

DUPONT CIRCLE VILLAGE

SHATTERING THE STEREOTYPE

ADAMS MORGAN • DUPONT CIRCLE • KALORAMA

“And all at once,
summer collapsed
into fall.”

—Oscar Wilde

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Welcome New Members!

Bryna Brennan
Brian Doyle

All the Presidents' Heads

Mount Rushmore, the national memorial in the Black Hills of South Dakota exhibiting the carved faces of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln—a

By Eva M. Lucero,
Executive Director

sacred site to Native Americans, named the Six Grandfathers by the Lakota tribe—was briefly in the news this summer. The topic, driven by the Trump Administration and its supporters, was adding the president to the colossal memorial. One can debate the merits but the National Park Service's stance has always been clear: it's not going to happen. There are two reasons. One, the rock surrounding the faces is unusable. Second, any addition would defeat the original intention for the memorial, which was to honor the first 150 years of U.S. history.

If you have an unmet desire to see more presidential big heads, do not despair. Just 150 miles from Washington, DC in Croaker, Virginia, stands a sight that would make just about anyone stop in their tracks. On a 10-acre dusty farm field, you can see 43 presidential busts from George Washington to Barak Obama, some stand 20-feet-tall and most weigh 15,000 to 20,000 pounds.*

These larger than life busts were made by David Adickes, a Houston-based artist who was so inspired by what he saw driving past Mount Rushmore that he decided to create



Presidents Park, a sculpture park that would include all U.S. presidents. Adickes searched for partners and investors and initially wanted the park to be in Washington, DC. He partnered with Everette Haley Newman, an entrepreneur and investor from Virginia who helped secure \$10 million to get the project going and they settled on Williamsburg, VA (near the famous Colonial Williamsburg) for the location. Local opposition was intense from all sectors. The project was labeled 'garish' and 'cheap' and considered a "roadside attraction" not fitting of the colonial emphasis of Williamsburg. After a four-year battle with the city and county over zoning laws, Adickes and Newman won their legal battle and opened *Presidents Park* in February 2004.

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President's Notes



The outlook for this fall looks like a continuation of choppy waters and periods when we are becalmed. DCV's goal is to keep our ship steady as she goes and our passengers safe, cared for, and entertained! Maybe we should think of the Good Ship Lollypop and/or the Love Boat—following all social distancing guidelines, of course.

Over the summer, DCV offered numerous and new programs and

I was pleased to see that participation remained high. We have also provided support to members who are facing challenges with illnesses, food insecurity, and loss. The Meal Mavens are back at work, supplying food and a caring message to those facing challenges. This vital service is provided by

members **Abigail Wiebenson, Kathy Cardille, Kathy Price, Laurie Calhoun, Michaela Buhler, Monica Heppel, Sandra Yarrington, Bella Rosenberg, and Sheila Lopez.**

DCV committees continue the work that keeps our Village vibrant and moving forward. In short, we are sailing along even with the current head winds. This fall, we hope to offer additional activities from the list suggested by members. If you have

an idea for a new program please send it to **Abigail Wiebenson**. We will also continue to provide support to members needing a helping hand.

Maintaining the health of our members and volunteers is paramount. We have followed Mayor Bowser's guidelines and taken a conservative stance in managing interactions which could put people at risk. I encourage you to do the same. One critical action you can take, to take care of yourself and others, is to get your FLU SHOT. DCV will be offering two immunization clinics in September. The arrangements are being carefully planned to keep you safe when you are at the clinic. Having a flu shot is one of the best things you can do to protect yourself and loved ones. If you haven't registered for the clinic do it now.

Stay Safe!

All the Presidents' Heads

Continued from page 1

The vision for the park was never fully realized. It was obscured by a Days Inn hotel off the beaten path from Williamsburg tourist traffic, and the economy at the time was sluggish. After only three years, *Presidents Park* was listed for sale, busts included, for an asking price of \$4.5 million.

After one year, there had been no interest from buyers and the park continued to lose money. In 2010, after six years and 350,000 visitors, the park was officially closed. The loan was defaulted on, and the bank that foreclosed the property put it up for auction.

Enter Howard Hankins, a local builder who helped build the park, offered to take the presidential busts rather than see them destroyed. He paid \$50,000 to have them hauled to his 400-acre farm 10-miles away. All



43 presidential busts now reside on Hankins's property in various conditions. Most of the busts, once-pristine with white paint coatings, have lost out to the elements and are cracked and worn from the wind, sun and rain. The bust of George W. Bush is pockmarked with peeled paint. John Tyler has a cracked cheek. Theodore Roosevelt is missing his trademark glasses, and a hornet's nest lives in one of Rutherford B. Hayes' nostrils. However, with special deference for the first president, George Washington is prominently displayed and in fairly decent condition. See it for yourself. Virginia photographer and tour guide, John Plashal offers [tours](#) of the busts.

