

# Also . . . 04

By Layne Beaty

By the time you are able to read this, the New Year's Eve party, produced by Sol Hurok (Herb Gordon), will have become history, at least most of it. The Rockettes didn't make it, but we did have some spectacular flashbacks of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers on our new enlarged dance floor.

Not only did it lend excitement and admiration to the holiday ambiance of the renewed Clocktower gallery, it also enforced the cardinal truth that grown men like to play with toy trains. Be glad. After aiding and abetting the stork several thousand times, our Dr. Warren Pearse proved the old axiom by buying a fancy Victorian-style "steam" engine and several assorted cars to whip around a Christmas tree and respond to several kinds of button-pushed signals from the good doctor. Therapy.

**The Passing Scene:** Franklin Newhall demonstrating the performance of new, magic, screening facilities in our rejuvenated auditorium, now out of long limbo and filled to capacity by our first community meeting with new leader Sally Erdman-Jones. . . Sheila Bannon, erstwhile staff nurse, back subbing for a few days in the Clinic. . . Our resident Canada geese population seemingly confused about when to go away. . . Natural-born music lovers pausing to enjoy extemporaneous exercises on our prodigal electric organ, now back at home in the Clocktower gallery, sometimes by Bill Burleigh, some-

times by Virginia Beaty. . . The new greenhouse may have a clouded future, but it has debuted in full glory with a bumper display of Christmas lights.

Our eagle-eyed security folks at the desk can spot our vehicles approaching the long-defunct bar code gate opener on the residents' lane as far as the remote camera can see. Maybe farther. Good thing, too.

We remember some of those delightful performances of Dorothy Mayer in home talent extravaganzas of the past. She lives in the Garden wing now and spends much of her time in versification. For example:

"To my adorable snowman: You're adorable! I love your carrot nose! Is it crisp and crunchy? I won't munchy. I love your roundness, it verifies your soundness.

No weakling you, you're stout and true."

Write on, Dorothy.

## Memorable Mots

"Yes, Virginia, there is \_\_\_\_\_"

"Please, sir, I want some more."

"You're making that up."

"Sock it to ME?"

"Let sleeping dogs lie."

The largest single off-campus assembly of senior citizens of the area may be the (some) Friday afternoon performances of the Washington Symphony Orchestra at the Kennedy Center. For years, Jo Bever has been the mother hen of good music aficionados.

*Happy New Year!*

*The*  
**Collingtonian**

---

Vol. 16, No. 1      A monthly publication of the Collington Residents Association      January 2004

---

**A Message from John Evans**  
President, Residents Association

The Roman God Janus, for whom the first month of the year is named, had two faces, one in the front and one in the back. He could not only look into the future, which is what we do at the New Year, but he could simultaneously look at the past. This year is a good time for Collingtonians to put on their Janus face.

We look back at an eventful year. The chaos and confusion of construction and renovation is ending. There has been a radical change in management together with the earthquake caused by staff reduction. These are events that none of us are apt to forget. Our face to the past must be at best a scowl of frustration.

But our face to the future can be a smile of optimism. We have a new Executive Director, Sally Erdman-Jones, who is interested in what we think, who listens to what we say. On December 5, the Residents Association Executive Committee and Chairs of its Operating Committees met for an extended session with Sally in which views were freely expressed on all sides. This was the first of what promises to be a regular event. It is a symbol of a new openness between management and residents.



The Residents Association has invited Sally to its two latest meetings, in which she has shared information and answered questions.

We, the residents, play an important role in the future of Collington. We all know that the future of Collington depends on marketing. The Board of Directors has created a Marketing Committee and the Residents Association will create a parallel committee.

We have been told that Marketing is not currently meeting its goals for new move-ins. We can help first of all by remaining optimistic. Since Ricky and I moved in a year and a half ago, I've been hearing a lot about Collington's special culture. I think that it includes the reality that residents participate in an active way in the governance and life of the community. If we are optimistic, we create an environment into which new residents will want to live.

We can also help by inviting our friends. One of Collington's great strengths is that we have such interesting, talented and accomplished people as fellow residents. I am optimistic that we shall remain so.

I invite you to join with me in facing the new Year with Janus' smiling face to the future.

