

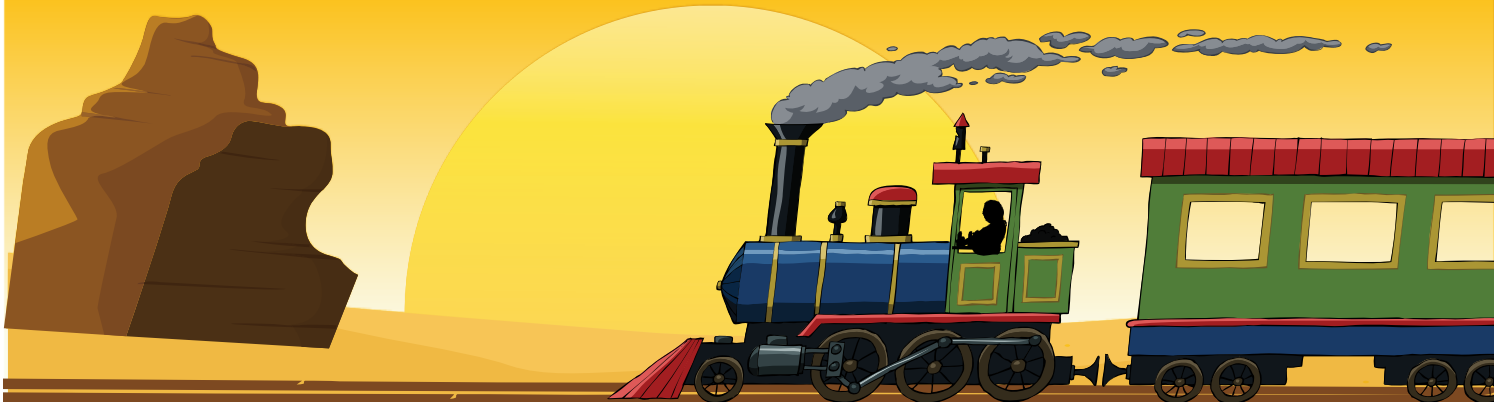
QUOTABLE QUOTES

“Be who you are and say what you feel because those who mind don’t matter and those who matter don’t mind.”
...Dr. Seuss

“We can complain because rose bushes have thorns, or rejoice because thorn bushes have roses.”
...Abraham Lincoln

“The greater part of our happiness or misery depends upon our dispositions, and not upon our circumstances.”
...Martha Washington

“I told you I would be ready in five minutes. Stop calling me every half hour.”
...Marilyn Monroe



February 5, 1883~The Southern Pacific Railroad completed its transcontinental “Sunset Route” from New Orleans to California, consolidating its dominance over rail traffic to the Pacific. In 1869 the first transcontinental railroad had been completed, traversing the “northern route.” The political logjam between the northern and southern states had been broken in 1861 with the secession of the southern states from the union. Southern transcontinental routes weren’t built until after the war. [The first railroad charter in the U.S. was issued in 1815 to the New Jersey Railroad Company “to erect a railroad from the Delaware River near Trenton, to the river Raritan, at or near New Brunswick.”]



COUNCIL REPORT

Judy Aley

Jane Bartram is preparing the Community Service Fund Drive notice to be put in mailboxes. Funds will be distributed among the Lumberton EMT, Lumberton Fire Department, Lumberton Police Department, and the Bookmobile.

A PIW was sent to the Administration concerning the need for more space in the Community Center. Representatives will meet with Council to discuss.

Art Hartwig has announced he is stepping down as the head of the Holiday Craft Fair. He and Council are looking for someone to replace Art and continue this event.

The new piano is tuned and ready to be used at events. The old piano has found a new home here in Lumberton.

The nominating committee has been chosen to select new Council members for next year. Ed Ferraro, Pete Obbard, and Carol Suplee are looking for three residents to serve for a two-year term.

Vince Menzel, chair of the Communications Committee, met with interested parties to discuss updating the Residents Directory. Council approved the plan, which involves asking all residents if they would like updated bios and photos. Margaret Eysmans and Joyce Koch have volunteered and will be the contact people.

