

Introducing the OPC's FRESH NEW LOOK!

The reveal took place at our Annual Picnic on September 13, with hundreds of members and friends in attendance. Response to the refresh has been overwhelmingly positive. We are pleased to retain the familiar OPC acronym with the addition of "Social & Activity Center" as our new name which better reflects the active, engaged and sophisticated senior population of today. Because of consistent and generous support from the community, our members and our sponsors, OPC continues to flourish, providing nutrition and transportation resources, as well as a multitude of fitness, educational and social offerings for seniors in Rochester, Rochester Hills and Oakland Township and surrounding communities.



seniors in 1983. Now recognized as one of the leading social and activity centers in the nation for the 50+ population, and a role model for other communities, the organization's rich history was the driving force behind the brand refresh, along with our desire to stay true to our long-standing role as a champion for the 50+ community.

There is so much respect and tradition associated with OPC, and we recognize and celebrate the historical contribution this organization has made, while at the same time, speaking with a more inclusive name to the new generation of 50+ who may not consider themselves 'seniors.'

The introduction of the OPC Social & Activity Center name is accompanied by a new website and domain name: www.OPCCenter.org. Please visit the site and note that email addresses have also changed. In the transition, all current email addresses will be rerouted. We also can be found on several social media platforms FaceBook—OPC Social & Activity Center; Instagram and X(Twitter) - OPC50plus. Also, because our reach in the community is so broad, it will take a while before all of our community partners are able to update all references to the new name and brand but we're on our way!

We've also taken this time to refresh the name of this quarterly publication to the OPC Vibrant Voice. The individuals that have found their voice by contributing to this publication have experienced the many benefits from writing which include; mental stability, preserving memories, providing self-expression and a chance to tell their stories. We invite any and all to join the Vibrant Voice volunteer committee. Truly a win-win for the writer, the reader and OPC!



Many regulars know that our facility is always buzzing with activity and positive energy, but the numbers confirm it. In 2022, we welcomed 178,305 people through our doors, and are positioned for an even higher number in 2023 based on current trends. Simultaneously, we also serve as the sole provider of Meals on Wheels for nine northeastern Oakland County communities—preparing and serving 100,003 meals in 2022.

Our ability to positively impact the lives of generations of seniors traces back to the vision of OPC's original leaders, who identified a need for targeted services to



Take sometime today to take a walk down memory lane aka the administrative hallway to view the OPC History Wall. The wall was installed in the spring of 2021 and provides the concise history of OPC's humble beginnings in the Woodward School Building to our current location. This project took hours of sifting through photos and historical documents and includes a TV with scrolling recognition of OPC's generous donors past and present. The story continues to be written by each one of you with your commitment to the OPC's mission of providing supportive programs and services to the 50+.

Thank you for your enduring support and commitment to OPC Social & Activity Center. With a flurry of events happening this fall, please mark your calendars to attend the annual Artisan Holiday Market—the perfect activity to kick off the holiday season—held onsite on Saturday, November 11 from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. The public is welcome and tickets are \$3 at the door to support our Enrichment & Arts programming (More information on page 9). See you there!



New Name + Same Great Programs = OPC Social & Activity Center



OPC's Executive Director, Board of Directors, and Rochester Hills Mayor.

VIBRANT VOICE CONTACT CORNER

We are looking for writers 50+ to share their written words—Fiction, Non-Fiction and Poetry are welcome.

Submit your work to our editors, or simply contact us for more information.

OPC Vibrant Voice

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Pen Pals Forever

By Alyson Denyer

A warm reception awaits when the doors open and you cross the threshold at OPC. One such smile often belongs to Shirley Periatt. Meeting the people who enter OPC each day is on Shirley's list of favorite things, right next to her family and friends. Family includes her "faraway sister," Eunice Jones, residing in South Wales in the United Kingdom.



Shirley wearing her Girl Scout badge sash

Their beautiful sisterhood began in 1957 when Shirley, living in Toledo, Ohio, was 13 and a Girl Scout. Eunice was 12 and a Girl Guide in the United Kingdom. Eager to earn the Pen Pal badge, Shirley was given Eunice's name and wrote her a letter of introduction:

"Dear Eunice, I am your new pen pal. I received your name thru Girl Scout Headquarters. My name is Shirley Ann Barnhart. I am 13 years old..."

Eunice wrote back. Thus began a special friendship that has continued for 68 years. The girls compared notes about school, pets, parents, siblings, and, of course, Girl Scout activities, especially completing numerous badge requirements. Both received their Pen Pal badge; Shirley acquired 30 additional badges during her Scouting years!

If there were times when in their teens Shirley and Eunice were not inclined to write, their mothers picked up pens and became "surrogate" pen pals, each adopting the other daughter for a time. Shirley's mother advised, "there is value in this relationship...don't lose that." Eunice's mother felt the same. Love and respect grew between the girls and has never stopped.

Shirley and Eunice aspired to become Girl Scout leaders. Shirley organized a troop of eight disadvantaged girls with whom she could provide new opportunities and inspiration. She recalls arranging their first, individual, very short airplane ride at a small Toledo airport. Shirley accompanied each scout and paid the cost: one cent per pound per child. Little did they know Shirley was the one completely terrified, but don't tell her I let that slip! She confides, however, "all of my Girl Scout experience made me who I am today."

The years flew by and so did air mail letters, which now focused on the future. The two young women joined the workforce. Shirley's



studies at Dorsey Business School secured her a secretarial job. Eunice held a prestigious United Kingdom occupation as a bread truck driver. They each married and started families. Life was sometimes a challenge: Eunice had to quit her job to care for her mother; both

saw the passing of their parents. In 1995 Eunice was diagnosed with breast cancer. Shirley sent her a card *every day* to let Eunice know she was always thinking of her/praying for a recovery. Eunice overcame her cancer.

Then a wonderful event occurred in 2014. Eunice's husband, Alan, a recently retired bus driver, won a lottery. "We are going to the United States!" he declared. It was a promise to Eunice. Their first stop? Southfield, Michigan, at television station WXYZ, Channel 7 in Detroit. Knowing about the pen pals' longevity, the Girl Scout Council of Southeastern Michigan arranged a meeting on May 9 when news reporter, Glenda Lewis, interviewed Shirley and Eunice "Pen Pals for Life". It is not hard to imagine how wonderful those moments were.

The recognition did not end there. The *Rochester Post* featured their story on their May 15, 2014, "Second Front Page." The article highlighted the Welsh couple's visit which also included a stay at Shirley's home, a tour of Rochester and its environs, and best of all time to just sit and talk.

The art of writing may be lost in today's society, but Eunice still writes; she does not have a computer. She also calls once a month. Shirley writes as well, but emails Eunice's daughter occasionally should time be scarce. At the top of Shirley's bucket list? A trip to Wales! Eunice can't wait. Both know how fragile life can be.

There is an old adage: "Make new friends, but keep the old. New friends are silver, old friends are gold." That, dear readers, is the summation of Pen Pals Forever. Shirley said: "I hope readers will share with their children and grandchildren two things of note: 1) the importance of getting to know people in other parts of the world no matter our age and 2) being part of a group of girls during childhood, especially through scouts."

Attention all readers: a challenge awaits! Purchase stationery and stamps. Find a quiet spot to settle in with a cup of tea or your favorite beverage. Handwrite a letter to a loved one, friend, child, or anyone you want to keep in touch with. Emails or texts will not suffice. Guess what? I have a feeling they will write back.

When you see Shirley Periatt at OPC, thank her for the inspiration and for sharing her personal story. ▼

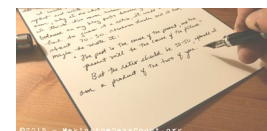


Eunice and Shirley's visit 2014

The Handwritten Letter Appreciation Society

The art of letter writing is being revived! The United Kingdom formed *The Handwritten Letter Appreciation Society* in 2017, not only to keep cursive handwriting alive but personal correspondence as well. They currently have 1280 members in 36 countries. The *Society* declares a six-fold purpose:

- Inspire people to write.
- Unite letter writers.
- Put fun and meaning into their letters.
- Value each individual's handwriting.
- Encourage people to write to someone special.
- Gather anything related to handwritten letters in one place.



Ten years ago, I became an OPC member and joined the *Vintage Views* group right away. I wanted to "rub elbows" with people who enjoy reading and writing. It was the right decision! I welcome the challenge of choosing and researching a topic that I hope our readers will find curious and informative.

Street Names

When a real estate developer plans a new community, including infrastructure and streets, names for those new streets must be chosen. Oftentimes, the developer chooses a theme for the street names.

As an OPC bus driver, just like cab drivers and police officers, I drive the streets day in and day out becoming very familiar with local geography. Patterns of street name themes become apparent. I'm going to stick to Rochester and Rochester Hills as most of our ridership comes from those communities.

Both communities have streets named for trees: Maple, Oak, Walnut, Hemlock. Downtown Rochester has numbered streets from one to seven. Almost every community in America has such names.

Then there are much more interesting naming patterns. To be included in this list I decided that there must be at least three examples in the same neighborhood, which to me indicates a clear pattern.

