concluded with a humorous outcome. With classmates Albert Sturtevant and Sam Deloria, he made his way to New Haven in 1959, where he roomed with Deloria for 3 years.

After Yale, Matt received Masters degrees in international studies from Johns Hopkins and business administration from NYU. He worked

for Chase Manhattan Bank in London from 1967 to 1990 and then went into business for himself with some former colleagues in New York and London. That his business was cutting-edge is attested to by the fact that he didn't even try to explain it to his pedestrian roomie Deloria – something to do with money and commodities. Christine says he loved it, and it was hands-on, not just moving money around – following trends, predicting the impact of weather and political and economic changes, personally inspecting sources and transportation routes.

After retirement, he reveled in traveling the world and returning regularly to his family roots in Little Compton, R.I. His retirement years were rich with time spent with his family.

Although raised in D.C., Matt was a Yankee by heritage. A model of rectitude in demeanor, he was capable of thundering bombast befitting the greatest of his clerical ancestors when moved by provocation from the world. All the surviving roomies recall "Yawes" (undergrads are positively poetic when it comes to nicknames) pacing the floor, slapping his stomach and thundering about one injustice or another. Not unreasonable or self-centered by any means, but possessing a Biblical sense of Justice.

In the early years after graduation, Matt decided to serve his country in the National Guard. His dedication, if not his patriotism, was tested during a strike by the U.S. Mail employees, when he found his unit activated and assigned to mail-sorting duties in Manhattan – in the post office that handled Readers Digest Books, requiring Matt to hoist packages of Readers Digest books for several weeks.

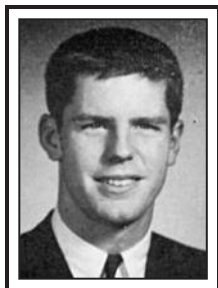
He married the beautiful Christine, a former UN interpreter with a French accent that defines elegance. They raised two sons, of whom they are enormously proud.

Matt died in April, 2008 and is survived by his wife of 40 years, Christine, his sons Charles ('94) and Oliver, (Cambridge), two sisters and a brother and two grandchildren. Unforgettable; lovable.

Stephen MacKinnon remembers:

A very entertaining roommate whose life in London was rewarding and too short.

BEVERLY PIERCE HEAD III



*September 26, 1941 –
September 6, 2011*

Bev Head was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama. After receiving his B.A. from Yale College in 1963 and LL.B. from Yale Law School in 1966, Bev served as an infantry officer in the U.S. Army, stationed in Iran. Then he returned to Birmingham, where he lived the rest of his life as an active civic leader, a world traveler and a man of many interests.

Bev attended Birmingham University School (B.U.S. – now known as The Altamont School) in Birmingham and then McCallie School in Chattanooga, Tennessee. After McCallie, Bev followed in the footsteps of a favorite uncle, Hugh Kaul, Yale Sheffield Scientific School Class of 1929.

Bev was a swimmer at Yale under Coach Robert Kiphuth. He was in Silliman College and an Economics major. He watched from New Haven as his hometown made international headlines for the attacks on nonviolent protesters. When Bev called home in May 1963, his parents voiced a then typical view that these “troubles” were brought on by “outside agitators”. Being at Yale during this pivotal time in American history indelibly shaped Bev’s views of race relations and social dynamics in a way that would influence him for the rest of his life.

During college, Bev met Maryam “Mimi” Birjandi, a native of Tehran, Iran who was attending college in the States. A first date at Old Heidelberg eventually led to marriage in July 1964. The couple spent the early years of their marriage in a cottage by the sound in Branford. Bev was in law school (working evenings in a fish factory) while Mimi kept busy raising their son Barton and working on copy editing for Law Professors Joseph Goldstein and Jay Katz.

Graduation from law school in 1966 saw the young family (daughter Hillery was born October of that year) move to Mimi’s hometown of Tehran where Bev served as an Infantry Captain and adjunct to Major General Jablonski, head of the ARMISH-MAAG American advisory

forces to the Shah. These three years, coupled with a lifetime spent with Mimi, led to Bev’s understanding of Middle East dynamics, culture and language that earned Mimi and him the privilege of giving informal talks on the subject of “The Challenges of Iran” to groups up and down the east coast.

Bev’s private sector business career began back in Birmingham in 1969 at Dyatron Corporation, an international computer software and services firm, where he was chairman and CEO until the sale of the company in 1984 to Sunguard Data Systems. Founded in 1964 by Bev’s father, Dyatron watched the advent of the computer age beginning with mainframes the size of offices that sent data to automotive dealerships throughout North America, Japan and Australia to more and more compact systems.

Since 1985, Bev was chairman and majority owner of Giles & Kendall Company, a leading producer of aromatic cedar lining and cedar wood oil. Meanwhile he watched Mimi buy and grow a distribution business of commercial construction supplies. Eventually joined by their two daughters, Hillery (class of 1988) and Maye (class of 1992), Ram Tool & Supply Company is the largest family-owned company in its sector stretching (upon this publication date) from Washington, DC to Houston, TX. When Lears Magazine wrote an article about Mimi’s success, Bev was quoted admiring the strength and determination of the unique woman who, in his words, he had “the blind good fortune to marry.”

Bev’s life was forever altered when his son, Barton, was killed while attending college at Tulane in 1983. This event marked a turning point in his life when he became tireless in serving his community. He was active in the Rotary Club of Birmingham (serving as President in 2000), the Children’s Hospital Board of Directors and the Alabama Symphony Orchestra, among other civic and philanthropic organizations. From 1991 to 1999, Bev served as an unpaid Assistant to the Mayor of Birmingham, to promote better relations between the black government and the predominantly white business community. As he said, he dealt a lot with “race relations as well as the normal government-business, rich-poor, and urban-suburban tensions” in Birmingham.

During this time, Bev also worked closely with his uncle to set up the Hugh Kaul Foundation. The foundation focuses primarily on projects in the greater Birmingham area and has changed the landscape of the town that Bev called home for almost all of his life. A few months before his death, Bev said that setting up the foundation and serving on the distribution committee were some of the proudest accomplishments of his life.

Bev was unstinting in his service to the Yale Class of 1963. He not only had an unprecedented number of friends in the class, he was also a friend of the Class in every way. Bev was Class Secretary for ten years, and served term after term on the Class Council. He supported the Class's various fund-raising efforts, and gave of himself generously at any Yale gathering, reunion or meeting that desired his presence.

An avid sailor, Bev spent the last 20 years of his life traveling both sides of the North Atlantic extensively in his 54 foot sloop, Maryam. He crossed the Atlantic twice, once in 1992 from the Caribbean to the Mediterranean via the Canaries and once in 2009 following the Viking route by way of Iceland and Greenland. This second crossing was particularly important to Bev since it occurred several years after a diagnosis of prostate cancer and well into several courses of treatment. When asked how he was doing, he loved launching into detail about the wonders of the trip from Bergen, Norway to Newport, Rhode Island.

For the 25th Reunion Class Book, Bev ended his bio with sailing on his mind. He wrote, "looking back, I realize I have had a wind at my back. I paddle hard at times, but wind at your back lets you go further on a given amount of effort... And whether one is cycling or sailing, a fair wind helps one go faster, further, more easily, and more pleasantly."

Bev is survived by his mother, Mrs. Beverly P. Head Jr.; wife, Maryam "Mimi" Head; daughters, Hillery Head Perkins and Maye Head Frei; and five grandchildren.

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

I always will remember him sailing the coast of Norway in June as he neared death and especially after his son's death. Probably the best place to sail.

John Hagedorn remembers:

With Bev's passing, a shining light of kindness, wisdom and understanding — to his family, his community, his friends — has gone out. To paraphrase Scott Fitzgerald in his ending to "The Freshest Boy," Bev was one of those few to whom it was given to know those moments when the slightest touch might wither or heal. He spoke kind words knowing that a moment too late and we could not longer be saved in this world, that we could not be slain by the sharpest swords or cured by the most efficacious drugs. His kindness was one of the means by which we were spared from joining the great army of the bitter, the selfish, the neurasthenic and the unhappy.

Bev and I shared so many memorable events in our developing years, including our suite at Yale, our first exploration of Europe (with me lagging behind as Bev churned through the waters of the Adriatic near Venice and the North Sea at Scheveningen where my Dutch cousins lived), course lectures (he recommended to me many of the most meaningful courses,) trips to NYC for plays and jazz, double dates, Sunday sermons (we alternated between his Episcopal and my Methodist church), sailing the Long Island Sound with Biles, family weddings and parents funerals, gifts for our new born children, Christmas mis-sives in which we opined on the problems of the world, intimate visits in each others' homes. Ann remembers Bev for his intellectual curiosity and his ability to ask the most thought-provoking questions about your personal experiences, and more important, your long held beliefs on current events, on literature, sports, politics, history and religion.

Sutton Keany remembers:

A gentle chair of our Class Council for many years. Very bright, very willing to engage each matter as it came along. A co-challengee with AMD. An occasional client. A remarkably nice and accomplished person.

Richard Foster remembers:

Bev Head was my best friend.

Bev and I knew each other in New Haven, but not nearly so well as we did after we came together for our 20th Reunion in '83. He then was my co-chair at the 25th Reunion Special Gifts

Committee. That was the first place I really learned what a great spinner of tales he was. He could charm the blood from a stone, as many of you no doubt remember.

He was the finest person I knew. Kind, thoughtful, informed, passionate about those things in life that he felt strongly about (and there were many just causes), articulate, available, affable, fair, passionate and always there when you needed him. Bev was a great husband, father, and a grandfather (but not a great-grandfather), uncle, son and friend.

Bev never disappointed. Bev had an unbelievable ability to soak everything in, aiming for complete understanding. He knew far more than most of us, yet he never grandstanded. Rather he asked questions and listened carefully. He was wonderful to talk with — and talk we did for hours and hours. We spent hours together solving all the world's problems, almost always with a glass of champagne in hand.

We spent glorious days in St. Bart's with Bev's family and friends. We had wonderful hours in the summer in Martha's Vineyard, identifying boats in the harbor using Bev's most recent "ships at sea" identifying app. We enjoyed meals in the Yale Club and the New York Yacht Club in New York City. We shot birds in Dutchess County, providing even more opportunities for telling lies. We walked for hours in the woods telling tales the whole way.

All of us who had the privilege of knowing Bev are the better for it. He will remain with us — and with me — for as long as we and our children are able to carry the warm memories of this exemplary man and classmate.

Richard Rosenfeld remembers:

I loved Bev Head, the Birmingham, Alabama boy whose father warned him to stay away from the Reverend William Sloane Coffin when he went to Yale, who disobeyed and learned, and who became the second largest funder of the William Sloane Coffin Common Room at Yale some forty years later. I sailed with Bev off the coast of Denmark, survived a fire on board, and returned home with some of the best memories of my life. Bev was an extraordinarily capable business person, a man of many interests, a caring family man, and, perhaps most of all, a person of

conscience who gave greatly to all communities he shared. Bev is part of Richard Rosenfeld and will always be.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

My fellow backstroker for 4 years. I beat him regularly for 4 years straight; I still remember his pleasure at beating me in our very last meet, in 1963 — and honestly, I was pleased for him. A Beta brother. We had a good reunion in 1988. His post-Yale career was really distinguished. I was shocked and really saddened by Stan Riveles' news of Bev's death.

Richard Holloway remembers:

What an impressive person, and another real gentleman. It is pleasing to remember men of such character as we suffer the displays of bad behavior in this present election period.

C Musson remembers:

An example of how reunions can help make new friends is the fact that I really got to know Bev after graduation at reunions. I enjoyed speaking with him, both at reunions and at other times either on the phone or at the Yale Club in NYC when he was staying there during his medical treatment visits. His wife Miriam also became a good friend, mostly because of her Persian heritage (my second wife was also Persian from the same town in Iran as Miriam). I was saddened when Bev lost his fight with cancer.

Hugh Rowland remembers:

A lovely and courageous person.

Koichi Itoh remembers:

I did not know Bev very well while at Yale, but we became good friends through past reunions and we corresponded regularly via email. I mourn his passing as I was very much looking forward to seeing him at our 50th. May Bev rest in peace.

Fredric Schneider remembers:

I never met a finer man than Bev, he was as good as it gets. He had it all — intelligence, integrity, generosity, decency, ability, charisma, taste, humor, etc. Bev was supremely successful

in building businesses, nurturing his family, creating deep friendships, captaining his boat, and advancing civic and eleemosynary institutions, including of course Yale to which he was deeply devoted. To be with him was a joy, an education, an inspiration and a privilege that none who knew him will ever forget.

James Biles remembers:

A life long but distant friend. Many memories together. A real contributor to our society and school. And to many others.

John Rixse remembers:

Bev, you got us going and set the path that has been followed since....

William Oldakowski remembers:

My fraternity "son". A Southern gentleman.

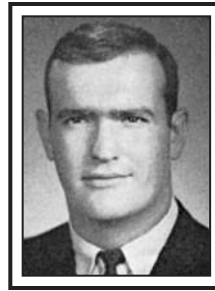
James Courtright remembers:

His presence, his friendliness, and his interest in classmates' ideas, careers and lives at reunions was always notable.

Guy Struve remembers:

It's hard to believe that Bev will not be with us at this Reunion. I close my eyes, and I see his glowing smile, his twinkling eyes, the eager expectancy with which he greeted each of us and what we had to tell him. Bev was a rock of integrity and a consummate gentleman — the epitome of grace and courage even as he neared the end. A few weeks before he died, we watched together the Class of 1961 50th Reunion film which served as the inspiration for our own. Bev loved it, and volunteered to be one of the first classmates interviewed for our film. Unfortunately, he did not live to keep the appointment. We are all the poorer for it.

PETER HAROLD HEMINGSON



*August 8, 1939 –
July 6, 1997*

Peter Hemingson died of sudden cardiac arrest on July 6, 1997. He received a B.A. (Phi Beta Kappa) from Columbia University in 1965, and an M.A. and a Ph.D. also from Columbia.

Pete was one of those lucky people who was always able to turn his hobbies into paid work. There were lots of hobbies, and they were sequential. When he caught on to the emerging field of computing, he was a systems analyst for Chase Manhattan Bank. When he became passionate about bibliography he worked on the editorial staff of *American Book Prices Current*, a catalog for dealers in rare books. When gardening caught his fancy, he became the garden editor of *The Mother Earth News*. From there he moved into the emerging community-supported agriculture movement, while editing a sponsored magazine for small farmers. He indulged his interest in electronics and his passion for music when he was copy editor of *High Fidelity Magazine*. Finally, we learned that Pete really only had one hobby, and that was collecting information. When he absorbed everything there was to know in one field, he happily moved on to the next. We "dined out" on Pete's hobbies, because he had so much delight to share.

And did I mention that he was funny? And graceful?

While he was at High Fidelity he took a course in music theory at the Juilliard School of Music. Pete was the only non-musician in the class. At the last session the students were invited to perform for the others on their instruments. When it was Pete's turn to "perform" he spoke for a few minutes on the role of patrons in supporting musicians. Then he opened his briefcase, took out a bottle of champagne and glasses, and shared it with the class.

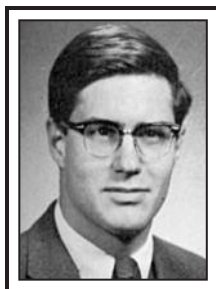
If there is a heaven, he is probably cataloging it right now.

Letty Hemingson

Pete's hobby may have been collecting information, but his passion was his friends. Paramount among them was his wife of 34 years, Celeste Abell Hemingson. From the time he first caught sight of her at the end of sophomore year, he mounted a persistent, non-threatening campaign to woo and win her, married her in June 1963 and spent the rest of his life devoted to her. And although Letty was in a special class, Pete just liked people and people all liked Pete. With boundless, unconscious generosity he would set up your stereo, help you move, serve as the answer man for virtually any question, cheer you up when you were down or just plain irritable, and be boon companion on some project or lark. Omnivorous in his musical tastes and president for two undergraduate years of Indian Neck Folk Music Festival, our era's folk music organization, Pete conferred his Amazing Grace on everyone he touched.

Nelson Luria

MICHAEL LEE CARTER HENDERSON



*June 4, 1941 –
January 28, 2006*

It's early September 1959; Mike Henderson is at the wheel of his father's monumental 1930 Rolls Royce sedan, with me sitting next to him. We're headed to 59 Vanderbilt

Hall, the room we'll share as Yale freshmen.

Forty seven years later, January 28, 2006, the phone rings. "Tony," the voice says. "This is Jane. Michael died." The words are unintelligible. I don't know any Janes for whom the words "Michael died" are a meaningful statement; and then it comes to me – that Jane – that Michael.

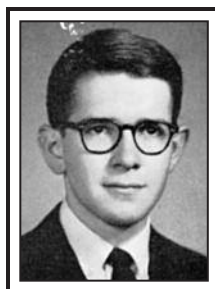
Oh my God!! do 47 years separate those two dates, or did a lifetime pass before my eyes in a moment of time? Michael Lee Carter Henderson. My oldest friend. Yale Class of 1963, Magna Cum Laude; Harvard Law School, 1966; Harvard Divinity School, Magna Cum Laude, 1974. Father to three wonderful girls, Rachel, Mary and Abby.

For 26 years shared a Congregational pulpit with his beloved wife Jane. Michael gave too much of himself, and died young.

His loss is an impoverishment to all who know and loved him. I am comforted, though, by the words of Socrates: "No evil can befall a good man, either in this world, or in the next." Mike was a good man; he leaves the memory of a good life as his epitaph.

J. Anthony Gaenslen

JOSEPH ALEXANDER HERZENBERG II



*June 25, 1941 –
October 28, 2007*

Whether he was parsing the day's news, poking fun at undergraduate pretensions, or musing about Rome's fallen empire and the future of the United States, Joe was always knitting

friendships with a wide circle of classmates in the Trumbull dining room, which is where I met him in the fall of 1960. During the next three years we dissected JFK's election, the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban Missile Crisis, African Independence and the Civil Rights Movement, and along the way became good friends. After graduation Joe and I stayed on at Yale and shared a Cottage Street apartment for one year as we both pursued an advanced degree. In 1964, Joe registered voters during the Mississippi Freedom Summer, and the following year, Joe and I took a three week trip around East Africa where I was serving a two year stint as a Peace Corps Volunteer.

At any point during those years, I would have predicted that Joe would eventually secure a doctorate in European history and become a teacher and a scholar. Joe was fascinated by history, respected the historical method, admired teachers he thought exemplary, had an academic temperament, and enjoyed learning. When Joe joined the history faculty at Tougaloo College in 1965, it seemed that Joe had embarked on his chosen career path. And when he entered the doctoral program in history at University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1969, Joe seem to be taking yet

another major step to become an historian. And when he did his dissertation on Frank Porter Graham, a local civil rights leader, it seemed that Joe had married his commitments to political and social justice with his interest in writing history.

And then something happened, and I do not know what or when it occurred, for although Joe and I kept up with each other during the 1970s and the 1980s, our contacts were infrequent and limited. During the 1970s and 1980s, Joe walked away from a career as an historian and became deeply involved in Chapel Hill politics and community. Also, during the same period, Joe accepted himself as a gay man, made his identity public and ran for public office as an openly gay individual. In 1987, Joe was elected to the Chapel Hill Town Council, and his election made Joe the first openly gay elected official in the North Carolina. In that position, Joe became a prominent advocate for many issues including the environment, civil rights, affordable housing, libraries and the equality for gays and lesbians. Joe enjoyed enormous success as an effective spokesman and public official, and in 1991, Joe's sweeping re-election margin even prompted speculation that he might be Chapel Hill's next mayor. Although Joe did not become mayor, he remained an influential mentor to many, a powerful role model for gays and lesbians who feared public scorn or discrimination because of their sexual orientation, and so well regarded and admired that many gave him a nickname, "The Mayor of Franklin Street," after a Chapel Hill street.

Although Joe's decision to be a political and community leader rather than an historian seemed like a puzzle as he made the decisions about his life, in retrospect it was less of a puzzle because what Joe did was to follow in his father's footsteps, for Joe's father played a similar role in Joe's home town and indeed, served as its mayor.

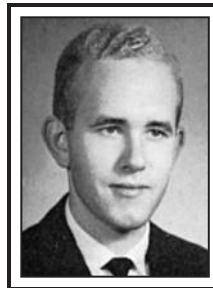
Joe was strikingly honest and intellectually versatile. He had a love of history, and he would have been an outstanding college professor if he had not found the gravitational pull towards local politics and community issues irresistible. Joe disdained pretensions, was witty and sardonic, and remarkably courageous. I think of the intersections of our lives, especially that time during our undergraduate days, as a special gift.

David Rudenstine

Daniel Mermin remembers:

Joe Herzenberg, scion of the largest drug-store owner in northern New Jersey, as he liked to put it, was my friend and roommate my sophomore and junior years. He was shy, self-effacing, witty and a very serious history major. I remember my sheer puzzlement when he told me that the Soviet Union could never last because of the wildly diverse ethnicity of its member states. I didn't realize how courageous he was until, after being deeply discouraged by his failure to be admitted to Yale's doctoral program, he went down to Tougaloo College in Jackson, Mississippi, and was both a professor and a civil rights activist. He carried his convictions with him to Chapel Hill, where he became the first openly gay elected official in the state of North Carolina. He was always a special hero to me because he never gave in to whatever barriers or disappointments he encountered in his life, and lived his convictions in earnest.

PAUL STYRING HIGGINS



*September 15, 1941 –
May 25, 1997*

Paul Higgins graduated magna cum laude from Yale in 1963. He received his Master's degree from Clark University in 1967, and a Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota in 1974.

Paul worked as a research psychologist until the end of the 1970's, when public funding for social research dwindled. Then he worked for five years as a marketing researcher.

During the last years of his life, Paul fulfilled a lifelong ambition to pursue a career in art. He studied at the Minneapolis College of Art and Design and created a prolific and well-regarded body of work.

Paul was survived by his former wife, Ann, and their children, Paul, Mara, John and wife Nicole and granddaughter Emily, and many loving relatives.

Wellington Chan remembers:

Paul and I became good friends since our freshman year. We shared a compatible liking for the understated. He was soft-spoken, forever loyal and always mindful of the feelings of others. I shall not forget the many kindnesses he gave me, including taking me home in Massachusetts to spend several Christmas and thanksgiving holidays. I got to know his father, a Lutheran minister who was full of good cheers and humor, and his wonderfully loving mother. Also his younger brother Roland whom I kept up after he went on to become a Chinese history professor at Kenyon College. Paul went on to become a practising psychologist. After college, we stayed in touch for many years but only met again once. We were in different parts of the country. But thinking back, I do regret not making a greater effort.

ALEXANDER PAUL HIXON, JR.



*December 25, 1941 –
November 1, 1995*

The trajectory of Lex's adult life was set in motion by a book he encountered at Yale. This book was on a recommended reading list for a Comparative Religion course he took during senior

year. It was called *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*, comprised of conversations with a 19th century Indian saint in Calcutta who taught that all the major religious traditions are true.

This insight was so compelling for Lex that he went on to earn a Ph.D. in World Religions from Columbia University, and for 30 years he traveled the globe making first-hand explorations of various initiatory lineages, always maintaining the clear and balanced overview expressed in his first book *Coming Home: The Experience of Enlightenment in Sacred Traditions*. This book with its experiential bent and spirit of universality has been widely recognized as a classic.

Lex began these travels at 19 when he visited South Dakota and studied with Rev. Vine Deloria Sr., a Lakota elder and Episcopal minister. They

maintained a lively correspondence about their spiritual lives for many years after that visit. Vine was the father of Sam Deloria, one of Lex's Yale roommates.

From 1971 to 1983, while working on his doctorate at Columbia and beginning his long study of the Advaita Vedanta tradition of Hinduism, Lex hosted a weekly radio program in New York City, called "In The Spirit", interviewing spiritual teachers from around the world, from Mother Teresa of Calcutta to the Dalai Lama of Tibet.

Lex's later travels included Saudi Arabia, where he participated in the Islamic Hajj with the Turkish sufis he had studied with in New York and Istanbul since 1980. Eventually he was given formal responsibility for leading a sufi community in New York City. He established several more communities around the country and one in Mexico City. The result of his experience was two books, *Heart of the Koran* and *Atom from the Sun of Knowledge*.

Lex visited the Tibetan exile town of Dharmasala and other Tibetan monasteries in the Himalayas and wrote about his many years of study and meditation on the Prajna Paramita tradition in his book *Mother of the Buddhas*.

Lex had a 30 year involvement with the Divine Mother Tradition of Bengal and in 1993 he traveled for 3 months in India introducing two books, *Great Swan* about Sri Ramakrishna and *Mother of the Universe*, English versions of poems written by a 16th century Bengali mystic poet to Kali.

When Lex became ill in 1995, he was preparing to go to Japan to be installed as a teacher in the White Plum Asanga of the Soto School of Zen Buddhism. Instead he worked to finish the book that he was writing about the koan study he had completed as the qualification to be made a teacher. That book was published as *Living Buddha Zen*.

He was also working on a book about his 12 year pilgrimage into Eastern Orthodox Christianity including a three year study at a seminary and a journal from his trip to Mount Athos in Greece, the ancient monastic community of Orthodox Christianity. That

manuscript has not yet been published.

His family is planning a collection of Lex's published and unpublished work in the future.

Lex was married to Sheila King Hixon (daughter of Garfield King '36) for 30 years. He has four children, Dylan '88, India, Shanti and Alexandra (his daughter with his first wife Margaret Cunningham). He has 8 grandchildren.

Lex's parents Adelaide and Alec Hixon '38 established the Lex Hixon Chair of Comparative Religions in his memory.

Stephen MacKinnon remembers:

What can you say? We came to Yale together, rooming all four years. Forgotten perhaps was his talent on the classical guitar — a student of Carlos Montoya his entire time at Yale.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Since Lex's death, we have returned to his books for spiritual education and meditation.

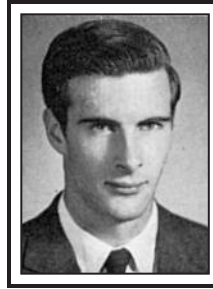
Robert Morris remembers:

I didn't know "Lex" (as he was called) at Yale, but ran into him at a New Age Expo in New York in 1980 where he was selling his beautifully written book *Coming Home*, about the mystical experiences of major religious leaders worldwide. We crossed paths often for a few years, including at the 25th Reunion. Lex devoted his own life to participating in the mystical practices of all the major world religions. When I met him he was a devotee of Ramakrishna, the Hindu avatar of the 19th century; then he was a Sufi sheik (and went on Hajj); finally becoming an Orthodox Christian. He was hardly a dilettante, for all this was a very serious journey into God. Along the way, he became wise in deep matters of soul, and in his death, the emerging world of interfaith dialogue lost an articulate teacher.

Jeffrey Barnouw remembers:

Lex was a free spirit, overflowing with abundant life. Sometimes this included sublime silliness, but he was truly devoted to his transcendental thoughts, as his later career testified. I didn't know him well enough, and I didn't take him seriously enough. But I do happen to think of him every now and then.

