

The

Collingtonian

Vol. 5, No. 9

Mitchellville, MD

November 1993

NEWS & VIEWS

. . . Fifth Anniversary Edition . . . Some Residents who Contributed

When Malcolm Wall retired in 1981 he decided to do a thorough job of it. Stopping by his Rector's office at St. Barnabas' Church to say "No more vestries, no more academic tasks," he was braced for protest and demurral. Instead Larry Harris smiled his affable smile and handed Malcolm a file folder. "This might interest you, then," he said.

Inside the folder were the ideas for a retirement community from which Collington eventually sprang. And Malcolm Wall was with it every step of the way, working with a Board consisting of representatives from five Episcopal parishes, two chapels and the Episcopal Diocese of Washington.

"We didn't have a dime to start this thing off with," Malcolm recalls. "Why, when we had to incorporate and needed a \$40 fee, Harry Smith paid it out of his own pocket." Harry Smith is a civil engineer with a law degree who served on the original Collington Board. He is presently serving another term.

Malcolm, who has never been known by a nickname, wears a natural dignity heavily underlined with humor. Like

most good raconteurs he uses exaggeration to make his points. He tells about coming to Washington from his college in North Carolina to attend Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inauguration loaded down with a suitcase full of crackers and peanut butter. "I was not quite certain where I was going to spend the night, but I sure wasn't planning to go hungry," he remembers.

He gives the Board, which put Collington together out of dreams and faith, great credit for work and wisdom. His own responsibilities were in the realm of marketing--selling the idea. A number of people who now live at Collington also worked with this original Board: Fannie Jeffrey, Imogene Miles, and Dorothy Brickhouse. Nobody has ever totaled the number of hours, the number of meetings, or the amount of brain-power that went into achieving Collington. The job ran from 1981 to 1988 when new residents declared "Here we come, ready or not," and moved in.

"A very rewarding thing has been that early residents, fed up with mud and mess, and mad at mix-ups--have been

able to put all that behind them," Malcolm says.

In time Collingtonians organized a Residents Association of which Malcolm became the first president. Calling "resident" "a semi-legal, administrative term," he said "I prefer to think of us as friends and neighbors."

He recently remarked: "The hardest thing--and I had not expected it--was creating a sense of community here. But that has come about."

Figuratively and literally, Malcolm Wall is a man of many hats--gifts from

grandsons. He has been seen walking Toby, the Wall's Beagle/Basset, in a variety of headgear including a fez and a baseball cap embroidered with the word "Waldene"--the name of the Wall family's Maryland homeplace.

Jane Wall has been just as active as Malcolm since coming to Collington, but she shuns the limelight. For many years a technical editor at the Beltsville Agricultural Research Center, she continues to lend us her talents. The Collingtonian came into being thanks to her skills, and she serves to this day on its Editorial Board. Frances Kolarek

The Very First Collingtonian

"Brownie" Ammann was Collington's first--and only--resident when she moved into her cottage. Each evening a security guard brought her a two-way radio with fresh batteries. With a flick of the switch she could summon help.

One evening a guard arrived with "Brownie's" radio and paused to look at the stuffed head of a Grant's Gazelle--a sizeable antelope--mounted on her wall. "Did your husband shoot that?" he asked.

"No," "Brownie" said. "I shot it."

The guard is said to have returned to the office with the word that that little lady

didn't need any help; she was a big game hunter and could take care of herself.

"Brownie" not only shot the Grant's Gazelle, but the dik-dik, a small, fast antelope very hard to bag, whose stuffed head she uses as a bookend. Her 1964 safari to Kenya, which she shared with a

woman friend, is something "Brownie" remembers with great pleasure. They had a "Great White Hunter" and eight bearers who "waited on us hand and foot. Every evening, when we got back to camp, a hot bath was waiting for us as well as a

table with drinks and canapes, followed by a hot meal cooked over coals. While eating, animal roars and noises furnished 'background' music." F.K.



