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and Gaithersburg, Barnstaple and TNDs*
by Marien Helz in *Editorials*
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Father Heart by Banwell Goddard in *The Arts*

July Issue Coming Out June 28

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From the May Issue:



Parents as Friends by Marien Helz in *Editorials*
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From the April Issue:



Everyday Linguistics by Marien Helz in *Editorials*
Great Lakes Racing by Susan Johnson in *Columns*



Father Heart by Banwell Goddard in *The Arts*

From the March Issue:



The Peter Pan Generation by Marien Helz

Photography by David Clark in *The Arts*

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

From the February Issue:



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
Born Killers by Susan Johnson

Natural

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Greetings



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Up

Welcome to the Word Worth on line magazine site

We will be publishing [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.

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Editorials



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Greetings

Returning to Gaithersbur

Moving East of the Dawn

—Relocating to East Aurora

by Marien Helz

It was during a snow storm with our children in Buffalo and us at our jobs in the south towns, when I realized that we had to move. Worrying about where the kids would be when their school closed and we were fighting our way home made it clear that dedication to city living could go just so far. The question was where to move. My spouse was from Buffalo and pretty much wanted to stay there before the problems with little kids and storms came up. I looked at properties for sale for nearly two years and nothing appealed to us, or at least not to both of us at the same time. While there were places that I would settle for, Lyn wanted something just right without being able to begin to indicate what just right would be.

Traditional Neighbor Developments (TNDs) are a new concept based on the old. Articles were written about fifteen years ago asserting that the nineteenth century village is the most pleasant type of place to live. Kentlands in Gaithersburg, Maryland, is a new community based on the old village concept. Its early ads in 1992 proclaimed, "What's New is Old." America's nineteenth century village is based on European eleventh and twelfth century villages. For more, see "Returning to Gaithersburg" and information on Barnstable, England below.

Then I hit upon East Aurora. Funny that I didn't think of it much sooner. Lyn's father, whose sister had been one of the little kids Elbert Hubbard took to the movies, had been born there, so that was one place we could move to and keep family tradition intact in spite of leaving the city.

As for me, I was from Gaithersburg, Maryland. Gaithersburg now is nothing like it was when I lived there.

As he drove into town on moving day in 1944, my father noticed a sign listing the town population as 530. "Well," he said, "now it's 534." It was then a country town. My mother once looked out and saw a cow in our front yard. On

the street where I spent life before college, there was no sidewalk on our side for a long time. One of our neighborhood childhood amusements was riding our tricycles through the big puddles in the middle of the road. On the rare occasion when a car came along, the driver would wait while we all moved our tricycles to the road's edge, then glide through the puddle with a great wave after which we would all try to make a similar wave.

There was one school. It housed all the grades from kindergarten to twelfth. There was a legendary oak tree by the bridge on Frederick Pike,



on the Gloyd residence, which everyone knew was where George Washington had rested when he traveled along that route to meet General Braddock. From there all the way out of town to the opened fields were houses and great trees lining the street where now are plazas and commercial properties. I spent many summer days strolling in the fields and

woods, throwing pebbles into the streams that trickled through them, where Lake Forest Mall now stands.

It wasn't until we were teenagers, that Gaithersburg became boring. There wasn't even a movie theater. There had been one—by the legendary oak tree—where I had seen my first movie, *Bambi*, when I was three. But it had trouble generating enough business to stay opened. One of the things that age didn't make tiresome was browsing through the Ben Franklin five and dime. You got two dollars a week for lunch in high school, and if you didn't eat lunch and saved the money, you could walk down Summit Avenue, stop at the Diamond Drug soda fountain for a cherry Coke and then go to shop for anything from banana or strawberry B B Bats to socks. That may sound like a high time for slow hicks to someone who hasn't shopped in a real ten-cents store. In East Aurora there still is one, called Vidler's, and people come from across the country and across the world to browse and shop there. We have friends from India who happily spent several hours enjoying it.



One thing that you learn growing up in a town like that is how to see what is interesting in things that might be overlooked. You also learn that the people around you are important. As Sid Katz, the current Gaithersburg mayor, put it when we were reminiscing about the town several years ago, "If you threw a stone, someone called your parents before it hit the window." Additionally, you'd have been sadly mistaken if you thought they'd side with you. Neighbors were considered very important people at the time, and in a town that size,

everyone was a neighbor.

I remember being delighted when the town started growing; it was more exciting. As it stands now, Gaithersburg is where Washington D.C. expanded into. The Bureau of Standards, now called the National Institute of Standards and Technology, moved out there when I was in college as had the Atomic Energy Commission, now called the Department of Energy, when I was in high school. Stores and businesses that were built then have since been torn down and replaced with even bigger buildings.

One of my friend's parents owned Deppa's nursery where everyone got their trees as well as garden vegetables and all the information they needed about any green thing growing. Now a large Holiday Inn stands on that space.

