

The

Collingtonian

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News & Views

Ken Muldoon -- Mr. Hospitality

by Margaret Werts

"Ken Muldoon's coming to Collington was the best thing that ever happened to it," a resident once said to me.

Ken arrived in August 1989, recently bereaved of his wife of 53 years, lonely, and in need of solace. He found it in abundance. In January 1990, he was elected Chair of the Hospitality Committee. "I wanted to develop a more active program for welcoming new arrivals," Ken says. Later he provided for visits to newcomers to level one of the Health Care Center, as it began to fill up.

He struggled to keep the monthly birthday parties alive when they were jeopardized by resistance from some residents. "I thought it was important for people in the Health Care Center and others who weren't able to get around easily to be able to get into a party atmosphere once in a while," Ken says. His perseverance kept the parties alive. Most housing units pitch in when their

turn comes around, and the Hospitality Committee picks up the slack for units which don't participate.



The Halloween party for staff and residents along with their children and grandchildren has proved to be a smashing success. "I love these parties," Ken says enthusiastically. "You can just look at the kids' faces and tell they are having a wonderful time. And I am always

impressed with their behavior. I've never seen a single one out of line."

The Christmas party has kept growing. In 1992 it expanded to include the staff; it spread out over the entire Courtyard level of the Creighton Center. Bars and buffet tables sprang up everywhere, with carol singing in the Auditorium.

For those without the stamina to stay up late for the dinner dance on New Year's Eve--a very popular event with many residents and staff members--there is a celebration on New Year's Day (see p. 3).

Another innovation has been the monthly tea parties held in the Health Care Center (see Col. 2). The committee also arranges for photographs of all special events and the pictures are placed in albums in the Library.

Among Ken's indispensable helpers were Jane Klein (Christmas parties), Mary MacMartin (Halloween and early New Year's Eve parties), Elizabeth Howell and Elizabeth Hutchinson (Col. 2), Dorothy Brickhouse (birthday parties) and Doyen Klein (New Year's Eve parties).

Ken has a resonant bass-baritone which he contributes to birthday parties as well as concerts of the Collington Singers. "The Singers are a wonderful group of people who produce a great sound--considering the small alterations that age brings to our voices," Ken says.

Of the many roles he has played with gusto in productions of the Collington Players (formerly the Drama Group), Ken's favorite is a Talent Night reading of a scene from The Taming of the Shrew with the late, terrifying and irascible Clara Councill. His most recent was Mr. Hardcastle in She Stoops to Conquer.

Now chair of the MaCCRA legislative committee, Vice Chair of the Drama Committee, as well as a member of the Music, Recreation and Chapel Committees, Ken is also a frequent visitor to the Health Care Center.

While he no longer heads the Hospitality Committee, Ken is a one-man welcoming committee, as anyone who has watched him "work" the Dining Room can attest.

Those Two Elizabeths

Happy guests are the measure of a good party. Elizabeth Howell and Elizabeth Hutchinson specialize in happy guests. Their tea parties in the Health Care Center--on Levels 1 and 2--are famous.

On an afternoon in mid-November a group of residents of Level 1 came out to the "parlor," were helped to chairs, and were served tea and cookies. The cookies were delicious; the tea was hot. There was lemon and cream. This was an Elizabeth Howell party. Hospitality Committee members dropped by to chat with Level I guests, catching up with old friends temporarily out of circulation. It was a thoroughly congenial gathering.

Elizabeth Hutchinson is hostess at tea parties on Level II where conversation does not flow so readily, but where music is a great catalyst. Smiles appear, cookies disappear, and Elizabeth Hutchinson, who likes to bring candlesticks and candles and add other fancy touches, beams approval.

The two Elizabeths enjoy these opportunities to put a little spice into the lives of convalescents and shut-ins. They have a good time, too.

