

The

Collingtonian

Vol. 16 , No. 6

A monthly publication of the Collington Residents Association

June 2006

The Peripatetic and Unstoppable Crowes

By Sheila Hollies

Bill Crowe has been described as both a centrist and a contrarian while his career has been an astounding example of making the improbable triumph over the impossible. In a Navy that fervently believed that the only route to success lay in a life at sea, he reached the summit by spending most of his time in Washington. Having worked for two Republican presidents (Reagan and Bush, Sr.), he amazed and even horrified some people by supporting the candidacy of Bill Clinton.

Growing up in Oklahoma, his ambitions focused at a very early age on a naval career. His father had served in the Navy during World War I, and Bill never even considered any other life. William, Sr. encouraged him to become knowledgeable in the areas of education, politics and eloquence, all of which Bill pursued readily and thoroughly.

Bill set his sights on the Naval Academy in Annapolis and never looked back. He served several tours at sea in Diesel submarines, where he enjoyed the relaxed environment even though the hygiene left a lot to be desired. But always he seemed fated to return to duty in Washington.

Shirley Grennell came from a very small town in Oklahoma. Her first ambition was to get



Admiral William Crowe and Shirley at home

Photo by Elsie Seetoo

out of town and see the world, so she became a stewardess and had lived in several different cities by the time she met and married Bill in 1954. As she points out, they both must have a lot of gypsy blood in them, as they were to move 26 times over the coming years.

Bill described his decision to go to graduate school as the watershed experience of his life. As he says, "I began to learn that things aren't black and white, they're usually gray. And what you hear is not always what's the truth." He enrolled for a doctorate at Princeton and in due course completed his dissertation on *The Policy Roots of the Modern Royal Navy, 1946 - 1953*. He was fortunate in having a live-in typist who

was willing to spend her evenings translating his hieroglyphics into a readable form.

Bill's superiors initially took a dim view of his latest career step -- the Navy is often described as being anti-intellectual. Of course, if he had been studying something practical like designing a better plug for the deck of a submarine, but political science? Initially, negative reactions from a few officers even left him wondering if he should quit the service. Over time, however, his superiors came to be quite proud of his accomplishments and boasted of having a real Ph.D. in their midst.

His newly-acquired insight was useful during the next few years as he worked on a number of joint-service assignments, culminating as commander of all U.S. forces in Southern Europe and then in the Pacific. As a result of his success in this role, President Reagan appointed him to serve as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He served in this capacity for two two-year terms, declining a third, but did not remain out of the limelight for long. He defended and supported Bill Clinton during the 1992 presidential campaign. In 1993 he published his fascinating and astonishingly forthright memoir *The Line of Fire -- From Washington to the Gulf, the Politics and Battles of the New Military*. Originally it opened with a chapter describing his life as a boy growing up in Oklahoma. His editor, however, sternly insisted that this account be moved to the back of the book; it appears there in "Acknowledgments."

Bill was subsequently appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's in London. He and Shirley both enjoyed their sojourn among the

Brits. Bill says that the only drawback was that the respective heads of state were such good friends that they made a few major decisions without going through the Ambassador. This left Bill running around trying to find out just what was going on! Even with his impish wit and skill as a raconteur, however, he admits he never succeeded in explaining to the British the U.S. politics, the gun control debate or American football.

Over the years, Shirley was anything but a bystander. Keeping Bill happy and out of mischief was a major task, and their two sons and a daughter also kept her busy as she helped them cope with the many changes they faced during their growing years. And think of the work involved in supervising all those moves!

Bill finally decided that it was time to really retire and give his old knees a rest. One reason they chose Collington was that it is handy to Annapolis, where he continues to teach at the Academy, as well as to Washington.

We are delighted to have them and their two dogs even as they prepare for their 27th move -- their original choice of quarters didn't have enough space -- (for Bill's collection of 1,100 samples of headgear?) -- so they are moving into a cottage in the 5000 Cluster.

Welcome, Shirley and Bill!

See you in September. We do not publish in July and August.

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.

Candidates for Office of Board Member



Pat Battin

Pat Battin, her eye fixed on the future, sees Collington faced with “shifting demographics, heightened expectations, increased competition, changing financial realities and longer life expectancy.”

She offers a fresh perspective and long experience with change management as well as extensive membership on boards of university libraries and technology organizations.

Although she has lived here only a year, she is deeply involved with the reorganization of our Library, is interested in our Low Vision program’s technological side, and is tutoring at a local school.

