

THE CAROL WOODS NEWS

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GROWING UP IN GERMANY DURING WORLD WAR II

When Germany declared war on Poland on September 1, 1939, I was seven years old. Our family had just moved to Hildesheim, a town in Lower Saxony. Previously, we had lived in a remote place in East Prussia, where my parents did not witness many of the drastic changes that took place in the rest of the country. They both joined the Nazi Party; otherwise, my father, being a civil servant, would have had little chance to keep his job or advance in it.

Father was drafted right away and spent all the war years as an officer on different fronts.

At home rationing of food, shoes and textiles started immediately. Windows had to be blackened out at night. Our car had to be "donated" to the war effort.



Gisela, age 8

In my new school, Nazi ideas were strongly promoted in our lessons. Each day started with a patriotic song and poem. At age ten, it was mandatory to join the Hitler Youth and attend meetings twice weekly. Emphasis was on learning Nazi history and ideas.

On June 21, 1941, Germany declared war on Russia. Rationing became severe. There were shortages of heating materials, so our schools closed during the coldest months. Hildesheim had many air

raid warnings, but only four severe bombings in February and March, 1945. On March 22, our medieval inner city was destroyed and many of the outlying areas badly damaged. Most schools were unusable. About 1600 people died. There was no water, power, gas or newspapers. Securing food for her four children was hard for my mother.

American troops occupied Hildesheim on April 7, 1945, without encountering resistance. On May 8, Germany signed the unconditional surrender. We learned without regret that Hitler was dead.

Later in 1945, Lower Saxony became part of the British occupied zone. There were still severe food, housing and fuel shortages. People had been separated by the war and desperately searched for loved ones. Also Germans began to realize the full extent of the horrors of the previous 12 years.

The Marshall Plan for the rebuilding of Europe was introduced in 1947, and slowly the recovery started.

Father returned from an American POW camp late in 1945. It took several years for him to return to his job in the Forestry administration, since he had to go through a lengthy "denazification" process. In 1948 life returned to normal in our family.

People assume growing up during the Hitler years must have been hard, but my childhood was happy. We thought our life was normal because we did not know differently. The last war years brought many hardships, but also a lot of excitement. I often wondered what would have happened to my generation if the war had ended differently. Would we have been able to recognize the evils of the system and also had the courage to fight them? Let us remember what happened in Germany, was repeated in East Germany, and is probably happening somewhere else right now.



THE CACTUS WHO COULD NOT AFFORD TO BE COY

It was the eternal dilemma in floral form:

The “Yes, Yes” of the adolescent bud about to open, and the “No, No” of the parental thorns on the body of the cactus.

The next morning the bud had burst open, a celebratory skyrocket.

I wished I were a bee. She was a perfect 10.

I was puzzled by the immense biologic expense of her beauty.

But within two or three hours, she began to wilt and shrivel.

Then I understood the extravagance of her beauty;

If you only have a few hours to pass on your DNA, no price is too high
for a dress.

Zell McGee

ORIGIN OF MY PHOTOPOEMS

After a stroke in 1984, I decided to take up photography as a serious amateur. I found that when I looked through the viewfinder of the camera and experienced some verbal engagement with the scene (such as a snappy title for the image to be created, or a smart-ass remark), the resulting photograph was likely to be interesting and engaging. Conversely, if I had no verbal engagement, the image created was likely to be boring and uninteresting. I decided thereafter that I wouldn't photograph anything that, when I looked through the camera, didn't evoke my verbal interaction with the subject.

Recently, I've been going back to the engaging, verbally evocative images and trying to get the verbal engagement component in the form of what I call “photopoems.” Thus, the photopoems convey the verbal component of my interaction with the subject, and hopefully will help the viewer understand how I felt about the subject of the photograph.

Zell McGee

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS



**Phil and Mary
Alice Blank**
(Apt. 1213)

“We Drew a Blank”

Phil and Mary Alice “took possession” of their Carol Woods apartment October 4 and were expected in early November. When they finally arrived from Raleigh on December 29, they were worth waiting for!

Through high school, Mary Alice lived mostly in Orlando, FL. She went to Rollins College in nearby Winter Park for two years. Her BA, from Barnard,

was in English. Phil grew up in Montclair, NJ, and graduated from Princeton, where he sang in the glee club. They met at Rollins when her sorority sent her to buy tickets for a glee club concert. A single-minded man, Phil took one look and asked her for a date. A year later they were engaged. After graduation and a year of graduate school for Phil at UNC—too long, they say—they were married.

