

The Lumberton Campus Chronicle

JUNE 2015

Notes from Medford Leas at Lumberton

"Give me your tired, your
poor,

Your huddled masses
yearning to breathe free,

The wretched refuse of
your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless,
tempest-tost to me,

I lift my lamp beside the
golden door!"

—Emma Lazarus

On June 17, 1885, the Statue of Liberty arrived in New York harbor. Hundreds of boats put out to sea to welcome it, and 200,000 enthusiastic people lined the docks.

Financing construction of the base for the statue had not been so popular in earlier years. A New York group called the "American Committee" had struggled to obtain donations. (*An obscure fact—Teddy Roosevelt, at age 19, was a member of that committee.*)

Joseph Pulitzer saved the day. He pledged to publish in his newspaper the name of every contributor, no matter how small the amount. This captured the public imagination, especially when Pulitzer began publishing the notes received from donors, and \$102,000 was donated by 120,000 contributors.



COUNCIL REPORT

Judy Aley

Council met on Monday, June 8. Its membership has changed. John Speirs, Bill Beitel, and Barbara Stiles have retired. Council thanks them for their two years of service.

Dino Fiabane, Al Migdal, and Joanne Thomas are new Council members for 2015-2016. Conant Atwood, Joe Jordan, and Judy Aley remain on Council for the second year.

Council officers for 2015-2016 are: President, Conant Atwood; Vice-President, Joe Jordan; and Secretary, Judy Aley.

Residents from both campuses enjoyed swimming and lunch at the Grizzly Bear Plunge on June 9 to celebrate the opening of the improved pool. Tammy Gerhart arranged for the bus to bring Medford campus residents to Lumberton. The bus will be available to bring Medford campus residents at other times and will take Lumberton residents shopping.

Beth Wray noticed that after 2002, pictures of Lumberton campus residents were not in a file kept at the Medford campus. Jane Bartram will be on the committee to submit pictures for the file and will be in contact with Beth.

Tammy is setting up a task force of the Transportation Committee. John Speirs and Al Migdal volunteered to serve on the committee.

A new resident expressed concern about the speed of traffic on Woodside Drive. A blinking speed sign will be requested so that drivers will know their speed.

ANNUAL RESIDENTS MEETING

Judy Aley

The annual meeting was held on May 12. Attendees plus proxies totaled 115.

President John Speirs gave a brief history of the Council.

Pete Obbard presented the slate of candidates for Council: Dino Fiabane, Alvin Migdal, and Joanne Thomas. All were accepted unanimously.

Conant Atwood read the changes to Lumberton Leas population: 18 have moved in, 9 have moved to the Medford Campus and 8 have died. A moment of silence followed the announcement.

Jane Bartram gave a slide presentation for the Activities Fund. A motion was made and seconded to accept the 2015-2016 budget of \$4,885 and the \$30 assessment per person to be collected for the fund.

John reported that the Lumberton campus is now 100% full.

A committee was formed to recommend how to repurpose the space in the Community Center.

The meadow has been refurbished. Ken Hutz has been trimming and shaping trees and shrubs.

Decks are being replaced as needed.

John presented a plaque to Art Hartwig to thank him for his years of chairing the Craft Fair. Maggie Heineman and Janet Jackson-Gould have agreed to take on this task.

John will present a plaque to Joanne Bryan, donor of the piano now in the Great Room.

Margaret Eysmans explained the updating of the Resident Directory, which she will do together with Joyce Koch. Forms to request the update are near the mailboxes. Ten requests have been received to date.

Dave Bartram announced that the Mt. Holly Garden Club meets in the Great Room at 7:00 p.m. on the third Wednesday of the month from September to June. Residents are welcome to attend.

Maggie Heineman reminded residents that the canoe storage shed can be opened with the key to the Community Center.

Herb Heineman explained that the Smiley faces on mailboxes identify those residents who receive *The Chronicle* in color

by email the day it is completed. Those without Smiley faces receive the printed version in black and white several days later.

Vince Menzel was thanked for his work as editor of *The Chronicle* and chair of the Communications Committee. Eric Hahn has accepted the chairmanship of this committee.

Vice President Bill Beitel presented John Speirs with the traditional rock, featuring John's name, in recognition of his year as Council President.

Joe and Jean Jordan provided refreshments for the meeting.

MEET OUR NEW NEIGHBORS

Barbara Zimmerman
photos by Joyce Koch

Who would move from Hawaii to Lumberton? Martha (Marty) Getchell Smith and William (Bill) G. Smith came to the Lumberton campus in March after working as Resident Friends at Honolulu Friends Meeting on Oahu.