** The park was bankrupt while President Obama was in office, so there is not a full size bust of him, only a miniature size.*

Monthly Calendar

Currently, activities are being offered online, by way of Zoom. Updates will be posted in the Friday e-blast. Instructions for Zoom can be found under the Library tab at <https://dcv.clubexpress.com/>. We do ask you to register online at www.dupontcircuitvillage.net and select "Calendar," find the event, and register. If you can't join an online event or figure out how to register, please email or call Ann Talty at admin@dupontcircuitvillage.net or (202) 436-5252.

Genealogy Group

Wednesday, September 2, 3:00–5:00 pm

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

This meeting's discussion will be on "is it worth it" using a large online genealogical data source that requires a fee, such as Ancestry.com, MyHeritage.com, Fold3.com (military) and Newspapers.com.

CelebSalon: Ris Lacoste, Chef

Wednesday, September 16, 6:00–7:00 pm

Location: Virtual

Limit: 40; Cost: free

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Ris Lacoste is one of the most respected and dedicated chefs working in Washington D.C. today. She has earned her reputation built upon high-quality ingredients, bold innovative technique, and food that is both familiar and simply delicious. She will be talking with us not only about her restaurant, but the insights to the inner workings of José Andrés' operation during the last several months, where she and her staff have been collaborating.

DCV's Cultural Affairs Group Race and Inequality Discussion

Thursday, September 17, 6:00 pm

Location: Virtual

Limit: 40; Cost: free

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

The discussion will center on Ava DuVernay's documentary "13th." The film explores the "intersection of race, justice, and mass incarceration in the US." The program will be moderated by Amy Fettig, executive director of the **Sentencing Project**, a nonprofit that works for a fair and effective U.S. criminal justice system by producing groundbreaking research to promote reforms in sentencing policy, address unjust racial disparities and practices, and to advocate for alternatives to incarceration.



Men's Book Group

Monday, September 21, 11:30 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Peter Vandevanter (petervandevanter@gmail.com) or Robert Hirsch (rmhirsch49@yahoo.com)

The book for September is **The Biggest Bluff** by Maria Kournikova, and the discussion will be led by Lex Rieffel.

Live and Learn Online

Monday, September 21, 3:30–5:00 pm

Location: Virtual

Specific subject & description will be announced in Friday E-blasts

DCV Movie Group Online

Thursday, September 24, 4:00 pm

Location: Virtual

Limit: 16

Details will be announced in Friday E-blast

Mystery Book Group Online

Friday, September 25, 3:00 pm

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

This month's book will be announced in Friday E-blasts

Online Meditation with Christina

Mondays & Thursdays, 9:00–9:30 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Exercise Class

Mondays and Fridays, 10:00–11:00 am

Location: Virtual

Cost: DCV Will pay the fees for 5 attendees

Mid to advanced level Exercise Class to improve strength and balance with Mac Tyree, a Trainer at Washington Sports Club. If you wish to participate, contact: Jane Pierson-VerSteeg at: 202-265-3282 h; 202-841-4604 c; or at jane@piersonversteeg.com

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Monthly Calendar

Accessible Mat Yoga Online

Mondays, 3:30–4:30 pm

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Chair Yoga Online

Tuesdays, 10:30–11:30 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Online Feldenkrais Method Awareness Through Movement

Wednesdays, 10:00–11:00 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

The classes are about improving function and well-being in our day-to-day activities, which is why they are good for improving walking, running, sitting, standing, gardening, relieving pain, breathing, working, and playing. The classes are usually done on mats on the floor, sometimes lying, sometimes sitting, or even standing. You may also do it on your bed.

Life Story Workshop

Wednesdays, September 16–October 14, 11:30 am until 1:00 pm

Location: Virtual

This workshop is full

DCV and Bea Epstein are offering another five-week Life Story workshop to DCV members. She and other DCV members have completed three 'semesters'. We are now offering Session 1 again. By the end of the workshop you will:

- Create a treasured gift
- Receive ideas each week that evoke life memories
- Sharpen your writing skills in class and at home and
- Discover the best way to preserve your life memories.



Coffee and Conversation

Thursdays, 10:00–11:00 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Vaccination Clinic

Monday, September 21

Thursday, September 24

Location: DC Office (With full COVID 19 compliance)

Time: Varies.

If you took the member survey and replied Yes to the clinic, the office will be in touch to book your appointment. More information will be announced in the Friday E-blast.

CelebSalon: DC Attorney General Karl Racine

Wednesday, September 30, 6:00–7:00 pm

Location: Virtual

Limit: 40; Cost: Free

RSVP: Register online or contact the DCV office

Karl Racine is the first independently elected attorney general of the District of Columbia, a position he has held since January 2015. He will be talking to us about all the local reforms his office is pursuing, his accomplishments in office and his thoughts on DC's future.

SAVE THE DATE!

CelebSalon: Maryland Congressman Jamie Raskin

Wednesday October 7, 6:00–7:00 pm

Location: Virtual

Limit: 40; Cost: Free

RSVP: Register online or contact the DCV office.

More information will be announced in the Friday E-blast.

Raymond Burr in Vietnam

Have you started watching “Perry Mason”, the HBO series that launched in June based on the character from Earle Stanley Gardner’s detective novels?

