



On line monthly magazine and editorials



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Photography by David Clark in The Arts

Thyme for the Millennium (All about herbs) by Susan Johnson in Columns

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Driven to Distraction by Susan Johnson

Bathing is about the only thing we don't do in our cars these days.

A Valentine for my Mother

Photography

From the January Issue:



Havasupai by Susan Johnson

At the precipice overlooking the vast arid valley below, a young Havasupai girl stands with her face lifted to the sky. Blades of hair, black as wisps of night, stream behind her, lifted by warm desert winds sweeping thousands of feet up sculptured sandstone walls. Her inscrutable face gives no hint of the oasis hidden a dozen miles away.



Hale Chatfield, Poet March 26, 1936 to November 23, 2000 by M. H. Perry

Alfred North Whitehead said, "The habit of art is the habit of enjoying vivid values." Chatfield had the habit of enjoying vivid values. In his poetry, we see someone who is so in love with life, that the ever present reality that that life must end makes experiences all the more intense.

From the December Issue:

Election 2000 by Marien Helz

Natural Born Killers by Susan Johnson

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Editorials



On line monthly magazine and editorials

Word Worth Cover

Greetings

Letters to the Editor

Everyday Linguistics

by
Marien Helz

Businesses have known for quite some time that language arts are important for them and have urged colleges to teach more humanities courses as a result. The expediency of good usage, however, is of such importance that companies may benefit from initiating their own language arts instruction so as not to turn away clients, at worst, or make themselves laughing stocks, at least.

Everyone I know has some language usage that they can't stand. This is true even of people who like to flaunt either poor or taboo usage. Some people get bent out of shape by almost any substandard usage; others hate taboo words; still others have idiosyncratic distastes. My eleventh grade teacher, for example, couldn't stand to hear someone use the phrase, "a couple of," to mean "a few of." For Miss Curling a couple always denoted a pair of people, one of each gender. She was extreme.

The extreme, however, isn't a matter of a pendulum action which goes in either direction. The movement goes from center, people who have only a few irritations, to one side, those who can't tolerate any other than formal usage.

As for me, I tend to find plenty of charm in dialects and different forms, but there are still particular misusages that affect me like fingernails on a blackboard. One is the misuse of the word "opened." You see it all the time: signs on a store that read, "Open." This is an elliptical usage, meaning "We are opened" or

"The store is opened." The word is a past participle; in a sentence, it requires something called a helping or auxiliary verb. No one ever puts up a sign reading, "Close." The word "closed" is always used correctly in its past participle form, so why not "opened." The two words have the same number of letters, so a case cannot be made citing brevity.

Another example is that of people saying something like, "I'm really good at this, aren't I?" Why don't they just say, "I are really good at this, aren't I?" It would be preferable because at least they'd be consistent. The problem comes from the need English speakers feel that they have to use contractions--which have a long and honorable history in the language. It was decided several centuries ago, however, that the existing contraction for "I," which was "ain't," was no longer allowable. As a result, kids like to say, "Ain't ain't in the dictionary." As a matter of fact, "ain't" is in every dictionary I ever looked in, and during Shakespeare's time using it was correct. It is used often in his works by the nobility and the educated. The problem is that when it is used correctly, it can only be used with the first person. Correctly used, it was a contraction for "I am not." One could never correctly say "it ain't" anymore than one could say "it am not."

Since latter day self appointed grammar police decided that "ain't" can't be used, we still need a contraction for "Am I not?" I propose (and use) "Am't I?"

A different word that has been misused and, in fact, misconed, is the use of the word "chiropractic" as a noun. The "ic" suffix is a morpheme in English which designates a word as an adjective. Even people who don't know that a morpheme is a linguistic term for the smallest unit of meaning recognize morphemes in usage. Furthermore, even people who don't know what nouns and adjectives are, and don't want to ever know in their entire lives, correctly assign the appropriate suffix for the syntax. No dentist would ever put a sign in front of his office reading

"Dental" because they all know that the "al" suffix like the "ic" suffix makes a word an adjective. So the dentist will either have the sign read, "Dental Office" or "Dentistry." The "ry" suffix designates the word as a noun. When chiropractors use the term as a noun, they should be using "chiropractry." Using "chiropractic" incorrectly is jarring even to people who don't think about why they find it jarring. It makes chiropractors sound illiterate and is probably a big part of the reason that the field has historically had such trouble being taken seriously.

Businesses ought to be particularly concerned with ensuring that their employees (at least the ones dealing with the public) are well versed in knowledge of commonly used words of which the misuse marks them as illiterate. For example, they all should use the words "lie" and "lay" or "sit" and "set" correctly. Since the word "whom" is falling out of usage, it can easily be avoided except in the most formal context. It must never, however, be used incorrectly as it was recently in a national ad for a top computer selling company which read, "Whomever you are, ..."

