

*Yale 1964
Fiftieth Reunion*



*Post-Reunion
Class Book Supplement*



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CLASS OF 1964



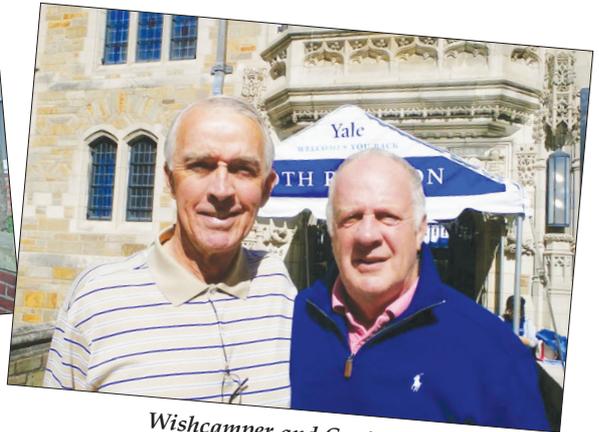
Evans at Evans



Mrs. Caviness with Dayton



Kridel and Leader



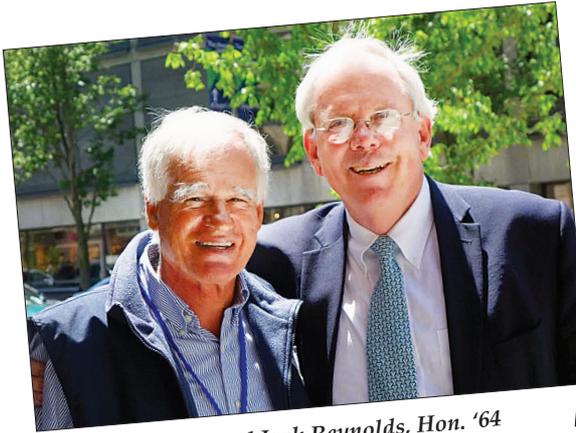
Wishcamper and Caviness



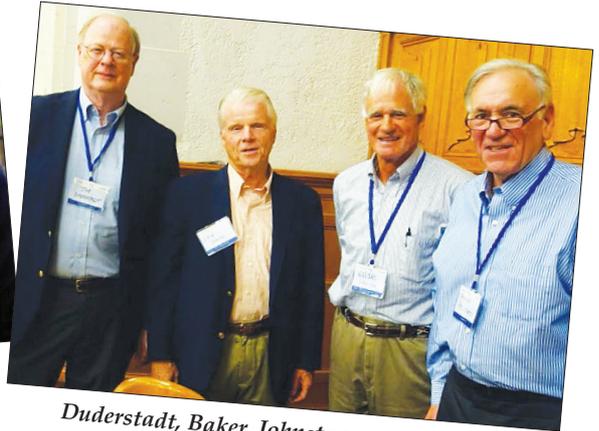
Niglio and Rogers



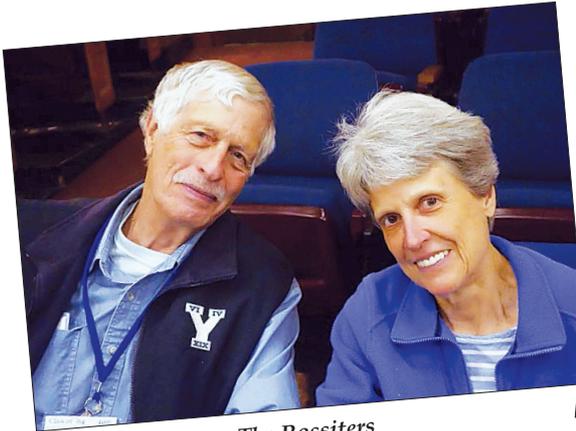
Lee



Johnston and Jock Reynolds, Hon. '64



Duderstadt, Baker, Johnston and Holcombe



The Rossiters



Rogers

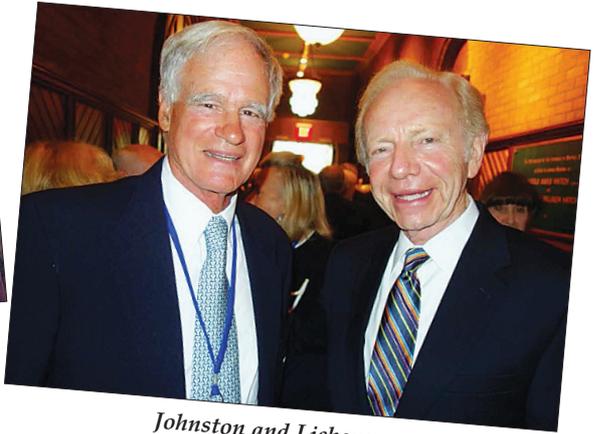


Speth, Bingham, Deford, Danforth and Gillette

CLASS OF 1964



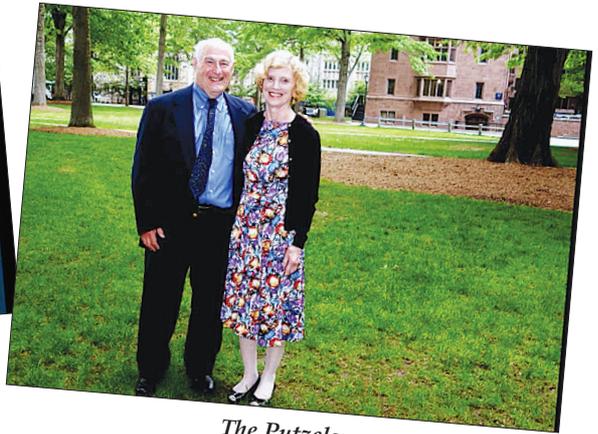
The Meigs



Johnston and Lieberman



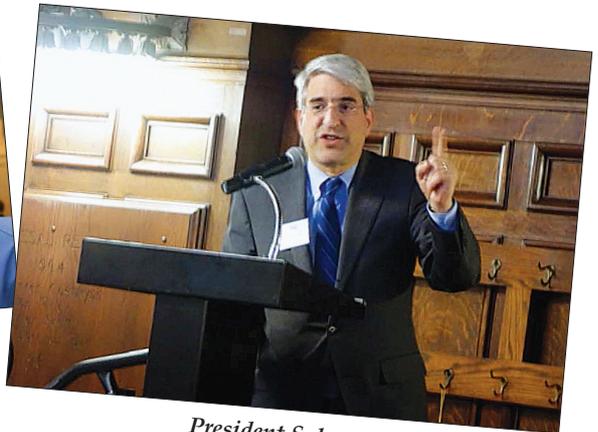
McBride and Evans



The Putzels



Greenblatt and Putzel



President Salovey



Lee



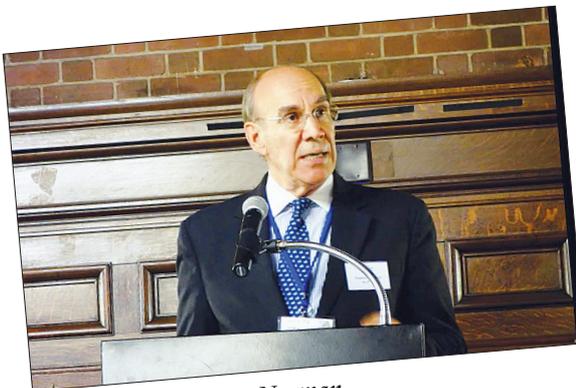
The Sheas



Ashcroft



Class Dinner

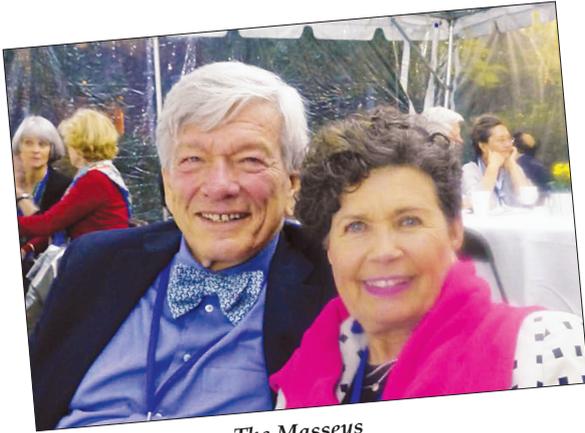


Norman



McCance and Getman

CLASS OF 1964



The Masseys



Pollack, Mazer and Klingelhofer



Kaiser, Lieberman and Ashcroft



The Whiffenpoofs



Choaties Ten



Speidell, Ogilvie, Post and Hehmeyer



David Sherman and son Jeff



The Ogilvies



The Whitbys

ROSS E. CANTERBURY

I attended Yale Law School, then joined Isham Lincoln and Beale in Chicago. Then I returned to my hometown, Peoria, IL, to practice labor law on the management side, retiring in Jan., 2013. Susan Mathis Canterbury, who is 1/8th Native American, and I have been married 27 years. She tolerates my New Guinea art and artifacts collection. We have four children and seven grandchildren. We live now with our Old English Sheepdog, Lilly. I am considering cloning her, but Susan isn't too keen on the idea.

Looking back to Yale, I especially enjoyed Nip Tanner, Lai Lassen, Roger McPeek, Waldo Johnston, who shared home visits, family events, and meals, whose memories I treasure. Also, George Humphrey, Ralph Howe '63, Freshman roommates Tom Cable and Herb Cook, and later roommates Bob Archer and Rich Patterson. Chemistry Prof. Andrew Patterson and Art History Prof. Vincent Scully were the best that Yale had to offer undergraduates. So too, my German instructor, Dick Broad.

Susan and I love foreign travel, having visited over 50 countries. Here are some of our favorites.

In Tanzania we were able to stand within fifteen feet of silverback gorillas, in one case a group of twenty in a glade. They are our closest relatives, giving you a distinct feeling that we are kin. They tolerate us politely, playing as a family, while the medium sized males occasionally thumped their chests in displays of teenage exuberance. In Egypt, don't miss the six-day Nile cruise, revealing much beyond the Sphinx and pyramids. The Egyptians are gracious hosts, and offer the best cucumbers.

Aussies drink a lot of beer with male friends, but go home in time to tuck their kids in. They are a welcoming people, who love Americans and beer, not necessarily in that order. The Great Barrier Reef is bountiful and beautiful both above and within the water. You will see plenty of wallabies and kangaroos, but take because a big Kangaroo can do real damage to humans! New Zealanders are much more properly English than the English, with an unceasingly beautiful coun-

