

The Collingtonian

Vol. 11, No. 1

A publication of the Collington Residents Association

January 1999

Auld Lang Syne

By Glendy Pabst

Should old acquaintance really be forgot? Well, old buddies do sometimes evolve into old bores. More often, however, they bring smiles and happy memories. At Collington, both family ties and old school ties have contributed to mature friendships.

For example, little Betty Marsh once played games with her cousin Emily Marsh when they shared summer vacations in Old Lyme, Conn. It really was a pleasant surprise when Betty Saint and Emily Nichols moved to Collington and rediscovered each other.

Similarly, Katie Seybold and Kit Welsh first met at the Northrop Collegiate School in Minneapolis, where they progressed together from the seventh through the twelfth grades. They virtually lost touch when they moved on to Smith and Radcliffe, and eventually, to Washington. But reading an invitation to Northrop's 50th class reunion, Kit learned that Katie planned to move here and took that as a strong recommendation. Northrop girls were usually right.

Even greater distance was bridged by the reunion of two Collington newcomers, Elizabeth Fitzhugh and Mary Averett Seelye. One of Elizabeth's treasures is a faded photograph of the student body at the American Community School in Lebanon, circa 1933. She sits in the front row, an appealing six-year-old, while on

the back row one can just see the serious face of 13-year-old Mary Averett. Not really a coincidence, however. Both of their fathers were longtime professors at Beirut's American University.

Mary Averett was also part of another recent Collington reunion. She and Faith Jackson, who came to Mitchellville separately, were welcomed together by Marcia Behr, the late Judy Street and Marion Willing, all of whom were Benning-

ton undergraduates at approximately the same time.

Harvard, where entering classes exceeded a thousand students, educated at least a dozen Collingtonians. Ed Behr, class of 1940, explains that he never met classmates Chris Bever or Lou Bachrach



Mary Averett Seelye and Elizabeth Fitzhugh with picture of 1933 Beirut Grammar School class.

(but did meet a house-mate named John F. Kennedy). Nor did Chris and Lou ever share scalpels when they went on to Harvard Medical.

Despite proven talent as an organizer, Chris's wife Jo also failed to meet any future Collingtonians while in college, but made up for it later. She worked with Judy Kidney in the PTA at Chevy Chase's Rosemary School, and with Anne Richardson on a National Symphony committee. Also in Chevy Chase, she and Chris read plays aloud with the Behrs. As chairman of the Wellesley Club she knew Margaret Werts, Helen Wood, Ethel Hodel and the late Mary MacMartin. Finally, at the Woman's National Democratic Club, she did and still does work on committees with Helen, Dorothy Lally, Margo Labovitz and Leila Wilson.

At other Ivy League and Seven Sisters' schools, large classes similarly made old acquaintance a matter of chance. Ruth Glennan remembers saying "hello" to Emily Abouchar when their paths crossed at Vassar. At Columbia, which graduated more than 20 present Collingtonians, it was the number of separate colleges which limited social opportunity. Our Columbians studied arts, sciences, library science, social work and education, from which programs Ruth Quarles, Margaret Martin and Ed Beal all came away with doctorates, but in different disciplines.

Memorable classmates weren't confined to eastern schools, however. Anne Cadman-Walker remembers Tom Street at Oberlin; she dated his roommate. Dorothy Brown just missed them both. A few years earlier, Judy Kidney transferred from Oberlin to Holyoke, where she graduated, became a teaching assis-

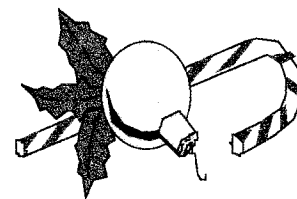
tant, won her master's degree--and incidentally knew a younger economics student named Mary Olmsted.

Other Collington connections can be traced to the middle and far west. When Randy Walker took his B.A. in political science at Berkeley he just missed being taught by Alex Dragnich, who completed his doctoral course work there in 1942.

Clearly, it's a small world, east or west, yet large enough to house a huge load of memories.

Holiday Notes

The arrangements our flower committee placed on window sills combining magnolia leaves with evergreens punctuated the holiday season with delightful exclamation points.



