

The Collingtonian

~ News and Views ~

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A WORD FROM THE EDITORS

Collington is full of intelligent, articulate people who have a lot to talk about. Older residents know the kind of thing we like to put in **The Collingtonian**: accounts of past adventures that still remain vivid in your memory, descriptions of interesting places that you've found in the neighborhood that you would like to tell the rest of us about, funny verses in praise of almost anything, childhood memories.

We love hearing from old friends, but we would like to hear also from some of our new residents with whom all of us would like to become better acquainted.

We have been very short of art work lately. If any of you are talented in pen and ink drawing, and would enjoy doing sketches of typical Collington landmarks, they would certainly brighten up our pages. Humorous cartoons would also be welcome.

A warm invitation to contribute is hereby extended to one and all.

I BELIEVE I AM FOLLOWING OTHERS

By Albert Rosen

Some people believe they're followed by others

They trust nobody, not even their mothers

I'm not into this game

No sir, not into blame

I'll do the following, that's my druthers.

LISTENING

By Walter W. Ristow

Many of you, I am sure, remember the nursery rhyme about The wise old owl who sat in an oak, The more he saw, the less he spoke, The less he spoke, the more he heard,
Why can't we be like that wise old bird?

Why not indeed? One reason may be that talking is more ego-building than listening so many of us prefer to indulge in the former. Conversing with another person I recall at times mentally blocking out my partner's words while I formulated my next remarks. The conversation was thus, in reality, a monologue.

Listening can be, as many have discovered, a rewarding experience. Bill Moyers was recently quoted as saying, "I have always admired people who could talk extemporaneously when I couldn't, and I compensated, I think, by learning to be a good extemporaneous listener. When I was puzzled about what to call my book of reportage 20 years ago, my wife, Judith, said 'Call it what you do. Call it **Listening to America**.' We did, and it's been my work ever since." (*Washington Post Magazine*, Sept. 1, 1991, p.22)

Listening is an art that must be carefully developed and patiently nurtured. Helen was an accomplished listener. This, and her deep love and affection for children, assured her success as a
(cont. on next page)

pre-school teacher. It was a delight to see her seated on a low stool surrounded by a group of three- and four-year olds, leading them in songs and finger-plays and listening to them.

Her talent as a listener also endeared her to older children and young people. Some years ago we attended a wedding of a staff member. Except for several other work mates, the guests were, for the most part, strangers. Two teen-age daughters of a colleague were obviously ill at ease and uncomfortable in the unfamiliar surroundings. Sensing their discomfort, Helen approached them and soon had them talking freely as she listened with genuine interest. Several decades later the girls' mother reported that they still speak of the nice lady they met at the wedding.

When our three boys were growing up we made biennial motor trips to visit relatives in the Midwest. One family on our tour was blessed with nine children, seven girls and two boys. During our stop there Helen would accord each child a personal talking period. With a well-scrubbed beaming face cradled between her hands she would listen attentively to each child's account of the happenings of the past two years. Now grown to adulthood, all nine of the children recall with pleasure the visits of Aunt Helen.

Her skill as a listener was not limited to children and young people. Contemporaries found her a delightful conversationalist and listener. A friend once observed that an individual speaking with Helen was made to feel like the most important person in the world.

At times I am moved to speak to her. She hasn't answered yet, but I **know** that she is listening.

