

Yale Class of 1967

45th Reunion



May 31- June 3, 2012

IN MEMORIAM

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Classmates Who Have Died Since Our 40th Reunion

George Webster Adams	March 2, 2009
Boris Maria Baczynskyj	January 16, 2008
Bruce Arthur Blumberg	September 23, 2009
Lawrence Dumas III	December 26, 2009
John Marvin Formo	February 20, 2012
Peter Howard Goldfarb	November 13, 2010
Allan T. Heifetz	June 9, 2010
Wayne A. Hening	September 15, 2008
Robert Hamilton Ingalls	February 21, 2010
Philip Rashleigh Johnson	October 17, 2007
Tilmon Kreiling Jr.	May 20, 2008
J. Michael Ladd	December 29, 2008
James Preston Layton	January 19, 2009
Rolf David Luft	September 1, 2009
Clifton Aynesworth Mann	July 15, 2011
Charles Herbert Marshall III	May 1, 2007
David R. McCormack	January 5, 2011
James E. McIlvain	January 14, 2009
Dwight Ames Miller	June 15, 2010
Michael G. Morris	August 29, 2010
Christian R.H. Raetz	August 16, 2011
Arthur V. Rogers	September 15, 2011
William W. Rosenblatt	November 14, 2008
Joachim W. Schnabel	October 4, 2010
Peter Campbell Sleight	October 24, 2010
Michael Jay Snarskis	January 24, 2011
Fred Thomas Sommer	August 16, 2007
Robert Knox Vincent Jr.	October 11, 2007
Jack R. Waltz	December 2, 2008
Hossein Ziai	August 24, 2011

INTRODUCTION

Included here are remembrances of our classmates who have died since our last reunion. Collecting these remembrances has been a humbling experience. It's hard to escape the feeling that we have indeed lost our best and brightest.

Regrettably, there are some classmates for whom our information is relatively sketchy. But they are deeply missed all the same. The loss of each of our classmates was keenly felt by their families, friends and communities – and by us, who shared a special time with them in a special place. We can only rejoice at the extraordinary lives they led and be grateful that we were able to walk with them at least a part of the way.

– Marty Snapp

IN MEMORIAM

George Webster Adams

George left Yale after our freshman year, but that was long enough to make a vivid impression on the guys in Wright Hall.

“He was a strong individual with an inquisitive and unconventional mind, a creative outside-the-box thinker and problem solver,” said Mike Orlansky.

George went on to become the man who saved the priceless Constantino Brumidi frescoes in the Capitol Rotunda in Washington, D.C., including Brumidi's masterpiece, “The Apotheosis of George Washington.”

To quote the Washington Post: “A self-trained engineer with a deep appreciation for art, Mr. Adams looked at the wall beneath the plaster and found deteriorating masonry in numerous areas. He designed a system to test the strength of the mortar and walls and to detect and digitally map defects without damaging the art, which is painted directly on the mortar, in the age-old style of frescoes.

“Then he invented a system to inject material that would shore up the walls. He pointed out themes in the art that helped his wife, conservator Christina Cunningham-Adams, resolve mysteries about recurring color and figures that tied the massive work together.”

“Although many years have passed since those freshman discussions, it is good to learn that he went on to make distinguished achievements and discoveries in art conservation and other fields,” said Mike, “and that he found a partner with whom to share his work and his life.”

Boris Maria Bacynzskyj

Remember the old Reader's Digest feature titled “The Most Memorable Personality I Ever Met?”

That's how many people would describe Boris Bacynzskyj.

“It was incredible to see him play a chess game without a board,” said Andy Delbaum. “He simply kept the board in his head. And won! One of my fondest memories is not so intellectual: In a voice deeper, and with an accent a bit stronger, than Yul Brynner's, he

would break out into song – ‘When the Ukies Come Marching In’ – sung to the tune of ‘When the Saints Come Marching In.’”

That was a reference to Boris’ Ukrainian ancestry, of which he was very proud. He not only participated in civil rights demonstrations during our college days – once being caught up in a mass arrest during a protest march in St. Petersburg, Florida – he also translated “We Shall Overcome” into Ukrainian.

At one point, Boris was the third ranked chess player in the country. He also served as editor of one of the major national chess publications, *Chess Life*, and was chess advisor for the world’s largest manufacturer of computer chess products, Fidelity International. As a chess instructor, he tirelessly taught and promoted the game, especially to young children in private and public schools in Philadelphia.

“I loved this man,” said Jerry Hankin, President of Chess Journalists of America. “He was smart, funny, very loyal and the most honest and true to his ideas and ideals as any person I have ever known. His middle name could have been ‘integrity.’ The tears are still flowing as I write this.”

A lot of us feel the same way.

Bruce Arthur Blumberg

Bruce was a fixture at midnight bull sessions in Calhoun, when he kept asking Socratically, “What is success?” He was striving for a more meaningful definition than mere money, status or power.

And he found it. Bruce went on to Harvard Law School and practiced law in New Jersey for the rest of his life.

“My dad was a real workaholic, so between his three kids and his law practice, he didn’t have time for much else,” said his daughter Erika Blumberg ‘93. “Until he got sick – actually even while he was sick – he worked about 70 hours a week.”

But first and foremost, he was a family man.

