

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

When the stock market crashed in 1929, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. held a \$91 million lease on a midtown Manhattan property known as the *Speak-easy Belt*. Gentrification plans were dashed by the failing economy, and the business outlook was dim. Nevertheless, Rockefeller decided to build a complex of buildings that would express the highest ideals of architecture and be a symbol of optimism and hope.

The search for a commercial partner led to Radio City Corporation of America, a young company whose NBC radio programs and RKO studio were attracting big audiences. Together with impresario S.L. Rothafel, they created the first building – a theater that was the largest in the world. The theater's size and features were unique, and original mechanisms still in use today make it possible to send up fountains of water and bring down torrents of rain, as well as create fog and clouds.

Since 1933 the *Christmas Spectacular* has played at Radio City Music Hall, and the touring production has performed in 75 different cities. The show is now attended by more than one million people annually.

The Lumberton Campus Chronicle

December 2015

Notes from
Medford Leas
at Lumberton

CHRISTMAS HASH

TINY REINDEER HOOFS ARE DRUMMING,
LISTEN, SANTA CLAUS IS COMING!
SEE HIS TUMMY BULGE AND BILLOW!
THAT IS MOTHER'S FAVORITE PILLOW.
ALL HER COTTON, AS SHE FEARED,
HAS BEEN PURLOINED TO MAKE HIS BEARD.
HER LIPSTICK SETS HIS CHEEKS A-GLOWING,
HIS CHEST EXPANDS WITH HO HO HO-ING.
THAT LAST HO HO WAS NOT TOO SMART--
SANTA CLAUS HAS COME APART.

OGDEN NASH



COUNCIL REPORT

Conant Atwood

The Creek Road group home issue was taken up at an informal meeting of Council with the CEO of Legacy Treatment Services in November, and publicly discussed at the Coffee with Administration in December. Both meetings provided information about this project and its possible impact on our community.

The Crossroads annual drive was successful again this year. See page 6 for the letter thanking our residents.

The Carolers from Rancocas Valley Regional High School were appreciated.

The lights on the outside of the Woodshop have been changed.

Reduction in available channels on the Fitness Center TV was discussed with Verizon, and it was determined that the cost of adding channels would be too great.

As of January 1, all Community Center room reservations will be handled through the Medford campus reception desk. See page 9 for details.

Signage and the speeding issues are still being looked into, as is the reworking of the Great Room to create better usage of Community Center space.

Phil Bodner becomes our understudy treasurer effective immediately, so he will be ready when Jane Bartram leaves her position in June.

Two safety concerns will be pursued: making house numbers more visible at night and replacing malfunctioning carbon monoxide detectors.

FINANCIAL UPDATE FOR NOVEMBER

Balance on October 31	\$5345.78
Income	16.93
Expenses	460.73
Balance on November 30	\$4901.98

Pete's Pick

THE MOMENT OF DISBELIEF

I suppose that few in my readership can remember the exact moment and location of their own discovery that Santa Claus was not their benefactor on Christmas Day. But for me this seminal moment of childhood was sudden and traumatic and is forever seared in my recollection. It was on December 14, 1948, at 4:30 p.m. on the eighth floor of the John Wanamaker emporium in Philadelphia. Up until that very moment I believed that some sort of preternatural man drove his reindeer-propelled sleigh through the skies and then came down our chimney bringing us gifts. And then he undoubtedly went on to my buddy Tommy O'Connor's house and after that to the zillions of Tommy's cousins who also lived in our Germantown neighborhood. No kid in our neighborhood was spared his benevolence, and the enormity and logistics of his task were of no concern to me.

But all of this came crashing down on that cold day in December as my mother hustled my younger brother and me down Market Street past the Camel billboard with its smiling cigarette smoker puffing out perfectly circular smoke rings into the winter air. We were almost late for the 3 p.m. organ recital on the first floor of Wanamaker's. Hence my remarkable ability to recall the exact time of what was to unfold later. And it was on December 14, my mother's birthday and a day always nostalgically reserved by her to take us on the train to downtown Philadelphia and Wanamaker's department store where, as a child, she too had first seen Santa Claus.

