

Also . . .

By Layne Beaty

Many new residents come here with the intent of "slowing down," and some actually do, even if just for a while. Not so with "Bud" Dutton, who came a few months ago with wife Fran. If anyone ever hit the ground running here he did. Recently there have been awards for his earlier work in Maryland making it a good place to live, including a significant role in Collington's beginning. Now he shows up doing things like promoting trips to interesting Maryland spots and helping with the Fun-da-Thon last month. There's too much to tell about Bud in a little space, so we'll hold some of it until the next issue, or two, or three. Glad to have you here, Duttons.

For Evans' Sake

We now seem to have TWO Mary Evanses in our happy band. One is a long-time resident, active in Collington things, the other a newcomer. Anticipating the possibility of some name confusion, she has given herself a nickname for voluntary use here. It's Ricky. So there. She and husband John are actually old Collington hands. He was the diocesan rep on our original executive board. Welcome. Actually, we have had two Mary Harris here for years. So what else is new?

We care about safety measures around here. Beside the hot tub in our health unit is a sign advising no diving.

We share in Mary English's pride in her daughter Betty Charro for the latter's special recognition by the Prince George's County Coalition for the Foreign Born. She had volunteered to read all the writing samples for the hundreds of students who take the entrance exams at Prince George's Community College. Some reading!!! Mary was on hand for the ceremony, naturally. She is professor of French and Language Studies at the college.

Memorable Mots

- "The devil made me do it."
"Sock it to ME?"
"Good night, Chet. Good night, David."
"This. . . is London."
"I shall return."
"The Eagle has landed."

Maybe they aren't "vespers." (We get them at lunch-time too). But our electronic chimes for two quarter-hours each day give us favorite tunes of our era -- "Stardust," "Ramona," "Deep Purple," etc. Thanks to someone for omitting "Flatfoot Floogie" and "The Three Little Fishes."

Doris Harris tells of a "dear old lady" who was asked about her excellent complexion and bright attitude. She replied, in effect, "I use my lips for Truth, for my voice, Kindness, for my eyes Compassion, for my hands Charity, for my figure Uprightness, for my heart Love and for any who don't like me, Prayer."

The Fun-da-Thon Scores Again

By Edward Behr

Collingtonians have done it again -- put on a series of fund-raising events that challenged and entertained the residents and raised over \$10,000.

This was the 2002 Fun-da-Thon, continuing an annual tradition and providing money for both the Fellowship Fund and the Residents Association Endowment Fund. It all started with the Rockville Brass Band performing in the dining room after Saturday lunch, when the scheduled performance on the deck over the swimming pool was rained out. They played a lot of golden oldies and the crowd at the tables listened and enjoyed.

Lillian Langford, who ran the House Tour, says 25 Collingtonians ventured out on a windy Monday to tour the 12 cottages and apartment generously opened by their residents.

Tuesday brought the Fun-da-Thon's first-ever bake sale, a delicious success. Collington's staff responded to requests for baked goods in an outpouring of generosity. Becky

Elefante, who organized the event along with committee members Mary Ellen Hines, Dottie Morris and Bridget Irwin, had many thanks for the staff members who brought the cookies, cakes and breads that sold so briskly. (Staff members were the best customers, too.) Dining



Charles Trammell's skipjack on Collington Lake Photo by Marcia Behr

Services joined in by contributing a number of pies. The total take came to over \$250. Battling wet weather, the croquet teams pushed toward a play-off, and on Tuesday afternoon, after a rain delay, our Skipjack Flotilla took to the waters of the lake once again.

Two controls -- one for the sail, the other for the

rudder -- maneuver the boats, each of which was built by the owner. This year's winner was George Dankers, followed by Charlie Trammell, Bill Burleigh and Jack Yale.

Then, that night came the Charades, with men pitted against women in this favorite after-dinner sport. The participants acted out book, play and music titles and quotations, familiar and

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not so familiar. The audience quickly guessed titles like "The House of Seven Gables," "Little Red Riding Hood" and "To Kill a Mockingbird." They had more trouble with "The Barber of Seville" and "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters." The two teams -- men vs women -- ended in a tie.

