

## Available: 17.5 Acres

by Edward Behr

The suggestion that Collington might purchase the 17.5-acre property just west of our entry road is stirring a variety of reactions from residents.

Some are concerned about a possible high-rise or high-density development there and favor a purchase for Collington's protection. Some seem little concerned about any change in the property. And many want to know more about the pros and cons.

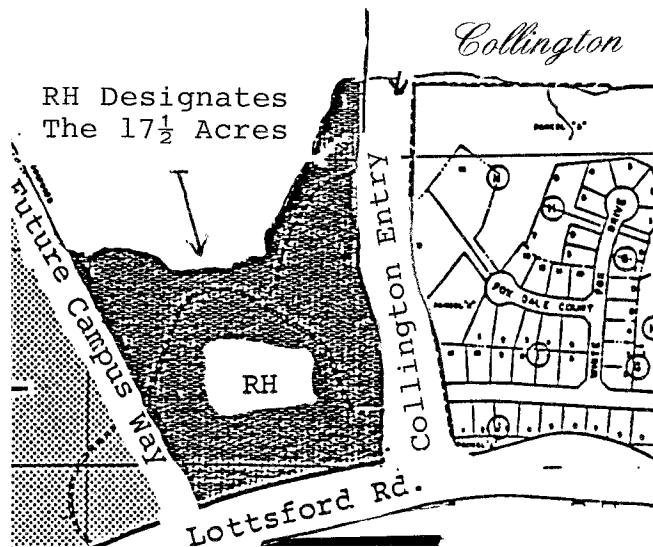
The asking price of \$2 million is a cause of some concern. A memo from Director of Development Barry Smale to the Fellowship Fund Advisory Group stresses that any Collington offer for the property would depend on our ability to raise money for the purchase through voluntary contributions from individuals. But some fear the price may be too high to be met that way. One suggestion: Collington might buy just part of the land--a few acre closest to our property--for a

more affordable price of a few hundred thousand.

If some or all of the 17.5 acres could be bought, how could it be used? The Collington Board of Directors has no plans now. One resident would favor leaving the property as is, letting the trees grow for maximum screening. Another envisions tennis courts and a putting green. Or could Collington use the land for an additional building?

In any case, the possible change at Collington's doorstep is one of several in our general neighborhood that have come to the attention of the 202 Corridor Planning Group, an organization of residents of local communities on which Collington is represented.

About one mile west of Collington, St. Joseph's Catholic Church proposes to



(Continued on page 2)

The Literary Life

build an assisted-living residence on two acres next to the church, just off Lando-ver Road. This would house 30 frail el-derly people in a building with a two-story center and one-story wings. There would be private rooms with bed, bath and kitchenette, a large common area and two apartments for staff. The average age of residents is estimated at 85 and the rental rate at \$2,100 a month. But the planners acknowledge that it could be hard to find tenants who can pay the full rate, and they need to find inexpensive loans to finance construction.

Two Collington representatives at-tended a recent meeting at which a rep-resentative of the Catholic Archdiocese presented the plans. They detected no particular problems for Collington in what they heard.

Two other development proposals have also been reported to the 202 Corridor Planning Group. One calls for an assist-ed-living residence with 150-plus beds on four acres at the intersection of Lot-tsford Road and an extension of Campus Way North. But this would require a re-zoning of the property.

And Riverdale Baptist Church, some four miles down Md. 202 from Collington, is proposing an ambitious project of 160 individual houses and seven assisted-living residences on 70 acres close to the church. This, too, would require a rezoning.

Be considerate: Wear your name tag. Even your closest friends might appreciate it.

Winter is icummen in,  
Llude sing Goddamm  
Raineth drop and staineth slop  
And how the wind doth ramm!

--Ezra Pound



John Fesperman, one of several ac-complished but mostly unheard organists in our midst, in 1984 authored a 73-page booklet "Organ Planning; Asking the Right Questions," for the Smithsonian Institu-tion, the fourth volume of a series titled "Hymnal Studies." The little volume deals with presumably every facet of planning for, judging, installing, main-taining, using and even rebuilding a tra-ditional organ. John's first serious mu-sical employment was as organist while a student at the University of North Car-olina. He has been involved with liturgi-cal music ever since, directing and writ-ing, principally in Boston and Washing-ton. Before coming to Collington he was curator at the Smithsonian and organist at Grace Church, Washington.



