



The
Collingtonian

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Dining Room Expansion Will Soon Take Shape

By Bill Simpich

Rich Baker, Collington's vice president for Culinary Planning, faces two tough and seemingly conflicting challenges: to increase dining-room capacity from 170 seats to 260 -- and improve the service.

He *knows* the seat count will increase, yet he's equally confident about the service. And he's certain, too, that inescapable inconvenience lies ahead.

With building permits expected from state and county officials in May, expansion will begin around the perimeter of the present dining area. One addition is a south-facing dining area near the kitchen with 52 seats. A lakeside expansion will provide 58 more. And a northern addition adds a small dining area with 16 seats and the cheerful extra of a fireplace (gas-fired). This space will be particularly favored by the hard-of-hearing, since fewer people equals less background noise. (The area can be easily closed off for an occasional private party, but that's not its primary purpose.)

The expansion will also move toward the courtyard. Six large tables will enjoy window views as they border the north-side wall with three more tables in what is now the lounge area -- for a total of 56 seats. A new hallway will

lead from the apartments to the courtyard level elevators in order to reach residents on upper levels and the swimming pool and Fitness Center.

A final expansion will involve the courtyard. We'll see a pergola there with four tables. The concrete decking will give way to short-turf grass and gravel paths as the architects to replace the present, harsh sunlight glare with the soft mood of a garden.

Last of the renovations will be the living room, where the focus will be less on jigsaw puzzles and more on a broadly engaging social scene, featuring afternoon teas, after-dinner desserts and a small bar. The area, including a new porch with outside seating facing the lake, will remain open until 8 p.m. or so depending on demand.

Meanwhile, the steel-framed interior of the dining room will be gutted and totally redesigned. The centerpiece of the new area will be a large, U-shaped "Display Cooking" facility. This concept is central to Rich Baker's optimism for improving service. What it will help do, he says, is "keep the dining staff in the dining room." That is, they'll spend less time on repeated round-trips to the kitchen and more time on serving diners.

Six staff members will man the interior of this station, which will have mirror-image buffets on both sides. At breakfast, for example, you can order from your table or walk to the Display Cooking station and watch them prepare your omelet to order (with ham, cheese, onions, mushrooms, bacon bits and green pepper). The same with other meals: order from your table or visit the new soup and salad bar and then either of the two buffet tables.

You won't find staff members cleaning fish and chopping lettuce at this complex, but this is where the finished cooking will be done, with help from two refrigerated tables, gas stoves, griddle and a "Combi-Oven" for baking and steaming. An elaborate HVAC system will vent cooking odors.

To further speed service, staff members will use carts to roll your juice drink to your table, instead of hiking to the kitchen for a V-8 on a tray. And they'll deliver desserts and coffee the same swift way.

Scooter and wheelchair riders who can handle the walk will park their vehicles in an area now occupied by that curved planter in the living room or in another area by the present cloak room. Others, less mobile, can ride directly to new "leg-free" tables designed to accommodate them comfortably. Not all tables will be pedestal-mounted, only those closest to entrances.

Good news for everyone is that noise-baffling walls will surround the new service stations, where empty plates are dumped.

Rich expects, if all goes well, that our new

dining room will open in September (if work begins in May). When construction starts, dining-room tables and chairs will be moved to the auditorium and will seat 90 to 100. That's far short of what's needed, so 16 tables will be set up in the Courtyard under nine-foot diameter umbrellas. And there'll be a buffet table in the Courtyard lobby, by the organ, for those preferring to dine at home.

Events normally held in the auditorium will take place in the Courtyard Conference Room, which will seat 60 with the tables removed. Since that's far short of real needs, arrangements are underway for events to be covered by Channel 10.

When the newly expanded dining room finally opens, the kitchen closes for its own renovations.

But Rich can rely on the new Display cooking station for preparing three meals a day and on a giant refrigerator trailer to be parked by the loading dock. He's planning on perhaps four to six weeks without a kitchen, using scaled-down menus.

