

PHI SIGMA DELTA NEWSLETTER

JAN 2025 VOL, XXXII NO, I

FROM THE PRESIDENT:

Welcome to 2025. I wish you all and your families happiness and good health for the New Year. This will be another great year for PSD Alumni with a new website and a destination reunion in the works. A special thank you to all of the Brothers who have contributed to the Website Fund. We are more than half way to our goal of \$2500 and expect to be fully funded by the the launch of the new, secure (https), user friendly Website with its expanded features. Remember to send Stan your annual dues of \$10 and consider adding a few bucks designated for the Website Fund."

FROM THE TREASURER:

Brothers, 2024 was another great year for our Association. Our reunion at UMass was a great success. We toured several newer buildings, had some great food, awarded scholarships at our business meeting (now totaling 90 awarded), had some laughs, recounted some stories and enjoyed a wonderful time. President Ralph had declared 2024 the year of the Master Frater and most of the Masters sent me their comments which I compiled and sent to each of you. The reunion team has been working diligently on the 2025 reunion, details are listed below. The web site team has also been working hard and the new site will be on line very shortly. Thank you for all your support making this happen.
Stan

REUNION 2025:

The dates are September 12-14 (with early arrival possible on the 11th). **The Hotel is the Courtyard by Marriott (116 Courtyard Dr. Call the Marriott direct at 607-432-200 and reference our code PSDS for the group discounted rate. Cancellations may be made up one day before if an emergency comes up so make your reservations today. Our special rate is \$239/night/room with a 2 night minimum.** We can come on the 11th for the same rate or stay an extra day if we want on the 14th. They have a meeting room (for \$200 rental for all day and will set it up for our meeting). Breakfast is available right next door to the meeting room, so brothers would get their breakfast and bring it into the meeting room. Brothers and wives can tour the Hall of Fame Saturday PM at their leisure; a city bus stops at the hotel (Tom will get the schedule) and take us to a free train/shuttle stop which takes us directly into Cooperstown and the Hall of Fame. We will need to pay cash for both the bus and the train (minimal fees). We tour on our own and leave whenever we want to tour the town and/or go back to the hotel. We can use our meeting room for late Saturday hospitality OR, better yet, the hotel has a bar/restaurant which is open all day until 10PM at night, which we can use for schmoozing after the Hall or on Friday afternoon when we arrive. We can also set up a bar on our own (like we did at UMass) for late night schmoozing in one of our suites (we can get a couple connecting rooms). Marty is getting the two restaurants lined up for our two dinners in private rooms and will have this information shortly. Also, for the first time bring the Grandkids. The Baseball Hall of Fame is such an iconic venue every kid should visit. The hotel also has an indoor pool which should keep them busy while we have our business meeting. Albany is the best airport, although I'm driving from NYC and if 1-3 brothers fly into NYC, I can drive them with

me to Oneonta. I think Ralph may do that.
Gerry Goldhaber

I WANTED TO GET BACK TO HIGHLIGHTING VARIOUS BROTHERS IN THE NEWSLETTERS. WHEN KEN BODZIOCH ATTENDED THE LAST REUNION AFTER BEING AWAY FOR SEVERAL DECADES, I THOUGHT HE WOULD BE THE NATURAL CHOICE. KEN's STORY IS BELOW.

The Effect of Winning the First Vietnam Era Draft Lottery on My Life by Kenneth J. Bodzioch,
Class of 1970

The First Vietnam War Era Draft Lottery (the first since WWII in 1942) was held on December 1, 1969, broadcast live from Selective Service System Headquarters in Washington, D.C. I missed the very beginning; they had just drawn #11, and it wasn't my birth date. Several more numbers were drawn, and none were me. I was a Senior but had enough credits to graduate at the end of my Junior year. I was engaged to be married on July 19, 1970, to Joanne, the girl I had pinned the prior year. I was planning to pursue a PhD: I saw myself as a future Professor at a small school in Bumsquat, Idaho, or someplace similar. They pulled #200, and it wasn't me; #300 wasn't me. When I wasn't #365, I remembered that I was born in a leap year (1948) that had 366 days. Surely, I was the luckiest human on the planet! But WAIT! #366 wasn't me either! Then, the TV showed a taped replay of General Lewis Blaine Hershey, Director of the Selective Service System, reaching into a glass barrel of blue capsules, pulling one out, and reading the birth date: September 14 – MY BIRTH DATE! I had been picked #1; I had 'won' the lottery! In an instant, the course of my life had been changed. Because student deferments had ended, I wouldn't be able to complete my Senior year (they would most likely draft me before finishing coffee on the first morning.) No graduate school, no Professorship at Bumsquat College. After days of panic, I began to figure out what to do next.

First, I wanted to finish my Senior research project, so I needed to stay for the second semester. I visited Army, Navy, and Air Force recruiters: the Army offered a Direct Commission and assignment to a Hospital in Vietnam as a Health Physicist; the Navy offered school for a PhD in Physics with a 19 year obligation as a Nuclear Reactor Engineer; the Air Force gave me two Aptitude Tests – Navigator, and Pilot. I got a perfect score on the Navigator's Test and 15/100 on the Pilot Test (I had never been in an airplane, much less flown one). But, I had perfect eyesight, so... I signed up for a delayed enlistment program, and got to finish my Senior year. Joanne and I scrambled, found a Church which was available on May 31 (the day after I graduated, also Memorial Day), and managed to reschedule and re-book our reception, hurry gowns and flowers, a cake and many other things. We were lucky to recover as much as we did.

