Thomas R. Shepard Jr. ’40
Tom Shepard died on April 29. A Depression-era riches to rags story, Tom was on scholarship and waited tables at his fraternity, Delta Upsilon. Decidedly interested in the Smith ladies, Tom almost flunked out after sophomore year but met Dean Porter he could make Phi Beta Kappa grades by the end of his junior year. He did just that. Years later, after DU was renamed the C. Scott Porter House, Tom would often pause to remember his favorite Dean.

Following graduation, Tom joined the Vick Chemical Co. and married Nancy Kruidenier, Smith ’41. After Pearl Harbor, he joined the Navy and was assigned to the USS Robert F. Keller DE as a gunnery officer, serving in six major Pacific battles, conning the ship through Halsey’s Typhoon and becoming executive officer.

In 1946, Tom joined Look magazine and eventually settled in Greenwich, Conn. When the magazine folded in 1971, he was publisher. In retirement, Tom traveled the world with Nancy, his wife of 73 years; stayed current with the news; and remained deeply involved with his beloved Amherst.

In 1990, he received the Eminent Alumnus Award. In 1950, he was recalled for the Vietnam War, his third. One of our quiet World War II warriors, Don passed away Feb. 26 after a four-year courtship. It was a super marriage. As Vern’s eyesight degenerated, they had to curtail their activities, and Mary became more of a caregiver. She died about two years ago, and Vern then engaged a 24-hour person. They moved to a very fine assisted-living facility about 10 years ago.

> MONTY HANKIN ’43

Robert Donald Gregor ’49
One of our quiet World War II warriors, Don passed away Feb. 26 after a remarkable life in the field of aviation. Born in Montreal, raised in Brooklyn, he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force as a teenage pilot and was assigned to the RAF, where he flew fighters before transitioning to the USAF.

Then came Amherst and Phi Delta; he joined the reserves at Westover AFB as a flight instructor. In 1950, he was recalled for the Korean War, continuing what became a 32-year military career leading to combat missions in the Vietnam War, his third.

Prior to Korea, he married Helen, his wife of 64 years, and was blessed with two daughters, one of

Scarb. Elected class president, he served till his death in 2015.

Because of poor eyesight he was unable to take officer training in any of the services. After graduation he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served at a U.S. bomber base in England. He left the service after the war as a sergeant.

He joined several Amherst classmates at Yale Law School, rooming with Keith Shav ’43. At the beginning of the fall term he married Muffy Hitchcock, and they set up shop in Seattle. The firm he joined was tiny, but when he retired in 2002, it had more than 75 lawyers.

Active in his community, Vern served 20 years on the Seattle YMCA (three years as chairman) and 36 years as chancellor at St. Mark’s Episcopal Cathedral.

Vern’s family life included much tragedy; he lost Muffy to cancer in 1970 and his daughter to a massive hematoma, while jogging, just before her 31st birthday. Vern himself battled macular degeneration, resulting in his full retirement in 2002.

In 1980 Vern married Mary, a widowed family friend, after a four-year courtship. It was a super marriage. As Vern’s eyesight degenerated, they had to curtail their activities, and Mary became more of a caregiver. She died about two years ago, and Vern then engaged a 24-hour person. They moved to a very fine assisted-living facility about 10 years ago.

> MONTY HANKIN ’43
Philip Crane ’50

Philip Crane, a post-retirement resident of Sarasota, Fla., and for- merly a longtime resident of Lake Forest, Ill., passed away on May 10 after a long and courageous battle with COPD. He is survived by his wife, Rhoda; three children: Susan Crane Snider, Tracey Crane Hennessey and David W. Crane; 10 grandchildren; and brother, Lt. Col. (ret) Thomas J. Crane.

Born in New York City, the son of Thomas Crane and Rosemary Comiskey, he graduated from Woodmere (N.Y.) High School. Phil was a member of the Chi Psi, Phi Kappa Psi and Delta Theta and got to know each of the brothers in Phi Sigma Kappa.

He immediately entered into the nation’s service in the U.S. Army (after a brief stint in the U.S. Army), serving as a personnel officer at Otis Air Force Base in Massachusetts and subsequently at George Air Force Base in California. He left the service in 1953, having attained the rank of first lieutenant.

