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He Could Outrun Jesse Owens

Collington Resident Won a Medal at the 1936 Olympics

by George Newman

The 1936 Berlin Olympics are justly famous for the four gold medals won by Jesse Owens, the African-American sprinter whose performance gave the lie to Adolf Hitler's theory of a Nordic master race. But Owens was not the only African-American to win a medal in Berlin. As Collington celebrates Black History Month, it's fitting to note that one of Owens's teammates, Frederick Douglass Pollard Jr., spent the last years of his life in our Creighton Center.



Fritz Pollard Jr. at about the time he came to Collington.

Pollard, who was known as Fritz, was fully Owens's equal, said Pollard's son, Fritz Pollard III, who lives in Germantown, Md., "My father said he used to beat Jesse in the 100 [meter sprint] but he thought the 100 was boring," the son said in an interview. "He really liked the hurdles."

In Berlin, Fritz Pollard Jr. was cruising to victory in the 110-meter hurdles when he tripped

on the next-to-last hurdle. He recovered to finish third, two tenths of a second behind the winner, and garnered a bronze. Two years earlier he had equaled the world record for the 45-yard high hurdles while a student at Brown University. He later transferred to the University of North Dakota, where he starred in football and boxing as well as track.

After service in World War II, Pollard worked with the Commission on Youth Welfare in Chicago.

President Kennedy then appointed him to a State Department position organizing foreign visits by American athletes. Later he became head of the State Department's Equal Opportunity Office and eventually served as the department's liaison to American-funded overseas schools.

He came to Collington in 1997, admitted

directly to the Creighton Center because he was already suffering from dementia. His death in 2003, at a D.C. hospice, was attributed to Alzheimer's.

Despite his dementia, he retained an outgoing personality, according to an article in the September 1997 Collingtonian. And the New York Times, reporting in 1999 on a reunion of American Olympians at the U.S. Capitol, noted that Pollard described "how it felt to be a black man confronting Adolf Hitler at Berlin's 1936 games." Earlier, Pollard had been a guest of honor at the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta.

In helping make racial history in 1936, Pollard was carrying on something of a family tradition. Fifteen years earlier, his father had become the first black coach in professional football. Fritz Pollard Sr., an All-American halfback at Brown, played for and later coached the Akron Pros in the American Professional Football Association, precursor of the National Football League. In 1926, however, the NFL expelled its black players, and Pollard Sr. led in establishing all-black teams. The Depression ended that venture, but the elder Pollard became a successful businessman and lifelong advocate for African-Americans in sports.

Brown awarded Pollard Sr. an honorary degree in 1988, and in 2005 he was admitted posthumously to the NFL Hall of Fame. The Fritz Pollard Alliance, named for him, lobbies for diversity among NFL coaches and front-office staff. A front-page article in the Washington Post last month described the Alliance's efforts to get the Washington Redskins to change the team name.

Although these events touched Collington only briefly, Fritz Pollard received good care here, his son recalled, even though a specialized unit for dementia patients had yet to be built. If only our annual walk-run had been held while he was here. Imagine Fritz Pollard the Olympic athlete leading the pack! Surely he would have wanted the Collington course to include hurdles.



Fritz Pollard Jr. as a member of the 1936 U.S. Olympic Team

The Collingtonian

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The Collingtonian invites all Collington residents to submit articles, photographs and story suggestions, preferably concerning Collington and its people. We also welcome "Letters to the Editor" commenting on the Collingtonian and its content. Submissions may be e-mailed to collingtonian@gmail.com or placed in the Collingtonian mailbox. All submissions are subject to editing for length, clarity and style.

Picture on the Wall Tells a Story of Diplomatic Achievement

by Norman Kempster

Editor's Note: This is the first in a series on Collington's "Wall of Fame" -- the pictures opposite the Ivy Room that depict residents with world leaders. Thanks to Richard Zorza for the idea.

For diplomats, appointment as ambassador is the apex of a career, a plateau that most envoys never reach. But for Collingtonian Joan M. Clark, her 1979 selection as ambassador to the Republic of Malta was just one high point of a 44-year career.

Perhaps her most significant recognition came in 2007—well after her retirement—when she received the American Foreign Service Association's Lifetime Contribution to American Diplomacy award, a prize given only once each year.

