



# Medford Leas **LIFE**

VOL.XXXI, No. 8

OCTOBER 2003

## EMPLOYEE SCHOLARSHIPS AT RECORD HIGH

by Kay Cooley

In the recent economic downturn, funding for many programs has been cut. But not in the employee scholarship program at Medford Leas, where employee scholarship awards for 2003-2004 reached a new high of nearly \$130,000. Of this amount, \$43,259 was awarded to 18 employees pursuing studies in the field of nursing, \$83,661 to 96 employees seeking General Education grants, and \$2,500 to the winner of the Lois Forrest Scholarship. All scholarship monies come from funds started and grown by residents.

To be eligible, applicants must complete at least one year of employment and 300 hours of service. Scholarships have enabled staff to advance their careers in the nursing profession. **Peggy Bamberger**, a member of the Health Center staff who keeps an eye on Woolman ground floor and third floor Haddon residents, first got her CNA (certified nursing assistant) certificate and now is pursuing her RN diploma. She could not do this, she says, without scholarship assistance. **Peggy Eipper**, who works on John Woolman, travels weekly to the Fox Chase School for Geriatric Nursing in Philadelphia, where, one course at a time, she is getting her BA in Nursing from St. Francis University.

General Education grants are financed from a fund established by residents years ago and replenished annually by Thrift Shop contributions. This year, the committee donated \$32,857 to the fund, an amount smaller than in the past two years (when two residents bequeathed fine art and furniture to be sold for Thrift Shop profit), but nonetheless significant for the high level of ordinary sales it represents.

Nursing Scholarship and General Education grants are made by joint committees of the Estaugh Board and residents, supported by an appropriate manager. The Lois Forrest Scholarship, however, is managed by a committee appointed by the MLRA president and supported by the Director of Human Resources. It is funded by contributions made at the time of her retirement by residents to honor the former Executive Director of Medford Leas, Lois Forrest. Applicants must submit academic transcripts, a recommendation, a record of honors and community service, and an essay outlining their educational goals and the reasons why they merit the scholarship. This year, 21 employees submitted applications, among which several stood out, making the choice difficult. **Joe Boiler**, a full-time member of Environmental Services, won the award. Joe has worked at Medford Leas since 2001 and plans to use the award to finance a bachelor's degree in elementary education at Rutgers University.

## 2003 FLOWER SHOW

by Maggie Woodard

As always, the crowd's reaction to this year's Flower Show on September 9 and 10 was: "It's the best yet!" There were over 125 entries in two categories - Design and Horticulture (several people made more than one entry). Residents (including those in Assisted Living) and staff participated. Nine men were represented. There were also three special, non-competitive exhibits by groups (Child Day Care, Landscaping and Burlington County Master Gardeners), a dramatic design by Shirley Somers, National Garden Clubs Accredited Judge, and seven educational exhibits by residents. Ribbons (Best of Show, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th place) were awarded to all contributors to the Design and Horticultural Divisions. The judges wrote comments and suggestions about many of the Design entries.

For the first time in recent memory, a miniature, in the "Nature's Jewels" class, won the Best of Show ribbon in the Design Division. **Joan McKeon's** tiny, exquisite arrangement contained seven different kinds of flowers. **Becky Monego** won the Best of Show ribbon in the Horticulture Division for her Boston Fern. Thirty-two blue ribbons (first prize) were awarded in the Design Division and nine in the Horticulture Division. Several people won more than one blue ribbon. Blue Ribbon winners were: **Evert Bartholomew, Bea Chawla, Gil Goering, Peggy Goering, Mary Hansen, Nan Hanslowe, Dottie Kriebel, Chris Maiorano, Joan McKeon, Becky Monego, Lenny Oman, Liliane Reynolds, Alyn Rickett, Lois Rickett, Elmer Rowley, Ellen Stimler, Dorothy Tillman, James Wasson, Fran Webb, Jane Weston, and Ellen Wiener.**

Best of Show to **Lois Rickett, Shirley Somers, and Kate Haupt** who made this beautiful show possible!



## NOVEMBER ELECTION

by Ellen Stimler

Candidates for state and local offices are on the ballot of the election on November 4. The polling place is right here at Medford Leas, in the Activities Room from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Residents who would be voting here for the first time must make sure that they are registered to vote in Burlington County and have received an official registration card from the Burlington County Board of Elections. Registration forms and applications for absentee ballots can be obtained at the front desk. All new residents will find a registration form in the left-hand pocket of their Residents Handbook.

The deadline for receipt of registrations for the November 4 election is 29 days prior to Election Day, which would make it October 6. Last-minute registration forms must be dropped off at the Burlington County Clerk's Office on the first floor of the Court House in Mt. Holly. As to mailed-in absentee ballots, they must be received seven working days prior to November 4 in the County Clerk's Office, but they can be picked up, filled out, and filed in person until 3 p.m. on Election Day. They are also available on the Web, call the County Clerk for details at 265-5122. Any new registrant who has not received a registration card should call the Board of Elections at 265-5062.

The candidates for the NJ Senate are Martha W. Bark (R.) and Thomas J. Price (D.); for the Assembly Francis L. Bodine and Larry Chatzidakis (R.) and Donald Hartman and Kenneth Solarz (D.). There are additional contests for Medford Township Council.



## BAGS BY ANNE

by Margaret Melstrom

Have you seen the smart, bright handbags in white, beige, or black that residents recently have been carrying? They are handmade by **Anne Barbey** as a contribution to her church, the Orthodox Church of the Holy Cross, which is under construction on Wilkins Station Road.

