

Also . . .

By Layne Beaty



It is not often that we are treated to a resident's inner thoughts and detailed background, but we've hit a mother lode from former Senator Charles Percy. It's the 228 lines of rhyming history (mostly in quatrains) that he first delivered in 1994 at his 75th birthday party. It covers him from crib to Collington (almost), through school, business, politics, with special attention to family. Excerpt: "To be somebody's grandfather I highly recommend. To be somebody's teacher and be somebody's friend, a confident, companion, comrade, colleague and consoler, and sometimes, yes, constructive critic, coaxer and cajoler. . ." Whew!!

We have read that when Alexander the Great was conquering and occupying India more of his soldiers died from snake bite than from battle. Obviously a case of poor postwar planning.

Tuesday evening movie buffs got a rare treat recently with the screening of a 1998 home talent play by our movie man, Franklin Newhall. It was Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," directed and cut to fit by our Marcia Behr, taped by Mary Ann Pellerin. The cast included Collington residents (some no longer here) Kay Swift, Edna Lingreen, Tom Street, Doyen Klein, Ken Muldoon, Betty Clark, Sam Saben, Dorothy Mayer and Ed Behr.

We never stop marveling at the diverse interests of our people. Now we learn that James Collins of the dining staff gets a beginning piano

lesson every Thursday after work from resident Lillian DeHart, who reports that her new pupil is already up to *Jingle Bells*. Right on, James.

David Zwald, our interim exec. dir., has said that Collington owns too many autos. Perhaps he had just been trying to make his way past residents' parked scooters into the dining room. Well, no. Or perhaps he has heard the cute little Gators used by the environmental services which make more noise than our buses. But they are Soooo handy. And isn't the new golf cart handsome? It's for transporting prospective residents around our vast spread.

Memorable Mots

- "What you see is what you get."
- "My aunt has a large portmanteau."
- "Nattering nabobs of negativism."
- "When you call me that, smile."
- "And so, to bed."

Blessed are those retired folks who await, and await, and await for important return calls from busy employed people. On the other hand, as economists often say, now that our staff has phones with caller I.D., small benefits occur, like when I dial the clinic and the first voice I hear is the cheery one of Anna Pennington saying, "Come on over." Kinda nice.

You know that things have gone adrift when the best rapper is a white guy, the best golfer is a black guy, the tallest guy in the NBA is a Chinese, the Swiss hold the America's Cup, France is accusing the USA of arrogance and the Germans don't want to go to war. (Anon)

The

Collingtonian

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The Opportunities Outlet

By Helen Gordon



Georgia Hilda Ruth

Photo by Elsie Seetoo

Joe Hysan had been living at Collington for about two years when the siren song of the tropics lured him to Florida. And Florida was pleasant enough, although white sands and palm trees can, in time, pall.

Recently, Joe's daughter who lives in this area fell deeply ill and needed his assistance. Joe came back to Maryland, signed up again with Collington's marketing staff and made a unique request: Could our Op Shop furnish a studio apartment for him so that all he'd have to do would be to walk in and hang up his clothes?

It could, and it did. A comfortable chair for watching television, a love seat, a desk with book shelves and storage space that takes very little floor space, a small drop-leaf table with two chairs for breakfast and a single bed did the

trick. Oh yes, a Meissen style chandelier adds a touch of elegance and casts light on the table. A lamp table beside the easy chair affords a place to put a drink or a coffee mug.

The kitchen was easy. From the Op Shop's endless supply of chinaware and utensils, Hilda Jay equipped it right down to knives and forks and spoons.

And -- hold your breath -- all for just over \$500.

The Opportunities Outlet, known familiarly as the Op Shop, is one of the oldest and most creative projects on campus. Since its inception it has been master-minded by Hilda Jay, joined as time passed by Georgia Paine-Heldt and

Continued on p. 2

Ruth Coale-Turner. Hilda brushes off praise. It's not HER enterprise, she insists. Georgia and Ruth are as deeply involved as she is.

