

November 2015

The Lumberton Campus Chronicle

Notes from
Medford Leas at Lumberton

*On November 26, 1789
the first American
holiday occurred, pro-
claimed by President
George Washington to
be a day of prayer and
public thanksgiving in
gratitude for the success-
ful establishment of the
new American republic.*

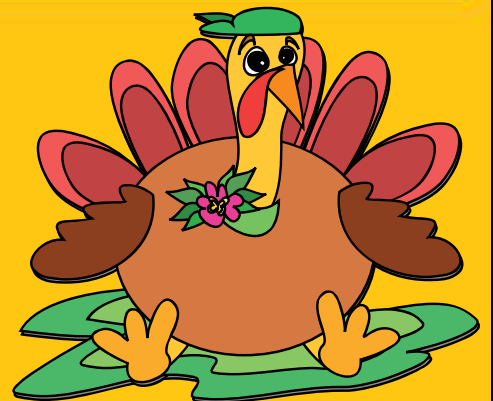
*On October 3, 1863
President Abraham
Lincoln issued a pro-
clamation designating
the last Thursday
in November as
Thanksgiving Day.*

Autumn

The rusty leaves crunch and crackle
Blue haze hangs from the dimmed sky
The fields are matted with sun-tanned
stalks—
Wind rushes by.

The last red berries hang from the
thorn-tree,
The last red leaves fall to the ground.
Bleakness, through the trees and
bushes,
Comes without sound.

-- Joan Mitchell



COUNCIL REPORT

Judy Aley

Council, along with the Reservations Subcommittee, is considering making use of the main campus front desk computer system to schedule Lumberton Great Room and Conference Room events.

Rancocas Valley High School students will be caroling along Woodside Drive on the eve- ning of December 11 between 7 and 8:30 p.m. at residences whose porch lights are on.

The MLRA General Meeting will be held on November 16.

A new residents orientation will be held on November 18. Featured areas will be Community Development (Jane Weston) and Human Resources (Marie Cox).

Our next Coffee with Administration will be held in the Great Room on December 1.

FINANCIAL UPDATE FOR OCTOBER

Balance on September 30	\$5,343.93
Income	30.73
Expenses	28.88
Balance on October 31	\$5345.78

MEET OUR NEW NEIGHBORS

text by Barbara Zimmerman

photos by Joyce Koch

Jack and Rumiko (Taki) Sinunu wanted to downsize and chose to move to the Lumberton Campus because of its reputation and proximity to Moorestown. After quickly selling their home in Moorestown, Rumi and Jack were pleased that they were able to move in by the end of August, and the layout of their new home is just the right size for their needs.



Jack was born a Palestinian Christian in Jerusalem. Palestine was a British Mandate at that time. He attended the German Evangelical School until World War II broke out and then transferred to St. George’s, an English school, after which he attended the American University of Beirut in Lebanon, graduating with a degree in economics.

Rumi was born in Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan, and then moved with her parents to Tokyo. After high school, she studied to become a bilingual business associate and worked for different American companies, one of which was the joint venture company of Scott Paper. Her last employment was at Sophia University in Tokyo.

Jack came to the U.S. in early 1948, started work as a salesman and then joined Campbell Soup Company in their sales department in New York City. Moorestown became home in 1954 when he was transferred to the Camden headquarters, and for the next 35 years he was responsible for marketing Campbell’s products all over the world.

Jack was widowed with two young children to raise. He was single for six years and then, by coincidence, was introduced to Rumi during one of his business trips to Japan. A brief courtship of seven dates, including a quick change

of travel itinerary, led to a proposal and marriage four months later. Now married forty years, both agree that it was the perfect match. They have two daughters and nine grandchildren, all boys except the youngest.

Jack has volunteered for the American Cancer Society, Tender Care, the Red Cross, and Virtua Memorial Hospital and played golf regularly and bridge occasionally. Rumi is interested in traditional Japanese art (lovely art work graces their walls) and classical Japanese dance. She enjoys cooking, cross-stitching, knitting, reading and social bridge. Both are elders at the Presbyterian Church in Moorestown. They are looking forward to making new friends on the Lumberton Campus and getting involved in campus activities.