The dentist father of another friend owned a gentleman's farm with a nice swimming pool which they let the Girl Scouts use for giving Red Cross swimming lessons to any of the town children who wanted to take them. Now Quince Orchard Plaza stands there. The pool is gone, the stately house is gone, the lambs are gone; not even a clump of turf remains. There are buildings all around as large as the main street area was in my early years.

Gaithersburg is now the second largest city in Maryland with super highways running all around and through it. East Aurora, on the other hand, is Gaithersburg in 1950 before the theater went out. The East Aurora theater even charges close to 1950 prices for tickets. On Monday evenings, the tickets are even cheaper, and the theater is as clean as theaters used to be several decades ago. Standing in line you see your neighbors and run into people you served on school board committees with several years ago. After the movie, you can cross the street and walk a few steps to the ET coffee shop for gourmet desserts and

coffees.

Any week day or Saturday, a villager, or a visitor, can start at the coffee shop, and then move down to Vidler's for a marvelous 1950's—or 1930's—experience. The counters are of the old construction, flat tables with boards around like antique dry sinks. The floors are wooden and



have the feel of seven decades of villagers walking up and down them. At the entrance are jars of candies, on the wall to the left, school and office supplies; down the old wooden stairs are all the kitchen implements that anyone needs. Additional rooms hold craft supplies, sewing and knitting goods, gifts and pictures frames. If you're really lucky, you see Bob or Ed Vidler who look like idealized versions of the bygone general store owners who could be trusted for anything.

On the way to Vidler's, you can stop in at the East Aurora Advertiser and look at the antique printing machinery. Then stopping in at Rahn Jewelers, you'll see fine estate jewelry as well as the latest designs.

If you're in the mood for walking a little, you turn right on Riley Street and go down two blocks to the Fisher-Price toy store and the museum on Girard. At the museum are displayed an ever increasing number of exhibits of toys from every decade of the 1900's.



From there stroll up Whaley Street and you can stop in at the library before lunching at Charlie's Diner where you'll see half the town if you're early enough and lucky enough to get a seat. If you're in the mood

for a longer walk, you can go down Main Street and up Douglas Lane where elegant gifts are available including jewelry in silver or gold by Alburn Sleeper, the silversmith. On Saturday, the popular Farmer's market is held at the Grey Street plaza.



At that point, you can return down Oakwood Avenue, view Roycroft and Victorian houses, and stop in at the ScheideMantel House which is the Elbert Hubbard Museum and a destination for people from around the world. From there, it is an easy walk back to the Roycroft for dining either on the peristyle or in one of the interior rooms recently restored to nineteenth century elegance with



twenty-first century convenience. The Roycroft is also an excellent place for overflow guests, as is the Green Glen on the east side of town. The Green Glen is a grand house of the same vintage as the Roycroft which has been meticulously restored by Martha and Ed Collins who serve as the gracious hosts in the bed and breakfast they've made of it. It was built by the owner of a lumber yard who had access to rare and varied woods. The Collins have sent away as

far as Montana when necessary to replace moldings in the original wood. Splendid inside and out, it is one of Western New York's best kept secrets, known to select guests who love to stay there and walk to Vidler's.

When we moved to East Aurora, our children immediately had far more freedom than before. They could walk to Larwood Plaza to buy a snack and to Hamlin park for summer programs and crafts. They attended swimming lessons in the community pool on South street and then taught those lessons in their teen years.

After living here, we've often shaken our heads in amazement when we have eight errands to run on a Saturday morning and drive or walk less than two miles to do them. Aurora is the Latin word for dawn, so the name of the village essentially means East of the Dawn. It's an enchanting concept.

[TNDs and Barnstaple](#)

Returning to Gaithersburg



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Up

TNDs Hark Back to Villages and Towns like Gaithersburg, East Aurora, and Barnstaple

by Marien Helz

The new old *Traditional Neighborhood Developments* [TNDs] are a response to the housing developments which are a reaction to the many constructions in the 1950's which were immortalized in the song which mocked, *Little boxes on the hillside...they're all made out of ticky tacky, and they all look just the same.* After the World War II, there were many young couples who needed inexpensive housing, so developments sprung up with labyrinthine roads through thousands of houses that each looked like the other. They were zoned only for houses, so one had to walk everywhere--to school, church, shopping. If a young parent needed formula in the middle of a rainy night, it was a major hassle. TNDs, the new old, are communities which are based on places like Williamsburg, Annapolis, and what Gaithersburg always had been, and like East Aurora is.

TNDs are an intentional throwback to mixed use communities. They have various types of houses, shops, schools, places of worship, and all the things that made the old fashioned Lake Wobegon type of villages comfortable places to live a life.

Although this is conceived as being modeled on older American villages, older European towns are the real model.

Barnstaple in Devon, England, for example has all the elements that make living in such a community pleasant.