The handbags—and tote bags—are made from the plastic Acme, Murphy's, and ShopRite bags in which groceries are packed. Anne cuts the grocery bags into long, narrow strips, a tedious job. Then she crochets the strips into bags the size and color which the customer has ordered. The small handbags require 22 grocery bags and take about five hours of Anne's time. The large tote bags take about 44 plastic bags and take twice as much time. Purchasers make out their checks directly to the church. The small size are \$5 and the totes are \$10 (or more if the customer wants to add a donation).

The store manager at Acme was so impressed when he saw a group of customers admiring Anne's handiwork that he gave her a good supply of plastic bags for her project. Other grocery bags are given to Anne by friends and neighbors.

The new church building should be finished in mid-October. Later there will be an Open House for the public. But Anne may continue her bag making as a church contribution.



Anne Barbey

photo by Margery Rubin

## REPORT FROM CDC

by Kitty Katzell

The Conceptual Design Committee (CDC) is working on plans for the future of Medford Leas 30+ years from now. That is a complicated task. So what do we know at this point? It seems certain that no construction will start this year, and, when it does start, it will be a while before it's done. Beyond that, what can I say for sure?

I feel quite certain that in whatever design CDC proposes to the Estaugh, there will be no Independent Living Units (ILUs) in the woods and the new Health Center won't be in the meadow. Beyond that, CDC members seem to agree that social model Assisted Living facilities will be constructed in Haddon and Woolman, and that some will be one-room units, but most will be two rooms, so that moving to Assisted Living will be an attractive alternative when it's needed. Estaugh will be used for other purposes than at present, but what will go there is still under consideration.

With Haddon, Woolman, and Estaugh to be renovated, and I think we're agreed that they must be, there has to be a place to move those who now live there. That suggests that the new medical building must be built before those buildings are renovated. If that is so, where will the money come from to pay for that construction? Two likely sources would seem to be some new ILUs and a loan. If we build and sell new ILUs, it would reduce the size of the loan and the amount to be repaid.

Putting all this together, there seem likely to be four stages:

1. Build and sell some ILUs and borrow the additional money needed for construction.
2. Build the medical complex, so people can be moved there from the areas to be renovated.
3. Renovate Haddon, Woolman, and Estaugh for other uses.
4. Eventually build a Fitness/Aquatics center.

To me, this looks like where we may be heading, but I am only one of 21 people on CDC.

## Our Tropical Garden

by Maggie Woodard

Do you want relief from the oppressive, dreary weather? Take a walk by the lush tropical garden alongside the Estaugh building near the main parking area. **Debbie Lux**, Landscaping Department, filled this once-barren area with flowers, plants, and shrubs. She planted seeds, cuttings, seedlings, and transplanted shrubs. Everything flourished, aided by abundant rainfall, the sunny location, and the protection of glass panels. No voles invaded.

Debbie wanted quick coverage, low maintenance, and lots of color and chose plantings accordingly. The castor bean plants are an exotic, atypical variety. Tall, with large dark green leaves, magenta-colored stems and beans, they are unusually colorful. The seeds were given to Medford Leas by the Master Gardener Coordinator of the Rutgers University trial garden. The Mexican sunflower (*Tithonia*) is colorful, grows tall, and attracts butterflies. There are also butterfly bushes, hydrangea shrubs, and balsam, a tall old-fashioned flower.

There are several varieties of gourds. Gourds grow fast, have huge green leaves, and root as they grow along the ground. Residents have fun every day trying to spot new gourds, which are partially hidden by the leaves. The most common gourds are yellow. Apple gourds, which are unusual, look like watermelons and can be found in the far corner near the Pinetum. The Medford Leas library has two books about gourds.

Debbie says the children in the Child Care Center could have fun with gourds, once they have dried, making them into birdhouses or just painting them. And the gourds can be cut and decorated while they are still growing.

The evergreens that once grew in the area created drainage problems and had to be removed over a year ago. **Bill Murphy**, Director of Operations, says that permanent plans for the area are being developed and will be announced

soon. The huge clay pots will stay; they were donated by one of the contractors who works here.

\*\*\*\*\*

## NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY

by Becky Monego

### Fiction

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| Babel, I.     | <i>Collected Stories</i>                         |
| Ebershoff, D. | <i>Pasadena</i> (p)                              |
| Graham, L.    | <i>The Future Homemakers of America</i>          |
| Grimes, M.    | <i>Foul Matter</i>                               |
| Roberts, N.   | <i>Private Scandals</i> (p)                      |
| Rowling, J.K. | <i>Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix</i> |

### Mystery

- |                     |                                 |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| Brown, D.           | <i>Angels and Demons</i> (p)    |
| Coulter, C.         | <i>Blindside</i>                |
| Evanovich, J.       | <i>To the Nines</i>             |
| George, E.          | <i>A Place of Hiding</i>        |
| Kellerman, Faye     | <i>Street Dreams</i>            |
| Kellerman, Jonathan | <i>Dr. Death</i>                |
| Kellerman, Jonathan | <i>Cold Heart</i>               |
| Lowell, E.          | <i>Die in Plain Sight</i>       |
| McNab, A.           | <i>Liberation Day</i>           |
| Mosley, W.          | <i>Fear Itself</i>              |
| Patterson, J.       | <i>The Lake House</i>           |
| Redfern, E.         | <i>The Music of the Spheres</i> |

### Biography

- |                    |  |
|--------------------|--|
| Berg, A.S.         | <i>Kate Remembered</i> (Hepburn)                     |
| Clinton, H.        | <i>Living History</i>                                |
| Dallek, R.         | <i>An Unfinished Life</i> (JFK)                      |
| Isaacson, W.       | <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>                             |
| Lerner, G.         | <i>Fireweed</i>                                      |
| Wenzel & Binkowski | <i>More than Petticoats: Remarkable NJ Women</i> (p) |

### Non-Fiction

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| 523.12 Bryson, B.     | <i>A Short History of Nearly Everything</i> |
| 622 Greene, M.F.      | <i>Last Man Out</i> (p)                     |
| 795.4 Hillenbrand, L. | <i>Seabiscuit</i>                           |

## MEET OUR NONAGENARIANS

By Dorothy Tillman

Looking at Esther Woodward, nothing would lead you to believe that she is 93. The only concession she makes to advancing age is that she walks slowly. But walk she does. When offered a lift home at 10 o'clock after a night of duplicate bridge, she would often decline politely. "The walk is good for me," she'd say.

