

Growing Pains

By Glendy Pabst

After twelve months replete with meetings, diagrams, questions and prophecies, most Collington residents were prepared for change, come the millennium. When the first step in the heralded expansion actually occurred, however, few residents noticed it. Only Mae Schoonover's close neighbors probably witnessed the transfer of her furniture from apartment 218 to 206 on January 29, a first step into our enlarged future.

Because that future requires a breaching of exterior walls to open new corridors, three current apartments will disappear and three others will be modified before new walls rise. The doomed are 318, 218 and 118; the "sixteens" will grow larger. Several involved were already vacant due to residents' illness. Keith Raney in 318 will probably move March 1 to 309, followed by Jean Maxey and Bill Wood on yet unspecified dates.

Although moving day is normally stressful, Keith remains calm. That's

because Collington provides the manpower for all these mandated changes. Furthermore, Mae has testified that the designated movers really did handle with care. Her antique sideboard came through without a scar and her miniature glass lamps without a scratch.

At the other end of the building, Sophie Lieberman, Kay Swift and Chuck Dell will soon be displaced temporarily, and their dens will each lose a window to the remodeling. Chuck has requested an eventual shift to the new wing; Kay will return to 233 when the confusion is over. Meanwhile Collington will handle problems, if

any, and all "movees" will receive some form of compensation.

So far, so good, at least for the rest of us. In August, however, discomfort is likely to spread. According to Ann Hammond of administration, "a whole lot of activity" outside the building will be visible. According to some residents,

(Continued on next page)



Pleased by a smooth move to a new apartment, Mae Schoonover examined her collection of miniature antique oil lamps carefully before pronouncing them intact.

Saltines, Folks. Eat Up!

By Faith Jackson

this phase will probably be more than visible. Detours and traffic jams, accompanied by discourteous thoughts, could ensue.

By then, however, Collington will perhaps be inured to turbulence. Up on the hillside so long populated only by vegetables, clearing for cottages could begin as early as March. Yes, THIS March, right now--assuming that all necessary state and county permits will have been granted.

If permits materialize soon, the first group of proposed cottages could be ready for occupancy by September 20, Ann predicts. Because the cottages are to be built in sub-sections of four each, some could be occupied even sooner. In any case, a second group, planned to begin in June, should be finished by December 2. Roughly estimated, this phase of expansion would eventually add 42 residents to Collington, although not all at once. Later, the expanded apartments will provide space for another 80 newcomers.

Where will they will eat? Depends on when. Contracts for the much-discussed enlargement of the main dining room won't be signed until April, according to culinary planning czar Rich Baker, but no one will go hungry at any point.

"Menus may be a little different sometimes," he assured the dining committee at its February meeting. "But we won't have to fall back on box lunches."

Refrigerated trucks and some tents can be brought in if construction goes slowly, he prophesied, but confusion "if any" should all be over by November 22. Meaning that he, and we, will have much to be thankful for on the last Thursday of November.

Well, here we are, with spring around the corner if you believe it, and time surely to forget we were ever worried about Y2K. What tripped us up instead, was snow.

On this campus, let us pause to thank Rich Baker who was prepared, just in case. Surely you weren't one to wonder out loud why we have eaten such a spate of variously prepared dishes of pasta, carrots, Irish potatoes, other root vegetables or beans in the past weeks? Or why, when the menu said lobster bisque it turned out to be cream of pea soup? Surely not. But here's why.

Working on a policy for one or two weeks that wouldn't disrupt normal services in spite of systems failures, Rich ordered 800 cases of non perishables including hot/cold cereals, tuna, corned beef hash, pasta, rice, cookies, crackers, and aforementioned vegetable items for soup. Also 800 gallons of water (besides what all residents received as a gift) were ordered as well, for making soup, coffee, tea, Jello, whatever.

So, when snow, not Y2K, came weren't we grateful for the dry stores on hand? Rich moved in from his home in Ashton and was happily amazed at the number of staff who got here, too.

Rich is holding 100 gallons of water, disposable plates and cutlery, and plenty and plenty of crackers, for the next emergency game plan. Week-at-a-glance menus were already typed, but during the storm menus were changed daily with no time to retype. Added a little spice to life, right? We're in good hands. Have a cracker. Give thanks.

