

The birds laugh loud and long together  
When Fashion's followers speed away  
At the first cool breath of autumn weather.  
Why, this is the time, cry the birds, to stay!  
When the deep calm sea and the deep sky over  
Both look their passion through sun-kissed space,  
As a blue-eyed maid and her blue-eyed lover  
Might each gaze into the other's face.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

## Grandparents Day ~ September 13



Volcano?  
Tornado?

Hectic spouse?

What wrought this havoc in our house?  
You want to know what is it?  
Our grandson came to visit!

The grandparent advantage  
As some of you may know  
Is when a tantrum starts  
You can just get up and go



Breakfast: french fries  
Lunch: no knowing  
For heaven's sake  
What keeps them growing?

Grandma's high heels,  
Daddy's oxfords,  
Big brother's boots.  
What a granddaughter!  
The only shoes that she won't wear  
Are the ones her Mommy bought her.



## COUNCIL REPORT

Judy Aley

Coffee with Administration will take place at 7:00 p.m. on Tuesday, October 6.

The next new residents program will be held at Medford Leas in the Holly Room at 10:00 a.m. on Wednesday, September 23.

New residents are encouraged to attend an MLRA meeting to be introduced. Meetings are held in the Medford Leas Theater at 7:20 p.m. on the third Monday of the month.

Reworking of the Community Center has begun. Upstairs furniture has been moved and a new TV was donated.

### *Pete's Pick*

#### **BECOMING PASSIONATE ABOUT MATTERS "X, Y & Z"**

I have always been enamored with the printed word, so one can easily imagine the enormous collection of books I have assembled throughout my lifetime, many of them now packed in boxes in my basement. Among them are all manner of subject and titles ranging from pure fiction on through historical treatises and into obtuse and esoteric writings of legal philosophy and research. There are also numerous boxes of newspaper clippings detailing matters I once attended during my professional career, with quotes of what I once said in the distant past.

Sorting through them now will undoubtedly save my heirs the burden and trouble of their disposal at some point in the future, as well as feed the worthy cause of our annual book sale. It has also provided me with a nostalgic meandering into life "BC."

By BC I am not referring to a time before the founding of our Christian world

or the Julian calendar that followed, but rather to a time "Before Computers," when knowledge was actually harvested from books and hard-cover research rather than the digitally based compilations that our computers have now made so instantly available.

Among my many curious findings as I perused the contents of the boxes was an "X, Y & Z" volume of the 1948 publication of the World Book Encyclopedia set. How strange, I reflected, that back in the age BC we grouped our knowledge and hence our research by letter designation. Yet, as I discovered in reading this X, Y & Z edition, if you were wrong in your guess of what letter might apply to the matter you wanted to research, the World Book guys would direct you to the letter subject that might provide you with the needed information. For instance, if you were looking for information on **X**erxes, the fifth-century Persian ruler, the World Book directed you to the more general category of Persia in the P volume, which apparently offers some information and data on that fellow. So there was a kind of cross-alphabet guide to get you to the right letter and source of information.

Now I don't have a clue as to why I have only the X, Y & Z volume of what was probably a 20-volume alphabetically arranged set – with letters J & K, M & N, and, as I recall, U & V combined into single volumes. However, I well remember the acquisition of the set from which that X, Y & Z volume came. It was purchased, secondhand, by my parents, and stored proudly in a walnut bookcase in the parlor of our duplex home in Philadelphia. It must have been a costly investment for parents of modest means, who nonetheless invested much in the education of their three children. The C volume was, I recall, the thickest volume of the set. Why this was the case, I cannot say. Perhaps it was because "Camels" required a lot of

space and illustrations to distinguish them from their one-humped cousins, the dromedaries, which the thinner D book may have cross-referenced to that enormous C volume with its expansive Camels offering.