“If you knew Bruce, you know what a special, not-to-be-replaced person he was,” said his wife, Gwen Jones. “It is almost more than I can bear to lose him. My only solace is that I was lucky to have him for the time I did” – a sentiment echoed by Erika and her brothers, Josh and Jesse.

Freud said the only things that matter are love and work. Bruce had it covered on both counts.

Lawrence Dumas III

Yale never had a more loyal son, nor the Alabama Crimson Tide a more devoted follower, than Larry Dumas.

“Larry roomed in a suite with eight of us in Timothy Dwight and did his best to keep us on an even keel with the easygoing charm and grace that he was known for,” said Steve Stack. “The only exceptions I can recall were an aberrant relationship with a Triumph 500 motorcycle (eventually totaled with the operator unscathed) and frequent animated discussions about the Crimson Tide's latest poll rankings.”

After graduation, Larry went to law school at – surprise! – Alabama. He practiced law in Birmingham and was a member of the Canterbury United Methodist Church until his death. He actively supported many local and national Christian charities and enjoyed all sports, especially hunting and golf.

“He was a talented man with numerous interests,” said the *Birmingham News*, “but his greatest joy on earth was his family.”

“Many of us had lost touch with Larry over the last few years,” said Steve. “But fortunately we were able to re-connect with him and his wife Betsy – a true high school sweetheart if there ever was one – at the 40th reunion.”

Larry leaves behind Betsy, their sons Bill and George, their wives and kids, and a large extended family. Roll Tide!

John Marvin Formo

John Formo was a kind and gentle man who saw the best in others and life. He loved gardening, skiing, hiking, nature, books and learning.

“John was active in the Party of the Right in the Political Union,” recalled Peter Petkas. “Like Cliff Mann, he was willing to work in good faith with those of us who shared few of his political views – a lost art, I fear.”

Nick Kaiser, John's roommate during junior and senior year, recalled, “We got along very well, John being the more gregarious and longer story-teller. We were both active in the Party of the Right, but again I think he was the better speaker and debater. We partied a fair amount, enjoyed Yale's many facilities and, of course, both chased girls and went skiing as time allowed.

“After Yale, John got a law degree in Minnesota and was married for some years to Paula – a fine lass, also from Minnesota – but they had no children. He worked for several years

for my Indianapolis investment firm, doing securities law in the mid 1980's. He was bright, interesting and interested, fun, friendly, and lenient with my children. Another great Yalie!"

Peter Howard Goldfarb

Pete married his high school sweetheart, Linda, while he was still at Yale. After graduation they moved to Sussex, England, where he received a master's degree in American history. He went back to the states for a year to teach English and history at a prep school in Cambridge, Mass., then returned to England to teach English at a school in Manchester. While back in England, he decided to enter the accounting profession.

"I tried to think of a career that was portable," he said. "It was a profession, partly predictable, and I knew I could get a job even though I wasn't good at math. I had nearly no math skills."

Pete worked in the accounting profession for over 30 years, taking only a brief career detour to work for Senator Lowell P. Weicker '53 from 1977-1978.

"His public service and dedication to various and sundry projects, whether to the disabled or in health care, he's just as dedicated," said Weicker. "You can just spot the quality and the brilliance in the man. And he has heart."

After that, Pete joined the accounting firm of Ernst & Young, where he was admitted in the partnership in 1986. Peter was the Hartford Office Managing Partner for Ernst & Young from 1992 to 1999 and was very active in community activities, including the United Way, where he chaired their annual fundraiser in 1996. He also did volunteer work for many other local organizations.

In 1999 Pete and Linda moved to Sao Paulo, Brazil where he led the Ernst & Young South American practice until 2002. Moving from Brazil to Paris, France, Pete continued to work for Ernst & Young until his retirement in 2004.

Pete is survived by Linda, their son Daniel and his wife Michelle and their two sons, Evan and Bryce; and his son Joshua, his wife Erin and their son Matthew and daughter Megan.

"I will always remember Pete's kindly, light hearted personality that made it great to be in his presence," said Bob Fairclough.

Allan T. Heifetz

Alan Heifetz was CFO for several companies - most recently, A.G. Edwards/Wells Fargo - and a pillar of his community in Sea Point, Florida, serving on the board of directors of Lawrence Family Service and Sea Point Towers, as well as volunteering at the A.E. Backus Museum.

He was a terrific poker player with an impish sense of humor, and he brought joy into the lives of everyone who knew him, especially his wife Eva, their daughter Sarah, and their granddaughters Maggie, Nori and Eva Rose.

Wayne A. Hening

Wayne Hening, whom the medical world knows as a pioneer in the treatment of restless leg syndrome, was one of the most brilliant intellects in our class.

“Arts, science, language, whatever – a mere bagatelle to him,” said Andy Delbaum. “He befriended me, and I owe him my life. Wayne helped me seek psychiatric help sophomore year, thinking that it was an intellectual lark rather than something to be ashamed of. The fact that someone as brilliant as he bothered to speak with me did much to quietly dissuade me from suicide. I loved Wayne. He was my rock.”

Forty years later, he was the same old Wayne. “A few years ago he visited us here in France,” said Mark Princi. “We chatted about Yale, the listserv, politics, compared travel notes. He was delightful and enriching to listen to. He owned the patent on being self-effacing, but still delivered opinions or information with firm clarity. It was almost hypnotic. My wife and I fell immediately under his spell.

