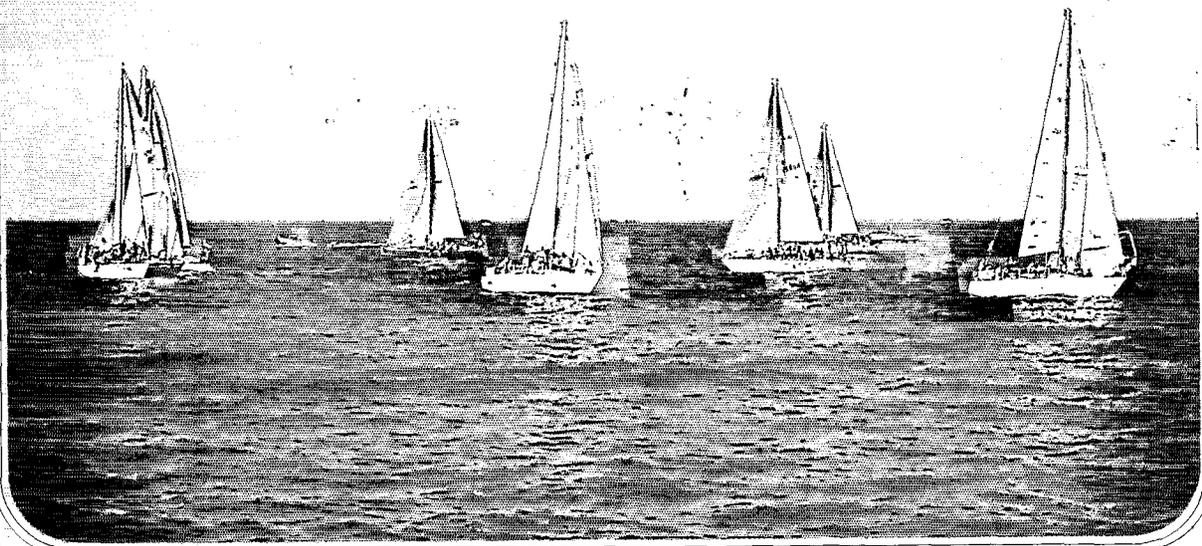
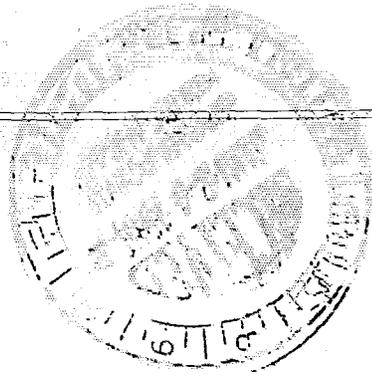


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A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE



vol. 2 no. 4 ♦ august-september 1985

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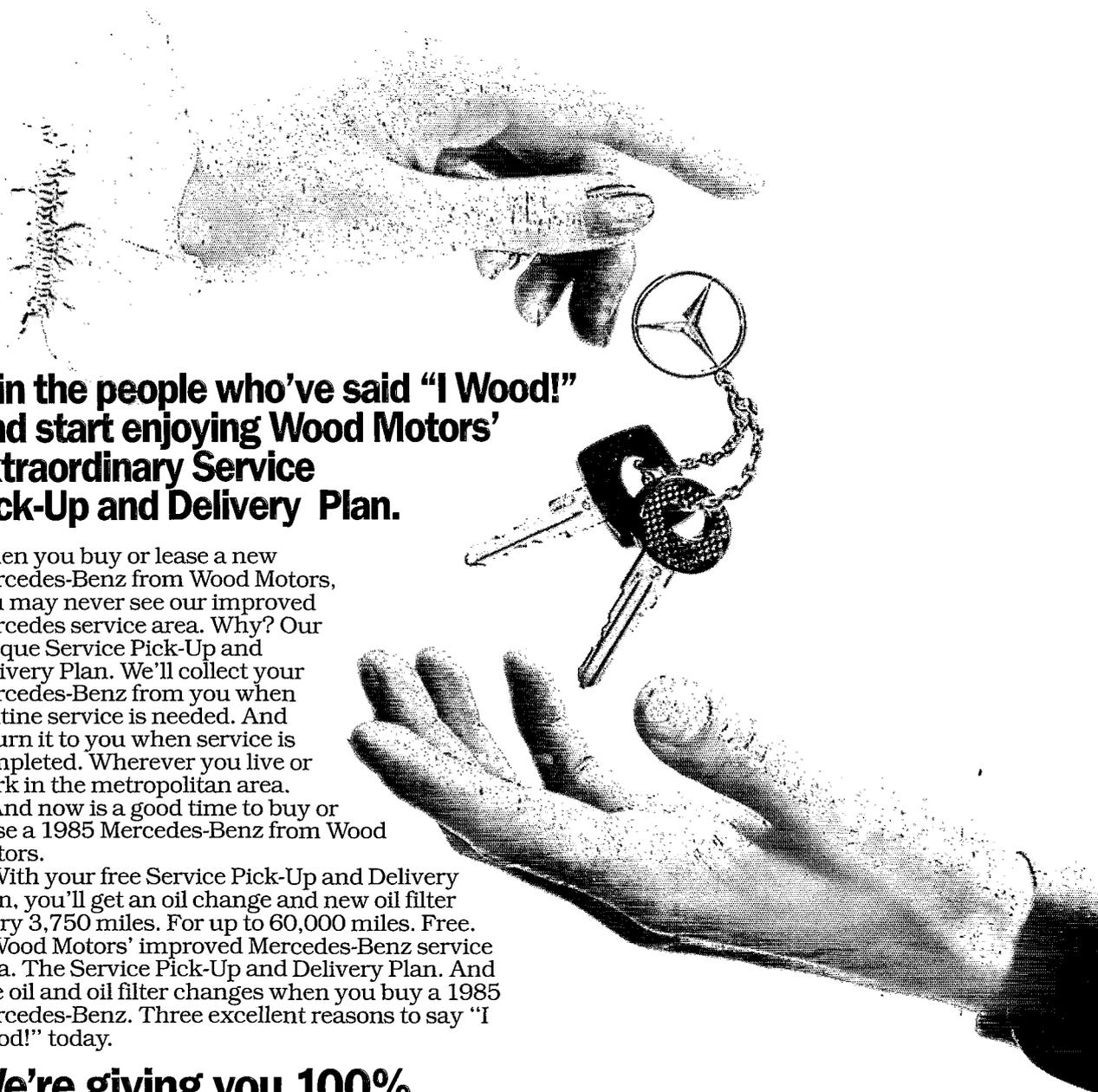
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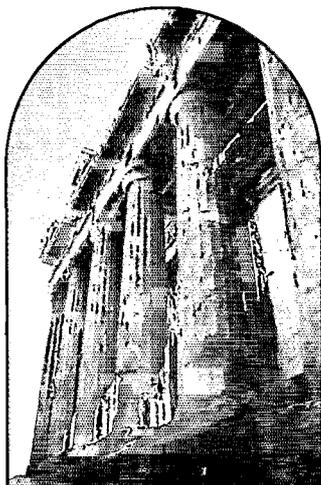
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On the cover:  
Life on the water,  
Grosse-Pointe style.  
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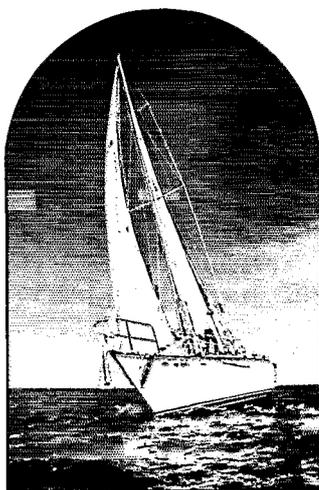
# HERITAGE

A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE

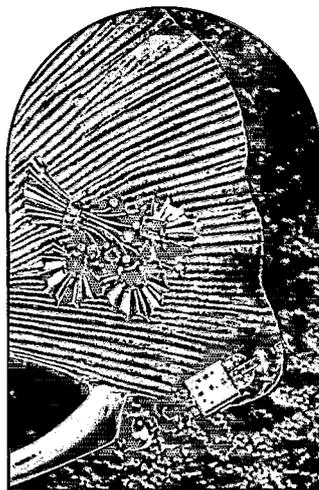
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## Philosophic Sneakers

Scanning the pages of a national magazine recently, my eyes stopped dead in their sockets, locking onto the slogan for an athletic shoe advertisement. *Life is not a spectator sport*. "Wow," I thought, returning to the eloquence of my youth. "Awesome," I intoned, borrowing an exclaimer from my children. In all the published drivel lately encountered, here was something special — a statement of clarity and perception, timely, yet fraught with a thousand historical connotations.

Perhaps it is altogether too revealing to suggest that a crassly commercial advertisement extolling the virtues of (eventually smelly) athletic shoes could sum up one's personal philosophy — but there you have it.

*Life is not a spectator sport*. Having been often ill as a child and confined to bed rest, I can certainly attest to the truth of the statement. While convalescing has its positive aspects, lending itself as it does to introspection and the contemplation of things both universal and minute, it can be borne graciously only for short periods of time. Ask any mother. During a protracted convalescence — after the phone, television, radio, library, pen and pencil have been exhausted — the patient is nearly consumed with an energetic desire to get on with life. A week is forever; six months is cruel and unusual punishment. I suspect that any person who has been deprived of the ability to go about the ordinary business of life must encounter similar sentiments, as prisoners must long for the freedom of open fields, and soldiers must hunger for the laughter of children.

What never ceases to amaze me, however, is that so many people waste potentially wonderful moments of their lives. They don't choose to — they never *choose* to do anything, but drift instead along any path which presents itself, so long as it entails no obvious risk. They complain

about every aspect of their lives, yet never accept basic responsibility for their own existence.

Closer to home, we all go through seasons barren of joy, devoid of happiness — and somehow we forget, for awhile, just how powerful we really are. Every act we perform, or fail to perform, marks the fabric of our lives. Each step takes us further from the present — but the choice of direction is ours. With every thought, or word, or act, our success can be solidified; or our mistakes can be compounded.

We can drift until the end of our days, and die with regrets; or we can think about our lives, and make decisions. Perhaps in the end we will count some decisions as wrong; but if you do it frequently enough, you get the hang of it after awhile. And a good track record is more important than an occasional stumble.

Why does it matter? Because the history of the human race, for better or worse, is built on the actions of individuals. Because we are all, separately and collectively, nothing more than the sum of our daily existence — which means that each and every thing we do, or fail to do, affects someone else. Because, simply put, a gentle word to a heartbroken child is a word long remembered.

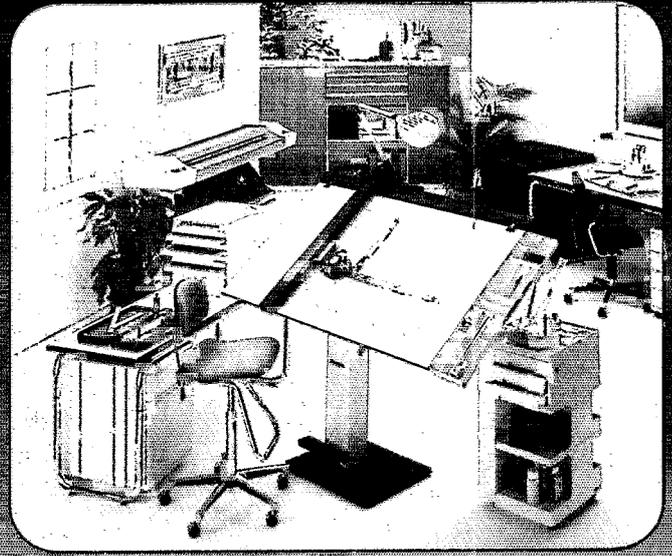
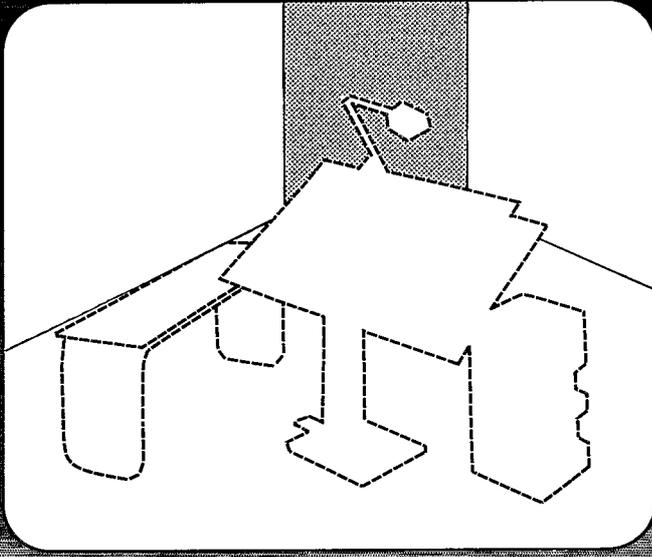
Life should never be a spectator sport. Get up, and get going; and when you put on your sneakers, be thankful you're alive.