Any educated person should know the difference between "famous" and "notorious." My choice example of misuse of that term was when an airline representative was quoted in a news article explaining that certain first class seats were reserved for the "President of the United States and other notorious people." It would have been generous to have been able to credit that to being a facetious political comment, but the context made it apparent that it wasn't: the speaker clearly didn't know that notorious means well known for bad reasons.

My all time favorite misuse, however, occurred when I phoned a company regarding an erroneous letter they sent me stating that I had made late payments. The supervisor to whom I was referred first told me that she couldn't send me a letter correcting the error because that was a matter of credit. Since my credit record was the whole point, I told her to look on the records that would be on her computer to verify that every one of

my payments had been made on time. After doing that, she stated that she could in fact send me a letter verifying that the statement about late payments had been sent to me erroneously. This generated a full twenty second pause in the conversation as I tried to imagine what such a thing might entail. I'm still expecting to receive a Congressional medal of honor for not erupting in earth shaking laughter that would have measured at least a 7.2 on the Richter Scale.

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Greetings



On line monthly magazine and editorials

Word Worth Cover

Up

Welcome to the Word Worth on line magazine site

Word Worth is a monthly magazine with [Editorials](#), and [Columns](#) on such subjects as xeriscaping, travel, archeology, and many others, and poetry, novellas, and photography in the [Arts](#) section.

The opinions presented are those of the individual writers, and not necessarily those of Word Worth. We do not plan to shy away from some controversial subjects, but we will do so respectfully and rationally. In one of his relatively more recent concerts, Arlo Guthrie said that over the years he had made friends that he might not have expected to make initially. He concluded that there are two kinds of people: those who care and those who don't. He came to realize that you can find both of those kinds on every side of every issue. We concur with that sentiment, and hope to present ideas in the spirit of enlightened searching.

Our [Letters to the Editor](#) page began with the second issue and will continue from then. Please [write](#) to us with your thoughts.

Letters to the Editor



On line monthly magazine and editorials

Word Worth Cover

Up

Personal to A&E: May the sun shine in your hearts, and the spring of a May morning be in every step you take. May those steps lead you to enhance each other and fulfill all your talents in lives together richly blessed. All of Word Worth sends love and blessings.

Personal to TMS: Happy Birthday April 9

Send a letter to the editor or a personal message.

Write to the Editor

Columns

On line monthly magazine and editorials

Word Worth Cover

GREAT LAKES RACING

by
Susan Johnson*All photographs are courtesy of Jim Tepas and are used by permission.*

Southwest winds heat the August night, sending whitecaps to pound Lake Erie's coastline. Warm air filling her sails, *Kintama* flies down a moonlit runway, ten tons of sleekness slicing through swells with an effortless hiss. Built for elegance as much as speed, the 44-foot cruiser-racer needs only fingertips on her helm to do her skipper's bidding. Spellbound by our senses, every one of them pleased, six of us ride silently, travelling fast and smooth toward midnight.



ON YOUR MARK

While sailing can be all about the pleasure of cruising on a warm summer night, it can also be about lining up on the starting line with dozens of other boats. For sailors who have a need for speed combined with intense competition, Western New York offers fanatics all they can handle. With Lakes Erie and Ontario less than an hour's drive from almost anywhere in our area, mid-week races, weekend regattas (a larger series of races) and long distance special events draw boats and their crews in large numbers.

Boasting one of the biggest evening fleets in the U.S., the Buffalo Harbor Sailing Club (BHSC) and its fifteen week summer racing series attracts over 100 boats, each with three to ten crew, on Wednesday nights.

"The BHSC recognized that even people who love to sail have other things going on in their life on weekends," said Don Finkle of RCR Yachts in Youngstown. "So, the organizers carved out this time during the week for people to race and it's really taken off. They've kept it simple and inexpensive and people love it."

Using the Performance Handicap Racing Formula (PHRF) system (similar to a golf handicap) the series allows boats of all sizes and enthusiasts of all abilities to race against one another equitably. The races begin at 6:00 p.m. and usually follow a 5-6 mile triangular course. Dedicated race officials time each boat, apply the handicap, and come up with a computed result rather than an actual time. Participants can check their scores on the internet the next morning.

Many women compete on Wednesday nights and they also have their own series on Tuesday evenings. Begun over twenty years ago, the Women's Division requires each boat to have a female skipper and a crew whose majority is female. The series allows newcomers to participate in a nurturing environment and regularly fields nearly 20 boats and over 100 crew. "I want any woman in Buffalo who wants to race to have a place on a boat," said Ardrey Manning, coordinator of the series for the past three years.