try, especially in the far north and far south.

Spain, a #1 choice for travelers, would be dominated by Picasso and Gaudi were it not for the Alhambra, a treasure constructed by the Moors around the time of Columbus.

Vietnam is notable for licensing twelve-year-olds to drive motorcycles. The Ho Chi Minh memorial is large, but not tall nor vertical; he literally and figuratively rises out of his people. Thailand is a monarchy with stunning architecture and impressive camels. Thai boys are often assigned to a single camel for its entire life. The best is Bali, Indonesia. Go straight to the highlands, Baski, Ubud, and Mas, with incredible songs, carvings, dance and music. The culture is constantly renewed because of the warmth every day, inspiring the earth's most beautiful and happy people. There is an old saying that if you live a good life, when you die you may just return to Bali.

M. FREEMAN COCROFT III

Stewart Sharp wrote : His Dwight Hall involvement with underprivileged youths and their parents, all black, gave Freeman a crucial insight into the lives of African Americans. He resolved well before graduation to volunteer for Freedom Summer. He already knew, before reporting for orientation with C.O.R.E. in Memphis that three volunteers, based in Meridian, Mississippi, were missing. On completion he was assigned to Meridian to augment the depleted team. He was assisted in finding accommodation just down the road from the family of James Chaney, the black missing volunteer. His host, Will Figgers was a decent non-violent man, of course black. No white families opened their homes to volunteers of any race.

Carrying passengers of different races was enough to get drivers pulled over and accused of spurious traffic offences in Mississippi in 1964. Freeman was arrested three times that summer and each time was taken into custody. For the first two times it was for a number of hours each, but the third time he spent the night in jail. One indelible memory of that experience was being

given, for breakfast, a raw egg cracked open into a very dented ice tray and having only hands and fingers to eat it with.

Late that summer Freeman woke abruptly from an idyllic dream of lying on a beach. With no beach anywhere close, reality set in! Someone had fired a shotgun blast through the window into his bedroom, just inches over his body, scattering glass everywhere! Will Figgers loaded his shotgun and waited. First to arrive were the F.B.I. who took statements and left. Then followed the Meridian police, who bizarrely unloaded Will Figgers' shotgun! Two days later an anonymous phone call explained the shooting by accusing Freeman of consorting with black women. Naturally, there were black female volunteers, but the insinuation was ludicrous. However it provided great amusement to all volunteers, since it was common knowledge that several Meridian policemen regularly coupled with black women!

