

December 2016

Notes from Medford Leas at Lumberton

The Lumberton Campus Chronicle

SERENADE

*Beloved, pristine snowflake,
suspended in the air.
The gentlest updraft lifts you
and moves you here and there.*

*Come here, oh gorgeous snowflake,
come close so I can see
your symmetry six-sided,
your flawless geometry.*

*I promise not to touch you
Nor will, for any price
allow my breath to turn you
to slippery, shapeless ice.*

Herb Heineman

Gustave Eiffel did not design the Eiffel Tower. An engineer in his company originated the idea as a centerpiece for the proposed **1889 Exposition Universelle** World's Fair. Eiffel was not enthusiastic, but sanctioned further study of the project. He ultimately approved it and personally bought the rights to the patent that his engineers had taken out.

The project was controversial. A committee led by prominent architect Charles Garnier (including important figures of the French arts establishment such as Charles Gounod and Guy de Maupassant) was highly critical of the design. Nothing came of it, however, as work had already begun—but out of concern over the artists' protests, Eiffel emphasized his "innovation of science" theme by engraving on the tower the names of 72 French engineers, scientists, and mathematicians to recognize their contributions.

Some protestors changed their minds after completion, but de Maupassant is said to have had lunch in the tower's restaurant every day because it was the one place in Paris where the tower was not visible.

*Alexandre Gustave Eiffel
was born on 12-15-1832.*

COUNCIL REPORT

Joanne Thomas

Discussions were held regarding the defibrillator located on the Lumberton campus, specifically how and under what circumstances to apply the unit, as well as training. It was decided to ask the Health Committee for their recommendations.

Questions about the electronic message board, located in the lobby of the Community Center, have been tabled until after the responsible person, Lisa Branagan, returns from maternity leave on January 9.

In view of the recent break-ins in our community, improved security was a main topic at the last Coffee with Administration meeting on December 6. Jeremy Vickers stated that our homes are wired for security systems and promised to supply all residents with a manual detailing this information. He has also contacted an alarm service company to make recommendations and to provide a demonstration.

Additional motion-sensing lighting was also mentioned as a way to deter would-be intruders. Some residents have already purchased additional lighting, but it was recommended that we wait until we learn of the plans Medford Leas already has in place to install improved lighting at the front entrance to units before acting on our own.

The Arboretum Oversight Committee met on December 12 and is working on compromises and guidelines towards a return to the intents of the original landscape design plan on the Lumberton campus.

The next LCRAC meeting is January 9.

FINANCIAL UPDATE AS OF NOVEMBER 30

<u>Funds</u>	<u>Net Assets</u>
Activities Fund	\$ 6,025
Equipment Reserve	500
Community Services Fund.....	60
Total	<u>\$ 6,585</u>

MEET OUR NEW NEIGHBOR

Barbara Zimmerman

(with assistance of son-in-law Kevin Downing)

June Patrylak Neff moved to Lumberton Leas in October 2016 from nearby Mount Laurel, where she had been a resident for 38 years.

Prior to her time in Mount Laurel, June also lived in Chalfont, PA, and Philadelphia. She grew up in Wilkes-Barre, PA, and attended Hanover High School and Wilkes College before starting work for Robert Morris Associates and Fidelity Bank. While at Fidelity, she met her future husband, Dennis, and after being married in 1967, they founded a professional association management company together. That company provided office staff and event planning to local and regional associations of professionals who gathered for educational and social purposes. The company is now in its second generation as a family business.

In addition to her career, June served as Parent Teacher Organization president and traveled extensively, including visits to 40 of the 50 states as well as Mexico, Spain, France, Canada and Ireland. She and Dennis developed a special affinity for the basenji hound, known for being a barkless dog. They had four different basenjis over the years.



Dennis died unexpectedly in 2013. June has two daughters: Denise, who lives in Mount Laurel with her husband and two daughters; and Andrea, a Wilmington, DE, resident who is mother to three children, including twins. June is an active grandmother and spends time with all five of her grandchildren, who keep her plenty active!

