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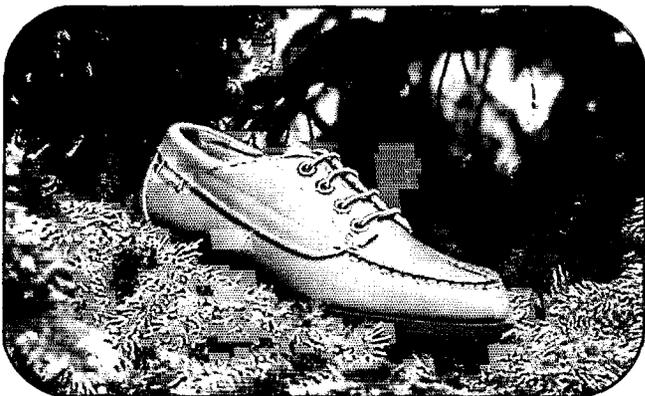
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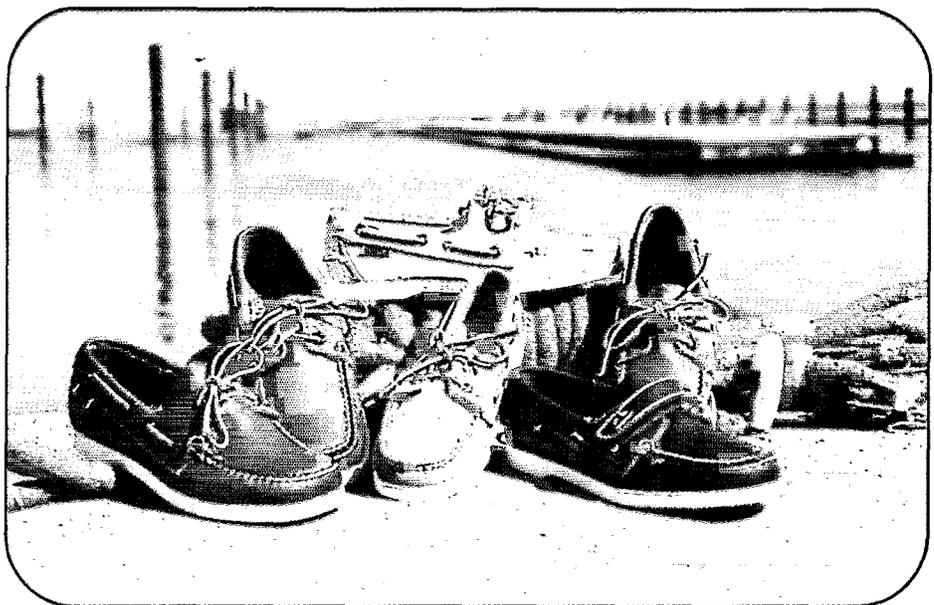


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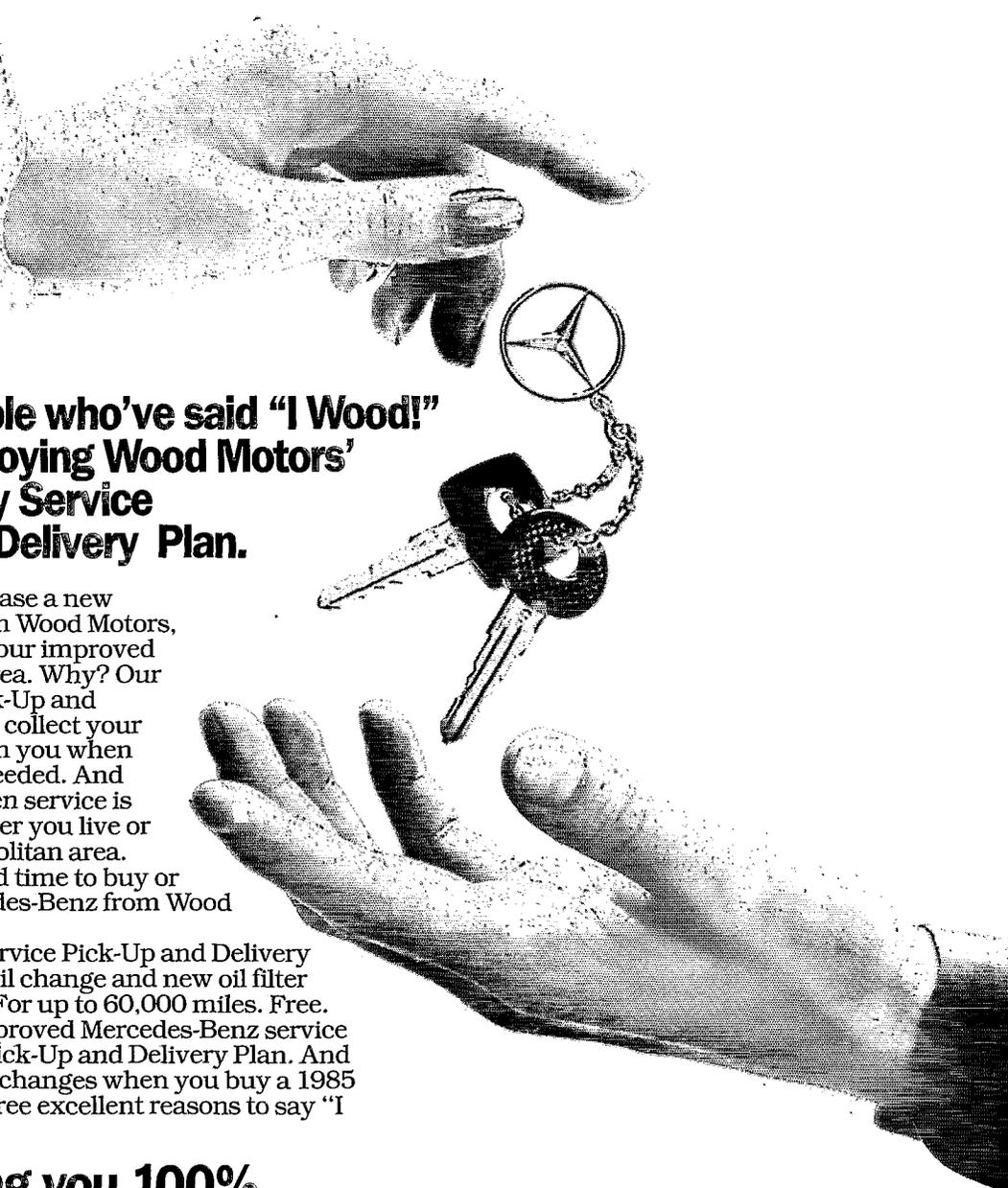
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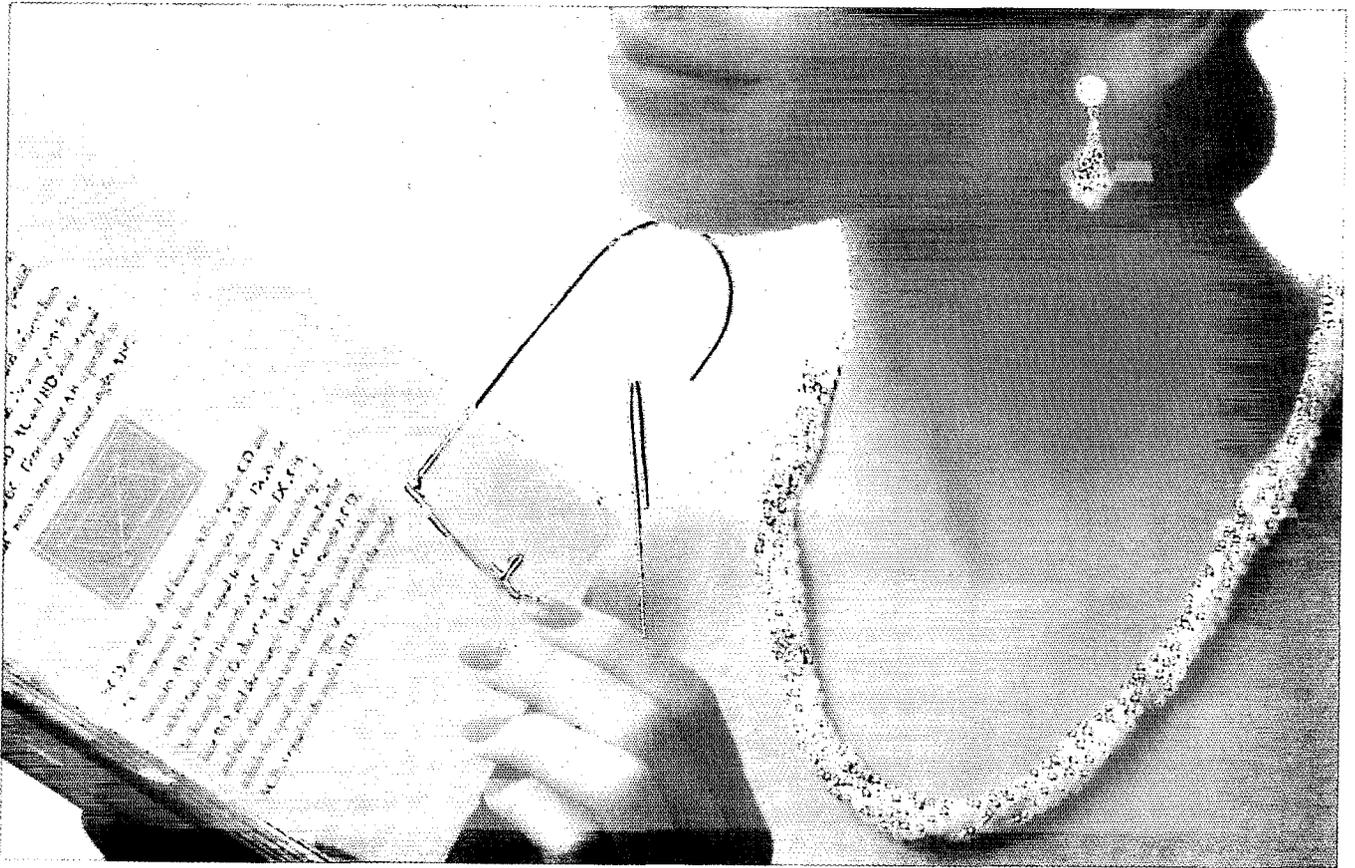
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A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE

Vol. 2, No. 3
June, 1985

On the cover:

The Grosse Pointe Yacht Club,
as captured by the lens
of Elizabeth Carpenter.



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Style ♦ 18



Sports ♦ 25

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THE GARDENS OF GROSSE POINTE ♦ 14

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STYLE ♦ 18

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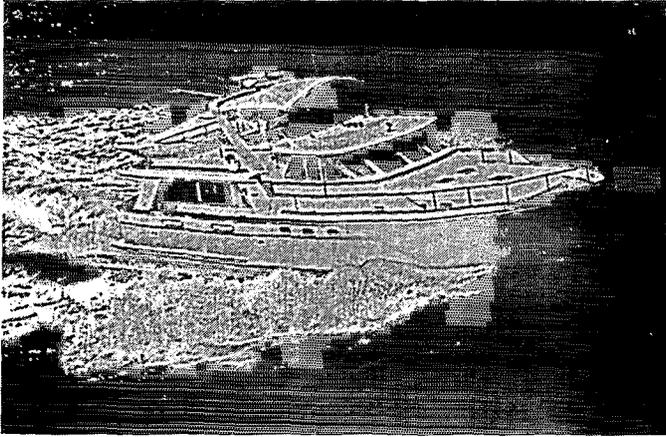
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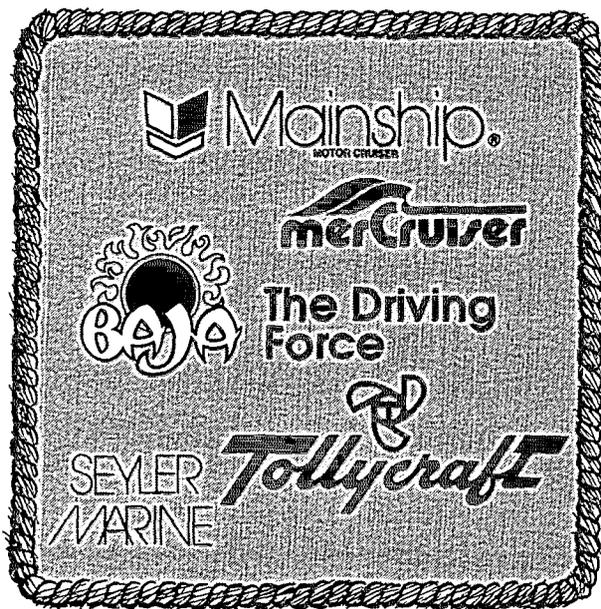
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Remembering Old Friends

Old memories die hard. They perch on the perimeters of our conscious mind and fling themselves into our thoughts without a moment's notice. The bad ones send us to the analyst's office. The sweet memories constitute the balm which heals our wounds; the remembered joy which sees us through chapters of life devoid of happiness; the satisfaction of recalling a life well-lived.

Old memories pop up at the strangest moments. The lilt of a spoken word takes us back, or the special way a certain light falls on an object. Sometimes we even unconsciously seek out the trigger mechanism which opens the door to happier times and helps us shed, momentarily, our less-than-perfect present.

Old memories, for me, are invariably peopled with trees. Consider that I grew up in Grosse Pointe, a veritable forest even today, and it does not seem unnatural that my childhood memory-pictures have trees in the background.

I remember playing in our yard as a child, early in the morning. The grass was still damp with dew, but if you sat on your swing you could watch the kaleidoscopic patterns of light and shadow which changed with each passing whisper of wind. The breeze would rustle through the trees, and the designs changed form. You could watch the display of sunlight-and-leaves on the lawn, or you could close your eyes and lean back and swing, and then you could feel the designs change on your eyelids.

In the fall we would rake leaves into a huge pile, and then we would step way back, run as fast as we could (for some unknown reason speed was important) and jump into them. By the end of the afternoon, we would have crisp bits and pieces of leaves in our hair

and in our shoes — a sure sign that we'd performed the rite properly.

We've looked to the trees for cool shade during our hot Michigan summers; we've collected their leaves, ironed them in wax paper, saved them in the pages of books, found pretty ones for Mom; we've watched the birds who nest in the trees and the squirrels which hop from limb to limb; we've appreciated their fuzzy green in the spring, their lush, arching fullness in the summer and their brilliant colors each fall.

In view of all the pleasure we've derived from our trees, it doesn't seem right to neglect them, does it? Yet a recent decision in the city of Grosse Pointe Park will mean that the old, giant elms will no longer be sprayed to protect them from Dutch Elm Disease. It is estimated that fifty percent (or 10,000) trees have been lost to the disease in the Pointes in the last twenty years. I remember how much fuller our street was when I was in high school, before they removed many trees because of the disease; and I can imagine that same street twenty years from now, if the rest of the elms give way.

Please read Nancy Kool's very responsible report on the elms of Grosse Pointe most carefully. If you feel strongly, as do I, that every effort should be made to protect our remaining elms, please sign the form we've inserted at page 32 and forward it to the city of Grosse Pointe Park.

Too often, we lose what we love through apathy.



Patricia Louwers Serwach
Publisher

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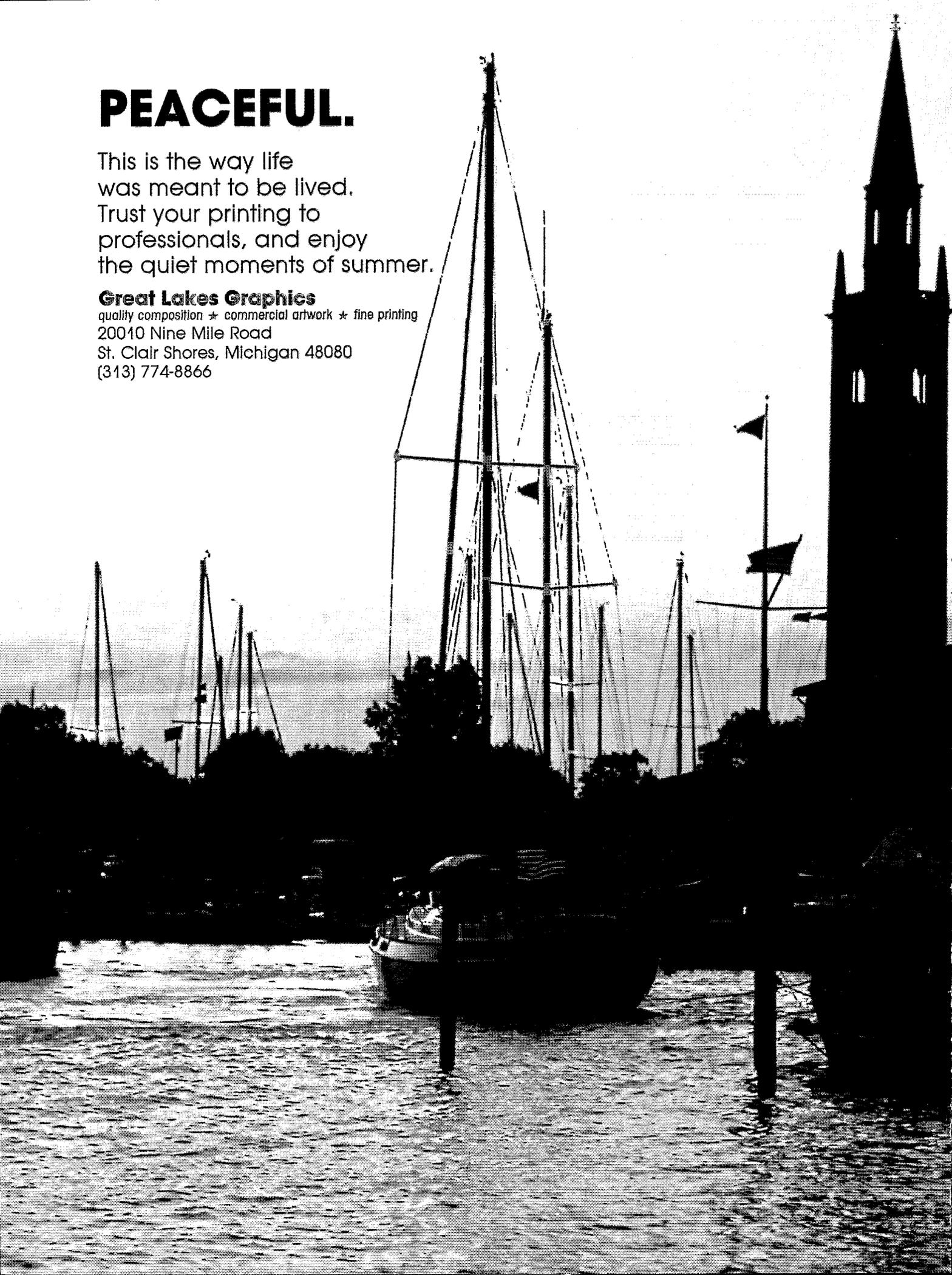
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VIGNETTES

When Barbara Bush (right), wife of the vice president, was the guest of honor at a reception at Penny Simon's home last month, things didn't go quite as planned. For the rest of the story, see page 54.



Teutons are Tops

The French may have founded Grosse Pointe, but they no

longer reign supreme. Statistics provided by Claritas Corp., a national demographics firm, indicate that the top ethnic contenders in GP are Germans, at about twenty percent, followed by the English at seventeen percent and the Irish at thirteen percent. Approximately ten percent of our current population are foreign born.

More Madonna Mania

"We had a back hall full of screaming teeny-boppers," says George Young, co-owner of Village Records on Kercheval. "I knew it was going to be big, but I never realized it would be *this* big!" The event was hot news — tickets had gone on sale for the Madonna concert at Cobo only a day after Village Records added new Ticket World machines, becoming the only outlet in the Pointes. Kay Baum down the street had been the previous location, but buckled under the pressures of a line that went literally around the block for the winter Prince concerts. This time, some fans had been waiting since five p.m. the day before to get choice seats to see the Rochester-born vocalist. By early next morning, the line totaled in the hundreds, stretching down the back alley Young had counted on for just such an emergency. "The crowd was mostly thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds," he guesses, "most girls, one renowned ticket scalper and a very uncomfortable-looking dad." Things went smoothly, however, and they sold 280 tickets in the half-hour before the concert sold out (another was added that afternoon and sold out almost as fast). Young now spends his time gearing up for the Pine Knob summer concert schedule, sporting a badge that reads "Hall Monitor." But he'll never forget that first week, especially since his wife had just given birth a few days previous. Did he name the child Madonna? "No," Young says with a laugh, "I don't think *he* would have ever forgiven me for it."

Running Wild

The scene was a schooling show at the Hunt Club. Proud mothers and fathers watched their girls jump, trot and canter their well-cared-for horses. Some of the girls spend up to four hours each day grooming their horses. We asked one mother about this great amount of time spent in the stables, and she replied, "Well, I'm glad my daughter has a horse. After all... it keeps her off the streets."



And It's Not Just Our Money That's Old

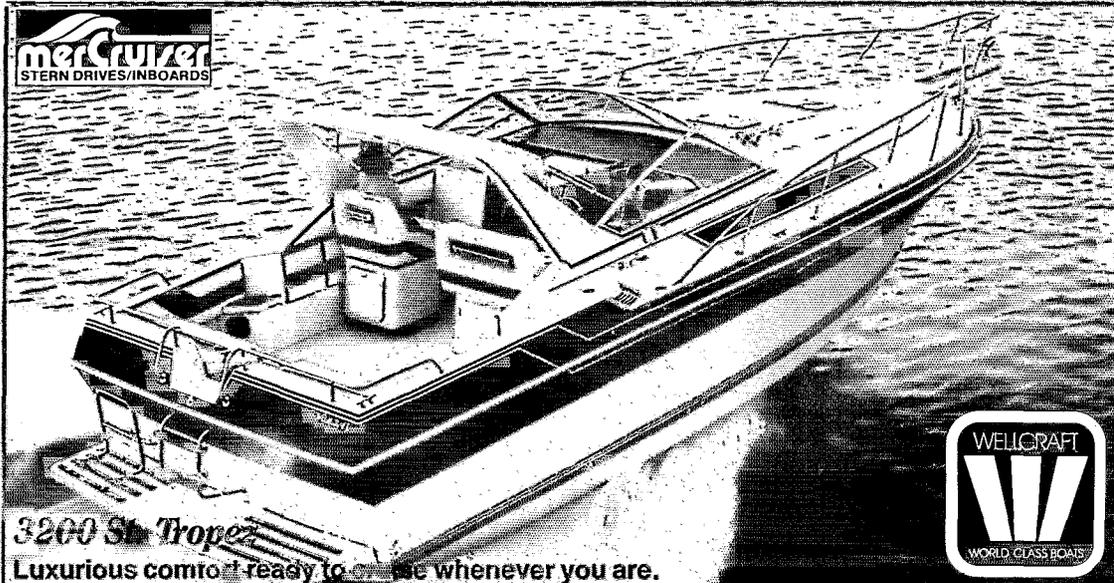
More than eighty percent of the homes in the 48236 area were built prior to 1960; as were ninety-four percent of the homes in the Park and City. That's what they mean when they say Grosse Pointe is an "established" community. Remember the good old days? You probably have lots of GP memories, because Pointers are a pretty established lot themselves, with seventy-one percent having lived in the same home for at least ten years.



Open for Business (Do We Love a Bargain?)

There have been grand openings in Grosse Pointe before, but none as colossal as this. Donlevy's Back Room, a new "off-price" women's designer clothes store, opened last month at Mack and Prestwick. A chauffeur-driven Cadillac "shuttle car" met customers at their car and dropped them off at the front door, where New York owner Don Levy (two words) greeted those in the long line, allowing twenty shoppers in at a time. Almost 4,000 people walked through the doors that weekend, buying \$138,000 worth of clothes and accessories. "Everyone was extremely well-behaved," says manager Cheryl Bruce. "I think people are just glad that there's another designer clothes store on the east side..." And business doesn't seem to be slacking off either. "Still, they're waiting in the morning for us to open the doors."

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34' Wellcraft Scarab '83, T330, 2 starting at	64,900.00	43' Viking D/C/F/B T350, 2 starting at	133,900.00
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38' C.C. Com E/F/B '65, T350 H.P. new engines	52,900.00	53' Hattaras M/Y W/F/B '73, 871TI	339,000.00
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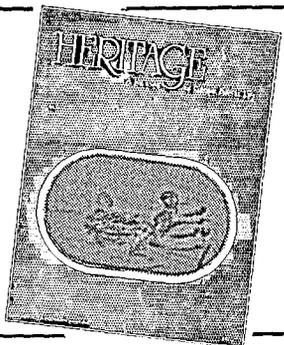
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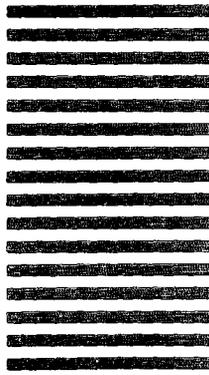


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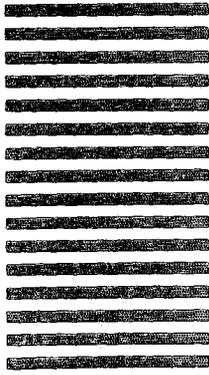


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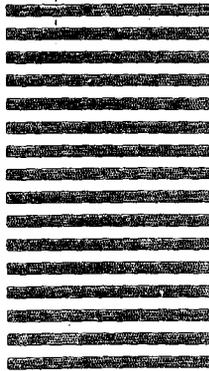


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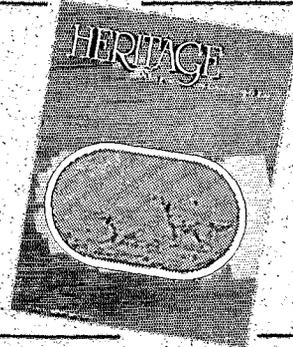
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LETTERS

Love Notes

...The reason that I am taking time to write is because I admire so much what the staff of HERITAGE has accomplished. My eldest son brought home our first copy because several of his friends were featured. Then we received a complimentary copy which I forwarded to some ex-Grosse Pointers who are living now in California. You are to be complimented and encouraged...

...My compliments on a magazine that exhibits a great sense of style...The Watson family wishes all of you continued success. Surely HERITAGE will become another Grosse Pointe "institution" – yet another reason why living here is such a unique and happy experience.

Karen Watson

Congratulations! Your HERITAGE magazine is outstanding! Like you, my sister Christine and I are natives of Grosse Pointe, being descendants of one of the first French settlers in what is now known as Grosse Pointe. Our great-great-grandfather was Charles Gouin who owned the land where the Wardwell House stands. We feel he must have built the house, but records cannot be traced that far.

We were particularly pleased with the article concerning the architecture of St. Paul's Church. The observance of our 150th anniversary was a joyous occasion.

My sister and I (as well as my mother) attended the school built on the Sacred Heart Academy property. I graduated in 1918 from the eighth grade with only eight members in the class.

Our father was a native of Oxford, England and arrived in the Grosse Pointe area about the turn of the century.

Best wishes for continued success and again – congratulations!

Luella Godfrey

On behalf of the entire Grosse Pointe Theatre membership, we sincerely thank you for the fine article in your February/March issue about our group. Many of our members were introduced to HERITAGE because of this article, and were so impressed with the journal. We wish you much success in the future and we hope you keep in touch with GPT because we have a never-ending story.

Theresa Selvaggio
Public Relations
Grosse Pointe Theatre

We recently purchased a copy of your journal HERITAGE. So impressed, we would appreciate knowing if we could order and purchase a copy of the first edition, which we missed.

Seldom these days is a real class magazine published. HERITAGE is one of those rare happenings.

Best of luck to HERITAGE.

William C. Wyatt

*Editors Note: Volume 1, Number 1 (December 1984)
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Please enter my subscription to HERITAGE. I hope later issues are as good as the first.

I live on the site of the old "driving track" at Kerby and Grosse Pointe Boulevard. We still find an occasional horseshoe from one of the "fast nags" of yesteryear.

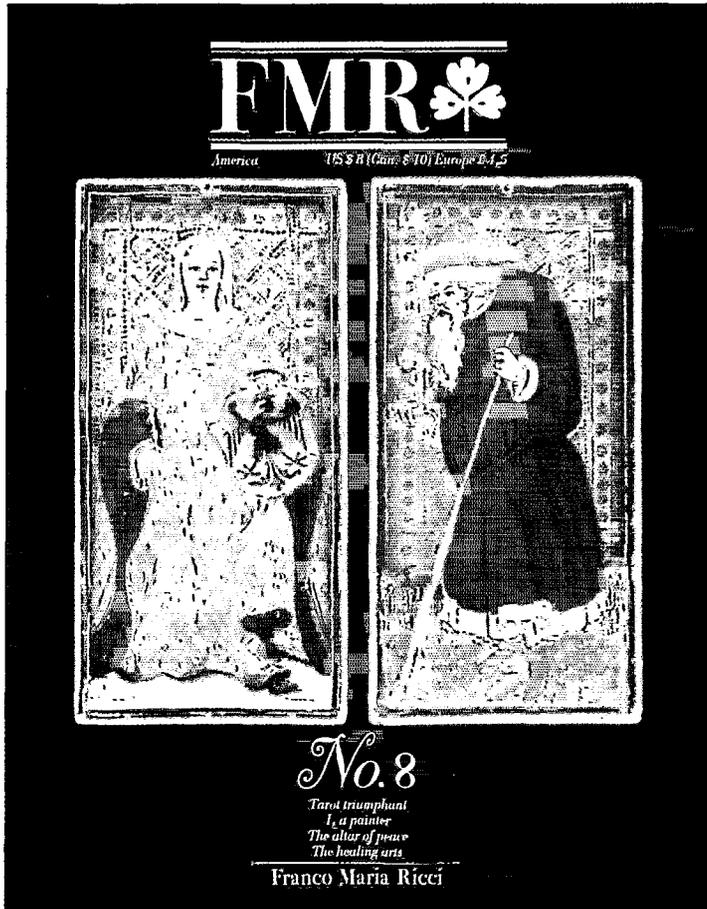
Robert H. Taylor

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“...a black pearl in the midst of the wreckage”

Federico Fellini, Director



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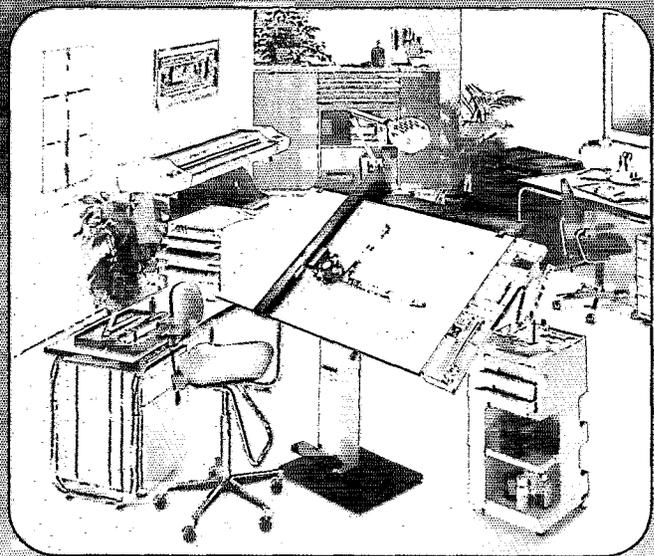
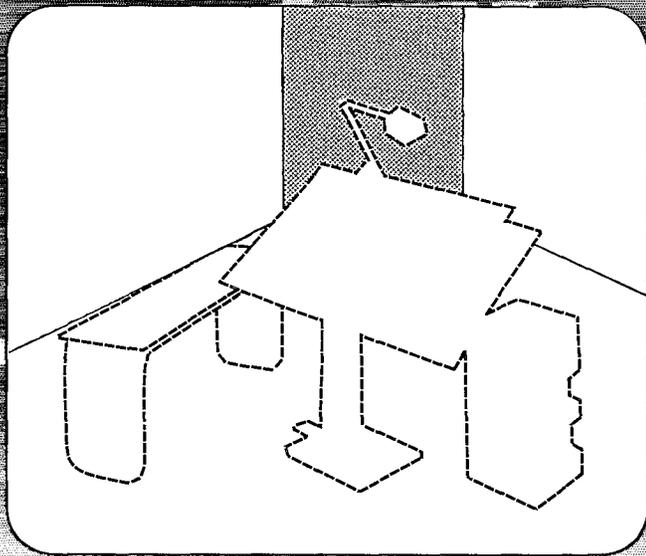
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Petite girls walk in and out of the guarded stage door, escorted by lhasa apsos and dachshunds, gliding into taxi cabs parked outside. I am waiting for ballerina Harriet Clark, and when we finally sit down to talk, it is deep within the bowels of the Masonic Temple. She is tall, thin, dressed like a typical dancer – sweatshirt, sweatpants, ballet shoes, straight brown hair pulled back in a bun.

Of course, the obvious question is ‘why the menagerie?’ She answers with a smile. “The girls have the little dogs and the boys have the big ones – German shepherds and golden retrievers...When you’re on tour, it gives you some semblance of home to have an animal waiting for you in the hotel room.”

But Harriet Clark doesn’t need

that kind of canine encouragement. This particular week, the twenty-three-year-old ballerina is home. And after four long months of touring with American Ballet Theatre’s current production of *Romeo and Juliet*, she’s glad to be here. In between rehearsals and performances, she stays with her parents in Grosse Pointe Shores.

The ballet bug bit Harriet Clark early, stemming from her parents’ stress of the arts. Her sister Cynthia preceded her as a ballerina. “Anyone who’s been involved in dance classes knows that somebody has to go pick the little ballerina up from class,” she says with a coy smile. “I always used to go along with mom and watch them...I knew I wanted to be a ballerina since I was a little, little girl.”

Cynthia has since gone on to study in Germany and London, and was a founding member of the Houston Ballet Company. She now teaches dance in Little Rock, Arkansas. Another sister, Cynthia’s twin, rounds out the artistic family. She pursued a career in music before becoming a nun.

Harriet’s education progressed much the same as other Grosse Pointe children – Ferry School to Parcels to Grosse Pointe North. It was there she got a reputation as organized, maybe too organized. She kiddingly refers to herself at the time as “Betty Bunhead” and remembers school with mixed feelings. “No wonder nobody liked me in school. I was really studious, got all my assignments in, and made sure I got to school on time...Now I’m known

as the Felix Unger of the company."

It was after her second year at North that she took off for New York to live with relatives on Long Island, studying ballet at the New York Professional Children's School, which she describes as something "completely out of the movie *Fame*," and later at the School of American Ballet.

Of her graduating class of 200, six were picked by the New York Ballet Company, but Clark was the only one accepted into the American Ballet Theatre. In four years with the group, her roles have ranged from what she calls "your typical *corps de ballet*" to fairly major parts. In the April production of *Romeo and Juliet*, she could be seen as Lady Montague, as well as various peasants and dancers.

With 100 members in the company, any part is sought after, so there's bound to be some competition. "Sure, with so many of us with basically the same goals," she admits. "But when someone gets some nice solo, you'll see the other members of the company in the wings cheering them on...the few breaks you get make it worth all the swans and sylphs."

If there is a familial atmosphere to the group, then certainly the father figure is Mikhail Baryshnikov, who began as artistic director roughly around the time Clark joined. "Misha was with us an awful lot then," she says, "now he pops in occasionally, and when he does, he's really wonderful to work with. And everybody works just a little bit harder when the boss is around."

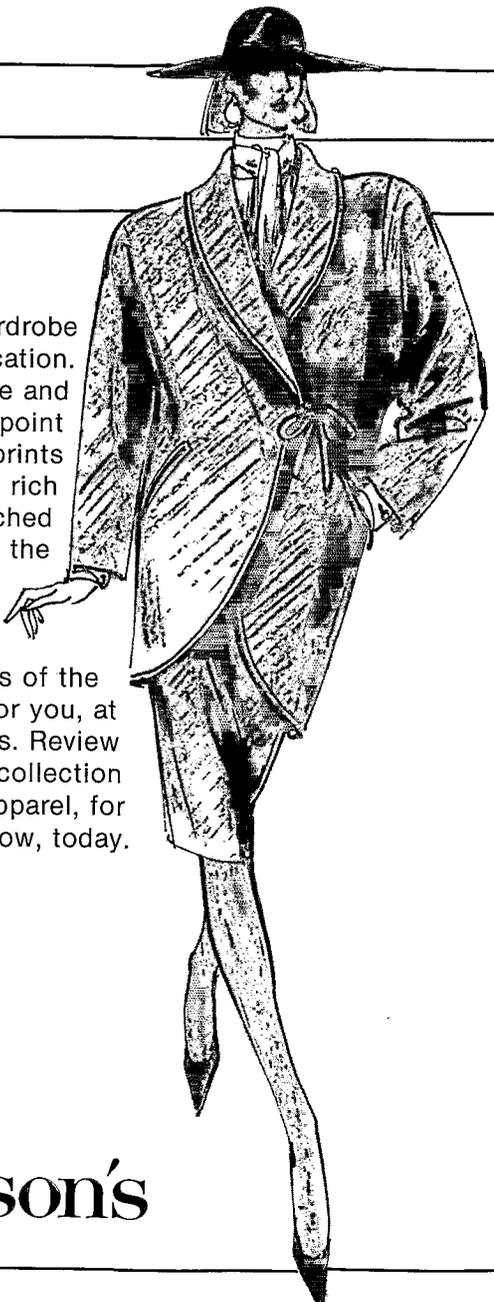
For Clark, traveling is the hardest part of the job, highlighted by a recent tour of Japan along with most major United States cities. Strenuous schedules don't allow much time for sightseeing, however. "I had several dancers out to Grosse

Pointe to let them know that not all of Detroit looks like this," she says, pointing out the Masonic window. "Either they stay at the Dearborn Hyatt or the Ren-Cen and their view is limited — because there's really a lot going on here."

