

The Collingtonian

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Who's Harkins? By Tom Street and Bill Simpich

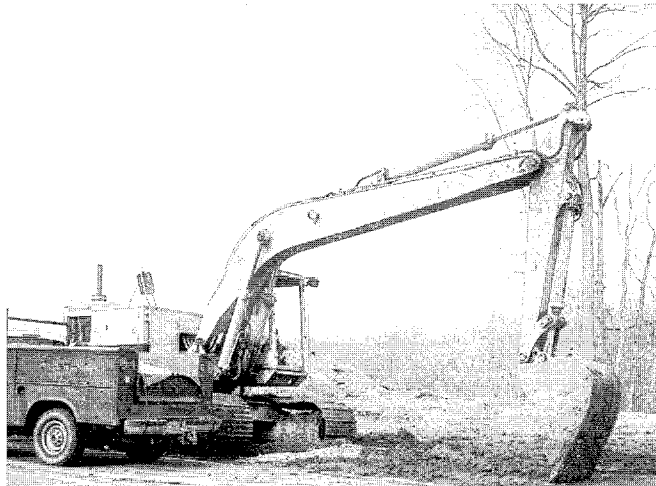
It seemed a long time after the Harkins sign went up before construction began. And it was a long time -- waiting for County officialdom to approve Collington's expansion program. Then, all of a sudden, the ground erupted as giant machines uprooted 70-foot trees, ground them into chips and, like growling dinosaurs, crawled across the ground near the Hilltop Garden totally reshaping the terrain. Concrete culverts four feet in diameter and 40,000 pound manholes were gently lowered by huge machines into huge trenches dug by other huge machines.

As amazed and curious observers, we wondered who trains and feeds these monsters and coaches them on their daily tasks. The answers came easily when we interviewed Jerry Leahy, Project Manager for Harkins Builders, in the construction trailer near the Hilltop Garden where he hangs his hard hat.

A youthful appearing Goddard College graduate (about to take his final exam for an M.B.A. from Mount Saint Mary's), an ex-Air

Force sergeant with a private pilot's license, father and two and twice a grandfather, Jerry commutes regularly from Harkins' headquarters in Marriottsville, Md. west of Baltimore.

Two years ago, Jerry joined Harkins, a privately owned company that's built more than



This excavator can dig holes or smooth the surface.

500 projects in the Mid-Atlantic region with a contract value in excess of \$2 billion. It's a diversified design/build and general contractor active in the construction of commercial, multi-family residential,

institutional and senior care projects with extensive experience in rehabilitation and historic renovation projects. Residential projects have included townhouses, garden apartments, high-rise apartments and condominiums while commercial structures have included warehouse, retail, hotel-motel, medical facilities and office buildings.

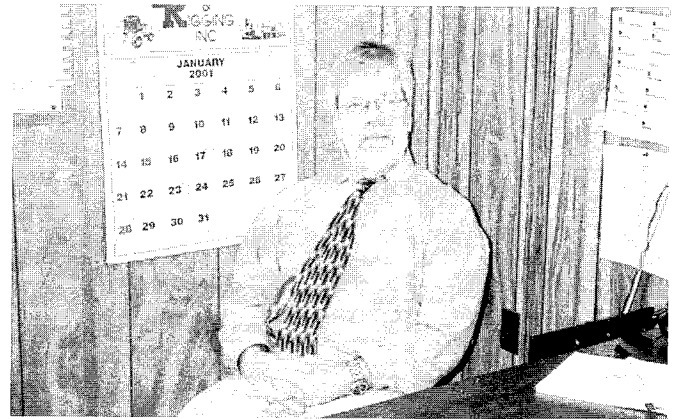
Engineering News Record, a leading trade paper for the construction industry, ranks Harkins the ninth largest in the nation in multi-

unit residential construction.

