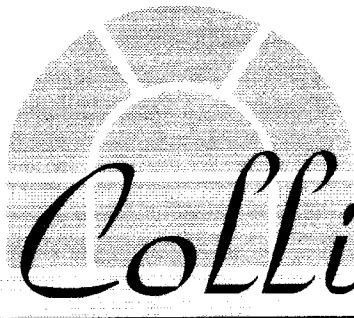


The



Collingtonian

Vol. 7 No. 2

Mitchellville, MD February, 1995

NEWS & VIEWS

The Dawn Patrol

by Margaret Werts

In Collington's early days, along about 1989, some energetic residents decided to take early morning walks. Peggy Croft, Mary MacMartin and Penny Vickery took off in the wee small hours, chiefly as an exercise endeavor.

Later, Baker Port joined the parade. Nowadays, Mary, who with her husband Jim, spends a lot of time at her home on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, is a less frequent walker, as is Peggy Croft whose health has suffered a setback.

Along the way, the purpose of the trek changed. It has evolved into a very effective clean-up crusade.

Baker and Penny, dressed in as many layers of clothing as the weather requires, start out at 6:30 a.m., walk the perimeter road past the 2000, 3000 and 4000 clusters, follow the trail to the employee parking lot, and go all the way to the Lottsford Road entrance.

In tow, they have a large plastic bag which they fill with all sorts of trash dropped along the road--everything from candy bar wrappers, beer cans and soda bottles to a discarded Christmas tree

spotted in the rock-lined ditch along the access road.

It was at Baker Port's suggestion that the trash receptacles were installed in the employee parking lot, but unfortunately they appear to be under-used.

As the Dawn Patrol moves along its route, Baker also keeps an eye peeled for burned out light bulbs in the street lights. He watches for spots along the perimeter road that may have been plowed up by trucks and other heavy vehicles and which need repair. He passes his findings along to Environmental Services.

Well before Penny and Baker start out on their usual walk, Baker has already walked his cat, Bandit, who has had to adjust to the confines of Collington and the restraint of a leash, not an easy matter after years of freedom on a pecan ranch in Utah where Baker lived before he came to Collington.

Baker suggests that you let your eye be the judge when assessing the results of the 2.5-mile round trip the Dawn Patrol takes every morning. It's not just

the benefits of exercise that the walkers reap. We all are beneficiaries.

The next time you return to Collington and turn into our access road, the contrast is very obvious. Our broad hill-sides and roads with their sweeping curves are free of the kind of detritus that mars surrounding roads. The ten-

dency to leave trash in the area has even been noted by the local authorities who warn, in a sign on Ardwick-Ardmore road, that trash dumping results in a one-point penalty on one's driving record.

Thanks to the Dawn Patrol, Collington greets the day with a bright, smiling, freshly-polished face.

Maybe You Didn't Know. . .

Walter Ristow, unlike some of us, can indeed refold a highway map. Years of working with maps at the Library of Congress and mapping in several countries, including China, may have helped. His book about mapping may be found in the Living Room of the Creighton Center.

✱

Noting a piece in the October Collingtonian about old cars, Marion Schubauer recalled that in the late 1920's her father took the family from Pennsylvania to Colorado and back in a Jewett--at 30 miles an hour. (Jewetts WOULD run faster, if coaxed.) She says she fought off boredom en route by eating hundreds of Graham crackers.

✱

Mary Elizabeth (M.E.) Wallen should be an authority on primary and secondary schools. She attended 14 of them before college. Maybe that prepared her well for the Ph.D. degree in psychology she earned at the University of Chicago.

✱

Social legislation in this area may owe some of its existence to Earl Bellman, who in the 1930's wrote a pamphlet entitled "Care of the Needy Aged in Mary-

land Counties." He was a teacher of sociology at the University of Maryland at the time.

✱

Dorothy Marchbank's grandfather made the Oklahoma landrun in 1889 and established a home in Guthrie, the first capital. Dorothy was born and raised in Oklahoma City, leaving in 1928 when she married and moved to Chicago.

✱

The long defunct Brooklyn Eagle newspaper was the original home of many well known journalists and others, including our man John McTernan. He still knows how to ask leading questions.

