

WE REMEMBER
LOST FRIENDS

50th Reunion Harvard Business School
MBA Class of 1976





We Remember Them

At the rising sun and at its going down; **We remember them.**
At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter; **We remember them.**
At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring; **We remember them.**
At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer; **We remember them.**
At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn; **We remember them.**
At the beginning of the year and when it ends; **We remember them.**
As long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as **We remember them.**
When we are weary and in need of strength; **We remember them.**
When we are lost and sick at heart; **We remember them.**
When we have decisions that are difficult to make; **We remember them.**
When we have joy we crave to share; **We remember them.**
When we have achievements that are based on theirs; **We remember them.**
For as long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as,
We remember them.

by Sylvan Kamens & Rabbi Jack Riemer

LOST FRIENDS - IN MEMORIAM

*Since the 46th reunion as of June 2022

1. Alan V. Adams
2. William C. Allen Jr.
3. H. Piper Andrews, Jr.
4. Abigail Arnold *
5. John C. Auth
6. John C. Baker *
7. Robert R. Barrow
8. Allan S. Barstow
9. Charles W. F. Beelaerts
10. William L. Bennett
11. R. Bruce Blackwell *
12. Robert Blattner II
13. Jeffrey C. Brasor
14. Patrick G. Bromley
15. James G. Burke *
16. W. Scott Burke
17. Philip A. Burkett
18. Jeffrey S. Burnett *
19. Ronald L. Bush
20. Fred H. Cherrick
21. Robert Y. Cokeng, Jr. *
22. Marjorie B. Corp
23. John D. Croley
24. Carley L. Cunniff
25. Dan Dimancescu *
26. Michael P. Dimon
27. Arturo Esquivel
28. Pierre U. Ferrari *
29. David J. Fisher
30. Waddy Garrett
31. Juan A. Gonzalez-Ochoa
32. Richard R Gordon
33. Joseph H. Grasser, Jr.
34. E. Andrews Grinstead III
35. Ulrich Haldimann
36. James D. Hall, Jr.

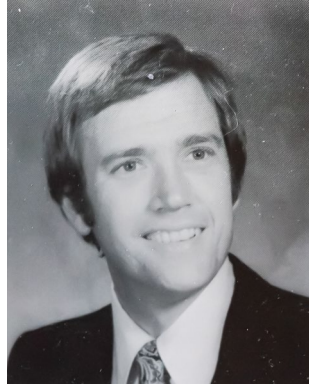
37. Edward P. Hamilton
38. J. Steven Herod
39. William F. Hildebrand *
40. Dorothy H. Holmes
41. Robert I. Hooper
42. Christopher L. Huntoon
43. Raouf A. Ismail
44. James A. Isono
45. Leslie A. Jackson
46. Madeleine J. Jardim *
47. Kevin L. Jaros
48. Stephen H. Kendrick
49. Charles W. Kewish
50. Sarah M. Kinsman
51. Joel Kirschbaum
52. Steven J. Koch *
53. Lawrence H. Kono
54. Roger J. LaFauci *
55. Frank E. Latimer, Jr.
56. Richard A. Low
57. William MacLeod
58. John G. Marushkin
59. Richard D. May
60. Elizabeth Ann McCleary
61. Carl D. McCutcheon
62. T. Gordon McMahon
63. David A. Messner
64. Thomas H. Neel
65. Joan E. Nelson
66. Mary W. O'Hara
67. Thomas W. Ostrander *
68. James R. Pettijohn
69. Thomas M. Poaps *
70. Deborah A. Post
71. John R. Post, Jr.
72. Linda J. Powers
73. J. Wesley Rogers
74. Wendy A. Ruess
75. Nowell E. Rush *
76. Steven H. Schiffer

77. William S. Schwarz
78. Arch C. Scurlock, Jr. *
79. Kathleen D. Sherman
80. Alan J. Silverstone *
81. Steven E. Smylie *
82. Francis M. Soichet
83. Kenneth H. Sullivan
84. Mark A. Tessier
85. Victoria E. Thompson
86. Alexander M. Tschyrkow *
87. Jan-Hendrik van Leeuwen *
88. Stephen C. Voss *
89. Douglass L. Warren
90. Steven A. Wasser *
91. V. Kevin Moore Whitney
92. Brian P. Woolf *
93. Stephen F. Wright
94. Philip E. Zahka
95. Kirk A. Zumhoff *

Faculty and Staff Memories

Professor Ray Goldberg
Professor David Hawkins
Associate Professor Barbara Jackson
Professor John Kotter
Professor John Shank
Professor Ben Shapiro
Professor Wick Skinner
Professor Charles Williams
Ms. Florence Glynn

These memories tie closely to the *Harvard Business School: The Annual Report 1976* produced by our Classmates David Harding, Roger Harris, Kerry McCarter and Karen Puskarz. Virtually all the names in the Yearbook are utilized again here.



Alan V. Adams

Section G

January 4, 2016

It is so sad to think Alan V. Adams will not be with us in person for our 40th Reunion. We all have a cadre of people who have had a disproportionate influence on our lives. For me, many of you from Section G are in that category. And Al was at the top of the list. I helped as a strategic marketing consultant on all of the ventures and jobs he was involved in during his career. I will miss brainstorming with him, drinking really cheap white wine, and cracking Chesapeake Bay crabs with mallets and nutcrackers. And, most importantly, laughing with him, Linda, and his kids about all of the crazy adventures we had over the years. Al, of course, touched many people, not just me. I've asked all of you to send me your remembrances of your time with Al. We will turn these snippets into a book we can present to Linda and the Adams family. Here are the comments I've received so far.,

"Al Adams was someone I always saw as the epitome of smooth. Maybe it's because when I met him, I was only 22 years old, and he seemed like an adult - a bit older and so much more sophisticated. I just looked Al up in the 1976 HBS yearbook, and there he is: sophisticated and friendly in one handsome package. I wanted to be as self-possessed as Al was, and I still aspire to that. I'll never be as smart."

Memory contributed by Leanne McGookey Gardener

"So sad. I will always remember Al as upbeat and a presence in any group he joined. We are all getting on, and conversations tends to be more about aches and pains and sometimes more serious conditions."

Memory contributed by John Riggsby

"Mary Anne and I are deeply saddened by the news about our dear friend Al Adams. When you talk to Linda, please pass on our deep concern and prayers for Linda and their children and grandchildren. Life is precious, and I know Al and the entire

family have been blessed in so many ways, but this does not make the current challenges any less painful.”

Memory contributed by Ron Barnes

“This is, indeed, sad news. Al Adams was a fabulous human being and friend. He had the best personality and always took everything in stride. He always brought joy into any conversation. I will miss Al.”

Memory contributed by Chris Crane

“My father used to tell me “Son, people will never remember what you said, sometimes, they might remember what you did, but they will always remember how they make you feel.”

Memory contributed by Gary Polsen

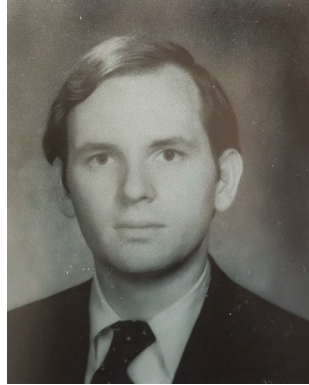
Al was one of those special people who always made you feel good when you were with him. Living close to each other in Belmont, MA, during our time at HBS, Leslie and I were able to spend many with Al and Linda, laughing, having fun, and putting aside the stresses of working on those cases without any background in business. We miss Al. We miss his genuineness, his love of life, and his sincere interest in your well-being, and the fun we had with him and Linda.

I would like to relate one of my favorite stories about Al from our early class experiences in Section G. It was our first Operations Management class and as a class we were challenged to define what to do with a clearly problematic school principal. His leadership and management style was creating several levels of dissatisfaction in the school organization. You could feel the tension in the class, hoping the professor would not call on you, and because you sensed the solution seemed too simplistic. The professor asked the class what would you do the school principal, and without hesitation Al responded he would fire the-son-a-bitch. The Class roared and the tension was eased. That was Al, spontaneous, genuine, making it fun.

Leslie and I drove up to Annapolis a year or so ago to be with Al and Linda one last time. Despite the advanced state of his disease and his failing memory, he was still the same generous, fun-loving spirit we loved to be with. For a few precious hours, we were able to reminisce about our time together in Cambridge and the lives of our children. We knew he would soon forget we were together, but we hoped we could at least create a comfortable feeling of friendship that would linger with him for a while. For us, it was another special day with Al, as they always were.”

Al's passing is a reminder for all of us about how fragile our existence is and how enduring an impact we can make on one another. Let's not let time slip away. Let's not put ourselves in the position of looking back and saying "I really wish I had spent more time with my Classmates." Let's all plan to see one another in September at the reunions and greet one another with the hugs and love of old friends.

Memory contributed by Marshall Toplansky



William C. Allen, Jr.

Section G

May 7, 2005

Bill always presented himself, outwardly, as a genteel Southern patrician, who seemed more at home in the world of thoroughbred race horse breeding than in the hurly burly of commerce. However, he had an inner impishness that put a sparkle in his eye and a distinct upturn at the smile line. He was adept at using language to communicate sarcasm and humor and had the talent of making cutting remarks without the intended victim even knowing he had been skewered. And he could be hilarious. I remember vividly the day in first year when he “won” the Section bingo contest, where he had to work in the “phrase of the day” in order to collect his prize. The phrase of the day was, “I haven’t read the case, but... “. He was able to get called upon by the professor (it was in BP, I think). We had been working on a multi-day set of cases, and Bill said, “The issues we raised today are really interesting, and I can see how they could have an impact on the company’s strategy. I know tomorrow, we will be diving more deeply into the company. I haven’t read the case, but I can see the core issues that we will have to deal with.” After about a 10 second delay, all of a sudden, the entire class rose and gave Bill a standing ovation. The professor had absolutely no idea what was happening or why. And Bill’s face was completely inscrutable. He stayed with the ruse for the next five minutes. He collected his bingo prize and then broke into a huge grin.

Memory contributed by Marshall Toplansky



H. Piper Andrews, Jr.
Section H
January 16, 1991

At one of the WOC events, several of us decided to work together on the preliminary analysis. I can still remember all of us in Piper's dorm room when Lynn LaPorte called to chat. Rich Thaler, who knew Lynn, immediately emitted moans and groans of ecstasy and kept saying, "Oh, Piper, don't stop, don't stop." Piper who knew Rich from their Princeton days together, apparently had seen this behavior before, and responded with great equanimity. He didn't miss a beat and continued his discussion with Lynn as if nothing unusual had occurred. It was so like Piper; he was always reserved and understated.

During the summer between the first and second year, Piper organized a party for all the Section H members who had summer jobs in Manhattan. We were all treated to a grand affair at Lynn LaPorte's family place at the River Club. At the time, most of us were making do on cheap sublets without air conditioning. We didn't even know what doormen were! Here was an evening that showed what the glitter of New York could be. When we arrived, gentlemen in morning coats and white gloves escorted us to private elevators. Piper and Lynn's family were the perfect hosts and gave all of us very special memories of that summer.

Piper's great love in life was Lynn, the girls, Lynn and Alexandra, and their retreat on Long Island.

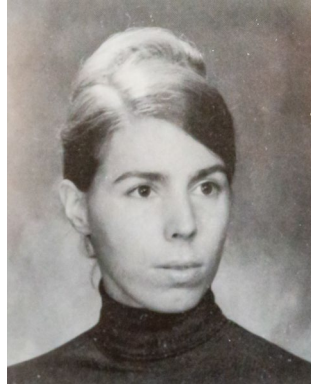
After the Business School, Piper continued a long career at Citibank. He held a number of different positions but was most active in commercial and real estate lending.

Piper died of cancer that had befallen him early in life. He endured two hip replacements and different medical procedures too numerous to mention. He always maintained a cheerful demeanor even though at the end he was very gaunt and haggard. During all of his travails I am not aware that he ever let down or gave into his condition. Going through my mother's personal effects after she died of cancer, I found a handwritten note: "Let me win, but if I cannot win, let me be brave in the attempt." If there was ever anyone who fit this, it was Piper.

Cory Gardiner, Rob Galford, and I, and other Sectionmates I apologize for forgetting, attended his memorial service in New York City. It was during the period when the animal rights activists were running a major campaign against fur coats. Virtually every one of the women attending had on a full-length fur coat. As we were leaving the steps of the church, we were all in a somber mode until Rob observed "there were a lot of animal rights activists in there!" Piper enjoyed Rob's humor and we were all left with the pleasant thought that Piper might be grinning if he were still with us.

Piper seemed to have been blessed by Providence: great looks, wealth, Princeton, and good friends. Yet, he was denied the greatest gift of all, good health.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel.

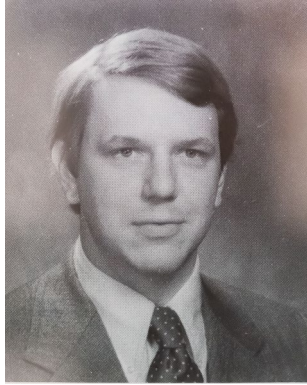


Abigail Arnold
Section A
May 26, 2022

Francestown, NH has lost one of its most esteemed citizens. Abigail Arnold died on Thursday, May 26th, 2022 after years of declining health. Born July 12th, 1944, Abigail lived a life of accomplishment. She was born in Boston and grew up in Wellesley, Massachusetts. After graduating from Mount Holyoke College in 1966, she served with the Peace Corp in Tunisia. She earned a Master's in Education from the University of Pennsylvania and taught for several years in the inner-city schools of Philadelphia. In 1976, she earned an MBA from Harvard Business School. Her long career included work in management for Woodcraft Supply and Director of the Pepperidge Farm division of Campbells Soup. Having spent the early summers of her life in Francestown, Abigail moved here full time in the late 1980s to care for her aging parents. She served Francestown in myriad capacities for nearly five decades: nine years as Selectman, twelve years as Chair of the Planning Board and six years as a ZBA alternate. She was a contributing editor and founding member of the board of The Francestown News. She helped write town laws and regulations, establish town budgets and shape public opinion. As Planning Board Chair, she directed the work and authored most of the town's first comprehensive Master Plan. Abigail was a driving force behind many significant and successful land conservation efforts in Francestown. She was an active member of the Francestown Land Trust and served as Treasurer and President. She helped secure grants and bonds to purchase land and worked with landowners to place conservation easements on privately held parcels. She was instrumental in the "2010 by 2010" conservation initiative to protect 25% (2010 acres) of high priority conservation land in Francestown by the year 2010 and she served on the steering committee of the Piscataquog River Headwaters Project. These efforts protected miles of frontage along the Piscataquog River.

Abigail was always generous with her time and talent. Abigail loved her family and she loved Francestown, and she guarded fiercely that which she loved. She was a woman of strong character and principals. Her family and friends will remember her as incredibly thoughtful, loyal, and generous.

Published by Monadnock Ledger-Transcript

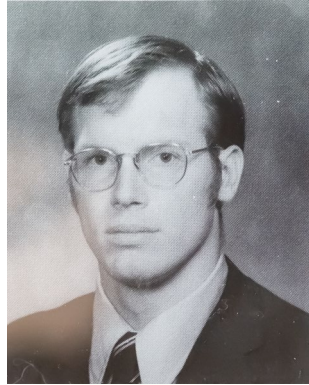


John C. Auth
Section E
October 26, 2016

John C. Auth, 70, passed away peacefully after a brief but brave battle with pancreatic cancer on October 26, 2016, in the company of his wife of 48 years, Pat, and his two adult children. Born in Longmeadow, MA to Joseph and Evelyn Auth, John grew up with six siblings, and graduated from Boston College and the University of Connecticut School of Law before coming to HBS. John had a very successful career that included 20 years of investment banking (municipal sector) in New York City, and then real estate development and commercial law in his native Western Massachusetts.

John loved the outdoors, and treasured times with family and friends at their residence in Amherst, MA, beach house in Black Point, CT, and ski lodge in Stowe, VT. In addition to their passion for music and particularly the local live music scene, John and Pat really loved to travel, taking half a dozen two-week international trips for fun every year – always first class in every way, because that’s what they enjoyed. They were really going for it, enjoying life to the fullest. A few months before learning of his illness, John remarked in the Section E Class Notes, “I’ve had an amazingly good life!”

Memory contributed by Bruce McInnis



John C. Baker
Section C
October 14, 2023

John Charles Baker, died Saturday at the age of 73 from complications due to Chronic Lymphocytic Leukemia. Born in Atlanta, Georgia, he was raised in Cincinnati, Ohio, as one of thirteen children. He attended Walnut Hills high school and then went on to Harvard College and Harvard Business School. During his years in Cambridge, he was an avid rower and started the Radcliffe college crew team from scratch and coached them all the way to represent the US in the 1973 World Championships in Moscow. He had a prolific career in private equity, first as a managing partner at Alan Patricof Associates and subsequently when he started his firm Baker Capital which he ran for over twenty-five years. He met his wife Raquel on a blind date while working for Knoll furniture in Florence, Italy. Drinks turned into dinner which then turned into dancing. As luck would have it, she was working for fashion designer Michael Volbrock and leaving on a business trip the following day and it would be weeks before they could see each other again. So, John left messages and flowers at each hotel and they spoke every night until they met again for their second date back in New York City where he proposed. They married in August 1980 and were inseparable until he passed on Saturday.

A lifelong sports car enthusiast, he spent his weekends competing in Formula 1 and Le Mans support races driving Ferrari and Porsche prototypes all over the country until the age of 65 while still running his companies full-time. He is survived by his wife, his two children Alessandra and Chris Baker, and his grandson Luca Baker Jung.

Published by New York Times

John Baker and I became friends in New York when we were both at McKinsey & Company.

I remember a lunch he hosted at a Park Avenue club—formal setting, but an easy, wide-ranging conversation. We found ourselves talking about the same idea: finding, financing, and leading new ventures. It was one of those moments where things just clicked.

Not long after, John joined Alan Patricof & Associates, and I went to Exxon's corporate venture operations, Exxon Enterprises. Different directions, but built on that same shared interest in creating something new.

Years later, I saw that same spirit during our October 2020 Zoom wine tasting event. John had become the lead investor in Wine.com, just before Covid was driving extraordinary growth. He talked us through what was happening in the business—thoughtful, clear, and generous with his perspective.

What many of us may not have fully appreciated at the time was what he was dealing with personally. His immune system was failing, and he was in a difficult fight.

In 2022 during our on-campus reunion, he joined us again—this time virtually, appearing on screen in an Aldrich classroom. He couldn't be there in person, but he made the effort to connect. The tone was the same—engaged, curious, and open.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Robert R. Barrow

Section G

December 9, 2004

We remember Bob Barrow, our Sectionmate and study group colleague — always the smartest guy in the room. With his sharp analytical skills and thorough background in business (an advantage of his years spent in industry while some of us were growing up!) Bob brought not only considerable financial acumen, but also a quick wit, and more businesslike attire, to Section G! In remembering Bob, we think of his unaffected exuberance for life, and, especially, for people. Bob adored his wife and daughters with a sincerity that none could mistake. His genuine and natural humor, replete with sly limericks and curious turns of phrase, made strangers comfortable and his many friends laugh.

Bob had a passion for history, politics and business, and the people who drove all three. He saw the good in others and maintained his optimism even during periods of extreme challenge. In a time when many found ways to avoid military service, Bob enlisted as a private; later he maintained his good and helpful nature even as Barbara and he lost a child during our first year at HBS. His second-year thesis work was becoming a popular savings vehicle for many when he learned he had multiple sclerosis. With Barbara at his side, Bob faced the disease with grace and courage for over 19 years; earning the loving nickname “Iron Man Bob”. To visit Bob, even as his health slid, was to laugh, sit on the foot of his bed with a good drink, and then to depart with an internal warmth from being with such a person and a family of character. To Barbara’s chagrin, one also always departed

with a good coating of fur, whether it be from Fred, the spaniel of our youth, Folly, Clyde, Tillie, or the many other beasts, large and small, who benefited from Bob's inexhaustible pool of affection. Bob's passing leaves us missing a friend whose opinion was always worth hearing. Bob's faith, his love of family, and his love for others were an example for all of us, and we are better for having known him. We recall and appreciate having had the privilege of enjoying his warm company and we smile, as he's left us with some wonderful, outrageous laughs to remember.

Memory contributed by Lenann McGookey, Dave Levinson and Chris Huntoon.



Allan S. Barstow
Section D
September 28, 2015

Allan S. Barstow, formerly of New Providence. Allan S. Barstow died on August 29, 2015 in a hospital near his home in Santiago, Chile. He was 65. Born in Summit, NJ, the eldest child of longtime New Providence residents John and Alice Barstow, he grew up in New Providence and graduated New Providence High School in 1968. He attended UCLA and graduated with a Bachelor's in Economics in 1972. He worked and traveled for two years before entering Harvard Business School. Most of his following career was with Western Electric, working on regulatory issues until his retirement in 1990. He then moved to Chile, met his wife, and started his family.

Memory contributed by Stan Mark



Charles W. F. Beelaerts
Section A
February 11, 2013

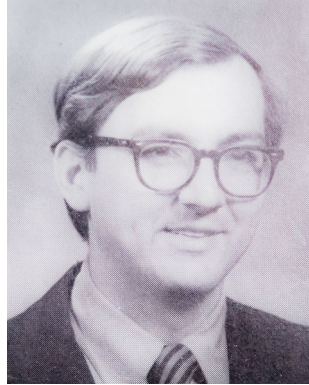
Charlie has lived in Sydney for most of his career since graduation, but he has had to work through challenging health problems in the years since HBS. Charlie's father, Gerrit, was born in Holland in 1900 and came to Australia in 1924. His mother, Josie, met his father during WWII. His mom was a Trained Nursing Sister in the Royal Australian Navy serving as a lieutenant, and his father was a private in the Australian Army. "So technically my father had to salute my mother," says Charlie with a smile. His parents both spent their war time in Sydney.

Charlie was born in Sydney in 1950, and he grew up in an "up-market suburb" called Double Bay. ("Some people call it 'double pay' instead of Double Bay," Charlie explains.) He attended the all-boy Sydney Grammar School in Sydney, another upmarket institution. This was high school, and Charlie played sport during school time, cricket in summer, and some rugby in winter. In the long vacations, Charlie surfed at Bondi Beach when he was old enough to drive a woodie. Later, he matriculated at Sydney University where his mother was working part-time for the Student Health Service. At Sydney University, his first goal was to be a journalist, but he was advised that "a liberal arts degree was not a good basis to become a journalist." So, he majored in economics and accounting, and he "did honors" for an extra year in accounting with "results better than I imagined," he recalls. "As early as my first years at college, I started focusing on going to Harvard Business School. People I knew in Sydney had gone to HBS, and they were working in jobs that appealed to me. They were exciting jobs in challenging positions and going very well. That inspired me to go to HBS." He graduated from Sydney University in the summer of 1972. At that time, he traveled "on a budget" in western Europe and the United States and Canada for several months. "I traveled on a Greyhound bus from

New York to San Francisco. It took me two weeks to do it,” he remembers. While he was in the US, he went to Boston and visited HBS. “They gave me an interview one morning, and I was very impressed,” he recalls. When he “ran out of money,” he came back to Sydney and worked for an investment bank. In 1974, “My first year at HBS was fine,” Charlie recalls. “I got four ‘excellents’ and the rest were ‘sats’.” He spent a summer back home working for IBM in their investment department. But when he returned to HBS, he started to experience difficulties that were going to challenge him in the years to come. “In the second year I had problems, that turned out to be very big problems,” he remembers. “I couldn’t get motivated second year. I was lethargic, lacking energy, and I sensed there was something wrong with me. “I never had problems with grades before, so that concerned me. There were three ‘sats’ and four ‘low passes’. A letter from the Academic Performance Committee arrived saying unless I improved ...so that at least 50 percent of my grades were ‘sats’ ... I would ‘hit the screen.’ I had no idea of seeking treatment because I had no idea what was wrong with me, but I also thought: It was a result of growing pressure. Everyone at HBS experienced it. I would have to deal with it too.” So, he modified his behavior. “I quit smoking and I started jogging every morning to get fit, and I applied myself much more. I also took several courses that required research reports instead of performance.” Fortunately, his final grades were good enough to earn his MBA. “I persevered,” he recalls. Charlie went through the usual rounds of interviews before graduation, and was offered a position with McKinsey & Company in London, but his health challenges caught up with him there. “When HBS concluded, I got a job as a management consultant in London,” I thought McKinsey would be good, but – thinking that – was a great mistake.” “If you are not assigned to a client at McKinsey, you’re ‘on the beach’” he said, and that’s how he started out – drifting. “But I hated McKinsey and I hated London.” “After a long delay, I was finally assigned to a client, and I was having problems with it. I had a complete mental breakdown. McKinsey fired me in December 1976. I can laugh now,” he remembers, “but I was horrified when it happened.” Charlie had no idea what was challenging him, but he returned to Sydney and drove a taxi for a few months before he got another job. “I became a lecturer in accounting at the University of New South Wales in the middle of 1977. I was fine, but from the back of my mind was the thought about the breakdown ... could it happen again? “Initially I refused to seek any psychiatric treatment – I thought it was a huge weakness – but I did see a psychiatrist when I started at the University of South Wales. I still didn’t like the idea of paying someone to help me solve problems. But the problems I had

kept recurring, and I couldn't ignore them." The problems Charlie was having were not diagnosed correctly until January 1979. He had bipolar II disorder. At that time the classic treatment was to take lithium carbonate. But there was a hitch – lithium can negatively affect kidney function, and in his case it eventually would.

Memory contributed by Paul Steinle



William L. Bennett

Section I

January 23, 2006

Bill Bennett was, perhaps, the most well-rounded person I have known. His face, head, body and glasses were all round. More importantly, he had no rough edges, and interacted with all people and handled all situations in a smooth and seemingly effortless way. At HBS, he excelled academically.

More significantly, his quick wit, keen insight, and somewhat cynical outlook attracted others to his company. He was a leader, without ever trying to be. Living off campus in a suburban cottage, Bill and Connie always seemed to be a little bit more mature and settled than the rest of us.

He came to HBS with a large circle of friends, developed at Exeter, Harvard and while teaching in the Boston area. Business School brought new friends and acquaintances, as did his travels through the working world.

Bill went on to become a successful management consultant at Bain, and then held the chairmanship of two public companies. At his death, he had returned to consulting and Boston, holding a senior role at Monitor in Cambridge. Bill took friendship seriously, and worked hard to stay in contact with everyone that he cared about. His circle grew, and grew, as his friends became friends with each other. He

had a sincere interest in the families of his friends, and was quietly helpful to many people in many different ways. He had a big impact on me at an important time in my life, and I'm not uncommon. He died in January, following a massive heart attack. Connie survives him, as do his three children — Lauriston, Corey and Will. I hope that they will always find comfort in the warm memories of Bill that so many of us share.

Memory contributed by Michael Zimmerman.