He had a long and successful career in sales, serving for many years as the Midwest regional sales manager for Anaconda Aluminum, which later became ARCO Metals. Phil met his wife, Joan Whipple, while she was a student at Smith College. They married in September 1951 and went on to have four children, the oldest of whom, Philip Jr., died in infancy. Phil was married to Joan for 32 years until she passed away in 1983. He was always proud to be an Amherst alumnus.

He had a long and successful career at Boeing Aircraft as an executive officer at the company’s Long Beach, Calif., plant. He left in 1965 with a B.A. in history.

Our modeling the 1965 riots, but Vietnam heated up, and he was reassigned to Saigon. Permitted to drive back to the United States via the new Pan-American Highway, he contacted Jim Bandeen ’49, who shipped him a new Chevy wagon for the wild ride. His experiences in Vietnam were full and varied, highlighted by a week in the Mayo-Smith House. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1954, where he earned his M.B.A. in 1961.

He was highly decorated by both the United States and Britain. He was sent to Panama during the 1965 riots, but Vietnam heated up, and he was reassigned to Saigon. Permitted to drive back to the United States via the new Pan-American Highway, he contacted Jim Bandeen ’49, who shipped him a new Chevy wagon for the wild ride. His experiences in Vietnam were full and varied, highlighted by a week in the Mayo-Smith House. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1954, where he earned his M.B.A. in 1961.

He became involved in activities in Panama City, Fla.—real estate, chamber of commerce and his church. He was a distin- guished president of Rotary and helped set up the comprehen- sive health system for northwest Florida. Don filled every day with worthwhile endeavors. A most enter- prising ’49.

> GERRY REILLY ’49

Helen flown over.

Jay H. Tiff ’50

Once again I am looking at a 1949 picture of four young men dressed in sweatshirts and jeans, draped over chairs on the portico of the Phi Alpha Psi house: Dempwolf Frey ’50, Paul Cooney ’50 and two who are no longer with us, Henry Paige ’50 and Jay Tiff. We had probably just finished a touch football game on our house lawn. Jay’s smile seems his usual open, friendly smile.

Sophomore year we all pledged Phi Psi, becoming roommates and lifelong friends. Jay and his date introduced me to a Smith sophomore whom I dated for many years. We all visited Jay’s parents in New- ton, Mass., where his parents kept three imposing Great Danes. Jay and Dempwolf sang together for years in the peripatetic Amherst Glee Club.

After graduation Jay served for five years in the U.S. Navy and was proud of his service. During that time he married in Newport, Pa. Both Dempwolf and I remember him as a resplendent groom in his white navy dress uniform.

He graduated from Boston Uni- versity law school in 1958 and practiced law with his father and brother. By 1962 he was a trust officer of the First National Bank of Clearwater, Fla., a post he held for 30 years. He attended some banking conferences in San Francisco, and we had lovely dinners together.

During visits years ago, as we walked around Belleair, Fla., he wore his U.S. Wren hat and greeted several fellow Navy retirees whom we met along the way.

His volunteer activities would fill a book. His family was vast, with four children, two stepchildren and 15 grandchildren. He is also survived by his brother, Jim, and wife, Sue. Sue told me he was contemplating returning for re- union, but his general condition worsened, and he died peacefully in his sleep.

> PAUL COONEY ’50

E. Brooks Keffer Jr. ’51

Brooks died at home on March 6. He was an affable, well-liked member of our class, serving as class secretary leading up to our 50th reunion.

A lifelong resident of the Phila- delphia region, he excelled aca- demically and athletically at Epis- copal Academy. After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania law school in 1954, he joined a prominent Philadelphia law firm, focusing on corporate and estate matters. He was managing partner of the firm for many years.

Brooks was also active in community affairs. He served as president of the Episcopal Academy Alumni As- sociation and was a trustee of the school from 1971 until his death. He received the school’s Distin- guished Service Award in 1992.

He was also active in civic mat- ters. He was part of the Planning Commission for his township, the Suburban Squires. He was a presi- dient and director of the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia.

Brooks was survived by his wife, Grace, his wife of 53 years, a sister, two sons and three grandchildren.

Brooks was very well liked by his classmates, who will miss him and his ever-present friendly chuckle.