Sailing to Hawaii and back as a mem-ber of a schooner crew was the happy va-cation choice in 1941 of our Louise Eck-erson, then a college psychology teacher, after five previous voyages on freighters. She has written entertainingly and in de-tail about that hands-on experience.



Think of the great literature that might be written with all those ball point pens that accumulate around the house. They may stimulate inspiration better than word processors.

## •Born to Shop? Try the OP•

by Dorothy Brown

Ruth Coale-Turner claims that when she applied for residency at Collington, she owned no furniture, no housewares, "nothing but a tooth brush." She had disposed of such possessions before moving from California to Anne Arundel County and renting a room.

But by her move-in date a year ago, the essential furniture was in place at Cottage No. 3012, and cabinets contained dishes and utensils. Almost all the furniture and housewares were selected at or ordered through the Opportunities Outlet, better known as the Op Shop. The experience convinced Ruth that she wanted to take an active part in the shop's operation.

Hilda Jay is primarily responsible for the Op Shop as it exists today. Beginning in 1991, she was joined early on by Georgia Paine in effecting the evolution of a series of "Treasure Sales" of donations from residents into an establishment with a home of its own--the room provided by Collington on the courtyard level of Creighton Center.

In a country store atmosphere, merchandise is neatly arranged by category--small appliances, cosmetics, lamps, pictures, garden tools, cookware, dishes, office supplies and lots of clothing, hung according to size. Most furniture is sold on site in residences. Antiques, estate jewelry, designer clothes and other valuable donations are taken to consignment brokers, who sell them for higher prices than the Op Shop would charge.

In general, clothing prices range from 50 cents to \$5. Cloth coats are \$10 to \$15. While prices for other merchandise are similarly low, fur coats and brand

new items are marked higher.

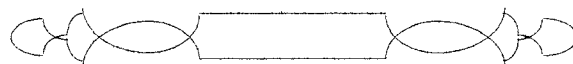
Cash receipts for the 1997 fiscal year totaled \$31,028. The Residents Association received \$20,528, and \$10,500 went to the Fellowship Fund. Through its outreach program, the shop donated excess clothing and other items valued at approximately \$8,000 to 19 charitable agencies and organizations.