As we all know, every year gets a little harder. So, you've reached 93, what do you do? Take a lot of naps, let people wait on you? After all you've done your part, let someone else take care of the world.

Not if you're Esther Woodward you don't!

She has spent summers on Cape Cod since she was two years old. So, what's to stop her now? True, she can, and still does, canoe on the Rancocas – but there are 91 years of memories on the Cape for her to relive. So if you didn't see her around this summer, just remember she was at the Cape – probably in a canoe somewhere.

She does allow one of her six grandchildren to drive her to the Cape. She did pass the recently offered driving test, but it's a long drive and she is much too wise to push it further.

After graduating from Bryn Mawr, she taught school for a couple of years until she met and married Bob Woodward. She raised three children in Westfield, N J, and was active in the Girl Scouts, the PTA, and the League of Women Voters. She and Bob shared a love of the outdoors and spent many vacations canoe-camping in the Adirondacks and Maine.

Politics has always been an interest of hers and the experience she had certainly was a help to her when she served five years in charge of the Great Decisions program at Medford Leas. She participates in all the Medford Leas Forums and she is usually that white-haired lady who makes such interesting comments.

Evidently, she has good genes. Her mother lived to 101 and she has a sister aged 91 living in Kendal. However, it is also apparent that her athletic life helped make her the active woman she is today.

As a young woman she had been an active member of an ice skating group. She has snorkled at St. John's, VI, Cinnamon Bay campsite and Caneel Bay in the Caribbean – most recently last year when she was only 92! These days one of her grandchildren helps her get into the water and then she's off, marveling at the wonderful sea life.

She takes care of her garden, square dances weekly, plays a mean game of bridge, and if you aren't feeling well, she's the one who calls and asks if you need anything from the store.

So, how is life at 93? "It's good," she says, her blue eyes shining, her newly permed hair bobbing. "It's very good."



Esther Woodward

photo by Dorothy Tillman

## RESIDENTS CAUGHT IN BLACKOUT

*Ed. Note: Two of our residents were stranded in the Great Blackout of August 14, 2003, **George Rubin** in New York City and **Ellen Wiener** in the Detroit area. Both are sharing their experiences with us in the separate reports printed below:*

### BLACKOUT IN NEW YORK CITY

by George Rubin

After watching the Brooklyn Cyclones play baseball at the Keyspan Stadium in Coney Island on August 14, my friend Matt and I boarded the subway for the ride back to Manhattan and Matt's apartment on Roosevelt Island.

The elevated train had only gone one stop when it came to a dead halt. It was about 4:15 in the afternoon. "I'm sorry to report the third rail has gone dead," came a voice over the loudspeaker, followed by, "The entire line is out, we will come by to manually open the car doors and let you people out." Matt and I stood at the station. An MTA supervisor informed us, "All the trains are out and the city has been totally blacked out." Was this another terrorist attack on New York City?

We went down to the street level, police cars raced by, sirens going, announcing, "This is an emergency, there is a city-wide blackout, please stay calm." Calm? The street was filled with people not knowing where to go or how to get home. Stores, shops, and restaurants were dark inside. We decided it was either go back and sleep on the beach at Coney Island or find a way to get back to Manhattan. We looked for a taxi, forget it. We tried, on one serviceable phone to call a limo service. No luck. We spotted a limo stopped at a corner and spoke to the Korean driver. He wasn't taking riders, but directed us to a limo service four blocks away. At the limo service office we were joined by a middle-aged Italian woman trying to get home to Queens. The driver at the limo service agreed to take us into Queens. He was a young Sikh from the Punjab. It was very hot, but to

conserve gas he turned off the air conditioning. He knew there was no place he could get gas with all the stations closed. For over two hours we dodged other cars and people walking, especially along the sides of most of the expressways. With no traffic lights working, volunteers were directing traffic at busy street corners. At the Queens side of the bridge to Roosevelt Island, we got out and joined the large crowd of hot, tired people walking over the bridge. People were sitting out on the streets, along the curbs or in chairs. Volunteers were handing out ice water to everyone. It was getting late, so it was time for the seven-story climb up the stairs in my friend's darkened apartment house, led by someone with a flashlight. Dinner was by candlelight. Trying to call home was impossibility as neither cell phones nor regular phones worked. Before going to bed that night I looked at the dark silhouette of New York against the night sky.

Next morning, I woke up to a repeat of the day before. There were no phones, no electricity, and no water in the building. All of us brushed our teeth with one cup of water. On the street below, the local restaurant owner had brought in a truckload of food, and was serving breakfast to the people on the street. There were long lines to get a bag of ice and bottled water. Now it was time to try to get back to Medford Leas. On my cell phone I was able to call a car service. The Mayor of New York had said on our battery-operated radio that the Port Authority bus terminal was open. So back we went over the 59<sup>th</sup> Street Bridge, with traffic lights still out and people still walking. Well, the Mayor was wrong; the bus terminal was closed tight with squads of police guarding the entrances. Buses were spread on all the side streets around the terminal. Thousands of people filled the streets, searching for a bus to take them to some destination. I found Greyhound when someone yelled out, "Bus to Mt. Laurel, Camden, Philadelphia." A mob of people ran to the bus, but I was able to get on. As the bus eventually pulled out, I looked out at what looked like a refugee center after a war.