R. Bruce Blackwell

Section A

December 20, 2024

Bruce died as the result of medical complications following surgery to remove a tumor on his pancreas. Bruce was a great friend, and we saw each other often since graduation.

He grew up in Idaho Springs, Colorado and returned to Denver following HBS. He worked as a securities analyst for Great Western Life, a subsidiary of Baldwin United. When Baldwin failed in the late 70's, Bruce found himself reporting to the famous receiver, Victor Palmeri. Bruce was subsequently employed as the receiver of a number failed bond issuers including the Chunnel between Great Britain and France.

Bruce's assignments often took several years to reorganize. As he moved from job to job, he ended up buying and selling houses in Great Falls, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Nashville, London and NYC. Except for NYC, you couldn't call them homes since they were rarely furnished beyond a bedroom and kitchen.

I once visited Bruce in London for a few days and discovered that the cookware still had sales tags on them, even though Bruce had been in residence there for over a year. Bruce explained that he rarely cooked, and that he commuted back to Nashville from London most weekends.

The life of the vagabond undertaker. The party was over, the desks were empty, but the balloons and confetti were still in the corners of the offices. Bruce will be missed.

Memory contributed by George Smith



Robert Blattner II

Section E

October 3, 1992

If I close my eyes, I can still see Rob sitting in the front row right of our Section during first year. Rob came to HBS from Harvard College and received more than his fair share of ribbing for his “youth” and the sweaters he would wear! He was quiet, but very bright. Rob was the kind of loyal friend most of us hope to find; if you needed something Rob always said yes.

Right out of HBS he joined a tiny NJ company that sold art kits. It was typical of Rob to swim against the current of the then fashionable consulting and investment banking jobs. To my good fortune, he lived directly across the street from me on 79th St in New York. He was the best “buddy” a girl could want. Two years into the job they transferred him to London where I visited him and we would drive by Buckingham Palace each night to say “Goodnight” to the Queen.

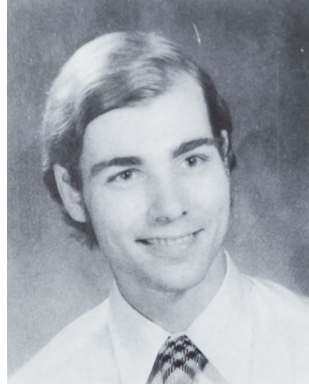
Shortly after returning from the UK, a fellow HBS Classmate, convinced Rob to join him in what was at the time a two-person start-up division at Columbia Pictures to market and sell a new format – movies on video tape! Again, there were many skeptics as to how viable this new product would be, but Rob didn’t care, it was an adventure. Several years later, and needless to say, with much success, Rob moved to Los Angeles. It was on a trip to Utah to visit a film shoot that Rob was killed in a plane crash in 1992. What a senseless waste.

I knew that Rob would have come to our reunion, because I needed to see him and Rob would always say yes when you needed him.

Memory contributed by Laure Aubuchon

Rob Blattner went directly from Harvard College to Harvard Business School. At the college he was the room-mate of Phil Angelides, who is running for Governor of California against Arnold Schwarzenegger. If Rob was around, he would have been campaigning up and down the state for Phil—the race bringing out two of Rob’s best qualities; his generosity and loyalty to friends and the fact that he loved a good challenge. He also loved a good joke. He had an easy laugh, was a great audience and was quick with the one liner. Rob loved the drama club and Hasty Pudding theatricals and worked at the radio station. Rob was a pioneer in the home video business, a true first mover and visionary. At the age of 31 Rob was already the President of RCA/Columbia home entertainment and was so successful there that he was stolen away by MCA as President of their home video business in 1990. Rob married Pam Blattner in 1985 and found great joy in his two daughters, Franci and Marcy. He died in a chartered plane crash on October 31, 1992 trying to get home to his girls for Halloween. He was only 40. I still can hear his laugh.

Memory contributed by Jeff Sagansky



Jeffrey C. Brasor

Section I

February 24, 2004

I would be GLAD to fill out this short bio for the reunions, but there is obviously a mistake in the number. This can't POSSIBLY be the 20th reunion. That would mean that...

- After graduation we moved to COLOMBIA, South America, where I worked and Emilia took some time off until our son Charlie was born and then
- We moved to EL SALVADOR, Central America, where I set up an MBA program and worked for the Salvadorean railroads and port authority and
- We moved to PITTSBURGH where I worked for Mellon Bank International and Emilia started studying for her BSN and then
- We moved to PUERTO RICO so she lost all her credits and started over again while I worked for NCR (they made these things called COMPUTERS) and then
- We moved to OHIO so Emilia lost all her college credits again and began studying from the beginning while I worked for NCR's Latin American Division and went native and grew corn & beans and then
- We moved to MASSACHUSETTS so Emilia lost all her college credits and started over again while I worked for WANG and BAIN and DIGITAL EQUIPMENT CORPORATION in all sorts of Finance roles, became a Boy Scout leader and once again kept 20 hives of bees, and we all went to AUSTRALIA and almost stayed and then

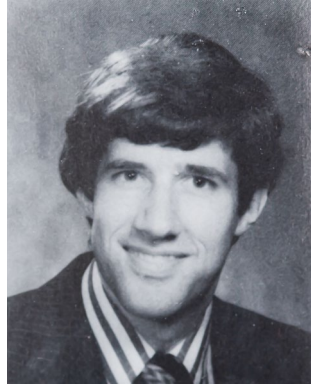
- We moved to FLORIDA so Emilia lost MOST of her college credits while I worked as the Finance Manager for Digital Equipment's Latin American Operations.

Well...now that I think about it, maybe it IS the 20th reunion, after all. It just came so soon!

This year, about reunion time, Emilia and I will have been happily married for 22 years. Son Charlie is a freshman at the University of Florida and loving it. And son Phillip is a freshman in high school and loving the soccer, basketball, swimming and baseball that goes along with it.

And I am proud to announce that Emilia just graduated with her Bachelors of Science in Nursing last December and is working in nursing and loving it. I am president of the local Rotary Club and spend a lot of time with community projects (when I'm not traveling on business.) We are alive and very well.

From the Twentieth Reunion profile book



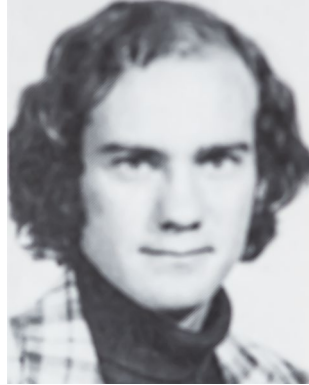
Patrick G. Bromley
Section G
June 23, 2018

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Pat. If you can help recall how Pat connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



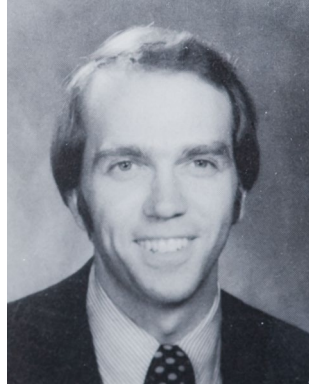
James G. Burke
Section A
December 14, 2022

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Jim. If you can help recall how Jim connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



W. Scott Burke
Section G
July 10, 1986

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Scott. If you can help recall how Scott connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



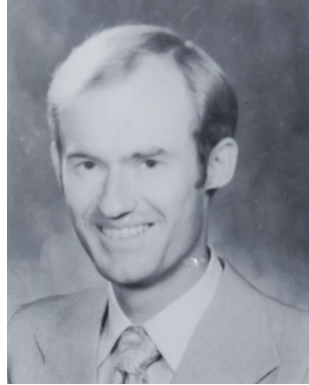
Philip A. Burkett

Section E

April 12, 1985

I always thought of Phil as a tough, rigid guy, and never felt very comfortable around him. I could easily imagine him in his West Point uniform. Then one evening, to cheer up after a grueling week, I went to see *Patience*, a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, being performed in Boston and there was Phil! Phil liked music, Phil enjoyed humor, Phil went to the theater for recreation! I was astonished, and he actually seemed as surprised to see me there. It was one of those “what are YOU doing here” moments. Phil told me he was involved in this theater, but we never spoke about it again. Thereafter, I thought of Phil as a man of mystery and wonderful secrets. He would have made a terrific modern major general.

Memory contributed by Pam Myerson Huntington.



Jeffrey S. Burnett

Section D

November 28, 2023

Jeffrey Sherwood Burnett, age 76 of Littleton MA, passed away peacefully at home on Tuesday, November 28th after a long illness.

He was born in Rochester, NY in October 1947 to Janet Burnett (Palmer) and Sherwood "Joe" Burnett. Jeff grew up in Scituate, MA. He attended Thayer Academy and throughout his life, kept close connections with his Classmates as their class agent and Alumni Board Member. He then attended Dartmouth College where he received a BA. At Dartmouth, he enrolled in Navy ROTC. Jeff proudly served in the U.S. Navy from 1969-1974, achieving the rank of Commander. After honorably leaving the Navy, he attended Harvard School of Business.

Jeff's career finally brought him to Open Geospatial Consortium, where for 20 years he was VP-CFO and served on the Board of Directors. He made many wonderful and dear friends here and globally during his many travels abroad.

Serving as Scoutmaster for Littleton Troop 20, Jeff enjoyed many great adventures along with his son, Evan. These included High Adventures hiking at Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico, sailing in the Abaco Islands and canoeing down the Missouri River following the path of Lewis and Clark. As an avid, amateur Genealogist, Jeff connected with many distant relatives via Facebook. This interest led to a trip of a lifetime to New Zealand with his daughter Sarah where newly discovered distant relatives became close family.

Memory contributed by Stan Mark



Ronald L. Bush

Section B

August 20, 2016

In addition to being a Sectionmate, Ron Bush and I were roommates on campus for the two years at HBS. We shared the transition to the pressures of three-cases-a-night. We also shared some background commonalities. He was from Pennsylvania, a state where my mother and many of my relatives are from. We were the same age and had the same length of work experience before HBS. After college, Ron worked for Travelers Insurance in Hartford before coming to Boston.

We had the same attitude about school work—work hard during the week and try to take the weekends off. On the weekends we were often part of a group of our Classmates who explored Boston and the surrounding area. We explored museums and historic sites local to Boston and enjoyed the colorful New England autumns. One memorable trip took us farther afield to Puerto Rico (thanks Carlos!) when 9 of us went to Palmas del Mar during 2nd year spring break.

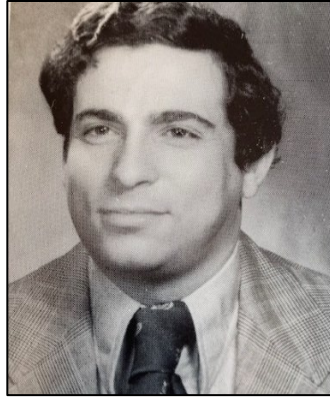
Post-HBS, Ron returned to the insurance industry. After a stint at CIGNA, he helped to found an insurance consulting company with a group of his contacts in the Hartford area. After a number of years, he went out on his own with a consulting company. He continued with this until his untimely death.

I always thought that his marrying Carlene was the best decision that he ever made. Ron and Carlene went together perfectly. His children, Tyler and Allison, were great kids. Allison is currently living and working in Spain. Unfortunately, Ty died about

a dozen years ago. My wife Fran and I visited the Bush family from time to time in West Hartford and spent some great ski weekends at their condo in Stratton.

Ron died 5 years ago just before our last reunion from a fast-spreading cancer. All those who knew him, miss him.

Memory contributed by Kenneth Brown

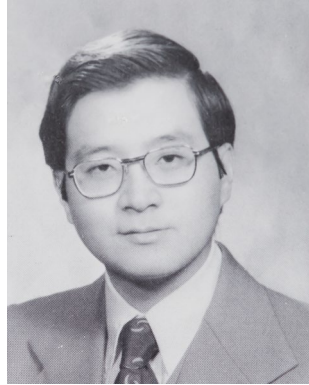


Fred H. Cherrick

Section D

October 12, 2017

Fred Cherrick, passed away in Orange County, CA and was buried at the Miramar National Cemetery in San Diego. He was a Lieutenant in the US Navy, a Vietnam Veteran and proud of his service to our country. Fred was a graduate of Purdue University's School of Engineering with a degree in Electrical Engineering and spent portions of his career at Intel and Siemens before launching his own business, Electric Stars, a solar energy company in Orange County that served both commercial and residential markets. His professional career took him to San Jose, Scottsdale and finally, Irvine, CA. Fred had a dry wit along with a wry sense of humor and enjoyed his time at HBS. He was a kind soul with a reserved confidence that made him friends with a number of Sectionmates and Classmates.



Robert Y. Cokeng, Jr.
Section F
December 26, 2025

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Bob. If you can help recall how Bob connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



Marjorie B. Corp

Section I

July 14, 2008

I last spoke to Marge when trying to set up a Section I reunion in the Boston area. Marge, a longtime resident of Newton, and a former Senior Vice President at Bank of America, had been in poor health for many years, and was unable to host our group.

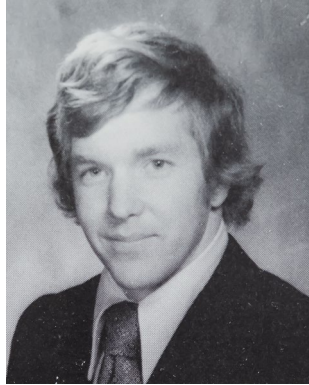
Sectionmate Bill Lennett's favorite Marge Corp story started during a coffee break between classes when Marge mentioned she liked Elvis. "I told Marge to say no more but to meet me Tuesday night at 8PM. We drove to a bowling alley in a great working-class Boston neighborhood and went into the lounge. A \$2 tip got us a table close to the stage, upon which the star of the evening eventually lumbered out. This short, bald, fat, toothless impersonator was decked out in an Elvis Vegas-era white sequined ensemble. When he walked out on-stage Marge looked at me as if to say you took me away from my studies FOR THIS. I flapped my arms and said "Wait, just wait."

The music started, and "Elvis" started to move and sing. Slow moves speeded up until he was gyrating non-stop. One song merged into another until he was rockin' and rollin', slippin' and a sliddin', movin' and groovin'. The audience's response

was a reciprocal, foot stomping frenzy. The women couldn't control themselves, jumping up, stomping, yelling and screaming. His athletic moves and slovenly body generated sweat galore.

His mesmerizing performance did not escape our Ms. Corp. Studios Marge was standing, arms raised to the ceiling, whipping side to side, screaming "more, more, more" as she enjoyed the greatest entertainer she had ever seen. We stayed for two more sets, so I did not drop Marge off until 1:30 AM, mere hours before our Wednesday morning class. Marge thanked me for the best night she had had in a long time. 'Sleep well, dear Marge'."

Memory contributed by Ed May and Bill Lennett.



John D. Croley

Section B

October 2, 2019

John Croley always called me Barb-Ran; and I heard that a lot since he was Chad's first year roommate. With a twinkle in his eye, a kind remark at every turn, and a sharp analytical intelligence, John Croley was a wonderful addition to the mix in Section B. Proud of his Oklahoma origins, he kept in touch over the years with Garth Splinter.

It was Garth who informed me of John's death in 2019, after John experienced a heart attack in the hospital following a minor procedure. John's wife Aster phoned Garth. I asked Aster how we could best memorialize John, and she replied, "John loved his dog Shekleton so much, maybe a contribution to any charity which saves dog or animals."

Here are a few highlights to share from years of Class Notes: John kept in good touch. We had long and rambling email conversations, and not everything in my files hit Class Notes. I am sending these remarks along, and urge you to note how well he did after his brain damage. Brave and competent man!

September 2016: JOHN CROLEY and wife Aster Croley are living near Washington D.C. Aster met John while working as his cognitive aide following his brain damage injuries from an assault in 1999. John is glowing and very happy with his marriage, doing well, and back to his original sense of humor. Aster puts up with his love for peanut butter sandwiches, a first-year HBS staple in the dorm room he shared with Chad Keck.

December 2012: “Do you remember at HBS, how people sometimes observed me awakening at odd times? This HBS training seems to have proven useful. While swimming laps this summer: for 15 minutes, I had no heart beat; for half an hour, I did not breath. Doctors induced cryogenic coma, with no particular expectation that I might awake ... at least not awaken with any meaningful consciousness. These doctors did not understand how HBS trains us for any challenge. After a few days, I began to stir ... albeit it slowly at first. I attribute this awakening to HBS training. Today, a doctor cleared me even for prospective SCUBA diving, if not too deep.

Jan 2010- John sent a lovely photo of New Year's fireworks illuminating Victoria Harbor in Hong Kong.

January 2008 –Thanks for being patient that I am generally behind with doing things. I am very happy with Aster, the person I have referenced as my cognitive aide. I am too simple minded to sustain multiple relationships. My experience is that people who administer America's safety net perceive brain-damaged people as easy targets. I do not like being such an easy target. I cannot overstate how much I hate being a target. At the same time, I am often slow to catch on to whatever is happening; and I am not very productive at actually doing, or accomplishing, anything. For a brain-damaged person, I think the cooperative nature of Asian society is much better than the competitive nature of American society. In America, after anyone survives traumatic brain damage, the survivor's most likely cause of death is suicide. This is a VERY dark reality. In Hong Kong, long-term survival rate is much higher. I think this also reflects the close, ever-supportive nature of Cantonese families. Also, Aster is wonderfully effective at gently keeping me on track and tending to administrative details that invariably befuddle me.

Spring 99: Yes, I'm brain damaged. The alumni update forms don't have a check mark for disabled. I guess we are all pretty optimistic. In about 1984 Security Guards from the Republican National Committee beat me unconscious near my former home adjoining the grounds of the US Capitol. Seems they were angry about losing their ability to issue permits for folks to park in and block the rear court (alley) common to our properties. They also wanted to proceed with a building expansion based on plans remarkably different from plans presented to the zoning board. In many respects I'm just fine. My verbal IQ may remain beyond 140, but my performance IQ is likely less than 80. Many memory functions remain in the 98-99 percentile range--even perfect by available tests--but my ability to recall verbal information is at the 2nd percentile. I can construe my new abilities as advantageous. For example, if I would have had these capabilities at HBS, I could have remembered class details just as well whether I was asleep or awake. For about ten years, I didn't

know I was brain-damaged. I couldn't figure out why I was such an unproductive goof-ball.”

There is more from the Class Notes archives, but this is the gist of communications over the 20 years prior to John’s death. As a final note, this famous quote from Mary Oliver: “Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?”
Dear Classmates ~ time to get that figured out!

Memory contributed by Barbara Keck



Carley L. Cunniff

Section E

January 16, 2005

I cannot begin to do justice to Carley's memory in the time I have been given, but I have to try. Many of you knew and admired her, and so you know of her extraordinary beauty, elegance, intelligence and wit. Carley was my best friend, and we were roommates in New York for several years after HBS.

Carley was a brilliant investment analyst, and according to Bill Ruane, the head of her firm, could tear apart a financial statement better than almost anyone else. She was "famously quoted" by The Motley Fool as saying that, "you need to be Sherlock Holmes to figure out what the heck Lucent is earning... and I can tell you that they're not earning what they're reporting!" She firmly resisted the dot.com frenzy, taking a lot of heat from Sequoia Funds investors at their annual meeting without regret. She was a very eloquent and persuasive writer, one reason why Dillon Read gave her estate valuation assignments in which you have to convince the IRS that an estate is worth as little as possible.

This included the estate of Harry Winston, which led to her job at Winston as Assistant to the President, Harry's son, Ron.

She was incredibly generous with both her money and her time. She was on the boards or committees of Swarthmore College, HBS, the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering and the Florence Griswold Museum in Old Lyme, CT. The women of the Class of 1976 know that she and Debbie Farrington tried mightily to inspire all of us to give meaningful gifts to the school at our 25th Reunion.

Carley was a wonderful friend, with a marvelous sense of humor. When she would meet someone new whom she did not wish to see again, she would tell them her name was “Jasmine Schwartz” (actually, I am not sure how she spelled it!) When my first Westie died suddenly, she decided to buy me a new puppy. Of course, I named her Jasmine Schwartz Reinhard, and now her husband, Andy has a Jasmine as well. The thing I treasure most about her though is that her fascinating conversation and wonderful laughter raised the level of everyone’s conversation and made each of us feel brilliant and funny while we were with her.

She cared deeply for her family and friends, most of all her beloved husband, Andy Baxter. In the last three years of her life, together they created a haven at Longmeadow, their farm in Lyme, Connecticut. Her creativity literally flowered, and she took great pleasure in the gardens that she nurtured.

Carley died of breast cancer. She fought it for three and a half years after it was discovered, already at stage 4. The huge church was full of mourners celebrating her life. We are lucky that she was part of ours.

Memory contributed by Elizabeth Reinhard.

The first day of class in September 1974, Carley came into the classroom and you knew she was very special, blessed with brains and beauty, but she never seemed aware of either. One of the Section E folklore stories will always be when David Hawkins asked Carley (very early on) to open the case, which she did with a precision that most of us non accounting types could only dream of. The very next

class he turned to her and broke the unwritten rule of “case opening” by asking her once more to open the class. After the audible gasp subsided, she nailed the case (again) leaving “The Hawk” somewhere between amazed and slightly crestfallen he had not caught her out.

Carley joined Harry Winston directly out of HBS where she stayed long enough to dazzle more than one date with the “on-loan” jewelry the firm would let her wear. She started her financial career at Dillon Read & Co after a brief stop at Warburg, Paribas, Becker. In 1983 she joined Ruane, Cunniff & Co. where she was served as executive vice president and director of both the firm and the Sequoia Fund whose annual meetings were famous for Carley’s analysis. During the dot com phase Sequoia was being heavily criticized for not getting into technology stocks. Carley then presented an analysis of a “well known tech company” which indicated that the company’s real earnings and future earning power were not as robust as the reported financials indicated. Eventually the stock followed Carley’s direction and tanked.

Incredibly generous with her time and energy, Carley sat on the Board of Managers at Swarthmore College, the Harvard Business School Alumni Board and the executive committee of the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering. Carley missed our 25th reunion because of her health, being diagnosed with breast cancer in 2001.

Retiring at the end of 2002, Carley and her husband Andy spent most of their time at their home in Lyme, CT. where she planted glorious gardens. She derived enormous pleasure from what she created after she left the world of finance. Carley lost her fight with cancer on January 16, 2005. Our Section placed the

following notice in the New York Times to share with the world our thoughts of Carley:

“From a simpler time come memories of grace, wit, intellect, serenity and kindness. Thirty years have passed and they remain what we treasure of her today. She, quite simply, glowed.”

Memory contributed by Laure Aubuchon



Dan Dimancescu

Section H

January 31, 2025

One of the quiet privileges of an HBS education is discovering you are sitting beside people who will go on to shape institutions, ideas, and even countries. Dan Dimancescu was one of those Classmates, remarkable as a citizen, a thinker, and a leader. His close friendship enriched my life, and I was fortunate to become his partner in business.

When we arrived at Soldiers Field, Dan was the “elder statesman” of Section H, all of 31, which at the time felt practically professorial. His resonant voice, his distinctive phrasing, and the confidence with which he spoke made him impossible to ignore. His comments were crisp, wise, often humorous, sometimes arresting. Even when I disagreed with him, I found myself persuaded. I admit that after our first year the opportunity to be his equal partner was so compelling that I turned down a coveted marketing apprenticeship at Gillette that summer of 1975. That decision changed my life.

Outside of class Dan was a master storyteller. He could hold a room for minutes as he teased through the intricate setup of a joke, only to deliver the punchline with a perfectly straight face. Half a century later, I can still hear it. No wonder he was invited everywhere as the essential raconteur.

We spent months together in our cartography venture in Harvard Square, working out of that centuries-old house on Winthrop Street — later the original House of Blues, then Hasty Pudding. Working together fewer than three years left me with a lifetime of Dan stories.

While he was away a few weeks during the summer of 1975, I lived in his fourth-floor walk-up just yards from the Bunker Hill Monument. Surrounded by his eclectic possessions, I often wondered what adventures had already shaped him. The following summer I attended his three-day wedding in Vermont. Two weeks later, we young Bostonians stood at Bunker Hill watching the Tall Ships glide silently into the harbor for the Bicentennial. The Vietnam era had finally passed and the world felt so promising.

Dan's early life explains much about the man we knew then. The youngest son of a decorated Romanian WWI hero turned diplomat, he was born in wartime England, then raised in Morocco, educated in a French Catholic school there, and while just a boy traveled widely through Spain, Portugal and North Africa. At 13 he and his elder brother Mihai crossed the Atlantic alone in a Yugoslav steamship to San Francisco. That itself was an adventure for the young boy that nurtured his independent spirit for life. Their parents' visas had been delayed so they followed months after. He became a U.S. citizen five years later.

He chose Dartmouth for college because the name reminded him of Dartmouth, England. From there he went on to earn a master's degree from the Fletcher School.

Dan had a rare ability to persuade important institutions to support his ideas. Before HBS, he convinced National Geographic to fund a 1,500-mile canoe expedition down the Danube. *National Geographic Magazine* published his narrative and photographs in 1969. Later they funded two more Dimancescu expeditions through the Carpathians.

At HBS, while the rest of us were struggling just to get through the case load, Dan made the time to manage a team to design the giant metal MBTA route maps posted at every station. If you realized it back then, you would have been astonished at how much of greater Boston bore Dan's imprint. His maps were works of art. He would not tolerate bad graphics.

My admiration for his cartographic talent led me to propose a collaboration. Before the end of our first HBS year, we persuaded Cambridge Savings Bank to fund a mass-distribution map of Cambridge. That success led us to form Cities, Inc. in the summer of 1975.

We had intended to return to classes with our Section H, naively thinking we could run a business and still get the HBS work done. But the business had other plans. We took leaves of absence and produced a series of major projects: the MBTA map, the *Boston Globe's* prestige map of Boston and Cambridge, and a quarter-million tourist walking maps for the 1976 Bicentennial. But our largest project was the *Boston Herald American's* street atlas, thick as a phone book and visually stunning. It carried advertisement form some of New England's most important companies. Living one floor above our graphic artist-cartographers' studio on Winthrop Street. I saw that work evolve day by day for two years.

Dan's curiosity and drive led us to collaborate with an MIT graduate student to pioneer the first digitally rendered commercial street maps. That innovation attracted Esselte, Europe's second-oldest map publisher, introduced to us by our Sectionmate Bjorn Savien. Esselte acquired Cities, Inc. in 1977. I returned to HBS that fall and graduated in 1978. Dan had already chosen his path and decided the MBA would not improve it. He never returned to HBS except as a guest lecturer.

He never stopped creating. Born in wartime and raised with a boundless sense of adventure, he built a life that defied conventional employment. He was a freelance journalist for *The Boston Globe*, then a cartographic publisher, a consultant to Fortune 500 companies, and the author of numerous articles and books, some still available on Amazon. With his son Nicholas, he founded a documentary film

company. He served on the boards of educational foundations, including one in Romania, where he helped create Europe's largest nature park — nearly 1.5 million acres in the Carpathians.