And so we were hastened down Market Street and into the entrance of Wanamaker's to find my father, who had left his shift at *The Philadelphia Bulletin* agreeing

to meet us at the Eagle. For those unfamiliar with this traditional meeting spot in the days before cell-phone-arranged meetings, Wanamaker's Eagle was known by all of Philadelphia heritage as the spot to join a loved one at a designated time. The Eagle, a huge bronzed replica of our nation's symbol, sat fiercely perched on a massive marble slab in the middle of the first floor of Wanamaker's, and hordes of people would gather there for purposes of meeting one another. Somehow that day we managed to find my father, spotting his brown bowler through the crowd in the moments before the organ blared forth a bouncy rendition of "Jingle Bells," played by some unseen organist, his nimble fingers dancing over the keyboard of John Wanamaker's magnificent 2800-pipe gift to the shoppers in his family store. And then, about 30 minutes later, while the organist was ending the concert with a thunderous version of "Joy to the World," my mother tugged my brother and me through the crowds and past the counters with the women's girdles and scented sachets and perfumes to the elevators that lifted us up to the eighth floor, where that Magical Man was anxiously waiting, as in years past, to see the McCord boys.

But on the eighth floor, despite Mother's expressed intention to "beat the crowds," there was a crowd of kids whose mothers apparently harbored similar ideas about beating the crowds, with their offspring already lined up in a long queue winding into a dark tunnel on the other side of which they would find Santa. Now mind you, this was the "real Santa," not one of his imposters out on Market Street, begging our nickels and dimes for the poor, to whom you wouldn't dare whisper your secret desires. But my knowledge of geography at that time had not sufficiently broadened beyond my immediate Germantown neighborhood to speculate whether kids in Scranton, Allentown, or Baltimore,

where my cousins lived, would ever experience the authenticity awaiting us at the end of that tunnel in Wanamaker's.

Yes, at that moment, which by then was about 3:35 in the afternoon of December 14, 1948, in Wanamaker's it was all still quite real. And there I was with my three-year-old brother, waiting patiently in a long line winding interminably through that darkened tunnel leading to Santa's chamber, one of an endless line of snotty-nosed kids growing increasingly impatient as they awaited their turns. One kid, I recall, got a bloody nose and was led away by his Mom, thankfully reducing the line. Another fainted from the heat and excitement, but he was revived by his Mom when she put his head between his legs.

But eventually, at 4:30 (give or take a few minutes) on that fateful day of December 14, 1948, as I emerged from the end of the darkened tunnel, there in his bright red glorification sat Santa—the REAL SANTA, mind you—seated on a magnificent throne. And there was but one person ahead of me—a little girl with blond curls—before it would be my turn to tell Santa that what I wanted most in the world was that wind-up miniature blue Packard I had seen in the window of Katz's toy store on Germantown Avenue.

But then that horrible moment, forever seared into my childhood memory, took place. After giving the kid sitting on his lap a candy cane and sending him away with a pat on his head, Santa abruptly got up from his cushioned throne and started walking off with his elf helper. And as they passed by me, I saw Santa grimace and whisper to the elf: "I gotta take a —!" Now mind you, despite all of my 7-year-old innocence and despite my unfailing belief in Him up until that very moment, I did know about that very bad word. My buddy Tommy had used it once the summer before when he struck out with the bases loaded and, not certain of what it meant, I

had tried it out in a moment of similar frustration in front of my mother. And, as was the custom in those days, I ended up with a cake of Lava soap in my mouth and was made to chew on it until I rid myself of my evil words.

But as he passed me by at that moment there was no question of what Santa had said. And it wasn't even in terms of the numerical designations that Miss Smitley, our second-grade teacher, had taught us was acceptable language when we raised our hands signaling some similar necessity. No, Santa, that preternatural guy who our elders told us flew through the sky all the way from the North Pole, had used that dreadful word; now he was on his way to some hidden Santa Room, where he would probably drop his red britches below his ankles, sit on a throne of another sort, and fulfill a need that should only be of concern to those of human composition!

So yes, at that very moment, reckoned to be 4:30 p.m. on December 14, 1948, on the eighth floor of John Wanamaker's magnificent emporium in Philadelphia, your author, at the tender age of 7, then and there realized that Santa was unquestionably mortal and not entirely unlike my own father or Tommy O'Connor's. And I suppose that despite any of his union protections I might have ended that Santa's career before he even had a chance to re-hitch his red britches if I had spoken up. But I didn't. I kept my mouth shut for my three-year-old brother and for all the other whining kids still waiting to see the guy. And when he finally returned with his elf pal after his 15-minute bathroom break and resumed his spot on that cushioned throne, I turned to my baby brother and gently said, "Hey buddy, it's up to you, Santa already knows what I need." Yes, it was perhaps at that very moment at the tender age of 7 years, 5 months, and 25 days, that the guy now living at 79 Wood-

side Drive became a member of the club of Santa cynicism that we all smugly share these days while perpetuating the Santa myth to our believing grandchildren.

