

The Collingtonian

~ News and Views ~

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THE FLOWER ARRANGER

By Frances Kolarek

Margaret Foote is arranging flowers. "Whoever picked these flowers knew what they were doing. Odd numbers. That's good."

She sits slender and erect in her room on the second floor of the Creighton Center. She could be on her way to a tea party, elegant in a blue woolen suit with silvery necklace and earrings.

"You have to talk while you do flowers," Margaret says. "Anyway, I do." And she measures the stalks of gladiolus against each other, counts the number of buds. "That's a bit of luck," she muses.

"Where will this arrangement go,?" she asks. "Against a wall? Then it will be viewed on one side only."

She is placing the flowers in a cube of Oasis, the spongy plastic substance essential to flower arrangers. "We didn't have Oasis when I was a young girl in England," Margaret says. "We had to use certain kinds of weeds as a base."

Margaret announced that she would not talk about herself. "I am an old woman. My life is over and in the past." She is, I am told, 95. Her hands are strong and sure. Her eye is critical. The flowers are her oils, her brush and her canvas. She does not hurry. When she is finished she has produced a work of art. All of us enjoy her large, opulent arrangements which are often placed on the round table near the elevator.

With a pair of florists' scissors she trims the ends of the stalks and plants them firmly in the block of Oasis. She takes them out. She trims a little more. She puts them back. I remark on the strength of her hands. "I was made to play piano," she says. "Perhaps that is why. But I hated to practice and let it go."

And she remembers the years she spent in Java with her American husband in the diplomatic corps.

"I had a garden in Java," she says. "Two acres, with three gardeners. I took about a thousand gladioli bulbs with me -- that was illegal, you know -- you're not supposed to import flowers. But they didn't thrive. Just turned into wild flowers."

She places a spider chrysanthemum among the gladioli. It displeases her. "I don't know what I'm going to do with these things," she complains. She goes back to the basic arrangement and redoes it.

I ask about a picture of a dog in her room. "Oh, that was Cesar. Wonderful dog." She laughs. "One day the wife of the German Consul General came for morning coffee with me. Cesar was sitting by my chair. She came bouncing in -- she was terribly fat -- and she flounced over to Cesar and said: 'Oh, I love dogs. I get along with dogs very well.' And she put out her hand to pet him and Cesar growled at her." Margaret produced a convincing growl.

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"She was terribly disliked, this woman. And the story got around as stories do in small places, and the next day everybody called and asked me: 'How is Cesar? We hope he keeps well.' For a week he was the talk of the town."

In his photograph Cesar looks a little like the Victrola dog. "He was a mutt," Margaret says. "A wonderful dog, given to me by a bachelor at one of those enormous Fourth of July parties at the Embassy. He slept under my bed. You know in the tropics they don't have windows. If anybody came up the lane to our house he growled. He took excellent care of me."

The flower arrangement is coming along. The spider chrysanthemums have been placed, removed, and placed again. Now the yellow gladioli go in. And finally, the orangey carnations. Margaret tries one, clips it an inch shorter, tries again and is pleased.

Now it is time for the fern, and with just as much care she places three fronds, exactly right. Over an hour has gone by. An hour of laughter, and gossip, and remembering and flower arranging.

Margaret takes a last look. "This arrangement is a little wild," she says. "It's not for an altar, is it? No? That's good. It would suit very well for a cocktail party."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

By Jacob Fisher

On one of those clear cold mornings last January I came on a heart-warming sight. Just the other side of the glass door at the end of the first floor A corridor of the Apartment, the door that looks out on the dock where once the lake stood, I saw a flock of sparrows feeding on the weed seed caught in the frost-stiffened grass. Song sparrows, field sparrows, tree sparrows, and for good measure a few purple finches.

Not to disturb them I stood to one side. I have seldom seen such an animated scene. The hopping about to locate the elusive seed had my first attention. Seeds, like leaves, come in many sizes and shapes. Not all are worth the attention of birds here. Sparrows can do little with such big-time stuff as acorns or with the bristly cones holding the seeds of the tulip tree. Or with the cones holding the seed of pine, spruce, or fir. The number and variety of other seed may be guessed by the attraction the pale straw colored grasses hold for the smaller birds here.