So...when you ask, "Where was I during the blackout of '03?" I was part of the great multitude of those suffering from the heat and inconvenience during this quiet chaos. I was also part of watching people helping other people.

## BLACKOUT IN DETROIT

by Ellen Wiener

On the afternoon of August 14, my son Bill and I returned from an excursion to his newly acquired home in Clinton Township, Michigan, at 3:30 PM and turned on the air conditioner and washing machine. At 4:12 PM the lights went out. Thinking it was a local power outage, we sat it out until we started to get hungry. There was no food in his new home! Everything was still in packing boxes, so out we went to get dinner. The car radio told us the whole story, a blackout covering New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Detroit, and parts of Canada. Traffic was a mess—no traffic lights—so home we went to spend a dirty, hungry, hot night in the dark. No electricity means no water to those of us who grew up on well water. We discovered there was water the next morning, but were told to conserve it and boil it. Hard to do on an electric stove with no electricity.

My younger son, Michael, lives in Clarkston, Michigan, 40 minutes north of Detroit. Luckily we knew his cell number because he had no regular phone service, no water, and no electricity, but he did have food and a gas grill. People were unbelievably nice and cooperative on busy streets with no traffic lights. After a grilled lunch, we hopped into the pool. It felt great to be fed and somewhat clean! Hurray! At 4 PM the lights came on, but everyone was asked to conserve or they would go off again. So we did not turn on the air conditioners, we did not shower, and at 8 PM everything came to a standstill once more. My grandchildren were devastated, being children of the electric generation. Another hot, dirty night.

After a breakfast of sausage and toast cooked on a gas grill, the lights came back on for good. We all took showers. It felt so good to be clean and cool. I don't think any of us will forget that we

were reluctant participants in the blackout of 2003. It was quite a memorable trip to Detroit to visit children and grandchildren.

## WHO'S NEW

**Margery (Midge) Phillips Dixon**, Rushmore 637, grew up in Morristown, NJ, attended Cedar Crest College in Allentown, PA, and then worked as a legal secretary until her marriage. Her husband, Eldon, was initially employed in a family business but later went into banking. The couple lived in Chatham, NJ, and Midge was a busy homemaker and volunteer while raising two sons and a daughter. Midge became an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. **Betty Wakeley** was a close friend and neighbor who eventually introduced Midge to Medford Leas, and the Dixons also were friends with **Sam and Louise Howarth** during the Chatham years.

When Eldon retired in 1976, the Dixons began a new lifestyle, spending time on their new 37-foot ketch, skiing, and sports car rallying. In 1993 they moved to Hilton Head, SC, where they played golf and bridge. Midge volunteered at a free health clinic, a local thrift shop, and at the Symphony League. Eldon passed away in January 1997.

One of Midge's sons lives close by in Medford, and she has five grandchildren. In addition to walking her Lhasa apso "Jinji," she plans to be involved in the opportunities offered at Medford Leas.

by Ellen Stimler

## NEW BIRD LIST

Using records of bird sightings collected over the last ten years, the Bird Club has issued a new list, covering about 150 species seen or heard on our campus. If you are interested and want a list for your permanent record, copies can be obtained at the main desk.

## CARMELITA'S CALLING

by George Rubin

There are many stories of residents doing volunteer activities outside of Medford Leas. This is one of them.

In Southern New Jersey and the Philadelphia area there are over 30,000 Filipino Americans. Two of them are **Jingkie Aseron** (we know her as **Carmelita**) and her husband **Reynaldo (Rey) Aseron**. They live at Lumberton Leas, having moved there from Marlton in 2001. Carmelita is well known to the residents of Medford Leas as the PNC bank teller who is always willing to help residents with their banking needs. She has also been observed feeding dog biscuits to "Bessie," a resident basset hound. Rey is a retired physician.

What residents may not know about them is their activities with the Filipino community. They have been the active guiding force in the establishment of the Southern New Jersey Filipino Community Center in Stratford, NJ. In the past two years, this center, with over 100 members, has been providing lectures and seminars for senior citizens to help them cope with their various needs. Carmelita, the past president of the center, said, "We are also very involved with Filipino high school students, providing them with scholarships." The center has a library that is a resource for teaching young people about their language and culture. Carmelita also spoke about the choir that performs locally, especially around Christmas time. The Filipino organizations at the Community Center also hold golf tournaments and dinner dances as fund raisers. Carmelita emphasized that, "Even though the center is only two years old, it has already provided a multitude of services to Filipinos in Southern NJ."

Carmelita and Rey have been totally committed to helping the Southern New Jersey Filipino community for over fifteen years. Carmelita seems to have boundless energy and enthusiasm. Beside her bank job and keeping in touch with her two grown daughters, she has a cooking show on cable TV and is active in her

church. As Carmelita expressed it, "The work Rey and I have done for the Filipino community, culminating in the establishment of the Community Center, has been one of the most fulfilling and rewarding efforts of our lives." This is one couple who believe that they can make a difference.



Carmelita and Rey Aseron

photo by Margery Rubin

## ART GALLERY NEWS

by Helen L. Vukasin

The South Jersey Camera Club that meets regularly at Medford Leas will have a Members' Exhibition in the Medford Leas Art Gallery during the month of October. Although the exhibit is opening on October 6, the reception will be on October 21, the regular meeting night.

