



Notes from Medford Leas at Lumberton

### **OBSERVED ON MY WALKS**

**Joyce Linda Sichel**

A tree lies on the woodland floor.  
It rootless fell apparently.  
Could mighty trees so rot within  
to end up horizontally?

The beavers may have done the deed,  
or man with chainsaw stealthily  
for winter fires or finer view.  
And none of us to hear or see.

While across the campus stretching,  
a big tree inconsiderately  
limbed out to block our walking path  
and hit some heads quite violently.

That branch needs chance calamity  
or movement from bureaucracy  
to saw that orange X-marked limb  
o'er heads to hang less dangerously.

The Mount Rushmore National Memorial near Keystone, South Dakota, was sculpted by Danish-American Gutzon Borglum and his son Lincoln. The sculptures of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and (Theodore) Roosevelt are 60 feet high, and the entire memorial covers 1,278.45 acres. Construction began in 1927, and the faces were completed between 1934 and 1939. Although the initial concept called for each president to be depicted from head to waist, lack of funding forced construction to end in late October 1941.

**COUNCIL REPORT**

**Jackie Manko**

A message media board has been installed above the mailboxes in the Community Center lobby. The current display is controlled at the Medford campus and is a condensed version of what appears on the message panel outside the Coffee Shop.

The Lumberton campus subcommittee of the Arboretum Oversight Committee is continuing to meet monthly. Guidelines about personal landscaping and disposal of green waste by residents and contractors are being considered. A brief update was presented at the October 18 Coffee with Administration.

Based on recommendations from Ken Roland of the Fitness and Aquatics Department, Council has decided that no changes should be made to the number or location of automated external defibrillators (AEDs) at the Community Center. It is more important to know the exact location of the AED in our Fitness Center rather than to install a second unit in the Great Room. The Residents Health Committee is considering training for residents who wish to be trained in the proper use of our AED.

Council discussed a message from Russell Pepe, Information Technology Manager, about changes in the delivery of email from Medford Leas Administration to residents. The process is still in transition and no action by Council is needed at this time.

---

FINANCIAL UPDATE AS OF SEPTEMBER 30

<u>Funds</u>	<u>Net Assets</u>
Activities Fund .....	\$ 6,375
Equipment Reserve .....	500
Community Services Fund .....	<u>60</u>
Total	\$ 6,935

---

***Pete's Pick***

**MY BEST DAY IN SCHOOL**

The other day my granddaughter asked me to tell her about the very best day I ever had in school.

As with many of the explanations that I offer my grandchildren these days, my response left her shaking her head in disbelief. And so allow me now the opportunity to try it out on you, as a somewhat more mature and perhaps more accepting audience.

You see it all goes back to my boyhood buddy, Tommy O'Connor, and Miss Addy, our fourth-grade teacher, whose antipathy toward unruly male students has been previously chronicled in my ongoing "Pete's Pick" offerings. But for this recounting there is a third protagonist, namely Miss Priscilla Doggett, who was the principal of the grammar school that Tommy and I attended. As you can well imagine, Tommy often had a lot to say about Miss Doggett's name which was frequently shortened by her detractors. Miss Doggett was a somewhat antiquated specimen of school bureaucracy who had to be well into her 60s by the time we came along. Tommy said he thought she must be at least 90 or maybe even 100 since she seemed older than his dog, Buster, who at 14 years was really 98 in human years. My dog was only 10 years old, but unlike Buster, Butch still liked to chase mice—which gets me to the point of how I experienced my best school day ever. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Being sent to the principal's office by Miss Addy was considered a badge of courage for every red-blooded kid in my Germantown neighborhood. Miss Addy's abuse of male students was well known and documented long before Tommy and I arrived in her classroom, and it became a rite of neighborhood passage to be added to the list of those who were sent by her to Miss Doggett's office.

Early on in our fourth-grade careers Tommy and I were singled out one morning and our sentence was publically announced by Miss Addy to the delight of the girls in the class and the snickers of our male classmates. But what a mistake it was to enact such punishment on both of us together. Tommy had already formulated plans on what we would do that he detailed to me as we descended the stairwell from Miss Addy's third-floor classroom.

Now it is important to keep in mind that those were days long before the advent of cell phones and even before classrooms had telephones that connected to the principal's office. With this in mind, we then spent the morning shooting basketballs in the school playground since, as Tommy pointed out, there was nothing said by Miss Addy about going *directly* to Miss Doggett's office. And then at lunch time we got our lunch pails from our lockers and went to the janitor's room in the basement. When we got there, our friend Jeff, the head janitor, quickly shoved his brown bottle into a desk drawer, but Tommy and I signaled our assurances to him by covering our eyes, while Jeff nodded in conspiratorial camaraderie advising us that there was always room for us down there by the boilers if we ever got tired of sitting around Miss Doggett's Office.

