



Vol. 27 No. 10 A Monthly Publication of The Collington Residents Association December 2015

Happy Holidays!

The Collington Christmas tree sprang to life Nov. 30, decorated as always by resident volunteers. One of the decorators, Marianne Mann, is visible at right, putting on the finishing touches.

Celebrations of all sorts mark the season, notably breakfast in the Ivy Room on Christmas Day for all who want to come, including those who would otherwise be alone. This year's breakfast will be a bittersweet occasion because it marks the last day of work by Eli Ayoub, who will be leaving Collington after five years as our Dining Director.

Eli is moving to a job at a community in Virginia that is larger than Collington and closer to his home. We wish him well.

Merry Christmas. Happy Hannukah. Warm Kwanzaa Greetings. – **GN**



We Welcome Our New Neighbors

By Barbara Fairchild, Jean Getlein and Jeanne Slawson

Jessica Milstead

Cottage 1003, Ext. 7203. Jessica grew up in Bryans Road, Md., a rural community in Charles County. She was one of four children. Both parents came from farm families but worked at nonfarm jobs – her father as a toolmaker, her mother as a school secretary. Still, the family raised a lot of their own food. Aside from the garden, Jessica remembers the chickens, the pig and the cow (which she sometimes had to milk).



“My parents were unusual for that place and time in that they believed girls should go to college,” she recalled. Jessica graduated from Eastern Nazarene College in Quincy, Mass. She then earned an M.S. in Librarianship from Columbia University. She enjoyed research and decided to stay at Columbia to earn her Doctor of Library Science degree. She then taught Library Science at Columbia, Queens College, and St. John’s University.

She left academia to work for Research Publications, a scholarly micropublisher in New Haven, Conn., producing indexes for various publications, including the Washington Post. Jessica then became editor of indexes for NewsBank, a subscription service providing selected newspaper articles on microfiche.

After 7 years of working for others, Jessica decided to become an independent consultant. Among her clients were the Textile Museum, Chemical Abstracts Service, and BIOSIS. She

also authored two editions of the Thesaurus of Information Science and Technology for the American Society of Information Science and Technology.

Jessica returned to Charles County in 2000, building a house on family property in Chicamuxen. After her retirement in 2004 she pursued her interests in gardening, botany, and geology, becoming a Master Gardener. She notes, however, that perhaps because her family grew much of its own food during her childhood, “Despite being an avid gardener, I refuse to grow anything edible.”

After 15 years in her Chicamuxen home, she left Charles County for Collington, accompanied by her cat, Lulu.

Jim Tent

Cottage 3015, Ext. 7312. Teaching is in his blood. A conversation with Jim Tent, who has moved to Collington from Frederick, Md., is liable

The Collingtonian

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This edition and many past issues of the Collingtonian are now on line at collingtonresidents.org.

The Collingtonian invites all Collington residents to submit articles, photographs and story suggestions, preferably concerning Collington and its people. We also welcome “Letters to the Editor” commenting on the Collingtonian and its content. Submissions may be e-mailed to collingtonian@gmail.com or placed in the Collingtonian mailbox. All submissions are subject to editing for length, clarity and style.

to veer from the dawn of microbiology during the Civil War to what happened to our country's middle class after World War II - and then some!



Jim was born in Ridgewood, N.J. He attended Dartmouth College with a double major in history and German. A Ph.D. in European history at the University of Wisconsin prepared him for a 36-year career as a senior research professor at the University of Alabama in Birmingham. During the early 80's he served for a year as a guest professor in Hanover, Germany. Several years later the Free University of Berlin asked him to write a history of its first 40 years of existence, and for a year he was a visiting professor at Cornell College in Iowa.

In 1985 he was invited to West Point for a month to teach military history. In his free time he managed to write eight books before retiring in 2010.

Jim's wife, who was a math teacher, died last year after 46 years of marriage. Jim's daughter is a lawyer, his son a senior analyst at the Department of Defense, specializing in satellite imagery. Three grandchildren will be welcome visitors.