Did you watch Perry Mason on TV when it was running from 1957 to 1966? If so, you know that Raymond Burr was the actor playing Perry Mason then.

My family didn’t own a TV when I was growing up, so I only got to know about Perry Mason when Raymond Burr came to South Vietnam to entertain the troops.

The most incredible year of my life began in July 1963 when I arrived at Headquarters Support Activity-Saigon, as a newly-minted U.S. Navy ensign out of my NROTC program in college. My record as a midshipman over four years was so poor that the Navy couldn’t imagine assigning me to a destroyer home-ported in Yokuska, Japan, as I requested. But they had a nice post for me in Saigon where I probably couldn’t run aground any of their ships.

HEDSUPPACT-Saigon was the command responsible for providing logistical support for all U.S. military personnel in South Vietnam, having taken responsibility for this work from the U.S. Army the year before. In mid-1963, there were no U.S. combat units in the country yet, but President Kennedy had decided in late 1962 to increase the number of advisors from 12,000 to 18,000, regarded at the time as a big buildup. Of course, the numbers pale in comparison to the multiples of military personnel in the country five years later.

I was assigned to the Special Services Division of HEDSUPPACT-Saigon. When I mention this unit, people often think I must have been some kind of hot shot soldier, like the Green Berets or the Seals. But those were “special forces”. The mission of the Special Services Division was the morale of the U.S. military personnel

in South Vietnam. The title of my position was Theater Officer. This had nothing to do with the “theater” of battle. My office was in the Capital Kinh Do Theater in downtown Saigon, leased to show 35mm movies to the U.S. military community in the country. (I can imagine the smirk on the face of the officer in the Pentagon who assigned me to this post after noticing that I had been a member of the Triangle Club at Princeton University, which produces an original musical comedy every year.)

Other members of my division were responsible for organizing sports, managing libraries, and a few other minor activities. My job was about movies and USO shows. The movie business had two parts. The easy part was supervising the small staff of the Capital Kinh Do Theater. The challenging part was delivering to every one of about 105 separate advisory units scattered across South Vietnam a different 16mm movie every night of the week, 52 weeks of the year. This was in that ancient world when movies were projected from reels of film. A typical feature movie took up 4–5 separate reels.

The movie business deserves a story of its own (including the bombing of my office by the Viet Cong), but this is a story about Raymond Burr. Village members undoubtedly associate USO shows with Bob Hope. Well, Bob Hope’s first visit to Vietnam came after I had left, but Raymond Burr and I laid the ground work for him. The typical USO act while I was there, at a rate of about one a month, was a music group you never heard of, a speed painter, a magician, etc. The only “star” who came in my year was Raymond Burr, and he came twice.

I wouldn’t be telling this story if Raymond Burr was some ordinary, stuck-up actor. I’m telling it because he was the opposite of one. He put on no airs. He didn’t “perform” for the soldiers; he engaged with them. In particular, he always offered to take



letters back to the USA. There were always men (almost no women in the military posted to South Vietnam then) who took him up on the offer. He even, on request, placed personal phone calls to the families or girlfriends of soldiers after he returned to the USA.

Raymond Burr was in-country for 4–5 days on each visit. On most days, we would drop in on several advisory units. We flew from one end of the country to the other in Huey helicopters and C-130 or Caribou planes. Raymond Burr was popular with the troops and deservedly so from my close association with him during these two visits. I might try watching the new Perry Mason series, but it won’t be the same without Raymond Burr.

Everything is Connected—Body and Mind



I have to keep learning this lesson. You would think that by now I wouldn't need reminders, but being quite human, I do.

The combination of Meditation, Feldenkrais class and swimming has been really helpful this summer in teaching me to pay attention (again) to my body and not just ignore it. It is a very common problem, particularly for people who have low self-esteem, victims of abuse, are driven, sustain injuries, or are in chronic pain.

Stress manifests itself in the body in so many different ways. I have found that any injury I have ever had is now a target for stress—ankle, shoulder, hip. Those muscles tighten right up, seemingly welcoming the stress pain. Massage can help, but without dealing with the actual stress, the tightness and pain come right back.

One of my target areas has always been the gut, and my relationship with food. The phrases “tied up in knots” and “sick to my stomach” definitely applied to me. I have learned to identify whether or not there is anything stressful going on, and try to relax that part of the body. I do have more success with the unclenching these days. Likewise, when stressed, I go one extreme or the other with food—can't get enough, or can't bear the thought of it and can't swallow it. All of these are common symptoms of both depression and anxiety.

Meditation has been really good for me. Emptying the mind is a very helpful tool, particularly when things are going round and round in your head. Just taking physical inventory is good—is that part of the body loose or tight. It makes me think of the old trick for going to sleep—starting with the toes, think of a Raggedy Ann doll,

and relax gradually to the top of your head. It does help to isolate what is tense.

