



The
Collingtonian

Vol. 9, No.7

A publication of the Collington Residents Association

September, 1997

•“We Ain’t Seen Nothin’ Yet”•

by Layne Beaty

Our event-studded year is two-thirds gone already but fasten your seat belts for the rest of it.

Some highlights: there’s the second big model Skipjack regatta on our lake September 27; our second Elderhostel session comes October 12-17; there’s our ninth birthday celebration; the Fellowship Fund dinner; the Halloween, Christmas and Hanukkah events; dramatic productions; and on and on. The “Winds of Change: Russia and Eastern Europe” reading and discussion series runs for five Thursdays starting September 4.

Executive Director Gail Kohn says that she is “very excited about the regatta,” and has made special arrangements for a no-rain day. “It’s the second regatta for us and we have had an opportunity to work through the issues that came up when you do something for the first time. We have new and exciting ways for our people to participate.”

She is pleased that Collington is the only model Skipjack club that has its own “commodore” and “Charlie Trammell is the best.” Trammell, so commissioned by a newly created subdivision of the Lake and Trail Committee, besides being a contestant, is in charge of the event

this year, again.

He describes some new procedures: rather than have many boats on our 4.5 acre lake competing all at the same time, as last year, in the first heat there will be only Collington boats racing to eliminate all but the first four which will compete with the best four of the visiting Solomons Island club to be determined in the second heat. The third heat will have four of ours racing against four of theirs, a number easier to watch.

Collington boats will have the letter C on their sails. Laretta Dankers is chairman of the Race Committee and Carolyn Browning will give running commentary, via loud speaker, for the gallery of spectators, mostly seated along the lake shore.

“Around the World in a Week” (Jules Verne redux), our Elderhostel session, comes October 12-17 and Ms. Kohn reports that the 35 reservations were signed up “within hours” (plus 47 more on the waiting list) from as far away as Washington State, with a few “on-site commuters” participating in some events here at Collington.

Nearby Prince George’s Community College, our partner in the Elderhostel,

(continued next page)

(continued from page one)

will play a more prominent role this year than last, arranging speakers on international affairs and visits to certain embassies, museums etc., in Washington, exposing the Elderhostlers to the city's unique offerings and to hear insights about countries where events attract world attention.

Ms. Kohn describes the Elderhostel as an opportunity for Collington to reach active older persons who might decide that this is a good place to live or talk about living in our kind of community, then spread the word around.

October 10 is election day for officers in the residents' association. Our ninth birthday, in October, will be celebrated at a lower key this year as we plan for a bigger one on our tenth, next year.

There is more. The Drama Committee's production of James Thurber's (with Elliott Nugent) "The Male Animal" comes in November, directed by Marcia Behr with parts read by your neighbors. And Talent Night is coming, too.

A Wedding for Lovers of the Outdoors

By the shore of Icicle Creek in view of Sleeping Lady mountain on the east slope of the Cascade Range Laura Kohn, in the presence of her parents Gail and Don and 130 guests, exchanged marriage vows with her husband. The parents of the bride and many of the guests stayed at the site, the Sleeping Lady resort, but many drove down from Seattle, 2 1/2 hours away.

The mother of the bride, our Gail Kohn, Collington's Executive Director, treated residents to a view of the scene, and of herself in it, with color slide projections after the August Community Meeting. Those of us who cherish the environment and frequently have cause to fear for its despoilation are doubly cheered by this reaffirmation of reverence for it and wish the participants all joy.

Well, They Say Fishermen Never Lie

by Tom Street

"Today, between 300,000 and 400,000 fish are estimated to be in the lake." This item in The Collington Courier, July 31 brought predictable comments. "Come on, they've got to be kidding." "Must be a typographical error." "How do they know?"

How they know is that they counted. "Aw, come on." No really, but not the way a normal person counts, (if there can be said to be any), but the way fish biologists count.

They waded into the lake with a large seine, and somehow counted the fish in it. They then multiplied that number by the estimated number of seine loads in the entire lake.

Now, of course, what they got in the seine was mainly fingerlings or fry (baby fish) just recently hatched and therefore numerous and destined to be consumed by larger fish. That there are larger fish in the lake is attested by the experience of local fishermen. Art Longacre has caught seven bass and one sunfish. George Dankers has caught three fish. Roman Dingler's son and grandson have caught several.