Birds have no teeth. (The last creature with wings and teeth died several hundred million years ago.) How break open the seed case to release the good stuff inside? I watched one little finch on such a job. She had a long, thin, flatish oval seedcase in her beak, and rapidly and methodically kept turning it round and round in her beak, presumably to soften the tissue that kept the seedcase edges locked, edges that would with a few more "bites" open to release for swallowing the tiny nutlet within bearing the new plant in embryo.

Tell me, Sister Finch, I asked her, how many seed do you have to crack open this way to get enough calories to keep you going the next 24 hours, and, in particular, to keep your temperature high enough (higher than our 98.6) to fight off the numbing cold? And how do you always find them? And another question. How do you manage to look so cheerful, so sparkling on such bone-chilling days?

I opened the door. There was an explosion of wings as the birds took flight.

"Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady."

L Rochefoucauld, *Maxims*

WHY "COLLINGTON EPISCOPAL?"

By Betty Clark

Why are we named "The Collington Episcopal Life Care Community, Inc." when we are an inter-faith operation? The answer lies in a three-part history.

The first part lies in an act of compassion for retired Episcopal clergy. W. Seton Belt, a vestryman of St. Barnabas' Church, farmer and local landowner, had long observed the difficult situation of some priests who faced retirement years in financial straits.

When "Setie" Belt died in 1959, his concern for them was given form. His will established a Trust whose funds, derived from land and money, were to be shared between the Episcopal Diocese of Washington and St. Barnabas' Church, Leeland. The Trustee is the Mercantile Bank of Baltimore. One of several purposes of the Trust is the relief of monetary distress among retired clergy.

It might be explained that the Diocese of Washington is the administrative body for the Episcopal Church in the District of Columbia, Montgomery County and the three Southern Maryland counties of Prince George's, Charles, and St. Mary's.

The first attempt to utilize the Trust failed. Independent of the Belt Trust, the Diocese had moved into care for the elderly by establishing three retirement homes, in addition to Sevier House. However, none of these had more than minimal nursing facilities. Residents lived in fear of severe illness or disability beyond the resources of these homes. An impetus for a new concept -- continuing care -- was gaining ground.

Bishop Creighton (yes, of our Creighton Center) had moved to enlarge the scope of the Belt Trust. In 1976, by a court process called *cy pres* (the substitution, in the case of a charitable trust, of the nearest practicable condition for one which is impossible or illegal)

the reins of the Trust were loosened. With support from these funds the Bishop started the Diocese's Ministry to the Aging, not limited to clergy.

In January 1981, Homer Gudelsky, a local developer and philanthropist offered 128 acres of an inland farm on Lottsford Road, to the Diocese for a continuing care facility.

Why did he offer land to the Episcopal Diocese of Washington? Apparently his representatives were impressed by its good "track record" over the years in ventures for the elderly, and its current interest in the relatively new field of continuing care communities. The Gudelsky Group also lent \$50,000 to cover expenses in securing the Certificate of Need.

John Walker, who succeeded Bishop Creighton, was not willing to commit the Diocese to what became the largest outreach project in its history without firm support from the neighboring county churches.

A preliminary feasibility survey was made. Then Bishop Walker asked the local congregations to consider the project. He asked those churches supporting it to put up \$500 each as "earnest money." Malcolm Wall and James Gholson began a round of talks with the neighboring parishes in December 1981.

Seven Prince George's churches agreed to help. They are Holy Trinity, Collington; St. Barnabas', Leeland; Trinity, Upper Marlboro; Epiphany, Forestville; St. Christophers', New Carrollton; St. George's Chapel, Glenn Dale; Holy Redeemer Mission, Landover. They were asked to organize an Ad Hoc Committee to form a non-profit life care corporation, write its by-laws and staff its Board of Directors. Three of our current residents served on that first board: Dorothy (Laybourne) Brickhouse, Fannie Jeffrey and Malcolm Wall.

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(As developments require, non-Episcopalians serve on the Board when their expertise is needed for its work. Three Collingtonians are now elected by the Residents Association to full Board membership.)

