

The

# Collingtonian

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## NEWS & VIEWS

### •Un Ballo in Maschera•

Penny Vickery is at it again. Two years ago she staged the memorable Revels--a medieval celebration of the Yuletide season. This year she takes us to the late 18th Century. The place will be this very spot once known as Heart's Delight. We will be asked to imagine that a grand manor house has just been completed on this site by Basil Waring (1711-1793) and his wife, nee Susanna Darnall. Basil Waring, as you may know, lies buried on the hill overlooking our own Collington.

"A masquerade at this season?" you may well ask. Why not? "Masquerades originally accompanied religious festivals such as Greek Bacchanalia, Roman Saturnalia and the Purim feast of the Jews," we read in one encyclopedia. "Costumes," Penny says, "are not important. But do, please, wear a mask."

And since it is history time--the County's 300th anniversary--we will be

sure to include at our ball the first families of the County who were also building houses and fortunes in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century.

General Washington and Mistress Martha

who expect to be enroute from Mount Vernon to New York for the General's Inauguration as first President of these United States, will be invited to break their trip at Collington Manor and attend the ball.

Young Robert Bowie of Mattaponi will attempt the journey

from Croom and hopes to make an appearance at the ball. Major Thomas Snowden and Mistress Anne of Montpelier have accepted, and Captain Thomas Claggett of Weston will attend with his family.

The Bladensburg Stagecoach has kindly consented to make a stop this side of their destination. Guests may alight at the ford on Mr. Lott's property where a

(continued on page 2)

*On the occasion of the completion of  
Collington Manor at  
Heart's Delight Plantation*

*Basil Waring and Mistress Susanna  
request the honor of your company  
at a Masqued Ballo  
on December 19, 1788.*

*Dress: Masques*

carriage from Heart's Delight will meet them.

Peter Carnes, the innkeeper in Bladensburg who arranged a hot air balloon ascension a year or two ago, has been approached to stage another such spectacle. If he will succeed we cannot predict.

Toasts will abound at our festivities and there will be no dearth of the liquors for which the area is famous. The waters from springs on Heart's Delight are known to produce a beverage of superior quality.

Many guests are expected to arrive on the day prior to the ball. For their entertainment a group of traveling players will stage scenes from William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream and Macbeth.

Ye Courier newspaper will continue to bring news about this event and we beg you to keep your eye open for these items.

### How 'Bout That?

At the Fall Knife and Scissor Rodeo the Woodshop Committee sharpened 98 knives, 57 scissors, 15 garden tools "and misc" for 59 residents. What would you do with a "misc?" Maybe open doors when you've lost your key?

### Think You Were a Late Bloomer?

Julia Child could barely cook until she was 34 years old--that's when she attended her first cooking school.

Robin Williams was voted "least likely to succeed in" in high school.

From: Celebrity Setbacks by Ed Lucaire

## At Eighty-four

In one more year I'll join the very old;  
at 85 what vistas will unfold?  
I've outlived all my lovers except one;  
my amorous adventures now are done.  
No more competing for a high GS,  
no worries that my records are a mess.  
No scanning of the list of foreign jobs,  
No need of Kleenex for my clients' sobs.

Old friends and entertainers one by one  
pass on before me. Now their work is  
done  
and I'm left here to count my cash and  
pains  
and designate what's done with my  
remains.  
Old age is not for sissies, as she said,  
but I prefer old age to being dead.

M.E. Wallen

### Brickbats

Irony

"It Pays To Check The Yellow Pages"

Esther McCauley is probably  
surprised to find she has moved  
to Apartment 316. Try Esther McCann.

p.8 lost TP in column 1.  
haintg.

p.8 Column 2 - low for New.

Our profound apologies for confusing Esther McCann and Esther McCauley. Neither of the ladies made an outcry, for which our thanks.

## •Continuing Talk of Neighborhood Changes•

by Edward Behr

Land-use planners are peering into the future of our neighborhood and they are foreseeing possible changes that could sooner or later affect Collington residents.

It's too early to tell just what may emerge, and when. Higher authority may well rule out some possibilities. Lack of funds may block other projects. But here is a sampling of road, school and other proposals now being talked of:

At some unpredictable date Md. Route 202 just west of Collington might be expanded from six lanes to eight to accommodate increased traffic. A partial cloverleaf intersection at 202 and Lottsford Road has been suggested.

An additional Beltway interchange at Arena Drive, southwest of Collington, is planned to serve the new Redskins stadium on game days, and it may some day become full-time, helping ease pressure on the Lottsford-202 intersection.