PETER W. HOBSON



*January 10, 1941 –
February 23, 2008*

Peter Hobson grew up in New York and Connecticut, the son of a book publishing executive and nephew of an Episcopal Bishop. He prepared for Yale at Westminster School

and then did a postgraduate year at Lawrenceville in New Jersey, entering our Class as a freshman.

The following year he moved into Davenport with seven roommates: Rod Johnson, Rusty Reaves, Jerry Bogert, Dick Lapedes, Bob Taft, Stallworth Larson, and Chris George. But by the end of Sophomore year he was engaged to Diana Ferris, a student at Connecticut College whom he had been dating for several years. (Peter also was said to have dated Jane Fonda before Yale, but we, his roommates, were never able to confirm this.) The next two years Peter and Diana lived off campus near his sister, Theo, whose husband was at the Law School.

After graduation the Hobsons and their two children, Christopher and Kate, moved to San Antonio where Peter joined Merrill Lynch and bought a small ranch with a cow/calf operation. Unfortunately, the marriage unraveled not many years later and Peter moved out to San Diego, joining a title search company there.

Peter spent most of the next 20 years in San Diego until 2007, when he and his third wife, Jeanne, moved to Vacherie, Louisiana. They had just moved into a new house the following year when Peter died after a short illness.

JAMES DILLON HOEY



*February 18, 1941 –
April 27, 2003*

After graduation from Yale, Dillon Hoey earned a J.D. from DePaul University in 1966. He practiced law in Chicago, specializing in personal injury litigation. He wrote

in our 25th Reunion Class Book: "I would like to think that during those 20 years of practicing law in the personal injury field, that the dollar impact of the results I have obtained has contributed to making the places, and the manner in which we live, work and play, more safe."

Dillon died shortly before our 40th Reunion in 2003. He was survived by his wife, Mary Ann; his son James D. Hoey and his wife; and two grandsons, who were attending the same grammar school Dillon himself had attended many years before.

Robert Tomain remembers:

My roommate, my friend. If Dillon couldn't get it done, it couldn't BE done.

Lee Marsh remembers:

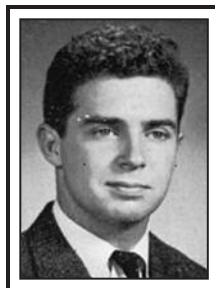
Our classmate Dillon Hoey died on April 27, 2003. We were two Irish kids from the south side of Chicago who had been opponents in football and came to Yale and became roommates and lifelong friends.

Dillon went back to Chicago and became a respected and successful lawyer and was involved in his community and his church. But as good a lawyer as Dillon was, he was a better father, husband and friend.

I'd like to close with an old Irish blessing:

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be ever at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face
And the rain fall softly on your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand.
Lee Marsh

THOMAS RANDALL HOLAHAN



*January 30, 1941 –
August 18, 2007*

Born in Queens, New York, Tom grew up in Huntington, Long Island, summered in Madison, CT, where he was a competitive sailor, and graduated from the Hotchkiss School

in 1958 as valedictorian. He won an English Speaking Union exchange scholarship, attending Malvern College and travelling extensively in Europe in 1958-1959.

At Yale, Tom blossomed as an activist with extraordinary intellectual curiosity and drive. He co-founded and led a group of 50 freshmen that campaigned to end parts of Yale's bursary system for scholarship students and other aspects of student life that the group argued were unfair, antiquated or otherwise indefensible. He majored in English, minored in Philosophy and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. He was active in Challenge (an undergraduate group targeting student apathy by inviting diverse national leaders to debate on campus). He joined the Yale Russian Chorus, the Yale Bach Society, the LINK program at Dwight Hall (mentoring at-risk youth), the Yale Society for African Affairs, and Book and Snake. In the summer of 1961, he worked on a project in Senegal with Operation Crossroads Africa.

Following Yale Tom spent a year in Freiburg studying German and Philosophy as a Danforth Fellow. He returned to Yale to earn a Masters (1968) and a Doctorate (1972), both in Philosophy.

Tom married Susanna Bodine in 1969. Together they reared three daughters, Dana (1974), Erica (1976), and Kerry (1979). Two granddaughters followed before Tom's untimely death in 2007.

In graduate school at Yale, Tom became caught in a life-long struggle with depression. He turned it into a courageous 35-year battle to remain productive. From the late 1960s to 2005, he taught high school level English, math, chemistry, and physics in New Haven, Hamden and Shelton, Connecticut. For years, he taught Philosophy at the University of New Haven. He

was an inspired provocateur of learning. His sub-theme was always to engender a sense of ethical values in the minds of his students.

Tom's drive to make things better in his world led to decades of community activism in New Haven. He won election to the city's Board of Aldermen. He was a founder and leader of the East Rock Neighborhood Association and successor groups from 1972 to 2007, working to improve park maintenance, preservation, expansion, summer programs, ranger hiring and river protection. He revived walking trails, a tennis court and an abandoned carousel, and helped raise \$9 million to repair a local bridge. On another level, he also helped found the New Haven Peace Commission, spoke at the United Nations and carried his concerns for peace to Common Cause and other political groups.

In August 2007, when Tom was 66, his depression got the better of him and he took his own life. A local paper honored him in its "Extraordinary Life" series. A fund in his name continues to advance his efforts to enrich the experiences offered by New Haven's public park system, particularly for youth.

Lowell Dodge

Charles Yonkers remembers:

Tommy Holahan became a friend in 1958 when we were ESU International Schoolboy Fellows in England. We stayed friends through Book and Snake and ever after. He attended our wedding in 1967, and we visited him and Susie in New Haven numerous times. His wit and capacity to see things clearly and express them — always with irrepressible humor and generous sympathy — were a lifelong inspiration. He had a heart and a mind that were huge.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Fellow Branford resident. Very smart, many intellectual and social activities, many accomplishments. I asked his advice on more than one English project.

Ralf Carriuolo remembers:

I didn't know Tom while we were at Yale, but I met him many years later when he came to teach at the University of New Haven. His philosophy students were always around him after

class, and they clearly adored him both personally and professionally. Once in a while, we swapped class meetings with each other, he taking my class, I taking his. We rarely differed in our approaches to the topic, and when we did, both our classes showed signs of loyalty to our respective opinions. So much for Tom's ability to convince with his warm personality and calm logic. He is remembered with warmest feelings.

Daniel Rowland remembers:

Tom had the strongest conscience and the greatest determination to make this world a better place of anyone I have ever known.

Lowell Dodge remembers:

Hey Tom, I dearly wish you were still among us. I miss your unbounded optimism, the sheer breadth of your concerns, your quest for world peace, your lifelong inquiry into the ethical dimensions of human existence, and your courage to hang in there for several decades in the face of burdens that would have crushed ordinary souls. I know you have found the peace you had coming to you.

BURR CHAPMAN HOLLISTER



*December 20, 1941 –
September 29, 1974*

Burr was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, the son of Frances Chapman Hollister and John Roger Hollister (Yale '37). Completing his prep school studies at Lawrenceville, he was an Economics major at Yale, a Ranking Scholar (1959-60) and Dean's List (spring 1961). He was a member of Ezra Stiles social committee and finance committee (chairman 1962-63); Phi Gamma Delta; WYBC (assistant recording director, 1961); Yale Management Association; and Varsity swimming (major "Y" 1962-63).

Graduating from Harvard Law School in 1966, Burr subsequently taught in India for a year as a Fulbright Scholar, served as a Staff Attorney

for Nassau County Law Services Committee from 1967-72 (providing legal counsel to the poor), and was law secretary to Judge Bertram Harnett of the New York Supreme Court in Nassau County from 1972 until his death in 1974.

Burr loved life. He wanted to make it better for others who he felt were disadvantaged, and he worked hard to that end.

He held himself to the highest standards in his professional work as a lawyer, and he was certainly successful in that regard. But his integrity as an individual was equally of the highest standard, and those who knew him both loved and respected him.

Tragically, Burr's life was cut short on September 29, 1974. He was the victim of a homicide in his courthouse offices in Mineola, Long Island, shot by a person who was subsequently found not guilty by reason of insanity. His senseless death left a big hole in the lives of all his friends and family and deprived us of a man who was intelligent and caring, open to new ideas, seeking to make the world a better place, a faithful and generous friend.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Fellow swimmer for 4 years. As I've said in several other remembrances, competitive swimmers at Yale share a special bond. Burr was very smart in school and a very hard worker in the pool, really diligent, a good solid friend during our undergraduate years.

DAVID HENRY HULL



*June 13, 1942 –
September 13, 1998*

I came to know David Hull as a co-worker at CTE Engineers. David was a registered professional engineer in the State of New Jersey, and worked on highway drainage

design, including the design to storm sewer and highway culvert systems.

David was a private, humble man, and an extremely intelligent individual. He was a very

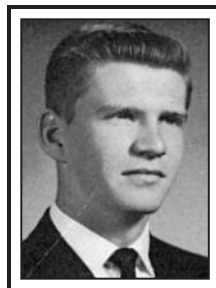
quiet man who seemed rather shy; he always worked diligently and usually alone.

David was passionate about his work, so much so that when he fell ill he still managed to come to work every single day and, although he walked more slowly, he still made his way up to my desk a few times a day just to talk to me. He had an inner strength and sense of humor that carried him through his final days.

He is remembered fondly by me and by his fellow workers, as he left behind warm and humorous memories for us to share.

Beverly Sharpe

HUGH BLAIR HUNT



*June 28, 1941 –
July 19, 2003*

Hugh's wife Carol wrote of him for the Memorial Service at our 45th Reunion:

"Whatever Hugh did, he did with passion. He didn't just plant a tree, he planted an apple orchard; he didn't just ski, he skied off-piste; he didn't just hunt, he hunted for caribou in northern Canada; he didn't just fly, he flew float planes. He didn't just deliver babies; he became part of the birth experience for his patients.

"We were married in his junior year at Yale and our first child was born a week before his graduation. The journey we had together was never 'ordinary' because his drive was so extraordinary.

"That his life ended too soon and so tragically, is a question I ask of the Almighty still, five years after he died. That he shared his life with me and so many others is perhaps God's way of answering."

VICTOR M. IVANSHECK, JR.



*May 30, 1941 –
August 11, 1985*

Vic Ivansheck was born in Bay Ridge, New York, son of Victor Michael and Beatrice Albers Ivansheck. He prepared at New Hyde Park Memorial High School in New Hyde Park, New York. American Studies major. Member, Morse (football); Berkeley (football); Beta Theta Pi; Freshman and Varsity lacrosse teams, major "Y", 1961 and 1962.

Vic was survived by his mother and sister, Elizabeth J. Ivansheck-Smith, who provided the following information on Vic's activities after Yale.

"After graduation, Vic entered Naval Officer Candidate School in Newport; was commissioned an Ensign, U.S. Navy in 1964; and served in the South China Sea aboard the aircraft carrier USS Constellation as an engineering officer. He was a Lt.j.g. at the time of his Honorable Discharge in 1967.

"After serving as a District Manager for Shell Oil Company, Vic worked for several Wall Street brokerage houses before joining F.I. DuPont Glore Forgan. After the close of that firm, he worked as an independent researcher until his death.

"Vic was a Honorary Member of the Yale Alumni Lacrosse Club and interviewed prospective Yale candidates from the Nassau County district for several years. He was married in 1967, and divorced in 1972, with no children."

Nelson Levy remembers:

Chek was the toughest softie I have ever known. A funny anecdote: Chek was a very sound sleeper and always worried about sleeping through an exam or important class, so he would ask me to wake him up. Unfortunately, it was quite hazardous to nudge him because, as he woke up, he would flail his arms violently. After getting punched in the face a few times, I kept a ski pole under my bed so that I could poke him at a safe distance.

Robert Tomain remembers:

My big, lovable roomie. He just didn't want to grow up.

ROBERT JACUNSKI



May 3, 2011

Born in New Britain, Bob graduated from high school in New Haven as an honor student and top athlete in football and basketball. Following a year at Andover, Bob entered Yale with our class and studied engineering science. He played end on the 1959 undefeated Yale freshman football team and on the 1960 undefeated Yale football team.

After a leave of absence from Yale, Bob transferred to Marquette University, where he earned a degree in English. He worked at the New Haven Register newspaper and then was a corporate PR writer for the Southern New England Telephone Company. Among various assignments, he wrote the info insert sent out in everyone's monthly telephone bill, as well as various PR for corporate SNET-sponsored events, such as the Hartford Insurance City-Sammy Davis Jr. PGA Golf Tournament. During the break-up of the Bell Telephone System, he wrote corporate position papers on various subjects.

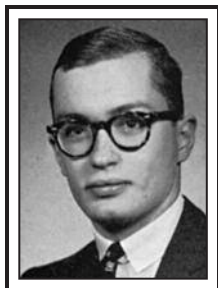
Bob was an avid photographer, a published author of the book *Quandary*, a cyclist, cross-country skier and canoeist. He loved to travel to national parks throughout the country, including Alaska and Hawaii.

His wife Wilma; children Hope Mullaly, Peter Jacunski, Lara Luppi and Alyssa Halverson; twin brother Richard and three sisters and nine grandchildren survived him.

Richard Jacunski remembers:

My best friend forever for 70 years and now.

JOHN WEBSTER KEEFE



*April 23, 1941 –
January 31, 2011*

A native of Somers, New York, John was curator of decorative arts at the New Orleans Museum of Art since 1983. John dramatically expanded the scope as well as the quality of the museum's decorative arts collection. He organized a total of 112 exhibitions, among them "3,500 Years of the Glassmaker's Art" (1986); "Objects of Desire: The Hodges Family Collection of Faberge" (2008); and "Scents and Sensibilities" (2010). He authored over 120 articles for the New Orleans Museum of Art's Arts Quarterly and wrote for such national publications as the magazines *Antiques*, *Verandah*, *Southern Living*, and the *World Book Encyclopedia*.

In addition to his B.A., John earned his master's degree from Yale. John held posts at the Toledo Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago and the Grand Rapids Art Museum; he taught at the University of Michigan, the University of Chicago and the continuing education programs at the University of New Orleans and Tulane University. He was awarded the Order of the Arts and Letters by the government of France in 1979.

John was an avid collector in his own right, who haunted yard sales and auction houses in search of treasures that less discriminating observers might overlook. In sharing his passion for collecting, he attracted donors to the museum.

His brother Chris, of West Townshend, Vermont, his niece, Alexa Keefe of Washington, DC and great-niece, Josephine Keefe-Lemaher, survived him.

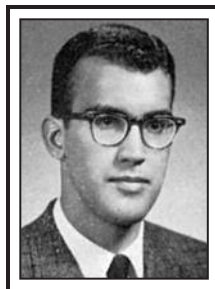
Phillips Stevens remembers:

Deerfield classmate. Very quiet and reserved, but always polite. Swam together on Harry Burke's freshman team. After Yale Keefe had a distinguished career in arts administration, at death was Curator of Decorative Arts at the New Orleans Museum of Art.

Douglas Dick remembers:

John Keefe was my roommate for four years and Best Man at my wedding. I miss him, and remember the good times together.

ALAN BAIRD KIDWELL



*April 23, 1941 –
July 15, 2011*

Alan Kidwell arrived at Yale from Hawaii, where he was born and went to the Punahou School. Following graduation from Yale, he joined the Army and served in Vietnam.

Alan started his business career as a CPA with Alexander & Grant, and then formed a successful tax advisory partnership, Obara and Kidwell, with his friend and long-time business partner, Chester Obara.

Alan left that partnership in the mid-1990s to join long-time client and friend Duncan MacNaughton. Alan was a key senior adviser to MacNaughton and the entire MacNaughton group.

Professionally, Alan became known as a brilliant and creative thinker and at one time was an adviser to a number of well-known entrepreneurs and real estate developers in Honolulu. Personally he was a thoughtful and sharing individual who reached out to help others achieve their personal and professional goals — a role at which he truly excelled.

Alan's daughter Michelle Kidwell-Jones and son-in-law Keith Jones, daughter Tiffany Kidwell and son Joshua Kidwell, his mother, sister, and three grandchildren survived him. His son Toby Kidwell predeceased him.

John Derby remembers:

Alan was one of about nine of us who grew up in Hawaii and ended up in the same class at Yale. Alan was an avid tennis player in his early years after Yale and served in the 29th Brigade Artillery from Hawaii in Vietnam. But then in his later years he put on a lot of weight and exercise slipped to the bottom of his to-do list. Alan saved

many dollars for his clients as a brilliant tax accountant, primarily for real estate development firms. He passed away rather suddenly in 2011.

Andrew Barclay remembers:

Alan was my freshman year roommate and, being from Hawaii, did not go home for Thanksgiving. I invited him home to Port Chester to share Thanksgiving with us and while we were at home we got about 3 inches of snow. Alan had never seen snow so he took off his shoes and we went out to walk in the yard. When I asked him why he took off his shoes, he said: "You can't really experience anything until you walk barefoot in it."

Hamilton Tabor remembers:

Politics & Economics, childhood friend, extremely bright, also went into Accounting. Missed.

NATHANIEL WALES KINGSBURY



*October 19, 1940 –
November 9, 1998*

Canadian by birth, graduate of the Brooks School and adopted son of a member of Yale's 1924 Olympic gold medal crew, Nathaniel Wales Kingsbury long exuded a positive attitude, high energy and athleticism. His zest for life and buoyancy were infectious, making him a natural leader.

Throughout his time at Yale, Nat enthusiastically organized impromptu athletic events. He continued to play hockey, even after Steve Gunther rewarded Nat's scoring a goal by inadvertently knocking out his two front teeth!

A pipe smoker, Nat studied diligently, promoted spirited philosophical discussions, and counseled sagely. He was proud that occasionally his copious history notes earned "A" grades for our classmate Benno Schmidt.

Nat partied at DKE on weekends and seriously dated the vivacious Sibby. For 2 years following graduation, Nat served as a naval com-

munications officer on board a destroyer. After marrying Sibby in 1964, Macy and Neal were born in 1967 and 1969.

Nat dedicated his life to educating prep school students. Beginning in 1965, he taught at Browne and Nichols School in Cambridge, MA, and for 8 years served as the Director of Admissions. He earned a Masters of Education degree from Harvard in 1969.

When divorce and geography separated Nat from his children's development, his passion for teaching inspired a return to the classroom. He moved to Germantown Academy near Philadelphia where he taught math, advised high school seniors and coached baseball. Marriage to a Scottish born educator permitted relaxing summer vacations in Scotland.

Nat happily reminisced about his undergraduate experiences and supported university initiatives. For 30 years, he solicited for the Yale Alumni Fund, and for 5 years represented our Class to AYA.

Nat was ecstatic following marriage in 1988 to Terrianne. Maggie was born in 1996, giving Nat a chance late in life to experience their joyous interactions. He loved coming home from school and having her all to himself. Terrianne was pregnant and Nat was anticipating Jimmy's birth that would permit him to be a mature, available, friend, mentor and father to the two children.

Happy in his life's new beginning and direction, Nat suffered a fatal heart attack in 1998. He is buried on a Maine island near his dad who taught him the sailing he so loved. His adoptive mother is presently 106 and lives independently. Nat's fervor for educating youth and a promising family life were cut far too short by his premature passing.

If fate did not look kindly on Nat, it has presented an even greater challenge for Maggie and Jimmy. Among the youngest children born to a classmate, they became fatherless all too soon. Knowing Nat's dedication to education and youth, we can be certain he would have wanted his children to have as fine a future as possible.

If you would like to assist Terrianne and me to provide for the children's education, please contact me. There can be no better means of ensuring that Nat's legacy as a member of the Class of 1963 will grow in his children.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

A special friend in our Freshman year; he and I were sons of distinguished and stern New England headmasters. Over Christmas break he invited me to his home for a debutante ball where I had too many whiskey sours and vomited out the window of his father's car. The owner was not happy, and I experienced an important rite of passage. Nat and I became able to joke about it later...

D. Spencer Hines remembers:

Quintessential Yale Man – Frozen Moments In Time

Nat Kingsbury was a quintessential Yale man, bred in the bone. I don't use the term "Yalie" — because it's weak and childish. "Yale man" or "Yale woman" - but never "Yalie." Nat's Great-Grandfather, Great-Granduncle, Grandfather and Father, by adoption, were all Yale men — in the classes of 1863, 1860, 1891 and 1926, respectively. Nat was voluble, bright, gregarious, cheeky, cheerful: the best example one can find of the superb "hail fellow well met" — a stalwart or "stand-up guy."

The last time I saw Nat was in '64 on the quarterdeck of his ship, USS Lloyd Thomas (DD-764), in a nest of destroyers at Newport. Nat stood astride the quarterdeck with the long glass in his left hand, symbol of his status as Officer-of-the-Deck. Nat and I were both destroyer communications officer stripe-and-a-half lieutenant (j.g.) and my ship was moored outboard of his in the nest. Nat's ship was a newer, Gearing class destroyer, larger and more impressive than mine — a Sumner class. Think Willie Keith [Robert Francis] in "The Caine Mutiny", as he traverses a similar nest of destroyers.

Nat was resplendent in the service dress khaki [SDK] uniform, one of the Navy's finest. Khaki trousers, tapered khaki jacket [we called it a blouse, 19th century terminology] worn over long-sleeved khaki shirt. Rank insignia displayed on both the shoulder boards and collar, black tie and combination cap with khaki cover. I was dressed in the much simpler and utilitarian working khaki uniform, open-collared, short-sleeved shirt and collar insignia only, no blouse.

SDK is the uniform Redford wears when he hooks Streisand in "The Way We Were" — of

course she was already hooked. More importantly, it's the uniform Cary Grant wears throughout "Kiss Them For Me," wherein he attracts both Jayne Mansfield and Suzy Parker, far bigger game than Barbra. Nat knew how to wear it for maximum babe-attraction effect. Hell, he was a Yale man!

As I was returning from a trip to the Registered Publications Office with a cinched and locked bag of top secret pubs and keylists in my left hand and my trusty Colt .45 belted on, I walked rapidly up the brow, saluted the ensign and then Nat, requesting permission to cross his ship, standard naval protocol. Nat responded with a hearty, "Permission granted!" and flashed that terrific "Eisenhower Smile" he could turn on so quickly and naturally. It was like bright, piercing, sunlight breaking through thick clouds on a foggy day. We exchanged a quick handshake, hail and farewell. The quarterdeck was no place for chit-chat and I had those TS pubs to put away in the safe.

Nathaniel Wales Kingsbury. He won't be forgotten. They've named a prize after him at Germantown Academy, where he served for 19 years: "Nathaniel Kingsbury Memorial Award — to the senior who over a period of years has shown perseverance in the study of mathematics, delight in problem solving, and overall character both in and out of the classroom." Stalwart. Yale Man. - D. Spencer "Spence" Hines

Stephen Gunther remembers:

Remember Nat's beautiful front teeth? Was he born with those? Noooooooooo

The story: Nat was my left wing freshman year. In a game about halfway through the season, I circled the net right to left with the puck. Nat was in perfect position ten feet out in front, and he one timed my pass by the goalie for the score. As do all scorers, he turned away with arms and stick upraised. I continued on my turn toward him and came from behind to give him the hockey hug and accidentally stuck the butt end of my stick into his front teeth ...which sheared off right at the gum line. Only months later could he see the humor in that.

Nat died way too young and suddenly. He was a good man, teammate, and roommate.

John Rixse remembers:

Nat, way too soon, man, way too soon. Miss seeing you.

WILBUR J. KINGWILL



*September 5, 1940 –
March 22, 2009*

Jay Kingwill was born on September 5, 1940, at the Martha's Vineyard Hospital, the son of Reverend Wilbur J. Kingwill, a Navy chaplain and a rector at several churches, and Alice Gigger Kingwill. He attended Yale University, where he studied Russian and theater. He married his first wife, Andrea M. Wilson, in 1963. Their son, Scott R. Kingwill, was born in 1964.

In 1965 he served as stage manager on a tour with the Moiseyev Dance Company of Moscow. He then moved to New York, where he worked as a stage manager until he made the jump to general managing. His Broadway credits included the 1975 revival of *Sweet Bird of Youth*, *A Party with Betty Comden & Adolph Green*, *I Love My Wife*, *Happy End*, *Gorey Stories*, *The Grand Tour*, *Nuts*, *The American Clock*, *Angels Fall*, *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*, *The Boys of Winter*, *Sweet Sue*, *Eastern Standard* and the 1987 revival of *Blithe Spirit*. His final Broadway show was 1989's *Senator Joe*, a Tom O'Horgan musical that never officially opened.

Mr. Kingwill oversaw dozens of shows during the 1970s and '80s, including *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* and *Sugar Babies*, two long-running hits that played almost simultaneously from 1978 to 1982. For a short time in the early '80s, he joined forces with Jack Schlissel — a seasoned general manager who worked in the office of producer David Merrick whom he had assisted on the original *Hello, Dolly!* — to create the general management firm Schlissel & Kingwill, Inc. When Schlissel died in 1981, he then teamed with Larry Goossen for the remainder of his Broadway years.

Jay moved back to his grandparents' home-

town of Woods Hole, MA, in 2002. He died on March 22, 2009 at the age of 68, from complications of a chronic condition.

Jay was survived by his wife, Susan R. Kingwill, whom he married in 1980.

Michael Craig-Martin remembers:

My first experience of Yale was arriving, with great trepidation, at my rooms in Jonathan Edwards. It was a suite for two, and one of the small bedrooms had already clearly been claimed. I put my things in the other room and waited. After about an hour the door burst open and someone rushed in. Speaking very quickly and constantly in motion he said, "Hi, I'm Jay Kingwill. You must be my roommate. What's your name?" He was striking looking, with a very large forehead, sharp blue eyes, and great disordered waves of fair hair. "You must meet my father," he said ushering in a very proper looking elderly man wearing a dog collar. "I'm afraid he's a priest." He said he hated the furniture that we had inherited in our sitting room, and would I give him a hand. He opened the window, and we threw it all into the moat.

Jay had extraordinary physical and mental energy. He was intelligent, passionate, courageous. He was studying Russian, but he was one of those irritating people who appear to do no work at all, yet always do well on exams. His nervous energy was such that I would come back in the evening and find him memorising tables from the *Farmers Almanac*. He could tell you the rainfall in Kansas in March 1935 without pausing.

Jay's one great passion was the theatre - -not acting, as one might have suspected, but stage management. He more or less lived at the Drama School.

Sadly, Jay died in 2009, but he had had an extraordinary life in the theatre, managing numerous plays and many Broadway hits, just as he had dreamed of doing all those years ago at Yale. I remember him with great fondness.

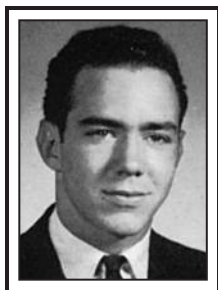
Charles Norton remembers:

I made it to Jay's funeral.

Again, I put off visiting and lost the chance to connect.

Mea culpa.

HERBERT HOWARD KNOX



*July 2, 1941 –
January 7, 2006*

The great white wood structures, including the house and the barn, at the Knoxes' farm in Stonington were distinctly of New England, vividly different from the equiva-

lents that I knew from California. That evening in the great dining room Howie's mother stood at the head of the table holding high in one hand a lobster and proceeded to demonstrate how one was to dismantle and devour the creature. To capture the room from her husband was no small feat and we all enjoyed it, especially Howie. I was there with his family for the weekend because we had become friends based on our common interest in architecture and we had also become roommates volunteering, with Arthur Golding and Skip Baum, to spend our last year as undergraduates in Stiles College.

