

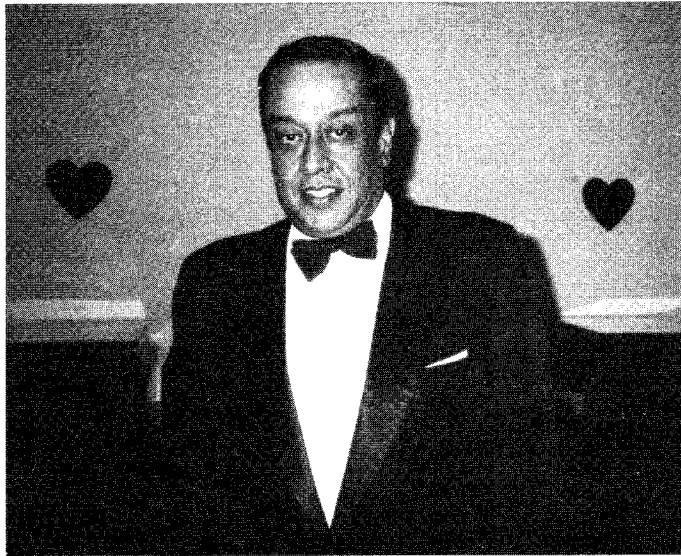
The Collingtonian

~ News and Views ~

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SUBY

By Frances Kolarek

Subrata Kumar was a young engineer, newly arrived in this country when a colleague suggested to him that part-time work with caterers offered a welcome contrast to their engineering jobs. Subrata was a little skeptical. Nevertheless, he gave it a try, did some part-time work with B and B Caterers in Washington and "came to love it."

"It brought me in touch with people from all walks of life, the famous and the lowly," Subrata, whom we fondly call "Suby," says. Working with B and B, he helped cater two presidential balls, one for President Nixon and one for President Carter, and also worked at the Supreme Court. "The catering business proved a lot more interesting and rewarding than I had ever imagined," he says.

Suby was born in Calcutta, India, where he studied metallurgical engineering with a special interest in the heat treatment of metals. His employer sent him on assignment to a steel plant in Dusseldorf, where a prominent American in the steel business approached him and asked him to come to work in the United States.

But Suby was happy with his job. A year or so later, on assignment in Japan, the same American approached him, and this time successfully recruited the young Indian metallurgist. Suby has worked for U.S. Steel ever since.

When he came to the United States at 25, he was a bachelor. He enrolled in Johns Hopkins University to complete his work for the Master degree in Metallurgical Engineering. Today his principal employment is with the Heat Treatment Division of U.S. Steel in Baltimore where he studies the effect of heat on metals and alloys.

But clearly, his engineering work does not afford him enough contact with people. Even though he married and eventually gave up part-time catering, he found himself unable to resist the blandishments of an old friend, King Solomon, who begged Suby to come to Collington and help him out. The two were long-time associates in the catering world, and for his old friend, Suby agreed.

And so, for the past three years he has driven from his
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Columbia, Maryland, home twice each week -- Wednesday evenings and weekends -- to serve our favorite drinks and escort us to our tables with his ever-present smile and his miraculous memory for our names.

Suby says his wife Amelia doesn't object. "She would think I was sick if I stayed home every weekend," he laughed. "As for Collington," Suby says, "I have taken this job to my heart and it gives me great pleasure."

For its part Collington has taken Suby to its heart. As this article appears Suby will be in India visiting his mother who still lives in Calcutta. Her health is poor and the family has urged him to make this trip. We wish him bon voyage. But especially we wish him a safe return to our midst.

FIRSTS OF FIRST LADIES

By M.E. Wallen

"Every woman over 50 should stay in bed until noon:" Mamie Eisenhower. This and other precedents by First Ladies fascinated an audience of Collingtonians Thursday evening, February 11.

Carl Anthony, playwright and author of two volumes of history about First Ladies, was sponsored by the Drama Committee, represented by Marcia Behr, and introduced by Evelyn Woolston of the Arts Club, who acted in one of his plays about them.

He took to the stage, microphone in hand, and everyone could hear every word fluently delivered by this handsome young man. From Abigail Adams through Mary Todd Lincoln to Hillary herself, he told us, presidential wives have been wielding political influence.

