

The Collingtonian

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NEWS & VIEWS

•What We Did on Your Vacation•

By Tom Street

We Schmoozed with a U.S. Senator



Senator Mikulski up close and personal

Senator Barbara Mikulski dropped by for a neighborly visit from her home base of Baltimore. It happened to coincide with the Third Anniversary meeting of the Collington Chapter of the Maryland Continuing Care Retirement Association, known by the acronym MaCCRA. With five days notice, Marion Camp, Chapter chief, had the wheels greased for a first class reception, complete with arranging for media needs.

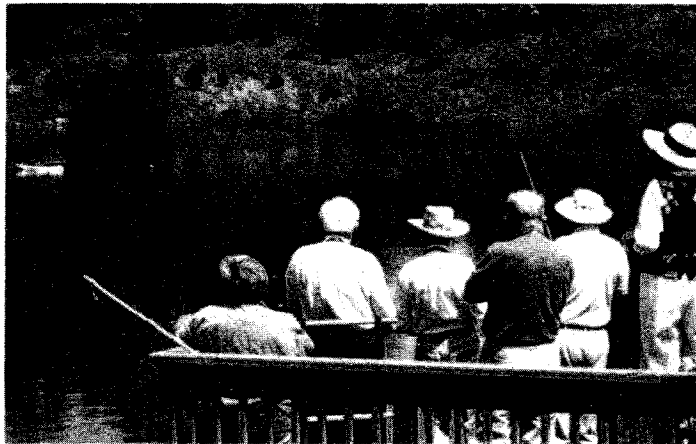
The overflow audience responded warmly to the concern the Senator expressed for the welfare of the aging population. It was charmed by her direct action approach in taking the roving microphone for a face to face give and take of questions and answers.

She assured the assembly that she would welcome a meeting in September with the State Office of Aging People, the management association for retirement communities, and MaCCRA, the residents' group. And that meeting will indeed take place September 9 at Broadmead. Her visit with us showed well on the local television station that evening.

We Had a Socko Fun-Da-Thon

Raised about \$16,000 as you read in the Safety Net for July. And it featured several new events, like a Regatta on Collington Lake with three skipjack captains going head to head--or radio control to radio control. Cap'n Bill Burleigh's green-sailed speedster won the first heat and George Dankers' won the

next three. The silver cup for the winner is still in the conceptual phase.



Green Sails Toward the Sunset

And Besides

The future of the Belt Woods free from development became a reality after long negotiations. "It is a win, win agreement," says our neighbor the Reverend Lawrence Harris, Rector of St. Barnabas' Leland. Governor Parris Glendening announced the agreement practically in our own backyard, at the corner of Central Avenue and Church Road. Many Collingtonians are relieved and pleased at the outcome.

Our roads got a facelift in a sealant coat of blacktop.

Karl Wirth built a shingle-roofed cover for a trail map and box for pocket trail maps at point 1 on the trail. It looks worthy of the Swiss Alps.

And it turns out you didn't have to go away at all. We had one of the coolest summers in recent memory with a record number of days in which it didn't go over 90 degrees. Glad we're back together. See you around the campus.

"Imperial Wicket" Reigns

by Anne Cadman-Walker

Played outdoors on grass, with two-person teams competing, players use wooden mallets to knock wooden balls through a series of small wire arches or wickets. The first team to get through all the wickets wins.

A tournament for the FUN-DA-THON was the kick-off, or knock-off, for more tournaments. After a hot contest (a pun is intended), John Jay and Georgia Paine beat out Wendell and Dorothy Brown, Bob and Carolyn Browning, Alba and Elizabeth Martin and Randal and Anne Walker.

One of the biggest croquet contests is scheduled to coincide with Collington's

Eighth anniversary and Prince George's County's Tricentennial Celebration.

Wendell Brown, who has accepted the leadership title of Imperial Wicket, plans to encourage Collington's newly-created Districts to set up teams to compete.



