

My name is Leslie Kimball. I live at 1809 36th Street Northwest. My husband and I bought our Burleith home in March of 2006. Parties from the graduate students next door started that summer. By January 2007, our noise problem was so bad that Commander Andrew Solberg paid a personal visit to our neighbors. The parties quieted down for a month or two.

In June 2007, we proudly welcomed our daughter home from the hospital. By August 2007, we were completely sleep-deprived, and certainly did not appreciate the constant flippy-cup parties happening on the front porch next door.

In June 2008, another set of renters moved in. The renters didn't call bulk pick-up and left heaps of trash which sat and grew for over two weeks. My daughter, husband, and I had to walk past this stinky, rat-infested pile of trash on our way to and from the Burleith Tot Lot. It was awful.

In August 2008, a very drunk Georgetown student thought our house was his own, and pounded very hard on our front door, trying to get in. I thought he was an intruder and called 911. He knocked on the door so hard that it cracked all the way down the center, and was expensive to replace.

The school year of 2009-2010 was a relief. We had the pleasure of living next door to four gentlemen who were spectacular neighbors. They were employees of Georgetown's CORPS, they had parties, but they gave us notice and always ended then when they said they would. Our little family had connected with many other new parents in Burleith; we started thinking about staying in our house a bit longer and made some interior renovations.

Until 2010, each lease on the house next door only included 4 tenants. To our surprise, the summer of 2010 brought a new group of five to six students, depending on the month. By this point, we had a newborn, and we were desperate for sleep. My husband and I invited our neighbors over to talk reasonably about compromises. The students were receptive – they even brought brownies. They were quiet for a bit, but unfortunately, the respite was short-lived.

Beyond parties, the following things have woken us from a sound sleep:

- random banging
- shouting from floor-to-floor
- pounding on the floors during drinking games
- pounding on the front door knocker (which is right above the baby's nursery)
- renters locked out of their homes yelling for someone to let them in
- random screaming
- tromping up and down stairs
- you name it.

ZONING COMMISSION
District of Columbia
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Over the past five years, we have had friendly in-person meetings directly with the neighbors, and we have had more curt exchanges in the middle of the night. We have called the landlord. I have called DC Zoning. We have emailed and called Lenore Rubino and Ed Solomon – A LOT. We've called the police numerous times. We have called SNAP (but sadly their conversations with the drunk students are often just as loud as the party – and calling them means I have to call 911 and then make a second call!). I have called, emailed, and have personally met with Anne Koester and Dana Frommer of Georgetown's Off-Campus Life.

Trying to tackle problem neighbors takes a tremendous amount of energy on the part of the homeowner.

There are many parents in Burleith who have had similar problems. Testifying is nerve-wracking, time-consuming, and is tough for parents with young kids. I have two children, a husband, and a full-time job. I derive zero pleasure from calling 911, SNAP, and tattling on these young adults to Georgetown University.

We finally realized that our living situation was toxic. We luckily sold our house in April, and our family of four is leaving the neighborhood. I love Burleith; I'm very, very sad to leave. I hope that a resolution can be reached for the community, and **strongly ask you vote NO to the Georgetown Campus Plan.**