The visit was topped by a feast at

the Clark house. "Contrary to popular belief, ballerinas don't just eat yogurt and salad," she says at a trim 120 pounds. "We eat meat and potatoes, lasagna and garlic bread...I actually have to work to keep my weight up."

continued on page 47



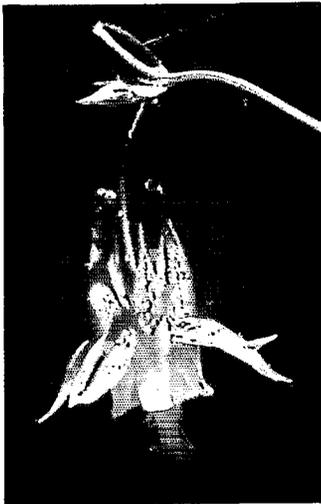
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Down the Garden Path

*Thanks to Grosse Pointe's garden clubs,
everything's coming up roses . . .
and azalea . . . and tulips . . .*



Spring spreads over the Pointes. Pale blue skies host clouds which pay tribute to a buttercup sun. The green waters of the lake dance as they celebrate release from the craggy ice and bitter cold that manifest winter's cruel bondage. Spring in the Pointes is always special, moreso because of the flowers.

They arrive in a blaze of brilliant color — rhododendron, tulips, azalea and impatiens — open in all their glory.

And, for almost forty years, the Grosse Pointe garden clubs have kept them blooming, through a shared interest in preserving the community's beauty. The crab apples and flowering verbena, now such a part of Grosse Pointe, thrive because of club efforts back in the Fifties.

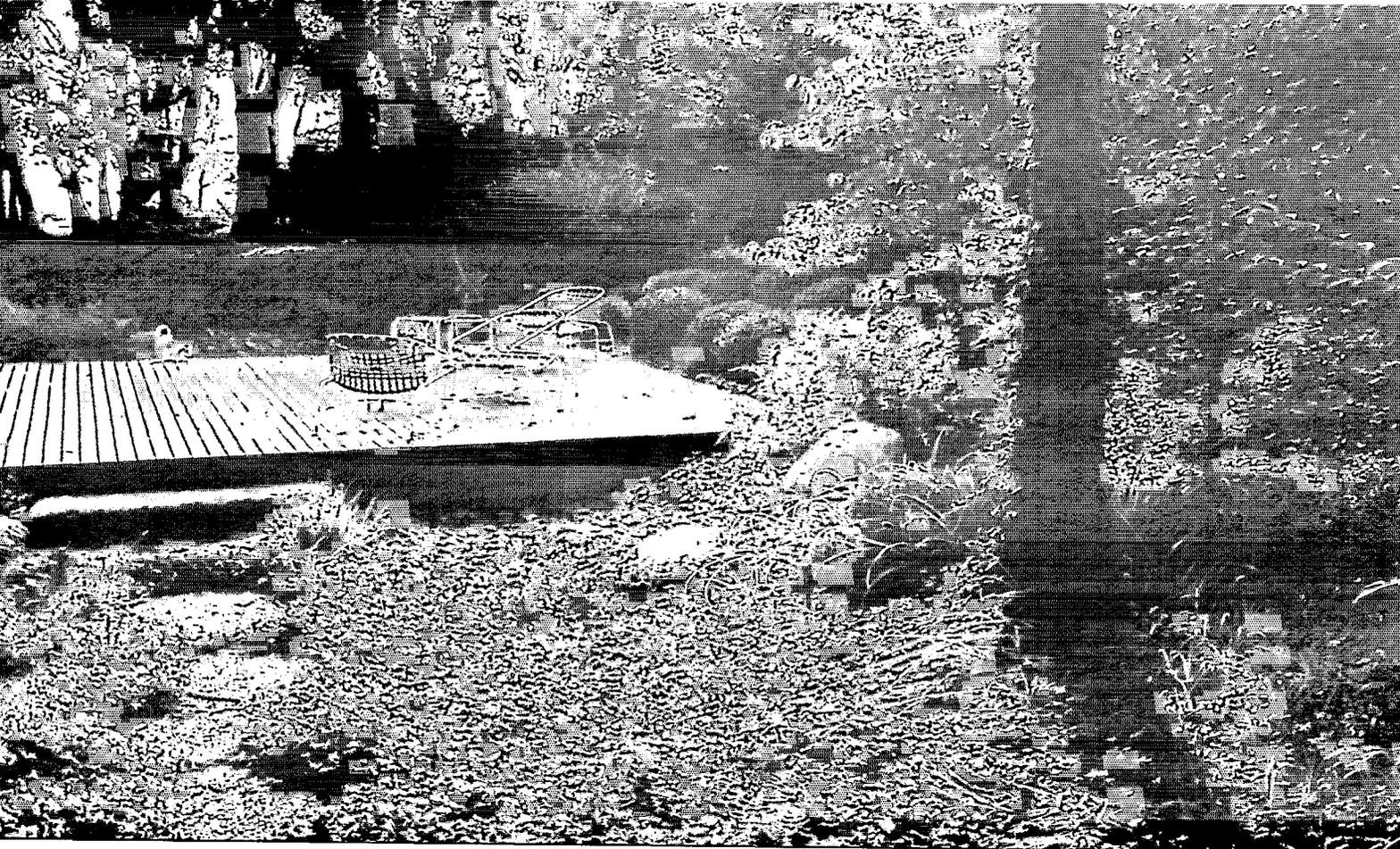
There are nineteen garden clubs registered with the Garden Club Council, an organization formed in June of 1948. Membership in each club ranges anywhere from fifteen to thirty, though the Grosse Pointe Garden Club and the Garden Club of Michigan each have up to 100 members. Representatives from each of the clubs meet four times a year — in October, January, March and May — to plan and consolidate projects. Although each of the clubs has its own agenda, they all participate in the annual garden tour, held this year July 19 through 21, highlighting nine outstanding gardens in the area.

Included will be the magnificent herb gardens at the Grosse Pointe Academy, the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's Trial Gardens and the private gardens of several Pointers. Featured gardens rotate from year to year, and are based on beauty, variety and uniqueness. Last year, one of the chosen belonged to Mrs. Julian Marcks. More like a park than a garden, this masterpiece of color and design is correctly approached through a red brick circular driveway lined with shrubs, red geraniums and huge oak trees. It is enclosed by a white brick wall that makes an impressive backdrop for the brilliant flowers, trees and shrubs. Each arrangement stands out like a still-life painting.

The park is arranged in courtyards, with one — the "Dog's Courtyard," designated for her faithful German shepherd, set off by a colorful brick-bordered snapdragon bed. Another, the "Garage Courtyard," has impatiens backed by shrubs, with a symmetrically-placed dogwood in the center. "The Fountain Court" is an English garden of colorful annuals set in stone and leading to a fountain. The owner is justifiably proud of her primroses, an English import not easily grown in this area.

While the flowers are impressive, the visitor is struck by the drama of the trees. This is a place boasting its own woods, with an outstanding California redwood set off by an enormous cluster of rhododendron, an Oriental maple, and sequoia trees standing majestically in the corner. Not surprisingly, she is most fond of those trees. "My garden is a source of pleasure to me year-round," she says. "I love to watch the trees, even when they are stripped of their foliage in winter. It's fascinating to watch the shadows and patterns created as their limbs move in winter's winds."

With all the area's beautiful gardens, it's hard to decide



Garden of Mr. and Mrs. B. Courtney Rankin.

◇ PHOTOS BY JANE KOHRING.

which to show. In recent years, that job has been left to Mrs. Jeanne Lowe, who arranges the gardens and lines up co-workers who keep the public informed of the tour. When the hour finally arrives, she is responsible for seeing that tickets and brochures are distributed, and that someone is on hand to greet visitors and answer questions.

The money realized from the tour (tickets are \$5) is distributed to certain beautification projects. Last year, \$6,000 was raised. The group's work can be seen throughout the Pointes — in the little leaf lindens in the Park; the snowdrift crab apple on the Charlevoix side of Elworthy Field, the Norway maples in the Farms and Shores, and the scarlet oak in the Woods. Other projects that have benefited from tour money include the plantings on the Hill (\$3,000), improvements in Grosse Pointe Shores (\$2,000) and landscaping around the Park branch of the Grosse Pointe public library (\$1,500).

The council also funds scholarships to the environmental school at Higgins Lake. Each year, six teachers are chosen to spend a week there learning conservation firsthand.

While member clubs of the council work as one on many projects, each club sponsors activities of its own. Mrs. Kenneth Steketee is the current president of the council, a member of the Village Garden Club, and has encouraged the planting of wildflowers on the expressway. She also works with residents of St. Anne's convalescent home in horticultural therapy.

Members watch for bills in Congress relating to the environment and encourage taxpayers to put an 'X' on

their income tax form allotting money for conservation. They are active in promoting the sale of trees and gypsy moth control programs. They have also given money to 4-H clubs and to the garden centers at Ferry school in the Woods and Harmon school in St. Clair Shores.

Mrs. Steketee seems particularly fond of this latter project. You can catch a certain note of enthusiasm as she talks of the pleasure the children have caring for plants, flowers and small animals. She smiled as she recalled the story of the baby ducks raised at Ferry School. "When it came time for them to be put back in the pond," she said, "the children arranged for them to have a police escort as they waddled their way home." Yes indeed, this is Grosse Pointe, after all . . .

Also working towards the beautification scheme are members of the Grosse Pointe Garden Center, located in the War Memorial, which is oriented towards education and providing an opportunity for gardeners to share experiences. The Grosse Pointe Garden Center began in 1949 when the Alger family presented their Italian Renaissance home on Lake St. Clair to the community, dedicating it to the memory of our war heroes. While the purpose was to serve the civic and cultural needs of the community, there was another stipulation — a sunny room on the second floor was to be set aside as a center for gardening activities. In 1950, the Garden Center was organized. It has one major fundraiser each year — a tour of five Grosse Pointe homes.

One of the Center's inspiring and educational projects is the DePetris Trial Gardens. Each year, nine of the

NATURE

garden clubs are chosen to plant and care for an individual section of the garden. A theme is chosen to be representative — this year's — "Gardens for your senses from seeds." Annuals are grown from seeds and planted around a millstone, part of the structure that used to stand on Windmill Pointe.

"The people who work on the garden are all ages; all of the work is done by hand," says Judy Bigelow, the center's coordinator and guiding spirit. "The digging, the planting, the weeding, the watering — the participants choose their own plants." Mrs. Bigelow is a tireless worker herself. "The Trial Gardens are my baby," she proudly states. She delights in telling how many brides have had their pictures taken in front of the gardens, and how concert patrons and other visitors often admire them.

Another typical example of the inspirational and educational events presented at the Garden Center is Jane Kohring's beautiful "Circle of the Seasons." Kohring has several slide programs all focusing on the natural beauty of Michigan. The viewer has the close-up view of the wild-

flowers, flowering trees, mushrooms and a potpourri of nature's bounty as it grows freely in its natural environment.

Other offerings of the Garden Center include a library stocked and growing with gardening books; a bonsai show; the Berry Memorial Lecture which brings in outstanding garden authorities; seasonal workshops and field trips to the Trial Gardens of Michigan State and the University of Michigan. The Garden Center also maintains two-year fellowships at MSU for advancements in the field of horticulture. This year, graduate students at U of M also received a \$1,000 fellowship. The funds came from a very successful 1983 house tour.

These kinds of things don't just occur haphazardly. Like a garden, the events have to be nurtured in order to grow. And the Grosse Pointe garden clubs are already putting in the time to ensure the beauty of the community.

Marian Trainor is a freelance writer who frequently contributes to the Grosse Pointe News. ♦

GROSSE POINTE GARDEN CLUB COUNCIL 1984-1985

Listed below are the various gardening clubs operating in the Grosse Pointe area, along with the name and telephone number of the president of the group, for those who share their love of all things growing.

Deeplands Garden Club meets the second Monday of each month and has 20 members. President: Mrs. Gerald Penkszik (Wendy), 886-5747.

Garden Club of Michigan meets the first Monday of each month and has 90 members. President: Mrs. Jon Clark (Bliss), 886-5007.

Grand Marais Garden Club meets the second Monday of each month, and has 29 members. President: Mrs. Ellsworth Allison (Dorothy), 882-8493.

Grosse Pointe Farm and Garden Club meets the second Monday of each month, and has 100 members. President: Mrs. Horace Carpenter, Jr. (Marie), 886-6052.

Grosse Pointe Park Garden Club meets the second Monday of the month, and has 25 members. President: Mrs. Richard Mertz (Jane), 774-5252.

Grosse Pointe Garden Club meets the second Tuesday of the month. President: Mrs. Richard Speer (Martha), 882-7636.

Grosse Pointe Shores Farm and Garden Club meets the first Friday of the month and has 25 members. President: Mrs. Robert C. Choep (Dorothy), 882-8118.

Grosse Pointe Woods Garden Club meets the first Tuesday of the month. President: Mrs. Frederick Leonard (Florence), 884-2334.

Junior League Gardeners have 75 members. President: Mrs. Robert Petz Jr. (Mary Ann), 882-0243.

La Societe des Jardinieres meet the second Thursday of the month and has 17 members. President: Helena Muir, 882-1019.

Men's Garden Club — President: Harold Lee, 881-6103.

Little Garden Club meets the second Wednesday of the month and has 15 members. President: Mrs. Edward G. Rosella (Dotty), 881-1765.

Pointe Garden Club meets the third Monday of the month. President: Mrs. J. Lane Donovan (Shirley), 885-4412.

Suburbia Garden Club meets the first Tuesday of the month and has 20 members. President: Mrs. Diamond T. Phillips (Marge).

Trowell and Error Garden Club meets the fourth Thursday of the month and has 27 members. President: Mrs. Alex Gill.

Village Garden Club meets the fourth Friday of the month and has 28 members. President: Mrs. Emil F. Traum (Sallie), 882-8938.

Windmill Pointe Garden Club meets the first Wednesday of the month and has 25 members. President: Mrs. George Malley (Barbara), 885-8241.

Green Thumb A.A.U.W. Study Group meets the fourth Friday of the month. President: Mrs. Fred Cheek (Mary Sue), 771-9252.

Ferry School Nature Center - Director: Mrs. Edward Foreman (Barbara), 882-6655.







Beach Blanket NEON

Gear up, beach bums and bunnies. Summer's here and the time is right for hanging out at the beach, strutting your stuff at the park, or partying down on the boat. And you're going to have to be dressed for the occasion — this year's fashions are bright, bold and flamboyant, just like the people wearing them. So join us in welcoming the colors of summer, coming soon to a pool near you.

Stylist:	Deborah DiRezze
Photography:	Jean Lannen
Hair & Makeup:	James Orlando Olga Tsielos, of the Ultima Salon.
Models:	James Kinnaird Chris Lash Wayne Bessler Kurt West Indra Melcher Claire Walter Holly Hammel Cheryl Kay

Special thanks to
Grosse Pointe Farms Park
for their assistance.



James wears a white cotton crew from Picard-Norton with the comfort of cotton madras bermudas. Indra models the stencilled sweatshirt certain to be the "hottest" coverup on Pointers this summer. Only at the Campus Shop.

Jim's wearing a turquoise polo and swim trunks in eye-popping stripes. The look is Polo by Ralph Lauren. at Carl Sterr.

Indra's look is by Sassafras at the Willow Tree. Her graffiti-splashed tank is knotted at the sides with electric blue ties. Cover is provided by matching pull-on shorts.

Claire shows the flattery of a Sirena suit, diagonally striped. The bright turquoise and violet suit has removable straps for tanning . . . a thoughtful design. at Walton-Pierce.

Kurt, in a Ralph Lauren look that speaks clearly of summer. The intense yellow shorts are echoed in yellow stripes on the white and navy pullover. At Carl Sterr.

Holly's terrific in the season's hottest colors — acid green gives this seamed black tank super impact . . . by Givenchy at Walton-Pierce.

Cheryl wears another graffiti-splashed duo. This time, Gabar does the suit in a soft pucker knit. The 'big shirt' coverup sports a standup collar and long tailored sleeves. At Walton-Pierce.

Chris is laid back in layered signature polo shirts from Picard-Norton. The shirts for a pair of those forever classics . . . patch-work plaid shorts from Hickey's.

**"I'm bored.
There's
nothing to
do!"**







Above: The girls' contemporary tank suits are embellished with our favorite cartoon pal, Mickey Mouse. The matching coverups double the fun, and you can find them at The Willow Tree . . . Kurt's Bill Blass jacket is jauntily nautical in red, yellow and navy stripes, from Jacobson's . . . Jim's white, short-sleeved sweatshirt is from Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Carl Sterr . . . Chris has on another hit from the Campus Shop - the "Grosse Pointe Polo Club" shirt in navy and white. Navy with kelly-and-white trim trunks from Picard-Norton . . . Colorful beach towels at The Bed, Bath and Linens Store . . . Red-and-white striped cap at The Willow Tree.



SURF'S UP!
 Jim's braced for action in a black grid trunk with neon spatters by (who else?) O.P. . . Chris is straight from surf city in a graphic turquoise-and-orange suit by "TRIM". . . Kurt's a California dream waiting for the perfect wave in his Alexander Julian bermuda trunks. All at the Campus Shop.

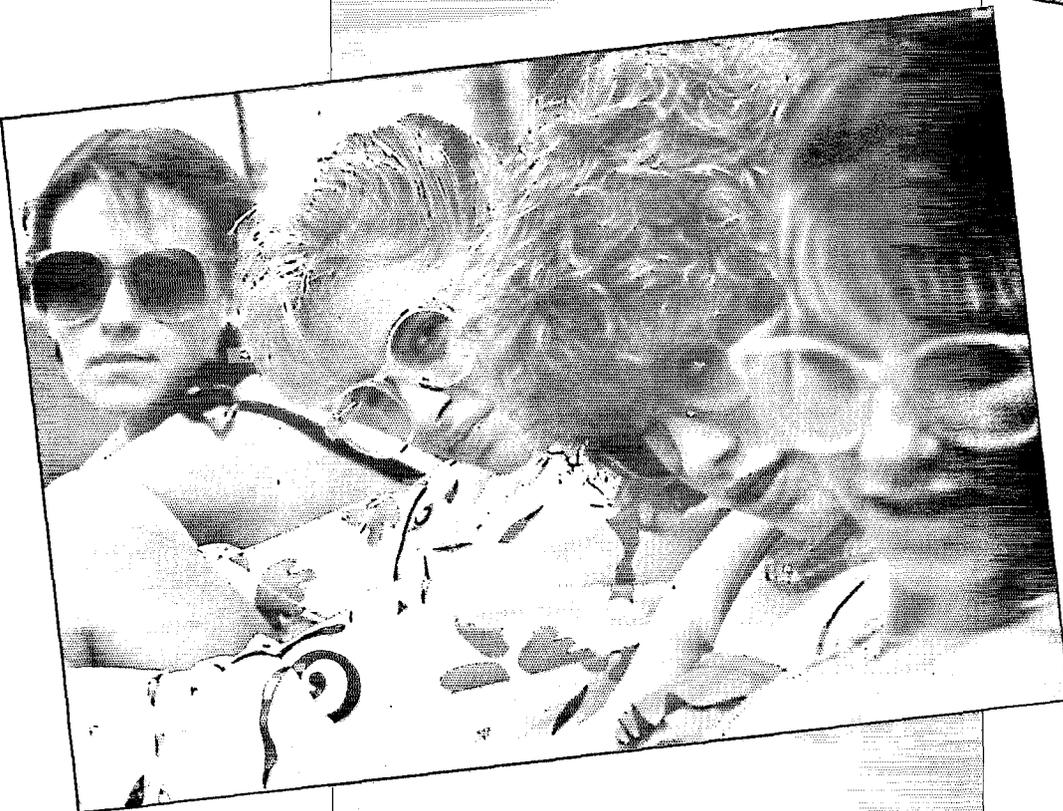


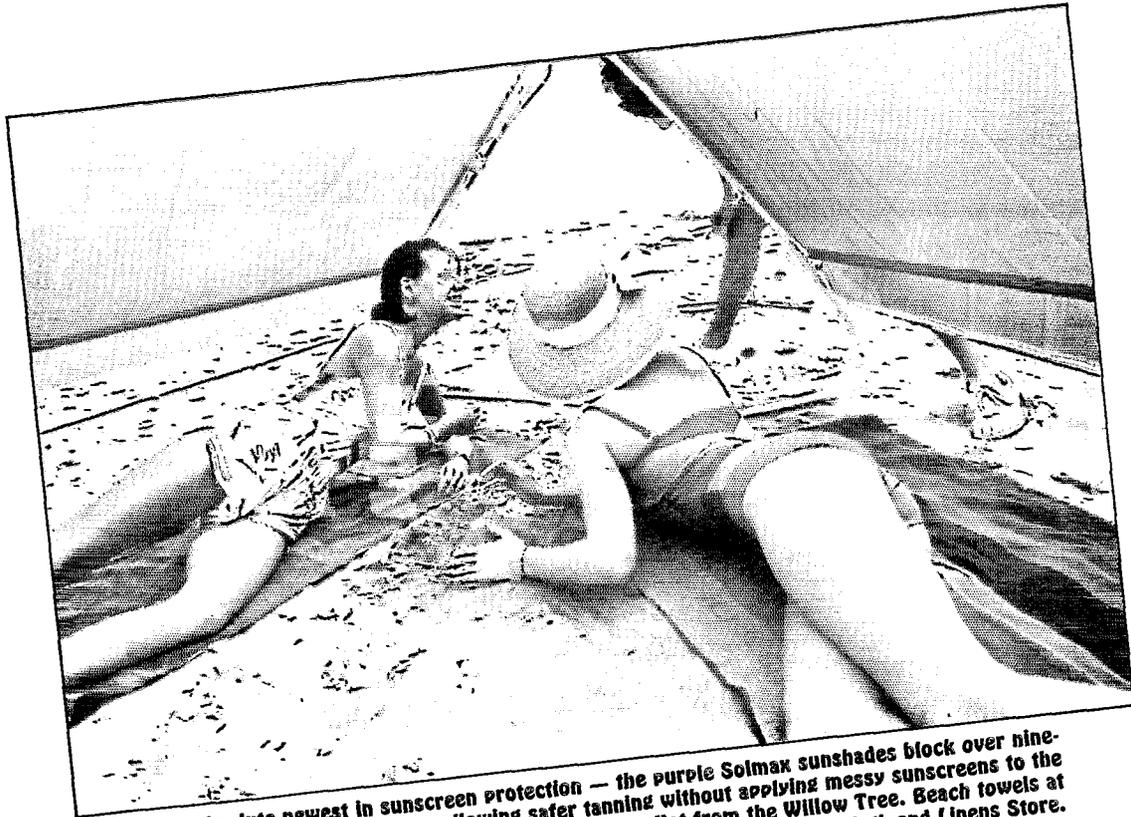
**Cheryl and Holly
bake in the sun in
swimwear from
Walton-Pierce. The
Times Square beach
towel is from
Jacobson's.**



SHARING THE VIEW
Wayne Bessler wears a comfortable blue Bill Blass duo. The seersucker swim trunks match the hooded jacket in terry . . . Holly Hammel models a beauty of a beach coverup from Walton-Pierce. The ease of the Clovis Ruffin rib knit pullover is multiplied by dolman sleeves and hemline slits for walking. And the hat was born to flatter with a soft white gauze band wrapping the crown. Fashionably chunky necklace by Jacobson's. The gentlemen in the background look on in tailored summer classics from Hickey's.

High fashion frames in glowing fluorescent brights - definitely the best for the beach. All sunglasses courtesy of Rainbow Optical Studio.



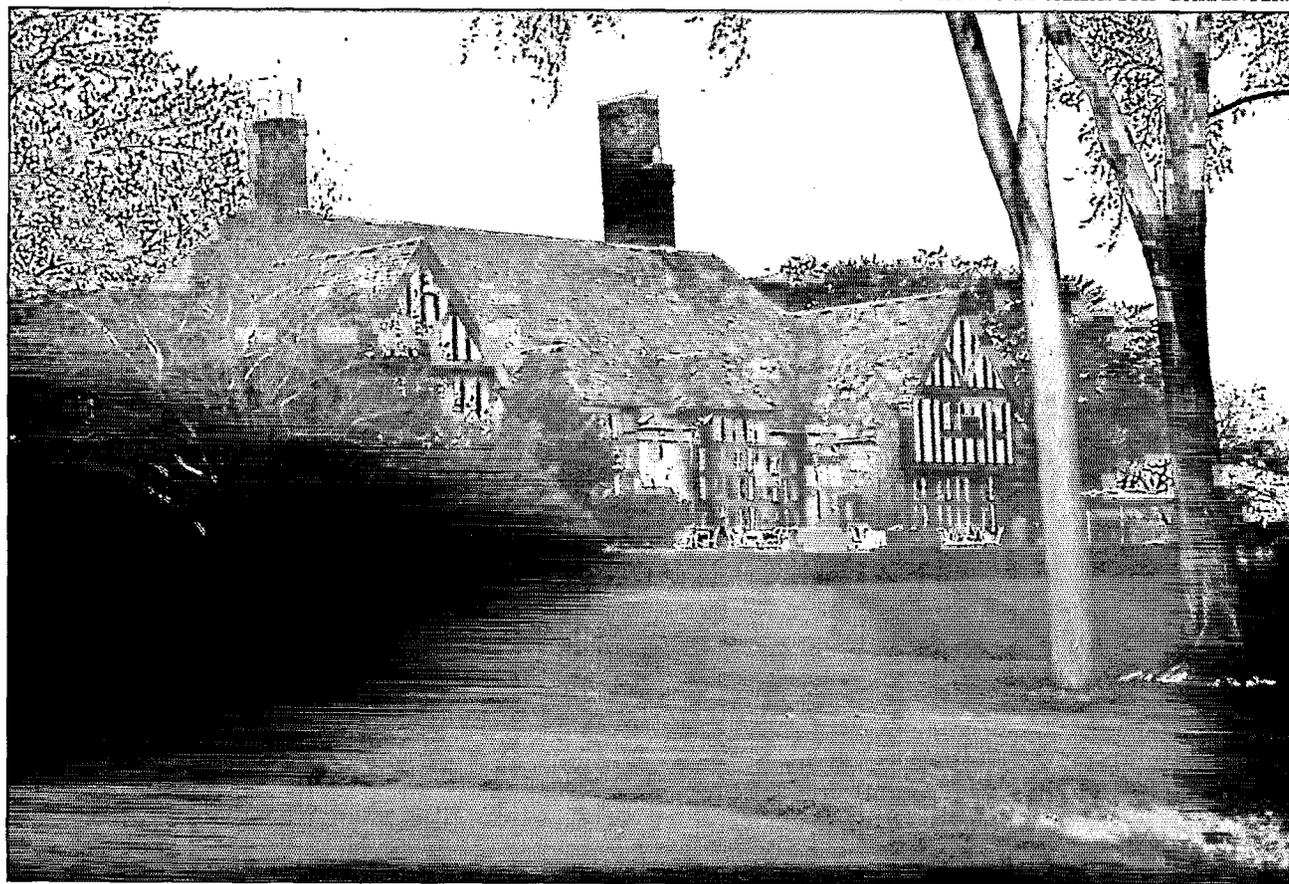


The absolute newest in sunscreen protection — the purple Solmax sunshades block over ninety percent of UVB radiation, allowing safer tanning without applying messy sunscreens to the skin. Available at Jacobson's store for the home. Hat from the Willow Tree. Beach towels at The Bed, Bath and Linens Store.



Our sun worshippers flash a jaunty "goodbye" at the end of the day. Beach towels in luscious colors make good summer friends. Towels and more at The Bed, Bath and Linens Store.

◇ PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER.



The Great Hall of the Country Club of Detroit.

A Comfortable Club, A Serious Sport

*Founded in the Nineteenth Century,
the Country Club of Detroit
maintains the elegant traditions.*

SPORTS

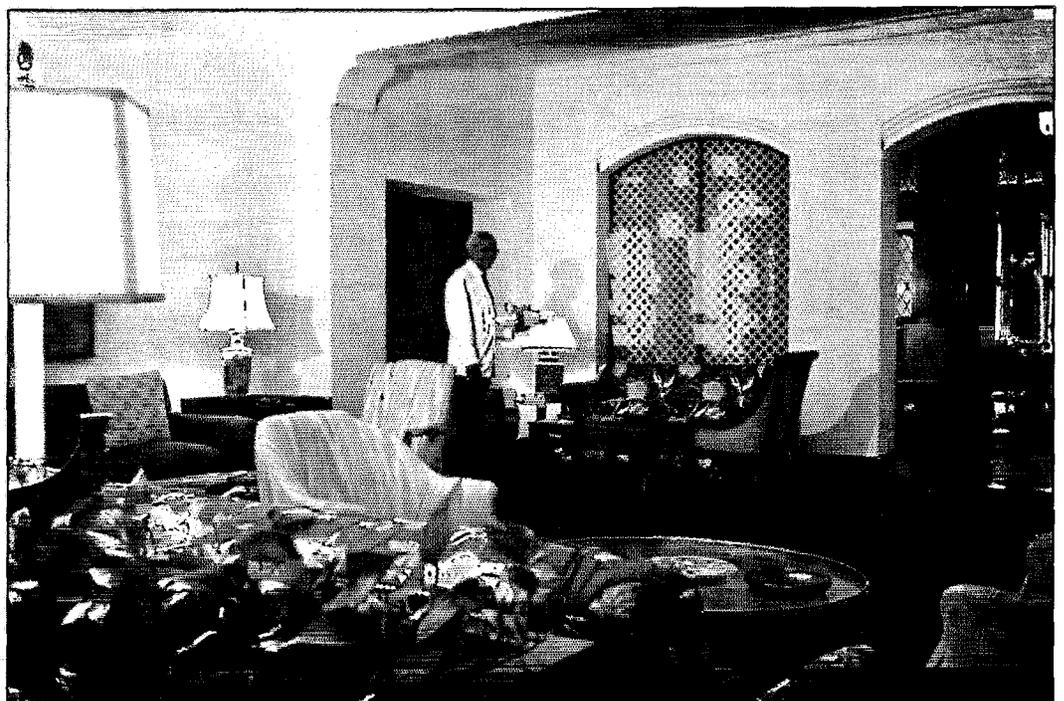


The view from the terrace overlooking the course.

It began with a bent stick and a leather ball stuffed with feathers. The twelfth-century Romans developed what they called "Paganica" and played it in the open countryside. Written reports of it date back to 1457, when King James III of Scotland banned it because its popularity threatened the practice of archery for national defense.

Of course, we're talking golf, a game which continues to rival baseball as the favorite pastime in Grosse Pointe. And along with it comes the popularity of the country clubs, of which Grosse Pointe boasts some of the finest. Set

The elegance of the interior and the courtesy of the staff emphasize the Club's traditional nature.





SPORTS

amidst a myriad of huge, shady trees on Kercheval, the Country Club of Detroit provides its 1200 members with a serene haven of escape for a round of golf, a little tennis, or just a nice peaceful dinner.

Formed in 1897, the Country Club of Detroit was located, as it is today, in Grosse Pointe Farms. However, at the time, Grosse Pointe consisted of little more than summer cottages along Lake Shore Road and had virtually no identity outside the area. It was the resort town attached to the thriving city of Detroit. Back in 1897, the "of Detroit" moniker was a necessity.

The Country Club of Detroit (CCD) was the first formally organized golf club in the Detroit area, but not the first golf course. A few years earlier, Senator James McMillan had become interested in the game while in the East and had a six-hole course laid out in the infield of Hamilton Park, his private race track in what is now the Touraine and Vendome Road section of the Farms. Then, in 1895, his sons, William C. and Phillip, together with W. Howie Muir, Benjamin S. Warren and Cameron Currie, built a nine-hole course west of Alter Road, just inside the present Detroit city limits. It was called the Wanikin Club. It was the enthusiasm created by those who played these two earlier courses that led to a meeting of the founders of the present CCD. That meeting was on October 1, 1897, with Henry Russel presiding as the first chairman of the board.

As with most country clubs, golf was the dominant feature of the CCD. The course opened for play in June of 1898, and was located on 125 acres in the Jefferson-Fisher Road area, near where Grosse Pointe South High School stands today. Members paid a \$50 initiation fee and annual dues of \$25. (This compares to today's

initiation fee of \$15,000 to \$17,000, with monthly dues of \$225.) Golf's popularity continued to boom and the Club benefited — growing in membership to 400 by 1906.

Due to widespread growth of the Grosse Pointe area, the golf course was realigned and underwent several cosmetic changes until new facilities opened in 1927 on the site of the present course. Plans to add tennis courts, a swimming pool and paddle tennis courts were stalled by the Depression in the early Thirties, but the Club survived the hard times. Another severe test followed ten years later as many members left for service in World War II. Again the Club persevered.

After the war, the Club's planned expansion became reality and the remodeling of the golf course by Robert Trent Jones in 1952 delighted the golfing members. The biggest changes were elimination of bunkers which crossed fairways on several holes, and the digging of new ones which bordered the fairways for accurate driving. The course became recognized as top-caliber and played host to the 1954 National Amateur Championship, which was the first



Elegant dining remains a tradition at the CCD.



Club Manager Joe Gunter.

major victory for a brash young newcomer — Arnold Palmer.

The Country Club of Detroit has had several distinguished golfers among its members, including four-time Michigan Amateur champion James Standish, who became the president of the United States Golf Association in 1950; Dorothy Higbie, who captured an amazing nineteen club championships from 1919 to 1954, and John Grace, runner-up for the National Amateur title in 1974. Perhaps the most accomplished family of the club's golfers through the years, however, has been that of A. Frederick Kammer, who along with his son and grandson, took club championships fifteen times between 1942 and 1969, with A. F. Kammer III taking his latest in 1977.

It was this Kammer who played a major role in securing the Club's current golf professional, Jay Horton. "I happened to play golf down in Florida with Fred Kammer (in late 1983) and he told me the pro was leaving here (CCD) and that they were in the market for one. That's how it really got started," said Horton, who had been the professional at Rockway Hunting Club on Long Island from 1976-1983.

Horton has found similarities in the members of both clubs, but very distinct differences as well. "The Rockway club was similar in a lot of ways to this club; it was a very old, conservative, established club," said Horton. "But this club is much bigger. There are 1,200 members here and the golf program is much more active. We played about 27,000 rounds of golf here in about five-and-a-half months last year. The climate being what it is, when the weather turns warm, people want to try and play as much golf as they can."

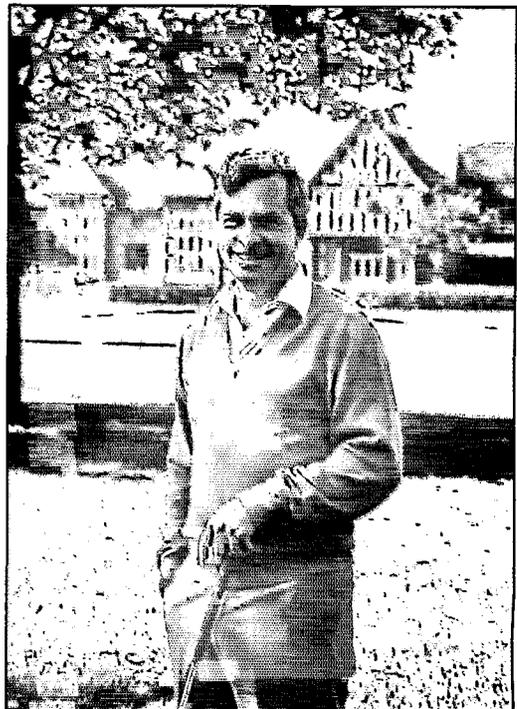
Another difference, somewhat surprising to Horton, is the general disposition of the CCD members, as well as their approach to golf. "I have found most of the members here take their golf quite seriously. Tom (assistant pro Tom Nieporte, Jr.) and I give a lot of lessons. We virtually can spend as much time as we want teaching — that's how active it is as far as people trying to improve their game. They're not the kind of membership who just use the club to go out and get exercise. They're interested in playing better, and they take a lot of pride in the fact that the golf course is one of the top 100 in the country."

Horton refers to a study done by *Golf Digest* magazine, which rated both the golf course and the tennis facilities at the Country Club of Detroit among the top 100 in the country, one of the few clubs with such dual distinctions. The golf course is traditional in design, not possessing any of the innovative dangers of some of the newer models, but Horton finds its appeal unmistakable. "There are a few golf courses that are rated more difficult," he pointed out, "Oakland Hills being one, but this is one where there are a combination of factors that make it difficult without being what some people might consider unfair."

A tree donation program is one feature which sets CCD apart from most. Begun in 1970 by past club president Ralph McElvenny, the program has added over 400 assorted trees to the course. "Mr. McElvenny has done an outstanding job with the program. I get calls from clubs all over the country about this," said club manager Joe Gunter, who has been at CCD since 1962. "What he does is sell a member on buying a tree for the club. We have several hundred thousand dollars worth of trees on the course. We put a plaque out in front of the tree with the name of the person who donated it."

Horton added, "When a lot of courses are losing their trees, we've replaced ours and that keeps the golf course beautiful. Sometimes the placement of a tree on a hole has a severe effect on the way a hole is played." That little something extra has endeared the Country Club of Detroit to its members over the years. They have come to expect the extra care and attention other clubs can't provide, making the golf professional's job a constant challenge. One of the most obvious demands Horton must satisfy is the endless instruction sought by members. In the six-month period the golf course is open for play, Horton gets more than ample opportunity to assist the hacker in straightening the dreaded slice.

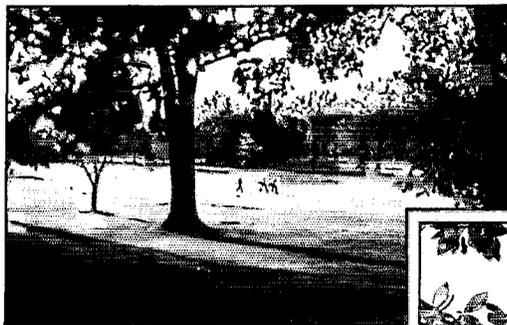
"I gave about 500 lessons last year and my assistant did the same," said Horton, adding, "that's about 1,000 lessons last year, not counting the clinics that we run (for women and



Jay Horton has been CCD's golf pro since 1983.

