

VINSON HALL RETIREMENT COMMUNITY CAMPUS NEWS & VIEWS



Winter 2023

CEO Corner

Getting Started

Thank you all for the very warm welcome I have received at Vinson Hall Retirement Community. It is truly an honor to be at this community, which has such an outstanding tradition of excellence and a uniquely special group of residents. During my first few weeks here, I have particularly enjoyed hearing stories from so many of you who have committed a significant portion of your lives to service, and it has been a consistently inspiring experience.

As I have started my "Coffee and Conversations" small group meetings over the past months, residents have shared with me some areas where we can continue to improve the resident experience. I have appreciated the feedback and have taken copious notes. At the same time, it has been very gratifying to hear so many residents talk about the ways that their experience at VHRC has enhanced their lives. The most common theme I've heard has been the transformative impact of strong, meaningful relationships with other residents, with staff, and with other members of our VHRC community.

In fact, that is an aspect of VHRC which is readily apparent and has been deeply impressive to me during my short time here: the high level of resident engagement and investment in the life of the community. I have noted the extraordinary volunteerism which shows up in both formal and informal



ways, the outstanding leadership demonstrated by the VHRA Executive Committee and other resident leaders, and of course the exceptional generosity that supports our philanthropic endeavors. I'm grateful to be part of a community where residents, staff, and other community members give so expansively of their time, talent, and treasure to support each other in meaningful ways.

Once again, thank you for your kindness during my transition into this role. I look forward to seeing you at an upcoming "Coffee and Conversations" forum,

one of the many VHRC events, or just walking around the community. I appreciate your partnership in making VHRC a great place to live and to work! ❖

— Chip Warner

Busy Times at VHRC

The winter months may be long, but at Vinson Hall Retirement Community they have certainly not been dreary! In the past few months, we have been busy. In January, the new Penthouse Corridor Exhibition Gallery opened with its first exhibit of residents' work. More art was on display in mid-January in the Ballroom for our 10th VHRC Art Show, and exhibitors included 36 residents and 11 community members ranging in age from 6 to 103! Days later, 44 residents and staff competed in a Corn Bag Toss Tournament while more than 50 spectators cheered them on. February began with a rousing on-campus intergenerational playdate, our third with the children of the Kidstretch Preschool in Falls Church. A Super Bowl viewing party followed soon after, drawing a crowd to the Alford Auditorium and the Penthouse

Sylvester Lounge to watch the game on the big screen. Valentine's Day was celebrated in style just a few days later with a gourmet meal and live dance band in the Penthouse Dining Room and Lounge. Now that spring is nearly here, we are looking forward to warmer months ahead – and even more opportunities to get together! ❖



About Campus News and Views

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

Campus News and Views is designed and edited by
The Office of Philanthropy & Engagement

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Campus News and Views is posted online:
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Campus News & Views

Winter 2023

Inside this Issue:

Philanthropy Update.....	3
Arleigh Burke Pavilion News	4
The Sylvestery News.....	5
The Constant Gardeners.....	6-7
The Lonely Book.....	7
The King and I.....	8
A Doll House.....	9
Encounter at the Beach.....	9
Thanksgiving Dinner With Sgt. Menlo.....	10
Six Generations of Singing.....	11
Why Vinson Hall?.....	12-13
Visual Arts at VHRC.....	14-15

Navy Marine Coast Guard Residence Foundation News

A Look Back at 2022 with Our Thanks

The start of a new year is always an exciting time to begin planning for the months ahead. But at the Navy Marine Coast Guard Residence Foundation, we like to take a few moments to reflect back on the accomplishments of the past year. And last year, thanks to your generosity, there were many.

We are delighted to share that in 2022 the Foundation raised nearly \$387,000 to support residents and staff at Vinson Hall Retirement Community. These donations came from 340 individual donors, 203 of which were Star Members (those who made a membership gift of \$250 or more). We are so grateful to our 2022 donors for making our work possible through your generous annual gifts!