Joan is one of 18 Collingtonians photographed with a head of state or government in a display of pictures outside the entrance to the dining room. The wall was the idea of Jeanne Gart, who came upon a photo of her husband, Time Magazine foreign correspondent Murray Gart, with Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein. Other Collingtonians must have pictures of themselves with top government leaders, she reasoned. An appeal for such photos produced enough to launch the wall.

In her photo, Joan is talking with Anton Buttigieg, the president of Malta, a tiny but strategically located island in the Mediterranean. But-



tigieg's post was largely ceremonial. During Joan's tenure, the head of government was Dom Mintoff, the sometimes controversial leader of the country's Labour Party, who wielded Cold War era influence disproportionate to his country's size.

Joan said she was offered her choice of two ambassadorial posts in 1979—Malta and Iceland. With characteristic understatement, she said she picked the post with the best weather. But Malta was a major listening post for the Mediterranean region and it played a key role in Washington's relations with oil-rich Libya, located just across the sea.

Joan's tenure in Malta ended in June of 1981 when she was appointed director general of the Foreign Service, the State Department's top personnel officer. Earlier in her career, Clark held a number of increasingly senior administrative posts. She also seemed to turn up in many of the Cold War hotspots such as Berlin during the days of the allied occupation of Germany including the dramatic air lift that broke the Soviet Union's effort to strangle Western rights in the city. She also was in Yugoslavia during Communist leader Josep Tito's surprising turn toward the West.

The way Joan tells it, her career at the State Department began almost by accident. In
see Wall of Fame, p. 8

We Welcome Our New Neighbors

by Barbara Fairchild and Jeanne Slawson

Tucker Farley

Apartment 127, Ext. 7505.
Born in Boston, Tucker grew up in Wellesley, Mass., and then went to Oberlin College. Her first job after graduating was in Appalachia, teaching all grades of high school English in a school that lacked heat, books and paper. In the year of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, she was fortunate enough to meet Fanny Lou Hamer and Martin Luther King Jr. at the 1964 Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City. These experiences led to a lifetime of active social concern.



As a Manpower retraining expert at Pennsylvania State University, her task was to run two schools (one vocational education, one traditional). She earned her M.A. and Ph.D. from Penn State, was very active in the peace movement locally and nationally, and developed women's studies courses for trade-union women.

From 1970-2005 Tucker taught at the City University of New York's Brooklyn College, where she developed the first Women's Studies Program that granted credit toward graduation. She was awarded a three-year grant by the

Fund for the Improvement of Post Secondary Education to develop a replicable model for shifting the priorities of universities to include returning women. She helped to found the National Women's Studies Association (NWSA) and established the New York regional Women's Studies Association and the NWSA Journal.

She became a tenured professor and went on to organize projects for increasing diversity in the academy as well as the community, including the Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies at the CUNY Graduate Center.

During summers by the ocean, Tucker's father taught her to sail. For years she has enjoyed the sport and many sea-going adventures in the company of friends. . When looking for a retirement community, she was drawn to Collington because of its Kendal affiliation and diversity.

Hope Butler

Apartment 310, Ext. 7566.
Hope was born in Washington and lived in the same house in D.C. for 56 years. She was married for 27 of those years and has been a widow for 33 years.



She graduated from Freedmen's Hospital School of Nursing with an R.N. She continued her education at Catholic University School of Nursing, where she earned a Bachelors' degree, then graduated from University of Maryland with a Master of Science in Nursing.

After completing her education she was a staff nurse at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Hines, Ill. She then returned to Washington to work at the National Institutes of Health and later at the D.C. Department of Public Health. From 1968 to 1973 she was an Assistant Professor at Georgetown University School of Nursing. From 1973 until her retirement in 1984, she was Associate Professor of Nursing at the University of District of Columbia.

After retirement she volunteered at various Washington hospitals and traveled with groups from AARP.

She learned about Collington from a relative and completed her move from D.C. to Collington this past November.

Faith Torsani

Cottage 5009, Ext. 5144.

While it's hardly unusual for a Collington resident to have a college degree, few obtained the degree at the age of 58 – 40 years after graduating from high school – as Faith did.



When she was 16 years old in Waterbury, Conn., she met Joe Torsani also 16, “a tall, good-looking Italian guy.” When Joe was 18 he enlisted as a private in the Army and they married a year later. They moved almost twenty times during his military career, living at Army posts in the U.S. and overseas. The ones Faith remembers most are Paris and Hawaii. By the time Joe retired as a full colonel in 1980, they had acquired a home in Bowie, Md., where they had settled because Joe's final assignment was at the Pentagon. While Joe was at the Pentagon, Faith worked at various jobs. In the 1970s she worked in lawyers' offices, then in the early 1980s she took a job with the World Bank in Washington for five years. In 1992 she decided to return to college at University of Maryland and graduated with a degree in Business Administration. At the age of 70 she became a consultant for the World Bank.