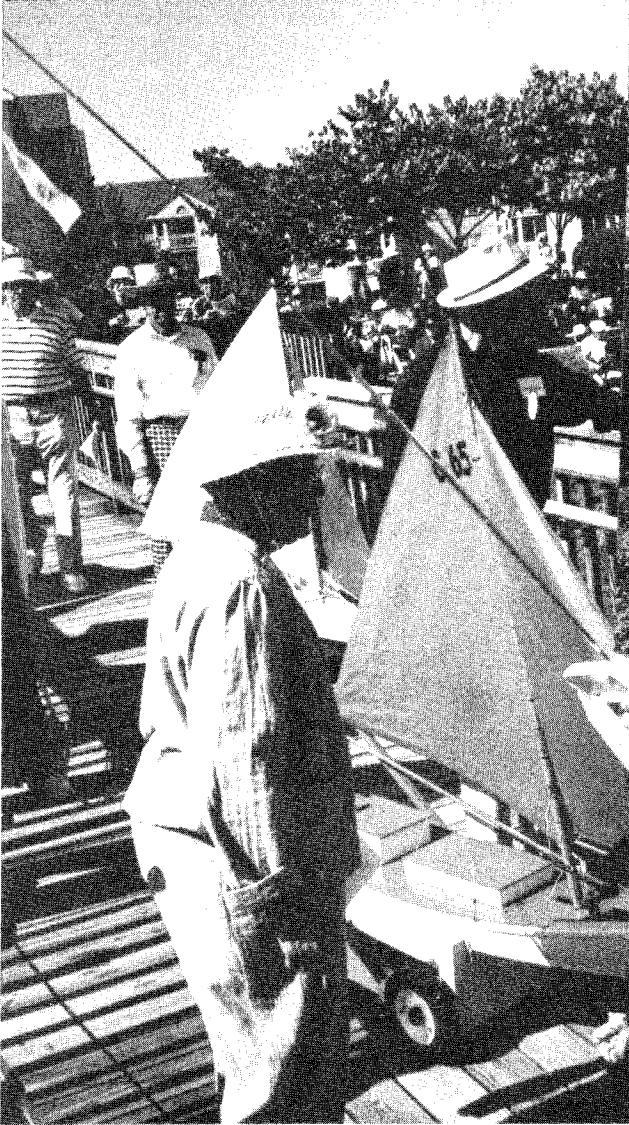
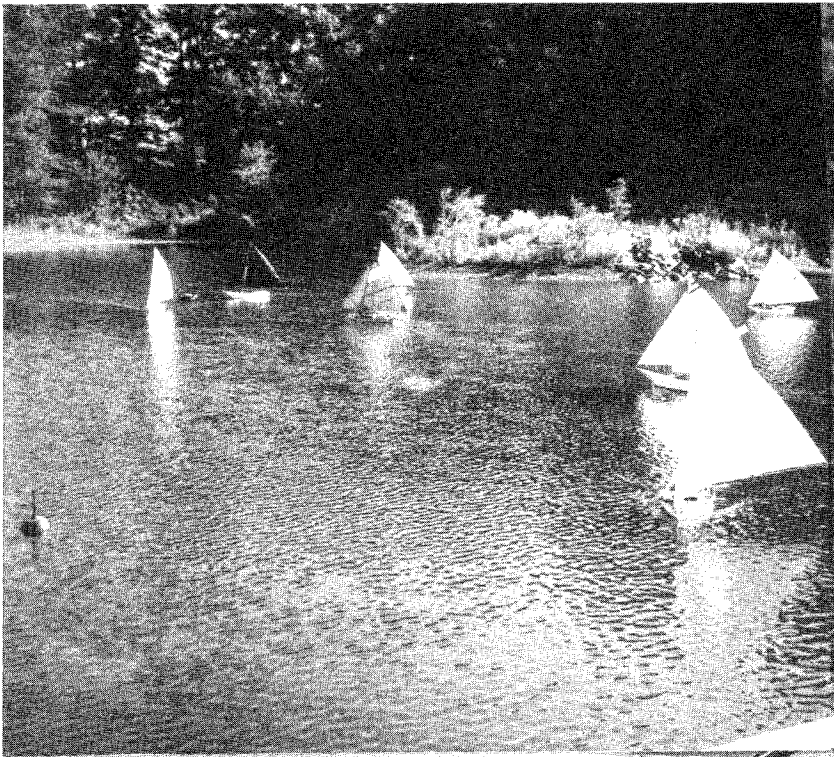
Three coordinators, Hilda Jay, Georgia Paine and Ruth Coale-Turner, devote many hours each week to collecting, shelving, shorting and pricing. They all agree that they do it because it is a worthwhile service and great fun.

Twenty-three other volunteers devote time and talent to making the shop a smoothly running enterprise. A dozen or so work on Sale Days, the second Thursday of each month, when the door is open from 7 to 9 a.m. to accommodate Collington employees. Afternoon hours are from noon to 4. Anyone may visit the shop at any time by making an appointment with a volunteer.

Residents can place donations in a box by Priscilla's Clocktower desk or submit a work order for them to be picked up by Environmental Services. Everything is accepted. Nothing goes to waste.

The Opportunities Outlet is indeed a win/win operation. It benefits employees, many charitable organizations and Collington residents--as donors, customers and recipients of the services of the Fellowship Fund and Residents Association.





## Collington Wins 1997 Regatta: Dankers Aweigh!

The Second Annual Collington Lake Regatta of a dozen 5-foot long radio-controlled model skipjacks, between the Collington Club and the visiting Solomons Island Club on a brilliantly clear fall Saturday at the end of September, was a stirring sight. A crowd estimated at 17 participants and spectators, watched

### Captions for pictures at left

Snapshots at the left, clockwise from upper left, show:

Racers on their way to the first buoy;

Carolyn Browning telling the audience the position of boats as the race progressed;

Commodore Charles Trammell with Collington's Executive Board Chairman Dr. Sandra Charles;

George Dankers showing the plaque on which his name will be inscribed as winner of Regatta II;

And race committee chairman Loretta Dankers facilitating boat launching.