Club Champions

1984	Pat Griffin
1983	Bruce Birgbauer
1982	Tom Wilson
1981	Pat Griffin
1980	Al Zimmerman
1979	Tom Wilson
1978	Tom Wilson
1977	A.F. Kammer III
1976	Tom Wilson
1975	Roy Tolleson Jr.
1974	A.F. Kammer III
1973	John Grace
1972	John Grace
1971	A.F. Kammer Jr.
1970	John Grace
1969	A.F. Kammer Jr.
1968	George Haggerty
1967	Roy Tolleson
1966	A.F. Kammer Jr.
1965	A.F. Kammer Jr.
1964	A.F. Kammer Jr.
1963	Palmer T. Heenan



The trees on the course are a source of special pride at the Country Club of Detroit.

juniors), so it's a very time-consuming part of the job. One of the things that make the golf professional valuable to the club is teaching."

A member of the University of Florida team which won the NCAA championship in 1968 and a professional tour player in 1974-75, Horton can "still shoot around par on a good day," but his priority has switched from improving his game to concentrating on two other aspects of being a competent club professional. "I try to focus my attention on teaching and merchandising because I think those two are the most important from the club's standpoint. I did play well at one time, but that's become the least important as far as I'm concerned."

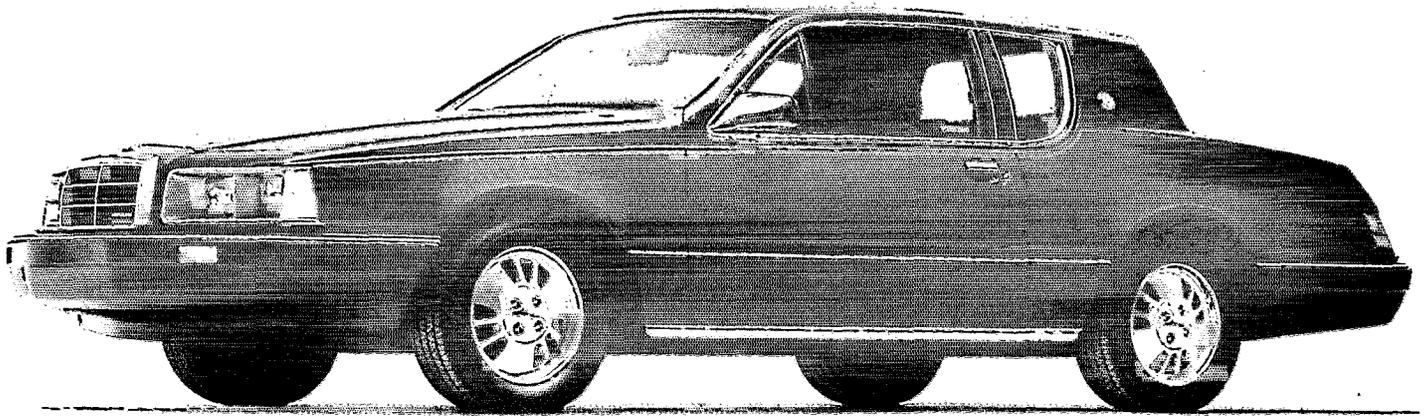
He believes he has the perfect complement to work the merchandising end. "My wife (Dayre) manages the shop and does all the ladies' clothes buying. She knows what it's like to run the inside aspect of a golf club and that allows me to get out there and teach, and not worry about the other part. It's like having a clone of yourself inside the shop that you can count on."

In the future, Horton would like to see an increased in-

volvement among younger golfers. "We'd like to promote a little larger interest in our junior program. We're fortunate. We have a nine-hole short course which is ideal for junior golfers. I think it's important for juniors to learn the game. Even though a lot of them won't pursue golf through junior high or high school, at some point, they may decide they want to play, and this early exposure will make the ability to take up the game later in life a lot easier. They'll know the fundamentals. It's much more difficult to take up the game later in life if you've never had lessons."

Since he doesn't have much time for his own game during the summer, Horton crams as many rounds as possible into his winters, spent at his off-season home in Florida. Then it's back to work in April, right when Michigan begins to bloom again. "We're very pleased with the move here." He concluded, "We like the people, the area. I think this is one of the best clubs in the whole country." ♦

Brian Marshall is a Grosse Pointe freelance writer and a regular contributor to HERITAGE.



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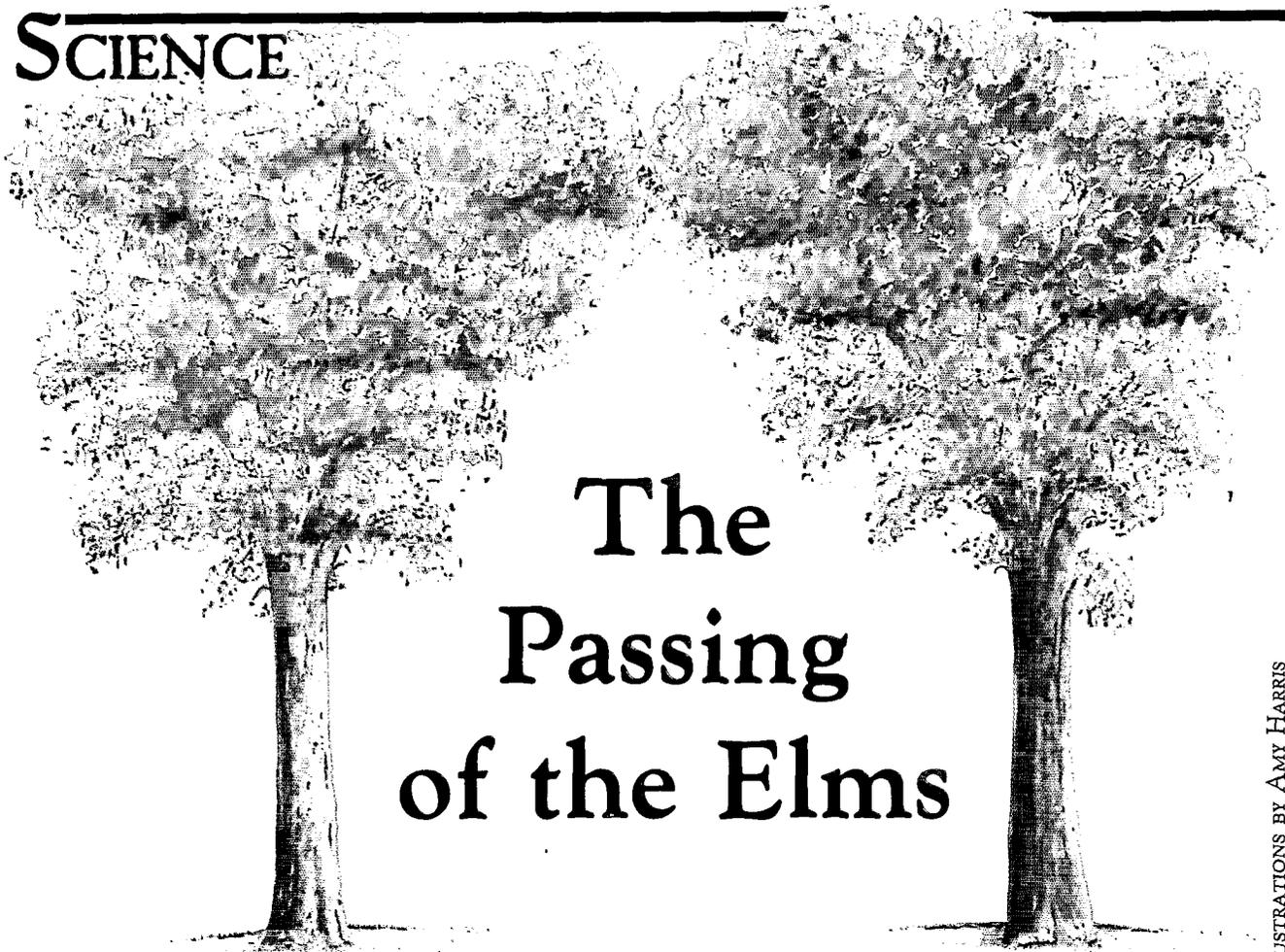
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The Passing of the Elms

Beetles and bureaucracy hasten the demise of Grosse Pointe's urban forest.



They are indisputably the grandest and most graceful of American shade trees. The seventeenth-century French botanist André Michaux pronounced the American elm tree (*Ulmus americanus*) "Nature's noblest vegetable." Even before Michaux first beheld the giant elm's distinctive wineglass shape, its boughs cascading from a spreading crown 100 feet tall, American Indians gathered under the tallest elms for their ceremonies and council meetings. In the Pointes — home to an urban forest that sets the community apart from the surrounding municipalities — the elm tree is a passion, and at times, a community obsession.

When one of these trees falls, the event is greeted with the same grim-faced, murmuring interest as the ambulance that pulls up to an elderly neighbor's house — or the news that a Merman or a Durante has died.

And they do fall. Compared to much of the country, the Pointes have been phenomenally successful at staving off the national devastation of Dutch elm disease (DED), a blight so deadly it can kill a 100-year-old tree in a single season. Left unchecked, DED has destroyed ninety percent of the elms in some cities. Even here, the casualties have been massive.

By the best estimate, there are more than 10,000 American elms left in the five Pointes. Before the disease started taking its toll in the late Fifties, there were more than twice that number. The Farms, which has the largest elm population—some 3,700 trees—and arguably the best program for fighting DED, has lost about forty percent of its elms since 1960. The Farms lost another 131 trees last year. The city of Grosse Pointe has a success rate comparable to that of the Farms; in the Park, and especially in the Woods, the devastation has been greater.

Future losses will significantly change the shape of the neighborhoods; elms still make up 60 percent of the trees in Grosse Pointe City, for instance, according to a city official. The giant trees, in combination with the lake, are what give Grosse Pointe its character. While most were planted by developers in the Thirties, Forties and even into the Fifties, many were here previously, and virgin stands of aged, mighty elms still line streets south of the Grosse Pointe Woods City Hall. The urban forest in the Pointes has an estimated value of between \$30 and \$40 million. The loss of an elm can mean a sudden, \$10,000 decline in the value of a home.

In a community which prizes its trees and which has committed hundreds of thousands of dollars to saving the elm, it raised a small stir when, on April 8, the city of

Grosse Pointe Park — *Tree City, U.S.A.* — took the advice of a citizen committee that had made a three-week study of the matter, and voted 5-3 to stop spraying the insecticide used to kill the elm bark beetle, the carrier of DED. The vote reversed a thirty-year Park policy. It also flew in the face of advice given by plant pathologists and urban foresters who attended the meeting and wrote letters to Park officials urging that the annual spring spraying not be discontinued.

In effect, the vote and the debate brought into relief many of the difficulties and uncertainties of the long, costly fight against DED, from fiscal and political realities, to doubts over which method — or which combination of methods — is the most effective weapon against the disease; to the larger question of whether anything, in the long run, will save the elms. It also reflected, in one longtime observer's eyes, the weariness of the community that has fought a Thirty Years' War against DED, and is still losing its trees. "Frankly, I think they're getting tired," says Jean Rice, the chair and founder of the Pointes-wide Shade Tree Council.

In debates that preceded the Park council's spraying vote, Mayor Palmer Heenan called attention to a vacant lot on Detroit's east side, where workers had piled the remains of some of the last of that city's diseased elms. The elm-tree graveyard is, ironically, a hatchery for the elm beetle, which breeds on dead and dying wood, and in so doing picks up the spores of the fatal fungus.



nce, the phrase "city of trees" referred to Detroit and an estimated 250,000 of the stately elms graced its now-largely-denuded parks and streets, and formed giant canopies over its roadways. By one estimate, less than 10,000 Detroit elms remain today. In more recent years, that cash-strapped city has been unable to keep up with cleaning out the dying trees, let alone taking any preventive measures. And the scope of the disease in Detroit has meant a steady supply of carrier beetles who fly or can drift many miles on winds into the Pointes. Once they arrive, the insects feed on healthy trees, introducing the fungus into the elm's vascular system, resulting in the tree choking to death.

Insecticides were the first recognized weapon against the beetle and the disease, which was first discovered in Cleveland around 1950. (Dutch elm disease is believed to have first come to this country around 1930, when a shipment of infected veneer arrived in New York from the Netherlands — hence, the disease's name.) The chemical poison DDT was effective against the insects, but it also killed the squirrels and birds who lived in the trees. Following the national public furor over DDT's persistence in the environment in the late Sixties, most communities — including the Pointes — switched to methoxychlor, which has been used ever since.

Recently, even the experts who advocate spraying to control the beetle population — and the disease — have come to recognize that without speedy removal of the dead wood in which the insects breed, spraying alone is not likely to hold the disease in check.



here are other variables which have caused debate over methoxychlor's cost-effectiveness. Because the beetles tend to feed in the tiniest twig crotches on the tops of the tree, the spray must be properly administered so that it reaches those heights. One study found that spraying by helicopter is the most effective method of application; but it is also the messiest (the poison is a sticky substance which can damage cars and lawn furniture) and expensive. Another study has an implication which virtually rules out that kind of crop-dusting in the Pointes, near Lake St. Clair: methoxychlor may be toxic to fish. Throughout the Pointes, commercial applicators use either a hydraulic or mist sprayer.

While there's no doubt that beetles are responsible for much of the tree loss in this country, naturally occurring root grafts between neighboring trees can transmit the disease — and may cause as much as fifty percent of all losses in a mature area, where older trees grow close together. Consequently, as trees thin themselves by dying, the incidence of DED may begin to drop, obscuring any attempts to measure the effectiveness of spraying. The difficulty of quantifying methoxychlor's effectiveness, amidst all these variables, makes the debate over to whether to spray or not to spray virtually unanswerable at the present time.

A long-term study of twenty-one communities near Chicago found that tree losses were 1.5 percent lower when elms were not sprayed; but because three of the six communities in the study with the highest survival rates had stopped or never begun spraying, the author was forced to conclude that "unknown factors significantly affect the incidence of DED." Dr. Jack H. Barger, a research entomologist with the U.S. government's Forest Insect Disease Laboratory in Delaware, Ohio, has found that methoxychlor spraying can save up to two percent of a given elm population. In a March 21 letter to a Grosse Pointe Park city official, Barger warned that suspending spraying would be "a grave mistake," and pointed to the example of Shaker Heights, Ohio, the model for DED control across the country. Shaker Heights has reduced its annual elm losses to just two percent per year (the Pointes averaged losses of around six percent) and even began replanting American elms with the first 100 trees last year, and more planned for '85. "Be assured," wrote Barger, "that had [Shaker Heights] not continued its spraying program, their losses would have been much worse."



n the other side of the argument, the Grosse Pointe Park Beautification Committee points to another model, Elmhurst, Illinois, which, after years of spraying, concluded that there was no appreciable difference in the incidence of DED on sprayed and unsprayed plots, and to Saginaw, which has also stopped spraying.

The anti-spraying forces in the Pointes preach "sanitation" — the close monitoring and speedy removal of the disease from the elm population — as the new panacea. In



fact, the current scientific wisdom is that while stringent sanitation alone is better than spraying alone, a many-pronged approach to DED is the best bet. In a cost-benefit analysis of DED in the Denver area, it was found that the combination of consistent sanitation *and* pesticide spraying, while the most expensive in the short term, had the greatest benefits. With this combination, the study concluded, 152 trees were saved, versus fifty-four with stringent sanitation alone, and just eight elms with inconsistent sanitation.

Sanitation alone is most effective in an isolated elm population, according to Dr. James Kielbaso, an urban forester with Michigan State University. That is not the case in the Pointes (and especially not in the Pointe which is nearest Detroit — the Park) which are adjacent to Detroit's diseased elms.

Dr. Garold F. Gregory, another scientist at Delaware, Ohio, visited the Park last summer and advised against withholding spraying. City foresters with both the city of Birmingham, which sprays, and Saginaw, which has stopped, had also warned Park officials that not spraying might have serious effects in this community. Saginaw is able to perform first-rate sanitation with a city staff of eight people, something none of the Pointes maintains. But the biggest differences between the Pointes and Elmhurst or Saginaw remains its proximity to the last wave of the devastating epidemic in nearby Detroit.

Grosse Pointe Park spent about \$50,000 last year for removal of the 117 diseased trees it discovered on public property. (Like the City and the Farms, the Park has an ordinance that requires property owners to spray trees on private property; it is expected that the Park council will repeal this ordinance, according to the director of public service.) Dr. Barger predicts that within a few years, when the residual effect of methoxychlor wears off, the decision to suspend spraying may cost the Park far more in dollars — not to mention the loss of the trees — than the money (some \$16,000 in the '84 budget) it now costs to spray city trees.

"Because you've got Detroit next door," explained Barger in a phone conversation after the decision, "beetles will be coming out of those [Detroit] trees by the billions." Barger expects the curve of the disease and the losses to increase: "It'll start out slowly and then it'll mushroom — and they'll have to float a bond issue just to take the trees down."

Spraying and speedy removal of the disease are not the only methods used to combat DED. Injection of a systemic fungicide into healthy trees or those showing the early symptoms of DED has a fervent group of fans in the Pointes, and is performed, on a selective basis, by the municipalities as well as by individual tree lovers. But despite its popularity, injection is still considered experimental. What's more, the process, which requires the drilling of a hole into the tree's trunk or its upper root flares, injures the tree — and may even kill it. A University of Wisconsin study warns that "the cumulative effect of several years' wounding coupled with the inherent toxicity

of the chemical may cause excessive trunk damage and ultimately result in the decay and dieback of the tree."

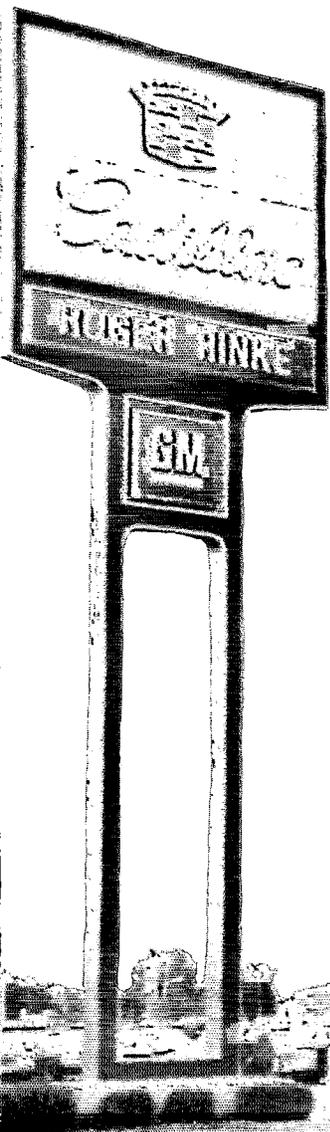
If this happens, or if inexpertly performed or repeated injections result in a chemical overdose, "then you have a tree that looks like it has Dutch elm disease," says Chris Matthew, an administrator in the Grosse Pointe City tree program. Naturally, like everything else that has to do with Dutch elm disease, there is a local debate over which of two patented fungicides — Lignasan, which is applied every three years, or Arbotect, which is commonly applied every year — does the most good (or the least harm) to the tree. In fact, one Pointe official, who requested anonymity, predicted that down the road, the cumulative effect of widespread injections of elm trees may even result in a mass dieoff. Whatever the benefit of injection, it is expensive, costing as much or more per tree per application. Yet another method attacks the disease at the literal roots, the junctures between trees through which DED can be transmitted. A chemical barrier between trees, Vapam, has raised some environmental questions, according to Shade Tree Council chair Rice. Trenching between trees is another approach. But neither Vapam nor a shovel combats the elm beetle's deadly foragings.

In 1975, politics collided with DED policy in Grosse Pointe Woods, and politics prevailed. The then-mayor of the Woods disagreed with the city requirement that he spray his elm trees, or be required to remove the diseased elms, as the Woods ordinance spelled out. His power was such, observers recall, that the council repealed its elm control ordinances. The Woods became the first of the Pointes — at that time the only one — to suspend the spraying of municipal elm trees. In the next four years, elm losses wiped out one-fourth of the Woods' elm population and, in 1979, a citizen panel began successfully lobbying to reinstate the insecticide spraying. In retrospect, "once we stopped spraying, it didn't do any good to start spraying," recalls Rice, who once advocated the resumption and is now a Woods council member. Not only is it extremely difficult to crank up the municipal machinery and expensive to re-register private trees once a spray program has been dropped, Rice notes, but abandoning the coordinated program, which included sanitation and monitoring as well as spraying, had allowed the disease to make too many inroads. "We lost it before the other cities did," she says frankly. Today, amid the widening debate over methoxychlor's effectiveness, Rice is not a proponent of spraying.

"We're going to lose the [DED] battle," Rice predicts, "because there's no cure for the disease anywhere in the near future...What this area has done is hold back the demise of the elms, and they have done it very successfully."

The Woods has turned its attention to reforestation, spending some \$20,000 a year in recent years to plant saplings of other species throughout that city. Rice says that in three to five years, the Woods will be completely reforested. But its trees won't be the same giant, majestic elms.

continued on page 50



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Stirring the Soup

On the heels of her new book, columnist Nickie McWhirter takes stock of her experiences.

Everybody has their favorite Nickie McWhirter column. Whether it be her astute observation on how the other half lived at Princess Di's wedding, or a simple comic treatise on the state of wimps, McWhirter's columns are nothing if not diverse. No subject, as they say, is sacred.

There are a few great truths of the universe which she holds in pretty high regard, though. In her columns at the *Detroit Free Press*, and in her upcoming book, *Pea Soup — The Best of Nickie McWhirter*, she goes into detail on some of her theories. "The organizational structure of the universe is chaos," she says, from the living room of her Grosse Pointe Farms home. "We have immutable physical laws which are true and perfectly organized. However, all you have to do is try to garden, and you know the organizational principle of the universe is chaos." She leans forward, gesturing expansively with her small hands.

"Try to keep the crabgrass out, try to keep the slugs from chewing through your plants. When you think you're at the top of the world — that's when for no good reason it will start

falling apart, and there's nothing you can do about it.

"The wise person just shrugs, and says, 'Of course, it was going to happen.' That's what I call pea soup. We're all just little bits of peas floating around. Some of us are up near the top, and some of us are down near the bottom, and just when you least expect it, the big wooden spoon comes in and gives it a stir, and it's all changed. You may end up closer to the top than you were before, or vice versa. No matter where you end up, you can be assured that it's all going to change."

Her own experience in the soup pot was fairly calm for the first part of her life. Glenna Suzanne (nicknamed Nickie) was born in Peoria, Illinois, graduated from the University of Michigan with a degree in English language and literature. In addition to beginning work on a graduate degree, she worked for two years in Detroit as an editorial assistant in the news bureau of the McGraw-Hill publishing company. Marriage and the birth of three children settled her into the life of a Bloomfield Hills homemaker.

"I was born Shirley Temple, grew

up Annette Funicello, and was very much on my way to becoming Mrs. Cunningham of *Happy Days*," she says with a laugh.

But the soup was given a quick stir after a discussion with her daughter Suzanne. In second grade at the time, she detailed her aspirations on growing up — to marry, have four children and bake chocolate chip cookies for life. McWhirter realized then that perhaps she had not been setting the best example.

"It was very upsetting to me that her horizons were so limited. She couldn't see any opportunity in her adult life beyond that. So, I decided I'm going to be the first role model — I had to go back to work right away." With that in mind, a former colleague arranged for an interview at the *Detroit Free Press*.

"On the appointed day," she explains, "I arrived downtown in my little white gloves and my perfect prim dress, and I brought as my portfolio a bunch of junk I had done at McGraw-Hill — and junk was all you could call it. Derek Daniels, the editor, told me later he was very intrigued by my moxie, that I would walk into this ma-



Derek Daniels asked me why I thought I could write for the paper, and I said, 'I know I can write, and although I've never written for a newspaper, I've read them all my life and I don't think they're so hot.'



◆PHOTOS BY BILL BRIENZA

major metropolitan newspaper with absolutely no credentials. He asked me why I thought I could write for the paper, and I said, 'I know I can write, and although I've never written for a newspaper, I've read them all my life and I don't think they're so hot.' "

She was hired. During the following fourteen years, she worked in a succession of writing and editorial positions in almost every section of the paper. She had set her sights on the (filled) position of city editor, when executive editor Kurt Luedtke presented another proposal to her. Rather than lose her to another

Knight-Ridder newspaper, he suggested she write automotive and advertising columns. She did, and enjoyed it, but was still not completely satisfied. She went to Luedtke again — this time giving him three months to come up with a workable and satisfying idea. "Just about the time I was going to pick up the phone and say 'Your three months are up,'" McWhirter recalls, "he called and said 'Let's have lunch.' And he had invented the column.

"Nobody knew what it would be like. I told Luedtke it would probably be a very flashy six-week burn-

out. I knew it would certainly be a reflection on my own personality — it had to be because that's all a columnist has to work with. You can be like Erma Bombeck and take the 'view of the world from the kitchen.' Or you can write, such as Gloria Steinem does, from the feminist perspective. You can narrow it any way you want, but from the beginning I decided I didn't want to do that. One day I'll write about frogs, and the next day I'll write about abortion, and the day after that world politics."

Initially, McWhirter worried that
continued on page 48



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A Night in the Gardens

Take a trip back to the elegant days
when the Big Band reigned and couples
danced under the stars.

The bands who played there were big, but even they stood dwarfed by the opulence of the Eastwood Gardens. Through the glory years of the Thirties and Forties, the Gardens pioneered the romanticism of dancing under the stars. For two dollars, you were ushered into Detroit's hottest summer dance spot, and left to swoon to the sounds of Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw.

"When you went to the Eastwood Gardens, you went to the top," said one veteran employee. The crowd came sharply dressed, men in suits and ties, the girls wearing dresses and flowers. From Detroit, Grosse Pointe, and towns far afield, fans of popular music packed into the Eastwood on Friday and Saturday nights.

It was all part of an entertainment complex which opened in 1927 with an amusement park and dance hall. Eastwood Park was the brainchild of entrepreneur Henry Wagner, who had previously built an amusement park at Belle Isle, and now placed his new baby on a fairly remote corner of Gratiot and Eight Mile in Halfway (now known as East Detroit). The \$300,000 project included Michigan's largest roller coaster. It was designed by Harry Stahl, who had grown up with Wagner and remained with him through several such projects.

The opening on April 27, 1927 was greeted with gushing enthusiasm from the local press: "So thick was the crowd that the management felt obliged to publish advertisements in the papers apologizing for its inability to accommodate the huge crowds as well as it would have liked to! Roads leading to Eastwood Park were jammed with buses, streetcars and even bicycles and scooters for miles in every direction. It looked as if all Detroit and its neighboring towns had only one thought — to get to the opening of Eastwood Park."

Fifteen cents got you into the Park, with additional cost for the rides. One fan remembers, "I used to go to the

store and buy a package of Wonder Bread and in it were long strips of tickets for all the rides, everything except the roller coaster."

According to the paper, the ballroom had a cushioned floor of high-grade maple, and was "decorated in artistic fashion to give the effect of an Italian Garden scene...A mirrored band shell is provided for the orchestra."

Though the nation soon found itself in the throes of Depression, the ballroom continued to thrive. Bands like the Egyptian Serenaders, Ted Weim's Orchestra and the Original Night Hawks broadcast concerts through radio station WCX. "It was a peak time for bands," says Earl Strewski (stage name Earl Stuart), a saxophone player who performed several times at the Eastwood. "There was good money in it. You could work six, maybe seven nights a week. This is when most people were really hurting for jobs."

By 1937, the complex was expanding, with a massive roller rink and swimming pool. The music at the ballroom moved to the more elegant surroundings of a new addition to the complex — Eastwood Gardens. Also built by Harry Stahl, it was the most modern and elegant outdoor dance spot in the area. Arched neon pillars greeted you; the atmosphere promised a night of elegant entertainment. "It was a couples' place," said one worker, "a lot of first dates. Things weren't cheap. It was definitely a big night out."

The dance floor was waxed concrete, a long strip that stretched back about as long as a football field, covered by nothing but the summer night. At the end of the strip stood the bandstand, about seven feet above the floor, curved in front to discourage overly enthusiastic fans. Brightly colored tables of blues, greens, reds and pinks were on either side of the dance floor, about five deep. Inside was a covered patio with a fully stocked barroom.

A balcony curved like a horseshoe around the dance floor, providing an excellent view of the stage. There was also landscaping — colored lights illuminating trees and shrubs and a huge glittering ball which cast twinkling



starlight on the dancers. The Gardens accommodated up to 5,000 and often sold out.

A typical night at the Gardens began when the doors opened around seven p.m. People bought their tickets and ushers led them to their tables along the dance floor. Many had reservations. Beer was preferred to mixed drinks, but wine and champagne were also popular, along with Coke and Vernors for younger patrons. Between eight and nine p.m., the band came on, playing individual sets of slow dance hits, ballads and wilder numbers for jitterbugging, or whatever other dance was popular at the time. During their many breaks, they mingled with spouses, friends and fans in a patio of specially reserved seating next to the bandstand.

The bands stayed for a full week. The list of featured performers reads like a Who's Who of big bands — Les Brown, Gene Krupa, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, Artie Shaw, Ted Lewis, and of course — Glenn Miller, always the biggest draw at the Gardens, even during bad weather. "Most times the band on rainy nights would go into the ballroom and play, and everybody would be real close with the band then, making it a lot more personal," said Leonard (Lenny) Jankowski, who used to work there. "But on a rainy night, the people didn't come out. You didn't have the large crowds. But the people who did come out benefited a lot from it."

When sixteen-year-old Jankowski applied for a job at Eastwood Gardens, he was a hopeless music fanatic. "Like some kids are for baseball, I was crazy about bands," he remembers. This was during the war years, and to get the job he lied about his age. "I told them I was eighteen. They asked 'Why aren't you in the Service?' I said I was 4-F. I stayed there for three summers, and when I turned eighteen and finally did get drafted, I got some funny looks."

His job included washing dishes and filling beer and pop coolers, which were strategically placed for the waiters to avoid collisions at the bar. Both tasks turned out to be surprisingly hazardous. "You had to watch the warm beer bottles, because when they cooled, they sometimes blew up, glass flying up twenty or thirty feet...then I remember the glasses, with the lipstick dried on there. Women wore so much heavy red lipstick, it was almost impossible to get off."

The Gardens at the time were managed by Frank and Sam Kutsen, who oversaw the staff of over 100 people, including elegant waiters in black tuxedos, white towels draped over their arms. The waiters were professionals who worked in the Gardens in the summer and then the big hotels in the winter, when Eastwood was boarded up. Other workers included candy girls, washroom atten-

YESTERDAY



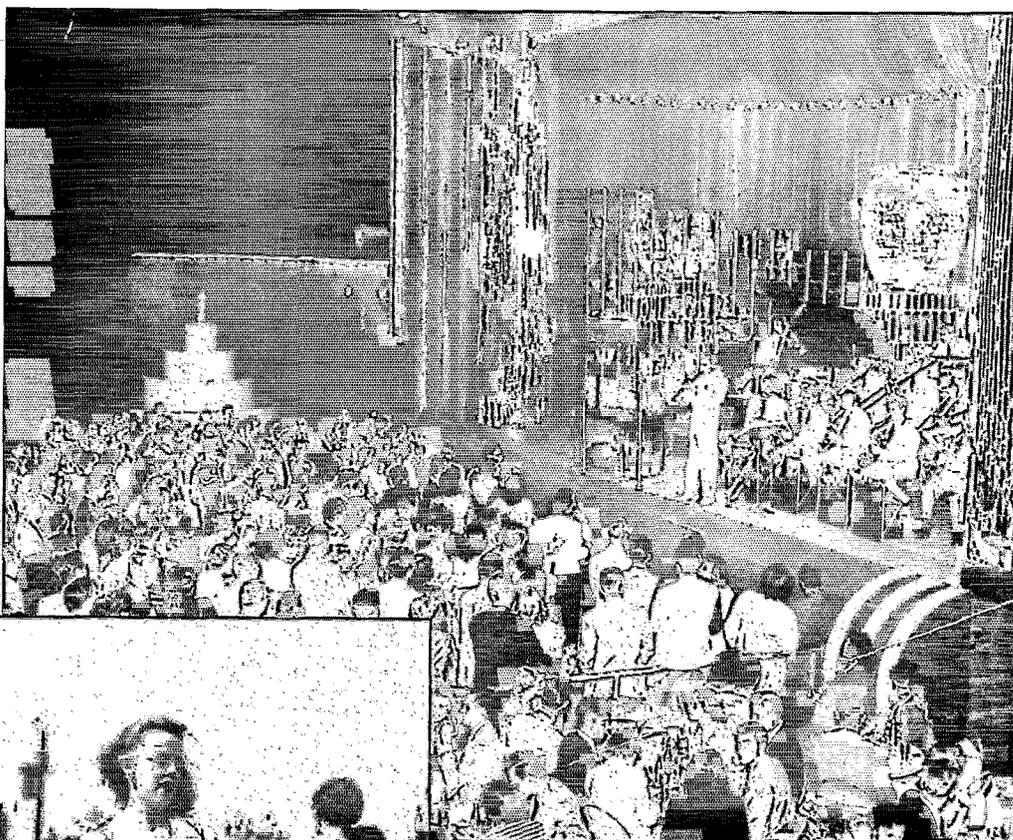
PHOTOS COURTESY OF SALLY MANGAN'S PERSONAL COLLECTION

Opening page:

The outdoor dance floor was waxed concrete, about as long as a football field. A weekend night sellout meant almost 5,000 dancers would swing under the stars.

At right: Benny Goodman was typical of the Big Band personalities packing them into the Gardens.

Below and opposite: A younger, wilder crowd attended the Sunday afternoon "Jam Sessions."



dants, ticket takers, reception girls, ushers and bouncers.

Jankowski remembers the bouncers especially. "These weren't boxers. These were intelligent guys," he says. "They were just really big. Some had regular jobs during the day — one worked construction, another for the telephone company. They were on top of trouble before it even happened."

Most of the time, only two or three bouncers worked the floor, casually mingling among the crowd, but they were really needed during the Sunday afternoon concerts. Called "Jam Sessions," these attracted a younger, sloppily-dressed crowd in zoot suits and bobby-socks who saw the band in a glorified practice session for a reduced rate. The dancing was wild but "all the appeal was gone," said Jankowski. To get that magical effect — "You really had to be there at night."

As an insider, Jankowski was able to get to know some of the bands, including Johnny Long and Glenn Miller's

manager, Johnny O'Leary. He would often carry luggage and instruments to a big house near the Gardens, which boarded band members who didn't feel like traveling downtown and back.



Occasionally, he'd set up equipment in the ballroom. "At this time, it was being used for car shows, like they have now at Cobo Hall, and private dances," he says, "But really big names like Glenn Miller would broadcast from there because it was larger and had better acoustics."

There is no end to the stories about the bands. Jankowski's favorite is the one about singer Vaughan Monroe, who arrived at the Gardens at six o'clock for his eight o'clock radio broadcast, got drunk and literally had to be propped up in front of the microphone to croon



Above: The Eastwood crew of the mid-Forties.



Left: The bar inside saw a lot of action on rainy nights. Manager James Mangan is in the tuxedo.

through his stock hit, *Racing with the Moon*.

Another concerns Doris Day, then a singer with the Les Brown band, who maybe wasn't quite so pure as her movie image led us all to believe. "I was dancing one night," says Joe Karle, a musician and frequenter of the Gardens. "I can't remember who it was with now, but Doris Day was giving me the eye from the bandstand. I looked around and thought, 'Is she looking at me?' and sure enough, she was."

One of Jankowski's favorite stories deals with the Park, which was run somewhat separately from the Gardens. It had booths and hutches full of typical arcade games — Ski Ball and Ring Toss, along with some gambling devices. "Well, one night they had a tip-off," he remembers, "and the boss came around and said, 'I want all the guys to get out here.' Well, we're out there in the midway, loading these machines into big semi-trucks they had backed up to the arcade. They closed the back door, the truck took off, and here come the police to raid the place."

Jankowski worked his way up to assistant manager before finally being sent overseas in 1943. When he returned, the place had changed. James Mangan, who had been below him when he left, had worked his way up to manager, and now sent Jankowski to Jefferson Beach Park, a concern the Wagners also ran. That summer, he operated the Moon Rocket ride.

Manager James Mangan continued with Eastwood Gardens until the end. He had worked as bouncer at the Vanity and Grande ballrooms downtown, where he saw quite a bit of battle action — bearing a stomach scar from the knife of a dissatisfied customer. Things were much quieter at the Eastwood, and he ran things like clockwork. "He was a very strict manager," says his wife, Alma (Sally) Mangan. "I don't know how he carried so much information in his head. He was always thinking about six different things at the same time."

She remembers owner Wagner as strict also, but in a

YESTERDAY

different way from her late husband. By this time, Wagner was quite elderly; yet made an appearance once nightly to see that everything was running smoothly and then retreated to his office. "He was a gruff old man and everybody was afraid of him, but I guess deep down he had a pretty big heart — but he always gave the appearance of a gruff, mean old man."

Sally Mangan, who also worked for three years as a coat check girl, has many mementos from Eastwood Gardens, including six scrapbooks full of rare photos of the Gardens and later the ballroom at Edgewater Park, where Mangan joined the Wagners after Eastwood. She often shows the tiny wine and champagne glasses to friends, and even has a couple of the original tables, still a bright red, sitting in her basement.

The glory years of the Gardens continued until around the late Forties, when the Eastwood complex began going downhill. Some say that the waning popularity of the big bands, the emergence of television and the beginnings of rock and roll are what killed Eastwood Gardens, but the actual story isn't that simple. Around 1948, the amusement park had begun to attract "undesirables," and the Detroit newspapers followed a campaign led by East Detroit's mayor Mildred Stark to deny their license renewal.

Sally Mangan recalls the excessive noise coming from both the Park and the Gardens as a deciding factor. "There weren't any houses back there before," she says, "but the real estate people started selling off (the surrounding land) and building homes. They'd tell all the people — 'Don't worry, it's going to go,' so they got all the people moving out there and they started complaining, until finally they tore it down. Eastwood Park was a big taxpayer for East Detroit. They lost a lot of money when they got rid of it."

