

The Collingtonian

~ News and Views ~

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November 1992

Congratulations to the newly elected officers of the Collington Residents Association: John Jay, President; Caroline Wood, Vice President; Dorothea Crook, Secretary; and Elma Tidwell, Treasurer. Also to Judy Kidney, our new three-year Board of Directors Member.

FAME? AND FORTUNE

By Bob and Carolyn Browning

Since our picture appeared in *Fortune* magazine in October, we've had many questions aimed at us. Why you? Whose idea was this anyway? How did *Fortune* know about Collington? Etc. Etc. So we are taking this means to share with you the fun experience of being interviewed by a major publication.

One day in late August -- we were settling in and no longer feeling like the "new kids on the block" -- Mary Mills, Collington's Director of Residents Services, phoned to ask if we would mind being interviewed by *Fortune*, along with a number of other people, about life at Collington. After several questions of Mary, we agreed. After all, we were happy, satisfied residents who had come recently enough that the planning for such a move and any ensuing trauma were still fresh in our minds.

So it was that on August 27th, Rosalind Berlin came to Collington. She spent a day and a half, overnighting in one of the guest cottages. She interviewed three Administration Directors, a resident

member of the Fiscal Review Committee, a member of the Finance Committee of the Board of Directors, and three resident couples, including the Brownings. The questions Rosalind put to us were in no way threatening or adversarial. She wanted to know something about our style of life before retirement, how we planned financially for our move here, and our reaction to life in a CCRC, the acronym for Continuing Care Retirement Community. It popped up frequently in the interview.

It is our impression that *Fortune*, or at least Rosalind, looked favorably upon Collington because of its financial structure and because it is accredited by the Continuing Care Accreditation Commission. You may be interested to know that the eight interviews were taped, and Rosalind submitted fifty typewritten pages of research to her editor, knowing that the final article would probably be only two columns!

This is not the end of the story. Several phone conversations with Rosalind and the *Fortune* photographic editor in New York followed. We were requested to allow a local contract photographer to "follow us around" all day presumably photographing our every move. We assured him he would be dreadfully bored, so with Collington's blessing we compromised. He arrived at 10 a.m. on Labor Day (a most personable young fellow). He photographed us in our Cottage, in the Wood Shop, at cocktails with
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other interviewees, in the Dining Room and on our tandem bike. The photo-op session came to an abrupt halt at three p.m. when we crashed the tandem and almost trashed ourselves, as the kids would say! Countless rolls of film went to New York, and you have seen the result.

It was all great fun (except the crash). We thank Mary Mills for making this adventure possible. We wish there had been more solid information on Collington included in the article. And we wonder why, with the reams of information available, Bob's "words of wisdom" (that a retirement community can be either a jail or a cruise ship, and that Collington is the latter) were chosen. Was it, as Mary has suggested, the typical media sound bite?

CLOSING DOWN THE WILDFLOWER YEAR IN COLLINGTON

By Jack Fisher

Goldenrod and jewelweed
Are in bloom on trail and walk
With aster white and aster blue
These four will nicely do
To round out our own our native
floral year.

The eye now turns
To leaf that burns
With every shade of red.
Cardinal, carmine, cinnabar,
The glowing coals in furnace bed.

FLUTE AND CLASSICAL GUITAR

By M. E. Wallen

The candles were lit in the side sconces, and a score of Collingtonians joined other parishioners as William Feasley, guitarist, assisted by Peggy Carr on flute, opened the St. Barnabas' Candlelight Concert series on Sunday, October 18, at 4 p.m.

Artist in Residence at the University of Maryland, Baltimore, and Guitar Coordinator at the Levine School of Music, Mr. Feasley introduced each number in his

panoramic program with a note on its ethnic origin and composer. They ranged from an Argentine gaucho song ("El Ceibo" by Guastavino) and plangent Turkish melodies ("Variation on a Turkish Theme of Carlo Skomenicone) to the five dance rhythms of a Bach "Partita" ("Partita No. 1" as arranged for guitar by Taunembaum). Mr. Feasley ably summoned the classical guitar magic of interwoven upper and lower voices, since the six strings are plucked rather than strummed as in folk and 12-string guitar. He uses neither pick nor amplification.