The term "First Lady" was originally used at Dolly Madison's funeral. She, as wife of the Vice President, had been Jefferson's hostess, and subsequently her husband's, James Madison. Her reign was thus the longest -- 16 years -- but it was Martha Washington, still influenced by Queen Charlotte of

England, who was sometimes called "Queen Martha." This rather formal lady actually ran the Washington plantations while her husband was being Father to his country. Abigail Adams, like Hillary, read law -- but Hillary is the first presidential wife with a graduate degree and a 20-year law practice.

Caroline Harrison started the DAR and pressed for the admission of women as students at Johns Hopkins. Helen Taft, whom Mr. Anthony admits is his favorite, was a bright ambitious woman who paid half on dates when the Tafts were courting. She was responsible for the Japanese gift and placement of the Tidal Basin cherry trees.

In his second book (**First Ladies 1868 to 1968**) Carl Anthony tried to integrate what the six presidents' wives living in the sixties did in the past and are doing now. Often Presidential wives become liberated, he thinks, once they are out of the White House. He feels Nancy Reagan (for whom he was once a speech-writer) has been underrated. No mere clothes horse, she was pro-choice and in favor of appointing a woman to the Supreme Court.

However, it is Florence Harding, about whom least has been written, that Carl Anthony has chosen for the subject of his next book. She interested herself in benefits for veterans and did not wear a wedding ring. At the time of the Teapot Dome scandal Harding said he would rather die in office than leave in disgrace. He died in his wife's company on a Western trip. Anthony believes he has found new evidence about how Florence Harding was involved.

His books can be bought at the Smithsonian Bookshop in the Museum of American History, at B. Dalton and Crown Books.

"Well, if I called the wrong number, why did you answer the phone?"

James Thurber, caption on a cartoon

COLLINGTON AT THE CATHEDRAL

By Marion Camp

The annual diocesan convention at the end of January always affords an occasion to show delegates what Collington has to offer, and Collingtonians are always willing to participate.

This year our exhibit was brand new. Ken Muldoon, who led the group of residents who represented Collington, said our display was "far and away the most attractive one at the convention." Spelling each other at the display were Fannie Jeffrey, Jane and Doyen Klein and Mary Louise Knobbe.

"This new display is easy to carry, fits neatly into a car trunk, and is simple to set up," Ken Muldoon said. "The Velcro used to attach the four panels to each other makes the job a snap. And the photographs equipped with Velcro strips were easy to mount."

Fully assembled, the display represents our Clock Tower Entrance. It carries photographs of Collington and its residents -- most of them from the color brochure used in marketing.

Mary Mills says the display was designed by Ellen Taggart, a typographer and layout artist who has been responsible for the layout of our **Annual Report** for the past two years. Mary will set it up in the lobby sometime soon so that all Collington can see our latest marketing tool.

CROSS-PURPOSES

Half of Collington, through bird feeders, bird houses, and bird-friendly plants and flowers, makes every effort to attract birds to the grounds.

The other half, through balloons that look like owls, streamers that sway in the breeze, plastic coverings, and even plywood ceilings, tries to keep bird droppings off their cars.

In both cases, the birds are the winners.

F.K.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S CORNER

By Gail L. Kohn

Reorganization activities scheduled to be complete by April 1

Change is never easy because it requires new ways of thinking and necessitates learning to get things done differently. Mary Mills, who has been Director of Resident Services, plans to depart from the area by July 1. When an employee, as key to an organization as Mary is to Collington, must leave, it is essential to reexamine the management structure to identify the least costly, most effective ways to provide programs and services. The result of an extensive analysis of how Collington functions concluded with the elimination of the Resident Services Department. Why was this change appropriate and necessary?

-- **Collington is 96 percent occupied.** Marketing will always be important. It is an essential part of the financial health of our community for it to stay fully occupied. But we know our marketing plan is effective and responsive. With nearly four and a half years past, other staff now can manage this essential activity.

-- **Programs and services will benefit from closer coordination with other departments.** Two departments are absorbing the programs and services formerly directed by Resident Services. Environmental/Support Services now will have responsibility for leisure services. Administration will direct social services, the bank, the beauty and barber shops, as well as marketing and admissions. Easier access for arranging services is expected to override the initial discomfort of the changes. Residents can use the reference page previously distributed and now available at the Clock Tower Reception Desk to recall and learn new locations to get things done.

