

-- This memory recycles a small portion of Dave's page in our 50th book, but it is terrific and worth hearing again:

My connection with YLS really began with my admission to Yale College, class of 1965. I didn't get in, at least at first. When I told the Assistant Principal at the public high school I attended, he was more surprised than I was, and more angry than surprised when I told him of Yale's history of maintaining the number of Jews in each entering freshman class at 10% of the class size.

Unbeknownst to me, he visited the Yale College admissions office, and afterward told me that he had said matter-of-factly that no one from my high school would apply to Yale henceforth.

Shortly after his visit, I received an offer of admission.