The Medford Leas Resident Photographers Exhibit continues at Lumberton Leas. It is getting down to the wire for the resident artists' and photographers' exhibits next to the Fitness Center at Medford Leas. A new show will be going up in November or early December.

## SPORTS FACILITIES

by Floss Brudon

The Fitness Committee is concerned that the playing areas are not being used by more of our residents. That includes croquet, shuffleboard, the putting green, ping-pong, and billiards.

One or more residents are needed to take charge of each of those activities to spark interest and show residents that it's fun to participate. Each of those sports provides a pleasant opportunity for physical activity as well as socialization

There is a very real danger that the sport areas will be used for other purposes if residents don't make more use of them for their intended purposes, and it would be a shame if that were to happen.

So, if you would be willing to help, contact anyone on the MLRA Fitness Committee, or the Committee chair, **Floss Brudon**, at 3187. Thank you.

## WHO'S NEW

**Frances White Baumgartner**, Apt.168, is a familiar face to many former Moorestown residents, who saw her when she was supervisor of the circulation desk at the Moorestown Library for 19 years. Fran was friendly with **Joan McKeon**, the Children's Librarian, who is a resident of Medford Leas and through whom she was attracted here.

Fran grew up in Teaneck and attended Catholic grammar school and the public high school there. Summers were spent in the family cottage on Lake Hopatcong. That's where she met her future husband, Walter, who used to come in for a snack at the ice cream parlor where Fran had a summer job. After their marriage, they settled in Randolph, NJ. Walter was a supervisor at ATT and Fran worked for a bank until her first child was born. Walter died in a tragic accident, and Fran had to go it alone to raise and educate five girls aged 12 to 23 and a son in college.

It was during this critical period when Fran got the Moorestown job and later moved to an adult community where she was on the board of trustees and deeply involved in the affairs of the complex. Because of this experience she feels she has interests and skills that would be useful at Medford Leas and in other volunteer organizations.

by Katharine Church

## ART AND MUSIC AT MEDFORD LEAS

by Gertrude Marshall

We are fortunate at Medford Leas to have residents with considerable talents in the arts, and many of them generously share their gifts with the rest of us through exhibits or performances.

On Monday, August 25, our chamber music pianists, **Mary Fenimore** and **Tamara Kosteljanetz**, gave a four-hands program of "light classics." Dances by composers from Brahms, Dvorak, and Moszkowski to Arthur Benjamin, Roger Quilter, and Rachmaninoff. A good-sized audience turned up on relatively short notice to enjoy this recital by our talented pianists.

Two days later, on August 27, there was an exhibit of the creations of **Dorothy Pierce**, who has won many prizes and awards from local arts organizations. Many other resident artists regularly exhibit their paintings and photographs on the walls of the walkways leading from the Fitness Center to the Child Care Center and the Pool, as well as in the art gallery at Lumberton Leas. Dorothy's special exhibit in the Activities Room featured a dozen or so paintings and many pieces in clay as well as papier-mâché, all displayed tastefully on small tables. There was a figure (a Buddha?) covered entirely in gold leaf; a flat plaque with a drawing of a spider in its web; a cracked bowl with figures inside representing scenes in Central Park; and a small globe of the world held between two hands. The viewers enjoyed the many art forms, some of which were explained by the artist. Her cartoons and poems also attracted attention. Who believes that August is a dead month at Medford Leas?

## MY BROTHER GEORGE

by Grace Spicer Stewart

George knew he had only a few weeks to live. The oncologist said, "You are full of enthusiasm. What is your secret of a long life?" George grinned. "Faith in God, interest in everything, and a liking for people. I eat right and exercise," he laughed, "and good genetics!"

George was the second oldest of nine children. I was the "baby" of the family. We grew up in Philadelphia during the Great Depression. My parents lost everything when the banks failed. My father lost his bricklaying job. Franklin Delano Roosevelt saved our lives with "Welfare." I remember we got a grocery order once a week, and each got an egg! The electricity was turned off for non-payment. My mother used a wood stove and baked the most wonderful bread. She washed on a board and ironed with a "sad" iron. My father kept a record of what Welfare gave us, and when he was working again, paid back every cent.

Those were wonderful days. We had a piano, a guitar, and a violin. We grew up blessed by not having a radio or television. Our recreation? Music, reading, made-up story telling by my sister Ellen, where every ending was a happy one. We learned three dictionary words a day. We shared these while doing the dishes. My mother said, "Faith in God and an education, and you can overcome the world." She read us stories about Abraham Lincoln. "If Abraham Lincoln could do it, so can you." "Honesty, integrity, education, character, hard work, study, and each day do something nice for somebody else."

### EDUCATION IS THE KEY

George made us all study and aim for college. "Get a scholarship and work your own way," he would say. He was an Eagle Scout and got a scholarship to Penn State. He waited tables. He hitchhiked there and back.

My brother Ted was next to get a scholarship to Penn State. He became head of the Fuel Technology Department, a professor, inventor, and later advisor to presidents on the uses of coal and coal waste products. One sister became a hat designer. All four

boys went to Penn State. Three of us girls became nurses, and all of us continued on to universities. Why? George, of course. He would say, "The one who knows how will get the job. The one who knows how and WHY will be the boss. Education is the new aristocracy in the United States. Study. Do your best. Keep going!"

George was a landscape architect and worked for the N.Y. Housing Authority until his retirement. If he found someone had carved up "his" trees, he would have plants with spikes grown up around them.

He lost his wife early. They had no children, so he "adopted" his nieces and nephews, and great-nieces and -nephews.

