

ELUSIAN FIELDS

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The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

Volume VII, Issue 2

How We Met: Turmoil in the Tower

Aldis lights flashed green, then red, as the two young WAVE air traffic controllers concentrated on their job. Forty student pilots were practicing night approaches, twenty of them performing touch-and-go maneuvers, while the other twenty cadets circled at 1000 feet elevation. With no radio contact, the students were utterly dependent on signals from the tower.

The crackling static of the tower communications system broke the tension. "Norman Tower, this is Navy 34588. Flight of two. Ten East request landing instructions." The voice had the quiet assurance of an experienced pilot.

"That flight's early!" Nancy, one of the WAVES, exclaimed.

"Navy 588, this is Norman Tower. You are cleared to enter the traffic pattern at 5000. Hold at 5000. Hold at 5000 until all night trainers are in. Maintain separate altitudes. Maintain 1000 feet separation. "But we're on an important mission. We've been to Kansas City to buy booze for our mechanics. They're expecting us."

This is when the fun began. It seemed those two pilots tried every trick to give the WAVES a bad time. They asked for special permission to land, to no avail. Then, more than one time when the controllers were very occupied with the

trainers, they looked up to see that 587 and 588 were flying formation – in the traffic pattern! This was strictly against regulations. Now it was time to take charge. The authoritative tones of the lead air traffic controller contrasted sharply with her bouncy brunette curls and pretty face. "Navy 588, the regulations of this field require all entering traffic maintain separate altitudes. I suggest you familiarize yourself with these regs, and in the meantime, obey instructions from this tower."

Her partner looked at her in shock. "You're talking to officers!"

"This is my tower!"

The confident voice of the first pilot came on. "Ma'am, I think we can land between those students when they shift positions. You know, when the 20 who are doing touch-and-go's trade places with the guys circling at 1000 feet?"

"Sorry, sir," she replied. "The first order stands."

Finally, the WAVES were able to give permission for the flight of two to land. It had been a long evening, and they were both ready for a shower and their beds. As they were finalizing paper work and

gathering their belongings, there was a metallic stomping on the cast-iron spiral stairs leading up to the tower. Pat and her companion stared at each other. "What now?" Pat murmured.

There on the landing, crowding the tower with his height and broad shoulders, stood the handsomest Marine that Pat could ever imagine. He grinned at her and said, "I knew you'd be pretty."



Pat and Lyle Miller

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The Essence of the Stonebergs

Bill and Nancy got out a photo album to help trace their history. There was the picture of the farmhouse, built in 1850 in Naperville, Illinois, where Nancy grew up with one brother and an extended family. They had horses to ride and a pond which froze over for ice skating in the winter. Bill was from LaGrange, Illinois, with one brother and one sister. He got interested in golf at an early age and played whenever he could. Jobs as caddy and maintenance assistant at a golf course kept him close to his favorite game; there was also tennis and an interest in cars and girls.

Nancy and Bill both attended the University of Illinois, although for only one year at the same time. Bill's college career was interrupted by service in Navy Air. He had extensive training through the V5 program and practiced landing on improvised carriers on Lake Michigan, but the Navy couldn't ever get ahead in the building of carriers to accommodate all the flyers, so Bill says his career was spent mostly waiting in California for a ship that never arrived. The Stonebergs knew each other slightly during the time they were both students, but each one was pinned to someone else, so it wasn't until later that they really got to know each other.

After he was released from the Navy, Bill finished his education with the G.I. bill at Illinois and then used it further for a year at the University of Geneva in Switzerland. It was after that time that he returned to Chicago, prepared to settle down with a job. Nancy, in the meantime, had completed a secretarial course at Katharine Gibbs School and had a dream job working in the Chicago advertising department of *Time Magazine*. Bill and Nancy met again during her lunch break. Bill was so intrigued that he skipped his own lunch in order to continue the conversation. They were engaged the following April and married in September, 1950, in the garden of the same 100-year old farmhouse in which Nancy had grown up.

Bill's career was mostly spent in advertising, first in large agencies and then in one of his own,



Nancy and Bill Stoneberg

which he established with a partner in 1968. He stayed there until he retired in 1982, at which time they moved to Sanibel, Florida. Bill had a second career there in real estate, which dovetailed with his enthusiasm for golf, tennis, and beach combing. Nancy was a stay-at-home mother to their three sons, was in the usual school-related activities, and was a den mother for a Cub Scout troop. Later, she did much volunteer work, the most challenging of which led to the establishment of the Naperville Heritage Society and Naper Settlement, a re-creation of a 19th century village.

There was a picture in the album of Nancy and two of their sons while they were taking figure skating lessons. Bill created a rink in their backyard in Naperville during the coldest winter months, where they practiced their figure skating and the boys had ice hockey games.

While they were in Florida, they realized that they had sixty-six relatives, including two sons and a brother, in California, and it seemed logical to shift their location to the West. Since arriving here in May of 1998, Nancy has served a term on the dining services committee and devotes time to working in the library. Bill is editor emeritus of the Elysian Fields and is now serving on the finance committee. The residents of Paradise Valley Estates are fortunate that the Stonebergs chose to move to this place.

—by Joan Teague

February: Short on Days, Long on Celebrations

February is traditionally the month with a Napoleonic complex. Shortness is compensated by frenzied activity, as the calendar lists holidays, birthdays of the famous, folkloric commemorations, and other reminders of important events.

How these holidays were established leads inevitably to speculation. What was the determining factor for inclusion in the star-studded month of 28, and this year, 29 days? Here, then, scenes from creative non-fiction:

Leading off is an exclusively American holiday – Groundhog Day. Legend has it that if the groundhog emerges and sees its shadow, it will retreat into its hibernating hole, and winter will drag on for an additional six weeks. However, this can only occur in the state of Pennsylvania, where the Official Groundhog resides. Bogus groundhogs are frowned upon.

