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Thank you for asking for no curriculum vitae. I’ve procrastinated sending this in until the last minute, in part because of the unpleasantness of thinking about having graduated so long ago. A couple of years ago I went to a post-Har- vard game reunion with some classmates at a New Haven restaurant. I arrived late and, while looking for our table, spotted a large group of people in another room. For a moment I wondered who this rowdy collection of middle-aged men was. As I got closer, I realized the ugly truth: it was us.

After Yale I went to medical school in New York and became a psychiatrist. I married Linda D’Eugenio in 1978, and we have two wonderful kids, Stephen (ten) and Liza (three). After twenty-odd years in New York and its suburbs, we got tired of the pace and values of metropolitan life and moved to Hanover, New Hampshire, three years ago; I work at Dartmouth Medical School. We love it up here. Linda, who grew up in New Haven, says Hanover reminds her of New Haven when she was a child. Indeed, Hanover is much more like New Haven in the sixties (a reasonably safe place to go out for a hamburger after the library closes at midnight, etc.,) than New Haven today. Maybe that’s part of why I like it here: seeing the college kids around town; reading the student newspaper every day (for much the same reason now as then—Garry Trudeau); marking the passage of time by semester. Perhaps it all reminds me, unconsciously, of our days at Yale, but without the anxieties of adolescence and of Vietnam.

While some of our college memories are certainly indelible, we’ve been out long enough now that some memories of our time at Yale are beginning to fade, to be replaced, almost imperceptibly, by myths we have created about ourselves and our Yale experience. While the myths are undoubtedly better than the reality was, I find it sad that I simply can’t remember what it was like, day in and day out, to go to Yale. Much of it is gone, perhaps forever. I hope this class book will bring some of it back.