A couple days later, an attempt was made to firebomb the Chaney home. The attackers mistakenly targeted the house next door. Luckily, there was not much damage, nor was anyone hurt, however both houses were full of children. Later, the city paid for repairs to Will Figgers' windows and other damage. Freeman never married, and has no children. He explained in response to that query that in 1972 he came out as a gay man. The marriage options then available were of no interest. He currently has no partner. At Yale, he said, he wasn't in the closet, he was in the deepfreeze!

At age 65 Freeman found himself in hospital undergoing surgery, initially exploratory, which discovered cancer. For around two years he was in and out of hospitals and nursing homes, having surgery and treatments. The cancer, now in remission, left him considerably weaker and he now moves around with the aid of a walker.

Freeman regards his involvement in Civil Rights as simply something that needed to be done, regretting that Afro Americans are still a long way from equality. He urges everyone to read 'The New Jim Crow' by Michelle Alexander which discusses what Black Americans are doing and must do to achieve closer equality.

BRUCE R. COMISAR

After graduation from Vanderbilt, my father's illnesses required that I step into my family's high-end restaurant businesses. Little did I know that it would turn into forty-one years in the food business. Our restaurants received national recognition. It also afforded me the opportunity to travel the U.S. We experienced the best restaurants and wineries in the country. Prior to some health issues (heart surgery and a new hip), I thoroughly enjoyed spending time on the tennis and platform tennis courts. Now I am limited to learning the old man's game of golf, which I consider a pleasant ride in a park with good friends.

My three children are now grown, well-adjusted, and taking their own paths. One of my greatest joys is seeing my six grandchildren grow and develop into their individual personalities. We attended our class reunion (25th) and had a terrific time. At that time my roommate and best friend in life S. Nicol Benjamin Jr. made a pact that when our children were done with college, we (Comisars and the Benjamins) would tour the Greek Isles. It was not to be. Nic passed suddenly in December of 1994. My wife, Bobbie, and I have since cruised the Greek Isles. It would have been so much more enjoyable with Nic's wit and archaeological knowledge. Going to our fiftieth would not have been the same for me. Nic was such a large part of my Yale experience. I am truly sorry to have not had the opportunity to reconnect with many other old friends. I trust that all who attended the reunion had a memorable experience.

ROBERT TIBOR CZEISLER

At our 50th reunion many people asked me how did my last name change from Carter to Czeisler. My Dad was born in Hungary, and immigrated to the United States in 1937; my mother was an American. They and their three children had the last name of Czeisler, but my father wanted to Americanize the last name of his children so when my late sister and I went to col-

lege, our last name became Carter.

After graduating, I spent a year as a Special Intern at the Yale Psycho-Educational Clinic. In 1966, I went on to Law School reverting back to my family surname of Czeisler at the Univ. of Pennsylvania, where I was on the Law Review. I served as law clerk to Judge Constance Baker Motley, the first Black woman appointed to the Federal bench. Later on I became the Legal Director of the Washington State American Civil Liberties Union. The high point of my stay at the ACLU was having successfully represented Capt. Susan Struck before the U.S. Supreme Court. She was discharged from the Air Force for being pregnant. Ruth Bader Ginsberg was co-counsel. The Armed Forces changed all of the rules before oral argument, granting the mothers six months paid leave, just like military fathers had been receiving, granted back-pay and increased rank to others so affected.

Once the financial demands of raising my son and daughter became paramount, I left the public sector and joined a small Kirkland law firm which wanted to not just practice law but also to be involved in starting businesses. I spent my non-lawyer time in building and then managing a trawler/crabber fishing boat that caught King Crab and Pollock in the Bering Sea and participated in the building of the largest American floating fish processor. As an officer in the United Catcher Boats, I was heavily involved in representing fishing boat owners' interest in the passage of the American Fisheries Act and in litigation relating to the allocation of fish between offshore and inshore fishing interests.

What are my concerns about the future of Yale? Will Yale become an amorphous polyglot of cultures and beliefs to such an extent that a Yale graduate will be indistinguishable from any other college graduate? Will Yale become a school only for the rich and the disadvantaged? Our Yale President may sugar coat the outrageously high tuition by talking about scholarships, but \$250,000 for a college education is a ridiculously high price making it unaffordable for middle class parents who don't meet the disadvantaged scholarship threshold.

What are my concerns about the future of the

world? I am not as alarmed as some of my classmates about an environmental Armageddon. Too many people having been crying wolf since I was working for the EPA in the 70's and yet none of the horrors has materialized. I am more concerned about the exponential increase in the human population coupled with religious fanaticism in the Arab world and its impact on future of millions of Muslims who may become subject to fundamentalist theocracies fomenting wars against infidels.

What have I learned? I have learned that raising a family and developing your children's talents and spirituality is as important as any professional achievement. My first two children have grown up to be both successful professionally and personally. My youngest daughter just married and has a wonderful husband. All three children and their families live in the Seattle area and so I am blessed by their company and their love. My brother, Dr. Charles Czeisler, and I remain close. He and his family helped me in 2007 recover from open heart surgery to replace my upper thoracic aorta. Although at Harvard Medical School, he and I find time to be together. I attend his lectures and conferences all over the world, the latest being at the Bill Clinton Foundation conference at La Quinta Resort.

What is my life like today? When I attended Endre Hegedus' piano concert at a private home 3 years ago (sponsored by the Seattle area Hungarian society) I met another Hungarian, Andrea Horvath Alstrup. She is a widow and former executive of Johnson & Johnson. We fell in love; she and I are having the best time enjoying what life brings us, which includes fixing up our 100-year-old home in Seattle, going to Whistler, Canada, travelling to Europe, especially to Paris, trying to stay fit and healthy, and enjoying our five children, their spouses, and our four grandchildren.

FREDERICK C. DEYO

I write as one of the laggards in failing to submit my 50- year update for inclusion in the recently published Class of '64 Reunion collection. I must admit to a certain reluctance to participate in class communications...based in part in my sense that in the past at least, most such communications seemed largely driven by fundraising efforts. To the extent my very modest means permit, I decided long ago to direct my giving not to rich private institutions, like Yale, but rather to public institutions, like the one where I teach, and where the need is far greater. Based on the lively on-line class communications I've seen more recently, I must now admit to a less skeptical view.