> JEFF HARTZELL ’51

John D. Olds ’51

John joined the U.S. Navy as a teen- ager and then came to Amherst with a veteran’s background. Ma- joring in physics, he sang with the Glee Club and competed with the swimming team. Johnnie joined Phi Alpha Psi with Tom Gibbs ’51 and his accomplished fellow initi- ates. He earned a graduate degree at Rutgers and began a 38-year career with Boeing Aircraft as an engineer and manager.

Traced to his 2014 class note, John reported the sweep of his 80-some years: We have marvelous get-togeth- hers with our extended families in Se- attle, the progeny of three daughters and five sons. My wife, Elise (Smith ’51), and I plan to attend a Northwest alumni reception for Biddy Martin.

I hope to describe to her trips to the Amherst of the 1930s, when I visited my grandparents.

His grandfather was a math pro- fessor, dean and then president of the College from 1924 to 1927. Unusual now at Amherst, John was preceded on campus by his broth- er James ’47, father Leland ’12 and uncle George ’13. His father was a highly controversial New Dealer, quite interesting in his own right. Our modest column presented a great plus to our postwar campus culture, actually quite diverse for its time and place.

> CHARLIE TRITSCHLER ’51

Sam Watson ’51

Sam and I were brothers in Phi Delta Theta and got to know each other through our mutual friend- ship with John. We are both the eldest of the boys from whom we were both very close. We shared many classes together with Professors Latham and Salmon.

Sam had a driving interest in baseball and was a pitcher on the College team. After college he and Lancaster extended their interest in the sport as active practitioners in something called “phantom base- ball.”

After college and a stint in the Navy, Sam became a partner at what was then a major account- ing firm, Arthur Anderson. Sam hosted many Amherst-oriented meetings in his New York City office at Anderson.

Sam was an avid golfer and an enthusiastic traveler. After he mar- ried Connie, his second wife, Joan and I enjoyed many adventures with them, starting with the Far East, when we were able to host an anniversary dinner for John and Freddie Lancaster at a famous res- taurent in Bangkok, just two nights before John’s dreadful accident.

Sam’s abiding interest in the College was again evident when he teamed up with Lancaster as a very dedicated and enthusiastic class agent who gave me no peace as an associate. Again, Sam demon- strated his love for Amherst when he and Connie donated a team room in the Alumni Gym known as the Sam Watson ’51 room; it is in the Athletic Media Center, Rm. 1222, the dedication of which Joan and I were privileged to attend.

Sam and Connie had wonderful homes in New Smyrna Beach, Fla.; Sierra Madre, Calif.; and Blue Hill, Maine, the latter of which we visited. Connie and Sam were marvel- ous hosts and tour guides.

All of us who knew him, as well as the College, will miss Sam.

> GARY HOLMAN ’51
John B. Kunz ’53
John B. Kunz—a naval aviator, business-people and devoted community leader—died on March 16 in his hometown of Huntingdon, Pa., at the age of 83.

John prepared for Amherst at Loomis Institute in Windsor, Conn. On campus, he was president of Chi Psi and a key member of the wrestling team.

After graduation John became a naval jet pilot, training for atomic weapons missions, serving on the supercarrier USS Forrestal and experiencing a near-death event.

John was flying in formation when experiencing a near-death event. He then flew off-course and put himself to the end of it. He looked back at his time at Amherst as one of his happiest memories. Besides Sue, John is survived by his two daughters, Joanne McGinley and Laura Finkelstein, and their families, including six grandchildren, three in each family—the joy of his life.

Hank Tulgan ’54

John “Jack” Elden Jr. ’54
John “Jack” Elden Jr. died in Vermillion, Ohio, on March 7. Jack attended university school and graduated from the University of Michigan Law School. At Amherst, he was a member of Chi Psi.

He practiced law in Vermillion, where he was also a municipal judge and served on the civil service commission. In addition to his law practice, he operated Elden Properties and Firelands Security Management.

According to a Sandusky Register obituary, Jack “was a member of the Vermilion boat club and a past member of the Catawba Island Club, Crew’s Nest, Rotary and Masons. He enjoyed boating throughout the Great Lakes and down to Florida.”

“Jack’s true passion was racing. He owned Elden Sprint Car Racing Team, where he won more than 30 World of Outlaws Races, a $50,000 Front Row challenge, the inaugural $100,000 Historical Big One and two Kings Royal Crowns.”

He is survived by his wife of 49 years, Carol; a daughter, Claire Gaul; a son, John; two grandchildren; and a half-sister, Elizabeth Dozier.