After she joined Joe in retirement, they built a home in Upper Marlboro, where they lived until Joe died and Faith moved to Collington. Faith and Joe had five children, four still living, 11 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Bill and Bobbie McCuskey

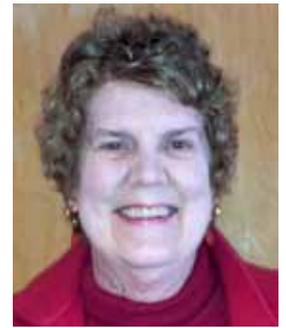
Cottage 3009, Ext. 7307.

Bill met Bobbie in 1958, the first day of their freshman German class at Oberlin College. Bill was from Cleveland, Ohio, and Bobbie from Med-



ford, Mass. They graduated in 1962.

In between their first meeting and their marriage six years later, Bill attended Case Western Reserve University and obtained his Ph.D. in Computer Science.



Bobbie returned to Medford and earned her M.A. in Mathematics Education from Tufts University.

After their marriage, Bill worked first at Burroughs Corp., then with Xerox. He was assigned to Xerox Data Systems, Custom Systems Group, in Rockville and the McCuskeys lived in Gaithersburg from 1971-76.

Xerox moved its Custom Services Group to Los Angeles in 1976 and the McCuskey family followed. Bobbie taught mathematics and computers for 42 years in private schools, then became a mentor and evaluator of faculty for eight years. She retired just last June. Bill retired in 2001 and became a house-husband and a volunteer at the Los Angeles County Natural History Museum.

They have two sons, one living in Wilmington, Del., the other in Logan, Utah. They have four grandchildren, two by each son.

Bill and Bobbie sold their house in Los Angeles in March 2014. They then went to a home they have long owned on Chebeague Island in Maine, off the coast near Portland.

Bill and Bobbie visited 20 retirement communities but chose Collington for the warmth and vibrancy of the residents and the proximity to Washington, Annapolis, and Wilmington. Bill – who once sang in a Cleveland-area church choir conducted by Robert Shaw – has already become a member of the Annapolis Chorale.

Ham Station Enjoys a Special Day

by Pete Peterson

For a day in December, Collington's amateur radio station became one of a select number to be operated as a special event station designated by the American Radio Relay League, which represents all amateur radio operators in the United States.

One of the events celebrating the organization's 100th year is to authorize special operation of a station with the call sign W1AW. Thus on Dec. 19 the call sign of the Collington Amateur Radio Club, K3CCR, was not used, as Collington became W1AW for part of that day. The year-long centennial event includes a challenge to radio amateurs to contact as many of the state operations as possible. This results in large numbers of stations trying to contact W1AW as it operates from portable locations. The inevitable crowds, or pileups in ham radio slang, resulted in having a rate of contacts of 85 per hour for some periods. The participating Maryland sta-



*Grant Bagley at the Ham radio controls.
Photo by Pete Peterson*

tions made more than 50,000 contacts over the two weeks of special operation.

Collington's K3CCR recently put up a beam antenna on an 80-foot tower. The tower also supports several wire antennas, necessary to cover the many frequencies that are authorized. Along with the

new antennas, the station has been designed to have two operating positions, making it possible to have two simultaneous operators. The club station has been active in many contests during this year. Contests vary and involve local as well as world-wide participants. Contacts are made using voice, Morse code and even television and radio teletype. As Collington develops into a "radio superstation", it is attracting interest from prospective residents as well. The club welcomes visits from residents and is also offering training for those who want to become Ham radio operators.

Collington Names New Board Chair

by Frances Kolarek

Our new Board Chair, Andrea Giles, comes to us not as a stranger, but having served on the board of another Kendal community, Kendal-Crosslands in Pennsylvania. She notes that she was a member of the Quaker meeting in Media, Pa.

Coming to Washington in 2009 to take a job as a financial analyst in the U.S. Small Business Administration, she brought along an introduction to Paul Cooney, then the Collington Board Chair, who had introduced Collington to the Kendal group. Paul, in turn, introduced Andrea to Collington.

