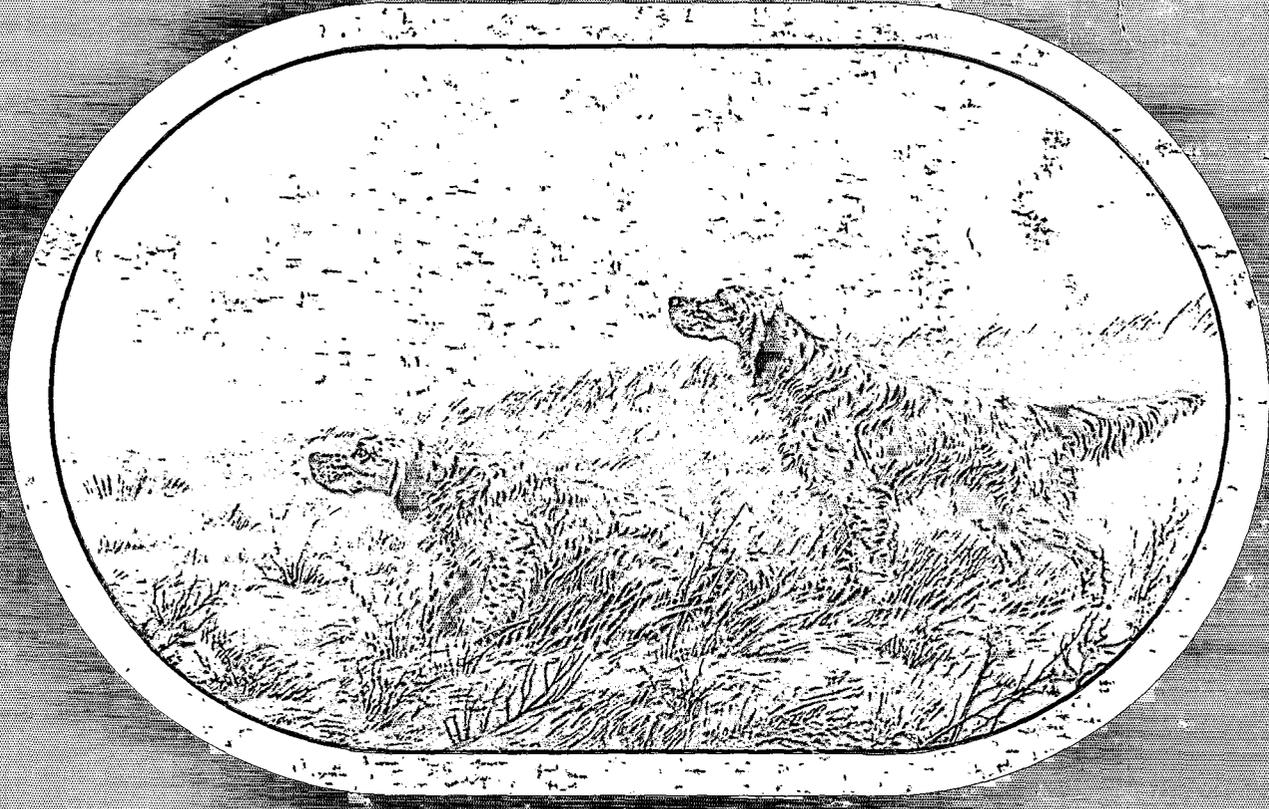
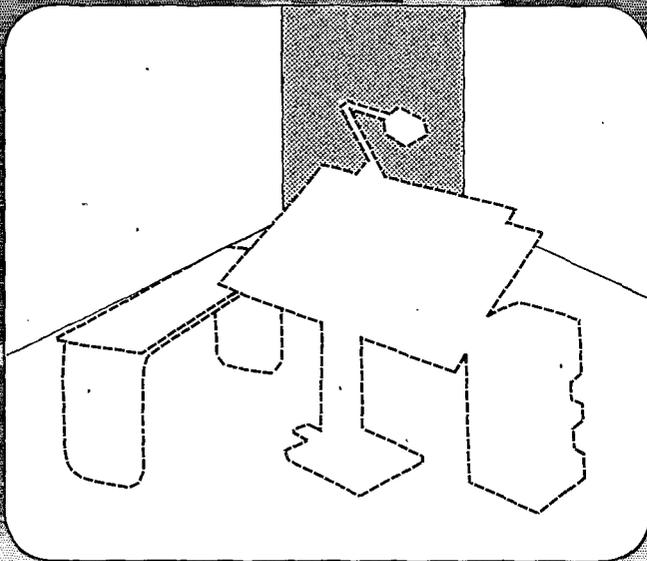


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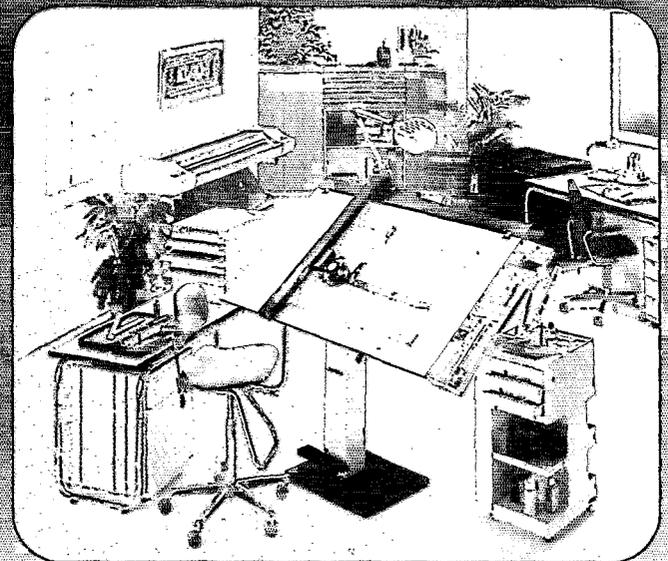
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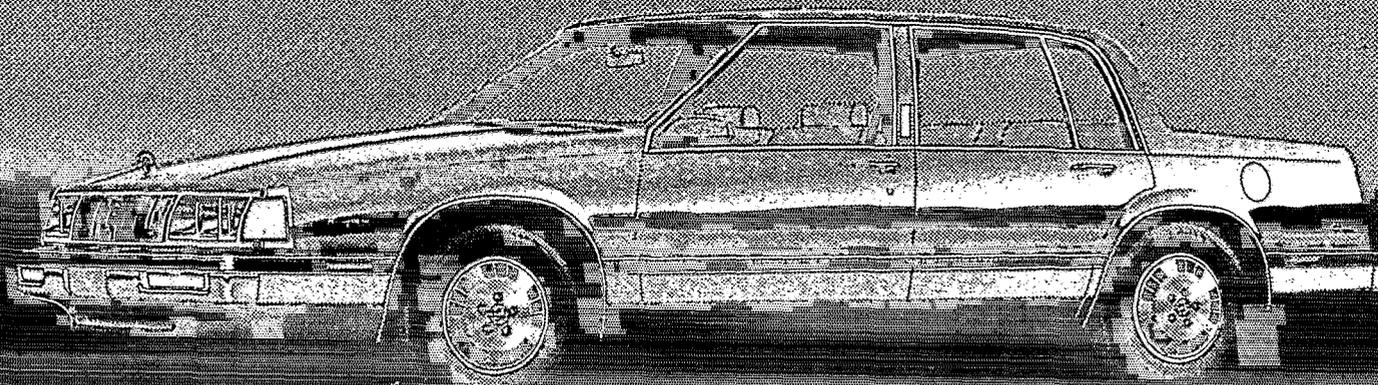
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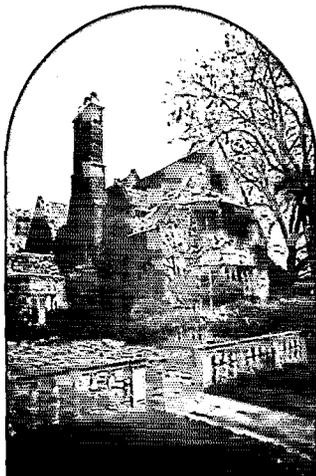
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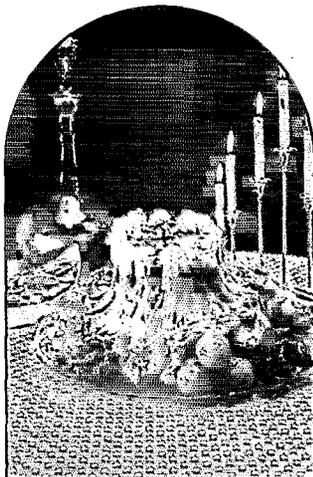
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February 1985

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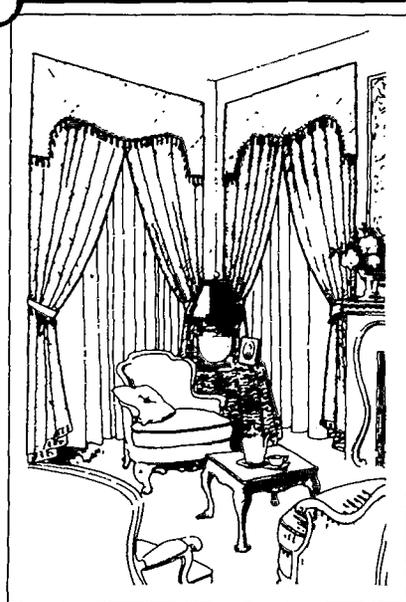
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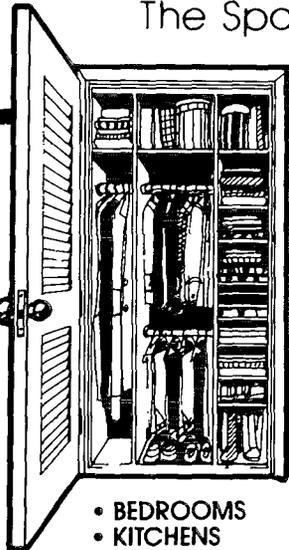
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# HERITAGE

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# TO THE POINTE

## Searching for Our Past

Upon release of the first issue of HERITAGE, we sat and held our breath. There was no way to know how the Grosse Pointe community would feel about the journal—whether our ideas about Grosse Pointe would strike a common chord. The waiting constituted a tension-fraught vigil. Self-doubts emerged. Although we knew the journal was a beautiful publication conceived and composed with love, there was no way to gauge or guarantee the community's reaction.

What if our ideas of historic exploration were met with disinterest or indifference?

Publishing a new volume of words is much akin to giving birth: long after it becomes evident that the child is very capable of fending for him/herself, we fuss and worry and fidget to the point of distraction. So it was with HERITAGE.

What a relief to exhale when the reviews came in! They confirmed what we had held in our hearts all along—that HERITAGE was on the right track and that people in Grosse Pointe were interested, no, eager to read about the history and people of their community. With self-doubt behind us, and the community cheering us on, we began to do what pleases us most: digging in and getting to it.

The abundance of topics to cover in Grosse Pointe is astounding and we look forward to covering many, many beautiful issues together.

We chose history as the theme for this second issue. With such a broad category to work with, we decided, quite simply, to begin at the beginning. The Grosse Pointe Historical Society seemed the perfect place to initiate our search for Grosse Pointe's heritage, and so we met the amazingly talented Ms. Dodenhoff at the society's current abode at Monteith School. A gracious lady who has mentally catalogued their entire collection, Ms. Dodenhoff was exceedingly helpful. We discovered ideas for countless future stories about the past, along with topics for this issue—including the Society itself.

But there was something troubling to me about the current status of the Historical Society. As a child, and throughout my adulthood, I had always felt secure in the assumption that at any point in time I could find all answers to Grosse Pointe's past in the collection of this august society.

At family gatherings, my father often spoke about Grosse Pointe during his childhood. I was certain that all he related was written down somewhere. I was sure I could go back again and again to reread it, like a favorite book, whenever I wanted to feel that warm tingle which fills you when you encounter a story about ancestors or about people who lived in your house before you were born. Surely

all that could never be lost in a town like Grosse Pointe. *Somebody* must have the job of collecting it all and writing it down.

But I was wrong. It's not all there. Ms. Dodenhoff and her helpers do an incredible job of organizing and maintaining materials donated to the Society. But there are gaps in the collection, great gaping holes that need to be filled. It's likely that the problem lies in the fact that the majority assume what I did: that it's the Historical Society's jurisdiction, it's their job to put the information in and we'll get it out and make use of it when we get around to it, thank you.

Somehow we've forgotten that the true history of Grosse Pointe lies in the memories of the older generation.

Tucked away in delicate boxes kept in old dresser drawers, brown and fading photographs speak to us from the past. Who are those people standing next to Gram?

We wonder too late; we'll never know.

Join the Grosse Pointe Historical Society today. Go to Monteith School and look through the collection. Perhaps you'll discover that the photographs you weren't so impressed with would fill a void. Even if you've no time to be an active member, your dues will certainly help the Society.

If future generations know Grosse Pointe only through accounts written by people who never lived here, it may be represented as a very different place from that which we know and love. Membership information is included in a box within the text of the story, which begins at page 52.

For a brief but lively history lesson, don't miss the unusual fashion spread on page 42 of this issue. Dedicated entirely to footwear, we look at some of today's most fashionable shoes and some of yesterday's. The Detroit Historical Museum was kind enough to dig out shoes worn by Grosse Pointers, some as early as 1850. The prevalence of sporting shoes in the historic collection is a reminder of this community's resort nature during those years.

Inserted in each journal is an envelope containing a turn-of-the-century paper doll, Molly, and two outfits for her to wear. Artist Amy Harris turned to the May 1902 issue of *Harper's Bazaar* for inspiration, but we are pleased to call Molly (and Amy) our very own.

Don't miss the Valentines bound into this magazine. They, too, were designed exclusively for HERITAGE readers by Karen Pesta; and this month's pull-out calendar, on page 67, was the work of artist Donald Martin.

Featured next issue: Grosse Pointe and the Automobile.

Of course.



Patricia Louwers Serwach  
Publisher

*relax. . .*

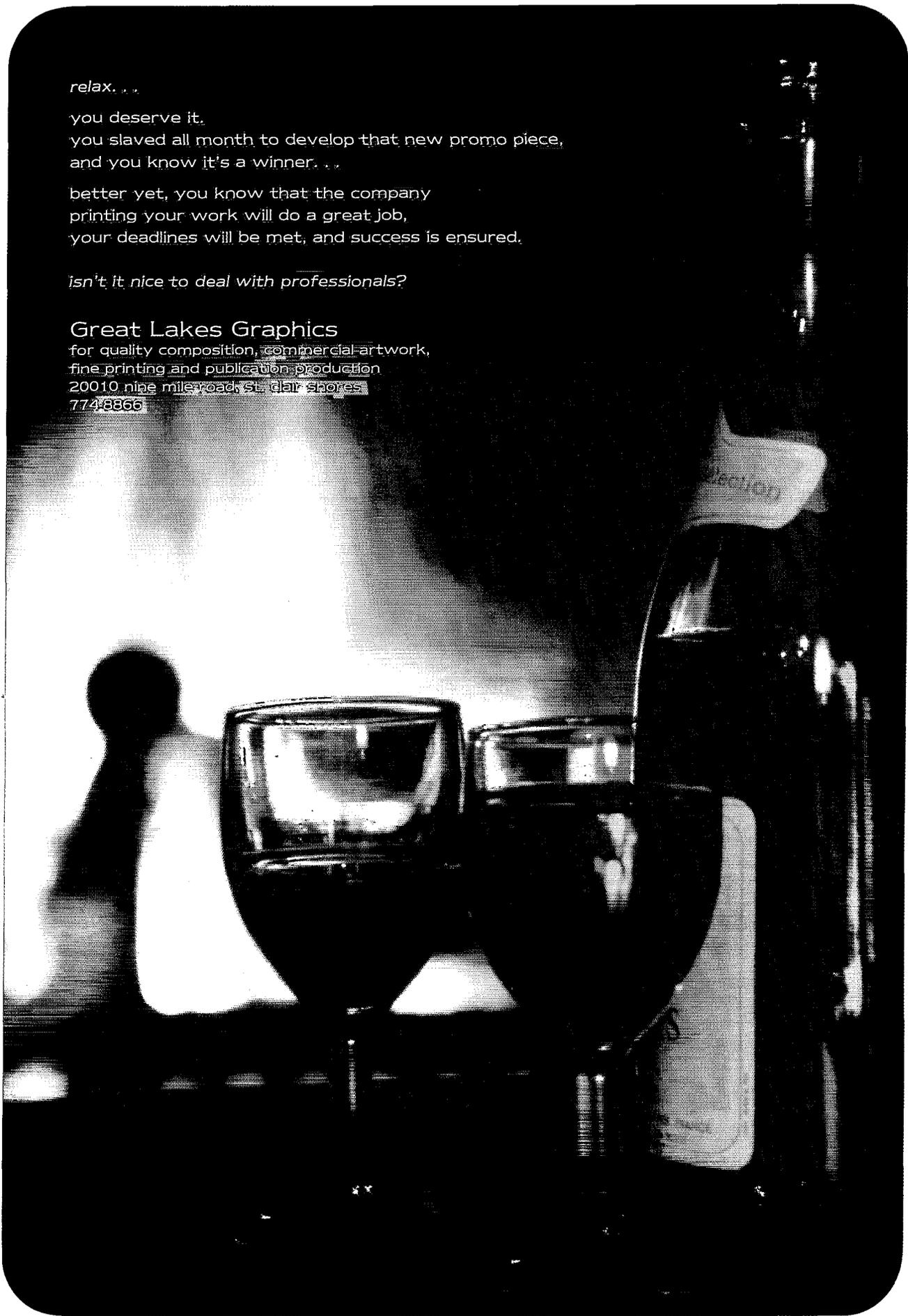
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# LETTERS

## Welcome and Well Done!

Editor:

I have just finished reading, and admiring, your first edition of HERITAGE.

I am impressed with its structure, format, content and overall appearance. It has "class," so to speak.

I have lived in Grosse Pointe for sixty-four years, and feel about it the way Valarie Solomon expresses in her article.

I wish you success in the future of your publication.

Janet B. Allen (Mrs. James H.)

Editor:

You should be very proud of your first issue of HERITAGE.

We are long-time residents of Grosse Pointe and feel this is in good taste and good format.

I wish you success with your publication.

Kathryn R. Neumann

Editor:

As a professional journalist and publisher of two national sports publications, I want to congratulate you on the initial issue of HERITAGE. It is a most attractive and readable magazine and I found the first issue to be excellent...

My only criticism would be that I am not interested in reading reviews of west side restaurants and those of a considerable distance from Grosse Pointe. Also, your travel articles should be in *Travel & Leisure*, not in HERITAGE. I guess what I am trying to say is that if you are publishing a magazine that is about Grosse Pointe, let's stick to that. It is what we cannot get elsewhere.

Overall, I certainly give you an "A" for your first issue. We wish you success.

Roger Stanton, Publisher  
*Football News - Basketball Weekly*

*Note: We thank you for your praise as well as your constructive criticism. We will continue, however, to bring travel articles to our readers, for Grosse Pointers statistically travel more frequently than the average American - sometimes even to the west side for a memorable dinner.*

Editor:

Please know that HERITAGE is a superb publication.

All of us at St. Paul's salute you on this memorable event, a publication that catches the unique spirit of the Grosse Pointes, a spirit that embraces the wholeness of our human experience, spiritual as well as all things else.

May you prosper in countless editions yet to come!

(Rev. Msgr.) Francis X. Canfield  
Pastor, St. Paul On-the-Lake

Editor:

Congratulations on a beautiful first journal. You have set your standards of quality high.

I hope that the portrayal of the Grosse Pointes that you paint will accurately reflect the diversity that truly reflects our community instead of the common media portrayal of the Grosse Pointes as being provincial, homogenous, conservative and boring.

It is also my hope that you will acknowledge the fact that the Grosse Pointes are linked, past, present, and future to Detroit, and that we must work to strengthen the bonds between our communities.

Good luck with your endeavor.

Gail Urso

Editor:

I was a resident of Grosse Pointe for forty-eight years, having only moved to Ypsilanti last year. I was educated at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, and my three children at Grosse Pointe South. Your excellent publication, while I'm sure meaningful to Grosse Pointers, is even more special to those of us who, for one reason or another, have moved away. I believe that one never leaves Grosse Pointe; you may move away, but you never really leave.

I look forward with eagerness to your upcoming publications, as I'm sure my transplanted Grosse Pointe children will. They will become copies to treasure!

Keep up the good work and thanks for reminding us once again, "there's no place like home."

Mary Conlisk Bruce



### DON'T FORGET TO WRITE

The publishers of HERITAGE welcome your comments, suggestions, and general input to this journal. If HERITAGE is to be a true reflection of the community, then our material must come from the community. Please pass along your story ideas to us. If you are a writer, send us your resume and writing samples; if you are a photographer of the Grosse Pointe scene, drop by to show us your work. Our address is: HERITAGE, 20010 Nine Mile Road, St. Clair Shores, MI 48080; our phone number is 777-2350. We look forward to hearing from you.

## COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT: A Way of Life

*A visit with Sharon Wallace Snyder  
of St. John Hospital's Fontbonne Auxiliary.*

**O**n a sunny afternoon Sharon Wallace Snyder: wife, mother, president of the Fontbonne Auxiliary of St. John Hospital, and lifelong Grosse Pointer, sat in her family room speaking of life's challenges. Her home reflected her personal warmth. An elegant structure from the outside, the home in early December was festooned with Christmas decorations within. From the flocked tree in the family room to the poinsettias on the hearth, the decor spoke of family members who took time to enjoy the finer things in life.

Decorated in pale yellows, ivories, and light woods, the room provided a cozy setting for the interview. While HERITAGE photographers set up lighting in an adjoining area, Sharon Snyder spoke about her family, her work with the Fontbonne Auxiliary, and her feelings about Grosse Pointe. A most gracious lady, she spoke with the self-assurance of a woman who is comfortable with herself, and therefore with others. The noon sunlight spilling from the floor-to-ceiling windows that comprised one wall of the large room glinted off her blonde hair, and the silk persimmon-colored dress she wore perfectly harmonized with the surroundings. A fireplace, television alcove, deep and comfortable sofas, a game table, books and wet bar completed the room. Outside, beyond a natural wood patio deck, giant white pines and privacy fences embraced the lot.

As she served coffee, Sharon said she had been born in Nebraska. Her family moved to Grosse Pointe when

Sharon was an infant, and she grew up a student of the local schools, graduating from "the High" in 1965. As part of her high school experience, she travelled to Mexico as an exchange student, an experience which blossomed into a lifelong passion for travel.

**Heritage (H): Did your experience as an exchange student open up the windows to travel for you, or had you travelled before?**

Sharon Snyder (S): No. I was an only child. My parents never allowed me to go to camp or anything — they were always afraid I would get hurt — so the first place I went alone was to Mexico.

**H: Were you frightened?**

S: No, I'm so gutsy (laughter). I begged to go. I had not taken any Spanish yet. They said I could go, but they assured my parents that I would be put in Mexico City because I didn't know any Spanish. But they didn't — they put me 350 miles in the hinterlands, in this little town with the pigs in the street, and old-fashioned "dating" in the town square where the girls went one way and the boys went the other way. Nobody spoke English. I did pick up Spanish really quick! I was homesick for about a week, but then I was never homesick again.

**H: Have you ever been anywhere you didn't like?**

S: I really don't think so. I've liked just about every place we've ever been. Except Naples. But maybe I'd go

back now and think it was gorgeous.

Sharon spoke with enthusiasm of the Wallace family ranch in Nebraska and of last summer's trip with her mother and daughters to Boston. "...Faneuil Hall, Quincy Market, out in the country. I was really impressed. It was fun. You can do everything there."

The family generally takes three- or four-day trips because it's sometimes difficult for Mr. Snyder to get away. Mr. Snyder is James W. Snyder Jr., a darkly handsome man in his thirties; he seems a person of humor and sincerity. He obviously relishes his role as father to Erin (13) and Stephanie (8), and the house is sprinkled with photos of he and the girls.

The Snyders lived on Lochmoor until a few years ago, when they moved into their current Grosse Pointe Shores home to acquire a larger kitchen. Sharon rolls her eyes when she speaks of the state of the house before renovation. "It was awful. I cannot describe to you the way it was. It had been on the market for two years, and everyone I talked to said, 'Oh, you bought *that* home? We *looked* at that home.'"

Never one to shy away from a challenge, Sharon met the situation head-on. She enlisted the services of Robert Edgar Lee, A.S.I.D., who designed the interior of the home around the Snyder's lifestyle and even incorporated furnishings from their prior home. The result is a house that embodies warmth, elegance, and a distinct sense of family life.



◆ PHOTO BY DAVID FRANKLIN

## UP FRONT

**H:** Let's get back to you. You've lived in Grosse Pointe all your life, and you've travelled to many points of the world. What do you think is the best part of Grosse Pointe?

**S:** My favorite part is the lake. I think if I lived anywhere else, I would have to live near water. I couldn't be in a landlocked environment. I think we take it for granted. Once in awhile I see it from a different light, and I think, "Isn't that pretty?" You do it all the time; drive this lakeshore and don't see it for what it really is. It really, really is pretty. We'll go for a walk and sit by the lake in the summer, and it's very calming.

I think I'm getting old. I think I see things differently now as my children are growing up. It's a very family-oriented community, and I didn't realize that. This is really a family community. I'm beginning to feel like I'm a piece of this community. I don't think when you're younger that you feel that way.

It's a pretty community. It's established. It has changed a little bit,

though, for the better. There are more people who have come into the community, more people from foreign countries, who have given it a better balance. My daughters go to school with children with parents from South America or the Middle East. When I was growing up that was not prevalent. That's interesting — to bring in another whole perspective. Sometimes I think it's like a little United Nations, and I personally like that. I think that it's wonderful.

**H:** If you could change anything about Grosse Pointe, what would it be?

**S:** (after long thought) A few more good restaurants. And the community would have to support them.

Condominiums on the lake for people who retire and who don't want to keep up a large home, but who want to live by the lake. A lot of people go to the west side when they'd rather stay in Grosse Pointe, but there is no suitable housing for them.

I think that maybe children in Grosse Pointe have to get tougher.

They live in a very nice community, and very often they don't see how life can be for other people, and so they're not tough enough. You have to be tough, life is tough. I'm hard on my children, because it's important for them to be able to rise to life's challenges. Who knows what their lives will be like in fifteen years?

**H:** Do you and your daughters enjoy shopping?

**S:** Oh yes, that goes without saying. My daughter loves Bayberry Hill Classics, and Kay Baum. I shop at Jacobson's; and I really love Saks and Somerset. I do a lot of my shopping on trips, because that's when I have the time to think about it.

**H:** Tell us about the Fontbonne Auxiliary.

**S:** It's really the Fontbonne Auxiliary of St. John Hospital. We have 1200 members. It's fundraising, but it's from a community involvement angle. We also volunteer at the hospital. It covers more than just fundraising, but that is a major thrust. When you have the involvement of 1,200 members, you have a community. And St. John's is a community hospital. There is also a men's guild active in Grosse Pointe.

**H:** How long have you been involved with the auxiliary?

**S:** About ten years. I started working on the White Christmas Ball, and then I was the ball chairman, and then they asked me to be president. It's a two-year commitment and it's with you all the time. You sit on the Board of Trustees of the hospital. It is a major commitment.

We have an office that employs two people full time and have volunteers who come in and keep things going. It is a business, really. We raised \$200,000 last year, and I feel we'll raise more this year. My term will be over in May.

**H:** How is the money raised?

**S:** We have our annual fashion show every year in April, and then the White Christmas Ball. Those are our two major fundraisers. And then we have cookbook sales for *Renaissance Cuisine*, and we

*continued on page 78*



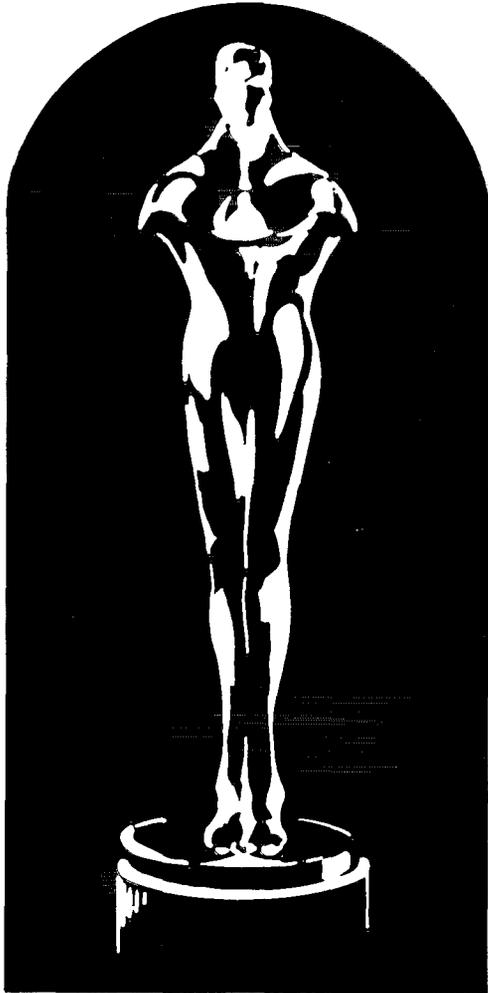
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# In the Company of Friends

*Grosse Pointe Community Theatre may well be the biggest, most successful little theatre around. But what its members talk most about is its warm, supporting cast.*

The nominations for Best Actress are about to be read. The small gold statuette stands inert and glistening, waiting to be claimed. Last year's winner of the coveted award opens the envelope. There is a hush. "And the winner is...Carol Purdon for *The Little Foxes!*"

Similar spectacles and all their trappings are familiar to viewers of the Academy Awards or Tonys. But this — the Clarence — is being presented to a member of the Grosse Pointe Community Theatre for work in last season's production of the Lillian Hellman classic. More than twenty of the awards are annually received by members of this group now celebrating its thirty-sixth year. Each July the ceremony caps a five-production season of near sellouts.

The Grosse Pointe Community Theatre — GPCT for short — is first and foremost a going concern, selling 3,500 subscriptions for its annual seasons. But that's only the business side. It is far more than just business to each of the nearly three hundred members who annually plunk

down fifteen dollars for the privilege of working very hard: acting, singing, building sets, scurrying after props and dozens of other activities which make a successful season possible. "This is my family, my support group," says Mary Lou Johnson, a twenty-year group member and a vocal booster. She expresses the opinion of many.

GPCT was inaugurated in 1948. The first production was *Clarence*, an American comedy. That's fact. Legend holds, says thirty-four year veteran Barbara Roney, that Russell Werneken "went door to door" stirring up interest in starting a community theatre in Grosse Pointe. Another member, John Guadagnoli, remembers the story as Werneken "selling tickets door to door." Whichever is accurate, he and a small band of friends that season produced *Clarence*, and each succeeding year the number of productions, often performed in school auditoriums and rec centers, grew. Since 1955, the average has been five plays each year.

## PERFORMING ARTS

Roney, who came into the group in 1950, remembers her first meeting in the basement of the War Memorial with fifteen others. On that day, at first, she didn't really feel the camaraderie she had expected. Finally, she took the entire group to task, saying, "I've been here three and a half hours — you *could* have made me feel more welcome." The next day, she found herself on the board of directors.

Those were the days, Roney fondly recalls, when the president (as she was in 1954-55) did everything: "Selling ads, sending for plays (scripts), deciding whether tickets should be pink or green, renting the hall...the early days were wonderful. We lived, ate and breathed it."

GPCT became successful, in Roney's opinion, when "we moved out of rec centers and into Fries Auditorium (in the War Memorial) in the Sixties."

Joe Rich, executive secretary of the Community Theatre Association of Michigan — to which GPCT belongs — beams over that same success: "There is something prestigious about performing at Grosse Pointe...they have built a reputation (around the state) in quality productions."

At a recent membership meeting, there is an actual din as the members assemble. Jokes and greetings are tossed back and forth between mouthfuls of coffee and doughnuts. It's like a lodge night sans macho.

A common misconception about GPCT is that all members are Grosse Pointe residents. They are not. Mary Lou Johnson, who lives in St. Clair Shores, says that fifty percent of the group's membership comes from outside the Pointes.

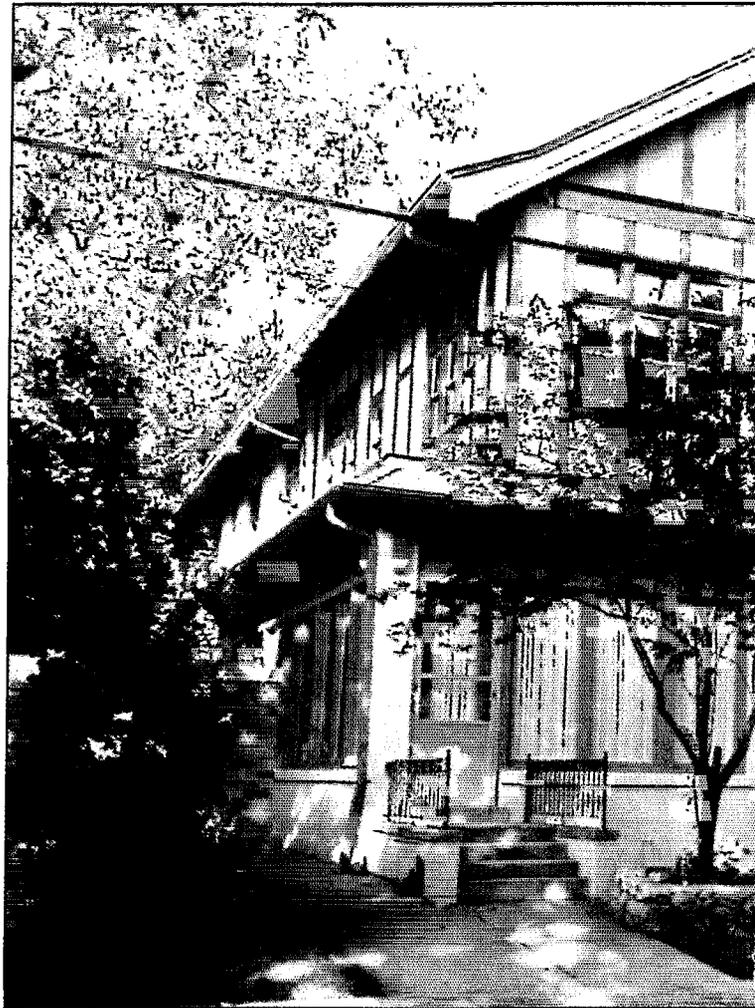
At the meeting, Sheila Wyatt performs in the workshop, a regular feature of the monthly gatherings. Sheila was a professional New York actress (she was a regular on TV's *Search for Tomorrow*), until she married and moved to New Hampshire. Later she came to Grosse Pointe, and joined GPCT just one year ago. In workshops, play excerpts and short dramatic presentations are given by members, for members.

Wyatt, who despite her experience admitted to being nervous before her reading, is roundly applauded (as are all eight performers) for her presentation of a selection from *The Glass Menagerie*.

Says Wyatt: "It's a very friendly, good group of people. They're versatile, they don't just act but are interested in everything to do with the theatre." On their response to her reading, she says she knows fellow members "think you're doing something well...and it's exhilarating, the approval of peers."

But GPCT is far more than hijinks and peer approval. There exists the kind of organization that makes it possible for president Michelle Karl to announce the 1984-85 budget based on income of \$120,000, and expenditures of \$114,000. CTAM's Rich says Grosse Pointe's budget for one set may equal some small community theatres' budgets for an entire season.

Karl, like many members, holds down a job and has a family. She is an assistant vice-president for Michigan



National Bank, and, like Johnson, lives in St. Clair Shores and has been a member for twenty years. Though every bit as stage-struck as her fellow members, she is also a business woman and runs GPCT in accordance with what it is — a non-profit corporation licensed by the state of Michigan, with bylaws, policies and procedures.