Wednesday afternoon brought the Spelling Bee, in which ten contestants vied. Catharine Seybold came away the winner, with Margaret Martin a very close second. At the evening session Mary Witt took away the prize at an event which competed with Bingo, in this short week with many events..

Co-chairs Christal Parker Batey and Judy Reilly managed to crowd as many events into the week as anyone possibly could and even then, there was an overlap.

The Hymn Sing organized by the Interfaith Chapel committee, brought a group of singers from a Baptist church in Bowie who have joined the Fun-da-Thon in years past.

Friday's Dog Show gave a prize to each and every contestant. Mary Ellen Hines in her Dalmation costume, led in by "fireman" George Dankers, complained that this year all she got was a dog biscuit just like all the other contestants. No cookie!

The concluding event, the Strawberry Festival, took place under a tent set up in the Courtyard. After a last minute rush to buy chances on the Basket of Cheer, the program got under way with the spelloff between Mary Witt and Katy Seybold. Neither had any difficulty with the long list of jawbreakers, until Katy reneged on "wickiup" and immediately thereafter, Mary stum-

bled on "sarsparilla." A tie was declared.

Ruth Coale-Turner, a veteran of many a Fun-da-Thon, presented the silver bowl to Croquet Tournament winner Cynthia Parker, who defeated two-time champ Anna Port.

Doris Harris guessed the contents of the money jar within \$2.13 and Iladene Filer won the Basket of Cheer, which was then auctioned for \$140.

And another Fun-da-Thon wound down with \$10,000+ divided between the Fellowship Fund and the Residents Association Endowment Fund.

Thank you, contributors, one and all. And thank you, Christal and Judy.

Marcia Behr is not listed in the masthead below, but her help was essential in putting this edition together. With Editor Ed Behr housebound by doctor's orders, Marcia has been ears, eyes and fingers on the typewriter's keyboard. FK

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## Our Expert Speaks on India

By Anne Cadman-Walker

Ainslie Embree, known to his Collington neighbors as an authority on India, took his expertise outside Collington recently when he spoke at the Women's National Democratic Club in Washington on "India, Pakistan and Kashmir -- Towards War, a Standoff or Peace?"

He reviewed the recent history of the region, recalling the partition of British India between Muslims and Hindus and the continuing emphasis on religious differences. He added: "The frustration and fear and hatred so palpably present in Kashmir today have their roots in social and economic conditions that could have been ameliorated by secular remedies. When these were lacking, the answer was found in religious communalism. . . legitimizing the violence that is born of hatred and despair."

In his talk listeners found that Ainslie was making a determined effort to take a neutral stand in the Indian-Pakistan conflict. At the same time, some felt that he couldn't help coming down more on the Indian side.

Ainslie is, of course, admirably well equipped to speak on matters Indian. He served as counselor for cultural affairs in the U.S. embassy in New Delhi and then as special consultant to the ambassador there. For many years he was a history professor at Columbia University. He has shared his expertise in talks to audiences here at Collington.

With 28 residents packing the bus to go to the Democratic club "this event was more than tinged by Collington," noted Richard Van Wageningen, board member and past president of the local United Nations Association.

## Eyes on Maryland's Townsend

By Glendy Pabst

Fourteen politically alert residents traveled to Baltimore last month to inspect the recently announced candidate for governor of Maryland, Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, our current lieutenant-governor.

The trip also gave our contingent a chance to compare facilities -- and refreshments -- with a rival enterprise. The meeting was held at Charlestown, a suburban retirement community with acreage comparable to Collington in size, but visibly more heavily populated.

Mrs. Townsend spoke informally, answering questions from the floor on a wide range of pertinent topics. One of those answers went beyond politics to demonstrate her ingenuity as a problem-solver.

While a college student, the candidate said, she so admired her professor of American literature that she suggested as class rafting trip down the Mississippi in emulation of author Mark Twain. The professor accepted her idea, helped built the raft, and eventually countered with a suggestion of his own, which made her Mrs. Townsend. The professor-husband now teaches at Annapolis.