Mrs. Manning is also responsible for the Junior Racing series that she founded in 1997, for the 9 to 17-year-old boys and girls. "We've worked hard to promote the youth series because it has to compete with soccer and lots of other sports. We have five boats now and close to twenty crew."

The Buffalo Canoe Club (BCC) in Point Abino, Ontario has its own Tuesday night series where the Lightnings, Lasers and 420s race. Often referred to as day-sailors, this class of boat is 19 feet long and sailed by a crew of one to three people. Many of the area's best sailors learned to race in Lightnings before advancing to the World Championships and Olympic trials. Following one-design rules, which means that boats are all of a similar measurement and capability, the boats race head to head on a straight in-and-out or



windward-leeward course.

On Thursdays, the BHSC and the BCC hold a joint handicap competition off Point Abino. Similar to the Wednesday night competition, this series offers sailors the chance to race in a different area of the lake.

BORN TO SAIL

Jody Swanson says another reason for the high degree of local interest is due to the climate. "It's a short season here and when it comes, we're so excited. In places where you can sail year-round, people aren't as psyched as we are." Winner of the 1989 Rolex Women's Regatta and an Olympic campaigner in 1992 and 1996; Miss Swanson grew up in a sailing family and has raced off the coasts of nearly every continent. Even with that kind of experience, she's far from bored on the Great Lakes.

"We're pretty spoiled here. The conditions on Lake Erie are challenging because they're always changing," said Miss Swanson whose specialties are Lightnings and J24s, "but it's the competition that really makes you focus. If you counted them up, you'd find we have a lot more world champions than other places."

Joining Miss Swanson in the ranks of Buffalo's sailing luminaries is Tom Allen Jr. who seems genetically predestined to sail and to win. His maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Smithers, were two of Buffalo's racing legends. His father, Tom Allen, Sr., was the first sailor inducted into Buffalo's Sports Hall of Fame, the founder of Allen Boat Company, and holds countless titles including World and North American Championships. His mother, Ann, is an avidly sought crewmember and also serves as a coordinator for the Tuesday night races at the Buffalo Canoe Club.

"One of the great natural advantages and resources of Buffalo's waterfront is its accessibility and its layout," said Mr. Allen, a North American, European and Canadian championship titleholder himself. "No matter where you work or keep your boat, you can be at the starting line by 5:30 or quarter to six. How many other cities can say that? Toronto has lots more boats than we do but if you try to drive anywhere at 5:00 p.m., forget it. It's gridlock."

Jim Whistler is another sailor born to the sport. "I was one of thirteen children and my Dad had a 68-foot sailboat," said Mr. Whistler. "We spent all our free time on the boat. With that many kids," he added, "it was a very cost-effective form of recreation." President of WholeSail Yachting Products, he sells boat-related hardware across the Northeast from Minnesota to Chesapeake Bay.

"The level of competition in Buffalo breeds great sailors," said Mr. Whistler who has raced all over the globe. "Locally, we have racers who are as good or better than anywhere else in the world.

Mr. Whistler's experiences in Buffalo and abroad confirm his belief that sailing remains a Corinthian sport. "It's honor without question. To give you one example, I was invited to crew in Key West's Grand Prix Regatta where you compete against the very best sailors -they're aggressive with finely honed skills," said Mr. Whistler. "Our boat was going 22 knots, as fast as I've ever sailed, when we rolled. The boat behind us came over the crest of the wave, saw us, and deliberately rolled themselves to avoid killing us. We dropped out of the race and they continued on."



While some local sailors grew up on a boat, others made the connection later in life. "In 1982, one of my clients invited me to crew for him on the Wednesday night races," said Mike Sendor, past commodore of BHSC.

"The first time I went out, it was a beautiful night, light winds, a hundred other boats. I enjoyed it but I wasn't addicted. Five races later, I was hooked." To prove the point, within a year he married his wife Sandi under full sail in the Buffalo Harbor with fifteen other sailboats and a committee boat at their side.

ANOTHER GREAT LAKE

Lake Ontario has its own claim to fame. Youngstown Yacht Club's Level Regatta is considered one of the top ten in the United States. Attracting as many as 464 boats from all over the U. S. and Canada,

this three-day late-July event draws hundreds of competitors and thousands of spectators to its head to head races.

Mr. Finkle, founder of the Level in 1974, says the success of the event is no secret. "It's due to the effort and hospitality of 500 hard-working volunteers in conjunction with support and investment by the yacht club. Plus, Youngstown is a beautiful little village that hasn't changed much in the past 50 years. You can walk everywhere. It's a regular event on many people's calendar because they love to come here and they know they'll see their friends."

Growing up in a family that sailed; Mr. Finkle was racing small boats before he was ten years old. His early out of town racing experiences made him realize that there was more to a regatta than the races. "When we went to other cities, after the race everybody went home. We were left just sitting there. So, at the Level we made sure that there was a nice social atmosphere with bands and music and comfortable places to congregate."