Even better for me is the DCV Feldenkrais class (Wednesdays). You learn to take inventory of your body at any given time, any given day, any part of your body. The movements are very small and do not initially seem like much. You explore the effect of a motion, try little variations, pay attention to how that affects other parts of your body, how it compares to your other side, etc. It is now paying off for me—I am sitting straighter, walking taller and in a straight line. After one of our classes, I was swimming to accommodate my left hip which has now been replaced and is just fine. I suddenly realized that I no longer had to swim like that, and re-learned how to swim.

Take inventory today!

Meet Donna Batcho!

Originally from Wood-Ridge, New Jersey, Donna Batcho came to DC 13 ½ years ago to work as a fundraiser for the Environmental Working Group. For the last seven years, Donna has worked as a senior manager for gift planning and philanthropy for Share Our Strength's No Kid Hungry Campaign. She leads their planned giving and mid-tier fundraising programs.

Her long career has always been in the non-profit sector. She started with a full-time job right out of high school as a clerk at the United Nations Secretariat, while she put herself

through college. Later, Donna earned a master's degree in public affairs from the School of International and Public Affairs at Columbia University. Besides the UN Secretariat, she also worked for the UN Environment Program, UNICEF, the Ford Foundation, and several other non-profits in New York City, California, and New Hampshire. After the fall of communism, she lived and worked in Central Europe (Slovakia) as an NGO consultant.

During her free time, Donna loves to travel and practice yoga. She also enjoys films, theater, the symphony and all Kennedy Center events. Additionally, she walks every day (Georgetown, Dumbarton Oaks and Rock Creek Park) to get her daily 10,000 steps.



As a Villager, Donna likes the friends she's made. She says that DCV has given her a community feel, just like living in a small town. She loves all the activities and courses offered, the newsletters and all the helpful resources.

**DCV
Member
Profile**

Taking a Fresh Look at Your Exit Plan

So, you thought you had it all mapped out—how you planned to do that last lap before exiting the world stage. Then came the COVID-19 pandemic!

It would probably be a good time for you to reevaluate your plan. At a Village virtual Live and Learn Program on June 22, staff from Capital Caring Health, one of the oldest and largest hospice nonprofits in the United States, urged such reconsideration. The staff speakers were patient advocate Donna Gayles, chaplain Matthew Suggs, and social workers Deanna Cho and Daniel Rehner.

Yes, COVID-19 could speed your departure from this life, so that possibility alone should prompt you to take a fresh look at your exit strategy. But there is another crucial reason. Since many people who get COVID-19 survive it, you might want to make a note on your advance medical directive that you would be open to intubation if you get the virus. Intubation is a procedure that is used when you can't breathe on your own.

Another reason to reassess your exit plan at this time, the CCH staff argued, is to make sure that you are aware of all the benefits that could ease your exit, such as hospice or DC's Death With Dignity Act.

Since 1983, Medicare has paid for hospice care when two physicians certify that a beneficiary has a life expectancy of six months or less. Once a patient's hospice benefit starts, it will provide a number of things free of charge—say, installation of a hospital bed in your home, hospice nurse visits to your home, administration of pain medicine in your home. The goal is to keep you as comfortable as possible until you depart for the Other Side.

Hospice is not synonymous with death, however. Some patients in hospice care actually get better.

If possible, check out hospice organizations long before you'll actually need the services. Get the names of some reputable hospices from your primary care doctor. Do research on those companies online to see what types of benefits they provide. Avoid using any hospice company that calls you to solicit your business. "I was shocked to learn that there are scam hospices," Cho said.

More often than not, hospice means care in your home, not in a hospital. So if you die at home and not in a hospital, organ donation must be ruled out because time is of the essence in getting a donated organ to a recipient. Moreover, the COVID-19 pandemic is slowing organ donation because each donated organ must be tested for the virus before it can be transplanted.

If you use hospice and die at home, however, you can still donate your body for medical research as long as arrangements for donation have been set up ahead of time. For life's end you may have chosen euthanasia, which is legal in the District under DC's Death With Dignity Act:

To take advantage of this procedure, you would have to be terminally ill. You would also need to have two physicians sign off on your request, one of whom would have to issue a prescription for the lethal medication designated for ending your life. You would have to administer the medication yourself. If you happen to be receiving hospice services at this time, a hospice company would respect your request, but would not help you obtain the medication or take it.

Suggs pointed out that in the state of Oregon, where euthanasia has been legal for many years, most patients who obtain a lethal medication do not end up actually using it. He said that what the patients mostly want is a sense of control over the end of their lives.