But as with things that seem too good to be true, events often catch up to you, and later that afternoon while Tommy and I were still hanging around with Jeff, Miss Addy sent one of her class pets, Betty Finnerty, to Miss Doggett's office for pencils. And when she didn't find me and Tommy in the "bad boy" desks she dutifully reported her discovery back to Miss Addy. Word then got out and our buddy Jeff said we had better move on, which we did. But it was too late, and Tommy and I got caught on our way to Miss Doggett and

were punished big-time and had to hang out with Miss Addy after school. As you might imagine, Miss Addy didn't have any boyfriends or any other life outside of her classroom, so it was almost dark by the time she let us go home and we missed out playing in the big football game against the Sharpnack gang.

After that, being sent by Miss Addy to the principal's office became successive every other day events for Tommy and me—never again together and with sign-in and sign-out notes required. But my transgressions, unlike Tommy's, were always quite minor: "Wipe that smirk off your face!" (Boom!—principal's office!). Or, "I saw that look on your face!" (Same fate).

But after a while I think that it got to the point that Miss Doggett kind of liked me or maybe felt sorry for me. And I have to admit that I was actually beginning to feel the same way about her. Like many of her sort, she seemed to be a rather friendless person who spent her days endlessly shuffling papers and filing the piles of paper on her desk. So one day I offered to help her. She was surprised but seemed delighted: "Why, Peter, you're the first misbehaving boy to ever offer to help me!"

And then the event occurred that forever became the best thing that ever happened to me in school. As we were putting away all the stuff on her desk a mouse suddenly scurried across the floor and Miss Doggett screamed and jumped up on her desk. I told her not to worry and grabbed a Kleenex box and caught the mouse and took it out to the school yard.

When I got back Miss Doggett was lying on her couch and was looking rather pale. So I got her a glass of water and assured her it was safe. After a while she said she was feeling better and thanked me for getting rid of the mouse. And then she actually asked if there was anything that she could do for me.

Well, you better believe that I didn't let a good opportunity like that go to waste. So as diplomatically as possible I then related the problems that Tommy and I were experiencing with those about us who, as I tried to explain to her, had no appreciation of kids who could catch mice.

Miss Doggett was a wise woman and promised me she would think about it and see what she could do.

Well, believe it or not, from that day forward things seemed to get a lot better for Tommy and me. So I think that was by far the best day I ever had in school.

—Pete McCord

---

## LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW

Herb Heineman

You'd think that having grown up in Europe, where travel between cities is mostly by rail, I'd had my fill of trains. But nothing could be farther from the truth. I'm one of the multitude—boys mostly, I suspect—who were born with congenitally low resistance to the travel bug. Since opportunities to answer the call were not infinite, I'd hang around stations and sneak onto long-distance trains just for the fantasy and feel of it, and stay until the sound of slamming doors warned me that it was time to get off. By now I've outgrown that particular practice, but not my love affair with trains. (Besides, sliding doors on trains have replaced the hinged variety, so sneaking aboard is too risky for comfort.)

As an aside, while my wife and I were courting 55 or so years ago, she stepped with me onto a train in which I was to travel from Pittsburgh to a meeting in Chicago—and she did *not* get off in time. Luckily the train was induced to stop in nearby Sewickley, so we promptly returned to Pittsburgh together and I took the next train to Chicago alone. How's that for a courtship ritual?

If your goal is to reach a distant destination as fast as possible, flying of course wins hands down. But given enough time, nothing compares with riding a transcontinental train. My sister-in-law lives in southern California, a happenstance that gives me just the opening I need. One year we met in San Francisco and I rode the rails back all the way to Philadelphia. This summer we visited her at her home in Claremont, so I added a leg up front, Los Angeles to Sacramento, and lopped off the tail end by flying home from Denver. Sometime I may try the southern route through New Mexico and Kansas, though on paper it doesn't look as appealing.

When I told a friend of my intention, he asked, "What do you do all day on a train?" To which I answered, "Look out the window!" My friend's expression was a mixture of incomprehension and alarm, and an anxious silence followed. I don't think my smile did anything to assure him of my mental stability. Yet looking out the window is *exactly the point* of a trip through countryside like the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. The California Zephyr's timetable is clearly designed for optimal sightseeing—whether going east or west, you can watch both of those remarkable landscapes glide by during daylight, while the less scenic Great Basin between them is lost in the night.