In a ferociously difficult contemporary Spanish piece ("Serenade to the Dawn of the Day" by Rodrigo), Peggy Carr, with real virtuosity, added the smooth bright tones of the flute to the mellow burr of the guitar. Listeners were reminded that the Rodrigo **Concerto** is the background music for Ricardo Mantalban's Cadillac Seville TV commercial.

After a brief intermission, there were Italian, Russian and Spanish pieces. Collingtonians we spoke with later at the reception in the Library of St. Anne School, were divided in preferring the operatic themes of the 19th century "Rossiniane" of Giuliani (played in honor of the Rossini bicentenary, perhaps) or the dark, foreboding tone poem called "The Fall of Birds" by a contemporary Russian, Nikita Koshkin. The program closed with a mid-20th century "Sonata" by Lopez Chavarri which brought us back to the Spanish guitar tradition. After such an excursion there was no encore.

The next Candlelight Concert will be given at 4 p.m., Sunday, December 6, at St. Barnabas' Church. The Faculty Voice Quartet of Prince George's Community College will perform a program of seasonal music.

The series of four concerts is made possible by the support of the Vestry of St. Barnabas' Church and by the Prince George's Arts Coun-

cil. In addition to contributing to the free-will offering at each concert, which helps to support future concerts, it is possible to become a patron with a contribution of \$25 or more. The names of seven Collington residents appear among those printed on the program.

AMBASSADOR JAY

By Betty Clark

Hilda (of our "O.O." shop) leaves for Russia and Poland November 28, on a teaching mission as a "Citizen Ambassador" of People to People International. She returns from Moscow, St. Petersburg and Warsaw on December 15.

With the collapse of communism, need has surfaced for the instruction of school librarians. The American Library Association was asked to assemble a group of some 50 U.S. librarians. Specialists in the field of retrieval of knowledge, their effort will be aimed at school information -- how to find it, assess it, use it. They will then work to assist school librarians in meeting the challenge of passing these analytical skills on to children. During the communist regime such cognitive processes were not encouraged.

Hilda and her daughter Ellen Jay have published extensively on these subjects, both jointly and separately. "It's our bag," Hilda says. Incidentally, on her first, private, trip to Russia in 1971, female tourists were not allowed to wear slacks, she recalls.

People to People International was founded under President Eisenhower in 1956. Its first five years were administered by the State Department; since then it has been independent of government. In 40 separate activities since its beginning it has sent "Citizen Ambassadors" into 33 countries to further international friendships through mutual interests.

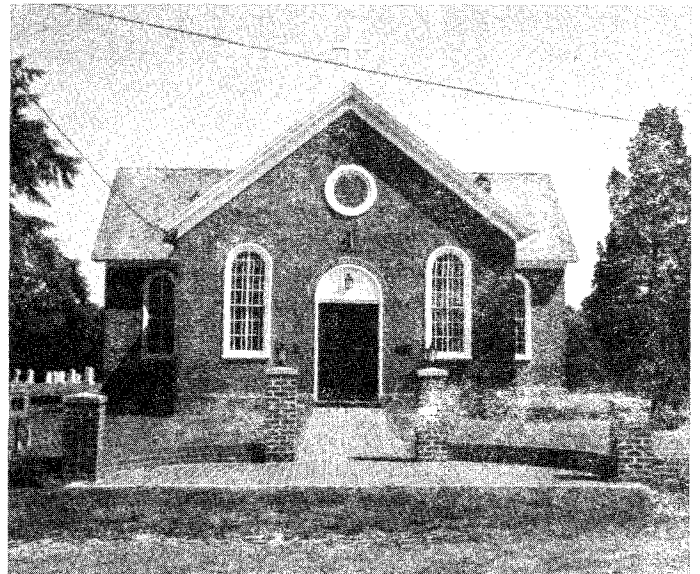
OLD CHURCHES (Part 2)

By Edward Behr

Drive south from Collington, past the village of Croom,, and you reach a rural road that seems 100 miles, not 10, beyond the Beltway. Continue down that road (Baden-Naylor) and at the village of Baden you find the oldest church in Prince George's County. This is St. Paul's Episcopal, built between 1733 and 1735 and now on the National Register of Historic Places.