Looking back on it all, perhaps I did grow up a bit that day by keeping my three-year-old brother and all the other waiting kids shielded from what I had discovered. And in spite of all that transpired in those dreadful moments, the miniature blue wind-up Packard from Katz's toy store miraculously appeared beneath my tree on Christmas morning. And so, to this day, even with the many discoveries of life that threaten our once cherished beliefs, I still harbor the hope—indeed the abiding belief—that miracles still do happen.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

—Pete McCord

LEAS FORUM
Dorothy Cebula

Leas Forum programs are presented in the Theater on Saturdays at 11:00 a.m.

January 9

"Conscientious Objectors—Two Stories"
(Oral History Series)

What happened to men who refused to fight during World War II when the draft was popular and the majority of the country believed in the need for this conflict? Watch a presentation by two Medford Leas residents about their experiences in the 1940s. **Neil Hartman** and **Warren Sawyer** had a series of volunteer roles including participation in hepatitis experiments, work as attendants in a hospital for mentally ill people, and efforts to rebuild Europe's food supply at the end of the war.

January 23

Peregrine Falcons

Learn how the Pennsylvania Game Commission was able to reestablish a self-sustaining and secure population of peregrine falcons after this native North American bird suffered almost complete extinction in the mid-twentieth century. **Dr. Art McMorris**, an expert in the field and past president of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, will discuss the history of peregrine falcons and talk about current conservation projects.

NAEGLE TO SPEAK AT MEDFORD LEAS
Maggie Heineman

Walter Naegle, the partner and adopted son of Bayard Rustin, will speak on January 16 at 10:30 a.m. in the Theater. George Rubin, a longtime friend of Naegle, has made the arrangements on behalf of the Diversity Committee. Naegle will speak about Bayard Rustin and receiving the Medal of Freedom from President Obama in 2013 on Rustin's behalf.

Rustin and Naegle were together for many years. As Bayard was getting older, they decided to formalize their relationship in the only way that was possible for gay people at the time—Rustin adopted Naegle, who was decades his junior.

FUN AT THE FAIR
Maggie Heineman

Not only did the Craft Fair draw visitors (526) and residents (249) and raise funds for the Residents Assistance Fund (\$8,257 after taxes and expenses), but indeed "a good time was had by all," including the organizers—John Speirs, Janet Jackson-Gould, and myself. We are now discussing how to improve it next year. Debbie Lux has suggested selling the wreaths and greens from the Linden Room, thus making it easier for her and

providing space for another vendor in the Holly Room. Many visitors come year after year to buy one of Debbie's amazing creations. The Red Apron Ladies did a terrific job selling \$1,900 worth of auction tickets. Thanks also to Dino Fiabane and his team, who put out (and removed) road signs, and to everyone who donated, counted, and helped in various ways—and, most of all, thanks to Art Hartwig, who made the fair what it has become over the past five years.



Margery Rubin

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES
Joyce Schultz

The annual Christmas party at Lumberton was held on December 8 in the Community Center. The room looked beautiful with our 12-foot tree filled with ornaments given by residents over the years. The mantel was pretty with an animated little girl in the center and nutcrackers, greens, and small trees at either end. The tables were festive with white tablecloths, globes with gold candles, and wreaths surrounding them with red napkins under the globes.

We were delighted to have approximately 85 people, including Jeremy Vickers and his wife Shelley, and Chiyo Moriyuchi with her husband Mark. While we were squeezed in at nine tables, we enjoyed the lively conversations, the delicious appetizers, and wonderful desserts. Our dessert table was overflowing!

The Jersey Sounds, a lively acapella chorus, performed Christmas songs and even a few Hanukkah numbers. They put us in the holiday spirit and made it a night to remember.



Crossroads empowers youth who are homeless, abandoned, abused, or at-risk to lead healthy, productive lives.

www.crossroadsprograms.org

December 8, 2015

Marilyn Immendorf
Lumberton Leas
24 Woodside Dr.
Lumberton, NJ 08048

Dear Ms. Immendorf,

Words do not seem adequate to express our sincere thanks for your efforts on behalf of Crossroads kids this Christmas. Thanks to you and all the Lumberton Leas who provided us with such a heartfelt donation of gifts for the youth in our programs! On behalf of the board, staff and young people of Crossroads Programs, thank you for your generous contribution of gift cards totaling \$90, girls and boys clothes, toiletries, board games, school supplies, an assortment of gloves, socks, scarves, and many more!

For the past 30 years, Crossroads has been responding to the needs of homeless, abandoned, and abused youth, trying to create healthy families and reducing the risk factors that accompany them into adulthood. We have only been able to do this because of generous people *like you*, who see that strong, self-respecting youth are the key to creating healthy, responsible adults.