✱

Al and Lois Young have a summer home on a remote lake near the James Bay in Ontario, Canada. Al built it himself after the lumber arrived by boat, there being no adequate road. Bob and Carolyn Browning drove their camper up for a visit last summer, using the new road.

✱

Hilda Jay is back from a trip to Russia, Finland, Lapland and points north with a document licensing her as a reindeer driver. On the cold side of the Arctic Circle Hilda declined to don a wet suit and join some of her fellow travelers in a dip in the waters of the Arctic Ocean.

L.B.

✱

A Hands-on Management Style

Our Executive Director, Gail Kohn, walked down to see how the lake was coming along, took a misstep and found herself knee-deep in mire. That she extricated herself with minimal damage is probably thanks to frequent rollerblade excursions with her son who taught her the art last year. "It's probably the best exercise I've found," she says.

She and her husband, Donald, enjoy hiking and last year spent a long weekend on the trails in Yosemite, California. Donald, who is Director of Monetary Affairs at the Federal Reserve Board, and Gail have recently purchased a summer house in Annapolis. They enjoy spending weekends on their sailboat exploring the Chesapeake Bay.

The raincoat, incidentally, recovered without a trace of damage.



MPT 22·28·31·36·62·67
MARYLAND PUBLIC TELEVISION

SUGGESTED FOR FEBRUARY:

Monday, Feb. 6 and Wed. Feb. 8:
Peek inside the FBI as TV cameras capture day-to-day operations for the first time in 70 years. This 4-hour mini-series examines the legacy of J. Edgar Hoover and how the FBI has changed.

Wednesday, Feb. 8: Irresistible Alan Alda gets down to business about monkeys. Why are they so fascinating? A Caribbean island inhabited only by monkeys is featured.

Fridays, Feb. 10-24: Peggy Noonan, the feisty speechwriter who saw all

and told much of what she saw in Washington working for Reagan and Bush, now comes to grips with declining values in American life. Interesting, off-beat guests contribute their views.

Masterpiece Theater (Sundays, Feb. 12-26). Octogenarian Dame Catherine Cookson is Britain's most popular author. Her novel, "The Cinder Path," is laid in Britain during WW I.

Wednesday, Feb. 15: Susan Sarandon, virtuoso actress, narrates the struggle of American women to win the vote. Program marks the 75th anniversary of the 19th amendment to the Constitution granting women's suffrage.

Good Fences Make Good Neighbors

by Tom Street

Seventeen pyracanthas, 17 evergreen barberries and 17 silverberries have been planted in a staggered three-row pattern adjacent to the trail opposite the Burial Ground. Go have a look.

How this hedgerow came about is the story of persistence--like the story of the Lake. Or like the Roman Senator whose masterful use of the gerundive--*Carthago delenda est* (Carthage must be destroyed)--charmed generations of Latin scholars and tormented their students. This time Leila Wilson's insistent "We need a hedgerow" got the job done. When it reaches full growth the hedgerow will be a living fence between us and our future neighbors to the West.

Leila started her campaign early last spring. The Landscape Committee said "Fine idea, right on." So Leila, Kevin Shaver who wears the title "Landscape Coordinator, Trails" and this neophyte reconnoitered the places along our trail that were open to incursion. The reconnaissance confirmed the need for a hedgerow but Committee action foundered for lack of funds. Suggestions for free-loading, such as digging up wild cedar trees for transplanting, fell short of the Grand Design. Needed were thorny bushes with fruits that would attract wildlife and honor our designation as an Urban Wildlife Sanctuary.

If You Go . . .

Wear your walking shoes. Enter the trail at the Gate House end--the climb is easier.

There is a bench at the top where you can rest before the trip back down. Happy trails.

At its May meeting the Landscape Committee elevated the effort to the status of a Working Group charged with coming up with cost estimates and a proposal "for the next budget review." It looked like Endsville.

Frustrated but driven, the Working Group chased down purported leads of freebies. Calls to the National Arboretum, P. G. County, Maryland State Forest and Fish and Wildlife people, the ReLeaf program and Weyerhaeuser whose ads promise much greening, all produced nothing but lists of what might be bought--and a Blue Spruce seedling from Georgia-Pacific. By dint of calling nurseries the Working Group developed cost estimates for a thorny hedgerow attractive to wildlife, but prospects looked bleak. A summer of no Committee action loomed.