> Bob Abrams ’54

Peter M. Kling ’54
Peter Madsen Kling of Laconia, N.H., died on January 29. Known to many Amherst friends as Ferd, he was a true son of Amherst with staff, professors and coaches.

He joined Walt Borden and me as sophomores in 1954. Ferd—passed away late in the evening of Resurrection Sunday, April 5, like to think he was pleased with the timing of his passing.

Dad grew up in Mendon Park, N.J., and after attending nearby Pompton Lakes High School, he headed off to the Fairest College. He was proud of his time at Amherst, but I think he valued the friendships formed there even more than the education gained.

Rather than pursue a career in medicine, as his mother desired, Dad spent his life in sales, which should really surprise none of us.

His gift for communication was rarely surpassed. He was a good judge of character and knew how to craft his words to best be received by the intended audience.

When he joined Delta Dental of New Jersey in the ‘80s, Dad found a place where he could truly flourish. He did well by DDNJ and was completely energized by his work there. He enjoyed training and mentoring his sales staff and seeing them succeed.

If there was anything Dad treasured above all, it was his home, Green Pond. In raising his family there, he believed he’d done the very best by his children. In retirement, Dad could sit for hours on the back porch (his office, as he called it) and enjoy the surroundings.

It was hard to watch Dad’s mind slow up in recent years. It really was more a question of memory than astuteness, though. The witty comebacks came more slowly, but they came nonetheless. He passed more quickly than we had, perhaps, anticipated, but I think he was anxious to shed the earthly body that could no longer keep up with his desires and joys.

> Mary Lou Smyth

Benjamin C. Iannotta ’56
Ben Iannotta died last winter. We will certainly miss him as a real live-wire of our class. While at the College, Ben was outstanding in baseball and football. He remembered very positive involvement with staff, professors and coaches. He and Jim Jenkins ’56 were able to hunt and fish with some of them.

Some years later, at a reunion, he and his wife, Maxine, witnessed a “shop talk” session between Gage Hindle ’56 and Chuck Esty ’56. Ben
said it was most entertaining.

For his army stint, he specialized in outdoor survival training. His business life centered on sales and marketing management of specialized magnetic electronic components. This included a business venture of a Massachusetts firm called DISCO. The company was sold to TD of Japan, and Ben retired as vice president and director three years later. His efforts in the component parts for fine-resolution computer displays used by the medical industry and by the military.

After retirement Ben was a consultant to Orwin Associates of Amityville, NY. He was married to Maxine for 44 years. She died in 2000. Ben was uplifted by his companion of 11 years, Shirley O’Connell, who was with him when he died. He is survived by seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

> JAMES C. BLACKBURN '56

Jonathan Henry Pincus '56

The class of ’56 has lost an outstanding man. Jon, at the time of his death, was chief of the neurology service at the District of Columbia VA Medical Center, as professor of neurology at Georgetown University and as clinical professor of neurology at the Georgetown University School of Medicine. His areas of specialty were metabolic disorders such as Leigh’s Disease; the mechanism of action of anti-seizure drugs such as Phenobarbital and Dilantin; and Parkinson’s disease and other movement disorders.

After Amherst Jon earned his M.D. from Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. He spent 25 years at Yale, rising from a resident to a full professor of neurology. In 1986 he was appointed chair of neurology at Georgetown University, becoming chairman emeritus in 2000. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Neurology and served as a member of the American Neurological Association for two years.

Jon was also an author. In addition to more than 150 articles, he co-authored a well-known textbook, Behavioral Neurology. He also published a book based on extensive research, What Makes Killers Kill. I have read it, and it is excellent and still highly relevant.

Alan Levenstein ’56 remembers that, in our junior year, he and Jon were cast in a Bernard Shaw one-act play, Great Catherine. The two of them competed for the most outstanding Russian accents they could produce. Alan said that, if Jon had not gone into medicine, he could have been a wonderful character actor. Jon, we will miss you greatly!

> JAMES C. BLACKBURN ’56

Richard Lee Anderson ’57

On Feb. 19, our beloved friend Dick Anderson died. Dick was a great man. His daughters agree that he was “The perfect father in the world. The Perfect.”