He Took the Right Fork Every Time

By **Layne Beaty**

When our Dr. Ainslee Embree was selected for the February "Know Your Neighbor Lecture" he chose the topic "When you Come to a Fork in the Road, Take It," an admonition made famous by a renowned philosopher named Yogi Berra.

Dr. Embree's interesting account of his career, much of it in India and with Indian studies, showed plainly that he has taken the right fork a dozen or more times.

Born in Nova Scotia, he served as navigator in the Canadian Air Force during WWII. Though educated for the ministry, he headed instead into a teaching career, going to New York in 1946 at the age of 25. There, he met Suzanne and in 1948 together they took teaching positions in India. Later, he taught at Columbia University for 26 years. He was a professor of history, chairman of the history department, director of the Southern Asia Institute and dean of the school of International and public affairs. He received the Mark Van Doren Award for great teaching. He was on the faculty of Duke University from 1969 to 1972.

He held several different positions in India, some teaching, one as special counsel on Indian culture to the American ambassador.

In response to questions, he expressed his firm belief that oncoming generations of Americans will need to be more familiar with the religions and cultures of heavily populated countries like India, China and Japan as well as other countries whose histories are only sketchily presented to American school children.

He and Suzanne revisit India about once a year, and Ainslee maintains official consultation duties there. They came to Collington in 1998.

Now We Know What We Wrote

Bob McCarthy has, over the past few months, put together a beautiful card index of all the stories that have appeared in The Collington since January, 1994.

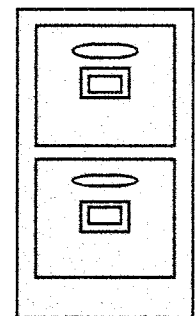
Long overdue, such an index is invaluable in researching background to current stories and deciding what features need to be updated.

Memory is an unreliable gauge of time, and often at staff meetings, a story will be suggested, only to have an old-timer say "We just wrote about that." It often turns out that "just" was five years ago, and an update for the benefit of newer residents would be timely.

Bob's cards are complete, contain cross references, and make it very easy to establish when Ed Behr wrote about the magnificent old trees that dot our borders or when Judy Kidney told about wearing Eleanor Roosevelt's bathing suit.

It has been a long, painstaking job, and was, we suspect, one that has been waiting in the wings for Bob's special expertise to be so elegantly accomplished.

Many thanks, Bob
McCarthy. F.K.



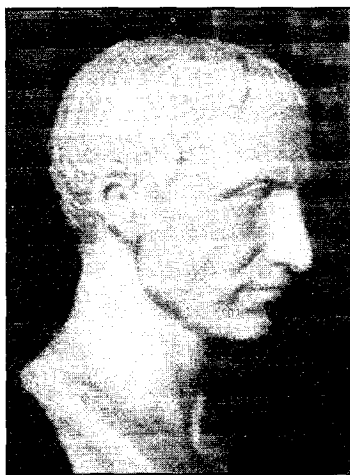
What's an Ide?

By Kay Swift

“Beware the Ides of March,” the soothsayer warned Caesar in Shakespeare’s version of the event. Julius Caesar dismissed him as a dreamer. But, sure enough, on March 15 (the Ides) in 44 B.C. Caesar was stabbed to death in the Senate, making the Ides of March a famous--or infamous--date. There is a book of Roman history with that name by Thornton Wilder, and a 7-piece Illinois-based band is called “The Ides of March.”

Now, in the ancient Roman calendar the Ides (from *Iduare*, meaning “to divide”) occurred in the middle of the month and were supposed to coincide with the full moon. But only in March, May, July and October did the day fall on the fifteenth; it fell on the thirteenth of all the other months. Like our “30 days hath September” the Romans had to adjust to the vagaries of nature.

Man has struggled from time immemorial to harness the phases of the “inconstant moon,” the movement of the sun, and the cycle of the seasons into a consistent calendar. It was a challenge to draw into one system the dating of religious festivals based on the phases of the moon and seasonal activities determined by the movement of the sun. Such a calendar is complex since the periods of the moon’s phases and the sun’s mo-



He made the “ides” famous, and vice-versa.

tion are incompatible. The full moon alternates between 29 and 30 days apart; too much simplification would lead over the years to summer months falling in autumn or winter.

