

The

Collingtonian

Vol. 6, No. 3

Mitchellville, MD

March, 1994

NEWS & VIEWS

There's Good News . . .

and There's Bad News . . .

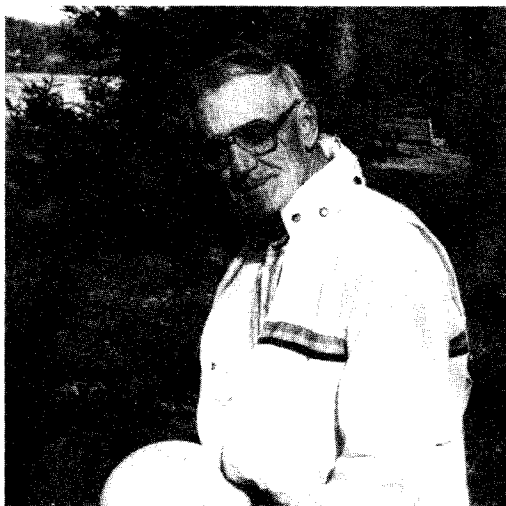
The Bad News: It's Tax Time

The Good News: The Tax Team

Four altruistic Collingtonians every year undertake to rescue tax payers who sink into the Slough of Despond at the very sight of a Form 1040.

Art Longacre helps more than 30 members of the community with their Income Tax returns. "And that's about the limit for me," Art says. Don't worry. There are other members of the team. (See the back cover).

Art grew up in Pennsylvania Dutch Country and still goes back home every year to gigantic Longacre family reunions. After graduating from Penn State University he was recruited by the Army Air Corps for training in meteorology at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He spent three war years in England forecasting weather for bomber strikes over France and Germany. With his wife Peggy he served in Japan, Alaska and



Florida. He spent two more years at MIT for an advanced degree in Meteorology.

Art considers himself a sort of an education junkie. After retiring from the Air Force he kept right on studying and picking up degrees.

He came to Collington in 1988 with Peggy who was then an invalid.

"I have always been interested in accounting," he says. "And I taught math briefly," he adds. So he was quick to sign up for a course offered by P.G. Community College in tax preparation. He had no

difficulty qualifying for the TCE (Tax Counseling for the Elderly) program.

He and Roger Dixon, another Tax Team member, spend several hours a week at the nearby Glenarden Public Library assisting taxpayers with their returns. John Jay volunteers at the Langley Park Senior Center. The Team's work here at Collingtonian does not fall under the TCE program, although it is a service offered without charge.

Beneficiaries may reciprocate by contributing either to the Fellowship Fund or the Residents Association.

“We do a lot of bookkeeping for our Collington clients” Art says--“sorting out papers that have accumulated over the year and getting them in order before we can even start on the tax return.”

Art is a busy man. He is a member of Collington’s Board of Directors. His long-standing interest in the Fellowship Fund has brought in hefty contributions. As a member of the Fellowship Fund Advisory Group he serves as a planned giving counselor. As “Representative-Payee” for two retarded men in foster care in Prince George’s County he takes care of their money matters. And until her death last year, he cared for Peggy in their cottage.

Recently he has been free to enjoy a number of Elderhostel trips and has just returned from a Carribean cruise.

Whatever he does, Art does it with enthusiasm. He heartily recommends participation in the tax preparation program. It was through his involvement in it that he found romance, he says, but hesitates to comment further.

For an introduction to the other Tax Team members, please see the back cover.

Caroline Queen in Administration has a form you need to fill out in order to apply for help from a member of the Tax Team. Hurry. These volunteers are just about taxed to their limit.

Seven Who Dared . . .
**A Trip to the
Diocesan Convention**
by Marion Camp

Seven intrepid residents made sure that Collington was represented and publicized at the 1994 Episcopal Diocesan Convention on Jan. 28 and 29.