His eyes dance as he described things to come: a useless storage room becomes a new dishwashing area, a new freezer with three different temperature levels replaces an obsolete one, and there will be new pots and kettles, a new peeler and other bulk cooking equipment, new ceiling and lighting, and an entirely new food preparation area.

Architects and builders are at the ready with plans completed and sub-contractors marshalled. We're missing only one detail -- building permits.

**It's National Nurses Week -- May 6 to 12
The Collingtonian Salutes our Clinic Staff**



Beth Reid, who did some of her training at Glenn Dale when it was the D.C. TB sanatorium, has her Master's in nursing and has been with us 3 1/2 years.

Next month, we will celebrate our nurses on Levels One and Two.



Miriam Sanders, a native Washingtonian, is an RN. She recently took a vacation in Paris with her husband. Three years at Collington.



Esther Barley, Clinic Manager, is a native of Sierra Leone who earned her RN in London where she lived for many years. She has three small children at home, the youngest of whom is under 3. She has been here at Collington six years.



Anna Pennington scoots through her evening duty. She has a B.S. in nursing from Marymount College and eight years here.

Photographs by
Tom Street



Phyllis Lopez has done weekend duty for 12 years. She is a licensed practical nurse, trained in Illinois, her home state.

Planners Eye the Decor In Collington's Future

By Edward Behr

As Collington begins to expand, the Interior Design Committee, composed of residents and staff members led by Judy Mutty, is turning attention to the appearance of the expanded Creighton Center. All are determined to preserve or improve the center's quality.

The entire expansion project will occupy some three years and some early decisions will be subject to change. But decisions are being made. For example:

The decor of the dining room, as it is expanded, will be totally transformed. Each of its four principal areas will be treated distinctly. Different-colored carpeting and wall coverings featuring earth tones and coordinating blue accents will make for a more intimate and gracious dining experience. Modern (and brighter!) lighting fixtures will be installed and all chairs will be replaced -- each with arms and casters on their front legs. New linens will top off the new dining room look.

Other decisions are approaching. Committee members have talked of certain core colors for walls of public spaces. These would include subtle shades of purple and green.

The interior designs that emerge will be the fruits of a long planning process. The committee has taken two trips to Pittsburgh to meet with the Perkins Eastman architects. At the first session results of a survey of Collington residents were discussed and a proposed color scheme was

modified by committee input. The second session built on conclusions of the first and focused partly on furniture design. Members agreed it was important to match and complement existing furniture, and they had chair "sit-offs" testing various designs.

Last September a questionnaire sent to residents asked for their interior-design ideas; the answers, says Judy Mutty, "were all over the board." (Hence the committee made its own decisions.) Yet there was general agreement on one thing. Anne Holmes, who tabulated the results, said "Given that Collington is well known to be peopled by individualists, there was surprising unanimity for the 'homey look.'" Hence most of the existing furniture in common spaces will be reupholstered and refinished as needed to blend with the new decor. And existing art work will be reused.

But some decisions made now aren't necessarily final. Once each phase is underway (dining room, health center, Clocktower, etc.), there will be displays of fabrics, carpets, wall coverings and window treatments. Final choices will wait until then to ensure that the preferred materials are available.

For their unselfish work on the design project, Collington owes thanks to Judy Mutty, Ann Hammond, Joyce Meeden and Joan Symington on the staff side and to Anne Holmes, Eva Yale, Hilda Jay and Leila Wilson among the residents' representatives.

Working Off the Stress

By Tom Street

How does she do it? How does she juggle the ongoing crises of construction with the Harkins people, flaps with the architects of Perkins Eastman, strategy with the honchos of PE Program Development, landscape crises with Brickman, not to mention the grief we residents provide through the Landscape, Property, and Lake and Trail Committees which she religiously attends? There is no doubt more we know not of -- internal stuff, budgets and the like. If all this is not calculated to produce stress, one hates to think what it would take.

