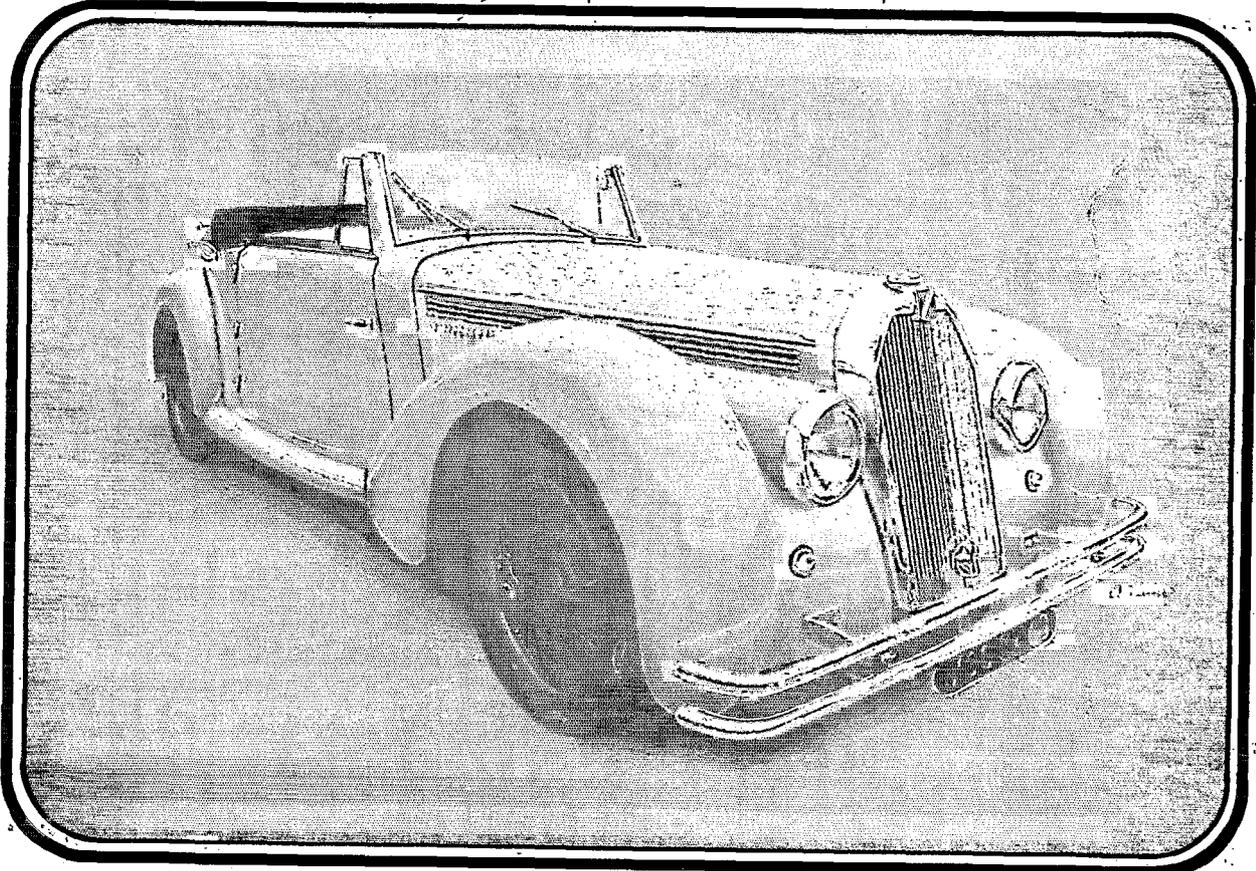
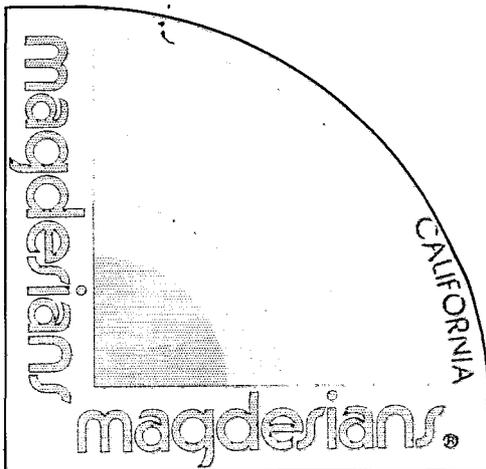


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A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE





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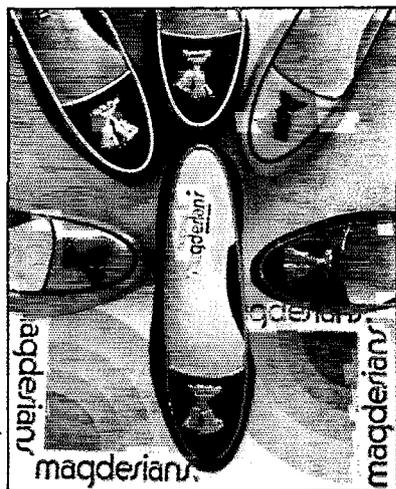
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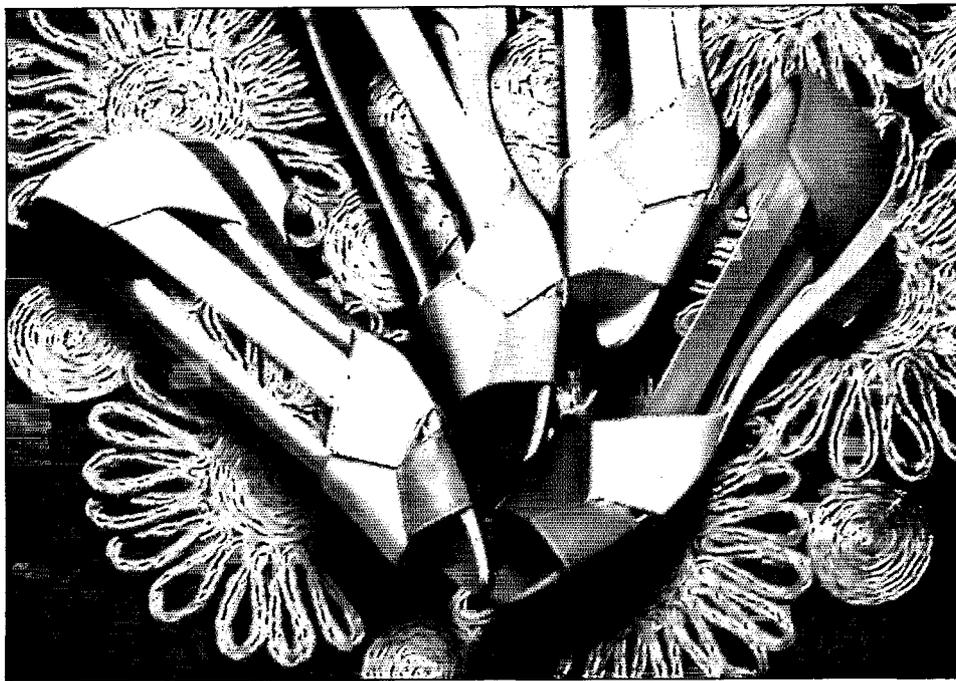
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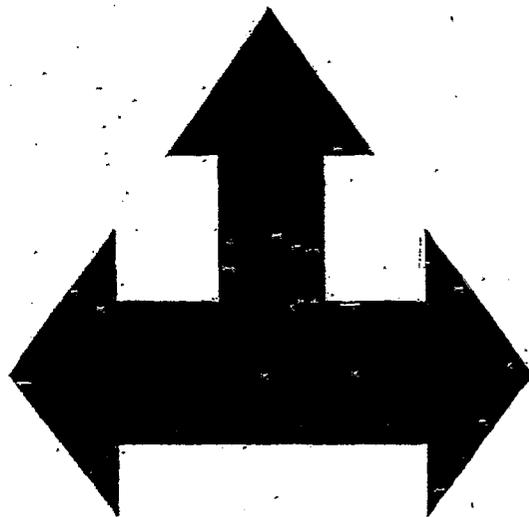


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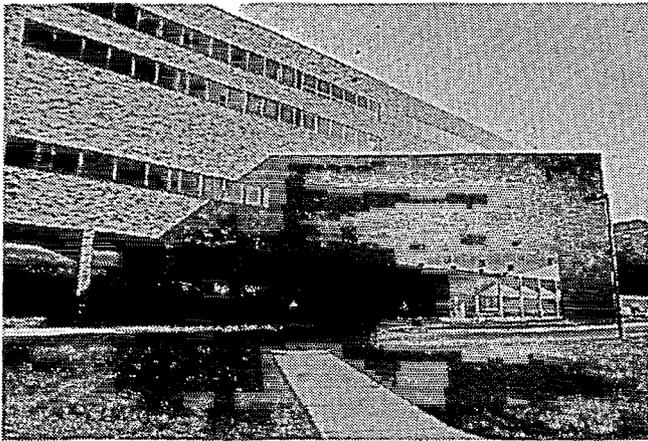
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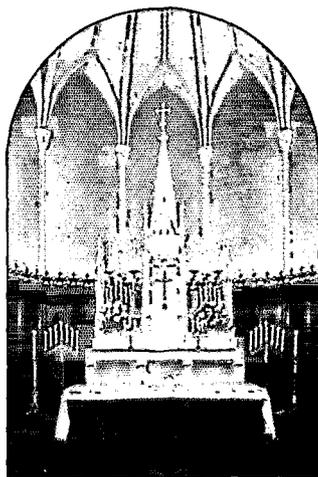
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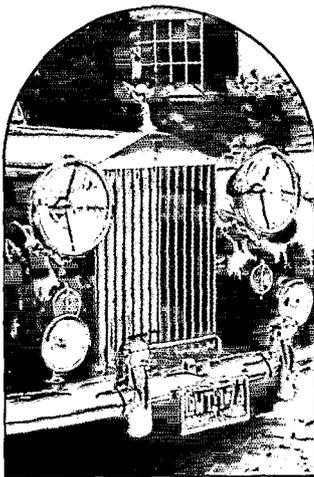
Vol. 2, No. 2  
April, 1985

**ON THE COVER:**  
The Talbot pictured on the cover  
is a 1948 Lago Record with a  
Drophead Coupe Body.  
Rendering by Amy Harris.

A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE



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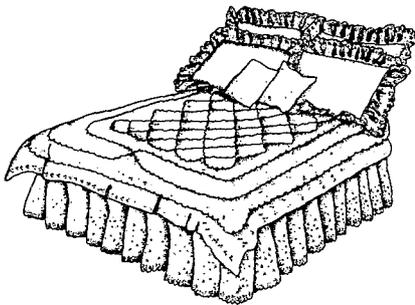
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## A Word About the "Idle Rich"

Grosse Pointe is often characterized as a community where money flows freely, where the hobby of the "idle rich" consists mainly of throwing money away. When you grow up in Grosse Pointe, you are generally amazed at the stereotypical responses your birthplace evokes once you are old enough to step beyond the boundary lines of your neighborhood. Recount them: Grosse Pointers are filthy rich. Grosse Pointers are racists. Grosse Pointers are bigots. Grosse Pointers are snobs, elite capitalistic pigs. If you live in Grosse Pointe, you live in a mansion with umpteen butlers, maids, cooks, nannies and assorted household help (none of whom are Anglo-Saxon and all of whom you exploit). You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. You've never worked a day in your life. Sound familiar? You betcha.

I once had a music teacher who pointedly told me at our first meeting that I shouldn't seriously pursue music, because I was from Grosse Pointe and hadn't "suffered enough." Being young at the time, I actually pondered his remark quite seriously before deciding he was stupid. Suffering is relative, and we all have our share. Some of us just want more. Occasionally, I think of that angry young man. What a quandary he is in — off in some squalid hole seeking enough suffering to qualify him as a great musician. I'm certain he found the suffering he sought; but I still don't see any of his albums at Harmony House.

The point is, the perception of Grosse Pointe has never been the reality. If you try to discover the nature of the great chasm between the two poles, you come to rest upon the work ethic. Non-Pointers (by definition people who have no firsthand knowledge of Grosse Pointe) will go to their graves resentful of the easy life led by Pointers. I'm amazed. My father worked, my uncles worked, my friends' fathers and brothers worked. My sisters and I helped our father

in his business from the time we were old enough to stuff envelopes. My mother was the ultimate office manager who saw to it that everything ran on a day-to-day basis.

The people who live in Grosse Pointe aren't royalty. They come from all walks of life — they are bankers and doctors and lawyers, to be sure; but they are also entrepreneurs — owners of cement companies, party stores and machine shops.

This issue of HERITAGE is dedicated to that work ethic. Henry Ford didn't come to the Grosse Pointe Track in 1901 to race his car because he thought it was a great and fun thing to do. He didn't even like racing. But he had a point to make — he had built something better than what existed, and he *knew* it — and he was willing to put aside his own personal comfort to prove it.

Grosse Pointe was founded by the French who farmed it, and adopted as a resort community by industry leaders who worked hard, and gambled all they had, in pursuit of their dream. They brought their families to Grosse Pointe as a respite from the day-to-day toil of their lives. Leaving the dirt of the city behind, they chose Grosse Pointe as their sanctuary.

The stereotype of Grosse Pointers as the "idle rich" who lucked into their place in life is laughable. Opportunity is always with us, yet only a few will grasp it.

Hats off to you, Grosse Pointe. We have focused on the automotive families who achieved greatness through their work; but the accolade applies to everyone who embraces the Grosse Pointe traditions of hard work and constancy of purpose.



Patricia Louwers Serwach  
Publisher

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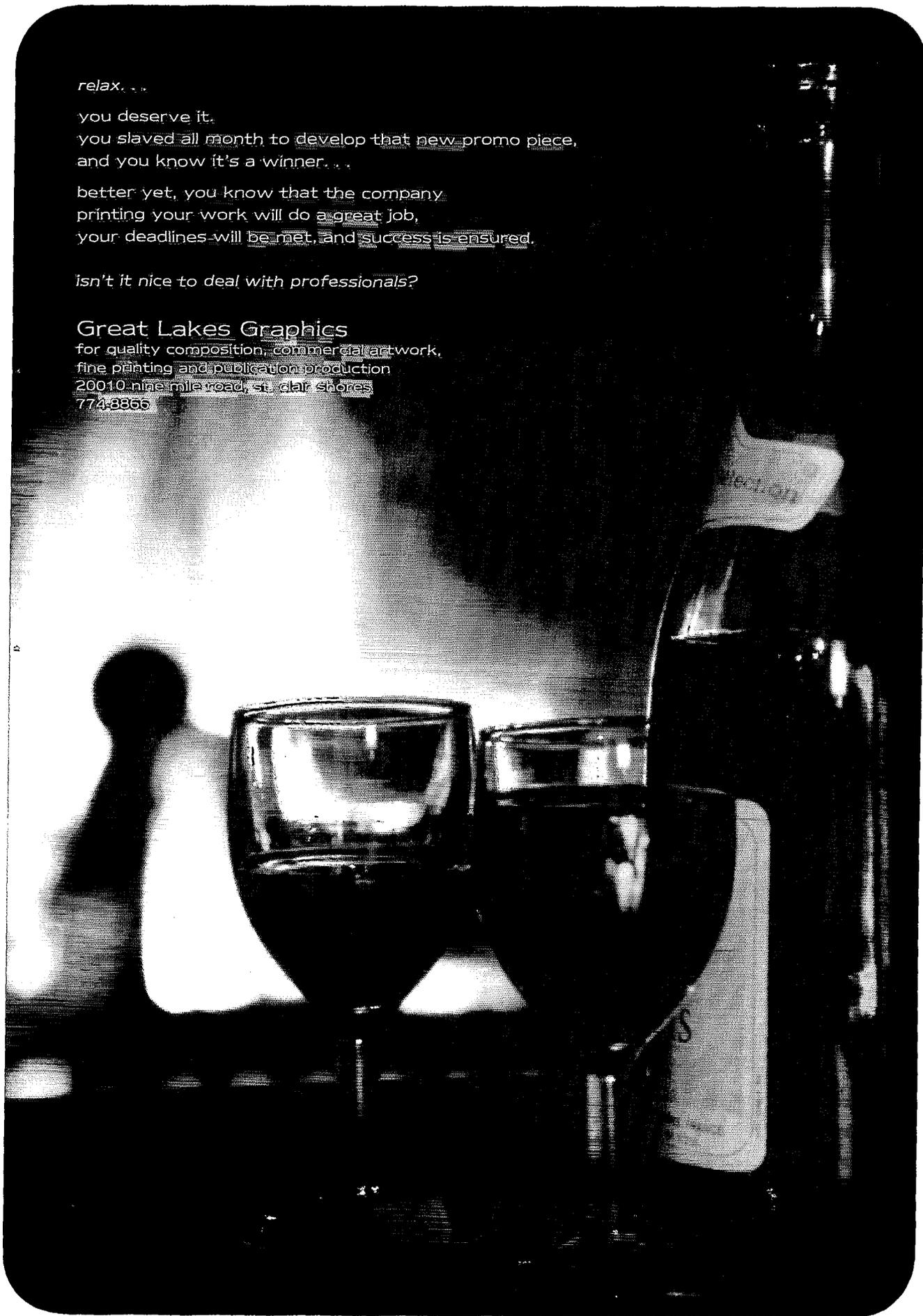
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# VIGNETTES

## Uptown Journal

For those who require a little spice,  
some short sketches about life in the Pointes.

### Domino Dilemma

The "We Deliver" sign on the top of Domino's Pizza delivery cars hasn't been easy to follow lately. It seems that outsmarting a Domino's guarantee has been more of a temptation than some Grosse Pointes can stand. Domino's will give you \$3 off your pizza if it takes more than a half-hour to deliver. "People will do anything to make sure our pizzas are late," says Chris Wright, manager of the Mack location in the Woods. "They'll turn off the porch light, all the lights in the house, and won't answer the door for several minutes. Then they'll come to the door like nothing happened and expect to get \$3 off." Readers who are encouraged to try this for themselves should be aware that drivers are instructed to refuse delivery. In this case, the customer is not always right. . .

---

### Pranks Down

The recent trend of American conservatism even seems to have spread to high school pranks, with senior classes at both North and South High reporting an especially low number of incidents. The biggest surprise comes from South, whose students were responsible last year for placing a Honda on the roof of the school. There have been some disturbances at North, however. Students are still talking about the Yuletide prank that saw the Grosse Pointe North commons transformed into a Christmas tree lot, with discarded spruces taken from area boulevards. This year's token excursion involved the seven-foot Big Boy in front of the Nine Mile and Jefferson restaurant. Kidnapping the checker-suited giant and transplanting him elsewhere has been a yearly ritual for seniors, and this year proved no different. The plan was to bury Big Boy with only the upraised hand and hamburger showing. A hole was started, but the pranksters were caught, and faced a five-day suspension and damages. And to think there's only two more months to graduation. . .

---

### Punch Out

After two different groups have taken financial baths managing Kercheval's Punch and Judy Theatre, it's

not surprising that owner Robert Edgar has taken it over, lock, stock and unpaid bills. What is surprising is that Grosse Pointes don't seem to care. According to Edgar, "Oh, once in a while a person will come up to me and say, 'How can you do that to such a beautiful old theatre?' My response is 'When was the last time you actually went to see something at that beautiful old theatre?' The answer is usually silence. . . The Punch and Judy has been a white elephant for ten years. . . I can't remember the last time it actually made money." Current plans for the fifty-plus-year-old theatre on the Hill include tearing out the theatre section, adding a shopping complex and offices. Though it's only mapped out on paper, real work should begin this summer. . .

---

### Chapter Two

The Grosse Pointe Book Village on Kercheval celebrated its tenth anniversary recently. Pointes have long known it as number one in both paperback and hardbound volumes, since it carries over 20,000 titles. Owner Gwenn Samuels has equally nice things to say about her customers: "They (Grosse Pointes) are very well-read. They like novels, histories, a little bit of trash. . . but don't we all? They also go for something a little different. . . the more bizarre things they know they can't find anywhere else. . ."

---

### More Motor City Mars

Despite the bad press Detroit has been receiving lately, Grosse Pointe retains its sterling reputation. Our fair community was featured on a recent episode of the television show, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, in one of its three-minute segments. Compiled last summer, the vista included shots of the Yacht Club, the Ford Estate, Lake Shore Drive and some unnamed tennis courts. "It's hard to believe," intoned the announcer, "that the gorgeous homes of so many auto moguls would be located so close to the city of Detroit." You win some, and you lose some. . .

## Gas and Oil – an Investor's Primer

*With technological gains in research,  
oil and gas investment returns are higher than ever.*

As the local gas stations lower their prices once again, the thought comes to mind of oil as an investment. Whether you should start placing your pretty pennies into a gusher just yet can be determined by examining past history.

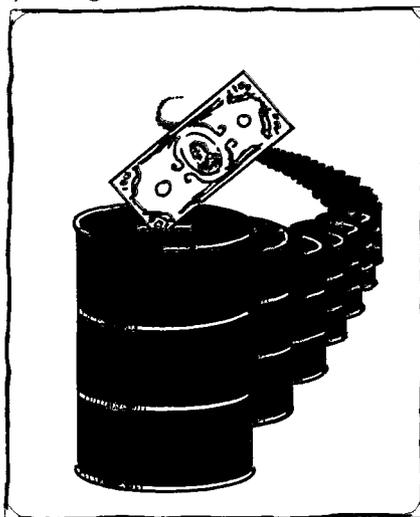
In 1973, for example, the price of oil was \$3 per barrel. After a record high of \$34 per barrel in 1981 (with \$2.7 billion investment that year), the current price is \$25-27 per barrel today. In the interim, oil production has also lessened with a 1981 high of 4,500 rigs flowing to 1,800 just sixteen months later.

Oil analysts today are comparing the oil drilling business of 1984 with the flat-on-its-back real estate market of 1974-75, a time when buyers at the top lost their shirts. In 1974, if you'll recall, more capital was available than solid, viable property. Consequently, the real estate market fell apart. The boom year of 1981 saw much of that \$2.7 billion going into hollow, even total fantasy projects. Prospects ruled that year, and investors lost out.

A different situation exists today. "We in the business feel like kids in a candy store with an American Express card," says Ted Arneault, president of the Manitou Exploration Company, Inc. "For the first time in many years, you have oil chasing money, not money chasing oil," reiterated Thomas Petrie, managing director and senior analyst for First Boston Corporation. "1984-85 is probably the best year for drilling economics for the U.S. oil industry in the decade of the Eighties," he explained.

This year, it's an investor's market. Oil prices may be down, but

so are drilling costs and other expenses. This is surely part of the reason for the current bullish attitude. Andrew Graham, president of the Oil Investment Institute, states, "The economics are such that you can make more money on \$27-a-barrel oil now than you could on \$34 oil three years ago."



Those in the oil industry know this, and what has resulted is a bazaar-like atmosphere, with haggling for the best price. According to data collected by the Independent Petroleum Association of America, drilling contractor prices are down 49 percent from the heyday. The costs of tubular goods have fallen 56 percent, mud and chemicals 17 percent, tangible well equipment 48 percent, and other miscellaneous costs 25 percent. The result of this for the investor is profit margins, even at depressed prices. "The ratio of oil prices to oil industry finding costs is higher than at any time in the Seventies," says

Arneault. "After 1981, it's at the second-best spread in thirty years."

With demand very low recently, there has been a decline in exploratory drilling. With fewer rigs sinking their holes into the ground, output from new wells has dropped off the table. However, a U.S. Department of Energy study predicts that this year domestic oil demand is likely to rise 4.5 percent – the first jump in six years. It's even possible that demand will be even with supply by the end of this quarter, and push ahead by summer. This translates as bad news for consumers, but the oil business would have a great three-to-four year window before production could catch up again.

These forces are already in evidence in the natural gas industry. Long-term contracts are drawing down a "gas bubble" of excess production that has stymied the development of new reserves. "The so-called 'gas bubble' is really just a matter of excess deliverability," reasons Charles Faber, president of Samson Properties. "A natural gas well has a life of ten to twenty years. An eighteen- or twenty-four-month period of over-deliverability is not significant in a commodity that is in short supply historically." Analysts at the University of Texas verify that, citing a cold winter and light drilling activity as reasons why the oil-rich state could experience widespread shortages by early 1986.

Not to worry, though. Andrew Graham explains, "If you look at oil and gas in the short term, it's going to cause you to be confused and mystified. This is not a 'get-rich-quick' investment. If you're in an income

fund, you have an opportunity for profit as long as the price of oil doesn't go into a drop. Added to that," he continues, "is the probability that within five years there will be a major disruption in supply. You don't invest because oil is going to be \$50 a barrel tomorrow."

Chester Bengé is equally optimistic. "Oil and gas will be the primary energy source for this country for a long time to come." Adds the former president of the International Association of Drilling Contractors, "We've seen the dips and peaks like this before."

So, perhaps by now oil and gas sounds like the right investment for you. What is the best way to approach it? Try the private placement limited partnership as the most financially rewarding method. Perhaps you already have experience in another limited partnership, real estate being one of the most common, but if not, let me explain the structure.

The most important thing to remember is that the limited partnership (LP) is designed to protect the investor. Your financial responsibility is restricted to the amount of your original contribution. This can vary from \$5,000 to \$50,000 per unit. This protection does not exist if you buy into a joint venture (JV) or simple drilling contract. In these, if expensive problems are encountered while drilling or completing the well, you can count on being billed for your share of the unplanned expenses.

Most (not all) LPs will feature a turn-key drilling contract in which there is a set price for drilling the well or wells. This will tend to increase the price of the well slightly, but is generally considered to be a sign of competent management on the part of the general partner (GP) who is in charge of all operations. Without the turn-key agreement, the GP would legally be liable for the cost overruns which can amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. This could put the GP out of business, and wreak havoc with the LP.

An LP will own a set percentage of the working interest (WI) in the well or wells. The WI is the amount of

production shared by the investor, which usually amounts to sixty to eighty percent of the oil produced. Leases in areas with proven production may be more expensive, but much more likely to produce a profitable well. A developmental well has an eighty to ninety percent chance...Keep in mind, though, massive fortunes have been made speculating in oil and gas ventures.

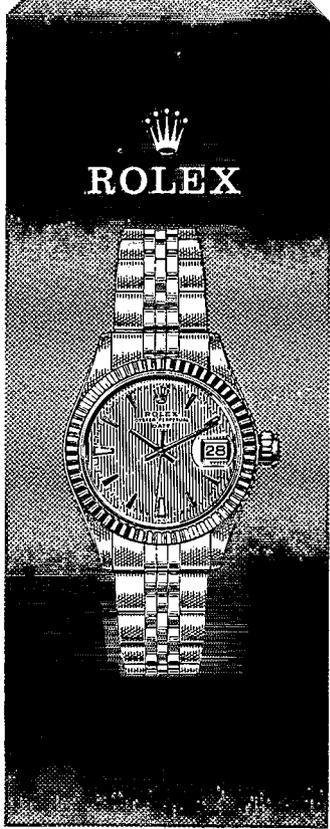
Other advantages come your way with this type of investment, as well, such as a monthly check, and the first year tax write-offs. For example, suppose you purchased one unit (1/25) of a well at \$3,000. After drilling, the wells come in at only ten barrels a day. Is this a disappointment? Let's check: If we assign the oil a price of \$26 per barrel and assume an owner's royalty interest of eighteen percent, the value is \$21.32 ( $\$26 \times 82\%$ ). There will be no windfall profit tax to worry about since this classifies as stripper production.

So, ten barrels per day at \$21.32 equals \$213.20 per day, times thirty days equals \$6,369 per month; \$76,752 per year. This figure is divided by twenty-five units, which gives you a cash return of \$3,070 per year. Obviously, even a five-barrel well would be rewarding.

You can count on continued returns as well. It is true, though, that the first one or two years will give you the greatest daily production — however, they will reach a point of stabilization after a decline. This stabilization can be anywhere from one to ten barrels a day. Some formations, such as the Richfield zone in Arenac County north of Bay City, are extremely long-lived. No fields in this zone have been totally depleted since their discovery in 1952. A reasonably good well will pay for itself within the first two years, and for the rest of its producing life you will have a steady income. In fact, this income will last your lifetime, and probably your children's lifetime as well.

Another investor advantage is lack of maintenance required. With oil there are no margin calls, no stock market collapse to worry about and

*continued on page 94*



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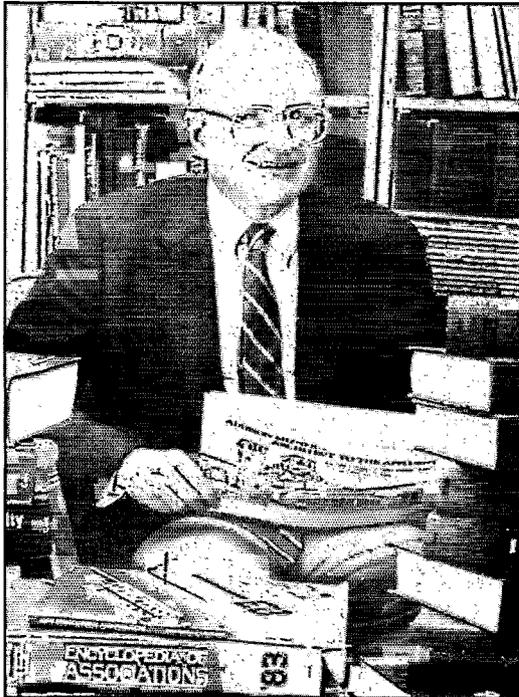
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## Points of Reference

*Gale Research founder Frederick Ruffner keeps his ideals alive in the face of change.*

It looks just like a library. With row upon row of hardbound volumes, reading tables, and reference material, it's the kind of place where people automatically speak in subdued tones. The name, spelled out in striking gold letters on the dark paneled door, announces in no uncertain terms that this is Gale Research — the second largest reference book company in the country and the brainchild of Frederick G. Ruffner, a certified bibliophile.

Addicted to books since childhood, the fifty-eight-year-old Grosse Pointe Farms resident has nurtured his avocation into an extraordinarily successful career. Gale Research, which started out with a single publication in 1954, last year reported sales of \$31 million on approximately 150 volumes, and currently employs 450 people in four states.

At press time, Ruffner had decided to sell the company, though a specific buyer had not yet been chosen. The only information known was that Ruffner was seeking "a larger and stronger company...for Gale...to continue...to prosper in this high stakes environment."

So, after thirty-one years of building a successful publishing empire, Frederick Ruffner — for "Gale's long-term stability and growth, as well as for important personal reasons" — has decided to step down. But the years of his leadership have seen many changes along the way.

His office has grown from a rented desk (which he shared with a record promoter) in the downtown Book Building, to a private office, then to a suite of offices, and finally to six customized, elaborate floors in the Penobscot Building, where the firm relocated in 1982.

Like the volumes that clutter his desk top, the bespectacled gentleman appears to be an open book. But a closer reading reveals a publishing maverick - a man who has built a top-

notch enterprise by following his conscience rather than a set of corporate rules.

Though he maintains an old-fashioned reserve, Ruffner is an accessible man who grants interviews willingly. Dressed for the interview in a dark three-piece suit, starched white shirt with French cuffs, and a navy and red tie, he appears briefly in the doorway of his spacious board room to mention that an unexpected bit of business requires his attention. He'll be back, he says, as soon as he can. He reappears ten minutes later, and settles into the leather armchair at the head of the oversized mahogany table, where he seems in complete harmony with his surroundings. Like the seventeenth-century paneling that lines the walls and the woven area rug that covers the parquet floor, he is tasteful, traditional, restrained.

The transition from marketing major to publishing mogul began back in 1954 when Ruffner, then twenty-eight, was looking up some information for the General Detroit

*continued on page 90*

## The Right Stuff

Don't be gauche. The art of matching wine to food is easier than you might think.

If your cellar boasts a 1949 Château-Lafite Rothschild, and the guest symphony conductor is coming to dinner, you may wish to plan your menu to highlight the wine.

Otherwise, your dilemma lies in selecting the correct wine to adequately complement the meal or occasion you've planned. If the meal is light, a young and light-bodied wine is in order. If it's a buffet, two or three wines may be served — each selection corresponding to an entree.

Spicy foods require full-bodied, red wines. Elegant dishes should be matched with sophisticated wines. Casseroles can be served with simple table wines, but heartier fare needs a full-bodied complement.

Ultimately, wine and food should be as complementary to each other as milk is to cookies, as strawberries to cream, or apples to pork. Standing rib roast and Lamb-roscio or whitefish and Zinfandel match about as well as strawberries and garlic.

Some foods, in fact, are not compatible with wine at all — curries, chili or salad vinaigrette — all have a very strong inherent flavor which tends to overpower the wine.

If a wine is absolutely preferred with these foods, it is best to choose a simple wine which draws no attention to itself.

When asked about which wine goes with which food, most people will spout the familiar rule — white wine with white food (chicken, fish) and red wine with red food (meats). That is acceptable as a basic guide in the beginning, but once you become more acquainted with the subtleties between grape flavors, you may wish to let your taste buds experiment for you.

Although wine from the *pinot noir* grape is traditionally red, white wine may be made by separating the juice from the skins and stems immediately upon pressing. The resultant wine has the flavor and character of the *pinot noir* red, but neither the longevity nor the inherent complexity. This white is still a good complement to steak, especially for those trendy white wine drinkers.

Champagne is the wine which immediately suits any festive occasion. It is a celebration all by itself, or makes the most trivial food elaborate. It can be served with eggs for brunch, turkey or beef Wellington for dinner, or even soufflé for dessert.

One more accurate way to judge wine, after the white/white, red/red stage, is by level of sweetness. My personal taste would choose brut or extra dry to stand alone or with meat accompaniment, sec or demi-sec with eggs, and demi-sec or sec with soufflé. However, my preference may not be yours. Just as some of us salt heavily, others do so moderately, and some abstain completely. Our taste buds dictate personal preferences, and so it is with wine.

The *chenin blanc* grape is one of my personal favorites. The varietal name Chenin Blanc stems from California, though it has a sister wine (Vouvray) from the Loire Valley in France. This wine is special because it enhances so many of my favorite foods

— shellfish, chicken, artichokes, apples, cheese, veal, tarragon and quiche. This grape receives different treatment depending on the winemaker, and thus produces different wines. It can be pale and fruity, golden and rich or even a sparkling wine. It is important to choose a taste and body which complements the food served. Sweeter wine complements sweeter food, and full-bodied wines accompany red meat.

### Presentation

The guide following this article may be helpful to you in selecting food and wine companions. For further suggestions consult your local wine merchant. Grosse Pointers are fortunate to have several knowledgeable ones in this area and a wide array of wines from which to choose.

In the final analysis, presentation and care for the wine are as important as which to choose. After purchasing the wine, remember to keep it on its side in a cool, dark place. If the wine is young and needs more aging than time allows, it is advisable to open the wine and let it breathe. Oxidation (to a point) will help a young wine to mellow. If it passes beyond a certain point, it tastes sour (oxidized). Your wine merchant should be able to advise if breathing is necessary, and for how long.

Red wines are properly served at cellar temperature (about fifty-eight



APERTIF

Brut or Nature	Very, very dry
Extra Sec or Extra Dry	Somewhat sweeter, but fairly dry (misleading nomenclature)
Sec or Dry	Medium sweet
Demi Sec	Quite sweet
Doux	Very sweet

degrees — slightly less than room temperature). If you do not have a cellar of optimum temperature, the wine may be chilled in ice and water in a wine cooler or ice bucket for about ten minutes.

Rosé, white and sparkling wines are best served chilled. The ice and water treatment for twenty to thirty minutes is preferred, but the refrigerator for two or three hours is acceptable. Sparkling wines with plastic corks become unpliant after refrigeration, however.

Proper glassware is the final element in correct presentation. An eight to eleven ounce all-purpose stemmed glass is acceptable for most wine service. For red wine, fill the glass only a third full to allow it to release the bouquet. White wine may fill the glass to the halfway point. Sparkling wine is poured to fill the glass two-thirds.

Swirling or stirring is taboo with sparkling wine as it releases all the bubbles quickly. The mark of a good wine is the size of the bubbles (tiny is preferred) and the duration of bubbling.

Clear glassware is preferable to smoky or beveled glass, so the clarity and color can be fully appreciated. It is important also to grasp the stem of the glass, not the bowl, as it warms the wine.

When more than one wine is served, the progression should be from the lightest to the fullest in body, from the humblest to the noblest, from the youngest to the most mature, from the drier to the sweeter, or from the better to the better yet! If you choose to serve a dessert which may not be well-complemented by a wine, serve a glass of water before the dessert and follow the dessert with a port or sherry. Coffee may follow, but never until the wine service is

complete.

More than anything, the wines you select should be those you enjoy.

Determining your favorite may comprise a lifetime of tasting experiences. Below is our guide for matching wines to food.

**Burgundy** or **Pinot Noir** — a hearty, powerful, vigorous, rich, full-bodied wine that teams well with steak or stew.

**Bordeaux** or **Cabernet Sauvignon** — is a soft, delicate, complex wine with finesse. It is long-lived, slowly maturing and it complements prime rib, beef Wellington, or steak Diane.

**Hermitage** — very full-bodied, deep-colored, slow-maturing wine, high in tannin, distinctive with a memorable bouquet. A complement to braised oxtail, steak au poivre, or molasses-glazed supremes of duck.

**Beaujolais** — a young, fresh, fruity wine. It may be served with turkey, veal ragout, or crown roast of pork.

**Zinfandel** — fruity, spicy, reminiscent of bramble and goes well with steak or grilled lamb.

**Baco Noir** — a Michigan-grown hybrid (of Cabernet Sauvignon descent) producing an inexpensive, uncomplicated wine for everyday consumption. It teams well with turkey, steak, pot roast or even meatloaf.

**Chianti** — a refreshing, young, common Italian wine which complements myriad of Italian food from pizza to lasagna.

**Chianti Classico Reserva** — one of Italy's best, it must be aged at least three years and may be quite distinguished. Serve with steak pizzaioli.

**Lambrusco** — an extremely popular wine in the United States. It's sweeter than the preceding wines, spritzy and

fruity. Better for quaffing than as an accompaniment to food, unless your preference is for sweeter wines.

**Egri-Bikaver** — a dark, rich, long-lived and full-bodied Hungarian wine to serve with Hungarian food (cooked with much spice, pepper and fat), perhaps goulash or paprikash.

**Chablis, Pouilly-Fuissé, Chardonnay** — very dry, almost austere wines. They are crisp, clean and fresh, pale straw-colored wines which serve as a beautiful accompaniment to grilled fish or seafood crêpes.

**Riesling** — fruity, fresh, green-gold wine reminiscent of green apples if medium-dry, or ripe, luscious apricots if it's sweeter. It's a lovely complement to chicken à la king, or spit-roasted pork tenderloins. When spatlese or auslese are used as a dessert wine, serve with apple Charlotte or pears Hélène.

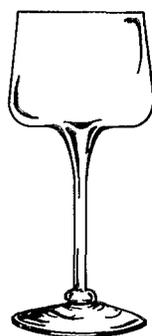
**Gewürztraminer** — the spicy, soft, fragrant, rich wine is complementary to turkey, ham, cold cuts or choucroute garnie (sauerkraut, pork and potatoes en casserole).

**Chenin Blanc** — the semi-dry version of this wine is pale, fruity and fresh. Serve with grilled salmon au beurre blanc, spinach quiche, chicken Veronique or cucumber sandwiches.

**French Colombard** — a light, delicate, juicy wine. Enjoy it with a tuna salad, a fruit and cheese plate, on a sailboat or in a hammock.

**Pinot grigio** — This very popular Italian is a fresh, tart, pale greenish wine which complements grilled dilled fish, linguini with clam sauce, scallops cacciatore or osso bucco.