"Brownie" Ammann and her Grant's Gazelle--1964

B.C. - Before Collington, an early History of Our Site By E. A. Belinky

Collington is located on land that was once part of the 375-acre Waring family plantation called Heart's Delight, which was purchased in 1721 by Marsham Waring. When he died in 1732, he bequeathed the land to his son, Basil, who built the plantation house and lived there with his family until his death in 1793. His tombstone is still in place in the graveyard. (See photograph at right)

Basil Waring left a widow, Susanna Darnall Waring, and five grown children. The widow continued to reside at the plantation house described in 1798 tax records as a frame dwelling, 30 feet square with a hip roof and an addition that measured 24 by 28 feet. The house was assessed at \$600, at that time a substantial sum for a frame house.

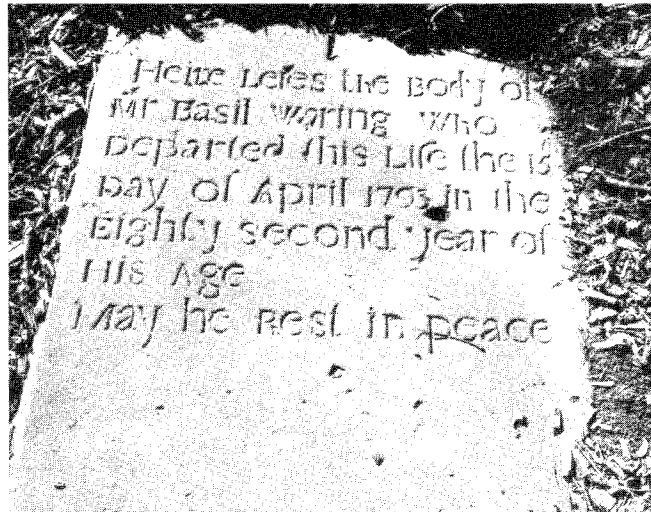
In addition, within the one-acre nucleus of the plantation there were eight other buildings: a kitchen, a milk house, a meat house, a corn house, a stable/carriage house, a poultry house, an overseer's house and a store house.

There were six other buildings on the plantation: one large slave quarter, two smaller quarters, a barn, and two tobacco barns. The labor force consisted of 32 slaves. Susanna Waring died in

1806 and is buried beside her husband. The plantation passed to the eldest son, Marsham Waring I, of Heart's Delight, who had to mortgage the property in 1810. He died in 1812 and the plantation was sold to pay his debts to a man named Lufboro of Georgetown.

It was Marsham Waring II who recouped much of the family property, including Heart's Delight and three other parcels of land--St. Andrews, Three Sisters, and Orphan's Gift. He renamed the plantation Warington. After his marriage in 1824, he built a new plantation house to the east of the old one. There he lived until his death in 1860. He is buried with members of his family in the graveyard on the grounds of the Warington plantation, now known as Enterprise, or the Newton White Estate.

In this century, Warington was purchased by Newton White, a retired U.S. naval officer, former commander of the U.S.S. Enterprise. He established a model dairy farm and built the brick mansion still standing. His widow sold the property to the Maryland National Capital Park and Planning Commission. The Mansion is available for receptions, weddings, etc., and the grounds have become the Enterprise Golf Course. (From The Collingtonian, Sept. 1989)



"Here lies the body of Mr. Basil Waring who departed this life the 15 day of April 1793 in the eighty second year of his age May he rest in peace" Photo by Georgia Paine

The Gift Shop
M. E. Wallen
Goes behind the Counter
to Answer All Your
Questions

Q. Where is the Gift Shop?

A. On the first floor of Creighton Center, across from the Library, just behind the attractively-decorated vitrine.

Q. When did the Gift Shop first open?

A. Although it was opened at the dedication of Collington and again before Christmas of 1988, regular hours did not begin until February 1989.

Q. Who runs it?

A. Melva Schwab, Esther McCauley and the late Mary Kramer all had a hand in setting it up. When Mary suffered a stroke, Elizabeth Dougherty agreed to step in and she and Mary Louise Knobbe are our official buyers. Around 20 volunteers put in many hours stocking the displays, arranging, selling and keeping track.

