



The

# Collingtonian

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NEWS & VIEWS

## Thirty Years Later

### Judy Street Remembers... From Selma to Montgomery

The Mid-March public commemorations of the 30th anniversary of the march from Selma to Montgomery evoked stinging memories for our generation, none more so than for one of our number who was there. Judy Street was among the thousands who marched into Montgomery with Martin Luther King, Jr. and who gathered at the capitol to hear him speak. Judy has written an account of her experience which is here presented in impressionistic style.

Early evening train departure from Union Station carrying food and bedroll--sure that Tom and the children can manage but strain nonetheless. Sitting up all night on train, shades down to avoid local hostility to interracial group. Impossible not to think of Unitarian minister James Reeb killed a few days before in Selma by white militants. Arrive about noon in Montgomery after long delay in Birmingham. White engineers refused to continue the trip. Food and drink supplies exhausted. Review instructions on how to react nonviolently if attacked--drop to ground,

cover head with hands. Marchers coming toward Montgomery, Martin Luther King, Jr. and Coretta in lead, troops bravely following with banners and flags, then long stream as far as eye could see of walkers, black and white, young and old, rich and poor. Route lined with uniformed National Guard soldiers.

Fell in with march about middle, among tired bodies, worn faces, crippled feet, dirt-farmer clothes, dusty and dirty and tired, but proud and exhilarated and above all, hopeful. Rain starting to pour down as entered city about 5 p.m. Box suppers behind protective walls at St. Jude's College, soaked to skin surrounded by sea of mud. But outdoor stage lit up showing famous entertainers, musicians, comedians, dancers, including Dick Gregory, Leonard Bernstein to lift the spirits. Sleeping on floor under wooden bench in a little black church. No breakfast. Joining ranks of marchers streaming by next day carrying our bedrolls in bright sunshine to capitol. Box lunch on capitol grounds. Wonderful speech by MLK proclaiming opportunity for legal right to vote, end of segregation and discrimination, living in dignity without fear in own land. Program over. National Guard disbanded.

On our own to walk back unescorted to railroad station, almost more scary than march the day before. No chance to buy food and drink--too dangerous to leave station. Relief after long wait to be leaving that hostile land. Lively discussions, debates, singing and reminiscing on way home. Tumultuous reception at Union Station. Twenty-four hours of straight sleep at home.



### *Maybe You Didn't Know . .*

While she was nursing people at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Ramona Albert accommodated a love for dogs as well, and her first book "Living Your Dog's Life" was published by Harper Brothers. And, during summers, she taught Baltimore kids how to train their canine pets.



Among the many art aficionados and authorities in our midst, Irene Heppner ranks near the top. After schooling in Germany she became a slide librarian at the Cleveland Museum of Art, did research in Byzantine Art at Dumbarton Oaks, was a bibliographer at the Smithsonian Institution, and taught art appreciation for the National Portrait Gallery. She knows what she likes.



Baker Port, a native Sooner, would like to know about other residents who

have lived in Oklahoma. We are aware of some, like Marion Camp, Charlie Dulinsky, Dorothy Marchbank, Dick and Jean Van Wagenen, Ruby Nell Smith, Flora Phelps and Layne Beaty. Others? Come out of the closet, Okies. Too bad that Will Rogers and Sequoyah are not with us, except in the U.S. Capitol Statuary Hall.



With a newspaper family background in Missouri, Frances Elliott Parker went on to rack up service-connected recognitions and honors that would almost fill a page in Who's Who. Much of it concerns fund-raising for health organizations in southern Maryland and for the National Symphony Orchestra which, she said, afforded her the best satisfaction. Maybe, second place would go to "The Parker Pack Rats," a social and good works effort with neighborhood small children.



If keeping up with the Joneses is a factor here, the Martins are way ahead with seven to one accounted for. Plus a couple of MacMartins. The Smiths are right in there, though, with four on board. In the words of an eminent grammarian, Casey Stengel, "you could look it up."



