

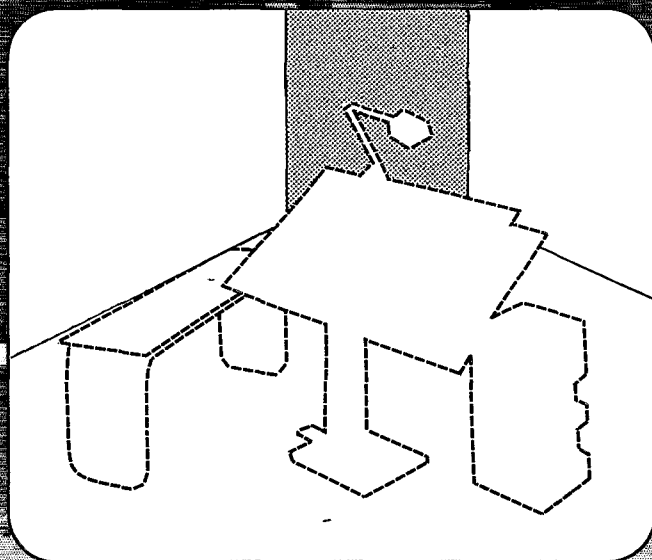
HERITAGE

A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE

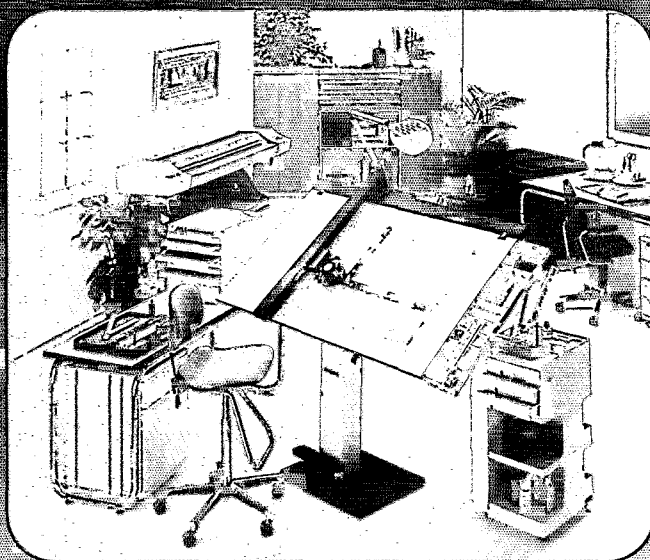


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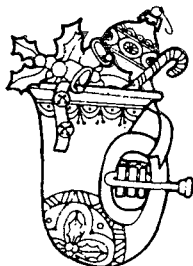
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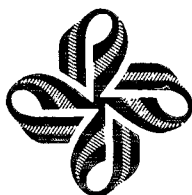


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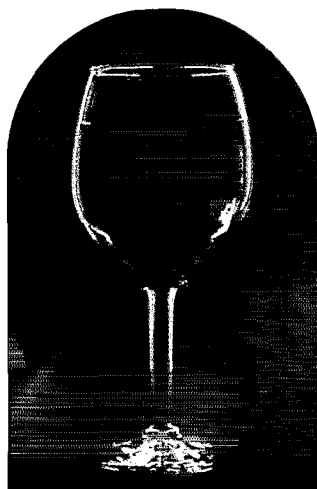
HERITAGE

A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE

Vol. 1 No. 1
December 1984



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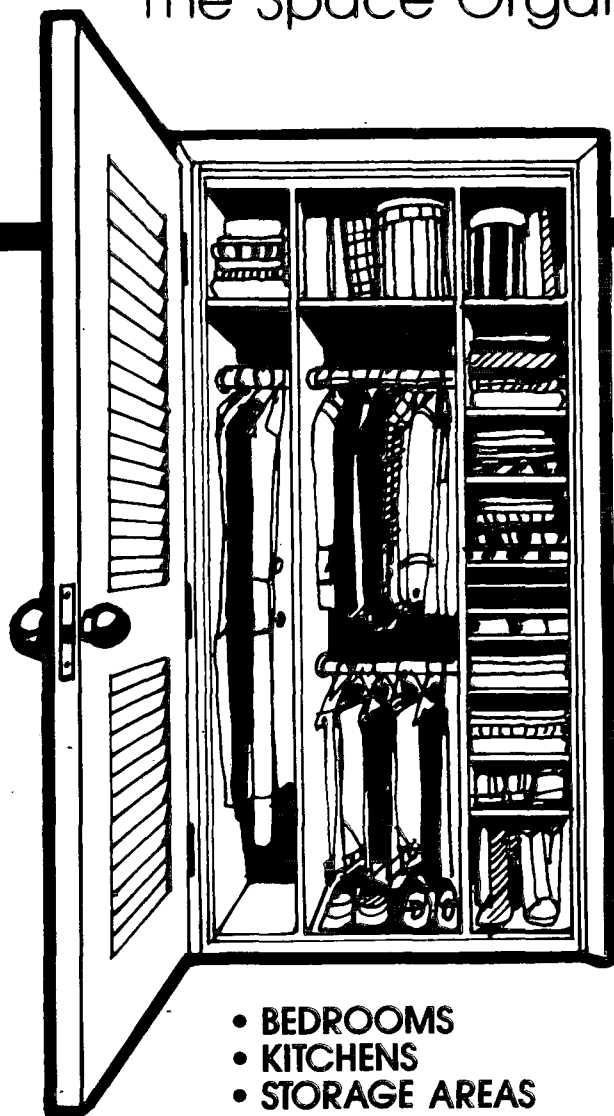
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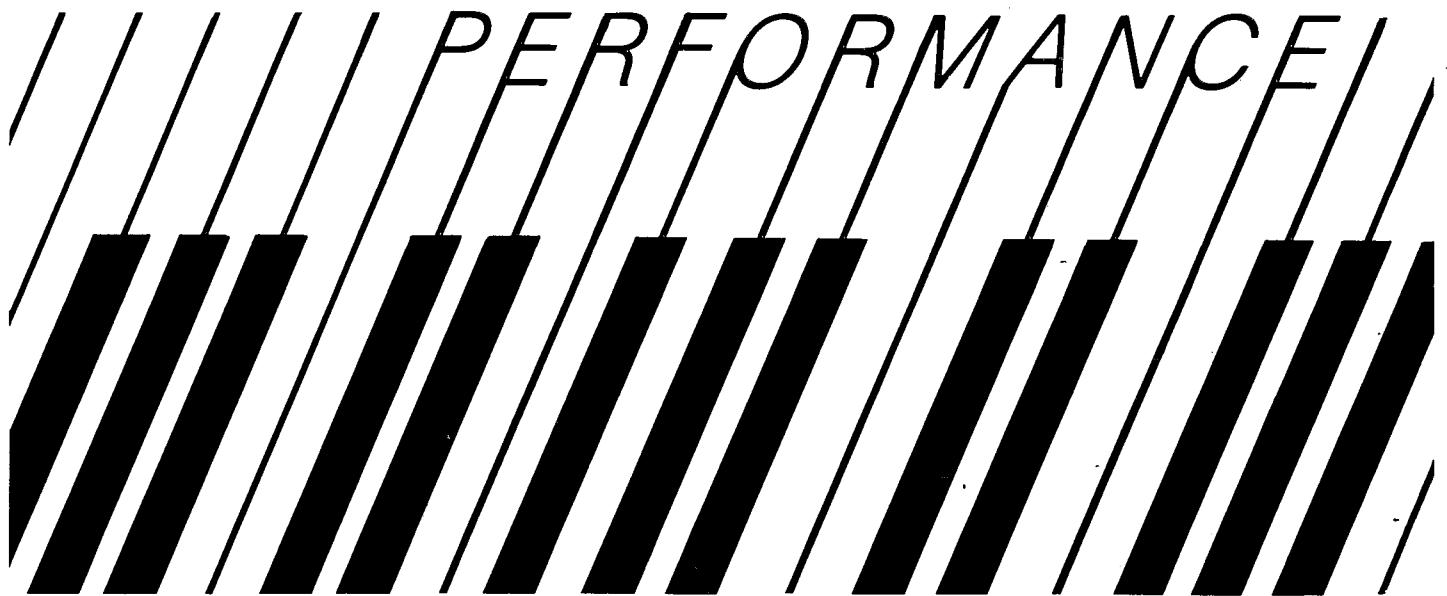
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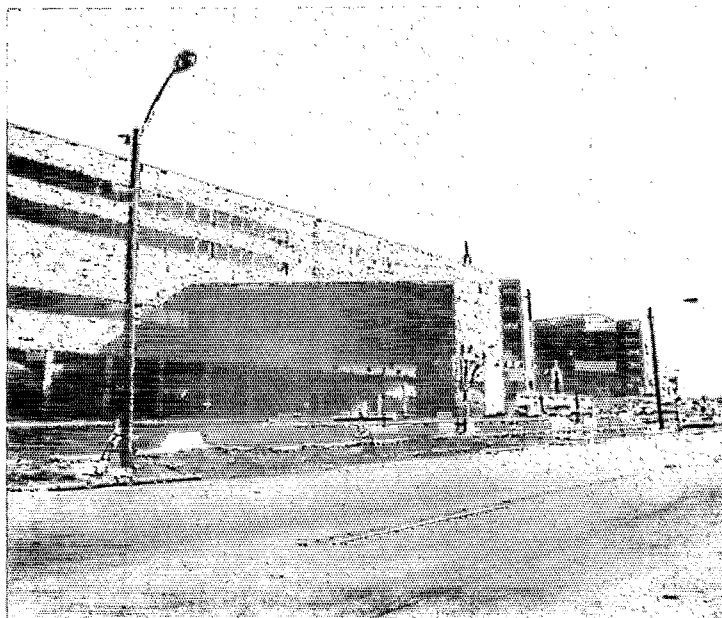
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TO THE POINTE

Introducing HERITAGE

GROSSE POINTE—the name speaks of old money and power, corporate magnates, high society, and the attainment of the American Dream to those who look in from the outside.

But to the thousands of families who call Grosse Pointe “home,” the name evokes a very different set of images: the summer sun sparkling on the waves of Lake St. Clair, the riotous colours of autumn’s trees, the fog that rolls in on certain mornings to the mournful call of passing freighters. It’s children, safe on their streets and challenged in their education; bikers and joggers; sailboats, ducks and dogs — Grosse Pointe combines the best of everything. It’s like living in the country except that you can go to the museum for a few hours, or take your choice of twenty movies on any evening, without traveling great distances.

Grosse Pointe has style, not to mention history, architecture, a great geographic situation, fascinating people with myriad backgrounds, professions, talents, hobbies, minor interests and great passions. The place is an editor’s dream.

I grew up in Grosse Pointe. I watched the squirrels from our back porch when I was very young, and graduated to jumping rope under our giant elms and collecting acorns under a neighbor’s trees. It was ritual to go ice skating on Sundays at the park, racing and twirling and showing your best form ‘til you dropped into the car, exhausted, to ride home for Sunday dinner with the family; to watch the ice break up and sweep past the pier during the February thaw; to ride your bike to the library in spring, dodging snowy patches on the sidewalks, looking forward to sinking into the deep burgundy leather chair for an afternoon’s read; to bike to the park every day in the summer for swimming and tennis and picnic lunches; to pedal down streets with canopies of golden autumn leaves (twenty years ago a soft haze would hang over the area and the smell of burning leaves would permeate the air). Grosse Pointe is home; and it offered me a childhood with as much

security as any community could offer. It filled me with an unflagging appreciation for the colours and wonders of nature. It taught me the value of the printed word. Ultimately, it brought me to this moment and our decision to publish HERITAGE. The most I can hope for this publication is that it be a true reflection of the community, for then it will surely be a thing of beauty.

Each issue of HERITAGE will bring you the history of Grosse Pointe. We’ve begun with the last Ice Age, the formation of Lake St. Clair and the surrounding environs. You’ll be intrigued by Jon Pellston’s tale of whales and caribou, which begins on page 12. Save each issue of HERITAGE, for the historical articles will progress in time, capturing the people and events which preceded us.

Be certain to pull out our special Pointes calendar on page 60. Every issue will contain a two-month calendar which will document the activities of the Grosse Pointes. Following the calendar is an Engagements section, which goes into detail about events listed on the calendar. If we’ve missed your event, we do apologize; enlighten us and we’ll include your group’s activities in the next calendar.

Everyone who experiences this magazine will surely be impressed by the calibre of Grosse Pointe youth, spotlighted in our “Young Sophisticates” fashion spread on page 30. You’ll see lovely young people who exhibit self-confidence without affectation, illustrating a maturity which speaks volumes for them and for this community.

History, architecture, fashion, interiors, food and wine, travel, profiles, kids—the list of topics we hope to cover in HERITAGE is endless. We welcome your comments and suggestions; we hope that you enjoy reading HERITAGE as much as we enjoy compiling it. Look for us on the newsstand every other month, or have the journal delivered directly to your home by sending in the subscription card inserted in this issue.

After all, there’s no place like home.



Patricia Louwers Serwach
Publisher

The Quiet Tiger Speaks Out

Grosse Pointe becomes an oasis in the hectic life of Dave Bergman, a man at the top.

When Dave Bergman and the Tiger management quickly came to terms on a new contract in November, Detroit's really informed fans breathed a sigh of relief. They had come to appreciate the game-winning steadiness of the nine-year veteran that manager Sparky Anderson had platooned in and out of the line-up with so much success. Even more than the Kirk Gibsons and the Alan Trammells, Dave Bergman (along with some others) seemed to incarnate the '84 Tiger roar. The team will probably long be known as one whose less-renowned players spelled the difference between mere competence and true greatness.

That contract agreement between the first-baseman and the club will have an effect little noticed in the trackless reaches of Tiger fandom. Namely this: It will probably keep the Bergman family in the Grosse Pointes. They have lived there since Bergman was abruptly traded to the Tigers last spring, and failure to forge a new agreement would certainly have meant their departure. (The family's presence in the Pointes is not really unusual. Besides Bergman — Darrell Evans, Dave Rozema, Dan Petry, Rusty Kuntz and Kirk Gibson all live here, either during the season or all year round. At times, the Pointes have the look of a Tiger sanctuary.)

We caught up with the Bergmans — Dave, Cathy, Troy and Bria — right in the middle of World Series week. It was mid-afternoon, and Dave, clad in blue jeans, had to join the team in playing San Diego that very day. In the midst of this turmoil, we broached the subject of the problems of being a "baseball family,"

and a few times a wistful note about the rootlessness of a life on the move crept into the conversation. Ironically, it seemed to make the family appreciate this sojourn in the Pointes all the more. We also spoke of something a big-league ball player in his thirties thinks about every



PORTRAIT BY STEFFAN DUERR.

day: what to do when it's over.

Dave Bergman has a pretty good idea about what he'll be doing, and he wishes more of his fellow players in the majors did as well. Not that he is anxious for it all to end. Dave Bergman, here and elsewhere, has been a solid hitter, pinch-hitter, and first baseman. He has compiled a lifetime batting average of .260, and — in testimony to his steadiness — that is almost exactly what he hit last year. His fielding was especially dazzling this year during Jack Morris' no-hitter. Bergman has even been credited with saving it for the pitcher. With this kind of

play, we hope his retirement is a long way off.

Here are some excerpts of our conversation with the Bergmans:

Heritage: As a youngster did you ever dream that your life would be as it is today?

Bergman: I'd have to say yes. I think that every kid that puts on a glove always thinks of himself as being a major league baseball player. When I'd go into the schoolyard, I'd always be thinking of myself as a major league baseball player, even at the age of five or six years old. When I got into high school, I became more aware of the fact that I wanted to be a baseball player, and when I got drafted by the Cubs right out of high school, I, at that time, knew that I had some ability to play professional baseball. Now whether or not it was good enough to get into the major leagues was another question. It wasn't really until I got out of college and started competing with better athletes that I kind of stood out and I thought I had a chance.

H: Does the reality of being a professional baseball player live up to the boyhood dream?

B: Well, when you're a young boy trying to perceive the major league life, you have all of these illusions of grandeur, I guess. Everything is fantastic and there are no downers in baseball except if you lose a baseball game. During the first four or five years, professional baseball was absolutely fabulous. It was everything I

◆ carol nesom with lisa carrato

ever thought it could be and more. I thoroughly enjoyed it. I would have played the game for free. I was just really into it. As I got into the game more and more, they had to start paying me more and more, because not only did my abilities improve, but it became a job and anytime you have a job you want to make as much money at it as you possibly can.

H: Do you have any special childhood memories about baseball?

B: Yes. My father was a Little League and pony league coach. I can remember him very clearly yelling at me, 'Keep your elbow up.' He was a good coach because he was a disciplinarian. But he taught me that winning or losing wasn't everything. You do the best that you can and if you lose, you're upset, but you lose graciously. You have to still go out there and try to do the best that you can. That was probably the best thing I got from my dad even though he was

a terrible loser. He would always say, 'Well, we got beat but we did the best we could. We've got nothing to be ashamed of.'

H: How are your parents feeling about you and this year's excitement?

B: They've got to feel great. I've been playing baseball for twenty-nine years, and for them to see their son playing in a World Series has got to be a thrill. I have an older brother who's severely retarded and I think that because of my brother being older, this is a more meaningful thing for my parents and maybe for some other people, too.

H: What aspect of the game do you enjoy the most?

B: The competition. I think all of the athletes thrive on competition on or off the field, probably more so than the normal person. When I was growing up and all the way through col-

lege, if we were playing cards I would want to win or if we were running a race, I'd want to win, or if we had two cars, I'd want mine to go faster. I'm basically just competing in a sport that I get paid to compete in. If I get beat in other sports, it doesn't bother me nearly as much.

H: What aspect of your career do you dislike?

B: The most unpleasant aspect is probably getting caught in the hustle of big business. There have been a couple times in my career, because of certain circumstances, when I had to go back to the minor leagues when I really felt that I shouldn't have been sent. That was probably the most disappointing part of baseball so far for me.

H: (To Cathy) What is it like being a baseball wife?

Cathy: Most of the time I feel pretty confident in him and relaxed. I don't get real nervous. But when he

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What is money? Beyond Webster's definition that money is something generally accepted as a medium of exchange, a measure of value, or a means of payment, money is a challenge. Like any problem, it is part of the price tag of life required as payment for the space we occupy. How we solve our money problems represents a basic economic challenge we all must face.

But who worries about money management? Most people are so busy working for their money they seldom understand how to manage it. Most people don't have the faintest clue about how to adequately protect what is rightfully theirs against the perennial attacks of inflation and taxation.

My father, "Chick" Rutan, was a golf professional for over fifty years of his life. As a well-known and sought-out teacher of the game, he often commented that if people didn't know how to swim, few if any, would jump into the deep end of the pool. Yet, he constantly observed individuals, mostly men, who attempted to play a round of golf — at, of all places, a private club — without ever having had a lesson or without learning the rules of golf commonly referred to as "etiquette."

Many people never learn to save.

After studying 100 random individuals between the ages of twenty and sixty-five, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare statistics reveal the following results at age sixty-five:

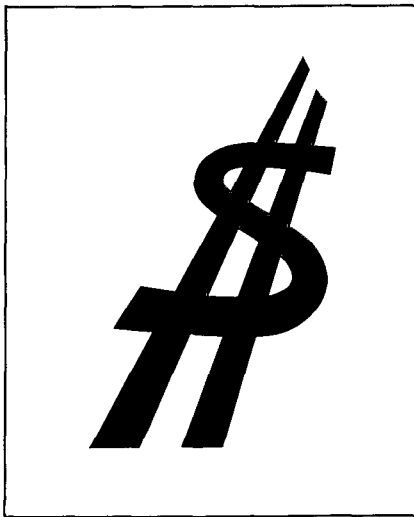
- 56 individuals are dependent on friends, relatives, or charity;
- 34 individuals die between 25 and 65;
- 6 have to keep on working after 65 (to maintain their dignity and independence);

- 3 are financially independent;
- 1 is wealthy.

These figures point out that there is a mere four percent chance, if you live, to achieve financial independence . . . in one of the most affluent countries in the world.

There are a variety of excuses which can be offered for this.

The young individual between eighteen and thirty states, "I can't save any money now. I'm only young once.



I'm going to enjoy it while I can. I'll save later."

The individuals between thirty and forty-five say, "I cannot save now — a house, wife, and children cost a lot of money. I will be in a better position to save later on when the children are older."

Individuals between forty-five and fifty-five reply, "I cannot save a penny now. I had to borrow for my son or daughter's college tuition. This is the most expensive time in my life. Maybe, I can save a little when my kids complete college or graduate

school."

Between fifty-five and sixty-five, people tell me: "We cannot save much now. Things are not going well in my business or at my job. Even if I could save, there just is not much time left to make the sacrifice worthwhile."

But the essence of money is learning what to do with it and when. To spend and/or to save . . . that will become the question. Let us establish the premise that spending money is not the problem. Rather, the challenge becomes not saving enough money for the long run. Like the habit of smoking, the habit of saving is not acquired overnight. The ability to save is not attained without some concentrated effort, mainly establishing a savings plan. Most people do not plan to fail, they fail to plan.

Let's talk about formulating a long-range savings plan. We might begin by forming the habit of saving ten percent of our earned income. The balance can be spent or set aside for deferred spending items like cars, boats, planes, etc.

As our income goes up, the amount we set aside increases proportionately. If our income should decrease, we would decrease the amount we save. This approach is ideal if begun in the early stages. Regardless of when we start, the process is the same: namely, learn to pay yourself first.

I often relate to my clients the story of the man with the brown paper bag handing out \$100 bills to a long line of people. I ask, "Where would you stand if I could get you any position in the line?" Without exception they all answer, "First, of course, so we can get our money before he runs out of the \$100 bills." The point

is that we all are "the man with the brown paper bag." We tend to pay everyone standing in our line before we pay ourselves.

The three steps that should be considered in establishing the "habit to save" are as follows:

- First, choose what percent you wish to set aside. It is not important whether you save one percent, three percent, five percent or ten percent, but that you start now to save something.
- Second, make a commitment to pay yourself right off the top of your take home pay. Do not wait in the back of the line for your money. Pay yourself first along with your fixed expenses like your mortgage and food.
- Finally, establish savings and investment vehicles that will insulate you from the temptation to spend the money once it has

accumulated to a significant level, such as \$1,000, \$5,000, \$10,000 or ultimately \$20,000 and beyond.

The success or failure of a savings account is not predicated on the rate of return but rather on the systematic methodology of putting money into the account.

The majority of the people I have talked with on the subject of saving money have admitted to playing the put-and-take game. They put the money in, build it up, and then take it out to spend on a car, T V or stereo. In other words, it may be easy to save \$1,000 seven times, but you need more discipline and farsighted planning to save \$7,000.

Once we form the savings habit, the question is how to keep it. The answer is establishing a four-cornerstone approach to sound finan-

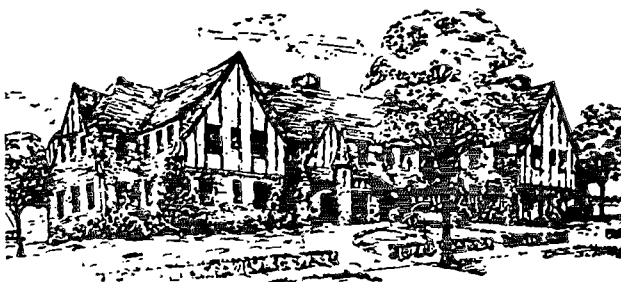
cial planning.

First, we should concentrate on cash in the bank: a checking account for everyday needs, and a savings account or money market fund with a minimum of three months' average earnings set aside for small emergencies. This account could be used to accumulate capital for deferred spending items such as T V sets or stereos.

The second cornerstone is developing a sound insurance portfolio. Begin with long-term disability income protection, preferably a non-cancellable and guaranteed renewable contract. To protect against catastrophe, a benefit period of "to age sixty-five" should be selected.

Life insurance equal to three to five years income should be in place. The type of insurance will be based on your budget, your needs and your sav-

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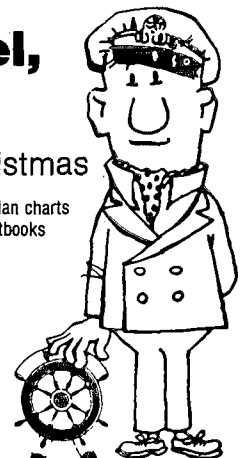
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◆jon pellston

Lake St. Clair Man lived here for 3,000 years. Then one day he didn't come home from the hunt, and was never seen again.

I was on the trail of a man who had disappeared 11,000 years ago, and it brought me to the door of a tiny, locked library of the University of Michigan's august Museum of Natural History. Inside was supposed to be a two-decade-old research paper on the first human inhabitants of Michigan. But it had been two years since the librarians had last seen it. Someone suggested it might be on the lab table in the next room, next to a huge mastodon bone, or perhaps on a shelf behind it. It wasn't. It might be hard to believe that a museum that logs and shelters artifacts millions of years old could lose something in just twenty-four months. But when you're tracking someone that vanished from the face of the earth about 9000 B.C., retracing the paper's two-year-old trail was nothing at all.

A good name for the subject of my searches might be Lake St. Clair Man, though no archaeologist worth his old bones would ever call him something as simple and straightforward as that. This early man strode throughout Michigan's lower peninsula,

especially along the Great Lakes, as the last Ice Age was drawing to a close.

With equal justification he probably could be called Lake Huron Man or Lake Erie Man, except for the convenient fact that he left some of his most extensive remains — though still a scant few — near the shore of Lake St. Clair. Everywhere else he merely scattered some distinctive-looking arrowheads and spear points. He was so parsimonious with evidence of his presence here that today little is known about him. The greatest mystery of Lake St. Clair Man is not how he lived. What clues he did leave indicate that as hunting societies go, his was strictly the run-of-the-mill kind you might find on any continent in any early era.

With one noteworthy exception. After inhabiting Michigan for more than three thousand years, he abruptly disappeared with hardly a trace. Extinction is a distinct possibility. And for some unfathomable reason, no one appears to have succeeded him on his old territory for some time afterwards. No descendants seem to have carried on after his passing, no immigrants from other regions

seem to have picked up where he left off. Among all the evidence of his stay in Michigan, there is just one real clue to his departure. But more on that later.

To even guess what happened to him takes an understanding of the cataclysms that were convulsing the region at that time. Just a few thousand years before Lake St. Clair Man arrived here (a mere blink of an eye in the eons of prehistory) an ice cap two miles high, extending from the Arctic Circle to the Ohio River Valley, covered the Great Lakes region and much of the rest of the continent. A great, giant creaking mass, it was veined with boulders, gravel, sand and soil, and rendered the earth beneath as sterile as a lunar landscape. Envision being deposited into the very center of Antarctica, one mile down. That's what standing on today's lakeshore would have been like back then.

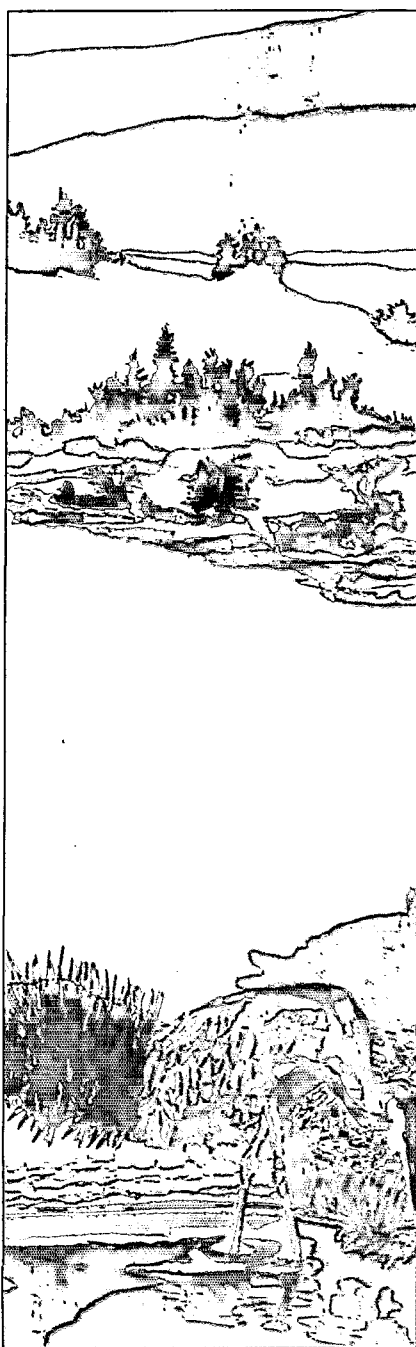
But later, about 16,000 years ago, for reasons only partially understood by scientists today, the ice began to recede about five hundred feet or so a year. It was slow enough to be hardly noticeable to the early North America man — the ancestors of today's Indians who had just arrived from Siberia.