On Friday, as four of us arrived, the Cathedral proved to be an edifice surrounded by a sea of ice--an unattainable goal. Thanks to the kindness and skill of Malcolm Wall’s grandson Peter, who drove us to the Cathedral in his 4-wheel drive vehicle, we arrived in tact. Peter carried our promotional material inside, and then one by one escorted Mary Louise Knobbe, Winifred Myers, his grandfather and me through the door.

Because of the difficult driving conditions, general attendance on Friday was not up to the usual number and the chill of the day seemed to seep right through the stone walls.

On Saturday, when Doyen Klein drove Jane, Fannie Jeffery, Mary Ellen Hines and Mary Louise Knobbe to the Cathedral, that group was forewarned and dressed warmly. The footing was easier, too.

The crowds were still thin, but larger than on Friday. At no time was there the usual crush we have become so accustomed to seeing at the Convention.

We all wore good-looking white “boaters” with a Collington headband as we handed out our literature and other materials especially prepared to acquaint delegates with all the things Collington has to offer.

And we came back to our warm homes with a sense of “Mission Accomplished.”

"One of Collington's Outstanding Citizens"

Caroline Wood

by Margaret Werts

On hot summer evenings, in the days before air conditioning, Bill and Caroline Wood used to take their two little boys on a drive into the country to cool off. Their habitual route was out Route 202 to Lottsford Road, where they would turn left and drive down the narrow little road about as far as where Lottsford Vista Road is now. On the right were tobacco farms, with primitive little cottages for tenant farmers. The Woods enjoyed breathing the fresh country air for a while before returning to Bladensburg. Little did they know!

Caroline grew up in Michigan and went to the University of Wisconsin where she received a degree in Social Work. Her first job was in Rhode Island where she met and married Bill. They eventually wound up in Washington, D.C., then in Bladensburg where they spent 31 years. Then came a few years in Anne Arundel County from which they moved to Collington five and a half years ago.

Social work was Caroline's lifetime professional career, first in family counseling and later in group work with the YWCA. Her career was interrupted by motherhood until her sons finished high school, but volunteer work became a second career.

Long active with the League of Women's Voters, Caroline served as President of the Prince George's County League and the Maryland League in the 1950's. She became a Trustee and served for ten years on the National Board.

Then came a full-time salaried job as Executive Director of the Overseas

Education Fund, a government organization working with women of other countries in sharing concepts of democratic government. The organization worked with women in Germany, Japan and Italy, and later in Latin America and Asia. Caroline traveled to Korea and to Bolivia, and worked with women who came here to learn how to play a more active role in the political life of their own countries.

When the Woods became interested in Collington, Bill served on the Board of the Future Residents Association. After Collington opened, Malcolm Wall asked Caroline to be on the By-Laws Committee of the Residents Association, and then to organize the Association. Her committee consisted of Eileen Henderson, Marian Jenkins, Norbert Schnaubelt, Penny Vickery and Ed White. The first meeting of the Association was held in January, 1989 with 147 residents present--a representation of 64 percent.

Caroline has served the Residents Association as Secretary, Committee Registrar and Vice President. She is a member of the Library, Interfaith Chapel and Outreach Committees.

She feels that the Residents Association has been a guiding force in the development of the Collington community. It has also helped residents understand that we are a part of the county where we live.

Exuding friendliness, intelligence and good will, Caroline is surely one of Collington's outstanding citizens.

Hospice. . .

“ . . . to live until you die . . . ”

by Fannie Jeffrey

Here at Collington we hear often about “the Collington Philosophy.” We should. We need to hear, understand and value this philosophy which undergirds the being of Collington.

Recently I shared in an enriching experience: Hospice care for my husband in the Creighton Center. I learned then that there is a Hospice Philosophy. It is summed up in a statement by Dame Cicely Saunders, founder of the first modern-day Hospice in London, England. Dame Saunders said to patients: “You matter to the last moment of your life, and we will do all we can, not only to help you die peacefully, but to live until you die.” If only symbolically, I want to place this Hospice Philosophy as a culmination to the Collington Philosophy.