In his free time Jim volunteers at the National Museum of Civil War Medicine In Frederick. As Christmas approaches, he transforms himself into a Civil War Santa, a role ideally suited to his luxuriant white beard, his jolly manner, and the Civil War costume that his wife, a talented seamstress, created for the occasion.

Joyce Fish

Cottage 1209, Ext. 7241. Joyce came to Collington from Yonkers, N.Y., but is a native of Dover, N.H. She graduated from the University of New Hampshire, then Columbia University.

Her graduate work was in English for Foreign Students, the precursor of ESL, now ESOL, English for Speakers of Other Languages.



Joyce met her husband when they were fellow UNH students.

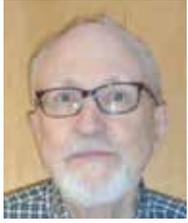
After he completed his masters at Harvard, they moved to Ashland, Maine, where he was principal of the high school. He then was made principal of the U.S. Air Force dependents high school in Madrid, Spain, during the time of Franco's rule. First, they found they "*had* to hire a maid" to meet local expectations - a hardship they could bear, Joyce says. When they had to travel, the maid always packed food, so their son wouldn't have to conform to Spanish dining hours! Their first daughter was born during this time.

Following three years in Spain, they returned to the U.S., to Millville, NJ, then Montclair. Her husband traveled extensively on a Ford Foundation grant, interviewing at high schools on the subject of integration and its challenges, resulting in a book. Their last move was to Yonkers, where he became a college administrator and she a teacher, circulating between two school systems, and serving as an adjunct professor at several colleges.

In retirement, her husband taught sailing. He and his friend, John Murray, often sailed together, while Joyce and John's wife visited art museums. After their spouses died, John and Joyce married; he died in 2013. Joyce eventually found the house too large, and is pleased to have a manageable home here, close to D.C. and one daughter and family. Her other two children and their families live in California.

see New Neighbors p. 4

Michael and Louise Lusignan



Cottage 5008, Ext. 5077. Michael was born in Mansfield, Ohio, where he graduated from Western Reserve Academy. He entered Swarthmore College and, upon graduation, served in the Army in Germany. He returned to the U.S. to attend law school at Ohio Northern University. His first job was with the Patent and Trademark Office, where he remained, rising to become Primary Patent Examiner in Chemistry, that having been his college major. He and Louise met at a pottery sale in 1973. It is unclear whether pottery was acquired, but a lifelong commitment was formed: they were married in 1974, combining their Arlington households. They relocated to Washington in 1983.

Louise is from Berkeley, Calif., and grew up in the San Francisco Bay Area. She is a graduate of Pomona College, and served as an intern teacher at The George School, a Quaker preparatory school in Pennsylvania. She later entered a Master of Arts in Teaching program at Antioch College, where part of the program involved teaching in the D.C. school system, a most challenging assignment. Most of the students had no reading skills, so movies were used to help them understand topics, including local history.

Her next move was to Canada as Administrative Assistant to a Mohawk Indian heading a project to teach the tribe's culture to the Mohawks of the area. A long-held dream of Louise's was to attend library school, so when the Indian project was closed, she entered the University

of Western Ontario, where she completed her Master of Library Science degree. At the time, non-Canadians were not hired, but she secured the next best thing, a job at the Canadian Embassy in Washington, as Librarian.

In 1976, Louise flew to Denver for a conference; Michael, being an avid and experienced hiker, accompanied her. While she headed to the conference room, he headed to the Rockies, where he became lost. Searches were mounted, but called off after several days. Louise returned home, went to St. Columba's Episcopal Church in DC, where they prayed that Michael might find his way out. After five days, Michael sighted a group of hikers on a trail above him. He hailed them, they realized "he must be the guy they were looking for" and called in help. Michael's hardiness served him well; though he was badly sunburned and had lost 25 pounds, he survived.