A year or two later, while we were in graduate school, we each received a travel grant from the Graham Foundation to do a self-guided tour of American architecture and travelled about 5,000 miles camping here, there and everywhere, waking up in a dump one morning after wandering down a dirt road in the dark to establish a campsite. In drawing classes Howie's loose, scribbly, freewheeling sketches were always compelling and seemed almost autobiographical in that they were spontaneous, smart, genuine and unpretentious.

As an architect he was a disciplined and fine designer and compulsive detailer. In the 70s and 80s, while I was in California, Howie remained in Connecticut, where for a time he was a lobsterman. When I saw him again at a dinner in 1994 honoring a favorite instructor of ours, I learned that he had returned to architecture, in which he immersed himself for a number of years toward the end of his life.

Peter de Bretteville

Charles Norton remembers:

I regret having missed the chance to connect as Howie was getting sick and coming to Boston for treatment; in part being the eternal 25-year-old without concerns about mortality, I put it off saying to myself that I would get to it.

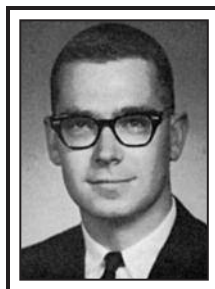
Alas, I missed that connection.

I lost a very close friend without ever saying goodbye.

Theodore Streibert remembers:

Howie, in my freshman year, lent me his very special racing bicycle so that I could travel up to visit my girlfriend at Ethel Walker School outside of Hartford.

JOHN EDGET KOEHLER



*June 8, 1941 –
December 14, 2001*

Stansfield Turner, head of U.S. Intelligence in the late 1970s through the early 1980s, and under whom John Koehler served as Deputy Director, said at John's memorial service:

"There is one thing that is not fair to have today, and that is a memorial service for John Koehler. He deserves to be with us; we deserve to have him with us. He gave so much to so many: to family, to friends, to businesses, to our country and the U.S. government."

At Yale, John was tops academically, graduating summa cum laude in our class. He did graduate studies at MIT and then earned his Ph.D. at Yale in economics. He had an eclectic career, first at the Rand Corporation in Los Angeles, then with the Federal Government in Washington, and then back in California with Hughes, where he served as President and CEO of Hughes Communications and led the launching of satellite communications in our country, and finally he headed Titan and then a startup high-tech company Tachyon in San Diego.

As one of his Yale suitemates, I can tell you that John thrived on all-nighters to complete his papers at Yale, and in typical fashion just ten days

before his death from cancer, John traveled to Washington to hand in his latest report to the government on post 9/11 budgets for the White House Office of Homeland Security.

John's Yale '63 roommates at Timothy Dwight and senior year at Morse included Norm Etherington, Brian Sweeney and me. His first wife, Jane, second wife Susan of ten years and son Andrew, 33, a Berkeley Ph.D. working at Los Alamos, son Matthew, 10, and daughter, Margaret, 8, all survived him. Susan reports "John was always very proud of his Yale education and always wore his Yale ring with a special pride." He will be remembered for his fine sense of humor and infectious laugh and his dedication to all.

Edward A. Dennis

David Sweeney remembers:

When I was in high school, I was on the debate team. We debated teams from other schools on various subjects. I remember a lot of 3x5 cards with all sorts of facts written out. There was one legend, from Olympia, Washington, who was way above everyone else. As I recall, he carried a gym bag sort of thing, but never used notes. He spoke in great generalities that were hard to refute. I never knew him then, but of course it was John Koehler. He was later one of my roommates for two years at Timothy Dwight.

John Rixse remembers:

John, It was a pleasant surprise to see you at F Street in 1977. You were a great analyst and resource manager.

BRETT HART KRAMER



*July 19, 1942 –
June 3, 1971*

Born in Oceanside, New York, son of I. Arthur and Evelyn Mary Hart Kramer. Prepared at Uniondale High School in Uniondale, New York. Entered Yale in September 1958; on leave studying at Columbia University,

1960-61. History Honors major. Ranking Scholar, 1958-59; Dean's List, 1958-59 and spring, 1962. member, Jonathan Edwards. St. Elmo Society, sergeant-at-arms, 1962-63; News, 1959-63, senior editor, 1962-63; Freshman wrestling (numerals), Varsity wrestling, 1962-63.

Married Zoe Seilen, University of California at Santa Cruz, B.A. and M.A. Divorced in 1967. Daughter, Xenia, born April 20, 1965, graduate of University of California at Santa Cruz, 1986.

Brett's family summarized the post-Yale years. "After receiving his diploma in Social Anthropology from Oxford University, Oxford, England, Brett was a part-time instructor at Berkeley (University of California) while attending University of California at San Francisco Medical Center. He was working toward his doctorate in Anthropology and would combine this with his M.D. specializing in Psychiatry. This would enable him to reach his goal which was Transcultural Psychiatry.

"He had already been accepted for psychiatric residency at Massachusetts General upon his completion of Medical School. His death, due to injuries suffered in a tractor-trailer accident (the driver was arrested for criminal negligence), put an end to all his plans.

"Brett was proud of his Yale years and faithful to old Eli even unto his Bulldog Daniel Drummond.

"At the graduation ceremonies at the University of California at San Francisco Medical Center, a moment of silence was observed to honor the memory of Brett."

Survived by his parents, daughter, Xenia and sister, Constance.

ALAN MICHAEL KRANOWITZ



*March 19, 1941 –
June 3, 2002*

Alan came to Yale from New Britain, CT, where he grew up and attended high school and where his Dad owned the local pharmacy. There were many proud parents that

first day of freshman year, but none prouder than Alan's.

During his time at Yale Alan concentrated his interests on publications, ultimately becoming Editor-in-Chief of our Classbook. On the academic side he was greatly influenced by Martin Duberman and Robert Penn Warren, who helped develop his lifelong interest in politics and American political history. The political side was evidenced by his service on the Class Council and by his summer job in Washington as an aide to Senator Thomas Dodd.

It took him less than six months after graduation to realize that being a lawyer was not a prerequisite for being involved in the political process and so, by Thanksgiving 1963, he said goodbye permanently to Penn Law School and headed inside the Beltway, never to leave.

He brought with him to Washington his bride, Carol Stock, a New Haven native and Barnard graduate. They had two sons, Jeremy who graduated from Johns Hopkins and David who graduated from Connecticut College. He was as proud of them and his granddaughter as his dad had been of him.

In Washington Alan became immediately involved in a series of jobs as an aide to various Congressional leaders. In the early '70s he moved over to the executive branch when he worked for George Romney, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. In the Ford administration, he served as assistant director for legislative affairs in the Office of Management and Budget.

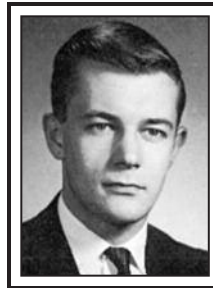
Over the next two decades his responsibilities increased dramatically, culminating in being appointed Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs, one of President Reagan's chief intermediaries with Congress, where his skills at consensus building served his country well. As a trusted advisor to the President, he was also rumored to have played a major role in the United States activities in Nicaragua in conjunction with Colin Powell and Oliver North.

After retiring from public service he spent 13 years as director of government relations for the National Association of Wholesalers. Sadly, his lifelong smoking habit took him from us far too early. The eulogy at his memorial service was delivered by Vice-President and former classmate, Richard Cheney.

His wife, Carol, continues to live in Bethesda where she has become an internationally recognized authority on the "out-of-sync" child, having published innumerable books and articles on this and related subjects. Jeremy also lives in the Washington area and works for the Keystone Institute for Science and Public Policy. David lives in Barrington, RI and works in sales for Compuware. Alan's grandchildren include Eden, the granddaughter whom he briefly cherished, and grandsons Aaron, Asher, Noah and Isaac.

Donald Williams

WILLIAM JUSTUS KRANZ



*March 6, 1941 –
March 7, 1970*

Bill Kranz was born in Bayshore, Long Island, New York, son of Edna Francis Hlavae Kranz and the late William Justus Kranz. Prepared at Lawrenceville. Civil Engineering and Industrial Administration major, graduated 1964. Member, Morse (on Berkeley football team 1960); Beta Theta Pi, social chairman, 1961; Haunt Club, 1961-63; Political Union.

Industrial Engineer, Systems Engineer, Baumritter Corp., 1964-70.

On March 7, 1970, while on a vacation ski trip in France, Bill was killed in an avalanche at Chamonix.

His former roommate, Gary Griffis, remembered Bill as a "good manager, hard worker, quality man."

Bill was survived by his mother, Mrs. Edna Staples.

Robert Tomain remembers:

Another roommate and great guy whose life ended way too soon.

WILLIAM ALAN LANGLEY



*May 22, 1930 –
July 27, 2001*

Bill Langley attended Suffield Academy and Yale University. Participating in many sports, he set New England track and field records. He served in the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Coast Guard.

After teaching at Cornwall Academy, he spent much of his writing career in Maine. He covered the war in Vietnam and political and environmental issues, and received awards for his reporting at the Portland Press Herald. He also wrote for the Maine Times, the Palm Beach Times and other publications.

He valued knowledge, writing, books, music and nature. He was a member of the Charleston Library Society, the South Carolina Historical Society, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the Nature Conservancy and Disabled American Veterans.

Surviving were his wife Lynn, one brother, Rob; one sister, Judy; two sons Ethan and Currier; one daughter Sara; and three grandchildren.

WILLIAM WILTSIE LAPHAM



*January 1, 1942 –
October 18, 2003*

Born in Syracuse, New York on January 1st, 1942, Bill was the first baby born that year in Syracuse. Bill's family moved to Skaneateles, New York when he was eight years

old. He attended the local school until he went to Salisbury School for his junior and senior high school years.

Bill then went to Yale, graduating in 1963. While attending Yale, Bill spent four summers captaining the Skaneateles mail boat.

After graduation, Bill joined Bankers Trust as

a lending officer and spent several years in that division. Eventually, National Westminster Bank bought his division. Bill worked under the new management for several years and studied at Fairleigh Dickinson University to become a Financial Planner. Using his knowledge, he also taught classes on Financial Planning at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

In time, Bill retired from National Westminster Bank and partnered with Renaissance Financial Services in Parsippany, New Jersey. Once he became a partner, he worked as a full-time Financial Advisor.

Bill spent 30 years living in Closter, New Jersey, and served for several years as Chairman of the Board of Adjustment for the borough. While living in Closter, he developed a passion for model railroading, and he built two of his own model railroad layouts, one HO gauge and one N gauge. The HO gauge took up more than a quarter of the large basement.

Bill continued in his financial planning job until he passed away on October 18th, 2003 from pancreatic cancer at the age of 61. He is survived by his wife Rena Lapham, his daughter Lesley Wiese, and his grandson Ian Wiese.

JOHN PETER LASON



*June 19, 1942 –
April 11, 1995*

John Peter Lason was born June 19, 1942 in Brooklyn, New York to John and Anne Petrauskas Lason. He married Diana Schaub on December 22, 1988 in Spokane,

Washington. He died on April 11, 1995 at his residence in St. George, Utah.

John graduated from Yale University in 1965 as a biochemist. He served as a first lieutenant/instructor in the Army during Vietnam.

John worked in real estate in Kent, Washington before moving to St. George, Utah. At the time of his death, he was working for Coldwell Banker Association in real estate.

John was an entrepreneur. He was very creative and had three products out on the market and another soon to be released. He was a terrific golfer and excelled at everything he tried. He enjoyed the outdoors, bicycling, walking, gardening, and yard work.

He was a very generous, fair, committed person with a great sense of humor. He loved people and was well-liked and respected by his friends. He was a very loving husband and father. His presence will always be missed but his spirit is always alive in all of us.

Survivors included his wife, Diana of St. George, Utah; children John Matthew of Tiburon, California, Jason of St. George, Miel Jason "Karena" Hill, Andrea and Chelsea, all of St. George; and his parents, John and Anne Lawson of Hollis Hills, New York.

Fritz Thiel remembers:

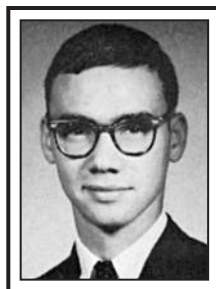
John Lason and I became friends freshman year. Our backgrounds were strikingly different. Although from an educated family, I was raised in suburban Ohio, bordering on the rural. John was the son of blue-collar parents in Brooklyn, living at 222 Linden Street, a number I liked because of potential mathematical ramifications. He had attended Stuyvesant High School, and unlike me, knew city life in New York well. We once went to the Bowery. Emerging from the subway, I was nearly blinded by the sunlight. I sensed obstructions on the sidewalk. When my vision cleared, I realized they were drunks, asleep and sprawled helter-skelter over the concrete and stone. I was shocked. I had never even conceived of men lying essentially unconscious at eleven o'clock in the morning on a public sidewalk, let alone seen it. "Just step over them, they're always here," John remarked in his slight Brooklyn accent, hardly giving them any attention. Later I met John's parents at their three-story brownstone and found them most cordial. That evening we roamed the streets of Brooklyn and Manhattan and drank 10-cent shots of whisky at the Blarney Stone.

Our friendship continued. But as time passed, and as other classmates know, John began to exhibit irregularities. He would tell of areas of his life we had no access to, something like the MG sports car he kept in a private garage

in Queens. I don't really remember his revelations specifically, but they lifted him out of 222 Linden Street and into the world of Denny Phipps and Westbury. He began to falter academically and lead an uncontrolled life. Then he left Yale. After a series of years stricken with emotional and health problems, he died.

I cared for John. I respected him. No evil words ever crossed his lips, no disdain, not even for drunks strewn over the pavement. I judged him to be very intelligent. How tragic that he did not realize that, just like himself, many of us were struggling with the highly heterogeneous world of a university whose perspectives and population vastly exceeded anything we had yet experienced. Yes, I sensed that John's exaggerations revealed insecurity. But I was too young, too inexperienced to direct him to help, even though those resources were available. I have always regretted it. You were a good man, John. Thank you for our friendship, all too brief.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER LEWIS



*February 5, 1941 –
May 26, 2011*

Born in New York, Steve Lewis graduated from the Fieldston School. At Yale, he received his B.S. (1963) and Ph.D. in physics with honors (1969).

Steve's vocation was the development of mission-critical systems in accelerator control and physics data acquisition. He was one of the world's leaders in experimental physics and industrial control systems (EPICS). Steve made major contributions to particle physics installations at Indiana University, Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory, Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, and the Stanford Linear Accelerator until the time of his passing.

Steve was a pilot, sailor, soccer and auto racing fan, world traveler and avid cyclist.

His wife Suzanna; children Rachel, Aaron, and Sam Lewis and Paul and Christy Geiger; his two brothers; and four grandsons dearly miss him.

Andrew Barclay remembers:

Steve and I spent so much time in various adventures, we were more like roommates but we never lived together. He and I shared an interest in cars and racing. We attended the Grand Prix in Watkins Glen NY and camped out in the infield. We were awakened at 7:30 by the first cars running down the back straight at high RPM. I remember thinking they sounded like a million angry bees. We saw Stirling Moss racing that day. When we toured Europe in a Sunbeam Alpine, I called Steve "Juan" after Juan Miguel Fangio, the great Argentine Formula One driver.

Fredric Schneider remembers:

Steve was a brilliant physicist, good friend and superb roommate with a fine sense of humor and an easy disposition. Not just theoretically brilliant, his many practical talents included keeping WYBC on air, manipulating our room's electricity from Davenport's DC to the wider world's AC, and serving as one-man pit-crew for Andy Barclay's sports-car racing at Lime Rock.

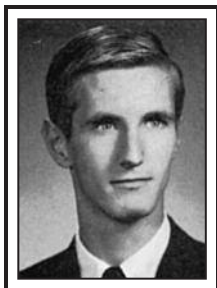
MICHAEL LIENERT



January 1999

Michael Lienert died in Oregon in January 1999. He was survived by a brother, a sister and three daughters.

DAVID WILLIAMS LODGE



*August 19, 1941 –
November 15, 2003*

A Berkeley College roommate, a wonderful friend, a devoted family man (two children, four grandchildren), and a successful businessman who had little chance in his bat-

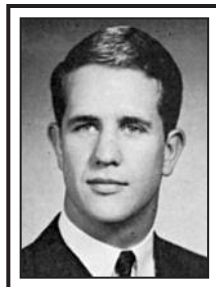
tle with leukemia. Only two months before his death and just weeks before his cancer diagnosis in early October, the Lodges and Franks spent a glorious day together of couples golf and a fun-filled social evening in Sharon, CT. There was no way of knowing that day that our relationship, which had become more active with both our early retirements, the love of golf and our second homes in SW Florida, was about to come to an abrupt end. I think about David often and still keep the program of his memorial service at St. Luke's Parish in Darien, CT on my desk as a tragic reminder. What I cherish most are my memories of his inquisitive mind, wry sense of humor, infectious laugh and loyalty to his friends.

Charles A. Frank III

James Johnson remembers:

Dave Lodge was my roommate for three years in Berkeley College. His sense of humor was contagious. He was one of the funniest people I knew. He was smart, loyal and a wonderful friend. His death of leukemia was tragic. I loved the guy and will miss him forever.

FREDERIC GREGG LOESER



*November 3, 1940 –
November 10, 1995*

Gregg Loeser began his design career as a landscape designer, project manager, and trade show exhibitor with jobs in Connecticut and New York. From 1974-78, he was Design Director at The Franklin Institute Science Museum in Philadelphia. After the Bicentennial, Gregg was hired as Program Manager/Designer/Producer for an Indo-U.S. Exhibition in Bombay, India. From 1978-85, he was Manager of Program and Design at the California State Fair, Sacramento, CA. From 1986-88, he was Director of Exhibits at the Museum of Science and Industry, Chicago, IL and was listed in "Who's Who World Wide, 1994" for his work on the brain exhibit at that institution. During his lifetime he received many other

awards and recognitions for his exhibit designs.

He spent his later years as a museum consultant and was the conceptual designer for the Science City in Kansas City, MO.

In addition to spending time with his friends and family skiing or at the beach, Gregg enjoyed sailing, painting, landscaping, cooking, and opera.

Gregg married Sally Jones Loeser in 1962. They had two daughters, Wendy and Hillary. Sally continues to live in Chicago and is now retired from her work first as Coordinator of Volunteers at Horizon Hospice and later as Administrative Manager at The Committee of 200, an international women's business organization. Sally is grateful that her children and grandchildren live not too far away...Wendy in Lake Forest, IL and Hillary in Wayzata, MN.

DANIEL MAXWELL LOGAN



*May 20, 1941 –
August 3, 1993*

Born in New York City, Mack prepared at Ridgewood High School, Ridgewood, NJ. He majored in History (B.A.) and continued studies with an M.A.T. from Yale (1964)

and an M.B.A. from New York University (1970).

From 1975 to 1987, Mack was a vice president and senior analyst at Moody's Investors Services in New York City and opened an office for Moody's in London. In our 25th Reunion Book, Mack wrote about how the family maximized their experiences while living as "expats". He then moved to Princeton as vice president of the Unit Investment Trust Department of Merrill Lynch and Co.

Mack was active in The Yale Club of New York, Nassau Presbyterian Church and Beta Theta Pi fraternity and was Director, National Society of Rate of Return Analysts, 1983-1985.

Mack married Susan Whitner Hulse on December 6, 1975 and had a son Daniel Stewart Logan on September 5, 1978. Mack was rightly proud of Dan, also a graduate of Yale and a

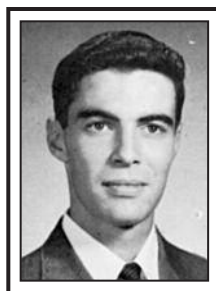
Whiffenpoof.

Mack always enjoyed the liberal arts at Yale and especially history. He was lots of fun and had a large smile and a wicked sense of humor. He always found ways as our roommate to balance all the reading and exam prep work with some simple sorts of partying, playing songs on the guitar, raising a glass or two in the living room of our Saybrook suite. Our foursome of Mack, Dave Breithaupt, Chris Reaske, and Dave Bass came together from the Old Campus out of friendships and connections formed there, since Dave and Chris had graduated from Montclair High School in New Jersey together.

We remember his dedication to sport, whether throwing himself over the line in Saybrook football or creating (Levi) blue streaks in the snow while learning to ski at Stowe. He formed a good friendship with some of the Saybrook players like Ian Robertson, Dave Mawicke, Alph Beane, and especially by our junior year, with Terry Holcombe '64, who brought his local high school running back strength to the Saybrook team when Terry arrived (and later went on to become Yale's Vice President of Development and Alumni Affairs). In addition to football, Mack liked to play the midnight, post-studying hour, squash game in the Saybrook basement. Other nights, he enjoyed the late-night study break hamburgers at the Yankee Doodle.

Mack really was a sort of classic Yale student-athlete and could always be depended on for adding life to a party, and some extra ideas for the exam preps. We miss him deeply.

RAY M. LONGWELL



*November 21, 1941 –
April 2, 2011*

Born in New Haven, Connecticut, Ray Longwell spent his high school years in California. He studied at Yale, where he learned to row.

Ray graduated from the City College of New York, and worked for more than 30 years as an architect in New York

City and Philadelphia.

Ray was a long-standing member of the Nereid Boat Club of Rutherford, New Jersey. He is remembered there as "a very kind, easy-going and dedicated rower who put countless hours into the Head of the Passaic Regatta, particularly on the difficult job of setting buoys on the course."

Ray died on April 2, 2011, following a two-year-long battle with ALS.

With his wife Vana, Ray had two sons, Ian and Kevin.

Robert Peller remembers:

I have always been close to Ray, all the way until his death in April of 2011 of Lou Gehrig's disease. I can't imagine getting through what I experienced as the coldness of Yale without his friendship. Ray was a successful architect for most of his business life. His proudest achievement was raising his two sons, Ian and Kevin, and their love and attachment to him was something to behold. I still count his wife, Vana, as one of my closest friends

EDWIN BRUCE LOOMIS



*April 14, 1941 –
November 7, 1968*

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, son of Chester Harger, '37 and Elizabeth Jean Lyon Loomis. Grandfather, J.L. Loomis, Sr., '01, '35 Honorary M.A., '59 LL.D.;

Uncle, B. Loomis, '42. Prepared at Loomis. Economics major. Member, Trumbull (on hockey team, 1960-63). Roommates J.E. Hinkle and E.M. Kennedy.

Until May 26, 1964, member of the Connecticut National Guard, Chanute Tech Training Center, Chanute Air Force Base, Illinois. Airman 3d Class.

June, 1964, Executive trainee, Hartford National Bank & Trust Company, Hartford, Connecticut; 1965, Credit Analyst; 1966, Methods & Research Analyst; 1967, Assistant Cashier,

Branch Administration Division, prior to death held position of Assistant Manager.

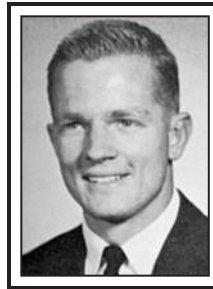
Married Sara Ann Roh, June 27, 1964, Columbia University, B.S. '64. Daughter Sara Jean, born December 11, 1967.

Ted was survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester H. Loomis, his daughter, Sara Jean, '89, and his widow.

James Hinkle, M.D. remembers:

Ted was my roommate for three years in Trumbell College. He died way too young of a ruptured cerebral aneurysm, and left a lovely wife and a one year old daughter, Sally. I often wonder how Ann and Sally are today.

ANTHONY P. LOVELL



*June 18, 1940 –
November 15, 2008*

Tony Lovell, the only son of three generations of lobster fishermen, was the first member of his family to attend college. With a combination of work scholarships, grants and the back-breaking labor of gathering mussels each summer, Tony was able to finance his undergraduate education with no outstanding debt.

After graduating from Yale College, Tony attended Yale Medical School and trained in internal medicine at the University of California and Public Health Service Hospitals in San Francisco before returning to New Haven for a Cardiology Fellowship at Yale. Tony spent 35 years as a partner in Pioneer Valley Cardiology in Springfield, MA. He was also an Associate Clinical Professor at Tufts Medical School.

Tony's dedication to his profession as a physician and to his community was continuous throughout his life. He initiated the first cardiac rehabilitation program in the Springfield region. He was instrumental in founding the first Ethics Committee at Baystate Medical Center and served as its Chairman. The American Heart Association presented him its 2005 Award for excellence in integrity, leadership and service.

As a dedicated supporter of the Springfield Symphony Orchestra, Tony spearheaded a successful fund raising effort among the medical community for the orchestra's first Capital Campaign, saving it from extinction. He served for ten years on the Board of Trustees as president and chairman. Tony was the second recipient of the Janee Armstrong Friedmann Award, given to individuals who demonstrate tireless and selfless dedication to the SSO.

Always interested in conservation and environmental stewardship, Tony was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Connecticut River Watershed Council, serving as the MA Chair and leading the annual Connecticut Watershed Clean Up Campaign. Tony became an enthusiastic rower in mid-life and active participant in the Pioneer Valley Rowing Club.

Tony is survived by his wife of 40 years, Kathleen, his daughter Alyssa, his son Andrew and his wife Stephanie.

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

What a sweet guy and great doctor. He took my place at Yale Medical School after I switched to Columbia P & S. He did well there with Danny Arons and deserved a great medical school. He also was my chief aide at Silliman as we ran the place for Lukther Noss 1960-1962.

J Kirkwood remembers:

Tony Lovell arrived in New Haven in September 1963, fresh off the clam flats on Cape Cod. He knew all about hard work, a trait which served him well for the next eight years as an undergraduate and medical student at Yale, throughout his professional career as a cardiologist, and as an active community volunteer and leader. Whether it was serving up soup in the freshman dining hall, working 36-hour shifts as an intern, making house calls to long-time patients at the end of a 12-hour day, dragging hundreds of tires out of the Connecticut River during the annual watershed cleanup or guiding the Springfield Symphony Orchestra out of the red in its first endowment campaign, Tony Lovell was a guy you could count on to get the job done.

Born to a family of three generations of lobstermen, Tony developed a strong connection to the sea. Growing up on one of the largest salt

marsh ecosystems on the East Coast, he was an endless source of knowledge about marine plant and animal organisms. He loved the natural harmony of time on Sandy Neck. A barrier beach bounded by Cape Cod Bay and Barnstable Harbor, Sandy Neck is governed by the tides and winds, providing a bounty of crustaceans, fish and berries. This rich environment provided a livelihood for an industrious student who needed to fill gaps between the many scholarships and loans he received. Digging clams, gathering mussels, and collecting horseshoe crabs for scientific research were a grueling but lucrative way to finance a Yale education.

After spending five years on the California coast, completing his medical training at UCSF and his military obligation in the U.S. Public Health Service, Tony moved back east to another waterfront location, the Connecticut River. The stage was set for starting a new activity to maintain the fitness level he tried to model for his patients: sculling. Rising with the sun from May through October, Tony covered many miles on the river before starting his day as a medical partner in Pioneer Valley Cardiology. Recognizing the importance of the Connecticut River as a vital recreation source for the region, Tony accepted the opportunity to serve as an active leader on the board of the Connecticut River Watershed Council and also initiated instrumental efforts to resurrect the rowing tradition in Springfield.