Patricia Louwers Serwach  
Publisher

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# VIGNETTES

## A Moving Business

A musical chair situation has developed recently on Kercheval in the Village. Shoppers have already noticed that the Sign of the Lion furniture store has closed, and the Grosse Pointe Book Village has taken its place at 17051 Kercheval. In the bookstore's original location at 16837 now sits Jackie's Fabric Shop (formerly associated with Jacobson's). To complicate matters further, Talbot's is moving into the spot currently held jointly by the old Jacobson's Fabric Shop and Baskin-Robbins at 17021, with the ice cream shop searching for an open space. Meanwhile, Waldenbooks is slated to occupy the space at 16980, when McCourt's retires after twenty-five years in the shoe business. Finally, Fran Kirkland's needlepoint shop is now home to Benetton's Italian-based sports shop. A recent visitor to the Village, upon hearing of all the changes, commented, "They should take all the store owners out into the street and fire a gun and have all of them scramble for different storefronts."

For more information on the Village shopping area and its history, see Madeleine McLaughlin's story on page 72.

## Hope Springs Eternal

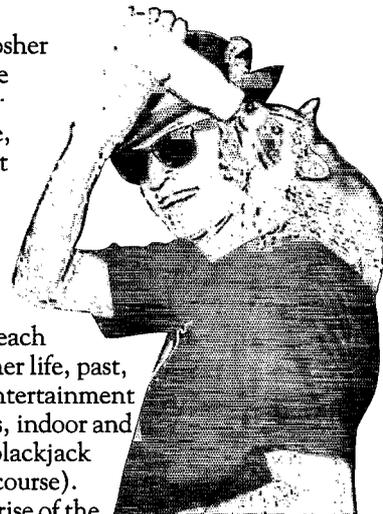
A few stares and a well-known star greeted the opening of St. John Hospital's new concentrated-care building. Drivers down Moross couldn't help but notice the big blue ribbon adorning the facade of the new building — on it a tag reading "Open June 9". When the big day finally arrived, more than 8,000 people toured the hospital's new \$60.5



million complex, part of a \$117 million project. The addition hopes to serve tens of thousands of intensive care and emergency patients annually. Bob Hope christened the building with a few jokes at a special benefit at Eastland Mall on July 1st. Pictured with the veteran comedian are Dr. Walter DiGiulio, president of the St. John Guild and Susan Zaun, from Eastland's P. R. Department.

## Party Crasher

Parties at the Mosher home in the Park have been elaborate — but this one took the cake, so to speak. The event was a Sweet Sixteen party for daughter Jennifer, and she got to choose her young and adult guests (thirty-five of each), each an important part of her life, past, present and future. Entertainment included two psychics, indoor and outdoor bands and a blackjack table (just for fun, of course).



The biggest surprise of the night, however, came with the arrival of one of the guests. Dr. John Bradfield, the man who delivered Jennifer showed up with a raccoon named Begonia perched on his shoulder. The doctor finds homeless raccoons and cares for them until he's able to let them loose on his farm in Ann Arbor.

## Still on Guard

It was a week after the Coast Guard got its reprieve from President Reagan, but the St. Clair Shores station wasn't celebrating — at least not yet. "The newspapers usually get that type of information long before we do," said one of Lake St. Clair's unsung heroes. "We still haven't received word from our superiors." For now, it's business as usual on Lake St. Clair, this summer reporting an especially large number of "sinkers." Last year, the Coast Guard was responsible for 530 search-and-rescue missions, most successful. What would life on the water be like without the Coast Guard? Hopefully, we'll never know.

## Life at the Head of the Class

According to statistics provided by Claritas Corp., forty-one percent of the Grosse Pointe populace have achieved an educational level of four years or more of college, with 14.75 years of education the median.

## If This is Tuesday, It Must Be...

Apparently, there exists a new method of amusement in Grosse Pointe, very similar to a sort of "Vacation Roulette." It seems that a group of prominent Pointers all take their vacation at the same time, buying two airline tickets for the destination of their choice. On the date of departure, all the tickets are placed in a hat. What's pulled out could be Aruba, or could be Alabama. It's all in the spirit of fun, Grosse Pointe style...

## *The Brothers Tremblé*

*The Trombley family cultivated a family legacy in the Pointes*

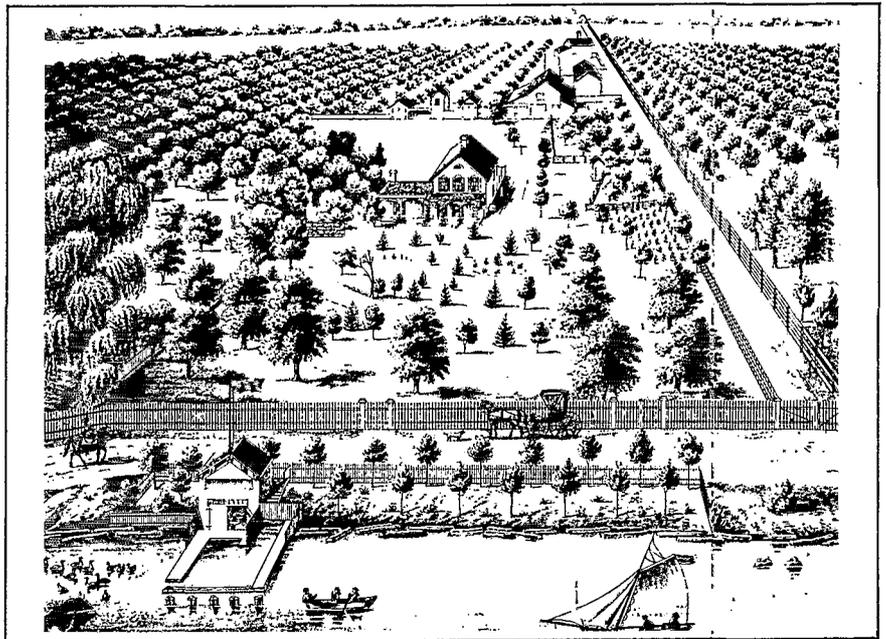
For some, the name Trombley conjures up nothing more than the image of Trombly School, or the street off Jefferson in Grosse Pointe Park. But the Trombley name stands for so much more — it has a history of family strength and longevity, and harks back to some of the most important early settlers in Grosse Pointe. The name began as Tremblé, but has changed through the years to become Tromble, Trumble and the common Anglicized version of Trombley. Trombleys can be found in virtually every Detroit-area community, and few families are more interested in their heritage.

There is a common myth about the origins of the Trombleys in Detroit, one that exists even today in many examinations of the family background. Supposedly, in 1735, a man named Tremblé travelled from France to Quebec to New York, where his three children were kidnapped by unscrupulous men from the Hudson Bay Company and brought to Detroit. The father spent several years searching and eventually found them — settled, some married and not at all anxious to return. The elder Tremblé, disillusioned, returned to France and was never heard from again.

The Trombley genealogy has been well-documented, and though not nearly so dramatic as the myth, it still fascinates, if only from a mathematical point of view. Gilbert Tremblé and wife Jane Coignet lived in Chartres, France in the early part of the Seventeenth Century. Their son, Pierre (Peter) emigrated to Baie St. Paul, Quebec in the 1650s, where he married

Canadian Ozanne Achon. A son, Michel (Michael), with wife Genevieve, were the parents of the Grosse Pointe Trombleys. They had ten children; and three sons, Peter, Augustin and Ambrose, emigrated with their families to Grosse Pointe in 1750. They arrived with a cousin, Mar-

as 1707, but the Tromblé brothers still located choice land. Ambrose's original ribbon farm (so called because of its long, narrow shape) sat on Gaukler Pointe, current site of the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House and still among the most beautiful locations in Grosse Pointe.



A French ribbon farm in the mid-1800s, believed to belong to the Trombleys.

garet, and her husband, William La Forét (The Forest).

Peter and Augustin settled at Fox Creek, Ambrose at Grand Marais, taking advantage of the land-owning possibilities created by the French government in the form of private claims. The first of these were granted as early

The Trombleys farmed their land and made it prosper, with budding pear trees, vegetables and livestock. They were also prolific. It's at this point that the genealogy gets a little tricky. Between the three families, they had over thirty children! The Trombleys bought and sold land while retaining choice

## ◆ john monaghan

family property, passing it down from generation to generation. Scattered Trombley plots dominate maps of Grosse Pointe up until the Twentieth Century. The Trombley family survived the various skirmishes and changes of government — the French-Indian War, Pontiac's Rebellion and the War of Independence — all between 1750 and 1796. By 1812, Louis Trombley was by far the richest landowner in all Grosse Pointe.

The area now known as Trombley Avenue was one of the locale's oldest family-owned farms. The property originally belonged to Peter. He was married to Madeleine Simard, but she died shortly after their arrival in 1750. Apparently a man of considerable community standing, Peter married Mary Joseph Tonti (also widowed), daughter of Detroit commandant Alphonse Tonti and Ann Picote de Belestre. The land was handed down to son Louis, then to Joseph, and finally to Robert around 1860. Young Robert built a farmhouse and then rented it out to a farming family, a common practice for established French landowners.

Robert was then able to pursue his own lucrative enterprises. He became a landscape farmer and planted many of the trees which still line Jefferson Avenue. In 1874, he married Irene Catherine Rivard in St. Paul's Church. The Trombley home was located at 15211 East Jefferson, where Patmon-Olds stands today. The couple had twin daughters and a son. All this time, Robert had been interested in the law and in 1885 took the position of justice of the peace, holding a "roving court" on specific days in each of the Grosse Pointe villages. He prided himself on being hardened in his dealings with speeders and would accept no excuses. It was said that none of his judgments was ever overruled by a higher court.

*The Detroit News* had reported: "When Justice Trombley first took the bench, bicycles and velocipedes were in vogue. Speeders of all varieties appeared before him down the years — horse fanciers in sulky, bicyclists in plaid stockings, blazer-clad velocipede riders and goggled and duster-clad motorists... Quite frequently, he threatened to send Detroit speeders to jail if they persisted in racing through

the Grosse Pointe villages."

It was this same Judge Trombley after which Trombley Elementary School was named. The original structure was built in 1903 on the corner of Beaconsfield and Jefferson. By 1927 (just a few years after Trombley's death), the community was growing so fast it was forced to construct a larger school on Beaconsfield and Essex, where it stands today.

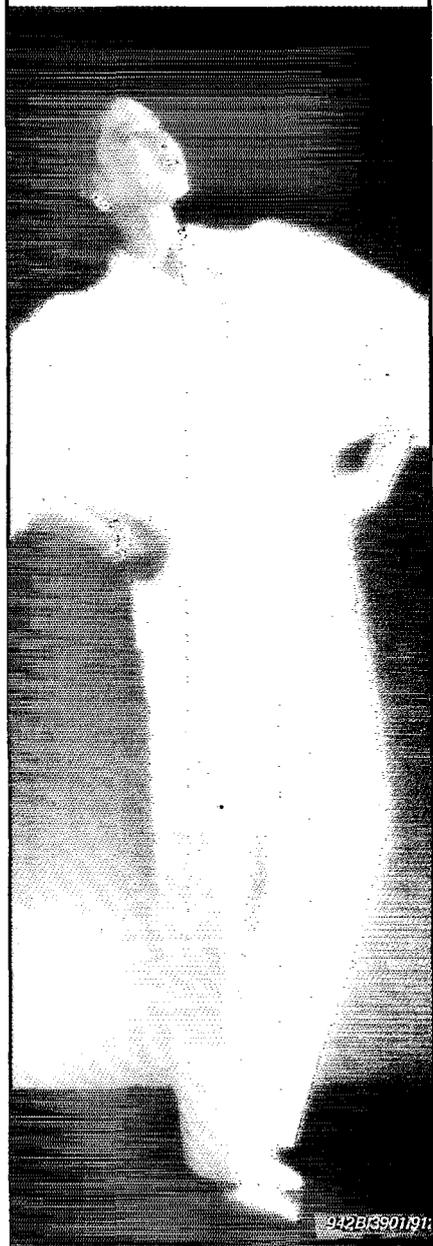
Over the years, the Trombley name has been connected with the illustrious names of other settlers — Cadieux, Vernier, Yax, Chapoton and especially the Rivards. A descendant of Ambrose, Leo Trombley, married Archange Rivard in 1846. As the story goes, she was previously married to Fabian Rivard, a wealthy Detroit businessman. One day, his neatly folded coat and silk-lined top hat were found by the side of the river, leaving Archange with seven children and a substantial fortune. Some said that Leo married her for her money, but he had large holdings himself — a good farm with the luxury of three boats for hauling grain. He resented this insinuation and refused to enter into her business matters.

Perhaps he should have, because Archange was very loose with money and soon spent much of her fortune on clothes and jewelry. Still, they lived comfortably near Conner's Creek, an area densely populated by Trombleys and at one time actually called Trombley Creek. (It is now the site of the Chrysler Plant on Jefferson near Van Dyke.) The pair often proved generous. When a couple of beggar boys came to the door, Archange treated them like her own, bathed the lice-ridden children, shaved their heads, burned their clothes and cared for them in her already full home. Archange died before Leo, who eventually lost much of his money buying land in Mount Clemens.