Piscatawny, PA: A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce:

“All right, fellows, think. New York has its skyscrapers; Miami, its palm trees; California, its oranges; and Aspen, its snow. Surely Piscatawny can come up with an icon that will make it a desirable tourist destination.”

“How ’bout an animal? Maybe a little forest dweller, or an endangered species.”

“Hmmm...has possibilities. Any suggestions?”

“How about a groundhog? They’re ugly, and there are a lot of them.”

“Can you see a groundhog on a license plate? Think outside the box, man.”

“Would outside the hole do? We could predict the weather by when the groundhogs emerge, maybe even get on the weather channel.”

“Brilliant! Next order of business.”

February 14, Valentine’s Day, and the mall runs red with attractive offerings. Lacy crimson lingerie, scarlet candles, carmine body lotions, and scores of

bright red hearts crowd display windows. Is there ever a store window devoted to the saintly bishop who allegedly started the whole thing?

Rome, 4th century. Bishop Valentine is talking to his agent:

“How do you like my idea, sending passionate letters all over the city to deserving lovers?”

“Well, Val, I must admit I have some reservations. What about your image? The whole piety gig? How would that play in Padua?”

“Diversity, son, multiple personalities! Trust me, those letters will be in demand. We can pretty them up with lace and velvet. Red’s always a good steamy color.”

“Val, you’re a retailer’s dream. Let’s do it!”

Honoring U.S. presidents on their birthdays has long been an American tradition. Although most of our presidents seem to have been born in March, the national holiday in February is known as

“Presidents’ Day”, intended to lump them all in one generic day.

Washington, D.C. 1971. President Nixon’s office:

“Let’s get down to this February business. Lincoln’s birthday is on the 12th. That always seems to be a Tuesday or Wednesday. And where can you go midweek? You’re stuck..”

“Now, George Washington is another matter. He’s sort of solemn and spiritual, a Sunday kind of guy. Why not combine their birthdays into one day – say a Monday. That way everybody gets a long weekend!”

“Good idea. But let’s make it a Monday when the powder’s good at Vail or Vermont.

And the cut-rate, three day, quick cruise to Cozumel is in effect.”

“Got it! Let’s make it the third Monday in February and call it Presidents’ Day. The media will go crazy trying to decide where to put the apostrophe.”

“Works for me.”

—by Liz Wildberger



How They Met

PVE Residents Share Romantic Memories

Source: *The Valiant, PVE's Yearbook/Directory*

Blind Dates

The St. Louises: On a blind date, Phyllis' false eyelash fell into her coffee cup, but Howard was already smitten.

The Winburns: Pat thought Tom would have to be "pretty old to be a major" but accepted a blind date and found a heroic, decorated 24-year old AF fighter pilot.

The Mayers: Reva was doing her part for the war effort as a secretary at Ft. Eustis when she accepted a blind date with Jean, a pilot and aeronautical engineer, and fell in love.

The Jarvis: Cryptologist Pat met submariner Ben on a blind date in Honolulu, and immediately broke the love code.

The Kellys: During Joan's Christmas vacation from college, she accepted a blind date with Duncan and became the "sweetheart of Theta Xi."

The Shaptons: Unadel was a nursing student in Sacramento when she met Air Force navigator Les on a blind date.

The Montaynes: A professor at Kansas State University, Joan met Fred, stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas, on a blind date.

The Kopeckys: It took a year after an initial blind date for Cupid to locate Paul and Betty at the University of Iowa and bring them together.

The Williamses: A blind date for a tennis game was the setting for Barbara, a legal secretary and Jim, a newly commissioned Naval officer to find each other romantically.

Hallelujah!

The Kneibels: Phil and Gloria met in church, enjoyed great support, fell in love, and became a happy compound family.

The O'Tooles: Ruthe, daughter of a Ziegfeld Follies producer, met Jack, an earnest education major, at church.

Medical Meetings

The Heilmans: Southern belle turned Army nurse, Billie met patient Bruce, and three dates later, they married.

The Castos: Myrtle, a Navy nurse, took care of Lynn in a military hospital in Corona, CA.

The Prestons: Helen was a medical specialist at Letterman Hospital in San Francisco when she met patient Bill. She had to resign her commission, but marriage to Bill was worth it.

The Lynches: Medical technologist Shirley met Jim, a pre-med student at UC, Berkeley, beginning a life together in the health services.

The Washs: Recuperating career woman Nell met John, a Naval Academy instructor on leave, in Booth Bay, Maine.

School Days, School Days

The Palmoses: Oh, those fraternity parties! A

chance meeting between Delta Sigma (Pete) and Kappa Kappa Gamma (Pat) produced an instant Greek attraction.

The Myerses: Jean was working on an advanced degree in educational psychology, Steve a master's degree in business when they met at Stanford, and Steve introduced Jean to snow.

The Reynoldses: Pat met Clarke at a college dance at Creightones University and knew he was the *one*. He was a good dancer.

The Waterses: They met in high school in Minneapolis, but romance bloomed in Los Angeles when Betty at Douglas Aircraft re-met Wayne, a returning Navy pilot.



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How They Met - continued from page 4

The Stonebergs: An experienced, persuasive military officer, Bill returned to Chicago and re-met his Nancy.

The Garwoods: Dewey met Eleanor in a high school hallway, and they became an “item” as

The Garwoods: Dewey met Eleanor in a high school hallway, and they became an “item” as high school sweethearts.

The Gearharts: Southern California romance ensued when Charlotte and John met as students at City College and decided to fly through life together.

The Booths: Although Bud and MJ met in the sixth grade, MJ’s heart only fluttered when Bud came home on leave years later, wearing shiny new wings of an Air Force pilot.

The Carters: Next-door neighbors and classmates from fourth grade, Hal and Jan wisely waited until sophomore year in college to wed.