Train fare is not expensive, provided you're willing to travel in coach—which, by the way, bears no resemblance to economy class in planes. Seats are very comfortable, and the seatbacks really do recline without annoying the passengers behind you. Legroom is generous, footrests are adjustable, and there are no seatbelts. And the motion! Unlike takeoff or landing in a plane, both of which are cause to hold your breath, bite your fingernails, and fasten your harness (not

to mention those upright, stowed tray tables), the train starts and stops so smoothly that you can easily miss the change—unless, of course, you're looking out the window. You can walk the length of your coach, and the next one, and the dining and club cars, and visit the restroom, without ever finding your path obstructed by a serving cart that takes up the whole aisle. And, of course, there's both time and space for socializing if the view outside the window fails to hold your attention.

Suppose you're not comfortable spending two full days and a night in a coach seat. In that case you may opt for sleeper accommodation. That luxury triples the price of your ticket! But the higher fare includes all meals, and the food's actually quite good. And while you're waiting to be served you can be looking out the dining car window.

Those two days' shifting panoramas have one thing in common—hours of mountains moving hypnotically past your window. But there is a big difference, especially in the summer, when the Sierra is lush green with forest, while the Rockies are—well—the color of rock, which is not “painted” as it is, say, in Arizona or southern Utah. On the other hand, while the vegetation is sparse, the rock formations, sculpted by wind over eons, are spectacular. And there are flat spaces on which farms and ranches are located. On a previous trip we were treated to the sight of a bull doing something or other with a cow, the actors unaware (and unconcerned) that they were being watched.

Pictures? Yes, of course. You'll find them in travel magazines and on the internet. Not that I wouldn't happily share mine—if I had any. Unfortunately my camera was missing its flashcard, the digital equivalent of film, so it wasn't recording anything. The picture I'm most sorry not to have captured is of the descent into

Denver. In one place it's possible to get a glimpse of the plains from a height through a gap in the mountains, an unexpected and fascinating contrast due to the sudden transition between the foothills and the flatlands to the east.

Though *no* picture truly captures the three-dimensional experience of being there.

I've traveled parts of this route at least half a dozen times in the summer. But winter offers a beauty, and a frightening history, all its own. The Sierra has seen snows that challenge the imagination of us who live in the mid-Atlantic states: *67 inches in a single day; 186 inches in a single storm; 884 inches (almost 74 feet) in one season; 451-inch (more than 37½ feet) accumulation.* The Donner Pass in the Sierra first made history in 1846-47, when a prospectors' party after whose leader it is named was snowed in for the entire winter, suffering incredible hardship; and again in January 1952, when a snow-bound train had to wait three days to be dug out. The descriptive adjective *nevada* was well chosen.

A record of a different kind awaits the winter traveler in Fraser, CO, where, in January 1962, the temperature bottomed out at *minus 53 degrees*. The train stops briefly in Fraser, because it's a gateway to the Winter Park ski resort.

One of these years I'd like to bundle up and take this ride in the winter, when the better part of the landscape is covered with a white blanket whose thickness I can only try to guess—and hope we don't get snowed in or frozen to the tracks. In particular, when we stop in Fraser, I intend to step outside for a breath of cool mountain air and appreciate that some things look better through the window.

---

“A cask of wine works more miracles than a church full of saints.” —Italian Proverb

---

**APRIL 3, 1974: A DAY TO REMEMBER****Eric Hahn**

We were living in Huntsville, Alabama, where I had been working on the Skylab program. The last team of astronauts had returned to earth, the lab was in a sleep mode, and I was working on the mission's final report. The morning started out very warm and pleasant for early April, with a mild warm breeze, although the TV news showed a wide swath where severe weather was predicted. During the day at work, we heard that all of North Alabama was under a tornado watch, nothing unusual during March and April. While driving home, I felt the unusually strong wind out of the south making it necessary to hold the steering wheel with both hands. This already seemed ominous, so the first thing after coming home was to remove as many loose objects as I could from around the house and yard.

As we were eating supper and listening to the news, there were already reports of deadly long-track tornados (over 50 miles on the ground) in Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. Then the first local tornado warning was broadcast over television, which said: "A large tornado has touched down over Tanner (a small town northwest of Huntsville) and is destroying everything in its path." At the same time tornado warning sirens sprung to life. Despite passing through mainly rural areas, it killed and injured many people and utterly destroyed homes and businesses in its long path of destruction. About one hour later the first tornado was followed by a second one following a very similar path with the same tragic results. Ironically, an ambulance carrying victims of the first tornado to Huntsville Hospital was hit by the second tornado killing everyone in the vehicle.