A new high school may be built on Ardwick-Ardmore Road, north of Collington, to reduce overcrowding at Largo High School. Nearby, a new fire station seems likely.

That's not all. If present brainstorming leads anywhere, there might eventually be a quality restaurant or a movie-theater complex or a government service center on undeveloped land northwest of Collington.

These and many more possibilities are being discussed in meetings of the 202 Corridor Planning Group, which is sponsored by the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission and composed of representatives of the commission and of nearby communities. Collington is represented by Waldy Gimenez of

Environmental Services. Since August, six meetings have been held, including one here in our auditorium. A public forum is scheduled for January 23. Recommendations will then go to the County Council.

In a recent "Vision Workshop" the planning group focused on the future of the 500-plus acres of undeveloped property bordered by Lottsford Road, Md. 202 and a northward extension of Campus Way North. This land has long been zoned commercial and residential, but it remains empty.

Visions of the possible development of this property start with certain nos. Members of the group generally agreed that they could not live with: strip malls, neon signs, pawnshops, a light-rail line on Lottsford Road and any development on St. Joseph's Drive that would interfere with church services there.

What would the group prefer? The wish list includes: High-tech business, a four-star hotel, a daytime conference center, senior-citizen services, high-quality single-family houses, a live-performance theater and quality outdoor recreation, with lakes and greenways connected by trails.

But so far, the planners recognize, there has been little or no market for this property. Considerable office space stands empty not far away. And the 500-acre site lacks any distinctive character to attract attention. So members of the group have cast about for eye-catching titles--perhaps "gateway" or "new world" or "government hub." But no magic name has popped up. Meantime the search for the right kind of development will continue.

## •“ Those Blue Remembered Hills”•

*No. 3 in our series: Giving up a beloved activity. Tell us about yours.*

Big Devils Stairs, Whiteoak Canyon, Signal Knob--not names to stir the blood like Mt. Everest, Kilimanjaro or Mont Blanc, but nostalgic attractors for the Mid-week Hikers of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club.

From roughly 1985 to 1992 I hiked with them on these and other high places every Wednesday, except when the weather was really bad, hard rain or icy trails. We usually started in the valley and hiked up to the ridge, an ascent of 1,500 to 2,000 feet. Or if we started on the ridge we climbed down and then back up.

I know this sounds like a strange way to spend a day, driving a couple of hours each way and then engaging in a more or less masochistic endeavor. In fact we often asked ourselves as we toiled upwards with rasping throats and aching lungs why we did it. It was hard to explain why.

The scenery, yes, frequently spectacular, up along a rushing stream, cascading over grey boulders into ravishing pools, and then up a chasm carved by the stream, among hemlocks, oaks, maples and on up along the ridge with the gorge far below and views of blue hills in the middle distance. Then lunch briefly until we headed out along the ridge to another trail leading down to complete the circuit.

But more than the scenery, it was a sense of community of like-minded men and women of more or less the same age

and life experience, retired from challenging jobs around the world. And there were several younger regulars. The conversation was lively, pleasant and instructive. At the end of the hike we sat around drinking, munching and deciding where next week's hike would be.

In time death, disease, aging, and arthritis took their toll. One by one my companions dropped out. Then I had a back operation that kept me out for a year.

And we moved here. It became much harder to get to Oakton, Virginia where car pools made up. I tried with the Metro at 6:30 in the morning to rendezvous in Vienna with another hiker. But all my old friends were gone. It was a younger, speedier group and I had slowed down. I kidded myself that the operation was to blame and all I needed was practice. But in time I had to face the fact that reduced lung capacity plus attendant miscellaneous ills of aging were responsible. And finally after I kept my carpool waiting fifteen minutes at the end of a hike, I realized that was it--the end of the trail.

A. E. Houseman said it for all:

“What are those blue remembered hills? . . .

Where I went and shall not go again.”

T.S.

Ever Wonder Why . . .

Cannibals don't eat comedians?  
Because they taste funny.

The banker broke up with his girl  
friend?  
He lost interest.

## •Alone By the Telephone? Not us. •

by Layne Beaty

"Let's go to the movies tonight."

"Let's play Bingo."

"Let's go square-dancing."

"Let's watch the resident travelogue."

Occasionally one will hear the comment, "There's too much to do at Collington." There IS a lot on our plate, but we like a smorgasbord.

Have you ever thought about what makes these choices possible together with many other activities and entertainments? It's the Recreation Committee (of residents), plus the able and indispensable help of Judy Reilly, our Leisure Services Coordinator, and the alert and ever-ready staff that sets up and arranges space for each event.