And so like the Romans, we have months (from the Anglo-Saxon word for “moon”) of varying lengths to keep our seasons straight.

Memorial to Our Founder

Maria Walker, widow of the Rt. Rev. John T. Walker, late Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, recently lunched at Collington with a group of residents to introduce the idea of a proposed memorial fund to honor her husband.

Bishop Walker was instrumental in forwarding the idea of a retirement community on the 128-acre gift from Homer Gudelsky, a local developer. He lent the original Board the services of his Assistant for Social Ministries, John Evans, whose experienced hand guided the work of a group once referred to as Collington’s “rookie board.”

The Memorial Fund will benefit Collington’s Foundation which administers our Fellowship Fund.

April Elderhostel

This year our Elderhostel in conjunction with Prince George’s Community College will be held April 2 to 7. Elderhostlers will visit the embassies of Japan, The Netherlands and Colombia as part of our “Around the World in a Week” series. With luck, the cherry blossoms will be in bloom during that time.

A Look into the Future

By Frances Kolarek

Less than ten miles from Collington's borders lies a 200 acre tract on which two dozen buildings, most of 1930s construction, occupy some 60 acres. They once housed a convalescent home for patients with tuberculosis. As the disease was brought under control the facility fell into disuse. But the handsome Georgian architecture, red brick with limestone trim and slate roofs, has withstood neglect.

This is the Glenn Dale Sanitarium, purchased a number of years ago from the District of Columbia by the Maryland National Capital Park and Planning Commission and earmarked by the Maryland legislature, at the behest of surrounding residential neighborhoods, for use as a continuing care community.

It would clearly be in the best interests of Collington Episcopal Life Care Community to have a collaborative institution in this location rather than a competitor. Collington Care Services, projecting into the future as far as ten years, is moving in that direction.

A natural affinity with the University of Maryland stems from the proximity of the facility to College Park, as well as a felicitous architectural kinship.

The increasing prevalence of the lifelong learning trend, which has seen the growth of continuing care communities affiliated with universities, moves Collington Care Services to extend its interest toward the University, where the Center for Aging is presently housed in modest quarters.

In view of these factors, Collington

Care Services has asked the staff to explore the following options:

The construction within the existing brick facades, of midrise buildings containing one and two bedroom units as the nucleus of a continuing care facility.

The establishment of entry fees based on a fee-for-service structure, making the facility attractive to a wider range of income brackets and eliminating an element of competition with Collington Episcopal Life Care Community.

The inclusion of classroom space to inspire the University Of Maryland to institute a program of intergenerational studies open to students of the University as well as to residents of the CCRC.

Shuttle buses to connect the CCRC with the University to transport students and faculty engaged in the program of studies and take residents of the CCRC to cultural and athletic events on UMD campus.

Wide-ranging employment opportunities for students at UMD are anticipated. And more spacious quarters for the UMD Center on Aging would be offered.

While involvement of Collington Care Services has been enthusiastically endorsed by neighboring citizens associations, the approval of the County Executive, the Maryland National Capital Park and Planning Commission and, in time, the Maryland Department of Aging will be crucial and can take years to achieve.

Harry Smith, chairman of the Board of Collington Care Services, anticipates a time when the dormers of these buildings will look out over an active campus collaborating with the University of Maryland and availing itself of the experience and expertise of the staff of Collington Care Services.

Our Global Scottish Lassie

By Edward Behr

Many Collington residents are doers and many are travelers but few can match Katherine Kendall.

Ever since moving here more than a decade ago she has continued to roam the globe. In January she covered the 8,500-plus miles from here to Singapore to attend a major convention of the International Association of Schools of Social Work. Education in social work has been the focus of her long career, and she is honorary president and a lifetime board member of the association, continuing to receive honors from all directions.

Katherine has now capped her career by writing a definitive book on her area of expertise. Its title: *Social Work Education: Its Origins in Europe*. Social work was not, she writes, an American product as some maintain. It started with non-whites in Africa and Asia who were later joined by American missionaries.

The book is the product of more than a year of research and writing at the Library of Congress.