Q. What is its function?

A. As the name suggests it is (1) a handy place for residents to shop for gifts and personal necessities like tooth-brushes, bathing caps, nightgowns, sweaters and umbrellas. (2) The Gift Shop and the Opportunity Outlet are the main supports of the Residents Association (which publishes this magazine). Over-looked by many is its function as

(3) a recreational activity and a diversion for those residents who don't get about much. Shopping--that happy activity of "just looking"--is a real outlet for many. Collington has a healthy number of members of the Shop-Till-You-Drop crowd. (Ahem. As I gathered material for this article I fell under the spell of a travelling, i.e. inflatable, neck pillow and a lovely purple double mirror which matches my towels.)

Q. What sells best?

A. Greeting cards of all sorts, without question. The Christmas card display will open November 15. Next, children's items, which were originally not even stocked. A special Men's Corner has been added as the Gift Shop has evolved around demand. Jewelry sells very well.

Q. What does the Gift Shop need most?

A. S-p-a-c-e. The manager's office is little more than a closet. Rich Baker shares some of his space downstairs to store inventory. Volunteers.

Q. Why is the Gift Shop open only two hours a day, three days a week?

A. Our volunteers will stretch only so far. A willing, hard-working group, they sometimes fall ill, go on vacation, entertain visitors--or just get tired. They need time off. The Shop needs people both as salespersons and cashiers and is always happy to welcome a new volunteer. Just call Elizabeth Dougherty (7234) or Helen Hollingsworth (7314).

Q. How much did the Gift Shop actually make last year?

A. A total of \$6,000, with daily receipts running from \$30 to over \$300. It all goes to the Residents Association.

Our Library: A Major Volunteer Effort

By Anna E. Dougherty, Librarian

A library was an integral part of the Board of Directors planning for Collington from the beginning.

Architectural plans, furniture, carpeting, shelving and other necessities were developed and activated by the Administration.

What a challenge to plan a library for a special group of retired people, their makeup unknown, their interests varied, coming from everywhere to form a community. There was no Collington, no buildings, no library space, no books, no magazines, no staff and no monies.

Luckily, the late John Voorhees and I, retired professional librarians and "residents-to-be," were included in the meetings of the Activities Committee beginning in April of 1986. Discussions with other future residents dealt with their varied interests and the kinds of activities desirable for the new community. This gave us the flavor of the place-to-be.

Other future residents expressed interest in a library and a subcommittee, which eventually became the Library Committee, was created with John Voorhees as chairman. Early members were Edward and Marcia Behr, Ralph Henderson, Marjorie Jeffries, Connie Schnaubelt, Bob Willing, Caroline Wood and myself.

We prepared questionnaires for future residents to learn about their anticipated library use, subject interests, magazines subscribed to which could be donated after reading. They were informed that donated books

were welcome and the response was overwhelming. During this time the committee was indebted to Mary Mills for essential liaison and the provision of secretarial assistance.

With no funds for buying newly-published books, we approached the Prince George's County Memorial Library System. Mary Louise Knobbe, a new committee member, met with their officials and reached an agreement to make Collington a Bookmobile stop.

How to administer this new library? The Committee decided on an easy self-charging/book return system. Books would be arranged under a few general categories. Maintenance would be done daily at the convenience of committee members. We used \$2,400 from the Residents Association for some reference books, a book truck, a ledger, bookends, pens, date and library ownership stamps, and some newspaper subscriptions.

During the hot summer of 1988 the Committee met frequently in the single air-conditioned trailer/office at the site. Here we selected from the donations now filling two trailers, the "cream of many privatelibraries" for the Collington collection.

Then, one day when the construction crew was on lunch break, we were escorted to see the library site in the Creighton Center. Walking carefully through a maze of uprights and partial walls, we could hardly imagine what the

new library would look like, or even where it would be located.

It was not until December 1988, a month after Collington opened, that we got the Go Ahead to enter. To our dismay no shelves were on the steel upright standards. Baker Port came to the rescue. With the help of Norb Schnaubelt and Bob Willing, he performed the monumental task of placing 129 shelves with exact spacing for evenness and book height--on a rush basis. Meanwhile, the selected books were transferred from the trailers to the Reading Room floor, sorted and given subject notations and ownership stamps.

Martha Blakeslee, Alice Radue, Jane Wall and Anna White pitched in to get the books on their proper shelves. If I have left anybody out, I am sorry. No records for the period can be found.