The Bakers: Genevieve was a freshman in a small Oklahoma high school when Ancil, also a freshman, asked to carry her books.

Location, Location!

The Abramses: A “shipboard romance” began when civilian employee Janice met Air Force officer Al on the way to duty stations in Guam.

The Clemsons: Bev was invited to visit a neighbor, and found an extremely tall “gardener” pruning trees in the garden. John was home on leave, helping out – and he didn’t need a ladder.

The Regans: A young French girl at the Belgrade, Yugoslavia Embassy, Christelle met a young Air Force colonel at work. International sparks flew.

The Millsons: Cruising the Baltic Sea, Ed and Helen met, and a shipboard romance culminated in a PVE wedding.

The Biedermans: Edna worked at the United Nations when Jack sauntered into her life on a guided tour of the UN.

The Roemers: Carl, an AF widower with a dog, met Navy widow, realtor Jackie, while house hunting in the Northwest.

The Kilduffs: Retail store manager Katie met a special stockbroker and customer, Dobby, in a sophisticated San Francisco setting.

The Heimbuhs: Pat literally “checked Ray out” as a cashier at the Base Exchange and decided

he was the “Man.”

The Kerstens: Sugamo Prison in Japan doesn’t seem like a very romantic setting, but when John, a physician, met Jeanne, a war trials editor, they experienced love at first sight.

The Webers: Ginny and Bill met at the Officers Beach Club in Kailua, HI. Just like the movies, it featured a sun-kissed nurse and a CincPacFlt staff officer.

Professional Partners

The Bowens: Beautiful “stewardess” Gay met TWA plane captain Russ at work. So much for heartland security.

The Fritzes: Lovely Pan Am employee Bettyann met dashing Pan Am Captain Al, and they embarked on a lifetime romantic flight.

The Conleys: “Rosie the Riveter” Agnes, working at McClellan AFB, met Earl, the “techie” guy in the performance of their jobs.

The Barts: Jan, an Air Force recruiting officer, met Dick at Randolph Field, TX, where he managed the Officers’ Club, and she was a frequent guest.

The Gilberts: Ellie was working with the Women’s Air Raid Defense on Oahu and met Charlie, a young lieutenant stationed in Hawaii, whose defenses were down romantically.

Invitation to the Dance

The O’Tooles: Alice and Buzz met at a dance in Alameda, and the handsome Navy officer scored a date and a sweetheart.

The Petersons: Mary claims she danced her way into Howard’s heart when they met at a Pasadena Civic Auditorium dance.

The Thomases: Willowy Becky, a southern belle from Georgia, met tall, handsome Army officer Frank at a “Welcome Dance” at Ft. Benning, GA. At last, here was someone taller than she, even if he was from Berkeley, CA.

The Wagners: Relatives help. Nelda’s brother, executive officer at San Antonio General Depot, introduced her to George, a brand-new Army captain, at a Halloween dance.

— Liz Wildberger



Claire's Alaskan Adventure



I was employed by Uncle Sam as secretary, stenographer, clerk, and Girl Friday. I loved my job and loved being around and working with the

military. In time, I was fortunate to “answer the call” of my government which needed secretaries to go to Trinidad and to Germany.

After a stint in Trinidad, my second assignment was to Wiesbaden, Germany. When Mama was told I was going to Germany next, I think she was resigned by showing her love and pride in her children and added two more stars to the four already in her window.

I settled in at base headquarters in Wiesbaden, Germany for the next two years.

By now, my brothers were home from the war, Mama's hair had turned white, she had wrinkles on her face, and she had mellowed. She really didn't care about my thoughts of going to Alaska.

Three days after arriving in Anchorage, it started snowing, and I lost the keys to all my luggage and had to manage with the one carry-on suitcase. After three days, I was assigned a 10 x 10 size room in a barracks that had long outlived its usefulness, given a wooden folding chair, a real army cot, a dresser, and a broken mirror a month later. After a beautiful cottage in Trinidad, sharing a mansion with other civilians in Germany, with servants provided and full orchestras playing during meal times, Alaska was for the birds.

Maybe losing my keys was an omen. When I reported for work in the Inspector General's office, many of the group were out inspecting outlying bases. Circling the office, I noted a beautiful work of art, a carved name plate, reading, “Major Melbern M. Holmes”. This Inspector General must be special, I thought, for someone to put so much work into a nameplate for him. The group returned from the inspection trip. It wasn't long before the entire office knew about my plight with the luggage keys.

Fortunately, chivalry was still alive – Major Holmes never mentioned that I wore the same clothes every day, but he managed to find a locksmith who got my suitcases open. I think I loved that guy right then.

After about a month, I had to hand carry an RSVP notice to the officers for signature, regarding the regular monthly headquarters' party. The Major looked, signed, then said: “Would you like to go?” It didn't take me long to say yes. I was miserable in my room. I was miserable every waking moment, sitting on my cot with my legs curled under because the floor was like an iceberg. I was tired of going to work in the dark and coming home in the dark. I won't even try to describe the food or the dining facilities.

Yes, I went to the party, and I did marry him!

—by Claire Holmes

“Brother, can you spare a dime?”

When I was a kid growing up in Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York, I dreamed of coming to California some day to live or at least to explore. It was the Depression and the chances of that seemed very slight.

After graduation from high school, I took a job in a bank to help support my family, consisting of a widowed mother, sister, grandmother, and aunt. At the pay rate of \$12.50 per week, I knew the value of a buck!

Then came the war. I had joined the National Guard, so my unit was called up prior to Pearl Harbor. After two years of enlisted service, I was sent to Officers' Candidate School in North Carolina. Upon graduation, I was sent to Southern California, more precisely, to Riverside's Camp Haan, across the road from March Air Force Base.