(Part 2, continued from June issue)

Of Collington's 280 employees, 96 are "part time." Employees are entitled to six holidays per year. Those who are evaluated "good" or better by their supervisors are entitled to an additional day off, and those who do not use any sick time in a given year are allowed two more days off during the following year.

Full time employees receive 12 days sick leave per year and may accumulate 130 hours. (As with most benefits, part time employees share in them pro rata.) Employees may donate unused sick leave to other employees. (Bettie Farrar recently donated 40 hours.)

Collington's Personnel Policies contains a list of offenses and a grievance procedure with appeals provisions that can lead to the Executive Director, whose decision is final.

Collington prides itself on filling higher level jobs with promotions from within wherever possible. Here are a few examples of those receiving such promotions. Priscilla Atkinson, who sits at the front desk in the Clocktower and who has never encountered a question about Collington she couldn't answer, started in 1988. A year later she was promoted to her present position.

Carolyn Jones has moved from receptionist to dining room supervisor. Christina Taylor was moved from receptionist in the dining room to manage Collington's accounts payable and payroll. She is still in college, carrying a 3/4 course load.

Ann Hammond, employed in 1988 as Resident Services Secretary, moved up rapidly, becoming Resident Services Assistant in only a few months, and in August 1989 was promoted to her pres-

ent position as Admissions Coordinator. This year her responsibilities were increased substantially when she also became Catering Coordinator. Ann has also continued

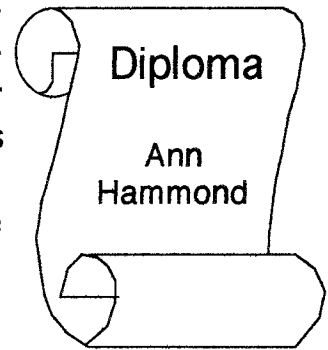
her education. Several years ago, she earned an Associate degree in Marketing summa cum laude, and this year she received a bachelor's degree in Business Administration magna cum laude.

The monthly Collington Employee Times regularly cites staffers, at all levels, who have been with us seven or eight years, almost from our beginning.

Our full time employees are entitled to an impressive list of benefits, including a comprehensive health plan, life and accident insurance, counselling (psychological or financial), and tuition reimbursement. After a year of employment, they can receive up to \$1,000 per year for career-related education (no art appreciation or Shakespeare).

Collington also contributes to an employee retirement plan. For those in the two lowest income brackets, Collington matches 50% of the first 5% of salary deferred for retirement. Those in the top income brackets receive a 50% match of the first 2.5% deferred. This plan is voluntary for all employees working 20 hours per week or more. They may choose either a Guaranteed Investment Account or a riskier Equity Investment Account.

* * *



Exposure to culture often inspires interesting actions. Bob Browning read "The Plague" by Albert Camus, then, with adjustable rhyming license, wrote this:

"There once was a writer named Camus
Who wrote some novels to shame us.

'Je suis Camus'

He'd say to you

And now this writer is famous."

And so is Bob Browning.



Alex Dragnich, who has written often on eastern European topics, recently contributed chapters to two books, "Populism in Serbia" in Populism in Eastern Europe: Racism, Nationalism and Society, (Boulder, New York, 1996) and "Nikola Pasic," in The Serbs and Their Leaders in the Twentieth Century, (Hants, England, 1997). Also the lead article, "The Roots of the Wars in Yugoslavia" in The South Slav Journal, (London).



If you missed former editor Tom Street's "Potpourri: Or a Midsummer Miscellany," published in July with good original poesy and prose by ten of your neighbors, check your accumulated mail. If you didn't get it, call Tom.



Surely, we all know about the collection of Collington resident-written (or edited) volumes on the living room's corner shelves, to the left of the fireplace. Also, the library has a copy of resident Elliot Richardson's much acclaimed Reflections of a Radical Moderate.

Talk about stately mansions! Have you seen the grand new bird house our love birds now occupy? It is complete with a ladder to parade up and down on, a mirror to admire one's plumage in, and all kinds of bells and whistles to keep busy with.

The house is the gift of Wendell and Carin Carmack of Annapolis. The Carmacks have visited Wendell's parents, Guy and Magdalene of Cottage 3009 on several occasions and found our living room love birds an appealing couple. So appealing that the younger Carmacks bought the fine new cage, put it together and transferred the birds to it on July 15, a scorcher of a day. They also provided some special, upscale bird seed.

