



THE Villager

◦ NEIGHBORS HELPING NEIGHBORS ◦

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Village Board Elections to Be Held March 6

Elections for the Village Board of Directors will take place on March 6, 2023 at 7 p.m., at the Village Quarterly Meeting, Mason District Governmental Center. A ballot will be mailed to members before the meeting. You may return the ballot by mail or email or vote in person at the Quarterly Meeting. Brief candidate biographies are listed below.

Nazir Bhagat

Nazir Bhagat came to this country from Mumbai in order to study engineering at MIT. Upon graduation, he worked as a chemical engineer, and then obtained a Doctorate from the Harvard Business School. He then taught at the Rutgers Graduate School of Business before joining the Department of Commerce as an advisor on Technology Policy and later, until his retirement, on Economics and Trade. He moved to Lake Barcroft in 1987 with his wife, Ashraf, and they raised two children, Alisha and Zohar here.



Since his retirement from government, Nazir manages his real estate, and a securities portfolio focusing on biotech, energy, and big tech. In 1990, he developed a 90 townhouse project, now a part of Kingstowne, and more recently, he developed an active adult community in Lee District. As a result, he was asked to serve as a Commissioner on Aging for Fairfax County, which he did for four years.



Jane Guttman

Jane has been on the Board of Lake Barcroft Village since 2015, serving in 2019 and 2020 as co-President (with Richard Morton); she chairs the Communications Committee and is responsible for the website (lakebarcroftvillage.org), the *Villager* newsletter and Village articles for the Lake Barcroft newsletter. She is also a member of the Woman's Club.

Jane's background is in two main areas: teaching and technology; she taught at various New York area colleges while in graduate school. After she got her Doctorate in comparative literature, she changed careers to work in the burgeoning computer industry, working at PepsiCo for two years and for The New York Times for over twenty. At The Times she managed several different areas of the Systems Department: Quality Assurance, Personal Computers, Computer Security. Currently she teaches literature courses online for University of Maryland Global Campus.

Candidates

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Ellen Raphaeli

Ellen grew up in Newton, MA, a city in Boston's suburbs. She attended Boston University for two years and then transferred to University of Michigan where she met and married her husband,



Nimrod. She taught high school in Ypsilanti, MI, for a year before returning to graduate school. A year and a first child later, the family left for Israel where their second child was born.

The Raphaelis relocated to Virginia in 1969 when Nimrod joined the staff of the World Bank and Ellen joined the English faculty of Northern Virginia Community College where she would teach for the next 40 years (and where she would also complete

a certificate program in major appliance repair). Ellen and Nimrod have lived in Lake Barcroft since 1985 and have been members of the Lake Barcroft Village since 2019. Ellen has served on LBV's Board of Directors for the past three years, most recently as President. Additionally, she is a member of the Programs Committee and she organizes the sometimes-monthly "Poetry Gathering." ■

Winter Solstice, screel shot from the Goddess and the Green Man website



Lake Barcroft Village Celebrates Winter Solstice

Cindy Waters

THE LAKE BARCROFT VILLAGE celebrated the holiday season with a Winter Solstice Party hosted by Lois and Marty Mandelberg of Waterway Place on the evening of December 21. Candlelight throughout helped to set the mood as more than 30 Villagers and neighbors gathered on the longest night of the year to enjoy one another's company and festive eats and beverages.

The Village hosts a Happy Hour on the fourth Saturday of every month but in the past had skipped December due to all of the other neighborhood and family events scheduled. But this year, the Village decided that it would be fun to continue our monthly gathering and to do it in a unique way. Lois suggested that we get together on the date of the winter solstice and invited several neighbors to join in the fun. And the entire Mandelberg household took the theme a step further by dressing the part!

This party definitely ended the Village calendar on a high note and set the tone for success as we come in to 2023. ■

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Left to right, in Druid garb: Tom O'Keeffe; Amanda O'Keeffe; Marty Mandelberg, Lois Mandelberg, Angela Cervetti





VILLAGERS TRAVEL

TURNING THE CORNER

The Tournament of Roses Parade



Linda Woodrow

The theme of the 2023 Tournament of Roses Parade held on January 2 this year was **TURNING THE CORNER.**

According to the program this could mean the actual corner in the parade onto Colorado Boulevard or “figuratively like the unlimited potential that each new year brings. We all enjoy the opportunity of a fresh start.”