THE COLLINGTON CUPID STRIKES AGAIN

By Katherine R. Kendall

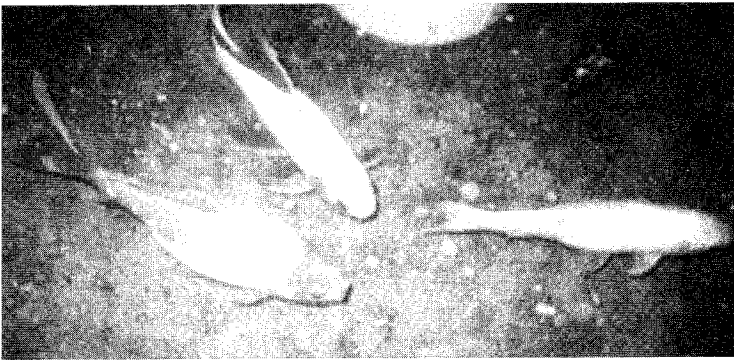
This time Martin (Spike) Olstad of the 2000 cluster and Alice Peterson of Florida are the happy couple. They first met more than 60 years ago, became close friends as couples and neighbors on Long Island until Alice and her husband moved to Florida in the 70's. The friendship continued with annual visits from Spike and Helen, his first wife. Spike and Alice, both now widowed, have joined their lives in a happy second marriage which took place in Bradenton, Florida, on September 7. Her daughter and his two sons and a daughter, rejoicing in their decision, travelled from near and far to be with them. The Olstads plan to make Collington their legal residence but will spend the cold months in Alice's former home in Florida.

Spike, who moved from Long Island to Collington in 1989, was the President and Chief Executive Officer of the Niagara Blower Company, Buffalo, New York, which designs industrial heating systems and manufactures air equipment. After graduating from Columbia College, he entered the Engineering School of Columbia University, where he earned a B.S. and M.S. degree. He holds seven patents on equipment for special applications and during the years of World War II he was involved with the Manhattan Project.

In bringing Alice to Collington, Spike has given us another highly qualified R.N. She attended the Lenox Hospital School of Nursing in New York and later graduated cum laude with a B.S. from the New York University School of Nursing. Her career included nursing at Lenox Hill Hospital and twenty-two years as a school nurse and health educator. She has also served as a volunteer in a nursing home.



We welcome the new couple and wish them great happiness at Collington. May the contagion of love and marriage, which started with Bob and Marion Willing, continue as a source of delight for all of us and as proof that age poses no barrier to Cupid's arrow. We understand a fourth marriage is in the offing, but that is another story.



GOLDFISH ON THE PATIO

By Hilda Jay

Most people like to have something living to share their lives -- a pet of some sort. The Jays fancy fish. In their Connecticut home they had an indoor pool in a sunroom. The nearest they could get to that at Collington was to build a pool on their patio, and it was one of the first things completed. In the early days the workmen who heard about "those fish" would rush over on their breaks and ask if they might look at them. Now, assorted grandchildren make a pilgrimage to view the fish when they come to visit here.

Eleven fish came down from Connecticut in large garbage barrels connected to bubblers through the cigarette lighter on the station wagon. That way the fish could live while traveling. Not all of those fish have survived the three and half years of life at Collington. Koi, when they get bigger, like to jump; some managed

to bash their brains on the cement patio floor when they misjudged and leapt beyond the confines of the pool. Another problem is that chemicals blown in by the wind can cause fish to go belly-up. This includes fertilizers and insecticides sprayed about by Lasting Impressions and neighbors. It is difficult to stop the winds, but it helps to know when spraying is intended so that the pool can be covered with plastic until the danger is past.

In addition to the disappointment of having to give up on koi, the patio has so little sun that water lilies do not bloom. Nonetheless, the lily pad cover helps control algae growth. All this means that the Jays have adapted to the circumstances and go right on enjoying aquatic gardening. Especially pleasing to them is the sound of falling water that comes from the recirculating pump. Guests sometimes think the plumbing is coming apart or someone left a faucet open, but they tend to be easily reassured.

Calicos and shubunkins are smaller fish that, like koi, have a wide range of color. There are both fan and straight tailed varieties. When the ordinary gold and white fish have spawned, interesting combinations have occurred. The Jays named their fish for their markings such as "Saddle Shoes," "Freckles," "Big Boy," "Spot" and other unimaginative appellations.

If anyone is interested in starting even a tub water garden on their patios, the Jays are certain it will provide hours of pleasure. [cf. the Rosens] One dime store fish will control mosquitoes; two or three plants are sufficient. Although without enough water depth plants winter-kill; some carry over if the tub is brought indoors. For small set-ups total replacement of delicate plants is not costly, and aquatic gardeners tend to be sharers of overgrowth.