-- **Expenses for the fiscal year beginning April 1 will be lower.** We all agree that expenses must be

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kept as low as possible. With one less staff director, Collington will spend less in the year ahead, even though the functions Mary Mills oversaw will continue to be managed effectively by other staff.

-- Staff will have new venues in which to grow. The Resident Services Department has some of the longest tenured employees on the Collington staff. Providing each of them with opportunities to complete their work with new perspectives was an additional advantage to the reorganization.

Details of the reorganization have been reviewed and updated in two Community meetings. A written description has been distributed, a copy of which also is available at the Clock Tower Reception Desk.

We all will miss Mary Mills. Aside from this, we expect that you will soon find that the reorganization was worth the discomfort it has caused.

TRIP TO THE MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Bob Willing

After dining well at Haussner's famed German restaurant in Baltimore, a group of 25 Collingtonians visited the Maryland Historical Society Museum to see the **Mining the Museum** exhibit.

Fred Wilson, an artist of African-American descent, selected paintings and art objects in the collection to create a so-called "installation exhibit" in connection with Black History Month.

The theme of the exhibit was enunciated at the beginning by showing busts of three historically prominent white Americans who had no connection with Maryland, and three empty pedestals containing the names of prominent Maryland African-Americans who are not represented in the Museum's collection.

Among the highlights of the exhibit are three cigar-store Indians facing photographs of actual Native Americans; portraits of

white family groups containing unidentified African-American children; a damaged portrait with the eyes of the individual lighting up and a voice lamenting that he "passes for white" despite his African ancestry; a "Naughty Nellie" bootjack symbolizing the degradation to which enslaved women were subjected; portrayals of the struggle against slavery before the Civil War exemplified by such rebellions as Nat Turner's in Virginia in 1831 and John Brown's at Harper's Ferry in 1859; signs of rewards for runaway slaves; and a whipping post to recall an inglorious period in American history.

Emily Nichols, Chair of the Transportation and Travel Committee, ably assisted by Judy Reilly, Collington's Leisure Coordinator, deserves thanks for providing us with another rewarding trip.

SPARROW VS. BLUEBIRDS

By Edward Behr

The arrival of spring promises to bring a new round in the continuing conflict between sparrows and bluebirds.

The sparrows -- house, or English, sparrows to be specific -- have increased in numbers and aggressiveness during the past few years. They have taken over several bluebird nesting boxes, including the box nearest the Gazebo, the one north west of 3000 and the one within the 2000 cluster.

That's not the worst of it. Last year sparrows ousted a bluebird family from the 2000 box, killing the baby birds. In the 3000 cluster, Bill Burleigh reports, there was a similar tragedy. As a mother blue bird sat on newly laid eggs, sparrows invaded and threw the eggs out on the ground. The sparrows forced the bluebirds out and took over the box. (Bill finally put a nail across the entry hole, making it too small for sparrows; wrens then moved in.)

Nonetheless, bluebirds are surviving. They have been seen and

heard around Collington this winter. But they seem to have moved out into the fields and woods. Rather than boxes, they may now be more inclined to nest in holes in trees. That would be a setback for the effort to make the bluebird a fixture at Collington.

What is to be done? Lola Oberman, a local expert, warns that getting rid of the sparrows can be "a massive project." She suggests several approaches. Daily monitoring of the bluebird boxes and removal of sparrows' nests and eggs. Blocking entry to a box favored by sparrows until they move elsewhere. Moving a sparrow-favored box to a new location. Hanging a fluttery object, like a flag or balloon, above a box to scare off sparrows. (Bluebirds seem undeterred by such objects.) Stocking feeders only with sunflower and thistle seed, since sparrows prefer millet.

If all else fails, Mrs. Oberman favors trapping the sparrows and destroying them. (Some birders literally wring their necks.) The North American Bluebird Society offers plans for making a trap to be placed in the nesting box to catch sparrows, but care must be taken not to trap bluebirds instead.