There was no question that Dick’s love for his family was the single most important facet of his life. His brother, Clifford Anderson ’52, eulogized Dick as “A star, in all he did—in basketball, in business and with his family.” In basketball, as captain, Dick led Amherst to the NCAA championship tourney for the first time ever. After Amherst, he climbed the Matterhorn, flew a plane solo and on one knee fit feet into seven pairs of his company he would lead as president.

Then he was president of Woolworth, a senior officer in Brown, on the board of Equitable Life, founder of Foot Locker and so on. During the six decades I’ve known Dick, neither his family nor I have ever known him to criticize another person in anger.

Imagine that—let that sink in.

Dick was a most enthusiastic booster of Amherst; he worked for its success in every way he could. He was a class officer and a class agent and led a life that always reflected the highest ideals for which Amherst stood, for he was the archetype role model of both a gentleman-scholar and a student-athlete.

Dick is survived by his loving wife of 44 years, Birgit; three daughters: Chrystin Anderson, Holly Puleo (James) and Karin Anderson; brother Clifford; two grandchildren, Lindsey and Andrew; and other extended family members.

> STEPHEN L. YALE ’57

> KIP KNIGHT ’57

Martin Hopkins ’57

Marty Hopkins died June 3 after a long battle with Parkinson’s disease. Marty entered Amherst with the class of 1955 but left to serve in the U.S. Army in Korea, returning to graduate as a cum laude philosophy major with our class. He always identified with our class, returning often to reunions to add his generous conversation to the festivities.

Marty’s daughter Ellen wrote: He was a wonderful man—generous, kind and brilliant. An IBM Fellow, he was one of the original inventors of the first Reduced Instruction Set Computer; when he learned to program computers, they filled an entire room. He loved poetry, philosophy, his children, his grandchildren and most of all Camille, his wife of 59 years. He died a Victorian novelish kind of death—at home, surrounded by family, lucid enough to say goodbye to all of us, occasionally finishing lines of the poetry and songs we recited and sang. He was the most curious and optimistic person I’ve ever known.

Marty leaves Camille to preside over a large family, including three daughters and a son, two sons-in-law, and 11 grandchildren.

> BOB SHOENBERG ’57

> ELLEN HOPKINS

Anthony M. Megliola ’57

The class of 1957 has lost another member of the Springfield region-nt. Tony Megliola died Nov. 28 in Portsmouth, N.H., where he relocated three years ago after spending most of his life in Springfield, where he ran a successful insurance agency for many years. During those years he maintained close friendships with Jim Connors ’57 and Preston Brown ’58.

Tony was an accomplished golfer, tough to beat on any course. He was an avid bridge player and won the Amherst duplicate bridge championship at least one year. According to the obituary in the Springfield Republican, “he took particular pleasure in teaching his grandchildren the intricacies of complicated card games, and he never let them win.” He was deeply involved in the lives of his three children and six grandchildren and enjoyed nothing so much as their company.

His former wife, Lois, a Mount Holyoke graduate, died last year.

> JIM CONNORS ’57

William P. Hewel ’58

Bill passed away on March 24, af- ter several years of difficult health issues. Bill came to Amherst from New Hampshire. After learning the unusual names of his roommates (Edwin Inglee Megargee ’58 and myself), Bill had some reservations about his decision to attend Amherst. However, these concerns quickly evaporated as his Amherst experience nurtured what were already a sharp intellect and exceptional interpersonal skills.

Bill said that he was most influ- enced by a Johnson Chapel speech by Thurgood Marshall, classmate with Henry Steele Commager and our English 1 course. Bill admitted that he was a student “underachiever” but, as evidenced by his life after Amherst, Bill was anything but an underachiever.

Bill entered the U.S. Coast Guard in June 1958. He served honorably for 31 years, retiring with the rank of captain. He was awarded the Coast Guard Achievement Medal, the Coast Guard Commendation Medal (three), Defense Meritori- ous Service Medal (two) and the Meritorious Service Medal.

In “retirement,” Bill earned an M.B.A. from UNC and developed a love for the game of golf. Golf soon became secondary to his involve- ment in family and community me-diation services. Bill helped form the Community Mediation Center of Cape Fear. He was qualified in several areas and was actively engaged in dispute resolution for many years.

In Delta Upsilon, Bill was one of five who shared the “Bolero Room.” With Marc Taylor ’58, whom we lost in 2012, Bill was an anchor and a steady influence among the initiates and the fra- ternity as a whole.