Pete's Pick

“DOCS”

The other day while retrieving my mail in the Community Center, I heard one resident remarking to another about how she had gone to her doctor for the removal of a wart from her finger. Certainly there was nothing particularly strange about what I had overheard, but after leaving the Community Center and later thinking about her medical concern, I was suddenly taken back to my roots in Germantown, Philadelphia—65 years past—and it occurred to me how strange it was that this woman had gone to a medical doctor to cure her wart. Back in the old neighborhood you only went to a “doctor”—one of those guys “downtown”—when something was seriously broken or you needed an operation. Otherwise you were fixed up by your neighborhood “Doc.” And there were plenty of them back in the days before the CVSs and Walgreens

moved in and changed everything. Those neighborhood Docs were the guys who managed and owned the drugstores that existed virtually on every busy corner.

The Doc who owned and managed the drugstore on Duval Street, which was closest to where I lived, was a cigar-chomping curmudgeon whose real name was Max. But like all the other drugstore managers, everybody called him Doc. His son, Nathan, was his pharmacist, a sallow and balding young man who worked behind a high barrier and was rarely seen. But nobody ever sought him out for advice. It was always his father, or Doc as everyone called him, that you would consult if you had a cough, a wart, a bee sting, or any of the other common medical problems. Doc, who boasted that he had only a 10th-grade education, would then direct you to the elixir or patent medicine that would cure you, assuring you that “this’ll get you better in no time flat.”

He had legions of neighborhood regulars who swore by his advice, and he would frequently add for the skeptical: “Just ask Mrs. Levy if you don’t believe me, she had the same damn thing and I got her better overnight!” And if by chance you called Mrs. Levy or saw her in the store she would, as Doc said, give him a resounding endorsement. I once heard a customer ask if she could speak to Nathan about an ailment, and Doc whispered to her: “That kid don’t know nothing. Ten years of reading them books and all he knows is how to push pills in a bottle.” And we supposed it was true. We never heard or saw much of Nathan other than the top of his head bobbing up and down behind the high barrier where he silently pushed his pills into the containers that Doc would then hand over to those who didn’t have the money to go downtown and get a prescription from one of Philadelphia’s real doctors.

To us kids, the Duval Street drugstore with its cigar-chomping Doc (Max) was not our favored drug store. That Doc was often impatient with kids who sat around his magazine rack reading the comic books without buying them. So my boyhood buddy, Tommy O'Conner, and I usually spent our afternoons at the Upsal Street drugstore, where the Doc who managed that store didn't seem to mind if we failed to buy anything, and we could spend an hour or two sitting by his magazine rack reading his *Archie Andrews* or *Superman* comic books without getting kicked out. There was also a nickel pinball machine at the back of his store, and one summer Tommy discovered how to lift it off the floor so that he could direct the silver ball into the 10,000 score hole in the center that gave you a free play. So for almost an entire summer we spent our afternoons in that Doc's store playing his pinball machine for only 5 cents each day until Doc discovered what we were doing and kicked us out. There was another Doc who managed the drugstore up on Washington Lane. But he became known as the "crooked Doc" and his store was boycotted by the neighborhood kids after Joey Pescatore saw his grandson opening up the bubble gum baseball card packets that his grandfather sold, taking out all of the Philly cards, and replacing them with cards from the Brooklyn Dodgers or other hated teams.

A lot of the drug stores in the old neighborhood had black and white TVs and air conditioning, which were novelties that neither Tommy nor I had in our houses back in those days. We would frequently go to the soda fountain on hot Saturday afternoons and buy a nickel root beer and hang around to watch a Phillies game on Doc's TV. "Gertie," the lady who ran Doc's soda fountain, had a kid on our baseball team and she would allow us to

linger over our root beer without the necessity of buying refills. She was the favorite grill cook of the neighborhood and was said to have invented BLTs and Taylor Ham sandwiches which she made for workmen who came in and dined during their lunch hours.

Those neighborhood drug stores in old Germantown were fun spots to hang around and I really think Council should consider one as an annex to our Community Center. I'm sure there are enough grumpy curmudgeons in these parts that we could find a suitable "Doc" to manage the place and dispense remedies for warts, etc. A rack of comic books (*Archie Andrews* and *Superman*, please) would give us plenty of reading material and a pinball machine or two could provide additional recreational activities. Perhaps we could even find a "Gertie" who could make us BLTs and Taylor Ham sandwiches.