**Sauternes** — Exquisite, naturally sweet, velvety golden wines which may be an alternative to dessert or served along with chocolate mousse, Napoleons, or tortes. ◆



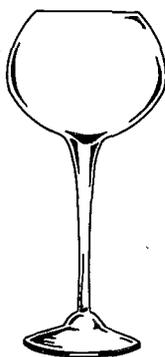
WHITE WINE



SHERRY/PORT



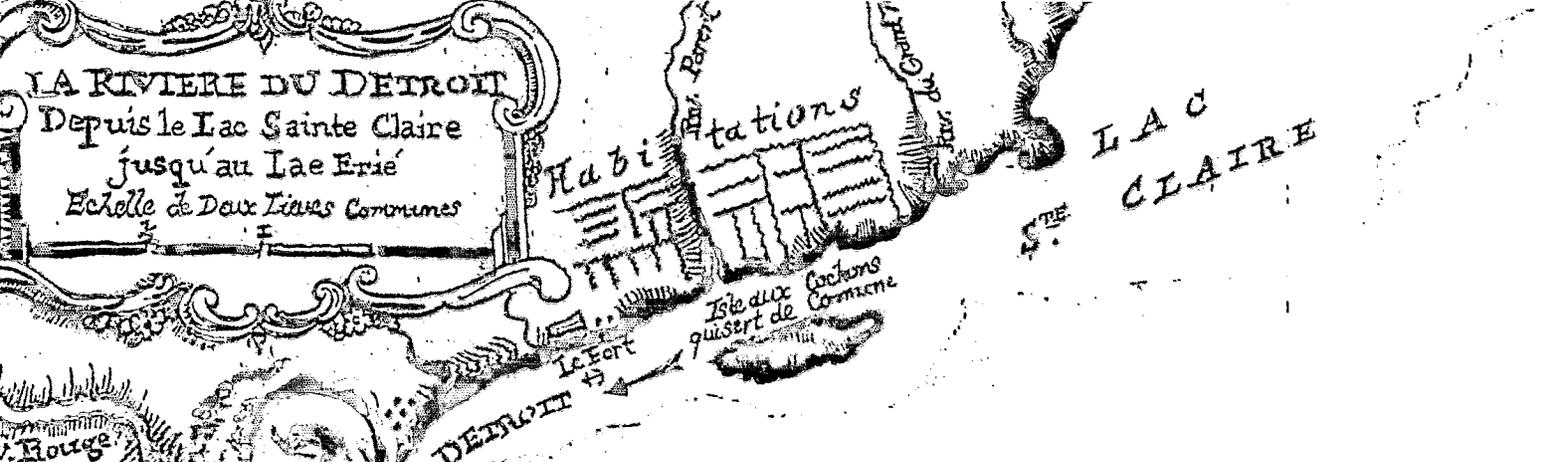
BORDEAUX/  
CLARET



BURGUNDY



SPARKLING WINE



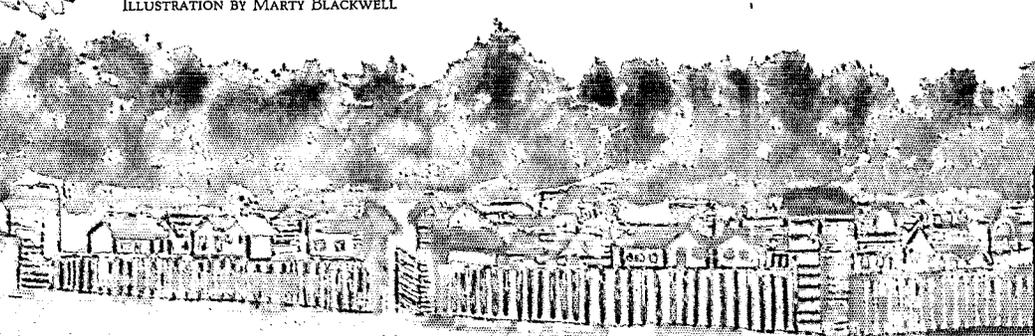
# Bloodshed in the Park

A chilling tale  
of death on Windmill Pointe.

**A** child's swing whips around in a frenzied dance, driven by the keening April wind. The fury of the early spring storm does not spend itself so quickly, however — it rushes beyond the swings and across the acreage of the small park on Lake St. Clair, as if seeking revenge for some unnamed injustice.

The figure of a lone runner can be seen passing through the maelstrom. Generally undaunted by weather conditions, she surveys the park with a wary eye, the hair at the nape of her neck bristling, as if some unknown danger lurks here; her body tensing in anticipation of... what?

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY BLACKWELL



1658-1730

CADILLAC

Perhaps her imagination is getting the best of her. Perhaps not. Ironically, one of the first recorded incidents in the history of Grosse Pointe took place on the site of Windmill Pointe Park. On the lovely grass where unknowing children spread their towels each summer, beneath the concrete of the tennis courts relentlessly pounded by Nike and Adidas, was shed the blood of an Indian nation.

Legend holds that the spirits of the Indians who died at Windmill Pointe in the early months of 1712 still haunt the place. In her 1922 story, "Windmills, Spooks and Witches of the Old-Time Grosse Pointe," author Isabelle Lothrop recalled her own mother's stories of the place — always a gathering spot for young people, always rumoured to be haunted.

The thought of a massacre is incongruous with this gentle spot, but such inconsistencies disappear when a full history of the event is unfolded.

In 1701, Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac arrived in Detroit to open a fur trading post at the issue of the French government. He built the massive Fort Pontchartrain as his outpost, roughly at the spot where its namesake hotel exists today.

The Indian presence in southeastern Michigan was very strong then, with the Huron, Ottawa, Potawatomi and Miami tribes all well-represented in this area. French and British settlers sought them out for their knowledge of the land. Cadillac, being a shrewd businessman, realized the Indians' importance to his endeavors, and he lured them out with "beads, cloth, brandy and other notions." The Hurons were the first to respond. According to Clarence Burton's *History of Wayne County*, the Huron Indians were "loyal, hard-

working farmers who rarely danced. Their strong huts were made of bark." The Huron village was near the fort at the foot of Third Street.

The Ottawa Indians, on the other hand (from the Algonquin tribe, unlike the Hurons who were from the Iroquois) were "rude and cowardly" when they first arrived at Fort Pontchartrain, though by "living with the Huron, they came to imitate their customs and rules of conduct." The Ottawa made camp on the banks of the Detroit River, across from Belle Isle, and remained there until the end of the French regime.

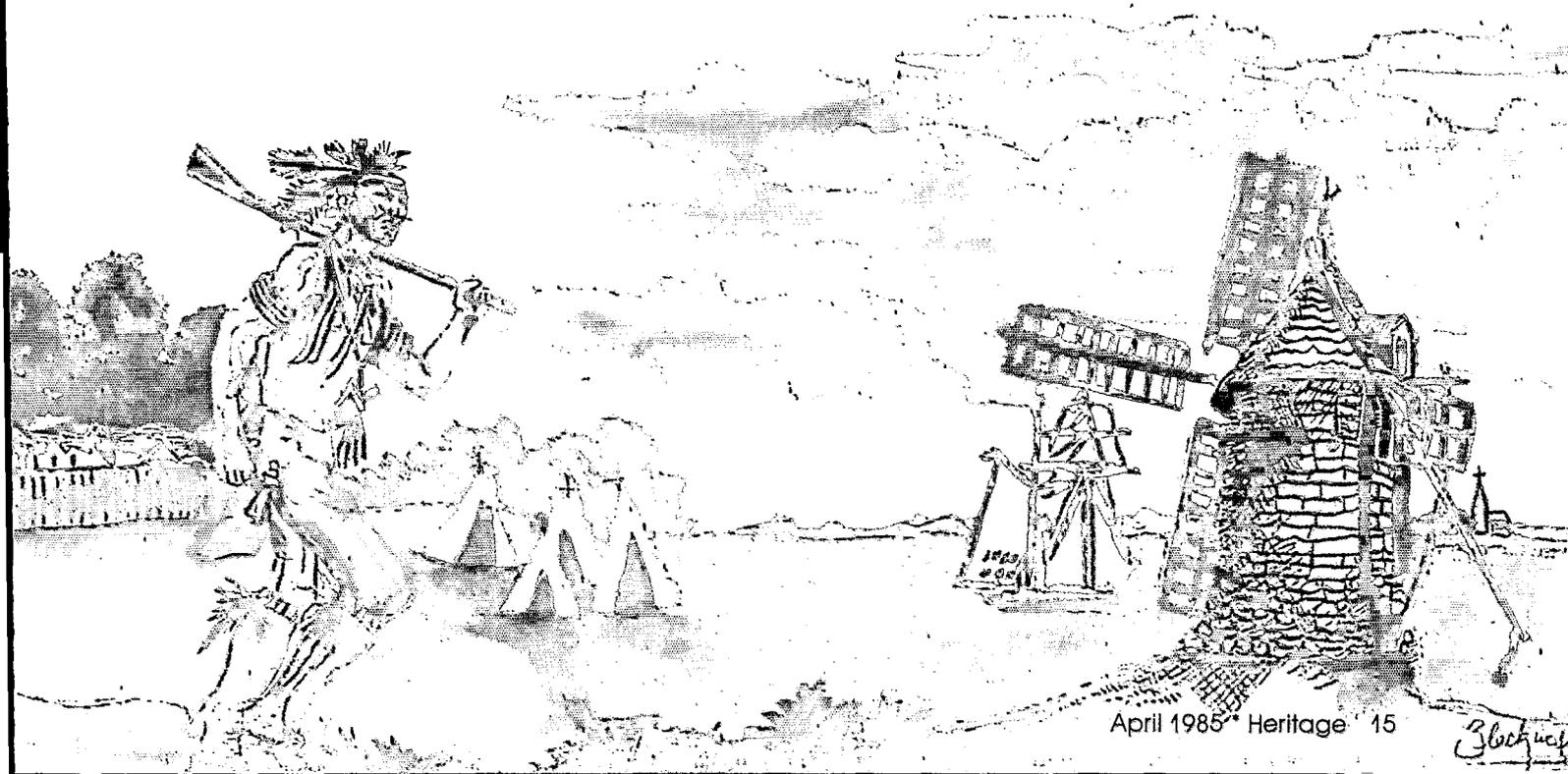
Next came the Potawatomi (also Algonquin), who settled near the fort, in the downriver area. Their lives, according to Burton, consisted of hunting, dressing game and playing lacrosse. Their wives farmed, cultivating corn, peas, squash and melons.

The final group to make up Cadillac's squad of workers were the Miami. Also Algonquin, they were noted for the tattoos which covered their bodies; also for their penchant for wearing very little else. They were partial to corn and buffalo in their diet.

Cadillac wanted to be the sole developer in charge of real estate and management, and he desired a trade monopoly with a large piece of land. To that end, he encouraged French farmers to settle permanently in the area, worked closely with the local Indians, and left the British out of his plans entirely.

It is rumoured that the British bribed two Indian tribes — the Fox and the Kickapoo — to rout the French. The local tribes lived in Detroit only during the summer months, leaving after the harvest for fall and winter hunting. On their expeditions, they passed

*continued on page 93*



## Avril à Paris



HERITAGE magazine is proud to present, in place of this month's Passport column, a new columnist whose passport is undoubtedly filled with stamps. Her columns have appeared across the globe, in such publications as *Madame Figaro* in France, *Harper's Queen* in England, *Harper's Bazaar* in Espagnol (twenty-two countries), *House and Garden* and the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*.

Marina Sturdza has had an illustrious career, with her positions including style editor of *Today* magazine, founding fashion and beauty editor of *City Woman* magazine, director of promotions for Greek tourism, and director of public relations for J. Walter Thompson.

Marina speaks six languages fluently, and travels regularly to all parts of the globe covering fashion and style. Her writings are a welcome addition to the magazine. Look for a future column of hers about Greece.

Professionally and personally, Paris is the city of my dreams, the place I am physically homesick for and the haven I forever seek whenever the world is too much for me. But my relationship with Paris is paradoxical. As soon as I arrive, I sense how much I will miss it when I must depart. Just thinking or writing about Paris is enough to bring many sensory pleasures back to me.

But it may also be the most perverse of places, the most emotional city in the world, a city of wild pendulum swings that can make your spirits soar and make anything seem possible — or cast you to the depths of total despair.

In Paris, you can fall in love with life or experience complete loneliness. It's a city for the very rich or the very poor. You can live like royalty in Paris on pennies (especially American pennies), or spend fortunes in a matter of minutes. The middle ground is the problem — when you are equipped with enough money for some things, but not nearly enough to satisfy the surfeit of desire and temptation with which this incomparable city beckons.

Do the French have any idea how lucky they are? I think not. They should be grateful for the achingly beautiful moments like a lonely daybreak drive along the misty meanderings of the River Seine, with all its much-photographed clichés, lit by the incandescent glow of an emerging sun; for the heartrending sound of a plaintive gypsy violin deep in the bowels of a grim metro station, so poignant it can bring sudden tears to your eyes; for the piercing sadness of a sullen, winter Sunday afternoon and the comfort of a steamy café au lait on a rain-sodden day, for the sheer heart-catching, breathless beauty of the Place de la Concorde at night, or the changeless pleasure of institutions such as La Coupole, the Brasserie Lipp and just about any well-worn, neighborhood bistro you'd care to wander into.

Bistros such as my beloved L'Ami Louis, deep in the underbelly of the Third Arrondissement, for its utterly sinful servings of *foie gras*, for the *pommes Sarladaises* (truffle-spiked potatoes fried to a burnished golden crust in rendered goose fat), and the succulent lamb or beef roasted in wood-fired

ovens mellowed by eighty years of cooking. Or Le Moi, my favorite locale for Vietnamese specialties, charmingly situated in two tiny storefront restaurants that sit on opposite sides of the same street. I could live on their coriander-scented Tonkinese soup forever.

Perhaps you'll prefer Le Petit Zinc, a modest Left Bank bistro that is a delightful vantage point from which you can observe the Marche de Buci, where glorious flowers by the armful cost a fraction of what you'd pay at any stateside florist; where you'll find the most tender of young vegetables, the freshest fish and the finest cut of meat. French *baguettes*, minutes from the oven, can also make me wax positively lyrical. In fact, I remain forever convinced that it is simply impossible to consume a bad meal in this delectable city.

Parisians should be grateful for a city whose every cobblestone sparks with history. Not only for such glories as the Louvre, the Petit Palais and the tranquil Ile St. Louis, seasoned with the enchantment of perfectly preserved seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses. But for the more

intimate charms of a smaller museum, like the Nisson de Camondo, a gorgeous eighteenth-century mansion, precise down to the period clothing that hangs unused in the wardrobes and the table settings forever awaiting a feast that is never to be. The Carnavalet, once an *hotel particulier*, was originally the private domain of the Marquise de Savigne, whose apartments are still intact. Now it is the Museum of Paris History.

On display are several centuries of clothing, household goods, extraordinary seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture and wonderfully revealing portraits of Parisian courtesans, writers, aristocrats, magistrates and cardinals. At the Conciergerie, in the Palais de Justice, the all-too-real relics of the French Revolution lie preserved for posterity near Marie Antoinette's detention cell. Here you can immerse yourself in the Paris of old, and history seems that much more immediate.

Parisians should be grateful, as I am, for the ultimate panoply of consumer goods. I can afford the luxuries only with my eyes, but I love to window shop (the French call it *leche-vitrine*, literally "licking the windows") along famous avenues such as the Faubourg St. Honore, the rue de Rivoli, the avenue Montaigne — yard for yard the most expensive streets in the world. No matter. Anyone would love to gaze at the countless, utterly covetable delights. There's more — on to St. Germain de Près and its tortuous maze of streets, crammed with delightful discoveries; you could browse for weeks and never run out of boutiques. Paris spoils one by catering to every whim at any hour — you can buy everything from cosmetics to records to food, jewelry and luggage, eat steak, sauerkraut, oysters or cake twenty-four hours a day.

Parisians should appreciate such shopper's delights as the Place de Victoires, for its gallant bronze horseman and because it's home for so many splendid boutiques — St. Laurent, Mercadal, Stephan Kelian and Tokio Kumagaya — all for shoes; Victoire (quite simply the best boutique in Paris, bar none), France Andrevie,

Kenzo, Comme des Garçons, Thierry Mugler, Cacharel and a host of other great shops; for Les Halles and even Le Sentier, deep in the city's tenderloin, where the bargains are crying out to be found and bartered for. And I am lucky that I get to visit Paris so often.

There are caveats, of course. A few Parisian facts of life escape me

totally. The French passion for dogs remains as incomprehensible as it is ubiquitous, and I still fail to understand why I should tolerate dogs as my seatmates, even in fine restaurants. Invariably I am exasperated, driven to distraction, by the Parisian disregard for the rules of the game. If the bank notice claims

*continued on page 95*

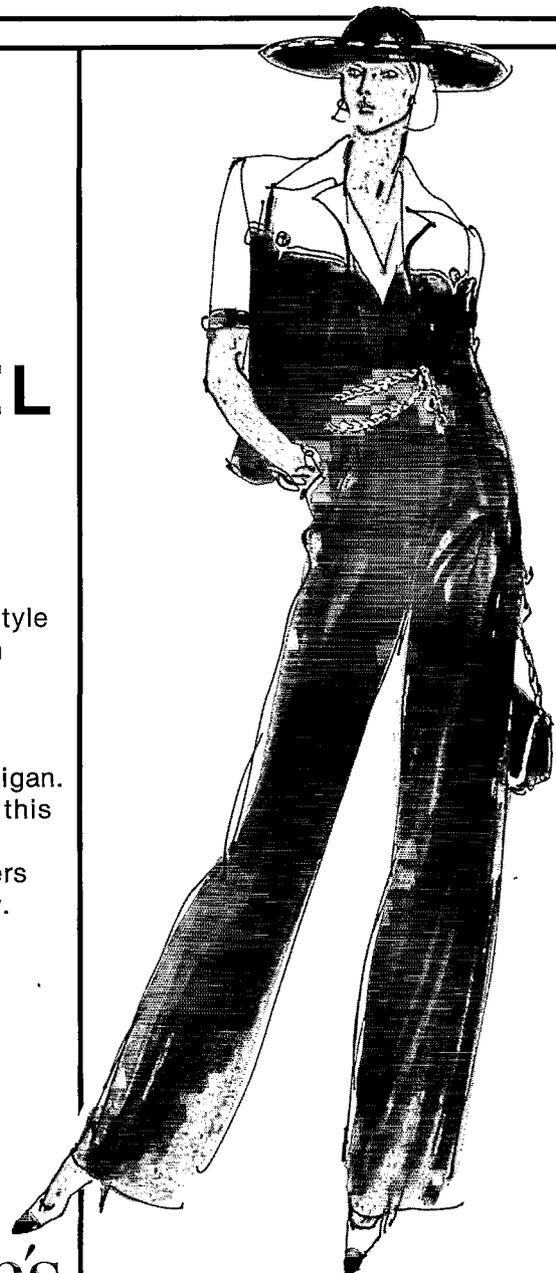
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# Jacobson's



## Centennial in the Pointe

The 'holistic' approach to development may seem radically new but the Grosse Pointe Academy has embraced it for a century

It is one of the best kept secrets on Lake Shore Drive and it has been for almost a century. The people at the Grosse Pointe Academy don't want the credit, though. In fact, they just can't understand why so many seem to know so little about the school and its heritage.

"I get people wandering into my office in the Lake Shore Building asking to see the monsignor," chuckled Dr. Sydney I. DuPont, headmaster of the Academy. "They seem to think this is part of St. Paul's."

It is not as if the Academy can be accused of hiding behind the hedges. They opened their exquisite French Gothic chapel for weddings nearly two decades ago. Strollers and stray Saturday afternoon softball games are always welcome, and local police can surely attest to the property's popularity with young and old couples who come there to find romance in the lacy shadows of the moonlit oaks.

The land itself has an impressive history. Private claim #231 was the first large plot to be cleared on the lake shore in the late Eighteenth Century. It was owned by one of Grosse Pointe's original settlers, Commodore Alexander Grant, a British Royal Navy officer who had hopes of creating a type of feudal estate in the wilderness. Luckily, feudalism never caught on with the natives, so the Commodore consoled himself by building a magnificent 160-foot home made of oak timbers and surrounded by graceful two-story galleries. Grant lived royally in his house ("Grant's Castle") with his wife and family of thirteen. In later years, he was an agent for King George, distributing bounties and pensions to Britain's Indian allies, including the great Chief Tecumseh.

After Grant's death in 1813, the land was sold to Louis Moran, Sr., who subsequently divided it into five ribbon farms running from the lake back to where Ridge Road is today.

Here the history of the Grosse Pointe Academy begins. In 1867, Superior Mother Eugeni Desmarquest of

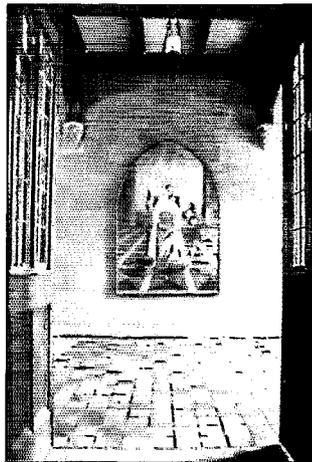
the religious order of the Sacred Heart of Jesus looked to the shores of Lake St. Clair for an appropriate site to build Detroit's second Sacred Heart Convent Academy for girls. A new boarding facility was needed to relieve the overcrowded conditions of the city's first Sacred Heart school (on Jefferson Avenue near St. Peter and Paul's Jesuit Church) where young ladies from prominent Catholic families had been educated since 1851.

Mother Desmarquest bought four of the strip farms, equalling about forty-two acres of land, for the then-staggering sum of \$15,300. The Order later acquired the fifth lot in 1955 from the estate of Mrs. Helen deMoral Nicholas for \$83,000. Both sums together would be a mere fraction of today's real estate value, but initially the purchase so depleted the nun's resources that building could not begin on the school for almost twenty years.

Although Mother Desmarquest had been transferred by the time the construction began in 1883, she left a detailed diagram (which still exists in the Academy archives) outlining and denoting in fine French script the exact use she envisioned

for the property — formal gardens, grape arbors, vegetable patches and an apple orchard of twenty-three rows with nine trees in each, creating a tunnel of white blossoms each spring. Mother Desmarquest also ordered the planting of a double line of maples from the formal garden to where Kercheval is today. Many of these trees still survive on Kenwood Road and form what is known as the "nun's walk."

Finally, she planned an enclosed field for the animals, stables, chicken coops and housing for the servants (or "les domestiques"). The school (the Lake Shore Building), was designed by Maginnis and Walsh of Boston, and completed in 1885. The Victorian marvel, topped by two landmark cupolas which appear on all navigation charts of the lake, boasts other utilitarian and structural features including a heavy wood roof that is notched together so snugly that nails or pegs are superfluous.



## ◆ madeleine mc laughlin

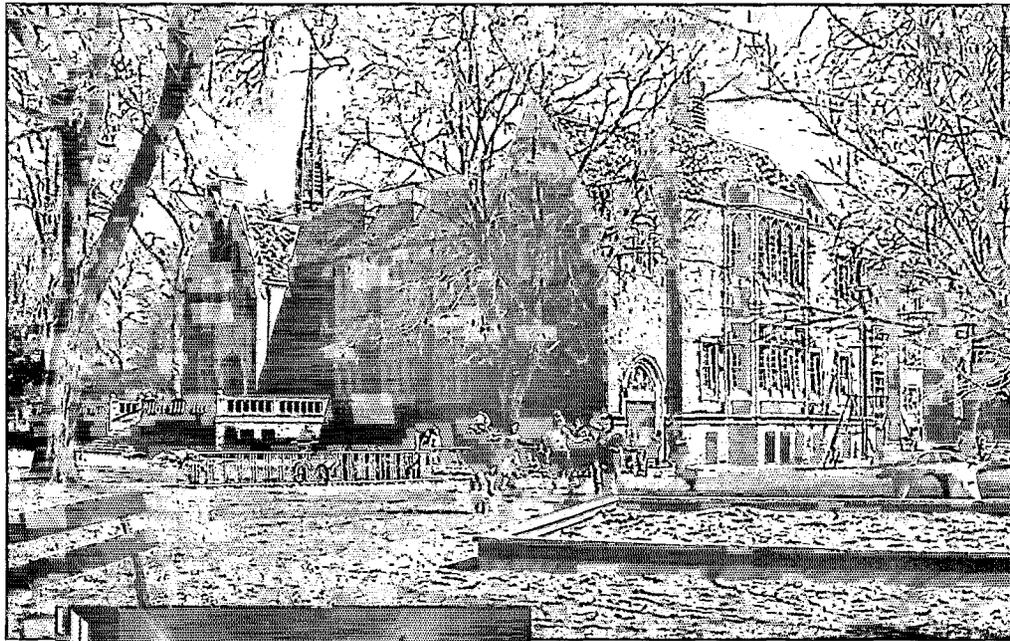
*Souvenir of the Pointe*, published by Silas Farmer & Co. in 1886, describes the compound with a tone of wonder as the "most complete of its kind in the country, costing nearly \$100,000 to build, and furnished with every modern convenience." Steam heat brought every room of the four-story structure up to a uniform seventy degrees, "even on the coldest days in the winter. Pure lake water is supplied by a steam engine and distributed over the premises from iron tanks on the roof."

Enrollment swelled swiftly and by the end of the year, there were twenty-five students. As the school grew, provisions were made by the Order to enlarge the facility and its services to the community.

One year after the boarding school opened, the nuns were given permission to build a free school for the children of St. Paul's parish, which ran for the next forty years until St. Paul's constructed its own. The addition was designed by Detroit architect William Stratton, whose wife, Mary Chase Stratton, founded Pewabic Pottery. Pewabic tile still lines the walls of the building that the GPA uses for their Montessori program.

Ground was broken in 1899 for the chapel, designed by architect Harry Rill as he worked simultaneously on the present St. Paul's Church. Built in the tradition of La Sainte Chapelle in Amiens, France, the Grosse Pointe chapel features beautifully carved wood – from the intricate side altar bas-relief of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat (founder of the Sacred Heart in France in 1800), to the simple floral designs along the nun's stalls and on the sides of the benches. High above the white marble altar, the fleur-de-lis is stenciled in gold leaf across a brilliant blue background. One of the most striking features of the tiny chapel is the twelve large stained-glass windows, created in Munich, Germany, which depict scenes from the life of Christ. The corners of several of these windows opened up into the second floor of the Lake Shore Building so that the old and infirm nuns could attend daily mass without leaving their quarters.

In 1930, the chapel was renovated and expanded through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs, then owners of the Detroit Tigers and parents of several Sacred Heart alumnae. A connection with the new Tudor-Gothic wing of the school was added, making it possible to walk inside through the entire complex. This was funded primarily through the sale of the back part of the property from Grosse Pointe Boulevard to Ridge Road. Mr. Briggs' daughter, Elizabeth Fisher, and other concerned alumnae are currently sponsoring another complete renovation of the chapel by Eugenio and Sons.



PHOTOS BY GLEN CALVIN MOON.



Above and left: The playground and inner hallway of the Grosse Pointe Academy.

Life on the lake seemed to agree with the students, grades one through twelve, who came from all over Michigan and the Midwest. According to *Souvenir of the Pointe*, "the pupils have full range over the grounds. With fresh milk, butter and vegetables from the farm and plenty of fresh air from the lake, they seem to be the picture of health, and it is claimed that no other school in the West offers a superior advantage."

Another superior advantage of attending the academy was the insistence on a higher spiritual consciousness. St. Madeleine Sophie Barat's teachings, used at all Sacred Heart schools, stressed the individual's reliance on both natural and spiritual talents. The duty of a teacher was not simply to train students' minds – but also to develop their imagination, their judgment, their character and their Christian values.

Sister Helen Healy, now an honorary member of the Grosse Pointe Academy's board of trustees, characterized the Sacred Heart education this way: "It is aimed at developing the whole person... a holy, happy, healthy, serviceable person. A Sacred Heart girl must always be ready to give to others, to be loyal, and to have a kind of self-reverence, a self-respect that allows her to be open and ready to love others."

Expert Analysis:

◆ Rosemary Bowditch

## Form and Function United

Were it not for the sign directing the way to the Grosse Pointe Academy, the passerby might not take notice of the century-old brick building set far back from the street. More than a casual glance is needed to discover the 1900 chapel addition, and it is likely that the 1929 classroom building addition at the rear would go unseen. When this latter structure was completed, the Academy acquired a new formal entrance in the rear, so that today the first-time visitor must rely on the sign for direction.

Once the "new building" is in sight, the entrance is obvious, for the eye is drawn to the large wood doors whose rich, warm tones pleasantly contrast with the brick and stone of the whole façade. They beckon invitingly, beyond a flight of stone steps and an elevated terrace, framed by Gothic carvings and a statuary in a stone molding which reaches up to enclose the second floor windows, and points to the gable above. Designed by Maginnis and Walsh, the English Gothic style of the new building is in keeping with the architectural fashion of its time. It has the vertical movement and emphasis on height characteristic of its style, achieving these effects by means of structural and decorative elements. Notice the steeply pitched roofs, front-facing gables, and tall, thin buttress-like pilasters between mullioned window groupings. The difference in grade between the drive and entrance is utilized to maximum effect to increase the actual two-and-a-half story height of the building.

Throughout the 1929 interior, there is restraint in decor which relies on color and materials for its pleasantness and warmth. The spaces within are functional and businesslike, yet friendly. Classroom doors, mostly of leaden glass, close off the learning space without isolating it. They open into a long hall which leads to the chapel and the older Lake Shore Building.

The chapel was consecrated in 1900, and is much like its Gothic neighbor St. Paul's, though smaller, and more ornamental inside. Both were designed by architect Harry J. Rill and were constructed simultaneously. The chapel interior, recently restored to its 1929 appearance, is a splendor of rich Gothic detail, sheltered by a steeply pitched roof whose high ceiling is intricately painted. On the outside, the height is somewhat blunted by the crenelated low walls which enclose the sacristy and side chapel.

Within the Lake Shore Building, use of a monotone paint scheme has obscured its age somewhat. As expected for a building of this era, the ceilings are very

high. Many still have the stamped metal finish, applied early this century, over the original plaster. The various patterns have created a delightful exhibit of this once fashionable form of decoration. The original main entry, with street number 171 still visible in the fanlight above it, is no longer used. The front has become the back, and there is a sense of awkwardness here, as if the old building is unsure of how to behave in the presence of change.

Designed by William Shickel, and opened in 1885, the four-storied Colonial Revival form used in the Lake Shore Building is unpretentious and reserved. Its rectangular shape is relieved only by end blocks with pyramid roofs, and by small arched windows on the fourth floor. Conscious decoration of the surface was achieved by the contrast between stonework and dark red brick. While not very impressive in appearance, this is a structure of dignity that has survived and fulfilled its purpose for a century.

Easily overlooked is the Early School, once the parish school of St. Paul's church, a detached building at some distance from the others in the compound. The original 1886 section has arched windows under wide graceful brick arches, a design feature reflecting the then-popular Romanesque Revival style. Its original symmetry is partly obscured by the sensitively designed addition of 1912, which uses two roof heights and a frieze of dentil brickwork to make a smooth transition from the old section. Its other decorative brickwork is a fine example of the art brickmasons used to create.

All these buildings of Grosse Pointe Academy combine to provide a pleasant and unusual setting for learning activities. Their varying ages and appearances are a constant reminder of how much the present is dependent on the past, and proof that a successful whole can be made from vastly different parts.

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*Editors' Note: While the buildings of the Academy are very beautiful, time has taken its toll on them. A movement is presently afoot to help restore the buildings to their original luster. If you are interested in aiding this effort, contact: George Haggarty, chairman — Second Century Fund, Grosse Pointe Academy, 171 Lake Shore, Grosse Pointe Farms 48236.*

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*Rosemary Bowditch is the historic architect at Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn. This is her professional analysis of the architecture of the Grosse Pointe Academy.*

According to the founder's teachings, the most important virtue for a teacher to have is charity. Selfless giving was as important to the teachers as the students themselves. It is natural, therefore, that one of the subjects taught at the Academy was etiquette. The GPA was not a typical "girls' school," however. You would not find subjects common elsewhere, such as gym or home economics, at the GPA. Self-reliance was the rule, and it was achieved through the spiritual.

"People say to me, well, gee, what an impractical education you had," exclaimed Susan Duckett Burke, a fourth generation "convent girl." "They said it didn't prepare you for the 'real world' — but I say it prepared you in other ways. As a graduate of a Sacred Heart convent school, you were supposed to be very spiritual and very Christian-oriented — both qualities that can help you through life. I mean, they brought it in even if you were taking a course in algebra."

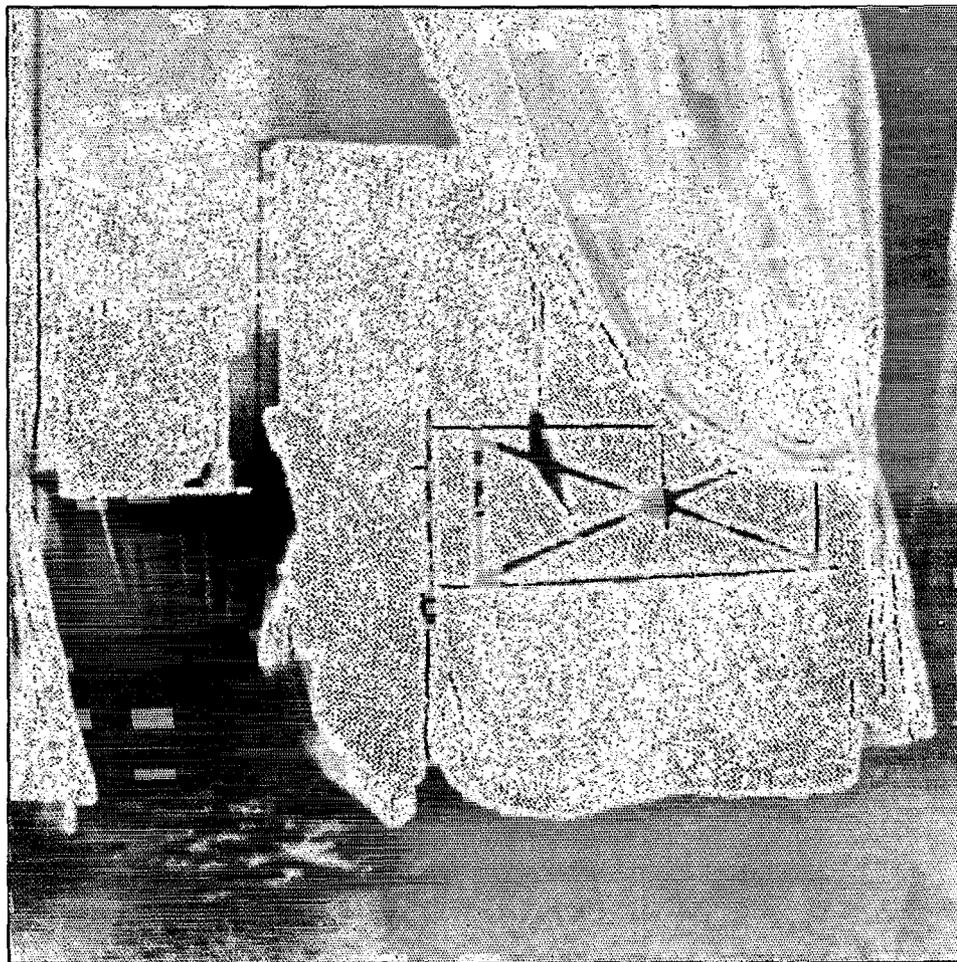
Other requirements beyond the scope of regular classwork made convent education more difficult than comparable private schools. Everything had to be written in essay form and much of it had to be done using calligraphy. Simple true and false tests did not exist — instead you had to be prepared to state your case, with the final grade presented before an unknown judge.

All final exams across the country from Sacred Heart schools were centralized by grade and subject, then mailed in ominous brown envelopes. The day the grades came back was always heavy with curious anticipation. The teacher would open the envelope slowly, and read the results before the entire class. "It sort of kept everybody on their toes," recalled one alumna from the Sixties.

Most Sacred Heart alumnae have fond memories of that world and appreciate now the care that went into creating it. The nuns were completely in charge. There was a purpose to every rule and school tradition, and all infractions and omissions were taken very seriously.

"Everything had a reason," explained Mother Healy. "We didn't do things just because someone thought this or that would be a good thing to do. It was all part of the formation of the overall person. For instance, the custom of curtsying when one passed an adult or a nun in the halls came from the French (royal) court. It was a sign of respect, not (subjugation). It was meant to say to that person — 'You are my elder and I respect you.'

"The idea was to give the girl a consciousness of her whole being, a strong sense of self-respect in everything she did so that she would carry that to others."



A typical boarder's room in 1909.

The girls were encouraged to get to know everyone in the school — not much of a challenge since classes never had more than thirty pupils in them. Some had as few as nine. To facilitate mingling, girls had assigned seats in all classes. Even at lunch, which was a time to practice good manners rather than a social hour, there was one child from every grade (five through twelve — the junior school ate separately) at each table. Girls were not allowed to just sit with their friends.

Though this method of enforced socialization might seem artificial by modern standards, there were subtle lessons learned from it. "Actually, looking back on it, the theory was not all that bad," recalled Katy Marx Messacar, a '69 alumna, now an Academy parent. "There are always those kids who have a hard time assimilating with everyone else. You know, 'cooties' and (all that). Well, no one was ever left sitting alone at the convent. There was no group grabbing tables in the refectory and leaving someone out. You were made to understand that you just don't treat people like that. Everyone should have someone to eat with and be with."

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The founder also taught that the mind should always be open to higher thoughts and kept uncluttered by trivialities. Thus, no convent girl was ever troubled with the question of what to wear. Uniforms were prescribed for every purpose. Blazers with big stuffable pockets were worn with matching jumpers and knee socks during the day. "Sportswear" was limited to tunics and bloomers. White dresses with matching gloves and veils appeared on special occasions and there was even an after-school uniform. Their appearance was dictated right down to the ugly brown oxfords with rubber soles which kept them from slipping on the polished floors.

Although they were the subject of more than a few jokes and complaints, Messacar remembered that the extreme conformity had a homogenizing effect. "There was never any jealousy between us because we all looked the same. No one could say, 'Hey, you have nicer clothes than I have,' because you never really knew what anyone had. We all wore the same outfits and the same crazy shoes."

The nuns were strict, but physical punishment was not part of the discipline. Instead, the strictness carried with it a genuine concern for the development of the individual offender. "The first three days of every school year, we would go to the general assembly hall for a reading of the rules," said Burke. "In other words, you always knew exactly where you stood with the nuns. You knew your parameters and what would happen to you if you did or didn't do this or that. The rules were cut-and-dried, but they were explained so that we could understand how they were intended to form our character."

"For instance," she continued, "we were forbidden to talk in the halls between classes so that we would learn to catch ourselves before saying an unkind thing about someone. Well, being a great talker, I was forever getting caught. The nuns had little black books, and they would pull them out and mark you down. So many marks meant you had to stay after school in the study hall on Friday."

"I just loved the nun who was in charge of the study hall — after all, we saw a lot of each other. She handed out individual assignments to everyone there, depending on their infraction. The most memorable one she ever gave me was an essay. 'Now Susan,' she said, 'I want you to write me a polished essay in thirty minutes. I don't care

how long it is, but it has to be well-thought-out.' And what was I to write on? 'The title of your essay,' she answered with a knowing smile, 'shall be "Still Waters Run Deep."'"

The same nuns who were so adept at doling out punishments were equally at home bestowing awards. A prize ceremony was held each week during the general assembly and, in accordance with the old French customs, ribbons and medals were given out to recognize the individual achievements and efforts.

Red moire ribbons were given to the little children for perfect attendance. The green and pink ribbons went to the older children for leadership and obedience, and the blue ribbons went to members of student government. Medals were awarded more as a matter of encouragement than of ultimate success as the child showed strides in overcoming the day-to-day faults and failings. As a matter of frugality, the prizes were worn for an allotted period of time, then returned to be redistributed.

In addition to the recognition of special achievement with ribbons and medals, there was an assessment of the week's overall performance. Classes were called up to the Reverend Mother, then, one by one, each girl would receive a small card. Depending on their conduct of the past week, the card would say *très bien*, *bien*, or *assez bien*, (very good, good, not good). The simple and understated judgment was powerful by the sheer fact of its publicness.

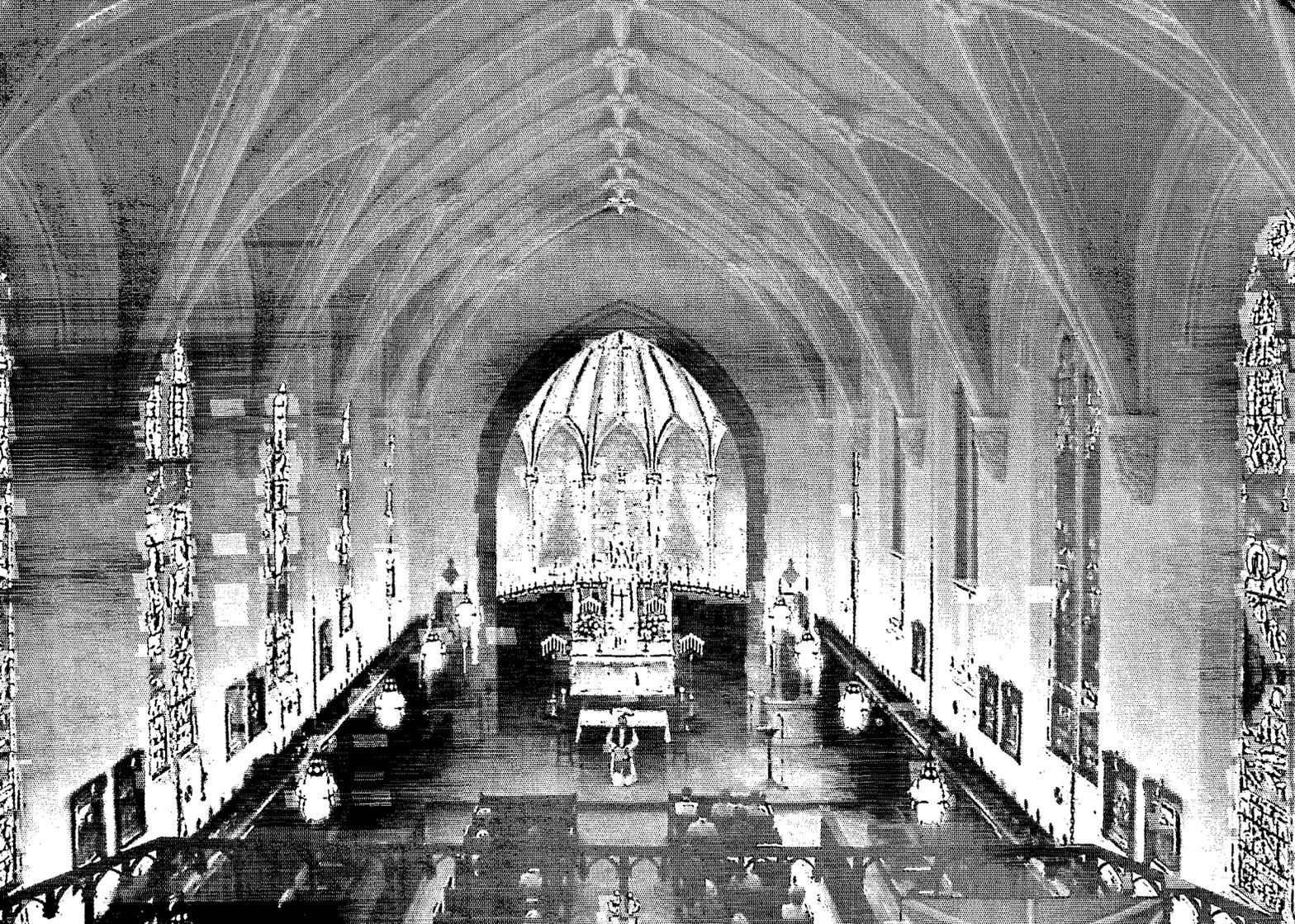
While the Sacred Heart education stressed the importance of self-understanding and striving for perfection, life at the convent was far from a constant uphill battle for virtue. In fact, many times it was downright FUN. Some of the dearest memories of convent days for some alumnae stemmed from the tremendous care and playful spirit that the nuns put into creating truly special times.

