

The

# Collingtonian

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## Governor, Bishop Honor Our Anniversary

By Layne Beaty

With noted speakers, heraldic fanfare, symphonic music, champagne, ice sculptures, model boat regatta the culmination of our decennial observance on Saturday, September 26, more than lived up to its advance billing.

Collington Board of Directors President June Vartoukian presided over the tent-protected lake-side ceremonies. She introduced three specially selected speakers for the occasion: The Right Reverend Ronald Haines, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington; Maryland's Governor Parris Glendening; and Howard Stone, chief administrative officer of Prince George's County, and a six-year member of Collington's board of directors,

representing County Executive Wayne Curry, who suffered a conflict of important dates that day.

The governor spoke out in opposition to current legislative actions proposing elimination of heating bill support for elders in need and against privatization

of portions of the Social Security program. He won applause for his report on expansion of educational facilities under way in Maryland.

In a presentation of a Governor's Citation to Collington on this anniversary, Glendening referred to Collington as "The Crown Jewel of Senior Living in Maryland."

During his talk he praised our Executive Director Gail Kohn and the continuing strength she gives to our community. He also singled out several members of the audience (two of them: James Gholson and Elizabeth Leitch) referring to past work together and efforts on behalf of getting Collington up and going.

Bishop Haines spoke fondly of his decade of association with the Collington effort with praise to Mrs. Kohn and her associates.

With more symphonic music provided by a group of seven from the Prince George's Philharmonic, the assembly



Governor behind lectern and ice sculpture

went from the handsome ice carving and florally adorned dais to the refreshment stands and on to seats at lakeside for the three-race regatta.

It pitted Collington model Skipjack builders against Solomon's Island Boat Club from which encounters Charles Trammell III, son of Collington's "Commodore" Trammell, emerged as first place winner of the first and third races. Tom Younger of Solomon's Island won the second race.

## Doyen Klein Remembers

At a special wine and cheese happening in our patio area, Collingtonians were introduced to the new book, "Then and Now" of Collington's a-borning to the handsome, husky ten-year old it is now and to a very interesting exhibit of photos of leaders and of different stages of work along the way. The book was written and produced by our fellow scribe and mentor Frances Kolarek, and introduced by Executive Director Gail Kohn.

At the ceremony Residents Association president Doyen Klein offered these explanations of how Collington came about:

"Humans are the only members of the animal kingdom that don't go off and die at the end of their reproductive years, so said Monsignor Charles Fahey. For many, their productive years go on for many more years. It certainly is so for those who participated in the founding of Collington.

Bishop Creighton took an early interest in the welfare of his aging flock.

Seton Belt gave money to the Diocese

of Washington for the elderly. Some of these funds were used to get Collington started.

Homer Gudelsky gave 128 acres to the diocese for the development of a life care community.

Bishop John Walker took action to see that the dream of a retirement community was transformed into action..

These were the leaders who made possible the development of Collington. Next came those who transformed their dreams into reality.

John Evans was Bishop Walker's representative who became a leader on the Collington board.

Harry Smith, Larry Harris and Tom Andrews were major contributors to board action during the formative years. I particularly remember Harry Smith with his station wagon, showing me the bulldozers at work.

Malcolm Wall and Jim Gholson not only were active members of this group, but were so impressed with their work that they became residents. Malcolm was our first president of the Residents Association. Both continue to contribute to our welfare here.

Gail Kohn, with vision, energy and leadership, brought us to where we are today. We now occupy a position of pre-eminence among today's retirement communities.

Of our original 210 residents, we still have 106. These are joined by seven of our original staff and all of those of us who have come here since 1988 to continue to work under the leadership of our current board of directors and Gail Kohn as we begin our second decade of operation. May it be as successful as our first has been!"

## “Never Forget, You Are a Pitt”

Such was the typical advice that Claudius Nero Pitts, son of former slaves, drilled into his children as they grew up.