"There was no other place considered," they told me of their decision to come to "this fabulous place." They love their open spacious view, especially the sunporch. The soft gray walls of their home reflect a sense of quiet and peace. They enjoy privacy with the friendliness of surrounding community.

Bill, born in Van Wert, Ohio, spent some early years living in Jamaica before traveling much of the world in Quaker leadership roles. He graduated from Earlham College (BA in biology), then obtained his MA from Michigan State and Ph.D. from Notre Dame. His interest moved from biology to computer science as that field became prominent.

Marty started life in Vermont and moved to Indiana with her family. She studied fashion design at Butler University

before attending the University of Cincinnati and graduating with a degree in elementary education. Her MA is from Ohio State. Early in her life, she felt the pull and influence of Quaker teachings.



Bill and Marty met when both worked at a Quaker camp. In 1964 they were married in the manner of Friends.

They have taught at college levels and both were teachers at Moorestown Friends School. They are longtime members of Moorestown Meeting.

Their combined work experiences include teaching and leading Quaker studies in the U.S. and abroad. They lived in Kenya, East Africa, where their first child, Susan Malaika, who now lives in North Carolina, was born. Son David and his family are in Moorestown.

The goal of the Peace Corps, to promote peace and friendship abroad, seems to have permeated the lives of both Marty and Bill, as their combined teachings throughout the world have been governed by these principles.

The same values will continue to inform their lives, but, as they reside here, they hope to become active in some of the many opportunities for volunteerism.

A bachelor is a guy who never made the same mistake once. — Phyllis Diller

Pete's Pick**PIANO LESSONS**

Now that the tales of Tommy O'Conner and this author have rolled off the presses of *The Chronicle* over the last several months, many within our peaceful community are left scratching their heads in shocked bewilderment. Is that aging guy living at 79 WSD indeed the same misbehaving kid who grew up in Germantown, Philadelphia, and then went on to a career as – of all things – a prosecuting attorney? And where were his parents while all that nonsense and mischief were going on?

To this, and in defense of my very caring mother, herself a woman of pedagogical background and discipline, I must take exception. She tried. Oh my goodness, did she try!

After that episodic year with Miss Addy in the fourth grade my mother decided that I did, indeed, require a bit more discipline in my life. And what better way than to start with piano lessons that summer.

Now I must admit that I was not totally adverse to the idea – at first. On one occasion I had watched Artur Rubenstein on Tommy's TV and thought it was maybe something that could prove interesting – playing under bright spotlights at Carnegie Hall to the adulation of vast audiences who would come to see Germantown's boy prodigy play Chopin or something equally complex, his agile fingers dancing over the keyboard in musical splendor. And in the front row would be my neighborhood buddies, Tommy O'Conner and Joey Pescatore, in complete awe. "Gee whiz," they would say. "To think we live in the same neighborhood with that guy!"

So, as things were done back then in our community, there was a tradeoff. Mrs. Cannon – a woman from Georgia who had just moved into our neighborhood and was called "Babe" (a name bestowed by her hus-

band) – would give me piano lessons in return for my mother tutoring Babe's daughter, Kath Ann, who was deficient in math.

My parents had inherited, free, an old upright piano from Mrs. Levy, who had moved from her home across the street to the Vernon Garden Apartments following the death of her husband. And so in June, liberated by Miss Addy and promoted to the fifth grade with her good-riddance wishes, my piano lessons began.

To my lifetime disappointment I did not turn out to be an Artur Rubenstein or even the Germantown boy prodigy I had once envisioned. Babe Cannon was quite patient, but she obviously saw she was working with tough material. And so, since she herself was also an accomplished soprano in the Germantown Baptist Church, she suggested that I sing along to the scaled pieces that were in my starter piano book. One such number, called "The Ice Cream Song," involved going up and down the scale in five-fingered rhythm from middle C.

And thus the final days in June in that year were spent in disciplined practice at the keyboard of our new piano, stroking the notes, and singing along as coached by Babe Cannon. First up the scale: "Do (C) you (D) want (E) an (F) ice (G) cream (G) cone (G)?" And then down the scale: "Yes (G), I (F) want (E) an (D) ice (C) cream (C) cone (C)."

During one such rendition of the Ice Cream Song Tommy and Joey came by looking for me to join our team in baseball practice. Leaning on the open window to our parlor, they watched me practice piano.

After a while Tommy said: "Ya know, that's kind of dumb!"

And Joey, who always repeated and tried to add emphasis to what Tommy had just said, added: "Yeah, that's really dumb!"