## Stan Sokolove to the Rescue

By Frances Kolarek

Last March Stan Sokolove, who has been in the business of building continuing care retirement communities ever since they were invented, answered a call for help from David Zwald, our interim executive director. Stan, whose home and headquarters are in California -- he considers himself "bi-coastal" -- flew East. Relations between Collington and the design-build company, PEPD, were coming unglued, and David, who had known Stan for many years, figured he was just the man to get things stuck back together. The twinkle in his eye and his easy manner belie Stan's ability, born of long experience, to get tough.

Collington was not strange territory for him. He had known our former director, Gail Kohn, at the time Collington was under construction back in the late 1980s. He was living in the area at the time and acquired first-hand knowledge of problems the original contractor had had with our tricky soil.

Our current expansion and renovation project was about 75 percent finished when Stan arrived. He successfully negotiated an agreement with the design-builder, PEPD, and work gained momentum. In light of new budget constraints, however, the Board of Directors agreed to defer remodeling of the South Wing where, on the third floor, Security and the swimming pool are located. (Collington perches on a hill, which creates a surreal situation whereby the ground floor can be the second or even the third floor.)

On the fourth floor, the South Wing houses the Chesapeake Wing of the Health Center. It is

up for a face-lift some time in the future, at a date to be determined by our Executive Director and our Board of Directors. In the mean time, the nurse call system there is being upgraded to conform to the new system in the rest of the Health Center wings.

Still pending is the matter of lights in the auditorium. Stan is looking for the original plan among mountains of documents, and any written instructions about their installation, to guarantee that Collington's specifications have been met before the job is called finished. He is doing the same with respect to the installation of our kiln in the Creative Arts room.

While actual work is just about done, there remain negotiations between Collington, PEPD, Harkins, the builder, and Perkins, Eastman, the architect, about financial settlements. Have they lived up to their contractual agreements? Have our payments been accurately made and recorded? The details, seemingly small but of great importance, will be ironed out, Stan hopes, within the next six to eight weeks. Then he heads home to California. But, he warns, he may be back -- that South Wing project is still in the offing. We'll be glad to see you, Stan!

*The Collingtonian*  
10450 Lottsford Road, Mitchellville, MD 20721  
Phone 301-925-9610

*The Collingtonian* is published monthly  
(except July and August)  
by the Collington Residents Association, Inc.

Editor: Frances Kolarek

Staff: Layne Beaty, Edward Behr, Dorothy Brown,  
Sally Bucklee, Louis Dolbeare, Gloria Ericson, Helen  
Gordon, Marguerite Gundlach, Sheila Hollies,  
Catherine Hudson, Faith Jackson

Logistics: Ardyce Asire, Marcia Behr, Bertha Mutziger

Editorial Board: Edward Behr, Layne Beaty,  
Frances Kolarek

## Christmas Celebrations: Back in the Auditorium

By Edward Behr

Collington's auditorium, back in service after a long hiatus, saw celebrations start early in December with a concert by the Collington Singers. Under the direction of Gailyn Gwin with Ricky Evans at the piano, the Singers' first song was accompanied by Hilda Jay on the flute. Next came two lullabies from the Singers.

Then John Evans, Catherine Hudson and Walter Sharp took the stage to perform a minicantata, *Brother Heinrich's Christmas*, recounting a fable about a monk to whom angels sing a song, which he, in turn, sings to his monastery. Meanwhile, the Archbishop pays a visit to sample the wine for which the monastery is famous. And, yes, has a drop too much. The presentation brought down the house.

Ms. Gwin forwarded a cash gift from the Singers to the Collington Foundation. Thank you, Gailyn.

The annual wine and cheese party sponsored by the BB&T Bank branch, was a true community event. Bank staff, along with Nancy Garczynski, new head of the branch, greeted arrivals at the auditorium. Again, the Collington Singers, gathered around the Christmas tree, provided music.

Collington's own Christmas party in the Clocktower area included egg-nog and a well-stocked bar plus heated goodies.

On the auditorium stage were a lighted Christmas tree and a fireplace where stockings hung. Betty Atherton, the producer, and various



entertainers were seated on stage in this home-like atmosphere. Marion Henry, as mistress of ceremonies, kept the show rolling along.