Please share our sincere thanks with all who played a part in expanding the scope of the Christmas celebration we are able to provide to the young people who rely on us! Each and every one of you has provided our kids with not only wonderful, tangible gifts, but with HOPE: the hope that there is a better life for them; the hope that they have the support of the community; and the hope that they will succeed in becoming successful, contributing adults.

We are extremely grateful for your continuing support – your partnership in our work *truly makes a positive impact* on our kids' holidays. Again, thanks for your investment of time, concern and outstanding kindness! We wish you a happy holiday and a joyous New Year.

Sincerely,

Michael Snyder, MSW, LSW
Chief Executive Officer

The IRS requires that we advise you that nothing was received by you for your generous contribution. Crossroads Programs, Inc is a 501(c)(3) non-profit, EIN 22-2215356.

MUSINGS ON THE SEASON

Poem and photo by Joyce Linda Sichel

They gave our spirits happy lifts,
 the turning leaves were autumn's gifts.
 The golds and reds and orange too,
 almost obscured summer's adieu.
 Tree fruits, then winterberries bright,
 mild days excused the early night.

But birds that stay eat up the crops,
 leaving us with browned tree tops.
 Arboretum pictures exotic
 bloom with descriptions rhapsodic.
 Search here in vain for pink Bush Clover,
 Lumbertonians know autumn's over.

The winter holidays bring lights
 As ancient fires lit longest nights.
 When trimmings are retired we must
 content ourselves with subtler brush.
 Painters favor the muted hues
 for winter landscapes—greens, browns,
 blues.

When bright white snow coats evergreen;
 the contrast can be most serene.
 Sighting through the bare boughs bring us
 views of cardinals, blue jays, juncos.
 A violet sunrise through a cloud
 can make a man exclaim out loud.

Of course the skiers, skaters, kids
 delight in winter's biggest blitz.
 Adults plan a blizzard party
 for those who still remain mid-hardy.
 Scattered out-of-season bulb sprays,
 and wildflowers coaxed by balmy days.

Now goodness gracious, could it be
 that spring will come eventually?!



AN INTERESTING SHORT TRIP

Text and photo by John Speirs

One sunny day in December, the MLRA Short Trips Committee took a step back in time, crossing the Burlington-Bristol Bridge into southern Bucks County, where we visited the Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum located on Radcliffe Street overlooking the Delaware River.



Originally the Grundy home, the Victorian residence remains as it was when Senator Joseph R. Grundy, a Quaker, Republican, and successful textile manufacturer, lived there. The home has been preserved by the trust he set up, which allowed us to view a bygone era.

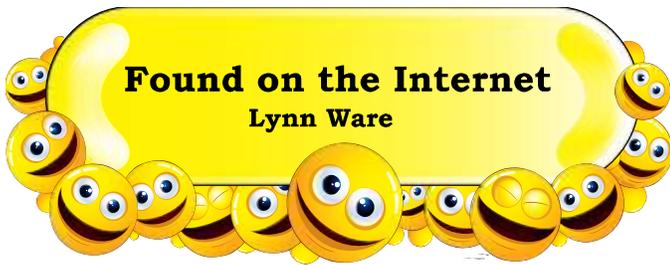
The family traveled abroad and collected treasures that are still displayed in the residence.

The parklike grounds surrounding the residence and adjacent Margaret Grundy Memorial Library were given to the residents of Bristol by the Grundy family.

Keeping in the time period, we dined at the 17th century King George II Inn overlooking the Delaware, where the food and fellowship flowed.

The Short Trips Committee schedules nine trips annually to sites of interest in the area.

We are working on an exciting program for 2016.



THE ORIGIN OF THE TEDDY BEAR

It is well known that teddy bears got their name from Theodore Roosevelt, the 26th president of the United States. But there are conflicting stories about the origin of the name.



In 1902 the president went bear hunting in Mississippi without success, and it was said that members of his party tied a bear to a tree and offered it to the president as an easy trophy. The president refused, and the event was drawn by a cartoonist for *The Washington Post* the next day.

The cartoon emphasized the helplessness of the bear and suggested that Roosevelt would not make decisions for the wrong reasons. The president's popularity soared as a result of his actions and the cartoon.

The name is based on one of two stories. One is that, following this event, toy store owners Morris and Rose Michtom asked the president for permission to christen a new

stuffed toy "Teddy Bear." The other story is that at the wedding of President Roosevelt's daughter, bears decorated the tables. When a guest asked what breed of bear they were, someone supposedly said, "Why, they're Teddy Bears, of course."