Standing in a churchyard graced by old cedars, St. Paul's is a simple building, a product of its time and place. It is brick, modest in size, and has neither a steeple nor a belfry. It does have a cross mounted on the roof peak and an unusual feature -- a sundial above the front door. In lieu of a belfry, there is a free-standing bell just behind the church.

Some changes have been made over the years: the building, originally rectangular, has been enlarged and is now shaped like a cross. Though most windows are plain Queen Anne in style, a stained-glass window above the altar now honors Thomas John Claggett, the first Episcopal Bishop consecrated in America, who once served as St. Paul's rector.



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A dozen miles westward, near the Potomac, is a church almost as old but a bit more ornate, with some artful design touches. This is Christ Church in Accokeek, built in 1748, but rebuilt after a fire in 1856. The church stands on spacious, neatly mowed grounds studded with old oaks, cedars and boxwood. Among the graves is that of another Claggett -- centenarian John H., who lived from 1870 to 1970.

This church is built of bricks laid in the classic Flemish bond pattern. The windows are mul-lioned, white-framed, rounded at the top with white "eyebrows" just above. The cornice at the roof edge is ornamented with dentils and a decorative molding sets off the doorway. On the roof peak stands a white wooden belfry topped with a gold cross.

Farther north, alongside a Potomac tributary, is a church that traces its origins back to 1696, when a humble predecessor was built on the site. This is St. John's, Broad Creek, completed in the present form in 1763. Again, a spacious churchyard but no steeple, no belfry; instead, a rooftop cross and a free-standing bell.

St. John's boasts several distinctions: it has a wood-shingled hip roof and rectangular window frames with twelve panes above and nine below. Even today these panes have glass of the old poured variety, not the modern rolled kind. Another distinction at St. John's is that George Washington repeatedly attended services there. It is just a few miles by boat from Mt. Vernon.

Still farther north, in a suburban area not far from the District of Columbia, stands another church named for St. Paul. This is St. Paul Methodist, dating back 200 years and considered the oldest black congregation in the County. The building itself is of later vintage, with a modest steeple and

a belfry complete with pigeons. On the white-shingled sides and front of the church are stained-glass windows installed in memory of various parishioners.

But the present building is not the end of the story at St. Paul Methodist. This thriving church, noted for its music and for attracting people from as far away as Baltimore, has ambitious plans for a new larger building.

A LOOK AT THE TRAGEDY OF YUGOSLAVIA By Margaret Werts

Alex Dragnich is an honored Collington resident of four and a half years standing. Of Serbian heritage, he was born in the state of Washington and educated at the University of Washington and the University of California, where he earned his doctorate. The larger part of his career was spent at Vanderbilt University as Professor of Political Science. He took time off from academic life to serve as Cultural Attache in the American Embassy in Belgrade shortly after World War II. He has written four previous books on Yugoslavia and is highly regarded as an authority on Eastern Europe. He is also co-author of **Major European Governments**.

His current book, **Serbs and Croats**, was written with the purpose of correcting some of the misapprehensions that have been promulgated by the media, largely because of a general lack of knowledge of the history of the Balkans. It is a short, comprehensive, and highly readable history of Yugoslavia, from the years during World War I, before it existed as a nation, through the monarchy, the ascendancy of communism and the Tito regime, up to the decline of communism and the rise of ethnic and national enmities that have produced the present chaos.

In 1918, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes was

created. In 1929, it was renamed Yugoslavia, which means land of southern Slavs.

According to Alex, the violent hatreds that now exist do not date back hundreds of years, as is often assumed, but date mainly from 1941, when Croatia, striving for autonomy, became a Nazi satellite state, and hundreds of thousands of Serbs, Jews and Gypsies were massacred.

During World War II, the country was invaded and divided. The Croats had close ties with the Axis countries, while Serbia, under General Milhailovic, leaned toward the Allies.

After World War II, under the communist regime of Tito, one-third of all Serbs were left outside of Serbia. Tito created a superficially united Yugoslavia, held together by a communist dominated army. As elsewhere in Europe, communism was not a long-term success in Yugoslavia, and everyone blamed everyone else. Yugoslavia began to fall apart along national lines.

Alex believes that the hasty recognition of Slovenia and Croatia by European countries and later by the United States led to the present disaster, and laments the fact that apparently the Democrats plan to continue a failed Republican policy. He suggests that some form of cantonization could possibly be worked out as a temporary solution to the present tragic situation in Bosnia-Herzegovina.