The sparrows' depredations here and elsewhere are a blow to the bluebird's recent resurgence. Roughly two decades ago, it was in dangerous decline. Bluebirds apparently ceased nesting inside the Capital Beltway, among other places. The reasons included the loss of suitable habitat, the competition of sparrows for nesting sites and the use of dangerous pesticides. As people grew aware of the problems, a comeback effort began. Bluebird boxes were set up on golf courses, on farms and in parks and the population multiplied. In the mid-1980s, bluebirds began nesting once more inside the Beltway. With Collington's opening, the population outside the Beltway got a boost.

The bluebird's nemesis, the

house sparrow, was originally an immigrant, not an illegal immigrant like other imported fauna, but very soon an undesirable one; like other imported fauna, it tends to upset the balance of nature. How did this pest get to our shores from its English home? The answer is an odd one. In the mid-19th century a leading New Yorker imported the sparrow, wanting the U.S. to have every kind of bird mentioned in Shakespeare. The house sparrow is indeed mentioned in several plays, including *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Henry IV* and others. Perhaps, our byword should be a quotation from *Hamlet*: "There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

THE MAMA WE HAD

By Jacob Fisher

We do not choose our parents. They come with the gift of life. And like the life, given us on a must take basis.

But could I have chosen, and with the knowledge of later years, I don't think I could have done better than the Mama we had.

Papa, poor man, got so hung up trying to make a living, he found no time for the children. That left the job of being a parent to the seven kids she bore entirely to Mama. Luckily for us she seemed made for it. She was warm, patient, supportive, accepting from the first her role as a buffer against the rejection of us implicit in Papa's complete absorption in his pushcart peddling, and in his money problems, his nay-saying to all our little demands on his attention, his penny-pinching, his taciturnity.

And she managed on the dollar or two she squeezed from Papa daily. She managed to see to it that we had enough to eat, enough to wear, and that there were enough quarters to feed the metal box on the kitchen wall that supplied the gas for the gas jets that lit the rooms after dark, and for the gas range on which she did the cooking,

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and heated the hot water for the laundry sink in which she did the wash. And to buy the ice for the icebox summers. (Winters the perishables kept very well on the fire escape.)

And to buy such luxuries as a doll for Rose, a pair of mittens for Max, a new broom for herself. And a small wire frame to tack to the parlor wall into which she tucked yellowed photographs of relatives still in the old country -- the women in wigs (because Orthodox women cut off their hair on marriage), the bearded men in kaftans, long black shiny coats.

The pennies she saved were for the children; the only vanity she indulged was a corset with a dozen or so laces that tied in the back and helped to tuck in a tummy made slack by bearing eight children, one a stillbirth. She had wavy chestnut hair which reached to her waist when let out, but she never made much of it, wore it piled high, held in place by hairpins, turned an unseeing eye to the decorated combs worn by other women. She never wore a hat, but covered her head winters with a shawl.

Appeals for help from relatives in the old country wrung her heart. The winter is long and cold, a sister wrote, there is no heat in the house, and the children cry because they are hungry. Mama took the worn dollar bill she kept below the garter of her stocking for emergencies and slipped it into her reply. She couldn't do this too often, she knew, but just this once....

Saturday evenings we were all at the Third Avenue market, every foot of curb occupied by a pushcart, because Papa needed Mama's help and there was no place to leave the children. We kids played underfoot on a sidewalk jammed with shoppers, the scene lit up by the flare of kerosene lamps used by some of the peddlers better to show their wares, and made vivid in memory by the clatter and screech

of the El overhead and the shrill exhortations of the peddlers -- "Buya, Buya, cheapa, cheapa, cheapa," cries deemed appropriate for the largely Italian immigrant crowd on the street.

I never saw Mama idle except on such rare occasions as a Sunday afternoon in perfect weather, when she would sit for twenty minutes or so at the window of the living room (we called it the front room), elbows resting on a towel on the windowsill, watching the life on the street below.

Mama gave freely of herself. She wanted nothing in return from us but to eat heartily, stay well, look presentable, do well in school. The griefs she experienced at our departure from some of these roles were never openly expressed. She was too gentle a person. Besides there was no time for it, there was so much to do. She accepted, albeit with a sigh, the raucous behavior of the children, their thoughtlessness, their failure to share in the household tasks. Life had taught her not to complain.