Recent contracts have been for family housing at Bolling Air Force Base, the Fairview Senior Housing project in Rising Sun, Md., a \$50 million renovation of an entire Baltimore block for Bank of America; and the \$45 million construction of Mercy Ridge, a Catholic CCRC in the Baltimore area.

Since the beginning of 1993, Harkins has awarded 20 percent of its subcontracted dollars to the disadvantaged business community or almost \$150 million. Some \$15 million has been subcontracted with women-owned businesses.

Harkins has about 25 construction projects currently underway with some \$200 million on its books and Jerry rides herd on two of them -- Collington, of course, and a new building for Harkins' headquarters. But it takes megabucks to finance the equipment needed. An off-road dump truck will separate you from \$150,000 and a "953 loader" (a track machine with a giant bucket in front) costs nearly a quarter million.



Jerry Leahy, Project Manager for Harkins

Jerry has about 320 subcontractors reporting to him here at Collington and at any one time there may be as many as 150 men working here. We asked him what his most difficult challenge was, thinking he'd respond with an engineering poser. Surprisingly, he said, "By far my most important and continuing assignment will be to assure Collington residents that we will be as least disruptive as possible."

Residents can keep up to date on Harkins' work by dialing Ext. 2015.

Knowing Our Neighbors

By Edward Behr

This winter Collington residents got to know two more of our neighbors better. The opportunity, of course, was the continuing Know Your Neighbor series, providing spoken autobiographies of residents worth knowing better. The speakers were Edna Lingreen and Tom Street.

For Edna, it has been "A Life of Fortuity," as she titled her January talk -- meaning an easy flow from one thing to the next.

That life started on an Iowa farm, a place

without electricity or indoor plumbing. From there the family moved to the nearby town of Fort Dodge. During the Depression years, Edna worked her way through the University of Iowa. One job there was secretary to a professor.

Then opportunity beckoned. The professor moved to Washington and invited her to be his secretary there. She went, and soon enrolled at the George Washington University Law School, putting in three evenings a week atop her regular daily regimen.

After graduating, she joined the Justice Department's Antitrust Division -- a job she found "pretty stressful, pretty exacting."

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In her first courtroom appearance, she put on a performance she calls "miserable." She read her written testimony at length, rather than pausing to answer questions. Later there was a case involving meat packers which the Antitrust Division lost; still Edna felt good about it because she was not intimidated by a tough judge.

After retiring from the department Edna served as a volunteer attorney representing neglected children in a D.C. court. And in a very different volunteer job Edna spent some 2,000 hours during a period of 20 years recording legal texts for blind or dyslexic students at Recording for the Blind. She read lengthy, complex texts with almost never a slipup.

In February Tom Street led us through a life that has taken him, on the job or off, to fascinating places. His title: "Fortunate Friendships."

After graduating from Oberlin College, he landed a job in 1940 at the Agriculture Department where bright colleagues were running innovative programs of farm aid and food stamps. Then came Pearl Harbor. Soon afterward he met and married Judy Hodson.

Next came Army service. Tom was wounded in France and recovered in a British hospital. Back on duty, he joined Allied headquarters at Versailles, where he had the luxury of living in Louis XIV's stables. After the war's end in 1945 he served with the U.S. military government in Frankfurt and returned to this country soon afterward.

Back at Agriculture, Tom helped get U.S. farm surpluses to needy countries. In 1956 and again in 1958 he journeyed to the Middle East, first to Iraq and then to Saudi Arabia, where he

helped arrange food supplies for pilgrims to Mecca.

Next came a tour of duty as assistant agricultural attache in India; while he was there President Eisenhower visited and for safety the Secretary Service had to form a chain around him. Then on to a choice post in Switzerland, where the streets could actually drink the water and could ski as well.

In 1968 came the prize assignment as agricultural attache in Paris; he recalled four fascinating years there. He learned French and could speak with French officials about problems like wheat exports. Once, though, a Frenchman's torrent of language was too much for Tom and the conversation switched to English.

