

The Collingtonian

~ News and Views ~

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OPPORTUNITIES OUTLET SEIZES A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

By Peg Chatten

Hurricane Andrew brought it -- a time of destruction and a time of building up.

On Thursday, August 27, when trucks and vans were assembling at Landover Mall, we took 14 boxes well packed and labeled at a moment's notice by our capable Hilda Jay and Georgia Paine. These items came from the overabundant supply of clothing and shoes, which we had not been able to sell.

So now we have a clean corner, and a sense of having shared from our abundance. We praise the Lord for this opportunity and for the loyal and hard-working OO'ers. At the Mall it was exciting to be in the midst of all this packing and loading. The organization of this operation was superb -- so smoothly directed. We were unloaded in 3 minutes and gone! What an awesome experience to be a part of this.

I REMEMBER PARIS AFTER LIBERATION, SEPTEMBER 1944

By Bob Willing

(Adapted from the Diary of the 29th Machine Records Unit Mobile)

On 5, September 1944, Captain Walsh and 14 men of the 29th Machine Records Unit Mobile left Le Mans for Paris, arriving that evening. On 7 September the remaining 17 men, under Captain Barnett, made the trip.

The second group encountered cold rainy weather, but as we

neared Paris the weather cleared and we rolled the canvas top back and viewed the scenery. Everywhere the French were wild with excitement. The Yanks were getting a warm reception. In contrast, there was only silence as truckload after truckload of sorry-looking German prisoners passed us, headed for the interior.

When we reached Paris, it was the same story, multiplied a thousandfold. The Parisians smiled, waved, chatted and swarmed around the truck whenever it stopped. From the outskirts we proceeded into the heart of the city, and then got lost. We saw much of downtown Paris before we finally reached our destination, Le Jardin des Tuileries, where we were to place our trailers.

Le Jardin des Tuileries, started by Catherine de Medici in 1564, was an excellent spot for our trailers, as the park was not open to the public, and the tall trees offered a natural camouflage. The garden had been the scene of a ferocious battle between the Germans and the Free French, and there were still damaged German tanks and vehicles in evidence. We were warned not to touch any of the abandoned German equipment. A week after our arrival, several of the men witnessed the unearthing of four German soldiers, who had been hastily buried in a shallow grave a short distance from our trailers.

Best news of all, we were jumping from foxhole to hotel. We could hardly believe our good
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fortune. We had no trouble accustoming ourselves to soft mattresses. We were quartered in the Hotel Ceramic on the Avenue de Wagram, one block from the Arc de Triomphe. It was one of several hotels requisitioned by the Ground Force Replacement System and had previously been occupied by the Germans. It was small, but fairly modern. The unit was quartered on the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors, two men to a room.

Many of the rooms had baths, and the beds were comfortable. There was little electricity during the first two weeks in Paris, and we were often caught with the lights out while trimming a moustache or writing a letter. Hot water was almost nonexistent, and a bath was like a dip in the North Sea. Maid and laundry service was unbelievable to us (also very expensive). This was the best deal that most of us had ever had in the Army.

The Army had taken over the Monte Carlo Restaurant, nearby. At first the food ran mostly to C rations, dehydrated potatoes, and luncheon meat, but it improved gradually. The Parisians were very curious about our mess apparatus, and crowded around to watch us wash our mess gear in buckets of hot water by the back door.

Good cigarettes were scarce, and Parisians would stop us and ask if we had any to sell. Soon an order was issued forbidding Army personnel to engage in such transactions.

Paris had emerged from the German occupation in good spirits. We watched her gradually come to life. Subways started to run until 10 P.M., the electricity came on, and sidewalk cafes opened. Old French and American films were shown for one performance nightly, and night clubs were doing good business, though prices were prohibitive.