"OF THEE I SING"

The frenzy of this year's election has insured that the names of Bush, Clinton and Perot won't soon be forgotten. But for Collington residents other political names may also linger in memory -- Wintergreen and Throttlebottom.

They are the incredible candidates for president and vice president in *Of Thee I Sing*. An

excerpt from that classic Gershwin-Kaufman-Ryskind musical satire was performed by members of the Drama Group, with shrewd timing, on Election Eve. They had invaluable help from the Collington Singers.

A musical introduction got the fun started; the singers, armed with campaign posters, paraded to the front of the Auditorium and sang "Wintergreen for President." The show's zany mood was set in the scene that followed. Leaders of a nameless political party gathered in a hotel room after their convention and tried to remember whom they nominated for vice president. When Alexander Throttlebottom showed up, no one recognized him until he insisted he was the man chosen. Then, sensing trouble ahead, presidential candidate John P. Wintergreen and his pals groped for a campaign theme. Suddenly a brainstorm struck. It will be LOVE, complete with a beauty contest to pick a bride for the candidate.

As the scene ended. Wintergreen burst into song with "Love Is Sweeping the Country" followed by "Of Thee I Sing."

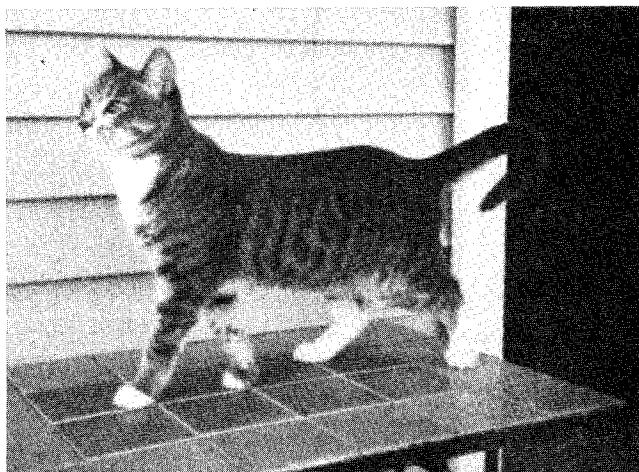
Our Wintergreen was Ken Muldoon, who almost persuaded the audience that he was in fact a hard-drinking, self-promoting politician. Throttlebottom, a bumbling nobody, was played with remarkable conviction by Bob Willing. John Voorhees was the strategist who dreamed up the LOVE theme, with help from Emily Baker as a hotel maid. The other hotel-room politicians were John Huizenga, Tully Torbert, Bob Browning and Ed Behr. Art Longacre contributed an essential bit as a waiter.

But just as important as any stage role was the delightful piano performance provided by Virginia Colony. She set the scene with a solo overture at the start. Another off-stage heroine was Marcia Behr, the show's hard-working director.

Editor's note: It was discovered,
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after the group singing of "Of Thee I Sing" at the end of the performance, that the verses had been printed on the program in the wrong order, so that the words did not go with the music as Virginia played it.

EB



CLEO WOOD

By Helen Wood

My cat Cleo Wood (short for Cleopatra) came to Collington last July from the D.C. Humane Society. Then about a year old, she had a fond owner who had planned to keep her indefinitely but had to move to another job elsewhere. He hoped the Humane Society would find her another welcoming home, which they certainly have.

In the three months she has lived in Cottage 4116, Cleo has filled the void left a few months earlier when little Patches ended her 14 years as a member of the Wood family. Cleo began by investigating every nook and cranny in the Cottage, dashing from one room to another, and even streaking out the front door three times and being hard to catch and bring back inside. However, she soon lost interest in the front door and seemed quite happy to play and frisk around inside the Cottage and on the porch.

One morning not so long ago, however, I woke up to see that the

screen had fallen out of my bedroom window and that Cleo had gone out with it. She was running around on the grass back of the house. When I tried to catch and bring her in, she had lots of fun dashing away as I got near to her. After a while, I decided to try leaving the porch door open, though without much hope that would do any good since Cleo had never been through it or even seen it open before.