Reporting on July 7, 1970, I attended "90-day Wonder School" in San Antonio, Texas, was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the US Air Force and went to Pilot Training in Del Rio, Texas. When I couldn't avoid my tendency to vomit while flying, I got out of Pilot Training. The Air Force was upset. They sent me before a board, chaired by a General Officer who asked why he shouldn't assign me to count pillowcases in Minot, North Dakota. I gave him ten reasons; he gave me an office, a phone, and 30 days to find something to do. Amazingly, I found a 53-week School for Comms Officers in Biloxi, Mississippi, and the General agreed to assign me there. With a BS/Physics, I breezed through the coursework, graduating as the Distinguished Honor Graduate. I got orders for a RADAR Site in Mount Hebo, Oregon.

Joanne was pregnant, and flew back to Massachusetts to visit her parents. Being alone, I was shooting pool and eating a bucket of shrimp at the Officers' Club at Keesler AFB. An older fellow, also alone, walked in and I invited him to join me. He asked where I was from, and what I did. During the conversation, he asked if I was excited by my first job; I answered honestly that I thought it might be boring. He asked if I would like to work with computers in a communications network. I said I had enjoyed using FORTRAN in a research project I did during my Senior year in college. He told me that he was the Commander of the 1st Aerospace Comms Group at HQ, Strategic Air Command, in Omaha, Nebraska. He asked if I would like to work for him! I reminded him that I had orders; he said that he'd have my orders changed. He also wanted me to take a three-month long IBM 360 Basic Assembly Language Programming Course that started soon. WOW!

I soon got orders to attend the IBM 360 course, canceling my orders for Mount Hebo. I discovered that there were 3 IBM 360 Systems, 3 instructors, and me – I was the only student! I took advantage of the unbelievable access to the finest mainframe computer systems in the world, and spent all my spare time practicing my newly learned programming skills. After our first child was born, we moved to Omaha, and I began my new job. I loved every minute of it! I helped to build SATIN – the Strategic Air Command's Total Information Network, precursor of ARPANET, which became today's Internet!

Joanne and I had our second child while in Omaha. When the Air Force decided that it was time for me to have a remote tour, I got out of the Air Force (I had spent 4½ years, fulfilling all my obligations and left active duty as a Captain). My closest friend in Omaha had trained on an "Education with Industry" program at RCA Comms Systems Division, in Camden, New Jersey. I interviewed for a job as an engineer at RCA, working for the exact same guy my friend had worked for during his assignment! My on-site job interview at RCA was hilarious. I met my prospective boss (and his boss) in a bar for a beer and a sandwich. Due to the deeply shared info by our mutual contact, RCA knew more about me, and I knew more about RCA than probably should be legal. What was left to ask? The only real question was "when can you start?"

During my career, I saw a long litany of change: RCA was bought by GE, who sold the Aerospace and Defense business to Martin Marietta, which later merged with Lockheed to form Lockheed-Martin, who divested 10 Divisions (including mine) to form L3 Communications. I kept my academic life alive, taking Graduate courses at the University of S. Mississippi, the University of Nebraska, and I got an MSE/Systems Engineering from the University of Pennsylvania. I progressed from Engineer to Senior Engineer, to Unit Manager, to Manager, to Skill Center Manager, to Program Manager, to Director of Engineering, to Vice President and Chief Engineer! Along the way, I helped build the Communications Network and the Steering and Diving System for the Seawolf Nuclear Attack Submarine (SSN-21); NASA Astronaut Extra Vehicular Activity Manpack Radio; all communications for the International Space Station; the survivable Ground Wave Emergency Network (the US "doomsday" network) and the Department of Defense-wide Secure Telephone Equipment. After 32½ years, I retired from L3 Communications at age 58. Joanne and I celebrated our 54th Wedding

Anniversary this year. We live on a lake in Medford, New Jersey and have a vacation home at the shore in Ocean City, New Jersey. (Curiously, people in Massachusetts either go to the beach or to the ocean, but people in New Jersey go to the shore.) We have four children: two daughters and two sons and ten grandchildren, from 26 years to 15 months old.

Clearly, I stumbled into many of these chance decisions that some would characterize as "dumb luck." To this day, I am amazed at how General Hershey changed the trajectory of my life by pulling my birth date out of that glass barrel. Who could have predicted the chain of events that would set in motion? And yet, here I am, and I wouldn't change a thing!

For no particularly good reason, I decided to attend my first Phi Sigma Delta reunion this year. It was a long drive from New Jersey to Amherst, but well worth it! Seeing Brothers that I had known and meeting Brothers before and after me brought back old feelings, and I had a wonderful time! Stan said that I was "legendary" as the "guy who won the Draft Lottery," and some had wondered what became of me. Stan asked me to write a bio for the next newsletter, and here it is. Hope you enjoy it, and consider attending the next reunion, even if it's your first!

Any questions about the reunion and/or funds for the web site, scholarships or BARF may be sent to Treasurer Stan Kittredge 399 Old Farm Rd Franklin. MA 02038 508-528-1107

I hope 2025 is off to a great start for all of you.

Best regards, Stan