But does she show it? Not a bit. She's always cheery, upbeat. Whatever she's taking, we all could use some. Except that what's holding down her stress level is something not available to most of us -- rowing in an eight-person shell. That's right; she's committed to an eight, as she puts it. So twice a week from Annapolis she sets out with seven other stalwarts to charge up and down the waters of College Creek and the Severn River, working out the tension. Which would be enough to drive almost anyone cuckoo. Except that she's not just any one.

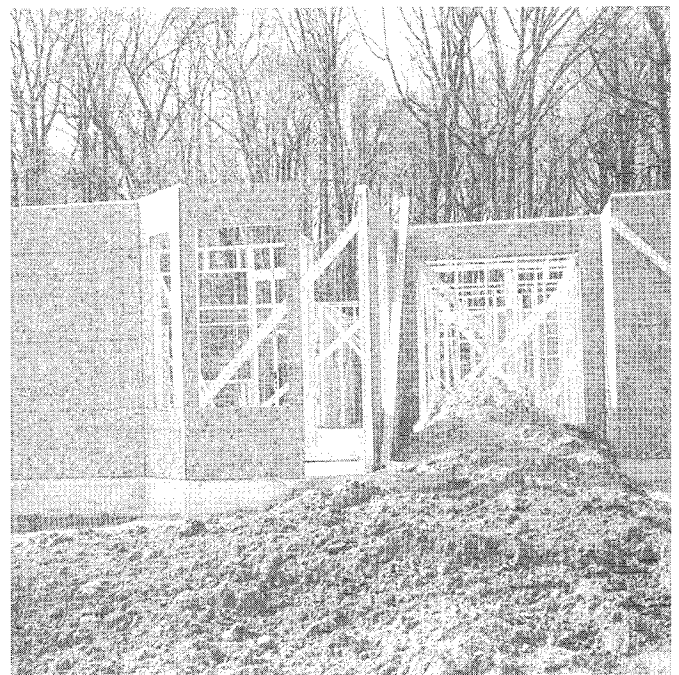
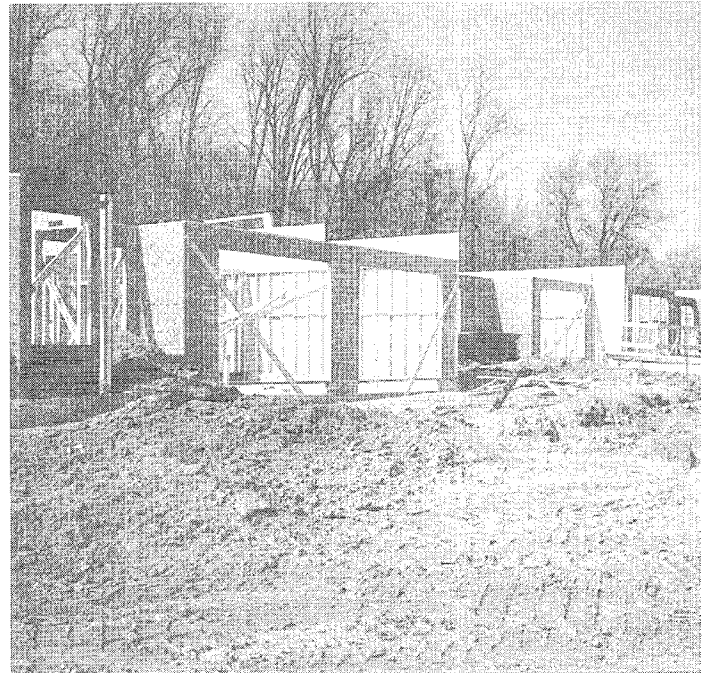
She's Judy Mutty, our Director of Environmental Services. Now she's training to be a coxswain, barking out the cadence and steering the shell. Each of the eight needs to know how to do this, in case the one designated for the appointed time can't make it.

Judy rows with the Annapolis Rowing Club, faring out of the St. John's College boathouse, right next to the Naval Academy.

