

The Collingtonian

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April 1998

From Mary Agnes Heinze: •Nourishment for Mind and Body•

by Glendy Pabst

Proverbially, the best things come in small packages, a bit of folklore that certainly can be applied to Mary Agnes Heinze, one of Collington's most public-spirited citizens. Tipping the scale at 95 pounds, Mary Agnes somehow generates enough energy to move mountains. Specifically, she moved mountains of books, enough to equal nearly ten times her weight in the current year.

As chairman of the Wednesday afternoon book club for the past five years, Mary Agnes has provided reading materials monthly for the dozen or so members who gather for literary discussions. She carries this load from the Largo branch library to the cottage she shares here with Peter, and thence to the music room, where after the club meeting she picks up and later returns to the previous month's selection.

But that exercise is just a warm-up for the larger load she is distributing this month for a popular reading and lecture program now in progress. Financed

by the National Endowment for the Humanities through the Howard and Prince George's county libraries, this series in general highlights ideas through lectures and related reading of ancient and modern texts. The current program entitled "Morality and the Muse: Ethics in Literature," resumes a series that was curtailed in 1996.

A comparable program last fall attracted between 80 and 90 readers, most of them Collington residents although all library users are invited by signs on display in the P.G. branch libraries. For Mary Agnes this meant the distribution of nearly 500 books within Collington, to say nothing of their collection and return to the clock-tower, where the library customarily picks them up. Despite her efficiency in handling this weighty matter, Mary Agnes was



Mary Agnes Heinze

not a professional librarian, but a teacher. Educated in her native state, Missouri, and at Birmingham Southern University, she met Peter at Northeast Mis-

souri State Teachers' College (now Truman University), from which both graduated. Mary Agnes then moved to Florida with her family and taught there, but Peter studying in Missouri and Maryland, didn't let her get away.

In 1940, a week after Peter received his doctorate from the University of Maryland, they were married and moved to Beltsville for his first job with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, through which he rose to distinction. She also taught in Beltsville and they raised three sons. It was in Beltsville that Mary Agnes learned to lift another category of weight. Then and now, she handles impressive amounts of broccoli, beans, carrots, kale, eggplant, summer and winter squash, sweet potatoes and tomatoes much of which comes from Peter's hill-top garden plot and all of which she knows how to cook to best advantage. While living in Beltsville, she canned much of the produce from their one-acre yard. Now in a smaller kitchen, she serves fresh vegetables for lunch, drawing on a lifetime collection of wholesome recipes. It would be hard to find a more fruitful collaboration.

"Yours was not in the beginning a criminal nature. But circumstances changed it. At age 9, you stole sugar. At age 15, you stole money. At age 20 you stole horses. At age 25, you committed arson. At 30, hardened in crime, you became an editor. Since then, your descent has been rapid."

Mark Twain

Anniversary Speaker: Castigating but Optimistic

A highlight of Collington's tenth anniversary year was a well-attended lecture by journalist Haynes Johnson on March 11.

Johnson, author, columnist, lecturer, television panelist, foreign correspondent and former Washington editorial page editor, criticized the current state of journalistic preoccupation with perceived scandal to the neglect of more important news. He also deplored the contingent public fascination with these diversions stimulated by the media but expressed his confidence that the American public would hold onto its sense of proprieties.

"I do think there is going to grow out of this a hungering not just for form but for something better in our public life. We are the most self-correcting society ever and I m convinced that we will remain that way."

Alluding to the effect that the current investigations, etc., might have on the 2000 elections he said he thinks the nominations are up for grabs, with even a chance for an independent.

Responding to a question about the failure of the Congress to act on campaign expenditures, he said "I think it is a fact that the people see the hypocrisy of the Congress--all these investigations, all those millions of dollars, and nothing comes of it."

"Voting makes a difference," he said. "We have the lowest voting behaviour of any industrialized society."