If you haven't visited it yet, drop in and marvel at the varied assortment of goods it has to offer -- furniture, clothing, pictures, radios, kitchenware, doo-dads. Name it, you'll find it -- things you need and things to wonder about. And if shopping is what gives your morale a boost, the Op Shop is there for you. It's officially open regularly Friday afternoons from 12 noon to 2 p.m. as well as every second Thursday in the month from 12 noon to 4 p.m. Hilda says the Op Shop is always open by appointment. "That's 72 hours a week, if you count Ruth, Georgia and me," she jokes.

You can well imagine that this enterprise rakes in money. And then wonder what it is used for. Its profits go to underwrite the activities of the 19 committees of the Residents Association that offer us countless opportunities to become involved in the life of this community. This publication is made possible by such funding. A fuller explanation of the activities of these committees is set forth in a piece by Sheila Hollies on page 3.

Over the years, the enterprise has averaged some \$35,000 a year gross. We should also mention that a percentage of this is deposited into the Residents Association Endowment Fund, set up to finance activities, should the Op Shop founder. At this point that seems unlikely given the support of stalwarts like Jeanne Dulin-sky, Jean Maxey, Elma Tidwell, Ann Port and two recent recruits, Olivia Miller and Gertrude Mitchell.

The goods you find in the Op Shop are left behind by the estates of deceased residents or are contributed by residents whose dresser drawers and storage space are overstuffed. Hilda's biggest problem of the moment is one we can all relate to: space to store this cornucopia of contributions.

Faced with tight space, the shop sends a lot of what doesn't sell quickly to the Salvation Army. Volunteer drivers now make two trips a week to deliver this stuff.

The Op Shop is a source of assistance for all of us at Collington -- residents as well as staff members who are among its most dedicated patrons. It is a life-saver to those who have abandoned driving and auto upkeep and need, right this minute, an ironing board cover, an ice bag or a coffee pot. The necessities of life.

With this issue we welcome two new writers -- Sheila Hollies and Louis Dolbeare. Sheila wrote professionally, and in retirement lends her talents to *The Collingtonian*. Louis' piece on the Fun-da-Thon is, we hope, the first of many from him.

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Mars

By Clem Welsh

In the middle ages, those earlier and simpler days, people kept a wary eye upon the heavens as the place where disasters originated ("disaster": a word rooted in the Italian *disastro*, "ill-starred," meaning that the stars were at it again, so watch out.) One never knew when some erring bit of astronomy would lose its cool and zap some innocent citizen.

I was moved to make these nervous reflections by the near approach to Earth recently of the planet Mars, closer than it had been for 60,000 years. Mars was probably observed by our ancestors those many years ago on an earlier visitation and one wonders if one of them paused in his daily labor of clubbing large animals and noticed that a bright red object had joined the stars. In his day, astrology had not been invented to add to his anxieties and there were enough earthly disasters in his neighborhood to keep him busy, so he may not have let the occasion move him to philosophical reflection.

It seems to me that it is wise to keep an eye on the course of human progress, and these visits of planet Mars every sixty millennia may provide a surprisingly good interval for making regular checks on how things are going on our own planet. This recent Mars visit marks the end of a stretch of time in which our species emerged from being an anthropoid among several to being a very special anthropoid indeed. The people who study the long span of human history tell



Our near neighbor, Mars, in August, courtesy Hubble Telescope

us that the period between 100,000 and 65,000 years ago was a time in which we made a great transition into civilized living. It was a period, they say, when we began the making of stone weapons and the holding of funerals, clear proofs of our improvement as a species. In a

few more years we would be creating works of art, and then it was on to language, agriculture, the construction of cities, and eventually to the sciences that can time the approach of planets.

If anyone on Mars were watching us (and sad to say, there seems to be no one) he (or it) would note one human trait that is evidently a constant over time, and that is not only

the making of things of beauty and of words of eloquence, but the making of wars. For Mars is the god of war, and an intelligent Martian would naturally check on our abilities in a field to which his home planet is dedicated. And I think we know what he would see: the making of sophisticated weapons and the holding of many funerals.

For us, a species rather proud of having developed the advanced skills of intelligence, there may be after all a medieval message in the starry heavens, where the approach of disasters was supposed to be announced. For Mars, the War Planet, in 2003 is apparently devoid of all life. What will there be for any hypothetical Martian to observe on our own planet when Mars makes its next inspection of us in 62,003? And who will be here to observe its coming?