June is excited to be at Medford Leas and has already made several new friends in addition to joining her longtime friend and Medford Leas resident Gretchen Betz. She has enjoyed decorating her new residence and loves cooking in her new kitchen. Other hobbies include knitting, travel and making pierogis for St. Michael's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Cherry Hill.

Pete's Pick

"IT'S GONNA SNOW!"

A True Story of Christmastime Misery

I have never been particularly skilled at predicting the weather. This is not meant to be a disclaimer for what follows, but is rather intended to give some perspective to any of my readers who might cancel their travel plans predicated on what I might say now or in the future.

My attempts at prognosticating climatologic events—or perhaps making the weather fit into a pattern of my choosing—has a long history going back over 65 years. When we were ten years old, Tommy O'Conner and I placed a lot of faith in our forecasting skills. A ring around the moon was a sure sign that it would snow that night, which meant that school would be canceled next day. In fact, we were so certain of our skills that we would frequently "game the system" and forgo homework assignments in the belief that such drudgery could be avoided until after construction of snow forts and snowball warfare.

This, however, was a risky business, with considerable downside consequences that became even more severe when Miss Addy became our fourth-grade teacher. Miss Addy, a quite matronly schoolmarm, had little tolerance for those who did not take homework assignments seriously, particularly miscreants of the male gender. Tommy and I discovered this in December 1951, sev-

eral days before our scheduled Christmas recess. All of Philadelphia was in a festive and charitable spirit—all except Miss Addy, whose unyielding approach to her duties took no holidays, but plenty of prisoners.

But I get ahead of myself. Let us return to Sunday evening, December 22, 1951, when we find Tommy O'Conner and me exiting Sam's Confectionery at the corner of Duval and McCallum Streets. Tommy has just purchased a box of candy cigarettes, the kind with the realistic looking red tips that came in a box with a camel on the front designed to look like the real thing. We each took one from the box and dangled it from our lips as we walked by Patty Miller's home, hoping that she would be watching from her bedroom window and would be impressed by our Humphrey Bogart poses. But as we walked by her home and glanced upward, there was a sight far more exciting than the image of Patty clasping her heart and sighing. For hanging over her roof was a big silvery moon enshrouded with a marvelous ring that meant only one thing. Patty Miller be damned. "IT'S GONNA SNOW!" we both yelled simultaneously, followed by another excited exclamation as our ten-year-old reasoning clicked in: "NO SCHOOL TOMORROW!" And since there was just a half day of school on Christmas Eve, most assuredly they would forget about bringing us back until after the New Year.

Unmentioned was the matter of Miss Addy's homework assignment that was due next morning. Like all red-blooded males in our class (Homer Davis being the effete exception), Tommy and I had not even begun to think about it. Now, with a ring around the moon and snow assuredly on the way, homework was the least of our concerns.

That evening, true to our prediction, it started snowing by six, slowly at first, but by seven there was a dusting on the ground. By eight it was swirling down at a

good clip, and when I crawled under the quilts in my attic bedroom at nine, the streets were covered—nothing to worry about, just wake up in the morning and go forth into wintertime’s frivolity, with two weeks of vacation to follow.

But then came morning, with heavy rain pelting the gutters outside my window. What had been a Currier and Ives style winter scene the night before had turned into brownish slush mixed with uncollected leaves and twigs. The thought of the unfinished homework assignment suddenly jolted me back to reality. Part of Miss Addy’s approach to reining in our free spirits was her requirement that any homework malefactor had to confess, in writing, his reason for disregarding her directive. I knew that Tommy, with his innate ability to prevaricate in the most critical circumstances, would be up to the task. But this was a new experience for me. I did, however, recall that Betty Smith, who was generally acknowledged as the teacher’s pet, was successful with claims of mysterious ailments. And so, before leaving for school that morning, I carefully penned my note:

Dear Miss Addy,

All weekend long I have had a very bad stomachache. But I am feeling much better now, thank you very much.

Have a very merry Christmas.