•Digging for the Roots of Your Family Tree•

by Dorothy Brown

The Washington area is a gold mine for genealogy buffs, and DeWitt Patterson has offered to advise Collingtonians on how to excavate the richest lodes. In fact, if there is sufficient interest, he'll help form a genealogy group here.

DeWitt and his wife, Charlotte, moved from Bethesda to Cottage 2015 on September 26.

Judging from conversations with residents, quite a few are seriously tracing their family histories. Others express an intention to do so, often for the benefit of their children. One Collingtonian, Ruth Dixon, is a professional. For more than eight years, she's been indexing records at the National Archives on early merchant seamen.

According to DeWitt, interest in genealogy as "snowballed" since the publication of Alex Haley's *Roots* and production of the TV mini series. To meet the demand for data, the National Archives installed equipment to accommodate four dozen additional users.

The Archives and the Family History Center of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, adjacent to the Mormon Temple in Kensington, are the most comprehensive local sources of genealogical data.

At the Archives, a repository for government records, you can trace your ancestors through data related to immigration and military service. Census records provide information on marriages and places of residence.

The Genealogical Library of the Mormon's Family Information Center in Montgomery County is linked by computer with the Family History Library at Mor-

mon headquarters in Salt Lake City. Researchers here identify the documents they wish to peruse, and librarians obtain microfiches, which are available for use at the Center for up to fifty days. For further information and to reserve computer time, you can call (301) 587-0042.

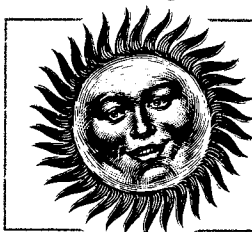
DeWitt meets monthly with the Family Information Center's Ancestor File Users Group. He's also active in the Montgomery County Genealogical Club and the St. Andrew's Society, a fruitful source of genealogical data for people of Scottish descent.

A Naval Academy graduate, DeWitt attends reunions about once a year of shipmates who served on the five vessels he commanded during World War II and the Korean War. After retirement from the Navy he was a ship design engineer and a budget analyst for the U. S. Coast Guard.

DeWitt and Charlotte were married eight years ago and have seven children from previous marriages. He's from Tennessee and she's from Washington State.

Charlotte attended San Diego State University and Mount St. Mary's College in California and worked during World War II at the Naval Shipyard at Mare Island, California, as a reference custodian of classified material. After moving east, she was a grants assistant at the National Institutes of Health.

Her hobbies include painting, church work and golf.



The daylight we will save starting April 5 will be in the early mornings. Enjoy it.

We Have a Royal Name, Too

Royalty came to Collington one day in February when Queen Semane B. Molotiegl, on an official visit to Prince George's county, requested to see this life care community. The Washington Post published a photo of Ann Hammond, Collington's admission coordinator, conducting a tour for the Queen and her party.

The visitor, whose son King Lebone Molotiegl has attended Howard University, represents a nation of 300,000 people in a northwestern province of South Africa. She and Prince George's county leaders finalized an agreement making the Royal Bafokeng Nation a "sister city" of this county.

Memories to Keep

One of our residents has recently asked where the Memorial Book is located, and suggested that it be kept in a more conspicuous place. The book is in a box on a lower shelf of a table in the Administration anteroom.

The book is a project of the Fellowship Fund. It provides a place where a surviving spouse can memorialize a person he or she has loved and lost.

Putting the book--which is a small volume, scarcely more than five by eight inches--in a more conspicuous place presents a problem. Recently a resident borrowed the book, read it on the sofa outside Administration, and forgot to return it.

The loss of the book would be a great shame since many of the photographs are irreplaceable. The written material, however, is recorded on a computer disk. F.K.

James Gholson, Jr. in Concert

by Bob Willing

With dozens of Collington residents in attendance, James Gholson, principal clarinetist with the Memphis Symphony Orchestra and Professor of Music at the University of Memphis, gave a delightful 4 p.m. Candlelight Concert in nearby St. Barnabas' Church on March 8, the last of this series.