- A condo community along Hampton Circle near Regency Street, is inspired by poets: Keats, Shelley, Tennyson and Byron.
- Not to be outdone by a few poets, an apartment complex that is west of Dequindre and north of M-59 honors American writers: Emerson, Melville, O'Neil, Porter, and Clemens (Twain).
- Honoring states is a community north of Walton and east of Brewster: Texas, Oklahoma, Nevada and Arizona.
- A love of flowers appears in a neighborhood south of Auburn, east of the Meijer store: Primrose, Goldenrod, Buttercup, Daylily, and Mayapple.
- Universities get recognition in a neighborhood north of Avon and east of Old Perch: Campus, Rutgers, Lake Forest, Baylor, Spartan, Notre Dame and Bucknell. I think we can conclude that the developer was not a Michigan fan.
- Someone liked British cities in a neighborhood north of Avon and west of Old Perch: Munster, Leinster and Ulster. I wondered what the letters "ter" at the end of these names mean. A Google search revealed that those letters indicate the Roman Army established military forts in these communities nearly 2,000 years ago.
- A developer was obviously fascinated by the letter "D" in a neighborhood south of Drexelgate and east of Livernois. The streets are: Denham, Dressler, Dancer, Deerhurst, Dennett, Dickson, and Dahlia. This reminds me of my wife's family. The names of the parents, five kids, and dog all began with "D".
- Camping must have been on the mind of the developer of a neighborhood north of Hamlin and east of Adams. The names are: Portage Trail, Rapids Way, River Trail, and White Water.
- Just south of Dick's Sporting Goods a street going west off Rochester Road is named Meadowfield. The following streets intersect with Meadowfield: Meadow Wood, Meadow Lane, Meadow Bridge and Meadow Side. I can't help but think residents of this community have received the wrong mail. I think that a developer had it in for postmen, bus drivers, police officers, firefighters and pizza delivery drivers in the neighborhood.
- English names are popular in a neighborhood south of Avon and east of Rochester Road: Saxon Court, Harvard, Essex, Thames, Grosvenor, Queensboro, Pembroke, and Sheffield. In a separate neighborhood north of Tienken and west of Livernois are: Fairfield, Devonwood, Haverhill, Fairview, and Tiverton Trail.



- Somebody liked streets with names ending in "stone" south of Tienken west of Livernois: Bridgestone, Cobblestone, Ironstone, Millstone, and Fieldstone. I was disappointed that my name, Blackstone, was not a part of this community.
- Birds are a fascination in a neighborhood north of Hamlin and west of Adams: Heron Ridge, Blue Heron, Nesting Bridge and Rookery.
- Deer must have been on the mind of a developer in a neighborhood north of Avon and west of Livernois: Stag Ridge, Antler Court, and Ten Point.
- There is an apartment complex north of Avon and west of Dequindre called Cider Mill Village. Yates Cider Mill is a stone's throw away. The street names in this complex are: Honey Crisp (my favorite apple), Winesap, Crispin, Hawkeye, Rome, Goldrush and Lido. (There are a few obscure varieties in this group!)
- There is a mobile home park just west of Cider Mill Village formally named Rochester Estates. The road into the park is Le Grand Blvd. To name just a few of the streets: Gabrielle, Fontainebleau, Lesperance, Mirabeau, Labadie, and Machete. OPC Transportation has dubbed this community "The French Quarter" and that's what all the drivers and dispatchers call it.
- Another mobile home park located north of Auburn and west of Crooks, is formally named Avon on the Lake. The entrance street is Audubon Blvd. This should give you a hint. Some of the street names are: Flamingo, Toucan, Mallard, Warbler, Chickadee, and Skylark. OPC Transportation dubbed this community "Birdland" for obvious reasons.
- In a neighborhood between Walton and Avon near Hillendale three streets converge at the intersection of Maryknoll West, Maryknoll East and Maryknoll Drive. All three of these names appear on the street sign at this intersection. I would not want to deliver a pizza in this area in the dark.

In closing I want to mention a couple of particularly interesting street names: One, Nawakwa which runs east and west of Rochester Road and is north of M-59. Try saying that word five times fast. A Google search reveals this is an Ojibwe or Chippewa word meaning middle of the woods or middle of the day, depending on context.

The other interesting street name is Millecoquins which runs west of Wyngate between Parkdale and Runyon. A search of this word reveals it is a French word meaning "thousand thieves" or "thousand rogues." I wonder if the people who live on this street realize how they are being characterized. They may want to petition the City of Rochester for a name change.



I may have missed a few patterns. If you notice one, I'll add it to my collection.

Enjoy street-name hunting! ▼

Homes of Detroit Sports Teams – Detroit Lions

By Michael Flannery



In our *Vintage Views* summer issue, I wrote about my memories and the history of the Detroit Tigers' stadiums.

As I write this continuing Detroit story, sports fans attention is shared with both the major league baseball October Playoffs and the National Football League season.



The Lions home field has been located at five different stadiums during the franchise's 94-year history. The following captures some history and my memories of the stadiums of the Detroit Lions at: Universal Stadium,

University of Detroit Stadium, Briggs/Tiger Stadium, the Pontiac Silverdome, and Ford Field.

Universal Stadium — If you are a hard-core Lions fan, you know from 1930 to 1933 the team was the Portsmouth Spartans in an early NFL hometown of Portsmouth, Ohio, on the banks of the Ohio River. It was an open-air stadium with a grass surface that had a capacity of 8,200. The team moved to Detroit in 1934 and has been the Lions ever since. Many great football players played here including Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski, and Ernie Nevers alongside Lions greats Glenn Presnell, Ox Emerson, and Dutch Clark.

University of Detroit Stadium — From 1934 to 1937 the Detroit lions played at U of D Stadium on the campus of the University of Detroit. It was also an open-air stadium on natural grass with a capacity of 25,000. On November 29, 1934, the Detroit Lions hosted the Chicago Bears which began a yearly tradition of having a NFL football game on Thanksgiving Day. That tradition started 89 years ago on the campus of the University of Detroit at Livernois and McNichols. In 1935, the Detroit Lions won the NFL Championship.



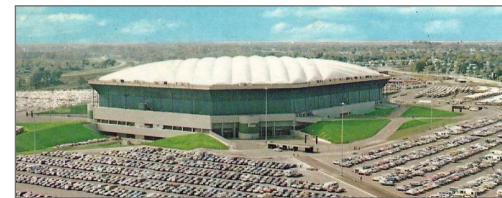
Briggs Stadium/Tigers Stadium — The Detroit Lions moved to Briggs Stadium/Tiger Stadium in 1938 and stayed until 1975. Briggs Stadium—and then Tigers Stadium—was also the home of the Detroit Tigers on the corner of Michigan and Trumbull in Detroit. During the 1950s, the Lions enjoyed their greatest years winning four division titles and three league championships in 1952, 1953, and 1957.

I remember my father attended the 1957 championship game played at Briggs Stadium and I recall listening to the game over the loudspeaker while ice skating at the Redford ice arena with friends. My dad used to take my brother and me to some Thanksgiving games which were very special. For me as a youngster and avid football fan, the 1950s are fondly remembered. There were so many great players (quarterback Bobby Lane and running back Doak Walker) in addition to the rivalries of the Green Bay Packers and the Chicago Bears. Except for winning the 1983 Central Division Championship, the Detroit Lions have not had a championship season since then, although maybe it will be 2023/2024.



Pontiac Silverdome — In 1975 after 37 years at Briggs/Tigers Stadium, the Detroit Lions moved to the Pontiac Silverdome where they played for 27 years. The Pontiac Silverdome was a domed stadium that seated 80,311 people and contained 102 luxury suites

and 7,384 club seats. The Silverdome was also the home of the Detroit Pistons. I remember being at the Lions football game versus the Minnesota Vikings on October 21, 1984, when the great Lions running back Billy Sims tripped on the Silverdome carpet and sustained a career-ending knee injury.



Back then, the Detroit Lions held their training camp on the campus of Oakland University. I would take my young son to some of those practices and obtain autographs and some photos as the players headed back up the hill to return to the dorms where they were housed. My son had a Billy Sims Lions jersey and loved it when the players would ask him "how are you doing Billy." We enjoyed watching many Detroit Lions games at the Pontiac Silverdome, including the career of Barry Sanders who unexpectedly retired at age 31, only 1,457 yards short of Walter Payton's NFL rushing record. Barry is still a fan favorite and prominent fixture in the Detroit Lions organization.

Ford Field — In 2002, the Detroit Lions moved into Ford Field in downtown Detroit. Ford Field is a domed stadium with a seating capacity of 65,000 and the surface is field turf. It is primarily the home of the Detroit Lions of the NFL but also the home of the Michigan Panthers of the USFL. Super Bowl XL (40th) was held at Ford Field on February 5, 2006, when the Pittsburgh Steelers beat the Seattle Seahawks 21-10.



I have a great poster signed by the artist Charles Fazzino with some additional sketches he included on the poster, along with a photo of him signing the poster sitting alongside Miss Michigan. Also in my collection is a Pittsburgh Steeler "Terrible Towel" and a Super Bowl XL football. In the past 21 years the Lions have had many dismal seasons, but the fans have stood by the team. In 2008, the Lions went 0-16 under coach Rod Marinelli. I have had the opportunity to attend a number of Detroit Lions games at Ford Field. It is an exciting experience as the fans are really into the team and the game.

The Lions record keeps improving with changes and additions from the front office to the coaching staff, and to the group of current players. They are anticipated to be a team in playoff contention in the 2023/2024 season.

...Sports fans and Detroit history buffs, watch for a future issue of *Vibrant Voice* about the stadiums of the Detroit Pistons. ▼



I am an avid collector of sports memorabilia, a dog lover, and I enjoy golf, fishing, music, and attending grandkids activities. A 20-year poetry writer, I joined *Vintage Views* in 2018 writing poems and stories ever since. I hope readers enjoy these stories and poems as much as I enjoy writing them. It's a great opportunity and venue.