Other, more political questions dealt with a wide range of Maryland's problems, for all of which Mrs. Townsend had ready answers. After the formal session, she stepped down from the stage to talk informally with members of the audience, including Collingtonians Bob Willing and Bob and Mary Witt. The Witts told the candidate about their meeting with her father, Robert Kennedy, who had visited their diplomatic post in South Africa while touring the continent in 1966.

## Missing Glasses Case

By Dorothy Brown

I couldn't find my prescription dark glasses.

I refused to admit that they were actually *lost*. Simply misplaced, mislaid, missing. Sooner or later they'd turn up.

Inside their maroon fabric case, I'd pasted a label with my name and phone number. I figured that if no one called, my glasses must be in my cottage. I looked in drawers, coat pockets, purses. Looked again. Reviewed my activities on the day I'd first missed my glasses. Looked again. No glasses. No phone call.

A week passed. My eyes have been light-sensitive since a cataract operation, so on sunny days I shielded them with dark plastic clip-ons. Could it be that my glasses were really lost? I stopped by Security. Had they been turned into the Lost and Found?

The person on duty hauled out a huge blue plastic bin and plopped it down on the counter. "Take a look." It was overflowing with *stuff*. There were glasses, twelve pairs, many with bifocals. Three were sunglasses, none of them mine. For each pair, there'd been an eye examination, prescription, crafting of lenses, selection of becoming frames, adjustment to contours of a face, and the pleasure of improved vision. Then, despair at their loss.

Also in the box were keys. Solitary keys, keys in cases and on chains. Nine in all. Who got locked out when they couldn't find those keys? Earrings, twenty-two, each half a pair. Nine gloves, looking forlorn without mates. A handsome black beaded evening bag I would have been devastated to lose, and a classy blue zip-

pered jacket lined with Gore-Tex.

Assorted headgear (six items), a tan trench coat, four scarves, three necklaces, a dark green sweatshirt, two canvas totes, note pad, belt, slippers, swim cap, two non-functional watches, lipsticks, compacts, magic markers and -- a deck of pinochle cards.

Resigning myself to having to shell out \$150 for new glasses, I went downstairs to the reception area to pick up my inter-office mail. There I encountered fellow *Collingtonian* scribe Frances Kolarek.

"In that piece you're writing, you should mention that sometimes people turn in lost objects right here," she said. "Like this." From the desk she picked up a maroon fabric glasses case. I gasped. "I can't believe it! But my phone number was inside. Why didn't anyone call me?" The glasses were indeed mine, but the name label had fallen off.

Now I'm more than ever convinced that I shouldn't assume right away that possessions I can't find are irretrievably lost. For example, when one of a pair of dangly earrings I'd purchased on a Greek cruise ship disappeared, I kept the other one. A year later, I found the mate hidden in the lining of a purse that needed repair.

Priscilla Atkinson informs me that when the amount of stuff in the blue bin gets "overwhelming," it's displayed on tables in the Business Office area. I predict that this event will occur for me in the near future. I'm already overwhelmed by the amount of stuff. There's hardly room for one more stray earring.

Meanwhile, where on earth is that library book I just checked out?

## Honors -- and More Honors

Collington's Mildred Ridgley Gray joined an illustrious crowd of honorees last month to receive the Tom Joyner "Hardest Working" award at Bowie State University. Handsome invitations on heavy gold paper solicited "sponsorship packages" on the order of \$50,000 downward.

Mildred's name led the list of six recipients of the award, of whom Dr. Donald Langenberg, onetime chancellor of the University System of Maryland, was second.

Mr. Joyner, host of a morning show on ABC Radio, organized his foundation to raise money for students enrolled in Historically Black Colleges and Universities. He was present at the gala, but was unable to persuade Mildred to join him on the dance floor.



"Renowned international educator Katherine Kendall" was recognized for her years of service when the Council on Social Work Education met in Nashville last February. Katherine, who has dedicated over 50 years to her profession, had no hesitation in taking a celebratory turn around the dance floor with six of her distinguished colleagues.