Believe it or not, Cleo had found the door and was back in the Cottage in less than five minutes. A few minutes later, she was squealing loudly -- and, of course, successfully -- for her breakfast. It is without doubt clear to Cleo that Cottage 4116 is her QUEENDOM! P.S. The latest news is that even a queen can cause problems. One evening recently, when I was about to go to sleep, the doorbell rang. A guard was there who said that an alarm was on in my Cottage. I said: "No alarm." However, we quickly found that the alarm switch in the bathroom was turned on. Obviously, Cleo, who loves to play with strings, had found the pull card and given it a tug. The crucial question, still unanswered, is how to fix the cord so that she cannot get at it but I still can.

A REMINISCENCE

By Jacob Fisher

July 1924. Classes over for the year, I was hitch-hiking from New York to Los Angeles, seeking new sights, possibly adventures. South of Pueblo, Colorado, I ran out of rides. Cars were few and far between and those that came along saw no reason to pick up a shabbily dressed kid with his thumb out.

A fellow-traveler came along, stopped a minute to chat, and told me I'd do better hopping the freights, as he planned to do.

I attached myself to him. We waited outside the freight yards for a train to assemble and get

going in our direction -- south at this point. At the right moment -- the train was moving at a snail's pace, a long line of empty freight cars, maybe seventy five or so -- my companion swung up on the bottom rung of an iron ladder, scrambled up the five or six rungs and dropped down into the car, an empty coal car, as it turned out, covered with a fine coal dust.

I trotted alongside and did the same, helped by the outstretched hand of my new found friend.

We two now settled down against the forward end of the car, out of the wind. It was July, but in this flat country, where you saw nothing but sagebrush in every direction, the nights can get very cold, I learned. Particularly when there is nothing between the steel plate floor and your bottom pants or dungarees, not levis. We hugged our knees and hunkered down.

In the gathering darkness a slender hatchet-faced young man whipped over the car's front end and peered into our faces.

"You white?" he demanded.

We nodded.

"We don't want no goddamn Mexies on this train," he said.

Satisfied, he moved on to the next car.

He was not the brakeman, the man who set the hand brake on freight cars in those days. Neither was he a train dick or cop. Nor a train employee at all. He was another traveler, one of the many varieties of itinerant workers who filled seasonal jobs in those days, jobs in the wheat harvest in Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, or the harvests of grapes in California, apples in Washington State, or potatoes in Idaho. A highly varied bunch, for they included pick and shovel workers on road jobs, track repairmen on railroads ("gandy dancers"), trash collectors in state parks, bundle stiffs, bindle stiffs, winos, drifters, and just plain bums, men who made camp

towards day's end in a dry creek bed just outside town, away from the intrusive stares of town citizen and sheriff alike.

But unlike other travelers of our kind, as I got to know them, our questioner was anxious to maintain the ethnic purity -- as he understood it -- among the free riders. The free, the stolen rides, were for whites only.

As a New Yorker who had grown up in East Harlem, then almost entirely lived in by first and second generation Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe, and by immigrants and their children from Italy and Ireland, I was familiar with the slurs implicit in such terms as kikes, wops, dagos, sheenies and micks. And with nigger, the term used to refer to the blacks living in the Harlem area above 125th Street.

And here now, in the American southwest, I was making the acquaintance of a new group outside the pale, Mexicans.

Strange, I couldn't help feeling. For only some seventy or eighty years earlier, one lifetime, this land had been Mexican, and had been stolen from Mexico, said some historians, by the term of the 1848 treaty ending the Mexican-American War.

It was another chapter in my education of departures in practice from the ideals we were taught in grade school to cherish as the essence of American freedom and democracy, the weekly pledge we took in the assembly hall, hand on heart, the pledge of allegiance to the American flag and to the country for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Before the summer was over, I learned of other distinctions based on ancestry, distinctions affecting particularly persons of Asian birth or ancestry, e.g. China, Japan, The Philippines.

And I got to sense, too, that Indians, the few we passed on the

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road, those dark, passive-faced Indians who held up for sale a clay jug or bowl of their own making, that these people, too, whose ancestors had lived here for a thousand years or more, belonged to one of the lesser breeds.

Distinctions derivative from the notion, shared even by bums, or some bums, that to be white was, is, to belong, to be top dog in the American kennel of many breeds.

When I look back on the history of America I feel a surge of pride at its nobler moments -- the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, a Constitution which gives all its inhabitants equality before the law, the Emancipation Proclamation, universal suffrage.