Then, FLASH! The canny veteran of the Working Group, wise in the ways of committedom, alerted the neophyte to the need for getting a request for funds to the Council of the Residents Association. Word was out that \$5,000 was up for grabs and the Landscape Committee was in for \$2,000. Mystified, but eager, the neophyte whipped together a memo asking for \$3,000 based on quotes from Behnke's nursery. But too late. No Council meeting was scheduled for July and probably not August. Leila Wilson went on vacation. The neophyte stewed.

Then, FLASH 2! The Council would

(continued bottom of p. 5, Col 1)

The Cuddlers' Program

by Conna Shaw

The Random House Dictionary puts it this way: "Cuddle: draw or hold close in an affectionate manner; hug tenderly; fondle." And that is just what the Cuddlers' Program is designed to do for the preemies at Prince George's County Hospital Center. "Preemie" is short for a premature infant.

A member of the Hospital staff introduced the program to Collington residents several months ago, asking for interested volunteers. At the moment four respondents are involved: Fannie Jeffrey, Jean Marple, Carolyn Browning and Leona Mae Hutchison. Each cuddling session takes three to four hours including transportation to the Hospital. Carolyn and Leona go on Monday mornings and Fannie and Jean on Thursdays.

When they first reported for duty, the volunteers were given a tour of the Special Care unit at the Hospital, followed by a two-hour training session. They were asked to wear no jewelry lest it

(Hedgerow -- continued from page 4)

meet in August, after all. Leila got back just in time to push the request into the funding maw and *mirabile dictu*, \$1,000 was authorized. An incredulous neophyte wondered: Was it real money? Could they spend it? He was assured by the Treasurer of the Association that it was indeed real and bills authorized by the chief of the Committee would be paid. Intense, detailed planning with Kevin turned up a wholesale nursery where the reduced--but real--fund might stretch to cover a significant area.

drop off or be pulled off. They must scrub with soap to the elbows and put on a fresh hospital gown. Above all they must talk softly. Prepared in this way, they find a rocking chair and are ready to receive a "precious baby" brought by one of the Special Care nurses. For half an hour the baby, wrapped in blankets until only a tiny face shows, is rocked, cuddled, sung to or talked to in loving tones.

Does the program show positive results? Statistics show it does. The infants learn to respond, become more aware, and sometimes produce a tiny smile.

Why are the mothers not more involved? Sometimes they are recovering from a difficult delivery. Sometimes the preemies must spend extra time in Special Care and the mothers have returned to work or they need to take care of other children at home. The Cuddlers' Program is only one of many volunteer services at Prince George's Hospital. Ardyce Asire, for example, offers reassurance to families who are waiting for a loved one's return from surgery.

Men, as well as women, are involved in volunteer work at the Hospital. If you are interested in participating in this valuable work, call Fannie Jeffrey.

America is unique among all nations of the world in its dedication to volunteer work.

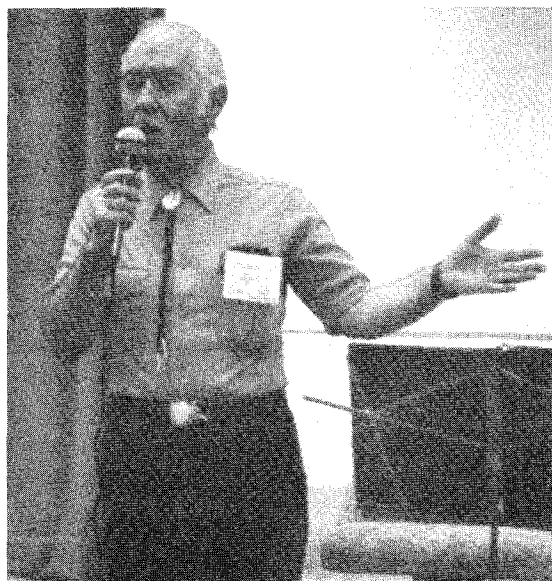
In Memorium - 1994

The names of Helen Hindle and George Mayer were omitted from the list of those we memorialized in the January Collingtonian. We regret the error and thank those who brought it to our attention.