Information technology has absorbed most of her professional life. We first met her on a *Collingtonian* cover getting an award from President Clinton for her work in preserving books on acid paper.



W.C. “Bud” Dutton, Jr.

“Bud” Dutton has a long history with Collington having been a member of Prince George’s County planning boards when we were in a formative stage. He and Fran have lived here almost five years and both are active in the community -- Bud was First Veep of the R/A and got our MaCCRA chapter up and running. He’s been its President for two years.

He planned the Employee “Thank You” party last month as a member of the Hospitality Committee.

He’d like to see improved communication between residents and our Board of Directors in the form of written summaries of meetings made available to all residents.

Open Board meetings with residents in attendance need to be explored, he believes. And how will our strategic plan address emerging health issues for aging?



Rita Newnham

When you enjoy a glass of wine with dinner, thank Rita Newnham. Her knowledge of the ins and outs of the Maryland legislature and how to write an effective bill achieved this success for us.

Rita comes from Cardiff, Wales, has a degree in French and economics. She came to this country with her husband John in 1963. The couple became citizens in 1973.

Rita’s agenda includes urging the Board to foster greater resident participation in our Marketing effort, once so successful. She would like to institute plans that would make provision for Aging in Place -- in apartments and cottages, rather than only in the Creighton Center.

She has chaired the Dining Services Committee, is vice-chair of our Marketing Committee, and a member of the Long Range Planning.

To Our Nurses: Thank You

by Frances Kolarek

In honor of National Nurses Week (May 2 to 7) *The Collingtonian* thanks all the men and women who give us TLC when we need it most. Which prompts us to recognize Sheila Singletary, our Director of Nursing Services.

A Victorian novelist might have described Sheila as an “adventuress.” A native New Yorker, she earned her nursing degrees at New York University specializing in emergency medicine, and much of her experience has been as an ER nurse. Soon after she qualified, she took off for the Bahamas to work in a Nassau hospital, notwithstanding the reluctance of that government to give work permits to foreigners.

In time, Sheila went to France where she spent some years and learned the language. She has also traveled widely in Africa.

Language skills are a forté. She realized that knowing a few words of a language brings comfort to and establishes rapport with a patient. She acquired a smattering of Japanese and numerous African dialects as well as Korean and she likes to stop by and exchange a few words with Jongg in our Beauty Shop.

Sheila comes to us from Shady Grove Adventist Hospital in Montgomery County. This is her first experience working exclusively with older people. Will she be bitten by the travel bug again and desert us? No. She’s happy at Collington and recently bought a house in our neighborhood. Her daughter, who earned a Masters degree in Industrial Pharmacology, lives and works in New York.

Doris Condit’s Books

By Dorothy Brown

Doris Condit gave Collingtonians a glimpse last month into her demanding, occasionally frustrating and deeply satisfying career of more than thirty years as a military historian.

In her Know Your Neighbor talk, she spoke of sifting through “files and files and files” in government offices, taking notes in the cubicles of the Library of Congress, perusing records at the National Archives and taping interviews. Before any reports on her efforts could be published, they had to undergo rigid scrutiny by the military brass and numerous experts in the fields under study.

Her first job was as a research assistant to the chief historian of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, who was writing a history of the building of the AL-CAN Highway. She took time off to get a master’s degree, then went to work at the Johns Hopkins University’s Operations Research Office, where she focused on “paramilitary warfare.” This includes insurgency, the type that dominates today’s news from Iraq.

Her book which dealt with the Office of Strategic Services’ work with partisans in Italy during World War II remains classified. She calls it a “lost sheep.” Her next book dealt with Guerilla War in Greece during World War II.

In “The Test of War,” her final book, she relates the history of the Office of the Secretary of Defense from 1950 to 1953.

Summarizing her career, Doris said that although she’d made mistakes, somehow she had “muddled through. What a miracle! And what fun it had been!”

Dog Park Days

By Anne Stone

“What clinched your decision to come here?” is a question Collingtonians are often asked. For many of us, the answer is simple: because our beloved pet(s) can live with us here. Now, with the opening of the new dog park, Collington, always an agreeable environment for pets and their people, is an even happier place for the canines among us.

If you're a “dog person” (and, by the way, just to set the record straight, it is possible to be both a dog person and a cat person), you know that most dogs need exercise of a kind that some of us can no longer provide. Dogs love to run and play, especially with other dogs -- even dogs they might growl at when leashed. Unlike most cats, most dogs are sociable, and even though they come in what to humans can be a bewildering variety of shapes and sizes and colors and coats, somehow dogs have no trouble at all in identifying a fellow dog and potential playmate.