Dressed to kill



Players Alba Martin and Anne Cadman-Walker with "Imperial Wicket"

•Fitness--Go For It•

by Frances Kolarek

A major development has opened new vistas for getting us shaped up for the new physical year on campus.

It's the world of "glutes" and "abs." If you are not tuned in to the jargon, we are talking about the muscles of the gluteus, or buttocks, and the abdomen. And as everybody knows, it's important to keep these--and all the rest--in tone, tight, and strong.

This world has come to Collington. Beyond the banner "Wellness Center," before you get to the swimming pool, in a large room on the left, an array of impressive machines greets the visitor. Each is especially designed to tone and strengthen specific muscles of the body.

But most important of all there are Carrie Fein and Doug Jarro, trainers, with youth, likability and credentials. Carrie and Doug are just waiting to get their hands on you.

But first, so that no harm comes to fragile, older bodies, Carrie does her "evaluation", measuring and testing applicants and setting a series of goals. She then designs a set of exercises especially for you and sends it to your physician for approval. Only after the doctor says okay do you begin the exercise program.

Carrie and Doug believe in starting you out gently. An exercise program typically provides for two or three sessions a week, no more. Caught up in the enthusiasm, with a vision of a 30-year old

body floating before the eyes, there's a tendency to overdo at the start, wake up sore the next day, and skip the rest of the sessions.

Either Carrie or Doug is on duty in the Fitness Center at all times helping residents adjust the machines and reminding the forgetful of operating techniques. Carrie, as we explained in The Collingtonian of January, 1996, has a degree in Kinesiology, the science of keeping the body in mint condition. Doug attends classes in the same field at the University of Maryland in College Park and is one year away from his degree. He hopes to go on to become a physical therapist.

Oh, yes. One more detail. To enroll in

the program, each resident pays a \$100 fee. As goals are reached refunds are made--up to half the entry fee.

Residents who have not gone through the process of getting their doctors' okay, are not invited to use the machines in

the Fitness Center.

There are treadmills and bicycles in the area across the hall. They are open to all.

To date some 65 residents have signed up for the Fitness Program. Not all are conscientious in their pursuit of their goals. Others have dedicated themselves religiously to their exercise programs.

"Success seems to hinge on motivation," Carrie says. "Barbara Hall is working to overcome the problems at-

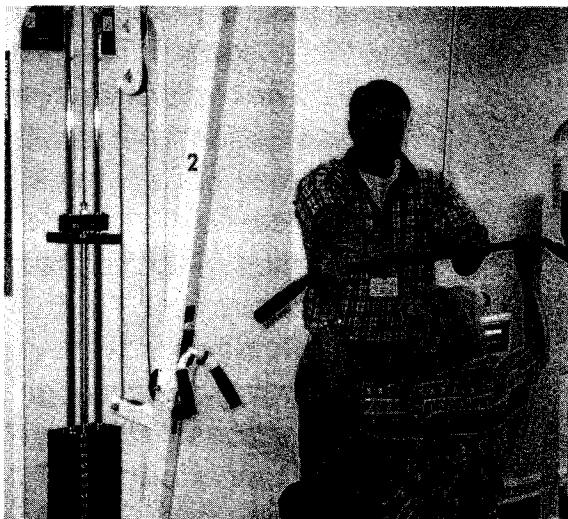


Carrie Fein discusses an evaluation

tendant on her two shoulder replacements. Ken Muldoon's weight loss program was urged on him by his physician. And you want to strengthen the muscles in your knee and resume walking."

How did Collington get involved with this program? As Gail Kohn explained at a Community Meeting last December, a visit to Pennswood, a retirement community in Pennsylvania which has such a program, convinced her that "residents who keep fit through exercise maintain better health, have fewer falls and consequently suffer fewer broken bones and hip and pelvic injuries.

"Wellness is a goal we all seek," Gail says. "And we hope that wide participa-



Doug Jarrow shows Dorothy Lally how the Lateral Pulldown machine works.

tion in the Fitness Program will keep all of our residents living independently for many, many years."

