

Bye-bye summer

Hello Fall!



September is a big "birding" month, and Cape May is a premier destination. The NJ Audubon Society says "New Jersey has more different kinds of birds per square mile than any other state in the U.S."

The first Saturday in September is "National Hummingbird Day." The Hummingbird Festival in Rockport, TX has witnessed and celebrated the migration of the Ruby-throated hummingbird for 25 years.

The Pelican Festival in Grove, OK is organized around the migration of the American White Pelican, where visitors can see hundreds of the birds at rest en route. Iowa Audubon's Pelican Festival is also held this month.

**ABOUT THE FRONT PAGE.** “Migratory restlessness” is the term used by biologists to describe the agitated state that comes over birds when they begin their migration odysseys. It is said that the term can also be used to describe the state of birders when the calendar turns from August. —Lynn Ware



**COUNCIL REPORT**  
**Judy Aley**

Noting residents’ concern about outsiders using the perimeter path for biking and skate boarding, Bill Murphy has ordered signs placed at the Creek Road path entrances and on the road next to the woodshop.

With single-stream recycling in effect, residents can dispose of their round blue buckets. Lumberton Township will collect them at the regular Tuesday trash pickup, October 14 and November 11.

Jane Weston reports that the final application of herbicide will soon be made to the meadow, followed shortly by delivery of

plants. Miriam Swartz will be recruiting volunteers from local garden clubs and both campuses to help plant our meadow. Dates will be announced later.

The first open house of the fall was held on September 9 in the new model at 2 Woodside Drive. With this unit under contract, the community is full. Marketing is developing a waiting list.

Construction on the Lumberton pool is scheduled to begin Monday, September 22. The old pool will be demolished and the concrete replaced. When weather permits in the spring, the new pool surface and the tile coving will be installed. The target reopening is Memorial Day, May 25, 2015.

It was reported that people are speeding on Woodside Drive. Please keep the speed limit (25 m.p.h.) in mind when you drive around the campus.

The AARP Smart Driver Course (formerly "55 Alive") is filled, including a waiting list. Another will be offered in the spring.

Mark your calendar: Coffee with the Administration, Tuesday, October 7, 7:00 p.m., in the Community Center.

**FINANCIAL UPDATE FOR AUGUST**

Balance on July 31	\$5133.46
Income	72.71
Expenses	139.15
Balance on August 31	\$5067.02

**MEET OUR NEW NEIGHBORS**

**Barbara Lewis**

Al Migdal and Joyce Sichel moved to 210 Woodside Drive on July 2. They had previously lived in Dallas and Grapevine, TX, for almost 30 years. They moved to Texas from New York for job opportunities. Having retired from work (Al in 2012 and Joyce in the spring of this year), they planned on moving back east, where both have family.

They had researched retirement communities for two years. After a visit last year they felt Medford Leas at Lumberton was the right place to make their home.

Al and Joyce were married in 1986. They have two sons, both married and each with three children. One son's family lives in Princeton, NJ, and the other in Newton, MA – both now relatively nearby.

Al was born in the Bronx, NY. He graduated from City College of New York (in the same class as Colin Powell), majoring in biology, and also has a master's degree from New York University. Instead of continuing in his major field, he felt the calling to teach children with special needs. He worked many years in Manhattan and Long

Island, NY, as a special education administrator. He finished his 20-plus-year career as superintendent at The Children's Village in Dobbs Ferry, NY.



Joyce was born in Manhattan, NY. She is a psychologist, licensed in New York, Texas, and New Jersey. She earned a BA from Cornell University, an MA from Vassar College, a PhD from the City University of New York Graduate Center, and a postdoctoral degree from NYU in clinical psychology. She has utilized all this education in all three states over these many years. She was a research psychologist in the criminal justice system for 10 years, followed by clinical practice in rehabilitation and health psychology for almost 30 years in Dallas and Grapevine, during which time she served as staff psychologist for Baylor University's regional medical hospital in Grapevine.

When they moved to Texas, Al made a change in career direction. He enrolled and graduated in two years from the University of Texas's School of Allied Health. He became an administrator of nursing homes for his next 22 working years and retired in 2012.