In four decades of living in Longmeadow, MA, Tony developed into a fine gardener. His skill at propagating maidenhair ferns and other spring ephemerals brought great pleasure to all who strolled through his woodland. His vegetable garden produced dozens of varieties of delectable heritage tomatoes, bushels of corn and sweet potatoes.

A proud and devoted father of Alyssa and Andrew, a beloved and respected physician and a dedicated community leader, Tony Lovell was diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor in September 2006. With Kathy, his wife of 40 years, never leaving his side for the next two years, Tony lived out his final days with hope, humor, love and dignity.

Daniel Arons remembers:

I first saw Tony Lovell as a nameless blond

bursar boy, wearing a starched white coat, looking serious and determined as he carried a heavy tray of dishes in Commons one evening in early September our freshman year. Years later, he looked equally serious and determined when he put on the starched white coat of a first year Yale medical student. In between, we developed a close friendship while living in Silliman, having late night discussions about Gatsby ("old sport"), joking about his New England heritage ("you old Yankee") and making note of my high school background ("Dan, where did you prep?"). He descended from three generations of lobster fisherman on Cape Cod, and was the first in his family to attend college. His serious side was well complemented by a wry and irreverent sense of humor. We once returned to Silliman for a reception honoring former Yale President Kingman Brewster, who had just left his post as American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. After a few drinks Tony asked the ambassador, "When did you get laid off?" Tony became a cardiologist, practicing at a major medical center in western Massachusetts, devoted to his patients and his community, serving on the board of the Springfield Symphony, rowing on the Connecticut river, and tending to his extensive garden. He enjoyed many bike trips in Europe with his wife Kathy. Tony always felt the pull of Cape Cod and would often retreat to the family cabin on Sandy Neck, to smell the salt air, walk on the beach and put his clam rake in the shallow water. He loved the outdoors, and if the sunlight helped keep his hair blond, he died too young for it to turn grey.

Paul Neill remembers:

To a former roommate and good friend who left us too soon. He was a credit to his family, to Yale and to his community, and his impact will not soon be forgotten.

John Sterne remembers:

Tony was a classmate who also a fellow Cape Codder. He was was the real thing because his family was a fishing family. Tony, Howard Mayo and I used to car-pool between New Haven and the Cape, having some interesting conversations along the way. I learned of Tony's death from reading the Springfield, Mass. newspapers when

I lived nearby. I'm sorry I never contacted him. I think of Tony whenever I pass his old family house in Cumaquid, Mass. (on the Cape).

THOMAS CARPENTER MACARTHUR



*February 13, 1937 –
June 8, 1990*

Thomas Carpenter MacArthur was born in Buffalo, New York, the son of Charles Prevost MacArthur and Katheryn Carpenter MacArthur. He prepared at Nichols School in Buffalo. Before matriculating at Yale, Tom served a stint in the United States Army, with the result that he was older than most of our Class.

At Yale, Tom majored in Electrical Engineering, and was a member of Berkeley College.

Following graduation from Yale, Tom pursued a career in medicine, focusing on medical electronics. He worked at the City of Hope Hospital in Los Angeles, California, and later at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia. At the time of our 25th Reunion in 1988, Tom resided in Atlanta.

Tom died on June 8, 1990, at 53 years of age.

Edward Ahlborn remembers:

In going down this list, I am struck with the sheer number of classmates we have lost. I especially remember Tom MacArthur, who came to Yale out of the Army, where he had been an enlisted Sergeant. He had both age and experience on the rest of us overgrown adolescents, and seemed to breeze through the tough EE curriculum, simply by knowing how to best use his time. One memory: We could have beer, but we couldn't have a hotplate because of the fire danger. He took a couple of cases of empty beer cans, and welded them together to form a hinged cover for his hotplate. It looked simply like a case of beer, and we very much enjoyed the hot appetizers he served.

Reve Carberry remembers:

Tom was a fun-loving army veteran who happened to be gay and who had a zest for all aspects of life and particularly life at Yale. We were great friends starting sophomore year although my departing at the end of junior year put the friendship on hold and it never resumed after that.

JAMES H. MAIRS



February 4, 2012

James Mairs worked as an investment representative in North Carolina. He died in Mooresville, North Carolina on February 4, 2012. He is survived by his wife, Cynthia, and his son John.

THOMAS F. MANKIEWICZ



*June 1, 1942 –
July 31, 2010*

After majoring in Drama at Yale, Tom Mankiewicz embarked upon a writing career in Hollywood, as had his father, the celebrated writer and director Joseph L. Mankiewicz ("All About Eve") and his uncle, screenwriter Herman Mankiewicz ("Citizen Kane"). This scion of Hollywood royalty quickly established his own reputation with his work on a sequence of James Bond films (beginning with "Diamonds Are Forever"). He became known as a highly regarded "script doctor" whose wit and story sense made him an indispensable man behind the scenes. The director Richard Donner, a frequent collaborator, stated flatly that his film "Superman", would not have gotten made without Tom's contribution.

Perhaps Tom's greatest achievement was the television series "Hart to Hart", starring Robert

Wagner and Stephanie Powers as a wealthy couple who play at being amateur detectives, which he wrote and directed throughout its highly successful five-season run. The format and the breezy romantic tone that Tom so effortlessly achieved have been much imitated since, from "Moonlighting" to the current hit "Castle", and the success of the show cemented Tom's reputation and made his fortune.

Tom brought a great deal of craft to screenwriting, but in truth what actors, producers and directors sought out was the vivid personality that was evident to all who met him, a vibrancy which he then translated to the page. He was a born raconteur. No one walked away from Tom not knowing that he had just met one of the great Hollywood characters.

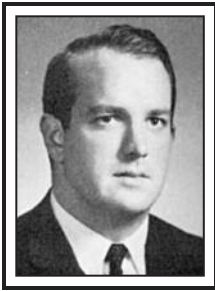
With his great friend Jerry Moss and then later on his own, Tom bought and raced thoroughbred horses, most notably the champion "Victory Encounter". His wide circle of friends looked forward each year to his irreverent Christmas card. In his trademark uniform of suede jacket, beige slacks and tasseled loafers, accessorized by a glass of Jack Daniels, Tom was a lifelong bachelor and bon vivant, known for squiring some of the town's most notable beauties, among them Margot Kidder, Tuesday Weld, Stephanie Powers and Carol Lynley. A great animal lover, Tom fought for animal rights and preservation in Kenya, where he maintained a home, and served as Chairman of the Board of the Los Angeles Zoo. Later in his life, Tom taught filmmaking to graduate students at Chapman University in Orange, California, a vocation he found deeply rewarding.

He is survived by his brother, Christopher, a producer and actor; a sister, Alexandra; and his stepmother, Rosemary.

Raymond Seitz remembers:

A talented, witty roommate and a fine individual.

CHARLES HENRY MANTLE



*February 17, 1940 –
February 27, 1985*

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, son of J. Brown and Jane A. Smith Mantle. Prepared at Walnut Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. American Studies major. Member, Pierson.

Freshman Glee Club, 1957-58; Thunderbirds, 1961-63.

M.B.A. recipient, 1965, University of Cincinnati. Trust Officer, Central Trust Bank of Cincinnati, also Boone State Bank of Kentucky.

Active in several organizations; Cincinnati Summer Opera Association; Cincinnati Polo Club; United Fine Arts Fund; Hyde Park Community Council and Yale Alumni Fund, solicitor.

Married Elizabeth "Butter" K. Katz, March 27, 1965, University of Cincinnati '63. Sons: Luke, born September 15, 1972 and Lee, born August 27, 1975.

Charles R. Harte, '65, a close friend, wrote of his death: "My good friend and your classmate Charles H. (Scrib, Dribble) Mantle died this afternoon, following a long battle with cancer. He had been hospitalized for the past six months, punctuated only by a brief return home around Christmas time.

"He was an awesome figure in every sense of the word. Scrib's innumerable antics are among my favorite memories of Yale. His attention-getting candor, boundless curiosity, and great wit were with him almost to the end, and made him truly unique throughout his life."

Survived by wife Butter and two sons.

Theodore Streibert remembers:

Scrib was in a single in our entry in Pierson with the Animals. He blended in as did my roommates and I quite well. I remember many happy Friday afternoons when the festivities began.

Hamilton Tabor remembers:

One of many Senior year friends. A remarkable person. Missed.

FRANK MARANGELL

*March 12, 1940 –
May 20, 2001*

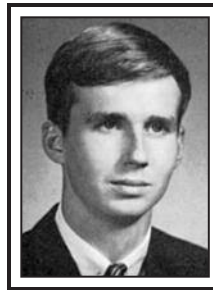
Frank Marangell was born and raised in New Haven and, after attending Hillhouse High School, entered Yale. He began a family shortly thereafter, producing two children, Adam and Lauren. Adam is now an attorney in California and Lauren is a physician in Houston. Frank also had another son, Eric, who is currently in law school in California.

After graduation, Frank completed his M.B.A. at the University of Connecticut and began focusing on the then developing field of computer science. He worked in many positions throughout the country, culminating in the formation of his own software company in California in the early 1990's.

Frank passed away from natural causes in 2001, at the age of 61.

Frank's son Adam wrote of his father: "He was a great guy, loved to read, obviously smart and a great dad, despite never letting me win at chess. Not even once!"

EDWARD K. MARSH



*April 21, 1941 –
December 5, 1965*

Born in New York City, son of John Samuel Marsh and Kathryn Ann Kettering Marsh Reid. Prepared at Deerfield. English major. Member, Saybrook (soccer); Fresh-

man soccer; Varsity skiing, 1961-63 (major "Y" 1961-62); On The Fence, 1959-60, news editor; Charities drive.

Enrolled in Officers Candidates School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. May 25, 1964 commissioned a 2d Lieutenant and assigned to duty in Vietnam in September 1965. Rank at time of death was 1st Lieutenant.

Honors include: Purple Heart; Silver Star (posthumous); Purple Heart with one Oak Leaf

Cluster (posthumous); National Defense Service Medal; Army Commendation Medal with "V" Device; National Order, Fifth Class and the Gallantry Cross with Palm (both Vietnamese).

Died from gunshot wounds received during a "search and destroy operation" in Vietnam. An excerpt taken from the Army Commendation Medal citation for heroism on November 12, 1965 reads, "His determination and flawless execution of duty contributed significantly to the repulse of a numerically superior insurgent force. Second Lieutenant Marsh's actions are in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, the 1st Infantry Division and the United States Army."

Survived by mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Reid, step-mother, Mrs. John S. Marsh, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania and sister Karen Reid of Aspen, Colorado.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Eddie and I were suitemates in our freshman year at Deerfield. He was a leader, a scholar, and an athlete. Through eight years I admired his humility and good cheer. The phrase "nice guy" is truly applicable to him. He died a hero in Viet Nam, too too young.

Thomas Stempel remembers:

Ed and I were camp counselors at a summer camp outside Santa Barbara in the summer of 1961. The owner of the camp, who really did not have enough money to start a camp, recruited from Yale I suspect because he thought we might bring some money to the table for him. It did not work out that way. Ed and I suffered through an underfunded camp (more peanut butter for more meals than you'd really like), but managed to survive. Barely.

Robert Myers remembers:

Laugh a minute on our rides north to engage in Yale Ski Team events. Mowed down while on G.I. patrol in Vietnam. What a waste! Look for his name on the Maya Lin Memorial when you are in D.C.

Ralf Carriuolo remembers:

"Eebie" and I shared a year in an underground together. What a gentle soul! What sen-

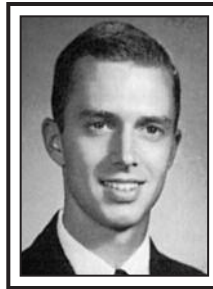
sitivity he had to people and to things around him. We lost someone who could very well have been a noted poet by the end of the millennium....and to lose him the way we did is totally shameful.

Whenever I am in D.C. and have some time, I always visit his place on the wall.

Jeffrey Peierls remembers:

Ed and I were classmates at both Deerfield Academy and Yale. He was a truly brilliant guy, but never looked down at those whose mind might not have matched his. Were it not for his tragic death in Vietnam, there's no telling what he could have contributed to our country.

JOHN S. MASON, JR.



*July 16, 1941 –
February 17, 1992*

John Mason graduated from Phillips Academy, Yale College and Stanford Law School. He was an officer in the U.S. Navy from 1963 to 1965 serving on a destroyer during the Vietnam conflict. Following law school he practiced law in Hartford, Connecticut, first with the firm of Reid & Riege and then founding and leading his own firm, Mason & Drew, in West Hartford. John was very well known and held in high regard by clients and professional colleagues as a trust and estates lawyer throughout the Hartford area.

John was a long-time member of Asylum Hill Congregational Church and served as moderator of its board of deacons. In addition, he was active in the West Hartford Rotary Club and in many local youth activities. He loved to hike, particularly in the Three Sisters area of Oregon, to ski in Vermont, and to share with his family and many friends the beaches and golf courses of Bermuda. John's life was taken far too early. He suffered from Pick's Disease, a form of dementia which strikes in middle age. Jan, John's wife, cared lovingly for him through this difficult time, supported by many of his Yale friends. John and Jan had

two children, John and Holly, now both married and living in New England with their own families. John's brother, Tom, Yale College '62, also lives in the Hartford area.

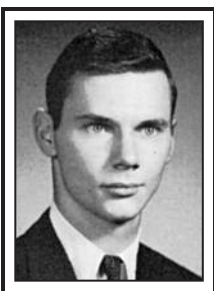
George Nilson remembers:

My roommate John passed away far too early of what was then a little known disease that dramatically affected his cognitive function. Early signs appeared and puzzled those of us who noticed at our 25th Yale Reunion. A year or two later he retired from the practice of law and the outstanding law firm he had founded in Hartford, Conn. My wife Liz and I were blessed to be included in a "gathering of special friends" at John's family home in Bermuda during the last year of John's life, where we shared a special week with John and his wife Jan and several other couples. It was an unforgettable "goodbye experience."

Richard Cooper remembers:

John was one of the first people I met at Yale. At the freshman picnic, John brought his guitar and ineptly played "Michael Row the Boat Ashore" and "She Has Freckles on Her Butt, She is Nice". I knew I had come to the right school. I never heard John say an unkind word about anyone. He had an admirable ability to be able to defuse those incendiary situations that often occurred during the more dreary months in New Haven. He left us far too soon.

JOSEPH WITHROW MCARDLE



*April 27, 1941 –
November 10, 2006*

Joseph McArdle graduated from Yale in 1963 with a degree in Industrial Management. He attended the Army's Presidio Language Training Institute in Monterey, California, before serving for three years in counterintelligence in the US Army in Panama.

The majority of Joe's working life was spent in Toledo and Perrysburg, Ohio, where he lived

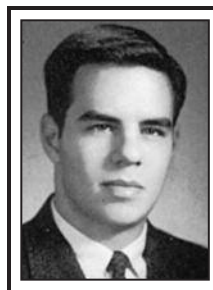
and worked for a third-generation family business, The Toledo Pressed Steel Company. When Joe passed away he was living in South Strafford, Vermont with his wife Sarah Toy McArdle. He was survived by their daughter Dr. Eliza Toy McArdle of Easthampton, Massachusetts, a son and daughter in law, Dr. and Mrs. Christopher McArdle of Falmouth, Massachusetts, and a granddaughter, Lillian Marie McArdle.

Joe was a gentle man with an insightful sense of humor, sharing his joy in woodworking, music, history and the study of the natural sciences with his family and friends. He was an accomplished organist, playing for pleasure and as a substitute organist in area churches wherever he lived. He enjoyed reading, hiking, kayaking, and cross-country skiing; and he particularly cherished time with his family.

Joe passed away quietly at his home in South Strafford, Vermont on November 10, 2006 following a determined and faithful commitment to overcome esophageal cancer.

Happy memories of his years at Yale included playing bridge with his suitemates until the early hours of the morning, at the expense of studies and grades; but he did earn master points!

STEPHEN EDWIN MOCHARY



*October 8, 1940 –
August 13, 2001*

Steve Mochary, Scholar of the House at Calhoun, graduated from the University of Chicago Law School, and thus we were classmates for seven years. Then he was a serious and successful practicing lawyer, and involved with his first wife in New Jersey politics.

A life-altering experience came in the early 1980s when Steve was diagnosed with cardiomyopathy, a progressive and usually fatal weakening and enlargement of the heart. In 1984, he had a complete heart transplant — not the first such case in the U.S., but certainly an early one. In

those days any transplant came with a “rest of your life” regimen of anti-rejection drugs and a significant series of lifestyle changes. But he stayed physically active, was an avid fly fisherman, a member of the famed Henryville Flyfishers Club in Pennsylvania, and an editor of its history.

He continued to practice law until 1987, when he was appointed to the Essex County Superior Court in New Jersey. He served that court with distinction for 14 years, and with a dedication manifested by his continuing to handle motions until his death.

His attachment to Yale and Chicago probably influenced his two children to follow his educational path — his daughter, Alexandra, after graduating from Wesleyan, also earned a J.D. from the University of Chicago in 1993, and his son, Matthew, graduated from Yale College in 1990.

I remember Steve in college and law school as a smart, intellectually challenging guy with a lot of charm. He faced his illness, at a time when we all took good health for granted, with grace and determination, and continued his career for 17 years afterwards.

James Francis Kelley

Richard Cooper remembers:

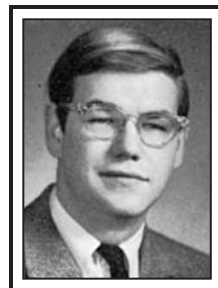
Steve was a left-handed pitcher in the intramurals. I was fortunate enough to hit a ball which may still be rolling. After the game, Steve came over and told me he knew he should never have thrown that pitch. I didn’t know what to say, since I had no idea what the pitch was or how I had managed to hit it. Steve became a well-respected judge in Essex County, New Jersey. He was also one of the first individuals to have a heart transplant. His heart had always been in the right place, it just didn’t function quite properly.

Hugh Baum remembers:

I’m not quite sure how I first met Steve, but I believe it was at the beginning of junior year, as we were both in the same American Studies program. We hit it off quickly, and for the balance of the next two years, he and I spent countless hours in fascinating conversations about all things, many of those hours at the Yorkside, accompanied by late night coffee (and cigarettes). Because

we lived in neighboring home towns, I got to know his parents as well. He became a distinguished jurist, and the only person I know to have had two heart transplants. I think of him and his rich, deep voice and thoughtful insights often.

THOMAS WYNNE MORRISS



*October 1, 1942 –
October 8, 1977*

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, son of Reuben Morris and Annette Wynne Morriss Schlapp. Prepared at St. Louis Country Day School. Attended

Princeton University, June, 1959 to January, 1961. Entered Yale February, 1961. History Honors major. Ranking Scholar, 1961-62. Member, Pierson (non-resident).

Harvard, LL.B. 1966. Member of American Bar Association. Captain, U.S. Army JAG Corps, teaching at West Point, Department of Law, 1967-71. Associate, Sullivan & Cromwell, 1971. Secretary and Assistant General Counsel (at time of death), McDonnell Douglas Corporation in St. Louis.

Married E. Rebecca Starkloff, October 22, 1960. Son, Thomas Wynne Jr. born 1961. Second marriage to Frances Harrison Prosser, July 6, 1968, University of Cincinnati, 1964 and Boston University, M.E. 1966. Children: E. Wyman, born 1970, Charles H. born 1972, and Anne A., born 1975.

Wynne’s widow Frances sent a tribute written by their son, E. Wyman. Her introductory remarks precede the essay.

“I’m enclosing a nice tribute from one of the children, written 7 years after Wynne died. Wynne was at West Point from 1967-70 and did stir things up a bit by suggesting to his students that some of the old traditions were unconstitutional. I doubt that they ever made the mistake again of bringing in a Harvard lawyer.

T. Wynne Morriss, Jr. will be entering his third year of Harvard Law School in September.

The children love hearing stories about their

father since they were so young when he died. Have fun.

Fran Morriss.

"My Great Father

"I feel that my father was a great man. In 1966, shortly after graduating from Harvard Law School, he was drafted into the Army. After a few months at boot camp, he decided to become an officer in the Army. Soon, he became a Captain in the JAG Corps and became a teacher to many cadets at West Point. While teaching, he found many things wrong with the treatment of the cadets such as being forced to go to chapel and being judged unfairly in a court of their peers. He fought hard against these traditions and as a result, many of those rules at West Point were changed. Today, cadets not only do not have to go to church, but can choose between going to the chapel, a Catholic church service or a Jewish service.

"The cadets also are more fairly tried for their wrongdoings.

"Because of his actions, many cadets greatly admired my father. One of his former students, Lucian Truscott IV once wrote of him, 'He was an inspiration. He gave all of us an appreciation for the law in the classroom and out, formally and informally.' Mr. Truscott went on to write a book on West Point, called *Dress Gray*, in which my father portrays the hero lawyer.

"As well as being greatly admired by his cadets, he was also admired by me. As far back as I can remember whenever we had tickets for a circus or baseball game, he would always go with me even if his work conflicted with it. He would go to all my baseball and soccer games and always stop somewhere so I could get a snack after the game. The best memories I have of him, however, are when he overruled my mother in my favor. He would let me play another ten minutes or have another scoop of ice cream.

"In January of 1977, unfortunately, a rare form of cancer was found in his body. He courageously battled the cancer for over 8 months and died on October 8, 1977 after refusing to have surgery on his stomach. His last words were 'This is best.'"

F. Wyman Morriss

Charles Lubar remembers:

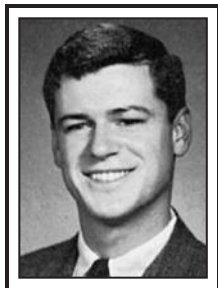
I first met Thomas Wynne Morriss not long after he was kicked out of Princeton for impregnating and marrying Becky Starkoff. Princeton couldn't handle a married undergraduate, much less one with a child, so Wynnie came to Yale in his Junior year. We met in a history honors seminar run by a wonderful iconoclastic and very liberal professor who looked on himself as a disciple of the 19th and early 20th century Populist Party. Wynnie and I had a great time in innumerable debates with our professor about the nature of capitalism, democracy and US politics in general. Through this Wynnie and I became best friends and this friendship was strengthened when we went to Harvard Law School together and were even in the same study seminar. In fact, Wynnie was best man at my first wedding in Texas, where he duly presented me with a double barreled shotgun at my wedding rehearsal dinner! Wynnie was an excellent student, an outgoing though intense personality and had no difficulty landing a job with a top law firm, Sullivan & Cromwell. We remained friends though separated by many miles and then continents but Wynnie developed cancer in his early thirties and died at 35. Wynnie's death was a painful event for me and over the years I sought out an opportunity to meet his son, Thomas Wynne Morriss, Jr. Sure enough I finally did so when Wynne, Jr. was in his late teens and he was a spitting image of his father. Wynnie was certainly a credit to our class and a promising life and career was tragically cut off.

Guy Struve remembers:

Wynne and I did not know each other at Yale, but we met in Civil Procedure class during the first week of Harvard Law School, and soon became fast friends. Wynne's good humor and adult perspective helped to make Harvard Law School a more bearable experience than it would otherwise have been. During the second half of our first year in law school, Wynne and I were thrown out of a study group by several students from the Yale Class of 1961 (whose identities I will hide under an undeserved cloak of anonymity), on the ground that we were devoting insufficient effort to the job of getting good grades. After that, we held our own study sessions in

Wynne's apartment down by the Charles River, consuming endless six-packs of beer in the process. I am pleased to report that, even by the crass measure of first-year grades, we were none the worse for approaching our task in this way.

DAVID CUMMINS MORTON II



*September 2, 1941 –
January 14, 2003*

David Morton was an architect who did the first residential loft conversion in the Fulton Ferry area in Brooklyn. He bought the vacant Berglas Manufacturing Company building, a former toilet seat factory near the waterfront just south of the Brooklyn Bridge, and transformed it into an apartment house in 1975. At the time, the neighborhood was a mostly empty warehouse and manufacturing area, not today's thriving residential market.

A native of Providence, Rhode Island, David was the son of Rogers C. B. Morton, a former Congressman and Secretary of the Interior.

He graduated in 1963 from Yale, where he received a master's degree in architecture in 1968.

David practiced as an architect in New York for 25 years before moving to Marin County, California. He was active in land conservation in Maine, Hawaii, and California.

David was survived by his sister, Anne, and his partner, Thomas Cordell of San Francisco.

David Crafts remembers:

A roommate for two years, he was one of the more whimsical people I have known — painting Jackson Pollack style in the Saybrook basement on Sundays, covering the walls in red sheets, telling stories of his family (Uncle Thirsty, Thruston Morton; his father, Rogers C.B. Morton (the C.B. were for Clark Ballard, but he always said for Chesapeake Bay, where he was a Congressman); his father, on seeing him, under age, with a Scotch in his hand at a party, snatched it away, saying a Morton never drinks Scotch — and gave him a Bourbon.

FRANK STUART MOZELESKI



*December 27, 1939 –
November 29, 2004*

Stu Mozeleski attended Ridgewood High School in New Jersey before matriculating at Yale. A member of Branford College and the varsity football team, Stu was a scrappy and undersized fullback and a member of the famous so-called "You Guys" team. According to one team mate, Stu was quiet, an excellent wit, and was a very interesting person. He never missed practice, and never ever complained. He was dependable and had a most constructive perspective on life. While he didn't play much, if at all, he was tough and determined and was never discouraged.

After graduation, Stu served in the U.S. Air Force, where he became a Captain and served for eight years, including time in Southeast Asia. After law school, Stu practiced law in Maine as a sole practitioner, and then became Chief Counsel for First American Insurance in Maine.

As per Ian Robertson on the You Guys mentality, "Some played for the love of the game; some for the opportunity to test themselves daily against the best athletes the university could field; but all played because for them success lay in the effort, not in the accomplishment." This quote best describes Stu Mozeleski.

Hank Higdon

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

At Yale with a "ski"...That is courage!! He was a proud Pole...David Ragaini and I also had vowels at the ends of our names. I had two!!!

RICHARD BENNINGTON MUNKS



*May 23, 1941 –
May 19, 1987*

Dick Munks was born in Mineola, New York, the son of George Norman and Virginia May Taylor Munks. Prepared at Mineola High School. English major. Dean's List, fall, 1960; Frederick Pickersgill Scholarship, 1962-63. Member, Pierson. Yale Republican Club, 1959-61; Freshman crew (150 lbs), 1959-60.

Law student, University of Virginia School of Law, 1965. Resided in San Diego from 1971 until time of death, but little is known of his career pursuits.

The following tribute to Dick was written by his college roommate and friend, Sheldon Nankin. "I will conclude this autobiographical sketch with a 'farewell' to my roommate of four years, from Farnam Hall to the Slave Quarters at Pierson College. Richard Munks won't be attending our twenty-fifth reunion. This brilliant, witty and much loved individual died a few days after his forty-sixth birthday of brain cancer. His incredible younger brother Peter, also a Yale alumnus, spent every day for a year by Dick's side. On his last birthday, Dick could only muster a few words for his family and friends: 'Nice of you to be here.' Well, Dick, old friend, all of us who had the privilege to share some time with you feel the same way. For us, you will always be here, in our hearts, in our memories, in the deepest reaches of our essence. You were the class of the Class of 1963."