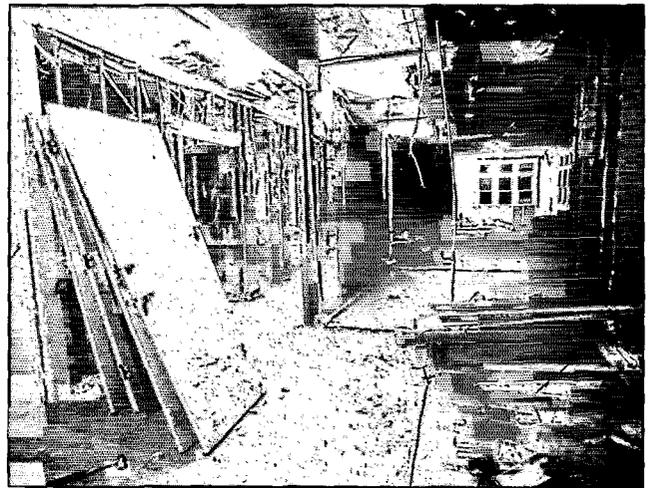
The projected income for 1984-85 is composed of membership dues of a few thousand dollars, and over \$100,000 brought in through ticket sales, mostly from season subscribers. (It is said that season tickets are passed from one generation to the next). The Board of Directors, comprised of elected officers plus the past president, is at the top of the administrative pyramid. Reporting to this board is the Long Range Committee and the heart of the organization, the Operating Committee — "OpCom."

OpCom recommends, for board approval, the shows to be performed, and oversees the budget for each of those shows (considerably higher for musicals than straight plays). Karl says every cent spent must be accounted for down to "every thumbtack and stamp."

An average musical costs \$13,000-\$20,000 to produce,



315 Fisher — the pride of GPCT members — required extensive renovation. Left, the current exterior of the building. Above, the newly remodeled dance rehearsal hall. Below, renovation in progress. Photo courtesy GPCT.



a straight play \$6,000-\$10,000. Expenditures include the obvious, such as the Eighteenth Century costumes for this season's *Amadeus*, and less obvious expenses — orchestrations for a musical, such as this year's *Mame*, may cost as much as \$4,000 up front.

The issue of amateur versus professional theatre seems moot when a community theatre group has to pay up to \$4,000 for a set of musical notations and can be made — or broken — at the box office. But the distinction between amateur and professional theatre remains, and GPCT is non-professional. "Professional" means one is paid for his labors. Detroit's Attic Theatre, by comparison, is professional and pays its crew and actors wages, but not union (Equity) wages. Detroit's Fisher Theatre is also professional, but everyone earns the minimum wage, or more, set by the unions, while also trying to bring in a buck or two for the owners, the Nederlander family. But Johnson says, "Amateur *only* indicates whether you get paid — not quality."

Indeed, Rich of CTAM repeats a truth familiar to those involved in local theatre: Community theatre as a

whole is better and more active in this area of the country than elsewhere.

There is no critical writing on community theatre — Detroit's dailies do not review them. According to Lawrence DeVine, drama critic of the *Detroit Free Press*, "the main reason is that there are one hundred of them in the metro area" and time alone is a major restraint.

GPCT's reputation, which is a strong one, is an accretion of word of mouth and audiences' pleasure — reviews in the newspaper, obviously, are not necessary.

The structure of GPCT is similar to that of a large repertory company — like Stratford, for example — except that actors are technicians, technicians are dancers, prop people build sets, costumers sing in musicals and so on. The lines of demarcation blur, as one person may produce

## PERFORMING ARTS

or direct a show, play a walk-on in another or prompt for a third while serving as an officer or committee chairperson.

John Guadagnoli is a typical case. Fourteen years ago the girlfriend of one of his buddies needed "a couple guys backstage" on a production of *Fiorello*. "I had no idea about live theatre at that time...a play or a movie, it was all the same to me." He went to help out, found he liked the people and soon became a member. Four years later, he owned a coveted Clarence for Outstanding Worker of the Year. When asked what he did to deserve it, he can't remember. "I was probably noticed by more people that year."

Guadagnoli is "basically a backstage person," he says, having been stage manager, handled props, worked on set

dressing, crew and as producer. A Detroitier who is an accountant by profession, he also relishes the social benefits of membership. "We've healed [people after] divorces and separations and family troubles. It takes your mind off your own troubles...People in GPCT take you as you are — they don't care about your occupation or social standing."

The professions of GPCT members run the gamut: lawyers, blue collar workers, retailers, bankers, engineers, secretaries, nurses, builders, and teachers. There are a lot of teachers, says Johnson. Dorothy Kotcher, herself a teacher, feels those in her profession make good members: "Many of us are used to large groups of people. It's nothing to keep track of thirty people at once. We're usually team

The Board Room of GPCT contains a showcase on one wall which houses their collection of programs of shows performed by the group.

Twelve programs are missing; if you have one of the programs listed below, and if you would be willing to donate it to the group, please give them a call at 881-4004. The missing programs are:

Ten Little Indians — 1951  
Jenny Kissed Me — 1951  
The Curious Savage — 1952  
My Three Angels — 1954  
Rebecca — 1955  
Dial "M" for Murder — 1955  
The Glass Menagerie — 1955  
The Desperate Hours — 1958  
The Rainmaker — 1958  
The Tender Trap — 1958  
Seven Year Itch — 1959  
Bell, Book & Candle — 1959

*The Grosse Pointe Community Theatre's 1984-85 season includes Once Upon a Mattress, Amadeus, Morning's at Seven, and The Butler Did It. Call 881-4004 for details.*



players, too." As an elementary school teacher, Kotcher says, she is used to being "crafty," working with her hands. This is a big plus in play production where so many things – props, sets, costumes – must be handmade.

Some come to GPCT accidentally like John Guadagnoli. Others, like Wayne County Circuit Court Judge William J. Giovan, come seeking a creative outlet for established dramatic talents.

Giovan had worked in theatre at the University of Detroit. He became a GPCT member in 1954, dropped out in 1956 to study law, and didn't return until ten years later. Ironically he played a judge in *Inherit the Wind* just before he was elected to his first judgeship, which suggests that life may, indeed, imitate art.

"In my role as judge," Giovan says, searching for the precise words, "one must follow the law and behave at all times, in an appropriate manner....Being on stage gives me freedom of expression...a touch of the artistic side to counter the business of applying the law." Giovan, a motorcyclist, finds his creative outlet alongside fellow GPCT member, George Zientowski, a SEMTA bus driver, who has one of the Midwest's largest collections of original-cast recordings, numbering in the thousands.

Theresa Selvaggio, who chairs the Public Relations committee, at one time wanted to go into theatre professionally but opted for family life and a business career. Now a marketing director for Estee Lauder, she puts together GPCT's program book and sells ads. As Mary Lou Johnson says, "There is something here for everybody. My business is PR but I wouldn't be PR chairman for the group. I would paint sets, though."

The building at 315 Fisher stands as testimony to the GPCT's successful marriage of good business practices, warm camaraderie and hard work. Profits from successful sold-out seasons were placed in a building fund which, in 1981, provided the down payment and some renovation costs. Long hours of toil by group members resulted in the renovations. Brick below, tudor style above, graced by a tunnel awning, 315 Fisher is not merely the heart of GPCT, but its shining symbol of success. "There's a lot of hard work in that new building. It's beautiful," says Joe Rich. "Grosse Pointe Community Theatre is rich in resources – they have professionally talented people."

Those talented people purchased 315 Fisher as an old wreck, the remnant of a checkered career and hard times. It has been a hotel, a rooming house, and finally, until abandoned, a nursing home. After seventy years of history and hard use, it was empty of life until GPCT bought it and then renovated it. It now has a main rehearsal hall, a smaller dance rehearsal room, a music room, storage areas, and work areas. It is here that the rough spots in plays are worked out.

The plays that they rehearse and refine at 315 Fisher are selected with a shrewd understanding of what it takes to succeed in the Grosse Pointe market.

The drama playreading committee, along with the musical committee, chooses and recommends to the Op-Com works to be produced. And it is those plays which keep them coming back for more and produces that yearly annual income in excess of \$100,000.

The playreading committee begins with a list of suggested dramas and comedies – sometimes as many as one hundred – from members, season ticket holders, friends and relatives.

At the first meeting, member Dorothy Kotcher says, the committee eliminates some plays – those still on Broadway, for example, or those with less than three roles. (In community theatre, says Rich, you want to involve as many as you can on the stage.) There may be fifty to seventy-five remaining, and the scripts are passed from one member of the committee to the next. After four of seven members have read each, a preliminary vote is taken.

*continued on page 79*



**The Little Foxes**

## Taxes: Time to Run for Shelter

*The best defense against owing Uncle Sam a bundle is initiating an early and effective offense*

Passing into a new year often makes us reflective. Gazing back at the events of 1984, we may wonder if a little more care and consideration in our personal lives wouldn't have made relationships more rewarding.

Last January we set some pretty aggressive financial goals designed to see us end the year with a solid return on our investment. Wouldn't a bit more perseverance and prudence have also made our *financial* life more rewarding?

Were lofty New Year's resolutions just memories by March? It *seems* like the past year was filled with more wins than losses, but there remains that nagging feeling that we might have done just a little bit better at hanging on to some of those hard-earned dollars.

Even more significant than the guilt we may suffer because we slipped up on personal savings/investment plans, is the pain to be experienced because it's tax time again. Last year's failure to do adequate tax planning will surely haunt us as we reach for the checkbook.

Taxes. Our democratic system can't run without the fuel each of us provides by paying our fair share. Still, we can't help but wonder if we aren't paying our fair share — and then some.

A realistic examination of tax problems involves analyzing them on two levels: personal (What can I do to ease my own tax situation?), and political (What is the significance of all the current tax talk in Washington?).

On the personal level, ask yourself two simple questions: Would sound tax planning back in January 1984 have reduced your tax bill now? Looking back, should you have listen-

ed to your accountant's investment suggestions? If the answers are "yes," then avoid encountering the same problems same time next year by running for shelter now.

Last January, discussing tax shelters with my clients was about as popular a topic as writing out a will. After all, went the common train of thought, the name of the game was creating profits, and tax problems were a matter to be dealt with later. At that point we were all wondering if the economy would continue its recovery. Who wanted to include tax consideration in an economy filled

a long journey. A traveler could take several routes to a single destination. Only careful study helps to determine which path is the best.

Similarly, there are a multitude of tax deferral programs which meet the financial requirements of investors. Only careful analysis of investment goals can help determine the program that best meets our needs.

Stemming from a common base, these programs differ in terms of the secondary benefits derived from the investment. Some offer a fixed rate of return combined with excellent security. Others emphasize income or possible appreciation. The capital required to participate in these investments can be minimal or may require committing large dollar amounts over a period of years.

Most experts agree that the best tax-sheltered investments are those that deal in income-producing real estate. Property ownership has traditionally been a favored form of investment for both those seeking active ownership and the passive investor. Recent tax revisions have been a real bonanza for real estate investors. Traditional tax breaks have held in place while many new ones have been added, creating sizeable tax-free profits for the real estate investor.

Having favorable tax laws that encourage real estate investment is one thing, but being in a position to take advantage of it is quite another. For some, meeting the capital requirement is easier than gaining the understanding of real estate investment that would provide a sense of security about using that avenue to pursue our goals.

For most, the only real estate investment ever made is the purchase of a home. Without available profes-

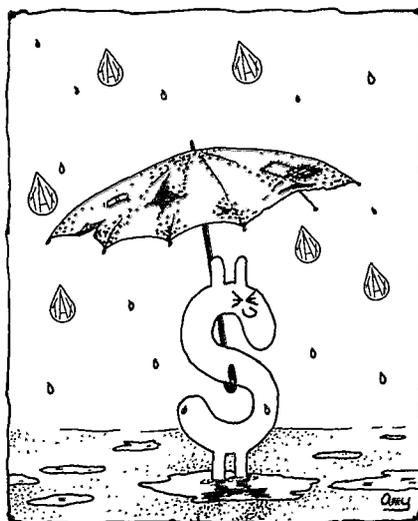


ILLUSTRATION BY AMY HARRIS

with uncertainty?

While a tax shelter is not the total solution to all financial goals, it certainly deserves more than just panic consideration each December. It should be an integral part of every investment decision.

Does it make sense to spend time and take risks to improve our lot in life without using the resulting profits for future growth? A good tax program is as important as a road map on-

sional expertise, we tend to pass over many attractive real estate investments. Better to be safe than sorry. Then we again find ourselves at the beginning of a new year without an essential tax shelter.

Avoid making this mistake by engaging the services of your attorney or accountant. If you find what looks like a good real estate syndication, take the proposal to your accountant or attorney, and let them advise you on the proposal's merits or weaknesses. The economic and tax advantages of a quality real estate limited partnership can easily be determined. Then you decide if those benefits meet your financial goals.

Of course, the most important factor in a wise decision is fully understanding the basis for a good limited partnership.

Multi-million dollar transactions that require capital contributions from many investors are frequent today. Limited partnerships open the

door to many who might otherwise be too small to participate. In my opinion, a good limited partnership is made up of various factors, but among the most important is the strength of the project's backer.

Take a long, hard look at the project sponsors; that will tell you an awful lot.

Are they an experienced real estate management team that identifies well with the legal and accounting community? Does their real estate investment record indicate that they have both expertise and integrity? Do they have a product whose economic base is anchored by a large credit-worthy national tenant? Are they open and candid, giving you the drawbacks as well as the benefits of their syndication?

I like to see real estate syndications that mix the stability of a long-term lease from a national tenant with the retail diversity of good local merchants. I also want to feel secure

in the fact that my investment is being managed by people who not only know what they are doing but also have real concern for the limited partner.

When you invest in a limited partnership, it is with the understanding that you are a passive investor. By the same token, you want to feel that your interests are the general partners' primary concern.

Last June, an interesting article was published in the Money Management section of the *Chicago Tribune*. It dealt with many tax sheltered investments, but the emphasis was on quality real estate. Richard Young, a leader in the field of financial planning, said the best real estate syndications were those that had national tenants like K-Mart stores, and I would certainly not argue that point.

Stepping back to look at the bigger picture: what ramifications can we expect tax reform rumblings in

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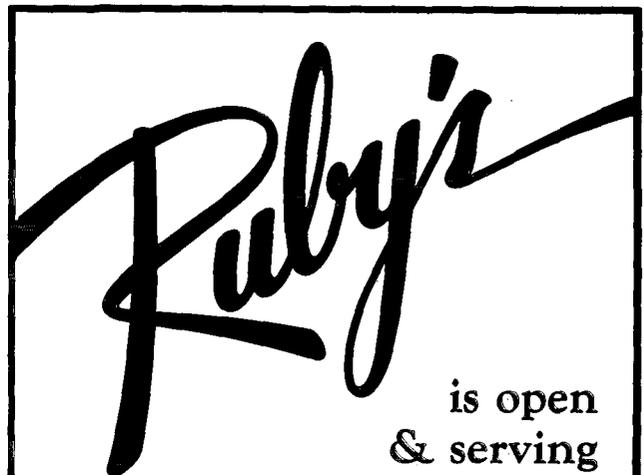
THE INN ON THE RIVER

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# ARCHIVES

## Unearthing Past Mysteries

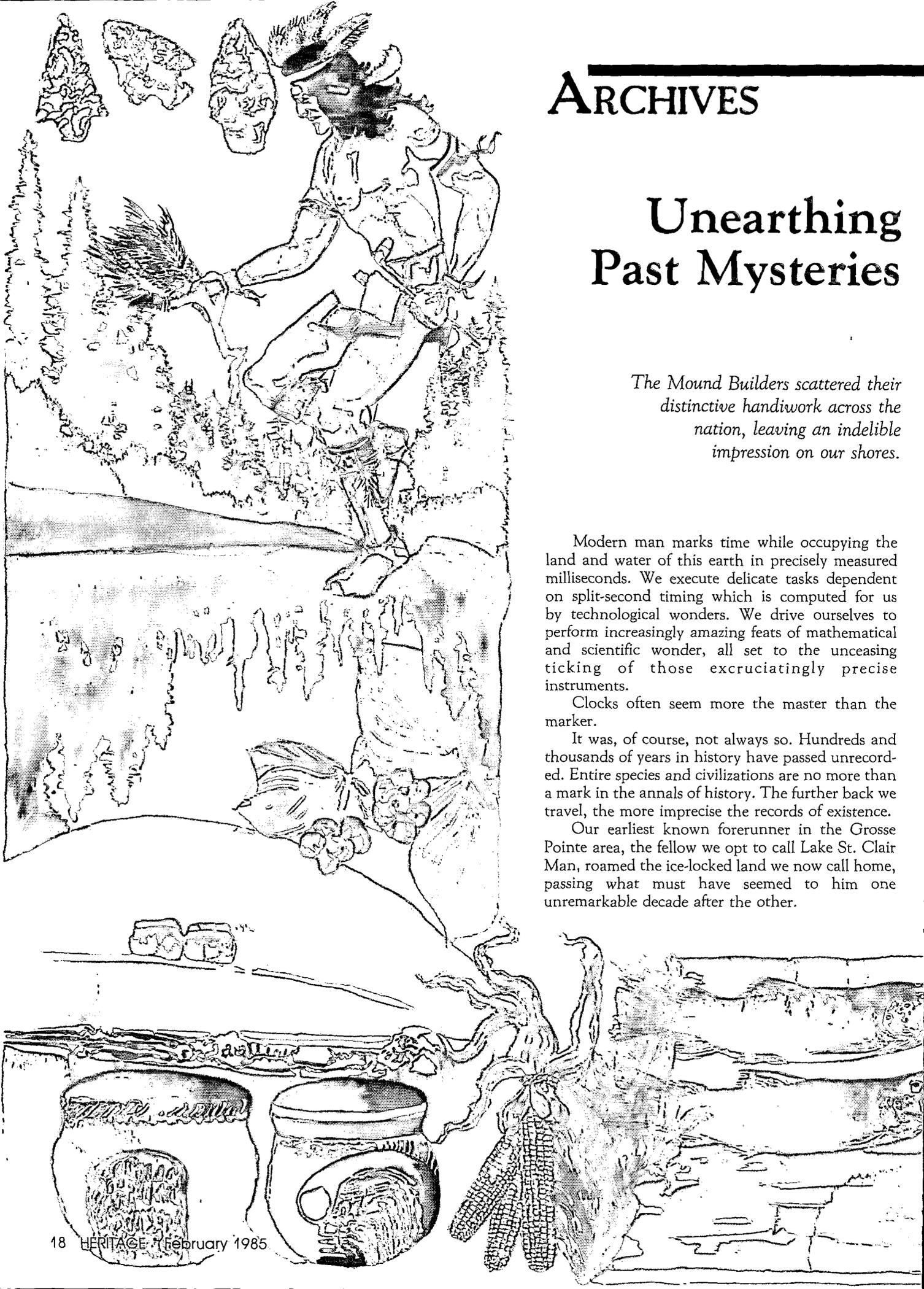
*The Mound Builders scattered their distinctive handiwork across the nation, leaving an indelible impression on our shores.*

Modern man marks time while occupying the land and water of this earth in precisely measured milliseconds. We execute delicate tasks dependent on split-second timing which is computed for us by technological wonders. We drive ourselves to perform increasingly amazing feats of mathematical and scientific wonder, all set to the unceasing ticking of those excruciatingly precise instruments.

Clocks often seem more the master than the marker.

It was, of course, not always so. Hundreds and thousands of years in history have passed unrecorded. Entire species and civilizations are no more than a mark in the annals of history. The further back we travel, the more imprecise the records of existence.

Our earliest known forerunner in the Grosse Pointe area, the fellow we opt to call Lake St. Clair Man, roamed the ice-locked land we now call home, passing what must have seemed to him one unremarkable decade after the other.



## ◆carla jean schwartz

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY BLACKWELL.

Between abbreviated lifespans and climatic changes that were barely perceptible, generation upon generation undoubtedly existed without noting any alteration in their surroundings, except an occasional fluctuation in the food supply.

Even as the ice began to recede 16,000 years ago, the Paleo-Indians who occupied the area (approximately 12,000 B.C. to 8,000 B.C.) probably only noted that their hunting area was greener and larger with the passing of their imprecise time. Surely they were too involved in the pursuit of the elusive caribou, armed with what is now called the Hi-Lo projectile point – a shaped, pointed stone used for hunting – to determine the cause of their good fortune.

Man has lived in the Grosse Pointe area for over 10,000 years, but the details of existence remain a jigsaw puzzle with some pieces unearched through calculated excavation, some found through fortunate accident, and others that will remain forever lost.

Historical records of the Grosse Pointe and Detroit area begin in earnest around the 1600s, and are based on the impressions of recent European arrivals. But many prehistoric details can never be substantiated and are pure conjecture. Those that can be proven are based on radiocarbon dating of found relics.

The authoritative work on the prehistoric life in our area is: *The Archaeology of Michigan: A Guide to the Great Lakes Region*, by James E. Fitting. While the study does not mention Grosse Pointe per se, in studies of such imprecise times which cover areas in the broadest sense, it is the best found.

Fitting cites Jerry DeVisscher, an amateur archaeologist and charter member of the Aboriginal Research Club of Detroit and of the Michigan Archaeological Society. DeVisscher excavated in the Grosse Pointe area along Mack Avenue for more than fifty years.

DeVisscher, who went to school at St. Paul's, and whose father worked on a Grosse Pointe farm, discovered his first find – a Hi-Lo projectile point – on Mack Avenue near Cook Road when he was only eight years old. During serious excavation later, he also unearthed Archaic-era artifacts.

That Mack Avenue area is mentioned as a likely site for significant finds by Dr. Arnold Pilling, professor of anthropology and director of the Museum of Anthropology at Wayne State University. In his writings, "Southeastern Michigan," version M9/80, Pilling notes the geochronological significance of "the 585-foot contour that surrounds a dune line along which Mack Avenue runs, and an area of swamp which formerly lay both to the west of Mack Avenue to Helen Street in Grosse Pointe Woods, and to the east of Mack to the high ground of Grosse Pointe Farms."

He believes there lies the most promising area for findings from both the Paleo-Indian period and the early Archaic period that followed.

During the Archaic period (approximately 8,000 B.C. - 1,000 B.C.) spruce and pine trees began to grow and Lake St. Clair Man discovered berries and nuts as an additional source of food. He learned to use new tools and spear-throwers first appeared. The weapon they utilized was a long stick with a polished weight stone on the end called a banner stone.

Even with the expanded food resources and hunting capabilities, Archaic man continued to move as his food supply became depleted.

The next cultural stage was the Early Woodland (1,000 B.C. to 700 A.D.) followed by the Late Woodland.

During this time, pottery began to appear in the northeast United States. "The Early Woodland," said Fitting, "is marked by the appearance of a thick pottery, usually exterior and interior cord-marked." He notes pottery of this type was found in the fill of the

*continued on page 75*



# BORDEAUX: THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE LOVELY

If, in your wine cellar, you had a collection of Bordeaux wines dated 1975 through 1980, would you drink them in the order of the oldest bottle first? Of course not. Anyone with a knowledge of Bordeaux wine would probably consume them in the following order: 1977, 1980, 1976, 1978, 1979, and then 1975.

Knowing Bordeaux wines is quite complicated; however, a few ground rules should help you discover the finer aspects of these wines.

Some people drink wines throughout their entire lifetime never wondering or even caring about the vintage of the wine they are consuming. "Vintage" refers to the gathering of a particular type of grape from a specific harvest — which is akin to knowing the difference between the Detroit Tiger team of 1984 and the same team a few years before. Most wines are consumed within a year after they were made; consumed by people who can do a little more than distinguish between reds and whites. When these individuals purchase wines, they usually miss exceptional bottles which are tremendous bargains because they do not represent a readily recognized "great" vintage.

Collectors of wine must have some knowledge of vintages. Can you imagine anything worse than sitting on a cellarful of has-beens? Anyone having Bordeaux dated 1967 or 1973 stored away ought to drink it immediately, for further aging will reduce the usefulness and desirability of the wine to mixing with olive oil over a salad, at best. Wines from the 1950s, except the great names such as Château Lafite, Château Mouton and Château Latour, should already have been consumed. The following ratings for Bordeaux, based upon the maturation of the wine and the acid content of the vintage, will give you a foundation for judging and purchasing Bordeaux.

The great wines of the Sixties were from 1960 and 1961; it appears that there has not been an equal vintage since 1945.

Bordeaux from 1962 and 1969 should have already been consumed and are now past their prime. Those from 1963, 1965 and 1968 were poor from the start and, thank goodness, only a few can be found on store shelves and in wine cellars. Some of the 1964 bottles are still quite good, but the 1965s were as poor as the '63s. 1966, though, is excellent and aging gracefully.

The Seventies are very good years, and in many cases, wines left in cellars from that decade are get-

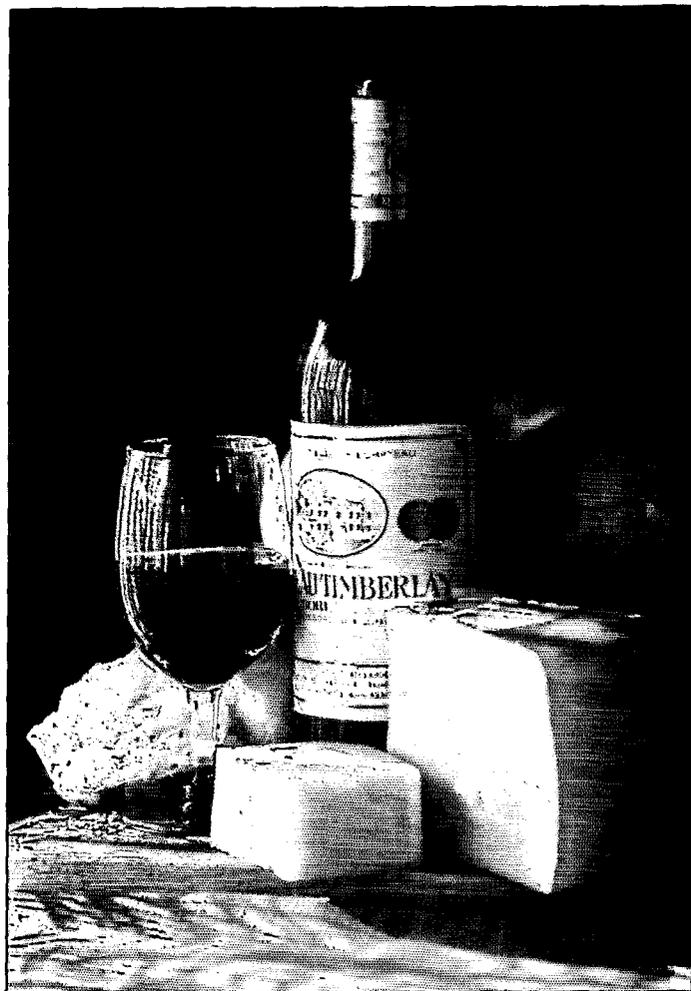


PHOTO BY ANNELIES MORRIS.

ting better. By the mid-Seventies a lot of 1970-vintage Bordeaux was being sold at bargain prices. Anyone who stored away those bottles has a right to be smug now, because it was the best vintage since 1961.

1971 was a good year and is continuing to blossom. The next year, 1972, was condemned by oenologists as not meeting the standards of the previous years, but drinkable. A much better year was 1973, with that Bordeaux still showing some potential. "Hard and dry" are terms that have been used to describe the 1974 products; they lacked great vintage qualities.

Another great vintage, similar to 1961, was 1975. Both came from small crops which were concentrated and powerful, but the best of the '75s will not be ready for consumption until 1990 or 1995. The 1976 vintage was a good wine which can be

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# L'AVVENTURA DI UN IMPIEGATO

*In each issue of HERITAGE we reprint a foreign literary work, in its original language, for those Pointers who are multilingual.*

A Enrico Gnei, impiegato, accadde di passare una notte con una bella signora. Uscendo dalla casa di lei, sul presto, l'aria e i colori del mattino primaverile gli s'aprirono dinanzi, freschi tonificanti e nuovi, e gli sembrava di camminare a suon di musica.

Va detto che soltanto a un fortunato insieme di circostanze Enrico Gnei doveva quell'avventura: una festa di amici, una particolare e passeggera disposizione della signora — donna peraltro controllata e di non facili abbandoni —, una conversazione in cui egli s'era trovato insolitamente a proprio agio, l'aiuto — da una parte e dall'altra — d'una lieve esaltazione alcolica, vera o simulata che fosse, e poi ancora un'appena secondata combinazione logistica al momento dei commiati: tutto questo, e non un fascino personale del Gnei — o se mai, solo la sua apparenza discreta e un po' anonima che lo poteva designare come compagno non impegnativo o vistoso —, aveva determinato l'esito inatteso di quella notte. Egli ne era ben cosciente e, modesto d'indole, tanto più teneva la sua fortuna per preziosa. Sapeva pure che il fatto non avrebbe avuto nessun seguito; né se ne doveva, perché una relazione continuata avrebbe comportato problemi troppo imbarazzanti per il suo tenore di vita abituale. La perfezione dell'avventura stava nell'esser cominciata e finita nello spazio d'una notte. Dunque, Enrico Gnei era quel mattino un uomo che ha avuto quanto di meglio poteva desiderare al mondo.

La casa della signora era in collina. Gnei scendeva un viale verde e odoroso. Era più presto dell'ora in cui soleva uscire di casa per l'ufficio. La signora l'aveva fatto sgusciare via allora, perché la servitù non lo vedesse. Il non aver dor-

mito non gli pesava, anzi gli dava come una innaturale lucidezza, un'eccitazione non più dei sensi ma dell'intelletto. Un muovere di vento, un ronzio, un odore d'alberi gli parevano cose di cui dovesse in qualche modo impossessarsi e godere; e non si riadattava a modi di gustare la bellezza più discreti.

Poiché, uomo metodico qual era, l'essersi levato in casa altrui, l'essersi rivestito in fretta, senza radersi, gli lasciavano addosso un'impressione di scombinamento d'abitudini, pensò per un momento di fare una scappata a casa, prima d'andare in ufficio, per farsi la barba e rassetarsi. Il tempo l'avrebbe avuto, ma Gnei scacciò subito l'idea, preferì convincersi che era tardi, perché lo prese il timore che la casa, la ripetizione di gesti quotidiani dissolvessero l'atmosfera di straordinarietà e ricchezza in cui ora si muoveva.

Decise che la sua giornata avrebbe seguito una curva calma e generosa, per conservare il più possibile l'eredità di quella notte. La memoria, a saper ricostruire con pazienza le ore passate, secondo per secondo, gli apriva paradisi sterminati. Così vagando col pensiero, senza fretta, Enrico Gnei s'avviava verso il capolinea del tram.

Il tram attendeva, quasi vuoto, l'ora della corsa. I tranvieri erano giù e fumavano. Gnei salì fischiettando, con le falde del soprabito sventolanti, e si sedette, un po' scomposto, poi subito prese una posizione più urbana, contento d'essersi saputo prontamente correggere ma non scontento del piglio spregiudicato che gli era venuto naturale.

La zona non era popolosa né mattiniera. Nel tram c'era una massaia attempata, due lavoratori in discussione, e lui, uomo contento. Buona gente del mattino. Gli erano

simpatichi; lui, Enrico Gnei, era un signore misterioso, per loro, misterioso e contento, mai visto prima su quel tram a quell'ora. Donde poteva venire? essi ora forse si chiedevano. E lui non dava nulla a vedere: lui guardava i glicini. Era un uomo che guarda i glicini da uomo che sa guardare i glicini: era conscio di questo, Enrico Gnei. Era un passeggero che dà i soldi del biglietto al bigliettario, e tra lui e il bigliettario c'era un perfetto rapporto tra passeggero e bigliettario, non poteva andare meglio di così. Il

Attribuendo quell'espressione compiaciuta a una notizia sportiva del giornale, il barista gli disse: — Ah, è contento che domenica torni Boccadasse? — e indicò il titolo che annunciava la guarigione d'un centromediano. Gnei lesse, si riprese, e invece d'esclamare come avrebbe voluto: "Altro che Boccadasse, altro che Boccadasse, caro mio!" si limitò a fare: — ...E già, e già... — e non volendo che una conversazione sulla prossima partita deviasse la piena dei suoi sentimenti, si girò verso la cassa, dove, in-



ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN PESTA

tram scendeva verso il fiume; era un bel vivere.

Enrico Gnei discese al centro e andò a un caffè. Non il solito. Un caffè tutto mosaici. Era appena aperto; la cassiera non c'era ancora; il barista avviava la macchina. Gnei mosse passi da padrone nel centro del locale, si fece al banco, ordinò un caffè, scelse un biscotto nella bacheca delle paste e l'addentò, prima con avidità poi con l'espressione di chi ha la bocca alterata da una nottata irregolare.

Sul banco c'era un giornale aperto, Gnei lo scorse. Non aveva comprato il giornale, quel mattino, e dire che uscendo di casa quella era sempre la prima cosa che faceva. Era un lettore abitudinario, minuzioso; seguiva fino i minimi fatti e non c'era pagina che passasse senza leggere. Ma quel giorno il suo sguardo correva sui titoli senza muovere alcuna relazione di pensieri. Gnei non riusciva a leggere: chissà se risvegliata dal cibo, dal caffè caldo o dallo smorzarsi dell'effetto dell'aria mattutina, lo riassalì un'ondata di sensazioni della notte. Chiuse gli occhi, alzò il mento e sorrise.

tanto, s'era installata una cassiera giovane e dall'aria disillusa.

— Dunque, — fece il Gnei, confidenziale, — pago un caffè e un biscotto —. La cassiera sbadigliò. — Sonno, di buon mattino? — disse Gnei. La cassiera senza sorridere assenti. Gnei prese un'aria complice: — Ah, ah! Stanotte ha dormito poco, eh? — Rifletté un momento, poi, convinto d'essere con persona che l'avrebbe compreso, aggiunse: — Io ho ancora da andare a dormire —. Poi tacque, enigmatico, discreto. Pagò, salutò tutti, uscì. Andò dal barbiere.

— Buongiorno, signore, s'accomodi, signore, — disse il barbiere in un falsetto professionale che a Enrico Gnei suonò come una strizzatina d'occhio.

— Mah, mah! Facciamoci la barba! — rispose con scettica condiscendenza, guardandosi nella specchiera. Il suo viso, con l'asciugamano annodato al collo, appariva come un oggetto a sé stante, e qualche segno di stanchezza, non più corretto dal portamento generale della persona, vi

prendeva rilievo; ma era pur sempre un viso affatto normale, come quello d'un viaggiatore sbarcato dal treno all'alba, o d'un giocatore che ha passato la notte sulle carte; non fosse stata, a distinguere la particolare natura della sua fatica, una cert'aria — osservò compiaciuto il Gnei — rilassata e indulgente, d'uomo che la sua parte ormai l'ha avuta, ed è pronto al peggior come al meglio.

"A ben altre carezze, — parevano dire le guance di

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Decise che la sua giornata  
avrebbe seguito una curva calma  
e generosa, per conservare  
il più possibile l'eredità  
di quella notte.

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Gnei al pennello che le avvolgeva di calda schiuma, — a ben altre carezze che non le tue siamo avvezate!"

"Raschia, rasoio, — pareva dire la sua pelle, — non raschierai quel che ho sentito e so!"

Era, per Gnei, come se una conversazione piena d'allusioni si svolgesse tra lui e il barbiere, che invece stava zitto anche lui, manovrando con impegno i suoi arnesi. Era un barbiere giovane, poco loquace più per difetto di fantasia che per riserbatezza di carattere; tanto è vero che, volendo attaccar discorso, disse: — Quest'anno, eh? Già bel tempo, eh? La primavera...

La battuta giunse al Gnei nel bel mezzo della sua conversazione immaginaria, e la parola "primavera" si caricò di significati e sottintesi. — Aaaaah! La primavera... — disse, restando con un consapevole sorriso sulle labbra insaponate. E qui la conversazione s'esaurì.

Ma Gnei sentiva il bisogno di parlare, di esprimere, di comunicare. E il barbiere non diceva più niente. Gnei fece due o tre volte per aprire bocca mentre quello sollevava il rasoio, ma non trovava parole, e il rasoio tornava a posarglisi sopra il labbro e il mento.

— Come dice? — fece il barbiere, che aveva visto le labbra di Gnei muoversi senza che ne uscisse suono.

E Gnei, con tutto il suo calore: — Domenica, torna in squadra Boccadassel!

L'aveva quasi gridato; gli altri clienti voltarono verso di lui le facce a mezzo insaponate; il barbiere era rimasto col rasoio sospeso.

— Ah, lei tiene per il \*\*\*? — disse, un po' mortificato, — sa, io sono della \*\*\*, — e nominò l'altra squadra cittadina.

— Oh, la \*\*\*, domenica avete una partita facile, sicura... — ma il suo calore era già spento.