Michigan's Contribution to WWII

By Karen M. Lemon

The country had just emerged from the Great Depression in the late thirties. Jobs, the economy, commerce, and life were just returning to a new normal when the country was drawn into a second world war. The nation would have to adjust to men going off to war and women replacing them in the factories. There would be many challenges facing the people of the United States. All forty-eight states at that time contributed to the war effort and the following are contributions made by the citizens of Michigan.

Gardens. Across Michigan and the country, families were encouraged to grow gardens to help with the food shortages. The government provided pamphlets about soil preparation and plant selections to families who had never grown a garden. Rochester residents were fortunate because the Ferry-Morris Seed Company was in Avon Township. The company would stay until 1944, when because the population of Rochester had grown so much, the company was having trouble with cross-pollination. The seed company sold most of its property; they kept the property north of Hamlin Road for its experimental and trial gardens until 1959.

War Bonds. They were promoted in Michigan and across the country by having Hollywood stars come to small towns and military bases. Selling war bonds was a great way for small communities to show pride and support for the men and women fighting in the war.



Captured enemy equipment was often displayed for townsfolk to see the arsenal used in the war. In Michigan, a two-person submarine was captured at Pearl Harbor and displayed in Monroe and Grand Rapids.

Planes. When not selling war bonds, cities chose a different way to support the war. They collected money and bought planes. In Frankenmuth, Michigan, a small company that made automotive parts before the war and

then switched to military production collected enough money to purchase a P-51B Mustang plane for \$50,000. Not to be outdone, the city of Alpena raised enough money to purchase two B-24 Liberator bombers!

Normandy Boat. A little-known fact of the war was the first boat to land at Normandy Beach on June 6, 1944, was built by Chris-Craft in Algonac, Michigan. The citizens of Algonac know all about it because the boat is on display in the city's Historical Museum.

Rosie the Riveter. As the nationwide symbol of the female contribution to the war effort, Rosie has roots in Michigan's Willow Run Bomber Plant in Ypsilanti. First, the song "Rosie the Riveter" by Kay Kyser came out on the radio and captured the minds of Americans. While Walter Pigeon was filming a promotional video at the bomber plant in Michigan, he discovered Rose Monroe working as a riveter and asked her to appear in the promotional film as "Rosie." She agreed, although she did not exploit the opportunity. Rosies were used in posters and promotions and subsequently one of them became the now famous Rosie the Riveter persona.

Schools. Don't count out the school kids of our state when it came to supporting the war effort. The students wrote letters to military personnel and their families. On the west side of the state, in Greenville, Michigan, students raised money to purchase four gliders from Gibson Refrigerator Company. Since the gliders were large, they could transport vehicles such as Jeeps and trucks. All across the state school districts challenged each other in paper or scrap drives. In Hamtramck, two parishes had collected enormous piles of metal and rubber, and both churches had a car in their scrap collection.

Life Preserver Innovation. Lest we forget to tell the tale of milkweed pods, which is a proven replacement to the *kapok pod* from the Ceiba tree found in the Pacific islands. A substitute was needed when production was cut off because of Japanese occupation of the islands that grew Ceiba trees. A doctor from Chicago discovered that the fibers from the milkweed pods had the same properties as the kapok pods. School children from the upper part of Michigan began collecting and drying out large canvas bags of milkweed pods to be used to fill life preserver vests.



War Effort Conversion. Detroit was known as the Arsenal of Democracy, a title awarded to the city because of the willingness of factories to convert production toward the war effort. The plants, especially the automotive manufacturers, were willing to alter production from domestic to war materials, even before the United States entered the war. Many towns and cities across Michigan helped with the war effort with contracts going to the smaller factories in smaller towns like Rochester. ▼

(Research for this article came from Deborah J. Larsen's *Home Town Rochester* and Daniel W. Mason's *Michigan in World War II*.)



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Local Communities Contributions to World War II

By Karen M. Lemon

The inhabitants of the three communities (Rochester, Avon Township and Oakland Township) contributed to the second world war in several ways. The nation needed people for military service, and 1,150 residents (or 10% of the total population of Rochester and Avon) served in the armed forces during the war years.

Among the recruits were approximately three dozen women. This was the first American conflict in which sizeable numbers of women served in uniform. Factories and industries located in Rochester and Avon could also be counted on to do their part in the war effort.

The Yates Machine Shop, a WWII defense contractor, was owned by A.W. Yates. It is located south of town in today's Gateway Center. This machine shop was awarded the coveted Army-Navy E Award for excellence in the production of war materials. North of town at the corner of Tienken and Rochester roads was the National Twist Drill and Tool Company. They produced critical drills, reamers, and cutting tools for the defense industry. Meanwhile in midtown east of Main Street at the former Western Knitting Mill, the McAleer

Manufacturing Company reopened and re-tooled the mill to produce flares and photoflash bombs.

Like other communities in the state, Rochester, Avon, and Oakland citizens collected almost 1,900 tons of rubber, rags, iron scraps, paper, and tin cans.

The local businesses had a stellar record for employee contributions when purchasing war bonds. The local government assigned the schools, and the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. E. Dale Kennedy, had the responsibility of issuing ration books. Community gardens and local farms eased the rationing of the food.



Photoflash Bomb



McAleer Manufacturing Company

The war brought communities together when times were challenging and the future was unpredictable. When Japan surrendered on August 14, 1945, the streets of Rochester filled with sirens, noise, horns, music, and people dancing in the streets. Their efforts and contributions greatly helped the fight for democracy. With the depression behind these local communities, resilient citizens joined in solidarity with their generous support to winning the war

Rochester Employee Recognition

How is it a young woman from Rochester received a letter from a B-29 airplane crew, whose mission was flying over Japan in the days before the surrender of the Empire of Japan

She worked at McAleer Manufacturing Company which made flares and flash bombs for the defense department in the old Western Knitting Mill factory during the second world war. The photoflash bomb would be deployed just prior to a photograph being taken by the Army Airforce during the dark of night.

These reconnaissance missions would be tasked with collecting up-to-date information about Axis countries troop movements, factory locations, and other essential information. To assess the efficiency of the photoflash bombs, McAleer built bunkers off South Street, and despite precautions there were facilities during testing.

After Japan surrendered, the crew of the last B-29 to fly over the country sent a letter to an employee of McAleer, Miss Olga Zacharuk, who had packed her address in a crate containing flash bombs.

My Dear Mis Zacharuk:

On behalf of myself and several of the fellows, we would like you to know that you packed the last photoflash bomb to fall on Tokyo. We found your address in the bomb crate when we loaded it on the last B-29 to fly a mission over Japan. We thought we would express our thanks to you....

**Rochester-Avon
Historical Society**

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Stoney Creek Village Bicentennial 1823 – 2023

By Patrick J. McKay, Museum Manager Rochester Hills Museum at Van Hoosen Farm

This year marks the 200th Anniversary of the Taylor family's arrival from New York, founding a community that still thrives today. The Taylor family moved here for its rich natural resources—commodities in high demand for at least 12,000 years. From bone tools to blacksmiths, subsistence farmers to world renowned doctors, this region has a long history of industry and skill. Explore stories of the past in this brand new exhibit!

Community Gatherings

Gathering played an essential part in Stoney Creek Village's history. The local newspapers recorded activities of Stoney Creek residents, which frequently involved family gatherings, organizational meetings, and celebrations. Gatherings were a way for residents to connect with their neighbors and give back to their community.

Thanks to the hospitality of the Van Hoosen women and other Village residents, Stoney Creek was a common meeting place for many local organizations. Each decade saw new groups and new ways for Village residents to gather, organize, and socialize. One such organization was the Stoney Creek Questers, who would play a huge part in the future when time came to save and create Van Hoosen Museum.



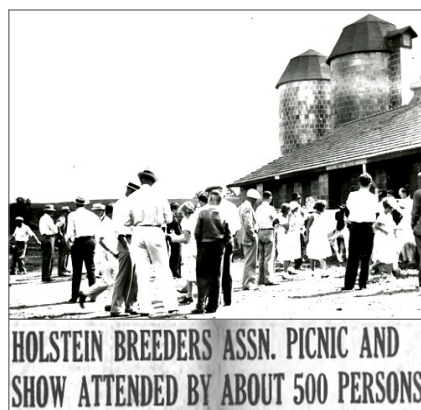
Family Gatherings

The most common gathering in Stoney Creek Village's history is of the Van Hoosen and Taylor family members. Dating back into the 1870s, the *Rochester Era* newspaper chronicled the family gatherings of Stoney Creek residents. Whether nearby or out of town, family members made their way to Stoney Creek Village by buggy,

railroad, or car.

Farmer's Associations

With the success of the Van Hoosen Farm, Stoney Creek Village was a draw for local and state farmer's associations. Sarah Van Hoosen Jones was active with the Washington Farmer's Club, serving as its president for a number of years. The Van Hoosen women hosted large gatherings for the Club in their farmhouse and in the yard under the trees. Sarah's involvement in the agricultural industry also brought state associations to Stoney Creek Village along with students from Michigan State College, now Michigan State University.



The Rochester Branch of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association has been part of Stoney Creek Village's history since the 1930s. The Van Hoosen women hosted bridge benefits and meetings for the Garden

Club at their home. The gardens around the Van Hoosen Farmhouse were even part of a garden pilgrimage hosted by the Rochester Branch in 1939.

Today, the Rochester Hills Museum and Rochester Garden Club partner to host a similar annual event. The Rochester Garden Walk allows attendees to stroll the gardens of local residents. This event brings over 500 people to the Museum site and Stoney Creek Vil-

Holiday exhibit:

All Aboard! Model Railroad Exhibit

Presented by the Stoney Creek Model Railroad Club

DATES: December 2, 9, 10, 16, 17, 23, 27, 28, 29, 30

COST: Public \$5/Adult, \$3/Seniors & Students

Museum Members Free No registration required

The Stoney Creek Model Railroad Club has been planning this model train exhibit for years and want to share it with the public. The Calf Barn will be filled with modules that have been painstakingly built in scale and show locations near and far. A scavenger hunt through the exhibit adds to the fun! This wonderfully detailed exhibit is a perfect family outing during the holiday season.