Paris seemed like a combination of Washington and New

York. The wide streets with the beautiful trees and the circles, so confusing to drivers, reminded one of Washington; the Opera, theaters, restaurants and night-spots were more like New York, [and unlike the Washington of those days]. We enjoyed the many places of historical interest, and admired the Parisian women, who were the nearest thing to American women that we had seen since leaving home. They were well-groomed, smartly dressed and generally attractive. Many, unlike American women, wore huge hats and extreme clothing, dyeing their hair to match. The Parisians as a whole were friendly and informal and soon learned to speak some English, while most of the men in the unit picked up a working knowledge of French.

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

I was completely fascinated to learn the facts relating to the origin and development of the Collington Life Care Community. It is impressive that from the birth of the idea to the completion of our remarkable home the Episcopal Church, from the Bishops and Diocese to the neighborhood churches, has borne financial responsibility and assumed leadership in passing a unique outreach program to establish an interfaith community. In view of these circumstances and the fact that everyone knows before coming here that there is an Episcopal connection it would seem that a chapel with a removable cross was as natural here as a similar chapel for non-Episcopalians in the National Cathedral (or the Cathedral itself for that matter, since it is used by all sects on different occasions). I am bewildered and troubled by the divisive reaction that has been introduced here by the reorientation of the chapel. When did outreach turn into discrimination?

Leila F. Wilson

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S CORNER

By Gail L. Kohn

A sizeable minority of Collington's residents can be expected to have Alzheimer's or a related disease for some period of their lives. Although none of us wants to see friends with mental impairments, it is best to face the reality and to continue learning more about the care of persons with these irreversible, progressively debilitating conditions. By having a "no restraint" policy and by emphasizing therapeutic activities, Collington began the Creighton Center program in 1988 on the forefront of care for residents with mental impairments. So the effort to adopt more comforting and effective caregiving techniques was a natural progression, and it was recognized by all of us associated with Collington as a high priority goal.

At my request in May, a work group of residents and staff (led by Bettie Flack, Director of Education/Staff Development, and Marion Rodriguez, Associate Director of Health Services), worked through the summer preparing a preliminary report on implementing the techniques introduced to Collington staff and residents last spring by consultant gerontologist, Mary Lucero.

Many of you attended Mrs. Lucero's presentation, which provided an update on the latest applied research regarding the care of mentally impaired persons. Residents and staff who participated in the work group devised a plan to enable all of us to become accustomed to the behavior and abilities of mentally impaired residents in the progressive stages of their dementias.

The work group also set a time line for developing familiarity with the techniques we will be using increasingly, which are intended to engender greater contentment among mentally impaired residents. The techniques intro-

duced by Mrs. Lucero require a shift in caregivers' approaches from bosses (or mothers) to facilitators. Residents, staff and family members will become accustomed to accepting the "reality" of the confused person as the point of departure for completing assistance with personal needs and for engaging in other activities.

After the initial training has been completed this fall and winter, the daily activities of residents residing in the Creighton Center will be scheduled, starting with an initial four hour block of time and later with additional four hour blocks of time, to engage each person in a daily twenty-four hour program of care and activities individualized to their abilities and preferences. The work group realistically anticipated that the transition from our present approach to care for mentally impaired residents to the new Collington Way may take three years.

The final report is expected in late November, after the Nursing Services Coordinator, Debra Titus-Baker (who will join the staff October 1), has the opportunity to review implementation plans. In the meantime, awareness sessions will be available to all of us. In addition, staff, resident and family member training in the techniques will continue, and prop kits will be assembled to facilitate additional small group activities.

Please join me in thanking the residents and staff who undertook the challenge of planning the implementation of the techniques we learned from Mary Lucero. Residents Ruth Quarles, Virginia Conley, Katherine Hinman, Burt Dougherty, Richard Tousey, Albert Rosen, William Painter and Mary MacLean were part of the work group, and Lorraine Phillips, Emily Baker, Roy Blough and Cora Fisher assisted by carrying out special sub-group assignments. In addition to Co-Chairs Bettie Flack and Marion Rodriguez, the following staff

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members participated: Marybeth Westfall, Patricia Butler, Mary Jeffery, Janet Eberhardt, Kendall Brown, Marthalene Hawkins, Marcell White and James Cole. Special subgroup assignments were carried out by staff members: Maude Forbes, Linda O'Neil, Doris Henning, Bettie Jeter and Judy Reilly.

