

The

Collingtonian

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So Much to Give, So Little Space

By Tom Street

Sometimes, and these are some of them, opportunities exceed outlets for Collington's Opportunities Outlet, or OO as it's affectionately called. "We can hardly get around in the place," says Georgia Paine. She is one of the dynamic trio that make the place hum, the others being Hilda Jay and Ruth Coale-Turner.

When faced with overabundance (personal items left behind) they have recourse to four stratagems. They decide which are surplus in their normal outlets and then perform a version of triage. They decide which items (clothing, luggage, toiletries, what-not) are usable. Until he

passed away suddenly in August, Frank Nelms took them for distribution among needy people in his church community.

Similarly, notebooks, paper, pencils, pens, card files, etc. go to Mildred Gray for passing on to kids who have no other way of getting these essentials for school performance.

Items beyond the stage of being usable for purposes for which they were designed get a special distribution which Georgia particularly enjoys. She loves to drive and she loves animals. She takes a load of torn bedding, sweaters, comforters, etc. out along Queen Anne Bridge

Road to the Chesapeake Wildlife Sanctuary and leaves them to be used for bedding for an assortment of injured possums, raccoons, rabbits, even, that the sanctuary harbors, restores and releases into the wild, over 10,000 annually.

The third outlet is the Salvation Army, which takes all, including pots and pans and furniture. The

fourth they recently discovered, but it is one that wants the high end of the clothing chain, well-styled items to be worn when applying for a job and for working in a job. This arose from the Welfare to Work movement, Georgia takes these to a special location in Washington where enthusiastic people greet them with glad cries for the needs they will fill.



Georgia Paine, with booty from our Opportunity Outlet, is welcomed by a friendly canine.

Oh, What a Century It Was!

And what an evening it was, the July 10, well-titled, three-hour and very well-attended presentation of the Philharmonic Follies of 1999 with a costumed cast of 53 (16 of them Collington residents) at the nearby Queen Anne auditorium of the Prince George's Community College.

Written and produced by Anne Gentry, executive director of the P. G. Philharmonic, the revue saluted, in two acts with 25 scenes, trends and fads in popular music from throughout the 1900s with lipsynced performances of 74 songs with original recordings now digitally mastered. They ran from a barbershop quartet rendition of "Sweet Adeline" to a current rap song and a finale of Frank Sinatra's "My Way."

A repeat performance is scheduled for 8 p.m. September 18 at the college. Our own Creighton Center residents may see a rehearsal from 3 to 5 p.m. Sept. 16 in our auditorium.



Dorothy Mayer as Ruth Etting "Ten Cents a Dance"
(Philharmonic Follies)

Residents Tell All. Well, Not Quite.

We continue to get better acquainted with ourselves via the "Know Your Neighbors" series. In June Cynthia Parker related some of her interesting experiences taching in the U.S., Europe and Viet Nam. She said she had many more, but modestly cut her time short.

In July Richard Hartfield, an engineer, told of working in nuclear energy fields for several companies including the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Energy. He said he believes that safe nuclear plants can be built and that colonization of the moon and Mars is possible.

The series skipped August but on September 10 Roger Barnes, of Social Services, will speak on scams aimed at senior citizens. We will get to know Phyllis Sternau better on October 15 and Lou Bachrach on November 12.

New Business Center

We remember it as the cloak room off the living room, but now it's Collington's new business center.

That means that many of the business machines that are being used increasingly by residents, scattered as they were in different locations, are all in easy reach.

"It means better service," as Karen Cheney, administration's office manager explained the move. "Often we would have people come in to do copying, etc., and need help. Now there will be someone there from 10 to 4, to lend a hand for residents using the copier, the fax machine, the postage machine, the computers, etc."

So what about the cloak room? Watch this space for an announcement before winter.