The busy Collington singers, with Ricky Evans at the piano, started the party with a rollicking *Deck the Halls*. Then came a clarinet solo, *Ave Maria*, by Charlie Morris, carols on the recorder by Judith Shaw, and Bob Brown with his harmonica version of *O, Holy Night*. Keith Raney read a take-off on *The Night Before Christmas* written by Judith Shaw and printed on page 7.

Then came a Christmas greeting from our Executive Director Sally Erdman-Jones.

Marion Henry kept up the pace with an amusing list of things to be thankful for: "secrets are safe with our friends because they can't remember them either."

Lee Austin of the Arbor joined a quartet singing *Go Tell It on the Mountain*. Jamesetta Jones, also an Arbor resident, sang the first verse of *Silent Night* while the audience joined in the final verses. Elaine Williams, Director of Nursing, sang *Amazing Grace*.

Chanukah wasn't forgotten. A group of residents led by Carol Ann Kempke danced a traditional hora, inviting members of the audience to join in. Ruth Coale-Turner widely encouraged audience participation

Doris Harris, our gifted soprano, sang *O, Holy Night*.

Then Bud Dutton (see page 3) appeared as Santa Claus handing out candy canes. Finally, Mary Ellen Hines received a tribute for her work as party chairman -- a bouquet of roses.

## “You Make Your Own Luck”

By Faith Jackson

Mary Hamilton Price and her late husband Eber were among Collington’s “original settlers.” Eber, who had played a role in our earliest beginnings, died in 1992. Mary lives on in their cottage, 1115.

This morning she is sitting in her serene living room which faces an expanse of still-green lawn, and wearing a striking mulberry wool sweater knitted by daughter Barbara, beige trousers and fashionable laced shoes to match. Long ago her friends dubbed her best-dressed woman at Collington. She has a halo of grey-white curls and clear blue eyes. She is ninety-two.

“I’m embarrassed,” she says, “there are so many others. Why do you want to talk to me?”

“Because,” I tell her, “when I came to this cluster five years ago, you were the first person to greet me, bring me a map of the campus ‘to help you get located,’ you said. You introduced me around, and pointed me to your favorite place, the library. You set the tone, Mary, for my life here. And I happen to know I’m not the only one.”

“Is that so?” she says politely. Then, “I don’t remember, you know.” The blanks do not bother her, they are just gone.

Mary was born in Omaha. The family moved to Washington, D.C. when she was ten. At the University of Michigan she majored in Political Science, a lifelong interest. “I don’t like to read the newspapers, so depressing. I’m a Republican, but I didn’t expect this.”

Back in Washington in 1932, she met Eber, an executive finance officer at the Public Works

Administration where she had a secretary position. They were married in 1935, and went to live in Charleston, West Virginia, where their daughter was born. Both were always deeply involved with church work.

Upon returning to Washington, they took a house in Bethesda and joined St. Dunstan’s Church where Eber served as Senior Warden and Mary was on the board of the Episcopal Church Home which Marian Henry headed. (*Collingtonian*, Nov. 2003). When the Prices moved to Potomac and Mary became a member of St. Francis, closer to home, she asked Mary Witt to take her place on the board. Further, the Prices were instrumental in bringing Marian Schaubauers and her husband to Collington.

In 1993, Marian and Mary traveled together to France on a Smithsonian tour: Normandy beach, art galleries, and “le beeg Moc” at McDonalds! Mary was always lively, good company, says Marian.

Mary loves music, sang in the Choral Glee Club in college and with the Collington Singers.

But life is different now. She finds it hard to meet strangers and a favorite day is one with “nothing scheduled.” She lives mostly in her small den with her TV tuned to WETA or CNN, “I am a news hound.”

“You make your own luck, and do the best you can,” she says. “Now I want to talk about my 10 grand and two great grandchildren,” she says, “but it makes me nervous to see them.” Barbara lives in Perkiomenville, Pennsylvania and, influenced by Pearl Buck, adopted eight children to raise with her two sons.

I tell Mary she is one of my favorite people.

“Is that so?” she says.