I suppose it always becomes difficult to determine when and where life's seminal moments happen. But I do believe that in

that very instant as I was stroking middle C in The Ice Cream Song with Tommy and Joey looking through the window of my boyhood home in Germantown, I suddenly appreciated that what I was doing somehow was not meant to become a part of my future, and it was then that my ill-conceived career in music was effectively abandoned. Today I remain totally tone-deaf, but after paying off “the consequences” that my quite earnest and pedagogically disciplined mother brought to bear (later reduced by my more understanding dad) I did go on that summer to master the double play pivot at second base and batted cleanup for the Cliveden Street Tigers.

That summer we beat the Johnson Street Boys, the Sharpnack Street Gang, and even the Upsal Streeters. These days, with my baseball career ended by arthritic shoulders, I acknowledge that there isn't much I can offer to Lumberton's exceptional community. But maybe at our next talent show I will play The Ice Cream Song for anyone who questions what once was.

—Pete McCord

GARDEN CART REBORN

text and photo by Art Hartwig

Some of the longer-term residents may recall a medium-sized cart that sometimes lived in the shed over by the garden area. In the fall of 2013 the cart had two flat tires – the result of old age and too many trips on the walking trails (think catbrier). The Lumberton workshop was consulted and agreed to “repair” the tires.

The repair activity began with an attempt to remove the wheels so they could be taken to the local bike shop for new tires (the originals being badly cracked and full of catbrier punctures). However, the wheels refused to slide off the axle ends because some prior owner had hammered on the

ends of the axles so that they were mushroomed enough to block removal. At this point the “repairman” was starting to get the feeling that this job was not going to be as easy as originally thought.



Now, the only way to get at the wheels was to remove the axle from the cart, which was held on only by two metal water pipe clamps. As the large screwdriver was applied to the clamp screws, they started to spin because they had rusted enough to be frozen in the T-nuts hammered into the reverse side of the plywood, and the wood had aged enough so they just spun in the wood.

For those unfamiliar, a T-nut is a fastener useful for attaching things to plywood. It comes in sizes to match various bolts and looks like a washer with a short pipe welded to it that has threads inside to match the bolt. The washer also has three points on the pipe side meant to dig into the wood and keep things from spinning.

At this point, larger tools were employed and the axle with wheels attached was removed and taken to the bike shop that was able to replace the tires. They suggested extra-thick inner tubes to guard against the catbrier. Unfortunately, removal of the axle left the body of the cart broken and in need of complete replacement.

About now, the reader may wonder why so much effort would be spent on an old “broken” cart. The answer is partly cost (\$300+), partly old depression-era tightfistedness, and finally sentimentality. To ex-

plain the last, one needs to go back to the bonds formed in the year 2000.

For you newcomers, one of our early residents was Ed Grafenstein, who had a neighbor who was also moving and who had a nice Gardenway cart that he wanted to get rid of after his move. The price was right and we could wait. So this cart has been with us from the beginning. The stories surrounding Ed and his loving wife Joan are many and very entertaining and include Flossie the Flamingo, but best explained at another time. However our memories and love for Ed and Joan would not allow us to replace this cart.

The job was a team effort. I did the wood part, Pete McCord painted it, and Jack Osborn attached the metal edging.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

text by Corinne Thompson

photo by Lynn Immendorf

The flags flew high in the Community Center for our Memorial Day Picnic. The mantel displayed various service hats of our service men and women and the entrance hall had Ernest Kaufman's WWII uniform



and Judy Aley's service bag on display. Pictures were gathered of folks and relatives in the services and shown on the movie screen. After our picnic dinner, Jane Bar-

tram exceeded the storytelling of the pictures on the screen. Other folks then joined in with their service stories. The evening ended with all singing patriotic songs accompanied by John Welch on the piano.

TRAIL WALK

Marty Smith

All residents are invited to the Lumberton campus on June 25 for a Guided Trail Walk led by residents Bill and Marty Smith. We will begin our leisurely and meditative walk down along the creek bed at 9:30. Walkers will get a little history of the area, local native flora and fauna, and an opportunity to enjoy the outdoors and meet neighbors. Bring water to drink and wear long pants.

LUMBERTON LEAS POOL RULES

Conant Atwood

Joy! Our renovated pool is open. But bear in mind that along with the joy comes responsibility. Yup, this means rules. They are listed in that yellow handbook which is somewhere in your home. As basic as the rules are, occasionally we pool users need a gentle reminder, and here it is. Please read and heed so we can all enjoy our pool with ease and pleasure.

- No diving, jumping or running.
- No food, metal containers, bottles, or glassware in the pool enclosure. Plastic bottles may be used for lotions and water.
- Any personal property is your responsibility.
- If you moved something, return it to the original location before you leave.
- No one with an obvious communicable disease or infection should use the pool. If you are sick, stay home and get well.
- No pets allowed. The exception is grandchildren.