His mother descended from Romanian landed aristocracy, and his confident natural noble manner reflected that heritage. After the fall of communism, Romania invited him to reclaim citizenship and recover family properties. He became deeply involved in Romanian NGOs, film, and publishing. In 2005 he was named Honorary Consul of Romania in Boston, later Consul-General.

Dan's personal life was as rich as his professional one. While at HBS he courted Katherine Kuhns. They married in June of 1976 and built a life in Charlestown, then Lincoln, then Concord, raising two children, Nicholas and Katie. Dan and Nick built a film company together, and while pursuing a National Geographic project in Europe, Nick died tragically in an accident. The pain of losing such a promising adult son is beyond imagining.

Dan was a global citizen, connected to the international power community, especially in Europe. Through him, many of us were only two or three degrees removed from senior leaders across the continent. His life was an inspiration — a model of adventure, intellect, and devotion to family. His work touched millions. He seized life and made it matter.

Memory contributed by Ron Terrazas

I was 28 when I met Dan, who became a lifelong friend. It was an unlikely connection because I joined Section H only in September 1976, as a second-year entrant from INSEAD. By then, Dan had already resigned from the MBA course. I never quite figured why he did. He thought the extra cost would not earn a proper return. Only he ever knew whether he was correct about that. It was clear evidence of his independence of thought!

We met in September/October at a Section H party, I think it was a lobster bake, somewhere north of Boston. Dan was born in London - so perhaps he just had a soft spot for Brits. We hit it off right away. I still have a photo of that event but Dan isn't there.

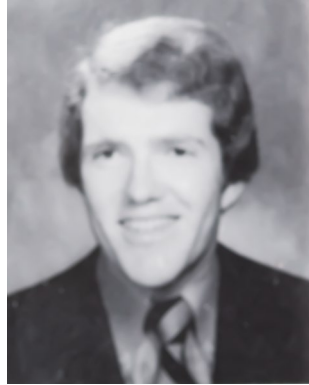
My former wife Susan (now deceased) and Dan's wife Katherine got on well and we all continued to meet, not only in Boston, but also in the United Kingdom. Dan was invariably enroute to or from Bucharest via London. I had another great Romanian friend, Luca, who had settled in Hamburg, and I introduced them. They got on, and Luca joined the happy host of multinational people that Dan had befriended. Dan's belief in the value of others of all stripes was his most admirable attribute.

Dan's connections to Romania grew apace. He was able to recover many of the family properties in Transylvania. The best memory I have is his 60th birthday party when he hired Bran Castle - the notorious hideout of Vlad the Impaler - better known as Count Dracula. The castle belonged to the Romanian State - and this was the first time it had been made available for a private event - an indication of Dan's influence and credibility. The party itself was sophisticated and the courtyard swayed with numerous guests, all of whom (except us!) seemed to fit into the glittering orchestrated spectacle that Dan masterminded. The fireworks still blaze in my memory. Dan was temporarily the Lord Incarnate of that Castle - albeit without the cape and those blood-stained teeth.

Transylvania is populated by Romanians, Hungarians and Saxons. Dan had assembled a band which had members from all nationalities and he arranged for them to play at a lunch after-party. It was in an unusual stately home - very glamorous despite having been ruined by the depredations of the post-war Ceausescu years. The infectious gipsy style music had us all dancing while drinking delicious Romanian wine for the second day in a row. The garden beds had been ruined but the grandeur remained and the exotic trees stood tall. Like Dan himself, the place was a genuine vestige of Imperial Romania. History was all around and we were all part of it.

I last saw Dan on his 80th birthday, online, in late 2024. I hadn't known he was ill, and his death on 31 January 2025 - not long afterwards shocked me.

Memory contributed by Michael Howell



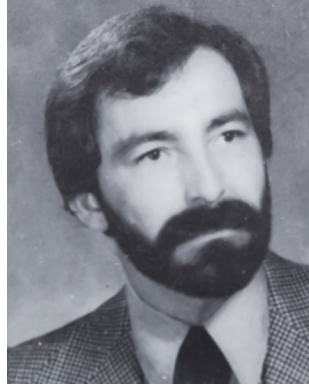
Michael P. Dimon

Section E

2002

Michael was one of two CPAs in our Section and as such was generous in helping his Classmates navigate the cases in Control with David Hawkins. He was very bright and knowledgeable but also quiet and reserved. I suspect he had a strong background in auditing with manufacturing-based clients. As the other one with a CPA, I appreciated his willingness to help and his knowledge of accounting.

Memory contributed by Tom Ostrander



Arturo Esquivel

Section E

November 29, 2003

I have warm memories of Art Esquivel. I remember him as tall, dark and handsome, a US Air Force pilot in the Vietnam war, complete with wraparound sunglasses. He was a strong, rather silent type, a bit mysterious... a Mexican-American, married to an attractive woman who was a TV newscaster in Washington, DC, and they had a sweet little daughter.

In one memorable case discussion about the Mirassou Vineyard in California which used migrant farm workers, including children who had to skip school to pick grapes during the harvest, he raised his hand and said, "I was one of those children." You could hear the Proverbial pin drop for a second before the professor moved on. I got to know Art and his family better when we were on the same team for the "business game" (shirts and tires=fictional product "shires"), we had a good time.

Memory contributed by Amy Meyer



Pierre U. Ferrari

Section B

March 29, 2025

Pierre Ubaldo Ferrari died peacefully surrounded by family in Georgia after suffering a stroke 3 days earlier. He was 74. There were dozens of MBA 1976 Classmates who maintained friendships with Pierre over the years, enjoying his positivity and creativity as he worked in the beverage, sustainable agribusiness, wine, and humanitarian sectors. Pierre was a leading figure in international development and proved to be a transformative chief executive of the global nonprofit Heifer International. FOOD TANK, the think tank for food, noted in their tribute that he fought passionately to end world hunger.

Pierre was born in 1950 in the Belgian Congo (now the Democratic Republic of the Congo) to Edouard and Huberte Ferrari. His parents fled Congo in 1960 with Pierre and his sister Danielle, following the eruption of civil conflict. A peripatetic childhood ensued, with moves from Brussels to Nairobi, Kenya and finally to boarding school in England. Pierre earned a master's degree in economics from Cambridge University.

His HBS years included meeting and later marrying Lalor Cadley, with whom he had his two sons, Peter and Oliver. Pierre and Lalor divorced amicably after twenty-three years of marriage. Pierre was very supportive of Lalor's work in the area of spirituality; she founded Chrysalis in 1995 to provide a space where women and men on the spiritual journey could reflect on their lives in the context of their faith. At HBS, Pierre was the dormmate with Nadir Godrej, with whom he had a lifelong friendship. Barbara Keck remembers turning to both of them for tutoring help in Managerial Economics. The barter was Thursday evening home cooked meals at her apartment in Boston in return for detailed explanations of ME concepts. (She passed ME, and 32 years later shared a cup of coffee and many laughs with Pierre at Burning Man).

After graduating from HBS, Pierre began a two-decade career in the beverage industry and climbed quickly, becoming Senior Vice President of marketing for Coca-Cola USA. Jerry Bell remembers his years when Pierre was a colleague at Coke, starting with Pierre's sharing an apartment with Ken Sharp. "Fun times include a memorable and hilarious trip to some remote mountain villages in the Appalachians where Pierre begged Jeannie and I to run interference for him with locals as he could not understand their southern accents and feared how they might react to his British accent," notes Jerry. Ken Sharp recalls of their apartment together that neither of them had any furniture, "so we flipped a coin to decide who would furnish which room. Pierre won and so we had a nice living room; I lost so we had a spartan dining room. Pierre bought a waterbed and we had to figure out how to get the water upstairs to fill it. During his 20 years at Coke, Pierre was instrumental getting Coke into the wine business, and later was SVP Marketing for Minute Maid Juices (Houston), and then SVP Marketing for Coca Cola USA soft drinks (Atlanta).

In 1995, he answered a deep calling to serve the poor with a dramatic career change, becoming Special Assistant to the President of the humanitarian organization CARE. He set up the first CARE program in the United States. After he left CARE in 1998, he worked on a dizzying array of social and environmental ventures. Notably, he served as Board Chair of Ben & Jerry's, (favorite flavor: Cherry Garcia), and managed the Hot Fudge Social Venture Capital Fund. He taught sustainable marketing at Bainbridge Graduate Institute.

In 2003 he invested in Guayakí Sustainable Rainforest Products and so enjoyed working with the young Californians who led it that he took on a full-time role with the company. In December 2006, he wrote: "On the business front, the Guayakí Yerba mate venture is going really well. We are delighting consumers, customers, colleagues, suppliers, and investors. Our fairly traded purchases of Organic, Shade Grown Yerba Mate are supporting protection/reforestation projects in Paraguay, Argentina and Southern Brazil..we are calling it Market Driven Restoration (MDR.)" The business still exists: In 2025, they officially changed names from Guayakí to Yerba Madre.

Pierre met artist and designer Kimberly Youngblood in 2002 while the two were consultants on a marketing project for the Beijing Olympics. They married seven years later, bestowing on Pierre the new role of stepdad to Kim's daughters Olivia and Elsa.

In 2010, Pierre became President and CEO of Heifer International. The job was the perfect outlet for his bold vision, business acumen, strategic mind, and personal devotion to ending hunger and poverty worldwide. Under his leadership, Heifer evolved from a broad collection of many small projects to large-scale, community-driven programs designed for lasting impact. He pushed Heifer teams to be more strategic, focused, and accountable to the smallholder farmers they serve. He put priority on modernizing the organizations' systems and diversifying funding sources.

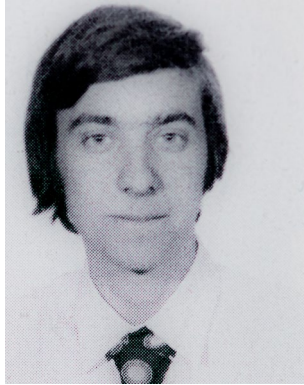
He wrote in December 2011 a tidbit for Class Notes about his job: "We are working on shifting from a culture of effort to a culture of performance. The job has meant travel all over the world from Nepal to Ukraine, remote areas of China, desolate and harsh regions of Northern Uganda and startlingly beautiful mountainous valleys of Peru where the beauty can mask the awfully difficult lives of the communities who live there, very poor, malnourished, forgotten and with little hope. Heifer brings hope. Then I fly into LA/NYC/Paris/Chicago/DC and meet with donors whose generosity to help folks far, far away from them is astounding and they will change lives. The contrasts (wealth and extreme poverty) can get disturbing but the human drive to help, and struggle against all odds is always there, always magnificent. I am blessed to be able to do this."

When Pierre retired from Heifers after 12 years, he and Kim moved to Serenbe, GA, a wellness community connected to nature. He continued to champion food systems change until he died, and was dedicated to bottom-up, locally driven solutions. "The Neo-colonial approach of a big—of a white man—in Washington, D.C., knowing what to do in a particular community, that has ended or is ending and just doesn't work," he said in an interview with FOOD TANK. He wrote about opportunities for policy change following the COVID-19 pandemic and about farmer and worker standards in the meat industry.

In March 2024, Pierre updated his Classmates via Class Notes thusly: "I have been retired for a year and I'm finally settling in to being rather than doing! The transition is quite interesting. I was told that successful retirement is based on doing something different than what you did at work. So now I'm doing a little real estate development work, a lot more reading, about to start to learn to play the piano and watching my wife train a rescued thoroughbred horse. The family is close by so we can see them at will. We live in a biophilic development called Serenbe. There is unspoiled forest all around us so our dog is as happy as a dog can be. After 50 years' worth of incessant traveling, my appetite for traveling is very much muted. I am writing a book on my learnings and experiences pursuing role economic development in the global South. Writing a book is hard work! But it is progressing and I'm enjoying the process."

With all that Pierre sought out to accomplish and all the hard work he did, Pierre's sons Peter and Oliver were a constant presence and inspiration. He delighted in his stepdaughters Olivia and Elsa and his wife Kimberly was clearly a trusted and adored partner. Only a few months before his death, Pierre's eldest son Peter shared with his dad the news that he would soon be a grandfather. Pierre was elated. During Pierre's memorial service, which Jerry Bell attended, Jerry wrote afterwards: "Speaking of Pierre's spirit... There was a very amazing moment at the start of the service when his youngest son Oliver was speaking. He told of how his Dad would let him off at school in the morning and yell & Let It Rip" to inspire him to do big things. As he emphatically uttered those words, a very strong wind whipped through the pavilion causing a large screen behind him to sway and almost knocking over the large flower arrangement beside him... The crowd gasped! There were no other notable breezes for the entire two-hour duration of the service!" Pierre truly accomplished some amazing things!

Memory contributed by many Sectionmates and Barbara Keck



David J. Fisher
Section E
December 2, 2020

David was the exact opposite of what I always thought of a commodities trader. Quiet, thoughtful, a Renaissance major with a great instinct for knowing a wide variety of interesting people. We often sat together in class during our first year, often near the back of the room, though he always knew what to say when called upon. His mind was always busy even despite the intense classroom discussion. David did crossword puzzles and, if my memory serves me, he played bridge with Kevin Jaros.

He would encourage a group of us to watch Kevin and Olof Hult play ice hockey. His young girl friend at Harvard University, became a life-long friend of ours. Perhaps my fondest memory of David was the only night we ever invited first year friends over to our apartment in Arlington for a dessert and after dinner drinks party. No surprise. Most people brought a chocolate dessert to share. Louise made a chocolate fondue (remember when fondue was big?). She also put out her linen white napkins and table cloth. Someone dripped chocolate. Louise was horrified! David, gentleman that he was, quickly grabbed a linen napkin and wiped of the chocolate. Louise was flummoxed. David was surprised at her response. (We got the stain out).

David was an independent member of the Chicago Board of Trade serving as a broker in the Soybean pit for the first 20 years of his career before successfully transitioning into an independent trader for the last 25 years of his life. He spent many years as First Vice Chairman of the exchange, always putting membership needs above his own. He was a brilliant trader. I think he traded enough in the year

in between college and business school to pay for HBS. I stayed in occasional touch with David over the years and without any doubt his proudest and happiest moments were his marriage to Kellee, raising his two children William and Matthew and playing with his granddaughter Stella. He loved their three poodles, also. Just a few memories from other Classmates:

Scott Kerr: He generally sat in a T-shirt and blue jeans with an ankle under him in what seemed like a very awkward and uncomfortable position and took notes with the dull stub of a pencil barely long enough to grip. David graciously gave Meredith and me a tour of the trading floor in the fall of 1976 when we were in Chicago for a convention when my father was the president of the American Urological Association. The open call system was fascinating as was the reactions of some of the traders for whom the day was not apparently going well.

Wayne Luke: I remember David as having a ton of intellectual horsepower, but he never felt the need to flaunt it. He was invariably practical and street-wise with his comments and perspectives. I always looked forward to those situations when he would let loose and display his keen sense of humor as well. I had little doubt but what he'd become very successful in whatever he chose to do. I do remember sending him a note about the process of "trading pork bellies" on the commodity exchange after the famous dialogue between Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd in the movie "Trading Places". We both got a good laugh out of it.

Jane Linder: David stood out to me because he knew exactly where he was going. I had no idea, and I was a bit awestruck.

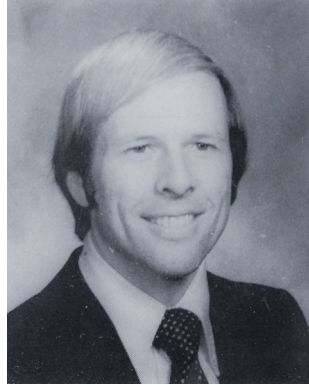
Grant Williams: David LOVED the cubs who played little better than he did for the Section E softball team. A great guy...and funny too!

Gary Petersmeyer: David was very low key but underneath was brilliance. He traded like it was falling off a log. A great example to us all..too young to go!

Amy Meyer: I loved how he sat near the back doing crosswords and even reading novels, but never seemed to miss what was going on in class. Also, he was really nice.

Steve Ossad: He struck me from the beginning as someone totally comfortable in his own skin.

Memory contributed by David W. Frost



Waddy Garrett
Section G
April 2, 2018

Waddy Garrett was one of the most beloved people in our Section. All of us spent great times with him, his wife Connie and his family, both during and after B-School. Perhaps the highest honor we can pay him is to hear the voices of our Sectionmates as they remember our dear friend.

From Linda Snyder Brownstein -- Waddy was the consummate Southern gentleman! At school he was one of our Sectionmates who I always thought of who knew the answers but remained humble in his smartness. He had been around the block, and we benefitted from his wisdom. Waddy and I shared the heritage of both being from Virginia and talked about our beautiful state whenever we were together. He was always there for you and was happy to help you or your family. I will always be grateful for his generosity. Most of all he was devoted to Connie and his family, was genuinely excited to see his fellow HBS G'sters and bestowed his warm and loving kindness and enthusiasm on our special "fraternity."

From Tony Amor -- We are fortunate to have fond memories of many good times spent with Waddy and Connie, our dear friends. Just a couple from a wonderful trip with them on Waddy's beloved *Running Tide*, leaving from Jamestown (after dinner with Elizabeth and Dan) and heading up the coast of Maine:

Somehow or other, Waddy discovered that the only infallible way to summon Lena from down below for breakfast (or an evening cocktail) was to play Rod Stewart, loudly... And so it was that Maggie May become the theme song for our voyage, with Lena's appearance generally followed by the two of them doing an impromptu dance on deck, with Waddy putting on his usual virtuoso, inimitable performance.

Always dapper in his Chesapeake pastels, Waddy used to appear each day sporting a new baseball hat, sometimes changing these two or three times a day, drawn from some seemingly inexhaustible trove of unique designs kept in the skipper's quarters. Ever-competitive, I would sneak ashore whenever we anchored to scour the local stores for headgear - but I could never win; at best, I might earn a draw... But "Good Hat!" became the ritual daily salutation, freely and generously given.

This remembrance from Lenann McGookey Gardner -- I made a trip to Richmond a few years ago, and an afternoon I spent with Waddy and Connie in their living room. They had a piano, there, and I asked who played. They, in turn, asked me if I play, so I went over to it and played a Dixieland Jazz piece – I think it was “Chattanooga Choo Choo.” And then I think I played “Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody.” Well, you’ve thought I was Rachmaninoff! Waddy exclaimed and exclaimed over my (limited) piano-playing abilities. Then we started chatting, and, in between the talk, I’d play little snippets of songs – I have a habit of thinking of song lyrics that echo what a person just said in conversations with me (this is like a weird form of trivia; I have so many lyrics just floating around in my head – a shame I never made it onto “Name That Tune” despite auditioning twice). Anyway, on this occasion in that Richmond living room, instead of singing, I just played the song that the remark had just reminded me of. Waddy thought that was the coolest thing! (It’s not!) He said, “You should have a radio show in which you do this ... talk to people, and play little snippets of music in with the conversation. I remember thinking that Seth Rudetsky is already doing that on Sirius XM with his show “Seth Speaks” (he’s a Broadway guy, and he’s always playing snippets of show tunes) ... but I was so flattered that Waddy, whom I had admired for years, thought that I am talented, and was entertained by me. I miss him.

The last word, and the most fitting remembrance comes from his spouse of 44 years, and full partner in our incredible Section, Connie. Waddy and I married two weeks before B-School. Only in retrospect do I recognize how much those two formative years shaped our life together and enhanced what was already an integral part of Waddy's psyche: determination, ability to connect with people, enthusiasm for life, willingness to face challenges.

He was already disciplined, honorable, and thoughtful, but the confidence built with the support of all you incredible, talented, fun-loving friends was "icing on the cake". How fortunate we were to know you all, and to savor shared times together with many of you long after HBS. I am so appreciative of those of you who honored

the special friendship by joining our family in Richmond to celebrate his life, Waddy "bloomed" brighter than ever as the years went by, as I was to experience so happily, and his spirit lives on.

Memory contributed by Marshall Toplansky



Juan A. Gonzalez-Ochoa

Section I

December 21, 2003

“Juan Alberto Gonzalez suffered a fatal heart attack and passed away on December 21. Juan was 57 years old. He was survived by his wife, Victoria, and three children: Juan Alberto, Jr. (25), Camila (23 and a graduate of Penn), and Alejandra (21 and attending college in Bogota.) Juan’s brother, Luis Manuel Gonzalez, who also survives him, is an HBS alumnus in the Class of 1970.

Memory contributed by Michael Zimmerman

I will never forget the indelible impression that Juan made on me on our first day of business school. He came to class impeccably dressed in a beautiful pin striped suit, crisp white shirt, tie and creased pocket handkerchief and sat in the front row. As I looked at his luxuriant mustache and perfectly coifed head of hair I thought “He looks as though he is already running some Latin American country!” Needless to say, this greatly added to my growing sense of trepidation and concern about how I was ever going to compete with all these dudes at HBS. And then Tom Robards was called on to open the first class and Juan was wearing jeans by the end of the term with the rest of us - whew!

Juan was a wonderful cheerful presence with his ready smile and laugh. When I think of him, I smile. For the first Thanksgiving at HBS my roommates Kim Albright, Karen Robards and I invited many of the international students to our

house in Allston for a proper American Thanksgiving. Of course, Juan came and was the life of the party, smiling, telling jokes and contributing to the good time.

The last time I saw Juan was in New York. He called and invited me to go to “Evita” which was playing on Broadway. Perfect, things had come full circle! Juan Peron, South American dictator, may have been the subject of a musical but he had nothing on our Juan, whose kindness, charm tinged with a bit of vulnerability, wit and ready laugh will long outlive him.

We miss Juan - and our other Sectionmates who are no longer with us - and thank him - and them - for enriching our HBS experience and our lives.

Memory contributed by Debby Farrington

We went to a disco with a bunch of Classmates, and he was a divine dancer. Also, I remember the party at Mary Burton’s boyfriend’s place which Linda Powers and I gave for you. We played charades. Juan was there, and it was the only time I saw him falter in his confidence about his English - he said ‘I just don’t think I can do charades in English.’ But he had a go, and of course he was excellent.”

Memory contributed by Kim Albright

I shared moments of serious work and, most important, moments to celebrate life with our Sectionmate Juan Gonzales Ochoa. Juan had many moments of deep thinking...In one of these instances he shared with me the following: “Chico, we Latin Americans have to work twice as much to deliver high performance here at HBS”. The following weekend he invited me to go skiing in Maine and I asked him: “Juan, didn’t you tell me we had to work double shift?” He replies as a shrewd Andean politician: “Chico, my friend, we sometimes are Latin ... but sometimes we are Americans.”

Memory contributed by Chico Viana



Richard R. Gordon
Section B
January 8, 2022

So, in Harvard Yard, a gregarious Brit met a droll, well-travelled Aussie... I met Richard at HBS in 1974 when we were both assigned to Section B, MBA Class of 1976. Richard seemed to me to be one of the most travelled members of the group which appealed to me having just finished working for CUSO, the Canadian equivalent of the US "Peace Corps." So, we ended up becoming good friends and shared living quarters in Hamilton Hall for our second year. However, he spent most of his non class time with Jeanne Canteen who diligently provided me with a daily wake-up call, otherwise I might have failed!

Richard left HBS and joined McKinsey in New York. I left and went to work for FMC Corporation a US multinational manufacturer. We came together again after this in London, England working on a small business start-up, Data Mail. We had fun times together, both of us with a diverse international perspective. His sense of humour I believe was inherited, partially at least. I realised this in London when I was with him. His mother was staying at a hotel and invited him for lunch. When he got to the restaurant, he told the maître d who he was and that he had been invited by his mother for lunch. The maître d took him to his mother's table saying to her "Mrs Gordon – your son Richard" to which she replied, "I've never seen this man before in my life"! Richard and I have gotten together since then on a number of occasions and places around the world. I shall really miss my old friend and his camaraderie.

Memory contributed by Jeffrey Ramsbottom

Richard R. Gordon, Section B died peacefully at the age of 77 on January 8, 2022 at his home in Greenfield after a period of declining health. In 2014 Richard had taken a fall and sustained considerable brain damage. His wife, our Classmate Jeanne Canteen, noted Richard died as he lived: very independent and determined. “He came down to me and said: I’m going to die. I’m going to stop eating and drinking and he did. He passed without pain and in his sleep. God bless him. He was well loved and will be missed, but we had been grieving the man we knew for seven years. He is at peace.”

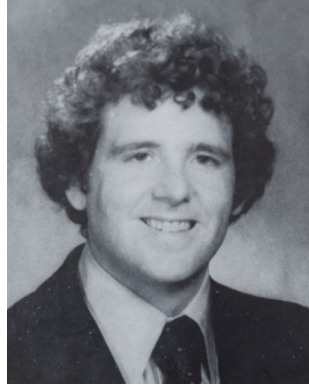
Richard was incredibly intelligent, loquacious and thoughtful. A consummate conversationalist, he was always eager to hear about and discuss the interests and hobbies of others. He had a passion and appreciation for all things food related and was also an amazing chef. AT HBS, he was a well-regarded member of the Rugby team.

He was born in Sydney, Australia on February 10, 1944. After finishing university in Australia, Richard joined the Australian Army and served in the Vietnam War. He then traveled extensively around the world including two stays on a kibbutz in Israel, picking grapefruit. This was an influential period in his life and he often regaled those he loved with stories of these adventures.

Richard met his wife Jeanne in the Section B classroom. They were married in 1977 and had two lovely daughters, Elizabeth and Victoria.

He was employed by McKinsey & Company and other consulting firms for many years, and he and Jeanne eventually established their own firm. His love of travel continued throughout his life. He was always in favor of the scenic route no matter how much time it added. He traveled with his family throughout the United States and Europe often; including many memorable trips to the US Virgin Islands, Scotland, the Middle East and Australia. Among many travel tidbits that peppered our Class Notes over the years, Jeanne wrote in 2008 that that they’d spent the month of October traveling to Singapore, Bali and Australia. “It is the first long vacation we had together since our honeymoon,” wrote Jeanne. “We were able to enjoy it all the more because we have retired from our consulting business effective September 2008.” Richard & Jeanne moved to Greenfield, MA in 2004.

Memory contributed by Barbara Keck



Joseph H. Grasser, Jr.

Section I

March 11, 1981

Joe entered HBS with an already impressive track record of athletic, academic and entrepreneurial success. He was head of the student body at Christian Brothers Academy and voted “Most Likely to Succeed”. Then on to Princeton, where he was Captain of the karate team and Atlantic States Champion as well as a Third-Degree Black Belt in Tai Kwan Do, karate teacher to local youth, and snack bar entrepreneur. After graduation Joe took his degree in Latin American studies to Peru, where he established a karate training center for youth. A year later, in 1973, Joe joined Chase Manhattan Bank’s management training program in New York where he met the love of his life, Adele Bozza, marrying her in February, 1974, moving her to Boston later that year to enter HBS.