Birds survive by being a mite suspicious, and ours at first were chary of all the unfamiliar accoutrements. But within a day or so they had made themselves at home and are enjoying life to the hilt.

Thank you, Wendell and Carin.



Our Diet of Worms?

Our poet laureate, Richard Van Wagenen, always eager to dig into subjects of earthly significance, has reacted in verse to Tom Street's June issue "Redemption" confessing to his re-evaluation of earth-worms.

Our squeamish friend Street we esteem.
He's easy enough to redeem.
He's just come to terms
With his can o' worms
While our can continues to squeam.

•A Garden to Admire•

by Edward Behr

Many Collington gardens have been bursting this summer with masses of greenery and lots of vivid color. But none of these can truly match the beauties to be found in one corner of the 3100 cluster.

There lies the garden faithfully tended by its proprietor, Dene Filer. It is outstanding in size, variety and tasteful design--a delight to passersby.

Her cottage is surrounded on three sides by beds with brightly blooming annuals and perennials setting off handsome evergreen ground covers. On the lawn nearby a series of islets edged by rocks or slate bear unusual small trees with well-chosen companion plantings. Along the wall of the neighboring garage a long row of flowering shrubbery happily masks an unbeautiful series of car wheels.

A visitor finds the front wall of the cottage almost covered with three espaliered pyracantha bushes, soon to start bearing their brilliant orange berries. Beneath are beds of brilliant red impatiens. They are surrounded by a broad sweep of creeping juniper, all of it, astonishingly, rising from a single root. Artful accents are provided by a small Japanese Lantern, a colorful ceramic turtle and several rocks placed amid the juniper.

Nearby stands an unusual weeping cedar named Blue Atlas. With a wooden support, it rises straight to a height of six feet or so, then is allowed to droop toward the ground.

On the cottage's north side, along with a border of petunias, is something of a surprise--a bed of phlox. It's a plant

seldom seen hereabouts because it dislikes our heat and humidity. But this bed appears to be thriving, and Dene Filer says it will bloom madly in the fall.

Among the islets in the lawn, one offers a special variety of blue spruce known as Fat Albert, which is indeed plumper in shape than the more common kind we know so well. Other islets contain a lacy, red-leafed Japanese maple, a holly tree eight feet tall that's beginning to burst with berries, and a hemlock of similar height that is managing to defy the summer heat.

The other highlight of the garden is that long row of flowering shrubs along the garage wall, providing a succession of color through the seasons. Following the forsythia in early spring, there are bridal wreath, flowering almond, snowballs and purple loosestrife--enough loosestrife to supply plentiful cuttings. Just beyond is Dene Filer's particular favorite: On the fence around the trash container is a mass of sweet autumn clematis that explodes with clouds of white blossoms in late summer.

What are the secrets of this gardening success? From the beginning, two experienced, knowledgeable, dedicated, tasteful gardeners were at work--the late Virginia Conley tended the flowers and Dene Filer the trees, shrubs and lawn. Much forethought was needed; carloads of topsoil had to be brought in. And much hard work was required. The result, for the gardener, was a feeling of pride and satisfaction. "I enjoy it very much," says Dene Filer. "It's not a chore."

In early June one of the self-appointed Collington Island monitors finally got around to having a look at something on the island that had been bothering him all winter. It was a messy jumble of sticks that was pulling one of our young Bald Cypress trees at a strange angle. When he got on the island, warily because our dinghy is tippy, he found the sticks lying over a couple of tunnels into the island, one on each side of the precious cypress tree.

The tunnels had undermined the stakes holding the tree, causing it to cant at a painful angle. Worse, he saw that one of the three cypresses we had planted had been gnawed through and was dead about two feet up from the ground.

There was only one explanation--beaver! What to do? He released the support band that was pulling the living cypress tree so that it could straighten up, and pulled away the many stakes the beaver had cut and laid across the entrance to his tunnel, and tossed them up onto the island. Then he retreated in good order with a sense of having scored one on the beaver.

After a bit of telephone research with county and state authorities, he reported to the next meeting of the Lake and Trail Committee that the state had a beaver trapper, and how about it. The Committee chose to punt on this one, overriding the retributive feelings of those whose attachment to the cypress trees is

strong. The majority decided not to trap but to put protective fencing around the cypress trees, even the truncated one.