ARCHIVES

They probably only realized that their best hunting grounds were gradually moving northward. Had they been able to understand, surely this grand spectacle of a land being freed from ice would have been the subject of many campfire sagas and stories passed down through the generations.

After about 4,000 years, the glaciers retreated past Michigan, revealing a land that bore scant



resemblance to the one we live in today. Twentieth century man abandoned on those ancient Lake St. Clair shores would not recognize the area. Much of the present-day Pointes was submerged, except for a two-mile-long island centered in the Farms south and east of Charlevoix Street. The island's eastern shore was close to the present lakeshore, and the opposite shore was a mile to the northwest. The beaches of the mainland were located even further west. One of them is now thought to be the ridge of sand and gravel beneath Mack Avenue. The hills and inclines seen in the entire area today were formed back then, deposited by the soil-filled glaciers as they melted northward. The largest of all was — and still is — on the present site of Gratiot Avenue, starting at Mt. Clemens, then curving sharply lakeward near Windmill Point. The actual lake basin was roughly formed by two great glacial soil dumpings, one near Port Huron and another at Detroit. Glacial meltwater eventually filled the flat plain between and, over the years, the earth's crust shifted to give the lake its present form.

It is 10,000 B.C. Out in the lake, even in summer, the waters were filled with breakaway icebergs from glaciers in the Lake Huron basin. All around were wetlands filled with ducks, geese, wading birds and an occasional herd of mammoths. (The remains of four have been found in northern Wayne County.) It is likely that walrus romped and whales spouted just offshore. The swollen channels from the ocean would have made their passage here easy. A few feet beneath your feet, below the profusion of lichens, moss and dwarf trees and bushes, the ground remained always frozen permafrost, like it is in the Arctic today.

Man must be painted into this picture. Evidence of Lake St. Clair Man has been unearthed nearby, along an old lake bed that once extended inland from our lake. The area is now Utica and Dodge roads in Sterling Heights. (It is very likely only one of many lake beds that lie a few feet below the surface hereabouts.) Remains there suggest that a hunting clan of perhaps thirty or forty people,

camped on a prehistoric beach for several weeks, cooking their caribou kills and manufacturing points for arrows and spears. The ground at the excavation was littered with the debris of their work. And debris, archaeologists will tell you, is like a good book to researchers. Those hunters and their families were almost certainly kin to the very first people to lay eyes on southeast Michigan.

As forbidding as their environment might seem to us today, the region was an Eden to those people. Near those glaciers and chilly lakes, game animals thrived. Mammoths feasted on wetlands vegetation, and caribou devoured the luxuriant tundra growth that was unlike anything found today in remote, sun-starved Arctic regions. The climate was becoming more hospitable, in some places further inland even *too* hospitable for men and animals well-adapted to a sub-arctic way of life. But along the lakes and glaciers, the cool weather lingered, and both flourished.

The great herds of caribou were a particular bounty, and the life of these early men may have revolved around them. Man and his fellow predator, the wolf, followed them each spring as they migrated northward. He may even have become extremely dependent on them for meat as some Eskimo tribes are today. It was probably no accident that caribou bones rested on the strata of that ancient campsite near here, the only local excavation from that epoch to reveal the remains of a kill and the only one to suggest what early man's diet may have been like. It is just possible that those same old caribou bones are also the only real clue to the fate of Lake St. Clair Man.

A suspicion about these people echoes across the millenia. Here were hunters who conducted their lives at the end of their 3,000-year Michigan stay almost exactly as they did when they began it. They did not change. They did not adapt. They did not advance technologically. Their arrow points — gauges of a civilization's progress — from more recent sites look



about the same as those from sites thousands of years older. Nor do more recent sites reveal any new tools or artifacts. To their detriment, these people may have stubbornly clung to a dying way of life as the climate warmed, the tundra dried out, and the caribou fled north. Stiff-necked and obdurate, they may have simply refused to hunt any other game — or hunt them to any great extent. They might have chosen, based on some taboo or superstition, to eat caribou and nothing else. They clung to their traditional way of life and to their traditional source of food. Anthropological records are full of the

abbreviated histories of extinct peoples, who, for whatever reason, refused to eat an abundant food in their midst, even to the point of starvation.

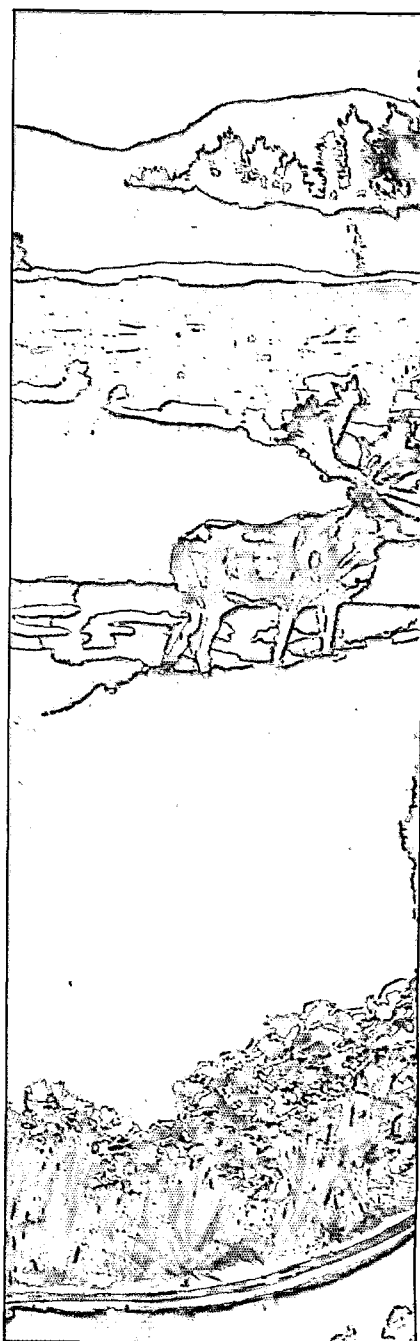
It is known that conditions in this region soon would trouble a people which would not or could not adapt. Forests, once confined to the interior, encroached upon the shoreline. Mammoths and mastodons became extinct, and the flora and fauna began resembling today's. The glaciers, after millenia of indecisive retreat and advance, finally left for good. Lake levels fluctuated so much that Lake St. Clair dried up completely about 8000 B.C. and 5000 B.C., and vast plains extended from present-day Michigan into Ontario. In the midst of this great climactic confusion, man could either adapt, move on, or die off.

The obvious conclusion is that many early men did die off, ravaged by disease, starvation or warfare over the remaining caribou herds.

But there is one other suggestion, poignant in hindsight, about what may have happened to him. Long after they should have disappeared, spear and arrow points, bearing a striking resemblance to those found on that Lake St. Clair beach still existed. They were found in Ontario on the north shore of Lake Superior. These date to a time when other more advanced tribes had moved into Michigan, thousands of years after Lake St. Clair Man was thought to have disappeared. Archaeologist James Fitting has speculated that a small, lonely band of hunters, throwbacks to a dying breed, followed the caribou northward and practiced their ancient, nearly forgotten ways far from their Lake St. Clair homeland. As he wryly puts it, they probably sat around the beach at night and wondered aloud about what happened to all the game.

The story may not even end on that barren Lake Superior beach. Tens of thousands of caribou roamed the Arctic when the first Europeans explored it in the 1700s. They encountered whole tribes of Indians who ate nothing but caribou meat. The last of these strange peoples died off just fourteen years ago. Knowing

the indomitable human spirit, it is difficult to believe that at least some of them are not descendants of early Michigan hunters who followed herds northward. In reality, the two groups of hunters may have nothing in common other than their love of caribou and their own ultimate extinction. But it is just possible that Lake St. Clair Man, reigning over the caribou for 10,000 years, did not do so badly after all.



Vive la différence!

In choosing a wine to please the educated palate, the eyes have it.

In this Age of Information, we are deluged with more reading matter than we can possibly wade through. But even with this virtual flood of data, there remains only two reasons to read: pleasure and knowledge.

The very best reading is probably that which provides both. So it is with reading wine labels. Learning to interpret them properly insures our making an enlightened selection when we buy. And the pleasure of reading wine labels? Well, that comes after the bottle is opened....

Generally, the label will indicate the geographic source of the wine, the amount of liquid in the bottle and its color and year. The label of a wine from California will also tell you which grape was used in its production. Some labels will indicate alcoholic content, and others, such as Italian wines, will attach a governmental guarantee of quality in the form of a round seal marked "Italia-marchio nazionale."

On labels of California wines, producers may very well tell the date the grapes were picked, where and how they were crushed and their sugar content.

In most instances, the labels will not tell you exactly where the wine was made, the percentage of different grapes used in preparation or how much wine from other vintages is contained in the bottle.

There has been constant debate among consumer groups, the wine industry and the government regarding the amount of knowledge that should be specified for the edification of the consumer. When ex-

amining the current trend in wine labeling, one can see that the knowledgeable are becoming more aware of what they are drinking.

While large labels are com-

says only that it is a great wine of Chateau Latour, that it was bottled there, that it is of a certain vintage and is entitled to use the name of the place from which it comes, Pauillac.

In France these places are known as appellations.

To comply with United States laws, another label has been added to all imported wines. It tells you which importer has shipped the wine, which type it contains, how many fluid ounces and how much alcohol are within.

Perhaps the most complicated labels are those on German wines. These offer the most information to the consumer. A typical German wine label will display no less than sixteen items of information — including the name of the town and the vineyard where the grapes were grown, the variety of grape, the quality of wine, the bottler, the shipper, the importer, the region and even a number to use when making further inquiries as to the wine's testing and bottling.

American wine producers have encroached on an Italian custom by using the back of the bottle to include an additional label giving the consumer more information about the wine. Some have even added a map and several photographs on where and how the wine was made.

Based upon this information, it could be fruitful for you, the consumer, to look at the label and attempt to understand what you are getting before you purchase, rather than being disappointed once the bottle is decanted and sipped.

Lawrence Greene is an attorney, a freelance writer, and a connoisseur of fine wines.

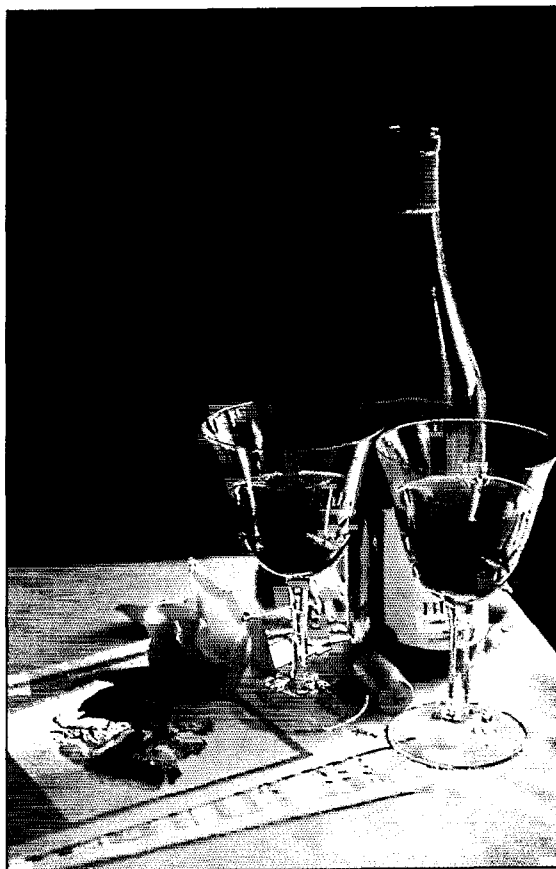


PHOTO BY ANNELIES MORRIS.

monplace on bottles of wine produced in this country, some of the best wines in Europe have only a thin strip label, giving the type of wine, the year and the name of the producer. If the wine is going directly from the producer to a restaurant, there is no need for any further elaboration. Some of the most famous labels are quite simple. The label on a bottle of Chateau Latour

relax. . .

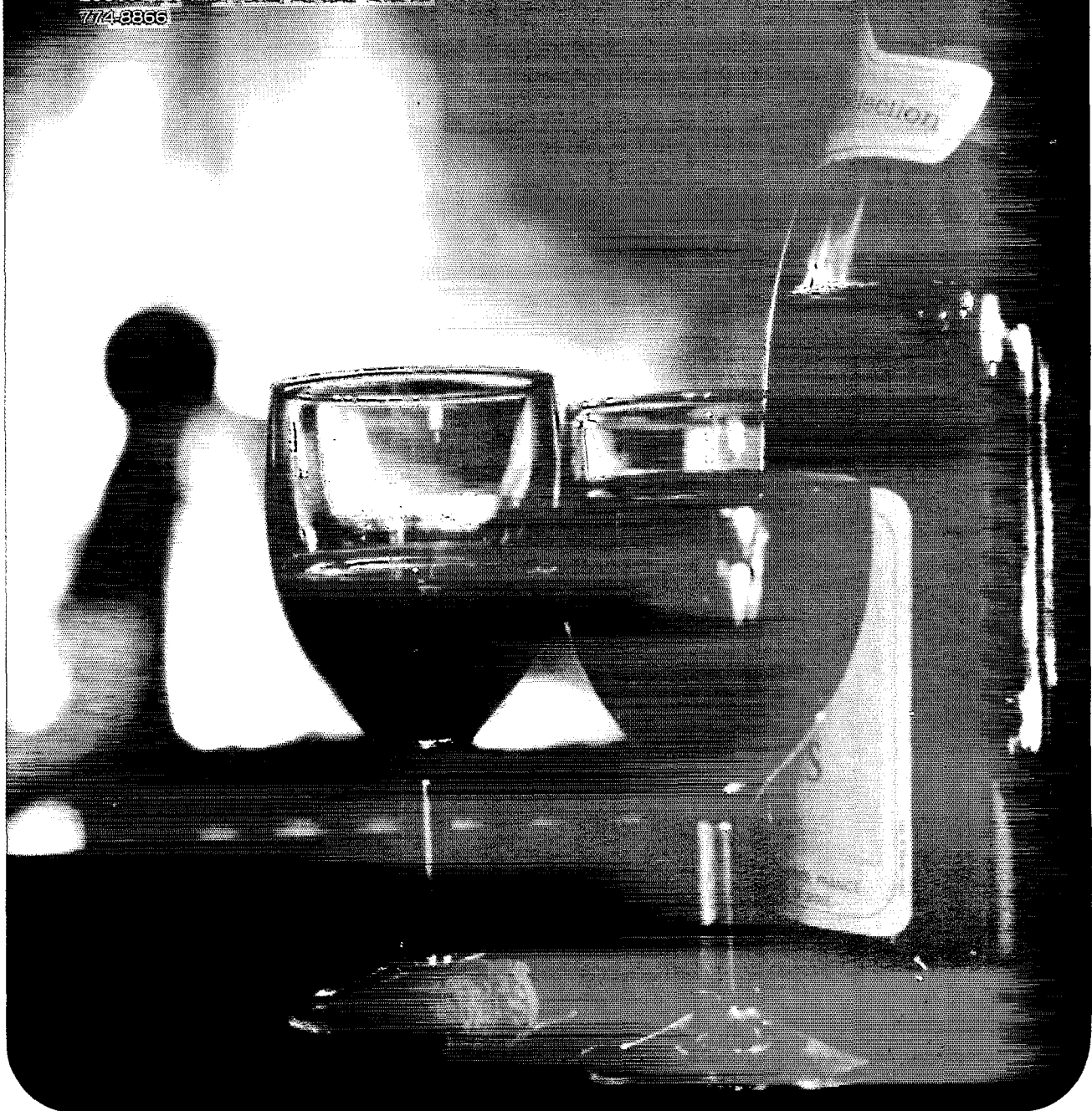
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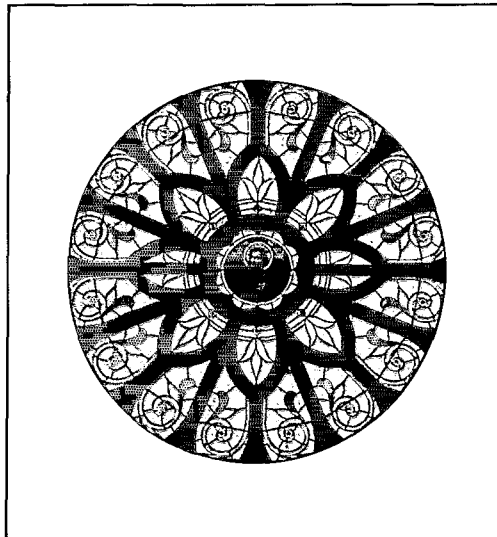


A Church Where History Lingers

*In many ways, St. Paul's past
is the cornerstone of its present.*

For a church that treasures its traditions, the situation was all a bit troubling: The body of the priest responsible for building St. Paul on-the-Lake lay in the church's own cemetery without a monument on his grave. No one was even sure exactly where the body lay. Whether it was vandalism, indifference or the elements that had erased all trace of his grave, no one really knew that either. All that was known was that a cross and an ornate white fence had once stood at the gravesite, near a large elm tree. And now there was nothing.

The man in the unmarked grave was Father John Elsen. In the 1890s, he undertook the building of the present red brick and stone church that would eventually cost the then-considerable sum of \$23,000. Records suggest that he was ailing during much of the time the church was being built. He must have pressed on anyway, possibly urged onward by the knowledge that the small forty-year-old church he came to in 1890 would never adequately serve the community that Grosse Pointe

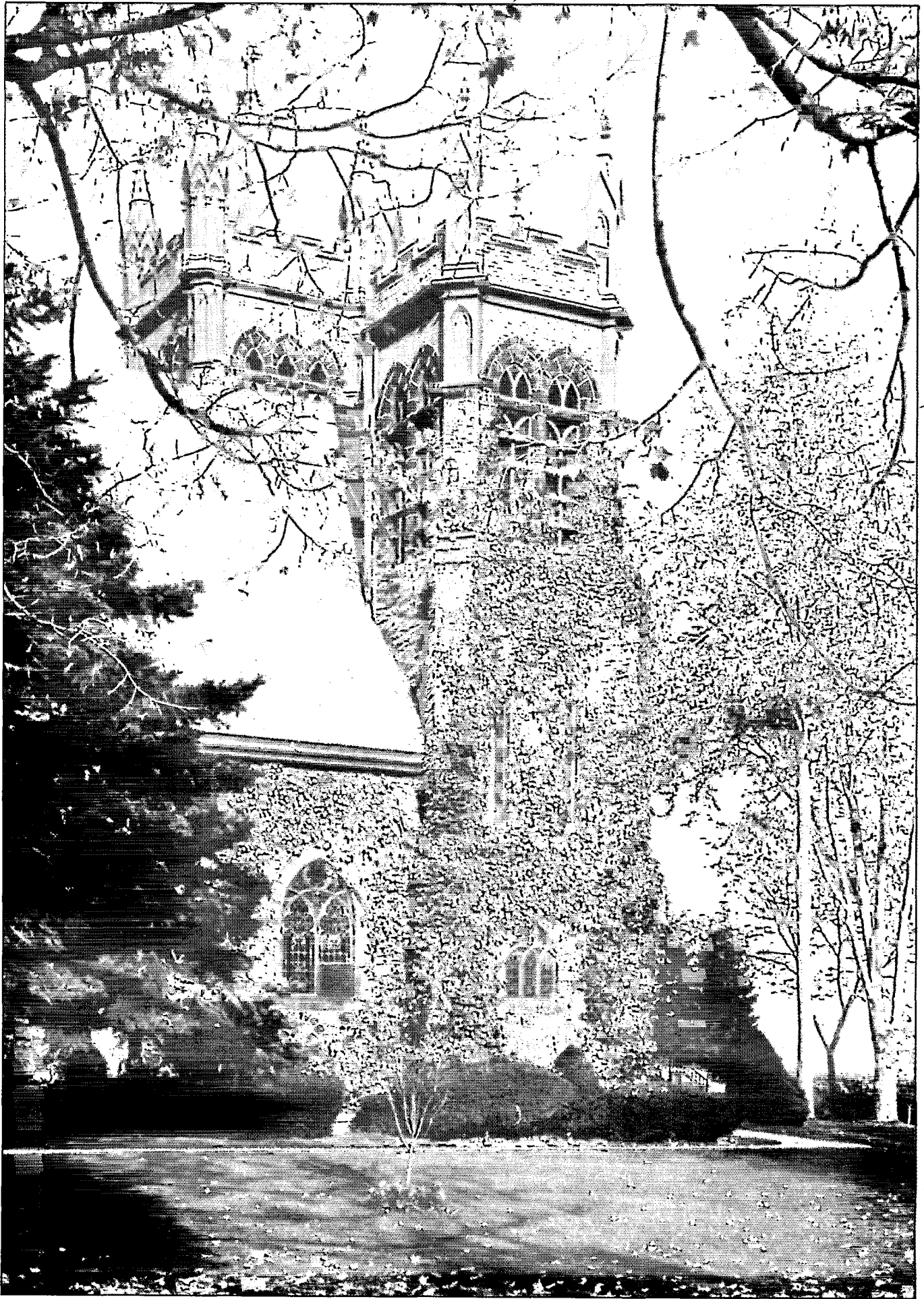


was rapidly becoming. He never completed his construction task. He died as the church reached its final stage of completion, and the parish, perhaps sensing some injustice in this, paid him the honor of making his funeral mass the first service ever to be held in the still unfinished church. Mass on that cold January day was celebrated on an altar formed by two barrels and a plank.

His untimely death would not be the last injustice against Fr. Elsen righted by the parish. Last year, as the parish's approaching 150th anniversary heightened its sense of tradition, the congregation launched a search for the un-

marked grave in the church cemetery along Moross Road. Old newspapers and other historical sources suggested that excavation near an old elm tree might be fruitful. The digging produced the base of something that looked as if it might have once been a cross, and the remnants of a coffin, and then human remains. The searchers had indeed found the grave of Fr. Elsen.

The most remarkable thing of all, perhaps, is that the



parish had not found it earlier. St. Paul's has always treasured its past. Historical documents are carefully safeguarded. A church history has been written. The church has much the same look that it had generations ago — a conscious decision made by the church to embrace tradition and stave off architectural change for the sake of change. As Monsignor Francis X. Canfield, pastor of St. Paul's, puts it in the parish history, "The memory of the past takes living form in our midst. And that is what history is all about...the continuum of human beings whose lives link the past with the future."

There is some interesting history, too, in those aging sheaves of documents zealously guarded at the church. Consider:

- The Convent of the Sacred Heart chaplain who once assisted Fr. Elsen suggested that the name of the parish be changed to St. Clair. But the diocese of Detroit never gave its permission.

- The old frame church was built in 1848, and probably stood somewhere to the rear of the present church. After Fr. Elsen's church went up, the old one was used as a parish hall until 1914 when it was razed. A parishioner bought the old wood for \$100 and used it to build cottages at 456, 462 and 468 Notre Dame Avenue and a garage at 434 Cadieux.

- A cornerstone supposedly from the old church is part of the left front tower of the present one, near the 1899 cornerstone. But no one knows if the 1848 stone is the original, if it was laid when the foundation was added in 1883, or if it appeared for the first time as an addition to the new stone church.

- When the church property was bought in 1847, a dispute broke out over whether the land should have been in English or French measurement. (The earliest settlers of the Pointes were French.) The previous owner, François T. Fresare, thought he had sold four arpents, or French acres, each just .84 of an English acre, to the parish. The parish thought he sold four English acres.

Eventually the two parties compromised, and Fresare gave St. Paul's clear title to the land in exchange for \$1 and a strip sixty-four feet deep along the back of the property. But then six years later, Fresare's son Joseph bought the farm from him and gave the church the sixty-four-foot strip.

There is of course, much more than this to tell. The heritage of St. Paul's dates back to the 1700s. Father Louis Hennepin arrived in Lake St. Clair on the ship *Le Griffon* with French explorer Robert LaSalle in 1679. In the succeeding decades, French priests from Quebec visited the area, holding services whenever and wherever they could. In Grosse Pointe, one of the early sites singled out for regular worship was the Reno (variously, Reneau or Renau) farm on the lake shore just beyond what is now Vernier Road. Tradition says a wooden cross twenty feet high stood where the worshippers gathered. The home of Pierre Provençal, on Lake St. Clair about a mile south of the Reno farm, also served as a chapel sometime after 1819. And on the Reno site in 1825, Fr. Francis Badin, an

assistant of Fr. Gabriel Richard in Detroit, built a small log chapel. But it was not until 1834 that St. Paul's received its first pastor, the Rev. Ghislénus J. Bohème, a native of Belgium, and became formally a parish. And his successor, Fr. Peter Kindekens, was the pastor who chose the site now overlooking Lakeshore Drive and became embroiled in the dispute with François Fresare.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the French influence began to wane. In 1882, for example, the new pastor, Fr. Francis J. Van Antwerp, preached his sermons in English for the first time. Until then, all sermons had been in French. The announcements at mass remained in French for a time, however.

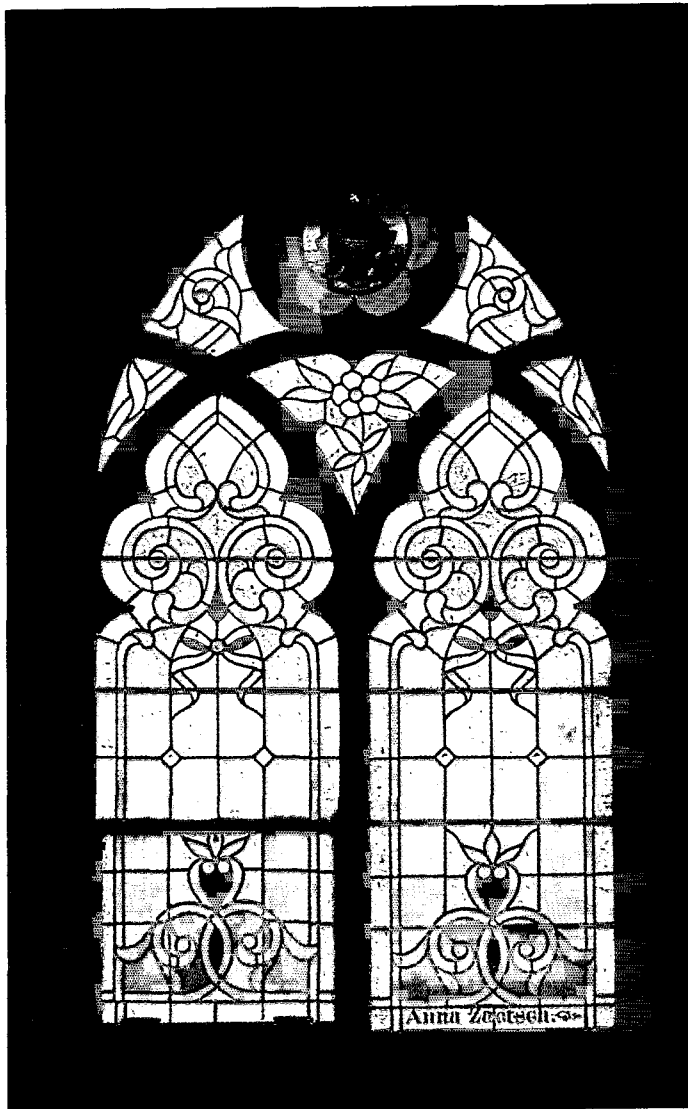
Fr. Van Antwerp's three-year pastorate was a busy one. In addition to rehabilitating the frame church, he also oversaw the beginning of organized parish activities and societies. That expansion

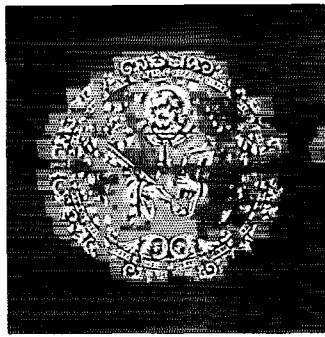
was continued by his successor, Fr. Matthew Meathe, who initiated a program of Catholic education.

The first school had been built in 1886 by the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The original four-room structure, situated on the property line between the parish and convent, was enlarged in 1911 and is still used for pre-schoolers at the present Grosse Pointe Academy.

The educational program of the parish was given its biggest boost by Fr. Alonzo H.B. Nacy, pastor from 1899-1929. In January 1927, ground was broken for both a new grade school and a new high school. (The high school

continued on page 22





Expert Analysis:

St. Paul's as Country Gothic

St. Paul on-the-Lake has been described as a country church of Gothic style. Indeed, when it was completed in 1899, it was in the country, and it is of the Gothic style of that time. Because Gothic architecture has long been associated with churches, churches in this style have a timelessness which makes them relevant to all centuries.

In the United States, Gothic architecture attained its greatest popularity in the mid-1800s, era of the so-called Gothic Revival. As with all fashions, Gothic went out of style, but for churches, it did experience a resurgence in the 1890s. It was during those first years of this second "revival" that St. Paul's was designed and built.