THE WOODSHOP

By Jane Wall

Collington's Woodshop, like similar shops at other Life Care Communities, was intended to be "an outlet for the wood working skills of residents." That is still its purpose, but these skills are also being used to assist residents and resident committees by repairing tables, chairs, and lamps or by providing needed shelving, cabinets, ramps, etc. In fact, there is such demand for their services that at present members of the Woodshop Committee can only sandwich in any personal projects. To get the Committee's help, one fills out a Work Order Request available at the counter at the Clock Tower Entrance. Then all the requests received in a given month are evaluated at the Committee's next monthly meeting. If the group agrees, the task is assigned to a member or members willing and able to handle it. The cost of the material needed to accomplish the job is paid for by the requester. There is no charge for the labor but donations are accepted and used for the purchase of capital equipment for the Woodshop. Some supplies are paid for out of the funds budgeted for the Committee by the Residents Association.

The history of the Woodshop begins with a meeting in October 1987, after a questionnaire had produced the names of future residents of Collington who were interested in a woodshop and a letter had gone out to these people asking for lists of equipment that might be donated. Soon thereafter, when a group of future residents visited Broadmead, two people who had been at the meeting looked over the woodshop there. They returned convinced that the space in the projected community center then assigned to the woodshop-to-be (the area that now houses the Creative Arts and Flower Arranging Rooms)

would not do: it was too small and the noise and dust would be too troublesome. Therefore, by early 1989, plans had been made to locate the Woodshop in one of the buildings up the hill off the Perimeter Road that was to have been used by Environmental Services; the layout for the shop in that building had been completed; liability issues had been settled; and safety measures had been drawn up. The snag was the delay in construction at Collington, which meant that the donated equipment for the Woodshop was still stacked in a trailer. It was only in January 1990, that it could be moved into the shop and the Committee could begin to use its woodworking skills.

But since that date, the members have somehow managed to accommodate the requests for help - - some 277, for instance, in the 12 months from July 1990 to the end of June 1991. And the praise that they continue to receive for their work is unending! Consider the job done in repairing Emily Abouchar's 19th century pedestal mahogany table, just one of their beautiful jobs. Count the lamps repaired and the scissors and knives sharpened. Then there's the ramp built so the TV set can be rolled onto the Auditorium stage, the steps for the stage, the repair of furniture in the Clock Tower area, the work on the handles of the flower carts, the flower hangers in the flower shop, the money boxes for the flower shop and the garden table. And outstanding creations such as the cabinet made to house the TV in the Activities Room of the Health Center and the beautiful frame located behind the Security Desk at the main entrance to the Creighton Center ... it was built according to Smithsonian specifications for protecting an antique fabric -- in this case an antique (1860's) quilt.

All this has been accomplished in a very short time by a small

group of residents, some of whom have been involved since 1987, who routinely take on the assignments. There also are five or six who contribute immeasurably to the operation of the Committee by comments, questions, and advice. Plainly there is a need for new members so the Committee can continue to serve Collington residents and so they can use their skills for personal projects. With that in mind, a new program was begun this spring -- a training class for residents, especially women, who want to learn how to use the equipment in the Woodshop. This first course attracted a gratifying number of people so the course will be repeated. Let the Committee know if you're interested.

A FALL ADVENTURE, THE COLLINGTON WOODS TRAIL

By Jacob Fisher

The advent of fall in Collington is marked by a number of highly visible changes in the tree foliage. Not usually noticed or remarked on are other changes: the smell of the air, for one. It's different.

The new season's odors, smells, scents, aromas -- call them what you will -- are not flower fragrances but something stronger, feral in nature, suggestive of the smell of skunk or beaver, but more delicate, less brutal.