The Hospice of Prince George’s County made it possible for me to bring my husband home from the hospital to Collington’s Creighton Center. Hospice provided and monitored the medical equipment as well as the supervisory nursing care vital to assuring that my husband’s final days were spent in peace and without pain.

Hospice staff supported me and enabled me to understand what was happening as my husband’s body began the process of “shutting down.” The Hospice staff, whether we were face to face or talking on the telephone, was always compassionate and of the highest professional quality.

It is surprising to me, and a matter of concern, that so many of our residents are either unaware of, or only vaguely aware, of what Hospice is all about. They do not know that the Prince George’s County Hospice is an asset which is available to every resident when “terminal illness” is a personal and/or family concern. From my own personal experience I know that Hospice care, as it claims, “makes a real difference in helping both patient and family to have control and dignity in this difficult time of life.”

I am happy to learn that the Hospice of Prince George’s County is now being called upon to assist with the care of other Creighton Center terminally-ill patients. I look forward to a residents gathering in the near future when Hospice will be invited to talk about its program and services, to explain how close and accessible Hospice care is to every one of us--no farther than the telephone!

P. Gail Whitehead, Director of Health Services, says that Collington’s Social Service and Nursing Staffs, during care planning, usually ask the family if they would like Hospice. The resident doesn’t have to call anyone unless they want to. Three terminal patients with severe pain have benefited from Hospice care, two in the Health Center and one at home.

The Health Committee plans to sponsor a talk about Hospice in May.

The New Country Store: A Top Banana Offshoot

by Frances Kolarek

With over 1,200 items arranged in a space the size of Marla Maples Trump's shoe closet, the new country store can meet our needs for: aspirin, batteries, canned fruits, cereal, cookies, detergents, frozen entrees, juices, mayonnaise, mustard, milk, munchies of all shapes and flavors, pantyhose, soups. . . You better go check it out for yourself. Many already have.

Sitting outside the store one icy day in mid-February, we watched a steady stream of customers arrive and depart with nice big brown paper bags full of their purchases.

Let us explain the Top Banana connection: Jean Guiffre of Baden--a small Prince George's community near Waldorf--started a business some 12 years ago dedicated to delivering groceries to shut-ins. She had handled shopping for her mother, then a friend of her mother's and she hit on the idea of making this a business.

She called it "Top Banana" because the name had an amusing connotation--the top-billed actor in burlesque theater was the Top Banana. It brought a smile; it said "We're Tops," and it smelled like food.

Although the business was a good idea which met a need, it was slow to bring in a profit. Last year, as Jean found herself going in to debt and was on the verge of shutting down, she got a life-saving grant of \$3,000 from the Maryland Food Committee. To qualify for this grant, she had had to apply for non-

profit status from the IRS, which Top Banana received last year.

From the beginning, Top Banana had customers among Collingtonians who were happy to pay the \$6.50 delivery fee. Since Jean was known to Collington, it

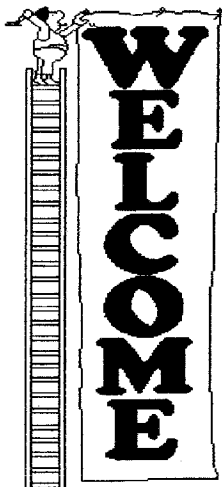
*Wal-Marts it's not . . .
More a Hole-in-the-Wall Mart.*

was a short step for Top Banana to negotiate

with Rich Baker to stock our Country Store. Every item on the shelves has a computerized number and a designated spot on the shelf. So you will always find canned pineapple in the same place every time.

Perishables like milk come from Collington's own kitchen. When the expiration date nears, the milk is removed from the refrigerator and used. There are mutual advantages, too. Some suppliers will not deliver to Jean's warehouse, but will deliver to Collington. And nobody but Top Banana will bring us small quantities of all the items in our Store.

