## MALCOLM S. POND, M.D.

1480 Woodvale Lane, Riverside, CA 92506  
(909) 686-3600 (ofc.)

As I sit here at the keyboard awaiting inspiration to surge forth, I realize the impossibility of putting into print my ambivalent feelings about Yale. On the one hand, I remember myself as a wide-eyed young man awed by the mystique and tradition of the place as we arrived in 1965. On the other hand, 1 recall the sense of frustration and disappointment those last days in June 1969, as I set forth on my career track so little prepared for the coming years. In fact, my real preparation for life did not begin until much later, perhaps after completion of my medical training, when I faced my secret demons and accepted who 1 am and where I am going. Did I enjoy my few years at Yale? You bet. Do I remember it fondly? Well, let’s say that it is not that high on the list of the Top Ten Things That Shape Your Life.

Enough of this banter. And now for the obligatory autobiographical

sketch.

After I graduated from Yale I split up with my Turkish girlfriend, sold the Corvette, and trashed around Europe for the summer, eventually running out of cash and facing up to the impending grind of medical school. I went through Johns Hopkins and appended an M.D. to my name by 1973. I liked the crabs and oysters too much to leave Baltimore and stayed put for the next few years at the Hopkins, where I went through the medical residency program and cardiology fellowship. I killed a few dogs in the name of medical research, wrote a few papers and abstracts, and realized that academic medicine was not my cup of tea.

I met my cup of tea and married Charis in 1977, packed up the secondhand furniture, dogs, books, and wall ornaments, and headed southwest to California, the promised land of private enterprise and alternative medicine, far from the tradition-laden megahospital establishment.

The practice has matured; I now have a partner, a lot of employees, a lot of bills, and a lot of fun. I love what I am doing, i.e., clinical cardiology including interventional procedures. My handwriting has deteriorated to the point of illegibility, but I guess that goes with the territory.

Our daughter Lauren came along in 1986, then more dogs, more cats, a few horses, fish and birds, a new house, more cars, and a couple of airplanes, the trappings of suburbia. I think I have kept my sanity in all this, but when time permits, I take off for the desert and fly my sailplane as high and far as I can. Beats mowing the lawn.

So here I am, comfortably middle-aged (man, that sounds bad!) and getting serious about those things middle-aged people get serious about...money, retirement planning, hair loss, memory loss, weight gain, and avoiding the Big One. Yale seems every bit of twenty-five years ago, but it sure would be nice to hear from Larry, Pete, John, Duke, and the others from Davenport College. You know, I think I still have some of those notebooks and test papers stuck away in the attic. Good grief, we looked like stiffs back in those days!