Two quiet hours, despite the continuing southerly wind flow, followed before the si-

rens went off again. This time, an even deadlier tornado had formed at the Mississippi-Alabama border and was marching across the state after doing its deadly work in the small town of Guin, AL.

The thunderstorm producing this tornado was tracked on radar as having an altitude of 65,000 feet and moving at over 100 miles per hour, both values unprecedented. When it arrived in Huntsville, it had weakened somewhat despite being strong enough to destroy a shopping center and many houses, just missing Huntsville Hospital. Perhaps because people were forewarned, there were no fatalities in Huntsville. I stood outside on the patio and saw the tornado pass north of us. It was a black tubular cloud, reaching down to the ground, moving at a rapid rate from west to east. The sky looked like a fireworks display with cloud-to-cloud lightning illuminating the funnel. It was foolish of me to stand outside because if the tornado had changed course towards my house, I probably would have ended up in the next county.

However, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see a large tornado. It then climbed up a 1000-foot mountain, east of the city, doing considerable damage and finally dissipated over the down-slope side of the mountain. This ended the night of destructive tornados for Alabama. The photo below shows the tremendous damage on a typical street in Guin.



There were about 90 people killed in Alabama and 330 nationwide during the outbreak. At one time 15 tornados were on the ground simultaneously. Major tornados struck Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama. Perhaps the most staggering fact from the April 3 outbreak was the number of F4 (winds over 200 mph) and F5 (winds over 260 mph) tornadoes; an incredible 23 F4s and 7 F5s in less than one day (30 total), when *the national average is only about 7 per year*. Despite the fact that the section of the United States between the Rockies and the Appalachians is the most tornado-prone region on Earth, there has never been a known tornado outbreak before or after April 3, 1974, that compares in severity with the outbreak that day.

### **NEED A LIFT?**

**Barbara Zimmerman**

Oops, that's spelled LYFT or UBER! These could be alternate methods of transportation for us. They will pick you up at either the Medford or the Lumberton campus, but they are not in any way associated with Medford Leas. They are private companies that connect passengers who need a ride with drivers who have a car.

If you have a smartphone, download the free Uber app as you would any app on your device. You will need to supply a credit card, which is charged when you arrange for a ride. This eliminates the need for cash (the tip is also included).

When you need transportation—perhaps to take you somewhere at night—you simply use the app on your phone. Charges are determined by the type of vehicle: 4-seat sedan, SUV or minivan, 4-seat luxury, or executive luxury, not by the number of passengers. There is UberPOOL for rides shared with another

person on the route—at about a 20% discount to each rider. You will be able to get the estimated cost and time of pickup before you decide to take Uber.

For those of you without a smartphone, there is GoGoGrandparent. Phone 855-464-6872 and it will get you the same Uber service, but works from a regular phone. Your credit card information is filed, so that with this too, there's no exchange of money. Should you be able to access a computer, you can sign up for the service at GoGoGrandparent.com. Because of their service charge, costs are estimated to be 13-14% higher than using Uber directly.

Uber Technologies, Inc. is a privately held American online transportation network company that operates worldwide in more than 70 countries and 507 cities. It was started as UberCab in 2009 in San Francisco, CA. There are estimated to be more than a million drivers worldwide.

Lyft is a similar company, also based in San Francisco. It launched in 2012, operates in more than 200 U.S. cities and has a partnership with General Motors. It uses a pink mustache on its cars and is less available in our area.

Some estimated costs:

- Uber: Medford campus to Lumberton campus — \$8-11.
- Uber: Lumberton to Philadelphia Airport — \$39-49.
- Rapid Rover: Lumberton to Philadelphia Airport — \$51 plus customary tip.

There is no definitive information about safety concerning taxi versus the Uber service. Vince Menzel, who spoke about Uber during his recent *Pathways* smartphone presentation, says “actually many women and even seniors are Uber drivers. Uber has a vetting process in place (with criminal background checks) similar to the taxi industry, with the exception of fingerprint background

checking, although I suspect that will change.”

He went on, “From what I can tell, Uber’s checks are at least rigorous enough that not everyone passes (thankfully). Ten percent of Boston taxi drivers who took Uber’s background check failed, while some Philadelphia Uber driver applicants who passed the city’s background test ended up failing Uber’s.

“It’s a fact,” he added “that Uber’s usage by seniors is growing, helped along by services like GoGoGrandparent....”