The Lusignans volunteered in many areas at St. Columba's, including leading a trip for teenagers to England and Scotland. This became a "spiritual journey," evolving into what Louise describes as "developing a call" to the priesthood, and she entered Virginia Theological Seminary. "I couldn't have done it without Michael's full support," she says. After her graduation and ordination, she was called by St. Columba's as their priest, making St. Columba's the first Episcopal church to call back a former parishioner as priest. She served there from 1988 to 2000, retired for six months, then was asked by the rector of St. John's in McLean, Va., to serve as an intern. She stayed 13 years.

After a serious mishap at home a year or so ago, the Lusignans realized a less challenging abode was called for. Serendipity stepped in to give them just the Collington cottage they wanted at the time they needed it. They are happily ensconced there with their two cats.



English and Other Pitfalls: A Memoir

By Maya Peretz

When I met Don, then a professor at the State University of New York where I was a grad student, I shared my linguistic concerns with him. “I have to polish my English,” I said.

“Your English is Polish enough,” replied my future husband.

My contact with spoken English had started 15 years earlier, on my very first trip out of my Polish homeland, at age 22. That trip to the Free World wasn’t free for my parents. Apart from paying for the travel, they equipped me with two huge pigskin suitcases, a new green woolen coat, knee-high boots and a Tyrol hat, also green, with a brown band and a feather. I felt I traveled royally, but was surprised by a co-voyager’s compliment: Did the older man assume my intelligence from the way I was dressed? He said I looked “smart.”

I was to stay with my former classmate Eva and her husband Rafi in London, my chance to test my bookish English against native English speakers. Upon my arrival, as my friends’ landlady opened the door, I inquired in my most polite English straight out of a textbook, “Good day, Madam! May I please see Mr. and Mrs. Dankner?” The gray-haired Brit replied: “I’m afraid they aren’t in.” Perceiving a certain hesitancy in her manner, I continued: “Would you kindly check?” “I believe they’re out,” she insisted, slightly annoyed. Fresh from the land of non-believers, I wasn’t persuaded: “Could you please make sure?” This exchange continued for another few minutes until, luckily, Eva and Rafi drove up and freed us from further exercise in futility.

Classified ads in The Evening Standard helped me find a housekeeping job that very afternoon



Maya in her 20s

with an Austrian woman living in London. The next day, I was ready to get my career under way. My friends dropped me at the tube, making sure I had a city map. As my folks, at great expense, had provided me with a five-pound note which I smuggled out in my insole, I felt comfortably well off.

But when I handed my money to the man at the underground ticket window, the brute demanded silver! I stared at him in disbelief, until the lengthening queue behind started hissing. I moved aside, dragged my luggage to the corner of the station, sat on a suitcase and unfolded the map of London. Five inches didn’t seem like such an insurmountable distance; I figured I had enough time to make it on foot.

That day offered me more opportunities to practice my English. When I asked for directions, the most memorable sentence I heard was, “You can’t miss it.” Little did they know! By 6 p.m. I found myself at a cemetery. It was getting dark and started raining. My luggage grew unbelievably heavy, as I struggled to free my high heels from the increasingly soggy ground. The sign on the fence said the cemetery closed at dusk. There was no visible opening in the fence. As a man’s silhouette appeared in the dark, I rushed to reach him before it was too late. “Where are you from?” the man asked as I questioned him about the gate. “Poland,” I replied, and he commented cheerfully, “This place is stinking with Poles.” Offended, I hurried away.

It took me a good while to heave my suitcases

see Pitfalls, p. 10

For Bridge Group, Fun is in the Cards

by Frances Kolarek



Deborah McKnight prepares to play an ace. Lee McKnight is opposite her and John Lees is at left. The hands at right belong to Louise Huddleston. Photo by George Newman

The Thursday night bridge bunch, a dedicated group under the leadership of Lee McKnight, chair of the Recreation Committee's duplicate bridge subcommittee, meets Thursday evenings at 6:30. Half a dozen couples turn up regularly to play couples and duplicate bridge.

Lee boasts that Kay Cave, a longtime member, is a Bronze Life Master, which means she has at least 500 master points recorded by Contract Bridge League, which keeps track. Devotees will understand this bit of jargon.

Kitty Mabe is another player who Lee says "plays a wicked hand and is fun to play with as well."