Have a nice day.

Par for the Course

By Gloria Ericson

Have you seen Collington's new golf cart? It's a cutie and will be used by marketing to drive prospective residents around the campus.

Walking to the cottages was a bit arduous for some prospects and although taking them on the shuttle bus was the other possibility it had a distancing quality. With the golf cart, people can more directly experience our charming ambience: the covered walkways, the general landscaping, and the very personalized front gardens of the residents.

When not in use, the cart is often parked in the pavilion off Broadway. I've been admiring its highly polished dark green exterior nicely complemented by cream-colored upholstery.

Somehow it manages to look both cute and posh at the same time -- a dichotomy not easily pulled off.

I noticed that the rear passengers face backwards and I was amused to see that the handrail they face wears a conspicuous sign saying: *WARNING - Falling off Could Result in Severe Injury or Death.* I'm sure there's a legal necessity for such a sign but I couldn't help but envision a cart-load of white-knuckled passengers. Then I thought, ah, but this is a cart with amenities, i.e., a soft-drink holder for each passenger. A dollop of vodka in each of their drinks ought to put them in such rollicking good humor, that not only will they not worry about falling off, but they'll be positively *clammering* to sign the admission papers to such a jolly place.

A further thought made me realize that tipsy

passengers could do just what the sign warned them about. So I guess there are bugs in my scheme. I'll have to work on it.

Meanwhile, I think we ought to have a contest to come up with an affectionate nickname for the cart. Something like *The Collington Choo-choo*, or *Collington Easy Rider*, or... Well, I'm sure residents can come up with better offerings than those. If you have any ideas, Box 2202 will be glad to receive them.

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Sally in our Alley

Everyone knows Sally. And vice versa.

Well, at least for a speaking acquaintance.

She might qualify as Collington's official greeter. Not the ceremonial kind, but informally just about every time she meets you in the hallway.

She is, officially, Serafina Listro, a resident here since May 1993. Daily she leaves her apartment, neatly turned out, and spends much of it around and about, greeting people. "Happy day" she will say, or maybe "hallelujah," and mean it.

Many residents are her dear friends but few know her history. She's a bit shy of that herself now, but before a debilitating illness in 1992 she enjoyed a satisfying career. She was a registered nurse in Washington Hospital Center.

Her own health is better now, noticeably, and her memory shows improvement. Her brothers come to visit often. Her friends at Collington are pleased to have her around.

HAPPY DAYS, Sally!

L.B.

Op Shop \$\$\$\$ Fund Resident Activities

By Sheila Hollies

Carolyn Browning is busy as a bee organizing this year's Committee Fair. It will take place on Friday, October 3, prior and subsequent to the Annual Meeting and will be held in the D Wing and the new bridge to the Clocktower. This is when everyone, newcomers and old timers alike, gets a chance to browse through information concerning the 19 activities committees of the Residents Association. Brochures will provide details of each activity. The primary source of funds for these activities is our own incomparable Opportunities Outlet, without whose gargantuan efforts none of these activities, except the Woodshop which is self-supporting, could even exist. There would be no *Collingtonian*, no Sunday concerts and no parties or holiday celebrations. Blessings on the heads of all our colleagues who toil so faithfully in the Op Shop!

Had you thought you might like to learn more about music? Would you like to go on short trips in the area? Does gardening ignite your fires? Or would you prefer to be part of the Outreach Program? Come and see what is on offer and learn about the many ways you can have fun, and at the same time, contribute to the life of our community. Most of us here are retired, and perhaps for the first time have the time to enjoy exploring new interests or developing old ones. After all, retirement is not an excuse to do less, but an opportunity to do more.

So Hi, Ho, Come to the Fair, to find the best way for YOU to avoid becoming nothing more than a couch potato!

A Visit from Isabel

By Frances Kolarek

When Isabel roared through on Thursday, September 18, she knocked out both loops that bring electricity into Collington. The loop that comes in from Lottsford Road supplies the cottages. The loop from the opposite side supplies the apartments. These wires cross wooded areas and are susceptible to damage from falling trees and branches. A few years ago, after an especially bad winter when the apartment building was hit with a number of power failures, a generator was written into the renovation/expansion plans. That generator automatically kicked in Thursday when the power failed, as did the emergency one in the Creighton Center.