While it was very satisfying for both of them to make their careers in human services, it was time to leave the heavy daily responsibilities of their work. Joyce and Al are rapidly learning how to be retired, are meeting many friendly and talented people, and checking out the many activities that are offered here. Joyce likes fitness classes, book clubs, and sketching (for which she

had little time until now), and is a fan of mysteries, puzzles, and games. Al enjoys the beautiful outdoors, trying out sports and other active recreation. He is the family cook for the mostly vegetarian meals they prefer. They hope to build rich lives here and already love the community.

## AN INTRIGUING FILM

Vince Menzel

Since there are a number of former educators, as well as others, in our community who might be interested in viewing the upcoming PBS documentary shown in this photo, I'd like to bring it to your attention and to relay a personal perspective.



To say it was an interesting experience for me, as a minority-Caucasian, to grow up in the urban environments of Newark and East Orange, NJ, would be an understatement. As in many low-income urban neighborhoods, there were the usual challenges. Among them were incidents of breaking and entering of homes and cars; illegal drugs readily available; serious bullying; unprovoked physical attacks on the streets and on the outdoor basketball courts, in both of which places I was personally involved on a number of occasions; and stilettos (folding switchblades) carried by many young people supposedly for personal protection – an illusion because they are basically offensive weapons. I personally could never bring myself to use one anyway. Considering that

there were nearby neighborhoods that were mired in poverty with numerous incidents of violent crime, we felt comparatively fortunate.

Mom stayed home and raised three boys. Dad was a city fireman, moonlighting as a house painter and beer truck driver to keep the five of us moving along in our four-room flat. Although neither of my parents attended college, they knew the importance of education. They had the foresight to send my older brother and me on a public bus to attend a high school in Newark, St. Benedict's Prep.

St. Benedict's is an all-boys' school in the heart of Newark's inner city, founded almost 150 years ago by Benedictine monks. The following opening paragraph from their mission statement sums up their intentions quite well:

*"Founded in 1868 and sustained by the monks of Newark Abbey, who are committed to the city by their vow of stability, St. Benedict's Prep is devoted to educating young men from Newark, its surrounding area and beyond. While explicitly dedicated to serving minority youngsters, and those from low-income backgrounds, we welcome students from all racial, religious, and socioeconomic groups to create real diversity."*

Other than my parents, my four years at the school were the single most positive influence on my life. I am quite sure I would not have experienced the life journey I had without the guidance of the monks, who stressed academics, discipline, perseverance, and personal responsibility. I am not alone with this feeling. Since graduation, I have actively kept in touch with many former classmates (up to 25 of us still meet for dinner every three or four months); all echo the same feeling and continue to support the school in many ways.

With my story as a backdrop, fast forward to today. Newark is a city with major problems. It has recently been ranked as the sixth most dangerous city in the country. It

has a poverty rate of 32% and a public high school graduation rate of only 22%. The challenges I faced as a youth are dwarfed by what today's inner city young people face. The most significant issues are grinding poverty, the widespread prevalence of hard drugs and related gun violence, gangs, and domestic violence. But St. Benedict's, as it has been for its entire existence, is a beacon of hope for a number of young people, primarily from Newark and surrounding towns. Currently, 88% of the students are nonwhite, and about 100 graduate each year. The school has been achieving a nearly 100% college acceptance rate, with many attending the top schools in the country. 85% of the students eventually earn a degree. The school has a nearly \$5 million operating budget, supported by alumni, foundations, and other donors. This provides most of the students the means to attend.

Benedictine monks, with a vow of stability, remain in the same monastic community their entire lives, although an exception was made after the Newark riots, which took the lives of 26 people and caused a bitter schism among the monks. Today, only 13 monks of Newark Abbey remain, 5 of whom teach. The other 46 faculty members are dedicated lay teachers with like values and commitment. Interestingly, the school is in operation 11 months of the year, with all students participating. While the majority are from the Newark area, 46 come from 23 other countries, adding to the diversity. A portion of the students are admitted on the basis of academic or athletic achievement, but a large number, with personal or home issues, are referred by a family member or relative who cares. There is a 60-room dormitory for the most at-risk students with significant personal problems and/or issues at home. I have interviewed prospective students over the years, and have on occasion been taken

aback by their personal stories, some almost beyond belief.