His passion was his garden, where he spent hours each day. He gave away marshmallow and other plants. He exhibited changeable gold bugs found on his morning glories. Some he sent to my grandson and some he exhibited at the front desk.

Well read, current with the news and world events, George kept me posted and we had lively discussions. To others he spoke of coupons and "bargains."

### SHOPPING AND GIVING AWAY

"Why," I asked him, "do you spend so much time, going store to store, only to give most away?"

"Look," he explained, "I can no longer travel much. I just do the best I can with what I have. It's fun to share with others."

George always bought more of what he needed and shared his surplus with residents in his court and other friends. In return, they often gave George something he needed or didn't have. **Ann Hibshman** arranged birthday parties; **Lily Tamarin** gave him homemade soup; **Joan McElhinney** copied his stories and made them into a booklet; **Helen Bliss** included George in family gatherings; **Jack and Irmgard Allen** took him to their country club for golf and dinners; **Beaver Abramson** played with him on the putting green and set up an annual Memorial Golf Competition in his honor.

**Vince Pecoraro**, a good friend who fixed George's car in exchange for his goodies, summed it up this way: "There was more to George than most people knew, much more than coupons or bargains. He was sincere, religious, generous, reserved. He was my friend."

One thing has become certain after residents spoke of him. George gave because it gave him pleasure and it was fun to shop. In response, his little acts of kindness set up a chain reaction, giving him back a cup full and running over.

Before he died, he instructed me to give his belongings and money to the poor. He sold his antique Pacer and told me to give a big reception for the residents and staff of Medford Leas. "Medford Leas is my family," he told me. He wrote his own obituary, including these words:

"A very enjoyable retirement in Medford Leas for seven years, seven months. After 94 years I am going to be with the Lord."

"Why do you want to mention Medford Leas," I asked. He grinned, "Good advertising."

And gladly did he live, and gladly die, and he laid himself down with a smile.

## WHO'S NEW

Although **Rona Keilin** lives on the outer perimeter of Medford Leas at #12 New Freedom Road, she already feels part of the main campus community because of her close associations with the New York Yearly Meeting and the New Brunswick and Plainfield Friends Meetings, where she met **John and Miriam Brush, George and Margery Rubin, "Shammy," Grace Schaffel, Sally Miller, and Barbara Heizman.**

Rona grew up in the Bronx and Manhattan and went to New York City public schools. Her college plans were interrupted by marriage and the birth of two children. The marriage ended in

divorce. After resuming her education, Rona graduated from Douglass College with a degree in psychology. While studying for her degree she also worked part-time as program director for the NJ Friends Center in New Brunswick. Later she held a variety of positions with the NJ Department of Labor and then worked with the New York Yearly Meeting for three years until 1999.

Rona has traveled to many parts of the world, Gardening is still a major interest. She has a cat and a Kerry Blue terrier to keep her company. Her two children have given her five grandchildren

by Ellen Stimler



## WHO'S NEW

**Alfred H. Rudrauff**, Apt 103, grew up in Jenkintown, PA. He graduated from Penn State with a degree in metallurgy in 1939. In the following 18 years he was employed at Bethlehem Steel in Baltimore, General Motors in Trenton, and Atlantic Refining in Philadelphia. From 1959 to 1975 he worked at RCA in Camden and Moorestown as a metallurgical engineer in the Electronics Products Division on Ballistic Missile Early Warning Systems (to intercept missiles from Russia).

Alfred and his wife, a pianist, were married for 47 years until her death in 1988; they lived in Medford Lakes since 1955. He has a daughter who lives in Abington, PA, a grandchild and five great-grandchildren ages 2 to 14 whom he sees about once a month. Alfred's present interests are photography, music, and pinochle which he plays with two groups in Medford Lakes. He is also a companion to a friend in Medford whom he visits every evening and on weekends.

by Margaret Melstrom

## INVITATIONS TO LUMBERTON LEAS

by Maggie Heineman

**Forum: October 9.** The Lumberton Leas Forum Committee requests your company at an exceptional forum in which you will hear the story of a true patriot, **Ernest Kaufman**. After the Second World War, Ernest and **Mina** bought a run-down South Jersey poultry farm which they developed into a large, integrated, modern business. In April 2001, when the Kaufmans were ready for retirement, they moved from New Egypt to Lumberton Leas.

Ernest's talk will cover his journey as one of about 1200 unaccompanied Jewish children and youth who came to the U.S. from Nazi Germany and then his return to Germany during World War II as an officer in the U.S. Military Intelligence Service.

Ernest has given his talk to various military and veterans' groups and we are extremely pleased that he is now bringing it to a Medford Leas audience--Thursday, October 9 at 7:30 in the Lumberton Leas Community Center. October 1 a sign-up sheet for carpooling to the forum will appear at the front desk. Please sign up if you can offer a ride or if you need one.

**Dinner Party: October 21, 22.** The Lumberton Leas Social Activities Committee requests your company at an Italian Dinner. The dinner will be held twice, Tuesday the 21<sup>st</sup> and Wednesday the 22<sup>nd</sup> at 6 PM. The cost is \$14.00. Each evening there will be room for 10 residents from other campuses. If you live at Medford Leas or Woolman Commons and would like to attend either evening, please call Maggie Heineman. 518-8906.

\*\*\*\*\*

### IN MEMORIAM

Fred L. Greenley

August 17

## ARE YOU A ROMEO?

by Bob Minter

No, not like Shakespeare's legendary lover. A ROMEO (Retired Old Men Eating Out) Club meets weekdays, 9-10 am, in the Medford Leas Coffee Shop. These men are lovers of conversation, good fellowship, local anecdotes, and good humor. The oldest member, **Bill Dyer**, enjoyed this for many years before the ROMEO name was adopted. The group met in the local Medport Diner before moving to Medford Leas when Dyer joined our community.