He was superbly accompanied by pianist Susan Ricci, a faculty member of the Music Department of Prince George's Community College. They began the concert with a beautiful performance of von Weber's Concertino, Op. 26. Then Gholson played a rhythmic Clarinet Solo by Bland, followed by Tattletale by Goodman, Todd. They concluded with the lovely Brahms Sonata, Op. 120 No. 2 in E flat Major, which brilliantly displayed the tremendous musical talents of both Mr. Gholson and Ms. Ricci. A reception to meet the artists was held in Leeland Hall after the concert.

Mr. Gholson is named after his father, James Gholson, an original member of the Collington Board and now a resident for nearly two years. Collington residents are fortunate in being driven to the concerts by van and returned to the Clocktower after concerts. It just so happened that one of the van drivers that Sunday was the Reverend Larry R. Harris, Jr., St. Barnabas rector. Plans are now being finalized for the 1998-99 4 p.m. Sunday Candlelight Concert series.

Horace "Tully" Torbert, selected by his host group to emcee the March birthday party, introduced himself as "the poor man's Ken Muldoon."

•Our New Fair Lady•

by Glendy Pabst

To begin with, she looks the part. Well-rounded, with a ready smile. Not afraid of food, or of ideas, likes to mingle and has been doing so day and evening since she arrived at Collington in late February. By now, Carolyn Fair has gotten the feel of the place. When you meet the new assistant director of Dining Services, you can believe that she'll be around for a while.

She did, in fact, stick with her last employer for 25 years. That was Oklahoma State University where she directed food services for campus restaurants serving thousands of students and faculty. As for stability, she's still married to her high-school sweetheart, Jeff Fair, whom she wed in 1968 after both graduated from Kent State University.

Her degree was a BS in food and nutrition; his in athletic training services. Both studied further while working, he earning a doctorate in education, she an MS in science. She accomplished all this even though she took a few years off for full-time motherhood.

When Jeff accepted the post of director of athletic training for the U. S. Naval Academy last year, it was Carolyn who came on ahead to choose the new house in Annapolis and supervise the move. Once settled in, however, she grew restless with unaccustomed time on her hands.

After scanning area want-ads on the

Internet, she visited Collington, was impressed by the friendliness and the autonomy of residents. "In some way, it was like a college," she thought. And she knew she would feel comfortable "on campus."

In the introductory phase of her job she is concentrating on staff training. She believes that helping servers to reach their own personal goals invariably makes them more effective in serving diners.

Her own future goals will take Carolyn into production, for which she already has innovative ideas. Dining Services director Rich Baker will continue to supervise every stage of food management, but she looks forward to "tweaking the menu." Collington's newly installed kitchen computer system (a story in itself) will promote

ease in planning. It will also facilitate menu changes and free up the staff to be more innovative.

In the meantime, and despite long days on the job, this energetic woman makes time for a private life in her new home in Annapolis. Although the boys--Jeffrey Jason and Justin David--no longer need to be fed, her husband does. Nightly, there's dinner to be cooked for, and eaten with, Jeff. This is a ritual she has always considered important for family solidarity, no matter what the demands of the daytime job.



Carolyn Fair

•Artist in a Chef's Hat•

by Dorothy Brown

Paul Virachittevin transforms watermelons into roses. He makes angels from blocks of ice. And, with a platter as his canvas, he composes appetizers into still-life works of art.

Collington's sous chef majored in sculpture at art school in his native Thailand before coming to the United States in 1968 to study at the International Institute of Interior Design in Washington. At night he worked in restaurants, including Harvey's and the Flagship (now Phillips). The owner of the two restaurants was so impressed by his cooking skills that he encouraged Paul to attend L'Academie de Cuisine in Bethesda after he graduated from the Institute.

Upon completion of the 18-month course, he worked at the Omni, Ritz-Carlton and Sheraton Hotels before coming to Collington in January 1997. Here

he is in charge of banquets and catering and prepares food for the three dining rooms. In addition, he contracts with three hotels to make centerpieces for special occasions. In national competitions, Paul has won gold medals for his ice carving and cold food arrangements.