Some Trombley land speculation proved more fruitful, as the Trombleys were the founders of the Bay City area, near the Saginaw Valley. A descendant of Ambrose, Louis John, a goldsmith by trade, turned his eyes north to the lucrative fur trade and embarked on a

*continued on page 90*

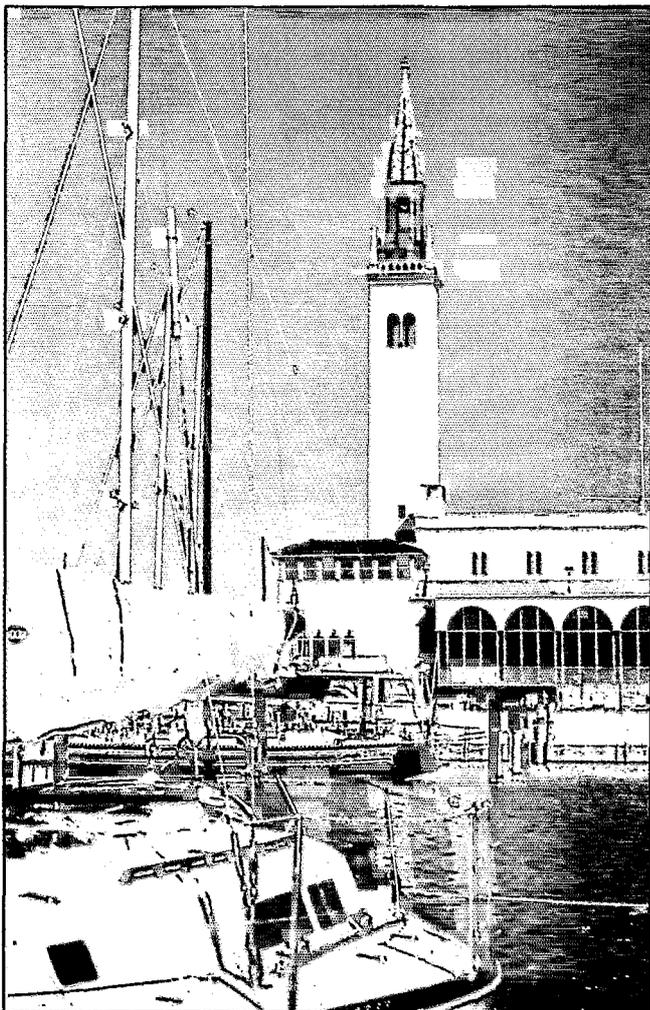
*Enchanté*



**84 Kercheval  
On The Hill**

## Palace by the Sea

With its towers shining at you from afar,  
the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club is truly a gem of the harbour.



When we first came to Grosse Pointe and drove along Lake Shore, it was dusk. The lights of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club flickered on, highlighting the high tower against the deep blue of the lake. "Look," my four-year-old daughter said. "It's Cinderella's palace."

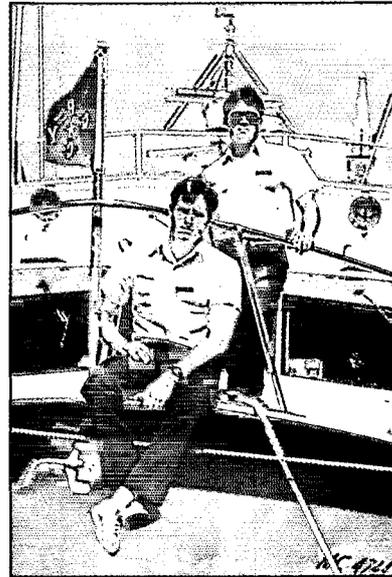
The near-fairy tale elegance of the club's architecture as it overlooks Lake St. Clair is undeniable. The reality of the club, however, blends tradition with current family activities.

The guard at the club's eight-sided gatehouse is friendly and helpful to incoming visitors. The long drive to the clubhouse is ridged with speed bumps, lined and shaded by well-ordered greenery. Valets wait to park the members' cars. On each side of the club, ducks are paddling between the moored boats. The air is rich with a heavy smell of the sea and the hollow clangs of rigging from the bobbing boats nearby. At the clubhouse entrance stands a 118-foot flagpole, a donation from the Dodge estate that had to be floated by barge to its new location. Today, it flies the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club flag, the *Stars and Stripes*, and the Commodore's flag of a white fouled anchor circled with thirteen stars on a blue background — indicating that the Commodore is present.

A wedding party, complete with honking horns and trailing tin cans, pulls up under the awning at the front entrance. The celebrants hurry up the shallow steps into the long crème-coloured lobby, where they are met by a smiling employee who explains the waiting arrangements. Members, dressed in serviceable sports wear, business suits and tuxes, pass, mingle and greet each other. One boy carries a younger sister piggy-back down the sunlit room, passing the nautical paintings, groupings of sofas and chairs and the gathering wedding party, with barely a glance. Two more girls pause at the receptionist's desk to ask a quick question, then dart in the other direction, colouring books tucked under their arms. The bustle is cheerful and homey, somehow in complete harmony with the real beauty of the building.



Above: an exterior view of the yacht club  
 Above right: harbour boys on duty  
 Right: Mr. Linden Mills, manager of the club



Commodore James R. Daoust, dressed in the informal naval officer's garb of brick red pants and navy jacket, smiles and gestures in open-handed pride at the scene.

"Yacht clubs and yachting history are very old," he says, "and, as a result, there is a lot of tradition. But if you want to characterize this yacht club, you would have to say it is a very highly family-oriented club. That is its most striking characteristic. The building is very impressive; the fleet is probably second to none on the Great Lakes. But even though it has all those fine yachts out there, the core of this club is its family activities."

Neither the family activities nor the club itself came about from three magical wishes. It is the product of the work, enthusiasm, and support of hundreds of local sailors over the past seventy years. The club began in 1914, when twenty-five yachting enthusiasts banded together under the leadership of Commodore R. George Marsh to

organize what has become the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club. There was, of course, no clubhouse, and at that time the sport of ice boating was just about as popular as sailing. Early records of the club include lists of prizes awarded to the winners in the ice boat races — a lumberman's shirt, leather gloves, buckskin mittens and a fancy sweater coat.

By 1926, the thirty-four members organized the clubhouse project. Rear Commodore C.L. Ayers personally purchased the property at the southwest corner of Vernier and Lake Shore to be used as a base for the development of the club. The property included a seventy-two foot frontage along the lake and a stretch of 342 feet back

# A Private Oasis

Lake Shore Drive does not offer the best vantage point to fully appreciate the exotic form of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, for by its very function and site, the club is denied the vast lawns and jewelled settings of other architectural extravaganzas on Lake St. Clair. Here, the landscape is wooded not with the permanence of trees, but by a changing array of masts and lines—and parking lots which necessarily displace grass.

The Yacht Club's plain, light-coloured stucco walls, relatively small arched windows, red tile roof and intriguing square tower have caused it to be labeled "Mediterranean" or "Italian Renaissance." Use of such terms overlooks the Gothic-like features which include the tower spires, trefoil-topped windows, and buttresses. The mixing of styles, and inter-relationships of various sections, give an impression of additive construction over a period of time, the result of which defies easy classification.

Although the visitor's attention is drawn by the tower, the entry is obviously elsewhere, its location defined by the driveway and doorway canopy. Upon entering, one encounters a reception area with low ceiling and subdued lighting, decorated in a style unrelated to the architecture. At the end of this space, the low ceiling gives way dramatically to a brightly lit, high-ceilinged circular room, two steps up, with niches for statuary, and small Romanesque colonnade high on the wall. This is a delightful place to pause while contemplating in which direction to next proceed. The dining room tempts with glimpses of imperial gilt-topped columns, but a wide staircase beckons with the promise of grandeur in the vast room beyond.

Here is the ballroom, double story in height, embellished by exposed wooden beams, and containing a variety of windows. Gothic-style windows and pairs of small arched ones are on opposite walls, and octagonal ones are elsewhere. Large arched openings which once were doors and windows, and once offered a view of the lake, are now mostly closed in by the 1960 addition which houses the Binnacle Room. The size of the ballroom and its decorative features bring to mind the great halls of medieval castles. It is obviously a place for spec-

ial events and formal gatherings, and as such, requires the presence of celebrators to bring it fully alive.

More distinctive and architecturally interesting is the dining room, a descendant in some ways of Byzantine churches. Octagonal in plan, with outer walls comprised mostly of tall arched windows, its stately group of columns, on close inspection, reveal themselves as supports for a centrally-located dome. The classically-ribbed interior surface of the dome is lit by porthole-like windows which punctuate it and give a measure of its thickness. The offered glimpses of sky and red tile roof are somehow whimsical. The dome provides a tall and elegant ceiling for the octagonal dance floor whose boundaries are defined by the supporting columns. These grand architectural elements, so often found in churches where they function in part to create awe, have no such effect here, for this is obviously a space for warm and friendly gatherings.

A less appealing part of the Yacht Club is the 1960 addition, visible only from the lake approach to the building. Although its design makes visual reference to the original sections, the large window groupings, and surfacing of small blue tiles mark the addition as a child of its time. Somewhat intrusive, it seems a little embarrassed to be here, the most conspicuous of many appliqués to this romantic structure of the Twenties. The interior changes of recent years are more easily filtered out of overall impressions.

The simplicity of the streetside exterior makes the unexpected interior richness all the more pleasing by comparison. This is much like the traditional designs in very warm climates, where buildings are turned inward to provide private oases from the outside world. That the unique places within the Yacht Club have remained relatively unchanged is testimony that they fulfill this function well.

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*Rosemary Bowditch is the historic architect at Dearborn's Greenfield Village. This is her professional analysis of the architecture of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club.*

## ARCHITECTURE

along Vernier. In 1927, more property along the south edge of the site was purchased from the Bayer heirs, fully funded by the village of Grosse Pointe Shores, with the joint undertaking to provide for seawalls, harbour protection and maintenance of facilities. Guy Lowell, architect of the Courthouse of New York City and the Museum of Art in Boston – himself an avid yachtsman – was engaged by the club as an architect for the project. Bids for construction were accepted on February 16, 1928, with the contract going to the Corrick Brothers, low bidders at \$400,000. Lowell, who died before the actual completion of the project, let it be known that he considered the Venetian design of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club the zenith of his career.



The attitude of the members then, as now, was that their club would go “first-class all the way.” Commodore John H. French presided over the grand opening on July 4, 1929. The clubhouse had been lavishly furnished with Oriental rugs, Florentine busts, Italian antique cabinets and imported carpets. The china had been custom-made in Bavaria, the glassware came from Holland, and the wrought-iron lighting fixtures had been created in Florence, Italy.

“The day marked the club’s formal opening and smart society gathered there for hours of delightful leisure and entertainment, in a setting brilliant in mid-summer beauty,” *The Detroit News* wrote of the opening. “All about the clubhouse and the grounds, myriad flags fluttered in the steady breeze and on one side of the lawn, a Hawaiian orchestra played in the afternoon. The other side was gay with children of club members, busy at games and various sports arranged for their amusement. The broad balcony across the front of the clubhouse was filled with smartly-clad spectators and the many yachts anchored at the club presented striking color effects with pennants flying and constantly moving groups of guests, the women in particular charming in their many-colored sports ensembles.”

Despite this enthusiastic beginning, by 1932 the cost of the clubhouse and its improvements had reached \$1,300,000 – of which \$750,000 had been furnished by loans from the banks, endorsed by the directors of the club. The Depression was in full force, and the effects of the chaotic times were pressing in on the club. Commodore Paul I. Moreland, who led the club in 1962, recalls the events which led to the most serious crisis the club ever faced.

“The directors had borrowed money from the old First National Bank when they built the club. But, of course, the banks closed during the Depression and were put into the hands of receivers and liquidators. They wanted their money, and we didn’t have it. So, they foreclosed. But there isn’t much you can do with a building like that, so they operated it on a limited basis. The club was reorganized on July 1, 1938, when the directors settled with the liquidators by putting up \$100,000 cash. To raise that money, they had one hundred people put up a thousand dollars each for a life membership. Those memberships were good for twenty-five years or until the person died, or

the inheritor died. That’s how they got the club away from the banks. There are only about three or four of those life memberships in existence now.”

No more real crises occurred until the early Fifties, when record high water on the lake threatened the club. “The greatest damage the club ever experienced was in 1952,” Commodore Moreland says. “I remember all this because we were in a terrible state. We were desperate because the water was seeping through the filled ground the club was built on, and our Yacht Club was really going to float away. The docks were virtually underwater. We simply had to raise money, and so we decided to put out a bond issue to our members. In fact, we called it the ‘High Water Disaster Bond Issue.’ ”

Under his guidance, the \$25,000 issue was organized so that it could not default. All new initiation fees and ten percent of current club dues were directed into a sinking fund for redemption of the bonds.