But the cottages were in the dark and stayed that way until Saturday night. George Dankers awoke at 2 a.m. Sunday when Loretta came into his room to turn the light off. "What are you doing in here with the flashlight?" he asked. "Not a flashlight," Loretta replied. "The lights are back on."

At the Demetrowitz home in the 5100 cluster, where the door bell cannot be heard in the back of the house, a flashing light is their signal. It was this light flashing around 2 a.m. that awoke Chuck, who then got up and turned off the TV and lights.

The apartment building continued to depend on its generator and hallways were eerily dim.

The days of darkness created additional stress for staff, most of whom went home to dark houses. Office personnel had no computers and

were virtually and literally powerless. In the Clinic things went smoothly except for the “nuisance of not having the fax machine which we use to communicate with laboratories and with residents’ physicians,” Anna Pennington, the Clinic Manager, said. In the Country Store, arithmetic depended on fingers rather than the cash register.

Dining Services had two visits on Friday from Health Inspectors checking to see that food was adequately refrigerated. At 5 p.m. SYSCO, our grocery wholesaler, parked a refrigerator tractor trailer powered by generator at our loading dock, on loan for the duration.

Now that our chefs are cooking with gas they were untroubled. But the dishwasher runs by electricity. That meant plastic dishes and utensils on the tables. Tina Brown drove to our wholesaler in Cheverly to replenish supplies.

Without the means to make even coffee, 70 to 80 residents from the original cottages flocked to breakfast, a meal normally served to perhaps 20. Lunch was served by daylight, but come evening, with no lights in the dining room, the staff set up to serve take-out meals to diners. Gas stoves in the new cottages kept kitchens functioning there.

In the fourth floor kitchen which serves the Garden Wing, darkness reigned. Helpers stood by holding flashlights high while plates were served from food sent up from the kitchen.

By Saturday morning, David Zwald, whose Severna Park home was also dark, and who had showered at his gym, suggested that apartment dwellers invite their friends from cottages to come over for a hot shower and some of the un-

occupied apartments were made available for the purpose. Ruth and Roger Dixon availed themselves and said “It was just like summer camp -- only clean.”

When the air conditioning went out on Monday, residents in the Shenandoah and Garden wings began to swelter. Iladene Filer and Barbara Hall went to a local hardware store and bought 16 electric fans, bringing aid comfort. (Our Hardware Correspondent has filed a report on this trip. See page 9.)

Around four o’clock much of the Creighton Center returned to normal. Karen Cheney was soon back into her routine -- computer working, lights on and the air conditioning going full blast.

Then, at 10:30. Monday night the apartment building experienced a second of total darkness as the electricity came back on and the hallways were again ablaze with light. Soon the generator, a noisy monster, shut down and there was only the sound of raindrops falling in the puddles.

As Walter Winchell used to say -- remember him? -- orchids for residents who endured this ordeal with patience and good humor. For those who vented their frustrations on our hard-working staff-- and unfortunately there were a few -- a huge bunch of scallions.

Correction

Dora Halton, our apologies. Moira Nelson, our apologies. *The Collingtonian* omitted your names from the list of volunteers who help with misaddressed mail. Dolores Lewis says your help is doubly welcome since you come on short notice. Sometimes with NO prior notice. Thank you both.

Judith Shaw -- Birder and Speller

By Edward Behr



Judith Shaw at the Spelling Bee, where she aced “omophagic.” (Page 6)

Collington has a number of dedicated bird-watchers but hardly any can match Judy Shaw, one of our newer residents. In many years of birding she has seen several hundred species and in

her short time here, despite the construction, she has counted no fewer than 46.

Among the birds she has seen or heard here are the ovenbird, wood pewee, redstart and several kinds of vireos. And on the lake she has found green herons stalking the shallows for food and rough-winged swallows swooping over the surface in search of insects.