Photos by Parker MacCarthy

with varying degrees of intensity until the fleet headed for the final turn in the championship heat.

At this point the intensity level zoomed as George Dankers' trim "Tradition" caught a puff of wind and in a brilliant maneuver nipped around the buoy ahead of what had been the lead boat, and led the fleet across the finish line. The audience erupted with delight and congratulations for the hometown winner.

Don Miller of the visiting fleet was runner-up winner. Tom Younger was third.

Local CTV cable channel 15B featured a 40-minute report on October 18.

T.S.

## From the Bazaar to the Benign

The unusual and the beautiful can be found at this year's bazaar sponsored by the Creative Arts Committee and set for Friday, November 14.

Georgia Paine has made a fire screen from an antique wooden frame set with handsome panels she embroidered. This item will be auctioned, with a starting price of \$75. It should fetch a great deal more than that.

Marian Schubauer has made a real fur teddy bear. Her raw materials were a discarded stole which she ripped apart, using the skins to craft the fuzzy critter.

Ingrid Soper has knitted several pair

of red children's mittens that look like Christmas, in addition to a few of her famous hats.

Two crocheted outfits for Barbie, one made by Leola Flynn and the other by Harriet Simons have evoked great interest and will probably sell as soon as the doors open at 9 a.m. on November 14.

Already on display in the windows of the Crafts room are baskets, bolo neckties and ceramics, all for sale. Proceeds go to the Fellowship Fund.

F.K.

## •Remembering Mother Teresa•

by Leila Wilson

By 1952 Mother Teresa had settled into her mission of tender loving care for the hopeless and the dying in the noxious pestilential slums of Calcutta. I also had settled into a kind of mission as wife of the American Consul General, Evan Wilson. My purpose was to learn as much as possible about the people and life of Calcutta in particular, Bengal in general, and to participate in the life as a member of the community. I hoped in some small way to contribute to the good name of the United States in a communist-inclined city where we were not particularly welcome. In due course I met with Mother Teresa through a Roman Catholic friend whose church was sustaining the unknown nun and her five sister Missionaries of Charity. The experience was overwhelming.

The little group was established in a tiny adobe shelter, hardly a cottage, with one water spigot, a simple stove and minimal furniture. It opened onto a small open area dominated by a great banyan tree. In previous years this little woman had achieved a respected position as a successful teacher in a school for well-born girls. A profound religious experience moved her to give it all up, enter a life of poverty and minister to the dying, the rejected of society. These Sisters of Charity lived and served in the midst of the squalor they sought to alleviate, and I joined with Mother Teresa in making her daily rounds.

There were no roads or urban organization of any kind, just scattered mean shelters constructed of jetsam gathered from city dumps, flattened tin

cans and the like, with dusty meandering walkways. Mother Teresa knew where her patients were, victims of TB, leprosy, smallpox, gastroenteritis, you name it. She had no visible supply of medicine, perhaps a few pain killers and some aspirin, but she stopped with each sufferer to smile and talk and cleanse the running sores. It was the laying on of hands that counted. For me the experience was horrifying. The gathering of little children under the banyan tree, the seed of a wee school to come, was more cheerful. Once a day the nuns distributed bread and milk provided by a Care organization.

Two other Consulate wives joined in my concern. We sensed that this was the beginning of something important and presented a report to the American Women's Club, a small but caring group. So it came to pass in March, 1953 that we produced a bazaar of a unique nature for Calcutta citizenry. We had Indian jugglers, acrobats, and dancers, an orchestra with a small dance floor, a singing group and countless hilarious games of chance, refreshments of course. One of the Consulate officers had been a circus barker during depression times so he took over as maitre d' and a merry time was had by a wonderfully mixed community. We netted the equivalent of about \$4,000. But the important point was that this was the very first money ever raised publicly anywhere for Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity. Previously the local church had been her sole means of support.

