

The

Collingtonian

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October 1999

The Long March of Elsie and Ben

By Faith Jackson

Elsie and Ben Seetoo came to their Collington cottage in August, 1998. A clue to where they live is the large Chinese brown and tan glazed pot by their door. Elsie walks, almost at a run with head slightly forward, a handsome small woman who knows where she is going, and gets there! Read where she has been.

She was raised in Stockton, California, until she was twelve. When the Great Depression closed her father's Chinese food import/export business, he retired and removed his wife and children to Xinhui, in South China, near Canton. It was a hard change for Elsie, to adjust to a new environment and culture and language. She had known only enough to talk with her mother who never spoke anything but Cantonese Chinese. Elsie was ill for a long time with malaria before she went to the local country school for one year. It was better, she said, when she and her sister went to the city school in Canton for the next five years. However, during their last year, 1937-38, South China was overrun by the

Japanese and the girls followed their school's move to Hong Kong.

"I never wanted to be a nurse," she said, although she says she was a good one. The sisters in the British hospital in Hong Kong gave her an "Excellent" on her evaluation, and her high school teacher had told her that nursing would

be her "stepping stone." Today she knows this to be true. "What would have happened to me if I had just gone back and stayed in my ancestral village?" After Pearl Harbor, the Japanese took over the hospital and interned the British personnel. Elsie had received a "temporary" certificate for her three years of training, and was determined to get to the Chinese Red Cross

center, approximately 600 circuitous miles away in Guiyang.

The story of how Elsie and friends joined the throngs making their way from Hong Kong and Macao, to inland places of safety is fascinating. Over a period of weeks and months: Hong Kong-Macao (by river boat), to Zhongshan (back of truck)



陳貞潔 Chen Zhen-jie	司徒炳壽 Si-tu Bing-shou
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to her parents in Xinhui (by boat), to Shanju, ancestral village (by foot), to Shuikou (by boat), to Zhaoqing (2-day trek by foot), to Liuzhou via Wuzhou, Guiping (by boat), from Liuzhou to Yishan, by boat, and finally, to Guiyang, by bus.

When they traveled by foot it was with "honest coolies," found for them by a "Chinese smuggler friend of my brother, who knew they wouldn't steal our belongings." Elsie had Baptist connections and friends at the mission hospitals, who helped them from place to place and let them sleep in the church. At the Baptist hospital in Wuzhou, a friend said, "You don't need to go any farther. We need you," but they went on. "When we ran out of Baptists," Elsie said, "we had letters from the Chinese Inland Mission to help us along."

Elsie stayed with the Red Cross until 1943, worked in several hospitals, then from Kunming to a P.O.W. camp in Ramgarh, India, General Stillwell's orders, when the Burma Road was cut off. Back in Kunming, she eventually applied successfully to the U.S. Army Nurse Corps, which enabled her to get to the States, in 1946. She was only 27. A bare bones recounting sheds insufficient light on the exhaustion, overwork, fear and tension for a young woman in the upheaval of war. But, ahead of her lay a complete new life.

She received a B.S. degree from the University of North Carolina. She married, Joseph Y. Yuen., a rocket scientist for the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, who died in 1981. While she raised four children she began a long second career of translation, mostly for the Trans World Language Service. She married Ben Seetoo in 1983. The double character surname is unusual. One of

Ben's clansmen, Elsie says, claims the original name (in Mandarin) was Situ, then Szeto, then Seetoo.

"We are opposite," Ben said. "She was born here and went to China at twelve. I was born there and came to Brockton, Mass. to my uncle, when I was twelve." He went to Tufts, then M.I.T. A mechanical engineer, he worked for the engineering firm Stone and Webster, and became a power plant construction manager. A first job was helping to build the RJReynolds cigarette factory in Winston Salem, now a "tourist attraction!!"

Ben lets Elsie do most of the talking. (Darned clever, these Chinese) but he speaks up when he wishes, like answering a question in a Trivial Pursuit game. But usually he prefers the TV news to such trivia.

Elsie keeps an eye on Ben as they cheerfully go about busy lives here.