This record is hardly surprising for Judy has a long history of successful birding. She has belonged to two dedicated organizations, the Audubon Naturalist Society and the Maryland Ornithological Society.

On the Virginia farm where she once lived she saw no fewer than 96 species. She recorded a similar total when counting autumn migrants on the Maryland shore. She has found our nearby Patuxent River valley a good place for birding.

Other species have been added to her life list when she has ventured away from the area -- to an Audubon Society summer camp in Maine, to

the South Pacific and to Iceland.

And on a cruise along the coast of Scotland, taking in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, she has seen unusual sea birds like northern gannets -- big goose-sized birds that fly over the North Atlantic and plunge headlong for fish -- and rarities called black guillemots, not to be seen in our part of the world.

Dene and Barbara Go Shopping

From our Hardware Store Correspondent
(See page 4)

Picture this. I’m workin’ at this home supply store, you know. And in come these two old gals, got a few years on ‘em, the kind usually want a thingamajig to fit into the gizmo on the whatchamcallit. And when you figure out what it is an hour later, it costs 79 cents.

Whoa. We got something different here. These two ladies want fans, electric fans, lots of fans.

“How many do you have?” they ask.

And we get curious, wonder why they need so many. And they tell us about the sick folks at Collington, where Isabel has knocked out the air conditioning. And fans, lots of fans, are on their shopping list.

Well, we find 14 floor models, Hank climbing up the ladder to haul ‘em down from the top shelf, oscillating floor fans, and a couple of others, bigger models. They cleaned us out.

They pay up -- oh, yeah -- there was a discount -- and the kid on the floor loads the whole kit and caboodle in their car and they’re off. Way to go, ladies.

I Got Those Country Store Blues

By Gloria Ericson

One day a week I'm a reluctant volunteer in the Country Store. I say "reluctant" because I'm aware of my own limitations and know I'm not clerk material. But one day Judy Reilly cornered me and asked me to work there. I had my excuses all ready: *I am too short to reach items on high shelves.* Not to worry, said Judy. There'd be a co-worker to do that. *I can't comfortably stand for long periods at a time.* No problem there either -- they'd sit me at the cash register. *Cash register! I have math anxiety and my mind goes blank when I try to make change.* That was no problem either because the cash register was a "smart machine" that would tell me what change to give back. I said yes.

The cash register was indeed a smart machine and I nicknamed him Hal. He always knew what the change was and only once in a while did something crazy like reporting that the tax on a 50-cent candy bar was \$643. Not Hal's fault. I hit some wrong keys. As a matter of fact my learning curve turned out to be very disappointing. I had hoped it would ascend upward in a Mt. Everest kind of way, but instead it drooped downward below the bottom of the graph with the apparent intent of continuing on to the bowels of the earth. My co-worker (whom I'll call Madame X since she may prefer not to be named in this saga) tried to console me by saying that on her second day Judy had called her aside and asked, "Are you *sure* you want to do this?" We chuckled over this and figured that together we equaled one whole volunteer.

But possibly we didn't even reach that goal on the day a staff member came in with an envelope and asked for a 37-cent stamp. We scrounged around but couldn't find any of that denomination. We finally sent her off with a good third of her envelope plastered with a collage of low-denomination stamps. She was nice about it but I suspect the recipient was stunned.

However, my worst experience came the day a resident purchased a couple of items and handed me a five-dollar bill. I hit a few keys and Hal said I should give the man \$1.88. I was about to do that when I heard him say, "Oh I don't want all that change. Let me give you 12 cents."

This was not in the script. It threw me into a tailspin. All my elementary school math flew out the window and I could feel myself devolving from the status of a *Homo sapiens* to that of a gifted orangutan -- albeit not one so gifted that it could make change. I began making mewing noises of distress, but Madame X and the resident, who were chatting away, just looked over at me and smiled. It wasn't until I raised the decibels of the mewing to the level of whimpering that they realized I was foundered. The man said, kindly, "Just give me \$2."

Two dollars? Where did that come from? The same place as the 12 cents? I trusted only Hal and he hadn't mentioned either of those two sums. Madame X kindly took over and gave the man \$2 from the cash drawer. Someday maybe I'll understand the whole transaction. In the meantime, if you should come into the store when I'm on duty I'd really, really, really appreciate it if you'd let Hal and me do our thing and not throw any creative math at us. We just can't handle it.