The name ROMEO originated with John "Lefty" Caulfield. Following World War II, he met with returning veterans who had grown up with him in Kerry Corner, a 10-block, largely Roman Catholic, working-class neighborhood in Cambridge, MA. On weekday mornings they went to a local bar and grill called Charlie's Kitchen. A good description of that beginning is in a section of Tom Brokaw's book, *The Greatest Generation*.

Later, Jeff McNelly featured the ROMEO Club in his syndicated comic strip, "Shoe." This gave the idea wide publicity, and now many morning breakfast groups nationwide have adopted the name. The Medford group, now at Medford Leas, picked up the name when a member, **Reece Haines**, remembered John McNelly having been his classmate at Rutgers just before the war. Inquiry revealed that Jeff McNelly was John's son. After that, the Medford group became a ROMEO club.

Currently the Medford Leas ROMEOs include Leas residents and local members. One member who lives far away comes when he is in the area. All who want to give the ROMEO experience a try will be welcomed.



## LIFE WITH A SWISS ARMY KNIFE

by Maggie Woodard

Thirty years ago, a Swiss army knife saved the day for us. Because our son was to be married in the then "dry" state of Tennessee, we had arranged for wine to be driven there privately. Early in the evening of the rehearsal dinner, which we were hosting, Chuck suggested to the head waitress that the wine be opened to let it "breathe." He was informed that there was no corkscrew! Fortunately, the bride-to-be's sister offered her Swiss army knife; Chuck opened all 24 bottles with it.

In a more dangerous situation, **Allyn Rickett** found his Swiss army knife invaluable. Trapped with **Lois** in their RV after it rolled over into a ditch, and unable to release their seat-belts, Rick reached into his pocket for his knife and cut them both loose.

Rick had another, less dangerous but still anxiety provoking, episode with his knife when he and Lois were flying out of Philadelphia to join a cruise tour. They checked their luggage, then went to the inspection gate. An old Swiss army knife was discovered in his carry-on bag. This one had an advantage over his newer one--it contained a corkscrew. The attendant suggested he go back to the check-in counter and request that the knife be placed in his luggage. Rick asked Lois for his boarding pass and ran back to the airline check-in counter. His request was quickly granted but his identity was questioned because the pass read "Lois Rickett." The airline insisted that one of their employees accompany him back to the inspection gate. Lois was waiting there with his boarding pass, so he proceeded through, only to have bells start ringing. After a careful inspection, he was allowed to go through the gate. By then, however, he was so rattled that he forgot to pick up his car keys and cash after he emerged. Only when he was on the ocean liner did he realize he had left his keys behind. Although they checked at the airport Lost and Found on their return, his keys were never found. Fortunately Lois had her keys with her.

Before embarking on another trip, the Ricketts were informed that Russia requires a clear passport page (no multiple stampings). Told he could get additional blank passport pages at the Mount Holly County Clerk's office, Rick went there but had to check his Swiss army knife at the Court House door. New security regulations are now in effect everywhere.

When asked if he still carried his knife with him at all times, he replied, "Of course!"

## NEW SEASON FOR CHORAL GROUPS

by Ellen Stimler

The Leas Singers and the Madrigals resumed their practice sessions in September and are probably preparing new programs for our enjoyment during the coming holiday season. They welcome newcomers who like to sing. There are no auditions or other requirements to join.

Both groups meet on Wednesdays at 11 a.m. in the Third Floor Haddon Lounge. The Madrigals practice on the first and third Wednesday of the month, the Leas Singers on the second and fourth Wednesday. To join the Singers, please call their leader, **Marion Burk**, at 267-9222.

**Nan Hanslowe** is taking over the direction of the Madrigals this year and is developing an interesting repertoire for her first season. Choral conducting was part of her musical education at North Texas University. During her musical career she was director of the Senior Citizens Chorus in Ithaca, NY, conducted a church choir for 18 years, and led an ecumenical choir in Vienna during advanced studies there. To find out more about the Madrigals, call Nan at 3296.

Another new addition to the singing groups this year is **Nan Allen**, who is taking over as music librarian. She will be responsible for having the right number of scores available for the songs selected for each session.

## NEW IN THE LARGE PRINT LIBRARY

by Muriel H. Bedell

### Fiction

Allen, M. C., ed.	<i>Favorite Love Stories</i>
Flagg, F.	<i>Standing in the Rainbow</i>
Graham, J.	<i>Firebird</i>
Grayson, E.	<i>The Fountain</i>
Grayson, E.	<i>Waterloo Station</i>
Lindsay, J.	<i>The Magic of You</i>
Mitchard, J.	<i>The Most Wanted</i>
Patterson & Gross	<i>The Jester</i>
Patterson, R. N.	<i>Dark Lady</i>
Quindlen, A.	<i>Blessings</i>
Robbins, H.	<i>Raiders</i>
Roberts, N.	<i>Birthright</i>
Smith, C.	<i>Friends for Life</i>
Sparks, N.	<i>The Guardian</i>
Sparks, N.	<i>A Walk to Remember</i>
Steel, D.	<i>Answered Prayers</i>
Steel, D.	<i>Vanished</i>
Steel, D.	<i>Wings</i>

### Mystery

Martini, S.	<i>Undue Influence</i>
Tapply, W. G.	<i>Dead Winter</i>

### Non-Fiction

Webster	<i>Webster's New Large-Print Dictionary</i>
---------	---

### Biography

Delany Sisters	<i>Having Our Say</i>
----------------	-----------------------

## OWLS IN DISPLAY CASE

by Hana Stranska

Owls, from the collection of Lumberton Leas residents **Milton** and **Marjorie Zimmerman**, are to occupy the Atrium display case from the end of September through Halloween. As usual, **Cynthia Mott** has organized and **Todd Butler** has displayed an eye-catching subject. The birds are mounted on birch-bark-simulated stands and come in a variety of shapes, sizes, and materials (e.g. marble, wood, ceramics, metal, crystal).

