

VINSON HALL RETIREMENT COMMUNITY CAMPUS NEWS & VIEWS



Spring 2025

CEO Corner

Getting Started

For my first *CEO Corner* column for the *Campus News & Views*, I would like to start by saying thank you! Thank you to all of you, residents and staff alike, for the support and grace you've given me during my transition over the past couple months from Chief Operating Officer to my new role. I am truly honored to be the next President and CEO of Vinson Hall.

As I reflect on the path that led me here – from growing up in a small town in Ohio, serving in the military, building a construction career, completing college, starting a family, and ultimately finding a new sense of belonging in senior living – I am reminded that life's journey is never a straight line. It is marked by long hours, tough decisions, unexpected lessons, and a collection of road scars that shape one's future. Over the course of my career, I have had the privilege of working alongside some of the most driven, creative, and resilient people in our industry. That is true today more than ever!

Since joining Vinson Hall in 2022 as Vice President of Operations, then becoming Chief Operating Officer in 2024 and now CEO, I have been working closely with our senior leadership team over the past couple of months to continue to move our great community forward. We are focused on delivering on the goals and milestones that we set last year with Chip Warner, without knowing at the time that we would have a shift in leadership. We are actively working on developing the schematic design of the Master Plan, while at the same time undertaking the replacement of campus elevators and refreshing our Vinson Hall building through the Common Area Refreshment & Enhancement (CARE) projects. We are also focusing on energy-efficient initiatives such as a campus-wide lighting replacement project to install new energy efficient-lighting in all common spaces and corridors, and refreshing the look and feel of our Vinson Hall logo and branding.

Earlier this month, while on the campus Walk to End Alzheimer's, I was asked by a resident, "How is this new role different from your previous role?" My answer was that as we welcome Ken Connelly, Vinson Hall's new COO, I will now be able to shift my focus from the "how" of operations at Vinson Hall to the "why or what's next?" I look forward to working closely with residents and staff to add a small piece to the next chapter that is the great legacy of Vinson Hall.

Once again, thank you! Thank you for your partnership and guidance over the past three years. And thank you for your continued support and confidence in me and the leadership here at Vinson Hall. I look forward to our future together!❖



Rob Roe (right), with resident and Board member Bill Morris.

— Rob Roe, President and CEO

Spring is in the Air

The spring rolled in fairly slowly this year and we welcomed the warmer temperatures. In addition to the fine spring days, we enjoyed an array of activities that kept us out and about. In March we gathered in the Penthouse Sylvester Lounge to find out who was chosen as the Paul Peak Resident of the Year for their outstanding service to the Vinson Hall community in 2024. The spring also marked the start of our annual campaign to support the Alzheimer’s Association, with a bake sale in March followed by our annual on-campus walk in April. The spring saw us connecting to our local community. We hosted our young friends from The Potomac School for an Earth Day service project and welcomed the 5th and 6th graders from Chesterbrook Elementary School to participate in the tree planting portion of the day. We also hosted our even younger friends from Kidstretch Preschool

for an intergenerational playdate. In between, we celebrated holidays and birthdays together. We gathered for happy hours, guest speakers, concerts, movie nights and ice cream socials. We made new friends and enjoyed the pleasure of each other’s company. Spring has sprung at Vinson Hall! ❖



About Campus News & Views

Campus News & Views is Vinson Hall Retirement Community’s quarterly literary magazine. The goal of this publication is to share stories and remembrances from VHRC residents and staff. All residents and staff are invited to submit articles for inclusion. All items must be original pieces and must be submitted by the author. This publication is reviewed by an editorial committee comprised of VHRC residents and staff.

Campus News & Views is designed and edited by
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Campus News & Views Spring 2025

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Back cover photo by Sally Scott.

Navy Marine Coast Guard Residence Foundation News

The Magic of Spring

Every season brings its own special magic to our lives, but for me there's nothing quite like spring's burst of foliage and flowers, Mother Nature's own promise of new beginnings. All things seem possible in spring, and with that same optimism and gratitude we recently kicked off the start of our 2025 Annual Membership campaign. This year's appeal included our latest *The Difference You Make* stories that highlight two examples – staff member Chris McGinn and resident Martha Trotter – of the many lives you've touched by donating to one of the Foundation's four funds: Employee Caring, Resident Assistance, Innovation & Enhancement, and Warrior Transition funds.