And how much did it cost Collington to equip the Fitness Center? "Altogether we have invested roughly \$26,500 in equipment. This is a capital expenditure that will be depreciated over seven years at the rate of \$3,804 per year. And we expect the return in resident health and

reduced demand on health services to more than compensate for the outlay," says Gail Kohn.



Barbara Hall gets an aerobic workout. Other participants are reflected in the room's mirror.

Small World Notes

You should know about the Willings' pre-nuptial double dating with the O'Boyles. Even a report of Bob falling asleep at the wheel (imagine that, on a date!).

Hugh O'Boyle, now deceased, was best man at the wedding of Bob and Marion Willing, also emcee at their reception in 1989, the first to be held at Collington. Nowadays Helen O'Boyle may be seen regularly cheerfully piloting her scooter to and from her 1002 cottage.

Then there are Roy Battles and Layne Beaty who got acquainted in 1944 when they were broadcasters in Cincinnati and Fort Worth, respectively. In the early 1960's, both temporary bachelors in Washington, they became charter members of an elite all-male think tank known to members as the BOPPS (Banks of the Potomac Philosophical Society). Roy and Irma now live in Apartment 235, Layne and Virginia in Cottage 1207.

**They Came,
They Saw,
They Concurred**

They also listened, and studied, and talked.

The four members of the CCAC accreditation team who spent July 28-30 at Collington told us that they liked what they saw and heard.

Those representatives of the Continuing Care Accreditation Commission are from other retirement communities which have been accredited by the CCAC. For the first time here the team included one resident of a retirement community, the others staff officials.

Mary Alice Ryan of the St. Andrews Presbyterian Foundation in St. Louis was leader of the group, accompanied by Lucia Welborne of the Carol Woods Institution in Chapel Hill, N.C., Sherry Smyth of the Philadelphia Presbytery Homes in Lafayette Hill, Pa., and John Cole, a resident of Covenant Manor in Minneapolis.

They had been fortified in advance with copies of the 12-pound self-study prepared by Collington listing current conditions and plans for the future.

At a special Community Meeting on the day of their departure, Bettie Flack of the administration staff, who had coordinated the self-study, introduced each of the four for an individual report on each specific area of operation.

There was one suggestion for change in the area of administering the new Home Health Care program. Since then, Collington has received verbal confirmation that the conditions of the recommendation had been met. L.B.

**NOW,
An Elderhostel
of Our Own**

The Elderhostels that Collington residents have attended probably add up to the hundreds, but now there's a switcheroo.

We are having our own, right here on October 13-18, highlighting Prince George's County's Tricentennial in cooperation with nearby Prince George's Community College. The normal registration of about 35 is expected, from across the United States.

Themes of the week-long study will be Prince George's historic contributions in agriculture, architecture and aeronautics. Lectures and meals will be here at Collington. Attendees will be lodged at the nearby Holiday Inn and will participate in field trips.

Highlighted will be agricultural research at Beltsville; the County's tobacco economy history; a visit to the nation's (perhaps the world's) oldest operating airport and its museum at College Park; and visits to some of the County's many architecturally unique, restored show-place manor houses of the colonial era.

Details of the program are being put in place by Collington's Executive Director, Gail Kohn, and a select committee of county residents and Collingtonians. More later. L.B.

Politically correct term for
"ignorant:"
Factually unencumbered.



UUUHH--What's Up, Doc?

by Layn e Beaty

Collington is not Watership Down but residents with fertile imaginations who love having cottontail rabbits hopping about can probably savor anew that classic tale of lagomorphic life.

The trouble is that a growing tribe of the furry hoppers has taken up residence here and has done sufficient damage to the floral creations of many of our cottage gardeners that some thought has been given to proposing that hasenpfeffer be added to the dinner menu. Or, maybe having a cookout featuring rabbit stew. *Sacre bleu!*

The dilemma is not new, just expanded. Last year Editor Tom Street, urged on by his neighbors in the 1000 Cluster, managed to trap a few of the miscreants and relocate them about five miles down the road in Watkins Park where they were surely more welcome if not as well fed.