The Recreation Committee was formed in 1990 "to promote mental and physical activities for the entertainment and stimulation of Collington residents." It's an umbrella for many of our diverting and healthful activities, though not all.

It knows well that the ping pong player may not hanker to compete in Trivial Pursuit, that not everyone yearns to play croquet, that the duplicate bridge player may not pitch horseshoes.

It cooperates with the Pool Committee and the Lake and Trails Committee which were already sponsoring physical activities, and also the Drama and Music committees promoting cultural recreation. And, of course, with the Hospitality

Committee for big productions such as the New Year's Eve party.

Under the able leadership of Jim Reilly from the beginning until recently, it divides its functions into three parts: audio-visual, other indoor activities, and outdoor activities. Margaret Martin is the current chairster.

The a-v group not only selects movies to be shown, it trains the resident volunteer projector operators and maintains a schedule for the Monday afternoon (for Creighton Center residents) and Monday evening screenings and the Tuesday evening travelogues. It has charge of the audio gear including the hearing enhancement equipment and operates it for Auditorium events.

Then there are the table games, the dart board and the ping pong table. Outdoor activities have been limited so far to horseshoes and croquet with a new, improved croquet court and equipment, and with a better one planned.

Support for the Wellness-Fitness program is another prime concern of the committee. It urges residents to consider participating in it, though the committee recognizes that not everyone enjoys such structured activities; so residents are free to use the exercise

(Continued on Page 6)



"Well, kid, ya beat me—and now every punk packin' a paddle and tryin' to make a name for himself will come lookin' for you! ... Welcome to hell, kid."

(Continued from page 5)

equipment installed next to the Physical Therapy room at will.

The Recreation Committee meets at 3 p.m. on the first Wednesday of each month. Margaret Martin welcomes your attendance and your ideas. A more detailed schedule of recreational activities may be found in the weekly Courier.

## Tender Loving Care

by Phyllis Sternau

We have all come to Collington for diverse reasons--near the children, near Washington and Baltimore, near the museums and theater and shops. The reason we all share is tender loving care. We all want someone to take care of us when we are ill. I have just had Ten Days That Shook My World. I didn't have someone to take care of me, I had many people concerned and caring.

The first episode came when my emphysema kicked up and the people in the Clinic under Nanette Evans' guidance got me an oxygen machine. After a few hours, the machine broke down and stopped supplying oxygen. Regina Jefferson came immediately to try to fix it, and although it was a Saturday evening and after 5 p.m., she ordered a new machine and stayed until she was sure the replacement was working and that I was breathing properly.

The next episode happened on Monday when I suddenly needed transfusions. Again the Clinic staff came through, providing me with the proper papers and making sure that I was taken care of and comfortable when I returned from the hospital.

A few days passed, but I missed the

attention, so I fell and cut my head. I bled so profusely I thought I'd lost all the blood I'd been given with transfusions. I managed to call my neighbor who called the Clinic. Nanette and her crew were in my cottage in less than three minutes, stanching my wounds, bandaged me and sent me to the Bowie Health Center where they were impressed with the care I'd received at Collington.

As I needed many stitches and x-rays, it was many hours before I was free to come back to Collington. Before I left the Health Center, the telephone rang for me. It was Nanette, calling from her home, to be sure I was all right. Now that's what I call tender, loving care.

## Worth Almost \$800,000!

"Our champion volunteer of the year," Emily Baker writes in her 1966 report on volunteer activity at Collington, "spent 55 hours a week. This resident was active in the Tricentennial celebration and church and school programs. She couldn't have done it if she hadn't been living at Collington," Emily concludes.

Up and down the line, Collingtonians volunteered more this past year than the year before. The greatest increase came in off-campus service. The County's social services benefited, hospitals and medical programs got a lot of free time from professionals who live here, and cultural organizations were served.

From the Hirshhorn Museum to Meals on Wheels, our residents offered their time and talents.

Bottom line: hours in 1996 totaled 65,983, a 37% increase over 1995. At roughly \$12 an hour, the value of this service to the community comes to \$791,796.

F.K.

## •Yes, It's a Computer•

by Clem Welsh

It sits there quietly in the corner, looking like a TV that has adopted a typewriter, and beside it is another large object that hums. All this, as you may have guessed, is the Collington Computer and printer, available to residents and staff and ready to do what computers do best.