The fun is best when there are several dogs, and if you stop by some afternoon, you're likely to see a clutch of canines having a wonderful romp and run -- probably including 150-pound Rudy Peretz cavorting with Toto Gonzalez, Dollie Peddle, Trudy Hall, and maybe even (though she is a tad shy) 12-pound Jade Erickson. Nancie Gonzalez stresses that there's plenty of room for as many of Collington's dogs as are likely to

show up simultaneously.

Our dog park is a cooperative, so to speak, with only a few but important rules. For example, dogs must be accompanied by responsible humans, who will monitor their pets' behavior and clean up after them immediately. Once in the park, dogs must not be leashed. Balls are okay but food and Frisbees are forbidden.

Nancie Gonzalez and Ginge Peddle spearheaded the drive to create the dog park and to have it open by this summer. They accomplished the task remarkably quickly, given the obstacles. First, there was the challenge of finding a site that would be acceptable to the Collington community as a whole as well as to dogs and their owners. Then, some dog-owners had to be persuaded of the delights of a canine playground, so Nancie took the doubters and their dogs to an existing dog park in the county. The skeptics quickly became believers.

There being no funds in this year's Residents Association budget for the project, it was necessary to raise the money. The more than \$5,000 contributed so far paid for the fence and a couple of benches—the basic requirements for operation. The upcoming dog show will, Ginge and Nancie hope, raise a good part of the \$1,000 still

needed to provide a paved path from the road to the park as well as for such amenities as more benches (perhaps even some outside the park for onlookers), a shade tree, and some shrubbery by the fence.



Evelyn Colbert -- Potter

By Faith Jackson



This is a story about potting, pinch pots and pottery that goes on every Wednesday in the Creative Arts Room for people who are serious about clay. You

are missing a real and special experience if you don't give it a try. Except. . .if you don't like to muck in the garden, and mud and slurry on your hands disgust you, you are too persnickety for hands-on pottery.

There is no wheel in the Creative Arts room to open up a world of possibilities in a magnificent art form. There's a trick to the pottery wheel and until you learn how to use it you could spatter your precious bowl all over the walls.

Then too, working with clay has mystical aspects. One of the first things I was asked to do was to close my eyes, hold a ball of clay in my hand until I could honestly say I had the "sense of it, the quality, density, possibilities." If you're going to let your mind wander to the the multi-fariousness of life, quit while you're ahead.

From my position in the class, as quite the worst student but the most enthusiastic learner, I can appreciate the pros around me. There is Flo Marion, deft at all manner of crafts, who makes elegant pots and experiments with glazes, and operates our kiln. She is generous with her time and suggestions.

Then there is Evelyn Colbert, the main subject of this piece. Raised and educated in Manhattan, finishing at Barnard, she was lucky to have come up in a safer generation when you

could roller skate freely all over town. And it seems as if she always worked in Arts and Crafts with kids, from her high school days onward. At the Hudson Guild, where she helped with the little kids in the clay room; in the back of her mind she knew she would one day, do "something with clay."

Evelyn and her husband Joe came to Washington early on and both had distinguished careers; her field was Middle East and Japan now called East Asia and the Pacific. She has authored several books in her field (on display in the Library). She never gave up her day job, but in 1977, she and Joe took a vacation at the Campbell Folk School in North Carolina, Joe for



woodwork, and Evelyn for pottery. There she found *The Book: Finding One's Way With Clay*, by Paulus Berenson.

For the rest of her time in Washington, until she and daughter Allison came to Collington, Evelyn looked for places where she could work after hours and get to by public transportation, like the Corcoran or the Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church basement. Her work is way beyond us, way beyond me, certainly, but I watch with awe when she picks up an implement and cuts deep, or whacks away at her pot with the back of a spoon to give it a special shape and sign.

She thinks, by the way, that her friend Ginny Yager is the best potter around and the kitchen in her house on Ordway Street was decorated with Ginny's tiles.

"Did you know," she asked me, "that if you hit on your pot with the back of a sterling silver spoon, it gives a special burnish?"

I don't doubt it for a minute. If I ever make a decent pot, I'll try it.

Katherine Kendall -- Living Legend

by Robert Elkin

Unofficially, Katherine Kendall has been a living legend at Collington almost since she got here in 1998; a pioneer. Now it's official (see box).

Born in Scotland in 1910, she says as long as she can remember, she wanted to do something "interesting" and "worth-while."