Do not be surprised if prices are higher than the Giant's. Buying small lots is more expensive than buying by the carload. Think of the considerable fee you add for "shipping and handling" when ordering from a catalog and consider that Top Banana delivers all merchandise to us. Every effort is made to keep prices as low as possible but sometimes they will exceed supermarket prices.



We extend a warm welcome to these new residents who have come to Collington since December:

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Dr. Mary-Ann Pellerin and Mrs. Cora Pellerin | 2104 |
| Serafina Listro | 125 |
| Dr. and Mrs. Christopher Bever (Josephine) | 1003/ 1004 |
| Mrs. Barbara Shields | 3114 |
| Ms. Teresa M. Bianco | 1104 |
| Howard and Edith Stintsman | 1216 |
| Paul and Alison MacLean | 1218 |
| Mrs. Sarah Dorfman | 330 |
| Chuck and Ruth Dell | 3009 |



Flora and Russell Phelps
by
Alice Shurcliff

Flora Phelps is a photographer, editor and anthropologist. Russell is a mathematician and musician. They consider genealogy an active sport and like to look up distant relatives in far away places.

Flora studied photography with Ansel Adams. Her photographs may be seen in issues of *Américas*, a Spanish-English language periodical published by the Organization of American States for which she worked 23 years. As managing

Flora and Russell Phelps recently moved to Cottage 2212 from Cottage 3009, making them next door neighbors to Alice Shurcliff and completing another of those chains of coincidence at Collington: Flora and Alice, as students at Bryn Mawr, were next door neighbors.

editor she planned, edited and wrote articles and made sure they were correctly translated. For this she earned a place in *Who's Who in America* and *Who's Who of American Women*.

Russell, with a fresh PhD from Harvard, joined the Navy during World War II to teach mathematics at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, adding seamanship and navigation in the summer months. After the war the family went to Rutgers where Russell continued to teach math and Flora taught some anthropology courses.

Then they moved to Washington where Russell headed the National Science Foundation's teacher training programs held at some 400 colleges and universities all over the country. He later supervised the Executive Tax Service for H&R Block.

Ever since junior high school Russell has played viola with various orchestras and now plays with the Washington Civic Symphony.

The Phelps and I have traveled together in Mexico, where Flora guided Russell and me around some of the great archaeological sites. Flora has been in love with archaeology ever since she and I spent a college summer at a University of New Mexico field school digging a Pueblo site in the Jemez Mountains.

T. Keith Glennan -- The Right Stuff

"Oh little Sputnik, flying high
With made-in Moscow beep,
You tell the world it's a Commie sky
And Uncle Sam's asleep."

This doggerel, written by *enfant terrible* G. Mennen Williams, Democratic Governor of Michigan, caught the mood of the country during the last months of 1957. The Soviet Union had had the gall and audacity, to put a space ship into orbit around our earth, sending shock waves through the military and scientific communities. Lyndon Johnson, then a Texas Senator, remarked: "The Soviets have beaten us at our own game--daring, scientific advances in the atomic age."

National spirits had hardly lightened when, a year later, T. Keith Glennan

declared the National Aeronautics and Space Administration--NASA-- ready for operations. "It is quite an experience," he writes "to be catapulted into a job of the kind I undertook." Just two months earlier he had been serving happily as President of Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland. "Sometimes," he adds, "there is no better method than to be thrown into the center of a situation."

It worked for him. Wasting no time, he introduced Project Mercury five days later. "As one looks back," he writes, "it is clear that we did not know much about what we were doing. Yet the Mercury program was one of the best organized and managed of any I have been associated with."

NASA's first priority was the need to

develop launch vehicles with adequate thrust. To this end, coaxing cooperation between the military, industry and NASA's own personnel was the kind of touchy job Glennan had a knack for and he thought nothing of working 15-hour days.

The early chapters of the book summarize NASA's first year or so. Diary entries pick up on January 1, 1960. Ruth was in Cleveland with the children. Keith drank the New Year in with a large group of NASA people. "I left about 12:30 and retired to my bed--none the worse for wear. Most of the morning was spent in working over a draft of a speech for President Eisenhower. . ."