Surveys Do Make a Difference

By Layne Beaty

When the Residents Association dining service committee, carrying out its oversight responsibilities, conducted its annual survey of diners' opinions last May, the 145 tabulated list of complaints, suggestions, welcomed and carefully examined by committee members and the dining staff, were considerably fewer than those in the 1998 survey, perhaps because the earlier surveys have brought results.

Judy Kidney, committee chair, is eager to give credit to the staff for its responses to the May suggestions. Russell Pease, chair-elect, echoes that wish. Rich Baker, dining services director, was very receptive to the results, Pease told *The Collingtonian*. It was the committee that originally proposed having a suggestion box placed outside the dining room for timely use. "It gets about 30 comments per month," Baker said. "Not enough."

This year's survey got fairly detailed in some categories such as the soups, fish, poultry, desserts, etc. The quality of food, its preparation, menu selections and service drew dozens of comments. New combinations of tastes in meat and vegetables, a favorite topic of conversation, won wide majority approval from "good" to "very good" in all categories. Most of the downgrading was for vegetables, courtesy, supervision, dessert and beverage service.

Responding to a direct question, Baker declared that he alone is responsible for the menus, with seasonal changes and some new international tastes. As for sources of these, he referred to a large shelf of books and a many-years' accumulation of *Gourmet* magazines. Janet Brownlee, Collington's dietitian, gives them the ultimate okay. Last year when

the new computerized system for ordering food supplies was announced, some residents took that to mean that the menus were computerized. Not so.

As for reactions to suggestions, some residents have indicated a dissatisfaction with availability of breads, sometimes mainly muffins. "We found a baker to bring us breads seven days a week," Baker said. Now we may slice our own. Fish came under criticism last year, now we have regularly seafood varieties and four methods of preparation (cooking) with sauces. "That met with great approval," Baker recalls.

This year the long-standing issue has been vegetables. "We have grown in numbers who seem to be vegetarians," Baker observed. "We will have more. The same goes for the salad bar." For the meat and potatoes loyalists these standbys are available in various forms on practically every menu.

In the service category, attention was given to reception by hostesses and seating procedure, table settings, clearing dishes away between courses, promptness, courtesy, attentiveness, and dessert and beverage service. Some of the latter functions will improve, Baker said, with the advent of display cooking due when the dining room is enlarged next year. New hot beverage facilities in the dining room have already improved service for coffee, tea, etc.

Staff turnover, always a factor, is improving with general recognition in the area that Collington is a viable employer and with awareness by young people of the attractiveness of work here. Applicants are screened by Baker, assistant director Carolyn Fair and dining room supervisors. Social attitudes give an early indication of adaptability here.

A Do-It-Yourself Elderhostel

By Bill Simpich

Want to flee Collington's summer temperatures?

Don't go north--go south.

About 1200 miles--and charter a sailboat in the British Virgin Islands.

That's what Tom Street, Chuck Dell and I did this July.

Easterly trade winds cooled our trim, supple bodies, filled the sails of our 38-foot, French-built sloop and seeped through our quarters with three berths, a two-burner propane stove, fridge and freezer, two "heads," and fresh water shower.

As you see, we dutifully followed Teddy Roosevelt's advice to "rough it."

Some 80 miles east of Puerto Rico, this group of shrub-covered islands of volcanic origin once survived on sugar cane and cotton fields. But no more. They're almost totally dependent on tourism. And because of brisk tourist spending, they draw natives from economically depressed outlying islands--like our "Captain Glenn," a 6'-4" black man from Bequia in the Windward Islands, with the figure of a stocky Adonis.

A non-drinking, non-smoking, church-going, long-time charter boat captain, he'd been engaged for "heavy lifting"--like hoisting the anchor and reefing sails--but also helped Tom, our cook, broil sirloins and fish on an hibachi strapped to the transom rail, identified the best snorkeling spots, and manned our dinghy to power us ashore for the two nights we didn't eat aboard.