Please anticipate announcements in the Collington **Courier** regarding activities associated with these important program changes.

COLLINGTON IS FULL-UP

"Collington has exceeded its budgeted occupancy of 95%," Gail Kohn says. Waiting-list reservations far exceed vacancies.

The few empty cottages are all spoken for and are just sitting there waiting for their new occupants to move in.

WHO'S NEW

Edwin G. Beal, Jr..

When the Japanese forces occupied Peking in 1937, Edwin G. Beal, Jr. was teaching at Yenching University, just outside the city. He continued to exercise this talent for being in interesting places at critical times throughout his lifetime.

His language skills -- Japanese as well as Chinese -- led him into a career at the Library of Congress. Following his retirement from the Library he edited publications dealing with Asian studies. Further details of Dr. Beal's varied career will appear in a future issue of **The Collingtonian**.

His wife, Janet, who suffers from Parkinson's disease, arrived at Collington some months ahead of her husband, taking up residence in the Health Center. She had an active career with numerous government agencies in an editorial capacity.

Mr. Beal lives in Cottage 2202.

Connie and Eddie Quinn

Connie and Eddie Quinn arrived at Collington in time to celebrate their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary with their five children and five grandchildren. The party featured lots of gold balloons, which the children tied to the Quinn's scooters. "Made me feel like a Shriner in a parade," Connie said.

They moved here from Forrestville -- just a short distance away. Eddie is a Prince George's County native born in Croome. His whole name is Charles Edmund, and some people call him Charlie and some people call him Eddie. He prefers Eddie. Connie comes from Virginia. They both feel very much at home here in Cottage 3105.

An active member of the Disabled American Veterans, Eddie lost a leg at the Battle of the Bulge driving a tank. After the war he worked at the Naval Research Laboratory at Bolling Field as a sheet metal worker.

He and his wife like to get together with the family and play poker. "Not for high stakes -- just nickel and dime stuff" the Quinns insist.

Florence Reeves

Florence Reeves moved to Collington just in time to celebrate her 91st birthday on June 29, flying in from Los Osos, California. She quickly settled into Apartment 228, tucked her electric organ in the corner and joined the exercise class. After a couple of sessions she declared they had done her so much good she could now walk without her cane.

She lived in Afghanistan for two years and traveled around Africa with her late husband who was an agricultural attache.

She has two sons -- Dale who lives in Oregon and Edgar of Annapolis. Edgar had some calling cards made up for his mother. The usual -- address, telephone number. However, beneath his mother's name Edgar added "Flo' on the GO." Now

does he understand his mother, or what?

M. E. (Emmy) Wallen

With a name like Mary Elizabeth Grier Wallen it helps to simplify, Emmy Wallen explains. Grier was her professional name when she worked as a clinical psychologist at D.C. General Hospital.

A stepson with a house in the Virgin Islands, an artist stepdaughter in Cleveland and a little place on Chincoteague Island keep Emmy from becoming provincial.

Travel is a great interest, and so is gardening. "But," she notes, "gardening and travel don't go together. Photography and travel do."

She has signed up for the Landscape Committee because she would like to see wild flowers growing on the steep slope behind her Cottage 1010. And, naturally, she has joined the flower arrangers.

She would like to meet people who play the recorder and attend meetings of the Washington Recorder Society.

Is there more? To be sure. Emmy writes poetry and plans to work with **The Collingtonian**.

Emmy came to Collington from Leisure World where she lived seven years. Welcome, Emmy Wallen. Leisure World's loss is Collington's gain.

MIDDLE BOY

By Walter W. Ristow

Conventional wisdom holds that the middle child is a long suffering and put upon member of a family. Knowing this, as concerned and reasonably intelligent parents, Helen and I were confident that we would not be guilty of favoritism or bias in raising our three sons.