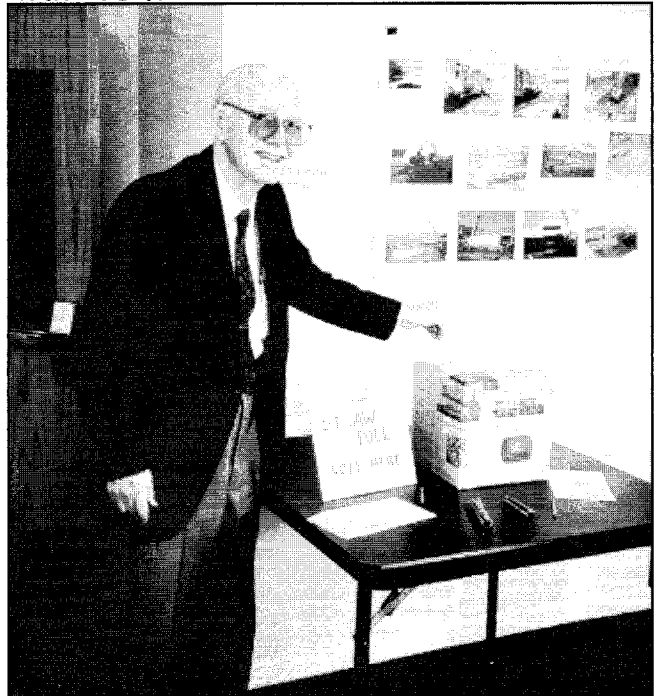
Katherine enjoys the distinction of being one of Collington's few foreign-born residents. She came from a village in Scotland called Muir-of-Ord, north of Inverness, and she manages to get back there about every other year. We know about these things because of her frequent promotions of highland-flavored programs here, often with kilts, etc.

From Scotland, Katherine came with her parents and brother to Chicago in 1920. She later got a bachelor's degree from the University of Illinois, a master's from Louisiana State and a doctor-

ate from the University of Chicago--naturally, in social work.

In the course of her career she has visited all countries in Western Europe, Asia and Latin America plus several in Africa.

Now she finds, troubles in some western countries are leading them to downgrade social welfare, while her organization is working closely with governments in eastern Europe to promote its goals. Even before the Berlin Wall came down, her association was cooperating with Hungary. Later came connections with Poland and Yugoslavia and, she recalls, "the Russians became gung-ho after the wall fell."



In mid-February two politically-minded residents, Ruth Dixon and Tom Street, staged a presidential sweepstakes poll of such residents as stopped to vote.

The result: Gore 61, Bradley 39, McCain 34 and Bush 18.

The camera caught Russell Pease in the act.

Games Collingtonians Play

By Dorothy Brown

Bingo, anyone? Bridge, poker, pinochle, Trivial Pursuit?

Each of these games people play at Collington has a coterie of devotees who show up week after week for frivolity and camaraderie. The games offer a respite from making Great Decisions, keeping up with Current Issues, staying fit and attending meetings.

Except for Bingo, presently played in the Courtyard Conference Room, most sessions are held in the Game Room. The location for each week is listed in the Courier.

The Recreation Committee oversees the whole shebang with the cooperation of staffer Judy Reilly, who arranges meeting space. Franklin Newhall, chairman, supplied the following Who's Who of people who set out the equipment and serve as contacts for each game:

Pinochle. Vynul Eley, Ext. 7500. Mondays, 1 p.m. Three to six players. Vynul, who has been playing this card game all his life, says "Most are old timers but not experts." Beginners are welcome.

Poker. Art Longacre. Ext. 7291. Wednesdays, 7:30. Eight regular "members." Attendance varies. "We play a lot of wild (card) and high-low games, dealer's choice," Art says. Stakes are a quarter a bet, with a three-raise limit. Although most participants are not novices, "they may not have played for a long time before coming to Collington." New members? "The more, the better."

Bingo. Junius Jeffries, Ext. 7372. Thursdays, 7:30. Twenty-one to 25

players. Six or seven games at 25 cents a card. "Some early birds are so eager to play they can't wait until 7:30 and start at 7," Junius says. He encourages more residents to join in for a relaxing way to socialize.

Progressive Bridge. Helen Wood, Ext. 7363. Thursdays, 7 p.m. Twelve to 20 players, "mostly experienced." After four hands, winners move to the next table and change partners. Since the game is played by multiples of four, Helen asks that newcomers call her before attending.