Uber is even coming into common parlance. The name Uber refers to the common and slangy word “uber” meaning “super.” There are some other newly coined usages, such as, “I’ll just uber over.” The business model has become known as “uberification.”

---

### **USING THE COMMUNITY CENTER AUDIOVISUAL SYSTEM**

**Eric Hahn**

The Lumberton campus Community Center has an audiovisual (AV) system that perhaps is underutilized. The media available include Blu-Ray, DVD, CD, VHS, radio, TV and laptop computer. The events to be shown could be live, such as the Super Bowl, or on media, as for example: concerts, plays, musicals, operas and films. If a resident would like to show anything for the benefit of family, friends and neighbors, they should first check the availability of the Great Room using the ASURESPACE system and then make a reservation, submitting the forms to the Medford campus front desk.

If they want to invite the community and are unsure if there is interest, they can always first put a notice on the bulletin board inviting people to show their interest before making a reservation. Those people who want to invite the community can then put a notice on the

board specifying what they are showing, with date and time. Anyone who is uncertain about the operation of the AV system should consult Eric Hahn, Technology Committee chair.

---

### **ART GALLERY NEWS**

**Joyce Linda Sichel**

The artist whose work you view in November may well live next door to you! The South Jersey Camera Club, Ezra Shahn, our own resident, and at least twenty other residents will have photographs and paintings on the gallery walls at both campuses. The main gallery outside the Theater in Medford will be hung with beautiful photographs from our very talented local photographers. If you have attended this yearly month-long November show in the past, you will expect highly professional and very interesting work spanning a world of subject matter. We are sure to see landscapes, travel photographs, human and animal subjects, and more.

Ezra Shahn will display his prolific photography in a one-man show on the Lumberton gallery walls. From a highly artistic family, Ezra does them proud with dramatic scenes from around the world as well as intimate photographs of their inhabitants. A reception for Ezra will be held November 11 from 4:00 to 5:30 p.m. on the lower level of the Lumberton Community Center.

The new season for resident art will also begin in November. This semiannual changeover always means fresh and exciting paintings and *more* stunning photographs to be seen on the walls of the Art Studio gallery on the lower level of the Medford Leas Arts and Social Wing. The range of original work will delight you. The opening reception, with refreshments, will be held Monday, October 24, between 10:00 a.m. and noon. Here we show a



photo of a watercolor painting by Jean Nicholson, whose delicate work often includes flowers. She is one of the featured artists to look for in the Medford Leas Fine Art Coloring Book that will be introduced at the annual Holiday Craft Fair.




---

**THE NATURE PRESERVE—  
NOT A COMPOST PILE OR DUMP FOR  
GARDEN WASTE**

**Dino Fiabane**

Our campus is managed as part of the Lewis Barton Arboretum and Nature Preserve. As the stewards of our campus we need to be mindful to respect that the Nature Preserve section of our campus, also referred to as “The Woods,” is never to be used to dump our yard and garden wastes, even though they might be compostable.

As residents of Lumberton Township we depend on the township’s Department of Public Works to collect the household trash in the dark green containers that we place at the end of our driveways every Tuesday morning. Township ordinances and Public Works define the limits of what can go in our weekly green containers and some of the restrictions may come as a surprise to some of us.

Among other things, the Public Works web page advises us not to place grass,

leaves and brush in our trash containers. Grass and leaves are dealt with by our lawn care contractor, but brush is not. Brush is considered to be branches between two and ten inches in diameter. The township will collect this if it is properly placed at your curbside, but the collection schedule for brush tends to be irregular.

The township also has special monthly “bulk trash collection” days, which for us usually fall on the Tuesday of the first full calendar week each month. Our next bulk collection day is Tuesday, November 8. There will be no bulk trash day in December.

Of special interest to us is a statement on the Lumberton Public Works web page that applies to our yard and garden waste collection on the bulk trash days. Their statement reads:

*Tree twigs, hedge trimmings and similar materials smaller than two inches in diameter shall be cut to a length not to exceed four feet in length and should be securely tied in bundles not more than two feet thick. This will be collected on the scheduled bulk trash collection day. Material that cannot be bundled shall be placed in suitable receptacles and will also be collected on the scheduled bulk collection day.*

The Department of Public Works welcomes questions about trash collection at 609-267-3217. Their web page is at [www.lumbertontwp.com/departments-services/trash-recycle/trash-collection](http://www.lumbertontwp.com/departments-services/trash-recycle/trash-collection).

---

**MEDICARE PLANS INFORMATION**

**Dorothy Cebula**

Do you have questions about Medicare and the different Part D prescription plans? The time to check your plan options and make any changes is now—during the annual open enrollment period between October 15 and December 7.

