

Memories

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Mathes while my nusband and I sat on the hill sipping our zinfancei.

I wondered why the music always sounded better on that that than any other place I'd been. I realize now that though the music is beautiful, the enchanting atmosphere is the perfect setting for romance which kindles on hours after the music ends. I look forward to attending a Meadow Brook Music Festival to listen to wonderful artists but more importantly to be touched by the romance Meadow Brook has to offer which is found only "on the hill."

Maureen Vincent-Sarnacki, Southlield

HIS goes back to the year 1959. That year up to 20 families moved into Christian Hills (then Avon Township) within an eight-month span of lime. This is the reason, indirectly, why the last few years has seen a rash of "sale" signs in the

same area — all the children are grown and the carents want smaller nomes and less lawns.

We were of about the same ages; children into the upper grades and finances allowed it. The women, mostly non-working, outside of their homes, encyed the various charitable work and the many women's groups, besides golfing. The following wave of resident came, moving a bit faster in the economical drift, and were the group who needed two incomes to keep up with expenses.

That found the first group without friends to socialize with, such as going out to lunch or a bridge game.

At this time, the earlier group (of about 10 families, i.e. couples, developed our own fun time to fill the empty time when we not have social or family obligations. It was still considered that we lived "way out in the country" and it was a major outing for any Detroit family to visit

us.
Since the first gathering just happened on the second Sunday of that particular month, we called ourselves "The Second Sunday Group." We developed a rotating list

of "hosts," one for each month. The current host collected 50 cents from each adult male. A door pize would be bought by that host to the following casual gathering. The ladies would do the drawings. These were to be casual-dress gatherings and break-up time was at least by 9:30 p.m. to all would have a good night's rest. It was fun.

Then Mrs. Wilson's gift established the foundation for Oakland University and the music festivals followed. We eagerly joined the music festival's seasonal programs. At first we tried to have dinner before a concert. We soon found out that our husbands' business engagements, after work, and the long commuting distance, were not compatible. We then switched to the practice of hour-long coffee klatches at the pavilion. It was relaxing, after the music, and most of the traffic rush had cleared so the two-mile drive home was not dangerous.

We kept our seasonal tickets for about five years, until the season became so long that it was impossible to find a stretch where we could plan a vacation. Most of us

would have kept the trokets if there would have been a plan for refur downer, we could not use them.

Ivy Brenton

Credits

HIS SPECIAL section appearing today in the Eccentric editions was coordinated by Marie McGee, special sections editor. Advertising coordinator was Jayne Newsham.

Special writers were Joan Boram and

Special writers were Joan Boram and Norene Flack. Photographer was Douglas Susalla. Cover design was by David Frank, graphics editor.

Ouestions concerning the section should be directed to McGee at 591-2300, Ext. 313.



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