Tom closed his talk with a song not in French but in German -- "Der Gute Kamerad," or "The Good Comrade."

Two Marys Take a Break

By Anne Cadman-Walker

When you read this, they will be gone. They will be on a month's vacation. Who are they? Where did they go? And why should we care?

One is Mary Ellen Hines and the other is Mary Ann Pellerin, pillars of Collington life. Mary Ann Pellerin with her video camera is not only Collington's eye but its memory as well. For she photographs every major Collington event and later can provide video tapes to Collingtonians. In some cases, Mary Ann's work takes hours; the recent Philharmonic Follies ran for three hours at

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Prince George's Community College.

Mary Ellen Hines is an angel watching over the Health Center's Second Floor, setting up parties every Friday with emcee Chuck Dell, pianist Virginia Colony and numerous volunteer helpers including Ruth Coale-Turner, Emily Torbert, and a reciter of poems, Randal Walker -- to mention only a few. Mary Ellen also serves on the Hospitality and Chapel Committees but more than that, she looks after handicapped second-floor residents such as Peg Sisson whom she drives to church each Sunday.

The two Marys have driven to Florida where they will visit relatives and friends and see Disney World, Epcot, the Magic Kingdom and a special display, not Disney-related, called Splendid China.

The two will be part of an event known as New Hampshire Day at Philippi Park in the Tampa Bay area. and they'll picnic with Mary Ann's friend from her high school class ('52) and from Keene State College in New Hampshire. And there's a three-day cruise.

How will we get along without them?

A Community Center Arrives; Collington Helps

By Phyllis Sternau

Peerless Avenue in Upper Marlboro is hard to find and easy to miss. The street starts between two weigh stations and is a cul-de-sac consisting of 24 houses, eleven of which are county-subsidized. It has had a bad history of open-air drug sales, violent crimes and substandard living conditions.

During the years of 1999 and 2000, the Bowie District II Police turned things around. They acquired one of the abandoned houses. Cleaned and painted, the house was established as the community center. Corporal Tammy Chaffee is the spirit that guided and moved the project. Sister Juanita Parks of the Mt. Nebo AME Church is the director. With the help of her twin sister, Jeanita Pressley, and others, the center is open to guide, tutor and counsel the children.

The Center is open Monday through Friday from 2:30 to 5:30 p.m. The younger children, full of enthusiasm, come directly from school

to a small room, then gather around a table in another room to do their homework. After work is done, they have snacks. No homework, no snacks, and no staying in the center. The older children arrive around 4:30. The younger ones retire to the play room to play with any toy, but the toys stay at the center for everyone to use.

Speaking of different rooms makes the house sound large. It isn't, but the rooms, while small, are carefully crafted for use. The front room will house donated computers. There is a comfortable kitchen and one bathroom. The room with the large table is used for homework, snacks and board games. Lots of books have been donated through the Borders book store in Bowie. A room will soon be designated as the library.

Collington residents learned of the Peerless Community Center through the Reverend Larry Harris of St. Barnabas' Church, who suggested we give the Christmas gifts donated by residents to the center. The center was very grateful.

Our Old China Hands

By Faith Jackson

Camilla and Oscar Armstrong came to Collington this year, a very welcome addition for their warmth and humor.

I like to think of Oscar, Aged 2 1/2 with his four older sisters, mother, and Presbyterian missionary father, on home leave from China for the purpose of giving lectures, among other duties, about the foreign missionary experience and of raising money for work in the field. It seemed a brilliant idea for all to tog out in Chinese dress.

Oscar did a little recitation, until the day when he said, in what he calls his country-bumpkin Mandarin, "*buh chang, won't sing.*" He would not step up on the dais until a promised candy

bribe was sufficient to please him. "*Chang, sing,*" he agreed. Afterwards, Father, unprepared, had no candy in hand. Oscar threw a man-sized epic tantrum. "That is when," he said, "I learned the perfidy of man."