The subject of transportation to the Medford Campus was raised. Lumberton Campus residents are presumed to be able to drive. The Medford Leas bus visits the campus to transport residents to the symphony in Camden and shopping, and for the MLRA Short Trips. Council is exploring the possibility of carpooling for events like the MLRA monthly meetings, and other community-wide events.

Tammy Gerhart will be scheduled to talk to Lumberton residents about the transitioning process.

New Residents Orientation meetings will be held every other month beginning in March. It will be open to all residents.

FINANCIAL UPDATE FOR JANUARY

Balance on December 31	\$3732.76
Income	13.30
Expenses	478.94
Balance on January 31	\$3267.12

Pete's Pick

COLD WEATHER RUMINATIONS

The radiators of our fourth grade classroom hissed and clanked throughout the day, defying any attempt to quiet them or shut them off when the heat became unbearable. And there was always the smell of steam mixed with dust – or was it the wet wool of our socks and sweaters? Whatever smell it was that permeated our classroom in those days I think it must have been a post-war odor that has since disappeared with the invention of synthetic fibers and furnaces that are no longer stoked with coal. Yet even today I sometimes imagine that I can still smell it, although it is a part of a past now 65 years distant.

But back to fourth grade matters circa 1950: Our teacher, Miss Addy, who behind her back was called “Miss Subtracty” – and, depending on the lesson, sometimes “Miss Dividey” and “Miss Multiplier” – seemed to respect my knowledge of matters that did not pertain to classroom learning. So when she would clasp her chest and announce to the class that the heat from the radiators had become “stifling,” and that she couldn’t stand it any longer, I would always raise my hand

and offer to go and search for the janitor to tell him about her concern.

My childhood buddy, Tommy O'Conner, and I had long ago learned the route through the labyrinth of corridors in the basement beneath our school and were only too willing to abandon classroom drudgery to perform this task, which I had convinced Miss Addy was assuredly a two-man operation because the doors to the school basement were too heavy for just one little fourth grader to open.

Back then Tommy and I did everything together, and I always had his back and I supposed he had mine, although it seemed to me that I was usually the one bailing him out of trouble. 1950 was the year that he and I were selected to sing the third stanza of "We Three Kings of Orient Tar" together at the School Christmas Concert. In those days we learned most matters – including the songs we sang – through repetition, and it was only years later that that I discovered that we had screwed up the wording of that sacred hymn and that we should have been singing about matters that "are" rather than about "tar." But "tar" seemed quite appropriate at the time since during the summer Tommy and I had seen a photograph in a *National Geographic* that one of my newspaper delivery customers, Miss Levy, had given me instead of the usual nickel tip I got from my other customers. At any rate Miss Levy's magazine had this photograph of a bunch of old guys sitting around on a rug in a tent somewhere in the Arabian Desert smoking their water pipes. That gave Tommy and me the idea of fashioning a similar device out of old coffee cans and a piece of garden hose. But when we filled the smoking pot with cigarette butts from my father's ash tray, and puffed on it through the garden hose, it tasted "tarry" and made us cough. And so, because of the "tar" we both gave up on water pipe

smoking after our first try.

But back to the 1950 Christmas Concert: I remember that when it came time for Tommy and me to sing the third stanza of "We Three Kings of Orient Tar" before the entire Elementary School, Tommy just stood there with his mouth open looking like a fish that had just been yanked out of water. But no sounds were coming out of him. And so I had to carry forth about the myrrh and frankincense and all that stuff without Tommy. Maybe it was then – though I really can't be sure – that my legal career was effectively launched as I was forced to go it alone singing to the world in that stupid song about how myrrh has a "bitter perfume" even though I didn't know if that was true since the only smells I had experienced came from the radiators in Miss Addy's classroom.

And so on that cold morning in February 1950, when Tommy and I were sent forth on our mission to remedy Miss Addy's "stifling," I reminded Tommy that he owed me big-time for all the singing I had to do for him during the Christmas Concert. I knew that Tommy had one of those huge Tootsie Rolls in his pocket so I made him break it in half and give me the bigger piece when we got to the school basement and nobody could see. Even back then there was a rule that kids couldn't eat candy in school, and if Miss Addy saw you with candy she would take it away.