Museum programs this Holiday Season

The Museum website has the latest information for program updates, times, location, and group sizes. Registration is REQUIRED for all programs unless noted. This allows us to quickly and easily communicate any program changes. To register for all programs, visit www.rochesterhills.org/musprograms or call the Museum at 248.656.4663.

A Visit with Santa and Mrs. Claus

DATE: Saturday, December 2 [Timeline date of Nov 27 close]

TIME: 9:00am – 4:00pm

COST: \$7 Museum Members \$10 Non-Members

Limited tickets sold per hour Advance Registration is Required.

Tickets required for 18 years and younger.

Santa and Mrs. Claus have, once again, set aside this day to visit the children of our community at the Museum! Enjoy a wagon ride to the 1840 Van Hoosen Farmhouse, where you'll find Santa nestled by the fireplace and a tasty treat in the kitchen. Don't forget to bring your Christmas list and your camera to take a photo!

Old-Fashioned Christmas

DATE: Saturday, December 16

TIME: 12:00pm – 3:00pm

COSTS: \$8 Museum Member \$10 Non-Member

Advance tickets preferred, but not required.

Join us for old-fashioned holiday fun! Guests can visit the *All Aboard!* Model Train display that will fill the Calf Barn. Farm wagons transport guests to all Museum buildings for musical entertainment, crafts, snacks, theatre groups, live music, and even chestnuts roasting over an open fire!

Candlelight Walking Tours

DATE: Thursday, December 14

TIME: 6:00pm – 9:00pm Hour long time slots

COSTS: \$8 Museum Member \$10 Non-Member

Advance tickets only

Spread across the Museum grounds, guests will visit historical vignettes, observe historic campfire cooking, listen to Acapella Christmas carols, and explore the decorated 1840s Van Hoosen Farmhouse. This guided tour is an hour long. Please dress in layers, as stations are both inside and outside.

Garden Club To Meet At Farm

The Rochester Branch of the National Farm and Garden association will meet on Tuesday, May 13, at the Van Hoosen Farm in

Clipping from Rochester Era Newspaper

The Packaging Challenge

By Nancy Knitter

Every senior I know, complains of hand weakness and poor finger dexterity that impacts their ability to open jar lids, bottle caps, prescription medicine, and numerous products such as cereal bags and shrink-wrapped packages that seem next to impossible to open. There are a number of products designed to help, such as rubber floppy discs, pliers, and a multiuse tool for opening jars. Even leather work gloves make it easier, clean ones of course.

My most recent experience with excessive packaging was a box of ink cartridges for my printer. Taking it out of the mailing package was the easiest part of the whole ordeal. I was confronted with a box sealed on all sides with a tape that could only be opened



with scissors. The next step was even more challenging. Each cartridge was individually wrapped with a heavy-duty plastic film. Again, I jabbed the package with scissors, finally breaking the seal. I thought I was finished, only to find a solid piece of molded plastic *firmly* attached to one end to protect the ink side of the cartridge. I used a kitchen knife to push and release the protection. One down and another cartridge to go. A bit dangerous endeavor to say the least!

*Push, pull, twist,
turn, bang-bang,
oh just forget it.*

After many frustrating experiences with opening a variety of packaging, I have developed some of my own solutions. Jars, such as jellies and pickles that have a seal, can be easily opened if you give the top of the lid a quick bang in the middle of the lid. I use my handy meat tenderizer hammer. Stubborn twist off caps can be opened by using a damp kitchen cloth. If your bottle is stored in the fridge, open the cap and reset before storing. Run hot water for a minute on the neck of the bottle if you did not break the seal in advance.

Sealed packages, such as cereal and chips and vacuumed sealed packages require cutting with scissors. I bought a set of cheap scissors and have one in drawers of both the kitchen and bathroom.



Prescription drugs and other medication have lids that require the strength of a weightlifter. Request a user-friendly top and forgo the child proof cap. Over the counter drugs often have lids that require a push down while twisting to the left and to the right to open. Try placing the bottle upside down on a flat surface. It is easier to push down and twist with the right hand as you hold it in place with your left hand. I like the ones you can flip the cap over then push the "lever" down. If all else fails, try placing a thumbtack in the top and tap it with a hammer. (A wikifix solution). Of course, always keep these drugs out of reach of children.

This is not medical advice, but I have learned a few simple exercises to increase finger dexterity and arm and hand strength. Squeeze a soft rubber ball in each hand working up to at least 20 times and then squeeze individually with each finger, the pinkie is going to be the weakest—keep working from index to pinkie then pinkie to index. Even keep the ball in a pocket and whenever you put your hand in the pocket, voila! A bowl of marbles is a fun way for finger dexterity and strength. Move them around or pick them up one at a time and place in another bowl—cat's eye marbles are a fun throwback to childhood. Rotating the wrists clockwise then counter-clockwise strengthens and improves flexibility. Grab a couple cans of soup to hold and lift your arms upward 10-20 times several times a day to increase bicep muscle strength, the slower the better. Opening and closing the hand from stretch to fist squeeze works the muscles all the way up to the elbow.

Even if I've increased flexibility and strength, my favorite solution when all else fails is to ask that young, good-looking guy who lives across the hall to help out a struggling senior. ▼



I love to tell stories with a humorous twist or those that touch the heart. I look at everyday life experiences from a slightly different view. Thirteen years ago, my husband, who was a writer, encouraged me and here I am—still enjoying the creative experience.

Something's Afoot

There is something happening at OPC, and the 650 Players theater group admit—they did it!

Putting on shows is nothing new to the OPC 650 Players—they've performed several variety shows a year for over 20 years. This year however, they tried something new, and it turns out they're bloody good at it!

Something's Afoot is a zany, entertaining musical that takes a satirical poke at Agatha Christie mysteries and the musical style of the 1930s English music hall.

The cast and crew would like to thank the sponsors and friends of the show for continued support of the performing arts at OPC: Pomeroy Senior Living, Linda Rea Real Estate One, Cedarbrook of Rochester, Wellbridge of Rochester, Paradise Realty, American House, Careplanners, The Hutchins Family, the Avon Players Theater, and Rochester Salvage.



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Thumbs up to Thumbs...

As I oftentimes get inspiration for stories or poems from music, I was listening to the live recording of “Summer in Dublin” by the Irish singer Meadhbh Walsh that had the lyrics: *And if sometimes I tire of the quiet, and I want to walk back up that hill, I’ll just get on the road and stick out my thumb. I know that you’ll be there still.*

The lyrics resonated to me as I remembered all the times in younger days when I *too* would stick out my thumb and hitchhike. My high school was not within walking distance from my house and on occasion, when I had missed my bus ride home, I would hitchhike home. When I was in college at Western Michigan, sometimes I would come home for the weekend. If I didn’t have a car, I would hitchhike from I-94 in Kalamazoo, Michigan, to Telegraph Road where my dad would pick me up for the rest of the ride home. On the return trip back to school, he would drop me off on Telegraph Road and I would then hitchhike back to school.

My thumb always got me to where I needed to go. Even dressed for an Irish wedding of a good friend’s daughter held on Beaver Island, my wife and I ended up sticking our thumbs out and hitchhiking into town as there was no car available to get from our hotel to the downtown area.

The thumb is an important finger as its movement forms the basis of several activities of the hand. In addition to the index finger and the middle finger, the thumb provides a significant amount of grip



strength. We use our thumbs for many purposes such as writing, opening bottles and jars, turning doorknobs, tying shoelaces, buttoning clothes, and zipping jackets, tuning and playing an instrument, winding a watch or clock, picking up a cup, holding objects such as a baseball or football, and the list goes on. Try going through your day without using your thumb—it’s difficult.

There are a variety of sayings related to our thumbs. Examples include: “All Thumbs” indicates someone who is clumsy or awkward and not dexterous. “Thumbing one’s nose” signifies a rude gesture to ridicule or disparage someone or something.” Thumbnail Sketches” are quick, abbreviated small drawings that are done rapidly with no corrections, often using pen or pencil. “Thumbtacks” are broad flat head tacks used for pressing into a board or wall with your thumb. “Thumbs Up” is a phrase or a gesture that indicates approval or satisfaction. “Thumbs Down” is a phrase or gesture that indicates rejection or failure. “Rule of Thumb” is a rule or principle that provides guidance to appropriate action, a guideline. There are gardeners with those “green thumbs.”

I’m hitch hikin’ all day long. Got what I can carry and my song. I’m a rolling stone just rolling on.

Thank you Bruce Springsteen but I won’t be hitchhiking anymore. ▼



Taking a gamble on the kindness of strangers.

By Maryann Blodgett Wilshere

If you’re getting a ride somewhere for free, that’s hitchhiking.” History doesn’t record the exact beginning of “Thumbing a ride” or hitchhiking. Stories shared would place it sometime during WWI when soldiers would get furlough and needed a way to get home or wherever they wanted to spend that time.

Cars were becoming more plentiful. When walking along a road, people would put out their thumb when a car approached “to hitch a ride.” And the term “hitchhiking” began to describe a way of travel if you didn’t have access to a car nor funds to travel commercially.



After the war, veterans couldn’t find work so they traveled looking for work or simply for adventures hoping to find work and “a place to call home.” They went wherever “hitchhiking” opportunities took them.