Memories, Memories

By Helen Gordon

The Collington community, founded in 1988, celebrated a milestone in September with an ice cream social at which 57 current residents were awarded 15-year pins. Organized by Carolyn Browning, the gathering opened with songs by the Collington Singers. The highlight was the award ceremony at which Jack Yale read the name of each honoree and pins were presented by David Zwald.

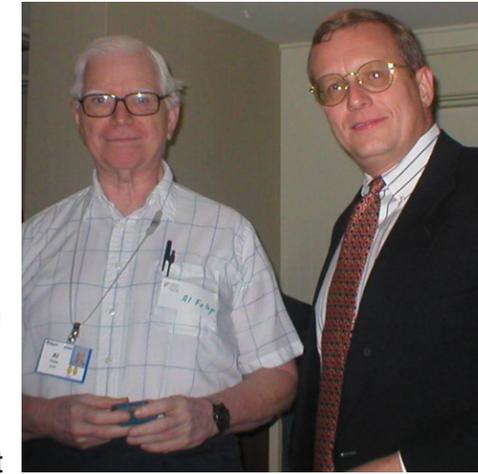
Memories of 1988? Well, Hilda and John Jay remember no pavement, water running down the hills and the freedom to plant 6 Leland Cypress trees which they attend to to this day.

Aline Grayson remembers that there was no community dining room, residents cooked their own meals and walked into their homes with dust and/or mud on their shoes.

Emily Torbert's memories include some side-walks deep in water, resident mail sorted into cardboard boxes at Cottage 1000, and copies of the *Washington Post* dumped off at the front gate.

Al Folop recalls the moving of the Administration offices from a trailer to a cottage to a permanent spot, the changing of the kitchen from electric to gas (which is why we had hot food during the recent blackout), and the start of the building of Creighton Center.

And many remember Irene "Brownie" Ammann, the first resident to spend the night at Collington. We lost Brownie, a sister of Helen



Al Folop, pioneer, and David Zwald, interim CEO
photo by Elsie Seetoo

Eisenhart, late last month. Helen and Earl are among the few remaining couples who came here in 1988, others being the Jays and Charles and Pat Trammell.

Art Longacre remembers that the wild country surrounding the place was a berry-picker's heaven. On Lottsford Road there was an abandoned farm on one side and three

abandoned houses on the other. And it was a single-lane road from here to Enterprise.

Katherine Kendall describes her move to Collington as a transition from the middle of Manhattan to the middle of Nowhere, but she loves both places.

Though memories may differ, our pioneering residents all share in the knowledge that they are the foundation on which today's Collington rests.

Pins for Three Staff Members

Ann Hammond of Marketing, Jennifer Foster of Administration and Helen Cole, head of Housekeeping, also merited 15-year pins, but other commitments prevented their attending the party. Ann moved up through the ranks to head Marketing at one point. Jennifer, who sends a lot of us our bills, took time off last year to become the mother of John Michael who recently celebrated his first birthday. Helen has her hands full trying to keep us looking our best.

Get Out and Give!

By Louis Dolbear

We welcome to our columns the wit of Louis Dolbear who agreed to cover the events of September 14 to 19, excluding the hurricane.

He finds the handle attached to these fundraising events aesthetically offensive and has consistently refused to refer to THE FUN-DA-THON as THE FUN-DA-THON. Ed.

Collington's annual money-raising extravaganza that supports the Collington Foundation was kicked off by a concert on Sunday. The Martha Doyle Trio took the audience to the sunny side of the street back home in Indiana to hear the Dill Pickle Rag.

The party that followed, with the Marketing Staff as hostesses, celebrated the 1950's. Some fortunate residents -- M.E. Wallen and Cynthia Parker to name two -- were able to wear ensembles they had, in fact, worn in the 1950s. Others simply dressed outrageously.

At Monday's Dog Show, 13 or 14 dogs steadfastly refused to trot stylishly down the runway arranged for them. Thanks, however, to the expert handling of Judge Norman Prince, V.P. of Collington's Board of Directors and dog lover, most of the audience got a good look at each of the contestants, all of which took home a blue ribbon.