He was born in Xuxhou, north China, a fairly large city on the Nanking-Tientsin railroad line. Theirs was a group of seven or eight families, including one Catholic, who educated their children collectively, mothers-directed, with the Calvert system. In 1927, the family came back on furlough first to Pasadena, then to Richmond, where Oscar's mother died. When the family returned to China in 1930, Oscar went to boarding school in Shanghai, then back to Davidson Col-

lege in North Carolina, his personal connection with China suspended.

He became a mathematician, and from 1939 to 1941 worked in actuarial insurance. 1941 was the year he met Camilla Sorley, at New York's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and they became engaged. Born in Forth Worth, Camilla had come to New York to stay with her aunt and pursue music study. However, in order to wait out the war, she abandoned music and went to work as a secretary at Education Printers, Inc., and volunteered at the lower-Manhattan hospital known as "Little Bellevue," where she and a

friend went together for safety's sake.

Oscar tried to enlist in the Navy's air arm but was turned down. Too thin. The Army Air Corps told him he was four to five pounds light. Af-

ter a quick intensive diet of bananas, milk shakes and water, he went back and was told, "You passed, second door to the left." This is a man who knows what he wants and usually gets it.

Not welcome, however, for Second Lieutenant Armstrong was the fate of becoming a POW in Germany, in the prison complex in Sachen-Stalag Luft III, famous for a great British escape. When asked, "It was better than Japanese prisons," he said. "By and large the Germans followed the Geneva convention. We

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Camilla and Oscar Armstrong

were not required to work.” The boredom and frustration that come with incarceration were somewhat alleviated when the prisoners invented a great game -- similar to the stock market. Did they market it? “No,” Oscar says. “I never figured out how to end it.” Red Cross parcels saw them through until they were liberated by General Patton.

In 1945, Camilla and Oscar married, and he prepared for a Foreign Service career. They went to Canton, his first post, in 1947, as soon as they could travel with a two-month-old son, on a troopship from San Francisco to Hong Kong. “I made our baby’s formula on shipboard at the same time that a Marine was doing the same for his dog,” Camilla recalls.

At the time of the Communist takeover in 1949 Peking became a walled city and no foreigner could not go in or out without permission; forms had to be filled out at the police station, stating country of origin and occupation. Camilla had been teaching English to nurses, was told she must stop. Oscar’s form, giving him “American official status as vice consul” was not recognized: “No vice consul here.” The consul general suggested, try as Foreign Service officer: “No foreign service here.” After Oscar’s “occupation” was left blank for some time, and then changed to “unemployed” and as Oscar had completed his in-depth language study, the Armstrongs came back to New York before the Communist takeover of China was completed.

For the rest of his professional life he worked in areas for which he was eminently qualified--China, Vietnam and Malaysia. Between posts he was a political consultant to the

Navy’s Pacific commander, did a stint at the Army War College, was in and out of New York, London and Hong Kong, and wound up as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Asia, before his retirement in 1979. Thereafter he taught at ILR (Institute for Learning in Retirement) for some years, and is still editing “China Connections,” a great newsletter for China hands. The Armstrongs have had professional and friendly connections with some of our residents who preceded them and who, with the rest of us, welcome them aboard.

Birds Aplenty

Bird watchers hereabouts took part once again in the Bowie Christmas Bird Count and came up with some eye-catching results.

In a dozen nearby areas, including Landover, they reported new high year-end populations of many species. Some of these were all too abundant -- the birders counted no fewer than 6,569 Canada geese (a bird quite familiar to Collington residents).

But there were also welcome reports of new high sightings of other species, many of which have been seen here at Collington. The tally included 17 Cooper’s hawks, 12 Northern harrisers, 94 yellow-bellied sapsuckers, 85 ruby-crowned kinglets, 129 Savannah sparrows and 570 Yellow-rumped warblers.