Does he regret the switch from art studio to kitchen? Paul's answer is an emphatic, "No. I like to make people happy." His success is evident in the delighted response to the carvings and appetizers he displays at our Happy Hours and holiday dinners. Paul's smiling face and friendly manner

add to the pleasure of these occasions.

Paul has been married since 1972. His older son graduated recently from Bowie State University and another son is a senior there.



Chef Paul Virachittevin stands behind ice sculptures of the U.S. Capitol and Washington Monument prepared for a celebration at the Sheraton Washington Hotel on the occasion of President Clinton's inauguration.

No Foolin'

Kay Swift, researching the origin of April Fool's Day, came up with this, among a score of other theories: The OED gives the earliest literary reference to the custom in Congreve's "The Old Bachelor," 1693: "That's one of Love's April-fools, always upon some errand that's to no purpose."

Program on Organs

Some sixty residents crowded into the front portion of the auditorium March 19 to hear resident John Fesperman talk knowledgeably about organs and related instruments despite some confusion over the time which had been advertised as both 7 and 7:30 p.m. Fesperman is retired from The Smithsonian Institution where he was curator of organs. The program was arranged by the Music Committee.

Well, How About That?

Those daffodils adorning the old burial ground looked quite nice this March. The resident members of the Waring family there likely approved. We are told that Marian Jenkins and some neighbors put the bulbs in a couple of years go.



Georgia Paine-Heldt carries a walking stick with a compass attached when she hikes our woods, sometimes off trail (not recommended for singles). She says, "It's especially important in summer when I can't see the houses." She had bought the compass in London to help guide her through shopping areas around Piccadilly Circus. Recently she was encountered tidying up the memorial area around the Waring boundary stone she discovered on one of her arboreal walks. It's just off the north side uplands trail.



One happy rumor has it that Bob and Marion Willing will be getting married soon--again. After the stage wedding in the February performance of the opera "Donna Francisquita," the bride tossed her bouquet toward the audience. Marion caught it and so, by tradition, she would be the next bride. Not ones to pass up an opportunity like this the Willings are said to be making plans.



It would be hard to prove that Collington residents are not incurable travelers. Evidence of their inherent itchy-footedness abounds in their Tuesday evening attendance at slide and movie showings by their globe-trotting neighbors and the Monday afternoon screenings by Franklin Newhall *et al* of selected commercial travelogues. Other

evidence was the modest complaints that went up when our Collington in-house TV channel replaced the commercial travel channel on the local cable service. But they are muted now that Aphrodite Peters, our cable honcho, schedules many of the local presentations on our Channel 10 next day.



Despite the busy tax season, one of our tax-help neighbors, Art Longacre, found time occasionally to drop by his plot in the hilltop garden to check on his tender young charges.



Every time we meet Edith Jackson, now living in Creighton Center, we think of the winter of 94-95 when she personally dug a path through about 60 yards of two-foot deep snow to reach the bird feeder behind her cottage.



More fame!! Washington TV Channel 4 (WRC-TV) recently came to Olivia Miller's cottage to film some of Olivia's household hints for consumer editor Elizabeth Crenshaw's spot on the evening news.



Mystery!! How can a medium-sized female conductor create the delightful Maryland Boys Choir from 30 lively pre-teen dynamos?



Regattas on Collington Lake starring radio-controlled model Skipjacks are getting more popular. We will have two this year, one during the Fun-da-Thon in May and the big one on September 24 with participation by model boats from Solomon's Island.

Tax Dollar Returns

by Walter W. Ristow

This is the time of year when most of us labor over our income tax returns and wonder how our tax dollars will be spent. No doubts for me this year, at least for some of the money I am paying to uncle Sam. Part of it, I know, will go to support the Talking Book Program.