*Bidding 1995 Welcome
Aboard the Cruise Ship
'Hospitality'*



Left: Mario Lanza and Anna Moffo would have wept with pride at the recreation of their recordings when Bob Willing lip-synched "I'll Be Seeing You," to a smitten Marion, who rejoined with "Always."



What's your recipe for fun? Jim Reilly (left) who chairs the Recreation Committee, tried to leave no ingredients out. He and his wife, Judy, of Collington's staff, made sure everybody knew about the party and all it offered--from ping-pong to bridge; from dancing to board games.

Right: Carolyn Browning, Captain of the Hospitality Crew, gave unstintingly of herself in planning and carrying out the New Year's Eve Party with its Cruise Ship theme. She and Bob worked nights in the Woodworking Shop making "gangplanks" over which diners passed to board the S.S. Hospitality. Crew members all did yoeman's duty to make the party fun for everybody.





Right: Baker Port, in a chef's hat he rigged up for himself, played Cook and served up fresh popcorn to all comers.



Above: Author! Author! Al Rosen tickled the audience with the hilarious skit he wrote, produced and directed. Laughs swept the hall as the actors played themselves reincarnated fifty years from now. Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose.

Below: "I Got YOU, Babe," the classic that put Sonny and Cher on the map, was recreated through lip-synch with George Dankers as Sonny and Pat Trammell as Cher.



Musical Notes

Welcome Back, Madrigal Singers

On January 6 we fondly welcomed back these old friends, the Madrigal Singers from All Souls Church. They first came to Collington in September 1990, much to our delight. Since then, the program has expanded into a "Christmas Revels," complete with imaginative costumes and props, including traditional songs and readings. It was the Christmas story as told in music and verse in various countries, a fascinating selection with a light-hearted touch and a bit of whimsy, including an enchanting drama complete with dragon, donkey and ox, performed by the two new members of the group, Tommy Ball, 2 1/2 years old, and Lisa Sailer, 3 years old.

The music was, as always, chiefly Renaissance, with the addition of a piece of Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) and performed as always with delicacy and grace.

This year a six-page program was provided containing the words of all the songs, both in their original language and in English. It was a thoughtful and appreciated addition to the performance. Somehow, Peter Sailer, the gifted Director, managed to combine the informality and warmth of a family reunion with a highly professional musical recital--relaxed but disciplined. No small feat. What a perfect program for a dreary January day.

E.A.

Timothy Woolsey, Pianist by Jo Bever

There should be more godmothers like Adelaide H. Furman at Collington. Back in the 50's she lived in Chevy Chase near the Woolsey home at the time Timothy was born. The families were not only neighbors but dear friends and Mr. Woolsey's devotion to his godmother has spanned the years. Now an accomplished pianist with a world wide reputation, he recently volunteered to come here and give a concert on our Steinway in the Auditorium.

Although the concert has now come and gone, the memory of the sounds lingers on--Sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti, Scriabin and Liszt (the B-minor). It was a glorious concert with keyboard music marching from the Eighteenth through the Nineteenth centuries. And the music was enhanced by helpful remarks from the pianist which stimulated our listening skills.

If you had the misfortune to miss the concert, it can be seen on videotape filmed by Mary Ann Pellerin. The Music Committee can arrange for a showing in the Auditorium, so call Jo Bever (7203) if you are interested. Meanwhile, we all issue a huge "thank you" chorus to Timothy Woolsey and hope he will return.

Double Take?

If you thought that someone in the Takoma Park singing group which entertained us twice last year looked familiar, it was our own Edith Jackson's look-alike daughter. She and her husband are among the lead singers in that talented group.

Betty Williams, Artist

Betty Williams, whose paintings hang this month in the Gallery by the Auditorium, had sold four pictures as we went to press. We asked her to talk about how she works.

“You can’t keep on doing the same thing over and over. The pictures Tea and Trumpets, Once More With Feeling and Fish Ballet represent a deliberate change in my way of painting. They were part of a group of eight or ten pictures I painted for a show at the Montpelier Gallery in Laurel. I went to a ‘hard-edged’ style in which the objects are outlined clearly but are arranged at random. Tea and Trumpets was inspired by the designs on playing cards. You can see the outline of the head of a King toward at the top. The Queen is further down toward the right.

“The colors? Well, they were a deliberate effort to get away from the hard colors on playing cards. I just went the other way with softer hues. I would say the works of Kandinsky, De Kooning and Dubuffet influenced me while I was painting these pictures.

