

editorial opinion

Founders' Festival brings community together

The Farmington Founders' Festival program is rounding into final form. This year's festival will be longer than ever in terms of days covered. It will have more to offer residents in terms of fun and entertainment than ever before, also.

The 11th annual festival will feature events scattered all over the Farmington area. Residents can find something going on during the festival in their neighborhood—whether the neighborhood is near North Farmington High School or the Botsford Inn.

The following is a list of places where festival events will be held: Botsford Inn, city park, Downtown Center, Drakeshire Center, Dunckel Junior High, Farmington Community Center, Farmington High School, Farmington Junior High, Farmington Plaza, Freeway Center, and Farmington Hills city hall.

OTHER SPOTS which will host events are: White Motors, Holiday Inn, Kend allwood Center, Masonic Temple, Nardh Park United Methodist Church, North

Farmington High School, Orchard Ridge campus of Oakland Community College, Our Lady of Sorrows Catholic Church, Southdowns Tennis Club, Vladimirs and World Wide Center.

The festival began as an event to help Farmington area businesses. Now it's even more than that—it's a tribute to the entire community.

Besides the many residents who work on festival committees, there are many community groups which participate. Among them are churches such as Na-

din Park, United Methodist, First United Methodist, Our Lady of Sorrows Catholic service clubs, such as North Farmington Kiwanis, Elks, League of Women Voters and Jaycees; and community groups such as the jazz band, square dance clubs, concert band, Clarenceville Players and the Orchard Ridge children's players.

The cooperation needed to produce a successful festival has fringe benefits. It brings the entire community closer together.

Jackie Klein writes

Suburbs are great for kids but tough on adults

By JACKIE KLEIN

The suburbs are great for children. They need clean air and a yard. Everybody knows kids need a barbecue pit and the feeling of roots that come from a recreation room with a ping pong and pool tables, an oak-paneled den and family rooms floored in parquet where wall-to-wall fires are burning.

A child must flourish in places called Bonnie Brae Glen where civic clubs and the PTA meet weekly, girl scouts watch birds in the park, the houses have four walk-in closets and three bedrooms and a stereo in every room.

The suburbs are good for the children, but are they the place for grown-ups to be? I reminisce a lot in the win-

ter when I gaze out of the weather-streaked window and all I see is gray bleakness, icy-fingered trees like irredeemable conflict, dirty, tattle-tale gray snow and shallow puddles dotting the sidewalk which is only on one side of the street.

A LONE, obscure looking bird shakes its head in disgust and takes off with the thrust of a jet. The poor little brown syringe bobs on our front lawn, which was so proud of its gold on aplomb last summer, is covered with icy droplets and hangs its head in shame over its winter mousiness.

Things are different in the summer. Gardeners are busy manuring our lawn at \$40 a crack, and my husband spends hours planting shrubs and flowers and pulling weeds. Inside the house, with the four walk-in closets,

three bathrooms, a parquet floored family room and a kitchen and living room that are off limits, it's still and empty.

Our 1,000 square foot ranch-type house in Detroit, where two stalwart youngsters fought to get into one diminutive bathroom and the baby slept in a dyn with Chinese wallpaper, was outgrown.

SO WE moved to our four bedroom colonial, which is a two-story house where you don't have to make the beds, and one by one the kids left. We gained two walk-in closets and two empty bedrooms.

Our youngest, who is in camp, often sleeps at her girlfriends' houses, so we have four bedrooms for a menage a deux.

We're so lucky to live in an age of automation in our suburban paradise. Our air-conditioner broke down when the temperature was a sizzling 90 degrees, and it cost \$500 to fix—that was just for the labor. The parts are guaranteed—to break, that is.

The garbage disposal gets stuck and backs up a mess of orange peels, bubble gum (mine), and dog bones. There's seldom any food in it because I planted the stove with philodendron and there are only 12 bottles of Afta Spumante and one-calorie pop in the refrigerator. I don't know how the orange snack in

THE WASHING machine conks out in the middle of a load of my husband's used-to-be white undershirts and the dryer rebels and refuses to de-

moisturize my best tablecloth which I use on the window where the shade is broken.

When the bulb burns out in my closet, my husband calls an electrician. He insists the socket, the wires, the fuses and all the other apparatuses are shot. For a dripping faucet, he calls a plumber who charges \$30 for 10 minutes plus parts.

Finally, a word about homeowners' associations. I went to one in the 15 years we've lived here. The members complained about my dog watering their bushes, my garage door that was open because the electric eye is always closed, and my rubbish cans that were an unattractive dove gray and weren't designed by an interior decorator.

Speaking of homeowners' associations, members make comments like, "Zoning laws are for builders and developers, not for the multitude of residents who sink their life savings into their homes."

"SOUTHFIELD is the hub of the metropolitan area with more buildings per acre than in any surrounding community," is another gripe. "Homeowners didn't come here to live in a cement jungle with high density traffic."

"We moved out here to have room to raise our kids and to enjoy our trees and wide open spaces."

As I said before, the suburbs are great for the children but no place for grownups to be.