This program, established in 1932, provides books on tape, on loan without cost, to sight impaired citizens. Around 1960 the Act was amended to include physically handicapped persons.

Some eighteen months ago macular degeneration left me without central vision. Unable to read print, I thought of the Talking Books Program. During my 32 years with the Library of Congress, I became familiar with this service, which is administered by the Library's Division for the Blind and Physically Handicapped. At the time I did not foresee that I would be using the service in the future.

Judy Reilly helped me prepare the essential forms to enroll. A week or so after submitting them I received a cassette reader, with instructions on how to operate it, along with several catalogs listing titles of available books. A friend helped prepare an order and soon I received my first cassette books. Distribution is made through libraries in the several states. Ours come from the Maryland Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, in Baltimore.

Bi-monthly catalogs listing new releases are sent to members, as are annual accumulated lists. There is a large selection. Readers are excellent, and some make you feel that you are listening to the author. A check of my computer record indicates that in 1997 I read 75 Talking Books.

Commentary

The Talking Books have largely replaced my time at the television, and I have made the acquaintance of many new literary friends and renewed contact with others. Some ten or twelve low vision residents of Collington subscribe to the Talking Book service and others are in the process of joining up. I am considering adding this note to my tax returns. Thanks for the Talking Books, Uncle Sam.

What's the Big Hurry?

We are retired, right?

So what's the big hurry? As far back as November 1989 Earl Eisenhart, of the "House Committee" was begging scooter riders to slow down. "Limit your speed to the lowest setting," he begged, "while tooling around inside."

More recently, Lorraine Phillips has suggested a set of sensible restrictions for those who ride their scooters indoors.

Many of us scooter riders tend to dart through the corridors pushing our vehicles to their ultimate limits, racing past doors and around corners as if the last parking space on the face of the earth was about to be pre-empted.

It might alter our speed, our psychology and our driving techniques if we called them buggies instead of scooters. We could then slow down, grab our buggy whips in hand, and move at half speed.

Oh, yes, I know how slow that is. People using walkers overtake you. Nevertheless. The next time you are driving in the apartment building or in Creighton Center, try turning the speed governor to one half its limit. You will creep along. But you will reduce the chances of ramming into a fellow resident and cracking his pelvis, or gashing a shapely leg. Accidents like this are not only painful to the victim. They lie heavy on the conscience of the buggy driver. Forever. F.K.

•New Books in the Library•

by Edward Behr

The Collington Library, with its shelves already bulging, has acquired still more fodder for eager readers--some 36 works of fiction and nonfiction, including at least 10 best sellers.

Among the notable novels are John Grisham's *The Street Lawyer* in which a young lawyer discovers his firm's dirty secret; Arthur Golden's much-praised *Memoirs of a Geisha* (yes, it is a novel!); prize-winner Toni Morrison's *Paradise*, describing a small black Utopia in rural Oklahoma, and *Underworld*, billed as "a panoramic novel about life during the Cold War," by the prolific Don DeLillo.

Mystery-lovers will surely delight in *A Certain Justice* by Britain's ever-popular P. D. James, who relates the pursuit of the murderer of a celebrated lawyer. Other new mysteries include *Silent Night* by Mary Higgins Clark, *To the Hilt* by Dick Francis and *Windy City Blues* by Sara Paretsky.

Among the new nonfiction, readers will surely welcome a light-hearted memoir, *My Name Escapes Me*, by the actor Alec Guinness. Far more serious is *The Color of Water* by James McBride, a black man's tribute to his white mother. And there are worthy new biographies of John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Solzhenitsyn and James Cagney.

Admirers of the movie Titanic may well want to read a classic account of the ship's sinking, *A Night to Remember* by Walter Lord, lately reissued in paperback. Two other nonfiction best-sellers will compete for readers' attention: Sebastian Junger's *The Perfect Storm*, a story of a tragedy at sea, and Iris

Chang's *The Rape of Nanking*, describing a Japanese slaughter of Chinese civilians in the 1930s.