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Busy Center

The Business Center, which has been in operation since August 2, has turned out to be a popular spot for mailing letters and packages, sending faxes, buying stamps, buying fare cards, copying documents, cutting them with a big cutter, sending e-mail letters, finding choice items on the World Wide Web, composing potent prose on one of the two computers, signing up for trips etc.

Its smooth functioning is facilitated by the presence of two patient and deft experts on alternate weeks, Denina Trotman and Vern Rious. Each has been working at Collington nine years; each started as servers in the dining room. Vern then went to Administration, and Denina went first to Activities, and now to Administration. Denina is the sister of Michael Markham in Security.

The idea for the Business Center grew out of retreats that Administration organizes from time to time and has been in gestation for several years.

Maybe Priscilla Atkinson and Shirley Fields miss doing those little favors now. Wanna bet? T.S.



Denina Trotman



Vern Rious

The Bridge So Near

The "bridge"--that all important indoor link between the apartment building and Creighton Center--is not only utilitarian. It has been turned into a modest conservatory thanks to residents' gifts of potted plants and the efforts of those who have rallied to take care of to them.

Georgia Paine originally took care of the many different varieties of greenery, but as her responsibilities at the Op Shop increased, Aileen Aderton stepped in to help out.

Aileen's favorite is the enormous cactus with the formidable spines. It has been on the bridge, Aileen says "for donkey's years" and thrives, "growing minimally." In time, Aileen found the job getting beyond her as the need arose to repot some of the plants.

An amateur horticulturalist of note, Ildene Filer, was approached to take on the job and said she would consider it. This was taken to be a firm "yes," and in no time 'Dene was shopping for new containers, learning the wants and need of the different plants for soil and water, and engaging in the backbreaking work of transplanting them.

The two small plants with fleshy leaves are called jade plants. The thorny cactus with its long arms is called Christ's Thorn. 'Dean has added a wreath of real ivy at the base of the foxtail asparagus fern and both are flourishing. Two trees, a ficus and a japonica, complete the picture. The bridge, with its greenery, offers an attractive place to wait for friends as well as an inviting passageway.

F.K.

Enhancing Cultural Experiences

By Dorothy Brown

A devotee of classical music and the theater, Basil Brown is convinced that the performing arts offer a "life-giving experience." He is actively engaged in expanding the opportunities for his fellow Collingtonians to partake of this elixir.

Basil is excited about his latest project, Performance Previews. He's scheduling events on campus related to the subscription series for which Collington provides transportation.

In planning the previews, he asks himself, "What do we need to know to enjoy this (performance) more?" They are designed "not just for the enjoyment of the lucky few (ticket holders) but to give others a taste of the arts as well."

For the first preview, Basil arranged for projectionist Franklin Newhall to screen Lawrence Olivier's interpretation of *King Lear* the night before subscribers saw the play at the Shakespeare Theater. The movie was made available by Drama Committee chairman, Dorothy Mayer.

A video of the Bolshoi Ballet's performance of *Giselle* was shown in the auditorium prior to the San Francisco Ballet's presentation of the work at the Kennedy Center. All residents have a chance to see these screenings on our closed circuit television channel.

Previews for other events might consist of a lecture about an upcoming program by a knowledgeable resident or guest, Basil said, or he could obtain program notes before performances or play recordings in the Music Room of selections scheduled for concerts.

Basil worked with the Music and Drama Committees in assessing residents' interest in making transportation available to more subscription series. On the basis of a questionnaire he prepared and distributed, Judy Reilly, leisure services coordinator, made arrangements for two new series to be added to this season's list: five string quartet concerts at the Smithsonian and four performances by the Cathedral Choral Society at the National Cathedral in Washington.

This brings the total to eight series consisting of 45 individual performances.

In keeping with his goal of giving residents opportunities to enjoy the performing arts, Basil was one of several music lovers--Harriet Simons, Music Committee Chairman, Margo Labovitz, Marcia Miller and Hannah Crosswhite--engaged in a successful effort to continue offering a music appreciation course here after the Prince George's Community College course was canceled. The class, based on taped lectures by a professional musician, meets twice a week.

Before his retirement as a foreign service officer Basil was stationed in Martinique, India, Pakistan, Libya and Ethiopia.