The Youngstown Yacht Club also runs mid-week racing jointly with Canada's Niagara-on-the-Lake Sailing Club. Holding Wednesday night races near Fort Niagara, midway between the two countries, the series includes one-design fleets as well as several divisions using the handicap system. One-designs include Sharks, C & C 29s, and a separate course for J22s. Tuesday nights find the Catalina 22s and 25s out on the racecourse. Closer to shore, Lasers and 420s take to the water on Thursdays.

For those who want more time on the water, there are long distance events. This year, the Lake Ontario 300 Challenge begins at the Oakville, Ontario pier, goes east to Port Credit and then south to the Youngstown, New York buoy. The boats then race the length of Lake Ontario to Main Duck Island at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. After rounding the island, the boats race back to Youngstown and the finish line in Oakville, a minimum of 300 nautical miles and, depending on the wind and weather, possibly many miles more than that. (A nautical mile is 15% farther than a mile.)

"It was a memorable race," said Dick Aubrecht who entered *Kintama*, a 1980 custom C & C, in the 1997 Challenge with his son, Christian. "Going out, the wind blew about 20 knots out of the south so we had a

spinnaker up all night, just flying across Lake Ontario. Coming back was upwind so we switched to a Genoa. Then, the wind got *really* light. Anytime you're racing in light air, it takes a tremendous amount of patience and concentration. In a long distance race, it's even harder. The critical time is the final 10%, and that's when you've been racing for two days with maybe a couple of hours of sleep."

Originally, the long-distance fresh-water race limited crew to two people per boat (double-handed), making the Challenge a test of endurance. In 1998, the race added a division for fully crewed yachts.

Much of the popularity of Buffalo's sailing has to do with a love of being on the water but there's more. "What I think is fascinating about sailing is that it's an ageless sport," said Miss Swanson, "and your size doesn't matter....a small girl can sail against a 200 pound guy. In a sport like track and field you only have a small window of time when you can be great. In sailing, the limitations are far less than most other sports."

"Racing sailboats is an equalizer," agreed Dr. Aubrecht. "It's a sport of skill and strategy rather than size and strength. It focuses your mind because it demands your full attention all the time you're racing."

Whether someone has a yen to sail on Lake Erie or Lake Ontario, in a small boat bought for a song or a big boat with sails that cost more than some houses, there's a race being held and a group of organizers in Western New York who encourage everyone to join in.

Sea Fever is a not-for-profit program for Buffalo's inner city children at risk. Founded by Mr. Whistler in 1994 in conjunction with RCR Yachts, Buffalo State College, Clarkson Center, and Buffalo Yacht Club, the program has two locations. One branch, located at the Small Boat Harbor, teaches the children to swim and sail. The other teaches hands-on boat building at Buffalo State College. With facilities and transportation donated by the Niagara Frontier Transportation authority and additional support from the United Way and the American Red Cross, YMCA and Buffalo State College, Sea Fever will offer over 150 children the opportunity to participate this year.

For further information on BHSC's racing series, see their website at www.sailbhsc.org
Other good sailing websites include: www.ussailing.com www.erieinterclub.com
www.sailfree.com www.buffalocc.on.ca

Arts



On line monthly magazine and editorials

Word Worth Cover

FATHER HEART

by Banwell Goddard

PREFACE

My great-grandfather's memoirs are typed on old thin paper. Frayed and discolored, the sheets are difficult to read. The words, however, are riveting as they are about our family. One's curiosity overcomes the obstacles. Reading the memoirs conjures dream-like images of the past while solving puzzles of the present. It's interesting to discover which of one's ancestors to thank or blame for one's hair, eyes, and nose. Difficulties with math are also clearly inherited as is the affinity for words and an easy way with languages. The love of animals or the need for physical affection, seemingly vagaries of the spirit, follow a clear path from the past to the present. And, in our family's case, it's possible to see where the pattern of love that should link each generation was broken, leading to heartbreaking consequences.

It occurs to me that the words written on these pages are meant to be more than memories. They are a plea for forgiveness. I think that Philip saw the human bankruptcy that comes from the absence of love. He realized, too late, that all of the education in the world could not replace what it means to a child to experience the selfless love of a parent. Only he could have given them that.

PROLOGUE

And so, I allowed Emma to take my children. My hopes that their minds would be stretched by their experiences and that their opportunities would be expanded were fully realized. My naive belief that I would someday have them back, that I would someday find proper care for them and be the father that I wanted to be, was self-delusion. Each year, Emma spun a tighter web when she and I corresponded about their return from Europe. At first, the argument was that one more year of school would be of such benefit. Why not just let them stay as long as they were already there?