It was during our brief years at HBS that we came to know and love Joe. As young marrieds living off campus, none of us had much disposable income. We needed our wives’ incomes to have just the household basics, much less any chance to explore the social aspects of Boston. The problem was that Adele was unable to find a banking position, and she and Joe had maxed their credit card and were down to their last \$200. Winter was approaching and Joe thought that maybe Adele buying a new “interview coat” would change her luck. She reluctantly agreed, and her next interview resulted in an offer from Shawmut Bank.

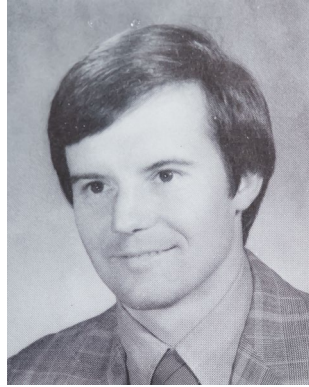
Joe had a razor-sharp wit and was a master at creating something out of nothing. Adele's family was very Italian so Joe introduced himself as "Joe Grasso" so as not to upset the elders, who didn't find out his real name until after the couple was engaged. At HBS, Saturday night pot luck dinners were followed by endless hours of charades. Can't find a summer job? Let's start a consulting company, and NKG Associates is born. Next thing you know, we're advising the city of Cleveland on mass transit issues and doing projects for Chase. That really hot weekend in Boston? Let's go camping in Maine to escape, only to come back to a dining room table whose candles had literally slumped over in Boston's heat. Bicentennial New Years Eve of 1976 at the Nawrockis... Joe decided we needed a New Year's Baby, and as the clock struck midnight appeared dressed in nothing but a diaper, playing Yankee Doodle on a little fife.

After graduation from HBS in 1976 Joe joined The Saddlebrook Corporation, a start-up software company, as its first sales and marketing executive, building its national sales force and leading it through its impressive initial growth stage.

Unfortunately, Joe was stricken with brain cancer and was taken from us in 1981 at the tender age of 32. Our lives are richer for having known him, and we miss him dearly to this day.

As a lasting tribute to Joe's leadership, in 2008 friends and family established the "Joe Grasser, MBA Class of 1976 Entrepreneurial Leadership Fellowship" at HBS. Its donors wish to support talented young entrepreneurs so they can benefit from the transformational educational experience of HBS and graduate with less financial burden, enabling them to launch or build their new ventures.

Memory contributed by Adele Bozza and Mark Kannenberg



E. Andrews Grinstead III

Section D

February 1, 2001

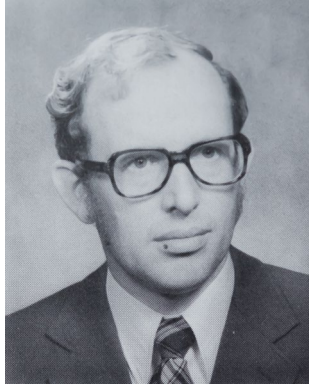
Andy first joined Eli Lilly after HBS. From there he went on to Paine Webber where he became Head of Healthcare investment banking. At Paine Webber he helped the early biotech companies finance their capital needs through IPO's and other innovative financing vehicles.

Andy decided to become an entrepreneur in the early 90's and went to Hybridon, a private biotech company trying to make Antisense DNA work. At Hybridon, Andy raised over \$200 million from sources all over the world. He was one of the pioneers for overseas fundraising.

Unfortunately, Andy was diagnosed with a brain tumor before he could see his dream come true and died within a year.

He was loved and greatly admired by the employees of Hybridon. He was respected by everyone in biotech.

Memory contributed by Gustav Christensen.



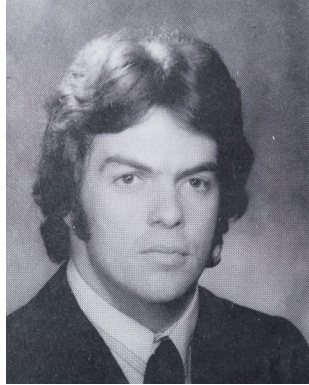
Ulrich Haldimann

Section E

December 23, 2014

Ulrich was the oldest member of our Section and a typical Swiss-German, as I remember, engineer. He came to school with a family. Bill Koch remembers the time in marketing class when Chris Lovelock asked who had a Swiss watch and who had a Japanese watch. As luck would have it, Ulrich had a Japanese watch and Seichii Tsurumi had a Swiss watch. I wish I could remember more.

Memories contributed by David Frost and Bill Koch



James D. Hall, Jr.

Section A

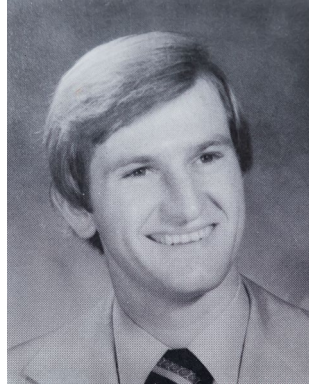
January 21, 2001

James David “Jim” Hall, HBS 1976, Section A, passed away in January, 2001, in the prime of his life. He was from Worcester, Massachusetts, and died in Lincoln, Rhode Island. He married his wife Renee prior to entering HBS, and they resided on Commonwealth Avenue in Alston, MA during the HBS years. While at HBS, Jim managed the student concession for the on-campus pub and grill, along with HBS Classmates Chad Keck, John Lilly and Greg Randall. Upon graduation from HBS, Jim worked for Norton Abrasives in Worcester. Norton was acquired by Saint-Gobain in 1990.

Memory contributed by George Smith

JAMES D. HALL JR., 50, of Kirkbrae Drive, senior vice president for product development and chief marketing officer of the Aearo Co., died Sunday at home after a year-long battle with leukemia. He was the husband of Lori S. (Herberg) Hall. Born in Worcester, Mass., a son of Lorraine Blanche (Wetherbee) Hall of Worcester and the late James David Hall Sr., he lived in Lincoln for 10 years. Mr. Hall joined Aearo, in Southbridge, Mass., and Indianapolis, in 1994. He had also held positions with Proctor and Gamble, the Norton Co., American Optical, and UVEX Corp. Mr. Hall held a bachelor's degree in engineering from Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and an MBA from Harvard University.

Obituary from the Providence Journal



Edward P. Hamilton

Section E

June 29, 2019

Funny how one often remembers the first and last times we met up with people. My first memory of Ed was in the earliest days at HBS when we both questioned what we were doing there. Accounting and finance were foreign countries to which we had not traveled. But in that early journey we became fast friends. During Ed's first year, his girlfriend Ginny was working at the Aetna in Hartford so she spent many weekends visiting Ed at HBS. She recalls arriving late on some Friday evenings when Ed had take-home tests (WOKs?) due at 11 PM! Ginny also fondly remembers enjoying dinner in Harvard Square many times with Ed, Laure, John Miller, Tom Ostrander and other Sectionmates. I remember many a Sunday night when we would go to one of the Harvard halls for dinner, preparing for the week ahead. Right after graduation Ed married the wonderful Ginny. I was at the wedding and met his 7 siblings including 6 brothers. I understood immediately where Ed had his training in anything sports and an irrepressible sense of humor. Ed and Ginny moved out to California where Ginny finished her second year at the Stanford GSB. But after living in the San Francisco Bay Area for six years, the draw of New England was strong. So, they returned to Massachusetts and bought a house in Needham where Ed spent the rest of his life with his family. Every year we caught up with lengthy Christmas letters. Maybe because he was one of 7 boys Ed adored his two daughters more than anything.

The last time I saw Ed was vintage Ed. It was at our Section dinner for the 40th Reunion. Ed joined us from Mass General where he just completed a chemo treatment. He came into the room radiating the same smile and optimism that I remember from those early HBS days. He was going to fight and win because he had too much to lose. And he did fight, losing his battle two years later, at the age of 67. Ed was quiet, kind and the most dependable of friends. A gift of 42 years.

Memory contributed by Laure C. Aubuchon

Ed and I got married at St. Gabriel's Episcopal Church in Marion, MA, on Saturday, June 26, 1976—just a couple weeks after your HBS graduation! After the church service, the wedding party and guests walked down the street to the outdoor wedding reception at the Beverly Yacht Club overlooking Sippican Harbor—and we were blessed with a beautiful blue sky, sunny day. I had met Laure and Susan during Ed's first year at HBS, but I hadn't seen them in over a year since my first year at the Stanford Graduate School of Business coincided with Ed's second year at HBS!

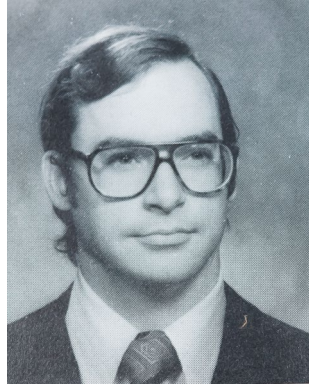
A couple of weeks after we got married Ed and I drove across country and moved into our one-bedroom married student apartment on the Stanford campus! After I graduated in 1977, we moved to San Francisco where we lived for two years before buying our first home in Pali Alto in 1979. Our daughter Stacy was born in 1980 and two years later, we drove across country again—but this time with a two-year-old! We decided to move back to the Boston area because we wanted to raise our children near both of our families! We bought our home in Needham in the spring of 1983 and that December our second daughter Meredith was born.

We got busy with our two daughters; his big family with six brothers, one sister, 28 nieces and nephews and his mother who died at the age of 99 in 2016.

In January 2012, just a few months after his 60th birthday and your 35th HBS Reunion, Ed had a routine colonoscopy and was diagnosed with colon cancer. During the next seven years Ed had four major operations at Mass General Hospital as well as 53 chemo treatments, 89 radiation treatments, and more tests and doctor appointments than I could ever count. Ed never heard the word "remission"; it turned out he had a rare and dangerous mutant gene that severely limited survival with colon cancer.

But Ed continued working full time at Kepha Partners, a venture capital firm in Waltham until year end 2018. His partners kept him on retainer through May 2019, a month before he died. Ed worked at Kepha for more than ten years which were definitely the most fulfilling years in his long career! And Ed enjoyed a very active lifestyle (jogging, swimming, boating, fishing, cross country skiing, etc.) with his family and friends until the last six months of his life. We celebrated our 43rd wedding anniversary on June 26, 2019, and Ed died at home three days later with his two daughters, two sons-in-law and me by his side.

Memories contributed by Virginia Hamilton



J. Steven Herod
Section B
March 8, 2003

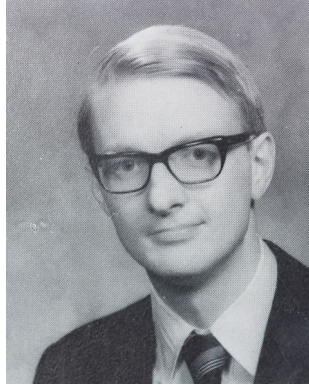
J Steven Herod, Section B, died March 8, 2003 at his home in Falls Church, VA. He was 55; cause of death was brain cancer. Steve retired on disability in 1995 as director of electric power regulation of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. Before joining the commission in the late 1980s, he was director of the Energy Department's office of electricity policy for 12 years.

Grace despite stress might be a good way to wrap up Section B-ers impressions of Steve. One Classmate wrote that he always found Steve to be such a calm guy and nothing seemed to rattle him. "One story that comes to mind," wrote Jerry Bell, "was when we went by his small apartment after class one day and his Brittany Spaniel had just trashed the place and was still bouncing off the walls. Steve calmly put the pieces back together and then took the dog to the park for a repeated game of throw and fetch. I then learned that this was pretty much a daily occurrence. Steve just took it all in stride while I couldn't imagine having to deal with this constantly with all the pressures of HBS."

Memory contributed by Jerry Bell

Chris wrote that Steve was in his study group in the first year. "Steve and Carol (and eventually their first child) lived close to me in Arlington. Steve had one of the driest wits I have ever known before or since and he was always ready to find the absurdity in a situation. His wit would grow slowly, coaxed along by his soft Southern accent, and then it would erupt with a smile as broad as Georgia. Steve introduced me to gin gimlets, a drink that makes me think of him every time the hot weather demands one. Steve was trained as an electrical engineer, but he always referred to his profession as "electrical ungeneer". When he would say that, he always came across as unassuming as he was and always had this unique bright smile that came with it."

Memory contributed by Chris Leinberger



William F. Hildebrand

Section B

January 14, 2025

William F. Hildebrand, Section B, died at the age of 75 at his home in New Rochelle, NY. Humble and straightforward, his life was guided by his deep Catholic faith.

Bill was born on August 5, 1949, in West Bend, WI. A dedicated student, he was co-valedictorian of West Bend High School's Class of 1967. He went on to earn a B.A. in Mathematics from the University of Notre Dame in 1971.

After completing his MBA at HBS, he began a career as a Certified Public Accountant, working in accounting, auditing, and financial control roles for various companies in Chicago and later in Washington, D.C. In his thirties, Bill successfully overcame pituitary cancer, though it left him with ongoing health challenges that he faced with quiet fortitude and calm acceptance.

In 1992, Bill moved to New Rochelle, NY, to join the Woodlawn Foundation as a computer programmer. The Woodlawn Foundation, Inc. is a nonprofit corporation that receives donations and makes grants to other nonprofit organizations that receive pastoral care from Opus Dei; it provides grants to approximately 40 to 50 nonprofit corporations each year to help cover operating costs of the centers where apostolic activities are carried out.

Beginning in 2003, he worked for the headquarters of Opus Dei in New York as a programmer and events planner. Founded in 1928, Opus Dei's aim is to contribute to the evangelizing mission of the Catholic Church, by fostering among Christians of all social classes a life that is fully consistent with their faith. Bill found that he had a flare for writing, and helped with editing articles for the Opus Dei website.

An avid reader with a knack for numbers and puzzles, Bill was also a passionate sports fan. He enjoyed organizing competitions—most notably his legendary “March Madness” contests—and took advantage of his sports knowledge to create ways to inject a happy interlude into people’s day.

Bill was well-loved by friends and colleagues, and his sense of humor was greatly appreciated by all who knew him. He never married.

Memory contributed by Barbara Keck



Dorothy H. Holmes

Section I

March 29, 2018

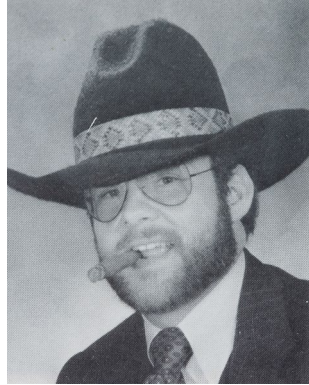
Dorrie was remarkable for many reasons: at 39, she was the oldest person in our entire class, had worked at IBM for many years, was a ranked squash player in the state of Massachusetts, champion tennis player and had a 7-year-old daughter, Ashley. I found her amazing for those reasons, on top of which she was attending Harvard Business School. Extraordinarily to me, nothing ever ruffled Dorrie. (Hmmm...maybe there was a connection between that and all those achievements!)

During the winter, she frequently came to our first class late. Maybe it was because of her daughter, or it was snowing; she had to drive in from her town outside of Boston and it was a bit of a trek. In addition, she sat in the middle of the class in the second row from the top so she would have to maneuver into her seat behind other people. Noticeable, it was! Late to class! Almost no one did that – no one had the courage! Yet, she always seemed so calm and then would raise her hand to answer a question. Such cool...such courage (or balls which was what I was really thinking)!

And another memory: Dorrie, Linda Powers (another Classmate we have missed for a long time now) and I worked on a special project during our second year to develop a strategic plan for turning around Dorrie's old line squash club in downtown Boston. She cared passionately about the Club. It was in a beautiful building, peopled by classic old Back Bay members. Dorrie was one of the few women and membership was falling. It needed reviving. We did a report, made a presentation to the board and recommended that they focus on attracting more diverse people – especially women, offering more activities, and improving the food. We attended the annual meeting where it would be discussed and put to a vote. The changes were too extreme for the conservative membership. The measure was defeated, and Dorrie said, "Let's stand up and walk out in protest." Her Club and her friends that she cared passionately about, but a stand was needed and so out we went!

My final meeting with Dorrie held another memory: it was at our last in-person reunion, I believe it was at our 40th. We separated into small groups for life updates and discussion. Dorrie still looked great, was living in Florida, and had turned to creating art as her new passion. In her calm matter of fact way, she reported that she has been told a few years previously that she had a year to live. When she finally died, it was many years past what her doctors had expected. That summed up Dorrie – calmly exceeding expectations in her low-key, matter-of-fact way and providing a strong example for all of us in doing so. I smile as I think of her.

Memory contributed by Debby Farrington

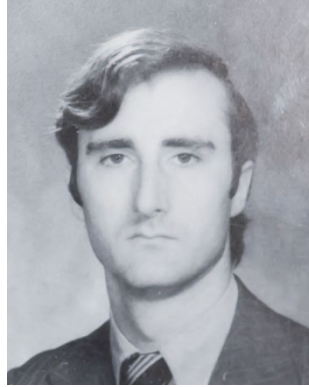


Robert I. Hooper
Section D
July 21, 1993

“The Hoop” was one of the funniest and least likely guys you would expect to meet at HBS. A boisterous Texan and proud of it, Hoop’s entire wardrobe consisted of blue jeans with a large oval silver calf roping belt buckle, cowboy shirt, cowboy hat and cowboy boots. He borrowed someone’s suit for an interview once but he didn’t look quite right. He said and did things that nobody else would and got away with it. His favorite band: (what else?) ZZ Top, his favorite drink? Tequila (pronounced correctly) natch. He wrote by far the cleverest skits and song lyrics in the B-School Show; sang and acted in some of them. No one ever actually saw him read a case but he got lots of “Es” somehow. He was either totally crazy or a genius; people are still speculating on that one. In his honor, the flag flew at half-mast over the Erath County Courthouse where he had run successfully for the office of County Attorney six months before he died on July 21, 1993. He suffered complications from a bone marrow transplant hoping to cure chronic myelogenous leukemia. He was 46.

When the Hoop ran for elected office in Texas one of his favorite mantras was “the middle of the road only has a yellow streak and dead armadillos”.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Chris L. Huntoon

Section G

March 27, 2009

Chris Huntoon was an absolutely wonderful guy. When I arrived at HBS, I'd never actually met a person who had an Ivy League undergraduate degree. I met Chris, his roommate Dave Levinson, and Bob Barrow. They asked me to join their Study Group. I watched Chris closely, and I guess he was my idea of the epitome of the "Harvard Man". He'd been the captain of the Crew Team – a real Ivy League sport, it seemed to me. He was tall dark and handsome ... a deep thinker. But more than that, he was a nice guy. I soon learned that he'd stepped out of the Ivy League box I'd had him in, quite significantly – he had been a decorated Navy Officer. And he had such a strong sense of right and wrong – Chris always wanted to do the honorable thing.

I really loved being with Chris, Dave and Bob; we had a great connection. I remember, not too many years ago, I'd called Chris about attending one of our HBS reunions, and he'd shared with me that he planned not to go. That was after his eldest daughter, Lindsey, had been gravely injured as a 19-year-old college student, and Chris was spending a great deal of time driving to her rehabilitation facility and coaching her into returning more fully to the world. He said he wouldn't attend the reunion – so I asked him if he'd have coffee with my husband and me. He agreed to that, and we sat in a restaurant, reviewing old times. Chris was torn about the fact that he was spending so much time with Lindsey, and his relationships with his other two daughters, and his wife, were strained.

A couple of years ago, in September 2008, after Bob Barrow had passed on, Dave and Chris and I decided to have a Study Group reunion in Chicago (midway for people who lived in Washington State, New Hampshire and New Mexico) and drive up to see Bob's daughter in Milwaukee. The drive to Wisconsin gave us a chance to chat with Chris at a little more length – and we talked about his pain at his distance from his two younger daughters, and the divorce he was coping with -- he had been living alone in New Hampshire, near the rehab, while his former wife, Louise, and the younger girls remained in Massachusetts.

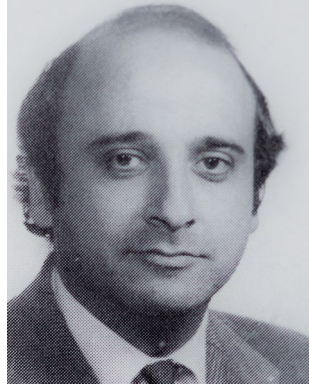
Chris also shared what hopeful news he could about Lindsey's status – though it was clear that she would probably never be able to live on her own, or realize the potential she had had before her head injury. He tried to be upbeat, but he clearly was in pain. We could only assure him that we love him.

Losing Chris is a hurt that will never go away. But I hope that, as you remember Chris, you'll think of his strength, his laugh, his brainpower, and his presence ... and smile.

Memory contributed by Lenann McGookey Gardner

My memory of Chris is of standing on the Dock at the Eliot House boathouse opposite HBS soon after we arrived in 1974 and trying to establish who was the "senior" oarsmen present. After trading our credentials for ten minutes Chris and I established that we had raced against each other at Henley a decade earlier. It was then down to who won that race - as it happened, I had - and that was the start of a great friendship that included his parents inviting me to Thanksgiving in November 1974. A great guy, a great friend and not a bad oarsman!

Memory contributed by Christopher Rodrigues



Raouf A. Ismail

Section I

November 13, 2014

Concord, Mass. – Sad news. Your HBS Section Correspondent recently learned the details of the untimely death of our colleague and dear friend, Raouf A. Ismail. His wife, Sarah Ismail, informed Classmates that Raouf died, unexpectedly, of cardiovascular disease on Nov. 13, 2014.

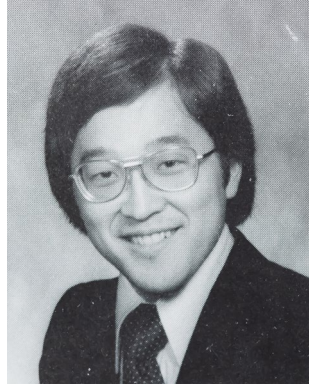
Raouf lived an energetic life as a high-flying citizen of the world. He was born in Bombay, India, April 21, 1940. He matriculated at Jesus College, Cambridge, U.K., where he earned a B.S. and M.A. in mechanical sciences. He then worked at Sperry Gyroscope in the United Kingdom. In 1968, Raouf emigrated to the United States and began employment at Transitron Electronic and Dennison/Avery. He spent the last 41 years of his life in Concord, Mass.

Raouf loved sailplanes, and he continued flying until health issues forced him to stop in 2011. He had learned to glide, while a student, with the Cambridge (U.K.) Gliding Club, and for many years he was a member of the Sugarbush Soaring Association, in Warren, Vermont, where he also served as president.

He began his life as an entrepreneur in the United States in 1971 as founder, owner, and CEO of Cambridge Aero Instruments (CAI) Inc. before he joined Section I to earn his MBA. By 1980, CAI had manufactured more than 4,000 instruments. Raouf designed many glider instruments, two of which are now housed in the National Air and Space Museum. After he sold CAI, Raouf developed an industrial airflow sensor business as the founder, owner, and CEO of Cambridge Aeroflo Inc. and, later, Cambridge Accusense Inc. His entrepreneurial spirit and humanism are well documented in a Fortune article in 1993, "Surviving the Train Wreck".

A citizen of the world, our Sectionmate Raouf thrived on travel. For his international businesses, for gliding, and for pleasure with his family, he had traveled to six of the seven continents, missing only Antarctica. He was an engaged member and treasurer of the Worcester Council on Foreign Affairs and a vice chair of the Small Business Association of New England. And he had also enjoyed counseling at the Senior Council of Retired Executives, SCORE. Raouf is survived by Sarah, his wife of 43 years; a daughter, a daughter-in-law.

Memory contributed by Paul Steinle



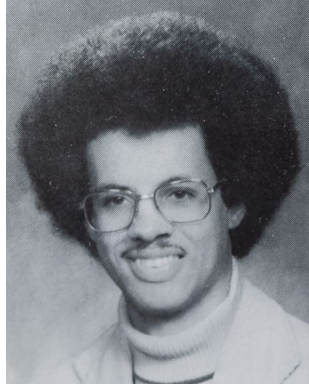
James A. Isono
Section G
January 22, 2002

Jim Isono was a rare individual, a brilliant thinker and strategist who, despite attaining considerable business success, retained the values and unassuming demeanor of his more modest upbringing. He was a loving, warm-hearted family man who cherished Rosemary and their two sons and held his extended family and friends dear. He cared deeply about his Japanese roots, and was always sensitive to minorities and those people who were less privileged. I was very lucky to become Jim's friend when we roomed together at HBS.

Our friendship continued over the years. Rosemary was wonderful about staying in touch. Her annual holiday letters were always full of news and enthusiasm. Though I was a poor correspondent, when I traveled to Illinois on business, I would stop in Chicago to see Jim and Rosemary. When Jim and Rosemary and their sons, Grant and Neil, came to Southern California to vacation or visit family here, both our families would get together. We watched their sons grow, and we saw the palpable love the Isono-Lee family had for one another.

When Jim was diagnosed with cancer, he took the same approach to his illness that he took to his HBS studies: he used his keen intelligence, determination, guts, optimism, and, yes, faith. He researched all possibilities and, together with his

doctors, decided on courses of treatment, including experimental treatments. In the end, Jim was taken at far too young an age, but his life was rich and full, and he enriched all of us who were able to know him.

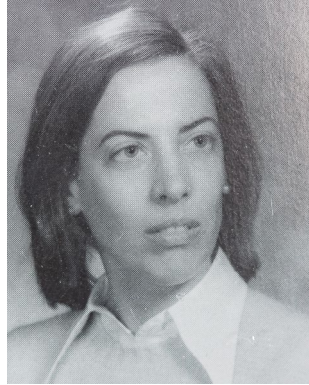


Leslie A. Jackson

Section F

September 1, 2021

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Leslie. If you can help recall how Leslie connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



Madeleine J. Jardim

Section A

October 22, 2023

Madeleine was a dear friend who shared the history of her career with me. Born in British Guiana, her family relocated to Antigua where her father was an executive of Mount Gay Rum. She entered the HBS program without a college diploma. She shared with me that she was terrified by the experience and feared speaking in class.

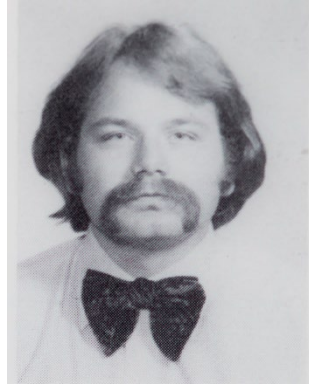
Upon graduation, she was offered the job of Katherine Graham's assistant at the Washington Post. The paper undertook modernization of the press room and printing plant. Madeleine was promoted to Vice President of Operations and given daunting job of negotiating with the editors and unions.

Madeleine married Jim McComas, an executive of Riggs National Bank and moved to Baltimore where she attended the Maryland School of Design, receiving a degree in interior design.

She and Jim returned to Antigua around 2000 where they built a family compound featuring an off the grid Villa designed to withstand the frequent hurricanes. Madeleine and Jim were active in the island community. We will miss her quiet grace.