We are so appreciative of your annual membership support! The Foundation's board members enjoyed the opportunity to express their gratitude personally in February, by calling each of our 2024 donors during our Annual Donor Thank-a-thon. And we also were pleased to host a special Happy Hour in March to thank last year's 4- and 5-star donors and those who have made a planned gift to the Foundation. We hope you will consider joining us again as a 2025 Foundation member – your annual membership support is the bedrock of all that we are able to do for our community.

So what has that meant so far this spring? Well in March, we hosted the Paul Peak Resident of the Year celebration to thank winner Emmy Simmons and the other five nominees for their outstanding service to our community. Meanwhile, thanks to a generous gift from resident Rooney Peck, we facilitated the installation of a new video system in the Penthouse Conference Room; the new TV, camera and computer will allow residents to enjoy state-of-the-art videoconferencing capabilities at meetings. Also in March, we extended a warm welcome to our newest wounded warrior-in-residence, Kwadwo Asare, and his wife Charity and two young children, who will be spending the next six months with us. Welcome to the Asare family!

Then in April we hosted middle and high school students from The Potomac School, as well as 5th and 6th graders from Chesterbrook Elementary School, for an intergenerational celebration of Earth Day on our campus. This tradition, which we started last year, brought students and residents together to work side-by-side planting flower beds and planters, and culminated in the planting of two new spruce trees. What a lovely way to celebrate both our gorgeous green space as well as our community connections in McLean!

Finally, we've kept the presses humming to share our residents' remarkable stories – featured in this newsletter, *The Beacon*, and in *The People of Vinson Hall*, a book of profiles we published earlier this year about our residents. So with the magic of spring in full bloom, we wanted to express our gratitude to you, as we look forward to a great year ahead! ❖

— Michelle Crone, Senior Director of Philanthropy & Engagement



From left: Senior Director of Philanthropy and Engagement Michelle Crone, CEO Rob Roe, former NMCGRF Board Member Wes Burnett, Board Member Rip Sullivan, and (seated) Barbara Burnett at the 4- and 5-Star Donor Happy Hour.

It Pays to Know Geography!

By Carol Henderson



Eric and Carol Henderson in Australia in 1999.

My husband, Eric, and I were on our way to visit Australia. We had good friends who were stationed there for a few years. We had flown across the country from Dulles to the airport in Los Angeles, and were waiting late at night for a flight across the Pacific to Sydney. Everyone on the upcoming flight was clustered in a seating area in front of the ticket counter, and we were all halfway dozing, and not looking forward to this long flight.

All at once the ticket agent called everyone to attention and announced that they were going to play a game. If anyone could provide the correct answer to a question, there would be a prize. We all perked up and were curious about this unusual announcement. The question, the agent said, was this: "What is the capital of Burkina Faso?"

Eric, sitting next to me, murmured that everyone knows that. I had never heard of Burkina Faso, so I doubted that everyone knew. Indeed, no one was responding. Finally, a very young man got up, went over to the desk and made a guess that was clearly not right, and he was waved away.

Eric thought since he did know the answer, he should go tell them and see what this was about. So, he went up to the desk and said, "The capital of Burkina Faso is Ouagadougou." (Later I learned that the capital of this small landlocked country in West Africa is pronounced Wagadugu.) The ticket agent was quite surprised. I don't think they expected anyone to know the answer. "You're right," he exclaimed. Eric asked, "What's the prize?"

The prize was that Eric (and fortunately his wife, too) were to be upgraded to first class! Well, if there was ever a flight to be taken in first class, it was that very long flight across the Pacific. No stop in Hawaii or another Pacific island, just hours and hours from Los Angeles to Sydney, Australia.

So, Eric asked what he had to do to claim this prize. He was told, "Just turn around, smile, wave at all your fellow passengers, and tell us how you knew the answer to that question." Eric said he'd always been a geography buff. And that was true. He and his three brothers grew up playing competitive games over who knew the most state capitals or which were the longest rivers.

But the ticket agent was persistent. "No, really," he said, "how did you know the capital of Burkina Faso was that strange hard-to-pronounce word?" Eric leaned in close and whispered: "I'm with the CIA, and we know everything." That put a quick end to the questioning.