Imagine our chagrin, therefore, when ten year old middle boy, Bill, challenged us one day. "How come," he asked, "when it is time to go to bed, I am one of the little boys, but when there is a

job to be done, I am one of the big boys?" Our parenting complacency was shattered by this confrontation, and we carefully reviewed the volumes on our shelf of child care books.

Some time later I had occasion to administer a reprimand to Bill for a minor infraction. With his lower lip extended in a pout, he huffed, "I bet you weren't perfect when you were a little boy!"

Facetiously, I replied, "Of course, I was, just ask Grandma."

"O.K., I will," came his reply, and off he hurried in search of pencil and paper. In short order the postal service carried his query to Grandma.

Grandma, I should explain, was the oldest of nine children of immigrant parents. To help support the large family, after completing fourth grade she found it necessary to seek employment in a knitting factory. At age 21 she married, and over the next thirteen years she gave birth to seven children.

A week or two after mailing his letter Bill received a reply from Grandma. A child psychologist could not have produced a better one.

"Dear Bill," she wrote, "this is in answer to your letter asking about whether your father was perfect as a little boy. All little boys, I believe, try to be perfect, but none ever quite make it, because there are too many difficulties to overcome. Besides, if they were perfect, they wouldn't be little boys. Your father and his four brothers, like all boys, had their quarrels and differences. Sometimes they did things that made me unhappy. But mostly they behaved very well, and all of them grew up to be respectable men and good citizens. Even though you may occasionally disappoint your mother and father, I am sure that they love you and your two brothers. And I know that all three of you will grow up to be men of whom they

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will be proud, as I am of my five boys."

And so they did.

BE QUIET, O MY DIET

By RWVW

Our dining-room silence, incredible,
Is due to some glass that's regrettable.

Yet, one sound remains
Despite all our panes:
We still hear the audible edible.

So let's get our fill, Jack & Jill,
With minimal mandible kill.
Yes, mufflin' muffins
And dark silent stuffin's,
No matter **what's** best with our
pill.

Let's lay off the crackely celery.
Instead, go for slippery jellery.

Okay to be munchy,
Just so it's not crunchy.
Fill up with the whispery calorie.

If it's true that our life needs
renewing,
Is the ear now the stomach's undoing?
Eat yogurt with verve,
Just so it's "soft-serve."
Or should we eschew all the
chewing?

VOLUNTEERISM OF COLLINGTON RESIDENTS IN 1992

By Baker Port, Volunteer Coordinator

During July 1992, the Office of Volunteer Coordinator conducted a survey of volunteerism among Collington residents, primarily those in "independent living" units. Our appreciation goes out to the 178 residents who returned the completed forms. This report is a very condensed summary of some of the data.

The on-campus data indicate the following:

One hundred and sixty carried out work on one or more local committees.

Sixty three reported working both on campus and off campus.

The average amount of time devoted to committee work on campus was in excess of two hours a week.

Forty five reported working an average of four hours a week in relief of administration personnel or in aiding individual Health Center occupants. These duties would seem to be one most satisfying of the volunteers in meeting their needs to help others and to feel useful and productive, which are the most widely recognized reasons for volunteering.

"Special Projects" including such diverse duties as movie projection, decorations for special parties and Collington Property Inventory, had over 100 residents reporting significant time during the year the survey covered.

The off campus activities of Collington residents show: Church work, including work at the Washington Cathedral, had the largest representation -- some 20 residents at six locations. Meals-on-Wheels had the second largest number of workers, although the number had increased by only one over that reported in 1991. Thirty one residents indicated their off campus duties required over 10 hours a month to carry out.

Collington residents are fortunate to be able to do volunteer work on campus and to have easy access to public transportation to off campus work. National data indicate a lower rate of volunteerism for persons in the Collington age range than our survey shows.

Editors' note: The survey was carried out during the summer when a large proportion of residents were away. A similar survey carried out in the spring or fall would probably show much larger numbers of volunteers, and many more hours worked.

REV. AND MRS. WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER

On August 27, at high noon our old friend Bob Miller was married to his old friend Margaret McAllister Cox at the Church of Our Savior at Hillandale. Mrs. Miller, who comes from the Eastern Shore, was at one time Chair of the Board of the Episcopal Center for Children, and has many friends in the area. A beautiful reception, attended by many Collington residents, was held in the Parish Hall following the ceremony.