They differ from place to place. We do not have for odors the detailed vocabulary available to describe color, the differentiation by primary color, the scores of names for hues and shades. So that one is under a handicap to identify the odor particular to every turn in the trail here. But repeated walks I've taken persuade me they do vary from spot to spot. One source is

dead weeds decaying in ditches that still hold water. There are others I can't trace.

Odors are only one part of the fall story. The light, too, is different. On the early part of the trail, where the trees are tallest and the shade heaviest, the shafts of sunlight that find an opening in the tree canopy on a bright day fall on ground, vine and weed like a fine mist, having no weight.

Where the trail turns at the bench and emerges on moderately open ground, the scene is altogether different. Growth is rank, the field so overgrown with wild flowers, weeds and creepers of all kinds as to resemble nothing so much as a battlefield after the carnage has ceased, Antietam on the second day, the green dead and dying in windrows on all sides.

Here are fragile-looking but sturdy jewelweed, fall-blooming blue-petalled New York aster, goldenrod in a dozen varieties, coreopsis, pale waxy-white mallow, joe-pye weed, in all stages of bloom, solitary and in patches; but strewn around each of these plants are others that clawed, bit and fought for light and space to grow in but didn't make it. They are still here, misshapen, crippled, their limbs distorted, products of the earlier struggle to reach up and out before the neighboring plant takes the needed space from them. Their stems are too long, their arms too long, their flowers too little, as though all their strength had gone into getting up there and little was left to carry the seed-making bloom that justified the effort.

The last of the season's bees hover in slow flight from flower to flower, as though aware of the full hive, but going through their paces out of habit, and knowing the need for more honey and pollen is minimal.

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Here, too, on the leaves of the overhanging arms of the shrubs to the right, may be seen evidence of the tunneling activities of insects small enough to live in the tight space between the upper and lower surfaces of tree and shrub leaf -- pale traceries that invite the imagination to speculate on what it must be like to live in so confined a space, but one which offers safety from enemies.

And here, too, caught in the open arms of weed and wild flower and lying on the flinty surface of the bluestone of the trail, are the first fallen tree leaves of the season -- the crimson, cardinal and maroon of red maple and sweetgum, the deep to straw yellow of our tallest tree, the tulip, the extravagantly large and manytoothed tobacco brown leaf of the sycamore, the three-fingered delicately contoured sassafras leaf, a faded scarlet -- colors hammered and burnished into the fragile tissue of the leaf by sun and rain and drought, interrupted only where feeding or egg-laying insects had sucked and drained the green tissue of its bodily fluids, or had injected venom to induce blisters in which eggs could be deposited, leaving surfaces scarred, kinked, blotched.

You notice these things with the heightened sensitivity that comes with the season. For all your senses are on the alert. Life is dying all about you, but in that activity alone it seems to be saying there is much left. That knowledge seems to induce a strange exuberance. You feel embraced, smothered by the extravagance, by the evidence all about you that the exuberance has taken things here to the limits where exhaustion sits in, that there is a wisdom in such exhaustion at this time, for it invites an urge to lie down, to surrender to the sleep of the winter, now not far away.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S CORNER

By Gail L. Kohn

Collington is Accredited!

At its October meeting the Continuing Care Accreditation Commission recognized Collington as an outstanding continuing care retirement community (CCRC) by granting a five-year accreditation. One of the youngest communities nationwide to attain this status, Collington's residents, staff and Board members are commended for their work in achieving a distinction attained by approximately 15 percent of the 700 CCRCs throughout the country. A Commission member will be present on Thursday, November 14, to celebrate this recognition -- three years to the day since Collington was permitted by the Maryland Office on Aging to activate Residence and Care Agreements.

Collington's Clinic Affair

Over 80 percent of you participated in the Clinic Affairs held on many Saturdays this summer. This method of conveying and obtaining information is much more cost effective than scheduling individual interviews. The majority of those who attended took the time to evaluate the event. Most residents felt that the sessions were an efficient way to share information on nutrition and hydration, advance directives and wellness. Some residents indicated that they would prefer smaller groups, particularly in discussions of advance directives. Survey responses reveal that half of those who attended the Clinic Affairs made changes in their health records. Those of you who have not yet participated are urged to contact the Clinic to schedule blood work and to examine your health records. These two activities are especially important in helping you and the Health Services staff keep you well. All residents are encouraged to continue reporting any information you think the staff would find

useful in providing health services to you.