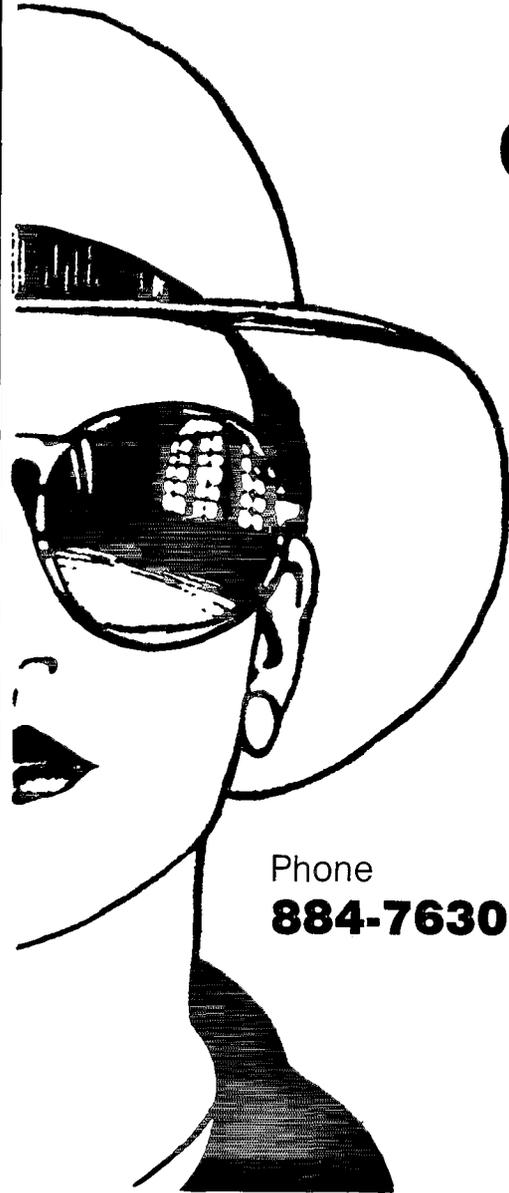
The city felt it was removing a pest, and few mourned the park when it went to the wrecking ball in 1952. A shopping center now stands on its site, and locals shuffle not to Ted Lewis but to the White Castle across the street. To this day, the Wagner family has bad feelings about the closing of the park and the Gardens. Milton Wagner, who, along with his brother Cyrill, ran their father's encore performance in Edgewater Park, says quietly, "I don't want to talk about that."

He, like most people, would prefer to concentrate on the glory days, when he was a teenager and a fool for the bands and the dancing. "Kids were different in those days. All dressed up in coats and ties. That's how kids got to know each other — through dancing. That's the way social contacts started. I'd like to see it happen again — someday.

"This was a classy place," he stresses, "If you were anyone who was anyone, you went to the Gardens." ♦

John Monaghan is a HERITAGE co-editor who also works at The Daily Tribune in Royal Oak and Wayne State's student newspaper, The South End.

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French Beginnings

*They founded Grosse Pointe on
"ribbon farms" along the lake, and some,
like the Morans, never left.*

The history of the early French settlers in Grosse Pointe can be traced through our street signs — Rivard, Moran, Cadieux and Trombley all were important family names in early Grosse Pointe. Many of these names survive in the area, their ancestors the fur trappers and farmers who were lured by Cadillac's master plan for the great outpost of civilization known as Detroit.

Arriving in 1702, Cadillac planned for economic development and exploitation at Fort Ponchartrain, with the Indians employed as workers. "It can truly be said that this spot is the most beautiful in the world," he said in a bit of real estate promotion for Detroit and the lands surrounding it. "It has the best and most fertile soil where every kind of produce grows...When the fort is secured against insult, it will be well to allow twenty or thirty families to settle there, and to bring their own cattle and the necessary equipment which they will be glad to do at their own expense."

At this junction, Grosse Pointe was known as many things, and had a constantly changing geographic boundary. Grosse Pointe had been called *Grand Marais* (because of the large swamp that ran all the way through to Milk River); *Le Côte Du Nord Est* (the northeast coast, designated upriver from Detroit); Fox Creek; Tremble Creek; Windmill Pointe, and *Presque Ile* (Almost Island, often used interchangeably with Windmill Pointe). Over the years, the southern boundary stretched from as far down as Waterworks Park to present-day Wayburn Avenue.

Of course, the Indians had been through Grosse Pointe on their summer hunting trips, but the first permanent settlers in the area came from the fort, with some others coming straight over Lake St. Clair from Canada. In 1707, Cadillac made the first grants of land to individuals. The land he granted for agriculture, he called "French Farms" or "Private Claims." As the French moved farther down the lakefront, they began a farming community. The farmlands had a long and

narrow shape, stretching about 400-900 feet on the river, while the average length was about two or three miles. These strips began to be designated "Ribbon Farms."

The typical settler's home consisted of a log cabin near the lake, which provided an abundant water supply. For transportation, a canoe sufficed. In the winter, sleighs were used. Surprisingly, only a few acres of land were cultivated for corn and wheat. Most acres were utilized for growing orchards of pears, apples and cherries. The pear trees, in particular, were notable in Grosse Pointe. Farmers tended to plant these in groups of twelve, naming each tree after an apostle. Some grew to eighty or ninety feet high with a trunk circumference of eight or nine feet. Some of them still line the streets of Grosse Pointe.

Livestock included cattle, sheep and ponies. The French brought Canadian ponies to the Detroit area and some believe that these were the first ponies in the United States. Each had a brand on the shoulder identifying the owner, and often ran wild.

For the wealthier landowners, fashionable costumes arrived from Montreal. Gentlemen wore colored shirts, vests and pants with heavy blanket coats for winter. A belt held up trousers which, for dress, were beaded in Indian fashion. The boatmen wore leather pants, shirts with ruffles and cloth caps with tassels. The women wore short gowns almost to the knee, with petticoats showing.

One of the earliest and most illustrious families to enter Grosse Pointe history were the Morans. They are well-known today for the street which runs from Gratiot to the Ford Expressway in Detroit, and also a street in Grosse Pointe Farms. These streets indicate their once-vast landholdings. Through the years, the Moran name changed constantly, often appearing as Morain and the preferred Morand. The fact that they could spell at all was something of an accomplishment, for many French farmers signed documents with a large X and had them witnessed by someone else.

The first Moran in Detroit was Claude Charles Moran, son and grandson of French Canada's first postman. Ironically, Claude could not read or write. This, however, did not impede his accumulation of some very extensive holdings. It appears that Claude Charles came here with nothing in the late 1740s, but through his industry very soon earned sufficient money to marry Mary Ann Bellperche, whose mother was a Campau, marking the first of several Campau-Moran pacts. Marriages were extremely important in early French Detroit, and elaborate contracts were written. Moreover, brides kept their maiden names, and apparently quite a bit of freedom as well. The following is from the marriage contract between Claude and Mary Ann, married September 22, 1751: "The said future husband for the love he bears the said future wife will and does endow her by these presents with the sum of three hundred livres (about \$60), said dower to be in current money, for her own enjoyment immediately without the necessity of making any demand for it in law."

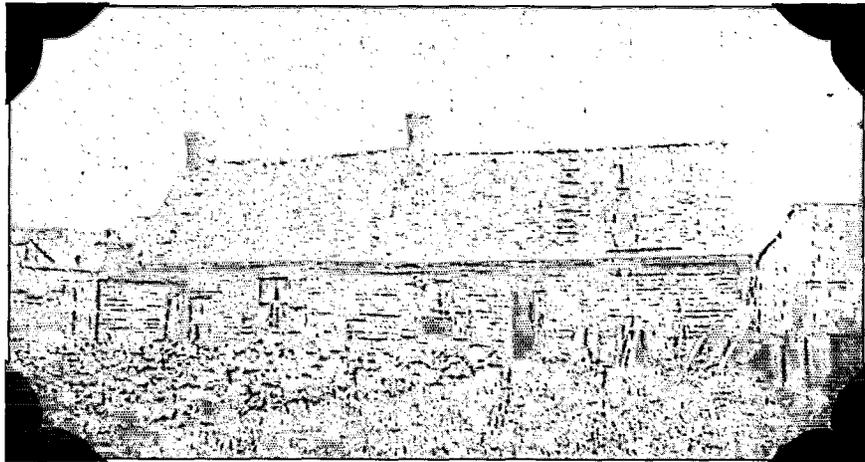
The lands of Claude Charles were obtained through trade with other landowners, finally spreading into Grosse Pointe. On December 9, 1775, at the age of fifty-three, he was stabbed to death in his sleep at three a.m. by his brother-in-law, John Joseph Hecker (sometimes spelled Hacker in various old records). The records do not indicate the motive. Hacker was executed by hanging, and it is believed that his was the first public execution in Detroit.

Claude and Mary Ann had ten children, of whom eight survived. Three sons would carry on the Moran family tradition. At Claude's death, his son, Charles (born March 29, 1755), assumed responsibility for the family and the estate. In terms of land, the estate comprised four *arpents* (about the same as an English acre) of Detroit River frontage and two-and-one-quarter by forty *arpents* from another exchange.

In a survey of holdings in 1779, Charles had, in addition to land, 3,000 pounds of flour, ten bushels of oats, three oxen, eight cows, sixteen steer, eleven hogs and seven horses. Compared to others in the survey, this young man and his widowed mother were well-off. In a similar survey in 1782, he had 120 *arpents* of land cleared and working for him — two hired men and a female slave named Josette. Though the rest of the list appears smaller, he had converted many belongings into cash in order to buy more land.

During the American Revolution, when French Detroit was in the reluctant possession of the English, the French inhabitants served in militia units. In

September, 1778, Charles Moran replaced Jean B. Chapoton as captain of the militia, an extremely responsible position for a young man of twenty-three years. Though no actual fighting took place in Michigan, Detroit was a key strategic location and the English, under a Major Lernout, built a new and better fort at the approximate site of the present-day Penobscot Building. Captain Charles was involved in the construction of the fort. By 1782, Charles was in command of two lieutenants, three surgeons and fifty-



The old Moran house, built by Claude Charles around 1755.

seven rank-and-file soldiers.

Charles married Catherine Vessiere dit LaFerte. They had two children. The first, a son named Charles, died at birth in 1796 and a second Charles was supplied approximately nine months later. Catherine, however, died in November of that year. Charles the senior didn't remarry — an uncommon thing, since life on the farm was often hard and lonely.

His two other brothers were Louis and Maurice. Louis also took part in the Revolutionary War, but achieved only the rank of private. He did see some action, however, chasing Indians in 1780. He also served in the War of 1812, and was with General McArthur when he took to the Thames River in Canada, again on the trail of marauding Indians. He was the first Moran to own land in what would be called Grosse Pointe proper. In 1825, he handed down eighty-five acres of land to his son, George.

Charles' other brother, Maurice (Morris), kept much to himself, not engaging in much public activity, instead quietly building his holdings. He enlarged on his in-laws' land, and in exchange cared for them in their waning years, a common practice at the time. Several of Maurice's sons would go on to marry women whose surnames were synonymous with land-holding families in Grosse Pointe — Vernier, Labadie, Conner and Tremblay.

In the 1780s and 1790s, Charles and his brothers began buying and exchanging lands with each other.

ARCHIVES

Charles bought from his mother much of his father's original claim. Maurice, in turn, bought from Charles.

A land fever speculation occurred in Michigan in the 1780s, with people wanting to get as much land as they could before the Americans took control (though actual American occupation didn't occur until 1796). There were hundreds of land transactions involving the transfer of land from Indians to white men, almost all of doubtful legality. Indians, not putting much value into paper transactions, would sign anything for the immediate comfort of trinkets or liquor. The Morans did not participate in this, however.

When the Americans finally arrived, Charles gave up his militia post, devoting his time to farming. Many French settlers stayed on the farms, made them flourish, then left the trade to the new Americans. Along with fellow citizens Louis Tremble and Gabriel Godfroy, Charles was one of those instrumental in building St. Anne's Church. There were others who had more property than a single Moran, but by 1802, the family together accounted for Detroit's most extensive land holdings.

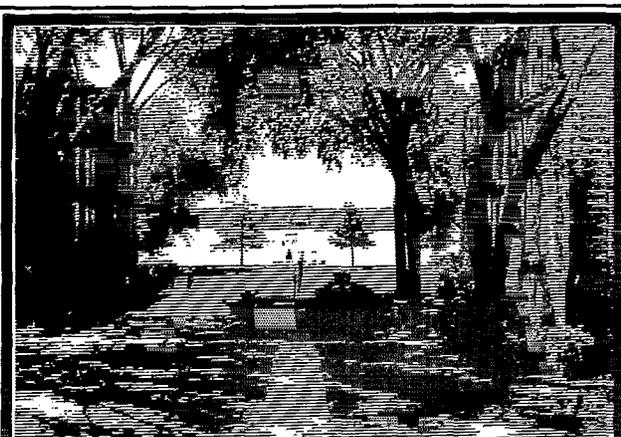
Charles was always in the foreground, a smart businessman who knew it was wiser to rent than sell his

prime property close to Detroit. A quote from Reverend W. Fitch, post chaplain in Detroit at the time, sums it up well: "Charles Moran is as immovable as the pyramids, husbanding his paternal acres that make him rich! He lets the city grow, and will lease his lands to those who wish to get a central position without buying."

In 1804, new restrictions were imposed on the English and French land claims. Under the law, as passed by Congress, all lands of the French inhabitants (including the Morans) were rejected. This caused pandemonium! Farmers petitioned the Congress, saying that the constantly changing governments of the last fifty years made it impossible to keep accurate surveys of land.

The property owners hired Solomon Sibly for \$1000 to lobby Congress, which resulted in a new law authorizing an examination of land from American possession in 1769 to November 1, 1804, the date landowners had to file their updated claims. But before they could file a first report, Detroit was virtually destroyed by fire on June 11, 1805. On March 3, 1807, Congress passed another law solidifying the ownership and gave people like the Morans the basis to increase their fortunes and estates.

continued on page 102



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continued from page 37

she would be unable to find material that she cared enough about to share with her readers on a three- (and then four-) times-a-week basis. Her own life, however, provided her with the stock for her pea soup.

"I got to be a columnist by living long," she says drily. "You may have noticed that very few columnists are young people, and that's because a columnist has the greatest opportunity to make a horse's ass of herself. Columns are, by their nature, opinion pieces. The personality and expertise and experience of the writer are revealed. And the writer's naivete, ignorance, stupidity, grossness — any human quality that is undesirable is also easily revealed. So most young columnists just haven't lived long enough to be anything but fools.

"I started on the paper in 1963 after a seven-year stint in mother school, and the column did not begin until 1977. I ended my marriage and went through a divorce before that

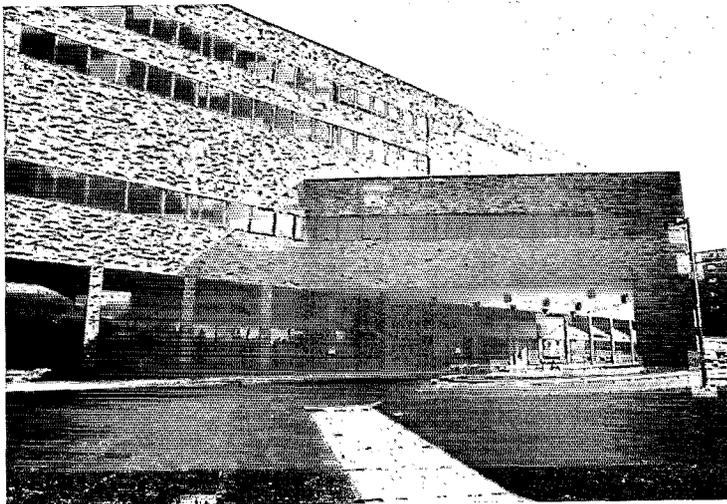
became highly popular. I had the first joint custody agreement in Oakland County, and one of the very early ones in the state, which I mention only as an example of how I was on the cutting edge of a lot of things. I had cancer, surgery for that, and made a recovery. I had important relationships with other men after my divorce, but opted against marriage before that was very popular, managed to raise my children and have them turn out well, and maintained a family, which included their father, which persists to this day. I've done a lot of things."

Pea Soup, published by the *Free Press*, reflects the variety of her life, as well as the diversity of her column's topics. She proceeds from the challenge of an elusive love to the dilemma of painting male toenails. "It took about a year before the book was available," she says, "even though the writing had already been done. I had to go through 1500 columns and choose two hundred. Then, other

editors went through and chose some they liked better. We had meetings to discuss all that, to get a certain balance and continuity.

"It was fairly subjective," she admits, laughing. "I went through all these and said, 'Oh, I like this one,' and 'I don't like that one.' Terribly scientific. Some I chose because they had elicited a great deal of positive reader response. A couple were just personal favorites.

"Some were included against my wishes because of the overwhelming consensus of my editors. The first one, for instance, is about my having cancer and was nothing I would have wanted to include in the book. My personal favorite was the one that ends it — about how we all look at each other through the stained glass windows of our eyes, and all we see is our body houses. We don't really see each other. I like that one. I insisted that it be the last one because it's an idea that many people have had and never spoken of, or if they



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haven't had it, they've never grown up. We are irretrievably alone in the universe, and we can't escape that aloneness. So, we've got to learn to live with it."

Almost from the beginning, her mail has been about equally divided between men and women, between praise and condemnation.

"If it's controversial, like abortion, I'll get a large amount of mail, and it will be equally divided between people who are very praiseful, and people who think I'm the devil's tool and a miserable excuse for a human being. At first, I found it very upsetting, because you really are thoughtful in putting together a column, and try not to go off half-cocked — to express a viewpoint, yet somehow acknowledge in the work that there are other viewpoints.

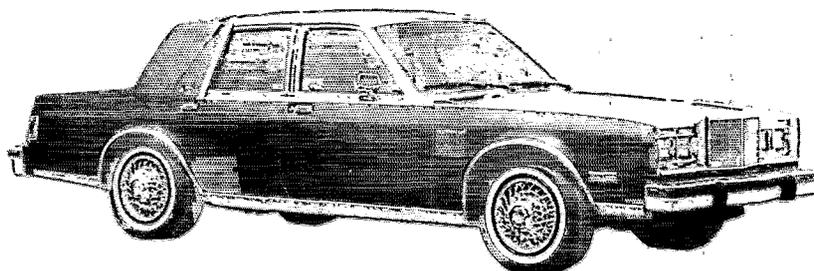
"So, when someone writes back and says, 'I read that junk you wrote last Tuesday, and you're obviously stupid.' — it kind of hurts. But there are always enough letters from others who are kind." She pauses thoughtfully for a moment.

"I'd like to say something about Grosse Pointe, if I may. I lived for seventeen years out in Bloomfield Hills, and I never felt I was a totally welcome addition to that community. I liked it, and I had some good friends. But I never felt so at ease, and so welcomed and so totally accepted by people, as I have in this community. There is something about this group of communities that is settled — it knows what it is and likes itself. It permits eccentricity and doesn't criticize eccentricity. I don't know if the people who live here are aware of how civilized that is. All that anyone demands of anyone, it seems, is that they are pleasant and have good manners and are civil to each other. Beyond that, you can go your own way and be totally acceptable."

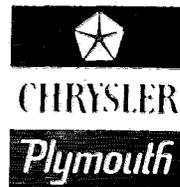
She pauses and smiles slowly.
"That is rare, so very rare." ♦

Susan Brown is a Grosse Pointe freelance writer.

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continued from page 34

The other four Pointes are planting trees at a good clip, too. The Shores, the City and the Farms — perhaps heartened by their own successes, or by examples like Shaker Heights — will continue methoxychlor spraying this year, combined with efforts to get the dead and dying wood out. The Park will study its admittedly less-than-first-rate sanitation practices, try to improve the cleanup — and hope their gamble, the decision to wing it without the pesticide, is the right one.

There are privately-expressed fears throughout the Pointes that the Park is about to do what the Woods did, and shift from trying to save the elms to concentrating on planting new saplings. The Park beautification people deny this, although the spraying question reportedly first became

an issue because some citizens wanted to take the \$16,000 allocated for spraying and buy trees with it. And the night the group presented its anti-spraying recommendation to the council, one committee member spoke of abandoning the elms and letting nature, i.e. the disease, take its course.

Also quietly expressed are fears that, without methoxychlor, the Park will become the next elm-beetle hatchery, inheriting that dubious distinction from now all-but-decimated Detroit, and thereby endangering the remaining elm stands in the Shores, Farms and City. "We don't want to find out how big a problem we'll have," one City official says.

The elms, after all, are relatively old trees in many cases. Some of the older specimens would be dead in fifty

years, even if there were no such thing as DED. But both Farms and City officials express confidence that others will be alive and unscathed by DED in fifty — even one hundred — years.

The Farms, for one, is going to continue with the programs it has had essentially unchanged since 1957, when it first enacted the ordinance requiring residents to spray their own trees. The Farms began spraying public elms in 1955. Public trees are removed days after the disease is spotted, and the Farms conducts two citywide surveys a year to look for DED. Residents have fifteen days from the time a sick tree is discovered to remove the elm or let the city do it, and Farms public service director John DeFoe reports good response from the community. Both residents and the city do some injecting. All in all, it seems to be working: last summer, the Farms lost only two percent of its city-owned elms to DED. The City, with a similar program, fared about the same.

"We just don't know all the answers," DeFoe admits. "About the only two things that we know of to do (is spraying and removal). That's basically what we've been doing since 1955. It seems like it works."



The Farms will have their trees the longest of anyone because they have the best program and they have pursued it relentlessly," admits the Shade Council's Rice. "Each city gets advice, and who knows who will win?...If the Farms is the last to lose them, will they have won?...How do you know whose program is right until it's all over? So hunt somebody up in twenty years and interview them." ♦

Nancy Kool is a freelance writer who lives in Grosse Pointe Park.

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Animals! Animals! Animals! In this week-long nature camp, you'll meet fascinating animal friends — Julius Squeeze, the python; Kirby, the blue and gold macaw; Eureka, the Amazon parrot; Buffo, the toad; and Taffy, the skunk. You can also ride Phyllis the horse, and learn scientific names for fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds and mammals. By the time you're finished, you'll be an animal expert. The session runs through July 8 at Barnes School, 20090 Morningside, Grosse Pointe Woods. Registration fee is \$125. Call 343-2178 for information.

My Dog's Better Than Your Dog. Are you tired of people cutting down your mutt because he's not a purebred, because the only papers he has are those lining his kennel? Well, the Grosse Pointe War Memorial offers a chance for you and Sparky to show your stuff. This special event is a non-showdog dog show, and ribbons will be awarded in special categories: youngest dog, most friendly and the dog/owner lookalike event. Registration fee is \$1, not a bad price for so much possible glory. June 2 at 1 p.m. at the War Memorial. Call 881-7511 to register.

Library Movies — Our own Grosse Pointe Public Libraries screen animal adventures, along with other movies, all summer long. See titles like *Crafty Animal Caper*, *Lambert the Sheepish Lion*, *The Velveteen Rabbit*, *Wonder Dog* and *Curious George Rides a Bike*. Different schedules for preschoolers and school-age children, both Wednesday at 2 p.m. at the Central Library (at Fisher and Kercheval, 343-2074) and Thursday at 2 p.m. at the Woods Branch (at Mack and Vernier, 343-2072). Best of all, it's free!

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Some of you were probably lucky enough to see Farmer Webster in the spring when he brought his animal friends to the War Memorial. Well, here's your chance to visit him. The drive takes

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The Detroit Zoo. See snakes almost as long as Mack Avenue, ferocious hungry lions with gigantic teeth, brightly colored peacocks showing all their feathers and a polar bear who walks back and forth on the rocks and eats marshmallows. And don't forget the penguins — those goofy little birds in tuxedos, swimming round and round in their own private polar pool. The zoo is located about a half-hour away in Royal Oak, 8450 W. 10 Mile at Woodward. Open every day. Tickets \$3 for adults; \$1.50 for kids six-twelve; seventy-five cents for younger children of four and five. Call 398-0900 for information.

Belle Isle is loaded with animal stuff. Friendly deer will come up to you and eat corn right from your hand. Then you can pet real animals at the zoo, and see them stuffed at the Nature Center. Meanwhile, the Aquarium has thousands of fish — sharks, monster catfish and even a big old electric eel — fed twice daily. Everything for free, except the zoo, which is only \$1 for kids and \$2 for adults. The whole family can go for \$5. The bridge to Belle Isle is located on Jefferson, just before you get downtown. Call 267-7161. ♦

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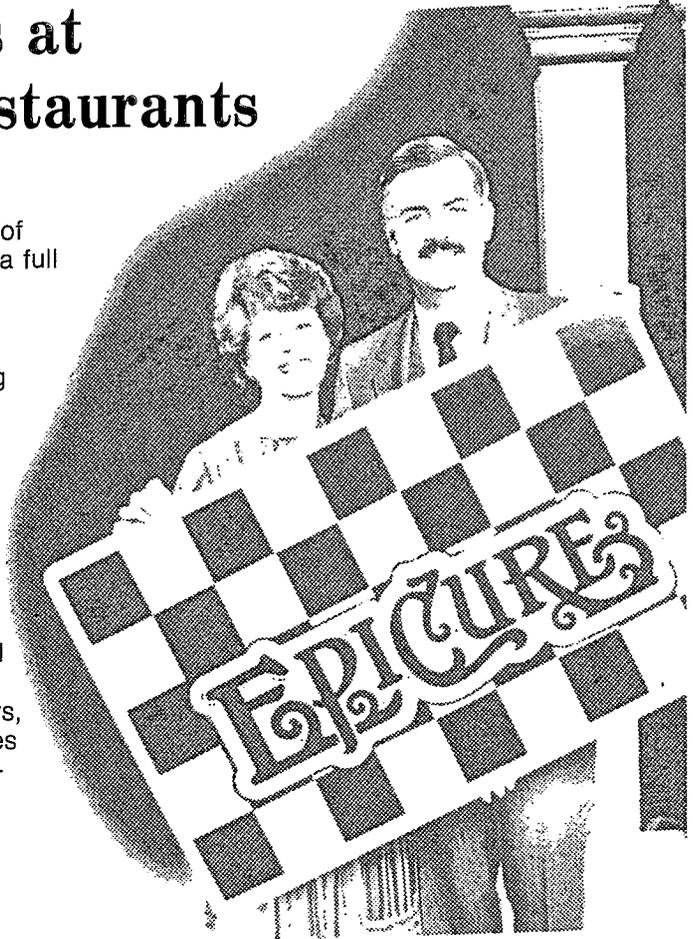
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ENTERTAINING IN GROSSE POINTE

You are cordially invited to attend our Gala Soiree. Whether a lavish feast at the Yacht Club, or a candlelit midnight dinner for two, all types of entertaining are cherished in the Pointes.

Rest assured of the amenities, yet each event will assume an air of gaiety. Should you desire to create your own social stunner, do consult our Guide.

The following pages will inform you of everything you'll need to know when planning a party — the best caterers, florists, bands, even ice sculptures and flavoured popcorn. Popular local hostesses share their party planning secrets and we digress to the habits of Society during the Roaring Twenties.

Don't hesitate. Indulge in our Guide to the Social Gala; then create your own.

Your excellent taste and ever-praised grace will give it away —

You've been entertaining Grosse Pointe style.

A Hostess for All Seasons

*From Brazilian buffets to Chinese faux pas,
Penny Simon's language of diplomacy speaks volumes.*

It is not at all unusual for hostess Shirley (Penny) Simon to entertain an out-of-town guest now and then, but when the guest hails from the small town of Washington, DC and arrives amid a flurry of Secret Service men, the occasion takes on a special aura of importance. The Michigan Republican benefit tea honoring Barbara Bush, wife of Vice President George Bush, took Penny Simon almost two weeks of careful preparation with each plan scrupulously scrutinized by the Michigan GOP and the Secret Service. When all the work was behind her, however, she felt free to mingle with her guests, serene in the knowledge that everything was in perfect order.

Well, almost everything.

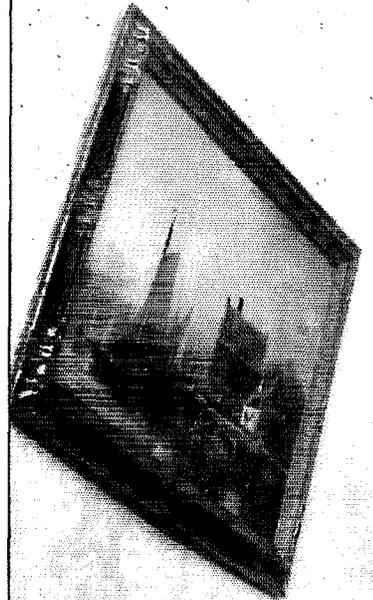
Toward the end of the festivities, Mrs. Bush gathered the seventy or so Republican guests in the Simons' elegant living room for a short address. First, she offered her gratitude for their support over the years, then gave a humorous update on her travel schedule for the coming week and finally, as any polite guest would do, she thanked her hostess. She especially noted Mrs. Simon's extensive efforts to make her feel at home. To illustrate her point, the jovial Mrs. Bush bent over and plucked a chewed-up green tennis ball, property of the Simons' poodle Mikky, from under a nearby coffee table, commenting with a broad smile how that special touch reminded her of her beloved dog C. Fred, whom she had left back in the capital.

The action might have made a lesser soul cringe with embarrassment, but a very down-to-earth Penny Simon immediately recognized her guest's genuine sense of humor, and both of them threw their heads back in laughter with the rest of the assembly. "Well, you know what they say about the best-laid plans," quipped Penny.

As the wife of international industrialist George Simon, the mother of ten children and a very giving hostess who has opened her heart and home to a myriad of worthy causes, Penny Simon has had plenty of experiences, both good and bad, with "the best-laid plans."

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PHOTO BY DAVID FRANKLIN.





continued from page 54

"I think every charity group in the city has had a tea here," confided the vivacious strawberry blond. "Our home just sort of lends itself to that sort of thing."

The house, which is listed in W. Hawkins Ferry's "Buildings of Detroit" as one of the area's prime examples of academic Georgian architecture, was designed in the late Twenties by famed Detroit architect Robert O. Derrick. When the Simons moved in, they brought with them a magnificent collection of oils, antiques and pedestal statues to line the walls and corridors. "My husband is the one who is very good with art," confessed Mrs. Simon on a note of wifely pride. "He goes out and buys something because he likes it, and then he finds out that it is a very good piece. It is really the opposite of what everyone else does."

The ornate interior, coupled with the natural beauty of the gardens and the practicality of the brick terraces and tennis courts, provides an aesthetically sumptuous setting for Penny Simon's almost theatrical flair for entertaining. She has, in years past, produced and directed an exceptional number of epic adventures for friends, family and the public, including the *Hope Goes Ascot* benefit for FOCUS: HOPE, a *This is Your Life*, George Simon birthday bash for her husband, and Fourth of July festivities for a delegation of non-English speaking Chinese businessmen.

What are the ingredients for her success?

"I like a good gimmick," she stated positively. "I want to see everyone having fun at a party, and when it is a charity event, I think we have gotten to the point that you need an incentive to draw people out because they are asked to so many things."

As for the evolution of *Hope Goes Ascot*, Penny explained, "people were getting tired of charity balls, and there was a need for something different. Themes, I've found, really get people interested and into the spirit of things."

Hope Goes Ascot was her tenth charity event. It was an outrageous evening when whippet hounds raced on the lawn in lieu of horses while 450 guests strolled the grounds in black and white finery reminiscent of the Ascot scene in *My Fair Lady*. Again, the hostess found that things don't always go as scripted. A sudden cloudburst sent guests scurrying from the front yard, through the house, to the tent in back, leaving behind a trail of mud that took two days to vacuum up. Penny Simon pulled through bone-

dry, thanks to the enormous brim on her plumed Eliza Doolittle hat. What could have turned into a royal pain remained a delightful event, thanks to her hearty "show must go on" attitude.

"It could have been a real disaster," she recalled, "but it wasn't. When things like that go wrong at a party, people are generally very understanding about it. After all, they realize that it could happen to them."

An even more lavishly staged event was the first annual birthday party she threw for her husband of thirty-six years. Since it was held before they had actually moved into their present home, she was able to do the entire main floor over as a cabaret.

"Every ten years I try to come up with something different," she explained. "The first one I had was a *This Is Your Life* party. I ran around finding people he played with before kindergarten, and people he flew with in the Navy, and business associates. That was a lot of fun, and as always, it was a surprise. We had 350 guests and a staff of 100, but George swears he never heard a sound when he walked in."

On subsequent surprise birthdays, she has been equally creative, arranging for a busload of friends to kidnap him from his office for a ski weekend at Hidden Valley and organizing a Hawaiian cruise with all of their kids, who now stretch cross-country from New York to Dallas to San Diego.

Traveling around the world on business with her husband has made Penny Simon acutely attuned to foreign customs, especially in entertaining. "I once had a very embarrassing incident when we were the guests of honor at a buffet in Brazil," she remarked. "They asked me to get up first, which I did. I went all the way around the table, putting everything on the dish that I liked. Then I sat down

and prepared to eat. Well, all the other wives walked over to their husbands and gave them the dish. I was so embarrassed, but Brazil is a very male-dominated country and the customs are chauvinistic there. So, to remedy things, I got up and gave my husband my plate. Unfortunately, it had all the things that I like to eat and he doesn't."

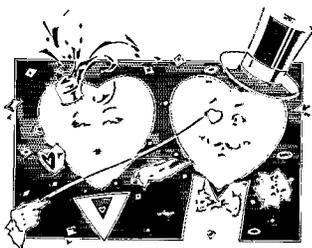
So, it is little wonder that, when called upon to show a non-English-speaking business delegation from China a real-old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, she and her family rose to the occasion with sensitivity and grace, and of course, a sense of humor. After hosting a cocktail party

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Helpful Hostess Hints

*The Pointe's top hostesses
reveal their entertaining secrets.*



Nearly everyone will agree that what makes a party memorable are the special touches, the sparks of whimsy that each hostess provides. The talents of Grosse Pointe's legendary hostesses have been put to the test time and again. Come nibble on caviar canapes or Captain Crunch crisps. Dine on roast duckling or dawgs. Sway to the strains of strolling gypsy violins, or bop to the banjos of the Red Garter Band. Dress can be anything from tuxedos to tennis togs.

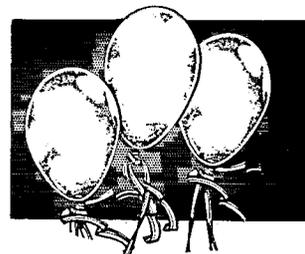
The Pointes are blessed with generous people entertaining in gorgeous homes. The occasion can be anything — from the birth of a baby to a hole-in-one. Or it could just be a small dinner of intimate friends. One consistent thread running through the lives of all of these hostesses is the concern they show for each of their events . . . and the little touches that make them special.

Anne Browning

Balloons are popping up everywhere at Anne Browning's parties. "I am probably the only woman in Grosse Pointe with my own helium tank," she concedes. Whether tied to the backs of chairs, or potted as a centerpiece, or used as children's favors, Anne is known for her balloons. She is also remembered for her special way of inviting guests.

For each event, she chooses a suitable poem, and makes the invitations by hand. One very memorable party invitation brought forth a very memorable party. On the occasion of leaving the home she and her husband, Mayor Browning of Grosse Pointe City, had lived in for over twenty years, invitations were sent to one thousand former house guests. The front panel featured a photograph of the house, the back panel had a perforated form on which the prospective guests were asked to relate their fondest memories of the house.

Some 700 people turned out, including all the Browning kids and grandkids — all of whom wore red



shirts with 243 Lakeland emblazoned across the front. The rooms of the house were full of memories, too. While passing by the indoor or outdoor bands, the guests could view slides of themselves from party pictures taken over two decades.

Another pleasant memory of the house was the year-round Christmas tree. It had been left over from a fundraiser at St. Paul's, and the Brownings had taken custody of it afterwards. It remained up in their home, since it was an artificial tree, with different decorations for each holiday. According to Mrs. Browning there were "shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day, little flags on the Fourth of July," and other specialties. She adds, "We haven't got one for the new house yet . . . but you never know."

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Catering to the Pointes



There was a time when catering referred only to the gala events, when guest lists bulged with hundreds of names. In today's fast-paced world, there is catering to suit every need and event — from grand formal dinners to an entrée ordered by phone at your office during a hectic deadline, or a special candlelit soirée served for sweethearts.

Grosse Pointes are lucky to have a large selection of caterers waiting right at their fingertips. Each one has something different to offer.

The chefs at Sparky Herbert's have their own memories of favorite events. One of special note took place in a studio where videos are made. The client, an art studio, wanted to recreate a nightclub set. Sparky's Darrell Finken arrived and assembled a temporary kitchen to prepare a feast for 600. The event spanned two nights — one for company clients, the next for company employees.

On-location celebrations are nothing new to the Sparky's crew. They have their own location set — the Queen of the Great Lakes, "Helene." This 106-foot yacht, built in 1927, is the current setting for chef Bill Wolf's creations. The ship holds thirty-six passengers, and may be catered for four-hour cruises.

Catering on a smaller scale can be found just as readily. Virginia Roy's Rent-A-Cook Custom Catering has regular clients in a professional couple who order a week's worth of entrées to be delivered to the office. They then merely heat and serve with a vegetable or salad.

Dorothy Cusmano of Pointe Catering remembers one particular date from her long list of catered parties. She received a mysterious call from California, requesting that she drop off Christmas dinner for someone's recently-widowed father and his two sisters. Cusmano prepared turkey and trimmings to last two days, and came back afterward to pick up the dishes.

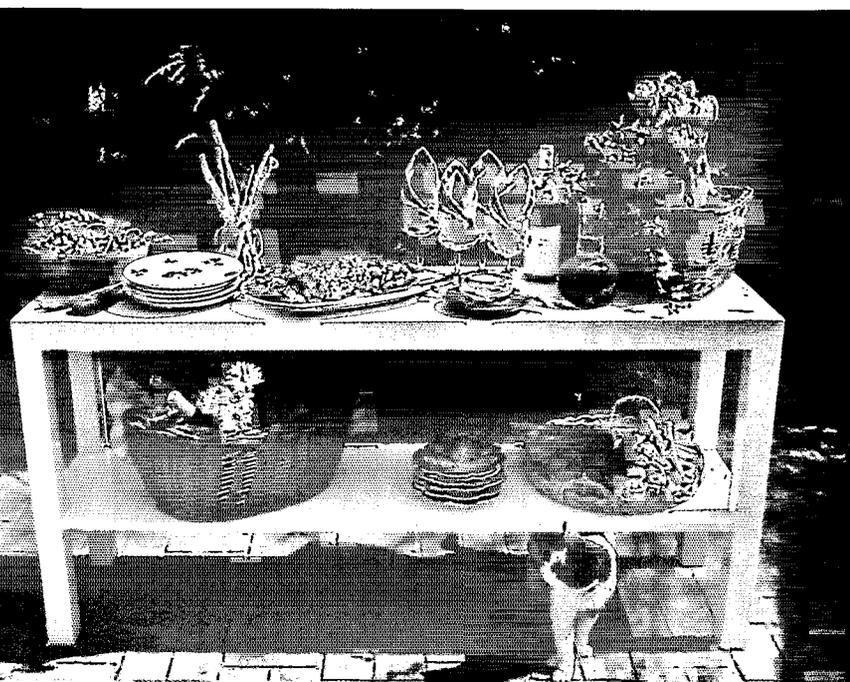
PHOTOS BY BETTY CARPENTER, ALL FOOD PREPARED BY "MAIN COURSE."