The Woodshop Committee's train, Chief Engineer Clem Welsh at the throttle, went round and round at one end of the living room. The authentic engineer's cap Bob Browning supplied, lent an air of authenticity to the mini trip.

A bulletin board in the Clocktower area was crowded with colorful holiday greetings while nearby hung a large banner saying "thanks" from the staffers for their Christmas bonus from the residents association.

A sleigh full of packages, courtesy of Frances Meloy and many Christmas trees decorated by the whole community and rescued from their off-season hiding places by Judy Reilly, completed the statement--Happy Holiday.

Death Returns from Holiday

By Layne Beaty and Frances Kolarek

For some weeks this past autumn we congratulated ourselves that the grim reaper was apparently on vacation, then the old guy came storming back as though bent on meeting a sad quota. As it happens, Collingtonians have now been exceptionally grieved at being deprived of some of our active fellow residents.

This "plague" actually started in November when we lost Baker Port, Jim Reilly and Malvina Balogh. A couple of years ago Baker was awarded a citation for his longtime daily "policing" of our grounds on his early morning walks. He was also famous for his skillful popcorn vending at New Year's parties, and for his cat, Bandit. Anna, whom he married here in 1992, survives.

Jim, more than anyone else, sculpted the Recreation Committee and its widespread activities and which he chaired for five years. There he worked closely with Judy Gambill of the Collington staff. They were married in 1991 and she continues as leisure services coordinator.

Malvina, an avid Collington fan, contributed generously to causes here, including a \$6,000 contribution toward publication of our ten-year anniversary book.

Mary MacMartin, Peggy Wilhelm and Judy Street left us in December. As did Isabelle Luce and Julia Schmidt.

Mary and her husband Jim were active factors even before moving in on June 1, 1988. She had worked on the landscape

committee of the Future Residents Association and effected significant savings for Collington, then continued her active service until last year, becoming famous for the bluebird houses she had promoted around the campus. Jim, surviving, with a small committee had early organized the wood shop, with its extensive equipment.

Peggy Was a Red Cross "Doughnut Girl" during World War II, with five other Col-

lington women described by Mary Parrish in an early edition of The Collingtonian. Her marriage to John Wilhelm, a war correspondent, now deceased, was pictured in LIFE magazine during the war.

Probably the least expected loss was that of Judy Street, identified with many kinds of committee work since moving here with husband Tom, in 1993. Long active on the Outreach Committee (services etc., beyond the campus) lately, she, with a committee, spent long hours updating our library. She also had continued actively with outside organizations, particularly Common Cause and the League of Women Voters.

Tom, our associate scribe and former editor of this journal, has now penned a beautiful essay (he says it wrote itself) on the character and importance of hugging as the ultimate expression of emotion.

"Words," he says, "are good and they help, but the hug is like music. This is by way of saying thanks." There has been a heap o' huggin' hereabouts lately. We are, after all, a community of continuing care.

This monthly publication does not routinely chronicle the passing of our friends and neighbors. When they go, as they often do in our age group, the community immediately asks "for whom the bell tolls."

Hilltop Garden to Stay Put

By Faith Jackson

Euphoria and questions pervaded the auditorium on December 11 at the monthly Community Meeting conducted by Executive Director Gail Kohn. There was good news: thanks to letters to the management by Peter Heinze and the Landscape Committee, and further study by the architects, the ten-year-old Hilltop Garden, a treasured part of Collington Life, will remain in place. The architects have located the 5000 and 5100 cottage clusters elsewhere, in the wildflower meadow. There was more happy news with the probability of lowering our monthly charges from 3.8 per cent to 2.9 per cent.

Beyond further discussion of the Renovation and Expansion plans at Collington, for which construction will not begin until 65 per cent of the proposed new units are reserved, the main purpose of the meeting was to acquaint us with plans for the "Village at Collington" and Collington's prospective role in it. This will be on the 17.75 acres bounded by Lottsford Road, our entrance driveway and the stream which flows into our lake.

We were reminded that this land parcel is zoned for 900 units! To avoid this calamity in our doorstep, Collington Care Services is working hard with the developer who wants to build and sell 118 houses and apartments there, in the \$300,000 bracket. Our architects, Perkins Eastman, will also design the Village. CCS will provide security, maintenance and services, on a fee-for-service and space available basis. The Village developers will cooperate with Collington on PR and marketing and start to advertise

in early 1999. "We will attract buyers for these homes," said Mrs. Kohn, "because of Collington's reputation, and the wonderful things you do here."

