

1944

The author attended Newark Academy in September 1939, the start of WWII, and he graduated from Newark Academy in June 1944, the start of the invasion of Europe. These were five years of international tumult of a scale unknown to mankind, and were amply chronicled in newspapers, magazines, and newsreels. Besides college preparatory courses, the author participated in varsity football, basketball, and elsewhere in baseball and tennis and swimming activities. He was a member of the student council, and by the time he was a Freshman at Newark Academy, he had earned the Eagle Scout Badge with Bronze Palm (having had the advantage of having gone to a scout-oriented summer camp since he was seven years old).



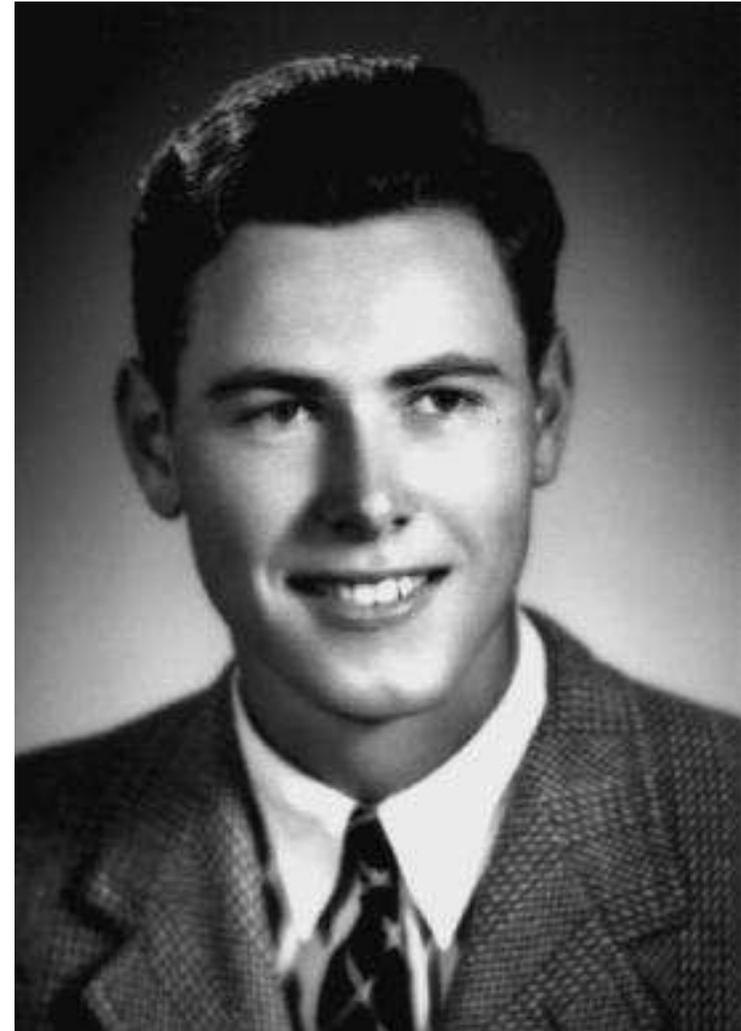
1945

Just out of boot camp and still “wet behind the ears”. And just ahead would be the Receiving Station at Newport, RI, where I, the author, was assigned to the Quartermaster (Navigation) Division of the U.S.S. Antietam, nearing completion at the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard. The prospect of being on the bridge of a large carrier was exciting, and for about a month’s duration, I did stand watch there and spent some time at the helm (steering such a ship was definitely a memorable experience, and with nary a blush, “I did so without a hitch”). So, how explain the subsequent transfer to the flight deck? “Pick a number”. (I’ve made every effort to be as honest and precise as possible, about both the events and my thoughts throughout this book).



1946

The author in the 1946 Yale Freshman Yearbook, two years after my enlistment in the U.S. Navy (from fledgling to “old salt” in two short years. Wiser, if not smarter.) This somewhat melancholy picture captures well my state of mind upon returning home to learn the fate that was to be mine, so well described in the song “What Now My Love?” That which was feared the most had happened. It took two years to find it out, and then a new journey was mandated. Foolish now, but devastating then. The war, having been over since August 1945, had completely subsided in the consciousness of the civilian population by the time I returned home in May 1946. The attitude I received was “Well where have you been?” as if I had been playing hooky. This was a very difficult time and I can only apologize to one and all for my constantly somber mood then, then when my only recourse should have been found in the WWI song “Smile”. But I was derelict in my conduct, shamefully so. I can only say, “I’m sorry”.



1996

Newark Academy, 1939-1944

U.S. Navy—U.S.S. Antietam, 1944-1946

Yale University, 1946-1950
(B.S. Business Administration)

New York City banks, 1950-1952

Electronics companies, 1952-1959

Fairleigh Dickinson Un., 1959-1961
(B.S. Electrical Engineering)

Western Electric Co., 1961-1962
(Bell Labs)

Vitro Labs, 1962-1964
(Management Engineering)

Navy Department, 1964-1991
(Management Engineering)

Retired, 1991 (1st book incorrectly stated
“1989” instead of “1991”).