“As it happened, I had been experiencing some strange symptoms and had visited a local neurologist. I didn't trust the guy much, and was planning to try to find another specialist. Wayne mentioned that he knew a good French neurologist near Paris. He said he'd send me her contact information when he could access it. By then I had an idea of how busy he was, so I wasn't holding my breath.

“Next day I got an e-mail from Wayne with the doctor's phone numbers (office and personal cell) and a message telling me to call Muriel, the secretary, tell her I was the person he had called about, and make an appointment. I did. The neurologist told me to come the next day (unheard of with neurologists here, but I was a friend of Wayne's and that meant very special treatment). She redid all the tests and said she'd see if she could get me an appointment with Professeur Saïd, a most eminent French neurologist and head of neurology at a huge Parisian hospital. Usually takes 3 to 5 months to get to see him.

“Next morning at 9:15 Claire called and told me to go to Dr Saïd's hospital immediately.

He would see me right away. I did. Saïd quashed the first guy's diagnosis and started me on a treatment that I still continue with and which has cleared up my symptoms almost entirely. I went back to see Claire and thanked her profusely. She replied, ' Mais c'est normal! Vous êtes un ami de Wayne!'"

Robert Hamilton Ingalls

Bob served in Vietnam after graduation, then got his law degree from Columbia and worked in private practice until his retirement. He was a kind and generous man who loved his wife Eileen, loved to travel, and loved coaching the Greenwich Cardinal Rugby Club, who dearly miss their "Coach Bob."

Philip Rashleigh Johnson

Phil entered our class, along with his twin brother, Dave, and quickly became active in the Elizabethan Club, Yale Record, Dwight Hall, U.S. Grant Foundation, and the soccer and swimming teams. He roomed with Paul Monette and figured prominently (under a pseudonym) in Paul's memoir, *Becoming a Man*.

"My brother went on to architecture school at the University of Pennsylvania and later got an MBA from Wharton," said Dave. "He initially worked at the General Services Administration and later with Booz Allen & Hamilton and then as an independent consultant. He loved his farm in Little Washington, Virginia, as does his wife, Beth Johnson, who survives."

Tilmon Kreiling, Jr.

Til Kreiling was the man who, together with Bill Sudow, founded the Yale Judo Club. After graduation, he received his MBA and Ph.D. from Stanford and served as an officer in the United States Marine Corps.

From 1983 1987 he was a member of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, then he founded an NASD broker/dealer member firm was president of that firm 2000. During that time he served as the firm's FINOPS and it general securities principal.

In 1994 he served as CFO and director of an 800-broker securities firm in California, then moved to Dallas, where he was CFO of REOC, Inc., a real estate operating company. From 1991 to 1994 he was director of a NYSE listed REIT, American Realty Trust, headquartered in Dallas. Subsequently, he served as CFO of privately-held Waugh Enterprises, Inc., the owner and operator of 25 fast food restaurants and arcades in Texas, Oklahoma, and Arkansas.

At the time of his death, he was CFO of Tracking Corporation and its subsidiary, MicroTRAK GPS, a leader in technology for tracking stolen vehicles.

In his personal life, Til was active in Alcoholics Anonymous. He is survived by a loving family of brothers Randall and David Kreiling; nieces Kimberly Kreiling, Melia Kreiling and Kathryn R. Rombs; and great-nephew and nieces Jacob, Mary, Clare and Leigh Rombs.

J. Michael Ladd

For those of us who loved Mike – and there were many – the news that he had died from a sudden heart attack came like a punch in the gut.

“NO! It can't be!” said Jerry de Jaeger. “I only knew Mike from the listserv. I once wrote a sarcastic response to one of his libertarian postings, and several people chastised me for my tone. I was new to the list, and I felt very much that I had committed an awful breach of decorum; so much so that I stopped posting for a while. Mike very kindly wrote me off-list to say that he had enjoyed my humor at his expense, that he had a thick skin as we all should, and that he hoped I would continue posting.

“That was almost six years ago, but I recall often the thoughtfulness of that message from him. He could have taken a victim role and let me broil in the heat, but he did not.”

Chris Kule said, “This is the saddest of sad news to me. Mike and I became friends after spending the 35th Reunion in Pierson as assigned roommates. I did not remember that Mike had come out for freshman football and suffered an early knee injury that prevented him from playing. He had all the character and grit of an interior lineman, and he was a great Yale football and tennis fan – so much so that he served out his years as manager of the tennis team.

“He was at Yale on an NROTC scholarship, and he told me that his knee injury kept him from qualifying for sea duty. He nevertheless served as officer in charge of a small detachment that was early engaged in developing pilotless aircraft for use by the Navy and Marines, and I believe he told me he spent some time deployed in Vietnam.

“I will never quite get over the offline messages I often received from this great friend, forwarding some piece of von Mises/Hayek/Schumpeter economic analysis, with which I always disagreed, but not disagreeably. You could not be disagreeable with Mike on the other end of the line. I loved Mike.”

Mike wanted to join us at the last reunion, but he was prevented by the press of business. So he talked often about how much he was looking forward to seeing us at this one. But it was not meant to be.

Mike is survived by his wife Aileen, their daughter Rachel, and their grandsons Kelly and Colin.

His family and faith meant a lot to Mike, who was a minister in the Reorganized Latter Day Saint Church. The Bible tells us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. Mike did that every day of his life.