Madeleine's older sister Anne attended Harvard Business School receiving a DBA in 1967, taught at the Business School and together with Margaret Jennig founded the Simmons School of Business Management in 1974, Anne wrote extensively about women leadership and women,

Memory contributed by Alec Garbini



Kevin L. Jaros

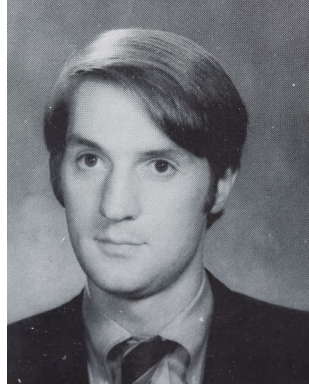
Section E

February 22, 1991

Kevin Jaros ... always, totally, one hundred percent himself. A big bear of a person with that little yellow MG or whatever it was. Did you ever see him get in it? He had to sit down with his feet out the door and kind of squinch sideways to swivel into the driving position. After watching Kevin (aka “The Floyd”) go through this lengthy process, Tom Frey remembers suggesting he could wear it more easily if he got a zipper for it. Tom was glad Kevin -- all 270 pounds of him -- was thoroughly wedged in by then.

He also remembers the day in class when he referred to Kevin as “Floyd.” Kevin immediately reminded him that he was “THE Floyd.” He was a presence for us then, and he still is.

Memory contributed by Tom Frey.



Stephen H. Kendrick

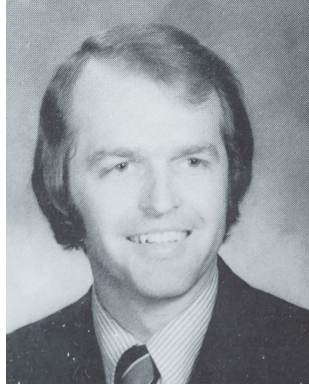
Section C

September 2, 2018

Stephen Kendrick died on September 2, 2018 in San Francisco, CA as the result of complications from a fall. He was 68 years old. Steve is survived by his wife, Katherine, and their three daughters. He graduated from Williams College in 1972.

Steve spent the first ten years of his career with the Schlage Lock Company and then spent the remainder of his career involved in business and real estate development. He was also involved in various community and civic activities in San Francisco. Steve was a fourth generation Californian.

Memory contributed by Doug Rosen



Charles W. Kewish

Section K

May 25, 2020

Our beloved father, Charles Warren Kewish, returned to his Heavenly Father on May 25, 2020. He passed peacefully at his home in Provo, Utah, surrounded by all seven of his devoted children. He was born on August 6, 1942 in Salt Lake City, Utah and was raised in Southern California. He loved music, surfing, fishing, Boy Scouts, cars, and running. He was proud of his Manx and Norwegian heritage and loved his family history. He joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as a teenager and was a dedicated member his entire life.

Chuck studied at Lynwood High school, Brigham Young University, and the Harvard Business School. He was a middle-distance runner for BYU and later completed more than 30 marathons. He served as a missionary in Norway and returned to BYU, where he met the love of his life, Carol Ann Mallea. They were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple in June 1964 and are now enjoying a blissful reunion together.

He entered the U.S Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in 1966, where he graduated first in his class and received his commission as an Ensign. Shortly thereafter, an injury limited his ability to serve and he was honorably discharged. He was then accepted to the Harvard Business School where he earned his MBA. He had a successful career across many industries, and the family eventually settled in Anaheim, CA and Morgan Hill, CA for nearly 30 years. Later in life, Chuck and Carol moved back to Provo and served as volunteers at the BYU Art Museum, professors at the Chinese Foreign Affairs University in Beijing, and as missionaries in Hong Kong.

Dad will be remembered for his quick wit, unfailing work ethic, love of laughter, strong testimony, and interest in connecting with everyone he met. He dutifully sent his children and friends newspaper clippings with short notes on topics that interested them, even decades after he could have just sent them via email. He was inquisitive and intellectual and loved learning. His lectures and lessons were legendary, and he had a grand sense of adventure and taught his kids to see the world. He always had great advice, from useful tips like "don't spit in the wind," to deeper lessons like "Kewishes never quit."

He worshiped God in both word and deed and was devoted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He served as Gospel Doctrine teacher, Seminary teacher, Bishop of the Anaheim 2nd Ward, and High Councilor. He loved music and was a powerful tenor. He loved to sing in chorales and choirs and adored Carol's beautiful soprano voice. He taught himself to play the guitar and taught his family countless songs that they sang together on Family Nights.

Memory contributed from his obituary



Sarah M. Kinsman

Section E

August 10, 2006

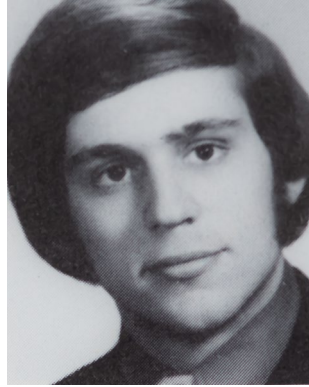
Sarah arrived from Southern California with a sunny disposition and boundless energy which she needed because her first apartment was a 6th floor walkup in Beacon Hill. It was incredible to realize that when Sarah showed up in class with her pages and pages of spreadsheets, she had already used up more physical energy getting to HBS than the rest of us expended during the whole day. There isn't a member of Section E that doesn't remember Sarah's personal contributions to the Hesper Silver case!

Sarah was extraordinarily generous with her time and was always giving to others. Although exceptionally smart herself, she was also generous in her assessment of others, complimenting others for their insight, their knowledge, their kindness, their generosity. Sarah had a successful career in corporate finance, including a lengthy time at GE Capital. She was in her office in the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. She spoke of the experience with difficulty.

She was devoted to her family; she adored her son and raised him as a single parent. He joined us at the 20th reunion, and she took such pride in introducing him to all her Sectionmates. She talked often of her parents, and left the East Coast in 2004 to look after her father. Sarah was the most loyal friend; helpful to anyone in need of encouragement, a laugh, a place to crash, a job or a talk. In the balance sheet of life, Sarah was clearly on the giving rather than the taking side. Sarah had

a rare sense of fun, and a running joke was the inadequately equipped Women's Room at HBS. Sarah was as unique as are all the women of Section E and we miss her.

Memory contributed by Laure Aubuchon and Pam Myerson Huntington



Joel Kirschbaum

Section C

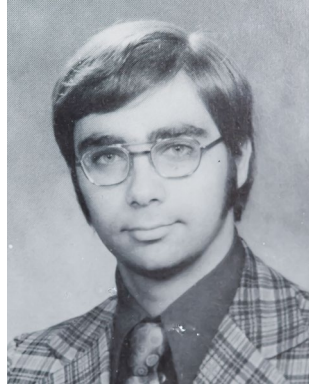
August 16, 2006

In many ways, Joel Kirschbaum was like one of my fellow South Carolinians, the Godfather of Soul himself, James Brown. The Godfather always described himself as “The Hardest Working Man in Show Business.” Without a doubt, Joel was the hardest working man at HBS. They both made it big in New York City, Joel at Goldman Sachs, the Godfather a few miles north at the Apollo. Each liked fine clothes. Joel spent \$2,500 to dress well during his summer job at Goldman. Hair, and lots of it, was important for them, too. Big glasses completed their look. They both distinguished themselves with new financial products. Joel invented mortgage-backed securities. James Brown stripped and sold pieces of music royalties. In summertime, they liked to fish and eat the heart of a ripe watermelon. Each had a lot, but neither was satisfied with what he had. Each died before his time.

Their lives illustrate two truths. First, we are more alike than we might seem. In fact, the DNA of humans is more alike than that of any other species on the planet. Second, none of us knows how much time we have left, not even a wizard of Wall Street or America’s greatest singer of Soul.

Step outside, throw your head back, look at the blue sky and shout, “I feel good!”
You have every reason to.

Memory contributed by Carl Muller



Steven J. Koch

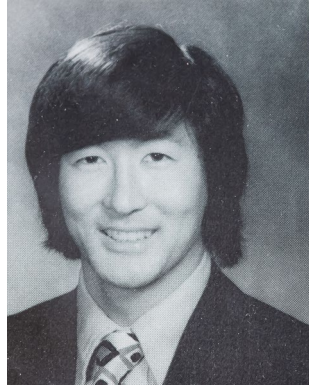
Section D

February 11, 2023

Steve attended General Motors Institute for Industrial Administration and then HBS. After graduation he worked for General Motors for 40 years, concluding his career as the Vice President of Operations for GM in Africa and the Middle East. Steve enjoyed traveling, meeting new people and experiencing other cultures. During his time at GM, he and his wife traveled and lived in many countries, including Zaire (DRC), Brazil, Egypt, Dubai, and South Africa.

Steve had many hobbies which included playing cards and board games with his grandchildren, playing basketball, playing the trumpet and singing in the church choir, and water skiing. He enjoyed spending time with his family and friends. While living overseas, Steve was a member of the Rotary Club, sat on the school board of Escola Graduada de Sao Paolo, and supported orphanages in both Brazil and South Africa. He was very active at Mount Hope Lutheran Church as a church elder, musician and choir member. He helped organize local outreach programs, including the food truck. He was instrumental in designing and constructing a larger daycare building for Crawford AuSable Day Care to better serve the needs of the Grayling community. As a colon cancer patient for eleven years, he was active in research, participating in many drug trials at MD Anderson in Texas in hope of finding a cure.

Memory contributed by George Smith



Lawrence H. Kono

Section F

June 19, 1979

My memories of Larry were all very fond. He was a sweet, kind-hearted and thoughtful guy who took a genuine interest in others and was very even-tempered. Despite the brief time that I knew him, I considered him a friend and still miss him despite the passage of so many years. I still remember riding with him in his 2002 Beemer and having a great time. What a loss for all of us.

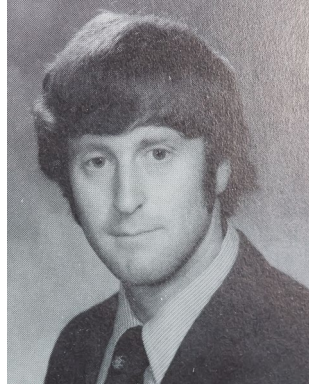
Memory contributed by Bobby Fabros

Larry was always very approachable and he always dressed with a warm smile. Unfortunately, I do not have many funny stories about Larry because he had very good judgment and did not hang around me. The one thing I do remember is the news of his death. I was very heart broken and disappointed.

Memory contributed by Daniel Scinto.

Think the entire Section F would echo the sentiments put so succinctly by Dan Scinto: "I was good friends with Larry. I missed him deeply. A very fine person." Larry was liked and admired by all because he was so upbeat and even-tempered, as well as obviously being extremely bright. He was a pleasure to be around. He would have been very successful personally as well as in business. It was a terrible shame that he was taken away from us so soon. We do all remember him fondly and miss him deeply.

Memory contributed by Della Leathers



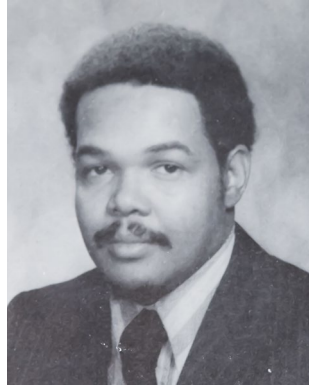
Roger J. LaFauci
Section A
July 10, 2025

Roger LaFauci, beloved husband, father, and grandfather, passed away unexpectedly on July 10, 2025. Roger graduated from Arlington High School, Brown University, and Harvard Business School and proudly served his country as a Navy lieutenant. His authentic humor, boundless energy, and deep interest in others made him a friend to all.

Roger built a long, successful career at The Gillette Company and shared a strong fifty-five-year marriage with his wife, Kathy. He was a stellar dad and Grampy, supporting his children and their children with presence and guidance for all life's milestones. He gave generously of his time, working with the Special Olympics and annually with Toys for Tots.

Roger centered his life around being active, outdoors, and with loved ones and animals. His days were enriched by spin classes, golf, and taking dog walks with his Labrador companion, Cody. He was especially known for the deep bond he shared with his previous Newfoundlands - Oso, Moose, and Seamus—who, no doubt, welcomed him back to the pack for another walk around the block.

Memory contributed by George Smith



Frank E. Latimer

Section I

August 21, 2011

On paper: University of Maryland at College Park, BA, Business Administration, 1973; father of four-year old triplet daughters on entering HBS; early career stateside at P&G, Brand Assistant; Brown & Williamson, Assistant Brand Manager; International Paper, Plant Controller; Arco, Division Controller; and Regal Plastics, CFO and President. By our 20th Reunion, at OSI International, rising to EVP, Asia Pacific.

Memory contributed by Mary Lindley Burton

I first met Frank in September of 1974, on our first day at Harvard Business School. Significantly, unlike some of our Classmates, Frank only spoke when he had something meaningful to say. Even then, he was all about substance, rather than style. Since he was married with small children, he was less visibly social than others, but was liked and respected by all. As our careers progressed, we saw each other infrequently, but certainly kept up with how the other was doing. Frank's professional accomplishments in China deserve mention. OSI sent Frank to China because McDonald's asked that company to put in place an integrated supply chain to facilitate their growth in that country. The ever-increasing number of McDonald's outlets is a testament to how successful he was. Doing business in China is really hard, and Frank did it really well. He leaves behind a lot of

accomplishments, and much to be remembered for. I hope that his family is able to find some comfort in the thoughts of so many others that are with them at this sad time.

Memory contributed by Michael Zimmerman

I remember Frank well from the first day of our class in Organizational Problems at the beginning of 1975. Our Lecturer was Eileen Morley and she was very nervous in her first class. She asked for a volunteer to start the class and Frank kindly agreed. Eileen was most appreciative and said thank you.

Memory contributed by Charlie Beelaerts

Frank and I were at P&G together after B-School. His enthusiastic reports about his summer internship at the soap works piqued my interest and helped make my decision to join the company. Frank was generous and fun to be around. In Cincinnati we got together regularly for refreshments, talk about growing up, our families, share Procter war stories, and our frustrations about not already been handed the keys to running the company.

Even in the toughest times he carried himself with a smile and a chuckle, would share words of encouragement, and could put things into perspective. We spoke less often after he left Cincinnati to join the tobacco industry but he felt more challenged and engaged. After he moved to China we'd speak/email only occasionally. It became more frequent after my oldest son, Nick, moved to China after college. Frank and I spoke about the move and he offered to help. Frank and Nick got together several times, both at his home and company, and spent hours on the phone talking about what made China work. I'll miss Frank. I'll miss his bright eyes, the smile, his humility and most of all his friendship.

Memory contributed by Don Kovalevich

I was very sorry to hear of Frank's passing. I saw him in Shanghai twice during this past year, and he seemed very happy with his life in China. He was in China for many years, working for OSI Foods, who sell food products to the fast-food chains. Using his Chinese language background from the military (and his HBS education!) he successfully set up several factory operations throughout China, and built up the business with customers like McDonalds and KFC. He kindly invited me to dinner, and we were joined by his wife, who is from Yunnan, China, and his delightful 3-year-old daughter. I could clearly see that they were a happy and loving family. Frank talked about how many more years he might be in China, and then maybe returning to the states/Houston and perhaps seeding some fast-food operations himself. He was very positive, and looking forward to the future. No doubt there will be many who will miss him, myself included.

One month before our 35th Reunion, I learned of Frank's death from a massive stroke. My most recent recollection of Frank comes from a reunion at which he proudly introduced his lovely now-grown professional daughters! Dr. Tomitra Latimer (Cornell '92, U of MI 1996) is a pediatrician at Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago and Assistant Professor of Pediatrics at Northwestern. Dr. Patrice Latimer (Stanford '92, U of MI, 1996) is Chief of Family Medicine Service at Ben Taub General Hospital in Houston, and Associate Professor at Baylor College of Medicine. Chelsea Latimer (Notre Dame '92, Northwestern MBA, 1999) is SVP at Northern Trust. And careful readers of our 25th Reunion Booklet know he had a fourth daughter, Juanita, born in 1996. I saw a lovely picture of Frank with his youngest, Sarah Lee Latimer, and her mother Lisa. A truly gentle and cherished Classmate; he will be greatly missed.

Memory contributed by Eugene Lee



Richard A. Low
Section C
April 29, 2021

Dick and I were Sectionmates at HBS and early on we decided to establish a study group which lasted for the first couple of months. Dick had come to HBS with his wife and two young kids following his graduation from Princeton and several years working for one of the major oil companies. At study group and in the classroom, it quickly became apparent to all of us that Dick was going to excel at HBS and afterward. His quick, analytical intellect and his confident, articulate presentational skills made him a favorite of the HBS professors who called on him whenever the case discussion began to falter or drift. Dick achieved Baker Scholar distinction without breaking a sweat and went on to a very successful career at the First National Bank of Boston where he excelled in the Energy Division holding a variety of management positions. He and his family settled just north of Boston in Hamilton, MA where Dick became active in town government. Dick was the perfect combination of intelligence and humility, a devoted family man, and a true friend to all who knew him.

Memory contributed by Doug Bryant



William MacLeod

Section H

August 23, 2010

Anyone who met Bill shortly knew he was from Scotland. The accent was strong but the affinity and lifelong devotion were even fiercer. He would occasionally wear a kilt to Section H's fancier parties. One of the women Classmates asked him in jest what he wore under the kilt and he said "it depended on his intentions."

Bill was ten years older than most of us and was married with small children when we were all together. He formed his strongest bonds among the other married students. Edward and Jane Nassim had never visited the United States before arriving at HBS and they said Bill was terrifically helpful and someone who extended a wonderful welcome when they sorely needed one.

The combination of an MBA and his geology degree meant he spent enormous time traveling internationally because as a family member who worked for BHP Group contends, "the minerals are always places you don't want to go to." In many ways both figuratively and real, he had a world of friends.

Bill unfortunately had severe arterial sclerosis and heart conditions that sidelined his active life style entirely too soon. He had a series of stents implanted that

continued to address blockages but the consecutive procedures took a huge toll on his finances and ability to work.

Never one to complain, Bill turned his attention to what he could still do and he became the author and creator of the “Big Bend Vistas” series which were enormously popular in the El Paso, Texas area.

Bill’s memorial service included Marsailli MacLeod, a niece from Scotland, who sang a Gaelic “MacLeod family” lament at his service. A bag piper performed after the service.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



John G. Marushkin

Section G

July 15, 2013

This column is dedicated to one of our outstanding Sectionmates, John G. Marushkin, who recently passed. John had a big impact on my life. He and I were both marketing strategy people, taking similar career paths. We worked for the same company, Ogilvy & Mather, at different times in our careers and always shared a bond about that.

It was not only me; John had an impact on many of us in the Section. As you may know, John and Jim Gresham joined forces a few years ago and were business partners together. I spoke with Jim recently, who as you can imagine was working his way through the loss

Two people affected by John's outsized persona were Art Buckland and Tom Myers. They both went to John's memorial service in July in the Boston suburbs. Here are their thoughts:

From Art: "I am heartbroken and shocked as I am sure we all were. John was so full of life, especially since he had beaten Stage 4 esophageal cancer a few years ago. I've looked up to him since we worked together for DeLaval Turbine Company as engineers in Trenton, NJ in 1966. He was just as charming, well-dressed, talented, fun, smart, and caring as in our last meeting. He was from a Pittsburgh steelworker's family, the first to go to college. He was a talented drummer and BMOC on the Penn State campus, although for some reason he hated that acronym. I was delighted to walk into Section G's first case eight years later to the same always twinkling eyes and always engaged personality.

The memorial service was a wonderful extension of John. It was a large, connected, close community of good friends and family gathered in their established place of worship, celebrating the joy of John's life. They say you can have only a few really good friends, but John's heart was big enough to have a whole lot more. Lynn was, and is, the rock of the family: solid, ageless, and balanced even in the face of trauma. From HBS, Tom Myers and his wife and I attended. I loved the guy."

From Tom: "John was the Great One. That's how I remember him. I suspect all of us remember him as the guy most likely to wear a nice sport coat when a sweater would suffice, drive a new TR-6 when a used car when a used car would work, wear Concord when a digital watch told time, suggest lunch off campus, never fearful that he and his friends would be late for class. Many of us were small and idolized him. Others couldn't drink and idolized him. Others couldn't think up places for parties and idolized him. He was our Section Social Representative, and no Section had more elaborate parties.

"After graduation, John stayed big while many of us grew. John was a star at Leo Burnett and was recruited away by Ogilvy and then to Rizzo Simons Cohn. He had a flair for entrepreneurship. When I moved back to Boston, I hung out with John. (He persuaded me to live in Weston and introduced me to the realtor who got me and the dogs living on a 38-acre farm 17 minutes from downtown Boston.) While I worked at Parthenon, he voiced the question, why not start another consulting firm like I'd had in Cleveland? Ultimately, we tried it but it didn't work. We separated, and I went to Bain Capital and its portfolio company, Broder Bros, where I was the CEO until it was bought by Littlejohn.

"I haven't seen or talked to John in six or seven years, although I often think of him. We last shared a meal more than eight years ago. I know that because Diane and I have been married for almost eight years, and he and Lynn didn't make the guest list since they'd declined numerous dinner invitations over the prior 12 months. (That was a rule that worked well in keeping the number of guests in line with Mitt's security staff's limitation.) I heard from John shortly thereafter, complaining of the slight. We talked again to bury the hatchet.

Memory contributed by Marshall Toplansky



Richard D. May

Section E

February 4, 1999

Rick May and Bob Dol and I were roommates. He invited us foreigners to his home in Indiana the first Christmas, 1974, and remember very well the wonderful huge home the Mays lived in and the long striped woolen scarves given by his parents to Bob and me. Rick was kind, friendly and never in a rush. He helped me keep my sanity in my first year at HBS.

Memory contributed by Seiichi Tsurumi



Elizabeth Ann McCleary

Section I

November 20, 2019

Elizabeth Ann McCleary “Bette”, 72, died November 20, 2019, at her home, 15 Harbor Point Boulevard, Dorchester, MA. Born July 30, 1947 in Farmington, ME, she was the daughter of Maxine (Maki) and Fred “Arthur” McCleary.

Bette graduated from Farmington High School in 1965 where she was a member of the National Honor Society. She received an AB in Finance from Simmons College in 1969. Her time at Simmons may have been one of the happiest periods of her life. She went back for reunions, including her 50th, and was a member of the John Simmons Society and the Simmons Club of Boston. She was a member of the Harvard Business School Association of Boston and did service with its Community Action Program

Bette worked at Exxon Enterprises, a division of Exxon Corporation, that was focused on identifying, funding, and starting innovative companies in alternative energy and advanced materials. She subsequently joined U.S. Shelter Corporation in Greenville, SC, where she managed investor relations and SEC compliance, prepared corporate annual financial plans, completed a \$35M business combination and developed a prospectus for a bank acquisition. Bette then became the Chief Financial and Administrative Officer for U.S. Venture Partners, a venture capital firm in Menlo, CA, where she managed financial matters for three venture capital partnerships. After U.S. Venture Partners, Bette got involved in several startups and was a financial consultant with VISA USA/Visa International, San Mateo, CA.

Upon her return to the Boston area, Bette was involved in real estate as an Accredited Residential Manager and broker and was a member of the Institute of Real Estate Management.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Carl D. McCutcheon
Section B
January 28, 2021

Carl McCutcheon passed away in February 2021. Carl is remembered for so many wonderful traits, notably his business acumen, his just-plain common-sense, his contagious laughter, and of course his enjoyment of good food. He came to the B-School from Oklahoma, where he returned after graduation. He joined the Williams Company, did a brief stint with Enron, and lived the rest of his days in Houston TX. He was careful to balance his time equally between his professional interests, his family life, and quality time with his fishing buddies. Every person who has a story to tell about Carl always frames it in a smile. And that is because that is how Carl always was: a man with a huge heart encompassed in that same cheerful smile that he retained throughout his entire life.

Memory contributed by Riccardo DiCapua



T. Gordon McMahon

Section I

October 20, 2009

Gordon died at age 56 in New York City of multiple myeloma cancer. Gordon received his undergraduate degree in Psychology from Yale University and an MBA from in Finance from Harvard Business School. His career, included an ice cream parlor called “Just Desserts”, as well as Goldman Sachs, Clayton, Dubilier and Rice, and a number of start-up companies.

The New York Times

Gordon was the second person I met upon my arrival in Boston in September 1974. He was right out of casting central – a 1974 graduate of Yale (who in the world got into HBS directly out of undergraduate school??), athletic, robust, perfectly coiffed and a gleam in his eye. A Master of the Universe (MOU) in training par excellence, albeit one with a sense of humor and perspective about it, who never took himself or his success too seriously.

A flock of four of us (reprobates all, at least in the context of HBS) shared a house during the second year. Were it left to the rest of us, we’d have likely been evicted by the health commissioner. Gordon, though he found the time to have as much fun as anyone, was always the responsible one among us, keeping the household functioning single handedly. A bit like having a benevolent parent as a roomie!

From school Gordon continued on the MOU path, joining Goldman Sachs. Seventeen years later he became the youngest partner in the firm's long history. He left Goldman in the late 90's to become a founding partner in the private equity firm Brera Capital Partners. In the 2000's, Gordon left Brera and was active as a director and manager of several private startups in which he invested with several Classmates.

Gordon only knew one way to function – full speed ahead. Whether as a partner at Goldman, roller blading in Central Park, or pounding dune fence with a crew at his beach home on Long Island, he was tireless and focused in his approach to the task at hand. He was one of the strongest people I have known, both mentally and physically. He was the least likely candidate to be struck down prematurely.

So, it was shocking when Gordon was diagnosed with multiple myeloma in 2006. For three years he fought an incredibly heroic fight, never once complaining or feeling a victim of the unfair fate he was dealt. As difficult as that trial was, in those last three years he got to spend a great deal of time with the four most important people in his life – wife Dede, and kids Catherine (aka Kibby), Ryan and Rachel.

Gordon died on October 20, 2009 but lives on in the mind of all who knew and loved him. His wife and kids are all doing well and currently living in New York City.

Memories contributed by Mark McNeely and Steve Malkenson



David A. Messner
Section H
May 21, 2006

Can anyone in Section H ever forget Dave Messner's plan to solve the late 1970's oil crises and bring stability to the Middle East? Professor Yoshi Tsurumi led a discussion on an EAM case before lunch that was extremely wide-ranging in considering various options, including the possible use of military force. By the time we returned to class, Dave had covered every blackboard with the logistics required for military intervention, including a detailed map with invasion plans, cost benefit analyses, staffing plans and time tables. It was a General Schwarzkopf style briefing by our very own Air Force Academy graduate strutting across the battlefield headquarters.

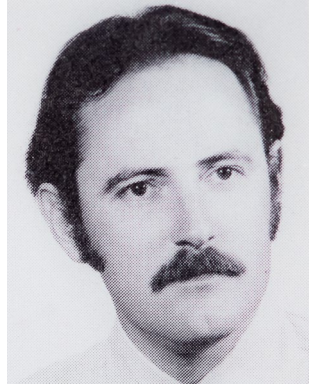
If I hadn't been involved in some "black" government programs that were classified it would have been very difficult to ever guess that Dave might be involved in top-secret projects. He never told me he was. But what he didn't say sometimes spoke volumes to me. We will never adequately know the contributions he made to the security of the United States.