Chairman George Dankers thought a bit more exploration of the situation was in order. He came back shaken by the degree of underwater dredging the beaver had conducted, apparently in reprisal for the destruction of his pile of sticks. He thought an appeal for more help was called for and consulted our local Watkins Park Nature Center.

Several observers, notably Roger and Ruth Dixon have noted, around seven in the evening, small brown bodies at water level on the island, as many as four they think. Already? Or maybe muskrats? Golly.

Their response exceeded our expectations. They dispatched not one but two rangers with a high degree of expertise in beaver control. The L&T Committee assembled its heavy hitters for this summit, eager to show the

depredations being wrought on the crown jewel of Collington Lake.

The L&T team was somewhat let down to learn that the rangers declined our invitation to see the outrage committed but were mollified by the depth of the knowledge the rangers imparted.

The upshot of it all is that yes, we could trap him and dispose of him, but another one would soon be here in his place. There is a huge oversupply of beavers and wherever there is running water, there beavers will be. If it is just one at first, there will soon be two, and then about three additional in the form of offspring.

So the game is up, all over: the beavers win. All we can do is protect our trees with three foot high wire fence and compose ourselves to cohabiting with one more force of nature we can't control.

Well, How About That?

The late Newton Blakeslee once, maybe as a ten-year old, invited neighbor General John J. Pershing to attend a kid show in the Blakeslee attic. The general attended. ☆ ☆ ☆

We note that a resident's auto has the vanity plate "Gadzook." Who? How come? ☆ ☆ ☆

From a eulogy to the late Burt Dougherty, "He was a model of productive aging." ☆ ☆ ☆

It started with asking Alba Martin whence came his first name, and led to reading portions of Elisabeth's book about Alba's family history. The name, popular in the family, first belonged to great, great grandfather Alba Burnham in 1796 and despite the Latin ring, was probably inspired by other similar names of the era, according to our Alba Burnham Martin. Like Alva, Albee, Elba, etc. ☆ ☆ ☆

Some of us ink-stained wretches have enjoyed the "Newseum" and its innovative presentations of how news dissemination has been accomplished from pre-historic times all the way to this morning. It's two blocks from the Orange line Metro station in Rosslyn (Arlington), it's free and open daily except Monday and Tuesday. Allow a couple of hours. ☆ ☆ ☆

A "sewing lady" comes here periodically and keeps us in stitches. ☆ ☆ ☆

What has become of the horseshoes so long at the stakes? Maybe they felt neglected and said "so long."

Nine Were Sold!!

by Anne Cadman-Walker

Walking along the hallway toward the administrative offices I noticed the pictures. It was a new exhibition. I wondered who were the artists, and looked closely to see the signatures.

They were by many of our residents--my neighbors and friends! Scenes of flowers, a bed of daisies, springtime, a storm, a sailing vessel, a chuck wagon, an old man reading a newspaper, a young mother on a ferry passing skyscrapers, trees, a winter garden, an old homestead, memories, a cozy corner, two pups, a scene of French countryside...Some were in watercolor, some were pencil sketches and others were in acrylic. Altogether--229. Nine were sold to admirers.

Robena Taylor, who hung the show, told me that all these artists were students in Collington's art class taught this term by Charlotte Allison of Prince George's Community College, who organized this display. Each painting or sketch is priced at \$50 and, if sold, the money goes to Collington's Fellowship Fund. This is true also for art lining the auditorium hallway from time to time, currently the work of Ruth Ellsworth, president of the Montgomery County Art Association.

Collington's art classes this term include Martha Blakeslee, Alice Campbell, Helen Eisenhardt, Robena Taylor, Doyen Klein, Maria Colvin, Amanda Erisman, Robert Tilove, Georgia Paine, Nancy Stein, Mary Agnes Heinze, Ann Cohee, Conna Shaw and Yetta Weisz.



Lauretta Dankers has been teaching Collington residents how to make baskets almost since the day she arrived. How many pupils has she had? The question surprised Lauretta, and she produced a well-worn spiral notebook and counted: up to the end of July 1997, exactly 48.

Lauretta and George were wintering on their boat at Fort Myers, Florida, some twenty years ago when a woman living on the boat at the next slip suggested a visit to a basket-making class. They went, liked the new hobby, and for Lauretta it became an enduring pastime.