The Great Day arrived on January 1, 1989, when the Collington Library was opened. To Eleanor Hocker, a librarian and now a Committee member, goes the honor of charging out the first book, "The Addams Chronicles."

The Executive Director's Corner

I fell in love with Collington when one of the founding Board members asked me to read the Statement of Philosophy which--to this day--guides our planning, our decision making and our actions. The desire to participate in the creation of a continuing care retirement community with the economic, racial and religious diversity the Board envisioned was a challenge I wanted to join.

From the beginning the people associated with Collington have been caring and committed. First the Board and later the staff and residents have been a pleasure to work with toward the excellence we all wanted to achieve . . . and to continue striving for in the future.

I am proud to have been a part of Collington from the time it was a dream.

Gail Kohn

Fifth Anniversary Celebration . . .

Cathedral Boys' Choir To Sound Opening Note

By Penny Vickery

The Boys Choir of the National Cathedral will open our Fifth Anniversary Celebration with a concert in Collington's Auditorium on Friday, November 12, at 11 a.m.

We are extraordinarily fortunate to have this group of 15 voices perform here in our Auditorium and I know everyone will want to hear them. Made up of fifteen students at St. Albans'

School, the choir is a nationally-recognized musical group. It will perform under the direction of Douglas Major, organist and choir master of the Washington National Cathedral.

Emily Abouchar, our music critic, urges: "Please mark your calendars now so as not to miss this unusual opportunity to hear some great choral music and to participate in the opening of our Fifth Anniversary Celebration."



Enduring Qualities



by Mary MacLean

The Creighton Center was still under construction when the first residents came to Collington. Gail Kohn conducted weekly tours of the building, explaining how it was designed to meet the needs of its future aging residents. A trained gerontologist, as well as Executive Director, Gail once explained that our personality traits remain constant as we age. One of the advantages of continuing care communities is that people who become ill--physically or cognitively--can live out their years in the company of those who knew them when they were well. Her remarks left an impression.

Soon after the Creighton Center opened, residents started coming to the second floor facility, and I volunteered to participate in a weekly activity there. Thus I met one of our Alzheimer's patients soon after she arrived. Friendly and outgoing, she announced that she would be going home any day now. In her persistent effort to convince me (and she nearly did) I caught a glimpse of her determination.

During the five years I have known her she has continued to greet me with the same eager warmth and desire to please that characterized her first days here.

Since then, she has gone through several stages of her disease. She has been angry and frustrated, she has wandered and been a nuisance to other residents, but now she usually sits quietly. Sometimes she is anxious to participate when invited to join in an activity. Sometimes she shakes her head "No." Then there are echoes of the old stubborn determination.

I am not surprised to learn that she was once a fine athlete. Aggressive, too, I wager. But always the desire to please, the warmth of a friendly outgoing person can be seen to underlie her responses. I wonder if it seems more evident because I knew her back when. Perhaps so.

Correction

Several lines were inadvertently omitted from the October story about Mary MacLean.

"Before coming to Collington Mary was Academic Dean at the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She is a member of the Board of St. Anne's School in Upper Marlboro and is actively involved in its accreditation process.

"The Lucero method has captured her imagination and she spends several hours a week at Collington working with this project."

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

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Stuff & Nonsense

The LONE Eagle

William Knudsen, the inventor of the electric starter for automobiles, found himself during The Twenties reluctantly climbing the executive ladder at General Motors.

The day after "Lindy" landed in Paris, the Knudsen's were reading all about it. Much impressed with the heroism of this young man, Mrs. Knudson couldn't believe he was able to predict with such accuracy when and where his plane would land. It was, she felt, the dawn of a new age of aviation. "Just to think," she crowed. "He did it all by himself."

Knudsen looked at her over his glasses. "I'd like to see him do it with a committee," he snorted.

Bill Saunders

Presley Evans Remembers Satchel Paige

"I used to play around a little, myself. . . I see that look, Lillian. Baseball, that is. Baseball I'm talking about. Satchel played in the old Black Leagues. And then, during spring training in Florida, the major leagues would bring him over to pitch for their players.

"They say he got the nickname 'Satchel' because of the extra weight he carried around his middle--like an old-time valise, you know?"

Some Words of Wisdom from Satchel Paige:

"Avoid fried meats, which angry up the blood.