In the course of observing its 50th anniversary, the Council launched Katherine's latest volume: "Council on Social Work Education, Its Antecedents and First Twenty Years." One reviewer called it "an insightful and passionate account of the creation of the Council...and a must-read for all who care about the social work profession."

Alex Dragnich, a long-time Collington resi-

dent and advocate for Yugoslav causes, has been honored by the Yugoslav government.

Alex got the news from a press release which said:

"Ordenom jugoslovenske zvezde prvog stepena Kostunica je odlikovao Aleksu Dragnica, americkog drzavjanina, za zasluge u gradjenju poslivne predstave of Srbiji i SRJ u SAD."

Translation: President Vojislav Kostunica awarded Alex Dragnich the Decoration of the Yugoslav Star First Degree for "his merits in building a positive image of Serbia and the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia in the United States."



Gail Kohn, Collington's Executive Director, was honored last month for her "remarkable leadership and enduring commitment" and her "significant contribution to senior care in Maryland and the District of Columbia" by MANPHA, the Mid-Atlantic Non-Profit Health and Housing Association.

Gail was taken completely by surprise both by the award and her husband Donald's presence at the Ocean City Convention where the ceremony took place. The MANPHA Chairman's Award is the highest honor the organization confers.

More honors: Donald Kohn has recently been nominated for a seat on the Federal Reserve Board. F.K.

Living on Earth is expensive,  
but it does include a free trip  
around the sun every year.

## A Gawking Day?

By Gloria Ericson

As a spanking new resident at Collington I am intrigued by daily discoveries of things that undoubtedly are old hat to longtime residents.

Take the cottage windows, for instance. They have been described as "Greenhouse Windows," which leads me to believe that the original designers of the cottages envisioned them as display centers for rows of riotous blood-red geraniums or perhaps more demure African violets -- at any rate some sort of live plants. At what point did the early residents turn them instead into a display venue for various collectibles/knickknacks/mementos? Did one resident decide to do that and the others immediately follow suit, or did the whole concept evolve more slowly over time? I'd love to know the history of those fascinating windows.

And they *are* fascinating. I would love to spend long periods of time studying the various items, but I only allow myself a cursory glance because I get the uncomfortable feeling if I stand too long in front of a window peering in, that back in the shadows there are other eyes peering out, and perhaps someone feeling a sense of invasion of privacy. I mean I really don't want to be considered a Peeping Tom!

Still the displays are there to be admired, aren't they? Wouldn't it be wonderful to have an official "Gawking Day?" -- a day when it would be okay between the hours of so and so to just stare as long as one wants. The owners could remain inside or better yet sit outside ready to explain the stories behind various items. For there *must* be stories: That little porcelain cat

given by a favorite aunt to console a child who lived where pets were not allowed; that schooner model lovingly put together by the owner's 12-year-old hands; the comedy/tragedy masks brought back from a honeymoon in Greece (was it really *that* many years ago?)

Yes, the windows form Collington's own unique and eclectic museum -- with a multitude of curators. I still think a Gawking Day a good idea (with perhaps a prettier name).

## Our Gardens Blaze Again

As June dawns, Collington's cottage gardens are displaying a colorful, eye-catching array of flowers, perhaps a better show than ever.

Rhododendrons and azaleas, even if now past their peak, have been blazing with color ranging from pink to mauve to deep purple. Iris, now going to seed, has offered a similar variety.

Now other plants are offering springtime beauty. At one cottage the gardener has lately boasted that eight varieties have flowered at once. One standout has been the earliest daylily, the golden stella d'oro. Nearby a large patch of candytuft is poking up amid bigger plants to seek the sun.

In another garden plot mayweed, transplanted from the wild, is bursting with its daisy-like blossoms. And wherever sunlight is brightest the yellow sundrops are flourishing.

In an herb bed nearby a large rosemary plant has now finished its healthy spring flowering. But another herb, common sage, is brimming with purple blossoms and a lush lavender plant close by has just burst into bloom. E.B.