Duplicate Bridge. Edna Lingreen, Ext. 7581. Sixteen to 20 players. Duplicate differs from Progressive bridge in that hands are pre-dealt. Edna says the level of expertise required to play duplicate is no higher than that for other forms of bridge. "The differences in the scoring."

Trivial Pursuit. Mary Ellen Hines, Ext. 7278. Fridays, 7:30. Sixteen to 18 players. You don't have to have a Mensa-level IQ to enjoy Collington's version. Questions are directed to teams of four players, any one of whom may supply the answers. "You meet a whole new group you might not otherwise get to know," Mary Ellen says. She takes turns reading the questions with Frances Kolarek and Layne Beaty, who adds, "A lot of wisecracking goes on."

If your own favorite pursuit isn't listed and you'd like to round up some players, call Franklin at Ext. 7587. Or present your idea to the Recreation Committee. It meets on the fourth Thursday at 1:30 in the Game Room. Bob Browning is vice chairman, and Margaret Martin is secretary.

Backgammon, anyone? Canasta, rummy, loo, Scrabble, whist?

In Praise of Metro

By Leila Wilson

The time has come to sing the praises of that service provided for the joy and mobility of Collingtonians one and all, that unsung combo of shuttle bus and Metro train. For the benefit of those tempted to explore on their own the fabulous museums and monuments, the restaurants and theaters and shops of our tree-lined capital so beautified by Ladybird Johnson and great planters of the past, I suggest some of the advantages of taking to our home grown opportunities.

First there is the matter of getting to the shuttle bus on the hour at security. This will involve a small walk, a modicum of exercise, something highly recommended by the health department, and repeated on your return trip (for some this walk is of a quarter mile and that is really good). You ride the Metro using a senior citizen fare card and \$1.25 will take you to Foggy Bottom or, with a Metro Center transfer, to Dupont Circle. Now there is a bargain. You have no traffic to worry about, no speed to keep up, no turns to ponder, you just get there and a good 30 to 40 minutes to get on with your newspaper or pocket mystery. I've even seen guys doing their office prep en route. You can, of course, have quite a good time listening in on surrounding conversations or take a little nap on the way home since New Carrollton is the last stop and you cannot miss your exit point.

On arrival at your chosen destination it is generally possible to catch a taxi, particularly at Foggy Bottom (G.W. Hospital is across the street and houses a most convenient ladies' room, gents' too,

presumably) or Dupont Circle, the hub for many attractions. You can, of course, proceed on the red line to the Zoo or Friendship Heights. All in all Metro can provide an adventure in discovery and all along the way guards and fellow travelers are usually kind and helpful. Your taxi fare is \$4.00 or \$5.50 for one or two zones whereas parking a car can be \$6.00 to \$8.00 an hour.

A word about the people. Once when about to descend the escalator at Friendship Heights I found it out of service and was prepared to undertake the long climb down when a young woman grabbed my arm saying "No, you can't do that alone." She held on all the way down, then turned and went back up to attend to her own business.

Just recently I had a delay between trains and sat down between two burly chaps on a convenient bench; as the train pulled in we all rose but I bounced back down. On the instant, each man took an arm and set me upright. We had a little laugh together and a grateful smile, one preceded me to the train lest the door should close too fast and waved me on. Now I didn't need any help but it was a nice caring incident that made me feel good.

So I say ride the rails and be happy. Just think of all the good you have done. Aside from that little exercise and the elimination of vehicular frustrations you have almost surely saved on the purse. Best of all you have made your personal contribution toward the lessening of that gridlock, so dear to many suburbanites. Just by leaving your car at home from time to time you have done your bit toward the cutting down of the exhaust pollution fouling our air and thrusting our fair city into a class with Los Angeles.

Staffers Slept Here and Rose to the Occasion

By Frances Kolarek

Mother Nature has her work cut out for her when she tries to thwart Collington. Meals were served, walkways were cleared, medicines administered, and routines went on in spite of the heavy snow and severe ice storm that followed in its wake, January 25 and 26.

Judy Mutty, Rich Baker and Carolyn Fair all spent the night in their offices in varying degrees of discomfort. Debbie Monroe, who pitched in non-stop in many capacities, luxuriated with her three dogs at Ildene Filer's apartment 147.

