



Photo by: Robert Elkin

**Hilda Jay—No Grass Grows Under This Pioneer’s Feet**

by Ginny Mintz

Collington residents need only look around to see what Hilda Jay has contributed to Collington since becoming only the second resident of the now 25-year-old campus.

Hilda and John Jay discovered Collington while helping friends find a retirement home. They liked what they saw at Collington and they didn’t want to burden their two daughters in their old age, so they signed on the dotted line and never looked back. After all, Collington was near their daughter, Ellen and, in 1988, nursing care insurance was rare.

After selling their house and arranging to move their stuff, Collington called to say “not so fast—no occupancy permit.” The walkway covers weren’t finished. The buyers were ready to move in so, braving the mud, the movers delivered their furniture and Hilda and John bunked with Ellen while they waited for the all-clear signal.

Next problem: their Connecticut fish needed a new pond. So the trio started sawing logs and building a new home for the fish on the back pa-

tio. Nearby workmen heard the sawing and investigated. But it wasn’t their project so they left and the three continued. Today the ever larger fish eagerly snap up their dinner while the cat drools through the window.

Hilda next decided a better view in the back was essential so she planted trees that would provide a purported 10-foot screen. The trees are now more than 25 feet high. For further beautification she made a back patio garden with a matching one next door for her entirely delighted neighbor.

Other cottage residents have Hilda to thank for their attics. She had asked Collington to build one for her and the attics became standard. In the meantime, Hilda was gaining a reputation as a Mrs. Fix-it so when Collington Chief Executive Officer Gail Cohn wanted someone to help her sell

all the accumulating stuff left in cottages and apartments she thought of Hilda—with the proceeds to go to the Residents Association.

(Continued to page 2)



**Hilda Jay—RE**

## **Hilda Jay** (Continued)

Hilda advertised a one-room sale of kitchen items through the churches. It was such an overwhelming success she had to use numbers—when one shopper left, another was allowed in. Later, a second sale of antiques and valuables was held, followed by a third for furniture. The “OO Shop” was born. It was open for two hours in the morning for staff, closed till noon then reopened for others.

But, after 18 years, when John and her helpers got sick, and Hilda could no longer handle everything, the Residents Association appointed a search committee for a replacement. Today the OO shop lives on with Mary Ann Pellerin and her helpers serving customers every Friday afternoon while staff and residents delight in finding unbelievable bargains.

At first Hilda had a place for vegetables and fruit trees in the Hilltop Garden that were sacrificed for Curtis and Lillian Langford’s cottage when the 5000’s were built (Lillian is the fashion maven in the OO Shop). The new garden is now properly fenced to keep deer from eating the fresh produce and herbs grown by residents and often donated for the dining room.

In her younger days, Hilda was a high school librarian in Connecticut and “kept on adding degrees until she had a doctorate.” Then she began teaching nights as an adjunct at various Connecticut colleges and universities. Moving here, she did the same at Catholic University and Western Maryland College. Although she loved

all aspects of teaching, her favorite was helping kids develop inquiring minds—learning and discovering being things she likes most.

Nowadays Hilda keeps busy playing her flute for local choruses and bands, tending her garden plot and helping neighbors with any number of things. In addition, she continues to rescue items left behind that might have some historical value and researches good homes for them around the country. And she frames orphan pictures to sell twice each year to benefit the Residents Association Endowment fund which she started.

**Correction:** The page 7 March article “Feasting and Fun at Mardi Gras” was incorrectly attributed. The author was Frances Kolarek.

### ***Punny Definitions from Hilda Jay***

MISTY: How golfers create divots

PARADOX: Two physicians

## *The Collingtonian*

**Financed by Residents,  
Written by Residents for Residents**

10450 Lottsford Road, Mitchellville, MD 20721  
Phone: 301-925-7359

Published monthly (except July and August)  
by the Collington Residents Association, Inc.