The diary is not limited to official business. An August entry describes a frightening night time

break-in and robbery at their Connecticut Avenue apartment while the Glennans were asleep--the 22nd such robbery in two months, detectives said.

As an Eisenhower appointee, Glennan's tenure ended on January 20, 1961. He describes driving out of Washington, homeward bound for Cleveland, in the snow storm that turned the Kennedy Inaugural into a nightmare.

In May 1961, Alan Shepard completed NASA's first suborbital flight. Less than a year later, John Glenn orbited the earth. Credit redounds, of course, to the Kennedy Administration. But the facts are inescapable: these two Gemini flights were launched by Keith Glennan's NASA. FK

A review of "The Birth of NASA, The Diary of T. Keith Glennan" published by the NASA History Office as part of its History Series

Back to College at Age 70-Plus



by Edward Behr

You can go back to school again. Yes--even after half-century away from formal education and only an occasional brush with the subject at hand.

My wife Marcia and I have discovered this reassuring truth in taking courses in French at Prince George's Community College. Now in our third semester there, we have found we can still learn, can master some of those devilish irregular verbs and can get respectable grades. An outstanding teacher and small classes have helped greatly.

Other Collington residents have enjoyed PGCC courses given here at our own campus. But going to classes at the campus in Largo, just three miles away, provides a different experience, a plunge into the real world of public education in our County today.

Our classmates are mostly one-third of our age, or less. Many of them work part-time. They constitute a sort of Rainbow Coalition, being white or black or Asiatic or Arab. Many are foreign-born: Mireille from Lebanon, Maria-Gracia from Sicily, Mohammed and Patrick from Ghana, Astra from Trinidad. (First names are *de rigueur* in class, for 70-year-olds as for 20-year-olds.)

A few have taken French before, but most have not. Some suffer from a shaky knowledge of grammar in any language. ("What is a conjunction?") And some, grappling with a full course load, fall behind in their homework.

Still, most persevere. There have been hardly any dropouts and few absences from class. And when the teacher asked if students wanted an extra class day for pre-exam review, most opted for an immediate exam.

A bright spot in our return to college has been Michael Bieque, a master teacher. He is French-born but speaks English without an accent. Mr. Bieque is energetic, even dramatic, in class. He goes beyond the language itself to give us insights into French family life and to offer tidbits of French history, like the way Paris' Latin Quarter got its name: students from many European countries settled there in medieval times; their only common language was Latin.

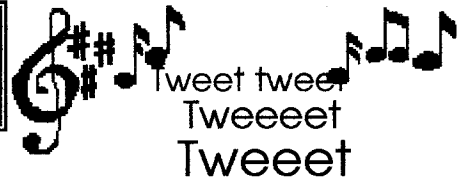
Now M. Bieque has gone off on a sabbatical and our new teacher is Elizabeth Charles, who is American-born but has studied in France. She is challenging us in new ways, firing off questions in French that must be answered in French. "Après avoir fini vos devoirs, que faites vous?" she asks. (After finishing your homework, what do you do?) And a student, caught off-guard, wonders "How do you say 'I goof off' in French?"

For some of us a persistent plague has been the similar sounds of certain French words. To the casual listener there is little difference among sans and sens and son and s'en and cent. And one day M. Bieque seemed to be telling us that his aunt was green. In fact, it was his tent. The word for tent (*tente*) sounds just like the word for aunt (*tante*).

But repeated listening to our teacher and French-language tapes helps penetrate these verbal thickets. On our next trip to France we should fare better.

“Whistle While You Walk”

by M. E. Wallen



Franklin Newhall and six other members of the Lake the Trail Committee have them. And you can have one, too.

Jason Felder, Security/ Communications Coordinator, says “The whistle is going to be a wonderful partner.”