Operation Full House

As you know new residents are usually friends and sometimes relatives of residents. Please note that persons you would like to reside here have advantages, available until mid-December, which will ease their move-in process. There are only a few units available -- studios in the apartment building, one bedroom cottages and apartments and one bedroom/den A cottage. An up to the minute availability report is posted in the Resident Services Department on Level 1.

WHAT IS A NURSE?

By Marion C. Rosen

A nurse is a human being -
Just like you and me
A nurse is male - female
tall - short
thin - not so ----
Of all hues - from the lightest
light
to the darkest of darks

A nurse has feelings -
When cut, blood flows -
When injured, a nurse hurts
When lonely and sad, tears
may not be far behind
When ill a nurse requires the
attention of others - just as
every
human does -

What is a nurse?

A nurse is one who understands
these feelings, one who has
chosen to
bring comfort and healing to others
A nurse has the capacity to
empathize with another human
being
And in so doing, a nurse brings
credit upon him/herself and
others
in her/his profession.

RECOMMENDED RESTAURANTS

By Bob Willing

Maharaja Restaurant: 8825 Greenbelt Road, Greenbelt, Md. 20770.

Phone: 552-1600. Open: Tuesday thru Friday for lunch, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Dinner daily from 5 to 9:30 p.m.

If you like Indian food, there is a good little restaurant off Greenbelt Road in Cipriano Square next to the Sovran Bank in the shopping center just beyond the entrance to NASA. It's called **Maharaja**, and I have been going there occasionally with friends since shortly after the restaurant opened in the eighties. Marion and I had dinner there several months ago with another couple and thoroughly enjoyed this ethnic dining experience.

Maharaja offers a Non-Vegetarian Dinner Special at \$14.95, which we ordered. We first indulged in several appetizers, such as Vegetable Pakora (spiced fritter) and Shami Kebab (ground lamb patties) served with Indian bread and spices. I then selected the Mulligatawny soup -- a traditional soup made with lentils and delicately flavored with spices, fresh herbs and a touch of curry. It was delicious. The dinner comes with a choice of two main entrees, and we opted for the Murg Tandoori -- chicken marinated in yogurt and Indian spices and cooked in a clay oven. It was a little on the dry side but generous in portions and very tasty. For our second entree, we selected Rogan Josh -- tender lamb cubes cooked in freshly ground spices, tomato gravy and yogurt. It was excellent. The entrees were served with rice, a spicy mango chutney and several breads -- Naan (unleavened bread baked in the Tandoor), Papad (crisp lentil flour wafer) and Poori (whole-wheat-flour puffed bread deep-fried). Marion topped the meal with a dessert called Kheer --

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rice pudding garnished with nuts, which was \$2 extra.

A Vegetarian Dinner Special (\$12.95) is also served, which includes assorted appetizers, soup, Mattar Paneer (home-made cheese with green peas cooked in spices), Vegetable of the Day, and several Indian breads. Most of the a la carte dinner entrees are reasonably priced from the less expensive vegetarian specialties (\$4.95) to the more expensive meat/shrimp entrees (\$8.50 to \$10.95). Entrees from the clay oven include Seekh Kabab, minced lamb flavored with herbs and ground onion and roasted on skewers on charcoal, and Murg Ke Tikke, boneless pieces of chicken marinated with spices and cooked in the Tandoor. Other tempting entrees are Murg Kashmiri, chicken pieces simmered in curry; Murg Sagwala, boneless chicken cooked in creamed spinach and flavored with delicate spices; Saag Gosht, lamb pieces cooked with spinach, tomato and ginger, tempered with cumin seeds, and Brinjal Bhurta -- a classic Indian vegetable dish -- a whole eggplant baked over an open flame and cooked with sauteed onions, tomatoes and herbs. If you order a curry dish, it's wise to ask for mild seasoning. All dinners are served with tea or coffee. There is no bar, but domestic or imported beer is offered at \$2 a bottle, as well as several imported Indian beers at \$3 a bottle.