**Staff:** James K. Giese, Editor; Robert Elkin, Photography Editor; Frances Kolarek, News Editor; Ernie Blake, Composition; Barbara Allen, Margaret Bagley, Jeanne Barnett, Curt Bury, Jean F. Getlein, Jeremy Gorman, Pat Howard, Lee McKnight, Ginny Mintz, Don Peretz, Miller Peterson, Bill Preston

**Internet:** Read this issue and selected past issues at [keepingupwithcollington.org](http://keepingupwithcollington.org)

### ***Publication Policy***

***We welcome contributions of articles, information and photographs by all Collington residents; particularly information about committee activities. We will publish acceptable articles as space is available, but will give priority to articles about Collington events and residents. You may submit an article either as an email attachment sent to [jkgxcm@msn.com](mailto:jkgxcm@msn.com) or typed on paper and placed in the Collingtonian mail slot.***

## ***Walking the Collington Trail***

by Bill Preston

Enter if you dare, my friends, the mysterious path that surrounds our campus, but is never seen by most residents. It winds through dark woods and valleys filled with boisterous grappling vines. Who's afraid of wicked thorns, poisonous leaves, fallen trees and limbs, skunk cabbage, gnarled stumps, snakes, tangled copses, spider webs, swamps, deep mud, and more?

Once there, you are carefully watched by local residents—deer, raccoons, foxes, squirrels, skunks, groundhogs, and wild turkeys, but you may never see them. Then there is that hard-to-climb trail up to such a height that you look down on the roof of the Woodshop. And don't forget those old and scary graves up there!



*The 1000 Cluster from Woodshop hill.—JKG*

We begin a trek on the path at the lake and proceed west, stopping to admire those three towering dawn redwoods (native to China), then passing wild persimmon trees, elderberry bushes, poke salad plants, black walnut trees, invasive but beautiful Bradford pear trees, box elders, a tree with a message hole, and bittersweet vines that produce beautiful ornamental orange & yellow fall fruits.

We cross the Collington entrance drive and head uphill, appreciating the big trees forming a canopy. Right now (April), the woodland floor is covered with pretty, white flowers that the deer won't eat. Nor will they eat the big evergreen Russian olive bushes lining the path. On the right are black locust trees that in May have hanging clusters of fragrant white blooms.

Now we take the side trip to the graves of the Waring family. Basil Waring died April 15, 1793, at the age of 82. Sue Waring died January 29, 1806. Two other graves are not decipherable. An 1878 record of this area does not show the

Waring family as still living here.

Back to the trail on a steep hillside, we come to a bench and rest looking over the picturesque 2000 cottages (Is that Anna Shea's dog barking?). Along the wood's edge we admire the hemlocks and black pines in deep shade.

To the left there's a deer path that comes out in an open area with young white pine and Norway spruce trees obviously planted there. Higher on the steep hillside is a dense mix of broom sedge mixed with hundreds of lob lolly pines.

Back on the trail, we note that someone has labeled Eastern red cedar, slippery elm, box elder, and black walnut trees. Alas, the sign for sassafras has disappeared. A sign asks us to look at the boundary marker. We find a large sandstone with the initials "B W N J."

To the left we now approach trees, with heights of 100 to 130 feet, some over 200 years old. There are several species of oak, American beech, tulip tree and red maple. We notice four Japanese black pines that grow like they're not sure which way is up. Also, note the four tree lilacs across the perimeter road marking the 3000 cluster entrance.

Now we've reached the tennis courts and a long line of Foster hollies, still with red berries. Here we leave the trail and return back to the formal landscaping and paved trails that take us back to our Collington home.

*(Editor's Note. Bill Preston wrote three versions of this story to try to satisfy the editor. One is from a naturalist's point of view, the second that of a jogger and the third by someone who feels obligated to walk the trail once, but never again. The above is only a part of the naturalist's version, as Bill's love for the wilderness could not be contained to one page. He will be glad to provide anyone interested with the full version of this or his other versions.)*

## ***Eva Yale – Grace and Perspective***

by Margaret Bagley

Recently, we were fortunate enough to have supper at Eva and Jack Yale's apartment. Not a spur of the moment event, but planned to allow time to prepare a proper sauerbraten and red cabbage meal. Eva assured us that three days, no less, were needed for preparation. Promise and expectation was thoroughly fulfilled. Sometime in the future we hold out hope for fruit or goulash filled crepes, home made of course, two more Eva specialties.

During the evening, and in a subsequent conversation, we had a chance to talk of many things, much more interesting than "ships and shoes and sealing wax".

Eva was born in Austria, but spent her early years in Nuremberg. Her mother placed two year old Eva with her own parents, where she spent the next ten years. These were lean times and diseases were common. Eva fell ill with both scarlet fever and diphtheria.