There are landmark thatched roof homes, maintained, by ordinance, with original roofing materials.

In addition to numerous single family homes similar to this, there are many townhouses lining a number of streets.





Scattered among them are condos, such as these along the river. A reasonable walking distance from any part of town is the marketplace, the town center. The new idea of live-work units have existed there prior to the nineteenth century.



The marketplace thrives with new and old businesses alike. In the center of the downtown section in the historic Pannier Market which looks like an abandoned hall on a quiet day.



On various days during the week, however, specific things are sold in the market--antiques one day, something else another, and on the Saturday shown below, there was a farmers' market.



Throughout the town schools and churches are located.



While green parks and meadows are never far away.

There are well known disadvantages to these kinds of communities. Sometimes neighbors get too close as is fondly chronicled in Garrison Keillor's fictional Lake Wobegon.

They tend, none-the-less, to be the best places for having a life, for living, for being. It was the memory of the feeling of life in a town, a village, that pulled me back to my roots, back to Gaithersburg, even though it had changed from what it had been when I grew up there. I went to my high school reunion in 1991 with the hope of finding a classmate who was a realtor. In the first group I asked if anyone knew a realtor, I was talking to one. We spent the next year looking over the better part of four counties. Any realtor but a classmate would have ditched me as hopeless long before. Then we came to the Kentlands, the new community based on the old framework. There was a feel. The feel said, "This is Gaithersburg. This is what I remember." A builder's representative asked me what I wanted, and I said, "I want to buy a house." And I did.



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Columns



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CULTIVATING BEAUTY

by Susan Johnson

"Where you tend a rose my love, a thistle cannot grow." The beauty of this quotation from Frances Hodgson Burnett's book, *The Secret Garden*, lies in the cadence of its syllables and also in the truth that it holds not only for gardeners and their flowers but for the cultivation of the hearts and minds of everyone.



Ample evidence of this principle can be seen in Buffalo's two largest gardening events. Started in the same year, 1995, Buffalo in Bloom and Garden Walk are vastly different in nature and intent but similar in their overwhelming popularity.

Buffalo in Bloom is a "front yard and porch" competition open to residents, businesses, community gardens, neighborhoods, and institutions located in nine city council districts. Judging occurs in three flights over the course of the summer and culminates in an awards ceremony held in September at McKinley High School.

Garden Walk is a self-guided tour held on the West Side of Buffalo by participating residents and community gardens on the last weekend of July. Encompassing an area that runs all the way from Huron Street at its southernmost point to Bird Avenue near Soldier's Circle, over 100 participants invite the public to visit their gardens. Last year, 2,000 people took advantage of this rare opportunity to see a side of city life normally closed to view.

Approaching its seventh year, Buffalo in Bloom receives 400 to 500 entries each year and needs well over 200 judges to conduct the appraisals. Five standard categories are measured in each garden: design/layout, plant selection, plant health, garden care, and color. Bonus points are sometimes earned in yet a sixth category described as the WOW factor.

"We tell the Bloom garden judges that they should use pencils when they evaluate their first three gardens," said Sally Jean Cunningham, a local garden expert who is an author and television guest on the subject. "Before they go out, they're taught what to look for but then they see the gardens and every one of them is so gorgeous. It's hard."

Manager of both the Master Gardener program and Consumer Horticulture for Cornell

Cooperative Extension of Erie County, Ms. Cunningham is an Extension Educator and responsible for training the judges in Buffalo's biggest gardening competition.

"What we're looking for is curb appeal," said Ms. Cunningham, " and that means impact. Bright colors, large seas of the same plants. We want to see plantings that make a big impression even from a distance. We also take into consideration the design elements that a gardener has used. That's what we call hardscape as opposed to landscape. This includes fences and benches and statuary. Good use of these items can separate first place from second place."

"All things being equal however, simple gardening practices are what really make the difference," continued Ms. Cunningham. "Like edging. If you have time to do just one chore before the judges arrive, rake back your mulch and re-do your edges. Edging is like the frame and matting around a painting. It gives your yard a look of distinction and it sets off the plants."

Fifteen Year Old Geraniums

A picture-perfect example of what the judges are looking for is Arlan Peters' and Dominic DiFilippo's three story home on Norwood Avenue. Their 25' by 40' front yard is a frequent winner in its district and one that others must try to outperform. "I designed and built the fence that runs next to the driveway so that it would visually separate the concrete from the garden space," explained Mr. Peters, who is a retired East Side High School English teacher. "At first, I planted lots of annuals because they're quick and reliable. Now I still use petunias for masses of color, but since there's sun in the front, we're also able to have perennials including echinacea and coneflowers. There are dahlias as well and a laceleaf Japanese maple that's brilliant in autumn."