Desserts include Mango Ice Cream, Ras Malai (homemade cheese pattie cakes poached in sweetened milk and garnished with pistachio nuts, Mango Lassi (mango, cardamon, spices, milk and yogurt), all \$2 each, and a special Indian ice cream made of milk, cream, nuts and flavored with cardamon and rose water at \$2.50. The **Maharaja** also serves a Lunch Buffet (all you can eat) at \$5.95.

If you like Indian cooking, try the **Maharaja!** The restaurant

is small, the service is good, and it is easy to reach by car. As you leave Collington, turn left on Lottsford Road, left on Enterprise Road (Rt. 193), which becomes Greenbelt Road. Drive past the entrance to NASA on the right and go a short distance to the next light at Cipriano Road. Turn left and again left into the shopping center and again left, where you will see the **Maharaja Restaurant** next to the Sovran Bank. The shopping center has a K-Mart store in the center for further identification.

FIVE YEARS IN THE BATHROOM?

By Albert Rosen

Do you know how you spend your time?

Over the years?

In a lifetime?

6 years EATING

5 years in the BATHROOM

CLEANING HOUSE -- 4 years

3 years in MEETINGS

2 years -- WAITING IN LINES

SEARCHING FOR THINGS -- 1 year

WAITING AT RED LIGHTS -- 9 months

OPENING JUNK MAIL -- 8 months

No wonder you have so little time to talk

To YOUR SPOUSE -- 9 minutes a day

To YOUR CHILD -- FIFTY SECONDS A DAY

LIBRARY NOTES

By Anna Dougherty, Librarian

Some current books which have recently been donated by residents to the Library include:

Anderson, J. **STORMIN' NORMAN.** '91

Baker, R. **THERE'S A COUNTRY IN MY CELLAR.** '90

Bierman, J. **DARK SAFARI, THE LIFE BEHIND THE LEGEND OF HENRY MORTON STANLEY.** '90

Bradley, M.Z. **HEIRS OF HAMMERFELL.** '90

- Cannadine, D. **THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.** '90
 Coonts, S. **UNDER SIEGE.** '90
 Cussler, C. **DRAGON.** '90
 Desai, A. **BAUMGARTNER'S BOMBAY.** '90
 Diehl, W. 27. '91
 Dunne, D.A. **AN INCONVENIENT WOMAN.** '90
 Gifford, T. **THE ASSASSINI.** '90
 Gooddall, J. **THROUGH A WINDOW.** '90
 Grisham, J. **THE FIRM.** '91
 Hailey, A. **THE EVENING NEWS.** '90
 Helprin, M. **A SOLDIER OF THE GREAT WAR.** '90
 James P.D. **DEVICES AND DESIRES.** '90
 Johnson, C. **MIDDLE PASSAGE.** '90
 McFarland, D. **THE MUSIC ROOM.** '90
 Pearson, R. **PROBABLE CAUSE.** '91
 Ross T. **TWILIGHT AT MAC'S PLACE.** '90
 Slater, I. **WORLD WAR III.** '91
 Steel, D. **MESSAGE FROM NAM.** '90
 Tan, A. **THE KITCHEN GOD'S WIFE.** '91
 Theroux, P. **MY SECRET HISTORY.** '90
 Whitney, P.A. **THE SINGING STONE.** '90
 Wicker, T. **ONE OF US; RICHARD NIXON AND THE AMERICAN DREAM.** '91

Also donated recently was **WHO'S WHO IN THE EAST 1979-1980**; this may be consulted in the Reference Room. **THE LARGE PRINT BIBLE**, King James Version, in six volumes, has been donated by Sophie L. Clagett. This **BIBLE** belonged formerly to her mother.