This year, Paul and Alison MacLean caught one or two in a trap in the 1200 Cluster.

But for about a week this year, the late Wildurr Willing, in the 2200 Cluster, failed to lure even one bunny into his borrowed trap which he had baited with a succulent head of cabbage. Score one more for the canny bad guys. Just like Bugs Bunny of the old "Loony Toons" movie cartoons.

Hilda Jay has the best idea. She says that surrounding the plants with seed balls from sweetgum trees keeps the nibblers away.

"Hare today, gone tomorrow?" Don't count on it.



Hilltop Garden Olympic Champion

As told by Peter Heinze to Anne Cadman-Walker

He was short and furry with a bushy tail. He was known for digging burrows in the ground--to live in, yes, but even more, to get under fences and into gardens.

He (we use the masculine pronoun with no bias) and his colleagues had dug away and found an under-fence area several times. So the groundhogs went to work on the garden's cantaloupes, hollowing them out, leaving only the shells. In the summer season, gardeners got only two of all their cantaloupes.

So in late August, Pete, with great pains rechecked the eight-foot fence and its companion fence that is buried beneath the ground, to be sure it was deep enough and sufficiently secured to keep out these garden spoilers. In addition, inside the garden, Pete and the staff set traps, baited with a cut cantaloupe.

On the afternoon of Friday, August 16, while staffer Mickey Howerton worked at Hilltop, suddenly he saw a frustrated groundhog scrambling up and over the eight-foot fence--leaping or falling to the ground inside. An airborne groundhog! Mickey was amazed at the heights a ground animal would go for a cantaloupe.

Alas for the Olympic champ. Later he was found in the trap.

Collington On TV!

See back page for details or tune in Channel 15B at 11 a.m. on Sept. 4. to see our Collington video.

Take Your Troubles to Sheila

A piece of paper covered with cabalistic symbols arrives in our mail. It relates to a bill for medical care, but beyond that, all is mystery. Often the bottom line is a \$ sign followed by a large number.

Many of us look at it with frustration, crumble the offending document in our fist and throw it in the trash. Others carefully put the sheet at the bottom of a pile of papers that grows every week.

And then, there are those of us who take our troubles to Sheila Roberts, who glances at the contents, smiles, says, oh, yes, this got sent to the wrong address. (How can she tell this?) She dials a telephone number, says "Hi, Cheryl, this is Sheila at Collington," has a brief chat, and you go home happy. It's all taken care of.

Sheila Roberts has been deciphering Medicare forms and handling secondary billing since she worked for an ophthalmologist, much of whose work involved cataract surgery on elderly patients. They often did not understand about filing for reimbursement from their secondary insurers and Sheila, as a favor, would do the filing for them.

It occurred to Sheila to open her own business helping people with such problems, but she soon discovered this field was overcrowded with small firms, some qualified, some unqualified. She decided it was wiser to stick with outfits like Collington, where she is a part-time employee at the moment. She does other part-time work, and has established contacts--strictly via telephone--with staff at dozens of secondary insurers.

Sheila is a local girl, born in Washing-

ton, D. C. She moved to Loudoun County, Virginia, where she attended Community College, studying accounting. She has an empathy for numbers, a great help in her line of work.

Sheila Roberts, Extension 2210, can help you with your billing problems. Just call for an appointment.

Once Upon a Sand Dune

Before we settled down atop the sand dune, our group was admonished that it would be "men to the left" and "ladies to the right." On prior camping trips such instructions were routine, but those had been in well-vegetated areas which permitted a modicum of modesty. But our sand dune here in the middle of the United Arab Emirates had only the sparsest of small bushes.

The muezzin in some unseen village below had effectively awakened our group of about 15. Crawling out of dew-covered sleeping bags we ladies searched out the most promising bush on "our side." Mission accomplished, I stood to zip up and set clothing to rights but wondered about four long, hairy legs a short distance away. Peering down from her elevated height was Mama Camel surveying this most uncommon invasion of *her* sand dune.