Now to the documentary. A filmmaking married couple from Newark has for the past four years been chronicling the inner workings of the school – how it has been able to achieve ongoing success, including the obstacles it faces and how it overcomes them. The 90-minute film, *The Rule*, premiered at the Montclair, NJ, Film Festival in April. It has since had showings in New York City and Encino, CA (both five times per day for a week), and is scheduled to be shown at Princeton's Garden Theater on September 17. I have seen it twice, joining the monks, fellow alumni, student leaders, and other guests at receptions after the showings to discuss work at the school. **The film will be broadcast nationwide on PBS stations. Our area's broadcast will be on WHYY2/Y INFO on Friday, September 26, at 8:30 p.m. and on Saturday, September 27, at 3:30 p.m. The New York City metro area stations will broadcast it on NJTV on Sunday, September 28, at 10:00 p.m., and on WNET/THIRTEEN on Monday, September 29, at 10:00 p.m. It might also be on those stations' websites after the TV airings.**

Since the film's release, it has been mentioned by some educators that the school's framework could become a model for inner city education. Not being an educator, I cannot venture a qualified opinion as to whether that could ever happen. There would be many significant obstacles, especially regarding the spiritual (not religious) component. But the filmmakers are already working with Columbia University's Teachers College to develop a study guide for policy makers and educators that uses *The Rule* as a vehicle for urban school reform. I am aware that there have been a number of other inner city high school success stories throughout the country; it would be interesting to compare success factors.

In summary, I hope I have piqued your interest in the documentary. But just in case not, and without spoiling the film's contents, I offer a few additional facts from the film:

- The roots of the 12 elements of success, which guide the school's practices, go back over 1500 years to a monastic handbook called "The Rule," which emphasizes community. The roots sounded a bit strange to me, until I learned what the 12 elements were. As you might suspect, professional emotional and behavioral counseling is a major element for those who need it.

- The day-to-day operation of the school is run by student leaders. Guidance is provided by the headmaster – a 69-year-old monk and fellow alumnus who has been headmaster for the past 42 years – and other staff leaders. Students make decisions, some of which are not always in sync with the headmaster and staff.

- Although the school's parking lot, athletic fields, and courtyards are surrounded by barbed-wire gates and fences, the school has no metal detector at the entrance and no locks on student lockers.

I would urge those interested in this subject to view the film. For those not able to see it when it airs on PBS, I will be ordering a DVD of the film, which residents are welcome to borrow. For those who do see the film, I would be interested in your candid feedback.

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### **Pete's Pick**

*This month's potluck has given impetus to the idea of sharing with you, not boring photographs of me in various vacation poses, but rather photos that others in my circle of acquaintances have sent me of themselves posing, as seniors are so apt to do, before some rather wacky sites. However, getting permission from this motley and equally wacky group of aging colleagues has proven*

*to be logistically impossible and legally precarious. And so I have chosen instead to provide you with websites at which you can visit these locations without having to leave the comfort of your Lumberton Lazy Boy.*

### **AND NOW THE PHOTOS**

So now you and your family are back from summer vacation and will want to share photos, so conveniently taken with devices that no longer require film and can be sent around the world via the internet.

Some, invariably, are those horrible "selfies" taken at arm's length with devices pointed at the photographer's face. These tend to have elongated or flattened proboscises, elephant-like ears, or other distorted and freakish features. And when I look at such photos taken by my grandchildren I often have trouble recognizing them.

But the vacation photos that I usually find most bizarre and unflattering are those taken by friends as they stand in front of or alongside some iconic landmark that they, as touring Americans, consider to be a worthy memento of their travels. These photos are usually sent along with corny captions that only seniors are likely to find amusing. An example is the photo just sent to me by an old colleague dressed in madras shorts standing in front of a giant wooden moose in Percé, Québec. "Greetings," he writes, "from one old Moose to another!" Now I fail to see the humor of his caption, but there he is with his hairy legs sticking out of his madras shorts standing beside a huge hairy moose. That, in itself, is rather funny, I suppose.

Another law enforcement colleague visited the Bonnie and Clyde Museum in Primm, Nevada, and posed besides Clyde's bullet-riddled car.

[www.roadsideamerica.com/story/2894](http://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/2894)

"Good guys," he writes, "always win." And I suppose he's right since Clyde's car

looks like a hunk of Swiss cheese. He and Bonnie probably ended up looking pretty much the same way, even though they are not part of the museum's collectibles.

In the "cute" category of photos received this summer is one sent by a friend and his wife standing beside an outhouse built for two at the Iowa State Fair's Outhouse Races.