"But," they say, "help from the rest of the Community in the form of cookies or other finger food would be most welcome." Frequently the hostesses serve surplus cookies from big "do's" like the Halloween party which they have taken home and frozen for just such an occasion.

There are many Collingtonians who delight in baking up a batch of cookies

when the need arises. At these teas the demand for refreshments is modest--a plate full of cucumber sandwiches, a few brownies, or a dozen sugar cookies. The next time you see a notice in the Courier about a tea party on Level I or Level II, you will now know what the occasion is. And you might just drop by with your offering and visit for a few minutes.

Happy 1994!

Both Elizabeths remind us that they will also play hostesses at the New Year's Day party, where the popcorn popper is a popular feature. The party is held on New Year's Day afternoon in the Auditorium. Juice and sodas are served, too. Next year--in 1994--we'll have live music from an accordion player.

Larry Harris Says "Au revoir" to Collington's Board

by Frances Kolarek

Disbelief and denial are common reactions to the news that Larry Harris has retired from Collington's Board of Directors. In at the beginning, the Reverend Lawrence Harris, Rector of St. Barnabas' Church, Leeland, has been a familiar figure in Collington's halls ever since Collington had halls.

Now, however, he has served his allotted number of terms, and more. Six of Collington's Board members come from the Diocese of Washington and three each from Episcopal churches and congregations in Prince George's County. Larry Harris served two terms representing St. Barnabas' and one additional year "plugging up a hole," as he puts it, representing a church which accepted him as the third member from its own congregation.

These have been extremely busy years; yet he never seems hurried or harried. As Rector of St. Barnabas' he conducts three services each Sunday morning. He is often his own secretary and his own administrative staff.

Recalling his many years helping to launch Collington, he says: "We were just a 'rookie' board. We had no set place to meet. No money. We had no experience

in organizing a life care community. We depended heavily on the help of John Evans of the Diocesan Social Ministries, who was lent to us by the Diocese. And as we solved our problems, we learned so much."

Is it difficult to find people to serve on our Board--men and women with the dedication, the time and the energy the job demands? "People want to serve," he explains. "It is tremendously rewarding to have a part in a project like Collington. And you learn so much."

Fortunately, Larry Harris has a number of parishioners who live at Collington and we will continue to see him as he visits them. Then, too, his son, Reed is a member of our Environmental Services staff. Mrs. Harris teaches mathematics at Queen Anne's School, next door to St. Barnabas' Church. Now that Collington's Board will not be claiming his time, Larry Harris has rejoined the Queen Anne's faculty. "I'm teaching a course for eighth graders on the Fundamentals of Religious Thought. Not just the Christian religion but all the great religions of the world," he explains, glowing with enthusiasm. You know they are going to learn "so much."

Fall's Concerts: a Rich Harvest

by Emily Abouchar

The Music Committee produced a rich harvest for us, thanks to the inspired leadership of Newton Blakeslee, Chair. It began on September 26 with a gem for music lovers. A classical flute and guitar duo, the **Duo Dolce**, gave us a varied program ranging from 17th to 20th century music. Jeffrey Cleveland, flute, and Jim Harrell, guitar, are both faculty members at Catonsville Community College. Both are sensitive musicians and skillful performers, and both love their instruments. It was a rare opportunity to hear these delicate instruments as solo performers, rarer still to hear them as a duo. It was a delight, though the listener had to listen carefully to savor the fragile nuances and delicate shading.

Evan Drachman, a great Collington favorite who has played for us on a number of occasions, is the grandson of the late Russian-American cellist Gregor Piatigorsky. Evan inherited the Maestro's cello, and has played it here in concert. To his most recent appearance, however, Evan brought a "new" cello.

How do you shop for a superb, unique cello? The sale of such a rare instrument takes place perhaps once in ten years, Drachman's agent says. And chance plays a role. Evan had taken one of his instruments to a New York shop for repairs. As he was leaving, the proprietor mentioned that he had recently been brought an extraordinary cello and urged Evan to try it. After playing the cello for an hour he "fell in

love with it." The "new" cello was built in Italy in 1721 by Dominico Montagnana.