We knew that the school janitor, whose name was Amos, always hid out in a room that you got to after walking along a catwalk over the roaring asbestos-covered furnaces with the flames licking up from the bed of coal. And so, as Tommy and I sucked on his Tootsie Roll, we pushed the door open to the room, startling Amos who shoved a bottle with brown liquid into a bag on the table where he was seated. "Well, young men", he said quite formally, "How can I help you?"

“Miss Addy” I said, “wants you to know that she is stifling.”

Amos looked at us in puzzlement, as though he didn’t understand Miss Addy’s “stifling” problem. After scratching his head and shoving the bag with the bottle into a drawer, he slowly announced “Well,” he said, “go back and tell Miss Addy not to worry. I’ll take care of it.”

And so Tommy and I went back over the catwalk past the roaring furnaces, taking our time to savor the last of the Tootsie Roll. When we finally got back to our fourth grade classroom I told Miss Addy that Amos said he would take care of her “stifling.”

Miss Addy seemed pleased and thanked Tommy and me for our mission. But the radiators continued to hiss and clank and soon she clasped her chest and announced to the class that she was still “stifling.” But this time she took the long pole with the hook on the end that she always kept behind her desk and pulled down the windows, declaring: “Maybe now we can all breathe.”

And thus in the fourth year of an education that would continue for many years beyond, I learned that some things and people in life – like the words we frequently use – are not easily understood.

—Pete McCord

AGAHOZO – “DRYING ONE’S TEARS”
Maryann Beitel, photo by Jon Williams’ friend

Agahozo-Shalom Youth Village (ASYV) in Rwanda is an independent nonprofit refuge for youth who were hurt by Rwanda’s 1994 genocide. Agahozo is a local expression for “drying one’s tears.” The youth, ages 15 to 21 years, live in a carefully controlled “family” environment where days are carefully planned around a structured school curriculum. Life skills are

taught. Attending a university is encouraged.

Since 2008, Tufts has sent a student group to ASYV to understand the post-genocide orphan crisis of Rwanda on a deeper level.

Jon Williams, grandson of Maryann and Bill Beitel, and a sophomore at Tufts University, volunteered to join 20 students on a two-week trip in May, 2014, to Agahozo-Shalom Youth Village.



The following is an excerpt from Jon’s daily journal:

Today I don’t want to write about the village. I don’t want to write about how wonderful and shockingly brilliant and inspiring those children are. I don’t want to write about the scenery, the views, the sights, sounds, tastes, or smells of the nation’s landscape and lifestyle. I don’t want to write about food, fun, laughs, getting up at 5:00 a.m. and seeing the sunrise from yesterday’s path. Today, I want to write about genocide. Not its history, but its lingering effect, profound connection, questions raised, and emotions elicited. This is hard to think and write about.

We visited Murambi, once a school in the town of Butare, then a site at which 50,000 Tutsi men, women, and children were brutally massacred in a frighteningly

short time. The Tutsi victims at Murambi were essentially detained there, prevented from leaving by Hutu power sentinels keeping constant watch. They were starved and deprived of water, making them especially vulnerable when the killers came on April 21, 1994, armed with guns, grenades, machetes, clubs, and whatever else they could find. The attack must have been Hell on Earth; something like only twelve Tutsis managed to survive.

As our bus pulled into the grounds of Murambi, a sudden change in aura was tangible. A small group of children that playfully ran behind our bus stopped at the gate. It became quiet. Very, very quiet, and you immediately realized that those grounds held history, terrifying stories, and much more. What struck me early on upon arrival was the utter beauty of the surrounding hills, rifts, and valleys. Murambi itself resides on a hilltop, so it was a breathtaking site to see its surroundings. I cannot decide whether the beauty of this place was ironic, inversely symbolic, or just a twisted contrast to the events that happened on the very soil under my feet. It had seemed to me that this eerie tranquility enveloped Murambi ever since the occurrence of the genocide twenty years ago, locking it in time.

A man named Eric was to lead us around the grounds. He was one of three people at the entire place. Eric was Rwandan, a bit quiet, but well spoken, and had the reddest eyes I've ever seen. I cannot imagine what those eyes have allowed him to view. He first led us to the covered mass tombs near the front of the grounds. They can be readily opened. According to Eric, this is because bodies are still being found, twenty years later. He said that fourteen bodies had been found in the past three weeks or so, which is unbelievable.