James Preston Layton II

“Pres” entered Yale in 1962 and was a non-resident member of Calhoun. After graduation he earned a master’s degree from St. Michael’s College in Burlington, Vermont and served with the 25th Infantry Division (Tropical Lightning) during the Vietnam War. He was a reporter with The Daily News in New York City.

Pres is survived by an extended family of relatives and friends, including Katherine Layton, Stacy and Benjamin Demeo, Brendan and Kathleen Layton, Jon Layton, Benjamin Demeo Jr. and his son Preston, and Chloe Cahill and Adam Durant and their children, Grace and Hudson – all of whom miss him dearly. Said one: “We will miss his free spirit and the twinkle in his eye.”

Rolf David Luft

Dave Luft was one of those guys who truly made a difference.

During the Reagan administration, Dave was the principal U.S. economic representative to the Organization of American States and Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Services in the International Trade Administration.

More recently, as senior adviser to the Iraqi Ministry of Trade under the Coalition Provisional Authority, he managed all aspects of the ministry’s activities. Following the return of sovereignty, he continued in this role as senior consultant to the Iraqi Ministry of Trade for the U.S. Embassy in Baghdad.

Dave was born in Germany and came to the U.S. at age 11. He and his wife Kathleen were married at Yale in 1970.

“We had a small luncheon at Mory’s hosted by David’s best man, Ben Gaines; a beautiful wedding in the Branford Chapel conducted by Fr. Ian Siggins, the Yale Episcopal chaplain; and then a beautiful reception in the Senior Common Room of Silliman,” Kathleen said. “The head of Yale’s dining hall services happened to be a German, and he provided an extraordinary cake and champagne.”

After Yale, Dave earned an MA from Rice and an MBA from the University of Texas. Following three years as a Captain in the U.S. Army, he began a career in international banking and finance, including eight years in the International Department of Mellon Bank in Frankfurt am Main and Pittsburgh.

In 1981 his career took a new turn when he accepted a presidential appointment to the Secretary of State's Policy Planning Staff. He also served as Deputy Director for Economic Strategies, Core Group, Global Security Affairs, in the Department of Defense. "He was the most honorable man I have ever known," said Kathleen. "He always gave his best, and in full measure."

Clifton Aynesworth Mann

The Society of 1706 suffered an irreplaceable loss when one of its charter members, Cliff Mann, died from chronic heart disease.

"The Society of 1706 was named after 1706 Silliman College, home of Wade Eaton and Peter Petkas, where very early one morning nine of us with various Political Union connections wound up a long night of conviviality that had begun at Mory's," said Jeff Orleans. "At a P.U. executive board meeting the next day, Cliff grinned ruefully and said, 'My head feels like a two-headed eagle.' From those events grew a formally informal group that met periodically to imbibe, to talk politics across many boundaries that today would be inviolate, and most especially to celebrate friendship."

"Those were the good old days when people you disagreed with were not your enemies," added Peter Petkas. "Jeff, Lou Wiley, Marty Poretsky, Alan Burdick, Jeff Steele and I, all of the Progressive Party, and conservatives like Cliff, Victor Ashe, Doug Rund, Ned Flynn, George Pataki and Hank Christiansen '66, were, in fact, drinking buddies."

"It was a time when we could disagree without being disagreeable," said Ned. "What has happened to our society and nation since then? May God bless Cliff's soul, may we think well of him and those days, and may those thoughts also guide us as we continue our discourse on the issues of the day."

Cliff was the son of U.S. Ambassador Thomas Mann and lived as a child and young adult in Venezuela, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico, and Greece. As a result, he was multi-lingual and developed lifelong passions for theology, history, travel, cultural research and archeology.

After graduation he studied law at the University of Texas, clerked for a state Supreme Court justice, and practiced law in Laredo.

Then he made a career switch. He was ordained a deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1979 and a priest in 1980. He served Christ Church in San Antonio, St. Michael's in

Austin, St. Stephen's in Lubbock, and St. Andrew's in Amarillo. He leaves behind his wife, Jo, and their six daughters and sons-in-law.

"Cliff was a serious student of whatever intellectual pursuit he followed, and was especially serious about his Christian faith, which ultimately called him to the priesthood," said Peter. "He was a gentleman and a scholar of the old school, whose politics and religion never got in the way of our friendship."

Charles Herbert Marshall III

Meeting Doc Marshall was like uncorking your first bottle of champagne, but he made his strongest impression on our class's African American members, for whom he was a surrogate big brother.

"When he arrived with us on the Old Campus in 1963, he was already well acquainted with campus cops, upperclassmen and New Haven," said Mike Payne. "Two years earlier he had been a freshman for a semester, and Yale, for various reasons, had decided that he should go 'on leave.' His original first semester, plus the 'leave' period and two prior years of prep school after high school, resulted in a 21-year-old freshman with prior Yale experience and an already colorful reputation. Doc was able, and more than willing, to go places and do and buy things as an adult. He was thus a very valuable man to know and even more valuable if you were one of the other relatively few black Yale undergraduates at that time.

"Doc not only had connections; in many ways, he was the connection. He was a superb companion and guide, especially when it came to recreation. Doc was a member of the varsity football team and DKE. He was also the first treasurer and social chairman of what became the Black Student Alliance at Yale (BSAY). In that capacity, he orchestrated some of the best parties that I can remember.