Sbarbato, uscì. La città era animata e sonora, i vetri erano corsi da lampi d'oro, l'acqua volava sulle fontane, le

aste dei tram scoccavano scintille sopra i fili. Enrico Gnei andava come in cresta a un'onda, alternando in cuore slanci e languori.

— Ma tu sei Gnei!

— Ma tu sei Bardetta!

Aveva incontrato un antico compagno di scuola, che non vedeva da dieci anni. Si dissero le frasi che s'usa, di quanto tempo era passato, di come non erano cambiati. In verità Bardetta era piuttosto ingrigito, e l'espressione volpina e un po' viziosa del suo viso s'era accentuata. Gnei sapeva che Bardetta era negli affari, ma aveva avuto trascorsi poco chiari e da tempo stava all'estero.

— Sei sempre a Parigi?

— Venezuela. Ora riparto. E tu?

— Sempre qui, — e gli venne suo malgrado un sorriso impacciato, come si vergognasse della sua vita sedentaria, e insieme s'indispettì perché non gli riusciva di far comprendere a prima vista che la sua esistenza era in realtà la più piena e soddisfatta che si potesse immaginare.

— E ti sei sposato? — chiese Bardetta.

A Gnei questa parve l'occasione per rettificare quella prima impressione. — Scapolo! — disse. — Sempre scapolo sono, eh, eh! Teniamo duro! — Ecco: Bardetta, uomo spregiudicato, in procinto di ripartire per l'America, senza più legami con la città e i suoi pettegolezzi, era la persona ideale con cui Gnei avrebbe potuto dar libero corso alla sua euforia, l'unico cui poteva confidare il suo segreto. An-

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Lui, Enrico Gnei,  
era un signore misterioso,  
per loro. Dove poteva venire?  
essi ora forse si chiedevano.

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zi, con lui avrebbe potuto esagerare un po', parlare della sua avventura di quella notte come d'un fatto per lui abituale. — Proprio così, — insistette, — vecchia guardia degli scapoli, noialtri, no? — volendo richiamarsi alla fama di frequentatore di ballerine che Bardetta aveva un tempo.

E già studiava la frase con cui sarebbe entrato in argomento, qualcosa come: "Sai, giusto stanotte, per esempio..."

— Io, veramente, ormai, — fece Bardetta, con un sorriso un po' timido, — sai, sono padre di famiglia, ho quattro figli...

Il Gnei raccolse la battuta mentre stava ricreandosi intorno l'atmosfera d'un mondo del tutto spregiudicato e

## THE AUTHOR

Italo Calvino is most often identified as a fabulist of the same calibre of, and with a style situated somewhere between, Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov. His reputation was forged with cerebral narratives like *Cosmicomics* (1968) and *Invisible Cities* (1974). He exhibited his talents as a hypnotizing weaver of the storytellers' web in *If on a Winter's Night a Traveler* (1981), while best illustrating his excellence as the teller of tales by rewriting old Italian legends in *Italian Folk Tales* (written in 1956, translated in 1980).

Italo Calvino was born in 1923, to Italian parents who were both botanists. After writing his doctoral dissertation on Joseph Conrad, he received his doctorate from the University of Turin. He continues to be a prolific contributor of essays to Italian

newspapers, especially when his fiction writing goes slowly, and has been an editor at *Einaudi* since 1947.

It is common practice for editors to seek out every word ever written by an author once he achieves a certain level of notoriety. So it is with Calvino. This story, "The Adventure of a Clerk," is a selection from his most recent book, *Difficult Loves*. The translated version of the book was recently published (1984 by Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich; \$14.95), but the twenty-eight stories within were actually written by Calvino in the 1940s and 1950s.

"The Adventure of a Clerk," written in 1953, appears here in its original form with permission from the author. It is available in English in the collective entitled *Difficult Loves* (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich 1984).

epicureo; e ne restò un po' disorientato. Fissò Bardetta; solo allora s'accorse del suo aspetto gualcito, male in arnese, della sua aria preoccupata e stanca. — Ah, quattro figli... — disse, in tono opaco, — complimenti! E come te la passi, laggiù?

— Mah... C'è poco da fare...Dappertutto è lo stesso... Tirare avanti... mantenere la famiglia... — e allargò le braccia con un'aria da vinto.

A Gnei, per quella sua umiltà istintiva, venne compassione e rimorso: come aveva potuto pensare di millantare le proprie fortune per far colpo su uno straccio d'uomo come quello? — Oh, ma anche qui, tu sapessi, — s'affrettò a dire, tornando a cambiar tono, — si tira la carretta, così, un giorno dopo l'altro...

— Ebbene, speriamo che un giorno vada meglio...

— Speriamo sì...

Si fecero gli auguri, si salutarono, e presero uno da una parte uno dall'altra. Subito, Gnei si sentì invaso dal rimpianto: la possibilità di confidarsi con Bardetta, con quel Bardetta che lui immaginava prima, gli parve un bene smisurato, ora perduto per sempre. Tra loro due — pensava Gnei — avrebbe potuto svolgersi una conversazione da uomo a uomo, bonaria, un po' ironica, senza esibizionismi, senza vanterie, l'amico sarebbe partito per l'America conservando un ricordo ormai immutabile; e Gnei confusamente si vedeva proiettato nei pensieri di

quel Bardetta immaginario, quando, là nel suo Venezuela, ricordando la vecchia Europa — povera ma sempre fedele al culto della bellezza e del piacere — avrebbe istintivamente pensato a lui, il compagno di scuola rivisto dopo tanti anni, sempre con quell'apparenza cauta eppure ben sicuro di sé: l'uomo che non s'era staccato dall'Europa e quasi ne impersonava l'antica saggezza di vita, le oculute passioni...Gnei s'esaltava: ecco che l'avventura della notte avrebbe potuto lasciare un segno, assumere un significato definitivo, invece di sparire come sabbia in un mare di giorni vuoti e uguali.

Forse avrebbe dovuto parlarne comunque, a Bardetta, anche se Bardetta era un poveruomo con altri penieri per la testa, anche a costo d'umiliarlo. E poi, chi lo assicurava che Bardetta fosse davvero un fallito? Magari diceva così per dire ed era sempre la vecchia volpe d'un tempo... "Lo raggiungo, — pensò, — riattacco discorso, glie lo dico." Corse avanti sul marciapiede, svoltò in piazza, girò sotto i portici. Bardetta era scomparso. Gnei guardò l'ora; era in ritardo; s'affrettò verso il lavoro. Per darsi pace, pensò che quel mettersi come un ragazzo a raccontare ad altri i fatti suoi era cosa troppo estranea al suo carattere, ai suoi usi; e perciò s'era trattenuto dal farlo. Così, riconciliato con se stesso, rinfrancato nel suo orgoglio, bollò la cartolina all'orologio dell'ufficio.

Per il suo lavoro, Gnei nutriva quel trasporto amoroso che, pur inconfessato, accende il cuore agli impiegati, appena sanno di che dolcezze segrete e di che furioso fanatismo si possa caricare la piú abituale pratica burocratica, il disbrigo d'indifferente corrispondenza, la tenuta puntuale d'un registro. Forse la sua inconscia speranza quel mattino era che l'esaltazione amorosa e la passione impiegatizia facessero un tutto unico, si potessero trasfondere l'una nell'altra, per continuare a bruciare senza spegnersi. Ma bastò la vista della sua scrivania, l'aspetto usuale di una cartella verdolina con la scritta "Sospesi" per fargli sentire acuto il contrasto tra la bellezza vertiginosa da cui s'era appena staccato e i suoi giorni di sempre.

Girò piú volte attorno alla scrivania, senza sedersi. Era stato colto da un improvviso, urgente innamoramento per la bella signora. E non poteva avere requie. Entrò nell'ufficio vicino, dove i contabili battevano, con attenzione e scontentezza, sopra i tasti.

Si mise a passare davanti a ognuno di loro, salutandoli, nervosamente ilare, sornione, crogiolandosi nel ricordo, senza speranze nel presente, folle d'amore tra i contabili. "Come ora io mi muovo in mezzo a voi nel vostro ufficio, — pensava, — così mi voltavo tra le coltri di lei, ora è poco." Sissignore, è così, Marinotti! — disse battendo un pugno sulle carte d'un collega.

Marinotti alzò gli occhiali e chiese lentamente: — Di', ma anche a te, Gnei, sullo stipendio di questo mese hanno trattenuto quattromila lire in piú?

— No, caro mio, già a febbraio, — cominciò a dire Gnei, e intanto gli venne in mente una movenza della signora, di sul tardi, nelle ore del mattino, che a lui era parsa una rivelazione nuova e aveva aperto immense

Gnei scelse un biscotto  
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e l'addento, prima  
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possibilità d'amore sconosciute, — no, già a me avevano trattenuto, — continuò con voce blandissima e muoveva la mano davanti a sé dolcemente a mezz'aria e protendeva le labbra, — m'avevano trattenuto l'intera somma sullo stipendio di febbraio, Marinotti.

Avrebbe voluto aggiungere ancora particolari e spiegazioni, pur di continuare a parlare, ma non ne fu capace.

"Questo è il segreto, — decise, ritornando nel suo studio: — che in ogni momento, in ogni cosa che io faccio o dico, sia implicito tutto quello che ho vissuto." Ma lo rodeva un'ansia, di non potere mai essere pari a quello che era stato, di non riuscire a esprimere, né con allusioni e

men che meno con parole esplicite, e forse neppure col pensiero, la pienezza che sapeva d'aver raggiunto.

Suonò il telefono. Era il direttore. Chiedeva i precedenti del reclamo Giuseppieri.

— Vede, signor direttore, — spiegò al telefono il Gnei, — la ditta Giuseppieri in data sei di marzo... — e voleva dire: "Ecco che quando lei disse lentamente: Se ne va...? io capii che non dovevo lasciare la sua mano..."

— Sì, signor direttore, il reclamo era per merce già fatturata... — e pensava di dire: "Finché la porta non si richiuse alle nostre spalle, io ancora dubitavo..."

— No, — spiegava, — il reclamo non è stato fatto

Gnei s'esaltava:  
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tramite l'agenzia... — e intendeva: "Ma allora solo capii ch'era tutta diversa da come l'avevo creduta, fredda e altera..."

Posò il ricevitore. Aveva la fronte imperlata di sudore. Si sentiva stanco, adesso, carico di sonno. Aveva fatto male a non passare a casa a rinfrescarsi e a cambiarsi: anche i panni addosso gli davano fastidio.

S'avvicinò alla finestra. C'era un grande cortile circondato da pareti alte e popolate di balconi, ma era come stare in un deserto. Il cielo si vedeva sopra i tetti non piú limpido ma sbiancato, invaso da una patina opaca, così come nella memoria di Gnei un opaco biancore andava cancellando ogni ricordo di sensazioni, e la presenza del sole era segnata da un'indistinta, ferma macchia di luce, come una sorda fitta di dolore. ♦

### Grosse Pointe's Favorite Bar & Grille

SINCE 1970



Great  
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Homemade  
Chili

Lounge in the Woods

20515 Mack Avenue

Grosse Pointe Woods 48236

W



# Witness to the Past

*Eleanor Ford's bequest to the community stands in tribute to a lost way of life.*



# ARCHITECTURE

◆ richard bak

From the beginning of this century, stately homes have arisen along the shoreline of Lake St. Clair. They stand as monuments to the stature and importance of the automotive giants – the visionaries who shaped the future of this nation while determining the direction of their companies.

And the Ford name was the greatest.

Henry Ford, father of the automotive industry and responsible in great part for the ultimate urbanization of America, created manufacturing systems that changed the face of production, while improving the lot of the worker. A giant in terms of his impact on the world, Ford was also a very private man who was not kindly disposed towards public meetings or talking to the press.

When he announced his five-dollar work day (double the prevalent wage of the day), he suddenly found himself besieged by the public and his beloved privacy destroyed.

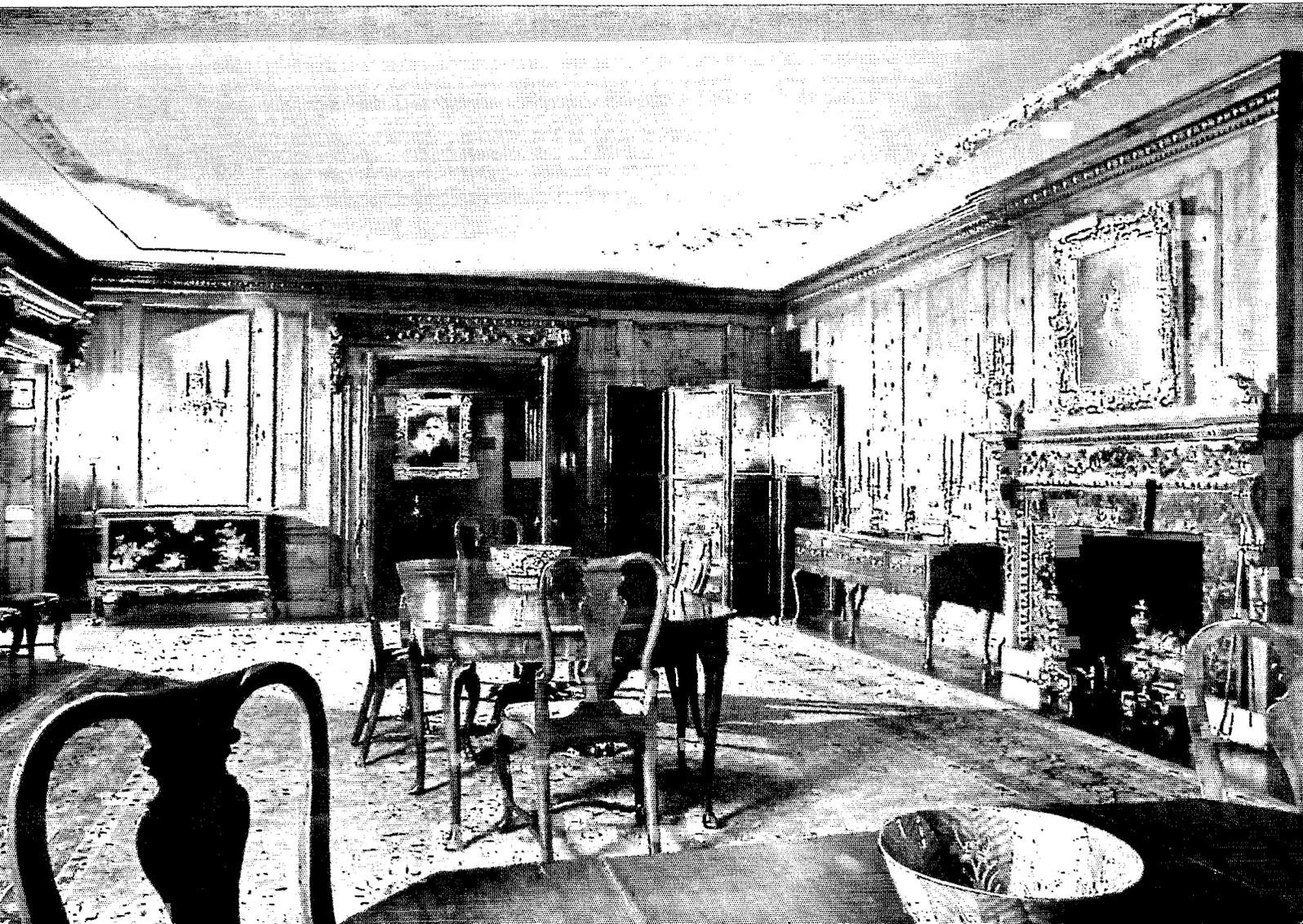
His home was barraged by job seekers. They posted themselves at his garage at dawn, and his family awakened to find the front porch filled with interview-seekers.

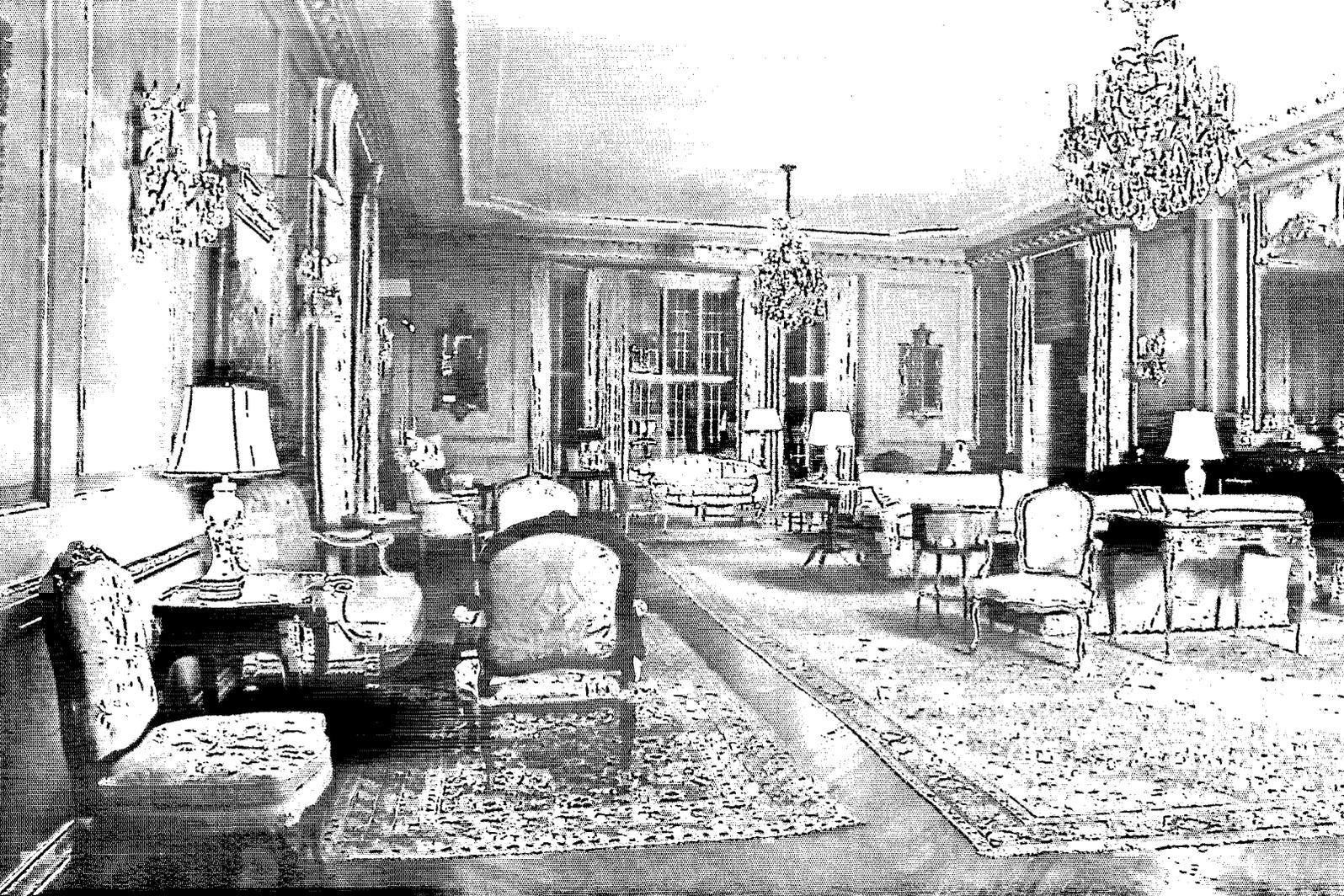
Ford stationed a guard at the front door of their home at 61 Edison Avenue, but it became apparent that his family would never again be able to live a normal life in a regular house. The years that Henry and his only son Edsel had happily spent in the workshop over the garage using lathes, wood shapers and other power tools now had to end.

Enclosed, private acres were sought out of necessity, and Grosse Pointe was the chosen location. Although Henry had 2,000 acres in Dearborn, acquired when he expanded the farm his father gave to him and Clara as a wedding gift, they chose Gaulkler Pointe on Lake St. Clair as their site of refuge. They purchased 301 acres, with a lake frontage of more than 3,000 feet, considered the most beautiful property in the Detroit area.

But when the Grosse Pointers who would be his neighbors began making friendly overtures and invited the Fords to become involved in community affairs, Henry's great need for personal privacy again asserted itself, and the Gaulkler Point property remained undeveloped. The

The Dining Room





PHOTOS BY GLEN CALVIN MOON.

The Drawing Room

senior Fords retreated to the Dearborn property where Fair Lane became their home.

Ford made it clear he did not care for what he considered the artificial social life in Grosse Pointe, indicating that he felt many of the residents were idle descendants of industry builders. Had he decided to settle in Grosse Pointe and cultivate the acquaintance of the many leaders who lived there, he would have gained much personally, professionally and intellectually.

One day in 1914, Henry Ford strode into a downtown Detroit bank in the company of Edsel. "Bill," announced the elder Ford to the banker, "I have a million dollars in gold here. This is Edsel's twenty-first birthday, and I want him to have it."

Visibly astonished, Edsel might have been forgiven for taking the rest of the day off to celebrate — or recuperate. Instead, displaying the same unassuming manner that would characterize his entire life, the sole heir to the world's greatest private fortune went back to the Ford plant and spent his birthday working.

This story, besides revealing the admirable aspects of Edsel's character, also tells us something about Henry Ford's flair for self-promotion. Coupled to a hard-earned reputation as an engineering and manufacturing genius, the legendary industrialist cast a long shadow — one in which his modest son was content to live.

On November 1, 1916, Edsel Ford and Eleanor Lowthian Clay, who lived less than four blocks away from the Edison Avenue house, were married. Eleanor was the niece of J.L. Hudson, founder of the city's largest department store and prominent in automotive companies. Edsel and Eleanor were one of Detroit's best-loved couples. Possessed of varied interests and talents, and generous almost to a fault in terms of time and money, they are fondly remembered.

Edsel had lived at Fair Lane during the year prior to his marriage. The newlyweds first lived at 439 Iroquois Avenue in Indian Village; then, in 1919, moved to a house on East Jefferson.

Henry and Clara deeded the Gaulkler Pointe land to the young couple, who began to build a home there in 1926. Commissioning Albert Kahn (who had also designed the enormous Rouge plant) as architect, Edsel and Eleanor wanted a modest and picturesque house as a residence, *not* a palace or a fortress.

The completed estate included a lodge, a recreation pavilion near a swimming pool and tennis courts, a power house, machine shop, greenhouse, garages, and the main house. Kahn spent time in Worchestershire, England, studying the Cotswold style of architecture, for which the Fords had indicated a preference.



The Library

The two-story house included more than thirty rooms, an art gallery, and numerous baths and washrooms.

Antique furniture, rugs, and costly art pieces were assembled, and entire fireplaces and staircases were re-assembled in the sprawling 30,000-square-foot-house. The eighty-acre site included three thousand feet of shoreline hugging Lake St. Clair, along with an artificial lagoon, which provided mooring for a veritable armada of sailing vessels. At one point, fifty-two servants and maintenance people kept the estate running smoothly.

Admittedly, the house was extraordinary for a modest home. But for all its imposing size, lavish appointments and its breathtaking furnishings, the house maintained an undeniable warmth and intimacy.

Edsel and Eleanor primarily wanted a home to service a comfortable family life and a hectic social one, and history confirms that it was just that.

On any given day, for example, Arctic explorer Richard E. Byrd or artist John Carroll might have been found in Ford's study. Just as likely would be the sight of young William or Josephine pedaling their tricycles down a hallway, narrowly avoiding a collision with some priceless piece of art.

Edsel and Eleanor and their four children — Henry II born in 1917, Benson in 1919, Josephine in 1923 and William in 1925 — moved into their house in 1929. For the

next forty-seven years, until Eleanor's death in 1976, at least one of the family members continued to reside there.

"Edsel Ford was a gentleman in the finest, fullest sense of the word," wrote Charlie Sorenson, a long-time associate of Henry Ford. "He made friends all over the world, and I never heard anyone who knew him speak of him except in the highest terms."

Edsel was a tireless worker and a brilliant design engineer. He often spent twelve-hour days at the office. He would then work off the tension by organizing a baseball or touch football game with the children when he got home. Or the family would play tennis, Henry II and Eleanor against Benson and Edsel usually, so there would be one right-handed and one left-handed player on each team.

An avid boatsman, accomplished artist, photographer, and pianist, Edsel was made Ford Motor Company president in 1918 at the age of twenty-five, and remained president until his death in 1943.

However busy, he and Eleanor always had time and energy for countless charitable and social causes. A silent philanthropist, he is responsible for keeping the Detroit Institute of Arts' doors open during the Great Depression, and his contributions to other causes came unceremoniously in large and regular amounts.

Of Eleanor, "her open smile was as much a part of her as her quick intelligence," said one admirer. At home in museum or golf course (she once had a hole-in-one at the

Country Club of Detroit), Eleanor displayed an earthiness and enthusiasm that was contagious.

William C. Richards, *Detroit Free Press* editor in the Thirties, once was at a horse race with Eleanor. He watched in fascination as she urged her horse on "as if the whole Ford fortune was riding on the result." When her chosen steed narrowly crossed the finish line first, Eleanor jubilantly waved a ticket in the air. "And I had five dollars on him!" she cried.

The Fords enjoyed entertaining Detroit's young rich in their home: the Books, Calkins, Jacksons, Potters, and Macauleys. The guest list could include almost anyone. One night Detroit Tiger catcher-manager Mickey Cochrane and his wife Mary would visit, and conversation might stray to Joe DiMaggio or Rudyard Kipling. Another night, Mexican painter Diego Rivera would be over, discussing the frescoes Edsel had commissioned him to paint over the walls of the garden court of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

After assembling in the drawing room, with its eighteenth century French furniture and cream marble Georgian mantel, guests would move into the dining room, which would glow with the warm light of candles and fireplace (the Fords had not allowed workers building the house to even install electrical outlets in the room). The candlelit table, which could seat thirty-two comfortably, would be set with an Italian lace cloth and flower-

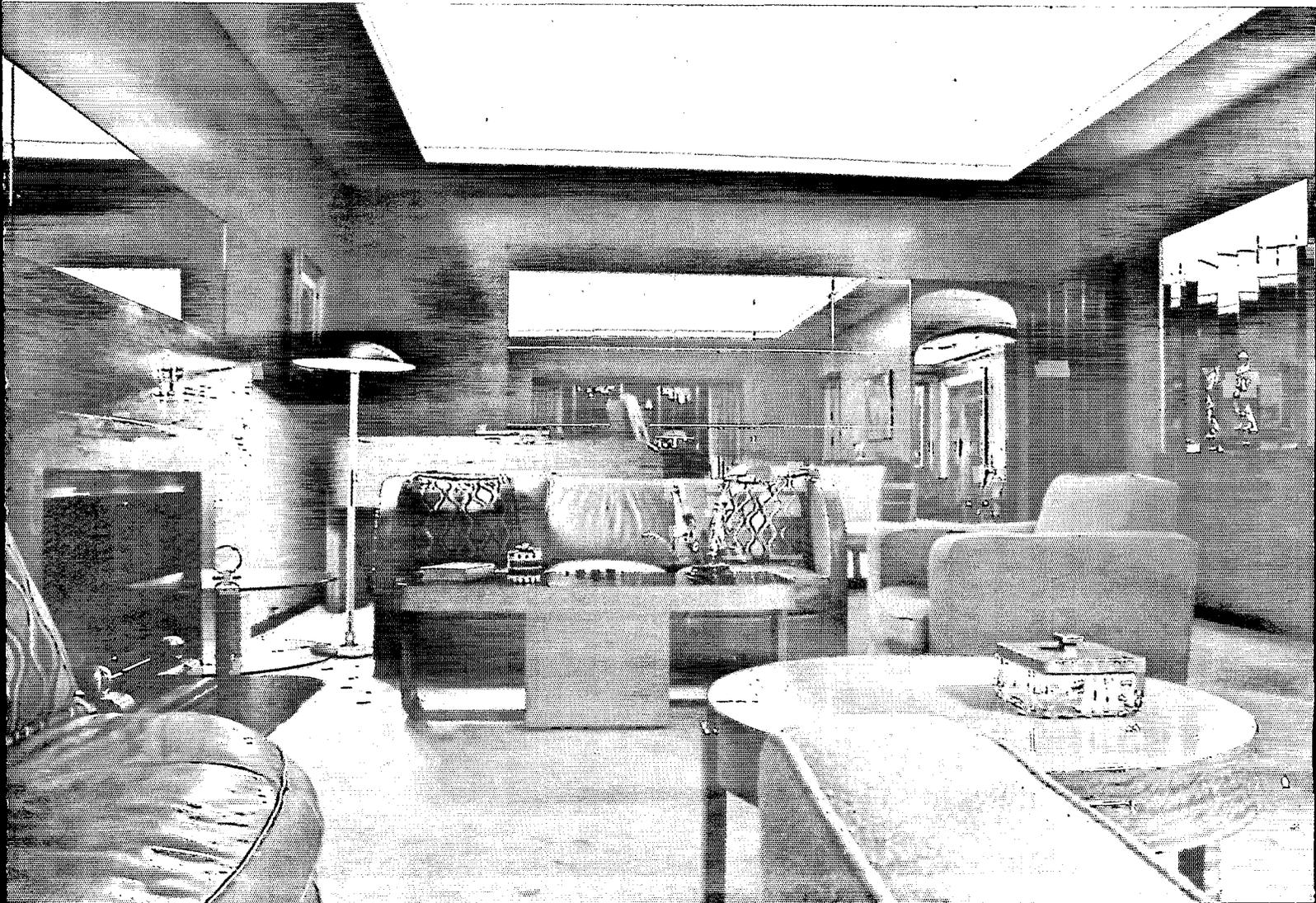
filled tankards. To the background sights and sounds of Lake St. Clair lapping less than two hundred feet away, guests dined on English eighteenth century silver service plates, flowered Chinese Export plates, crystal and flower-printed eighteenth century Worchester plates for dessert.

After dinner, the ladies would frequently retire to the intimate morning room, for coffee. Van Gogh's *The Postman Roulin* hung over the mantel, while the wide windowsills and occasional tables were filled with photographs of the Ford children.

Men met in the study for after-dinner coffee and liqueurs. The Elizabethan oak-paneled study was Edsel's personal room, and today remains virtually intact. Lining the walls are photographs of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, John D. Rockefeller, and others, but the foremost are several photographs of Byrd, whose trail-blazing explorations of the North and South Poles were financed largely by Edsel. "To my friend, Edsel Ford, with the highest admiration and devoted regards. Dick Byrd," is the dedication on one, while a far wall bears the flag Byrd carried over both poles.

Parlor games were popular. Eleanor loved one in particular, called "Murder." Unfortunately, a Detroit newspaper, upon learning that Mrs. Ford had been "done in" at the previous night's party, ran a tongue-in-cheek account of her demise. Dearborn police, puzzled by the published account of the "murder" of Eleanor Ford, were

The Art Deco Room



## ARCHITECTURE

not amused. Neither was the Ford Motor Company, which withdrew its advertising from the newspaper.

The children ruled the house's top two floors. The second floor held each child's bedroom and sitting room (though Benson and William, always especially close, "doubled up" in their room). There were also some guest rooms, but not nearly as many as one might expect, again suggesting the Fords' insistence on a family-oriented residence.

On the third floor was a giant playroom — and a hospital suite — not such an incongruous pairing, considering that the three brothers always enjoyed roughhousing with one another.

The 1,500-square-foot first-floor gallery was the scene of family holidays. A roaring fire blazed in the massive fourteenth century Gothic fireplace (which came from an English monastery), and an eighteen-foot Christmas tree would be shining, all wrapped in yards of lights and ribbons. On one especially festive Christmas, the three seventeenth century brass chandeliers were removed from the gallery's barrel-vault ceiling and replaced by hanging Christmas trees.

The land surrounding the house proved an expansive playground for the children as they grew. The boys' famous grandfather doted on them, even building them miniaturized, motorized cars, which they joyfully maneuvered around (and occasionally into) the hundreds of trees and shrubs.

Lest Josephine feel slighted as an only daughter, Edsel commissioned Albert Kahn to build a \$15,000 miniature house, complete with scaled-down furniture and a natural fireplace, for Josephine's ninth birthday. Predictably, it was "no boys allowed" inside, unless Josephine relented.

The children reached their teens and requested a room in which to entertain their friends. Edsel had Walter Dorwin Teague design the most amazing room in the house — the Art Deco room. Completed in 1938, the room featured leather walls, a specially-designed red mahogany Steinway grand piano, and a low table with a Formica top fitted with a built-in radio. As much as anything else, it symbolized the Fords' appreciation for the art of all ages, including the contemporary.

Edsel Ford's Personal Study





An Exterior View

Edsel Ford died of cancer in 1943. Only forty-nine years old, he spent his last moments in the third floor infirmary, his hand clutching Eleanor's, surrounded by his children.

The fireplace in Edsel's study has not been lit since his death, at Eleanor's request; just as the candles in the dining room (which was finally wired for electricity in the Seventies) have not been lit since Eleanor's death at the request of the family.

At exactly 2:30 p.m. on the day of Edsel's funeral, every Ford factory in the world had its electricity turned off for five minutes to honor Edsel. The mighty Willow Run and Rouge plants fell silent, as heads were lowered and prayers murmured alongside furnaces, forges and assembly lines. After five minutes, warning bells rang through every building and the sounds of industrial progress again thundered through the Ford Motor Company.

With passing years, Eleanor became known as "Detroit's Great Lady," the city's foremost social leader. She was also by now "Granny Ford" to her growing brood of grandchildren. With her four grown children living nearby, the gallery and dining room were once again filled

with boisterous laughter, the hallways and staircases alive with running footsteps.

"Granny Ford was the kingpin, or should I say 'queenpin,'" recalled Benson Jr. in Victor Lasky's *Never Complain, Never Explain*. "She ran the family until her death. She was a kind, loving woman, with great understanding. All my cousins liked her and talked to her. I confided in her a lot."

A half-century of Ford family life at the house on Gaulkler Pointe came to an end after Eleanor's death in the fall of 1976. While many thought her estate would be sold, or even torn down, Eleanor Ford's will revealed other plans:

*Where once there were many extraordinary residences, mine is the last to remain, for the change in our manner of living...and in our attitudes have resulted in the demolition of all the others. Elsewhere...ways have been found to preserve such residences for some form of public use, and they remain as witnesses to the past, as part of the history of the area, and as an enrichment in the lives of future generations.*

*I believe that my residence is such a property as ought to be preserved.*

\* \* \* \*

## Ford House: Cotswold Character with Contemporary Comforts

Although Albert Kahn earned his reputation as an architect of industrial buildings, he also designed gracious structures like Hill Auditorium at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. This ability to deal with romantic imagery qualified him to design the rambling and picturesque home of Edsel and Eleanor Ford on Gaulkler Pointe.

A style for the proposed house was never in question. The Fords specified it should be like the stone houses of England's Cotswold district which had been seen firsthand by Edsel and his father Henry, and had enchanted them both.

Careful design preparation was carried out by Kahn, including study visits to the Cotswolds, but the house built was not drastically different in style from others of its time. In the 1920s, even modest houses of quality were turned out in a veneer of "English Cottage," meant to evoke images of medieval England, but with interiors that were "up-to-date" in plan and facilities.

Much of the appeal of the Cotswold-type houses results from additions made over the years. Besides creating a rambling appearance, they introduced subtle differences in roof slopes and heights, in window sizes and doors, and in stone size and method of placement. Yet for all the variety within any one cottage, each is an obvious whole.

Kahn utilized the effect of this ad-

ditive construction to partially satisfy his clients' criteria for style. Of course, there were design criteria other than style, for this was to be home for a young family with an active social life, not a museum-like replica of an historic house form. The real success of the design would depend on how well it met the needs of its users, not how well it mimicked houses of the Cotswolds.

The Ford home is first seen at a distance, from the gatehouse on Lake Shore Drive. Beautiful and visually exciting, it is well-sited on superbly landscaped grounds which are seemingly designed by nature. The grand scale of the house, more apparent at close range, is not intimidating; it welcomes the visitor and confidently invites close inspection.

The exterior should be seen from all directions. By circling the house on foot, the visitor will be treated to a continually changing form: roof peaks and chimneys playfully move about each other as if in dance, and window panes mirror the surroundings in a continually changing mosaic of images; an unexpected courtyard appears.