And the birders reported hundreds of sightings of other species familiar here, though these fell short of records. They listed 1,030 Carolina chickadees, 1,178 song sparrows, 2,112 juncos, 3,130 white-throated sparrows, 4,960 crows and an army of 9,269 grackles!

E.B.

Got a Feeling You're Falling?

By Frances Kolarek

A rash of falls in recent months has kept our Physical Therapy Department busy getting Collington residents back on their feet. Keeping us on our feet is the principal concern of Occupational Therapist Diane Brent, with credentials from Howard University and 23 years' experience working with older people.

Diane has a wealth of excellent advice about preventing falls. Statistics tell us that 200,000 people over 65 suffer damaging falls every year. Home furnishings and bathroom fixtures that are too low or too high are listed among top environmental causes. That's where Diane can be of help to all of us.

She stands ready to come into your cottage or apartment and look for such hazards as little throw rugs just waiting to trip you up, the table you can easily fall over in the course of a night-time trip to the bathroom, and other hazards and obstacles that are not readily apparent to the untrained eye.

"Haste makes waste," is Diane's favorite proverb. She counsels: "Slow down. You are retired. What's the big hurry? The elevator will be right back. Relax." Habits of mind we developed as busy young people pressed for time are counterproductive in our days of retirement when waiting ten minutes for an appointment is not going to cause a traffic jam in daily routines, as they may have done in the past.

Exercise is high on the list of things Diane strongly recommends. Even if you suffer from osteoporosis--especially if you do--exercise is the best way to strengthen the sheaths of muscles

around weak bones. The stronger the muscles, the less likelihood of a fall that can be especially damaging to weakened bones.

If you are using a cane, a walker or crutches Diane would like to check to see if the height of the appliance is correctly set. Bending over your walker can cause your back to become permanently bent. Lessons in the proper use of a walker are available.

Diane would like to check your cane. Its proper height is important--and the proper use of a cane can reduce the pressure on an arthritic knee by 50%, doctors say. Diane warns that marching out with one of your Dad's favorite walking sticks is not the way to go.

And crutches need to be the correct height to offer fullest support and assistance.

The Physical Therapy Department on Ext. 5017 will be glad to schedule a date with Diane, the cost of which is covered by insurance. Or you can drop in and see her in the office. It's just across from the Fitness Center beyond the Security Desk.

Prevention: that's the number one concern of occupational therapy. And you know what the proverb says about an ounce of prevention.

Think You Know Everything?

There are 293 ways to make change for a dollar.

There are more chickens than people in the world.

The longest one-syllable word in the English language is "screeched."

No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver or purple.

Roy, A Battler for "Clear Radio"

By Layne Beaty

Many of us know that our Roy Battles is a former radio broadcaster on a famous station (WLW Cincinnati) so it is of interest that a new book features him prominently in its account of a major media legislative issue of the 1940s, 50s and 60s.

The book is "Big Voices of the Air: The Battle over Clear Channel Radio." Roy knew about the book, but it took his granddaughter with her on-line skills to find a copy and send it to him at Christmastime.

After a career of broadcasting and working with agricultural organizations, Roy became the last director of the Clear Channel Broadcasting Service (1961-1968) dealing with the Federal Communications Commission, Congress and farm support groups.

In the early days of radio the FCC assigned high power (50,000 watts) on exclusive channels (frequencies) to about a dozen stations in order to make radio service available to wide, lesser-populated areas of the country. Almost immediately other stations applied and fought to share those channels. Despite the rapid proliferation of stations, the "clears" resisted this with moderate success for many years.

The book was published by the Iowa State University Press. L.B.

What happens if you get scared half to death twice?

Ode To the Clock in the Clock Tower at Collington

If at your back you always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
At Collington it's overdue:
The chariot crashed at ten to two.

So Hamlet's time was out of joint?
For Collington that's not the point:
At Collington the mainspring blew
And jammed the joint at ten to two.