The money was used to buy a van and some supplies. It also gave her a name to conjure with publicly.

# •Scissors and Knives•

by Tom Street

When I was a kid in St. Louis a man used to come around calling “Knives, scissors, get them sharp,” or words to that effect. I don’t remember whether he had a grindstone on a wagon drawn by a horse, or in back of a truck, or what turned it, whether it was his feet or a small boy turning a handle. But I do



Laurie and Karl on the Cutting Edge

remember the great shower of sparks that the stone threw off.

home shop show to advantage; and George Dankers, whose wood and light metal working hobby really sharpened him up for this job.

Roy Battles’ expertise as a flow manager may come from moving information out to people who can best use it. And doubtless Karl Wirth’s years of professional work simplification are a prime reason for his heroic work of getting tables set up in the Clocktower area early in the morning of drop-off day, checking in the items to be sharpened, setting up the flow to the sharpeners in the shop, getting the items back, again with the tables on pick-up day, and arranging delivery for those dozen or so residents who failed to pick theirs up.

It was never this good in St. Louis.



## Home Team Pinch-Hitter Scores

From that day until coming to Collington I had not heard of, nor did I think it possible, that someone would sharpen someone else’s knives, let alone scissors. I therefore think it a minor miracle that our woodshop gang does it every year, for nothing but a contribution we make to the Fellowship Fund.

This year was no exception. In fact it was bigger than ever. With five sharpeners and two flow managers they sharpened 258 items from 60 housing units, in slightly less than one day. The sharpeners, and the way they honed their skills were: John Leitch, who makes wooden carvings of birds; Junius Jeffries, who taught vocational education carpentry and cabinetmaking; Lauriston Taylor, who shifted from measuring radiating for pay to woodworking for fun; Jim Reilly, whose well-spent hours in his

One definition of anthropology is “the science of man and his works.” Though it does not specifically mention baseball teams, it may explain why Grace Langley, a retired career anthropologist, is such an avid Orioles fan that she had reserved a seat behind home plate for game three of the World Series. Alas, her Orioles never got there. However, she scored on her own one day during the recent Elderhostel here when she went to attend a lecture on Kenya and found herself substituting, very eloquently, for the scheduled speaker who, like the Orioles, didn’t make it.

## •Who Loves a Garden Still His Eden Keeps•

---Amos Bronson Alcott.

by Glendy Pabst

In some corners of the world last week, dancing in the streets and wine flowing in the vineyards signaled the peak of harvest. In our corner, observance was less Bacchic but there was real abundance to celebrate. Up on the hilltop and down around the cottages Collington's vegetable gardeners smiled as they testified to a very good year--most of them still munching their own produce.

Smiling most broadly were Peter Heinze and Art Longacre, chairman and vice-chairman of the Hilltop Gardens Committee, as they reported this season's earnings of \$1,060 from the sale of roughly 1800 pounds of vitamin-rich merchandise.

Although in sheer poundage, tomatoes dominated this year's (and every year's) crop, the gamut ranged from early lettuce to late turnips and winter squash. Peter and Art contributed such gourmet items as eggplant and okra, while Art also brought corn donated by old friends.

John Leitch, who still tends his old garden in Croom, brought in tomatoes, while Bill Burleigh scored heavily in prestige with his flavorful cantaloupes.

Malcolm Wall, a founding member of the committee, acknowledges that every year it grows harder to stoop and weed, "so some of us do it sitting down." He praises "great gal gardeners" who made this an equal opportunity hobby.

Aline Grayson, Elizabeth Martin and Wilma Klick are notable for neat plots, thanks to years of practice in suburban back yards. Aline not only harvested

green and lima beans and zucchini on the hill but small tomatoes on her patio. Her zucchini is still providing flavor in frozen soups.

Nearby, Elizabeth lost patio tomatoes to an energetic rabbit but did well with the Early Girl variety. Newcomer Wilma is praised for the variety of her crop. Harriet Simons says that in practice she sticks to weeding while Waldo masterminds.