By 1908, over 20 companies were making stuffed teddy bears in the United States alone. The Michtom's store went on to become the Ideal Toy Company, one of the largest toy companies in the world.

NEW AND CONTINUING ART SHOWS

Joyce Linda Sichel

Continuing in the Lumberton Gallery is the show of works by Medford Leas resident Marilyn Flagler. Watercolors predominate in this beautiful array of scenes from nature and other landscape features. Her exhibit will be there through January.

The Medford Leas Main Gallery will be the venue for a posthumous show in multimedia by New Jersey artist Thomas Kimball, Sr. Until his death in September of this year, he produced a prolific number of paintings and drawings spanning fifty years. He was born and attended art schools in Newark. Most recently, he lived in Chesterfield. His work has been shown at many New Jersey galleries, and he was the recipient of dozens of awards. His later work was mostly done in the outdoors (known as *en plein air*, from the French). His favorite subjects were street scenes and musicians. The show will include works in watercolor, oil, acrylic, and pen and ink drawings. A "memorial reception" will be held on Tuesday, January 5, at 3 p.m.

On the lower level of the Medford campus, the Art Studio Gallery walls are still filled with exciting original art and photographs by residents of the Leas. Give yourself an enjoyable experience walking through this exhibit while it continues through the winter.

UNTITLED

Jewish Buddhism:
If there is no self,
Whose arthritis is this?

CLUSTERS
Cora Lee Page

On Veterans Day members of **clusters 5 and 6** gathered at the home of Cora Lee Page for a dessert party to honor Linda and Alan Gaylord, who were moving to the Medford campus. They have both contributed a great deal to our community here. We shall never forget the “old time” movie nights that Alan organized for us at the Community Center, complete with popcorn. We wish them well at Medford Leas.

On December 16 fifteen members of **cluster 6** enjoyed their annual Holiday Party at Medford Leas. This tradition was started many years ago by Bob and Ruth Rosvold. Lovely flyers were sent out by my co-cluster leader, Lynn Ware. We met in the Gathering Room, which was beautifully decorated with a Christmas tree and flowers. It began with assorted drinks and hors d’oeuvres, followed by a delicious meal of filet mignon or scallops provided by the Medford Leas kitchen. We also enjoyed seeing the outside tree of lights, created by Ken Hutz, through the windows. Small gifts were exchanged, with Ann Naulty as Santa’s elf giving out the gifts according to the numbers we picked. Everyone had a chance to take someone else’s gift if they preferred it, but no one did. I guess our parents all taught us to be so polite. Following our meal we moved to the Holly Room to sing Holiday songs led by Bob Rosvold with the very talented Nannette Hanslowe at the piano. She played any song we could sing without looking at any music. What a gift!

ROOM RESERVATION SYSTEM
TO CHANGE
Conant Atwood

Effective January 1, to reserve a Lumberton Community Center room, call the Front Desk to find a meeting room and time that’s available. Once it’s verbally approved, complete the Medford Leas Room Reservation Form (located where the old Lumberton Great Room Reservation Forms used to be) and send it to the Front Desk. The receptionist will send you written confirmation that the room and time are correct, as well as the room setup and equipment you’ve asked for.

Between now and January, Bob Rosvold and his Lumberton Reservations Subcommittee will see that existing reservations have been entered into the Medford Leas Room Reservation System. After January 1, they will continue to be available to offer help as you need it.

In case you were wondering —

No person really decides before they grow up who they’re going to marry. God decides it all way before, and you get to find out later who you’re stuck with.

Kristen, age 10

PICKUP DATES—JANUARY

Recycling: January 4, 18
Trash: January 5, 12, **20**, 26



Thinker's Corner



Sudoku

This puzzle has nine letters instead of nine numerals, but the rules are the same as for numerical sudokus. When completed, one row or column will contain the answer to the *clue*: A square can be cut into two of them.

	G		S	T	L			
A	N					I		
						G		E
			T	A				I
	A							
	L	R	E	G				
N		E						
	R						S	G
T					N		A	

Cartoons

This month's cartoon:



Write your caption:

“ _____ ”

Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

“I wonder where my keys are.”

“What's the name of the book you wanted me to keep out?”

“Tell her I can't come to the phone right now. I feel sort of boxed in.”

“Your turn. You put on the mailing labels.”

“Do we really need all this stuff for a weekend getaway?”

“Jack? Ja-a-ack? Where are you?”

For the Eagle-Eyed

Last month's puzzle:



Differences:

1. Binoculars
2. Neck ribbon
3. Whistle

4. Hook holding life preserver
5. Spot on right foreleg
6. Stud on armrest
7. Eyes

A Photo from Lynn's Friends



We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, we ...

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

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

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