Your support enabled us to provide five residents with assistance, ensuring that no resident at VHRC had to leave their home. We awarded \$75,120 to our dedicated staff to help them weather financial hardships, pay for coursework, or be rewarded for their exceptional service. And we provided enhancements to campus life by funding things like a portable projector, digital kiosk, and new benches for the Sports Park. It was also rewarding to reactivate the Wounded Warrior Transitional Housing program, bringing back our first warrior in nearly three years.

We were excited to organize the annual Gala once again last year, the first since 2019. The sold-out *Night in the Caribbean* featured island-inspired cuisine and a lively calypso band that had residents and staff on their feet dancing in a conga line around the Ballroom! Thanks to attendees and sponsors, we raised nearly



Senior Director of Philanthropy Michelle Crone and Foundation donors Jerry and Margurette Norris and Frank Carrigan enjoy the Night in the Caribbean Gala, the first since 2019.

\$94,000 – a new Gala record! Other highlights of the year for us included hosting our annual Evening with the Stars, the Holiday Donor Thank You Tea, the Paul Peak Resident of Year Award Ceremony and a special birthday celebration honoring our oldest residents.

It was also our pleasure to forge many new connections for VHRC with local organizations like Homestretch – a nonprofit that gives homeless families the resources they need to become self-sufficient – by launching a series of playdates with their preschoolers and our residents. We partnered with Chesterbrook Elementary School on Veterans Day when some of our resident veterans spoke to classes. And we worked with a local Eagle Scout who built a new fire pit for our Sports Park! Last but not least, we continue to do all we can to keep residents abreast of the latest campus news by producing *The Beacon* weekly newsletter, the monthly e-newsletter, Annual Report, VHRC's website and more. So before 2023 truly gets underway, we wanted to say a huge "thank you" to all of you in this exceptional community for a great year! ♦

— Michelle Crone, Senior Director of Philanthropy & Engagement

Arleigh Burke Pavilion News

Keeping Families Informed

Last summer, I stepped into my new role as Senior Director and Administrator of Arleigh Burke Pavilion and The Sylvestery, after having served as Assistant Administrator of The Sylvestery for two years. I am delighted now to welcome Fafa Beckley as our new Assistant Administrator of The Sylvestery.

Having had experience in both facilities, I understand the importance of keeping our residents' families informed. So as the new year begins and we set goals and priorities for the time ahead, one of my top priorities will be to strengthen communication between the administration and family members and residents of ABP and TS.

To help us enhance communication, we will now be using Constant Contact, an email platform that will allow us to keep family members updated more easily and effectively. In addition, we will now send residents the same memos that go out to family members to keep everyone informed. Our goal is to ensure that residents and family members are kept up-to-date on all topics in ABP and TS, from why the flag is flying at half-staff that day, to whether any new cases of Covid-19 have been detected.

Another priority this year is to support the work of the Family Council of ABP-TS by increasing staff participation in the Council's meetings. The Family Council of ABP-TS meets monthly and is open to all family members from both facilities. The agenda of each meeting is set by the Council's co-chairs, who are Judy Moore, a resident of Vinson Hall and family member to a resident of The Sylvestery, and Diane VanBeber, whose family member is a resident of The



Analisse Vasquez Soto became the Senior Director and Administrator of Arleigh Burke Pavilion and The Sylvestery in June 2022.

Sylvestery.

At this year's Council meetings, key administrative staff from VHRC as well as department heads from ABP and TS will share updates about their areas and answer any questions family members may have. At the Council's January meeting, for example, VHRC Chief Executive Officer Chip Warner introduced himself and presented his vision for our community. Rob Roe, Vice President of Operations, and I also gave updates. Then after each meeting, staff attendees will provide a written summary of their update to be shared with the Family Council members.

Through all of these new communications initiatives, our goal at ABP and TS is to ensure that there is an open channel of communication connecting family members with our administrative team as well as with the Vinson Hall Retirement Community as a whole. We look forward to a great year ahead! ❖

— Analisse Vasquez Soto

Zen Den Gives Residents A Place to Relax

The Zen Den is an evocative name for a small room off one of the corridors at The Sylvestery, and an apt description of the room's purpose. The Zen Den is a place for TS residents to go when they become agitated and need a calming environment.