Time and distance wore away the children's memories of their Indian ponies and Indian summers. Swimming in a small Kansas pond was replaced by strolls about the lakes in Zurich. The adventures of catching bullfrogs in the reeds became unmentionable compared to trips to the Louvre.

Emma bought horses for Roy and Grace and they became real equestrians, trading barebacked pintos for richly tacked thoroughbreds. The children wrote to me in French and Emma's influence became more and more evident. As their high school years passed, Emma began her campaign for European universities. It would be a shame to remove them from the continental milieu just when they were about to enter college, she wrote. Why not let them enjoy the cultural advantages of the vast arts and sciences available there? What could I say? I had not the means to educate them at that level, at any level, here. By now, their memories of me and my threadbare farm were as faded and shabby as the life they had left behind in Kansas in 1895.

Grace, my daughter, didn't return. She married a French man in Bordeaux. Photographs show my three half-French grandchildren facing the camera on their Shetland ponies. Though they write to me, I shall never really know them. My lined and leathery hands will not hold them or caress their

smooth golden skin. I will never converse with them in French. Though I now could go there, I will not. My wounds are too deep.

In Roy, there must have been some unextinguished ember of love, some small fiber of nationalism that drew him back to me and to America. He graduated college as an electrical engineer and came home to marry a well-educated woman from Westchester County. They have two sons whom I visit occasionally, but there is a distance among us. Yet, there is no question that they are my heirs. My first grandson and namesake, Philip, has the same love of language, the facility with words, that gave me so much pleasure. My second, Keith, named after Annie, is a genius at math, helped by his photographic memory and inherited knowledge of two generations of university-taught engineers.

In retrospect, did I do the right thing? Should I have relinquished my cherished offspring? I did my best to clothe decently, feed and teach my boy and my girl for their first ten years, but it was a poor best, all of the time unsatisfactory to me. My inability to find proper care for them haunted me all my life. Without doubt they have traveled more, had a more interesting life, a better education, and more opportunities than they ever would have had with me. And they have had proper care.

But in each of them, I sense something missing. Perhaps it is never to know what it is to be held by their mother whose love throbbed in every drop of her blood. It is as if one had never seen flowers and drunk of their perfume - not to have seen in her maternal eyes the love light surpassing any other light that was on land or sea since first God said, "Let there be light..." I cannot help that. Annie, my dear sweet wife, died after Grace's birth. Before there were antibiotics. But, perhaps when I sent them away, I broke some other part of their heart as well. Some part of their heart that needs to be connected to the father-heart. The part that needs to see the father-heart swell with pride at a

child's accomplishments. The part of a child's heart that recognizes the quake in the father-heart when a child is late or missing. The part of a child's heart that yearns to hear the father-heart say You are mine. Therefore, I will love you unconditionally all the days of my life. What is the father-heart? It is a sort of self-love purified from selfishness.

There is an importance to having parents and feeling their love that surpasses education, that surmounts difficulties, that centers you and gives you a place. It is this sense of being of someone, the sense of inheriting rightly this quality or that ability that helps define our sense of self.

And so, Annie was right. The children belonged with me. Not with their aunt, no matter how rich she was, no matter how far she could take them in search of their fortunes. Children need to have a mother and a father, a united moral compass whose duty it is to show them true north regardless of the storms that buffet them and turn them about. Children must experience love in order to give love.

My dear children, I am sorry.

To die young is to remain young in the hearts and minds of all who love you. Though others who live longer may achieve eighty years in this life or more, the one who died young won't suffer a gray hair or a moment of forgetfulness, will not find one's pace slowing or the rise from a chair painful. Sixty years from now, the one who died will be as young and fair, as full of promise and potential as a newborn. While the ones who lived on will have carried their regrets to the grave.

CHAPTER ONE

My children,

It has long been on my mind to tell you the story of my life. When I was a young man caring for you, my dear motherless children, there wasn't a good time to explain. Now, I am seventy-six and I must gather the courage to write this before time silences me forever.

I was born on the coast, in 1846, in Massachusetts, close enough to the surf that the rhythm of its music echoes still in my reveries.

My mother's name was Adeline Hathaway and although her lineage suggested she could marry well, being of the Hathaways who arrived in America in 1650, she defied her parents and married a boy whose quiet strength and love of nature spoke directly to her heart.

Father's name was Seth Clark. He was considered handsome, with taffy-blond hair and blue eyes the color of indigo. He was strong - with sinuous wrists like steel cable and well-muscled shoulders. His family was hardworking, but with six children, they had little extra money. Seth was the oldest, twenty-one years old and still living on his family's farm in the countryside above the ocean.