Lee and his wife Deborah enjoy playing together. Lee remarks in audible parentheses, "Not all couples do."

The group welcomes newcomers. Call Lee McKnight on Ext. 5149 for more information.

Spirit of the Season

by Craighton Center Poetry Club

Can you believe Christmas is near?
Time to spread love and time to spread cheer.
Seeing the eyes of boys and girls
Asking Santa for books and toys.

Parents concerned about buying presents,
Decorating the tree,
Company coming too soon
As only Santa can see.

Can we measure the pressure
This joyous time brings?
I think so since when all is done
The spirit of giving, love, kindness
And joy is with mostly everyone

May your spirit be guided
By heartfelt delight,
Keeping memories of loved ones
Who are now out of sight.

Precious memories are the reason we
Celebrate the Christmas season.

Poets: Mary Ellen Hines, Evelyn Kellman and Nancy Kent, with activities professional Ellen Sistare.

Collington Blog Goes National

By George Newman

Frances Kolarek's blog has been cited on the web site for the Kendal Corp. as well as the site for Kendal at Oberlin in Ohio.

Both appearances stem from an email interview of Frances by Molly Kavanaugh, who blogs on the Oberlin site (the only other in Kendal that regularly carries a resident-written blog.). Kendal's main site picked up the Oberlin report.

Molly Kavanaugh writes that Frances has lived a fourth of her 98 years at Collington, moving here after the death of her husband, Joe. "Once settled at Collington, Frances thought she'd write a book about aging. She began gathering material from newspaper clippings and books, but decided that the 'whole aging picture' was changing so fast her book would be outdated the minute it was published."

Thus was born the blog, an activity usually associated with tech-savvy youth. As it happens, Frances is a tech-savvy nonagenarian, but it is

her irreverent wit and lust for life that drives the blog. She has little patience for pretense, recently writing, "When I suggested to a fellow resident that hearing aids might be a good idea, he said, 'Oh, but they make you LOOK so old.' This from a person wearing trifocals and carrying a HurryCane. Look old? Get out your abacus and count. You ARE old. And, you are not 'hard of hearing.' You are deaf."



But age, in Frances's view, is more to be celebrated than deplored. "You know what my purpose is?" she wrote Molly Kavanaugh. "To see 'old' replace 'young' as a word of envy, a goal to be attained."

After all, anyone can be young; we're born that way. But old age takes some effort -- effort made easier by Frances Kolarek's wit and wisdom.

Frances's blog appears regularly on the official Collington site, collington.kendal.org. The corporate site is kendal.org, and Oberlin's is kao.kendal.org.



At the conclusion of Collington's Veterans Day ceremony Nov. 11, John Evans sounds taps.

The Crater Next Door

by Carl Koch

The Chesapeake Bay impact crater, about 125 miles south of Collington, is the largest such crater in the United States. Centered some five miles west of Cape Charles, Va., the crater covers an area twice the size of Rhode Island and nearly as deep as the Grand Canyon. The impact occurred about 35 million years ago when a large asteroid, one to five miles in diameter, hit the earth. At the time the impact area was covered with water and the shoreline was about where Richmond, Va., and Washington, D.C., are today.

During the impact the asteroid material was totally vaporized and the sediments beneath the water cooked and compacted into chunks. The blast splash was about 30 miles high, generating waves of 1,500 feet, possibly topping the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The crater's existence was discovered only 25 years ago, when U.S. Geological Survey employees, led by Wylie Poag, were analyzing deep-sea cores obtained off the coast and found that these cores contained materials indicating an asteroid impact somewhere nearby. At about the same time, Virginia Water Resources personnel were systematically drilling cores from Fredricksburg to the Atlantic Ocean in order to study subsurface layers across the Virginia coastal plain that contained aquifers of fresh water. When they examined a core retrieved at Exmore, Va., about 22 miles north of Cape Charles, some twisted and confused layers were noted where uniform layers would be expected. When Poag analyzed the jumbled layers, he found evidence of asteroid impact. These two teams working together concluded that there had been an asteroid impact in the southeastern Virginia area. Later seismic profiles showed the size and extent of the Chesapeake Bay Impact Crater.