"We also use 15-year-old geraniums. I'm quite fond of their color so we dig them up in the fall and throw them in a corner of the basement or in a brown paper bag until February. Then, it's just a matter of chopping them back and putting them in the greenhouse to get started again. By the end of the summer, they're three feet tall and much larger and fuller than if you'd started with new plants."

Only two blocks away geographically from Mr. Peters' prize winning garden is an alpine garden that is a world away in content and design. Last year's first place Bloom winner in the Niagara district is owned by Nicolette DeCsipkay of Ashland Avenue. With embedded boulders creating the shapes of mountains and valleys and unusual small plants evoking the profiles of full-size trees, this contoured front yard looks like a model of a small continent.

"My eighteen year old niece, Nev, moved here from Idaho and, for various reasons, wanted me to have a garden," said Ms. DeCsipkay, who is a writer. "It was hard at first for me to accept that she was going to do something like this in my front yard. I'm shy and I was afraid it would attract attention. But, the sun was perfect for an alpine rock garden and so she started working on it. And it did attract attention. For several months it was just a mess. Every inch of it was clay and had to be removed. Many of the more unusual plants that were used came from Montana, Colorado, and Idaho, and while they can adapt to this climate, it's the soil that really matters. It has to be well-drained and quite rocky, a type of scree actually. All of it had to be brought in. At first, the neighbors complained about it but as it progressed, they became very involved. They

brought rocks over and donated plants -- it's given me a connection with them."

"When I was growing up my mother was an exceptional gardener," said Ms. DeCsipkay, "her troughs are displayed at the arboretum in Boise, Idaho. I didn't want any part of gardening then. Now, it's a total addiction and the Asian style of those childhood gardens have had a major influence on my present garden. For me, working with plants is very therapeutic - I spend three hours a day in the garden - it makes me feel content in the present moment."

Apples and Oranges

Judging gardens of two such vastly different types isn't easy. "Our judges have to be flexible," said Ms. Cunningham, "because they're comparing apples to oranges much of the time. A good judge needs to be enthusiastic about gardening but they must not bring snobbism or bias. It's very important to look at plant choices and combinations. This includes taking into consideration the height, texture, and foliage of the different plants that are used."

An example of the lack of bias shown by the judges is Russell Link's entry on Arlington Park. "You can safely say that there's absolutely no favoritism whatsoever," said Mr. Link who is not only a competitor but a Bloom judge himself and a member of the steering committee and the advisory board. "Faithfully, year after year, I enter the contest and without exception, I never win."

"I have a shade garden, and even though I think I know what I'd have to change, I like my garden as it is," said Mr. Link who grew up helping his father and grandmother with their garden in Queens, New York. "I think it's a little bit harder when you have shade - even though impatiens can be just as dramatic as other flowers."

Accustomed to more sun and space when he lived and gardened on Grand Island for two decades and where he had over half an acre planted in lilies, spring flowers, trumpet vines, herbs and tomatoes, Mr. Link now devotes some of his gardening time to the small neighborhood park that he and several of his neighbors have revived. "It desperately needed some help," said Mr. Link. "We dug out all of the grass around the lampposts and put in pachysandra and daffodils. By July, the bulbs are finished and we put in pots of impatiens and begonias."

"In a way, the competition has helped the whole city to become more aware of gardening and more sophisticated in their choices," said Mr. Link. "It's taught Buffalonians about the different flowers that are possible and desirable and fun. Gardening can be expensive but it doesn't have to be. I think we've shown people that they don't have to spend a lot of money."

Equal Opportunity

"Gardening is a real equal opportunity activity," agreed Ms. Cunningham. "Good color is good color and a plant doesn't know how much money its owner has. In fact, the color category often arouses a lot of debate but there's no difficulty if the judge starts with the primary question: Is there an overall color plan? It must not be haphazard. Also, does the color scheme suit the house? We want to make sure that our judges understand that they cannot be dazzled by magnitude or architecture."

This equalizing aspect of gardening holds great appeal for Buffalo's Mayor Anthony Masiello. "Flowers and shrubs can make a \$20,000 house look just as nice as a \$200,000 house," said Mayor Masiello, who grew up on Buffalo's West Side. "You can accomplish so much with just a little tender loving care."

In favor of the garden contest since its inception, Mayor Masiello credits the competition with far more than its original goals.

"Buffalo in Bloom is the grandmother of a dozen other programs.

This joint public-private venture was the first of its kind in my administration and its paid huge dividends. It's the "can-do" attitude of people like the Bloom founder, Kate Bukowski, that

inspires everyone to cooperate and to participate. When I came into office, the circle in front of City Hall was a dump. Thanks to Bloom, just look at it now. One project leads to another and this year we're going to completely retrofit the circle at Richmond and Ferry."