SHIP, the State Health Insurance Assistance Program, is a volunteer program with certified counselors who can help explain your options. Call 609-894-9311 x-1494 or contact Fran Walker or Dorothy Cebula for individual consultations.

---

**PREVIEW**  
**2017 GREAT DECISIONS PROGRAM**  
**Len and Dorothy Cebula**

International relations and the dynamics of national politics blend to challenge the foreign policy of the United States as well as other countries. This year is especially difficult when viewed from the lens of the upcoming presidential transition.

Fortunately, Medford Leas residents have the opportunity to gain insights into some of these issues and voice their opinions through the nationally acclaimed discussion series *Great Decisions*, developed by the Foreign Policy Association and sponsored by the MLRA Great Decisions Committee. Starting on March 9, 2017, there will be eight weekly programs concentrating on a critical problem addressing U.S. foreign policy.

Find out what topics are planned for next spring's *Great Decisions* program. Meet the resident presenters and hear how you can get a head start on preparing for these issues. Join us in the Holly Room on Friday, November 11, at 3:30 p.m.

---

**LEAS FORUM PROGRAMS**  
**IN NOVEMBER**  
**Len and Dorothy Cebula**

This month, the Forum will explore United States history through the experiences of two minority populations—African Americans and South Pacific Islanders.

Both programs will be held in the Medford Leas Theater on Saturdays at 11:00 a.m.

November 12

*Fly! Bessie! Fly!*

In 1921, Bessie Coleman became the first African American woman to earn a pilot's license. Because she was denied training in the U.S., she traveled to France to learn to fly. This program, in which Bessie Coleman is introduced in a reenactment by **Dr. Daisy Century**, is funded by the Horizons Speakers Bureau of the New Jersey Council for the Humanities, a state partner of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

November 26

*Hawai'i: Paradise Revisited*

Lumberton campus residents **Bill** and **Marty Smith** will discuss this interesting subject, which promises to be an unvarnished look at the natural beauty, peoples and cultures of the Hawai'ian Islands—looking at the historical roles of outside contact, American missionaries and businessmen in the change from a free kingdom to an annexed part of the U.S. They will explain how the Hawai'ian people or “kanaka” cope with cultural changes and demands on the sacred land or “aina.”

---

**HOLIDAY BAZAAR WILL FILL ATRIUM**  
**text and photo by Joyce Linda Sichel**

The MLRA Gift Shop and the Knitting and Sewing Group will hold their fourth combined sale of holiday gift items on Wednesday, November 9, in the Atrium from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m. Proceeds will go to the Medford Leas Appreciation Fund.

Residents and staff will enjoy the convenience of holiday shopping so close

to home. The Gift Shop, managed by John Spiers and Jane Bartram, will also continue to have merchandise for sale throughout the season ahead. At the bazaar, look for the wonderful ornaments of many types being offered this year. Those with brush bristles are intriguing. There will be beautiful ornaments, as well as patterns stocked by the Gift Shop and hand-knitted by Helen Hamilton. There will also be plush toys knitted by our residents and others offered by the Gift Shop. You will likewise find many kinds of hand-knitted caps and sweaters for babies and children, as well as knitted baby blankets and mittens. There will be cozy scarves and vests for adults too. Some of the items will have holiday themes. Boxed cards for your lists, as well as for decorating the Atrium and the walls of the Lumberton Community Center will be available. Small-scale holiday décor will also be for sale.

Volunteer sales assistants will help you find the special gifts for those on your lists. There will be designated times for Haddon and Estaugh Court shoppers to attend, along with their helpers if needed.



## A NOTE OF CAUTION The Editors

It's entirely possible that some residents may not have seen the relatively new sign that is posted to the right of the entrance to Medford Leas at Lumberton. Council requested this additional sign because it seemed that the sign on the center island was not obvious enough, since drivers often disregarded the message, which reads:

### SPEED LIMIT 25

Very often Woodside Drive is clogged with service vehicles, large delivery trucks and/or our cars and those of our visitors. Granted, we can't very well post "We love our children" signs, but we do love our residents. Daily, we have residents using walkers, caregivers rolling patients and residents doing their daily exercise who are competing for space amid the traffic. This makes for a dangerous situation; one that warrants adhering to the speed limit.

Please do your part in helping to maintain the speed limit and make Woodside Drive safer for everyone.

---

When 3-year-old Jason first put his shoes on by himself his mother immediately noticed that something was wrong.

"Jason, your shoes are on the wrong feet."