And shame at the sorrier episodes in its history -- slavery; the denial in some states of suffrage and other rights because of color of skin, sex, property ownership; the internment in World War II of citizens and other persons of Japanese birth or descent; discrimination in the admission of immigrants based on country of origin or color of skin.

BANSHEES DECLARE HALLOWE'EN A HOWLING SUCCESS

Between 75 and 100 young trick-or-treaters thronged our Auditorium on Hallowe'en, ready to celebrate and compete for prizes for their costumes. Residents and staff alike brought their children, grandchildren and other little ones to Collington to enjoy a conspicuously successful Hallowe'en party while scores of residents joined the fun.

"The place was really packed," said Ken Muldoon, Chair of the Hospitality Committee. "I must say I have never seen such well-behaved children," he added. Done up like a farmer, Ken helped keep order but found his job a lot easier than expected. "The parents are to be congratulated," he said.

Emily Baker, floor manager,

goblins and ghosties settled down in time for contestants to parade before the six judges on the stage. A youngster dressed as a tooth took one prize, and a young lady in an original costume with grossly exaggerated embonpoint and derriere took another.

Residents competed, too, with Martha and Newton Blakeslee as "The Pie-Eyed Pipers" carrying off a prize for the "most original costume."

Mary MacMartin, organizer, decorator, and entrepreneur saw that pumpkins, bats, spider webs and other spooky decorations created the right atmosphere. She also arranged for a troupe of clowns from outside Collington to cap the evening's entertainment.

"Cookies abounded," Mary says, "Many thanks to those who baked and brought." Surplus supplies have been frozen for use at another time. "With all the help we got", Mary added, "the party had to be successful. My thanks to all."

The mysterious disappearance of one guest has baffled the entire community. A muscular woman in smeared makeup ran around every cluster ringing a handbell to signal the end of trick or treating. She made a silent appearance at the party and vanished into the night. Who was the mystery woman?

FK

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

October 26, 1992

Congratulations on the most recent issue of **The Collingtonian**. I enjoyed the new departments and also was happy to find my favorites still on board. And the feature on Cry Baby Bridge has forever changed my view of that particular area! Surely the diversity of this publication provides entertainment and information for all readers. Thank you for making it possible. Thanks, too, to your talented staff.

Mary Lyne

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREBUS

Georgia Paine has a night-blooming cereus which her neighbors watch with fascination. A member of the cactus family, it has strange habits. It does not put forth flowers on stems. The flowers first appear as little blobs on the leaves, gradually develop stems, and bloom after dark.

Russell Pease, Georgia's next-door neighbor, took pictures of the flowers when they bloomed in August. After the cereus has finished blossoming, the flowers droop from their stems like exhausted ballerinas in pink tutus.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S CORNER

By Gail L. Kohn

Collington Presentations at the American Association of Homes for the Aging (AAHA) Annual Meeting

Collington was featured in several education sessions on the program of the four day AAHA conference held late last month in Boston. AAHA, with over 4,200 members, "represents not-for-profit organizations dedicated to providing quality health care, housing and health services to the nation's elderly." Newly elected Collington Residents Association President John Jay joined Janet Eberhardt, Social Services Coordinator, in a panel that discussed matching future resident expectations and

adjustments to CCRCs. Collington Board member and newly named Continuing Care Accreditation Commission (CCAC) Public Commissioner, Dr. Sandra Charles, participated with staff members Kathryn Brod, Director of Resources, and me in presentations about CCAC accreditation. Kathryn Brod also helped members to understand financial issues related to Continuing Care Retirement Communities.

Fourth Anniversary Celebration

I am certain that you too were pleased that Prince George's County Council member Jim Fletcher accepted an invitation to speak in honor of Collington volunteers at the 1:30 p.m. ceremony on Saturday, November 14. As a result of redistricting which became effective October 1, Mr. Fletcher represents Collington. He was impressed that in the last year Collington residents provided more than 11,000 hours of assistance to organizations throughout the metropolitan area and more than 22,000 hours of service on the campus.

Recognition for Collington by the Prince George's Philharmonic Orchestra

I hope you will attend the concert on Saturday, November 21, at Prince George's Community College. The event will feature a tribute in appreciation of Collington's residents and staff.

