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What a great idea! The editors of this book actually want to know some of my personal thoughts going into our twenty-fifth reunion year. Here goes:

I am absolutely amazed at how little I remember about the substantive content of the undergraduate courses I took at Yale. I was an economics major, but I’ll be damned if I can recall anything that I was taught in that field. While I have been a semifaithful member of our local Yale Club, I confess to say that I have only been back to New Haven a couple of times in the last twenty-five years and have not been very generous in donations (n.b.: I have excellent excuses and the best of intentions to improve my record in the future). In spite of all this, my Yale experience has contributed to a certain “quality of life” for which I am extremely grateful.

I spent the last twenty-five years first as a Naval officer and then later as a law student and practicing attorney. This may be an unpopular thing to say: I got a lot out of my three years of military service. I wish my son and daughter have the same opportunity. Once again, I suspect that my Yale experience allowed me to derive some positive benefits from those years.

After eighteen years or so as a practicing attorney with the same firm, I admit to occasional bouts with the “midlife crisis” and the occupational stress that everyone loves to write about today. Now, I don’t wish to imply that I am ready for a breakdown, joining a monastery, or anything like that. I basically like my career, I just wish I could earn the same compensation and maintain the same lifestyle working twenty hours a week. After all, life is supposed to get more enjoyable as we get older, right?

I have been married to the same woman for almost twenty years, and I think we have raised two pretty good kids. They’re both in their early teens, and have so far avoided legal and psychiatric problems. I am continually amazed that they require more and more of my time every year when they are supposed to become more self-supporting. Just goes to show you how naive I am about some of the everyday realities of life.

I am a little disappointed that I have had to cut back on some of my old hobbies (for example, playing the piano in local jazz bands, hunting, and fishing). I’m really looking forward to the days when I can wind down a bit and spend more time at some of these old, pleasant diversions. I am going to make a great retiree. I hope our government gives me some money to enjoy my later years.

All in all, looking back twenty-five years and ahead another twenty-five, I ’ll probably be considered a successful person by those who have to make such judgments. You won’t find me listed in the Forbes Four Hundred, but my desires are not that exotic either. I miss a lot of my Yale friendships. If any of you who read this remember me and feel likewise, let’s get back in touch and have some fun with the rest of our lives.