And we did get to enjoy first class luxury on that flight. If I remember correctly, it was a Qantas Airways flight. This would never happen today, but back in 1999, the plane actually had empty seats in the first-class section. We had large comfortable chairs that reclined completely into beds with pillows and blankets so we could easily sleep, various amenities to make sure we were comfortable, a delicious dinner (and much later breakfast) on china plates with real silverware, wine with dinner and anything else we wanted to drink, and very solicitous service.

We had never before and have never since been in first class on a plane trip, and we would pinch ourselves and giggle about our unexpected good fortune. When we landed, our friends met us at the airport and asked how the flight had gone. What a story we had to tell them! Our friend Nancy was also an agency employee, and she loved the story, especially the part about the CIA knowing everything. She told several of her colleagues, and we learned later that this delicious story made the rounds of quite a few CIA offices in a variety of locations.

Eric relayed this adventure to friends and relatives many times over the years. We loved Australia. It was one of our most memorable trips, and certainly the only one where geographic trivia paid off so handsomely! ❖

He's Asleep

By Margaret Dean

He's asleep
I know he's there
Quietly breathing
Small bubbles of air.
I'll miss him
When he goes.
Me alone.
His breathing trembling
Afar.

Winter Mountains, North Korea

By Jerry Norris



Jerry Norris at the 38th Parallel, which roughly divides North and South Korea.

Once, deep into its frigid winter, I was a soldier in North Korea. One among many. I wasn't there for long, though the memory of it lingers still. That short time in a country unknown to me just a few short months before my arrival remains lucid to this day. It is recalled without effort by common sights and sounds in life's now passing moments. Decades afterwards, I could commute to work on a bus and unintended flashes of North Korean memories would flow into my consciousness without effort, often without connection to my surroundings. I would feel the moment, and even though I knew that I was safe amidst so many of my fellow passengers, anticipation would crawl onto my skin.

Though in my life I was other things in other places, these reflections of North Korea come back to me, some with absolute clarity, as if I were standing before a mirror. My past emerges in vivid burst of memory: some with a fascinating

quality of blur and others undoubtedly with nostalgia more than accuracy.

In 1953, I had volunteered for the draft, then after training in two Army posts, for service in North Korea. Here, of all the places in the world, I found myself and came of age in its mountains. The mountains had become my spiritual home. I now had direction, knew something about what I wanted to do with my life, had confidence, friends who had stood by me, respect from officers and men in the ranks alike, thought about a future and knew that there was one for me. I had done my bit. Not much glory to it but no shame, either. I faced danger. Looked it in the eye. Blinked. Stayed at my post. Never betrayed my comrades. Was deathly afraid. Never conquered that but did learn to contain it, to turn its awful power to advantage. I went out alone into an enveloping darkness and came back whole, only to test myself all over again.

Each time was no easier than the time before. Knowledge and experience only made it harder to do. Cold peril often was my companion. I was not courageous. Never gave that a thought. I had stressed my soul, struggled with it, saw that it could be both defiant and humble. And, I came to understand that I had one, that it was pathless, and that I was in passage. What we did collectively was not much and certainly not noble. Yet, in a place none of us had ever known from our high school geography books, whose names we couldn't pronounce correctly, at a time when someone was needed atop that barricade, it was we who stood in this forsaken place.

North Korea had given me perspective. It was where I learned that God didn't make an up without a down, a left without a right, a north

Though in my life I was other things in other places, these reflections of North Korea come back to me, some with absolute clarity, as if I were standing before a mirror.

without a south, a white without a black, a beginning without an end, or fear without hope. I saw now that life had many facets to it, most of them unpredictable. I came to terms with these facts, accepted their many and diverse possibilities. I was in imminent danger during this time – but never in mortal combat – and I continue to thank God for that!

In 1998, a new film was released entitled *Saving Private Ryan*. It was years before I could muster the incentive to see it because the viewing would remind me of all the horrors I had escaped in North Korea. "Good-Bye to All That," as the writer Robert Groves once wrote. I finally obtained a videotape of the movie years after its release, then viewed it – alone. I cried, partially for myself, knowing how lucky I had been, but mostly for all those lost who couldn't cry for

themselves. And, too, because when one is there, when one is face to face with it, one can't cry. That's why when you see films of veterans telling stories of what it was like to be in the Battle of the Bulge or some other battle, they always cry. This truest of all human emotions is reserved for survivors.