[www.desmoinesregister.com/media/cinematic/video/13973617/outhouse-family-pushes-johns-in-a-jiffy](http://www.desmoinesregister.com/media/cinematic/video/13973617/outhouse-family-pushes-johns-in-a-jiffy)

"Happiness", they write, "is togetherness in an outhouse built for two." I guess that's kind of sweet, isn't it?

Then there are the photos from friends who found iconic sites in our own backyard. Knowing my political leanings, one friend of the "other sort" sent me his picture standing in front of Lucy, the Margate elephant,

[www.roadsideamerica.com/story/2162](http://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/2162)

along with the caption: "Look what's blocking progress." Such matters tend to get nasty, so I just circled the part of the picture showing my friend and sent it back to him with the quip: "Hey, don't take it so personally!"

There is the photo from a friend who is in grandfatherly competition with me. He is standing with several of his grandchildren outside of the Shoe House in Hellam, PA.

[www.shoehouse.us](http://www.shoehouse.us)

"Hey Pete," he writes. "here's the place to go when you have so many you don't know what to do!"

But the wackiest of this summer's photos comes from probably the wackiest of my friends, who traveled all the way to San Antonio, TX, to visit the "Toilet Seat Museum"

[www.roadsideamerica.com/story/6166](http://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/6166)

The museum is in Barney Smith's garage and contains over 1,100 toilet seats in various designs and motifs that Barney, now 94, has decorated during his retirement. My friend had his wife take a photo of him with Barney, the "curator," standing in front of his museum. It was sent to me with a caption that my detractors will undoubtedly find is also a winner. It reads: "Hey Pete, I think I've finally found a guy as half-\*\*\*ed as you!"

While glad for all my irreverent friends – who have fortunately not yet joined us here in our peaceful community – I am likewise glad for all of my other kind friends here in Lumberton who would never dream of visiting such vacation spots or writing such nasty greetings.

—Pete McCord

## 男孩，天氣真熱！

**Herb Heineman**

As you can infer from the title (you do remember your Chinese, don't you?), July is not the ideal time of year to visit China. But traveling with school-age children limits your choice. Our guided tour included as much as could possibly be squeezed into eleven days, and that meant a lot of walking and climbing. I won't describe all we saw; it's been done before, and Barbara and Allen Lewis did it masterfully in the May 2005 issue of *Lumberton Leas News*. Later in this issue of *The Chronicle* you'll find two pages of photographs, which I think will be easier on the eye than a tiresome narrative.

Nonetheless a few observations are worth sharing.

- Beijing has no monopoly on smog; Shanghai is close behind.
- Modernization has produced depressingly similar skylines in one city after another that we saw – palisades of high-rise apartment buildings of identical architec-

ture. The best that can be said of them is that they're less depressing than their box-like counterparts in East Germany.

- Even in midweek the best attractions were teeming with sightseers, about 95% of them Asian, many with colorful parasols.

- My hearing aid short-circuited several times from sweating, brought on by long walks in smoggy sunshine at temperatures in the upper 90s.

- The Yangtze River gorges are truly gorgeous. Just keep your eyes on the mountains and try not to look down at the water, which is filthy and strewn with trash. (I think the refuse I saw came from a cruise ship ahead of us, and I suspect ours passed along similar favors to those that followed.) If ever there was a need for government regulation . . .

- None of the above is meant to discourage potential tourists. But remember this too: The flight to China is long, long, long – both going and coming.

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### **LEAS FORUM** **Barbara Trought**

Programs will be presented in the Theater on Saturdays at 11 a.m.

October 11

*“Sky above Clouds: Finding a Way through Aging and Illness with Creativity”*

Work and love brought them together. Gene Cohen was a physician, gerontologist, and international expert on creativity and aging. Wendy Miller, his widow, is an artist, art therapist, psychotherapist, and expert on creativity and healing. When Gene was diagnosed with terminal cancer, they put their combined years of theory and practice to the ultimate test as they confronted some of life's most profound challenges to use creativity as a catalyst for meeting those challenges.

**Wendy Miller, PhD**, President of Washington, DC, Center on Aging, is a sculptor, writer, expressive arts therapist, and educator.

October 25

*“The Wisdom to Survive: Climate Change, Capitalism and Community”*

**John Ankele and/or Anne Macksood, film makers: representatives of Earth Quaker Action Team, Philadelphia**

This film, with input from scientists and visionary activists, brings a sense of urgency to finding solutions to climate change. It shows how our industrial-growth society threatens to destroy us and traces the roots of our alienation and despair to a failure to fully appreciate the depth of our interdependence with all of earth's living systems.