A newcomer to the history shelves can hardly be ignored--*A History of the American People* by Paul Johnson. It runs more than 1,000 pages and will surely be useful for reference as well as cover-to cover reading. One reviewer called it "a masterpiece;" another found its account of the past 30 years in Washington highly prejudiced.

It's Appreciated by Some

The Collingtonian has received an anonymous piece, much too long to reproduce here, expressing appreciation for the small smoking room located near the auditorium, at the same time lamenting its size, occasional disarray and lack of heat, but acknowledging that the room has recently been redecorated. Likely few residents besides the regular users are aware of this facility. It is the only indoor public area on campus where smoking is permitted.

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Editorial Board: Edward Behr, Frances Kolarek, Margaret Werts, Tom Street.

•Look Out, J. Paul Getty, Here We Come•

by Glendy Pabst

"Best show yet," was a comment often heard along the administration corridor during the past month, as residents clustered to view Collington's annual spring art exhibit. Their verdict isn't subject to proof, but the display has markedly slowed pedestrian traffic, often turning the show into an informal mixer.

Robena Taylor, longtime doyenne of the art classes provided here by Prince George's Community College, agrees that it is a fine exhibition, and probably the largest that she has so far helped to mount. She, of course, declines to pick a favorite--and how could she, when her own sunny water-color of Collington's campus in flower was the first to be sold? Since then, a total of 14 works have been spoken for, with a portion of each sale price going to the Residents Association. Of the remaining pieces, most are labeled "Not for Sale."

A notable feature of the collection is its variety, with oils and water-colors about evenly divided, plus a good mix of pen, pencil, acrylic and tempera. Landscapes, seascapes and still life sketches are intermixed.

One of the 16 Collington artists represented, most have studied or practiced art off and on for decades. Georgia Paine actually traveled to Paris to study during the sixties. Amanda Erisman won her college degree in art at Huntington, in Alabama. Other residents have taken various workshops while following other careers, including motherhood.

By contrast, Ruth Smith never thought about studying art during her busy years as a clergyman's wife, although she was

adroit at needlepoint. Only recently, after arthritis severely crippled her fingers, did she find that she could somehow hold a pen, with which she has created a delicate pointillist style all her own.

Her pair of colored ink sketches, and the 36 other works in the show, will remain on view through April. Until it ends, Robena will take orders for the few remaining pictures available for purchase.

Temi for Short

His full name is Temilolu Aje. He has been with the Collington Security staff since September. He was born in D.C. but moved with his parents to Nigeria when he was nine years old and they had received degrees from Howard University. He has come back to continue studying toward a medical degree at Howard and would like to work in the field of immunology. He was in the second year at the University of Ibadan, but it was difficult to study because of the professors were on strike to protest actions of the military government. His father is a professor and his mother has her own business in Ogun state. Temi lives in D.C. now with an uncle.

T.S.



Temi

The Job Nobody Wanted

by Dorothy Brown

Bill Simpich confesses that a "selfish element" entered into his decision to accept "a job nobody wanted"--treasurer of the Residents Association.

After arriving at Collington January 18, 1997, he was "living like a hermit. I realized that (serving as treasurer) would force me to get out of my cottage, get acquainted, and learn about the system."

A Naval Academy graduate, Bill had no experience in fiscal matters when he took over as the association's treasurer last October. Service in the Navy was followed by a 35-year career with a corporate public relations consulting firm in New York. As a volunteer, Bill worked for the Greenwich (Conn.) Community Chest and the International Executive Service Corps in Guatemala.

In 1984, Bill and his wife retired to the semi-rural community of Lusby in Calvert County. After her death, he found living alone "an impossible experience." To avoid becoming a burden on his four children, he decided to move to a retirement community and chose Collington partly because he and his wife were born and reared in the Washington area.

Along with woodworking and photography, Bill lists sailing as a hobby. He's been navigator on two Atlantic crossings on a 40-foot sloop.