— Pete McCord

BOOK CLUB NEWS

Barbara Lewis

On October 21 a group of people who love to read gathered to discuss the Pulitzer Prize winning book *All the Light We Cannot See* by Anthony Doerr. It is a WWII story about a blind French girl and a German boy who loved gadgets. The girl and her father fled Paris to the west coast of France to get away from the Nazis who had taken over the city. The boy, son of a coal miner, felt he could escape that work by using his skills to build and repair radios. The author used the word "light" in many ways in this intriguing book. It is well worth its exalted prize.

In this age of the internet many of us have become interested in genealogy, finding out about our ancestors by signing

up on a website (or two). Years ago it was very difficult to trace family histories past one or two generations and almost impossible if you were an orphan. *Orphan Train* by Christine Baker Kline involves the reader in such a search. Perhaps you would enjoy reading this fictionalized account of a true event where the protagonists are Molly, an 18-year-old foster child, and Niamh, a 91-year-old woman, who had been on the orphan train at age 9. These trains filled with orphans left New York City in the years from 1860 to 1929 in search of homes for the children. It is a fascinating story. We'll discuss it on November 18 at 2:00 p.m. in the conference room in the Community Center. All are welcome.



THE BRUNEL BRIDGE

The Clifton Suspension Bridge (also called the Brunel Bridge) opened in 1864, linking Clifton in Bristol to Leigh Woods in North Somerset, England.

The idea of building a bridge across the Avon Gorge originated in 1753. Original plans were for a stone bridge, and later iterations were for a wrought iron structure.

In 1831, an attempt to build the design of 24-year-old Isambard Kingdom Brunel was stopped by the "Bristol Riots."* Financial difficulties and contractual disagreements led to long delays in construction, and for decades it was left unfinished. When Brunel died in 1859, the bridge still was not completed. His colleagues in the

Institution of Civil Engineers felt that completion of the bridge would be a fitting memorial to him, and raised funds to complete it.

At that time, Brunel's suspension bridge over the Thames was being demolished, so its chains were brought to use at Clifton.

Although similar in size, the bridge towers are not identical in design: the Clifton tower has side cut-outs, the Leigh tower more pointed arches atop a 110-foot (34-meter) red sandstone-clad abutment. Roller-mounted "saddles" at the top of each tower allow movement of the three



independent wrought iron chains on each side when loads pass over the bridge. The bridge deck is suspended by 81 matching vertical wrought iron rods.

The bridge spans 214 meters between its two 26-meter-high towers, and stands 76 meters above the high water mark in the gorge. Modern computer analysis revealed that in his design of the crucial joints between the 4,200 links that make up the bridge's chain, Brunel made an almost perfect calculation of the minimal weight required to maintain maximum strength. Although built for pedestrian and horse-drawn traffic, the bridge was so ingeniously constructed that it is now capable of carrying millions of cars a year.

Recently it was discovered that the abutments contain a honeycomb of cham-

bers and tunnels, some of which are 11 meters high. It is thought that these spectacular vaults reduced the cost of construction without reducing strength.

**The Bristol Riots of 1831 took place after the House of Lords rejected the second Reform Bill, which aimed to get rid of some of the "rotten boroughs" (small areas created for the express purpose of electing a member of Parliament to wield influence) and give Britain's fast-growing industrial towns such as Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford and Leeds greater representation in the House of Commons. Bristol had been represented in the House of Commons since 1295, but by 1830 only 6,000 of the 104,000 population had the vote. (Bristol has apparently long been a volatile city, having had eight riots between 1793 and 2011.)*

RESIDENT WORKS FROM BOTH CAMPUSES HANG ON THE WALLS

Joyce Linda Sichel

On the lower level of the Medford Arts and Social Wing you can see several of your neighbors up on the walls at the show of homegrown art talent. Eileen McConville's floral work, "Spring has Come," was featured on the invitation for the opening of this show. Gini Mutschler, Barbara and Chuck Lassen, Joe Costanza and I are all showing our best recent paintings, photographs and sketches in the fall and winter Resident Artists Show.