Seth worked with his father as a logger and wood chopper, a common laborer, but by anyone's measure, the best in the state. He had a smooth arcing motion with his axe, almost liquid as it swung behind his head, coming down effortlessly, splitting each chunk of wood in half and then again in quarters. At the end of the day, he had long walls of firewood to show for his work, an accomplishment that he found pleasing. Other men who worked with him could keep up for an hour, maybe two, but one by one, as the day wore on, they dropped away while Seth kept up his morning pace.

His first sight of Adeline was on an October day in 1832. She was then a girl of eighteen, sitting at a large loom next to a window in her father's home, and weaving fine lengths of fabrics that were used for household linens and suits for herself and her

mother.

When Seth sprang from his wagon, the spring in his knees told Adeline that he was not the older man who usually delivered wood for the Hathaway's furnace.

Adeline returned to her weaving, the ebb and flow of her motions emulating the sea. Surging forward, then drawing back the beater and reed, she was like the surf that shapes the sand to its liking, imprinting her mark on the fabrics she wove. Her chosen craft suited her for she was a solitary young woman, content with her own thoughts, and uninterested in other girls her age.

Though the wind was raw and carried the threat of winter to come, Seth's physical exertion warmed him so that he was soon working in his shirtsleeves. Adeline again turned to watch him. He worked easily, as though his task was using but a fraction of his strength. She liked the pattern that he used to stack the wood, knowing it would stand up to the windy storms that blew in from the coast. The crisscrossed stacks reminded her of a simple design that she sometimes wove.

As she watched him, he felt her eyes upon him and he turned and looked directly at her. She tilted her chin and smiled sideways at him. He smiled back, returning to his work but memorizing her silhouette in the window: her long graceful neck and the profile of her face.

They saw each other next at a church dance. Seth was not a gregarious man and he didn't usually attend the town socials but he could think of no other common place where he had a chance of seeing the girl in the window. When he saw her arrive, he walked over, and again looked directly in her eyes. As anyone watching could see, they were two interior souls recognizing each other, communicating wordlessly.

Seth held out his hand. Adeline took it without speaking. Inexpertly, but with the same relaxed manner that he used in his work, he guided Adeline about the dance area. Though he held her carefully, Adeline could feel the strength in his hands and the power of his body. Dancing with him was effortless, different than dancing with the other young boys who pushed and pulled her around the dance floor.

After each dance, Seth held her hand until the music started again and then turned toward her to resume. When the musical group stopped playing for the evening, he walked her to the coatroom.

"Have you a way home?" he asked.

"My father is coming for me," she answered.

"Perhaps another time then?" he asked.

"Yes. I'd like that," she said.

The memory of the pressure of Seth's hand on the small of her back remained with Adeline, making her eager to see him again. Waiting until the next church function to see him held no appeal to a girl made suddenly aware of physical desires. She felt restless and found herself unable to sit still for more than a few moments at her loom each day. When an Indian summer day brought warm winds and sun, she drove her pony cart to Seth's house. She found Seth and two of his brothers outside cleaning freshly-caught fish on a long wooden board.

"Well. You have some nice looking fish there," she said, stopping her cart near them.

Seth put down his filet knife and walked over to her.

"Just caught 'em. Aren't they dandies?" He spun the fish-laden stringer around for her inspection.

"The nicest I've seen," she said.

"You want a couple to take home to your folks?" he asked.

"Why, I'd be pleased to do that if you have enough. Especially if you would come too," she said.

"Kind of short notice for a guest to call, ain't it?" he said.

"We'd love to have company," she insisted, "if your mama isn't planning on you for supper."

"I don't think she'd mind but I'd have to get cleaned up," he said. "I'll wrap these up in some leaves so you can take them along home," he said.

"Thank you. Dinner's at seven. See you then," she said.

When Seth presented himself at the Hathaway's home, he sensed that the only person happy to see him was Adeline. While they ate dinner, her father asked Seth about his family and his work. Seth described his family and the logging business he and his father and uncles worked at. Adeline's mother complimented him on the fish he'd provided but she didn't offer the welcoming phrases that she usually said to guests when she tried to make them feel at ease. Though Adeline looked at her mother quizzically, her mother avoided looking back, instead keeping her eyes on her husband. When Seth left after dinner, Adeline's father asked to see her in his study.

"That boy, young lady," he said, "is not of our caliber. How is it that you came to meet him?"

"He's not a boy. He's a young man. That's what I like about him. Seth reminds me of you - polite and quiet and strong," she said. "I met him right here when you hired him to deliver firewood."

"You met him here?" her father repeated.

"Well, I didn't actually meet him but I saw him here and then I met and spoke to him at the last church dance," said Adeline.

Adeline's father had envisioned a certain sort of life for his only child. Days free of worry, a brick house furnished with wingback chairs and mahogany tables, healthy children who filled the house with laughter, and an upstanding husband who worked in banking or medicine. Several months earlier, he'd brought two young men from Boston to the house but Adeline had found them too city-slick for her taste. It was his guess that the prospects had, in turn, found her somewhat introspective for their tastes.