Cottages Were Rising

Are we making progress? You bet we are. Tom Street took these pictures around April 20. The buzz: Some cottages are getting roofing.

In case you don't get around to that neck of the woods, we thought you'd like a look-see.



Maude Cahill, Professional Volunteer

From the shady streets of Mount Pleasant where she grew up, a self-described tomboy, Maude Cahill took us for a stroll down the road of her volunteer activities pointing out landmarks along the way. She spoke on the last Friday in April in the "Know Your Neighbor" series and Grace Langley introduced her.

After dropping out of Maryland University for health reasons, Maude completed a business course and went to work at the Pentagon during World War II. But from then on, with one or two lapses, her profession was "Volunteer."

The American Red Cross claimed most of her time while her daughter Susan was growing up, and later after she had flown the nest.

Generously peppered with anecdotes that kept the audience laughing, her talk told of a woman who called the Red Cross in Hyattsville one day to inquire where she could get a pair of shoes dyed. No, she did not have the wrong number. These were Red Cross shoes and she had correctly called the Red Cross. . . . Use tact, Maude remembered. This woman may one day be asked to contribute.

Blood Mobile memories brought more smiles and laughter.

Maude touched only lightly on her years at St. Andrew's Episcopal church in College Park where she sang in the choir for many years and served as senior warden in the Vestry.

At Collington Maude has worked with the Hospitality Committee and has recently joined a group interested in upgrading our Channel 10. The end of the road is not in view.

A Book-Sale Success

The Library Committee rang up another successful sale of surplus books in April. The dollar take was nothing much -- a mere \$41. But the committee did manage to get rid of some 140 paperbacks at 25 cents each or 6 for \$1; that was roughly half the number offered for sale. And the stacks of surplus books in the work room were reduced accordingly.

As expected, mysteries went fast. Other fiction, including romances, did almost as well. Buyers also picked up history, nature and art books. The sale, planned by cochairmen Elisabeth Martin and Marcia Behr, was run by nine committee members. It drew crowds at opening time and again at the lunch hour. Among the customers were as many staff members as residents; all recognized the bargains available.

The unsold paperbacks will be taken by resident Georgia Paine to a nearby public library, where they may again be offered for sale.

The April sale is not our library's last for this spring. In June the committee plans a sale of several hundred surplus hardbacks. The price per book may be as low as \$1 or as high as \$2. Either way, there will be surefire bargains. E.B.

“We Are the Music Makers . . .”

By Faith Jackson

Virginia Beaty has done so much to enrich our lives at Collington by creating Music Makers,” says Bob Willing, one of the group, and indeed she has. It is her stated philosophy that music should be part of all our lives and so, when she came here six years ago, she started the monthly group in which members come to play for each other’s pleasure, and their own. The audience is US, and there is no formal program. Technical prowess is not the point; rather, says Virginia, it is a matter of how our interest and age respond, whether we have long or short musical memories. However, the present group has had extensive experience and the level of pleasure is high.

Bob Willing’s mother, a graduate of the New England Conservatory, taught him and other pupils piano. She took him regularly to concerts where he heard many of the great pianists. She gave him an enduring love of playing and listening, which he brings to this music group.

Dr. Lou Bachrach, on the other hand, studied violin for one year, after which both Lou and his mother abandoned his life in music by mutual consent. However, a colleague at the Brunswick, Maine, hospital heard him at age 44 humming Mozart, urged him to go back to music, and found him a teacher. “This time,” Lou says, “I practiced!” So much so that he was invited to play with the Bowdoin College Symphony in



Virginia Beaty at the piano.

Brunswick and with the Okaloosa-Walton Community College in Florida.

“When I was fifteen,” Charles Morris says, “I gave up the ocarina and harmonica for the clarinet.” A good thing too, because from then on he played with his high school orchestra, the Bucknell College Symphony Orchestra, had a gig playing saxophone for the college dance orchestra, went on to play in orchestras in Cleveland

and in Pittsburgh, where he was first clarinetist for the Williamsburg Civic Symphony. These days he plays chamber music with available pianists, and happily, with flutist Hilda Jay.