## What Foundation? Or Foundation of What?

By Ruth Dixon

When you say "Foundation," Collingtonians either give you a blank stare or immediately think of the Fellowship Fund. The Fellowship Fund typifies the heart and soul of Collington, and was the genesis of the Foundation. We continue to work toward the goal of a \$3 million endowment. Income from the endowment is used to enable residents whose resources have not kept up with inflation to continue to live here with dignity.

But there is much more to the Collington Foundation than the Fellowship Fund. The **Entrance Fee Fund** is one of its newer entities. A select few prospective residents who have made a real contribution to their communities in the past and who can be expected to enhance life at Collington are helped with a part of their entrance fee. They are expected to meet their other Collington expenses without further assistance.

A new program is the **Collington's Employee Scholarship Fund**. Here we have an opportunity to assist our employees with \$500 per semester for tuition and books when they enroll in any accredited post-secondary institution. These employees must have worked at least 1,000 hours during a two-year period, be 15 or older, and once enrolled maintain a 2.0 average.

Looking farther afield, the Foundation helps all seniors in the County with several programs:

The Foundation is the lead agency in the **Tax Counseling** program. Funded in part by an IRS grant, the program trains about 100 volunteers annually to help low-income seniors prepare their income tax returns. Several of the resident volunteers also prepare returns for residents.

The **PC Seniors/SeniorNet Computer Center** is housed on campus. This non-profit program helps seniors acquire or sharpen their computer skills.

Resident and non-resident members of the Kiwanis Club work together in the **Collington Cares** program to enable senior citizens in the County continue to live in their homes safely.

A capital campaign for The Walker Center for Life-Long Learning, honoring the late Bishop John T. Walker, is currently in the spotlight. The Center will be located above our swimming pool with classrooms, a distance learning center and the PC Seniors computer and tax counseling programs. Bishop Walker was the first African-American bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, and his memorabilia and archives will be housed here in the Walker Gallery. The upcoming benefit concert by Audra McDonald is expected to swell this capital campaign.

Christal Parker Batey, the staff member who keeps the above programs in good working order, reminds that all contributions to these funds are tax-deductible. As her title -- Vice President for Organizational Development and Community Relations -- indicates, she often is the face Collington presents to the public. She also obtains grants for programs such as the recent classes for employees in English as a Second Language, and in Spanish for supervisory personnel.

For more information on the Foundation sign on to our web site at [www.collington.com](http://www.collington.com).

*Ruth Dixon is a resident member of the Collington Foundation Board.*

## Travelers -- They Are Off Again

By Anne Cadman-Walker

As summer nears, many Collingtonians are deciding to take off -- some for distant places, others for a family cabin in cool New England, or just some shady spot up there somewhere.

Even as you read this, one resident, Arnold Klick, has already returned from a northward trip; he headed for Vermont and for New England beaches. Ainslee and Suzanne Embree took off and returned from Greece while it was still May. And DeWitt Patterson has just taken a canoe trip on the Columbia River. He was visiting the daughter of his late wife, Charlotte, in Winthrop, Washington. He plans to be back in Collington by the time you read this.

Other long-distance trips are under way. Jack and Eva Yale are bound for Germany -- Garmisch and Nuremberg specifically. They expect to be back in Collington in about ten days.

As June goes on, others will be heading forth. Late this month Jo and Chris Bever will return to their long-time summer home on the scenic northern edge of Frenchmans Bay on the Maine coast. There, they look across the Bay to Mt. Cadillac, the highest point on the Atlantic Coast. Their children and grandchildren will join them there.

Penny Vickery will travel widely as the summer goes on. She'll spend the last week of June in Lake Placid, seeing a granddaughter compete in horseback riding; then two weeks in Castine, Maine, for a Naval Academy reunion; and finally, in August, will go with three grandchildren and their parents to France for two weeks.

An exciting bit of U. S. history -- the Lewis

and Clark expedition to the Northwest Pacific coast -- has inspired Art Longacre and Faith Jackson to duplicate some of that westward trail. They will fly to Bismarck, N. D., on August 20 and take a one-week canoe trip up the Columbia River. Where they will see the Pacific Ocean they didn't say, but I am sure they will.