The red plastic whistle will be demonstrated at the next Community Meeting so we can all recognize the sound of this cry for help. As Jason says: “The noise is going to be a lot louder than anyone could yell, and you can toot that whistle for a lot longer.”

The whistle, which costs \$5.00, will soon go on sale at our Country Store.

When you are alone in your unit, you rely on the little strings we all have, or on the telephone receiver, to call for help. But when you walk out-of-doors

on the woodland trails, you have to rely on your voice to summon help if you should have an accident and not be able to walk.

Jason Felder says: “Two people have fallen and broken bones. Fortunately, in both cases they were found without too great a delay.”

Don’t push your luck. If you walk along the trails or on the Perimeter Road, buy a whistle, hang it on a string, (or your best golden chain), and wear it.

One more suggestion: if you walk in the more remote areas--for instance, along the stream to Bench No. 6--tell a neighbor where you are going and check in when you get back home. And take that whistle.



A number of Collingtonians attended the opening of the new Largo/Kettering Library.

At left: Ethel Belinky talks to County Executive Parris Glendening at a reception to mark the opening of the new Largo/Kettering Library last December.

The Library is located just off Truman Drive about half a mile from Prince George’s Community College. It occupies a handsome new building which will also accommodate administrative functions of the County Library System.

The Trips and Transportation Committee has arranged for a stop at the Library. Check the Courier and the Bulletin Board for up-to-date information.

“If Winter Comes. . .” **by Emily Abouchar**

“If Winter comes can Spring be far behind?” the poet asks. A couple of weeks ago I had my doubts. But today, as I write this, I really believe it. The sky is a pure, deep blue, the sun is strong and warm, the edges of the ice cap that has engulfed us for months are finally retreating, and the first tentative leaves of the early bulbs are showing. Sure signs of spring, and enough to make me rejoice.

And as a member of the Music Committee, I also want to celebrate. Yes, Virginia, there is a new Music Room. Just to the left of the new Country Store, and at the end of a short passageway, is a cheerful corner room lined with shelves of records, a piano, a new record player, familiar pictures on the walls, a table, and chairs. All a bit cramped but we hope, workable. It is for the enjoyment of all residents and I do hope that many of you will enjoy it. The door has to be locked, unfortunately, but a key may be obtained from the Security Desk just down the corridor.

We owe this largely to the determined efforts of the Music Committee Chair, Newton Blakeslee, who fought his way through numberless memos to umpteen people and sat through endless committee meetings to bring this about. This effort--piled onto his usual duties of contacting musicians and groups who would be willing to come to Collington for our pleasure, synchronizing schedules, hosting same, etc., etc.--he has handled without complaint or temper tantrums. He has

earned a great, big Merit Badge. So, you see, it is a time to celebrate.

And celebrate we did last Friday when the Prince George's Philharmonic String Quartet came to Collington. This Quartet is composed of the only professional musicians who are regular members of the Prince George's Philharmonic; all other players are volunteers. Steven Kadlecck played first violin; Cheryl Stickley, second violin; Diana Hornyak, the viola, and James Kiukendahl, the cello. They gave us a lighthearted program, entitled “Romantic Interlude,” very much in our mood of celebration. It was mostly familiar and lilting music, including pieces written by Mozart, Puccini and a lovely waltz of Dvorak. It lifted our spirits and we are grateful to them.

Now we can look forward to the concert on April 6, by the Montgomery College Brass Band (its concert in February was canceled because of bad weather). And another treat on May 7 when the Maryland Boys Choir will come to Collington. So you see, “All's well that ends well.” By that time the campus will be in full bloom with azaleas and daffodils and tulips and we will have forgotten all about the long, dreary winter.

The Collingtonian is published monthly (except July and August) by the Collington Residents Association, Inc., 10450 Lottsford Road, Mitchellville, MD 20721-2734.

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THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Back in the days when Collington was still a dream, the Board of Directors did everything from licking stamps to moving furniture. As the dream approached reality, the Board had the foresight to change its role to policy making and oversight, turning stamps and furniture over to me.