Looking up with a raised brow Jason replied "Don't kid me Mom, I KNOW they're my feet!"

---

### PICKUP DATES – NOVEMBER

Recycling: November 14, 28

Trash: November 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

Bulk trash: November 8

---



## HISTORY OF THE CAR RADIO

One evening in 1929 two young men named William Lear and Elmer Wavering drove their girlfriends to a lookout point high above the Mississippi River town of Quincy, Illinois, to watch the sunset.

It was a romantic night, to be sure, but one of the women observed that it would be even nicer if they could listen to music in the car.

Lear and Wavering liked the idea. Both men had tinkered with radios (Lear had served as a radio operator in the U.S. Navy during World War I) and it wasn't long before they were taking apart a home radio and trying to get it to work in a car.

But it wasn't as easy as it sounds: automobiles have ignition switches, spark plugs, generators and other electrical equipment that create noisy static interference, making it nearly impossible to listen to the radio when the engine was running.

One by one, Lear and Wavering identified and eliminated each source of electrical interference. When they finally got their radio to work, they took it to a radio convention in Chicago.

There they met Paul Galvin, owner of Galvin Manufacturing Corporation. The company made a product called a "battery eliminator"—a device that allowed battery-powered radios to run on household AC current. But as more homes were wired for electricity, more manufacturers made AC-powered radios. Galvin needed a new product to manufacture. When he

met Lear and Wavering at the radio convention, he found it. He believed that mass-produced affordable car radios had the potential to become a huge business.

Lear and Wavering set up shop in Galvin's factory, perfected their first radio, and installed it in his Studebaker. Then Galvin went to a local banker to apply for a loan. Thinking it might sweeten the deal, he had his men install a radio in the banker's Packard. Good idea, but it didn't work. Half an hour after the installation, the banker's Packard caught fire. (They didn't get the loan.)

Galvin didn't give up. He drove his Studebaker nearly 800 miles to Atlantic City to show off the radio at the 1930 Radio Manufacturers Association convention. Too broke to afford a booth, he parked the car outside the convention hall and cranked up the radio so that passing conventioners could hear it. That idea worked—he got enough orders to put the radio into production.

That first production model was called the 5T71. Galvin decided he needed to come up with something a little catchier. In those days many companies in the phonograph and radio businesses used the suffix "ola" for their names: Radiola, Columbiola and Victrola were three of the biggest. Galvin decided to do the same thing, and since his radio was intended for use in a motor vehicle, he decided to call it the Motorola.

But even with the name change, the radio still had problems. When Motorola went on sale in 1930, it cost about \$110 uninstalled, at a time when you could buy a brand-new car for \$650, and the country was sliding into the Great Depression. (By that measure, a radio for a new car would cost about \$3,000 today.)

In 1930 it took two men several days to install a car radio. The dashboard had to be taken apart so that the receiver and a single speaker could be installed, and the



ceiling had to be cut open to install the antenna. These early radios ran on their own batteries, not on the car battery, so holes had to be cut into the floorboard to accommodate them. The installation manual had eight complete diagrams and 28 pages of instructions.

Selling complicated car radios that cost 20% of the price of a brand-new car wouldn't have been easy in the best of times, let alone during the Great Depression. Galvin lost money in 1930 and struggled for a couple of years after that.

Things picked up in 1933, when Ford began offering Motorolas pre-installed at the factory. In 1934 they got another boost when Galvin struck a deal with the B.F. Goodrich tire company to sell and install them in its chain of tire stores. By then the price of the radio, installation included, had dropped to \$55. The Motorola car radio was off and running.

In the meantime, Galvin continued to develop new uses for car radios. In 1936, he introduced push-button tuning and the Motorola Police Cruiser, a standard car radio that was factory preset to a single frequency to pick up police broadcasts. In 1940 he developed the first handheld two-way radio for the U.S. Army.

Many of the communications technologies that we take for granted today were born in Motorola labs in the years that followed World War II. In 1947 they offered the first television to sell under \$200; in 1956 they introduced the world's first pager; in 1969 they supplied the radio and television equipment that was used to televise Neil Armstrong's first steps on the moon. In 1973 it invented the world's first handheld cellular phone.

Today Motorola is one of the largest cell phone manufacturers in the world. And it all started with the car radio.

The two men who installed the first radio in Paul Galvin's car, Elmer

Wavering and William Lear, ended up taking very different paths in life.

Wavering stayed with Motorola. In the 1950s he helped change the automobile experience again when he developed the first automotive alternator, replacing inefficient and unreliable generators. Invention led to such luxuries as power windows, power seats and, eventually, air-conditioning.