While working for her master's degree at Louisiana State University she stumbled on the field that would dominate her life -- social work and educating workers in that field.

Embarked on a career of study and leadership in setting standards for the training of social workers worldwide, Katherine moved to the United Nations. She established and defined qualifications for personnel in the field of international social welfare embraced by the U.N. when it officially recognized social work as a profession and recommended formal training of high standards in an academic setting for social workers.

The study later provided a basic guide of the U.N.'s technical assistance program with important outcomes in Africa, Asia, Europe and South America.

After leaving the U.N. in 1950, she became a founder of the United States Council on Social Work Education (a national accrediting agency) where she served for 20 years, eventually

"Living Legend"

St. Joseph's College in West Hartford, Connecticut named our Katherine Kendall a Living Legend and invited her to speak last month on the "Joys of Aging and Adventures in Living." Program notes for the occasion describe "her distinguished career . . . [as a] major factor in the professional development of social work in the United States and throughout the world. As administrator, educator, board member, and author, Dr. Kendall's work has made significant and lasting contributions to international social work education."



as executive director.

At the same time, as a volunteer, she managed the work of the International Association of Schools of Social Work, ending her career there as its first salaried secretary-general.

Her efforts produced projects like one funded by U.S. AID which trained scores of personnel for population and family planning work in some 30 schools of social work in 20 Asian and African countries.

In her talk about the Joys of Old Age, Katherine spoke of research that shows the importance of optimism and effective coping styles to positive aging. Tossing a bouquet to Collington, she said: "What makes living [here] a delight is the involvement in . . . activities that help keep one mentally alive and physically fit, as well as the personal enrichment that comes with getting to know a constantly widening range of fellow residents."

Her commitment to her profession and her dedicated leadership over the years have won her "living legend" status. She is lucky to have lived long enough for people to recognize the importance of what she accomplished.

Considering Hats

By Anne Stone

If you haven't yet done so, be sure to take in the entertaining "Hats" exhibit that Elisabeth FitzHugh and her committee have mounted in the Clocktower. The head-gear on display, lent by Collington residents and staff members, ranges from the exotic to the familiar, from the daring to the conservative, from the glamorous to the stolidly practical. The variety calls for considering the *meaning* of hats.

How would you define "hat" to an extraterrestrial? Something to protect the head from the elements? Not necessarily -- after all, the feathered confections in the Clocktower exhibit have, themselves, to be carefully shielded from rain and snow. Badge of rank, status, or wealth, of ethnicity, nationality, religion, or occupation? Sign of respect for the importance of the company or the occasion? Fashion statement -- or *anti*-fashion statement?

Nowadays, when most of us wear them only for protection against the cold, the wet, or the sun, hats remind us that hats (and gloves) used to be *de rigueur* for most activities outside the house.

It's hard to say what precipitated the decline of hats for women. You don't even have to wear them in church anymore, although one can still see some pretty awesome bonnets in the Washington area's churchgoing crowds.

The Clocktower Exhibits Committee's mission statement says "our intention is to provide

diversion for residents . . . and to show something of their backgrounds and interests." The "Hats" exhibit not only provides diversion -- and, especially with its hats from faraway places, an idea of the remarkable range of Collingtonians' background and interests -- but also something interesting to think about.



The Committee mounts three or four exhibits each year. Elisabeth FitzHugh, an art-conservation chemist who has been its chair since 1999 and is evidently happy in this work, says the ideas for subjects or themes come from both inside and outside the committee. She credits Miriam Tepfer with the inspiration for the "Masks and Faces" exhibits and says she deserves much of the credit for the "Hats" idea.

Elisabeth has organized the Exhibit Committee's "archives" into albums with lots of photographs. And, she'd like to hear from you if you are interested in helping with the Clocktower exhibits and/or have suggestions for future exhibits.



Remembering Bob Willing

His lifelong interest in music led Bob Willing into a leading role in setting up our Music Committee. Members of the class of 1988, Bob and Marion Wilson were the first Collington couple to meet here and marry, an event which caused the groom to step down from a brief Editorship of *The Collingtonian*.

The P.G. Philharmonic recently publicly acknowledged his staunch support.

Joe Onek -- “A Unique War”

Although he does not like to use the word “war” -- “I’m non-combat-ive” Joe Onek says of himself -- he makes the point that the conflict we are engaged in now is completely different from any other. Today we are trying to win the hearts and minds of our opponents rather than gain a victory over a military power.