Bishop Walker's particular strength lay in ecumenical and inter-racial relationships. Under his leadership the proposed facility, though sponsored and nurtured by the Episcopal Church, was to be an **inter-faith** community. The Board of Directors from its inception shared this view which they embodied in **A Statement of Philosophy**.

During this formative period Belt Trust funding made possible the use of Diocesan staff and continued to be a source of development funds up to the time of permanent financing.

Additional development was needed; the Diocese then lent two million dollars of its own funds.

Later it became apparent more money would be required to keep the project moving. Bishop Walker appealed; several Washington congregations responded as well as the original group of Prince George's parishes. But some of them had to borrow in order to lend! The Diocese then guaranteed the whole \$700,000 collected for additional interim financing.

Now two elements of this story were in place, "seed money" and land. A third essential ingredient was marketing. How to sell the idea of a continuing care community to possible residents? Little of the "seed money" was uncommitted; there were the costs of architects, surveyors, engineers, designers, nursing home specialists, corporation lawyers, financiers and the like.

An obvious cost-effective field for advertising lay in the pool of 24,000 names on the mailing list of the Diocesan paper. Its pages were fully used to our advantage.

At last, in late 1986, the State of Maryland authorized the

sale of 51 million dollars worth of tax-free, (as well as taxable) bonds in our legal name: Collington Episcopal Life Care Community, Inc. Our permanent financing came in place as the bonds were sold.

We had hoped this action would take place in the spring of 1986, giving us a full summer and fall to get construction under way. But because of Congressional delay in passing the Tax Reform Act of 1986 -- which affected the issuance of tax-free bonds to such ventures as ours -- it was not until late October that our contract was delivered to the builders.

Finally in 1989, Collington was able to repay all its loans. The Diocese in turn donated \$250,000 to our Fellowship Fund, started in 1984, at Bishop Walker's insistence so that people of modest means need not be excluded from Collington.

Preliminary work on the site began in 1981. It was not until October 1988, that Collington Community/Health Center -- though unfinished -- was dedicated to the memory of Bishop Creighton.

Now you know why we have "Episcopal" in our name.

BRAVO! BRAVO!

By Emily Abouchar

MUSIC ALERT, the Baltimore booking agency which first brought Evan Drachman, the cellist, to Collington, devotes itself to promoting promising young musicians. This time, they brought us an informal, relaxed concert with inspired programming in that it combined the accomplished pianist, Michael Adcock, who won our admiration as accompanist to Evan Drachman, with a newcomer, Stephen Turley, a classical guitarist.

Stephen Turley opened the program with a delicate Spanish-type composition by Vincente Ascensio, a contemporary composer, a gentle, lyrical piece eminently suited to the guitar. This was

followed by **Mi Angel** by Christian Colberg, another contemporary composer from Puerto Rico with a definite Flamenco style. Its strong rhythm and familiar tonality were well brought out by Turley with great flair. The last number was a more ambitious composition in four movements, titled **Koyunbaba** by Carlo Domeniconi, also a contemporary composer, reminiscent of both Turkish and Italian music that he admired. This was a remarkable composition since it is difficult to maintain the dynamics and interest of a work of this length for a solo guitar. It requires great skill in the handling of rhythm and the interest of the thematic material and its development. This was done so gracefully that the music flowed without faltering to a wonderful climax. The music itself was enhanced by the musicianship of Turley and his remarkable mastery of the difficult technical demands. He added a delicate web of shading from sharp staccato to a barely audible whisper. It was an impressive performance, and an elegant one.

The second half of the program consisted of two brilliant numbers by Michael Adcock, in sharp contrast to the low-key fragile sound of the guitar. The first number, the **Sonata in E Flat, Opus 81 (Les Adieux)** which was composed by Beethoven on the departure of Archduke Rudolph from Vienna. It is a beautiful example of the classic sonata form developed to its perfection by Beethoven. The mood is almost tender. This was followed by the dazzling **Spanish Rhapsody** of Franz Liszt, the virtuoso composition much favored by all pianists. Adcock was undaunted by the pyrotechnique of Liszt, handling it with ease and sensitive attention to the logic of the music itself. It was a brilliant performance, and delighted the audience.