The features which have characterized Gothic since its development 800 years ago — the pointed arch, the ribbed vault, and the flying buttress — allowed construction of tall ceilinged buildings without massive supporting walls. The resulting height and sense of vertical movement are most highly developed in the great Gothic cathedrals.

Sited on a rise overlooking Lake St. Clair, the church of St. Paul's impresses the viewer with its dignity and beauty. The stone of its lower portions imparts a sense of strength and sturdiness to the whole, and gives pleasing visual contrast to the warm red brick which is the dominant material. Stone is also used to frame and thereby emphasize windows and other openings. This combination of materials is appropriate for an area where there is little natural stone, but abundant clay for brick.

Approaching St. Paul's from the lake side, the viewer will come to understand what is meant by vertical movement, for wherever one looks, the eye is drawn ever more upward until it looks to the heavens. Most prominent of the vertical features are the two square towers flanking the entrance. Of different heights, and vertically divided into three distinct sections, the towers were carefully proportioned so that the shorter left-hand tower is a small version of the right-hand one. Corner buttressing of the towers narrows with increased height, terminating in pinnacles between which the tower edges are castellated. Height of the right-hand tower is further increased by a pyramid-shaped roof upon which is mounted a modest white cross.

The cross-shaped floor plan of St. Paul's is evident from the outside: there is a nave (upright of the cross) intersected by a transept (arms of the cross), and beyond the intersection, enclosing the main altar, is a five-sided apse, each side containing an arched stained glass window. There are other stained glass windows as well: four smaller ones along each side wall, a large rose window over the

front entrance, and circular windows on each side of the sanctuary. These can only be appreciated from inside the church.

Entrance to St. Paul's is offered by three sets of carved wooden doors, each framed by steeply pitched moldings. Beyond is a shallow vestibule and another set of doors leading to the nave. Inside, as would be expected, are vaulted ceilings over the nave and transept, and a colonnade with complex columns and lancet arches separating nave from aisles. Except for the blue walls and ceiling of the apse, with its pattern of gilded crosses and fleur-de-lis, the interior surfaces are soft beige in color, punctuated by darker ribs and moldings. The only adornments are the acanthus leaves of the columns, and the Stations of the Cross. The size and setting are in accord with the description of St. Paul's as a country church.

In the midst of this restrained and quiet interior, the Gothic exuberance of the altars comes as a delightful surprise. On the side altars figures of the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph are sheltered by thronelike canopies of Gothic style. On the main altar is a façade unlike any built by man for man: a Gothic celebration as setting for the chalice, with angels in attendance. These ornate architectural forms, a feast for the eyes, are all the more impressive in the relatively plain setting. Perhaps they are meant to remind us of the riches in the kingdom of God.

There are Gothic motifs elsewhere: in the carvings on the pews, and in the tracery of the altar rail and the choir loft railing; small details to be discovered and in which to take pleasure. And for those who properly sit facing forward, a reward when leaving: the large rose window, visible over the choir loft, in colors set glowing by the morning sun.

After the fire of 1978, it was decided to completely restore the damaged interior. How fortunate for the generations which are, and for those which will follow, to have the opportunity to experience St. Paul's much as it was built, for it is not only a sanctuary from the hurried world outside, but also a visual and spiritual link to the people and faith of centuries past.

— Rosemary Bowditch

Rosemary Bowditch is the historic architect at Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn. This is her professional analysis of the architecture of St. Paul on-the-Lake.

ARCHITECTURE

continued from page 20
closed in 1971.)

In addition, he completed the church built by Fr. Elsen, paid for it, and built the convent and the rectory. His thirty-year tenure marked a period when the parish grew phenomenally. Dynamic, outspoken, he is remembered as the priest who gave the parish the full life it has today.

Fr. Nacy's personality and energy touched nearly everyone. He founded a parish paper, *St. Paul's Monthly Visitor*, for which he wrote a column called "Gleanings." Through the column he maintained a lively communication with his parishioners, ranging from "thank-yous" for gifts of food to the rectory, to directions for easing horse-and-buggy jams on Sundays, to exhortations to take pride in the new church. "It is," he wrote, "one of the finest in the state." The weekly bulletin at St. Paul's now reprints excerpts from "Gleanings" for today's readers.

The column's tone and content, to today's ears, may seem paternalistic and somewhat authoritarian. Yet, Fr. Nacy's concern for the parish and his involvement, even in its day-to-day minutiae, have borne fruit, as demonstrated in the contemporary parish's resilience in meeting challenges.

One of the biggest challenges faced by St. Paul's in this century was renovating and restoring the church after a large fire occurred on June 9, 1978.

The blaze, caused by defective wiring, began in the church attic. It destroyed a large part of the roof and damaged most of the building. Extensive renovations, costing nearly \$500,000, took until March 1979 to complete.

How much of the repairs would be renovation, as opposed to restoration, became a focus of discussion for the entire parish. St. Paul's was at a crossroads, not only of architecture, but of philosophy.

An outside consultant recommended sweeping changes in the interior. Some parishioners concurred; others were adamant that little, if anything, be changed.

In the end, the parish reaffirmed its determination to retain its physical heritage, the simple character and warmth of the church, while making unobtrusive physical improvements. To that end, concealed wall heating units replaced cast iron radiators. Chandeliers installed in the 1950s were removed, and indirect lighting put in. The pews were stripped to the original wood and refinished to

match a new wood parquet floor.

Most of the plaster work was replaced. The walls and ceiling were painted soft beige tones, and the wainscoting at the foot of the walls (typical of the 1880s and 1890s) was also redone. The traditional cross and fleur-de-lis motif in blue and gold on the sanctuary walls was duplicated.

This interest in tradition has produced a simplicity that is almost surprising. The walls of the church serve as a muted backdrop for the riot of colors in the stained glass windows. The rose window and the eight nave windows are original to the building, as are the pews, the baptismal font, and the Stations of the Cross.

The relative simplicity of the interior architecture contributes to another of the church's beauties: its sound. There are few corners and niches where sound could be lost, and the moderate size (it seats about 600) promotes good volume.

"It has a very good acoustical build," said Edward Person, former parish organist who retired in 1981. "Because of its size and the curved Roman roof, there's nowhere for the sound to go but down. I've never found any dead spots; I think you can hear just about everywhere."

Monsignor Canfield is clearly glad the church was left largely as it was. "Our big decision, of course, was whether to modernize," he now says. "But we realized that we'd be destroying the original integrity of the structure. Not only would architectural links with the past be broken, but the spiritual and emotional ones as well."

"You don't just tear apart the physical setting where all those very important spir-

itual activities — family baptisms, weddings, funerals — took place."

One thing, though, has changed, but it should not concern the parishioners who once worried about St. Paul's breaking too abruptly with the past. In fact, it should please them. Fr. Elsen now has a marker over his grave, and a memorial stands nearby to him and the other pastors of St. Paul's.

Touring old homes and churches, both here and in Europe, is "a lifelong passion" of former Grosse Pointe resident Barbara Murphy. A free-lance writer and editor, she now lives in Pleasant Ridge.



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The Bountiful Lives of Charity Suczek

For Grosse Pointe's renowned cooking instructor, life has been a banquet with food but a single course.

As the three horseback riders crept slowly downward, Charity Suczek tucked her chin deeper into her coat collar while keeping her eyes firmly fastened on the rump of the horse in front of hers. Her mind wandered only long enough to form a thankful prayer that they had prepared well for this journey: long hours spent practicing riding and climbing in places like Fountain Ranch, Blue Angel Trail and Carlsbad Forest.

Even the guide, who frequently traveled this route, had seldom made the trek under such harrowing conditions: because of the blowing snow, the trail that led them down the south rim of the Grand Canyon was hardly visible anymore. Their descent to the Indian reservation that March during World War II was more treacherous than had been expected because a surprise blizzard had slowed them down, adding darkness to the list of hazards.

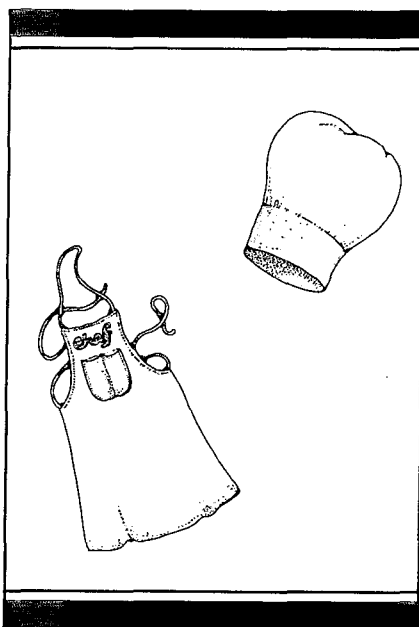
All this so that Charity could learn the cooking secrets of the Navaho.

For Charity Suczek, probably one of America's pre-eminent cooking teachers, life has been one adventure after the other. She is known locally, nationally and internationally for the classes she has spent over thirty years teaching. Her week-long apprenticeships with acclaimed chefs have taken her around the world five times.

To Charity, life is a university with no textbooks and no professors, a vast educational experience that she lives fully.

She rushes from one topic to another, and even now, at seventy-eight, her brown eyes sparkle and her face, topped by a neat knot of white

hair, glows whether she is weaving tales of youthful days in distant lands or denouncing technology as dangerous. Dressed in a soft, loose sweater of oranges and browns with coordinating orange suede skirt, she animatedly "tsk-tsks" over people's fascination with fads, philosophizes about the ties between good eating habits and happiness, and preens



while naming famous students.

She never falters, dispensing historic facts, Indian lore and personal theories as easily as recipes and cooking tips.

She is a wonder...and she has lived a fairy tale existence.

She was born in 1906, the daughter of the governor of Krain, a province in the Austria-Hungary empire, now part of Yugoslavia.

She was raised on fine foods prepared by French chefs, and while she developed a taste for good food,

back then she showed no early preference for the culinary arts.

"The kitchens were far away from the house," she says. "But I remember coming home from boarding school and my first visit was to the kitchen to say hello. The chef would take out a big key to all these doors. He would take me into the pantry and open all kinds of boxes with some nice cookies."

Then the fairy tale turned grim.

Her father died in World War I and the family lost everything, as the Austria-Hungary empire was carved up after the Treaty of Versailles.

Charity went to live in England with her favorite Aunt Anna. Her mother and two younger sisters, though, joined Grandmother in Silesia.

Wasn't the separation difficult for a young teen? This is the only time in our many hours together that the sparkle dims and she looks sad. "I was always with my nurse and then with a governess. Then I went to boarding school.

"I used to go down to my mother in the afternoon after my nap or a walk. For two hours, I was allowed to play in the drawing room with my mother. Then we had to pick up and nurse would come get me."

While in England she obtained a degree in romance languages from Oxford. She then traveled to Paris to study at Cordon Bleu and later continued her nutrition studies in Prague.

She met Robert while in Prague. Although born in Czechoslovakia, he had an American citizenship. Three days after they met, he proposed, and within three months they married.

Her husband was extremely wealthy — and twenty-three years her

◆betty stansbury young

PHOTO BY DAVID FRANKLIN



senior. He had invented a device that was used on all American warships to transform steam back into water. "I lived like a queen," she states simply but without affectation. "When I came to the United States after the war, people were complaining, 'Oh! I used to have a chauffeur, and now I can't afford one.' — I used to have three chauffeurs!" They lived in a town built during the Tenth Century. A wall encircled the entire town, and at night the gates were closed and barred.

After a year in Czechoslovakia, Charity persuaded her husband to bring her to America. Well-traveled in Europe, she was curious about the U.S. They spent a short time in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Then the fairy tale once again went awry.

"We lost everything in the Depression," Charity shrugs. "But I am like a cat, I think." Always landing on her feet. "My husband said to me,

'We have to give up the cook.' I said, 'Fine.' He said, 'I'll have to get a job.' So we came to Detroit and he worked for the automotive industry.

"I simply had to do these things, cook and clean and take care of my own home. I thought it was great fun. I enjoyed being in the kitchen and doing all that."

Such cheerful talk about misfortune begs skepticism. But for Charity, such resilience and optimism is a way of life. She enjoyed her new role as Grosse Pointe matron and mother to her new son, Alex. She made many friends through her love of sports — sailing, tennis and horseback riding. She gained a reputation as a gracious hostess and cook extraordinaire.

Mindful of her childhood loneliness, "I tried to be with my child as much as I possibly could. I wanted him to have more of me than I had of my mother."

It was in 1957, after the death of her husband, that Charity began to

teach cooking as a career. "You know how a woman is lost, really lost for a year or so after her husband dies? My friend Victor Hughes said to me: 'Charity Suczek, you are famous for your dinner parties. How would you like to talk to my audience on the radio about wine?'"

"I had never talked on the radio before. I had never appeared in public."

At the restaurant where they sat on Peterboro Street, Charity noted a silver gooseneck on the luncheon table. But it wasn't until 2 p.m., sharp, that she realized what it was. Hughes picked up the microphone and said, "Good afternoon. I have sitting here with me today Charity Suczek, an expert on which wines to cook with, and which wines to serve with foods."

Thus a (cooking) star was born. Charity became an instructor in fine cuisine by popular demand, as cards

continued on page 26

and calls flooded in. Her wealth of knowledge about entertaining, food, nutrition, cooking and wine became her profession and stayed that for over thirty years.

Classes the first years were combination social and academic gatherings. Someone would invite Charity over and friends would gather to learn cooking secrets and to dine together.

Then she was asked to teach cooking for the University of Michigan. The next ten years included frequent commutes between Grosse Pointe, Wayne State University, U of M and Flint.

Private lessons taught by Charity became popular Christmas gifts with wealthy executives who would ask her to move in for a week and teach wives and offspring. She traveled throughout the United States, and to Vancouver, Victoria, France and Germany, cooking with families. Living with the family she taught was important to Charity. Knowing their lifestyle helped her determine exactly what it was they needed to learn.

Making people aware of this intertwining, this bonding of lifestyle and food, seems to have become Charity's personal crusade. It is a theme that carries through her own life and her teaching. "I like to teach people in my classes the art of living. Because cooking is a way of life. It's fuel for your body."

Recently in Lansing to judge the "Eat Your Art Out" food competition, Charity told the audience in her usual frank manner that beauty in food presentation, like those things they were judging that day, should never be the primary concern. "Food's most important use is not to please the tastebuds or the eye. Food is meant to feed your body and keep your body and soul together in good condition. Food helps create a happy atmosphere."

Other Charity Suczek maxims include:

- Purity is very important. Two things that one has to learn which will help a person reach a good age in good health are discipline and moderation in everything.

- If you don't love to cook, then there's no use doing it. You've got to like it, because all the ingredients you

work with are really living things. They are not dead. ("People will say that I am 'tok-tok' [she puts her finger to temple] as they say in French.") A relationship, she believes, exists between the ingredients and the cook. How else do you explain five people in the same class, using the same ingredients and recipes, coming up with five distinctly different soufflés?

- Cooking opens many doors. Every food has a history behind it. When you study food, you learn about people's culture and their history, their climate and geography. You also learn about the chemistry of cooking and the art of presentation.

At least you do in Charity's classes. Her classes, students say, are exceptional. While she is teaching the finest of culinary skills, she is also weaving scenarios of the places and people she was with when first she learned to make the dish or when last she served it. As she cooks and teaches things in a particular cuisine, she intermingles that language with English as if they were one.

The title of her university class was "Techniques of International Cuisine and Wine Appreciation." Taking her job very seriously, Charity set about educating herself in the cooking ways of the world. She traveled abroad extensively, apprenticing for a week or two with acclaimed chefs, learning their specialties.

Before leaving one chef, she would ask for a letter of recommendation for the next. After writing her letter, they would also call the next chef to tell him she was coming.

"I learned Chinese cooking, Indonesian cooking and in South Africa I had some Malasian classes," she says. "I went to Hong Kong, Peking..." And down perilous pathways to Navaho reservations.

She shuttled between Grosse Pointe and Ann Arbor for over ten years, until her son asked her to slow down. She continues her visits to foreign chefs and every second year visits her sister in South Africa.

The only classes she now holds are in Birmingham-Bloomfield area community centers and near home in Grosse Pointe. Home now is a comfortable, cozy white house on a tree-lined street. The furnishings are sim-

ple, except for occasional pieces of artwork and rows of gleaming copper pots along the kitchen wall.

The basement is occasionally used as an at-home classroom. The basement stairway walls are covered with a vineyard mural by Grosse Pointe Donna di Marco. The ceiling is hung with latticework and grapes, laced with tiny white lights for sparkle. Books and cooking utensils — new and antique — share wall space with food paintings done for Charity by a friend. There is table seating for thirty-five. At the front of the room is a gas range, two sinks (actually laundry tubs, excellent for cleaning large pans), and a dishwasher. Stretching in between work space and table is a long counter on which Charity prepares food.

Charity casts a wary eye in the direction of modern conveniences. She will not have a microwave oven because she feels they are dangerous. She uses only copper or porcelain pans because "I am very careful about mixing metal and acids." And she will not use plastic ware "because it stinks!"

Since she has been so sensitive to the ways and directions of food for so long, Charity is asked to predict the newest food trend. "Nothing is new," she says. "All we can do is change the titles — call it nouvelle cuisine or something. But actually nothing new has been invented in food."

"Perhaps we know more about foods because of the closeness of our neighbors. And because we have airplanes, we have food brought in. We know more about how our neighbors use herbs and spices. We introduce flavorings that make little changes. I myself introduced the use of leeks, shallots, unsalted butter and kohlrabi (into popular use) in this country."

Surely this colorful, articulate woman has filled volumes with her life experiences, or at least her recipes culled from them. "I have not written a book, but I'd like to write one. Not a cookbook. I want to write something about my experiences as a cooking teacher, and things that a young woman starting a household should know."

We will wait for the book, Charity. But not patiently.

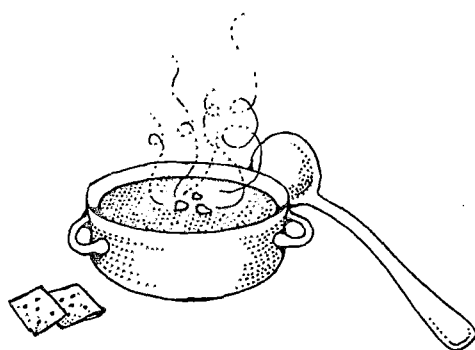
TOMATO SOUP

2 medium sized onions, chopped
2 TBS sugar
6 tomatoes, cubed
1 or 2 TBS tomato paste
2 to 3 C water
Beurre manie (below)
1 C heavy cream
2 additional tomatoes

Beurre Manie

2 parts butter and
1 part flour kneaded together.

Sauté onion in butter until its second stage — just glazed. Add sugar and stir to caramelize. Add tomatoes and tomato paste. Cook over medium heat for ten minutes. Add water and simmer another fifteen minutes. You



may purée or not, as desired. Thicken with a little beurre manie. Chill, if desired, and serve either hot or cold.

Just Before Serving: Stir in heavy cream and two julienne-style tomatoes which have been blanched and seeded.

Serves 4-6

CHOCOLAT ROULADE with Chocolate Mousse Filling

Roulade

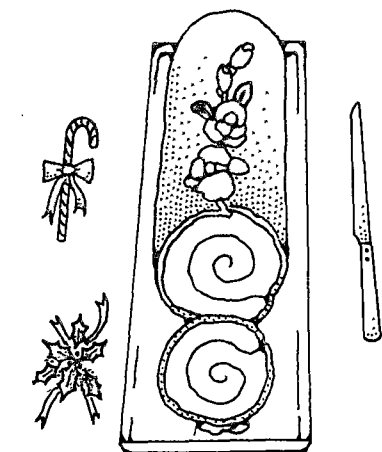
6 eggs, separated
1 C sugar
2 oz semisweet chocolate, melted

Mousse

4 oz semisweet chocolate, melted
4 eggs, separated
1/3 C butter
1/4 C sugar

For Roulade: Beat six yolks with 1/2 cup sugar until ribbons are formed. Add melted chocolate. In clean bowl, beat six egg whites until foamy; gradually add remaining half cup sugar; beat until stiff and satiny. Fold into chocolate mixture. Spread in jellyroll pan that has been buttered, lined with waxed paper and buttered again. Cut through batter to relieve bubbles. Bake in preheated oven set at 375 degrees for 25-30 minutes. Cake should spring back when gently touched with finger.

Remove from oven and invert on-to linen towel which has been wet and wrung out. Allow to cool about ten minutes. Remove waxed paper, and roll cake lengthwise jellyroll



fashion. Cover with damp cloth. When completely cool, unroll, spread with mousse and reroll. Keep covered with damp cloth until frosted. Keep chilled until ready to serve.

Frost with icing, whipped cream or confectioner's sugar. Decorate with chocolate or angelica and almonds.

For Mousse: Beat egg yolks into melted chocolate. Stir in butter cut into small pieces. In clean bowl, beat egg whites until foamy; gradually add sugar and beat until stiff. Fold into cooled chocolate mixture. Refrigerate until stiff. Spread on roulade.

Serves 12-15

Enchanté

A new and elegant contemporary women's boutique on The Hill.

The boutique, conveniently located at 84 Kercheval Avenue, Grosse Pointe Farms, is co-owned and operated by Michelle Taylor, who also owned Irelands, and Judy Agley of Grosse Pointe Farms.

Enchanté will feature elegant contemporary women's fashions including exclusive designer collections by Alfred Sung and Bob Mackey, as well as fine designer jewelry—made especially for Enchanté—by Al DuQuet.

Also featured are contemporary women's fashions ranging from pin-stripes to ruffles in sizes 4 to 14 as well as a stylish array of accessories, making Enchanté the shop with something for everyone.

Whether it's stylish apparel for today's businesswoman or elegant fashions, you'll find it at Enchanté.

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ART

Fine art attracts patrons, but extraordinary service keeps them coming back to the

Galleries of Grosse Pointe

The notion persists that good art needs little or no exposure and that the appreciative art-lover will invariably discover it in whatever obscure corner it may repose. This may be true. But why leave the unearthing of lost art treasures purely to chance? It could only speed the hunt, we decided, if we visited some Grosse Pointe art galleries and gave you a brief overview of what to expect at each.

Keep in mind that these abbreviated explorations are designed simply to whet the appetite. Consider these quick tours incentive for visiting the DeGrimme, McKinley and Wild Wings galleries yourself.

DeGrimme Galleries

Back in the early Forties, one block on the Kercheval thoroughfare stood out. It was the one with the chic Hawthorne House restaurant and the movie theatre — a thriving business segment of a community that was not yet a mature city.

Hildegard DeGrimme remembers one of her first drives along that special block. She and husband Joseph had just arrived from Austria. They noted all of the activity, and Mr. DeGrimme decided, "This is a nice block." Early in 1941, they built DeGrimme Galleries there. It was a fortuitous choice, with the little cultural center soon attracting patrons like Henry Ford and his first

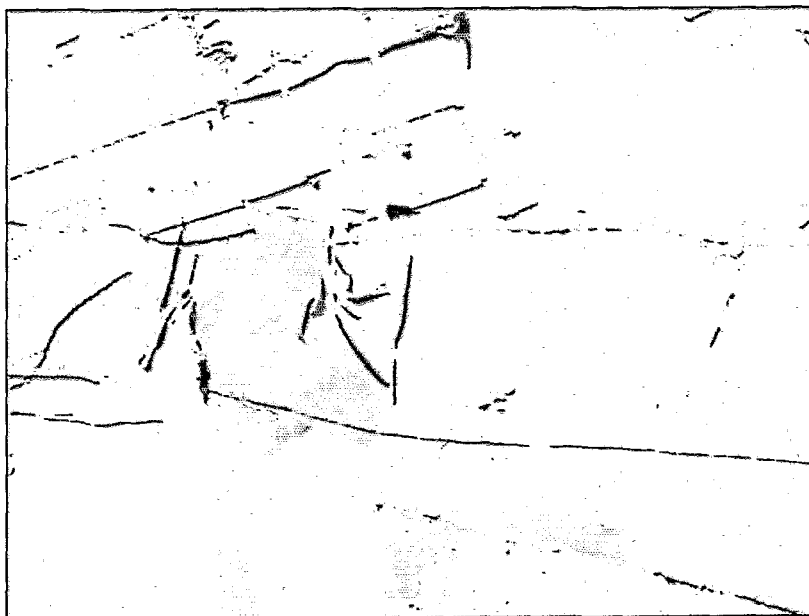
wife, and other Grosse Pointe notables.

From the beginning, DeGrimme Galleries maintained the personal touch. "It started as a collection of our own," Mrs. DeGrimme recalls with a trace of Austria still in her voice, "and grew from there." The gallery (7 Ker-

and in gilt frames. The atmosphere is almost eerie, like that of a small, old museum. When you enter, likely as not Mrs. DeGrimme will be engaged in restoration work, a job she at one time did for the Detroit Institute of Arts. Expect to browse uninterrupted if that's your preference, while DeGrimme continues her task.

For Mrs. DeGrimme, it is the artwork that is of primary importance. Anyone is welcome to visit her gallery, but only those who show a love for or interest in art receive a lively response from Mrs. DeGrimme.

The gallery is like her private sitting room, not just a business enterprise. Her regular customers are treated to Old World hospitality and served tea,



Oil on Canvas

Suzanne Velick, Artist

cheval, 882-5000) is now stocked exclusively with artwork from Europe. Twice each year Mrs. DeGrimme goes on a European buying trip to replenish her stock.

"I only buy what I personally like. The money isn't important. I usually only let a painting go to homes where I know it will be appreciated."

It is easy to miss the gallery even when looking for it. The unadorned grey façade is marked only by a small broken neon sign that says simply "DeGrimme." Stepping into the DeGrimme gallery off sunny Kercheval is an experience. Every corner of the small, dark establishment is filled with paintings, most of them large

wine or coffee and homemade Austrian cookies, there amidst her beloved art. The only prerequisite for DeGrimme is that they "love paintings and appreciate good art." Should a customer love art and want to buy a piece, too, that's fine with Mrs. DeGrimme, but selling is not of ultimate importance.

"You have to attach yourself to something in life that is yours." Since her husband's death in 1962, she runs the gallery herself with the aid of a secretary and it has taken on an ever-growing importance in her life. "I can't imagine life without it. It's so wonderful to have people who share your joy."

The McKinley Gallery

Although Lee McKinley and partner Peggy Delozier have posters, prints, English etchings, lithographs, oils, bronzes and sculpture in stock, it is service that is their specialty.

"People come to us to find art for them. They tell us 'This is the spot,' and we'll go out and pull in paintings that we think might fit the bill."

The McKinley Gallery (47 Colonial, 884-3110 or 884-4427) operates out of the basement of Lee's home. In order to better service business patrons who seldom have time to browse, they keep slides of each of their more than 150 artworks. And if they don't already have just the right object to fill a client's art need, they go out and find it.

"We are unique," says Delozier, "in that we'll meet our clients in their home or office, and bring artwork for them to see. They are also welcome to try paintings in their homes before purchase."

Personalized service, an always-welcome commodity, is something the McKinley Gallery is eager to supply.

"It's a happy business," says Delozier. "They're looking for something and we find it. Then they're happy, and we're happy."

Wild Wings Gallery

On that same historic block as the DeGrimme Galleries is Wild Wings Gallery. Unlike DeGrimme's, though, you can't help but notice it. The huge brown awning that wraps around the corner building is decorated with a pair of ducks, mid-flight.

If it's ducks you want, look no further than Wild Wings (1 Kercheval, 885-4001). They carry an extensive collection of duck decoys, both new and antique. An equally generous assortment of duck carvings ranges from extremely simple, almost primitive works, to the most elaborate water fowl, with every feather in place.

The Grosse Pointe Wild Wings store, one of twenty-one nationwide,

has a sister store in Plymouth. However, the Grosse Pointe store sells more duck carvings than any other, outselling Plymouth almost two-to-one. Dean Jabara, owner and manager of this branch, feels the ducks' popularity is because "duck hunting is so big on this side of town." The price of recapturing those fond fall memories in the form of two exquisite, intricately carved birds hovers at about \$3,000.

The national duck stamp program is this year celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, and Wild Wings carries the entire stamp line. The large, contemporary gallery's collection also includes wildlife, boating prints and watercolor paintings, as well as birds and beasts in stained glass form.

"One thing that's caught on tremendously," says Jabara, "is portraits of people's dogs. It's like a family (member's) portrait. It's original because it's your dog."

Wild Wings' extensive and ever-changing stock of nature art is due in part to the fact that ten of the nation's top wildlife artists reside in Michigan, a few of those in the Grosse Pointe area. Other local artists were responsible for half of the top twenty prizes in United States decoy competition ending up on Michigan mantelpieces this year. Wild Wings regularly invites these local and national artists to the galleries for special single artist shows.