We then made our way to the main part, behind the main museum building, to

where all of this truly took place. A total of about fifteen long housing barracks were scattered across the hilltop, loosely organized into non-corresponding rows. As we approached one house, Eric gave fair warning that it contained some preserved bodies, arranged exactly how they lay at the moment of death. There were not some. The bodies filled entire rooms, not just a few, but every single room in this house. And not just this house, but three houses in total were also packed with the bodies of deceased victims, locked in forms of agony. The number of bodies I have seen today is overwhelming to say the least, but that only scratched the surface of victims at Murambi, resting for eternity underground in mass graves, haphazardly piled up among hundreds of strangers' bodies. The tour ended at one of the graves, and it was at this point that Eric revealed that he was a survivor of the genocide in Kigali, the only survivor of his whole family. He was thirteen at the time.

At one point I decided to go off by myself and walk the grounds in the company only of the deceased, I think to just take in what I was seeing without any external influence. There was nothing to shape my thoughts, feelings, and emotions but myself, Murambi, and its final dwellers. It was heavy being there alone. I walked down the paths, through the buildings, and across the very same soil that killers and victims did twenty years ago, and while it was just me, it felt as if I was in their company. Shivers ran down my spine consistently throughout my solo experience of the grounds of Murambi.

One instance moved me more than anything else on this trip. It was a surreal moment, one that I can still see and feel to this day, one that clings to my mind and memory, refusing to let go. I found myself at a time standing with the mass graves at the back of the grounds, just standing, trying to fathom what they conceal and

what lies beneath my feet. Suddenly, I heard a noise to my right, where there was nothing but fence. I turned and saw a young Rwandan woman clutching the bars, her head placed through the fence, staring at me. She had called my attention, and as I stood over thousands of dead victims beneath the ground, she waved at me, greeting the unfamiliar American on the other side of the fence. This was the epitome of the connection. I was witnessing the past and present colliding. The emotion was overwhelming. I brought myself to wave back. The whole time not a sound was made. Then, she beckoned to me, as if she wished for me to walk across the graves of thousands of countrymen to her. I never knew what she wanted from me. I wonder that a lot, but at the time I was too scared to move, and eventually I turned and left, returning through the entire property, trying to keep my composure. I often wonder whether I should have gone to her, but I just couldn't at the time.

When I had made it back to the museum center, I asked Eric what he remembered. He had lost his entire extended family to the genocide. When they came for him, he ran fast and ran long, and heard bullets whine by his head, sounding so close. After he ran, he hid, in bushes, forests, and hills for about three months. During that time, he seldom ate, sometimes going days to over a week and a half without eating. And he was all alone. That must have been the most painful part. He then touched upon the ability to move on, to subdue the pain of recalling what he experienced. He said he had to, for the killers and victims alike now were all under the title of Rwandans. It is for the good of the nation to forgive. I found this a very interesting primary reason. It was as if his individual forgiveness, a separate entity from communal forgiveness, was being influenced and urged by the

government. After our conversation I thanked him, and he seemed content with my consideration, curiosity, and emotional response to all that was thrown at me over the course of the day. Just imagining what those red eyes have seen makes me shudder.

We got back in the bus in silence, and I noticed that the young children running behind us on the way there had remained, waiting, sitting with their heads and hands reaching through the bars of the fence. As we drove off, they waved, and again I was overcome by the profound feeling of past, present, and future clashing in this nation. This was real. This had happened. This lives on in memory. This is dealt with constantly by Rwandans, integrated into their lives and will be forever. Just like the single brilliantly colored flowers that grow from the soil of the grounds of Murambi, new life rises from the fallen, and the fallen are incorporated, a vital part of Rwanda's future.

A TRADITION LIVES ON

Herb Heineman

For as long as I can remember, the annual blizzard party at the Obbards' home has been one of the highlights of the winter season. And until this year the party was unthinkable without Judy's cheery presence. Pete, however, saw to it that the tradition would continue even though she's sadly no longer with us.

The blizzard that was to make history (on January 27) turned out to be a figment of forecasters' anxiety – or, to be fair, our region was on the periphery of the storm, so that we were spared all but a manageable coating of snow. It was enough to trigger the anticipated event. Judging by the amount of unoccupied floor space, the entire ambulatory community was present, walkers and all; so was

the usual assortment of food and drinks. And over it all our gracious host Pete presided in the style we've all come to love.