Basketry can be practiced on a boat with minimal difficulty. It does not require a large loom, a sewing machine or any other cumbersome equipment.

"It's a bit messy on board," Lauretta says, but then by most standards she is a very tidy person. You have to be, if you live on a boat.

"Reed" is what you call the material from which baskets are woven. "We used to get our reed from Indonesia, but now we get it from China and the quality is not as good," Lauretta says. Do you order direct? "No, there are outlets. We order through a place in Maine." Lauretta does her own ordering and pays directly without going through the Residents Association. She keeps careful accounts--that spiral notebook--and reimburses herself as she sells baskets. The profit goes to the Fellowship Fund.

"Of course," Lauretta adds, "we couldn't possibly charge for the time that goes into each basket. That would make the cost prohibitive."

At one time, Lauretta had a pupil with

low vision. Knowing that Mary MacLean had experience working with residents on Level Two, she asked her to lend a hand. After explaining she knew nothing at all about baskets, Mary relented, helped out, and became one of Lauretta's most faithful pupils.

"It's very gratifying to teach some people who go on to make better baskets than I do," Lauretta says, naming Winnie Myers as one.

Every May an idle ski resort in Stowe, Vermont, sponsors a basketry workshop and festival. For several years now Lauretta has made the trip, always taking another resident or two along. This year the threesome included Mary MacMartin and Ruth Coale-Turner whose enthusiasm for everything at Collington has led her into flower arranging, the Op Shop and other activities. The women spent five days at Stowe where they learned the latest tricks of the trade.

The sizes, shapes and uses of the baskets on display in the windows of the Craft Room are surprisingly varied. If you have not visited recently, have a look. A basket can make an excellent gift, or serve as a container for a gift, and your purchase serves a good cause--the Fellowship Fund. In 1995 basketry contributed \$1,249 to the Fund and in 1996, \$1,574.

Basketry classes are held on Mondays. The only cost is for materials, Lauretta is a patient teacher and the end products are useful and beautiful. This is an invitation to call Lauretta on Ext. 7324 and learn a new hobby. It's a sit-down thing.



Rabbit Warrin'

by Tom Street

Was the '97 rabbits versus flowers season especially severe, or did it just seem so? The spring planting was made pitiful by the agonized wails of gardeners who had just discovered that their prized newly planted petunias, portulacas, marigolds even, were no more, nibbled to the ground. This called for extreme control measures.

The campus buzzed with excited exchange of rumored effective measures. "So and so said that moth balls would keep them away." "No, we tried that. It's no good."

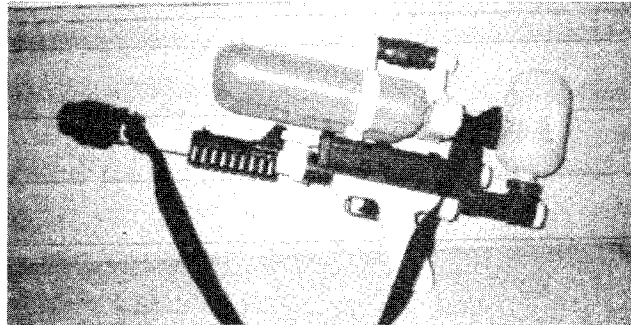
"Hilda Jay said that gumballs, those prickly round things that fall from sweet gum trees would keep them off." "Yeah, but she also said the flowers have to be far enough from the grass that they can't reach over and nibble without stepping on the prickles. And she has gone hi-tech with nylon netting."

Kevin Shaver's supply of Hav-a-Hart traps got drawn down fast, and several presumably inexperienced young rabbits fell for them and were carted off to farther, if not greener, pastures. One gardener, in desperation, put her collander, and a neighbor's, over a couple of particularly cherished plants, after they had been severely decimated. It produced an interesting decorative effect.

As a matter of interest, but not solace, it may be worth noting that this plague was not confined to Collington. William Strickland, who lives in Temple Hills and with whom you may have ridden in the shuttle, says: "My wife bought al-

most fifty dollars worth of plants from Behnkes. She planted them, and the next day they were almost all gone." He resorted to wire fencing for protection. Mary McGrory wrote in the Washington Post about the deer eating her azaleas, "two blocks from the Uptown Theater."