"Time is an ever rolling stream."
A fine, poetic cosmic scheme;
But Collington has changed it to:
"Time's rolling stopped at ten to two."

So what if time and tide don't wait
And everybody's running late;
At Collington time waits for you
Conveniently at ten to two.

The egg-heads try to understand
Just when the universe began.
It started, if they only knew,
At Collington, at ten to two.

--Clem Welsh

Patience, please! The sign on Lottsford Road advertising the future Village at Collington has been updated to reflect reality. Instead of "coming summer 2000," it now reads "coming summer 2001."

Our New Leader in Song

By Kay Swift

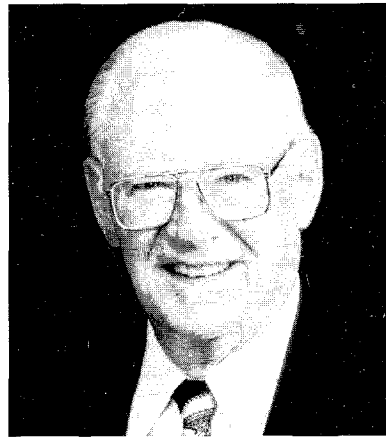
A little more than a year ago a new singer arrived to lend his fine bass voice to our Collington choir and often to lead the singing at our monthly birthday parties and other festive occasions, helping to fill the void left by our very special Ken Muldoon.

He is Walter Sharp, who arrived with his new wife, Jean, in October 1999. Besides music he is contributing his skill as a volunteer tax preparer.

Math and music have been Walter's special interests. At Drew University he received his A.B. as one of its first two math majors. He earned a M.A. in math at Syracuse University and had two years of study at Ohio State before the Army got him. A fortunate military assignment put him at Bletchley Park, the British establishment for exploitation of the codes and ciphers of our WWII enemies.

After the war a year of teaching at Newark College of Engineering ended with his return to the intelligence business. He served with the National Security Agency until December 1973 in positions of increasing responsibility. During this time N.S.A. sent him to the Harvard Business School where he earned an M.B.A. with distinction.

Walter and his first wife had three children, leading to his involvement in Boy Scouts, citizens groups and church activities. He read for the blind for ten years and served on the board of directors of a community development group. His wife, now deceased, served for ten years as a worker and leader in ESOL (teaching English



Walter Sharp

to speakers of other languages). This contact and his observation of language varieties in the British Isles led to his interest in getting and sharing the tapes on the History of the English Lan-

guage with other Collingtonians. The course is now beginning Part III on English in America. The tapes are being played at 1 p.m. on Thursday afternoons in the Music Room. All interested residents are invited to attend.

Caribbean Cruise

By Anne Cadman-Walker

"Let's go!" I said to my husband.

We were reading a Caribbean Cruise flyer passed to us by two students in our Autobiography class at Collington. Some 35 years ago -- was it that long? -- I had gone to several of the sun-drenched islands. I could well remember plunging into the beautiful aquamarine, velvet water from white-sand beaches and swimming easily along lifted by gentle waves.

I had visions of doing that again since the tour, sponsored by Prince George's Community College, would take us first for two days of swimming to the southern Caribbean island of Aruba, then on to the resorts of St. Thomas, St. John, St. Kitts, St. Lucia and Barbados and back to Aruba.

I vividly recalled being at St. John. There, not just swimming but easy snorkeling, I had peered through my mask at red, yellow and green fish (parrot fish, some said). They were all around me -- and some angel fish, too -- and I did not even have to be swimming. Either way was great. To swim in that beautiful water with no chlorine. Heaven could wait.

A picture formed in my mind. The cruise ship would stop at each island and when some got off to shop or sightsee, I would get to the beach and find out later on where to join the other passengers.