I had the wonderful opportunity to fly to Pasadena, California on December 29 to help decorate one of the 37 floats entered in the Tournament of Roses Parade. My group was assigned to the float built by La Cañada, Flintridge, a part of Pasadena, and one of the 6 self-built floats designed, built and decorated by volunteers. This group entered the parade every year since 1979 and won many trophies over the years.

Float building is a year-round activity with next year’s theme announced three days after the prior year’s parade. A community design contest is held, a winner selected, color renderings made and then scale drawings

made to assist in construction of the float. Next engineers design the structures and mechanics to create the computer-controlled animation of the different parts. A framework is built of slender steel rods; then chicken wire or window screening is molded on the frame. The next step, cocooning, is to spray the whole surface with a plastic coating. After this step all the float will be painted in the colors of the flowers and seeds which will be applied. Every visible part of a float must be covered with natural materials to be accepted in the Parade.



Potato wall

the float. Being surrounded by thousands of roses in red, yellow, orange, salmon, pink and purple was a dream come true for me—I’ve always loved flowers. So many beautiful flowers from many parts of the world. Others glued beans, seeds, silver leaves or seaweed to float parts. This float had a small house on one end and a yard with four very large adorable raccoons on the front. A transformer car ran on the street supposedly “controlled” by one of the raccoons. A special attraction of “our” float was the rock wall around the house. On closer inspection it was built of potatoes:-Idaho, Red and New potatoes. Several in our group took cut potatoes, dried them with special hand dryers, spread glue on the cut edges and then placed the cut potatoes on the surface of the float. After 600



My group of 25 worked one day with roses, seeds, leaves, beans and potatoes. I cut roses a specified length and placed each stem in a plastic florist vial filled with water to be later placed on



Car base

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Tournament of Roses

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pounds of potatoes were glued and grouped together - Voila!- a “rock wall.”

So many different plant varieties were used. The darling raccoons were combinations of black beans, pampas grass, and strawflowers. A magician’s hat held by one of the raccoons was all black beans carefully glued one by one in rows.

The next highlight of my trip was attending the Parade on Monday in our reserved grandstand seats. The weather was beautiful at 8 AM for the start of the parade. How proud our group



was when “our” float won the Mayor’s Trophy.

Eighty units were in the Parade including the Royal Court and Queen, Grand Marshal, equestrian units, the Budweiser Clydesdales, bands from the colleges

playing in the Rose Bowl football game, decorated cars, carriages and marching bands from high schools in the United States along with bands from Italy, Japan, Panama, Veracruz, Mexico and Taiwan.

The first parade, in 1890, was to be held on January 1, a Sunday, and featured horse-drawn carriages. Because many churches lined Colorado Blvd. and parishioners’ horses were tied to the railings at the churches, it was feared that a parade might scare the horses. Therefore, when New

Year’s Day falls on Sunday, the parade and football game are held on Monday—“never on Sunday.”

The Grand Marshal selected was Gabby Giffords. After being shot in Tucson, Arizona, on January 8, 2011, she epitomized a remarkable recovery

journey and was an outstanding example of the Tournament of Roses Parade’s theme of TURNING THE CORNER. ■



All the photographs in this article were taken by Linda Woodrow with the exception of those in which she appears. Those photographs were taken by members of her group.





Book Review: *Lessons in Chemistry* by Bonnie Garmus

Priscilla Weck

REST EASY. This is not about learning the basics of the science. This is really about interpersonal chemistry.

Elizabeth Zott is a “formidable unapologetic and inspiring” chemist. Her story takes place in the 1960s, a time when equality was often unheard of. But she was determined to get the recognition she deserved. The all-male staff at Hastings Research was not interested. Except for Calvin Evens who fell in love with her mind. True chemistry.

