## DR. WALTER D. CANTAROW

3 5 Railroad Avenue, Norwood, MA 02062

I remember sitting in the second balcony of the Shubert Theatre watching 1 yy6 and being asked to move to the back of the orchestra because the crowd was so small. Geoffrey Anderson, my roommate and companion on these many trips to the theatre, predicted “This one is a loser” or some such prognostication. I remember bicycling from science hill to the medical school with a box lunch and eating during biochemistry classes. 1 remember the cartography course where the teacher taught us how to lie with maps and graphs and how others do. I also recall having one person stationed at the window in case the “Administration” dared to begin digging up the campus for the library extension and shouting “Grass not Glass,” a memorable chant, clearly an example of environmental awareness before its time. I remember late-night pizzas when cholesterol was something whose structure we memorized, not something we worried about, and playing pool and squash in the Saybrook basement. It seems so long ago.

Yale taught me how to think. Using this skill, I finished graduate school, got a Ph.D., invented a few things, helped make pregnancy and ovulation predictor tests, living human replacement skin, tests for smokers, and drugs which help your immunity. Along the way I married once, Mary, and had three kids, Joshua, Jeremy, and Madelyn, who span the ages from college to preschool.

I also saved three lives and took none and maintained my antiauthoritarian outlook even as our generation became the authorities. I could never understand how someone could work just for the money and the glory and make something that did not help others, and I am glad to read that many of my classmates have not followed that path. With the diversity of the people and the wealth of opportunities at Yale, I only regret not getting more from the experience.