After graduation, I enrolled in the Sociology doctoral program at UC Berkeley, only to be caught up in the student politics of '65, including my arrest during the student occupation of Sproul Hall. It was there that I met Judy, my spouse and life companion. I withdrew from my academic program and we both took off for a two-year tropical 'honeymoon' (of sorts) as Peace Corps community development volunteers in a remote region of South Thailand, where Judy was involved in programs relating to women and youth, while I assisted in constructing a stream-fed water supply system for a small village. Those two years were by far the most interesting years of my life, with lots of funny and not-so-funny stories I can't include here. No, I did not share in the horror of Vietnam as did so many of our generation.

Following Peace Corp, I entered the Sociology doctoral program at the Univ. of Chicago, and then moved on to a succession of university teaching posts, including Bucknell Univ., the Univ. of Singapore, SUNY Brockport, the Univ. of Auckland (New Zealand), and Khon Kaen Univ. (Northeast Thailand). Our travels have meant that all five of our kids have at one time or another found themselves plunked down for several years in a school in a foreign country. They and I sometimes speculate as to whether this was really all that good for them. There were obvious costs in the social disruptions

involved...and I bear a bit of guilt in thinking about those.

I've now finally settled down, and have been teaching at SUNY Binghamton since 2001. My academic career has largely been given to the study of Asian economic development, Asian labor movements, and, more recently, American capitalism.

I've yet to retire, in part because our succession of overseas adventures has led to a retirement savings shortfall. Probably irresponsible of me, and certainly disruptive to the family, but I'd likely be tempted to make the same choices again.

I've recently returned to earlier interests I never took time to pursue: astronomy (my kids have given me a 10" Dobson telescope), sailing (a small O'Day 19), and piano (slow learner, but gradually improving). In a way, these interests that I pursued as a youth but then abandoned have become the bookends of my life. I'm trying hard to live in the moment, to do fun stuff with Judy, to be closer to my kids, to enjoy growing up again with my grandchildren, and to embrace the inevitable as gracefully as possible.

WILLIAM W. ELTING

After military service with the Navy and graduate study in economics I worked briefly for American Express International Bank in New York and in S.E. Asia before starting at Columbia Business School. Following business school graduation in 1972, I began working in corporate finance on Wall Street for Merrill Lynch. At Merrill I became involved in providing financings for companies in the energy and oil and gas industries. These industry sectors were growing rapidly and raising significant amounts of capital in the 1970's. But the bubble began to deflate in 1981 and 1982. My corporate finance career then progressed, on a very bumpy trajectory, to working for a small energy financing fund in Houston in the late 1980's. At that time, Houston was the epicenter of a drastic and multi-year cyclical downturn in the oil and gas industry.

Good luck and several other factors then resulted in my arranging an initial public offering

in 1990 for an offshore oil service company. Simultaneously, I began arranging financings for another company in the natural gas storage and transmission business. I was, sequentially, the chief financial officer and a director of both of these public companies. As the energy industry came back into favor and oil and gas prices gradually increased, these two companies and their subsequent acquirors prospered and my investment opportunities expanded. These opportunities have been the focus of my attention in the years that followed.

With regard to the oil and gas industry, my experiences allow me to make a couple of gratuitous observations. On a personal level, Ivy League educations do not carry much weight in this industry. On an institutional, ethical and legal level, the largest and most spectacular financial disasters and specifically the Enron bankruptcy, could not have been perpetrated without the well paid complicity of the lead accounting firms and lead attorneys.

Since the end of the 1990's I have become involved with Yale via membership on the 1964 Class Council and subsequently the Board of the Yale Crew Association. Over the past years, my frequent conversations with Terry Holcombe and Chris Getman have been the avenue for many insights about Yale and many humorous stories. I have also been lucky enough to have shared with them and other Yale friends some memorable tailgate parties on beautiful fall days at the Yale Bowl and dinners at the New Haven Lawn Club.

Finally, I need to mention that my brother, James Elting, '61, who rowed on the heavyweight crew at Yale. Basically, I came to Yale and also rowed on the heavyweight crew because of his example and influence. He had a long and successful career as an orthopedic surgeon, but died in August 2012 in the hospital where he practiced in Cooperstown, NY. He had a great love for Yale, his friends and classmates in both the college and in his residency at the Medical School, and for the Yale Crew program.

ERIC L. HUTCHINSON

"Things are looking very black for you, Herr Hutchinson" warned my first year German instructress, wagging her crooked finger as I stammered through the day's lesson. Black indeed. Instead of smoking my pipe and singing my glees at Mory's, my Yale career was a gauntlet of ego-battering mis-adventures, supplying nightmare material to last decades. As a shy, introverted country boy I made few friends among my urbane and accomplished classmates. I considered college not a cornucopia of educational opportunities, but rather a punishment to be endured.

After graduating *mirabile dictu*, and clueless about my future, I joined the Peace Corps, went to Turkey, and met the mother of my kids as a bonus. I then mistakenly followed the road more travelled, and ended up with degrees in Law and Business -- perhaps of all possible professions, the two that suited me the least.

After law school, a Seattle real estate mogul hired me to produce some "message" movies. He should have sent a telegram instead. I made an environmental short that won a number of international film festival awards, followed by a musical comedy on the bizarre intricacies of the Internal Revenue Code. Sadly, the latter was not a success, and I soon found myself commuting between Seattle and Hawaii, developing large office and condo projects in a high-stress environment. Finally, at age 39, after a disfiguring cancer operation and a poor prognosis, I retired to a more relaxing life as a stay-at-home dad.

For the last 30-odd years I've been coaching my kids' sports teams, writing magazine articles and short stories, building and sailing boats, swimming competitively, home remodeling, and generally enjoying myself. A life of little sound, no fury, and certainly signifying nothing. But having seen the effect of happenstance and luck on the course of my own life, I've developed a greater empathy for those on the bottom of the heap, and a bit less admiration for those on the top.

A recent mystery malady has attacked my joints and left me with heart arrhythmia, so I'm

no longer the fastest guy in the pool. I've finally learned I don't have to beat everyone -- a hard lesson for a guy schooled by decades of competition. I guess I'm a slow learner.

The future? The demographics of the world population, the influence of Big Money and the polarization of politics all bode ill for the planet and our grandkids' future. But I'm leaving those fights to those of you still energetic and confident enough to know what to do about them. Me, I have a hammock in the shade that needs gravity testing, so I'm going to go lie back and check my eyelids for leaks.