THE BRYN MAWR BOOKSHOP

By Caroline H. Farquhar

A young woman inquired if the Bryn Mawr Bookshop, called **The Lantern**, (used books, LPs and some antique collectibles) ever "searched for books." Yes, she was told, if they're out-of-print. Then she asked would the shop try to find these titles. "She gave us three months. It was an odd list," commented Ruth Atkiss, longtime volunteer on duty one morning recently, "mostly single volumes from whole sets. By advertising in **AB Bookman's Weekly** we were able to obtain all twelve titles in the allotted time. In shipping them to California we learned that we were helping to reconstitute the bookshelves at the Oval Office of the White House as they had been in the Reagan years. A replica of the Oval Office is in the Reagan Library. It was an interesting project, rather different from our day to day."

Ms. Atkiss continued her reminiscences: When the restored Willard Hotel was about to open a few years ago, we had a request for 250 linear feet of books (no titles specified) and 13 linear feet of books for the presidential suite. The President of Brazil, also a poet, was the first occupant of the suite; we hope he enjoyed the poetry we included. Later on we sent a scout to inquire at the hotel desk, "I'd like to see the

hotel's book collection, please. The clerk didn't know what she was talking about or where they might be, and neither did anyone he asked. We still don't know." Continuing further, she said, "I recall a young woman who, riding by on the bus (3222 O St., just west of Wisconsin Avenue), caught sight of Katharine Hepburn's **Me** in our bay window and phoned back almost immediately to say, with some urgency, 'Please save it for me.'"

The late Diana Laylin Young, one of Collington's early residents, founded **The Lantern** about 15 years ago, together with some of her Bryn Mawr friends, in order to raise money for scholarships for DC area students to attend the College. The shop's earliest site was on P Street near Dupont Circle. Collingtonians Carrie Williams and Anne Torbert volunteered in the shop for many years. In 1989, it moved from its second location at 28th and M, where some of us remember visiting it, to its present Georgetown location.

Up the steps beside the bay window and past a flying white and yellow flag one enters that haunt of the addicted where lurk the used books, LPs and a few unusual antique collectibles. "Our stock is given to us not just by Bryn Mawr alums, of course," adds Ms. Adkiss, "although there are over 1,000 of us in the area." Why a bookstore rather than one big yearly sale in leased quarters like several other enterprises here? For two reasons, she says. "We have precedents. There are nine other Bryn Mawr bookshops, quite independent, along the East Coast, for instance, in Cambridge, Rochester, Pittsburgh, New Haven, among other cities. We've found they provide excellent p.r. resources as well as scholarship money. It's interesting, too, that among our steadiest customers are buyers who operate other used-bookstores, looking for books that **they** can sell." She adds, "We are the only
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college club bookstore operating in Washington."

Here the devoted book-hunter or casual customer to whom that old "but-I-HAVE-a-book" saw doesn't apply can discover a wide range of categories from archeology to zoology, one might say, with large amounts of biography, history, politics and international relations, as well as fiction and mysteries (no comics or magazines) in both hardback and paperback. Legions of whodunits start at 25 cents and LPs, not limited to classical, at \$1. There are periodic half-price sales. "We keep up a mailing list of 800 names."

At one point the visitor wandered over to study the contents of several glassed-in cabinets, objets d'art donated to the College to sell for the benefit of the scholarship fund. Some of them are very pricey, silver, crystal and miscellaneous pieces: a marvellously baroque six-piece sterling silver tea set (Bailey, Banks & Biddle), a Jensen swan glass bowl, a silver fluted bowl, a Chinese Ming brocade, a Tiffany "sample mosaic," and a Sheffield footed bowl (1898).

"How do you staff such a booming enterprise?" Elizabeth Williams, the other volunteer at the desk this morning, was asked. "By dint of much hard work," she replied, "and we could surely, very easily and thankfully keep more volunteers busy, if you know of any who would like to join us." Volunteers need not be alumnae of Bryn Mawr, of course, and the shop is open every day of the week.