Implementing Board policies and communicating them to residents is a major part of my job. I have assembled a group of department heads, all of whom have been with Collington for five years, whose responsibility it is to carry out Board policies.

Every October the Board sets goals for the year ahead which it expects management to meet. Departmental directors accompany me to Board Committee meetings where we report on our progress in implementing policies and reaching our goals.

In communicating Board policies to the residents, I use various media: the Residence and Care Agreement and the Residents Handbook, minutes of the Board of Directors meetings which are placed in the Library, The Courier and The Collingtonian. Community Meetings provide a forum and I regularly meet with the Executive Committee of the Residents Association and its President.

How successfully staff is carrying out its responsibilities we determine through reports from the Residents Association Committees and the Residents Council. Resident satisfaction is the ultimate measure of management's success in implementing Board policies.

Gail L. Kohn

March Achievers' Party

There will be a wine and cheese party on March 23 to honor distinguished Collingtonians.

All of our published writers will be recognized with hearty toasts--whether they have written textbooks, history, pornography, or even verse. But that's not the whole story.

Laud and honor will be accorded Peg Chatten, Mildred Gray and Cynthia Hannum. The three are included in a book of "women . . . who have been instrumental in shaping the County's character . . ."

The festivities should dispel any lingering March blahs. Please watch the Courier for further details.

From Jean Zeller

"My 13-year-old grandson, Jason, of Hendersonville, N. C., wrote the following when he was visiting at Christmas. I would like to share his thoughts with my own friends."

How can we sit in our aging lives not having friends?

For friends are the cure to all the times when we are down.

For friends are the ones who are always there when we need them.

For friends are the ones who back up our decisions about what we do.

May I be your friend?



John Jay



John Jay says of his job as President of the Resident Association, "It's very interesting. There's no lack of new problems." This should keep him far too busy to volunteer time as a tax preparer. But volunteer he does and prepares tax returns for about 20 Collingtonians.

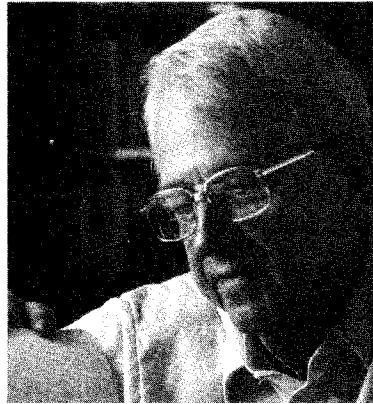
John tells about how he went to work at Remington Arms in Bridgeport, Conn. "I was offered a job as accountant, even though I really wanted personnel work. Well, they hired me and I actually started in personnel and then worked in production planning and marketing to complete 42 years. I never did work in accounting."

He's on the Woodshop Committee, does taxes at the Langley Park Senior Center and gives Hilda a hand with the Opportunity Outlet.

GO
TEAM!



Joe Gonzales



Go to breakfast if you want to catch up with Joe Gonzales. He lives in a room on Level 1, circulates in a state-of-the-art wheel chair, and drives a van. Single-handed he can open the van by remote control, manipulate his wheel chair inside and drive away.

A long-time Prince George's County resident, Joe was partner in a local accounting firm. So it was natural for him to join up with the Tax Team. Although he doesn't do off-campus work, he lends a hand to staff members who shrink before the dreaded form 1040.

Roger Dixon



Roger is Chairman of the Fiscal Review Committee. He works with Meals on Wheels in Washington. And he does tax returns for people who come into the Glendale Library in need of help.

At the Library Roger notices that the very people who can least afford a costly mistake are often the ones to make it.

Caring for his many clients at Collington keeps his plate full.

Roger, an economist, has served as Economic Counselor with the U. S. Department of State in Copenhagen and Paris, spending ten years abroad.

"Sometimes we are overwhelmed with an accretion of paper--reams of receipts and other documents, that we have to sort out before we can even begin to calculate taxes," Roger says. "All a part of the job."