The proposed first apartment building will be close to the Collington driveway off Lottsford Road. Anyone hardy enough to plow through brambles can follow the stream bed and see very low areas where a building can nestle down and be partly screened by trees.

Questions erupted over our involvement with access roads, necessitating moving our gate house, extra security needed, and whether our dining room, pool and other facilities might overflow with newcomers. The answer: village residents may sign up for community college courses, on campus, as have other groups, but otherwise, cannot use any of our services unless specifically invited by a resident. Mrs. Kohn will schedule more talks on a "necessary weekly basis," to relieve concerns of residents, she said.

There were two serious No-matters: NO TIPPING, PLEASE: accepting gratuities from residents could result in serious trouble for any member of the Collington work force, even loss of job. The other, NO ALCOHOL FOR ANY STAFF MEMBER WHILE ON CAMPUS with the same consequences, as above.

Finally, anent the "Adverse Weather Policy," and Disaster Drill Report, this old cottager will indeed stockpile emergency food and drink, and hole up until the ice, scourge of old bones--or any bones--has melted. Let others be brave. Sensibly, we'll all listen to Channel 10, "trickle our faucets," and before the lights go off, buy one of those neat flashlights from Judy Muttly.

But: just snow? Anyone for making snow men, in the clusters?

Harriet Simons, Entrepreneur

By Margaret Werts

Harriet Simons had plenty of training to be Chairman of the Music Committee. Previously, she had been Treasurer, thereby learning its business aspects. When Newton Blakeslee became unable to continue as Chairman, Harriet was elected. Since then, she has brought 25 concerts each year to Collington. She handles everything from the initial contacts to scheduling, planning and carrying out the final details and meeting the needs of the performers. Now you know how those entertainments get here.

Jo Bever helps, frequently choosing musicians and making concert arrangements. Other helpful committee members are Al Folop, who creates posters, Melva Wence, who puts them up and hands out programs, and Aileen Aderton, who counts the house. Bob Willing has always been an important asset. He takes care of the concerts, ballets, operas, etc. we attend outside of Collington.

Newton turned all his files over to Harriet, so that she now has helpful data on all past performers. After ten years of varying concert activity, an awareness of Collington's musical programs has grown so that musicians often approach the Chairman of the Music Committee. New performers are something of a gamble, but we have been fortunate. Harriet is the one who has to deal with demanding temperaments--a requirement which she is well qualified to meet. Aspiring musicians sometimes submit cas-

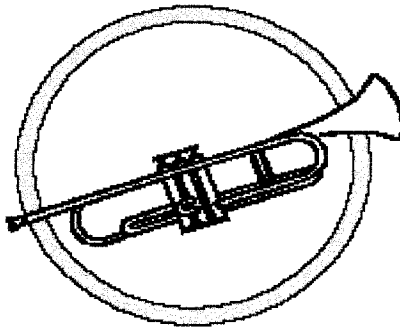
settes, and Harriet also deals with agencies.

The committee is limited as to what it can spend per concert--\$250 is the absolute top, and that is becoming common. There is an off-budget account from contributions, but that is almost exhausted. Harriet will probably apply to the Residents Association for an increased budget in the next fiscal year.

It's not all music, either. One team of professional mimes was a big hit.

Recently, the mechanism that operated the electronic chimes that we hear at mealtimes became non-functional. With the help of Virginia Colony, some new music was chosen. They were not able to choose individual pieces, but had to select entire recorded programs. They are not entirely pleased with

the result but most residents seem to like the new old favorite tunes.



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Beavers, Birds and More

By Edward Behr

In the natural history of Collington, 1998 may well stand out as the Year of the Beaver.

A pair of beavers set up housekeeping on the island in the lake and proceeded to gnaw down at least half a dozen trees around the shore -- including two handsome maples on our side and other trees on the far side and on the island.