## Planner in Our Midst

By Louis Dolbeare

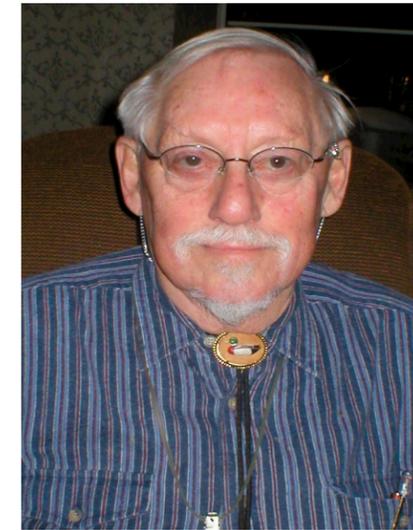
Louis Dolbeare, like Bud Dutton was a city planner. In the late 50s the two men worked together.

As Bud Dutton, Vice President of the Residents Association, starts his second term, it seems useful to remind our readers that he has a long background of experience to help Collington weather the sometimes inclement climate imposed by expansion and other activities during these years of development. Applied to current problems -- some passing, others endemic -- Bud’s thinking should help the Association find ways to assist.

The profession of city planning is noted for the great number of important aspects of life with which it works. These -- and the steadfast optimism that is needed to buoy the planning practitioner’s work -- are exemplified by a veteran planner and active resident, Bud Dutton.

Not only a planner, Bud is also a benign presence and a willing volunteer who contributes to the feeling that our community is a fine and friendly place to live.

Bud was born in New Jersey; raised in Cincinnati and Atlanta; received his B.A. from Dartmouth, where he majored in local government studies; served in the Army and with the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in World War II; and earned his graduate planning degree at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. He is the



Bud Dutton  
Photo by Elsie Seetoo

father of four and the husband of Fran.

The question often heard from those meeting a planner for the first time is, “What city did you plan?” The answer to this well-meant query -- based on the natural but too-limiting connection of “city” and “planning” -- is more encompassing in that planners, generalists or specialists, work in a multitude of settings that are defined geographically or by function, e.g., “county planner,” “environmental planner,” “subdivision planner.”

It is appropriate to mention this comprehensive aspect of planning because in his career

Bud has engaged in a rich variety of places and functions. His career of more than 50 years (and counting) has taken him from small places like Greensboro, North Carolina, to regions like our own where, most notably, he was a member of the Prince George’s County Planning Board and the (jaw-breaking) Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission (NCPPEC) from 1966 to 1978. He has been his own man

since then, working as a planning adviser for a variety of public and private clients.

Bud has always thought that citizen participation is a most important part of the planning process and has worked to make sure that this is not only recognized but that it truly operates in the organizations and projects with which he is connected. It is obvious to see this principle at work as Bud tussles to help with our community’s problems.

## Carolyn Browning

By Sheila Hollies

Carolyn Browning -- the gal with the prettiest naturally curly hair in all of Collington! She also happens to be the Second Vice President of our Residents' Association.

Carolyn grew up in Illinois on a farm which had been in her family since 1832; she rode to school on horseback every day. Her next stop was MacMurray Women's College, where she majored in business administration while also pursuing her interests in drama and madrigal singing.

After taking a year out to be with her father and two older brothers (her mother had died when she was a child), Carolyn

moved to Washington, D.C. where she obtained a job as secretary to the Director of Naval Intelligence. She joined the WAVES and, following OCS, returned to Naval Intelligence for another three years. During this time, she met her future husband.

Bob and Carolyn were married in 1944. In 1948 they had their first child, followed 14 months later by twins. No need to ask what she did for the next few years! The Brownings were unusually fortunate, however, as many of Bob's relatives lived in the area and were always ready to help with the children.

By this time, they had outgrown their apartment in D.C., and moved to Park Fairfax on their way to settling in Falls Church. Carolyn

was elected to the Episcopal church vestry (then a rare privilege for a woman) and also found time to serve on the City Library Board. Over time, she became active in the League of Women Voters and city politics.

After twenty years, Bob and Carolyn moved to Annapolis, where they could indulge their shared love of boating and camping. Carolyn



Carolyn Browning  
photo by Elsie Seetoo

worked part-time for the State legislature and volunteered with Meals on Wheels and the local church. Together with Bob, she served as docent at a local colonial inn.

