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For most of us it is exceedingly hard to believe that twenty-five years have elapsed since graduating from Yale. I have been remiss in communicating through the class notes, but wanted to wait until enough time had transpired to make an entry just the least bit interesting. This upcoming reunion seems to be an appropriate occasion for me to bring my classmates up-to-date on what has been going on in the McQuade family.

After leaving Yale College I entered and graduated from Yale Medical School and decided to enter the field of internal medicine. With mixed feelings of nostalgia for leaving New Haven and excitement about continuing my education elsewhere, I moved to the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where I completed my internship and residency in internal medicine and, subsequently, a cardiology fellowship. After much reflection, I decided in 1978 to leave the world of academia and enter private practice in rural North Carolina. Though I still very much miss the intellectual excitement of the university, these past fifteen years of practice in New Bern, North Carolina, have been rewarding beyond my wildest expectations. It has been most gratifying to have had the privilege and responsibility of caring for so many fine people in this area and to have known that in a very measurable way I have positively influenced their lives. This is what our days at Yale were preparing us for; and it is rewarding to see how all that studying, the formal and informal seminars, and my close associations with a great faculty and good friends have come to fruition.

Perhaps the best move that I made while at Yale Med was to marry a local girl, Diane Roche, from West Haven, who at that time was an emergency room nurse at Yale-New Haven Hospital. We have been blessed with a truly wonderful marriage, now about to celebrate our twenty-second anniversary. Diane and I have three daughters, ages thirteen, seventeen, and twenty. Our oldest is now a sophomore at the University of North Carolina. And, no, we did not encourage her to go there just to get basketball tickets.

Outside of medicine, I have nurtured several interests. These include a twelve-year love affair with black and white large-format photography. Also, I have satisfied a childhood ambition of becoming an amateur radio operator and enjoy conversing with others the world over. Finally, and as a holdover from my college years, I continue to maintain a driving interest in molecular biology and immunology—thanks to my association with Dr. Byron Waksman, whom many of you will remember as a fellow of Branford College.

The years at Yale are still freshly fixed in my memory. As time proceeds 1 realize more than ever how vital this experience was. Only at an institution such as this can one have an opportunity to be with individuals who have achieved the height of excellence in their various fields of study. Their intellectual zest and enthusiasm were infectious for me and engendered an enduring love of learning which I continue to nurture. This gift, along with the love of my wife and daughters, is truly the source of my happiness.