London in Bloom was Ms. Bukowski's inspiration. Travelling in England in 1992, she became aware of that city's long-standing competition and envisioned what the same contest could do back home. She in turn credits City Hall with much of the success of the program. "Mayor Masiello was very cooperative from the beginning. He always does a kickoff press conference with us near the first day of Spring. We do it outside in Niagara Square and of course, this is always quite a festive occasion because it's either snowing or raining sideways. The Mayor also helps at the awards ceremony which is standing room only. It's a lot of fun because hundreds of people from every neighborhood in the city come to it and there's a lot of excitement because it's like the Academy Awards - no one knows who's going to win."

This is Buffalo?

Photographs of Bloom gardens taken by Deanne Cunningham, a local nature and garden photographer, line the entranceway to the Mayor's office. "Everyone from out of town who comes to see me sees the photos," said Mayor Masiello, "and they all say, 'This is Buffalo?' We have a great infrastructure of architecture, parks and parkways, and circles. Trees and flowers go a long way to soften the lines of these places and to help make this a beautiful city."



Ms. DeCsipkay, who was born in Southern California and has lived in Idaho and Colorado prefers to live in Buffalo not only for its beauty but

for its art and romance. "I came to UB to work on my Ph.D. in English. Then I moved to Wisconsin but I missed Buffalo so much that I came back. There's something romantic about Buffalo. For instance, Boulder is too self-satisfied, too contained. Buffalo has a sense of its own history and it has exposure to all types of people. You're reminded that there are people who need to be cared for. And, if you're artistic, Buffalo is a very good place. You can find affordable housing and affordable studios to work in. Relative to its size and economics, there's a lot of interest in art. I consider my garden a work of art."

Elaine Friedhaber believes that beauty and art aren't the only things that result from Buffalo in Bloom and Garden Walk. "Allowing visitors to come through our gardens has the ability to make them lose their fear of the city. We have a great quality of life here."

Co-founder of the Elmwood Village City Garden Group and co-chairman of Garden Walk, Mrs. Friedhaber has been a judge in the competition and her garden is included on the tour.

"When we bought our house on Norwood, I knew nothing about gardening," said Mrs. Friedhaber, "but I did know about cooking. The previous owner left behind a book on herbs, some of which I recognized growing in the backyard. Soon after looking through the book, I saw Otto Richter's display at the CNE and I bought a 6-pack of herbs. Pretty soon, I had quite a few herbs and wildflowers growing along our fence and instead of buying 6-packs, I was buying whole boxes of herbs."

"They didn't make it easy for me though. Plants have to be inspected by the Department of Agriculture before you can bring them across the border. The trouble is that the Agriculture office in Toronto is in the very middle of the second floor of this immense building. It's the farthest that it could possibly be from the elevator. So, I'd have to carry one heavy box of herbs and push the other box with my foot all the way down this long corridor. Otherwise, I'd have even more."

"Since it was started, Garden Walk has gone from 19 gardens to 106 gardens in all," said Mrs. Friedhaber who moved here from Pennsylvania to do graduate work at Canisius. "It's contagious. Part of the excitement of both events is having new and different plants and that's one reason why the Botanical Gardens are so great. They'll always take a chance on growing the new award winning flowers. Every year there's something new that's the rage. One year it was sweet potato plants, and then variegated leaf thistle and Icelandic poppies and then wind flowers. Another new one is 'Irish Eyes' Rudbeckia – a beautiful flower with a green center instead of black."

"You can get a lot of ideas for new plants from the Ontario School of Horticulture," said Mr. Peters. "Their plants are well-labeled so I always take a notebook and take down names of plants and record what was thriving in a sun or shade situation."

"The other thing that has really exploded in popularity is the water garden," said Mrs. Friedhaber. "Everyone has one. Also accessories. You see so much more statuary now, and birdbaths, and some stunning fencing. There's a place on Summer Street that has dynamite ironwork with gorgeous plants trained on it. Garden buildings too. For example, we put in a copper-roofed potting shed where we have iced water for the people who come on the tour."

The Peters and DiFilippo garden also has a garden building that's considered a "must-see" on the tour. A small winter conservatory attached to the rear of their home converts into a roofed terrace in the summer. "One of my other hobbies is woodworking and for me, gardening is more than just plants, it includes structures," said Mr. Peters. "I also think that one of the reasons that the judges go for this garden is that we've found ways to display flowers other than using hanging baskets."

"I think the biggest change that I've seen since 1995 when both events began is the switch from annuals to perennials," said Mrs. Friedhaber. "Perennials used to be a backyard plant but more

and more people are using them in the front along with ornamental grasses."

Sanctuaries and Works of Art

Like many of the show gardens on the tour, Mr. Peters' yard didn't always look like it does now. "When I bought the house in 1971, it was ready for demolition. So, the first thing was to restore the inside. In addition, the two-story front porch was missing. Luckily, there was a photograph from 1901 of what it was supposed to look like. By the time the porch was finished, it cost more than I paid for the house. When it came time to do the outside, the first thing was to build the terrace on the back."