With a degree in Architecture from M.I.T., earned in 1977, Andrea worked with an urban renewal project and did freelance graphic designing. Her interest in business and finance led her to earn an MBA from Columbia University in 1987 and a long, successful career in that field followed.



The mother of two grown daughters, she makes her home in Chevy Chase, Md.

Collington's 'Museum' Reflects Residents' Lives

by Jeanne Barnett

Visitors to Collington invariably express delight when they see the “museum” display in the Clock Tower area overlooking the Courtyard. Ceramics, glassware, jewelry, antique toys, sculpture, paintings and more reflect the diverse interests and wide travels of our residents.

Collington early on found itself rich with such “things” of cultural and historic interest tucked away in residents’ cottages and apartments, and began to mount displays in the Clock Tower with its bright natural light and sense of space. The first cabinets near the entrance were later replaced with the current ‘glass cases’ and as early as 1990 began exhibiting American glassware, followed by collections from all parts of the globe— lamps, fans, toys, jewelry, ceramics, books, cultural artifacts and on and on.

Currently the cases display three to four ‘shows’ a year, providing an impressive range of objects. Residents have been generous in loaning pieces from their private collections. Six separate spaces – three on each side of the Clocktower lounge area – with three shelves each result in 18 display areas. Glass doors on each side allow for a ‘front and back’ view of each object.

The “Clock Tower Exhibits” are managed by a committee of residents who are responsible for the choice of exhibition themes and their installation, care and maintenance. The committee is always open to suggestions for future displays. Enjoy!



A recent exhibit featured the world travel momentos of resident Ruth Galaid. See Page 12 for the current Black History display.

Don't Call Her a Senior Citizen

by Frances Kolarek

This is one of an occasional series of excerpts from Frances Kolarek's blog. The blog is accessible via collington.kendal.org. Click on the "blog" link at the top of the page.

Why "senior citizen" rubs me the wrong way I cannot explain. And get out of here with "senior." I'm not yet ready to graduate. Not a bit interested in that final diploma.

Old. So many connotations. Old shoe denotes comfort. Old hat means yesteryear. Old times evoke nostalgia. Old woman? Old man? The stereotypes come crowding in. None complimentary.

What we need is new words for Old. That's a crib from a *New York Times* column a few years ago. Jack Rosenthal mused that with so many of us living so much longer, we need a designation, a name to call these millions. Welllderly and illlderly have been proposed but they haven't caught on. "That witty distinction doesn't solve the larger nomenclature problem. Language has not yet caught up with life," Rosenthal suggests.

"There is probably no single acceptable term – because no single term can embrace so vast and varied a population. The ultimate answer will most likely be a suite of functional and factual terms, like the typology scholars use to distinguish between the young old, 65 to 80; the old old, 80 to 90; the oldest old, 90 to 99; and centenarians.

"Terms like these, though somewhat awkward, are apt to enter common usage as society faces up to the new age of age. Necessity is the mother of locution," he concludes.

On a less lofty plane, the 60-plus-year-old writer of a letter to the editor of *The New York Times*, annoyed that her age group had been relegated to the category of the elderly, sorts through various terms describing older people, and explains that she doesn't identify with any of them – "Well, maybe seasoned and venerable."

But, she adds, "I prefer to think of myself as being in the cocktail hour of life, just gearing up for the main event."

Buy that lady a drink.

Lizard

a Limerick by Judith Shaw

A colorful, powerful lizard
Was caught in a terrible blizzard.
He said, in the snow
"It's not bad, you know
But it bothers the top of my gizzard

Wall of Fame from p. 3

1942, in the early days of U.S. participation in World War II, the 20-year-old Joan Clark was determined to play a role in the war effort although she did not want to join the military, then rigidly segregated by sex.

After being rejected by one civilian agency because she was "too young" Joan related her concerns to the placement officer of the Katharine Gibbs School in New York, a business school she attended before the war. "Why not try the State Department?" she was asked. It was only a matter of weeks after she first applied to the department that she was launched on her career.

Restaurant Review

Killarney House: Stick to the Seafood

By Carl Koch

If you enjoy 20th-century British “cuisine,” Killarney House is the place for you. This Irish pub/restaurant is about 12 miles east of Collington on Maryland Route 214 (Central Avenue) and offers such traditional fare as shepherd’s pie, fish and chips, corned beef and cabbage and a mixed grill. Other entrees are offered at prices between \$14 and \$26. Several of these entrees are gluten free. The menu also lists a choice of appetizers, soups, sandwiches and desserts, all reasonably priced.