Fill It Out, Send It In

The annual Wellness Questionnaire sent out last month by Health Services Administrator Stacey Guthrie to all residents is due to be returned by October 15. It helps our health guardians take care of us (we are paying for it) and it enables us to appraise how we are doing. Keep a copy for yourself, every year.

The Saga of Our Lake

By Tom Street

The state of our lake was near desperate this summer, the green scum on the surface plain for all to see. It was made up of a combination of algae and a very fine-leaved aquatic plant with a long name which is not hydrilla. Because of the heat and the shallowness of the lake and the fact that it was stagnant because of the almost total lack of rain, there was danger of eutrophication setting in. This is a condition in which the nutrient level is so rich that it promotes growth of algae and other plant life that robs the water of oxygen. A massive fish kill is one possible result.

The experts of Environmental Services and of the Lake and Trail Committee multiplied their already extensive efforts to get authorization to increase the allowance of water we can pump from our well into the lake. The Governor's mandatory restrictions nixed that for a week or so.

An analysis of corrective measures included the need to install a fountain which would bring cold water up from the lower areas and circulate it, but above all, get rid of the pesky geese. Those most directly concerned have been agonizing about how to go about this for longer than they like to remember. One piece of direct action possible was to bring in swans. The Committee voted a strong yes, and two swans are there, cruising majestically about and presumably striking dread into the hearts and voices of the geese.

The swans are the product of a breeder in Croom who has a pair of white, as well as black ones. Ours were hatched in the spring and are now 8 to 10 months old, too young to tell whether they are of the same or different sexes. They are of the breed known as Mute, the ones seen in public parks. As they mature their plum-

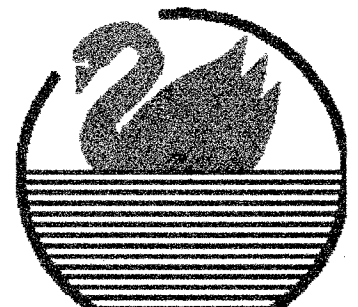
age will become white, and they will become more territorial and aggressive, and, we hope, the terror of geese. They get enough nourishment from the lake and seem not to need the commercial food put out for them. Their wings are clipped to keep them close to home.

Another measure to be taken is to plant vegetation around the border of the lake. This apparently upsets geese, who like to waddle unimpeded out of the water and all over our grass. A task force of State and County officials, Environmental Services, and Lake and Trail experts has met to consider all possibilities.

Meanwhile, the Model Boat Club of Collington was in turmoil. George Dankers tried his boat in the messy lake, and rapidly concluded that it would be impossible to hold the scheduled regatta with the Solomons Island Model Boat Club on October 16 as planned. He explored alternatives, but with virtually no success and faced the sad likelihood of having to cancel.

Then along came Tropical Storm Floyd, and marvel of marvels, not a shred, much less a patch of green plant material was to be seen in the water next day. Water was rushing out the overflow as it should and hopes were high that it would continue. But alas it didn't. The water level receded to normal and no longer ran out of the overflow pipe. The green scum returned, not as much as before, but still too much to allow the regatta to run. Commodore Trammell and George are once again exploring alternatives.

At press time, the possibility of holding the regatta at Solomon's Island was unsettled.



Adventures of a Census Non-Taker

By Dorothy Brown

In the squabble over how Census 2000 will be conducted, advocates of statistical sampling refer to an undercount of 4 million in the 1990 census.

Let it be known that the failure to obtain responses from 3,999,999 of those people was NOT MY FAULT. You be the judge of whether I'm to blame for the 4,000,000th.

I began my temporary, part time job with the Census Bureau on May 1990. My task was to match black marks on a map with houses and ask occupants why they hadn't returned their census forms.

"I thought it was junk mail and threw it away." "My three-year-old tore it up." No one said, "The dog ate it," but after the following experience, I would have believed them.

I bumped along a non-road in an isolated area and matched a mark on my map to a dilapidated structure. A decaying car rusted in the yard. The vibes were bad.