"The remainder of the garden was a slowly evolving process. Most gardeners will tell you that that's the way gardens tend to happen. There were lots of trials and errors. Every space has its own set of circumstances of shade or sun. For instance, our delphiniums are in a spot where they only get four hours of sun - so they get a bit stretched. They still bloom but they absolutely must be staked. Clematis have also been a bit difficult to get going until they get their heads up above the shade. We like to make sure that we have a succession of flowers so we use plants like coreopsis that have a long season of bloom along with some annuals to fill in the gap."

"Container gardening is another way to make sure that you're going to have color where and when you want it," said Mrs. Friedhaber. "There are lots of flowers that simply will not bloom in July and so I've noticed in the last few years that lots of people are using pots and other containers that allow them to switch things around."

As nice as it sounds to let others see and admire your garden, it also sounds like a certain amount of work not to mention a lot of people. "I never had any fear of participating," said Mr. Peters, "gardeners are among the most respectful of visitors - they're all very conscious of being in someone else's garden. I've never found so much as a cigarette filter afterwards."

"I might have had a few qualms about it the first year," said Mrs. Friedhaber, "but not any more. Not that there haven't been disasters. One year, I had a big English box filled with New Guinea impatiens. They were huge and gorgeous. I had just fertilized them the day before Garden Walk when I got a phone call. After that, I got distracted and forgot to go back and water them. They were totally destroyed. I ran to every nursery in Erie County trying to find something to replace them with in that box. Of course, there are also times when you're still on your hands and knees working when the droves arrive..."

Palettes of Color

The droves are eager, as almost all gardeners are, to experience the setting of another person's garden, to see thrilling combinations of foliage, to find pleasing palettes of color and unusual uses of perspective. The opportunity to do this in such a pleasant fashion is the allure of Garden Walk and is possible because of the tour's concentration on the West Side. Because of the city-wide nature of the gardening contest, it's something that's missing from Buffalo in Bloom.

"This year, we've talked a lot about providing signage," said Ms. Bukowski. "Maybe something small and simple but that will give recognition to those who enter and will encourage others to participate. Entering is really doing something nice for yourself because we've found that once

one person becomes involved that the neighbors start entering it too."

"Some of our new entries are absolute beginners at gardening and they do a fabulous job," concluded Ms. Cunningham. "Our youngest competitor was 12 and we have any number that are in their 80's. People have to remember that it's not always the prettiest garden that's the best but the one where the most was shared."

Sally Jean Cunningham will give six free classes on how to plant a winning garden. Here's the upcoming schedule:

Ms. Cunningham can be reached at Cornell Cooperative Extension 652-5400

Buffalo in Bloom: There is no entry fee. Gardens are limited to front yards and porches that can be seen from the street. The contest offers \$6,000 in total prize money with first, second, and third place cash prizes awarded to residents in each district. A grand city-wide prize is also awarded. Non-residential gardens are judged in separate categories for small and large commercial properties, institutions, community gardens, public spaces, residential blocks of at least four consecutive houses on one block, and the best bloomin' bar or restaurant. New this year will be a category for rookie gardeners as well as a winner's circle category for past winners. Entry forms go out with the city water bills in May. Applications are also available from District Council Members, libraries, block clubs, and community centers. Deadline for entry is June 30 and judging takes place in July and August. Winners are announced and prizes presented in September. Donations are always welcome to help pay for prizes, billboards, and the awards ceremony.

Buffalo in Bloom, PO Box 282, Buffalo, NY 14202-0282

Garden Walk is a free self-guided tour that takes place the last weekend of July. Maps are available from the Upper West Arts Center - Garden Walk Headquarters at Richmond and West Ferry. Further information can be obtained from www.gardenwalkbuffalo.com or e-mail gardenwalk@usa.net Donations are heartily welcomed and may be designated and sent to Garden Walk Fund, PO Box 161, Buffalo, NY 14207.

The three photographs above are by Deanne Cunningham and used by permission. Cunningham owns and operates Wings and Things Nature Photography. Her prize-winning images have been published in Wildbird magazine, Birds and Blooms, and Discover. She is the official photographer for Buffalo in Bloom and a regular contributor to Artvoice. Ms. Cunningham can be reached at DeeCunning@aol.com

Note: Sally Cunningham and Deanne Cunningham are not related.

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Word Worth Cover

The earlier chapters of Father Heart are available in the Archives page, April and May 2001

FATHER HEART

by Banwell **Goddard**

CHAPTER THREE

Philip Hathaway Clark.....

Father and Mother never lived together again after I was born. His stubbornness and her misjudgment forced them to pursue the remainder of their long lives alone. Father became increasingly remote in his silent loneliness, Mother went about in a state of nervous desperation.

My youngest years were spent with Mother and Rhodes, my brother, the next youngest boy. Even so, Rhodes was six years older than I and we were as repellent to each other as the poles of a magnet. The other two boys, Bradford and Albert, were so much older than I was that I barely remember them.