“We didn’t want to lose the club again,” Commodore Moreland explains with a laugh. “There was an influx of new members about that time, fortunately, and so at the end of two years, we already paid off half of the \$250,000 plus the interest due. By 1959, we wanted to make more improvements to the club, buy what is now the South Harbour, and turn the original porch into what is now the Binnacle Room. So, we turned around and did it again. We paid off the little bit that was left of the previous issue, and then rebonded to about \$600,000.”



All was going well until 1962 when natural conditions again caused problems for the club. An unusually cold winter caused the ice in the river to thicken to record depths, until it began to crush the east wall of the harbour. “We had a naval base down in Grosse Ile, and so Charles Glasgow, the chairman of our Harbour and Grounds Committee, contacted them. They dropped depth bombs to break up the ice, because it would have done damage all up and down the river.

“When they redid the wall, they put in a great cement pylon and extended the cement wall. We didn’t find out until then that years and years ago, before the ground was ever filled for the yacht club, there used to be docks that ran out to deep water. The boats that used to run to Port Austin used to come and pick up passengers there. When the fellow originally went to put in the pylons for the east wall, he hit the long pylons from the old docks. Well, he had hit them with the air hammer and they didn’t budge, so he figured they were in deep enough, and built the wall over them. We never knew about it until 1962, when the ice broke the wall.”

Since then, the yacht club seems to have easily fended off disasters. Membership has swollen to the point that some expansion of facilities is now being planned. An Olympic-sized swimming pool has been added. The Binnacle Room has been converted into a long dining room overlooking the lake.

“The clubhouse was originally planned to accommodate 200 members,” the present Commodore Jim Daoust explains, “and we now have 950. Even though



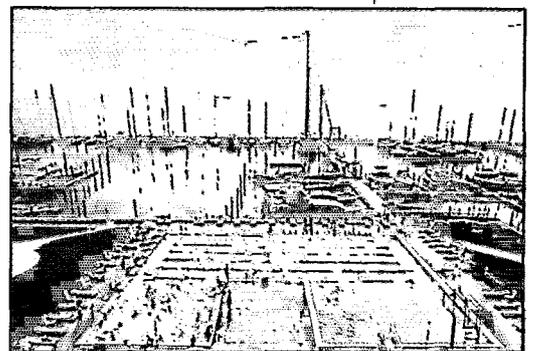
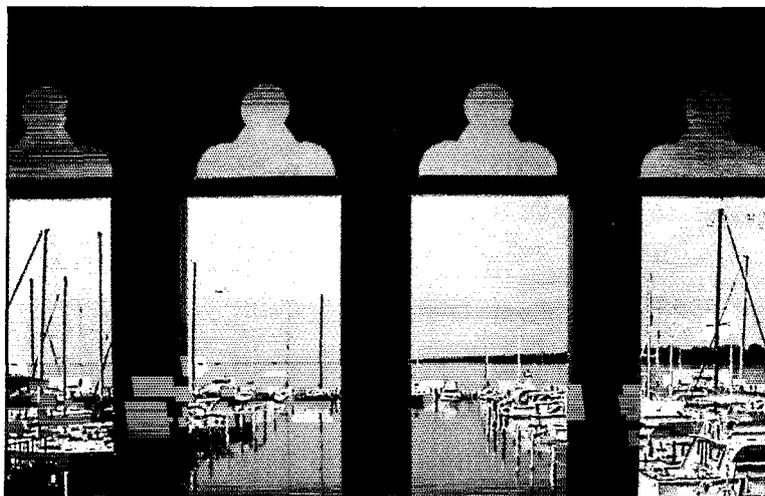
there is a constant turnover from people moving away or retiring, the club frankly has a very significant waiting list — almost a year long.”

As he shows with quiet pride the varied facilities enjoyed by the members, the popularity of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club becomes readily apparent. It had obviously been constructed and maintained with two primary objectives — to offer its members varied recreational activities and to provide the expansive facilities they need for entertaining and socializing. The club building is comprised of a network of rooms, each leading to another. Each is richly furnished according to its function, decorated with paintings, ship models and artwork depicting the love of boating which permeates the club atmosphere.

The lobby, long and sunlit from rows of high, arched windows, leads into the rotunda. This high, domed room

is dominated by three bronze statues, created by sculptor Wheeler Williams and donated to the club by C.L. Ayers at the 1929 opening. The life-sized, central fountain group, *The Rhythm of the Waves*, is based on the famous *Dance of the Three Graces*. The two smaller figures, “East Wind” and “West Wind,” watch the comings and goings of the club members from niches across from the central figures. Above them are two series of small curtained arches, where the original plans for the yacht club called for stringed orchestras to provide music for the members. The area intended for the musicians is now used for storage and staff facilities because the space is needed to accommodate the greater membership.

Opening from the rotunda are perhaps the most impressive rooms within the club — the main dining room and the ballroom. Entrance to the dining room is up a few

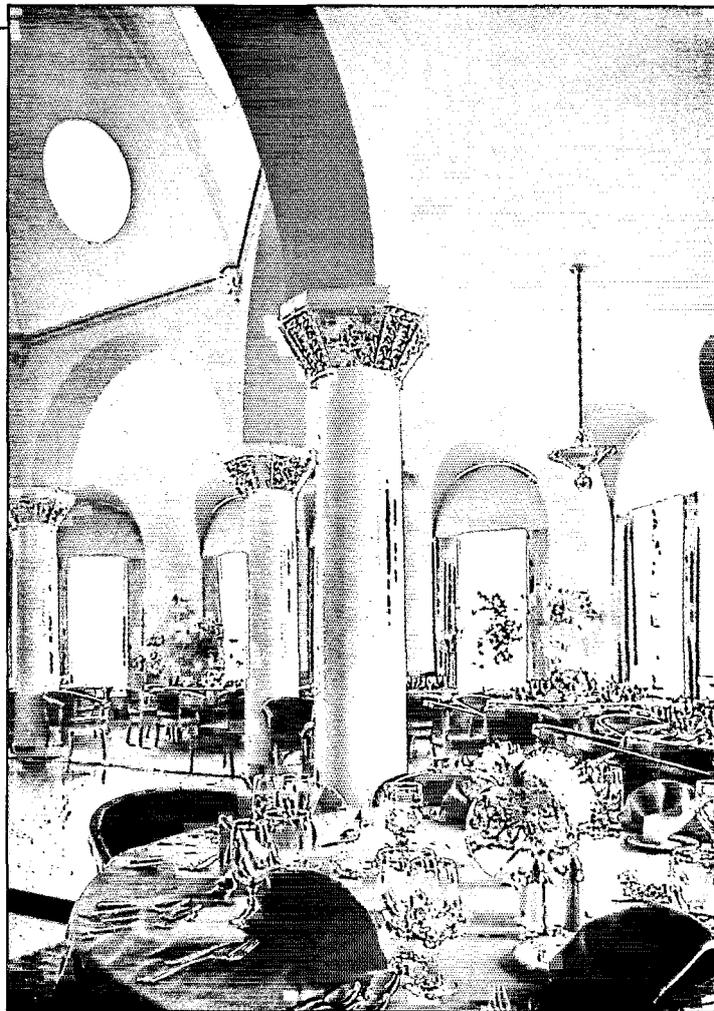


## ARCHITECTURE

shallow steps, between two columns, to the large circular room whose windows overlook the harbour. An inner circle of eight columns has been decorated at the top with twining leaves done in gold leaf. On one wall is a framed plate, the last of the original set of custom-made Bavarian china. However, even if the members no longer are served from imported china, they could hardly improve upon their dinner fare. The club's executive chef, Jeff Gabriel, was a gold medalist in last year's culinary Olympics in Frankfurt, West Germany.

In the ballroom, the high walls are decorated simply with eleven flags, those of area yacht clubs usually, but replaced by white and gold ones for weddings, or red and green flags for Christmas celebrations. The room itself is dominated by the magnificent sixteen-by-twenty-four-foot marine painting by Frank Vining Smith, donated to the club in 1929 by its first Commodore, John H. French. The painting, hanging high above the great fireplace containing a ship's bell, depicts the famous clipper ship race in 1851 between three of the most famous ships of the day, the *Raven*, *Typhoon* and *Sea Witch*, which are shown in the foreground of the painting. Beneath this impressive depiction of wind and waves, the club members enjoy the more formal aspects of club life, such as the Commodore's Ball held the first Saturday of December annually.

"It's the most important social event of the year," Commodore Daoust says. "The Commodores and their wives are escorted into the ballroom by ushers, and introduced into the membership. A lot of ceremony goes with it. They introduce the Rear Commander and the ship's bell is rung once. The Vice Commodore is ushered in with his wife, and the bell is rung twice. When the Commodore and his wife are ushered in, there are three rings of the bell. The ushers are all dressed in tails, and



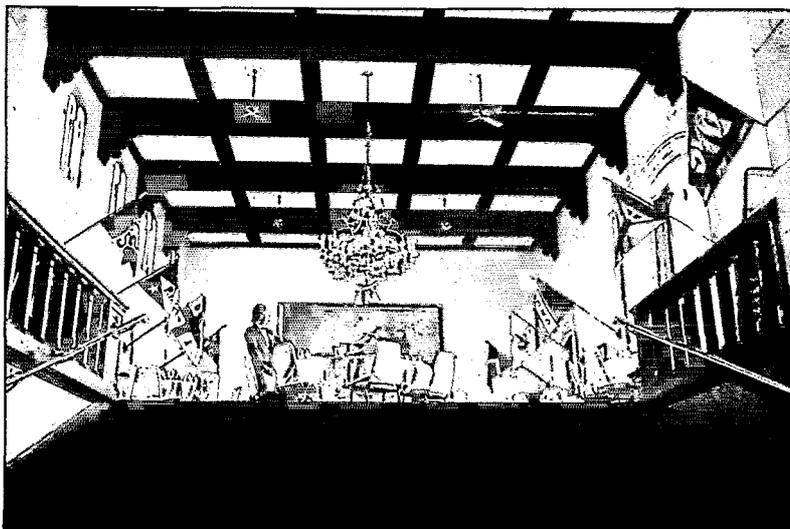
the officers, of course, are wearing their yachtsmen's uniforms."

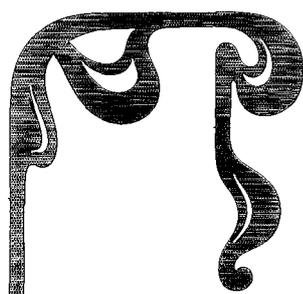
The other main event of the club's year, the Review of the Fleet (held August 17 this year), is also dictated by tradition. "These are all age-old traditions," Commodore Daoust explains. "Some go back more than 200 years." In an orderly parade, each yacht passes the officers on the review ship. The officers salute, and the passing yacht dips its flag or burgee, according to naval tradition. Each year, a theme is chosen by the fleet captain, and the boats are decorated for the occasion, with a bottle of champagne awarded for the best. "They really go all out," the Commodore says. "It's like floats for a university homecoming. They're very highly and creatively decorated. It's really a fun time."

This mix of tradition and fun, of serious nautical provisions and good times, constantly manifests itself. The club offers classes in navigation and sailing for children and adults, card tournaments, bowling, tennis, and a filled-to-capacity day camp. The club swim team (with 125 members) has won over fifty meets in a row.

"Just as bowling is the big sport in the winter, watching the swim meets has become a major activity in the

*continued on page 100*





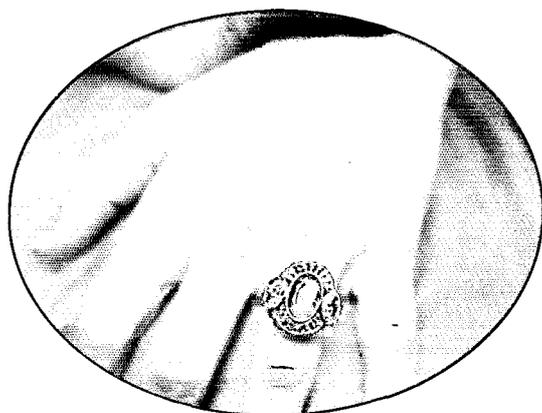
## The Perfect Setting

There comes a moment — at least once in every woman's life — when it is imperative that each subtle detail be perfect: a total composition of beauty and timing . . . candlelight reflecting in gleaming crystal, spacious rooms redolent of gardenia, conversation sparkling like champagne.

An event of such calibre occurs but rarely, and requires a certain panache and a healthy measure of good luck. Our STYLE section offers a chance to find the elements of that once-in-a-lifetime occasion . . . a delightful and dramatic home for entertaining; gorgeous gowns to create an aura of tangible elegance; and spectacular jewels which reflect the beauty of the moment.