Behavioral and psychological symptoms such as agitation, distress and anxiety are very common in people with dementia, affecting up to 90 percent of those living with the condition. Studies show that by activating a person's five senses you can help reduce those feelings of distress. Inside the Zen Den are a number of items that one can touch, smell, watch or listen to, and this immediate sensory information can often help a person refocus and feel calmer.

The Zen Den has been designed with purpose. It is a fairly small space and its windows are



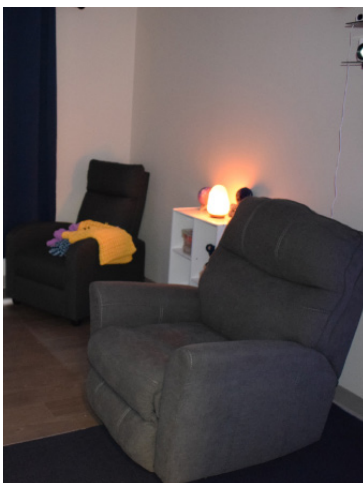
shaded, so no outside stimuli can interrupt the person's concentration while using the space. Inside are two cushioned recliners that fully support the body. The room also has a weighted blanket, which can help the person using it feel secure and protected. A DVD projector displays meditative images of the beach with the soothing sound of waves lapping at the shore. There is an aromatherapy diffuser with a variety of essential oils as well as glowing



water bubble tubes, one with neon jelly fish that float in a mesmerizing dance. Seashells and soft cuddly toys are available to touch and stroke.

Most of these items in the Zen Den were funded by an anonymous \$50,000 gift that was given to The Sylvestery in 2021 by the family of a resident. This donor specifically asked that a portion of this generous gift be used to support the TS sensory room and activities program. Thanks to these funds, the TS administration has been able to turn a seldom-used room into a comforting oasis for residents.

The Zen Den is used regularly by residents who have come to rely on the calming space. "We find that there are some residents that really like to go in the Zen Den, and they come out feeling refreshed and calm," said Megan Kelly, Activities and Engagement Manager of ABP and TS. Fafa Beckley, TS Assistant Administrator, agrees that the room can be a really useful tool in caring for patients with memory issues. "Dementia sometimes comes with an inner turmoil and agitation," she said. "This sensory room can be a solution for that." ❖



The Constant Gardeners

By Maureen Kammerer

For 30 years, I spent much time fending off deer from my garden. I had gorgeous azaleas in every color, spectacular peonies, huge hydrangeas, lovely cherry trees with a profusion of blossoms, and flowering quince – all of which the deer would have loved to devour each spring. But I prevailed with hair from a salon on the periphery of the yard, dried blood on the root area of the trees and shrubs, coyote pee sprayed on the plants, various homemade concoctions dumped each spring and winter, many brands of deer repellent and a mesh fence tended with the help of a neighborhood teenager.

When we sold our house, I prepared a folder for the new owners giving tips on the maintenance of the various plants. I had anticipated sitting on my dear neighbor's porch come spring and looking over at my wonderful garden. But I was shocked when I drove over to her house three days after the settlement on the house to pick up something and saw what had happened to my yard. The new owners had brought in a yard

worker who arrived with his chain saw. He cut down every 30-year-old azalea bush, two cherry trees, three flowering quince trees, two other trees and all the old lavender and bushes.



Maureen's previous garden featured azaleas of every color.

It is said that to be a gardener is to have a broken heart. Yes, I had experienced failure of flowers to bloom, death by frost and other terrible ends to new plantings. Worms had eaten my iris bulbs. But the chainsaw massacre was hard to accept without crying. It seemed the children who had moved in were allergic to the pollen and the plants had to go.