"Doc was profane and yet profound, playful but serious. His BSAY weekends were both 'Spook Weekends' and Afro-American cultural conferences. He was unconventional and yet traditional, simultaneously irreverent and respectful. He was a rebel with establishment values – a circus of balancing acts, and there was never a dull moment.

"Years later, Doc had not changed. When my daughter was born in 1987, Doc finessed his way into the hospital before visiting hours by wearing a black shirt with a clerical collar, carrying a hotel Bible, and claiming to be my wife's minister. He signed the hospital register as 'The Right Reverend Doctor Charles Herbert Marshall the Third.' A few days later he drove us all home from the hospital, prepared a wonderful celebration dinner, and declared himself my daughter's godfather.

"Doc graduated with us, became an engineer at IBM and Westinghouse, and taught at Virginia Tech for several years. He was a devoted single parent, active in the PTAs and

the Boy Scouts, mentoring both of his boys to Eagle Scout awards. Doc loved to talk about his six ‘bright college years,’ and as Calvin Hill ’69 recalled at Doc's funeral, those years and many thereafter were a lot brighter for many because of him.”

Doc is survived by his sons Samson and Raleigh – and by all his friends’ children, too, who consider him the coolest grownup who ever lived.

David Richard McCormack

Dave McCormack marched to his own drummer.

At age 16, while still in high school, Dave wrote a novel set at a political convention, but it was rejected because the publisher had just accepted one on the same subject. They told Dave, “Send us the next one,” but he never finished another.

During freshman year he left New Haven every Tuesday night to pick up the latest editions of *Billboard* and *Cashbox* magazines in Times Square. He would check their weekly “Top100” lists and memorize them.

He kept up that ritual all four years, later branching out to watch live sports events – especially the Knicks – in the Big Apple.

Through all that, David pitched for TD softball, was in the Political Union’s Liberal Party, and maintained a solid academic record at Yale. He went on to get his Masters in political science from Northwestern in ’68.

After a year as a VISTA volunteer, at age 25 Dave ran for Congress in 1970 as a Democrat in his rock-solid GOP home district, making the best showing ever against the multi-termed incumbent. He stayed in politics, losing a race for Michigan House of Representatives in 1972 before entering law school at SMU.

Dave embraced life in Texas and never looked back, except for a couple years in Phoenix to be with his retired parents. Criminal law in Houston and Galveston became his calling, and he brushed with fame representing the country’s then-top mass murderer.

Dave later wrote a textbook on RICO and sued the NCAA to reverse the imposition of the “Death Penalty” against the SMU football program.

“Dave was a loyal friend who possessed a rich sense of humor,” said Rick Luis. “And I will miss him.”

James E. McIlvain

For months, the most avidly read thread on our class listserv was Jim McIlvain's blow-by-blow narrative of his battle against a malignant sinus tumor. Without euphemism or sentimentality, he clinically described every step, from the surgical removal of the tumor through the long, painful, sometimes embarrassing recovery process.

It was generous and brave of him, and he did it as a gift to us. Witnessing Jim's struggle with both the pain and the very real prospect of death made each of us think about how we hope we'll conduct ourselves when our own time comes.

His recovery continued, and he even felt well enough to join Jack Bertman, Ginnie and Don Pierce, Jay Hines and Marty Snapp for lunch.

Despite Jim's warning that that they'd have difficulty understanding him, everybody understood every word perfectly. The biggest physical change was that he'd lost 150 lbs. But he looked good, and it was a joy for everyone to see him.

Then, almost immediately, he dropped off the listserv.

As the days went by without any word from him, everyone started frantically e-mailing each other to find out if anyone had any news. Finally, Tom Devine called Jim's home number and spoke with his brother, Mac.

"Apparently, Jim had a stroke, and after that, according to Mac, 'his body just started shutting down,'" Tom said. "Mac said it all happened pretty quickly and, all things considered, without too much distress for Jim."

Jay said, "Having just had lunch with Jim a couple of weeks before he died, I am devastated. He looked very good, not at all as I had expected from his horrific descriptions of what he was going through. We have lost a great member of our class."

George Lazarus concurred: "We have lost a gentleman. I will never forget the courage with which Jim faced his illness. Some of us will be lucky enough to die suddenly in our sleep after a long, happy life. For those of us who face a life-threatening illness, Jim is a role model. His family should know that he was highly regarded and valued by his classmates."

Dwight Ames Miller

Dwight “Moose” Miller was one of the stars of our great hockey team, as he was at Hotchkiss before that.

“Dwight's physical presence on the ice inspired teammates and demanded immediate respect from Yale’s opponents,” said Mike Brooks. “Perhaps his greatest game was up in Ithaca senior year in Yale’s overtime win over Cornell’s national championship team.

Before Yale, Dwight had an outstanding career as a student, athlete and leader at Hotchkiss.

After graduation, Dwight joined the Navy and served as an officer for 3½ years on several vessels in the Vietnam War, spending the final year in South Vietnam as liaison to the U.S. Marines.

He graduated from the University of Virginia Law School – law review, of course – in 1973 and embarked on an interesting and successful legal/business career, including the New York law firm Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam and Roberts, St. Joe Minerals Corp., Big River Minerals Co. (which he co-founded), and finally as a partner in the Palm Beach law firm Alley, Maass, Rogers & Lindsay.

He was chairman of the Emergency Children's Home in St. Louis, a trustee of East Woods School, a member of the Development Board of St. Louis Children's Hospital and general counsel of the America’s Society.