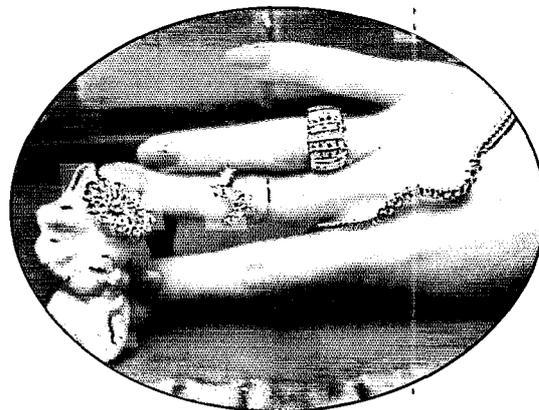
**Stylist:** Deborah DiRezze  
**Photography:** Jean Lannen  
**Hair & Make-up:** James Orlando, Olga Tsielos  
**Models:** Patty Hermans, Elizabeth Klein, Patricia Middleton, Yvonne Bolling, Dawn Hollis

**Editor's Note:** The very special home used as a backdrop for our feature is an unique English Tudor, commissioned pre-Depression by Charles Schmidt, a German brewmeister. His family's crests adorn the stained glass windows which light the staircase landing; in the sunroom a little fountain of Pewabic tile houses live goldfish and a tiny mermaid; unusual details appear throughout the home. We thank the Hermans for their gracious assistance in photographing this section.



Above: Spectacular! . . . a ring guaranteed to make your heart beat faster. The four carat Burma ruby is surrounded by four carats of oval, triangle and tapered baguette diamonds, set in 18K yellow gold. By Charles Warren Jewelers.

Below: A wave of diamonds adorns this mermaid's pool. These custom pieces are part of a specially designed collection available at Enchanté.





Left to right: Patti wears a silver "Sweet Lo" beaded-on-silk design from the Margaret Diamond Shop. Her earrings are emeralds and diamonds in 18K yellow gold. Yvonne wears a hand-beaded gown of silk. The rhinestone cap is her sole accessory. Dawn's dress design takes form

in silver and cognac beads. The look is complete with cognac centered diamond earrings from Charles Warren Jewelers. Both custom dress designs available at the new Dawood store on Kercheval. Jewelry by Charles Warren Jewelers.

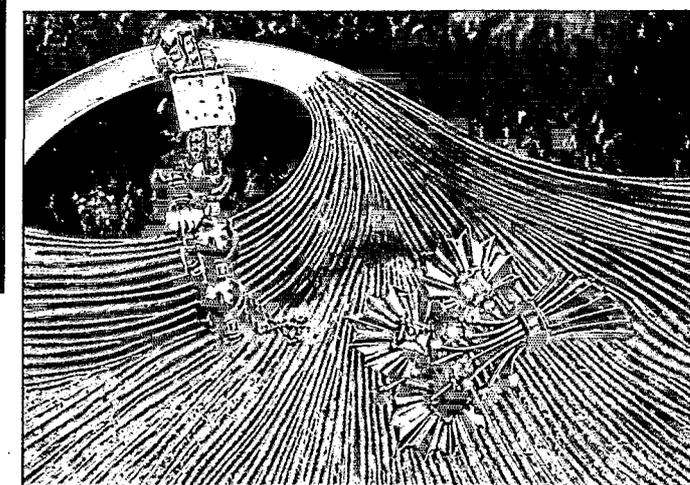


## STYLE



Left: Black and white imagery for the purist . . . a Louis Marino evening gown in black silk faille and organza at Adaria. Patti pairs the look with a rose gold retro-Modern brooch, circa 1940 from Charterhouse & Co. The contemporary triple band earrings, made of 14K yellow gold, at Jacobson's.

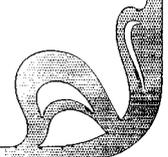
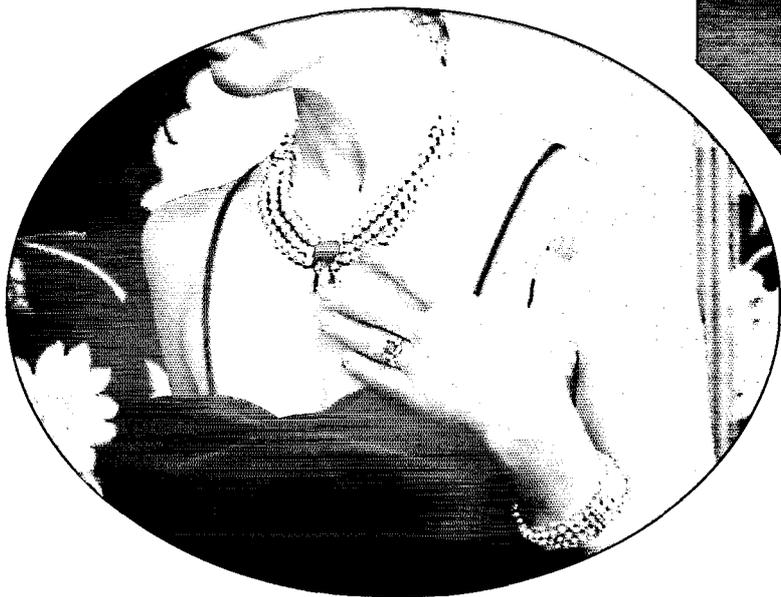
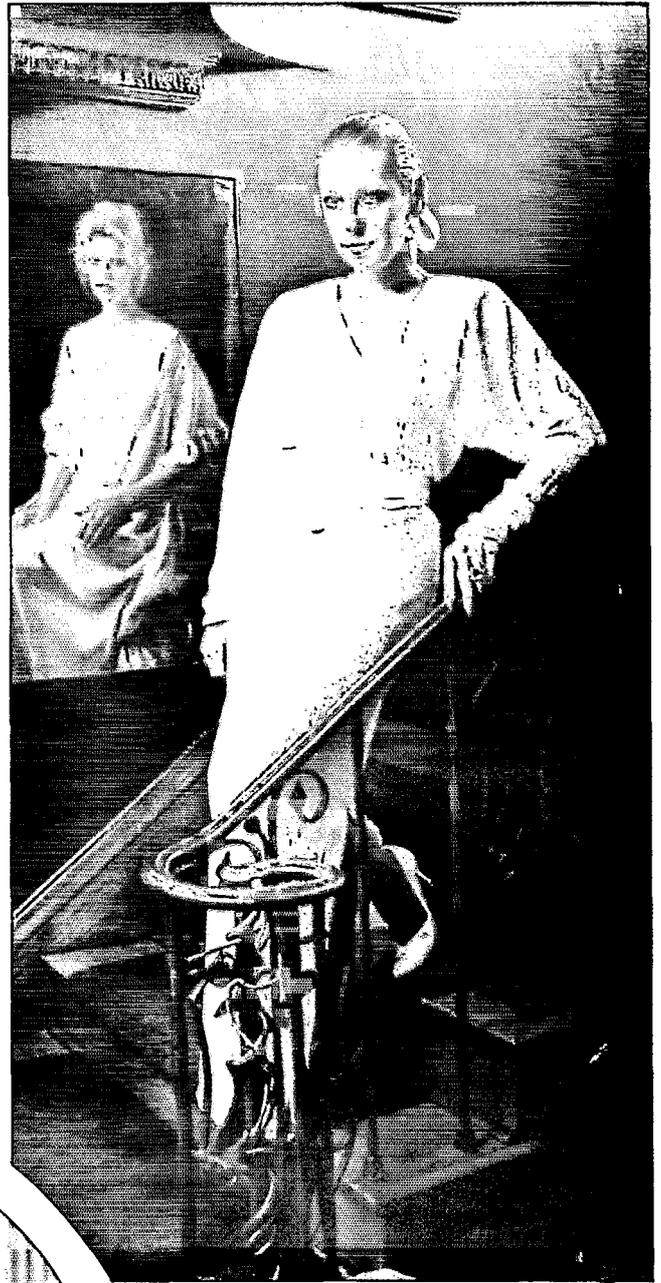
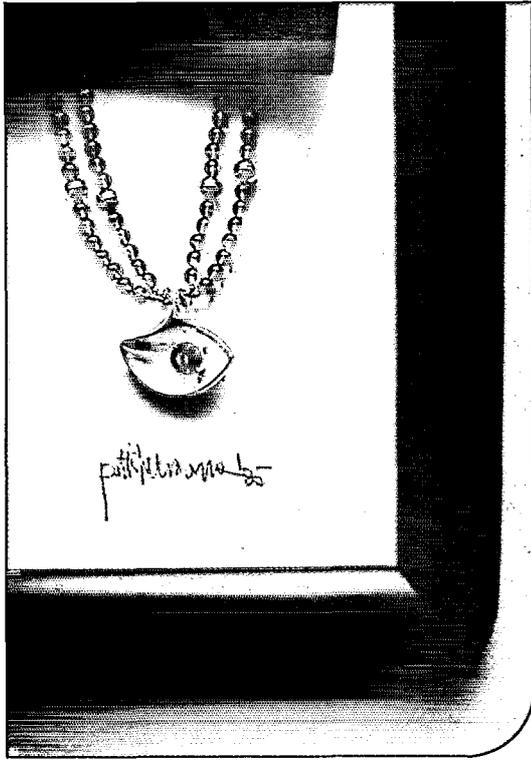
Below: A close-up of classic retro-Modern design from Charterhouse & Co. Both pieces, circa 1940, share a geometric design in rose gold. The wristwatch is inlaid with diamonds and rubies. The brooch is a flower bouquet of aqua centers, accented with diamonds and rubies.



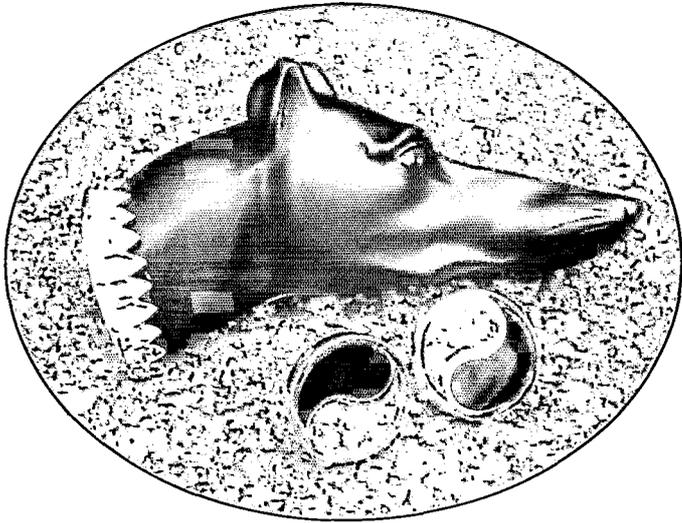
OPPOSITE PAGE: Above left: We present an unique showcase for this unusual handmade piece by Valente Jewelers. The necklace of smoky quartz beads and sterling silver, has a freeform pendant set with a large smoky topaz.

Below: Patricia wears a "little black dress" from Enchanté. Her triple-strand pearl choker is highlighted by a 10.03 carat rectangular emerald. Trimmed with diamonds and two pear-shaped emeralds, it's from Charles Warren Jewelers. The triple-strand pearl bracelet from Pongracz Jewelers has four diamond-and-gold bars interspersed with pearls for added sparkle. The emerald ring with diamonds is from Valente Jewelers.

Above right: Descending the staircase, Patti is mirrored by her portrait. Her Walton-Pierce gown, of white iridescent sequins, is defined by the satin cummerbund . . . a picture of elegance. Crisp accents for impact: the twenty-five carat antique citrine topaz ring from Valente Jewelers, and the Charles Warren diamond earrings, with cognac diamond centers totalling 2.95 carats.





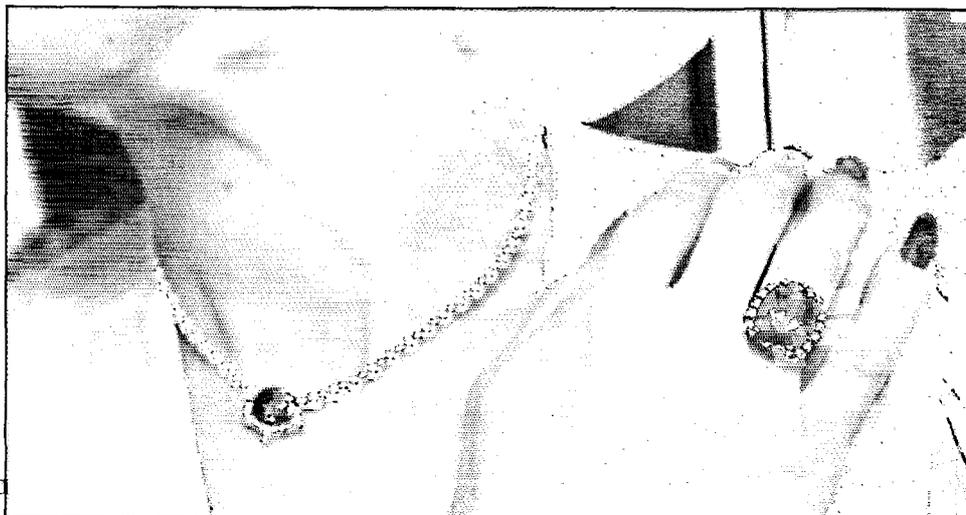


Left: The carved onyx whippet's head brooch sports a diamond dog collar. This detailed piece, circa 1885, originally belonged to President Taft's mother. Brooch courtesy of Charterhouse & Co. The black coral and paved diamond earrings, circa 1985, are set in 14K gold, and are available at Jacobson's.