She lived into her eighties, honored more in memory than in life. It is a moral failure I shared with my brothers and sisters and for which I find it hard to forgive myself.

THE DAY I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED

By Phyllis Sternau

[Editor's note: The mysterious appearance of tire tracks on the greensward near the Gazebo has been cleared up. If you have wondered how they got there, wonder no more. Read on.]

It began badly. A light snow fell, which wasn't pretty, but it was wet and slippery. I was picking up a friend, who'd come to Washington to attend a wedding. She had time to see me, and visit Collington, between festivities.

The hotel was in an area that I did not know, but then, I really don't know many areas. I got

directions from a hotel clerk, and when I was almost in Frederick, I realized a mistake had been made. After fifteen wrong miles, a State Trooper gave me correct information, and although he did not let me make a U-turn, which involved five more wrong miles, he was a nice man.

Being late, I never saw my friend's children or grandchildren. She put on her coat and we walked to my car. She suddenly said, "This isn't my coat. It's blue, and so is mine, but it doesn't fit and the gloves in the pocket are not my size." At a party the night before, someone had taken her blue coat, and there was no name in the coat she was wearing.

I'd been told that all things come in threes. We were now past two, and I waited for the next item. It wasn't long in coming.

We drove to Collington, and I suggested that we drive around before we had lunch. Although we have no flowers blooming, our community looks inviting and delightful. I decided to show her our almost depleted Lake. In pointing out the beauties, I didn't realize that the road had gone one way, and I had gone another, until I couldn't go anywhere. My wheels were ensconced in heavy mud. Now, I do belong to an automobile association, but when I get excited (and I did), I forget everything. How do you call AAA?

What do we do when we have a problem? We call Security. They calm us; they help us -- and they did. The one good note of the day was the entertainment I provided for those living in apartments that face the Lake.

The end of this tale is that my car is out of the mud and is clean; my friend's coat was returned; and the children really didn't miss me.

"Rainy days will surely come
Take your friend's umbrella home."

Anonymous

SNOW-BOUND IN OLD MADRID

We're prepared for cold weather
With a turtle-neck sweater
For use on the ship coming over,
But never for once did we think
We'd be snow-bound in old Madrid.

We photographed snow
On the peaks of Morocco
And the Sierra Nevada
From the hills of Granada
To show that there's snow
In these parts,
But never for once did we think
We'd be snow-bound in old Madrid.

We knew it was cold
When icicles formed
On the fountains in Retiro Park.
But the sunshine was bright.
And the daffodils gay
Gave hope of some warm Spring
weather
And never for once did we think
We'd be snow-bound in old Madrid.

We slushed through the snow
To see the old Prado
And visit the Palace Real.
But trips to Segovia
Toledo, Avila
Must wait for another tomorrow
For never for once did we think
We'd be snow-bound in old Madrid.

Now all things must end
And if snow persists
Our patience will wear out the
sooner.

Then snow in old Spain
Will be Portugal's gain
For never for long will we stay
To be snow-bound in old Madrid.

J.M.

Written March 8, 1971, in Madrid
during an eight-inch snow.

THE TALE OF THE COTTER PINS

By Peg Chatten

When spring seemed to be in
the air I decided to clean out the
bluebird house. In order to do
that I had to remove the front of
the birdhouse. I had to remove two

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long pins at the end of which were rusted cotter pins. After much tussling with pliers, screwdriver and hammer, I was able to remove the pins and the front slat of wood. Unfortunately, I dropped one of the cotter pins in the topsoil and was unable to retrieve it. I hotfooted it up to the Wood Shop where Bill Saunders advised me that there were no pins there, but was sure Hechingers would have them.

Next week when my son drove me to the doctor, we stopped at Sears where I asked for cotter pins. The hardware department sent me to the lawn mower department where I was told they used a lot of cotter pins. The lawn mower department sent me back to the hardware department. I gave up on Sears. Then we went to Hechingers at Largo Park. There, with much coaxing I was able to have someone help me find the cotter pins, walking the usual mileage in that huge complex. Finally, I purchased two beautiful little cotter pins.