Discussion, led by one of the makers of this documentary and a specialist in climate change, follows the showing of the film.

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### **HOW THE FORUM COMMITTEE BEGAN** **Helen Vukasin**

Leas Forum as an MLRA activity was the initiative of a number of active residents in the early 1990s. Ray Katzell, Bob Stebbins, Arthur Steitz, and Dorothy First were among those who believed we needed to have a series of programs that would serve the interests of the variety of residents at Medford Leas. The early series was a bit serendipitous and when Ed Young, then the MLRA sponsor of the group, recruited me in 2001 to chair the committee, the files I received were less than reassuring. Further, the wonderfully active group of old-timers quickly disappeared within 12 months, each for very good personal reasons.



In those years, however, Medford Leas had strong community feelings and commitment to the idea of going forward with whatever programs we committed to provide. Before many moons had passed, we had a succession of fine hard-working people such as Jack McKeon, Fran Pray, Fran Lax, and many others who contributed as we moved forward to an organized annual schedule of programs, a steady budget, and even funding from the NJ State Council for the Humanities.

### **A VIEW OF THE CURRENT FORUM COMMITTEE**

**Dorothy Cebula**

As a child, I excitedly studied the *Sears Roebuck Christmas Catalogue* when it arrived in the mail. Now, as a new resident at Medford Leas, I had a similar response when the *Pathways* catalogue arrived in my mailbox. I was aware of a buzz of excitement from many residents when they saw the catalogue as well. Like many other residents, I was intrigued by the variety of programs offered here. I was especially interested in those presented by Leas Forum on two Saturday mornings each month. The range of topics offered in the series has recently included anthropology, physics, community art programs, history, current affairs, and environmental science. The presenters have been authors, researchers, historic interpreters, and university professors.

Later I learned that all of the some 90 activities at Medford Leas are organized by the residents, funded by the MLRA Activities Fund. There is no staff person with a budget that directs activities. Such an option for programming is unusual indeed among continuing care retirement communities.

Resident-based programming of the depth and quality presented by Leas Forum and other committees requires that residents provide support and participate in

developing future programs. The Forum Committee is one of the more exciting committees, as it reaches out for interesting and stimulating programs. Many ideas for prospective programs and speakers are sent to the Forum Committee by residents not on the committee. Each member of the committee has the opportunity to contact and interact with one of these prospective presenters and then to see the program through to successful conclusion.

The committee welcomes all residents, especially newcomers, who would like to help by serving on the committee. For more information about the Leas Forum Committee, please call Barbara Trought, Chair, at 654-3045.

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### **ART GALLERY Helen Vukasin**

#### Art Studio Fall Show Opens October 27

The Art Gallery event of the fall season is the opening reception for the Art Studio Residents Fall Exhibit we have all been looking forward to: October 27 from 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

The Art Studio group has been joined by several new artists who will be sharing their work in the upcoming show. As usual, unbelievably good homemade goodies will be served.

In addition, there will be a special display of the products of the workshop that was led by Jack Nolan, brother of resident Eileen McConville, in the Art Studio in August.

Upstairs in the Medford Leas Art Gallery, the work of Janet Cebular will continue to be shown through the month of October.

At Lumberton, Mary Ann Nordal is showing her versatile work through November in the Community Center Art Gallery.

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## NO! NO! Let it Be!



*Ken Hutz, arborist, asks that residents NOT prune their own foundation plantings, no matter how shaggy they are getting. Ken will come around this fall and prune in a way that will provide a more natural look to the bushes in front of our homes.*

—Maggie Heineman

## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

Pete McCord

The rutting season for native whitetail deer has started and generally runs through November.

A recent encounter with a large, well-muscled six-point buck on our Holly Trail reminded me of the need for caution at this time of year – not so much on our woodland trails, since there are plenty of trees to climb! – but rather on our contiguous roadways, which are more likely to be traveled by residents in their vehicles. Every year at this time three or four deer are struck between our entrance and Rt. 541 – with many more on 541 toward the Medford campus. Should a deer dart out in front of your vehicle, it is likely that there are several more nearby that are being driven by a buck. So pull over and wait, and then proceed slowly and with caution. A collision with one of these creatures can prove

quite costly, as one our residents who had such an encounter will tell you.