Your devoted student,

Peter

On the way to school I caught up to Tommy. He wasn’t happy either and asked me how “schnauzer” was spelled. Almost immediately I realized what Tommy was up to. Miss Addy’s greatest affection in life was her pet bulldog named “Mugsy,” and she often spent time telling the class about all the cute things Mugsy had done.

As soon as we got to school Tommy carefully penned *his* note:

Dear Miss Addy,

On Friday my aunt’s pet schnauzer died. I am very sad and have been crying all weekend. I hope Mugsy never dies.

Love,

Tommy

Both my note and Tommy’s were placed in the basket on Miss Addy’s desk. But Miss Addy’s perverse pedagogical scheme had no place for Christmas spirit, and it was not long before she tore up the notes and wrote our names in the “after school” box in the corner of the blackboard.

That, dear readers, is the sad yet true story of the Christmas dreams of two fourth-grade students that were melted by Philadelphia weather.

So please don’t ask me if it will snow in Lumberton this Christmas. I suppose that, as the song suggests, we might dream of such an event, but I would caution you to do your homework lest it all turn to slush.

—Pete McCord

I’LL BE WATCHING A LOT OF HOCKEY

Kathy Riley

As a participant, my sports career is extremely limited. In school, I was never very skilled and only accepted on teams that needed to lengthen the bench. After a few attempts to play on high school teams, I was relegated to manager and reporter who wrote up the games for local newspapers. I learned to score basketball and softball, earned ten cents an inch from *The Daily Hampshire Gazette*, and met a few cute boys who were scoring for their schools’ girls’ teams.

Meanwhile, I was slowly being turned into an enthusiastic spectator by my older brother, who was intrigued by the backstories of teams, the more arcane the better:

Antioch College's losing streak in football, Canadian football rules, the Broad Street Bullies—everything was grist to the mill. When I took him to a club rugby match in Baltimore, Allen had figured out the scoring by half time, something I never achieved in years of dating rugby players. When we were vacationing in London one summer, he followed cricket at Lord's Cricket Ground on our grainy black and white TV set and carried on a conversation with a British friend of our father's who took us out to lunch and was a cricket aficionado. Watching Allen, I learned that sports could be a powerful tool in social intercourse. For many years, I would wait until someone revealed interest in a team and then ask a question about (a) a controversial call in a recent game, (b) a debatable draft choice, or (c) a new team in a league that seemed a ridiculous choice (hockey in Florida?). Many an evening was enlivened by these set pieces.

Little by little, however, I became really interested in one sport—hockey, specifically NHL hockey. In the golden days of ESPN, I could watch games and listen to the commentary. The airwaves were full of who had defected from the USSR, raced sled dogs, overcome non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. The exhaustive coverage demanded by sports networks churned out amazing stories. Knowing about the players made them more human. My son Gavin became a New York Rangers fan in 1993, and I was sucked into the vortex. We learned the Canadian national anthem as we watched the Rangers struggle and fail to make it to the playoffs that year.

Hockey fans know what came next—1994, the year the curse was lifted. The Rangers had won the fewest Stanley Cups since the trophy became the *de facto* symbol of the winner of the NHL in 1926, and last secured it in 1940. Fifty-four long years later, they defeated the Vancouver Canucks

3-2 in Madison Square Garden, in a final round that went to seven games. It was legendary, awesome, unbelievable. And I was officially a hockey fan.

Gavin grew up and left home, but I continued to follow hockey. I noticed that attending games was a great stress reliever; outside the rink, there were problems personal and global, but inside, I submerged myself in the moment. It was catharsis, plain and simple, the spontaneous outpouring of powerful feelings, and when it was over, I felt better, ready to go on with whatever the morrow would bring. It was escapism.

Gradually, my need to escape reality waned, the price of hockey tickets increased, and games were carried on networks to which I did not subscribe. From 2008 to 2016, the world was often difficult and dangerous, but I felt relatively safe and on the right track. As of December 2016, I no longer feel confident that my country is on the right track. I will move forward and face the challenges, but I know where to flee when feeling overwhelmed. I will return to the land of professional hockey, where I can vent over terrible refereeing, bad goalie choices, and foolish penalties, working out frustrations in an environment that does not threaten my existence, returning refreshed to a reality that certainly can.