When I returned to my new apartment in Vinson Hall that day, I inquired about having one of the garden plots in the community garden. It was about 3 feet by 5 feet and a raised bed that would require bending over to tend. And yes, I was told, there was one left. It is directly under the huge branches of an ancient oak tree and would get no sun in summer, and not much in the spring before it leafed out. I took it anyway in the spirit of hope that all gardeners feel.

All the gardeners with VHRC garden plots grow tomatoes and vegetables. I knew that would be a frustrating experience with so little sun – and besides, all I wanted was my old garden back. That first fall I put in peonies and daffodils in the hope that spring would be colorful once more. They bloomed! My fellow gardeners were very



Peonies and daffodils bloomed in Maureen and Joe Kammerer's garden plot last spring.

Continued on page 7...

The Constant Gardeners

...Continued from page 6

impressed, and I used a small area for some lilies and dahlias that summer. They were not a success, so the following summer I kept the peonies and daffodils and put in sunflowers, which gave some joy as the summer went on. I had found a way to be a constant gardener in the face of defeat.

This past fall, my husband, Joe, and I managed with difficulty to plant more daffodils in the hope that the past year's sorrows of Covid, war, deaths, and losses would be defeated by the bright trumpet blooms of yellow in March. We are waiting through the winter and practicing hope

for the coming spring that flowers will emerge from the soil, that being a constant gardener will pay off in beauty.

Meanwhile in the past few years, the new owners of our old home have erected a treehouse, a zip line for the children, a vegetable patch, and they are teaching the children to raise chickens where the great azaleas once bloomed. The deer are tracking again in the winter past the fence and a fawn was born in the backyard as in the past. My garden has turned into a fun place for children. What better place to practice hope for the future of the world? ❖

The Lonely Book

By Margaret Dean

The Lonely Book I'm sad to say
Sits on the shelf all through the day.
Romance flees and hair turns gray
As time marches by but pages stay.

Yes once on parchment with blurry ink
Wrote a true love of a Heart so pink
And of those rosy, still trembling, lips
While thinking of her volcanic hips.

Writ with an overflow of hearts
And spades and other trembly parts

Pink organs, blackest spades
Dreaming of some long lost glades.

He wrote of them with a heart so light
It lifted his soul to see that night
Nearly every buxom jade with rosy paint
Still recalled his book so faint.

That poem doth lie so quietly now
Amid the stacks but lost somehow
Sinking under the dust of ages
Craving only some well writ pages.

The King and I

By Gene Wentz

With the passing of Great Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, her eldest son Charles became the ruling monarch with the title of King Charles III.

Charles and I have a passing acquaintance.

In 1977 I was the Public Affairs Officer for Naval Forces Europe, headquartered in a historic building near the American embassy in Grosvenor Square, London.

One of my tasks was to placate my four-star boss when muckraking columnist Jack Anderson would, almost annually, write a satirical piece making fun of the U.S. Navy having a deep water command in the Mayfair section of London. But that's a story for another day.

Our building had two entrances. The main entry was on North Audley Street, but there was a grander ceremonial gateway on Grosvenor Square. That's where VIPs such as the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief of Naval Operations and the First Sea Lord would enter into a lobby/quarterdeck suitably festooned for welcoming such dignitaries. There were two openings to this ceremonial area.

When a VIP visit was scheduled, to ensure privacy and protocol decorum, a floor-to-ceiling accordion-type separator closed off one large entryway. The other lobby entry was a doorway from my office into the lobby.

When a VIP visit was announced, my physical



Gene Wentz returned to London in 2006 to revisit his old office in Grosvenor Square, as well as Piccadilly Circus, above.

responsibility was to keep the door to my office closed until the visitor cleared the lobby, for which I allowed 30 minutes after ETA.

Anyway, 1977 marked the 25th year of Elizabeth's coronation and a special U.S. Navy aircraft carrier port visit was part of the festive hoopla. Charles, then the Prince of Wales, was coming to our headquarters for a briefing. I went into my VIP-arrival hibernation mode.

I waited 30 minutes after his estimated time of arrival before opening my office door and taking a step into the lobby. But wait: Charles was running late and had just made his grand entrance. His back was toward me as aides with epaulets scurried about. I quickly withdrew.