Installation of Sanitary Sewer Line on the Other Side of Collington Lake

Maryland Development Company, developers of our neighboring community, Foxlake, have alerted Collington that Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission is expected to begin installing the sewer line on the other side of Collington Lake in December. Many trees will be planted in the sewer line right-of-way after the installation is completed. The Vision Screen that will block the view of buildings in Foxlake will be installed after homes are constructed and final

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grading of lots is completed, probably sometime next year. In the event that Foxlake future residents want to install other structures on their property in the years ahead, they will need to screen the view of those buildings from Collington in order to comply with an ongoing easement agreement between Collington and present or future property owners.

MY APPALACHIAN WEEK

By Mary Louise Knobbe

The Highland Educational Project (HEP) is an outreach program of the Episcopal Diocese of West Virginia. Its mission is to minister to the poor and oppressed in the Northfork/Keystone area of McDowell County, West Virginia.

The Project supports and provides facilities for the local Senior Citizens' Group. Hot meals are served to seniors at the Center and meals delivered to shut-ins five days a week. HEP also provides a food pantry, a clothing center and funds for medicine and utilities. A fledgling Elkham Valley Youth and Community Center is given a meeting place as well as funding.

A group of ten adults from St. Barnabas' (Upper Marlboro) congregation (including two nurses and a doctor) journeyed to Northfork in early October to participate in the Home Repair and Work/Learn/Share portion of HEP. In this part of the HEP Program church groups from around the country come to help the elderly or disabled with home repairs or renovating. The St. Barnabas' Youth Group has participated for 20 years, but this is only the second year that an adult group has also gone.

During our four day stay a work crew constructed a ramp for a disabled lady, replaced a fallen ceiling in another home, rebuilt the bathroom floor in Hill House, our "hotel", as well as doing

several small jobs, such as painting, trash hauling, etc. The nurses and doctor checked blood pressure and tested sugar levels at the Center and at an Octoberfest booth on Main Street.

My part was cooking for the work group, aided by the wonderful food sent by Mary MacMartin, and trying to find quilts, knitted goods or handcrafts of any kind that would be saleable in the Washington area.

Once hundreds were employed in the mines here but today most of the work is done by machinery which requires few workers. The coal mined here is of such high quality that most is shipped to Europe where it is used as an abrasive in polishing steel. Demand is not high, and the people exist in extreme poverty.

Several things surprised me. This community of some 600 people had two large furniture stores, with quality merchandise. Beauty is inside the home, whether or not the outside is kept in repair. There are a large number of churches with every denomination, plus some rather unusual ones, represented.

In the midst of all of this poverty, there is a small town, Bramwell, listed by the National Historic Trust. It has an information office where you may get a pamphlet, published by the "The Millionaires Club of Bramwell," showing a map of the town and where the homes of the former mine owners and operators are located. Many have 20 or more rooms; some are built of stone and all have beautifully landscaped yards. The town has a one block main street and the people strolling along were obviously not in need.

The camaraderie of our group was something that will long be remembered. Also memorable was the contrast between the gorgeous scenery and the poverty of Northfork.

My experiences made me even more thankful to call Collington

home. Hopefully I will be able to go again and contribute my small share to this most worthwhile project.

Editor's note. Last year Dr. Sandra Charles of our Board wrote about her experiences when she accompanied a group from St. Barnabas' Church (Upper Marlboro) on an outreach project to West Virginia. Again this year Collington was represented in the group which went to Northfork. In addition to Dr. Charles, Mary Louise Knobbe went hoping to assist these people in finding a market for their handcrafts. Mary MacMartin, who went last year, was unable to join this year's trip.

WHO'S NEW?

By Frances Kolarek

Leola Flynn

Outside the door to Apartment 207 hangs a decorated wooden heart bearing the words "Wrinkles merely indicate where smiles have been."

Inside, Leola Flynn is recovering from an illness she suffered shortly after moving in. Leola moved from Hillcrest Heights, a Prince George's community not far from Collington, where she lived for 25 years.

Leola has one daughter, four grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. **The Collingtonian** wonders if anyone can top that?

Hobbies? She likes to crochet; and making baby Afghans uses up a good deal of her time.