I didn't know what the future held after 10 months in North Korea's mountains, but I knew now that one was waiting for me. This wasn't the end of things. I could now see a beginning and it was mine to create. I wasn't alone anymore.



Stampede!

By John Stockman



My friend Mike and I were pursuing our favorite weekend activity – bow hunting caribou. We were U.S. Marines assigned to duty on Naval Station Adak, Alaska. Adak is a small island in the Aleutian chain about 1,200 miles west of Anchorage, Alaska. It is located where the frigid waters of the Bering Sea merge with the warmer waters of the Pacific Ocean. This cauldron-like effect creates some of the world's worst weather. Hurricane force winds, precipitation (rain, sleet, and snow) on a daily basis, white outs, and blizzards are commonplace.

The island is treeless except for a small clump of evergreens planted by U.S. Marines during World War II. The terrain is primarily mountainous tundra and is covered with short grass.

We had learned that Adak weather and terrain provided the caribou good protection. Several times we had been forced to give up the hunt because of blizzards or hurricane-force storms.

On the few days that the visibility was good, the caribou spotted us on the barren tundra landscape before we could close within shooting range.

Our persistence finally paid off early one morning as we topped the crest of a mountain and discovered a herd of caribou feeding in a narrow valley below us.

Mike and I plotted our stalk as we lay there admiring the caribou. We decided to set up ambushes on opposite sides of the herd where hopefully the animals would pass within bow range when they filed out of the tiny valley through narrow passes.

There was little concealment to use in getting within bow range of the herd. I chose a clump of shrubs near one of the two passes as my objective. Mike selected another shrub near the other pass as his goal. Those two terrain features

were the closest concealment to the herd. Our plan was to reach those points and wait for the caribou to depart the valley by one of those two exits.

We selected shallow ravines that led to our objectives and began belly-crawling toward them. Just as I reached my clump of shrubs, I felt the wind change direction. It was now blowing from Mike to me. The herd instantly became restless and began milling about. Suddenly, the caribou surged forward. I was squarely in their path.

Any thought of shooting a caribou was replaced by a near panic thought of how to avoid being trampled. As the herd bore down on me, I ran! My hope was to reach a rock formation about 200 yards distant before I was overtaken. I felt adrenalin surge through my body and I experienced a deep exhilaration as I raced ahead of the herd. I imagined how the daring young men must feel when they run with the fighting bulls in the annual street races in Spain.

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Even though I was hard and lean from several miles of daily running and adrenaline was pumping through me, I could feel myself tiring. Visions of being trampled flashed through my mind. The caribou quickly caught me and began to effortlessly pass me on either side. Their large, splayed feet and long legs allowed them to speed over the tundra with relative ease while the spongy tundra sucked at my every step.

As the herd gathered momentum and the valley narrowed, the space between me and the nearest animals quickly decreased. I could see the caribou nearest me straining against the pressure of other animals to avoid me. I knew I

had to reach the security of the protective rock outcropping within seconds or be knocked off my feet and be stomped into the tundra by the stampeding caribou. The blood was pounding in my temples and my breath was coming in noisy, ragged gasps. My feet felt like they had weights attached and I had the frightening sensation of running in place.

The haven of rocks was tantalizingly close, but the fleeing caribou were crowding closer and closer as the valley narrowed. I didn't see the first animal that slammed into me. I was thrown against another plunging caribou and then another. I fought wildly to maintain my balance. If only I could stay on my feet for another few yards I could dive behind the protective rocks.

Another racing caribou struck me. I felt myself falling and lunged desperately for the security of the rocks. Upon impact I instinctively curled into a tight, thoroughly terrified form.

I felt the solid safety of the protective rock; I heard the thudding hooves of the fleeing caribou; I saw their bodies passing by me; and I smelled their musky odor.

As I lay there examining my aching body, I recalled one of my favorite mantras that I thought applied to my situation: "Pain is inevitable: Misery is optional." I was unquestionably in pain, but I was not miserable. Quite the contrary, I was grateful that I was still alive. I could deal with the pain. It was a temporary situation. Life, on the other hand, is more lasting and I was thrilled to still have mine.

I painfully raised my battered body to a kneeling position and bowed my head and thanked the Lord for sparing my life. ❖

Was Your First Kiss a Pleasant Memory?