There are owl candles, owl jars, a bell with an owl painted on it, and a framed picture of an owl. As you look at the display, owls' eyes, large or small,

will seem to look at *you*. Some are stylized, such as the huge-eyed charcoal grey owl; some are more natural looking. And not to forget, Bridlington resident **Nancy Martin** has contributed her "Charles Addams Haunted House" replica, complete with appropriate objects, including a noose just waiting for an evildoer to be hanged. Happy Halloween!



## NEWS FROM WOOLMAN COMMONS

by Kay Cooley

At Woolman Commons there were several departures and returns during August. While some community members got no farther than the John Woolman wing at Medford Leas, others journeyed to Holland, Ontario, and Seattle. Meanwhile, those at home who had gardens spent time trying to outfox predators. On our campus it was squirrels who decided they had first dibs on the produce growing not only in garden plots but also in window boxes on decks. They even stripped the greens from a Japanese lilac growing past a second-story balcony, which served as their launching pad.

Since most of our communal activities were suspended during the summer, it was a pleasure to gather at Charlie Brown's on Labor Day for a community luncheon. Neither the drizzle nor the humidity could dampen spirits as summer experiences were shared. Now we look forward to the fall's activities under the leadership of our new coordinator, **Toby Riley**.

On gold-fringed tapestry  
of autumn locust  
we rest at dawn and wait the fall  
that leaves stark twigs  
to winter's bruising.

S.J.B.

### WHAT'S IN A FIRST NAME?

by Gertrude Marshall

Nearly ten years ago, in May 1994, MEDFORD LEAS LIFE published a brief article by **Dorothy Houck** on the frequency of women's given names at Medford Leas. She called it EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK or GREAT THOUGHTS IN THE SMALL HOURS. Recently, **Frances Werrell** had the same nocturnal inspiration, but including both men's and women's names. Here follow some of the results:

	1994	2003
Elizabeth	22	24
Mary	21	22
Dorothy	18	12
Margaret	15	19
Catherine & Katherine	under 15	18
Barbara	-0-	15
Ann & Anne	-0-	15

Not much change is shown here, except the rise of Barbara and Ann/Anne, and the slide downward of Dorothy, from 18 to 12. The men, not mentioned in 1994, are at present: John, 23; Robert, 15; and William, 11. Mildly interesting? Thought provoking for sleepless hours? Perhaps!

### EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

July's Employee of the Month is **Judy Bush**, of Child Day Care, whose special attributes make her an ideal person to work with children. She is conscientious and caring, with a generous and giving nature. In addition, because she has had much experience in the theater, she is always an enthusiastic contributor to the Holiday Show.

Congratulations, Judy, and many thanks for your good work at Medford Leas.

### CRYPTOGRAM

by Russell Hill

Here is the solution to the September Cryptogram:

AFTER SUMMER EVERMORE SUCCEEDS  
BARREN WINTER WITH HIS WRATHFUL  
NIPPING COLD.

Those who solved the cryptogram correctly are:

**C. Kenneth Anderson, Miriam K. Angle, Joan Bellman, Ruth Blattenberger, Mort Bregman, Dick and Liz Dill, Lorretta Elkin, Herb Heineman, Barbara Heizman, Jane Hunter, Euseba and Warren Kamensky, Helen Peterson, Betty Preston, Doris Salati, Nickie Stevenson, Ellen Stimler, Hana Stranska, Ellen Wiener, John and Marie Winton, and Gladys Wynkoop.**

Here is the October Cryptogram:

**NJBZ FBCCPB CBVHBR-DGHC,  
BVH CEAPZJC XL RBDHBVGT,  
BVH BRXJ-DBRRC,  
CTJBAJH KPEN HGRR VBAH.**

Please put the answers in Box 45 by October 10.

## **MEDFORD LEAS LIFE**

Ex Officio: Kitty Katzell, MLRA President; Barbara Britten, MLRA Sponsor

Editorial Staff: Ellen Stimler, Senior Editor; Kitty Katzell, Consultant; Kay Cooley, Margaret Melstrom, Gertrude Marshall, George Rubin, Dorothy Tillman, Maggie Woodard.

Proofreaders: The editorial staff, Herb Heineman, Arabelle Pennypacker, Florence Sawyer.

Secretary: Doris Curley

Business Manager: Gene Raup

Production: Maggie Heineman, Production Manager; Kay Cooley and Doris Curley, Assistants

Distributors: Berenice Finkelstone, "Pete" Johnson, Mary Lou Mullen, Mary Toda, Ginette Weld

Recorder: Florence Sawyer

Medford Leas Life is published monthly, September through June, by the Medford Leas Residents Association. Copies are distributed to all residents and to those on the waiting list. Subscriptions are available to others at \$7.50 per 10-issue volume by writing to Medford Leas Life 144 Medford Leas, Medford, NJ 08055. Medford Leas can be reached by phone at (609) 654-3000; by FAX at (609) 654-7894; on the World Web at [www.medfordleas.org](http://www.medfordleas.org). The e-mail address is [information@medleas.org](mailto:information@medleas.org). When using FAX or e-mail, specify the name of the person to receive the message.

**Deadline for submissions: 10<sup>th</sup> of the month preceding publication**