Leola retired from the Veterans Administration in 1969 after working there "twenty-eight and one-half years." Then she took off to see the world. She loved Hawaii, which she visited three times. She also went to Jerusalem, Rome, England, and the Canadian Rockies. Asked her favorite spot, she said, "I liked them all. They were all interesting. But the

scenery in the Rockies was the most spectacular."

All Leola lacks just now is a Scrabble partner. She wonders if anybody here would like to join her in a good game. Her telephone is 7525, in case you want to give the tiles a workout.

Mary Evans

When Mary Evans first came up from St. Mary's County to look at Collington, she thought: "Yes, definitely yes. But not quite yet." And then the fates intervened. Apartment 103, which she had seen and liked, became available. It was a sign. From 1962 to 1972, as a widow with two teen-aged children, Mary had lived happily in an Apartment 103, just outside Philadelphia.

She moved into Collington with Miss Peggy a couple of months ago. Miss Peggy is short on pedigree, but long on obedience. "Stay" freezes her in one spot until Mary calls her.

Mary's own special skill is coping with a crisis. Shortly after the birth of her first baby, a son, she suffered an attack of infantile paralysis. Her husband, a glider pilot, was about to go overseas with the 113rd Airborne Division. Mary coped.

His death in 1962 left her to bring up their son and daughter. Again, her crisis management skills led her to jobs with the Pathway School and later the Ashbourne School where she flourished.

And then, through pure chance, a long-time Army buddy of her first husband, also a glider pilot, surfaced. Blair Evans and Mary met and soon married. His retirement a few years later took them to St. Mary's County, Md. When he died in 1988, Mary coped again. She registered as a student at St. Mary's College and is close to having enough credits for her degree. She is undecided whether to continue or not. With such crisis management talents, who needs a degree?

(cont. on next page)

Beatrice Moore

A handsome young woman wearing clerical garb is a frequent visitor to Collington. The Reverend "Bee" Billups comes to see her mother, Beatrice Moore of Room 1-8 on Level 1 of the Creighton Center. Recently installed as an Intern Assistant at Christ Church, Stevensville, Mrs. Billups hopes to be ordained into the priesthood in a year or so.

Kent Island, where Stevensville is found, is the site of one of the earliest Episcopal churches in Maryland. A few years ago the Archbishop of Canterbury celebrated Mass there to mark the 300th anniversary of the founding of the church.

Mrs. Billups makes her home in Annapolis with her husband, Bud, who recently joined the staff of St. John's College. As a result of that move, Mrs. Moore came to live at Collington.

A vascular disorder necessitated the amputation of Mrs. Moore's legs three years ago, but she sails up and down our halls in her wheelchair with flying colors. In a couple of weeks, she says, she is flying out to Ohio to visit another daughter Sue to see the latest addition to her five grandchildren. Then there are daughters Gerry in New Jersey and Charlotte in Baltimore. All the girls were born in Jacksonville, Florida, where the family lived for fifty years.

Mrs. Moore has found plenty of bridge partners at Collington and plays at least twice a week.

WELL DONE!

By Emily Abouchar

Occasionally there are concerts that leave one with an afterglow of satisfaction. Such was my feeling after listening to the performance of the Adult Orchestra Workshop conducted by Veronica Adams on October 25th. In her words, "It is a training orchestra, of strings, for Beginners and Intermediate-level adult musicians. It seeks to provide guidance and training in music reading and ensemble skills." Ms. Adams originated the Adult Orchestra Workshop in 1988 to fill a musical gap in the area, a place for developing musicians to get ensemble performing experience.

The program was admirably selected, challenging but not overwhelming. It ranged in style from the precision of Telemann's "Overture" (from *Don Quixote*) containing a rather elaborate fugue, the delicacy of Mozart's "Allegro" from his *String Quartet in C*, the poetic *Holberg Suite* of Grieg to the flowing lyricism of the *Suite for Strings* by C. Nunez. The final numbers were popular favorites, a lovely arrangement of "Over the Rainbow" and a "Jazz Pizzicato" by L Anderson, a nice change of pace. Ms. Adams kept a steady tempo throughout even the most intricate passages, and if it sounded a bit tentative at times, this was more than compensated by the intensity of the players. And the audience responded accordingly. I, for one, applaud Ms. Adams not only for her skill in conducting this ensemble but also for recognizing and answering a real need for such musicians.