DAISES AND IVY COURTESY OF GROSSE POINTE FLOURIST



Marinated sautéed rare duck breast with St. Emilion morel sauce highlighted a dinner for eight in the Farms.

A garden luncheon for twenty – spinach chicken roulade is a rolled spinach soufflé filled with chicken, shallots, sliced mushrooms and freshly grated Parmesan cheese.



Whether a small dinner for two or the grandiose get-together for 275, catering is available. Café le Chat's owner Andrew Moquin has a favorite holiday memory. One of the gorgeous homes in the City was appropriately decked out for the season. Several fireplaces were blazing. One of the Chat's chefs came in and prepared chicken citron; brie, tomato and onion tartlets; zucchini cups with leek mousse and red peppers; whole English stilton with grapes and crackers; steak tartare with dark bread; and smoked salmon with capers.

The chef presided over the charcuterie board where he served slices of Westphalian ham, smoked turkey, chicken and pheasant, country pâté, homemade sausage and hard salami with several breads. One of the strongest assets of Café le Chat for catering is their large selection of cheeses. By special order, you can request *le quenton*, a Normandy fresh milk brie-type cheese, or *boule de perigord*, a farm-produced dome-shaped cheese with chopped truffles.

The Italian *toma della valcuvia* is full-flavored, while the *dolce latte* is a

sweet cream gorgonzola. *Caciotta betulla* is a spicy mountain cheese made from cow's milk. Numerous varieties of French and Italian goat's milk cheeses may also be ordered.

The crowning glories of this holiday event were the desserts. Guests had their choice of chocolate decadence diamonds with raspberry garni, bittersweet lemon tarts or strawberries dipped in white chocolate.

Three women from the Main Course perhaps best illustrate the true Grosse Pointe caterer. It was poolside one afternoon at the Country Club back in 1979 when Sue Kinnaid and Kitty Gushee sat calmly discussing their lives and futures. Kitty had recently returned from a stint in London at a gourmet cafeteria-type restaurant. Kitty and her husband Ted had been partners with Justin de Blank. Both Ted Gushee and de Blank worked for J. Walter Thompson, Gushee in London, and de Blank in Paris. Kitty soon joined in. A highlight of their partnership was a feature in *Gourmet* magazine in the early Seventies.

Once back in the States, Kitty and Sue decided to start their own service, to feature unusual catering. Susan Lambrecht joined them. Their first year was experimental. They did not charge for their services, as they were exploring the tax situation.

They were also testing to see if they made a compatible team — and did they! Sue Kinnaid is the party "mother." She handles your request and attends to the details. Loose ends such as traffic flow, menu coordination, dishes and serving pieces, correct timing and clean-up are her domain. Susan Lambrecht is in charge of coordinating the event's grocery list.

The partners meet at the market at 8:30 a.m. sharp, and each gets a separate shopping list. Afterwards, they head to their Board of Health-approved kitchen in the basement of Christ Church to begin their recipes. The bookkeeping rests on Kitty's shoulders, though one summer when she was on vacation for a whole month, no one was billed.

Susan Lambrecht is the creative arm of the business. Her inspiration

was Dionne Lucas years ago when Lambrecht took the cooking classes with her mother in downtown Detroit. Then classes with Charity Suczek and more in New York with Maurice Moore-Betty. In Nantucket, where the Lambrecht family summers, you'll often find Susan in the kitchen of various restaurants, donning an apron and absorbing ideas from other chefs. She is continually toying with new dishes. Chicken Alexandra is one of her creations. The dish, now a favorite among Grosse Pointers, was named after a character in a Russian novel Lambrecht was reading at the time.

The team has successfully cooked together for six years now, garnering a reputation for some of Grosse Pointe's most fun parties. Their origins, as the name implies, were serving only "Main Courses." Their clients then added a simple salad, vegetable and dessert. The instructions for serving were written out carefully. Slowly, the requests started coming in for more and more. Until the present state, where — like most other Grosse Pointe caterers, they now supply ser-

Moving, Engaged, New Baby?

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Welcome Wagon
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Grosse Pointe

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shirley p. arbaugh designs

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OUT

omelette
parsley
arugola
rare steak
chablis
dim sum
pasta
croissants
red radish
almonds
oysters
full meals
Tex Mex
celery
pizza — Italian style
chocolate mousse
cajun
art deco kitchens
in & out lists

IN

frittata
cilantro
radicchio
rare buffalo
piesporter
sushi
couscous
homemade bread
daikon (white radish)
hazelnuts
mussels
assorted hors d'oeuvres
Mexican cuisine
jicama
pizza — California style
chocolate decadence
southern cooking
euro-style kitchens
your own good taste

The latest in the kitchen, according to
the "team" at "Main Course."

vice personnel, valet parking, flowers and whatever else the client requires.

Along the way, they've had many unusual requests. One of them was for an "all-green" party. An all-pâté party featured a chicken macadamia pâté with avocado sauce, duck à l'orange pâté, country pâté with three meats, spinach pâté, carrot pâté, layered vegetable pâté with leeks, carrots and beans. Of course, dessert had to fit right in, so along with the chocolate pâté, the three women concocted a fruit mosaic pâté with kiwi, strawberries and grapes.

In the Grosse Pointe area, especially during May, June, December and January, it is not uncommon for caterers to serve more than one party per day. If you are aware of an upcoming event, it is best to reserve space as far ahead as possible.

When you speak with the caterer, state the price you are willing to pay up front, so they can create an appropriate meal which is within the realm of reality. Also inform them if any of your guests have food or alcohol allergies. Most of the caterers

prepare the food in their own kitchens, though they may cook "on location" and perhaps even provide the entertainment of the evening. They will supply dishes, flatware and glassware, and clean up after themselves so the hostess does not have to assume kitchen duty.

Grosse Pointe caterers offer everything from the most simple menu to extravagant dishes of their own creation. Just relax, put together your guest list, set the date, reserve some room in your refrigerator and entertain — Grosse Pointe style. ♦

Ovens For Hire

This selection of caterers has been compiled to give you some idea of the choice available. You'll find everything — from standard buffets to the most elaborate feast imaginable. All caterers listed will work with you to personalize your event, yet work within your budget. Nearly all supply professional uniformed service personnel. All cater to the Pointes, but will also go to your office.

A La Carte, Grosse Pointe

Marilyn Bartley/Susan Trent
884-2081, 886-6232

Full service caterer/personalized service

Noted for presentation, use of fresh flowers, vegetable baskets.

Assembly Line Sandwich Shop/Valentino's

Paul Pellerito
885-5122

Full Service caterer

Specialist in subs — great for teen's parties.

Café Le Chat

Andrew Mognin
884-9077

Full service caterer/personalized service

Chef will cook at or preside over party upon request; noted as a source for foods which may be specially ordered: i.e. oriental tea, smoked shrimp; coordinates flowers and garnishes.

Capers Catering

Victoria McCann/Karen Reno
882-4139

Full service caterer/personalized service

Claim to fame is their peanut butter cheesecake.

Duglass, Duglass

Doug Grech
424-9244

Full service caterer/personalized service

Noted for his innovative creations with food, special sauces, desserts and wedding cakes.

Farnen Foods

Mark and Judith Farmer
393-2141

Meat/cheese trays — fruit trays — vegetable trays — shrimp trays — sandwich baskets.

Gourmet House

Geri Zombo, party coordinator
771-0300

Full service caterer/personalized service

Has mobile kitchen to cook on location for up to 4000. Carved whole lobsters and racks of lamb highlight hors d'oeuvres tables.

Kannelly-Anton Catering

822-1919

Full service caterer/personalized service

Special requests run the gamut from Pam's personalized sweet table extravaganza to wild game selections.

The Limits

Steve Channer
822-6461

Full service caterer/personalized service

Will cook in your home; Octopus salad available upon request.

The London Chop House

Jimmy Schmidt
962-0277

Order anything off the menu; it will be delivered by limo!

Main Course

Sue Kinnaird, Kitty Gushee, Susan Lambrecht
882-7133, 882-7579

Full service caterer/personalized service

Specialists in presentation of food.

Lori Mink

771-1999

Full service caterer/personalized service

Noted as a hot hors d'oeuvres specialist and for her work at the Edsel & Eleanor Ford House. Lori will even use your recipes.

Pointe Catering

Dorothy Cusmano
881-0142

Full service caterer/personalized service

Rent-a-Cook

Virginia Roy
881-8089

Full service caterer

Cooks in your home. Serves, cleans-up & disappears. Will appear as a clown for children's parties.

Shannon's Steak House

Shannon Swenie
469-7111

Full service caterer

Sparky Herbert's

Darrell Finken
822-0266

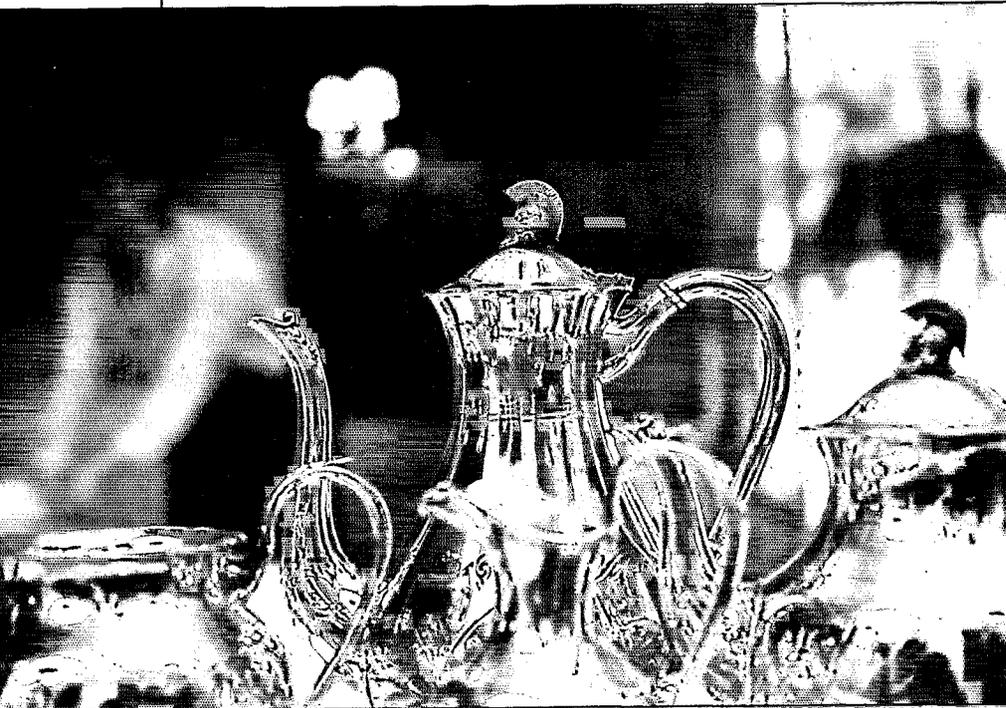
Full service caterer/personalized service

Continental Cuisine

Full service caterer refers to those who will supply dishes, flatware, glassware as well as uniformed personnel to service and tend bar.

Personalized service dictates that the caterer will work with you to establish the menu to fit your budget and your tastes, the traffic flow and other logistics.

TABLE SETTINGS



THE FORMAL AFTERNOON TEA

The perfect occasion to display one's most distinguished serving pieces. This tea set, of antique English silverplate, is an excellent example. (circa 1865)

THE FORMAL TABLE

Defined within the precisely symmetrical placement of every detail, the formality of this table extends to the duplication of serving pieces at each table end.

China: Left - "Enchantment"; Right - "Harlow", both by Royal Doulton.

Tea Sets: Left - "Strasbourg" by Gorham;

Right - Antique English silverplate c. 1865. Waterford crystal spooners and cake stand, by Jacobson's.

Floral focal point is created by the romantic porcelain figurine raised upon an antique silver plateau. The fresh flowers banking the plateau echo the springlike florals in the draperies and matching screen.

— Foods provided courtesy Capers Catering.

— Floral design by Conner Park Florist.





TABLE FOR ONE

Supping alone can be an event to savour, with just a little imagination. This lively dinnerware was discovered in Italy by a sage GP hostess, and we couldn't resist showing it to you. The glazed pieces have geometric designs and crests; the color and pattern vary with every place setting.

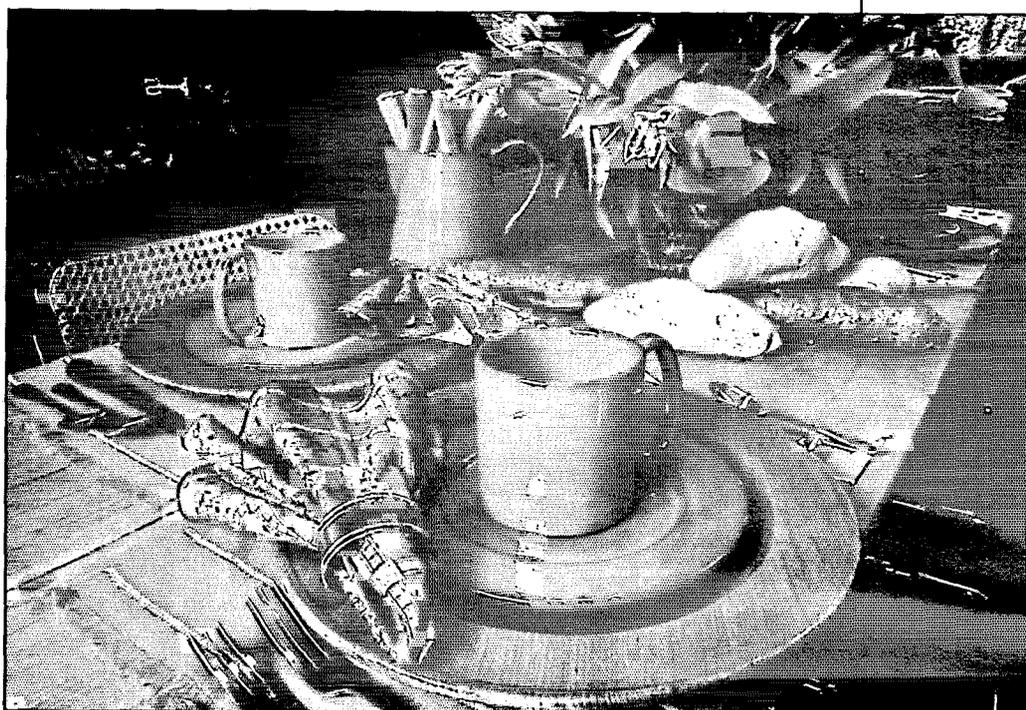
◆ PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN LANNEN

A DINNER FOR THE BEST OF FRIENDS

This handsome table setting is proof positive that a bachelor can entertain with ultimate style and sophistication. The intensity of the red glazed Ralph Lauren ceramicware is softened by the presence of earthy textures.

The wooden plates echo the warmth of the table, and a cooling touch is added with printed teal napkins that reflect the colours of the room itself. Loaves of fresh bread complete the sensual appeal, and brilliant tulips bring the table to life.

—Designed by Bob Endres, photographed in his Shores home.



From Russia with Love

*Ruth Ruwe stages parties
with a cosmopolitan flair.*

A cossack officer stands ready to open your car door, stark in his tall black Persian lamb hat, his greatcoat buttoned by braided frogs, and trouser legs tucked into high boots. Indoors, a balalaika orchestra plays while waitresses wearing national costumes carry trays of caviar and iced vodka in small glasses set in metal bases with little Russian bears climbing the handles. There is *pashka* to taste and favors of braided Russian Easter bread, a ruby red egg embedded in each loaf.

What seems like a trip back in time to czarist Russia is only one of many stunning parties at the home of Lester and Ruth Ruwe. They have become known especially for two long-standing traditions — their intimate gatherings in their Canadian lodge of St. Hubertus and the elaborate Russian Easter cocktail party held almost every year in their Grosse Pointe Farms home.

The Russian Easter tradition began in the late Nineteenth Century with Ruth Ruwe's grandfather, Edward Devoy, a St. Louis industrialist active in the town's civic, philanthropic and cultural circles. He was asked by the mayor to host a banquet honoring the town's visitor, the Grand Duke Alexis, but Mr. Devoy's wife couldn't be by his side that evening. She was home giving birth to

their child. As soon as protocol permitted, he hurried home to tell how he'd been with Russian noblemen, only to learn that he was the father of a moments-old son. They immediately decided, "we'll call him Alexis."

In time, the American Alexis had two little girls — Ruth (Ruwe) and the late Virginia Devoy — who were told the story as children. They took it from there, devouring all the Romanov lore they could find, from the earliest stories down to Nicholas and Alexandra, executed with their children during the Revolution in 1918. Later in life, the sisters' own possessions came to include rare icons, Faberge eggs and Romanov artifacts that had been brought to America by fleeing White Russians who sold them to support themselves. Virginia Devoy's home had a Russian room on whose walls hung two-by-three-foot lithographs of Russian court scenes, cut from a leather-bound commemorative folder issued at the time of Nicholas' and Alexandra's coronation.

Once, when Russian Easter took place while the hosts were still in Palm Beach, they gave the party there. The cossack uniform was dispatched from Grosse Pointe, and they found white satin blouses for all the waiters, along with a pianist who knew his way around Russian music. It was a scene

from *Doctor Zhivago* — all the way. Fountains of Easter lilies filled the house. Flowers in profusion are a must — not only at every Ruwe party, but throughout the year at their home. Lilies of every variety and wild orchids are favorites.

Another long-standing tradition occurs at St. Hubertus, the Ruwes' Tyrolean hunting lodge in a remote part of Canada. Here we find the deft, subtle touches are a change of pace from the extravagant Russian Easter celebrations.

Here Lester Ruwe's expertise as a ranking international gun is evident. He shoots partridge in Scotland and Spain, and snipe in Ireland. Also an angler, he wades for salmon in Norway and on yearly trips to Iceland. But it's ducks he downs in St. Hubertus marshes, and they're served at the dinner party honoring the patron saint after which both the hunt and the lodge are named.

Nearly a hundred reybuck and chamois horns (from the Hearst collection) decorate the lodge's walls, all part of the Austrian decor. The main room's cathedral ceiling is finished in painted wooden beams removed from the old John B. Ford estate on Lake Shore. From it hang two chandeliers, carved wooden *listin vikin*, their soft glow creating a romantic atmosphere

in the evening. The lodge's kitchens are walled with rosy-toned brick that once served as ballast for ships sailing the Great Lakes. The copper pots and pans are kept at an eye-popping shine.

Just as faithfully appointed are the two guest houses. The first gets its decor from their son James E. Scripps III's passion for the ocean, which began when he was a tot. At only twenty-one, he earned his captain's papers in the merchant marines, going on to command the ships that saw action on the Atlantic in World War II. This first guest house is called "the Captain's House" and adds ancient sea chests and a brass captain's wheel to its interior.

The second is, in fine counterpoint, delicately Austrian and filled with fine antiques and French furniture. Its small living room is dominated by a fireplace with niched bricks rising almost to the ceiling. The niches easily accept dozens of multicolored votive lights.

Coming back to the Pointe, the Ruwes add something distinctive to every gala. For one bon voyage dinner honoring the late Charles E. Merkels, guests stepped from their cars and went through customs. The scene was achieved by three immense Vuitton trunks piled high with luggage.

The Ruwes' son Nicholas (whose life has been involved with at least three presidents) is his father's inseparable hunting and fishing companion. Surprisingly, his fortieth birthday party in the Sixties was given not at the lodge, but at the family home in the Pointe. It was a formal dinner party and the feminine guests were loaned tiaras and Russian court jewels which they donned with great enthusiasm.

Another idea for a party came from the trip the Ruwes took to Scotland. The group stayed at a beautiful baronial hall. The couple in charge of the stately home confided that they were coming to Detroit a few months hence and seriously wondered if there were cowboys and Indians in the United States. It so amused the Ruwes that they said the couple must come over to their home for a real American party.

When the visiting Scotsmen arrived, they joined the Ruwes and their guests for a typical Grosse Pointe dinner party — as typical as anything could be at their home. For on the lawns of the left terrace of the house, a pair of Walpole Island Indians — complete with war paint, feathers, tom-toms and war-whoops — appeared every once in awhile for a war dance. The visitors adored it, but a local guest asked straightfaced, "Tell me, really, are those Indians I see out there?"

**For one bon voyage
dinner, guests
stepped from their
cars and went
through customs.
The scene was
achieved by three
immense Vuitton
trunks piled high
with luggage.**

Music always fills the air at the Ruwes'. Either violins from the Detroit Symphony are engaged or a dreamy pianist, perhaps Cliff Hall (who for years came up from Palm Beach), Joe Wagstaff and long ago, Jack Rosevear.

They never have to buy special "touches" when they entertain. Instead, over the years they've assembled a collection that is mind-boggling. From Vienna to France to Germany, Ruth Ruwe has amassed all sorts of interesting bargains. The Ruwes are family-oriented and have given at least one granddaughter a glimpse of fun when it turns continental. They took granddaughter Anne Scripps (now Mrs. Anthony Xavier Morrell, of Bronxville, NY) off to the International Debutante's Ball in Vienna's Schwartzburg Palace during her deb year. She was squired for a magic week by an especially appointed escort — Alexander Hartenau (she gave closer attention to a dashing

young baron) for all the dinner and dances that had been arranged.

You begin to wonder if everything at the Ruwes isn't just about perfect. "Oh, Chinese music," they laugh, remembering the unfamiliar ding-dong-dings a pair of Chinese boys provided at an Oriental dinner they gave at the lodge.

The devotee of Russian history will never forget the first time she faced modern Russians, right here in the Pointe. That was back in 1974, when Russia's top veteran cosmonauts came to this country to confer with our Skylab team on a joint USSR-USA launch that would unite two aircraft in space and together conduct experiments. Six of the Soviets were flown to Detroit, unexpectedly, among them Alexi Leonov, the first man to walk in space. Skylab put in a surprise call to the Pointe's William B. Cudlips who had a son in the protocol department at the time: "The cosmonauts are spending the night there," they said. "Could you possibly have them out for a real American evening?"

The Cudlips asked the Ruwes to join forces, and after some fancy footwork it evolved into a cocktail party at the Ruwes'. The foursome entertained later at a dinner dance at the Country Club. Hastily, they booked the small private dining room at the club. Because it was an October evening, they made sheaves of cornstalks and tied them with orange and black ribbons. American — and effective.

Came the night of the party, the Russians were two hours late to the Ruwes'. The cosmonauts' wives had decided to go a little American themselves and made beauty salon appointments for new hairdos. Unfortunately, no one bothered to inform the hosts that the Russians didn't speak any English. Ruth Ruwe can remember only their great broad smiles, and the way they all shook her hand and said the one English phrase they knew — "Bloody Mary." ◇

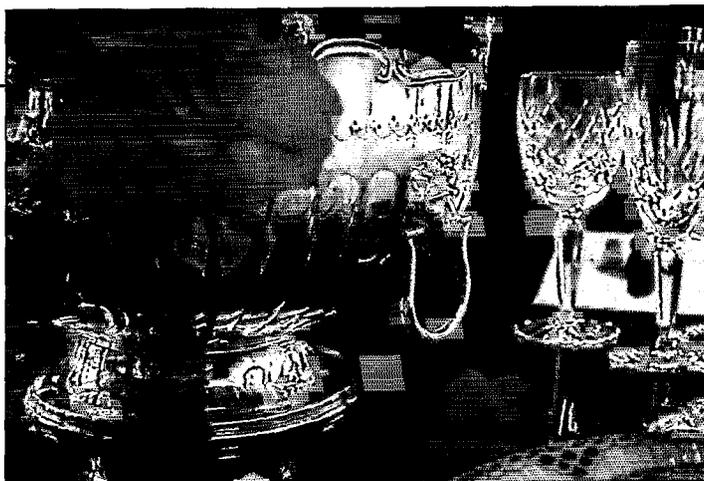
Jane Schermerhorn is editor of The Social Secretary of Detroit and Michigan. This is her first article for HERITAGE.

ENTERTAINING

PRESENT A POLISHED IMAGE with gleaming accents.

The traditional English lion's head punch bowl handle symbolizes the overall elegance of the table. Its fluted design is a common element shared by the Waterford crystal, the flatware and the china.

- Photographed at the home of the William Lafers.
- Available at Jacobson's.



THE INTIMATE BUFFET

The vibrant shades of the china's fuschia blossoms inspired the refreshing combination of red and mulberry linens. The shape of the flowers is reflected in the choice of crystal and flatware. This is truly an intimate table for two.

China: "Poem" by Rorstrand of Sweden. Flatware: "Resplendence" by International. Crystal: "Lyric" by Atlantis. Champagne Bucket: Lead crystal by Rhedel. Linens: "Camelot". Accessories: toast rack, biscuit box and sugar caster are Victorian English silverplate. Jam jar by Waterford. Pepper mill and shakers by Ricci.

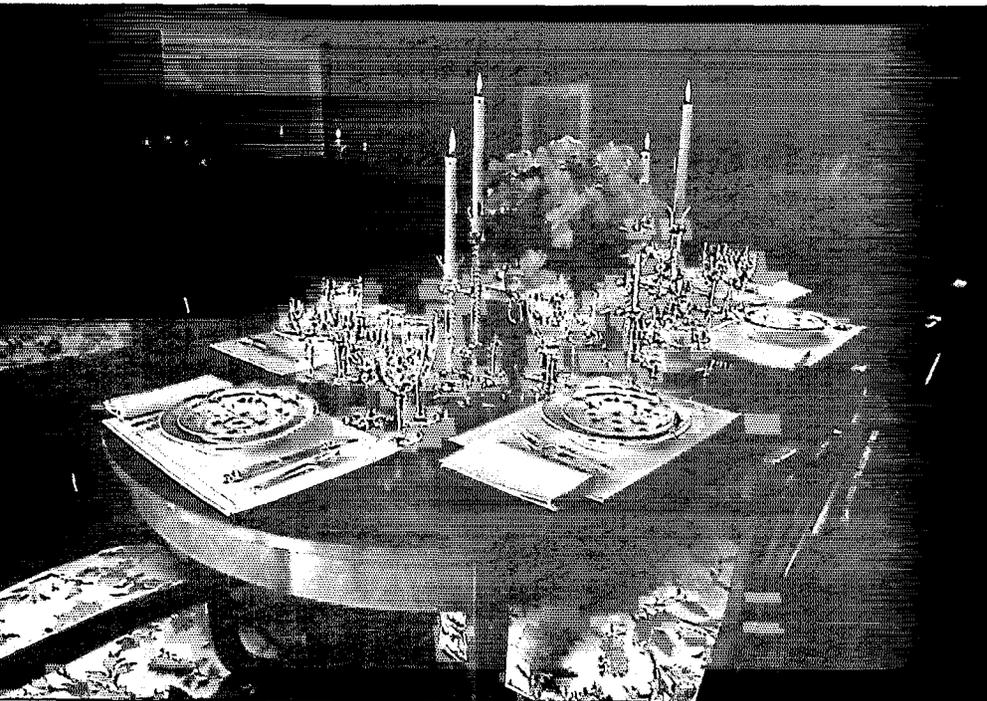
- Table designed by Jacobson's.
- Flowers by Conner Park Florist.

ARTWORK FOR THE TABLE

Handpainted Herend collectibles from Hungary will charm even the most staid dinner guests with their jewel-clear color and incredibly fine detail.

- Photographed in the Shores home of Bob Endres.
- Available at Jacobson's.





**BOLDLY ELEGANT:
THE FORMAL DINNER**

A collection of strong contrasts brings contemporary appeal to a very traditional concept. The malachite green walls backdrop the vivid orange flowers, while the pale peach linens seem framed by the dark mahogany table. This very old china pattern takes on a new dimension in this dramatic setting.

China: "Blue Fluted Half Lace" by Royal Copenhagen. Flatware: "Royal Danish" sterling silver by International. Stemware: Three complementary Waterford crystal patterns all share a rounded shape.

— Designed by William Lafer and photographed in the dining room of his Shores home.

— All pieces available at Jacobson's.

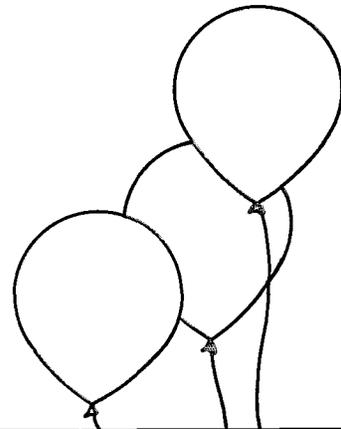
**A FEAST
FOR THE SENSES**

The sensual appeal of this dinner party would be diminished without the indulgence of crusty breads, a bright salad and robust wine. Note the repeat of rounded shapes in the wine glasses, candlestick bases, and the loaves of bread which unify the diverse textural elements of the serving area.



All That Clattered

Ushering in one of the wildest decades, even some of Grosse Pointe's biggest names let their hair down.



If you were to ask a group of people what the best era for parties was, surely the consensus (especially in this auto-rich area) would be the Twenties. What gradually became an era of decadence, with money and liquor flowing faster than cars off the assembly line, began as just a genuine good time. The Roaring Twenties were exactly that, and Detroit had reason to smile.

Grosse Pointe and Detroit were not disparate at that time, with the highest of society frequenting both locales. At the Scarab Ball held at the Pontchartrain in February of 1920, for example, "there were Hawaiian girls with fringing skirts and Egyptian damsels with no skirts at all. There was even a Gainesborough little boy blue in the person of (Eleanor) Ford, while Edsel himself went as a gorgeous page boy in orange brocade..."

But although high society frequented both locales, taking a trip out to Grosse Pointe was like going for a day in the country. This excerpt from *The Detroit News* of May, 1920 proves that. "...Mr. and Mrs. Sidney T. Miller and Miss Elizabeth Miller (a popular debutante of the time) closed their winter home on Jefferson Avenue last week, and went out to their residence at Grosse Pointe."

Or the story of the wedding of Helen Hickey "at her home at the Pointe." The bride wore white satin, and each of her bridesmaids wore a different color. The matron of honor wore green, the maid of honor in rose, and the others in yellow, pink,



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE DETROIT NEWS.

orchid, blue and "peachblow." These were the days, don't forget, when weddings took place in the home of the bride. And... "the rooms were redolent with Ophelia roses, and a silver bowl filled with bride's roses" was on the dining table. After the wedding, it was noted, the happy couple would "return to their residence on Vernier Rd."

Indeed, what made the Twenties so wonderful was not simply the people, nor the sneaking of liquor on the sly. Most of all it showed

itself in the little touches — the elaborate and well-thought-out decorations. At a May dinner given by Frances Jane Shipman honoring Fay Alger, the table centerpiece used "crimson tulips arranged in slender vases, graduated in height and connected by red satin ribbons."

Or at Miss Shipman's wedding later in the year, "deep blue larkspur and pink Japanese lilies interspersed with burning cathedral candles were everywhere about the rooms. A

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DETAILS

Flowers, rentals and special effects

FLORISTS



From the early part of this century, when the size and scope of floral arrangements distinguished a grand event from an average party, flowers have played an important role in Grosse Pointe entertaining. Whether urns overflowing with orchids, or a single-stemmed crystal vase with a glistening rose, flowers add that touch of elegance to any celebration. Though it may be difficult to decide which arrangement to go with, just remember to keep in mind the effect you are trying to create. Be it traditional or contemporary, with just a little bit of wild — here's some of what's available.

Grosse Pointe Florist, 174 Kerby, Grosse Pointe Farms, 885-3000.

Designing about three parties a week, floral designer Larry Stewart contends that the more unusual flower is now in demand. "Most everything is English-type, loose and airy. We're using a lot of alstrameria, iris, tulips and rubrum lilies." In the business for forty-five years, the shop does most of its own growing, which gives them greater access to daffodils, iris, thalia and other exotic flowers.

For your party, Stewart would visit your abode and choose flowers to complement the fabrics and paintings in your home. Prices range from a basic centerpiece at \$15 to exotic pieces running from \$35 to \$75. Candles, balloons or virtually anything you can think of can be incorporated into your arrangement. "People are all so different. Some splurge, while some are economical. We can do anything the customer wants," says Stewart.

Moehring-Woods Flowers, 20923 Mack Avenue, Grosse Pointe Woods, 882-9732.

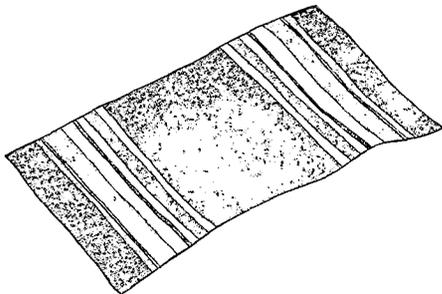
Manager Bruce Anderson, who's designed parties for years, has seen the flowers of choice go from traditional to looser designs. The European arrangement has made a dramatic entrance, now used at virtually every type of affair. These flowers are grouped according to color and type, as they would grow in lateral or parallel designs.

"People are getting tired of seeing daisies, mums and carnations. They are using more chromatic colors of pink, mauve, lavender, and white putting colors on the same scale," explains Anderson. This, of course, means using the more contemporary flowers, which are also more expensive — bird of paradise, alstrameria, liatris, heather, anthurium, orchids.

Anderson will come out to your home to measure its dimensions and examine the decor. The average party will run from \$100 to \$500, while some have peaked at \$1,200. Centerpiece prices vary depending on design. A graceful Oriental styling with alstrameria and cherry blossom branches runs about \$25, while a conventional style using anthuriums and fuji mums runs about \$40. Prices depend on availability. Another possibility, for that special evening, is a single rose crystal vase for \$10.

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beach towels



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Music for All Ears

From jazz to Latin to Motown to break-funk, the Detroit area is rich in musical talent and colorful performers. Just pick up a phone to bring aspiring, or established, musicians to your door. When arranging for a band to perform at your party or event, you have several options. You could go through an entertainment agency (Lorio-Ross at 398-9711, or Gail &

Rice at 427-9300, ask to speak to Chris Nordman), or you could arrange for the band yourself. The advantage of an entertainment agency is that they will handle all details for you. Both agencies specialize in Top-40 type bands, although they also handle the big names. Lorio-Ross, for example, handles Alexander Zonjic, while Gail & Rice reps for the popular Austin-

Moro band.

But the advantage of doing it yourself is that you have a greater selection, closer to your own music tastes. The Sun Messengers' Paul Bauhof suggests just going up to a band that you like after hearing them perform, and inquiring about their schedules and rates. Prices for different bands vary. The entertainment agency price, according to Chris Nordman of Gail and Rice, is \$135 for one person playing three hours. Fees can range anywhere from \$550 to \$850 per evening, including equipment.

The Sun Messengers, a very popular local dance band, charge \$1,500 per event. They sell themselves on the basis of their unlimited repertoire. "We do everything," says Bauhof, "from swing to r&b to latin to rock and roll. Everything from 'In the Mood' to 'Black Magic Woman.'" It all depends on the client's musical preferences.

If price is an object, scour some of the local clubs. Smaller local bands will be able to play for less (\$250 per night), and there are enough talented groups out there to make it worth your while. Or even better yet, consult our list.

Perhaps you don't want a live band, and only require a disc jockey who spins records of your choosing. Plan on \$25 per hour, four hours' minimum. Some DJs will bring their own records, suited to your event. 38th Street Sound is one local company who will provide everything for you, equipment alone, or with disc jockey. Their prices are \$100-\$175 for equipment and \$250 for two disc jockeys. Prices can be altered if you don't require as much. (The larger the party area, the more sound equipment required.) You can reach them by calling Frank at 774-9450.

Another possibility many people may not consider is calling up a radio station and asking for your favorite jock. According to chief engineer Sonny from WKSG (Kiss-FM), they get many calls like this. Expect to pay much more for these celebs, though.

That's one of the great things about Detroit and its music-filled environs — everything you want is right here at your fingertips!

AGENCIES

Lorio-Ross, Royal Oak, 398-9711.

Gail & Rice, Livonia, 427-9300.

Asterisk Productions, Detroit 831-7305.

Nebula Productions, Grosse Pointe, 881-8158.

Mel Ball Productions, Detroit, 851-1992.

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Fashion Forecast



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TRADITIONS

continued from page 68

huge mound of sweetheart roses centered the serving table which also bore an elaborate wedding cake in the form of a double heart" (not because of their own true love, but because it was simultaneously her

parents' anniversary).

The year 1920 was ushered in with grand Grosse Pointe style at local New Year's Eve parties.

The grandest place was the Dodge home. "The trees on either side of

the driveway (were) strung with colored lights. . . mistletoe (was) draped over the doorways. In the music room, guests danced beneath a leafy canopy in the centre of which hung a floral bell with silvered ivy.

"In the dining room, the buffet supper table held an old English bird cage, rose-trimmed (with) snow-white birds. Ribbon streamers lettered '1919' and '1920' extended from the cage to either end of the table, caught in the outstretched hands of golden cupids."

Parties were given for any occasion. Even journeys abroad merited a celebration. This, from February 1920 — "Mr. and Mrs. H. Kirke Lathrop, who will leave April 17 for an extended visit to London, were given a dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Deming at their Grosse Pointe residence. . . Silver candelabra held foliage-green tapers and graceful vases filled with spring blossoms in yellow and white — jonquils, hyacinths and carnations from the Deming conservatories ornamented the table." Guests at this dinner included Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Theodore A. McGraw, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry, Jr.