Bill says he's glad he accepted the position of treasurer and that three long-time committee members, John Jay, Elma Tidwell and Al Folop, have been "enormously" helpful.

Notice

1998 Fun-da-Thon April 26 - May 14

Why Live Here?

The *Washingtonian* magazine for March 1998 features Best Places to Live and lists Collington. A color photograph on page 146 shows a crowd enjoying one of our mini-regattas, and on page 149 there is a description of all the advantages Collington has to offer. Resident Frances Kolarek, fielding a question from a *Washingtonian* editor about why people choose to live in this area, is quoted as saying "Many residents don't want to lose connection with the Kennedy Center, the galleries and family they have in the area."

April Celebration Is for Laughs

The next in the series of occasions celebrating Collington's Tenth Anniversary is scheduled for April 24. Katharine Kendall plans a series of lighthearted skits poking some gentle fun at the highlights of our history.

Dick Van Wagenen has written some new lyrics to old tunes like Mississippi Mud. Tom Street is tuning up for a comic turn or two, and Patricia Trammell's two dogs will finally be interviewed by Gail Kohn.

The members of the class of 1988 will be honored.

One Act Play

One un-maddening moment of March came with the presentation of Chekov's comedy "The Wedding" with a large cast of your neighbors directed by Marcia Behr.

One of my Christmas presents, mixed in with shirts, chocolates and other necessities, was a book: *The Footnote* by Anthony Grafton, Dodge Professor of History at Princeton, published by Harvard Press in 1997. Nice set of credentials, but the book gets there under its own steam.

Subtitle: "A Curious History." Quite. But don't for a moment think that the subject is trivial, as you call to mind the footnotes of your childhood (or youth, at least) such as: "note 67, *ibid.*, but see Trevelyan, *op. cit.* p. 444".

Footnotes are the footprints of scholarly searches, of adventures in exotic lands, travel guides to the terrain in which the author has been digging. Sometimes they can be the best part of the book. The ancients loved them, often putting them in the margins, and sometimes adding notes to the notes, burying the author in borrowed erudition. John Livingston Lowes in his *Road to Zanadu*, put in the footnotes copious chunks of the sources of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, piling them up at the end, "safely kenneled at the back of the book," he said. Not safe at all, they escape to carry the reader away to stately pleasure domes of our own devising.

One would think that those little numbers in the text, sending the reader off to who knows what riches of romantic references ("Note 7: see *The Naughty Victorians*, Paris, 1920, pp. 56 to 399." would quietly enjoy a status beyond reproach.

Nevertheless there are readers who express a certain distaste for footnotes and make a habit of ignoring them. This has led publishers to invent "end notes,"

gathered out of sight (kenneled) at the back of the book. Since they are usually clustered there by chapter, when you try to find note 45 you probably have forgotten what chapter you are in (Chapter V? Chapter VII?) and you hunt for a while before giving up. A good honest footnote should be right there at the bottom of the page, traditionally in tiny type, possibly running over onto the next page, and decorated by a long quotation in German. That can instill the conviction that you are reading something that is possibly true, an exhilarating experience.

In our unannotated age of hearsay, rumor and the scandalous hint, verification is a lost art. How would you footnote a sound-bite, our age's version of the academic thesis? (Perhaps a scholar, standing just behind Dan Rather, adding supporting evidence in sign language?). The News, printed or aired, exists because it ignores reality. The whole enterprise would collapse if anyone tried to substantiate it. A generation brought up on Disney Historical Theme parks doesn't want anyone to spoil it all by suggesting that something really happened out there, behind the tube... In today's media, a footnote could stifle the imagination. Sometimes that's all that the media has.

But if you want an introduction to how it has been done, Grafton's small treatise can offer a guided tour through the history of saner days.*

*Grafton, Anthony: *The Footnote*: A curious History (Harvard University Press, Ev. ed. 1997) 235 pp, plus index. ISBN 0-674-90215-7