*Congés*, for example, were like surprise parties. They were held to celebrate feast days and other special events related to the school. You never knew when they were coming. The girls would start a day as usual and then suddenly, often dramatically, the announcement was made that school was over and the *congé* was on. They were always elaborately planned and announcements were often just as carefully staged.

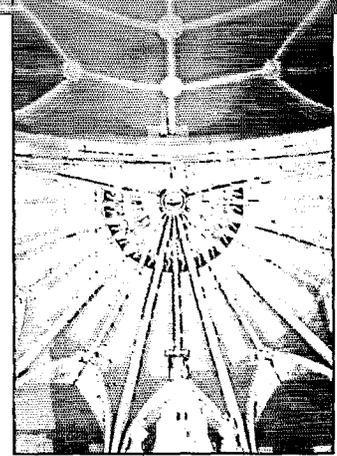
For weeks a statue of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat stood in a prominent place awaiting unveiling. Rumor had it that the piece was very valuable, the mysterious gift of some ancient alumna. Curiosity peaked as the school gathered for the dedication ceremony. There it stood — all alone on the auditorium stage, only the base visible. The lights dimmed, the room hushed and after a short, gratuitous speech about the secretive donor, the figure was revealed.

The statue was incredibly lifelike — so much so, in fact, that seconds after the cloth dropped, the eyes opened,





Above: The interior of the Academy chapel. Right: Detail of the ceiling above the altar.  
 Opposite page: A classroom for the younger set.



the arms extended graciously, a smile appeared on the face and the 150-year-old founder invited a stunned crowd to celebrate her feast day with a *congé*.

Among the favorite *congé* activities was *cache-cache*, (French hide-and-seek) where the whole class would disappear together, with another class left to find them. Everyone loved to play because during the game nothing was off-limits. You could hide in the apple trees or the boarders' quarters, anyplace except, of course, the chapel.

In later years, there were not many boarders and, except for the few who came from Cuba, most of them went home every weekend. They lived in spacious rooms with dormer windows on top of the "new" school building. Most of them boarded for study purposes, and their lives were almost as cloistered and regimented as the nuns. Still, they were the subject of curious envy to many for their unique sense of independence.

Though very few students actually lived at the school, many thought of it as their home-away-from-home. The majority of those who graduated had been there since preschool. They had truly grown up there. Their allegiance was often carried over into adulthood and prompted them to send their daughters to the convent. It had become an honored tradition in some families.

One devoted alumna laughingly remembered a time

when she carried her loyalty too far. As a tribute to her alma mater, she decided to have the Sacred Heart school song played as the recessional at her wedding. She had heard it so many times that the actual lyrics ran together in her head. Still, she found the music was always inspirational. Just as the happy newlyweds turned to face the world, the organist pounded out the first words of the song, "As the Battle Rages Fiercest..." to the horror and confusion of her new in-laws.

"I think the people that come out of that school are very close now even if you weren't the best of friends as children," said Messacar. "It's like a family, really. You might not hang around with your brother or sister, but you love them because you know them so well. Even if you don't like them, you love them."

For Sacred Heart alumnae, that closeness saved the school from extinction. "When we first got the letter in January of 1969 saying that the school was going to close,

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the reaction was total shock," said Toni Robinson, a Sacred Heart parent and alumna who spearheaded reorganization of the Grosse Pointe Academy. "Disbelief gave way to anger and bitterness on the part of a lot of people.

"The fact that hit home with most of us was how necessary this school is, especially in this community where there is so much materialistic orientation. This was the only place giving a really fine quality education about how to live, and why you should live, and what you should do with your life. It was the only school in the Detroit metropolitan area that provided a fine value-oriented Catholic education for a mix of students.

"We couldn't imagine the community without it. We couldn't imagine the bulldozers coming in and going over it all, and so we had to try. We could try and we could fail, but it would be terrible not to try. We just racked our brains with whatever we could try and, really — it may sound kookie to say, but when things were needed, somehow they came. Once the concerned parents and alumnae had committed themselves to the task of keeping the school open, the next step was to seek the cooperation of the Sacred Heart order, but the nuns were equally as devastated and dismayed."

"It came just like lightning," remembered Mother Healy. "Most of us really had no idea. It seems that the Order hired a professional consulting firm to evaluate Sacred Heart schools across the country. They looked to the future and saw that there were not going to be very many vocations, that the focus of new vocations was drawing away from teaching, and that the present membership was getting older and many would soon be too old to teach. Anyway, they decided that the best thing to do would be to consolidate some of the schools and close the others.

"We never did understand why they chose us. We had no debt and the school was going strong. So it was a mystery to us, one of God's mysteries, that's what we say. But it was crucifying, really crucifying."

Times were definitely changing. For many of those involved, the closing of the Grosse Pointe convent represented their first confrontation with the Catholic church's upheaval after Vatican II. Some felt that Pope John XXIII had opened the windows and let bitter wind extinguish all that was holy to them; others who took the time to study the new teachings understood the need for upheaval and saw it in the light of opportunity rather than blight.

The group got busy, forming an ad hoc organization known as the Compeau Committee whose first objectives were to stop the sale of property and to get the support of the nuns behind the new school. These were both accomplished, though there were stipulations.

They had to have a headmaster under contract, a certain number of teachers under contract and a number of students enrolled. The only request that the Compeau Committee made in return was to have an official affiliation with the Society of the Sacred Heart and to have graduates of the new school considered Sacred Heart alumnae. They also stated their intention to continue to use the Sacred Heart philosophy written by St. Madeleine Sophie Barat.

Eventually, the Order apologized for the abrupt way in which they had originally closed the school. They had not realized that there was such tremendous support and willingness to keep the school going, they admitted. "Were it not for the leniency and generosity of the religious of the Sacred Heart in the whole financial aspect of reorganizing the school, it never would have happened," said Robinson. "The purchase price was based on the value of the property minus the demolition of these buildings. The society has, in effect, given us all the buildings and materials as a gift."

The present form of the school was decided rather quickly. The weak and strong points of the school were very apparent. The high school was underenrolled, but the ungraded middle school was very strong, as were the junior school and the Montessori program. The decision was made to build on the strong points of the school, and since the potential for growth was pointing toward co-education, that was adopted into the plan. "We were in a survival situation," said Robinson, "so there



The nun's walk.

was not a whole lot of time to talk about it. It just seemed to be the right thing to do, so we did it.

"The final reorganization did not take long either," she continued. "We formed a Board of Trustees, put together by-laws, rephrased the philosophy of St. Madeleine Sophie while maintaining the core, and hired a headmaster — all by the first of May, 1969. That August, we made the downpayment on the property and at that point, the religious of the Sacred Heart on the board of trustees formally resigned and we were formally installed. It transferred that easily. We did not even have to get a new charter from the state of Michigan, we just renewed and revised the original one.

"It is not accurate to say that one school closed and another opened in its place. That is not the fact. Many people think of it that way because to them it was the end of an era. But in every form, continued under a reorganization, it is a continuing school."

The Grosse Pointe Academy opened its doors to 250 students as a co-educational day school on September 3, 1969. Though Catholic by tradition, the GPA is an ecumenical school dedicated to instilling the Christian ideas of respect for self and neighbor as an educational foundation. The school grew rapidly through the Seventies as many other private schools were closing. It gained credibility for providing a strong academic foundation to secondary learning.

"I remember my first impression of the place," said Sidney DuPont, who in 1982 replaced John M. Poplowski, the school's first headmaster, "...seeing the children's work up on the beautiful walls, and seeing a teacher walking down the hall with her arm around the shoulder of a child, even hearing one of the principals chewing a child out for doing something wrong — I could see care and concern, love and affection, even in that. I was impressed by these scenes because they represented something good in education today. They made me want to be a part of it.

"The school runs on volunteers," said DuPont. This volunteerism is not as easy for parents today as it once was because over half of the children at the GPA come from households where both parents work.

"It is very expensive and it is not something that we just casually do," said one mother, referring to their family's decision to send a child to the academy. "We had to really sit down and see where we could come up with the money. But something was instilled in me when I went there, the feeling of being part of a



The arbor on the shores of Lake St. Clair.

great family, and I wanted my son to share in that — so I went back to work. It was worth the sacrifice."

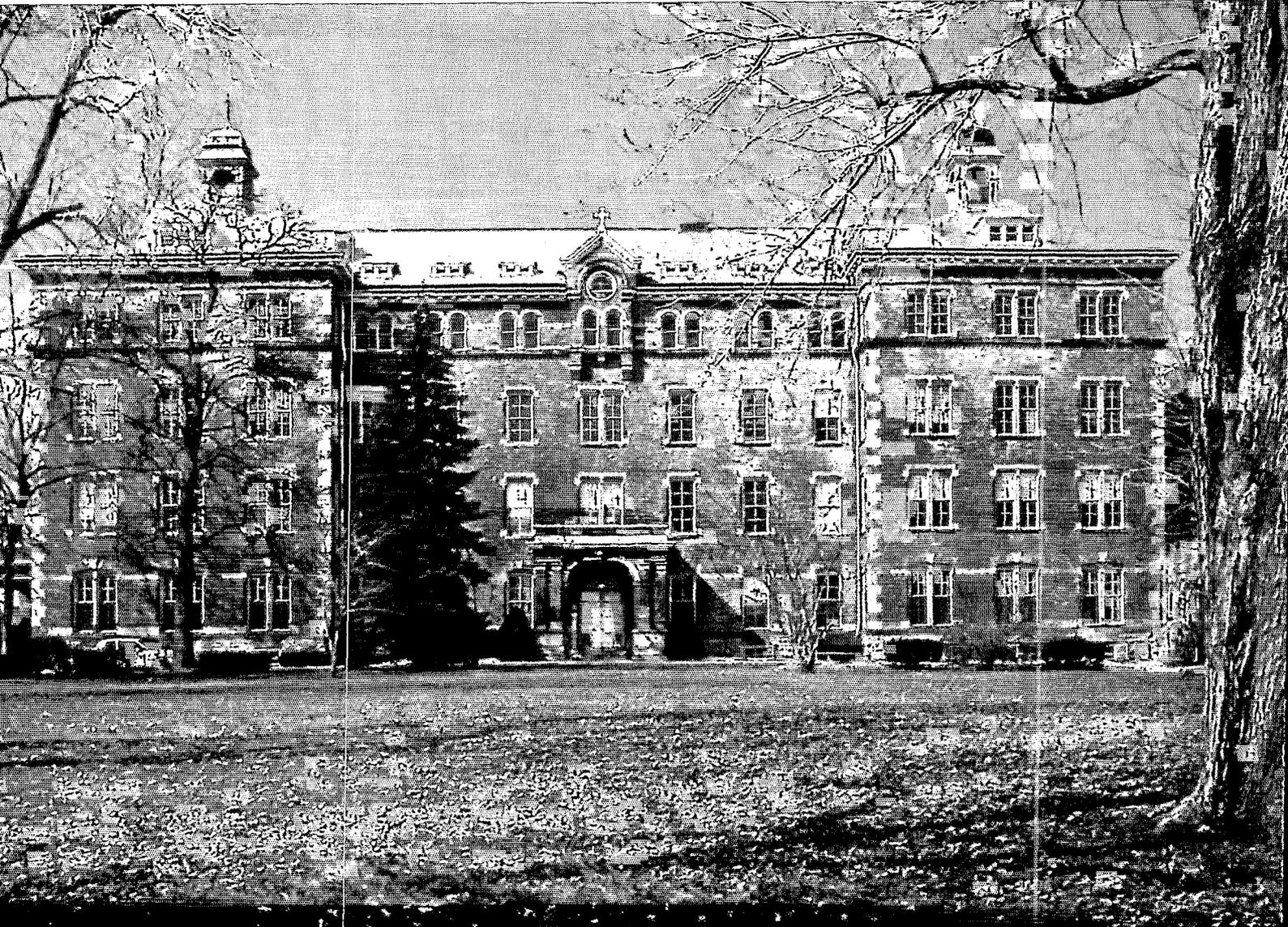
The fact that many parents are willing to sacrifice in order to educate their children at the GPA makes for great ethnic, economic and religious diversity among the students. "We feel it is one of our greatest strengths," affirmed DuPont, "that out of a student body of 400, we have between forty and seventy minority students. That's nearly twenty percent of our total population. While it doesn't necessarily reflect the total Detroit area population, it is certainly greater than other public and private schools."

The "Mothers" may be gone and with them the quaint French traditions and extreme discipline, but the parent-like care and concern they gave to each child is visibly reflected in the students today. "The kids are honest, they're open and they seem to really enjoy school. I think you get that with the family-like atmosphere we have here," said DuPont. "You just get a feeling that the teachers really care for the kids and the bus drivers care for the kids. Like families, we have our arguments and our disappointments, but also like families, we have our joys and achievements. That is all recognized here.

"I think the thousands of people who drive by here every day look up to the imposing buildings and beautiful grounds, and wonder what goes on up here; what kind of school we are. Well, I think it's one of the best-kept secrets in Grosse Pointe — we are a family."

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ARCHITECTURE



The Lake Shore Building

1909 PHOTOS COURTESY OF Ms. J. KELLY BURKE; FROM THE COLLECTION OF MARQUERITE SULLIVAN, CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART GROSSE POINTE 1909.

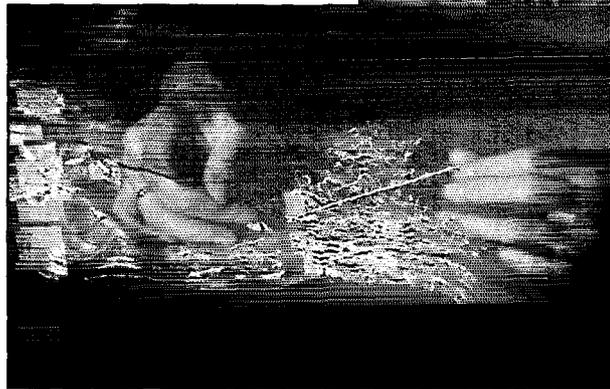
## RESTORING RAGS TO RICHNESS

Hanne Buschmann's fingers race to preserve the fabrics of the past.



PHOTOS BY JOE MESSANA

She has seen the stiff, sepia wedding photographs all her life, and now it will be her turn. The bride insists that she, like her mother, will wear her grandmother's wedding gown. The beaded bodice, the handmade lace edgings — the satin rustle of family tradition must be part of her wedding also.



The gown, of course, has been waiting all these years, wrapped in a plastic bag in the basement. Or is it hanging on the dressmaker's dummy in the attic, near the window? Yes, remember — it was put there after the costume party. See, there's that smudge of makeup right near that little tear in the lace. The elegant gown has been as dimmed by dust and neglect as the photograph has been by time.

The family must now choose either to throw the gown out, or enlist the aid of Hanne Buschmann of Grosse Pointe Park, one of a handful of costume restoration specialists in the country. The familiar Grosse Pointe longing for maintaining tradition wins out. Hanne is called.

In her soft, Danish accent she agrees to look at the dress the next evening after finishing her work at the Detroit Historical Museum. When the gown is laid before her, she sees that the damage is extensive, but the worn satin beckons under Hanne's long fingers. She can't guarantee the results, but she will see what she can do.

"Usually they bring the garments in boxes or garbage

bags," she explains with a wry smile. "For long-term storage, they should ideally have been kept in acid-free containers, in the dark, and with low humidity. Of course, none of these criteria are ever met or they wouldn't need my services. All the sins end up with me."

Her career of abolishing sartorial sin began in 1979, when, after reviewing her interest — though unsure what her marketable skills were — she began volunteering at the Detroit Historical Museum. Within a fortnight she was working five days a week, dealing with all aspects of the costume collection in the Social History division. A costume curator's nightmare in the DHM storage facilities at Fort Wayne gave her the sudden opportunity to turn professional.

"A steam pipe broke," she says, her voice still laced with concern. "They had moved the most valuable pieces to a room that was locked, and because it was locked, no one bothered to check on them. The pipe had been broken so long, and it was so hot, that there was an inch

## TRADITIONS

of mold all over everything and the paint had melted off the walls — everything was saturated.”

As the Textile Conservator of the DIA (Mary Ballard, who is now at the Smithsonian) supervised the salvaging of the costumes, Buschmann was introduced in a hurry to professional restoration skills. Coincidentally, a workshop was offered in lace conservation at about the same time, by Helene Von Rosenstiel, an expert from New York.

Von Rosenstiel (who had been so impressed with Buschmann that she offered her a partnership at the end of the workshop) then recommended that Buschmann formulate an insurance claim for the damaged goods. The thirty-three page document pulled together many of Buschmann's newly learned skills.

“Nobody thought we would get the money, but Lords of London was so ecstatic that it was absolutely watertight — now, *that's* a poor phrase in this context,” she said, leaning back and laughing. “But it was right, down to the last detail. Everything had an accession number . . . and a value . . . and a restoration value. They accepted it immediately, and said, ‘Here, have it — take the money!’ That was what paid for my salary.”

It was a unique beginning for the tall, elegant Danish woman. Who could've known as she sewed for her mother's dressmaking shop some thirty years ago in Copenhagen that Fate would bring her to Michigan? She had originally intended to become an interpreter. In fact, it was in studying for her language exams in Germany in 1965 that she met her future husband, Jim Buschmann. In 1968, they were married and Hanne Buschmann emigrated to Ann Arbor. In 1977, with their son and daughter, they moved to Grosse Pointe Park in response to the demands of her husband's legal practice.

It was after helping out with the Fort Wayne disaster that Buschmann realized she had found her true calling. “I found out I already had a lot of skills, but didn't know it — all learned by osmosis from my mother. I grew up on a sewing machine and doing handwork. My whole family did. In fact, I was the dunce — my sister can outstitch me any day. It's really been a process of taking everything I know, reading everything I could lay my hands on, and then applying it to antique textiles.”

As she looks around her present workroom, her eyes glow. “This represents three years worth of work,” she says, gesturing around her to the Fort Wayne travesties — not yet fully restored. The walls are lined to the ceiling with storage shelves, stacked high with boxes. Racks of white garments, rolls of antique trims and laces, and countless boxes of buttons and racks of thread cover the tables, the walls and the floor.

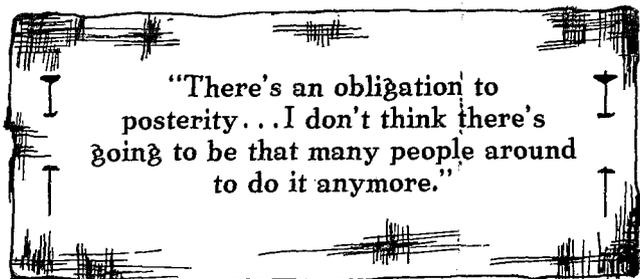
“You can see we keep everything, from old white petticoats to handkerchiefs, which I think is kind of neat. We have the range from very, very fine linens and silks and hand embroidery right through to homespuns — which is really almost as much fun.”

She takes a baby's dress from a rack and points lov-

ingly to the minute, hand-set stitches of the white-on-white embroidery. She muses about a probable creation of the dress from a trousseau petticoat. Her conversation casually includes references to the European lacemakers who were not allowed to leave their countries and disseminate their skills. These were the girls in French and Italian convents whose lives were spent creating the exquisite laces and handiwork. She also mentions the trade that developed through India from people with the skill and patience to create the fine handiwork that is now in her care.

The finery is in good hands, though, according to Buschmann's co-worker, Linda King. “Her services are invaluable,” she enthuses. “She's an excellent crafts-person. Her needlework is absolutely superb.”

Coming from Denmark, where lace is almost as famous as Danish cheese, this seems natural. After all,



the Copenhagen schools have needlework as a part of their required classes.

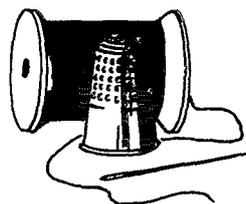
Her European background has helped in other ways at the DHM. “Of course,” King continues, “her ability to read numerous languages has helped us, since a great deal of the historical literature (on fashion and costuming) is in French and German. She translates it for us.”

Buschmann replaces the child's dress on the rack, and pulls out an embroidered petticoat and a filmy silk blouse. “Aren't these beautiful,” she murmurs. “But you should have seen them before... If you want, we can look at some real dirty pictures.”

All these luxurious garments were once torn, dirty, and covered in mold — she has the photographs to prove it. Each has been put through a careful, time-consuming cleaning process that began using the photographs for reference. The fabric and type of dye in each garment is tested, and then the piece is carefully vacuumed through a nylon screen to remove surface dirt. If washable, the garment is placed between screens to avoid stress, then gently washed with distilled water and pure soap. If the garments are not washable, Buschmann dry-cleans them herself at one of two plants in the city where she feels the machines are trustworthy. The cleaning chemicals, all carcinogens, she mixes herself. If the garments are not cleaned correctly, stains which are not visible now, such as those from champagne, will gradually darken the fabric.

King remembers the Fort Wayne tragedy only too well. “It was a horrible accident, a real mess,” she says

*continued on page 92*



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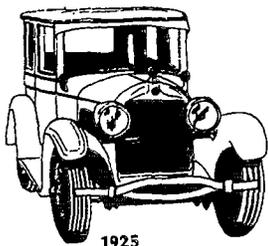
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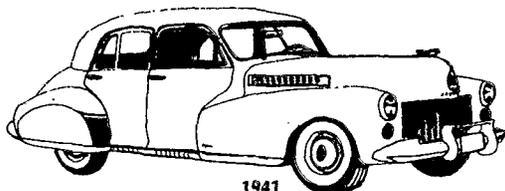
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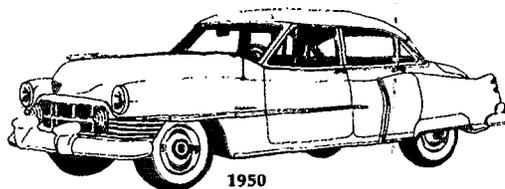
## TRADITION



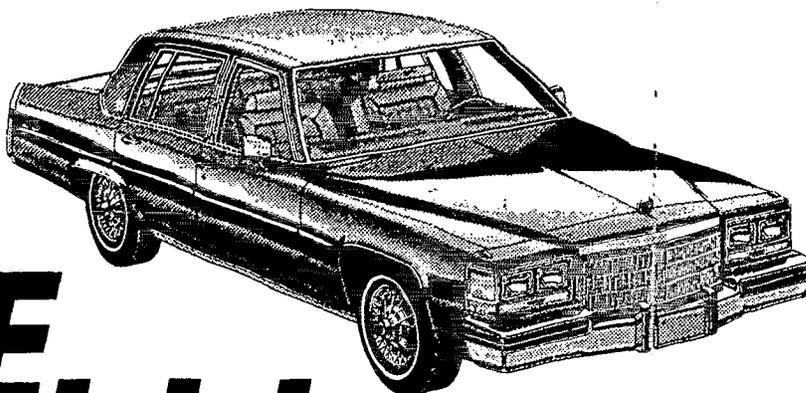
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# Grosse Pointe & the Automobile

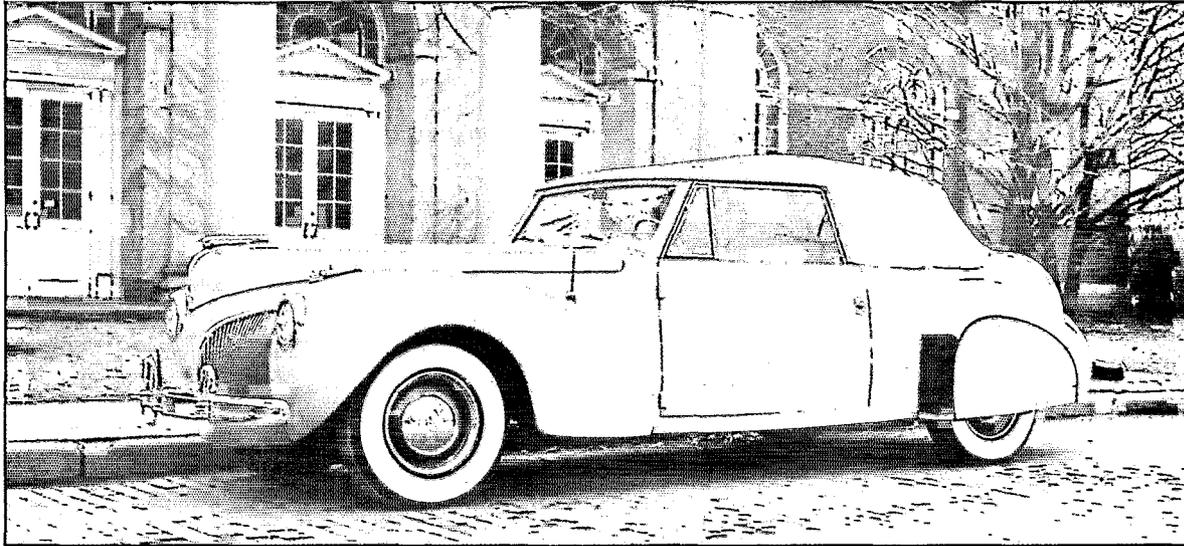


PHOTO COURTESY OF HENRY FORD MUSEUM

1941 Lincoln Continental

Owner: Edsel B. Ford

It was a heady time for Michigan. Success was in the air. What would later come to be known as the "auto industry" was still working out of carriage shops. Cars were being pieced together with wood, and Henry Ford, among others, was still not convinced that people would want to ride behind "so much glass." But for southeastern Michigan, and Grosse Pointe in particular, the early part of this century was a very exciting era. Cars and more cars were being produced, ultimately putting Detroit on the map. Grosse Pointe felt the glory of that new wealth through the auto magnates, such as the Fishers who had homes in Grosse Pointe...who entertained ambassadors and heads of state here.

The automobile has always been important to Grosse Pointe. A drive through the Pointes will emphasize the maxim — one sees a broad range of styles, and a healthy smattering of automobiles par excellence. Grosse Pointe also has a large number of classic and antique car collectors, some with one prized possession, others with twenty-five to thirty — all maintained in pristine condition. Frank Zapala, featured on page 50, is one car buff who helps get them that way. Throughout these pages, we've showcased some of the finest examples of automobiles we could track down.

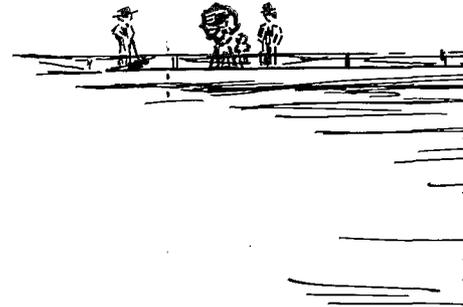
But the Grosse Pointe fascination for cars is more than just having a nice specimen to show to your friends. It strikes to the heart of what this community is all about — the continual struggle to fulfill a dream, to make what you want happen. The stories of Gordon Buehrig and Zora Arkus-Duntov who fought against all obstacles to make the car of their dreams, for example; of the Fishers who stood for fairness and the success of commerce and built the grand Fisher Building as their testament to the continued growth of the city; of the Ford family on whose empire the sun never sets. These men helped build and maintain the auto industry that made Detroit great. And for their homes, they sought out the most scenic area along the lake — Grosse Pointe.

It is their spirit that we salute in this section of Grosse Pointe and the Automobile. It is their vision which has made our community — and America — great.

# YESTERDAY

## Living for Speed

For turn-of-the-century spectators,  
the Grosse Pointe Race Track offered mile-a-minute thrills.



It was called the first "real thing" in the infant sport of automobile racing in this part of the country. The Grosse Pointe Track, formerly a mile-long horse racing oval overlooking Lake St. Clair, had taken time off from the trotters for a token excursion into an exciting and new American pastime — automobile racing. Despite the typically unsettled Michigan weather, an audience of 7,000 curious spectators, including many *The Detroit News-Tribune* called "rich folks," lined the grandstands to see this twentieth-century spectacle unleash its frightening power.

The action commenced the morning of October 25, 1901, with a parade of some sixty cars down Jefferson Avenue, headed by the mounted police and a local band pulled along on a platform. The event had been planned for several months by Detroit auto manufacturer William Metzger. With a sizable purse, he lured people from throughout Michigan and Ohio, including Cleveland's Alexander Winton, owner of Winton Auto Carriage and one of the country's most respected racers. Winton was expected to christen the track with some new speed records.

But this day's events were remembered because of someone else — a little-known inventor named Henry Ford. In his long, low racer, equipped with a forty horsepower engine, Ford was initially overtaken by Winton in the first lap of the ten mile race, but ended up leaving his rival a mile behind by the finish. Though confident in his success, Ford was not anxious to return to the track. "There is not much sporting blood in his veins and the dizzying pace with the great danger of colliding with other cars is not to his liking," reported *Motor Age* magazine. Of course, Ford would continue driving and building revolutionary race cars, breaking his own speed records several times on a frozen Lake St. Clair.

Though hailed by *The News-Tribune* as "the most beautiful in the country," the Grosse Pointe Track was wracked with trouble, as racers found it difficult to reach high speeds with any real degree of safety. The track was originally laid out in the marshy area around Conner Creek and Fox Creek, just outside of the boundaries of Grosse Pointe today (it must be remembered that in the early part of the century, Grosse Pointe Township continued down Jefferson all the way to Waterworks Park).

Like much of the area's land, it was situated on deep beds of clay, with a covering of thin, sandy crust that, when raked or burned with gasoline, made for a passable driving surface. But when dredged up over the course of a day's events, it revealed hoofprints and ruts from previous races, causing slick, unpredictable racing.

Still the racing continued, here in Grosse Pointe and also on a track in Highland Park. There was something exciting and romantic about being behind the wheel, hearing the deafening sounds of the big eight-cylinder monsters, which often looked like stripped-down tin cans on bicycle wheels. This was a time when sixty miles per hour was considered breakneck speed. Many drivers thought it was the fastest a person could possibly go without breaking up from pressure.

The Grosse Pointe Track has the unique distinction of launching a legend in its arena of mile-a-minute speed. It was here that a young bicycle racer named Barney Oldfield stepped into a racing car for the first time. The date was October 25, 1902, exactly one year after the famous Ford race. Oldfield was now driving a car of Ford's design, 999, and was challenging none other than Winton's Bullet.

The 999 was said to be so fast that neither Ford nor partner Tom Cooper would risk driving it. But it was rumoured that Oldfield "lived for speed," a credo he proved in the first lap, where he took the car as fast as it could go. *The News-Tribune* reported the next day:

"With never a slowdown, he charged the turns, slewing frequently the entire width of the machine and seeming a dozen times on the verge of a capsize. The machine never faltered, however. It tore down the straights like a fiend incarnate, spitting fire with explosions that could be heard clear across the track, increasing to deafening force when the machine passed the grandstand."

He held on and overtook Winton, who was half a mile behind by the first lap. By the finish, Winton had pattered out with engine trouble and Oldfield was close to a lap ahead of all the other cars, "his long tawny hair flying out behind him with the speed of his mount." In his first time behind the wheel, a racing hero was born. Appearing many times, he would always be the favorite at the Grosse Pointe Track.

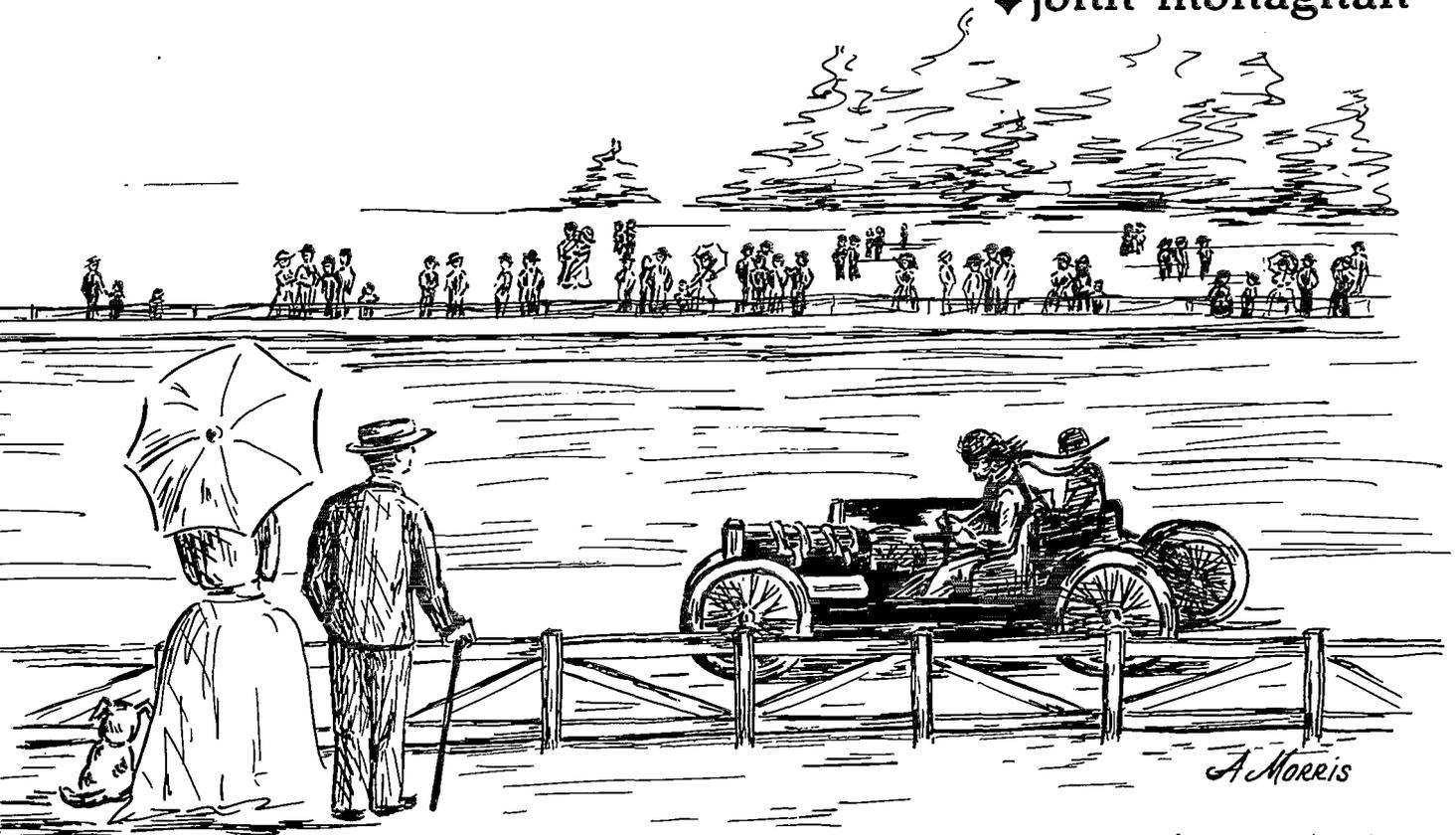


ILLUSTRATION BY ANNE MORRIS

It was Oldfield, however, who added an unfortunate death to the track tally during a race in 1903 when his car lost control and smashed through a fence, killing an innocent bystander. Oldfield should have been killed, too, but something held together these early racers, and he walked away with only minor injuries. A similar crash at the Grosse Pointe races in 1905 saw Oldfield pushing for too much speed in his Green Dragon. He ripped through fifty feet of fence before turning over and over in the weeds. Again he walked away.

Another incident occurred on June 19, 1904, during a 1,000 mile non-stop record. It was another first, this time to test the durability of the new Model L Packard. The trouble happened at night, on the two-hundred-and-twenty-third mile, when one of the headlights (which were lit like kerosene lamps) went out. Though signaled to stop, the driver continued. When the other light also went out, he couldn't negotiate a turn and plunged through the inside fence, cutting his hands and face while his mechanic, who was standing nearby, suffered a broken rib.

The furor continued over the safety of auto racing, and the incidents at the Grosse Pointe Track in particular. Both *The News* and *Free Press* screamed headlines like "Auto Track a Killer," but the sport continued to flourish. A record attendance of 15,000 was reported at an August 14, 1904 event, twice as many as had ever attended horse racing. This particular event began with a flower parade with owners' cars decorated like colorful gardens on wheels. Then, Detroit amateur racers were given a crack at the track before legends like Oldfield, H.H. Lyttle, Earl Kiser and Charles Schmidt. A typically melodramatic

scene at these races was recorded by *Motor Age* magazine, involving Packard's famed Gray Wolf, driven at the time by Charles Schmidt: "Schmidt was just whirling his machine around the lower turn when his right rear tire picked up a sliver of horseshoe. The tire exploded. . . Then the reverse got in its work and the racer slewed back and finally went through the fence, backward. . . Through the whole mix-up, Schmidt never left his seat. Evidently, he never forgot that his wife was watching him from the grandstand, either, for the machine had hardly come to a stop in the grass of the infield before he was standing up in his seat, waving both arms to show he was uninjured. Mrs. Schmidt was 'from Missouri,' however, and she had to be shown on the question of her husband's injuries. Through the gate she darted, and down the track she ran. The quarter-mile was a long distance, however, and she finally came down to a walk."

The danger nonetheless persisted, and the track would chalk up more injuries before going back exclusively to horse racing around 1906. After that, auto races were usually held at the larger, more controlled surroundings of the state fairgrounds.

Though Detroit racing never reached the same acclaim or importance as events in Chicago, New York, and Paris, Ford and others went on to another type of auto race, a longer and more profitable one that still continues today. ◆

*John Monaghan is a HERITAGE co-editor, whose extensive experience includes work at Metropolitan Detroit, The South End and Royal Oak's Daily Tribune.*



# Fond Memories of an old Friend

Most people have a special place in their hearts for their very first automobile. Even though the new-car smell may have faded long ago, the world seemed more in reach behind the wheel of transportation you could call your own. When sixteen-year-old Edsel B. Ford II received his first car as a gift from his father, the model may have been a little nicer, but the feelings were certainly the same.

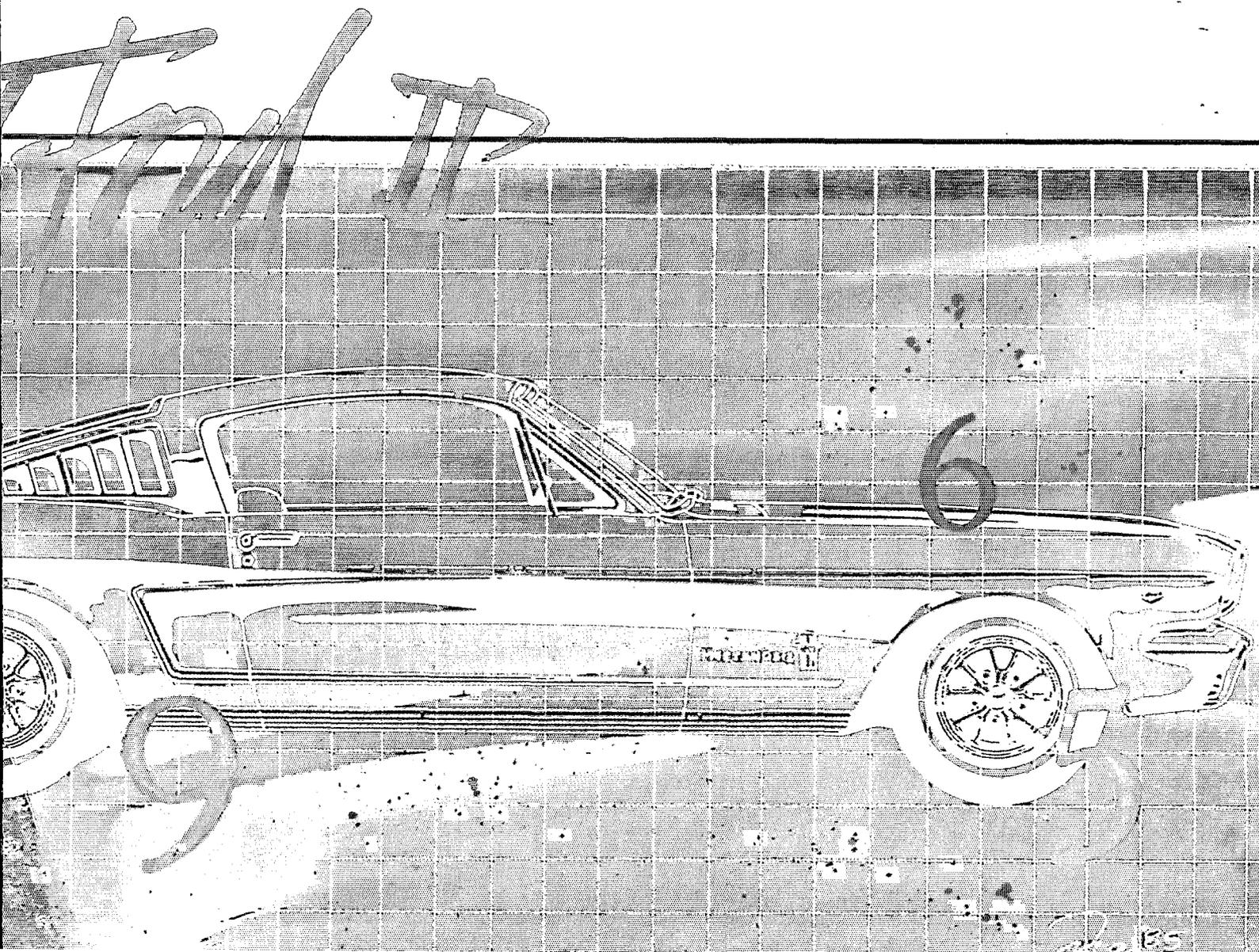
"It was a 1965 Mustang 3-Door," remembers Edsel Ford, "and I guess what made it a little different was it had a very fancy paint job. It was pearlescent white, with a blue interior and a blue stripe. It was very unique.