Space limitations confine variety to the hilltop but householders down below also rejoice in nature's bounty. Jim Gholson couldn't consume his crop singlehandedly and so shared with friends. Mary Parrish, noted for her fashion sense, chose an avant-garde yellow variety for her tomatoes. With the help of a grandson who brought in good soil, Betsy Rhoads was able to harvest Early Girl tomatoes well into October.

Creative Pat Trammell specializes in parsley, which she chops as garnish to soups and rice. Newcomer Gertrude Mitchell boasts of one very productive tomato plant and one still striving but laments the gardening tools she left behind in Charles County. There, she had many, as the wife of a professional farmer. Junius Jeffries, who harvested about two dozen tomatoes from just two plants, still had some ripening in late October.

Too bad that nobody boasts of harvesting grapes, which we could be purposefully treading by now. But even without wine, Collington can sing praise for abundance when that fourth Thursday of November rolls around.



## Well, How About That?

After Parker MacCarthy bought a pair of shoes at the Opportunity Outlet here, he proudly returned to show the staff how well he looked in them, whereupon one keen-eyed staffer noticed a different configuration between the right and left toes. Not to worry. They found another pair just like that one, which Parker promptly purchased.



Easton Poole and Karl Wirth have built a handsome new cold frame beside the fenced-in hilltop garden. To enlighten those who have never known the fulfillment of burrowing into rich soil with bare hands on a spring morning, a cold frame is a cradle for young plants. Bottomless, about 8 by 15 feet, it has three separate hinged compartments with handles and is covered with heavy plastic. They built it in our woodshop.



Flora Phelps thinks its okay that Russell leads a double life. For many years concurrent to his involvement with fiscal review, etc., here, and teaching higher mathematics before that, he has played viola with the Washington Symphony Orchestra. If that isn't versatile enough, consider that he had a triple major in college--math, physics and music. Careerwise, he found that math pays better than music.

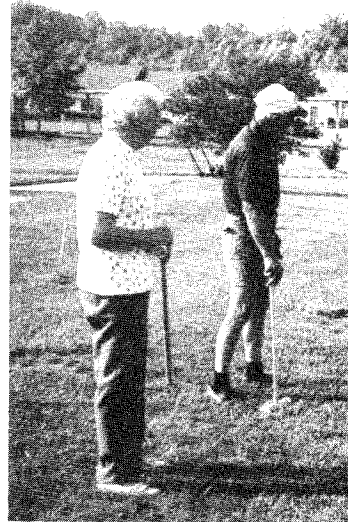


Elizabeth Hutchinson, 94, spent some early years helping establish rural health centers in her native Kentucky. The rest of her career has been full time wife and mother.



## Anna Port--Croquet Champ

"Childhood experience." That's how Anna Port explains her win in the Croquet tournament this October.



Anna and Art

Onlookers would say she displayed unusual concentration and care with all her shots against her two opponents--Art Longacre and Bob Browning.

The other runner-up, Penny Vickery, had to be away and so forfeited.

Others who played this year included Dorothy and Wendell Brown, Alba Martin, Ruth Coale-Turner, John Jay, Georgia Paine and Anne and Randal Walker.

## Anyway, He Saw His Classmates

When Chris Bever, at a charity auction event, bid on a trip for two to Germany, he felt confident that he was a low bidder. Well, no. Soon he and Jo were on their way to Munich where Chris joined in the 60th anniversary of his high school (gymnasium) reunion, along with 17 other alumni. It wasn't very successful, he reported, being held in a beer hall where things were a bit noisy. Chris came to the U.S. in 1935 from his home town of Berchtesgaden which was made world famous later by someone else.

## •Mobile Collingtonians Bring Nutrition •

by Tom Street

Five days a week, from around 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 in the afternoon five automobiles carrying Collington residents fan out from Prince George's Hospital, each carrying two people and meals for up to 14 people who are unable to shop and cook for themselves. They do pay for the meals.

Each driver is accompanied by a "visitor" whose job it is to carry the meal to the clients. This "visitor" has just picked up the packaged meals from the hospital dietary department, one hot in a warm container and one cold in a paper bag. Some of the bags are marked with a large red X to show that they are for a client with diabetes.