“How do I start? In Tea and Trumpets I started with the King. I had no idea where I was going, but one thing leads to another and soon the painting begins to tell YOU what to do.

“In Once More with Feeling the left hand side of the picture is tightly structured and it loosens up as it moves toward the right into infinity. The objects are out of scale--the house is smaller than the turtle--just to make it more interesting.

“The greatest influence in my whole artistic life was Grace Hartigan, one of this country’s better-known artists. I had followed her career for years, never dreaming I would ever meet her. Then I discovered she was holding a workshop at the University of Maryland. I sent slides of my work and waited anxiously to see if I would be accepted. And I was.

“Prelude was strongly influenced by the work of Clyfford Still. That picture started out in the same light, sunny colors as the others. The night before I had to enter it in a show at Prince George’s Community College I went back to work on it and sent to the show as it now is. If I were to start painting again, I would return to this style.

“Impressionism influenced Beginnings and Spring Wind. There are a couple of places where I put paint on bubble wrap and pressed it on the canvas. You use anything--rags, sponges, whatever comes to hand.

“Metamorphosis was directly influenced by Robert Rauschenberg. You can pick out a grater, a smashed tin can, the sleeve of my daughter’s pajamas, a toy stove, paper cups--‘found objects.’

“After we moved to our Collington Apartment from our house in New Carrollton I had no room to paint. So I returned to my first love, playing the violin.

“But it was hard to put art out of my mind. So I tried collage. The Mona Lisa is a collage based on the tricks other artists have played on the famous painting ever since Dali put a mustache on her.

“And I still want to do the ONE BIG PAINTING that is still inside my head.”

Anna Dougherty

by Frances Kolarek

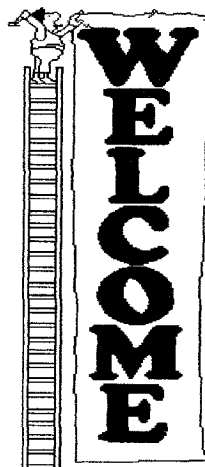
The mystifying command "Show Invisibles" appears on my computer menu and has inspired me to occasionally show some resident or member of our staff whose work might otherwise go unmarked.

There is a myth that computers have built in programs that check spelling. Well, they do. But their checking is witless. From a manic computer devotee I once received an invitation that read: "Your presents is requested. . ." The occasion was a fund-raiser, so the spelling was not too far off. The computer checked "presents", found it was a legitimate, correctly-spelled word and went smugly on its way.

Anna Dougherty, a member of The Collingtonian's staff whose name is rarely seen in a by-line, is the antithesis of a witless computer. She contributes immeasurably to the quality of our publication. She reads copy on typescript, putting in capital letters at the beginning of Auditorium, or Dining Room, niceties most of our writers ignore in the throes of creation. She finds mistakes the computer's Spellchecker has blithely skated over. She does a lovely job on syntax. She is a fierce protector of the rights of words to be correctly hyphenated. And she has a fine eye for readability. The Editor has grown to value her ability to edit and often solicits her experience in this area. Anna's contribution to The Collingtonian adds to the quality and readability of our publication.

If a page arrives very close to deadline, or a late-breaking event pushes the Editor to the wall, and Anna doesn't have time to do her thing, you may find errors. That's not Anna's fault. It's mine.

Thank you, Anna Dougherty, for all you do.



Completing the Ranks of The Class of 1994

During November and December seven new residents joined the The Class of 1994. The Collingtonian welcomes:

Bertha Mutziger to Apartment 243 from Riverdale, Maryland;

Alba and Elisabeth Martin to Cottage 1117 from Alexandria, Virginia; Elizabeth Good and Frances Rapley to Apartment 235 from Silver Spring, Maryland, and

Samuel and Catherine Riley to Apartment 247 from Upper Marlboro, Maryland.

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

Editor

Frances Kolarek

Staff:

Emily Abouchar, Layne Beaty, Betty Clark, Conna Shaw, Tom Street and M.E. Wallen

Associate Editors:

Ed Behr, Jane Wall and Margaret Werts

Production and Distribution:

Anna Dougherty, John Jay,
Marian Jenkins and Aline Grayson

The Becker Sisters – Martha Tilove and Ruth Zwiback by Betty Clark

Two sisters, whose educational experiences in Philadelphia are perhaps unique among Collingtonians, entered our retirement community in 1993. That June, Martha Becker and her husband Robert Tilove (pronounced Tie-love) moved here. Ruth Becker Zwiback followed in September.