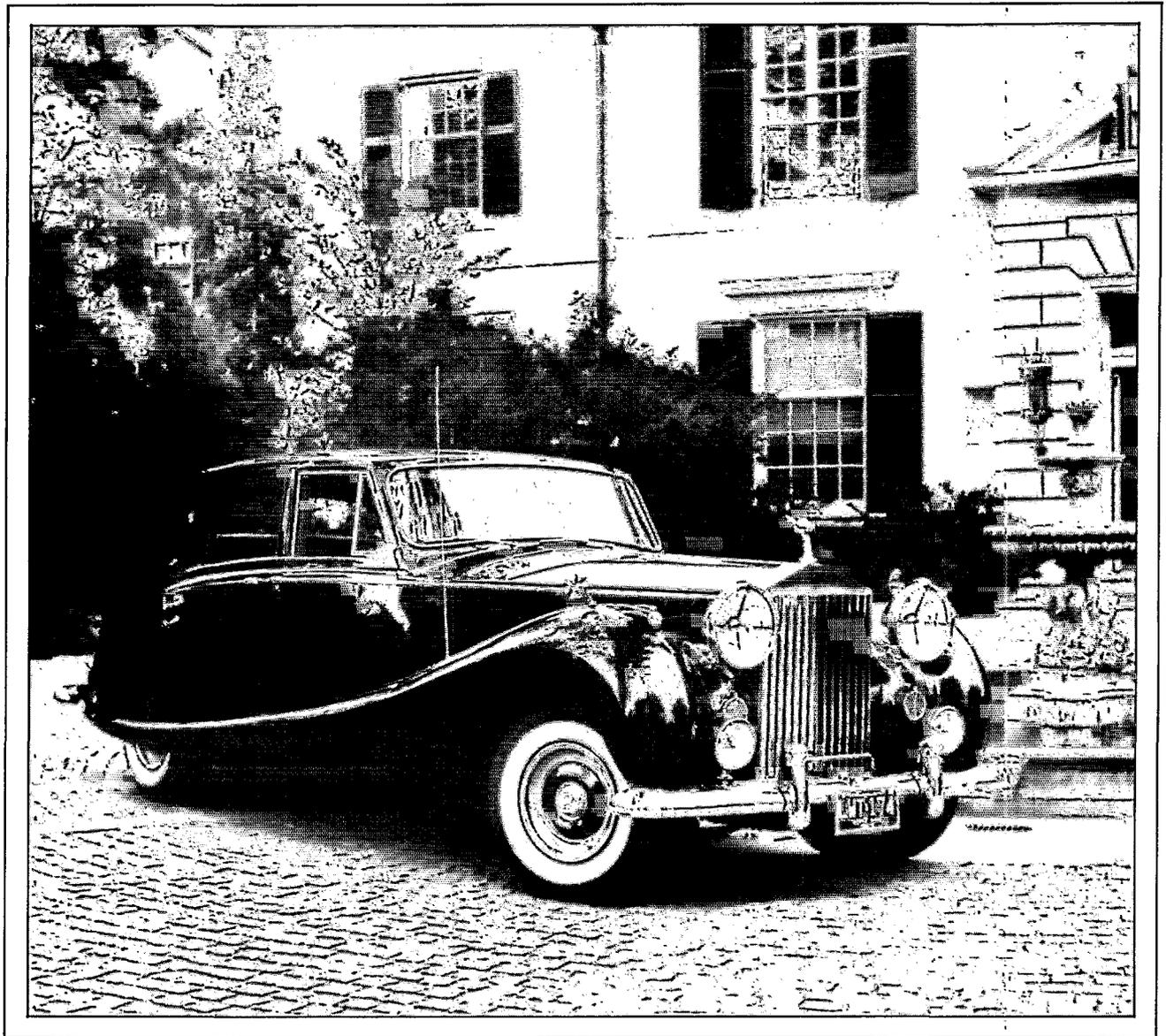
"I remember my first ride distinctly because it was Christmas Day, a couple days before my birthday, and for some reason there was no snow that year and there was no snow on the ground. I just took it out for a little drive

around. I remember just driving it up and down the driveway and having a great time with it."

"I drove it every day. I drove it everywhere. Matter of fact, I liked it so much I took it out to Long Island where we have a summer home and I drove it out there. But a friend of mine used to like to play Jackie Stewart and unfortunately rolled it in a potato field one summer. I think it was the summer after I had gotten it. That was the end of my car — a very unfortunate demise."

Though he's had a number of cars since (including a blue 1965 Shelby Mustang which he calls his favorite), the short life of that first car is still vivid in his memory. "It was just the idea of having my first car," he concludes. "You know, for a kid who was sixteen years old and loved cars — just loved them for the sake of them being cars — that first one is just an incredible experience." ♦





1956 Rolls

Owner: Bob Helfenstein



1940 Packard

Owner: Ernest Chopp

## Cutting the Cord

*"Bond liked fast cars and he liked driving them. Most American cars bored him. But...an old Cord...it cheered Bond to climb into the low-slung saloon, to hear the solid bite of the gears and the masculine tone of the exhaust. More than fifteen years old, he reflected, yet still one of the most modern-looking cars in the world."*

LIVE AND LET DIE  
— Ian Fleming

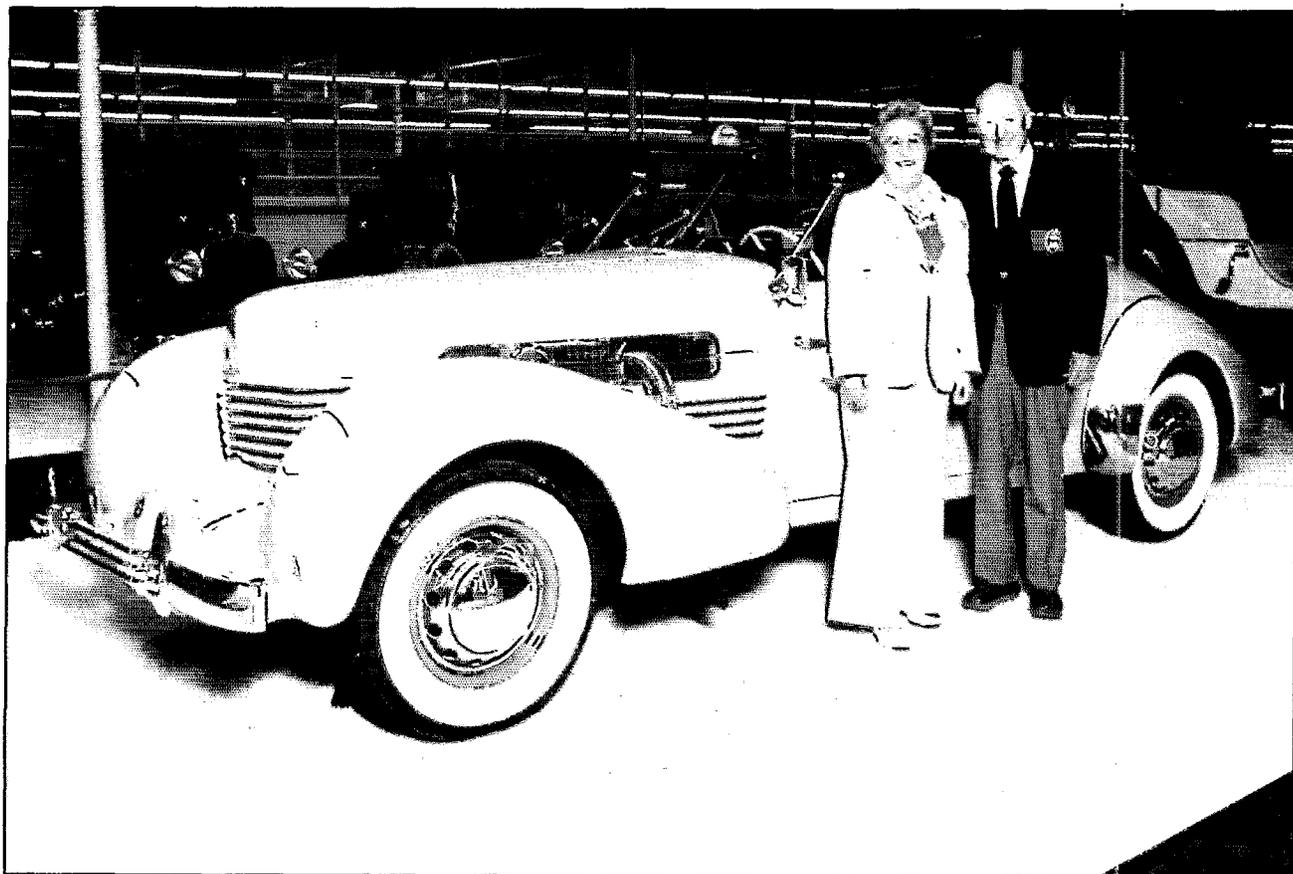
Bond's Cord — "one of the few American cars with a personality" — is Buehrig's baby. Grosse Pointe Woods resident Gordon Buehrig designed the "coffin-nosed" convertibles in the early Thirties. And the eighty-year-old automotive artist received recognition for several other classic designs, such as the Model J Duesenberg of 1930 and the 1935 Auburn Boattail speedster.

His body design for the Cord 810 was exhibited in 1951 at the Museum of Modern Art as one of the eight finest of all time, and his 1936 Cord was honored by *Fortune* magazine in its 1959 list of the 100 best-designed products in the world. The Buehrig Cord came in fourteenth, right after Cranbrook designer Eero Saarinen's "womb chair."

But Buehrig, born in Mason City, Illinois, hasn't always been showered with accolades. As a freshman at Bradley Polytechnic in Peoria, he was once kicked out of chemistry class because his notebook was full of auto sketches. Says Buehrig, "(The instructor) was incensed at the thought I wasted my time drawing automobiles."

Buehrig didn't waste time. Just two years later, in 1924, he landed his first automotive job at Gotfredson Body Company in Wayne. He soon moved on to Packard, and it was there he read LeCorbusier's *Toward a New Architecture*, which helped Buehrig formulate his form-follows-function philosophy of design.

In a matter of months, he was for the first time working as an auto designer. In the art and color department of



General Motors, Buehrig designed the instrument panel for the 1929 Buick, called the "Pregnant Buick." Pregnant? "It was not one of the greatest designs ever," explains Buehrig.

After only a few months at GM, Buehrig quit and took a cut in salary to design for the Stutz Motor Car Company in Indianapolis. "I was a very naive young man," writes Buehrig in his autobiography, *Rolling Sculpture*. "I left the largest and strongest automobile company to work for a small company which was in financial trouble and, as history proved, had only a short time to live."

It wouldn't be the last time Buehrig worked for GM, he has a history of job-jumping. "They say a rolling stone gathers no moss, but a rolling stone doesn't gather any money either," laughs Buehrig. "I've always had a lot of fun taking advantage of opportunities to work and learn."

Typically, Buehrig's days at Stutz were short-lived, but the experience got him an interview with Duesenberg. At twenty-five years of age, Buehrig became the chief body designer for the most prestigious automobile ever built in the United States.

Duesenberg competed with the likes of Rolls and Hispano-Suiza — generally in the \$12,000 to \$14,000 range with a five-to-ten car production of the same design. This gave Buehrig the opportunity to design several unique automobiles, like the Derham Tourister purchased on first sight by actor Gary Cooper.

Buehrig created a sensation with his Duesenberg sedans, speedsters and phaetons, but he made history when he moved to the Auburn Automobile Company in 1934 to redesign the failing Cord. Buehrig worked frantically on a Cord 810 prototype so it could be shown at auto shows in 1935.

"Overtime pay was unheard of," remembers Buehrig, "yet we worked several nights a week. There simply wasn't anything we could do that would have been as much fun as working on the Cord."

The designer did take a break from his labor of love to pursue another love. On December 22, 1934, he married Betty Whitten after a whirlwind courtship of three months. After the honeymoon, the Cord was introduced at the New York Auto Show. With its sleek styling, front-wheel drive and retractable headlights (a first), it was hailed as the most unusual car of its era.

"To say it stole the show would be an understatement," says Buehrig. "One salesperson at the adjoining Chrysler exhibit was furious about people standing on the bumpers of the Chryslers to try to see the Cord."

Unfortunately, the Cord was produced for only two years because of the financial woes of the Auburn Automobile Company. Buehrig went on to become the chief designer for the Budd Company, then went into aircraft engineering during the war years.

After WWII, Buehrig designed for Studebaker, then attempted to create an American sportscar, the Tasco, with a small group of investors. His "personal Edsel," according to Buehrig, failed because of several design and

production difficulties. The project, however, did break new ground in the application of vacuum-formed plastics and a removable car top which has all the appearances of a modern Corvette T-top.

In 1949, Buehrig joined Ford Motor Company, where he stayed until his retirement in 1965. His design for the 1952 nine-passenger station wagon helped the company dominate the station-wagon market. The designer's final five years at Ford were spent in the vehicle research department studying new applications for plastic materials.

Although "retired," Buehrig hasn't stopped expanding and applying his knowledge of automotive design. In the Sixties, he began a new career as a professor at the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles. After five years in California, and the death of his wife, Betty, he returned to Michigan to marry longtime friend and Grosse Pointe, Kathryn Benzin.

Today Gordon and Kathryn are self-proclaimed "snow birds," spending the winter months in Sun City, Arizona. Although Buehrig maintains a drafting and clay-modeling shop at both residences, he says his "main entertainment" is golf. He is up to nine holes after recovering from a heart attack last year. He is also working on a novel.

"It's a long way from being finished," explains Buehrig. "I do all my word processing the old-fashioned way — with a pencil and an eraser."

While he finds his exercise on the greens and scrunched over a yellow legal pad, what pumps through Buehrig's veins is pure gasoline. He works for the Franklin Mint Company as a consultant for its collectors' line of miniature automobiles. And he occasionally writes articles for automotive publications.

In a 1984 *Automotive News* story, he decried the commonizing influence of aerodynamics on the design of today's cars. "I have trouble in traffic — I can't tell one car from another," charges Buehrig. "They all look the same — so you can't tell if it was made in Europe or in Japan or in the U.S."

What's Buehrig's favorite car? The man who's owned countless autos — five Cords among them — says, "Oh, I can't answer that. That's like asking someone 'Who's your favorite grandchild?'"

In fact, the Buehrigs have had a recent addition to their family. Last fall, 180 guests were invited to a reception at the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club to hear Buehrig announce the adoption of a 1936 Cord sedan. His friends suspected something was going on when Buehrig built an addition onto his garage. Neighbor Bill Wood, who describes Buehrig as "a totally unique character with lots of enthusiasm," says "the Cord's garage has everything but air conditioning."

The doting Buehrig merely laughs and shrugs, "Sometimes when people have a new baby, they have to build a new room." ◆

*Buehrig's restored Cord can be seen starting June 13 at the Detroit Institute of Arts' centennial exhibition, "Automobiles and Culture — Detroit Style."*

## Dreams for Detroit

The Fisher brothers shared a vision for their 'new center' of the growing Motor city

Of all the people involved with the auto industry and its formation, perhaps no other group is so closely aligned with the heritage and tradition of Grosse Pointe as the Fisher Brothers. Throughout their lives, they constantly stood for fairness, quality, and above all — family. In fact, the Fisher family's closeness once prompted one General Motors vice president to remark, "When one Fisher brother cuts himself shaving, they all bleed."

Grosse Pointe itself was always important to the Fishers with the brothers dividing their time between their offices in the Fisher Building and their "palatial homes" in the Grosse Pointe area. To this day, a majority of the surviving family reside in one of the Pointes, with most located in the Farms.

Tradition and respect for family were what guided the Fishers. Once all of the brothers became business associates, they gathered together for lunch daily on the 27th floor of the Fisher Building. Aside from the seven brothers, the only people present were two longtime servants and friends of the family — Joe and Angeline Miller. Occasionally, an ambassador or head of state might also be invited, or perhaps one of the brothers' children. It is presumed that matters of business were discussed during these lunches, since no important decision was made without all of their knowledge. Usually, the brothers were in complete agreement.

If a strong disagreement arose, it is safe to assume that the eldest brother's voice held the most weight. The Fisher family, like others of its time, was very much ruled by the "head of the family" principle, with the eldest always first. The brothers were uncomfortable, in fact, to ever see their names appear in print out of their chronological order. Frederic John, the eldest, was not a dictatorial family leader, by any means. He made sure the others were taken care of, bringing each gradually into the company he formed, and always defending any and all of them. Upon his death, his fortune was bequeathed to his relations "in por-

portion to their relative fiscal condition." One industry leader, noting their closeness, once equated the Fishers to "the American Rothschilds."

The Fishers, however, did not come from French wine country. Instead, they were of sturdy German stock. The original Fishers, Andrew and Stefana, emigrated from Baden-Baden in the Nineteenth Century. They settled in rural Ohio. They had eight children — four boys and four girls. Lawrence, father of the famous Fishers, settled in Sandusky with wife Margaret Theison (whose parents also came from Germany). Brother Albert moved to Detroit to form his own business, Standard Wagon Works. Brother Andrew worked with Lawrence in the family carriage works in Norwalk, Ohio.

It was in Sandusky that Lawrence and Margaret had their first two children: Frederic John, born in 1878, and Charles Thomas, born in 1880. After eight

years in Sandusky, the growing Fisher family moved to Norwalk. Andrew ran the forge, Margaret's brother Peter Theison was in charge of the upholstery, and Lawrence did all of the woodworking for the very successful carriage works. Next into the family came Anna Kathryn, then Clara, then Mary. Soon after, William Andrew, Lawrence Peter, Edward F., Alfred J., then Loretta, and finally Howard A.

The two eldest boys picked up their father's trade fast. As children, they slept under the workbench. At fourteen, Frederic was working full-time for his father. Charles did the same for his uncle Andrew. Concern for quality was imparted to the boys at an early age. After traveling up and down the East Coast, stopping for two years at a business college in Sandusky, Fred's star loomed over Detroit. Upon his uncle Albert's advice, he moved here in 1902, taking a job for four dollars a week at J.C. & C.R. Wilson Co.

One of Frederic J.'s prized possessions in his later office on West Grand Boulevard was a picture taken at this time



of himself standing near young Henry Ford in the Wilson Co. They didn't have the same responsibilities, but it was in these quarters that the two future industry giants first met.

Brother Charles T. joined Frederic in 1904. In 1908, Frederic and Charles left Wilson Co. to work with their uncle. By this time, the developing possibilities of the automobile industry must have become obvious to them. They were struck with the idea of their own autobody company — all they needed was capital. So, on July 2, 1908, the Fisher Body Company was organized — capitalized at \$50,000 with \$30,000 of that coming from Uncle Albert. Very soon after, Frederic and Charles became obsessed with the idea of a "closed body" car. Despite the fact that Henry Ford has said, "Nobody would ride behind so much glass," the two brothers believed in their innovative concept. Unfortunately, their uncle did not. He wanted out.

He gave them a date — by that time, either they buy him out, or he would buy them out. The two Fishers looked to two of their best customers, the Mendelssohn brothers, Louis and Aaron. The Mendelssohns were prime stockholders in the Herreshoff Motor Co., and by noon of the given date, the brothers had in their hands a check for the \$30,000 share.

This was in 1909. By the following year, the Fisher Body Co. received an order from Cadillac for 150 of those closed bodies that no one would ride behind. This was a huge order in those days. It was no small feat that they managed to complete the requirements.

So great was their business that they established a separate division — Fisher Closed Body Co. — to go with the Fisher Open Body Co. In 1912, the Fishers branched out into Canada with a plant in Walkerville, Ontario. As the auto business exploded, more and more of the brothers were brought up from Ohio to help keep it in line. In 1912, Lawrence Peter

joined as superintendent of paint and trim. In late 1913, Edward F. and Alfred J. came up after finishing an automobile body drafting school

in New York City. Like his forward-thinking sons, father Lawrence in Norwalk was not one to live in the past either.

His carriage works, one of the finest in the country, became Fisher Auto Top Co. which made the canvas roofs for automobiles. Brother William A. had been working at this until he joined the others in 1915. The seventh brother, Howard, A., was never as closely associated with the auto business as his other brothers. In fact, when he did arrive in Detroit, he held major responsibilities as manager of the Fisher and New Center buildings.

The Fisher Body Company, as structured in 1910, saw Louis Mendelssohn as head financier, brother Aaron as general office supervisor, and the Fishers in charge of car production. Using the woodworking techniques learned in carriagemaking, the Fishers developed the concept of interchanging wooden components from one body to another.

The business was growing so fast that in 1914 it had ten plants in operation, producing approximately 100,000 cars — mostly open. By 1920, production had tripled, though most cars were still open. The reason ascribed to this was not customer hesitancy (as some people thought), but the more practical reason that the closed cars were

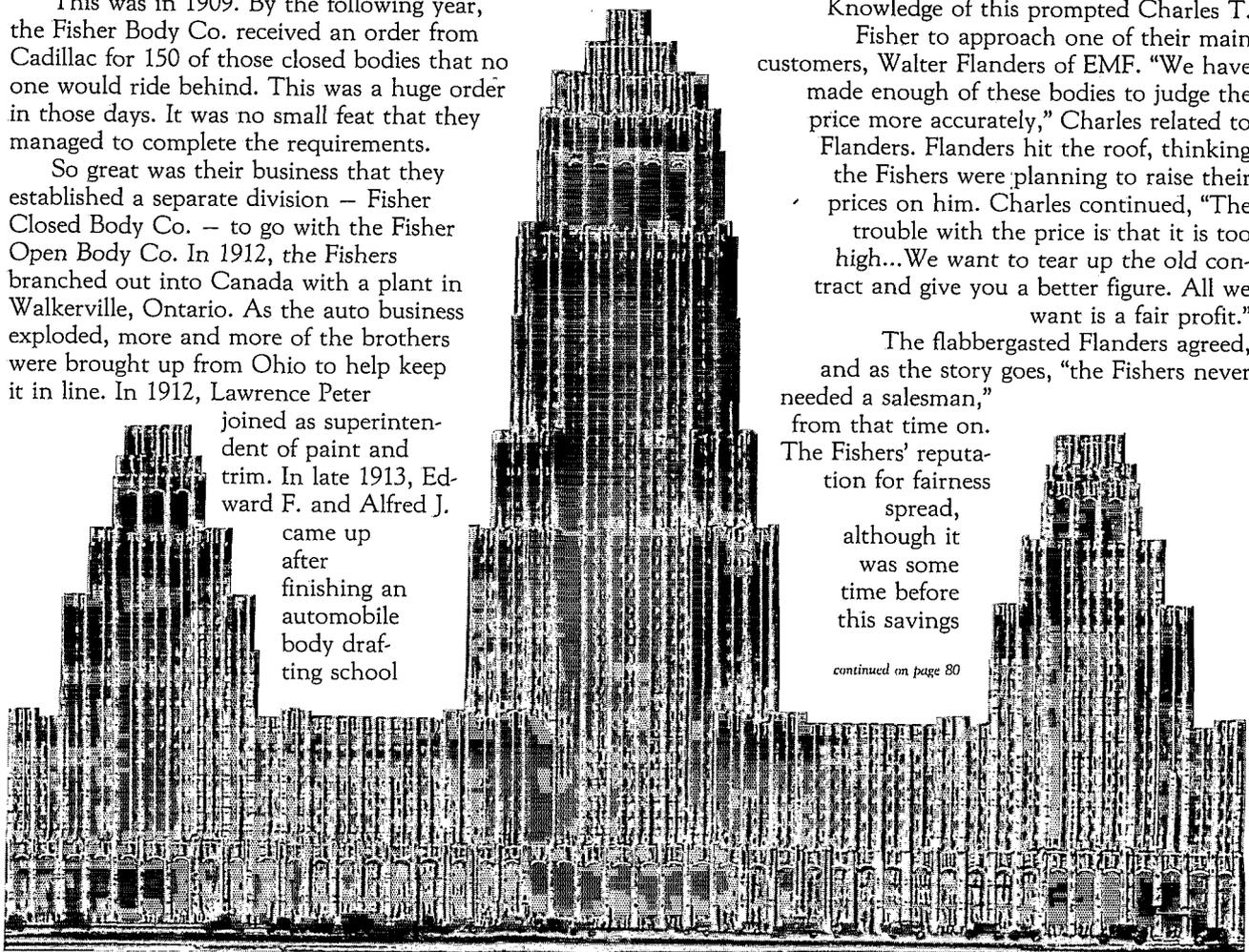
much more expensive.

Knowledge of this prompted Charles T.

Fisher to approach one of their main customers, Walter Flanders of EMF. "We have made enough of these bodies to judge the price more accurately," Charles related to Flanders. Flanders hit the roof, thinking the Fishers were planning to raise their prices on him. Charles continued, "The trouble with the price is that it is too high... We want to tear up the old contract and give you a better figure. All we want is a fair profit."

The flabbergasted Flanders agreed, and as the story goes, "the Fishers never needed a salesman," from that time on. The Fishers' reputation for fairness spread, although it was some time before this savings

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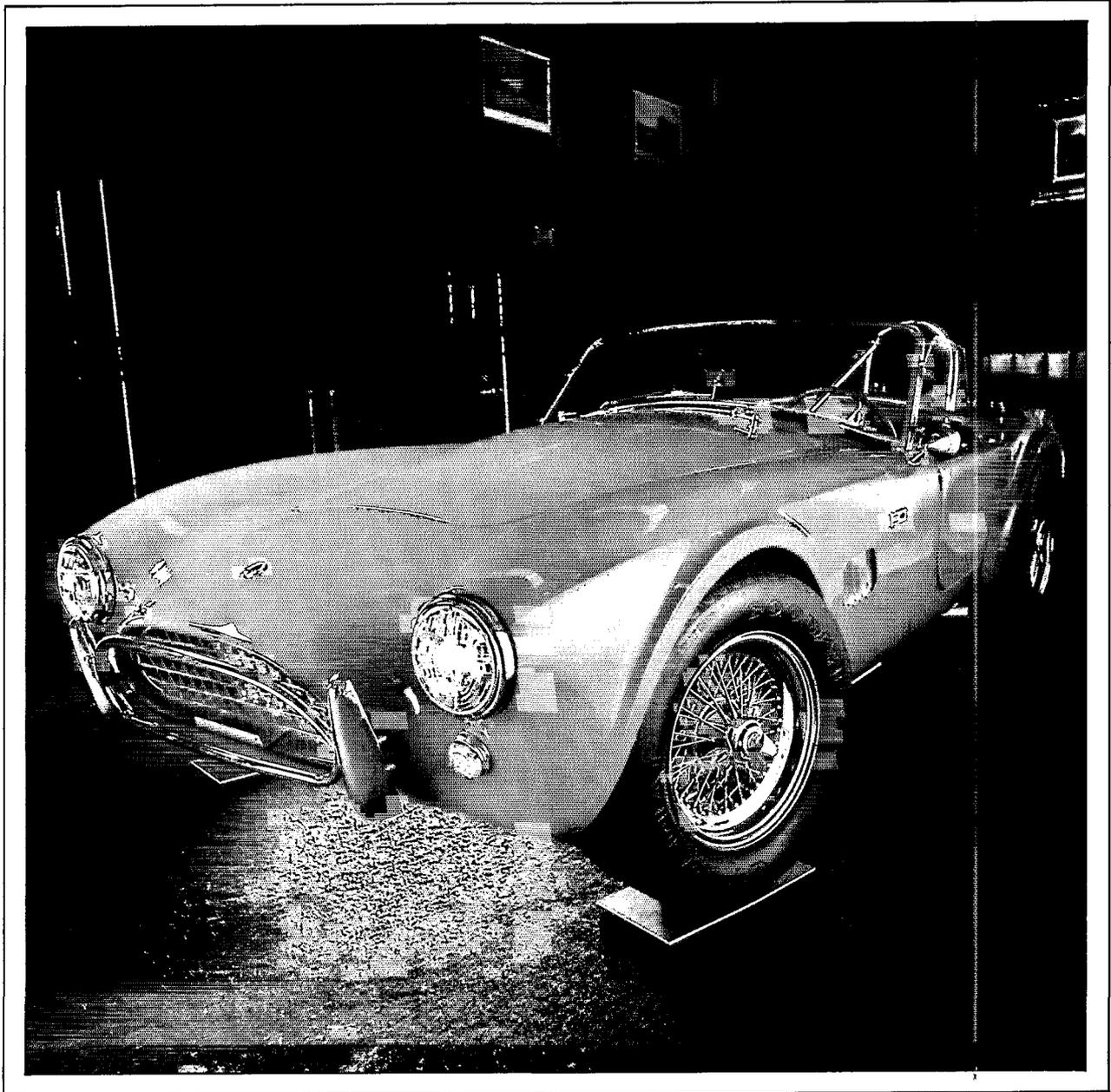
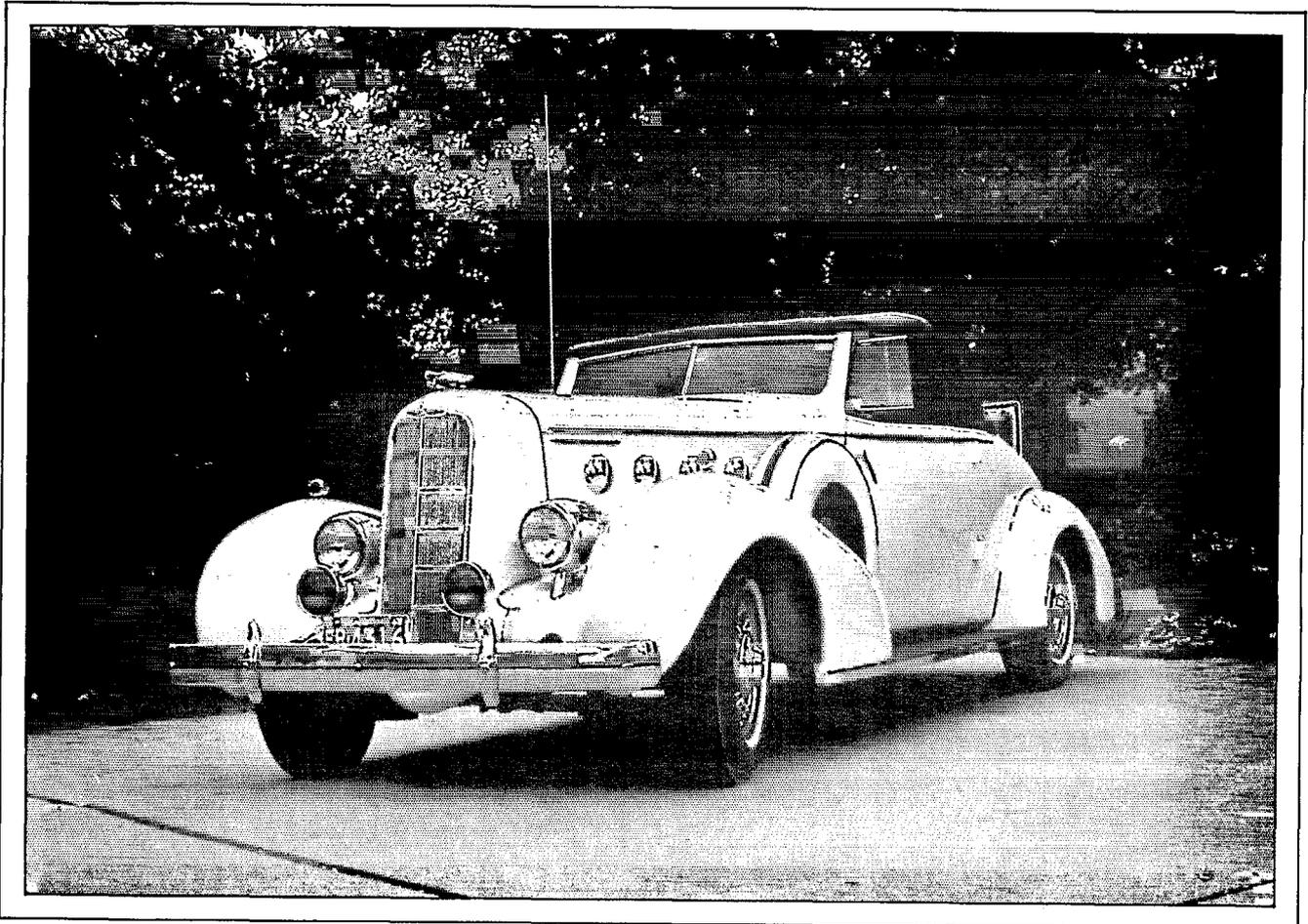


PHOTO BY DAVID FRANKLIN

1963 A.C. Cobra

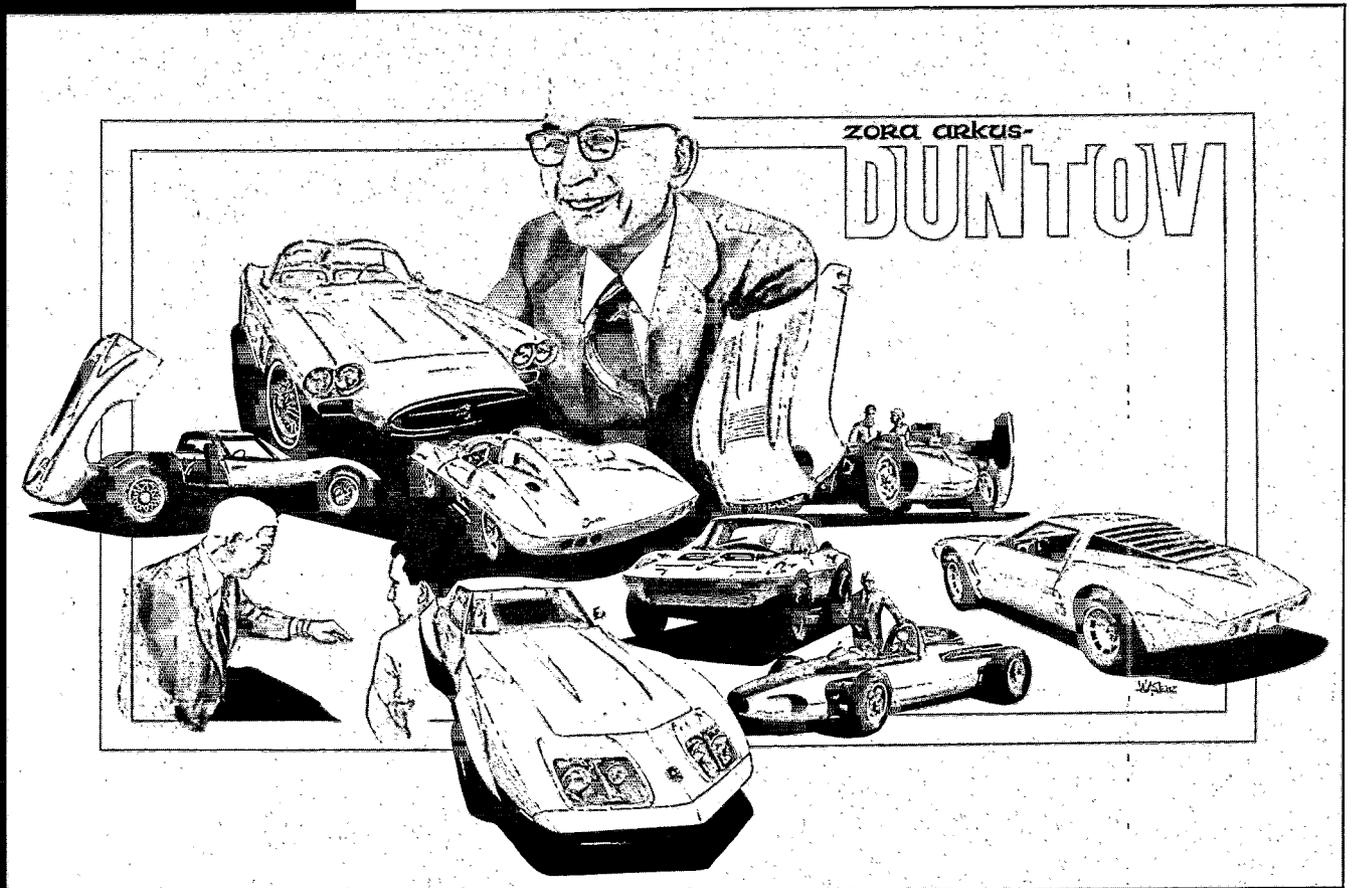
Owner: Ken Meade



1934 LaSalle

Owner: Frank Zapala

# ARKUS-DUNTOV



## A Thing of Beauty and Speed

Zora Duntov rallied against  
GM management to perfect his  
dream car — the Corvette.

**F**ascination with the way things work began early for renowned Corvette designer, Zora Arkus-Duntov. As a schoolboy in Russia in the early part of this century, his dream was to be a streetcar conductor. He rode the trolleys relentlessly, sitting directly behind the conductor, watching every move. One day the gods smiled upon Zora, and the streetcar in which he was riding lost power. The conductor climbed on top of the vehicle to fix the problem, but neglected to put the gears into neutral. The moment he reconnected the power, the streetcar took off, with the conductor still on top, clinging to the roof.

The ever-alert twelve-year-old Zora slipped into the seat he had coveted for months and smoothly guided the streetcar around a turn and to a stop. The conductor scrambled down from the roof and put his arms around the boy. "He was so grateful," Duntov remembers. "It was my dream!" The young engineer was on his way.

From his childhood in Russia when he tinkered on motorcycles, taking them apart to see how they functioned, Zora Duntov became the man synonymous with the word "Corvette." He was the man who fought all along the way for design changes and increased speed capabilities, although GM execs continually said that no one was interested in "race cars." It was a battle Duntov waged throughout his career in his quest for that marvel of speed, comfort and desirability that to him — and eventually, thousands of others — was the Corvette.

Zora Arkus-Duntov was born in St. Giles, Belgium — and later used his hometown name as an alias when racing his Corvettes at Le Mans. He lived in Russia until the late Twenties, when he attended the University of Berlin. It was there he met his wife. Because of their disparity in ages, Alfie's parents were not thrilled about the romance. The only time they could see each other was when the elevated train she rode on regularly passed his window. She insisted that he give her a sign. The thirty-second

glimpse of him kept her hope alive, allowing her to concentrate on schoolwork.

So he waits, this young man almost finished with his higher education, for the girl of fourteen who had caught his eye. Once the train goes over the bump outside his window, it's gone. She merely has time to see whether he's there or not. "So, I'm waiting for the train with the snowflakes melting on my breath," he describes. "And then, boom." Contact made, vows reaffirmed.

They met again in Paris where she was a dancer for the Folies-Bergère. "She was in a troupe of English girls," he stresses, "not nude girls. The nude girls were models, a dancer was different." They were married in Paris in the glorious Thirties when all of the art and entertainment world seemed to be there as well. They celebrated regularly at the Astor Bar near the Champs-Élysées, and their surrounding entourage included many lively characters — ballet dancers, jugglers. Life in Paris was just one of many festive scenes in the colorful life of Zora Duntov.

During the Thirties, he worked with his younger brother Yura on supercharged sports car engines. It was after the war, though, that they built the Ardun overhead-valve conversions for the Ford V-8. Duntov also developed sports cars for Allard in England, and consulted with Daimler-Benz and Porsche. The great land of automobiles continued to beckon, though, and in the fall of 1952, Zora Duntov arrived in the United States.

As the story goes, he saw his first Corvette at a Motorama show in New York and was "intrigued by its design." At the time, he was employed by Fairchild Aviation. After a few calls from Chevrolet's Ed Cole, Duntov found himself in Detroit by May of 1953. At the time the relevant thought was that automobiles were purely functional. Zora Duntov, coming from a land where automobiles were like trophies, with styling an essential element, realized that this market had not yet been tapped in the United States. "Considering the statistics, the American public does

not want a sports car at all — but do the statistics give a true picture?" he asked the Society of Automotive Engineers in 1953. "As far as the American market is concerned, it is still an unknown quantity, since an American sports car catering to American tastes, roads, way of living and national character has not yet been on the market." His battle to develop such a car was a lifelong struggle.

One's image of Zora Duntov is far from that of a stuffy engineer locked up next to a drawing board. It is more like an Errol Flynn zooming down the speedways in a yellow helmet at the wheel of the American sportscar. And whatever else, it is the image of a man who goes after what he wants. His first homestead in Detroit is one example. "I stayed at the Hotel Addison," he explained. "And I thought a dirty trick was played on me because no liquor was there...no bar. After a while, I found out that the Hotel Addison was near a church. So, I moved to the Park Shelton on Woodward."