By Gene Wentz



Gene and Priscilla Wentz share a kiss after their wedding on December 31, 1980 in Toronto, Canada. A local newspaper article used this photo in a column that was headlined: "They beat the tax man to the altar."

On Valentine's Day several years ago, I described my first romantic kiss. This was done to emphasize the point that probably the most important first expression of intense affection for a member of the opposite sex is a romantic kiss. Do not misunderstand. I am not talking about platonic kisses, the kind delivered to mere friends. No, I was referring to a real, passionate romantic kiss. Know what I mean?

Me? It happened during a game of spin-the-bottle when I was 13. She was 14 or 15. I puckered up, expecting a fleeting, perfunctory smooch. It was much more. Much, much more. It had a Gaelic, poetic quality to it. Know what I mean?

Poetic is the right word to describe the experience. The first kiss, whether between Romeo and Juliet in Renaissance Italy or teenagers at a dance in the high school gym, is

one of the most memorable experiences in life. An academic study has shown it is so powerful that this most romantic of exchanges will be recalled more accurately than any of the far greater joys and tragedies occurring years later. (Writer's note: I am skeptical of this finding.)

The social scientists who released the findings at an American Psychological Society's annual convention said they had been taken aback by the force of the memory. They expected the first full sexual encounter would rank at number one, but for most people that was behind both the first-ever kiss and the first kiss with the person in a current relationship. (Writer's note: I am still skeptical.)

The study resulted from nearly 300 interviews with middle-class people whose first kiss ranged from the 1990s to the past 12 months.

Researchers also asked where first kisses happened. The first kiss was usually in a semi-public place, such as in the front seat of a car. It is often regarded as more pleasurable than losing one's virginity, an event which also often involves alcohol, perhaps explaining why it cannot be recalled in such detail. (Writer's note: I'm wavering. Maybe there is an element of truth in the study finding.)

I wanted to ask some of my lifelong friends to describe their first kiss, so that I could add more variety to this narrative. Even with people I have known for 60 years I could not bring myself to describe the thrust of this column and then ask them to describe their first kiss.

Some things are just too personal to ask.