We have't had a big deer problem, though Mary MacMartin suffered depredations in her wildflower garden. We did have chipmunk incursions, though, some



M-1 Pest Dissuader

in a big way. Dealing with all of these finally brought into play the All-purpose Four-footed Pest Dissuader, M-1, shown at left. It shoots a stream of water fifty feet. While this is by no means lethal it can

and does cause the intruder to leave the premises. This is not a permanent solution, since rabbits have notoriously short memories, but it can relieve pent-up hostile feelings of the gardener, and thus be beneficial to his or her health. Available at local toy stores.

Happy Birthday, Tom!

What do you get your grandfather for his eightieth birthday? Former editor Tom Street's grandson Brian whopped up a page on the Worldwide Web (www). A Web Page is a like a commercial on your TV screen. Tom's page shows the Eiffel Tower symbolizing the years the family spent in Paris, Indian and Swiss flags for the years in those countries, and many other icons and symbols of a full, successful life.

•Woolworth Nostalgia•

by Muriel Parry

Special memories of shopping at Woolworths came flooding back by the report of the demise of the chain. There were, of course, numerous large department stores in New York City, but Woolworths was a store where I could shop on my own. One was about a half dozen blocks from our house, and it required relatively few cents to shop there, mostly within my limited allowance.

I cut my teeth, so to speak, on good shopping techniques, such as examining for value received. One time I returned with a small pink terry cloth dog. Mother rather deflated my enthusiasm when she gently pointed out that the dog was poorly sewn and stuffed with sawdust. I don't suppose I paid much for the dog, but it was hardly a bargain. I loved that dog for years, but it did serve to remind me of my questionable selection.

Saturday evening could be extra special--Woolworths was open and Grandma and I would sometimes go on a shopping expedition. My grandmother later told of my making two tours of the entire store, counter by counter, and then at the front door announcing that there was nothing there worth my nickel. I suspect my parents felt reassured that I was not destined to become a spend-thrift.

Shopping alone for Christmas was a special project, necessitating numerous trips down each aisle. Decisions, decisions! On one I settled on a rather garish (a later, more mature assessment) satin handkerchief holder. The salesgirl decided that such a pretty gift really needed a hankie to go into it and quietly added

one--a kindness toward a small child with a limited budget that I've never forgotten.

As a high schooler, I often had occasion to get my lunch in a downtown Woolworths which had a food counter. A favorite was a club sandwich and a Broadway soda (chocolate soda with coffee ice cream). When I was with my mother, sodas were discouraged in favor of a more nutritious milk shake; she may have suspected my delinquency, but I never confessed.

Among my prized possessions is a pre-war menu from a London Woolworths, which lists such things as steak and kidney pie, fish and chips, kippers, crumpets, Devonshire cream, gooseberry tarts. Doubtless each overseas Woolworths had a menu tailored to local tastes.

The passing of Woolworths was perhaps inevitable, but with fewer choices then Woolworths was an institution that served us well.

£ ¢ \$

The Collingtonian is published monthly (except July and August) by the Collington Residents Association, Inc., 10450 Lottsford Road, Mitchellville, MD. 20721-2734.

Editorial: Edward Behr, Dorothy and Wendell Brown, Frances Kolarek, Tom Street, Anne Cadman-Walker, Glendy Pabst, Clem Welsh, Margaret Werts, Conna Shaw.

Layne Beaty, Editor

Publishing: Anna Dougherty, Aline Grayson, Catharine Seybold, Frances Kolarek.

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

Collington's Tall Talent

by Kay Swift

Two unsung (literally) scene stealers of the July 10 Philharmonic Follies were Collington's own Environmental Services staffers Raymond Lyons and Willie Chapmon, appearing with a cast including many of our residents.

In a theatrical evening labeled "Honky Tonk Nights" at the nearby Prince George's Community College, when nearly all the performances were mimed to pre-recorded music by celebrities, Lyons and Chapmon brought praise from audience and cast for their authentic imitations of piano and guitar playing. Many couldn't believe it wasn't real--Raymond lending convincing body English to enthusiastic keyboard pounding and Willie strumming away with equally wild abandon in bar-room scenes where they also appeared in other roles as well.

Both men of notable stature--6 ft. 2 inc.--Willie has music in his life as a part-time disc jockey at weddings, etc., and Raymond has traveled with a comedy-drama team.