The October 29 concert paired Drachman and Gerald Robbins, pianist. They made a perfect combination, complementing each other both musically and personally. Drachman has lost none of his charm, but in addition has acquired a maturity of interpretation that is very promising for his future.

Gerald Robbins is his opposite, diffident where Evan is outgoing, but a match for Evan musically. The opening number, Rachmaninoff's Sonata in G. Minor, is a true showpiece, fiendishly difficult, lush in its colorful harmonics and intricate rhythm and romantic in mood. Robbins was splendid.

Then came a solo by Evan Drachman at his best, which is very good indeed, of Kol Nidre, a traditional song sung at the Jewish service on the eve of Yom Kippur. Literally a prayer for forgiveness, Evan poured his heart and soul into his playing. Moreover, the mellow, warm quality of his new cello enhanced the pleading quality of the music, itself.

The program ended with a piece by Lucas Foss, a "Capriccio" written expressly for a performance in Asia as an illustration of American musical themes. It was a stunning finale. We look forward to an early return of these two gifted musicians.

The Singing Cedars, a 14-member orchestra with a male chorus, specialize in the music of The Forties. They were a great favorite, harking back to days well-remembered and much-loved. The audience was almost dancing in the aisles.

But the surprise of the month was a

piano recital by an eighteen-year old student, **Andrew Ataras**, who has studied only three years with Billie Rash, a well-known teacher. He showed a stunning technique in a program including Chopin, Bach, Schubert, Debussy, Beethoven and Rachmaninoff, all played from memory. Quite a performance for an inexperienced pianist. A promising future lies ahead of him.



Who's New? Ardyce Asire

by Margo Labovitz

You know that pleasant, friendly young-looking new resident--the one who knows you and remembers your name? Before even unpacking her books she has been teaching an exercise class and presiding over the bingo game on Level II in the Creighton Center as well as sampling Collington committees and activities. Her name is Ardyce Asire (pronounced A-Sire--a Kingly sire).

Ardyce came to Collington from Bethesda. She recently retired from the National Institutes of Health where she was a medical statistician, after which she managed the Montgomery County Senior Center for Frail Adults. She had not intended to come to Collington quite yet but her house sold suddenly, so here she is. She is thankful not to have to maintain the house and so to have more energy to travel and make contacts with people.

Ardyce especially likes Collington's ecumenical policy. Although herself an Episcopalian, she enjoys living here with the people of many faiths and of "little faith."

Scamp: A Well-Named Pup

When Scamp checked into Collington last August at four and one-half pounds, he was a tiny, curly black whirlwind of a poodle who brought chaos to once-tidy Cottage 3118. Today he is a sleek, well-groomed silver-gray, seven-pound whirlwind who just turned six months.

"The vet says puppies have two speeds--100 miles an hour or dead still," Virginia Conley says. "He is so right." Scamp's only forward speed is a frantic dash. When his batteries run down, he curls up in the back of a bedroom closet and does not stir until they are recharged.



Photo by M.E. Wallen

He gets two walks a day with Iladene Filer who goes the full route around Collington. "Without his exercise he is restless at night; with it, he snuggles down and doesn't stir until daylight," she says.

With his friendly, curious approach Scamp brings a smile to everyone passing through the Cluster.

Wow! What a Weekend!

From the music of the fifteen treble voices of the Cathedral Boys Choir singing Happy Birthday to Collington on Friday morning, November 12, to the trumpet fanfares of Sunday afternoon, our Fifth Birthday celebration was a resounding success.

Bishop Haines in his Sunday afternoon talk spoke again and again of the "story of Collington," and how its repetition reinforces our history and our identity. He wove into his remarks the threads of Judaism, citing the gift of land from Homer Gudelsky, our Black Heritage, citing the role of the late Bishop Walker, and our Christian tradition reflected in the role of the Episcopal church in "launching a vision into implementation to create a community open to all."