Dave was low-key and quiet. When he did speak, you needed to listen, because he inevitably had something to say. He was no-nonsense. He was grounded in practicality. He was insightful. And, he was a Baker Scholar everyone respected.

Dave was a family man of the first order. You always knew how important the kids were to him and how critical the family was. The Christmas card of the kids in the convertible with a Beach Boys vista in the background will always be with us. He was a great husband, a great father, and a great patriot.

Dave died from complications related to his diabetes.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Thomas H. Neel
Section H

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Tom. If you can help recall how Tom connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



Joan E. Nelson
Section C
March 9, 1993

Joan's straightforwardness, enthusiasm and hearty laugh will always be remembered by her Classmates. She joined us at HBS with the unselfish purpose of using her education to return to her native Michigan with a greater ability to lead into the future the community which she loved so much. Back home in Michigan, she earned a law degree and made a career change solely for the purpose of improving the position from which she could positively influence the direction of the business environment in which her family and friends lived. We all still feel the loss of her unexpected passing with so much potential unfulfilled.



Mary W. O'Hara
Section C
May 15, 1997

Mary was the woman who lit up the classroom with her smile. In a Section that took no prisoners Mary was a steady, calming influence with constructive, insightful comments. Because she came to HBS with more maturity and work experience than most, she mentored some of us (including a few young instructors) and offered friendship to all. Her passion for marketing took her to New York, Connecticut and Washington where her kindness, sense of humor and intellectual curiosity enlarged her circle of friends. Mary, you are missed but fondly remembered by your Sectionmates and friends.

Memory contributed by Leo Au and Leslie Hannafey.



Thomas W. Ostrander

Section E

February 15, 2026

Tom and I were “assigned roommates” our first year. Both of us had been working and away from dorm room living for years...yet managed to regress and co-exist famously. Unlike many roommates in those ancient dorms, we never bothered to separate into separate living spaces. We just left the bedroom with the two junky beds and the other room as our study/office. It made for some humorous situations. One Friday night, after we had enjoyed a long session at the Pub, I had retired a little earlier than Tom, and was half asleep when he arrived back in our bedroom. The Leo Sayer song “You Make Me Feel Like Dancing” had been on the jukebox all night at the Pub, and Tom stepped up onto his bed, began jumping up and down, screaming “I’m dancing, John Boy, I’m dancing.” On another occasion, I was showering with a lady friend in the communal bathroom down the hall, and Tom arrived back, heard me in the bathroom, and locked me out of the room. I could hear him giggling inside while I fumbled around in the hallway.

Before that first year, I had been suckered in to subscribing to the “Reader’s Digest 100 Greatest Books” selection. One arrived each month, leather bound, different colors, gold edged, smelling like the inside of a new car. We both liked them. When he visited at Section Parties during HBS reunions years later, we jointly admired the collection which had grown to about 115 books before my wife realized I was still buying them on the sly and shut me down. So, when the Red Sox finally beat the Yankees in 2004 and went on to win the World Series, what should arrive in the mail but The Complete Boston Red Sox – The Total Encyclopedia of the Team, beautifully bound in leather, gold edges, etc. to join the rest of my collection. And years later, when I attended his second wedding to Kelli, he took the time to show me his study, which had an entire wall of leatherbound, gold edged books.

While undeniably brilliant, he had some unusual skills to supplement his sharp sense of humor. On Sundays after Harvard home football games, we would walk across the street to the stadium, where he would lace up his brown and white saddle shoes and kick field goals from the 35+ yard line using his NFL football he had caught at a Detroit Lions game. He could also chug an entire glass of beer in seconds, which endeared him to the athletes at Michigan, since they could present his somewhat nerdish self to other unassuming jocks and bet on his chugging ability...and win. He is also reputed to have convinced a Michigan football player to say “nuclear physics” when he introduced himself with his teammates before a game on national TV with their names and academic major. I will miss him. He left us too early.

Memory contributed by John Miller

We were two guys from the Midwest who met up in Section E. Two guys who had worked prior to grad school, two guys who had union cards in our wallets from our summer jobs, and two guys who were willing to procrastinate doing anything for a game of backgammon. Our second year we decided to room together to make our backgammon games easier.

We went to class where the professor for “Control” occasionally noted Tom’s previous work experience as an accountant and labeled him “shiny” (because as an accountant you sit a lot....get it?).

Tom had a wry and understated sense of humor that I appreciated. We had many nicknames for each other, each one more childishly scatological than the other. One holiday Tom gave me a beautiful leather wallet embossed with initials—not mine, mind you, but the initials of one of our more juvenile nicknames.

After the B-School we both moved to New York and continued our deep and, yes, juvenile friendship. I once mailed a hot slice of pizza to him when he was toiling at Kidder Peabody, forcing him to explain to the staid folks over there why he was receiving greasy food in the mail. Later on, we attended each other’s weddings, celebrated the births of our children, and got to know each other’s children as they became adults. The University of Michigan always had a special place in Tom’s heart and we spent a wonderful time together in Ann Arbor when our daughter and his son were undergraduates at the same time.

He was the first person I always reached out to when I needed a sounding board for anything, business or personal, because Tom was extraordinary-- easy going

but with the brilliance of an accomplished professional. He could easily explain to you difficult concepts or humorously comment on the proposed “problem”. I will miss Tom every day of my life.

Memory contributed by Dan Sherdow

I arrived at HBS with an engineering degree and a transcript that showed I squeaked out a solid “C” in my one and only accounting class. I remember being in awe of Tom for his know-how in this deeply confusing subject. He could throw out GAAP and FASB references without blinking an eye. In my mind, he was a “Light in the accounting/finance darkness.”

Memory contributed by Wayne Luke

On his first day on campus, after dumping his stuff in his dorm room, he went down to the pub for a beer (or two) where he saw a familiar face. Turns out one of the recent astronauts had just started out in the AMP program and became Tom’s first friend on campus. Many years latter Tom was the top Solomon Brothers banker to Chrysler; and hid the fact that he got the first Prowler - a street legal car they made!

Memory contributed by David Frost



James R. Pettijohn

Section A

March 6, 1982

I remember how intimidating first-year, first-semester marketing was. Whenever Roger More swaggered into the classroom, I shrunk into my seat. I was stunned the day that Jim Pettijohn seemed eager to present the Smuckers tomato catsup case. He laid out a good case with market research which pointed to stressing a family business, “home-made” cooking, and small batches as the key to market share. He concluded by saying that to reinforce home cooking and family owned, the product should be renamed Mother Smuckers Tomato Catsup. Marketing was never so intimidating again.

Memory contributed by Dorothy Swithenbank.



Thomas M. Poaps
Section H
May 8, 2025

Tom Poaps was a quiet, reserved presence in Section H.

I came to better understand how much the Section—and HBS—meant to him when he joined us at the FUN Committee’s Napa Party in 2009. One evening, we sat down for a long dinner together at Pine Ridge Vineyards, surrounded by aging casks in a wine cavern. Linen tablecloths, a fine meal, and plenty of time to talk.

What stayed with me was how much it seemed to matter to him to be there—to reconnect with Classmates and Sectionmates, and to be part of it again. It was nice to see.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Deborah A. Post
Section A
January 30, 2021

Deborah Ann Post brought vitality, good humor, incredible energy, and an inquiring mind to everything she did in life, and her determination and optimism inspired all who were fortunate to be her friends. It is altogether fitting and proper that Debbie was born on March 4, 1950 because marching forth fearlessly with spirit was how Debbie approached life. She reminded me of the WWII poster of a factory worker with the caption "We can do it." Debbie believed that not only she could do it but that any of her friends could do it, too. Debbie was born in New Jersey and although she traveled widely, she remained a Jersey girl all her life. In high school, she was a baton twirler and wore boots with sequined tassels and a majorette's hat and I can picture her marching down the football field tossing her baton high in the air and proudly catching it. Debbie had flair.

Debbie spent a year at Smith, then when Yale went co-ed, transferred. She graduated magna cum laude with a degree in Philosophy in 1972, and took a job at Chase. Frustrated by her prospects, she joined the HBS Class of '76. A Wall Street career followed with stints at Lehman Brothers, Prudential and Oppenheimer. Debbie told me she banked every penny of her bonuses.

When Debbie's father developed early onset Alzheimer's, Debbie was able, thanks to her frugality, to put away her dress for success suits, to care for her father and to run the family's pick your-own-apple farm back in Jersey. She

transformed a derelict property into a destination which attracted generations of loyal customers eager to show their children where food came from. Debbie became a member of the Farm Board and advocated effectively for farmers' rights in a state where farming is an anomaly.

Debbie did not understand "you're not an accountant, lawyer, furniture restorer, equity analyst, or fashion designer." An avid do-it-yourselfer, Debbie chose her own stocks, did her own taxes, used a mannequin to make her own clothing patterns, and argued pro se in cases where she felt she was being cheated. She loved to think about how technology and innovation would change our lives and what companies would succeed given trends in society. A canny investor and believer in American capitalism, she made wise choices in her investments, and would have been a brilliant equity analyst. Having to sort out the tax implications of a settlement she won from a bank which had churned her grandfather's trust, I can say she would have made a formidable litigator.

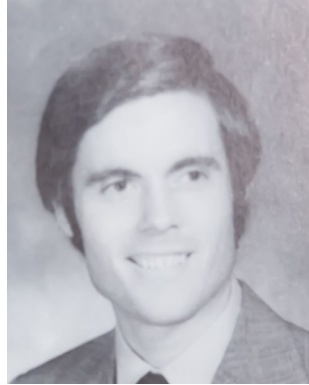
Debbie's frugality was matched by her generosity. What was hers was yours. Debbie was the kind of friend who said nice things about you behind your back, and if she disagreed with you, she would say so directly. She kept in touch with friends from every stage in her life and from all walks of life. And she believed in her friends. If I needed a boost of confidence, Debbie was the one I'd turn to. And Debbie celebrated one's success as if it were her own. "I knew you could do it," she'd say. Debbie was also an enlightened capitalist. While she would rail against government agencies telling her how to run her farm, Debbie was early to decry income inequality. When she had a bumper apple harvest, her seasonal workers got very, very generous bonuses and returned year after year.

Debbie developed glioblastoma in 2019. She faced her diagnosis with a determination that modern science and a positive attitude would conquer her cancer and sought out clinical trials hoping she could advance medical science. I helped her fill out form after form at hospitals and to quote her "forget privacy, I

want anyone who's interested to access my medical records to learn how to treat this cancer." Visiting her in the hospital, I would meet friends from Yale, HBS, and the New Jersey farming community. At one point, while waiting with her at a doctor's appointment, she leaned over and said, "you know, Pam, George Sing is a very smart guy. When you get home, buy some Regeneron stock." I'm delighted to say, I took her advice. Taking Debbie's advice was always a smart move.

It is not often that someone comes along who can discuss existentialism, expound on the virtues of different apples, dissect a balance sheet, take on a major bank and win, and twirl a baton. Debbie could do all that and, even more impressive, would convince you that, with just a little practice, you could too! Debbie was a true friend.

Memory contributed by Pam Huntington Meyers



John R. Post, Jr.

Section H

September 22, 1976

I had the distinct pleasure and honor of knowing John for our two years at HBS and we thought of him and his spouse, Betsy, as good friends. It was a friendship we had hoped would extend well beyond graduation. But it came to an abrupt and untimely end soon after graduation. John married Betsy soon after graduating college, then served two tours of duty in Vietnam as an Army helicopter pilot. He had two small children when he decided to leave the military, move his family to Boston and get an MBA.

John and the family rented a house in Newton not far from where Chris and I had rented an apartment. We often commuted to school together and socialized as couples on the weekend. John was a very bright, but quiet person while Betsy more than made up for John in the social department. They were a very normal, and classically typical, young married couple, just out of the service, going to graduate school on the GI bill, raising two small and very active children and looking forward to the future.

Exactly what happened to or with John in the spring of second year was a mystery to those around him. He had taken a tough load of accounting and finance classes and money was always tight to someone with two children, living on savings and the GI bill. In addition, it was a very tough job market in 1976 with the economy still reeling under the impact of a fourfold increase in energy prices. Lastly, John always tended to internalize issues.

However, while he did get a good job offer from Sikorski Aircraft, a division of United Technologies, in their CH helicopters division, he was not doing well in school. Specifically, John was doing very badly in cost accounting and was having a much harder time with the material and the professor than anyone realized. Perhaps, John didn't realize it either since he rarely complained about the class or seemed to worry about his grades.

Whatever happened in the class or between John and the professor or through John's actions we will never really know for certain? The result was that he received a grade of NC, or no credit, which meant that he could not graduate. A simple Low Pass, or even an Unsatisfactory, would not have prevented his graduating with the Class and working for Sikorski.

However, the NC made it virtually impossible for John to graduate and, therefore, violated the terms of his employment offer. John had already started working at Sikorski when the NC/non-graduation issue was reported to the company. I never learned what the exact sequence of events concerning his starting work, the company being informed that he hadn't received a degree and Sikorski's actions concerning his employment status. The implication, however, was that the job offer would be withdrawn effective immediately.

Then, in a moment of despair, loneliness, isolation and anguish, that sweet, kind and quiet young man, one who had flown hundreds of combat helicopter missions into enemy territory, shot himself to death in the Sikorski parking lot. John left behind a wife, two young children and many good friends who couldn't possibly understand the demons he faced that early summer day in 1976.

Rest in Peace.

Memory contributed by Steven Roth.



Linda J. Powers

Section I

January 20, 1986

I miss Linda every day. I think it is mostly because of her sense of humor. I hear her laughing. At me, with me...at the little things that are absurd. When things get really bad and I resort to the Mickey Mouse Club song, Linda is right there singing harmony!

Then I remember her sense of style. Something I seem to remember wasn't in great supply at HBS in 1975. From the jeans and bandana, to the Jean Muir she whipped up one afternoon, to the very sophisticated black suit she had for interviews. Linda always cut a figure you couldn't miss.

I remember Linda walking into class the first day...She sat next to me and I don't think either one of us moved at all after that...and walking back to Harvard Square that first day with Tom Robards. I think Linda had taken pity on the two of us. we were still shell shocked from being called on that first day.

I remember a beautiful sunny day in November when Linda introduced me to a fellow named George whose father was ambassador to China or something. Seems they had had a date the weekend before. Then she said: "He said he went to

Andover”. I said that’s a small town in Massachusetts; why did you want to go there? Do you think I blew it?”

I remember visiting her in NYC, where there were those ever-present NYC roaches. Linda referred to some especially big ones we stepped over on the Street as “dinner for two.” I still do that to this day, and always smile. I remember her first house in Dallas, visiting over Memorial Day weekend, working in the Garden and learning how hot Texas can really get. Linda was frugal....she turned off the air when she went to work. that is until the candles melted one day.

Finally, I remember doing her nails the day before she died, and wishing I could have been a better friend. For the preceding months, I had refused to accept she would die. I kept trying to push her to get on with it. Now I know this was about my pain.

So now I hear Linda saying “get a grip.” So, I’ll stop and just say: What a PAL!

Memory contributed by Laura Gates



J. Wesley Rogers
Section H
July 13, 1986

Wes was very much a product of Jack Welch's General Electric. Before HBS, Wes worked in Plastics where Welch ran things before he became CEO. Plastics was a "small" operation then and Wes achieved early success in marketing. He was one of the few guys to arrive on campus driving a Porsche that didn't come from a trust fund. A lot of the stories about Welch seem to resonate a sense of who Wes was because he was profoundly affected by him. Much of what made Wes so different were his exploits out of the classroom, not in it. Whether it was playing squash, touch football, boating, or water-skiing Wes seemed to dominate things, much like the stories of Welch's exploits on and off the golf course. Wes was very effective in translating the out of office dominance into situations where people would readily follow his lead in business settings.

Many of us still remember an HBO case that concerned a recent graduate of a well-known Eastern business school who faced the dilemma of setting goals for his department. The naïve grad gave his boss goals that he was reasonably comfortable he could achieve. The boss berated the recent hire to substantially increase his commitment level. Much to the pain of the HBS alum, he submitted higher numbers and then realized belatedly that they were unachievable. The case was opened by a Baker scholar wannabe who asserted there were major issues about reporting processes, incentive systems, accounting, and control. Wes was then asked his opinion on the case. He very succinctly said the kid was an idiot because "you always hold back something" when you are negotiating deliverables. Wes's answer was so clear and compelling that everyone immediately agreed with him. There was virtually no discussion after Wes's comments, only the echo of

his having nailed the case. The instructor had the good sense to let everyone out early that day.

One of the times when Fred and Lisa Eustis were living in Houston, they went boating with Wes and Rebecca. At the time, Lisa was eight months pregnant. Fred and Wes decided to go water skiing with Wes's powerboat. When Wes was water skiing, Lisa was sitting on the rail of the boat eating a donut, and Rebecca was steering the boat. At one juncture the boat turned abruptly, bouncing Lisa out of the boat. When Wes got to Lisa, she was still holding her doughnut and trying to get the top of her swimsuit back on. Wes's only comment was, "Lisa, you should really get a suit with straps." This perspective would not surprise some of the women of Section H.

After the Business School, Wes held a number of different positions in Houston. He was recruited for a finance position at Oceaneering that eventually led to his becoming the first graduate of the Class of 1976 to make Chief Executive Officer of a publicly traded company.

We lost Wes when he was attempting to upgrade to a multi-engine pilots license. As part of the procedure for getting qualified, a student has to demonstrate that he can cutout and restart one of the engines. Unfortunately for Wes, his instructor initiated this procedure at too low an altitude. Wes didn't have enough altitude left to regain control and crashed.

Fred Eustis and I were honored to be included in his funeral. After the memorial service and a nice luncheon, a few of us went back to the house with Rebecca. Even though we all accepted the finality of it all, Rebecca said, "I still somehow think he's going to come through the front door and have some story about this whole thing. He was continuously getting into scraps and predicaments, and he always somehow managed to overcome them." We all laughed and cried at the

same time. This was who Wes was; somebody continuously pushing the edge. In a large sense, he was a roman candle that burned a little brighter than many of us.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Wendy A. Ruess
Section I
June 22, 1992

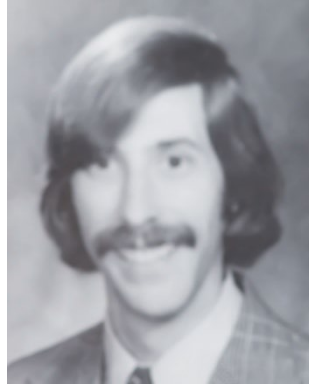
I remember Wendy Ruess as a pleasant person, with an infectious smile.

When she, and her Harvard Law School graduate husband, moved to Boston from Hempstead, New York in 1974, Wendy enrolled in the B-School and became one of the eleven exalted female members of Section I. She, along with fellow Sectionmate Dorrie Holmes, were the only two alumni from St. Lawrence University in the HBS Class of 1976.

One memory of Wendy, from her B-School days, was the time she arrived at a student costume party, in costume. To her embarrassment she was just about the only one who had taken the trouble to do so.

Upon graduation, Wendy was a Marketing Representative for IBM in Newton. By 1981, she had become Manager of Integrated Information for Wang Laboratories in Lowell. By 1991, she was Manager of Market Development for Data General Corporation in Westborough.

Memory contributed by Arch Scurlock



Nowell E. Rush

Section G

March 15, 2026

Throughout his life, he approached all things with the same high standards of hard work and humility. A combination that he instilled in his children and that afforded him many life-long friendships from his personal and professional lives. Nowell will be remembered as a loving husband, father, and friend.

Born on March 6, 1947 in Vicksburg, Mississippi. Nowell attended Mississippi State University, graduating with a degree in Electrical Engineering. After Mississippi State, Nowell earned his commission in the United States Navy in 1969 after graduating from Navy Officer Candidate School. Nowell was stationed in Arlington, Virginia from 1969 to 1974 on Admiral Hyman G. Rickover's staff in the Division of Naval Reactors serving as a nuclear engineer. Nowell led the design and construction for a portion of the propulsion plant for what would become the Ohio-class submarine program. While stationed in Arlington, Nowell met his future wife Michelle Lalle Rush in 1972.

Nowell was honorably discharged from the Navy in 1974 as a Lieutenant. That same week, he matriculated to HBS and married Michelle at Andrews Air Force Base. Nowell and Michelle had three children together. Upon graduating from HBS, Nowell joined Ernst & Young in the Utility Group in 1976 in Washington, DC as a management consultant. Leveraging his engineering expertise, he led the firm's management audits of utilities, including the prudence review of the planning and construction of the Palo Verde Nuclear station. In 1985, Nowell assumed management responsibility for the Utility Group. He later assumed responsibility for all Ernst & Young management consulting personnel and projects in the mid-Atlantic. Beginning in 2000, Nowell was responsible for human resources oversight of the U.S., a position he held until his retirement.

During his retirement, Nowell dedicated his newfound free time to numerous charitable causes, including serving on the boards of The River School, Bread for the City, the Washington Ballet, and the Compass Group.

Memory contributed by Marshall Toplansky



Steven H. Schiffer

Section A

June 9, 2000

Steve had a terrific sense of humor and never seemed to take anything too seriously. There was another side to him, however. The Jewish High Holidays fell early during our first year on campus. When Steve and I met the day after Yom Kippur, he asked where I had gone to services. I confessed that I had been at HBS, not wanting to miss a day of class. I was enormously worried about my ability to master the MBA curriculum given my background in non-profit work, and couldn't bear the thought of what I was missing.

Without a lot of drama or noise (as I recall it), Steve nonetheless managed to communicate the following messages to me: 1) my priorities were entirely wrong; 2) classwork could always be made up; 3) I'd better get a grip and figure out what really mattered to me.

I recall this incident with Steve nearly every fall – both the ones when I attend religious services, and those when I do not. I am confident that if he had that much of an influence on me, he certainly touched the lives of others in even more substantive ways.

Memory contributed by Sandra Sucher



William S. Schwarz

Section F

April 4, 2016

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Bill. If you can help recall how Bill connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



Arch C. Scurlock, Jr.

Section I

June 15, 2024

I was born in Boston when my father was completing his PhD at MIT. He was a noted rocket scientist and pioneer of solid fuel propellants for the space age. After serving in WW II, he founded Atlantic Research Corporation, a space ordinance company in the Washington, D.C. area that by the 1960s became the largest private employer in Virginia. I eventually joined his company.

For education, I pursued chemical engineering and attended the University of Texas and Carnegie Mellon before graduating from the University of Maryland, where I also earned a Master's. My early career was with the US Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) where I helped develop a promising alternative energy source--coal slurry pipelines. After attending HBS, I joined Atlantic Research. We later also founded, Research Industries, a venture capital firm specializing in revitalizing high-tech businesses. Our pursuits included helping manage the Trans Technology Corporation, Susquehanna Corporation, and Halifax Corporation, as well as investing in the new area of interstate banking. My role included new business development and analyzing market trends for the banking sector. My father and I retired in 2002.

All along, I maintained a hectic pace: 1) car rallies and writing for the rally publication, The Stopwatch; 2) following sports teams, especially the Washington Nationals and University of Maryland basketball; 3) attending most Olympic Games; 4) keeping up my various sports cars; 5) traveling; 6) playing tennis; 7) attending the theater, and rock and country music concerts; 8) taking classes (astronomy, Civil War history, auto mechanics, anatomy); and 8) pursuing my interests in trains, genealogy, and history (Civil War and WW II). I am hoping to restore my '67 Shelby Mustang.

Except I lost my hearing and grew tired of living alone, especially during the COVID epidemic, so I recently moved to a retirement home in northern Virginia. I would welcome phone calls on my caption phone - you talk, and the phone prints out your words on a screen.

Arch Submitted to HBS Class Notes



Kathleen D. Sherman
Section G
February 17, 2001

First and favorite was how Kathy took the name of our previous day's case, STARDUST GRINDER for her own as we went on a tour of a GE Submarine Engine plant with our security IDs proudly plastered on our shirts. From that day on she was always Stardust. Next, at a Halloween party, she showed up as a pregnant angel and Mike (her ex-husband) was the devil... that is what you got when you screwed around with the devil. At another party, she showed up in a very slinky and sexy dress. When I told her how great she looked, she giggled and told me she just made the dress that afternoon. Her domestic side. Later that night, after a few too many beers and sitting on the couch with Mike, I start telling Mike how great looking Kathy is and before I realize that this is not the brightest thing to be telling someone's husband, Mike just laughs and says that he really gets it that lots of guys are in love with her too.

Last, on a visit to NY, we went to see the Dalai Lama, hosted by Richard Gere. Kathy made it really clear that both were of interest to her. I guess that understanding that spirituality is really important but not forgetting to have fun is also important, it is what made her so special.

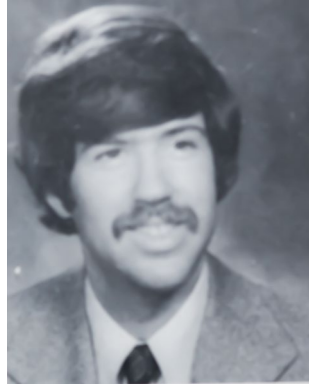
Memory contributed by Jim Warshell.

Kathy was the epitome of the sixties. Her open-minded, experimental orientation was about as opposite as one could get from the tradition-rich environment of Harvard Business School, even in 1974. Call it hybrid vigor for a very inbred educational institution. But her warmth and genuine sense of caring for people

somehow made her personae work within Section G. She was somewhat oblivious of how her California liberalism clashed with the established social hierarchy of Boston. I still chuckle at her outrage when her neighbors in Somerville voiced their loud objections to her choice of three tones of mauve and tan paint for her triple-decker home. (Of course, today, it would be probably be considered historic preservation!)

And her Monday Night Football parties were the stuff of legend. Our study group did our case preparation during the time outs. When the game was over and the cases done, we all went down to Steve's Ice Cream to celebrate yet another grueling day of HBS regimen.

Memory contributed by Marshall Toplansky



Alan J. Silverstone
Section H
December 25, 2024

During the spring term of our first year, we were assigned to three-person teams for an intense two-day exercise. The task was to work as a team, develop a coherent set of recommendations, and present them to a client—all under real time pressure.

Alan Silverstone, Ron Terrazas, and I found ourselves together, working through a problem that wasn't easy—and delivering conclusions the client might not have been eager to hear. It forced us to think clearly and work closely. In the process, the three of us bonded, and I got to know Alan much better.

What stood out was Alan's instinct to get it right. He stayed with the problem until it made sense to him.