Another adventurous trip: Judy Mutty, our director of Environmental Services, will float down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon in September. She may wish to get some tips from Collington residents who took a similar trip in September 2000.

A few more summer trippers: Bill and Mary Witt and Margo Labowitz to Nantucket; Jeanne Omohundro to Lake Geneva, New York; Ann Holmes to Wisconsin (for painting with her daughter) and Nancy Stein to Michigan.

Collingtonians' travels won't end with summer. Margaret Martin, who customarily spends the summer in Vermont, will go in October to Spain, to explore the city of Bilboa and the Guggenheim museum and attend an opera.



Bill Burleigh, skipper of the *Bonny B.*, prepares to launch her for the Fun-da-Thon events.

Photo by Marcia Behr

## New Talent on Campus

By Faith Jackson

Gloria Ericson came to Collington from nearby Clinton last month, with Jade, her long haired Chihuahua. She persuaded her sister, Shirley Knudsen, in Upper Marlboro, to come, too, and they live in adjoining cottages in the 2200 cluster. Shirley has the aristocratic concrete dogs at her front door and gave Gloria the handsome green ceramic Foo dogs to guard her house.

It is sad but true that publishing has been in such disarray since World War II, that in times of stress in her life, Gloria, a good and published writer, looked for other jobs to make a living. She grew up in Park Ridge, a New York suburb, went to a series of liberal arts and business colleges and moved around a lot. She was a legal secretary on Wall Street and did temp work in order to write. "Always, from a kid," she says, "I was writing, submitting, rejected."

Came a day when she was living in Levittown, Long Island, and took a writing course from a woman who had published work in the *New Yorker* and other magazines. She, a young man in the group and Gloria, formed a Writer's Association, "to market each other." She thinks back and laughs. "It turned out that I was the only one to get published."

Her first story was "The Prophecy," about a fortune teller in Alaska. It sold to the *Hitchcock Mystery Magazine*, which accepted many more,

among them, "Harry the Angle," which a "small film maker wants to put in an anthology of films;" "See No Evil," "An Educated Man," and "The Witch of Wilton Falls," first out in 1967, since anthologized twice, in the 90s, in "Murder On Main Street" (Dell), and "Fantasy and Horror," (St. Martin's Press). Collington Library, take note.



Gloria Ericson  
Photo by Elsie Seetoo

As we speak, a French film company is seeking funds to turn "The Witch" into a movie. It is easy to see why: Gloria weaves a tight memorable story, she is highly imaginative and an excellent plot lady. She published also in *McCall's*, *Yankee*, and *Chate-laine* magazines and tried her hand at a novel, "tough to do on spec; stories were easier."

In the years between her first publishing, the '90s reprints and a new story, "Lesson In Anatomy," in *Red Herring Mystery Magazine*, 1994, Gloria's creativity was spent on two daughters, Stephanie and April, and marriage to William B. Ericson, a Ph.D. physicist who went to work for Grumman Aircraft. He was, according to his wife, "their token peacenik," as he would only research projects contributing to peace (the lunar space module was one). Both Ericsons were very active in civil rights work and anti-Vietnam protests. After 16 years at Grumman, four years short of Bill's retirement, the research department was abolished and he was rified. Most employees were absorbed into other company jobs, but there was no suitable

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place for the peacenik. So in the '70s the Ericsons moved to Lyndley, in the Finger Lake district near Cornell, and joined a friendly Back to the Land Movement enclave.

All very well to grow your own veggies, says Gloria, but we needed money, a crop of cash! She started a small women's printing business -- no more being a secretary, no more coffee-making -- while her husband taught in school and college and took a new degree in electrical engineering at Cornell. They were lean years, Gloria says. Bill could have taught at Cornell, but he went to work for the Federal Communications Commission and they moved to a house in Clinton. Gloria decided to have a bed and breakfast and did --just once! Getting up at six and making hot muffins was not for her. Instead, they rented rooms to pilots and workers at nearby Andrews Air Force Base.

When Bill died, daughter April lived with her until she decided she needed a house of her own. So Gloria and sister Shirley, who already knew of Collington and had friends here, made their move together. Welcome to them both! They are great additions to our group.