Yet, for all the variety of forms in this house, we know it was built, unlike Cotswold houses, all at one time. We know this by the facts of its life, but we also sense it because the house parts are so alike in materials, details and craftsmanship. And the visual isolation of the site tells us this

house came to be in a carefully orchestrated manner, with little or no spontaneity. It is a house with the spirit, but not the exact form, of the Cotswold style.

The interior, by its arrangement and character, makes it obvious that the owners did not require true replication of a Cotswold house. Here are not the small, plain rooms of the Cotswold cottage in Greenfield Village. These are large, warm and friendly rooms meant to provide far more than just shelter. Parts of old English houses that had been razed, in consort with ornamental plaster and patterned wood floors, provided a suitable setting for the Fords' social activities and for their growing collection of artworks and antiques. The latter function is one that continues to be met.

In her will, by which she made provisions for the preservation of the house on Gaulkler Pointe and made it available to the community at large, Eleanor Clay Ford made it clear that she approved of Albert Kahn's design, and that the house built from his design had truly been her home. Those who accept Eleanor Ford's offer to share this home will understand why she found such pleasure in its company.

Rosemary Bowditch

*Rosemary Bowditch is the historic architect at Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn.*

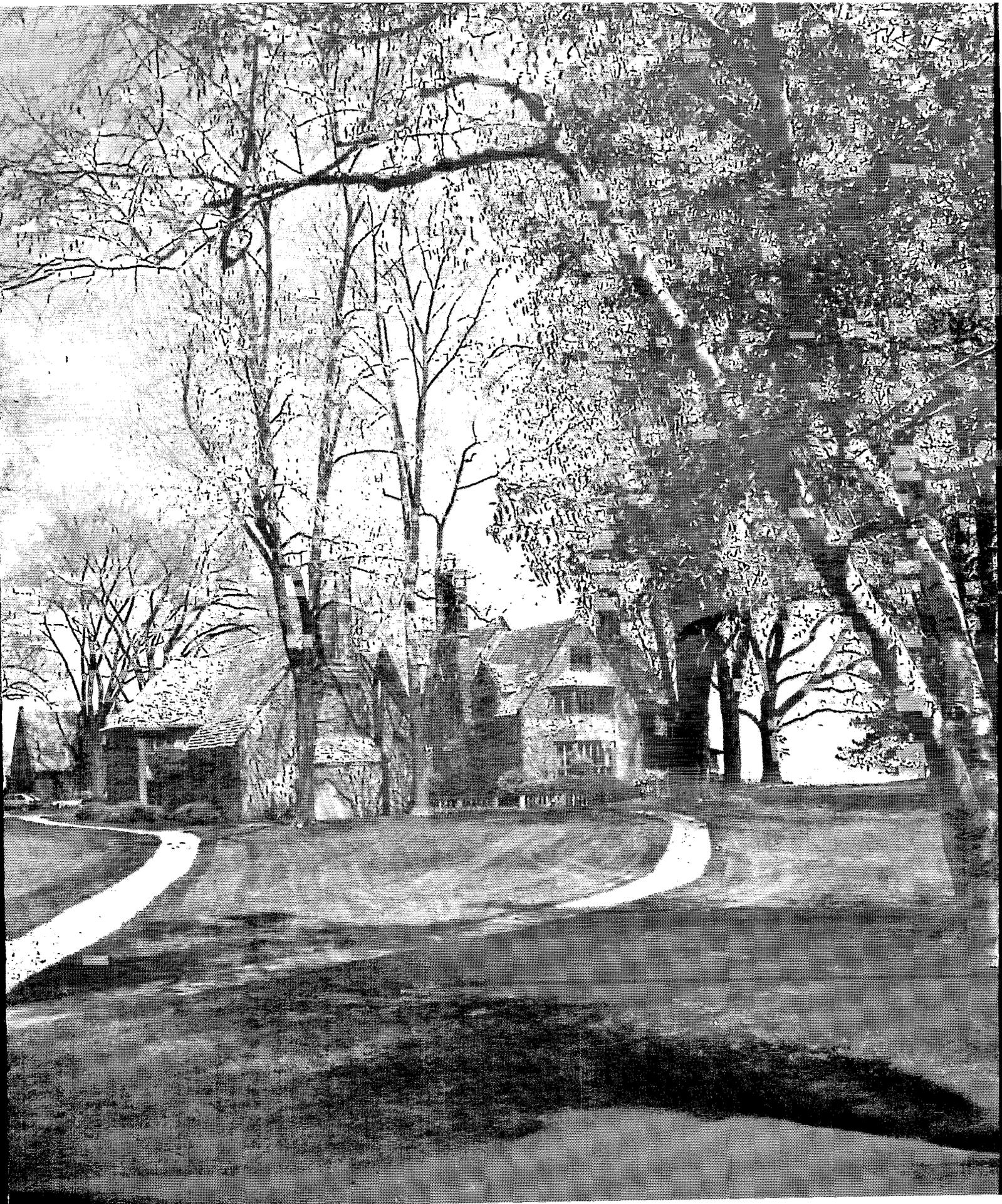
Old, protected houses can be bloodless things. Abandoned by their owners, they too often sit cold and vacant, their unblinking curtained eyes patiently searching for a master who will never return.

Eleanor saved her home from such a sterile fate.

On an early winter afternoon inside the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, one is struck by the activity. A group of Girl Scouts on tour weave slowly through the rooms, giggling and pointing. Furniture in the gallery is arranged for a concert. Earlier in the day, an association of physicians had gathered in the library.

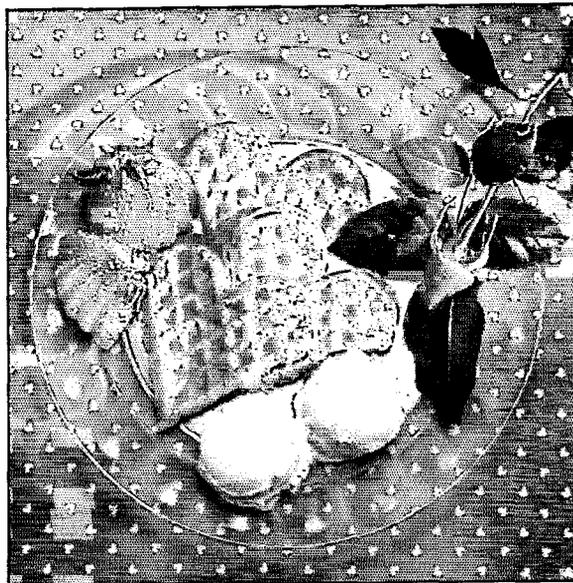
In the quiet of the study, Edsel Ford's personal room has remained very much as he left it forty years ago. Framed profiles hang along the walls and on tabletops, silent faces trapped forever beneath dusty glass. But from far down the hall, where the kitchens are, the smell of fresh-baked goods and the sound of a cook's laughter steal into the room.

The ribs of the house work with the breath of everyday life as they always did, and that is the enduring legacy of the house on Gaulkler Pointe. ♦



## Feeding the Flame of Love

Whether telling the family they're special,  
or courting that certain Someone,  
when food is the medium — the message is clear.



Cooking is like love. It's something that you give to others — something that is a part of you. It's a unique gift that combines your individual imagination, your personality, your thoughts and your inspiration into a memorable eating experience delivered with love.

Food, its preparation and presentation, can communicate love, regardless of what type of love you want to show. Whether affectionate love for your family, or romantic love for someone special, the message is the medium. Food can satiate all hungers — physical, figurative and even emotional. It is what you serve and how you serve it that delivers the message. For Valentine's Day, or any other day (it's always nice to celebrate one another) — heed these hints for delivering a meal with love.

### NURTURING A FAMILY

It might be breakfast for the kids. Try heart-shaped pancakes or waffles served with ice cream and strawberries. Accompany with a glass of fresh orange juice accented with a slice of lime and all this should be complemented with some sweetheart roses. What a way to start the day! It says "I love you" in the nicest way.

Is family not just as precious as friends?

Atmosphere is to a room what personality is to an individual. Using candles, flowers, music, and special garnish as part of family meals says

something about the way you feel toward your family. A serene setting encourages conversation and nurtures communications.

Meals like Crown Roast of Pork with apricot stuffing set before your own "royal" family

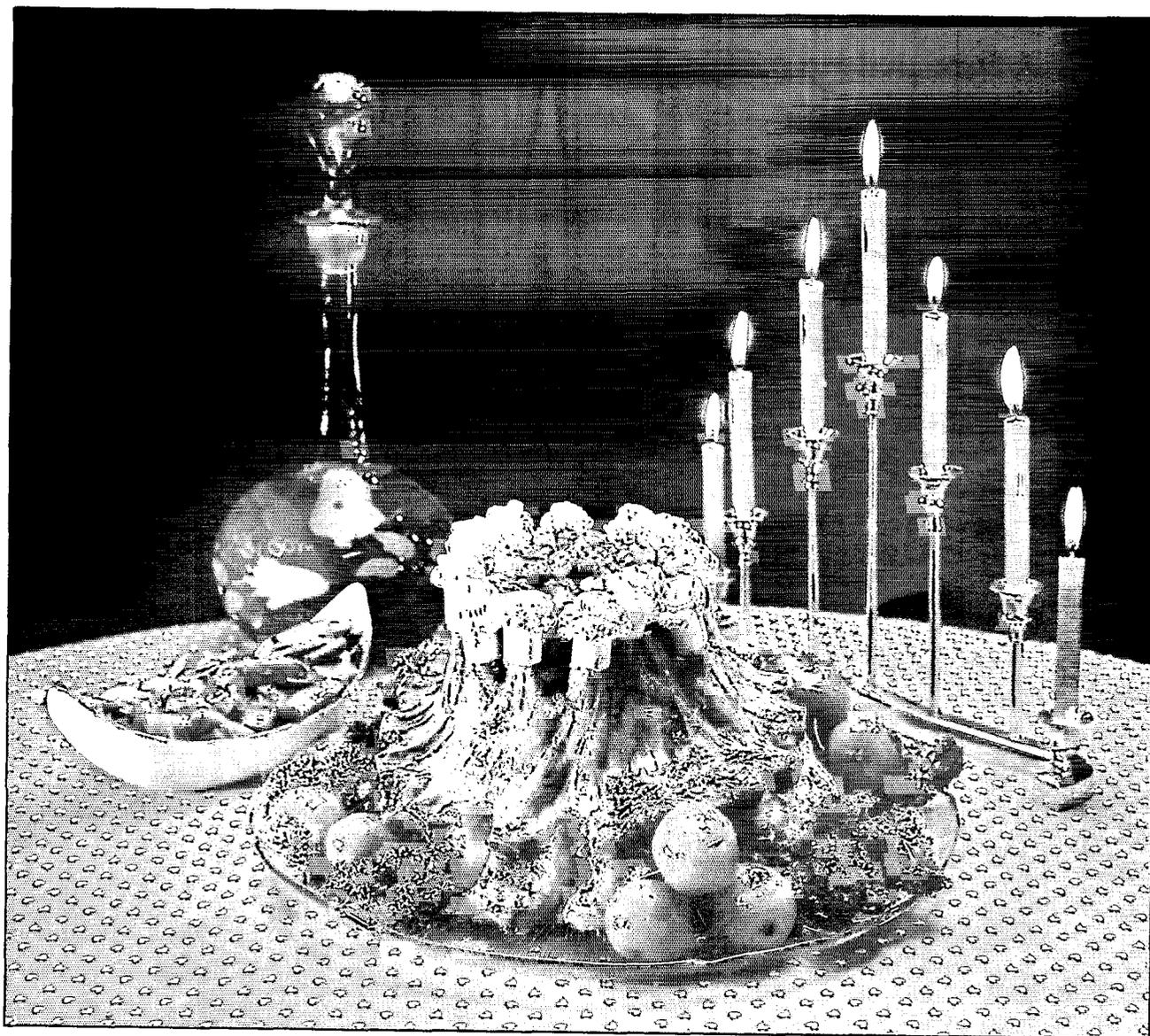
with garnish and Italian green beans are simple, yet elegant fare that show you care.

Don't overlook the garnish — it is to food what accessories are to fashion. Just as you carefully select your jewelry, belt, tie and shoes to complement an outfit, so should you remember to add flair to your food with the right touch of seasoning and some garnish for color.

### FEEDING THE FLAME OF ROMANCE

The goddess of love, the mighty

◆ PHOTOS BY DAVID FRANKLIN



Aphrodite, is symbolized by food — a beautiful golden apple.

Combining good food and sultry atmosphere coaxes the body into a comfortable mood while lowering the defenses.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is an old saw, but one I know for a fact to be true. My husband proposed upon discovering that I knew how to cook.

If romance is the watchword for the evening, take time to properly plan both the menu and the mood. Soft lighting, sensual aromas (provided not only by the food, but by

fragrant candles, musky scents and fresh flowers), soothing music, and soft fabrics can set the right tone.

Certain foods are believed to affect feelings and vitality, as well as creativity and sensuality, by virtue of their chemical properties. Whether the changes wrought are truly physical, or simply psychologically inspired, the legends told about many "special" food are numerous.

Should your dinner partner be stressed, select from the calming food list to create your menu. To stimulate, choose from the other list. Use a

centerpiece of temptation — one perfect, well-polished, irresistible, juicy apple.

To inspire romantic encounters, nibble foods are unsurpassed. Start the meal with food that can be fed to one another, foods that inspire touching and fingers-to-lips-encounters of the very best kind.

Finger foods put one in the mood to nibble. Next course? Oysters in champagne sauce, an age-old, popularly acclaimed aphrodisiac (sensual to the eye as well as to the palate) to set the stage for whatever might



### Stimulants

nutmeg  
 garlic  
 peppermint  
 carrots (for women)  
 kola nuts  
 aged cheese  
 chicken  
 oysters  
 shellfish  
 paprika  
 chocolate

follow.

Equally sensuous is the simplicity of lightly dressed foods, *not* those smothered with heavy sauces which leave dining partners feeling weighty and lethargic. Chicken breasts (or thighs) poached in wine and served atop a scallion rice bed, accompanied by herb love apples and sleek limp leaf spinach, all served with champagne, is a commendably romantic main course.

Dessert begins with chocolate-covered strawberries or melt-in-your-mouth mints, and continues...

After a perfect meal we are more susceptible to the siren-song of love than, most probably, at any other time. In order to enjoy it all fully, prepare well and serve proper dressing.

### Relaxants

cardamom  
 anise  
 hops  
 potatoes  
 carrots (for men)  
 bananas  
 mangoes  
 processed cheese  
 eggs  
 milk  
 turkey

Recipes on page 81.

# AH, APRES SKI!

Settle in for some warm winter repast  
and the retelling of some hearty Grosse Pointe ski tales.

## It's your last run of the day.

The chair lift gently lurches its way to the top of the snow-shrouded hill. As you pass through the flat light of late afternoon, a few random flakes flutter by, while darkening northern skies promise new snow by morning.

Your skis graze snow and you stand, glide down the ramp, make a quick turn, then stop at the top of the slope.

There you linger until the shouts and shrieks of fellow skiers have faded and you are alone with the snow and the wind. You absorb the scenery and the silence, then muster your energy, push off and flow down the slope.

At the bottom of the hill you feel relaxed and exhilarated, pleasantly tired and hungry. It's time to pack up your gear and head for a warm fire and hot drink. It's also time to enjoy food and friends...the easy give-and-take of the après-ski conversation while sharing a satisfying meal.

Charity Suczek, Grosse Pointe's grande dame of the culinary arts, also understands schussing, slaloms, snowplows and christies, for she has skied for almost all of her nearly eighty years. She learned to ski in the Austrian Alps and continued to enjoy the sport long after coming to America.

HERITAGE enlisted her expertise in both food and ski in planning a menu for a ski outing. Compiling the delightful dinner recipes found at the end of this article helped Madame Suczek also conjure up entertaining memories of Michigan skiing in its earlier days. Reminiscences which include these memories of the founding of the Vanderbilt Ski Club by Grosse Pointers:

Vanderbilt is a small town just north of Gaylord. In

the years before World War II, a group of sportsmen from Grosse Pointe often visited the town to fish the streams which meandered through the surrounding countryside. One area was particularly appealing to the group, besides the orchard which sprawled across a large ridge of land.

Some of the sportsmen, including Don McClouth of the steel company bearing the same name, along with

Michael Murphy, David Wallace, Alvin McCauley, Langdon Hubbard and George Saunders, decided to develop the property. And so the Vanderbilt Ski Club, one of the first such clubs in the Lower Peninsula, was founded in 1937.

David Wallace, who was President of Chrysler Division, engineered the club's rope tow system. Using a Chrysler engine and transmission, Wallace designed one tow to pull skiers up the steep side of the ridge, and a second to pull them along the ridgeback to its highest point.

To today's skiers this system may seem primitive, but it was hi-tech back then. Before the early 1930's, ski lifts of any kind were unknown, even in Europe, the birthplace of skiing. The only way to reach hilltops was to herringbone up.

Very few of those original Vanderbilt club members

knew how to ski. Most simply strapped on their wooden "boards" and went to it, leaving their sitzmarks behind them.

That original ski trail followed the ridgeback for a long distance, then turned down into the steep side-portion of the ridge, taking skiers through the orchard. "That got very

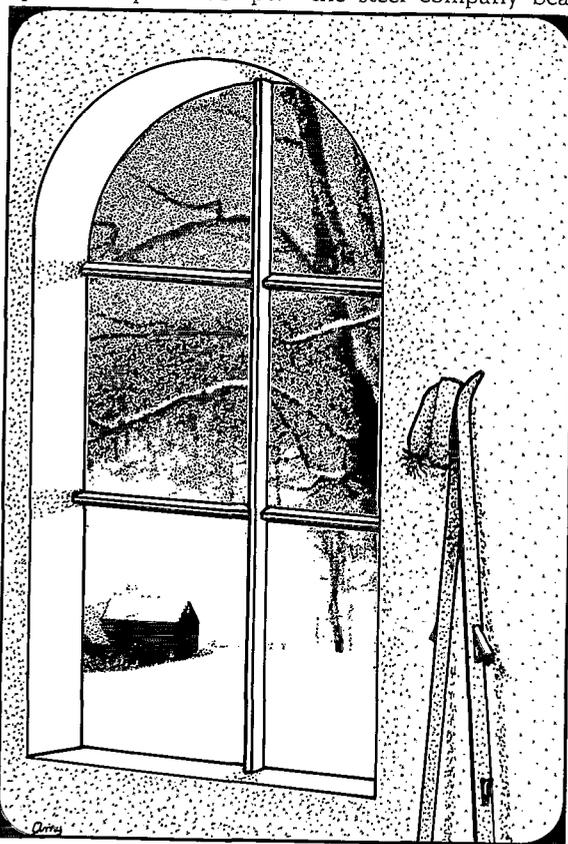


ILLUSTRATION BY AMY HARRIS

## FOOD

interesting," recently remarked early Vanderbilt member Ledyard Mitchell.

Mr. Mitchell also recalls a tar-paper shack at the intersection of the two rope tows. In that warming hut members thawed out with hot drinks often containing potent spirits. In fact, that hut often stayed open long after the rope tows closed for the day.

Some things never change.

Membership was by invitation only in those early years. The club's popularity rapidly grew among Grosse Pointers, until there were so many making the trip north that Michigan Central added a special ski train to its schedule. The train left Detroit late in the evening, travelled through the night and arrived at the Vanderbilt station in the very early morning.

Horse-drawn sleds met club members at the station. Torches lit their way through the snow-covered streets while the sound of the sleigh bells cut through the crisp winter air.

Hotels and motels in the area were practically nonexistent, so some club members lodged in private homes, while others stayed at Marge Campbell's boarding house. Accommodations were far from luxurious and often crowded, but members recall the excellent food and camaraderie with affection.

The Vanderbilt Ski Club thrived in its original form and location for a number of years, but its growth eventually spurred change. Some members grew dissatisfied with the number and the length of the runs as well as with their condition; poor placement caused them to be frequently wind-swept and icy.

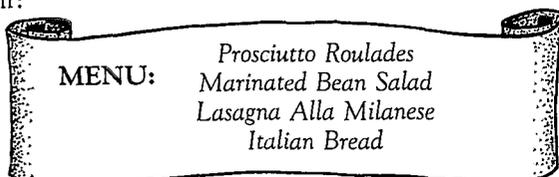
The Gaylord Chamber of Commerce invited the club to move facilities closer to that city. One group broke from the original club to do so, establishing the Otsego Ski Club in 1940 or 1941. Many families, still feeling loyalty and affection for the old club, maintained membership in both.

Charity's fond recollections of those early skiing days include good food and conversation shared with family and friends.

Days filled with sun, snow, fresh air and vigorous exercise that stimulated the appetite, ended with formal candlelit dinners at the Otsego Ski Club (although it was here that she was first introduced to that American classic — the sloppy Joe).

For your own ski outing with friends, Madame Suczek suggests preparing a casserole, ragout, goulash, cassoulet or stew at home ahead of time. These dishes all reheat well, so you'll spend less time in the kitchen and more time relaxing in front of the fire with friends.

The following recipes from Madame Suczek offer that convenience factor and with Northern Italian flavor and flair:



### PROSCIUTTO ROULADES

1 lb. thinly sliced prosciutto  
8 to 10 oz. cream cheese  
fresh onion juice  
Worcestershire sauce  
chopped capers  
cayenne pepper  
freshly ground black pepper  
salt

Cream the softened cream cheese until fluffy. Add onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, capers, cayenne, black pepper and salt to taste. Spread this mixture evenly on the prosciutto slices and roll. Chill. Serve on a plate covered with grape leaves for garnish.



**NOTE:** Choose prosciutto carefully. Health regulations prohibit imported prosciutto in this country, so all prosciutto sold here is domestic. Some is of excellent quality; some is inferior. Forcing the aging process by freezing the ham, extracting the moisture and then thawing it produces a leathery, salty product. Make sure the meat has been cured and aged naturally for more than a year. It should be mildly salty, tasty and soft in texture. If you are concerned about ingesting preservatives, Danielle is a company that produces additive-free prosciutto.

Serves 8

### MARINATED BEAN SALAD

2 cans garbanzo beans or chickpeas  
5 scallions, minced  
2 four oz. jars chopped pimientos  
½ c chopped Italian pimientos  
½ c wine vinegar or herb vinegar  
½ c olive oil  
freshly ground black pepper  
salt

Drain and rinse the garbanzos with water and a little lemon juice. Drain again. In a large mixing bowl combine the garbanzos with the scallions, pimientos, parsley, vinegar, oil, pepper and salt. Stir gently to mix well. Cover

the bowl and let mixture stand for a few hours to allow flavors to blend. Refrigerate.

**NOTE:** Lentils or navy beans can be substituted for the garbanzos. You can also use dry beans which you have soaked, then boiled until tender.

Serves 8

◆◆◆  
**LASAGNA ALLA MILANESE**

- 2 T oil
- 2 T butter
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1 medium carrot, finely chopped
- 1 stalk celery, finely chopped
- ¼ c ham or lean bacon, finely chopped
- ½ c dry white wine
- 1 lb. ground round of beef
- salt
- freshly ground pepper
- 1/8 t nutmeg
- 4 T tomato fondu or tomato paste
- 1½ c good veal or beef stock
- ½ lb. mushrooms, sliced
- 2 T heavy cream
- 2 c Bechamel sauce
- 12 wide lasagna noodles
- oil to grease baking dish
- 2 c freshly grated imported Parmesan or Romano cheese
- 3 T butter

Preheat oven to 350°. In a medium saucepan heat 1 tablespoon of the oil and 1 tablespoon of the butter. Add the onion, carrot and celery and cook over low heat until the vegetables are tender, but not browned. Add the ham or bacon and cook another 3 or 4 minutes. Add the wine and cook until almost reduced. Add the beef, salt, pepper and nutmeg, and continue cooking for about 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Add the tomato fondu or tomato paste dissolved in a little water. Add stock. Taste and cor-

rect seasoning. Cover and simmer 45 minutes. In a separate pan sauté the mushrooms in the remaining oil and butter until they are wilted. Add to the meat with the cream at the end of the 45 minutes.

While the meat is simmering, prepare the Bechamel. In a large pot bring 6 quarts of water to boil. Add 3 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon oil and the noodles. Bring to a boil and cook the noodles for 12-14 minutes or until "al dente." Fresh noodles cook more quickly and will take 5-6 minutes. Drain the noodles and place on a towel.

Oil a 9 x 13-inch baking dish and place 4 lasagna noodles overlapping on the bottom. Cover with half of the meat sauce, 2/3 cup of the Bechamel and 2/3 cup Parmesan. Make another layer of noodles, meat, Bechamel and Parmesan. Top with the remaining noodles, Bechamel and Parmesan. Dot with butter and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake until heated through and lightly browned. The dish may be prepared ahead of time and refrigerated. Bring to room temperature before baking.

**BECHAMEL**

- 4 T butter
- 4 T flour
- 2 c hot milk
- salt
- freshly ground white pepper
- for special flavor add ½ bay leaf, mushroom bits or parsley
- ½ T additional butter

In a heavy saucepan melt the butter, stir in the flour and cook gently for 3 minutes. Do not let the flour brown. Add the milk and continue cooking over low heat until the sauce coats a spoon. Correct the seasoning. Add ½ tablespoon butter. Makes 2 cups.

Serves 8

Sandra Lanese is an Ann Arbor-based freelance writer and photographer whose cooking specialties are Italian and vegetarian fare.

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## Walking the Time Line

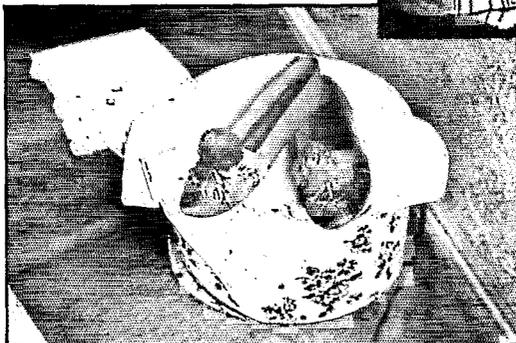
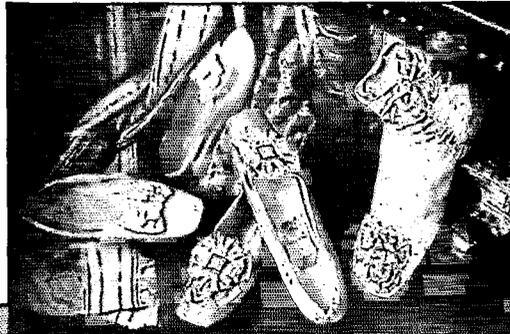
Whether living in the last century or today, Grosse Pointers have always placed their most fashionable foot forward.

Whether walking, running, or dancing, the average American takes over 5,000 steps each and every day. That figure was most certainly far greater prior to the advent of the automobile, the escalator and the elevator. Mercury, messenger of the gods, had wings on his feet — mere mortals are confined to shoes.

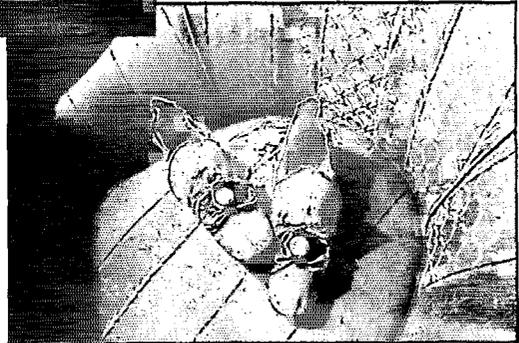
The primary purpose of footwear is to protect one's feet — from the less hospitable elements, from contact with rough surfaces. Properly designed and fitted footwear will enhance both posture and health, and can make the difference between a smile and a frown at the end of a workday. If those were the only criteria one considered when choosing footwear, how simple a shoe salesman's life could be.

Consider vanity. Just as Mercury's social standing was vastly improved by the wings upon his feet, so we project upon a simple shoe our needs and fantasies. A shoe becomes much more than an enclosure for the foot, and purpose becomes secondary to fashion.

King Louis XIV of France recognized the significance of costume with the observation that "fashion is the mirror of history." As historic document, the study of costume is a relatively recent discipline. Because costume is one of the most ephemeral of man-made artifacts, it is as responsive to, and reflective of, cultural currents as other art forms. It also comprises the most comprehensive collection of the Detroit Historical Museum.

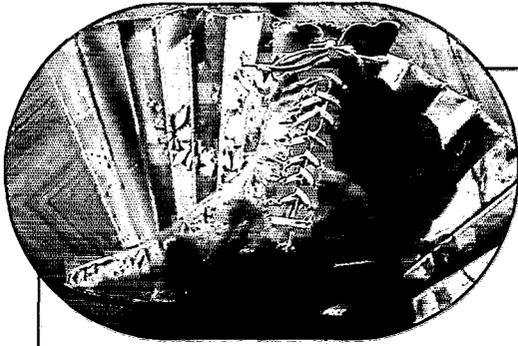


Left: Red kid bedroom slippers belonging to the mother of Mrs. Orison S. White, c. 1900.

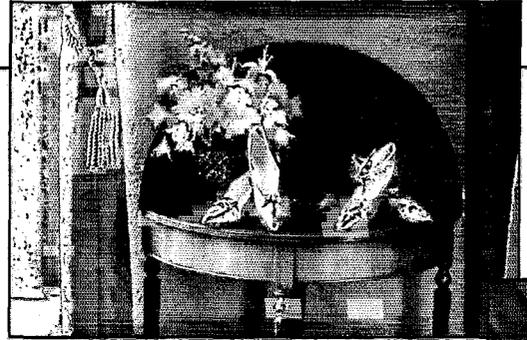


Right: Pink leather slippers with silver buckles, belonging to Mrs. John S. Newberry, c. late 1860s.

Center (from left): White kid shoes, associated with the Witherell family, c. 1855; white slippers belonging to Mrs. John S. Newberry, c. 1850; single shoe, a white satin boot with rosette at toe, owner unknown, c. 1860s.



Blue kid lace-up boot, worn by Mrs. Carl Bonning, c. 1871.

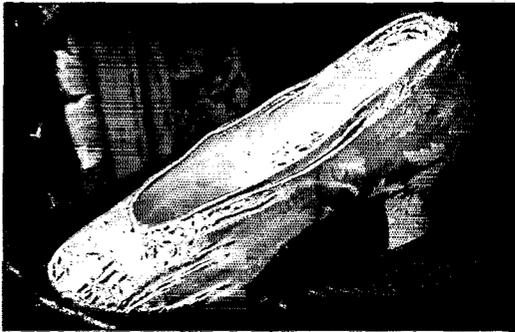


Top: Gold kid pumps, c. 1920.

Right: Gold pumps with silver and gold braided vamp strap, embroidered and painted flowers at toe, worn by Mrs. Harry Norton Torrey, c. mid-1920s.



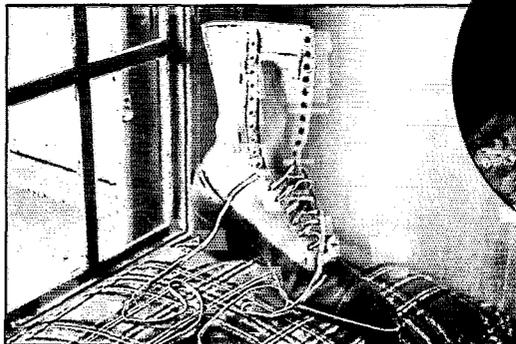
Below: Cream brocade pumps, wedding shoes of Mrs. J.V. Moran, c. 1880.



HERITAGE, in many of its Style segments, will attempt to rediscover Grosse Pointe's past through the extensive collection of clothing items maintained by the Museum. We contacted the Fashion Resource Center, a library of costume reference materials created by the Detroit Historical Society in cooperation with the Detroit Historical Museum, which opened in October of 1983.

On the pages of this Style segment, you will find shoes worn by Grosse Pointers as early as 1850. We were struck, particularly, by the preponderance of sporting shoes in the collection; and it reminded us, once again, of the early resort nature of Grosse Pointe. It is no coincidence that we have a strong collective affection for the out-of-doors; from its settlement as a farming community through its adoption by the wealthy as a fashionable resort center, Grosse Pointe has always been a haven for nature lovers.

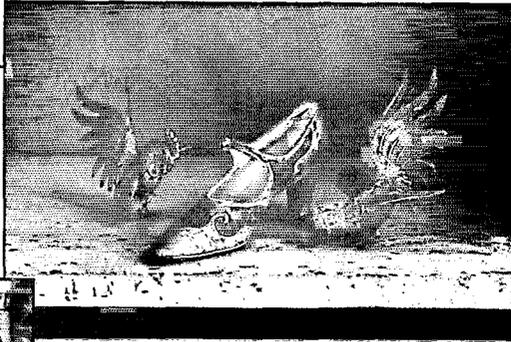
The shoes which appear here are only a small sampling of what was made available to us by the



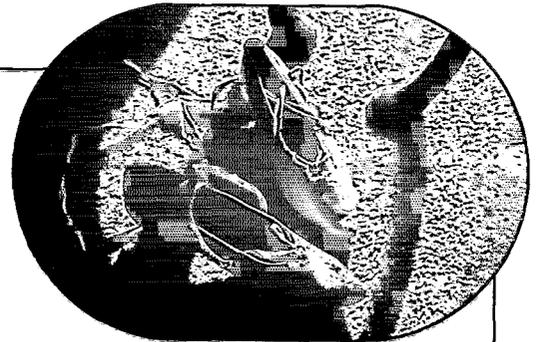
Left: High-laced shoe, brown calf lower, tan suede upper, belonged to Mrs. Jacob Bastendorff, c. 1919.



Left: White kid pump decorated with iridescent beads, a gift of Mrs. Gilmore Scranton, c. 1900.



Above: Silver leather pumps with metallic brocade insets, worn by Miss Marie Louise Anderson, c. 1924.



Red kid dancing pumps worn by Mrs. Hugo Scherer with masquerade costume, c. 1890s.



Fashion Resource Center. Practical considerations required that we limit our selections to the most attractive, the most representative, the most unusual and the most historic.

The setting for the photography of the shoes was the historic Oscar Webber residence in Grosse Pointe Shores. Designed in 1917-18 by Leonard B. Willeke, the residence is one of the finest remaining homes of Willeke design. Willeke also designed residences for Edsel Ford, Mrs. William Clay and others. In 1918 he was commissioned by Henry Ford to design a large residential suburb known as Fordson Village. A pleasant town with an attractive civic center and broad winding residential boulevards, the Village never materialized because the depression of 1920 forced Mr. Ford to scrap the project.

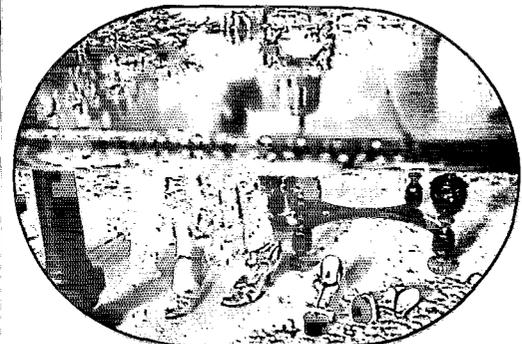
Willeke returned to residential design in 1920. The Grosse Pointes, Palmer Woods, and several areas of Detroit feature fine homes created on his drawing board.

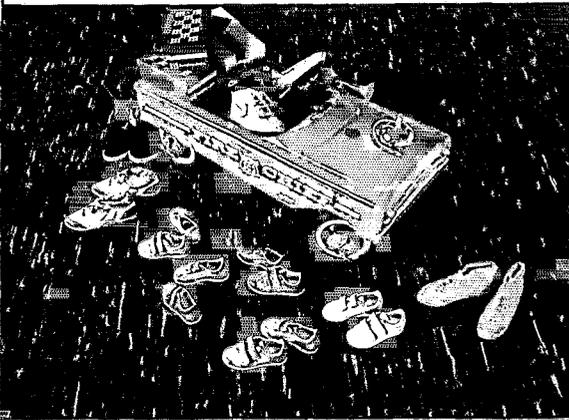
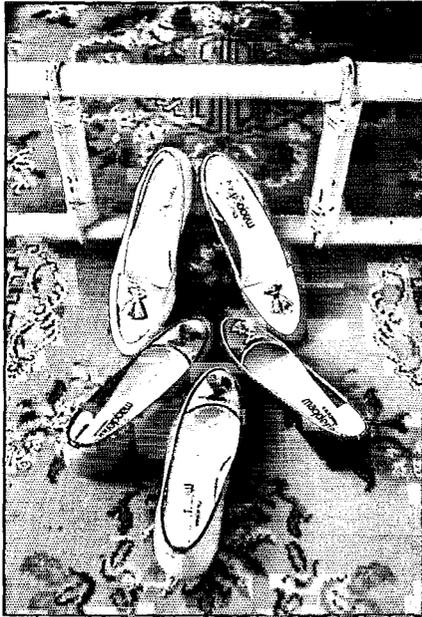
Below: White suede tennis shoes worn by Helen Newberry Joy, c. 1919.