One reason the Twenties are so memorable is that celebrants in Grosse Pointe — in the mode of Jay Gatsby — thought nothing of dancing 'til dawn. This announcement of the Follies Ball stated that there would be "dancing

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PHOTO COURTESY OF THE DETROIT NEWS



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in their honor, Penny inquired about the remainder of their scheduled visit to Detroit. Only one person in the group spoke any English. He replied that they had plans for the next two days, but nothing to do on the Fourth of July because all the businesses were closed.

"Can you take care of us?" he asked. Mrs. Simon remembers those fateful words with a smile. "I said, 'Well, uh-hm, uhmm, what we usually do is have a barbecue.' They accepted immediately!" Afterward, she experienced what in this case was a very normal reaction — panic. "I said to George, 'I don't know what to do with them. I don't know what they are going to expect or want.'"

A little apple pie ingenuity saved the day. If a typical American Fourth of July is what they seemed to want, that is what they would get — Simon-style. "Only family and close friends were invited because we knew there would be a strain since they didn't speak English. We had tennis and volleyball and croquet for entertainment, and we even brought the ping-pong table up. That was a smart move," she recalled with a sigh of relief.

All went remarkably well until dinner began, when East met West head-on. "They have a custom of toasting you. Their dishes come in many courses, with one food item served on a dessert-size plate and then the next, etc. . . . And before each course, they give a toast. Here they were confronted by one big plate with everything on it, and they were obviously floored. For a while, they didn't know quite what to do, but eventually they decided to begin the toast, all thirteen of them in descending order of importance."

"Every time you went to take a bite, someone else was standing up to toast. Finally, on around the sixth person, I said to George, 'I think we are supposed to be doing the same thing,' so we did. We really didn't know what to say either, so we talked about their families and wished them well, we said we hoped they were happy here. And someone expressed hope that business relations between our countries would grow and prosper, and on we went, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera!"

Eating swiftly became a secondary concern. "Actually, I think everyone ended up enjoying themselves. They turned out to be very charming people, very interested in our families and our children. In fact, the young interpreter still writes two of my granddaughters."

It is instantly obvious to anyone who meets her that Penny Simon is a people person. A former Providence Hospital nurse, she grew up on the far west side in what is now Livonia. ("My husband literally gave me a passport to the east side when we were married," she confided.) She is

still a highly capable practitioner of the art of making people feel comfortable and special.

Ever the thoughtful hostess, she eagerly pours her talent and imagination into creating a unique experience and atmosphere for her guests. "I think I am a good cook — I don't like to cook, but I am a good cook," confessed Simon, who much prefers to have her grand soirées catered by a variety of firms. For smaller gatherings of close family and friends, she defers to her husband's passion for barbecues where they can experiment with various ethnic foods or sample her mother-in-law's Arabic recipes. "I love to invite people over who say they don't like lamb, and then serve them grilled lamb on shish kebab. Usually they don't know what they are eating. They don't recognize it because Americans don't prepare lamb right, they leave the fat on it which changes the flavor. Arabic people remove every ounce of fat and get a different flavor altogether. It takes a long time, but it is very good eating."

One thing that is always a hit at the Simons' are the flowers. Penny favors white gardenias when setting a sophisticated scene. She admires them as much for their scent as for their adaptability to the low centerpieces her husband prefers. There is no beating around the bush with George Simon when it comes to this pet peeve. As his wife lamented, "If he can't see over the centerpiece to converse with the person across from him, he will just pick it up and put it on the floor. Of course, I always try to avoid that by keeping things elegant, but low and out of the way."

Then, for a parting remembrance of a lovely evening, she has the gardenias arranged in separate water vials so that she can present one to each of her female guests as they leave.

To facilitate special effects at her parties, the resourceful hostess keeps a most eclectic file box listing everything from waiters to fortune tellers, florists to caricaturists, strolling violins to ponies for the birthday party she gives annually for her fourteen grandchildren.

With all the effort she puts into making her gatherings memorable for others, one might think that Penny Simon would be terribly tuckered out by the time everyone gets to her front door, but quite the opposite is true. She puts everything into the preparation so that she doesn't have to worry about the aspect of her parties which she enjoys the most — "Being there," she replied, without hesitation. "Once the party starts, I like to have as much fun as my guests!" And why not? ◇

To facilitate special effects at her parties, Mrs. Simon keeps a most eclectic file box listing everything from waiters to fortune tellers, florists to caricaturists, strolling violins to ponies . . .

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Stephanie Germack

Arts patron Stephanie Germack knows the value of a good party, and she's always ready for one. Her magnificent Oriental beveled glass dining room table is set year-round, just waiting for unexpected guests. "I have four sets of service plates," Stephanie explains. "The spring apple blossoms and the late summer day lilies are hand-painted china. There are orange Chinese fish plates of French porcelain for fall, and red and gold banded Lenox for winter. We have matching crystal goblets, mats and seasonal centerpieces of silk flowers."

"Since my table is set all the time," she continued, "I can always invite friends from one of my many meetings without having to worry. I know I'm all set to go. It is also just nice to look at. It sort of gives you a pleasant feeling everytime you walk in the room."

Although she enjoys the impromptu get-togethers (with the ever-present bowl of pistachios on the table), the Germacks favor the more formal modes of entertaining. "People really enjoy dressy parties," she asserts. "It's an opportunity to get out of the stay-at-home clothes, the sweaters and slacks. I know that I

look forward to getting dressed up at night and I think it really flatters your hosts when they can see that you took the time to look lovely for their party."

As a hostess, she is even more conscientious about her guest list, and making sure that she has the right mix of people. "I make schedules for every party, and at the end of the year, I go through them to see how each one worked out. There are lists of who attended and how they were seated, so I can tell the next time if this one or that one have been placed together before. I try to avoid repeats."

"One thing I never do is seat a husband and wife next to each other," notes Mrs. Germack with concern. "In fact, I try not to seat them at the same table when possible. You can learn so much about a new person chatting at dinner — that's what makes it interesting. If you seat a married couple together, and they talk to each other all night, what will they have to share when they get home?"



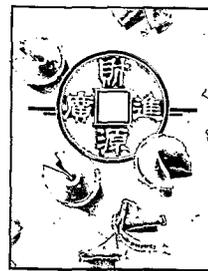
Beth Konrad

With her hectic schedule as the Vice President of Community Development at Channel 56, it is easy to understand why some of the best moments for Beth Konrad are the intimate ones shared with her husband and child. But that doesn't mean she neglects her friends.

Beth and her husband moved to the Park two years ago, and she remarks how they enjoys the "resort-like" atmosphere here. "In the winter, we can cross-country ski to the Fairfax Market, and in the summer, you can combine entertaining friends for dinner with . . . a bike ride."

The key to a good party? "Good company, good conversation, and good food," says she. Summer is available even in the bitterest winter at the Konrads', when they barbecue whitefish or steak outside. Fowl is definitely a mainstay. "I can cook a chicken almost in my sleep."

One responsibility she takes very seriously as a hostess is the intake of alcohol by her guests, an attitude common among many of today's hostesses. "I'm happy to see my guests leave sober," she remarked. "I think for anyone who entertains now that should be a very conscious risk."



Mado Lie

"People say that Detroit is so dull, but that just is not true," exclaimed Mado Lie, springing to the defense of the city's diverse cultural offerings in which she takes an active interest. "There is so much to do here no matter how your tastes run — the symphony, the opera, the jazz festivals and the theatres. If you attended everything, you would hardly ever have an empty date on your calendar."

As it is, as the mother of ten children (ages four to twenty-five), and a committed worker for the Grosse Pointe Symphony, Children's Hospital Auxiliary and the Alliance Française of Grosse Pointe, Mrs. Lie has very few empty dates on her calendar now. She still manages to entertain, though she usually uses caterers.

She does have a standby dish called terrace chicken, baked in Chinese barbecue sauce. She and her husband, Dr. Kim Khung Lie, hold frequent summer dinners on their terrace overlooking the lake. Their entertainment comes in the form of spinnakers from the Park's Tuesday night regattas.

The large Lie family is very much a part of every party. "They are definitely around when we have a party because I think they should get used to social manners — being introduced, shaking hands, little curtseys. They are never too young."

Dr. Lie has his own prescription for keeping the conversation fresh at the seated dinner parties — between courses, he has everyone change places four times. "Now please change your seats," he will say. "And don't forget to take your napkin and your glass. . . ."

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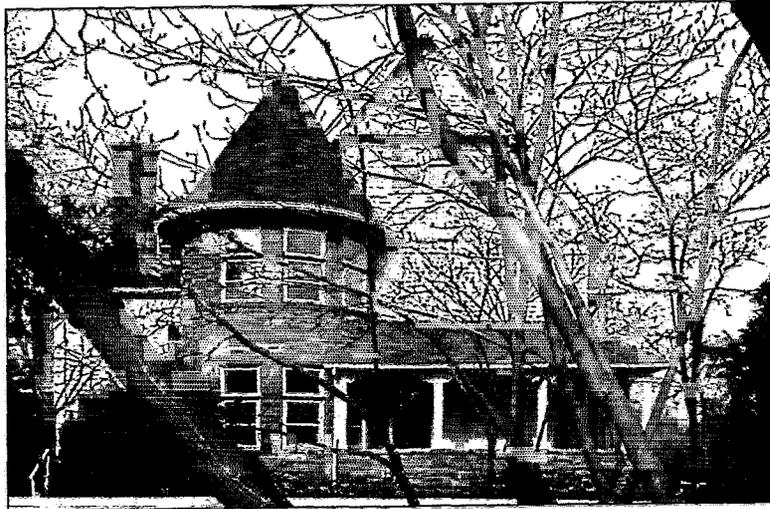
The House that Kahn Built

*Restored and modernized, the
Sherrard House retains its personality.*

The rejuvenation of the Sherrard House was just what the doctor ordered. The ninety-three-year-old grande dame at 59 Lake Shore has recently undergone a few transplants and some cosmetic surgery — a nip here, a stitch and a tuck there, a lift or two, and a bit of therapeutic rehabilitation. She's taken a new lease on life and is recovering nicely.

The dowager Sherrard House deserves respect not only because of age. One of a handful of nineteenth-century homes remaining in

The house was recently restored with faithful attention to historical authenticity. Fox & Associates, a general contracting firm, bought the house from the Sherrard estate last summer. President Bill Fox and Vice President Dan Steffes especially enjoy historic renovations, and for the last year they've been working to restore the house's vitality while maintaining its historic character. It had been empty, with only an occasional live-in groundskeeper, for a year-and-a-half. The new owners have modernized the wiring,



Grosse Pointe, it was recently listed in the Michigan Register of Historic Places and will soon make the list in the National Register as well.

Moreover, the Sherrard House may be one of Albert Kahn's earliest residential designs — a superb example of a moderate-sized upper class shingle style home of the early 1890s, regardless of its architectural pedigree.

The Sherrard House — and the home at 60 Lake Shore, directly across the street — played a significant role in the history of Grosse Pointe. The house was owned by the Sherrard family until two years ago. It was the setting for several books by author Jack Kerouac, and there's even the hint of a ghost in the attic.

plumbing and heating system, replaced the storms and screens, the roof, kitchen and bathrooms, and they've restored the vintage woodwork, fireplaces, brass hardware, lead glass windows, and hardwood floors.

And if that's not enough to make the house a treasure, it also holds happy memories for several long-time Grosse Pointe residents. "It's a family house. There were always children scampering up and down the stairs," said Adelaide Lodge, niece of Charlotte Fiske Berry and Henry G. Sherrard, the couple for whom the house was built in 1892.

Adelaide grew up in the house across the street at 60 Lake Shore. Her mother, Alice Dwight Berry Lodge, and

Charlotte Berry Sherrard were sisters. Their father, Joseph H. Berry, was an early Grosse Pointe landowner. He built the magnificent Berry Estate (demolished about 1940) on fifteen acres that reached approximately from McKinley Road to Sunset Lane, and stretched from Lake St. Clair all the way to Kercheval. Joseph Berry was a successful Detroit businessman, industrialist and real estate speculator, founder of the Berry Brothers Varnish Manufactory, and other enterprises.

Joseph Berry and his wife, Charlotte Dwight Berry, had three daughters: Charlotte, Alice and Lottie. (There have been four women named Charlotte involved in the Sherrard House history.) As each daughter married, Berry gave her a portion of his estate and built a house for the newlywed couple. Charlotte, the eldest, was the first to marry. The Sherrard House was completed in 1892 for Charlotte and her new husband, Henry G. Sherrard. Alice married Dr. Edwin Lodge and their house at 60 Lake Shore was completed around 1903. Berry's youngest daughter, Lottie, married a few years later, but moved to the East Coast with her husband.

Henry was a classical scholar with a flair for languages. He graduated from the University of Michigan, Phi Beta Kappa. He



taught at Central High School in Detroit, and was respected particularly for his patience and fairness. He founded the Detroit University School (now University Liggett) in Grosse Pointe around the turn of the century.

◇ PHOTOS BY GLEN CALVIN MOON.

Henry and Charlotte Sherrard eventually had three children: Joseph, Valeria and Laura. Henry was an invalid for many years and sought treatment for his ailments in Europe. According to Adelaide, his illness was a circulatory problem, probably complications of diabetes.

Henry died in 1909, and Charlotte Berry was left – a relatively young widow – with two teenagers and a nine-year-old. “After Uncle Henry died,” said Adelaide, “Aunt Charlotte threw herself into causes – Women’s Suffrage, the League of Women Voters – that sort of thing. She was the first Michigan president of the League of Women Voters.

“I can still visualize her in the library (of the Sherrard House) sitting by the fireplace, reading a book. The library was lined with bookshelves. There were books all over. Both Charlotte and Henry were great readers.” Today, the library of the house contains the original fireplace and mantel, with all its oak and tin and brass and tile restored to its original state, but the bookshelves have been removed and placed in the upstairs hallway.

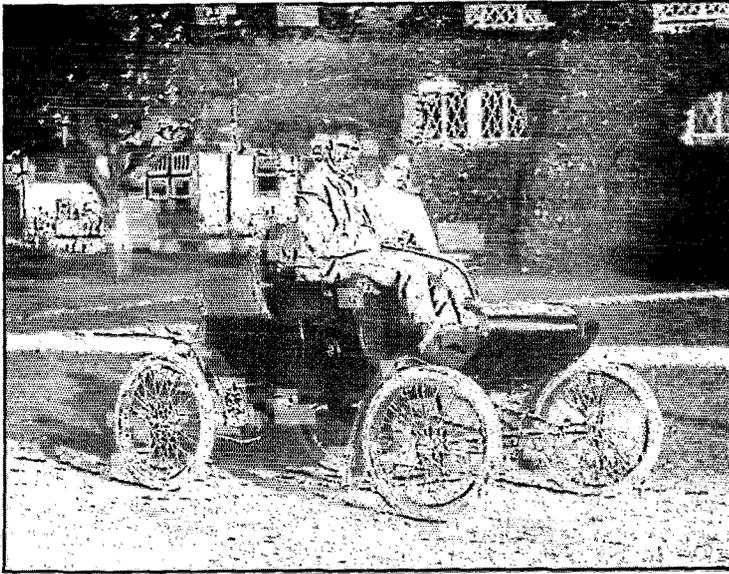
The stairway has recently been cleaned up and restored to its former magnificence – finely detailed carved oak newel post and balustrade. A huge lead glass window at the stairway’s landing has been repaired and returned to its original beauty.

In the dining room, original hardwood floors have been refinished and polished to a high gloss. The wainscotted walls (the paneling was rescued from the Berry estate when it was torn down) have been refurbished and the intricate curved wall of windows has been preserved. The detailed design in the leaden panes and the pattern of curved wood muntins has been faithfully restored, just like it was when she was a child, according to Adelaide. “The dining room window glass was in pretty good shape,” said Steffes, “but we had to rebuild the beveled leaded glass in the upper part of the front door.”

The asymmetrical design of the house features projections for rooms of varying shapes – including a tower with a conical roof – a typical Victorian touch. The first floor of the tower was, for a time, Joseph Sherrard’s office. Joseph lived in the house all his life; he married late, at age fifty-five, and died only a few years ago. (His wife’s name was Charlotte, also). Adelaide said that the Sherrard family often referred to Joseph’s tower office room as ‘the oval office,’ a subtle, friendly jab at his conservative political views. Above the oval office, a round bedroom occupies the second floor of the tower. Adelaide remembers it as Valeria’s.

The master bedroom, with the original scaled-down fireplace, faces east, and offers a view of Lake Shore Drive from alcove with eight rectangular windows with more lead glass panes.

ARCHITECTURE



Henry and Charlotte Sherrard in their "horseless carriage," on Lake Shore Road in front of the Grosse Pointe Presbyterian Church, around 1901-1902.

Valeria and Laura Sherrard visit "Johnny Bear," a black bear cub from northern Michigan who lived on the Berry property and became notorious for terrorizing the neighborhood. Photo taken around 1904.

Opposite page: Lake Shore Road near the Sherrard House in 1901.

PHOTO COURTESY OF ADELAIDE LODGE



The exterior of the house is made of reddish-brown sandstone and cream-colored cedar shingles, with decorative touches in a variety of interesting shapes. A veranda wraps around two sides of the house, its roof supported by square paneled columns. Adelaide remembers that part of the veranda was screened at one time. "Charlotte used to sit out there in the summer," she said, "but later on, when automobiles became popular, the noise from Lakeshore grew unbearable. I remember, as a youngster, watching the cars go by on Lake Shore. We used to call them 'machines.' Six machines an hour was a traffic jam." During the early part of the century in Grosse Pointe, a lamplighter lit the gaslights each evening along unpaved, two-lane Lake Shore Drive, bricks and boards served as sidewalks, and drivers were ticketed for racing around at thirty-five miles per hour.

Adelaide is convinced that the house was designed by Albert Kahn. "The Sherrard family said it was designed by Kahn," she said, "and they were not ones to 'put on the dog' or say things that weren't true." Laura agrees. "We always knew it was an Albert Kahn design. I wish I had saved some of my mother's old cancelled checks. That might be the proof that's necessary."

There is evidence, although it's not absolute, black-and-white documented proof, that Kahn was the architect for the house. In the 1800s, Kahn was a young draftsman in charge of residential design and construction for a Detroit architectural firm, Mason and Rice. The firm was

hired by Joseph Berry to draw up plans for the house. According to Jon Gandelot, the attorney who handled the registration of the house in the State and National Registers of Historic Places, Kahn had just returned from a two-year European scholarship. Kahn's sketchbook contains a drawing of a shingle-style house in Brittany that is strikingly similar to the Sherrard House.

The sculptured sandstone lion over the living room mantel, once thought to be Kahn's work, was the creation of a Canadian artist. Laura recalls his reputation as a temperamental sort who was unhappy with the way the sculpture was set into the wall. "Mother said he threw a chisel at the wall in a fit of temper, and the lion has always had a cracked spot where the chisel hit."

Frankie Edith Kerouac Parker is certain that Kahn designed the house. Frankie lived in the Sherrard House, at various times, between 1947 and 1984. She was the daughter, by a former marriage, of Joseph Sherrard's wife, Charlotte Maire Parker Sherrard. Frankie's mother married Joseph in 1947, and Frankie said the family was always certain that Kahn designed their house.

Adelaide has a profusion of fond memories of the Sherrard House and of the early years of the Twentieth Century in Grosse Pointe. "Grosse Pointe was small. Most people knew each other. The properties were big. Nobody locked their doors. The outdoor help lived in Oak Street (now Muir Road)." The grounds of the Berry estate were a wonderful place for children to play, she said. It was a self-

contained farm. They had a team of Belgian horses, two or three cows, and some chickens. Berry grew vegetables and fruit for the three families, and trips to market were only necessary for staples like flour, sugar, and coffee. There were greenhouses, a potting shed, a barn with a hayloft from which to jump, a windmill, a water tower, a root house and a gardener's cottage on the property. She used to walk through the fields, past the greenhouses, past some farmhouses, over a stile to attend the Grosse Pointe Private School on the site that is now Grosse Pointe North's library and parking lot.

The neighborhood children used to play in "the circle," according to Adelaide. It was a circular grass plot, much like an English park, approximately where Edgemere and Pine Court are now. Around the circle were all kinds of shrubs and flowers: lilacs, Japanese cherry trees, flowering bushes. In the Twenties, she said a traveling English Shakespearian theatrical group was brought in to present *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the circle, as a fundraiser to benefit Women's Suffrage. The actors used the Sherrard House for their dressing rooms.

Adelaide remembers hearing tales of a pet bear that often escaped from his cage and terrorized Grosse Pointers. A relative of Joseph Berry's found a bear cub up north somewhere in a lumber camp. "The poor thing was chained to a post and he felt sorry for it," she said. "He bought the bear, which was no bigger than a large cat, and gave it to Grandfather Berry. Grandfather built an iron-barred cage and a small house for the baby bear on the estate,

near the lake. They said the bear wasn't vicious or anything, but as he grew up he became too much to handle. My mother remembered that he bent the bars of his cage one day and ran around looking in the neighbor's garbage cans. Another time he got loose and climbed a tree. Mother had to call a crew of men to get him down."

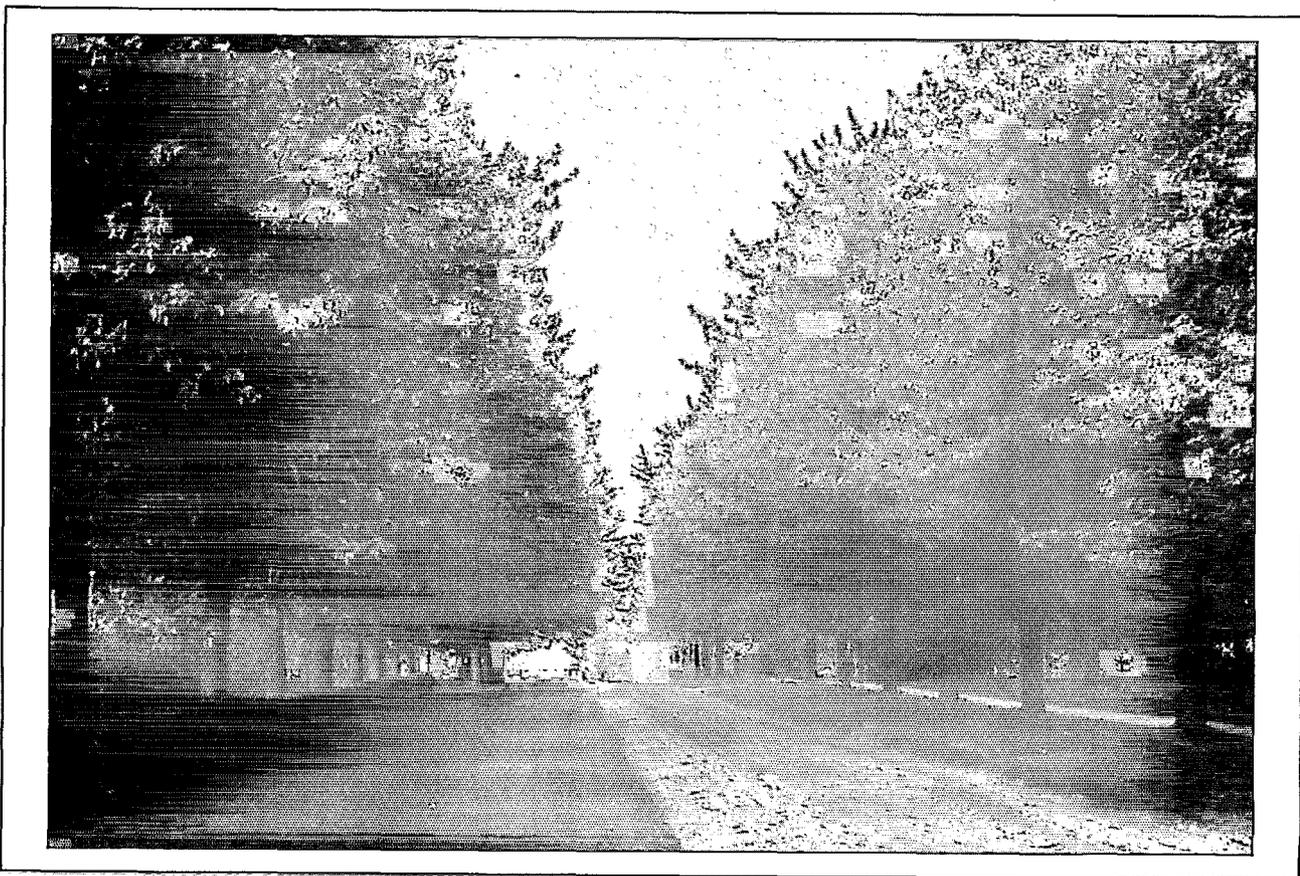
Laura remembers the Berry's coachman used to grumble about having to take the bear down to the lake on a leash every week to be bathed. "The bear bit Joseph's thumb once, by mistake," she said. "After he grew too big, he was given to the Belle Isle zoo."

Frankie was married to author Jack Kerouac. She said the Sherrard House serves as a setting in several of his books.

She also claims there is a ghost in the attic. "It's a woman in her forties, with black hair parted in the middle and tied into a bun in the back. She wears a black dress and walks around opening and closing doors. After Joseph died, she smashed glass and broke things in the attic. If she likes you, she's OK."

Frankie said her nephew has seen the ghost looking out an attic window toward Jefferson. "My father heard her walking. My mother saw her too, but they never paid any attention. A lot of housekeepers and day help saw her. We lost quite a few workers because they wouldn't stay in the house overnight."

In 1983, Frankie brought in an exorcist to chase away the ghost. "The exorcist went into a trance: spoke in a strange accent. She said the ghost had two children and





that all three of them had witnessed the murder of the ghost's husband — on a hill. This was probably before the house was built."

The exorcism was unsuccessful, she said. "If you love the house, the ghost is kind and nice and good. If you hurt the house, she turns into a devil." She went wild the day the crew began renovations, according to Frankie.

Laura and Adelaide brush the ghost stories aside. "While I was cleaning out the family possessions after Joseph died a few years ago," said Laura, "I left the attic door open by mistake. Two black squirrels scampered down the steps and ran between my feet. There's your ghost."

"There were often raccoons in the attic," said Adelaide. "Probably squirrels too. They can be very noisy and destructive."

Now that the renovation is complete, the house is for sale. "It's built like a fortress, but it's a manageable, livable size, unlike some of Grosse Pointe's old mansions," said Steffes. "It needs a special person who appreciates older things and appreciates the uniqueness of the house. Several architects have looked at it and seem interested. It will be a showpiece with the proper furnishings."

"The Sherrard House still has atmosphere," said Adelaide Lodge, wistfully. She and Laura are pleased with its renovation and modernization. "The house has always been lived in and enjoyed," said Adelaide. "A house develops a personality because it is loved. You can tell."

Margie Reins Smith is a Grosse Pointe freelance writer who has written for the Detroit Free Press and the Detroit News' Magazine. ♦

EXPERT ANALYSIS:

♦ rosemary bowditch

Students of old houses will recognize 59 Lake Shore Drive as belonging to a period of transition in American house design — a time when asymmetrical shapes, which characterized house form since Greek Revival went out of fashion, were beginning to give way to the balanced façade and regularity of Colonial Revival. In this obviously asymmetrical house, there are elements of Shingle Style, Stick Style and of Romanesque Revival, with even a touch of Gothic decoration.

Probably the first feature to catch a visitor's eye is the red-brown sandstone circular tower. Though contrasting in shape, material and color with the shingle-sided portions of the house, it does not dominate, for it is of lesser height than the rest of the house, and seems about to be consumed by it. The same stone used in the tower draws attention to the porch, a good example of mixed styles and non-symmetry. On the right side, the Romanesque-like porch wall generates piers to support a second floor overhang, while the rest of the porch wall is topped by Gothic wood posts and roof.

While there is relatively little exterior decoration, the house is not without interesting details. It requires

little searching to discover the sawtooth courses of wood shingle siding, the curve of rooflines at the eaves, the diamond-shaped insets of siding (one with oval window), the vertical line of brick corners on the chimney faces, the decorative cuts on exposed rafter ends and other intricate features. Discovery of one leads to another, and to the suspicion that the architect has deliberately created a treasure hunt for exploring eyes, the effect of which is to make the house seem more complex than it actually is.

By today's design standards, the interior may seem more highly decorated than the exterior would suggest, but for its time it was not especially luxurious. Most of the embellishments are in "company" spaces, especially in the first room a visitor encounters. Here are wood-paneled walls, a brick fireplace with sculpted lion, a bow window and window seats, and staircase with richly balustraded railing. A special touch of luxury appears in the lead glass windows. Seen from outside in daytime, they are interesting, but from within they offer a surprising show of intricate patterns of light and dark, and a demonstration of the differing effects of reflected and transmitted light.

After experiencing the company

rooms, which retain a nineteenth-century appearance, the effect of the modernized kitchen is jarring. Similarly, the various updated bathrooms seemed to be discordant elements. Clearly these alterations have been made to provide functional spaces and entertainment facilities in keeping with contemporary tastes, but it would have been more satisfying to the aficionado of old houses to find these improvements in surroundings appropriate to the house's style.

In spite of the changes, enough remains of the original house to offer a sense of the pleasures experienced in living here when it was new. Though the sandstone has lost most of the black asphalt used to enhance its mortar joints, the proud staircase has not been humbled by the passage of time, and the oak bookcase in the second floor hall confidently awaits the arrival of books and other adornments. Apparently, this house has sheltered appreciative people, for they had made very few major changes, and have retained most of the elements that make the surroundings interesting and pleasurable to live in. It is as much a house for today as it was for 1892.

Rosemary Bowditch is the historic architect at Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn.

French Departs with Class

One evening this spring, a sizeable crowd of well-wishers gathered in South High School's Clemenson Hall to wave good-bye to an era. South principal Frances French was retiring. One of the highlights of the evening was the reading of the minutes from the meeting when she was hired as a business teacher in 1950. This was followed by the reading of her announcement to retire in February of 1985. She had many special moments in her career at South, but one of them was history-making. With her appointment in April of this year, she became the first woman principal in the Grosse Pointe high school system.

"She's one of us," commented business teacher Janet Schimmell. "She's come up through the ranks from department chairperson to principal." Many of the teachers at South have a soft spot for Frances French. "Fran has never forgotten what it's like to be a teacher," added her colleague, science teacher John Mason.

French began her teaching career early, as a little girl on her family's forty-acre farm in Crosswell, Michigan. She did the usual farm chores, "but when I had time," she recalls, "I liked to play 'gool.'" She rolls her tongue and raises her eyebrows mimicking a child's version of *school*. "Even though my friends were all a bit older than me, I always played the teacher. I knew even back then that I wanted to be one."

Her formal education took place at Western Michigan and the University of Michigan, with additional graduate courses at



Wayne State and Michigan State. After her South beginnings in business, she progressed to chairman of the business department in 1951. She was hired on as assistant principal in 1968, and continued in this position until her 1985 appointment as principal.

Her sensitivity to her students included adaptability as well. She was instrumental in creating vocational programs which made it easier for students to get jobs, whether or not they chose to go to college. Programs that she initiated include Medical Aides, Child Care, Commercial Foods, Distributive Education and Office Education. She also developed a technique for teaching typing to students via television.

She has stayed in the thick of things and gone against the tide of status quo. A recent issue of controversy — raising graduation requirements — received some protests from here. "I try to put the brakes on if we're going too fast," she says delicately. "If we can develop special sections in math and English such as ad-

vanced placement courses for the really bright students, then we must also make special sections of math and English for the lower ability students."

Charles Hitch, a business teacher who has been friends with French since she hired him in 1968, said "Fran has always had a soft spot in her heart for the student who is the underdog. She is always thinking, 'Are we being just as fair to the students who don't get quite as much 'fun' out of school?'"

She shows similar concern for her ailing mother, who is still living on the Crosswell farm. French visits her every weekend, taking up her old chores once again. Driving around in her father's 1940 Ford tractor, she continues to tend the large vegetable and flower gardens, with the chrysanthemums being her favorite.

Now that the mementos of Frances French Day (May 15, designated by the Mothers' and Dads' Clubs of South), the scrapbooks and guest books are packed away, French slowly must face the reality of retirement. "That's the scary part," she says slowly, "I really haven't thought about it." There are a few things she has considered though, like taking some more classes at Wayne. "Maybe a little philosophy or poetry...but nothing towards a degree."

Looking back over her thirty-five years at South, she comments, "South had been my whole life. Just the other night, I looked down a dimly lit and empty hall, and saw the showcases and lockers. It made me get all choked up as I realized — 'Well, this it it.'"



Hi!



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.

Assembly Line Sandwich Shop, 19341 Mack in the Woods, 885-5122. Though half of their business is carry-out, they do have a casual dining area for about forty. Delivery between 10:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. by now has become legendary. Try their huge party subs. Monday-Saturday 10:30 a.m.-10:00 p.m.; Sunday noon-9:00 p.m. \$8. No credit cards.

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 croûte 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 is 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 soup 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 Francals, 20311 Mack, in Kimberly Korner Mall in the Woods, 343-0160. A courtyard with a running fountain, plants and statues set the romantic scene for the cafe's formal dining room. The constantly changing menu lists the evening's five-course prix fixe dinner. Wine and beer. Lunch Tuesday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m. Dinner Wednesday-Saturday at 6 p.m. by reservation only. Sunday brunch 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Courtyard dining. \$60. AE, CB, DC.

Little Tony's Lounge in the Woods, 20513 Mack, 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. Chateaubriand, many veal dishes, rack of lamb, and prime rib on the 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. \$30. 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.

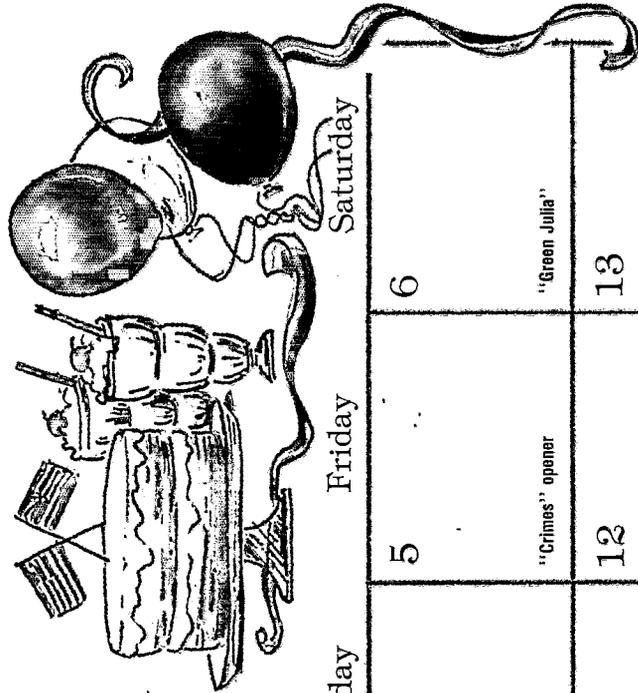
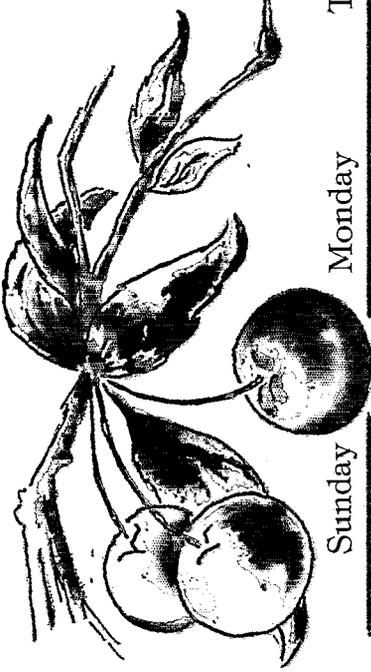
Park Place Cafe, 15402 Mack at Nottingham in the Park, 881-0550. A comfortable contemporary spot for a healthy meal. Park Place is known for its fresh fish — flounder, trout, orange roughy — and generous salads. Tuesday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 11 a.m.-midnight. \$30. AE, MC, V.

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 Fabian and Aurora. The cantina is awash with interesting south-of-the-border artifacts. Tuesday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Saturday 5 p.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday 5 p.m.-1 p.m. \$13. MC, V.

Sparky Herbert'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, 329-222. The linen-and-china set tables add to the elegance of this traditional English dining room. Gaze over the St. Clair River while savouring entrees of the American menu, including fresh seafood and steaks. Breakfast Monday-Thursday 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.