Not many of us can afford the luxury of our personal workshop just a half-hour way, and an easy commute, but John Leitch can. He keeps a shedful of tools at his son's home in nearby Croom and goes daily to "play with his toys." (He's a "retired" civil engineer.)

## Collington Rates Tops with Taiwanese Visitors

Forty-two Taiwanese senior health officials studying at The Johns Hopkins University toured Collington early in March and put us at the top of their list of the many places they toured. Dr. Yuchi Young, a Taiwanese student who recently won her doctorate in Public Health at Hopkins, interned at Collington last year. Many remember her as a guest in Cottage 1002. It was Yuchi who recommended that the group tour her favorite CCRC.

Retirement communities like ours are virtually unknown in Taiwan. The centuries-long tradition of caring for the elderly in familial homes is collapsing as more and more women choose careers. Hence the visit to Collington was an eye-opener.

The visitors were especially pleased with their close personal contact with residents who volun-

teered to show them around. Lunch ranked high as did the useful discussions with Dr. Sandra Charles, President of Collington's Board of Directors, and Dr. Jeff Kelman, Medical Advisor.

At Yuchi's insistence, the tour ended with a visit to the Wood Shop, the Hilltop Garden and the Lake-in-progress.

After a full and challenging day, the visitors without hesitation gave Collington, a nine--several points above the leading contender.

Below: Ruth Dixon opens her Cottage to three visitors



Sisters ...

## Two Early Birds

by Betty Clark

"Brownie" (Irene) Ammann, Collington's very first resident, and Helen Brown Eisenhart, who with her husband Earl arrived here three months later, have followed different paths.

First, Brownie, with Dachshund Gus, moved into Cottage 1014 on April 19, 1988. For several days the pair of them were the only residents sleeping on

campus! Safety was provided nightly by a walkie-talkie through which help could be summoned. It was never needed.

With nostalgia Brownie recalls the house she designed and built on Collington Island in Albemarle Sound inside North Carolina's Outer Banks. Now one of her two sons lives in a one-time Ammann summer house in New York State. During their early years, the Brown sisters frequently moved, thanks their father's transfers within the Federal Reserve System.

Born in Minneapolis, Brownie traveled widely in the United States for American Airlines following the death of her first husband, Karl Ammann. Karl had patented the magnetronic "reservisor," an early automated system to replace the original hand-written method. One of Brownie's tasks was explaining to travel agencies that the new system needed, among other things, air conditioning.

In her extensive travels she visited Australia and New Zealand at one extreme of the map and Peru at the other. Trips included a 1964 big-game hunt in Nairobi followed by a hunt for Canadian bear a year later.

In Collington's pioneer days, Brownie was the loyal support of George Croft in operating the resident-run post office. Not a joiner by nature, Brownie helps her neighbors when needed and covers the "Front Desk" on a regular basis.

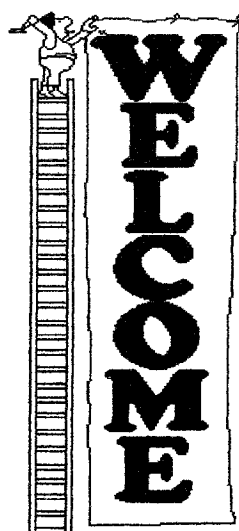
Helen, the oldest of the four Brown girls, was born in North Dakota and moved around the country with her family before coming to Washington to take a government job in 1941. During the War she served two years with the Red Cross in England.

Having majored in languages at Vassar Helen found compatible work as an editor and indexer for the Department of State.

After her marriage to Earl Eisenhart in 1948, she joined his Episcopal Church. She has enjoyed a distinguished career in that faith, becoming the first woman to be elected Senior Warden of St. Columba's Church in Washington, a position her husband had previously held. Not surprisingly, Helen served as President of the Episcopal Churchwomen of the Diocese.

While raising the couple's two children Helen worked out of her home doing free-lance indexing, largely for the Brookings Institute. She served as a trustee of the Virginia Theological Seminary, as Chairman of the Board of the ecumenical Alban Institute and managed to find time to do needlework, paint and play bridge.