HAND-MADE WREATHS GRACED HOLIDAYS

text and photo by Joyce Linda Sichel

It was like Santa's workshop for two days in the Lumberton Community Center. Under the instructions of Debbie Lux, our award-winning horticulturist, Leas residents (25%) and community folks (75%) were making holiday wreaths. Part of this year's Pathways program, these classes were so popular in past years that they

were again easily filled. Many in attendance were old hands at the skill, having participated before. The story is told of two women who signed up for both morning and afternoon classes last year.

The large airy room was suffused with the scents of evergreen boughs which Debbie herself had cut during the five previous days so that everything was fresh and very green. There were also many trimmings on hand, including berries, raffia, beads, toy birds, puffy bows and cinnamon sticks.



First Debbie demonstrated the use of a circular wire frame as a base, trimming with pruners, bundling fir boughs with wire and attaching them to the frame in overlapping layers until the whole circle was complete. Then she added other greens with

glue guns to create accents and ornamentation to the makers' tastes.

Beautiful wreaths from these classes graced many homes and contributed to good holiday spirits again this year.

**WELCOME TO OUR NEW
ASSOCIATE EDITOR**

We are happy to announce that Doris Kahley will be joining *The Chronicle* in January. Doris has extensive experience teaching English and will be a valuable, enthusiastic addition to our staff.

Be sure to include her in future correspondence with the editors:

<d.kahley@verizon.net>

VISITING THE FLIGHT 93 MEMORIAL
text and photos by Herb Heineman

We'd talked for years about visiting this site, because we know people with whom we can stay in Johnstown, PA. From there it's less than an hour's drive.

Unlike its sister memorials in New York City and Arlington, VA, the Flight 93 Memorial is in the countryside, insulated by distance from the sights and sounds of city life. Somerset County, PA, is largely farmland, with an overall population density of only 70 per square mile, compared to 557 for Burlington County, NJ, and 66,940 for Manhattan (*Wikipedia* data).

This tranquil setting was not the planners' choice; it was where the airliner crashed—well short of its intended target, thanks to the heroic action of its passengers and crew. All of them, of course, were killed instantly by the impact, which also set fire to an adjacent hemlock grove.

A large boulder, visible from a distance but not accessible to visitors, marks the spot where the plane hit.

I was surprised at my gut reaction to this place. From the Visitor



The boulder

Center with its detailed description of each individual victim and the minute-by-minute timeline right up to the end; to the symbolic representation of the hemlocks engraved in walkway, wall, and window; to the alignment of overlook, Wall of Names, and bold-er—hundreds of feet apart—all directly under the flight path; to the forty groves each with forty trees planted in honor of the forty

victims; even to the coincidental view of a distant wind farm, whose turbines can con-



Foreground: memorial grove trees (1600 in all); distance: wind farm

jure up images of airliners in the prepared mind; and by no means least, to the serene landscape in which one can meditate upon events still fresh in the minds of all who live in our community; I found the experience deeply moving.



View from the Visitor Center overlook, directly under the flight path, through the Wall of Names to the boulder marking the impact site.

Visitors who do not want to drive all the way can take the Amtrak *Pennsylvanian* to Johnstown (a picturesque ride west of Harrisburg, including the famous Horseshoe Curve) and rent a car there.

ART GALLERY NEWS

text and photo by Joyce Linda Sichel

As is our custom each December, the Philadelphia Calligraphers' Society provides a show of "beautiful writing." The Society was founded in 1976 by a group of calligraphers including our resident retired calligrapher and teacher of calligraphy, Harry Forrest. Many of the members reside in South Jersey and it is they whose work we are fortunate to have on our walls this month.

Maureen Peters is the informal head of the New Jersey artists, having given us a four-session class both last year and this year in the autumn. She also leads a workshop (open to those who have gone through the class) on the first Saturday of each month in the Linden Room on the Medford campus. It is free of charge and offers the opportunity to create many unusual projects.