The Lumberton pool is open anytime except when scheduled events or classes are in session. Since you are important to the occupancy of the community, please do not swim alone. It's good to have someone with you at the pool to pull you out if necessary. This brings us to an important piece of information: The Medford Leas maintenance staff keeps the pool clean and safe for our use, but *there is no lifeguard*. You and anyone you bring with you are agreeing to use the pool at your own risk.

Individuals on the waiting list may participate in aquatic programs as space allows. It is hoped they will be wildly enchanted and choose to move into the community immediately.

We enjoy guests, *but a resident host must be with them at all times*. We know your guests always behave with decorum and propriety, but just in case they don't, the community wants to know whom to hold responsible. Please sign your guest in the logbook when you sign yourself in.

An important reminder: In case of emergency call 911. The phone is on the fence by the hot tub. Remember, all injuries, no matter how slight, must be reported to the Medford Leas main number, 609-654-3000.

And most important of all: Have a safe and enjoyable summer!

PICKUP DATES – JULY

Recycling: July 6, 20

Trash: July 7, 14, 21, 28

Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit.
Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.



WHAT YOUR DOG IS TELLING YOU WITH ITS TAIL WAG

Some people are known for wearing their emotions on their face . . . the same may be true for dogs and their tails.

Dogs have a reputation for a surprising range of compassion, at times resembling empathy, and their attachment to an owner can rival the infant-caregiver bond. An Italian research project showed that positive emotion, such as when an owner returns from work, is associated with the flick of a tail to the right. Anxious feelings, like seeing an unfriendly dog, caused a flick to the left.



In a recent study by the same team, 43 dogs were shown a video of a dog shaking its tail to either the right or the left. In some cases, a silhouette was used to eliminate any clues other than wagging. Seeing a dog wagging its tail to the left accelerated the heart rate of the watching animal. In contrast, watching a dog whose tail moved to the right had no impact on the heart rate or observed anxiety.

It's hard to say if this is bona fide communications, but it may symbolize a mental reflex. In any event, it might be fun to see if you can find any clues in your own dog's wagging!



Photo by Sheila Schneider

An unexpected visitor

THE LEAS ART GALLERY SCENE TWO SUMMER OPENINGS

Joyce Linda Sichel

As mentioned in the last issue of *The Chronicle*, we have two art exhibitions opening this summer. You will enjoy the Jersey shore watercolors of artist Thomas Rutledge in the Main Gallery on the Medford campus. The reception opening his show will take place on Tuesday, July 7, at 3:00 p.m.

At our own Lumberton gallery space, Joanna Robinson will be showing her beautiful photographs of Burma in a show titled "Burma; A Photographic Essay." The photos will be hung during the last week in July, but the official opening and reception will be postponed until August because Ms. Patterson will be traveling.

We hope that your summer schedules will allow you to take in both of these outstanding shows.

CHARITY PAYS

Sister Barbara opened the letter from home and found a \$100 bill.

Looking out the window, filled with gratitude, she noticed a shabbily dressed stranger leaning against the lamppost below.

Quickly she wrote "Don't despair. Sister Barbara" on a piece of paper, wrapped the \$100 bill in it, and tossed it to him. The stranger picked it up and, with a puzzled expression and a tip of his hat, went off down the street.

Next day Sister Barbara was told that a man was at her door, insisting on seeing her. She went down and found the stranger waiting. Without a word, he handed her a large wad of \$100 bills.

"What's this?" she asked.

"That's the \$8,000 you have coming, Sister," he replied. "*Don't Despair* paid 80-to-1."

Thinker's Corner



Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

"They all look the same to me."

"He was real short, but he had legs."

"All my eggs were gone, so I know who it was."

"Can't tell without a DNA test."

"I left my glasses at home."

Cartoons

This month's cartoon:

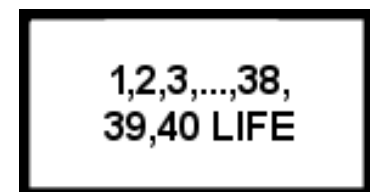


Write your caption:

“ _____ ”

Rebus Puzzles

This month's puzzles:



Last month's puzzles:

**FUNNY FUNNY
WORDS WORDS
WORDS WORDS**

Too (two) **funny**
for (four) **words**

STA4NCE

For (four)
instance (in stance)

A Photo from Lynn's Friends



A Father's Day Outing

Editor:

Vince Menzel

Associate Editors:

Ruth Gage,
Herb Heineman

**Cover Design and
Photo Feature:**

Lynn Ware

Council:

John Speirs,
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, July 17. 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.

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