The beavers went on to leave two unsightly messes. They heaped a jumble of small logs and branches on the southwestern shore of the lake and piled other debris on the eastern edge of the island where they made a crude home. Tom Street took offense at that intrusion and undertook a cleanup. He made a series of boat trips to carry the debris to our side of the lake, whence it was carted away.

In all, a few hundred observations of flora and fauna were recorded in the red notebook kept at the clock tower reception desk.

Besides the beaver, other noteworthy animals showed up during the year. Our spring peepers began their seasonal chorus as early as February. In late May a full-grown woodchuck and two little ones were seen on the perimeter path. That same month two muskrats were swimming in the drainage pond and two snapping turtles climbed out of the water to sun themselves on the bank. In October a band of four deer crossed the hillside beyond the 1000 cluster and in November another four (or were they the same?) crashed through the underbrush

below the graveyard hill.

In the bird world one new species--a rough-legged hawk-- raised the Collington sightings total to an impressive 154.

Another first-timer here was an albino house finch, with white replacing the usual red and brown. It was spotted on June 1 by Bob Browning.

Notable, too, were the findings of a visiting birder, Ralph Whaley: In early May he identified six species by their calls only. These were black-throated blue warbler, red-eyed and golden-eyed vireos, northern waterthrush, barred owl and blue-gray gnatcatcher.

And, as many residents recall, it was a big year for our Canada geese. In mid-May Penny Vickery reported a pair of adults with no fewer than 13 goslings in tow.

Other spring-summer nesters produced healthy crops of baby birds. Purple martins nested successfully in both houses installed for them. Other 1998 parents included bluebirds, barn swallows, mallard ducks and, almost certainly, red-shouldered hawks.

There were still more memorable sightings during the year--more than 20 hooded mergansers on the lake, a pileated woodpecker with three fledglings, a northern harrier at the drainage pond, a sharp-shinned hawk flying over the 2200 cluster. Plus pine, yellow and yellow-rumped warblers and the more usual kingfishers, great blue herons, towhees, hummingbirds, tree swallows and many more.

Thanks go to all who recorded their sightings in the book. Please keep them coming.

“The Greatest Generation”

At the top of the New York Times Dec. 27 list of best selling non-fiction stands Tom Brokaw's tribute to us, his book "The Greatest Generation."

Brokaw is the anchorman of NBC's "Nightly News," who, in the course of researching a feature on the 40th anniversary of the invasion of Normandy, developed a sincere admiration for our generation of Americans who were born around 1920 and fought and won World War II.

So he sat down and wrote a 390-page encomium.

"It is a generation that, by and large made no demands of homage from those who followed and prospered economically, politically and culturally because of its sacrifices," he is quoted in one review of the book.

"Towering achievement," and "modest demeanor" are phrases he uses to describe us. I'll drink to that.

He faults us for McCarthyism and for letting racism go too long unchallenged. But after all the complaints that our music was too square, our hair too long, and our attitude toward the environment benighted, it is pleasant to hear a kind word.

Some reviewers, who probably belong to the generation which mistrusted anybody over thirty--us, a long time ago--are having a little trouble finding a good word to say for this book.

Never mind! If Tom Brokaw thinks highly of us, let us praise his name and thank him for the kind words. We will probably not have to buy his book. Our children, I suspect, will have already given it to us for Christmas. F.K.

Let the Good Times Roll

One of our favorite publications is the TIMES. Not the London, New York or Washington versions. We mean Collington's Employee Times, published by the administration for the staff every month. In addition to noting anniversaries, awards, kudos, etc., there are newsy announcements, official notices, etc. And there are contests.

The December edition told of office door Christmas decorations, A Walk Across America, a Health Page, turkey distribution, holiday dinner orientation sessions, etc.

If you would like to see this Times, get a job on the staff, or maybe politely ask Karen Cheney for a copy. L.B.

Happy Journey to Christmas

Our Christmas gift from the Drama Committee came December 8 in the form of a presentation of Thornton Wilder's "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden."

The comedy featured a 1920s Christmas drive by a family through New Jersey in their Chevrolet with imaginary scenery, accented by body reactions to car motion. Family roles were played by Carolyn Browning, Chuck Dell, Edna Lingreen, Art Longacre and Dorothy Mayer. Tom Street was cast as the Stage Manager who filled in some of the lines, à la a device of Wilder later in "Our Town."