DEJA VU

By Virginia Conley

Early in my career I spent some years in pediatric nursing. Waiting rooms filled with mothers and their babies became a familiar sight.

While they waited, the young mothers would start up conversations with each other. "How old is

your baby? Six months? Mine is just 10 months today. It's his birthday."

"What's wrong with your baby? Is it a boy or a girl? Ahhh, poor little thing."

"That's a terrible cough. What are you giving him? Doesn't that taste terrible? We were using that stuff in the pink bottle, what's its name? I can't remember now, but the doctor said not to give that to Jack. He's too young and it has alcohol in it."

The babies cried, the young children got bored and squabbled over toys, and the mothers wearily shifted the weight of their burden from one arm to another. One day was like the next. Perfect strangers found a bond in their presence at the clinic, in the illness of a child, in their motherhood.

Years passed. Lots of years, in which my career took me a long way from the pediatric waiting rooms. Then came retirement. And soon, a dog joined the household. And then two more.

And then the visit to the vet became a part of my life. Other pet owners came in with kitty carriers, large dogs on chains, and small dogs in their arms.

"What kind of dog is that you have?" one would ask. "A Pomeranian? I never heard of that before. I have a Beagle," nodding at a sad-eyed floppy eared hound.

"Do you have a cat in that carrier? What's the matter with it? My goodness, it has the longest hair! Look Prince! Prince! Come here, you bad dog."

"What a cute puppy! How old is he? Or is it a she? My dog is 12 years old and we just can't get it to stop coughing. Wakes us up in the middle of the night..."

And there was the day when a slight young woman came in with a huge collie. Clearly the dog had been to the vet's before and was not eager to make a return visit. When the girl's name was called, she rose and tugged on the collie's leash.

"I'm coming," she called. Again her name was called. Again she tugged at the dog, which had dug his feet in and was not about to budge. "Coming," the girl said, a little desperately. A third time her name was called. At that point the rest of us got up and helped push the huge dog into the office.

Waiting one day for my name to be called, I was overcome with a sense of complete familiarity. I had never before owned a pet; and yet, in this waiting room I felt completely at home. Even before I could put the question in words, I knew the answer. It was *deja vu* with a different cast of characters.

THE CHURCH IS ON FIRE

It seems that, during a recent interdenominational meeting, someone rushed in shouting: "The building is on fire!"

1. The Methodists gathered in the corner to pray.
 2. The Baptists cried: "Where is the water?"
 3. The Quakers quietly praised God for the blessing that fire brings.
 4. The Lutherans posted a notice on the door declaring the fire was evil.
 5. The Roman Catholics passed a collection plate to cover the damage.
 6. The Congregationalists shouted: "Every man for himself."
 7. The Fundamentalists proclaimed: "It's the vengeance of God."
 8. The Christian Scientists agreed among themselves that there was not a fire.
 9. The Presbyterians appointed a chairperson who was to appoint a committee to look into the matter and make a written report to the session.
 10. The Episcopalians formed a procession and marched out.
- From the **Trinity Trumpet** (Episcopal), Upper Marlboro, April 1992.

JEWISH HIGH HOLY DAYS

By Phyllis Sternau

Rosh Hashanah is observed this year on September 28th, which is the New Year in the ancient Hebrew calendar. Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, falls ten days later, on October 7th. These are the ten most holy days in the Jewish faith. Services are held from sundown to sundown on both Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur in neighborhood synagogues or temples.

Rosh Hashanah is celebrated by repeating prayers recited over generations. Many people use this day to be alone with their thoughts and hopes, while others gather with family or friends in their synagogues. It is a time to search one's soul.

For ten days thoughts turn inward, and on Yom Kippur, Jews pray for a cleansing of sins, for a renewal of faith, for the strength to mend strained relationships, to forgive those who have hurt them and to pray that they will not hurt others in the coming year.