To all those who opened their doors so that their neighbors could tour their homes, we give due thanks and pass on to that festival of mirth and misunderstanding known as Charades. Participants and spectators traded bouts of hilar-

ity in the process of trying to express in body language more contortionate than explicit, the meaning of sometimes obscure words and phrases. Few aspects of the women vs. men activity were observed.

The impending fury of Isabel did little to disrupt the activities of Imperial Wicket Bob Browning and his intrepid ball-whackers as the croquet tournament was condensed into a single day. A healthy aggregation of wicket-beaters turned out for the demonstration of how courtly the competition could be while remaining energetic.

Jack Yale was the ultimate winner. He was given healthy competition, finally eliminating Bo Heald and Ann Port. The croquet court, it was noted, was in fine shape and seems to be tended with loving care.

Winding down on an upbeat note, the fundraising effort crossed the finish line with all banners dry and flying as Isabel cut into the electric supply. Art Longacre announced that the goal of \$15,000 had been handily exceeded by at least \$3,000. The news was cheered beneath the single light allotted to the Game Room.

The finals of the Spelling Bee were a contest between Margaret Martin and Judith Shaw. Tripping rapidly over the tricky consonants and vowels of unusual words, the palm was secured by Judith when Margaret missed "hypotenuse," a word which she reportedly knew from infancy.

Bud Dutton trundled off with a basket of fancy food and drink and the winners of the Basket of Cheer were James Collins and Betty Murphy-Samuel of the dining room staff.

Full details -- facts and figures -- will appear shortly in an edition of *Foundation Focus*.

Collingtonians on the Move Again

By Edward Behr

As autumn arrives, many Collington residents are winding up a season of fascinating travels.

As usual, most of these travelers headed to Europe, some visiting relatives and some returning to old haunts there.

England, as always, was a favorite goal. Urmila Devgon took a trip focusing on the history of London -- "a good course," she says, that included visits to Parliament, Shakespeare's Globe Theatre and almost all the museums, plus a concert at the historic church of St. Martin's in the Fields. A special occasion was the sixth anniversary of Princess Diana's death, with an "unbelievable" flower show, Urmila recalls.

Then there were those with family in England. John and Ricky Evans spent much of their vacation time in Nottingham, England, where their daughter lives. John came back wearing a T-shirt with the logo of the Nottingham soccer club. But the Evanses also crossed the channel to France, where they spent three days in Paris, sightseeing and visiting a café that was a haunt of Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Britishers Ria and Ted Hawkins went once more back to their homeland. In East Anglia they have a house made from a converted 17th-century barn. But they also spent three weeks in the Languedoc area of Southern France.

Dorothy Brown and Chuck Dell also went to France, a two-week journey highlighted by a five-day boat trip on the Rhône. Dorothy reports that the boat was a pleasure to ride on, the trip was well-planned and the food was wonderful. There were side trips to castles and other sights.

Yet another traveler in Europe was Warren Unna who took a week-long Smithsonian-sponsored boat trip up Italy's Po River to Cremona

with time out for three days in historic Florence.

Two other Collingtonians, Sarah and Charles Demetrowitz, headed farther east in Europe -- to Berlin, Poland, Hungary and the Czech Republic. Sarah's favorite spot was the Polish city of Krakow, known for its ancient beauty and for the ease of walking around its landmarks.

The Dress



Ruth Quarles, Janet French, Emily Nichols, Judy Muttu, Sue Embree and Grace Langley -- all wearing The Dress

Photo by Elsie Seetoo

On her way to dinner one evening this spring Sue Embree noticed that a neighbor was wearing "her" dress. And thought, "Well, somebody else with good taste orders from the same catalog I use."

Within a month or two Sue had spotted several other women wearing the identical dress, and resolved to get all six together, wearing The Dress, for a picture. Everybody, except Ruth Quarles, who found hers in the Op Shop, had ordered from the same catalog.

Unfortunately, this black and white picture gives no idea of the aqua/blue/green colors so artfully combined in the pattern of the fabric. One handsome dress, handsomely modeled!