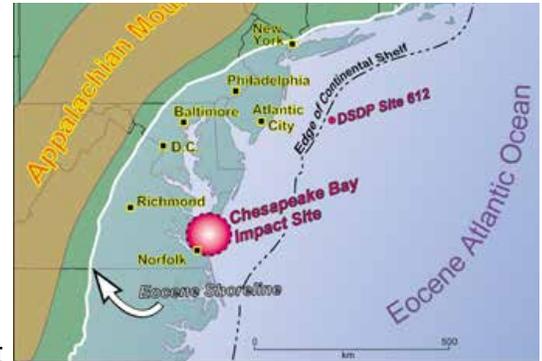
Prior to the crater's discovery, many geologic,

geographic and hydrologic phenomena were noted but were designated "cause not

known." Without the crater the Virginia port of Hampton Roads would not have existed and the U.S. Navy would have had to park elsewhere! The last several miles of the James and York Rivers have a sharp bend to the northeast because they bend towards the gravity low of the crater. During the Civil War, Union soldiers drilling for fresh water at Fort Monroe found only salt water regardless of how deep they drilled. Much of southeastern Virginia has this salt-water problem in aquifers because of sea water trapped by the crater. As the crater continues to subside, faults around the crater's outer margin move, causing small earthquakes, the last in 1995.

The Chesapeake Bay Impact crater is the world's sixth largest. The best-known impact crater is Chicxulub, off the coast of the Yucatan Peninsula, with a diameter more than three times that of the Chesapeake Bay Impact Crater. Chicxulub is thought to have created a mass extinction 65 million years ago. This led to the demise of dinosaurs, marine reptiles, flying reptiles, ammonites, belemnites, many important pelecypod groups and many coral groups. The Chesapeake Bay impact may be responsible for the extinction of some "Gulf Coast" mollusk species but no world-wide extinctions.

The relatively recent discovery of the Chesapeake Bay Impact crater reminds us that science is a "living organism" that gives us more and better information over time.



A Love Letter to Wegmans

By Mike McCulley

In the mid 1960's, Anne and I lived in Rochester, N.Y., home to Rochester Institute of Technology, the University of Rochester and the Eastman School of Music. It had the highest concentra-



-tion of engineers of any city in the world, employed by the likes of Kodak, Bausch and Lomb, Ritter and Xerox. And Rochester was also the home of Wegmans, the go-to supermarket in the area. When we moved, it was the loss of Wegmans that we mourned as much as anything.

When we decided to move to Collington and learned that a Wegmans store was right around the corner, we were euphoric and had a customer loyalty card before we had the keys to our cottage. I'll try to stem my bias and enthusiasm and take Sergeant Joe Friday's advice of "just the facts, ma'am" in painting this picture of our nearby supermarket.

Our local Wegmans, in the Woodmore shopping center, was opened in October 2010 on a Sunday morning at 7:00 a.m. It boasts 130,000 square feet. That is the equivalent of more than 2.25 football fields – an appropriate comparison for a close neighbor of FedEx Field. Wegmans employs 650 people who work in 12 different departments that offer approximately 70,000 different products. By comparison, the Food Marketing Institute reports that the average supermarket carries 40,000 products. The departments range from produce, meat and seafood to cheese shop, bakery and Mediterranean bar, to say nothing of

the Market Café, with indoor and outdoor seating for 300.

A significant number of Collington residents shop at Wegmans, citing a variety of reasons for doing business

there. Suzanne Gimbrere thinks the "selection is fresh and the choices are incredible. We are so lucky Wegmans is as close as they are." Anne Brown said, "The thing Carl and I like most is the service staff and how courteous they are. They don't just tell you where a product is, they lead you to it." Joan Lewis says Wegmans is the closest supermarket and the staff is "so friendly and helpful."