He was a mite puzzled one evening when Chuck and Tom sang for him the

"Whiffin-Poof" song, but responded gamely with a local church hymn--equally puzzling.

Tom and I took turns steering under a "Bimini," a sun-shielding canvas cover over our cockpit, discussing such issues as particle physics, the theory of entropy, the national debt and, at one point, the heart-stopping dimensions of a blonde aboard an adjacent sloop--while Chuck plotted with Glenn the next snorkeling area.

As soon as we anchored--and we'd seldom stay long in one spot--Chuck would leap over the side with snorkel, mask and swimming fins to disappear for as long as an hour-and-a-half, returning with tales of exotic tropical fish, including barracudas, and vivid descriptions of colorful brain coral, fan coral and stag horn coral. After one long submersion, he joked he'd had an "underwater high."

I've four enduring, personal memories:

The first is of my fun-loving companions.

The second is our Captain's answer when we remarked on the slight haze hovering over distant islands--and said, "That's dust blown west from the Sahara."

The third is our visit to "The Baths" on Virgin Gorda, where granite boulders the size of a house litter the shore, after being coughed up by volcanic action a zillion years ago.

The fourth is of a midnight swim, floating on my back in warm, tranquil waters, studying constellations you can't see from Collington.

(See Tom Street's addendum on the next page)

What Bill Left Out

(from page 4)

Now back from further travels, Tom Street adds these notes:

Bill Simpich's report is accurate and elegant but it leaves out a striking facet of the expedition: the balletic grace that the supple bodies achieved as they lurched from one precarious perch to another while the beautiful vessel bucked the whitecapped waves against a 25 mile an hour gusting wind. Bill said: "Sailing is an uninterrupted series of controlled falls," and he gave us a graphic demonstration. He was in the galley concocting a tasty potion to tempt the jaded appetites of his boatmates when a particularly nasty lurch produced a noise of flying kitchenware. Our solicitous, sometimes overly so, captain asked me to check, and when I took a peek below in the salon, there was Bill lying peacefully on a banquette against the bulkhead. His eyes were wide open which I took to be a positive sign: so I reported to the captain that all was well. With that aforementioned balletic grace Bill had flipped over the dining table and landed upright on a padded couch, like any seasoned tar.

Did They Tell All?

WAMU Radio at American University is broadcasting a series of "millennium" programs, each reflecting the spirit of a decade. Having reach the 1940s, and looking for people who had lived in Washington during those days of enormous growth, News Director Kathy Merritt found Maude Cahill and Frances Kolarek, both native Washingtonians, both talkative. Kathy interviewed the two one afternoon and broadcast the results on August 14. Neither participant remembered to listen, but they are promised a tape of the program.

She Heeds Her Opportunities

A writer for New York's *Newsday* and also for the Annapolis *Capital* last June expressed his warm feelings in two articles for a trip he had taken to hear operas performed in Rome, Milan and Florence, a tour sponsored by Baltimore's public service radio station WJBC.

But he seemed even more impressed by some of the senior citizens who came along. As to the usual advice to elders about taking advantage of opportunities, he wrote, "Easy for them to say." Then he met, on the tour, our Phyllis Sternau, "a widow from New York's Upper West Side. She has survived cancer surgery. And she suffers from emphysema. Yet, there was was, at age 88, dressed beautifully, her face glowing as she made her way through the glittering crowd in Milan for a Verdi opera at La Scala."

She was the oldest but not the only octogenarian in a group of 42 men and women from the Baltimore-Washington area on the trip of 12 days. The writer, Saul Friedman, cited several others and added, "Travel is no longer the province of the young and the wealthy."

Our Phyllis is certainly proof of that. Among her many trips to Europe from Collington some have been opera tours, others more mundane like seeking out, at our request, the village of Collington in Western England, on one routine excursion. Now she is eagerly looking forward to her next trip. L.B.

Chocolate and ketchup are both vegetables, right?