ROBERT L. JACOBS

While some of our classmates have scaled higher peaks in the past 50 years, I have climbed a number of interesting hills (and fallen into a few valleys). After law school, I practiced corporate law with a Wall Street firm, and then with Bendix Corporation in Michigan. After getting an M.B.A., I became its business negotiator of acquisitions and divestitures. When Allied Chemical acquired Bendix (1983), I moved to its New Jersey headquarters performing a similar role, becoming its Vice President of Corporate Development.

Along the way, I married my college days date, we had three children, and by 1988 I thought I had all of the "American Dream" boxes checked. Then, the dream came apart, when our sixteen year old son suddenly died in a tragic accident. At age 50, I left corporate life and entered seminary. At age 60, I decided that for my final career I would follow a passion, and I started a wine importing and distribution business, focusing on wines from Argentina. Fortunately, my discovery of the virtues of Argentine Malbec was then discovered by the wine critics.

I recently was forced to focus on our fragile mortality when my Yale roommate for four years, Jim Bowers, lost his multi-year battle with cancer several weeks before our Reunion; at our Class Memorial Service the list of deceased classmates (about 15%) was read.

DAVID B. KALAYJIAN

My wife, Marcia and I live in Clinton Ct. 06413. Life has been wonderful for us, though probably not so exotic as some of our classmates. Following med school at Univ. of Chicago and orthopedic residency at Univ. of Iowa, we spent two years at Ft. Campbell, Kentucky caring for the 101st Airborne. For the past forty years, I've practiced orthopedic surgery in Middletown, CT, specializing in hip and knee replacement surgery. I always felt it was important for people, especially surgeons, to know when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em. So, three months ago I stopped cutting.

The hospital approached me a while back asking if I would consider being Chief of Surgery. Stupidly, I agreed and continue to work half time going to meetings and putting out fires. At least it gets me up in the morning and keeps the synapses firing. Along life's path, we have managed to raise three great children without screwing them up and now have eight magnificent grandchildren. Marcia and I actually still get along and enjoy travel, entertaining, golf, and being involved with the family.

Through mostly Marcia's efforts over the years, we have been deeply involved with local non-profit organizations. I enjoy singing in New Haven with a bunch of mostly older guys from all walks of life who warble under the pompous name of University Glee Club (started by Marshall Bartholomew but no longer connected with Yale). Our most memorable recent experience was a week in Jamaica with the entire family last Feb. celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary. Life has been grand and as we find ourselves going to more funerals than baptisms, we really try to carpe the diem. Being more connected to the Yale scene and our classmates has really added value. Let's keep it going for many more years.

ANDREW R. LAURITZEN

I currently live in Milwaukee with Raquel, my wife of nearly 50 years. We have two sons and two grandchildren who live in the Chicago area. One of our sons works as an interpreter/translator for a company that specializes in assisting pharmaceutical companies meet local language requirements for national drug applications. Our other son is a sales manager for a software company. I have no idea what his company's product is or does but it is very successful.

One thing that struck me about the reunion was the rancor evidenced by a small number of classmates on both sides about the issues discussed during the "Lieberman Ashcroft Debate" program. There was enough cat calling to go around and the obligatory reminder by moderator Kaiser that that conservatives were entitled to their own opinions but not their own facts. The partisanship struck me as odd given that the participants were a group of 70 year olds and classmates to boot. It appears that the senior demographic is not exempt from the partisanship that divides our nation generally and that is too bad since age is supposed to bring wisdom. Maybe we will have all calmed down by the time our 55th arrives.

WILLIAM HENRY KUEHNLE

At Yale, I found excellence in teaching and scholarship. I also discovered an area of study I had not encountered before: economics. Although many of my classmates recoiled from contact with the field, I was intrigued by relationships that can be seen in how goods and services are generated. These relationships also exist in many aspects of life, so the analytical processes in some ways have broader application. Because of this interest, I majored in economics even though I thoroughly enjoyed studying other excellently taught subjects at Yale.

The disciplined way of thinking instilled at Yale, and particularly that found in economics, influenced my professional life. I went to law school. Law -- although it famously must take

into account human peculiarities -- has an organized structure. After law school, I joined the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission in its Enforcement Division. This combined an opportunity to understand the financial markets and corporate actions while applying the discipline of law. It also incidentally exposed me to a wide range of human foibles because some pretty bizarre and inventive people are drawn to efforts to divert improperly the flow of others' funds to their own pockets.

Fairly early, I was assigned to head a team investigating what was then the largest corporate bankruptcy in U. S. history -- the Penn Central Railroad. The case gave me the opportunity to examine from the inside the workings of a large corporation and Wall Street firms and to lead the preparation and drafting of a large report analyzing complicated facts and legal implications of the bankruptcy. I later led a team that investigated the default on bonds of the Washington Public Supply System in the Northwest, the largest municipal bond default in U.S. history at the time.

Later, I joined the specialized Trial Unit in the SEC Division of Enforcement and became a trial lawyer. There, aside from developing knowledge of civil procedure and trial skills, I made my best discovery -- my wife. She had joined the Trial Unit after being an Assistant United States Attorney. Although I reached this point somewhat later in life than most, I did well. Her sunny disposition buoys me up and makes me happy. She has also had a successful career in the professional fields similar to my own.

In retirement, I am pursuing essentially what began at Yale. I am researching and writing a book on the history of major financial collapses in the United States. I have discovered many things I did not know and detected some causes of the collapses that are not generally known or discussed. Whether I will finish the book, much less find a publisher, is unknown, but I have already received much intellectual pleasure from the effort.

What most defines me? Writing in the field of economics, law and finance. I look for issues that no one else has addressed, conduct deep and

wide research, and try to bring some intellectual thought to understand and convey the fundamentals behind the events and issues in an interesting and straight-forward manner. All of my work and writing is founded on the analytical skills developed at Yale.

What has given me most fulfillment? My work, writing, and life with my wife of 25 years. Lessons learned? One cannot have spent a life observing organizations that malfunction and individuals that do bad things for power or money to know the world is an imperfect place. This seems particularly applicable to politics. The miracle is that society survives and even prospers; that is because there are a lot of good people and eventually they seem to be able to right things that have gone wrong. Long may the positive of this process continue and prevail.

CLARKSON LINDLEY

After Yale in the summer of 1964, I worked as a trainee for Electricité de France, in Morbinan, Brittany in the west of France. My five years of high school and college French gave me a start, but I became fluent in France.