Though I dimly recall a few of the details of my earliest years, an event that happened when I was eight years old will forever mark the time that my life came into a sharper focus.

Mother's first cousin, a big black-haired man named David Simmons Hathaway, visited us regularly. At first, he seemed helpful. He came over to help Mother with work around the property and house; mending the fences, patching the roof, chopping wood for the stove. But after awhile, he began to consider our house as his own. After evenings of heavy drinking, he staggered inside and antagonized us. This behavior became more and more common and soon he was abusing and harassing us constantly.

One night, I awoke once again to the sound of his voice.

"Whaddya mean I'm not welcome in this house?" said David Hathaway in a loud drunken slur. "I'm not welcome in my own cousin's house?"

"You know you are not welcome when you are drunk." said Adeline.

"I thought you might like a little company besides this good for nothing son of yours," said David.

"Rhodes, go to your room now please," said Adeline. "I'd like to speak to David alone."

"I'm not going Mother," said Rhodes, now fourteen and the man of the house.

"Rhodes," said Adeline.

"Yeah, Rhodes. Go to your room. I'd like to have words with your mother," said David.

"That's enough, David. Get out of my house," said Adeline

"You can't order me around," said David

"I am telling you to leave," said Adeline.

"This poker says I'm not going anywhere. In fact, I think I'll teach you two a little lesson," he said, waving the forged-iron fireplace poker in front of her face.

"That is a mistake, I'm afraid." Adeline said as she picked up a shotgun that was leaning against a wooden beam, out of David's sight.

"If you come one step closer, I'll be forced to shoot you," said Adeline, pushing the safety latch forward.

"Give me that gun," said David moving towards her.

"Rhodes, get behind me."

"Yeah, hide behind your mother. I'll deal with her first and then you."

I heard the scrape of chairs overturning and a thud as the kitchen table was upended. A powerful blast left my ears ringing. I didn't want to but I found myself crying softly and huddling under the covers with my face turned to the wall. When Mother's hand touched my shoulder, I sobbed uncontrollably.

"Philip, you'll need to dress. The police will be here soon. I shot David. I had to. He tried to kill your brother," she said grimly.

In Massachusetts, in 1857, a woman was not allowed to own her own property. Therefore, Mother's only possible legal defense, that of protecting herself in her own home, was not admissible. In addition, the jury heard testimony that David was too drunk to pose any real threat to an expert markswoman like Mother. My great-uncles came to our aid once again, hiring a prominent attorney for Mother.

He was successful in the first and second murder trials - both ending in mistrials. But, while most of David's family felt his death was good riddance, there was one member who persisted in trying to have Mother convicted. She was tried a third time, convicted of a lesser form of manslaughter, and sent to prison for five years.

Though Father moved back to the family home for a time while Mother was in prison, his care of me was cursory. He was cold, uncaring, as if I were not really his son, despite the fact that I was the spitting image of my brothers and Seth himself.

At school, the other pupils were well aware of Mother's imprisonment. They called me a murderer's son and worse. It made the classroom difficult to bear. I began signing Father's name to letters excusing me from school for the day. Instead of going to school, I went fishing or arranged myself comfortably in the barn with several books where I spent the day reading. Father eventually found out about it. We had an awful argument about it and I dropped out of school at the age of ten to find work.

For four years, I managed to survive on my own, sometimes boarding at a farm picking rocks out of the soil or at the home of a businessman doing mundane chores and errands. The fact that I hated farm work and didn't have enough education to be truly useful in business made most of these jobs short-lived. I also tried working as the cabin boy on a whaling ship but it was a gruesome and hellish existence. However, I loved the water and so I signed on with a cargo ship, sailing back and forth to Florida twice, enjoying the work and the adventures of the sea.

On my fourteenth birthday, I received a letter from my oldest brother, Albert, who was living in Maine.

Dear Philip,

I have recently learned from Bradford that you are not currently attending school and have not attended regularly for some years now. Though you are probably having some interesting adventures, I think you would benefit as you get older from a formal education. I've often thought that if Father had had more of an education, that his injury wouldn't have happened. Even if it had, I believe that Father could have survived the injury emotionally and that he and Mother would still be together if he did not depend on his strength for a living.

You are big and strong - just like Father - and I know it is probably easy for you to find people to hire you for this trait. Yet, I worry that the same fate could befall you.

I am currently working in a lumber company and am making a regular wage. If you would agree to return to our family home and live there, I will send you two dollars a week for your living expenses on the condition that you go back to school and graduate. Upon graduation, I will make you a gift of something that I know you will find both handsome and functional.

Your brother,

It is only now that I wonder how Albert afforded this underwriting. Though I never knew him to drink or smoke, he did not always have full-time work. Two dollars a week could have made him so much more comfortable but he sent it to me without fail.