During her Collington years in Cottage 2201, she chaired the Dining Committee and served on the Interfaith Chapel Committee. Most important of all, she was the first resident member to serve three years on Collington's Board of Directors.



The Collingtonian extends a warm welcome to these first arrivals in  
**The Class of 1995**

Elizabeth Heagy, who has moved into Apt. 129 from College Park.

Gertrude Abrams has come from Olney, Md. to Apt. 138

Louise J. Simpson comes from West Ridge, Md. to Apt. 304.

Maggie M. Thomas from Churchton, MD. to Apt. 329.

Dorothy Starr of Washington, D. C. to Apt. 236.

Elizabeth Wentworth from Ridgewood, N.J. to Apt. 209.

Two residents have abandoned their Cottages for the convenience of apartment living. They are:  
Elizabeth Rice from 1203 to Apt. 104  
Aileen Conkey from 2215 to Apt. 306.

## Accentuate the Positive by Layne Beaty

When the idea was first brainstormed the innovators proposed calling it "Caught in the Act," the act being benevolent and voluntary. But there was some feeling that the catchy title conveyed a negative concept. So, two of Collington's largest departments have now formalized ways to stimulate and recognize good deeds using other names.

Health Services has a "Quality Care Giver" button and Environmental Support Services has its "Super Job" button. Since the plan went into effect last fall an impressive galaxy of employees have been caught doing good beyond the immediate and official call of duty.

Judy Mutty, director of ESSD, says the whole thing was the brainchild of her colleague, Health Service Director Louise Blauvelt. Okay.

Says Ms. Blauvelt, "I guess it was just a motivational idea--getting caught in the act of doing something good was just a grabber and an attention-getter.

"For instance, being responsive and flexible. At a staff meeting someone steps forward and says 'I can come in and help you out on my day off.' This morning I had a call from a resident's wife who said 'I want to give kudos to a couple of people. My husband had a crisis last week and they were wonderful.' And she gives me their names and our activities director prints them up and we put them on the board."

"We have designed a little button that says 'Quality Care Giver.' And those people who are really exemplary, day after day and week after week, get to wear the button indefinitely and their

picture stays up on the bulletin board by the month."

Does it work? Judy Mutty says: "My impression is that the people who have gotten the badges have

maintained their quality of care and other people have come in and asked 'How do I get one of those?'

"A lot of our people, like house-keeping and security staff, are very visible and are always getting nice letters. But there are some folks who work very hard in the laundry and most people don't see them. We want to make sure we recognize their efforts, too.

"It's a way to recognize the behind-the-scenes people so if you were to say to me, 'Hey, you know that Wally did a neat job on the apartment roof,' but you didn't write a letter, it gives me a chance to tell Wally, 'Mr. Blank says you did a super job.'

"We pin them, they wear the button for a couple of weeks and we make out a little form that goes into their personnel folder that says 'You were caught doing a good job.' Anyone can report--resident, visitor, co-worker, supervisor, anyone."

Some of the names on the Quality Care Board recently were Lillian Blake, Esther Wilson and Ted Wilson (for finding Harriet Shepardson's long missing undershirts).

And on the Super Job Button Board: Pauline Wallace, Carver Julien, Reed Harris and Jason Felder.

Now, who was the cynic who said "Let no good deed go unpunished."?



Quality  
Care  
Giver



Cats!



Acting with prescience and faith, Anne Sprenger named the new kitten Pearl. She was a waif, rescued from a storm drain, and Anne took her in to share Cottage 1212. The kitten is now about four months old.

Anne says: "Pearl is many shades of grey. She's very smart. She loves TV. And grapefruit. She climbs her scratching post. She digs up the potted geraniums. But at night she cuddles up in bed with me, and all is forgiven. She is truly a Pearl."



Pearl

## Hippopotami!

The strain of the shag end of even a mild winter got to some of our more susceptible neighbors whose nerves were set aquiver by the contemplative gaze of the hippopotamus on the wall of the Clock Tower entrance.