Bill leaves two children, John Hewel and Lisanne Hewel, and his wife of 39 years, Roxie McMa-hon Hewel. During the last several years, Roxie’s loving care enabled Bill to continue his passions for both golf and mediation services.

> PERTON P. MCLAMB JR. ’58

Craig Schopf ’59

With the death of Craig Schopf, Feb. 27, we lost one dear man, friend and classmate. Craig faced galloping pancreatic cancer, diagnosed on Feb. 3, and his defenses were quickly overwhelmed. He and wife Mary Jane had retired to Bonita Springs, Fla., following Craig’s long career as a banker in the Midwest, first at Northern Trust in Chicago, and then, in a return to Grand Rapids, Mich., his hometown, Union Bank, of which he later became president.

Obituaries proclaim his expansive civic mindedness throughout his adult life, compiling active in- volve-ment in many service organiza- tions. He loved golf, was an avid fan of University of Michigan foot- ball and enjoyed time with his family on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Some college memories flow. Craig enjoyed good conversation; several classmates (Rick Sears, Skip Sykes, Darryl De Vivo, Jim Bartlett, Don Hicks, George Betke and Peter Esty) share a lasting im- age of him. Craig was a keen lis- tener, and you knew he stayed with you by the twinkling eyes and the distinct up-and-down movement of his eyebrows.

Bill Jones ’59, learning early that Craig would be his freshman roommate, received a letter from Craig. He wrote: Would I please understand that he was a serious
The College learned belatedly of Mary Jane our lament over the loss of those memories, as we send to the two of them argued over the meaning of beer was food!

that we German-Americans knew assurred him, except to point out that right judge, VIII.

Justin Caulfield Cordonnier ’62

Dusty was a smiling, happy and enthusiastic guy who roomed next to me freshman year on Stearns 4. His dad was a well-known urologist of the same name in St. Louis. Dusty was gifted with a beautiful singing voice that, to some extent, he modeled on Johnny Mathis; at least, the regular playing of Mathis LPs became something of a staple of corridor humor. St. Louis being a long haul, he stayed with our family in the dormitory humor. St. Louis being a long haul, he stayed with our family in the dormitory break. He was spirited, kind and enthusiastic.

Early that year he met Mary Paulson, a beautiful Texan from Smith. It was what Italians call “the Thunderbolt”—love at first sight, and he probably never looked at another woman in college. She was prom queen, and they married shortly after graduation. Dusty was an enthusiastic member of Chi Psi and a lead member of the DQ.

Dusty lost Mary in 1977, and communications with the College ended. Several personal outreach attempts, including the 90th, were not responded to, and one could speculate that the memories were just too painful. But, in the end, Dusty was fortunate to have been lucky in love twice and is survived by his second wife of many years, Donna, and their family.

Dusty had a great career in law, becoming one of the lions of the family law bar in Missouri, where he had a most successful practice. He retired several years ago and ademtedly pursed his avocation of fly fishing around the country until six months before his death, from colon cancer, in April of this year.

> George Carmany ’62

Peter Brett Prentiss ’63

Peter Brett Prentiss ’63, known as “Brett” to his friends, died May 13 of pancreatic cancer. Bernie was born in Holland in 1941. After the war, the family left for Brazil. They lived in São Paulo and Rio. In between, Bernie spent a year in a Mennonite colony and another back in Holland.

The family immigrated to Pennsylvania in 1959. Bernie became a self-described “multilingual puzzle” to his high school guidance counselor. As a favor to the counselor, Amherst’s Dean Wilson agreed to interview him. The young Dutchman (who had never heard of Amherst) was interviewed, admitted and awarded a scholarship in a single day in April 1960.

Abiologically, Bernie became a stalwart of the varsity crew, a sport that engaged him for the rest of his life. He took his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins, with rooming with Tom Jacobs ’64 and Pete Hauuschka ’64. He married Pete’s sister, Margaret, and embanked for UC San Diego, where their daughter, Anna, was born.

Thereafter, although he kept his U.S. citizenship, his professional life was in Europe. After joining the University of Groningen in the Netherlands, he moved in 1992 to the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. He led laboratories producing foundational work in microbial biotechnology. He was widely recognized as one of the most original, provocative and productive researchers and mentors in his field. In 2007 the Dutch royal family awarded him its highest civilian honor, the Order of the Netherlands Lion (De Orde van de Nederlandse Leeuw). He is probably our only knighted classmate.