For four years Mary Alice was secretary to **Fran Weaver’s** husband Fred, who was Dean of Student Affairs at UNC. She currently writes fiction and will snatch any stray ballet tickets posted on the bulletin board. Dr. B., retired NC State English professor, enjoys Renaissance studies, opera, chamber music—and he cooks! Their daughter Margaret and family (two grandsons, 16 and 11) live in New York where their son-in-law teaches anthropology at Queens College. Mary Alice and Phil will fit right in here at Carol Woods.

Sally Slack, mentor

TABLET (CARD) WEAVING

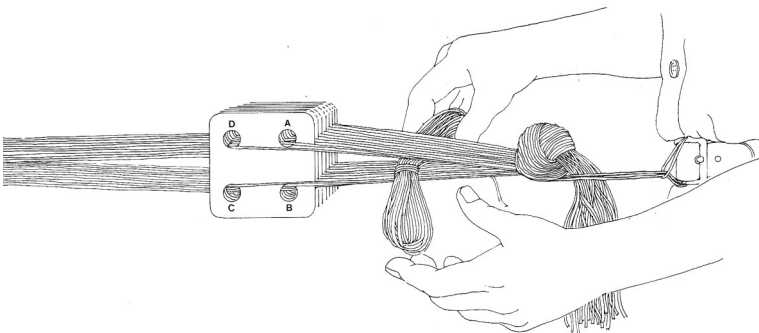
Since the beginning of Carol Woods, some residents have been weavers. Few, however, have practiced Tablet (Card) Weaving, a technique that can produce intricate textiles without needing a large loom.

Tablet weaving yields relatively narrow but very strong bands—the strength derives from the twining of adjacent warp threads as the weaving progresses. Historically, such bands have been used for strapping, harnesses, belts, wall hangings, or decorative edges to cloth produced by other techniques.

Tablet weaving uses a collection of small cards. These may be as small as half of a playing card, but typically, 3.5-inch square tablets are used. Warp threads pass through holes at the corners of the tablets; four-hole tablets share similarities with a four-harness loom. Rotation of the tablets brings different threads to the upper and lower surfaces, and the final weaving may be different on upper and lower surfaces. The gap between the upper and lower threads is called the “shed.”

The weaver sits facing the warps and tablets, rotates the tablets, passes a shuttle with weft thread through the shed, and then presses or beats the weft into place. The resulting weaving is “warp faced weaving” with the weft generally invisible within the

weaving. Results may be as colorful as the warp threads and may be woven in intricate figurative patterns, words, or images.



Bill Koch



COMING EVENTS

Concerts – Wednesday Evenings – 7:30 p.m.

Feb. 16 – no concert

Feb. 23 – Young people’s quartet and solos

Mar. 2 – Edith Gettes, violin; Jason Thomas, cello;

Karen Allred, piano

Mar. 9 – Jeremy Thompson, piano

Mar. 30 – Allan Parrent, tenor; Kate Lewis, accompanist

Lectures – Thursday Evenings – 7:30 p.m.

Feb. 10 – Daphne Athas, *Chapel Hill in Plain Sight*

Feb. 17 – Joseph DiSimone, UNC/NCSU, “Co-opting

Moore’s Law: Better Vaccines and Medicines Made on a Wafer”

Feb. 24 – Stella Suberman, author of *The Jew Store*

Mar. 10 – Rebecca Scott, University of Michigan, “Cuba”

Mar. 24 – Barry Popkin, Carla Smith Chamblee

Distinguished Professor of Global Nutrition at UNC, author of *The World is Fat*

Special Programs – The Assembly Hall

Fri. Feb. 11, 7:30 p.m. – Piano students of Yin Li

Sun. Feb. 13, 1 p.m. – Piano students of Tanya Smirnov

WHAT’S IN A NAME?

Overheard in the hall...

New resident: “I’m having a terrible time trying to remember names.”

Long-time resident: “Don’t worry, we all do. The way it’s been going lately, just call all the women Nancy. You’ll be right half the time.”

Well, not really. A perusal of the list of residents by first names (found at the front of the M-Z directory in the library) reveals there are 10 Nancys on campus; also 10 Barbaras, but 20 Anns (counting Annes and Annas). No other name has more than seven members. So you’re probably safer to guess “Ann” but, better yet, just ask.

There was no advice about the males amongst us. That is just as well, for no name is comparable to Ann in popularity. Bob and Bill tie for first place with seven of each.

Nancy Martin

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