After reporting for duty, I was advised that I had been assigned as Officer of the Day for the following weekend. All the other officers were excused and left for the big city. When they returned, they told me with vivid emphasis of their wonderful encounters, especially with the fairer sex. “Don't worry, Bal, we have you lined up with

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Dime - continued from page 6

a gorgeous blonde Norwegian babe by the name of Emma Lundberg. She's tall, too."

I could hardly wait. Apparently, there were a number of young single women working at the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles who called themselves The Fifield's Fugitives, referring to Dr. Fifield, the minister at that church. Each Saturday night they appeared at the Ambassador Hotel ballroom on Wilshire Boulevard, which was a great hangout for the officers of our unit.

When I arrived in Los Angeles, I was advised that Emma couldn't make it, but they had a substitute, Lillian Ronander. It turned out that she was not tall (she was 5 ft. 4 inches), she was Swedish, not Norwegian, but she was blonde, beautiful, and could she dance!

There were three couples of us at the table having a wonderful time when suddenly I heard a coin drop on the floor below the table. I reached down, and apparently Lillian reached down also, and our hands met groping for the coin. Now, I would like to say that this was love at first touch, but it was not. I immediately sensed, though, that this was a girl who really appreciated the value of a buck (or in this case, a dime). Later conversations confirmed this fact. She too was a child of the Depression and well knew the value of a buck. This was but one quality that we shared that drew us closer and closer and, in September 1943, I proposed (in a rose garden). We were married on December 26th in Dr. Fifield's church. I can say unequivocally that the value of a buck has figured extensively in our successful marriage of 60 years. To prove it, let me show you the dime I have kept all these years!

—by Bal Balensiefer

I wish to thank all our dear friends who sent messages of sympathy in memory of my husband, Irwin. Your kind words are appreciated, especially your remembrances of the good man that he was and also of his stories in *Elysian Fields*.

—Betty Rosen

Move-ins since the Last Issue

Sullivan, Robert "Sully", Col.,
USAF(Ret) and Bernice "Bea"
2103 Estates Drive
Playa Del Rey, CA

Mrs. Evelyn Markey
5834 Victory Court
Vacaville, CA

Tennis at PVE

We are still waiting to see if Santa brought us a new ball machine. We may have to wait a bit longer but, for those who are unaware of it, we do have a very serviceable ball machine and a decent collection of balls for anyone to use. All one needs to do, when the court is not otherwise in use, is to carry the machine to the center of the end of the



court and run the extension cord to the outlet which has been installed in the corner. The Termites have built for us a very nice enclosure to protect the machine from the weather. It's on wheels so it is very easy to move away for access to the machine. The machine is quite light and has handles for easy transport.

It is best if two people team up to use it, as one person can keep the balls coming out in the most desirable fashion and can reattach the tube from time to time, as it is wont to come loose. Taking turns returning the balls is no handicap. The weather can only get better, so come out and give it a try.

—by Jack Lindeman

How Rosellen and I Met

I had moved to Portland, Oregon, in September 1946 to attend the University of Oregon Medical School. My uncle was a doctor there, and I went to live with him. He realistically advised me that I should look around and marry a woman with money, as he considered this the most important thing for professional success.

In medical school I met a pretty blonde student. She was in my class, getting her MD as well as a master's degree in physiology. Her last name was Layton and, in the school's organized way, we sat next to each other in all of our labs. I had just obtained a degree in chemistry from the University of Washington, and Ms. Layton confided to me that she knew very little about chemistry. Since we were taking biochemistry together, I attempted to teach her some basic chemistry. This led to our studying together in the library.

Unfortunately, she lived on the opposite side of Portland from my uncle's house, and I had no car. To get to her house involved a streetcar ride and then a bus ride that dropped me off about a mile from her house, up hill from the bus stop.

When I called her, she was rarely at home. Her mother explained to me that Rosellen was very religious. It seemed she was always at church. Actually, the alleged piety was a cover-up for Rosellen's brisk social life and dating habits. Finally I was able to ace out the other fellows and, on Valentine's Day 1947, Rosellen agreed to marry me. As was the custom of the day, I "pinned" her with my fraternity pin. We were married on September 13, 1947, prior to starting our sophomore year of medical school. We have been married for 56 years, so I guess I proved my uncle's theory of marrying wealth wrong.

—by Ray Lawton



A Book Review on an Old Book

Every once in a while a book comes into the PVE Library that I just have to take home and read. There are lots of books to read. I usually have my own ideas about books, but some books are compelling. *Maidcraft, A Guide to the Art of Housekeeping* was one such book. Lita Price and Harriet Bonnet published this book in 1937, and they dedicated it to E.H.P and H.M.B., who I would guess were their husbands.

The first chapter opens with how to train a maid, which, according to Lita and Harriet, is one of the chief interests of the average woman at the bridge table. It assumes that every household has a maid and that this maid does everything that needs to be done. The first chapter suggests items for an interview: "Married, present address of husband". (Now that's curious. Doesn't she live with him?). "Has she had any sort of operation lately?" (Lately? Or ever?) "Does she like to cook? Does she like to clean?" (Oh, doesn't everyone?)

It goes on and on about this interview, asking all kinds of obvious questions. It suggests that she bathe frequently, once a day, if possible. I suppose some people would forget to do this unless reminded. She is asked not to wear perfume because "perfume and dust do not mix". She should not smoke cigarettes around the house. "No maid should ever be permitted to shuffle around the house in bedroom slippers." Now, who brought that up? "She should not wear rumpled or messy clothing or too much makeup or jangling bracelets."

I am getting the picture of the worst maid in the world – smoking a cigarette, hair all askew, lots of lipstick and pancake makeup, stockings rumpled, bedroom slippers, dress messy, an armful of hanging bracelets, bent over since her recent appendectomy, and Evening in Paris reeking from her person, which she hadn't bathed in a week.