Fast forward a few years. She is a single parent without a job,

making ends meet by coaching chemists from Hastings. Things improve when she becomes the star of a very popular cooking show. Not just any cooking show: one that is teaching her listeners not only cooking but also daring them to change the status quo. She was hired by Walter, who bends (a little unwillingly) to her every demand for the program. More chemistry.

She is neighbors with an older woman in a terrible marriage who comes over every day to care for her daughter and make life easier for Elizabeth. And

better in so many ways. True chemistry

She has dog named Six Thirty who is very smart and adores his little family, performing impossible feats to keep them safe.

There are many improbable if not impossible things that happen in this story. Never mind. It’s delightful, engaging and sometimes hilarious. I laughed out loud. If you are a chemist, do not read this book. You will find all the little things that prove this is not a book about the science of chemistry. ■

Volunteer Opportunity

Walt Cooper

GrandInvolve – a program that facilitates volunteer opportunities in Fairfax County elementary schools – has recently established a program at Bailey’s Elementary School for the Arts and Sciences. GrandInvolve places volunteers in elementary schools to assist students and teachers.

Bailey’s is a Title I school, located at 6111 Knollwood Dr, in Bailey’s Crossroads. Bailey’s needs volunteers as classroom, reading and math assistants, material preparation helpers, library helpers, mentors, and special event volunteers. If you volunteer, you’ll be matched to a specific class and teacher to volunteer a minimum of one hour

a week, but schedules are flexible. Already, one Lake Barcroft Village member has signed on to volunteer. To sign up, and if you would like more information on various volunteer positions, other FCPS schools involved, or to attend an information session, please see the GrandInvolve website at www.grandinvolve.org or contact Dot Keenan, founder and Executive Director at info@grandinvolve.org. ■



JUST A REMINDER

The Lake Barcroft Village Quarterly Meeting takes place at 7:00 pm, March 6 at the Mason District Governmental Center. This is an important meeting and your chance to vote for members of the Village Board of Directors. See page one for more information. **Your vote counts.**



Books we liked and didn't like

December 2022 Favorites

Marra, Anthony, *Mercury Pictures Presents* (Sunny)

Penney, Louise, *World of Curiosities* (Nancy)

Perry, Michael, *Truck: A Love Story* (Roger)

Quinn, Kate, *The Rose Code* (Clyde and Cathy)

Towles, Amor, *The Lincoln Highway* (Cathy)

Tyler, Ann, *French Braid* (Gundula)

Waite, Carol Briggs, *Taken in Hong Kong: December 8, 1941: Memoirs of Norman Briggs World War II Prisoner of War* (Roger)

Not so favorites:

King, Laurie and Leslie Klinger, *In League with Sherlock Holmes* (Cathy)

January 2022 Favorites

Burdick, Serena, *The Stolen Book of Evelyn Aubrey* (Dottie)

Cather, Willa, *The Professor's House* (Sunny)

French, Tana, *The Witch Elm* (Priscilla)

Garmus, Bonnie, *Lessons in Chemistry* (Priscilla)

Irving, John, *The Last Chairlift* (Walt)

Ishiguro, Kazuo, *Klara and the Sun* (Nancy)

Kingsolver, Barbara, *Demon Copperhead* (Cathy)

McAllister, Gillian, *Wrong Place Wrong Time* (Dottie)

Ng, Celeste, *Our Missing Hearts: A Novel* (Nancy)

Pataki, Allison, *The Magnificent Lives of Marjorie Post* (Nancy)

Westover, Tara, *Educated* (Cathy)

Zevin, Gabrielle, *Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow* (Dottie)

And in movies:

“Living,” starring Bill Nighy (Dottie)

Eras of Technology for a Wordsmith

Shirley Timashev

I regard myself as a wordsmith, and over the years I've used many methods of putting words down. I'm comfortable today with a keyboard connected to a computer and I can poke at the onscreen keyboard of an iPad or an iPhone. When I started out decades ago I was happy to have a manual typewriter, although a page looked blotchy with some letters punched cleanly and some punched too softly to make much of an impression.

I was quite thrilled when the IBM Selectric typewriter came out in 1961. This whiz of technology didn't operate with individual keys for each letter — it had a typeball that looked like a golf ball that rotated to the correct position before striking the paper. If you could afford to have more than one typeball, you could have two different fonts.