As for my recent faceoff with the buck in the woods, when he stood stomping the ground and snorting from a distance of less than ten yards, I did the same to show him I was as much of a man as he. After a minute of standoff, he slowly ambled away, driving a smaller doe, glaring at me over his shoulder.

Such are the ways of nature, human and wild.

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## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

### How We Spent Our Vacations

Labor Day's potluck featured a colorful power point presentation created by Dave Bartram from residents' favorite vacation photographs gloriously magnified on the room's big screen. Tales from locals scattered across the globe were captivating.

Before the evening's program, sixty-five residents and guests enjoyed scrumptious foods provided by residents for the potluck buffet. Maps highlighting countries around the world and seasonal vacation apparatus set the scene for this enjoyable event.

Tuesday, October 28, will be the next social activity. Watch for upcoming information and begin planning a mask for the evening.

—Sue Kuhn

### Potluck Etiquette:

Your Mother Doesn't Work Here!

We know you! You are polite and interesting, and we want you to come to all the Lumberton Campus potlucks. We also know that you want to be good friends and happy diners during our community potluck dinners. You know that your neighbors who are members of the Social Activities Committee put a lot of work into each dinner. Keeping them happy – well, at least satisfied – is very important.

So with your permission – or in this case without your permission – we would like to introduce you to some issues that have put flies in our soup during the last few months. These issues are primarily at the beginning and end of events. In between, we really do love having fun with you. You are great company and fabulous cooks.

This one is tops on our menu – VERY important! In advance of an event, please send in an RSVP with the number of your group attending. The dinner in August brought 12 extra people, which required setting up a table in front of the main door. We felt rude having our guests feel as if they were not welcomed. We also feared we were breaking fire codes because the extra table almost blocked the doorway. Please help us to help you always find the seats you have taken care to reserve well in advance.

(A helpful hint before we move on: You may find that you can serve your plate from one side of the table as you move down the line. That helps the line to move faster. We could not think of anything to change during the August dinner. The food and fellowship would get five stars in Zagat.)

Now we move to after-we-finished-dinner with a word about silverware or flatware. You don't know how happy it makes us when you put what you have used into the labeled bin near the kitchen door. If you then throw your dish in the trash and recycle what can be recycled, we are very close to ecstatic. A happy Social Activities Committee makes a happy potluck dinner for you. (Oh yes, if you recycle based on the current combined recycling rules, that puts another hop in our step.)

And this brings us to the hub of after-dinner activities: the kitchen. This is where 26 committee members are rushing in and out during their duties of cleaning up a potluck dinner.

Enter at your own peril or, even better, avoid the area. Also, silverware, serving pieces, and other dishes that go into the

dishwasher are being soaked and pre-washed. Please do not ask to have your dirty serving dish or your wine bottle washed. Mom is not at the sink.

We know that you are more than willing to help the Social Activities Committee – especially in light of a new policy being seriously considered, i.e., if you break a rule, you get to chair the next potluck dinner. Actually, that's not a bad idea. Come help us and you can help make up the rules.

—Carol Suplee and Judy Atwood

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**WHAT THE H\*\*\* IS THAT?  
I'LL BUY IT  
Herb Heineman**

In the August 2005 issue of *Lumberton Leas News* I wrote about my purchases at the Saint Vincent de Paul thrift store in Medford. My poem made me popular for a while at SVDP but drew a rebuke from a Lumberton Leas neighbor who thought I should do my thrift shopping at Medford Leas. I assured the offended party that I do, indeed, shop at Medford Leas too. Anybody who knows me well also knows that thrift shopping is in my blood and that I don't discriminate against any store.

It occurred to me recently to revisit the subject of thrift shopping. My accumulated purchases to date consist mostly of clothes – almost everything you see me wear – with household items second. (They might be first if I didn't have to sneak them in under the radar.) As for other articles, my shelves and cabinets are open to all comers. I don't usually go thrift shopping with a particular item in mind. Rather, I'm always on the lookout for something I hadn't thought of buying and then realize I can't live without.

In this communication I wish to share the pleasure of encountering objects that I've never seen or even heard of, objects that I didn't know existed. (It is said that when Frank Rizzo, the erstwhile mayor of

Philadelphia, saw Noguchi’s statue of a lightning bolt in Franklin Square, he asked, “What the hell is that?” With due respect to the sensitivities of *Chronicle* readers, I won’t use Rizzoesque embellishments when writing about things I can’t identify. So you may be sure that in each of the following instances I showed my find to the cashier and asked politely, “Excuse me, could you please tell me what this is?”)