Near right: White suede gilly sport shoes worn by Stella Schlotman, mid-1930s.

Far right: Gold and silver evening shoes; black faille and silver satin evening shoes; both worn by Mrs. Stella Schlotman, mid-1930s.





Clockwise from upper left: Colorful Magdesians, piped or unpiped, to coordinate with skirts and slacks. Available at Village Shoes.

Real traffic stoppers for kids — Nike's "Vandal," Ciao's "Dash," and Jumping Jack's "Bouncer" — all in brilliant colors. Jacobson's.

Certainly the most traditional shoes of the Pointes are these Sebago loafers. Village Shoes.

Following the historic selection, we have included a number of current styles popular in the Pointes. It is interesting to note that today's shoes appear far more comfortable than yesterday's; the painful pointed toes have given way to a more graceful rounded toe. In the days when the primary mode of transportation was walking or riding, however, and in the times when roads were endless muddy ruts, those high-top shoes of sturdy leather were as practical as they could be while remaining stylish. The excellence of the leather is obvious, even from an eighty-year perspective. Grosse Pointers still value quality leather, and very few closets could be inspected today without turning up the beloved loafers and leather moccasins of the Eighties.

Children's shoes are whimsical today. They walk on carpeted floors and travel in autos to church, so we favor sport shoes for them. Our way of life is casual, and what is more practical for biking and jogging than a great pair of sneakers? Laces often give way to velcro closures, and the colors are always snappy.

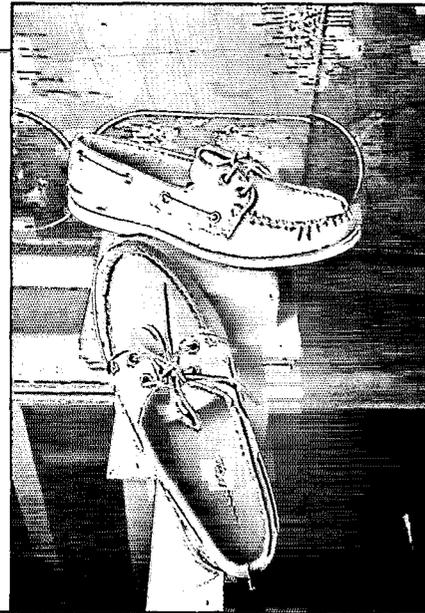
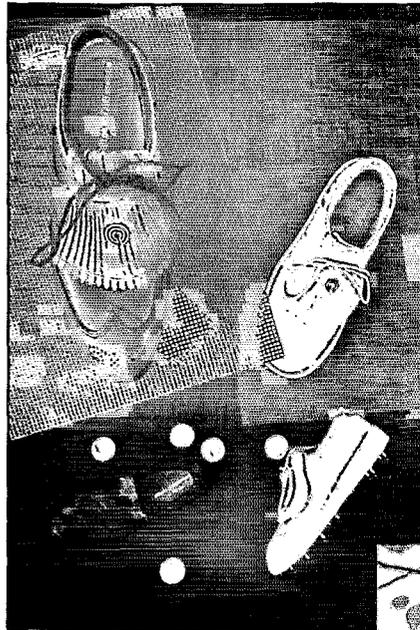
Ladies' shoes have more utility and style than their counterparts of yesterday. High heels come and go for dress fashion, and our favorite "flats" are about as far away from the lace-up high-top as we might get.

The Detroit Historical Society, in cooperation with the Detroit Historical Museum, is developing a major gallery for the exhibition of the Museum's superlative 60,000-item costume collection. As one of the nation's largest and most significant collections of garments and accessories, it contains the clothing of men, women and children representing all social strata from 1800 to present.

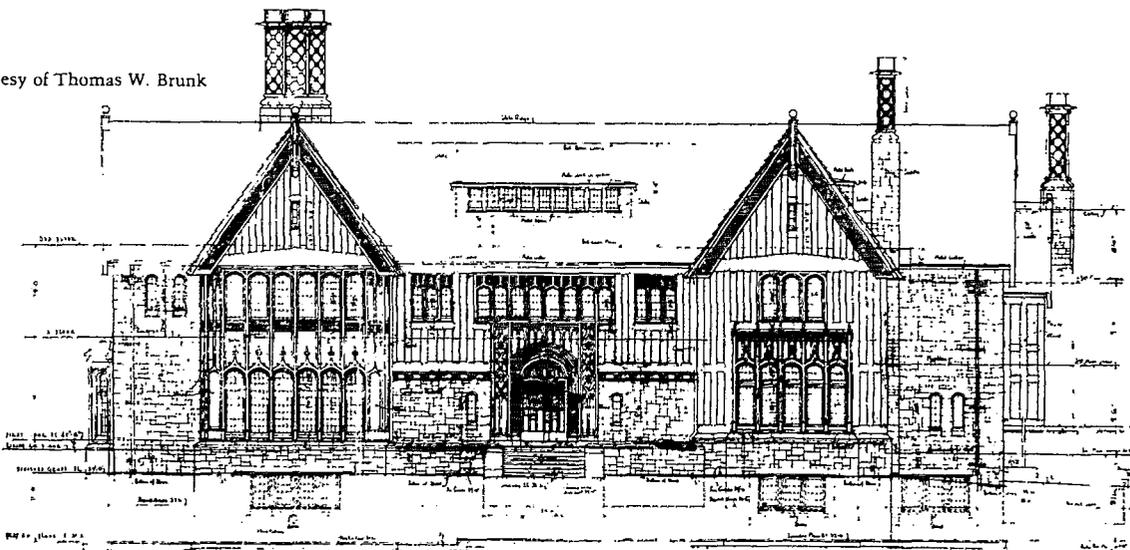
Clockwise from upper left: Reminiscent of the Thirties, these Etonic golf shoes with gilly are available for men or women at Village Shoes.

"All hands on deck" is the call; no doubt the crew will arrive in Sperry Topsiders, from Mr. McCourt's.

For those who want to look great at the gym, a sampling of the Hang Ten exercise shoes available at The Village Shoe Inn.



courtesy of Thomas W. Brunk

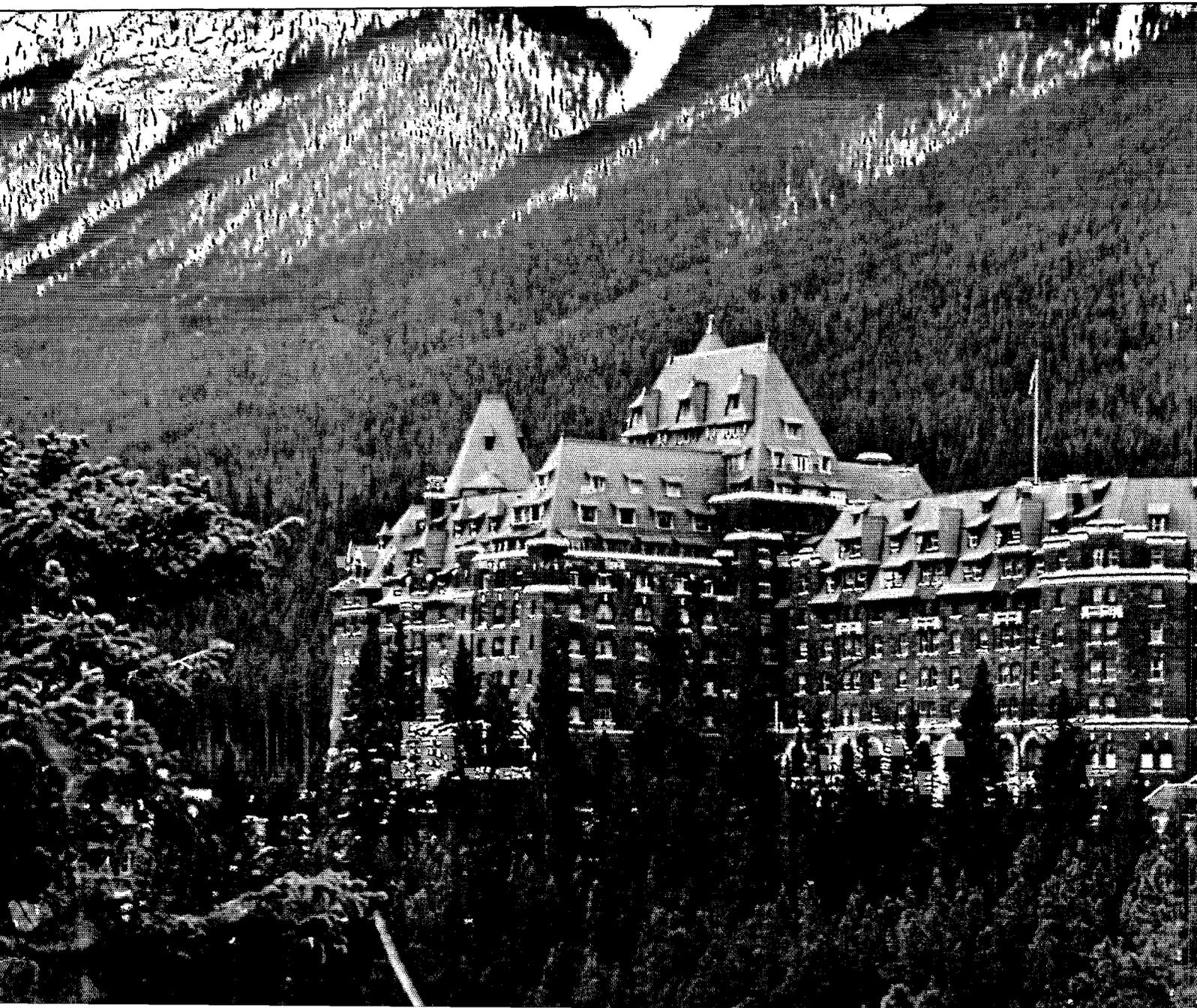


One elevation of the Albert Mazzei residence in Grosse Pointe Shores, designed by architect Leonard B. Willeke for Oscar Webber in 1916-17. Our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Mazzei for allowing us to photograph this historic shoe collection in their home.

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TRAVEL

# Diamonds in



◆ iris sanderson jones

# the Rough



The Banff Springs Hotel



Like so many jewels,  
the Canadian Pacific Railway  
long ago threaded elegant chateaus  
across the Canadian wilderness.

It is a story that began one hundred years ago, on November 7, 1885, when the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) drove the last westward spike into its transcontinental line as CPR vice-president William Van Horne began planning how to stimulate enough passenger traffic so the line would be profitable. The only coast-to-coast line in North America built and run under one management — and it was up to him to fill the seats.

There was no doubt that the Rockies and the majestic West Coast scenery would enthrall tourists, but nobody would ever travel that far unless they could rely on good accommodations and fine places to eat upon arrival. Even dining cars were too heavy to haul economically up the steep mountain slopes.

So, Van Horne built small wooden hotels on mountain and coast sites to fulfill the need. But soon a dream took form — grand hotels in picturesque settings, on sites like the glorious amphitheatre of mountains called Banff, which was a panorama CPR surveyors discovered. Or on the heights above the St. Lawrence River at Quebec City where the Sun King, Louis XIV, had built châteaux for royal representatives like Samuel de Champlain and Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, rulers of the French colony.

This improbable dream came true through the magic of American architect Bruce Price, father of etiquette queen Emily Post. Van Horne and a group of private investors commissioned him to erect a hotel on the cliff-top ruins of Château St. Louis on a perch commanding the St. Lawrence River at Quebec City. It was to be grand, luxurious and compatible with both the fortress remains and the French medieval character of the city.

Price and Van Horne often rowed out onto the river as the hotel was being constructed to make certain it towered impressively enough above the slate rooftops of the old city which lay two hundred feet below at the river's edge. The mandate was that it make European passengers gasp as they sailed up the river.



◆ Left: Château Frontenac

for more Canadian châteaux: first a railway station in chateau style and a Montreal hotel, then in 1908, the ultimate in hotels — The Empress.

The dowager queen was a shining jewel perched on the edge of Victoria, B.C. First a fur trading post, then a gold rush town, Victoria glistened at the very tip of Vancouver Island in the Pacific, and became a distant refuge for retired British colonial officials.

In an act of homage correctly afforded a queen, Canadian Pacific literally filled in the end of a harbor so The Empress could be enthroned in stone in the city's very heart. As is befitting royal visitors, a ferry line delivered guests to her very doorstep.

The Empress reigns there still, between provincial parliament buildings and old, restored streets, guarding the ferryloads of tourists from Seattle who join her afternoon

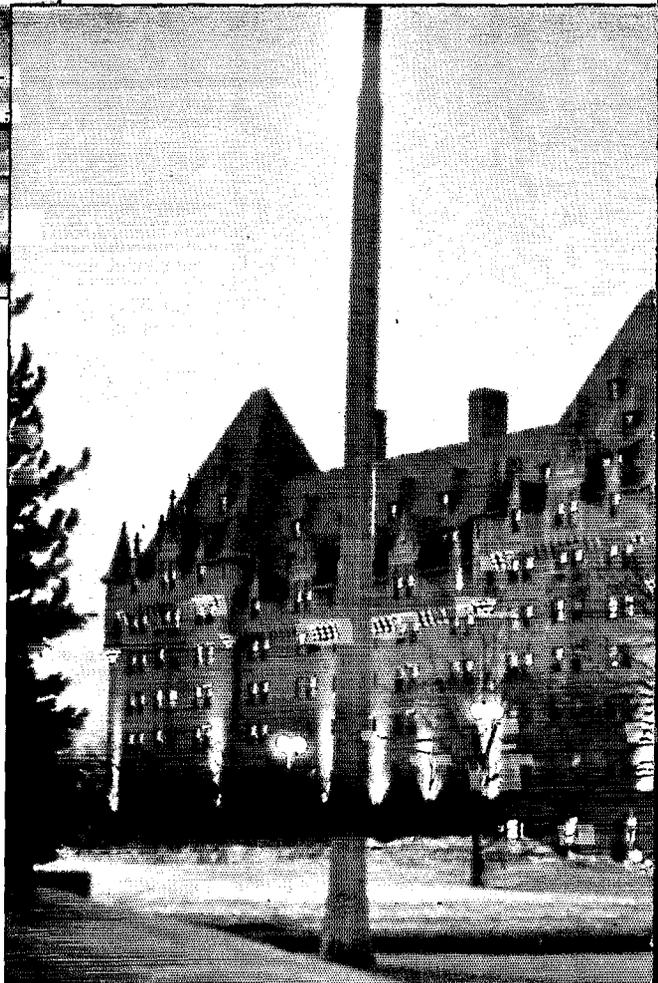


On opening night in 1893, elegant ladies and government officials met on the Château Frontenac's grand staircase, a copy of Marie Antoinette's staircase in the Petit Trianon. They stared at the luxurious blue and gold ballroom, and gasped at the one hundred seventy bedrooms — ninety-four with private baths! — furnished with French tapestries, Louis XIV dressing tables and Queen Anne beds. It was just what Canada was looking for — a touch of class in the wilderness.

The Château Frontenac Hotel was the sensation of the continent, reminiscent of the medieval royal châteaux along the Loire River, but adapted to the New World's majestic northern landscape. It is still considered an extraordinary design, with soaring stone walls and steep copper roofs dependent on broad effects rather than ornamentation.

Clearly a visionary ahead of his time, Price believed then what Frank Lloyd Wright later preached — that a building should grow organically out of its environment.

So successful was the design that it became the inspiration

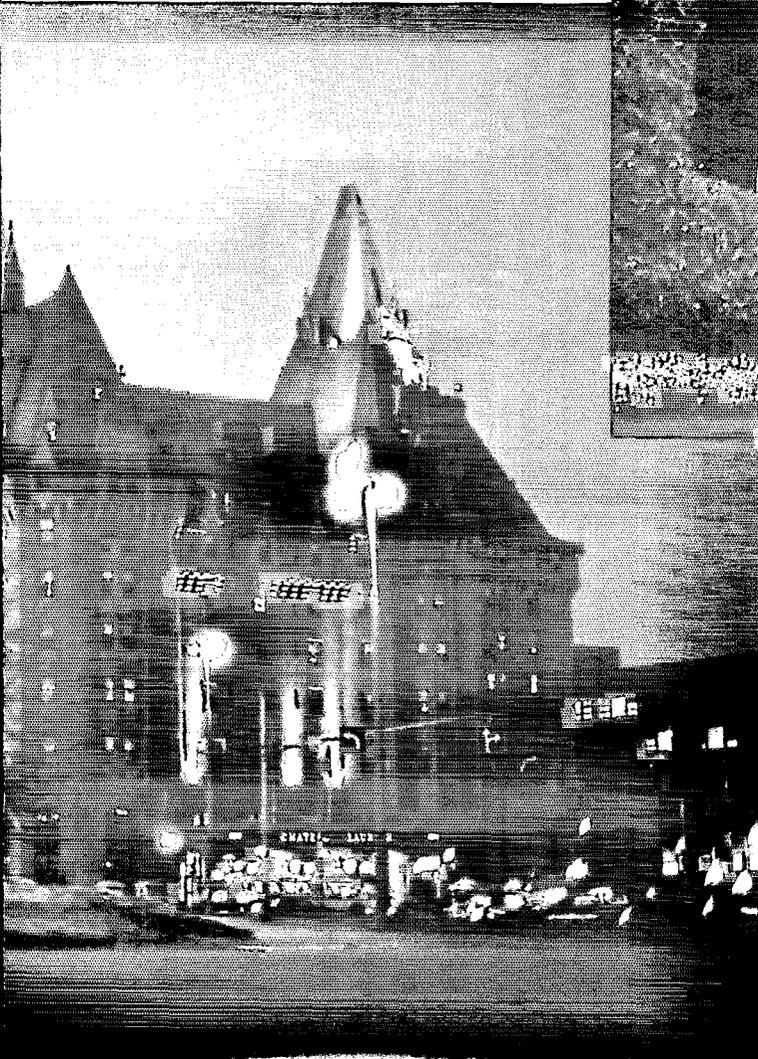


lobby tea.

The chateau style was quickly embraced as Canadian style, and part of the national identity. Chateaus were soon strung like pearls across mountains and harbors of the great, blue north.

In 1912 Grand Trunk, now Canadian National, built Chateau Laurier Hotel in the nation's capital Ottawa, so dignitaries might sit in Peacock Alley and gaze at summer boats and winter skaters in the Rideau Canal. Twentieth Century visitors often wonder if the hotel copied the parliament buildings or vice versa. It was vice versa.

Price had designed a wooden hotel at Banff long before he built Chateau Frontenac; now William Van Horne replaced that structure with a variation of the chateau that some say reminded him of the highland castles of his Scottish



Above: The Empress

Left: Chateau Laurier

◆ PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICKY JONES

## TRAVEL

homeland. The Banff Springs Hotel was ensconced in the most lush surroundings he could find, set in a panorama of rivers, trees and mountains just at the fork of the Bow and Spray rivers in Banff.

So enticing was the hotel, that it was first on the site...followed only later by the town itself, and even later by Banff National Park.

Of course, there were even more of the grand hotels: Toronto's Royal York Hotel, Hotel Vancouver, a dozen smaller prairie gems including Calgary's Pallister, Saskatoon's Bessborough, Edmonton's McDonald and Winnipeg's Fort Garry, built into the old fur trading post on which Winnipeg was founded.

The stone and copper chateau architecture became standard for apartment, office and even government buildings until the end of World War II.

Some of the old stone castles were torn down without protest, but when CP Hotels considered demolishing the Château Frontenac and The Empress, the public revolted. These were traditions. Citizens of Quebec, after all, skate and toboggan in the shadow of the chateau, and in the summer picnic on its lawn. Generations of Victorians had learned to use finger bowls and enjoy high tea in The Empress's lobby.

The company made the prudent decision to mount a public relations campaign designed to reassure the public. The Empress' renovation was officially dubbed Operation Tea Cup and high tea continued to be served in the lobby, renovation ladders be damned!

Today, those visiting the Hotel Frontenac, which rises in a smooth sheer of stone, brick and angled copper rooftops in the cliffs above Quebec City, can choose between its piano bar and disco. In the Empress, the choice is high tea in the lobby or martinis in the lounge overlooking the Pacific Ocean in Victoria.

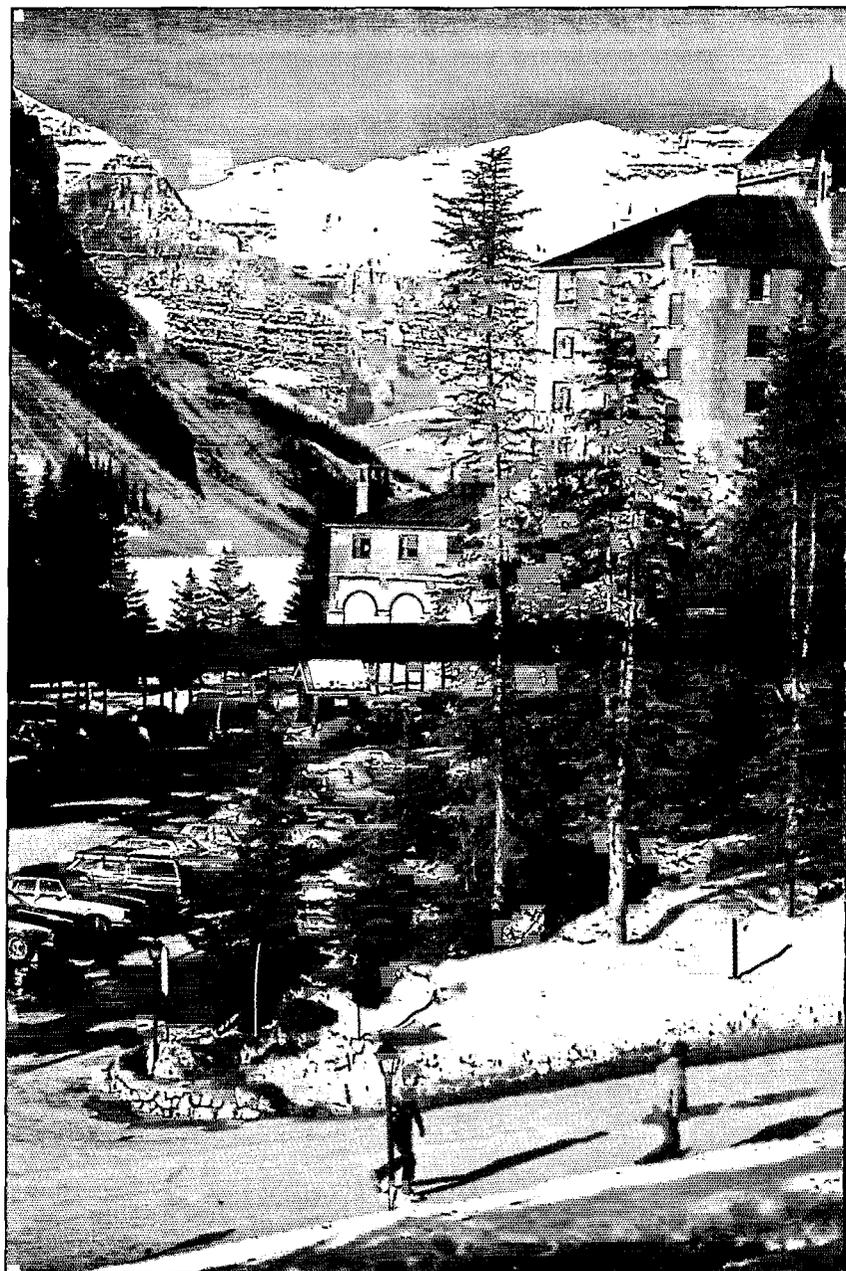
The chateau hotels live, both literally and figuratively, in the heart

of Canadian cities. Often, as with Banff Springs Hotel, the city grew up because of the hotel. Centrally located now, rent is expensive, but not as costly as the newest glass and steel structures catering to the most recent form of aristocracy — those on company expense accounts.

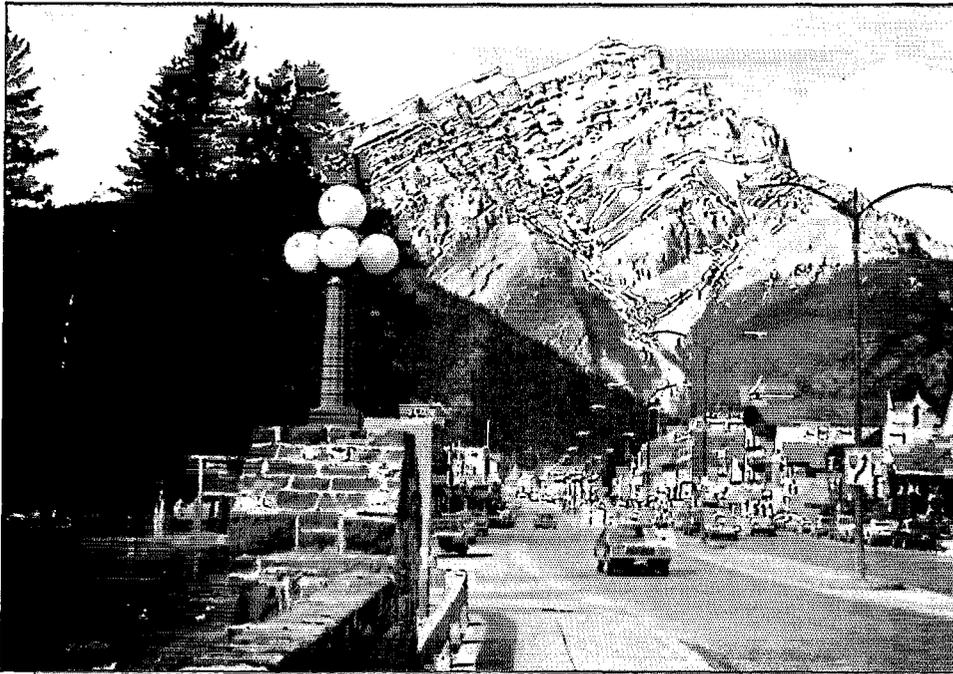
The chateaus exist as strong evidence that good taste continues to flourish: business, vacation and convention travelers still throng to their stately marble lobbies under crystal chandeliers, continuing to pay homage to the grand style of a gentler era. ♦



Two breathtaking views of Château Lake Louise.







◆ At left: A Banff street scene.

Opposite page: Parliament buildings at night.

## How to Get There From Here

Canadian Pacific owns sixteen hotels in Canada and several overseas. I have visited them in places as diverse as Tiberias, Israel, and Curaçao in the Caribbean. The hotels in Canada range from historic châteaux to typical airport hotels, to Montreal's contemporary, high-rise Le Château Champlain. There is a gabled old mansion called The Algonquin in St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick, and the huge log cabin hotel Le Château Montebello — which we explored in the December/January *HERITAGE* — in Montebello, Quebec.

They also include small hotels still found in some prairie cities, and the Hotel Vancouver in British Columbia. The hotel with the most historic interest, however, is the Château Laurier in Ottawa. Château Laurier's rates are approximately \$130 (Canadian) during the week and from \$65-\$105 on weekends, through April, with rates going up only slightly in season. Suites range from \$200-\$500.

(Unless otherwise noted, rates are in Canadian dollars. Check for present exchange rates; they typically have been around thirty percent recently, making a \$100 room cost \$66 in U.S. money.)

### THE EMPRESS, 721 Government St., Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, V8W 1W5.

The sign buried in the flower bed reads: "Hasten Ye Back to the Empress." That's what Victoria, B.C. is all about: flowers and a little bit of Old World charm.

From rooms high above the gardens, you can see double-decker busses winding along the waterfront. Seattle ferry's approach is indicated by a flurry of seagulls.

The traditional high tea in the lobby a few years ago

was replaced by lines of barefoot tourists, but after a few Victorian ancestors turned over in their graves, the hotel re-established three sittings with reservations and a minimal dress code. Jeans are acceptable, worn with shirts and shoes, but most prefer to dress up a bit.

Historically, The Empress was not a favorite of the young, but things are changing. The Bengal Lounge is a local hangout for government and business lunches. Contemporary haircuts and suits now mix with grey heads in the elegant little library bar and the classic French dining room. And the hotels *always* keep up with trends. In the Seventies, for example, when it was all the rage, a seventy-year-old streaker whizzed through the bar at cocktail time.

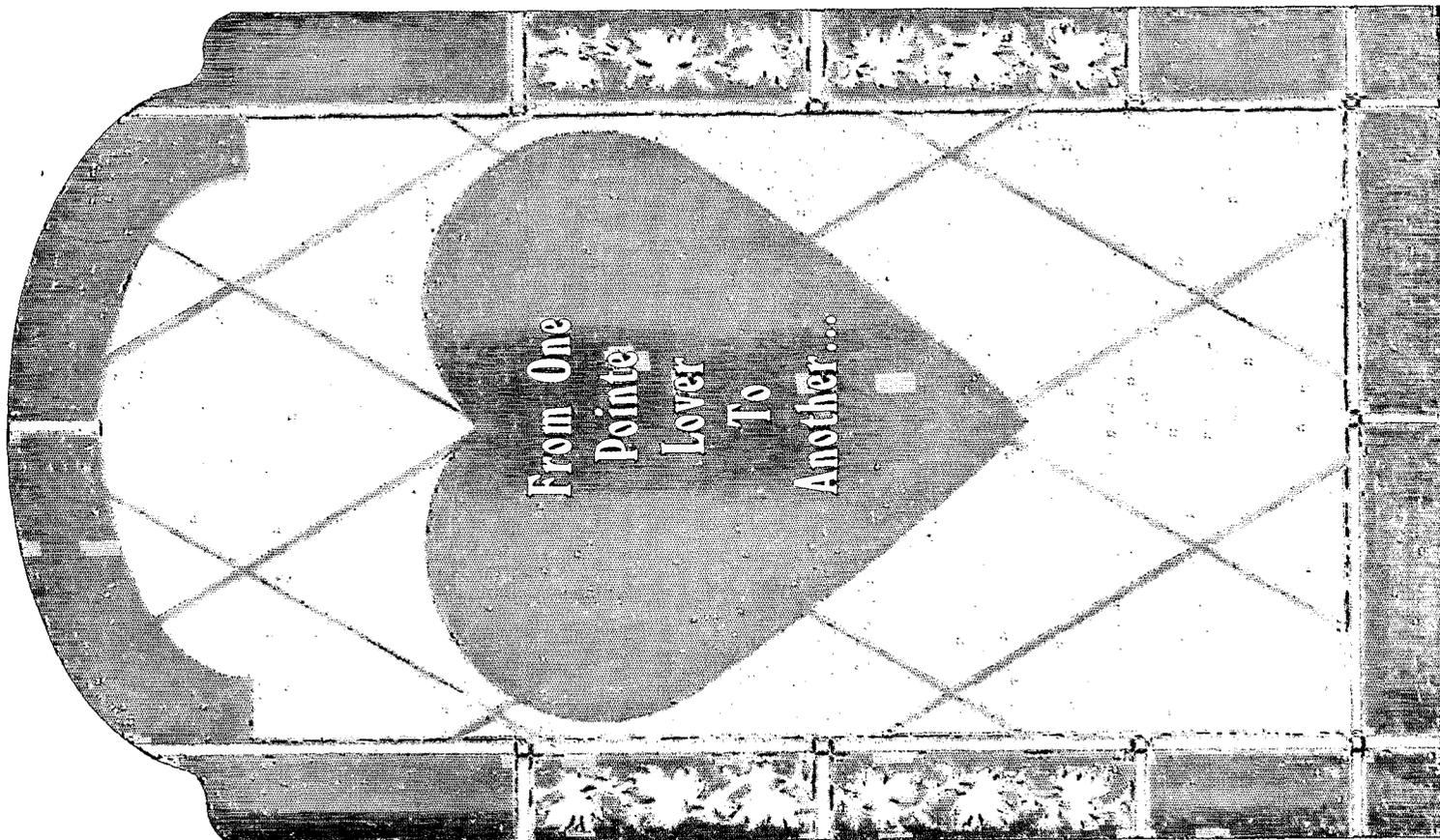
Although sizes vary, all rooms are tastefully furnished. Rates for two are \$73-\$110 Canadian through April 30; \$100-\$135 May 1 through October 14; \$77-\$115 October 15 to December 30. Suite prices presently range from \$94-\$300, depending on size and season.

The 1985 Empress Celebration Package, available through April 30, is quoted in U.S. dollars: \$40.75 plus tax per person, per night, double occupancy for two nights, including breakfasts, dinner and a town tour.

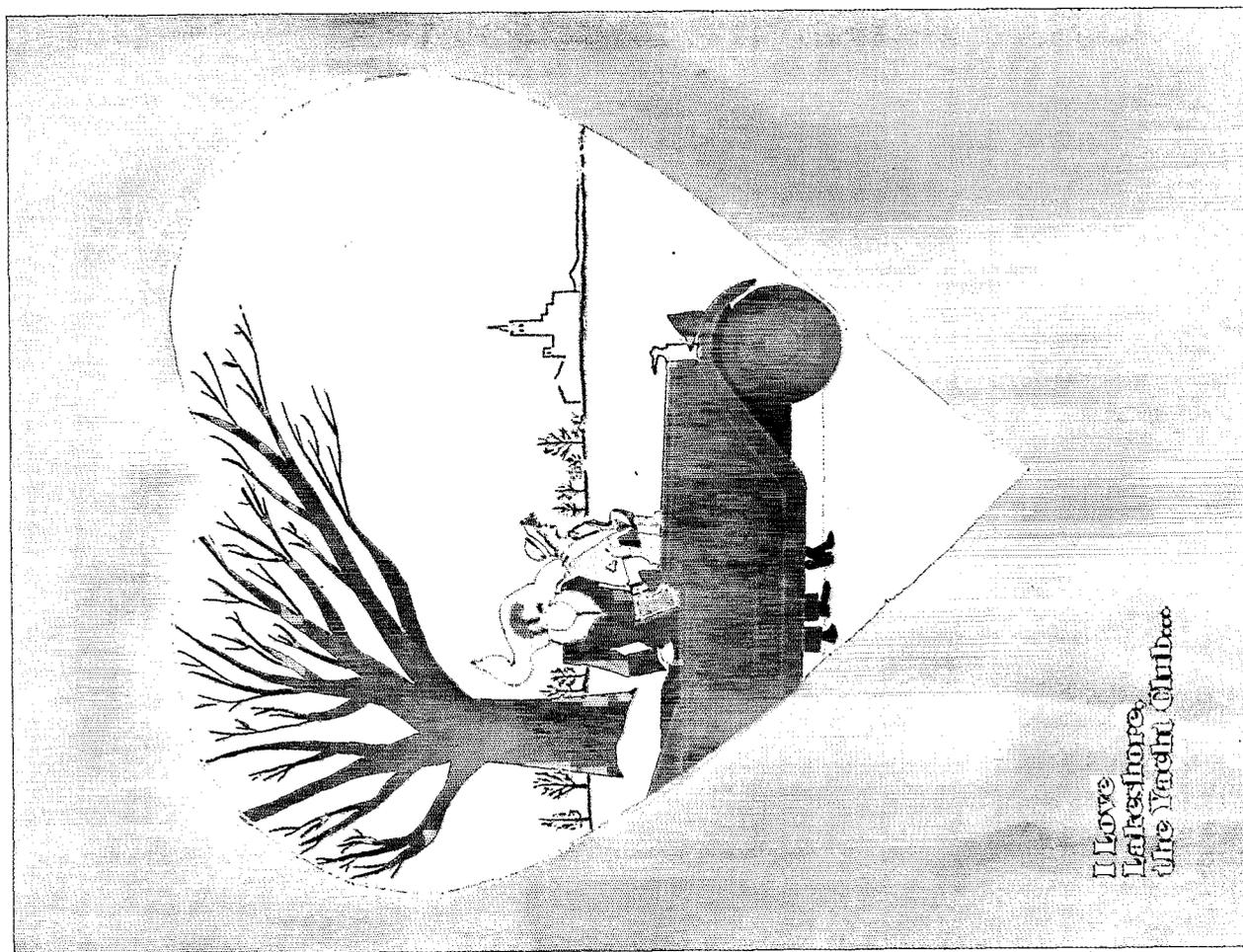
Off-season travel is the key to Banff. Skiing is available November to May but most skiers prefer Christmas through mid-April. Everything you could possibly want in a mountain vacation is here spring and fall, except the crowds — and the in-season prices.