STATISTICIANS AT COLLINGTON

By A.H. Bowker

The 1991 **Directory of Statisticians** includes a geographical listing of members by city and state, giving six in Mitchellville and five at Collington: Bixby, Martin, Merriam, Rothwell (Naomi) and Sitgreaves (aka Bowker). All have the Honorary title of Fellow conferred by the American Statistical Association on "members of outstanding reputation who have

made outstanding contributions in some aspect of statistical work." Since the **Directory** contains 17,890 individuals of whom 872 are Fellows and about one-fourth of the Fellows are women, the probability that one address will house five female Fellows is small indeed and some factor other than chance may be operating.

My own address is listed at an office downtown, as Fellow Sitgreaves restricts the number of books and journals deposited here.



Mike Nadel at age 29

MIKE NADEL, THE WILDERNESS MAN

By Jacob Fisher

"That was the beginning of the best years of my life," says Mike Nadel, referring to his selection in 1955, as Assistant Executive Director of the Wilderness Society, his first paid employment in the field he loved. The appointment
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freed him from the necessity of a job sought primarily for income.

Small, sparely built, Mike moves comfortably around his apartment despite a glaucoma which severely limits his vision. The floor to ceiling bookshelf-lined walls of the living room reflect a lifetime's intellectual journey. Here are the literary classics of his early reading years: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, the Cellini of the famous auto biography, the Voltaire of **Candide**, the Goethe of **Faust**, the Tolstoy of **War and Peace**. And here, too, are the classics of the environmental and wilderness movements: John Muir's **My First Summer in the Yosemite**, Aldo Leopold's **Sand County Almanac**, Rachel Carson's **Silent Spring**, John Wesley Powell's account of his trip down the Colorado not long after the Civil War, in which he lost an arm, Thoreau's **Walden**, Beston's **Outermost House**, and many others. The books share crowded space with the products of native Amerindian and Inuit crafts and artifacts: bowls, figures, carvings, whittlings, textiles, etc. An excellent exhibit of some of these treasures was mounted in the Gallery last year.

Until 1955, Mike held as diverse a series of jobs as any to be found in the richly patterned employment histories of Collington residents, a diversity reflecting a catch-as-catch-can education (his full-time schooling ended in the tenth grade) and the ups and downs of the American economy in prosperity and depression, war and peace. He was auditing expenditures on renegotiated ship construction for the U.S. Maritime Commission when called to Washington to work for the Wilderness Society.

There was an aspect of the young man, husband, father, and family provider which was not wholly satisfied by the exercise of the skills in the jobs he held. It

found expression only in hiking the foot trails reached by subway and ferry on the west side of the Hudson: the Palisades to Alpine, New York, and the foot trails on the lower slopes of Bear Mountain. He became an ardent fisherman, seeking out and finding opportunities to fish in Jamaica Bay and Long Island Sound, and in the reservoirs in the Catskills that fed into the water supply system of New York City.

In time, Mike's horizons widened to include New York State as a whole, and the discovery of the opportunities for hiking, fishing, and canoeing offered by the New York State Forest in the Adirondacks, declared by the State Constitution to be kept "forever wild." Conscious of the important role of citizen participation in the development of public policy, he became active in the principal wilderness preservation societies, serving as a member of the Advisory Committee on Fish and Game of the New York State Commission on Conservation, 1945-49, as Trustee of the Friends of the Forest Preserve, 1944-55, and as a member of the Advisory Committee of the Lake George Institute of History, Art and Science.

He joined the Wilderness Society and took part in field trips by foot, pack horse, and canoe in the lakes of Minnesota and Ontario, the Grand Tetons in Wyoming, the Olympic National Park in Washington state, the Great Smokies in Tennessee, and the Selway-Bitterrott area of Idaho and Montana. A gifted writer, he wrote many articles for **Wilderness**, the Society journal, and for other journals, on wilderness and its preservation.