So, I repeat, a rousing bravo to both of these fine young musicians.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S CORNER

By Gail L. Kohn

1992 Residents' Financial Update Questionnaire

I thank you and commend you for returning your questionnaires. Analysis of the questionnaires clarified that the Fellowship Fund has sufficient earnings to meet the needs for financial assistance in the next few years. Here's how this conclusion was reached.

All but five residents responded! Just ten percent of those who returned the questionnaire estimated their income to be less than one and one-half times their Collington Monthly Charge. (And some of those residents did not include earnings from dividends and interest in their calculations; thus they underestimated their average monthly income.) No doubt due to careful use of resources, only a few residents have only \$300 (\$600 for couples) for other expenses monthly, after paying health insurance, taxes and the Collington Monthly Charge.

Since just a few residents have depleted their assets to \$15,000 (the amount Fellowship Fund recipients are encouraged to keep for their own use) fewer than five residents may need Fellowship Fund assistance in the next two years. Residents who could need help from the Fund have been seen by me to explore their other sources of income (if any) and to review additional terms affecting Fellowship Fund assistance that are specified in the Residence and Care Agreement.

Of course, future economic conditions will have unknown effects on Fund earnings and residents' resources. The Fellowship Fund principal grew more than \$150,000 in the last year thanks to the generosity and care of mostly residents but also friends of Collington. Continued growth of the Fund clearly is recognized as essential.

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The Fellowship Fund Banquet reminded all of us of the need to continue contributing; many gifts accompanied reservations. As we celebrate the Fellowship Fund on June 20, we will give thanks that you have continued your generous participation in helping one another.

LATE SPRING GARDENS

By Margaret Werts

The beautiful thing about spring in our part of the country is that it goes on for so long. It starts in February with the snow drops and the winter aconites and goes on until it blends into summer with the first roses.

While we have already seen many early-flowering tulips in April, the most generally satisfactory are the Darwins which bloom in May. These are tall strong, handsome flowers in many forms and colors, which may or may not bloom again a second or third year. There is now a "perennial" tulip, which is guaranteed to bloom for several years, but I suspect it may not be so impressive. If your space for bulbs is limited, concentrate on daffodils, which will return faithfully year after year.

In general, the flowers and shrubs that bloom in late spring are more spectacular than the early ones, although perhaps not so warmly treasured, because not quite so eagerly awaited. The iris is as beautiful as any flower that grows, and comes in many forms from the slender, delicate Siberian iris with its grass-like foliage to the tall, bearded iris which comes in such a wonderful variety of colors -- blue, lavender, purple, white, yellow, and salmon pink, to name a few. They bloom along with the peonies, white, pink, and red, and the two complement one another beautifully -- the clean clear, stiff habit of the iris next to the fat, almost blowsy peony.

After the blooms of the **vinca minor** begin to diminish, we have the **ajuga** with its sapphire blue spikes and the **phlox subulata**. Candy tuft, which is really a dwarf evergreen shrub, has a slender dark green leaf and bright white blooms of a sort of double-daisy type. All of these come back year after year with proper care -- or sometimes even without it.

Of course, we all know that the shrubs that most adorn the late spring are the azaleas and the rhododendrons. They seem to flourish here in our acid soil and many residents have taken advantage of their good nature.

A shrub that is rarely seen here, perhaps because of a lack of space in our individual gardens, is the lilac. However, a few residents have experimented successfully with the miniature lilac, which adapts very well to our small gardens provided there is sufficient sun.

The final glory of the late spring and early summer is the rose. If you want to see perfect specimens, you can't do better than Faith Clark's rose garden, behind Cottage 2104. And if you want something really trouble-free, try the miniatures. These seem to be immune to all the diseases to which the hybrid kinds are prone.

PERIODIC REPORT TO RESIDENTS, NO.3

By Art Longacre

This report examines Collington's cash and investment positions and projections. The projections drive decisions as to monthly fee and entrance fee increases each year. Currently, and as projected, Collington exceeds reserve funds mandated for Bond redemptions by the Maryland Health and Higher Educational Facilities Authority (MHHEFA).