Although the art and selling styles vary greatly between the three Grosse Pointe galleries, Wild Wings — like DeGrimme and McKinley galleries, prides itself in outstanding service to customers.

"We have to be very service oriented," says Jabara. "That's needed in Grosse Pointe."

And the payoff for that particular lesson being well-learned is the healthy number of repeat customers on the galleries' growing client lists.

Michelle Belaskie is a free-lance writer and drama critic for Royal Oak's Daily Tribune.

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For the most special and exciting of occasions we favor elegance with a fresh outlook and classics with a contemporary Pointe of view.

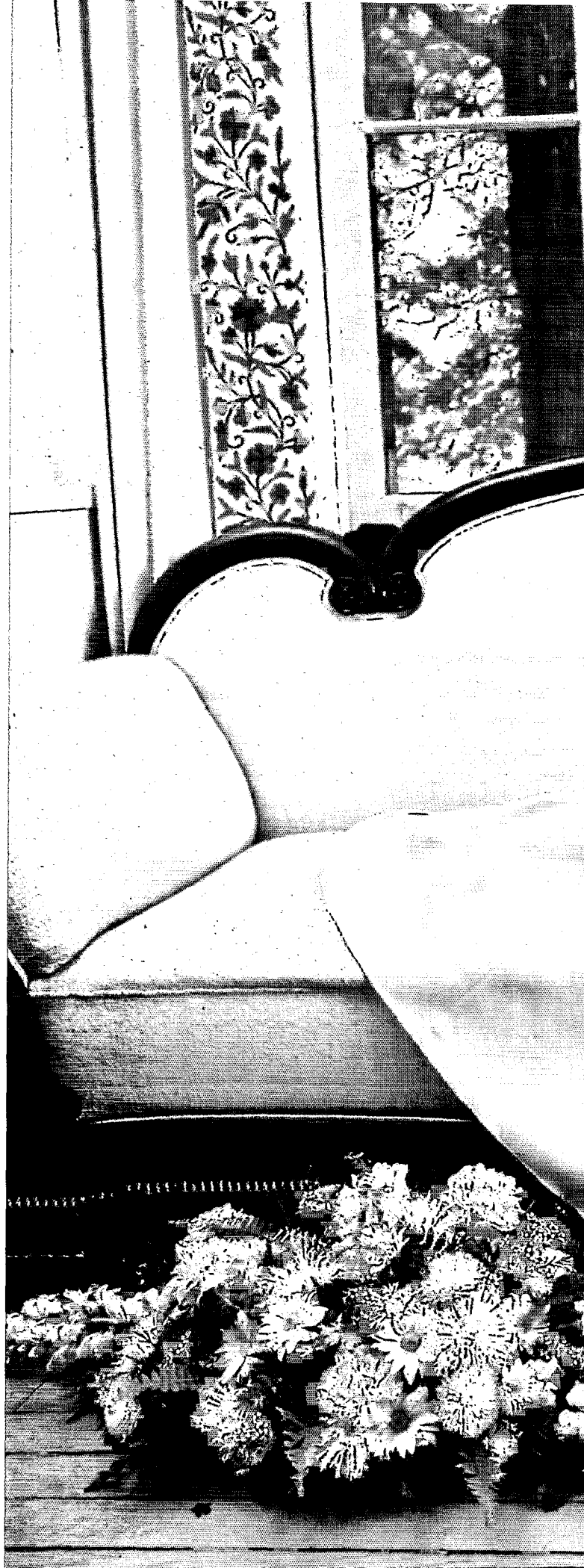
The Grosse Pointe Academy, preparing for its 1985 centennial, warmly welcomed **Heritage** and provided the stately backdrop seen here. A feature on the Academy will appear in a future issue.

Stylist:
Deborah DiRezze
Photography:
Ameen Howrani

Fashions:
Gantos, Gypsy's Vintage Bazaar, Jacobson's,
La Strega Boutique, Valente's

Hair and Makeup:
James Orlando and Olga Tsielos, members
Americoiff, of the Ultima Salon

Flowers:
Yvonne Cordoba, Scribner-Jean Floral Co.





Laura Timmis recalls the
ambiance of another era in
a sweep of blue taffeta and
beaded lace. \$125 at La
Strada Boutique.





Above: Half the fun is dressing up! Kirk Haggerty escorts Gail Stonisch who wears a tea-length mauve lace gown. \$140 from Jacobson's. Anita Carron, in a mauve dress with asymmetrical lace collar, with Michael. \$110 at Jacobson's. Laura strolls with Steve Hunsinger while wearing flowing ivory with a detailed yoke and belt. \$112 at Gantos.



Left: Contemporary elegance: Michele Gryzenia is wrapped in a black and white angora blend sweater, velvet pants and pearls. Sweater \$230, slacks \$85 at Jacobson's Sportswear.

Far Left: Striking a happy note are Cathy DeRonne and Michael French. Her tea-length gown is embroidered organza over pink taffeta. \$140 at Jacobson's Bridal Salon. Michael's black notch-lapel tux rents for \$39.95 from Valente's.

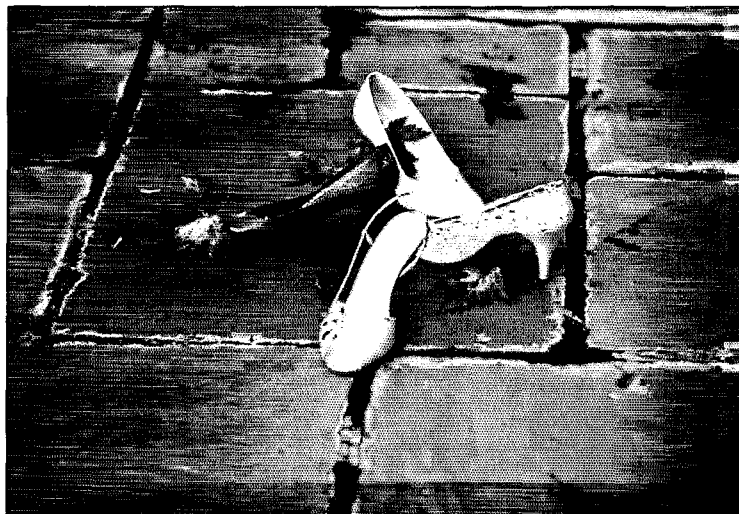
Young Sophisticates

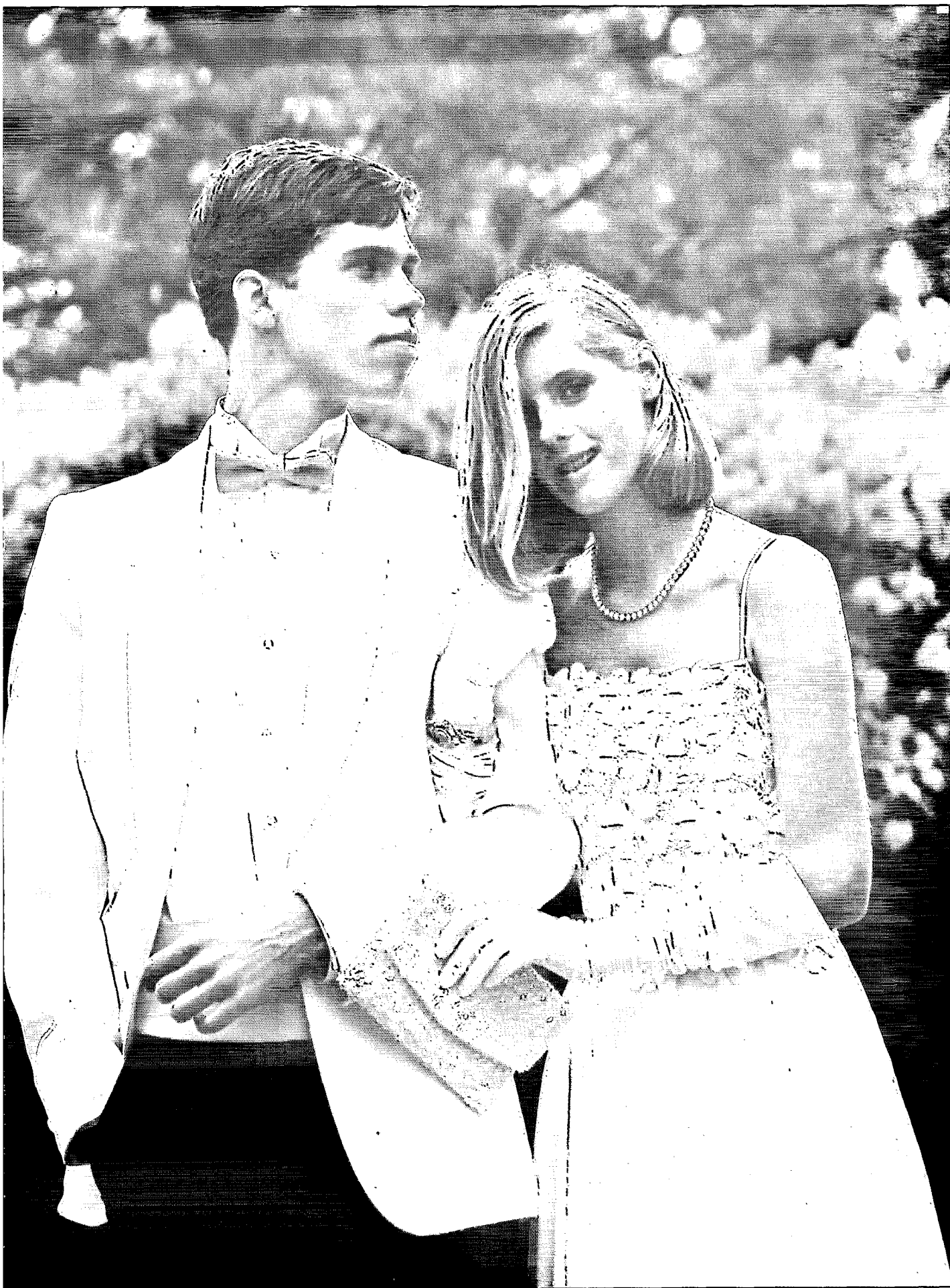
Young Sophisticates

Right: Put your foot down in fashions from Jacobson's Shoe Salon.

Below: Classic portrait in lace, pearls and a single red rose. Kim Marshall embodies appeal in Simon Ellis lace separates. Blouse \$60, skirt \$76 at Jacobson's.

Far Right: Essence of a grand entrance. Kirk in a shawl-lapel Raffinati dinner jacket. \$39.95 from Valente's. Faye floats in a gown with fitted embroidered lace bodice and flowing georgette skirt. \$500 at La Strega. Classic evening gloves from Gypsy's Vintage Bazaar.



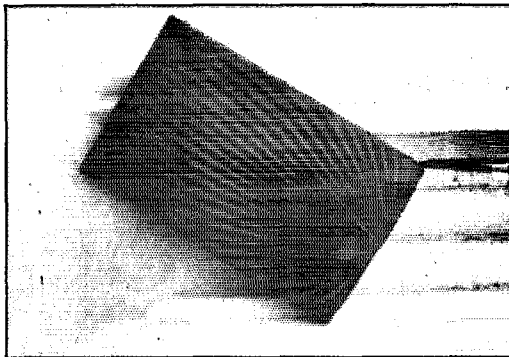






Left: Gail's tea-length gown has Gibson-style sheer lace sleeves and a two-tiered skirt for accent. \$140 at Jacobson's trimmed in rhinestones.

Below: Accent on black - a pleated peau de soie envelope clutch with optional shoulder cord. \$28 at Gantos.



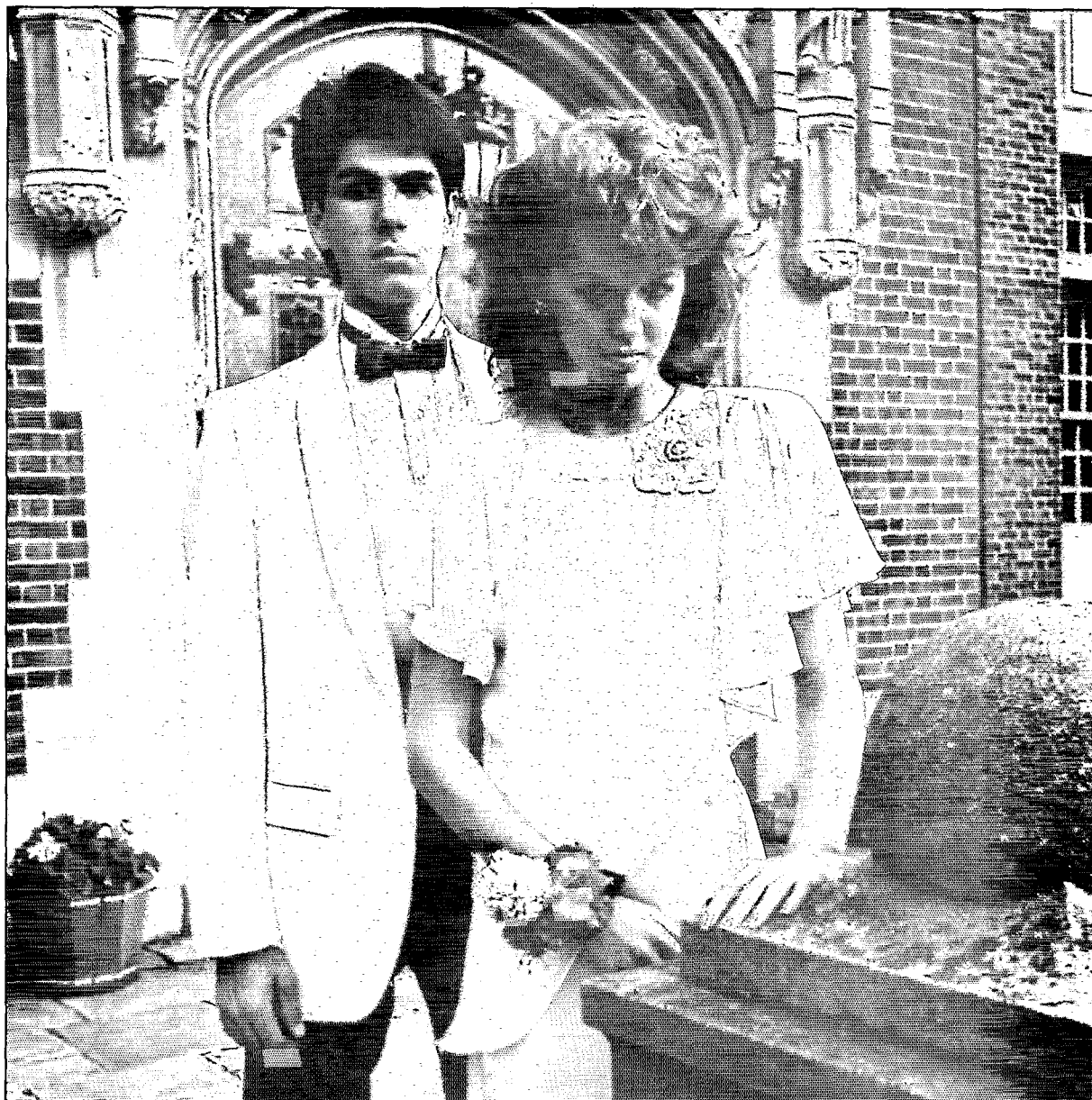
Left: A study in elegance. Michael this time wears a classic tuxedo with contemporary lines. \$39.95 from Valente's. Faye is confident and chic in pale mauve satin jacquard with a draped hip band trimmed in rhinestones. \$178 at Gantos.

Far left: A contemplative moment. Steve is in a charcoal tuxedo with reversible black velvet vest. \$39.95 from Valente's. Amy's taffeta dress of grey and peach is simple yet sophisticated. \$178 at Gantos.

Deborah E. DiRezze is a Michigan fashion designer who coordinates fashion shows and events. Her background includes six years in fashions with the J.L. Hudson Co. and two years in dressmaking and design with Designer's Touch.

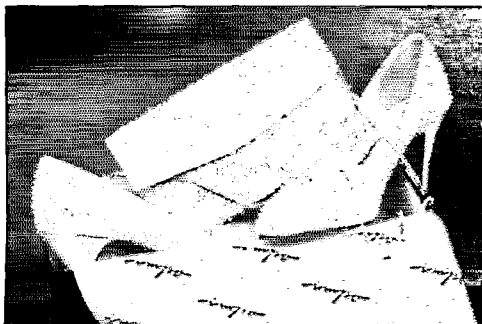
*Young
Sophisticates*

Young Sophisticates



Above: An air of confidence. Steve sparks his charcoal trousers and white dinner jacket with red accents. \$39.95 from Valente's.

Amy Lemmon is draped in white crepe de chine defined by a beaded neckline. \$124 at Gantos.



Left: Sparkling accents include a white beaded satin bag \$17 at Gantos and the perfect sequined pump with satin heel \$72 at Gantos.

Right: The Academy grounds awash in the afternoon sun. A petit point lace panel and satin sash detail Cathy's dress. \$108, petite sizes at Jacobson's. Gail's strapless matte taffeta gown has a matching stole. Defined with white schiffli lace embroidered on the shirred bodice, it's \$130 at Jacobson's Bridal Salon.





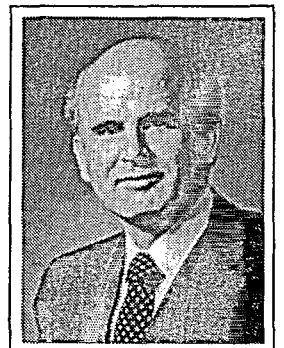
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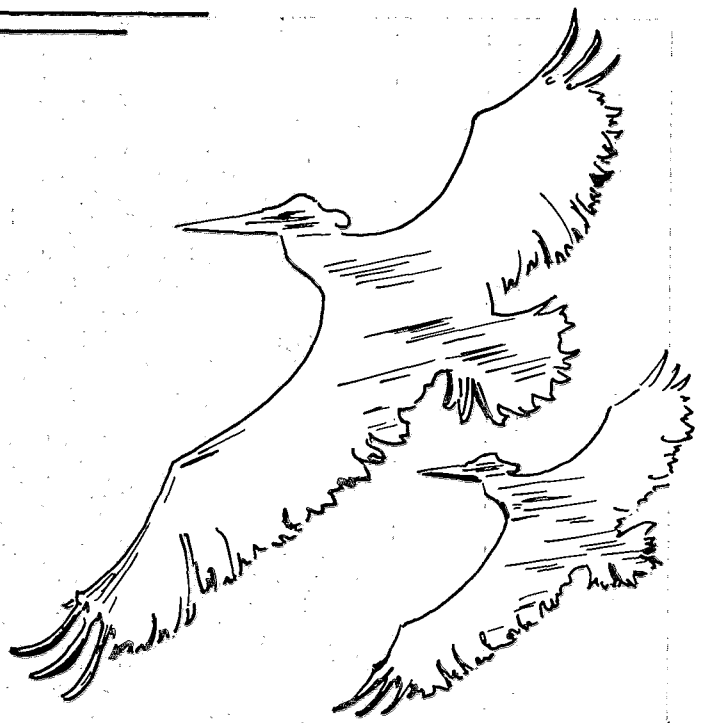
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*The first retreat is The Real Fantasy Island. Perhaps not **just** the phrase you would choose to describe Santo Domingo, but after visiting Casa de Campo, you'll wonder why you ever called it anything else.*

The alternative is The World's Most Luxurious Log Cabin. Chateau Montebello, until recent years a haven for only a hand-chosen few, now extends its opulent style of hospitality to all who have the desire — and the resources — to visit.

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photos ♦ micky jones

GRAND ESCAPES

The Real Fantasy Island

It is a storybook island, full of ancient seagoing sagas and modern dramas. As the jet banks, ready for landing at Santo Domingo, you can see it spread out below like a movie set, the island of Hispaniola making a dark green shape against an emerald sea, with the Bahamas spreading northwest in a scatter of islands to Florida and Cuba looming large off the port wing.

Christopher Columbus ran the Santa Maria aground on that northern coast on his first voyage to the new world. His brother Bartholomew founded the city of Santo Domingo in 1496; its 500-year-old streets are restored and waiting below. Haiti, full of dark tales of voodoo and poverty, forms a horizon of dark-treed mountains on the western end of the island. The Dominican Republic, as different from Haiti as day is from night, points east in sweeps of dramatic coastline.

'Insiders' have been exploring the Dominican Republic for years. The rest of us are just discovering that we can have a luxurious vacation in an historic setting where the islanders are friendly and our dollar goes a long way. The newest resorts, popular among group travelers, offer bargain rates on the northern coast near Puerto Plata. Club Med is at the eastern tip, near Punta Cana. Our destination is a resort called Casa de Campo on the southeast coast near La Romana, a story of commerce and passion that would delight a moviemaker's heart.

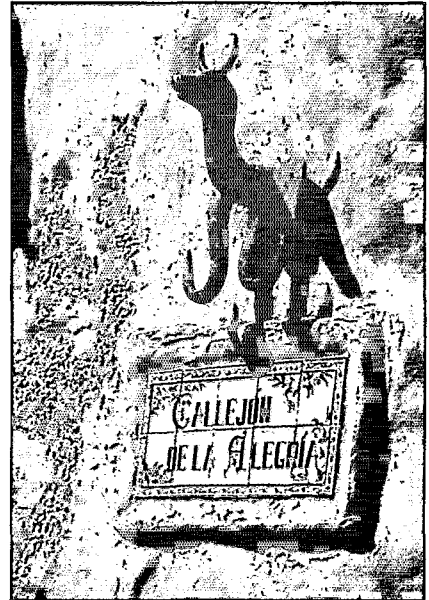


Margaret Zellers, whose *Fielding's — Caribbean* is considered the best guide book to the islands, gives it her Author's Award as 'the only resort in the Caribbean that has all the elements for a life of luxury.'

Private vans wait at the airport to carry guests the 81 miles to Casa de Campo. You can also fly in to the private air strip, with a full view of the 7000-acre resort spread out among sugar cane fields, its red-roofed casitas, villas and condominiums scattered among lagoons beside the sea.

The resort includes two championship golf courses designed by Pete Dye, seventeen tennis courts, golf and tennis villas, a curve of man-made sand beach and a polo field, but the most intriguing shape on the horizon is the 'skyline' of Altos de Chavon, a medieval Mediterranean village standing incongruously on a bluff above the Chavon River at the edge of the resort.

Altos was built as an artist's colony but guests at Casa de Campo like to eat and browse and shop there. Dominican river shrimp and locally grown fruits and



vegetables are popular, especially with a mariachi-style trio singing "Quisqueya" at tableside. "Quisqueya" is the original Indian name for the island and the "God Bless America" of the Republic. The disco around the corner, its see-through floor built above live coral, also gives you a taste of the local culture as the music switches noisily from rock to the rhythms of the merengue, popular 'national dance' of the country.

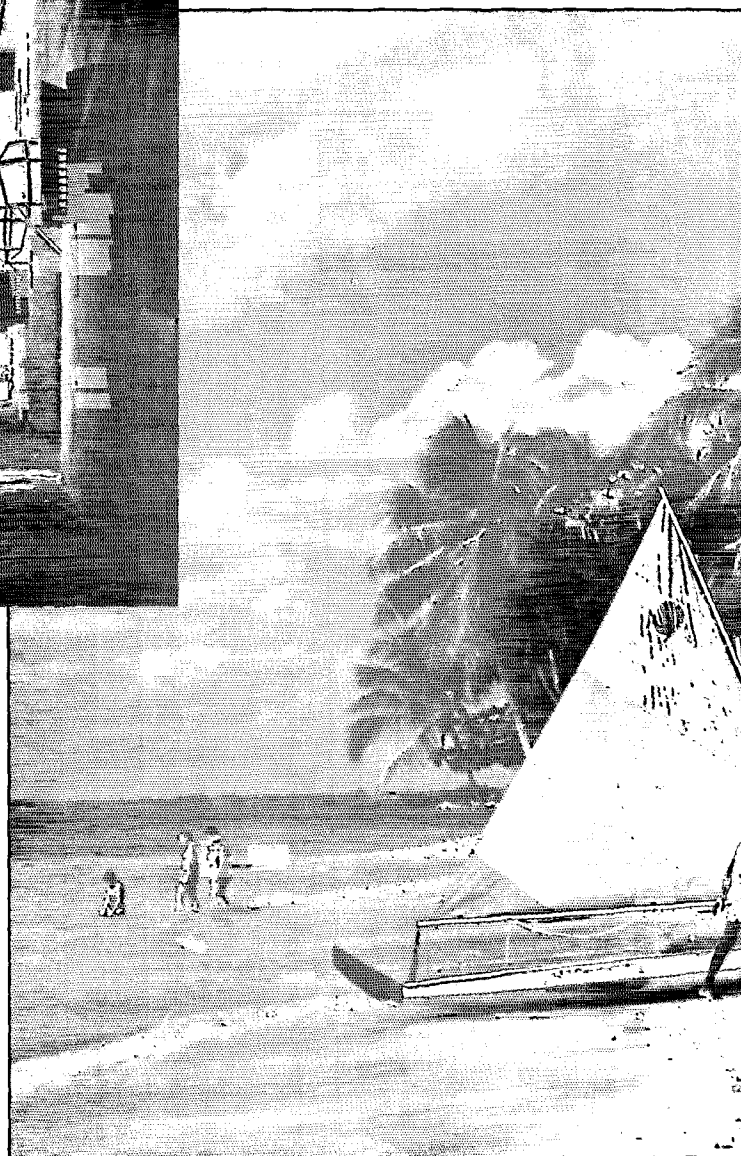
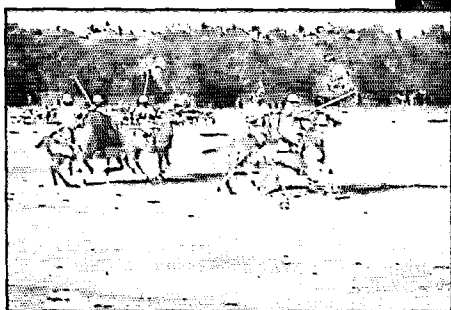
In the morning, the juice machines run softly at the terrace restaurant, making sweet liquid from oranges, pineapple, mangos and other exotic fruits grown on the island. The soft brown faces of the Dominicans who serve made-to-order omelets and strong Dominican coffee wear the shy smiles and friendly eyes that attracted travelers to the West Indies generations ago, before anybody ever heard of 'Yankee Go Home.' The golf carts go by on their way to the Teeth of the Dog.

You can ride an electric cart, or take the minibus which runs every twenty minutes, to get the lay of the

land. It goes past the stables and the tennis villas, and on to Altos de Chavon, with stops for sunbathers and Sunfish sailors at Minitas Beach. The cruise ship Sea Goddess II anchors off the beach overnight every second week so passengers can play at Casa de Campo.

At the tennis courts, we found Arturo Valdez, who loves the island so much he resigned his job at the American Embassy when the U.S. State Department tried to transfer him. He and his wife, Bettie, from Santa Fe, have a house in Santo Domingo and a villa with a magnificent view at Casa de Campo. One of their neighbors is Dominican designer Oscar de la Renta, who did the interior design in the resort. Mrs. Valdez remembers the pre-resort days when they paid twelve pesos for a room in an old hotel in La Romana, so that they could ride horses at the working ranch run by Gulf & Western Americas Corporation (G & W).

The story of Gulf and Western's love affair with the Dominican Republic reads like a movie script. G & W



bought a sugar mill and a quarter million acres around La Romana in 1967. Employees who valued the people, the scenery and the weather of the island suggested building a resort. When G & W's founding chairman, Charles Bluhdorn, saw the setting, it was love at first sight. The resort was literally sculpted out of the rock, using profits that G & W could not comfortably take out of the country anyway.