Dorothy Mayer, chairman of Collington's drama committee, who also appeared in the Follies, is proud of having discovered these talented men. Meanwhile, Raymond, a trained electrician, has left Collington for a job helping wire the new Redskins stadium. Willie, fortunately, is still with us.

The Sound Stage--a Restaurant

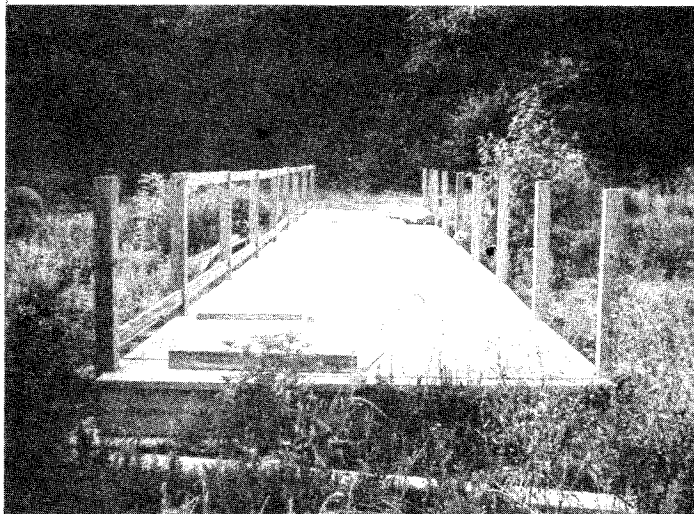
It's just across 202 at Lottsford Road. And if you like your meal with musical videos of the latest hits you'll enjoy the ambience. Families celebrating birthdays find a picture of their table flashed on the many TV screens that form the decor

Bridging the Flood

When the storm water reservoir was first established, no one foresaw that the runoff during heavy rains would wreak such havoc with the trail crossing its spillway. The section of the trail involved runs from behind the hilltop garden toward the lake.

But the spillway eroded over the years to such an extent that only the most hardy dared brave that section of the trail. Large rocks placed in the spillway helped stem erosion but made the crossing by foot virtually impossible.

There is good news for those who enjoy Collington's trails. A new bridge has just been completed which allows easy passage along the full length of the trail.



The bridge nearing completion

announcing that Cedric is celebrating his seventh. Diners arrive with infants to enjoy a meal from the "eclectic" menu and hope that a celebrity will turn up to perform live. The food is good, plentiful and moderately priced. F.K.

1936 Olympic Games: Right in Der Fuehrer's Face

Sixty-one years ago Fred Pollard mounted the podium in the Berlin Sports-palast with the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" ringing in his ears to have the Olympic Games bronze medal hung about his neck. He had won third place in the 120 yard high hurdles. Thus with team-mate Jesse Owens they crushed Hitler's master race theory into the cinders of the track.

Today, surrounded by mementoes of these and other athletic exploits, he resides in room 250 of the Creighton Center. Still trim and erect of figure and with a firm handshake he welcomes visi-



Fred Pollard

tors and is glad to relive those great moments. He grew up in Chicago, attended the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks, where he not only survived the winters but also compiled an enviable record in football, track

and boxing. And he went to the 1936 Olympics and won a bronze medal.

Later he got a law degree at the University of Chicago, worked at the U. S. Department of State. Now he has come to live with us. Like all newcomers, he is welcome.

T.S.

Kevin in Europe

by Margaret Werts

Kevin Shaver, our landscape co-ordinator, came home from a study trip to eastern Europe recently with some ideas for Collington.

He decided that the gardens around the famous Schoenbrunn palace in Vienna are a few degrees too formal for us, but some parks in Slovenia, with their open spaces, placement of ponds, etc., are very good.

Kevin was one of four exchangees (young professionals) sponsored by this district of Rotary International for the five-week trip to Austria, Hungary and Slovenia, staying in the homes of prominent citizens and "enjoying a real red carpet treatment".

In addition to culture, the group was exposed to the structure of national life in each country. In Vienna, a Supreme Court justice explained the Austrian legal system and a vice-president of the national bank discussed the economy.

They hiked in the mountains, toured factories, mines, universities and hospitals. And, of course, museums.

Not surprisingly, Kevin liked Slovenia best, "with its beautiful vineyards and happy people". The group attended an operetta there, which he enjoyed more than the opera in Vienna, he said.

Don't fret about growing old. Think of all the social omissions you can get by with now.