They were driven to seek solace in poetry, one an original by a Collingto resident. Here goes:

To Mildren Barnes a day without a kittycat is a day without sunshine. So, having lost a venerated pet, Mildred was quick to respond to a call from Helen Jenkins seeking a home for her Booty. Helen was moving from Apt. 209 to a room on Level 1.

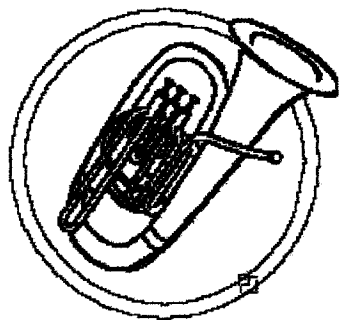
Her daughter, Pamela Licht, had come all the way from Moldava, a former Republic in the Soviet Union now an independent country, to help her mother. Since Pamela's husband is posted to the American Embassy in Moldava, taking the cat was out of the question for her.

Mildred and Booty met, it was love at first sight and Kitty made a wrong-way Corrigan kind of trip from Apartment to Cottage. And then, unfortunately, Mildred took a spill and also wound up in a room in Creighton Center. Pet Nanny is temporarily taking care of Franci, Mildred's name for kitty. We hope to write a happy ending to this tale very soon.

~~~~~  
"I'd rather swim with a Human topless  
Than with the species Hippobottomless."  
(Anon.)

"Behold the hippopotamus!  
We laugh at how he looks to us.  
And yet in moments dank and grim  
I wonder how we look to him.  
Peace, peace thou hippopotamus!  
We really look all right to us,  
As you no doubt delight the eye  
Of other hippopotami." Ogden Nash

T. S. Eliot, too, has written a long epistemological poem about the Hippo. After what happened to his poems about cats, who knows? We may one day see HIPPOPOTAMUS! on Broadway.



## Prelude to Spring

by Emily Abouchar

To help us through the doldrums brought on by the last blast of winter's cold and rain, the Music Committee and the Drama Committee provided us with three performances all different in style and content, to cheer us up. First, on March 3 was a program titled "Art Songs and Arias" sung by Lynette Tapia, a 21-year old dramatic soprano, accompanied by Doleen Marie Hughes-Zdunek, both outstanding musicians and totally engaging personalities. The first half of the program consisted of two groups of songs, one by Joaquin Turina (1881-1949), Spanish, based on folkloric songs with a Spanish flavor. The second, "Chansons de Jeunesse" by Debussy (1862-1918) provided a sharply contrasting style with its delicacy and modal harmonies. Both were delightful, not only due to the appealing quality of Lynette's clear voice but to the sensitive rapport between singer and piano. Both voice and piano handled the change of mood and style with a panache that belied their age.

Next came another group of songs by Richard Strauss (1864-1949) blending his 19th century elegance and romanticism with early 20th century experimentation in dissonance and scales. These were mood songs for which Strauss is justly famous. To their everlasting credit these two young artists splendidly rendered the mood and poetry of Strauss.

The two songs by Samuel Barber that

followed were performed with touching tenderness and understanding by both Lynette and Doleen. But it was the final brilliant coloratura aria from "Candide" by Leonard Bernstein where Lynette Tapia demonstrated her dramatic talent as well as her virtuosity. Her strong, clear notes were a delight. With sparkling eyes and engaging smile, she was captivating. In time, she promises to become a star of the operatic world. Brava.

**The next night**, thanks to the Drama Committee, back came the wonderful mime, Mark Jester, this time with an equally engaging partner, also a talented mime and musician. It was such fun. They are real professionals both as mimes and musicians. The audience loved them, laughing both at their antics and touched by their skills. As always it was the musical saw that stole the show. Another Bravo!

**And then** on March 8, came the Rockville Community Brass Band, also for a return engagement and with Ellen Jay, daughter of Hilda and John Jay, still playing her alto horn. This time it was a program of classical music, the kind of program that the famed Canadian Brass group plays so well. There is something irresistible about a band--the gleaming instruments, the drums that crash or purr, and the sweet tones of various horns combine into a feast for the eyes as well as the ears. As the famous Irish ditty says, "This is simply grand!" It was a cheerful audience of residents who all went home happily humming. Another Bravo! Sure enough, a beautiful spring sun finally shone on us.



## Attacking a Garden Villain

by Edward Behr

An nasty little insect has infested some Collington gardens and is provoking a counterattack by determined researchers. Their efforts should help beautify our campus.