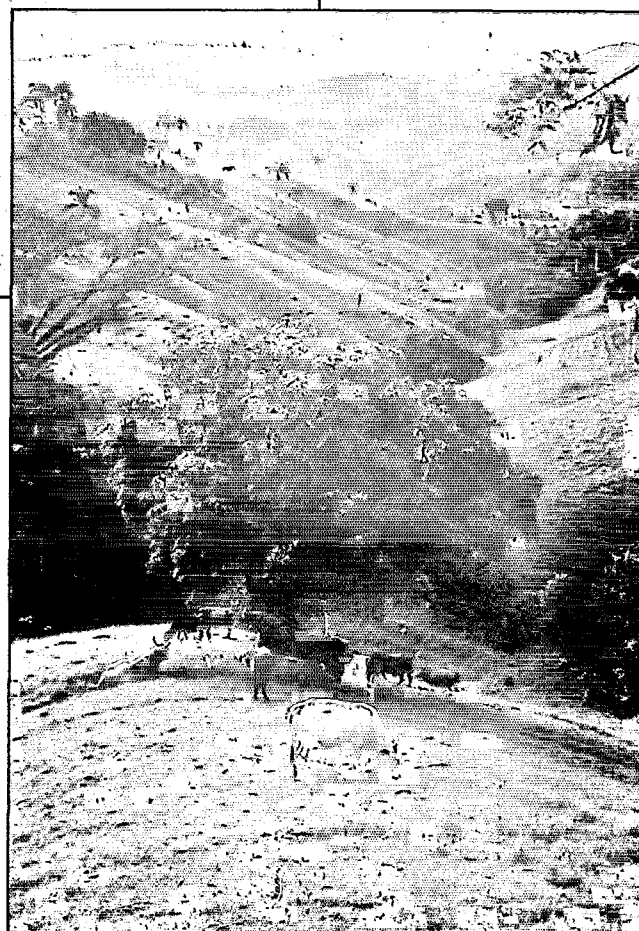
Bluhdorn built the first villa and flew in from the U.S. every possible weekend. He and his daughter Dominic talked often about building an artist's colony, something to nurture the talent they saw on the island. In the mid-1970s, an Italian set designer named Roberto Coppa came to visit actress Sylvia Magnani; Bluhdorn hired him to build Altos de Chavon. Coppa built it with passion and a loud voice, old stone walls winding around a 16th century Mediterranean village with its town piazza, church, cafes, and narrow cobbled streets. Locals say he built it first and made the blueprints later.

The architecture gets mixed reviews, but tourists enjoy the restaurants and shops, as well as the entertainment in the 5,000-seat amphitheater opened with a Frank Sinatra concert in 1982. Dominican craftsmen work in studios off the village streets. Dominican artists mix with artists brought in from around the world. A school affiliated with the New York-based Parsons School of Design has been

established at the back of the village. You can enjoy the revolving art exhibits, and the artifacts in the excellent Taino archeological museum, but the future of Altos de Chavon is probably in its art college campus.

The denouement of this story came in February 1983, when Charles Bluhdorn died suddenly on a plane en route from the Republic to a New York hospital. The twenty-two-year-old Dominic Bluhdorn has been running Altos de Chavon since then, and outsiders have been waiting for the corporate decisions that determine its fate. Gulf & Western has had an unusually good relationship with the Dominican Republic. It is the largest single investor in the country and has accompanied its profit-making enterprises with supportive social programs.

A shudder went through the island when G & W announced late in 1984 that it would sell its Dominican properties: the sugar mill, ranch, resort and two Santo Domingo hotels, the Santo Domingo and the Hispaniola. The new owners, an American group headed by former Cubans Alfonso and J. Pepe Fanjul of Florida, have promised to continue supporting the schools and hospitals in La



Romana and the not-so-profitable enterprises at Altos de Chavon. Carlos Morales, president of Gulf and Western Americas Corporation goes with the deal, so he would continue to run Casa de Campo.

One of the treasures he will keep is an Indian polo master called Gabar Singh, known locally as the Maharajah. He is the nephew of the Maharajah of Jodhpur and played for Saudi King Farouk until the dictator Trujillo lured him here. The Republic is a democracy now, and horse lovers from around the Americas come here to participate in the polo games. G & W has 3,000 horses on its ranch, and Singh has 150 of them bred and trained for polo at the Casa de Campo stables.



Tour vans leave daily for Santo Domingo, where the old walled city includes a ten-by-ten block restored area that goes back five centuries. There are dozens of historic buildings but the most important are the Alcazar, also known as Casa de Colon, built in 1510 by Christopher Columbus' son; Casas Reales, a fabulous museum built in 16th century royal houses; and the cathedral, oldest in the Americas.

For information on the Dominican Republic contact

your travel agent or the Dominican Tourist Information Center, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Samson Tours of Southfield is one of the few tour companies in the United States flying regular charters to Casa de Campo. The seven-day, seven-night charter leaves every Saturday from Metropolitan Airport, returning the following Saturday. Prices for double occupancy range from \$599 per person for a shared divided villa with two separated bedrooms and baths to \$1079 per person for an entire one-bedroom villa.



The World's Most Luxurious Log Cabin



You would never notice the Chateau Montebello if you were not looking for it. Most highway traffic between Ottawa and Montreal travels on the south side of the Ottawa River. A train runs on the north side; it even stops at the village of Montebello, but you can't see the grand old lodge from there. Even on the north shore road you need a sharp eye to spot the huge log and stone entrance in time to stop.

There was a time when only prime ministers, diplomats and wealthy professionals showed their passes to the gateman and drove on through the stand of trees to the Chateau. The World Economic Summit Conference was held there in 1981. But these days, most of the guests are savvy travelers who know how to take advantage of

luxury accommodations built for another era.

Even if you have seen aerial shots of the great six-winged building, you are still not prepared for what looks like the biggest log cabin in the world. A huge six-sided fieldstone fireplace is visible for sixty feet before it disappears through the high peaked roof of the great lobby. It has a separate fireplace on all six sides, to warm winter snow lovers fresh from the skating rinks, snow shoe trail, toboggan runs, sleigh rides or cross country ski trails.

Less hardy souls can skate indoors, take a lesson from the sports director at the curling rink, swim in the indoor pool or just loll in the sauna. Hardier folks are probably hunting in the rugged interior of the 100-square-mile property and laying their heads down at one of the seven cabins. There are seventy stocked lakes for fishermen, in

season.

You may wonder if that was a misprint. One hundred square miles? Actually, it's 105 square miles or 65,000 acres. It came into the history books as a *seigneurie*, which was a plot of land, a trust, given by the king of France to a citizen of the new world, who used the king's authority to develop and colonize the area.

The Seigneurie of La Petite Nation, named after the Algonkin tribe that lived there, was given to Bishop Lavall of Quebec and later sold to the Papineau family. The twenty-room house, now a museum on the property, was built in 1850 by the famous Canadian rebel Louis Joseph Papineau, a champion of the French Canadian cause. The house is not open in the winter.

During the 1920s, the land and manor house were sold to a promoter who planned a huge, exclusive private club built of logs. He ordered 10,000 western red cedar logs to be hauled by rail from western Canada, but he was bankrupted by the Wall Street crash before he could use them. The Canadian Pacific Railway acquired the property in payment for the freight bill and completed the three buildings, four million cubic feet, in a record four months.

The legend is that first-night guests saw a sea of mud around them when they went to bed and woke the next morning to acres of landscaped grass. The club remained one of the world's most exclusive private hideaways, the Seigneurie Club, catering to the wealthy and important people of eastern Canada and the northeastern United States, until Canadian Pacific Hotels converted it to a public hotel in 1971. Old Seigneurie Club members have lifetime privileges.

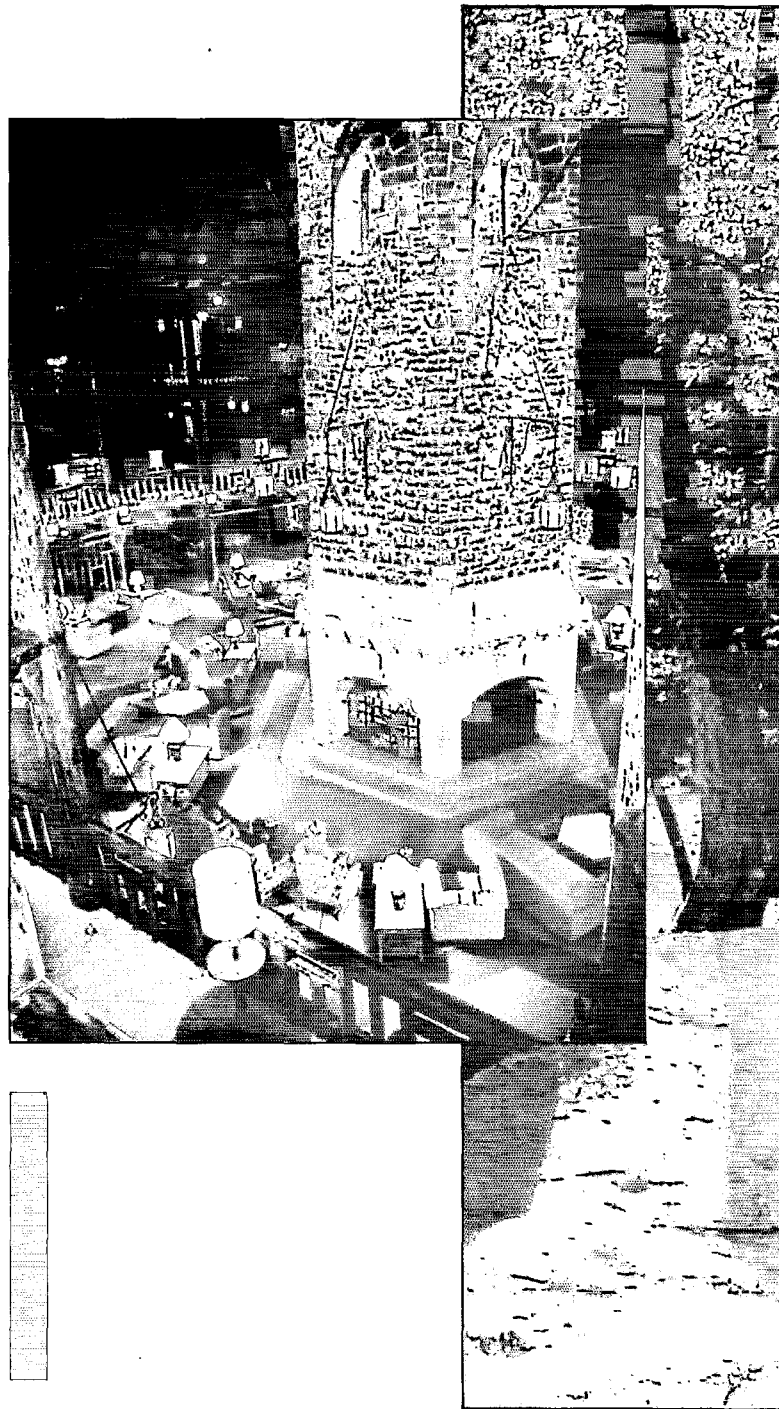
While they were remodeling the place, Canadian Pacific discovered a nice surprise. A famous skier called Jack Rabbit Johanssen, who was nearly 100 years old in 1971, had created cross-country ski trails on the property decades before. The trails were overgrown but Johanssen found them easily with a plane and a scanner that detects clearings in the bush.

Jack Rabbit Johanssen is about 110-years-old now and still skiing! He doesn't go far these days, but he still does the first few lanes of the annual cross-country ski marathon that runs between Ottawa and Montreal every winter. Chateau Montebello is its half-way point and an overnight stop. Asked if Johanssen would attend the marathon February 8 and 9, 1985, Nicole Faure of Chateau Montebello said "We just had a letter from him. He's in Finland, and he expects to be here for the marathon."

Not everything lasts that long at Chateau Montebello, but many of the traditions don't change. The rooms are being remodeled this year, but you will still see the sun come up in the morning over the Ottawa River, shining through the big maple tree and glimmering on the winter skating rink and the summer terrace, see it round the dark polished surface of the log-beamed ceiling and probe the rough surface of the great stone fireplace.

The six-winged log, representing the shape of the Chateau, is no longer woven into the lobby carpet but you will find it at the registration desk and in other places. Ten years ago, the casual 'state park' feeling of the Chateau ended at the feet of a tuxedo-clad *maitre d'*, who had just the right touch of snobbery as he checked his reservation book.

The card in your room says, "Dinner served from six to nine," but the tradition has always been two seatings,



cruise-style, at 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. In the old days, the *maitre d'* would chide you if you arrived at 8:15 for the 8:30 sitting, leaving you to shift from one foot to the other, even banishing you to the bar. Things are more casual now, although you still need a jacket, if not a tie, for dinner; if you don't have a jacket, they'll lend you one. You don't go down the twin staircase anymore either; you come in another way and find the *maitre d'* in a suit and tie instead of a tux.

Either way, the food is probably worth it. Dinner is included in the price of your room so you may roam freely over the menu from the *pâté*, *vichyssoise* and *gaspacho* to the seafood in a shell or the *Filet de Dore Amandine*, pausing at the occasional item marked with a star to indicate an extra charge. The wine list is small but varied. The service is friendly and courteous rather than sophisticated



square miles. Conventions have discovered the hotel, with its mezzanine meeting rooms named after the ten provinces of Canada.

For information, contact the Canadian Government Office of Tourism in Detroit at 1900 First Federal Building, 1001 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, MI 48226 or telephone them at 963-8686. You can make reservations directly by calling toll-free 1-800-828-7447. Rates for two people in one room, good through May 12, 1985, total \$88 Canadian for the room only, \$144 for the room and two meals, \$169 per night for room and three meals on a package two-night plan. Those prices cover room and meals for two people. The American dollar is worth about \$1.25 in Canadian money, so you can deduct about twenty-five percent from these prices if you are thinking in American money.

The toll-free reservation operator cannot accept a reservation for a Saturday night only, although you might get in by contacting the Chateau directly at Montebello, Quebec, Canada, J0V 1L0 or calling (819) 423-6341. The Chateau is very popular among weekenders from Canadian cities so the management requests that you take the 'three-meal plan' on weekends, which means your package price for two days includes Friday dinner, three meals on Saturday and Sunday breakfast. You can also reserve, of course, through your best friend, your travel agency.

Iris Sanderson Jones is an award-winning travel writer and regular contributor to Monthly Detroit magazine, Observer-Eccentric newspapers, Home and Away magazine, and many other publications.

Micky Jones, an automotive engineer, has been a free-lance photographer for forty years.

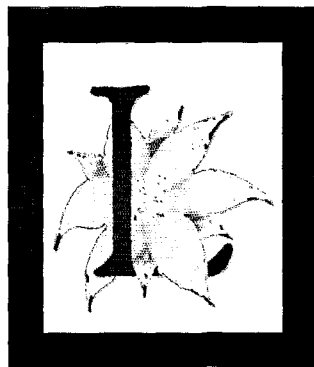
because most of the help comes from the nearby village of Montebello and some are always in training.

After dinner, the action moves to La Galerie, with its live entertainment. You could still skate outside or in, and you can see your way at night on some of the cross country ski trails, but those who don't fancy the bar usually either curl up around the fireplace or take the one-hour drive into the capital city of Ottawa, or its French neighbor, the city of Hull. The train will take you the forty miles west to Ottawa or the eighty miles east to Montreal if the schedule suits you; Montreal is considered Canada's most cosmopolitan city, with its restaurants and miles of underground shopping centers.

Le Chateau Montebello is just as interesting in summer, when guests follow the hiking and jogging trails, fish the stocked lakes, swim outdoors or ride through those 105

Conte dë Noël

In each issue of HERITAGE we will reprint a foreign literary work in its original language, for those Pointers who are multilingual. The only alterations made from the original manuscript involve changing colloquialisms to more widely understood standard usages. Reprinted with permission from National Textbook Company, Lincolnwood, Illinois, USA.



Le docteur Bonenfant cherchait dans sa mémoire, répétant à mi-voix: "Un souvenir de Noël?..."

"Mais si, j'en ai un, et un bien étrange encore; c'est une histoire fantastique. J'ai vu un miracle, la nuit de Noël."

Cela vous étonne de m'entendre parler ainsi, moi qui ne crois guère à rien. Et pourtant j'ai vu un miracle! Je l'ai vu, dis-je, vu de mes propres yeux, ce qui s'appelle vu.

En ai-je été fort surpris! non pas; car je ne crois point à vos croyances, je crois à...la foi, et je sais qu'elle transporte les montagnes. Je pourrais citer bien des exemples; mais je vous indignerais et je m'exposerais aussi à amoindrir l'effet de mon histoire.

Je vous avouerai d'abord que si je n'ai pas été fort convaincu et converti par ce que j'ai vu, j'ai été du moins fort ému, et je vais tâcher de vous dire la chose naïvement, comme si j'avais une crédulité d'Auvergnat.

J'étais alors médecin de campagne, habitant le bourg de Rolleville, en pleine Normandie.

L'hiver, cette année-là, fut terrible. Dès la fin de novembre, les neiges arrivèrent après une semaine de gelées. On voyait de loin les gros nuages venir du nord; et la blanche descente des flocons commença.

En une nuit, toute la plaine fut ensevelie.

Les fermes, isolées, dans leurs cours carrées, derrière leurs rideaux de grands arbres poudrés de frimas, semblaient s'endormir sous l'accumulation de cette mousse épaisse et légère.

Aucun bruit ne traversait plus la campagne immobile. Seuls les corbeaux, par bandes, décrivaient de longs cercles dans le ciel, cherchant leur vie inutilement, s'abattant tous ensemble sur les champs livides et piquant la neige de leurs grands becs.

On n'entendait rien que le glissement vague et continu de cette poussière tombant toujours.

Cela dura huit jours pleins, puis l'avalanche s'arrêta. La terre avait sur le dos un manteau épais de cinq pieds.

Et, pendant trois semaines ensuite, un ciel, clair comme un cristal bleu le jour, et, la nuit tout semé d'étoiles qu'on aurait crues de givre, tant le vaste espace était rigoureux, s'étendit sur la nappe unie, dure et luisante des neiges.

Ni hommes ni bêtes ne sortaient plus, seules les cheminées des chaumières en chemise blanche révélèrent la vie cachée, par les minces filets de fumée qui montaient droit dans l'air glacial.

De temps en temps on entendait craquer les arbres, comme si leurs membres de bois fussent brisés sous l'écorce; et, parfois, une grosse branche se détachait et tombait, l'invincible gelée pétrifiant la sève et cassant les fibres.

Les habitations ça et là par les champs semblaient éloignées de cent lieues les unes des autres. On vivait comme on pouvait. Seul, j'essayais d'aller voir mes clients les plus proches m'exposant sans cesse à rester enseveli dans quelque creux.

Je m'aperçus bientôt qu'une terreur mystérieuse planait sur le pays. Un tel fléau, pensait-on, n'était point naturel. On prétendit qu'on entendait des voix la nuit, des sifflements aigus, des cris qui passaient.

Ces cris et ces sifflements venaient sans aucun doute des oiseaux émigrants qui voyagent au crépuscule, et qui fuyaient en masse vers le sud. Mais allez donc faire entendre raison à des gens affolés. Une épouvante envahissait les esprits et on s'attendait à un événement extraordinaire.

La forge du père Vatinel était située au bout du hameau d'Épivent, sur la grande route, maintenant invisible et déserte. Or, comme les gens manquaient de pain, le forgeron résolut d'aller au village. Il resta quelques heures à causer dans les six maisons qui forment le centre du pays, prit son pain et des nouvelles, et un peu de cette peur épandue sur la campagne.

Et il se mit en route avant la nuit:

Tout à coup, en longeant une haie, il crut voir un oeuf dans la neige; oui, un oeuf déposé là, tout blanc comme le reste du monde. Il se pencha, c'était un oeuf en effet. D'où venait-il? Quelle poule avait pu sortir du poulailler et venir pondre en cet endroit? Le forgeron s'étonna, ne comprit pas; mais il ramassa l'oeuf et le porta à sa femme.

—Tiens, la maîtresse, voilà un oeuf que j'ai trouvé sur la route!

La femme hocha la tête:

—Un oeuf sur la route! Par ce temps-ci, t'es soûl, bien sûr?

—Mais non, la maîtresse, même qu'il était au pied d'une haie, et





encore chaud. Le voilà, je me l'ai mis sur l'estomac pour qu'il ne se refroidisse pas. Tu le mangeras pour ton dîner.

L'oeuf fut glissé dans la marmite où mijotait la soupe, et le forgeron se mit à raconter ce qu'on disait par la contrée.

La femme écoutait, toute pâle.

— Pour sûr que j'ai entendu des sifflets l'autre nuit, même qu'ils semblaient venir de la cheminée.

On se mit à table, on mangea la soupe d'abord, puis, pendant que le mari étendait du beurre sur son pain, le femme prit l'oeuf et l'examina d'un oeil méfiant.

— Si y avait quèque chose dans cet 'oeuf?

— Qué que tu veux qu'y ait?

— Je ne sais pas, moi

— Allons mange, et ne fais pas la bête.

Elle ouvrit l'oeuf. Il était comme tous les oeufs, et bien frais.

Elle se mit à le manger en hésitant, le goûtant, le laissant, le reprenant. Le mari disait:

— Eh bien! qué gout qu'il a, cet oeuf?

Elle ne répondit pas et elle acheva de l'avalier; puis, soudain, elle planta sur son homme des yeux fixes, hagards, affolés; leva les bras, les tordit et, convulsée de la tête aux pieds, roula par terre en poussant des cris horribles.

Toute la nuit elle se débattit en des psames épouvantables, secouée de tremblements effrayants, déformée par de hideuses convulsions. Le forgeron, impuissant à la tenir, fut obligé de la lier.

Et elle hurlait sans repos, d'une voix infatigable:

— Je l'ai dans l'corps! Je l'ai dans l'corps!

Je fus appelé le lendemain. J'ordonnai tous les calmants connus sans obtenir le moindre résultat. Elle était folle.

Alors, avec une incroyable rapidité, malgré l'obstacle des hautes neiges, la nouvelle, une nouvelle étrange, courut de ferme en ferme:

"La femme du forgeron qu'est possédée!"

Et on venait de partout, sans oser pénétrer dans la maison; on écoutait de loin les cris affreux poussés d'une voix si forte qu'on ne les aurait pas crus d'une créature humaine.

Le curé du village fut prévenu. C'était un vieux prêtre naïf. Il accourut en surplis comme pour administrer un mourant et il prononça, en étendant les-mains, les formules d'exorcisme, pendant que quatre hommes maintenaient sur un lit la femme convulsée et tordue.

Mais l'esprit ne fut pas chassé.

Et la Noël arriva sans que le temps eût changé.

La veille au matin, le prêtre vint me trouver:

— J'ai envie, dit-il, de faire assister à l'office de cette nuit cette malheureuse. Peut-être Dieu fera-t-il un miracle en sa faveur, à l'heure même où il naquit d'une femme.

Je répondis au curé:

— Je vous approuve absolument, monsieur l'abbé. Si elle a l'esprit frappé par la cérémonie (et rien n'est plus propice à l'emouvoir), elle peut être sauvée sans autre remède.

Le vieux prêtre murmura:

— Vous n'êtes pas croyant, docteur, mais aidez-moi, n'est-ce pas? Vous vous chargerez de l'amener?

Et je lui promis mon aide.

Le soir vint, puis la nuit; et la cloche de l'église se mit à sonner, jetant sa voix plaintive à travers l'espace morne, sur l'étendue blanche et glacée des neiges.

Des êtres noirs s'en venaient lentement, par groupes, dociles à l'appel des cloches. La pleine lune éclairait d'une lueur vive et blafarde tout l'horizon, rendait plus visible la pâle désolation des champs.

J'avais pris quatre hommes robustes et je me rendis à la forge.

La possédée hurlait toujours, attachée à sa couche. On la vêtit proprement malgré sa résistance éperdue, et on l'emporta.

L'église était maintenant pleine de monde, illuminée et froide; les chœurs poussaient leurs notes monotones; l'orgue ronflait; la petite

sonnette de l'enfant de chœur tintait, réglant les mouvements des fidèles.

J'enfermai la femme et ses gardiens dans la cuisine du presbytère, et j'attendis le moment que je croyais favorable.

Je choisis l'instant qui suit la communion. Tous les paysans, hommes et femmes, avaient reçu leur Dieu pour fléchir sa rigueur. Un grand silence planait pendant que le prêtre achevait le mystère divin.

Sur mon ordre, la porte fut ouverte et mes quatre aides apportèrent la folle.

Dès qu'elle aperçut les lumières, la foule à genoux, le chœur en feu et le tabernacle doré, elle se débattit d'une telle vigueur qu'elle faillit nous échapper, et elle poussa des clameurs si aiguës qu'un frisson d'épouvante passa dans l'église; toutes les têtes se relevèrent; des gens s'enfuirent.

Elle n'avait plus la forme d'une femme, crispée et tordue en nos mains, le visage contourné, les yeux fous.

On la traîna jusqu'aux marches du chœur et puis on la tint fortement accroupie à terre.

Le prêtre s'était levé; il attendait. Dès qu'il la vit arrêtée, il prit en ses mains l'ostensoir ceint des rayons d'or, avec l'hostie blanche au milieu, et s'avançant de quelques pas, il l'éleva de ses deux bras tendus au-dessus de sa tête, le présentant aux regards effarés de la démoniaque.

Elle hurlait toujours, l'oeil fixé sur ces objets rayonnant.

Et le prêtre demeurait tellement immobile qu'on l'aurait pris pour une statue.

Et cela dura encore longtemps.

La femme tremblait saisie de peur, fascinée; elle contemplait fixement l'ostensoir secouée encore de tremblements terribles, mais passagers, et criant toujours, mais d'une voix moins déchirante.

Et cela dura encore longtemps.