In May of 1965, I was working for Dick Barrymore, a ski movie producer, when I was told that a long white letter from Local Board 50 was waiting for me at home. So, I volunteered for the Navy, and started Boot Camp in San Diego. My boot pusher was Electrician Mate Chief George D. Jackson - "you will never forget my name". Halfway through Boot Camp, he convinced me to apply for Officer Candidate School.

I went to OCS, and was commissioned in April 1966. I served for two and a half years as Damage Control Officer on the USS Suribachi (AE-21), an Ammunition ship. I got sick with hepatitis in the Med, spent 9 months in Great Lakes Naval Hospital, and got out early for Christmas, 1968.

From 1969 to 1973, I promoted horse show jumping - the American Gold Cup.

In 1973 and 1975, I was Media Relations Director for the Leydard Farm Horse Trials in Hamilton, Mass, north of Boston. In '73, we had

25,000 spectators; in '75, with Princess Anne, competing we had 150 news organizations accredited, and 50,000 spectators. When the trials were renewed in 1977, I became the Location Advisor for the MGM production of "International Velvet", a feature film.

I have lived in Minnesota, except for ten years from 1969 to 1979, when I had a town house in Vail, Colorado, spending winters there.

I have been married to Nancy Evenson Lindley since 1979. We have one son, Carter Evenson Lindley, born April 9, 1990. He spent four years in the Army, including a year in Afghanistan, and is now a college student.

We have lived in two houses in Minneapolis, near Lake of the Isles, which we restored, moved to Lake Minnetonka, where we lived in a 100-year-old house that had been restored. In 1999 we built a 2,500 square foot house that was designed by an architect friend of ours. The house was built in a cornfield, which I restored to a prairie. The prairie provides a beautiful view in all directions and is a home for wildlife.

In 1983, I started Law School at the University of Minnesota, graduating in 1986 with a J.D. degree. I had my own solo practice from 1986 until 1996 in Wayzata, MN. I also served as a Manager of the Minnehaha Creed Watershed District for two three-year terms.

Subsequent to practicing law, I have enjoyed being a father. I have coached Carter's team in baseball and soccer. We have enjoyed family trips to Mexico, where I have encouraged Carter to snorkel, and now he is an avid scuba diver, even returning on his own to Akumal. For many winters, when Carter was young, I would skate with him on the pond on our property. I was an instructor at the local ski school, and took Carter skiing to every ski area within 200 miles, and also CO.

In the last 20 years, the biggest change I have made is becoming more politically liberal, as the Republican Party has become more radically conservative.

Life lessons: I have learned that working hard leads to success, including working hard at my marriage. Being a father and seeing your son grow into a man with character, passion, and

strength is satisfying.

I have survived four cancers and have been declared cured by the Mayo Clinic!

R. ROGER McPEEK

I envy those who took advantage and thrived at Yale. I had excellent roommates the last three years in Bob Archer, Ross Canterbury and Rich Patterson. They set excellent examples of scholarship and honor which I failed to emulate. Well, I was honorable most of the time, I think. I became friends with Jim Shanklin and subsequently his whole wonderful family with whom I have stayed in touch over the years. Jim and I were roommates at UVa. More sincere, caring and honorable people do not exist. Going out drinking with Bob Varnum, meeting some Norwegian seamen and going aboard their freighter for the night. Some not so good memories include having my shoulder dislocated by foolishly trying to stop Mike Pyle (think Chicago Bears) from scoring during a rugby practice. My contribution to Yale swimming was forgettable.

After Yale I had a rewarding experience in the Peace Corps in Brazil doing community health and development. I got drafted within months of returning, while doing a year of premed. "Greeting: You are hereby ordered for induction..." They could at least have pluralized "Greeting." Fortunately, the draft board wisely decided I was worth more as a doctor than a foot soldier. I went to UVa med school and did an internal med residency and rheumatology fellowship, passed my specialty boards and went on to a fulfilling private practice in Michigan followed by a few years in Utah. Doctors used to get together to discuss difficult cases. Now the discussions focus on the latest intrusions into their practices by the government and insurance companies. There are bad consequences to this. I wish I had the space to elaborate.

I've been married to the same brilliant and beautiful woman for 44 years and have two successful children. I consider that an achievement, though I look back on some things I could have done better. My wife and I travel overseas twice a

year. For the past 15 years I have worked extensively with government and contract archaeologists in southern Utah and northern Arizona and established myself as a useful helper. I have written a monograph on Virgin Anasazi Ceramics. My wife and I coordinate a volunteer archaeological site monitoring group on the three million acres of the Arizona Strip.

I loved to fly, especially aerobatics. I once experienced an engine-out in IMC with my wife on board. Fortunately, it was a "twin" with a "spare" engine. Eventually retirement did not allow for the expense of flying. Southern Utah and Northern Arizona are phenomenal landscapes, and the Colorado River tail water is the most beautiful place in the world to fly fish. This is to say that life is good.

ROBERT H. NORRIS

A wonderful 50th reunion indeed! Ben Moyer noted that "the most important thing in my life is my wife and kids." I would add two more: faith and community. In 1964 the Catholic center on campus, St. Thomas More, turned out to be critical for me, to the extent that the chaplain at that time sent me off on a cursillo. Cursillo is a form of religious retreat that began in Spain and had just made it to the U.S. when Father Healy urged me to make a weekend to try to put my disorganized life back together. The experience involved a number of talks in Spanish and a faith opening experience. Timing is everything and a "spirited disagreement" with my faculty advisor around the same time, had me scurrying about to find enough courses to make up for the credits I wasn't going to receive for the paper I wasn't going to finish. The upshot was lots of classes in Latin American politics and applying to join the Peace Corps in South America a month later.

A cable arrived eight days later: "Peru Cooperatives". Why not? Peace Corps was defining in lots of ways. Cooperatives had been selected as a way of promoting socio-economic development, and wherever we were assigned involved dealing with local persons more knowledgeable than ourselves. My good fortune

involved interactions with los padres “Maryknoll.” They were taller than most Peruvians, drank scotch, played basketball and were the most honest folk around: not surprisingly they became the treasurers of credit unions, and housing and consumer coops in areas where many of us worked and lived. That missionary order, as well as the Maryknoll Sisters, remains a role model for how love should be spread about.

Following the return to the U.S. and a hiatus of several years I reconnected with cursillo, which has provided the opportunity to share the Word in a number of settings, including prisons. Talk about opportunities!