I suppose some believe that the World Book editors grouped knowledge on matters X, Y & Z into one book because they had determined that there was not much worth saying that started with those letters. But I beg to differ. Sitting as I was after my discovery of this book in the dust and cobwebs of my basement, I became enthralled with matters starting with the letters X, Y & Z. Few might have any interest in ever playing a xylophone. But consider for a moment that historians can trace the origins of xylophones to 2,000 BC (in the conventional sense) in what is now China. And did you know that yaks, those hairy beasts in Tibet, may well be the forefathers of our American bison, having crossed over the land bridge from East Russia long before Columbus (another huge part of the “C” volume) discovered the Western World? And did you know that zoological displays of wild animals go all the way back to 3,500 BC, when the Egyptians caged live hippos, elephants, baboons, and wildcats?

As you can see, I have become quite passionate about matters X, Y & Z as a result of stumbling upon that old volume of the World Book Encyclopedia. So if you have tired of the means to knowledge that is now so instantly accessible through your computer, and if your curiosity relates to any matter starting with one of those letters which predates 1948, please feel free to call upon me at some point between now and my future offerings of the ever-expanding wisdoms of “Pete’s Pick.”

—Pete McCord

## A HARD ACT TO BEAT

Paul Gyswyt\*

Kornelis Gyswyt, better known as Keith, died at his home on September 11. His wife, Elizabeth and daughter Liz were at his side. Keith was born in Rotterdam, the Netherlands, in 1918. He received a Bachelor of Science in naval architecture and marine engineering from the Academy of Technical Sciences and Fine Arts at Rotterdam in 1945.



His brilliant professional career began with the Rotterdam Dockyard Company and continued with consulting firms and shipyards in Holland, Great Britain, and Canada. The details are too numerous to list here. It was an exciting time for the Gyswyt family, allowing Elizabeth and Keith, both born in Rotterdam, to reconnect with family after living almost twenty years in North America. They returned to the US in 1975 and made their home in Cherry Hill. Further professional activities—as well as honors—followed, until he retired to Lumberton Leas in 2000. In the early years here he was active in the community, regularly attending classical music concerts in Philadelphia, playing bridge and chess with friends, and participating in other community events. He was always engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, reading mainly nonfiction but also novels and good literature throughout his life. Keith loved interaction and later in life became a willing storyteller, describing his experiences in World War II, where he survived a head-on train collision, a German labor camp, aerial bombardments, starvation, and the long walk back to Holland as the war ended. But these tragedies did not shake his integrity, respect for all

people, and love of life. His grandchildren affectionately called him Opie – and Opie will be missed.

*\*Paul Gyswyt is Keith's son.*

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### A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

Herb Heineman

I've had many occasions to write about Keith in this newsletter. He and I became friends and chess combatants soon after we settled in Lumberton Leas. In those years he and his wife regularly spent the winter months in Florida, leaving me to convalesce after taking my share of beatings on the board. I couldn't wait for him to return, to continue where we'd left off. We were, in fact, still playing just a couple of months ago. When a health problem required him to spend time in Woolman, I took my chess set over there.

Long ago I asked him for the secret to his longevity and spryness. "Do you spend a lot of time at the Fitness Center?"

"Herb," he answered, "I exercised for a while after I came here, but my legs always hurt afterwards. So I decided that *exercise was bad for me*" [my emphasis]. I took that as my mantra, and I use the facility only when I don't think I can make it home after water volleyball.

It could never be proved that his non-regimen caused Keith to live to the ripe age of 97½—but who would dare to suggest that he died before his time for lack of exercise?

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### HOW I BECAME A "HUMMINGBIRD WHISPERER"

Pete McCord

It all started this summer. But then again, in thinking about it, I suppose it really began last fall.

It was a cold and rainy September morning as I sat reading in my sunporch.

Suddenly there was a thump against the window and when I ventured out onto my deck to see what happened I found a tiny ruby-throated hummingbird lying motionless on the rain-soaked deck. I picked it up. It was warm and soft, but to all appearances seemed dead. But rather than casting it aside, I held it in my cupped hand and blew on it. To my amazement it came back to life and sat in my hand looking about and then at me. And then it flew off to begin its fall migration south.

Now jump forward to this spring—April 21 to be exact. I have the date recorded in my diary.

