

Play's the thing: Laurie Kohlman, Irene Hublick and Richard Dziuban star in 'Rumpelstiltskin' at the Marquis Theatre in downtown Northville.

Rumplestiltskin comes alive on stage

Have a grand old time this summer as you watch an enter-taining production of the musical "Rumpelatileskin" with the Maruis Theatre Children, live, on stage at the Marquis Theatre 17,18, 19 and 20. Also Saturday quis Theatre Children, live, on stage at the Marquis Theatre

through Sept. 28.

"Rumpelstiltskin" is the well-loved tale of that wily, cackling old mischievous gnome who magically turns straw into gold

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17, 16, 19 and 20. Also Santrany at 2:30 p.m. Aug. 14, 21, 28, Sept. 11, 18 and 25 and Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Aug. 29, Sept. 12, 19 and 26. Tickets to all general perfor-

🖪 Performances run Aug. 13 through Sept. 26 at the Marquis

mances are \$8.

For information on birthday celebrations, group rates and available school performances, call 349-8110. No children under ago 3 allowed.

The Marquis Theatro is at 135 E. Main Street in downtown Northville.

Plymouth

874 W. Ann Arbor Rd.

Plymouth, MI 48170

734/459-7410

Chat room from page B1

was it a smirk? A voice from behind encouraged me to take the "granny seat" aside the raft operator at the rear. Avoid the front, which takes the biggest brunt of each wave, he said.

The trek begins

The trek begins
Snugly fitted into life Jackots
we trudged with dozens of others
down the steep hank to the river.
I was dismayed to see someone
else sitting in the covate
granny seat in the raft we were
assigned to. Shamelessly
announcing my wimpiness (to
the great embarrassment of my
children) I asked the Iriendly
looking rafters if I could change
places with them when the going
got rough. They assured me I'
could.

got rough. They assured me I could.

Eight to a raft plus our guide, we'chatted with the two 30-something male friends and two colloge-age women pals who would be our raftmates. Learning the two young women lived only an hours drive away, I said to one of them, "You must've done this several times them."

"Oh, no," she shot back. "Aum would nover let me ge. It's too dangerous." What kind of mother am I, I wondered, looking at my 13-year old happily perched on the front of the raft.

Hookay. Turning to the guys for what I'd hoped would take my mind off the treachery ahead, I discovered one of them, a physical therapist, was treating a doctor who broke both her ankles rafting on this river a week earlier. "Holp" I bellowed inside my mind.

The first hour downstream was peaceful. The river was only two-feet doop, a fact illustrated

by our guide who stuck an oar into the water. Along shore, we saw a half dozen baid eagles who took up residence in huge nests in the treetops. That sight alone made me glad I came slong for the ride.

the ride.

At one point as we turned a wide corner we hopped out of our rafts and walked along a sand bar. Some rafters laid on their backs and floated speedily by, enjoying the increasing tempo of the water as it rushed out to meet the Atlantic Ocean.

Huge tides

riuge tides

In the funnel shaped Bay of
Fundy, the tide enters at its
widest point. As it passes along
toward the head of the bay, it's
aquezzed by the ever narrowing
sides and constant shallowing of
the bottom.

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This advancing tide becomes a wave referred to as a tidal boro. It varies from a ripple to 10 feet in height depending on the phases of the moon. According to our guide, nowhere else in the world can a tidal boro of this magnitude be seen. The incoming wave flowing over outgoing water creates the rapids. That we were almost at full moon meant the waves would be big – seven feet. The tide literally began to turn as guides announced it was time to hop back into the rafts.

The tide literally began to turn as guides announced it was time to hop back into the rafts. Already the water had risen quite a bit (eventually the two foot deep river would become twenty feet deep - water marks along the cliffs verified this fact for any doubters).

for any doubters).

I was the last one back into our raft and felt like I was running in slow motion like in a dream, pushing mightily but barely moving, thanks to the rapidly swirling water. I was

holding my shoes and dropped one sock into the river. It swirled away with such speed, I decided it wasn't worth trying to retrieve.

retrieve.

As promised, the courteous Canadians let me have the granny seat. Within a couple of minutes we were bouncing madly over luga swells of water. I clung mightly to the tiny wisp of rope that circled the raft. I hold it so tightly for the next hour that it was the middle of the next day before I regained feeling in my fingers.

Rollicking fun

Rollicking fun

The waves not only hit us head on, they surprised us on all sides. Powered by a heavy duty motor, our guide kept us churning in the thick of things for closs to an hour. Rocking forward and back and practically airhorne at times, I narrowly missed the fiet of the guide several times as he worked the motor. We were all sonked to the bone and I have to admit, I found the experience both fun and exhilarating.

Not the same could be said for the friend of the physical therapist. As the ride on the rapids progressed, he turned greener and greener. Finally we deposited him in the raft of a photographer who accompanied the entourage. He collapsed like a giant tuns.

When the river met its level and we headed back to our starting point at a less frenetic pace, callwater dripping from our hair and stinging our eyes, I felt a true sense of accomplishment. I

and stinging our eyes, I felt a true sense of accomplishment. I had conquered my fear, and lived to tell about it.

Mary Rodrique is the Commu-nity Life editor of the Farming-ton Observer

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is now able to serve your medical needs through their Howell Location

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Their Northville Location closed as of July 31st. 1999

Thank You For Your Understanding

Meals on Wheels needs help

The Farmington Hills home delivered Meals on Wheels program needs volunteers for packing meals and especially for delivering them.

This service would require about 90 minutes of time one day a week. This program serves seniors 60 years of age and older who are homebound and unable to prepare meals. Noon meal deliveries, including hot and cold meals, are available six days per week. This program is part of the Farmington

Hills senior adult nutrition program which is funded through the Area Agency on Aging 1-B.
Also part of the nutrition program are ensite meals which are vanilable in the senior center Monday to Friday at 12:15 p.m. Register by 11:30 a.m. to be assured a meal.
Additionally, senior adult residents may obtain the liquid supplement Ensure at a reduced cast. If you or somecie you know is in need of this service or can volunteer call 473:1826. volunteer call 473-1825.



Store Hours: Mon., Thurs. & Fri., 10-8; Tues. & Sat., 10-6; Sun. 12-4; Closed Wed.