At the time - I had no concept of the importance of education. There were only unpleasant memories connected with my previous schooling. On the other hand, I was now quite big and strong, as Albert said, and my schoolmates would no longer be able to use me as a punching bag as they had when I was younger. So, I agreed.

During school hours, I studied faithfully and no fault could be found with my behavior. But, out of school, I made up for all the beatings I'd endured on the playground and I was quick to take offense at the merest slight. Any boy who did not pay the proper respect or who dared to mention my mother paid a heavy price. My behavior was considered outrageous by the parents of those boys whose manners I was simply trying to improve. They wanted me expelled.

For only the second time in my life, an adult came to my rescue. Miss Hattie Briggs was my teacher at the school and she was one of the warmest-hearted, wisest women who ever taught. One afternoon, she asked me in a pleasant manner if I would stop awhile after school. My first inclination was to refuse, but at the end of classes, I continued reading while the other students gathered their things and left. When all of them had gone, Miss Briggs took a walk outside around the schoolhouse, shooing away the few curious boys who figured I might be in for a dressing-down. When the last boy reluctantly left, she came back inside and sat next to me.

"Philip, thank you for staying," she began. "Ever since I first came to this school five years ago, I've wanted to talk to you. Back then, you were a young boy and already on your own."

She put her hand on my shoulder. I didn't say anything. I was waiting to see what she wanted.

"It may surprise you but I think I know what kind of person you are," she continued. "I think you are good inside. And, I know that you have a good head because I've noticed that you are quick to learn any subject that I put before you. You're one of the brightest pupils I've ever had."

I had been expecting criticism and censure. Hearing her sincere praise instead was music to my hungry soul. I did not know what to say, so I kept quiet for a bit longer. While she spoke to me, she put her arm around me.

"Not everyone knows you like I do however. Most people only see you after school. So, I have a personal favor to ask you," she said smiling in the kindest way.

"I'd like to prove to people in the village that my good opinion of you is deserved," she said. "I know it isn't easy but I'd like to ask if you could be less resentful of the

boys who annoy you. They are not well-behaved, I know that. But, sooner or later they'll grow up. In the meantime, I was wondering if you could help me with some of the students who aren't as quick to learn as you are. If you could tutor some of them, help them with their math and spelling to begin with, it would be such a help. Would you do that for me, Philip?"

Her sincerity and gentle affection wrought a spell over me. In an instant, I became tolerant. My waspishness and the other boys' desires to provoke me faded away together. That spring, Hattie arranged for me to go to a private academy where advanced subjects were taught. It was here also that I learned, belatedly, the art of etiquette and the skills of a gentleman's behavior which would serve me in good stead for the rest of my life.

Before long, I was an assistant teacher and at the close of the school term, took part in the Examination Day speeches. Even now, I can recall Hattie standing in the rear of the hall, slightly apart from the crowd, her eyes riveted on me, encouraging me.

Hattie Briggs taught me that ignorance is the enemy of promise - that education can elevate a person, removing the limitations of birth. It can take you anywhere you wish to go, either vicariously or in reality. It makes matters close at hand, such as judicial proceedings, clear, and matters far, the politics of foreign countries, understandable. The elegance of languages, the perfect beauty of mathematics, willingly enhance the person's life who has access to them. In the winter, a person can transport themselves to any tropical land. In the dark of night, a person can visit a garden washed in sunlight, as easily as lighting a lamp and opening a book. I became a sponge, absorbing all that the school had to offer. Upon my graduation from the academy, Albert made good on his promise and sent me the finest shotgun I'd ever laid hands on.

My graduation did not quench my desire for education. After I'd exhausted the resources of Hattie's small school and the nearby academy, I moved to Lockport, NY and simultaneously taught in a lower form school while taking advanced studies in the Lockport High School. In 1868, Ezra Cornell opened his university in Ithaca. He offered a full scholarship to the top high school student in each Assembly district in New York State. The winner was determined by means of a difficult exam. My friend, John Cothran, and I were Lockport's top two students. We knew only one of us could win so we decided that John would take the exam in Lockport and I would move to the next county and take the exam there. Our strategy succeeded. Each of us won our district. In 1869, John and I left for Ithaca to attend Cornell University together.

My years at Cornell were hard. Nearly penniless all of the time, and among many talented men, I had no characteristics that set me apart. I was right back where I had started. Yet, for the first time in my life, I was able to experience the camaraderie of young exuberant college men, which I enjoyed enormously. Surrounded by books and professors, my passion for knowledge subsumed my financial worries.

Upon graduating in 1873, with a degree in civil engineering, I found it easier to find employment as a school principal than as an engineer in the building trades. I returned to Massachusetts where I was hired as the principal of Upton High School. While there, the fates were busy setting the stage for my destiny. A sweet young child in the grammar school saw me and developed a misplaced childish crush.

Ten years later, by chance, I would meet her.

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