Capital Caring Health is headquartered at 3180 Fairview Park Drive, Falls Church, VA 22042. Telephone: (703) 538-2065. You can contact Donna Gayles if you have any questions about hospice or other end-of-life issues. Her e-mail address is dgayles@capitalcaring.org

Art Archive



Georgia O'Keefe
(1887–1986,
American)
Red Poppy 1927
Oil on Canvas
Private Collection

CelebSalons

The Summer's Discerning Selection of "Celebs"

This summer's CelebSalon lineup was a diverse selection of informative, interesting, engaging, and enlightening speakers who shared their experience and insights

on journalism, social media, politics, sustainability, art, food, climate change and DC statehood. **Taegan Goddard**, founder of Political Wire, explained the influence of social media on politics and relayed the history of political movements (good and bad) that have shaped the two dominant political parties in the US. **Kate Haw**, the National Gallery of Art's collections, programs and exhibitions officer, shared her insight on the effect of COVID 19 on the art world and ways the NGA is handling cancelled exhibits, future programming and necessary changes in the art world spurred by the protests against injustice. Local entrepreneur



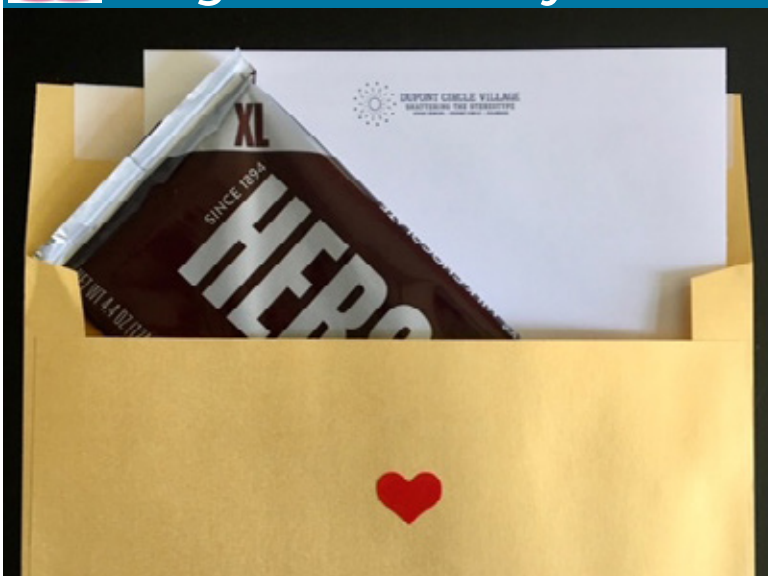
and owner of Dupont Circle's Glen's Market, **Danielle Vogel**, led a fascinating discussion about how she went from law school to a job on Capitol Hill to becoming a climate change grocer. **Rafe Pomerance**, environmental and climate change activist, shared his deep knowledge of climate policy history and the effect on our lives today. Lastly, DCV welcomed **Congresswoman Eleanor Holmes Norton**, who happened to be our guest during the US Post Office (USPS) debacle. She wielded many questions about the new Postmaster General, the USPS

congressional hearings and voting by mail. She then switched gears to discuss the traction that DC Statehood was finally receiving. Soon, maybe soon, DC will become the 51st state. She is optimistic about big changes after the November elections.

Many DCV CelebSalons are recorded and can be accessed from the DCV website under the [CelebSalons](#) tab, scroll down to the bottom and click on the link that says "Watch this Salon" under the individual Salon.



August Birthdays



Happiest of birthdays to the DCV August celebrants! **Patricia Baranek, Charles Bien, Mary Braden, Martine Brien, Jane Cave, Charletta Cowling, Jeanne Downing, Lucia Edmonds, Bernice Hamilton, Caroline Harlow, Monica Heppel, Jerry Hersh, Olga Hudecek, Suedeen Kelly, Steven Kittrell, Joyce Liberto, Sam Liberto, Sheila Lopez, Roberta Milman, Irv Molotsky, Bill O'Brien, Carlotta Ribar, Rene Steichen, Larry Stuebing, Gerry Thompson, Gloria Valle and Ellyn Weiss.**

Four Grey Hairs and a Young Cop

Like the Odyssey, this story is divided into a series of trials. Unlike for Odysseus, our trials were not life-threatening, but could have been expensive. Like for Odysseus, we escaped with a warning.

By Caroline Mindel

Trial number one: It is seven thirty a.m. on Swann Street NW, on a beautiful Saturday in October. The sky is azure blue, the cirrus clouds meander by, and the ginkgoes are a gorgeous yellow. My two doglets, Minnie Mouse and Stevie Nix, and I are in contagiously happy moods, as we let ourselves out the front door and onto the stoop. Saturday is Arboretum day, and our world could not be better. Then it hits us!

Suddenly, we are being assaulted by the sickening smell of fallen ginkgo berries! The previous evening had been windy, and the wind had dislodged hundreds of ginkgo berries from the trees onto the sidewalk and onto my stoop. Anyone who has lived with ginkgo trees, the oldest living unchanged trees on earth, knows that the aroma of the seeds is akin to that resulting from having too many drunks upchuck on the sidewalk without making any effort to clean up the mess. (Cruder writers might tell it like it is: the fallen berries smell like vomit.) But berries or no berries, smell or no smell, there was nothing to do but gingerly tiptoe around the droppings and sweep them up when we returned from our outing.

Previously, (pre-ginkgo berries) we had arranged to reconnoiter with three other walkers with a third dog at our car. The other three meet us at the car, and, as they too have had to dance around the berries, we all carry the odor of ginkgo on our shoes. YUK to all of us! I can only add that the ability to go “nose blind” in short order does have its advantages. Completion of trial number one.