Shortly after this, in the fall of 1953, "Ray Russell, the automotive designer, called me to see if I like his house," he said with his characteristically heavy accent. "He goes for the winter to Florida, and he said I'm welcome to stay." This was on Ten Mile Road near Lake St. Clair. Approximately a year later, he moved with his wife to 830 Lake Shore, where they resided happily for the next twenty years.

At Chevrolet, Duntov's designs were already being implemented. His tests with the V-8 equipped 1955 Corvette led to some drastic chassis improvements. He explained in *Auto Age*, "The target was to attain such handling characteristics that the driver of some ability could get really high performance safely. The main objects of suspension changes were: increase of high-speed stability, consistency in response to the steering wheel over a wide range of lateral acceleration and speeds, and improvements of power transmission on turns."

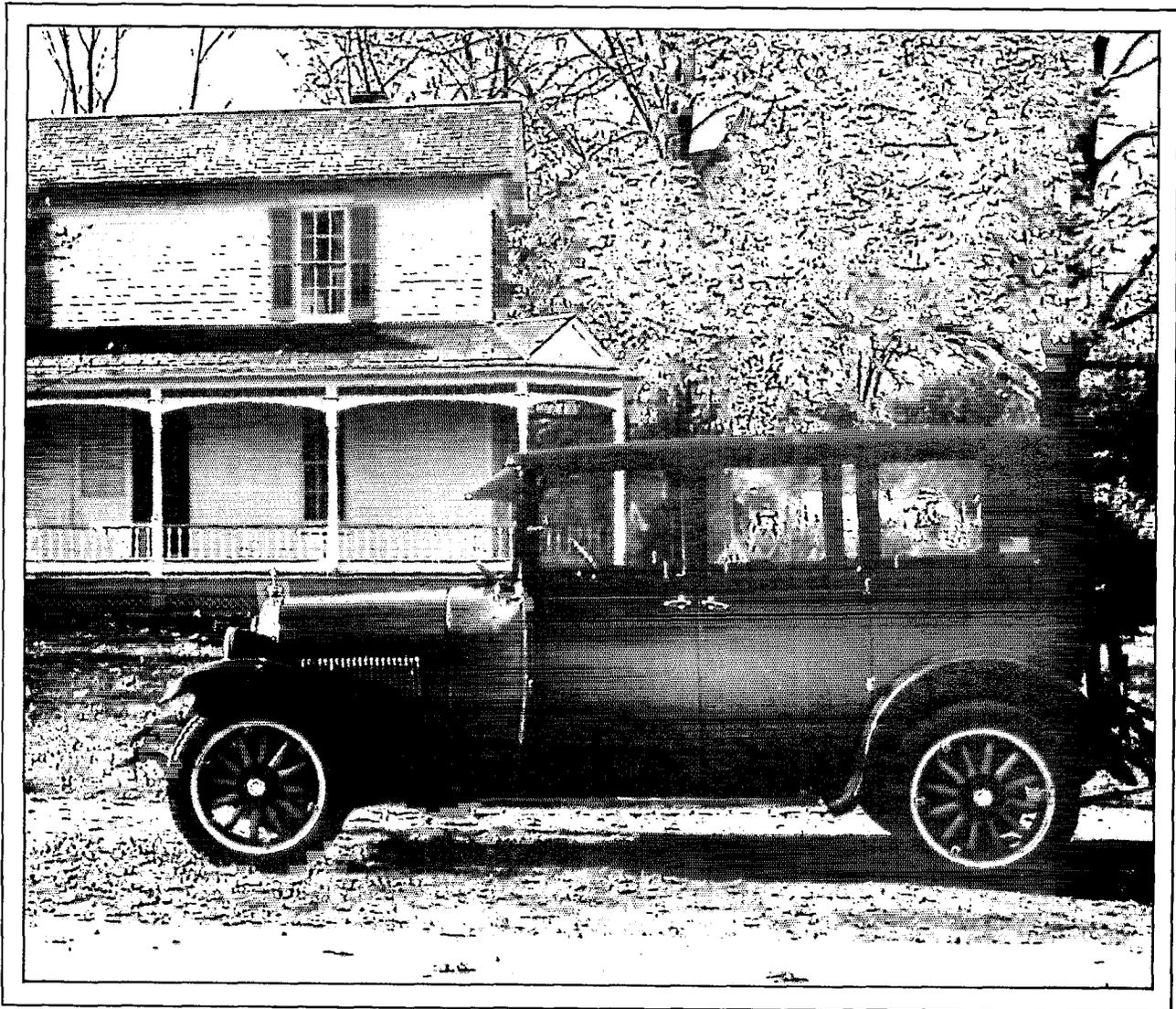
Drivability under any conditions

*continued on page 55*



1950 Ford Crestliner

Owner: Jerome Duncan



1926 Dodge Brothers Four Door Deluxe Sedan

Owner: Martin L. Bufalini II

## The First Family of the Automotive Industry

*From the first assembly line auto,  
to today's high-tech missiles,  
the sun never sets on the Ford empire.*

All of the auto pioneers shared a common trait — a fierce determination to achieve the plans they had set for themselves. Perhaps none of them stayed more on a direct course than Henry Ford. Known for his strict, even austere manner, Henry Ford had a purpose, and stuck to it.

He began his company with only \$28,000 in 1903. Far from the billion-dollar corporation it is today, at its onset the Ford company was housed in a converted wagon factory with a staff of ten people. The creation of automobiles was worked out in a very methodical way, as well. The names were simple — they started out with Model A, all the way through to Model Z, and back again. The color selection at the beginning was extensive, too. All the cars came in basic black.

Between 1903 and 1908, the most successful car was the Model N, a small four-cylinder which sold for \$500. A six-cylinder luxury car (\$2,500), the Model K, on the other hand, sold poorly. Judging from this, Ford believed that the company's success rested in the production of inexpensive cars for a mass market.

There were a few obstacles to overcome before success could be attained. The first came in the form of George Selden. Selden had a patent on "road locomotives" and a powerful syndicate to back his claims. His at-

tempt to monopolize the industry was fought hard by Henry Ford and his partners. It took eight years to win the battle, but the fight proved advantageous for all auto companies.

The beginning of the Ford Company's success came in 1908 with the creation of a much improved Ford — Model T. The company still rested in many different hands though. In 1919, the first step toward Ford Motor Company becoming a family company was made. After a disagreement with some of the stockholders, Henry and son Edsel started buying up Ford stock. Very soon, they owned the company, along with Henry's wife Clara.

Edsel, in contrast to his father's starkness, was a warm, social person. He and his wife, Eleanor, were one of Detroit's favorite couples. Their home on Gaukler Pointe is still a spot of attraction today. Edsel and Eleanor lived a very full life, not only socially, but in regard to their family as well. They had four children — Henry Ford II, Benson, Josephine and William Clay.

Edsel succeeded his father as president of Ford Motor Co. in 1919. He held this position until his death from stomach cancer in 1943. He is credited, more than anything, with adding an element of style to the Ford line. He had his own idea of comfort, grace and beauty. Out of his dream to

fulfill this came the Model T Torpedo Runabout. Edsel Ford is perhaps best noted for his association with the Lincoln car company, and the various models of style and grace which he produced, most especially the Lincoln Continental.

One of the most successful cars in those early years, the 1927 Model A (the second version) was Edsel's — in color, style and trim. Edsel realized the importance of sleek design to the buying public, noting in 1924 that "women are a greater influence in the automobile buying field than ever before." He saw that a car did not have to be solely functional, either. "Pride, vanity, (and) a desire for something more impressive enter very strongly into the sale," he commented — echoing sentiments which are adhered to by auto advertisements everywhere today.

After Edsel's demise at an early age, Henry Ford took up the reins. Now a staggering 'seventy-nine, he ruled the company, along with his strongman, Harry Bennett. Bennett had placed his allies throughout the company, and had a huge base of power when Henry Ford II arrived (at the behest of the U.S. government) in 1943. A power struggle which ensued lasted two years. For a brief period of time, it was feared that Bennett would inherit the Ford fortune. The first thing that the second Henry did upon

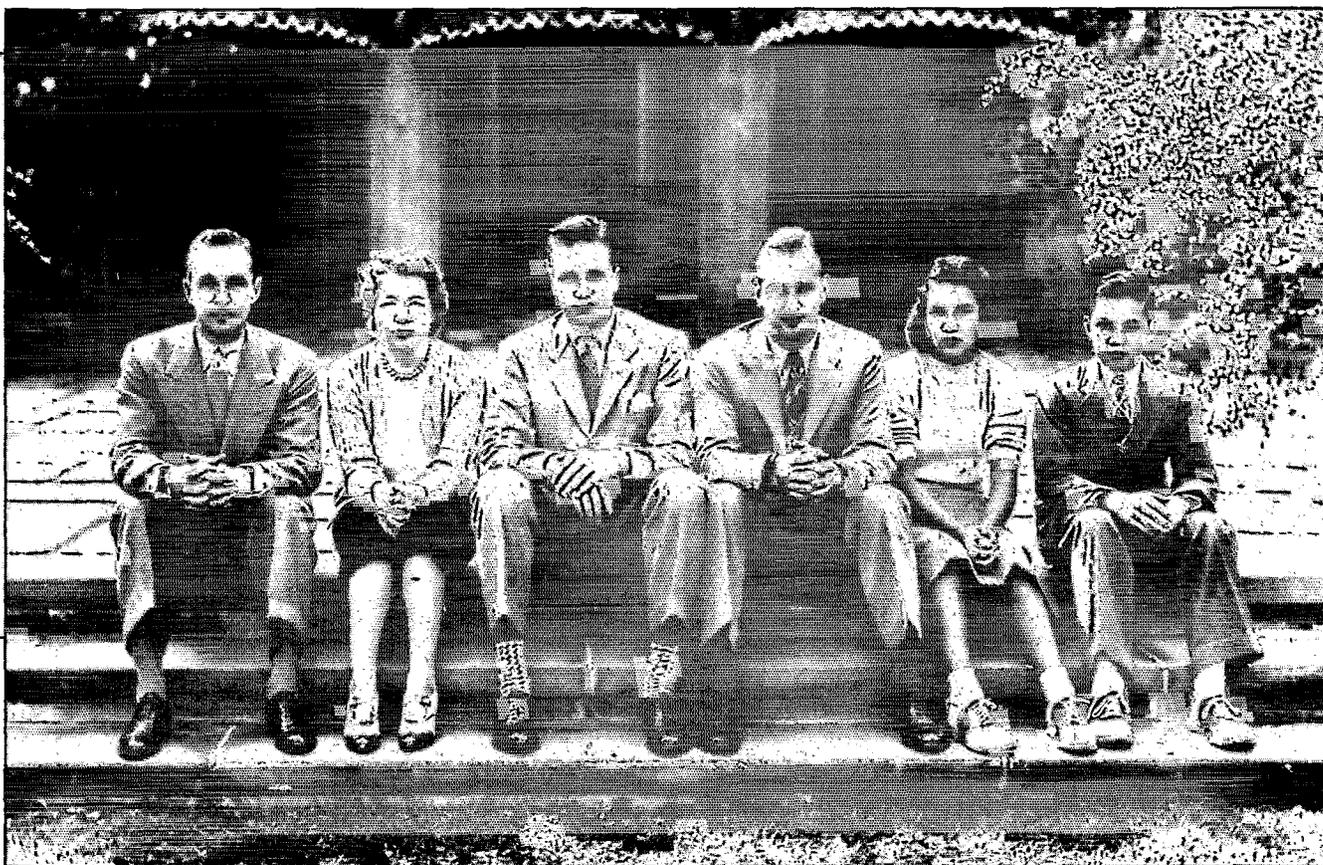


PHOTO COURTESY, FORD MOTOR CO.

Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford and their children got together for this family photograph in about 1937 on the back steps of the Edsel Ford estate at Gaukler Pointe on Lake St. Clair in Michigan. From left are Edsel Ford, then president of the Ford Motor Company, his wife, Eleanor Clay Ford, and Henry II, Benson, Josephine and William.

taking his presidency on Sept. 21, 1945 was to fire Harry Bennett.

Most of the Ford factories during the war had been converted to building war supplies — jeeps, tanks, aircraft engines, tank destroyers and bombers. It was one of Henry Ford II's most formidable jobs to convert the war machine into successful auto production once again. To shape his new hierarchy, Henry II gathered around him the brightest and the best — Jack Davis, John Bugas, and a group fresh out of the army known as the “Whiz Kids”, which included their leader Charles “Tex” Thornton, George Moore, Arjay Miller, Ben Davis Mills, Charles E. Bosworth, Gene Anderson and a future Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara.

It is to Henry Ford II's credit that he turned around the failing Ford Corporation. He might not have been

able to do it without hiring away one of the brightest stars from that other corporation — General Motors' Ernie Breech. Breech brought with him engineer Harold T. Youngren and Lewis D. Crusoe to handle the finances. A former GM supervisor was hired as vice president of operations — Delmar Harder.

Progress was evident in the year 1946. During the first seven months, the company lost \$50,000,000, yet ended the year with a profit of \$2,000. The following year, the older Henry Ford died following a cerebral hemorrhage. Due to the power outage in his Fair Lane mansion, he died as he had been born — by candlelight.

But the Ford Company, and the Ford Foundation, remained for quite a while completely in the hands of the

family. From those first three owners, the company passed into the hands of Eleanor Ford and her four children, Henry II, Benson, Josephine and William Clay. William Clay also received a vice presidential rank in 1952, and was given responsibility for his father's gem, the Lincoln Continental.

In 1956, Ford Motor Company sold common stock to the public for the very first time, though the Ford family retained forty percent of this.

On October 1, 1979, for the first time, a Ford stepped out of the position of chief executive officer, being replaced by Philip Caldwell. The Ford Company has diversified now to include not only automobiles in its production, but also has branched out to finance, insurance, electronics, communications, land development, and space and missile technology. ◇

## The Road to Restoration

*Piece by antique piece, Frank Zapala's restoration of vintage automobiles is nothing less than a labor of love.*

An ingrained Grosse Pointe custom holds that whatever you work for in life, at the end you should have something to hand down to your children. It's part of the work ethic, the American dream that plants its footsteps firmly in the roots of tradition. To Frank Zapala, it is important to bequeath to his children something which leaves "a part of me behind."

His children, perhaps more than some Grosse Pointe families, are never going to forget their father's legacy. Each and every time they ease into their automobiles, they will recall him in his shop, pounding and painting, rebuilding and restoring — hour after hour, piece by piece.

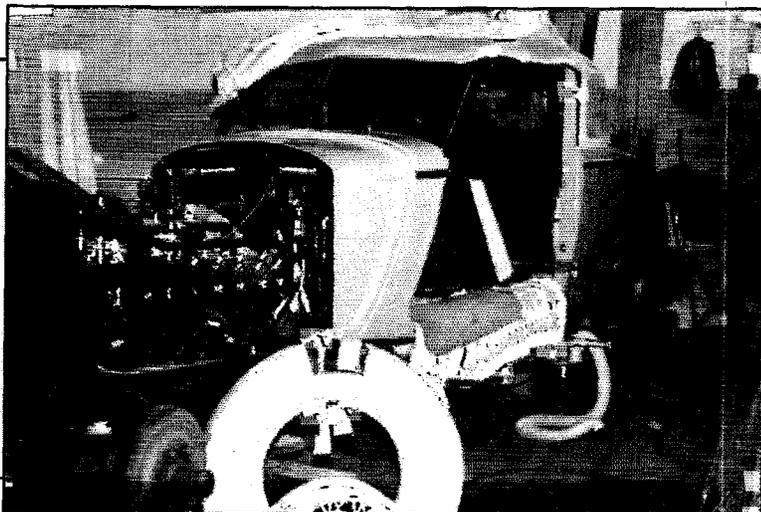
Frank Zapala is perhaps representative of not only the Grosse Pointe spirit, but also the spirit of the auto pioneers showcased in the rest of this section. A true Grosse Pointer, he sees a thing of beauty and works to preserve it. Over the years he has even restored a Rolls-Royce for one of his children. Walking through his shop is like taking a step into a past more elegant, a way of life left behind.

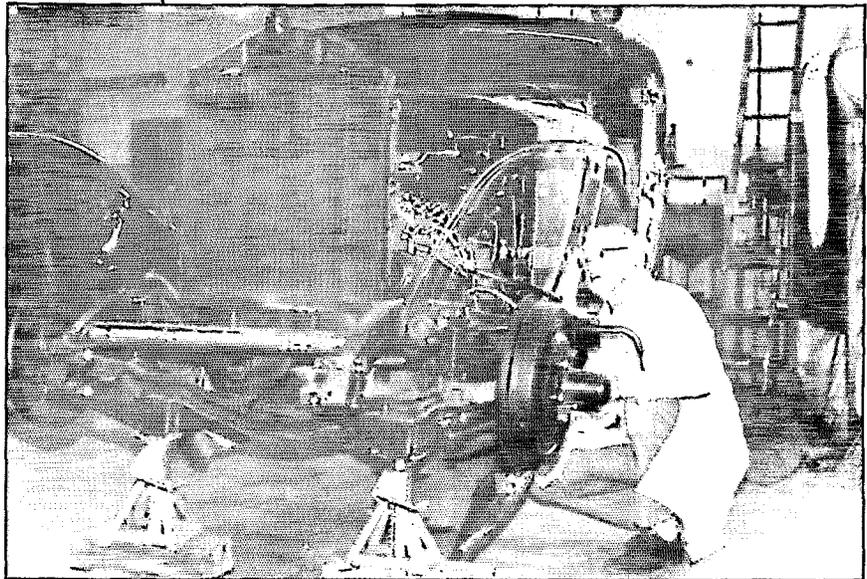
Here are magnificent machines which have been the subjects of restoration for many years — a Packard, a LaSalle, and a Mercedes — not to mention the Mustang on which he labors with infinite patience for the benefit of his grandchild. "It'll be done by the time he's ready to drive," he remarks. All done simply for the satisfaction of restoring an abused, dilapidated automobile to the grandeur of its original condition.

Zapala has been working on some of the cars for the last twenty-five years. But then, when you have to tear out entire floorboards which have deteriorated to lacy wafers of rust, the time element can be appreciated.

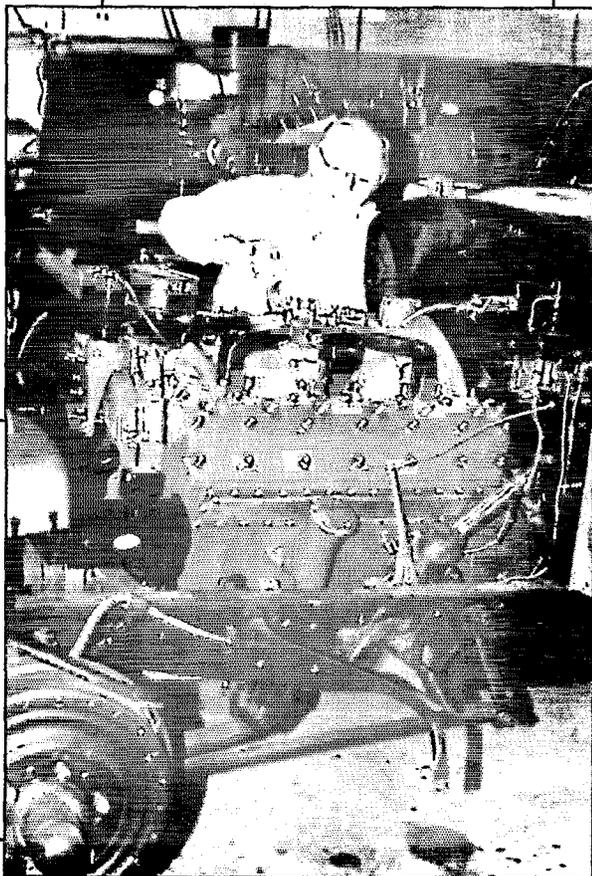
On the other hand, once the cars are finished, they bring in quite a pretty penny. The Packard, for example, will be worth a quarter million dollars at its completion. Quite an inheritance...

The beauty of the lot, and the one closest to completion, is the gorgeous pale yellow LaSalle which once belonged to Clark Gable. The car was sold to a sailor who





Frank Zapala  
at work in his  
restoration shop



drove it from the West Coast to Michigan's Brodhead Naval Base. Unfortunately (for the sailor), in 1943 he was shipped out and couldn't take the car with him. At least a decade later, Zapala was made aware of the car's existence in a garage on Van Dyke and Jefferson. He bought it for \$400; when completely restored, its value will be near \$35,000.

When Zapala's business, the Metric Tool Company, was in full production, he received all sorts of tips at his shop. In 1973, for example, the scrap metal dealer who regularly came into the shop made him aware of a Woods dual-powered electric car — one of five built — which literally lay buried in a garage in the Eight Mile-Livernois area. "It was encased so deep, we couldn't even open the door," he remembers. After considerable digging, the car was excavated. Under restoration ever since, the car is about fifty percent complete. Nonetheless, when fully restored, the car will be, as Zapala says, "priceless."

Now retired, Zapala travels to Florida and Canada for fishing trips in a uniquely-outfitted trailer of his own custom design. His major hobby while home in Grosse Pointe, however, is the work he performs in his restoration shop — sewing the upholstery, redoing floorboards — all for the joy of the finished product. But instead of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard laughing and chatting to friends bouncing on the rumble seat, it will be Zapala's son with a few of his friends. Perhaps his grandchildren will treasure the car after that — his son has built a special heated garage to ensure that the tradition does indeed carry on. ◇

*Christina Friedel is a Detroit-based freelance writer.*

## Cars in the Classroom

*Students in the automotive classes at North and South learn more than how to change a tire.*

A mechanic is hunched over the motor of a car, adjusting the carburetor. Another changes the oil on a Pontiac, his hands dripping sludge. A third emerges from beneath a car, lying flat on a creeper board. This scene could be any fast-paced auto repair shop in the country. Instead, the locale is a Grosse Pointe high school automotive class, the spot for many budding auto wizards to hone their talents.

Whether to begin a career in engineering, or simply to learn how to tune-up the family car, automotives have found an important place at North and South. Enrollment at both schools in automotive classes is up — perhaps due to the extensive renovations the departments have received. Seven years ago, South was the subject of intense scrutiny by the North Central Association (NCA) who advocated modernization. South's automotives instructor David Basehore remembers the area prior to the update, as "a tiny classroom where the highlight of a marking period was tearing down and building up one of fifteen engines that stood on stands or in the work area. Since it could only house one car, (the students) watched me give demonstrations. It was so small that when I showed films I had to keep the door open...the movie was projected from the hallway."

No need to worry about such cramped conditions now, though. South's renewed automotive center

can house thirteen cars at a time, with an enclosed parking lot which can store thirteen more. At about the same time, North made minor improvements which included erecting a wall between the woodshop and automotives area. Although South has much more space, the equipment is basically the same — two oscilloscopes, a brake lathe and some volt meters. Students at both schools can effectively test front wheel alignment, wheel balancing and rotor and drum turning.

Students are enthusiastic about the courses, as well. While other area high schoolers may consider automotives "a blow-off class," North and South students take their assignments seriously. Perhaps because so many North and South parents work in auto-related upper echelon jobs. Or perhaps because of the unique all-encompassing quality that permeates the courses. Instructor Dean Balcirak conducts a co-op automotives class, the Trade and Industry Co-op, where students learn the additional skills of how to act towards customers, fellow employees and the boss. Typing classes don't even offer that luxury. After their class at 12:30, the students receive on-the-job training at local gas stations or car dealerships.

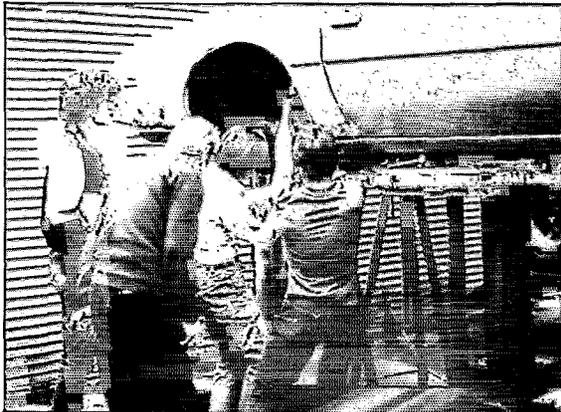
The regular automotives classes are very practical as well. Students learn theory during a one-hour period — the ten-credit automotive technol-

ogy class, and follow it up with a vocational lab class. "The students apply everything they learned from the previous class as well as receive lectures once or twice a week on new concepts," explained Basehore. Students get credit for each assignment that they work on.

Consequently, they will find victims in their friends' cars, their parents' cars, even their teachers' cars. Jim Krucki, a math instructor, is one teacher who has taken advantage of the talents of North's automotive students. "I can't even count the number of times I've had them repair my car," he said. "The students are well-trained, do quality work at a cheap price, and at the same time they get something out of it."

Another firm believer in the positive power of working on cars is South's assistant principal Bernie LeMieux, who regularly sends the school troublemakers down to do their detention in the auto rooms. Quite often the hands that were wreaking havoc elsewhere find a comfortable — and useful — spot under the hood of one of Detroit's gems.

Automotives give the students an edge on the real world, too. As they gradually approach driving age, the reality of repair bills can get to be excessive. This will now be no problem, according to North's automotive instructor Frank Sumbera, who says, "Automotive students later in life will



PHOTOS BY GEORGE KRAPPMAN  
AND DEAN PEIRCE

be able to make minor repairs and some major repairs instead of paying someone else hundreds of dollars. They won't be fooled by mechanics who try to charge them too much for labor because they (will) know how a car is put together. They won't fall for the line — 'We had to take the whole car apart to get to the part that needed fixing.'

A few women are already preparing themselves against this gullibility. Though only four girls are taking automotives at South, one of them, Lori Santillo, finds it very rewarding. Class time is spent repairing her 1972 red Dodge Dart. "It would be interesting to go into some field that has to do with automotives," she speculated. "There are not too many lady mechanics around." Even in her

classes, Santillo comes up against the stigma of sexism. "(The males in the class) spend a lot of time trying to prove me wrong because some of them don't want to accept that a girl may know more about cars than they do."

In Detroit, everyone has to know about cars — male or female. One would think that results of automotive classes get special attention from local automakers when reviewing resumé's. Not so, says David Doherty, dean of admissions and corporate programs at the General Motors Institute of Technology, a Flint-based vocational school for students pursuing automotive careers. "GMIT admission officers make no correlation at all between success in a high school automotive class and suc-

cess at GMIT." In point of fact, they drop these scores from a student's overall grade point average.

But this doesn't deter the success-oriented students who grew up listening to Mom and Dad's tales of developments in the industry. Whether destined to follow in engineering footsteps, or just for the sense of self-accomplishment, it is certainly advantageous to know the difference between a piston and an air filter. And the students at North and South already have a jump on their compatriots. ◆

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*Amy Andreou is a South High senior and co-editor of The Tower newspaper. This is her first article for HERITAGE.*

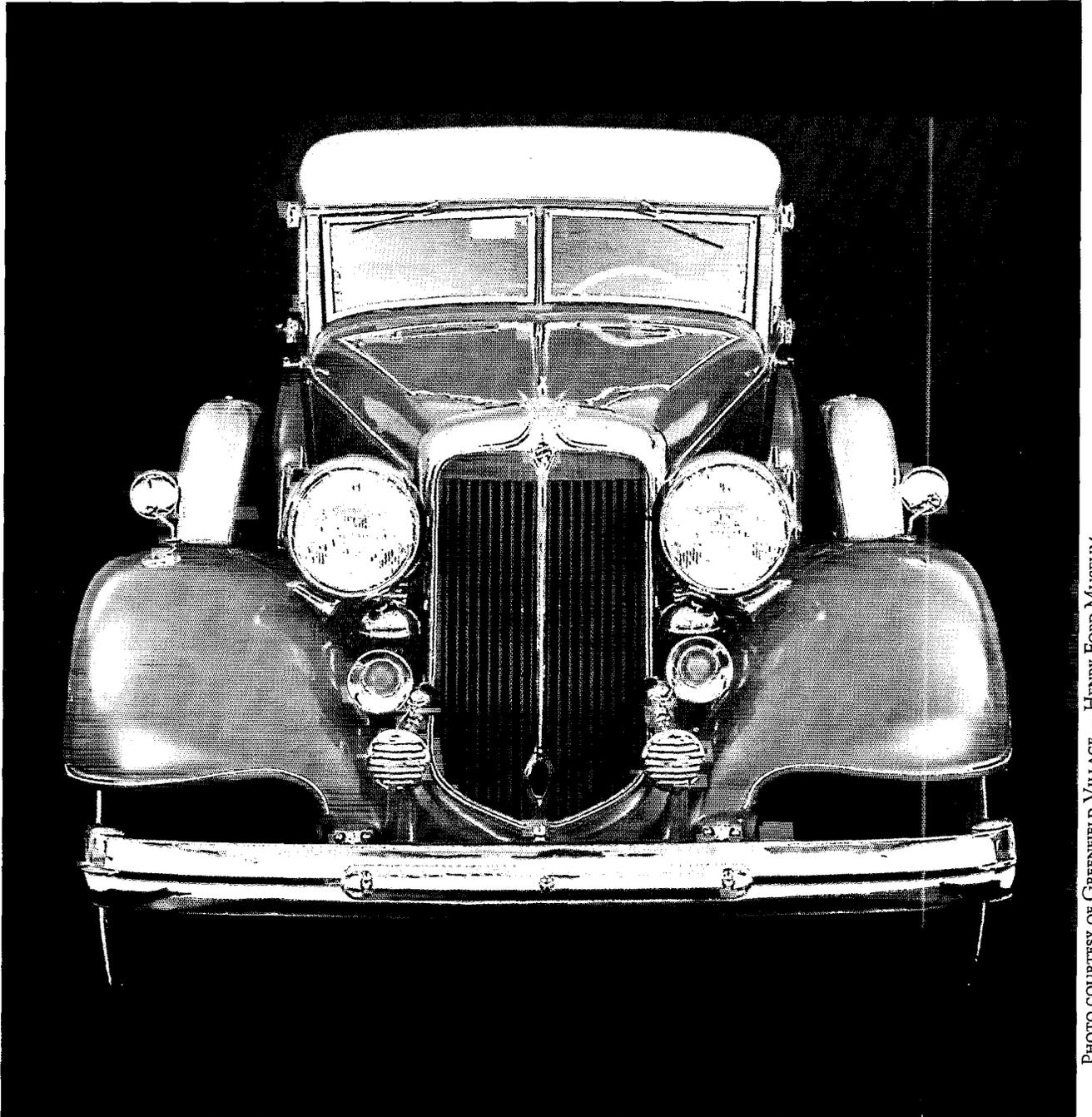
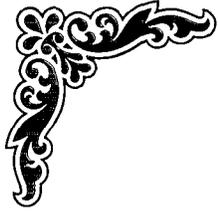


PHOTO COURTESY OF GREENFIELD VILLAGE — HENRY FORD MUSEUM

1932 Chrysler Imperial

Owner: Walter P. Chrysler

Custom painted to match  
a Ming Dynasty vase owned by Mr. Chrysler.

Original cost: \$30,000



## DUNTOV

*continued from page 45*

was important to the European-trained engineer. At this time, he reported, "The car goes where it is pointed, and does so without hesitation. On turns taken hard, it does not plow or skid, but gets into a drift. If the right amount of power is fed, the drift can be maintained without danger of the rear end getting presumptuous and assuming the position of the front." The changes he desired were implemented slowly, and after considerable argument.

But perhaps the automakers were becoming gradually attuned to the idea of a pure luxury sports car, something bought simply because you want it. In 1956, the standard colors of the Corvette were expanded to include Onyx Black, Venetian Red, Cascade Green, Aztec Copper and Arctic Blue, as well as the standard

Polo White. Car making had indeed come a long way since Henry Ford's Model T dictum — "You can have any color, so long as it's black."

In 1956, Duntov proposed a new camshaft design, which he felt would give the Corvette the power it needed. The proposal was very unusual, and it took some time to get it approved. The design, when integrated, allowed the Corvette to reach 163 mph comfortably. That same year, the Duntov cam became a Corvette option.

It was in these early years that Zora Duntov, the engineer, began racing his automobiles to determine what needed adjustment. His yellow helmet became a familiar sight at racetracks throughout the country, much to the consternation of his superiors. Even after he stopped participating in races, he continued to attend them. He is vehement about his

stance even today. "I defend myself attending the races in Daytona and all because I had to see how the car performed — it's the obligation of an engineer."

He continued to catch flak for this participation, however. The disagreements didn't reach their peak until the Sixties. The late Fifties were still the glory years for Duntov. With Ed Cole at the helm of Chevrolet (and vice-president of GM), Duntov was given primary responsibility for developing fuel injection. His Corvette tests at Pikes Peak and Daytona were extracurricular activities that were charged to his fuel injection budget. The Corvette became the guinea pig, with Ed Cole and Zora Duntov as its primary instigators. Testing was delayed somewhat after an accident at the Proving Grounds

*continued on page 71*

### THE PLACE GROSSE POINTERS PREFER

*Seymour Cadillac - SAAB*

stop by  
3 min. from RenCen  
20 min. from Grosse Pointe  
3180 E. Jefferson  
259-9000



*Lisa Seymour will make sure you'll have a smooth drive with your Seymour Cadillac or Saab. Chauffeur service to any of the Grosse Pointes or office.*

## Pitching for Glory

*White Sox hopeful Bill Babcock finds success  
in the classroom and fulfillment on the mound.*

Grosse Pointe North is just three outs away from clinching its first state baseball championship on this early summer day in 1980 in a showdown with Royal Oak Kimball. As usual, the pitching of North's Bill Babcock has been virtually unhittable, his fastball blazing past countless batters. As he toes the rubber to start the final inning, a shrill scream from the stands momentarily breaks his concentration.

"Come on boys — he's getting tired now!" bellows the desperate voice of an opposing player's mother. Babcock, firmly in command, suppresses a chuckle, welcoming the brief distraction from one tense moment. Then, with his typical composure, and his adrenalin flowing, Babcock strikes out three straight would-be hitters to nail down the state title.

That triumph was the culmination of Bill Babcock's junior season in a glittering three-year career at North in which the Woods lefthander rewrote the school's pitching record book. Among the marks: most career innings (185), strikeouts (304) and shutouts (14), as well as back-to-back no-hitters in playoff action. Babcock also chalked up an earned run average of .27 in 1980.

There were distinct signs early on that Babcock did something special with a baseball. At twelve, he put on a pitching display which is still marveled at in Grosse Pointe Little League circles. With a six-inning game allowing each team eighteen total outs, Babcock struck out the first seventeen batters and retired the final one on a weak grounder, leaving him one strike shy of a truly "perfect" game. The incredible effort prompted longtime Grosse Pointe Little League umpire Ed Bilkovic, who worked the game, to have little Billy sign the baseball as a memento awaiting the day when the young star would inevitably gain prominence.

Unlike many Little League flashes who peak too early or become distracted in adolescence, Babcock continued to dominate at each level. Professional scouts lurked in the stands as early as his sophomore year at North and, by his senior season, his gifted arm was coveted by pro teams and colleges alike. After deciding to enroll at the University of Miami (in Florida), he was drafted in the third round by the Chicago White Sox. When the team offered to fund his education, Babcock couldn't resist. He signed with the Sox and began chasing his dream in the fall of 1981.

In the span since, Babcock, now twenty-two, has met with alternating success and adversity. He made the all-star team in Class A ball in Appleton, Wisconsin in 1982 and started the following season at the AA level in Glens Falls, New York. A rough start there and a series of nagging arm injuries have raised question marks about the future. After surgery late in 1983 to remove bone chips in the elbow, Babcock bounced back with an 11-2 record at Appleton last season before developing tendonitis in the rotator cuff of his shoulder two weeks prior to the end.

Babcock has spent the off-season strengthening the arm at Michigan State University, his college of choice in the winters since signing with the White Sox. The limb in question "feels great" and Babcock seems to be headed toward a productive season in Glens Falls.

"Keeping healthy is the key," said Babcock, during a weekend in the Woods in February. "The average age in AA ball is probably twenty-three or twenty-four, so I'm getting right at that borderline age and I've been playing more numbers on the board. Our minor league director, Bobby Winkles, told me at the end of last year to just keep myself healthy and pitch a full season in AA because left-handed pitchers are in great demand."

Despite the constant attention from scouts while at North, Babcock had his sights set on a college career and then a shot at the big time. With his parents stressing the importance of an education, it seemed the logical route to pursue.

"I really wanted to go to Miami. I wanted to go there for at least three years and then I'd have the chance to sign again," recalled Babcock, with measured tones. "When I was drafted, I was still gung-ho on college. The White Sox kept coming to my games during the summer and one of the scouts, Larry Monroe, kept talking to me and raised the offer a little and threw in a college scholarship offer. That was pretty much the deciding factor because this was my dream — to play professional baseball — and I can still go to school in the off-season. If they're going to pay for it, why not give it a try?"

The burden of dealing with hopeful college coaches (from Alabama, USC, Clemson, and others) and the ever-present pro scouts was never on Babcock's shoulders, thanks to his father, who served as the go-between. "It was

an exciting time. I took it as a time of great responsibility because he seemed to depend on my judgment a lot and that's heady stuff," remarked the elder Bill. "It was a little bit difficult, but I made up my mind I was going to treat them (pro scouts) all the same and tell them all that education was very important to us."

His father recalled a lighthearted episode during that hectic period which illustrated its tenseness. "I remember one day, Bill had been helping a friend paint all day long, and it was hot, and he came home just exhausted. He came in and asked if there were any calls. I said 'Yes, the Reds called and offered \$30,000 — but I turned them down.' He said, 'That's great. I've been out painting all day for nothing and you turned down thirty grand.'"

The offer the Babcocks finally accepted from Chicago had a net worth of "close to six figures" when salary, education grant and possible bonuses were totaled. It would have been easy to let those kinds of figures and all the acclaim expand the cap size of a high-schooler, but that has never been Babcock's style. Although he talks with assured confidence, he is easygoing with a fun-loving streak.

Grosse Pointe North baseball coach Frank Sumbera recalled the relationship Babcock shared with his peers. "Billy was looked up to not only by the baseball team, but by the whole student body," said Sumbera. "He was one of the more pleasant young men that's gone through this school. You could never tell he was an all-stater, except by his performance. I admired him as a young man."

He admired Babcock so much, Sumbera named his son after his ace hurler. "I was close to that entire team, but I was especially close to Billy and John Clem," said Sumbera. "My son's name is William John Sumbera after Bill and John. They're very special people and they were very good players. Bill is our only All-American baseball player, and that puts him in a little bit of a class by himself. He's a great example to the kids here now."

Of course, Babcock's accomplishments on the mound for the Norsemen didn't quite match the low-key personality he exuded. "I believe he's definitely the best pitcher we've ever had at this school," Sumbera said flatly. "One game, he struck out eighteen of twenty-one batters. It was an awesome exhibit of a fastball pitcher where they were just overmatched. With Bill's leadership and that team, we were able to win forty-four straight baseball games. That's quite a feat with the schedule we play."

Bob Rini, a Grosse Pointe Little League coach for the past fifteen years, was Babcock's mentor at that level and could see, even then, that his prized pupil was not only advanced physically for his age, but mentally. "Undoubtedly, he was probably the most gifted player I've ever had, but he never had that ego problem that a lot of good players have," said Rini. "Bill was always ready to learn and he never had that attitude of condescending to other players who didn't have the talent he had."

Babcock, who also played Little League football, has fond memories of his younger days on the Grosse Pointe Woods sandlots. "The programs here are great; you can't complain about those. I remember all my coaches. Bob



Rini was the coach of the Dodgers, my Little League team; Mr. (Bud) Engle was always the all-star coach; Mr. (Gene) Clem always put us together on summer teams and helped a lot. Then Larry Bennett and Dave Marsteller in Babe Ruth. There are a lot of good people in this area to help kids...whether it be in Little League football or baseball."

Now in the rare position of being a professional athlete and a college student simultaneously, Babcock is enjoying the best of both worlds. Since he is able to attend MSU only during the winter, his status is that of a sophomore. The grant from the White Sox is valid until two years after leaving baseball, no matter what.

"I look at it this way..." reasoned Babcock, "baseball, obviously, isn't going to be there forever. If I didn't start (school) after I signed, I couldn't see myself playing for five years and then say my career was over and now I have to go to college for four years? Well, there's no way I'd do it.

So, I figure if I plug away every semester...

"Plus, the facilities at MSU are great. The baseball team is working out in the winter and Coach (Tom) Smith lets me throw to a catcher or I'll throw batting practice once in a while and I have access to the Nautilus. So, it's good for me, plus it's a lot of fun."

Fun. The word keeps popping up in conversation with Babcock. Can he possibly be enjoying life in the minor leagues — a life which has often been painted in baseball lore with long, hot bus rides, cut-rate accommodations and a grueling schedule with few days off? The answer is yes, emphatically.

"Sure, it gets boring sometimes," explained Babcock. "We have four scheduled off days all year, so you pray for rain in August when you play twenty-nine days in a row. You travel, get off the bus, get there early in the afternoon, lay around the hotel for an hour or so, get back in the bus, go to the yard for batting practice and get ready for the game."

"One time, our bus overheated and it was probably ninety-five degrees out and humid. The heat from the engine was coming up through the bottom of the bus. After six-and-a-half hours on the bus like that, everybody is just *dying*. But usually, nothing like that happens. The bus rides aren't that bad. Sometimes you've got to put up with garbage like that, but it's fun."