Muriel H. Parry

Quotable Quotes

Lightning bug, upon being run over by a lawn mower: "Delighted, no end."

Bob Hope to his computer: "Thanks. . . for the memory."

•Music in the Metro•

by Caroline Farquhar

Time: early afternoon, weekday

Place: Farragut West Metro station

I ride down the escalator, walk along the platform and sit down on a bench. It's good to sit here for a few minutes in the big cool quiet station and rest after pushing errands out on the hot streets. A young black man is already seated on the bench. Shortly Addison Road train roars in and out but we remain; so it's evidently New Carrollton we're waiting for.

After a few minute I notice he's humming, softly and wordlessly--tenor voice. Then he adds some words, and I'm alert, paying attention now. Then I hear "for thine is the Kingdom . . ." He stops. Now what do I do. I know those words and music. But should I show that I do? Do I all of a sudden break into his privacy, interrupt his own musical separate journey?

Well, I do, on impulse and just as softly I sing the next line ". . . and the glory," at which point we turn and look at each other. "The Lord's Prayer!" I say, and we both laugh heartily. "You got it right," he says. So now we're free to talk.

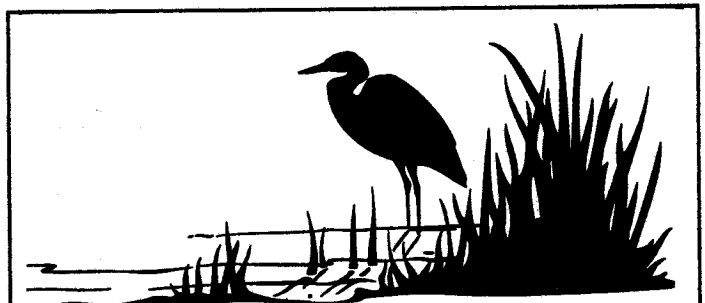
"Do you sing in a choir?" Yes. "A church choir, maybe?" Yes, again. "How many voices are in it?" "About a hundred," he says. "Wow," I say, "that's a big choir." He nods. "Are there any composers in this area who write music for choirs like yours?" Yes, there are, he says, and adds, "There are composers in our church who do. We sing music you won't hear in any other church."

"Both traditional and gospel music?" Yes, "and other instruments are

sometimes added besides organ--trumpet trombone, bongo drums, saxophone." He names others.

I'm beginning to hear some pretty vivid vocal and instrumental glory in my head. I ask him the name of his church. "Mt. Calvary Baptist Church," he replies. It's in D.C. You can see it from the Rhode Island Avenue Metro platform. He says I should come some time. "I'd certainly like to," I reply, and at that point the New Carrollton train roars into the station, we stand up and move toward the cars.

"Take care," he says and waves. "You too." And we disappear among the rush of passengers.



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Collington on TV!

See back page!

•Collingtonians Fight Asiatic Invasion•

by Wendell Brown

A small group of Collington residents have fought valiantly this spring and summer to hold back a dangerous Asiatic invading force, *Polygonum perfoliatum*, popularly known as "mile-a-minute vine." Under the determined leadership of Tom Street, the Collingtonians, bringing as weapons only their gloved hands, have filled countless plastic bags with the remains of their enemy.

The vine was reported to move across the landscape at incredible speeds and, according to the literature, "can grow up and over small trees and shrubs." The intrepid group, oblivious of the danger that the vine might grow up and over them and enmesh them like flies in a spider web, moved to the outer trail to engage the enemy at a point where it was particularly pervasive. Fortunately they found that the name, "mile-a-minute vine" contained a certain amount of hyperbole. To call it a "five-feet-a-week vine" would be more accurate if less dramatic.

In early June on their first sortie, the weed-pickers found a frail, delicate plant, loosely rooted, with a very slender, barbed stem, small, pale green, triangular leaves, and tiny cup-shaped ornaments along its length. Pulling it out of the ground would not be an arduous task for a twenty year old or even a fifty year old. But, of course, any amount of stoop labor will cause most eighty year old backs to complain.