"Happy Journey..." was produced and directed by Marcia Behr. L.B.

Upstaged by the Frame

By Edna Lingreen

Many years ago in Paris I remember standing a long time before the Mona Lisa, entranced by her enigmatic smile. So a few years later when the painting was on loan at the National Gallery of Art here in Washington, I urged a couple of our secretaries to go see it during their lunch hour. Their talk on their return was about the beautiful frame, scarcely at all about the picture itself.

Recently I was in the cast when our drama group here in Collington performed some scenes from Clare Boothe's play, "The Women." I had a small but juicy part. I was the gossip, the troublemaker, ending up in a fight with another woman. I slapped her, we pulled each other's hair, she kicked me, I bit her. I became hysterical, threw things, and was pulled off stage screaming, "I hate everybody!" We thought the whole performance went well. The audience, a good house, was warm in its applause at the final curtain.

Because I had a flashy role--my opening lines were: "I'm going out on the town with a boyfriend I picked up at the Silver State bar"--I thought I should dress accordingly. I found a knock-out dress in our Opportunity Outlet--full-length, form-fitting, slit up one side to just above the knee, white background, with mammoth red roses on green stems splashed about on the dress. It was definitely a striking dress, and I heard "wows" from the audience when I came on.

Usually our audience is very kind, and typically comment "Oh, you were so good" even when we know we were not. I

truly did believe that my performance in this play had been one of my better ones --I'd even learned my lines and didn't need to carry my script! But the universal comment has been, "WHERE did you get that dress?!" And not a word about my performance. Talk about concentrating on the frame!

And then my basic insecurity kicks in: Was my performance so terrible that I embarrassed the audience?

(Collingtonian staff note: Does the Opportunity Outlet have any more of those dresses?)

A New Year's Resolution for The Collingtonian

The Collingtonian needs an index. As we move into our eleventh year of publication, writers and editors can no longer remember which article appeared in which issue--or, indeed, if the article ran or had to be left out for lack of space. We have, therefore, resolved to start an index.

Anyone who would like to volunteer for the job, beginning with this issue, would earn our blessings and thanks.

If the idea has any appeal for you, please call the editor, Layne Beaty on 7239 or the makeup editor, Frances Kolarek on 7330. F.K.

Dream On, RWVW

What became of our resident beavers?
They've come back as two toothy tree-thieves.

We want the pair tutored
Or maybe just neutered
So they can't make more over-achievers.

RWVW

Don't Mother Geese

By Bill Simpich

Collington's only unpleasant residents are its geese.

They're undeniably beautiful, but there's little charming about the calling cards of the *Branta Canadensis*--or the way they're mowing our lakeside lawn.

I asked Scott Rowin, a wildlife biologist at Maryland's Natural Resources Department, how we could down-size our flock.

He says Rule #1 is: "Don't feed them!"

Always the optimist, I asked for productive uses of their droppings. None, he said: they don't even make good fertilizer because they're shot through with various seeds including weed seeds.

He suggested the best way to "eliminate goose access" to our lake: stretch 20-foot high nets across the lake 20 feet apart so they can't make a water landing, then string a fence around the lake's perimeter so they can't land ashore and wade into the water. Piece of cake!

But this somehow seems draconian, aesthetically debatable and might not get unanimous approval from our canoeists or Model Boat Club.

I'm obviously missing something, but I'm puzzled why we have in effect, moored geese "decoys" at our lake aerators. I thought the sole purpose of a decoy was to display a "welcome mat" to its brethren and sistren.

Which suggests a challenge for Creative Arts. How about creating a half dozen replicas of a red-jacketed hunter in a dinghy aiming a 10-gauge shotgun low on

the horizon?

Another piece of cake!

Mr. Rowin says if we don't cotton to his big tennis net idea, find our goose nests and "addle" the eggs with corn oil. It'll penetrate the shells' pores and nothing will hatch. But we'd need a permit from the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Meanwhile, Judy Mutty, boss of our Environmental Services, is in step ("Goose Step?") with the desire for a Goose RIF. She's studying a thick file of non-lethal ideas from, among others, the USDA, the National Institute of Standards and Technology and the Canada Geese Citizens Advisory Committee.