Dining room at Killarney House

The featured beverage is Galway Bay Red Ale, based on a traditional Irish recipe and made to order for Killarney House. Other drafts and bottled beer varieties are available, including two non-alcoholic and one gluten free. Wines of the most common varietals, both red and white are available by the glass (\$7) and by the bottle (\$26).

At 6 p.m. one recent evening, four Collingtonians dined at the Killarney House. The staff was cheerful, helpful and prompt, the place was bustling and nearly full but conversation was not hindered by the ambient noise.

On that cold night, all four bypassed the appetizers for the Irish potato leek soup. The soup was like very loose mashed potatoes and bland. The potato cakes, from the appetizer menu,

were enjoyed as an entree with a glass of pinot noir and were flavorful. The fried oysters on the crab and oyster plate were well cooked and delicious, the crab cake good considering crabs are not in season. Baked scallops, shrimp, and salmon on the seafood platter were excellent and accompanied by a glass of Chardonnay. The fish and chips on a previous visit were comparable to the best in this area.

The mixed grill was disappointing. The black pudding slices were cooked so hard they would make a poker chip seem tender. The white pudding was similarly cooked and tasteless. The reputed grilled slice of tomato was found at the end under the fries and the link sausage lacked juiciness and flavor. Two ugly fried eggs were dumped on top of the pile as though an afterthought.

The four of us ate dinner for \$115.02 with tax but not tip. This price included three glasses of wine and two beers. The waiters were pleasant and punctual, and the room was large, open and airy. This Irish pub/restaurant can be a joy, but stick to the seafood.

Killarney House, 548 W. Central Ave. Davidsonville. 410-798-8700. killarneyhousepub.com. Open Mon – Sun, 11:00am - Late

Hospital Funding Advances

By Jim Giese

Yes, a new hospital is planned down the street from Collington. No, it is not already under construction.

A significant step forward for the construction of the hospital, which would serve Prince George's County and be operated by the University of Maryland Hospital System, took place this month when newly elected Republican Gov. Lawrence Hogan included state funding for a \$200-million bond issue in his proposed budget for the new fiscal year. During the previous administration of Democrat Martin O'Malley, a plan had been worked out for the county and state to share in financing a 259-bed teaching hospital, long a top priority of Prince George's County Executive Rushern Baker. The new structure would replace Prince George's County Hospital in Cheverly. The site selected for the new hospital is adjacent to and includes part of the Boulevard at Capital Center shopping center on Arena Drive just southwest of Collington on Lottsford Road. The site is also adjacent to the Largo Metro Station, a key transportation hub.

With the new governor facing a shortfall of funds and having campaigned to cut taxes and with this county overwhelmingly supporting his opponent, there was concern that Hogan would not seek the needed funding for the new facility. Now, with the governor's support, the funding should easily be approved by the Legislature.

Planners hope to have the hospital built by 2017. A large building now under construction at the corner of Lottsford Road and Arena Drive is not the hospital.

A Lifelong Valentine's Day Lesson

By Mike McCulley

One of my first memories of Valentine's Day occurred in elementary school in a small farming community outside of Toronto. It was first or second grade. A week or so before the big day, the teacher put a large glass bowl on her desk for the valentines we were to deposit for our classmates. These were not the elaborate cards we know today; they were single sided, with a place to put "To" and "From". It was a big deal and it generated lots of excitement as the bowl filled up. The cards would be distributed on the afternoon of Valentine's Day to a bunch of giddy six- or seven-year-olds.



But there was a problem: This became a popularity contest. Who got the most valentines? Some popular kids displayed desks filled with them. There were unpopular kids who got very few cards. Their lack of cards was obviously hurtful.

As I was preparing my cards at home, practicing my cursive to write out the names of my classmates, my mother told me that I needed to give a card to everybody in the class, not just the popular kids. When I finished she asked, "Did you make one out to Tommy Collett?" "Oh, I forgot him" was my response. Tommy was a bit of a loner and didn't have many friends. My mother's response was something to the effect that if I didn't give one to Tommy, I didn't give one to anybody else.

That lesson is about 70 years old, but it still rings true: Kindness to your classmates (or neighbors) matters regardless of where they rate on the popularity scale. As we age, we appreciate our differences we have rather than shun them as we did in first grade. So enjoy the day, knowing you are appreciated, whether you received a card or not.