Of the more than 120 people who are delivering these meals, 14 are Collingtonians. Several more residents are engaged in various management tasks to make it all work. Bob and Carolyn Browning have been driving and delivering for a long time, even in Annapolis before they moved to Collington. Others ranging from old hands to newcomers include Barbara Hall, Mary C. Harris, Eleanor Hocker, Aline Grayson, Virginia Colony, Jim MacMartin, Georgia Paine, Katharine Swift, Gordon Knox and Judy and Tom Street.

Marian Schubauer and Helen Hollingsworth are substitutes. Eileen Henderson and Fannie Johnson work as Chairmen of the Day. They determine how many meals will be needed the next day and whether there are dietary problems, such as diabetes. Marian Jenkins is Treasurer of Meals on Wheels of Cheverly, which is the managing organization for a very large

area. The routes run far and wide from Cheverly to New Carrollton, Bladensburg and many small independent towns, including places like Edmonston and Cottage City. Other Meals on Wheels organizations are in place for Bowie and Mt. Rainier, to name a few in our neighborhood.

Roger Dixon delivers meals for an organization in Washington, D. C. operated by his church.

Marian Jenkins is also coordinator for Route 4 in the Cheverly region. She has a big plea...

HELP! WE NEED MORE DRIVERS AND VISITORS.

### Elderhostel Story

The Elderhostel that Collington co-sponsored here with the nearby Prince George's Community College in October came off with much all-around success, according to comments The Collingtonian has heard.

The theme was "Around the World in Six Days" with lectures, discussions, visits to embassies, etc. Participants came from many states.

One poignant story is of the lone African-American participant, who, upon arriving in Washington, visited a friend who advised her to withdraw, suggesting that she would be isolated in the group. She didn't and at the end of the session, arose to tell the group how pleased she was that she had stayed. We are, too.

If you can read this you are literate.

## •These are Not Eddie Rickenbacker's Windsocks•

Cluster 1000 is blessed with Muriel Parry's collection of colorful, entertaining windsocks, one of which ever hangs outside her cottage.

That's not all. Whenever a cluster member has a birthday, the birthday cake banner flies from the flag pole to alert all that celebration is called for. The American flag also appears on appropriate national holidays.

But it's the windsocks that constantly change. Whenever a Triple Crown event is in the offing Muriel chooses the windsock that looks like a horse.

There are Halloween windsocks, and summertime windsocks. If Cape Canaveral is planning a launch out comes the rocket windsock. You name it, one of 25 or so items in the collection will fit the occasion.

When each windsock has enjoyed its day in the sun, it returns to the closet to

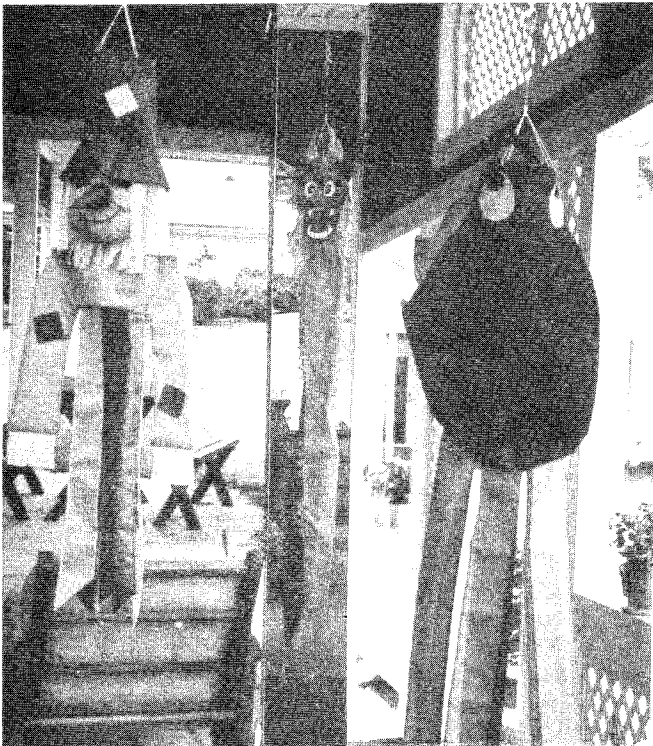
hang, batlike, until its turn comes again. Some are too big to fit into the closet. The Indian, which has a long intrusive nose is one. It hangs from the back of Muriel's bathroom door when not on duty.