By July the job had become more formidable--the stems had become thicker and tougher, and the vine was usually found entwined and entangled in trees and bushes, sometimes to heights of six feet or more.

As a result of the weed-pickers efforts, the trail has been largely cleared of the vine along the Lake shore and in areas south of the Hilltop Gardens. However, the man and woman power available was not sufficient for the whole job. The vine has now reached heights of nine feet or more in some trees. And in sizable areas along the trail between the Burial Ground and the gate and along the south side of the access road (on the right going out) the vine has indeed grown up and over small shrubs and gives the appearance of a bumpy carpet.

Commandante Street reminds us that the mile-a-minute vine will be back next year. One can hope that if a determined enough effort is made, Agent Orange will not be necessary.

Those involved in weed-pulling this year included Tom Street, Wendell Brown, Sophie Clagett, Mary MacMartin, Mary Olmsted, Morris Oxman and Dick Van Wagenen.

The Joy of Weeding

I'd rather sit at home and read
Than chase the mile- a-minute weed.

It travels 60 per, or more,
And I can run just over 4.

So let it breed at break-stem speed
But hope it strangles in its greed.

RWVW

Let Go Of Tennis? Never!

Tennis is in Anne Cadman-Walker's blood. She has been playing since childhood and has trophies to prove her proficiency. It would be fair to say that for Anne a day without tennis is a day without sunshine.

So what's the problem? The problem lies in two hip replacements for Anne--one a couple of years old, the other a couple of months old. With one replacement Anne continued to play tennis, a bit slowed by her surgeon's injunction not to fall down.

Today, a step or two slower, she is still on the courts. But, she says, when the ball comes in "just over there," she wonders if she should lunge for it? Can she lunge for it? Will she fall?

For years, Anne was on the court early each morning for an hour's tennis with friends--her choice was doubles because of the companionship with fellow-players. Now, with her move from River House in Alexandria to Collington, she is trying to rebuild her tennis game at the Watkins Park Courts, looking for players at her level.

And in the back of her mind, lies the ugly question: "Is it time to say goodbye to tennis?"

Saying "goodbye" to former occupations--sports now beyond us, pastimes that demand more than our skills can supply--is something all of us face as the years catch up with us. Helping those grappling with such conflicts keeps psychologists and therapists in pocket money.

How Anne will meet and handle the tennis problem only time can tell.

If you have a story about your own goodbye to a beloved activity, tell us about it and we'll send a reporter to talk to you. The Collingtonian is interested in your views. F.K.

Calling All Collings

How did the name Collington get from England to a sprinkling of places in Maryland? The noble quest for truth goes on.

Parker MacCarthy consulted his 1910 Baedeker's travel guide. Mary Olmsted found a map showing a Collington in Herefordshire. A request for help to the British Embassy brought forth a list of commercial research firms.

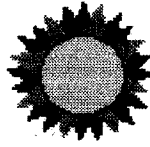
A recent Collington visitor went home to Paris and found, on the Internet, the home page of Stilwell's bed and breakfast inn at Collington in Herefordshire but nothing more of Collington.

Then Phyllis Sternau went vacationing in western England and, bingo, brought back snapshots of the Collington church and road marker. Thanks, Phyllis.

There are some other Collingtons besides those around us. One in Alberta, for instance. But who brought the name to Maryland. Possibly the same family that named some others. The Colling family was well known in western England in the 18th century, possibly much longer, but we find none listed near us.

Stay tuned.

Collington on TV!
Details on back page.



Family Harmony

The Jay family locked horns with the Trappe family in absentia in July in an impromptu concert buttressed by Virginia Beaty on the piano. With daughter Sarah Jay Wurdlow playing the flute, grandson David Wurdlow and daughter Ellen Jay playing horns and granddaughter Heather Farina playing the oboe, the rich fare of musical delicacies would have tempted even a more finicky audience than this.