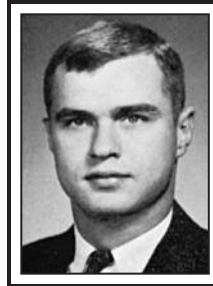
Thomas Musson remembers:

Dick was a great friend, from the first day of college in September 1959 to his death in San Diego. He was a good lawyer and a caring person who always tried to help the less fortunate. He was cursed with a strong family history of cancer, always the type that kills. Both his Mom and Dad died from cancer before he lost his battle with brain cancer. I still miss him.

John Woyke remembers:

Dick was my roommate freshman year and we remained friends until he passed away at the age of 44, far too young. He is gone but not forgotten.

BRIAN DAVID MURPHY



*December 3, 1941 –
August 30, 2005*

Dad (Brian Murphy) had a love/hate relationship with Yale University, to be honest.

When he took me on my first visit, in 1991, he could remember where his favorite bar was, but he struggled mightily to identify any actual classroom buildings.

I know he felt — as I always did — that there was something a bit too patrician, a bit too blue-blooded about the ivy-covered walls for the likes of the Murphy clan.

It was only later that he realized how his experience here had profoundly shaped his life, lifting barriers he — somewhat fortuitously at 18 — never even knew existed.

Post-Yale, Dad went on to achieve professional success in the rough and tumble world of leveraged buyouts, ultimately ending his career as owner of his favorite project, a small grain miller in northern Wisconsin.

He raised two children, my brother Brian and me, and was a beloved stepfather to two others.

At Dad's funeral, I said that one of the first pieces of advice I can remember him giving me was "Show me a good loser and I'll show you a loser."

For anyone here today that knew him, they'll know that that about sums up his approach to life.

He remains the smartest, best man I have ever met.

He is deeply missed.

Megan Murphy '96

Herbert Turin remembers:

I met often with Brian and his wife Nicky

both in Connecticut and Florida. I once located a popcorn plant for sale for him in Iowa. Brian and Charlie Dyson were doing hostile takeovers out of Chicago, or any other deals they found interesting. I remember a big construction project in South America, a deal that would result in the control of many of the oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico, and the development of a low-cost, nutritious cookie from oats to help solve the world's hunger problems. For many years I called Brian's mother on St. Patrick's Day to wish her "Erin Go Bragh".

TOBY MUSSMAN



*December 2, 1940 –
September 30, 2010*

Toby and I became friends as freshmen, when we all lived on the Old Campus. All freshmen ate together at the Commons dining room in those days.

These places, where freshmen congregated, fostered broad friendships, wider in number than those later formed in the separate residential colleges.

We were both athletes. Toby swam. I played football.

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

In the Spring of 1962, our junior year, the freshman swimmers challenged the varsity to a full-fledged meet. The occasion was a part of the swimming program, a mighty tradition at Yale at the time.

My parents had travelled from Midland, Texas, for the Spring celebrations, long before "W" followed, to New Haven. They had never seen a big-time college swim meet.

If one has never been inside a tiled, tiered room that contains swimming pools and seats 500-600 people, it is impossible to adequately describe or realize the sounds. The surfaces of such a room must be durable to repel moisture — tile; it does not absorb sound; it amplifies it — very efficiently.

The meet progressed and the mood became

electric. It was back and forth all afternoon. The freshmen had a superb team, captained by the incredibly talented, world-class swimmer Steve Clark, who was at that time the American record holder in the 100 meter freestyle and two years later won three gold medals in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics.

I found an old score card that my father had used to keep up with the meet standings. The last race was the traditional 400 meter freestyle relay. The card showed the freshman had a two-point lead. The result of the meet depended on this last event, winner take all.

The starter's whistle sounded. The freshmen jumped to an early lead, but only barely. The roar in that tiled room was deafening. The second swimmers hit the water. The varsity made up a little distance. The third men dived and the two swimmers came back in a dead heat. It was up to the final two men, "Muss" and Clark. A bomb could have gone off and no one would have heard it. Pandemonium reigned!!

They hit the water simultaneously. The crowd erupted with greater resolve. All was chaos!! There are three turns before the final sprint for home in that 25-meter pool. "Muss" and Clark swam neck and neck, turn for turn. Each moved effortlessly, cutting the water like sleek torpedoes. Everyone there was on their feet the entire time. My parents, in their 60's, were jumping up and down and waiving their arms like teenagers! I was screaming, pumping and jumping, ears deafened from the heart pounding, surround-sound noise.

"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, one of the fastest swimmer on the planet, certainly in the United States. Clark was merely the second fastest swimmer that day. I went absolutely berrrserko!!

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 singling, "Bulldog, Bulldog, Bow, Wow, Wow, . . .!"

Still shaking with emotion as we left that place, I walked into the cool, open air; my ears

were stuffed full, still stinging from the thunderous cheers, clapping and sounds of celebration. What a day!!

I am proud to have been Toby's friend and did not know of his death until I read it in our class notes. To him, I say, "Good-bye, Muss; rest easy, my friend, for you swam a great race — and won!"

John F. "Tex" Younger, Jr.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Competitive swimmers at Yale share a special bond. When he was at Andover and I at Deerfield we had been fierce competitors; at Yale under Harry Burke, Bob Kiphuth, and Phil Moriarty, we worked hard and long and grew close. I remember him as cheerful, with a ready smile and encouragement for his teammates.

Robert Myers remembers:

His smile and good-naturedness, and a great swimmer!

Toomas Kukk remembers:

Toby Mussman was a good friend. We first met at Andover where Toby did a P.G. year during my senior year. We decided to room together at Yale and we did so for four years.

After graduating Toby contracted or developed physical and mental issues that he struggled with to the end. Over that long period of illness, Toby never lost his optimism or sense of humor. During one late-night discussion about what his life endeavor should be, we concluded that he should become an artist and off he went. During the next 30 years he produced a huge volume of collages, prints, pastels, and paintings. I was his test market; the more I praised, the more he created. I am certain that I have a complete collection of Toby Mussman's works. A month before he succumbed to his illnesses, he was making plans to move to Florida so that we could collaborate on his work.

He was a good friend, I miss his enthusiasm for life and his infectious humor.

Robert Morris remembers:

Toby was my freshman suitemate, along with his good friend Tom Kukk. My best friend from elementary and high school, Orin Brustad, joined

me as roommate in our Vanderbilt suite. It was a classic case of prep school boys meet public school boys. We had come to Yale filled with seriousness (and surprise) at being admitted to such a top-notch University, and the Toby-Tom team were reveling in their release from prep school restrictions. Culture clash aside, it was an interesting and overwhelmingly friendly experience. We were amused at their weight-lifting and lacrosse in the living room, and they poked fun at our seriousness. I was interested to learn that Toby had become an artist, and suffered from bouts of depression (so did I in my 20s and 30s), and sorry to hear he had died. Good spirits and a great sense of humor had he.

MICHAEL GRAHAM NEELY

*March 24, 1942 –
December 21, 1995*

Born in Atlanta, Georgia, son of Edgar Adams and Emma Claire (Graham) Neely. Prepared at Westminster School, Atlanta. Captain of Freshman and Varsity tennis teams. Scroll and Key Society.

Married Diana Bowman, June 17, 1967. Father of Heather Graham, Jonathon Bowman Longstreet, Savannah Dillon.

Studied at Oxford, England, 1963-64. LL.B. University of Virginia Law School, 1969. U.S.M.C.R. 1961-1967.

A master raconteur, Mike possessed an ironic humorist's gifts, well-honed literary skills and the joyful eagerness to test all boundaries. Drawing Robert Penn Warren's high praise in a college writing class was a surprise to no one who knew Mike. That anomaly, a well-disciplined free spirit and sometime wild man, Mike was a gifted athlete, charmer, and celebrator of life, reveling in life's continuing opportunities. Mike was seemingly fearless, although he did confess to a spell of claustrophobia when shut into a chest freezer. It wasn't the cold: he was known to skinny dip in Lake Washington every Christmas.

Mike moved to the Seattle area in 1969, where he practiced law, supported the arts, shared his gifts and wit, and worked his last years as a mediator with Washington Arbitration

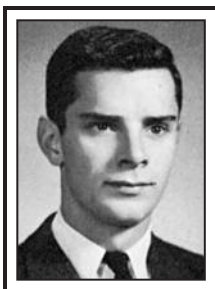
and Mediation Service, Inc. of Seattle. His last two years he dealt gracefully and courageously with melanoma.

Thomas Worrell

Ralph Howe remembers:

Fond memories of our tennis captain whom I first met at the Junior Nationals in Kalamazoo, Michigan in 1956. Remembering in 1962 the Prentice Cup (Yale/Harvard) tennis team trip to play Oxford/Cambridge at the All England Club in Wimbledon. Bob Hetherington was the third Yale on our side. Mike left us in December 1995 after a cortisone shot under his left little fingernail gave a then-unknown cancer the food it needed to spread through his body. Many a laugh or serious thought about everything he did — long to be remembered and missed.

WARREN CHRISTEN NIGHSWANDER



*June 5, 1941 –
May 11, 1998*

Warren (known to friends as “Coz” or “Cosmo”) was born in Laconia, New Hampshire, and although he lived for many years in New Haven

(while at Yale), Boston, and Washington D.C., he eventually moved back to the north country he loved.

He was very much a New England Yankee — on first meeting, somewhat reserved and serious, with, at times, seemingly “folksy” mannerisms. But these were not staged; Warren was genuine to the core. He had a wonderful sense of humor, delighting in the ironic and absurd, never joking at the expense of others.

At Yale he majored in English Literature, a field he truly enjoyed. He had a special fondness for the poetry of Wallace Stevens.

Public service remained a high priority throughout his life. As a senior, he had expressed a strong interest in working as a broadcast journalist for the then-emerging public radio station in Boston, WGBH. Yet he was also aware of the value of a law degree, for his father was a very

highly regarded lawyer in New Hampshire. Warren entered Harvard Law School.

Upon graduation, he worked for several years at a firm in Washington D.C. specializing in law related to the Civil Aeronautics Board, but then spent several years as a public defender in the federal courts of the District. Even though the work was satisfying, the pay was low, and he had a wife and two children to support, thus he moved back to New Hampshire where he practiced law with his father. Widely recognized for being a very hard worker as well as a skillful litigator, it was not long before he was hired away by one of the largest law firms in the state. He was soon active in the state bar where he served on the Legal Services Board of Trustees. During this period he became active in New Hampshire politics and wrote, co-authoring a book “*Ethical Close Calls*, published by the New Hampshire Bar Association in 1993. In recognition for his extensive pro bono work, the New Hampshire Civil Liberties Foundation awarded him the prestigious Bill of Rights Award for 1998.

Always living life at full tilt, he worked and played intensely. He was an excellent skier, and in the off-season kept in top shape by strenuous running. One would never have expected that he was in anything but perfect health, but a problem with his heart suddenly ended his life during a lunch-time run with friends in Concord. As an indication of how much he was respected, the governor and many of the most important people in New Hampshire spoke at his funeral. A.E. Housman’s “To an Athlete Dying Young” doesn’t fit; Warren had clearly not yet reached the top of his game.

Warren was survived by his wife, Meg, and two sons, Jon and Matt.

Richard Holloway remembers:

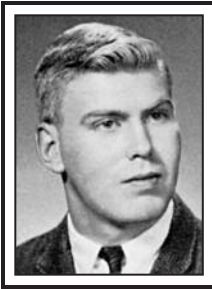
I remember his enthusiasm, his truly kind nature, his clear thinking. What a great friend.

Carlyle Hall remembers:

Warren (“Cosmo”) was my roommate. As good a guy as ever went to Yale. Sweet, amiable person. Intellectually curious. After Yale, considered taking a job at the local NPR affiliate, WGBH in Boston, but decided to go for Harvard Law School, where we roomed together again.

The best roommate you could ever ask for. Married Meg, a wonderful woman, and had two sons with her. Practiced law in Washington DC for several years, and then returned to New Hampshire, where his dad was a prominent lawyer. I have no doubt that, if he had lived longer, he would have been a prominent political or judicial eminence. But he was cut down too early in the late 1990s as a result of a bad (physical) heart. His spiritual heart, though, was always supreme.

JOHN D. O'GARA



*October 4, 1941 –
January 22, 2011*

Jack was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, son of Roger and Lucille O'Gara. He graduated in 1959 from Pittsfield High School, where he was a National Merit Scholar.

Passionate about sports, he played youth baseball, high school basketball and football and college football. He was selected to the 1958 All Berkshire Football Team and was inducted into the Pittsfield City Football Hall of Fame.

After Yale, he received an MBA degree from Rutgers University. Jack became a CPA with Peat Marwick Mitchell & Co. in New York City. He lived in Brussels, Belgium, and Kuwait, on assignment with client companies. Returning to the United States, Jack worked for Atlantic Richfield and, later, Ashland, Inc., from which he retired in 2004 as a director of internal audit after 27 years.

Following retirement, Jack and his wife Marcia returned to Pittsfield, where he continued writing. Jack is the author of *Corporate Fraud, Case Studies in Detection and Prevention* (2004) and coauthor, with his brother, Paul, of *Fair or Foul, Collected Columns of Roger O'Gara* (2007). He was a Certified Fraud Examiner; speaker and lecturer on corporate fraud; and past president of the Ohio chapter of the Institute of Internal Auditors and chairman of their most successful regional conference..

In recent years Jack gained a reputation as an expert on the impact of steroid use on major

league baseball performance. His work in this area was cited in the Wall Street Journal, Newsweek and the Boston Globe. Jack was the founder and chairman of the Tom Giddings Memorial Scholarship, in memory of his best friend, which has become the single largest award in Berkshire County for a graduating senior.

His loving wife of 28 years, Marcia; step-daughters, Allison Pfeffer (Raymond) and Cheryl Gorley (John) and families; brother, Paul O'Gara; and nieces and nephews survived him.

Richard Cooper remembers:

Jack and I were friends for over 60 years. He was a tackle, and teammate, on the worst high school football team that was ever born. Nevertheless, he was a champion. He never gave up no matter what the score, even when a few years ago he was hit by cancer, which deprived him of his voice. He was a generous and kind man.

Reve Carberry remembers:

Jack and I first became friends when he and Mike Coughlin invited me at the end of Freshman year to become sophomore roommates in Berkeley. Jack was one of those larger-than-life people to me. While we drifted apart physically, we maintained contact throughout the rest of his life strengthening that friendship when he and Marcia moved back to his hometown of Pittsfield. How he handled and lived with his throat cancer is a source of inspiration for me. I continue to miss him.

PETER F. OLDS-CLARKE



October 20, 2011

Peter Olds-Clarke served as Organist and Choirmaster at the Church of St. John in Bala Cynwyd, PA for twenty four years. While at St. John's, he recruited and trained both volunteer and professional musicians. He organized several concert series,

featuring such artists as The Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia, Ancient Voices of the University of Pennsylvania and the Scholars of London. He also planned and carried out the partial restoration of the vintage organ at St. John's.

Prior to being named to the Church of St. John, Peter held similar positions at St. Mary's Church on the University of Pennsylvania campus, in Cambridge, MA and in Palo Alto, CA. He also founded and directed two choral groups in Cambridge and Boston, MA.

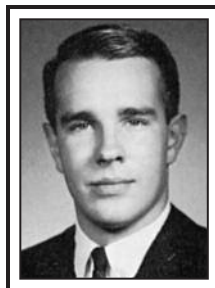
Peter earned an A.B. degree in Classics from Yale, where he also studied music theory and organ. Further training included graduate studies in Musicology at Boston University and the Church Music Certification Program at Westminster Conservatory in Princeton, NJ.

He participated in two Organ Improvisation Institutes at Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church (in PA) with Philippe Lefebvre and Olivier Latry, cotitular organists at the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, and, during the course of two intensive seminars in 1997 and 1999, studied in Paris, Marseilles, and Toulouse with Daniel Roth, Francois Espinasse, Naji Hakim, and Marie Louise Langlais. In 1999 Peter was chosen to participate in a recital at the Basilica of St. Clotilde in Paris, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Aristide Cavaillé-Coll. His private teachers in the United States included George Huntingdon Byles and Charles Krigbaum while at Yale, Mary Crowley Vivian in Boston, as well as Richard Alexander, Robert Plimpton, John Binsfeld and Michael Stairs in the Philadelphia area.

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

Classmates who attended our 45th Reunion in 2008 will recall that Peter played the organ at the Memorial Service in Battell Chapel. Tragically, his health declined thereafter, and he died due to Alzheimer's Disease on October 20, 2011.

CHARLES LAUBACH OLDT



*August 1, 1941 –
May 12, 2003*

Charles was born August 1, 1941 in Easton, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John Field Oldt, '29 and the late Mary Louise Laubach Oldt. His stepmother was Mary Rosser

Oldt and uncle was Franklin T. Oldt, '30.

Chip prepared at Easton High School and majored in Mechanical Engineering at Yale University. He was on the Dean's List in the spring term of 1960. He was a member of Pierson with Richard Giegengack, Michael Jecko and Peter Kiernan after his first year on the freshman campus. Chip became a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity in the fall of 1960. He joined along with me and Peter Kiernan.

After graduating from Yale, Chip attended the University of Pennsylvania Law School and received an LL.B. degree in 1966. Twenty years later, on January 31, 1986 he married Diana Louise Franzreb, and they had two children, John Field Oldt, II, and Robert Avery Oldt.

Chip was a member of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, Northampton County Bar Association, Country Club of Northampton County, Pomfret Club and Easton Anglers' Association. As an attorney for 37 years, he practiced with Robert C. Brown, Jr. from 1974 until retiring in December 2002. He practiced law with his father, John Oldt from 1966-1982. He was a 47-year member of College Hill Presbyterian Church in Easton. He was also an Army Reserve veteran.

Chip and his wife Diana came down to Maryland to visit with my wife, Susan, and me in the late 1990's, and we visited them at their beautiful estate home in Easton, Pennsylvania. We had great times together. Everything went well for him until 2003 when he began to experience poor health. Chip was eventually hospitalized for treatment but, unfortunately, his health continued to decline. Susan and I visited him at his home shortly before he peacefully died there on May 12, 2003.

Richard Giegengack (1941-2007) and I traveled to attend his funeral. I really miss Chip very much, and will miss seeing him at our 50th reunion.

Michael W. Jecko

JOHN MARSHALL PAYNE



*December 22, 1941 –
June 16, 2009*

John, always slim with an angular frame, tried in vain to gain enough weight in the run up to graduation to permit his service in the submarine corps after his graduation

with a Navy ROTC commission.. He failed in this effort, despite devouring scores of high calorie milkshakes daily, one of the only failures in his life. While in the Navy, John married Edith (Petie) Kaar in January, 1966, a marriage that supported them both until John's death. After serving with distinction on conventional ships, including tours in the Far East, John attended and graduated from Harvard Law School.

In 1971 John began a life-long teaching career at Rutgers Law School. John was the Board of Governors Distinguished Service Professor, Professor of Law and the Justice Frederick Hall Scholar of the Rutgers Law School. He specialized in land use and affordable housing issues, particularly the role of courts as instigators of social change. New Jersey's nationally important *Mount Laurel* doctrine lastingly stimulated John's career in scholarship and public interest litigation. Resolving a case originally brought against Mount Laurel, NJ, by the NAACP, the 1975 *Mount Laurel* decision affirmed that the state constitution required municipalities to use their zoning powers affirmatively to provide realistic opportunities for low- and moderate-income families to have affordable housing. John published one of the earliest scholarly commentaries on *Mount Laurel* in the Rutgers Law Review in 1976. His article drew the attention of the New Jersey Supreme Court in subsequent decisions, and his 1989 study of Mount Laurel compliance (written

with Lamar and Mallach) was honored as one of the year's best in the field. John's professional achievements defy brief summary, although many of them grow out of the Mount Laurel doctrine. John also co-authored (with Daniel Mandelker et al.) a widely-used land use casebook (sixth edition 2005). John was equally active in university service, including two five-year terms as associate dean of the Law School.

Sparked by Vince Scully's course, John had a lifetime love of architecture and in particular the works of the great architect Frank Lloyd Wright. In fact, John moved to Stiles our senior year because he thought, incorrectly, that this would be his one and only chance to live in an architectural masterpiece.

In 1996, John fulfilled a lifelong dream by buying a Frank Lloyd Wright house, the Richardson House in Glen Ridge, NJ. This is one of Wright's comparatively modest, "Usonian" houses, a hexagonal modular home Wright thought to be fit for the common man, though no common man could ever afford to live in it. John and Edith restored the house to perfection. Historic preservation, particularly of Wright buildings, became John's passion, engaging his esthetic tastes and his legal scholarship. He drafted Glen Ridge's historic preservation ordinance and served as chair of its Historic Preservation Commission. He twice addressed annual conferences of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. He served as a Director of Preservation New Jersey, an education and advocacy organization that is the National Trust's partner in New Jersey. Especially close to his heart, he was active in the Wright Building Conservancy from 1993 on, serving as President (2001-2003).

John Marshall Payne is survived by his contributions to his students and the law, by his impact on historic preservation and affordable housing and most especially by his wife Petie, their sons Adam and Matthew, daughter-in-law Kelley O'Dell and granddaughters, Sydney and Molly.

Eustace Theodore remembers:

John was instrumental in capturing important memories for every one of us. In the fall of our senior year, working tirelessly in his office in

Hendrie Hall, John created the book that chronicles our years at Yale, *The Yale Banner*. How ironic that he did not live to present his own life in this 50th Reunion Class Book.

As with many in the class John was influenced in profound and life-changing ways by several of his Yale professors. Though it did not change the central course of his professional life, Vince Scully was the key to his true life-long interests. But first the story most easily seen by those that knew him day to day. Sparked by Vince Scully's course, John had a lifetime love of architecture and in particular the works of the great architect Frank Lloyd Wright. His scholarly work focused on housing, a coming together of his deep personal interest in architecture and his commitment to assist those less fortunate financially.

Carter Findley remembers:

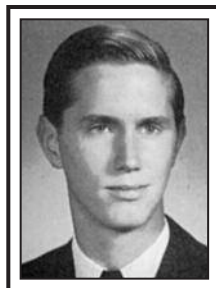
John and I met as freshmen and roomed together for three years. We were different in many ways, but we had a huge capacity for joking together, liked liberal politics and shared vivid avocational interests in music and visual arts. Both of us would have liked to be architects. I was a thousand miles from home at Yale, but John's family were as near as Yonkers. Clyde and Agnes Payne provided a convivial home away from home, where I also got to know John's Scottish grandmother, Mrs. Grey.

In later years, I always wanted to get together with John. Thanks to John, our last get-together (January 2007) afforded me and my wife Lucia our chance of a lifetime to see some unique treasures: the Newark Art Museum's Tibetan Collection, Newark's beautifully restored but overwhelming Ballantine Mansion, and its perfect foil: the Paynes' Wright jewelbox.

John Rixse remembers:

John, a gentle "giant"...your dignity carried the day.

DRAYTON PHILLIPS, JR.



*December 21, 1941 –
July 15, 1997*

Tuck Phillips was born on December 21, 1941, the son of Evelyn Foster Phillips and Drayton Phillips. He prepared for Yale at St. Paul's School.

At Yale, Tuck was an outstanding and dedicated Classics scholar.

Following graduation, Tuck attended the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy of Tufts University, from which he graduated in 1964. He served with the Agency for International Development (AID) in various overseas assignments.

Survivors included a daughter, Jeila Gardiner Phillips, and a son, Nicholas Phillips.

Kelly McClintock remembers:

I met "Tuck" long before Yale. My first memory is of a long weekend at a family retreat of his, during which everyone took off their watches – and never missed them.

We went to prep school together – St. Paul's – and roomed together one year. He was very good at languages. While I had to struggle to learn my French vocabulary, bring flash cards even to the movies, Tuck took French and Spanish simultaneously and never seemed to do more than scan words in order to learn them.

Years later, he moved to San Pedro Sula in Honduras for several years, and I and my family visited him. He lived like a king, making relatively little money by USA standards, and fit into the local society with ease.

That was the last time I saw him.

Robert Myers remembers:

Known as "Tuck" by his immediate group of friends. Warm and embracing personality. Despite "patrician" upbringing, he showed not one hint of condescension to people of all types well before the national push for diversity. Such was his attraction to U.S.A.I.D., the U.S. Agency for International Development, on graduation from Yale and the Fletcher School of Diplomacy.

William von Raab remembers:

I first ran into Phillips on the back row of Larry Richardson's Latin class in Phelps Hall. Professor Richardson designated Henry Schwab, Tuck and me the "gilded youth." Tuck and I took him seriously and acted accordingly for the rest of our lives.

Phillips was always a special case. He was a singular man. He was one of my best friends. He would have been horrified to have thought that I, or anyone, would be writing anything as morbid as a "remembrance" of him. Tuck, I am sorry they made me do it.

Tuck loved the classics. Not just to read the original Greek but to live it. He and I travelled to Greece only to have him disappear with some amazing English girl named Twinks and my car.

Having left Yale, Phillips began his episodic career as a Foreign Service officer. Known at Tufts Fletcher School as the Fletcher Phantom for his attendance performance, he went on afterward to serve in the Foreign Service in Vietnam and Central America.

It was always unclear what Tuck was doing in his various posts. He liked it that way. His marriage to Francie Locke (Wheaton College) produced one of the most magical of my friends' children, Leila. Later his son, Nicholas, of whom he was very proud, was born but by that time the clock was starting to run out on Tuck's lifestyle. After a few years in Central America he returned to the states where he returned to a very singular life. After some time on the Maine coast, he returned to the place he loved most in the world, his family's farm in New Hampshire, a place where he and I had spent many happy weekends unsuccessfully pursuing unwilling girls.

Tuck's death was the end of a chapter in my life. As long as I knew I could contact him I felt a good connection to a wonderful life as an irresponsible boy.

JEREMIAH CARTER POINIER



*November 6, 1940 –
May 20, 2000*

Jerry Poinier died on May 20, 2000, unexpectedly and too soon, but happy — playing a round of golf at his home course, Duxbury (Mass.) Yacht Club, and while sporting

his well-worn blue Yale baseball cap. From golf, to sailing, to fishing, to the beach, to singing for the St. John's Episcopal Church choir, to organizing charitable efforts for the Francis Ouimet Scholarship Fund, he enjoyed every aspect of the bounty of Duxbury's classic New England traditions alongside his loving wife, Susan. Jerry lived in Duxbury for 26 years.

Ever proud of his Yale ties, Jerry maintained relationships with many classmates long after graduation. He was a member of Yale Golf Course during the 1970s while living in Orange, Conn., and was a one-time runner-up to Rev. Bill Lee (M.Div. '71) in the club championship. During the late 1980s, he frequently strapped on the pads and skates at Ingalls Rink, playing left wing for his son John (B.A. '89) on the Jonathan Edwards intramural ice hockey team.

Jerry's corporate career included stints with Union Carbide, Ortho Diagnostics and Medtronic, before starting his own independent company in 1978, Helix, which sold medical devices and, later, insurance products.