Yes, we must win the war on terror, he emphasizes. But for the first time in history we find ourselves in a unique situation where suicide bombers are our most pernicious enemy and our most effective weapon is winning the hearts and minds of the people in the Muslim world. When we jail and torture those whose friendship we seek, we are defeating ourselves.

Noting that perhaps he was entering through the back door, Joe Onek began his talk by taking us step by step through the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) and the impact the executive, legislative and judiciary branches of the government have had on it since World War II. He is convinced that today we are in violation of existing laws when we hold prisoners at Guantanamo incommunicado indefinitely and when we send others to foreign prisons to be tortured.

Joe Onek is a Senior Policy Analyst at the Open Society Policy Center where he provides counsel on issues of civil rights, civil liberties and constitutional law. He holds degrees from Harvard, the London School of Economics and Yale Law School.



Joe Onek

Coyote on Campus?

Majorie and James Akins recently spotted a critter outside Cottage 5108 where they live, and after reading a piece in the *Sunday Post*, tentatively identified it as a coyote. Marjorie took prompt and appropriate steps, warning our Housekeeping Department that coyotes are on the prowl for free food and we should keep outdoor refuse containers tightly closed.

Some staff members suspect the Akins saw a fox which has a burrow near the employees’ parking area. Having our own coyote, however, might not be such a bad idea, it turns out. As this wild animal invades our suburbs, science has turned its eyes on its habits.



coyote -- *canis latrans*

Last November, Lawrence Downes’ essay in the *New York Times* headlined “The Shy, Egg-Stealing Neighbor

You Didn’t Know You Had” was about Wily Coyote. Researchers spent over five years studying the habits of the 200 coyotes who make their home in a Chicago suburb. They also observed that the Canada goose population, which “had soared in the 1980’s and 90’s,” had begun to stabilize.

The coyote was not connected to this blessing, “being small and skulky and unlikely to stand up to a wrathful Canada goose.” Infrared cameras, however, exposed the coyote as a nest robber that “carefully cracks open a goose egg and licks it clean.”

Sounds like *Freakonomics*.

FK

Helen Gordon's Goings On

Welcome back, Sheila Bannon, from six weeks of sick leave. We sure missed your Easter decorations this year, but most of all we missed you. Hugs and kisses for all the TLC you give us.



Ria and Ted Hawkins are back from a three-week Elderhostel trip to Spain. They enjoyed the weather, the food, the people, the general atmosphere, the art galleries and the many field excursions, notably the one to the Alhambra. (Needless to say the Flower Committee greatly missed Ria.) Hanging above the Hawkins' fireplace now is a soft sculpture wall hanging they brought back from the trip. Ted carefully hand-carried it home and managed not to leave it on a plane or in an airport. Bravo, Ted!



Curtis and Lillian Langford have returned from an eleven-day tour of South Dakota visiting Crazy Horse, Mt. Rushmore and the Badlands. Both found it was a wonderful break from the many projects that keep them busy -- both for Collington and their church.



. . . And Curtis, chairman of the Hilltop Gardens, tells us every one of the 30 plots is assigned. Art Longacre's distinctive red car, parked by the gate, lets us know that he is hard at work. Art is vice chairman and treasurer of the Committee. He tells us the first money produced at

the Home Groan Board came from two bins by the Greenhouse. They are proving a great favorite among people who can't kneel or bend over.



Tita deGavre has planted eggplant, peppers and tomatoes in the plot she and Don Paradis "farm" in the raised planters. Tita is out every night trying to find her grey cat which wandered into the corridor out of her apartment and was accidentally put outdoors. The cat's name is Mole, but it's skittish and Tita doubts it will come to a stranger.



Politics & Poetry -- When Don and Maya Peretz moved into Cottage 2111, Maya lost no time in becoming involved in Collington activities. Don was a Professor of Political Science at SUNY Binghamton (where he knew Pat Battin). He came to the Washington area in 1991 to join the U.S. Institute for Peace. Maya, who holds a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature, is the translator of two volumes of Polish poetry (see last two issues of *The Collingtonian*).

Ainslee Embree steered them to Collington. He and Don are both members of the Council of Foreign Relations. The Peretz children have distinguished careers, too: Ervin is with Google and Jonathan produces indie films in Boston. Daughter Deborah (believe it or not) is First Mate on a tugboat plying Philadelphia Harbor.

Maya served as hostess at the Strawberry Festival which wound up the Fun-da-Thon. We

saw her hauling chairs back and forth across the Auditorium as late arrivals looked for places to sit. Where were the guys?