At the South Jersey Camera Club's annual month-long show of photographs on the walls of the main level Gallery outside the Theater, Joe Costanza is also well represented, along with fellow photographers whom many of us know: Ralph Berglund, Terry Foss, Margery Rubin, and Hannah Wilson, among others. The

works mainly feature the natural world of landscapes, seascapes, animals, flowers, tree roots, and a few urban scenes and abstract photographs.

Don't miss the beautiful watercolor show closest to home either. Marilyn Flagler, a Medford Leas resident, has recently opened an exhibit at the Lumberton Gallery in the Community Center. It will be with us for three months until the end of January. She is a fine artist, admired by her peers and the public alike. This is a great exhibit of landscapes, outdoor scenes, flowers, and the Jersey Shore.

OCTOBER POTLUCK—FALL FANTASY

Jackie Manko

Tuesday night, October 27, was the time chosen for the Lumberton Campus's October fantasy potluck dinner. Earlier in the month the Great Room in the Community Center had been decorated as a welcome to fall and to all who entered throughout the month. As you might expect, leaves, as well as pumpkins (let's not forget football), were at the center of our thoughts this fall.

With the arrival of the 80-plus residents came the aroma of foods prepared for all to enjoy. Desserts filled our eyes (and salivary glands, no doubt) with the anticipation of sweetness. Tables were laden with the best that Lumberton chefs could provide, another feast created by all for all. One could only hope that they would be seated at the table that was called to the feast first. Does that ever happen?

As we gathered at our respective tables to enjoy the sharing of the food, I believe that the moment of silence we observed was extended somewhat. All were so intent on the feast, it actually was rather quiet for a room filled with people! When

sharing the meal was completed, it was time for another type of sharing.

We were asked to share fall memories, or what fall meant to us personally. There were many contributions to this portion of the program:

About a lovely poem from Nancy Griffenberg's girlhood, read by her and shared at each table.

- ✚ About football on gridirons.
- ✚ About bundling up kids in Halloween outfits.
- ✚ About back to school, especially for the teachers among us.
- ✚ About a first job at earning money.
- ✚ About trips taken.
- ✚ About raking, and not raking now!
- ✚ About wagon rides.
- ✚ About avoiding accidents and letting our maintenance crew do their job.
- ✚ About the fall fantasy (our potluck theme) of waking each day and having no aches—ahh.

It was a time well spent hearing of our neighbors' happy and funny adventures. The committee chairs, Nancy Griffenberg, Jackie Manko, and Maureen Sherry are extremely grateful for the many helping hands during decorating, setting up, and cleaning up. It was proven, once again, community living makes work easier and brings us closer together.

CLUSTER 7 HOLDS RECEPTION

Joyce Koch

When Cluster 7 realized that Catherine and John Sommi and Helen Vukasin were moving to the Medford Campus in early November, they knew it was important to acknowledge the contributions that these three had made to life on our campus. They were among a dwindling number of early pioneers still living on Woodside Drive. They are known by many and all

had been active in many committees and projects over the years.

Cluster leader Joyce Koch sounded out her members and it was decided to hold a reception in the Community Center Great Room on Saturday, November 7, from 4 to 6 p.m. It would be hosted by Cluster 7 but open to all of Lumberton Campus residents since the guests of honor were so widely known and respected.



Thanks to the hard work of Cluster 7 members, it came off smoothly, attended by 60 residents who enjoyed wine, appetizers, and each other's company. Even some residents outside the cluster were so happy to be invited that they contributed to the table. It turned out to be a delightful event.



Grounds for a lawsuit

LEAS FORUM

Len and Dorothy Cebula

The Legendary Pine Barrens—New Tales from Old Haunts will be presented on Saturday, December 12, at 11 a.m. in the Medford Leas Theater.

Enjoy an hour of engaging storytelling and musical performance by **Paul Evans Pedersen, Jr.**, author of *The Legendary Pine Barrens—New Tales from Old Haunts*.

Paul captivates his audience with a gallery of weird and colorful characters in tales and songs that run the gamut from offbeat explanations of natural phenomena to unconventional takes on popular legends, to strange doings in mysterious Piney towns and taverns. Paul puts his own unique spin on such legendary local subjects as the infamous Jersey Devil, dancing bandit Joe Mulliner, and the mysterious Blue Hole of Winslow. He gives a brief history of the early glass making industry, and discusses the several ways that much of the Pine Barrens region was

almost lost through the ages. Paul, a Grammy-nominated singer/songwriter, offers books and CDs for sale at the end of the program.

