



IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Fairest of the months!
Ripe summer's queen
The hey-day of the year
With robes that gleam with sunny sheen
Sweet August doth appear.

- R. Combe Miller

What dreadful hot weather we have!
It keeps me in a continual state of inelegance.

- Jane Austen

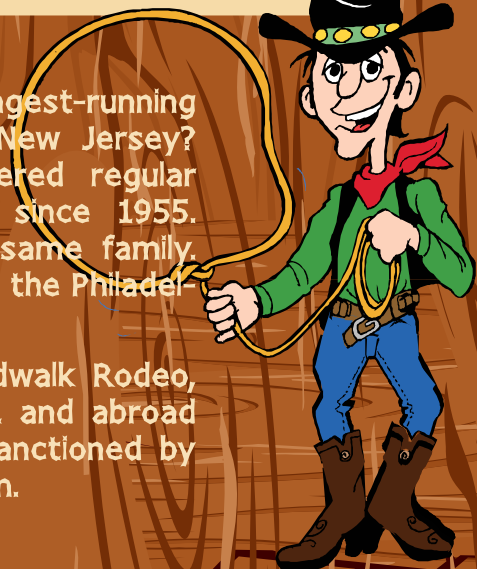
People don't notice whether it's winter or summer when they're happy.

- Anton Chekhov



Would you be surprised to learn that the longest-running regular rodeo in the United States is in New Jersey? Cowtown Rodeo, Pilesgrove, NJ, has offered regular weekly rodeos from May to September since 1955. Founded in 1929, it is still owned by the same family. Cowtown is located only about an hour from the Philadelphia and Wilmington metropolitan areas!

Another surprise is the Atlantic City Boardwalk Rodeo, where cowboys and cowgirls from the U.S. and abroad competed for several years in an event sanctioned by the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.



COUNCIL REPORT

Council did not meet this month.

MEET YOUR NEW NEIGHBORS

text by Barbara Zimmerman

photos by Joyce Koch

David and Doris Kahley

The Kahleys moved to 199 Woodside Drive in April, from “just down the road” in nearby Lumberton, where they had lived for 34 years. They had attended a Bible study group here many years ago and remembered how special it was.



They love that the needs of their home can be remedied with just a phone call. The large basement area that can house a number of guests and the meadow view with its morning light were definite deciding factors. Their home showcases art and needlework from family members.

Doris grew up in Philadelphia and attended Olney High School. Further education followed at Pennsylvania State University. She earned a BS in education, a BA in English and, at Beaver College, an MA in the teaching of writing. She taught English for 30 years in the Philadelphia schools. At the same time, she taught evening classes in writing at Drexel University and Burlington County College.

Dave grew up and attended school in

Nutley, NJ, before matriculating at Rutgers University, where he received a BA in history. Later he earned an MEd in educational supervision at Kean University. He taught at the North Hanover Township schools, located on the grounds of McGuire Air Force Base.

The two met while they were both singers in the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. These days they both sing in the choir of the Moorestown Presbyterian Church. In addition, Dave has been a professional church singer.

Their daughter, Alice, lives in Salem, MA, and works at the Beverly YMCA as youth program coordinator. There’s plenty of room in their basement for visits!

Dave is the family photographer while Doris is the scrapbook expert. They have visited (and documented) every continent except Antarctica. Dave remains involved in the Lumberton Civic Association and Doris is a Stephen minister, a church organization known for lay caring. Their continued involvement in the Moorestown Presbyterian church occupies much of their time.

Lumberton and Medford campus activities will be added as time allows.

Kenneth and Judith Fenimore

The Fenimores moved to 175 Woodside Drive in June from nearby Mt. Laurel. Judith had worked at Medford Leas since 1984, so this was a natural choice and the perfect place for their downsizing project. They love the Arboretum, the up-close wild-life and all of the choices, especially the pool and spa, available to residents.