One suggestion is applying "Re-Jex-It" to the shoreline turf. It's a grape-flavored chemical sometimes used in candies and soft drinks, gives geese the 24-hour flu, but won't harm your dogs or grand-toddlers.

Judy's also looking into enlisting Border Collies to harass the enemy. Their herding instinct, according to the Humane Society, can be put to use to keep geese continually in the water, "which will so frustrate them that they fly away and abandon a site."

The USDA ranks it low on its list of herd-thinning technologies, but says, "Hunting has a strong repellent effect."

If some hunter acquaintance gives you one, here's how to get your goose cooked: nuke it at 450 degrees; back off to 350; stuff it with apples, chestnuts or prunes; give it 15 minutes per pound; chew cautiously to avoid shotgun pellets; and spit out the feathers.

Bon appetit!



Horse + Buggy = School Bus

By Anne Cadman-Walker

“What was it like in the early 1900s?” the dinner guest asked Jessie Richardson, age 93.

The dinner guest was surprised to learn that Jessie, as a child, lived in Montgomery County, Maryland on a 360-acre farm, drove a horse and buggy every day five miles to school. At age 7, with her two sisters, Margaret, 9 and Emma, 5, she put the horse in a stall at school, fed her ears of corn at lunchtime, and drove four-footed May back home at 3:30 p.m.--sometimes through drifts of snow. She would get out then, and with her shovel open up the road.

At Montgomery High School (grades 7-11), Jessie with high grades, led her class “all the way through.” At the University of Maryland, (she was awarded a partial scholarship), she majored in Home Economics, Food and Nutrition and Institutional Management, and on graduation, worked in hospitals, schools and a sanitarium.

Her longest employment, 19 years with IBM, took her to New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Connecticut, Minnesota and back again to Washington, D. C.

“IBM stands for ‘I’ve been moved,’” Jessie noted with a laugh.

“A picture,” it is written (note that), “is worth a thousand words.” The paucity of visuals in this issue came about when the editor attempted to match wits with one of those new self-thinking cameras, and lost. He uttered more words than that when he saw the negatives.

The Lake Comes Back

By Edward Behr

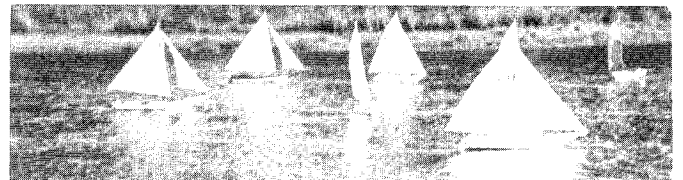
Collington’s lake had its ups and downs in 1998 and, due to prolonged heat and drought, more downs than ups. But last month the lake began an encouraging comeback, with its waters partly covering stretches of the bottom that were exposed for most of the summer and fall.

For this turnabout, we can partly thank a change in the weather: December, while far from wet, brought more showers than we had seen in months.

More basic, though, was the work of Charlie Trammell, who was the father of our reborn lake a few years ago. When he saw the lake shrink so far last fall, he phoned the Maryland Department of Natural Resources in Baltimore and got permission to resume pumping of underground water from the island into the lake; earlier, Collington had used up its annual quota of pumped water and had to shut off the pump.

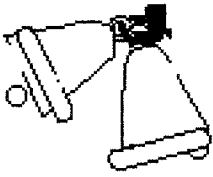
For the future, the community plans to seek a higher quota. If the earthen dam were to dry out, Charlie notes, the soil could become unstable, and the fish in the lake could suffer.

Essential, too, has been the help of Frank Newhall, who has kept close watch on the lake’s fall and rise. Through June 24, he recalls, its level often held at the maximum 107 feet above sea level and never fell below 106.1. Then the drop began and by December 1 the water level was down to 105.3, but at last report it had recovered to 105.7.



A-Pealing Nostalgia

By Frances Kolarek



Autobiographers and bell ringers, attention please. An interesting connection between your two groups has come to light.

Alice Shurcliff's mother, Margaret Homer Shurcliff of Boston, at the urging of her family, wrote some memoirs and Alice, when she was posted to Taipei, had a volume published by Literature House, Ltd. and named it "Lively Days."