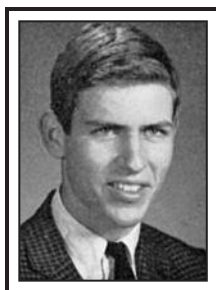
Born in Orange, N.J., Jerry graduated high school from Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. He was survived by his wife Susan Wight Poinier; sons John Wight Poinier, of Phoenix, Ariz., and Benjamin Skinner Poinier of Bridgewater, Mass.; daughter Liza Poinier Clendenning of Concord, N.H.; grandchildren Nicholas and Madelin Poinier of Phoenix, Ariz.; stepmother Lois W. Poinier of Gladstone, N.J.; brothers John ('57) and Philip Poinier; and sisters Page Sanders and the late Priscilla Bennett. In the years since his death, three more grandchildren have been added to the family: Carter Poinier of Bridgewater, Mass., and Elliott and Audrey Clendenning of Concord, N.H. Jerry was the son

of the late John Poinier Sr. ('34) and Elizabeth F. Sargent.

Avi Nelson remembers:

When I think of Jerry what comes immediately to mind is his extraordinary and wonderful sense of humor. For college weekend senior year at Jonathan Edwards we mounted a production of the musical *Damn Yankees*. We had more fun putting that show together because Jerry kept us in stitches during the rehearsals.

WILLIAM SHERWOOD PORTER

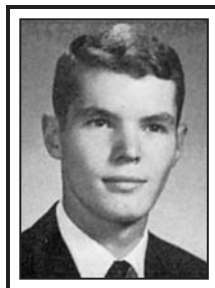


*November 23, 1940 –
September 19, 2006*

Bill's son Bill Jr. said of his father at the Memorial Service at our 45th Reunion: "My father was a complex man with an intellectual curiosity and diverse interests including

but not limited to motorcycles, firefighting, environmental protection, jazz and symphony music and, of course, his family. He loved his family beyond anything else, what he lacked in parental 'know-how' he made up for with unconditional love. If you knew my father, you knew he loved his children and grandchildren, they were his main focus, the thing he liked to discuss and at times brag about. Dad loved to laugh. Since his death I have been going through his possessions and I have such goofy pictures of him from every stage of his life. I remember at the end as he lay in the hospital bed, cancer ravaging his body, he still had the spunk to tease his nurse about giving him a sponge bath. My father was a gentleman, something that seems to be disappearing in society these days. I remember feeling completely exposed when he died, since I looked to him for guidance and reassurance. Even as an adult, he had always been at my side. Now, nearly two years later, I slowly realize he has given me everything I need, I can take on all the challenges that life brings me with a sense of humor."

JOHN DEWITT PRATT



*June 18, 1941 –
February 18, 2012*

Whether dauntlessly leading treks in the rugged Himalayas, implementing a coherent state budget, or helping establish one of the world's preeminent biomedical research institutions, John Pratt drew upon those qualities that inspired so many friends and colleagues for decades: sound judgment, supreme competence, integrity and a call to action.

John Pratt helped launch the Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Known around the institute as "Employee Number 1", John was hired as executive director by the founding director (and Nobel laureate) David Baltimore in 1981. Considered one of the finest science administrators in the country, John retired from the institute after 25 years in 2006.

"One of the luckiest things that ever happened to me was that I was introduced to him," Mr. Baltimore said. "John was just terrific, and I credit his vast problem-solving skills, judgment and supreme competence for not only getting the Institute off the ground, but also for establishing the kind of culture at Whitehead that we cherish to this day."

According to Susan Whitehead, Vice Chair of the Institute's Board of Directors, "He was a person of the highest integrity and dignity and fairness and decency. When he was involved in something, you knew there would be quality and that things would never go off the rails. He was just a fine human being."

After earning his B.E. degree, John served five years in the United States Navy, leaving in 1969 with the rank of lieutenant. While in the Navy, he served on the staff of Adm. Hyman Rickover. He received his MBA from Harvard University in 1971 and began a nearly ten-year career in state government. He was always proud of the fact that he brought the average income of the HBS graduates down — he had an agenda for social change.

He served in the Executive Office of Human Services of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, first as budget director and then as assistant secretary for fiscal affairs spanning three governors. From 1979 to 1980, he was the commissioner of the Massachusetts Department of Public Welfare where he brought accountability and improved performance to the department. He left state government in protest when the newly elected governor was intent on packing the welfare department with political patrons.

Among his many volunteer activities, John Pratt was twice chair of the Board of Planned Parenthood of Massachusetts. He was also active on the board of Health Resources in Action and on the board of MAB Community Services. Earlier in his career he served on the Cambridge-Somerville Mental Health Board and on the Human Services Board of the City of Cambridge.

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 in New Hampshire. John's wife Suzanne (whom he married in 1965), son James, daughter Carter, and four grandchildren survive him.

Richard Holloway remembers:

Such a pleasant and thoughtful friend. And smart. In freshman year he seemed to have no difficulty at all with a killer course called Linear Algebra. I ran into him several years after college through the Naval nuclear program in which he shone, as always.

Stephen Bradley remembers:

When you have known someone as long as I knew John Pratt it is difficult to pick out a few anecdotes that capture his qualities. So let me just cite some lessons learned from being his friend.

Responsibility — John and I spent a couple of summers in Europe first working and then touring — camping above the fjords in Norway, hiking below the Jungfrau in Switzerland, climbing Grossglockner in Austria, visiting David near the Uffizi and so forth. Near the end of the summer, John had to drop off his car as the insurance was set to run out. My attitude was that we were just

having too much fun to stop so why not stay a few more days. On the way to Le Havre, the last day the insurance was in effect, he totaled the car — that's responsibility!

Learning from one's mistakes — John organized spring outings from their home on Squam Lake. We would go white water canoeing on the Bear Camp, Sacco, or Androscoggin. More often than not someone ended up in the freezing river. One year on the Sacco, a pair tipped over, their canoe finally coming to rest wedged under a fallen tree. Several went to survey the situation, standing on the wet tree limbs and talking retrieval. Someone fell in on the upriver side of the tree, popped out on the other side, and was pulled to safety. No one said anything, but we never went white water canoeing again. It was clear to John that we had been extremely fortunate not to have that individual drown, caught under water on the branches of the tree. From that day forward we went hiking in the White Mountains, learning from our mistakes.

Leadership — John introduced me to trekking in the Himalayas. In Nepal, we climbed over a 17,000-foot pass in deep fresh snow and beautiful sunshine. On the way down the sunshine disappeared, the going became treacherous, some porters began to panic, and we had to hike after dark to get below avalanche danger. The following day we continued down and stopped in mid-afternoon on a sunny ridge. There was a discussion whether to camp for the night or continue to a village. The porters argued that it was not far and they would be grateful to go down. After 45 minutes we began to lose the sun and the trail became icy and dangerous. John called a halt and convinced our Sherpa to go back to the campsite on the ridge. The next morning it took 4 hours to reach the village. John's leadership resulted in spending a safe night on the mountain.

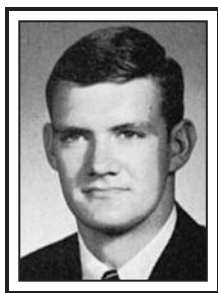
Initiative — John was always willing to take the initiative even when he had few followers. He decided that the best climb in Africa was Mt. Kenya. John got his cousin who lived in Nairobi to sign up and I got my son. John was right — Mt. Kenya is truly one of the finest climbs in the world. On another occasion, we went to Morocco to climb Mt. Toubkal and do the circuit in the Berber country near Marrakesh. We ended up

doing the entire trip — just the two of us with a guide, a mule, and its driver — all due to John's initiative.

Commitment — John had his hip replaced three years before his death and was eager to get back into hiking. He enjoyed winter hiking, so roughly four months after his surgery we were climbing Mt. Monadnock in 18 inches of fresh snow. John's only concession to the conditions was that he would let me break trail ahead of him rather than be in his usual lead position. This was really pushing the envelope — it was the way he did everything with good planning, great enthusiasm, and serious commitment.

There were many more lessons that I learned from John over the years but the most important was his pure enjoyment of life.

GORDON EARL PRUETT



*October 16, 1941 –
September 23, 2002*

While one may question the rationality of my long-held belief that Indianans (or Hoosiers, if you must) are on balance nicer, kinder people than the rest of us, its origin is absolutely certain: having known Gordon Pruett from freshman year right through his terribly early passing in 2002, including years as neighbors in Pierson College, standing next to his very secure bass in a Whiffenpoof semi-circle, and for decades as "neighbors" in greater Boston.

Following Yale Gordie studied religion at Oxford (M. A.) and Princeton (Ph.D.), and after brief sojourns elsewhere began a long career in 1969 as Professor of Religion and Philosophy at Northeastern University. The study of religion, he said, was for him "the royal road to global understanding," a vehicle for comprehending the origins of human suffering and, in later years, for an understanding "of the eternal rhythms of time and birth and death."

But he was never one for broad intellectual endeavors alone. Always willing to listen and counsel as a friend, it was doubtless his sense of

the practical that encouraged Northeastern to choose him to serve for four years as Chairman of its English Department at a time when it roiled with controversy.

Gordon was always a devoted family man: to his beloved wife Elspeth, whom he helped to a command of American English while she refined his British English (and whom he wonderfully referred to in our 35th Reunion Class Book as "my long-lasting delight"); his daughter Jenzi; grandchildren Jason (who especially misses his "Grandy") and Dana; and brother Kyle ('65).

In a memorial at our 40th reunion Gordie was characterized as having "worn" exceptionally well — as a friend, family member, human being. Given how often I and doubtless many others continue to think of him, in that respect at least nothing has changed.

Ronald G. Sampson

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

Our great Gleek President. And a Whiff, too. He mentored another Pruett as the best tenor of the era — Kyle. All 10 of us in the Yale Alumni Chorus wish he could have seen the world again with us.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Gordie was a fellow swimmer on Harry Burke's freshman team; he put his extra-curricular energy into singing thereafter. He was a solid, friendly fellow.

William Reed remembers:

Gordon was a wonderful friend and singing comrade. Sadly, he died before he had a chance to enjoy retirement. He would have loved to watch his grandchildren grow. We're keeping an eye on them for him.

Stanley Riveles remembers:

Inevitability is a hard thing to face. Gordon faced it with grace and humor.

Charles Sawyer remembers:

I spent much of my senior year with Gordon. We sang together in the Glee Club and the Whiffenpoofs. That meant two hours of rehearsal every week day, gigs on most weekends and then a summer European tour. You really get to know

someone that way. Gordon was earnest, thoughtful, kind and fun. Just a terrifically decent person. He is greatly missed.

David Budding remembers:

I had the great pleasure of reconnecting with Gordon in Boston in the last few years of his life. I got to sing with him and that wonderfully warm bass voice in a local church choir and an occasional sing at our house. Gordon faced the horrors of death from cancer in a way that allowed all his friends an opportunity to honor him and express their love for him in that last year. Thanks to Gordon and Elspeth for a truly remarkable exit.

Daniel Rowland remembers:

Gordon was a very fine musician and an excellent bass. Singing with him was always a treat. He was also a distinguished scholar of both Islam and Christianity. But most of all, he was an unstinting friend who gave of himself boundlessly.

Gurney Williams remembers:

I can hear Gordon's booming bass voice in my head, singing "John Henry" when we were Duke's Men and then "There But For You Go I" as a Whiff. I can also hear his much quieter but still-strong voice when, often, we talked about religion and — near the end of his life — mortality. He was brave when he knew he was dying, more concerned in many ways about his wife Elspeth and daughter Jenzi than himself. I know he was a caring teacher at Northeastern. Muslim students learned a lot about Islam from him, while he remained always respectful of their beliefs and traditions. I'm not sure how much he himself believed in an afterlife, but he's left a legacy of good works, and memories of a lively spirit that will always be a part of me.

John Rixse remembers:

Oh Gordo, the time spent "fishing" for golf balls buried in your back yard from your deck and discussing the meaning of life...and death...always remembered!

Collin Middleton remembers:

Early in our freshman year, Gordon and I took geology together. We did fine through the

physical geology stuff, but then came the phyla and ages and all that stuff. Neither of us did well. But, we did study together for one of the tests. It was horrible and we both did very poorly. So poorly that the graduate student couldn't believe we hadn't cheated. Well, we hadn't, and convinced him of that. And, in any case, he noted, we did so badly that was punishment enough.

Gordon and I didn't study geology together much after that. As a result we both passed. We met at our 25th Reunion and talked about that exam once more. Gordon was a warm man with a grand sense of humor. I miss him

John Gillespie remembers:

Gordon was a fellow Duke's Man (later a Whiffenpoof), raconteur and boon companion.

JAMES FREDERICK PURCELL, JR.



*December 1, 1939 –
August 28, 1978*

Born in Meriden, Connecticut, son of Margaret Elizabeth Donovan Purcell and James Frederick Purcell. Prepared at Exeter. Entered Yale September,

1957; on leave February, 1960 to September 1961; on active duty with Army Medical Corps April to September 1960; attended Trinity College February, 1961 to June 1961.

Industrial Administration major. Dean's List, fall, 1961; Yale National Scholarship, 1957-58. Member, Timothy Dwight (social committee, touch football, soccer); Alpha Phi Omega; Management Association, president, 1962-63; Astronomy Club, founder and first president; Political Union; Engineering Association.

Staff Accountant, Price Waterhouse & Company, 1964. Business Systems Analyst, First National City Bank, 1966 and American Express Company, 1967. Systems Specialist, Allied Stores Corporation, 1974. Membership in the Yale Science and Engineering Association and National Association of Accountants.

Survivors included his sister, Dr. Jane

Purcell Coffee, Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics and Director of the Teacher Education Honors Academy, College of Staten Island (CUNY) and Dr. Megan Purcell Coffee, M.D./Ph.D., Jane's daughter and Jim's niece, who ran the infectious disease unit of the main public hospital in Port au Prince, Haiti.

Jim collapsed on the street in front of his apartment in Brooklyn Heights. His wallet was stolen so there was no ID when he was taken to Long Island University Hospital in a coma. He regained consciousness about a week later. After many tests, he was finally diagnosed with acute leukemia and died (Aug. 28, 1978) approximately 3 weeks after being admitted to the hospital. Good friend. Stalwart. Sleep peacefully.

D. Spencer Hines remembers:

The Night Jim Purcell and I Climbed The TD Tower

Jim Purcell was a very bright, gentle soul and a good friend. He had two 800's on his SAT College Boards. Jim and I were both night people in Timothy Dwight College. We liked the clear, quiet, cold, New Haven night hours when the noise level fell off and we could read, think, cogitate, meditate and calculate, sans distractions.

It was the early Spring of 1963, just a few weeks before Commencement. We had all been terrorized the previous October by the threat of nuclear annihilation during the Cuban Missile Crisis, brought on, as we now know, by JFK's stultifying incompetence and weakness at the Bay of Pigs in April '61 and his disastrous performance at Vienna in June '61 with Khrushchev, which Kennedy himself confessed to Scotty Reston of The New York Times. "Roughest thing in my life" and "He just beat the hell out of me", said JFK to Reston.

We were all restless and eager to get out into the world. The warmer weather of late March had brought us out of our burrows and foxholes in TD and onto the rooftops, after dinner. Clumps of TD'ers sat perched on the roofs chatting, calmly enjoying the weather and the companionship — knowing our days as Yale undergraduates were rapidly coming to an end.

By 2330 or so many folks had retired. TD was quiet and peaceful — calm, clear, dry, yet pregnant with vernal, sprouting life. Perfect

night, enticing.

Jim and I wanted adventure and some exercise. Being young and foolish, we decided to climb the TD Tower. No one we knew of had done it before and, as Mallory supposedly said of Everest, it was to be climbed "Because it's there."

We decided it made far more sense, and was safer, to climb the tower from inside rather than outside. We had no ropes, grappling hooks, pitons, carabiners or other climbing paraphernalia. But we found a small six-foot or so stepladder on a lower level, the one behind the TD clock. Working together as a team, we were able to clamber up through three levels, penetrating the trapdoors to the level just beneath the patinated copper, bell-shaped cupola surmounted by the weathervane. We were both stone-cold sober.

Jim was beginning to tire of this tomfoolery and ready for bed but I persuaded him to stick it out a bit longer until I could scope the cupola itself. Jim kindly agreed and took a smoke, so I climbed up into the space just below the cupola where I discovered another trapdoor that led to the outside and a narrow ledge just beneath the cupola. I saw that I could crawl out on that ledge and, if careful, could inch up onto the outside of the cupola itself and make my way up to the summit, just beneath the weathervane. I examined the structure and determined it seemed sound and would probably take my weight. The tower was about 28 years old at that time. It's about a 90-95 foot drop to the ground.

I asked Jim if he had a handkerchief, knowing he often had the sniffles and carried one. Indeed he did and he handed it up to me. I took off my shoes and socks in order to get a better toe-hold on the gilt iron bands that covered the cupola and managed to climb up to the weathervane. Standing up, I threaded the clean, white handkerchief through the left part of the ironwork, being very careful not to put too much weight on the weathervane's shaft and looked out over Silliman College and SSS Hall to East Rock in the distance — a beautiful view.

Knowing the descent is often far more hazardous than the ascent, we both climbed down carefully, then trundled off to our beckoning beds — content.

I returned to TD in 1964 and the handkerchief was still there. No doubt a painter found it

the next time the weathervane was painted. I've had one report that was exactly what happened.

Jim and I agreed to keep the secret, realizing that saying too much might anger The Powers That Be and even hazard our graduation. Now It Can Be Told — Nearly 50 Years Later. Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit. Ashé - D. Spencer "Spence" Hines.

GORDON CLARK RAMSEY



May 28, 1941 –
June 21, 2007

Gordon Clark Ramsey came to Yale from Hartford, Connecticut, where he was born in 1941, the son of Clark McNary Ramsey and Virginia Aileen Childs. He died in

2007 at the Bloomfield Health Care Center, at the age of 66.

Gordon prepared for Yale at the Westminster School in Simsbury, Connecticut. His father, Clark McNary Ramsey, was a "brilliant non-conformist, soldier of fortune and man of mystery," who told stories ranging from owning all the yellow cabs in NYC to having adventures in Brazil. Gordon's grandfather, Civil War Brigadier General William Henry McNary, was a frequent European traveler and assembled a significant collection of 18th century militaria, which Gordon inherited after his father's death.

As Gordon wrote at the time of our 40th Reunion: "All of my professional life since Yale has been spent working with and contemplating things of the mind and of the spirit, in private schools, universities, and churches. You pay a financial penalty for this luxury, of course, but it has been worth it for me."

Gordon was deeply involved with the academic community. Following graduation, he joined the faculty at the Worcester Academy. In the 1970's he was Assistant Executive Director of the Association of Yale Alumni, during its formative years. Later, he became Director of Financial Development at Avon Old Farms School, and was named an Honorary Graduate of the School,

Class of 1980. As the official Historian of Avon Old Farms School, Gordon authored its first definitive history, *Aspiration and Perseverance: The History of Avon Old Farms School* (The School, Avon CT 1984).

In 1985, Gordon joined the University of Hartford as an adjunct instructor in the English Department. During his 22-year career at the University, he taught classes in English, History, Rhetoric, Language and Culture, and the All-University Curriculum. He was appointed Secretary to the Faculty Senate in 1986, and served in that position for 18 years. Following his retirement in 2004, Gordon continued to serve the University on a part-time basis as Executive Secretary of the Emeriti Association and as a voting member of the Association. Upon his retirement, the University honored Gordon by establishing the Gordon Clark Ramsey Creative Excellence Endowment to provide awards to adjunct or part-time faculty members for creative excellence, in recognition of Gordon's long-standing advocacy of efforts to enhance the status of, and provide opportunities for, adjunct faculty.

Gordon was an exceptional classical keyboard musician, serving for more than 20 years as organist of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist. He played the organ for our first Memorial Service at the 40th Reunion. Gordon recorded a number of CDs for the AFKA label, perhaps the most memorable being *Edwardian Music for Organ*; in the CD cover photograph, evidencing his quirky sense of humor, Gordon appears in Edwardian wardrobe and manner, and dates his autograph May 1907! Gordon would enjoy the fact that the CD is still available as a special order from K-Mart. In addition to his performances, Gordon also was a frequent contributor of music reviews and articles for publication.

Gordon authored the first biography of Dame Agatha Christie, *Agatha Christie: Mistress of Mystery* (Dodd, Mead 1967), and was the only biographer to have known Dame Agatha personally. Gordon's love of literary mysteries was recognized in April 2007, when Yale's Sherlock Holmes Society made him an honorary member in appreciation of a lecture he gave there.

In addition to his professional life, Gordon was interested in his family's history, and served

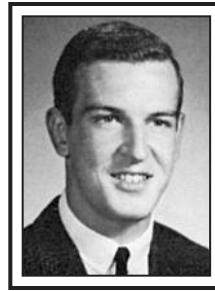
for twelve years as President of the Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth Branch, Connecticut Society, Sons of the American Revolution. He also was a long-time President of the Avon Historical Society. His interests included extensive travel, vintage Chevrolet automobiles, and two Pekingese dogs to which he was greatly devoted. With his finely tuned intellect, keen sense of history, and unique wit, Gordon is fondly remembered by all who were privileged to know him.

Richard Cooper remembers:

Gordon was my roommate during sophomore year. He was one of the college bell ringers and brilliant at music, among other things. He introduced me to the martini, for which I now forgive him. He spent nearly every Sunday playing the organ at one of the local churches and was a disciple of Luther Noss, the world renowned organist and then Master of Silliman College. Gordon had tremendous love for Yale and made great contributions to our Class at reunions and other events. He is dearly missed.

Peter Olds-Clarke said of Gordon at the Memorial Service at the 40th Reunion: "I mourn Gordon's passing and will honor his memory as best I can. In particular, I remember Gordon as a long-time friend to me and to many others. Gordon's understanding and sense of humor have gotten me through what could have been a number of unpleasant times; I thank him for that. What problems we had, we handled as best we could, and also learned that our problems were far from unique. I continue to admire Gordon's musicianship; may he continue to enjoy it forever. Gordon and I learned to be gracious to those among us we deemed overly sanctimonious, but who in fact served us in many ways, known and unknown. I must confess that Gordon was more adept at graciousness than I. Gordon was also a man I learned to trust in many ways at many times. I learned that a friend such as Gordon takes a long time to fully understand and appreciate. I and many others are very fortunate to have known Gordon, and his life has been an honor to Yale."

BENTON WITHAM REAVES



*March 24, 1941 –
November 11, 2007*

Rusty Reaves was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he attended Cincinnati Country Day School (CCDS) from 1946 to 1959. He was an outstanding student and an exceptional athlete, earning 10 varsity letters playing football, basketball and baseball. He was also an excellent tennis player. He was inducted into the CCDS Athletic Hall of Fame posthumously in the fall of 2008.

At Yale Rusty majored in history and played on the football and baseball teams. He served as Assistant Manager of the varsity basketball team. Upon graduation, Rusty earned a master's degree in history from Melbourne University in Australia. His master's thesis, *A Social Study of the Lower Orders in Melbourne during the Gold Rush, 1851-1861*, is available as a manuscript in the National Library of Australia.

Rusty served in the U.S. Marine Corps (1965-1970) and was married to Ann Saunders in 1970. Ann and Rusty had two children, Samantha and Andrew, who in turn gave them four grandchildren.

His working career was in the soft drink industry, primarily with the Pepsi Cola Company. His job required a number of moves, and Rusty and his family lived in Wisconsin, Ohio, Connecticut, New York, Minnesota, Kentucky and New Hampshire.

Rusty continued his interest in sports and played softball wherever he lived. He also helped establish booster clubs and coached little league baseball. In Minneapolis Rusty was a member of the Decathlon Athletic Club, serving on the committee that established the Hoby Baker Award for the best college hockey player.

Rusty is remembered as a wonderful husband and father, and good friend to many of us.

Robert Taft

MICHAEL CHANDLER REDMAN



*December 17, 1941 –
August 5, 2001*

Mike Redman was an aficionado of cheap red wine, a teller of tales and a master of laughter; but his challenge to us in the 25th Reunion film *Halftime* came from his well-camouflaged serious side. "Examine your life," Mike commanded, "no guts, no glory."

Mike came to Yale from Franklin High School in Seattle. He had been in New Haven only a few days when he noticed a newspaper ad seeking employees for the freshman buttery. He applied and was hired as manager. Years later classmates would recognize him because of that position. My recollection of the freshman buttery is that Mike's hamburgers were often extremely rare.

After graduating from Yale, Mike wanted some breathing room while he contemplated possible careers. He joined the army and became a tank commander in cold-war Germany. Shortly thereafter he volunteered for Vietnam where he served as an army ranger and was awarded the bronze star. The military had a profound impact on Mike. For the remainder of his life, Mike lived with a kind of battlefield intensity, moving from objective to objective. He spoke of reconnoitering, operations, targets of opportunity — even when cooking dinner or shopping for wine — and all on a strict timetable.

After Vietnam, Mike received a JD degree from the University of Washington School of Law. For a brief period he was in private practice in Seattle, mainly working with corporate clients. While the practice was lucrative, he felt no inner purpose or satisfaction. He moved to the San Juans and became a prosecuting attorney. He found the work more rewarding, but on occasion became too involved in seeking "justice." As Mike relayed in *Halftime*, a sociopath torched a friend's home. They knew who had done it, but could not prove it. Mike briefly considered killing the sociopath if he returned. Realizing that he had to make a change, Mike moved to Olympia. He became Executive Secretary and

Staff Director for the Washington Association of Prosecuting Attorneys. He held that position for the next two decades. In 1983-84 he served as president of the National Association of Prosecutor Coordinators.

In the mid-1990s Mike decided to semi-retire. He had become concerned that inadequate saving would cause financial difficulties for those nearing retirement. His interests had shifted to helping people with financial planning.

I got to know Mike through the *Halftime* film. For several years the participants held annual reunions. Mike was a regular. One year he brought Gooney Ducks from Puget Sound and cooked them for everyone. Another year we gathered at his home. Memorable events included floating down the Deschutes River on inner tubes and a multi-course dinner at a Vietnamese restaurant. In between reunions when I had some legal problems Mike would call every few days to offer support. He was a true friend.

Mike died August 5, 2001, of pancreatic cancer. He was married three times. He left Linda, his wife, and a step-son, Loren. He lived for guts and glory, but his body betrayed him.

Robert E. Knight

William Smart remembers:

Mike struck me as Army from the get-go. I thought he would make a career there. Vietnam changed that and, I guess, it changed him profoundly.

Vale, Mike!

DUNCAN ROSS



*May 31, 1941 –
November 26, 2002*

Duncan Ross was born on May 31, 1941, in Boston Lying-In Hospital, Brookline, Massachusetts. His father was Douglas Allen Ross, who was born in 1907, in Westmount (a district of Montreal), Quebec; his mother was Eleanor Campbell Mott, who was born in 1907 in Montclair New Jersey. Duncan had one brother,

John Robert Ross, who was born in the same hospital in 1938.

Duncan grew up in Poughkeepsie, New York. He went to a private school, the Poughkeepsie Day School, from which he graduated in 1955. Following this, he went to Arlington High School (one of the two high schools in Poughkeepsie), graduating in 1959.