Except for a recession in 1920–21, the economy enjoyed a long period of prosperity. By the end of the 1920s there were 26 million cars on American roads. Young adults hitched rides. Students hitched rides. Girls began hitchhiking. Whether from state to state, city to city, or within a town, the thumb in the air became an accepted gesture and was honored by many drivers.

Then in 1929, the floor fell out of the employment world. During the Depression many people hit the roads because they had no place to stay and no money to spend. They hitched to the cities looking for work. Dispossessed farmers headed west. Female hitchhikers from young girls to grandmothers and all ages in between were seen on the highways. The inevitable result of having many people on the roads led to an increase in crime, so hitchhiking became a bit more dangerous. However, many people simply saw vagabonds as victims of the Depression from ’29 to ’41.

Gas rationing during the United States’ involvement in World War II seemed to bring hitchhiking back to an acceptable mode of transportation as it was considered almost patriotic to save gas. And again, soldiers, sailors, and all who served in the military now needed to get home to say goodbye, hello, get married, or just to see the folks one last time before going overseas.

In the mid-1950s, interstate highway projects began. Hitchhiking was prohibited on these roads and the number of hitchhikers declined. Crimes against the hitchhikers themselves increased and made the practice dangerous once again. However, Federal law does not prohibit hitchhiking per se, just where you

can stand: The law states: “No person shall stand *in a roadway* for the purpose of soliciting a ride.”

No matter the need or reason over the decades, hitchhiking has been a way of transportation from “trusting-strangers” to a “no choice” method to later “romanticized flower children” travel in the 1960s. In the 1980s and into the early 1990s, “thumbing a ride” still had popularity. Going into the new century “thumbing a ride” transportation began to fade as the number of households in America with vehicles increased.

Hitchhiking and the trust of a complete stranger comes with possibilities of danger and possibilities of wonderful adventures... fleeting connections with another human being.

As a kid, little did I know that because I could bend my thumb beyond normal range, I had “hitchhiker’s thumb” ...it’s a genetic trait ...but I don’t know who I inherited mine from. My Grandpa B. had one, only one; he had hit it with a hammer and broken it. We loved our shared “unique” ability! ▼



Hitchhiker’s Thumb

Nurses, Aliens...or Angels?

By Sam Seabright

As a recent patient at a Rochester Hospital, I saw a nurse wearing a t-shirt scrub printed with the saying “Nurses are Angels.” Another t-shirt states, “Angels Wear Scrubs.”

The history of nursing provides some clues. Florence Nightingale, the founder of professional nursing, learned mathematics, language, philosophy, and religion from her father (all subjects that later influenced her life’s work). She was a Catholic nun in the nineteenth century, caring for troops and training nuns to care for troops in the Crimean War of the mid-1800s.

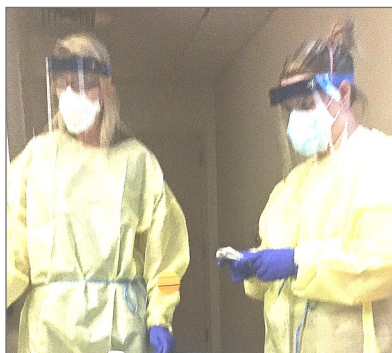
In the British medical camps of the war, Florence noticed the soldiers were exposed to unhealthy and soiled conditions. Injured soldiers lay on the floor while the doctors worked frantically around them in these foul settings, unaware of the many health risks of the unclean environment.

Using her mathematics knowledge, Florence tracked the mortality rate in the military hospitals. She found that for every 1,000 injured soldiers, 600 were dying because of contagious and infectious diseases. Because of the changes she instituted, the mortality rate dropped drastically.

She later established the Nightingale Nursing School as the first nursing school in the world. With the establishment of this school, she changed nursing into a respected profession. Perhaps the soldiers imagined the nuns in full habits were angels. Remember “The Flying Nun”? Nurses had an aura of care and holiness. Germans call them *krankenschwestern*, or Illness Sisters (nuns).

Throughout history, there have been many other notable nurses and nursing leaders: Walt Whitman, Clara Barton, Mary Eliza Mahoney, Margaret Sanger, Barbara Lumpkin, Luther Christman, Anna Caroline Maxwell, Peggy Anderson, and century after century, day after day, many more just as dedicated and caring unsung nurses.

Dorothea Dix tended troops on both sides of the Civil War. She trained and supervised about 3,000 nurses. More recently, we had Mother Teresa in India, caring for lepers.



Nurses in hazmat gear, attending a COVID 19 patient.

In the 1970s, with the advent of EPA and OSHA, healthcare providers were required to wear protective coverings, thus the alien appearance. When people work with or around hazardous materials, they wear protective gear. That could include impervious gloves, coverings, head enclosures, and shields, called PPE (Personal Protective Equipment).

I have worn similar protective gear and trained many workers to don and doff such equipment, up to and including such extreme “space suits” as SCBA (self-contained breathing apparatus), respirators, and full-body Tyvek suits. Some people call them “Moon Suits.”

Our “alien” nurses were protecting themselves from me and my wife Brenda and protecting us from possible infections brought into the rooms.



“I attribute my success to this — I never gave or took any excuse.”
—Florence Nightingale

“My nurse was like an angel of mercy” are popular lines in poetry and similar to comments patients often make.

Personally, all my nurses were kind, caring, skilled, dedicated to nursing...and in good humor, even though they worked over the long Labor Day Holiday weekend.

Truly, they are Angels! ▼



As a professional engineer, I always advocated safety and environmental protection. The photo shows me wearing a full face P100 respirator, used when working with hazardous materials. During COVID 19 I had fun wearing this mask into OPC.

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The Flag—A Story of Freedom

As told by Denise Easterling

June 6, 1944, was an important day in Denise Easterling's life and the other La Neuville-En-Hez, France residents, about 45 miles northwest of Paris. Denise was 17 years old, living in this small French town occupied by Nazi Germans. Denise clearly remembers the German occupation of her hometown. There were no lights permitted in the village after 9:00 p.m. She remembers sitting around the radio at night in total darkness, hoping to hear updates from London, which was the only station not disrupted by the Germans. When the Nazis arrived in France, they often separated the men and women in the villages. During the occupation, men were frequently killed while women were put to work, and towns were burned.

It was summer break from school in 1944, and Denise along with other neighbors decided to make flags from different countries and use them to create a banner. This banner would be hung across the road into their village to welcome the liberating armies they hoped would be coming soon. Denise recalls creating an American flag with a large white sheet of paper, pencils, and crayons.



A young Denise Easterling

Denise's parents owned a small café in town that served drinks and snacks. The café was divided into two rooms with a small door with a window separating the rooms. Denise's mother hung a sheet over the window and instructed Denise to lock the door, fearing the Germans would see the project she was working on. Her parents were serving the German soldier's cider and beer while Denise nervously worked on her American flag in the next room. At one point, a German soldier inquired as to what was behind the door where Denise was working; luckily, he was distracted, and the room was never questioned again.

It took Denise about a week to finish her flag, and she was so proud. When all the flags were completed, the villagers gathered together to create the large banner and eagerly awaited the arrival of the liberating armies, which they had heard would soon arrive.

One day, Denise's father announced that soldiers from America were on the way to their village. The villagers immediately stretched and attached the banner from one side of the road to the other side while they hid behind a garden wall, watching with excitement and nervousness!

Suddenly, Jeeps full of "Ricans" (a term the French used for the Americans) started up the little road with the soldiers shouting for the villagers to come out! In celebration, Denise's father brought out bottles of cider from his café for the soldiers, and they happily passed them around. Denise, her family, and friends were overcome with happiness. She remembers thinking... "We can again have our lights on at night!" When the convoy was moving out, Denise watched one of the Jeeps stop underneath the banner of flags. A soldier jumped on the vehicle and took Denise's American flag down. Her heart was exploding with pride, and she cried tears of joy. Denise wanted to run over to the soldier, but there was so much commotion, singing, and dancing in the street that she could not reach him before the convoy left.

She hoped she remembered to put her name and date on the back of the flag and was pleased the flag might be taken to America. A secret wish was that the soldier would return with the flag one day to meet her. That was not destined to happen as Denise married in 1946 and immigrated to the United States.

Back in France, Denise's niece and nephew moved into her parent's home after her parents' passing in 1956. In the years to follow, an American did come to the house asking questions. Her niece could not speak English, and the man could not speak French, but Denise was confident this was the soldier who took the flag returning to see her.

One of Denise's life goals is to find the flag she made, convinced it is somewhere in the United States. She hopes that, in sharing this story, someone, somewhere, will know of its location. Through their banners, Denise, along with her former neighbors, showed courage and strength in the face of the enemy while giving an incredible "thank you" to the American soldiers for saving their community. ▼



A photo of Denise Easterling home in France



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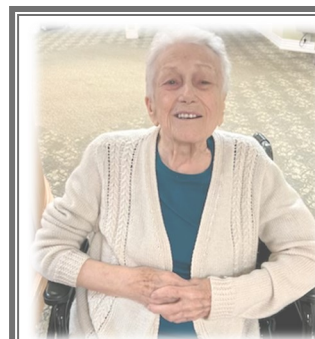
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Editor Note: Denise Easterling is a guest writer for the Vintage Views. Being aware of past articles in this publication, she expressed a desire to tell her own World War II experiences. While growing up in France during the occupation. Denise's perspective, as a front-line observer, is exclusive to our publication, and the editors want to thank the employees of Bellbrook Senior Living Community for assisting Ms. Easterling in writing her first draft of the article.