On our Main Gallery walls this year they have an outstanding selection of work. Besides the lettering in many different styles, illustration is part of many of the pieces. Maureen told us that calligraphers may work on many drafts before the final product. She and Harry Forrest, who was attending their reception on December 6, also discussed the problem of preventing or correcting errors.

We hope that many of you will have paused to admire some of their framed works as you headed back and forth near the Theater. Here is a photo of a work from



the exhibit, "Joy," by Veti Vasilon of Marlton.

Coming to the Main Gallery for January and February is an artist new to us, Jay Taylor. A retired dentist, Dr. Taylor has had the time to pursue his art avocation. His paintings are quite varied, including landscapes and foreign scenes, still lifes, portraits, and animals. A reception to inaugurate his exhibit will take place on January 3 from 3:00 until 4:30 p.m. outside the Theater.

The resident artists will continue to show their work on the Lumberton campus and on the walls of the Art Studio Gallery in January.

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

Barbara Zimmerman

Happy Hour will be open in the Lounge (Willow Room) on Tuesday, January 17, from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m., and will then continue on most Tuesdays and Thursdays at the same times.

This is a new concept to allow residents from both campuses to gather before dinner to socialize. It is run by residents. Medford Leas will provide ice and plastic glasses. We bring our own snacks and drinks of our choosing.

Please keep the following in mind:

- Bring mixed cocktails in a container.
- Or bring wine or beer.
- Exit the lounge by 5:30.
- Wear your nametag.
- Following Happy Hour, wine and beer are permitted in the Colonial Dining Room.
- No alcoholic drinks are permitted in the Garden Dining Room.

It may be helpful to make a dinner reservation for 5:30 or after. However, if you've forgotten, there will be a sign-up sheet in the Lounge for a Friendly Table.

Other members of the "Happy Hour Committee" are Judy Austermler, Sonia Carr, George Rubin, Catherine and John Sommi, Jim Smith, and Marilyn Thomas.

Enjoy our new Happiest Hour!

TENNIS, ANYONE?

Vince Menzel

Tennis players from both campuses have been playing on the Lumberton campus courts since May. But with the colder weather here now, play has moved indoors.

Arrowhead Tennis Club in Medford has again confirmed our special arrangements, offering residents the opportunity to play regularly at the club without having to pay membership or guest fees, but only a court-time charge. Arrowhead is located on Nelson Drive in Medford near Spotts Hardware and Garden Center. Specific playing arrangements will be the same as last season—playing doubles from 1:00 to 2:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday each week from November through April. Players can sign up for one or more days.

Fun and exercise are the goals, while also providing players from both campuses the opportunity to become better acquainted with each other. So whether you have never played tennis, or played years ago, you'll be welcomed. Many of us never played until moving to Medford Leas, so feel free to give it a try. There's absolutely no pressure, but in addition to seeing good shots, be prepared for quite a few errant shots due to ever-present human error. If you need to borrow a racket to see if tennis is something you might enjoy, I am sure we can find an extra one for you to use.

So, if you are interested in possibly playing indoors, please contact Vince Menzel at 609-947-4886 or Lefty Alderfer at 609-267-7317 for more information and scheduling details.



THE BENSON FORD HOUSE

The “Benson Ford” was originally a cargo ship owned by the Ford motor company, decommissioned in 1981.

Frank J. Sullivan tried unsuccessfully to turn it into a hotel in 1992. He eventually auctioned it to Jerry and Bryan Kaspar, who converted it into a four-deck, 7,000 square foot vacation home perched on a cliff above Put-in-Bay, Ohio.



The ship’s forecastle was removed and positioned with its bow extending out over Lake Erie for a water-going effect. It was



modernized and includes five bedrooms, four bathrooms, a captain’s office, living room, garage, game room, bar, and state-of-the-art kitchen.



Built in 1924 to transport coal and iron ore across the American lakes, the boat was also used by Henry Ford. He designed walnut-paneled staterooms, dining room, galley, and passenger lounge for his personal use while on board. Thomas Edison was a guest in these elegant quarters, and much of the beauty was retained during renovation.