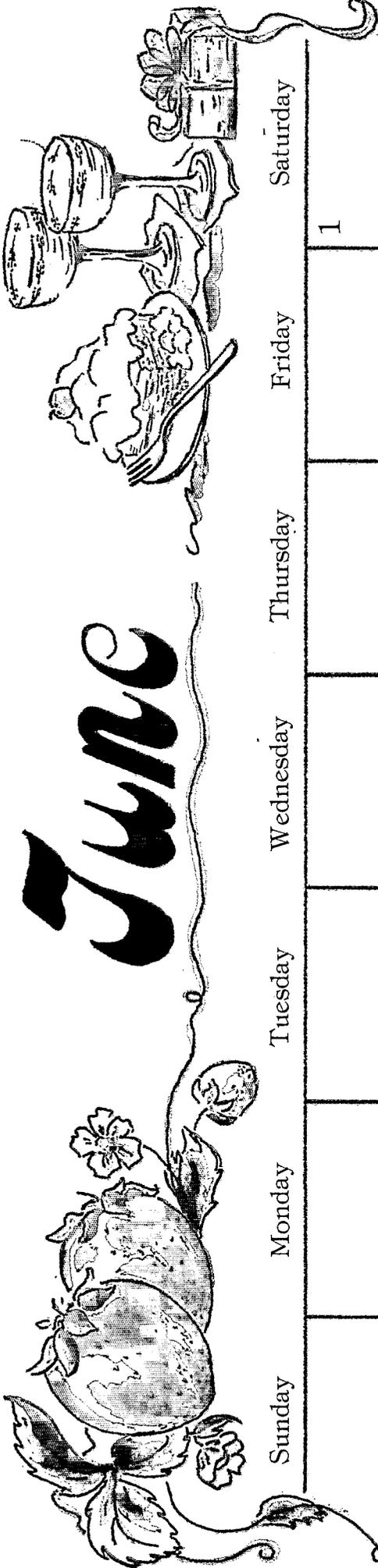
July



Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

1	2	3	4	5	6
Strategies	"Androcles"		Auto exhibit Independence Day	"Crimes" opener	"Green Julia"
7	8	9	10	11	12
Shipwreck exhibit	Church tour Tigers-White Sox Nature camp	Jazz photos	Teen Angels "Island" "On Your Own"	"Crimes" play Zonjic	Tigers-White Sox
13	14	15	16	17	18
Sunday Strolls	Summer music Norma Jean	Modern Paint Norma Jean	Tigers-Texas "High Adventure"	Air balloon "Piaf"	Garden Club tour
19	20	21	22	23	24
"Piaf" Garden Club	World String		Auto Exhibit	"Androcles"	Proud Heritage Regatta racing
25	26	27	28	29	30
Fl. Wayne Stroll Dance lessons	Big band Tigers-Kansas	"Green Julia"	"Roundabout" Lionel Hampton		

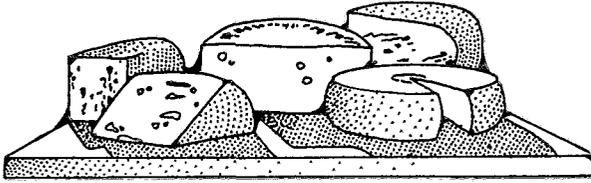
JUNE



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
"My Dog" Bach Brunch	Church tour Ballroom dance	South sports Tigers-Seattle Watercolors	North sports Investing Wednesday in Park	"Mame" Walking fitness Center Swings "Velvet Rabbit"	Manet prints	Indian Village
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Kid fun day Bach Brunch Sunday Stroll	Tigers-Orleans	Tigers-Orleans	North graduation Wednesday in Park Auto exhibit	South graduation Center Swings "To Circus"	Art on Pointe Air balloon	Art on Pointe "Grande-Cola"
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Bach Brunch Father's Day	Aerobic dance Cheerleading Jazz history American Indian	Tigers-Boston Cheerleading Jazz history	Wednesday in Park Steel Band	Spring ballet Tigers-New York Foxy Folktales	Spring ballet Freedom Festival Grand Prix	Tigers-New York Grand Prix South Reunion
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
Sunday Strolls Grand Prix Bach Brunch	Baroque Solo	Market Tour	Stratford Wednesday in Park	Fash Bash Center Swings	Tigers-Blue Jays	Auto Exhibit
30	Tigers-Blue Jays					

◆ diane dickow

Telly'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! Oyster, 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.



It is apparent from the number of cars parked in the side lot that Za Paul's is discovering what eluded the owners of the former Carriage House, Shillings, and the Wellington establishments. What was once the old Manor Bar, a haven for bootleggers during Prohibition, has undergone its fourth reincarnation in twice as many years. And it's working.

The extensive renovation of the two-story Tudor-style restaurant took over four months to complete. When it opened early this year, gone was the dark plaid upholstery of old — replaced by sparkling white banquettes and highbacked chairs. Walls were removed; a staircase was added in the back, and the direction of the front staircase changed.

In the dining room, white rough plaster walls rise above dark mahogany paneling that once graced an early Guild Hall in London, circa 1800. Much of the interior architectural detail of Za Paul's has origins in England, from the oak and mahogany fireplace mantels to the etched glass partitions of the club lounge, taken from an upstairs drawing room in the Sherlock Holmes Public House of Northumberland Street, London, said to have been frequented by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Despite its historical trappings, a contemporary theme is achieved through the forest green and tan print draping by the tables, colors carried throughout Za Paul's and made crisp by its white accents.

Za Paul's youthful co-owners, Steve and Mike Lambroff, came to Grosse Pointe by way of the west side where they operated a catering business. At all times, one of the family can be found at Za Paul's overseeing the kitchen or greeting guests.

Last summer, while traveling in Greece, Mrs. Lambroff acquired a bottle of homemade whiskey which, upon returning home, she presented to her husband. The label read — "Za Paul", or "For Paul." His sons appropriated this Macedonian term, and named their restaurant for their father, Paul Lambroff.

Both lunch and dinner menus at Za Paul's feature a similar selection of appetizers and salads, including a fresh spinach salad with sweet and sour dressing, and crab Louis, a bed of fresh greens topped with alfalfa sprouts, crab meat, egg and tomato

wedges. Appetizers range from the usual — shrimp cocktail, potato skins, nachos, fried mushrooms and onion rings prepared tempura style — to the unusual. The coconut shrimp consists of four jumbo shrimp with flaky coconut, deep fried and served with sweet and sour sauce. It's a nice change from the heavy batter normally encasing deep-fried foods. Za Paul's florentine-style stuffed oysters are so tasty, plump, and creamy they're a hard act to follow.

Speaking of acts, catch the comedy-magic of Gary Thison in the upper dining room on Friday or Saturday night. Fans of magic and jaded sophisticates alike will find Thison's gags just one more reason to enjoy their dining experience at Za Paul's.

The restaurant offers a nice selection of wines both European and domestic, tender prime rib, sirloin steak, barbecued ribs or chicken. Additional entrées include chicken prepared Provençale or Monte Carlo style, or farm house chicken, a marinated char-broiled breast of chicken topped with country ham, melted monterey jack cheese, and served with a mushroom demi-glaze.

In the evening, pastas and sautéés are prominently featured. The fettuccini and shrimp carbonara is a generous portion of fresh noodles blended with cream, parmesan cheese, bacon, fresh ground black pepper and tossed with huge chunks of Gulf shrimp, tender and done to perfection.

Za Paul's offers a comfortable, casual dining experience in an elegant, contemporary setting at moderate prices. Staff and service are warm and friendly without the familiarity encountered in many casual dining establishments.

Summer plans include the addition of warm weather menu fare, such as special salads and cold pastas, and the opening of a European-style outdoor café. Banked by potted shrubs blocking the street view, the café will be a nice little spot for a pleasant summer repast to escape to on a lovely afternoon.

Za Paul's, 18450 Mack, corner of Manor in the Farms. 881-3062. Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Fri.-Sat. 11 a.m.-midnight with lounge open till 2:00 a.m. AE, MC, V.

ENGAGEMENTS

◆ diane l. dickow

June and July bring with them warm days, sunshine and some extra-special events. Catch the Hunt Club Dressage Show on July 22 and the continuing summer music festival at the War Memorial. The items listed in our Engagements section are but a hint of the activities scheduled for Grosse Pointe this month and next. Most of

all, get outside and enjoy the glorious days of summer.

Send listing information, along with comments and suggestions, to HERITAGE — Engagements, 20010 Nine Mile Road, St. Clair Shores, Michigan 48080. Closing date for the August issue is July 1.

Stratford



You want to go to Stratford, but you're afraid of the drive. Right? Don't give it another thought. Sure, it's three hours away and in a foreign country, but Canada's Stratford-on-Avon offers the finest productions of Shakespeare in this part of the hemisphere, and has also branched out with featured works by Gilbert and Sullivan and Tennessee Williams. The Grosse Pointe War Memorial offers a bus trip to see **The Pirates of Penzance** on June 26, but if you'd like to find your own way there, here's the lineup:

On The Festival Stage

Through October 13: **King Lear**
Through October 12: **Twelfth Night**
Through August 28: **Measure for Measure**
Through August 6-October 12 **The Government Inspector** by Nikolai Gogol

On the Avon Stage

Through August 25: **The Pirates of Penzance** by Gilbert and Sullivan
August 4-October 12: **She Stoops to Conquer** by Oliver Goldsmith
August 27-October 13: **The Glass Menagerie** by Tennessee Williams

On the Third Stage

June 11-August 31: **Antigone** by Sophocles
June 12-August 31: **The Beaux Strategem** by George Farquhar

Performances at 2:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Tickets range from \$6.50-\$30 (remember, that's Canadian currency), with special midweek and senior/student rates. Call 519-271-4010.

Thru June 16

Don't miss the wonderfully insane comedy, **El Grande De Coca Cola** in its final weeks. Don't be daunted by the fact that the whole thing is in Spanish — bad lounge acts are funny in any language. Fri.-Sat. at 8:30 p.m.; Sun. at 6:30 p.m. Actors' Alliance Theatre Co., 30800 Evergreen Rd. at 13 Mile, Southfield, 642-1326. \$7-\$9.

Thru September 29

It seems only natural that an automotive exhibit should take place in the Motor City and finally one of special note has arrived. **Automobilia: The Ray Holland Collection** features an impressive automobile collection featured in art, toys, jewelry... It is an addition to the current "Made in Detroit—Unique Automobiles" exhibit which features autos all made here between 1908 and 1964. Sorry, no Toyotas. Wed.-Sun., 9:30 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Detroit Historical Museum, 5401 Woodward Ave., Detroit, 833-1805. Donation \$1 adults; fifty-cents for children and seniors.

June 1

When the shops don't have exactly what you're looking for, don't fret. There's still one last hope that the "glorified garage sale" just might have it. Held at the Carriage House of the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, the sale is sponsored by the Center's Service League. 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. 881-7511.

June 2

Man's best friend deserves a special day and we've got one to please both species. It's the **My Dog's Better Than Your Dog** match. All breeds are invited, but no show dogs please. Ribbons are given in a multitude of categories including youngest dog, most friendly...but the most interesting may prove to be the dog and owner look-alike! War Memorial executive director Mark Weber will emcee while the Center's board and assorted community dignitaries make up the dog-loving panel. 1:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$1 entry fee per dog; no charge to public.

Pleasantly pleasing is **Brunch with Bach**, an afternoon enlivened by light lunch and light music, in an indoor continental garden cafe. This week, it's string trios by Hayden, Beethoven and Kodaly. Brunch menu varies weekly. 10:00 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. Reservations required, \$2.50-\$7.75.

June 3

The architecture of many of the **Detroit's churches** can prove to be outstanding. Spend the day exploring five magnificent churches — St. Patrick; Fort St. Presbyterian; Second Baptist; St. John Episcopal and St. Mary. Includes lunch. 10:15 a.m. leaving from the Detroit Historical Museum parking lot, 5401 Woodward Ave., Detroit, 833-1805. \$6 society members; \$7.50 non-members.

continued on page 94

the Berlin Museum in 1930.

The museum continued to add pieces to strengthen the collection until 1966 (and 1971) when two new wings were added to the display area. The galleries for ancient art increased from three to eleven, and the material was now displayed in chronological order. It was also at this time that an entire ancient arts department was augmented. This was 1968. A group of classical enthusiasts in the community decided to continue this expansion themselves by forming an educational adjunct to stimulate community interest. In 1970, the Antiquaries — as a branch of the Founders Society of the DIA — took their first steps.

Early informal meetings of the society, which at its onset consisted of Francis Robinson, DIA curator of medieval art; Irving Burton, head of ancient and medieval art committee; and William Peck, DIA curator of ancient art, quickly expanded to lectures, newsletters and group trips. To these illustrious archaeological historians were added classical enthusiasts from the community — Nando Cinelli, Virginia Yntema, Mary Ann Schwartz and Cleo Gruber. Some members, such as art dealer Donna Jacobs, were collectors themselves; others were scholars of ancient civilizations, such as Norma Goldman, a Wayne State classical languages instructor.

Over the years, the Antiquaries have grown in number and in scope. One of their currently flourishing aspects began to shine in 1975 when the society conducted its first foreign trip to England. All the study in the world does not compare to actually being in the country, experiencing the flavor for yourself. The luxury of firsthand knowledge was an important aspect of the next trip in 1976 to Egypt. Noted Egyptologist William

Peck lent his considerable knowledge to the avid-for-expertise Antiquaries.

It is the personal touch which makes the Antiquaries so appealing, especially to Grosse Pointers. The society is not like a typical tour group, instead being a collection of interested scholars and students who gather to compare notes. The friendships form-

their intrinsic artistic beauty. It was only by the end of the trip, when I could sufficiently put into perspective the religious and social matrix in which the works were created, that I could fully appreciate them.

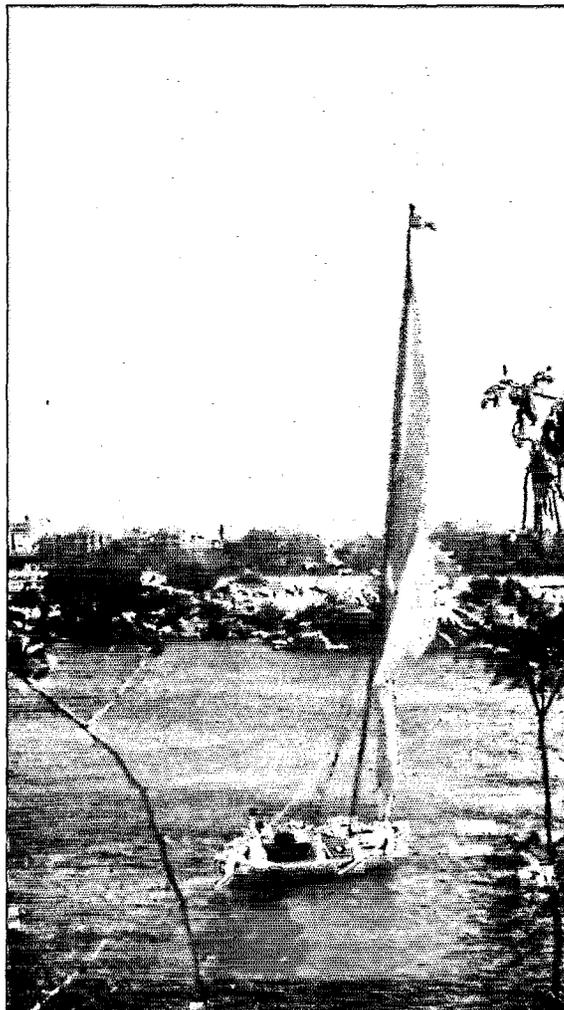
But on to the introductions. Among the assemblage joined for this excursion were Gaylord and Margie Gillis of Grosse Pointe, Walter and Alice Percival of Windsor, all among the Antiquaries' founding members; the late Cleo Gruber, whose charm and wit brightened even the most tedious moments of the trip; Dauphene Andrews, a docent and guide at the DIA; and Daisy Campbell, a stockbroker with Morgan Stanley.

The Grosse Pointe contingent were rounded out by the rest of my family — my parents and sister, as well as several friends. CBC radio reporter Hal Sullivan and four women from around the globe completed our group. Once in Egypt, these seemingly disparate individuals coalesced into a single body, with a single purpose.

The transformation began upon arrival in Cairo. Our hotel, the Sheraton Heliopolis, seemed to be straddling cultures itself, not completely content in either one. Yes, the name and appearance were Western, but the persistent din of the nasal-sounding Eastern music belied this assumption. The one aspect which struck

home in both cultures came through the fluorescent tubes of the television set. The addition of *Dallas* to Egyptian homes was already far-reaching. Upon reading my passport name of "Paul Smith, Jr." the customs official smiled knowingly. "Ah, J.R." he said approvingly. Attempts to explain that this meant *junior* proved futile.

The culture shock and slow assimilation continued the next morning when we ventured to the city in



PHOTOS BY PAUL SMITH, JR.

ed on these excursions are often long-lasting, and certainly rewarding. The bonds formed while discovering one's origins have proven invaluable to me.

This was especially evident in our recent trip to Egypt — with William Peck again at the helm. Our journey began in London in early February of 1982, with some boning up on history at the British Museum. At the time, I saw little behind the surface of the reliefs and sculpture, the wooden tools and ceramic vessels, other than

the midst of a rainstorm to find our Nile "river vessel," the M.S. *Abu Simbel*. The scenery along the way only emphasized the contrast within the United Arab Republic — the modern highway being constructed alongside the City of the Dead, an area made up of tombs and mausoleums. Flashes of history jumped into mind when passing the pyramid monument which marks the spot of Anwar Sadat's assassination. The dichotomy was brought fully into focus with the image that appeared next — President Sadat's face smiling from the side of a building with the inscription — "Welcome to the Land of Peace. Welcome to Egypt."

Never-ending traffic jams and the accompanying noise brought us back to the moment at hand. Donkeys brayed, scooters beeped, and rusting taxis (Mercedes, of course) honked in an unmoving confrontation. The ruined tenements of Old Cairo impressed upon my mind the sordid conditions of the city. Indeed, they were much worse than most slums in Western cities. Ironically, though, Cairo has one of the lowest crime rates in the world, due to the synthesis of the Moslem moral code and strict civil rule.

By the time we arrived at the ship, I was somewhat shaken by the experience. The small, private yacht that was to be our transportation was lying off, immaculate and luxurious, not fifty yards from Cairo's tenements and starvation. I couldn't help but wonder how equally insulated our travels would be. After depositing our luggage, we returned to the tumult of Cairo, visiting a few museums and the burial possessions of King Tutankamon.

The next day, we could not resist our chance to see the only remaining of the seven wonders of the world — the Great Pyramid of Cheops. The structure has been in existence for over 4500 years, after being built through much struggle by 100,000 men during the Nile's annual floods over a period of twenty years. Standing deep within the monument, I could not escape a transcendent presence which touched the depths of my soul. Such indescribable revelations occurred often throughout our



Standing Man, Dynasty 12 (1991-1785 B.C.); Wood.

PHOTOS FROM THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS' ANCIENT ART COLLECTION

trek in this mystic land, and in some form, the spirit of our origins was present even now.

It was a jarring note, then, in the midst of all this soul-stretching innate power of the pyramids and environs, to sit through a flashy "Sound and Light" show thought to impress tourists.

Once we boarded our ship, the closeness of the tour members grew. Sailing up the Nile's steady current, we were greeted on shore by elders and children who dropped their chores to come running, yelling and waving to us wildly. Mr. Gillis, Dr. Percival, my father and the ship's captain, Nagie, began their nightly round of bridge games, and Cleo Gruber was never without her bright orange drum which she used as a chair. Our camaraderie was greatly enhanced by our environs, as personal experiences became indistinguishable from cultural ones.

We left Kom Ombo the next day, and continued south on the Nile, finally arriving at Aswan. We were taken by bus above the Old Aswan Dam to visit the Temple of Isis. This fourth-century B.C. temple was the only one to be built on an island, and was submerged during the river's annual floods. With the new High Dam that was built recently farther south, the temple would have been completely submerged. The Egyptian government, with the assistance of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), had the temple dismantled and relocated to the Island of Agilkia. As we ferried out to the island, we were told of the history of the temple. After the Greek Ptolomes conquered Egypt in 332 B.C., they wished to gain the support of the Egyptian people, and set about erecting temples to the various Egyptian gods, including Isis. The Christians who arrived in the Sixth Century did not approve, however, and they converted the temple to a church, chiseling away the pagan inscriptions on the temple walls and replacing them with Greek crosses.

On the way back from the island, our motor died. We had to be towed by another boat, this one full to the brim with school children. All of the

children were excitedly jabbering amongst themselves. Before long, a chorus started up and half-a-dozen girls began to dance. Strutting in circles, their hands clapping above their heads, their iridescent dresses swirled in time to the clapping rhythm.

The playful spirit did not stay with us for long, though. We were fast approaching Aswan's two dams. These structures, like all of the locks and major bridges along the United Arab Republic portion of the Nile, were infested with every type of weapon available — tanks, radar, anti-aircraft missiles and submerged metal anti-torpedo nets. Lest our wandering eyes take in too much of this post-1967 reality, we were warned to avert our gaze from the machine guns and not even to think about taking out our cameras.

Early the next morning, our familiar brass gong roused us from sleep. I awoke to see, quite fittingly, a huge molten sun rising over the icy blue sands of the desert. It was fitting to behold such a striking image, since today was our scheduled visit to the temple of the Sun God — Amun Ra, built by Rameses II. The temples that King Rameses had built faced eastward to greet the rising sun. This temple, however, had also been moved by UNESCO's engineers 200 feet up the hillside, since the newly

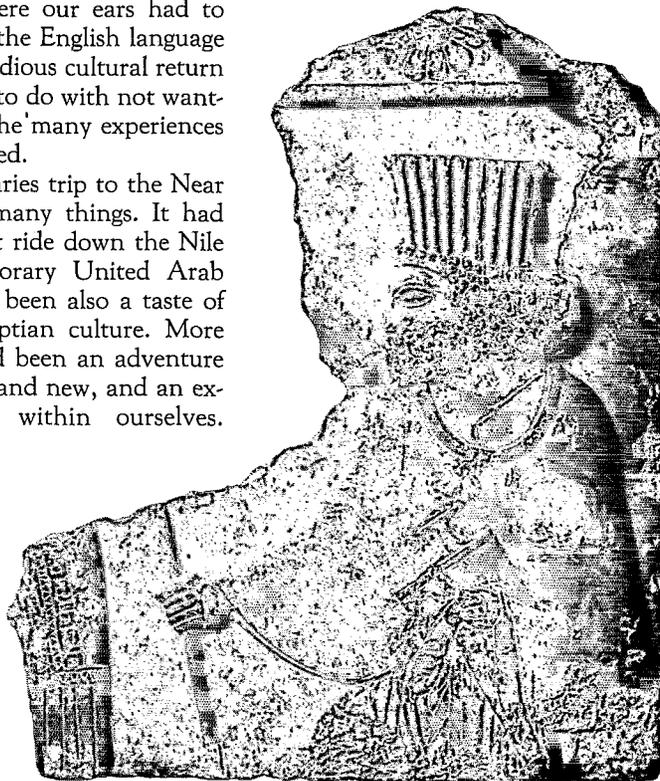
formed Lake Nasser would have submerged it.

Too quickly, we had come to the last day of our trip. We celebrated on board with champagne and party hats, and again at our hotel in Cairo, this time side-by-side with an Egyptian wedding reception. The room was filled with a lavish buffet, the music of trumpets and...bagpipes! It was a clue to our next stop — the British Isles, where our ears had to slowly adjust to the English language again. It was a tedious cultural return — part of it had to do with not wanting to let go of the many experiences we had just shared.

The Antiquaries trip to the Near East had been many things. It had been a slow boat ride down the Nile in the contemporary United Arab Republic; it had been also a taste of the ancient Egyptian culture. More than that, it had been an adventure with friends old and new, and an exploration deep within ourselves.

These last two were what made our journey so special, and the Antiquaries of the DIA who foster those two aspects proved, for me, the personal value of history rediscovered. ♦

Paul Smith is a member of the Antiquaries of the DIA's Founders Society. This is his first article for HERITAGE.



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Art on the Pointe

*Serious artists gather
for a serious cause.*

Below: Artist
Margaret Pankhurst

For years, art-starved Grosse Pointers spent the shank of the summer off in Ann Arbor, browsing through oil paintings and pottery samples.

For the second year running, summer artwork will be right in their own backyard...or Edsel and Eleanor's backyard, to be more exact. *Art on the Pointe* will take place June 14 and 15 from ten in the morning to five in the afternoon.

Featuring 115 Michigan artists, *Art on the Pointe* will also show the work of seven Grosse Pointe artists. The selections will be spread out over the grounds for a full day of browsing, although the Ford Estate is very strict about upkeep.

Art-lovers will mingle with a mad



troupe of clowns, jugglers and mimes. Entertainment will include a caricature artist, aerobics demonstrations, strolling musicians and women's barbershop quartets. On the Apple Court, luncheon will be served; and, of course, at four p.m. — High Tea.

On Friday, an invitation-only auction will be held. *Art on the Pointe* differs from many local street fairs in that the artwork at this show will be judged, similar to the Ann Arbor art show.

One aspect distinguishing this show is its sense of purpose. While Ann Arbor's art fair is simply a money-making venture, this show has a cause — the proceeds accrue to the Assistance League to the Northeast Guidance Center, an organization which provides the community with mental and emotional health services. The League was created in 1964 to raise funds and volunteer services to assist the Center. Until recently, the Center had been receiving federal grants. *Art on the Pointe* is one of many fundraisers created to bridge the gap resulting from federal cutbacks.

Many area residents utilize the services at the center. "You don't have to be crazy to seek help," says Flo Kliber, Publicity chairperson for *Art on the Pointe*. People can seek help for "anything that disrupts your daily living." In the Grosse Pointe area, those disruptions include "lots of family problems and marital problems." There are four locations for the center, including a transition center which helps people readjust to life's routines after they've experienced a particularly difficult problem. "Many have to be taught basic things," explained Kliber, "such as how to apply for a job, how to hold down a job."

The Grosse Pointe location is on Mack between Fisher and Lincoln. Some people seem to be afraid to walk in, though. "They seem to feel it's for indigents," an incorrect assumption, according to Kliber. "There are a lot of people here with problems. The first step is to say 'I need help.'"

But *Art on the Pointe* will not be a serious event. It will be a time of gaiety, a true community get-together. Accord-

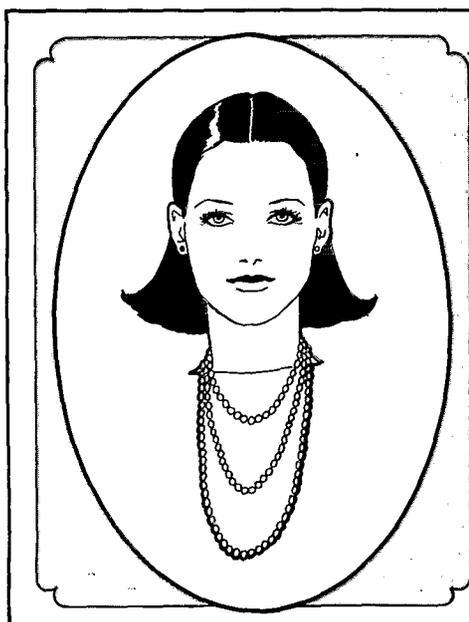
ing to Kliber, many area businesses have donated one thing or another to help make the occasion run smoothly. From shuttle buses to Stroh's ice cream, just about everyone pitches in.

The artists cover the spectrum as well. The Grosse Pointe artists include watercolor and acrylic artist Margaret Pankhurst and sculptor Bernadine Foley. Equally fascinating, though, is scrimshaw artist John Mentry, one of few continuing the unique American art of ivory carving. "Some purists may call it a craft, but I feel it is a fine American art to be preserved," said Mentry, "which someone must perpetuate."

Whatever the range of artwork, *Art on the Pointe* is here to stay. "We want to make this the Art Fair," avows Kliber. "It's not arsty-craftsy. We have serious artists" — all selling artwork for a serious cause. ◆

Michelle Belaskie is a HERITAGE co-editor who has worked for Monthly Detroit, and Royal Oak's Daily Tribune as a feature writer and theatre critic.

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Walking in the Pointes

Evening walks can lift your spirits while lowering your blood pressure.

Glance down Lake Shore any night around dusk or on the weekend. You see people running and bicycling – but mostly, you see them walking. Some trot briskly, with long strides, arms swinging akimbo at their sides. Others walk their dogs (or their dogs walk *them*), often two or three panting Labs straining at the leash. Lovers, too, stroll by, pausing to gaze dreamily at Lake St. Clair, eyeing the romantic image of a ship on the distant horizon, or the indistinct outline of the Canadian shore on a clear day when the wind blows from the northeast.

The path along the shore of Lake St. Clair is a popular strolling route, but not the only lovely area in the Pointes for a morning or evening walk. Grosse Pointe Boulevard has long been a favorite of the pedestrian, as has Windmill Pointe in the Park. Shaded by giant trees which play host to a multitude of birds and squirrels,



most any path in the Pointes leads to a view of the water and offers a quiet sojourn in pleasant surroundings. Walking gives one time to think, to let the imagination wander, to shed the mental trivia of the day.

The tree-lined streets of Grosse Pointe provide perfect routes for walking any time of the year, but especially in summer, when the lake provides the only cool breeze around. Continued enthusiasm for fitness has increased local interest in walking, taking away from running as the nation's number one exercise, an increase of thirteen million since the Seventies. And the total is expected to soar to eighty million by the end of the decade.

There are many advantages for walkers which are becoming widely known. It's a sport which can be enjoyed at any time, on the way to work or just up to the corner store. It doesn't require expensive equipment

and is non-hazardous, unless you're fond of dodging cars or pestering the neighborhood dogs.

It's also proving to be extremely healthy, both mentally and physically. Studies indicate that walking reduces the risk of heart attack while developing the lungs. It tones your body more than other sports, such as bicycling, which only works on certain muscles. If you walk upright, with good posture, most of the 650 muscles and 206 bones in your body will be improved in some way.

Figure-conscious people will be glad to know that walking thins thighs and firms up buttocks. A natural way to burn off calories, it can help you lose twenty to thirty pounds a year, and all without dieting. You'll improve energy and stamina, and your general outlook on life will improve.

So you want to begin a walking program but aren't certain how to go about it? Try it this way: walk for about twenty minutes each night and decide which pace is most comfortable for you. If you are really worn out by the end of your walk, you might want to take it a little easier or maybe walk for a shorter interval. There are several types of walking we all do, though you may not realize it.

Strolling occurs at one or two miles per hour and is usually a good way to begin. Functional walking (about two-four m.p.h.) is the most common type of walking, usually used from work, touring and shopping. A third type is brisk walking, about 3.5-5.5 m.p.h. Also known as aerobic walking, this keeps your pulse at a fairly high rate. Hiking and climbing are other popular forms of the sport. You've probably also seen people walking with some type of weights — daypacks, weight belts and ankle and hand weights.

Many like to begin their walking with a series of stretches, and there are also various methods for this. Stretching warm-ups can increase your stride and avoid overly stretching certain muscles. You may also want to consider your type of shoe. Some think that a good running shoe is also a good walking shoe, but this is not true. A good walking shoe should

have the following:

—It should be made of high quality, breathable material such as nylon mesh or leather.

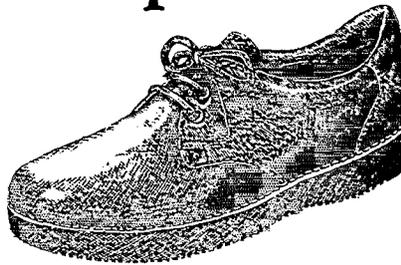
—It should be comfortable and padded with a rocker bottom to ensure good movement from heel to toe.

—A firm heel counter in the back should prevent heel from slipping and it shouldn't be packed too tightly around the toe, to avoid blistering.

Blisters can also be avoided on longer walks by keeping a pair of fresh socks handy, massaging feet when tired, and keeping them raised while resting.

So now you're ready to take that first step forward. Tonight, before watching television or curling up with the newspaper, begin the evening with a walk. The summer night beckons. ◇

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MEN'S SIZES

SIZES	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	11½	12	13
NARROW							X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
MEDIUM	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
WIDE			X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

WOMEN'S SIZES

SIZES	5	5½	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10
NARROW				X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
MEDIUM	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
WIDE			X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

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ENGAGEMENTS

continued from page 85

June 3-July 8

When Fred and Ginger danced, it set the world on fire...here's your chance to pick up some of those classic moves. Learn **ballroom dancing** emphasizing rhythm, posture, styling...and, of course, that most important ingredient — grace. *Beginners meet 7:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m.; advanced, 8:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m. Mondays.* Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$18 for six weeks.

Fundamentals of Investing I is a four-week course explaining aspects of the stock market, plus a portfolio analysis review. *Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m. Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lake Shore.* \$14.

June 4-July 16

The endless scenic beauty of Lakeshore Drive is one that should be appreciated by all Pointers. Enjoy the atmosphere while simultaneously getting into shape in this special class, **Walking For Fitness**. Under the direction of Valerie Pokorny-McHugh of Super Shape, Inc., participants will learn special warm-up and cool-down techniques. Make sure to dress accordingly, for the walk goes on rain or shine. Don't forget to wear supportive running shoes. *Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9:00 a.m.-10:00 a.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511.* \$30 for twelve sessions.

June 4

G.P. South Spring Sports Awards Night. 7:00 in different rooms of the school. 11 Grosse Pointe Boulevard, 343-2130.

June 5-6

G.P. North Spring Sports Awards. 7:30 p.m. in school auditorium, both nights. 707 Vernier Road, 343-2187.

June 5-9, 12-15

The Grosse Pointe Theatre concludes its thirty-seventh season with the lavish musical, **Mame**, the zesty auntie who inherits a young nephew and decides to raise him in her own unique fashion. *Wed.-Sat. at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Fries Auditorium, Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-4004.* \$5.50.

June 6

The Velvetean Rabbit and **Leo the Lion** are dramatized in a pre-school movie series at the Central Library at 3:00 p.m. Call 343-2074 for further information.

June 7-July 21

Prints of Edouard Manet. Recently organized for the first time, this exhibit featuring impressionist artist Manet premieres at the DIA in its ongoing Centennial celebration. *Tuesday-Sunday 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 833-7900.* No charge.

June 8

A tour of Indian Village will fascinate you as you are guided through eight homes and three pretty gardens. Lunch is at the Royal Eagle Restaurant. *10:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511.* \$26.

June 9

Young ones will be overwhelmed with the variety of activities at the War Memorial's **Children's Fun Day**...pony rides, the moonwalk, the ball crawl, helium balloons and more. The "Painted Faces Lady" will be on hand to apply make-up, and games of skill and chance will also be featured. But the star of the show will probably be Rosco the Clown. For children eight years and younger. *1:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511.* \$5 covers all events; children under two and adults free.

June 9, 23 and July 14, 28

Ahh...the feeling of spring. It should be appreciated fully with the **Sunday Strolls**. Relax at four different locations offered by Detroit Historical Society. **June 9:** Woodmere Cemetery. **June 23:** Old Grosse Pointe. **July 14:** Palmer Woods. **July 28:** Historic Fort Wayne. Begins at 2:00 p.m. sharp. Detroit Historical Society, 833-1805. \$2.50 society members, \$3.50 non-members.

June 12

Congratulations to **graduating G.P. North seniors!**



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ENGAGEMENTS

June 12-Sept 8

Automobile and Culture — Detroit Style. This DIA Centennial exhibition will display rare and antique autos, drawings, sculptures, paintings and other works. Tuesday-Saturday 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 833-7900. Free.

June 13

Congratulations to **graduating G.P. South seniors!**

To the Circus is a half-hour movie for pre-school children about life under the big top. At 2:00 p.m. at the Central Library, Fisher and Kercheval in the Farms. Call 343-2074. Free.

June 14-15

Pointers love art...It's natural then to present **Art on the Pointe** at the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, a juried art fair of over 150 artists' work created to support the mental health care programs of the Northeast Guidance Center. For more information, see related story on page 90. 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lake Shore Road, 824-8000.

June 14, July 19

Few things are more romantic than watching the sun set...but higher altitudes make the view even more breathtaking. Imagine spending the twilight hours in a **hot air balloon**. This special trip includes a bottle of bubbly plus round-trip transportation from the War Memorial to the Rochester flight area with FAA commercial balloon pilot Dennis Kollin. Flights are subject to wind and weather conditions, and will be rescheduled as needed. 5:00 p.m.-10:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$105 per person.

June 16

Brunch with Bach today highlights Fred Ormand on clarinet; Kirkland Feeris on bassoon; Ellen Weckler on piano playing the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and C.P.E. Bach. 10:00 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. Kresge Court, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. Reservations required. \$2.50-\$7.75.

June 17

You'll be moving, jumping, kicking and laughing in the head-to-toe workout of **aerobic dancing**. This six-week class is offered Monday/Wednesday, 5:30 p.m.-6:30 p.m. N. Lower Gym, G.P. North, 707 Vernier Road; or Tuesday/Thursday, 8:00 a.m.-9:00 a.m. Gym of Barnes School, 20090 Morningside. \$30.

June 17-18

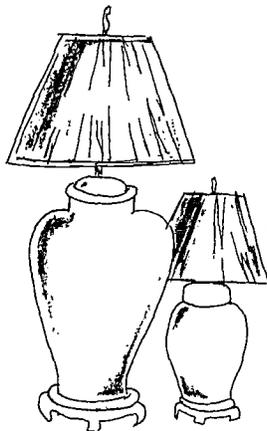
Detroit jazz pianist Bess Bonior takes you through a **History of American Jazz Styles** in a special two-day workshop. She begins with ragtime styles and follows up through the Fifties with be-bop and swing. The classes go from 9:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m. Bring a lunch, beverages will be available. At Barnes School, Room 101. Fee is \$20 for both sessions.

Attention students: Make yourself heard at those Tiger games and other sports events when you learn basic **cheerleading techniques**. Learn proper motions, mounting techniques, dance and pom-pom skills and gymnastic stunts. Instruction by the varsity cheerleading coach at G.P. North. For students in seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. 9:30 a.m.-11:00 a.m. beginning Monday. South upper gym, G.P. North, 707 Vernier Road, 343-2178. \$27.

June 17-28

This will be one week the kids will be talking about for months when they **Discover the American Indian**. Dressed in full costume, Benashe Eqwe, a member of the Chippewa tribe, will present lifestyles of Native people both past and present. A workshop of craft items will be featured. Class is outdoors, weather permitting. For ages seven-twelve. Mon.-Fri., 9:00 a.m.-11:00 a.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$65 includes all materials.

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by

Terrence K. Carmichael

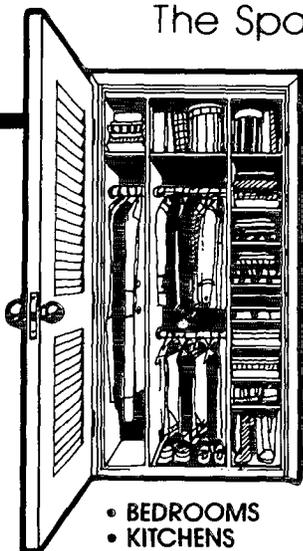
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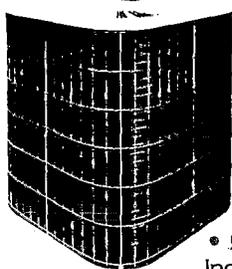
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ENGAGEMENTS

June 20

Foxy Folktales follows our furry friends through two cinematic adventures. "Fox and the Rooster" and "Fox and the Jug" in the Grosse Pointe Central Library pre-school movie series. Thursday at 2:00 p.m. Free.

June 20, 21

Spring's final days exit gracefully when the annual spring recital, **Ballet De Printemps**, is presented by the War Memorial's corps de ballet. 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$2.50 adults; \$1.50 students under twelve.