He never forgot it, either, as he scrounged out an education, carved a successful career for himself and launched-



his daughters on their own.

One daughter, our own Fannie Jeffrey, drew a standing ovation from a capacity audience September 18 with her eloquent account of “A Black Woman’s Life in 20th Century USA,” one of the “Know Your Neighbor” lecture series.

Born in Tuskegee, Ala., Fannie told of their early move to Denver where the family was made to feel welcome, then to a hostile environment at college and graduate school in Greeley.

Her career took her first to teaching in Enid, Okla., then to work in the South as field secretary to the women’s auxiliary of the National Episcopal Church, and to Ghana heading a team of trainers in a project setting a pattern for the Peace Corps.

She had many years as an official of the YWCA in the U.S. and Africa. In Uganda she met and married Newman Jeffrey, then director of the U.S. Agency for International Development there. It was an interracial marriage which met with some disfavor in the diplomatic ranks there before they transferred to a more congenial directorial post in Sierra Leone.

Back in the U.S. Fannie worked for years with the YwCA until the Jeffreys moved to Collington in 1991. She continues regular volunteer duties at the Na-

tional Episcopal Cathedral in Washington. Newman Jeffrey passed away here in November 1993. L.B.

## The Genie of the Fabulous Machine

By Tom Street

Our just promoted Director of Resources and Chief Financial Officer is well and appreciatively known to the computer hacking community as the one to call when the blankety blank blank, aka beloved, computer in the library decides it has taken all the insults it can handle from some of the fumble-fingered klutzes, yours truly specifically not excepted, and calls it quits. When the other computer mavens, Jim Reilly and Al Folop, are importuned for diagnosis and cure and are either unavailable or stumped, the call goes out to Debbie Monroe to provide advice and counsel. And she does, when she can, cheerfully and non-judgmentally, and the problem disappears.

Usually, that is. Sometimes if the glitch is of monumental proportions requiring major surgery, she does that, too, even when it means a couple of hours’ extra work installing a new A-drive, or even more daunting, they tell me, a new hard drive.

As if this were not enough to cause her name to be enshrined among the immortals, she has the further distinction of being a native of Prince George’s county, a daughter of natives of Prince George’s county, and a granddaughter of a native of Prince George’s county on her father’s side. How indigenous can you get without being on a reservation? Furthermore, the word is out that she was a star athlete in her student days. Way to go, Debbie, crunch those numbers right through that line!

# Forty Years On

By Tom Street

Two years ago we interviewed Jim Gholson prior to his moving to Collington and got an eye—opener into his key role in the critical days of court—ordered school desegregation in Prince George's County. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the architect, coordinator and director of the change—over, acting Directly for the Superintendent of Schools. It was a desperate time. Emotions ran rampant with threats and risk of major disorder. By advance planning and consultation and willingness to hear everyone's views Jim managed it smoothly so that there was no disruption of school programs or student unrest. Now that the court order has been rescinded we thought it opportune to sound out his current thinling.

'~Well," he says, "of course everything has changed. Prince George's is not the same county as it was then. The land, the people, everything has changed. We did what was necessary at that time to meet the challenge. Busing was the tool that we used and you don't use the same tool to meet a situation that is different. Our graduates of that time are testimony to the wisdom of our efforts."

"Is education better as a result? It's hard to say. The kids that lived through the change are gone. The real question is: is it the best we can do? And the answer is 'no.'"

Once the changeover had been accomplished, the school board divided the county into three districts. Jim had charge of the northern one. He established three principles: 1. All individuals are entitled to dignity and respect; 2. all students have equal access to the resources of the county; 3. the education process must be carried on in a safe and

nourishing environment. He believes in "inviting" kids to learn. The learning environment should be one into which kids come with joy in the creative process in art and the humanities, not just mathematics and hard sciences.

So to him the answer to the question of "integration" is that it has to happen within the individual. The end product of education is a fully integrated individual. Achieving integration is a continuing process for all of us. It has a religious connotation, the excitement of learning.