Visitors need a head for heights if they look out over the bow of the boat, and see the water way down below.

Videographer Nick James, who conducts tours of the home, said, “The most incredible part is standing at the helm with the way the boat hangs over the cliff. It actually feels like you are out on the open water. I love the history that remains around the Benson Ford. In the parlor, you can just imagine Thomas Edison and Henry Ford sitting there puffing on their cigars. When you’re there, it feels as though you are stepping back in time, and that those two famed gentlemen could appear at any moment.”

CHESS, ANYONE?

Herb Heineman

Chess is a sedentary “sport.” It exercises only the brain and requires only about a square foot of space. In the proper setting, snacks and libations are within easy reach.

If anyone out there would like to spend an occasional, or even regular, evening in this pleasurable activity, please email me at hsheineman@gmail.com or call 518-8906.

A THANK YOU
Marilyn Immendorf

The Crossroads Program thanks all the residents for their generous response to their appeal for gifts. The Program’s mission



Some of the gifts

is to empower homeless, abandoned, abused, or otherwise at-risk youth to lead healthy productive lives. Their needs are great. They are very appreciative of our gifts.

A \$ SAVING IDEA
The Editors

Thank you to those who have elected to receive *The Lumberton Campus Chronicle* by electronic transmission. Since the cost of print copy has increased, readers can help us stay within budget by enlarging our electronic mailing list even further. Just email any one of the editors with your request.

PICKUP DATES—JANUARY

Recycling: January 2, 16, 30
Trash: January 4, 10, 18, 24, 31
Bulk trash: January 4

Thinker's Corner



Cartoons

This month’s cartoon:



Write your caption, **and please submit it with or without your name to box 128:**

“ _____ ”

Last month’s cartoon:



Last month's captions:

"Here's your bill. For a small additional charge we can have it framed for you."

"You see, printed on both sides, and we pass the savings on to you!"

"This is the contract. Just sign at the bottom, and we'll make a copy for you to read."

Christmas Quiz

Which hugely popular 1950s Christmas song was initially banned because it supposedly mixed sex and Christmas?

Which U.S. state in 1907 was the last to declare Christmas a legal holiday?

The USA's official National Christmas Tree is in which National Park?

Christmas Island is a territory of which country?

In what country is Christmas known as *Bada Din* (the big day)?

In which country is it said that malicious goblins called *Kallikantzoroi* play troublesome pranks at Christmas?

From which country does the poinsettia plant originate?

Which country gave away twenty million scented stickers in 2004, to make Christmas cards smell like fir trees, cinammon, gingerbread, or honey wax?

Nadolig llawen means Merry Christmas in which language?

The song "White Christmas" was first performed in which 1942 film?

What date is Saint Stephen's Day?

Who is officially credited as the author of "Auld Lang Syne"?

What are the names of the three wise men said to have brought gifts to the baby Jesus?

What is the chemical formula of snow?

Brandy is made by distilling what?

What is the duration of the winter solstice?

Last Month's Quiz

What color are many church domes in Russia? *Gold.*

In which Spanish city did the Joan Miró Museum open in 1975? *Barcelona.*

Which Italian artist painted "The Birth of Venus"? *Sandro Botticelli.*

Who was the original author of "Dracula"? *Bram Stoker.*

In which city is the famous "Manneken Pis" fountain? *Brussels.*

Who is the inventor of photography? *Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre.*

Who painted the "Mona Lisa"? *Leonardo da Vinci.*

Which famous French engineer designed two bridges for the city of Porto, Portugal? *Alexandre Gustave Eiffel.*

In which city did Romeo and Juliet live? *Verona.*

In which city can you see Michelangelo's "David"? *Florence.*

Who painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel? *Michelangelo.*

In which country was the famous painter El Greco born? *Greece.*

In which city is the composer Frédéric Chopin buried? *Paris.*

A Photo from Lynn's Friends



Eight Christmas gifts

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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, January 13. All residents and other interested parties are encouraged to contribute.

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

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