FEFFERNITZ: HOME OF THE HOMELESS

By Adam Thiny

October 1944 the Red Army had invaded our Balkan village, altering our lives forever. For 26 months we occupied incarceration camps where starvation, disease, and Death ruled. May of 1947 we escaped and fled to Austria, temporarily settling in the towns of Fehring and Tamsweg. Now we would inhabit our last place in Europe, as we searched for a new homeland.

Early October 1948 my mother, my sister Käthe, and I arrived by bus in Lager (Camp) Feffernitz. The camp occupied the center of the Drau Valley sited in the Austrian state of Kärnten, which the British still occupied. The valley basin stretches between two Alpine mountain chains, with the southern range bordering Italy. With its easterly flow, the Drau River ultimately spills its contents into the Danube that we had crossed by rowboat on our flight to freedom, only 17 months earlier.

Lager Feffernitz, named after an adjacent village, functioned like a small metropolis. To administer the 4,000 German refugees, the camp had been divided into 10 blocks, each block consisting of 12 wooden barracks measuring approximately 21 feet x 66 feet, with an entrance at each end. The site included six school barracks, auditorium, soccer field, hospital, grocery store, post office, police station, and a Roman Catholic Church. Hand pumped water wells were scattered across the complex. Multi-hole outhouses anchored each block.

The three of us moved in with my mother's parents and cousins Marianne (age 7) and Helene (age 4). They had already lived there over a year. Initially our barrack's interior remained open. For privacy, some occupants, including us, enclosed their spaces with cardboard partitions. Our minute room contained two 2-tiered steel beds, a table, two chairs, and a wood/coal burning cooking stove. One light bulb dangled from the roof rafters.

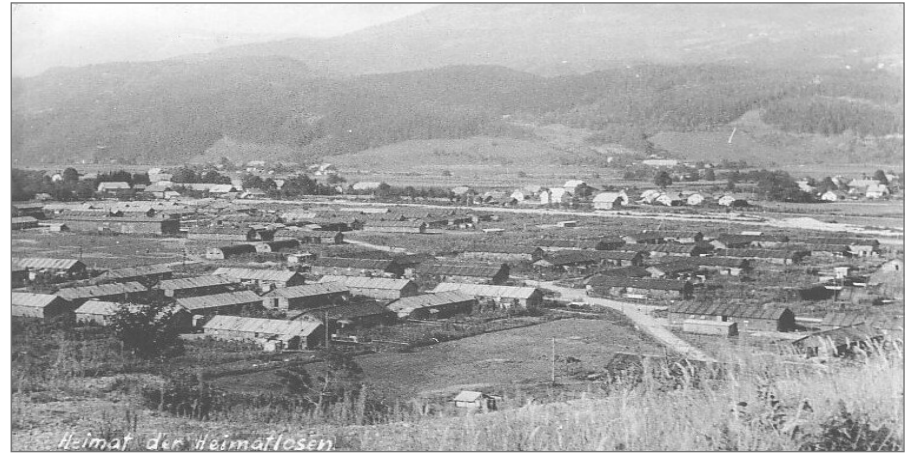
For the next three years this "refugee" camp, a word viewed negatively by many, would be our home. Even though we were ethnic Germans, and our parents and ancestors had once belonged to the colossal Austro-Hungary Empire, some of the Austrians viewed us as intruders. Definitely, a welcoming relationship it was not.

Three years earlier these refugees had led contented lives in their Balkan villages. They owned homes and land. They plowed the fields and planted wheat, corn, and potatoes. Their harvest helped feed a nation. Now they owned nothing. But they were all eager to begin anew, to work hard, and to strive for a new beginning.

We still lacked clothing, and food remained scarce. Once or twice a year we rummaged through piles of used garments, picking out a winter coat, pants, shirts, dress, and a pair of shoes. Cooking provisions were distributed by a chosen barrack resident once a week. Once, while eating an apple, a teary-eyed youngster waited for my apple core, begging me to leave a few extra bites. Yes, hunger still lurked in this *Home of the Homeless*.

For extra foodstuff, we raised chickens and rabbits, although the rabbit endeavor did not last too long. The bordering farmers complained to the camp police about our shopping for rabbit feed in their fields, thus we were forced to dispose of our rabbits. Behind our barrack we planted a garden of beans, peas, and tomatoes. To water these plants we had to lug buckets of water from a distant hand pumping well.

To earn money, our mother had left Lager Feffernitz shortly after our arrival. So, again we were torn apart as a family. Her first job was in a city about 15 miles from the camp, where she worked for a baker



and his young family. On her next job she cooked and kept house for a doctor and his wife who lived in a castle. Every two to three weeks she would visit us in the camp. Occasionally, Käthe and I visited her.

Our grandfather worked on farms, road construction, riverbank shoring, and as a night watchman at a high school under construction. Having once owned a prosperous farming complex in our hometown of Stefansfeld, for him these must have been disheartening times. But he never complained.

Käthe and I hiked into the forest and picked red raspberries, selling them to vendors stationed at the edge of camp. Sponsored by my aunt, I sold American white flour. Well, it wasn't really American flour, but Aunt felt it would sell better by using that renowned word. Entering the barrack at one end, I strolled down the long aisle chanting, "American white flour for sale!" That "American" word paid off: I sold out each day.

At our arrival, school had already been in progress. At age ten I joined the 2nd graders, while Käthe (age 12) entered the 4th grade. Within the next three years my reading skills matured to where I tackled *Robinson Crusoe* (German translation) and enjoyed Schiller's poetry. But then I stumbled onto the American western genre.

A small library within the camp offered multitudes of reading material, including works by German author Karl May (1842-1912). His main characters, Old Schatterhand and Apache Chief Winnetou, fought side by side across the American west. Decades later I would discover the similarity of May's stories compared with the *Leather Stocking Tales*, especially *The Last of the Mohicans*, written by the American author, James Fennimore Cooper (1789-1851).

My three years in Lager Feffernitz remain memorable, in a good way. Unlike our time of incarceration in the Balkan camps, here we were free again. Here I waded across gushing streams, learned to swim in mountain lakes, and wandered through emerald forests. But soon we would move again. Late October of

1951 my mother, my sister, and I would abandon this refugee camp, and sail across an ocean to *America: Homeland Found*.

Today, the dilapidated barracks that once sheltered the 4,000 German refugees are gone. Now, scarcely visible through a pre-dawn mist, a road sign points across a bubbling creek proclaiming the birth of a new era, Neu Feffernitz. The brief life of Lager Feffernitz has vanished, swallowed by the mists of time. ▼



I've been a member of Vintage Views since 2003. I write, proof, and do computer layouts. Primarily my articles relate to my early past, cowboy movies, and western novels.



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Snowflakes and Snowfalls

Michael Flannery



The snowflakes have begun falling
Each with their unique geometry
They cover fields, lawns, sidewalks, and streets
Providing us with wondrous winter treats

The snowfall can be heavy or light
But always ever so bright
It's spectacular watching snow floating down
Without making the slightest of sound

The snow is Mother Nature's way
Of helping to brighten our winter day
You may need sunglasses after snow has fallen
When those fluffy white snowflakes continue to glisten

It's in those colder climates
The ever unique snowflakes are so magnificent
Enjoying snowfalls of the winter season
Is a special sight for all the right reasons



Ode to the Christmas Cookies

Jean Waid

The shapes are endless, what decisions must be made,
Lions, dogs, circles, a diamond, club, heart, and spade,
Stars, trees, Santa's, rabbits, and a gingerbread man,
Fish, ducks, camels, and a rectangular Spam can.

Older aluminum cutters with handles red and green,
If they could only tell of kitchens they have seen.
Colors are only limited by your imagination,
The more colors that are used, the greater fascination.

Confetti sprinkles, red, yellow, and green sugar shakers
Stimulate the creativity of cookie bakers.
The size does not matter in any way or form.
A perfect gift is a tin of Christmas cookies!

Each shape of cookie seems different to taste.
No matter how many cookies, there is no waste.
Gingerbread, lebkuchens, springerles galore,
Thumb prints, molasses, sugar cookies and more!

The kind does not matter, they all soon disappear,
And how we look forward to these another year!
The floor and counter are sprinkled with flour,
Viva the Christmas cookies with staying power!

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Ode To Carter: Watching An Old Friend Go

Robert A. Lytle, *Through Bo's eyes*

There's nothing that's ever been tougher for me
Than watching my best friend grow old.
Seeing him stumble to places where once
He dashed . . . all playful and bold.

His life has been loyalty, service and love,
Taking pride in behaving for me,
Alongside on leash as I skateboard through town,
Ignoring a squirrel he might see.

The deer he once had such pleasure to chase,
When they stood in our hostas to graze . . .
Lawn-fouling geese he'd shoo to the lake,
Flapping and honking, half crazed.

Treats for these "Good doggy" deeds he once snatched . . .
Gulped quickly to show his delight,
He now only takes very slowly, in fact,
In pieces instead of one bite.

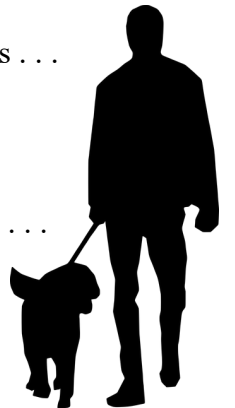
He's old, when you reckon . . . 7 years to my one . . .
That makes him around 92.
No surprise that his pace is slowing down some,
He snoozes now more than I do.

Last month we went for his annual check,
Was examined . . . the doctor looked grim,
"Carter has tumors all through his frame.
There isn't much time left for him."

Weeks have been added with pills that I put
On treats that I give with devotion,
Which eases my mind for the pain he endures . . .
He receives them with grateful emotion.