Returning to Collington I met Bill Saunders in the corridor. He said, "You owe me 35 cents for two cotter pins I put in your box." There was nothing in my box and the next day I informed him of that. He said, "There they are in that little brown envelope. Aren't you in box 101?" Sure, but you see the box is empty. He said, "Well there's the little brown envelope! In box 1-01." That is, of course, in the Creighton Center, and I informed Bill I wasn't up there, YET.

A TREAT -- AND A BARGAIN!

By Emily Abouchar

The many residents from Collington who attended the concert given by the Prince George's Philharmonic on February 6, at the Prince George's Community College will surely agree that it was a treat. While the audience was assembling, a Brass Ensemble gave a cheerful program, creating a warm and welcoming atmosphere for what was to come. The program itself

was very imaginative, beginning with Salieri and the Mozart **Clarinet Concerto**; then, after an intermission, skipping to the 20th century, presenting a **Jazz Symphony** by Antheil and another **Concerto for Clarinet** by Shaw. The orchestra, under the baton of Ray Fowler, was more than competent, especially in the second half of the program. It became crisper and more lively. The star was certainly the well-known clarinetist, Gervase de Peyer, whose clarinet was sweet in tone. Undaunted by the demands of the music, he always maintained a precise rhythm.

This community-supported orchestra has come a long way in the comparatively short time since it began in 1972. This year, in order to attract more subscribers, it has offered a special mini-series of five concerts for \$24. How is that for a bargain! And for Collingtonians, free transportation. The next concert will be given on March 13, at Northwestern High School, with the distinguished pianist, Brian Ganz, who will play the well-known and loved Rachmaninoff **Piano Concerto No. 2**. If you are not a subscriber, tickets may be purchased at the door. Don't miss it!

WHICH IS IT?

Crocodile or alligator?
Further or farther?
Daffodil or jonquill?
I or Me?

Some of these words
I'm rather unsure of --
But not I or Me.

Old as I am I still hear Aunt Sue:
"Child, never say 'It's just me,'
but
'It is I, Elizabeth.'"

If the time comes that I knock at
a gate (pearly or otherwise)
And a voice queries "Who's there?"
I'll know not to say "It's just me,
Sir or Madam" but "It is I,
Elizabeth."

B.C.

HOW TO PICK A WINNER

By Frances Kolarek

Plans for a new library in the Largo-Kettering area are moving right along. Two Collingtonians joined representatives of the Friends of the Library at a County Council hearing in Upper Marlboro to support legislation freeing funds for the purchase of a building for the library.

Jeannie Nichols, the young lady who lives just off Lottsford Vista Road, a mile or two from Collington, has spearheaded this effort. And on February 2, she was not about to miss this big event. Although she had given birth to a son only two days earlier, Jeannie was right there, speaking to the Council in favor of the legislation. Our former Council representative JoAnn T. Bell took time to inform her Council members that Jeannie was a brand new mother.

The \$130 contribution Collington sent to the new organization last year was of great help to Jeannie in launching the Friends of the Largo Kettering Library, and she acknowledges that our support was a morale booster, as well as sorely-needed startup funding.

Now, if all the red tape unwinds properly, the new building, which is located on Harry S. Truman Drive near Route 214 (Central Avenue), will soon house the Largo Kettering branch. The Librarian hopes the move out of the cubbyhole store-front in Watkins Park shopping plaza will begin by the end of March when the lease expires.

Meanwhile, the Friends have contributed \$600 to the Library for the purchase of a group of needed reference works in the fields of literature, science, and mathematics.

Membership dues in the Friends of the Large Kettering Library are due for 1993. If you want to join, or renew, I will be glad to pass along your check for \$5 made out to Friends of the Largo Kettering Library. You will get a receipt from the Treasurer.

SPEAKING OUT IN ANNAPOLIS**A Collington Eye's View of Action for the Homeless, 1993 Lobby Day**

By M.E. Wallen

At 8:45 a.m. on February 9, at the Clock Tower entrance, there were four of us from the Outreach Committee waiting for the bus. A little late a tour bus lumbered up the driveway, stopped and we filed out to it.

Mosi Herrington, Community Ministries Coordinator for Prince George's County, climbed down and motioned us onto the crowded vehicle. We found seats, not together, among people who had spent the night in shelters. A blonde girl with long hair was curled up asleep on the double seat I spotted. I sort of nudged her knees aside and sat down. She opened her eyes briefly and settled into the far corner. The shelter people -- the homeless -- don't really get enough sleep and take naps where opportunity presents.