An advance that I didn't expect was the Correcting Selectric, which came out in 1973. I could type a lot faster on that because making mistakes and correcting them wasn't so tedious. The new machine had a white tape that could be made to pop up and cover a typo. Before that we had to use white-out correction fluid or typewriter erasers.

It was probably a Correcting Selectric that I used to prepare my weekly columns for the Boca Raton News in the 1980s. I don't remember for sure, but I think I had to drive to the office to submit my work. The reason I don't remember is that in pre-computer days it was natural to hand

deliver material if you didn't want the delay of mailing it in.

I had had a short career earlier as a middle school teacher, and in that capacity I had to prepare occasional hand-out sheets. Making carbon copies is workable for 3 - 5 sets, and fortunately I didn't have to repeat making a master and copies for 25 students at a time because I had access to mimeograph technology. All I had to do was type up one stencil, and the mimeograph machine would press ink through my stencil and make all the copies I needed. Once the photocopying machine was invented, however, all of us teachers wanted these expensive pieces of equipment for our schools.

In the 1980s I had a position in the dean's office of the College of Engineering at Florida Atlantic University. Word processing on computers had come into being and I was eager to try out the new technology. My skill in desktop publishing got me featured in the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel* to demonstrate how computers could be used to combine text and graphics to make brochures, flyers, invitations, and other attractive pieces. Once again I felt that I was at the forefront of technology.

As a wordsmith, something that I have used all my life is pen and paper. My father made sure that I could

use these tools to support myself by sending me to secretarial school to learn shorthand. Every business executive needed a secretary, he thought, and with so many business executives around there would always be need for lots of secretaries. (He didn't imagine that men would ever learn to type.) Although my father's foresight was limited, I have found it useful to write up my own notes in shorthand.

As I anticipate the future, I know that dictation is going to replace typing for many people. Frankly, I can see that future because it has already happened. And words will be represented with emojis, gifs, and other graphics. That, too, has started to happen. I do hope that the next generation will still find the written word to be something to savor, however it may be conveyed. ■



Broken Technology

Waltraut Nelson

IT WAS THE 20TH OF MARCH 1954 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The weather was cold; everything was covered with snow; we could not find our car. What was so special about it? This was maybe the most important day of my life—it was my wedding day.

We found the car. My friends shoveled the snow from it and I was taken to the place where the marriage would be. When we got there, we found no parking place since everything was covered with ice and snow. I did not have 25 cents to pay for a cleared space. I knew that the wedding could not occur without the bride! We were in the office building. Why could we not be in front of a church? The Catholic Church would not permit a wedding of a Lutheran with a Catholic inside the church. Then (I did not believe it) the church got burnt down but not by me.

We had a lovely reception in the club at the University of Min-

nesota arranged by a newfound friend I took classes with. We had a few guests from the KENNY Institute. My parents could not come. We had no money, but my future husband Frank arranged with the telephone company to have a conversation after the wedding. Since my parents had no phone, they stayed at the bank where my dad worked and waited all day and night for the call. And I waited and waited during the wedding but no connection. I could not believe it. I saw in my mind my parents sitting in the bank, my father's workplace, and nothing happening. My parents were the most important people in the world to me until then and I could not reach them. Did I make the right decision to get married so far away that we could not communicate? We sent a telegram that would hopefully get to them. They lived in a small town in Bavaria, and I was not so sure about

its service.

The next morning, I cried, and my young husband could not understand it. What did I do to my parents that I did not consider the long distance between them and me? But love is not logical and can fog your mind. This internal break in my heart lasted for years, and the first years of our marriage were not easy for either one of us.

The years went on and I wrote to my parents every week for 25 years. In the 1970s my parents got a phone and communication was so much easier and better. For me that became the most important technical achievement, the fact that I could pick up the phone and talk to them. And now? The changes are so great, you can even see each other. Who could think of that in 1954 when a phone call overseas had to be prearranged and then did not work out? Technological improvements go on and changes occur we cannot comprehend today. I would like to take a peek at life in 100 years! What will the future bring? ■