At the beginning of this Fiscal Year 1993, the Special Reserve to redeem Bonds was \$12,013,000. The minimum requirement is to have

\$7,096,000 at year end, after bond redemptions of \$4,000,000. Current projections show that this requirement will be exceeded by \$1,628,000. The Reserve requirement is based on 30% times bonds outstanding. The excess reserves are prudent because each year may not be as financially favorable as the fiscal year just ended, March 31, 1992.

During the past year cash and investments increased primarily because entrance fee collections of \$1,127,000 exceeded expectations. This occurred because occupancy rose to 95% of capacity (92% had been budgeted), resident turnover exceeded projections, and Staff actions to contain expenses were monitored by the Finance Committee of the Board and the Fiscal Review Committee of the Residents Association.

The most important factors in making projections are occupancy level, entrance fee collections resulting from turnover of resident units, and Creighton Center bed usage by per diem rather than by resident clients. Turnover and per diem income is somewhat uncertain but income from fees is assured. Therefore, fee increases provide certain income and protect us against possible shortfall should our other sources of income fall below projections. Income from fees is currently about \$7,500,000 and so each 1% increase totals about \$75,000.

UPCOMING TALENT NIGHT

By John Voorhees

The Drama Committee plans to present its annual Collington Talent Night on Tuesday, October 6. Summertime is ideal for getting your act together, so both past performers and new should start cogitating. New acts are particularly sought, such as recitation, music, dance, comedy. Ask Committee members for details.

MRS. RORER'S COOK BOOK (continued)

By Caroline Farquhar

At this point Mrs. Rorer pauses to talk about "Dinner-Giving for Sensible People." She concedes that dinner-giving may be "both a burden and an expense." And "if dinners are to be successful, they must bring neither, otherwise they lapse into long dinners, too often stupid, with the hostess too wearied to be bright, after a day spent in a hot kitchen." To begin with, she says, "don't have too many people. It is as bad as too many courses. Until years of experience have taught you how to conduct and carry on the conversation and social contact of eight or ten, six at the utmost are enough for a successful dinner..." Furthermore, "have only what your cook (surprise! your cook) can do easily and, above all, never try anything that you have not had sufficiently often when you are by yourselves to be quite sure she can do it well." Then, whether or not you do or don't have cook, here is her sample menu for "a winter dinner:"

Oysters on the Half Shell

Consomme

Cream Macaroni

Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce

Currant Jelly

Mashed Potatoes Peas Cauliflower

Lettuce with French Dressing

Water Crackers Neufchatel

Lemon Sponge

Black Coffee

Even considering Collington's full-some menus, this would probably put a lot of us under the table.

On to **Vegetables**, and I am reminded that Saratoga Chips is what we called them when I was young. She fried them in a kettle of boiling lard and drained them "on soft brown paper." Tomatoes can be curried, turnips and rutabaga browned, and you put hashed brown potatoes in the oven.

The chapter on **Bread** is altogether fascinating. She even goes historical. "It is said that a slave of an archon in Athens first
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made leaven bread by accident. He forgot some of his dough and some days after, came upon it and found it sour. His first thoughts were to throw it away but his master coming out, he mixed it quickly with some fresh dough he was working. Of course the bread this produced was delicious." There follow four pages of bread-making lore, including how to make yeast. It's interesting to find that even a century ago "Graham flour" existed. And who nowadays that cooks in the home prepares those once every-Saturday-night ineffable Parker House Rolls whose fragrance seemed to permeate the whole house? Her pancakes seem rather routine considering that nowadays we concoct them (from scratch of course) with buttermilk, cottage cheese, yogurt, applesauce, fresh berries, cornmeal, buckwheat flour, oatmeal and whole wheat flour.

One could get lost in **Pies, Puddings, Desserts, Ice Creams.** The old favorites are all here -- charlotte russe, bavarian creams of many kinds, custards, apple dumplings, brown betty, parfaits, ice creams made "in a good freezer working with a crank and a double revolving dasher." The section on **Cakes** could drive you mad, considering your reflection that few children born post-WWII have ever tasted a sensuously ravishing honest-to-God not made with a mix CAKE?? Or Blackberry Flummery poured on top of vanilla ice cream??? Oh happy golden gustatory days....