A New Resident's Sentiments at the Removal of our 200-Year-Old Tree

By Harvey Follender

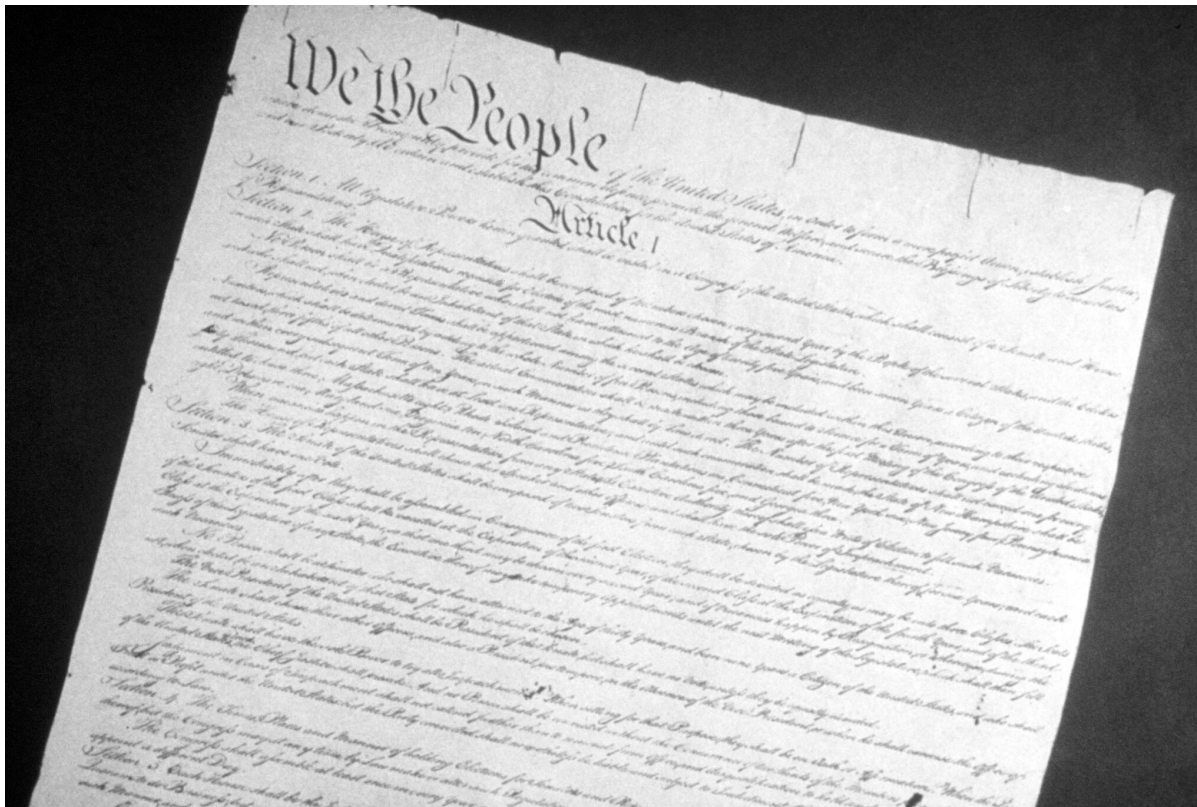


Harvey Follender (in yellow) with his family; from left, son Ivan Follender and wife Sue Han, and sister Alice Harris. The white oak tree that was removed on April 3 and 4 was estimated to be at least 200 years old.

About two weeks ago, I heard that a prominent old oak tree on our campus was in bad health and in danger of falling onto Old Dominion Drive. It is one of the oldest trees in Virginia. The tree doctors and Fairfax County agreed that it should soon be removed. I went to see it and, living in a retirement community, I felt a kinship bond to it. I came back to see it a few times and got teary-eyed. On removal day, I watched with CEO Rob Roe and Executive Assistant Michelle Parra as it was carefully taken apart and each piece was lowered for chipping. At the end of the work day, my daughter Saroya and I went to see the results. We were sad but it was inevitable. Afterwards, Saroya and I went to see the large, old, willow oak tree that stands before the "Willow Oak" residence building. I wondered what would be its future fate.

Solo Trip to Remember

By Maureen Kammerer



The Constitution of the United States. National Archives at College Park - Still Pictures, Public domain, via Wikimedia Commons.

In 2005, two days before Christmas, I took the subway from Dunn Loring to the National Mall because I wanted to visit our National Archives. The Perot Foundation had lent its copy of the Magna Carta to the Archives and I wanted also to see the Constitution again. I knew I could also cross the street and see the Impressionist art at the National Gallery that I loved so much. It was a solo trip that has triggered many memories and thoughts about what I saw. I walked across the windy mall to the Archives to discover it was virtually abandoned.

The Magna Carta that I saw in that stately Greek inspired building was later bought by David Rubenstein in an auction in New York when it came up for sale by Perot. Rubenstein, too, was

in awe of this amazing 1297 copy of a document from 1215 stating among other rights that the king and his government was not above the law. The night that Rubenstein's bid won the document, he donated it to the American people to be housed in the Archives for all time.

Three other documents are housed there in a display called Documents of Freedom. It includes the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. They are seen as one enters into a great rotunda with low lighting and beautiful historical mural paintings on the walls. I was very moved by these documents of freedom and equality, and grateful that I lived in my native city of Washington, D.C. where I could visit them. I was virtually alone

in my visit there except for one small family. It was not tourist season, and most people were home decorating or travelling two days before Christmas.

I was hungry and walked across Constitution Avenue to the National Gallery for a look at beauty of a different kind and some lunch. While the Archives is not as colorful but certainly as important, the National Gallery provides so much pleasure, it is always a treat, especially when practically empty of people. I saw the fountain surrounded by red and white pointsettias, amaryllis, other flowers and trees lit with fairy lights. From there, I wandered into the Impressionist galleries and watched as a few

lives at home to gather and write the documents that gave me the freedom to enjoy my day in Washington, in the great gallery, the great archives.

Twenty years after that solo day in Washington, I am still free to enjoy my city, its treasures and beauty. I pray in gratitude and hope that I will continue my visits. Perhaps you will be inspired to check out the proof of your freedoms at the Archives and enjoy being able to experience our great city, the seat of government, and art and beauty, and freedom.

I was very moved by these documents of freedom and equality, and grateful that I lived in my native city of Washington, D.C. where I could visit them.

people strolled down a corridor gazing at the spectacular nude sculptures catching cold on a December day. I was the only one in the Dutch painter Claesz's show, and I received a painting lesson in lighting from this lovely exhibit.