Trial number two begins with the

four adults and three dogs piling into a small Saab car. We are now happily on our way to the Arboretum. Thankfully we have gone “nose blind”, and the ginkgo smell is in the past and no longer a major distraction.

Trial two occurs within five minutes of our setting out, when the three dogs begin to fight over portions of a recently purchased blueberry scone. I am now getting ahead of myself, however, because a description of the four adults and three dogs in the car is vital to the story and necessitates immediate description.

Participant one: **Gillian Lindt**, legally blind, is a tiny, 85-year-old lady and the former Dean of the Arts and Sciences Graduate Schools at Columbia University. Her seeing eye dog, Bridget, a standard poodle, is always with her.

Participant two: **Larry**, 76, is almost totally deaf, with a form of deafness that cannot be corrected with hearing aids. He has two PhDs and retired as a colonel from the army, having been one of the psychologists instrumental in verifying PTSD. We frequently address him as *Doctor, Doctor, Colonel, Sir* and then salute. He comes with no animals.

Participant three: **Peg Simpson**, our third neighbor, is a former reporter for UPI. She was part of a group of women reporters who sued the news service, UPI, in the 70's for sex discrimination. The reporters lost the lawsuit, and Peg was forced to leave the employ of UPI. Currently she is retired, but is still active as a freelancer. She is a large, attractive woman, with a shock of white hair and a Texas whistle that could stop a train. We often use her whistling skill to do crowd control and bring everyone to order.

Lastly, here I am, participant four, a white-haired lady with two yappy dogs. To date I have all five senses unimpaired, and, because I come

with two yappy dogs and a car, I am usually the designated driver. Besides, no one else wants my dogs in their car after they have run around the Arboretum for two hours. The dogs end up with muddy paws and, in the case of Stevie Nix, with the odor of whatever she has rolled in. Point of fact: Stevie Nix' favorite perfume is **eau de dead animal**. To my knowledge, Minnie does not have a favorite perfume.

Descriptions completed, we pile into the car. Peg and Larry and my two little yappers get into the rear.

Gillian and Bridget settle, tightly together, into the front passenger seat. Bridget is on the floor at Gillian's feet. I start the car, make sure the children's locks are activated so that Stevie Nix will not open the rear windows, and off we go. So far so good.

First stop on our “happy journey” is Starbucks. Peg is our designated Starbucks representative. She is the one who gets us coffee and a blueberry scone for the dogs. Peg gets out of the car to purchase the coffees and scone.

As is her want, she asks: “y'all want the usual?”

We nod in agreement, and the dogs bark “yes” in unison. They put their noses on the car window and watch Peg handle the transaction in Starbucks, barking the entire time.

Shortly, Peg reappears with the coffees and the scone. She proceeds to take her seat and starts doling out pieces of scone to each dog. Coffee is in the process of being consumed, and the scone is being devoured, with an occasional warning bark from a dog who feels cheated by the others. Finally, off to the Arboretum.

Here comes trial number three: I put the car in gear, and we start discussing something we have read earlier in the paper and simultaneously admonishing the dogs to calm down. We have only gone about five

blocks when I see a police car's red, flashing light in my rearview mirror. I slow down, thinking the flashing red light wants to pass me. Wrong! Wrong! Wrong!

I am the one in the cop's sights. Having been deep in conversation, we're all mystified as to why the cop has pulled four old people and three dogs over. We soon find out as I pull over to the curb and wait.

The cop, who cannot be more than 20 years old and is younger than our grandchildren, gets out of his car and signals to me to open my window. I do so.

He had jumped out of his car (something people our age do not easily do) and now says to me: "Lady, you just went through a red light. May I see your license?"

I tell him: "I didn't see any light that may have turned red, Officer, but if I did this, I will have to get my license out of the trunk to show you. My license is in my wallet, which is in my purse, which is in the trunk. May I get it? My purse is in the trunk because, with four people and three dogs, there is no place for it in the car proper."

As I roll down the window to ramble on to the cop, the dogs start barking wildly. Evidently, they have seen someone walking a dog on the sidewalk, and they want to greet this new dog and get his attention. Of course, the cop thinks that they are barking at him and steps back. Stepping back, this very young cop shouts: "Keep those dogs quiet and get them under control, and, lady, go get your license, and control those dogs!"

My two dogs, both poodle mixes, are 10 and 15 pounds. The dogs are loud, but no one but this poor besieged cop has ever appeared to be terrorized by them. Fortunately, Bridget, Gillian's seeing eye dog, just raises her head to see what is going on and goes back to sleep. She has the good sense and training not to contribute to the chaos.

In the confusion, deaf Larry,



DOCTOR, DOCTOR, COLONEL, SIR, proceeds to open his car door and step out into the middle of "U" Street. My guess is that Larry wants to speak to the cop. That is not going to happen.

The cop starts yelling at Larry: "Get back in the car, get back in the car!"