New Coordinator of Nursing Services

By Anne Cadman-Walker

Her grandmother reached the age of 100 this year, but Collington's new Nursing Services Coordinator, Sandra Clatterbuck, won't promise us that, though she could have some useful clues.

It's a new title, reporting to Stacey



Sandra Clatterbuck

Guthrie, Health Services Administrator, succeeding the Director of Nursing post formerly held by Louis Blauvelt, retired. Ms. Clatterbuck admits to being kidded about her name, but shucks, we're used to unusual names around here. (Remember King Solomon?) She notes that Collington Health Care was recently rated as "good" by a state inspection committee, and she vows that "we shall continue with quality improvement." For instance, there is soon to be a registered nurse managing each of the floors of Creighton Center.

Ms. Clatterbuck holds RN degrees in Maryland and Virginia, a Master of Science degree from the University of Maryland with a minor in psychiatric nursing and more recently, certification as a

professional in Health Care Quality Assurances. "It's that last that I'm most proud of," she mentioned. Her career connections include Fox Chase Nursing Center in Silver Spring and consultant service in five other nursing facilities. She is a co-author of "An Ethical Framework for Nursing Administration," (1981)

Her grandmother, Kate Shupe, is featured in a dramatic photograph in the book "Mothers and Daughters" by Carol Salise. It shows Sandra's mother at age 86 working in a large Virginia potato patch. "Grandmother," says Sandra, lives in her own home and bosses us all around." Apparently to good effect.

Although she began her career "in business," she felt she could contribute more to people's lives if she were a nurse. Now on call from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily, she listens intently to exactly "what ARE our nursing assistance needs."

Collington

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How Dry We Are

With Maryland's Governor Glendening having put mandatory restrictions on water use into effect and our campus beginning to look like a stage set for "Grapes of Wrath," no one needs to be told that we're in a very bad drought. Even though it is not yet as severe as the ones in the 30s or the 60s, it is devastating for farmers and really bad for our landscape.

According to Pat Tracy, Collington's Groundskeeper, it is particularly hard on recent plantings and on those growing in inappropriate places, such as dogwoods in dull sun and red maples in dry areas. He and Ernest Proctor, his assistant, were watering new plantings twice a week, but now are limited to caring for stressed trees by filling the "tree gaiters," those green bags around the trunks. He believes we have not done too badly, though we have lost a pine tree near the 2000 cluster and a hemlock on the trail. The Euonymous above the retaining wall look as though something has



Betty Williams as piano-topping Helen Morgan.
(Philharmonic Follies)

been chewing them.

We turned off our well that pumps water into the lake after the mandatory restrictions were announced. Collington has sent a letter to the County asking for permission to turn the pump on again and asking for a larger allotment, since we are getting close to the limit on the current one. We got an inch of rain in mid-August, and some sprinkles later, though how much is yet to be determined.

T.S.

Trivial Pursuits Less Trivial Now

This time-honored Friday evening diversion, a relic of another era and a close relative of crossword puzzles as a low key test of random facts, has notably grown in participation lately, drawing an attendance of 23 at a recent session.

It is not so much of things that one learns, or has forgotten, but the snappy repartee and hilarity generated at the 7:30 to 8:30 weekly exercise.

Mary Ellen Hines took over as ringmaster when longtime honcho Irving Dow passed away a couple of years ago, but often she farms out the privilege of questioning to others. Some curious non-players come first to observe then mostly to stay on as players on one of the several teams. Two or three are fairly good at sports and entertainment questions, but mostly the group does best on history and geography.

Veteran players include Ruth Dow, Helen Beal, Dorothea Crook and Roy Blough. Ruth's daughter, Tish, who visits often, is a favorite questioner, as is a relatively new player, Maude Cahill, both quick on the snappy comeback.

Traveling by the Book

By Edward Behr

A few Collingtonians manage to travel to far parts of the world. Many more stay here at home. But the stay-at-homes can sample the charms of faraway places--and some not so far--right here in the Collington library.