Where does Muriel find these colorful things? Catalogues. F.K.

## It's All in Fun

The ninth annual Talent Night on October 21 presented 17 acts (dances, skits, recitations and readings) to a packed auditorium. It included three acts by Nancy's Fancy Dancers, seven resident terpsichorean novices coached by Nancy Enright. Marcia Behr was overall producer.

Humor reigned as the main theme along with brief offerings of romantic readings. The audience loved it all.



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## A Dog-Walkers' View

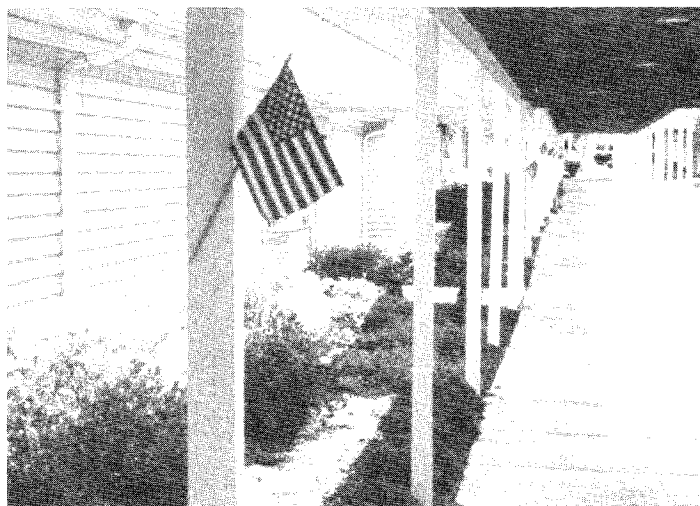
Some people complain that their exercise regimen is boring. Swimming laps is like watching paint dry; the fitness machines are monotonous. Dog walking, on the other hand, offers variety and surprises, like the ever changing colorful windsocks outside Cottage 1016 (see page 11).

Just around the corner, Dorothy Cannon usually has her greenhouse window in Cottage 1107 decorated in a seasonal theme. She honors St. Patrick's Day, July 4 and all other holidays with appropriate lights and ornaments.

During the Christmas season, greenhouse windows all over the clusters blossom with fanciful ornaments from all over the world. Penny and Hugh Vickery (Cottage 2001) decorate a large outdoor tree with doll-like figures collected in Japan.

Spring time is a special treat as crocus and daffodils pop up everywhere. Snow drops come out early in Betty and Kelsey Saint's front yard (Cottage 3111) and as March turns to May, watch for the lilac-colored double azalea in Ann and Randy Walker's yard (Cottage 4110).

Every first week of July, cluster



1200 patriots are reminded of their freedom from British rule by little 50-star (and 13 stripes) flags taped to each cottage entrance by resident Marian Jenkins.

Passing Cottage 4215 you may be startled when Olivia Miller's plastic frog greets you with a hoarse "Ribbit, ribbit." It is motion activated.

The walk around the lake early on an autumn morning, with the mist rising from the surface of the water, is a spectacle. Other walkers stop to chat about visiting geese or the Great Blue Heron.

Apartment dwellers keep up with the cottage folks in the decoration department. Betsy Rhodes, (Apt. 133) has hung up a string of lights shaped like pumpkins and ghosts to honor Halloween. Mary Evans (Apt. 103) frequently changes the banner hanging from her verandah.

Daily walks are never dull--for the dogs, their owners, or the many who actually walk unaccompanied.

F.K.



## More Small World Notes

Years before there was a Collington, three of our residents, Eleanor and Faith Clark and Jean Pennock, were touring India with a group that included Homer Gudelsky, later to be the donor of the land where we are now. During the obligatory elephant ride, Gudelsky's glasses fell off, whereupon the gentle pachyderm, responding to a whispered command from the mahout, deftly picked up the glasses in his snout and returned them to Gudelsky on his back.