Well, the book goes into great detail of all the duties of caring for the children, formal service, informal service, laundry, the kitchen, the house, periodic jobs like ridding the house of bedbugs and

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Dining at PVE

Here are some thoughts which were intended for issue several months ago but somehow ended in the dumper. No doubt there will be readers who will agree that was the proper thing to do. Anyway, here goes.

The subject is wine, or to be more specific, consuming and enjoying wine. It has long been the belief among true wine connoisseurs that to properly enjoy wine, all five senses must be employed.

First is the sense of sight, which is related to the clarity of the wine in a pristine glass. The sense of smell is employed next as the wine approaches ones nose. Taste follows as the wine flows over the taste buds. Feel enters as the golden or claret liquid slides down the throat.

Sound is the most interesting sensation, however, and you may ask, "How does that happen?" Simply discussing the virtues of the wine with companions covers that one. One must have a companion, of course, except for those unfortunates on San Francisco streets seen drinking out of paper bags.

Now, there is a purpose to this message and it is that, to fully enjoy the second sensation, help is needed from the server. The full bouquet is best developed if the glass is filled to just over the halfway point. Consideration is being given to ordering larger wine glasses on the next reorder to achieve this goal. So if you feel you are being short changed, take heart; you will still receive your full measure. An added benefit may also occur if spillage can be reduced.

Bon Appetit!

—by Jack Lindeman

Old Book — continued from page 8

cockroaches, and the jobs she could do in her "spare time". When I had finished it, I wondered what the lady of the house was doing, if anything. I suppose she shopped every morning in the best stores, played bridge in the afternoon, and wrote letters and ate chocolates in the early evening, before dressing for dinner. That was quite a life in 1937. It was an eye opener for me.

—by Bev Clemson

Four Special Days Hath February

Day 1: The groundhog, a repulsive mammal,
Has his Own Day to check the weather,
And thus decide how, for six weeks,
We cover up our altogether.

Day 2: On the fourteenth, lovers all
May smell the scent of wine and roses,
And hope the person they adore
Says "Yes" when he or she proposes.

Day 3: Two presidents, each had a day.
(George and Abe, our revered pair)
So we could celebrate their births.
But now they have but one to share.

Day 4: Leap Year, this year Two-Oh-Oh-Four,
Makes February one day longer.
If you've been sick, or had the flu
You've one day longer to get stronger.
AND SOMETIMES TWENTY-NINE.

— by Elly Vasak

Turmoil — continued from page 1

Pat later recalled that she was breathless. He was so tall, so handsome. "Hi, I'm Lyle Miller," he introduced himself.

The love story of a country boy from Nebraska and a city girl from California began the moment they saw each other in the control tower of the Naval Air Station in Norman, Oklahoma in December 1944 and continues to this day. "We're still madly in love," she blushes. "And yes, he still takes my breath away."

Lyle grins, saying, "And she's still telling me where to go."

—by Pat Miller

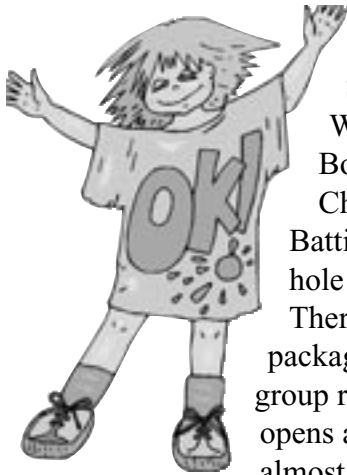
More Fun For Our Younger Guests

The best known amusement park near PVE is Six Flags' Marine World in Vallejo. Since it's so well known, I will only add that it seems very noisy and expensive, and the rides are hard on one's back, but kids love it. Send them with a chaperone, and stay home!

Fairfield's own amusement park, the Scandia Family Center, (707-864-8558, <http://www.scandiafamilycenter.com>), is visible from I-80, west of the truck scales. It's smaller, cheaper and quieter except in the Grand Arcade that features nearly 200 Video, Pinball, and Redemption skill games ranging from

Asteroids and Pac-Man to Quarterback Blitz and NBA on NBC.

Scandia also features WaterBug Bumper Boats, Lil' Indy Racers, a Children's Clubhouse, a Batting Cage, and two 18-hole miniature golf courses. There are multi-attraction packages at \$12 and \$18, with group rates available. Scandia opens at 10am and closes late almost every day.



For fun that is more educational, try the Explorit Science Center at 3141 5th Street in Davis (530-756-0191, <http://www.explorit.org/>). Explorit is small but well planned. It features hands-on discovery activities mainly for children from four to ten years. The current exhibit: "Get A Clue! Solving Mysteries with Science," runs through March 7th. Visitors at the center can use an array of forensic tools to detect clues, decipher meanings, and deduce solutions. Permanent exhibits include samples of sand from beaches all over the world, as well as some small snakes and large insects, safely contained in cages. Explorit is open Tuesday-Friday, 2-4:30 p.m. and Saturday-Sunday, 11-4:30 p.m. Admission is \$3 per person. From PVE, take I-80 East to the Mace Road exit in Davis, turn left at the end of the off ramp, then left again at the lights to turn onto Mace Boulevard and cross over the freeway. Travel a short distance along Mace and make a left turn at the second set of

traffic lights onto Alhambra Boulevard. Continue along Alhambra to the first stop sign, turn left onto 5th Street, and proceed until you see the Explorit sign on the right-hand side.

A longer trip east along I-80 (about one hour from PVE) will take you to the Maidu Interpretive Center at 1960 Johnson Ranch Rd. in Roseville (916-772-4242, <http://www.roseville.ca.us/> or <http://www.micf.net/>). The center provides an excellent introduction to Native American culture along with some hands-on natural history. There are excellent displays of the Maidu tribes, and better still is the loop trail that provides views of ancient petroglyphs and hundreds of acorn grinding holes, evidence of southern Maidu occupation for thousands of years. As my six-year-old granddaughter and I followed Linda Creek, we observed squirrels, lizards, a coyote, and a colorful Pacific Gopher Snake that did its trademark rattler imitation for us. The center is open Tuesday - Saturday 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. and the \$5 entrance fee includes most tours and child-oriented shows. Call ahead or visit the web site for detailed directions and current information on special programs.