In 1992, they moved to Collington, and clearly, Annapolis' loss was our gain! For six years she was a Marketing Counselor, and believe me, there is a lot more to this job than being a greeter at Wal\*Mart. She worked with Ruth Dixon to develop a newcomers' support group and with

Mary Olmsted on the celebration of Collington's tenth birthday. She was also active in the Hospitality and Flower Committees as well as the Interfaith Chapel's Altar Guild.

When asked about her major interests, Carolyn replied that all could be subsumed under one -- people. Collington lucked out!

### Thoughts for the New Year?

Yesterday is history.

Tomorrow a mystery.

Today is a gift.

That's why it's called the present!

●  
Even the calendar's days are numbered.

## Richard Parker Talks

By Louis Dolbear

Richard B. "Dick" Parker, former U.S. Ambassador to Algeria, Lebanon and Morocco, animated a large and questioning audience in the Auditorium last month. His subject was the continuing standoff in relations between the Palestinian Arabs and the Israelis. Without being unduly frivolous, the talk could be fairly, if not extensively, summed up as:

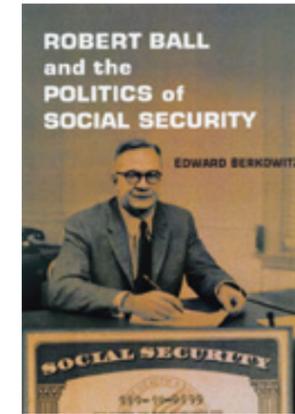
*Cain and Abel* -- History Channel, 8 p.m.

However, this veteran of Middle East diplomacy (he is Scholar-in-Residence at the Middle East Institute, and formerly its director) fleshed out the history of the antagonism and warfare in this area of the world with examples ranging from Camp David to the Geneva Accord.

Reviewing the fact that contention in this region seems to have started with the extremists in neolithic tribes and to have extended to the Palestinians and Israelis who represented the extreme views, Mr. Parker seemed cautiously optimistic that a workable settlement could be found. He emphasized that a great deal more discussion was possible than in the past, and that it was taking place.

A fascinating footnote was his description of his book, *Uncle Sam in Barbary*, to be published in March by the University of Florida Press. The Barbary States were the first country to acknowledge the United States as a nation and some of us will recall Wallace Beery's sailing in *U.S.S. Constitution* out of Hollywood in 1925, to save American commerce from the Barbary pirates with Mr. Jefferson's ringing, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute" nailed to the mast.

## New Biography of a Collington Resident



Robert Ball, former head of the Social Security system, and a resident of Cottage 5112 with his wife Doris, is the subject of a new biography by Edward D. Berkowitz.

"It is not an authorized biography," Bob tells *The Collingtonian*, "and I don't entirely agree with everything Mr. Berkowitz says. However, it's a good book."

Calling "Bureaucrats of Bob Ball's stripe the unsung heroes of American governance," Jerry Mashaw of the Yale Law School says: "Robert Ball has shaped the program as no one else and it remains the enduring legacy of New Deal politics."

The author of the biography, Edward D. Berkowitz, is professor of history and director of the Program in History and Public Policy at The George Washington University.

One reviewer says: "In the second half of the twentieth century, no one exerted more influence over Social Security than Robert Ball, who in 1947 wrote what became the key statement defining why social insurance, not welfare, should be America's primary income maintenance program."

Berkowitz, a review says, "considers octogenarian Robert Ball's legacy in the face of the George W. Bush administration's goal of replacing Social Security with private accounts."

F.K.

## The Long and Short of It, Part 2

By Sheila Hollies

I read with interest, and thoroughly enjoyed, the recent article in *The Collingtonian*, entitled "The Long and Short of It." Only in retrospect did I realize how totally biased this article was. In fact, from the perspective of one who used to be 5' 12", it was abysmally prejudiced. I hasten to correct the record!

In your adolescence, did you ever have to go to a ballroom dancing school, (an abominable rite of passage for those in my particular social circle) only to discover that the boys could converse only with one's navel? Awkward, to say the least. And if one's tummy should inadvertently growl (discreetly, of course), downright humiliating!