You may think that what computers do best is to confuse, baffle, and infuriate, requiring the learning of a new vocabulary, new manual skills, and new compulsions to do odd things like an urge to chat with the collectors of antique shoehorns in New Zealand. Computers seem to be either loved (by those who use them) or hated (by those who don't). It is evident that the Collington Computer needs an *amicus curiae*, if not a bodyguard. Seldom has so powerful an appliance produced so ambiguous a reception.

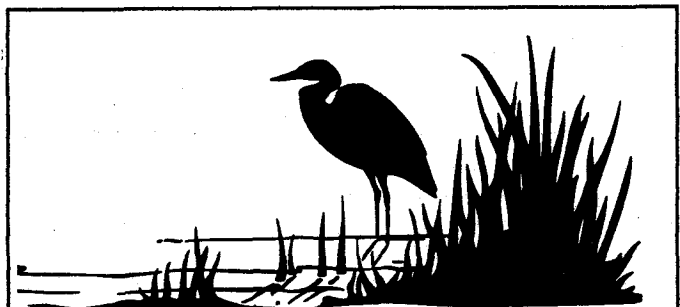
For all of us in Collington, old hands at novelties, this new object will be just whatever we want it to be. But it is worth noting that a computer, like the ball point pen, like the telephone, like the self-starters for cars, can be a remarkably useful piece of technology, once we get it to work for us.

Getting it to work for us is not as difficult as you might think. But it needs one thing: a friendly guide at one's elbow. How-To books are fine, but each learner comes with a unique set of abilities and of questions. So we have made guides available, ready to start from scratch, and never once will any one of them sneer at the most childish of questions (How to I turn it on?).

And then, one wonderful day, you have sent a letter (free) to a grandchild in London. You have looked into the Louvre.

You have browsed through the *New York Times Book Review*. You have found the best Italian restaurant in Washington for a guest. You have written a committee report. Or, as they say, "whatever." And just sitting there, you have a new ability to do, to explore, to enjoy. Remember when you first enjoyed books? It can be rather like that.

To see what it's like, sign up in the booklet in the clock tower for an individual helping session with one of those guides I mentioned. The guides are fellow Collingtonians, and "friendly."



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**•Some Recent Additions to the Library•**

REFERENCE

Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia  
The World Book  
The World Fact Book 1994

NON FICTION

Richardson, Elliot. Reflections of a  
Radical Moderate  
Runciman. A History of the Crusades

BIOGRAPHY

Hudson. Nelson and Emma  
Perry. Elizabeth I  
Sackville-West. Saint Joan of Arc

LARGE PRINT

Alcott. Modern Magic  
Barron. Jane and the Unpleasantness at  
Scargrave Manor  
Kellogg. Curtsey  
Parker. Thin Air

FICTION/DETECTIVE (HARDCOPY )

Archer. The Fourth Estate  
Grisham. The Runaway Jury  
Mikulski & Oates. Capitol Offense  
Steel. Malice

PAPERBACKS

Benke. False Witness D  
Coulter. The Cove F  
Froetschel. Haske Gray D  
Grisham. The Rainmaker D  
Hill. Blood Sympathy D  
Hirsh. Dreaming Back D  
McCafferty. Star Gazer D  
Paul. Fare Olay D  
Pearson. No Witness D

D = Detective

F = Fiction

**Kwanzaa**

Since our staff includes so many whose roots go back to Africa, we bring a brief note about the African-American festival called Kwanzaa.

This tradition originated in Los Angeles when a group of African-Americans joined together to commemorate their heritage in the last week of December. Based loosely on a traditional African harvest festival, the holiday incorporates the celebration of The Seven Principles which connect today's African-Americans with their ancestors: unity, self-determination, collective work and responsibility, cooperation, purpose,

creativity and faith. Symbolism and ritual mark the observance of Kwanzaa. Every day a child lights a candle for each day of the festival. Friends and family gather to meet and greet each other and renew ties.

On a symbolic mat, people place fruits and vegetables symbolizing the harvest and the hard work that went into it. Families place an ear of corn on the mat for each child.

On the final day of the festival when all the candles are lit, children receive gifts, rewards for promises kept during the past year.

The traditional greeting is "Kwanzaa yenu iwe na heri!" May your Kwanzaa be happy!



## •A Conakry Christmas•

by Frances Kolarek

I find coconut palms and sunbathing incongruous at Christmas. However, our four-year-old daughter, Mary, didn't mind at all--as long as Christmas included a tree, Santa Claus and lots of presents. We were living in Conakry, Guinea, a notch or two above the equator; it was the first week of December and none of the necessary ingredients was at hand.