An account of childhood trips by horse car from Roxbury to Boston, when, "in winter a stove was kept going and straw lay deep on the floor" make nostalgic reading. Words like "wiffletree" pop up. The first Saint Bernard dog to be brought to this country makes an appearance.

Bell ringers, your turn is coming. When Margaret was in her teens, her father took her to England to learn the art of ringing bells in towers, known as change ringing. Practicing this art in Boston had brought complaints from the neighborhood around the tower where the bells hung. And the need arose for a set of hand bells for practice.

So Margaret brought a set back from England with her so that change ringers could practice with hand bells and avoid splitting the air with noisy discord.

The hand bells were a big hit and Margaret writes that by 1924 her children were able to ring and enjoyed popularity as they went from door to door on Christmas Eve ringing carols.

She also tells the story of a group of nine Lancashire bell ringers who caught P.T. Barnum's fancy on an 1844 trip to England. He offered to bring them to the

United States if they would let their moustaches grow and call themselves the Swiss Bell Ringers. Never mind that they spoke only English; Barnum assured them their Lancashire accent in the USA could pass for Swiss. The trip was a great success and they were the first to ring a peal in this country. If you need to know more about peals and change ringing we recommend Dorothy Sayres' "The Nine Tailors."

Talent in Unexpected Hands

Ruth Smith made an interesting discovery about a year ago. She found that she could sketch. And with commendable focus, she concentrated on flowers. Using a set of forty colored pencils and some colored pens, she started sketching the floral arrangements that adorn our corridors and lobbies.

One sketch in particular is noteworthy--the Thanksgiving arrangement Penny Vickery created on the credenza where one turns the corner to go from the auditorium to the dining room. Penny used a wealth of fruits of the season, and Ruth's sketch captured the richness of the arrangement.

Ruth arrived at Collington in 1988 with her husband, the late Richard Smith, and settled into apartment 127. For the past year or so Ruth has found life on Level One suits her needs better than independent living. It gives her more time to sketch.

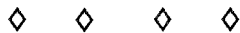
A January exhibit of the works of the Wednesday afternoon art class will include a number of Ruth's drawings.

Well, How About That?

Happy New Year!



Community TV of Prince George's (Channel 15) produced a one-hour program of Collington's September 26 observance of its decennial which aired on December 16 and repeated on December 22. Our in-house Channel 10 also aired a repeat of the program taped by Mary Ann Pellerin.



RING...RING...RING. (Click) "You have reached the office of Prunella Prentwhistle. I am not at my desk right now, but if you will leave a message after the tone, I will return your call. I won't tell you whether that will be today or next week. Have a nice day." BZZZZ. (Click).



Our forlorn, neglected horseshoe pitching court has been spruced up. How come no pitchers?



Like our neighbors we enjoyed a gala, early Christmas dinner, with related goodies, on December 17. Many came, as suggested, in clothes they might have worn ten years ago when Collington was a-borning. (For some of us, they were our newest). One item on the delectable menu was goose, but not Canada goose, the chef assured suspicious residents, since our lake has been a popular home to the breed. Willie Chapmon, of our environmental services, hauled in his self-built console and entertained in the din-

ing room with recorded music, something he does for festive occasions as an avocation.



Some used computers declared surplus have been raffled off by the administration to Collington staffers for a minimum of \$50 each. Most went to families with kids in school.



Virginia Berthy and Virginia Beaty are not exactly pen pals. But as they frequently get each other's mail, they might as well be.



Kay Swift offers this New Year's resolution:

"I resolve to save trees and landfill by canceling unwanted catalogs and ads appeals at the source.

a) Call the 800 number, when available, to cancel.

b) Enclose note in postpaid return envelope asking to be removed from list. (Say you're deceased, if necessary, but brace yourself to then receive mail addressed to Mr. and Mrs. _____ Deceased." (She says it actually happened to a resident).



A recent visitor from Maine who drives to Florida and back seasonally, writes that he will never again "be tempted to pass you by on US 301 in favor of a crab-cake platter" near the Dahlgren bridge. What a nice compliment!



Collingtonians are notorious nomads, some traveling transcontinentally for the holidays, but we believe Kathleen Hill wins the silver wings this year as she leaves her wheelchair behind and soars blithely off to visit family in South Africa.