It goes almost without saying that once the cashier (with or without first consulting a colleague) answered, all the following turned out to be things I couldn’t live without.

. . . . .

Object 1 (Medford Leas). **Fiddle Bow.** Properly used, this breadknife yields even slices. The right-handed version is shown below. A left-handed one exists.



1

Object 2 (Children’s Home). **Humpty Dumpty.** Fill it to the mark with cold water and place 1-4 eggs on the equatorial tray. Select appropriate time setting on the microwave oven and your eggs will be boiled to perfection.



a

b

2

Object 3 (Medford Leas). **Time Tape.** Yes, it really is a tape measure, but it’s marked in minutes, not inches. Pull it out to the desired time interval and do something useful until the alarm sounds.



3

Object 4 (Saint Vincent de Paul). **Tootsie-Ahh!** The ultimate in slippers. They warm, cool, and/or massage your feet. (Battery-powered; warm/cold packs included.)



4

Object 5 (Goodwill Industries). **Laser Chaser** (not nuclear reactor, washbowl, toilet bowl, or footstool). Rotates, strewing laser beams in all directions across the floor. A real treat (or torment) for your cat.



5

Maybe you’re familiar with these conveniences. After all, they’ve been marketed, sold, and previously owned. But they were totally new to me. Anticipating surprise finds like these is yet another incentive for thrift shopping.

And lest I forget: Dear Neighbor of Yore, wherever you are now, I hope you’ll be satisfied that I regard the Medford Leas Thrift

Shop as among the best places to find things I didn't know existed – and absolutely can't live without.

# Thinker's Corner



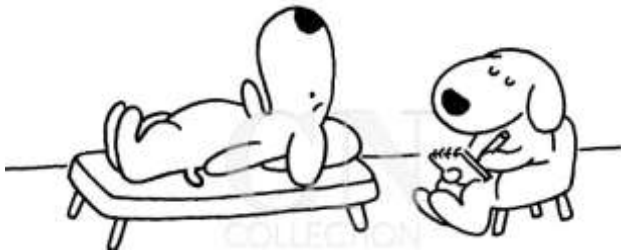
## For the Eagle-Eyed

Last month's differences:

- Missing fork.
- Missing garnish on cranberry sauce.
- Woman's right hand not visible.
- Missing bar on fire screen.
- Dark stone on right side of fireplace.

## Cartoons

This month's cartoon:



Write your caption:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”

Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

- “That was no ace. I got my racquet on it.”*
- “Hey, that doesn't count!”*
- “Let me see that ball.”*
- “Well, nothing's broken.”*
- “I guess I don't know my own strength.”*
- “What a serve!”*
- “Got to avoid the net.”*
- “Next time I'll buy a racquet made in the USA.”*
- “Hmm. I wonder where I put that warranty.”*
- “What did Joan put in cereal this morning.”*

# On the Yangtze

Late evening departure from Chongqing



Goddess Stream, tributary of Yangtze



Entering Qutang Gorge



Cuddling overnight at rest stop



Bridge to somewhere



Tranquility at daybreak



# . . . and elsewhere in China

Beijing: Dragon ferry on lake at Emperor's summer palace



Chongqing: Cute but prepared to kill trespassers



Xi'ang: Bronze warriors (look closely!)



Beijing: Kung fu students demonstrating their skills



Beijing: Sidewalk poet (writing with paintbrush)



Beijing: Seniors dancing with sensible precautions



**LAST DAY AT THE POOL**  
**Out of the Rubble a New One Shall Rise**



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*The Lumberton Campus Chronicle* is a monthly publication featuring articles, poems, and other works by residents of Medford Leas at Lumberton and other writers. Subject matter is not limited to our community; it only needs to make good reading for our residents. The date of each issue is timed to include the report of the Council meeting, which is held on the second Monday of the month. Next submission deadline is Friday, October 17. All residents and other interested parties are encouraged to contribute.

**Email** your submission to the editor, [vince267@gmail.com](mailto:vince267@gmail.com), with copies to the associates, [ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net](mailto:ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net) and [hsheineman@gmail.com](mailto:hsheineman@gmail.com).

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Printed by Minuteman Press, Berlin, NJ