Years later, I saw him again at a Section H gathering hosted by Tim Matlack. It was a warm, lively evening, and I had the chance to meet his wife, Kylanne—gracious and engaging. Along with friends like Laura Liswood, Jon-Hendrik van Leeuwen, and Doug Warren, it felt like a continuation of something that had started years earlier.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Steven E. Smylie

Section B

February 19, 2022

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Steve. If you can help recall how Steve connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



Francis M. Soichet
Section E
December 6, 1998

You may remember him as the entrepreneurial Frenchman, who made and sold crepes in Harvard Square. Slightly plump with glasses and a prominent nose, he was the curly-haired Parisian whose joie de vivre (and appetite) was only overshadowed by his intelligence and sharp business sense.

He was at times: the comedian and the intellectual—the stubborn workaholic and the laissez-faire father—the extrovert salesman and the reserved individual.

But nearly fifty years of alternating sleepless nights at work with leisurely ones at his favorite steakhouses seem to have gotten the best of your Classmate Francis Soichet. On December 6, 1998, at 49 years, Francis died of a heart attack while on a hike in the hills of Santa Barbara with his eldest daughter, Aude.

For our family, I think, the psychological and physical environment in which he left in many ways assuaged the shock of his death. With its seaside cliffs, Santa Barbara was easily one of his favorite spots. And ironically—a la Charles Dickens—it was on his last morning that dad declared he was going to slow his work pace and focus more on the family.

Upon graduating from HBS Francis went to work for Playtex, where he greatly increased the company's presence in upstate New York and quickly became one of its highest producing sales reps. That was typical dad: he had a gift for combining personal charm and a full-steam-ahead approach to work.

After several promotions at Playtex, he moved to Jacques Jugeat, the New York-based crystal subsidiary of Lalique, where his work ethic ultimately had him promoted to executive vice president. But when in 1991 the company headquarters moved to New Jersey, and Francis's commute doubled to four hours a day by car, he decided to start his own company.

First came the invaluable "Silk Tie Protector" spray, which—as its name suggests—saved many cravats from their owners' negligence. Later he began importing hand-painted porcelain boxes from Limoges, France, calling his firm "Limoges Imports."

For many people working out of a home office means the casual liberty of lax hours. But dad would be at his desk from eight in the morning well past midnight many nights—always on the phone, either with clients or his artists in France. He did the accounting, invoicing, sales, customer relations and even packed shipments during the busy holidays. In the industry Francis was a major player sought after at trade shows. He appeared on QVC three times, always adorned in a double-breasted suit and thicker-than-ever French accent.

Dad never was a big socialite, but he had a great impact on people and his business relations. When one store in San Francisco heard the news, the buyer offered to fly down to Los Angeles and have his body flown to the East Coast where we live.

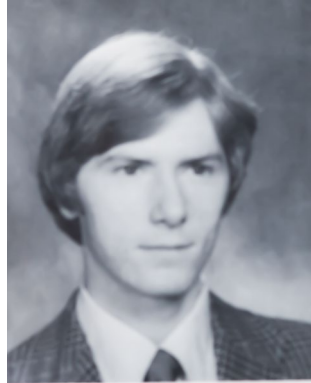
Cards and calls from old bosses, clients, suppliers and even competitors poured in. Three years later, we still have people approach us at trade events.

That was Francis the businessman. In his personal life, dad was an enigma. Though often careful not to reveal his feelings, he had strong authority and opinions. For his children, the emphasis was to learn as many languages as possible, to read non-fiction and to think. He had two mantras: “Chaque minute compte” (“Every minute counts”) and “Ask the rabbi.” The first was a rallying call, usually on Sunday mornings, to rouse those of us still asleep not to waste our time. The second, I have come to believe, was his way of saying “I don’t know.”

Five years ago, I joined my dad for some events at your 20th reunion. I know dad loved his time at HBS, but in his characteristically humble way, he rarely spoke of it. The Section, the French students, his best friend Steve Wright and some professors—they were all his personal memory. But last reunion was different. As you rehashed funny shared experiences and caught up over brunch and cocktails, I got a new sense of what he must have been like then: less mature, more rebellious, wild and even cocky. And you brought out that toothy smile of his, which extended from the corners of his eyes down. I can hardly remember a time when he laughed so much with friends.

If dad were there today at the 30th Reunion, he would probably hang out away from the spotlight, keeping mostly to himself and his old buddies. And it would have been a bittersweet reunion for him, due mostly to the loss of Steve and others. Maybe you would have vaguely recalled his face or name from back in the day, the equally ambitious and sharp Parisian. You might have slapped his back for old time’s sake, sharing a drink and listening to the various speakers. And maybe his presence would have triggered—and we hope will trigger—some uplifting memories you had forgotten you had.

Memory contributed by his daughter Emmanuelle.



Kenneth H. Sullivan

Section I

November 24, 2001

My first impression of Ken Sullivan was one of extraordinary intelligence, and a person who was always totally analytical and rarely emotional, regardless of the situation. He arrived at HBS newly married and straight from RPI, where he received bachelors and master's degrees in engineering in an accelerated program. He and Sharon lived in a small studio apartment in Brighton, and we commuted in my VW to the Campus. I benefited immensely from his company and friendship. He wasn't the easiest person to get to know, in those years, but once you were close to him you stayed that way, as Tom Robards, Joe Esposito and Jim Loveday can attest. Almost daily, discussing a case during that first year, he would say to me "It's obvious that....". Obvious, to him, at least. No one was surprised that he became a Baker Scholar, or that he earned great professional success.

After moving to NY, we lived only a few blocks apart and continued to spend a lot of time together. The Sullivans moved to Westfield, children arrived and his career took off. With time, Ken was no less analytical and organized, and was able to apply those talents to his outside interests. Moving his family to York, Maine, he was able to build a golf course - a lifelong dream. A second course was underway at the time of his death. He became more and more outgoing, and his personality made a real impact on their new community. When he died in an automobile accident in November of 2001, the time of his 50th birthday, the sudden loss left

me numb. As the fifth anniversary of his loss approaches, I know that everyone joins me in offering the blessing of memory to Sharon and their children - Nolan, Kyle and Nick.

Memory contributed by Michael Zimmerman



Mark A. Tessier

Section C

August 21, 2011

Mark Andrew Tessier died peacefully, surrounded by his loving family, at Ochsner Baptist hospital on August 21, 2011. He was 64 years old. Born in New Orleans, he graduated from Jesuit High School in 1965, where he was a member of the football team and the state champion basketball team. He was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at LSU, and he earned a BA from Columbia University and an MBA from Harvard University. Following his father's death, Mark successfully managed the family insurance agency for five years. After earning his MBA, he joined Howard Weil, where he was instrumental in growing the Public Finance Department and was an early pioneer of adjustable-rate option bonds. He had an entrepreneurial spirit and was involved in the development of a number of start-up ventures in the metropolitan area. He also served on the Board of Friends of City Park and was the Chairman of the Finance Committee for the renovation of Storyland. Mark was a member of the Louisiana Club and a former member of the Southern Yacht Club. He will be remembered for his sense of humor, his love of his family, and his gin rummy skills.

From his obituary



Victoria E. Thompson

Section F

August 12, 2002

Vicki's life didn't turn out the way anyone as happy and optimistic as she would have expected. Those of us in Section F will remember how much she loved being at the B-School. Her favorite activity was mentally stimulating conversation, and to her a case discussion was like a really great conversation with 80 other very smart, interesting people. Her enjoyment was such that she smiled through most every class. The case method cemented her conviction that all problems could be solved in a positive way. It turned out life isn't quite that simple.

After graduation, she worked in Washington for several years for the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, work she loved for its potential to improve standards of living in developing countries. It was at OPIC that she met her husband, Steve Franklin, a wonderful fellow who doted on her.

They moved to Steve's hometown of Houston, where he joined a law firm, she an energy company. Soon after, they lost nearly every possession in a fire, but got past that with her cheery spirit still intact and settled into a good life, with two wonderful children, Katy and Nick, a lovely new home, and many good friends.

About 15 years ago, things suddenly went very bad, Steve died of a massive stroke. Vicki was now a single mother with two young children to care for on her own. She rose to the occasion magnificently despite a demanding job. But then, only a few years later, she was diagnosed with breast cancer. For Vicki, it was like getting a death sentence: her mother, aunts, and a sister had all died of breast cancer. There ensued several very trying years of chemotherapy followed by periods of apparent remission, during which time she had to continue working and juggling her role as mother. It was a terrible strain, but if you had spoken with her, you would have had no idea anything was amiss still the upbeat, happy person, certain things would work out.

Five years ago, her doctors believed she had licked the disease, and the 25th Reunion in 2001 was a great celebration for her. Cruelly, however, shortly after returning home, the disease returned. I last spoke to her then, and she confessed she wasn't sure she would make it this time, but she said that it wouldn't be because of lack of positive attitude. Her disposition was still cheery, delighting in conversation. She hoped things would work out, but if not, she was at least glad she had lasted long enough to see that her children had reached the age and maturity to manage without her.

This time the cancer was too strong, and she declined quickly. As always, she handled her final moments with efficiency, finalizing arrangements for the children, and giving Katy, then a freshman in college, a list of people to call when she had passed. She instructed her to tell her friends not to worry, that her children were in good hands, and that she was at ease with her fate.

I will never forget getting the call. For me, nothing could have been more poignant. I was overcome with sorrow and the unfairness of it all, that someone so sweet and happy by nature should have been dealt such a hard life. Katy told me it was okay they were adequately provided for, and Vicki had taught them to understand that

even when things don't work out, if you have a positive attitude, something good will still come of it.

Katy told me that for her, that something good was that she knew her life's work would be as a cancer researcher. Women from her family's region of origin in Russia had an incidence of breast cancer higher than nearly anywhere else in the world. She would dedicate herself to learning why, and helping develop a cure so that other families would not have to suffer as hers had. Vicki was very proud of Katy's plans, and found solace that her misfortune had inspired her daughter to make such a meaningful career choice.

Vicki endured far more adversity and sorrow in her short life than ever could have been imagined when she left HBS thirty years ago, but it did not change the buoyant spirit we knew and enjoyed so much. Let we who once shared Vicki's friendship remember always her infectious, happy attitude, and be inspired by her brave example of how to deal with an unkind fate.

Memory contributed by Steve Bachelder



Alexander M. Tschyrkow

Section D

February 29, 2024

My close friendship with Alex developed because we spent time together every summer and fall since graduation, as we both had homes on the Côte d'Azur. I have indelible memories of his soft-spoken demeanor, his intellect, his dry wit and humor, his kindness, and his ability to switch effortlessly between phone calls in English, French, Russian, and Italian. He loved regaling me with stories about serving as the driver for Phil Friedman's honeymoon in Monte Carlo and Lake Como. And discussing soirées with Prince Albert and the Monaco jet set.

He thoroughly enjoyed our Section D Cotswolds, Tuscany, and Napa reunions, and he eagerly hoped to attend the upcoming one in New Orleans. He included me in Harvard Club dinners in Monaco, Grand Prix festivities, and passes to Monaco's world-famous Yacht Shows.

Alex relished a full life in Monaco, was an enthusiastic supporter of Harvard in Monaco, and one of the original members of the Harvard Club of Monaco. He served as the Secretary/Treasurer of the Club for a number of years before becoming co-President in 2014, a position he held until 2021. Anyone who participated in the Harvard Club of Monaco thanked Alex for the many stimulating and interesting speaker events the Club organized.

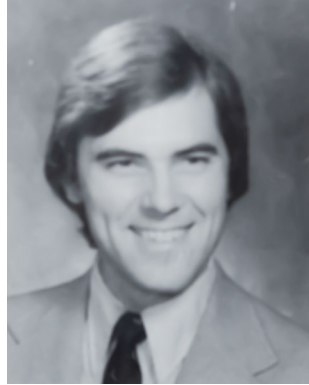
Often, we dined in Monaco at his favorite spot, which had magical moonlit views of the Prince's Palace across the Mediterranean inlet, while discussing his future consulting plans. He was always the consummate gentleman and a dear friend whom I could count on for advice. A highlight of each summer/fall French vacation was always seeing Alex and his wife, Sarah. I miss him very much.

According to Alex:

“Do what you love... Love what you do...and make a difference”

“Your thoughts are incredibly powerful. Choose yours wisely”

Memory contributed by Naomi Glass



Jan-Hendrik van Leeuwen

Section H

May 17, 2024

My fondest memories of Jan-Henrik include his lilting Dutch accent, his always elegant clothes and his good humor in the face of any challenge. He was unassuming even as he was a lawyer, served with distinction in the Netherlands military and spoke several languages. Jan-Henrik loved to travel and did so throughout his career at the World Bank. He also loved fine art, opera, and a bit of exotic living with a house in Lamu and a cottage on a beautiful landscape in Virginia. We stayed in touch through the years and when we were both in DC spent much time together. I miss my wonderful friend.

Memory contributed by Laura Liswood

I first met Jan-Hendrik van Leeuwen in the Autumn of 1974 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. We shared the same Class, and more importantly the same Section, Section H. From the very start, Jan-Hendrik stood out. He was never the standard, “cookie cutter” MBA student; he possessed a distinct style, a commanding presence, and an unmistakable sense of individuality.

He had a natural affinity for beauty and was drawn to places and experiences that possessed real character. While the rest of us lived in perfectly ordinary apartments, Jan-Hendrik inhabited a world of elegance and imagination, sharing an extraordinary home in Boston – complete with its own ballroom and minstrel gallery.

I fondly remember a party he hosted there that none of us could ever forget. The women were radiant, the men donned borrowed or rented dinner jackets, and we danced the night away. It was quintessential Jan-Hendrik: stylish, generous, and vibrantly full of life.

After Business School, we lost touch for a time, as people often did before the digital age. However, we found one another again when he began consulting for the World Bank and moved to the Washington D.C. area. He advised the Bank on how to assist the development of small businesses in Africa. From then on, he became a fixture at our Christmases, absent only during the height of the Covid pandemic.

Jane and I were also lucky enough to spend a month at his remarkable home in Lamu, an island off the coast of Kenya with a deep Omani heritage. Jan-Hendrik had lovingly renovated a classic Swahili house there, creating a sanctuary of character. It was yet another reflection of his adventurous spirit and his rare gift for building a life far beyond the ordinary.

His final years brought serious health challenges, yet he remained defiantly himself. In his last year in Washington, he set off in a convertible car and drove coast to coast, visiting friends across the country. Shortly after that journey, he decided to begin a final chapter in Italy. I deeply admire the courage it took for him to uproot his life and move to Umbria – a place where he knew no one and did not speak the language.

He was never a man content to simply “pass the time”; he chose to live it.

Jan-Hendrik was a truly unusual man, in the best and rarest sense of the word. He brought color, curiosity, and elegance wherever he went. He was a man of character, and he will be deeply missed. I am so very glad I knew him.

Memory contributed by Edward Nassim

I remember Jan-Hendrik, he was one of the most flamboyant people in our Class. I remember he and four other HBS students renting a mansion on Beacon Hill which had been built by the Thayers at the turn of the last century for parties. I remember his parties with a huge fireplace. A second-floor balcony looking upon what must have been a ballroom, and great views of Beacon Hill houses nearby.

He was in my study group. Always a fresh take, a new point of view.

I saw Jan Hendrik a few years after we graduated. He was driving a Jaguar XK 140 with the top down and an Isadora Duncan-like scarf trailing behind his leonine head.

Memory contributed by John Lonergan



Stephen C. Voss

Section D

February 11, 2022

A man of strong character, Steve was admired for his sharp intellect, quick wit, and unwavering fortitude. Steve was a proud Texan and passionate Aggie, but nothing matched his devotion to his family and to the Lord.

While growing up in McAllen, Steve was surrounded by a rambunctious clan of brothers and sisters, guided by his vivacious mother, Lila. Steve worked at his father's oil field shop and toiled on his father's drilling rigs, rough necking in the South Texas heat. During those years, Steve developed a fascination with the oil and gas industry.

Although diagnosed with asthma as a young child, Steve remained tenacious and spirited, even excelling in athletics, and, in particular, playing football as a varsity guard at McAllen High School. Steve also furthered his interest in engineering in high school, serving as the President of the J.E.T.S, and, after graduating from McAllen High School in 1967, he entered Texas A&M, where he served as President of the Engineering Council before graduating with a degree in Petroleum Engineering in 1971. A member of the Corps of Cadets during his first year at A&M, Steve was a fervent Texas Aggie and spent most of his life yearning to be closer to Kyle Field.

Steve met the light of his life, Elizabeth Baltis, in the fourth grade. In their freshman year at McAllen High School, Steve would begin dating Elizabeth, whom he lovingly called Betsy, relentlessly courting her for nearly six years. When Elizabeth finished college, they married in January 1970 and lived in

College Station, where Steve had a year-and-a-half left at Texas A&M. Both twenty-one years old when they wed, they would eventually celebrate fifty-two years of wedded happiness.

In 1971, Steve and Elizabeth moved to Lafayette, Louisiana where Steve worked for two major oil and gas companies managing offshore drilling services in Louisiana. Recognizing a graduate education would be the key to advancing his career, Steve decided to attend business school. He applied to the Wharton School of Finance, Stanford, and the Harvard Business School. Although he was accepted at all three, he chose Harvard Business School, where out of 5,000 applicants, only 800 were accepted. Steve and Elizabeth moved to Boston, Massachusetts for two years while Steve completed his MBA and graduated with a major in Finance in the talented Class of 1976.

Upon graduating from HBS, Steve once again joined the oil field with Goldrus Drilling Company. In 1981, he left Goldrus to start Reliant Drilling Company in one of the most challenging decades of the oil and gas industry. In 1990, he joined Harken Energy, and, a few years later, Global Energy Development was formed and Steve would remain the company's Chief Operating Officer until he retired in 2016.

Family was always first in Steve's life. In 1974, his son, Matthew, was born. In 1976, his son, Austin, was born. And in 1978, one minute before his 30th birthday, his daughter, Michelle, was born. Steve's children were his joy. But, when his grandchildren came along, his joy was even greater. For thirty-five years, Steve and Elizabeth made a loving home for their children and grandchildren in Richmond, Texas before moving to College Station in 2016. Because family was first, Steve felt responsible for training the spiritual component of their lives. Very early in Steve's life, he began taking on tasks at the various congregations the family would attend in Louisiana, Massachusetts, and Texas. He taught classes, lead singing, served as a deacon for fifteen years, and as an elder in the Lord's church for twenty years, which was probably his happiest work. Whether it was visiting the elderly and sick, hosting fellowships at the Voss home, counseling, teaching, or even preaching the Word, Steve heartily devoted himself to this work.

As he developed expertise in the overseas petroleum industry, he was asked to testify before the House Subcommittee on International Economics Policy and Trade. Decades of travel in South and Central America also expanded Steve's knowledge about the oil and gas industry in Latin America, as well as the

tumultuous politics in the region. Learning about all the intriguing affairs of Latin America, he even wrote a novel, though it is yet to be published after thirty years!

Throughout many of these travels, Steve made it possible for Elizabeth to travel with him, which included numerous visits to beautiful gardens, at which he would famously ask his wife, "How many flowers are we going to see?" To which his wife would famously reply, "How many days will we be here?"

Two of his most valuable possessions were his wedding band of fifty-two years, inscribed with his name, Elizabeth's name, and their wedding date, and his Texas A&M ring, Class of '71, which had fifty years of wear-and-tear. To this collection, he added his Aggie watch, which was engraved with his 50th wedding anniversary date. Steve will be missed more than words can describe, but a servant of God has arrived home.

Memory contributed by Stan Mark



Douglass L. Warren

Section H

July 21, 2002

My earliest memory of Doug Warren was when he invited Dave DeWitte and several others of us from Section H to visit his apartment in Greenough Hall, a freshman dorm in Harvard Yard, where Doug was a Proctor during our first year at HBS. It was an appropriate introduction to someone who was so thoroughly committed to all things Harvard. As an undergraduate at Harvard Doug was involved on the senior staff of the Harvard Independent newspaper where he was Publisher. This is where he first got to know Tim Matlack who was a friend at Harvard and later a Sectionmate at HBS. He was also actively engaged in the Hasting Pudding show along with Fred Eustis who was a friend at Harvard and later a Sectionmate at HBS. During our time on campus at HBS, Doug was a Section Social Chairman, and he was later the Chairman of the 20th and 25th Reunions. Doug was “a force of nature” where no problem was too big to tackle, no task was too complex, and no job was too time-consuming for Doug.

Few institutions have as profound an effect on a person as Harvard did with Doug. Nor was there ever a greater bond or commitment by an alum to give back. It was absolutely fitting that Doug’s memory was celebrated in Harvard Yard at Memorial Church.

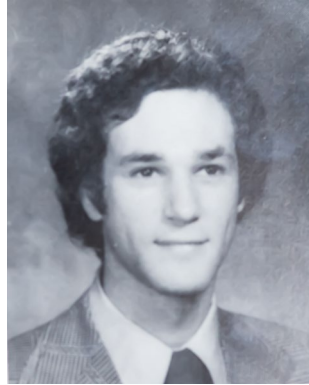
Doug was in many ways a “Renaissance Man” destined by his interests and pursuits to march to a different drumbeat. It is difficult to think of anyone who had the breadth of Doug’s experience or pursuits. Fewer still combined the level of breadth with such extensive depth. Doug’s range of thinking and reading was extraordinary.

Doug was equally eclectic in his professional career, where he went from HBS to the Federal Reserve Bank of NY, to government consulting in DC (where he worked with Tim Matlack), to oil and gas companies in Houston, to software companies in the Boston area – bringing his boundless energy to each group he encountered.

Doug’s enthusiasms could be contagious, like the time he declared Section H had to have a party on 7/7/77 and then proceeded to tell everyone how many days were going to elapse before we could celebrate 8/8/88. He was intrigued by diverse personalities and human experiences and loved to learn more about the other people he worked with and to share their passions whether it be home brewing or Renaissance Fairs. Life was infinitely fascinating to Doug, mostly because he made it so.

Doug fought an incredible battle against non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma that included a bone marrow transplant that left him a prisoner in an intensive care unit for several months. If force of will and determination were sufficient, he would still be with us.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Steven A. Wasser

Section B

November 2, 2022

Many of us remember Steven Wasser as the host of Section B parties during reunions, which he graciously held at his home in Wellesley MA where he lived for 40 years. He and wife Stephanie moved to Staatsburg NY in the Hudson Valley in 2018. Steven died peacefully at age 70 at his home there surrounded by his family on November 2, 2022, after a five-year battle with cancer.

There were so many connections with Sectionmates over the years: Steven was introduced to Stephanie on a blind date arranged by Les Tager. Steven and Stephanie had dinners and luncheons with Carlos and Kathy Gonzalez who lived nearby in the Hudson Valley. He exchanged lots of messages with Barbara Keck after he bought a musical instrument company situated 12 miles from her Indiana hometown. He was invited to visit Houston by Gary Beauchamp to meet the flutists in the Houston Symphony. Nadir helped source a chemical for his daughter that she needed in developing a product in her business. Those are just a few of the touchpoints Steve had with us.

Steven's professional career was characterized by creativity and entrepreneurial expertise. His interest in the business world began as a young child, learning about investments and business from his grandfather. He started his first business at 18, Odyssey Trucking, and started his post-MBA career as a management consultant for State Street Consultants in Boston. Subsequently he headed national expansion for the staffing firm Office Specialists. His odyssey with Powell Flutes from 1986-2016 was a huge part of his business life, but he noted in a 2020 Class Notes tidbit that he was a little stir crazy and so he emerged as a part time COO for a startup in Troy NY, United Aircraft Technology, noting that "I like the people and the product (patented clamp for bundling wires in aircraft). My CEO group continues via Zoom. This is all keeping me busy in my "retirement " but busy is good".

Steven loved music and was an accomplished woodwind musician. He was fortunate to pursue his career in the music world when he purchased Verne Q. Powell Flutes, a global music instrument manufacturer, in 1986. Over the next 30 years, he re-established the firm as the Stradivarius of the flute world, tirelessly pursuing improved instrument sound quality and introducing innovative new products. In one Class notes tidbit, he enthused: “Powell has a radical new piccolo on the market with stainless steel mechanism and a special wood body. We are also in production on the only saxophone being made in the United States!” As part of his love of music, he served on the boards of Lyric Stage of Boston, the New England Conservatory of Music, and Berklee School of Music.

An excellent athlete, Steven loved to bike and hike, and he was a standout in track at his undergraduate college, Cornell. A huge hockey and baseball fan, he loved playing in numerous summer leagues. He wrote in Class notes tidbits enthusiastically about his e-bike and its power-boost on the hills of the Hudson Valley.

Steven was an avid art collector. In 2017, Steven and Stephanie donated their substantial collection of painting/prints to the Palmer Museum of Art at Penn State University. The focus of the collection was social realism (1930's), painted mostly by Jewish immigrants about how they viewed their new country. A number of the donated artworks can be seen in the Palmer's permanent exhibition.

One of Steven's interests was CEO peer groups. He was a member of Vistage for ten years, then founded a cooperative CEO peer group in Boston, which he ran from 2006-2016. After selling Powell Flutes and moving to the Hudson Valley in New York State, he established a CEO peer group in the Hudson Valley area which he facilitated until a few weeks before his death, including Zoom meetings during Covid. He taught Entrepreneurship, Leadership, and Strategy at the undergraduate and graduate business levels, and served as Entrepreneur in Residence at Penn State University. He was an extraordinary teacher and enjoyed mentoring and advising friends, family, and business associates.

Covid interfered with his plans to write a family history book and he had to cancel a planned trip to eastern Europe in 2021 to see his “ancestral homelands” with his daughter and brother. As the son of a Jewish refugee who fled Austria in 1939 and then served in the U.S. military during World War II, Steven was committed to the Jewish community his entire life.

Memory contributed by Barbara Keck



V. Kevin Moore Whitney

Section I

April 22, 1981

Kevin was the first Class of '76 person I met. We were standing in line to register and struck up a conversation....surprised to learn we were both PhD techies. As it turned out we both were assigned to Section I.

While we spent the first year in the same Section, I didn't really get to know Kevin well. He was very quiet, reserved and one might even say shy.

Both being interested in technological innovation, we found ourselves in several classes together in the second year. I got to know Kevin much better when we were both intrigued by a guest lecture remark by Dr. Jacob Goldman, then V.P. of R&D for Xerox Corporation. Goldman felt the "Golden Age" of great corporate R&D labs was in decline, but he couldn't prove it.

Kevin and I approached Professor Richard Rosenbloom to do a research project on the subject for credit and he agreed. With the help of Goldman and a number of others, Kevin and I launched "A Quantitative Study of Corporate R&D Lab Productivity", attaining very high-level entrée to a number of the most prominent corporate R&D labs at the time. We had to sign confidentiality agreements with each lab and further agree no data could be published without the prior approval of each participant. Bottom line, after achieving agreement among the participants on a definition of productivity....the 93-page study found productivity was indeed in decline, but no lab would release the data and because

of the confidentiality agreements we couldn't reveal they all had the same problem. Sadly, the research drew a significant finding about which Kevin and I were excited, but we were never able to publish.