The villain is the azalea lacebug, which often attacks the Washington area's prized azalea bushes. This gauze-winged bug, one-eighth-inch long, sucks sap from the underside of leaves and deposits a tarlike excrement on them. The leaves become speckled and blotched and turn yellow.

John Neal, an entomologist at the nearby Agricultural Research Center (and a friend of Jane and Malcolm Wall), noticed some pitiful-looking azaleas here and organized the counterattack. This is a research project seeking to determine how available moisture affects the development of the lacebug. These prolific insects produce four or five generations of offspring per season. If their eggs could be eliminated, the bugs could no longer multiply. The time of the plant-watering is crucial.

To gather needed evidence, a research assistant, Rose Haldemann, comes to Collington once a week and collects leaf samples from eight plants located in the 1000, 1100 and 1200 Clusters. (She has been surprised to discover active lacebugs even in January.) She takes them to the lab and measures the weight of the leaf both wet and dry. She also measures the weight of the egg, in order to find the relationship of the moisture to the egg.

The project will continue until next winter and will then produce conclusions about the best time to water azaleas. The news will come to Collington and will simultaneously benefit the administration, the residents and the Brickman landscaping company that serves us.

"It's a win-win-win situation," says Kevin Shaver, Collington's landscape coordinator.



### **Chair for the Recreation Committee.**

#### **Flower Arrangers.**

Jim Reilly, after serving five years as Chair of the Recreation Committee steps down at the end of March. Bridge, ping-pong, and a host of other activities are imperiled. Jim says his two assistants will prove a big help to his successor. Volunteers are sought by Doyen Klein, Committee Registrar. Call him at home, Ext. 7574, or in the Residents Association Office, Ext. 2214.



New and not so new residents are invited to join the Committee which does so much to keep Collington beautiful--the Flower Arrangers. Mainstays of the group are Penny Vickery, Eleanor Clark and Margaret Werts who have been on the job since time began. They would be happy to teach newcomers some of the tricks of the trade. If you have always wanted to make flower arrangements but were unsure of yourself, join this group of dedicated women whose arrangements of fresh flowers give us all so much enjoyment. You will be glad you did.





## **Tanya Luckiene-Aldag, Photographer**

**by Tom Street**

Admirers of the striking photographs of exotically handsome young women lighting up our east wing Courtyard gallery may be curious to know something about the photographer. She is our own Tanya, companion to Irene Heppner on Level 1, native of Lithuania, survivor of adversity. The Luckiene in her name comes from her first husband, Vitas Luckus, a photo-journalist who taught Tanya much of her art.

When she was 15, her family moved from a small town in Lithuania to Vilnius, the capital, partly because her parents wanted to give her better educational opportunities. She graduated as a registered nurse from a medical college there.

After perestroika began in 1987 and Lithuanian strivings for independence from the Soviet Union became evident, her husband was harassed by the KGB. They lived in terror of the knock on the door in the night. This ended with his death eight years ago.

It was then that she started her second profession, photography, doing portraits of fashion models, actresses, entrants in the 1990 Miss Photo contest. Some of these are in our exhibit. She also made portraits of public figures such as President Landsberger and Prime Minister Prunskiene.

Then Tanya received an invitation from Michigan State to exhibit her husband's work. She brought the show to the United States in April 1991 and traveled around the country with it. After a quick trip home to pick up her daughter, Tanya returned. Not knowing

where to find work she called an American diplomat she had met and he arranged for a job in Washington at a Russian shop in Union Station selling souvenirs. After taking a Nursing Assistant class she started working in a nursing home.

Goaded by the memory of her husband, she left the job to work on a book of his photographs, working in her own home laboratory virtually around the clock. In early 1994 she went to Holland to present the book, "Vitas Luckus, the Hard Way," to a publisher there and then took it on tour, signing copies.

Returning to Washington she called an agency about private nursing jobs--and here she is. She and her second husband live with her daughter in Glen Dale. She is working on another book of her first husband's photographs showing earlier, happier times, and wants to make a movie. Right on, Tanya.