Now, can I claim to have seen King Charles III face to face? No.

Can I claim to have been in his presence? Yes. Sort of. ❖

A Doll House

By Midge Holmes

The Homestead Farm house, built in 1804, had been in the Walton family for five generations. After the land was re-zoned from residential to commercial, the house had to be sold, resulting in many family members, especially me, mourning its loss. My thoughtful, resourceful husband, Chris, knew I loved miniatures and, without telling me, he had the fabulous idea to commission someone to build a farmhouse dollhouse that looked exactly like the Homestead Farm house. Now the memory is safely preserved in a magnificent replica of the Homestead. It lives in our apartment living room, underneath a painting likeness. I decorate it every holiday, which is much easier than decorating a whole apartment. Anyone here at Vinson Hall is welcome to come to see it in apartment 1213, as well as other miniatures,

which include a farm, a library, a florist shop and an art gallery. The art gallery was another surprise gift from Chris, who photographed and miniaturized many of my paintings to frame and put on its walls. ❖



Encounter at the Beach

By Beth Bowers

Our favorite stretch of Jupiter Beach was empty of people. It is usually benign and beautiful in that spot, but that day the surf was up and the beach had been eroded from recent storms, uncovering rocks, tree limbs and old buried metal.

I had brought my sister-in-law and her husband, fresh from cold New England, and she was now in a bathing suit and anxious to go into the ocean. Her husband and I were not so eager on a rough



day, so we stayed in our street clothes. We sat watching the waves and she wandered down the beach and went in. I had

asked if she didn't at least want a hand, but she declined, having been a strong swimmer in her day.

About that time, a wave knocked her down when she tripped on a hidden rock. We heard her plaintive "Help!", as she couldn't stand or crawl back up the steep bank under the water's surface. I ran down to pull her up, but was pulled in myself — clothes, watch and all. I struggled, but couldn't get out either! Her husband came to our rescue, but not quite — he was also pulled in, and we were all floundering as the waves pounded.

Suddenly, out of nowhere on this abandoned beach, a young man appeared and reached in, pulling us out one by one. We collected ourselves and our wits and turned around to thank him — and the beach was deserted again. He had completely disappeared.

But that's what angels often do, don't they? ❖

Thanksgiving Dinner With Sgt. Menlo

By Jeremiah Norris

In every branch of the military, the two best meals are Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners—no matter where personnel are stationed. I had been looking forward to my first Thanksgiving dinner at Ft. Sill with unbounded enthusiasm before shipping out to Korea. There was one life-timer in our platoon, Sgt. Menlo, who had worked his way into my life. He was a talker, often of his exploits in World War II, then in the early days of the Korean War. When he wore his dress uniform, his ribbons included one for a Purple Heart—with two clusters, a Combat Infantry Badge, several European campaign citations, and some I didn't recognize. But he had four full rows of them. Rather impressive. He was somewhere around 32 years of age and had no children.

As time went on and listeners grew scarcer, he had to buff up these stories to keep an audience. Most everyone got tired of listening to him, mainly the younger guys, and began to see him as an itch. But I listened, didn't say much back. He liked that.

As Thanksgiving approached, he began asking various guys in the platoon to be guests at his home for dinner. Everyone begged off. When he got to me, I didn't have the heart to say no, even though my first thought was on the Army's pending offer for this special day.

It was a bitterly cold, wind-swept day on the Oklahoma plains when I arrived at his front door, desperate to get out of the sleeting rain. The scene before me soon became etched in my mind for decades afterwards. His home was more like a large chicken coop than a house, covered over by tar paper hanging off in random patches here and there, and listing to one side. The few windows it had were either cracked or covered over with boards. I had to bend down to get into the front door. Once inside, the smoke from a poorly ventilated wood burning stove was nearly overcoming. It settled at about four feet off the

ground, looking very much like a low-lying fog bank. The effect lent an ethereal quality to the surroundings. There were some planks forming a floor, but mostly it was hard-packed dirt. Soon, one large room with a low ceiling became visible. That was it. I couldn't stand up straight anywhere.