Judith, a Moorestown native, attended Holy Cross High School in Riverside and graduated *summa cum laude* from Stockton College with a BS in public health/health administration. After studying at the Bur-

lington Institute of Technology, she was certified as a Licensed Practical Nurse. Her first position at Medford Leas in 1984 was as a Health Center nurse. Then in 1995 Lois Forrest chose her as registered agent and program coordinator of the Elizabeth Haddon Housing Corporation.



During that time Judith earned state certification as an assisted living administrator and national certification as a retired housing professional. That led to working with Marianne Steely in marketing Lumberton Leas (now Medford Leas at Lumberton) in the pre-construction phase. Eventually, Judith found her way back to a nursing position in the Health Center (now Wellness Center). A health issue in January 2016 prevented Judith from continuing with that work. She is interested in alternative medicine, including homeopathy, aromatherapy, chiropractic, acupuncture and qi gong. She also is a Reiki master practitioner.

Ken attended Holy Cross High School in Riverside, NJ, and shortly after graduation was drafted into the Army. He was with the Corps of Engineers in Vietnam in 1969. Later he attended Burlington County College and Rutgers University. He subsequently joined PSE&G. During his time there he designed the gas distribution layout for Bridlington. He held a management position at PSE&G before retiring. His degrees in secondary education and business management allowed him to teach at both

Mercer and Passaic County Colleges in utility-related courses. He is still called on to instruct in the area of gas distribution.

Visitors to their home are greeted by a mannequin wearing a hanbok, the traditional Korean dress that Judith wore to their son Ken's wedding in Seoul. Ken and his wife Song Han now live in Philadelphia. Their elder son Boz and his wife Joanne live in Cherry Hill.

Judith and Ken enjoy riding their BMW motorcycle and hosting football Sundays to cheer on the Philadelphia Eagles. They also like to hike, bike and walk. Ken enjoys gardening and fishing and expresses an interest in the trails and birding. Settling in and enjoying neighbors are focal points for the near future.

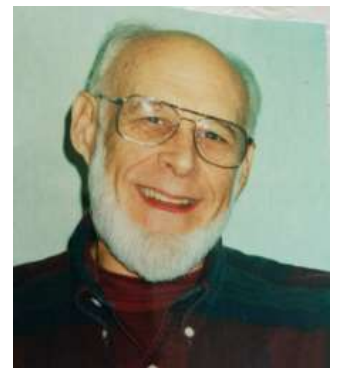
REMEMBERING DAVID SWARTZ

Joe and Jean Jordan

An old friend. A good old friend. When we write down our experiences with David, we remember so many birding trips we've taken together. We shared trips to North Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Florida, and many closer to home.

David, an avid birder, endured many hot and humid days, but also saw hundreds of species with us.

He was a "Convinced Quaker," in all ways a persistently thoughtful, patient, gentle and good person. Jean and I have always enjoyed our experiences with both David and his wife Miriam.



Our trip to Audubon's Weis Ecology Center, near Ringwood, NJ, was a bit unusual. We were climbing a poorly marked trail on a very hot and humid day when David felt weakened by a sugar issue. We raced down the *wrong* trail to get help and went way too

far in the wrong direction. We were an hour into the hunt for candy for David only to find him back at the park office.

The Swartzes moved to Lumberton Leas in 2000, into a one-bedroom unit as Pioneers. They decorated in simple Quaker style with family articles and treasures. There was always room for their extended family of kids and grandkids. They enjoyed their Vermont camp. The water, while cold, was on three sides of the property. The camp was on a promontory well above the lake, and had a lower access to a beach and dock for the boat. What a view!

David was a member of Mt. Holly Monthly Meeting and an active supporter of the meeting and its programs. He was also an elected member of the MLRA Council and became a big supporter of ORANJ. He went to their annual meetings regularly. David served on the Social Activities Committee as liaison with the Administration and the Community Center, as well as participating in the audit of the Center with Bill Murphy. He spent many of his last years on dialysis after removal of damaged kidneys and was recently tethered to an oxygen supply.

He is missed.