Carl Stoddard writes

Home ownership is onerous

I'm befuddled. As a homeowner I've discovered that many of the questions that come up concerning a home don't have answers.

Here are a few examples. Why won't grass grow on the bare spot of your lawn that you've seeded, watered, fertilized and talked to—but it will grow between the cracks in your driveway?

Why can't someone figure out a way to get your leaking basement and leaking swimming pool to work together?

How come it always rains when you want to mow the lawn?

Why doesn't the air conditioner ever break down in cool weather?

Why does everything at the hardware store cost either 49 cents or \$1.99? And what law of nature demands that the items you buy at the hardware always add up to \$20.57?

HERE'S SOMETHING else I've never figured out. Why is it that no matter how much cupboard and closet space you have, you always manage

to fill every empty inch?

How do kids learn so quickly how to put unwashable fingerprints on the walls?

And speaking of kids, how is it possible for a kid to transfer more dirt to a towel than he had on his hands—after he's washed them?

Why do faucets only drip when you can't sleep?

This is a question for Gardeners. If you don't like mowing your lawn, why do you fertilize and water it?

WHEN WILL everyone learn that trying to copy the houses in Better Homes and Gardens is the same as trying to copy the television life styles of the Wattsons?

Where is it written that a piece of furniture must go on sale a week after you buy it?

Why is it that appliances always break down two days after the warranty expires?

Or how do other appliances know when you forget to send in the warranty cards and break down within a week?

How come you can spend \$300 on tools but never have the right tool for

any job you tackle?

Why does your neighbor's garbage always look neater than yours?

And why do garages never get cleaned?

One last question: Why doesn't somebody invent a garden hose that rolls back up neatly. Mine acts like a box constrictor.

How can I get tongues?

Dear Gundella:

How can I get a turtle's tongue or a dove's tongue? Someone told me that if you put a turtle's tongue or a dove's tongue in your mouth and kiss your lover, he would love and marry you. Please give me more information. JOAN W.

Dear Joan:

This ancient spell calls for the tongue of a turtle dove, a kind of bird. I would not recommend it. What man is going to kiss you again if the first time he tries it, he finds you have a stinking tongue, usually sold preserved in formaldehyde of a dead bird in your mouth? Better to use a Certs and work the hair-of-the-head spell published April 2.

Dear Gundella:

I am a woman 72 years old, and I am not interested in romance or marriage at this time. There is a very nice gentleman, also 72, whom I do not want to hurt, but he will not stop pestering me. Can you send me a spell to discourage him? ANN G.

Dear Ann:

I get many letters from women who would love to have your trouble, but I know that an unwanted suitor can be a real problem.



Those who are planning to cast love spells should give this some thought and be sure they really want the man they are after.

Believe me, it's much easier to get a man that it is to get rid of one. You might like to try the rubber egg spell.

RUBBER EGG SPELL

Soak a raw egg from a black hen in vinegar for 36 hours, then remove it from the vinegar. Wash it in water from a mountain spring. The shell will rub off, leaving a brown, rubber-like egg.

Name this egg with the name of the person you wish to discourage, place it in a small jar of water and carry it with you for three days.

Then remove it from the water and say, "Billy (or whatever the name of the person is). I am tired of having you with me."

Hold the egg two inches from the table top and drop it lightly. It will bounce. Say "Don't bounce back."

Roll it across the floor, saying, "Don't roll with the punches. I have tired of you."

Go to the door and throw this egg out as far from you as you can, making sure it doesn't bounce back on your property. He will bother you no more.

Dear Gundella:

Do you practice white or black magic? JOHN L.

Dear John:

There is no such thing as "black" or "white" magic. Magic is a tool; it is neither black nor white. Neither is it good nor bad, which I assume is what you really mean.

Magic is like a knife. In the hands of a surgeon, a knife can be used to save a life, but in the hands of a criminal that knife may be used to take a life.

You would not hold the knife up and say, "This is a moral knife" or "This is an immoral knife." A tool is a tool. It is the person who uses it that is moral or immoral.

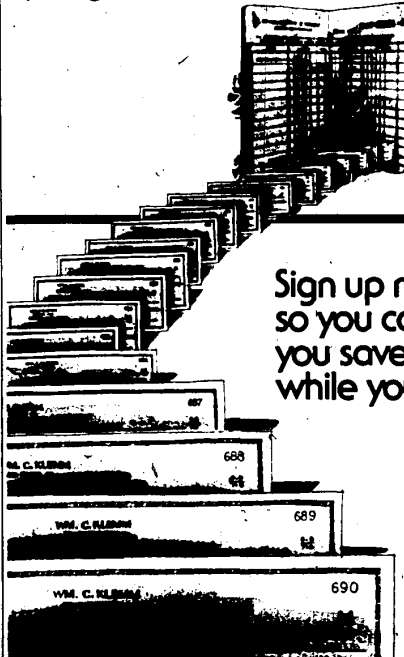
You may write to Gundella at Box 434, Garden City, N.Y. 11530. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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