

Pets for her

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CHARLENE MITCHELL of Farmington Hills always had an interest in frogs. She has been collecting them for years. Although she wouldn't dream of having a live one around today, "It's the whimsy of the style amplifiers that appeals to me," she says.

Pauline Young of Bloomfield Hills likes lizards and snakes, but only in decorative jewelry. "I like lizard pins because they are so beautiful. Not that lizards are pretty, but I think there is great beauty in line and I think they look stunning in pins and bracelets. Snakes, too, although I am scared to death of the real thing."

Barbara Allen of Franklin remembers her sixth Christmas when she received a long desired fish bowl complete with gold-fish.

"Unfortunately," she says, "my brother and I used to let the fish out of the water occasionally so it could get some air. We would watch it flop around on the carpet for a while, thinking we were doing it a favor, and then put it back. It didn't last too long, but I still love goldfish."

Jackie Gordon of Bloomfield Hills collects pet bumble bee pins. "I think bumble bees are charming. They are lovely to watch and are so heavy they are not supposed to be able to fly, but they do. I admire their courage."

THE LIST of pet memories is, obviously, endless. Equally obvious is the fact that it's a sure bet that any woman on your list would welcome a pet she can wear, and wear, and wear.

The ultimate pet on many lists this year is one of the new, oversized fur coats, preferably in mink or sable. Failing that extravagant expenditure, there are wonderful and whimsical pets just waiting to become treasures.

There is something for every fantasy, from ducks to crocodiles, rabbits to peacocks, horses to bulldogs, from owls to swans.

Consider a favorite cartoon character, possibly Tweedle Bird, to add a light-hearted touch to lighten the holiday season. These colorful, amusing figures, used as decorative motifs on clothing, will also help chase away the winter blues when the festive season is over.

In the meantime, we extend to you and your favorite pets, real and remembered, the merriest of holidays and the happiest of New Years.

Obedience classes start

An eight-week obedience class for dogs more than six months old will begin Jan. 6 by members of Wolverine Dog Training Club. The club's training hall is located in the Merriam-Seven Mile area of Livonia.

Registration information is given by calling the club, 446-6625.

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RANDY BORSI/staff photographer

The whimsical bedroom slippers are called "Frinkies," manufactured by Carouset and come in small, medium and large sizes, available at Bon Ton, in Downtown Shopping Center, Grand River and Farmington Road. In size medium, the comfy piglets measure about 12 inches long.

And some pets for him

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Other gifts from the birds are apparent in the interior of the beautifully appointed Karimalls home.

"The peacocks lose their gorgeous, long tail feathers every winter," says Yiannis, pointing out a huge vase filled with graceful plumage.

BOB BENKERT, owner of two Birmingham clothing stores, has a yellow Labrador retriever named Polo. "He was born on Christmas Day three years ago and was our puppy mascot when I built the Polo store."

Now a full grown mascot of the Polo Ralph Lauren shop, Polo always wears a Ralph Lauren kerchief around his neck. "He wears pink or turquoise in the summer and mostly red and navy in the wintertime."

"He could use a couple of new kerchiefs and a couple more dog bones. You know, he likes simple things," explains Benkert.

Polo is by now somewhat of a celebrity. He hosts a Christmas party every year for all the children in his Bloomfield Village neighborhood. "He gives the party for all the kids he plays with during the summer. They bring him treats and he has a present for each of the kids."

Polo, says his owner, will present each of his friends with a teddy bear

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Twice a week is better

Pizza Tiger writes a book

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But, what's the explanation? What exactly does Monaghan mean? Not exactly what you and I might mean. It's all explained and resolved in nine paragraphs.

Seems Tom took some employees out for a Christmas drink or two in 1964. He got drunk and when he got home, his wife, Marjorie, looked at him kind of funny. He got mad and the next thing you know he had accidentally knocked over the Christmas

tree. He ran to the motel next door and rented a room for the night. The next day, they kissed and made up, and he hasn't had a drink since.

The chapter should have been titled: "I Got Drunk Once." Which rivals the none-dead headline and pretty much sums up how he screwed up his home life.