Hilda Jay is another one who started at ten, but kept going with serious purpose and talent. “I have a mess of medals to prove it,” she says. For years she played in the Indiana University

and Norwalk, Connecticut, symphonies. Maybe you wonder how, with her library profession and ongoing duties therein, plus the Opportunities Outlet, which takes enormous organization and time, Hilda still managed to play in the Greenbelt Community Band along with musician daughter Ellen, and joins a small group of retirees from the big band to give weekly concerts for “old people’s homes.”

Susanne Embree’s paternal grandfather was Pike County, Indiana, Clerk and County Bandmaster and her father and two uncles grew up playing in the band. They often ventured to other places in the state and to Missouri. Susanne remembers concerts on the courthouse lawn. She and the whole clan, including her French mother and family, were immersed in

music, no matter what else they did. Suzanne is a pianist who has played all her life.

Virginia says that when she was two years old in Chicago, the musical family upstairs, everyone singing or playing instruments, taught her everything she needed to know by the time she was five! And Layne repeats the story that her family claimed Virginia would never starve because she could always play in a pub. "That's why I married her," he says. Cutting through those legends you discover this is a highly accomplished performer of classical music who, as well as spending years in another profession, has truly made music her life.

People come and go. Even if only two players showed up for the monthly get-together, the day would never be lost; music would be heard. If you play an instrument, or would like to "brush up," come join the Music Makers on May 15 at 10 a.m. Even if it's Chopsticks, or Three Blind Mice, I intend to sign in with something slow, as I am prone to stage fright.

A Trip to Charlottesville

Two residents -- James Gholson and Malcolm Wall -- who served on Collington's Founding Board, accompanied Executive Director Gail Kohn in late April to the Westminster-Canterbury retirement community in Charlottesville, Virginia. There, before some 75 residents and staff members, they discussed the issue of residents serving on boards of directors.

Gail Kohn has published her views on this subject in a paper you can find reprinted in the Appendix to the Tenth Anniversary Book. Pract-

ising what she preaches, she has designated three chairs on Collington's Board to be filled by residents.

"We have changed over the years, as the result of experience. Originally, the members were appointed. Today they are directly elected by our residents," she said.

Malcolm Wall, representing the opposition, was converted on the road to Charlottesville. His reservations, however, continue to revolve around over-expectations about the degree of power a Board wields. He cautions: "Members should not get their hopes up that they will be involved in problem-solving and the performance of miracles."

James Gholson, on the other hand, has always believed that members of a democratic institution have the right to serve on its Board of Directors.

Malcolm Wall, whose forebears came from Virginia, found himself among people with whom he felt right at home, "even the accents," and was reunited with a member of his 1938 graduating class at William and Mary.

Jim Gholson told Gail of the influence Maude and Mary had had in making him determined to get a college education. Maude and Mary? "Two mules, one stubborn, the other who would bite you." After working closely with them in the family's truck farm near Norfolk, Virginia, young Jim determined to get a college education and put distance between himself and mules.

All three agreed enthusiastically: "It was a marvelous day."

Our Death March Veteran

By Kay Swift

A recent arrival at Collington once had a dubious honor: He was one of the few Americans captured by the Japanese who survived the Bataan Death March in the Philippines early in World War II and three subsequent years as a prisoner of war.

This is Arthur Christensen, who arrived with his wife, Sara, last December. Growing up in Fargo, he attended the North Dakota Agricultural College (now the State University) where his father was a professor.

There he followed a pre-med course, intending to go to medical school after graduat-

ing in 1936. Instead, he became an Army officer and what he intended as a one-year assignment became a 24-year career.

In 1939 he was sent to the Philippines, the first place the Japanese attacked after Pearl Harbor. Following the Death March he was held in the Philippines as a prisoner of war for two years and was later moved to Japan. As an officer he had no advantages over the other prisoners. Although conditions varied greatly from time to time or place to place, the ordeal was shared by all. By sheer luck, when he was moved to Japan he was on the last ship loaded with POWs that was not attacked and sunk by our own forces.