I have always been fond of birds, and for many years I've fed hummingbirds sugared water from a variety of devices. But this spring I had forgotten to hang my feeder on the porch. On April 21 it was not there.

But on that April morning as I sat at my desk, a hummingbird appeared at the window and hovered, seeming to look in at me. To be sure, children's stories would have us believe that this was the same hummingbird that came to life in my hand. But I did not at that time permit myself such thoughts, because who really knows about such things and whether or not this could be the case?

And so I scrambled to find my feeder, once again filling it with sugared water.

But this year I hung it, not at the end of the porch railing, but from the roof gutter so that it dangled directly in front of the desk where I work, probably 3–4 feet distant, with glass between.

The hummingbirds—and several of them came in the days that followed—were reluctant at first to come so close, although one of them seemed less fearful. So at first I would sit 7 or 8 feet away. But soon I returned to my desk at a distance of 3 or 4 feet. No problems with the hummers. We were getting used to each other.

Later, in June, I tried sitting beneath their feeder on the porch. Now there was a problem: unwillingness to feed while I read. So I backed away a bit, and then later moved closer as I gained their trust.

Finally I introduced the tiny cups that I now use to feed them from my hand, placing them on their feeder. No problem now. Then the cups were moved next to my chair. Gradually the hummers came. The cups were moved closer and closer as we got used to each other. Finally I placed the cups in my hand. Not yet; they preferred the feeder above my head. So on August 24 I took that down and held the cups. To my amazement, one of the hummingbirds came and drank. Others soon followed, and since then they have come to me without hesitation except, unfortunately, when I try to introduce a third par-



Photo by Joe Costanza

ty. My dream was to have my granddaughter feed one from her hand. But when we tried, they wouldn't come anywhere near the porch. And that evening, even after she left, they didn't come as usual.

The next day they finally did return, but they were definitely more wary, buzzing back and forth in front of my face. Was I the same creature they had learned to trust? There was, I then discovered, an element of personal identity at play.

For me it all started with an experience of the miracle of life and creation. It could happen to you.

**ART HAPPENINGS**  
**THE LUMBERTON CAMPUS**  
**ART GALLERY SCENE**  
**Joyce Linda Sichel**

The Lumberton Leas Art Gallery is displaying Joanna Patterson's beautiful photographs of old Burma in a show titled "Exhibit of Photography by Joanna Patterson." Included are photos never before mounted on this campus. A reception for her was held in the Community Center on Friday, September 11. Joanna told guests about her impressions of the Burmese people as warm, gentle, and content with their simple way of life. This is your chance to purchase beautiful folkloric photos of a vanishing culture as the country modernizes. We look forward to an eventual photo exhibit of primitive life in Brazil, where she has been visiting this summer.

There is much excitement around the Medford Leas Main Gallery outside the Theater. We have the opportunity to see "Art at the Arboretum," a collaborative exhibit by Medford Leas and the Medford Arts Center. Eighty-four paintings and works in other media were submitted by artists for judging by Michael Cagno, Director of The Noyes Museum of Art in Oceanville, NJ. Fifty-five pictures were selected for display. The exhibit debuted September 14 and will close October 29. The opening reception was held on Saturday evening, September 19. The winners received cash awards for their excellent artistic achievements. Just to be accepted for the show was itself an honor, and most of the works are for sale. Some resident artists' pieces are among those chosen for the exhibit.

Thanks to all the artists for their interest in our show. Thanks also to the many participants from the residents' Art Studio and their spouses, who worked hard on the many steps it took to bring



this show to fruition, especially Helen Vukasin, a Lumberton campus resident.

There is more to look forward to when residents' recently created artwork and photographs will replace their springtime show on the lower level Medford Leas Art Gallery walls. The fall show opens on Monday, November 2, with a reception in the Art Studio that morning.

For the adventuresome local explorer, there is a permanent display of art in Mount Holly at the restored Warden's House from the old prison. The artist is Hugh Campbell, a self-taught twentieth century impressionist landscape painter who lived and painted for most of his life in Mount Holly.