I see now his eyes are tired and sad . . .
It's time that I do what is just,
Return to the doctor—the last ride we'll take . . .
To do what I know that he must.

His place is prepared . . . his time, it is done,
Carter looks up and leaps to his feet,
His Master is calling, He's holding a biscuit,
"Come, Carter, let's give you a treat."



Books

Maryann Blodgett Wilshire

So wondrously
many lives shared,
people to meet,
thoughts to ponder,
histories to learn from,
adventures,
glimpses, ...

Moments
to simply take in
and enjoy.





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Back in the '40s there were all sorts of door-to-door salesmen hawking their wares in every community. There were shoe repairmen, knife sharpeners—all sorts of people who were willing to go to the people to make a sale.



There was one old man who, every year or so, would come with his pony and camera through our neighborhood. For a dime he would take a picture of a child sitting atop the pony.

Two weeks later he'd return with an 8x10, black and white glossy, suitable for the family album. After the Great Depression a dime for such a frivolous thing was not in the cards, but the memory of his visits is indelible.



*To this poem I put a simple melody and made it into a song.
~Robert A. Lytle*

The Old Photographer
Robert A. Lytle

C G C
The old photographer, and
 G
His pony, brown,
C G C
Walked the streets of my hometown,
C
Taking photographs for one thin dime
 G C
Of all the children in our town.

All my friends and I
Would follow him on his round,
Seated, one by one,
On that pony, brown,
Following, following down.

Times have changed, and that old man's gone,
No one to walk that daily round,
Taking photographs of all the children,
Happy faces in our town.

But still, I have a dream,
That when I'm very old,
I'll get a pony and
A camera, too,
And walk the streets of my hometown.

Inward
Ronald Guerrieri



I have dared to look inward,
into the depths others fear.
Pleasure was found, once the gates
that held back emotions
from past experiences
were thrust open.

There is a peace others wish for
found within,
only when you look inward.
The greatness of the adventures
one experiences while looking inward,
is the true self given to you.

Indulge and embrace
the moments you have found
in the valleys and caverns of your soul.
Behold the beauty given
from one self that is
within your being.

Once you know and open
the treasure chest of life,
you can begin to celebrate
the life your soul has known,
but waited
for so long to understand.



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WHERE WERE YOU ON...

By Ruth Ciocan

Memorable dates, history personally lived, defining moments—these shape people's lives. Think how moments we only know through family stories or history books shaped the lives of perhaps our parents and grandparents. There are so many days we can remember with such clarity that it seems like it was just yesterday. Of course, there are other days we don't recall until something triggers a memory. Some we try to forget.

Major events unite; they are experienced together. Perhaps we experience an event personally or indirectly. Events unite whether short or long term. Some are to our country, a global tragedy, a strangers' family tragedy. Not all unifying events are tragedies. Some are a happy common event like a wedding, birth of a child, college graduation, special vacation, a private memory with someone important in your life.

How we get through tragic events is to not focus so much on getting back to how things were. Instead, remember but move forward although difficult. So what determines if a major historic event, happy or tragic, will change us? Extended events or a pattern of repeated events are more likely to trigger generational change.

Watching the September 11 memorial services this year made me consider events prominent in my mind. For me the most tragic is 9/11. Sister Joan Charnley got on our school PA and told us to open our classroom televisions. To see that first plane crash into the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001, seemed like a terrible accident. One of my colleagues met me in the hall, and the air was knocked out of us as we saw the second plane crash. Four planes in all were hijacked. Nearly 3,000 people were killed from 93 different countries. My sister and I had just visited the buildings the previous year. Now it was collapsed rubble. That Tuesday morning so much changed.

As I think about how events have changed my life or lives of others, these come to mind: Where were you on these dates?



November 22, 1963. I was in Mrs. Seidler's art class with my second-grade friends. Principal Mrs. Creed walked in and whispered something. Shortly thereafter, we were dismissed and left silently after hearing the news that President Kennedy had been shot.

February 9, 1964. For one of the few times, we stayed home from Sunday night church. Dad's two younger sisters came over (which was a joy), and we got to watch the Ed Sullivan show with The Beatles. I still have the "Meet the Beatles" album Mama gave me.

April 1968. Martin Luther King Jr. was killed for, in my young mind, no reason other than for his color. The picture of those men standing on the balcony screaming for help stays with me.



June 5, 1968, was Ma and Dad's 14th anniversary. It was also the day of the assassination of Robert Kennedy. While Dad hung new living room drapes for Ma, we watched the funeral train travel through the small towns. All I could think of was that large family and no dad.

July 23, 1968. The Detroit riots started on a Sunday. For the next five days, we sat on our front porch and watched the tanks rumbling down 7 Mile Road on their way to the State Fair Grounds. One night Dad

drove there so we could see the Green Berets resting by the fences. Our neighbor brought his police radio to our front porch, and other neighbors gathered listening to the reports as to where the gunshots were coming from. It was not a restful summer before junior high.

October 10, 1968. Mama ordered a pair of shoes from Hudson's. They were delivered, but they were someone else's used shoes in the box. We got on the Woodward Avenue bus to go downtown to replace the shoes. Getting a seat in the back of the bus was the only way I could listen to the Tiger's game on my transistor radio. Jim Northrup got a triple, and all of us in the back cheered. Exchanging the shoes, we rushed to get the bus back home only to find out the Tigers had won the World Series. People were flooding Woodward, horns blowing, and people hugging and laughing. The usual 30-minute bus ride was well over a two-hour ride home because of the traffic jams.



July 20, 1969. Luckily it was summer vacation, and we could stay up late. That night dad had his camera ready and took a picture of the day Buzz Aldrin and Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. In elementary school I "bet" a classmate that landing on the moon was an impossibility. Boy was I wrong!!

December 1, 1969. Although it was my sister's birthday, we were glued to the television set because the military draft was happening. July 9th birthdays were drafted first. I never realized there were other drafts done between 1971-75.

1970s. The decade of the 70s blended in my mind. For a solid week people sat in front of their televisions watching the story of "Roots" by Alex Haley. Arthur Ashe, the tennis champ, contracted AIDS from a blood transfusion.

August 9, 1974. President Richard Nixon who was involved in the Watergate scandal walked to the helicopter in resignation.

April 1975. The Vietnam war ended when Saigon fell.

1976. We had the Bicentennial celebrations

November 1976. James, "Jimmy", a Georgia peanut farmer became President of the United States.

November 18, 1978. Over 900 followers drank the "Purple Kool-Aid", actually Fla-Vor-Aid, with cult leader Jim Jones.

May 4, 1979. Margaret Thatcher became the first female Prime Minister of England.

1980s. I was in my first teaching job and excited to work with students and other teachers. Also on:

March 27, 1980. Mt. St. Helen's erupted. I recall that a veteran of WWI, innkeeper of Spirit Lake, bootlegger, troublemaker and all-around hell raiser, Harry R. Truman, refused to leave the establishment he and his third wife built. Sadly, he lies under the ash and rock of the mountain he loved.

December 8, 1980. Mark David Chapman shot and killed John Lennon.

March 30, 1981. President Reagan was shot by John Hinkley.

(Continued on page 17)

WHERE WERE YOU ON... (Continued from page 16)

July 29, 1981. We woke up early to watch the wedding of Princess Diana and Prince Charles. Her monstrous dress was not what we expected. Then she spilled a bottle of perfume over it and one of her bridesmaids tripped on the train. My aunt would have said that saying the wrong words in the vows or confusing the name was a sign things wouldn't have worked out.

September 25, 1981. President Reagan appointed Sandra Day O'Connor, the first woman to hold a seat on the Supreme Court.

April 1982. The 10-week Falklands War began when England sent troops to the islands off the coast of Argentina.

I took my parents to see *Evita* at the Masonic Temple, and the ushers had to remove people who started a ruckus during the play.

We had Cabbage Patch dolls that caused fights in toy stores.

"*We Are the World*" organizers assembled some of our favorite musicians as they sought to help the African famines.

September 1, 1985. After numerous unsuccessful expeditions in the hope of finding the *Titanic* that sank in 1912, the wreckage was located by a joint French-American expedition.

January 1986. Schools across the country had their television sets on as we saw not only the first female astronaut but also a teacher board the spaceship. We watched the spaceship Challenger explode less than two minutes after takeoff. We could not take our eyes off the television; it was not just a movie but the real thing.

1989. Our grandparents and aunts would send packages through the underground to our family in Romania. We knew how poor they were under this Communist regime of Nicolae Ceausescu. However, one Christmas we saw the result of his "trial" with the execution he and his wife.

Some events people experience or observe create an initial common reaction and coming together but don't really lead to changes in society. Some events for extended periods or of repeated events trigger immediate change and some generational change.

I end this time with my earlier adulthood. There are many more events in my memory for another reflection to put in writing... World, country, local, and where I was personally. Memorable dates, history. Personally lived. All defining moments—these shape my life. Yours? ▼

Formative Years Have Greatest Impact

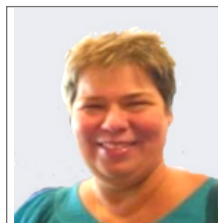
The Pew Research Center's 2016 Survey finds that:

"Americans are primarily bound together by their common generation.

For the oldest Americans, the Silent and Greatest generations, that unifying event is World War II. For Baby Boomers, the assassination of John F. Kennedy, the Vietnam War, and the Apollo 11 moon landing are defining moments.