Pete's Pick

THE SEAWEED LADY

The thing about visiting an island—particularly one of small proportions—is that by reason of its insular geography human encounter becomes constrained and you are likely to meet the same person more than once. Thus came about my meetings earlier this summer with one of life's more peculiar sorts, whose proper name (or rather lack thereof) has become the title of this month's "Pick."

Martha's Vineyard, an island approximately twenty miles long and ten miles wide, rises from the Atlantic Ocean seven

miles off the coast of Massachusetts and most recently has become noteworthy as the summertime playground of our current president and, before that, one of the current aspirants for that office as well as her then presidential husband. But even before the embrace of such notables of the island's quiet and quaint ways, it had long been known as a haven for the "free thinking" and artistic sort—of which I cannot count myself a part. But the bucolic splendor of the upper end of the island along with its opportunity for some of the East Coast's best fishing have long held appeal for my leisure-time interests. I have probably spent more than fifty of my summers dwelling among the island's peculiar sort. And while I suspect that some of them have found our encounters as peculiar as I have, there has always been a pleasant comity between us, predicated upon my acceptance that I might as well try to get along with them. After all, there is no escape short of swimming out into the ocean and drowning.

And so it was with my recent encounters with the "Seaweed Lady," whose proper name I never learned despite our repeated meetings during the week I spent on the island.

The first took place on the evening of my arrival. It was a gorgeous Vineyard day with azure sky, warming sun, and gentle surf rolling slowly up the shoreline to where I sat in a beach chair reading the recently released biography of General William Tecumseh Sherman. Engrossed with the general's battlefield successes, I did not see her approach and was startled when a manicured finger suddenly appeared over my shoulder, pointing at my feet while a pleasant voice announced: "How perfect! How absolutely exquisite!"

Now mind you, I have never considered my feet among my more appealing body parts. I turned around and saw a sixtyish lady, not unattractive or poorly dressed,

looking at my bare legs and feet as the surf swirled over them. “Do you mind if I reach down and retrieve it?” she asked.

Not sure of what she was referring to I reluctantly nodded consent, at which point she who has become known to me as the Seaweed Lady gracefully bent over and removed a wad of seaweed from between my toes. “I’m into seaweed art,” she explained, “and this is an exquisite example of *Alaria esculenta*, more commonly referred to as winged kelp. The grand opening of my gallery in Aquinnah is tomorrow. Stop by,” she said cheerfully, dangling the winged kelp between her manicured fingers, “and I will show you what I can make of this.” And off she went down the beach, searching the surf line for more potential art supplies.

But as inevitably happens in an insular setting, that was not the end of it. The next morning as I was sitting on the porch of the Chilmark General Store in one of their rocking chairs, sipping coffee and reading *The Wall Street Journal*, I once again saw the Seaweed Lady approaching. But this time her body language signaled other than the gentleness of the past evening. Once again directing a manicured finger in my direction she shouted: “Good grief! How completely unthoughtful! How could anyone think of doing such a thing?”

What could I possibly have done to offend this lady? But then, as she reached over my shoulder to the community bulletin board on the wall behind me and started ripping off notices placed on top of a larger poster announcing the opening of her “Seaweed Art Gallery,” I realized I was not her target. After she had furiously cleared off the poster, her eyes fell down to mine and, in apparent recognition, her angry demeanor changed and she smiled: “You are coming to my art gallery opening, are you not?” she asked.

What was I to say? I recall that my response was something between a nod and a shrug, but her face recognized only the pos-

itive part and immediately lit up: “Oh, I will so look forward to seeing you! Like the poster says, we open at ten. But I’d advise you to come early to avoid the crowds!”

Thus unwittingly committed, I decided that the only politic thing to do on an island, where I was likely to encounter this woman again, was to show up, which I did—at eleven.