Before I had even turned off the ignition, two huge, slobbering canine monsters lunged at my car. These were not your ordinary Lassie-type dogs. They were more like dogs bred by the Mafia to deal with family members who aroused the displeasure of the Godfather. In fact, they behaved as though they'd been starved to the point of devouring my Toyota with me at the wheel.

The most valuable piece of advice I received during my training flashed in my mind: "Don't mess with dogs."

I was outta there. For the 1990 Census, the occupant of that house remained unenumerated.

New Way to See

By Anne Cadman-Walker

Walter Ristow, formerly map division chief at the Library of Congress, has been legally blind since 1996 as a result of macular degeneration (lack of central vision). So he has outfitted his cottage with machines which Rube Goldberg would envy.

His personal computer, supplied with a big monitor and enlarged letters for easier viewing, enables Walt to write his memoirs and contact correspondents.

Walt's brother and some residents helped him raise \$12,000 toward getting his Xerox Kurzweil Personal Reader which turns printed texts to the spoken word.

Assisted by staffer Judy Reilly and a letter from his doctor, he contacted the Library of Congress which sends him tapes of books he wants to read--everything from Socrates to Rachel Carson.

The Reader also enables him to listen to news magazines and Collington memos (bravo!!). There is another machine for commercial tapes.

His telephone dials have large digits and are programmed for frequent calls plus voice confirmation. Also, a cordless portable phone is at hand.

Walt has a "seeing eye friend" who assists with errands. His "open houses" show others how to see things his way.



History at our Doorstep

By Edward Behr

Within Collington's borders are certain distinguished neighbors whom residents have never met.

They are four long-deceased members of the Waring family, part of the clan that for some 150 years owned what is now the Collington property. The Warings proudly called their place Heart's Delight.

The four are buried in a little tree-shaded graveyard atop the hill west of the 2000 cluster and just off the perimeter path.

One stone marks the grave of Basil Waring (1711-93), who inherited the property from his father, Marsham Waring. It was Marsham who bought the place--some 375 acres all told--in 1721 and started the family plantation.

Next to her husband lies Susanna Darnall Waring (1723-1806). They were parents of five children, but none of them is buried here.

A third stone is that of Master _____ Waring, who died in 1802 at the age of three. He could have been a great-grandson of Basil and Susanna.

And the fourth stone, now largely defaced by age and weather, is that of Jesse Wharton, a son-in-law of Basil and Susanna, who died in 1795.

Roughly one-eighth of a mile east of the graveyard and a few yards north of the perimeter path lies another fragment of Collington's past. This is a stone marking part of the northern boundary of Heart's Delight. Barely discernible are the letter B.W. (for Basil Waring) and a number. The stone was discovered by Georgia Paine, our resident archeologist.

At the eastern end of Heart's Delight, about half a mile from Collington, Basil Waring built a plantation house, a frame hip-roofed dwelling 30 feet square, with a large addition. It stood where the Newton White mansion now stands, near the public golf course off Enterprise Road.

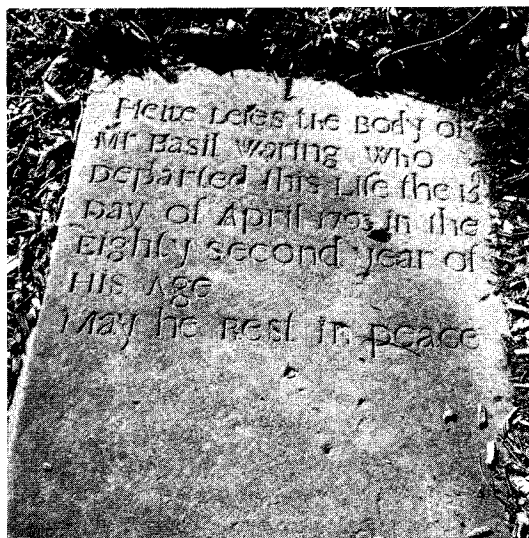
Another reminder of the Waring family remains nearby. This is the old Waring tobacco barn, now starting to crumble, standing along the entrance road to the golf course. It was built shortly before the Civil War by a second Marshal Waring, whose principal crop was tobacco. It is a

picturesque landmark, the best surviving 19th-century tobacco barn in Prince George's County. Not far from the barn, near the Newton White mansion, lies what was titled "The Catholic Burying Ground of Marsham Waring," a private family graveyard with six headstones.