For anyone who is feeling a bit jaded we can recommend no more stimulating and rejuvenating charge than a brief session with this vibrant 86-year old.

## Teleconferencing

When Rita and Leland Austin decided to move to Collington from their Houston, Texas home, they called Ann Hammond, Collington's admissions supervisor, and said: "We'd like to move into one of your apartments. What do we do?" Ann suggested they drop by for an interview. "Well," the Austins said, "we just got back to Houston from a visit with our daughter and a look at your lovely place. We hadn't planned another trip up there until moving day."

Ann explained Collington's requirement for a personal interview (called a psycho-social evaluation) to establish prospective residents' acuity and ability to live independently. What to do?

Teleconferencing was the answer. The Austins both went to a branch of Kinko's in Houston. Collington's social worker Maribeth Walsh and RN Regina Jefferson went to a Kinko's branch in Annapolis, and, courtesy of today's high technology, the interview went off without a hitch, all four parties talking via television.

Result: Rita and Leland Austin are happily settled in apartment 245. F.K.

# Through a Glass, Lightly

By Glendy Pabst

To you or to me, a glass is usually just an object for transporting liquid to our lips. To Jessie Moser Ward, it holds much more than liquid. Old or new, large or small, a glass is always a container of history.

This recent newcomer to Collington can readily prove her point. She is, in fact, surrounded by proof: she brought a long about 1,500 diverse items of glassware retained from a much larger collection, which previously overflowed an eight-room house in College Park.

With special shelving, some of it rising to the ceiling, Jessie has squeezed the contents of 23 barrels and 63 boxes into her one-bedroom apartment.

Drinking glasses are, however, only a small part of Jessie's sparkling display. When the sun shines into apartment 101, the shelves are literally dazzling. American "art glass," her specialty, includes objects which are primarily decorative, she explains, although they may also be useful. Candlesticks, lamp shades, lamp bases, bowls, plates, even toothpick holders are ranged on the multiple shelves of a collection which has been dubbed "outstanding" by other collectors.

Every noted manufacturer since about 1800 is represented, but her favorite is Houze glass, made in Point Marion, Pa., near Jessie's birthplace. This family tie sparked the special interest which led to

Jessie's 1995 article in "The Glass Collectors' Digest," followed by an exhibit at the National Geographic, and which will eventually result in a book to be titled: "Who's Houze?"

Jessie maintains that until 1960 she was "just a normal housewife," busy raising her family after a career as administrative assistant in the Post Office Department. Then her sister-in-law gave her a pair of antique Victorian goblets. Naturally enough, Jessie wanted a few

more so she could set a full family dinner table. But by the time she found them, she was hooked on a hobby.

A natural scholar, Jessie began to study glass via the public library. By 1974, she was lecturing on the subject. Her late husband Chester, an engineer, "tolerated" her expanding hobby at least enough to build shelves for it.

But he had never encouraged her to seek a degree at his nearby alma mater. She did that on her own, even though it took 29 years.

In 1986, ten days before her long-awaited degree ceremony at the University of Maryland, Jessie fell off a bicycle, but undaunted, she borrowed an electric cart and "scooted" to graduation.

Even before her full accreditation as a professional art historian, Jessie had led "glass study tours" for the Smithsonian Associates. Some of her vast store of academic and practical knowledge will be transmitted in a forthcoming lecture program at Collington. (continued on p. 6)



Sponsored by Prince George's Community College, as a part of a new "Sunday matinee" series, the twelve-class program will begin October 18 and conclude on January 24, 1999, with a holiday break between the two six-class lessons.

After that? Will she enlarge her collection? Jessie says no, emphatically. "Where would I put more?" At the same time, she does admit that it's hard to kick a good habit.

## Summer's Imprint

By Edward Behr

Our long hot summer has gone but has left its mark on the Collington landscape.

As we can hardly avoid noticing, this year's June-to-September siege of heat and drought turned some trees and shrubs yellow or brown well before their time. Experience suggests that a few may not survive.