**LEAS FORUM**  
**Dorothy Cebula**

We encourage you to seek out all or some of these events to appreciate and enjoy this autumn.

Leas Forum programs are presented in the Medford Campus Theater on Saturdays at 11 a.m.

October 10

*The Power of Place in New Jersey-based Fiction*

**Dr. Ann McKinstry Micou** will explore "the power of place" of New Jersey-based fiction by Phillip Roth, Richard Ford, and Junot Diaz.

October 24

*Winter Wildlife in Yellowstone National Park*

**Steve Mattan**, a member of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, will be the speaker. The previously scheduled program on peregrine falcons has been rescheduled for January 23.

**A GIFT OF NOODLES**  
**Joyce Linda Sichel**

In early August, the Lumberton campus was presented with a generous gift from Greg Trandahl, Rick's 14-year-old son. Greg learned from his dad that attendance at the outdoor pool was so good that at times we ran out of swimming noodles for aquatic classes.



Photo by Rick Trandahl

Greg, a Boy Scout, made a formal presentation of the colorful noodles at a Saturday morning class. We thank him for his good deed.

**CHEERS FOR THE PIONEERS**  
**LABOR DAY PICNIC**  
**Peggy Fiabane**

The UNDER CONSTRUCTION sign was overhead, warning residents that this was truly a hardhat area, evidenced by those very same hats resting on the mantel. The backhoes, loaders, and dump trucks were EVERYwhere: on the hearth, the mantel, why, even on the tables! You could almost hear the noise of their motors, but it was the buzzing of the Lumberton residents, many of them original homesteaders, or those we lovingly call pioneers. There was a happy rumbling sound as the guests entered the hardhat area, brought their festive foods, and joined in the celebration. Eighty-one residents gathered for this Labor Day picnic, a nostalgic tour for some, a history lesson for others.

Oh the foods these residents, from pioneers on up to newbies, rustled up! Master grillers did a great job. As always, it was hard to resist taking a bit of everything. Dessert was the pièce de résistance, as we have bakers that would make the



Photo by Ann Campbell

Pillsbury doughboy proud! We all vowed to get to fitness class next day, of course. But nobody checked.

As the dessert table cleared, the screen was lowered and the DVD produced by Jack Akerboom for the 10th Anniversary celebration was shown.

Following the film, some of the first residents shared their experiences:

Doris Brown, now on the Medford campus, initially lived in a trailer on-site. She told of construction, dirt piles, unpaved roads, and difficulty getting mail.

Helen Vukasin became the first Council chairperson and helped us understand all that had to be done to organize the community. She set up the Art Gallery in the Community Center. It remains a tribute to her today.

Barbara Zimmerman, Council secretary, told the delightful tale of the pool's "unofficial" opening, at which she was assigned the job of photographer for the first "off-the-record dip." She proudly held up her photo for all to see – a blank page.

There was no film in the camera! Truly off the record!

Another early Council member, Barbara Lewis, explained how the clusters were organized. She described the birth of the Library and the development of the Book Club. We learned the legend of the famous Flossie the Flamingo, who lived across the street from Barbara.

Everyone wanted to speak about the mail, but Charlie Morrow is the expert who filled in the gaps on this subject. He has picked up our Medford Leas mail and done personal as well as mailbox deliveries throughout the years. For his great and unwavering devotion we are all thankful.

Herb Heineman recounted the history of *The Lumberton Campus Chronicle*. Using PowerPoint, he showed how the newsletter has changed, but never missed an issue, over the years. Herb made an appeal for more contributions for publication.

Art Hartwig explained how the woodshop came to be and spoke of the equipment that was donated. He listed some of the many projects they have done for the community, such as the revolving bookcases in the Library. Illustrative posters were available for residents to examine after the program

The pioneers acknowledged the stellar assistance of Bill Murphy as they adjusted to their new lives here. He continues in this role today.

Through the photographs contributed by many of the pioneers, we were able to see the early days of our campus and how we arrived at where we are now. It was a wonderful awakening for those who "had no idea" and a great trip down memory lane for those who lived the experience. Since so many of our trailblazers recently made or will soon make the transition to the Medford campus, it couldn't have come at a better time.