When she was twelve, she was moved to a girl's school in what is now the Czech Republic. This school had been commandeered by the Germans and they moved many young people there, because of the increasing bombing of Germany. She spoke of the closeness of her girl friends and this undoubtedly made the transition easier.

She even remembers a sense of adventure. She skied every day from the housing area to school, returning after classes via the herring bone method. The availability of plump wild blueberries couldn't alleviate the constant hunger as she longed for more substantial foods which were unavailable. Her most harrowing experience involved being imprisoned head first in a snow drift. Fortunately friends with her were

only too willing to release her.

Eva describes with disarming candor and sometimes humor, these difficult years. Episodes evoking times of want, separation and confusion, are amazingly few. At war's end there was trepidation as occupying forces appeared.

Eventually, Eva came to the United States, married, became a proud citizen and student of her new country's history. In fact, her daughter Susan is named for the well known ship Susan Comfort in Yorktown, Virginia.

She considers herself in many ways a Virginian. Eva worked for several years at Goodwin House, a CCRC community in Alexandria and, of course, knows the area well. An excellent driver, Eva sallies forth to her former home area where she has many friends. She knows her way around interesting lunch locations as well as shopping venues.

We've also had the occasion to talk about one of her passions—dogs. At one time, Eva was a dog trainer and she also showed dogs. And we pause here for a moment of respect for Cricket,

her deeply missed companion, a familiar sight around Collington for many years.

Referencing Goodwin House, Eva was asked why this fine CCRC wasn't the retirement destination of choice. Two reasons were given. One, since she had trained so many staff members, she wanted to meet new people, especially in the same building's close confines. And the next reason? That fine establishment didn't accept dogs. Decision made.

She still maintains close ties with her children; her daughter lives in Burke, Virginia, and son Donald resides in Frederick, Maryland. The Yales have five grandchildren.

Jack and Eva married in 1994 and now occupy, and host as a gracious couple, an apartment overlooking the lake as well as the bowling green.



Eva Yale—RE

The journey from Austria to Virginia and now Maryland has been one of contrast and cost. A special possession accompanied Eva from her earliest memory. She has kept a tiny porcelain doll with movable arms and legs. It even stayed with her during an ambulance ride to the hospital. She recalls vividly clutching it in her hand. Not even the attendant could pry it from her fingers. It remains for her a symbol of where her journey began, the resiliency which brought her through and the confidence of her present life.

## ***Eva Meets the Enemy***

As the war ended, Eva Yale was still not quite fifteen. She fled Nuremberg, Germany, on a bicycle. German soldiers helped her get to Regensburg, where she stayed with relations who lived in a castle. The people there were mostly elderly.



One day, American soldiers arrived with bayonets fixed upon their rifles and ordered the occupants to come out. Eva came out with

the others to face the ferocious, conquering enemy soldiers, who asked if anyone could speak English. The residents pushed Eva forward, for she had been taught English in school, an asset that eventually enabled her to come to the United States. “Who is in the castle?” they asked. “Are there soldiers in there?” Eva told them “No, just old people.”

The soldiers proceeded to search the castle and found some elderly people hiding there, but no soldiers. Before they left, one soldier offered Eva a Hershey bar, which she took. But after they left, she threw it away. “It could have been poisoned,” she thought. They were the enemy.

Eva’s relationship with the “enemy” has since improved. She is now married to Jack, a retired member of the U. S. Air Force.—JKG

## ***We Have an Organ Transplant***

by Larry Harris

During his days at Collington, Bill Burleigh, a former resident many will remember, enjoyed playing a small electronic organ that was part of the furnishing in a sitting area near the clock tower. Audiences often gathered an afternoon or two a week when Bill played. Other residents who also liked to practice on it and share their keyboard skills included Virginia Beaty and Al Folop. In recent years, however, the instrument was seldom used and it was eventually moved to a more out-of-the-way place at the end of the hallway beside the auditorium. Might there be a new home for it?

It was late last fall when the Episcopal rector of Christ Church in Clinton, Maryland, the Reverend Cassandra Burton, passed the word that she was looking for an organ. Young people in her congregation and neighborhood were interested in learning to play the church organ.

Her church musician was willing to give lessons, but everyone agreed that using the church organ for lessons and practice was not the best idea. Could a smaller organ be found for such a wholesome activity? The rector’s idea found its way to Collington.

A few conversations ensued and our almost-forgotten instrument turned out to be just what was needed! The organ is now in the church choir room and the area where it once sat will now be made more attractive.