He was a loving husband to his wife, Keithley, and a devoted father to their children, Christopher and Victoria.

Mike gave the eulogy at his funeral, fondly recalling Dwight’s love of life, especially his passion for adventure and exploration, including Yale road trips in his “green puke dragon,” sailing out of Cold Spring Harbor, the Navy years in WestPac, scuba diving off Oahu, out-of-bounds skiing in Snowbird, and backpacking and fishing in the Beartooths. “Fortunately,” said Mike, “I had the pleasure of being along for much of that that ride and watched him charm everyone along the way.”

Their hockey coach, Dick Gagliardi, added, “Dwight was a special person and athlete among a group of the most outstanding people at Yale that I had the privilege to coach.” But teammate and roommate Wint Ritchie probably said it best: “Who is going to protect us puny forwards without Moose? God bless his soul.”

Michael G. Morris

Michael Morris was a profile in courage. Many of us still remember how bravely he bore the deaths of his parents within ten days of each other when we were at Yale.

“Ronious was a jewel,” said Mark Princi. “I’m sure that any classmate who knew him, even if there was no post-Yale contact, will be most saddened by the news of his passing.”

After graduation Mike became a real estate appraiser and member of the Hunterdon, NJ, tax board.

He is survived by his wife Helen and their daughters Jocelyn and Ashley.

“I’m sorry that I lost touch with him after attending his wedding some time after graduation,” said Mark. “He contacted me several months ago and we traded Skype contact info, but we never managed to connect. A good lesson for me and perhaps for us all: ‘Do it now!’”

Christian R.H. Raetz

Chris Raetz was an international leader in the areas of lipid biosynthesis and membrane biogenesis.

“He was also an enthusiastic teacher and a devoted mentor to the students and post docs in his research group, many of whom now direct laboratories of their own,” said Dr. Nancy Andrews, Dean of the Duke School of Medicine, where Chris chaired the biochemistry department. “He was well known for dropping in on his colleagues to chat with them about their science and his own. Those delightful conversations will be missed.”

All this sounds familiar to his college friends.

“He could and willingly would in a couple of sentences explain things in organic chemistry that were foggy before he spoke and became clear after,” said Don Pierce. “He was a teacher of his fellow classmates even then. I will remember him as one of the good people. Thank you, Chris.”

Bill Wickner met Chris early in freshman year. “We were two very nerdy chemistry majors yearning to excel and get a date. Chris took notes for me on one occasion when I left campus early, on Friday, for the latter purpose. His notes were elegant and clear, except for the derivation of the Grabowski Equation of Thermodynamics. Chris admitted that he hadn't quite understood it either, so I asked the professor in Monday’s class. The professor looked puzzled, then amused, realizing how thoroughly Chris had bamboozled me about an imaginary equation. We became fast friends.”

As a townie, Chris was extremely popular with his roommates Gary Abrecht, Brad Snell and Paul Starr. “He went home most weekends and always returned with shopping bags of home-baked goodies,” Gary recalled.

After graduation, Chris got his MD and PhD from Harvard, then did basic biological research at the National Institute of Health and Merck before joining the Duke faculty.

“He should be credited with profound realignment of fundamental research at Merck,” said Charlie Carter. “He was a super human being and an exquisite scientist, who was elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 2006. I am truly reduced by his loss.”

Chris is survived by his wife, Madeleine, his daughters Jackie and Lizzie, and his grandson, Leo.

Arthur Rogers

Terry Rogers suffered a massive stroke while running near his home in Norwalk, CT, and died at Yale New Haven Hospital. He is survived by his wife Deborah and their children Christopher and Devon.

“He would be last on anyone’s list to be taken out early by a stroke,” said Mike Greene. “He had an incredibly positive attitude toward life in general and was an inspiration to everyone around him. He was about to move to his dream house on the Maine coast.”

Like many of us, Terry wrestled with some personal issues before turning his life around in the mid-’80s.

“He started a new family, raised two great kids, became a successful CPA, ran marathons and kept his handicap in the single digits,” said Mike.

John Born, who roomed with Terry for three years in Branford and was his friend at Andover before that, said, “Terry was a very easy-going and easy-to-like person with no cutting edges about him (an exception to the rule at those high-pressured educational institutions). Fittingly, his favorite tune in those days was the Stones’ ‘Get Off Of My Cloud.’ I can still visualize him closing his eyes when Mick began to sing and going into his own magic world.”

Lou Lower added, “‘Arthur Verne Rogers III’ was quite a handle, so at Andover (where he was captain of the golf team) we short-cut to ‘Terry’ and then, beginning with life on the Old Campus, to ‘Bear.’ I don’t recall exactly how we landed on ‘Bear,’ but it fit perfectly and lasted a lifetime, perhaps because he was both strong and lovable.

“A barrage of Yale images pop into mind: All-night exam cramming for courses we

mistakenly thought would be ‘ guts’ (‘ Peoples and Problems of the South Pacific,’ ‘ Rocks and Stars’); football weekends centered around the Bowl, Haunt and Fence Clubs; our Junior and Senior year party central room at 845 Branford; religiously watching every episode of *The Fugitive* and *Soupy Sales*; countless road trips, and fun in the sun over spring vacations in the tropics.