We pulled up in Lawyers Square in Annapolis, that rectangle bounded on all sides by red brick, white-trimmed Georgian office buildings with the tall-steeped State House at the far end. Schedules in hand (Mosi had briefed us on the way) we trooped first to the crowd rallied in front of the Service Building. Someone was speaking vehemently but we couldn't hear very well and it was time to go across the way to our 9:30 appointment with Senator Gloria Lawlah.

Our group (26th District) filled the office and part of the outer office: black and white, two women with strollers and toddlers, we prosperous-looking Collingtonians, men in work clothes with heavy shoes. Mosi had warned us not to be confrontational. A neatly bearded elderly black man speaks fluently and to the point about the need for someone to inspect and improve the camp ground near the University Campus where single men who can't find shelter

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spend the night. Cora Fisher points out that support for House Bill 1015, which we are here to speak for, would lower the population in the camp by providing a housing counselor and increasing the fund to stave off eviction.

A surprisingly young-looking woman holding a two-year old explains that this is her grandbaby and that they are in a church shelter for two weeks, with no idea what they will do when the two weeks are up. The Senator, a young black woman, listens sympathetically and says she will be on the alert for the bill.

We file out to coffee across the street, then back to the House Office Building where we District 26 people have a 10:30 appointment with delegates Blumenthal, Jones and Valderama. Another group had been there at 9:30, the delegates are in session, and we have to speak to the aide who will report our being there. Again at 11:30, delegates Exum, Benson and Howard are in session and we speak to an aide.

At noon we call on Senator Trotter, listed as a good friend. We are supposed to thank him. He is a comfortable, middle-aged African American. When one of the women begins to present our brief, he smiles and says "I'm the last liberal Democrat. You're preaching to the choir." We laugh and straggle out, thanking him.

A bag lunch has been prepared by the nearby First Presbyterian Church. The four of us decide we should buy our lunch and make our way back to a table in the cafeteria in the basement of the Legislative Services Building. A big group of men and women our age is gathering at a bunch of tables pushed together in the opposite corner. I ask who they are: it's a tour of the Legislature from my old home -- Leisure World retirement village. An old friend from the Flower and Garden Club explains that they are not lobbying as we are, just looking.

At 12:30, anyone from Prince George's County is scheduled to see Senator Mike Miller, head of the Senate. He has a lot of clout and his office is in the State House itself. An aide leads us into a richly furnished, roped off lounge, where a gas log is burning brightly in the broad fireplace. We wait for him to return. One of the men in work clothes stretches out on a red leather settee and falls asleep. The aide, a young white man, comes back and listens politely as the bearded man and the woman with children explain their plight. Cora adds a few words about House Bill 1015. The aide takes down the number of the bill, says he will report our visit to the Senator, and dismisses us with the warning that the chance of anything requiring an appropriation getting by this session is minimal.

The four of us start downtown for a little window shopping. Halfway there I realize I have left my purse in the cafeteria. The cashier has it, but now I have lost my group and can't remember what our bus looked like. As I make my way down the line of parked and panting buses, mounting the steps of each and peering in at the tired passengers, they chorus one after another: "Wrong bus." I find the women with the strollers and wait with them watching the influx of Veterans of Foreign Wars in their blue, bemedalled uniforms and kepis -- the next group of demonstrators. Our bus finally comes and I get the window seat as the driver helps the moms fold up their strollers. To our disappointment, Collington is the first stop. We had hoped to see the shelter our friends came from.

When it rains, the raindrops fall
On both the just and unjust fellas
But mostly on the just, because
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.

From My Uncle Charlie (where he got it, I don't know)

RECOMMENDED RESTAURANTS

By Bob Willing

Haussner's. 3212 Eastern Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 21224
Tel: 1-410-327-8365. Open Tuesday through Saturday, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sunday Brunch, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Last February 19, on one of the coldest days of the year, 25 residents took the Collington trip to the famous German restaurant in Baltimore, **Haussner's**, and after lunch to the American Historical Society Museum to see the exhibit "Mining the Museum" in honor of Black History Month.