I was over halfway through college before I met the ideal dancing partner. He was 6' 6", and equally glad to find me, for, as he said, it was great to be able to 'dip' on the dance floor without kneeing your partner in the groin.

As for cupboard design, the results could be lethal. No, I don't usually have to duck going through doorways, but cupboard doors are designed specifically to provide maximum distress, if not bodily injury, to anyone over some minimal height, say about 5' 8".

Cars present their own hazards. The last time I was interested in buying one, I assigned No. 3 son (of average height among my sons -- about 6' 2 1/2") to select a possible candidate. On each model under consideration, he checked to be sure that he could fit into the back seat without either swallowing his knees or banging

his chin forcefully against his chest. It was also a requirement that he could reach the gas pedal without having to assume the fetal position to avoid overreach.

Finally, there are the cottage peepholes at Collington. Have you ever tried to lower your head and raise your eyes at the same time? I rest my case.

This is all to suggest that the "long of it" has just as much of a problem as does the "short of it!"

## Outreach

Do you sometimes feel that you are now out of touch with the "real" world, here in our own Eden? Or perhaps you are relatively new here and would like to get involved in something -- one foot at a time, and not all at once.

Why not give the Outreach Committee a whirl? This committee involves itself in several projects to help those living in the community of Prince George's County. Four projects are currently underwritten -- Warm Nights (blankets and coats for the homeless), Children's Book Fair, School Supplies, and Children's Holiday Gifts for those living in shelters. Each of these activities is labor intensive, but short-lived. And, as I am learning, this is a wonderful group of people! Come and get to know us: we meet on the third Thursday of the month, in the Game Room, at 10 a.m. S.H.

I'm not 80-something. I'm \$79.95 plus shipping and handling.

## Karl Wirth Scores Another Coup

It is a pity that we cannot show you Marian Schubauer's wheelbarrow in color. It's painted a deep blue-green with the tulips in yellow, red and pastels. Our gifted woodworker Karl Wirth made it when a wheelbarrow Marian had used for years at her house in St. Mary's County started to fall apart. At least one hundred years old, it had achieved heirloom status.

Marian brought it up to Collington to see if our woodshop could fix it, but it was too far gone. So Karl set to work and produced this handsome replacement, incorporating the wheel from the original. That it more than fills the bill is clear from the smile on Marian's face.



Marian Schubauer with her new wheelbarrow.  
Photo by Elsie Seetoo

## Employees ARE Appreciated

It took well over a week for John Jay, Louise Huddleston and Elma Tidwell to prepare employees' checks disbursing the Employee Appreciation Fund.

The \$84,855.14 total contributed by grateful residents who appreciate the services rendered by our staff -- servers in the dining room, our health services personnel and environmental services staff -- even the people who send us our monthly bills -- was apportioned according to the number of straight hours worked in the previous 12 months, with a small increment for length of service.

That 14 cents? Well, somebody tossed a handful of change into the collection box. We happily accept all contributions to this worthwhile fund.

## The Happy Holidays Quilt

The quilt hanging in the grand staircase was named "Happy Holidays" by Florence Marion when she made it for a sick friend. Just looking at this remarkable piece of handiwork brings a feeling of joy as well as awe at the amount of work it represents.

Florence, our quilter par excellence, made it several years ago for a friend I will call Alice who was too ill to be able to celebrate the Christmas holidays in the way she had always enjoyed. So Florence resolved to take the holiays to Alice.

She worked on the quilt for several months and explains its patriotic references as honoring Alice's husband who was a member of our Armed Services. When Alice went into a nursing home, she insisted Florence take the quilt back. Now it is here for our enjoyment. F.K.

## Dining Services Lauded

By Gloria Ericson

A national trade magazine, *Food Management*, in its annual "Seniors Edition," featured Collington in a most laudatory manner describing our recently renovated and expanded dining facilities. The lengthy article was liberally sprinkled with photos -- including ones not only of our dining tables but also our display cooking area and our Ivy Room bar.

The article quotes Dining Director Carolyn Fair as saying "Our philosophy is that our residents are not looking just to eat, but to dine." She noted that recipes used here at Collington don't come from institutional cookbooks but from the pages of *Gourmet* and *Southern Living*.