As I had feared, I was the only person to appear for the Seaweed Lady’s Grand Opening of the Seaweed Art Gallery and was greeted by the Seaweed Lady herself, who then proceeded to show me all manner of framed seaweed, which I pretended to admire while hoping that someone else would appear so that I could gracefully escape. But none did, and finally, after an hour learning more than I ever wanted to know about her oar weed, Irish moss, rockweed and sugar kelp creations, I offered that I was most fond of her winged-kelp creation, as a reminder of what she had untangled from between my toes. It set me back \$25 but enabled a graceful exit.

Something tells me that the Seaweed Lady’s art gallery won’t be part of the island’s offerings next year. But in an insular world such matters have a way of evolving. So might the Seaweed Lady’s talents become directed to the culinary side of her life’s passion? Surely seaweed soup and kelp sandwiches would appeal to health-conscious millennials as they pedal about the island in their iridescent spandex outfits. After all, was it not the famous American sage Forest Gump who invented, or at least formally proclaimed, the many uses for the seemingly insignificant shrimp?

—Pete McCord

A rubber-band pistol was confiscated from an algebra class, because it was a weapon of math disruption.

**THE BALLAD OF
CAPTAIN JOHN POWELL**

Jean E. Thomas

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the National Park System, one of our national treasures. The following poem is written in celebration of Grand Canyon National Park.

A canyon lonely, vast and dark
And river deep as night,
Brought soldier from a fearsome war
A challenge to his might.

The crew was hardy, unafraid.
The boats hand-hewn were strong.
Unchartered waters lured them on
A siren's tempting song.

On rapids, rocks and waterfalls,
The captain battled well.
To some unknown, tragic end
Or thrilling tale to tell.

High upon the ancient cliffs
Await the silent braves.
Could this be friend or deadly foe
To plunder and enslave?

Defeat for six and death for five.
The gear and food were gone.
The braves, the deer, the land itself
Wonder, can they go on?

Consent is given, forge ahead
And rushing tides arise.
Then calm and quiet overwhelm.
The men have won their prize.

Now chartered, mastered, Eden lost.
All watching sense aquiver.
One-armed Captain Johnny Powell
Has tamed the Colorado River.

It's frustrating when you know all the answers
but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.

PIONEERS ON THE MOVE

Maryann Beitel

Phyllis and John Pere have moved to the main campus. They were among the Pioneers, the original residents on the Lumberton campus. Organized by co-chairs Donna and Barry Leatherman, cluster 3 held a brunch in their honor on August 5 in the Holly Room at Medford Leas. A centerpiece of potted roses in various colors added to the attractiveness of each table. Thirty-five people attended.

Three generations of the Pere family were present. A "Kodak moment" occurred when Delaney, Phyllis's great-granddaughter, blew out two candles on her birthday cake amidst a rousing rendition of the traditional birthday song accompanied on the piano by Tom Lang.

Eve Robinson presented a custom-made hanging basket. Friends of Phyllis and John shared memories of the Peres' involvement in Lumberton Leas activities. Catherine Sommi and Carol Ferraro reminisced about a gathering of Pioneers in 1999 on the patio of the Community Center: ideas were exchanged for future activities, becoming realities with the formation of the Social Activities Committee, Book Club, Bridge Group, and eight neighborhood clusters. Phyllis was a leader in all these activities.

The Peres' many friends wish them comfort and tranquility in their new abode.

**A SERIALIZED NOVEL—
OPINION SURVEY**

Herb Heineman

All readers were sent a notice regarding possible publication of a work of fiction. I'm the author of that work; it was my idea to solicit opinions about serializing it in *The Chronicle*; and I designed, printed, and distributed the questionnaires. So it's my responsibility to share the results with you.

Here are the numbers:

Two hundred questionnaires were sent out, of which 49 were returned with answers, 28 in favor, 20 against, and 1 with questions but no opinion. Even if as many as 50 never reached a reader (a generous guess), the bottom line is that only 28 out of 150, or 18%, are in favor of the idea. This is clearly not a mandate to commit financial resources over a period of many months.

Some of the comments do make interesting reading; suffice it to say here that both positive and negative points of view were expressed with laudable enthusiasm.