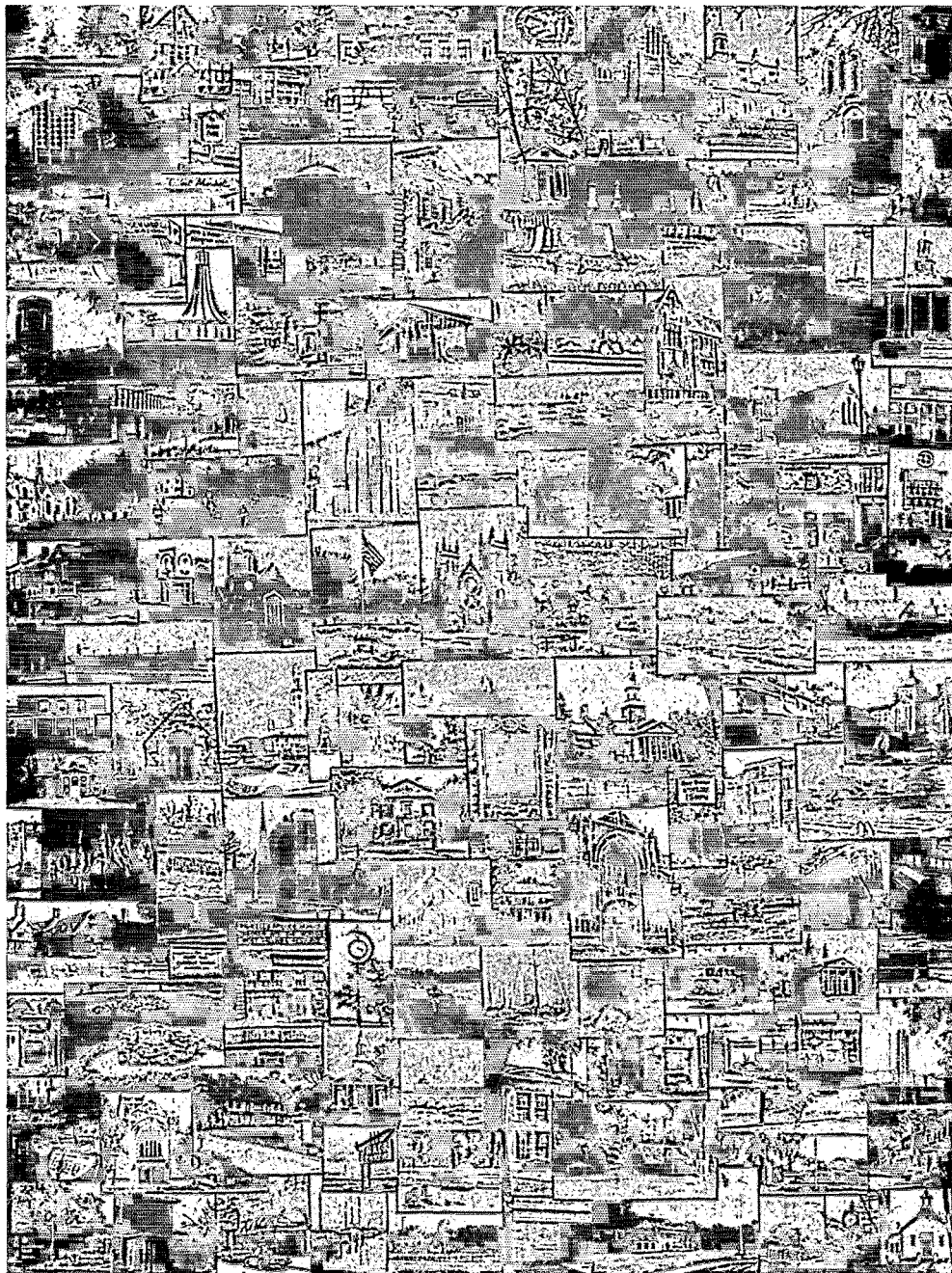
On eût dit qu'elle ne pouvait

continued on page 77

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Author, Grosse Pointe Poster



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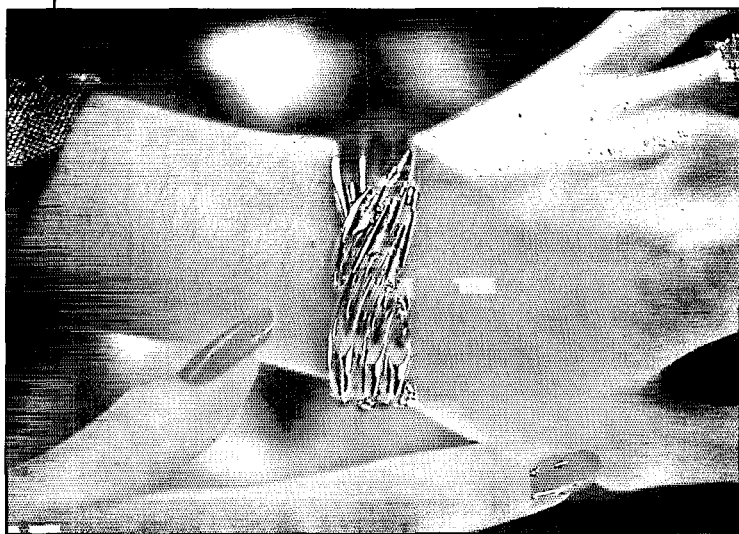
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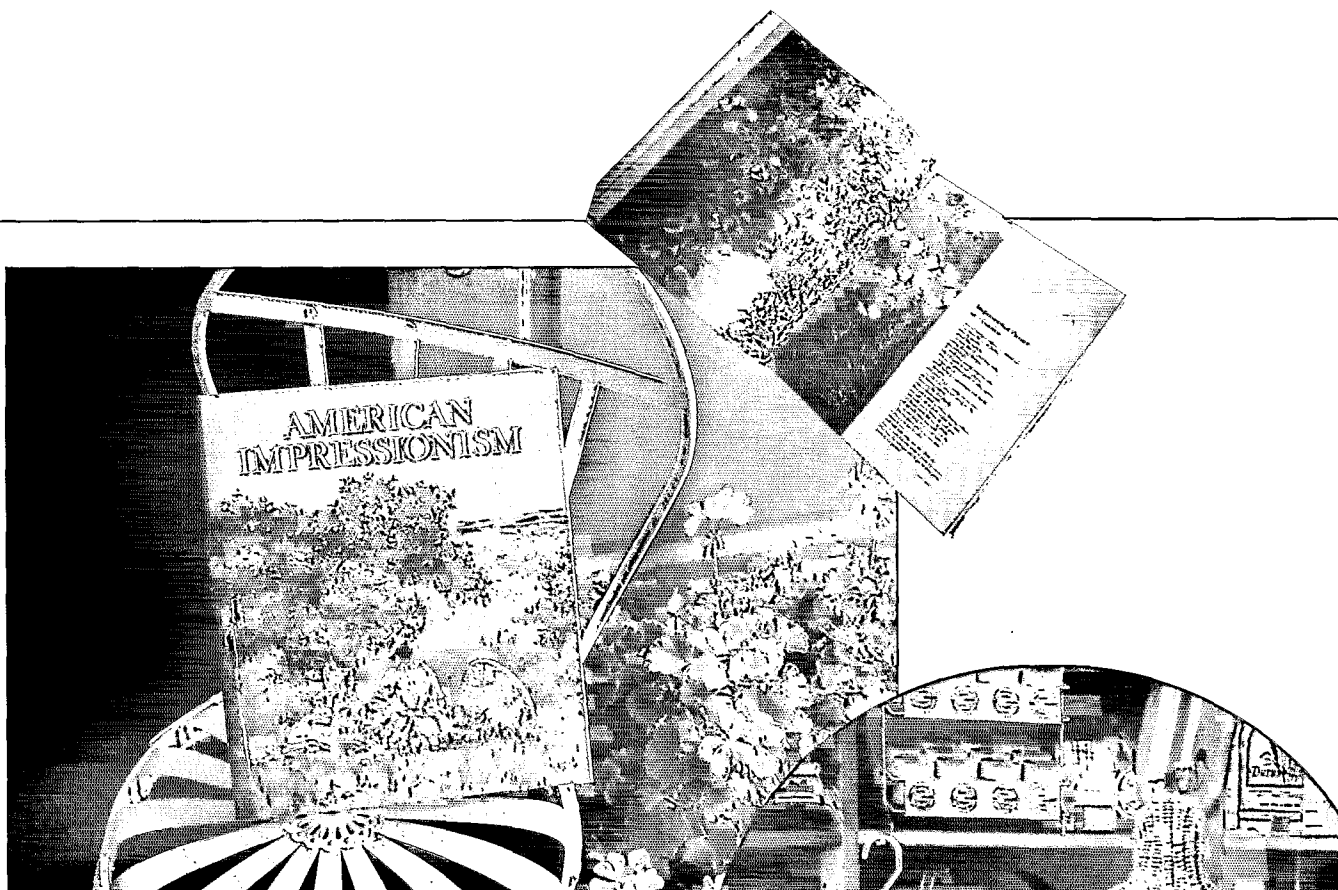
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AMERICANA

We shop for American cars and caviar while keeping an optimistic eye on American vineyards. The entire world wears blue jeans while it charts American music. Maybe patriotism is the reason Abbeville chose this year to publish *American Impressionism*, a beautiful 310-page coffee table volume with 401 illustrations. \$85 at **The Book Shelf**, 112 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Farms, 886-2066.

LINEN AND LACE

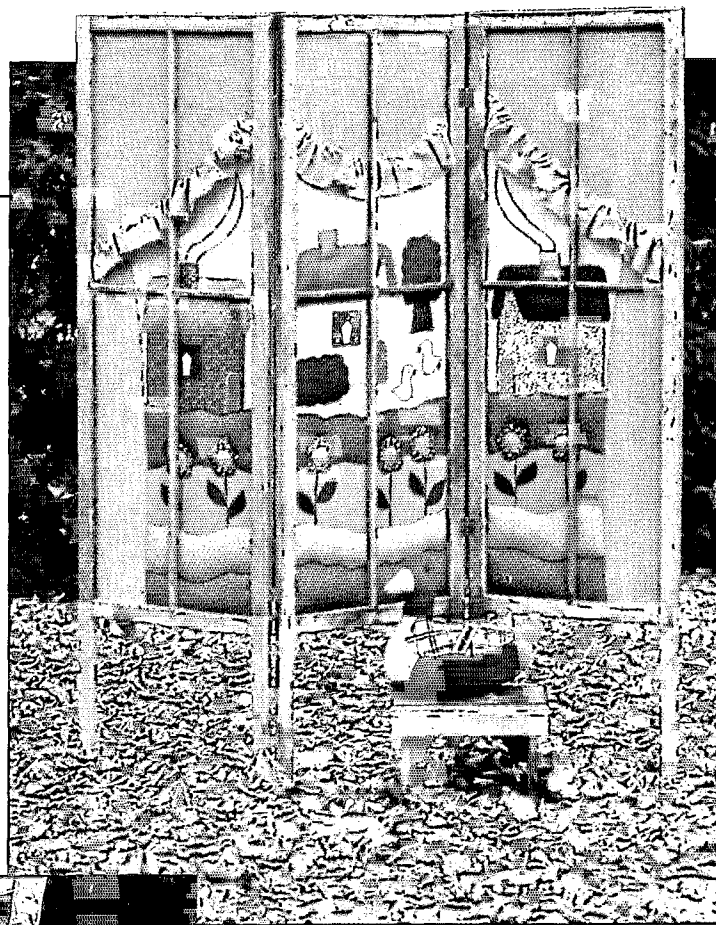
It took some cleverness to make something pretty and appealing out of an item as practical as an apron. These 100 percent linen aprons are trimmed in handmade lace. They come in three floor length styles: half apron or full (that's bib and skirt) for adults or full-length for children. A nice way to have matching mother-daughter, auntie and niece outfits for home entertaining while protecting new Christmas finery. \$30-\$36 at **Pointe Pedlar**, 88 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 885-4028.



MORE MARKETPLACE

SCENIC SCREENS

Conceal a corner cluttered by a toy box or perk up a drab spot in your decorating scheme with a scenic screen. Arkansas husband and wife team Bill and Valerie Sockwell construct the wooden frames and machine appliqué a variety of cozy country pastorals in an assortment of colors and fabrics onto the body of the screen itself. Almost like adding a window to your room. \$310 at **Something Special**, 85 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Farms, 884-4422.



THREADS OF THE PAST

The Mennonites and Amish hold dear many customs long discarded by the rest of us. They continue traditions many of us have eliminated as too time-consuming from our hurried and harried lives. Like quilting. The owners of Trends and Traditions Interiors traveled to Pennsylvania for handmade Amish quilts and to Indiana for equally lovely handmade Mennonite quilts in a variety of classic quilting designs. \$400-\$600 at **Trends and Traditions Interiors**, in the Extraordinaire Gifts Shop, 73 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Farms, 885-2280.

PHOTOS BY JEAN LANNEN

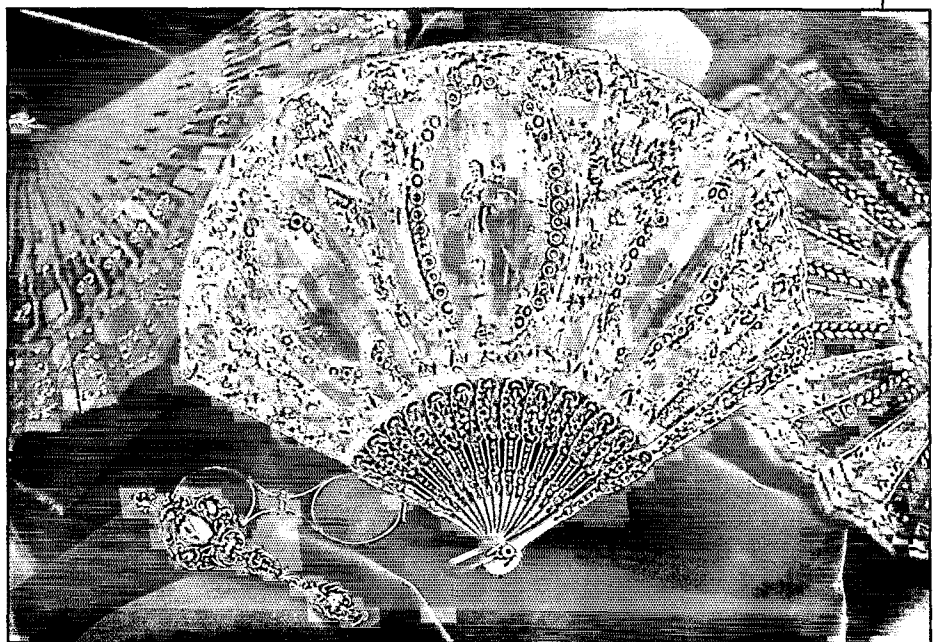


PLEASE MUMBLES

Strolling through the Village we noticed a small child on the corner of Kercheval and St. Clair, his nose pressed firmly to windowpane, ignoring his mother's pleas that they continue their shopping expedition. What, we wondered, could be so interesting? We pressed our nose against the same window, and there, through the glass, we met Mumbles the Bear. He's a fuzzy, eighteen-inch teddy who comes in three colors: sand, medium-brown or chocolate brown. We, too, found him fascinating. Not because he was a witty conversationalist — his name, after all, is Mumbles — but because after pushing his Secret Spot he wiggles his nose and ears in the most appealing manner. \$26.95 at **The Mole Hole**, 17100 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 886-5759.

THE EYES HAVE IT

Once women used fans to cool off and to demurely hide behind. Enter the Napoleonic era, gay, reckless, outrageous. Fans became an instrument of the hunt, a tool of flirtations used to reveal meaningful glances. No longer needed to hide behind, they became smaller and more colorful. This small fan (circa 1800-1815) is typical of the French Empire period. Three hand-painted vignettes on the silk leaf are surrounded by hundreds of tiny metal spangles that have been dipped to achieve their gold and silver color. The sticks are carved and pierced painted ivory. It is signed. \$425 at **Danielle's Inc.**, 17009 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 882-4101.



*From the Park
to the City
to the Farms
to the Shores
to the Woods...*



serving one of America's finest communities.

December 1984

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1 VIENNESE BALL OPHULS' "EARRINGS" NORTH YULE BAZAAR "FORUM" SOUTH HOCKEY "42nd STREET" "OKLAHOMA" "TOYLAND" ESKIMO EXHIBIT
2 BREAKFAST WITH SANTA "FANNY CROSBY" "BULGARIA" FILM BRUNCH WITH BACH	3	4 SENIORS CARD PARTY TUESDAY MUSICALE UPBEAT ART TOUR	5 N & S CHRISTMAS TEA NORTH HOCKEY ORATORY COMPETITION WSU WASSAIL FEAST GREENFIELD VILLAGE YULE	6 "MUSICA" G.P. CHRISTMAS WALK	7 MEADOWBROOK WALK "KAMILLA" SOUTH BASKETBALL	8 HOLLY MART WSU CHORUS CRANBROOK STUDENT ART BREAKFAST WITH SANTA "ALL THAT GLITTERS" "TOYLAND" "NIGHTMARE ALLEY"
9 "CHRISTMAS STORY" "JAPAN" FILM CRANBROOK HOUSE WALK BRUNCH WITH SANTA	10	11 FORD HOUSE CHRISTMAS NORTH BASKETBALL SOUTH SWIMMING	12 NORTH HOCKEY	13 SOUTH CHORAL CONCERT DIA WASSAIL FEAST	14 LIGGETT CONCERT "SUCCESS" HORNBECK AS DICKENS GRANDKIDS PARTY NORTH SWIMMING	15 "M*A*S*H" PUPPET THEATRE SOUTH HOCKEY
16 "O MAGNIFY THE LORD" DETROIT CHAMBER WINDS KENNETH JEWELL CHORAL PANCAKE SUPPER	17	18 BRASS ENSEMBLE SOUTH BASKETBALL	19 NORTH CONCERT	20 SENIOR CHRISTMAS DINNER SOUTH SWIMMING	21 BALLET RECITAL SOUTH HOCKEY SOUTH BASKETBALL	22 MERRY CRANBERRY MAGIC NORTH HOCKEY
23 CARILLON CONCERT 30	24 31	25	26 DOLL HOUSE EXHIBIT "CINDERELLA" CHRISTMAS HOCKEY	27 "PUPPETS AND CANDLES"	28	29

January 1985

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	2	3	4	5 NORTH HOCKEY
6	7	8 SOUTH BASKETBALL	9 NORTH HOCKEY	10 "BLITHE SPIRIT"	11 GARDEN CLUB LUNCHEON "HOWARD JOHNSON'S" NORTH BASKETBALL	12
13 BIBLE GLEE CLUB "ALASKA" FILM CHAMBER ENSEMBLE	14	15 "MORNING'S AT SEVEN" NORTH SWIMMING NORTH BASKETBALL SOUTH BASKETBALL	16	17 "MIRACLE WORKER" NORTH GYMNASTICS SOUTH WINTER CONCERT	18 PUPPET WORKSHOP NORTH BASKETBALL	19 "PUSS 'N BOOTS" NORTH HOCKEY SOUTH SWIMMING
20 "ASIATIC RUSSIA"	21	22 NORTH BASKETBALL SOUTH BASKETBALL	23	24	25 ARS MUSICA SOUTH BASKETBALL	26 "CLOWN CONSPIRACY" SOUTH HOCKEY
27 SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA "SCINTILLATING SINGAPORE"	28	29 NORTH BASKETBALL	30 "ONE ACTS" SOUTH HOCKEY	31 NORTH CONCERT SOUTH SWIMMING		

RESTAURANTS

◆ jade michaels

Dining, whether done on the run or in the course of a leisurely evening, should be a pleasurable experience. Restaurants that cater to all tastes and time-frames are found in the Pointes and the surrounding area. They serve meals from five-course to five-minutes, that are formal or fun, with each establishment defining its own concept of what dining should be.

The following listings are brief profiles, not critiques, which provide a glimpse of each restaurant's atmosphere and menu — so you know what you'll find before you walk through the door.

Prices indicated are based on the estimated cost of a typical dinner for two with one drink each, but excluding tax and tip. All locations have a full bar unless indicated.

Note days and hours open, and Bon Appétit!

Credit card code: AE — American Express; CB — Carte Blanche; DC — Diners Club; MC — MasterCard; V — Visa.

Amigos, 18310 Mack, Grosse Pointe Farms, 886-9825. The sombreros and typical south-of-the-border decor were omitted when this little eatery was decorated, but the menu is definitely Mexican. The large grilled burritos are memorable. Also on the menu are enchiladas, soft tacos plus a few vegetarian meals. Everything is made from natural ingredients. No bar. Monday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-9 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Sunday 4 p.m.-8 p.m. \$12. No credit cards.

Blue Pointe, 17131 E. Warren, Detroit, 882-3653. Newly remodeled, the decor is a refreshing combination of light wood with navy blue accents. Still serving fresh seafood, homemade Italian pastas, beef and veal. Specialties include pan-fried perch, Italian-style pickered and veal Miguel. Tuesday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-midnight; Saturday 4 p.m.-midnight; Sunday 10:30 a.m.-10 p.m. \$20. AE, DC, MC, V.

The Bronze Door, 123 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Farms, 884-7774. This two-year-old restaurant sports country club comfort and a combined menu of French, Italian and American cuisine. Veal marsala, rack of lamb and dover sole are highlighted, but the Caesar salad is the star here. A country club look in decor. Lunch Monday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m. Dinner Monday-Thursday 5 p.m.-11 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. Sunday brunch 11 a.m.-3 p.m. \$25. AE, DC, MC, V.

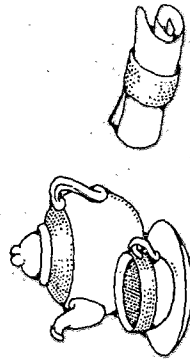
Café La Chat, 17001 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 884-9077. A charming, cozy café featuring gourmet lunches with a French flair. Soups, salads, pasta, sandwiches and assorted cheese trays available on a frequently changing menu. The supreme en croule and pasta primavera are recommended. Desserts include raspberry jennies, fruit flan and torte cakes that are all made on the premises. No bar. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 p.m. Tea and desserts Monday-Saturday 2 p.m.-5 p.m. \$12. MC, V.

Carl's Chop House, 3020 Grand River, Detroit, 833-0700. A long-time haven for red-meat eaters. Pork ribs, steaks, broiled New York sirloin dominate the menu, but there's also live lobster. The walls are wood paneled, the drinks large, the volume what you would expect from a lively crowd of 750. Monday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday noon-2 a.m. \$40. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Chez Robert, 26400 Harper, St. Clair Shores, 774-8860. Casual, clock-style decor isn't reflected in the food. The menu is a combination of French and American cuisine with an emphasis on the French. Chef Jean-Robert's specialties include canard à l'orange, veal cordon bleu, and monkfish with sauce Duglere. Featured desserts are strawberry and apple tarts. No bar. Monday-Wednesday 8:30 a.m.-8 p.m.; Thursday-Saturday 8:30 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sunday 8:30 a.m.-8 p.m. \$15. No credit cards.

Clairpointe, 630 St. Clair, Grosse Pointe, 884-6810. A full menu of Italian and American dishes are served in this newly remodeled restaurant. Try the chicken piccata, Boston scrod or stuffed pizza. For dessert, there are many homemade treats including a variety of tortes. No bar. Monday-Saturday 7 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sunday 8 a.m.-3 p.m. \$12. No credit cards.

Club 500, 17569 E. Warren, Detroit, 343-0020. Pizza, nachos, ribs and ground round comprise only part of the menu. Race car decor takes the checkered flag. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday 10 a.m.-2 a.m. \$15. MC, V.



Da Edoardo, 19767 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 881-8540. Northern Italian Continental cuisine served in a beautiful, dimly lit English countryside setting. Rich wood paneling and mirrored arches enhance the three intimate dining rooms. Veal medallions with prosciutto, ham and cheese sautéed in wine sauce or the spinach pasta filled with crab are the more popular specialties. Over coffee and dessert, study the magnificent ceiling in the Cappuccino Room. Monday-Thursday 5 p.m.-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. \$40. MC, V.

Farina's Granary, 18431 Mack at Canyon, Detroit, 881-3086. If variety is the spice of life, Farina's is the pepper of local dining. Everything from sandwiches, steaks, shrimp to shish kebab and scrod almondiene with daily lunch and dinner specials. A cozy atmosphere lingers in both Old English dining rooms, which share a romantic fireplace, are cozy and glow with subdued lighting. Also offering an extensive specialty drink list. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday 4 p.m.-9 p.m. \$15. MC, V.

Golden Mushroom, 18100 W. Ten Mile, Southfield, 559-4230. Continental fare by Chef Milos Cihelka, a gold-medal winner with distinctions in the Culinary Olympics in Germany. Classic dishes of steak, veal and seafood alternate with innovative specialties including shark, pheasant, partridge and more. Formal tables set in a relaxed, dusky atmosphere of stained cedar. The Mushroom Cellar cocktail lounge is downstairs. Lunch Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m. Dinner Monday-Thursday 5 p.m.-midnight; Friday-Saturday 5:30 p.m.-1 a.m. \$30. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Irish Coffee, 18666 Mack, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-5675. A famed ground round headlines at this spot especially when it goes for a mere ninety-six cents Sunday through Thursday. Lined with lots of wood, the interior resembles a library. A friendly crowd of all ages keeps things far from hushed. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2:30 a.m.; Sunday 5 p.m.-2:30 a.m. \$7. MC, V.

Jacobson's — St. Clair Room, 17000 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 882-7000. Take a break from shopping duties in this bright, cheerful room. Among the chef's specialties are the crêpes, sandwiches, soups and salads. Salads include pasta, tuna, taco and Maurice. No bar. Monday-Wednesday 9 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thursday-Friday 9 a.m.-8 p.m.; Saturday 9 a.m.-5:30 p.m. \$10. AE, Jacobson's.

Joe Muir's, 2000 Gratiot, Detroit, 567-1086. Fresh, outstanding seafood stars here and has for fifty-five years. Featured are flounder stuffed with crabmeat, live Maine lobster and the Florida red snapper. A huge, friendly restaurant with a long, long bar. This popular spot fills up quickly on weekends, and doesn't take reservations for parties of less than ten. Monday-Thursday 11:15 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11:15 a.m.-10:30 p.m.; Saturday 5 p.m.-11 p.m. \$45. AE, MC, V.

The Lark, 6430 Farmington Rd., West Bloomfield, 661-4466. Jim and Mary Lark's restaurant is warm yet elegant, comfortable yet formal, simple yet sophisticated. The decor is Portuguese, with terra cotta and colorful tiles dominating the walls.

Appetizers and desserts are delivered by the trolley-full. Dinner includes anything from duck daily-changing prix fixe menu. Food by Chef Heinz Menguser. Tuesday-Thursday 6 p.m.-9 p.m.; Friday-Saturday dinner seatings at 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. \$100. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Le Café Français, 20311 Mack, in Kimberly Korner Mall, Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-0610. A courtyard with a running fountain, plants and statues set the romantic scene for the café's formal dining room. A constantly changing menu lists the evening's five-course prix fixe dinner. The adjoining Gallery Room lunch and dinner service has more informal, but equally appealing surroundings. A special petite lunch is featured for those on the go. A fresh dessert buffet satisfies the sweet tooth. Wine and beer. Lunch Tuesday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m. Dinner Wednesday-Saturday 5 p.m.-9 p.m. Sunday brunch 10 a.m.-3 p.m. Courtyard dining. \$60. AE, CB, DC.

Little Tony's Lounge in the Woods, 20513 Mack Avenue, Grosse Pointe Woods, 885-8522. Taste Carol's homemade chili or some outstanding G.P. burgers in the rustic comfort of high-backed wooden booths. While dining, pause to glance at the cartoons and other artwork on the walls. Many are by local artists. Mondays-Saturdays 11 a.m.-2 a.m. \$12. No credit cards.

London Chop House, 155 W. Congress, Detroit, 962-0277. One of the area's finest restaurants, and certainly its most distinguished. Chef Jimmy Schmidt's daily changing specials include delicacies like spinach fettuccini with crab and lobster, broiled chicken dishes or dover sole. The Lundi Gras cake, a very rich chocolate cake with hazelnuts and almonds, is just one of many tempting desserts. The atmosphere is formal but comfortable with paneled booths and walls filled with caricatures. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 a.m. \$100. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Nichelangelo's, 19201 Mack, Detroit, 886-5070. Decorated with the owner's personal collection of Impressionist paintings, this casual eatery boasts one favorite dish — the Chicago style stuffed pizza. Weekends, an artist is on hand from 7 p.m.-10 p.m. to draw caricatures. Wine and beer. Tuesday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11:30 a.m.-midnight; Saturday-Sunday 2 p.m.-midnight. \$11. MC, V.



The Old Place, 15301 E. Jefferson at Beaconsfield, Grosse Pointe Park, 822-4118. This formal dining room is filled with an abundance of antiques to occupy wandering eyes between courses. China dolls, wall hangings and old farm implements create a backdrop for tables beautifully set with white linen, pewter and crystal. The primarily American menu includes an occasional nod to the French, Chateau brignol, many veal dishes, rack of lamb, and prime rib on weekends.

Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-midnight; Saturday 4 p.m.-midnight. Bar open Monday-Saturday until 2 a.m. \$40. AE, DC, MC, V.

The Original Pancake House, 20273 Mack, west of Lochmoor, Grosse Pointe Woods, 884-4144. Visit to devour a delicious breakfast any time. Pancakes, crêpes, omelettes and everything else on the menu are made from the freshest ingredients. The custard-filled apple pancake topped with cinnamon glaze reigns supreme. No bar. Monday-Sunday 7 a.m.-9 p.m. \$10. No credit cards.

Park Place Café, 15402 Mack at Nottingham, Grosse Pointe Park, 881-0550. A comfortable, contemporary spot for a healthy meal. Park Place is known for its fresh fish — flounder, trout, orange roughy — and generous salads. Tuesday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 11 a.m.-midnight. \$30. AE, MC, V.

Pernia's, 23722 Jefferson Avenue, St. Clair Shores, 772-4684. Serving veal, steak, seafood, duckling and other specialties in elegant surroundings of crystal chandeliers and plush Italian silk seating. The main dining room overlooks a lush garden of evergreens. Daily 11 a.m.-2 a.m. \$30. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

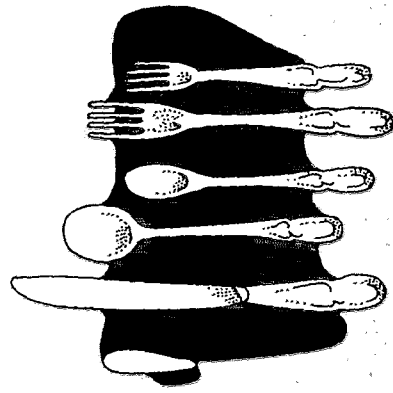
Raphael's, 27000 Sheraton Drive, I-96 at Novi Rd., Sheraton Oaks Hotel, Novi, 348-5555. A very intimate dining room done in burgundy, plum and brass. The glazed roast duck is just one of Chef Keith Famie's creations. Every dish is a work of art, as pleasing to the eye as to the palate. A separate dessert menu is equally amazing. Tuesday-Saturday 6:30 p.m.-10 p.m. \$100. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Duglass, 29269 Southfield Rd., Southfield, 424-9244. French cuisine served with creativity. Broiled sweetbreads, tournedos, swordfish, filet mignon and more. The desserts may be described as an event while the atmosphere is elegantly formal. Lunch Tuesday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m. Dinner Monday-Saturday 6 p.m.-midnight. \$70. AE, DC, MC, V.

Sierra Station Cantina, 15110 Mack, Grosse Pointe Park, 331-3906. Grosse Pointe's Mexican connection. All of the food, including nacho grande, burritos, and the fiesta plate are cooked up by Mexican husband and wife team Fabian and Aurora right out of Mexico. The cantina is awash with interesting Mexican artifacts. Tuesday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Saturday 5 p.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday 5 p.m.-11 p.m. \$13. MC, V.

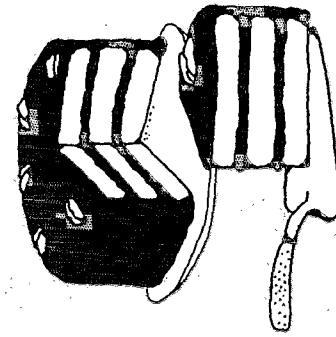
Sparky Herbert's, 15117 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Park, 822-0266. Stylish decor and an enthusiastic crowd give this local favorite its flair. Everyone comes in to talk, laugh and eat salads, pasta, rack of lamb, fresh fish, beef tenderloin and daily changing specials. Monday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday noon-midnight with brunch from noon-3 p.m. \$25. AE, DC, MC, V.