When the sisters were growing up in Philadelphia, their parents considered college-going money should be reserved for the son. Nevertheless, the Becker girls received an extensive education in their grammar school years. Week days they attended the public schools. Afternoons and on Saturdays and Sundays they studied at the Workmans' Circle School. In the latter's curriculum they learned to read Yiddish and became well-versed in its literature. Classes in music and dance lightened their academic pursuits.

"We never felt we were being pushed hard by attending school seven days a week," Ruth recalls, "as it was fun being with our friends and learning such a variety of subjects."

The Workman's Circle Schools, or in Yiddish "Arbeter Schule," were organized around the turn of the century in large American cities to present the Socialist viewpoint. Later, Communists formed their schools to confront the socialist philosophy. The two ideologies and their schools lived in bitter opposition.

How did the Becker sisters come to Collington? As Martha Tilove's health declined, our community was suggested by friends Fannie and Newman Jeffrey. On June 3, 1993, the Tiloves moved in. A

little later sister Ruth came to take a look at Collington and was charmed. Returning to New York, a clock began to tick in her head. "If I should become physically unable to walk around this city, as is my delight, why should I continue to live here?" she thought. Three months later, in anticipation of trouble, she moved to Collington.

Ruth's career has fallen into three phases. The first was in the office of the International Ladies Garment Workers headquarters in Philadelphia. Her second, a nine-year stint in New York, was with the Newspaper Guild. The last and longest job--from 1966 to retirement in 1983--was with Actors Equity where she became Comptroller.

At Collington her interests are as varied as her background. She helps Conna Shaw with the Great Decisions series, takes part in the afternoon book discussion group, is a volunteer receptionist in the Administration office, and volunteers on Level Two of Creighton Center to answer visitors' queries. She faithfully participates in pool therapy classes three times a week, and in the exercise classes in the auditorium.

Martha, the sister known as a girl for "her sunny disposition and wonderful laugh," worked in the Philadelphia office of Sears until she moved to New York where she married Robert Tilove in 1939. They now live in Cottage 3008 which Robert has improved with a spacious screened porch and flower beds. Ruth Zwiback perches high above us in her Apartment 318.

Love in Bloom

by Al Rosen



Marcia and Edward Behr

Their matchmaker was a woman Marcia met by chance on a visit to Cape Cod. Upon her return home, the new friend wrote Marcia saying that a young man named Eddie Behr might be calling her.

A month later Ed phoned. Both were working in Manhattan, Ed as a copy reader on the Wall Street Journal, Marcia as secretary to a theatrical producer, a job which provided her with theater passes. She and Ed began meeting for dinner and going to plays. Within seven months they were married.

Their two children were born within four years and the family moved to Washington where Ed was assigned a new job with the Journal. Over the next 35 years he served as Feature Editor and wrote "Washington Wire," a front page column for the paper.

Marcia, meanwhile, performed at the Arena Stage, taught drama at the Madeira School and the Washington School of Ballet, and developed a drama curriculum for children with learning disabilities at the Washington Lab School.

On June 10, the Behrs will have been married 45 years.

Patricia and Charles Trammell

They were both 14 when they were paired together in an operetta at Washington's Western High School because they were the tallest members of the cast. Living a block apart and attending high school together, they became close friends.

Their first separation came when Charles went to Emory College in Atlanta and Pat to Swarthmore. After a year apart they considered themselves engaged.

With his degree from Emory, Charles got a job as messenger for J. Edgar Hoover who insisted his messengers have a bachelor's degree. Evenings he attended law school at George Washington University.

They were married in Rockville in 1935 and a son was born two years later.

Their next major separation came during World War II when Charles served three and a half years overseas with Military Intelligence.

The Trammells developed a permanent affinity for boats and boating after they got their first canoe. There followed thirty different boats, and they have come full circle. Today they have one canoe which they plan to launch on Collington Lake in the spring.

In August the Trammells will celebrate their Sixtieth Anniversary.