Myriad foreign attractions can be found not just in standard travel guides but also in certain novels, histories, memoirs and picture books. You can get up and go without leaving your armchair.

One offbeat, highly personal list of favorites was offered recently by James Yenckel, a longtime travel writer for the Washington Post. Of his list of 12, four can be found in our library and two other books here are very close to his choices.

The four are: James Michener's *Hawaii* (Yenckel says "Let Michener be your guide--I can think of no other novel that serves this role so well"); John Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley*, his tale of a 34-state vagabond journey with his poodle; Michael Shaara's *The Killer Angels*, a prize-winning novel about the battle of Gettysburg and a fine guide to the battlefield; and Stephen Ambrose's *Undaunted Courage*, the best-ever account of the Lewis and Clark expedition ("compelling reading," says one resident.)

Two other books by authors on Yenckel's list are Mark Twain's *A Tramp Abroad*, a humorous account of his travels in Europe and Paul Theroux's *Riding the Iron Rooster--by Train through China*, billed as "a vital memoir full of people and talk."

But you can make your own list of favorites on the travel shelves. Here are some appealing candidates:

America Day by Day by the French

writer Simone de Beauvoir. She tells of a four-month trip to Hollywood, the Grand Canyon, New Orleans, Las Vegas and San Antonio. She immersed herself in local culture, customs, people and landscapes.

Blue Highways by the American-Indian William Least-Heat Moon. It recounts a 13,000-mile, 38-state auto trip from Maryland to California, with visits to bars, monasteries and much more. "A masterpiece," said one critic.

The four-volume American Seasons series by Edwin Way Teale, one of our greatest nature writers. The titles are *Journey into Summer*, *Autumn Across America*, *Wandering Through Winter* and *North with the Spring*.

Kon-Tiki by Thor Heyerdahl, his account of his incredible voyage across the Pacific by raft.

Iberia--Spanish Travels and Reflections by Michener. It's his only nonfiction book. One reader here, preferring it to his fiction, says it brims with "marvelous descriptions."

And the travel shelves offer many more armchair trips. Take your choice.



"The Chordettes" in "Mr. Sandman" 1950s Sock Hop. Elma Tidwell, Anna Dougherty, Jean Maxey, Becky Elefante
(Philharmonic Follies)

New Garden Plots Assured

By Glendy Pabst

"Wait and see!" Hilltop gardeners generally agreed that was the best policy, following a midsummer meeting with Judy Mutty, environmental services director and our point lady on this project, to discuss probable changes on the hilltop when proposed cottages are built there.

Space available for cultivation will be reduced to about one-third of the present spread, Ms. Mutty explained, but all current gardeners will retain the same size plots, if not the exact same location. Reduction will chiefly affect the area where public-spirited gardeners have raised vegetables for sale on the "Home-Groan" table.

Although not quite enthusiastic about the changes, most long-time tillers of the soil were "reconciled" by Judy's explanation. Olivia Miller, whose late husband worked on the garden project even before he moved to Collington, said she was "concerned, but understanding" after the meeting. Sophie Clagett, another veteran, said she was "satisfied" by the explanation, while Gertrude Mitchell felt most gardeners were "more comfortable" after assurance that individual gardens would not shrink. Art Longacre, who has contributed a large share of vegetables sold to residents, actually acknowledged that he might welcome a vacation from his labor.

Peter Heinze, chairman of the garden committee and probably hardest of its workers, says that he accepts the changes, but points out the enormous effort and expense contributed by gardeners who have transformed intractable hard clay into rich soil. Others confess a few doubts. Aline Grayson is especially concerned about plans to replace the present

towering chain-link fence with "something more scenic." She doubts that a scenic wooden fence can be sunk deep enough to keep out ground-hogs or raised high enough to discourage deer.