Despite our decision, interested readers will soon be able to access the book, at no cost, on a website that Ann Campbell is kindly preparing. Please watch future issues of *The Chronicle* for announcements.

ART GALLERY NEWS

Joyce Linda Sichel

The new resident art show has been hung in the Lumberton campus Community Center gallery space. Shown here from the show is a charming watercolor created by



our neighbor Eileen McConville, titled "The House at the End of the Street." Come see that picture and many more excellent companion pieces. The show will continue through October.

At the Main Gallery outside the Theater on the Medford campus you have another new show to see this September. An artist with an exciting, eclectic background will show her multimedia works. Deborah Pey had a 30-year career in art education, studied textiles, and has been involved in puppetry, theater art and collage.

Don't forget that more residents' art and photography are still on display through September on the lower level of the Medford Leas Arts and Social Wing.

EXPERIENCING THE ALOHA

text by Marty Smith

photo by Joyce Koch

It had been five years since Lumberton campus residents had enjoyed a Hawai'ian luau. The Social Activities Committee wondered if they could organize a feast themselves without the presence of a roasted pig or catered dishes. Would the residents pitch in and bring dishes typically found at Hawai'ian luaus? The Committee decided to take a risk and invited the community to do just that.

As many residents arrived in aloha shirts and muumuus, they were greeted with a lei and the soothing sound of Hawai'ian music. Decorated with a giant lei, tiki figures, shells, and a beautiful tropical quilt, the mantel in the Great Room set a relaxing tropical tone. Eighty-nine diners found their places at ten tables, each with a pineapple centerpiece, aqua blue plates and purple napkins. Sue Kuhn welcomed new residents and guests and thanked her planning committee. As the diners surveyed the kaukau laid out on the long banquet table, they found five kinds of pulled pork, chicken teriyaki, Hawai'ian meatballs, pineapple casseroles, macaroni salad, and so much more. Then at the dessert table they found about twenty kinds of after-dinner delights. No one went away hungry after the delectable feast. Instead, resi-

dents, guests, and families were pleased to have enjoyed such a wide variety of delicious Hawai'ian foods.

As attendees shared stories of their stay in the Hawai'ian Islands, there was much joy and laughter. You could feel the aloha as new acquaintances were made and old ones renewed. After the sumptuous meal



The Cool Hand Ukes strumming their stuff

Conant Atwood led The Cool Hand Ukes in strumming their ukuleles and singing three mele (songs), "Blue Hawai'i," "Tiny Bubbles," and "Aloha Oe," to the delight of the diners, who joined in the singing. Then Marty Smith gave us a taste of traditional and modern hula dancing from a DVD of the Merry Monarch Festival.

As residents were leaving, it was clear that the Hawai'ian luau had achieved its goals: to spread aloha, to enjoy delicious food, to entertain, and to educate.

CONCUSSION, ANYONE?

Ohio State's coach Urban Meyer on one of his football players: "He doesn't know the meaning of the word fear. In fact, I just saw his grades and he doesn't know the meaning of a lot of words."

LEAS FORUM

Dorothy Cebula

Each person has a story to tell, and in September we will learn about the travels of a daring seventeenth-century woman and a twentieth-century civil servant. All programs are held on Saturdays at 11:00 a.m. in the Theater.

September 10

The Journeys of Elizabeth Webb

Midge Webb Dey, daughter of residents Alex and Fran Webb, will speak about her ancestor, who made several trips across the Atlantic Ocean starting in 1699. She will recount the experiences of a Quaker who came to live in Pennsylvania with her husband and children after her explorations in the New World.

September 24

An American Diplomat in Franco Spain

Dr. Michael Rockland will discuss his informative and entertaining memoir. As a cultural attaché in the U.S. Embassy, he met several people who played major roles in shaping our understanding of the 1960s, including Martin Luther King and members of the Kennedy family. He will also discuss his behind-the-scenes connection with the classic film "Dr. Zhivago."