Among trees, the possible casualty list stretches from 50-foot tulips around the perimeter to five-foot dogwoods near the lakeside and elsewhere. Maples--red, silver and Norway--growing in full sun lost some leaves early. One was stripped bare by the start of September. (Red maples, in particular, prefer to have wet feet.) By early September river birches on the lake shore were shedding heavily. Small sycamores (or plane trees) in some parking areas did likewise. Some cherry trees showed strains as early as August.

As for shrubbery, the kinds that prefer partial shade and lots of water have been extra-vulnerable. Some small azaleas and rhododendrons growing in full sun near the lake have turned brown. Elsewhere, some forsythias short of water have been drooping in displeasure.

And in some individual gardens, the weather has taken an added toll. In one herb plot not faithfully watered, a lavender and a dill plant succumbed in early August, and some chives and golden yarrow turned part-brown or even black.

Seeking a solution, Judy Mutty, director of environmental services, said in mid-September: "I want everyone out in front of their cottages doing a rain dance." But short of that, other steps are being taken. For many endangered small trees and shrubs, a rescue operation began at the start of September, with drip irrigation installed to feed them a steady diet of the water they crave during the drought.

That's not all. The Brickman company that mows our lawns has taken over watering of the flower beds in the courtyard and at the clock-tower and security entrances to the Creighton Center and the results are plain to see. Impatiens and purple salvia, among other plants, have been blooming as brightly as ever.

Concerned residents have done their part as well. In some clusters they have turned their hoses and sprinklers on thirsty trees and shrubs, with visible effects. Even newly planted azaleas have done well despite the drought. And individual flower gardens that have been well-watered have been thriving. Among these, two standouts have been the apartment-house gardens of Ildene Filer and of the Willings.

Even without special care some trees have seemed to flourish despite the weather. Deep-rooted oaks show little or no sign of strain. Many white pines around the perimeter have kept on growing to new heights. And the always-reliable Bradford pears look as full and green as ever. And with a fair share of rain this fall, many of the summer casualties should make a comeback.

# A Voice for Calm

By Kay Swift

Three Mile Island! Who can forget the initial terror that gripped us on hearing of the accident in the nuclear power plant there? It occurred on March 28, 1979. Rumor was rife; fear was everywhere. But soon voices of authority attempted to allay the fears. One of the voices was none other than our own Dick Hartfield's.

For the next twelve months Dick spent almost full time concerned with the investigation into the causes and effects of the Three Mile Island affair. He was put in charge of information services for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's 80-person Special Inquiry Group, which produced a 2-volume, 4-part tome on the subject. Conclusion: There was no simple root cause of the accident and more importantly the accident did not hurt anybody on or off the plant site: there were enough built-in layers of protection to ensure public health and safety.

Dick regrets that this event reinforced a public bias against nuclear power plants which he feels are less damaging to the environment than coal- or oil-fueled sources of electric power. But he notes that the overall demand for power is no longer skyrocketing. Now we are not making all of our own steel but buying most of it from abroad, so there is a slowing in the national need for electric power.

Dick spent most of his career on nuclear power. He graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York in 1953 with a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering. His first job was with Al

lis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. in Milwaukee which, among other things, produced generators for power plants. In 1962 he started up a nuclear power plant near Minneapolis where he trained personnel and was in charge of operations. By this time he was married with two daughters and one more to come. He joined the Atomic Energy Commission in 1963 and spent the next ten years on the nuclear rocket program with NASA, trying to put a man on Mars. When Congress split the AEC in 1974 he moved to the new Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

After his wife's death in 1982 Dick met Ken Muldoon's daughter Ro-Anne (really Rosalie Anne), and the romance took off. When they married he acquired three more children (and a total 10 grandchildren). They moved to Collington after an accident limited Dick to a motorized wheelchair. Now he works on volunteer projects as Ro-Anne continues her work with the American Nurses Association.