Lear also continued inventing, holding more than 150 patents. Remember eight-track tape players? Lear invented that. But what he's really famous for are his contributions to the field of aviation. He invented radio direction finders for airplanes, aided in the invention of the autopilot, designed the first fully automatic aircraft landing system, and in 1963 introduced his most famous invention of all, the Lear Jet—the world's first mass-produced, affordable business jet. Not bad for a guy who dropped out of school after the eighth grade.

## *Thinker's Corner*



## Cartoons

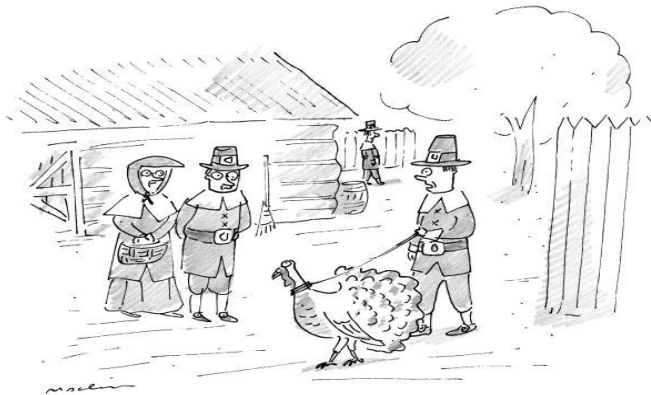
This month's cartoon:



Write your caption:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”

Last month's cartoon:



Last month's captions:

*“He was a rescue.”*

*“Is this the one that will be saved by the king?”*

*“Is he the owner or the executioner?”*

*“Village rules say you have to keep them on a leash.”*

*“Do you think this will become a tradition?”*

*“What do you think that poor thing is thinking?”*

## Last month's riddles

1. What can travel around the world while staying in a corner?

*Answer: A stamp*

2. What has a head and a tail, but no body?

*Answer: A coin*

3. What gets wetter and wetter the more it dries?

*Answer: A towel*

4. What kind of room has no doors or windows?

*Answer: A mushroom*

5. What gets broken without being held?

*Answer: A promise*

6. Which word in the dictionary is spelled incorrectly?

*Answer: Incorrectly*

7. Feed me and I live, yet give me a drink of water and I die? What am I?

*Answer: Fire*

8. How many of each species did Moses take on the ark?

*Answer: None, it was Noah.*

9. Forward I am heavy, but backward I am not. What am I?

*Answer: The word “ton.”*

10. Take off my skin—I won't cry, but you will. What am I?

*Answer: An onion*

### Do You Know?

What animal has four babies at a time all of the same sex?

What is the longest recorded flight of a chicken?

What is the most commonly used letter in the alphabet?

What was Bob Dylan's original name?

What percent of people are left-handed?

What was Elvis' middle name?

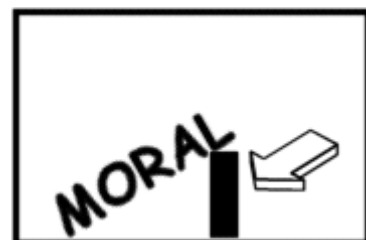
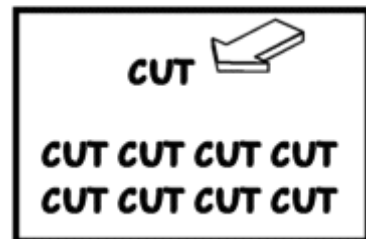
What percent of the day cats sleep?

What country's residents eat the most chocolate per person per year—equating to 10 kilograms?

Where and what year was the first Burger King opened?

Answers next month

### Rebus Puzzles



## *A Photo from Lynn's Friends*



*Different Reactions*

**Editor:**

Joanne Thomas

**Associate Editors:**

Ruth Gage

Eric Hahn

Herb Heineman

Vince Menzel

**Cover Design:**

Lynn Ware

**Photo Feature:**

Lynn Ware

**Council:**

Dino Fiabane, 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, November 18. All residents and other interested parties are encouraged to contribute.

**Email** your submission to [thomasjm@comcast.net](mailto:thomasjm@comcast.net) with copies to: [ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net](mailto:ruthbgpersonal@comcast.net), [hehahn1@verizon.net](mailto:hehahn1@verizon.net), [hsheineman@gmail.com](mailto:hsheineman@gmail.com), and [vince267@gmail.com](mailto:vince267@gmail.com). **We cannot accept handwritten, typed, faxed, or printed copy.**