With a flute sonata by Telemann, an oboe piece by Britten, a horn work by Marais, horn duets by Mozart, horns and piano from Vivaldi, eclecticism was the order of the day, and a flute work by Honneger caused no outcry.

The real fillip for the program was an offering of folk tunes played on the Alphorn. Ellen Jay brought off this demanding assignment with aplomb, eliciting sounds from the great long super horn shaped vaguely like a pipe for smoking that some Swiss say brings tears to the eyes, for some from nostalgia and for others from other reasons.

Virtual Sand Between the Toes

Non surfers or simply homebody types can get a vicarious salt air, sand and shell collecting experience from a visit to the courtyard gallery exhibits. Mary MacMartin's arrangement of family treasures and mementos, from a carved

"And summer's lease hath all too short a day." W.S.

and painted Old Squaw duck, a stump from a big and little beavers' work, a quilt designed with a nautical motif and made by the Dankers family over 40 years, coral, shells, glass floats to hold up nets, snorkel gear, and even a wine and a beer bottle is enough to dispel any regrets at not really being there.

The Twenties Roar Again

As noted in our sister journal, The Washington Post for July 20, at the the third annual "Philharmonic Follies" the Collington crew were "clearly a spirited and talented group." Check the photo. Recognize them?



Glamour Galore

Scenes of Summer

Gentle breezes and golden tones seem to extend the summer scene along the walls of the West Gallery, where the watercolors by Pat Olson have cheered strollers along the route. The artist, a friend of Judy Kidney's and other alumnae of Mt. Holyoke, lives in nearby Virginia.

We need to rethink our philosophy of work and recover an appreciation of the virtues of leisure. There is a conspiracy to get everyone back to work after the summer doldrums, culminating in the establishment of Labor Day right at the beginning of September, without the decency to recognize that the heat of summer has not yet lifted. Summer is now even being robbed of its essential rooting in the enjoyment of leisure. We have heard of teachers, as early as the fourth grade, who assign homework on "what I did during the summer vacation" as if vacations were for doing things. And as if home were for work, for that matter, but that's another issue.

September, having gone along quietly for years as month number seven, has now been forced into the position of marking the beginning of the year's business, when school opens, workers return to slavery to the Beltway, and committees resume meeting. September has now become the month that marks the end of that most precious of human rights, the right to do nothing, a terrible fate for a month.

Leisure is born in the awareness of the benefits of a certain rare kind of creative inactivity, of what an historian, writing about the English Houses of Parliament, has called "disciplined inaction." But inactivity is only the outward sign of leisure. Its essence quite properly eludes the work of analysis. For one thing, leisure is not opposed to exercise. Exercise, together with the water-cooler, has provided an essential escape from what Charles Lamb called the "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood." One can only applaud the worker who leaves a

full in-basket to play a set of tennis. Time, he or she may say, for a "workout." But don't be confused by that term "work-out." As any medievalist knows, this is a corruption of an Anglo-Saxon proverb that originally was "worke beene oute," which may be translated as "get out of work," its present meaning. Exercise now has such an excellent reputation that anyone who practices leisure might borrow it, as by saying, "I'd be glad to come to the meeting, but it is time for my exercises." One would then get out of sight, and lie down.

The great contribution of leisure to civilization is the opportunity it gives for unimplemented thinking. Thinking is all right in its own way, but unfortunately it is often implemented, that is, acted upon. True leisure means contemplation uncorrupted by getting anything done. This wisdom, so familiar to the academic world, could revolutionize the world of politics.

It is an inspiring thought, but don't expect any action on it, even if it is September.

Collington on TV!

The Prince George's County Community television station, Channel 15 on your B cable service, will broadcast the Collington Video on September 4 at 11 a.m.

This is the film made by Mary Ann Pellerin and Marcia Behr, starring a cast of dozens of residents. It runs 19 minutes.

Don't miss it! All Collington TV sets can receive this channel.