From somewhere out of the maze of smoke, his wife emerged. Sgt. Menlo happily introduced her with complete trust that I would accept her as she had been presented back at the barracks, an enduring beauty to behold. But in her actual physical presence, I am not sure how graceful I came across. She may have been in her thirties, as Sgt. Menlo told us, but if I had not known it was his wife, I would have greeted her as his aged mother. She had white to dish-water gray hair, she was stooped over, and her voice was low, unenthusiastic and tired. But Sgt. Menlo was beaming. He had brought home one from his platoon for Thanksgiving dinner with his wife.

I don't recall how I got through this dinner. It was difficult to see through the smoke, and there were few keepsakes or knick-knacks around that could be seen and which might offer idle opportunities for useless conversation. But Sgt. Menlo kept filling in the gaps. I was too self-absorbed to see that these two people really loved and cared for each other, and that they were most probably victims of what later became known as a Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). All I could really think of was what my platoon was having for Thanksgiving dinner back at the base.

Somewhere along the line of Replacement Depots for those moving on to Korea, I lost track of him. My tolerance for Sgt. Menlo was



...Continued on page 13

Six Generations of Singing

By Peter Linn



Peter Linn, bottom row, sixth from left, sings at the West Point Cadet Glee Club and Alumni Glee Club Concert at the Florist Methodist Church in Herndon, Virginia in March, 2022.

I love to sing and have been blessed with a good tenor voice. I learned to read music early on, and have sung in groups since the fourth grade (church choirs, West Point Cadet Glee Club, and Protestant Chapel choir). In the years after West Point, I sang in church choirs; the Choral Arts Society of Washington, singing classical music at Kennedy Center; and a similar chorus in Eugene, Oregon.

Since 2008, I have been singing with the West Point Alumni Glee Club. The name is pretty literal: Members – men and, since the classes of the 1980's, women – are drawn only from those who attended West Point and who sang in one of the chapel choirs or the Cadet Glee Club. Our mission has evolved to one of continuing to serve, through our performances at funerals, celebratory military-related association meetings, reunions, memorial ceremonies on the National Mall, Honor Flights at National Airport, and at our concerts and with other groups. Our motto is: "No Fun without Music, no Music without Fun."

Some family history can provide context. I am extremely pleased to think that my two granddaughters may represent a sixth generation of music makers in my family. On my mother's side, I had a great-grandfather named Alexander Beethoven (no, really!) Brown, who was in a Union regimental band from Massachusetts.

After the Civil War, Brown attended Oberlin College and later, with his brother, established the first music conservatory in Kansas. When he grew too ill to continue managing the music store in the college town of Manhattan, KS, to teach, and to direct the town band, he convinced my grandfather, Robert Harry Brown, to take over. Harry not only did that, but could play, and repair, all the instruments in the band and orchestra. He also played the organ for silent movies, and for 40 years he played organ, while my grandmother Cora played harp, for the Presbyterian Church. My mom and dad played instruments years later when the extended Brown family would get together at Christmas, and always enjoyed music of many kinds. My grandfather introduced me to the cornet in the third grade when I learned to read music. I added singing in a school chorus from fourth through sixth grades.

My older daughter, Crista, has a very good alto voice. She sang in high school, in the church youth choir, the college chorus and the a cappella group, and eventually the Cathedral Choral Society at Washington National Cathedral. Now, her two daughters have been accepted into the Arlington Children's Chorus, and the older daughter, Augusta, has also been admitted into the Children's Honors Chorus in Arlington. This is really satisfying!❖

Why Vinson Hall?

By Roy Easley

BETA HI-Y



Beta has had a very successful term in 1944. The officers this term were:

ROY EASLEY.....	President
EARL HOHMAN.....	Vice-President
JIM GLEESON.....	Secretary
WARREN HAEHL.....	Treasurer
EUGENE EMMONS.....	Sgt. at Arms
BILL HOLLIS.....	Student Advisor

Roy Easley, front row third from left, was a lieutenant in the ROTC unit at Male High School in Louisville, Kentucky.