VID-U PROGRAMS FOR THE FALL

Beth Wray

In September, the VID-U Committee will offer a new series of Great Courses lectures on DVD. This series, "Understanding Japan: A Cultural History," will be shown until December. The presenter is Mark J. Ravina, Professor of History at Emory Univer-

sity, Atlanta. A DVD is shown every Thursday at 11 a.m. in the Linden Room.

Following is the list of lectures for September and October. A complete list of topics is posted on the bulletin board and in the information rack in the Atrium on the Medford campus. Come and join us!

September 15

*Japan, a Globally Engaged Island Nation
Understanding Japan through Ancient Myths*

September 22

*The Emergence of the Ritsuryo State
Aspects of the Japanese Language*

September 29

*Early Japanese Buddhism
Heian Court Culture*

October 6

*The Rise of the Samurai
Pure Land Buddhism and Zen Buddhism*

October 13

*Samurai Culture in the Ashikaga Period
Japan at Home and Abroad (1300-1600)*

October 20

*Japan's Isolation in the Tokugawa Period
Japanese Theatre: Noh and Kabuki*

October 27

*The Importance of Japanese Gardens
The Meaning of Bushido in a Time of Peace*

FEEDBACK SYSTEMS, HUMAN AND AUTOMATIC Eric Hahn

How do those modern marvels of airplanes fly us smoothly across the continent or oceans, seemingly without effort? Just as when driving our cars, a feedback system has a desired goal, a way to sense how well

that goal is being met and the ability to correct the performance in order to achieve the goal. On the road, when we see traffic stopped ahead, we apply pressure to the brake pedal, which, through the hydraulic line and brake pads, slows the car down. If the car is slowing down too fast or not fast enough, we change the foot pressure. Our brain is the computer in this system.

In light aircraft, the control surfaces are moved by the power of the pilot's muscles acting through cables, but he remains the computer in the system. On a clear day, the pilot can see and sense the altitude of the plane, although cockpit instruments that provide information about the flight situation of the aircraft, such as altitude and airspeed, are also available.

However, flying in clouds, we easily can lose our sense of vertical, leading to loss of control. That is why an instrument rating, using an artificial horizon indicator, is required to fly in conditions where the ground is not visible. The pilot controls the actuators to this indicator rather than to any innate sense of down. John Kennedy, Jr., had just acquired his instrument rating, but his lack of experience flying in clouds led to the fatal accident in which he, his wife and her sister were all killed.

An airliner has the same basic control surfaces as a light plane, but these are controlled by a computer during cruise, in a system called Autopilot. The pilot inputs the desired altitude, airspeed and heading to the computer and the output of sensors is fed back to the computer, which issues corrections to stay on the desired course. During takeoff and landing, or should the Autopilot fail during cruise, an airliner can be flown manually just like a light plane.

PICKUP DATES - SEPTEMBER

Recycling: September 12, 26

Trash: September 7, 13, 20, 27

Thinker's Corner



Cartoons

This month's cartoon:



Write your caption:

“ _____ ”

Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

"I asked for medium rare!"

"Just the weather you prayed for, right?"

"Exactly like you ordered, all natural."

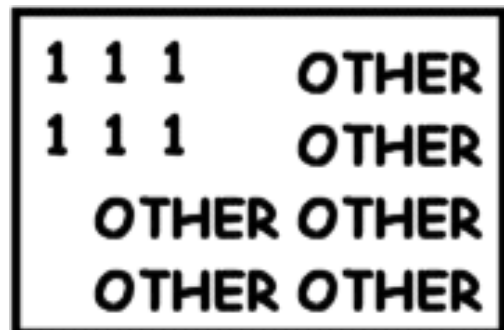
"Next thing, it'll be raining steak sauce."

"Hurry up, get the potatoes before he turns it off."

"Now that's what I call harnessing natural energy."

Rebus Puzzle

Last month's puzzle:



Six of one and half a dozen of the other

Find at least 14 differences:



A Photo from Lynn's Friends



Read the warning! (Tsunami cloud)

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

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

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