Following his release at the war's end he resumed his military career in a variety of assignments. During one of them, as a graduate stud-

ent in 1949 at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn., he met and married his wife. His career included three years in military intelligence at the Pentagon. This was followed by four years in Austria, the last three as Assistant Army Attache in Vienna where he met our "Tully" Torbert, then a U.S. diplomat. His last two years in the Army



Arthur "Chris" Christensen

he spent as commander of a training regiment at Fort Leonard Wood, MO. Chris retired from the Army as a colonel in 1960.

After his first retirement he devoted ten years to an urban renewal project in Baltimore, retired again, and then chose to sell real estate as an avocation. After his third retirement he came to Collington since two of their four children live in this

area.

Note to library patrons:

A recent acquisition, *The Founding Brothers* by Joseph Ellis, won the Pulitzer Prize for history last month. It focuses on John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison.

Spring at Collington

Now it's spring but with our kind of luck
We're surrounded by great mounds of muck.

Yes, we hear some birds sing

But the dominant thing

Is the beep-beep of a backing-up truck.

K.L.S.

She Blends Two Art Forms

By Glendy Pabst

MaryAverett Seelye is a citizen of the world as well as a resident of Collington. So it isn't surprising that her most recent performance of "poetry in motion" included a poem by Prime Minister Bulent Ecevit of Turkey, who himself provided the English translation she needed.

Even for a citizen of the world that was a coup, but MaryAverett is blessed with a sterling inheritance. Years ago when the Prime Minister was a student at Robert College in Istanbul, MaryAverett's father taught there and established the Seelye name as a standard of quality. This was reinforced a generation later when her brother served in Istanbul as an American diplomat.

MaryAverett herself grew up around a few corners from Turkey when her father taught psychology at Lebanon's popular American University. Arabic was spoken by most of their neighbors, so thinking in two languages just came naturally to the family. That may be a way of explaining Kinesis, her personal art form, which blends the "languages" of poetry and movement.

But MaryAverett is also heir to the traditions of New England where ancestors were noted educators. Included in her gene pool are past presidents of Amherst and Smith, while her fa-

ther taught at liberal Bennington in Vermont after leaving the war-ravaged Middle East.

To her as a Bennington student, blending two art forms seems no more difficult than thinking in two languages. Add to this mix the missionary genes on her mother's side, and you have a true believer who is eager to convert others. Her aesthetic faith has evolved over the years into a distinctive performance style.



MaryAverett Seelye

Collington sampled it at a concert in the auditorium shortly before MaryAverett moved here in 1999. Some residents were converts; others took a "wait-and-see" approach. A bus load of the former witnessed Kinesis again in late March when MaryAverett costarred with a quartet of Turkish

musicians in a concert at Washington's Levine School of Music. Her performance included a rendering of Prime Minister Ecevit's poem in both the Turkish and English versions.

Between that concert and the birth of Kinesis decades earlier stretched a tantalizing mix of success and failure. The world wasn't quite ready for Kinesis when MaryAverett moved to New York in the 1940s. She persevered anyway, forming the small Trio theater with like-minded friends; even receiving an offer from early TV before a collapsed lung drove her into temporary retirement.

But that sad time wasn't wasted. MaryAver-

A Stalwart Traveler

ett detoured to Chapel Hill, N.C., where she earned an M.A. in English which increased her poetic repertoire. Then she moved on to Washington where she wrote pamphlets describing art projects suitable for members of the American Association of University Women, and toured the country expounding their theme.

When not actually on the road, she took her own advice, forming independent arts groups that evolved into a performance group named Theater Lobby, with MaryAverett as director.

Staging classic and/or difficult plays in a small building behind St. Matthew's Cathedral, the group won fans among serious drama-goers, even praise from the *Washington Post's* often querulous critic as "better than Broadway."