Parris Glendenning, Prince George's County Executive and Maryland gubernatorial candidate, spoke with pride of the role Prince George's County had played in our history as he entertained us with humorous stories.

Residents who had feasted earlier at the sumptuous brunch were further tempted by the canapes and other delicacies at the reception that followed.

Saturday's tours brought out dozens of potential residents who visited the cottages and apartments where residents held open house. Their response was overwhelming. "One couple of fifty-five insisted on joining the list of those interested in moving to Collington," Kathryn Brod said. "They had seen enough to convince them that Collington was their future and a ten-year wait seemed reasonable." F.K.

Reflections on our Fifth Anniversary

by Gail L. Kohn, Executive Director

At our dedication in 1988, I observed that Collington was already a community--not just buildings and the beginnings of the beautiful campus we have now--but people: the residents, Board and staff working together. I knew even then that we had created something special.

Five years ago Collington was much admired by experts who study and work with continuing care retirement communities throughout the country. Collington's diversity was, and is, unusual. Already established were the mechanisms that allow the Residents Association, staff and Board of Directors to work together for excellence. It was our commitment to diversity and the way in which we worked together that attracted the attention and respect of professionals in the field.

The experts were right. Five years later we have been recognized nationwide as outstanding. Visitors come to see and study the results. In addition, consumers like what they see; consequently, Collington has a waiting list with many who are ready to move in as soon as possible.

The five year anniversary was an opportunity for us to celebrate our success and to receive recognition from others. We all enjoyed it. I hope you were proud, as I was, because we are dedicated to living the dream in our Statement of Philosophy and Purpose as the years go by, just as we have been in the past.

Castor Oil and Cupping

by Jack Fisher

When we were kids Papa's all-purpose Rx for what ailed you was castor oil. For him most illness was digestive in origin. You ate bad food. Or too much. The cure was a purge. And castor oil had the double merits of being low in cost and effective. It did not require a prescription. And a twenty-five cent bottle was a year's supply.

When I had a stomach upset the thing I feared most was the castor oil cure. The stuff tasted awful. Wherever I hid--in the clothes closet or under the bed--Papa always managed to find me. He would drag me from my hiding place, set me on his knees, and with his left hand holding my squirming body down, he would force a tablespoon of the awful stuff between my clenched teeth. Struggling was in vain. Papa would not let me go until the castor oil was swallowed. Half, or more, was spilled. There was always castor oil all over my face and Papa's pants.

The cure administered, Papa relaxed his grip and I stumbled to my feet, my eyes full of tears. Mama took me in her arms, dried my lips and cheeks with a dish towel and gave me a buttered roll to console me.

Although Papa believed in the universality of the castor oil treatment, there were times when he thought cupping was indicated. Cupping, I later learned from reading about it, is an ancient procedure based on the theory

that illness is caused by the presence of "ill humors" in the blood, "humor" that could be drawn out by bleeding the patient or by cupping him.

Let me describe one cupping session I witnessed as a child. The cupper, an immigrant from the old country, like my father, certainly not an M.D., would come to our flat by appointment. He was a small, nondescript man with gray hair and a very serious look on his pale face. Papa would lie face down on the bed, shirt and undershirt off, his skin pale in contrast with his weather-beaten face. The cupper, in the manner of a surgeon, had laid out his devices on the bureau top: two or three dozen small glass cups about the size of custard cups, a bottle of alcohol, and a roll of surgical cotton from which he plucked a dozen or more wads which he rolled into small balls.

Holding a ball between thumb and forefinger, the cupper struck a match and lit the ball, which burned with a blue flame. The ball was tucked deftly into the glass cup and the cup positioned, bottom side up, on Papa's back. The blue flame flickered for a second or two, then expired as it exhausted the air in the cup. The vacuum created raised the skin under the cup but did not induce bleeding. Working rapidly and with care, the cupper lit all the cups--12, 18 or 24, depending on the number agreed upon in advance.