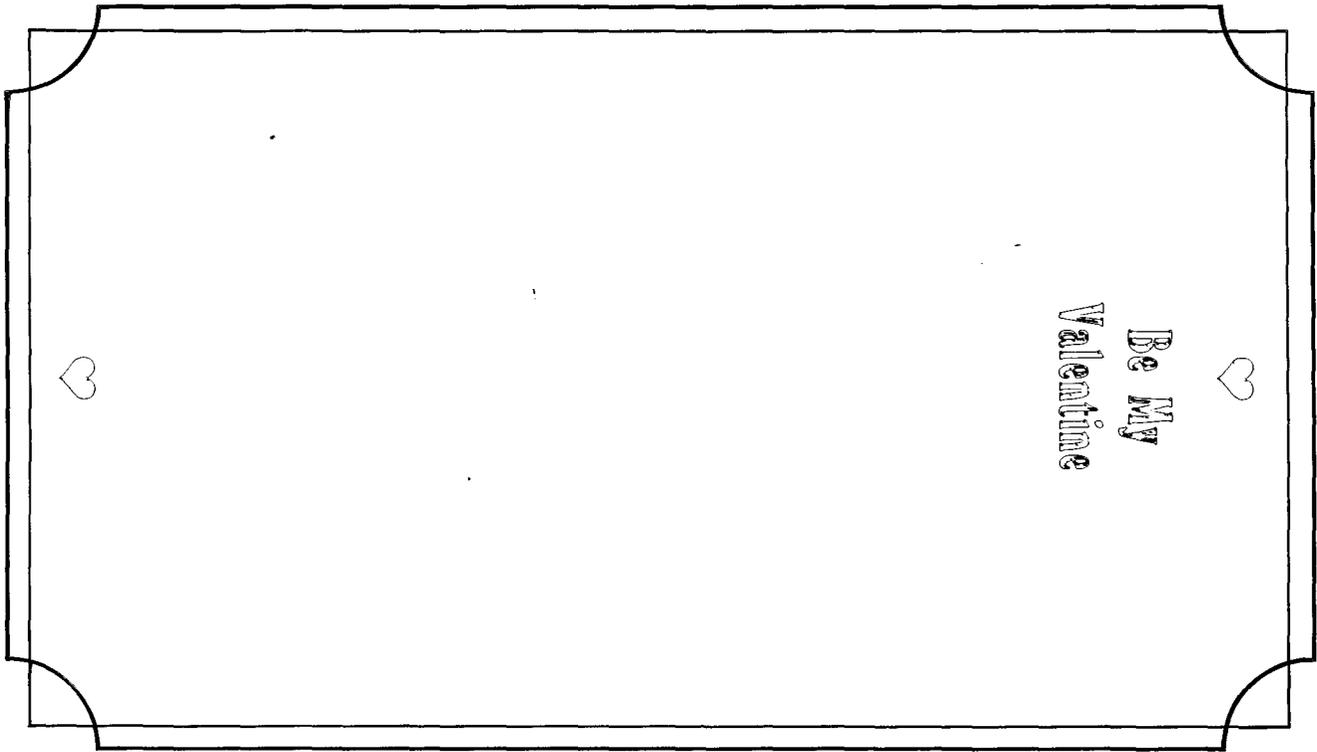
Locals recommend fall when the grass is green, and the animals feed on the lower slopes. Spring (read: May) is also beautiful. Be warned: It is very crowded on Canadian Thanksgiving, October 14, and during the weeks bracketing the Calgary Stampede, July 10-19.

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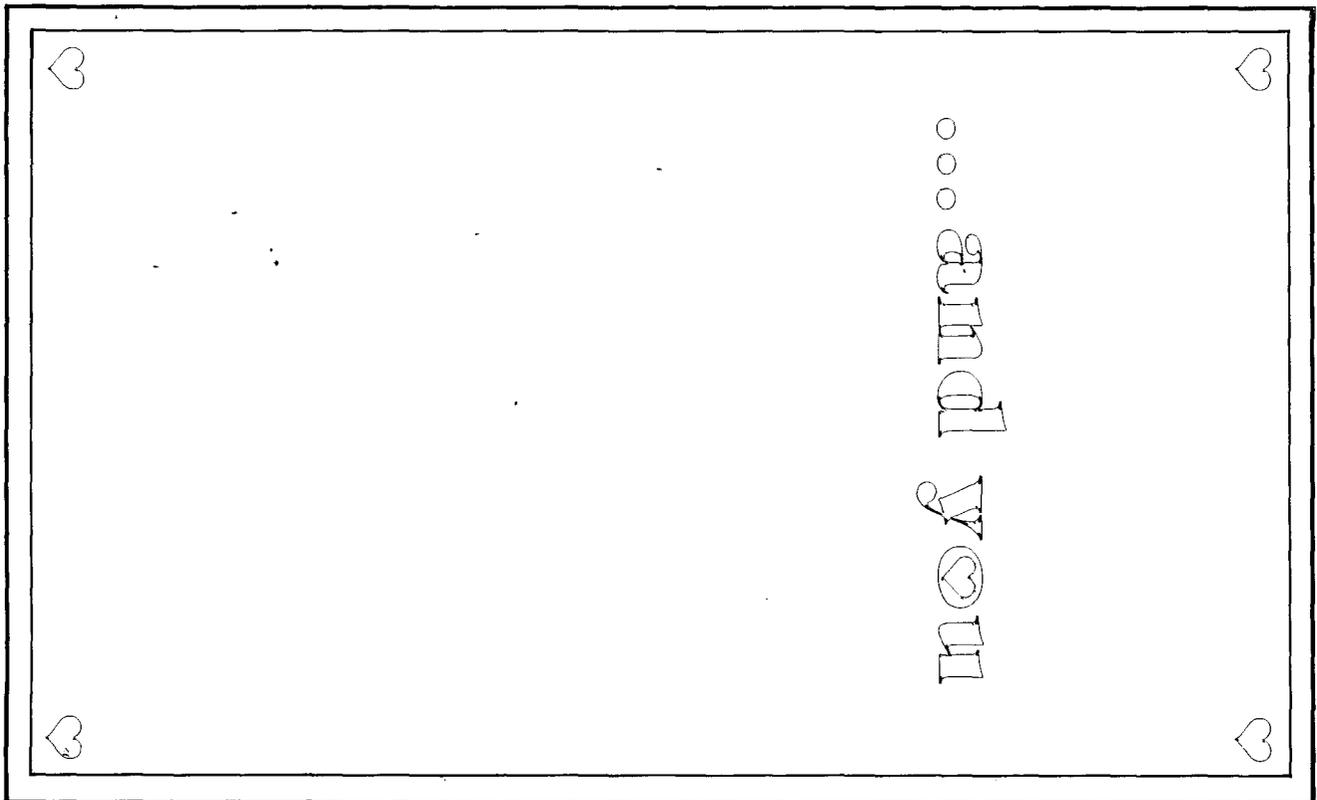


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Be My  
Valentine



...and you

continued from page 54

Take a gondola up a mountain to see the glorious amphitheatre in all its splendor. Feed the Rocky Mountain sheep. Explore the shops and restaurants in town. The Banff Springs Hotel is a short distance from where the Bow and Spray Rivers meet. The view is one you won't find often — across a gleam of river, through a gateway of Rocky Mountains to the snowcapped peaks of Mount Rundle rising white against a blue sky. The view is visible from the terrace, the Mount Rundle lounge, the indoor pool, the hot outdoor pool and more than half the rooms. When you're not looking at that, study that 360-degree panorama of mountains around you.

The hotel throws regular parties. Medieval Nights commence every winter Wednesday after the snow lovers finish sleigh riding, cross-country skiing or downhill skiing on one of the three nearby mountain slopes. Year-round they have tea in the conservatory, drinks in the wine bar or the Mount Rundle Lounge, an assortment of dining rooms, a sushi bar, and many creative special events.

Rates for two range from \$60-\$90 through May 19; \$98-\$152 May 20 through October 13; \$50-\$80 October 14 to December 19, 1985. Suites are from \$80-\$240, depending on size and season. There is a transient ski rate per person, per night, through May 19, of \$30 U.S. double-occupancy with twenty-four hours advance reservations.

Don't ever assume that you can't get into a hotel like this, even in busy season. They do have cancellations. Manager Ivor Petrak says "Call if you are willing to accept that we'll find you a room elsewhere if we don't have one here."

### CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE, Lake Louise, Alberta, T0L 1E0

The same seasonal recommendations apply to Lake Louise, thirty-eight miles from Banff in Banff National Park. There is never more than a foot of snow on the Banff streets, even in midwinter. Lake Louise is at much higher altitude (5,600 feet) and the lake may be frozen through May.

Château Lake Louise is open year-round, with skiers bussed daily to nearby slopes, a day-care facility for children and lots of cross-country skiing and skating on the lake in front of the hotel. You can toboggan beside the hotel and attend lots of winter parties.

Ninety percent of the summer crowds are on tours, so fall is best here, too. There is much less town activity here than in Banff. You can hike several trails, enjoy the lake, walk two miles uphill to the place where Cindy McGee and her daughter Joanna run a tea house on the side of a mountain.

For less than \$10 you can take a day trip on the transcontinental ViaRail train from Lake Louise through the spiral mountain tunnel to Field, British Columbia, and

back. The railway station is in the tiny village of Lake Louise, which has other small hotels, restaurants and night-time activities.

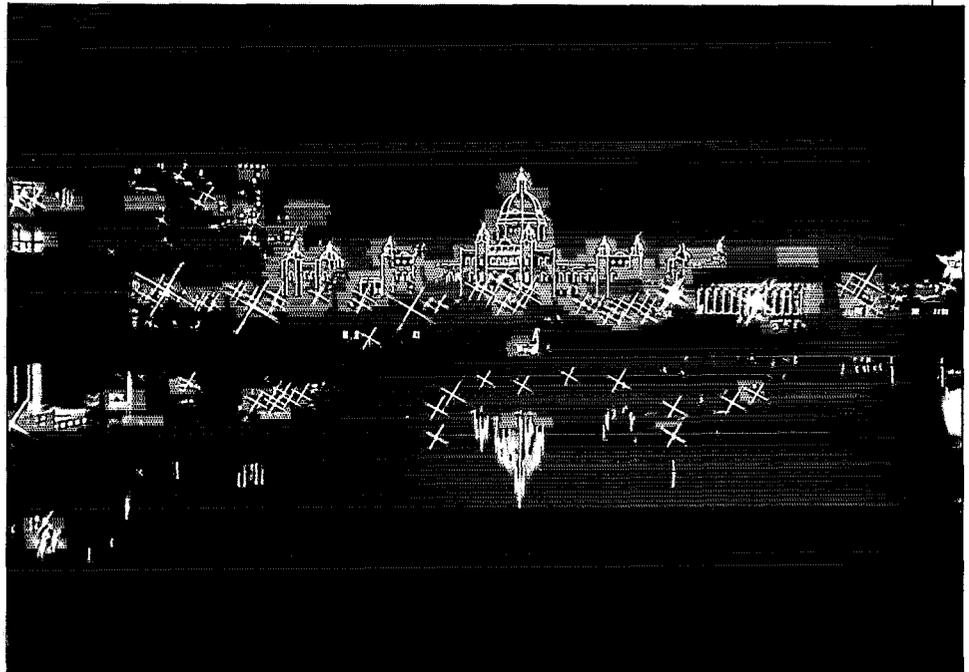
Major renovations at the Château include the new upstairs Tom Wilson dining room overlooking the lake. The view from the lobby is famous. Rooms are tasteful, small-though-spacious, as in most château hotels. Prices for two are \$88-\$96 Canadian through May 18; \$105-\$112 May 19 to October 12; \$93-\$99 October 13 to December 27, 1985. Suites \$90-\$440, depending on size and season. Transient ski rates per person per night through May 19, 1985, are \$26. Double-occupancy with twenty-four hours advance notice.

### LE CHATEAU FRONTENAC, 1 Rue des Carrieres, Quebec, G1R 4P2

You can take an elevator two hundred feet up the cliff from the St. Lawrence River and the restored old city of Quebec to the Château Frontenac. A horse and buggy may very well mingle with cars on the cobblestone streets of the old French-Canadian settlement, and the traffic moves through the old city walls to the newer city.

The Château has four hundred ninety-two rooms now, and has undergone \$26 million worth of facelifts in the last few years. A red-coated doorman still greets you when you drive into the courtyard built for another era. Walk into the restored lobby and you'll smell bread baking downstairs in the recreated seventeenth-century Le Village,

continued on page 82



## LEST WE FORGET

*The Grosse Pointe Historical Society  
dedicates its present and future to the Pointe's past.*



When the skies over Grosse Pointe turned green and black; when a peculiar rain fell — dark as ink and smelling of sulphur; when midway became like night and stayed that way on October 19, 1762, Chief Pontiac thought he knew the cause.

“His fevered imagination,” records one account, “saw the phantoms of his race urging him on to defend their resting place from the despoiling hand of the invader.”

This mysterious “pluie de suie” (“shower of soot” as the French called it), and its recurrence in 1819, are mentioned in a 1936 volume of Grosse Pointe history, property of the Grosse Pointe Historical Society. Some of the Society’s members are probably descendants of those same invaders. That the organization finds itself in a position similar to Pontiac’s — minus the “pluie de suie” — is an irony the Chief would probably appreciate. At this point, though, the “despoilers” are more varied: they include time, death, indifference and the wreckers’ ball. The Grosse Pointe Historical Society, while reaffirming its commitment to the past, is taking a hard look at the role it intends to play in this community’s future.

One would expect, perhaps, that in a community whose origin dates back more than three hundred years, an appropriate metaphor for the historical society would be a large, graceful elm, roots entwined deeply into the area’s past and branches reaching through many facets of the locale’s history and into the future. Instead, this organization is more like a large potted plant — for years shuffled from room to room — that recently received a large dollop of plant food and now shows new signs of growth.

That growth started with a reorganization in 1979, prompted by residents’ concern that a large part of Grosse

Pointe history was being destroyed without remark. “We have lost something like twenty-five mansions in twenty-four years,” explained Lisa Gandelot, current president. With the renewed vitality came a shift in emphasis: the Society now stresses preservation as well as collection. She notes that the group’s reorganization and re-emphasis coincide with increased historical interest on a national level, inspired by the 1981 Economic Tax Recovery Act (ERTA) which provided tax incentives and raised people’s awareness about the possibilities of historic preservation.

“Of course, one of the major functions of the Society is still archival,” said Gandelot. “But we also need to educate the community about preservation.”

To that end, the society has scheduled a “sidewalk house survey” in Grosse Pointe City starting in April and May. Block by block, Society members and volunteers will catalogue all houses built before World War II. After photographing each house and noting the street address and a short description, workers will consult the city records to see what structural changes have been made over the years.

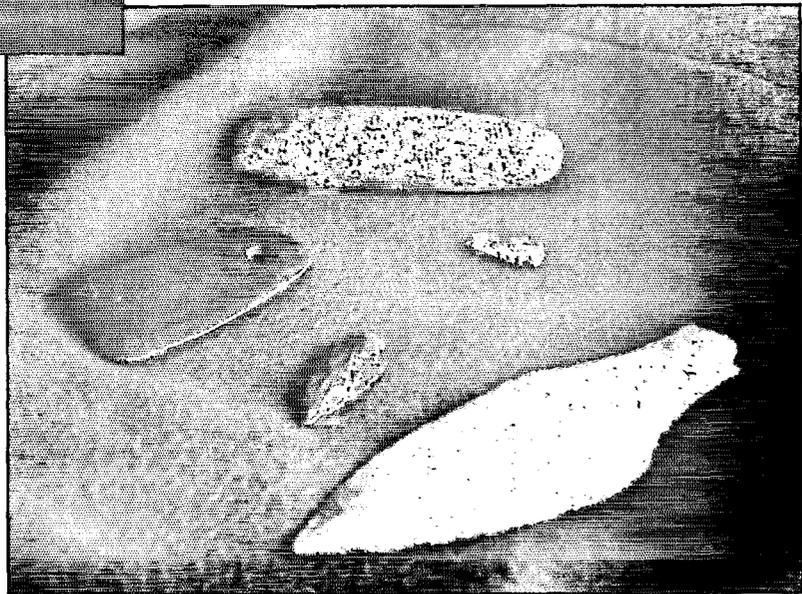
Society members aren’t sure what they’ll find, but they hope to unearth a few new historic and architectural nuggets. They also aren’t sure how long the survey will take. “It’s an awfully long process,” said Audry Platt, a Board member who was involved in a similar survey in Savannah, Georgia.

At the heart of good community preservation program, Platt feels, is zoning. “It’s important to keep a sense of neighborhood,” she emphasized. “The idea of zoning scares a lot of people, “but needs to be looked at closely.” Such discussions would, for example, explore the advisability of maintaining open green spaces along the lake



Above: Windmill Point Lighthouse; oil, by S. Whipple, 1883; Collection of the Grosse Pointe Historical Society; gift of Mrs. Phelps Newberry.

Below: From top, clockwise, Adze stone, Archaic 9000-2000 B.C.; Projectile Pointe, Bayport Chert, late Archaic 3500-2000 BC; Projectile Pointe, Bayport Chert, Wayne Mortuary Complex; c. 90-1200 AD; Notched Projectile Pointe; Ax, banded slate. Dr. & Mrs. Clifford Loranger Collection – 1980.



◆ PHOTOS BY KAREN PESTA

versus “clusters of lots of small houses.”

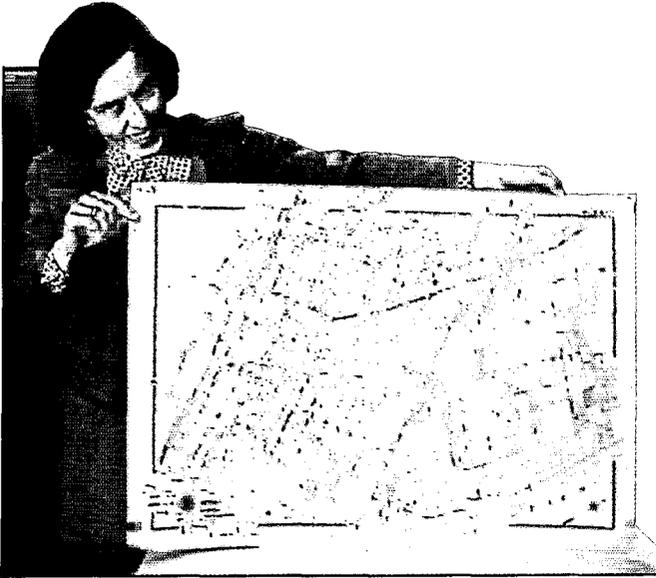
Once the survey is completed, the Society hopes to find the necessary funds to publish it. The findings, they hope, will help residents become more aware of their local architecture’s value and significance.

Taped recollections of individuals who’ve lived through a great deal of Grosse Pointe history is another resource that the Society wants to preserve. The Society is forming a consortium with the Grosse Pointe Woods Historical Commission and the Grosse Pointe Public Library to tackle this undertaking. Together they will select a uniform procedure for making oral history recordings, background information and publicity for the oral history program itself, and design a release form for joint use of whatever tapes are made.

“We’re not looking for ‘history book’ facts,” said Jean Dodenhoff, curator of the Society’s collection, “but the kind of things people know which have never been – and probably never would be – written down” without such a program.

On a recent visit to the Society, Dodenhoff (who manages the archival library) was found sorting through the Joseph Berry family papers, a recent donation that has greatly excited the Society. Dating from approximately 1855-1955, the papers are mostly legal documents dealing with land transactions. Dodenhoff’s task, as is true with any new acquisition, is to organize and catalogue the papers. Once that’s accomplished, they will be available upon request for study in the Society’s office.

## YESTERDAY



At left: Ms. Jean Dodenhoff displays Baist Plat Map (1923) of Grosse Pointe, of the Buckingham to Tonnancour area. Collection of the Grosse Pointe Historical Society. Gift of Mr. William E. Barry - 1984.

Present quarters for the Historical Society are located in Room 105 of Monteith Elementary School. The setting is consonant with the educational nature of the Society: after a whiff of the unmistakable "school smell" - chalk, lunches, bodies and lockers - one feels like he's back in school for a history lesson. The walls of 105 are hung with pictures of historic Grosse Pointe locations and buildings. A large scale model of the Hiram Walker House on Provencal Road sits under glass. An embroidered vest, suspenders and a lace shawl from the mid-Nineteenth Century grace the top shelf of a small bookcase - the only clothing the Society now possesses. Other shelves hold thirty or so books covering Grosse Pointe and/or

Michigan history. One tome which intriguingly mentioned "the Centennial of the Evacuation of Detroit" yielded only an account of the British leavetaking in 1796. Behind the scenes are manuscripts, American Indian artifacts, photos, postcards, and other historic memorabilia.

"This is an archival library," Dodenhoff said, "which means its materials consist of primary documents which do not circulate." The Society has a good collection of photos of early mansions, early sailboats on the Great Lakes and pleasure craft, plus streetcars, as well as a fine map collection.

One person instrumental in obtaining many of the old photographs and other early acquisitions is W. Hawkins

### The Grosse Pointe Historical Society dedicates its present and future to the Pointes' past.

The history of Grosse Pointe is vital to our understanding of Grosse Pointe as we live it today. But that history is not all contained in textbooks, or hidden among the pages of local historical treatises: it exists in the minds of today's older generation. Ask older citizens about their childhood in Grosse Pointe, when Lochmoor was a great area for pheasant hunting and when they went with their parents to the ice cream parlor at the foot of Eight Mile Road. Record what they tell you in handwriting or on a tape and make their memories a part of the Historical Society's collection. Grosse Pointe's heritage is rich and beautiful. Let's search it out and share it, before those whose memories hold the key to our past are gone, and it's too late.

The Society currently is seeking "paper" history - old photographs, diaries, deeds, correspondence.

Because of a lack of storage space, it does not currently solicit donations of furniture or textiles. Should you come across some historical items, however, please be certain to contact Ms. Dodenhoff Tuesdays and Wednesdays between 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. at 884-7010. The address of the Historical Society is: Grosse Pointe Historical Society, c/o Monteith School, 1275 Cook Road, Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48230.

The Grosse Pointe Historical Society encourages Grosse Pointe residents to join. Members receive the Society's newsletter, *The Moorings*; participate in general membership meetings; and are invited on occasional tours sponsored by the Society. Several types of memberships are available: single memberships are \$10 annually; family memberships are \$15; sustaining memberships are \$25.

Ferry. Presently a board member of the Society, Ferry has been involved with the group since being a member of the original planning committee in 1945.

From that time until its reorganization in 1979, the Society's own history was rather checkered. The earliest meetings were at the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, once or twice annually. In 1947, the Society was given space in the Grosse Pointe Park Public Library, the first of many changes of location. Members spent those first years researching and gathering materials on such topics as old Grosse Pointe photos, the Interurban, trees, roads and maps, gardens, post offices and war activities.

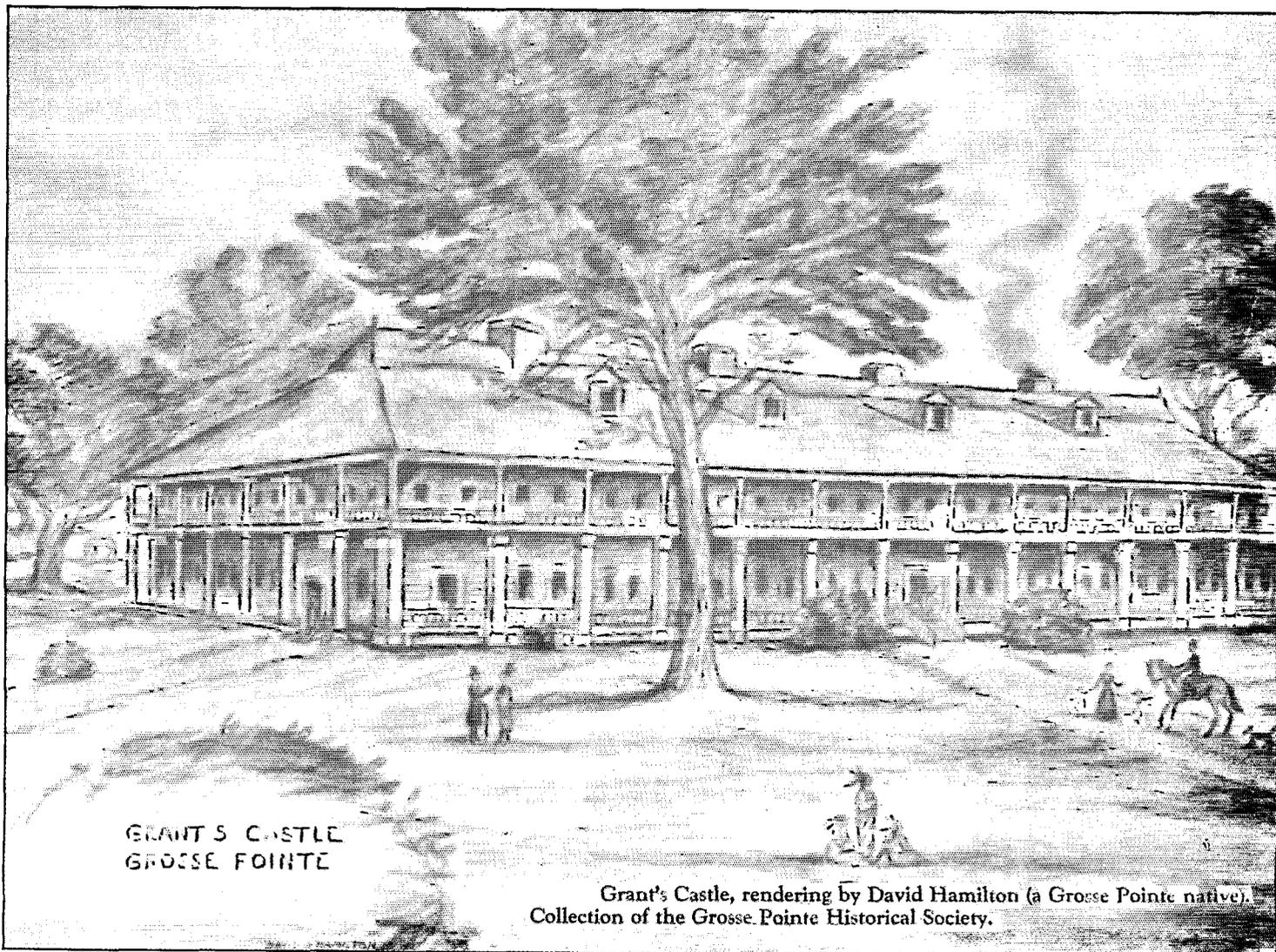
The year 1949 found the Society ensconced in the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, happily adding both members (to a total of almost forty) and collection items. By 1960, space and security problems prompted the Society to move the forty-three items then in its collection to the Main Branch of the Grosse Pointe Public Library. The group's corporate charter had expired, so the Society opted to become a committee of the Friends of the Grosse Pointe Public Library in 1961.

During the remainder of the Sixties, the group met infrequently. The early Seventies saw an effort at reorganization while still part of the Friends, but the real rebirth that led to the present structure did not occur until the end of that decade.

In 1978, residents concerned about the destruction of Grosse Pointe history decided to reactivate the Historical Society as an independent organization. The reorganization, continuing through most of 1980, included a move back to the War Memorial. Two years later, lack of space prompted one more move to the Society's current location.

Why Grosse Pointe, with such a strong sense of its traditions, waited until 1945 to form a historical society is a mystery. "People were members of the Detroit Historical Society, and of course Grosse Pointe was included in Detroit history," offered Ferry in explanation. Why the hiatus from 1961 until 1978? "I'm not sure," Gandelot said. "Maybe the people here are busier?" She pauses, dissatisfied with her own answer. "I don't know. What we have with

*continued on page 83*



GRANT'S CASTLE  
GROSSE POINTE

Grant's Castle, rendering by David Hamilton (a Grosse Pointe native).  
Collection of the Grosse Pointe Historical Society.

## Some Good, Old-Fashioned Fun

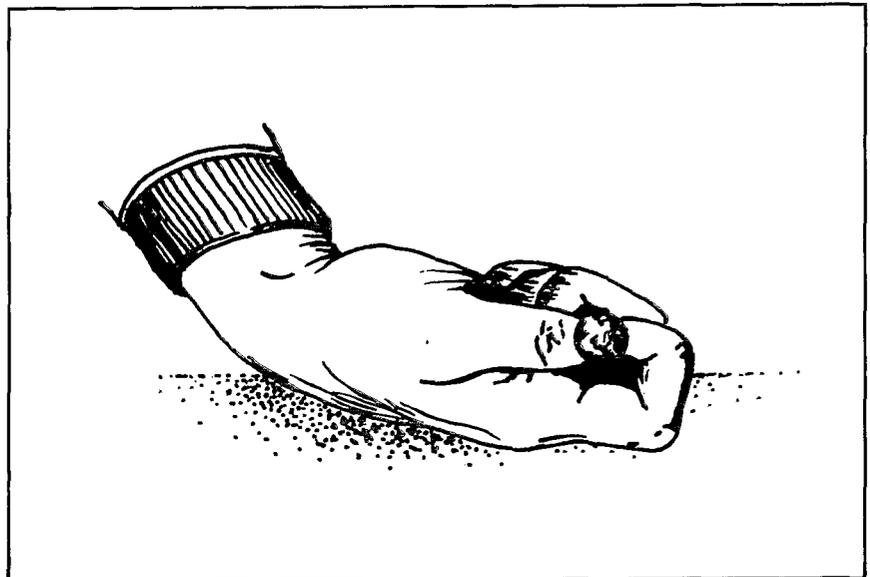
Kid-powered games that rely on skill and a little imagination.

### SHOOTING MARBLES

There are many, many ways to shoot marbles. Here is a simple game for beginners.

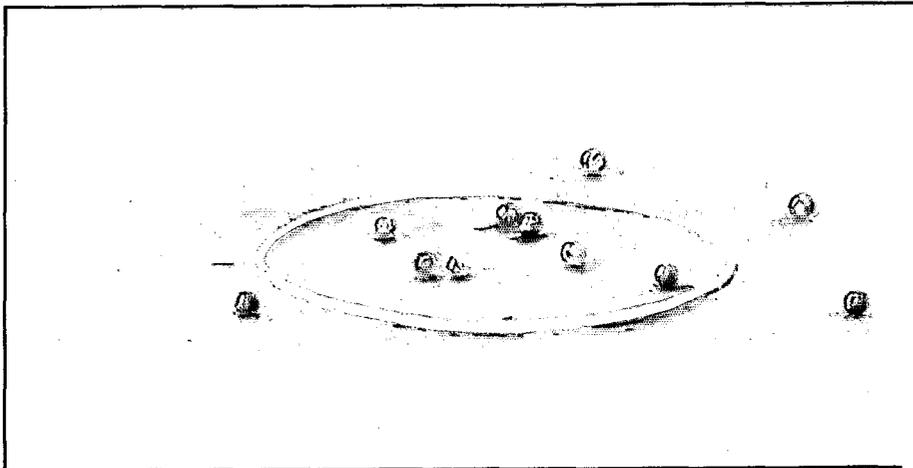
Decide before you start to play whether to play "for keeps," or whether everyone will get their own marbles back when the game is over.

First find a smooth, level spot on the ground to play on. Draw a circle



### TO SHOOT A MARBLE:

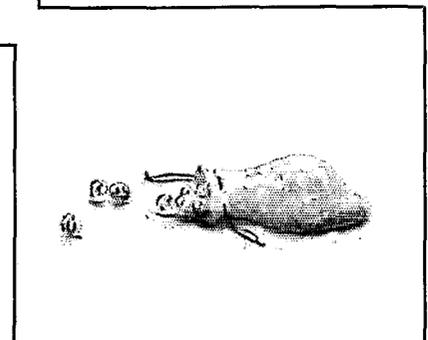
Kneel on the ground. Hold a marble in the hollow created by placing the tip of your thumb against the inside knuckle of your bent forefinger (see illustration). Keeping the knuckle an inch or two off the ground, shoot by flicking the thumb against the marble.



(chalk is easily erased). The size of the circle depends on the age of those playing: for small children, four to six feet is big enough.

All players give an equal number of marbles (at least two) to be placed in the center of the circle. The object of the game is to shoot a marble from the outside edge of the circle and

knock the marbles from the inner circle to outside the ring. Whenever a marble rolls out of the circle, the shooter gets to keep that marble and gets another turn. Each player gets their shooter back when their turn ends. Whoever has the most marbles when there are no more left in the circle is the winner.

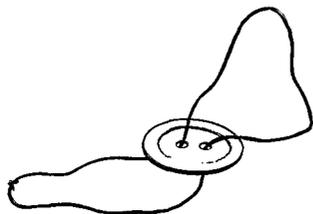


## HUMMER

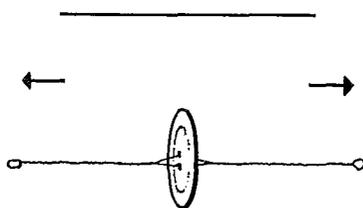
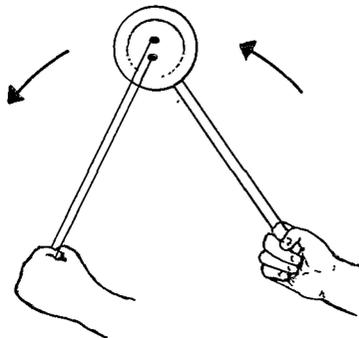
This is a simple toy that has been popular for over one hundred years.

Cut a piece of heavy thread or thin string twenty-four to thirty-six inches long. Using a large button or cardboard disc with two holes, thread one end of the cord through one hole and back through the other.

Tie the ends of the cord together, forming a loop with the button in the center. Pinch an end of the cord in



each hand by holding the string between the thumb and forefinger (which is just inside the circle). Holding the two ends, spin the button several times until the string



twists. Then gently pull your hands apart slightly and the button will begin to spin.

By continuing to pull and then relax the cord slightly, you should be able to keep the button spinning, and even get it to hum.

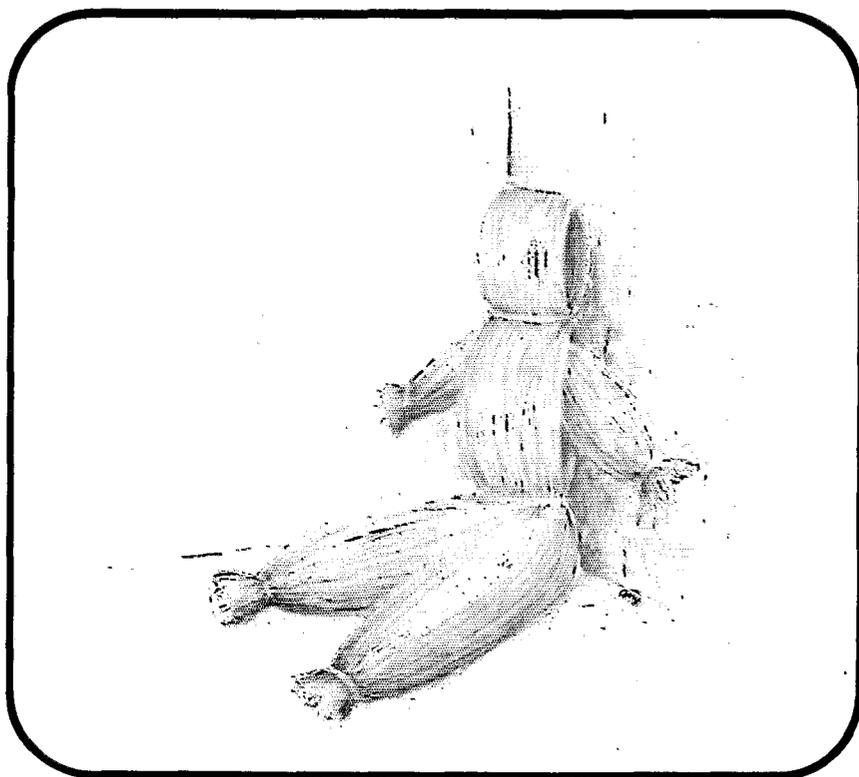
## YARN DOLLS

It's simple to make either a boy or girl yarn doll.