As it turned out, no fewer than 163 persons affiliated with PGCC signed on for the cruise! Intrepid Dr. Richard Mance, advisor to the Active Seniors' Club, took this in his stride and set up briefings for the group. Celebrity Cruises, whose floating city, the Horizon, is 682.4 feet long with 12 decks, was delighted with the number (the ship's capacity is 800 passengers). So Dr. Mance's group was given a chartered plane to fly the five-hour trip from Baltimore to Aruba. In one of the briefing sessions, Dr. Mance outlined attractions of each of the islands. Swimming, snorkeling and watching fish from glass-bottom boats at Aruba; shopping at St. Thomas; snorkeling at St. George's; climbing huge Brimstone Fortress or horseback riding on the beach at St. Kitts; beautiful mountain views at St. Lucia; and finally at Barbados -- sugar cane, orchids and cave tours plus horseback riding and catamaran sailing.

Each day aboard ship, Jerry Gardiner of PGCC led exercises at 7 a.m. (line dancing later) and deck walks. Deck Eleven attracted laid-

back travelers lounging around the pool -- sipping, chatting or reading. The cruise ship -- enormous -- about four times larger than we expected -- had more than everything you could want -- dancing, shows, malls! And also the greatest dinner companions!!

Early on, I could see that, with all the sight-seeing, etc., I'd better sneak in my own swimming in the aquamarine water. So I did. After a glass-bottom boat trip (plus a lobster lunch and a spell of watching beach volleyball), I plunged in and swam. Heaven was getting closer. Somewhat later, at St. John after instruction and outfitting with tube, mask and flippers, suddenly I was doing it -- snorkeling -- swimming underwater with a breathing tube -- and it was a great feeling. It was a windy day. The parrot fish were not around where I was -- but the angel fish were. And so -- there I was -- in heaven.

The Collington Grapevine

Two days before the Caribbean Cruise Mary Jones called. Since I didn't know any "Mary Jones," I just said, "Yes?" with my guarded tone. "I hear you are going on the Caribbean Cruise?" "Yes." And Mary Jones, a neighbor, said she was also a cruisegoer and would be driving to the Community College at 3 a.m. on the morning when the cruise people were leaving. With alacrity, we accepted her offer of a ride. Mary Jones -- a great name! Collington's grapevine -- working!

A.C-W.

Small World Notes

Ruth Gommengenger has four granddaughters who are figure skaters in the Buffalo area. All of them have skated in competitions judged by Pat French.

Still More Degrees By Glendy Pabst

Trying to calculate the number of graduate degrees earned by Collington residents is a challenge to anyone without a degree in math. Do you count diplomas or do you count heads? The answer isn't the same, since many scholars change subjects when changing schools.

For example, Judy Kidney took her first Master's at Mt. Holyoke, then was admitted to Harvard where she didn't quite finish. She did stick to her chosen subject, economics, and practiced it in government departments for many years.

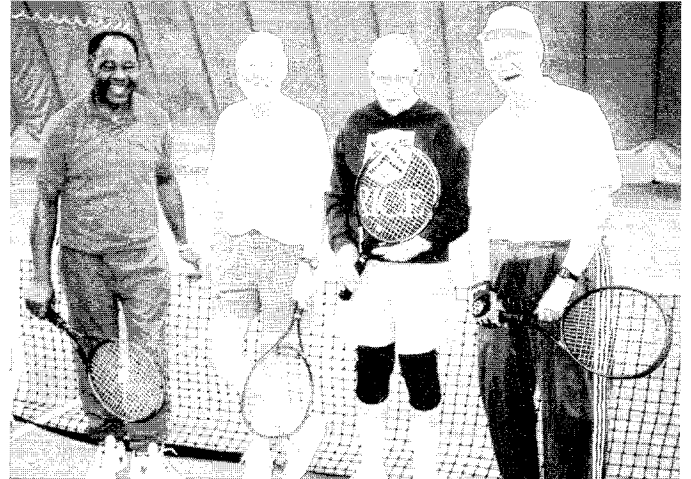
Dorothy Lally also doubled the Master's degree on her way to a Doctorate of Social Welfare at Catholic University. Her pair of Master's came from the University of the State of New York and from Columbia.