## **Bowie High School Takes on a Challenge**

Bowie High School students are about to raise the curtain on a musical production, Metropolis. This show has never been performed on the East Coast. London has seen it. So has Chicago. But not New York.

A history-making silent film from 1927, Metropolis was adapted as a musical comedy by composer Joe Brooks. When his agent heard a high school wanted permission to produce the show, he was skeptical. But after seeing video tapes of the students' work, he changed his mind and even cut the price.

A trip to see Metropolis has been laid on by our Travel Committee. Go.



# Meals on Wheels



by Conna Shaw

The very name catches one's fancy. What meals? What wheels? The mission is simple, but the organization behind it staggers the imagination. To find out the details, I went to see Marian Jenkins in Cottage 1217 who has been Treasurer of the local unit since 1974, when she and her housemate Lorna Hansen lived in nearby Cheverly.

To illustrate the service and the need, Marian told me this anecdote:

"Just yesterday a woman called our Meals on Wheels office asking that food be brought to her on that day. She had just been released from the hospital and had no food in the house and no one to get it or fix it for her.

"Unfortunately, we were not able to process her request immediately, but today she has been placed on a route and from now on will receive her two meals daily. For this service she will pay \$3.25 a day for a hot nutritious dinner and a bag lunch for supper containing milk, a sandwich, salad and a dessert."

Marian explains that clients are advised to keep food on hand for weekends when there is no delivery. "Of course," Marian adds, "we always need drivers to help deliver the food. New volunteers are constantly recruited because substitutes are needed in case a regular driver is away or has an illness or other emergency.

"In our unit, which serves the area from Cottage City to Bowie, there are five routes. Each route needs two volunteers per day. Five days, five routes, a

team of two: it adds up to 50 people to cover all deliveries each week. One volunteer drives and the other takes the meals in to the client. A team delivers as many as 12 meals per day, and is usually finished in an hour and a half." Marian, who does not deliver meals, oversees the operation of the route for which she is responsible. On Mondays she stays in the Meals on Wheels office until the drivers return with the fees they have collected.

The food is prepared in the Prince George's Hospital and the hot meals are carried in an electrically heated box.

While the food is of paramount importance, the daily contact with another person is a vital part of the service for shut-ins. If a volunteer delivering a meal rings and no one answers, he or she makes a friendly entrance. On one occasion, a Meals on Wheels server walked in on an emergency and called an ambulance for the client.

Fannie Johnson and her late husband Brad were involved with the Meals on Wheels Program in Prince George's County from the beginning. Thirteen other volunteers from Collington participate in the program.

Another group of Collingtonians-- Roger Dixon and Jean and Franklin Newhall--works with a program operated out of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington. Meals are prepared in the church kitchen and delivered to addresses in the District ranging from Massachusetts Avenue to the Adams-Morgan neighborhood.

## A Cash Crunch

I Fractured my Pelvis in Paris  
Part 2--by Edna Lingreen

(In Part 1 Edna explained how she fell at De Gaulle Airport, fracturing her pelvis and described the care she received in two French hospitals.)

When Dr. Olivier, my orthopedic surgeon at the American Hospital, came to give me his medical report to carry home with me, as well as pain pills to see me through the long journey home, I reminded him that I had not yet received a statement of his charges. There would be no charge, he replied. I was astonished. He had come to see me every day, including Sundays.

"Are you serious?" I blurted out.

"Of course," he answered. "I'm a surgeon and I performed no surgery."

Sixteen gruelling hours followed my discharge from the American Hospital. There was the ambulance ride to De Gaulle Airport, a long wait to board the plane sitting in a wheelchair, eight hours in an Air France plane seat, and then the ambulance trip from Dulles to Collington.

Even though the Creighton Center had been notified I was coming, the staff took a while to decide where to put me. But it all worked out. I spent two weeks in Level One recuperating.