Below: Standing in the morning room, Elizabeth wears a softly sculpted black organza jacket from Enchanté. The black taffeta skirt is brightened by a metallic circle print, which complements the handmade sterling silver jewelry from Valente's — a wide, freeform cuff and a ribbed collar with matching earrings.



Opposite: In the brilliant stained-glass archway of the sunroom, Patti steps out in this satin-draped dress with a feminine bow. Available at Walton-Pierce. The unusual, blister pearl earrings are framed in 18K gold, at Jacobson's. Necklace and ring from Pongracz Jewelers.



Knockouts from Pongracz Jewelers: the 18-carat amethyst ring is edged with ten diamonds, in a setting of 18K gold. The choker-length pearl and gold bead necklace holds a five-carat amethyst pendant.



Above: Elizabeth looks princess-perfect, seated in the "Fantasy Island" room in a Tracy Mills gown from Adaria. The silk dress pairs beautifully with a genuine blue topaz pendant, accompanied by a large tapered diamond baguette, anchored on a collar of flexible 14K gold. On Elizabeth's right hand is a 10.64 carat aquamarine set in an 18K gold ring; on her left an 8.21 carat aquamarine surrounded by twenty-six full-cut diamonds which may be worn as a ring or pendant. From Valente Jewelers.

Below: In the richly-appointed dining room, Patricia embodies graceful simplicity in an ivory pleated Richilene dress from Enchanté. The accompanying necklace mixes beads of black onyx, ivory and fluted yellow gold. The contemporary black onyx ring is trimmed with pavé diamonds. The necklace and ring are available at Valente Jewelers. The contemporary square earrings are 14K yellow gold, from Jacobson's.



# KNOWLEDGE EXPERIENCE STANDARDS

## KNOW YOUR DOCTOR

by E. Chimes

Dr. Luiz F.P. DeMoura is a certified\* ear, nose and throat surgeon with a special interest in plastic surgery of the face. His face-lifting techniques were derived from research and experience in problems of the ear and from reconstructing tissues after cancer of the head and neck.

He has published more than two dozen papers describing his work in professional journals and in books on otolaryngology (the medical specialty involving the head and neck). He is a frequent lecturer and teacher on these subjects in the U.S. and abroad. His achievements have brought him many honors and recognition among masters of these techniques around the world.

A native of Brazil who entered medical school at age 17, Dr. DeMoura has had educational and research affiliations with Harvard Medical School (Boston), Vanderbilt University (Nashville, TN), Memphis Foundation of Otolaryngology, (Memphis, TN), Armed Forces Institute of Pathology at Walter Reed Hospital Medical Center (Washington, DC), Henry Ford Hospital (Detroit), Bon Secours Hospital (Grosse Pointe, MI), and the University of Recife Medical School and Hospital Dos Servidoes (Brazil).

Since 1972, Dr. DeMoura has been on the attending staff at St. Joseph Hospital, Mount Clemens, MI and is now on the staff at Bon Secours Hospital, Grosse Pointe. He is also consultant on the staff of Harrison Hospital, Mount Clemens. A great deal of his private practice is devoted to restorative operations on accident or cancer victims and to correcting genetic defects. Known as a "doctor's doctor", he has treated and operated on more wives, sons and daughters of physicians than any other staff member of St. Joseph's.

Dr. DeMoura is married to the former Patricia Renne, a registered nurse graduated from the University of Pittsburgh School of Nursing, who is active in his clinical practice.



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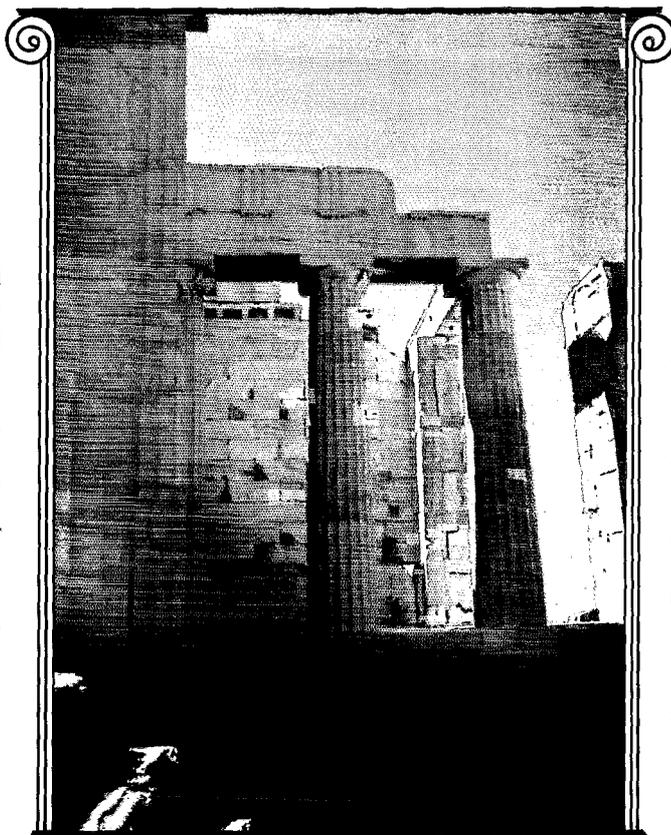
## Classic Greece

*Marina Sturdza tells us about the land she loves best.*

Like most people, I'd grown up on glorious visions of the Acropolis, blazing white against a flawless blue sky; of antiquities at every turn, of gods and goddesses; and lush isles ringed with pristine beaches, flung like confetti across an azure sea. My romantic conceptions of Athens were downright Utopian. It was, therefore, something of a letdown to discover that real-life Athens rarely matches the picture-book portrayals, and that a trip to Athens is not necessarily an unmitigated pleasure. Your first impression, like mine, is likely to be disconcerting, if not downright dismaying.

Athens is one of the world's most industrialized cities — it's a noisy, dirty, essentially ugly, sprawling place, too often shrouded in a noxious haze of pollution. The airport is frenetic and totally chaotic, and the drive into the city reveals hundreds of half-built structures apparently abandoned in midstream. Only Hadrian's Arch, the gateway to the city, and a first glorious glimpse of the Acropolis, attest to glories past.

Just to get the other caveats out of the way, many of the streets are difficult to navigate, often as perpendicular as they are narrow and winding, clinging to the steep

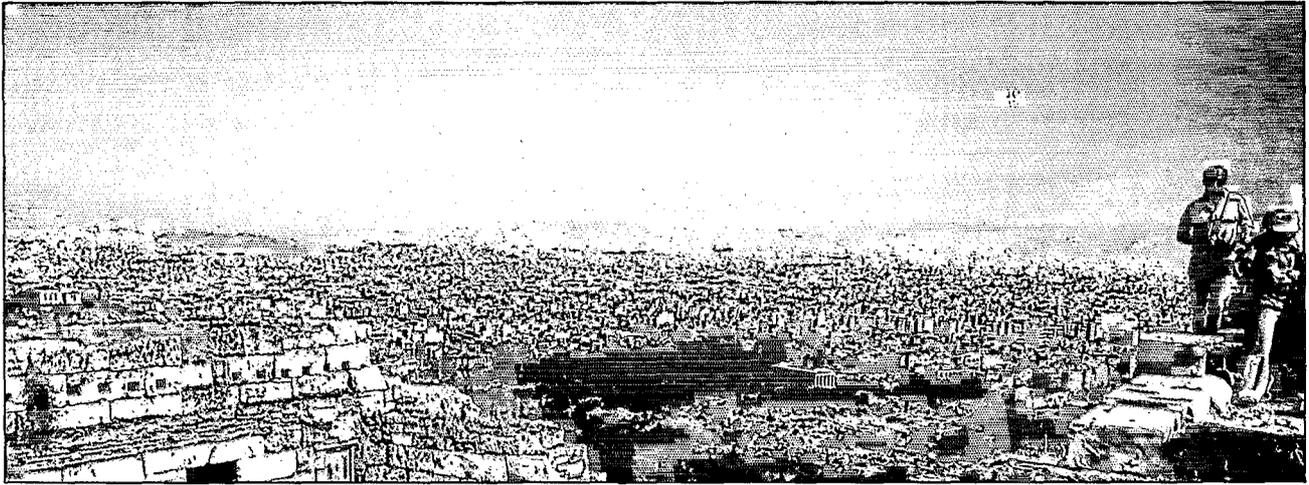


Athenian hillsides. Athenian drivers have perfected diabolical Kamikaze driving tactics, leaning heavily on their horns, and their favorite sport is scaring pedestrians out of their wits. The sidewalks, often of marble, are incredibly slippery, especially when it rains. A pair of rubber-soled shoes is an essential investment if you value your life.

All Athenian transactions are conducted with shrill vigor, and the decibel level is usually deafening. Apparently, Athenians never go to bed, because the noise and bustle never diminish. Survival in Athens demands well-developed

defensive skills. Sometimes, it's wise to remember that old adage — "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts" — because there are many wily Greeks in Athens, whose full-time profession is to part you from your drachmas. Many of them hover around Syntagma Square, mecca for first-time tourists and a draw for a few of the more unsavoury, fast-talking locals.

Forewarned is forearmed. With those few reservations aside, the real Athens is an infinitely addictive city and the real Athenians, who were there before it became overcrowded, overbuilt and overpopulated, are exquisitely



civilized and wonderfully willing to help you discover their city. The Greeks are dignified people, anxious to please, but never, ever servile. They are proud and passionate, and they are romantic about only one thing – their country, which they want you to know and love as they do.

What I love best about Athens is the rich mixture of Byzantine and Greek antiquities which utterly redeems the ugliness of most modern edifices. You're overwhelmed by the feeling – when you suddenly come upon an ancient edifice or an ancient market – that legend and history are inextricably mixed, that you are no longer sure where legend ends, or where reality begins.

Standing beside the Parthenon in the hot, white glare of the sun, looking across the soaring Attic landscape, picking out the Theseion, Athens' most perfectly preserved of all Greek temples (possibly even older than the fifth-century Acropolis); the round parameters of the Theatre of Dionysius, and the ramparts of the stern Herod Atticus Theatre, I fully believe that Pallas Athene, Zeus and other lesser godly beings may well have populated this city. Beyond, you can see Mount Pentelico (whence the pure, white Pentelic marble) and Mount Hymettus, with its thick, flowering purple carpet of wild thyme, which produces some of the world's most fragrant honey, and, in the far distance, Mount Parnassus.

While you probably should visit such illustrious institutions as the National Archaeological Museum and the Byzantine Museum, among others, I much prefer to absorb history by wandering at will around the ancient Agora, the civic and community center of Athens, through the Stoa of Attalos (an ancient arcade, now reconstructed by the American School of Classical Studies in Athens), or across the Roman market where crumbled statues and pillars bear testimony to the way it must have looked centuries

ago. But if I do visit a museum, my favourite is the smaller-scaled Benaki, which displays costumes, textiles, furniture, all the flotsam and jetsam of real life, objects that eloquently provide an impression of the distant past. Benaki was a man of singularly diverse interests – one bonus of the museum is its magnificent Far Eastern collection.

Once wandering through Monastiraki and the Plaka (old Athens) districts in the blazing white sunlight, I came upon a tiny, venerable Greek Orthodox church and rather tentatively opened the door. Inside, a memorial service was underway, to the sound of the traditional deep-throated, emotional Orthodox chanting. The room was lit by hundreds of candles, each commemorating a personal loss, and the flickering lights briefly illuminated the icons and bits of gilded woodwork here and there, picking them out in the tall shadowed recesses. Other churches to discover while in Athens are the Church of St. Eleftherios, a baby Byzantine cathedral dating from the Thirteenth Century. Or the miniature eleventh-century church of Aghias Dynamis, plunked right in the middle of the sidewalk on Mitropoleos Street.

It's also fun to walk to Omonia Square, another major city center particularly popular with young tourists and students, but somewhat frenzied for my taste and not particularly pretty.

From July to September, you can attend open-air concerts or ballets at the Athens Festival at the Herod Atticus Theatre, which dates back to the Second Century B.C. It's probably one of the most enthralling and spine-tingling experiences you'll ever enjoy. On the night I was there, birds flew in and out of the theatre's

sombre apertures, swooping in and out as if mesmerized by the soaring symphony and the glitter of the orchestra, all beneath a pitch-black, velvety sky.