Paul's presentation has been well received and enjoyed all over New Jersey and Pennsylvania. One program was videotaped for PBS's "Book Chat With Karl Helicher," and Paul has appeared on The Discovery Channel's "Monsters and Mysterries In America—Jersey Devil," The Science Channel's "Boogeymen," and just recently on CNN's "Anthony Bourdain—Parts Unknown—New Jersey."

TRAILS UPDATE

Eric Hahn

All the trails were walked November 8, and there are no longer any obstacles. Medford Leas Maintenance Department did an outstanding job. All the large trees have been cut up, including one that was leaning precariously over the Holly Trail for many years. The boards and bridges (including the leaning bridge) along the Soggy Bottom Trail have been improved to the point where the trail is safe when it is dry. How safe it is when wet and how long it will remain in its present good condition could still be an issue. The Soggy Bottom Trail opens into a large fairly open area, without a marked trail, leading to the Rancocas Creek, but you can't get lost.

However, due to large heavy leaf cover at this time of the year, some parts of the trails may be hard to follow for people unfamiliar with that section and could also be slippery when wet. The more people who walk the trails, the easier it will be for others to follow.

You cannot do a kindness too soon for you never know how soon it will be too late.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

APPRECIATION FUND
Conant Atwood

At this holiday period when we think of sharing, please remember the Medford Leas employees who add to our lives on a daily basis throughout the year. We are not permitted to tip for service in our community, so at the end of each year we show our appreciation through the Employee Appreciation Fund. This year's proceeds will be distributed to the staff in mid-December, so if you have not yet made your contribution, please do so by December 1 by making a check payable to "Appreciation Fund." Put it in an envelope in Charlie Morrow's box, #23.

Contact your cluster leader with any questions regarding the program.

A \$ SAVING IDEA
The Editors

Thank you to those who have elected to receive their copy of *The Lumberton Campus Chronicle* by email. As the cost of paper and print increases, readers can help us stay within budget by increasing our electronic mailing list even further. Just email any of the editors with your request. Their addresses are on the last page of *The Chronicle*.

I always prefer to believe the best of everybody, it saves so much trouble.
— Rudyard Kipling

PICKUP DATES—DECEMBER

Recycling: December 14, 28
Trash: December 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

Thinker's Corner



Cartoons

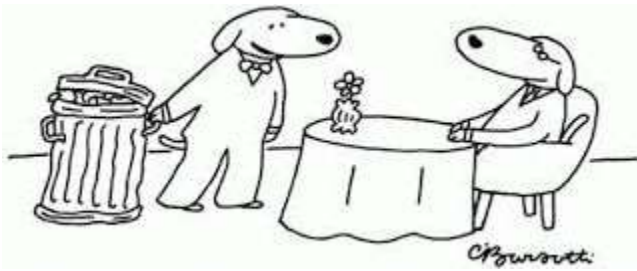
This month's cartoon:



Write your caption:

“ _____ ”

Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

"Sorry, sir—we're out of filet mignon."

"This is our new self-service feature."

"There is a surcharge for silverware and china."

"Should I spread it for you, or would you prefer to do it yourself?"

Last Month's Rebus Puzzles:



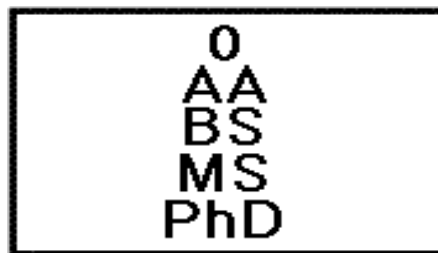
Star-crossed lovers



Washington ate here



Alarm clock



Zero degrees of separation

For the Eagle-Eyed



Can you spot at least 7 differences between these two “lifeguards”?

A Photo From Lynn's Friends



A high-rise for acrophobics

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Conant Atwood,
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, December 18. All residents and other interested parties are encouraged to contribute.

Email your submission to hsheineman@gmail.com, with copies to ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net, vince267@gmail.com, thomasjm@comcast.net, and hehahn1@verizon.net.

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