Still, there's lots of gold if you're willing to pan through the sand. Or should that be: There are lots of anchovy and peppermint bits if you're

willing to knead through the dough? Anyone whose heroes are Frank Lloyd Wright and P.T. Barnum can't be all bad.

After getting out of the Marines, he was picked up hitchhiking by a character claiming to be in the oil business. Quicker than a pizza to go, Monaghan had been conned out of his life savings of \$2,000. Monaghan ended up in a Traveler's Aid mission in Denver, where homosexuals taunted him all night. "Hey, baby."

Monaghan got money to leave town by setting pins, then promptly lost it after listening to a tout at the racetrack.

His future mother-in-law somehow mistook him for a beatnik and feared for her daughter. "I'm as square as a checkerboard," says Monaghan.

He was kicked out of the monastery for indulging in pillow fights.

The caption under his picture in the high school yearbook said: "The harder I try to be good, the worse I get, but I may do something sensational, yet."

There's a story that should be in the book. Once in Lakeland, Fla., where the Tigers winter, Monaghan stopped in at the local Domino's for a pizza. The staff was busy, so, to everyone's shock and pleasure, Monaghan rolled up his sleeves and made his own. He still thinks he may have been the fastest pizza maker in the country at one time.

Despite the Rotexes and the yachts and the chauffeurs, Monaghan is at heart a pizza maker, a finger and catcher of dough; regularly he dreams he's back in the shop, the phones are ringing off the hooks, the pizzas are stacking up in the ovens and he can't find the sauce and the dough and EVERYTHING IS GOING WRONG. Ain't no way he's getting those suckers out in 30 minutes.

HUSBAND JOE pointed me to a magazine article that made me less complacent about that under-the-bed space. It appeared in the November issue of Discover, and was written by Penny Ward Moser, who, on a whim, decided to have analyzed several dust balls, one from under her bed.

One of the many things she learned was that a family named dermatophagoides farinae, or common dust mites if you want to be that familiar, live by the hundreds of millions in the dust under everyone's bed and feed on the skin scales human bodies shed constantly.

The article was fascinating, and there was even a much-magnified picture of a ferocious-looking mite.

But even the knowledge that I share my under-the-bed space with such critters won't make me give it up. Where would I put all those boxes until next Christmas?

Margaret Miller was Suburban Life editor for Observer Newspapers for 16 years. She and her husband, Joe, have retired to Florida, where she writes Retirement Memos.



retirement memos

Margaret Miller

What's under beds can be surprising

A FRIEND handed me a suitcase full of items I needed to look over for a coming craft sale.

"Just keep it until after the sale," she said. "Everything is in there, and you can just stick the suitcase under the bed."

Hah! She lives in a roomy house, and little does she know about the state of things under the bed in compact retirement apartments. For starters, I would inform her that that bit of space is considered prime, not last-resort, room for accumulations to be put out of sight.

OUR BED FRAME is a mere four inches off the floor, so our under-the-bed space is shallow. Obviously the suitcase couldn't qualify — it went behind a chair instead. What I mostly store under the bed is an assortment of gift boxes, the kind you need at Christmas. This leads to all sorts of crawling contortions when the box I need locates itself squarely in the middle of the space beneath a king-size bed.

Friends with presumably higher bed frames have told me of other uses. One keeps her office there. Well, her papers tend to be spread all over the guest bedroom bed until a guest arrives, and then they go into boxes that shove underneath.

Another has a chest of drawers there, sort of. She needed the chest for something else, so she put the sweaters and shirts and socks et cetera into boxes, and under the bed they went.

My favorite use of the space came to light when a third retiree was entertaining drop-in guests and scurrying to get out some refreshments. "The cats are under the bed," she called to the woman who shares her apartment, and the guests decided this made for a rather interesting household.

Youth offered holiday activities

Children in first through eighth grades are invited to attend a Christmas Day Camp and New Year's Sleep Over from Dec. 26-31 at the Northwest YWCA, 25940 Grand River.

Activities include supervised swimming, crafts, games, outdoor activities and gymnastics.

Fees are \$5 a day for day camp; \$10 a day for New Year's Sleep Over or \$35 for four days plus the sleep over. Snacks will be furnished.

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