— by Marty Wildberger



At a reception for Gaylon Rude, Ron Ridley says goodbye to a valued PVE employee.

Winged Atoms

With all the advanced technology in atomic energy, why have we never developed an airplane powered by



atomic energy, like the Navy's submarines?

It takes a lot of heavy stuff to shield men and material from radiation generated by any reactor. Water will support infinite weight, so it's no problem to load it into a submarine or an aircraft carrier. Not so when it comes to putting something heavy into the air, and the biggest thing flying was a B-36.

The Air Force wanted to build an airplane powered by a reactor. The possibilities for success seemed limitless. Government officials intended to support a program that would lead to aircraft powered by atomic reactors. A B-36 was thought to be big enough to fulfill the requirement.

A Fort Worth tornado had caused expensive damage to the nose of one B-36, so it was chosen to be the guinea pig. This H model was pulled off future tactical duty to be designated NB-36H and dubbed, "CONVAIR CRUSADER." A small reactor was installed in it to see if it could be properly shielded within weight limits.

PVE's own Tyler Redfield was an Air Force project officer assigned to the Arco, Idaho Atomic Nuclear Propulsion Development program, and his job was to help determine whether an atomic reactor could be developed light enough in weight that our biggest airplane could carry it.

Fort Worth engineers replaced the standard pressurized crew compartment with a 12-ton self-contained capsule lined with lead and rubber. Behind that sat a four-ton lead disk that bisected the fuselage, along with water sections to absorb any radiation. The reactor itself weighed 35,000 pounds. The crew was reduced from fifteen to five and, of those, only the pilot and co-pilot could view the outside world through a leaded glass windshield eleven inches thick. The crew could barely hear the

thunder of the six big engines.

Early in 1956, the Department of Defense asked Congress to appropriate millions of dollars to be spent in the Idaho Falls area in furtherance of the project, most of it for creation of a runway suitable for B-36s.

Ground and air safety precautions were another story, so much so that the airplane never left Fort Worth. Between September 1955 and March 1957, the Crusader made 47 flights, all in the Fort Worth area and the program was considered a success.

Whatever happened to the money to be spent in the Idaho Falls area I have no idea. Suffice it to say, that the runway never got built.

As it turned out, in-flight refueling and intercontinental ballistic missiles negated the need for an airplane that could stay aloft for days on end, and the program was laid to rest after 15 years of testing, at a cost of a billion dollars. In retrospect, it was a dumb idea. In what kind of shape would a crew be after a week in the air?

— by Ancil Baker

Please Wear Your Name Tag

I was walking down the corridor from the Dining Room the other day and had three people greet me with, "Hi, Bev". I smiled and waved as though I recognized each one. However, I had no idea what their names were. They know me from the Library and because I wear a name tag, but I didn't know them. This is becoming embarrassing.

I urge you to get out your name tag and wear it. There are many new people coming in and we need to recognize them and make them feel at home. One way is to wear your name tag and for them to wear theirs. If you don't have one, check at the reception desk to get one.

I put mine in my mail slot when I leave the building or, if I forget, I place it on the counter with my keys at home so I can find it. It's a little thing. Join the campaign to WEAR NAME TAGS.

—by Bev Clemson

Computer User Groups

New signup sheets for each of the three groups are in the green book. When you sign up for one CUG, you can attend any of the three monthly CUG meetings. Please try to sign up by the first of February. The good news is that the annual dues are cut 50% i.e., \$7.50 single and \$10.00 for a couple, since we no longer pay an Internet Service Provider (ISP).

For those who do not have computers, we have three PCs available for residents' use: one upstairs in our library and two in our recreation center. Access to the Internet is available in both locations.

For those still interested in the Computer Friendly publication, there is a signup sheet in the green book. The cost to us will be \$12.75 per copy the same that we paid for the 40 copies last year.

I will place an order the first week of February, so please sign up soon if interested.

Currently, there are now three Broadbands available at PVE: Paradise Valley Broadband, Rolling Hills Wireless Network and Comcast cable, which

started service in our area this month. As soon as the marketing people in Comcast call me back with their best promotions for a group signup I will notify all residents.

A few words from our Group Leaders.....

All residents are invited to join in the discussions, demonstrations, and problem solving sessions held by the Macintosh group each 3rd Tuesday at 7:30 in the Multipurpose Room. We may not solve all of your problems, but give us a chance. We may solve one for you someday. In the meantime, we do have some interesting programs. Try us out! Jack Lindeman 421-9003

The Internet CUG will meet at 3:30 p.m. on the third Tuesday of each month. We will discuss entertainment, education, problem solving, and member input. We will hand out a questionnaire to establish items of particular interest to be addressed at future meetings. Please come. Jack Biederman 428-4393

The Beginner CUG meets at 1:30 on the first

On The Links With PVE Golf Club

First, I would like to apologize for stating that there would be no golf tournament in January 2004. I am at fault for misunderstanding what was said at our after-tournament party in December. I am sorry! I promise to turn up my hearing aid next time!



Six foursomes were scheduled to brave the elements on Wednesday morning when John Kroyer finished checking out the weather forecasts. Fortunately, he was able to make the decision to cancel the game before anyone had left for the golf course. Needless to say, we were all relieved when we were told that the game had been cancelled, and we would not have to go out and trudge through the wet and windy golf course. However, that did not stop the gang from getting together for their usual after-game party in the PVE lounge.