Having been amply warned that Conakry was devoid of anything to purchase--anything--I had bought dolls, and toys, and an artificial tree, and packed ornaments and lights. They had left Washington in September. Furthermore, I knew our lift van was on the dock in Conakry. But the Embassy had also warned us that the Guinean government did business in a whimsical manner. It lacked stability. It had voted itself out of the French economic community and printed its own money covered with multicolored pictures but worth nothing at all. Consequently, all commodities had vanished from the market.

So replacing the necessary accoutrements of Christmas was out of the question. And besides, we were in a Muslim country where Christmas was unknown.

It was horribly frustrating to know our stuff was sitting on the dock and that we could do nothing about it. Enter M. Diani, our landlord, and coincidentally, the Collector of Customs. He had moved his four wives and their children into the ample quarters afforded the Harbor Master, and rented his own house to the American Embassy. He came to call, "To see how my trees are growing," he explained.

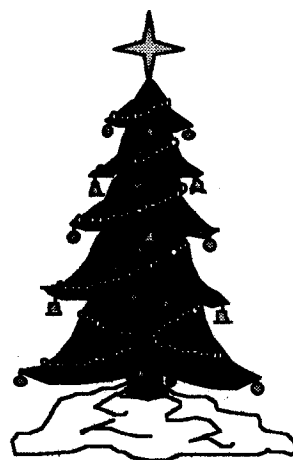
As we sat on the verandah overlooking the Atlantic Ocean and drank tea and chatted Mary joined us. She hiked herself up into a chair beside M. Diani and looked him over from top to toe, taking in his very handsome face, his French-cut suit and his Italian shoes with pointed toes. He passed muster, and she shyly slid her hand into his.

M. Diani was enchanted. "I have made a new friend!" he exclaimed.

Stretching my abysmal French to its utmost, I noted that while we were very happy in Conakry--a diplomatic fib--we did lack the necessary to make it a merry Christmas pour la petite. M. Diani knew all about Christmas, having represented his county in the French Chambre de Deputies in Paris. I had heard, I continued, that our things had arrived, but . . . And let it hang.

Mary had, indeed, made a new friend. Two days later our lift van arrived and there was a joyous unpacking as we were reunited with all the things we had not seen for over two months.

And on Christmas morning, Santa Claus had come and trimmed a tree and left an abundance of presents under it.



## •A Gift to Us by Grace•

Arusha Evans, from her strategic position in Environmental Services, is one of the first staff members a new resident encounters. And so it was with Grace Langley when she moved in about three months ago and needed some work orders attended to.

Two things struck her: the name Arusha and how accommodating the owner of the name was. Grace had worked in Tanzania in a town of that same name. An idea formed. She had brought back an ebony wood sculpture and she wanted to find an appreciative home for it.

But she knew about and applauded Collington's policy of not giving gifts to employees. So, displaying the same resourcefulness that had got her out of some sticky situations her job had got her into, she offered the piece to Collington as a gift. And she suggested the appropriate place to display it, the entrance to Environmental Services, which is virtually Arusha's office.

### Another Reason to Listen

"This is the greatest day of my life," Betty Williams said to neighbor Peg Chatten one day last summer. Peg explains that it was the day that Betty was invited to join the Prince George's Philharmonic Orchestra's violin section.

It all started when Anne Gentry, the

Needless to say, Gail Kohn accepted with alacrity and great appreciation both for the gift and for the sensitivity to Collington's policy on gifts to staff members, particularly appropriate this season. N.B.

A bit of background on this story. Grace Langley is an anthropologist. She was working for the U.S. AID agency, based in Nairobi, and covered Kenya, Tanzania, and

Uganda for anthropological questions.

Arusha Evans' name means "strength." Her mother gave it to her so that she would have a distinctive name. It is a coincidence that it is the same name as the town where Grace did some work.

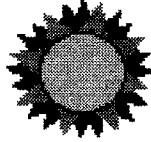
The sculpture is from the Mekonde tribe. They think of carving as releasing the spirit from the wood on which they are working. Through this intergenerational multicultural combination that is truly amazing, Grace has enriched our own environment. T.S.



Arusha Evans

orchestra's executive director, heard Betty play at Collington's "Talent Night" last year and invited her to audition. Since then the 85-member orchestra, with Betty, has played several concerts with a large contingent of enthusiastic Collington residents in attendance.

A native of Richmond, this talented lady is also much admired for her abstract paintings.