The Waring family history goes back centuries before

any members arrived in our neighborhood. By one account, one Waring ancestor was a Danish knight who migrated to Normandy about 1,000 years ago; a grandson fought with the Norman invaders in the Battle of Hastings in 1066.

The first American Waring was Captain Samson (1617-68), who arrived from England about 1646 and settled in Calvert County. In later years family members built or acquired three now-historic houses--Mt. Pleasant, Marsham's Rest and His Lordship's Favor--as well as the Mt. Calvert estate on the Patuxent River, the site of the first Prince George's county seat.



Our Daily Bread and Meat and Fish and...

It only *seems* to those late sleepers whose cottages are nearest the loading dock that provisioning trucks arrive all during the night. Actually, according to Rich Baker, Collington Care Services' Vice President for Culinary Planning, they come during a 7:00 to 10:00 a.m. arrival window. A staff person is on hand to manage unloading and storing. The unsliced bread arrives at 6:00 a.m., but it can sit till the staff receiver arrives. No problem.

Remember the news about the computerized food ordering? Poultry, fish and fresh produce arrive the day they are on the menu to be cooked and consumed. Meats arrive a day in advance of their appearance on the menu. Orders to suppliers go out five days a week and deliveries arrive six days a week from 20 vendors. The bread that we residents can slice for ourselves arrives seven days a week. Poultry and meats are ordered three days a week, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and received three days a week. Friday's orders, \$8,000 to \$9,000 worth, arrive in the big Sysco truck Monday morning. The fish served is fresh, and arrives every day.

Purchases to provide the 600 meals we consume every day total \$15,000 to \$16,000 per week. T.S.

Dear Reader:

We sincerely would like to know what you like/don't like about our monthly Collingtonian. Put it in Box 1207. Signature optional.

The Editor.

A, B, Cs-- Apples and beans to computers

With the start of the school year, our receipts for groceries purchased at Giant and Safeway will again help the school of our choice acquire equipment ranging from a soccer ball to a computer printer.

Sylvania Woods School in Landover has been designated by the Outreach Committee to benefit from our shopping. Cora Fisher of the committee says this school's student body comes from low income families and needs our help more than any other in the surrounding area.

If you shop at Giant, all you have to do is keep your receipts and stuff them in the box at Priscilla's clocktower desk--the same old procedure.

Safeway shoppers will find the process simplified. On October 1 register the name of our school--Sylvania Woods--at the front desk of the store and give the clerk your Safeway card. He will then register your number under that school's account and the amount of all your subsequent purchases will be automatically chalked up to Sylvania Woods. F.K.

Ken Muldoon, ex-president of the Residents Association and group songleader extraordinaire, still glowing from a recent 3-week trip to his ancestral Ireland (his first), is now on a one-man campaign encouraging residents to wear their name tags. Let's respect this citizen's counsel and do it.

And No Fines to Pay

By Glendy Pabst

Books, books, dozens of books. Sometimes they appear one at a time; sometimes by the crate. They are gifts to the library, and without them, Collington's readers would be on a low-calorie literary diet. But knowing which books to keep is a major challenge for our all-volunteer library staff, according to Elisabeth Martin and Marcia Behr, the library committee's co-chairmen.

The first part of the problem is identification, they explain. Single books appear in the library's workroom without any apparent source. Sometimes these are best-sellers in pristine condition. The library wants them, but doesn't want to steal them if they were left by accident. Who done it? An unsolved mystery. Other doubtful books are stamped with the name of a public library. Our staffers don't have time to research ownership. To solve this identity problem, the committee has commissioned a basket to be labeled "gifts," which will sit atop the desk where books are signed out. Donors, please use it!

When books arrive by the bushel basket or grocery carton, as frequently happens, they are more easily identified. Often offered by residents moving to smaller quarters, such gifts usually bear the donor's name, or in some cases, of the donor's parents with a date early in the century. Occasionally such venerable volumes have value as "rare books," but are too well-worn for library use.