I REMEMBER LANDING ON OMAHA BEACH JULY 25, 1944

By Bob Willing

June 6, 1992 was the 48th anniversary of D-Day when the Allied Forces landed in France during World War II. But it was on July 25, 1944, after six weeks off the Normandy Coast that the Allied Forces became locked in battle with the German Nazi enemy in a major

battle that leveled St. Lo and to a major Allied breakthrough into France. I was a Corporal with the forward echelon of the 29th Machine Records Unit (Mobile) that landed on Omaha Beach on that memorable day. Our small support unit kept a count of all the military personnel in the European Theater for the Ground Forces Reinforcement Command (GFRC) using early I.B.M. punch-card equipment on large mobile trailers. My commanding officer, Major Fred O. Criswell, requested that I write a history of the unit for the War Department Historical Section. Here are excerpts from that account.

Around 7 a.m. on the morning of 21 July 1944, the **Roger Griswold** steamed out of Southampton Harbor, well loaded with men and equipment. We awakened early that morning, cleaned up, and ate chow. Chow consisted of C rations, C rations and C rations and by the end of the voyage none of us could look a C ration can in the face. Rather than starve, most of us ate them. Pork and beans was the most popular ration, and chocolate the most sought-after beverage, but you ate what you got and hoped to hell it wasn't hash and lemonade.

Most of the men went on deck to watch the shoreline of the Isle of Wight disappear. Before long we were well into the Channel and had joined the rest of the convoy headed for France. It was a marvellous sight to see all the ships together, and one realized the careful planning that must have preceded the largest convoy from England since D-Day.

In the afternoon it rained, and while most of the men were quietly snoozing in the aft hold of the ship, orders came to move to the forward hold. Our new quarters were cold, dirty, and uninviting. With the aid of life preservers we improvised bunks and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. The hold was nicknamed **The Bridal Suite.** Its one virtue was fresh air.

The voyage across the Channel proved quite uneventful. No enemy submarines, no enemy planes, no enemy E-boats. The Allies ruled the Channel.

Late in the afternoon of 21 July 1944, the coast of France was sighted, and after supper we had reached Omaha Beach, east of Cherbourg. The **Roger Griswold** cast anchor among hundreds of other ships waiting to land equipment and personnel to reinforce the Allied drive into France. Ducks, the useful water-jeps, were racing through crowded waters, and big barges were alongside ships near shore with stevedores busily unloading. In shallow waters we could see a breakwater, made from old ships, some brought to the shores of France for just that purpose, others damaged in battle. There in the distance were the famous beaches of Normandy, where crack American troops had made their amphibious landing and fought the Germans, driving them back and spear-heading into the Continent some six weeks ago.

Most of us will never forget our first night off the coast of France. As soon as dusk fell we were comfortably lying in our bunks. The ack-ack guns began firing, and the sky lit up like the 4th of July. German planes were in the area, and our boys were taking shots at them. Suddenly the realization dawned that we were in the real combat zone. The more curious arose to watch the spectacle, others glanced up at the brightened sky, then turned over and went to sleep. Soon the anti-air craft stopped, and we knew Jerry was either knocked out of the sky or was on his way elsewhere.

Morning came and with it the news that we were to be on board several more days. There were not enough stevedores to unload the huge convoy all at once, so we waited our turn to unload. During this period we endured C rations, and occupied ourselves by painting

the nicknames of the men on their helmets.

On 25 July 1944, the unloading commenced and by afternoon our command car had been taken ashore. The stevedores, working hard and late into the evening, were unable to take off the trailers the first day. But early in the morning of 26 July, the trailers were hoisted out of the storage hold onto the barges. There were tense moments as the trailers were suspended high in the air; the men knew their jobs and got them safely on the barges and to shore.

Lt. Walsh, who was one of the first ashore, was waiting to direct the last group of men and equipment to reach dry land. After lunching on K rations and getting road directions we took off by convoy toward our destination.

