## JONATHAN STERN

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Married to Sydney Ladensohn on August 31, 1969, author and local newspaper columnist. Children: Christopher Kenneth (Corky) born February 19, 1975, and Toby James bom June 14, 1979. Dogs: Bo (forty-five-pound mutt) and Donna (six-pound miniature longhaired dachshund). Paine Webber, Inc., New York. Board of Trustees: YM-YWHA of Mid-Westchester; Westchester American Jewish Committee; Congregation Emanu-el of Westchester.

One of my most vivid memories of Yale is the dread anticipation, fear, and uncertainty I felt as I walked under Phelps Tower and onto the Old Campus back in September 1965. Those feelings quickly evaporated as I came to know Yale and love it throughout the next four years—four of the most wonderful years of my life.

In the twenty-five years since I left Yale I have been blessed with tremendous luck and good fortune. How can I otherwise explain that a blind date in March 1968, who repeatedly endured a crazed bunch of‘hounies, would turn out to be the greatest wife/friend/companion any man could ask for? We have two wonderful sons, one of whom is enrolled at Yale, class of 1997.

After leaving Harvard Business School in 1971, I ventured to Wall Street where I achieved moderate success amid the manic ups and downs that came with the market. I still enjoy coming to work every day to see what the market has in store for us.

I have found great pleasure and satisfaction in coaching my two sons (and any other age groups that would have me) in any sport in which they participated. Coaching has afforded me the opportunity to watch many youngsters grow and develop, although it feels strange to hear high school seniors call me Coach.

I continue to love sports in all forms, as both spectator and participant, especially platform tennis (the non-skier’s winter love), softball, and golf (where I believe I am finally learning how to play the game rather than commit it!).

Music also continues to be an important part of my life, both as a listener and in trying to learn jazz piano (thank you, Steve Gritton, for all those countless hours in Durfee basement and in Calhoun).

I have also found time to raise some dough for Yale and to do charitable work for a few organizations in the area.

Disappointments? Sure, lots of them. Why haven’t I done more with my life? I also wish I had continued many of the friendships I began at Yale and subsequently let lapse. No place like a major college reunion to rekindle them.

I have particularly enjoyed my wife’s professional success. Four years ago she wrote a book about the toy business that was a featured Book of the Month Club alternate. The high point of her promotional activities was her appearance on a talk show in which she shared the spotlight with a hairdresser who specialized in astrology. She currently writes a column for the local newspaper that won her a first place award from the New York Press Association for creative nonfiction. She deserves all this and more since she has spent so much effort putting up with me for twenty-five years.

As the last class of the sixties, we were in the unique position to witness the cataclysmic social changes in our society. It is too bad many of us were too young or naive to comprehend their importance. Even so, the four years of college can be said to be the most unique in anyone’s life. Here’s to a great twenty-fifth reunion where we can bring fond memories to life once again. Some of us have a lot of catching up to do.