In 1856, five years prior to the beginning of the Civil War, Louisville Male High School was created. It was the first public college prep high school west of the great Appalachian Mountains. The Appalachians are a chain of mountains traversing southwesterly for 1500 miles, from southern Ontario, Canada, and the northern edge of Maine, to northwestern Georgia and northeastern Alabama.

The academic standards were rigorous at Male High School. Sons of the wealthiest families in Louisville, who could have attended pricey Eastern prep schools, remained in Louisville and enrolled at Male High.

Herbert Allen Vinson was my Junior ROTC squad leader at Male High. He graduated from Male in 1942, I followed in 1944. One day Herbie said to me, "They tell me my Uncle Carl Vinson is one powerful Congressman over there in Washington." I probably responded, "No kidding!" For certain, we teenagers knew little of how the U.S. Congress really operated.

Congressman Carl Vinson of Milledgeville, in central Georgia, served in the U.S. House of

Representatives for over 50 years (November 2, 1914 to January 2, 1965). For 16 of those years he was Chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee (1931-47). For 18 years he was the Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee (1947-64).

Carl Vinson was a "naval visionary" and a man of forceful action! From 1934 to 1940 he pushed through five successive landmark bills to reconfigure the U.S. Navy for WWII. I believe these actions resulted in the Navy being better prepared for war than the Army or the Army Air Corps.

It should not be forgotten that the U.S. Naval Fleet that broke the back of the Japanese Navy in the Pacific War of 1943 and 1944 was largely designed and approved for construction, through the efforts of Congressman Carl Vinson, before the U.S. entered WWII. In 1943 alone, naval shipyards launched two fast battleships, six Essex Class aircraft carriers (the very best aircraft carriers of the war), nine light aircraft carriers, four heavy cruisers, seven light cruisers, 128

Continued on page 13...

Why Vinson Hall?

...Continued from page 12

destroyers, and 200 submarines. By 1945, U.S. submarines had all but destroyed the Japanese merchant fleet and denied Japan its greatly needed far-flung natural resources.

The keel of the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier Carl Vinson was laid on October 11, 1975, and the ship was launched in March 1980. Although in poor health, Congressman Vinson attended the launching. He died in June, 1981, at the age of 97. Most aircraft carriers launched following WWII have been named for former U.S. presidents. This fact speaks volumes as to Carl Vinson's contributions to our nation.

Vinson Hall resident Navy Captain George Zeberlein, Naval Academy class of 1954, has placed a beautiful photograph in the hallway near his apartment 112. This photo shows the Carrier Carl Vinson in all its splendor, including a full complement of naval fight aircraft. Stop by for a "look-see." In the "It's a small world" department, George and Joan Zeberlein's son Jeffrey, a naval fighter pilot, served on the Vinson during 2018-2021.

I have often wondered, "Where is Herbie Vinson and how is he doing?" I attended the Male High

School Class of 1944 50th reunion in Louisville in 1994. I asked around about Herbie. No clue, maybe he retired to Milledgeville, Georgia, and is basking in the aura of the enormous goodwill provided by Uncle Carl.

A final note on Male High. I believe the Jr. ROTC unit helped to instill patriotism in Male High School students. Thousands served in WWII, and 163 lost their lives. One, John Charles Squires, Class of 1944, was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Is there a better name for Vinson Hall? ❖

Sources:

Adkins, Sam, et al. *The First One Hundred Thirty-Five Years Louisville Male High School An Ongoing Tradition 1991*. Louisville Male High School, January 1, 1991.

Hanson, Victor Davis. *The Second World Wars: How the First Global Conflict Was Fought and Won*. Basic Books, October 17, 2017.