Otis and Cory Herring who live in Foxlake, trekked across the snow to report for duty in the dining room on the first morning, joining Evelyn Kelly who had managed to make it in. At 10:30 a.m.

three servers were on duty. By evening Carolyn Fair says five more staff members had "slid, skated, sledged or trucked" in from as far away as Germantown, including Nere Oritsegubemi who also walked over from Foxlake escorted by a brother and the family dog. And residents Penny Vickery, Tom Street, George Dankers and Dorothy Brown went over and lent a hand.

Meanwhile at Security, Lorenzo Jones and Michael Markham stayed on duty for

a 24-hour shift, ferrying staff from the parking lot to the lobby, in addition to handling their regular duties of roving the campus. Two sleepy people!

We asked Pat Tracy, in charge of keeping walkways passable, if he had logged any overtime. He grinned as he said "I worked 84 1/2 hours from Sunday to Sunday."

Judy Reilly, who seems to have mastered the art of being in two places at the same time, practiced it widely throughout the crisis, sometimes helping in the dining room.

The Health Center weathered the storm thanks to the devotion of so many



We even had cloth napkins during the snow. Chiefs Carolyn Fair and Gail Kohn did folding.

staff members that Stacie Guthrie declined to name. She did, however, say that five members of the Health Services staff spent two nights at Collington and 22 others overnighted once. There was a lot of doubling up of duties with 56 people shouldering the entire load for two days that would normally have fallen to

more than one hundred staff members.

As residents, we owe this devoted staff of ours a tremendous all capitals THANK YOU with extra awards like hugs and hand shakes and blessings.

Heroes of the storm were feted on February 22 at a pizza party. Marketing staffer Joyce Meedin, famous for her culinary skills, baked the scrumptious deserts.

Mitchellville and the Mitchells

By Edward Behr

Collington lies in Mitchellville--or so the post office says. But a community by that name is nowhere to be found in our neighborhood. So where is Mitchellville?

There's no town hall anywhere nearby. But it's safe to say that its historic roots lie about five miles east of Collington, at the junction of Mt. Oak and Mitchellville Roads. There you now find a small commercial area flanked by houses. The "real" Mitchellville, this community has been called.

The name came from a family named Mitchell who lived long ago at or near that road junction.

They were prosperous farmers and property owners, much like the Warings who once owned and farmed the land where Collington now sits. Those best remembered today are John and Mary Mitchell, who settled there at the road junction in the early 1800s.

The Mitchellville post office was established there in 1865 and the first postmaster was, of course, a Mitchell. (The post office now stand about one mile south in the Pointer Ridge shopping area.) Nearby were a store, a hotel and a school for Negroes. And the planters started a tomato cannery south of Mitchellville on Md. 214.

Today all the original Mitchellville buildings are long gone. But hidden away not far from the main intersection is a graveyard where several leading family members are buried. And about three miles to the north, in the historic Belair mansion in Bowie, hang portraits of John and Mary Mitchell, painted in 1840, when

they were the family patriarch and matriarch. They are middle-aged, good-looking and well-dressed, solid citizens of their time and place.

Who Needs a Car?

By Frances Kolarek

It has been nearly four months since I returned my leased car to the local dealer. After three years the odometer showed under 13,000 miles and I asked myself why I needed a car--and the expense of monthly fees, insurance, and maintenance. There have been no problems and many benefits.

My primary concern was my dog's needs. Planning to order her food on the Internet, I discovered the local purveyor of all pets' needs did not carry her brand. I called the vet. His receptionist said: "I'll be over as soon as I finish work," and sure enough, she arrived, loaded with dog food and doggie arthritis pills. "If you need to bring Mitzi to see the doctor, just call and we'll pick you up," she said.

My appointment with the nearby dentist went off without a hitch and subsequent doctors' visits have gone smoothly.

My needs for groceries and just about everything else are met by merchants in the two shopping malls served by Collington transportation.

The bus to the Annapolis Mall on Dec. 9 brought me home, heavily loaded with debt and shoes, clothes...