Bill Preston on Gardening



Seed Catalogs: Warm Thoughts for Cold Days

Seeds, bulbs, plants, fruits, vegetables, flowers, shrubs --- the garden catalogs are arriving! You don't want to miss out on those new offerings. Don't you love to imagine the terrific plants you can raise? (Don't think of the weeds, bugs, or varmints!)

Garden catalogs are special. For catalog beauty, I'd vote for Schreine's Iris, Swan Island Dahlias, and Breck's Bulbs. For best known, I'd name Burpee's. A unique catalog is Shumway's, with sketches rather than pictures. GeoSeed has no pictures but an extensive seed listing. The Pond Guy describes plants and mechanics for garden pools. Northern Nursery specializes in native plants.

Raker offers plugs (little plantlets) but only wholesale -- do you want hundreds of each item? Jackson-Perkins deals mostly in roses - beautiful roses! Stark Brothers and Miller's both offer fruits trees and shrubs, and Rayner offers strawberry plants. White Flower Farms describes their offerings with almost

irresistible descriptions. Thompson and Morgan offers an incredible variety of seeds from all over the world.

How many of you locals remember Bolgiano's, on New York Avenue? They offered a nice catalog but, alas! They're no longer in business. Brent and Becky's Bulbs is located nearby in Virginia; they have enticing spring and fall catalogs. Brent and Becky also offer tours, and are

a great couple to get to know.

I order a lot from Van Bourgondien's wholesale catalog of plant and bulbs. Good offerings can also be had from Jung's Seed & Plants, McClure & Zimmerman, Sheeper's, Gardens Alive, Roots & Rhizomes, Park Seed, Netherland Bulbs, Spring Hill, etc. I get 'em all and more, full of temptation and extravagance.

Quaker Man

a Poem By Evelyn Kellman

Man of the earth bibbed caretaker of the beasts lived
gently with the world gentle handed gentle voiced
gentle eyed.

Quaker Man hammered true but somehow quieter
than most

telling there would be no killing on his land no
fouling of the Run that murmured hushed
as breath through the spicebush and alder.

He lured bluebirds to a
meadow box to his barn

swallows soothed a first-laboring heifer.

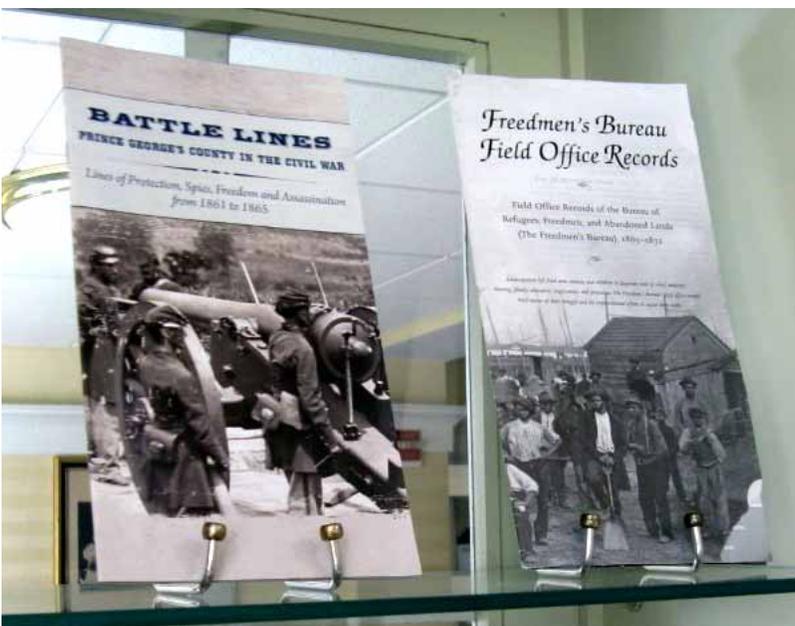
Quaker man taught the children of crickets and
katydids he could feel more than he could hear of
"Johnny Fly -Up-the-Creek" as the heron stood
watchful by the Run.

He would say, "they need to know."

Quaker man dependable as his thick stone house*
spoke quietly to Friends at the Meeting House
of silence and science of gain and loss.
To his beloved Kathryn and to all the world he said
"I care for thee."

*Built for Sarah - 1720

Black History Displays



In celebration of Black History Month, both the Clock Tower glass cases and the wall by the auditorium feature works of print and art celebrating the achievements of African-Americans, including Collington residents.