## MICHAEL H. BAUM

18716 Center Avenue, Homewood, IL 60430  
(708) 799-8408

I wonder how many of ’69’s English, history, or psych majors (as I recall, those were the Big Three) ever made careers in English, history, or psych? Not this English major—unless you count as “English” a lot of ad copy, sales proposals, business plans, feasibility studies, etc. I’ve been a stockboy, a buyer, a creative director, a strategic planner (whatever that is), and lately, God help us all, a consultant.

As Executive Vice President of the nation’s largest franchise consulting firm—big frog, small pool—I’ve traveled to clients in most states and several foreign lands, but never got closer to New Haven than the Big Apple. Somewhere in the process I managed to marry a very understanding woman (North Park College ’76) and help her produce three incomprehensible children. We seldom worry too much where they will go to college because by the time they are ready, tuitions will be so high that only one student in the whole nation will be able to go, since it will take the country’s entire Gross Domestic Product to pay the bill.

In June 1993 seven years of evening effort were rewarded with a Master of Management degree from Northwestern—their version of the MBA. No one outside of NU knows what an “MM” is, but I don’t think anyone knows what a Yale “MAT” is anymore either, and I got one of them, too, in 1970. Brother, can you spare a master’s?

So now, at age forty-six, I’m just about where I was at twenty-one— holding a shiny new degree, and wondering what I want to do when I grow up. My reminders of Yale include the only Latin diplomas in our office, a missing large intestine (my ultimate souvenir of the 1968 Glee Club Latin American tour), an unrepentant mistrust of coeducation, and a new videotaped French course purchased for my eleven-year-old daughter and based on the characters used in the Yale “Methode Orale de Franfais” that drummed the language into my head in the old language lab in 1965-66. Robert and Mireille have hit the small screen, and Mireille is, as we would have said in the twilight years just before the dawn of women’s lib and sensitivity, a “piece.” Plus fa change, plus (a reste le meme.