"I will not have you marry a man who works with his hands for a living," he said. "You will find it best to forget about him."

"He's an honorable man, Daddy. He logs in the summer and cuts ice for his customers in the winter."

"We haven't brought you up to marry an uneducated laborer," he said. "The subject is closed."

Adeline's mind was in turmoil after her father's admonitions. Her parents were rather remote but she'd thought of them as good and decent people. The unfairness of their opinions disturbed her, leaching pleasure from her existence. Though she sought solace in her usual retreat, a grassy bluff overlooking the tides as they swept in and out, peace eluded her.

Her father, she concluded, was not adhering to principles of justice and this unpleasant realization made her obstinate. If he was going to treat Seth in a manner she considered unreasonable, she wouldn't abide by his rules or pronouncements.

The young couple continued to see each other at the monthly dances and several times, when winter weather permitted, she drove her cart out to Seth's house on Sunday afternoons.

One early spring day when warmth swept up from the south, she arrived to find Seth waiting for her with his horse already saddled.

"Mama fixed us a hamper for a picnic," he said. "Let's leave your pony here and ride double. We're not going far."

"How did you know I was coming," she asked.

"It's Sunday isn't it?" he answered. "And, it's a nice day."

"I didn't realize I was so transparent," she said.

"Only to me. No one else would have guessed you were coming," he said, smiling.

The lane they rode down ended in a grassy meadow where Seth helped Adeline down from the horse, fastening the reins to a tree. Picking up the hamper he led her to a hidden path that wound through the woods leading to a flat shale ledge above a waterfall.

"How beautiful," she said.

He smiled at her and spread out a quilt, patting a patch of dappled sunlight next to him. He poured glasses of tea and filled plates with cold chicken and fresh rolls. They ate lunch listening to the stream cascade over fern-capped rocks to a dark pool below. Cardinals and titmice darted through the understory, their mating calls rallying through the woods while a pair of red-tailed hawks rode air currents high above them.

When their lunch was finished, Seth repacked the basket and lay back on the quilt. Adeline sat stiffly, unsure of what to say or do. Seth opened one eye a slit.

"Does your Daddy know you're here?" he asked.

"He would be angry if he knew."

"Why do you come then?"

"I like you."

They sat silently for a few minutes.

"What shall we do about it?" he asked.

"I think the only thing to do is elope."

"Are you proposing to me?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I am."

"And just when would you like to marry me, Miss Hathaway?"

"Ummm... next week would be convenient."

"Why the long wait?" he said laughing.

"I've heard people say it's a good thing for a girl to play hard to get."

"If your father would be angry about a picnic, how will he like finding out that his only child has run off with a woodsman?" he asked.

"He'll come around," she answered.

Before she crept out of her parent's home on the appointed night, Adeline left her parents a note. When she and Seth returned from their short honeymoon trip, she stopped to see them, certain that their relief at seeing their only daughter would cause them to forgive her. She was mistaken. Her mother opened the inside door and then called to her husband. She didn't invite Adeline in. Her father came and stood on the threshold.

"I am disappointed in you beyond all words," her father said.

"Send your address to my office and I'll have your belongings delivered to you at the end of the week." He closed the door in the face of his only daughter. She was never again received in their home.

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Links & Contacts




On line monthly magazine and editorials

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Word Worth's Favorite Sites*

*Word Worth has no connection with, nor control over, the content of the sites which we note as favorites. These are simply sites that we like and want to share with others. The ones that we select as site of the month will appear on this page which will be added to month by month. We tend to choose sites that are of interest to all age groups, but, as always, parents should maintain control over the sites that children log on to.

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations	International Herald Tribune
Although this is not the easiest site to use, it's worth any effort. You can find fascinating quotations here. It's fun to just browse.	Paris' International Herald Tribune has long been thought to be the best newspaper in the world. Click on their name above to check out their on-line edition. It's filled with politics, finance, art, fashion, movies, books, and much more with a decidedly urbane point of view.
 <p>At least once a day, it is pleasant to read someone who has an intelligent thought, who presents insight, who can challenge you intellectually. Arts and Letters Daily contains enough philosophy, literature, language, ideas, criticism, culture, history, music, art and gossip to satisfy all three. Linking to newspapers, news wires, science texts, magazines, articles, book excerpts, etc. the site piques your interest with a come-hither sentence. One more click takes you to the full text. Subjects, as diverse as Sylvia Plath the poet and Robert Parker the wine expert, share space with human genome projects, humor, and the stock market.</p>	<h3>The Encyclopaedia Britannica</h3> <p>The Britannica has long been the Supreme Court of all encyclopedias, and its site reflects that. You can get everything from great stock and investment information to articles about anything you want to know as well as dictionary entries.</p> <h3>The Folger Shakespeare Library</h3> <p>Nestled into a quiet part of Washington D.C., away from the scurry and bustle of this very busy city, is a serenely lovely building. Shakespeare's contemporaries called him "Gentle Shakespeare." This building dedicated to him evokes that quality, and it is surely one of the loveliest libraries anywhere.</p>