Many of my screw-ups resulted in a series of undeserved and grace-filled chances to try to do better. The Peace Corps experience inspired our adopting two sons from Colombia 16 years later. When Dan and Joe, then aged three and one, became part of our family, the house was noisy. When some matter required discussing with dad, the drill involved yanking mom’s pant leg, then a phone call to dad in Boston, then a brief conversation in Spanish to nail down the problem, then giving the phone back to mom for suggested resolution.

Our family now includes two sons and two daughters, and eight grandchildren, all growing in wisdom and grace in their unique ways. Each, I assume, has found the indispensable community (or communities) which makes life possible and fulfilling. Our family members are presently scattered around the countryside, with assignments that take them to Africa and Europe for work and scholarship and to local urban areas where the task is to keep disorganized and confused family units on an even keel. I am proud of all of them. My hope is that they try to do good stuff and figure out how to be happy at the same time. Mother Yale showed me the potential of the world outside and encouraged us all to make a contribution to the greater good whatever it was that each decided to do.

Let’s be thankful for that.

JOHN A. RALSTON III

During my senior year, I couldn’t wait to graduate, get a job, be free and independent. It felt like halftime, waiting to get into the game. (As an oarsman, I didn’t have the faintest idea of what “halftime” is - just another “power ten”.) So I did: starting as a sales engineer with a capital equipment company, moving shortly into management and then continuing with a variety of companies over the next twenty-odd years and culminating in running a subsidiary of a public corporation. After a palace coup that displaced the President/Chairman/CEO, who was my boss and mentor, and his team, of which I was a prominent member, I was on the street looking to get a job, be free and independent outside of the big corporate world.

So I bought a small manufacturing company, owned and ran it for ten years. When my largest customer moved all his production to Singapore, I forecast the future and sold the company. Looking once again to be free and independent, I embarked on my third career as an M&A advisor to owners of small businesses who are wanting to sell and those who are wishing to buy them. Given the somewhat flexible demands of such a practice, I’ve been able to volunteer in counseling and leadership roles with SCORE, a non-profit organization that helps entrepreneurs and would-be entrepreneurs start and grow small businesses. So as I’ve moved from one end of a business career to last, I find myself free and independent once again, helping others at both the birth and the divestment of their business creations.

Well, these post-Yale years have not been entirely free and independent. It’s almost 50 years, now, that Joan and I have been married. We have four kids scattered around the country and four grandchildren. I’ve come to treasure the ties of family and the satisfaction of responsibility for dependents; and in no way begrudge their constraints on freedom and independence.

As I look back on these intertwined paths - career and family - and what I’ve learned from all the good and bad events running through them, the belief in being free and independent is some-

thing of a mirage. I have come to appreciate and accept the biggest idea I got from Yale: the tragic view of life. The universe is out there with its causal and its random processes. We try to create as much order as possible in our little corner of it; but ultimately it is some inchoate fate that allows the successes and triggers the failures. As Dr. Zhivago said in his poem, Hamlet: "To live life to the end is not a childish task." But it sure is a blast!

JOSEPH D. RICH

It is hard to believe that it's been fifty years. The years go by faster and faster and it doesn't seem that long ago that I wrote an essay for the 25th Reunion Book. I went back and re-read that edition and look forward to comparing the entries then with those to come.

For me, relatively speaking, not a whole lot has changed since then. I continued to work at the Department of Justice's Civil Rights Division until 2005, which at that time was the only job that I had held since graduating from law school in 1968. There I first spent many years working on school desegregation cases – until 1987. After that I did fair housing work and had the opportunity to help implement the amended Fair Housing Act which was passed in 1988 and which greatly strengthened the Department's enforcement authority.

In 1999 I became the head of the Division's Voting Section and the six years spent there were very eventful – particularly events surrounding the disputed 2000 election and the unprecedented politicization of the Department (and especially the Civil Rights Division) after that election during the Bush II administration -- about which I and several others, spoke out publicly and wrote about, generating a good deal of controversy.

I took retirement from the Department of Justice in 2005 and have worked at the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law since then, where I continue to do civil rights work. The Lawyers' Committee is a nonprofit civil rights organization that was founded in 1963 by the leaders of the American bar at the request of

then President Kennedy to help defend the civil rights of racial minorities and the poor. A lifetime as a civil rights attorney has been consistently challenging, interesting and rewarding and is the reason I continue to work full-time.

I still live in Washington with the love of my life – Sherry. We have been in the same house for the last 37 years, and have seen our children grow and thrive here. We are lucky to have all three children and two grandchildren living in D.C. within a few miles of us. Fifty years out, I am especially grateful for my family, for our good friends and for the good health we have all enjoyed.

I feel our class has had the very good fortune to grow up in a time this country was thriving and optimistic. In more recent years it seems those heady times have started to fade and the future for our children does not seem as bright. I hope I am wrong and that we can recapture the magic of those formative years.

CHARLES E. SCHEIDT

I was born less than four years after my parents got off the boat in New York. Unlike my parents, I was able to go to high school and to Yale, and get a joint degree from Columbia Law School and School of International and Public Affairs. I grew up among people who had lost everything and had to start all over; my good fortune is to have been born here, lived here my whole life, and been given the gift of a good education.

My father started his own business on arrival in the US; this was his third business, in a third country, in a third language. In 1966, my Dad died suddenly. After several months, I decided that the entrepreneurial drive was alive and well in my bones and that it would be a challenge and exciting to jump into the food import business he had nurtured. I finished law school and SIPA and passed the bar, so that in case I messed up the business, I could make a living in international law.

The good news is that the business grew significantly over the last four-plus decades. I worked with a good team, and we imported over

1,000 products from nearly 50 countries and sold them under our brand, Roland, to restaurants and consumers nationwide as well as internationally. Starting from a small base and known to few, the firm developed an international reputation for quality, reliability, and integrity. Along the way, there were business crises and personal crises, including separation and divorce from my first wife, the mother of my sons.

In the last years, it became clear that my sons were not going to take over the business. And I was not getting younger and wanted more time for other interests. As the business and the brand were sufficiently successful, I was able to sell the firm in 2013. The sale process was immensely time consuming and exhausting.

I am happily remarried since 2005. I have two sons, two stepdaughters, and five grandchildren. I am indeed fortunate. Simply having a family and the future it represents is our own little triumph over the genocidal fanaticism which maimed and destroyed so much of my parent's generation.

It is exciting to be embarking now on a new chapter in my life. It is as yet undefined but probably will include making music, writing, family, and trying to help find a way to prevent future genocides. The persistence of genocides around the world is enormously depressing; what can be done about it?