The men were in good spirits as we drove through the French countryside, thick with the famous hedgerows. For the first time we saw at close hand the recently wrought destruction. Cattle grazed in pitted fields. Bomb holes and what had once been German pill boxes and gun emplacements scarred the earth. Farm houses were ravaged. The French people we passed along the road seemed friendly. They nodded and waved as we drove into the interior. We passed through Isigny, where General Leslie McNair was later buried, a sad little town, badly hit.

Around 5 p.m. we reached our destination, the Advance Headquarters, Ground Force Replacement System **ETROUSA**, on the outskirts of La Hatainnerie, a tiny village three or four miles beyond Isigny, and about eight miles from St Lo, where the Americans and Germans were locked in battle.

The Advance Headquarters, GFRC, was located in an apple orchard in typical hedgerow country. That night we camouflaged our trailers and pitched pup tents, glad to be off the ship and on the soil of France. To all of us it
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meant one thing -- one step nearer to the end of the war and going home.

NESTING SEASON 1992

By Edward Behr

Spring 1992 has brought another busy nesting season for the birds of Collington, with results both delightful and disappointing.

The top story has once again been the breeding success of the Canada geese. As happened last year, one pair built a nest on the point extending into the Lake -- in plain view of residents walking along the Lake's north side. A mother goose sat there for several weeks, and by early May two goslings had emerged. But that was only the beginning: by May 11, no fewer than seven goslings, clad in their yellowish down, were seen paddling on the Lake behind two parents. That total was one more than last year's count.

Some of our sharp-eyed observers found that these seven babies came from two sets of parents, not one. But the location of a second nest remains a mystery. At any rate, the goslings disappeared in mid-May, though a few adult geese remained at the Lake.

Other birds, meantime, were breeding busily. Bluebirds produced young in some of the nesting boxes, while house sparrows boldly took over others. Starlings nested inside some of the louvers covering Apartment outlets, threatening to give us more infant starlings than we would prefer.

But failures accompanied successes. In the 2000 Cluster a pair of bluebirds moved into a newly built nesting box and soon produced five baby birds. But nearby residents quickly discovered all five dead in the box -- dead for reasons unknown. The mother bird had disappeared; the disconsolate father continued to perch on the box until he finally ceded the territory to invading sparrows.

Near Emily Baker's cottage in the 3100 Cluster a pair of robins nested successfully -- up to a point. They produced two eggs and then inexplicably abandoned the nest with the unhatched eggs still in it.

Some other efforts ended in failure or frustration. Robins built a nest in a rather precarious spot in the 2200 Cluster, and a female sat there for several days but left without producing any eggs. And bluebirds began to move into an apartment in the purple martin house but departed without completing the nest. Perhaps the wide opening, inviting to possible marauders, made them feel vulnerable.

WHO'S NEW

"There is nothing -- absolutely nothing -- half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats," says Toad in Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*.

Carolyn and Robert Browning who recently moved into Cottage 1114, believe this to be true, as do the Trammels and the Dankers.

"We have been sailing together for fifty years," George Dankers says. The three couples started sailing on the Potomac River when they lived in Washington, D.C., and went on to explore the Chesapeake Bay. George and Robert are naval architects; Charlie Trammel offers that he practiced Admiralty law.

The Brownings lived for the past twenty years in Annapolis. Carolyn says "Yes, it is true" that she urged the Dankers and the Trammels to move to Collington. And now that she is here, too, she is delighted with the life. Robert acknowledges that Carolyn is the "mover and shaker" in the family.

Robert is a native Washingtonian while Carolyn comes from Illinois. As a youngster Robert sang in the choir of St. Alban's church. "It paid 50 cents a week," he explains. The Brownings have

three children -- a son who lives in Potomac, Maryland, a daughter in Baltimore, and another daughter in Colorado.

Correction: Dolores McNeill who recently moved into Apartment 137, is a member of the Barachah Church of Cheltenham, Maryland. We regret the error in the May Collingtonian..

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN HIMALAYAN CATS

By Frances Kolarek

"Co-Co was the name of my first Himalayan cat," Mildred Barnes remembers. "I named him Co-Co for his coloring and his clownish personality," she says. "Actually, all of my cats were named for Mikado characters. But then I ran out of Mikado names."