After opening remarks by John Kroyer, the winner of the Intrepid Golfer Award was announced to be Don Riess. Don's ambition when he was growing up was to be a professional golfer, but World War II got in the way. After the war, he played enough golf to lower his handicap to four. As a result, the Northern California Golf Association made Don one of their golf course graders. It was this distinction that earned him the nomination for the Intrepid Golfer Award. The party ended with a little humor from Ted Lindley and Dominic Battistella.

Please keep your eyes peeled for the February announcement of the golf tournament. Until then, keep your sticks dry and eat lots of greens.

— by John Gearhart

Friday of each month. We will be using the Computer Friendly publication, instructional CDs, leader and member inputs, plus the following months assignments. Larry Butera 435-1951

—by Dominic Battistella

What's coming Up

- ◆ *Sheraton Palace Hotel Tour*, San Francisco
- ◆ *Smuin Ballet "Tango Palace and Gershwin Suite"* at the Leshner Center, Walnut Creek
- ◆ *Hendry Winery Tour and Victorian Blue Violet Mansion*, Napa
- ◆ *"Solid Gold Cadillac"* –Willows Theater, Concord
- ◆ *Cache Creek*
- ◆ *"Cinderella"* – *Moscow Ballet* at the Marin Center, San Rafael
- ◆ *Solano Winds* at PVE
- ◆ *Crocker Art Museum & Towe Auto Museum*, Sacramento
- ◆ *"Nunsense"* – Vallejo Music Theater

What We're Working On

- ◆ *Snow Train to Reno*
- ◆ *North Bay Opera Opening Night Gala Dinner and Show "Die Fledermaus,"* Fairfield
- ◆ *Alameda Flea Market and Antiques*
- ◆ *Arden Fair Mall*, Sacramento
- ◆ *Sara Brightman in concert* at Arco Arena, Sacramento
- ◆ *Bouquets d' Art* at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco
- ◆ *"Great Composers"* – *Solano Symphony*
- ◆ *Dairy Drive*, Petaluma
- ◆ *Solano Wine & Food Jubilee*
- ◆ *Napa Valley Symphony with cellist Zuill Bailey*
- ◆ *Day at the Races*
- ◆ *"The Time of Your Life"* – A.C.T., San Francisco
- ◆ *"Richard III"* at the Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ *Japan Town*, San Francisco
- ◆ *San Francisco Fun Day*
- ◆ *Air Force Band* at Vacaville Performing Arts Theater
- ◆ *Italcork and Quarry Hill Botanical Gardens*
- ◆ *Solano Symphony Annual Pops Concert*
- ◆ *Bingo Riverboat Cruise*
- ◆ *Michael Tilson Thomas and the San Francisco Symphony* at the Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ *"Thoroughly Modern Millie"* – Best of Broadway Series, Sacramento

Presidential Primary Election March 2, 2004

This is an exciting time in the history of voting in Solano County, for voters will be voting on the new Accu Vote-Touchscreen voting machines on March 2nd.

Our goal at PVE is to get out 100% of the vote. The last day to register for the March 2nd election is February 17th. The deadline to apply for an absentee ballot by mail is 5:00 p.m. on February 24th.

Many of our residents are absentee voters. If you would like to receive an automatic absentee ballot, watch for your sample ballot. On the back page you will find the application for an absentee ballot. On the form is a box to check if you would like to receive your absentee ballot automatically for every election. Once you have done this, your ballot will be mailed to you for each election.

Absentee voting has many advantages for our residents:

1. You don't have to wait in line on election day.
2. You don't have to go out if it's raining.
3. You have already voted if you are going to be away on election day.
4. You have already voted if you don't feel well on election day.
5. You can study and make decisions in the peace and quiet of your home.
6. If you have qualms about using the new Accu Vote-Touchscreen machines, you can avoid doing so.
7. It is convenient.

If you have any questions about the election, call Betty St George at 421-0783.

-
- ◆ *Colusa Casino*
 - ◆ *Potomac History Cruise*
 - ◆ *The Producers"* – Best of Broadway Series, Sacramento



— Lise Hansen

How We Fooled the Russians

It was at the height of the cold war saber rattling in 1953 that the Strategic Air Command (SAC) of the USAF conducted



a tactical mission to fool the Russians. We in the 306th Bomb Wing at MacDill AFB, Florida, had just been assigned 45 of the latest jet engine B-47 heavy bombers. The B-47 was a six engine swept wing jet bomber whose performance exceeded that of most fighter airplanes. The B-47 could fly over 600 MPH and carried the latest atomic bombs. The Boeing Aircraft Company built and delivered 2,042 B-47s to SAC. They were stationed all over the world. Many were placed on “Reflex Duty” alert which required all 15 aircraft of each squadron to be airborne in 15 minutes. It was well known by the Russians that each of these B-47s was assigned a strategic target in Russia. It was well accepted by most flight crews that we would be going on a one-way mission and that we probably would not have a home base to return to.

The President’s strategic plan at this time was to cause Russia to spend itself into bankruptcy. Accordingly, our entire B-47 wing of 45 aircraft was directed to fly along Russia’s borders, simulating a routine bombing mission. We, in fact, flew much faster and higher at max airspeed and altitude to make the Russians think we were simulating a normal mission. Russian radar and numerous Russian fighters tracked us.

Russia at this time did not have a bomber aircraft that could compare to our B-47. Their fighter aircraft would be mostly ineffective against our aggressive attack. It was not long until Russia accelerated its bomber and fighter aircraft development and production. The rest is history. Russia spent itself into bankruptcy and became a second rate power. There, of course, were many other factors that caused Russia to spend itself into bankruptcy, but we always felt we had a big part in

Wellness/Fitness Update

Living life to the fullest, what does successful aging really mean?

Success is one of those concepts we know when we see it but find difficult to define, and more difficult to achieve. At what point do we say that we are aging successfully? According to the MacArthur Foundation Study on aging, successful aging is the ability to maintain three key behaviors or characteristics.