## On the Level?

Our croquet court slants on a slope,  
So visiting teams cannot cope.  
They swing and they flail,  
But our teams prevail  
With mallets aforethought, we hope.

Our lake, though, is stubbornly flat.  
(You already smell a muskrat?)  
Yes; maybe we otta,  
For next year's regatta,  
Just up-end the lake, and that's that.

RWVW



# I Remember Mummy

When audiences admire the handsome stage settings and ingenious props that the Collington Players present for their productions, they get little opportunity to reflect on how the magic is created. A recent particular case in point is the stunning representation of an Egyptian sarcophagus featured in the final scene of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," presented September 5.

When the players decided to do this scene last June they searched high and low for the beautifully painted wooden sarcophagus they had used when they did the whole play a number of years ago. Karl Wirth had made that one, and it was a thing of beauty, with a door out the back so that the slithering siren, Marian Willing, could ease out between two screens and rest at leisure until the curtain call, after the sarcophagus, apparently with her in it, had been carried off.

But all searching was unavailing. What to do? With very little time to figure that out after she got back from vacation, director Marcia Behr happened to spot two very large cardboard cartons on the loading dock. She figured that if they were attached to each other they would make a space high enough to hide the current siren, Dorothy Mayer. With the help of Priscilla Atkinson's marvelous pack-

aging tape, she constructed a space into which Dorothy could fit without suffocating. But how to make it look Egyptian? The cast was bandying this problem about at rehearsal when Martha Blakeslee overheard them and volunteered to paint an Egyptian queen to decorate it.



Martha Blakeslee with her restoration.

Using as a model a small painted box that Cynthia Parker loaned her, she created the gorgeous young Egyptian woman that appeared in the play and is shown in the picture here, complete with hieroglyphics and representations of gods and guardians that she would need on her voyage to the next world.

Also presented that evening by the Drama Committee were a scene from "Driving Miss Daily," directed by Marcia Behr, and one from "On Golden Pond" directed by Cynthia Parker.

T.S.

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# A High Adventure

By Judy Kidney

What's 90 feet tall, built in Ann Arbor, Michigan by a British-owned company, cost \$35,000, is 105,000 cubic feet, and weighs 7,500 pounds with a basket, four passengers, and confined air weighing 6,000 pounds?

You've guessed it: a hot-air balloon--with passengers Bill Simpich, Art Longacre, Judy Kidney and pilot Randy Danneman of "Fantasy Flights."

It started in a meeting attended by both Bill and me, not about balloons. But in between agenda items Bill remarked, "I've always wanted to take a hot-air balloon ride" and, without really thinking deeply about it, I said, "Oh, so have I!"

So Bill went ahead with some research. Art heard about this and asked if he could join us. Bill, with Judy Mutty's help, found a possible operator. We learned that three passengers were possible. Next question: When could we do it?

Bill checked every week with the operator who informed us whether the weather appeared OK for the next morning. It never seemed to be, alas. But finally everything was set. We were to arrive at a field near Urbana, Maryland (just south of Frederick) at 6:00 a.m., an hour when the wind is most favorable.

We left Collington at 4:45 a.m. arriving at the field in time to watch the crew (all girls and women volunteers) attach the basket to the balloon and start the propane gas to inflate the big, gaily colored mass of material lying flat on the grass. Actually, there were two balloons--we saw the other one, nearby, rise first.

What a beautiful sight! A bit later, Art and Bill hoisted me into our balloon, climbed in with the pilot and slowly, slowly we began to rise.

Gently we rose. All the motions were gentle. I couldn't discern much air movement, but it was obviously occurring as we drifted gently over the landscape.

You can't easily control a balloon's lateral direction. You have no choice but to go with the wind. The only way to change course is to rise or dip and search for wind from a different quarter.

The sky was a blue blue, dappled with an occasional white cloud. The earth below us was a beautiful patchwork quilt of various tones of green punctuated now and then by a tan field. At one point, we were so low that Bill plucked off the top of a cornstalk. Then a blast of propane sent us soaring again.