TAKING CARE of YOURSELF

by Debbie Titus-Baker

The entire procedure took half-an-hour at the most, since no sooner was the last cup in place than the cupper turned his attention to the first, which by now had lost its vacuum and could easily be removed. The cupper disposed of the partly burned cotton in a paper bag and dropped his cups into his leather bag. In five minutes, cups, alcohol, and matches were stowed away.

Now came the time for the final transaction--payment. Papa, still on his stomach, reached under the pillow and fished out his purse, the one with the small brass mouth and the large leather stomach. From the purse he took a quarter. "No," said the cupper, "fifty cents." In the argument that followed Papa insisted the cupper had agreed to a quarter. "For twelve cups, not eighteen," said the cupper. Compromise was reached--thirty-five cents.

Papa would remain on his stomach for 20 to 30 minutes. Then he would rise, make himself two glasses of boiling hot tea, and declare himself a new man. Some of the cure derived from the fact that a doctor charged at least a dollar to cure whatever ailed you. And Papa had got his cure for 35 cents.

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Editor:

Frances Kolarek

Staff:

Emily Abouchar, Betty Clark, Jacob Fisher, Mary C. MacLean, and M. E. Wallen

Associate Editors:

Ed Behr, Jane Wall
and Margaret Werts

Production & Distribution:

Anna Dougherty, John Jay,
and Marian Jenkins

Congratulations and thanks to all our residents who turned out for the Clinic Affair. Of the 344 eligible, 86 percent participated. (Residents in hospitals or in health care were excluded from our numbers.)

That was up 13 percent over 1992, when fewer than three-fourths participated.

In general, your comments were favorable and for this response we thank you, too. Unfavorable comments will be taken into account in our planning for next year. Incidentally, the 1994 event will have a new name: Annual Medical Checkup.

Your responses to questions gave us some interesting statistical insights. For instance, according to residents' own accounting, each of you takes an average of three to four medicines. As we collate the information gathered, we will report further interesting facts in later columns.

Participants seemed to enjoy meeting members of the staff whom they had not met before. And the refreshment room was often filled with chatting groups, having a pleasant time.

Thanks, again, Collington, for helping us help you Take Care of Yourself.

Survivors

by Caroline Farquhar

"In Washington, we are forever casting off threadbare garments for new, making room for great governmental structures or clearing away rubbish to make more and bigger parks or plazas or boulevards. We are doing over or blotting out certain public buildings, notably those *grotesque piles* (1) the _____ building, and (2) the _____ building."

Can you fill in the blanks? Some clues:

Both have been visited on Collington bus trips.

Both have at some time been dubbed "architectural monstrosities."

The authors of a slim Washington sketch book published in 1932 (only 61 years ago, I remind myself), continue:

"Building Number 1 some day will have its face lifted, its superstructure levelled and its name changed. Its exterior--a composite of 'all the different types of architecture known to man,' to quote President Hoover--will be stripped."

"Building No. 2 has been condemned to death."

I can distinctly remember that whenever we drove past Building No. 1 in our Model T, we kids chimed in: "What a dumb building, sure is ugly," certainly echoing the expressed opinion of our elders.

Number 2 was the object of heated controversy throughout The Thirties: "Tear the monstrosity down!" "No. Our heritage must stand!"

Building No. 1 stands in Second Empire Victorian splendor, the Old Executive Office Building, née the State, War

and Navy Building. It has been cleaned outside and gloriously restored inside thanks to the Depression which blocked funds to strip its "classical facade."

Building No. 2 is the Pavilion, officially titled the Nancy Hanks Center after the former chair of the National Endowment for the Arts, who was so instrumental in the late Sixties in saving it from demolition. We give you: The Old Post Office Building.

(More similar excursions in future Collingtonians.)



