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Y...is for the yuks Kenfield and Jobs gave us when they busted the exam in “The Age of Donne.” Thanks to Morty Meekle and Juan Valdez also. I don’t believe I have laughed as hard since, unless I am telling the story.

1. ..is for the alcohol we drank with reckless abandon, like the time Jobs fell onto his coconut in Welch Hall, setting a record for descent from one floor to the one below. Hobgood, did you drop him or just lose your grip?

L...is for the love life I couldn’t really have, since the women came after we left. Sigh.

E...is for the elephant ball sandwich I was never served in the dining hall. I pretty much ate everything else, since variety was certainly available thanks to the “feed ‘em til they pop” theory of Yale dining.

1. ..is for Billie Boy, Paul, and Scott, the best kind of roommates a hick from the hinterlands could ask for. It also stands for burp, which is what Stern could do better than anyone I have encountered since first hearing him from a quarter mile away.

U...is for Uniball (also called Otis), a result of one of nature’s cruel jokes. Thanks for reminding me of it a hundred times a day for four years. Really. My four kids look just like me.

L...is for Linonia and Brothers, the reading room with the best overstuffed chairs at Yale, good for dozing in lieu of study. It also stands for the Library where I worked in the Map Collection, honing skills that went nowhere.

L...is also for Linsley-Chittenden Hall, the theater for the Yale Film Society, a bargain for lonely, bored, and curious Yalies. You could take a few beers in there if you wanted, and the chatter was infectious. I miss it.

D...is for Davenport College, the site of my first bursary job, and Oscar Dill, my friend the dishwasher. It also stands for the Dining Hall at Berkeley, where it is rumored, zis beautiful French Woman (Fang) served our dining needs. Sheesh, what a face!

0...is for the occasional rides to Sleeping Giant Park, East Rock and West Rock, from which solitude could be extracted, at least if you could ride up that SOB of a hill to the Rock on your bike. It put me in the infirmary once, but it was worth it.

G...is for girls and gonorrhea, neither of which I ever encountered in four years, if you don’t count that witch from Albertus Magnus.

S...is for The Spot, the best damn pizza joint I ever ate in. I think all pizza pales in comparison. It was the crust, I think, and perhaps the olive oil.

1+9+6+9...equals 2$, the number of years spent away from the school that changed my life, and probably yours, in the late 1960s. I hope I was able to give something back to the school that gave me so much in four years. You just can’t explain the Yale Experience, but it is a large piece of all of us.