That fall, he went to Yale, where he followed pre-med studies. Following his graduation in 1963, he enrolled in medical school in Montreal, at McGill, where his father and his mother's younger brother, Frederick Mott, had also studied medicine.

He studied to be a psychiatrist. After McGill, he was an intern in Fairfax, Virginia, and following that, he was a resident in Butler Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island.

He stayed on in Providence, opening a private practice of psychiatry. In 1978, he married his secretary, Judith Crapon. The couple moved to a farm in Foster, a small community about 20 miles west of Providence, where they lived till sometime in the 1980's, when they moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, so that Duncan could live near his father, who was then living in Nashville. Their marriage was a difficult one. It ended in divorce around 1999.

Duncan was a great lover of the wilderness. He particularly loved the property that his parents had built in 1930 on the shore of Lac des Îles, a lake with a circumference of around ten miles about 60 miles north northwest of Montreal. The house was a small log cabin, with a manual pump to provide running water and an outhouse. The land on which the cabin was situated had never been farmed – he and his brother were always drawn to the wildlife, the clear water, the quiet days. He was a great lover of animals, and always had cats, and sometimes a dog. He was also a great fan of vehicles, and always had enough of them.

The last year of his life was one of difficult health. He had a whiplash injury from being rear-ended, he had a urinary tract infection which a string of antibiotics had been unable to cure. The back injury made it difficult to walk, and even doing therapy was painful; he had to take painkillers to be able to work.

He was happy to be out of his marriage, liv-

ing in an apartment with his long-haired black cat, Daisy. She was with him when he died of a heart attack in November of 2001.

Both of his parents had died in 1992. He is survived only by his brother and his sister-in-law, Rosália Dutra and two nephews, Daniel Erik Ross (born 1967) and Nicholas Dutra Ross (born in 1988) and one niece, Aina Valeska Ross (born in 1976).

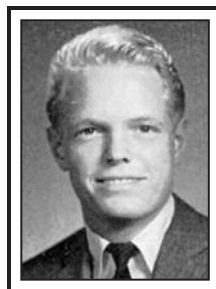
When his brother and sister-in-law went to Knoxville after his death to close his estate, they found many, many letters from his patients, thanking him for his skill and his kindness. His was a life of service; he was the best kind of doctor.

Haj Ross (Yale Class of 1960)

William Zimmermann remembers:

Great sense of humor, and as good a friend as you could hope for. The blazing red hair just added another special dimension.

JOHN RANDOLPH RYAN



*July 19, 1941 –
January 2, 2003*

We knew him in college as "Randy Ryan," a hulking, lumbering, athletic guy. I cannot forget our many adventures together as undergraduates, driving or skiing through ice and snow and rain.

His transformation into "Ry Ryan" the journalist over the next four decades was one of the most remarkable stories I know. He joined the Peace Corps, became a top investigative reporter, uncovered dirty tricks in Latin America during the 1980s, brought the tragedy of the Balkans to the American public in the 1990s, and won a Pulitzer Prize for a series on the nuclear age along the way.

His friends have lost a straight-shooting and gregarious friend. The country has lost one of its rarest and most precious resources – the talent to go to the world's most dangerous places, uncover terrible truths, write about them

fearlessly, get them into a top newspaper and help make this country a better citizen of the world.

He left us too soon. We need him now more than ever.

William D. Nordhaus

Raymond Seitz remembers:

A fine roommate and a smart, tough, dedicated man.

DAVID HALE SAVASTEN



*July 8, 1941 –
June 25, 2002*

David graduated from high school in Youngstown, Ohio in 1959 and earned a bachelor's degree from Yale University. He earned his bachelor of laws degree from the University of Virginia in 1966. Following college, he was admitted to the Ohio Bar and practiced in Youngstown.

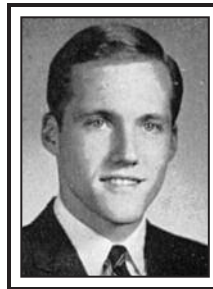
In 1973 David moved to Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, where he opened a law firm. In 1975 he became a partner in the firm of Harmison and Savasten, practicing for 26 years until assuming the position of full-time Prosecuting Attorney in 2001. He served part-time as the Morgan County Prosecuting Attorney from 1981 to 1988 and again from 1995 to 2001. He was a member of the West Virginia Bar Association and the Virginia Bar Association.

He was a member of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Hancock, MD, where he was a member of the adult choir, served on the Vestry and as the Senior Warden. He was the West Virginia Representative to the Washington National Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul at Mount St. Albans in Washington, DC. He was a past member of the Berkeley Springs Lions Club and Community Choir. He was also a member of the Morgan County Chapter of the American Red Cross.

He was survived by wife, Gloria Jean Ritchey Savasten; one son, Nathan; one daughter, Amy;

three stepsons, Larry, Jason and Bruce; one sister Ruth; grandchildren; a niece and nephew.

PAUL CLAYTON SCHNITKER



*July 15, 1941 –
November 19, 1969*

Born Toledo, Ohio, son of Max Theodore and Enid Isobel Clayton Schnitker. Prepared at Ottawa Hill High School, Toledo, Ohio. History Honors major. Dean's List, 1959-60, 1960-

61, spring, 1961; Ranking Scholar, fall 1961. Member, Trumbull. Graduated magna cum laude, 1963.

Harvard Medical School, 1967 M.D. Intern, 1967, Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, New York. 1969, Department of Health, Bureau of Communicable Disease Control, Berkeley, California. In November 1969, Paul volunteered for a two-month assignment in Nigeria as part of the United States Public Health Service medical assistance team. On November 19, 1969, he was killed in an airplane crash near Lagos, Nigeria, while on his way to this assignment.

Paul was survived by his mother, Mrs. Max T. Schnitker.

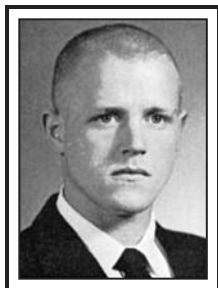
Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

What a funny Freshman at Bingham Hall. He know all about Hiram Bingham and Macchu Picchu. The recent collaboration with the University of Cuzco is wonderful.

Richard Harrah remembers:

Paul Schnitker was a friend of mine from about sixth grade on. After he graduated from Yale he went to Harvard Medical School. I ran across him in 1968 out in California. He was working as an M.D. for Berkeley Public Health. I admired his sense of public service. But, what he really wanted to do was to go to Biafra and work with victims of the famine. He flew to London and connected with a local African airline. That flight blew up from a terrorist bomb on board.

CHARLES SHERWOOD III



*September 19, 1941 –
June 23, 2002*

Charles Sherwood was a 1963 graduate of Yale University, with a bachelor's degree in political science. He attended New York University Graduate Business School and

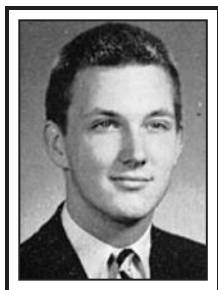
Harvard University Graduate Business School.

Mr. Sherwood served in the Marine Corps during the Vietnam War, was wounded in action and received a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star. He served with the Marine Corps Reserves until 1983, when he retired as a major.

From 1985 to 2002, Mr. Sherwood was managing director and principal of C.S. Associates in Basking Ridge, New Jersey, an international financial consulting company. Previously, he was the chief operating officer and general manager at the Asian International Bank, vice president of Chemco International Leasing; and a vice president of Chemical Bank.

Surviving were his wife, Ann; his mother, Gertrude Johnson; a daughter, Katherine; a brother, Jon; and two grandchildren.

CHARLES HOLLADAY SIEGEL



July 21, 2004

There are certainly many ways to define friendship and in the case of Chip Siegel the measure and significance of that friendship is felt the strongest by those who knew him best. Whether it

was the many who packed St. Philip's Cathedral in a final tribute or singular connections to life long friends, including classmates David Boren, George Johnson and Peter Maffitt, all would agree that in Chip Siegel was a person who believed in loving and caring for others in a manner that makes a lasting difference. At the memo-

rial service in 2008, Pete wrote that Chip's friendship was unconditional. When you succeeded, he was always there to celebrate. When you stumbled, he was always there to help pick you up and offer encouragement. His life was marked by his graciousness and humility, his abiding Christian faith and attachment to the Episcopal Church, his ability to make friends easily, a healthy tolerance for the actions of others, and extension of friendship to many, regardless of age. In the final analysis, he worked on knowing and accepting rather than judging, and expressed, as he did at our 40th, a compassionate perspective of the harsh history of previous years that had impacted on so many.

His own words in the 35th and 40th Reunion Class Books reveal a person touched by family transitions as well as one recognizing the impending finitude of his own future. Chip cherished and took great pride in his children, Emily, Charles (Yale 1994), and Margaret, and their academic achievements. He demonstrated that caring by providing especially rich and rewarding opportunities for travel, learning, and personal growth. He was a philanthropist who devoted much time to the Atlanta Symphony, CARE, and The Galloway School. He traveled widely, attempting to visit 100 different countries in his lifetime and nearly reached that goal. His first wife, Mary Ann, was a successful, energetic and highly independent woman whose willingness to work for the common good he noted in our 25th Reunion Class Book. From all appearances, they shared a happy, mutual love in their life and family over 29 years despite the challenges of managing his business and maintaining his health. There was a point, in part due to the toll of his health issues on the marriage, when there was need for them to follow different paths. Despite those health issues and obviously with some effort, he attended the Class's 40th Reunion. There he took delight in introducing his new bride, Helga, who, for the remainder of his life and in so many ways, affirmed him in his being and emotionally and intellectually sustained him as his health declined. She was a most fitting and loving companion for his final years and he reciprocated it all.

Through all the years he valued his Yale experience, Yale the university, and the Yale class-

mates whose friendships meant so much to him and to us. We are privileged to have been able to share time with him, a person whose values were friendship and openness not limited by judgment nor by prior connections. In that respect he taught us the value of recognizing our humanity and the love of one's companions. He showed us how life could be well lived and its moments better treasured; for that he is fondly remembered and will not be forgotten.

George Johnson remembers:

I spent seven years at Yale, as did Chip, and it was my good fortune to have met Chip. I am thinking I was on the way to Commons and Chip in his inimitably friendly way just struck up a conversation.

My wife and I hosted Chip's first wife, Mary Ann, when they were dating while Chip was at Yale Law. I was an usher in their wedding, as I believe also were Peter Maffitt and David Boren.

Our younger son, Chip (for Charles), was named after Chip, and he now resides in his godfather's home town of Atlanta as does our older son. Chip's oldest daughter, Emily, is named after my wife and we are her godparents.

As I recall Chip, I think what a gentleman he was and how he lived his life well, but always with graciousness and humility and his abiding Christian faith. He also skillfully blended his conservative political allegiance with a healthy tolerance for the actions of others. In the final analysis, he worked on knowing and accepting rather than judging.

With Chip, there was an emphasis on learning and experiences, not things. That certainly expressed Chip's sense of values. He drove his old VW bug long after it should have been put to rest, and likely some time after he should have stopped driving. That was also a later example that he did not accept limitations well. And his life's journey demonstrated that.

We came to know Helga, Chip's second wife, who also was a delight. Helga and Chip shared a passion for the Atlanta Symphony, where Chip had been on the board, and she had worked for the conductor. They were friends and shared intelligent conversation. She was a nurturer and she particularly liked to cook for Chip.

I wish that Chip were still around so that we

could laugh at our 50th and exchange thoughts in our more mature years. By any measure, Chip was a very good man and, from my own experience, a fine friend. I am pleased and privileged to have shared time with him. It remains a special dimension of my own Yale experience.

James Courtright remembers:

A definite friend from our Calhoun days and one who always made me welcome in whatever company or context we were together. His friendliness was an attribute defined in part by his nature and informed in part by his faith.

Hamilton Tabor remembers:

A very dear friend, who served silently. God bless you where ever you may be.

EDWARD LEWIS SMICK



*September 18, 1941 –
May 9, 2004*

As an aviation consultant, Edward's career in the airline industry was described by his colleagues as being "unparalleled in the airline industry".

When interviewed for the Boston Globe, Ed's peers described him as having a "unique following because you could always count on him to give you an expert opinion backed up by facts. He was objective and unerringly right". Ed's consulting services were sought after by prime ministers, royalty, and captains of industry.

Edward was born in New York City to a family in which Yale had an important presence, with his father and uncle having graduated in the 1920's. Ed grew up in a house in New Rochelle, New York that his father purchased because it reminded him of the architectural stylings of the Yale campus.

A favorite family story recalls the time Ed's wife Susan, observed Yale President Bart Giamatti becoming upset when, as a ticketed passenger, he was denied boarding to an oversold flight from La Guardia to Martha's Vineyard to

meet his elderly father who was waiting at the airport. Within minutes after Ed was made aware of the situation, Dr. Giamatti was permitted to board the flight.

After Yale, Ed attended the Harvard Business School and graduated in 1965. As a HBS graduate, he was hired by TWA as a strategic planner, and quickly climbed the corporate ladder. As Director of Marketing Planning, Edward interviewed a recent college graduate for a research analyst position. At the end of the meeting, his secretary asked, "Are you going to marry that woman or hire her?" He did both.

Susan observed that all roads at TWA seemed to lead Edward's office. Heads of various departments who had many more years of experience than Ed, found their way to Ed's office to ask for advice. Susan recalls how TWA colleagues expected Edward to eventually become the President of TWA, but Ed felt that he had a higher calling.

Simat, Helliesen and Eichner, the foremost airline consulting firm at the time, became aware of Edward's talents, and after several years of trying to recruit him, in 1973, Ed agreed to run the Boston office. While at SH&E, Edward made many important decisions that affected the airline industry. Ed's colleagues described him as the wise owl in the office who was unique in that he had the answer for nearly any question, aviation-related or otherwise. He authored landmark studies for the United States Department of Transportation and the Department of State that helped catalyze the airline industry's deregulation in 1978. An airline executive commented in a Boston Globe interview that "without an Ed Smick, it is not even clear that we would have had deregulation when we did".

Ed left SH&E for about a decade to work for Air New England, American Express, and to plan strategies to create new airlines such as Jet Express and Air Chicago. He helped airlines weather crises such as the air traffic controllers' strike, and the period following the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. One of Ed's last work projects involved analyzing the challenges that longstanding carriers such as American, Delta and United were beginning to face from low cost airlines.

Ed had many talents and interests. He was a prolific reader who completed the New York

Times crossword puzzle just about every day. Ed was a gourmet cook, rode motorcycles and was a licensed pilot. He loved sports and played rugby, football, basketball and squash. Ed volunteered to participate in important social causes such as marching in the Civil Rights movement in the South during the 1960's.

Ed lived the exciting life of a world traveler and an international businessman. At a moment's notice, he would hop on an airplane and go anywhere in the world: Paris for a fine meal with his wife, Bermuda for a rugby game, Seoul for a business meeting, Antananarivo for an adventure with his son. Ed's son Joshua recalled that traveling with his father provided lessons he could never learn in school. Josh further reminisced that his dad would never take him on a group tour, preferring to tour on their own. Ed impressed upon Josh that it was important to be a cultured individual, and rather than reading about different cultures, world travel became his son's classroom.

For Edward, all paths led to his home in Chatham, MA on Cape Cod, which he and Susan designed and had custom built in 1976. His family continues to cherish the memories of sharing such an exciting lifestyle with Edward, and then returning to a wonderful peaceful and relaxing family time on beautiful Cape Cod.

Ed is survived by his wife Susan, his son Joshua, Joshua's fiancé Rachel Van Oudenaren, and the legacy of Edward's work that has laid the foundation for many policies that still govern the airline industry.

Theodore Streibert remembers:

I ran into Eddie in Chatham quite unexpectedly. He and his wife visited here often. Later he asked me help renovate parts of his house in Weston, MA

John Sterne remembers:

I didn't know Ed very well at Yale, but our paths crossed many times in the airline business. We worked for a number of the same companies. Ed could be a bit prickly, but he was incredibly smart. It was great to be on his team. When I see the mess that the airline business is in today, I wonder if they couldn't use his talent and skills. We miss you, Ed.

HARTLEY ROY SMITH II



*September 19, 1941 –
February 22, 2006*

Hartley entered Yale with us in 1959 after preparing at the Mt. Herman School. He was in Silliman. In 1961 he married Ellen Moran, an Albertus Magnus student, and had his first child, also named Hartley.

Hartley joined the Air Force after college. He learned to fly in Selma, Alabama where he met his second wife, Nancy. Hartley continued to fly all his life, first with the Air Force, then with the Reserves and in corporate aviation. For a number of years Hartley was the director of the flight department for Dart Industries and then Dart & Kraft after Dart's merger with Kraft Foods.

Hartley and Nancy retired to Guntersville, Alabama. He died on February 22, 2006.

Thomas Musson remembers:

Hartley became a friend during Freshman year, due mainly to his engagement with Ellen Moran, a former high school classmate in Danbury, CT. Hartley and Ellen lived in the same off-campus apartment house as my first wife Gail and I did. The Smiths and the Mussons had baby sons during our Senior years and shared so much of the combo student and young parent experiences together. When Hartley came to the 2003 Reunion and told me he had Lupus, I had a hard time understanding the seriousness of the disease since Hartley looked so healthy. His passing was a shock to many of us.

RICHARD F. SPANG

*June 30, 1941 –
2004*

Richard Spang lived in Florence and Brandon, Mississippi, from the time of our 25th Reunion until his death in 2004.

ROBERT SCOTT SPILMAN

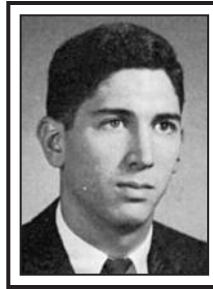


*October 7, 1942 –
July 9, 1960*

Born in Charleston, West Virginia, son of Robert Scott, Jr., and Ann Hatfield Miller Spilman. Prepared at Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Virginia and Lawrenceville.

Bob died of injuries received in an automobile accident.

JOEL B. STRAUSS



*July 29, 1941 –
September 14, 1986*

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, son of Samuel and Audrey Edith Bandell Strauss. Prepared at Taylor Allderdice High School in Pittsburgh. History Honors major.

Dean's List, spring 1961, 1961-62; Ranking Scholar, spring 1960; Kennedy T. Friend Scholarship, 1959-63. Member, Calhoun (Senior Forum, squash and tennis teams, 1961-62); Yale Aides, 1959-62.

J.D. University of Michigan Law School, 1967; honors and activities at Michigan included: Pleading and Joinder and Trusts and Estates II; Captain, National Moot Court team; Member, Phi Delta Phi.

Litigation Associate, Rose, Schmidt & Dixon, 1967-69. Judicial Clerk, U.S. District Court, Western District of Pennsylvania, 1969-71. Assistant U.S. Attorney, 1971. At time of death headed the Collections Section of the Civil Division of the U.S. Attorney's Office. Career awards included: two "Outstanding Performance Ratings" presented by the U.S. Attorney General and a "Letter of Commendation" from the Land and Natural Resources Division, Department of Justice.

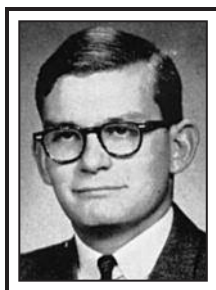
Excerpts from the Pittsburgh Legal Journal described Joel as, "a quiet, sensitive man, who

was an avid reader, a good tennis player and a devotee of fine arts and photography." He "conscientiously pursued the interest of the government but 'never lost sight of the fact that he was dealing with people'".

Married Susan Hartz, May 11, 1968, Smith '64; daughter: Nan Elizabeth, born November 11, 1970.

Survivors included his widow and daughters, parents, Judge and Mrs. Samuel Strauss, and a brother, Henry.

JOHN LOWELL THOMAS



*November 17, 1941 –
October 21, 2004*

Born in Cleveland, Ohio on November 17, 1941, John came to Yale from the University School in Shaker Heights, Ohio. At Yale, he was Chairman of the Yale Political and

member of Manuscript.

Following graduation from Yale, John attended Harvard Law School, graduating with a J.D. degree in 1966.

John practiced law with Baker & Hostetler in Cleveland, Dallas, and Washington, D.C., and then with Jones Day Reavis & Pogue in Washington and Dallas. His practice was focused in the areas of cable television, finance, and high technology.

In our 25th Reunion Class Book in 1988, John wrote: "The swift internationalization of daily life has brought with it the disquieting feeling that the relevance of much of what we have learned to this point is diminishing at a rate more rapid than the rate of its acquisition. The replacement is keenness of instinct, where available. On the other hand, this feeling may be yet another byproduct of advancing middle age, or merely the ingestion of too much airline food."

John died on October 21, 2004. He was survived by his wife, Sandra, and their children, Melissa, Craig, and Brett.

John Gillespie remembers:

John Thomas joined me and Dick Rosenfeld in founding the Yale Political and soliciting articles from Adlai Stevenson, Cyrus Vance, Valentin Zorin, Dag Hammarskold and others for the first issue on the United Nations in the spring of 1962... Remembered for his wit and sardonic comments on the foibles of the great and not so great.

MICHAEL STANLEY THOMAS



*July 9, 1941 –
July 18, 1960*

Born in New York City, son of Edmond George, '33, and Virginia McBlair Gareshe Thomas. Prepared at Chestnut Hill Academy in Philadelphia and South Kent School.

Died in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

JOHN T. TRIPPE

*October 2, 1938 –
October 29, 2005*

John died peacefully on October 29, 2005 in Mechanicsville, Pennsylvania after a long illness. He was 67.

John was the son of Juan T. Trippe, the founder of Pan American World Airways, and Betty Trippe. He was the husband of Jane Reis and proud father of Juan T. Trippe II.

John was a very gifted man – bright, a capable athlete and an excellent young artist. Unfortunately, he became schizophrenic as a teenager, and suffered from this disease his entire life.

John was survived by his sister Betsy T. DeVecchi and brothers Charles W. Trippe and Edward S. Trippe, as well as 11 nieces and nephews.

DRAYTON VALENTINE



*November 5, 1940 –
November 5, 1974*

Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, son of Phoebe Drayton and the late Harry Stuart Valentine; brother, Harry Stuart III, '57. Prepared at Chestnut Hill Academy, Pennsylvania.

Member, Pierson.

Employed at Philadelphia Resins Company, Inc.; held the following positions: Assistant to President for Distributor Products and Marine Sales, 1964; Secretary, 1965; Secretary-Treasurer, 1966. Registered Representative, Yarnall, Biddle Company, Philadelphia, 1967. Partner, Thoroughbred Horse Brokers, Pan American Bloodstock Agency in Miami, Florida, 1971.

Married Helna A. Kollock, February 24, 1962. Daughter, Victoria Hall Voorhees, born December 1, 1965. Second marriage to Anne Chew, March 21, 1971. Son, Drayton Chew. Married to Julia Tedesco Peixoto, December 8, 1973.

Drayton died November 5, 1974 at the Miami Heart Institute, Miami Beach, Florida.

Survived by wife, Julia, children, mother, brother and sister, Phoebe Valentine Smith.

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Beta brother. I connected with him in our sophomore year and I sponsored him and advocated strongly for his admission into the House. But I regretted that I couldn't get to know him well; he was deep and close.

LEON ARNOLD WEISBERG



*September 2, 1941 –
December 13, 2006*

Leon Arnold Weisberg, my Yale roommate and lifelong friend, was a beloved husband, father, son, teacher and healer.

His interests were

eclectic. While preparing for a career in medicine, he wrote a senior thesis, "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt", which analyzed the historic Georgia trial and lynching of Leo Frank.

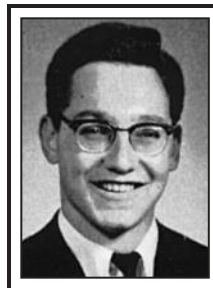
Lee attended Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons after leaving Yale and pursued a successful career as an academic neurologist at Tulane Medical School, winning many teaching awards and publishing numerous books and articles. During his tenure at Tulane, Lee made major contributions both in his role as Chairman of the Department of Neurology and by his heroic work with his Department when transplanted to Houston in the wake of Hurricane Katrina.

With Laurie, his wife of 34 years, he raised four children of whom he was inordinately proud: three are physicians and the other a television news producer.

Lee nurtured a life-long love for baseball, for 1950s vintage neckties, for Ivy League shirts worn with the collar buttons undone and for his Yankee baseball cap which he was known to wear to neurology conferences. Lee is remembered as he was known by all: a successful and respected student, physician and family man who will be missed by all whose life he touched.

Marc Lavietes

BRUCE DEAN WEIZEL



*August 13, 1941 –
January 1, 1974*

Born in New Haven, Connecticut, son of Saul and Sara Olshonsky Weizel. Prepared at James Hillhouse High School, New Haven. Russian Studies Honors major.

Dean's List, 1960; Ranking Scholar, 1961; City of New Haven Scholarship, 1959-63. Member, Ezra Stiles; Saybrook (social committee, 1960-62, debating team, 1960-62, football team, 1960); Alpha Phi Omega (executive assistant, 1962); Yale Student Directory, 1961-63 (associate editor, 1961, editor, 1962); Intercollege Debate Council, 1961-63 (president, 1962-63); A.I.E.S.E.C. (reception director, 1962); Freshman Debating Team, 1959-

60; Hillel, 1959-63; Phi Beta Kappa.

Yale University Law School, LL.B 1966. International lawyer: Delson and Gordon, 1963-68; American Home Products, 1968-73; Union Carbide, 1973. Member, Connecticut and New York Bar Associations.

Married Judith M. Lippman, June 23, 1963, Southern Connecticut State, '63. Sons, David Mark, born September 26, 1976, and Seth Michael, born April 19, 1971.

Concerning his varied interests, Bruce's widow, Judith Weizel Blum, wrote: "Bruce played several instruments (guitar, banjo, harmonica, recorder and clarinet) and was interested in foreign languages, particularly Russian and French, both of which he spoke. In addition, he had written a book and was trying to publish it just before he died."

Survived by widow, sons and parents. Relatives and friends established the Bruce D. Weizel Scholarship in his memory, to be awarded to a Connecticut resident.

Roger Kelly remembers:

Taken too young

Martin Wand remembers:

Extremely bright and musically gifted; Yale Law 1966. He had just started as Counsel for Union Carbide when hit by a car while walking from parking lot to train station. In coma for weeks and then died, leaving wife Judy and two young sons. A tragic loss for his family, his parents who had only this one son, his friends and his classmates. He had such potential.

Peter Perret remembers:

Bruce, freshman roommate, introduced me to Joan Baez and to bridge. His good friend, Diane, still pops up in my dreams.

TOBIAS VICTOR WELO



*July 22, 1942 –
September 5, 2000*

Tobias Victor Welo was born 22 July 1942 in Saint Louis, Missouri making him one of the youngest members of our class. He arrived in New Haven in the fall of 1959,

having just turned 17.

Toby's family moved to California in 1950 and Toby always considered himself a California boy. He loved the sun, the beach, the ocean, and the "California girls".

Toby had a great desire to succeed and to excel at whatever he undertook. He was an excellent student at Santa Barbara High School. He was a Boy Scout and achieved the highest rank in scouting, that of Eagle Scout. In the history of scouting, he was the second youngest to achieve that honor. He spent a year in Washington D.C. as a page to then California Senator Kuchel.