Thanks to Anne Stone and others who suggested the organ needed a new home, recognized an opportunity and pursued it. And to the Collington community for giving a gift that can now continue to please. Winners all around!

*Photo from WWII Archives (wwiarchives.net) with caption, “French children, too, were ready for the arrival of American paratroopers in their villages. Here two such children receive American chewing gum from paratrooper. Invasion of France. 8 June 1944”*

## *We Welcome Our New Neighbors*

*by Barbara Allen*

### **Norma J. Taylor**



Cottage 1111, ext. 7227. Norma had an experience that changed her life when she volunteered with the Peace Corps in Morocco from 1966 to 1968. She learned not only much about herself, but also to appreciate other cultures and the

importance of adaptability.

Returning to the U.S., Norma received a BS degree in zoology from the University of Cincinnati, Ohio; then, in 1971, a MS degree in social work from Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. She subsequently worked in a variety of settings in the field of social work.

As an assistant professor at the University of Tennessee College of Social Work in Knoxville, Norma worked with graduate students in the field and classroom and found it to be so rewarding and challenging that she obtained a doctorate degree from Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts in 1983.

Norma moved to the Washington, D.C. area to work for the National Association of Social Workers, writing policy, developing practice standards and planning workshops for national conferences. Then, at Virginia Commonwealth University School of Social Work in Richmond, Virginia, she helped train social workers in the field of child welfare. Her last position was training coordinator at Child and Family Services in the District of Columbia from which she retired in December 2009.

Norma also has been active in the Unity of Washington, D.C. where she works with the spiritual counseling and meditation ministries. In June 2003, she was ordained as an Interfaith Minister at New Seminary in New York City.

Norma's mother, who is 92, and her two sisters, a brother and a niece and nephew all live in Cincinnati, Ohio.

### **George Newman and Barbara Fairchild.**



Cottage 4101, ext. 7349. George and Barbara have lived in many places as a result of George's career, first in journalism and then in the Foreign Service.

In preparation for his life's work George got a B.S. degree from McGill University in Montreal, Canada, in 1959 and an M.S. in journalism from Columbia University in 1960. He worked for the Associated Press in New York City and in Salt Lake City and spent sixteen years with the Utica, New York, Observer-Dispatch in a variety of posts, eventually becoming the editor of the editorial page and a weekly columnist. He also did some work in nonprofit public relations, including a stint as public relations director of Hamilton College in Clinton, New York.

In New York state, Barbara prepared for her career as a librarian with a B.S degree from Geneseo State Teachers College in 1957 and an M.S. degree from Buffalo State Teachers' College in 1964. She served as a librarian at all levels from primary school through university.

In 1992, George joined the U.S. Information Agency (now a part of the State Department). In this work the couple lived in Austria, Germany, Togo, Zambia, and the Philippines. Retiring in 2002, he continued to work part-time for State for several years. While overseas with George, Barbara continued her career by working in consulate libraries.

After returning to the U. S. Barbara and George lived in Chesapeake Beach, Maryland, for more than 12 years before moving here.

Their family includes George's son, Barbara's daughter and three grandchildren.

## Pauline Matheo



Apartment 251, ext. 5118. Pauline describes herself as “a city person who loves professional theater, dogs and travel.” Born in Boston, she migrated to New York City as a young woman and attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts from 1948 to 1949 and the Dramatic Workshop of New School from 1949 to 1950.

She worked in various secretarial positions, but her drama experience paid off, as her husband was an actor. He later gave up acting to become an advertising copy writer. Eventually he went into business for himself.

The couple settled in Ardsley, New York, and among other positions held, Pauline was secretary to the high school principal.

Her husband died in 2006 when they were living in Annapolis. Pauline has two sons, one residing in Bowie, and a granddaughter.

## Frances S. Pratt

Cottage 4110, ext. 7358. Frances was born in Brownsville, Texas and went to business college in Austin, but by 1957 she had resettled to Kensington, Maryland. She was married to her first husband for forty years. He worked for the Marriott Corporation and died in 1984.



From 1968 to 1986, Frances worked as an administrative assistant at the National Institutes of Health. Her second husband was a doctor with the National Institute of Health and when he retired in

1993, they moved to Phoenix, Arizona. He died in 2003.