Far to the West, Agnes Hatfield took her doctorate in education at the University of Denver and taught there five years before moving to the University of Maryland, where she taught in the Department of Human Development for 23 years, until retirement.

Mary-Louise Masin obtained her Master's degree in music education from New York University and went on to educate young people of every age group from elementary school through junior college.

And John Gommengenger joined the smaller group of Collington's male graduate students with an M.B.A. from the University of Oklahoma.

Adding these achievers to a previous list of Collington's former graduate students brings our total of Ph.D.s to 20 and of Master's degrees to 57. Don't bet on the accuracy of these numbers, however, since the person doing the counting is notoriously weak in math.



Ken Palmer, a native of Jamaica and minister in the Seventh Day Adventist Church, (far left) and Barry Knowler, playwright, join Tom Street and Chuck Dell for tennis regularly at the courts in Cosca Regional Park in Clinton, MD.

Fixin' Dixon

(A poetic tribute to Ruth Dixon following her recovery from surgery)

Up to now, as a campus-wide queen,
Ruth sported a splendid clean spleen.
But though she's now spleenless
There's nothing unseemless
And nothing she needs to expleen.

RWWW

¿ Habla Usted ?

The Brickman Group, Collington's landscape contractor, is sending its local supervisor to the Berlitz language school two days a week so he can communicate better with all the Spanish-speaking employees.

Fifth-Graders Visit Collington

"It was the best day of our life. We didn't know that an old folks home could be a mansion! It was awesome... better than any field trip I have been on!" That's a sample quote from the children who visited Olivia Miller.

Biosketches of 28 Collingtonians are bound in a volume called "A Closer Look at Our Friends from Collington and their Adventures of a Lifetime" by Arrowhead's Fifth Grade students who made two visits to Collington residents.

Jim Gholson made a hit: "He took us to the candy and goodie store and bought us candy He is very nice and generous. He doesn't look 88 years old."

Mildred Gray had to walk to school (a real novelty to these visitors) "and carried her lunch in a tin box. She didn't have television or central heat.. and had to heat the iron on a stove and go to the spring for water."

We get some rare insights:

Dick Hartfield "doesn't like pepperoni, but he loves olives on his pizza."

Grace Helm ran track at... school in D.C. and "went to see the Indians in Mexico."

Grace Langley "is a nice, caring person. We would really enjoy talking to her again."

Gertrude Mitchell's life was different because of "the Wars, different styles of clothing, environment, cities..." Most children commented on lack of electricity and TV and computers.

Mary Evans, was not left out. She's called Mary Scott in the book.

Maude Cahill was a little surprised, though, to read that she had once "volunteered at the Holy Red Cross." F.K.

Can't Find Your Courier?

Edna Lingreen records the Courier every week - the whole thing - for your listening pleasure on Ext. 2018.

Frances "Sonny" Ambursen records the events of each day. For this shorter version of current activities, dail Ext. 2212.

If you have a friend with low vision it would be nice to write down these numbers for him or her in a nice **BIG** version.

On The Marketing Front

Collingtonian editor Edward Behr and his wife Marcia were the featured "Faces of Collington" during February.

Other "faces" have been those of residents Mary Olmsted, Fannie Jeffrey, John and Eva Yale, Mildred Gray and Frances M. Klein. Former Board member John Evans, soon to become a resident, has also been featured.

Glenn Graeves, Director of Resources, tells us the average age of those signing up for the units now under construction is in the neighborhood of 75.

A Telephone Tip from Jason

Using *6 to erase a message.

If you find a lengthy message on your voicemail from a telemarketer or a friend to whom you have already spoken, and you want to erase it in mid-message, just hit Star 6 - that's * 6

Yeah. Okay. So what's the speed of dark?