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After graduation I wen t off to Harvard to study more chemistry. Those years were not nearly as enjoyable or as fulfilling as my undergraduate experience at Yale, but I did get a Ph.D. I also discovered in myself a strong penchant and some talent for teaching undergraduate science, which I then pursued in faculty positions at Juniata and Haverford College.

In 1981, after a productive year of research leave, I decided I wanted a more research-intensive career and took a job with ICI Pharmaceuticals, which has now become Zeneca. I find that the academic and industrial research environments both have their satisfactions, disappointments, and compromises. Just as there was a scientist in me who was not completely fulfilled in teaching, there is now a teacher in me who is frustrated with his inactivity. And now and then there’s the occasional stray thought about becoming a therapist or a rabbi...

I married Judy in 1971, and some of you met her at our twentieth reunion. I am sorry to report our divorce in 1989. I now have our son Michael (bom 1981) with me half the time, and he is really the emotional centerpiece of my life at the moment. As I write this, I’m currently going through the first pains of seeing his life become really separate from mine, while he’s having a ball at his first summer away at camp.

My memories of Yale are still prominent in my thoughts. Despite the obvious internal diversity of the student body, it was a place where each of us could easily find a community of relatively like-minded and compatible people with whom to share our growth experiences. At the same time, that very diversity guaranteed that we were exposed to a wider variety of these experiences. The years of my life between ages seventeen and twenty-one had a special quality that cannot be repeated, and I feel that I probably could not have made better use of them than I did here.

I have a fondness for nostalgia, and particularly enjoy reunions of the people who share my positive memories. I even spent a good deal of my own time and energy organizing a reunion of some four hundred people from my childhood summer camp! (This may say more about me than all of the above.) Sometimes we realize too late that we should have worked harder to keep old, true friends. I have discovered that it may never be too late. I greatly enjoyed our twentieth, expect to enjoy our twenty-fifth, and certainly hope to be at more beyond that.