I saw the Audubon exhibit of his giant folios, but I wanted more vitality and visited the Homer watercolors and his lively women. The seascapes drew me in. I had lunch in the cafeteria, met a lady from Boston who was the wife of a professor from Harvard. Later, I popped in for a quick glimpse of the Italian illuminated manuscripts, with music and chant as a background, and I thought of the many hours it took to create them all. The movie was educational about these monks who did what they accomplished with pens, inks, and gold leaf.

Different documents, different men, different eras. As I rode home in the subway I thought of the men who were so like us. They gave up their



Magna Carta from 1297, on display at the National Archives. Photo in the public domain, via Wikimedia Commons.

Real World Engineering, Part 2

By Stan Trost



Stan Trost in 2005.

You'll recall from Part 1 (published in the Summer 2024 issue of the *Campus News & Views*) that my first job after college was at Northrop. On my first day, there was a company-wide announcement that they had lost a major contract. Once I finished work on a difficult project, I decided I had to move on.

I found a job at a division of General Motors designing guidance systems for missiles. On my first day, there was a company-wide announcement that GM had lost a major contract. But GM had deep pockets, so we kept working.

My assignment was to characterize and then to improve a component known as a modulator. There were some very bright engineers, and I enjoyed interacting with them. I continued my graduate studies at University of Southern California.

My wife, Elaine, and I bought our first house, located near Loyola University, just above

Hughes Aircraft. This was fortunate since most aerospace engineers ended up at Hughes.

In the meantime, some of my colleagues from Northrop went to a small company called Servomechanisms, Inc. They asked me to join them – so I was off to my third job in 1 1/2 years.

My first assignment was to develop modular power supplies. I did some research, and dug in. A salesman found a company in the Bay Area that needed a very compact high voltage power supply. No one thought it could be done. But your intrepid engineer didn't listen to this advice and started the design and development process.

One Saturday, I was working hard, trying to make schedule. There were only three employees at work (by the way, never work on high voltage alone) a guard, a machinist, and me. As I toiled, the guard came up to me and told me my car had been smashed. Imagine a large parking lot, three cars, and the machinist managed to run

into my car!

As I neared the end of this project, my boss hired a seasoned power supply engineer, so I could move on to other projects. I should mention that Servo was started by three engineers. It was rather successful – then the founders began to relax and the company started to go downhill. My colleagues and I were trying to rescue it.

Now a new assignment. I was asked to be the project leader on a pressure transducer – a transducer is a device that converts energy from one form to another – that was destined for a retrofit of the B52 bomber. Bear in mind that this was 1962, the B52 was already in service, and it is still a mainstay of the US bomber fleet!

Aircraft of that era had many transducers (but not nearly as many as today). It is relatively easy to design and build a transducer, but what is not

easy is to get the transducer to work through a wide range of environments. We needed it to work at extremes of temperature, and shock and vibration – believe me no easy feat.

We spent many hours monitoring the transducer in the temperature chamber. To measure the voltage, we used a Wheatstone bridge with a very fine variable precision resistor. I was working with one of the founders, a physicist, and he was convinced he had discovered a quantum effect in our transducer. In fact, he was just seeing the steps in the variable resistor.

As I was finishing this project, I was close to finishing my graduate degree. Elaine and I decided we wanted to move back to the Bay Area to raise our family. So, I started looking for a job in the East Bay. Eventually, I was hired for my first stint at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. More on this next time.

Walking

By Elisabeth Wilton

Twice around the building, twice around the tree

Humming as I walk along, happy as can be.

Then it's up the sidewalk, 'round the grassy plot

Full of shrubs and flowers, benches and what not.

One more building to get around before I reach my goal.

A mile a day can be tiring but nourishes the soul.

And on those days I'd rather not, my energy at stall,

I remember the Summer of '55 when I couldn't walk at all.



VINSON HALL RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Campus News & Views

Spring 2025



As the weather warmed up this spring, we got busy! We celebrated Earth Day with students from The Potomac School and Chesterbrook Elementary School. We enjoyed gatherings in the Penthouse Sylvester Lounge, like birthday teas, parties and happy hours; and we supported the Alzheimer's Association with our annual on-campus walk, one in a series of fundraising events.