Did I have money worries? Yes, I did! I had no travel insurance. I wonder now if it would have given me immediate cash if I had bought it. I had taken only a few hundred dollars with me. This was a prepaid trip so I expected my needs for cash to be confined to an occasional meal out and a few small purchases.

I couldn't remember the limit on my Visa card--in no event would it be adequate to cover a lengthy hospital

stay. And since I hadn't brought my check book and couldn't remember my account number, I couldn't even try wiring the bank for money. When I finally decided to wire my niece to send money--which involved figuring out the French long distance system--the hospital office said it would take six days for funds to clear and my plans called for me to leave before that.

I decided to hope it would all work out--and it did. I could pay Gonesse Hospital by credit card. I could also pay additional charges at the American Hospital, of which some 60% were covered by Blue Cross/Blue Shield.

Ambulances, however, want cash. The three trips totalled \$810. I arrived home with just a few dollar bills in my wallet.

Smithsonian reimbursed me for the unused hotel room and air travel and pre-paid admissions fees.

I received partial reimbursement from insurance for ambulances and the Gonesse hospital.

In retrospect, I have been unbelievably fortunate: I have total physical recovery from the fractures and I had a "vacation" that will always stand out in my travel memory bank.

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## The Collington Papers

Newcomers and others who have asked about the source of the name "Collington" may be interested to examine a forthcoming issue of the Journal of the Maryland Historical Society. In it Prof. Henry Guller, a retired member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, reports on the finding of the letters and journals of an early settler of this region, Col. William Collington, whose family undoubtedly gave its name to this area. Prof. Guller, a classmate of a Collington resident, has sent his friend a copy of his article.

Col. Collington regularly sent long letters to his son who was living in London and he reported to him the details of life in the "colonies" in the early eighteen hundreds. The letters will become an invaluable source for historians of the region. As a loyal member of the Church of England he attended the newly established St. Barnabas Church and wrote approvingly of the rector, "a fine and vigorous man who never preaches over an hour . . ." There was good hunting in the vast expanses of woodland around his home, and he describes in mouthwatering detail the feasts enjoyed by his family.

But the most surprising of Col. Collington's letters are those that describe his plan to establish on his estate "a colledge for the instruction and goode learning of the citizens of these colonies." (Prof. Guller reminds us, in a footnote, that the founding of the College of William and Mary in 1693 had probably influenced Col. Collington.) The

special intention of Col. Collington's "colledge," however, was to provide for the education of *adults* and it is this which makes his proposal of unusual interest to Collington. For he was by no means an orthodox educator. He describes his college as having in its curriculum field trips to nearby places of interest, an academic activity unheard of in those days, and opportunities for training in crafts such as ceramics, woodcraft, and basket making. For the entertainment of the students there would be concerts and lectures by distinguished visitors.

And as one who took seriously the delights of his own table, he insisted "that when they gather in hall there be eatings noble and savourey, for the furtheringe of good learning and the advancement of goode cheere." And as a further example of the revolutionary quality of his thinking Col. Collington planned to place the governance of the college entirely into the hands of the students, "for they be of advanced years and proved abilities and of sufficient wisdom to order their own affaires." It was this last part of his proposal that may have been his undoing, for the Governor of the Colony, as he sadly wrote to his son, "forbade this entire scheme as subversive to Christian ideals of order and propriety."

Col. Collington died at the advanced age of fifty five. His last letter is dated April 1, 1723.

Prof. Guller is to be commended for bringing this new information to our attention, as an important addition to our understanding of the meaning of "Collington." We recommend that you read his article if you can find a copy.

Clem Welch