Chuckle of the Month

(From the New York Times)

Dr. L. F., father of a son and daughter in their twenties, writes that he has formulated the following answering-machine message to respond to calls from "grown" offspring:

"If you require financial assistance, PRESS ONE.

"If you are in an emotional turmoil over an impending breakup with a romantic partner and require a few hours of sympathetic discussion, PRESS TWO.

"If you are being treated unfairly at work or school and wish to displace your anger to a nuclear-family member, PRESS THREE.

"If your car or household appliances need immediate repair or replacement, PRESS FOUR.

"If you are telephoning to inquire about our well-being or to pass a few moments of pleasant topical conversation, please check the number you intended to dial."

Goodbye to the Villain in the Garden

by Ed Behr

Cold weather, spotty though it has been, has brought Collington gardeners a welcome respite from the depredations of a particular pest, the slug.

Scientists call this creature a terrestrial gastropod mollusk; gardeners use much nastier words. By any name, it is a soft slimy animal, dark in color, a few inches long and over half an inch wide at full size. It can be described as an overgrown worm or a snail without a shell. Like the snail, the slug has tiny horns. It lives on and under the ground and feeds on plants.

This was a big year for slugs. They seemed to grow to unusual size and they appeared more aggressive than normal. A few climbed up cottage walls and screen doors. One actually invaded a living room. And, as usual, the slugs chewed up the leaves of some valued plants, notably primroses.

What can be done to thwart these little monsters? One rather kind and gentle approach is the beer strategy. Set out in the garden one or more shallow dishes or pans filled with beer. Overnight the beer-loving slugs will flock into each dish and drown.

But this seems like a prodigal use of good beer. A more direct way is to attack the offenders with a chemical spray, Raid or something like it. This should work if continued long enough. It did succeed in dispatching the living-room invader. For those who prefer to

avoid using chemical poisons, there is yet another tactic, admittedly not for the squeamish. Simply take a sharp pair of pruning shears and squeeze the slug between the blades. Death is instant, and so is the feeling that the offender has met its just reward.

To most of us there is nothing funny about slugs. But some writers have tried to extract a little humor from the subject nonetheless. In a book simply titled "Slugs," one David Greenberg has suggested in facetious rhyme that there may actually be good uses for slugs. They are, he writes:

“Excellent for bookmarks,
For polishing antiques,
They’re comfortable as ear plugs,
And great for patching leaks.”

High Tech in the Low Thirties

Peg Chatten, going through old papers, came upon a 1933 press release written by her late husband, Louis, after he had put a MOTOSET car radio to the test in the “mountain regions of Pennsylvania.”

“Not once,” he wrote, “in spite of zero weather and blinding snowstorms was I out of touch with broadcasting centers.” Out in the storm, Lou Chatten gave his new product an acid test. “It should be remembered that many sections of mountainous country offer the same resistance to reception that tall buildings do,” he wrote. Mineral deposits in mountains were also a hazard, but the MOTOSET prevailed.

And, Lou noted, auto makers were beginning to catch on and provide space for this new “option.” Oh, happy day!

The Bells are Ringing

by **Betty Clark**

If not for "Me and My Gal," Collington's newly-formed hand bell ringers will play for the December Christmas party.

Donald McCahan, organist and choir director of the Church of the Nativity, Camp Springs, has generously offered the use of that church's set of hand bells together with his instruction to the ringers.

Nativity's 25 bells cover two full octaves, including sharps and flats. Made of brass, tempered with alloy for hardness, by the Malark firm of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, they were acquired by the church in the early Seventies.

Hand bell ringing is an early tradition in the Anglican church. Of recent years interest in the art has spread to American music lovers. Achieving the bells' mellow sound appears deceptively simple; it is not. Timing is the key. For instance, the highest (and smallest) bells are rung with a flick of the wrist. But the large, heavy bells at the bottom of the scale, need a full sweep of the forearm, a muscular effort that must begin a fraction before the sound is to be heard.