As this is a time for private scrutiny, each Jewish person, whether alone or with others, prays quietly alone. For the observant Jew, the two days are grouped together, to mark both a renewal of faith and a plea for forgiveness for sins committed.

OLD CHURCHES

By Edward Behr

Prince George's County fairly brims with history and there is scarcely a better place to glimpse the County's past than in its old churches.

Half a dozen churches in the County date from colonial days; five are Episcopalian and one Catholic. A few trace their roots into the 17th century. Even those not quite so old plainly reflect another era in their style and atmosphere. All are modest in size and simple in design. They lack towering steeples and mighty pipe organs. Most

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stand on spacious grounds graced by tall trees and old gravestones. All are jewels in one way or another.

A nearby gem, familiar to many Collington residents, is St. Barnabas', at the southern end of Church Road. The present brick church, replacing an earlier one, was built in 1774, and restored in the 1970s. It stands in a quiet rural setting; in the churchyard are stately oaks, cedars and hemlocks and graves bearing locally prominent names like Bowie and Belt. The building itself is unusual, with a shingled gambrel roof flared outward at the eaves and two stories of simple rectangular mullioned windows. Inside, the white walls and high ceilings give a feeling of lightness and airiness not common in old churches. One feature is a painting of The Last Supper, done in 1721 by Gustavus Hesselius -- the first religious painting made in English America. If nothing else guarantees that St. Barnabas' is historic, note that George Washington attended services there in 1772. The present rector is the Rev. Lawrence Harris, who is a member of the Collington Board of Directors.

A dozen miles or so south of St. Barnabas', in the village of Croom, stands another Episcopal church with claims to fame. This is St. Thomas' Parish Church, completed in 1745. It is brick, cross-shaped and has a steeply pitched roof. In front is a bell tower added in 1888. Buried in the churchyard are members of Maryland's founding family, the Calverts, and a monument there honors Thomas John Claggett, who in the 18th century served both as priest at St. Thomas' and as the first Bishop of Maryland. Inside the church, old brick floors and a chandelier and sconces of 18th-century style add to the feeling of antiquity.

Northeast of Collington, on a

hill crest just off Maryland 450 on the way to Bowie, is a third Episcopal church -- Holy Trinity, built in 1836 and remodeled in 1899. This, too, is brick with a pitched roof and no steeple. Atop the roof peak stands a small metal cross. There are hints of the Gothic in the pointed-arch stained-glass windows, small as they are. A wooded hillside shelters the church and the adjacent rectory and school from the highway. Holy Trinity's pedigree extends much farther back than the present church. A chapel was built on the site as early as 1712.

Still greater privacy surrounds the Catholic Sacred Heart Chapel, located off Maryland 450 east of Bowie. The parish's regular services today take place in a larger modern church close to that highway, but just beyond it a long, winding driveway leads up a wooded hill to the chapel, which is still used for weddings. Unlike the usual brick churches of its vintage, the chapel's walls are of cut stone, now painted a cream color, and the roof is tiled rather than shingled. A bell tower with clapboard siding was added in the 19th century. The chapel stands on its hilltop in splendid isolation, accompanied only by a rectory and a graveyard of modest size.

(The *Collingtonian's* survey of old churches in the area will be continued in a future issue.)

SCARECROWS ON THE HILLTOP GARDENS

By Frances Kolarek

He sat at the reception desk for two or three days in early June -- just to the left of Priscilla. Some nodded to him in passing. Others stared. One or two started to say "Good morning," did a double-take and said, "Oops, that's a scarecrow!"

Recruited to protect crops in the Hilltop Gardens, he soon took his place among the garden plots.

Within ten days he was joined by a companion.

No. 1 Scarecrow, conservative in tan pants and a blue Oxford shirt, was made by Amanda Otto, a student at Queen Anne School. Amanda is an elfin girl, about half the size of the scarecrow she created. In recognition of her efforts the Residents Association contributed \$50 to the St. Barnabas Parish Fund "in thanksgiving for scarecrows."

Pat Trammell created Scarecrow No. 2 which wears gaudy red pants and carries a pocketbook that swings gaily in the breeze.