These field trips and related activities brought him into close contact with national figures in the wilderness preservation movement. It was a time of changing public attitudes toward the value

of wilderness. Second thoughts were being expressed about the effects on the environment of the ditching and damming approach to maximizing water availability. Wholesale destruction of forest cover for the short-range benefit of land owners without regard to the consequences in soil erosion and loss of habitat was now recognized as shortsighted public policy.

Mike shared these new views and by his writing and other activities in the Wilderness Society aided their acceptance by the public at large and by those who were administering land use policy.

In 1955, Mike was appointed Assistant Executive Director of the Society and assumed some editorial responsibilities for its periodical **The Living Wilderness** (now **Wilderness**). He became Executive Director and Corporate Secretary of the Society and Editor of **The Living Wilderness** in 1964, positions he held until his retirement in 1971 at age seventy. These seventeen years were, perhaps, the busiest and most productive in the Society's history. They saw the enactment in 1964 of the National Wilderness Preservation System, committing the federal government

to the maintenance as forever wild the most primitive and spectacular areas of the country. Mike counts these fruitful years among the happiest of his long life. He wrote many articles, made many speeches, and testified before congressional committees on behalf of the wilderness preservation cause.

This was a time, too, when contacts with government officials in the Soviet Union became possible. International cooperation in the exploration of the ways to reconcile environmental protection with production goals became a reality, as the Soviets attempted to learn from the American experience. Mike feels fortunate to have been able to participate in this international cooperation.

Formal retirement did not end Mike's interest in activities in the field. He was appointed Special Consultant to the new Executive Director, serving in that capacity until 1979, when failing vision forced him to retire from most activities. He now limits his efforts to supporting actively the causes of conservation and preservation of environment at Collington.





- A. Ruler of ancient Hebrew commonwealth 48 51 42 21 10 86 102 7
- B. Ratio 3:2 (early music) 15 74 60 23 78 32 45
- C. Philosopher (Gioberti follower) 59 13 34 36 46 76 115 88 28 72
- D. Resistor 95 24 62 111 83 100 3 90
- E. Type (old name) 11 40 38 79 30 84 49
- F. One overpoweringly habituated 8 57 20 80 58 29
- G. Rough 52 89 47 19 68 96 25 101
- H. Heebie-jeebies 97 94 2 41 65 54 103
- I. Embellishments 70 53 114 26 61 92 81 85 6
- J. Left on the bar 98 37 55 17 75 39 93 16 4
- K. German wine 27 73 67 109 5 112 104
- L. Scorer 106 113 14 64 91 56 43
- M. Pro/con 33 66 77 105 44 87 31 50 9 110
- N. Joining 35 108 63 82 1 107 18
- O. Irish-born satirist (1667-1745) 99 22 12 71 69

1 N	2 H		3 D		4 J	5 K
6 I	7 A	8 F	9 M	10 A	11 E	
12 O	13 C		14 L	15 B	16 J	
17 J	18 N	19 G	20 F	21 A	22 O	
23 B		24 D	25 G	26 I	27 K	
28 C	29 F	30 J	31 M	32 B		33 M
34 C		35 N	36 C	37 J	38 E	
39 J	40 E	41 H	42 A	43 L	44 M	45 B
46 C	47 G		48 A	49 E	50 M	
51 A	52 G	53 I	54 H	55 J	56 L	57 D
	58 F	59 C	60 B	61 I	62 D	63 N
64 L	65 H	66 M	67 K	68 G	69 O	
70 I	71 O		72 C	73 K	74 B	
75 J	76 C	77 M	78 B	79 E	80 F	81 I
82 N	83 D		84 E	85 I	86 A	87 M
88 C	89 G		90 D	91 L	92 I	
93 J	94 H	95 D	96 G		97 H	98 J
99 O	100 D		101 G	102 A	103 H	104 K
105 M	106 L	107 N		108 N	109 K	110 M
111 D		112 K	113 L	114 I	115 C	