Family Notes

Eileen Henderson, a pioneer member of the Class of 1988, presides over a four-generational reunion every couple of months. Her daughter Lynda and son-in-law Ken Henderson (Lynda "kept her own name") come up regularly from their home in Concord, North Carolina, along with their son Michael, his wife Donna, and their four-year old daughter Paige -- leading lady of the troupe.



We have told you about Faith Jackson's grandson Melvin, the Harry Potter look-alike who lunches here frequently. Now Faith is a great-grandmother. Grandson Stephen of Brooklyn Heights, New York is the father of daughter Claudia Luna, who arrived in March -- Faith's first great-grandchild. Congratulations, Faith.

Son Jeremy, an oceanographer, commutes between Panama and Pasadena, California. We learned that Ruth Englander's son, John, President and CEO of the International SeaKeepers Society, knows Jeremy. Next time they're together at a professional gathering, he'll remind Jeremy that they both have moms living at Collington.



Frances Kolarek is back from Miami where she helped daughter Mary Frank celebrate her Ph.D. in Art History from Princeton University.



Joe and Virginia Yager are off to their beach cottage in Ocean View, Delaware. Their son Bob of New York came down to drive them up to the cottage. Daughter Martha will bring them home. Handy having chauffeurs in the family.



Marion Camp, class of 1988, celebrated her 85th birthday in May in the company of friends, her son, John of Des Moines, Iowa, and relatives from the West Coast.



Kevin Knauth, Dining Director, is a Triathlete. For couch potatoes, that means he engages in contests in which he swims, bicycles and runs. Next November he will participate in a Triathlon that includes a complete marathon. No wonder he is in such tiptop shape!



For many years Laretta Dankers has taught her friends and neighbors how to weave baskets. They produced multitudes of them which were sold to benefit the Fellowship Fund and the Residents Association.

She and George used to take their boat down the Intracoastal Waterways every year to winter in Florida. There a friend introduced her to the hobby she has enjoyed ever since.

It's doubtful we'll ever find a teacher as faithful, tireless and enthusiastic as Laretta. But volunteers should speak up either to Laretta or to Flo Marion.



Julie Lohr is full of cheer and good humor as she joins her friends for Anne Krumrein's 9 a.m. exercise class. Julie worked for the State Department for 31 years.

Also . . .

By Layne Beaty

“It’s communistic,” was the objection to the installation of parking meters by a southern town official. We don’t know the facts of what town planner W.C. (Bud) Dutton did about it, but that was then. This is now. What is FACT is the awarding of its Lifetime Achievement Award to our Bud on May 12 by the Foundation of Automotive and Construction Technology for Students. It involved a fancy bronze plaque and a ceremony which took place at the 2006 Student-Built House dedication in Clinton. (The Governor participated.) Bud has been called the “father” of that program which encourages and sponsors construction training for students. And that’s a FACT. Congratulations, Bud.

Alex Dragnich, who has written several books of history about the Serbs, managed along the way to notice the published sayings of the late Will Rogers, humorist and part Indian from Oklahoma. Alex sent a copy. He is the only Alex here, by the way.

Considering that the most casual greeting we hear is “howya doin’,” we respectfully offer a few alternatives: “Is that a new hairpiece?” “Have you seen any UFOs lately?” “What did you pay for gas today?” “Your socks don’t match.”

The recent air show at Andrews Air Force Base got more publicity than our same-day model Skipjack regatta on Collington Lake, but this is where the skills were really appreciated.

Whatever became of that miniature cannon we used to start the races? Weapon of mass destruction? No.

Pursue your ambitions:

Maybe, as Charles Morris was making a living in the steel industry he aspired to be a musician. So now our homegrown musical events will find him tootling his clarinet or just turning pages for the pianist. It must be in the blood, for his son Dick is a regular performer at the weekly Sing-a-long in the Arbor, which also brings out Ginge Peddle and her ukulele, the only one we know of on this campus.

Memorable Mots

“Say it ain’t so, Casey.”

“Is that you, Myrt?”

“A sucker is born every minute.”

“East is east and West is west.”

“You’ll wonder where the yellow went.”

Remember?

When air was free at filling stations?

When ice cube trays had metal loosening levers?

When mailing letters was cheaper than making phone calls?

When hitchhiking was the way you sometimes got home from college? The fraternity of the sunburned thumb.

“What did you have for breakfast?”

“Bacteria, mostly. The supper dishes didn’t get washed.”