I went to the party thinking that a moment of silence in honor of Judy would be appropriate. It was hopeless. The laughter and cacophony of conversation would have drowned out any attempt to get everyone's attention. And in my mind I saw Judy laughing her head off at the mere idea. Good cheer was what she would have wanted, not mournful silence even for a moment. Good cheer was what she got.

ART GALLERY

Joyce Sichel, photo by Vince Menzel



A new exhibition for you to enjoy has opened at the Lumberton Campus Art Gallery. Alice Kelly, an experienced paint, fabric, and paper artist, was given a very well-attended reception for her show opening on February 6. She brings us a collection of works in cut and torn paper. The pieces range from a very large detailed nature scene to houses, trees, florals and abstracts. (She follows the tradition of great artists like Matisse, whose "cutouts" were the subject of a major exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.) At the reception Alice demonstrated the creation of a whole work from start to

finish. Tearing background paper and using botanical shapes cut from various papers in preparation for the demonstration, she arranged and glued them to form a picture of a tiger lily with greenery. In the photo, she stands in front of some of her displayed works with Gallery Chairperson Eve Robinson.

The exhibition expected for March and April in the main-floor Medford Leas Gallery will be a large one by Haddonfield artist Patricia Walker. Her multimedia show will feature a variety of subjects titled "People, Places, Things: a Retrospective by Patricia Walker." This artist was commissioned to create a large work, which already hangs in the Anderson Center at Cooper Hospital, and another for Burlington County Freeholders. The reception for Ms. Walker will take place March 3 at 3:00 p.m. in the main Medford Leas Gallery space, and will also include a demonstration of artistic technique.

The wonderful photographs of Burma by Joanna Patterson are still on display there until the end of February, and shouldn't be missed.

The lower-floor Medford Leas Gallery space still features the work of our resident artists whom you may very well know and want to check out.

There will be a new show of resident art starting Monday April 27. The art studio on the lower level of Medford Leas is available for use by residents every day. Experience is not a requirement and beginners are encouraged to participate.

PICKUP DATES MARCH

Recycling: March 2, 16, 30

Trash: March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31

AN EAGER CROWD COMES TO LEAS LOUNGE

Sue Kuhn, photo by Joe Costanza



Tuesday Night Live in the Leas Lounge was a resounding success!

For February's Social Activities Committee event Carol Suplee produced an evening of entertainment using talented Lumberton Campus residents and several guests. The Great Room was transformed into Leas Lounge with striking calligraphy and artwork created by Medford Leas resident Harry Forrest, glittering material columns, and a glimmering stage backdrop. Performers sang songs, offered jokes, read literature, and played music on the newly gifted piano. Delicious desserts accompanied hot beverages. One hundred residents enjoyed these desserts and filled the glowing room with laughter, applause, and joyful fellowship.

The committee would like to thank everyone who fashioned the unique evening for our community. Watch for information about a festive **Saint Patrick's Day potluck** in March.

CLUSTERS

SOUPER BOWL

Once again, **Cluster 2** celebrated the week between NFL division championship games and the Super Bowl with its own

"Souper Bowl V" lunch at the Atwoods. Despite snow on the ground, members brought over soups, sandwiches, and assorted desserts for a brief meeting and general camaraderie.

—Conant Atwood

A FITTING SENDOFF

Cluster 7 had a very well-attended going-away party for Warren and Lucile Reeves on Wednesday, January 28. Members met with mixed feelings — very happy to get together, but sorry to see lovely neighbors about to leave. The event featured appetizers, homemade soup, and dessert. Naturally, libations were also provided. A grand time was had by all thanks to contributions in time and effort by cluster members.

The cuisine highlights were mushroom soup by Elaine Eldred, beef barley by Maureen Sherry, and lentil by Catherine Sommi. Elaine's mushroom seemed to be the hit of the evening, with many requests for the recipe.

Warren and Lucile moved to the main campus in early February. They are among the "99ers," having arrived on campus in September, 1999. Warren was known for his exceptionally large model train collection occupying half of his basement, and which he was pleased to show on little or no prior notice. The layout included many additional features such as operating merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, and figure skaters on a frozen pond.