Future Issues



On line monthly magazine and editorials

Word Worth Cover

May Issue [posted April 20]

Editorials

Parents as Friends by Marien Helz

Columns

Wedding Flowers by Susan Johnson

Arts

Father Heart by Banwell Goddard

Philip Hathaway Clark's mother, having eloped with the woodsman she fell in love with, returned to her parent's home feeling that they surely would forgive her. Instead, they shut the door in her face and never saw her again. **Father Heart**, a historic novel based on the memoirs of Banwell Goddard's ancestor, continues with the second chapter. The Preface, Prologue and Chapter 1 will be available in the April issue in the Archives page when the May issue is posted.

June Issue [posted May 20]

Editorials

Moving East of The Dawn by Marien Helz

Columns

Buffalo in Bloom by Susan Johnson

Arts

Father Heart by Banwell Goddard

Continues

Archives

On line monthly magazine and editorials

Word Worth Cover

Items from the March issue, published February 20, 2001:

The Peter Pan Generation by Marien Helz

A number of people in the rising generation exhibit what I will call the Peter Pan Syndrome. This seems to be characterized not so much by an unwillingness to take on adult responsibilities as it is by a complete inability to imagine themselves in adult roles and situations. The unsettling thing about this phenomenon is that the affected individuals seem to be among the brightest and the best of their generation.



Photography by David Clark

Thyme for the Millennium by Susan Johnson

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme formed the chorus for an Old English canticle called "Scarborough Fair". Borrowed by Simon and Garfunkel for the soundtrack in "The Graduate", this folk ballad and its herbal references were imprinted on the memories of a generation of moviegoers.



Items from the February issue, published January 20, 2001:

Driven to Distraction by Susan Johnson

Bathing is about the only thing we don't do in our cars these days. And we'd probably do that if there were faucets. So driven are we to get the most out of every minute of the day that time spent in the car is rarely confined to steering any more. These days, lots of motorists eat, drink, read, telephone, shave, even change clothes while they're driving.



Photo by A W Helz

A Valentine for my Mother

"I would have married her the morning," he said to me. As it was, they married a month and a half later and were together for the rest of their lives.



Items from the January issue, published December 20, 2000:

Hale Chatfield, Poet *March 26, 1936 to November 23, 2000* by M. H. Perry

A great poet, like any great artist, must reveal what is extraordinary in the ordinary and what is ordinary in the extraordinary. There is the adage, *There is nothing new under the sun*. The artist must make it new. When we first saw the world, we saw it with wonder—like the toddler looking into the sky on a night of the full moon and exclaiming, "Look, the moon is all together!" or the eight month old infant looking at a dazzling Christmas tree and pointing while excitedly cooing. Artists must bring that sense of discovery, or rediscovery, to the vision that they each present. They must do so with excellence in their craft, their medium. Hale Chatfield was able to renew the vision in words that were finely and remarkably crafted....



Havasupai by Susan Johnson

On one side of the trailhead are hikers arriving in Jeeps, Expeditions, and Land Rovers, unloading backpacks, sleeping bags, tents, water bottles and cameras. On the other side are grizzled Havasupai rustlers and guides strapping dusty canvas sacks filled with mail and parcels onto packhorses and mules. It's an intersection where those who wish to appear to live and travel in the wilderness meet those who actually do....



For the poetry of Hale Chatfield, please write to Mrs. Hale Chatfield c/o Christ Church Episcopal/21 Aurora Street/Hudson OH 44236 or e-mail Word Worth, and we will forward your messages to her.

Items from the December issue, published November 20, 2000:

Election 2000 by Marien Helz

Election 2000 has vividly demonstrated that there are serious problems with our election system and that the Electoral College is, at best, a scapegoat. The real problem lies with inconsistency and inaccuracy.

It is appalling that one candidate can be ahead by 10,000 votes, then behind...

**Natural Born Killers** by Susan Johnson

Thorns and thistles were not part of the original landscaping plan for the Garden of Eden. Only nice plants were to be put there, plants that were "pleasant to the sight and good for food" according to *Gen. ii, 9* in the Bible.

Unfortunately, as we've read, the young couple moving into the development (a.k.a. Adam and Eve) provoked the landscape designer, who didn't like being played for a fool. As punishment, the finished planting sustained a few unpleasant revisions.