Though only seven pioneers spoke on the program, we are indebted to all those

who paved the way. They laid the foundation for a loving and caring community.

We look forward to the next gathering at the Community Center on October 27 for our **Fall Fantasy** potluck celebration.

**VOLLEYBALL TRIUMPH**  
**Charlie Morrow**

August 20 was a bright and sunny day at the Lumberton campus pool and perfect for our annual volleyball competition with our friends from Kendal-Crosslands CCRC.

We were able to field two teams of residents, consisting of veteran players and newer arrivals.

Our best-of-three-game series began with a loss to Kendal. But the Leas Leapers' competitive play enabled us to win the next two games and the match. We retained the championship trophy.

Players and fans alike enjoyed food and fellowship at the Community Center after the match.

**PICKUP DATES – OCTOBER**

Recycling: October 12, 26

Trash: October 6, 13, 20, 27

(Lumberton Township does not observe the Columbus Day holiday.)



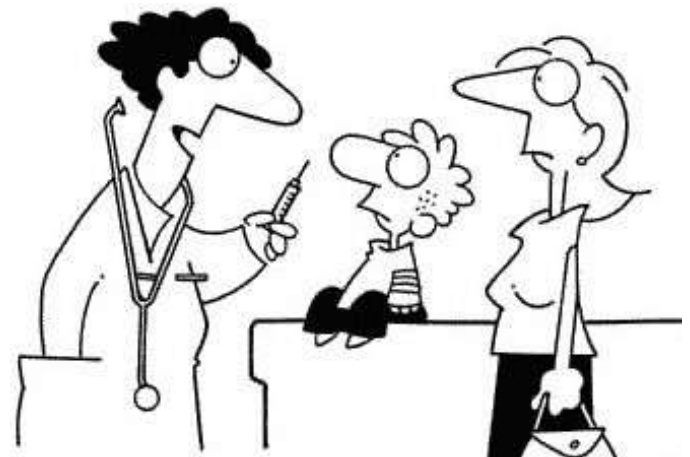
*It's a start!*

# Thinker's Corner



## Cartoons

This month's cartoon:



Write your caption:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”



Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

*"I thought I'd forgotten how to laugh. Then I saw your coat."*

*"You say you have a brand-new '57 Chevy for sale?"*

*"So you're pioneering a new style in clothes."*

*"I'm too young for you. My dad used to dress up like that."*

*"Clothes make the man,' they say. Are you a colorful character or just loud?"*

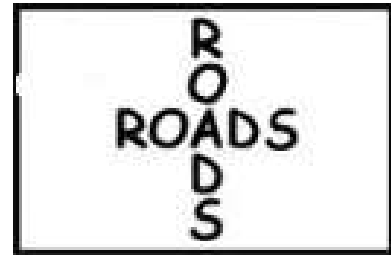
### *Last Month's Rebus Puzzles:*



Painless operation



Backward glance



Crossroads

### *Last Month's Logic Puzzles:*

(Questions in last month's issue)

#### Bulbs

Turn two switches on. After a minute or so turn one of them off; remember or note which. High tail it to the attic. One bulb is on; one of the others is off but warm. Figure out the rest.

#### The Ball

Throw it straight up in the air.

#### Flowers

Three: one rose, one tulip, one daisy.

#### Subtraction

Once. After that you no longer have 32.

## *For the Eagle-Eyed*

Find at least five differences:



## *Special Quiz*

Can you name this newsletter without looking at the front page or the running header?

## *A Picture from Joanne's Friends*



*Caution: Practice with your house cat first*

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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 16. All residents and other interested parties are encouraged to contribute.

**Email** your submission to [hsheineman@gmail.com](mailto:hsheineman@gmail.com), with copies to [ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net](mailto:ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net), [thomasjm@comcast.net](mailto:thomasjm@comcast.net), [hehahn1@verizon.net](mailto:hehahn1@verizon.net), and [vince267@gmail.com](mailto:vince267@gmail.com).

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