Easton Pool and Karl Wirth voice similar negatives about the fence. Easton also cites limited parking space and inadequate room for a compost pile. He fears that shade trees planned to screen the gardens will also cast shade on the crops.

Most other gardeners agreed to the wait-and-see approach. Even Judy Mutty says she's waiting. She points out that nothing is truly definite until financing for the changes is confirmed.

The Bridges of P.G. County

Sharp-eared Collington residents (and maybe hard-of-hearing people too) have recently heard serious construction noises just east of our property and there is good reason why: the one-lane bridge on Lottsford Vista Road has been converted to two lanes in order to speed traffic.

This change is the second of its kind in our neighborhood. Several years ago, not long after Collington's opening, a similar one-laner was replaced by a much bigger bridge where Lottsford Road crosses the Western Branch of the Patuxent River.

That leaves just one nearby place where a two-lane road shrinks to a one-lane bridge. This happens roughly half a mile north of the Collington property, where Ardwick-Ardmore Road crosses a stream feeding the Western Branch.

Perhaps that one-laner, too, will yield to progress before many more years pass.

E.B.

Unsung Heroes

by Margaret Werts

One would be Karl Wirth, but for fairness we would have to keep adding verses. Lately, there is the new box in Administration for us to drop our monthly fees in. The venerable old cardboard one with the slot in the top got a blistering from a resident one day who said it was "crummy," or something. Gertrude Mitchell was volunteering on the desk that day and passed the word along to office authorities and almost like magic, a new wooden box appeared. But no slot in the top, so Karl fixed that. Now, with brass fittings, etc. it is "no more crummy."

The next thing we may be hearing about from Karl is the "oven pull" he has invented for blister control among our residents who like to cook. He'll have it on sale at the bazaar in November.

Which brings up some of the other things our "unsung heroes" have done for us which may be unknown to our new neighbors: Like that frame holding the quilt behind the Security Desk and the memorial board announcing services and displaying obituaries. And all those hardwood boxes holding things like results of surveys, donations, work orders, etc., that for years were on Priscilla's desk in the Clocktower, now mostly in the new Business Center.

On a larger scale is the float attached to the pier in Collington Lake which is used for boarding canoes and dinghies and/or launching of model Skipjacks. Also at the lake is a structure built to house water and air controls for aerating lake water.

The Woodshop also built the steps leading up to the auditorium stage from the floor and the lap counters at the shallow end of the swimming pool. Over the years, residents have donated many handsome pieces of furniture, including some valuable antiques. The Woodshop has made the necessary repairs to those pieces, including the Grandfathers clock in the Clocktower and one on the landing leading to the first level.

The Woodshop also built a recreation area at the request of the Creighton Center which provides space for TV and entertainment activities.

These are projects carried out mainly at the request of the administration, but Woodshop members devote most of their time doing jobs for the residents. They repair furniture, including clocks and lamps. Those who do the work submit a statement giving the cost of any materials purchased and the number of hours spent on the job. This enables the resident to figure a fair price, for which amount he writes a check to the Residents Association with a notation that it is for the Woodshop.

These funds are used for the purchase of woodworking supplies and equipment and for partial support of the residents association. Current Woodshop chairman is Bill Burleigh.

Our Prince George's County was home to the first art exhibit in the United States and the site of the nation's first performance of an opera with an orchestra. The Prince George's Philharmonic, an 85-piece symphony orchestra, has performed for thirty years.

Portrait of a Peacemaker

By Kay Swift

Surely you have noticed and felt a sense of pride at the portrait of one of our residents and founding fathers, James Gholson, now hanging in the hallway opposite the auditorium. It is a tribute for his achievements as educator-leader in Prince George's County, from 1950-1969.

It was presented to him in the Show Place Arena in Upper Marlboro June 1 by alumni of Fairmont Heights Junior-Senior High School where he served as principal for almost 20 years. It was accompanied by a fitting tribute to his career there.