There has been an unanticipated, subsidiary benefit: My life now has real structure which no longer depends on my dog's needs. No more can I defer shopping expeditions because it is too warm, too wet, too cold, I am too lazy and there is always tomorrow. The bus leaves at 10:30. Be there! Structure, at last.

Did They Know What Kipling Said about Women and Cigars?

By Frances Kolarek

Jo Carr's avocation of reviewing children's books has led her down some unexpected paths. During a visit to a public library in Sarasota, Florida, her pre-Collington home, she was overcome with curiosity when a patron checked out a big pile of recorded books.

Jo asked what she planned to do with this wealth of verbal reading matter. The woman explained that she ran a laundry and the books made the time pass more pleasantly for the women who did ironing there.

Jo visited the laundry and found women working in unairconditioned discomfort at ironing boards, and engaged them in conversation. Indeed, they loved the books. Listening made the time go by much faster.

Then, by chance, Jo discovered that reading to workers engaged in monotonous, mindless work was not a new practice. In the heyday of cigar manufacturing in Tampa, readers were hired to sit on platforms in the vast rooms and read from Dickens or other popular authors while workers rolled tobacco leaves into cigars to be smoked by the likes of J. P. Morgan,

One day, Jo returned to the laundry to leave off some work and to visit her new friends and one of the women greeted her warmly. "Why don't you come work here?" she asked. "We have a free ironing board and we'd love to have you."

"Most flattering offer I almost ever got," Jo comments.

Jo's interest in talking books continues. She owns Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone on tape and has plans to

share it with her fellow residents. The first of the runaway Harry Potter series, it had been on the New York Times best seller list for 63 weeks. It must be a winner, having been considered for the prestigious British Whitbread prize.

The Future? It Lies Ahead

By Layne Beaty

A four-lecture series on the past, present and future of Prince George's County, arranged by our residents association Outreach Committee, has attracted much attention among us though, while the future may be bright, the lecturers did not put that in focus.

The two early lectures by Jane Eagen of the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission and past president of the Maryland Historical Society, told of the county's early, colonial, plantation existence and dependence on a tobacco economy as well as its growth since WWII.

Eugene L. Meyer of the *Washington Post*, in the third lecture, presented a modern picture of the county with its growth in housing, diverse population and need for better schools and more favorable tax structure.

The fourth lecture, on February 18, was given by Philip Taylor, a demographer and planner of the M-NCPPC, who spoke of many aspects of the county's needs and their causes but declined to speculate on future development.

Suzanne Embree is chairman of the ad hoc committee which arranged the lectures. She says that the committee will soon plan for future programs.



Admiring Grandpa Tom Street took time off last month to hear his grandson star in a Rice University musical in Houston. Then a family gathering in Colorado. Busy? Normal for him, between writing stories for The Collingtonian.

A grand entrance is what a contract firm employee made here arriving at 8:09 for work on St. Valentine's Day. He missed the driveway entrance lane, smashed through the barrier on the exit lane wrecking the mechanism, took out a stop sign and continued on to be stopped only by a collision with Shurland Samuel's auto in the employees' lot. He said that his brakes had failed. Grand entrance indeed!! We hope he doesn't try to top it, say on Easter or the 4th of July.

Our fastest walkers: Bob McCarthy and Ainslee Embree. Bob Browning and Daphne Carter are close runners-up. Where do they get so much energy?

If you observed our Judy Mutty, director of environmental services, on her knees on a recent Sunday looking under chairs to get serial numbers, etc., she explained that it was okay because she had already been to church. It was part of her detailed preparation for disposition of furniture in connection with our ongoing expansion/renovation. She called out the numbers to her sister, Joan, recruited for special duty.

Wilma Martin will be our "Know Your Neighbor" speaker at 7:30 p.m. on Friday, March 10.

A thousand thanks to whoever arranged the screening of the 1928 Buster Keaton movie, "Steamboat Bill, Jr." on February 21. Good, healthy belly laughs.

The small group of music makers who play for their own enjoyment continues once per month in the Music Room. A new member is Charles Morris with his clarinet. Virginia Beaty is the catalyst.

Ten year February anniversaries on staff: Marilyn Forbes in health services, Mabel White and Shirley Fields in dining services. Shirley runs the country store.

Betty Williams has retired from the violin section of the Prince George's Philharmonic and now is a member of its board of directors.

Collington

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