- Low risk of disease and disease related disability
- High mental and physical function
- Active engagement in life

We must take personal responsibility for our health and welfare. The dictionary defines succeed as “to flourish”. Older adults will flourish if we maintain the highest possible physical and mental function. The key is that successful agers work at maintaining physical and mental function. We are not fatalistic about the slings and arrows of aging but actively intervene to change the cause of what was previously considered inevitable. We don’t quit; we adapt.

According to the MacArthur Foundation study, there are few things we can do that have a more profound effect on more bodily systems than exercise. Regular exercise offers benefits across a wide range of health conditions and problems from cancer to various types of gallbladder disease, heart disease, diabetes, and arthritis. Most importantly, exercise can preserve function and independence.

Our Wellness/Fitness program is pleased to announce the start of our Healthy Choices program to help you with exercise, food choices, and weight loss. This group offers weekly meetings which

Continued on page 15

this end result.

Mr. Walter J. Boyne, author of dozens of books and articles and past director of the Smithsonian Institution’s National Air and Space Museum says that 2,042 B-47s played a large part in preventing world war three.

— by Don Seed

Wellness — continued from page 14

provide information on food choices, reading food labels, support, and motivation. Come join the group on Fridays at 1:30 p.m. to learn more about Healthy Choices.

February is also Healthy Heart month, so why not join in our annual Heart Walk to be held on Friday, February 13th at 10:00 a.m.? You can choose the course you walk, from one quarter of a mile to two and a half miles. Electric scooter carts and wheel chairs are welcome. Also, in conjunction with Healthy Heart month, the wellness department will be offering a “Get Heart Smart” wellness seminar. Watch PVTV and your Fitness in Paradise newsletter for details on this event.

Coming in March: Our Paradise Valley Pacers walking class will be offered on Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8:30 a.m. We will also start our Nu Step classes on Wednesday mornings 9:15-10:00 a.m. and 10:00-10:45 a.m. These classes will be taught by Ida.

Please feel free to contact me with any questions or concerns you might have. We want each resident to live life to the fullest and to age successfully.

—by Jan Olson



Community Garden

You're right! "The weather outside IS frightful" especially for the gardeners among us at PVE.

We'll plan to meet in March when, hopefully, we have pruned our roses and planted bulbs. (Spring will be a little late this year.)

Keep up your enthusiasm and, in the meantime, go hug a tree!

—by Jan Holderness

ELYSIAN FIELDS STAFF ORGANIZATION

Editor	Hal Carter
Associate Editor	Liz Wildberger
Copy Editor(s)	Madelynne Wolfe and Miz Lively
Make-up, Layout, Publishing	Marj Parker, Jackie Peterson, Joe and Angie Sanner
Photography	Jack Biederman and Marty Wildberger

Editorial Writers

- (1) **Biographies of PVE residents**
Joan Teague and Betty St George
- (2) **Life at PVE (human interest stories about travels, hobbies, and incidents)**
Linda Faraday and Liz Wildberger
- (3) **Memories (of past events and significant happenings)**
Liz Wildberger and Miz Lively
- (4) **Organized activities and events at PVE**
Bev Clemson and Ceil Bellinger
- (5) **Fitness feature writer** Jan Olson

Instructions for Submitting Articles to Elysian Fields

The **Elysian Fields** staff invites contributions from all PVE residents. Articles should be legible, typed if possible, original, signed, and not exceed 500 words. Submissions by e-mail, on floppy disks, or CDs are welcome but not required. Submissions should be directed to one of the four subject matter editors or the editor.

Precipitation

Following is the rainfall recorded at PVE for the season beginning July 1, 2003. We have three residents who are measuring the rainfall in the community who have agreed to provide me with information for the **Elysian Fields**. There are variations in the measurements, so I have averaged out the amounts recorded by the residents. Amounts are reported in inches.

	PVE	Travis AFB
Through November	1.85	1.61
December	9.93	3.88
January (thru 1/16)	2.96	1.14
Total for year	14.74	6.63

Last year we recorded 22.80 inches through January 16, 2003. Vacaville's, rainfall to date is 9.14 Inches.
—by Peter Palmos

Of Mice and Men In memory of Dr. Irwin E. Rosen 1922-2004

A regular contributor to Elysian Fields, Dr. Irwin Rosen re-visited his military career, his years as an intern and resident, and his time in private practice in witty and informative feature articles. Irwin's recollections were sharp, and always interesting. "Blonde Bombshell", about Jayne Mansfield's visit to a military hospital; "The General's Dog", in which Irwin is drafted into service as a veterinarian; "Then and Now", about the development of medical malpractice suits. His final column in January, 2004 recounted the accidental death of a hospital mouse. The staff of Elysian Fields mourns the passing of a colleague; all residents of PVE will miss his monthly column.

REMEMBERING . . .

CWO-3. William Godwin, AUS (Ret)
Loving Husband and Father
Arrived PVE: October 19, 2000
Departed: December 29, 2003

Mary Lou Tuttle
Loving Wife
Arrived PVE: March 25, 1999
Departed: January 18, 2004

Clara Bogard
Loving Wife
Arrived PVE: June 30, 2000
Departed: January 9, 2004

Frankland "Pete" Cutshall
Loving Husband and Father
Arrived PVE: February 17, 2000
Departed: January 21, 2004

Col. Irwin Rosen, USAF (Ret)
Loving Husband and Father
Arrived PVE: January 13, 1998
Departed: January 11, 2004

Col. William Kruge
Loving Husband & Father
Arrived PVE: March 19, 1999
Departed: January 22, 2004

Lt.Col. Dean Larson, USAF (Ret)
Loving Husband and Father
Arrived PVE: June 9, 1998
Departed: January 14, 2004

Mary Lee Bedinger
Loving Wife & Mother
Arrived PVE: May 4, 2001
Departed: January 22, 2004