Instructing Collington's ringers, whose experience in reading music and notation is varied, demands extreme patience from the director. Fortunately for the group, Mr. McCahan has yet to crack under the strain.

The Christmas program is to include Angels We Have Heard on High (French carol), On Christmas Night (English), We Wish you a Merry Christmas (English) and

Silent Night (Austrian). Collington's bell ringers are Aileen Aderton, Betty Clark, Virginia Colony, Mary Ellen Hines, Edith Ingalls, Doyen and Jane Klein, Ken Muldoon, Harriet Palmer, M. E. Wallen and Lib Wilson.

The Perfect Gift is Hard to Find A Christmas Story

by **Phyllis Sternau**

The first Christmas after our daughter was married was a happy and important one. What to get them? A big question. And then I had a brainstorm. Get them a screen which could divide the living room from the kitchen and vice versa, and hide the mess from the guests.

Screens are expensive and the right one is hard to find. But after a long and diligent search, eureka. It was a little late for delivery by Christmas, the clerk said, but they'd try to make it. The screen didn't make it for Christmas. Not only didn't make it, but got lost.

Late in January it turned up in New Orleans, having managed the trip from New York. Valentine's Day. They could definitely promise to deliver it by Valentine's Day. It didn't make it. Lost. In March it turned up in New Jersey. Now delivery was definitely promised by the Ides of March.

On March 14, the telephone rang, and a voice said, "Please sit down, lady." I sat. "Your screen . . ." he began. "It's lost," I said. "No," he answered. "It's here. But, well, somehow or other, the delivery truck ran over it. It is no more." "And," he said, "we don't have another."

Christmas Feasting and Revelry



Two nights of revelry have been decreed to mark this **Christmastide**. On Wednesday evening, December 15, we bid you join us to hear the sweet musick of the Collington Singers followed by The Collington Players' production of the Famous Miracle Play, "Noah's Fludd." Refreshments will then be served.

Through sleight of hand and deception of the eye Creighton Center's Court will be transformed into

Collington Castle

transporting us all into the magical medieval past of Christmas 1593.

On the evening of Thursday, December 16, all Lords and Ladies, Knights and Dames are bidden to come and feast upon a great variety of delicacies. Sir Richard Baker and Lady Anne Marie Noss promise to please all palates from King to Knave.

Cakes and all manner of sweetmeats will cap the meal. Ladies of Collington are invited to bring their tastiest desserts for the delectation of their neighbors.

And amid this sampling of roast pig and larks' tongues, entertainers will appear throughout the feasting areas. Jugglers and jesters, harpists and madrigal singers, and merrie Morris Dancers will circulate throughout the entire Castle cavorting in both Dining Room and Auditorium.

Note, please, Milords and Ladies, that a full meal will be served in both the Dining Room and the Auditorium.

As custom requires, all guests will be greeted at the entrances to Collington Castle by hostesses with salt and stands for hand washing to refresh travelers from afar. No amenity will be omitted.

At five o'clock promptly, the Royal Family will make its entrance in the Court Procession, visiting the Auditorium and the Dining Room. No wench or knave, however lowly, will be denied the sight of this spectacle. Bell ringers of the Castle will ply their art to our delight.

A Yule Log

and Wassail Procession will follow, and with Christmas Carolling the evening will end. God Rest You Merry.

Programme

Friday evening, December 15

Music of the Collington Singers
Miracle Play "Noah's Fludd," by Ye Players

Refreshments

Thursday, December 16

Arrival of Guests between 4:30 and 5:15 p.m.
to take salt and use handwashing stands

5:00 Ye Court Procession will pass through
the Castle with Boar's Head on Salver

5:00 onward: The Service of a Festive
Christmas Meal

5:30 Ye Bells of Collington Make Musick

6:30 Wassail Punch and Yule Log Procession
Sweetmeats and Singing of Carols