Bernie is survived by his second wife, Renkke Hedemaa; his daughter, Anna; his grandchildren, Skye and Luna; and five siblings.

For a few days in 2006, he retired; it did not last. Bernie combined boundless curiosity with unconstrained optimism; his cheerful
ness never diminished.

> PETER WINTERSTEINER '64
> ROGER MILLS '64
> DOUG REILLY '64

Michael D. Hayden '68

Michael Hayden grew up in Amherst, graduated from the College a year after most of his classmates and served in the Peace Corps in the 1970s, teaching English in Japan and Thailand. He earned an M.B.A. from the University of Colorado and taught in many places in the United States. Most recently he taught accounting at Edison State College in Naples, Fla. (now Florida Southwestern State College). Mike and I met in Poland and were married in 2002.

Mike had so many sides besides being a teacher. He helped foster and encouraged that we were reha- bilitating. He also loved wolves and was a supporter of a local wildlife sanctuary, Shy Wolf Sanctuary. He retired from teaching on Jan. 5 and was looking forward to focusing on our business, not just training the dogs but also teaching and educat- ing their owners. Then he was hos- pialized on Jan. 11 and passed away on Jan. 26 at home, by my side.

One of Mike’s students wrote, “I was fortunate enough to have him for three accounting classes at Edi- son/FSW. I graduated magna cum laude in accounting, and it was Pro- fessor Hayden who set me up for success. He made a huge difference in my life.”

Mike was a genuine, kind-heart- ed human being, hard-working, always modest, always wanting to help people. He wanted his stu- dents to succeed; he often talked to me about them at home, and he cared for them. We were soulmates, inseparable, and he was a teacher to me too. He taught me so much about life, about American culture, about starting this business. It was fascinating to talk to him. We were both amazed by finding each other across such a vast physical distance and con- necting immediately. He was the love of my life.

> ALEKSIANDRA “LEXI” HAYDEN

Henry Cox '69

Henry Cox died of cancer of the esophagus on March 17, after two weeks in intensive care. He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., but I’m sure if he were asked, he would have happily affirmed that he was a Brooklynite. He loved the diversity of his neighborhood and the small-town aspect of where he lived—the shopleaders he was familiar with and the stories he heard.

In Amherst, we became good friends—a friendship that would last nearly 50 years, until I was, as he told me on our last meeting, his oldest friend.

After Amherst, he married his high school sweetheart and moved into a townhouse in Brooklyn Heights. He worked as a photog- rapher in black and white. He had a fantastic eye and remarkable pa- tience, and, using both virtues, he won national photography awards. He would continue as a portrait photographer and made many lovely, unsentimental portraits.

Five years ago, Henry discovered he had cancer of the esophagus. He always regarded himself as having been saved, since esophageal cancer is usually deadly. The last time I saw him, less than a year ago, he had just come back from an ex- amination and was optimistic, al- though, in retrospect, I can see that he must have known his time was limited. He walked with a glass- crowned cane and had noticeably less energy than previously.

He was brave, determined, al- ways a host, always discriminating. He was thinking of turning more and more to writing. He had a suc- cinct, elegant and punctilious style, with turns of phrases that caught you up quick, the same way when, looking at a painting, he would point out something you had some- how missed or make a striking, and strikingly profound observation with his rasping Henry voice.

> MICHAEL GREENBERG '69

Thomas A. Bruno Jr. '81

I never thought I’d be writing an In Memory for Tom Bruno. He’s been such a constant, steady presence, it doesn’t seem possible he’s gone. Tom passed away on April 13.

A son of Thomas A. Bruno Sr. and Ernestine “Tina” (Klee) Bru- no, Tom came to Amherst from East Longmeadow High School and spent freshman year on the fourth floor of South before join- ing Delta Kappa Epsilon. Those who knew Tom remember: “Tom was a sweet guy, with a sharp mind for economics”; “Tom never said a mean or angry word”; “You could always count on Tom.”

I remember one intramural bas- ketball game. The DKE “Dwarfs” were kind of an anti-team: no prac- tices, no set plays, all wearing black socks. They’d come out on the floor looking like they didn’t want to play, let alone win. And yet magic might happen. At this game, Tom suddenly took a shot, right from half court. This wasn’t a desper- ate “buzzer” shot; there was still plenty of time. We looked up, saw the ball arc and go in with a swish, Tom’s only basket of the game.