Wegmans is a family-owned company, founded in 1916 in Rochester. It has 87 stores in 6 states – New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and Massachusetts. Their annual sales in 2014 were \$7.4 billion. Most impressive to me is that Wegmans has made Fortune magazine's *100 Best Companies to Work For* list every year since the list first ran in 1998. In 2005, it ranked No. 1. This year, it ranked No. 7. According to a 2014 Harris Poll Reputation Quotient study, Wegmans ranked No.1 for corporate reputation among the "100 most visible companies" nationwide.

Wegmans pledges to customers and employees: "Every day you get our best." It appears that they are living their pledge.

Restaurant Review: In Laurel, A Savory Taste of South Asia

By Carl Koch

Bam! The flavors at the Curry Leaf jump off of the plate and “smack you upside the head.” That was my impression on the first visit and on five subsequent visits, lunch or dinner, whether with a small group or just with my wife. This quaint little restaurant in a tiny strip mall on Route 1 just south of Laurel delivers flavors like no other. They serve no alcoholic beverages; but do allow you to bring your own.

The nine-page menu offers more than 60 entrees from Pakistan, India, Southern Asia and Indo-China. It includes the expected curries, tandoori dishes, vindaloos, biryani, samosas, papadam, 10 breads, appetizers, chaat (savory snacks), and three soups including the iconic mulligatawny. Vegetarian dishes are featured, comprising slightly more than half the menu offerings. Entrees range from \$11 to \$24 with the median price at \$14.50.

For customers on a tight lunchtime schedule, they offer an extensive buffet with salad, three appetizers, three vegetarian entrees, three meat entrees, various breads, a soup and a dessert, all you can eat for \$12.00.

The buffet dishes are necessarily less freshly prepared. Although I have not tried them, Tom Sietsema of the Washington Post gives the buffet high marks. Made-to-order dishes are excellent. My favorite is the chicken karahi (\$15.94) from Lahore, Pakistan, which is cooked in a vessel resembling a wok. Noticeable slivers of fresh ginger and lemon grass make the dish a flavor bomb.

Recently, four of us had lunch and selected the lamb karahi, chicken vindaloo, chicken biryani and a vegetable dish called aloo gobi, haleem,

rice, chapati, paratha, and unsweetened iced tea for \$98 not including tip. Haleem is a lentil-based dish singled out by Tom Sietsema when he reviewed the buffet recently. All of us raved about the food. Statements such as “the best Indian food I’ve ever tasted” and “this food is stunningly flavorful” were made. All four diners were over 65; all had traveled extensively and none could be easily impressed – but impressed they all were. We noticed on our check that all five entrees were listed as “medium”. This indicates to me that the customer can order dishes mild, medium or hot. Had we ordered the vindaloo hot, we might not have survived. Bottom line is if you like flavorful food, this is the place.

Curry Leaf Restaurant, 13919 Baltimore Ave., Laurel, MD 20707

301-497-201, curryleafmd.com

Open daily: 11:30 am to 3:00 pm (Lunch buffet) 5:00 pm to 9:30 pm (Dinner)

Pitfalls from p. 5

over the locked gate and climb the fence in my stockinged feet. Well into the night, I arrived at the door of my prospective employers: dirty coat, muddy shoes, runs in my hose. After one look, the heavy middle-aged lady tried to slam the door in my face, refusing to listen to my apologies. But I was too tired to be pushed away. Foot in the door, I found my way to the bathroom, undressed, filled the tub and immersed myself in warm water; I felt heavenly, unaware of having used the whole tank of my prospective employer’s limited hot water supply.

My first job beyond the Iron Curtain lasted as long as that bath: I was fired on the spot, through the locked bathroom door, in Austrian-accented English.

Bill Preston on Gardening



Grafting: Old Practice, New Trends

Grafting is a task performed on plants that helps multiply varieties with special desirable characteristics. These days we hear of grafting as a medical term, too, but let's stick to plants for this column.

The principle of grafting is, briefly, attaching a stem or bud portion (called a scion) of a desirable variety onto a stem (and root) of another plant (called a stock). Most folks consider this operation almost magic. They don't realize that orchards of practically every variety of fruit tree are the result of grafting, on a big scale.