In 2005, Frances moved to Lake Oswego, Oregon, to live with one of her daughters until she chose to move here. Frances' family consists of five children (four girls and a boy), three stepdaughters, six granddaughters, two grandsons and three great-grandsons. Two of her daughters live in this area.

## We Gain a Piano

by Joe Howard

Due to the generosity of Collington residents, the Ivy Room's much loved piano (an Archibald Ramsden) is being given a deserved rest now that the new (used) Knabe has been delivered and is in place. Most people, perhaps, will not be able to tell the difference since the two look very much alike, however the Knabe sounds and plays much better. Minor adjustments were made—the piano bench was too low and the pedals were too high. The Knabe Company was started in Baltimore around the middle of the nineteenth century; however by 1980, when our instrument was made, the company had moved to East Rochester, New York.

Lloyd Henderson has volunteered to play the new piano on Tuesdays and Fridays. Lloyd says, “I hope all residents will meet their friends in the Ivy Room, have a drink between 4:30 and 6:00 p.m. and listen to the songs we heard when we were considerably younger.”

*(Editor's note: Archibald Ramsden was one of the largest piano dealers in England and put his name on pianos sold. Wilhelm Knabe, born 1803 in Germany, immigrated to Baltimore and began building pianos. Francis Scott Key owned a Knabe and Peter Illyitch Tchaikovsky opened Carnegie Hall playing on a Knabe, according to the Wm. Knabe Co. website.)*



**Joe Howard watches Lloyd Henderson play the new Knabe. —JKG**

*Thanks to the work of Joe Howard, Louise Huddleston, Carol Kempfske, Lloyd Henderson and all those who donated the funds to make the new piano possible.*

## ***A Special Harmonic Relationship***

by Curt Bury



Collington is truly fortunate to have the Prince George's Philharmonic as its musical partner, Mary and Bill Willing, and then Edna Lingreen, pioneered our special relationship with the orchestra beginning in 1992. Collington plays host to PGP Board Meetings 11 months a year, providing refreshments and a convenient place to meet for the 12 board members, who travel from a variety of locations. As a board member, I serve as Collington's host for these business sessions chaired by Board President Mary Ann White.

Collington also advertises in each of the orchestra's program booklets with a two-page center spread to catch the eye of the 300 or so concert attendees.

Five times each year, a full bus of Collington residents embarks for an evening of beautiful orchestral music by the Philharmonic. Other residents may follow using their own transportation. The Prince George's Philharmonic concerts are held at the Bowie Center for Performing Arts, the Prince George's Community College and, once each season, at the Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center.

With a few professional exceptions, all the musicians are volunteers who play for the joy of music. Maestro Charles Ellis, music director and conductor since 2001, arranges the varied musical programs, including securing the perfor-

mances of talented guest artists and choruses.

Maestro Ellis has just returned from one of his extended concert tours of China, conducting performances of the Mantovani Orchestra. At our concerts, he enjoys providing musical insights for the audience before the actual performance of a concert piece, illustrating and explaining various themes with musical excerpts—a special effort that is well-appreciated by his audience.

Another special contribution of the Prince George's Philharmonic is the outstanding "Symphony Kids" program, which provides instrumental music lessons to young students in Prince George's County who might otherwise be unable to afford them. This activity received special mention by music critic Anne Midgette in the Washington Post Sunday Magazine on February 24.

## ***Traditional Seder Celebrates Passover***

by Frances Kolarek

Some 50 Collingtonians attended this year's Seder arranged by Joan Zorza and held in the auditorium. Eli Ayoub provided a traditional menu which included matzoh ball soup, gefilte fish, couscous salad and an entree consisting of brisket of beef and poached salmon garnished with potato pancakes, asparagus and carrot slices. Dessert was a biscotti made from matzoh meal.

The Haggada, a traditional document reviewing the history of the passover celebration, was adapted from one the late Miriam Tepfer had used at the many Seders she arranged for us. During the evening most of the dinner guests had an opportunity to read a few paragraphs from the Haggada.

Our thanks go to Joan, Eli and the staff who worked overtime to serve us.

# *On Dining Out*

## ***The Grace's Restaurant Nearer to Us***

In Annapolis, we frequented Panera. When we moved to Collington, we found another Panera in the Vista Gardens Marketplace in Lanham. Next door is a restaurant called Grace's. The noise from their outdoor patio was horrendous. We both agreed that we would never go there.