After graduation Tom worked at Morgan Stanley in New York City, followed by four years with the U.S. Navy. Later, he worked at ING and First Investors, also picking up an M.B.A. from UConn.

A longtime communicant of Springfield’s Our Lady of the Sac- red Heart Church, Tom enjoyed playing basketball, biking, gaming, his- tory and collecting fine wines.

Tom served as a associate class agent and would usually stop in at reunions. That’s the last time I saw Tom, at reunion. We talked, and when I brought up that crazy half-court basketball shot, he just blushed and turned aside. “That was fun,” he said.

Can’t you come back to Tom’s family. Like you, we’re going to miss him.

> CAM HUTCHINS ’81

Sara “Sally” Laux Murphy ’84

Sally Laux Murphy—brainy, beau- tiful, humorous, radiant, brave friend of our hearts and sister of our lives—died in Grosse Pointe, Mich., on June 11, from complica- tions of multiple sclerosis. Born in Washington, D.C., to mother Linda and father David ’50, she was the adored and adoring sister to Em- ily and Cynthia, a remarkably dy- namic threesome. Sally entered Amherst from Stone Ridge High School in Bethesda, Md. She maj- ored in psychology and political science, loved studying French and dancing with friends. Sally was one of six members of the Laux family to attend Amherst.

After graduating, Sally met the love of her life, Paul Murphy. They were engaged while bicycling across the country on a tandem bi- cycle. This was a precursor to Paul’s literally carrying Sally on his back while visiting friends so she could continue to lead the life she wanted to live. Cherished daughter Natalie, now a senior at Johns Hopkins, was born in 1994. Sally was a bursting-with-pride mom and wife.

In spite of increasing physical challenges, Sally lived her life with- out hesitation. She studied neuro- psychology at Drexel, interned with the Johns Hopkins neuroscience department, worked on the National Women’s Health Study and, later, inspired literacy in the Detroit schools as a LitWorld volun- teer. Sally wrote Silly Sally Goes to the Zoo, about a feisty, undaunted little girl in a wheelchair who meets entrancing friends. The story was read aloud in Detroit classrooms, much to the delight of the children.

Sally phoned her Amherst friends weekly, strengthening us with her optimism and passion for friend- ship that lasts a lifetime. Sally was the hub of our wheel, the center radiant star. Sally, beloved to all, lived a life of deep consequence. Her courage, tenacity and generous- ness will inspire us always. She will never be forgotten.

> WRITTEN BY ’84 CLASSMATES

> PAM ALYNTZ, ALICE FLAHERTY ARENA, ELISE BREWSTER,
> SALLY DEGOZZALDI, ANN DIV- ER, ROBIN RANSINGER, KATE MEHR, AMANDA MORETTI
> AND SUSAN PROSNITZ

Kathryn Weisbaid ’89

In April my dear sister Kathy passed away. Kathy suffered from a severe digestive illness that she fought with great courage. Despite all the doctors, medications, sur- gery and an eventual diagnosis, nothing and no one could make her well again.

Kathy’s illness dominated her life in recent times, but the bigger pic- ture was filled with happier days, rich experiences and vast accom- plishments. Born in Manhattan, Kathy moved to Westchester when she was 2. Soon I came along, and from then on she was both my sister and constant companion.

Kathy graduated third in her high school class and followed our brother, Jim, to Amherst. I joined her two years later. Kathy majored in chemistry and was very involved with student health initiatives. She was busy and active on campus but always kept an eye out for her sister.

After earning an M.B.A. at Co- lumbia, Kathy pursued a career in medical and pharmaceutical mar- keting and advertising. She worked for firms in the New York area and ultimately settled in Westchester.

Kathy was deeply devoted to family, including our parents; our brother; and her nieces and neph- ew. We saw each other and talked frequently. She loved being an aunt to my daughter, Emily, and gifted her with an abundance of love, generosity and so many spe- cial shared experiences. That was Kathy in general—good, kind and caring until the end.

Our niece Kelly was accepted into Amherst and will be attending in September. Kathy was extremely proud, as I know Kelly’s father—Jim ’87—would have been, had he lived to see the day. Kathy, I hope you are finally at peace with Jim and Dad in heaven. I love you very much.

> SALLY (WEISBARD) SULLIVAN ’91