Toby came to Yale planning to major in Russian in preparation for a career in politics. After a titanic freshman year struggle, he settled for a history major instead much to the relief of his roommates.

After freshman year he lived in Davenport College with Henry Hallas, Hewitt Jeter, and myself (Erik Jensen). He joined Beta Theta Pi fraternity where he was very active and enjoyed a great many friends.

After Yale, Toby earned his law degree in 1966 at the University of California, Berkeley (Boalt Hall), where he served on the moot court board. During that time he also worked in the California legislature and assisted Senator Kuchel in his reelection campaign. In addition he earned a Masters of Administration degree from the University of California in 1969.

He spent three years with the consulting firm, Cresap, McCormick, and Paget, during which time he was married to Sandra Roberts in a beautiful ceremony at Saint Bartholomew's Cathedral in New York City. Subsequently they had two children, Tobias and Kirsten. Sandra later kept a lovely home for the family in

Villanova, Pennsylvania with great attention to detail in house and garden. Together they loved family, home and entertaining friends.

Beginning in 1971 Toby spent three years as an assistant to the Secretary of the Interior. He then joined the fledgling Conrail as assistant VP in charge of risk management and assistant to the CEO, serving in those capacities from 1975 to 1981. From there he took a position with Marsh McLennan as managing director of structured settlements for four years before starting his own firm, T. Welo and Associates, also specializing in structured settlements.

Toby was always particularly proud of his family, of being an Eagle Scout and a Senate page, of assisting in the startup of Conrail, starting T> Welo and Associates, being admitted to practice before the US Supreme Court, serving on the board of Episcopal Academy and being a 'Yale Man'.

His friends remember his engaging personality, irrepressible sense of humor, and unwavering devotion to those he cared for.

His family especially remembers his generosity and love of life, his love of politics and the nightly debates at the dinner table. He was a student of the fine arts of barbecuing, debating, and flirting and enjoyed educating his children therein.

Toby passed away on September 5, 2000.

Erik Jensen

Phillips Stevens remembers:

I always remembered Toby for his wide, genuine smile. We worked together on the Charities Drive and played together at Beta, and I recall learning about his terrible death some years after the event. As I am afflicted by the same disease that killed him, that knowledge was and is painful.

William Robbins remembers:

I can't believe that it has been almost 12 years since Toby's death. Toby was a Yale classmate, roommate in Law School, we were godfathers to each of our sons and he was one of my closest friends. Following graduation Bill Bell, Juan Rodriguez, Toby and I spent the summer in Washington D.C.; Bill was starting with the foreign service, Juan working on the Hill, and Toby and I were selling Fuller Brushes door-to-door in

McLean, Virginia (exactly what our Yale education had prepared us for) and taking an accounting course at American University. We attended Henry Cabot Lodge's senate confirmation hearing to become Ambassador to Vietnam and Medgar Evers' funeral at Arlington Cemetery. We drove cross-country visiting St. Louis, Norman, Oklahoma, Las Vegas, Santa Barbara and then on to Berkeley to begin law school in the Fall of 1963. These next years would see radical changes in the U.S. — the free speech movement at Cal, assassinations, the civil rights, anti-war and women's movements. Through all these years Toby demonstrated his wonderful sense of humor, intellect and dragged his "Yale chair" wherever he located. He had a great wife, two wonderful children and a vibrant home and community in Villanova, Pennsylvania."

In his 25th Reunion Class Book (1988) Toby's entry ended:

"I look forward to the next 25 years because of the changes and challenges still ahead. Hopefully, we will be able to balance the competing forces that will surely target us. I do not think it will be easy, but I am optimistic."

He wrote nothing for the 35th Reunion Class Book (1998), and two years later he was gone. I believe the last time I saw (but certainly not the last time I spoke with) Toby was in 1996, at my son's wedding in San Francisco. I can still visualize him dancing up a storm at the reception. He died because he suffered from depression and was unable to overcome the disease of alcoholism. His family and several of his classmates tried to assist in breaking the cycle, but Toby was unable to deal with it and died alone in Santa Barbara. It still saddens me that such a bright light and wonderful friend was brought down by his inability to conquer his depression and his disease and thereby miss the joy of his wife, children and grandchildren, and that each of them missed so much of the man I knew as my friend.

William MacArthur remembers:

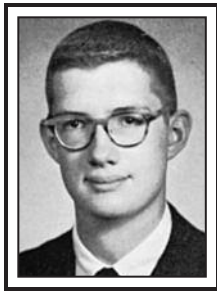
DuPont Guerry and I met up with Toby Welo in the Istanbul airport in the early summer of 1964 as DuPont and I were returning from a year in Asia and as Toby, I believe, was finishing a year touring Europe. We traveled together to Greece where, after a year (for DuPont and me at least) of

not really having had a chance to hang out with American girls, we met several ravishing California co-eds who were finishing a junior year abroad. The two weeks that we knocked around the Greek Isles with these ladies are among my fondest memories and I will always remember Toby's good humour and great company during that time.

William Bell remembers:

Toby, with whom I shared an apartment the summer after graduation, would walk the extra mile, and then some, to be a good friend. His thoughtfulness, his loyalty, and his self-deprecating humor made him a valued companion. I wish that I, in return, could have been a better friend to him.

WALTER EUGENE WELSH



*December 17, 1941 –
June 8, 1962*

Born in New York City, son of Walter Clayton and Dorothy Marie Miller Welsh. Prepared at Roosevelt High School, Yonkers, New York.

Chemistry and Mathematics major. Dean's List, spring, 1961; Ranking Scholar, 1959-60, and fall, 1960. Member, Calhoun. Russian Club; St. Thomas More Choir (librarian, 1961-62); Yale Catholics Abroad (new member committee, 1960-62).

Walt died as a result of injuries received in an automobile accident near Houston, Texas. He was one of 38 Yale Catholic students en route to a school building project at the Diocese of Tulancingo, Mexico.

Jacob Plotkin remembers:

Walt and I met in the Fall of 59; we were both in Directed Studies Science. Walt was a NYC kid, well actually a Yonkers kid. He was a big guy with a galloping gait; he had close-cropped red hair and big glasses, which he really needed.

Walt was a talented cartoonist. He spontaneously produced cartoons in class, especially if

the lecturer was droning on. Sitting next to him meant that you could be the recipient of one of these creations. Trying to keep a lid on your laugh reflex was always a challenge. His friends eventually prevailed upon him to submit a cartoon to the Yale Record; it was published.

Walt was also an enthusiastic student of Russian —he took the intensive version. After a summer visit to our farm, he wowed my parents by writing them a letter or two in Russian.

Walt — no russki slouch —was in awe of his fellow student of Russian and friendly competitor Guy Struve.

Walt was a dedicated Catholic and had a serious commitment to the Church's mission of social justice. He was killed in an automobile accident in the summer of 1962, just after our Junior year. He was on his way to Mexico to participate in Church-run project that involved building a school.

Walt was a great friend. I think about him often and about the tragically short time we had together.

Gary Brauner remembers:

My closest friend in college with a life cut short before it began — great humor and joy. A serious student especially of Russian and a devoted Catholic who lost his life while on way to a school building program in Mexico — to think of what we have seen and lived over these 50 years and was truncated for him.

James Courtright remembers:

My freshman year roommate who lived his life and his faith as one and who introduced me to his parents, provided a perspective on life in Yonkers for me, the young freshman from Kansas. He was a promising mathematician who lost his life en route to summer missionary work and is respected for his dedication

STEPHEN FRANKLIN WELTMAN



*December 19, 1941 –
January 31, 2007*

After graduation from the University of Pennsylvania Law School, Steve moved to Los Angeles, California, where he practiced as a labor lawyer and became an early leader in the gay rights movement. He was instrumental in the founding of the Stonewall Democratic Club and the City of West Hollywood.

Steve and I served as vice president and president, respectively, of the Yale Young

Democrats. He also was president of the New England Intercollegiate Young Democrats. During our junior and senior years we experienced a busy education in real-life politics as we planned club events, attended many meetings throughout Connecticut and in Chicago Manhattan and Washington, sought speakers and worked on campaigns.

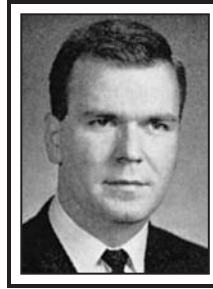
We were rewarded for our labors when we met with U.S. senators and representatives, heard LBJ give a rousing speech to several hundred college Democrats, listened to President Kennedy in the Rose Garden, and most memorably sat in Madison Square Garden, where just 30 feet away from our second-row seats JFK puffed on a probably Cuban cigar as Marilyn Monroe sang Happy Birthday to him.

Ken Porter

Reve Carberry remembers:

Steve, Mike Coughlin, Jack O'Gara and I were roommates in Berkeley sophomore year. While not a close friend, I respected him for his commitment to politics particularly through his participation in the Political Union.

ALFRED WILLIAM WHITE



*July 23, 1936 –
May 10, 2008*

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.

CHRISTOPHER WHITMAN



May 29, 2007

Chris entered Kent School in Connecticut in September 1955 after having attended Charlotte Country Day School in North Carolina. At CCDS Chris played football and basketball and, in his spare time, built model airplanes that flew at significant heights.

At Kent Chris established himself as a superb Latin scholar, was a pulling tackle on the football team's single wing formation and rowed number six in Kent first boat. He sang in the Glee Club and later in the Yale Russian Chorus. Beyond his midnight forays (with Bill Petty) to Kent's unguarded kitchen and other nefarious activities, Chris was the verger for the school's chapel. And indeed this experience had a lasting impact on his life.

Kent gave Chris good friends and a myriad of new experiences which served him well. He

was admitted to Yale on early decision. His new found freedom there proved to be his undoing. He entered the Army in 1961 and was selected to attend the Army Language School in California. He studied Czech and served in Eastern Europe at the height of the Cold War.

Subsequently Chris finished his B.A. at Marlborough College in Vermont. He served in the National Guard before his untimely death in 2006. He is survived by his three children and three grandchildren.

William C. Petty

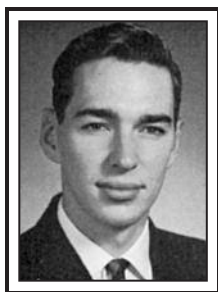
John Rixse remembers:

Chris, a bright star....

Stanley Riveles remembers:

I did not know Chris at Yale. From his obituary, I learned we had a deep experience in common. He studied Czech and observed at first hand the 1968 Prague Spring. For the three years leading up to the Prague Spring, I followed the reform movement as an analyst of Czechoslovakia in Munich. I wrote about these events and anticipated the opposition to doctrinaire Communism. I did not anticipate the invasion. I would have enjoyed hearing Chris's first hand experiences and sharing our opinions.

THOMAS BURNETT WIENS



*October 7, 1942 –
July 14, 2000*

Thomas Burnett Wiens, father to Jesse and Laura, and TBW to many of us, entered Yale at 16, already keenly aware that intelligence, perseverance, and collective community

action are key elements for improving human societies.

From his first years at Yale, Tom's intellect and mastery of details were very much in evidence to his classmates and later in life to his colleagues at the World Bank, where as Sector Manager of the Caribbean and Latin America, he was at the top of his form, describing complex

economic relationships with insight and clarity. He was a respected single or joint author of several well-regarded books on China and on Latin American economies, a writing talent already present when he could write top A level papers for the now widely known social historian, Jesse Lemisch, who then was a dynamic Yale History section instructor in the finest Socratic tradition. Had Tom wished to migrate to academia, one suspects he would easily have qualified — given the volume of his output and his insights into developing economies.

Tom's commitment to understanding China should include the mention of the fact that his father was a professor of geography at Yale specializing in S.E. Asia and well versed in the social issues of those respective cultures. In time Tom became proficient in Chinese customs and language when serving Yale and the World Bank in their respective China missions. His father's interests may have influenced Tom's career choice and solidified his commitment to high scholarly accomplishment that should never be diminished or tarnished by transient politics. Tom inspired us to think globally long before it became fashionable.

Over the years, Tom and I maintained active email communications, some of which called upon my expertise as a biologist as he helped his children through a variety of projects. When visiting Washington, he always made it possible for us to get together for at least a lunch and to discuss our families and our careers. He was very much into the web at its early stages, brought that expertise home, and set up a complete well linked web page connecting family and colleagues. There was also his concern for friends and family, as some suffered from cancer or AIDS, and he was involved in overseeing as best he could their respective needs.

The last I heard from Tom was late spring 2000 when he related that his cancer was progressing. Along with others who knew him, there was the hope that perhaps this could be brought under control. Late that summer, the email from Jesse, even before opening its contents, meant that that hope was not justified and we knew we had lost a valued classmate and a fine intellect.

The Tom we knew treasured those unique

bonds of deep and lasting friendships with his friends and classmates at Yale, which grew and strengthened over time and which provided to all of those who knew him, a richness and a deeper meaning to life's ever transforming relationships. His obvious affection for his children, Jesse and Laura, and his attachment to his many long term friends constitute a reminder that love and friendship enable us to reach even further to those around us when we thought we had reached far enough.

Tom's son Jesse wrote about his father as follows:

"My father entered Yale at 16, already keenly aware that the diversity of world results in unjust inequalities. Throughout his life, he exuded a confidence that intelligence, perseverance, and collective community action are needed for progress. China and everything Chinese became his study, except perhaps for American folk music, blues and pop!

"Beyond this fabric of social causes that he knew so well, there was also his concern for the lives of friends and family. His commitments inspired by sister Laura and me, both to love Life and, with him, to think globally long before it became fashionable. Particularly notable were his extraordinary travels with the family, his quiet commitment to solid scholarly accomplishment that is undiminished by transient politics, and his well developed friendships both at and beyond Yale. By his personal example, he taught us to reach out personally to those around us when we thought we had reached far enough.

"In this world, I think that his life was a great gift."

James Ben Courtright

Carlton Chickering remembers:

Tom was one of the gentlest and most decent people I have ever known. He is very much missed.

Richard Heppner remembers:

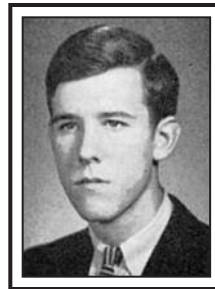
Tom was my room mate freshman year. I recall that he possessed a superior intellect and was able to contribute a great deal to our casual, late-night "bull sessions" in Durfee Hall. I was most impressed that he taught himself to be a very accomplished guitar and banjo player in the

Earl Scruggs style in his spare time as a freshman. He truly enjoyed playing Bluegrass music and it also gave pleasure to his friends the rest of his all-too-short life. He spent a year in the Yale in China program and became proficient in the language. Rural Chinese economics was his dissertation topic for his Ph.D. at Harvard. I didn't see him often enough thereafter, but I know that his accomplishments at the World Bank were considerable. I really wish that we could sit down again for a cup of coffee and a good talk.

Hamilton Tabor remembers:

World Bank in Washington DC summer of 1986. A Chinese expert. Known largely through his father. Related to the Burnett family. A tradition of service.

EVAN MORRIS WILSON, JR.



*November 24, 1941 –
June 30, 1964*

Born in New York City, son of Evan Morris and Leila Whitney Fosburgh Wilson; Uncles: Pieter W. Fosburgh, '38, Hugh W. Fosburgh, '39, James W. Fosburgh, '33. Prepared at

Deerfield. Chinese Studies Honors major. Dean's List, spring, 1960. Member, Branford. Challenge 1959-62; Books for Africa (State Department liaison), 1960-61; rugby, 1959.

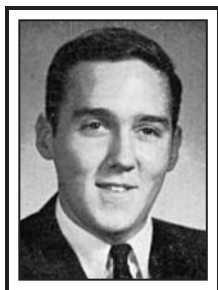
Evan's mother provides an overview of his brief but full life. "Evan M. Wilson was the son of a Foreign Service Officer and so spent most of his life with the family in posts in the Middle East or related thereto. He was in school in Tehran, Darjeeling, India, Washington, D.C. and London before going to Deerfield Academy. His intense interest in the east, particularly in China and Central Asia, developed early and blossomed during the Yale years under the two Professors Wright, followed by special Chinese studies at Washington University, Seattle. A friend in Seattle wrote that he had never known anyone to have lived so full a life in variety of interests and activities, culminating in a journey across the

USSR, Soviet Central Asia, Mongolia and into Japan, all with exhilaration and complete happiness rarely achieved in a long life. He died in a fall from a recreational roof at the University of Washington, June 29, 1964."

Phillips Stevens remembers:

Another Deerfield classmate and Branford resident, who died tragically in 1964. He packed a lot into his short life. Bill was a friendly fellow who impressed me as being completely unfazed by the pressures to conform to a prep-school model of dress and behavior to which many of us succumbed.

WASHINGTON CARLYLE WINN, JR.



*April 2, 1941 –
July 3, 2011*

Born in Richmond, Wash Winn received his M.D. from the University of Virginia School of Medicine, after graduating from Yale magna cum laude. He joined the pathology department of the University of Vermont Medical School, where he served as director of the clinical microbiology laboratories. In Vermont, he also attained an MBA degree. As a member of the College of American Pathology, he advised laboratories here and abroad on quality methods and standards. A major accomplishment was his contribution of chapters to and later as editor of *Koneman's Color Atlas and Textbook of Diagnostic Pathology*, considered a standard work in the field of clinical microbiology. Wash was an active member of the St. Timothy Anglican Mission and the Burlington Emergency Shelter. He was a passionate opera lover. His wife of 44 years, Alice, survives him, as do his two sons, Washington III and Charles, two nephews and two grandchildren.

Ronald Alessio Allison remembers:

What a jovial laugh. A true Virginian whom I met via Ernest Perry Buxton, M.D.

Ernest Buxton remembers:

Good friend and classmate from 6th grade, throughout prep school, Yale and medical school. I miss Wash.

William MacArthur remembers:

Wash Winn, fondly known among many of us as "the Senator" because of his courtly Southern presence and reassuring bulk, was one of the bright lights of life in Pierson during undergraduate years. Because of his close relationship with DuPont Guerri, I saw him frequently after graduation in the New York area when he was there to indulge his passion for opera. Wash was one of the most consistently decent people I knew at Yale — warm, intelligent, cultured and from all reports a wonderful physician who aided many many people in life.

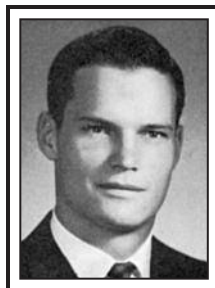
Carlyle Hall remembers:

Wash and I were odd "twins." His name was Washington Carlyle and my name was Carlyle Washington. We met each other at the Zeta Psi fraternity. He was a sweet and wonderful guy. He was the sort of person that you wished could be your actual brother.

Nelson Neiman remembers:

In 2010, we spent two days together at Wash's home in Burlington, Vermont. A tenured professor and nationally known microbiologist, Wash was a great husband, father, opera lover, historian and Southern gentlemen. We drank some very fine Scotch together and it was like the many years between Yale and our late 60's never existed.

ROBERT HENRY WINTER



*May 7, 1941 –
July 17, 2011*

Born in Caracas, Venezuela, Bob Winter grew up in various locations in the U.S. and Venezuela. He developed a passion for flying early in life and obtained his pilot's

license at 18. At Yale, to accumulate flying hours, on spring breaks he would fly college friends to and from the Caribbean.

Following graduation, Bob served in the U.S. Army in Germany, serving with a short-range nuclear-capable missile unit. He remained in Europe selling securities in Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium. Returning to Miami, he continued in the financial field.

Thereafter, Bob moved to Houston and began a new career in real estate development with a partner. The most notable projects involved three office buildings in Corpus Christi.

In 1995, Bob and his wife of twenty years, Denise, bought a farm in Fayette County, Texas, which they improved and eventually made their permanent home. Bob and Denise established a non-profit organization for animal rescue, providing life-long sanctuary for many dogs and cats, as well as other domestic animals, at their farm.

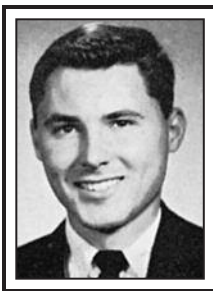
Bob remained a devoted aviator, as president of the local aircraft association and as mentor to young pilots through the Young Eagles Program.

Bob's wife, Denise; three sons; Robert and wife Maureen of Encinitas, California; Scott and wife Marina of San Diego, California; and Drew of LaGrange, Texas; three sisters, a brother, and spouses; and eight grandchildren survive him.

John Rixse remembers:

Bob, Venezuela and Cuba....

DONALD ROBERT WRIGHT



*October 11, 1941 –
February 8, 1977*

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, son of Clayton and Jane Montgomery Godwin Wright. Prepared at Cincinnati Country Day School, Indian Hill, Ohio. Scholar of the House.

Dean's List, 1959-60, fall, 1960, fall, 1961; Cincinnati Yale Club Scholarship, 1959-63. Member, Timothy Dwight (dramat, 1960-63, vice president, 1962-63, soccer team, 1962-63); Political

Union, 1959-63; Young Americans for Freedom, 1961-63; Dwight Hall, 1959-63 (cabinet, 1959-63); Westminster Foundation, 1959-63.

Married Ausma A. Lapin, June, 1965, Vassar College '62 and Albany Medical College, M.D. '68, presently a practicing physician of internal medicine and oncology. Children: Donald R., Jr., born November 22, 1965, Elizabeth A., born July 16, 1970 and Jennifer J., born March 1, 1975.

Don's youngest brother, Daniel G. Wright, '67, M.D. '71, prepared the following summary of Don's post-graduate years. "After graduation from Yale College in 1959, Don entered Albany Medical College and subsequently received his M.D. degree from this institution in 1967, graduating with honors and at the top of his class. While a medical student he married Ausma A. Lapin, a classmate, fathered a son (Donald R., Jr.), participated in a medical mission to Guyana, and earned election to the medical student honor society, A.O.A. After completing his medical degree he remained in Albany as an Internal Medicine house officer and was eventually selected as Chief Medical Resident at the principal Albany teaching hospital and served in this position, 1971-1972. Don and his family (which now included a daughter, Elizabeth A., born in 1970) moved to Bolton, Massachusetts in 1973, and Don commuted to Boston where he served as a Naval Medical Corps officer at the Chelsea Naval Hospital. He completed his Endocrinology subspecialty training, begun at Albany, during this time and added Board Certification in Endocrinology to his previously acquired certification in Internal Medicine. After release from the Navy, Don began a basic research fellowship studying bone metabolism with Dr. A.H. Tashjian at Harvard Medical School, 1975 through 1976, and was appointed to a junior faculty position at Harvard. He was scheduled to assume a full-time position at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in the Department of Medicine when he died tragically (February 8, 1977) and his promising career in academic medicine was cut short. He was survived by his wife and three children, and he has been remembered by his family through the Donald R. Wright Memorial Award given annually to the Scholars of the House Program at Yale College."

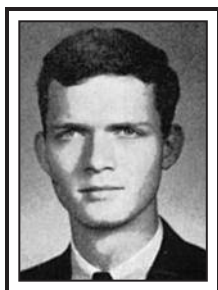
David MacKenzie remembers:

We were roommates senior year. I think we may have been drawn together because we both in some ways were outsiders — I one of the very few foreign students in our class, he from an obscure background shielded by many stories impossible to verify. Don was small, dark, invariably neat and composed, easy to talk with yet somehow always radiating an intense nervous energy. His intelligence was formidable — a Scholar of the House — and he seemed destined for great things. He was gentle, concerned, very supportive when my mother died an untimely death in early spring. We lost touch after leaving New Haven — he to med school, me to be reunited with my family in England whom I'd seen hardly at all during the Yale years. I still regret that — looking back I think he may have been intensely lonely and in need of friendship. Such an early death for one so gifted and with such promise.

James Courtright remembers:

We were Scholars of the House 1962-63. Don is remembered for his energy, his insights and his participation in our discussions. We thought he would have a satisfying and long career. His career ended much too early

JULES NOEL WRIGHT



*December 19, 1942 –
1997*

Jules Wright was born December 19, 1942 in Woodbury, New Jersey, the son of George Washington Wright and Naomi Deborah Ott Wright. He prepared for Yale at

Lawrenceville.

French Honors Major; held General Motors Scholarship, 1959-1963. Member, Davenport College; Elizabethan Club (admissions committee, 1961-1962); On the Fence (feature editor); Political Union, 1959-1963; Yale Opera Association (chairman 1960-1963); Italian Club (vice president, 1961-1962).

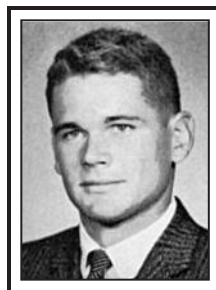
Following graduation from Yale, Jules pursued graduate work and college teaching in Italian. In 1972, he published a book, *Tragedia in Cinque Atti: A Study of the Italian Baroque Tragedy*.

Norman Etherington remembers:

I remember Jules Wright very well from his first year at Yale, where he cut such an eccentric Oscar Wilde figure — nothing could have been more alien to a boy from Mount Vernon, Washington.

However, after freshman year he lost interest in politics and I had nothing more to do with him. If I remember rightly his enthusiasm turned to Italian language and opera. He was one of those classmates who cut ties with Yale after graduation.

CRAIG SKILLINGS ZIMMERMAN, JR.



*October 28, 1941 –
March 2, 1969*

Born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, son of Charles H. and Beatrice F. Zimmerman. Prepared at Hampton High School, Hampton, Virginia. Chinese Studies major.

Dean's List, fall, 1959, fall, 1960; Ranking Scholar, spring, 1961; National Merit Scholarship and Yale National Merit Scholarship, 1959-63; Member, Branford (dramat, 1962, chorus, 1961-62, football, crew, soccer and swimming teams, 1961-63); Freshman football team, 1959 (numerals); Varsity football, 1960; Freshman track, 1959.

Area Specialist, Services and Support Group, Department of the Air Force, 1964. Civilian working for Department of the Army, South Vietnam, 1965. Enrolled as graduate student in biology at the University of Virginia, 1966-69. Died in Charlottesville, Virginia from metastatic cancer.

Married Elizabeth B. Broadus, June 29, 1963, Westhampton, '63. Daughter Amy W., born July 27, 1964, University of Virginia, 1986.

Survived by his wife and daughter, parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Zimmerman, and brother, Dr. Charles H. Zimmerman, Jr.

Hamilton Tabor remembers:

Lived across the hall Freshman year (1959/60). Played economics in Saigon, Vietnam prior to graduate school at Virginia. His death remains a mystery. A very good man. God bless his family!

CHRISTOPHER ZUG

*July 2, 1941 –
February 26, 1979*

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, son of Charles G., Jr., '31 and Harriet Loutrel Zug; broth-

er, Charles G. III, '59; grandfather, the late Cyrus H. Loutrel, '97; descendant of Jonathan Edwards, 1720. Prepared at Phillips Academy. Political Science major. Member, Timothy Dwight.

Chris left Yale in 1961 to pursue a career in the Navy. From 1961 to 1968 he was an electronics technician, serving on the U.S.S. John C. Calhoun and later on the U.S.S. Stonewall Jackson, where he held the title of 1st Class Petty Officer. Unfortunately there is no available information concerning Chris' career after 1968.

Survived by a brother, Charles G. III, and a sister, Elizabeth.