Telly's Place, 20791 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 881-3985. The menu is stuffed with a variety of croissant sandwiches, which, in turn, are stuffed with crabmeat, turkey, tuna, ham.... Relax and dine in church pew booths. Monday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday 5:30 p.m.-midnight. \$11. MC, V.



Van Dyke Place, 649 Van Dyke, Detroit, 821-2620. This restored French townhouse is a picture-perfect setting for a fine, formal restaurant. Beautiful tables are set with crystal stemware, antique serving plates and orchids. The menu features French cuisine with an American perspective. A daily changing menu may include over-poached dover sole, medallions of lamb and veal, duck in a daily-changing sauce. Have dessert in one of the beautiful upstairs sitting rooms. Lunch Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-1:45 p.m. Dinner Monday-Saturday 6 p.m.-9:30 p.m. \$85. AE, MC, V.

Wooden Nickel, 18584 Mack, Grosse Pointe Farms, 886-7510; 21143 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 881-9810. Old-time Americana is the decorative theme. Cozy booth seating. Hearty, homemade soups, salads, fish and at least twelve different sandwiches dominate the menu. Four different diet plates, too. No bar. Monday-Wednesday 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Thursday-Saturday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday 11 a.m.-8 p.m. \$11. No credit cards.



ENGAGEMENTS

◆kathie eynon

Welcome to Engagements — the calendar section of *HERITAGE*. Although the Grosse Pointes only cover an area of about fifteen miles, there is much here to do and see. Engagements lists two months' of activities and events that will take place within the Pointes, as well as information on happenings at major social centers like the Detroit Institute of Arts and Cranbrook.

Because the Grosse Pointe high schools have so many outstanding teams, we list most major sports events. Musical concerts and plays are also given space in Engagements.

In this, our first issue, the December-January calendar includes a wealth of holiday celebrations. Wassail feasts and brunching with Santa are just two of them. At the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, a University of Michigan professor will portray Charles Dickens. Also scheduled for the War Memorial is the annual Holly Mart.

Non-holiday activities include films, classes and exhibits.

We look forward to serving you and informing you. Your comments are valued, so please write with any suggestions. Address mail to: *HERITAGE/Engagements*; 20010 E. Nine Mile Road; St. Clair Shores 48080.

DECEMBER

December 1

A Schrammel Interlude highlights the annual **Christmas Viennese Ball** at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Formally attired guests pause during the dance and everyone, whether bilingual or not, sings the traditional Schrammel songs in German. The ball, a black tie event, begins at 9:00 p.m. at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lakeshore Drive, 881-7511. \$12.50.

Max Ophüls' 1953 French film, **The Earrings of Madame de...** is at once the story of a shallow woman who can't hold on to her love and an experience in visual splendor. Vittorio De Sica and Charles Boyer star at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. in the Detroit Institute of Arts Auditorium, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, 832-2730. \$2.50.

Shop Grosse Pointe North high school's band and orchestra **Yuletide Bazaar**. The unique crafts available are ideal for unusual Christmas gifts. Shopping from 10:00 a.m. in the Performing Arts Center, 707 Vernier, Grosse Pointe, 343-2187. Free.

High school thespians from the Grosse Pointe South Pointe Players perform **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**. The laugh-filled saga of a Roman slave who uses his talents as a con artist to secure his freedom. Call for times at Grosse Pointe North Performing Arts Center, 707 Vernier, Grosse Pointe, 343-2187. \$3.50.

G.P. South ice hockey team meets Windsor Harmon at 7:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Community Rink, 4831 Canyon Drive, Detroit, 885-4100. \$2.

December 1-16

The upbeat, big-cast Broadway musical **42nd Street**. The show does go on after the leading lady of a new play breaks her ankle and the reluctant understudy takes over. Saturdays at 2:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.; Sundays at 2:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m.; Tuesdays-Thursdays at 8:00 p.m.; Wednesday matinees at 1:00 p.m. Masonic Temple, 500 Temple Ave., Detroit, 832-2232. \$15-\$30.

December 1-29

Oklahoma is the high-stepping flirtatious musical with songs about surries with fringe on the top and the girl who can't say "no." Presented as **dinner theatre** entertainment Fridays



The Detroit Institute of Arts' Wassail Feast.

and Saturdays. Cocktails at 7:00 p.m., dinner at 7:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m. is showtime. At the Golden Lion, 22380 Moross, Detroit, 886-2420. \$19.95.

December 1, 8, 15, 22, 26-31

Victor Herbert's turn-of-the-century classic **Babes in Toyland** is a musical for the whole family. At 2:00 p.m. Henry Ford Museum Theater, 20900 Oakwood Blvd., Dearborn, 271-1620. \$3.

December 1-February 4

The exclusive Michigan exhibit "**Inua: Spirit World of the Bering Sea Eskimos**" is a comprehensive look at Eskimo culture. Mondays-Thursdays 10:00 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fridays and Saturdays, 10:00 a.m.-10:00 p.m. and Sundays 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Cranbrook Institute of Science, 500 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills. \$3 adults, \$2

students and seniors.

December 2

The Monteith School hosts **Breakfast with Santa** at 11:00 a.m. Monteith School, 1275 Cook Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-2273. Call for ticket prices.

The life of blind gospel song writer **Fanny Crosby** is depicted in an inspirational film shown at 6:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe Baptist Church, 21336 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 881-3343. Free.

World Adventure Series presents the travel film, **Bulgaria — 1,300 Years** featuring scenes of Sofia and the Festival of Roses in Kazanluk. At 2:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 832-2730. \$3.50.

continued on page 64



*Christmas
Magic
From
Forster's!*

Most of the magic of Christmas lies in your heart and imagination, but Forster's can help add some holiday magic to your gift giving and for your home.

Like magic, you'll enjoy **20% savings on all gifts and accessories** during Forster's Pre-Christmas accessory sale, now until December 24th.

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Grosse Pointe Woods
881-9390
Open Mon. & Thurs. 'til 9

Open Other Days: 9:30 to 5:30 • Closed Sunday

ENGAGEMENTS

Brunch with Bach, an informal chamber concert performed by area professionals, fills Kresge Court with the sound of music at 10:00 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. Reservations are required. At the Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$7.75 with full brunch, \$6.75 with continental brunch and \$2.50 for concert and stairway seating only.

December 4

All senior citizens are invited to attend a **card party**, including lunch and door prizes, at 12:30 p.m. Neighborhood Club, which has served the Grosse Pointes for seventy-four years, 17150 Waterloo, Grosse Pointe, 885-4600. \$5. No phone registrations.

Christmas music rings out when the group **Tuesday Musicale** plays and sings classical holiday songs at 10:00 a.m. Grosse Pointe Memorial Church, 16 Lakeshore, Grosse Pointe, 882-5330. Free.

Jill DeMaris of *Detroit Upbeat* guides the interested on a **Christmas Pewabic Pottery Tour**. View two examples of the durable tiles with the unique glaze designed by international artist Mary Kay Stratton. Lunch at gourmet Polish restaurant Royal Eagle in historic Indian Village. A tour bus leaves from Eastland at 9:30 a.m., returning at 3:00 p.m. Call for reservations. 341-6808. \$22.

December 5

The choirs of Grosse Pointe North and South high schools host and perform a **Christmas Concert and Tea**. Orchestral music maintains the holiday mood before the concert and during the tea. The concert begins at 1:00 p.m. Performing Arts Center, 707 Vernier, Grosse Pointe, 343-2187. Free.

G.P. North ice hockey team meets University Liggett at 6:00 p.m. at Liggett McCann Ice Arena, 1045 Cook Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, 884-4444. \$2.

Youth speaks out. Grosse Pointe high school members of the Octagon Club present **oratorios and essays** to compete for scholarships and an opportunity to attend regional and national finals. National Optimist Clubs, which sponsors the event, selects the theme. Area teachers and journalists judge students on poise, material and presentation. Competition begins at 7:30 a.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. Free. At publication time, the date was not yet confirmed. Call to verify.

Elizabethan entertainment fit for lords and ladies of 16th Century England is lavished on **Wassail Feast** guests presented for the first year by the Men's Glee Club of Wayne State University. Set in the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, the Wayne State University Chamber Singers, the Renaissance Dance Company of Detroit and the instrumentalists Good Company (who play Renaissance-era instruments) capture the authentic style of Queen Elizabeth's court and the period. The Court Fool presents a boar's head to the lord and lady of the manor for inspection. They must

continued on page 69



Filling Children's Memory Banks

Childhood is a time that, for most of us, lingers only as a faint shadow on the periphery of our minds. Until, that is, a sight, smell or scenario suddenly swings a memory back into focus, as crisp and near as yesterday. And then, for fleeting moments, we are once again a child.

As adults we learn that living each day as it comes is practical, and planning for the future is prudent. One of the gravest but most pleasurable duties we adults have entrusted to us is filling our children's futures with fond memories of their youthful pasts.

That has to be done today. By us.

Mindful of that responsibility, HERITAGE presents the Kids pages. We urge you to pause long enough to share a poem, puzzle or story with the youngster in your life.

The creative efforts within this section, by the way, were written by students from Grosse Pointe high schools. For most, they represent their first published works.

We're doing our best to impart a few memories ourselves.

Contributing Editors for Kids:

Oscar Alcantara, University Liggett
Amy Andreou, Grosse Pointe South
Gillian Darlow, University Liggett
Michelle Gouin, Our Lady Star of the Sea
Danis Houser, Our Lady Star of the Sea
Kevin Monahan, Grosse Pointe South

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY BLACKWELL

SNOWFAIRIES

*Do you know where the snowflakes come from?
From fairies who work when we sleep.
They build them from tiny crystals
Then into the night they leap.*

*And sprinkle them 'round as
They fly through the night
So we can wake up
To a world turned white.
But we never see them,
Or hear them at all.
For they live at the tops
Of the trees so tall.
So if in the morning
There is snow on the ground
Know that the snowfairies
Have been around.*

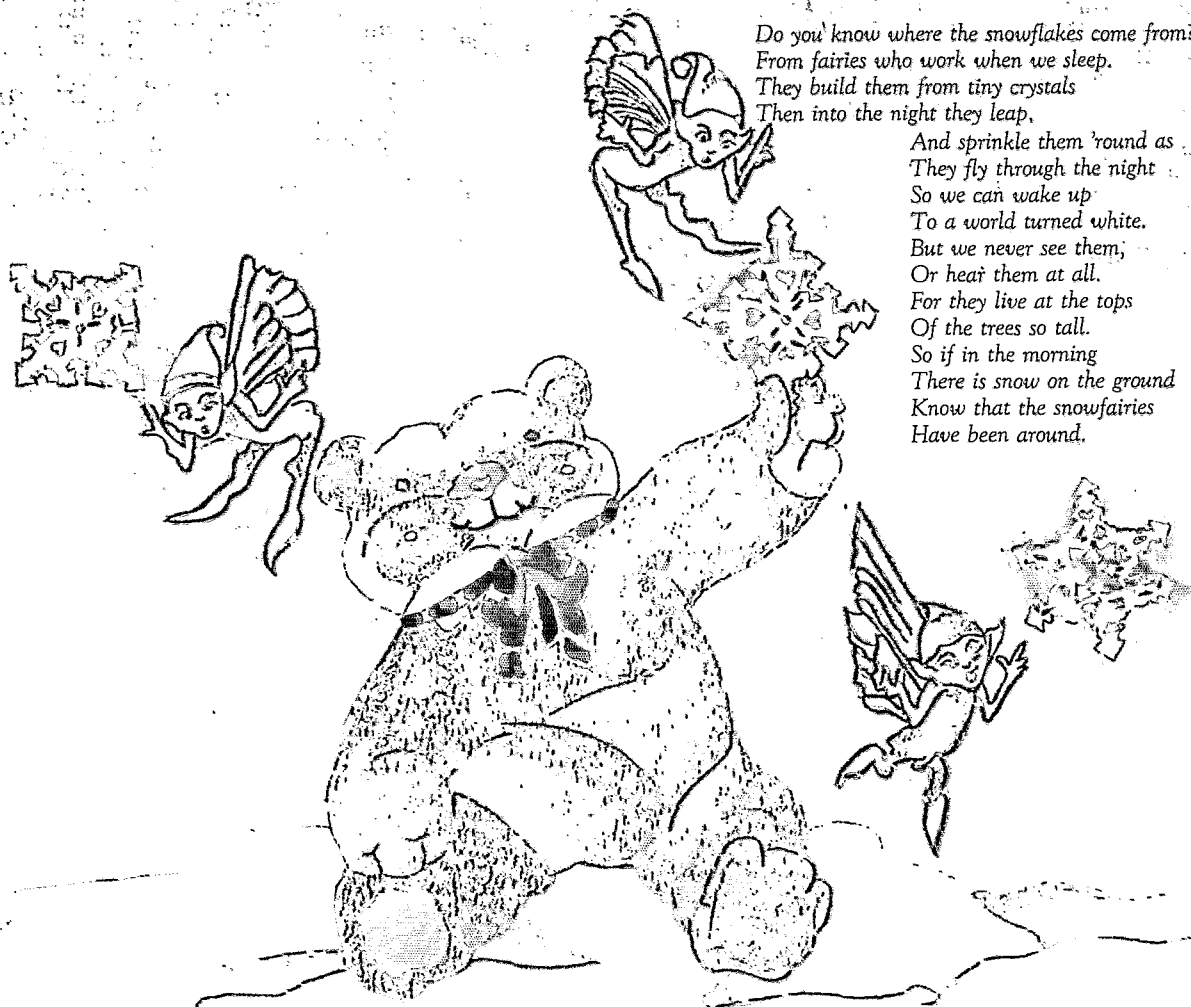


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY BLACKWELL

The Alarming Christmas

Hello, boys and girls! I'm Mrs. Santa Claus. Since Christmas is coming soon, and you've been so very good this year, I thought I'd give you a special treat and tell you the story of one Christmas many, many years ago that almost didn't happen. Imagine...no Christmas!

It all started out with a spilled gluepot, a small enough problem. But that little problem led to another, bigger problem. And that one led to an even BIGGER problem! Our pro-

blems grew like a snowball rolling downhill, until it looked like Christmas just wasn't going to happen. All of us at the North Pole were very, very worried. This is how it all began:

It was just two weeks before Christmas. Only fourteen more days until Santa hitched up Rudolph and flew off to pass out presents. I was busy addressing gift tags in my office when Binky, the head elf, brought in an embarrassed-looking Sammy.

I almost didn't see them come in. You know how small elves are. And with mountains of gifts all over the room, stockings hung all over the place, sacks of letters to Santa filling up every shelf and bookcase and overflowing onto the floor, and all those gift tags for all the presents for good little boys and girls stacked every which-way on my desk, well, I almost missed them. It's a good thing elves wear jingle bells, because that's how I

continued on page 68



How To Build A Snowman

It is very easy to build a snowman. The most important thing is to use snow that packs well. After a snowfall pick up a handful of snow and try making a snowball. If the snow packs together into a ball, you've got good snow for making a snowman.

Form three snowballs. Roll each one around on the lawn, packing on snow as you go, until you've made



one very large, one medium-sized and one small snowball. Use the largest one as a base. Put the medium one on top of the large one and pack snow around the edges of the two to hold them together. Put the smallest snowball on the very top, packing snow around the edges between the medium and small balls, too.

To make the face, use rocks or buttons for the eyes and mouth. Use a carrot for his nose.

Place a hat on his head and a scarf around his neck. Two sticks can be pushed into the sides for arms. Put mittens on the ends of the sticks.

Dress your snowman as fancy or simply as you please.

PARENTS' PLACE

Parents' Place is a special corner of the Kids section reserved for projects or information of interest to the parents of young children.

Colorful Fun Dough

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup salt
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons powder alum
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water

Mix all the dry ingredients thoroughly. In a separate container add about seven drops of food coloring to the water. Add colored water to the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly, then add oil and mix again. Store in airtight containers or sealed plastic bags.

If you'd prefer fun dough of two different colors, divide dry ingredients and water in half before mixing. Add different food coloring to each half and mix.

If the fun dough feels sticky, add a bit more flour.

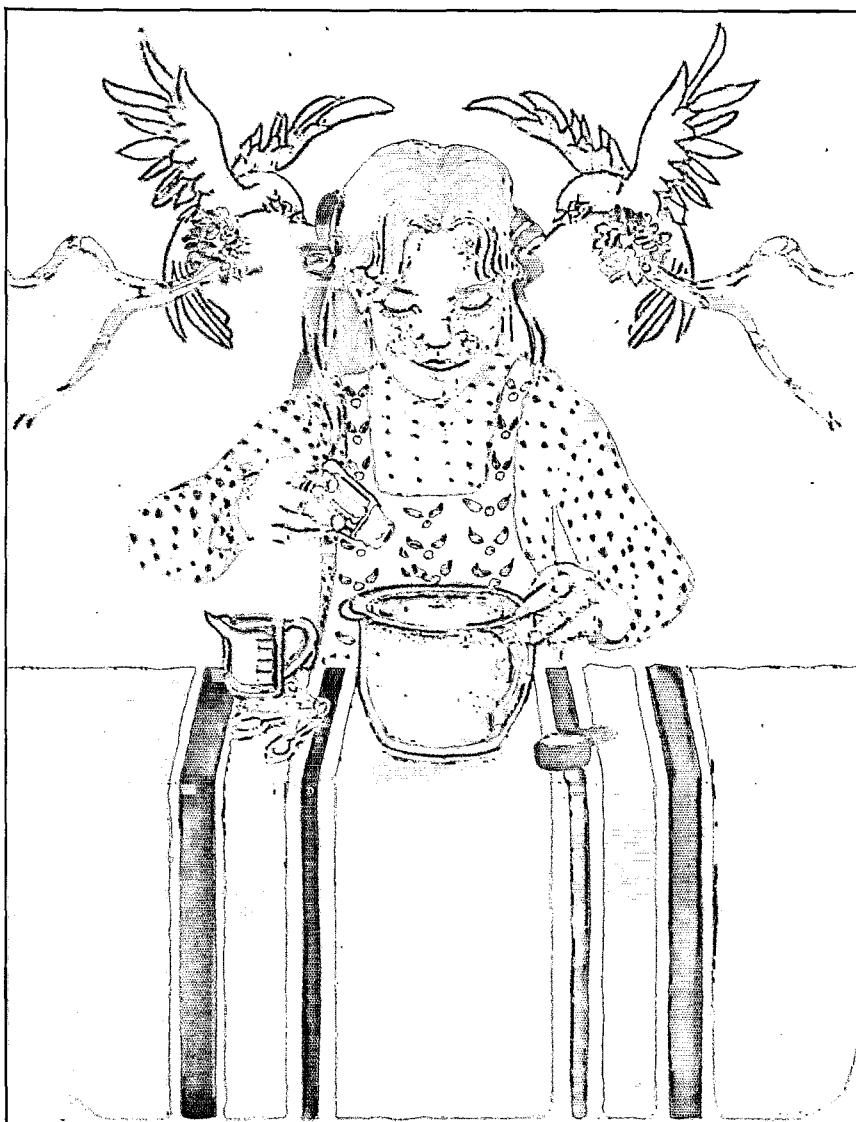


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY BLACKWELL



Puzzling

Unscramble the underlined letters to form a holiday message. The solution is on the bottom of the page.

SUGAR PLUMS
DECK THE HALLS
REINDEER
HAPPY HOLIDAYS
CHESTNUTS ROASTING
JINGLE BELLS
SNOWMAN

AN ALARMING CHRISTMAS

continued from page 66

knew that Sammy and Binky came in the door.

It seems that Sammy — full name Samuel T. Elf — who was usually one of our hardest and best workers, had been dozing off on the job. As a matter of fact, he had just fallen asleep in his toy-making studio and, in the process, had knocked over the glue he was using.

That was our small problem.

The big problem was that the glue had oozed across the floor. And at that very moment, our scientist elves were trying to pry apprentice elf Ronny off the floor where he had fallen asleep and become stuck tight after Sammy's glue oozed his way.

Sammy, of course, was very sorry. He said he was still so tired from last Christmas that he kept falling asleep while he worked. So he hadn't made nearly as many toys as he needed to fill his orders.

And that's when we found out about our BIGGEST problem.

"Last year was so very busy," said Binky, "that ALL the elves are falling asleep. By the time two weeks are over we won't have nearly enough gifts for all the children. Can we postpone Christmas?"

Delay Christmas! What a terrible thought!

"We could never disappoint everyone like that," I said, shocked at the idea. "The children spend the whole year being nice and not naughty, just waiting for that one special day. Christmas is their reward. It's Santa's gift to them. No, we must find another solution to this very big problem."

Yes, we just had to find a way to keep all the elves awake until Christmas Eve. It was the only way we could ever hope to finish enough presents to make all the boys' and girls' wishes come true. I sent Binky out to tell everyone to think as hard as they could about a solution.

The historians were reading dusty old records to find a cause. The doctors were searching through all their brand-new medicines to find a cure. And the inventors were trying to create some kind of thingamajig to help out. Everyone was thinking extra hard — when they weren't falling asleep, that is.

Two long days passed with no answer. Even my spirits were beginning to droop. Suddenly, though, an elf ran into my office. It was Lestina and she had a twinkle in her eyes and a glow in her cheek that told me she had good news.

"Mrs. Claus," she said as she danced around the room. "I've done it! I've invented an alarm clock that rings every time an elf falls asleep while he's working. We'll give one to each and every elf. That way we can keep all the toy makers awake for the next twelve days. All the presents will be finished, and Christmas will be on time!"

We got right to work passing out alarm clocks. They worked just like Lestina said they would. Every time an elf fell asleep the clock would ring and wake him or her up. It was wonderful to see them awake and lively once again. Toys were being produced round-the-clock at an amazing rate.

Finally Christmas Eve arrived. We all helped Santa load his sleigh until it was nearly overflowing with dolls and toys and games and other gifts. Then we stepped back. Santa said, "On, Rudolph," and the red-nosed reindeer led the others high into the sky, pulling Santa and that very full sleigh with no trouble at all. And Santa, with his eyes all a-twinkle, waved and shouted, "Merry Christmas everybody!" And then he laughed his very best Christmas ho-ho-ho.

Well, just seeing him fly off like that, and knowing we finished everything on time made me feel much better.

I started to get excited. After all, it was Christmas!

I turned to Binky and Lestina and said "Let's gather up all the elves and have a fine Christmas party. We have so much to celebrate."

"Oh yes!" they said together.

But as we looked around, all we could see were sleeping elves huddled together on the ground. There were no more toys to be made, and no more alarm clocks to keep them awake. They couldn't even wait to get into their cozy beds before falling asleep.

"Well," I whispered to Binky and Lestina while looking at all the snoozing elves, "the celebration can just wait until tomorrow. Let's get ourselves a good night's sleep."

But when I turned to tip-toe away, I had to step over Binky and Lestina who had already started to do just that.

Merry Christmas!!!

(MERRY CHRISTMAS)

ENGAGEMENTS

continued from page 64

approve each course before it is served to the guests. Feast on prime rib, Yorkshire pudding, beef barley soup, flaming Christmas pudding and much more. Reception at the Algier House at 6:30 p.m. and dinner at 7:30 p.m. in Fries Auditorium. 881-7511. \$50.

Yuletide Evening in Greenfield Village turns back the clock. Enjoy a sleigh ride, a wintertime candlelight dinner of Cornish hens, a walking tour of the historic homes and a cup of hot spiced cider. A bus leaves at 5:30 p.m. and returns at 10:30 p.m. from the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$35.

December 6

Join the twenty-fifth annual **Grosse Pointe Christmas Walk** sponsored by the Detroit Symphony League. You're invited to admire the decor and holiday trimmings of five elegant Grosse Pointe homes. Pick up your tickets, then tour the homes at your own pace from 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Advance tickets \$7. Regular admission \$8. Phone for ticket information: 882-6930, 884-3038, 884-7233.

"Musica" is a classical music program featuring soprano Betsy Parcels singing operatic selections at 7:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War

Memorial Church, 16 Lakeshore, Grosse Pointe, 882-5330. \$4.

December 7

Rochester welcomes you for a **holiday sojourn**. A Meadowbrook Christmas Walk through Meadowbrook Hall is followed by luncheon at nearby Oceania Inn (1890s decor) and a chance to shop at Greens Market, for display and sale of unusual Christmas crafts and tasty treats sponsored by the Rochester Branch of the Women's Farm and Garden Club at the Rochester Community House. The bus leaves at 9:00 a.m. and returns at 4:00 p.m. from the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$35.

G. P. South boys' basketball teams meet Highland Park at home. Junior varsity plays at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:45 p.m. \$2.

Norwegian film "Kamilla" by Vibeke Lokkeberg (1981) focuses on a seven-year-old girl as she watches her parents' marriage disintegrate. The critically-acclaimed film is at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Auditorium, 832-2730. \$2.50.

December 7-8

A carefully selected group of artists sell pot-

tery, Christmas cards, paintings and other goods at the tenth annual **Holly Mart**. Thanks to the work of the Grosse Pointe Inter-faith Center's Holly Mart Committee, this is one of the area's leading art fairs. The Mart also features gourmet sweets, cheese and handmade gingerbread houses. Open December 7 from noon-5 p.m. December 8 hours are 10:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m. and lunch will be available. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$1.

Wayne State Choral Ensemble performs in an **Advent concert** under the direction of Harry Langford. December 7-8. Call for times. Christ Church Cranbrook, 470 Church, Bloomfield Hills, 644-5210. \$5 adults, \$3 students and seniors.

December 7-21

The best works of this year's **Cranbrook Academy of Art** graduates shown at the annual Student Degree Show. Projects in photography, architecture, painting, sculpture, ceramics, fiber, metal smithing, printmaking and design shown Tuesdays-Sundays 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum, 500 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3312. \$1.50 adults, \$1.00 students and seniors. Undergraduates' show is December 21-April 7.



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ENGAGEMENTS

December 8

Ferry School serves **Breakfast with Santa** at 9:00 a.m. Ferry School, 748 Roslyn, Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-2257. Call for ticket prices.

Children seven through seventy can build a long-lasting ornament of natural and manmade materials at the **All That Glitters** workshop at 9:30 a.m. Cranbrook Institute of Science, 500 Lone Pine, Bloomfield Hills, 645-3230. \$8. Adults should accompany children.

Timeless music and audience participation make this production of **Babes in Toyland** a good bet for members of the Wiggle Club — children three years and older. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheater, 832-2730. \$3.

Nightmare Alley is Edmund Goulding's bizarre movie about a carnival operator (Tyrone Power) who learns a phony mind-reader's trade secrets and tries to cash in as a big-time spiritualist. Film at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Auditorium, 832-2730. \$2.50.

December 9

The Chancel Choir of the Grosse Pointe Baptist Church presents the **musical drama, Christmas Story** at 6:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe Baptist Church, 881-3343. Free.

Some modern Japanese in big cities and tiny villages still cling to an ancient way of life. The film, **Japan — The Traditional Old and New**, features a Japan not often seen. At 2:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts World Adventure Series, 832-2730. \$2.25.

Immense antique ornaments and toys decorate and surround the Christmas tree in the sun room of historic Cranbrook House during the **Annual Cranbrook House Christmas Walk** from 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Cranbrook House, 380 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3149. \$3.50, \$2.50 seniors, \$2.00 children.

From the ballroom of the Grosse Pointe War Memorial overlooking Lake St. Clair, children can watch as **Santa Claus** arrives by helicopter to have **brunch with them**. Some of the brunch items are particular favorites of children: peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, sausage and orange juice. Adults are provided with more typical fare like donuts, fruit jello and coffee. The event, a real hit last year, begins at noon. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$7.

December 11

G.P. North boys' basketball teams meet Utica Ford at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:30. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

G.P. South boys' swim team meets East Detroit at 4:00 p.m. North High School, 707 Vernier, Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-2187.

December 11-30

Christmas at the Ford House features an 18-foot tree in the Gallery, a large room with a concave, vaulted ceiling used for dining and dancing by the Fords. The playhouse, just large enough for adults to walk through, has a living room, bedroom, bathroom and a kitchen and is a scaled-down version of the Ford House. It was a gift from the children's grandmother Clara Ford. Tours of the first and second floors are December 11-23 and December 30. Tuesdays-Fridays at 3:00 p.m. and 4:00 p.m.; Sundays at 10:00 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. and December 24, 26, 27 and 28 at 10:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m. and 4:00 p.m. Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lakeshore, Grosse Pointe Shores, 884-3400. \$3 adults, \$2 seniors and \$1 children under 12.

December 12

G.P. North ice hockey team meets Trenton at 7:20 p.m. at Grosse Pointe Community Rink, 4831 Canyon Drive, Detroit, 885-4100. \$2.

December 13

Grosse Pointe South high school's popular **Christmas Choral Concert**, under the direction of Charles Gleason, performed in Christ Church at 8:00 p.m. At Christ Church, 61 Grosse Pointe Blvd., 885-4841. Call for admission prices.

