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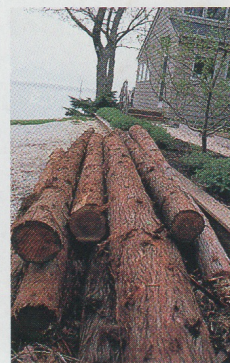
FROM THE EDITOR

Arbor Day

HOW A DAUNTING PILE OF 10 FOOT POLES GREW UP

It may be titillating to ogle other people's gardens, but in the end they remain just that—other. We return inevitably to our own backyard—My Garden—whose problems are appropriately and intriguingly ours alone. Or so my train of thought chugged along as I tried for the hundredth time to think out the dilemma of my courtyard. A modest 25-foot-square plot, now divided handsomely enough into plantable beds, it was exposed nonetheless to neighbors and wind. What this garden needed was a sense of entry, a portal to channel the experience of space from public to private. Such structure, I know, can happen in a number of ways: two beautiful pear or crab apple trees, for instance, trained to make a bower—not bloody likely given my pruning skills and the existing high oak canopy. Nor did one of those mean little prefabricated rose trellises or skimpy metal arches satisfy. What I longed for was an arbor. Something to grow grapes over. Something that made a statement. Yet in such a teeny space, a statement can easily become a howl. Help! This wasn't gardening. This was architecture. So I called in the heavy equipment: Michael McDonough, who'd designed our house, and Karl Avallone, who'd built it. Roger, my husband, gamely with me out there on this limb, agreed to find the rough poles I thought would work with the smooth shingles on the house, and located—on the Internet, yet—a source for cedar logs (with bark) that had been “harvested” in Canada.

Pulling into our driveway at midnight on Friday, however, we were shocked by the pile of fallen telephone poles, raw materials for my roughly sketched plan. Michael handed me a picture book of Adirondack camps—those rustic buildings whose fanciful porches, railings, entire facades, are created from the expressive gestures of tree branches. “Study these,” he directed. Too early the next morning we heaved the first logs into place and eyeballed the scale. “Poles are too big,” Michael grumbled. “Couldn't use real lumber?” Karl jabbed. We designed as we went, by what the guys called VIFing (verify in field) Five hours later my arbor (my *mega*-arbor—Roger dubbed it our little Temple of Dendur) was built, raised by laughter we'll never forget. Bring on the grapes. *Dorothy Kalins*, EDITOR IN CHIEF



STEPS IN A SHAGGY LOG STORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER SHERMAN