For Millennials and Gen Xers, the 9/11 terror attacks, the Obama election, the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan lead the list by a greater margin than for other generations. The Columbine school shooting makes the top 10 list of Millennials and Gen Xers but uniquely not Boomers or the Silent Generation. Millennials are unique in that five of their top 10 events—the Sandy Hook and Orlando/Pulse nightclub shootings, the death of Osama bin Laden, the Boston Marathon bombing and the Great Recession—appear in no other generation's top 10 list.

Just four events appear on the top 10 lists of all four generations: September 11, the Obama elections, the wars in Iraq/Afghanistan, and the tech revolution. Events also differ by race and political preferences. However, survey data suggest there is little to no gender gap in the way men and women rank the events that shape their times nor in geographical location."



I'm back after a 38-year hiatus from writing while I taught high school and college English and history. Instead of college newspapers, I now enjoy writing for the *Vintage Views* about everyday thoughts and memories of days gone by.



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Our body's water pump

By Hans Koseck

There are many important body pumps. One is the stomach. That's where it all happens. It grinds and churns. It separates the good stuff to feed us and pumps out the useless stuff. We are very happy when the thing works overtime so we can eat more. Its subsidiary mechanism, the gas pump, ejects all superfluous ingredients through pores and other orifices in the form of halitosis, body-odor, and flatulence.

Important, also, is the blood pump, the heart. It's a closed circuit unless you cut yourself and some trickles out.

The air pumps, the lungs, are wide open. They constantly suck in clean outside air and expel dirty inside air.

Like the automobile, our body has the fuel pump working with the digestive system the stomach pump, and it has a water pump to keep it moisturized and lubricated.

People don't talk much about the water pump. People don't even realize that we have a water pump. They complain when their nose is running, for instance. They have no idea how the water, which they drank into their stomach, made it all the way up to the nose.

The difference between the water pump and the other pumps is that it doesn't seem to work all the time. When we sleep it is dormant. The water in our body is level like when you put a bricklayer's level in a horizontal position and only the bubble shows on top. Maybe our water level is then even through the whole body...hmm?

But as soon as we get up the water pump kicks into action. You can

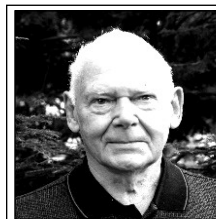
picture how without being pumped to where it belongs, due to gravity,

all our water would trickle or rush down causing major micturition, water-on-the-knee, or, worse yet, gush into the feet and cause a bad case of Miasmatic Schwice Fooce.

The water pump is the panacea. The water pump is the major component of a complicated irrigation system. It directs the body's moisture up to where it belongs--like sweat pearls on the forehead and moisture in the respiratory system. Our hair wouldn't grow if it weren't watered like our lawn. We really would be suffering from Dry-eye Syndrome. We would be unable to swallow food and the stomach actions screwed up without watered-down saliva. And consider the stuff that's constantly dripping out of the nose; we would all be stuffed up and miserable and suffering.

You see, our water pump does a fantastic job. I don't think the location in the body has been discovered yet. To me it is so mysterious.

The funny thing is that the water pump does not pump up beer and



We writers invent and compose. I dream, I think, I originate, I weigh, I splash in the stream of consciousness, I research, I prove, I create. Sometimes I try to be funny. Sometimes I share true experiences. Be my readers!

alcohol. Beer stays in the so-called beer belly, when you are lying




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Ask Us Why!

Highlights of Our Spectacular Journey to the Canadian Rockies

By Jean Waid

This adventure began with my husband, Roger, an adult son, and myself flying to Portland, Oregon. Before renting a car, we walked the largest Japanese Gardens outside of Japan. Eight separate gardens rest on twelve acres in Washington Park. Inspired, I briefly contemplated turning our front yard into a Japanese garden. Then we noticed two gardeners sitting on the ground and using tweezers to weed the fine moss-like grass. I knew no one at our house would be that dedicated.

Also in Portland, there are huge rose gardens. They were truly beautiful, and the variety of names of roses was overwhelming. Thousands of different kinds of roses exist and it appeared most of the varieties were there.

We planned to stay at motels on this trip but took along two pup tents, just in case the need arose—the need arose as we neared Seattle and stopped at a campground. We were very hungry and had no food with us. Imagine our delight as we learned they were about to open a special salmon buffet that night only. We all love salmon and certainly ate our share. After dinner, we were not surprised to see our son chatting with a pretty employee about his age. To our delight, he came back to our site carrying the leftover salmon. The next day, while out walking in a thick woods, we enjoyed dining on that great salmon, again.

We visited Michigan State classmates and friends on Mercer Island near Seattle that night—what fun it was to catch up. We loved the salmon dinner they served! The next day they drove us through gorgeous mountain scenery not far from their area. A stop at the famous Pike Street Fish Market proved a fun tourist trap adventure with stalls of merchandise for sale. Dead fish were being tossed between employees, literally!

About 50 miles of mountain scenery on the Road to the Sun proved it is indeed sensational and scary. I so appreciated having two drivers who fared well driving in treacherous areas. I could almost relax and enjoy the spectacular view.

My husband and son were all for a whitewater rafting trip on the appropriately named very wild KICKING HORSE River in Alberta, Canada. We were required to wear wet suits for the adventure—my first warning. We took a break about midway through this ride to stop for an amazing full buffet in the woods that was quickly set up for our lunch.

Once again, the opportunity arose for using our pup tents. This time, we used the cart provided to wheel in our pup tents to a primitive camping area. Only two other campers were there. We could not see the Athabasca Falls with a 79-foot drop, but we could hear the enormous flow of water all night. We knew we were in bear country. Knowing I was not willing to leave our pup tent during the night for any reason, our son from his tent asked several times if I could still hear the waterfall! I was so grateful that we did not see any bear on this trip.

Walking on Athabasca glacier was a novel experience for us. However, we are used to walking very carefully on ice in Michigan so it was not as exceptional a concept as we expected it to be.

At a scenic turn-out location with gorgeous Moraine Lake in view, we appreciated seeing a moose, appearing ant-size, miles away. As in our own Rocky Mountains, often mountain sheep with curved round horns were visible. They are easy to notice on a mountain first by their large, round white area. We walked for a few miles in heavily wooded Banff National Park. We lacked bells for tying on our shoes, pots and pans for clanging together and empty cans with stones for noise rattling. We were told these would all HELP let bear know we were on his turf and that should be a good thing in our favor. So at least one

of us banged sticks together during that entire hike. A stop 15 minutes away from Banff National Forest brought us to Lake Louise Inn and completed our destination.

We study travel manuals and brochures and make lists of tourist spots of interest to us. However, as we were about to leave Lake Louise Inn, in a mountainous terrain, we encountered a new attraction for us—just when we thought our trip could not get any better. A young man clad in lederhosen walked out with us, carrying a long alpine horn (alpenhorn, alphorn) and a small pedestal for it to rest on. He soon began slowly playing “Amazing Grace,” and the notes echoed off the mountain! It was incredibly beautiful, and we were beyond enchanted. What luck we were there at the right time to witness this experience! That beautiful song played in our heads for the rest of our vacation! How we loved all that we witnessed on that trip! ▼

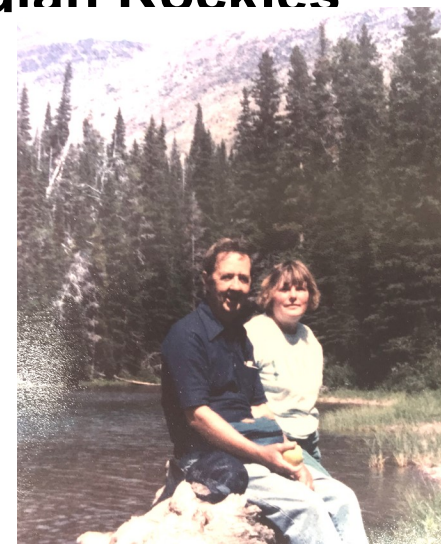
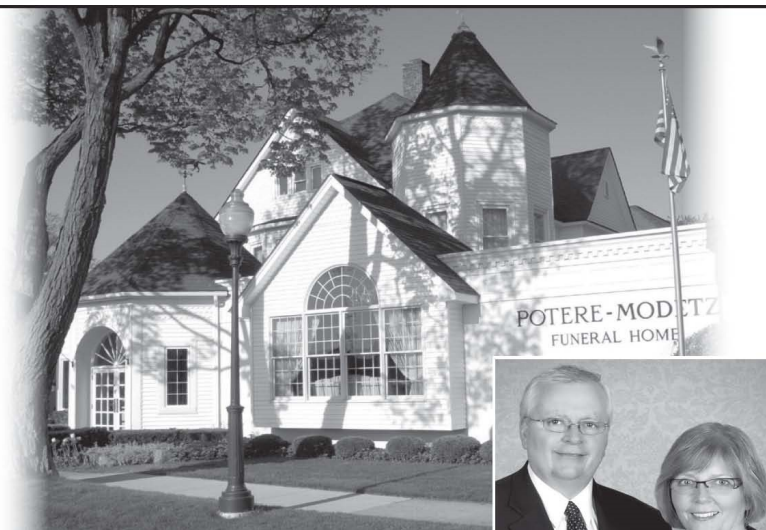


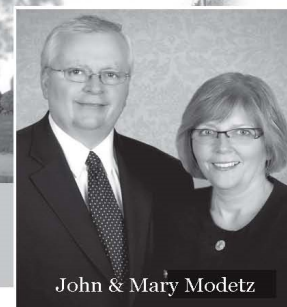
Photo by David Waid in Banff National Forest.



A vintage Alpine horn is listed on a well-known e-commerce site for under \$3K. Although size varies, this one measured 11' 6". It was made in 1964. It measures 7" wide at the widest and 5" at the mouth.



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