**Local Artist Enlivens Our Scene**

The West Wing Gallery is bright with watercolors painted by Ava Harrison of Epping Forest, on the Severn near Annapolis. She is a long-time member of the Maryland Federation of Art and of the Annapolis Watercolor Club. Her paintings appear on a regular schedule at the Co-op Gallery of the Patuxent Art League in Laurel.

She is a native of Washington, began her art training at the Corcoran Gallery School of Art. She juggled her art activities over the ensuing years with a full-time job as personal secretary to four Maryland Governors. Now that she is retired she enjoys painting in watercolor, acrylic and oils.



**A Scene from Talent Night**

Nancy Enright, who teaches the Prince George's Community College Exercise Class twice a week in the auditorium,

**Shakespeare à GoGo**

The group of traveling players mentioned in our front page story who will be providing entertainment as part of the Yuletide revelry will look familiar to most of the audience, but they will be entering new territory. This will be the first time the Collington Players have had a go at any Shakespeare plays. Because of the small stage and the limited material (that's us) she has to work with, our five-star professional director Marcia Behr has turned play doctor and stitched parts of slices of two plays together into manageable excerpts.

The first will be the Scottish play, as members of the theatrical profession refer through superstitious dread to Macbeth. The second will be the play put on by local blue collar folk for the Duke and his fiancée in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Bloodshed is rampant in both tragedies, but the second one does it with laughs.

leads "Nancy's Fancy Dancers" in the final number. The hoofers doing their soft shoe "Me and My Shadow" number are Dorothy Mayer, Mary Parrish, Ken Muldoon, Virginia Colony, Bob Tilove, Conna Shaw, Martha Cox, and Mary MacMartin.

Over the years Nancy has become a member of the Collington family. As a young woman she enjoyed a career on Broadway as a dancer.

## •December•

"Tis the season to be jolly," says the carol, and reasons for jollity are turning up in unexpected places. Not many things about computers are amusing but we cannot suppress a certain surreptitious glee at hearing that these sophisticated calculators cannot count. Perhaps our almost universal failure at handling numbers makes us all the more delighted to find that the digital world (*digital*: i.e., "able to count on one's fingers") has math problems.

The situation, reported frequently in the press with growing panic, is this: Nearly every computer, like a child in first grade, can count up only so far. When they reach 1999, they are stuck. The number 2000 (to be precise, the year 2000) is beyond them. Literally. The geniuses who programmed them never thought that computers would last that long. As with learning to count in a foreign language, things can get complicated when you reach the end of the teens, and computers were never taught their twenties. Don't smile; this could become awkward. Especially for the IRS. (Well, perhaps smiling is permitted after all.)

December is the ideal month for hearing about this *contretemps* (i.e. "counting time problem"). For of all the months of the year December is the most nervously irrational. We purchase things with a possessive frenzy, and then give them all away. We greet the first snow with disgusted surprise, as if we thought November was immediately followed by June. We overeat at holiday feasts, and then make resolutions never to do that again in the new year. And like our ancient ancestors, we feel a cosmic unease as the days shorten, the sun loses its warmth, and the gods are obviously off

somewhere on a celestial cruise to the Islands of the Blessed, probably somewhere in the Caribbean. Nevertheless like our ancient ancestors we defy the furies, and turn to the evergreens that stay alive in this season, and decorate a Green Tree all set about with lights in the darkness, for the Great Clock is about to mark an ending and a beginning; and the nights are long.

But be of good cheer, for this is the season to make merry (*merry*, "mirth," but akin to the Old High German, *murg*, "short"--i.e., don't overdo it). It is the season for *wassail*, a word we use only once a year, imported from the Middle English *wæs hæil*, meaning "be thou well," advice they could use in Middle English days. It's advice we can use, too.

All cultures, probably, have a season of good cheer, with lavish gettings and lavish givings, and a deal of mindless feasting. A happy silly season, for donning our gay apparel and singing songs outside closed houses in the cold. A season of inspired absurdities, when we are all children again.

For this is the children's season, and St. Nicholas is not only their saint but ours as well. So for a large part of our western Christian culture the symbol of the season is a Jewish Child of the East, visited by three wise men, one of them probably a mathematician. And for the secular among us, as any calendar shows for the last month of the year, an Elderly Gent in a bathrobe gracefully yields to a toddler in a diaper, who is taken to represent the infancy of the new year. But we know better. That cherub is humanity itself. For it is children for whom the earth was made, and we'd better keep it fit for them, or else.

Be of good cheer, little ones, we'll give it our best shot. Clem Welsh