The latest in Mildred's cat collection is John Wellington Welles, a character in a lesser-known Gilbert & Sullivan operetta, **The Sorcerer**.

"John Wellington Welles

A dealer in magic and spells," Mildred hums.

And admits, with a little prodding, that she used to sing mezzo-soprano in groups around Washington. "Not solo caliber, though," she adds.

Mildred has kept Himalayan cats for over forty years. She had four of them when she came to Collington and had to get rid of two. She kept the oldest, Peep-Bo, now fourteen, and Welles, six.

The Himalayan breed is a cross between the Siamese and the Persian. From the Persian side comes the cats' long hair. From the Siamese, they have their brownish points and blue eyes. They are handsome cream-colored animals whose fluffy coats make them appear exceptionally large.

Peep-Bo is shy and retiring. Welles is forthcoming. They both know who runs the show at Cottage 1006 and it isn't Mildred Barnes. Their diet includes dry and canned

cat food mixed with powdered yeast. "If I didn't mix the yeast with the food, Welles would go from bowl to bowl and eat it all off the top," Mildred says.

Leaving, I notice a number of trophies on the top shelf of the greenhouse window and ask what they were for.

"Ballroom dancing," Mildred says briefly. Recovering from a broken hip, she adds with a shrug: "But I'm pretty rusty now."

LETTER TO THE EDITORS: BIRTHDAY PARTIES

By Phyllis Sternau

Some of us hate them -- birthdays, I mean, not parties. The years have passed, and we wish to forget how many. But for some of us, birthdays are a time of joy, of anticipation and realization. With this thought in mind, I decided to look up the history of these parties at Collington.

Not quite three years ago, the first birthday party was held here. As Collington itself is only three years and seven months old, this is now a tradition. As Ruth Quarles so eloquently stated, the parties are a way of "giving recognition to each resident, as an individual, as a person, not because of achievement, merit, or membership in a particular group or committee, but just being ONESELF." She also wrote that she was "convinced that birthday parties are one of the most rewarding, meaningful and lovely activities at Collington."

I realize how right she is. There are those among us who are lonesome and confined to our campus, who do not participate in the many activities taking place here. Not all of these residents reside in the Health Center. The one time of the year that is special to them is their birthday. We can make this a good time for them and a special time for us by helping them celebrate. Let's continue.

**POEMS CREATED BY RESIDENTS OF THE
CREIGHTON CENTER, SPRING 1992
SPRING FEVER**

Spring is Joy and Life.
A time for "Spring Chickens"
to come loose.
A time to break through the door
into Spring
lie down, take it easy, and
enjoy the soft air.
So get up everybody and Smell the
freshness of it all!

SPRING FLOWERS

Yellow sunshine.
Gorgeous shades of blue and
green
Deep red touched with pink.
Pure white.
"We think they're beautiful!"
(What else can you say about
white flowers)
Ruggedy puzzles of petals,
perfect, pretty and bright.
One of God's creations!

SIXTY NEW TREES ALONG OUR BORDER

By Iladene Filer, Co-Chair, Land-
scape Committee

Thanks to Prince George's
County ReLEAF program, Collington
has planted sixty new trees along
its border. For over a year the
Landscape Committee has sought
funds for this project.

Through ReLEAF, a project de-
signed to restore the natural en-
vironment in areas of the County
where trees have been lost through
development, Collington recently
received a grant of \$2,500. ReLEAF
requires that grantees provide
matching funds, and Collington has
met the requirement by supplying

labor, materials like mulch and top
soil, and considerable pro bono
work by volunteers.

As Co-Chair of the Landscape
Committee I was happy to work with
Kevin Shaver and his assistants,
Mark and Greg, who willingly put in
overtime to get the trees in the
ground.

The area chosen for the
plantings is along a border that
needs visual protection from any
potential future development.

Altogether sixty trees were
planted including pin oaks, maples,
spruce, Japanese black pines, sweet
gums and willow oaks.

SOLUTION FOR THE MAY PUZZLE

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