A physical education major and history minor, Babcock is considering a coaching career after his playing days. "I think I'd like to get into coaching, but I think when I get out of baseball, that's all the pressure I want to handle. If I coach, maybe at the high school level, the intense pressure isn't going to be like it's been."

Signing a professional baseball contract is anything but bright lights and million dollar salaries. For every success story, there are hundreds of tales of hotshots who, for one reason or another, never fulfill the lofty expectations. Babcock acknowledges the odds are staggering.

"I'm aware of the odds," he said with calm resolve. "I think it's like three percent will make it to the majors for five years. I don't worry about that. I just worry about myself. If I'm pitching well enough to pitch in the big leagues, I'll pitch in the big leagues. See, that's the thing about the White Sox. They want their players to play in the big leagues, whether it's with them or someone else. I've just got to keep myself healthy and do what I've got to do. I'm not really a power pitcher and I'm not a finesse pitcher either, I'm in between. I'm throwing 85-88 (mph). I'm not your Dwight Gooden — but I still get my strikeouts."

On occasion, Babcock, whose younger brother David pitches for Western Michigan University, wonders what it would have been like to play college ball. He enjoyed representing his school while at North, but isn't about to second-guess his decision.

"Pro ball has been fun. It's something I'll never forget. Until they tell me I can't play anymore, I'm going to keep plugging away. They've given me ample opportunities and still are, so I'm going to take advantage of it as best I can." He laughed and added, "I might as well prolong reality as long as I can."

Growing up in Grosse Pointe, Babcock was naturally an avid Detroit Tiger fan. Since his career would have to take a strange twist for him to don the *Old English D*, his fantasies these days are slightly different than his boyhood versions. "The ultimate dream is to pitch in the big leagues and someday beat the Tigers here in Tiger Stadium. I'd love to pitch for the Tigers, but I'd also like to beat them pitching for the White Sox. Of course, I've got to stay healthy first, but you've got to think that way, that it *will* happen...Someday..." ♦

*Brian Marshall is a freelance writer based in the Grosse Pointe area.*

### Career At A Glance

Since he signed with the Chicago White Sox in the summer of 1981, Bill Babcock's career has had its ups and downs in the minor leagues. Here is a capsule look at each season:

#### 1981 - Rookie League

After losing his first two starts, he finished the five-week season strong, winning his last three decisions, including his first professional victory on his nineteenth birthday. "I was just bound and determined to go out there and win."

#### 1982 - Class A

In Appleton, Wisconsin, he pitched opening day, was sailing along, making the all-star team. Then pulled a muscle in rotator cuff of his shoulder, out for four weeks. Finished season strong, with win in the playoffs. Record of 8-7 with low earned run average. "As far as the way I thought I pitched and the way they (White Sox) thought I pitched, it was a very productive year, a good learning experience."

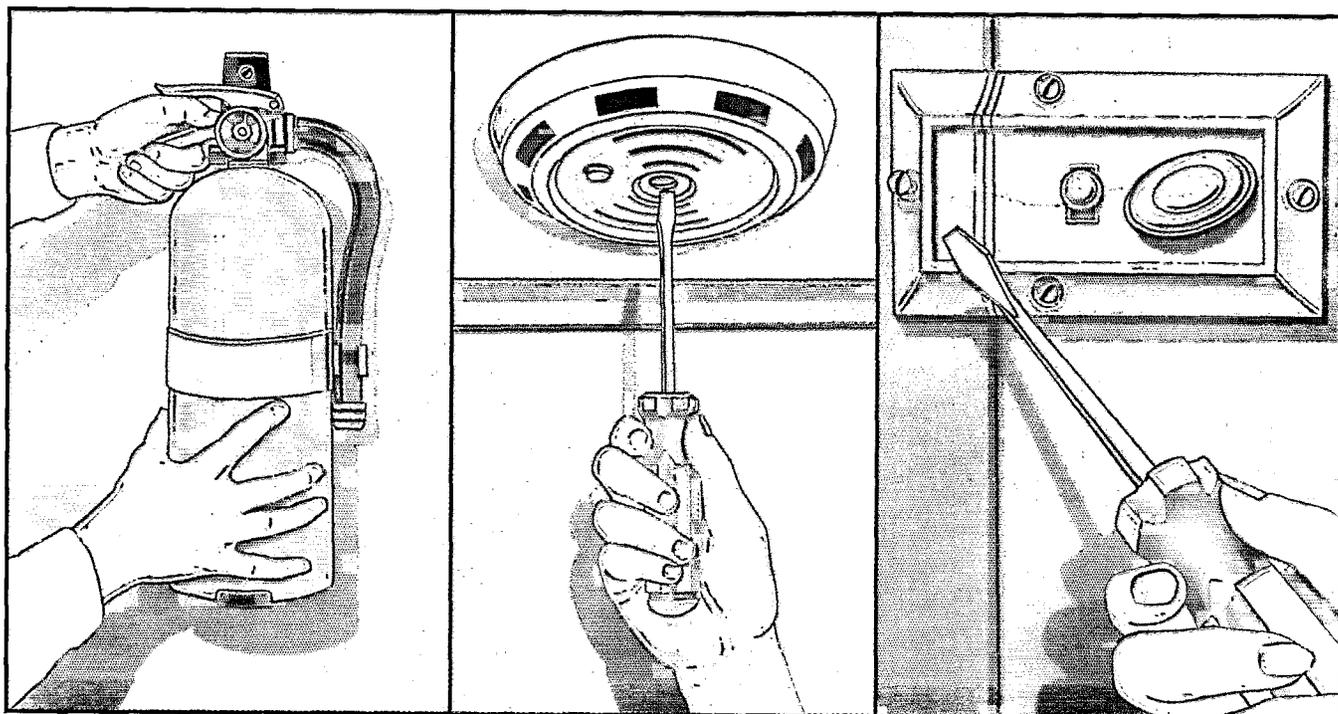
#### 1983 - Class AA

In Glens Falls, New York, terrible start — 0-3 and "couldn't get anybody out. It's probably the worst I've ever pitched in my entire life." Back down to Appleton, began pitching extremely well, with soreness in his elbow. Rested for six weeks, threw in instructional league with great results until elbow problem flared again. Had arm examined, surgery was recommended and removed bone chips just before Thanksgiving 1983. "I was kind of scared but the surgeon said it was really no big deal. It shouldn't give you any trouble."

#### 1984 - Class A

"After surgery, I wasn't ready to pitch after spring training, so I threw four starts in rookie ball and was ready to go. They felt if I went back to Appleton where I was familiar with the setup, I could relax." He did. Record of 11-2 with an ERA of less than 2.00. On the down side, his season ended two weeks early due to tendonitis in the rotator cuff. "To get that many innings in (90) after surgery, they were happy."

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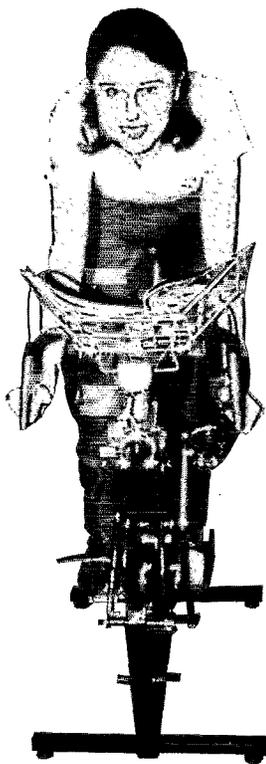
## Never too Busy

Taking that first bounce forward  
is half the battle  
in a successful exercise program.

Blisters, pain, sweat and fatigue — these are probably the images conjured up by those who do not yet have an exercise program in their schedule. Blindly they will order the baked potato with sour cream...and butter...though their scales are tipping off the dial. But this is someone who is always doing something, always on the move — “too busy to exercise.”

Little do they realize that the time spent in exercise is also productive time. The energy expended adds a few hours to your schedule because being fit gives you more will to do things other than sleep. It is a misconception that an exercise program needs to be arduous and time-consuming to be effective. In actuality, a little a day will go a long way toward your overall well-being.

The key to fine-tuning your body is aerobic exercise. Before you break out into hives over the prospect of buying DEVO records and jumping around in multi-colored leotards,



realize this fact: Aerobic refers to the body's ability to use oxygen. The harder you exercise, the more oxygen is needed, increasing the heart rate and demanding greater work from the heart and lungs. Exercises which utilize the large muscle groups of the arms and legs are aerobic in nature. As such, not only the aforementioned dancing, but biking, swimming, cross-country skiing and even brisk walking are aerobic exercises.

The integral part of making this exercise work is that it must be continuous for a minimum of thirty minutes. Steady activity taxes the cardiovascular system, which develops endurance, along with greater heart and muscle efficiency. Depending on intensity, aerobic exercise should be added to one's schedule three to four times per week. If the intensity is low, daily exercise is recommended. If it's high (a game of squash with a highly skilled opponent, for example), every other day is a good idea. Intensity can be gauged by your heart rate during the exercise.

The heart figures centrally in this equation, since exercise causes the heart rate to increase. Blood is then sent through the vessels to the exercising muscles. After a period of time, the fit cardiovascular system becomes more efficient. This ultimately gives us more energy and vitality.

Being fit also gives the body more flexibility. Regular exercise makes the muscles and joints more flexible, which increases the body's range of motion. It also protects the body from injury which may be incurred during everyday activities. Exercise also increases calories to be burned both while exercising and while at rest.

All of that sounds well and good, but the big question is: Will I lose weight? Those unsightly bumps and bulges seen on TV commercials



## ◆ christi cracchiolo

everywhere will only go away through aerobic exercise. Starvation diets are unhealthy, and spot reducing (such as leg lifts or sit-ups) only strengthens the muscle, but leaves the fat behind.

Dieting, even intensive dieting, burns off a combination of water, minerals, muscle tissue and a small percentage of fat. Exercise, along with a sensible diet plan, will cause a negative caloric balance (more eaten) which results in greater fat loss. This loss is also more permanent.

Another added benefit of exercise is the reduction of high risk factors (high blood pressure, high blood sugar and high cholesterol) which lead to coronary heart disease. Of these, cholesterol has received the most attention. HDL cholesterol (the "good" cholesterol) binds with the "bad" cholesterol after increased exercise and helps to flush it out of the system. A person who exercises regularly and watches cholesterol consumption should, in time, note a decrease in total cholesterol.

And if all these physiological benefits aren't enough, the psychological uplifts would convince any disbelievers. A good workout leaves the body invigorated and the mind cleansed. Tension and anxiety are replaced with self-confidence. Creativity is stimulated as well through exercise, with the mind free while the body is occupied.

Nonetheless, the hardest part about a fitness program is taking the first bounce forward. Fitness expert Dr. George Sheehan thinks it's easy. "Once you find something (exercise)

that is playful and addictive and filled with satisfaction, your daily budget takes care of itself. New priorities are set. A new sense of proportion takes over."

Exercise should not be hard or painful — it should be fun. For all the myriad of things we can't control, there is one thing we can — our body.

There's no better time to begin than right now...it's almost tanning time.◆

*Christi Cracchiolo received her M.S. in exercise physiology from U of M in 1984. She is currently in training for the summer triathlons and is associated with Fitness Elite.*

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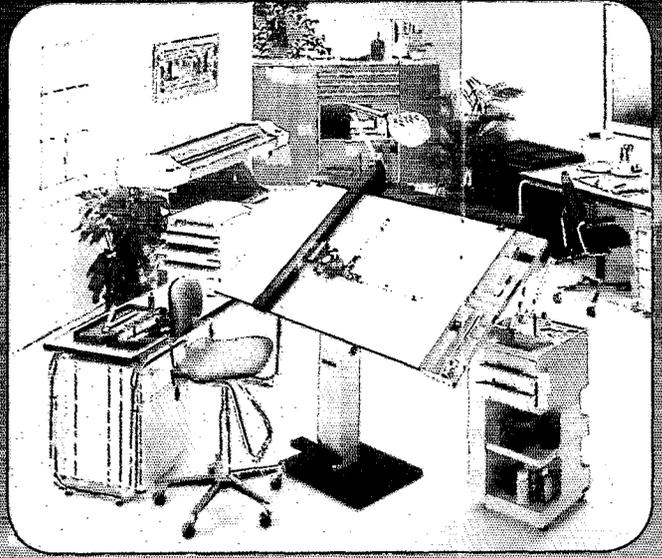
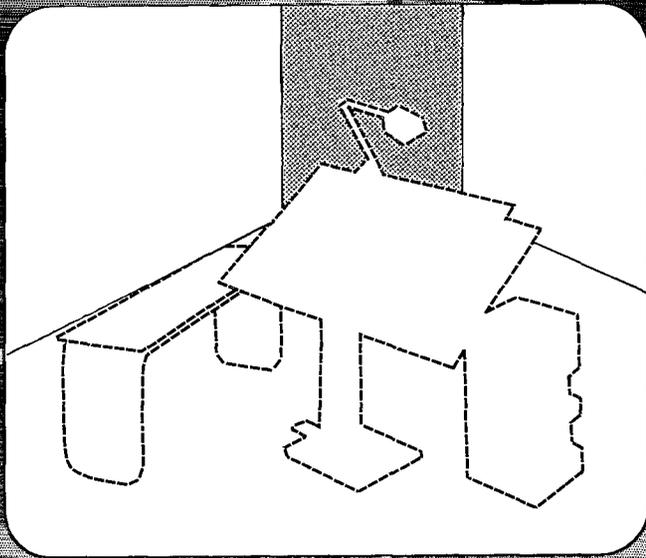
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## A Few For the Road

It's the fifth hour of the journey and you're riding in the back seat with your brother. Of course, he's taking up all the room. He says it's because his legs are longer (which is true), but you're irritated just the same. You want to scream, but you remember what Mom and Dad said just a short time ago: "Any more of that and we're not stopping at McDonald's!" Meanwhile, you're starving and thirsty, thirstier than a guy crawling through the desert, worse

than...

We don't have to tell you that rides in the family car can be tedious and frustrating. You already know that. But we can give you some suggestions to make the ride more bearable, maybe even pleasant, whether it be a three-day trek to California or just an hour's jump to Aunt Caroline's. Remember, don't let Dad play. He has to keep his eyes on the road.

### Parents' Place

#### Games You Have To Buy

The first step to insuring a pleasant trip is getting in the car and driving into the Village — to Punch and Judy Toyland and The Ten O'Clock Scholar, both on Kercheval. Each has an entire section devoted to travel games. Here are some highlights:

The popular **Yes and Know Books** (Lee Publishing) are full of riddles, games and mazes. A question may be asked in the book, but the answer space appears blank. You must use the special invisible ink pen to reveal the answer. They come in many different versions, like Tic-Tac-Toe, Famous Faces, Sports Trivia and Connect-the-Dots. All run between \$1.50—\$2.

Another series of books, **Mad Libs**, are both fun and educational. It goes something like this:

you are told to think of noun, adjective, another noun, a verb, another noun and so on. After you have compiled the list, you must insert them in order into a fill-in-the-blank sentence, usually with wild results. You might end up with something like this: Janice eats GREEN DOGS for dinner but JUMPS and READS over PICKLES and SANTA CLAUS. Around \$2.50.

There are a wide variety of travel versions of popular home games. **Battleship, Aggravation, Boggle and Scrabble** are all available in magnetic or small boxed versions for between \$3—\$8. Other chestnuts, like chess, backgammon, Chinese checkers and regular checkers, are also available in magnetic versions. The most impressive of these, however, are the **Druke games**, sturdy

wood and peg sets, which sell for around \$4.95.

In **Pente** (Pente Games), each player takes turns placing round magnets on a grid. If you get five in a row or surround and capture enough of the other player's pieces, you win. The game sells for \$5.95 in a red vinyl wallet-type case.

**Buki Books** are made in Israel. They are basically a pad of 100 sheets of sketches, designs, mazes and dot-to-dots, with special themes like space and animals. There are similar books, but the Buki are certainly the most unusual. They sell between \$1.50—\$2.

**Trivia for Kids** is a boxed game which asks 1,800 questions about books, cartoons, television, animals, science and other things kids can relate to. It sells for \$19.95.



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**Games You Play for Free**

All you need for these are at least two people and imagination.

**Travel "I-Spy"**

One player names something that everyone watches for (example - a cow, a hitchhiker, or a red Eldorado). The first one to see the object calls "I Spy" and then chooses the next object. If it is not seen for some time, the player must choose another.

**Animal Farm**

Each player collects animals for a farm, during a specified amount of time. The player who sees an animal first (in a pasture, on a sign, in another car, etc.) gets the animal. You may want to keep track of this on paper. The player with the most animals wins.

**Twenty Questions**

In this popular standard, a player thinks of an object and tells whether it is animal (live, or the product of a live animal, such as milk), vegetable (plant, or product of a plant, such as popcorn) or mineral. Other players must guess in twenty questions or less. All answers must be "yes" or "no."

**"Red Bug"**

Players watch for Volkswagen Beetles. The first person to see a "Bug" calls out "Red Bug!" (or whatever color it happens to be). You may want to keep score, with obscure colors and convertibles worth more points.

**"My Father Owns . . ."**

One player must think of an item bought in a store and says this: "My father owns a grocery store (or hardware store, or meat market depending on the item) and in it he sells 'A' (for avocado, maybe). The other players must then guess what the item is. The winner gets to think of the next item.  
 • Another version of this game involves memory, rather than guessing. "My father owns a grocery store, and in it he sells avocados." Your opponent must proceed to the next letter, remembering the first. . . "My father owns a grocery store, and in it he sells avocados and bananas." The next player goes to "C": My father owns a grocery store, and in it he sells avocados, bananas and cherries." If you can't remember the items, you're out. Last one in the game is the winner.

**Guessing Distance**

Decide the distance of an object ahead (bridge, church, silo). Guess how far away it is. Then use the car's odometer (the thing that tells you how many miles the car has on it) - the one with the nearest guess wins.

**Travel ABC**

Players look for letters of the alphabet in commercial billboards, signs, road markers (not license plates). The letters must be found at the beginning of words and in order from A to Z. If you spot an A in Ann Arbor, for instance, you can claim an A. But if your opponent is also quick, that person can claim the second A as well.

**Foreign Licenses**

Players must look for out-of-state license plates, keeping track of each one. If it's a long trip, you might collect all fifty states.

**License Sentence**

Using the letters in a license plate, create a three-word sentence with each word corresponding to the letters. For example, a license plate of BHC 108 might yield "Bobby Hates Cake" or "Boys Have Cooties."

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# CROWNING GLORIES

Throughout history, certain elements of costume have been dictated by tradition. Tradition leads us to honor a graduate of academic endeavors with cap and tassel, and to decorate a bride with veils and flowers. . . . But tradition is not all that draws us to the adornment of our uppermost extremity. Hats enable us to identify the role of the individual in our society. The cap of the policeman signifies civil authority; the crown of the pope acknowledges papal power. The debutante's tiara and the babushka of the immigrant reflect, rather dramatically, the wearer's position in life. In many societies, a hat denotes political and social standing or the lack thereof. . . .

Hats remained a popular element of American style through the fifth decade of this century. Our headcovering evolved dramatically throughout this period. Our turn-of-the-century "automobile bonnet" gave way to the headmolding "cloche" of the Twenties.





Above: Perfect cocktail symmetry is rendered in the timeless elegance of black. Gail's hat by Chapeau Creations is available at Jacobson's.

At right: Another ageless classic in black . . . Faye wears the vintage felt brim with a sweep of rare feather trim. At Gypsy's Vintage Bazaar.

Preceding page: The fantasy and glamour of Hollywood returns in Faye's white cocktail confection by Whitall & Jarvis. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue.

The panama and the pancake, the cartwheel and the high crown, the sailor and the straw boater . . . an endless variety of hat shapes found a niche in American fashion. Along with the simplicity of the "Jackie O" pillbox, we embraced the Sixties and the strange new world to come.

The rebellion against "the Establishment" in that decade is now legendary in the way it rocked the very base of our political and social climate. Our mode of dress reflected the changes in attitude regarding power, authority and freedom of choice.





Above: Variations on a theme — the small sailor is delicately trimmed with purple grosgrain ribbon and a cluster of lilacs. Mary models the Frank Olive creation, available at Hudson's. Suzette wears a lilac straw by Whitall & Jarvis, uniquely detailed with a white mesh crown and soft fabric bow. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Above: A striking silhouette for summer — Stephanie sports a laminated straw plantation hat in black. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Fashion was an important tool of the grassroots movement, and even Parisian haute couture echoed the mood with the dramatic success of the peasant collections of Yves St. Laurent. Hats became nonexistent in fashion terms. Millinery was a dying industry.

Enter the Eighties . . . a welcome return to elegance. The thrust of this decade moves us to seek a greater appeal in terms of personal style and sophistication. Millinery offers us an expanded spectrum of choice in our search for self-expression.



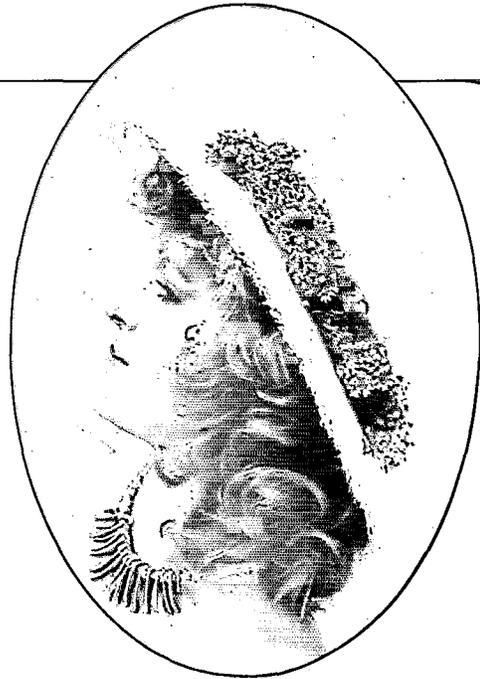
Above: In the palest of mauves, Amy recalls an era of sartorial elegance in this softly veiled riding hat. By Whitall & Jarvis, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

At left: A striking "Watteau" shape to frame Mary's face. The royal blue straw adds impact. By Frank Olive, at Hudson's.



Above: Mary's natural beauty is reflected in a wide-brimmed natural straw with a crown of colorful dried flowers. Available at Hudson's.

At left: Gail's clearly vibrant red sailor with a telescope crown will brighten up the dreariest of days. By John Classic at Hudson's.



At Right: The surprise of a hat without a hat! All it takes is beautiful hair like Nancy's and talented stylists like ours. By James Orlando & Olga Tsielos of the Ultima Salon.

In this issue, Style spotlights the delightful diversity of our chapeaux selections for spring. We cordially invite you to explore them with us, as HERITAGE heralds the welcome return of "The Hat." ♦



Above: Gail's crisp navy straw is outlined in narrow white grosgrain ribbons. This is a sophisticated classic that will work for years to come. By Chapeau Creations, at Jacobson's.



At left: A simple ivory straw attains perfect proportion with an oversize ivory organza bow. The stripe of ribbon trim adds textural appeal. Amy models Adolfo's creation. Jacobson's.

PHOTOS BY JEAN LANNEN

## DUNTOV

*continued from page 55*

in April of 1956 which left Duntov seriously injured. Throughout May and June, the engineer was laid up with a broken back. In late summer, Cole urged Duntov to return to Pikes Peak to try to perfect the Corvette's record, back brace and all.

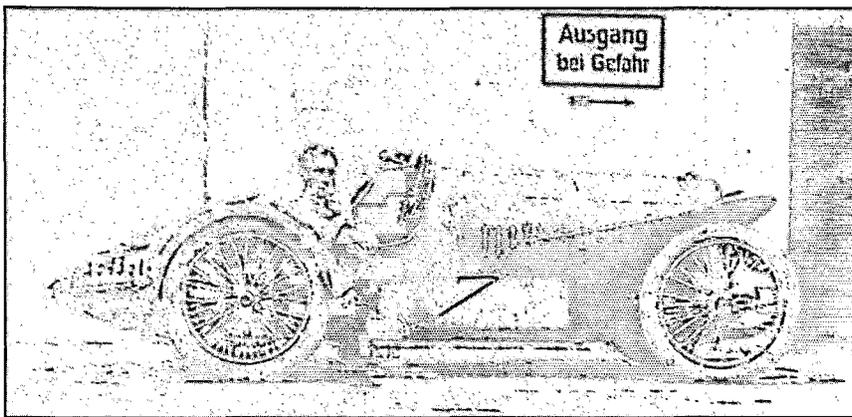
Harry Barr, Cole's successor as chief engineer at Chevrolet, also wanted Duntov's crucial opinion and urged him to return to work to proceed with the fuel injection tests. Ever the perfectionist, he did — but with a difference. "I wore a skirt because I could not bend. No trousers, nothing. A skirt and nothing under it!" Let it never be said that a little adversity stood in Zora Duntov's way...

The problems about racing continued, though. 1957 was a bad year, the beginning of the end. Rumor had it that the Automobile Manufacturers Association was considering a proposal to stop the automakers from participating in racing, and stop publicizing their successes. It was learned later that the proposal was suggested by Harlow Curtice, president of GM at the February 1957 AMA board meeting. Curtice recommended that "member companies take no part in automobile racing, or other competitive events involving tests of speed...and refrain from suggesting speed in passenger car advertising or publicity." In June 1957, the AMA ban caused the onset of the ultimate termination of all Chevy's racing agreements and activities.

Racing continued behind the scenes, nonetheless. Before the racing Corvette SS was completed, for example, Duntov managed to finagle enough duplicate pieces through the shop to construct an entire automobile. To management, he passed this off as an "assembly mock-up." Or the time in January of 1962 when Duntov took a fully-optioned hardtop Corvette to Sebring and Daytona for extensive tests. He defended himself then saying, "Many of our customers race, and therefore I feel a responsibility to know our products' capabilities and limitations under such conditions. On the basis of our findings, we can develop the vehicle with maximum safety and reliability designed into it...and make logical im-

provements in the future models."

When he first began at Chevrolet, he stated his case to a group of engineers in Lansing. "All commercially successful sports cars (in Europe) were promoted by participation in racing with specialized or modified cars. Even if the vast majority of sports car buyers do not intend to race them, and most likely will never drive flat out, the potential performance of the car is of primordial value to its owner. The owner of such a car can peacefully let everybody pass, still feeling like a proud king of the road...(with) ego and pride of ownership being inflated by racing glory."



A young Zora Duntov at the wheel of his first car, a 1921 German B.O.B.

Throughout these years, as the personnel continued to change, so did the policies. One week it was "Let's go racing," the next "Cut out that talk about racing." Through all of this, a new car was developed, the CERV I. Its name varied too, from Chevrolet Experimental Racing Vehicle to Chevrolet Engineering Research Vehicle. Either way, the purpose was the same. Said Duntov of the car, "CERV I is design without limit. It is very fast. It is very sensitive. It amplifies all disturbances of steering and driver control, all problems of transmitting power to the road. It is an admirable tool. It tells us, for example, what to put in the Corvette, for the highest margin of safety to the driver."

Others were not as enthusiastic, referring to the CERV I as "an eyeless, gill-less fish from the depths of the sea,

or like a frozen scream." Whatever anyone thought of it, the CERV tests continued. In mid-June of 1962 (with Bunkie Knudsen now at the helm), this proposal was presented. "It is the consensus of Chevrolet engineering management that the CERV I and its progenitor, the Corvette SS, have established a valuable engineering lineage that should be perpetuated by the proposed CERV II." The scales were once again tipped in favor of the Corvette. However, this optimism did not last long. In 1963, the waves of discontent swept down from Frederic Donner at the top of GM management. Unfortunately, the CERV II

project was scrapped.

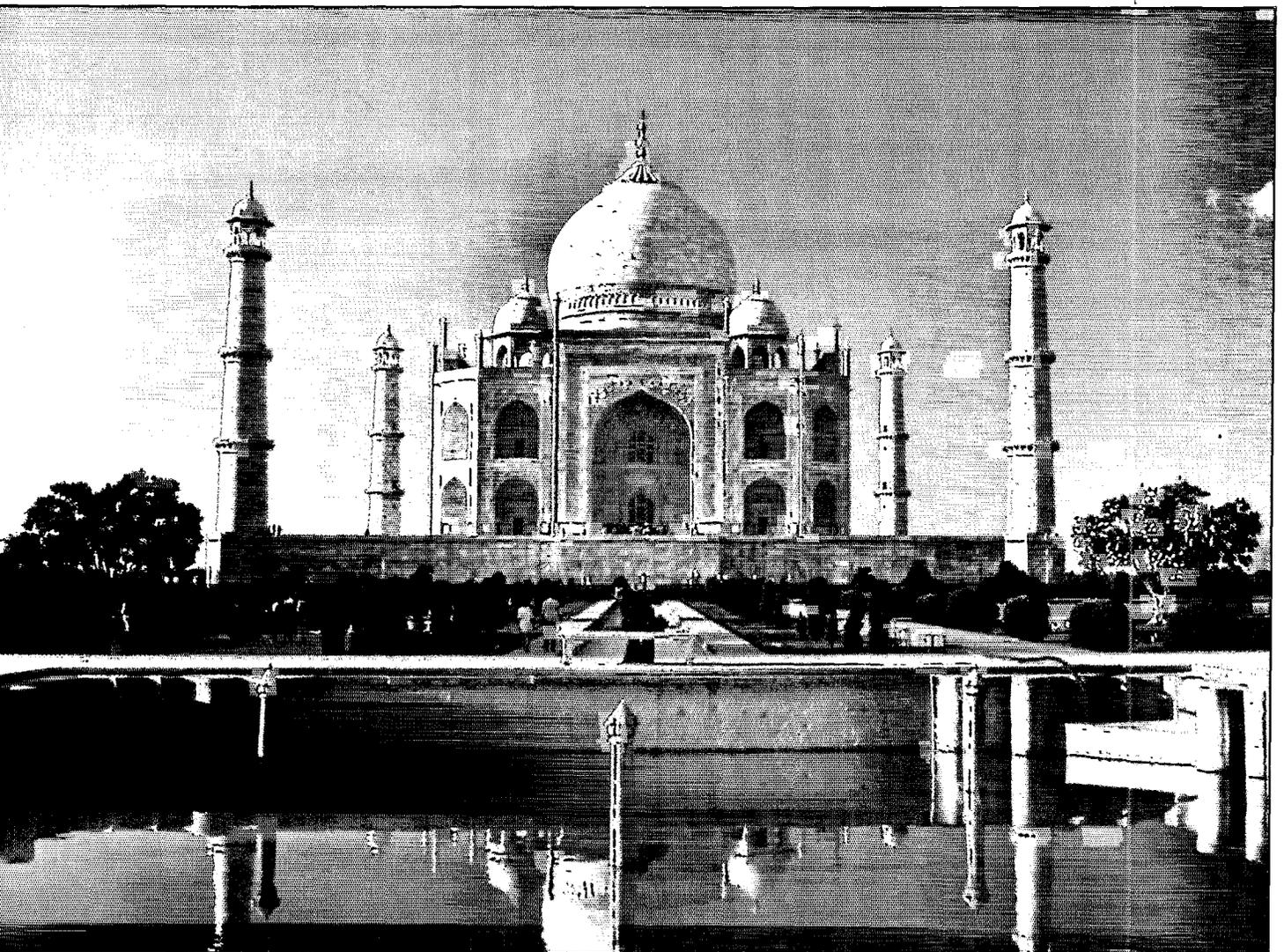
When asked about this at a press conference in February of 1963, Frederic Donner responded, "Ever since the AMA recommendation in 1957, we have had a policy on our books, and we haven't had any change in it." When racing instances since then were brought up, Donner countered with, "very often, you run into interruptions of policies that to an outsider might look like violations — that distance between interpretation and violation is a very delicate one."

Production programs stopped suddenly. It seemed like the golden age of racing for the Corvette had ended. The early 1963 clampdown on racing had effectively limited Corvette Grand Sport production to five models. But the arrival of Pete Estes as

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TRAVEL

# IMAGES OF INDIA



Images of India. We gather them over a lifetime from old books and movies, from newspaper and television photographs, from mothers who tell us to finish our dinner because there are "children starving in India." An image of a maharaja in his pink palace. Scenes of the "British Raj" from television's *Jewel and the Crown* or from the movies' recent *Passage to India*, or *Ghandi*.

When you visit India, those images grow, multiply, overlap — they begin to move and talk as if you had shifted from still pictures to movies. Stewardesses on Air India wear bright saris and tiny jewels in their noses, as you fly the very long flight from New York to London to Bombay. Saris, sarongs, slacks and skirts all climbing into taxis and buses for the highway drive through the suburbs of Delhi. Carts and cows amid the traffic jams of the city.

People sleeping beside the road, on the sidewalk, on country platforms. People begging on the temple steps, children leaping a fence to beg at the bus window. An old man smoking a pipe in a village, with four laughing children around him. An old woman planting grass in the south. Ancient, glorious buildings built over 5,000 years ago by dozens of separate cultures.

Try to see it all, because you are a long way from home and you may never be in India again; but soon you are exhausted, a sort of mental indigestion setting in as you try to paste all the images on the wall of your mind, an emo-



Bazaar in New Delhi

tional overload as you try to reconcile the dichotomy of your luxurious pink palace hotel and the blind woman begging on the temple steps.

I went to a great gourmet feast once, where a dozen top chefs spread their specialties over acres of tables in an arena, and I learned then what I later discovered in India: you can't taste it all — you must choose a few experiences and savor them. Otherwise you taste nothing.

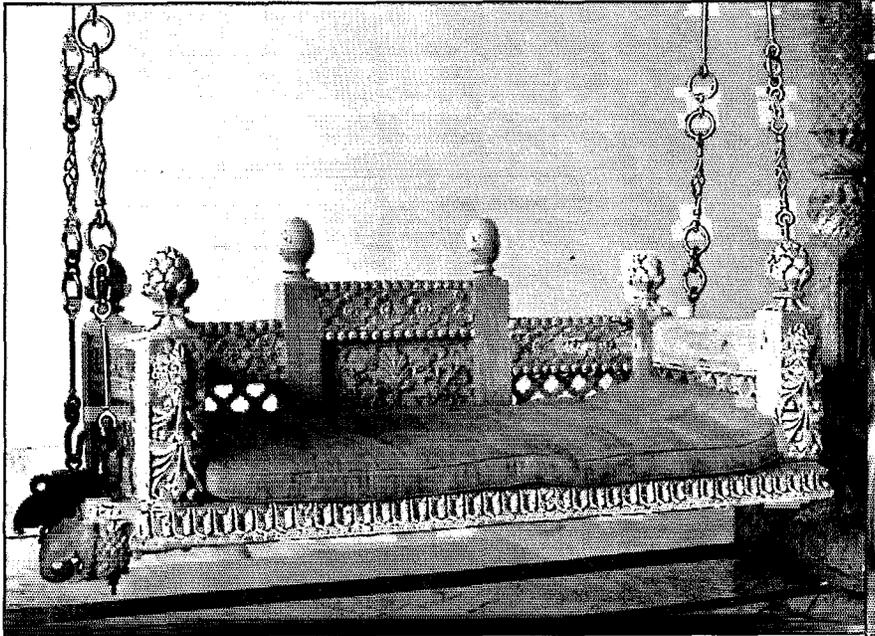
Most travelers wisely tour India in groups — unless they truly enjoy wandering through a complex country alone and can handle the bureaucracy. It can be a major operation just to buy a

train ticket. The India Tourism Development Corporation, a public corporation established by the government, has worked with private industry to create hotels, lodges, restaurants, craft shops, tours, transportation systems and other services of high quality for mostly Western travelers.

We stayed at the Ashok Hotel in Delhi, a modern version of one of those glamorous royal palaces of old, and in the Taj Mahal Intercontinental in Bombay, a restored historic hotel with a new wing, a stone's throw from the Gateway of India. In the south, we stayed in beach resorts, modern units with balconies hanging above sand beaches and palm trees.

In the movies, the rich and powerful were either Indian royalty or British colonials. Nowadays, the rich and powerful are you — the tourist. You ride the jeweled elephant into a princely palace (now a hotel) set like a jewel on an island in a lake. You eat from bounteous ban-

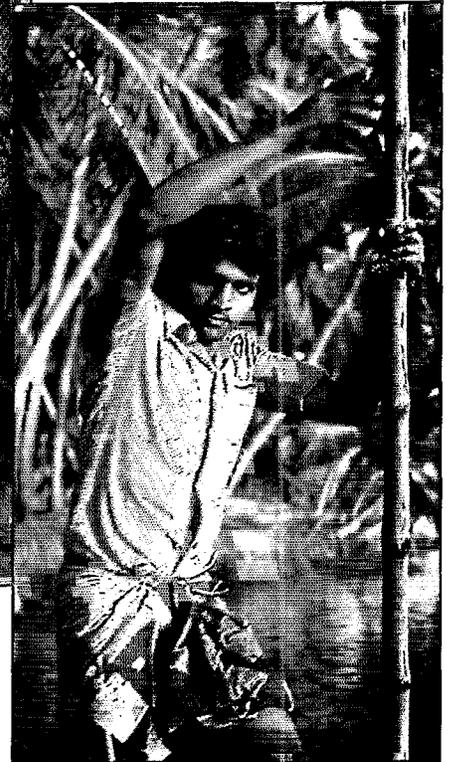
## TRAVEL



PHOTOS BY MICKY JONES

**Above:**  
Intricate marble swing in Bombay's Taj Majal Hotel

**At right:**  
Bombay boatman with bamboo pole.



quet tables in luxurious gardens behind palatial hotels. You tour the Moghul forts and the Taj Mahal. But the poor always remain with you.

Having lived in southeast Asia, I knew about Indian poverty, but I still couldn't eat or sleep for twenty-four hours after my first encounter, on the mosque steps in Old Delhi, with people clustering around the bus door and clawing at the window.

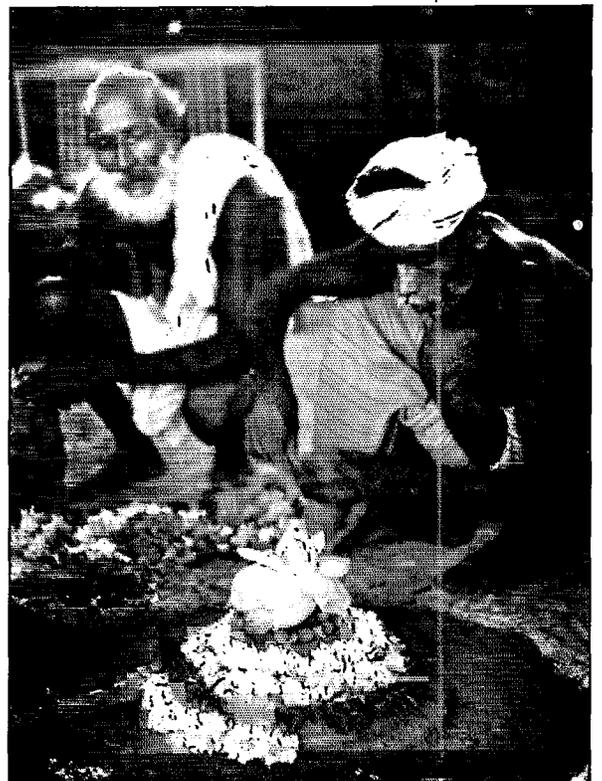
I had been warned not to give to beggars. Middle-class Indians, working hard to bring their country into the twenty-first century, say "don't make beggars out of our children or they won't go to school."

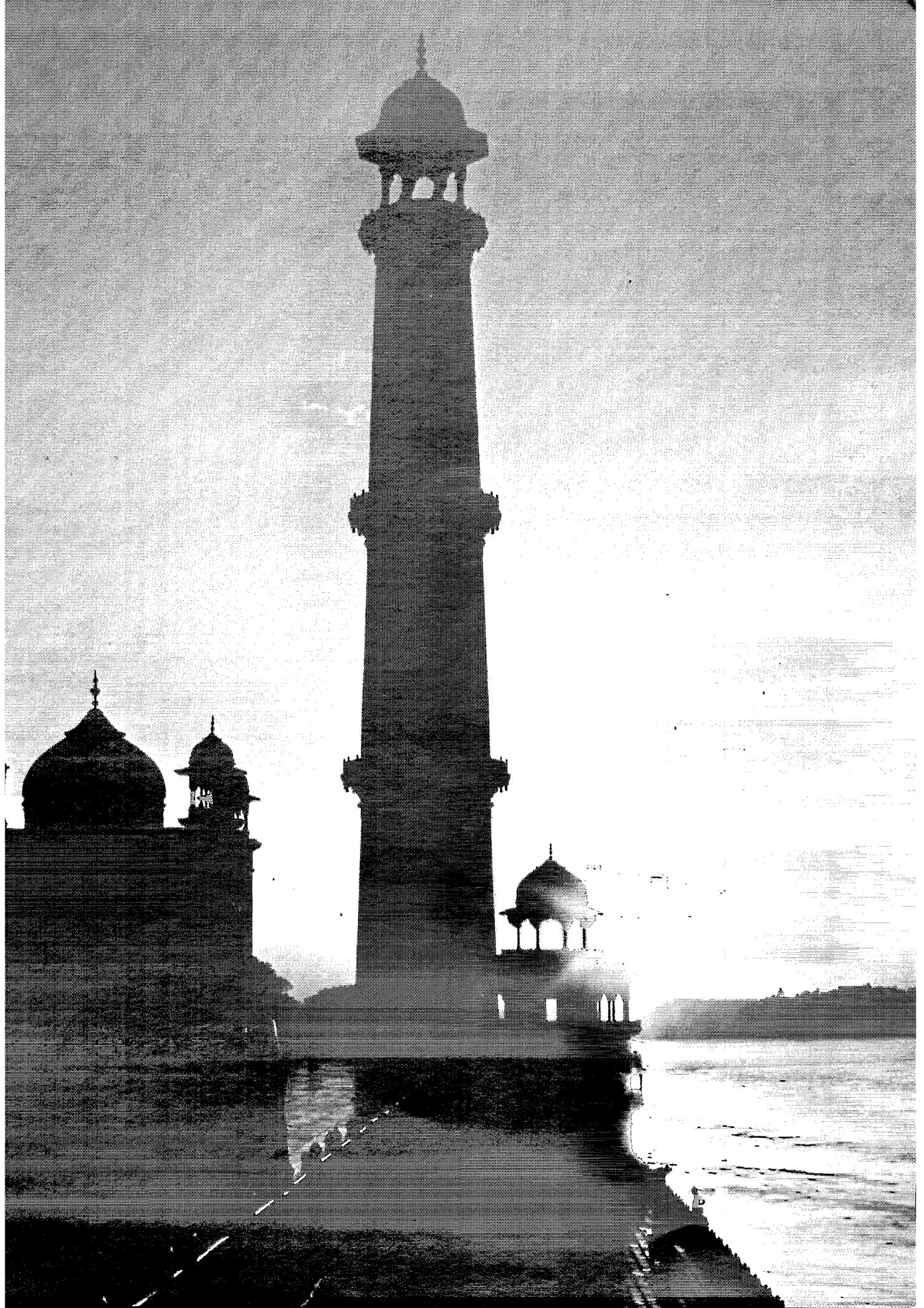
My first response was to give everything; my second response was to look away; finally I realized the hardest truth for an American — that I couldn't change the problems of India with my pennies. Thereafter I gave tips for service, alms to the very old (who have no Social Security or pensions), and charity to Indian institutions that work for permanent change.