December 13-22

The **Detroit Institute of Arts' Wassail Feast** captures the essence of an evening in 16th Century England at Queen Elizabeth's Winter Festival. Cocktails in Kresge Court are followed by trumpet fanfare announcing dinner in the Great Hall decorated with ribbons, wreaths, festoons, apples and nuts. The bill of fare includes a hearty Scotch broth, golden crusted pork-leek-vegetable pie, prime rib, tasty Yorkshire pudding, a heavy wassail, flaming figgy pudding and other authentic Renaissance dishes. Madrigals, mimes, acrobats, strolling minstrels, magicians, dancers entertain. Plan to arrive no sooner than 6:30 p.m. at the Woodward door of the Detroit Institute of Arts. Call 832-2731 afternoons. \$75 weeknights, \$80 Friday and Saturday. The Wassail Feast is December 13-15 and December 18-22.

December 14

University Liggett middle school's holiday concert features the tinkling sound of a hand-bell choir, and the harmonies of a choral group and band at 8:00 p.m. Kresge Auditorium, at University Liggett middle school, 850 Briarcliff, Grosse Pointe Woods, 886-4220. Free.

William Richert's **Success**, a highly stylized modern fairy tale made in 1982, is about an oaf (Jeff Bridges) who is determined to have success. The film is fast becoming one of the most important cult films of the Eighties. Bianca Jagger also performs. At 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Auditorium, 832-2730. \$2.50.

Bert G. Hornbeck, a University of Michigan professor of literature and language is, for the evening, **Charles Dickens** as he reads "A Christmas Carol," visits with children and adults, sings and partakes of wassail and Christmas cookies around a cozy fire. The more his audience knows about Dickens, the more Hornbeck responds. The reading begins at 7:30 p.m. At the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$3.50 adults, \$2.50 children.

Everyone returns to their childhood at the Neighborhood Club's **Grandparents-Grandchildren Christmas Party**. The fun begins when grandchildren drag grandparents over to see Santa Claus. Parents are welcome, too, at this new family activity complete with candy canes, balloons, games, children's movies and a tree decorated by the seniors before the party. From 7:00 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. At the Neighborhood Club; 885-4600. \$1 per family. Children from preschool to sixth grade are welcome. Make reservations by December 11.

G.P. North boys' swim team meets Royal Oak-Kimball at 7:00 p.m. at home. \$2.00 adults, \$1 students.

December 15

G.P. South ice hockey team meets Fraser at 7:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Community Rink, 4831 Canyon Drive, 885-4100. \$2 adults, \$1 students.


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ENGAGEMENTS

Robert Altman's production of **M*A*S*H**, often forgotten in the wake of Alan Alda's popularity, is worth another viewing. The film stars Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Sally Kellerman and Robert Duvall at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Auditorium, 832-2730. \$2.50.

For the holiday, Chicago's **Melkin Puppet Theater** presents **The Elvies and The Shoemaker** and a new version of **The Night Before Christmas** for everyone from age 5 to adult at 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Youtheater, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.00

December 16

O Magnify the Lord is a contemporary musical with melodies styled in the mode of Handel, Bach and Mozart and other master composers. Focus is on Christmas music, with communion served during the performance. Begins at 11:00 a.m. Grosse Pointe Baptist Church, 21336 Mack, 881-3343. Free.

The Detroit Chamber Winds, plays works by Acheidt, Gabriel, Beethoven and others. Also, Christmas music with an audience sing-a-long at 7:30 p.m. Christ Church Cranbrook, 470 Church Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3134. \$7 adults, \$5 students and seniors.

The Kenneth Jewell Choral raises a unified voice in performing Christmas tunes at 7:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe Memorial Church, 16 Lakeshore Drive, Grosse Pointe Farms, 882-5330. \$4.

For \$2, flapjack lovers can fill up at the **Annual Pancake Supper** at 6:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe Memorial Presbyterian Church, 16 Lakeshore, 882-5330.

December 18

G.P. South boys' basketball teams meet G.P. North's at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:45 p.m. \$2.

Creative, energetic musicians of the **Galliard Brass Ensemble** perform fine brass chamber works in the intimacy of the Cranbrook House library. The Cranbrook Music Guild presents this popular holiday concert at 8:30 p.m. Cranbrook House, 380 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3149. \$8 adults, \$4 students. Unreserved seating, so arrive early.

December 19-20

G.P. North choirs and orchestra present their **Christmas Concert** at 8:00 p.m. Performing Arts Center, 707 Vernier, Grosse Pointe, 343-2187. \$2.

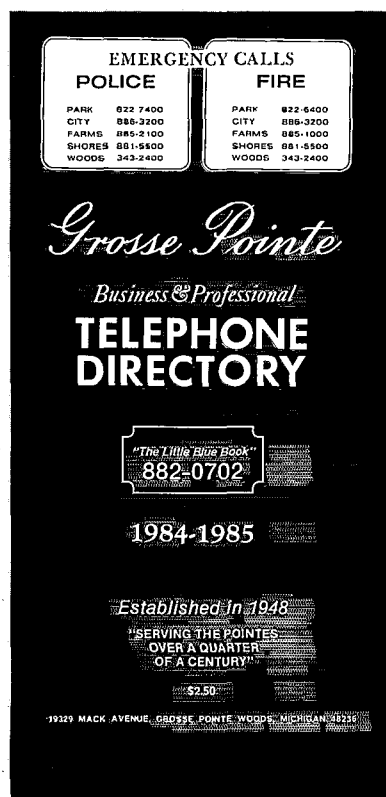
December 20

Ham and all the trimmings star at the **Seniors Christmas Dinner** where singers will entertain. Seniors should bring a dish to share with friends at 6:30 p.m. At the Neighborhood Club, 885-4600. \$3.75.

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ENGAGEMENTS

G.P. South boys' swim team meets De LaSalle at 7:00 p.m. At G.P. North. \$2.

December 21

G.P. South ice hockey team meets Cabrini at 7:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Community Rink,

4831 Canyon Drive, Detroit, 885-4100. \$2.

The **Christmas Ballet Recital** by Mary Ellen Cooper's Corps de Ballet, which follows the Cecchetti method, begins at 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$2.50 adults, \$1.50 children.

G.P. South boys' basketball team meets Sterling Heights' at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity 7:45 p.m. \$2.

December 22

G.P. North ice hockey meets Fraser at 7:20 p.m. Grosse Pointe Community Rink, 4831 Canyon Drive, Detroit, 885-4100.

The special talents of Chicago magician **Danny Orleans** is sure to win over all doubters in his program, **Merry Cranberry** at 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Youthcenter, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.

December 23

Beverly Buchanan, carillonneur, performs a **Carillon Concert for Christmas** at 4:00 p.m. Christ Church Cranbrook, 470 Church Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3134. Free.

December 26-29

A miniature replica of the Kissinger Room at the Ford Mansion, accurate to the hand-painted fabrics, is only one display in the **Miniature Doll House Exhibit** at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Dreams Come True, a St. Clair Shores doll house store, will display twenty new room boxes and houses in a follow-up performance of last year's successful show. Another highlight is Raggedy Ann and Andy's Christmas House all in red, white and green. The exhibit is from 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. Free.

December 26-30

The Youthcenter's own **Prince Street Players** dance and sing their happy way through this version of **Cinderella**. Performances for ages five and up December 27, 28, and 29 at 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.; December 26 and 30 at 2:00 p.m. only. Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.

December 26-January 1

Action on the ice begins when **hockey** players under twelve compete in the **Christmas Tournament** at Grosse Pointe Community Rink, 4831 Canyon Drive, Detroit, 885-4100. \$2 adults, \$1 children under fourteen, under five free if with parent. Call for times. To sign up six to fifteen year olds for **hockey leagues**, call Tom Bayko, 886-3728. To register those six years and older for **figure skating lessons**, call Jan Schilling, 885-5408. Call 885-4110 for adult league information.

December 27

A special morning of **Puppets and Candles** begins with a story told by Lora Valsi, an early childhood specialist who keys her songs, stories and activities to the very young. Mrs. Valsi uses puppets to tell the story of **The Shoemaker and the Elves**, and then lets children make candles by dipping wicks in the honey bee pot. From 9:00 a.m.-11:00 a.m. for children from four to eight years old. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$3.50



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ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

January 5

G.P. North ice hockey team meets Southfield at 7:20 p.m. at Grosse Pointe Community Rink. \$2.

January 8

G.P. South boys basketball teams meet Fraser at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:45 p.m. \$2.

January 9

G.P. North ice hockey team meets **G.P. South** at 7:20 p.m. at Grosse Pointe Community Rink. Get there early, they're expecting a sellout. \$2.

January 10

Theater-goers travel by bus to see Noel Coward's **Blithe Spirit** at Wayne State University's Hilberry Theater. In Coward's play, a successful writer becomes an unintentional bigamist when his first wife's ghost arrives to bedevil his second marriage. Cheese, wine and punch served to the returning travelers. The bus leaves at 7:00 p.m. from the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. 881-7511. \$12.

January 11

G.P. North boys basketball teams meet Lakeshore at home. Junior varsity 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:30 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

Guests are welcome at the **Grosse Pointe Garden Center** program and luncheon at 10:30 a.m. The only membership requirement is an active interest in gardens. The center is headquarters for eighteen different garden clubs and supports scholarships at Michigan State University and the University of Michigan. Call for prices and to make reservations. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511.

January 11 - February 16

In the comedy **Murder at the Howard Johnson's**, the crime might be committed if only someone in the lovers' triangle can figure out who loves whom. **Play plus dinner** every Friday and Saturday. Cocktails at 7:00 p.m., dinner at 7:30 p.m. and play at 8:30 p.m. Golden Lion, 22380 Moross, 886-2420. \$19.95.

January 13

The **Men's Glee Club of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago** sings at 11:00 a.m. Grosse Pointe Baptist Church, 881-3343. Free.

An authentic Eskimo village and giant reminder of the Ice Age are seen in the film **Alaska — Our Northern Star**. At 2:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, World Adventure Series, 832-2730. \$3.50.

The **Lyric Chamber Ensemble** features woodwinds and piano in their performance of works by composers Poulenc, Milhand and Saint-Saens at 3:30 p.m. Following the concert, an afterglow wine reception and a tour of the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lakeshore Rd., Grosse Pointe Shores, 884-4222. \$8.

January 15

G.P. North boys' swim team meets Ann Arbor Huron at 7:00 p.m. At home. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

G.P. North boys' basketball teams meets Romeo at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:30 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

G.P. South boys' basketball teams meet Port Huron at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:45 p.m. \$2.

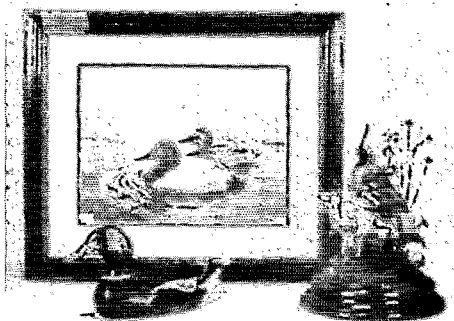
January 16-26

Paul Osborn's warm comedy **Morning's At Seven**, about four sisters and their families taking stock of their strengths and weaknesses, making adjustments and going on to happier lives. The Grosse Pointe Community Theater performs Wednesday-Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Fries Auditorium, Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-4004. \$5.50.



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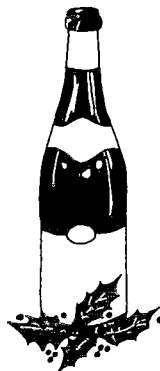
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ENGAGEMENTS

January 17

G.P. North girls' gymnastics team meets Farmington at home. For information, call 343-2214.

The **Grosse Pointe South high school band and orchestra**, one of the finest in Michigan for over twenty-five years, present their **Winter Concert** at 8:00 p.m. Featured guest conductor Harry Began, former band director at Cass Technological High School, Wayne State University and Michigan State University. Parcels Auditorium, Parcels Middle School, 20600 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-2104. Call for prices.

January 17-19

Hardships of many kinds are overcome in **The Miracle Worker** as Annie Sullivan instructs the blind Helen Keller. Students perform at 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe North Performing Arts Center. \$3.

January 18

G.P. North boys' basketball teams meet Brablec at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:30 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

Artist in residence of University Liggett **George Latshaw** instructs teachers, librarians and theater directors in a **Puppet Workshop**. Call for details, 884-4444.

January 19

G.P. South's swim team meets Brother Rice at 2:00 p.m. at G.P. North. \$2.

Puss 'N Boots, produced by the Bob Brown **Puppet Productions** from Washington, D.C. thrills children five years old and up with the feline's risky adventures. At 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Youtheater, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.

G.P. North ice hockey team meets Ann Arbor Huron at 7:20 p.m. at Grosse Pointe Community Rink. \$2.

January 22

G.P. North boys' basketball teams meet South Lake at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:30 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

G.P. South boys' basketball teams meet Anchor Bay at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:45 p.m. \$2.

January 25

Arts Musica, the eighteenth century orchestra, under the direction of Lyndon Lawless, plays greatest hits of the 18th Century on period instruments. At 8:00 p.m. Christ Church Cranbrook, 470 Church Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3134. \$7.50 adults, \$5 students.

G.P. South boys' basketball teams meet Port Huron Northern at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:45 p.m. \$2.

January 26

G.P. South ice hockey team meets Lakeview at the Grosse Pointe Community Rink at 7:00 p.m. \$2.

In **The Clown Conspiracy**, Joe Killian and Michael Zerphy blend the vitality of European circus with the grace of **phantomime** for audiences from five years to adult at 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Youtheater, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.

January 27

The **Grosse Pointe Symphony Orchestra** features pianist **Ruth Burczyk**, director **Felix Resnick** and twenty select high school choristers under the direction of Charles Gleason from Grosse Pointe North and Ben Walker from Grosse Pointe South. At 3:30 p.m. Parcels Auditorium, Parcels Middle School, Vernier and Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-2104. \$6.

January 29

G.P. North boys' basketball teams meet Lakeview at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:30 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

January 30

G.P. South ice hockey team meets Brother Rice at 7:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Community Rink. \$2.

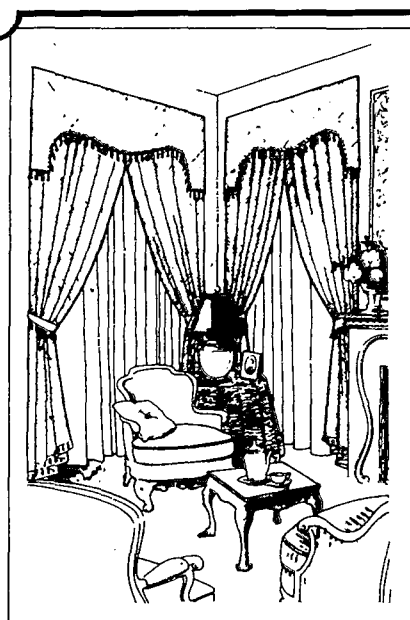
January 30-31

Grosse Pointe South student directors work through the month to present **One Acts**, a series of short plays which they have chosen, adapted and directed. At 7:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe South Auditorium. \$1.

Grosse Pointe North band and orchestra concert at 7:30 p.m. In the Performing Arts Center, 707 Vernier, Grosse Pointe, 343-2187. \$2, seniors are free.

Throughout December and January, **films to entertain the little ones** — from five years old — are shown at Grosse Pointe public library branches. The films, mostly animated, are shown Tuesdays at the Park Branch, 15430 Kercheval, 343-2071; Wednesdays at the Woods Branch, 20600 Mack, 343-2072 and Thursdays at the Central Branch, 10 Kercheval, 343-2074. **December 4-6:** "Bristle Lip" and "Velveteen Rabbit." **December 11-13:** "The Night Before Christmas" and "The Nutcracker." **December 18-20:** "Christmas Carol," "Little Drummer Boy," "Little Match Girl." **December 26 & 27:** "Stuart Little." **January 2 & 3:** "Peter and the Wolf" and "Cricket in Times Square." **January 8-10:** "Angus, the Lost Dog" and "Well of the World End." **January 15-17:** "Dragon Stew" and "Five Loaves." **January 22-24:** "A Boy, a Dog, and a Frog," "Magic Sneakers" and "Ben and Me." **January 29-31:** "The Remarkable, Riderless, Runaway Tricycle" and "The Case of the Cosmic Comic." All films are free.

Kathie Eynon is a Bloomfield Hills free-lance writer and former Birmingham French and English teacher.



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UP FRONT

continued from page 9

was playing in the World Series last night, I had butterflies in my stomach. I'm confident that he's going to do well. I know he'll give 100 percent every time. It's just that I knew he was a little bit nervous, too. We'd been talking about it before the game. When I heard him express his feelings, then I got them too.

H: Do your kids watch their dad on TV?

C: Yes. They were cute during one of the playoff games last week, the night Dave got hurt. Bria and Troy and I were all watching. And Bria opened her arms and said, 'Daddy, please come out and hug me.' She really missed him. He'd been gone for quite awhile.

They watch him on TV and they get excited. That was the first time Bria was really emotional about it; the first time she really wanted Daddy. She wanted to grab him out of the TV, I think.

H: How have the Bergmans adjusted to life as a baseball family?

C: My priority has been making a happy home for my kids wherever we are. I think if I can make a secure, happy home for them and I radiate that we're all happy and secure to Dave, then he can do a lot better with his job and not worry about us. I really work at that.

In the summer, I do an aerobics class three times a week and that really keeps me going. When Dave's gone, I get together with friends. When Dave's home, it is hectic because the phone's always ringing off the hook. The kids want his attention so bad, yet he's tired and has to get his rest.

He's super. He gives them all the attention he can. But it's just few and

far between. So that's a strain on all of us, but we make it through. We adjust to it. I think there are advantages and disadvantages for the children. They miss having Daddy around.

H: Why did you choose to move to Grosse Pointe?

C: Dave made the decision. In California we had lived in a suburb called Palo Alto where Stanford University is. It's an old, established suburb like Grosse Pointe. This isn't a college area, but it's very old and established, and that's what we like. Palo Alto was very family-oriented and we felt that Grosse Pointe was that way too. A couple of the other players live here also. Dave just thought this community would fit us.

H: (To Dave) What are your plans for the off-season?

B: The way I feel right now I want to sleep for about three and a half months. Cathy and I plan to take a couple of trips. I am also a stockbroker with E.F. Hutton and I've got a real estate license and a degree in business. I'm thinking that if I can get my insurance license this winter, I can start working toward becoming an independent businessman when I get out of baseball. I don't know specifically what direction I want to go in, whether I want to be a financial advisor or what yet....I really don't know, but I try to keep my mind active during the wintertime; whether I go back to school or work in a financial field. I think I've been out of school now six years, and I've gone back to school five out of the six winters at one time or another. It's very important to me. I've always had this unbelievable fear of failing in the

big leagues, but now that I've got all this education and security for getting a good job when I'm out of baseball, this fear of failing has kind of passed me by. One of these days I'm going to have to give up my uniform — but I can do something else now, so I'm not worried about it at all.

H: Being a professional athlete is a precarious life, at best. How do you face the insecurity?

B: I've gained confidence through education. I truly believe that I remain confident about myself, not because I practice so hard, not because I've done well in baseball, but I think it's my education that has relieved all the pressures or tensions of failing. If my career were over with today, obviously I would be disappointed, but since I have an education, it wouldn't be the end of the world. There is nothing that bothers me more than in spring training to see a guy come walking in the locker room with his uniform gone and him crying his eyes out...a grown man crying his eyes out... and he's now realizing 'What am I going to do with my life?' My initial response is I feel terrible for this guy. When you're in your twenties, you should have already started making some kind of plans. I think that's one of the bad things about professional sports. There is so much emphasis put on winning that they kind of forget about what this guy is going to do when his other career is over. To me, there's nothing more important for a person to get than an education. I don't care how much money they give you. One day it's going to be over with and in the long run if you don't have that education, unless you're very, very fortunate — you're going to be losing.



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FINANCE

continued from page 11

ings — investment objectives. The new products of universal, variable and adjustable life offer great flexibility while term insurance offers economy of premium.

The third cornerstone to sound money management is a fixed investment portfolio. These investments may be in C.D.'s, fixed interest annuities, bonds, preferred stocks and your personal residence. These assets provide a guaranteed return and are a hedge against recessions.

Finally, the fourth cornerstone is a fluctuating assets portfolio made up of stocks, either individual securities or mutual funds, real estate in the form of raw land or income-producing

property and lastly, investment in your own business. These assets are all hedges against inflation — and, in addition, provide tax benefits. They also follow the laws of supply and demand.

The Rockefeller principle recommends setting aside fifty percent of your savings into fixed investments and fifty percent into fluctuating assets. This investment balance establishes hedges against both upturns and downturns in the market as well as the need for liquidity for small emergencies.

Money may be compared to the putter used in the game of golf. If you save and invest it correctly, it can help your future financial score

considerably.

Drive for show and putt for dough may be translated into spend for show . . . save for dough. Keep your eye on the ball and good luck with your net worth.

Ric Rutan, registered investment advisor and licensed insurance counselor, has been in financial and estate planning for seventeen years. He owns C. Richard Rutan Associates and The Financial Planning Center.



PASSPORTS

continued from page 52

plus baisser les yeux, qu'ils étaient rivés sur l'hostie; elle ne faisait plus que gémir; et son corps raidi s'amollissait, s'affaissait.

Toute la foule était prosternée le front par terre.

La possédée maintenant baissait rapidement les paupières, puis les révélait aussitôt, comme impuissante à supporter la vue de son Dieu. Elle s'était tue. Et puis soudain, je m'aperçus que ses yeux demeuraient clos. Elle dormait du sommeil des somnambules, hypnotisée, pardon! vaincue par la contemplation persistante de l'ostensoir aux rayons d'or, terrassée par le Christ victorieux.

On l'emporta, inerte, pendant que le prêtre remontait vers l'autel.

L'assistance bouleversée entonna un *Te Deum* d'actions de grâces.

Et la femme du forgeron dormait quarante heures de suite, puis se révilla sans aucun souvenir de possession ni de la délivrance.

Voilà, mesdames, le miracle que j'ai vu.

Le docteur Bonenfant se tut, puis ajouta d'une voix contractée:

"Je n'ai pu refuser de l'attester par écrit."

(25 décembre 1882)



VANTAGE POINTE

continued from page 78

it seemed right and fair to give him a start in the place where he will someday realize that his family has its base.

The baby and I again returned to Grosse Pointe to spend this past summer with my parents. It is much too hot in Saudi Arabia. So, with Tarik in tow, I again got into the swing of visiting old friends, seeking out garage sales, shopping, browsing the library, and, of course, daily visits to the park. We swam and met other children and other mothers. We played on swings, relaxed in the sun and took long walks. But what Tarik really seemed to enjoy was the lake. We would stroll out to the end of the pier and find a bench where we could watch the seagulls and sailboats while sharing some juice and maybe catching a snooze. Baby Tarik and I were home.



It is always easy to reminisce from a distance, and more pleasant, too, since you usually remember only the good things. But for that same reason, it's also more painful. So one learns,

when you are off in places like Saudi, to keep your mind on where you are, rather than where you wish to be. As the holidays approach, however, most everyone wants to be home, myself included. To keep the blues at bay, instead of thinking about all the good things, I will remember how cold and snowy it was last Christmas, and how driving and parking, or just getting the car started, were impossible...while the weather here is sunny and balmy.

But it just won't be the same without a real Christmas tree and having to hang Tarik's stocking on the air conditioner instead of the mantel. No walks by the lake with the snow falling hard, turning things into a wilderness of ice (although we do have our sandstorms in the desert).

Happily, there is next summer to look forward to. With all the interesting places between here and Grosse Pointe, I like nothing better than to get on the most direct flight home — to Grosse Pointe, where I know my way around. After the hours of touring on that old green bike, I would say my friends and I found all the nooks and crannies, and I enjoy coming home to find them again.

Distant Notes:

There's No Place Like Home, And No Home Like Grosse Pointe

I was reminded, the other day, of a trusty old green bike I had as a kid. No fenders, no hand brake — the minimum bike. But those wheels covered a lot of ground as I discovered Grosse Pointe. I was about ten years old then. I had lived in Grosse Pointe Park all of those years.

At the age of twenty-three Grosse Pointe was no longer enough. I decided it was time to widen my horizons beyond the sheltered confines of Alter Road, Mack Avenue and Eight Mile Road. I packed my bags and drove off to Washington, D.C. If the truth be told, I had no intention of staying there. In the back of my mind next week, next month or next year I was always going to move home — to Grosse Pointe. It was territory I knew. Everything I needed seemed to be right there.

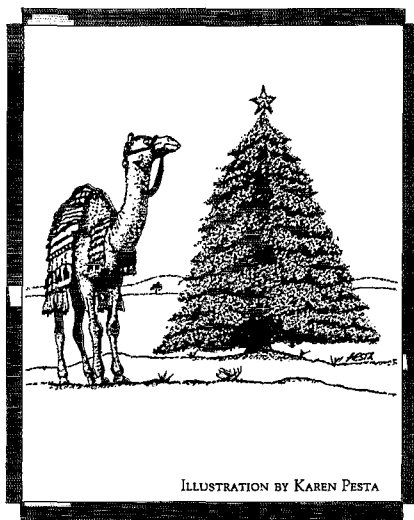
That was 1973. Here it is Christmas 1984 and I am living in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. And the feelings haven't changed. I think I will always look forward to returning to Grosse Pointe.

Everyone considers home someplace special, but Grosse Pointe is special. It seems that no matter where you are, in the States or as far away as Saudi Arabia, more than a few people have heard of and even visited Grosse Pointe. It has been the stuff of novels, news, big names and history. Yet it has a coziness (some might say a stuffiness) born of things that never change. That sameness is what draws me back.

Anyone who ever lived there for any length of time probably has some

sentimental attachment to the place. I think of home and I recall how I enjoyed hanging around the park in the summertime and the Village anytime. I remember cruising Kercheval and can still envision old St. Ambrose (though gone) and the trees in the springtime and fall.

But it is the lake I *always* think of when I think about Grosse Pointe.



We never had a boat, and I can probably count the times I have been out on the lake in one. It was just enough to be near the water, with the lake just being there like a friend, always being there.

Whenever there was nothing to do, or whenever I needed a lift, I always went down by the water, summer or winter. One of my favorite pastimes as a kid was to ride my bike to the park on a sunny, early spring day, walk to the end of the pier and sit and watch the massive winter ice break up and float away on the cur-

rent. I tried to imagine what the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair must have been like for the Indians and explorers so many years ago. Did they paddle their canoes or sail their boats past this very same spot? What did they find in this area that is now Grosse Pointe? You can ponder many serious things down by the water...or just sit and watch the sun sparkle on the icy waves, and think of nothing at all.

The lake always gave me a feeling of freedom. It was a place where I could think clearly. Even today when I arrive back home, at the first opportunity I take a ride down to the lake. Just seeing it is a relief, like a deep breath of fresh air — especially if you've just flown from land-locked Saudi Arabia.

I was home for a few months this time last year to deliver my first child. The hiatus provided opportunities I hadn't had in many years: a chance to poke around and find old friends, browse in the library, rediscover old haunts (and to learn that some were gone), and for some leisurely shopping in the Village. How many times in one week can a person shop Jacobson's? I'd be embarrassed to tell you how many hours I spent there, often not buying but just looking. Inevitably, it was there I would find old friends that I hadn't seen in years, especially because of the Christmas holidays.

I had my baby last December at Bon Secours Hospital. I was pleased to have my son born close to home. I'd done so much moving around that

continued on page 77

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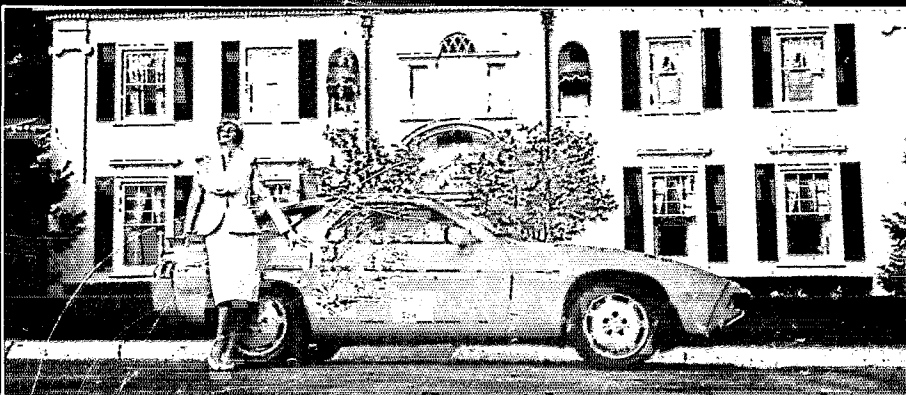
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