Our balloon drifted northeast from Urbana for 4.2 miles at six miles an hour with our maximum altitude about 500 feet. Looking down, we saw two startled white-tail deer race across a meadow and heard dogs bark belligerently as we ghosted by.

After an hour's cruise, we landed very gently in the parking lot of a Baptist Church--although the pilot warned us at the start that our landing might be bumpy (we all wore helmets).

Then we had a "champagne breakfast," which I understand is a customary conclusion to a hot-air balloon ride: doughnuts and munchies, soft drinks and champagne. Not at the church, however.

One word best describes our total experience and that's "serene." All was peaceful, beautiful, quiet, even close to heaven!

I want to go again!

## Read Any Good Books Lately? Why Not?

Most prospective residents consider a good library a "must" in a retirement community. Collington's 4,000-volume collection in an attractive setting is a marketer's dream. A completely volunteer effort from the start, its functions depend entirely on the 16 members of the Library Committee.

Anna Dougherty, who played a leading role in putting the library together from books contributed by future residents, and served as Librarian for ten years, retired in March.

Judy Street and Elisabeth Martin assumed joint responsibility for the chairmanship of the committee. They enjoy the cooperation of many members of long standing and some new recruits--Urmila Devgon, Faith Jackson, Bob Kramer, Bob McCarthy and Glendy Pabst.

Committee members do everything. They put books back on the shelves, make new purchases with funds appropriated by the Residents Association, and sort books contributed by residents, deciding what to keep and what to pass along.

Because space is so scarce, a new book added to the shelves usually means an older book has to go. Criteria for choosing books from among the generous contributions from residents are undergoing re-examination, as are methods of buying new ones. Books rejected for use in Collington's library are given to the Prince George's county library system through the good offices of Georgia Paine.

Some recent changes in the magazine reading room have created enough floor space so that low-vision residents can use the Xerox-Kurzweil reader in peace

and quiet. Clear plastic racks mounted on the walls have replaced the old table racks and offer a decorative effect.

A new feature is a display shelf on the table in the reference room spotlighting items of special interest. On display at the moment is a book by new resident Faith Jackson about Florida landscape architecture.

Steps are afoot to help label stacks and shelves more clearly, helping readers more readily find specific areas of interest.

And a more efficient check out-check in system is being considered, as well as a reminder column in the weekly Courier about overdue books.

The chairmen are amenable to suggestions from residents, or you may pass your thoughts along to any committee member: Marcia and Edward Behr, Dorothy Brickhouse, Ruth Glennan, Eleanor Hocker, Bertha Mutziger, Connie Schnaubelt, Margaret Werts and Betty Vanderslice, or one of the new members named in paragraph three.

F.K.

## It's a Gala Time

Along with everything else that is spiffed up for the 10th Anniversary, our exhibit areas are making a brave show. The Courtyard gallery cases are filled with photographs of icons of Collington's beginnings, from bishops to less exalted strivers for the cause. A stretch of the east hallway is lined with interesting scenes of our aborning.

The west gallery beside the auditorium is bright with paintings by Maria Colvin, water colors, pastels, pen and ink. They represent examples of her work over a period of years and over many subjects and places and people, animals, landscapes from Austria to here. T.S.

# The Summer of '88

By Margaret Werts

When I arrived at Collington in July, 1988, I looked around and wondered how any of us had the nerve to move in. Imagine Collington completely unadorned, with no planting, no grass, nothing but dirt and straw. It looked like an abandoned Army post waiting to be torn down. The redeeming feature was the spirit of the inhabitants, with the exception of a few vociferous complainers, whom one could hardly blame.

We were cheered up occasionally by putting on a buffet luncheon in the Scooter Park or along one of the walkways. The head of personnel was a nice young man, name now long-forgotten, who made the world's greatest crab dip.

