

Life is pretty good, at age 11

By LYNN ORR

Farmington in the year 2000?

Perhaps recall is one of the ways to forecast. Instead of looking ahead 22 years, let's take a look back 22—to see where we were. That puts me at the age of 10, when I spent most of my time in a treehouse where Drakeshire Apartments now grace the land.

Playing in the woods was the daily summer routine for kids in my neighborhood with an occasional foray into town. Sometimes we parked our bikes on the southwestern corner of Grand River and Farmington Road to get an ice cream cone at the drugstore there.

The owner, Eddie Mosher, was the kind of guy who plopped another scoop of vanilla on your cone when you'd licked down to the rim. One day we pedaled into town to discover that the drugstore had folded. So much for nice guys.

Looking back, I guess that's when I discovered that business in Farmington was changing. The building of Bel-Aire, Alta Loma, and Warner Farms subdivisions in the early '50s had a lot to do with that.

THE MID-'50s were a period of transition for the town. The library was located in the Masonic Temple, where Mrs. Droegge could find anything to interest a 10-year-old. On rainy Saturdays, the Civic Theater was crammed with all the new ex-Detroit kids in town. I saw "The Swiss Family Robinson" three times, snuggled into a balcony seat.

It was the pre-mall era. For clothes,



MOM, 1955

your mom hauled you over to Dancer's Department Store on Grand River where the floorboards creaked and the saleswomen smiled. Next door in Hatten's Hardware, you could smell the seed while your dad looked at the latest tools.

Going into town was an adventure then, particularly when you'd saved enough coins from mowing lawns and weeding to purchase a cherry Coke or chocolate milkshake at Himel'spach's, the local restaurant. When the family-owned dairy burned in the late '60s, the secret of those milkshakes died—at least I've never tasted a duplication.

LAWNS, however, were as con-



SON, 1978

By BRAD ORR

When you are 11 years old, things go by pretty fast and before you know it, you are out of school and making plans for the summer.

In making those so-called plans, you forget about things because of the excitement of the summer. At

any age, the summer is going to be a lot of fun but fifth grade is really the most boring of all your school years and you really look forward to the summer vacation.

Everybody seems to change so much and you get more tense and more angry. At times, your mother might seem to get on your back and treat you like a baby but she is probably just treating you normally but you are usually ready to except (sic) more responsibility and freedom and your mother isn't about ready to do this for you.

And other things happen. At this time in your life more than enough problems go through your head and all kinds of things happen but everything isn't so bad. You learn a lot of new things at school and other stuff happens to make it a pretty good year but then every bad year has its good points, namely its end.

Seriously though, we all have to take curves and sometimes even a strikeout, but like I said, all in all, life is pretty good at the age of 11.

spicuous in Farmington then as they are now, although the care and feeding of the green required more leg work, namely pushing a power mower if you were a lucky kid. Few suburbanites luxuriated on riding lawn mowers—the

post war baby boom supplied all the horsepower necessary in my neighborhood.

Children dotted the countryside. Those slicker yellow school buses (Continued on Page 5)

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