In this time of working closely with Kevin, he revealed himself to be pleasant, extremely bright, diligent and intellectually honest. I don't think I ever heard Kevin laugh out loud, when amused he would simply give you a wry smile. Just before graduation we attended Kevin's small private wedding to Ruth at Harvard Square and after that evening never saw him again. Sadly, he never made it to the first reunion. Thinking back, who could say they really knew this sweet person.

Memory contributed by Roy Carriker

I was not especially close to Kevin at B-School, but I believe he was not well understood by a lot of Classmates. He always had a poker face in class and he was a man of few words.

I remember the Christmas Party we had in 1974 when Debby Farrington arranged Charles Regan as Santa Claus. It was a fun party and By Barnes and Basil Kolyman were there from the Faculty. Charles announced a few Christmas presents although I never did find out who decided who got what. Anyway, Kevin's Christmas present was a "human emotion" which portrayed the way he came across in class.

But there was a different side to Kevin as well. He was a Social Rep in our first year and I remember him organizing Section parties. I was not sure if the bowl of punch he was carrying was available for consumption or not and not being confident of how to ask I did not come across clearly. Kevin responded: "If the question you are asking is, can you have some, the answer is yes". It was quite clear that he was enjoying his social role.

In second year, I had a friend from Australia staying with me for a couple of weeks. We wanted to go skiing in Vermont and I asked Kevin if we could stay at his weekender in New Hampshire on the Friday night to break the journey. This was

no trouble to Kevin and his partner and they entertained us with dinner around an open fire. We left early the next morning.

Kevin and I did not keep in touch after graduation. Sadly, he died in 1981, only 5 years after graduating.

Memory contributed by Charlie Beelaerts

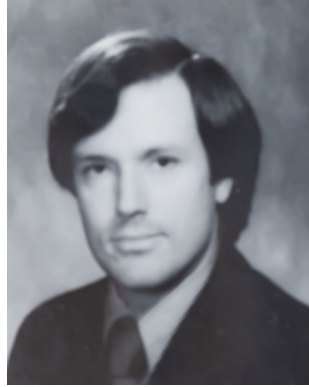
Kevin had a BS in Math, MS in Computer Science, and a Ph. D. He was one of two PhDs in the Section. Kevin's dissertation was on "Network configurations in remote access computer message processing". After HBS, Kevin was General Manager of Computer Corp of America and later a Consultant with Arthur D. Little, both in Cambridge.

Memory contributed by Arch Scurlock



Brian P. Woolf
Section F
September 21, 2024

A diligent effort was made to solicit a memory for Brian. If you can help recall how Brian connected with you that would be terrific to include. Please contact David Frost dfrost@mba1976.hbs.edu



Stephen F. Wright
Section B
August 19, 1998

I have a few nice memories of Steve, although our paths did not cross often in the 25 years past.

One which always comes to mind, when talking to anyone about foreign languages (and it happens often, as I am bilingual), was his incredibly methodical approach to French, which he already spoke more than passably well, back at HBS. He had committed to noting three new French words every day in a little black book. I ended up doing it for English myself, and still believe it is one of the most effective ways to improve in a foreign tongue.

Memory contributed by Yves E. Marshall



Philip E. Zahka
Section H
April 19, 1992

The first weekend after school started, I found myself walking over to Harvard Square in the company of Phil and Charlie Green, who at the time was the only white guy I knew with an Afro style hairdo. We were looking for a place to eat and ended up in a Greek restaurant. The discussion went absolutely everywhere and covered a range of topics that reflected the diverse backgrounds of Phil and Charlie. If there was ever a “Toto, we’re not in Indiana any more” moment at the B-School, this was it for me. Here I was with two completely strange guys, talking about rock bands, music scores, Armenia, FASB rulings, New York City, Los Angeles and all the while eating weird food in a psychedelic décor.

Phil took a fair amount of good-natured ribbing for his California ways. In fact, the guys in our Section from California all seemed to bond and were a close-knit group for most of the school term. But the most abuse he got was over the winter coat he bought. During a normal fall cold snap, when the temperature dropped into the forties, Phil went out to an Army Navy surplus goods store and bought a coat that was designed for a polar expedition. He claimed that his blood was too thin from having spent his life in California sun. He wore that coat through both years!

One of my fondest memories of Phil was his kindness. When I was on campus the price of a beer amounted to a capital asset purchase decision for me because of the austerity I was under. Ms. Florence Glynn “Cash Flow” was helpful, but not exactly generous to a fault. Besides, I didn’t want to graduate with something approaching the national debt. So, I decided not to go home for Thanksgiving and resigned myself to skipping everything. Instead, Phil went through campus looking for people to invite to Thanksgiving dinner. He found me and a guy from Pakistan that wasn’t even in our Section. We got delivered to Phil’s maternal grandmother who let us know immediately that we were family for the day. I never felt more at home in a place and during every Thanksgiving since then I have never forgotten the Zahka family hospitality.

I was fortunate to be invited to Phil and Marianne’s wedding at the end of the summer before the start of the second school term. It was a real family event, Armenian style, and I got to learn again how precious and close knit he and Marianne’s family are.

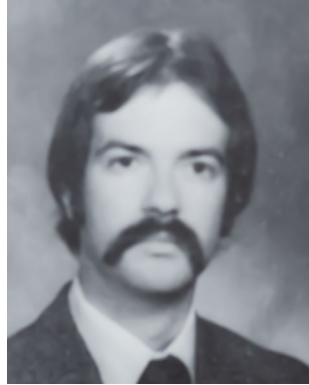
After the Business School, Phil held a number of different positions in accounting. He was one of the first, if not the first graduate of the Class of 1976 to make Chief Financial Officer of a publicly traded company when he was promoted to that position at Pacesetter Systems.

Phil died of a heart attack soon after completing the construction of a beautiful and extraordinarily large house in Beverly Hills. I was fortunate to have a chance to share the success of the house with Phil shortly before he died. We sat by his pool and hot tub and looked down on all of Los Angeles while sipping wine. He genuinely enjoyed talking about some of the show biz people in the neighborhood.

Don Hunt, Dan Pittard and I attended his funeral service at Forest Lawn. One of the nice notes of the day was how everyone at his company came together in this moment of crisis and surprise. He seemed to be blessed by a great family both at home and at work.

I try to see Marianne on my trips to Los Angeles and enjoyed hosting her two children at the Rose Bowl game. He has a son, Paul, and a daughter, Christine. Paul reminds me that genetics work and what a nice guy his dad was.

Memory contributed by Terry Kungel



Kirk A. Zumhoff

Section I

January 5, 2026

Born on October 31, 1950, in Richland, Washington, Kirk lived a life marked by intellectual achievement, professional dedication, and quiet resilience.

A gifted student from an early age, Kirk graduated from Kennewick High School in 1968. He went on to earn degrees in Business and Economics from Washington State University in 1973. His academic journey culminated with an MBA from Harvard Business School in 1976—an accomplishment that reflected both his intellect and determination.

Kirk devoted over three decades of his professional life to Ford Motor Credit, where he built a distinguished 35-year career. His work ethic and expertise earned him the respect of colleagues across the organization.

Despite facing medical challenges throughout much of his life, Kirk never allowed these obstacles to define him. He met each day with perseverance and grace, never complaining about his circumstances. His strength of character and unwavering positivity left a lasting impression on those around him.

Memory contributed by Paul Steinle

Faculty & Staff Memories

Professor Ray Goldberg

George M. Moffett Professor of Agriculture and Business, Emeritus

A native of North Dakota, Dr. Goldberg received his A.B. from Harvard University in 1948, his MBA from the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration in 1950 and his Ph.D. in Agricultural Economics from the University of Minnesota in 1952. Together with John H. Davis he developed the Agribusiness Program at Harvard Business School in 1955. From 1970 to 1997 he was the Moffett Professor of Agriculture and Business and head of the Agribusiness Program.

Barbara Keck reports: I was sad to learn of the death of my favorite HBS professor, Dr. Ray Goldberg, in February 2025. However, I was not surprised that he lived to the grand old age of 99, because Ray was a study in persistence. And he appreciated that persistence in his students too.

There were lots of touchpoints that I had with Ray. He knew that I had come to HBS straight from 12 weeks of rugged travel across Africa (38 travelers from around the world, all strangers who met at a departure lounge in Heathrow and hopped on old Bedford army trucks to travel from Tangiers to Nairobi). He knew that traveling in the summer of 1974, in the time of the great drought in the Sahel, had subjected me to contact with many suffering people, and scenes of human and animal starvation, thirst and desolation that left a mark and gave me a sense of purpose: to do what I could to reduce hunger in the world.

The agribusiness curriculum was not exactly aimed at this purpose, but the interrelated systems approach that Ray advocated and pioneered in his teaching and research proved to be a firm foundation for my making at least a bit of a difference in this arena.

Ray wanted me to stay on at HBS and get my PhD. I have some regrets that I did not do that. But I went to work in a Fortune 50 company that had a big worldwide footprint in food packaging, and I knew that getting food to people in a sanitary and edible condition was one of the solutions to world food hunger.

I was happy in my job, and happy that Ray accepted me into his famous agribusiness seminars. Those seminars allowed me to keep my knowledge updated, and to make many contacts that enhanced my market and strategy research in my corporate job.

But after the (standard? Yes!) two weeks maternity leave that corporate America gave to women in management in the late 1970's, I had to admit that nurturing my children took priority. So, when my first son was eight weeks old, I put him securely into a car seat and drove from Manhattan to Boston and turned up unannounced at Ray's office door. "Corporate America is not ready for women MBA's," I said. "I just don't know what to do now." "Well," he said, "I don't make that much money as a professor here. I make most of my income doing consulting projects in my free time. And I have a few market strategy research projects that I am working on right now where I could use some help. You can do most of the work by phone, I know you are good at interviewing. The only deal is – these two clients are both in California, and you'll have to go there to make the project final presentations." And so, I did.

Afterwards, I called Ray, and he said: "Great job! Your conclusions were well received and the clients liked working with you." I said, "Wow, thanks! I loved doing this work. What's next?" And he said, "Hang out your own shingle. I know you – you've kept in touch with everyone you've met at my seminars, and everyone you worked with in your corporate job. Get out that rolodex and start making calls. Let them know you are available to do market research and strategy work for them." And so, I did.

Keck & Co Business Consultants was thus born in 1979, and served 80+ clients over the following 24 years, helping manufacturers of food processing and food packaging equipment, and producers of food and beverage packaging with their entry into dozens of developing markets. I like to think that our work created much-needed jobs and ultimately delivered food to hungry people, and I know Ray would have applauded that. So, thank you Ray! This achievement is hats off to you -- one persistent professor who was willing to give a boost to a persistent female MBA early on. You were the best!

Memory contributed by Barbara Keck

(After selling her consulting business, Barbara Keck went on to study the grape-growing and winemaking industry in the Sierra Foothills area of California, wrote extensively about wines and wineries for newspapers and blogs, and then authored a case-history based book, "*Wineries of the Sierra Foothills – Risk-Takers and Rule-Breakers*" that has a dedication to Ray Goldberg in its Acknowledgements.)

Professor David Hawkins

Control

David Hawkins taught First Semester “Control” not “Accounting.” This distinction was not an HBS conceit. Control covers accounting, auditing management reporting, For students, who had not studied accounting, this class was a daunting experience. A giant leap into terra incognita. We were taught to use figures and numbers to analyze, think and plan, and especially to outthink everyone else. Professor Hawkins taught us to look for opportunity where others saw calamity. “There’s money in bankruptcy” and “buy low, sell dear” were seared into our memories. Was there ever a more fitting nickname than “The Hawk?” One imagines “The Hawk” swooping down and taking advantage before his target ever knew what was happening.

He was an amazing athlete. After two Australian Swimming Championships wins, he was invited to compete at the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki. David enrolled at Harvard College in 1952 and became the first freshman to hold a national title by winning two National AAU championships. In 1956, David graduated from Harvard College with honors, and went on to the Harvard Business School, where he received an MBA degree with distinction in 1958 and was awarded a DBA in 1962. David joined the HBS faculty as an Assistant Professor in the Accounting Unit, specializing in the field of financial reporting and analysis. Over his dedicated 55-year Harvard career, David taught more than 25,000 students in the classroom.

He was very entertaining. “The Hawk held a study session for the Control exam at the end of the semester. Every seat was taken and there were 40 people standing in the back and in the aisles. Someone brought in a six pack of beer, naturally Hawk took one. The chalk throwing and humor was amazing. He was one of the favorites of male students though his sexism was blatant.”

Another reports: “I remember an early case, maybe our first, where the sales people were saying how they could cut price and still make money for the company (positive contribution). The Hawk explained how pretending not to understand contribution and sticking to full accounting cost was actually the right approach to balance sales people ever-present desire to cut price. Since then, I have always remembered the value of “feigned stupidity” in management and deal negotiations.

Another:” I often wonder how the other Sections could have regarded their HBS education as complete without having experienced the Hawk. As a natural sceptic or cynic, I found the Hawk’s dives into accounting or financial sleight of hand revealing

and a commentary on Mark Twain's quote "figures don't lie, but liars' figure". ... Hawk and his training were truly transformative. The man had presence. In another acting field he could have been the best 007.

Finally: "When I told The Hawk I wanted to go into the movie business he said, "then there is no reason why you have to take my class. What they practice bears no relationship to generally accepted accounting principles." As usual Dave was spot on."

Associate Professor Barbara B. Jackson
Managerial Economics

We all, Section B, met Barbara on the day before classes began as she and Roger Moore lead an orientation session using a sample case that had to do with Management Succession in a small business - exactly the kind of Business I had left to come to HBS. I could relate to the issues of this case, as it paralleled a key issue for my former employer who was an HBS graduate. None of his children nor his brother's children had any interest in the business, so an outsider would have to eventually be found. When student participation was solicited by Barbara, I spoke up sharing from my limited exposure to their problem. Barbara was most kind in thanking me for sharing. I liked her and felt comfortable with my first contribution in the Well-Known Eastern Business School.

Finance, Accounting, Economics and Statistics formed the bulk of my undergraduate degree in Business-subjects which should be most helpful in Barbara's Management Economics course - they were, but ME applied these basics in ways I had not seen or used before. Decision Trees, Probabilities, Value of Perfect (or at least improved) Information, Expected Values and Discounted Cash Flows were skillfully woven by Barbara into important tools to bring Clarity to Critical Management Decisions. What could easily be a dry dull subject matter was made interesting, even Fun, through Barbara's style.

Our Mid-Term Exam presented three cases (Decisions) to be resolved using the techniques Barbara had exposed us to in her class. I solved the first in quick order. The second was more involved and it took me some time and a few blind alleys before I solved this Management Riddle. I looked at the clock and realized I had spent too much time and had only a few minutes to tackle #3. So, I wrote a brief description of how I would approach the decision in hopes that Barbara would accept this as a legit answer. When the Blue Book was returned, Barbara wrote me a personal note, "Ken", she wrote, "you are one of my Best Students. If you make an Excellent on the Final, I will give you an Excellent in my course."

I did make an Excellent on the Final and when the Blue Book was returned, Barbara wrote another personal note, "Ken", she wrote, "I know I promised you an Excellent if you did well on the Final. However, many of your Sectionmates, also did well on the Final, but also did well on the Mid-Term. You are still one of my Best Students" Grade Satisfactory! Believe me, I was most pleased with my grade, because it came with a personal note from a Professor who genuinely cared and let me know it.

I have used the tools and techniques I learned from Barbara many times in Business and in my Personal Affairs, avoiding critical mistakes, seeing clearly major opportunities and convincing others of a better path. In my mind, she was one of the Best!

Memory contributed by Ken Sharp

John Kotter

Konosuke Matsushita Professor of Leadership, Emeritus

I always envied the premed students I went to college with that knew early what they wanted to do. I sure didn't. Linked-In data shows up to 80% of students change their major, often multiple times. The lack of direction persists, with reports indicating that 75% of college grads do not know which positions fit them, and 55% do not use their degree ten years after graduating.

So, I was excited to see John Kotter was teaching a second-year class on career development and self-assessment. It is the only class I have ever audited. As an emeritus professor myself, I am still impressed with how he used a variety of visual, physical and auditory tests and activities to explore a self-learning journey. I kept that binder of cases, exercises, tests and feedback for years. Thank you Professor Kotter.

With the wisdom of 43 years of work experience I can say - what you do at forty can't be predicted but will be based upon the skills, accomplishments and friends you make until then. When we were in HBS there weren't laptops, mobile phones, the internet, private equity, and most of us ended up in small to mid- sized businesses not Fortune 500. John went on to become an international expert of Change Management - and all of us went through downsizing, right sizing and change.

John Paul Kotter was born on February 25, 1947, in San Diego, California. After earning his bachelor's degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) in 1968, he went on to attend the MIT Sloan School of Management, graduating with a master of science degree in 1970. He earned a doctorate in business administration from Harvard University in 1972 and joined the faculty of Harvard Business School the same year. In 1980, at the age of thirty-three, he became one of the youngest HBS faculty members ever to be given tenure and a full professorship.

Kotter's best-known work, *Leading Change* (1996), was noted by *Time* magazine as "one of the top 25 most influential business management books" ever written. In it, Kotter describes the eight-step process that business organizations can use to increase productivity. The book emphasizes the concept of change, specifically the idea that businesses can alter strategies as they see fit and still succeed.

Memory provided by David Frost

Professor John Shank

Control

John Shank was one of our favorite HBS 1976 Section A professors. He taught our first-year class known as “Control” (finance and accounting), with an uncommon passion to a subject most students approached with reluctance. Where finance and accounting often felt dry or intimidating, he infused the subject with high energy, clarity, and a contagious enthusiasm that made the material come alive. His high-octane teaching style, especially his dynamic command of the case method, turned each class into an engaging, entertaining exploration of real-world decision making. Students didn’t just learn from him; they were swept up in the momentum of his curiosity and drive. In a discipline known for numbers and rules, he reminded everyone that learning could be vibrant, human, and deeply inspiring.

Section A Classmates remember John as personable and witty, as well as confident and direct, speaking candidly with conviction. We also remember him as a generous mentor, who invested time with students beyond his formal teaching role. He was passionate about engaging in stimulating debate and discussion.

After leaving HBS, John taught at Ohio State, then joined Amos Tuck (Dartmouth) School of Business in 1984, where he became the Noble Professor of Managerial Accounting and Management. His work emphasized the critical link between cost structures and business strategy, guiding senior managers to think more competitively and analytically. He was a prolific author of 16 books and more than 100 academic articles. His best-known book was *Strategic Cost Management: The New Tool for Competitive Advantage* (co-authored with our distinguished 1976 Section A Classmate Vijay Govindarajan, also a tenured professor at Amos Tuck.)

John Shank died unexpectedly with a heart attack in southern California at age 65 on March 30, 2006, shortly after retiring from Amos Tuck and even as he remained professionally active. He was survived by his wife and three sons.

Memory contributed by George Smith

Professor Benson P. Shapiro

Malcolm P. McNair Professor of Marketing, Emeritus

Without a doubt, my favorite professor at HBS was Ben Shapiro, who taught us sales management. I remember his mannerisms most. He would pace the front of the room while he set up the case. Then, looking directly into the eyes of someone in class, he then cold-called on someone ELSE to start the session. He would listen to the person's argument and then, slapping his face in disbelief, identify the weakness in the student's argument. One memorable moment: "Oh, Mr. Toplansky, so you think that the sales person in the field actually cares about what the management's strategic goals are? If you can't show them how THEY are going to make more money, they will completely ignore your brilliant strategic idea".

Memory contributed by Marshall Toplansky

Benson P. Shapiro is a well-known authority on marketing strategy and sales management with particular interests in pricing, product line planning, and marketing organization. He is also the Malcolm P. McNair Professor of Marketing Emeritus at the Harvard Business School.

He has served as a consultant to over 340 companies including startups, medium-size firms, and large international corporations. And, he has participated in well over 170 executive education programs outside of Harvard for corporations and associations. He taught a wide variety of MBA courses including Industrial Marketing, Sales Management, Creative Marketing Strategy, Integrated Product Line Management, and participated in many executive programs. Professor Shapiro has also held many administrative positions including Senior Associate Dean for Publications, Research Director, Head of the Required MBA Marketing Course, Chair of the First Year of the MBA Program, and Faculty Chair of Strategic Marketing Management for senior marketing executives. He is the author, co-author or editor of 14 books, and 19 Harvard Business Review articles including "Leveraging to Beat the Odds: The New Marketing Mind-Set," "What the Hell is 'Market Oriented'?", "Manage Customers for Profits, Not Just Sales" and "Staple Yourself to an Order." Professor Shapiro holds a BSE (Chemical Engineering) from the University of Michigan as well as MBA (with distinction) and DBA degrees from Harvard.

Professor Charles Wickham “Wick” Skinner
Production & Operations Management

We first met Wick Skinner in the winter of our first year at HBS, 1974. Likely in November, he spoke to our Class to reassure us that we could succeed at HBS. Why did we need reassurance? All 80 or so of us, piled into Aldrich in August and began the grueling three cases a day slog. HBS in its wisdom gave us no feedback or grades until mid-November as I recall. We knew fifty percent of our grade was based on class participation, but that factor wouldn't appear until the first midterm grades. As a result, no one was confident, especially me, and as various Classmate excelled in various areas, you always wondered where you might stand. Remember the screen!

Then, in comes the “Wick”, I think he introduced himself as uncle Wick, to reassure us that all was okay. I don't recall what he said but his humor and presence as he raced around in our amphitheater was calming as I remember it. (A wonderful antidote to my early melt down at Paul Vatter's midterm when I could not conjure up how to work conditional probabilities and began my exam with “I know this is bad” but here is what I think.)

In the second year, I took Wick's course on the Operating Manager. Again, the engaging quick-witted professor, was captivating and more importantly showed a deep interest in all of us. He had read up on all of us and would refer to our previous experience as we participated. He had a seating chart that he devised to help remember our names. I was in the first row because I had a last name that contained a first name. His mantra was always it's Sunday night you have a plant problem whether it was EPT, Equipment, Process or Technology, or people or something else...what was your plan. He had a way of making the academic world of HBS more realistic. When a case discussion started, he would roll up his sleeves, rub his hands like he was getting ready to dive in and grab an issue, adopt a countenance of urgency, and make the words jump off the page as if we were all in the situation together up to our ears. He was one of few teachers who had “real world” experience. He had worked on the Manhattan project fresh out of school. And he made “real world, real man” impression on us. Plus, he owned and drove his own farm tractor (real farm, not data farm). From former Dean of HBS, Nitin Nohria, “Wick Skinner was also one of the best teachers of the case method I ever saw”. For me he was the best.

And he was prepared. Forty years after graduation, Wayne Luke, Bob Zider and I paid him a visit in Maine. Low and behold he had 3 by 5 cards on all of us. He went into his study and brought them out. We were all floored.

I was fortunate to stay connected with Wick up until his passing in January 28, 2019 when he was 94 years young. Many chats, some at his fireside in Maine. While he had a huge career throughout the world of large corporations, governments and academia, he was always just the “wicker”, curious and helpful. He lived his life so well. Retired to Maine at age 60! Piloted his plane and sail boat, built his dream house with Alice on the shore of Georges River.

We all might do half as well.

Memory contributed by Gary Petersmeyer

Professor Charles M. Williams
George Gund Professor of Commercial Banking Emeritus.

Over his many years as Professor in Finance, Charlie instructed numerous HBS students, I was merely one of them. Most if not, all went on to successful careers in Banking and Finance. I would venture a guess that each one of them would give him credit for assisting them, for his advice and friendship did not end when his course was over. He unselfishly made himself available to all who would seek his wise council.

As our time at HBS was drawing near its end, as we all were engaged in the effort to settle on our next move, I sought out Charlie. It was my desire to return home to Atlanta, but opportunities as an HBS graduate were somewhat more limited than those in the Northeast. I had a number of offers in hand, but only one was in Atlanta, a commercial bank which was rumored to be in some distress from its aggressive real estate lending. I ask Charlie what he thought about this organization. His reply was "Yes, my spies in Atlanta have inquired about you and I have assured them that whatever challenges they face, Mr. Sharp would be up to the task. If I were you, I would take that job". I was floored by the width of his contacts and even more appreciative of his vote of confidence. I totally forgot to pursue with him his insights into the bank's financial condition. I took the job, only to find out after being there for a short period that the executive management had actually met in private to resolve one important question-"Should we or should we not call the Regulators and let them know how dire our circumstances are?"

As a new member of the organization and in light of their financial stress, surprisingly, I was given substantial responsibilities immediately upon my arrival which led to more opportunities and then more still. Over my 14 years with this firm, I had I had the opportunity to help rebuild our financial strength and of course benefited tremendously from equity returns. One can never know what would have happened if a different path was taken, but I do not regret in the least following Charlie's advice.

In the classroom, Professor Williams moved about with enthusiasm and energy as he drew out of his student the best they had to offer while imparting his knowledge on the subject matter. In a word, he was entertaining and who among his students can forget his colorful story of The Bow Wow Dog Food Company.

It was a pleasure taking his courses. One felt that he really cared about his students, not only while they were at HBS, but throughout their careers and most importantly their Life. I personally could not ask for a better experience than he afforded me.

Memory contributed by Ken Sharp

Tribute for Ms. Florence Glynn

Financial Assistance

Florence Glynn was the HBS staff member in charge of student financial aid. While not a faculty member, she was essentially the “heart” of HBS, a caring and representative member of the HBS family.

Ms. Glynn’s office was in a very humble setting in the windowless basement of Morgan Hall. She was informal and her door was always open – no appointment needed. She was gracious in all manner and always reflected the sincere and sometimes unexpected caring attitude that almost all members of our faculty held for students. She was my antidote to the militaristic and threatening image presented by one of our first-year professors who, during orientation, repeatedly slapped her long wooden pointer on the classroom table and demanded that we comply with all reading and classroom requirements. In contrast, Ms. Glynn was the kindest of persons and reminded me of a favorite aunt who loved to indulge me.

For me, Ms. Glynn made my decision to attend HBS relatively simple. Student loans were provided in ANY amount requested and without any red tape. This was important to me as my father was recently deceased and so unavailable to pay for my graduate studies. I had also recently turned down an acceptance offer from a well-known technology school down the river because it charged substantially more tuition than HBS and provided no financing assistance whatsoever, thus eliminating my interest in obtaining an MS degree there.

What I remember most about Ms. Glynn (when I finally found her office) was her unassuming manner in listening to my periodic pleas for cash to fund my unpredictable personal needs and her ubiquitous plea: “Are you sure you don’t need any more money, dear?”. Many Classmates referred to her as “Cash Flo.”

Ms. Glynn was always there for me and, I am sure, for my Classmates. After graduation, I had to pay down my loans according to Ms. Glynn’s strict repayment schedule which I did without complaint in honor of her.

With the hindsight of 50 years, Ms. Glynn is and will always be the unsung hero of the HBS Class of 1976

Memory contributed by William Golden



The Summer Day by Mary Oliver

**Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper, I mean-
The one who has flung herself out of the grass,
The one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
Who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down-
Who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
Into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
How to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
Which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
With your one wild and precious life?**