I love Athens for its proximity to many of the



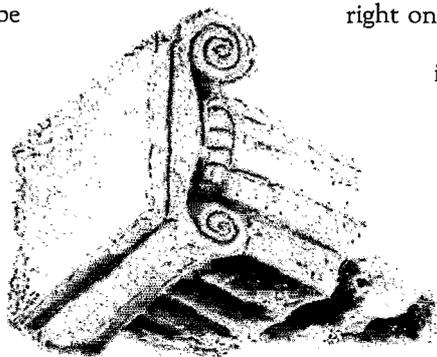


world's most extraordinary sites. Even if you think you loathe organized bus tours, don't miss them in Greece. *Chat*, for example, is only one of the excellent Greek firms, with superior guides and information you won't get from any guidebook. I can happily recommend them. My favourite excursion includes the sixty-kilometer trip to the Temple of Poseidon at Sounion, the southernmost tip of the Attic peninsula, particularly at dusk when the late-day sun gilds it to a burnished glow — standing high and proud above the Aegean, a beacon to faraway sailors and yachtsmen.

Or to Epidaurus, where you can clearly hear the tiny sound of a coin dropped in the very center of the stage from any one of the fourteen thousand seats ringing the huge amphitheatre.

The Kaisariani (or Caesariani) Monastery is only a short distance south of Athens, and it's the site of an enchanting miniature Byzantine monastery that's perfectly and peacefully preserved. The frosty spring water that gushes from the monastery fountain was once said to cure sterility. The ancient Greeks regarded freshwater springs as a gift of the gods, and modern day Athenians are still deeply appreciative of their excellent fresh water — or *nero*.

Delphi, about one hundred miles northwest of Athens, is to me the most mystic and the most overwhelming place in all Greece, once believed to be the navel or the *ombolos* of the entire world, a notion that seems totally plausible. It's also the site of one of my favourite museums in all Greece, and the home of my favourite statue — the frighteningly lifelike "Charioteer," whose eyes seem instantly to rivet upon you and follow you 'round the room. If you're short on



time, there's an excellent one-day excursion, but give it at least two days if at all possible — it's an experience you'll never forget. Along the way you'll stop at the Ossios Loukas Monastery and at Arachova, a modest hill town, little changed for several centuries.

Whatever you do, follow the sacred way to the fifth-century Stadium, high on the mountain, starting at the base of the ruins, by the Castalian Spring, home of the fabled Delphic Oracle, past the Treasure (now almost completely reconstructed), beyond the Theatre (built for an audience of five thousand and still splendid). From the Stadium's vantage point, on a clear day, you can almost literally see forever and the view will forever make you long to return.

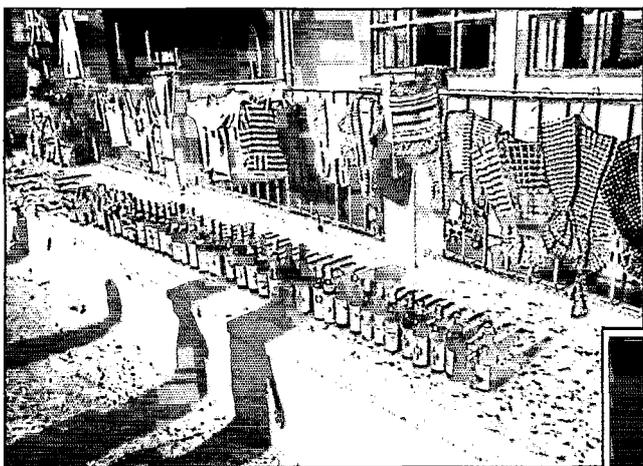
Also well worth the excursion is the recently opened Vorres Museum in Peania, not far from Athens. (It's easily accessible by bus, or you can rent a taxi by the hour — it's very reasonable — just ask your hotel concierge.) It displays perhaps the single largest collection of contemporary Greek art — an eclectic array of paintings and sculptures of varying quality displayed in a museum designed by top Greek architect Michael Photiadis, adjacent to the remarkable Vorres family home, *Pyrgi*, also open to the public. I especially liked the vast sculpture courts, nestled among fragrant trees and bushes, surrounded by sections of ancient crumbling walls, amid small moats and fountains and banks of brilliant bougainvillea and honeysuckle where you can enjoy a cool drink. The museum is still very new, and as yet virtually undiscovered by tourists, so now is the time to enjoy it.

In Athens, the Iolas Art Gallery, which is unlikely to be listed in your guidebooks, is also worth a visit. Ask your hotel concierge.

There's a huge choice of hotels in Athens, graded into six official categories by the Greek National Tourist Office. I'm particularly fond of the venerable Grande Bretagne, right on the Syntagma, with all its anachronistic pomposity. The doorman is decidedly intimidating in his blue uniform lavished with gold braid. But once you're safely past his disdainful gaze, the lobby reveals vast expanses of marble and Old World splendour. The cuisine is excellent. The GB Corner, to your right off the lobby, is much more animated and amusing. Whenever you're in doubt,

have a problem, or are looking for information about anything, consult your hotel concierge — Greek concierges are among the most knowledgeable in the world. Otherwise, consult the National Tourists Organization of Greece, conveniently located at #2 Amerikis Street. Tourism is one of Greece's major industries, and you'll be welcomed with open arms. Since the American dollar is high, the exchange rate is currently very advantageous and Greece still ranks as one of the great travel bargains.

Of course, written Greek is well-nigh unintelligible, but once you figure out that a 'B' stands for our 'V', that a 'P' is really an 'R', and a few of the other salient facts, many of those inscrutable Greek street signs become intelligible — if not legible. One in three or four people speaks at least a smattering of English or French. Menus are multi-lingual (though the translations are often very fanciful indeed). And you can go very far with *kalimera* (good morning), *kalispera* (good evening), *iassou!* (greetings!), *parakallo* (please) and *efkaristho* (thank you).

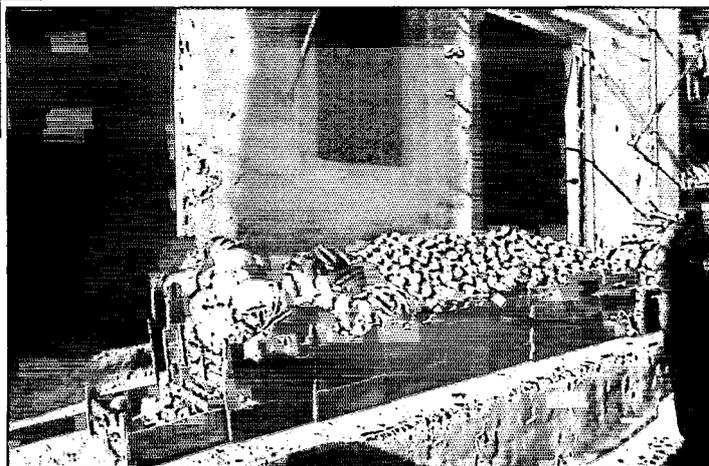


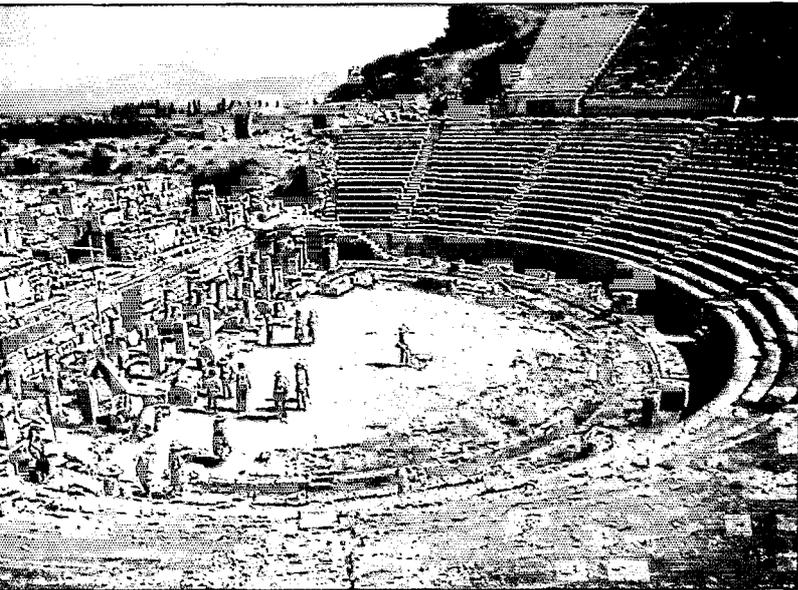
From long and frustrated experience, I advise you to forget the telephone. It's generally much easier to contact any Greek in person. At the Grande Bretagne, where you cannot dial a number yourself, and are obliged to wait for the operator, you could die on the phone before anyone answered your call. Once, in a smoke-breathing fury of exasperation, I discovered why — the telephone center consisted of one lonely, harried operator lost in a sea of cables. Be prepared that everything in Athens will take much longer than it should. Life is very complicated.

Taxis are still very reasonable by North American standards. But, as for getting one at rush hour, forget it. And don't be surprised if a dozen other people converge on your cab. It's not at all uncommon to share one. Sometimes the driver will ask you if you mind, sometimes not, though it will never add to the cost of your fare. Count yourself lucky to get one. There is a subway, but I've personally never used it, much preferring to walk.

Contrary to popular tourist belief, Greek food is not necessarily drowned in a pool of olive oil. The ubiquitous *horiatiki salata*, or "village salad," takes only the lightest sprinkling of oil and lemon or vinegar.

*Garides me saltsa*, a fabulous shrimp dish with





tomatoes, white wine and feta, is irresistible. By the way, the feta will be sweeter and moister than any of the pale facsimiles we buy in North America. The flavour of the local tomatoes will give a new meaning to that vegetable and the sugar-sweet onions will leave no aftertaste. Fricassee, lamb stewed with Greek greens or spinach, bathed in a lemon sauce, is delicious, as is *Imam Bayeldi*, a dish of Middle Eastern origin that I adore. In Turkish, *Imam Bayeldi* means literally "the Imam fainted." There are two stories: one, that he fainted because it was so good; the other, that he fainted when he calculated the cost of the precious olive oil used in the dish. I do have a little trouble with *kokoretsi* — a giant spitted sausage-like Easter treat that's made by winding intestines around lamb or kid innards spiked on a skewer. If you're not feeling adventurous, stick to *kotopoulo* (chicken) and *arni* (lamb). The fish and fruit are invariably fabulous.

Order your coffee *metrio* — medium strong and medium sweet — otherwise it will be so heavily sweetened as to curl your toes. If you don't like the concentrated Greek coffee, ask for it American style. By the way, coffee is never called Turkish anymore. Nor is *Turkolimano*, the harbour area, in existence these days. It's become *Mikrolimano*. Post-Cyprus, all things Turkish are decidedly *non grata* in Greece.

Athenians eat very late — never before nine or ten, but usually around eleven p.m. Perfectly civilized, to my way of thinking, especially in a warm climate.

Among my favourite restaurants are: Gerofinikas at 10 Pindaro Street — don't be put off by the banal facade and the long dubious entrance corridor. At its end is a veritable Aladdin's cave of savoury smells and luscious Greek and Middle Eastern specialties arrayed like so many jewels across a counter, so you can point to your special favourites; or Vassilenas, near the port at 7 Etolikou Street, which is almost impossible to find but definitely

does exist. I like the Delphi on Nikis Street, just off the Syntagma, but don't look for elegant service. Vassilis on Voukouristiou, the Corfou at 6 Kriezotou, are also very good. *L'Abreuvoir* is the posh Athenian favourite for French food.

*Apotsos* is an Athenian secret, possibly the oldest pub in the city. It's a rather grungy locale, deep in the bowels of the arcade immediately adjacent to *Zolotas*, the fashionable international jeweller; it serves delicious hors d'oeuvres and is much-patronized by journalists and politicians.

Best of all, I love to head for any one of the countless, nameless taverns that cluster along the shore in *Mikrolimano*. Pick the one that appeals according to your mood and the evening's selection of fish, laid out on ice for your approval.

I've never been a big fan of the clichéd plate-smashing, glass-throwing bacchanales so often depicted in films about Greece. They're too shrill, too noisy, often too dangerous, and frankly, not much fun. But, if you insist, they're easily found, mostly in the Plaka district or in the port area.

Almost anywhere, you'll find snack bars and street vendors that offer all kinds of treats, including something called a "samtowich" (sic), as the English translation rather fancifully goes. You pick your favourite fillings from an array of peppers, chicken, ham, cheese, tomatoes, Russian salads, sausages and slabs of omelette. They are inserted into a bun which is then toasted in a flat grill that turns it into two crunchy crusts overflowing with hot filling. You pay by the number of ingredients and it's divine.

If shopping is your favourite pastime, head for the Kilonaki Square area, where you'll find the best concentration of good boutiques. Shoes are my particular passion and there are stunning designs available, but shop carefully because quality can vary wildly. Many of the best shoes are Italian-designed, either imported or made to specification in Greece. Prices are very low. Among the best shops are Rollan, Louis Nicol, Galani, Pantazis, Mouriades. Charles Jourdan is at 10 Ermou Street. For ridiculously cheap sandals, often made-to-measure, head for Monastiraki, the bazaar area. There's any number of good shops. *Melissinos* used to be the best; he may still be there.