Peg and I say in unison: "He's deaf and can't understand what you are saying. Stop yelling at him." "I don't care what he is," says the cop. "Get him back in the car!"

Somehow, although my memory fails me as to how, we do get Larry back in the car without incident. Larry has been known to sound off at inappropriate times, which sometimes is awkward for everyone. Miraculously, this is not one of those times.

Meanwhile, Gillian, who is blind, is shaking her head from side to side, trying to understand what is happening and saying: "What is going on, what is going on, what is going on."

Peg is now doing her best to calm down the dogs and stop them from barking. I am trying to be heard over the chaos.

The officer, who by this time appears to have developed a giant headache, looks at my license which I have retrieved and given to him.

By now the chaos has been reduced to a low buzz. Larry is back in his seat, slightly confused but quiet.

The dogs are sitting quietly between Peg and Larry, and Gillian knows what is happening.

The cop takes my license, runs it through his machine, all the time nodding his head back and forth in either disbelief or disgust. Take your pick as to which. My guess is that it is a little of both.

Eventually, he comes back to the car with my license and says: "Lady, don't go through any more red lights," and he hands me back my license.

He gets back in his car and quietly drives off.

We, too, proceed on our way. We all agree that the chances of his ever stopping another car with four white-haired seniors and three dogs are slim. We also surmise that he would go back to the precinct and tell his tale to his buddies. Would they believe it? Probably not, but it would be a good story. But will he tell this to his grandparents? That is the question! Lorne Michaels, eat your heart out. Four seniors have just upstaged any Saturday Night Live Skit. No skit could equal what just happened and be true.

Whack Whack

Whack Whack went the brand new shiny silver shears. Barber shears that is.

Just to add to the seriousness of this instrument there was a gold plated tension adjuster on one side. Certainly they looked official enough.

It all started when I decided one day, during the 2020 COVID pandemic, that my hair had grown long enough. It was becoming an everyday challenge to keep the strands of gray in decent order.

As I mentioned my dilemma to my fiancé, of a couple weeks, he approached me with some clippers, the kind they use on men's hair. He seemed almost too eager to help. However, his level of seeming confidence radiated and I reported

that I had a special pair of barber shears on order and once they arrived I might, just might, give him the chance to execute his skills.

I understood why beauty salons were not on the list of establishments approved to stay open to meet the urgent needs of the populace, but that did not mean we could not venture outside our comfort zone. Besides, Kenny always exudes such confidence, certainly it was a safe decision to add another adventure to our new experiences.

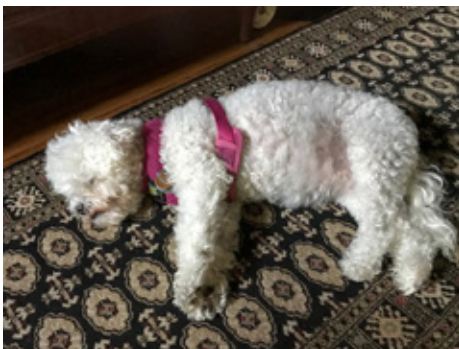
Within one week of receiving my soon to be prized scissors, I found myself sitting on a vanity stool facing a mirror so that I could oversee this hair cutting, hopefully, styling event.

Kenny entered the room, took the shears I handed to him, and walked

closer to me, before I could say a word he had taken a clump of hair in one hand and sheared it off. Before I could even respond to the moment another clump of hair had been seized and whacked. While trying to maintain my composure I was calling out cautions and laughing at the same time. Might I say a touch of comic relief. In the far reaches of my mind was the fact that HAIR DOES GROW, so whatever happens here will not be forever.

As the event proceeded and my composure returned, my coiffure was shaping up. "This I can live with", I told myself. In fact, depending on the duration of this pandemic Kenny will be adding some notches to his belt. Who knows, perhaps he could open shop, "Bobs by Kenne".

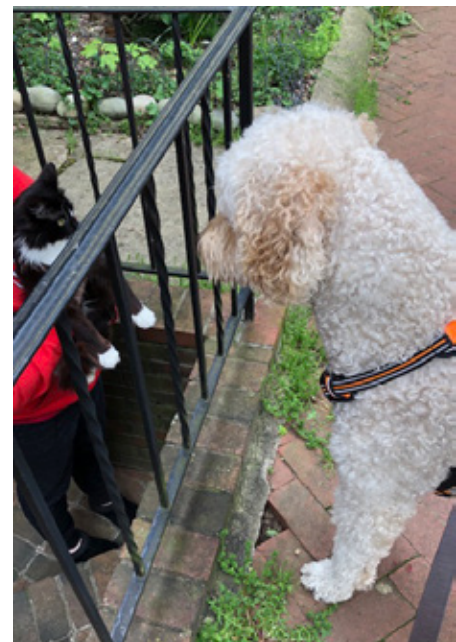
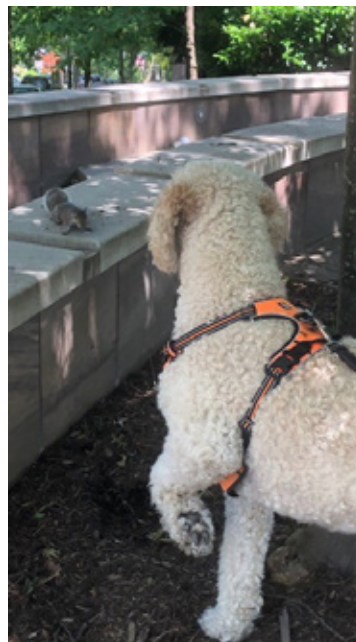
Quarantine Stories



◀ **Caroline Mindel** shared pics of her dogs during and after meditation.