June 21-23

Three exciting days of sheer drama whirl around the streets of downtown for **Detroit Grand Prix IV**. Drivers from around the world gather to compete in Formula One racing. Last year, 120,000 viewed the event. It's the only downtown street circuit for Formula One remaining in North America. Call for times and special event schedules, 259-7749. \$10-\$100.

June 21-July 4

It's not often that you can celebrate a party with two countries, but it's going to be great when our friends from Canada share the celebration of the **International Freedom Festival**. The riverfront in Windsor is the site of a carnival and a casino, while Hart Plaza features all types of entertainment including jazz, country and Motown. **June 21:** Windsor activities begin on the riverfront. **June 28:** Detroit activities begin on Hart Plaza. Call for times and schedules, 259-5400.

June 22

Attention all G.P. South graduates of 1960 — it's that time...yes...your **Twenty-fifth high school reunion**. Time to get together with friends (and rivals) to catch up on the past quarter century — the old gang awaits. Dinner, cash bar and dancing included. 7:00 p.m. Michigan Inn, 16400 J.L. Hudson Dr., Southfield, 343-2130. \$50 couple.

June 23

Brunch with Bach features Douglas Cornelsen on clarinet; Joseph Goldman and Lee Ann Toth on violin; Darryl Jeffers on viola; David Saltzman on violoncello, with an added treat of Brahms' Clarinet Quintet. 10:00 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. Kresge Court, Detroit Institute of Arts, 832-2730. Reservations required, \$2.50-\$7.75.

June 24

The Grosse Pointe Summer Music Festival opens its classical series with the **Cleveland Baroque Soloists**. The grounds open at 6:00 p.m., so bring a picnic supper or reserve one three days prior to the concert for \$6.50. It will be the perfect summer's evening on the War Memorial green overlooking the lake. Concert at 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$9.50 reserved seats, \$5.50 laws; students under 21, half price. Light Series tickets \$35; Classical Series tickets \$32.

June 26

Going to the **Stratford Festival** is always a special treat, but this tour highlights the matinee performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance." You dine in splendor at Sir Joe in St. Mary's, Ontario, a nineteenth-century town of Victorian stone buildings. Bus leaves at 8:00 a.m., returning at 11:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$60 includes transportation, box lunch, performance and dinner.

June 27

With the theme "Rising Stars in the Fashion World," the **Fash Bash** includes a fashion show from Hudson's, a live and silent auction, music and many beautiful people. 5:00 p.m., cocktails and music; 6:00 p.m., silent auction; 7:00 p.m., fashion show. Fourth floor ballroom, Westin Hotel, Renaissance Center, Detroit, 568-8000. \$18, \$20 at the door.

Problem-Solving Strategies is a one-session class designed to teach problem-solving skills with a systematic approach, developed by clinical psychologists. 7:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m. Lower Level Conference Room, Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lakeshore, 343-2178. \$4.50.

July 2-3, 9-11, 15-18, 22-25

Wayne State University's summer theatre, opens with a children's matinee of **Androcles and the Lion**, a musical about a slave who befriends a suffering animal. 10:30 a.m. Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$2.

ENGAGEMENTS

July 5-6, 12, 17, 18, 25, 27, 31

Crimes of the Heart portrays three Mississippi sisters who admit betrayal by their passions. 8:00 p.m. Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972. \$5-\$7.

July 5-6, 12, 17-18, 25, 27, 31

Laugh heartily during the performance of **Green Julia** about the special relationship between two college roommates. 8:00 p.m. Studio Theatre, Cass and Hancock, Detroit, 577-2972.

July 8

Historic church tours are offered by the Detroit Historical Society with a selection of different area churches: Holy Family; Trinity Lutheran; Church of the Messiah; St. Joseph. The tour includes lunch. Leaving from Detroit Historical Museum parking lot at 10:15 a.m., 5401 Woodward Ave., Detroit, 833-1805. \$6 society members; \$7.50 non-members.

July 9-Sept 9

Great jazz musicians have been a tremendous influence to many, especially in Detroit. See famed jazz musicians captured in this photographic exhibit — **The Sound I Saw** with photographs by Roy DeCarava. Duke Ellington, John Coltrane, Billie Holiday and 122 others are featured in action shots from the Fifties to the present. Tuesday-Sunday 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 833-7900. Free.

July 10-11, 13, 19-20, 24, 26

The Bed Before Yesterday is the story of a rich widow and her relentless pursuit of a baffled man down on his luck. 8:00 p.m. Hilberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, 577-2972. \$5-\$7.

July 10, 17

Learn about the works of Matisse and Picasso through **Adventures in Understanding Modern Painting**, a class offered by Grosse Pointe Community Education. Journey through the Impressionistic works of the two artists. 7:30 p.m.-9:00 p.m. Lower Level Conference Room, Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lakeshore, 343-2178. \$8.

July 10-11

On Your Own continues the GP public libraries' series of pre-school movies. Included are "Ugly Duckling" and "Angus Lost". Wednesday at 2:00 p.m. at the Woods Branch, Thursday at 2:00 p.m. at the Park Branch. Call 343-2071. Meanwhile, school age children can see "Pals and Pups" at the same time, same place in different rooms.

July 10

A summer's afternoon blends serenely into the evening as you lounge on the **Chesaning Showboat**. The evening begins with an early dinner at the Chesaning Heritage House, a stately mansion built by a lumber baron. Following dinner, you can explore the "Olde Home Shoppes on the Boulevard." Then — time for the evening's main attraction, the Chesaning Showboat with the Osmond Brothers performing. Leaves 12:30 p.m. until 1:30 a.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial 881-7511. \$42 includes transportation, dinner and the performance.

July 11

Hear songs of the Fifties, Sixties and early Seventies by the **Teen Angels**. A picnic supper to munch on before the show. In case of rain, the concert will be held in the ballroom. For ages twenty-one and over. 7:30 p.m., Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$5.

July 15

Performing outdoors, weather permitting, will be the **Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band**, as part of the night series of the Summer Music Festival. Bring your own picnic or reserve one at \$6.50. Concert at 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$9.50 reserved seats; \$5.50 lawn; students under twenty-one, half price.

July 15, 17

Norma Jean Bell and the All Stars are popular draws at the downtown jazz clubs, and now appear for a special performance at the P' Jazz series at the Hotel Pontchartrain. Showtime 6:00 p.m. at 2 Washington Blvd. downtown. Call 965-0200 for ticket information.

July 17-18

School age children can experience **High Adventure** with four animated and live-action movies at the Grosse Pointe Public Library. "Nate the Great Goes Undercover," "Wonder Dog," "Moon Man" and "Teddy Bear's Balloon Trip" will be featured. Films Wednesday at 2:00 p.m. at Woods Branch, Thursday at 2:00 p.m. at the Park branch. Call 343-2071 for more information.

continued on page 104

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DETAILS

continued from page 69

Scribner-Jean Floral, 1925 Vernier, Grosse Pointe Woods, 886-0600.

Most floral arrangements depend on the decor of the home — art deco, contemporary or traditional. Whatever the interior, floral designer Joel Weaver likes to stress the multi-color look. His favorite is the French bouquet, which consists of a variety of flowers arranged in a round shape. It is quite versatile, since it is adaptable to decor.

"We are noted for our novelty arrangements and custom silk ar-

rangements matching to fabric and wallpaper in the home," said Weaver. "For June, we like to use bright flowers, basically bringing the outside in... lots of daisies, iris and liatris." Prices vary depending on table size, number of centerpieces, and whether you desire a container for the arrangement or not. Basic centerpieces begin at about \$15, with more exotic ones which contain bird of paradise, anthurium or protea running about \$40.

LIMOUSINE

June is the month for graduation, and graduation is the time for all good seniors to rent a limo for prom night. Of course, limos can also be used to usher your guest to the event in style, or just to create a splashy effect. Here are a couple of choices:

Grosse Pointe Limousine and Handicapped Transportation Service, 15501 Mack Avenue, Detroit, 881-9573.

You have a choice of a regular limo or a fancy stretch limo in black, but both are thirty dollars an hour, with a minimum commitment of three hours. They only need twenty-four hours notice to put you on your way...

P.S. Harper Limos, 32639 Groesbeck, Fraser, 294-2828.

For the ultimate in luxury, try the Renaissance limo. It's a white stretch limousine complete with bar, color television, stereo cassette player, a rear intercom system and plush velour burgundy seats. When you drive by, you'll catch people's eye, too, since the exterior features 24-carat gold-plated accents. For your favorite beverage, there are crystal decanters, glasses and ice buckets. Heaven on wheels goes for a mere \$40

an hour Monday-Thursday, \$50 per hour Friday-Sunday, with a minimum of three hours. Fifteen percent gratuity is customary.

If you desire something a little plainer (if such a thing exists as a plain limo), you may choose between a black stretch limo for \$35 per hour Monday-Thursday, \$45 Friday-Sunday with a minimum of three hours; or a standard limo for \$25 an hour Monday-Thursday; or \$35 Friday-Sunday with a minimum of three hours. Each additional hour runs only \$25.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Life's memorable moments are so fleeting, one can only hope to capture special events on a slice of Kodachrome. Having a photographer at your wedding or graduation will be something you'll certainly be grateful for in the years to come.

Lion's Gate Unlimited, 86 Mapleton, Grosse Pointe Farms, 886-0243.

Elizabeth Carpenter is a commercial photographer who also photographs private functions. She has worked often for the *Grosse Pointe News*, so she knows the city well. For a wedding, Ms. Carpenter charges about \$600. This includes twenty-four 8x10 color photos bound in a leather album, and she covers the event for the standard six hours. Parties with thirty to forty people average \$250.

Terrence Carmichael Studios, 17018 Mack Avenue, Grosse Pointe Park, 884-4280.

Grand events are not intimidating to the staff of Terrence Carmichael Studios, who have celebrations at the Yacht Club, Hunt Club, Detroit Boat Club and many others already under their belt. Smaller parties cost \$60 per hour for the photographer's services; total packages run from \$500 to \$1,000. One elaborate wedding that Carmichael can remember cost \$5,000, while another in a home ran only \$120. Prices depend on customer specifications and amount of prints desired. The studio is known for its candid party shots, and also offers on-location sittings for graduating seniors.

PARTY STORES

Vintage Pointe, 16941 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 885-0800.

While every occasion is special, some prove to be remembered just a little bit more than others. Vintage Pointe offers *Engrave-A-Remembrance*, a special way to remember any occasion by having the neck of your favorite bottle of wine or champagne engraved. With up to three lines of inscription possible, the occasion, name and date can be recorded.

Vintage Pointe can also fill just about any wine, champagne or liquor order for party needs. Popular for large orders is André champagne or Gallo wine, while Dom Perignon is most popular at weddings. Imported beer is available — Vintage Pointe stocks upwards of fifty different brands. Vintage Pointe delivers and also carries a full line of snacks and condiments, as well as ice.

While having your bottle engraved, don't forget about napkins and matchboxes, which can be imprinted at the following cost: 20 imprinted napkins, \$3; 50 imprinted matchboxes, \$6.

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Spirits of Grosse Pointe, 18660 Mack, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-7851.

According to manager Dallas Carrier, the inexpensive wines by bulk are among the more popular for large parties. The same is true of inexpensive champagne. Gallo, Woodbrook, Paul Masson and André are most popular. However, fine wines and champagnes are available, with

Dom Perignon at \$68, Moët & Chandon White Star at around \$20 and Korbél, a domestic champagne, running \$10.

"It seems most of the younger people buy Dom Perignon because they are single and don't have as many financial obligations," says Carrier.

Kegs, mixers, snacks and condiments are all available to complete party needs. Delivery is made on party orders at no extra charge.

ACCESSORIES



PARTY FAVORS



The Renter Center, 24706 Harper, St. Clair Shores, 772-3111.

For table needs, the Renter Center offers most sizes at the following prices: lawn tables, \$4; round, \$5.50; ice cream tables, \$12; umbrella, \$15; with metal and wood chairs also available. Linen comes in red or gold, fitting any of the tables, at \$4.50 each.

The bubbly always looks better when it's flowing from a champagne fountain which can be rented in two sizes: five gallon, \$25; two-and-a-half gallon, \$20.

To rent glasses: stemware at fifteen cents each; regular or hardball, eight cents each; and white china can be rented at twelve cents apiece. Also rentable are coffee urns and chafing dishes. Orders over \$30 will be delivered and picked up at no extra charge.

Balloons Galore by Mr. Dunlop, 20381 Hollywood, Harper Woods, 882-4968.

Balloons are even more fun when they come in polka dots, stripes or stars . . . At \$18 a dozen, these styles come in a 16-inch balloon which will stay afloat for about two days. Multi-colored 14-inch balloons come in twelve different colors tied with curling ribbons. They run \$10 per dozen and will float for one day. Long-lasting silver mylar balloons imprinted with hearts, stars and other emblems cost \$2.50 each and will last up to three weeks — even if the party doesn't! Combinations of the above can be ordered and delivery is possible, depending on location.

Party Supply Center, 21300 Harper, St. Clair Shores, 776-9750.

Virtually all of your little, but oh-so-important, party worries can be taken care of here. The center carries mylar balloons at \$1.95 each and rubber helium-filled at \$.50, a dozen for \$5. Crepe paper, candles in 24-pack and in numerals are offered, and banners with a variety of jingles to suit any occasion.

If you're in the mood for creating lots of hoopla at your party, hang a pinata from the ceiling. A large selection of pinatas and honey-combed tissue decorations are available. Helium tanks can also be rented and napkins and matches will be imprinted to specifications. The Supply Center does deliver.

Vendy's Canopies, St. Clair Shores, 445-6942.

Summer months undoubtedly mean outdoor parties — which leads us to accommodations. Canopies, or tents as they are more commonly known, can be rented in four sizes: 20x40, seating 100 people, at \$200; 20x30, seating 65, at \$150; 20x20, seating 35, at \$125; 15x15, seating twenty, at \$60. Canopies come in red and white stripes and will be set up and taken down at no extra charge.

Hillcrest Banquet and Convention Center, 50 South Groesbeck, Mt. Clemens, 463-0555.

Made to keep guests talking about the party well after it's over — ice sculptures . . . hearts, rabbits, champagne bottles, dragons . . . anything can be done!

A wedding piece, usually a heart surrounded by birds, costs about \$100-\$125. It is made of a 400-pound block of ice which will last ten to twelve hours.

The difficult process begins with a block of ice needing to be thawed to the point of becoming crystal clear. A chain saw is then used to trace the design to a diagram. A pick is eventually utilized to achieve the exact shape desired.

"It takes about six to eight hours to do, depending on the degree of difficulty," explains assistant executive chef Tom Heineman, who has created many sculptures.

One of his most elaborate sculptures was that of Santa Claus and his nine reindeer. The final cost — over \$1,000. Sculptures have proven to be a big hit at parties, as practically anything can be designed relating to the theme of the event.

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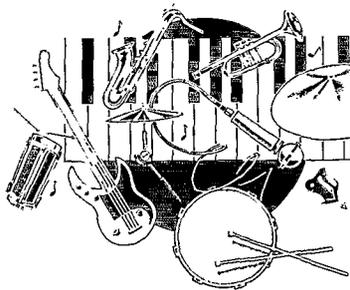
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Susan Lambrecht

"I love to entertain," says Susan Lambrecht, "because I love people, and I know that there is nothing more flattering to a person than to be invited to one's home. Once they get there, though, I don't think the guests really care all that much about the food or even the drinks you are serving. It is more the mood that you create. That is what they will remember, the effort and imagination you put into it. It's the little elements of surprise that make it fun."

Susan, an active member of Detroit Aglow, likes to mix people from all age groups and professions, so that all can "share bits and pieces of their adventures." She explains her theories further. "If I am having a large cocktail party, I may invite someone interesting that I met for a fleeting moment somewhere without putting that person in the position of being one-on-one at a dinner party in my house. They are more comfortable that way."

Fanciful invitations can initiate the spirit of the festivities, like the hand-delivered treasure maps the newlywed Lambrechts sent to friends for a bicycle scavenger hunt they had plotted.



Music is another key ingredient. "I think live music is great," said Mrs. Lambrecht. "People shouldn't be afraid of it. Even if you are on a limited budget, there are all kinds of marvelous resources that one can tap in this community and city. We have gotten musicians from Wayne State

University and some local high schools that are just fabulous piano players, jazz musicians and even folk singers. Just contact the music department and send them a three-by-five card stating your needs. It takes just a little effort, and is relatively inexpensive because you set your own rate.

"Lighting is another thing that helps to enhance the mood, especially when you get to the over-forty crowd, where candlelight is very popular. The glow of candles, just candles, is so romantic and soothing and best of all, flattering."

Finally, there is the food. "I love to cook. I think today the emphasis is on freshness — fresh fruits, bountiful baskets of asparagus, everything fresh. What you serve, while simplistic in form, should be lush and pure, getting away from all the foo-foo of caviar on toast points. People are more health-conscious and on the go and you really have to tailor your parties for that."

The special touches are what stand out, according to Susan. "(The little things) don't have to be particularly elegant, but I think they should be thoughtful."

Maureen McCabe

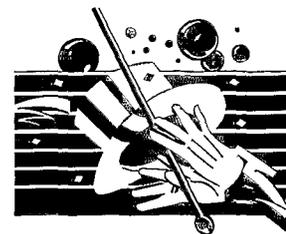
The key is to enjoy your own party, according to Maureen McCabe. "Do as much as you can ahead of time, even if it takes three days of hard work. It is important that you are comfortable, and have the time to spend with your guests making them comfortable."

A good guest list is also important. "We try to mix friends and business associates. There are people from the medical field, and since I am an interior decorator, there are creative, artistic people as well."

To help the guests mix well, the McCabes often throw theme parties. "During February and March, things really reach their depths around here, so it is a good time to entertain. Theme parties are good because they get people laughing the moment they walk through the door. They allow the hostess a chance to expand her imagination.

"We gave a Hawaiian party where

everyone came in grass skirts, and a Chinese party where we all wore kimonos. The Chinese party had handcrafted invitations, little gold foil accordion fans tied with silk rope, and written in Chinese calligraphy."



Estela Rodriguez

"Relax" is also the advice given by Estela Rodriguez. She believes that frenzied state of the hostess can be contagious, causing her guests to be ill-at-ease. "Good planning, being organized and of course, experience make you more comfortable in the role." Over the past few years, Ms. Rodriguez has hosted several fundraisers in her home, including parties for the Junior League of Detroit and the Jesuit Seminary Fund.

Over the years, the party course has altered. "I think there has been a change in the mood of the parties,"

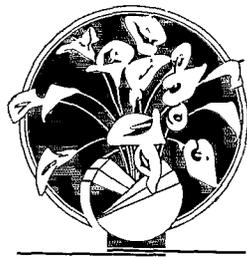
she comments. "People used to congregate around the bar and have two, maybe even four drinks before dinner. Now the concentration is on the wine served at the tables with the meals. Whether they are French or Californian, good wines have become extremely important."

There is one special ingredient, according to Ms. Rodriguez, which makes every party great — you. "Really, whatever you can prepare yourself, offer of yourself — flowers from your garden arranged beautifully, a piece of music, a delicious meal — that is what makes your entertaining unique."

Peggy Shine

"I like to do things that are fun and different," Peggy Shine remarks, "but I don't like theme parties. They tend to put an uncomfortable, almost competitive obligation on the people you invite, to come up with the best hat or costume or gimmick to carry out the theme. Most of us had our fill of that in college."

However, Peggy does, on occasion, try to recreate situations in which the guest can choose whether or not to take part. A "Welcome Back to Childhood" party she had last fall



is one example. Heralded by dozens of handmade invitations written in childish scrawl, the party featured all

the old games set out on the tables — Clue and Perfection in the dining room, Kerplunk and Booby Trap in the kitchen, and a rousing game of Twister on the family room floor.

The hors d'oeuvres consisted of M & M's, Captain Crunch and Fruit Loops. "There was no telling how it was going to go over," Mrs. Shine explained. "At first, people were hesitant about playing the games, but as soon as one brave soul would start, they all joined in. I think the games were great icebreakers for those who didn't know each other very well because they represented something that everyone had in common when they were growing up."

Nicki Tracy

One of Nicki Tracy's favorite items is the cart she bought from an auction of items from the QE1. "We use it as an hors d'oeuvres cart," she explained. "There are about six or seven stainless steel trays into which you can fit pottery dishes. All together, I think it holds twenty-four different kinds of hors d'oeuvres. It's always a challenge to come up with two dozen different things to put in there."

She brought a unique twist to an annual birthday party given on the first of May — she brought in a maypole. "It was beautiful, with long ribbon streamers. We played some sort of music, and everybody went around the maypole." She used her creativity again when her tenth anniversary rolled around.

To utilize the celebrated gift of tin, Nicki brought in consultant Barbara Friedburg of the Greenhouse. They used it in various ways, including filling tin elbow drain pipes with flowers for the centerpiece, and using tin aspirin boxes to hold the table numbers.

Every detail is important to Mrs. Tracy, even the tiniest hors d'oeuvres. "Mrs. Kennelly is gone now, but she used to make the most wonderful hors d'oeuvres. They were small, easy to eat and always really pretty," Nicki said, lamenting the passing of one of Grosse Pointe's most venerable catering establishments. "Grosse Pointe could really use another good caterer. There are several now, but we could always use another."

Nancy Williams

Michigan's former first lady, Nancy (Mrs. G. Mennen) Williams, has opened a new chapter in the annals of pre-nuptial entertaining. Instead of bath towels and other traditional bridal shower gifts, Mrs. Williams has an alternate idea.

"I like to give book showers — it's my favorite thing to do for brides. We usually make it a cocktail party, so the men are invited, too. People bring all sorts of books. Others give lamps or even Oriental rugs. I really think it is

the nicest kind of shower."

Although she and her husband, State Supreme Court Justice Williams, often attend formal public functions, they adopt a more casual, understated style when inviting friends to intimate dinners at home. "Men just wear sweaters and women may come in black silk pants or whatever is most comfortable. Dinners are simple — at our last one, we served duck that my husband brought home from hunting."



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continued from page 46

The third generation of Morans included Charles' only son, Charles II, and Maurice's son, George. Both played a part in the many important events occurring in Detroit at the time. George was born in 1804, and quickly became known as something of an eccentric character, but was also industrious, always looking for extra ways to make additional money. When George was eight years old, he saw his father imprisoned during the War of 1812. He also witnessed both prisoners and wounded being brought up from Monroe after the massacre at the River Raisin. He also had the dubious honor of discovering the body of a man killed by the Indian chief Kish-Kow-Ko.

Many French settlers stayed on the farms, made them flourish, and left trade to the new Americans.

George's relations with the Indians, however, proceeded on a far more harmonious note. As he learned their language and had more frequent dealings with them, he was hired as assistant paymaster to the Indians in Michigan.

In the winter of 1825, he was sent by Henry Schoolcraft, a noted Indian scholar, to Mackinac by way of Saginaw. The Indians at Saginaw refused to act as guides because of the extremely severe weather, so he decided to make the trip alone. On his way, he stayed for several days with Chief Tawas at the present site of Tawas City, getting drunk on the same whiskey taken from an army patrol the Indians had recently done battle with. Continuing on his way, George was forced to eat the meat from deer that had been killed by wolves.

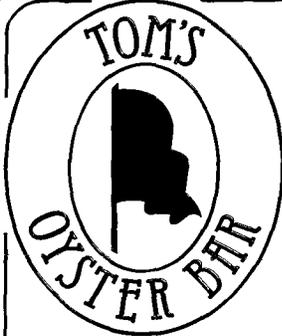
After he reached Mackinac and performed the errand for Schoolcraft, George went to La Pointe at the head of Lake Superior, where he attempted to steal a scalp hanging on the lodge pole of an Indian dwelling. The irate Indians chased him for several miles in the deep snow, and he escaped with a severely cut hand. He ultimately found sanctuary in the American Fur Company storehouse. George was sent on several such missions and was considered very reliable. He died in 1881.

Charles Moran's only son, Charles II, was born in the old Moran house on Woodbridge, between St. Aubin and Hastings, now known as the warehouse district. He served in the War of 1812 and saw General William Hull surrender Detroit, often expressing his shame at witnessing the sight. On August 16, 1812, he was captured at the fort by English troops and was paroled to his home, in keeping with the rules of war at the time.

In 1815, when his father died, Charles the second undertook the estate's administration and expansion with it growing to 372 acres between 1818-1845. As the territory grew in importance, so did Charles. He was appointed territory judge and from then on was referred to as "Judge Moran." He married Julia Dequindre on August 21, 1822. She died in 1845. He remarried Justine McCormick, who bore him a son, William B. Moran.

It was with William and the rest of the fourth generation that the Moran family transformed family fortunes in real estate to a new industrial-based economy that saw the building of the city of Detroit and of Grosse Pointe. ♦

Tom Arbaugh is a Macomb County Community College teacher currently working on a book about early French Detroit. This is his first article for HERITAGE.



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MUSIC

continued from page 70

Austin-Moro, Emil Moro, 371-7892. Grosse Pointers love this band. They play that big band sound, with some jazz standards as part of their repertoire.

Blue Front Persuaders, 665-0110. This sharp Ann-Arbor-based band also makes the trek out to Grosse Pointe to swing with their local following.

Willie D. Warren Blues Band, Willie D. Warren, 923-7386, 922-2436. Willie D. Warren is an extremely popular blues artist who plays often at the Soup Kitchen and other local clubs.

Bugs Beddow, Cornerstone Productions, 546-4199. Once you've heard this man's horn, you'll never be the same. You can also arrange for bookings with him through Gail and Rice.

Sun Messengers, Paul Bauhof, 343-0828. These guys (ten of them) keep popping up all over town — one week Alvin's, the next B'Stilla. Wherever they play, manager Bauhof states, "We're definitely an east side band." And boy, are they fun to dance to...

Amigo, Francisco Mora, 345-9819. What better type of music to dance to in the summer months than the Latin sounds of samba?

The Layabouts, 833-4998. Another great dance band, this six-piece fast-paced group fills the room with finely honed ska music.

The Blurbs, Frank Pahl, 281-0795. In the mood for an intellectual evening of music? The Blurbs draw on the roots of Detroit, with a little Thomas Edison and James Joyce thrown in to turn on those mental light bulbs.

Moose and da Sharks, Moose, 372-0829. If you prefer the old Fifties' style of music, Moose and company may be what you're looking for.

Little Sonny, Sonny, 891-6081. Another favorite at the Soup Kitchen, he is known as the "King of the Harmonica Blues."



The Sun Messengers

PHOTO: JOHN SHELL

The Blanks, Bill Boyer, 545-5176. A reggae-ska-rock band whose covers include old Motown and folk music from Phil Ochs. They are adaptable to whatever you want to hear, but prefer playing for high school dances or younger crowds.

Rhythm Corps, Tom Mair Productions, 332-1616. Their band's "Solidarity" is obvious. With a new rock-n-roll record out, they may be hard to track down.

Cosmic Express, Muruga, 891-0946. If you really want wild and crazy, try the

"break-funk" of Muruga. Guaranteed to liven up a dull party.

Figures on a Beach, Amir Deza, 681-7632. If you want to make a big splash at your party, just try to book this "HOT" act. Their new album is presently racing up the charts, with their homage to hometown Detroit one of the highlights.

There are many, many DJs and talented bands in the area. Seek them out; whatever you want is here! ♦

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July 19-August 18

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July 19-21

Having been an important part of the community for twelve years, the **Grosse Pointe Garden Club's annual garden tours** include some of the most beautifully kept gardens in the Pointes. Through these tours, the council raises funds for community beautification while it gives Pointers the opportunity to view some lovely home gardens. Seven different gardens are shown with the addition of the herb gardens of the Grosse Pointe Academy and the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's Trial Gardens. 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Call for locations and brochures describing each garden at the Garden Center, Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 884-2775. Tours \$5.

July 22

The Grosse Pointe Summer Music Festival continues with the **New World String Quartet**, performing in the classical series. Grounds open at 6:00 for picnickers. Concert at 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$9.50 reserved seats; \$5.50 lawn; Students under twenty-one, half price.

The Grosse Pointe Hunt Club Dressage Day features over eighty competitors from all over Michigan, Ohio and Canada, riding individually in specific test patterns. Rain or shine, 8:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m. at the Hunt Club, 655 Cook Rd. No admission for spectators.

July 27

Wonderful events shine even more when they benefit others, so **Proud Heritage VII**, the Mercedes-Benz Concours D'Elegance, is a special event because it benefits the Children's Hospital of Michigan. Over eighty magnificent cars fill the lawns of the Edsel and Eleanor Ford estate. Different Mercedes models are all being judged. Noon-4:00 p.m. Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lake Shore Road, \$5 adults, \$2 children.

July 27-28

It will be a fun-filled family event when the Grosse Pointe Farms Boat Club puts on its thirty-third **Annual Regatta**. Join in the activities — games, swimming, dancing, music, a parade...and the Miss Grosse Pointe Farms contest for teens. More activities will be packed in on this two-day event put on for Farms residents. Guests of residents are also invited. Saturday, noon-midnight; Sunday, 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Farms Boat Club, 350 Lake Shore, 882-3673. Free.

July 29

The Grosse Pointe Summer Music Festival concludes its light series with the Big Band sounds of the **Johnny Knorr Orchestra**, performing outside, weather permitting. Bring your own picnic supper or reserve one at \$6.50. Concert at 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$9.50 Reserved seats; \$5.50 lawn; Students under twenty-one, half price.

July 29-August 9

Dance Instruction. Perhaps the dread of every youngster is being a wallflower at the school dance. Here's a great opportunity for them to learn to dance with kids their own age...maybe they'll even come home with a few steps to teach Mom and Dad. Wear tennis shoes. For grades six-eight. Monday-Friday for two weeks. 11:00 a.m.-Noon. Barnes School Gym, 20090 Morningside, 343-2178. \$17.50

July 31-August 1

Roundabout Journeys includes four films for pre-schoolers: "Ida Fanny and the Four Seasons," "Riderless Tricycle," and "The Lion and the Mouse." These animated and live-action films run about forty minutes. Wednesday at 2:00 p.m. at the Park Branch, Thursday at 2:00 p.m. at the Woods Branch. Call 343-2071 for more information.

Diane Dickow is HERITAGE's Engagements editor and also works for Michigan Woman magazine.

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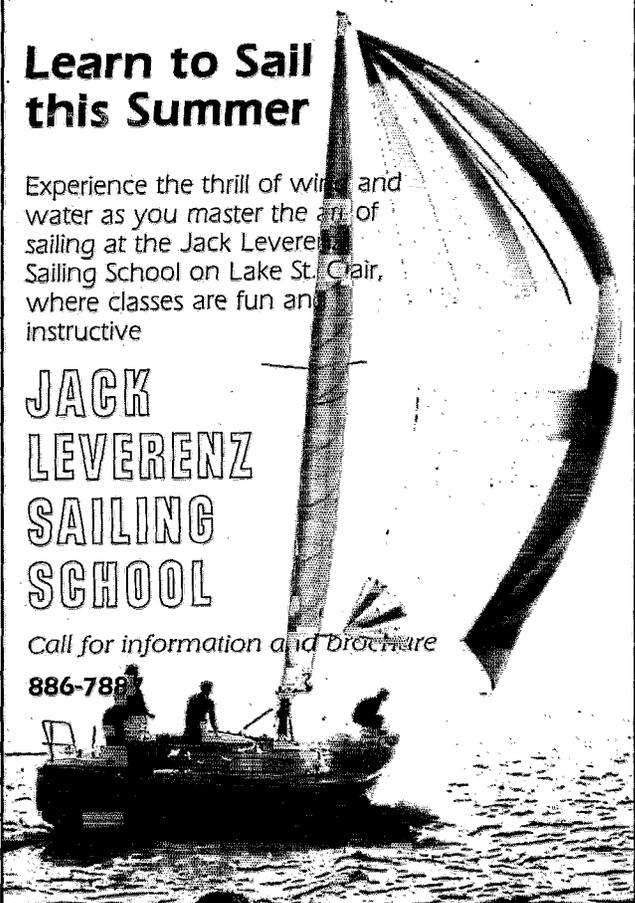
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TRADITIONS

continued from page 71

from ten p.m. until six a.m., with an elaborate supper served at one a.m. Colored incandescents will replace the normal lighting at 2:30 a.m. when weird music will be dispensed and serpentine and confetti will be thrown." For those die-hard partygoers, they also scheduled a Sunrise Dance "at the exact hour when the first golden rays of morning break night's blackness."

The stars of society shone everywhere. It was a dizzying round of social obligations. At the first Hunt Club Ball, *everyone* showed up. "Attended by more than 100 guests, the Hunt Ball last evening at the Lochmoor Club proved a delightful diversion. At the dinner which preceded the dancing, or cards as the guests preferred, each table was centered with a pine tree and mounds of red roses and carnations.

"Some of the men wore dress hunting costumes of black satin knee breeches and pink coats. It is hoped," said *The Detroit News* tentatively, "that the Hunt Ball will become an annual event." Of course, the people of this evening's guest list and their heirs would make that happen, although it is now named "The Presidents' Ball."

The Twenties were outstanding for their abundance of costume parties. The youngsters had one... "the youthful members of Miss Chamberlain's dancing class," to be exact. At this party, Arthur Buhl came as George Washington, little Caroline Jewett as Martha, Frances Miller as an Egyptian princess, Francis Palms as a Mexican cowboy and Ann Stoepel as the Queen of Hearts.

But far more fun, and one of the most exciting events of the year for Grosse Pointers, was the Jungle Ball of January, 1920. "Invitations were sent to Grosse Pointe and Indian Village younger married folk..." and guests came dressed as "brilliant plumaged birds and ferocious animals that frequent the wilds.

"On entering the ballroom, guests found themselves lost in the depths of jungle verdure; overhead was a thick canopy of wild smilax

and hanging moss, while skirting the walls were a tangle of underbrush and numerous palms... while live monkeys and parrots were a little awed by the unusual activity. Bales of hay (were) used in lieu of chairs and window benches (were) strewn with straw and draped with animal skins. On the outskirts of the jungle had been pitched a hunter's tent which served as an excellent place for the punch bowl."

Imagine — all of this fun when one of the biggest stories of the day told of the amazing new possibility — a trip from "Detroit to London in FIFTY-SEVEN hours!" The *News* magazine section was running an eight-week series on the "Vivid Vamps of History" and a San Francisco judge declared that a "morning kiss was the best cure for the divorce bug." Oooh — out damn spot! ♦



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A Doctor, a Teacher

When I was a little boy, I was always afraid to go to the doctor. I was afraid of needles and wasn't thrilled about taking off my shirt in front of people.

But Doctor Byron Andreou, my pediatrician from birth, always made the visits easier. "Joseph, my friend, don't be afraid," he would say in his thick Greek accent.

The cold white walls of his office were covered with bulletin boards — boards filled with photographs of the warm, smiling faces of his other young east side patients. And after he was through examining me, I would wait for Dr. Andreou to give me a lollipop, as if it were part of some kind of ritual.

As I ate my lollipop, he would give his diagnosis to my mother or father in his office.

Dr. Andreou was always there. From the time I was a baby until after I had gone on to college, I knew he was always there if I needed him. Two younger brothers and two young cousins followed in my footsteps as Dr. Andreou's patients. I always believed that one day I would take my own children to see the doctor their father had

grown up with.

But, on May 16, my doctor died. And for only a moment I felt as if my precious childhood had died with him.

The last time I visited Dr. Andreou was after I had graduated from high school. I was going to spend part of my summer in Mexico, and went in to make sure I had all my shots. After my examination, he asked me into his office to give his diagnosis — the privilege once reserved only for adults.

"Your shots are good for five years, so you will not have to worry about them until a year after you graduate from college," he said.

"And what and where will you be studying?"

I told him I would major in journalism at MSU, and he showed his enthusiasm for my decision as he boasted of his daughter, Amy, who also shared a love for writing.

Doctor Andreou wished me luck and told me he thought I would do well. He patted me on the back as I walked out of his Grosse Pointe Woods office, and I never saw him again.

After I walked outside, I realized he hadn't offered me the

lollipop I had grown accustomed to all my life. Perhaps he thought it would be insulting to ask an eighteen-year-old if he wanted a lollipop, or maybe it was his way of telling me I was now a man.

When I heard the news of his death, I sat in silence, wondering what would become of Amy, his daughter whose work I had come to admire. I wondered what would happen to his wife, his other three children, and all the young patients to whom he still meant so much.

Matthew, my youngest brother, is now only two years old, and he will not remember the doctor he and I shared. Dr. Andreou had always told me I should be brave, so I held back my tears when I thought of him.

Dr. Andreou loved life and loved people. He cared. But most of all, he loved children, and when a man like Dr. Andreou loves us, we realize there is nothing we can do but follow his example in living life to its fullest and making the most of the time we have. Doctor Andreou knew we must love life — because we are all children, no matter how old or powerful we may think we are. ♦

Many of the possessions you cherish most simply cannot be replaced. Insurance may reimburse you for losses due to burglary, vandalism or fire, but insurance money can't buy back an original artwork, heirloom or other priceless possession. Nor can it protect your family from harm.

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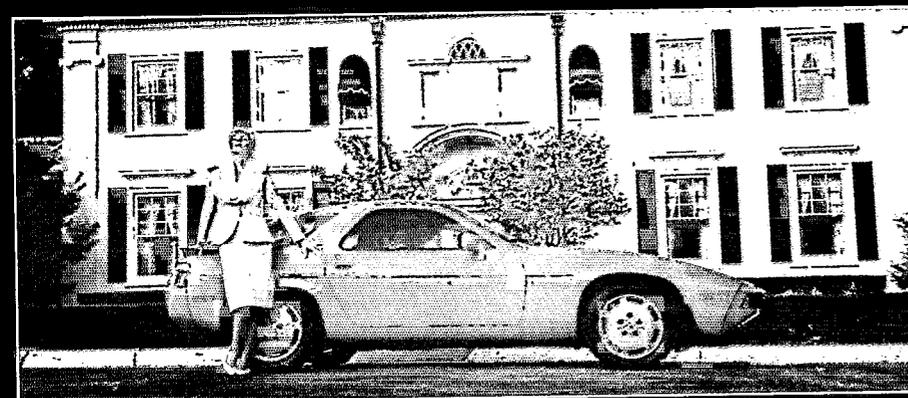
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