The aim of the grafting is to match the layer of cambium cells in the scion with these same kinds of cells in the stock. If these cells in each part of the graft grow together, you have a successful graft.

Grafting of fruit trees has taken place for hundreds of years. But now we are learning about grafting vegetable plants. Recently, grafted tomato plants are being offered for sale. Outstanding varieties are being grafted as seedlings onto seedling varieties that have resistance to most tomato root diseases. The result is much healthier tomato growth without the early devastating crop kill due to soil-borne diseases.

The latest news is that grafting melons onto root stocks of hybrid squash gives the melon plants increased growth and vigor, resulting in sweeter melons. The understock squash plants also carry resistance to the "sudden wilt disease" to help prevent big crop losses.

Singapore Honors Late Collington Resident

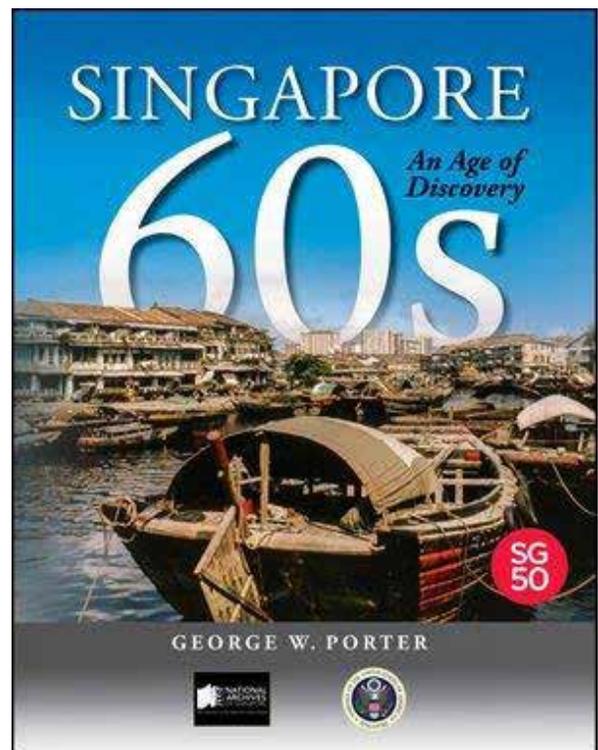
by Frances Kolarek

An exhibition of the late George Porter's photographs was a feature of Singapore's celebration this year of its 50th anniversary as an independent state.

George's precarious health prevented his making the trip, but his daughter, Elise, and his son, Aaron, joined the celebration and appeared on televised coverage of the event.

While he was a member of the United States Embassy staff between 1965 and 1970, George, a gifted photographer, took hundreds of photographs of Singapore life, now published in a volume, *Singapore 60s*. A copy that does not circulate can be found in our Library.

More information about the book, and a video of the Porter children's television appearance, can be found on the Residents Association website, collingtonresidents.org.



A Burning Love of Fire Engines

Lew Mottley has had a love affair with fire engines since he was a young boy growing up in San Francisco with a firehouse two blocks from his home. There was a certain romance in hearing the trucks roll, he recalls. That enthusiasm remains with Lew today, evidenced by his collection of 40 pieces of model fire equipment on display in the Clock Tower.

Like so many Clock Tower exhibits, this one is worthy of a few minutes of your time. The models have exquisite detail, showing pumpers dating back to 1888 to ladder trucks from about 1975 to 1980. Most reflect the history of fire company service in this country, but a few are from Britain and Germany. One from Hawaii



sports a surfboard on its running board!

Lew's collection started about 15 years ago, after he had served for 25 years as an active member, and at one point President, of New Canaan (Conn.) Volunteer Fire Company No. 1. Asked where he found all the models, he smilingly replied, "They found me." He saw an ad in a magazine – presumably directed at fire fighters – liked the models and bought a couple. The marketing companies exchanged lists of buyers, and he got hooked. We're grateful he did, because the romance he felt decades ago in San Francisco is evident in today's Clock Tower display.

Photos and Text by Mike McCulley