

'Center' Poses Work, But It's Worth A Try

IT'S A GREAT THING IF IT CAN BE DONE.

That's the reaction to the proposal that the Goodenough property and house on Farmington Rd. be transformed into a Farmington Community Center.

The rub is can it be done?

THE SITE in question stands on the west side of Farmington Rd. between 10 and 11 Mile. It's the stone house behind the stone fence.

(How many times have you passed it and thought — boy would I like to see the inside of that house?)

Now the home and the five acres of surrounding land are being offered to the greater Farmington area as a community house. Plans call for a variety of uses for the facility if the funds can be raised.

These ideas are tremendous and there is little that Farmington needs more than a center where groups and organizations can gather.

An additional plus for the idea is the fact that it would lend a sense of cohesiveness to the area. It would be a spot where the residents could participate whether they live in the city, township or one of the villages.

The facility would belong to greater



Farmington and there are too few of this type of spots available.

THE RUB is can Farmington swing it? Under the terms outlined by the Goodenough family, the entity set up to maintain and operate the facility must be non-profit and non-governmental. A full-time director and caretaker must be provided along with financing the project.

A figure mentioned is at least \$25,000 per year in cost. If the facility could be maintained, operated and staffed for \$25,000 a year, more power to the area.

However, we doubt that it can be done at so cheap a price.

A case in point is the Farmington YMCA. With much less maintenance costs and a staff of three that facility has an annual budget of more than \$40,000.

With this in mind we suggest that a figure between \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year might be more realistic for planning purposes.

WHAT THE PROPOSAL all boils down to is a question of whether or not the people of Farmington want to dig down into their pockets to support a community house.

—Sue Shaughnessy

'Raiders' Help Foster North's Team Spirit

School spirit comes out in many ways.

For a group of the students at North Farmington High School the spirit was shown by a series of night-time forays to the homes of the team members.

These hardy souls — calling themselves "The Midnight Raiders" — appeared each night before a basketball or football game at the homes of the team members.

In the words of one of the mothers, "They came about 8:30, but still call

ed themselves the Midnight Raiders."

At the time of their last "raid" the students composed a verse of "thanks" for the players.

THE DITTY read:

"This is it, tonight's our last
It's hard to believe 14 weeks have passed
It seems like last week we'd just begun
But after tonight our job will be done
Although that is our one regret
We don't want it to be over yet
We'll be back next year, but until then—

"Thanks to the Knocks, for pre-tending we weren't there
To the Hazelroth kids for their smiles, waves and stares
To John Thomas, who knew, but didn't tell anyone

To Jim Douglas and his driveway, for making it fun
To the Benyas, who always turned off their lights
To Randy Patford, who didn't catch us 'til last Monday night
To the Kubitskeys for the candy and poem
To John Mann for never being at home
To the Comstocks who usually knew when we came
To the Buttons and dog, who knew much the same
To Greg Semack, who followed us once, we don't know why
To Ron Fluter, who kept our secret, at least he tried
To Mike McCoy, who caught us once, too
It wouldn't have been the same without any one of you."

FARMINGTON

THRU BIFOCALS

By FRED DELANO

ACROSS THE KITCHEN TABLE, where we usually gather in our house, sat a full grown man of 24 whose father, 17 years earlier, had splintered a wrist watch spanking his rump because the lad had drawn an inquisitive thumb through a freshly baked pumpkin pie.

The newcomer, freshly back from Korea, talked of his more than 50 visits as a member of the American delegation to a spot on the earth's rump called Panmunjon. It's where we sit across another table and try to coax back the USS Pueblo.

"The smug faces of the North Koreans and the Red Chinese observers have a false know-it-all and a strange stare; the whole aura of Panmunjon is one of disquiet," the lad was saying over grapefruit and eggs.

"After these meetings we ride back through the beautiful Korean farmlands to Seoul. Meetings last a little under one hour and often one can see that our colonel has been perturbed with the communists more than usual from the way he has answered the communist statements and charges."

(Memory: Did that same boy shoot so well with his BB gun in the back yard that he could grow to help defend his country? Did that youngster in the stroller in a Chicago park where he played with White Sox children learn, then or later, about his fellow man?)

"**WHILE I WAS THERE**, I always remained close to the American MP's for fear that I would be snatched up by one of the North Korean guards who patrol both sides of the line in the conference area," were words that accompanied the toast.