▶ **Geraldine McCann** and her dog Marley enjoy meeting new friends on their daily walks around DC.



Quarantine Stories

Frances-Stephens Harvests for DCV!

A delicious partnership evolved from COVID circumstances coupled with a flourishing neighborhood school garden. In early August, the gardening teacher at Frances-Stephens school in the West

Abigail Wiebenson End contact-
ed member

Mike Silverstein to ask if any Villagers would like to receive some shares of bounty from their student gardens. Since then, Mike has been

personally delivering a "just picked" generous garden share every Friday to eight Villagers who answered the "Are you interested?" call. Recipients have been delighted with such fare as giant cucumbers, green peppers, eggplants, zucchini and fresh herbs. Some have shared their "shares" with Village neighbors. All are grateful for the outreach and sense of community that Frances-Stephens has created with Mike's generous help.



Ted Bracken at Gay Head Cliffs, Martha's Vineyard and with his son Lane on Martha's Vineyard at East Chop Lighthouse in July.

Carmela Vetri shares her favorite Degas painting from the wonderful *Degas at the Opera* exhibit at the recently opened National Gallery of Art.

Blue Dancers,
by Edgar Degas.



Judith Neibrief among the beautiful lotus blooms at Kenilworth Aquatic Gardens even without boardwalk access.

Quarantine Stories

▶ **Donna Batcho** was recently on vacation in the White Mountains of Pennsylvania where she also took a side trip to Glover, VT for the Bread and Puppet Museum and Circus. It was a safely solo road trip.



Jeanne Downing visiting **Gretchen Ellsworth** and **Bob Hirsch** at their home in Chincoteague, VA and enjoying steamed crabs.



▶ **Barbara Meeker** and **Joe Auslander** have spent most of the last four months in West Virginia, where they have adopted a cat.



▶ Sadly, **Ken Shuck** and **Carol Galaty** do not have a photo of Ken's great, great grandfather, Jackson Stiffler, alias "Edward Douglass." However, thanks to Ken's genealogical research on this very interesting, name-changing ancestor, they had the fun of driving to Front Royal and taking a picture of where he, a young 21-year-old Union soldier, got trampled by the Confederate Calvary, was captured and became a prisoner of war. Ken and Carol picnicked on "Rose Hill" and tried to picture him firing on the Confederates from where they ate, as he retreated with his regiment to Cedarville where he was captured. Ken taking a picture, of where his great, great grandfather, got trampled by the Confederate Calvary and captured as a prisoner of war in 1862 Civil War Battle of Front Royal. Those houses were there at the time. Carol in her boat, setting up their picnicking.



Kimchi Queso



Eric Silverstein, founder of the Peached Tortilla in Austin draws on many influences for his cooking. Born in Tokyo to a Chinese American mother and a Jewish American father, he traveled throughout Asia as a kid, moved to Atlanta in his teenage years, now lives in Texas. The eclectic menu at his Austin restaurant reflects all of this, with creative use of Asian ingredients in Southern dishes and vice versa.

Ingredients

- 4½ tablespoons unsalted butter
- 2¼ tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 pound Velveeta cheese, cut into 1-inch cubes, or American cheese (cheddar blend is fine), shredded
- ½ cup pureed, plus ½ cup whole Napa kimchi
- ⅓ teaspoon white pepper
- ½ teaspoon kochukaru flakes
- ⅓ cup cilantro, chopped
- ⅓ cup green onions, chopped
- ⅓ teaspoon kosher salt to taste
- ⅓ cup cotija cheese, for garnish
- Tortilla chips, for serving

In a medium-size pot, melt the butter over low heat. Once the butter has melted, add the flour to make a roux. Cook the roux for another 4–5 minutes until you start to smell a nutty aroma. The roux will start to turn a slight off-white. Turn the heat up to medium and whisk the milk into the roux. Simmer the mixture until the milk thickens. This should take about 5 minutes. Constantly stir the mixture to ensure you do not scald the milk. Add the cheese and simmer the mixture until the cheese melts and is fully incorporated. Once the cheese is fully melted, whisk in the pureed kimchi, white pepper, kochukaru flakes, cilantro, green onions, and salt.



The Dupont Circle Village is a non-profit volunteer organization that connects neighbors to services and educational, cultural/social and health and wellness activities. Please consider a donation now or remember us in your will.



DUPONT CIRCLE VILLAGE
SHATTERING THE STEREOTYPE
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