The portrait will be returned to hang in a prominent place at the school. But his career then grew to wide recognition. From 1969 to 1972, during a period of student unrest and rebellion in high schools, he was given the job as Administrative Assistant in the county's secondary schools to bring peace to the schools through personal mediation. Later he was responsible for developing a process for evaluating all of the supervising and administrative personnel in the county school system.

When the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 1972 filed suit to desegregate the school system, Gholson was assigned the responsibility for developing a plan for its implementation. In two weeks he produced one which Newsweek magazine hailed as a model for peaceful desegregation. The next year he was appointed Assistant Superintendent for administering the county's 75 northern area schools, the first black assistant superintendent. After retirement he became one of the founders of Collington.

Plan Ahead

The annual Fellowship Fund banquet, set for October 22, takes on a different dimension this year. Besides the always special, always delicious menu, superb entertainment and the gala, dress-up evening, it is suggested that this year we use it as our occasion to welcome in the year 2000 "while we are all dressed up with no place else to go.:"

Barry Smale, Collington's director of development, reports that he and his wife have phoned every nightspot in a three-county area trying to reserve a table for New Year's eve. All booked up, since last year.

More about the Fellowship Fund dinner program in our next issue, October 1.

In the July edition of "The Safety Net (To catch you if you fall)," Smale called the 1999 Fun-da-Thon "a low key affair" which nevertheless brought in a record \$20,000. More details of the event were told in that report distributed to residents.

Ahoy There, Jim!

The naval architects among us may outnumber the lawyers, but probably not. Anyway, James Robertson, now in apartment 145 with Mary Ruth, knew Bob Browning long ago via mutual Coast Guard connections. Then, sailors George and Laretta Dankers with Jim and Mary Ruth summered in neighboring cottages near the mouth of the Potomac some years back. Jim exercises in his apartment corridor most mornings, says people tell him he is much better but he feels worse. Full speed ahead, Jim.

The Wicked Flea



At the June meeting of the Residents Association, Mary Olmsted was elected to Collington's executive board to succeed retiring Katherine Kendall. The board includes three Collington residents, elected for 2-year terms. She assumes office in October.

At the June birthday party, Executive Director Gail Kohn recognized eight staff members for having finished high school studies. At that event, floral decorations were from a plot created by Faith Jackson and Art Longacre. Lovely floral cards, too, by Yetta Weisz.

The main reason we that we don't publish this journal in July and August is that we don't like to honor Roman dictators.

Earlier this summer our Environmental Service folks spotted a killdeer nest in the greensward next to our "Broadway" and erected protective barriers.

Suggestions for the dining room: Install computers at those 8-place tables so diners may communicate with one another across the table by e-mail.

For the Monday afternoon education video on July 19 maestro Franklin Newhall screened a film about construction of the Grand Coulee Dam as a "tiny

memorial to the late Erwin Hannum" who was associated with the dam administration for many years.

Recently, two Collington residents, Roy Battles and Layne Beaty, were interviewed for an hour on videotape about their salad-days careers in broadcasting programs for farmers and ranchers. It was at the request of the state-of-the-art National Agricultural Library, that 14-story building at Beltsville near the beltway.

Small world department: Tom Street, yielding to his yen for the famous Maine lobster, played hooky from an Elderhostel in August long enough to drive 60 miles to a lobster emporium in New Harbor. There he heard his name called out, recognized by our own Faith Jackson and Art Longacre, also lobster fans, in Maine on other business. It was one chance in 10 million, Tom thinks.

Fellow scribe Ed Behr, trained as a journalist to look carefully at things, mentions that the sign identifying the University of Maryland Experimental Farm on the road to Upper Marlboro, now is missing the word "tobacco." The farm's former tobacco plantings have given way to field of grains and grasses, he reports.

Our Bill Simpich wants to know why some people will order a double cheese burger, large fries and a Diet Coke.