"If your stomach disputes you lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts.

"Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move.

"Go very lightly on the vices, such as carrying on in society. The social ramble ain't restful.

"Avoid running at all times.

"Don't look back, something might be gaining on you."

The Electric Dishwasher's Song

(Secretly transcribed by JF)

Swish

Swish a swishoo

Galunk, galunk

[repeat 384 times]

[Pause, while it holds its breath, then]

Drum ... m... m... m... m...
yum.... hum....

[Hold for 192 lines, then]

Swish a swishoo . . .
[repeat as before]

Drip . . . drip . . . drip . . .

--Copyright in all languages including Scandinavian, Esquimaux, Gullah and
piɔbɪɔɔ

Changing Priorities

Lines from longtime friends of a Collingtonian who wrote congratulations on their Golden Wedding Anniversary:

"On our wedding day we were afraid we'd forget the ring. On our anniversary we were afraid we'd forget to check the batteries in our hearing aids."

Two Thumbs Up -- Green Thumbs, That Is

By Art Longacre

Have you seen and enjoyed the landscaping at the Hilltop Gardens? In spite of bouts of illness, Lee and Olivia Miller have, in just two short years, transformed the approaches.

Day lilies, juniper, hibiscus and Rose of Sharon greet you at the parking area. An edging of forsythia leads you up the hill to Lee's domain, the vegetable garden. There the sheds and upper parking are decorated with more of Olivia's plantings of shrubs, flowers and ground cover. In his spare time from growing 1/3 acre of vegetables for our use, Lee prepared the decorative beds which Olivia had planned. This meant

dig, edge, bring in good soil and compost, fertilize. Then Olivia plants and tends.

Actually, the beds seem to grow as new plants become available. Many came from the Millers' previous three acres and were proliferating in the perennial garden. Some came from the old Heart's Delight (see page 3) garden. The cost of special plants, mulch and fertilizer are donations by Olivia.

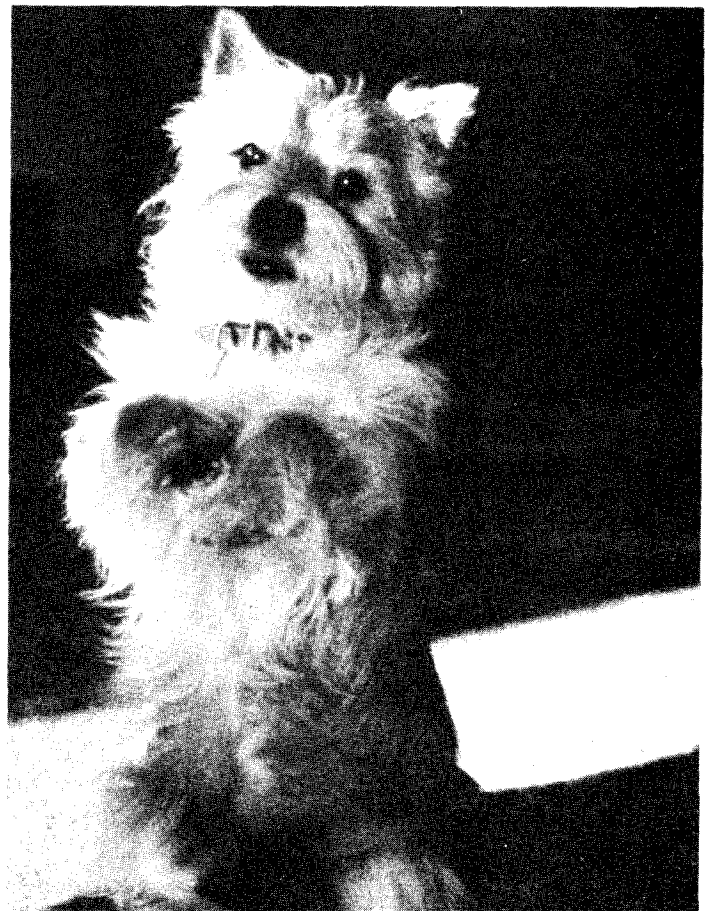
Now that you know, take a look next spring and summer at the spring bulbs, iris, coreopsis, black-eyed Susans, sedum, periwinkle, and chrysanthemums. And please, say "thanks."