“Terry overcame a personal challenge he faced for a few years in the ’70s. He did so with grace and dignity, rebounding to build a deeply rich and rewarding life. Bear returned stronger and more lovable than ever, a great inspiration for all. My heart goes out to his wife and two children. May they find comfort in knowing all of us share their grief but celebrate his life. We are all far better off for having walked with him.”

William W. Rosenblatt

Bill Rosenblatt was a great lawyer and a great guy.

“For many years, we shared an elevator bank at 140 Broadway in New York City,” said Dick Pechter. “He was always positive and smiling, no matter how early in the morning it was!”

Bill had an international reputation as a top insurance lawyer and served as a director of numerous insurance companies over the years. He also trained and mentored many of the top insurance attorneys who practice today.

“Billy was like a brother, and the Rosenblatts were my second family,” said lifelong friend Murphy Levin ’66, who met Bill at summer camp when they were little boys. “At Yale our friendship continued, with him being a year behind me, in the same dorm and entryway – the same dorm where his daughter Casson and our three kids were a generation later.

“All the years I knew Billy I never heard him say anything mean spirited or hateful, and I never heard him use bad language. And it was more than that: he was selfless, he was generous, and he always had such optimism. Even when confronting unspeakable adversity, he remained hopeful.

“The last time Nancy and I had dinner with Roberta and Bill, he noted how a 2010 Mercedes was going to have features eclipsing those of the 2009, so maybe he’d wait a year for the 2010 model. The space where that car would have been parked will now sit empty, and our lives will be emptier as well.”

Joachim W. Schnabel

Kim Schnabel was a smart, funny, and loving man.

Born in Barsinghausen, Germany, Kim came to the U.S. at age 10 and became an American citizen seven years later.

After Yale he served in the Navy as a gunnery officer and was awarded the National Defense Service Medal. He got his MBA from Columbia and became a portfolios manager for TIAA-CREF, retiring in 2005 as managing director.

He was a CFA Charterholder, a member of the Tin Can Navy, and an avid cyclist and triathlete who loved running the New Haven 20K Road Race.

Above all, he was devoted to his wife Mary and their daughters, Lisa Maria and Mary Luisa.

Peter Campbell Sleight

Pete Sleight, a proud member of the Pierson Pachyderms, was one of the most colorful guys in our class. Greg Marus '71 was a friend ever since they were both in the Party of the Right.

“Even by their standards, Pete was a colorful character,” he said. “Pete was the man who created the 10-year B.A. program.”

Question: what does the man who created the 10-year B.A. program do as he approaches his (ultimate) senior year?

“If you didn't say ‘apply to law school,’ you just haven't been paying attention,” said Greg. “Needless to say, your typical law school admission committee wasn't nearly hip enough to appreciate the virtues of the 10-year B.A. program, so Pete had to endure a lot of thin envelopes.”

“But for the rest of his life he remained convinced that his life might have been different if he had become a lawyer. He believed that he hadn't been turned down by *all* the law schools. There was one that simply never replied to his application.

“He pondered this state of affairs and concluded that the other colorful character he was sharing off-campus housing with at the time had thrown out his acceptance letter in order to keep the house-sharing arrangement going indefinitely.”

That carefree façade masked a serious side. Pete served in the Navy during the Vietnam War, then worked for 30 years for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, at one point as a personnel ethics officer.

Michael Jay Snarskis

When Michael Snarskis died, the news triggered a spasm of grief from our classmates, many of whom had never met him personally. But everyone felt like they knew him from his listserv postings about his adventures as an archaeologist in Costa Rica and his fight to prevent priceless artifacts from being looted and smuggled out of the country.

“I am still in shock,” said Joseph Feit. “My wife and I spent some memorable time with Michael in Costa Rica. He was a fine man, a kind man, a mentsch.”

“Mike introduced me to my wife, Nancy, who had gone to high school with him,” said Ted Funk, who roomed with him for three years in Calhoun. “Nancy and I miss him and remember him as a kind person, a romantic, who profoundly loved and loved what he did.”

Mike’s final post on the listserv said, “Richard Holbrooke dies at 69. My father died at 58. What to think, how much time does it give us? Does it matter? I am getting there fast.”

His body was found in bed a few days later, with one hand on the book he was reading and the other on his heart. He was cremated, and his ashes were scattered on the dirt where, as the Costa Rican newspaper *Tico Times* put it, “he discovered civilizations that had risen and returned to the soil thousands of years ago.”

Mike first traveled to Costa Rica shortly after graduation as a member of the Peace Corps and innocently started collecting trinkets and heirlooms that he found. Only later did he realize that what he was doing was – by archaeology standards – looting. He immediately returned the artifacts, of course.

“But he more than made up for his indiscretion,” said the *Tico Times*. “For four decades, Snarskis’ contributions were some of the most significant archaeological discoveries in Costa Rica’s history.”

Mike worked with the U.S. State Department to fight the illicit trafficking in priceless cultural objects by publishing a “Red List” that describes several categories of objects that are particularly vulnerable to looting. This list has been invaluable to law enforcement in spotting these objects.

“We should celebrate how great a contribution he made to his profession and how it demonstrates the value of the broad liberal education Yale sought to provide us,” said Cliff Allo. “For myself, however, I remember best his candor and descriptions of life in Costa Rica and very much appreciated having a ‘foreign correspondent’ amongst us.”