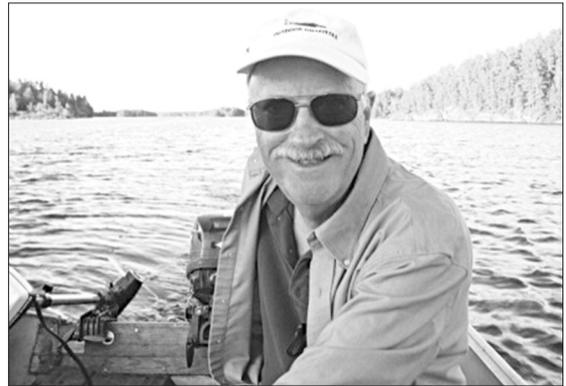
STEVEN WELLER

After college and law school I practiced corporate law in New York City for two years, with a year as a Vista volunteer in between. When I finally realized that I disliked my own clients more than the other side, I went back to graduate school and received a Ph.D. in Government from Cornell University.

For the past 39 years I have been a justice system and dispute resolution consultant working on court improvement efforts around the country and internationally. One of my favorite projects was helping the Republic of Guyana develop a

court-attached mediation program. At present my efforts are focused on helping state courts to better understand the special issues arising in cases involving immigrant litigants and human trafficking victims. No, I am not retired.

I married my wife Emily in 1969, and we just celebrated our 45th anniversary. We have lived in Boulder, Colorado since 1975. Emily worked as a third grade teacher and then as an education consultant after her retirement from teaching. My



Steve Weller

daughter Molly, who is 36, is a job developer for the internship program at Metropolitan State University in Denver. Seeing what she is doing for her students, I wish Yale had had a program like that when we were there. My son John, who is 40, is a writer, nature photographer, and environmental activist. He recently published a book of photographs and accompanying narrative titled "The Last Ocean: Antarctica's Ross Sea Project: Saving the Most Pristine Ecosystem on Earth." The book received an excellent review in the New York Times Sunday Book Review last fall.

My wife and I have vacationed in the northern Minnesota lake country with our children every summer for the past 34 years, and we both love to travel. Both of our children are married, and our first grandchild was born this April. We count ourselves very lucky to have our whole family living in Colorado.

Peace Corps Volunteers

Nicholas R. Allis
Nigeria 1964-1966

David E. Almquist
Malaysia 1966-1969

Peter A. Anderson
Cameroon 1964-1966

Robert A. Archer
Colombia 1964-1966

Anthony William Asmuth III
Malaysia 1967-1969

Fredric Arnold Bakunin (Dec.)
Colombia 1964-66

Daniel Montzingo Berman
Brazil 1966-1969

Stephen M. Bingham
Sierra Leone 1965-67

William D. Buss II
Brazil 1964-1967

Churchill Gibson Carey, Jr. (Dec.)
Costa Rica 1964-1966

John B. Chase
Chile 1964-1966

Bertrand Cooper Jr. (Dec.)
Venezuela 1964-66

Wayne Paul Cooper
Chile 1965-1967

Stephen Albright Dana
Thailand 1964-1966

John Thayer Davol (Dec.)
Ecuador 1964-1966

Frederic C. Deyo
Thailand 1965-67

Waldo E. Forbes
Honduras 1965-1968

Eric L. Hutchinson
Turkey 1964-1966

Waldo C. M. Johnston Jr.
Uganda 1964-1966

Val L. Koromzay
Ethiopia 1964-66

Douglass Lea
Cameroon 1964-66

Paul Kugler Levengood
Costa Rica 1964-1966

Paul B. Manchester
Colombia 1964-1966

Raymond R. McPeck
Brazil 1964-1966

John F. Meigs
Turkey 1964-1966

Benton L. Moyer
Colombia 1964-1966

Douglas Craig Nohlgren (Dec.)
Ethiopia 1964-1966

Robert Holt Norris
Peru 1964-1966

Thomas Doane Perry III
Uganda 1967-1968

Lawrence S. Pratt
Malawi 1964-1966

Michael W. Price
Ethiopia 1964-1966

Eugene Bowie Roberts, Jr.
Colombia 1964-1966

Peter Von Mertens
Nepal 1966-1968

Charles F. Thomson
Peru 1965-1967

James W. Thompson
Nepal 1964-1966

David Addison Walker
Nepal 1964-1966

Charles C. Warner
Nigeria 1965-1967

Wallace Winter III
Brazil 1967-1970

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List compiled by Robert A. Archer,
with the editor's appreciation.



Class of 1964 Gate

50th Reunion Addenda and Errata

Page 11 – The correct list of former Class Secretaries follows. **Jon McBride** was omitted from the original.

Previous Class Secretaries

David L. Sherman
Jonathan E. McBride
Dennis P. Lynch
Joseph I. Lieberman*
G. Leonard Baker, Jr.
Anthony D. Lee
Willard Cates, Jr.
George M. Humphrey
Terry M. Holcombe

* Christopher Getman, acting secy.

Page 257 – **Dennis DeSilvey** has a third daughter, Caitlin, born 1971 and a 1993 Yale graduate.



John More

Page 507 – The contemporary pictures are of **John H. More**, not of John E. Moore, Jr. The images should have appeared on page 508.



More family in Rio, Christmas 2012

Page 565 – The picture of **I. Edward Price** is actually that of Richard Sumner Price. Ed Price's correct senior picture is below.



Page 660 – The University received notification of **Lars Troide's** death on Sept. 10, 2013. A memorial is posted on the Class website.

Page 784 – **Mrs. Wesley N. Grant** took exception to our posting the In Memoriam tribute to him offered by his roommates at our 45th Reunion.

Page 868 – **Francis J. D. Burgweger, Jr.** and **James R. McCurley** served in Vietnam; **Michael P. Finlay** served in Eritrea, not Vietnam.

Also,

Harold A. (Hal) Schwartz, Jr. died Mar. 5, 2014 in Chattanooga, TN.

Jack B. Cover, Pierson, died Mar. 31, 2014 of kidney cancer in Raleigh, NC.

John N. Butler, died May 6, 2014, in Mystic, CT, of Parkinson's disease.

James W. Bowers, died May 8, 2014, in Grundy, VA, of cancer.

Bertrand M. Cooper, Jr., died July 27, 2014, in a dementia care facility in Encinitas, CA.

Their memorials are in the Class website.