Sandy McMartin Cullinane

By Bob Willing

Sandy is an eight-year-old Cairn terrier who is gradually adjusting to life at Collington in Apartment 208/210 with his devoted mistresses, Mary Jane Cullinane and Kay Martin. Although his registered name is Boy Buster, he is called Sandy because of the color of his wiry coat and the sandy beach he loves. He has several other nicknames--Beggar because he likes to beg for snacks, and Thief because when the cleaning staff comes, he steals the mop or dust rag and has a great game of tug-of-war with Alberta or her assistant.

Sandy loves everyone and everyone loves him. He is responsive, intelligent and a great watch dog. He also loves all his four-legged neighbors at Collington, and he is a delightful addition to our canine community.



Taking Care of Yourself

by Debbie Titus-Baker

The primary mission of Collington's Health Center is to help You Take Care of Yourself. You, yourself, have the primary responsibility because nobody is closer to the problem than you are. If you have enjoyed good health in the past, there's a good chance you have developed a cavalier attitude about Taking Care of Yourself--a luxury you can no longer afford.

This column is to ask you--no, entreat you--to work hand-in-glove with the Health Center to keep us informed of your health problems from warts and bunions on up to bumps on the noggin.

How can you do this?

1. Attend the Clinic Affair.

If you are a new resident: The Health Center would like to get to know you. It is especially important for us to be sure we have complete health records in your folder. The Health Center maintains a file for every resident including such data as who to call in case of emergency, who your physicians are, both outside and inside Collington, and a host of other data. If these data are not correct, we have both fallen down on the job.

If you are a long-time resident, be smart. Come to the Clinic Affair. It will be held this year in the auditorium with a slightly different format. We still need to update your records. Have you consulted a new dermatologist, ophthalmologist, or otolaryngologist without telling us? Have you gotten a

hearing aid? Collington needs to know in the event you are taken suddenly ill. Has your next-of-kin moved, gotten a new telephone number?

2. Acquaint yourself with "The Yellow Form"--officially a "Report of Consultation."

Another piece of paper? Yes. We are trying to make it easier for you to keep your records complete. We ask that you take a Yellow Form every time you visit a doctor off campus. The form bears your name, the name of your Collington physician, and asks the doctor you are visiting to "report regarding his findings and recommendations."

The thing for YOU to do is take a Yellow Form with you the next time you visit a doctor outside Collington. Pick it up in the Health Clinic. Give it to the doctor. Tell him Collington needs to keep your medical records complete. Ask him to note his findings briefly. This is not for the Annals of the American Medical Association. It is for YOUR file. Bring it back to the Clinic with you.

If the doctor balks, and some may, write the doctor's name on the form and leave it at the Health Clinic when you get back to Collington. Too much trouble? Look ahead, please. One day it could cause a lot more trouble if the Health Center doesn't know the results of your visit to this physician.

3. Keep your appointments with on-campus physicians as often as you feel you need, or when they tell you to return.

Did you know . . .

That two of Collington's maintenance staff are very ambitious young men? This summer Abiodun James and Constantine Roberts received Heating and Air Conditioning diplomas from the Lincoln Technical Institute. They had attended classes at 7800 Central Avenue five nights a week for 11 months.

James' tuition was paid by Collington upon his agreement to remain here for at least one more year, to add to the four he already has spent with us.

Roberts, however, preferred to pay the \$1,000 tuition himself, thus freeing him to accept better offers. He and his wife, whom we knew as Christie Allen, live in Lusby, just a few miles this side of Solomon's Island. "I usually didn't get home before midnight," Roberts remembers.

James and his wife, Denise, fortunately live near Collington.

Congratulations to both men, who earned their diplomas with hard work and good grades.

Betty Clark

A Fall Haiku

*Leaves are flying now,
bright-colored like trees and sky.
But the birds are still.*

M.E. Wallen

That the freshly-painted fire hydrants with darker green hats on their squatty green bodies, are the work of 57 students from Queen Anne's School? They arrived at Collington on a sunny October morning to perform a community service project. Kevin Shaver, an alumnus of the school (where his mother works in the administrative office), sent the younger students off to clean up around our trails. He greeted the older ones with gifts of heavy wire brushes and sent them off to attack our rusty fire hydrants before they applied a fresh coat of paint.