Cut about twenty lengths of any type of yarn sixteen to twenty inches long. Cut about ten lengths of yarn about seven inches long and set aside. Then cut four more strands (for a girl) or six more strands (for a boy) sixteen inches long and set aside.

the arms. Bring the strings of the body back together, then wrap a sixteen-inch length around the body tightly and tie another knot. This is the doll's waist. Tie each end of the seven-inch cords near the end to form the arms and wrists.

For a girl doll, just trim the twenty body cords evenly across the bot-



tom, draw on a face, and you're finished. About an inch below the fold, use one of the sixteen-inch lengths to wrap around the folded cords two or three times, then tie tightly in a knot. This forms the doll's head.

Separating the twenty strands into two groups again, just below the head, lay the seven-inch lengths horizontally beneath the neck to form

tom, draw on a face, and you're finished.

For a boy, separate into two vertical groups the body cords. Wrap and tie each at the ankle of what is now the leg, draw on a face, and you're finished.

Make an entire family of dolls by varying the length and number of yarns used in the body.



ILLUSTRATION BY AMY HARRIS

# Parents' Place

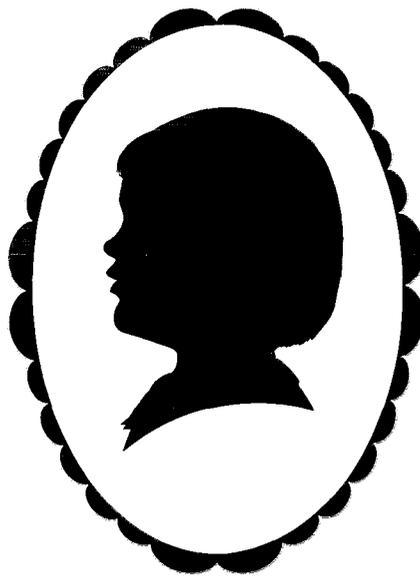
*Parents' Place is a special corner of the Kids section reserved for projects or information of interest to the parents of young children.*

## Silhouettes

Of all the peddlers who traveled the highways and backroads of early America, before there was an abundance of stores selling wares, children favored the shademaker. The shademaker, or shadow-maker, made simple, quick, inexpensive portraits using the profile of a subject sitting by candlelight, which was traced on paper and then inked.

Shadow portraits also became known as silhouettes, so named after a thrifty French Minister of Finance, Etienne Silhouette, because they were so inexpensive compared to oil paintings.

Here is a contemporary approach to an aged craft:



- 2 large sheets of paper, one light colored and one dark
- tape
- sharp pencil
- scissors
- white glue
- blank wall with smooth surface
- flashlight
- simple frame or matte board (optional)

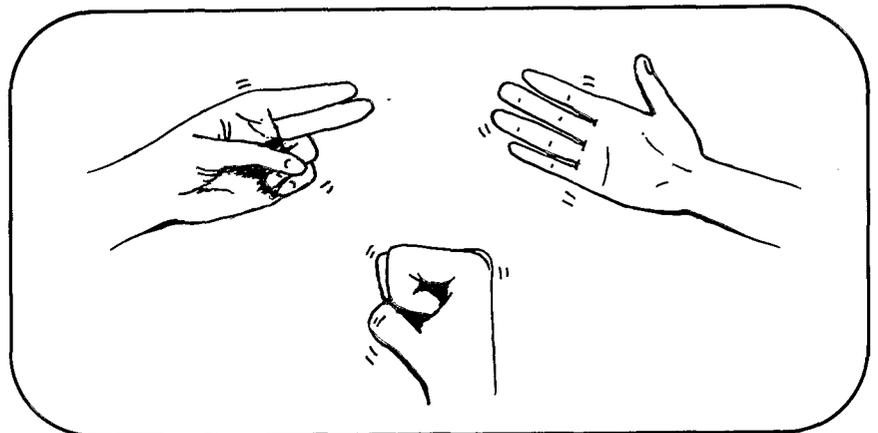
For best results, work in a darkened room or at night.

1. Tape the dark colored paper onto the wall.
2. Prop a flashlight on books, or use a lamp without a shade, situated to shine on the paper.
3. Settle your subject into a comfortable chair placed between the light source and the paper. Move the subject or the light backward or forward until the desired-size shadow is cast on the paper. Turn the sitter's head until you have a sharp, clear image.
4. Carefully trace the shadowed profile including specifics like stray wisps of hair, double chins and the neckline. These characteristics result in a more personalized image.
5. Cut out the silhouette and glue it to the lighter sheet of paper.
6. Frame or matte the profile, or if you prefer, set the profile into a heart-shaped outline and mount it on note paper. Voilà! — the most personal of Valentine's cards is yours to give.

# STONE, SCISSORS, PAPER

Here is a game that is played all around the world. Where it began is unknown, but variations of it have been found from Japan to Italy. Because there is no need for any equipment, the game can be played anywhere, anytime, by anyone over the age of five.

All players either hide one hand behind their back or shake their hand in the air while together counting to three. On three, each player must either form a fist to represent a rock,



have two fingers extended to indicate a scissors, or extend an open palm with fingers to imitate paper.

Winners are determined by the following guidelines: Scissors wins over paper, because they can cut paper. Paper wins over stone, because it can wrap a rock. Stone wins over scissors, because it can dull them.

When two are playing and both players make the same gesture, it's a draw. Score games by giving one point for each player or gesture you win over as indicated in the list above. Whoever has the most points after an agreed number of games is the winner.



# RESTAURANTS

◆diane dickow

Dining, whether done on the run or as part 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 a choice of meals — from five-course to five-minute; formal, or just for fun — with each establishment defining an individual concept of what dining should be.

The following listings are brief profiles (not critiques) providing a glimpse of each restaurant's atmosphere and menu — designed to help 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 establishments have a full bar unless indicated.

Note days and hours they're open, and Bon Appetit!

Credit cards code: AE — American Express; CB — Carte Blanche; DC — Diners Club; MC — MasterCard; V — Visa; MTE — Metro Trade Exchange

**Amigos**, 18310 Mack, Grosse Pointe Farms, 886-9625. 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 and 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 and navy blue accents. Still serving fresh seafood, homemade Italian pasta, beef and veal. Specialties include pan-fried perch, Italian-style pickerel 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 a Caesar salad is the star here. Lunch Monday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m. Dinner Monday-Thursday 5 p.m.-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. Sunday brunch 11 a.m.-3 p.m. \$25. AE, DC, MC, V.

**Brownie's On the Lake**, 24420 Jefferson, St. Clair Shores, 771-4455. A newly decorated Brownie's interior is enhanced with contemporary tones of gray and navy blue while outside the lovely view of the lake remains. The menu features prime rib, fresh pickerel and frog legs. Daily 11 a.m.-2 a.m. \$25. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Cafe Le Chat**, 17001 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 884-9077. A charming, cozy cafe featuring gourmet lunches with a French flair. Soups, salads, pasta, sandwiches and assorted cheese trays are available on a frequently changing menu. The supreme en croute and pasta primavera are recommended. Desserts include raspberry jenois, fruit flan and tortes that are all made on the premises. No bar. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 p.m. Tea and dessert 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-midnight. \$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 French. Chef Jean-Robert's specialties include canard a 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 sauteed 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.

**Dominic's Joynt**, 17551 E. Warren, Detroit, 882-8522. An enchanting dining room with only fifteen tables, each set with china, crystal, linen and candlelight. Stained glass is everywhere, including on the splendid ceiling. The menu, highlighting Italian cuisine, is equally pleasing. The veal dishes and scampi are favored. Tuesday-Saturday 11 a.m.-11 p.m. \$60. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

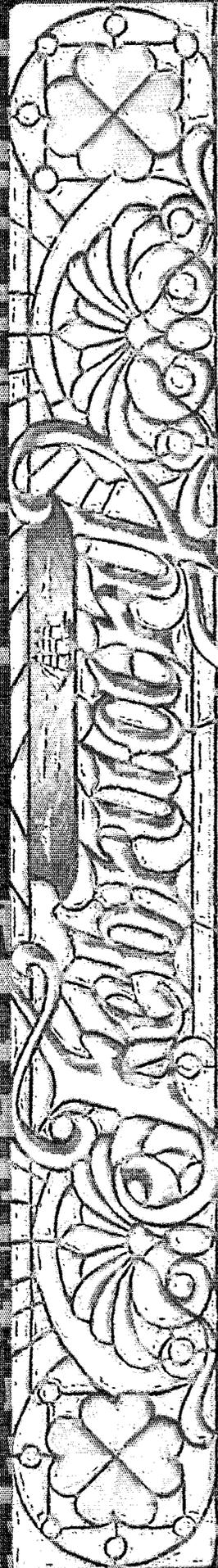
**Farina's Granary**, 18431 Mack at Canyon, Detroit, 881-3086. If variety is the spice of life, Farina's is the pepper of local dining. Everything from sandwiches, steaks and shrimp to shish kebab and scrod almondine; with daily lunch and dinner specials. A cozy atmosphere lingers in both Old English dining rooms, which share a romantic fireplace and glow with its subdued light. Also offers an extensive specialty drink list. Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m.; Saturday 5 p.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. 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.; Saturday 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m. in cocktail lounge. Dinner Monday-Friday 5 p.m.-midnight; Saturday 5:30 p.m.-midnight. \$30. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Irish Coffee**, 18666 Mack, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-5675. A famed ground round headlines at this spot, especially since it goes for a mere ninety-six cents Sunday through Thursday. Lined with lots of wood, the interior resembles a library. But 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 cheerful colonial room. Among the chef's specials are the crepes, 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 Muer's**, 2000 Gratiot, Detroit, 567-1088. Fresh, outstanding seafood stars here and has for fifty-five years. Featured are flounder stuffed with crabmeat, live Maine lobster and 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.



SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					<b>1</b> "Penny Candy" film "Tintypes" musical "Harvey" play "Rivals" play Hunt Club aerobics	<b>8</b> "Captains Courageous" North hockey South swimming Winterscape
<b>3</b> "Death Valley" film	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b> Media panel Cross-country skiing Storytime at the library North swimming South basketball	<b>6</b> "La Cage Aux Folles" "Twelfth Night"	<b>7</b> North swimming	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b> African Folk Tales Suminagashi class South swimming South hockey "Winnie the Pooh"
<b>10</b> Lyric Chamber Ensemble "New Zealand..." film	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b> Dr. Han Suyin lecture South basketball	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> film "Around the World by Jeep" North swimming "Our Town" play	<b>15</b> South hockey	<b>16</b> Ishangul Family of West Africa North hockey
<b>17</b> "Ireland Rediscovered" film	<b>18</b> Year of the Ox	<b>19</b> North basketball	<b>20</b> Ash Wednesday dinner North swimming North hockey	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b> North hockey South basketball	<b>23</b> "Play to Win" musical
<b>24</b> South hockey "Messiah"	<b>25</b> "Austrian Odyssey"; film "Primitivism" in 20th-Century Art.	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b> Shopping at Portside	<b>28</b>		<b>29</b> D.J. Martin



**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 breast in elderberry sauce to a fine steak on the 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 Cafe Francais**, 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 cafe's formal dining room: The constantly changing menu lists the evening's five-course prix fixe dinner. Wine and beer. Lunch Tuesday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m. Dinner Wednesday-Saturday at 6 p.m. by reservation only. Sunday brunch 10 a.m.-2 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 study the cartoons and other artwork on the walls — many are by local artists. Monday-Saturday 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.

**Michelangelo'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. Wine and beer. Tuesday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11:30 a.m.-midnight; Saturday 2 p.m.-midnight; Sunday 2 p.m.-10 p.m. \$11. MC, V.

**National Coney Island**, 19019 Mack, Detroit, 881-5509. You won't recognize the place: after an expansion which seems to have tripled the floor space and a renovation which produced a lovely wood-and-plants atmosphere, you can savour your coney dog in style. A great breakfast menu and their famous Greek salad round out the fare. Beer and wine; parking is in the rear. Monday-Thursday 7 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 7 a.m.-12 p.m.; Sunday 8 a.m.-10 p.m. \$10. No credit cards.

**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 brignon, 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, crepes, omelettes and everything else on the menu are made from the freshest ingredients. The custard-filled apple pancakes topped with cinnamon glaze reign supreme. No bar. Monday-Sunday 7 a.m.-9 p.m. \$10. No credit cards.

**Park Place Cafe**, 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.

**Pernie'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. 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 can 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 nachos grande, burritos, and the fiesta plate are cooked up by Mexican husband-and-wife team Fabian and Aurora. The cantina is awash with interesting south-of-the-border 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.

**Sinbad's**, 100 St. Clair, Detroit, 822-7817. The riverside setting has helped attract customers and fine service has helped build a fine reputation here for thirty-seven years. A casual, family-style eatery, wrapped in lots of wood. Serving up steak sandwiches, hamburgers, pickerel and more. Monday-Saturday 10 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday noon-2 a.m. \$22. AE, CB, DC, 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.

**St. Clair Inn Restaurant**, 500 N. Riverside, St. Clair, 329-2222. The linen-and-china set tables add to the elegance of this traditional English dining room. Gaze over the St. Clair River while savoring entrees of the American menu, including fresh seafood and steaks. Breakfast Monday-Saturday 7 a.m.-10:30 p.m.; lunch 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m. Dinner Monday-Thursday 5 p.m.-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. Dinner only Sunday 1 p.m.-9 p.m. \$35. AE, CB, 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.

**Tom's Oyster Bar**, 15016 Mack, Grosse Pointe Park, 822-8664. Fresh seafood in the Pointes! Oysters, crabcakes, softshell crabs — all prepared with finesse in this casual restaurant which looks like a New England saloon. Wood dominates the decor, from floor to walls to the old-fashioned bar. Checkered tablecloths complete the image. Daily from 6 p.m. Scheduled to open February 1; call to confirm. \$15. AE, MC, MTE, 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 oven-poached dover sole, medallions of lamb and veal, duck in various sauces. 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.

**Wimpy's Bar & Grill**, 16543 E. Warren, Detroit, 881-5857. The "Wimpy" burger highlighting the menu here is joined by homemade soups, chili, steaks, seafood and a variety of sandwiches. Owners Pete and Diana Corio have kept the decor casual with an abundance of movie star photos and antiques. Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-midnight; Friday-Saturday 11 a.m.-1 a.m.; Sunday 3 p.m.-11 p.m. \$12. 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. Choice of four diet plates. No bar. For the Farms location: Monday-Wednesday 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Thursday-Saturday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday 11 a.m.-8 p.m. For the Woods location: Monday-Wednesday 7 a.m.-9 p.m.; Thursday-Saturday 7 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday 8 a.m.-8 p.m. \$11. No credit cards.

**Za Paul's**, 18450 Mack Ave., 881-3062. The owners of this new eatery have completely changed the image from that of its predecessor, the Carriage House. A two-floor restaurant with skylight and winding stairwell, Za Paul's is a distinctly elegant but casual establishment. The menu has an international flavor, from New York strip steaks to a variety of fettuccini dishes. Wine and beer. Tuesday-Sunday 11 a.m.-midnight. \$12. AE, MC, V.

# ENGAGEMENTS

◆ diane dickow

Welcome to the Engagements calendar for February and March. We invite you to enjoy a full spectrum of activities during these months, from entertaining to educational to athletic to just plain, simple fun.

Featured in February is Winterscape, Cranbrook's annual celebration of winter. Another February celebration honors the dawn of the Chinese Year of the Ox. The Grosse Pointe War Memorial hosts a gathering of celebrity news personalities and the Lyric Chamber Ensemble performs a Valentine's concert that is sure to warm even the coolest heart.

Following in March is the Star Auction at Our Lady Star of the Sea. On the auction block will be Detroit Tiger

memorabilia, use of Palm Springs and Schuss Mountain condos and a Hunt Club party.

At the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Precious Legacy exhibit traces artistic masterpieces back to the primitive pieces that may have influenced their creators. In addition, the months are filled with films, lectures, sports and more... including the Detroit premiere of the Broadway hit *La Cage Aux Folles*.

We would like to list your group's event in Engagements, so please send us information. There is no charge and we will print as much as space allows. Your suggestions and comments are also valued.

Address mail to: HERITAGE / Engagements, 20010 E. Nine Mile Road, St. Clair Shores 48080.

## FEBRUARY

### February 1-3

Laurence Blaine's mystery thriller *Penny Candy*, is based on murder and mystery on Hastings Street in the Detroit summer of 1950. Call for times. Wayne State University's Bonstelle Theatre, 3424 Woodward, Detroit, 577-2960. \$2.50 and \$3.50.

### February 1-3, 7-10

Aristophanes' humorous Greek farce, *Lysistrata*, is the story of Greek women who opted to withhold their affections until the men stopped their wars. Call for times. Studio Theatre, downstairs at the Hilberry, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$2.50 - \$5.00.

### February 1-2, 8-9

An expansive celebration of American music, *Tintypes* is a montage of songs with each performed in a different time setting. At 8:30 p.m. St. Dunstan's Theatre, 420 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 644-9668. \$4 adults, \$3 students and seniors.

### February - March 16

Mary Chase's delightful comedy for all ages is about Elwood P. Dowd and his six-foot-tall pet rabbit, *Harvey*. There's just one thing strange about this rabbit — he's invisible. Elwood's sister thinks he's going insane, but she ends up getting committed instead. There is no end to Harvey's influence. Friday and Saturday at 8:30 p.m. Henry Ford Museum Theater, 20900 Oakwood Blvd., Dearborn, 271-1620. \$5.50.

### February 1-2, 7-8, 16, 22-23 and March 1, 23, 27, 28

Sheridan's humorous comedy of manners, *The Rivals*, is of the late eighteenth-century. Call for times. Wayne State University's Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$2.50 - \$5.00.

Lose extra pounds and tighten up flabby muscles with fellow Pointers at the Hunt Club's aerobics sessions. Tuesday and Thursday at 9:00 a.m. and 6:30 p.m., Saturday at 9:30 a.m. Hunt Club, 655 Cook Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, 884-9090. \$3 per session.

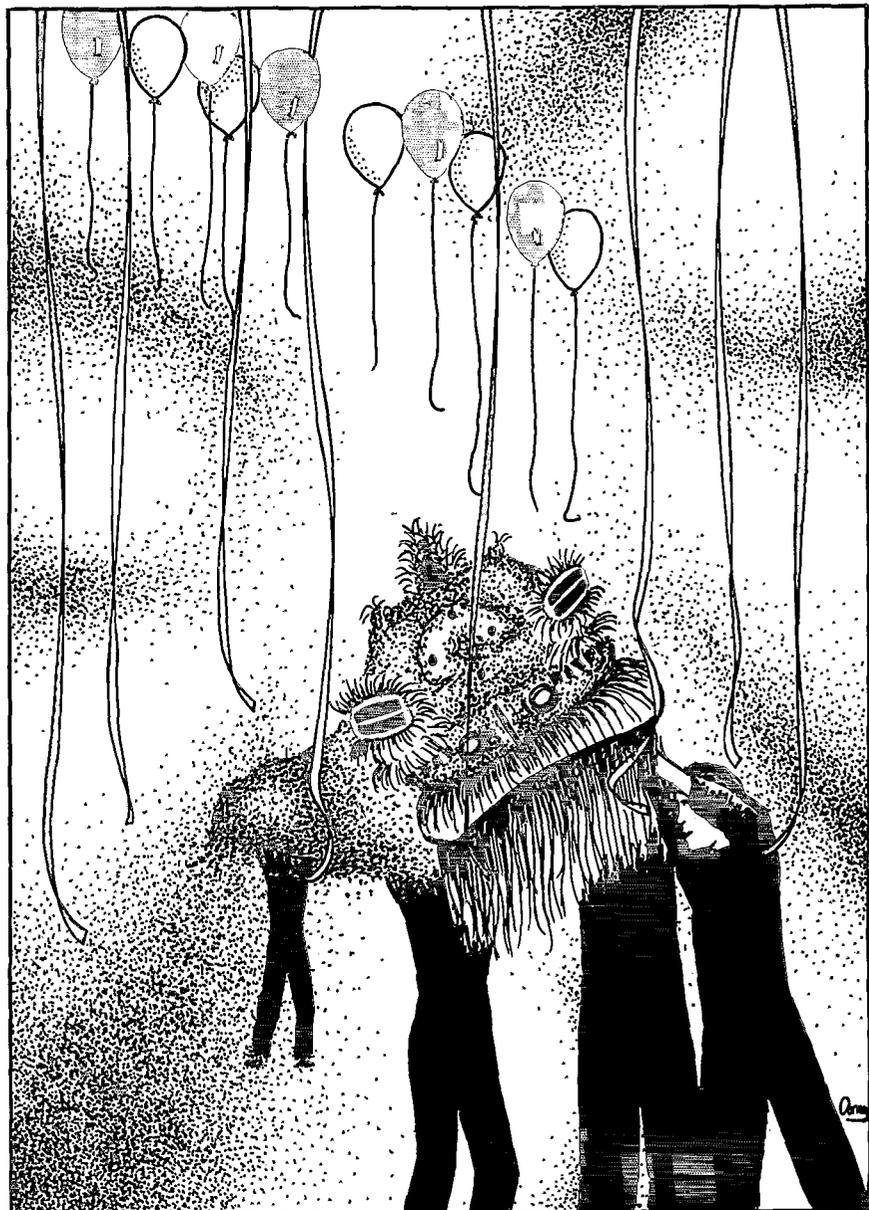


ILLUSTRATION BY AMY HARRIS

Festivities for the Chinese year of the Ox.



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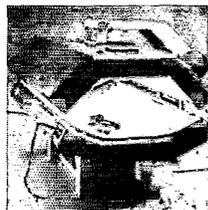
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## ENGAGEMENTS

### February 2

**Captains Courageous** is a dramatic film about a spoiled youngster who falls from an ocean liner and is rescued by the captain of a fishing vessel. For ages five years to adult. At 11 a.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$1.

**G.P. North ice hockey team** meets Cabrini. At home. 7:20 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

**G.P. South swim team** meets Seaholm. At home. 2:00 p.m. \$2.

### February 2-3

Appreciate winter as never before when you join in the fun of **Winterscape**, a wonderful celebration of the season. Numerous activities are planned — including family skiing, figure skating exhibitions, and a nature's treasure hunt. The world's largest snowball will be created also, so don't miss out on the fun. Call for hours and prices. Cranbrook Institute of Science, 500 Lone Pine, Bloomfield Hills, 645-3230.

### February 3

Learn about the hottest spot on the North American continent, located 282 feet below sea-level, in the film **Death Valley**. At 2:30 p.m. World Adventure Series, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.50.

### February 3-March 3

**La Cage Aux Folles** is the big, beautiful Tony Award-winning musical about a young man ready to tie the knot, who suddenly encounters unbelievable problems. A definite don't-miss! Tuesday-Saturday 8:00 p.m.; Saturday-Sunday matinee 2:00 p.m.; Sunday 7:00 p.m. Fisher Theater, 3011 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit, 872-1000. \$20-\$35.

### February 5

A unique opportunity to **catch your favorite local news celebrities** all under the same roof. Meet WDIV's news anchor Mort Crim, *Detroit News* columnist Charlie Manos, and *Detroit Free Press* senior managing editor Neil Shine all gathered to discuss the ups and downs of being in the public eye. Also featured are *Free Press* theatre critic Lawrence Devine, *News* sports reporter Jerry Greene, PR Associates' Beverly Beltaire and other media folk in a panel moderated by WJR's Hal Youngblood. At 8 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$5.

### February 5, 7, 12; 14, 19, 21, 26, 28

Learn the ropes while meeting fellow Pointers during women's **cross-country skiing** day trips. Includes transportation to area state parks, instruction and a guided ski tour. From 8:30 a.m.-3:00 p.m. Family and adult trips scheduled for February 3, 10, 17, 24 from 9:00 a.m.-3 p.m. Neighborhood Club, 17150 Waterloo, Grosse Pointe, 885-4600. Fee \$9; equipment rental: \$3.

### February 5

All children kindergarten age and older are invited to attend "**Storytime at the Library**" with stories, songs and activities on related themes. For eight weeks. Tuesdays starting February 5; Wednesdays starting February 6; Thursdays starting February 7. At 4:00 p.m. Call for locations. 343-2074. Free.

**G.P. South swim team** meets G.P. North. At South. 2:00 p.m. \$2.

**G.P. South ice hockey team** meets G.P. North. At South. 7:00 p.m. \$2.

### February 9, 16

Recapture some childhood spirit with **Winnie the Pooh**, presented by the Grosse Pointe Children's Theatre. Don't forget to take the kids! 11:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$4 adults, \$2.75 students and seniors.

**G.P. North boys' swim team** meets Brother Rice at home. 7:00 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

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

### February 6, 9, 15, 21 and March 2

A rollicking, well-executed rendition of Shakespeare's popular musical comedy **Twelfth Night**, performed. Call for times. Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$2.50-\$5.

### February 7

**Grosse Pointe North's boys' swim team** meets Bablec. At home. 7:00 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

### February 9

**African Folk Tales. Black History Month** is celebrated for members of the Wiggle Club — children three years and older. Little ones experience Africa's legacy in a program incorporating folklore, dance, music, mime and audience participation. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$3.

Learn the Japanese art of **Suminagashi**, putting marbled designs on paper. Students create their own figures for use as stationery, bookmarks or other paper ornaments. 9:30 a.m.-1:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$15 includes materials.

### February 9, 16

Recapture some childhood spirit with **Winnie the Pooh**, presented by the Grosse Pointe Children's Theatre. Don't forget to take the kids! 11:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$4 adults, \$2.75 students and seniors.

### February 10

The Lyric Chamber Ensemble's **pre-Valentine concert** features works by composers Mozart and Schubert. Following the concert, an afterglow wine reception and a tour of the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House. 3:30 p.m., 1100 Lakeshore Rd., Grosse Pointe Shores, 884-4222. \$8.

The Southern Alps, Auckland, Wellington — plus a variety of odd land and rock formations highlight the film, **New Zealand, Land of the Kiwi**. At 2:30 p.m., World Adventure Series, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.50.

## ENGAGEMENTS

### February 12

Lecture on life in the Far East features physician/author Dr. Han Suyin discussing her latest novel, **The Enchantress**. Dr. Han, an expert on China, has authored **A Many Splendored Thing** and twenty other books. 1:00 p.m.-3:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$4.

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

### February 14

Bring your favorite Valentine to bump along with you and **Around the World by Jeep**, featured in the World Adventure Series. 10:30 a.m., Lecture Hall, Detroit Institute of Arts. 832-2730. \$2.25.

### February 14, 27, 28

Thorton Wilder's profound, bittersweet Pulitzer Prize-winning play, **Our Town**, is performed. Call for times. Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, 577-2972. \$2.50-\$5.

### February 15

**G.P. South ice hockey** team meets Southfield at home. 7:00 p.m. \$2.

### February 16

**The Ishangi Family of West Africa**. Having toured for more than two decades, this performing family ensemble relates the customs of Africa through music, dance and narration. For children five years and older. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$3.

**G. P. North ice hockey team** meets Livonia Bently. At home. 7:20 p.m. \$2 Adults, \$1 Students.

### February 17

The World Adventure Series continues with **Ireland Rediscovered**, a film presenting the four provinces of Ireland, from Connaught to Ulster. At 2:30 p.m. World Adventure Series, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.50

### February 18

Celebrate the **Year of the Ox** with dragons, dancers and fireworks for a **Chinese New Year's** feast rich with tradition. The symbolic Chinese Dragon dance is performed amidst fireworks both inside and out while the dragon and a magician make rounds to every table. A gourmet dinner included in the celebration. Reservations required. 6:00 p.m. Detroit Upbeat sponsors, Mon Jin Lau Restaurant, 1515 E. Maple Rd., Troy, 341-6808. \$37.50-\$45.

### February 19

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

### February 20

**An Ash Wednesday dinner** featuring a guest Ecumenical Minister from Australia. At 6:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe Memorial Church, 16 Lakeshore Drive, Grosse Pointe Farms, 882-5330. \$4.

**G.P. North boys' swim team** meets Southlake at home. 7:00 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

**G.P. North ice hockey** team meets Livonia Stevenson at home. 7:20 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

### February 22

**G.P. North ice hockey** meets Ann Arbor Pioneer at home. 7:20 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

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

### February 23

**Play to Win** will fascinate children as the musical traces the career of Jackie Robinson, major league baseball's first black player. At first denied access to professional sports, Robinson was finally signed by the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947. For ages seven years to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$3.

### February 24

The Memorial Church Festival Choir presents **Handel's "Messiah."** At 7:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe Memorial Church, 16 Lakeshore Drive, Grosse Pointe Farms, 882-5330. Free.

The founding of San Diego is recreated in the film **The San Diego Adventure**, which explores its deserts, mountains and sea coast. At 2:30 p.m. World Adventure Series, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.50.

### February 25

**An Austrian Odyssey**, featured by the Grosse Pointe Adventure Series, includes an optional ethnic dinner which precedes the screening. Dinner at 6:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$16.75; film only \$4.15.

### February 25 - April 28

**Primitivism in Twentieth Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern exhibit.** The DIA exhibits works of modern tribal artists and works by modernists Gauguin, Picasso, Brancus and Klee. View over 200 tribal works collected from around the world, including masks and figure sculptures, plus 150 modern works which date from the turn of the century to the present. Tuesday-Sunday, 9:30 a.m.-4:00 p.m. and Wednesday-Thursday 4:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.75 days; \$4.75 evenings.

### February 27

**Shopping at Portside** in Toledo means gazing over its magnificent skylights, atriums and winding walkways while exploring ninety-seven distinctive shops. A stop at the shopping center will be made on the way to **Blackstone Art Studios** where a guide will explain the art of glassblowing while artisans work. 9:30 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$16.

*continued on page 80*



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# MARKETPLACE



**PAMPERED? PERHAPS...**  
Studies have shown that pets make us happy. They provide owners with companionship, affection, distraction, involvement and a warm feeling deep inside. The very least we can do in exchange is make sure they have some finery to wear for special occasions. The fancy fabric collars are by Muffles, \$16.98. Gold collar with red or black leather trim, \$18.98. Gold link collar with rhinestones, \$24.98. The smart-looking caps, \$4.98. **This 'N' That for Pets**, 19443 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, TU 1-9007.

## SWEETS FOR THE SWEET

Caroline's Candy Shoppe is a cozy little cubbyhole tucked behind Punch and Judy Toyland. There are pretty tins to put things in; rainbow-colored candy that's chewy and gooey; and many other treats to please the sweet tooth. February means Valentine's Day, and though saying "sweets for the sweet" may be an old cliché, saying it with Henry K chocolates is sure to earn you accolades as one perceptive thinker. Chocolates are sold by the box or individually for about \$7.50 a pound.

**Caroline's Candy Shoppe**,  
97 Kercheval on the Hill,  
Grosse Pointe Farms, 343-0274.



#### HAND POWERED

Robots, computers, videos and space heroes are all the stuff of today's toys. But if you want to see a kid have a really good time – give him or her an empty box and watch the imagination go wild. Almost as simple are these iron cars and trucks, all of which are propelled by playing pretend and a bit of elbow grease. \$11 at the Detroit Historical Society-run gift shop at the **Detroit Historical Museum**, 5401 Woodward, Detroit, 833-7911.



#### MOVING CHILDREN'S BOOKS

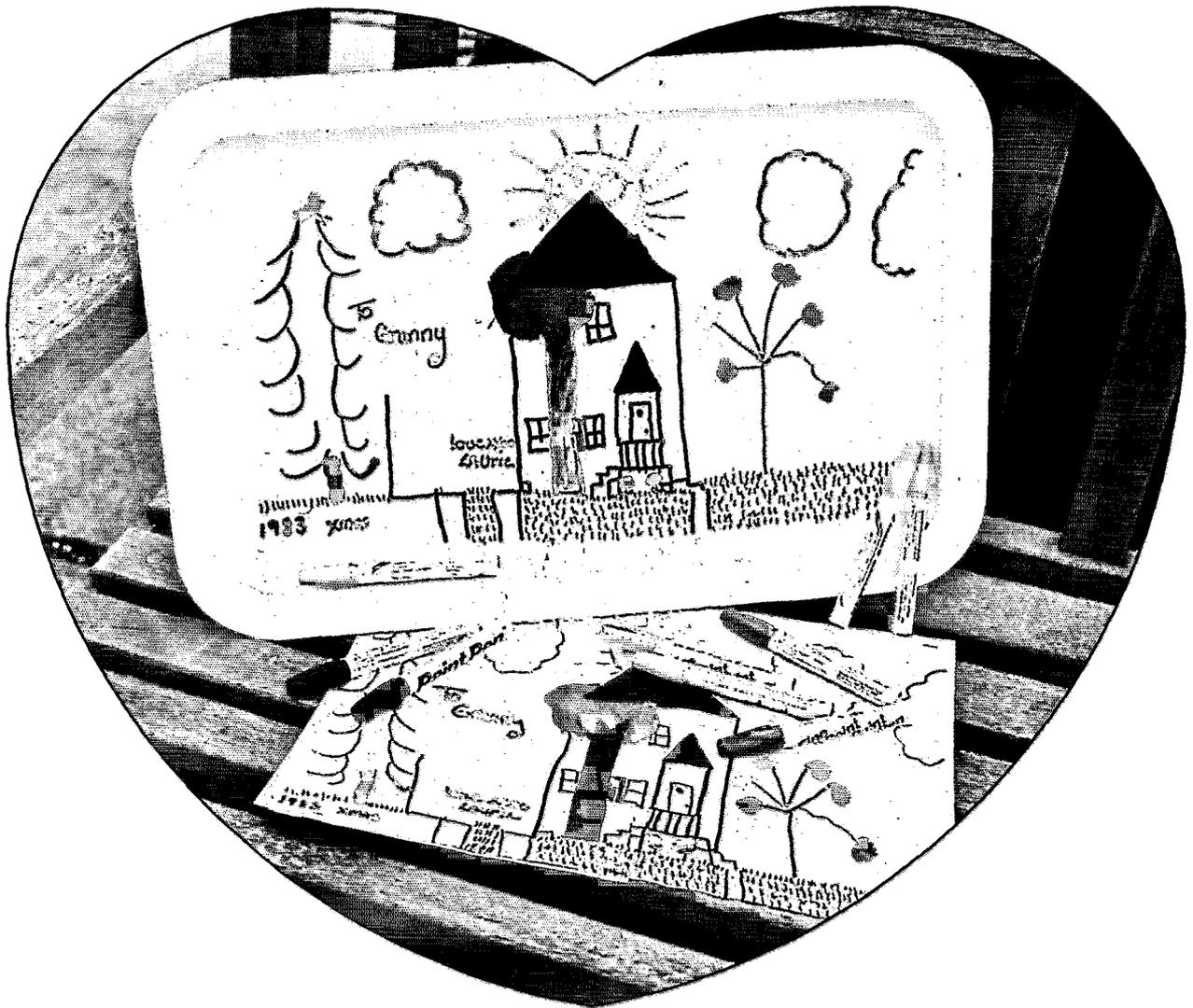
Back around the turn of the century, Ernest Nister wrote a series of books to entertain children. He embellished his verses with moving pictures – colorful drawings with cut-out windows and a wheel which, when turned, changed the picture. Four of his books, *Merry Magic-Go-Round*, *Magic Windows*, *Land of Sweet Surprises* and *Revolving Pictures*, have been authentically reproduced and are available at the Detroit Institute of Arts gift shop, which is run by members of the Founders Society. Each book is \$8.95 at the **Detroit Institute of Arts**, gift shop, 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 833-7944.

◆ PHOTOS BY JEAN LANNEN

# MORE MARKETPLACE

## THE FINE ART OF LOVE

Grandparents' "brag books" and bumper stickers that read "Ask me about my grandchildren" are so *obvious*. It takes subtlety and self-restraint to be a contemporary grandmother or grandfather. Simply serve your guests refreshments on this 15" x 22" tray which just **happens** to bear your grandchild's artwork. Who could help but inquire about the pint-sized Picasso or mini Michelangelo who was responsible for such a masterpiece? Grosse Pointe Nancy Cawley reproduces children's artwork. Tray only; \$19.50; including art, \$30. Allow about one week for delivery. At **Persnickety Peddler**, 98 Kercheval on the Hill, Grosse Pointe Farms, TU 2-8760.



continued from page 19

Fort Wayne Mound.