"Everything North Koreans do at Panmunjon is for show. For instance, the North Korean flag is a quarter-inch taller than the United Nations standard, thus showing their 'natural superiority.'"

"The room is divided into two parts, and the conference table, with its rich green cloth cover, lies exactly on the border. We sit on one side, they on the other."

(Memory: That little boy who almost drowned in Alamitos Bay, an adjunct of the Pacific Ocean; did he learn to bargain with men as he then learned to swim?)

"One of our guys says, 'We'll always come to the conference table because talking is better than shooting,' but one wonders why the communists have answers typed out beforehand in anticipation of our expected questions."

"Even the Red Chinese officers who pass notes to the man leading the North Korean questioning look bored. We protest, they deny. They accuse, we deny. Two hours later another peace talk is over and we are back in Seoul."

(Memory: Those blinding tears that seared one's heart; were those in '53 when this lad flew away, possibly never to return, a boy of nine headed for a new destiny? Has he cured the cork sickness problem or, when he rides in Grandpa's new car, will he still christen the shiny upholstery?)

"**DRIVING THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS** of Seoul for one's first visit to Panmunjon sets the mind reeling back to why America still has 50,000 of its men stationed there," the youth was saying over his second coffee.

"Technically, we still are at war, since a peace treaty never has been signed. There still are a few skirmishes every week, and troops stand at 'combat ready' in case the North Koreans flow across the demilitarized zone again.

"Compounds, bounded by barbed wire, dot the area as one approaches the DMZ, which is approximately 10 miles in width. North Koreans went to the trouble of constructing a small village of their own in the DMZ, but it is suspected that no one lives there and that the buildings are just false fronts.

"From Seoul, Panmunjon is only a two hour drive. When these so-called peace meetings end, many just sigh, knowing they will return to make another futile attempt a few days later. These meetings soon become boring and repetitious. Those who do not return have a feeling they have witnessed one of the most unusual events in the history of man."

(Memory: The recent day the youth leaped from an automobile in which he had hitched a ride, from the Detroit airport and screamed, "Hi Dad!" When your boy comes home, you'll be just as proud, and may God see that he does.)

Tennis Trains
Seaman Apprentice David A. Tennis, USN, 18, son of Glenn A. Tennis, 25311 Harcourt, Farmington, has been graduated from nine weeks of Navy basic training at the Naval Training Center at Great Lakes.

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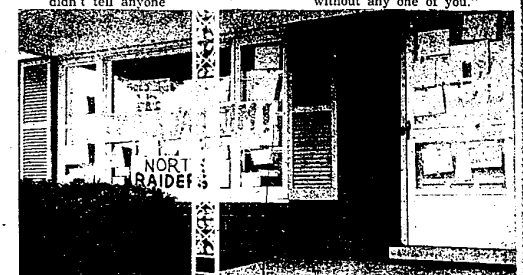
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ENCOURAGEMENT-- This is the Jim Douglas home at 3050 Runnymede just before the last basketball game of the season.

N. Kimberley Holds Election

Kimberley North Home Improvement Association has elected officers for 1968.

They are Emil J. Rader, president; William Schmitt, vice president; Lorna McEwen, secretary; William Wurst, treasurer; and Robert Harman, Wilford Henning and John Shephard, board of directors.

Wood Creek Votes Monday For 5 Offices

Polls for the Wood Creek Farms election tomorrow will be open from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. in the Paul Inman and Associates building, 30005 Northwestern Highway.

Five incumbents are candidates in the elections.

Running for council seats are Alvin Albertson and Philo Wright. Francis Kigar is a candidate for treasurer and Eileen Abbott is seeking reelection to the office of village clerk.

Train At Fort

Army Privates Marvin A. Curtis, 20, and Michael K. Largent, 17, of Farmington, have completed a quarry machine operator course at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. Curtis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Curtis, 33453 Sostwick, Largent is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton J. Largent, 22814 Glenmoor Dr.

In Training

ARMY PVT. Gerald R. Pigeon, 19, son of Mrs. Pauline L. Stewart, 21410 Collingham, Farmington, has completed an eight-week construction machine operator course at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

He was trained in the operation of bulldozers and learned the techniques of cutting ditches and forming drainage systems.

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Lahey Assigned

Army Pvt. Thomas P. Lahey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lahey, 27919 Independence, Farmington, has been assigned to Company B, 10th Battalion, 8th Brigade, in the United States Army Training Center, Armor, at Fort Knox, Ky.

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