Several weeks later, the Panera line was very long and the diners on Grace's patio were not so noisy, so we decided to go in and at least look at the menu. It was a wonderful surprise; it seemed to be Chinese. Inside we found there were separate distinct sections, including one that looked like a sports bar. Another was a sushi bar and another section had teppanyaki tables with hibachi grills.

We chose to eat in one of the main dining areas which proved to be Pan-Asian, with the cuisine of many countries represented, e.g., China, Thailand, Burma (Myanmar), Malaysia, Korea, Japan, etc. We quickly scanned the menu and saw so many dishes that looked good that decision-making was hard. We ordered crispy spring rolls (vegetable) and, as is our custom, each ordered one dish to share. From the "Lunch Menu," Pat ordered Kung Pao chicken and I, Panang curry. The chicken was very good, but nothing special. It could have been hotter for me but mama bear thought it just right. The Panang curry was wonderful. It was too hot for mama bear and not hot enough for papa bear. I asked for a spoon to get the last of the wonderful sauce.

Recently we returned for lunch with Taylor, our grandson. We chose dishes to please an 18-year old: crispy spring rolls (good), shrimp tempura (terrific), Shanghai spare ribs (delicious), Shanghai style chicken wings, and gyoza, which the menu called Japanese dumplings. They are

deep fried. Pat and I are accustomed to jiaozi, which are steamed and pan-fried at the same time. Anyway, we loved the deep fried ones.

We have not yet eaten off the "Big Plate" menu but it seems more expensive than other Chinese restaurants.

One complaint—chopsticks! Grace's are either metal or lacquered, I've forgotten which. It is almost impossible to pick up rice with those slick sticks. Give me wooden ones every time.—JH

***Grace's is owned by Grace Tang, who owns Grace's Fortune in Bowie (see March issue). Located in Vista Gardens Marketplace, 10531 Martin Luther King Jr. Hwy. From here, go left on Lottsford and turn left onto Lottsford-Vista Road. The shopping center is on the right. Telephone 301-809-2988.***

## ***Plaza Garibaldi Is Worth the Drive***

Fancy some authentic Mexican food? Try family owned Plaza Garibaldi, a restaurant and cantina since 1997 located in Glen Burnie. It is easy to locate and parking is available in the rear. The prices are moderate and the portions, generous. Kids and families are welcome.

There is an open bar and, whether in combination, or a la carte, the traditional food is not too spicy hot. Salsa and hot sauce are available if you want to crank up the heat. Their guacamole is to our liking, easy on the onion, heavy on the avocado. Warm chips are on the table with a container of salsa before you have ordered drinks, giving ample time to look over the menu. Recently a native San Antonian gave the restaurant high marks, especially as she enjoyed the chicken tortilla soup, a new addition to the menu for the evening.—MB

***Just off MD-100 on Ritchie Highway, across from the Marley Station shopping center, it is a forty minute drive from Collington. Telephone 410-761-2447.***

## TRANSPORTATION Q AND A

By Margaret Bagley

As new members of Collington, most of us have found out, officially and informally, about housing, meals, and healthcare services. Transportation may not have been on our short list, if we are able to drive. However, early on we realize that the availability of shuttle service to the metro and thus the wider off campus world, as well as getting to and from medically based services, is an important Collington advantage and we need more information about their availability and charges.

If help in getting around is not first needed, it soon and often unexpectedly becomes an important matter. Residents who still can fulfill their own transportation needs will develop at least a back up plan of carpool members just-in-case.

Collington's shuttle bus leaves from the security entrance on a dependable hourly schedule for the nearby New Carrollton Metro and Amtrak Stations. The ride to the train stop widens our boundaries, not just to Washington, D.C. and its suburbs, but to Baltimore and the east coast corridor. Since a number of residents still work full or part time, getting to the train on time is a familiar commuter routine, a welcome one for those who continue to cherish their independence.

The world also awaits as Metro takes you directly to Reagan National Airport and Amtrak to Baltimore-Washington International Airport. Looking to the future, Metro will also take us to Washington's third airport, Dulles.

Collington shuttle buses also provide rides to shopping areas, medical complexes and church services, as well as cultural and educational of-

ferings. A cab ride is generally not needed.

Now what are the best choices for a particular service or need? All of our vans, including the minivan, are able to transport wheelchairs, including electric. Scooters, however, cannot be accommodated. At certain times of day, or if a destination is considered off the Collington grid or there are special mobility concerns, a limo or cab may be preferred. There is even an ambulance available for non-emergency transport.

