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In June of 1969, each of us, I suspect, harbored thoughts of fame and fortune. Little did I realize that on the Old Campus, a Life magazine photographer would capture some of the newest Yale alumni from Berkeley College at commencement. So in the June 20th issue of Life, there was a picture of me, standing with classmates Vinnie Pitts and Bob Shevlin, under the banner proclaiming “We Won’t Go!” Not even a month as an Old Blue and I was already “famous!”

As for the “fortune” part, that is still in process. Between a master’s degree in computer science and a doctorate in business (both from the “H” school in Massachusetts), I was lucky enough to meet and win the heart of a Fil- ipina named Susie Ramos. We have been blessed with both a son, Juan, Jr. (“Jingo”), who is a member of the Yale class of 1994, and a daughter, Kara, who will be graduating from high school in 1995. After calling Cambridge, Massachusetts and then Quezon City, Philippines “home, sweet home,” we finally settled in Sunnyvale, California, where we have lived for the last thirteen years.

Though my interests expanded while I was at Yale, I have remained a “technoid” at heart. The personal computer revolution could not have come too soon for me! I work in international marketing for a PC company, I have a PC at my desk, and I carry around a palmtop PC when I travel. I desktop publish a newsletter for the Filipino-American Association at my parish, I create PC-based slide presentations for professional society seminars I teach, and I even keep my checkbook on a PC. (Good thing Susie doesn’t trade me in for an upgrade!)

Even as the search for “fortune” continues, I have managed to “stop and smell the flowers once in a while.” In 1978 I completed my one and only marathon in four hours and thirty-two minutes. (The good news is that I finished; the bad news is that I was beaten out by a guy in a wheelchair!) Periodic business travel has allowed me to sample beaches from Bali to Brazil, to sip coffee in Sydney and in Switzerland.

For the past four years I have also been a Yale Alumni Schools Committee interviewer here in the Silicon Valley of California. It has been meaningful for many reasons. Applicants invariably show a lot of interest in Yale College. I personally enjoy talking about my alma mater. And, most importantly, I feel like I am helping to shape Yale for the next millennium.

Looking back after a quarter century, I still treasure those undergraduate years. As the last class at an all-male undergraduate Yale, we forced Mother Eli to come to terms with coeducation. We learned to think for ourselves and challenged the conventional wisdom. And we fostered lasting bonds with each other. It should be fun reminiscing about the near and distant past. And, as one of the younger (if not youngest) members of the class of’69, I will be looking forward to seeing many of my classmates at the fiftieth reunion in 2019!