Collington's library has depended on gifts since its beginning eleven years ago although it also receives an annual grant from the Residents Association. Even

before Collington actually opened, a committee organized by Judy Kidney began planning. Currently active, Ed and Marcia Behr were both on that original panel.

Swelled now to almost full shelf-capacity, the library rigorously screens donations to avoid duplication, but makes some use of all gifts. Formerly, rejects were driven to a county library. But this year for the first time were offered to residents at a two-day sale in June. Proceeds of \$305 were used to buy new best-sellers. A second sale is planned for late fall.

Another recent library innovation is a boon to the many readers who yearn to be mystified. Hard-cover detective, spy and horror novels have been separated from the "literature" section where they lived for 11 years and given their own section immediately following. As always, there are well-filled sections to gratify virtually every other taste, from the sublime to the scientific, including evolution. Paper-back selections in the rear offer lighter-weight versions of most topics. And there is no such thing as an overdue book at Collington, so readers may truly relax and enjoy.

Even more change lies ahead when Collington's reorganization shifts the library to the main floor. But, say Elisabeth and Marcia, the committee will face that challenge cheerfully. Meanwhile, book-loving residents old and new are invited to attend monthly meetings. Even more strongly, they are invited to lend a hand or two to the committee's challenging work.

He Radiates Confidence and Wit

By **Frances Kolarek**

Lauriston S. Taylor has never claimed that an early visit to Thomas Edison's laboratory in East Orange, New Jersey set his feet down the path of science. He was only 14 or 15 years old when Edison gave him an early version of a vacuum tube. But he found himself drawn to the field of physics and eventually became one of the country's top authorities on radiation and its effects on the human body.

He worked at the Bureau of Standards from 1927 to 1965. His proudest achievement, he believes, was establishing the National Council on Radiation Protection and Measurement in 1928. Until this group was formed, responsibility in the field had been scattered among a number of organizations.

Laurie says you can compare radiation to 96 proof gin. Have a little. Just a little. If you overdo, the consequences can be lethal.

In the course of his working life, Laurie visited France and met Nobel prize-winner Marie Curie, pioneer in the field of radioactivity. He has been called as an expert witness in cases involving the effects of radiation on a variety of plaintiffs. With his cool, calm, collected mien he must have made an ideal witness for the defense.

Laurie Taylor celebrated his 97th birthday in June. He lives in cottage 3011 with his wife Robena, whom he married 25 years ago following the death of his younger brother, Edward, Robena's first husband. Between them they have 6 children and around 30 or 40 grandchil-

dren and great grand children. "You lose count," Laurie says.

After he retired, Laurie produced a scholarly document on the subject of radiation which he tried in vain to have published until it was picked up by the University of Michigan and put on the Internet. From vacuum tube to www.edu in a single lifetime!

At Collington Laurie has won a reputation as a writer of some wit. His work is not widely read, but his minutes of meetings of the Woodshop have afforded many a chuckle. They are in our library for your entertainment.

Willie Stars

By **Bill Simpich**

Willie Chapmon has a cushy job!

What's so tough about solving resident requests to:

...replace a dead fridge ...program a VCR ...mount overhead lights ...repair plumbing ...demystify a "cable box" ...?

A recent challenge was to convince a resident his toaster didn't need a new fuse.

(He's extraordinarily patient, cheerful and friendly, but does urge residents with cable problems to avoid a frequent "work request" by simply tuning their TV to Channel 3.)

But how did he acquire these talents?

Not from his varied jobs before joining Collington three years ago.

Born in Concord, N.C. (near Charlotte) in 1955 and a high school graduate, he was, among other things: a yarn handler for Cannon Mills; an "eviscerator" for Concord's duck processing plant; bus driver for employees of Cabarrus Consolidation; clamp fork lift operator; "Yard Jockey," loading freight from 7 a.m. un-

(Continued on next page)

til, sometimes, 1 a.m.; and a long-time employee of a Concord ABC liquor store, handling customers, inventory and shipping.

So we asked again, "How did you learn your wide-ranging skills?"

He answered, "I've always read everything I could find on technology: Popular Science, Stereo Review and similar publications." But he says he was best trained by his associates here at Collington' like Reed Harris (The Boss), George Ferguson, Tim Kenney and Sherland Samuels ("Sam"). "We're a close team," he said, "and learn from each other."