Thanksgiving Dinner With Sgt. Menlo

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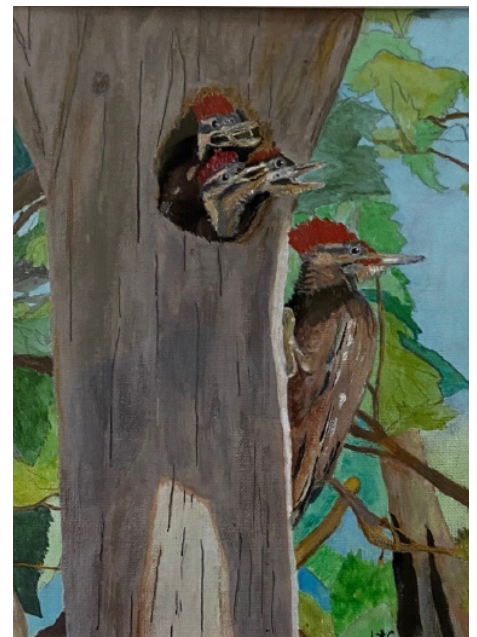
replaced afterwards by empathy. When he had stepped off that landing craft on D-Day, June 6, 1944, what searing thought embedded itself into his consciousness! Was it of the promise in that girl he had left behind, that last kiss? Did he seal in amber a mental image of her youthful beauty and exuberance, and was this what carried him through those dark days of his soul and to survival in that frightful red maw of close combat? Is this whom she became for the rest of his life, one beloved as a treasure not made of gold from a time past yet remembered in a present only they could share? To Sgt. Menlo,

she remained forever beautiful, frozen in time and place; the love of his life who had faithfully awaited their next embrace.

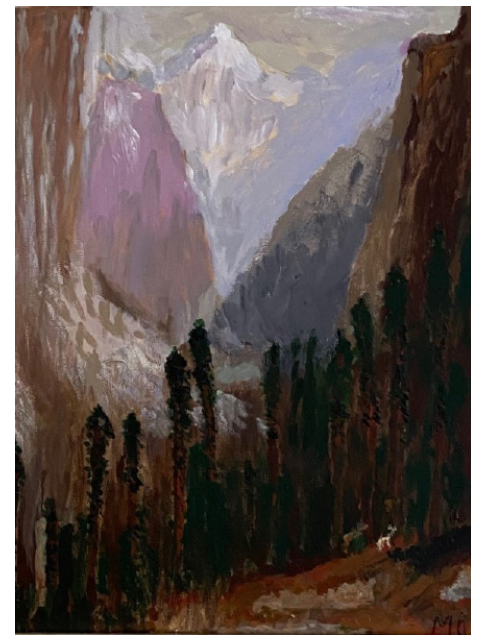
It was only he that knew what inner forces he mustered up to face the nerve-churning uncertainties of obedience to duty. Knock on any door in any Army camp throughout America in those days after WW II and one would likely find a PTSD-afflicted Sgt. Menlo. At least the Army kept him on its payroll and recognized his service to country. What price some pay for our freedom!❖

Visual Arts at VHRC

The residents at Vinson Hall Retirement Community are a talented group. This collection shows work exhibited at the VHRC Art Show in January 2023, or exhibited at the newly established Penthouse Corridor Exhibition Gallery.



Top row: *Ferry to the Frontier*, photograph by Francis Carrigan. Bottom row, from left: *Mountains Beyond Mountains*, by Maureen Kammerer; *Spring is Coming*, by Judy Clair; *Nesting Woodpeckers* by Lonnie T. Cullers.



Top row, from left: Black Widow with a Red Spider, photograph by Sonja Wickland; Into the Storm, by Betty Ochenrider; The Northwest, by Millie Nash. Middle row, from left: Plum Perfect, by Sally Fellowes; Poppy Field, by Susan Berkey. Bottom row: The Storm Departs, photograph by Ron Musselwhite.



Vinson Hall Retirement Community
6251 Old Dominion Drive
McLean, VA 22101

VINSON HALL RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Campus News & Views Winter 2023



Winter fun at VHRC included Valentine's Day Dinner, winter Art Show, Annual Corn Bag Toss Tournament and intergenerational playdate with Kidstretch Preschool.