DeVisscher found sherds of similar pottery along Mack Avenue between Seven and Eight Mile Roads, and more evidence of the Woodland culture in the Cook Road area.

But perhaps of even greater interest than the pottery are the mounds. Most local historians mention the mound located on the Fort Wayne military reservation. According to Woodford in *All Our Yesterdays: A Brief History of Detroit*, there were many mounds located in or near Detroit, some of them accounting for the name Mound Road.

Silas Farmer, in *The History of Detroit and Wayne County*, notes four additional mounds in Springwell Township.

The mounds and the people who built them provided Nineteenth Century Americans with one of the most romantic mysteries of the century. First noticed in the mid-Eighteenth Century, the mounds were nowhere as impressive as the pyramids, but far more plentiful.

"All through the east," said Anne Terry in *Prehistoric America*, "America is covered with man-made hills — from the Mississippi to the Appalachias, from Wisconsin to the Gulf of Mexico. They are strewn over twenty states. There are probably 100,000 of them. Some are huge, covering many acres. Some are smaller."

There are mounds shaped like cones, like pyramids without points, like birds in flight, animals on the run, serpents and human beings, as well as geometric shapes.

The builders of the mounds and their reason for existence became a popular mystery, especially after settlers learned that the current Indian inhabitants didn't know who built them either.

"In 1800," said Robert Silverbery in *Mound Builders of Ancient America*, "an Ohioan farmer with a mound on his property was likely to level it so he could plant his crops; by 1840 it was more probable that he would conduct a careful excavation and fill his house with an array of ancient artifacts."

Once it became clear that there were no answers about the mysterious Mound Builders to be found elsewhere, excavation began in earnest. The finding only further deepened the mystery. Inside the mounds were intricate copper jewelry, fresh water pearl necklaces, shell beads, mica plates, pottery, pipes, axe blades, knives and tools. There were carved statues and bird figures, ornate masks, fabrics and breastplates worked in detail that clearly surpassed the talents of the natives of the Nineteenth Century.

Then, how did mounds so old bear artifacts so advanced? If the Indians of the 1600s knew nothing of the mounds, who built them?

Rumors of lost civilizations began to flourish. Debate among scholars about the ancestry of the

Mound Builders grew over decades. Perhaps they were not American Indians at all, but wanderers from Egypt, or a lost tribe of Israel, or maybe even the lost civilization of Atlantis.

Not only were the contents of the mounds a wonder, but the construction of the mounds themselves — like the pyramids — baffled.

It took fifteen people from Ohio State University nine months to tear down Ohio's Seip Mound, armed with picks and shovels. The mound was bigger than most, measuring 250 feet long, 150 feet wide and thirty feet high, but not nearly as large as many.

The Cahokia Mound in East St. Louis, for example, covered sixteen acres and was one hundred feet high.

How did these primitive people manage, without benefit of advanced tools? The young nation was looking for a heritage, a mystique of its own, and the mounds filled that need most of the next hundred years.

During the early 1900s, the mystery of the Mound Builders was resolved, for the most part, through the efforts of archaeologists and the Smithsonian Institution. The mounds, it was decided, were from the Early and Late Woodland Years and were the work of the Adena, and later the Hopewell, folk.

The Adena, who were believed to have come from Mexico, roamed this land from about 800 B.C. to 900 A.D. The artifacts found within the mounds fit their advanced civilization.

The mounds had been used for religious ceremonies and for elaborate burial rites. A mound which helped confirm archaeologists' belief that the Adena were the builders of mounds was the Great Serpent Mound in Adams County, Ohio. The serpent's head appears to have an egg clasped in its jaws, and seven coils writhe southward 1,254 feet. It is now the site of a state park.

Although no human artifacts were ever found within the mound of the serpent itself, a nearby mound yielded characteristically Adena objects.

Later, from about 600 B.C. to 1500 A.D., the Hopewell folk also built mounds and existed with the framework of a similar civilization. Although there is debate that one group descends from the other, this doesn't represent the generally accepted thesis.

While the Adena hailed from Mexico, it is believed that the Hopewell may have come from the east end of Lake Ontario. The two groups may have met and the two cultures may have even mixed for awhile, before a parting of the ways.

The Hopewells inhabited a huge area from a base in Ohio westward across Indiana and Illinois to southeast Iowa, southward down the Mississippi past St. Louis, and northward to Wisconsin and Michigan.

continued from page 78

## Refuge from the Age of Trauma

*Teens love books by this  
Grosse Pointe grandmother because  
she has never forgotten how painful it is to be young.*

Josephine Wunsch is riding the crest of a wave in young adult fiction. From a spare bedroom in her Grosse Pointe home, this 70-year-old grandmother spins innocent tales of adolescent romance that have made her a best-selling author among teens.

In May, Silhouette Books will publish *Breaking Away*, Wunsch's third contribution to their "First Love" series and her eighth novel, seven of which have been directed at teens. She has another work in progress, and with demand for such books at an all-time high (Silhouette alone publishes four new "First Love" titles monthly), Wunsch anticipates no problems selling her fiction. It wasn't always that way.

During the Seventies, when tastes ran to "problem novels" that dealt frankly with topics like drug abuse and incest, Wunsch was unable to market her stories. In 1971, the response to her lively but innocent golf story, *The Big Swing*, was the same from several publishers: "This is a good book. It would be fine for the Sixties. Doesn't fit." But, like England's Barbara Pym (*Excellent Women*), who saw some of her best work neglected for over a decade, Wunsch kept writing. And eventually the inevitable happened — the market changed.

Now teen romances — which offer escape instead of reality — have become one of the hottest trends in publishing. With estimated annual sales of fifteen million, these books comprise more than half the young

Josephine Wunsch's books — *Girl in the Rough*, "First Love" series, Silhouette, 1981; *Class Ring*, "Wildfire," Scholastic, 1983; and *Free as a Bird*, "First Love," Silhouette, 1984 — are available locally at **The Book Shelf**, 112 Kercheval on the Hill, Grosse Pointe Farms, and at **Grosse Pointe Book Village**, 16837 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe.



PHOTO BY JEROME DAMIANO.

*Breaking Away*, Wunsch's forthcoming "First Love" novel will be published by Silhouette in May 1985. Look for it at major book chains including **B. Dalton Bookseller** and **Waldenbooks**, and wherever Silhouette books are sold.

— D.O.

adult (YA) market. And Wunsch's golf story — revised and retitled *Girl in the Rough* — has become a popular "First Love" book which has sold over 78,000 copies and been translated into Japanese.

To shed some light on this publishing phenomenon and her participation in it, Wunsch graciously agreed to talk to HERITAGE. Interviewed in the game room of her comfortable home, overlooking Lake St. Clair, both "Jo," as she is called by her friends, and husband Edward (a Grosse Pointe attorney), confess to being addicted to the water.

Casually dressed that day in navy blue slacks and matching turtleneck, topped with a patterned white sweater, Wunsch cut a striking figure. Her white hair was neatly coiffed, her blue eyes sparkled with intelligence and she looked as trim and fit as a woman half her age. Her first gesture was characteristically generous. Realizing I'd arrived without lunch, she offered to feed me, insisting when I declined a sandwich that we take cookies and coffee to the bridge table where we conversed.

How does this elegant matron write for teens? "I suppose I identify with young people," she said. "And I like them. I think their problems are traumatic."

Wunsch's ability to recapture the trauma of adolescence stems in part from her own experiences during those vulnerable years. As a student at Liggett School (now called University Liggett), she appeared to be living

a sheltered existence. But it was during that time that her father was stricken with tuberculosis and her mother suffered a breakdown. "On the surface," she recalled, "I was living one life, but underneath, I was a very frightened young girl. I had been brought up to believe that my life was going in a certain direction, and then all of a sudden, things became very dark and nobody knew what was going to happen tomorrow."

Like Judith Guest, the former Michigan author who catapulted to fame with *Ordinary People*, Wunsch believes that writers can have subconscious "preoccupations" with events that influenced them deeply. "Without a doubt, I have a 'preoccupation' with the years when my secure world fell apart," Wunsch wrote in an essay she contributed to University Liggett's *Alumni Perspective*. "I seem to be able to relive these teenage terrors," she said when interviewed. "Life may look simple for these young people, but it's full of trauma and fears."

When she writes, Wunsch starts with an idea. "Often," she explained, "I have to write into a book quite far before I know my characters. Then I go back and rework it. I know what I want to happen, and I won't start until I know the ending, but the characters grow as I write."

Despite the slickly romantic covers, Wunsch's books are *not* traditional love stories: "There is always a love interest, but these are not love stories in the sense that they're built upon a love interest. They are built around a problem. It's like a junior Ann Landers with a love interest. A problem is presented and, in the course of the book, the problem gets solved."

"The teens themselves have to solve whatever their problem is. They have to make a decision. And, hopefully, it's the right decision. The ending may not be happy — in the sense that we all live happily ever after — but the reader, I hope, will be satisfied with the feeling that the problem has been resolved."

Though there is no overt moralizing, Wunsch acknowledged that right triumphs over wrong in every YA novel. It's all part of a complex for-

mula that includes exacting restrictions and rigid taboos. There is, for example, no explicit sex in books of this genre. "You can have extravagant feelings about the person that you love, but there's no actual nudity or climbing into bed." Once, when Wunsch included a skinny-dipping scene in the proposal for *Class Ring*, she received this note from her editor, Ann Reit: "In 'Wildfire' books, we never undress, not even in the tub." Nor do YA editors take kindly to violence. Another scene from *Class Ring* was nixed because it portrayed an old woman being knocked down by a motorcycle gang.

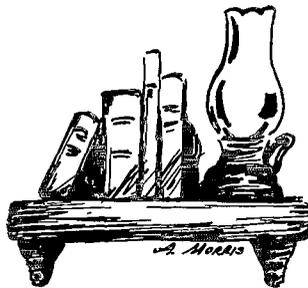


ILLUSTRATION BY ANNELIES MORRIS

Despite the plethora of taboos and guidelines, all YA novels are not the same: "What people have to understand is that they package these books as if they're all alike. But if you read enough of them, you realize they're very different," Wunsch maintained. And the comments of at least one young reader seem to support the author's assertion. I polled my own daughter, fourteen-year-old LeeAnn, who is an avid reader of the YA genre, for her reaction. She praised *Class Ring* because "it was different. It didn't end up with them making up and living happily ever after."

When Wunsch's own three children were young, she often asked their advice on her writing. "I wanted to see what they thought I should write about that they might like to read." Based on their advice, Wunsch penned her first novel about skiing, an activity the whole family engaged in, and since then family sports have figured prominently in her books.

Now that her children are grown, Wunsch relies on local teens for feedback. For instance, when her

publisher recommended the title *Arms and the Man* for her forthcoming novel, Wunsch was apprehensive. "I asked a few teens who come down to the lake what they thought of the title. They all looked as blank [as a wall]. So I told my editor Nancy Jackson that I did not think teens would take to this title." The book was subsequently renamed *Breaking Away*.

Another important source of feedback for Wunsch is letters from her readers. "These are usually young people from small towns and they identify very closely with the heroines. About *Girl in the Rough*, one girl wrote, 'My stepsister is prettier than I am. She has more boyfriends, but I have more friends.' That is a very interesting remark!"

Occasionally, Wunsch will hear from an adult reader. "They're always just a little apologetic. They say things like, 'I got this from my niece and just happened to read it.' But one reason the books have sold so well is that the adults don't mind if the young people read them. They actually encourage them to do so." And since the average price is under \$2, many teens can afford to buy the books for themselves.

While all her books have fictitious settings, local readers will recognize the Michigan landscape. Some of the small towns she sets her stories in could even be Grosse Pointe. Which brings us to the topic of her residence. "We moved here in 1940, relocating from Washington to Cambridge to McKinley to Bishop Road. This is our fourth house."

Why have they stayed so long in the area? "It's a great community," Wunsch asserted. "You walk into the stores and you see people you know." Two other important factors are the water and the sports-mindedness of the community. "Everybody is either jogging or playing golf. It's a friendly place — in spite of what people say."

*Donna Olendorf is a literary editor for Gale Research who enjoys writing about the arts. Her book reviews have appeared in Monthly Detroit magazine and the Birmingham Eccentric, and she regularly contributes dance stories to the Detroit Free Press. ◆*

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## UP FRONT

continued from page 10

operate the gift shop at the hospital. During the past two years, we've had an evening at the Edsel and Eleanor Ford home, an informal summer party, not a fundraiser but something to kick off the season. We have four general membership meetings during the year, and we have guest speakers. Our annual brunch is in May, and then we give our check to the hospital and the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Fontbonne Society is really a religious, Catholic-oriented group.

**H: What would you say is the best part of being involved with the Auxiliary?**

S: I never realized, because I come from an automotive family, how fascinating medical care is. It has been very educational for me to see these things, the whole scope of health care. When you're involved with the Aux-

iliary as president, you get a good overview. And we really do help the hospital. We're really a very good support arm, so it gives you a nice feeling.

We have a new-member tea every other year, where members bring in their friends. The Auxiliary perpetuates itself.

**H: Why do you make this effort?**

S: I think St. John Hospital appears to people as this huge building, impersonal. It really isn't. When you are in there, it really has a family warmth to it. I think people have a different impression. It has the wonderful medicine, naturally, and it has the high technology, and everything you would need if you were critically ill, but most important of all, the people are nice.

**H: Is there anything we haven't covered?**

S: Well, you didn't ask me this, but I thought about it this morning. My favorite person is Lee Iacocca, because he said he was going to do something, and he did it.

Sharon Wallace Snyder cares about people. Utilizing her strong talents for organization and public relations, she helps many people in her role as president of the Fontbonne Auxiliary. Asked what she intends to do with her free time at the end of the Auxiliary presidency, she said she would like to go into similar public relations work for an automotive firm or advertising agency. ♦

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HERITAGE salutes Sharon Snyder, and we wish her well.

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## ARCHIVES

continued from page 75

The mysterious Mound Builders' rites and ceremonies had a noticeable effect on this state's inhabitants, but mounds did not appear in the strength and numbers as in other states, especially Ohio. This may have been, some feel, because Michigan was more firmly in the grasp of the Iroquois, and that in mound-building times, the Iroquois held lands from eastern Illinois to the eastern end of Lake Ontario — the same spot where it is speculated the Hopewell came from.

The Mound Builders' religion and culture did not spread strongly to this area, because it was already firmly held by Iroquois and Algonquin tribes who did not take kindly to the idea of building mounds, said George E. Hyde, in *Indians of the Woodlands*.

"Michigan seems to have been uninhabited or very thinly occupied by Indians in Early Woodland times," said Hyde, "but in Middle Woodland times, it was by Algonquins and some Iroquois groups, and these were influenced to some degree by Ohio Mound Builder culture."

The Algonquin tribes included the Ottawa, Chippewa, Sac, Fox, and Potawatomi. The Iroquois tribes consisted of Five Nations, Hurons and Neutrals.

Much of prehistoric Indian life is difficult to deduce. They seemed to have had many inter-tribal wars. Their elaborate burial sites prove that ceremonial rites existed. Many were agriculturalists and evidence of their gardens was found. Some of

the original Indian trails they used became our highways. (There was an unmarked trail all along the St. Clair shoreline that actually attached to the major Indian trails like the Saginaw Trail in the middle of the state, according to Hinsdale in *The Archaeological Atlas of Michigan*.) There was no written language.

John O'Shea, curator of Great Lakes Archaeology, Museum of Anthropology at the University of Michigan, says that when the chroniclers finally arrived in the Detroit area, much of the culture had been transformed. "By the time the Europeans got there," he said, "places that looked empty in fact may not have been empty one hundred years previously."

Possibly the first white man who paddled up the Detroit River was Joliet. This was documented in 1669, but there may have been undocumented visits before this.

On August 12, 1679, the Griffin, a French ship, navigated down Lake Saint Clair. On the ship were sixteen voyagers including LaSalle and Father Louis Hennepin. In *Legends of Le Detroit*, by Hamlin, Hennepin christened Lake Saint Clair by saying:

*This is a feast of Sainte Claire, let us commemorate it by bestowing her name on this beautiful sheet of water. I hereby baptize it Lac Sainte Claire, by which it will be henceforth known.* ♦

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Carla Jean Schwartz is a free-lance writer who lives in the Detroit area.

## PERFORMING ARTS

continued from page 15

Once a play passes this test, it remains in the hopper for a final, winnowing vote.

The most delicate tasks, according to Kotcher, are picking the plays which "reflect our community" and balancing straight plays with musicals. "Reaching that harmony is what makes our group thrive and survive and keeps [the audience] coming back," as Theresa Selvaggio puts it.

But herein lies tricky ground, for today's playwrights have their finger on certain pulses which may not be next to the heart of Pointe theatre-goers: homosexuality, incest, strong language, deep family problems. These are topics which may threaten the GPCT's financial stability provided by 3,500 subscribers. (Only ten to fifteen percent of the ticket sales are on an individual basis and there is also a \$1-a-seat dress rehearsal performance of each production just before opening night.)

In the 1983-84 season, for example, *Whose Life is It, Anyway* was offered as a fifth, non-subscriber play since it has strong and unstinting content: The right of a dying patient to determine the end of his/her own life.

For the subscribers safe choices are made. Kotcher admits that there are "liberal and conservative" elements in the group that represent two diverse points of view: choose strong material and lose your audience versus choose that material and challenge them. So far there is a truce. Last year's optional play represented a compromise of sorts. Still, GPCT subscribers will not see Harold Pinter plays; Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*; the comedy set in a gay bathhouse, *The Ritz*; or even Beth Hanley's *Crimes of the Heart*. Each is considered too tough in content or too depressing.

Some plays, such as *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* sneak in after unacceptable kinks are smoothed out. Play directors may edit words, phrases, sentences or even rewriting entire sketches to conform to the subscribers' tastes. Yet each year it becomes harder to find acceptable scripts as language becomes coarser, more frank and general standards broaden. The committee must reach farther and farther — often to England, for their materials.

Members point out the sense of community obligation at GPCT. Each year the group gives scholarships to local high school graduates, works with other organizations (as in last year's hospice benefit), and beautifies and keeps up the building at 315 Fisher, to maintain the standard elegance of Pointe properties. Each Thanksgiving, GPCT members and volunteers — sixty-five strong — traditionally participate in the Grosse Pointe parade by wearing the long green dragon which Tom Gallagher affectionately calls "the worm." ("It's kinda fun," he says. "Last Thanksgiving, we served beer in the worm.") GPCT has also given donations to the War Memorial, invested time and money in stage and tech facility renovations and improvements which benefit all who use the Memorial.

Joe Rich tells the story of how he, as a CTAM representative, went to appeal an IRS decision refusing non-profit status to a community theatre group. The IRS representative reported that a friend of his, an electrician,

spent six hours one evening working on one of the theatre's projects, donating his time when he could have been paid to work elsewhere. "I know the secret," he told Rich and the others. "You're all crazy. Application approved." For each person who thinks that the endless hours of donated time connote craziness, there are others who think of this as a higher calling. At GPCT, the endless hours are spent in running a complex organization, putting on quality theatre, and wooing audiences because, according to Michelle Karl, "the people care so much. You just do it because you love it." ♦

Michael Margolin is a free-lance writer who lives in the Detroit area.

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## ENGAGEMENTS

continued from page 71

### MARCH

#### March 1

**G.P. North boys' basketball team** meets L'Anse Creuse at home. Junior varsity at 6:00 p.m.; varsity at 7:30 p.m. \$2 adults, \$1 students.

#### March 2

A **Star Auction** hosted by Our Lady Star of the Sea high school. Items to go on the block include the use of condos in Palm Springs and Schuss Mountain, Detroit Tigers' memorabilia and a party at the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club. All proceeds go toward purchasing educational equipment for the school. From 6:00 p.m.-8:00 p.m., a silent auction, cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. 8:00 p.m.-10:00 p.m., regular auction followed by a light meal. Our Lady Star of the Sea high school, 467 Fairford, Grosse Pointe, 881-5110. \$15.

A fund-raising concert featuring the **Brazeal Dennard Chorale**, sponsored by the Wayne State University Men's Glee Club. 8:15 p.m. Orchestra Hall, 3711 Woodward, Detroit, 577-2618. \$5, \$3 students and senior citizens.

In **The Dreamkeeper Speaks**, New York actor John S. Patterson brings the compelling world of American poet Langston Hughes to the stage. Fifty poems are acted out, 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$3.

#### March 2-3, 9-10, 16-17, 23-24

Sap from trees is converted into syrup before your very eyes at the annual **Maple Syrup Festival**. 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Cranbrook Institute of Science, 500 Lone Pine, Bloomfield Hills, 645-3200. \$3, \$2 students and senior citizens.

#### March 3

A humorous film/lecture explores Edmonton, Calgary, Banff and the Banff Indian Days Celebration in the **Rockies of Canada**. At 2:30 p.m. World Adventure Series, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.50.

#### March 6-10, 13-16

"Whodunit?" is the question of the evening. Walter and Peter Marks' comedy thriller, **The Butler Did It**, promises to baffle the audience. But is there a crime at all? Find out in this bizarre, suspenseful production. Wednesday-Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Fries Auditorium, Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-4004. \$5.50.

#### March 8

**Flautist Ginka Ortega** performs in a recital featuring music from baroque to contemporary. Recital is followed by reception. At 8:00 p.m. Christ Church Cranbrook, 470 Church, Bloomfield Hills, 644-5210. \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

#### March 8-9, 21-22, 29-30

Tennessee Williams' modern American classic drama, **A Streetcar Named Desire**. Call for times. Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, 577-2972. \$2.50-\$5.

#### March 9

**Sign Posts** is a heartwarming story of a young deaf man applying for a job at a sign shop. The result is a plot filled with "mis-communication." For ages seven to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$3.

#### March 10

Follow the sights of Phoenix to the Colorado River, to the Grand Canyon and beyond, in the film **A New Arizona**. 2:30 p.m. World Adventure Series, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.50.

#### March 10

An enchanting Sunday afternoon concert performed by the **Grosse Pointe Symphony Orchestra** will chase away the winter doldrums. Soloist, pianist Edward Zilberkant will be featured under the direction of conduc-

tor Felix Resnick. A reception follows. The concert begins at 3:30 p.m. in Parcels Auditorium, Mack and Vernier. Admission: adults, \$6.00; students, \$2.50. At door or phone, 886-6244.

#### March 12

A magnificent **day trip created for all art enthusiasts**. In a current exhibit, familiar masterpieces are traced back to their ancestry: the primitive pieces, from the personal collections of such artists as Picasso and Andre Derain, are juxtaposed with the modern works that they may have influenced. Trip includes bus transportation, admission and lunch at the DIA's private dining room. 9:30 a.m.-2:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$14.50.

#### March 13

A special mystery tour from **Detroit Upbeat** which caters to a variety of interests. Tour includes a history lesson, a drive along famous boulevards, art, antiques and lunch at a historic home. Stop guessing and make reservations. Call for more information. 341-6808. \$29.

#### March 13-May 5

**The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections** exhibit. A rare opportunity to see the religious and secular objects from the state Jewish Museum in Prague. This is the first stateside showing of Jewish artistic and historical objects preserved by Nazi Germany. Tuesday-Sunday 9:30-4:00 p.m.; Wednesday-Thursday 4:30-8:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$3.75 days; \$4.75 evenings.

#### March 14

**Hotel Barges in Europe** featured by the World of Adventure Series. 10:30 a.m. Lecture Hall, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$2.25.

#### March 16

The Michigan Opera Theatre celebrates Johann Sebastian Bach's 300th birthday in **Back to Bach**, an operetta based on the composer's life. For ages seven to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$3.

#### March 16, 23, 30

A **comprehensive three-part investment seminar** presented by Francis Plummer, assistant vice-president of Kidder, Peabody and Co. Covering all aspects of personal finance, the sessions include free printed materials on discussed topics. 9:30 a.m.-11:00 a.m. Meeting room of Grosse Pointe Public Library, 10 Kercheval, 343-2074. Free.

#### March 23

**Precious Gemini** performs a program of Israeli folk music by twin brothers, Sandor and Laszlo Slomovits. For ages seven to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$3.

#### March 28

**Overture with the DSO** presents a pre-concert lecture by Richard Hancock, assistant manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. From there, it's on to the Ford Auditorium to hear Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme and Mahler's Symphony No. 6 conducted by Gunther Herbig. Includes bus service plus wine, cheese served on the return trip. 6:00 p.m.-10:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$30 for lecture and concert; \$22 for those with concert tickets wanting to hear lecture.

#### March 29

Closing deadline to enter the **5th Annual Grosse Pointe Piano Competition**, held on April 13-14. Created for young concert pianists, aged eighteen to twenty-two competing for cash awards and concert bookings. For information, call 881-7511.

#### March 30

The film version of Alexander Dumas' **The Three Musketeers** reveals their great camaraderie, with the swashbuckling Gene Kelly as d'Artagnan. 11:00 a.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$1.

## FOOD

continued from page 38

### CROWN ROAST OF PORK WITH APRICOT STUFFING

#### Roast

Ask the butcher to prepare a crown roast from pork loin, allowing one to two chops per serving. Rub the meat well with sage, thyme, and garlic. Cover the exposed rib ends with foil or a cube of potato.

Warm oven to 325 degrees. Place roast on a rack in a large, shallow roasting pan and cook about 25 minutes *per pound*. A meat thermometer inserted in the center of the thickest part of the meat should register 150 - 155 degrees. Baste frequently with pan juices and fruity white or Beaujolais wine.

When meat is cooked, place on a serving platter and fill with *cooked* apricot stuffing. Dress up bones with paper frills and make gravy using pan drippings.

#### Apricot Stuffing

½ lb. dried apricots, chopped  
1½ c fruity white or Beaujolais wine  
2 stalks celery with leaves, chopped  
¼ c butter or margarine  
4 c cubed whole wheat bread  
2 T minced parsley  
2 t cinnamon  
2 t allspice  
½ t ginger

Simmer apricots in wine about 15-20 minutes. While apricots are cooking, sauté celery and leaves in butter until softened. Combine all ingredients and toss. Bake in a buttered, covered casserole dish alongside the roast in the oven for 45 minutes at 325 degrees.

### CHICKEN BREASTS POACHED IN WINE

2 whole chicken breasts (or thighs) split, boned and skinned  
1 c white wine (German Mosel, French Vouvray, California Chenin Blanc, Italian Orvieto Abboccato or Italiana Pinot Grigot)  
1 c beef or chicken broth  
1 stick butter cut into eight pieces

Combine wine and broth in a skillet. Add chicken breasts, cover and poach about 6-8 minutes. Remove chicken from liquid. Cover liquid and cook until reduced to ¼ cup. Add chilled butter, one piece at a time, whisking constantly until butter is melted and sauce is thick and velvety.

Serve chicken atop a bed of rice, gently covered with a blanket of sauce.

### SCALLION RICE BED

*(Rice is a symbol of fertility; that's why it's thrown at weddings.)*

1 c boiling water  
1 chicken bouillon cube  
½ c long grain rice  
2 T chopped scallions including green tops  
½ T butter

Combine ingredients, bring to a boil. Stir, cover and lower heat. Simmer 14 minutes, until liquid is absorbed.

### LIMP LEAF SPINACH

2 T minced onion  
2 T butter or margarine  
½ lb. spinach, washed well  
pinch of nutmeg  
1 egg, beaten  
½ c grated parmesan cheese  
1 T lemon juice

Sauté onion in butter. Add spinach and nutmeg, cover and steam until just limp, about 3-6 minutes. Serve leaf upon leaf on a plate.

Mix egg, cheese and lemon juice in a skillet. Cook until cheese is just melted. Drizzle over spinach.

### HERB LOVE APPLES

*(Tomatoes were once thought to be a powerful aphrodisiac, and so were called love apples.)*

10-12 cherry tomatoes  
pinch garlic salt  
pinch oregano  
pinch basil  
2 T butter or margarine, melted

Combine seasonings with butter. Roll tomatoes in this mixture to coat. Microwave 1½-2 minutes or sauté long enough to barely soften and heat.

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## FINANCE

*continued from page 17*

Washington, D.C. to have on our personal tax situation?

I am sure that you are aware of the proposals before Congress to reform the current tax code. They would simplify the system and supposedly reduce individual tax contributions. Recently, many prominent legislators have given the impression that the bill will pass in fiscal 1985 pretty much as it is written.

In reality, I'm certain a long, bitter Congressional battle is due, with the eventual passage of some compromise bill. Any meaningful tax relief may be years away, with current tax contributions remaining essentially as they have been.

Everyone realizes that you can't sink just one end of the canoe. By the same token, you cannot enact tax reform without addressing the

political and economic issues that caused increased government spending over the years.

We have to ask ourselves some real, searching questions: how do you reduce taxes and deficits at the same time? Some social programs have been completely eliminated and others cut to the bone. Can we find results by continuing this policy with the poor and elderly? Fifty percent of the total budget is used to fund entitlement programs.

As a nation, are we prepared for severe defense-spending cutbacks without a meaningful disarmament treaty with the Soviet Union?

I honestly cannot see a stampede in Congress to address the issues of tax reform and deficit reduction.

There is also talk of increasing corporate taxes, removing tax credits

and redefining depreciation schedules. These proposals, unless implemented with a great degree of moderation, in my opinion, will only serve to dampen the real economic growth of this country. It must be remembered that we are counting on the increased tax revenue of an expanded gross national product to reduce deficits. Is it reasonable to remove the incentives that spur the economy and still expect it to grow?

Possibly, we are trying to sink one end of the same canoe. ♦

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

## TRAVEL

*continued from page 57*

and find a gourmet restaurant called Le Champlain beside the boutiques of the Grand Allée.

French habitant cooking — typical French Canadian country cooking far different from the continental French cuisine served everywhere in Canada — is prepared on an open hearth in Café le Canadian. There are scores of tiny French cafés with wonderful cooking in the city.

Visit the many historic sites in Quebec, including the Plains of Abraham, where the French lost their North American holdings to the British in 1759. Find the city's many interesting contemporary shopping and eating/drinking places.

Even if you don't stay at the Château Frontenac, at

least have a meal or a drink there. Winter Carnival February 8-9, 15-16, makes a joyful madhouse of the city and it's full house time at the Château.

In the Château, there are still a few small rooms high in the ramparts overlooking the river, but most are gracious and spacious with tasteful period furniture. Rates for two are \$88-\$96 through May 18; \$105-\$112 May 19 through October 12; \$99 October 13 to December 27. Suites range from \$225-\$400 depending on size and season. A special package called Three Enchanted Evenings in Quebec, available through May 18, costs \$159 (U.S.) per person plus tax for three nights, double or single, with children under fifteen free in your room. ♦

**FOR OTHER INFORMATION ON CPR HOTELS** telephone toll-free (800) 828-7447. Ask about the twenty-four percent room discounts sometimes available under the Breakaway Weekend plan.

**CN HOTELS** can be reached toll-free at (800) 268-9143.

For further information on travel in Canada, contact the Canadian Government Office of Tourism, 1900 First Federal Building, 1001 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, MI 48226; 963-8686.

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*Iris Sanderson Jones is an award-winning travel writer and frequent 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.*

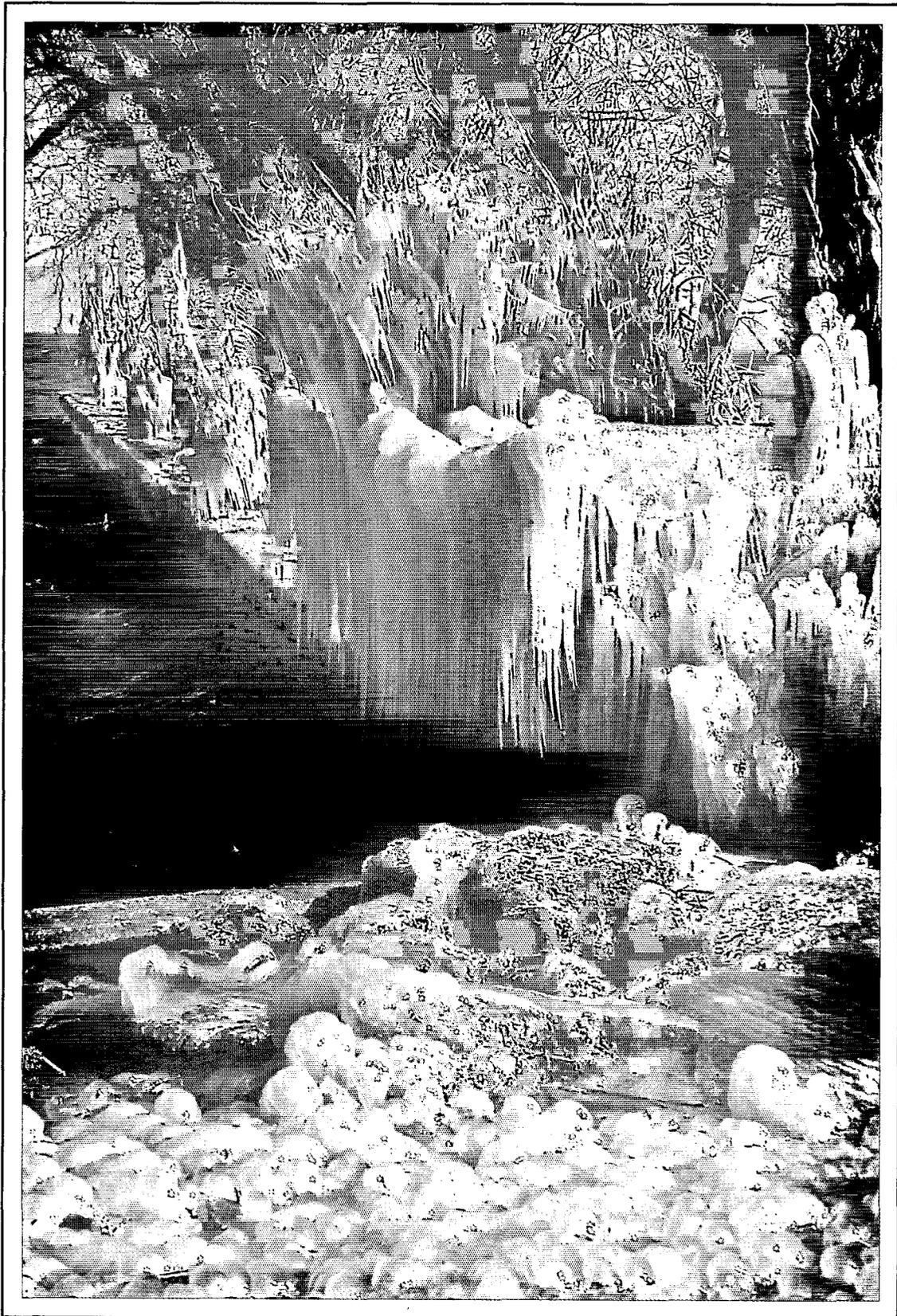
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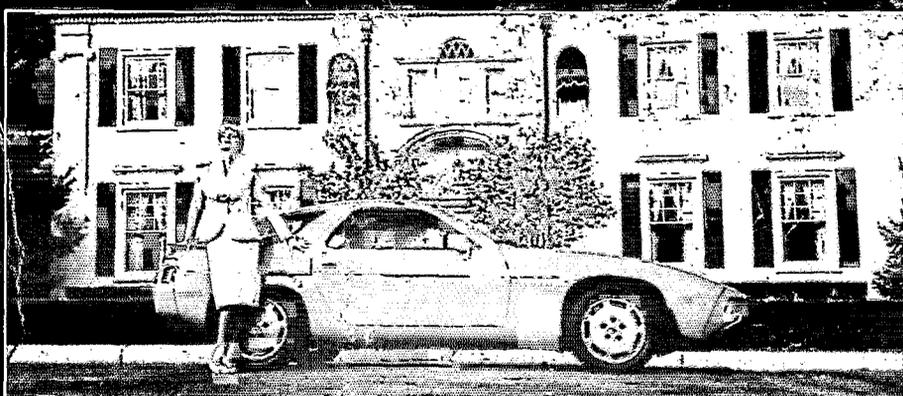
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