One evening around eight o'clock, Betty Clark came by to see if I would like to go for a walk. We decided to investigate the unfinished Creighton Center, although it had been declared out of bounds for safety reasons. When we got there, we met up with a staff tour being conducted by Gail Kohn. Instead of being chastised, we were invited to join. It was dark by the time we finished. I had only a vague idea of how to get home, but Betty pointed me in the right direction and I made it.

On another occasion, my kitchen floor became inundated with water. Since the repair men couldn't find the source, they turned off the water and gave me the keys to the empty cottage next door, so that I would have access to a bathroom. This didn't appeal, so I arranged to spend the night with Betty. I then noticed that my kitchen was becoming inundated again, thus indicating that the water must be coming from next door. It was then discovered that the hot water tank

next door was leaking. My water was turned on, the water next door was turned off; and there was no need for me to vacate.

Cottage 3116 became the country store, where we could buy a few groceries such as milk and eggs, and cottage 1001 became the location of occasional festive meals. The catering service was operating, and Francesca Steere and I had a very nice luncheon for a mutual friend who was visiting in Washington. The entire 1000 cluster became the administration headquarters and the location of the temporary mailboxes. Fellow resident Al Folop delivered the morning paper, and other volunteers distributed the mail. On one occasion, the staff invited the residents to partake of drinks and hors d'oeuvres--each cottage serving its own specialty. The gentleman of the crab dip was the most popular. Shelby Austin, who was then in charge of environmental services, said it was like trick or treat as we progressed from cottage to cottage, sampling goodies.

Being pioneers was rather fun, particularly since we paid a greatly reduced monthly fee. However, we heaved a collective sigh of relief when the dining room opened and we could stop cooking, and prospective apartment dwellers, who had been camping out in vacant cottages, could settle in.

## Editor's Note

As we all know, everything happens at once. So it was with the important ceremonies and galas of last week coinciding with our deadlines. Actually, we went into a time warp in order to manage some coverage, not, however, with the photos we would like. You will see many of those scenes eventually.

## Well, How About That?

“The Life and Death of Scotland Beach Hotel” is the title of a piece in this past summer’s issue of the Potomac Review, and it may be found in our library. It’s by our new resident Faith Jackson, who has written other goodies, and will, indeed, be heard from again in this journal.



Bureau of Missing Socks? How can there be 21 matchless, bereft single socks in one drawer? Their errant mates must be somewhere. Is there a “sock monster” afoot in our mechanized home laundry milieu? It’s a mystery to try men’s soles.



Kay Swift reminds us that the Opportunities Outlet will accept all items of clothing no matter how torn up. (But not our socks). Things beyond repair can be recycled as rags. Even a torn plastic raincoat or a broken chair or pottery can have use for someone. Don’t throw it out, she says. Throw it to the OpShop.

Kay also notes that glossy covers can be torn from publications and the softer paper inside recycled.



A recent issue of Harvard magazine takes autobiographical note of two of our fellow residents. It mentions Bob Willing (Class of ‘39) and his part in the WWII Normandy landing, his gov’t career and his marriages, the second one to Marion. His comments: I have a rose garden, a dog and arrange trips to Kennedy center concerts.” Now those latter duties have been taken over by Grace Langley. The mag also reports that Chris

Bever (class of ‘40) was surprised when the University Club of Washington named him “Athlete of the Month” in May. No athlete, but he does swim regularly.



Fellow resident Elliot Richardson, former attorney general of the United States, who knows a thing or two about impeachment proceedings, etc., authored an op ed piece for the NY Times, Sept. 18 in which he advocated that the Congress consider censure rather than impeachment for President Clinton in the current consideration of the Starr report. He questioned that removal of the President from office would be in the national interest. Subsequently, he appeared on several TV talk shows.



It’s not a Skipjack, it’s a “Patmobile.” “Commodore” Charley Trammell kept borrowing wife Pat’s scooter so Charles III, also a boat builder, devised and built this trailer for his mother, Pat.