

My brother, Carl, who is three years younger, and I grew up on a farm in north-east Pennsylvania. We hiked and camped on the Appalachian Trail which was nearby.

When I graduated from Lehigh High School, the draft was still in effect, so I decided to enlist in the Air Force. I took my physical at Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia, then went by train to Lackland Air Force Base (AFB) in Texas for basic training, then by train to heavy equipment operator school at the Corps of Engineers Base in Fort Warren, Wyoming. After graduating, we went by train to Hamilton AFB on the San Francisco Bay, where we waited for our troop ship, which took us across the Pacific to Guam, which was the rear base for the B-29 group to which I was assigned. About a week later, I flew to my primary duty station, Kadena AFB on Okinawa.

Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalists were fighting the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) in China. U.S. General Stilwell was advising Chiang. Also, North Korea was making occasional incursions into South Korea, where U.S. troops were stationed.

When the next electronics class began at Keio University in Yokohama, I flew there to attend. I could see Mount Fuji from my dormitory. While in Japan, I visited my cousin, who was one of McArthur's chauffeurs, in Tokyo.

After graduating, I went by train to Japan's former military academy on the coast. Our troop ship left on a moon-lit night on a calm sea and arrived at Okinawa the next morning.

I had taken the exam for West Point Prep School. Five of us from the Far East qualified. We met on Okinawa and travelled together on a military air transport service (MATS) plane— island hopping back to the states. However, halfway from Kwajalein to Johnston Island, on a clear moon-lit night, two engines stopped and we began losing altitude. We radioed Johnston for an Air-sea rescue plane, which carries a life boat underneath which would be dropped by parachute if we had to ditch. We were able to stop the sinking by pushing baggage out the door. The rescue plane was able to find us because we kept our radio transmitter turned on so that their radio compass would point in our direction, and both our planes had their landing lights turned on.

We continued to Hawaii and Travis AFB north of San Francisco, and across the U.S. to Prep School at Stewart AFB, near Newburg on the Hudson River. After graduation, I picked up my discharge certificate, on 20 June 1950, and began my drive home to Andreas, PA, on a sunny, warm spring morning.

I went to Penn State University and majored in mathematics and physics and went to MIT graduate school. I worked at MIT's Lincoln Laboratory on the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) and co-wrote the final report to the Department of Defense. BMEWS would transmit a warning of a Russian ballistic missile attack to the Command Center deep inside Cheyenne Mountain, which would transmit the warning to all air force bases in Canada and the U.S.

Sudbury was a farming community when we built our house on Barton Drive. The only town building on Fairbank Rd was Fairbank School for grades one through eight. Graduates went to Lincoln Sudbury Regional High School. I and three other MIT people were on the five-member Planning Board.

Now on Fairbank Rd, we have a two-story building housing the Sudbury Senior Center, Atkinson Pool, the Park and Rec offices, and the Sudbury Public School offices. I would describe the new Sudbury Senior Center building as "fascinating," with its arched entrances and automated bathrooms. One of my favorite features is the fireplace in the Lounge, donated by the Friends of Sudbury Seniors. I find it relaxing to frequent the Senior Center and everyone seems to know my name here!