Haussner's has long been one of Baltimore's renowned restaurants noted for its German cooking and homemade baked goods served in rooms with impressive paintings adorning the walls like an art gallery. Besides German cooking, the extensive and varied menu of more than 100 entries ranges from numerous seafood specialties, such as Lump Crab Meat Au Gratin to Caribou Steak. Three residents at our table ordered cocktails (two dry martinis and one Manhattan which were rated tops) while I settled for a Michelob beer on draught. Those at our table each ordered a different entree, and with one exception, the food was rated excellent. Sauerbraten, marinated beef served with a Tyrolian and potato dumpling, arrived with generous portions of beef topped with gravy and served with red cabbage. Another resident indulged in Crab Imperial served with French Fries and Cole Slaw. Our friend who ordered the German speciality, Wiener Schnitzel a la Holstein, did not care for the breaded veal cutlet, which was topped with a fried egg, anchovies and capers. She highly praised the accompanying fried eggplant.

Yours truly ordered the Hungarian Goulash which was served with buttered noodles and sweet-sour red cabbage. It was delectable. The beef was unusually tender and the

gravy well-seasoned with chopped onion, Worcestershire sauce, caraway seed, Hungarian sweet paprika, thyme, dry mustard and minced garlic. (Upon returning to Collington I discovered that I had clipped the recipe from **Gourmet** magazine and filed it. So I will prepare Hungarian Goulash for Marion one of these days). For dessert I ordered Apple Strudel with a superb crisp crust and wonderful seasoning. We all sampled it. Residents sitting near our table were pleased with the Broiled Fillet of Rock Fish, the Roast Prime Rib of Beef au Jus, and the Broiled Sweet Breads. Other enticing entrees from the varied menu included a Half of Roast Duckling, Turkey Divan with cheese sauce and broccoli, Hasenpfeffer -- marinated rabbit served with spaetzles, Cape Cod Fettucini -- New England Sea Scallops with Mussels and cream sauce over pasta, Crab Clinton -- Crab, Smithfield Ham and Spinach -- in a brandy cream sauce over pasta, and a 3-lb. Lobster, the most expensive item at \$29.95. All entrees are served with one or two of 35 different vegetables.

Haussner's menu also offers 26 sandwiches, served with French Fries and a vegetable, such as Reuben, Welsh Rarebit, Corned Beef, Imported Sardines, and Shrimp Salad. Salad platters include Lobster Salad, Jumbo Lump Crab Salad and Turkey Salad. Among the 35 desserts are such appealing sweets as Blueberry or Cherry Cheese Pie, Chocolate Macaroon Whipped Cream Pie, German Chocolate Cake, Creme Filled Eclair and Honey Almond Cake. The menu is apparently the same for lunch and dinner. The elaborate nature of the selections justify the somewhat elevated prices. An average meal with dessert and coffee runs around \$20. Drinks are moderately priced.

Haussner's owes its existence to William Henry Haussner, born in Roth, Bavaria, in 1893, who became

(cont. on next page)

a Master Chef before emigrating to the United States in 1925. He and his brother Karl opened the first **Haussners'** Restaurant in 1926, on Eastern Avenue in Baltimore and ten years later moved it to its present location. Frances Wilke, born in Dusseldorf, Germany, married William in 1935, thus beginning a partnership of devotion, hard work and business acumen that lasted 28 years. It was Mrs. Haussner who became interested in art and acquired many paintings and pieces of statuary which now adorn the walls of the restaurant. Her most spectacular acquisition is the mammoth 18,000 square foot panorama, **Pantheon de la Guerre**, a commemorative of the First World War. Today, the restaurant is operated by Mrs. Haussner and her family.

To reach **Haussner's**, take the Washington/Baltimore Parkway (I-295) and turn right onto I-95, proceed through the tunnel (\$1 per car) and get off at Exit 59, where you turn left on Eastern Avenue. Drive several miles until you reach **Haussner's** on the right at 3242 Eastern Avenue. You may also drive through downtown Baltimore, east on

Pratt Street, pass the Inner Harbor Aquarium, right on I-83 and Eastern Avenue several miles to **Haussner's** on the left. The restaurant is worth a trip to Baltimore to dine well in an unusual setting.

SOLUTION TO THE FEBRUARY PUZZLE

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Happy St. Patrick's Day!