By June the crows -- which had attacked two plantings of corn -- had let up a little. But by July gardeners were awaiting a crow attack on the tomatoes. "Just wait until the tomatoes start to ripen," Lee Miller warned. "They'll be back."

Meanwhile, other anti-crow measures were instituted. Someone left a small transistor radio playing classical music at the head of one plot. Others strung up shiny aluminum pie plates that swung in the breeze. Strings of Christmas tree lights were suggested, but not installed. A suggestion that the crows be shot was rejected with horror.

Unnoticed, the lengths of hose that wind snake-like throughout the gardens helped keep the rabbits

away. Peter Heinz's lettuces grew like cabbage roses and were beautiful enough to be included in any flower arrangement.

Crows are a classic scourge. In *Little House on the Prairie*, one of the Laura Ingalls Wilder books, Pa tells the children he plants four corn kernels in each hill and recites an old rhyme:

"One for the blackbird,
One for the crow,
And that will leave
Just two to grow."

How effective were our scarecrows? That depends upon whom you ask. Most people feel they helped. But it is a fact that netting was spread over some rows of tomatoes to protect them from the crows. Unprotected plants suffered depredations. The turtles got their share, too. And the heavy rains falling on undrained soil did their bit to drown out some plants.

Nevertheless, produce from the Hilltop Gardens poured into the Country Store and on to the salad bar. "We got a bountiful supply from the Garden," Rich Baker, Dining Room Manager, said. "And by the way, let me assure you that both the Country Store and the Dining Room have paid the Residents Association for these vegetables."

Specifically, Collington diners have been enjoying cucumbers, tomatoes, cantaloupe, and eggplant from the Hilltop Gardens.



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SORTA POLITICAL

By John Voorhees

ACROSS

- 1. European crows
- 5. Pentagon VIPs
- 10. Register (a vote)
- 14. A spread
- 15. Main artery
- 16. Field, farm (Lat.)
- 17. With 59A a timely event
- 19. Read carefully
- 20. Fuel in Bath
- 21. Uncontrolled excitement
- 23. Hour of inauguration
- 25. Figure in Christian art
- 26. Port on Lake Ontario
- 29. Makes a mistake
- 31. Diminish
- 32. A Chief Justice
- 34. Taste
- 37. A warning cry
- 38. Political group
- 39. City west of Los Angeles
- 40. A golf gadget
- 41. Less adorned
- 42. Right hand page
- 43. Cautious
- 44. Member of a certain college
- 46. Track or trail
- 49. Life at Collington
- 50. A quaff
- 54. Some league
- 58. -- out (supplemented)
- 59. See 17A
- 61. Former Venetian
- 62. Tin again
- 63. Legendary King of Britain
- 64. John in Sligo
- 65. Build
- 66. River to the North Sea

DOWN

- 1. Village (Dutch)
- 2. Away from the wind

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13	
14					15						16				
17				18							19				
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58						59			60						
61						62						63			
64						65						66			

- 3. Second word John 11:35
- 4. Off pitch
- 5. Election list
- 6. Louis XIII i.e.
- 7. Principal
- 8. Sojourn
- 9. -- Souci
- 10. Pranks
- 11. Market place
- 12. Eurasian finch
- 13. Some are Dutch
- 18. Frontiersman
- 22. An English Republican?
- 24. -- public
- 26. "Mr. Republican"
- 27. Hautbois
- 28. A day in June?
- 29. Osso buco perhaps
- 30. Juan Carlos i.e.
- 33. 1/100 hectare
- 34. Faction
- 35. -- the valley of death
- 36. -- Richard
- 38. Golfer's aim
- 39. Yesterday perhaps
- 41. Farm shelter
- 42. Used on violin bow
- 43. Stiff
- 45. Grieve
- 46. Troikas
- 47. A black tea
- 48. 24th letter (Gr.)
- 51. .405 hectare
- 52. He's up and at em
- 53. Mown ending
- 55. Lubes
- 56. Wolf
- 57. Opp. of Revr
- 60. Hol.