“We have lost a good friend and classmate,” said Mike Orlansky. “At a time in his life when he was experiencing personal, financial and health difficulties, as any of us someday might, it clearly meant a great deal to Michael to know that he was remembered and valued by his classmates, regardless of whether you were an old friend from campus days or a new friend via the list, and to have this connection with Yale. Michael will be greatly missed and well remembered by many. Descanse en paz, mi amigo.”

Fred Thomas Sommer

Fred Sommer was a big man with an even bigger heart, who bore the pain of his final struggle against kidney cancer with a stoical courage that surprised absolutely no one who knew him.

“He would inform me about temporary remissions or shrinkage of various tumors, but he never told me about setbacks,” said his younger brother, Gary. “He wanted to protect me from the bad news.”

A chemical engineer by profession, Fred worked for Standard Oil of California for many years, then for Raychem and later for Metcal Corp. People who worked for him describe him as the ideal boss.

“He was truly my mentor, but even more, he was one of my dearest friends,” said Don Adkins, president of Daco Technologies Inc. in Valrico, Florida. “I learned so much from him – not only about the technical world, but about life itself.”

Fred lived in Calhoun and received a B.S. in 1967, a Masters from the University of Minnesota in 1969, and an MBA from Stanford in 1977.

At Yale he was one of only three chemical engineering majors in our class, along with Ed Palkot and Ted Funk.

The trio – known collectively as “Ed, Ted and Fred” – continued their friendship during the 1970s in Berkeley, where they feasted regularly on the fruits of Fred’s budding interest in gourmet cooking.

“My wife and I still recall hours of lively discussion, with the sounds of *Hair* in the background and the free flow of spirits,” said Ed.

“Some of my memories are quite hazy, for obvious reasons,” added Ted. “But I do remember watching the moon landing in 1969 at his house while drinking much champagne.”

In addition to cooking, Fred's passions included reading, fly fishing and, especially, sailing all over the Caribbean with his wife Elaine, whom he married in 1983. They also took many trips to England, France, Canada, Mexico and throughout the United States.

"Almost all of our travel was initiated and well researched by Fred," she said. "He was the captain; I was the first mate."

In addition to his wife and brother, Fred is survived by his stepson, Stephen King, his nephew and niece, Erik and Andrea Sommer, and his many friends.

"He was a giant of a man and one of the most intelligent guys I have ever known," said Adkins. "I could never say enough great things about him."

Fred's ashes were scattered at his favorite spot on the Mokelumne River in the Northern California Gold Country.

Robert Knox Vincent, Jr.

Chip Vincent was down-to-earth, gregarious and gifted, with a great sense of humor.

"He was one of those rare people who, after you spend a little time with him, made you feel like you'd been friends for life," said Rick Luis. "He led a full and adventurous life."

Chip, whose middle name was Knox in honor of his ancestor, Revolutionary War hero Henry Knox, one of George Washington's closest comrades-in-arms, received his law degree from Penn.

"But his real interest lay in underwater archaeology," said Bill Brewster, who roomed and played football and hockey with him at both Milton Academy and Yale. Eventually, Chip headed the prestigious Texas A&M Institute of Nautical Archeology in College Station, Texas.

"He helped it become a world-renowned institution," said Peter Petkas. "As President of the Yale Club of Houston, I persuaded him to make a presentation about his explorations of Greek wrecks in the Mediterranean. He was a bright, engaged, self-effacing guy who eagerly shared his adventures in the Middle East as an advisor to one of the Gulf States Sultans, Oman. I commend you to his wonderful entry in our Class Book, which by the way, ended on such an optimistic note about his prostate cancer and his 2004 running of a Marathon."

Chip, his wife Frances, and their daughters Susannah and Sarah also spent many years living in Cairo, Egypt.

"All in all," said Bill, "you could not find a better American citizen anywhere than Chip."

Jack R. Waltz

Jack Waltz was captain of our 1967 tennis team – the last Bulldog tennis team to go undefeated – and one of the greatest tennis players in Yale history.

“I remember our last match up at Harvard in windy, cold conditions when we held on to beat Harvard’s top doubles team to clinch our undefeated season,” said his doubles partner, Mike Brooks. “The final point was Jack’s service ace that cleaned the center line of the deuce court. He always played best when the pressure was on.”

Jack went on to become a successful tennis pro in California, first at Pebble Beach and then in Marin County. Unfortunately, his last years were marred by severe diabetes that caused him great pain, ultimately requiring the amputation of his right leg. But you never heard a peep of complaint from him.

“His spirit was remarkable to the last day,” said his longtime friend, Charlie Workman, who played on Yale’s 1954 tennis team. “He often spoke of his love for Yale and his classmates.”

Hossein Ziai

Hossien Ziai was a man with a brilliant mind and a gentle soul who headed the Islamic Studies program at UCLA, where he specialized in the history of mysticism.

“This is beyond dismaying,” said Chris Kule when he heard of Hossien’s passing. “SuSu was my roommate sophomore year. We hoped to see each other at the last reunion, but he had already left when I arrived.”

Philip Rosenthal, who was friends with Hossien in St. Anthony Hall, said, “He combined a number of interests and qualities that do not often come together in one person. He had an amazing analytic mind, strong artistic talent and a boundless compassionate heart. I got to see him several times at reunions, and it was a joy to follow how he had evolved as a person and a scholar.”

Hossein is survived by his wife Mahasti and their son Dadali.

As Chris said, his was “a life well, and usefully, lived.”