Willie lives in nearby Forestville, was married 20 years and has two daughters. One just entered North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College--and the other just made him a grandfather. And yes, he now has a "lady friend." He chuckled at old expressions like "main squeeze" and "significant other," he says he calls her his "Poo."

Collington is a job he enjoys, but his consuming interest is music. He's given up playing bass guitar, but says, "I've been singing since a kid in my church choir and school--and still reach my mother through music, always remembering her singing, "Don't Go to Strangers."

Over the years, he's collected an array of albums: 72's, 45's, 33's, 8-tracks, cassettes and CD's. Altogether, he estimates they'd total about 2,000.

Stage Manager for Prince George's Philharmonic Orchestra for the past two years, Willie's favorite music is all-inclusive: a combination of jazz, classical, old hymns and "Funk," what he calls "the rough edge of old Rock and Roll--both soulful and uplifting."

"Funk," he says, "is a feeling you can hear."

Boo!

This year's Halloween Party under the direction of Maude Cahill will feature some new attractions, along with old favorites.



Trick or Treat will follow its usual pattern, starting at 6:30 on Friday, October 29 and winding down at 7:30.

But the parade of costumed guests will not involve judging and prizes as in the past.

This year everybody will go home a winner. The party planners are asking families of staff to take center stage, introduce themselves, and then pose for a Polaroid photograph to be taken by Mary Ann Pellerin. Mary Ann, who has been in charge of Halloween festivities for the past three years, has retired in favor of this photographic project.

The House of Horrors under Ardyce Asire's direction will open at 7:30 in the old smoking room, since the Business Center now occupies its former location. As in the past, the smallest children will be excluded from this spooky realm. They will be entertained by a clown with balloons. Throughout, punch and cookies will be available in abundance at tables in the auditorium.

One thing has not changed: a sign-up book is available in the Business Center for residents who would like to participate, help out, bake cookies, serve as marshals in the auditorium or perform other services. "Please sign up," Maude Cahill asks. "We need your help and participation."

She hopes the residents will turn out in costume to join the fun. F.K.

The Wicked Flea



"A pictur' that no painter has the
colorin' to mock,
"When the frost is on the punkin
and the fodder's in the shock."
--J. W. Riley

Our apartment dwellers lost electrical power overnight from last month's tropical storm Floyd, but the rest of us came through with little inconvenience, thanks to an alert staff.

Mystery: How did our towering time-piece get from 45 minutes slow starting with the power outage to 45 minutes fast two days later? But aren't the tunes on our electronic chimes' mealtime serenades more hummable now?

Gwyneth Paltrow, the heroine of the 7-award winning movie "Shakespeare in Love" and best actress herself, is a cousin of our Ethel Belinky.

Don't forget. Wear your name tag. It helps the newcomers get acquainted, and maybe your oldest friends will appreciate it.

With more corn than ivy, one of our wiseacre residents notes that John and Eva Yale have moved to Collington and wonders whether they were seeking a "new haven."

Puzzled by the "wicked flea?" Look up Proverbs 28 - 1.

Can't some of that green stuff floating on our lake be put to good use? (Dining services, keep out of this).

The arrival of two swans at the lake to mingle with the geese brings memories of bandleader Kay Kyser's fun-piece about a half-swan, half goose, named Alexander. ' "Alexander was a 'swoose.'"

New officers of our Resident Association will be elected on October 7. The annual Fellowship Fund banquet takes place October 15.

Kay Swift is managing a projected publication of Collington residents' accounts of their experiences leading up to WWII.

When Faith Jackson was asked when she and fellow adventurer Art Longacre planned to climb Mt. Everest, she countered, "Well, we are going to Pike's Peak first." They did.

And Tom Street, not getting enough walking here, flew off to France for a week of countryside hiking.

What's the proper thing to do with all those first and second-year photos of new great-grandchildren? Rent an additional cottage?

What about those U. S. cities moving up New Year's celebrations "because it's New Year's somewhere." We've heard of moving up the 5 o'clock cocktail hour for the same reason.