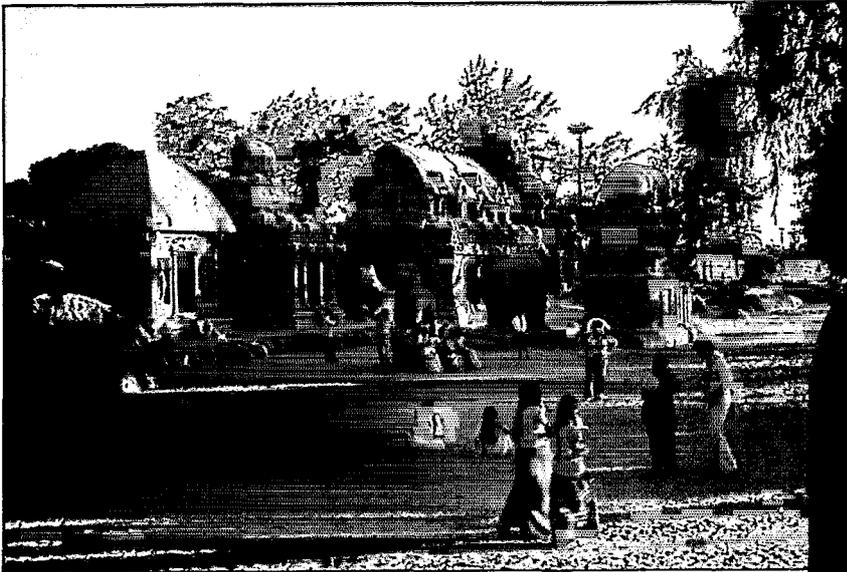
Images of India — where every religion and custom is allowed to thrive. Many women of India crossed from the ritual of ancient customs into contemporary life more gracefully than we have. Indian people are washed and clean, however poor. The feast that is India is waiting: classic dancers, glorious antiques, wonderful hot food, stunning forms of architecture, all the things we learned

*continued on page 76*

**Below:**  
Making centerpieces for the feast.

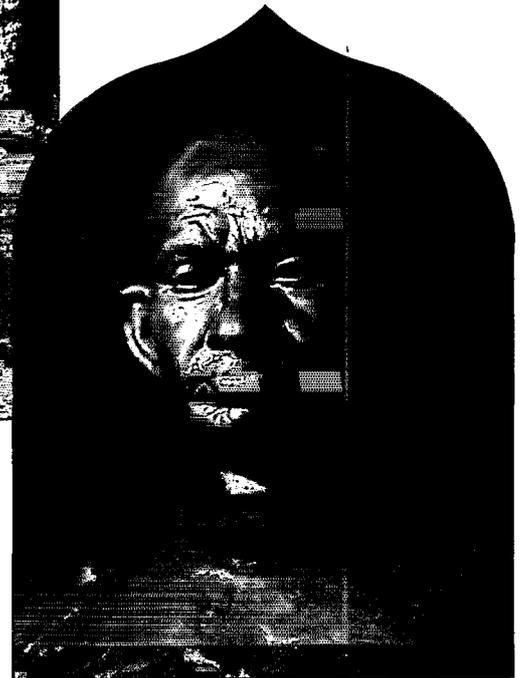






Above:  
South of Madras – Mahabalipuram Temple

Right:  
Mahatma Gandhi.



from those old movies. They are there along with the discos, the French cooking and the other bits of Western culture that have already made their passage to the land of India.

### Full Moon over the Taj Mahal

Our trip to India was timed with a very romantic moment in mind. We wanted to see the full moon over the Taj Mahal. It was September, and the rivers were rising. The streets of Calcutta were underwater. There were floods in the north. The river Yamuna, which runs behind the Taj Mahal, was overflowing. I was surprised, not because the river flooded, but because I didn't know that the Taj Mahal was built on a river. Every picture I had ever seen was taken from the building entrance, looking down past the reflecting pool to the minarets and the beautiful white marble dome of the mausoleum, built by the Shah Jahan to immortalize his wife Mumtaz Mahal.

Too many of our images are like that – romantic, fixed in stone, with none of the sensory experience that stimulates, bombards, appalls and delights you in India. The exotic smell of spices, bus fumes, heat and flowers overwhelms. The sounds of cars, cows, bicycle bells and music mix with the touch of silk and marble. The sensory

tour is completed with the sight of ancient monuments and palaces, next to the elegant modern hotels, with thousands of people living their lives amidst it all.

The images are gentler, more recognizable outside of the big cities, as it was at the Taj Mahal, in the middle of the city of Agra. We had seen it in sunlight, toured the great red fort nearby, and then taken the tour bus twenty-seven miles to Fatehpur Sikri. We would see the Taj Mahal again later by moonlight.

The history of Fatehpur Sikri is a tale as wondrous as one from Scheherazade and the *Arabian Nights* – the emperor Akbar built it as a token of thanks to the saint Salim Chisti, who stood on that spot and foretold the birth of Akbar's son. It stood briefly as the glory of the world, but was abandoned after a few years due to lack of water.

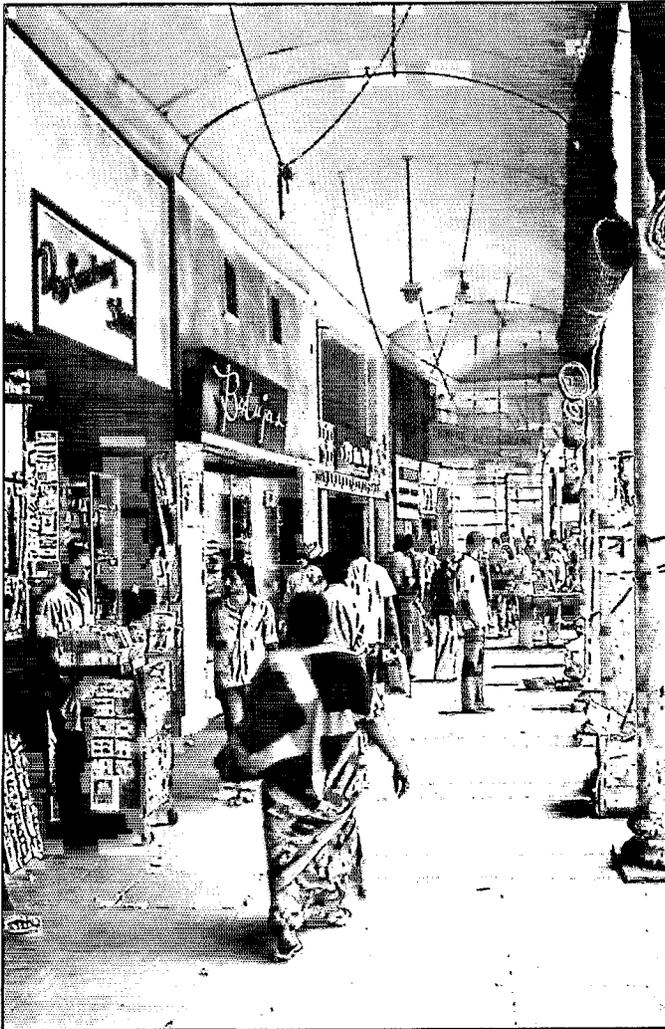
That's an interesting story, but what is really impressive now is the drive down that twenty-seven miles of road with the life of India around you. All of India seems to stream along this road, set between the bright green rice fields which spread to the horizon. Most walk, carry water pots, heaps of grass, firewood or other cargo on their heads. A few bicycle or ride bullock carts! Some pull the carts behind them.

There are herds of sacred cows, driven by children with long wooden sticks. Other more independent cows

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## TRAVEL



Left:  
Connaught Place, New Delhi.

Above:  
Near New Delhi.

eat aimlessly beside the road. Occasionally a car passes, but the tour bus is usually the only vehicle on the road.

The guide speaks English fluently against the continuous honking of the bus horn. The bus driver honks incessantly at farmers, school children, walkers and cyclists to get out of the way. In the villages, the river of people parts to let us pass and closes behind with curious, friendly stares following us. Smile or wave, and their faces burst into song — they smile and wave back.

Here the ancient stories and dances of Hindu gods are relived in doorways at dusk and at festivals which brighten people's lives for two or three weeks. The people are poor but do not beg as in the cities.

Shops built like a row of butter boxes line both sides of the village streets. Each storefront reflects the sparsity of India — a single sewing machine at work, ten bolts of cloth for sale, a few bags of rice or grain in a food store, an eating platform and a wall of dime-store novelties are on display.

Between villages, the traffic on the street shows the pace of Indian life in progress — a woman hurrying down

the road with a load of bags on her head, a child clutching a school bag, a few cows wandering across the road, people squatting to chat amiably in the dust.

Further in the country, a woman works in the ricefield, children drive cows to pasture, an old man pushes an ancient wooden plow. We stop at one tiny village consisting of six open-fronted rooms in a grove of trees atop a dusty hill.

*Namaste* — the sign of respect and greeting, hands folded under the chin — we give first to the old man smoking his pipe on a low wall, since he is the senior man in the village. Looking around, we see a young man fixing a motor under a tree, a group of laughing children caring for the cows, and the prized bull, which is lazy. The children are all curious and friendly. They go to school and speak a little English. Most of us are college educated, and rich by their standards, but few of us can speak more than one language. We want to give them something (without encouraging begging) so we give money to the old man for distribution among the little ones.

The photographs taken at Fatehpur Sikri are ornate memories — the great mosque, surrounded by lattice work and a canopy laid with mother-of-pearl; the court laid out in red sandstone squares, where the Akbar once played chess with slave girls as pieces.

It was worth the ride, but what make me smile now as I remember the varied images of India is recalling the Indian people I passed along that road. It was not a scene that inspired pity and anger in me, as city roadside scenes did. In Delhi, people live and die beside the road, under a plastic sheet, in a tin shed — but this is another story. One of the most important aspects of visiting another country is to see people living and laughing, going to school or work; it's important to see more than the setting in which they live.

We arrived back in Agra in late afternoon and had one of the many glamorous dinners famous to Indian hotels — long tables of meat dishes, and more long tables of vegetarian dishes, a large part of the classic Indian cooking. Eventually, it was time to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

Our whole trip was designed so that we would be there when the full moon shone on the pure white marble

building, surely one of the most beautiful scenes at one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. There we were at last, driving towards it as the full moon raced the September clouds. We stepped through the archway and there — just for a moment, glowing in the moonlit night — we glimpsed the white tower in all its majesty before the clouds came to obscure the moon. It didn't come out again, but by then it didn't matter. By that time, India was a lot more than the standard picture of the Taj Mahal. ♦

*For more information, contact your travel agent or the Government of India Tourist Office, either at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, N.Y. 10020 or at 230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601.*

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*Iris Sanderson Jones is an award-winning travel writer and frequent contributor to Monthly Detroit magazine, the 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.*



## FISHER

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was passed along to the customer.

By August 22, 1916, the growth had become excessive, and Fisher Body's two U.S. companies and the Canadian operations were merged into Fisher Body Corporation. Stock authorization was raised to six million dollars. In July 1917, Fisher Body aided the World War I effort using facilities at their Fleetwood plant on Fort Street. After the war, the Fishers' fast rise to success was carefully noted by three automakers — Ford, Studebaker and General Motors. The goal was to acquire Fisher Body as a wholly-owned subsidiary.

In 1919, the deal was begun through Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. and Pierre S. DuPont at General Motors, with the assistance of Louis Mendelssohn. GM acquired sixty percent of Fisher Body stock, yet the brothers remained in control. According to the *Financial History of the American Automobile Industry*, the Fishers increased their shares of stock from 200,000 to 500,000 with GM purchasing each share for \$92 — a cool \$27.6 million over five years.

Part of the deal also included the agreement that GM would purchase all of its car bodies from Fisher Body for the next ten years — at cost plus 17.6 percent. The second part of the deal came in 1926, when GM traded approximately 660,000 shares of its stock for the remaining forty percent interest in Fisher Body. Market value at the time came to \$208 million. It has not been reported, though, how much of this went to each brother.

Beginning in 1919, the Fisher brothers all became part of the GM corporation. Frederic J. became a member of the executive and finance committees, and garnered a spot on the board of directors. In 1924, co-founders Charles T. and Lawrence P. also joined the board and executive committee. William A. became president of the Fisher Body division, and supervised finances, purchases and sales. Edward F. joined as chief engineer of GM, then moved on to general manager. Alfred J. eventually succeeded him in the engineering department, moving up from manufacturing and production. In 1925 (and up until 1934), Lawrence P. became president of Cadillac.

Important Fisher acquisitions of the Twenties included: Ternstedt Manufacturing Co., England Manufacturing Co. of Detroit, International Metal Stamping Co. and Shepard Art Metal Company.

By 1924, Fisher Body had forty-four plants, 40,000 workers, and was making over 500,000 car bodies a year. It was only in 1925 that closed car production surpassed the open — with fifty-six percent of the market. By 1940, however, they had overtaken ninety-seven percent. GM also bought several mills and lumber companies for the increased production. Another major development of 1924 was the initiation of Fisher and Co., an independent investment firm to handle the brothers' (and others') growing finances.

The late Twenties were definitely the glory years for the Fishers, for not only did it mean grand success in their business, but it also meant the creation of the Fisher Building ("just an office" for the brothers). Detroiters of today who marvel at the grandeur of the Golden Tower will

be astonished to know that extant 28-story tower was only one third of the planned project.

It was to be complemented at the opposite end (near the Lodge Freeway) with a similar tower, and joined in the middle by a 60-story tower. The projected cost in 1927 was \$35 million. Only \$9 million of that was spent, the rest being cut short by the Depression.

Prior to the Crash, the Fishers were active in the stock market. In fact, there are great stories of their deal to acquire Baldwin Locomotive stock. They received a bum tip, later realizing that the people at Baldwin were the ones who proposed the rumor in the first place. Not ones to back out of a venture, the Fishers continued buying Baldwin stock. The price did not go up, in fact, it dropped. They continued buying. Eventually, other investors picked up on all this activity. They figured that anything the Fishers were involved in had to be worthwhile. They started buying also. And according to the New York Telegram of 1929, "(The Fishers') influence in the greatest bull market in history is incalculable." They were not immune to the tragedies of that black October, though; themselves losing "\$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 in the crash."

In 1934, both founders Frederic J. and Charles T. retired from active participation in General Motors. The four remaining brothers followed suit in 1944, although Lawrence P. and Edward F. remained on the board of directors. The last brother, Howard, who had remained out of the auto industry, instead running the Fisher Building, died at forty in 1942.

The Fishers, in general, had very high hopes for the city. Not just with their "Body by Fisher," but in every aspect of their lives. Their valued Fisher Building project, and later the New Center Building, were part of a grand scheme. Their modernistic dreams included that this area of West Grand Boulevard would be the "new center" of town. At the time the Fisher Building was built, it was, in fact, one mile from the exact center of Detroit. They had planned a unique workplace — one that architects could be proud of today — complete with totally enclosed garage (along with attendant to wash or gas up your car while you're at the office), shops, restaurants, a theatre, and a nursery for your children, all without ever leaving the building.

Money in this family was used judiciously as well. Aside from late Twenties allegations that the Fishers "speed along the Detroit River in million dollar yachts," they made sure the poor and underprivileged were taken care of. Frederic J. and wife Burtha "Sally" Meyers donated a grand nurses' home in Southfield. The modest building contained a music room, a library, five parlors, a study room, two writing rooms, a lecture room, two classrooms, two dining rooms, offices, and auditorium (1,500 capacity), laundries, sewing rooms, work rooms, tea rooms, an infirmary, two sun parlors ("one for reading and resting, one for dancing") and a tennis court. All at a 1927 cost of \$750,000.

Another brother, never forgetting the family's roots,

*continued on page 95*

# RESTAURANTS

Dining, whether 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; MTE — Metro Trade Exchange; V — Visa

**Amigos**, 18310 Mack in the 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.

**The Bronze Door**, 123 Kercheval in the 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.

**Cafe Le Chat**, 17001 Kercheval in the City, 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.

**Callaghan's in the Park**, 15412 Mack, 881-6550. The sandwich menu features ground round, clubs and coney islands. Onion rings and homemade soup round out the fare at this casual neighborhood eatery. Monday-Saturday 10 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday noon-2 a.m. \$10. No credit cards.

**Clairpointe**, 630 St. Clair in the City, 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 in 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 in the 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.

**Irish Coffee**, 18666 Mack in the 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 in the City, 882-7000. Take a break from shopping duties in this cheerful colonial room. Among the chef's specialties 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.

**J.R. Carly's**, 18696 Mack in the Farms, 885-9041. Two large screen TVs are an attraction in this informal neighborhood spot. Shields pizza, Greek specialties including baklava, and homemade soups are featured, although the menu includes all the traditional favorites. Monday-Sunday 11 a.m.-midnight, Friday and Saturday til 1 a.m. \$14. AE, MC V.

**Le Cafe Francais**, 20311 Mack, in Kimberly Korner Mall in the 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, DC.

**Little Tony's Lounge in the Woods**, 20513 Mack, 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.

**National Coney Island**, 19019 Mack in 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 in the 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, in the 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.

# May

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 "La Oala de Cutelera" "Small Charca" Film	2 Author Luncheon "Fiddler on Roof" South tennis North baseball	3 North tennis	4 South baseball North tennis	5 Cranbrook plant sale North baseball	6 Shipwreck exhibit South vs. North	7 "Hansel & Gracie" "Ringside Support"
8 "Chamber Ensemble"	9 South baseball Star softball	10 "Etrouge Oneighin" "Lhengrin" opera	11 "La Boheme"	12 "Time: Profit or Loss" Grosse Ile tour Simon Boccanegra	13 Handel Festival North baseball Star softball	14 "Hansel & Gracie" "Ringside Support"
15 "G.P. - parago" sale	16 South baseball North tennis	17 "Shipwreck exhibit" South vs. North	18 "Cranbrook plant sale" North baseball	19 "Village Antiques"	20 Star softball	21 "Piquechlo" "Water 'n' Kids"
22 "G.P. - parago" sale	23 South baseball North tennis	24 Shipwreck exhibit South vs. North	25 Cranbrook plant sale North baseball	26 "Time: Profit or Loss" Grosse Ile tour Simon Boccanegra	27 "Capit Fan-Tudo"	28 "Hansel & Gracie" "Ringside Support"
29 "G.P. - parago" sale	30 South baseball North tennis	31 Shipwreck exhibit South vs. North	32 Cranbrook plant sale North baseball	33 "Village Antiques"	34 Star softball	35 "Piquechlo" "Water 'n' Kids"

Chesom



# April

Sunday

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Happy Easter!  
"Shogun Kites" film

"Pamphletism" exhibit

"Sophisticated Ladies"  
South baseball

"Precious Legacy"  
"Met. Opera" lectures

"Change" lecture  
North tennis  
Star softball

"Woodward tour"  
"Louis Oll"  
North baseball

South tennis  
South baseball

Southwest U. S. A.  
VNU Glee Club  
Chamber Ensemble  
"Day for Night"

"Chinese Adventure"  
"Flower Show"

"Williams" "Streetcar"

"Butterflies ate Frogs"  
Up with Science

"Holiday"  
"Chicken in Yacht"  
"H.M.S. Phalos"

"Murder Announced"  
"Aida" opera

"Amadeus"  
South tennis  
South baseball  
North baseball  
North tennis

"Springfest fashions"  
"Dare to Dream"

"Sings for Children"  
"Citizen Kane" film  
Detroit overview tour  
"Sing for Spring"

Young Tom Edison  
"Bird/Antique Auction"  
Leona Western  
North baseball

"Singer of Blood"  
North baseball  
Star softball

Good Time Memo  
Plans Competition

Trisha Bryan dancers

"Good Time Memo"  
Plans Competition

# May

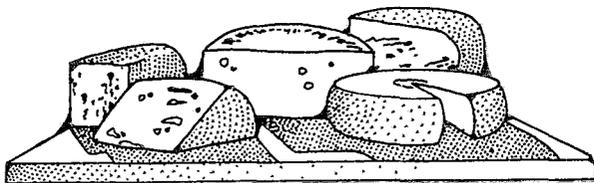
## ◆ diane dickow

**Park Place Cafe**, 15402 Mack at Nottingham in the 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.

**Ruby's Bar & Rotisserie**, 20930 Mack in the Woods, 884-8481. Formerly Anton's and newly redecorated, the atmosphere is casual, contemporary and "clubby." Chef Tad Robinson prepares squid tempura, barbecued jumbo shrimp, filet steak with sun-dried tomatoes and capers, even eggs Benedict, and offers a wine list to complement. For dessert, try Obie's Palos Verdes pie, a chocolate crust with lemon mousse filling and strawberry coulis. Monday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Saturday 5 p.m.-11 p.m. \$30. AE, MC, V.

**Sierra Station Cantina**, 15110 Mack in the Park, 381-3906. Grosse Pointe's Mexican connection. All of the food, including nachos grande, burritos, and the fiesta plate are cooked up by Mexican husband-wife team Fablan 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.

**Sparky Harbart's**, 15117 Kercheval in the Park, 822-0266. Stylish decor and a cream-of-the-crop crowd give this local favorite its flair. Everyone comes in to talk, laugh and eat salads, pasta, rack of lamb, pheasant, fresh fish, beef tenderloin, and daily changing specials. A commendable wine list. 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 in 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.

**Tally's Place**, 20791 Mack in the 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 in the 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. \$15. AE, MC, MTE, V.

**Wooden Nickel**, 18584 Mack in the Farms, 886-7510; 21143 Mack in the 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 in the Farms, 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.

### Park Place Café

The valet greets you, whisks your car away and you enter one of Grosse Pointe's most cosmopolitan eateries. The tables, draped in white linen, are decorated with fresh flowers. The soft gray and charcoal theme is accented with touches of burgundy. Thursday through Saturday you will find live classical or jazz piano to liven up your dinner ambience.

The Park Place Café was opened two years ago by investment broker and native Grosse Pointer John DeWald. He and his wife Claudia always enjoyed eating out, knew what they liked, so decided to give their own eatery a try, providing casual dining elegance at affordable prices. Since opening, the Park Place has expanded to 125 seats including a private dining room for up to fifty.

The eclectic menu is prepared under the direction of Kevin O'Brien. On Saturday mornings, you can see the multi-talented chef out in front of the Mack location, carving away with a chain saw, creating the ice sculptures that serve as a focal point inside the restaurant.

The menu leans strongly towards fish — such as orange roughy served with slices of onion and parmesan cheese — though the stuffed chicken breast offers the most unique twist, loaded full of herbs, onions, mushrooms and even grapes. Other choices include filet mignon, veal, quiche and stuffed shrimp, each served with mini-millet loaf and a bit of fruit. Entrees range between \$8.95 — \$14.95.

The selection of spirits offers something to tickle the palate of the most experimental or conservative drinker: Pinceau de Charentes (ten-year-old wine cognac), fresh fruit daiquiries, imported beer selected from week to week, or a choice of seventeen wines by the glass. Desserts provided by Joesfs and the Cheesecake Shop put a perfect end to the meal at the Park Place Café, which has quickly become the place to park for Grosse Pointe restaurant-goers.



# ENGAGEMENTS

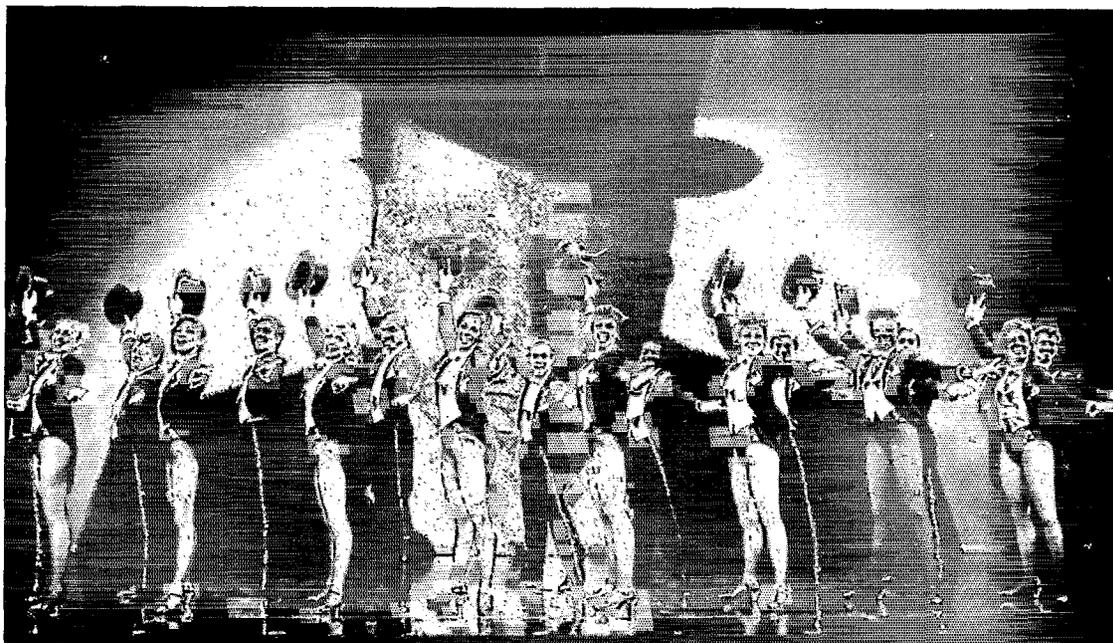
April showers aren't the only things coming our way this month. Look forward to Easter egg-decorating workshops, baby animal days, workshops on aging and interpreting dreams, and lots of theatre to fill the rainy days with plenty of amusements.

Melodies of May sprout forth on Mother's Day with a concert by the Lyric Chamber Ensemble. Many prominent Grosse Pointers are involved, both in organization and donation, with the annual Village Antiques show at Greenfield Village. Notables include Max Fisher, Peter Stroh and Walter B. Ford. Don't

miss the tours of our fair city by *Detroit Upbeat*, this month featuring historic Grosse Ile.

There are plenty of cultural flowers for the picking in both April and May. Just thumb through our **Engagements** section to pick your favorite bouquet.

We would very much like to include your group's event in our **Engagements** section, so please feel free to send us information. There is no charge, and we 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, MI 48080.



Tap your toes to the hits of Duke Ellington at "Sophisticated Ladies." Memorable numbers include "It Don't Mean A Thing," "Mood Indigo," and of course, "Satin Doll." At the Fisher Theatre beginning April 2.

#### Thru April 28

**Primitivism in Twentieth Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern.** Authentic tribal works are exhibited next to their modernist interpretations. Featured artists include Gauguin, Picasso, Brancusi and Klee. The tribal art includes over 200 pieces in the form of masks and sculpture. The modern works number 150 and begin at the turn of this century. Tuesday-Sunday 9:30 a.m.-4:00 p.m.; Wednesday-Thursday 4:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 832-2704. \$3.75 days, \$4.75 evenings.

#### Thru May 5

**The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections** exhibit. Forty years after the end of World War II, yet this is the first stateside exhibition of these Jewish cultural and religious artifacts preserved by Nazi Germany. Tuesday-Sunday 9:30 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Wednesday-Thursday 4:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2704. \$3.75 days, \$4.75 evenings.

#### Thru 1987

**Great Lakes Shipwrecks.** In a special two-year exhibit, Belle Isle's Dossin Great Lakes Museum pays tribute to the countless vessels and lives lost to stormy Michigan waters. Paintings, photographs and retrieved artifacts make up this fascinating exhibit, which also marks the museum's own twenty-fifth anniversary. Admission by donation. For further information, call 267-6440.

#### April 2-28

**Sophisticated Ladies** is a jumpin' jazz revue featuring the music of Duke Ellington. "The Cotton Club" isn't the only place to relive the great jazz era — try the Fisher Theatre, 3011 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit, 872-1000. Call for times and prices.

#### April 4, 6, 17, 20, 25 & May 3

Agonize over the troubles of Blanche and Stanley in Tennessee Williams' American classic, **A Streetcar Named Desire**. Hillberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$5, \$7. Call for times.

#### April 5

**Up with Scienza.** Cranbrook Institute of Science invites you to bring the young ones to a scientific extravaganza which explores the wonders of flying. Most events are included with museum admission. 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Cranbrook Institute of Arts, 500 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3230.

With only two days left before Easter, it's time to start decorating the eggs. But forget the usual store-bought dye and learn how to decorate **Ukrainian-style**. Bring two raw eggs wiped with vinegar, and they'll teach you the rest. 9:30 a.m.-11:30 a.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$3.50 children, \$5 adults.

Catch the final performance of Sheridan's eighteenth-century comedy of manners, **The Rivals**, playing in repertory at 8 p.m. at the Hillberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$5, \$7.

#### April 5, 6

Leonard Gershi's tender comedy about a blind man trying to make it on his own who happens to fall in love with the free-spirited girl next door, in this dinner theatre version of **Butterflies are Free**. Cocktails at 7:00 p.m., dinner at 7:30 p.m., showtime at 8:30 p.m. at the Golden Lion, 22380 Moross, Detroit, 886-2420. \$19.95.

#### April 6

**Seconds**, a science-fiction fable about an unhappy man trying to buy a second chance at life. Directed by John Frankenheimer. Detroit Film Theatre. 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$2.50.

The Poppinjay Puppets present a marionette version of the **Easter Bunny's Mother** for Wiggle Club members, children three years and older. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$3.

**G.P. South's baseball team** meets Bishop Gallagher in a home double-header which begins at 11:00 a.m. Second game begins about 1:30 p.m.

#### April 7

In the fourth of his famed Antoine Doinel series, Francois Truffaut's **Stolen Kisses** (1969) stars Jean-Pierre Leaud as a young man recently discharged from the army. It chronicles his various jobs and relationships that he seems to fall in and out of in a span of days. 7:00 p.m. Detroit Film Theatre, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$2.50.

Have a joyous **Easter** or **Passover** holiday.

## ENGAGEMENTS

### April 9

G.P. South's baseball team meets De LaSalle in a home double-header which begins at 11:00 a.m. Second game begins about 1:30 p.m.

### April 10-14

**Trisha Brown Dance Company** combines new music by Laurie Anderson with the company's typically innovative dance style. April 10, 12, 13, 14 at 2 p.m. at Music Hall, 350 Madison Ave., Detroit, 963-7622. Tickets \$15, \$25.

### April 12-May 18

Phillip Barry's 1928 comedy about a dashing young man ready to marry a girl of high society. Only one hitch — he refuses to get any wealthier, which causes problems for the family, in **Holiday**. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. Henry Ford Museum Theatre, 20900 Oakwood Blvd., Dearborn, 271-1620. \$5.50, with dinner \$18.50.

### April 12-13, 18-19, 26-27, and May 2, 4, 8-11

The Moscow Art Theatre comes alive by placing **Chkhov in Yalta**. This new comedy loses a Russian theatrical troupe in Yalta for a week, with all the personal complications that inevitably develop. Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$5, \$7. Call for times.

### April 12-May 25

Just when you thought you'd seen and heard enough Gilbert & Sullivan, this new production of **H.M.S. Pinafore** comes along. Presented as dinner theatre, this operetta is performed by nine people and seventeen puppets named Wickets. Fridays and Saturdays, cocktails at 7:00 p.m., dinner at 7:30 p.m., showtime at 8:30 p.m. The Golden Lion, 22380 Moross, Detroit, 886-2420. \$19.95.

### April 13

O.J. Anderson, otherwise known as **The Good Time Mime**, returns to the DIA stage with a body-oriented performance. But don't let the whiteface fool you, he talks too. Ages seven to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$3.

### April 13-14

Detroit's pianist laureate, Mischa Kottler, judges the up-and-coming prodigies in the **Fifth Annual Piano Competition**. Preliminaries on Saturday, \$3. Finals on Sunday, \$5. Tickets for both days, \$6. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511.

### April 14

Farmer Webster from the Upland Hills farm brings some of his furry animal friends from their home in Milan, to celebrate **Baby Animal Day**. Weather permitting, the animals will be outdoors, so dress accordingly. Food and refreshments available. Noon-4:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$2.50

Detroit Film Theatre presents Francois Truffaut's seldom-screened **Two English Girls**, the study of two sisters who compete for the love of the same man. 7:00 p.m. only. DIA, 832-2730. \$2.50.

### April 15, 22, 29

**Chinese Adventure: Art and Archaeology**. Trace the fascinating Chinese artifacts along with lecture host, Dr. Stephen Bertman, professor of civilization from the University of Windsor. April 15: "Beyond the Great Wall." April 22: "Treasures from the Tombs of China." April 29: "The Jade Mountain." 7:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$19 for entire series, \$8 per lecture.

### April 15-June 16

You don't have to wait until May to see the flowers. Enjoy photographs by one of America's leading collectors, Samuel Wagstaff. See **Flower Show: Photographs from the Wagstaff Collection**. Tuesday-Sunday 9:30 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Wednesday-Thursday-4:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, 832-2730. \$3.75 days, \$4.75 evenings.

Professional counselors and women with experience coping with cancer, menopause, the single life and aging present their viewpoints in the lecture, **Changes and Challenges**. At 7:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$6.

G.P. North boys' tennis team meets Rochester at home. 4:00 p.m.

Our Lady Star of the Sea girls' varsity softball team meets St. Agatha at home. 4:00 p.m.

### April 17-21, 24-27

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**, whom we've all come to know through film, is enhanced even more through this stage production by the Grosse Pointe Community Theatre. Rival composer Antonio Salleri recreates the scene, with Mozart's genius shining through, despite the basic and flawed human level on which he is portrayed. Wednesday-Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Fries Auditorium, Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-4004. \$5.50.

### April 17

G.P. South boys' tennis team meets Port Huron Northern at home. 4:00 p.m.

G.P. South's baseball team meets Anchor Bay at home. 4:00 p.m.

G.P. North boys' tennis team meets L'Anse Creuse at home. 4:00 p.m.

### April 18, 20

Soprano Leona Mitchell stars in Verdi's **Aida**. It will be presented in Italian with English surtitles by the Michigan Opera Theatre at 8 p.m. in the Masonic Temple auditorium, 500 Temple, Detroit. Call 963-3717 for ticket information.

### April 18-20

**A Murder is Announced** through the help of the classified ads and Grosse Pointe South's Pointe Players. Find out who RSVPs in this Agatha Christie thriller. Friday at 7:30 p.m. Saturday and Sunday at 8:00 p.m. G.P. South auditorium, 343-2130. \$3.

### April 19

Agatha Christie shows up again at Meadowbrook Theatre in Rochester with **The Spider's Web**. This day-long event also features lunch at the Main Street restaurant, along with some exploration of the city of



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## ENGAGEMENTS

Rochester. 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. leaving from the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$30.

G.P. North's baseball team meets Rochester at home. 3:30 p.m.

### April 19-20

Have you been traumatized by a dream where you continually fall off a mountain? Do images of Mother keep popping into your sleep time? Find out what it all means in this two-day **dream workshop** sponsored by the Center for Jung Studies, which specialized in the psychology of Carl Jung. Participants are encouraged to bring a dream that needs translation. Friday 7:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m., Saturday 10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Miller Hall, Christ Church, 61 Grosse Pointe Blvd., Grosse Pointe Farms, 885-8792. \$25 members, \$35 non-members.

### April 20

Called by many the greatest film ever made, Orson Welles' **Citizen Kane** (1941) is the slyly presented story of Charles Foster Kane (a.k.a. William Randolph Hearst), a young boy who starts with nothing and ends up one of the richest and most powerful men in the world. 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. at the Detroit Film Theatre. Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$2.50.

**Day for Night** is Francois Truffaut's very personal film about the making of a movie. 7:00 p.m. only. Detroit Film Theatre. 832-2730. \$2.50.

Barry Louis Polisar sings **Songs for Rebellious Children**, with such intriguing titles as "I Eat Kids." Rebellious adults are welcome too. For ages five to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$3.

Trace the history of Detroit from the formation of the Great Lakes after the Ice Age in this tour called **Detroit Overview**. One of many fascinating Detroit Upbeat tours, this one carries down Jefferson Avenue, with stops at Belle Isle, Eastern Market and the Detroit Cultural Center. Another stop examines the New Center area's development projects.

The tour is offered the third Saturday of every month. 9:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m. World Adventure Series, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, 832-2730. \$3.50.

**Sing for Spring**, Marjorie Brown and the Storytellers visit Park and Woods library branches for a blend of music, stories, and puppetry to bring a magical touch to library week. 1:00 p.m. at the Park Branch, 343-2071. 3:00 p.m. at Woods branch, 343-2072.

Enjoy the **Wayne State University Glee Club** prior to their trip to Europe in this Musical Series concert. Dr. Harry Langford, the conductor, just celebrated forty years of conducting. At 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Memorial Church, 16 Lake Shore, 882-5330. \$5, students \$1.

The Lyric Chamber Ensemble plays **Mostly Baroque** selections, featuring flute and strings. Enjoy the afterglow and a tour of the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House following the concert. 3:30 p.m. 1100 Lake Shore Rd., Grosse Pointe Shores, 884-4222. \$8.

The Center for Jung Studies will examine **Meditation: Its Meaning and Its Value** in this workshop. Yoga, relaxation and the role of proper breathing will be used to determine our moods, health and well-being. Dress comfortably. 2:00-4:00 p.m. Miller Hall, Christ Church, 61 Grosse Pointe Blvd., Grosse Pointe Farms, 885-8792. No charge for members. \$3.50 for non-members.

### April 22

G.P. South boys' tennis team meets Mt. Clemens at home. 4:00 p.m.

### April 23

Detroit's main street since the early Nineteenth Century, **Woodward Avenue** is a fascinating strip filled with a rich cache of historical monuments. The tour bus stops at Orchestra Hall and the Detroit Institute of Arts. Further down the road is the Shrine of the Little Flower, church of radio priest Father Coughlin. Lunch is optional at the Fox and Hounds, a traditional stopover in the Twenties for those traveling from Detroit to Flint. Call for reservations and pick-up locations. 9:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. Contact Jill DeMaris at Detroit Upbeat Tours, 341-6808. \$29.

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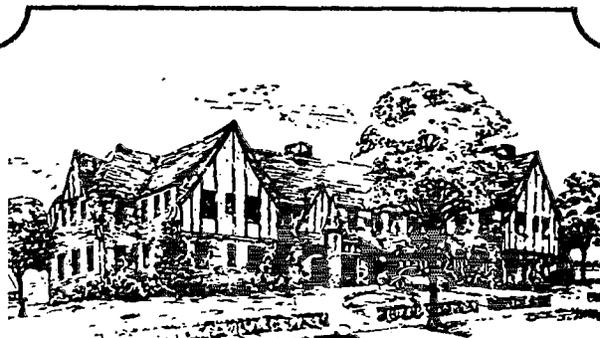
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## ENGAGEMENTS

April 24

G.P. South's baseball team meets Port Huron Northern at home. 4:00 p.m.

G.P. North's baseball team meets South Lake at home. 4:00 p.m.

G.P. North's tennis team meets South Lake at home. 4:00 p.m.

April 24

Storyteller Carol Hurst entertains and educates the entire family. 7:30 p.m. in the Richard School Library.

April 25

What would spring be without at least one fashion show? G.P. South Mothers' Club happily obliges with fashions by Jacobson's, and models from G.P. South. Proceeds from the **Springfest** go to the scholarship fund. Reservations required. Mail checks to: G.P. South Mothers' Club, 161 Vendome, Grosse Pointe Farms, 48236. For more information, call the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$12 includes lunch.

Climb that highest mountain, advises Dr. Martha Langdon Dahm in this lecture, **Dare to Dream: Risk Taking**. Sponsored by the Women's Connection of Grosse Pointe, this event points women on the path to higher fulfillment. Socializing at 6:00 p.m., optional dinner at 6:30 p.m., program begins at 7:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, 788 Lakeshore, 881-0610. \$10 members, \$12 non-members, \$3 program only.