The article also pointed out things I hadn't realized. For instance, that a sample of the Salad of the Day is on display, allowing us to actually see what is being offered.

Eight or nine à la carte sandwiches are always available, including a special vegetarian offering: a "Veggie Burger." Chicken breast is also always available. And I hadn't realized that breakfast offers a choice of a number of different omelets.

It was pointed out that Collington is committed to freshness and variety. Our kitchen uses very few prepared products because that's not "the Collington way."

All in all, the article reinforced something I had already known: that Collington sets a table equal to that of any first-class restaurant.

We need, too, to add a word of appreciation for the effort our servers are expending in these days of cutbacks. Thank you, one and all.

## Collingtonians for Your Kids

Since you often ask us for extra copies of *The Collingtonian* to send to your sons and daughters, we thought it might be a good idea to send them our publication regularly.

If they live in the area, it's good advertising for us. And if they live in other parts of the country, their friends may learn that retirement communities are places where their parents could lead active, energetic lives.

Just send their names and addresses to the Marketing Office and a copy will go out in the mail each month.

Please put your own name on your request, too. Thank you.

The Editor

## Appreciating Cluster 5100

By Catherine Hudson

Opening the doors of the cottages in the 5100 cluster is like opening gifts in the *Twelve Days of Christmas*. Each cottage houses someone with special talents, someone who brings unique gifts to the Collington community.

Claire Davidson is our resident geologist. Next door is Al Folop, ever generous with his computer expertise. Mary Cross' outdoor decorations bring a smile all year long, while journalist Maggie Gundlach works for *The Collingtonian*. Anyone need scenery designed for a Collington production? Ask Maggie's husband Bob, with film, theater and TV experience.

We are a well-traveled bunch -- Marjorie and James Akins, Mary and Jim Potts, Doris and Robert Ball and Betsy and Bill Martin. Add cluster chair Joseph Yager and his wife Virginia, our potter. Carol Kempke is one of our resident musicians. And I appreciate all of them.

## The Greenhouse at Christmas

Tangled tinsel is ever a problem at Christmas. Janice Newman (left) joins Faith Jackson in decorating the trees in the greenhouse, in response to a Residents Association request.

"Without Goldie's help with the wreaths and the garlands we'd never have pulled it off," says Faith, referring to Elmer Goldsmith of our landscaping staff. *The Collingtonian* regrets it can't bring you a picture of this glass house lit up at night. A beautiful sight.



Photo by Elsie Seetoo

## A Visit from Saint Ridiculous

By Judith Shaw

'Twas the week before winter, when all through  
the halls,  
The Collington residents tightened their shawls.  
And warmly welcomed Sally Erdman-Jones  
With tubas and trumpets and silver trombones.  
We all gave John Evans the gavel to prove  
That Collington business could be in the groove.  
Jack Yale led the charge on our state delegation  
In hopes that lawmakers could increase our  
ration;  
Our group looking earnest and sober and fine  
Supported a bill that would release our wine.  
The dining room staff prepared menus and  
drinks,  
And through careful planning worked out all the  
kinks.  
Our good Judy Reilly was decking the halls,  
With tinsel and ribbon and colorful balls.  
The Op Shop had plenty of fine decorations  
To help us work out our designer creations.  
The crafts folk displayed all their beautiful wares,  
As gifts to give singly or even in pairs.  
Our Collington Singers worked hard on their  
songs,

Refining the notes and the dings and the dongs.  
The new auditorium filled up with folks  
For parties and movies and concerts and jokes.  
The library opened and scholars returned  
To find further facts and details to be learned.  
Our classes and teachers prepared for vacation,  
With regret still combined with a certain elation.  
Good Santa prowled everywhere looking for  
elves.  
We all have a bit of that strain in ourselves.  
Herb Gordon was quoting the fun of martinis.  
With phrases as lyric as ten Toscaninis.  
The stockings were hung by the mail room with  
care,  
In hopes that the mailman would fill them up  
there.  
The reindeer ate hostas and nursery stock  
To give all our gardeners cultural shock.  
The geese flocked together and thither they flew  
To keep from becoming a Collington stew.  
Enough of this rhyming and quest to be bright,  
Merry winter to all and to all a good night.