One young lady, holding up a plastic bag with a few pitiful bits of detritus in the bottom, complained: "You people sure are clean. There was hardly any trash to pick up around here."

Thank you, students of Queen Anne's School. Come back soon. It is wonderful to see your faces among us. F.K.



Congratulations, Dorothea

To the astonishment of all present, Dorothea Crook, was inducted into the Nineties Club at the October Birthday Party. George Dankers, who presided, presented Dorothea with a framed membership plaque and recalled her years of service as Secretary of the Residents Association.

A red-haired high-school student played spicy cocktail piano. He timed himself with an hour glass and gave us a 15-minute bonus.

A Thanksgiving Tail

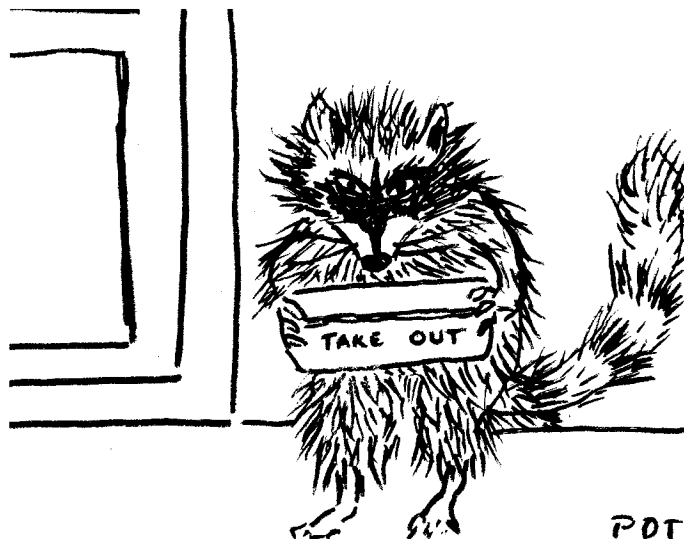
By Marion W. Willing

Many years ago, when I was on the staff of the Washington Humane Society, a call came in one day in early November. A woman who lived in Washington D.C. near Rock Creek Park reported that three days before, a raccoon had jumped from a nearby tree on to the roof of her house and seemed unable to get down. Concerned for its welfare, she had been throwing peanut butter and jelly sandwiches up to it, hoping the raccoon would eventually figure out how to get back to the wilds. After three days of picnicing on the roof, the raccoon seemed perfectly content with life. The woman was not. Hence her call.

In those days we had a very small staff which was supplemented by a young volunteer who went around with Havahart traps--the humane kind--helping people remove wild animals from attics, basements and roofs. Our waiting list for all services was long and I had to tell the woman that it might be several weeks before we could get around to her. She assured me the raccoon would not go hungry in the meantime.

Three weeks passed before we heard from the raccoon lady again. It was late in the afternoon, and she called to say that she and her husband had gone to the Hot Shoppe to buy their complete ready-to-eat Thanksgiving dinner with turkey, dressing, gravy, cranberry sauce--The Works--and had brought it home in the standard carry-out box.

Arriving home, they put the box down to unlock the front door. Suddenly the raccoon, hurled himself from the roof



PDT

Pat Trammell

down to the front stoop, and in a split second had picked up the carry-out box and disappeared into Rock Creek Park.

“And so,” said the woman with almost saintly acceptance of the fact that even raccoons get tired of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, “my husband and I shall plan to go out tomorrow for Thanksgiving dinner and you may cancel our place on the waiting list to remove the raccoon.”

HAVE A HAPPY THANKSGIVING

When Collington was dedicated on a Sunday afternoon in the Fall of 1988 there were 143 residents in 101 units. Of them, 48 were men and 95, women. The average age was 76. There were 8 dogs, 6 cats. No serpents. One lake. Hence the following lines:

Retrospeak, Lakewise

Of Charlie Trammell's subtle arts,
We like the most his legal smarts.
So what frustrates our lake-lust

hearts?

He works in retro-fits and starts.

RWVV