But when Theater Lobby's building was torn down MaryAverett's career was again threatened. Fortunately her genius included an aptitude for making friends and friends applauded Kinesis.

Soon, one concert led to another. Over the years, MaryAverett has staged dozens of recitals, sometimes in conjunction with various groups, sometimes in solo performance. In future years she hopes to do more.

So, if she didn't intend to retire, why did she move to a retirement community? For one thing, she had friends here, even former college classmates. For another, she had a very good offer for her apartment in D.C. She actually enjoys driving back and forth from the city. At the wheel she can think out her Kinesis routines. Someday, she supposes, she actually will slow down. But not yet.

Wheelchairs do get around these days, and when they have an intrepid passenger like Pat French, they cover a lot of ground. Her role as a founder of international synchronized skating competition took her from Washington to Prague to Helsinki during March and April, all on wheels. At both destinations she played an important role in decision-making by committees that promote this picturesque sport.

In Prague, Pat witnessed a skating competition as well as attending meetings of Czech sponsors of this activity. She was pleased to observe improvement in the overall Czech skating quality, since synchronized skating is new there.

A second trip took her to the World Synchronized Skating competition in Helsinki, where she was a "referee" rather than a judge. That means that she was judging the judges who were in charge of the contest.

"Fun, but stressful," was her overall verdict of her excursions. Her wheelchair came through the double challenge without a scratch. G.P.

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May Day

By Tom Street

Those who think, as I did, that May Day is about school kids dancing around a Maypole winding colored ribbons, or maybe something about a parade in the old Soviet Union, have a lot to learn, as I did. So listen up.

It originated in pagan Europe as a festive holy day celebrating the first spring planting. The Saxons began their May Day celebrations on the eve of May, April 30. It was an evening of games and feasting celebrating the end of winter and the return of the sun and fertility of the soil. Torch-bearing peasants and villagers would climb steep hills and then ignite wooden wheels which they would roll down into the fields. Don't try this at home.

The May eve celebrations were eventually outlawed by the Catholic Church, but were still celebrated by peasants until the 1700s. Some would don masks and various costumes, not unlike our modern Halloween. The revelers, led by the goddess of the hunt, Diana, and the horned god Hermes, would travel up the hills shouting, chanting and singing, while blowing hunting horns. This night became known in Europe as Walpurgisnacht, or night of the witches.

As European peasants moved away from hunting/gathering societies their gods and goddesses changed to reflect a more agrarian society. Thus Diana and Hermes came to be seen by medieval villagers as fertility deities of the crops and fields. Diana became the Queen of the May and Hermes became Robin Goodfellow (a predecessor of Robin Hood) or the Green Man. The rites of May Day were part of pagan celebrations

of the seasons. The Christian church could not eliminate many of the feast and holy days of the old religions, so they were transformed into Saint's days. As late as the 18th century various trade societies and craft unions would enter floats in local parades still depicting Adam and Eve being clothed by the Tailors and St. Crispin blessing the shoemaker.

The two most popular feast days for medieval craft guilds were the Feast of St. John, or the summer solstice, and May Day. May Day was a raucous and fun-filled time, electing a queen of the May from the eligible young women of the village to rule the crops until harvest. Our tradition of beauty pageants may have evolved from the May queen.

Another big feature was the raising of the symbolic Maypole, around which the young men and women of the village would dance, hanging on to the ribbons until they became entwined with their (hoped for) new love.

Our modern celebration of May Day as a working-class holiday evolved from the struggle for the eight-hour day in 1886. On May 1 that year? Chicago police attacked striking workers, killing six. The next day, at a demonstration in Haymarket Square to protest the police brutality, a bomb exploded, killing eight policemen. Four workers were found guilty and executed. As a result the International Working Men's Association declared May 1 an international working-class holiday in commemoration of the Haymarket Martyrs, with the red flag the symbol of their blood. May Day which had been banned for being a holiday of the common people, had been claimed once again for the common people.