Longtime cluster members also recall him as Warren the magician, who conducted very entertaining magic shows at the Community Center.

The evening closed with a fond wish for the Reeves to enjoy continued happiness in their new home.

— John Sommi

**LET'S TALK GARDENING:
From Pots to Plots**
Margaret Eyesmans

The first in a series of conversations about gardening for non-gardeners to the more experienced will be held on March 20 from 2:00 to 3:00 p.m.

Refreshments will be served. Join us at the Nature Center on the Medford Campus on the third Friday of every month for another interesting discussion.

A husband and his wife had a tiff. The wife called up her mom and said, "He fought with me again, I am coming to live with you." Mom said, "No darling, he must pay for his mistake. I am coming to live with you."

Thinker's Corner



Cartoons

This month's cartoon:



Write your caption:

“ _____ ”

Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

"The ringing in your ears – I think I can help."

"I think your anxiety about being put out to pasture is unwarranted."

"I don't accept referrals from veterinarians."

“Please give me an afternoon appointment. I have to be milked in the mornings.”

“I said undress. That includes the bell.”

“I don’t think it’s mad cow disease; I think you’re just angry.”

Do You Know?

Where are the world’s five busiest subway systems?

Answer: The busiest is Tokyo, followed by Seoul, Beijing, Moscow, and Shanghai.

Where is the longest railroad in the world?

Answer: The Trans-Siberian Railroad, 5770 miles long, connecting Moscow to Vladivostok.

What country has the most pyramids?

Answer: Although Egypt has the largest pyramids, Sudan has twice as many.

Where is the longest fence in the world?

Answer: The 3300 mile Dingo Barrier Fence, protecting Southeastern Australia from dingoes, or wild dogs.

On what island are more than 800 native languages still spoken?

Answer: The island of New Guinea, consisting of Papua New Guinea and part of Indonesia. Some of these languages are spoken by fewer than 1000 people.

Where did the word “tattoo” come from?

Answer: In 1771, Captain Cook brought the word to Europe after he observed the people of Tahiti and New Zealand “painting their bodies” (“tattow”

or “tatau”, as it is called in Polynesian languages.)

Where is the southernmost active volcano on Earth?

Answer: Antarctica’s Mount Erebus, which looms over McMurdo Station.

Which world capital is at the highest elevation?

Answer: La Paz, capital of Bolivia

What are the two largest universities (not just a college) in the world – by contiguous land area? (Hint: one is in the US.)

Answer: Stanford University owns 8,183 acres, which makes it the second largest university in contiguous land area.

Moscow State University is considered the largest. It is built vertically and has a larger total ground area.

Sudoku (Remember these?)

Clue: *Where you sleep most nights.*

			U	O		N		T
O	B		N					
					R	L		U
			R		O			
		E		T		R		B
U			B		L	M		
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							E	R
M		N						



Eartha™ is a model of the earth with mountains and landforms in full 3D that rotates and revolves, simulating the earth's real movements. Housed in a three-story atrium at the headquarters of DeLorme, a company in Yarmouth, Maine, Eartha measures 41.5 feet in diameter. Every continent is detailed, with vivid colors illustrating all levels of vegetation, major roadways and cities.

Eartha was designed by founder David DeLorme and built by the DeLorme staff. It is a composite database built from satellite imagery, shaded relief, colored bathymetry (ocean depth data) and information from terrestrial sources. The printed database is equivalent to about 140 gigabytes (214 CD-ROMs.)

It rotates on a specially designed mechanized cantilever arm. Its scale is 1:1,000,000 (roughly one inch equaling nearly 16 miles.) At this scale, California is 3.5 feet tall! Eartha tilts at 23.5 degrees, just as the earth does. One combined revolution and rotation occurs every minute at maximum speed.

Guinness designated Eartha as "The World's Largest Rotating and Revolving Globe" in 1999. It surpassed the Globe of Peace in Apeccio, Italy, which is 33 feet in diameter.



A Photo from Lynn's Friends



Sailing into the moon

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President

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, March 13. All residents and other interested parties are encouraged to contribute.

Email your submission to the editor, vince267@gmail.com, with copies to the associates, ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net and hsheineman@gmail.com.

We cannot accept handwritten, typed, faxed, or printed copy.