April 25-26

Sneak a peak at the array of antique treasures before they go on the block on the 27th in **Cranbrook's Biennial Art Auction**. Featuring hundreds of art and antique objects. 10:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Cranbrook Academy of Arts Museum, 500 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3300. No charge.

April 26, 27, and May 3, 4, 5

**The Crucifer of Blood** is based on a Sherlock Holmes mystery revolving around the stolen Agra treasure, and the curse that follows it. Bonstelle Theatre, 3424 Woodward, Detroit, 577-2960. \$4.50. Call for times.

April 26

G.P. North's baseball team meets L'Anse Creuse at home. 4:00 p.m.

Our Lady Star of the Sea girls' varsity softball team meets St. Clement at home. 4:00 p.m.

April 27

Henry Fonda as a bad guy? In **Once Upon a Time in the West** (1969), he plays a blue-eyed killer in a battle of wits with Charles Bronson. Many call this director Sergio Leone's best "Italian spaghetti western," shown here in its original uncut form. 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. at the Detroit Film Theatre, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, 832-2730. \$2.50

Edison's early life is brought into focus through the use of some inventive special effects by New York's Theatreworks, U.S.A. in **Young Tom Edison**. For ages five years to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$3.

**Art and Antique Auction**. Antique and modern furniture, jewelry, fine art, and a mink coat are among the goods to be bid upon. Fine china, vintage wine, Steuben glass, sculpture and assorted paintings are some of the others At 7:00 p.m. Cranbrook Academy of Art, 500 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 646-8432. \$10.

G.P. North's baseball team meets G.P. South at home. 11:00 p.m.

G.P. South's baseball team meets Port Huron Northern at home. 4:00 p.m.

April 30

G.P. North's baseball team meets Lakeshore at home. 4:00 p.m.

April 30 - May 26

**Noises Off** is the hilarious Broadway hit about a touring play which turns into a farce. Fisher Theatre, 3011 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit 872-1000. Call for times and prices.

May

May 1

Baron Guy de Rothschild presents his long-awaited autobiography, along with three other authors of fiction and non-fiction, at this **Book and Author Luncheon**. Panel moderator will be WJR's Hal Youngblood. Cash bar is available. Noon-3 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$12.50 includes lunch.

Tevye will be expressing his hopes for riches amid the perfect rustic setting of the **True Grist Theatre in Homer**. The auditorium, a former grist mill, is one of Homer's civic gems. **Fiddler on the Roof** plays in dinner theatre format in the day-long tour from 10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Bus leaves from the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$33 includes lunch.

G.P. South boys' tennis team meets L'Anse Creuse North at home. 4:00 p.m.

G.P. South's baseball team meets L'Anse Creuse North at home. 4:00 p.m.

G.P. North's baseball team meets Brablec at home. 4:00 p.m.

May 3

**After the Rehearsal** (1984). Originally made for Swedish TV, Ingmar Bergman's rumored-to-be-last film is a thoughtful meditation on a director's life and work. 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. at the Detroit Film Theatre, DIA, 832-2730. \$2.50.

May 4

New York's Puppetworks bring their marionettes and music to enliven the classic **Rumpelstiltskin**. For ages five years to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre, 832-2730. \$3.

**Water 'n' kids**. With warmer weather just around the corner, make sure your children are prepared for any possible boating or swimming hazard with these special safety workshops, taught by members of the U.S. Coast Guard auxiliary. Open to all ages. Registration required. May 4 at Park Branch, 343-2071. May 11 at Woods Branch, 343-2072. May 18 at Central Library, 343-2074. All at 1:30 p.m.

**Boudou Saved from Drowning** is Jean Renoir's very good film dealing with very bad manners. 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Detroit Film Theatre, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$2.50.

May 5

**Le Gala de Cuisine**. A smorgasbord of fine dining is presented with top chefs from all over the city — each creating one of their specialties. More than forty restaurants participate, including the London Chop House, Restaurant Duglass, and the Lark, sponsored by Cranbrook School parents. 3:00 p.m.-6:00 p.m. Cranbrook School Quadrangle, 512 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3600. \$100.

**Small Change** is Truffaut's study of the everyday encounters of youth. 7:00 p.m. Detroit Film Theatre, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. \$2.50.

May 5

Soprano **Margaret Rees** joins at the Grosse Pointe Symphony concert at 3:30 p.m. in Parcels Auditorium, Mack at Vernier, Grosse Pointe Woods. In July 1983, Rees was named International Young Singer of the Year at the **Musical Elsteddfod in Wales**, where she triumphed over fifty singers. \$6 adults, \$2.50 students. 886-6244.

May 6

G.P. South baseball team meets East Detroit in a double-header at home. 3:45 p.m. for the first game. Second game begins approximately 5:00 p.m.

Our Lady Star of the Sea girls' varsity softball team meets St. Florian at home. 4:00 p.m.

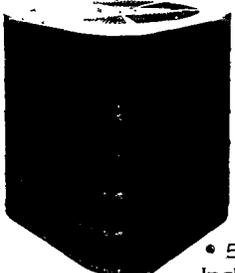
May 10

G.P. North's baseball team meets Clintondale at home. 4:00 p.m.

Our Lady Star of the Sea girls' varsity softball team meets Pontiac Catholic at home. 4:00 p.m.

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## ENGAGEMENTS

### May 10-11

Celebrate the tricentennial of Handel's birth when the third Handel Festival at Cranbrook takes place. The eighteenth century orchestra from Ann Arbor, Ars Musica, and the Handel Festival Choir perform. At 8:00 p.m. Christ Church Cranbrook, 470 Christ Church, Bloomfield Hills, 644-5210. Call for prices.

### May 11

A weekend for two to see the musical *Cats*, with a lush condo overlooking Manhattan for lodging is just one of the products being auctioned off in the **Action Auction**, benefitting the Grosse Pointe Academy. Cost is \$35 per person, but this includes hors d'oeuvres, "strolling supper," valet parking and wine. Silent auction begins at 5:00 p.m., live auction at 7:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Academy, 171 Lake Shore, Grosse Pointe Farms. For more information call 886-1802.

Tom Glazer presents **Songs for Dignified Children** from his many albums. Including the hit, "On Top of Spaghetti." For Wiggle Club members, children three years and older. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$3.

### May 12

What better way to tell Mom you love her than with a **Lyric Chamber Ensemble** concert? She'll swoon to the sounds of Bach and Chopin on the piano, played with ease by Fedora Horowitz. She can look forward to a wine reception afterwards, along with a tour of the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House. 3:30 p.m. at 1100 Lakeshore, Grosse Pointe Shores, 884-4222. \$8.

### May 13

G.P. South's baseball team meets Roseville in a double-header at home. First game 3:45 p.m., second around 6:00 p.m.

G.P. North boys' tennis team meets Grand Blanc, G.P. South and Ann Arbor Huron in a quad match at home. First game begins at 4:00 p.m.

### May 14

Grosse Pointe South girls' soccer team hosts Grosse Pointe North. 4:00 p.m.

### May 15

G.P. North's baseball team meets Lakeview at home. 4:00 p.m.

### May 16-18

Cherishing the family lineage is a very vital part of any Grosse Pointe household. It should come as no surprise, then, that many of the treasured antiques donated for the **Village Antiques Show** originated from Grosse Pointe homes. This annual event is always highly anticipated; this year notables on the committee include Peter Stroh, Max Fisher, Walter B. Ford — just to name a few. A don't-miss event. Thursday and Friday 11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.; Saturday 11:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m. Lovett Hall, Greenfield Village, 20900 Oakwood, Dearborn. \$5. For further information, call 646-2996 or 571-0452.

### May 17

Our Lady Star of the Sea girls' varsity softball team meets Our Lady of Lakes at home. 4:00 p.m.

### May 18

Grosse Pointe South hosts the boys' and girls' **Regional Track Meet**, with teams from all over the area, including G.P. North. 10:00 a.m.

### May 18-19

Nationally-known wildlife stamp artist **Larry Hayden** and award-winning wood carver **Bob Bolle** exhibit their art at Wild Wings Gallery. Refreshments served. Saturday: Wild Wings, 975 W. Ann Arbor Trail, Plymouth, 455-3400. 10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Sunday: Wild Wings, One Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Farms, 885-4001. Noon-5 p.m. Free.

### May 18, 25

Travel from Geppetto's shop to the mystical Land of the Toys, as **Pinocchio** journeys to find himself. The Brownie/Girl Scout Salute is performed by the Prince Street Players. For ages five years to adult. 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts Youtheatre, 832-2730. \$3.

### May 20-25

**Metropolitan Opera Week** consists of seven elegantly staged productions direct from New York. See and hear such diverse works as Wagner's "Lohengrin," Mozart's comic "Cosi Fan Tutte," and even a production of "Hansel and Gretel" by Engelbert Humperdinck, all in their native languages. At Masonic Auditorium, 500 Temple Avenue, Detroit. Call 832-5200 for ticket prices and further information. Also, a **Metropolitan Opera Week lecture series** will start in April to assist operagoers with historical background, plots and musical highlights of scheduled works. The Monday night series features Wayne State University's Jack D. DuBois. April 10-May 15 from 7:30 p.m.-9:00 p.m. at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lakeshore. \$35. Call 832-5200 for further information. See individual listings below.

### May 20

**Lohengrin** (in German) by Richard Wagner. 7:00 p.m. at Masonic Temple.

### May 21

**Eugene Onegin** (in Russian) by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky. 8:00 p.m. at the Masonic Temple.

### May 22

**La Boheme** (in Italian) by Giacomo Puccini. 8:00 p.m. at the Masonic Temple.

### May 23

Barbara Stanbridge of Change, Inc. presents the lecture, **Time: Profit or Loss?** as the guest of the Women's Connection of Grosse Pointe. The lecture examines the

challenges affecting women in the workplace, and how to maximize time to your best advantage. Socializing at 6:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, 788 Lakeshore, 881-0610. \$10 members, \$12 non-members. \$3 program only.

Bring your senses alive with a **tour of historic Grosse Ile**, sure to be in full bloom. Visit the old Michigan Central railroad, St. James Episcopal Church, St. Anne's Chapel, the Victorian Wedding Cake House, Colonel Brodhead's office and the old U.S. Customs House. Stroll through the Westcroft Hotel and Floral Gardens for a breath of spring, and some beautiful rhododendrons. This is just a part of the Grosse Ile tour sponsored by "Detroit Upbeat". Lunch is at the Hungry Crab. 9:30 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Contact Jill DeMaris, 341-6808. \$30.

### May 23

**Simon Boccanegra** (in Italian) by Giuseppe Verdi. 8:00 p.m. at Masonic Temple.

### May 24

**Cosi Fan Tutte** (in Italian) by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. 8:00 p.m. at Masonic Temple.

### May 25

**Hansel and Gretel** (in English) by Engelbert Humperdinck at 1:30 p.m. **Rigoletto** (in Italian) by Giuseppe Verdi at 8:00 p.m. Both at Masonic Temple.

### May 26-27

Arts, crafts, tennis rackets, furniture and even Bobby's old letter jacket. **Grosse Pointe's greatest garage sale** has it all. This annual event runs from 11 a.m.-5:00 p.m. both days in the Carriage House garage parking structure, right behind Jacobson's in the Village. \$50 space rental for anyone interested in selling. Application forms available from G.P. Book Village or Valente Jewelers. For more information, call 885-1900.

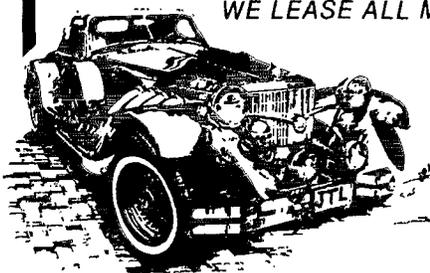
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*continued from page 11*

Corporation where he was research manager. "I needed some statistics, which I thought might best be obtained from trade associations, so I went to the library to find a directory," explains Ruffner, his slender hands twirling a ball-point pen as he talks. "I discovered that the Department of Commerce had published such a directory since the early 1900s. And at that particular time, the Department of Commerce publication was out of print." The government had no plans to renew publication. This sparked an idea in Ruffner's mind.

"It occurred to me that it was such basic information required by so many people that I could compile such a book myself. And so, in my ignorance, I left my job and hung up my shingle as a publisher."

With the help of his new bride, Mary Ann, a writer for the now-defunct *Detroit Times* Sunday magazine section, Ruffner put together his own directory of trade organizations, calling it *Encyclopedia of Associations*.

"The encyclopedia is much different than it was thirty years ago," says Ruffner, explaining how questions relating to computerization have recently been incorporated into their questionnaire. "And next year it will be different from what it was this year."

Ruffner tries to put himself in the place of the person using his books: "What does the user want? And how might this information be organized for maximum utility? The reason we

have new editions and supplements is to keep our books current. It isn't enough that we publish them one time."

Most of the ideas for Gale books originate with Ruffner, an inveterate reader who subscribes to an enormous number of periodicals to keep abreast of the changing currents of time. "When I see certain trends, I think maybe one particular trend should be documented with some kind of reference work." At that point, Ruffner writes himself a note. Over the years, he has recorded so many inspirations that he now has special forms printed up to keep track of them.

"It's all computerized these days, my notes," he says with a hint of satisfaction. "I jot down ideas for new publications and promotions, and have them sorted out by subject and alphabetically."

Like the *Encyclopedia of Associations*, many of Gale's other series have come about as a result of Ruffner's personal needs. Originated in 1962, *Contemporary Authors* is a case in point. Presently Gale's biggest series, CA has three current volumes and three revised volumes published annually.

"I wanted some information on a writer who was relatively new and therefore not documented in existing reference works which tended to concentrate on the literary giants," says Ruffner. But nothing was available. To fill that gap, Ruffner initiated CA, his comprehensive guide to twentieth-century authors.

"The books are intended for the lay person, the journalist, the interested reader, the student — not the scholar," Ruffner recently explained to *Publishers Weekly*. "But in each case, we offer a scholarly apparatus, often for writers who have never received such attention anywhere else — a complete bibliography, current critical judgment of their work, works-in-progress, all in addition to standing biographical material."

Moreover, by periodically updating entries and researching the works of new authors, Gale Research has been able to publish this data about the same time the book appears. "That was the objective," says Ruffner. "To have that information in print simultaneously with the publication of the book. Whereas before, it was three or four years, five years, ten years, maybe never."

Ruffner takes personal pride in the quality of Gale's books, and he willingly goes that extra length to please his customers — especially the libraries which comprise about seventy-five percent of his sales. Dedria Bryfonski, a seasoned Gale executive editor, recalls the tale of a disgruntled librarian who complained that a book had not been delivered on time.

"To right the wrong, Ruffner put a Gale person on the next plane to the librarian's city so the book could be hand-delivered," says Bryfonski. "Curiously enough, each time the tale is told, the librarian's city is different — Akron, Butte, Indianapolis, whatever. Also, the identity of the Gale



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## RUFFNER

person who trekked to this moveable city is now lost in the shades of legend."

Ruffner takes the same straightforward approach with his employees, according to Tom Romig, promotion and advertising manager and a sixteen-year veteran at Gale. "This is not a company that stresses titles. If there's a question about something, you can go right to the source," says Romig. "You don't have to worry about following a chain of command. Mr. Ruffner takes the direct approach rather than being slave to a system. As we get bigger, we have more systems, but we make sure they work for us, not vice versa."

A recent incident that bears out this supposition is Ruffner's handling of the Tiger World Series Victory Parade last fall. Celebrated downtown in the streets below Gale's windows, the ticker tape parade was a gala event that ran from late morning until mid-afternoon. When it became apparent that the festivities would extend beyond the normal lunch hour, several employees approached the personnel department for permission to stay out late. Permission was denied until some brave soul approached the president directly. An avid Detroit booster, Ruffner sanctioned extended lunch hours for all employees who wanted to celebrate the Tiger victory.

Those who have worked closely with Ruffner say there are many ways his personality shapes Gale Research (Gale is Ruffner's middle name.) "This is a more cooperative enterprise than a lot of publishing houses," asserts

Romig, who credits Ruffner with keeping it that way. "He's a nice guy. He's pretty demanding, but he's also pretty tolerant. I remember back in the fall of 1969, when the Vietnam war was still going on, there was a big march in Detroit. And without indicating his own feelings on the issue, he decided to close the company early in the afternoon." Those who did not wish to participate were simply allowed to go home.

Ruffner, who endorses such modernistic benefits as flextime and an automatic week off for all employees between Christmas and New Year's, realizes that there are "a lot of things about Gale that are different from the 'average' company. And," he admits, "for some time it concerned me that we were doing things I hadn't learned in college or read about in textbooks. But recently there have been several prominent management writers who believe this is a positive thing. Companies have personalities, sometimes it's referred to as 'corporate culture.' And very often companies that are most innovative, that are achieving the most, do have a culture that's different. So we shouldn't necessarily be like the standard company — we ought to do things our way if it works for us."

In addition to his business responsibilities, Ruffner is actively involved in the community, serving as vice-chairman for the Central Business District Association (CBDA) and assistant treasurer of the Detroit Area Council of Boy Scouts. "My sons were scouts," he says with enthusiasm. "It meant a lot to them. It meant a lot to me."

Ruffner's family have been bit by the publishing bug as well. His older son Rick, twenty-eight, publishes stationery, posters, and greeting cards for his own firm, Avanti. His younger son Peter, twenty-five, works in Gale's New York office, setting up computers and tailoring their programs to fit Gale's needs. Though Ruffner's wife, Mary Ann, no longer holds an official position with the company, she helps him now as she always has.

Looking toward the future, the president and founder of Gale Research realizes that there are always new avenues of change on the horizon — including the impending sale. "I just hope it would continue. I hope it would survive, doing pretty much the same thing it does now with the same people."

In his memo to the employees, Ruffner tries to allay their fears by reassuring that the unknown buyer's first requirement is that it is a company "which shares my commitment to the principals and people that have made Gale the successful company it is."

Even after the sale, which is projected to occur sometime this spring or summer, Ruffner will remain at Gale's helm. As he approaches his sixtieth birthday, he has no plans for retirement: "I hope I'm doing exactly what I'm doing now until I drop," he concludes. ♦

*Donna Olendorf is a local free-lance writer and a regular contributor to HERITAGE.*

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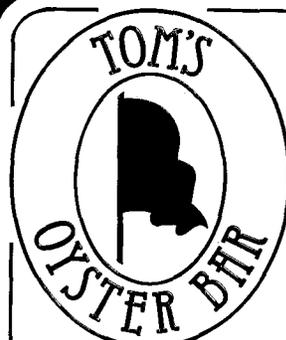
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## TRADITIONS

*continued from page 28*

with pain in her voice. "But Hanne's a real trouper. It was great having someone to help out, because she's a real support person too...And she's a perfectionist."

Her quest for perfection causes her to scoff at some of the shams people who deal in clothing try to pass off. One particular pet peeve deals with dry cleaners' attempts to forestall the work that she does.

"A lot of people now are really being fooled by what's called *heirloom*ing," she cautions. "The dry cleaners who do this do use nice big boxes, but they are acidic cardboard, and so when you eventually open them up, you have acid stripes — brown stripes, all over your dress." The *heirloom*ing process is just a makeshift way of doing what you should do yourself — store clothes well in a cool place.

Some people have done this adequately since many of the garments at the Historical Museum have been donated from the estates of old Grosse Pointe families. From these contacts and through independent assessment work for the Founders Society, Hanne's reputation has spread by word-of-mouth throughout Grosse Pointe. As a result, a number of area people who consider the tattered family gowns, quilts, and tapestries a valuable part of their heritage are very willing to pay for her fine, time-consuming restoration work.

"I'm a perfectionist," she explains. "I only use old fabrics that I find by haunting estate sales and antique shows. For instance, I've been working on a quilt for one woman for well over a year. All it needs now are two more patches of purple velvet. I found antique velvet, but not in just the right shade, so I've had the patch pieces pinned to my bedroom curtains for the past year, sun bleaching them. Fortunately, my client isn't in a hurry — she wants it done right too."

Not all her independent work covers such lengthy periods. Frequently she is asked to restore christening gowns or wedding dresses needed for a particular date. Usually the client calls, describes the item, and what the damage appears to be. If it sounds interesting and the client can afford her fee, Buschmann will agree to take a look at it.

"I make a lot of house calls," she says wryly. "Often it's easier — for me and for the textiles. If they're already fragile, I don't want people jamming the garments into a grocery sack, because that means I have just that many more splits to repair. So now I tell them, please just leave it where it is and I'll come and look at it."

"I had one christening gown that literally fit into a ziplock bag. When I got done with it, it just sort of ballooned into a six-foot gown — with ruffles!" She grins. "So, I do make house calls."

Some of the most challenging work has been the restoration of antique wedding dresses. "The dress I did for the Dow wedding last June was particularly interesting," she says, "because that was a wedding dress that can be traced back. The waist cincture had Gannon woven right into it. We wrote to the registrar in New York, and it turned out that Gannon's was on 49th Street from 1890 to 1894. By doing research in fashion

magazines from that period, it was very obvious that it had been remodeled in 1894 for Jennifer Dow's great-grandmother, to look like what was very fashionable then — big balloony sleeves."

Unfortunately, the dress was in very poor condition. The dress had long been rolled up, so the ivory silk was crushed. As the creases were eased from the fabric and the tightly bunched skirt taken apart, it was found to be streaked with dirt and lipstick. The lace on the top was grimy. Even the glass beading along the edges hung in strings. The lace had to come off, uncovering intricate seed pearl and paillette beading.

"When I got all this lace off — there must have been a good six yards of it — I could tell it had been altered from a high-neckline dress. It had been cut straight across all that beading, and then the raw edge along the neck and shoulders had just been turned under. The rest of the bodice was beautiful — just as pretty on the inside as the outside.

"I had to back it with silk crepe, then recreate the pattern on a piece of paper, so I could stitch it all back to crepe lining. When I had finished, it was so pretty the bride didn't want the lace to cover it."

To finish the neckline with the same elegance that characterized the rest of the dress, Buschmann used a piece of antique scalloped lace, pinching the lace at each scallop, then stitching on matching antique beads.

"I was really feeling my Wheaties when I figured that one out," she admits ruefully, "but I was sure brought down in a hurry. The skirt was so dirty, that with the bride's permission, I decided to dry-clean it. I put it in for the minimum length of time, but when I got it out of the machine, the skirt was split — it looked just like a cat had clawed it."

To further disguise the repair, Hanne festooned the skirt with knots of antique silk ribbon — a feature that was particularly noted in the newspaper accounts of the wedding.

"When I was working on it," she says with a slight smile, "all I saw were the imperfections. But when I saw her walking down the aisle, I didn't see any of that — it was just beautiful."

When asked why she is devoting herself to the time-consuming, painfully fine detail work of conservation, she leans her head on her hands, stares with eyes narrowed, then slowly answers.

"I'd almost say there's an obligation to posterity, because I don't think there's going to be that many people around who are going to be able to do it anymore. I really think that the quality, particularly of the Old Country work, is lost. In the Old Country, they don't want to do this anymore either — they've got things to do and places to go, too, and they don't want to sit around and do fancy white work. The young girls don't make trousseaus any more — they go to the store and buy one — that is if they want a trousseau at all..." "I also think it's a real valuable legacy and an interesting era that this work represents." ♦

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*Susan Brown is a freelance writer who lives in Grosse Pointe.*

continued from page 15

through Grosse Pointe. As it happened in the spring of 1712, most local Indians were absent when the Fox and Kickapoo arrived.

Led by their Chief Lamina, they camped on the site of the present Penobscot Building. They besieged the fort with fire arrows, but caused only minor damage. Dubuisson, who had succeeded Cadillac as post commander in 1710, deprived them of any great victory by taking the food supply indoors and dismantling the church. The fact that an Indian informant had advised Dubuisson of the attack did not help much — only thirty men were available to defend the fort.

On May 13th, local Indians returned from their winter sojourn, arriving concurrently with a French reinforcement. The positions were reversed — “the besiegers now became the besieged.”

The Fox tried to escape the return fire by digging holes. Dubuisson’s forces countered by building scaffolds to fire directly into the holes. The Indians were trapped inside the pits with no food. A truce was attempted. Then Fox women began entering the pits. It seemed unclear to Dubuisson whether they were bringing food for the men, or additional arms, and the truce was broken.

Dubuisson, in a report to the Governor General of Canada, explained his position: “I held the Ottogamie and Mascoutin (the Fox and their allies) in siege for nineteen days, wearing them out by continual fire day and night.”

The Fox then retreated to Windmill Pointe. “The enemy,” Dubuisson continued, “not doubting that they would be pursued, stopped at Presqu’île (Almost Island), opposite Hog Island near Lake St. Clair, four leagues from the fort,” he explained, referring to the area now known as Windmill Pointe. Indeed, they were pursued, by Dubuisson and his reinforcements (who had lost only sixty men themselves). The reported death toll of men, women and children at Windmill Pointe was 1,000.

Burton later counters that “these figures were based more upon imagination than fact.” As the records of this time were sketchy, there is no absolute way to know how many were killed.

The fact that some sort of massacre did occur is no fabrication, though. O.J. Mulford’s 1930 book, *Windmill Pointe*, describes the evidence of Indian artifacts on the site. “I remembered the story from old inhabitants of the unearthed Indian skulls used to decorate the loads of gravel from the pits located here years ago.”

But this massacre was not the end of the Windmill Pointe legends. The saga includes not only unhappy spirits, but the devil himself. On the massacre site some years later, a Frenchman named Jean and his sister, Josette, built the stone mill for which the site was named.

It seems Josette had taken sick without giving her brother his just due of the inheritance. He pestered her about it, finally causing her to say angrily that she would “leave it to the devil.”

On the night of her death, raged a horrible rainstorm, with howling winds and flashes of lightning. As the legend goes, loud laughter was heard, mixed with the smell of sulfur.

The only part of her brother’s inheritance left—the mill—was reduced to ruins.

Marie Hamlin, in *Legends of Le Detroit*, goes on to explain further. “For years afterwards, when a northeast storm blew from the lake, making night hideous by its echoing peals of thunder, it was said that a hairy figure—with a horned head and forked tail tipped with fire, his mouth and eyes darting forth ruddy flame—could be seen in the mill, trying to put together the ruined machinery to grind the devil’s grist.

“And the lonely wayfarer to Grosse Pointe would see the marshes around Presqu’île all illuminated by flames, (trying) to inveigle the unhappy traveler to bring him help to grind the devil’s grist.”

But then, of course—that’s only a legend. Tennis, anyone? ♦

ROBERT C. GORSKI D.D.S.

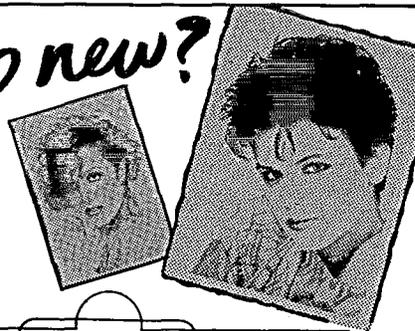
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## DUNTOV

*continued from page 71*

new general manager in 1965 brought a breath of hope once again. With this new leadership came a totally revamped 1968 Corvette, in answer to new sportscar competition. It was in 1967, though, that Zora Duntov — who had been fully in charge of all aspects of the Corvette's design — was put out of commission due to a serious illness. When he returned to work in July, he found that he was scheduled to work on other projects. This resulted in a Corvette which did not have to stand up to Duntov's intense scrutiny, and thus was inferior to previous models. It did not take long before Duntov was restored to the position of chief Corvette engineer. He continued in this spot until 1975. At present, he is a consultant for major manufacturing companies, including Holley Carburetor.

One of the ironies of Corvette production was that it was too good. One of Zora Duntov's greatest dreams was to realign the Corvette to place the engine in the mid-section. This would have created greater weight distribution, and a smoother ride. In 1973, chairman of the board Richard Gerstenberg nixed the idea — "Listen," he told Duntov, "we cannot build enough Corvettes (now) to satisfy the demand... we will continue to build this car." Why change a good thing? Especially if it's making money the way it is? Duntov now cites this as one of his greatest disappointments — that the mid-engine Corvette was never built.

But he did succeed with one very important thing. The Corvette has finally attained the status Duntov sought for it. It is a car of speed...and beauty. With the newly redesigned models of the past couple years, the Corvette is back with a vengeance. Duntov does not favor the '84 version, but has high marks for the '85. Noting a large difference in chassis design between the two years, he commends the '85 for its drivability. "The '85," he says slowly, with a smile, "is a civilized car. '84 was not a civilized car." Sleek and classy, it finally fulfills his definition of a Corvette, but even Duntov admits that the Corvette of today was "a long time coming." He cannot talk extensively about the '86 Corvette, though he will admit that although there is no external change planned, there will be a "fundamental change."

After all this talk about Corvettes, one has to wonder

which auto graces the Duntov garage. Of course, it is a Corvette — model '74, says Duntov, "because that was the last year we built large engines." After a pause, he adds with a smile, "And I like it." The man who had the fire in his blood for racing still attends them today. He and his wife fly in his Rockwell Commander airplane down to Indy or other auto races. "I follow grand prix racing by magazine and videos," he says. He admits that he does not attend them as often as he used to because many of his contemporaries are gone or retired.

Zora Duntov has made his mark on the automotive industry, and the Corvette in particular, that is certain. Through his many battles, he retained the vision in his mind of a special American sports car. For all the time he put into it, as he says, "one day of exaltation for four weeks of drudgery," his creation is something to be valued. "My point," he says now, looking over his illustrious career, "was to ensure Chevrolet leadership in automotive design. That is the main thing...And my reasoning did not die." Indeed not. Beginning with the restructured 1968 Corvette and until today, Duntov's "labor of love" has been the top victim of auto theft in America — **everyone** wants to own a Corvette. ♦

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HERITAGE co-editor Michelle Belaskie's byline has appeared in Monthly Detroit, The Metro Times, and Royal Oak's Daily Tribune where she works regularly as a feature writer and theatre critic.

Interviews in Mr. Duntov's Grosse Pointe home conducted by Reggie DiRezze.

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## FINANCE

*continued from page 9*

no ongoing study to determine the true value of collectibles. Once a well is drilled and put into production, its expenses will be deducted from your monthly check.

Of course, probably the greatest advantages are the tax write-offs. If you took the cash out of your pocket and bought a unit or two, you should receive a first-year write-off of seventy to eighty percent of the dollars invested. The balance would be written off over a five-year period. Don't forget the new fifteen percent oil depletion allowance — it means your first fifteen percent of oil income is tax-free.

Don't give up on the idea of oil investment. For all of the reasons mentioned, it has many benefits. J.R. Ewing isn't the only one who can dabble in oil.. ♦

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Rick Rutan has been in financial, tax and estate planning for over seventeen years. He is the owner of C. Richard Rutan Associates and president of the Financial Planning Centre, Inc.

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## FISHER

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donated a huge hospital in the name of parents Lawrence and Margaret to their hometown of Norwalk. Frederic J. was one of two Detroit men appointed by President Hoover to organize unemployment relief in the nation (*Detroit Free Press*, 1933). The Fisher influence, in short, was and is, felt throughout the city.

One need only look around to see projects or buildings which were in some way tied to the family. Besides the New Center and the Fisher Body plants, National Bank of Detroit is still run by a Fisher; Larry Fisher's mansion has a thriving vegetarian restaurant which saves it from demolition; even Tiger (Briggs) Stadium felt their influence through the marriage of owner Briggs' daughter Elizabeth to a Fisher. Still civic-minded, she recently donated to the upkeep of the Grosse Pointe Academy. According to a *Detroit News* editorial in 1941, "in a sense," the story of the Fishers and their success "is the story of the growth of Detroit."

The Fisher family represented a glory age for Detroit. Their reliance on hard work, quality craftsmanship and most of all love of family, helped them to become the Detroit landmark that made the city so alive — a full life that we all so sorely miss. The memorial plaque in the Fisher Building (though dedicated to Frederic J., it surely stands for all seven Fisher brothers) says it best, "(They were) an inspiration for all those who work with their heads and their hearts to keep alive (the) vision of a better world in which to live."

It may be easy to slip into melancholy when reminiscing about those days of grandeur, but perhaps the Fisher brothers would be pleased to know that their building, and the dreams they once had for it, are not yet over. The Fisher Building ("just an office") is currently operating at one hundred percent capacity. Their New Center is one of the few parts of Detroit which is actually growing. Perhaps their dream does not yet die. ♦

## PASSPORT

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normal banking hours are between ten a.m. and four p.m. I naively believe what I read. In Paris, it's not necessarily so. Nor is it possible to complete even the simplest of transactions with one individual only. At least three people are necessary to change your money or make any purchase.

On the other hand, it's possible even to love the crotchety, inevitable crankiness of the Parisians, perhaps because it is so utterly predicatable. To be Parisian is to be a breed apart, as anyone there will tell you. I even love their unshakeable conviction of their own superiority — in fact, I probably have some sympathy with the French belief that Paris is the hub of the universe.

But, from time to time, even a diehard fashion professional does well to ventilate and change venues. It's a serious mistake to live, eat, breathe, drink, smoke and talk fashion constantly, and a solid four weeks at the International Collections can all too easily distort one's perspective. After all, the world at large does not revolve around fashion alone and in the face of war, famine, politics and

the progress of history, fashion is hardly the be-all and end-all.

For anyone whose occupation involves fashion, it is often wise to remember that only one small iota of the world's population can even afford most of the clothes we've been looking at and that the vast majority will survive quite happily, oblivious to the fact that their skirts don't correspond to the current length, and are not in the least dismayed to learn they've never heard of Jean-Paul Gaultier and Stephen Sprouse or Azzedine Alaïa, or whoever the current *enfant cheri* happens to be.

One does well to remember reality, to rinse one's eyes, and to see how the rest of the world lives. Justification enough, in my case, to embark on a thoroughly therapeutic tour of the Cote d'Azur — far, far from the madding fashion crowd, from the exorbitant prices and the frenzy of Paris.

Ah yes, as I lie back in my chaise, it's so easy to forget. The French — they really have it rough... ♦



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*Turning Back:*

## Bootleggers and Backseats

It was 1920. The war was over, and Detroit, like the rest of the country, was getting fatter. Car production was booming, and along with it the need for parking downtown, especially indoor covered parking. It was during this peak time that my father, Albert J. Towar, Sr., inherited a parking garage from my grandfather. The location was 2121 Cass Avenue at Elizabeth, and most of the city's affluent doctors, lawyers and business people parked their Model Ts there. Even the mayor of Detroit kept his car, a 1924 Silver Ghost (designed by Henry Royce), secretly under wraps upstairs.

One day, a doctor asked if he could borrow my father's personal car, since his was being repaired. My father agreed. When the doctor returned it the next day, he also included a five dollar bill for the use. By accident (to the best of our knowledge), the "rent-a-car" business was born.

After the addition of several new cars, the parking garage business became secondary, and in 1922, my father received a call from a man in Chicago — John Hertz. Hertz came to Detroit and convinced him to change the name of his company from "Rent-A-Ford, Inc." to "Yellow-Drive-it-Yourself-System, Inc." The idea was that perhaps they could eventually start a national network and refer customers back and forth. A year later, Hertz decided to merge his Yellow System with General Motors. My father, however, wished to remain small and local. Hertz became famous although my father had the name

"Yellow System" tied up, because GM division heads and Campbell-Ewald got together and backed the "Hertz" name. They began their company in 1928, and specialized in truck rental.

The first rental rates were based on mileage only — no time charge — with rates decreased the further the car was driven. The rates started at thirty-five cents per mile for the first ten miles, then thirty-four cents for up to twenty miles, until finally as low as five cents a mile on really long trips. Later, he adopted the time-and-mile basis still used today.

The first odometers were easy to turn back, so my father thought up a scheme to place additional odometers in the hub caps of one wheel. This was a closely guarded secret for many years and stories were constantly told about some young buck returning the car with just a few miles on it until the "hubometer" revealed his deceit.

It seems the wildest stories came from the early Thirties when my father had five "Rent-A-Car" locations in the city. These were Prohibition days, so it's not surprising that the most lucrative spot was at the foot of the Belle Isle bridge. Bootleggers were the reason for its success — transporting their wares across the border, then renting father's cars to distribute the infamous alcohol to some of the finest families in Grosse Pointe, and parts of Detroit such as Indian Village and the Boulevards. The bootleggers were a colorful bunch. Father once recalled how one of the "King Pins" came to him and explained that his "guys" knew how to

fix the odometers. When my father asked why he was admitting this, the big boss said that he told his boys: "They got their racket, we got ours — leave the odometers alone."

Most of my father's cars were four-door sedans, until a funny incident caused him to put in one of the first "coupe" one-seaters. A young man came in one day to rent a car for a date with his fiancée that night. When the car was brought down for him, he asked that the back seat be removed. When my father inquired about the reason for this, the young customer replied that his prospective mother-in-law would come along if the car had a back seat.

Another of my father's innovations didn't work quite so well — the inscription he stenciled inside the hood which read, "This car stolen from Yellow System — 2121 Cass — Call police." This idea backfired on occasion when one of the customers would have the oil checked or receive service out of town.

I joined the company full-time after leaving the army in 1948 and came up with the idea of leasing cars, rather than day-to-day renting. Our first account was 175 cars for Blue Cross/Blue Shield. It resulted in our losing about \$500 on each one. My father just said, "You've got a lot to learn," which I did, eventually. After the kinks were worked out, our lease business continued for the next thirty years. Father worked along with me until retiring from his Grosse Pointe home to Florida, where he died in 1972.



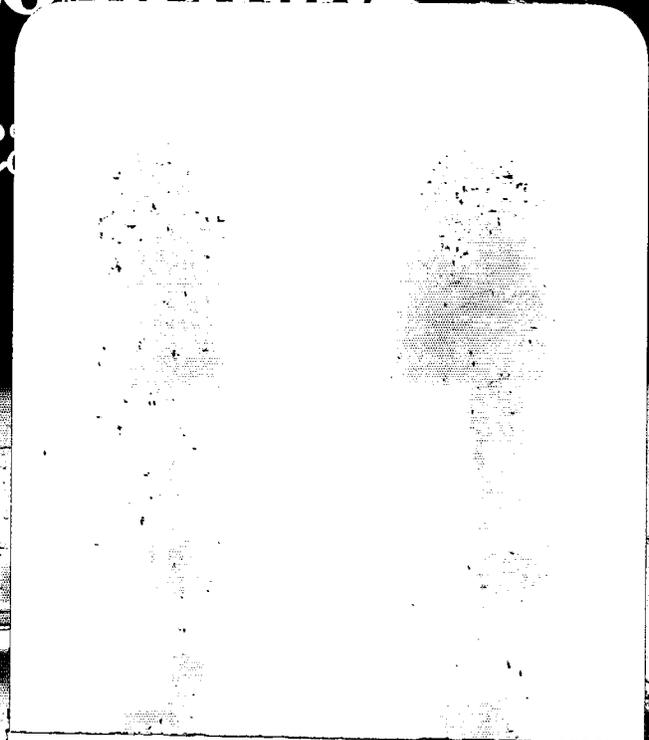
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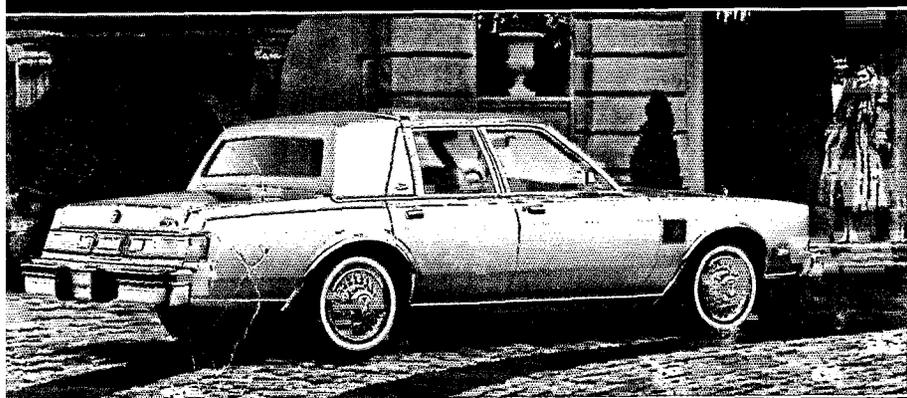
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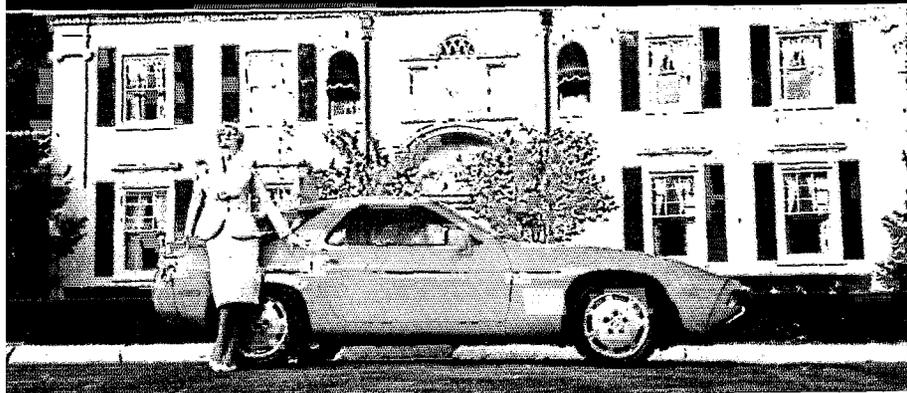
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