## Fewer Bluebirds Now?

By Lois Taber

As spring moves on, Collington appears to have fewer bluebirds than in past years. Their natural habitat has been somewhat disrupted by our large building projects. At least one pair began to occupy a nesting box near the 2000 cluster and then departed. And of course, many of the bluebirds' natural nesting places have disappeared as development spread hereabouts.

Over the years, some counts say, Eastern bluebirds have declined by as much as 90 per cent. But this decline is being reversed in many places as the public has become more aware of the birds' needs for nesting boxes and for habitats on nature trails. More people are becoming interested and educated about bluebird needs -- as Collingtonians have ever since the nesting boxes were put up years ago.

To attract nesters, we need to keep vegetation low and sparse around the boxes. Bluebirds nest and feed in the open, not in the deep woods. Many of our houses need repair as do the posts supporting them; the landscape office has agreed to do the job.

Last fall, when the nesting boxes were cleaned, we found that about a third of them had been used during the summer.

## Farewell to a Professor

By Glendy Pabst

The philosophical approach to a parting is to regard it as "sweet sorrow," according to Shakespeare and other authorities. Collington's philosophy students also adopted that point of view when faced with the departure of their instructor, Alicia Guerrero, on a semester's leave of absence from Prince George's Community College, which provides Collington with academic classes.

The result was a farewell luncheon for Professor Guerrero in Collington's dining room on May 14, organized by Jeanne Omohundro and attended by 26 residents. Many of them are three-semester veterans of the program. They have advanced from Plato and Aristotle to more contemporary thought.

## Lois Jackson, City Planner

By Glendy Pabst

Way back in those bad old days before women's lib, a girl could get ahead by hard work, lots of it. A quicker way was to marry the boss. But Lois Greulich couldn't go that route. She WAS the boss.

What she bossed was a section of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission, after a long apprenticeship. Her credits included a Bachelor of Architecture degree from the prestigious Pratt Institute in New York, followed by a state exam, plus a night course in editing at New York University. All that was reinforced by a staff job on *Progressive Architecture* magazine and an earlier assignment as a city planner.

In short, Lois was certainly boss material, even a bit formidable, although she now remembers that she always "did things for fun." In 1959, she had joined the staff of the Philadelphia commission and advanced to deputy chief urban designer. A year later, another talented young architect named Don Jackson joined the staff, bringing his own sense of fun to Lois's section along with a Master's degree in architecture from the University of Pennsylvania.

As Lois remembers it now, "We were pretty well matched in architecture, although at that point I may have known a little more about city planning." Still, she got there first, and so, as deputy chief, was technically his boss.

Things went from good to better as Don caught on to the planning phase of architecture, working closely with his good-looking blonde section leader. Clearly, fun was had by all.

However, Lois wasn't looking for romance then. She was serious about her career and

pursued it zealously. Don was serious, too, and eventually moved on to Washington to work with the celebrated architect Cloethiel Smith on the National Capital Planning Commission.

In 1965, however, Lois and Don met again by chance at a Harvard Design Conference. This time they suddenly realized simultaneously that "that is it!"

The well-matched pair soon married in a little church in Saddle River, N. J., then settled down in Washington, where they would eventually work together on their own personal housing project. But Lois also went to a chapter meeting of the American Institute of Certified Planners, thereby launching her new 15-year career as a senior planner for a Washington planning consultancy.

While raising two children, she also managed to establish a new reputation based on such triumphs as the State of Maryland Comprehensive Plan for Historic Preservation, which among other things, led to the establishment of Chestertown on the Eastern Shore as an historic district. She wrote and edited the Maryland Historic Atlas, and won a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts under a program called City Options. Finally, when the children reached college age and needed awesome tuition fees, she joined a planning consultancy in Bethesda.

In fact, Lois says that despite the Jacksons' move to Collington two years ago, she's "still not retired." She has just enlarged her scope a bit. She "jumped into computer courses," for example, and "plans to keep on doing things" -- like opening the Jacksons' cottage to the recent Funda-Thon house tour.