There is no charge for shuttle service to the New Carrollton stop. The same holds for scheduled routes to shopping areas. The round trip to doctor offices in Greenbelt and Bowie is \$17 while the ride to nearby Kaiser Permanente is \$12.50. A new offering is the route to the Annapolis Medical Center. The cost is \$35.00 round trip and must be scheduled a week in advance. At present, there is not staff available to provide sedan trips to airports or other individually chosen destinations.

Various taxi providers, governed by county regulation of fees, are available. There are several excellent limo services available. For longer rides, by a group, possibly for a special occasion, this may be a reasonable choice. The rates here are competitive and can be evaluated on an individual basis. When booking, ask about senior rates, coupon acceptance and if fare

includes tip and tax. Some do.

All in all, our choices are many at Collington. Know that we have a willing staff to help us negotiate the system, friendly drivers to assist us up a step, so that we can enjoy the view out the window and leave the driving to them.

Any questions? Our transportation chief, Kendall Brown, will be glad to answer them. Call 4792.



**Vermond Vess assists Ruth Galaid into a Collington shuttle bus—REs**



**Jerwald Fleuriwal with a Collington sedan—RE**

## Bill Preston on Gardening



Growing vegetables successfully may require a lot of care, work, weeding, and watering. But you can also derive much pleasure from your effort and, if you choose carefully, you can create a lot of tasty fun. It just depends on what you choose to grow.

For instance, have you tried white tomatoes—or yellow, orange, pink, blackish, green (but ripe), elongated, pointed, pear-shaped, or gigantic? How about potatoes with yellow, blue, or speckled flesh?

Maybe you'd like to grow yard-long beans or purple-podded ones. And those beautiful Chinese vegetables like pak-choi, mizuna or even Chinese cabbage make a great ornamental showing grown singly in large pots. Another pretty and delicious vegetable is Swiss chard with red, pink, orange, yellow or white stalks.

Just becoming very popular now are carrots that are red, yellow, purple or mottled. Keep in mind that the purple color is caused by anthocyanin which also adds nutritional benefit. ("Junior, eat your purple carrots so you can grow big and strong like your Daddy!")

Spinach is a nice early spring crop, but what about the rest of the year? Why not try New Zealand spinach or Malabar spinach and get the benefit of lutein (to prevent macular degeneration) all summer long?

For a special treat, try salsify with its wonderful oyster flavor. It is aptly named the oyster plant. You'll need quite a few plants because the harvestable roots are rather slim. An added benefit is beautiful blue-lavender flowers.

There is not room to describe all those bazaar tasty vegetables. Check your seed catalogs for ideas.

## **Gee Whiz at the Library**

by Joe Howard

Collington has a very fine library and I have agreed to be on the Library Committee. Its Chair turned out to be Pat Battin, a professional friend of mine. *Gee whiz.*

My first library duty was to put prices on about 50 books that the committee wanted to sell at the upcoming bazaar. There were three of us: two classy ladies, Evelyn Colbert (in charge), Jeanne Barnett and me. It took us about an hour to do a job I could have done in 10 minutes—at most. Had we done it my way, without talking, I would have missed learning of two unbelievable coincidences.

Both Evelyn and Jeanne know and love books—real bibliophiles. While I love to read, any success that I had as a librarian, both at the Library of Congress and the National Agricultural Library, was chiefly as an administrator.

At one time, Evelyn turned to me and asked, "What are you reading?" I answered, "A wonderful, even if wordy, history of Burma by Thant Myint-U, the grandson of U Thant, (the 3rd Secretary General of the United Nations)." His book, *River of Lost Footsteps*, is a must read for anyone interested in Burma (Myanmar).

Whereupon she said "I knew him." *Gee whiz.* She had been one of his professors at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, DC.

I said that I had just finished reading it about a friend of Pat's and mine—Daw Mya Sein. Jeanne spoke up and said, "she was a friend of mine." *Gee whiz.* Jeanne's husband had also taught at the same school. Daw Mya Sein was the mother of one of my Library of Congress employees, Helen Mya Thanda Poe, and an exceptional woman. She had a doctorate in history from Oxford and represented Burma at the League of Nations.

Only in Collington! *Gee whiz.*

# *Cherry Blossoms*

*By Robert Elkin*