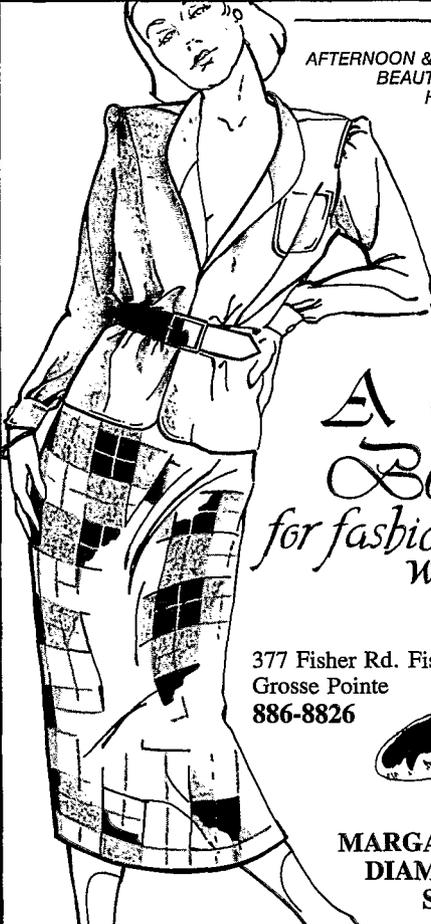
In clothing, *Morel* carries Armani, Versace and Missoni, among others, and you can find branches of Laura Ashley, Courreges, Lanvin and other international names easily. *Sistovaris*, Greece's poshest furrier, also carries excellent selections of French designers *prêt à porter*, often at greatly reduced prices. I also like *Lys*, *Ritzi* and

Reprinted from the Toronto Star

Greek designers Tseklenis, Abrahamian, Nikis and Takis, as well as Billy Bo.

Jewelry, especially gold and silver, is a good buy, with most of the better jewellers congregated at the corner of Voukourestiou and Panepistimiou. Don't miss the international greats, Zolotas and Lalaounis, competing on virtually opposite corners of the street. Petra Nova is great for semi-precious beads.

If all this shopping has exhausted you, and if you long for a respite from the hustle — head for the cool green vistas of the Zappeion Gardens, one of my favourite havens of peace and quiet. Sit on a bench with a soothing ice cream and watch the nannies promenade their small charges. I guarantee that you'll soon be as addicted to Athens as I am. ♦



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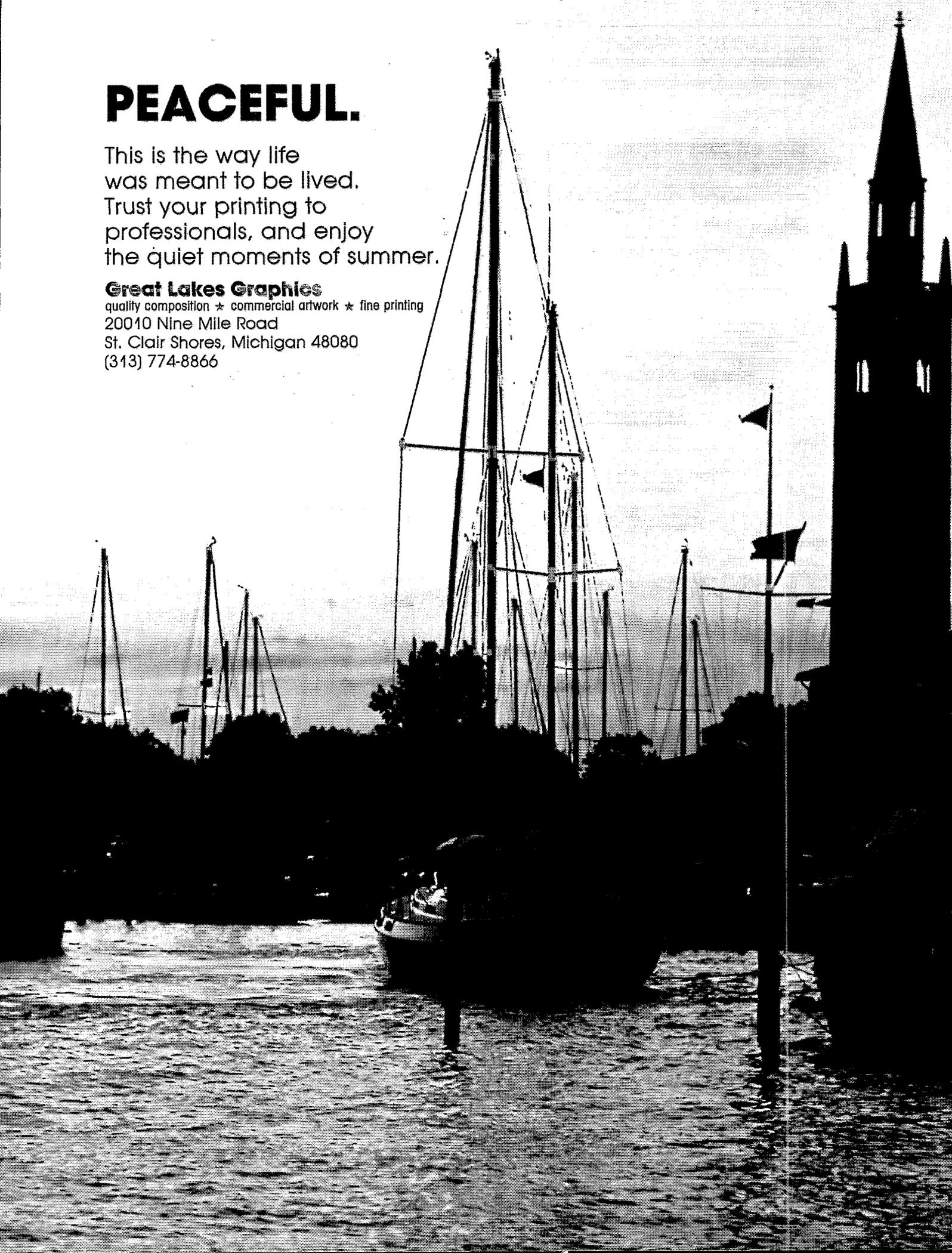
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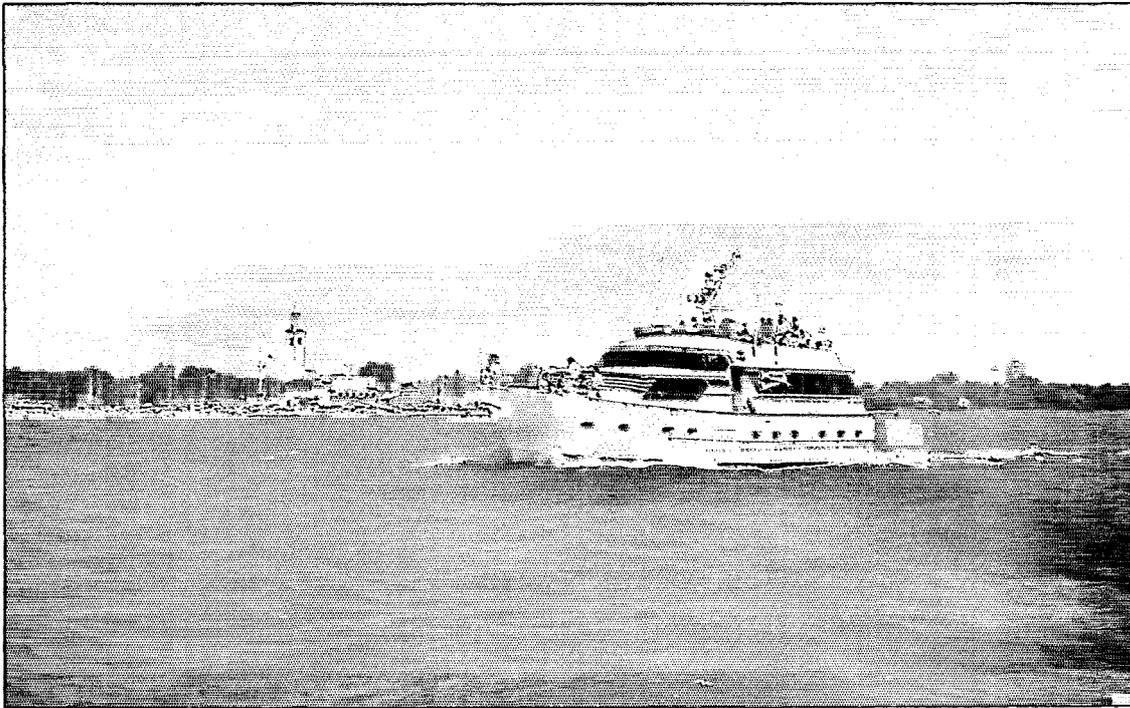
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**F**or those who live in Grosse Pointe, Lake St. Clair has a magnetic effect. She draws us, with a lure primeval, to her side. Morning and evening we stroll along her shores, conscious of a beauty which calms and inspires. What pleasures we derive from Lake St. Clair! Days spent boating with our families, sailing races won or lost, the fisherman's quiet contemplation of earth and sky, the sheer delight of children as they frolic at the water's edge: images not easily captured, nor ever to be forgotten.

In this month's special section, we present a few glimpses of life on the water. Talk to the Old Goats of Bayview, who know these waters better, perhaps, than any. Visit area yacht clubs; sail storm-tossed seas to find some less-than-lucky sailors; and speak with mariners who eschew the morning rush hour. We hope you will enjoy the splendid photography of Bruce Hubbard, who has captured some of the magic and perennial beauty of Lake St. Clair and life on the water.

Go ahead — dive in!



## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

*A spry Old Goat reminisces.*

It is not true, as some senile bilge boys mutter in wonderment, that I had no childhood. They say I appeared at twenty out of nowhere — naturally enough — steering a catboat. It is true that many of my childhood days were spent on the water — the days that I spent on the Dodge yacht as a cabin boy, for instance. I would serve drinks all around — to guests the likes of then-Mayor Oscar B. Marx, Milton and Bob Oakman, Jim Couzens and Henry Ford. I do remember that Ford lagged behind the others in handling the refreshments. For my efforts, I'd get a fin from one Dodge and two bucks from the transom. But, boy, did it make me a big kid on the block.

The Dodge boat, *Hornet II*, was a 110-foot crude-oil-burning yacht. It was narrow of beam, loaded with brass cockpit, a flying bridge and a pot-lead bottom, and it looked like a destroyer to me then. I was allowed to shine the brass, and learned to swim in the enclosed boatwell. I tested my talents around a big gunboat the U.S. had captured in the Spanish-American War — the *Don Juan de Austria*, which was anchored in the river.

I also had the use of the bunty — the rectangular, cushioned railing craft used for cleaning the *Hornet's* white hull. After work, I'd get my gang (Cocky Mason, Al Driscoll and Louie Stella), and we'd paddle across the river into the Belle Isle canals which then opened into the river.



"This is a compass—and you don't wind it!", said George E. Van to Moon Baker and Jerry Clements, back in 1960, aboard *X-Touche*, a 48-foot cutter.

This was the heyday of the canoe because the Yuppies had new cars in that era. Their canoes were loaded with satin pillows and Victrolas, and they packed the area around the Belle Isle Band Concerts. When they bellowed at our bunty gang to scam, we threatened to splash their satin pillows.

Needless to say, we were towed out of the lagoon several times by Harbourmaster King, who knew my Grandpa. Of course, I got a spanking.

It was around 1914 when the east side first got an inkling of the things to come. The Dodge's *Hornet II* was challenged for a race to Mackinac Is-

land by the sixty-five-foot cruiser (I think it was a Hacker) *Naiad*. The challenging boat was supported by Charley Armstrong who owned a boat dock at the foot of Sheridan Avenue, two blocks from the Belle Isle bridge.

The start was in front of the Fellowcraft Club, a fancy spot used by the first-generation automobile crowd. It was at the foot of Alter Road, opposite Peche Island. *Hornet II*, with a thirty-knot speed, lost the *Naiad* off Thunder Bay Island, when the gasoline-powered cruiser broke down. *Hornet II* raced on to Mackinac with all in good order. The race, however, caused some damage suits against the Dodges, due to the yacht's wash splashing on docks and rowboats nearby as it sped up the St. Clair River.

Sailing — or yachting, to use the dressier term — has long since moved out of the Detroit River. In the early days (that is even before my time — in the last century) the sport's center was off the foot of Joseph Campau. The yachting gang hangout was Bidigaire's Saloon on that street. Yachts with the longest bowsprits and boomkins were the classiest, according to the late Commodore Harry Kendall. They raced from Joseph Campau to Lake St. Clair and back. Sometimes when a towline was slack, the racers sailed over them. Unbelievable!

One of my best memories, being an Old Goat myself twice over, is the Bayview-Mackinac race. The Bayview-Yacht Club, though, when it was founded in 1915, was stationed in a boathouse at the foot of Motor Boat Lane, just off Waterworks Park. The club received its first wide recognition when it followed the suggestion of *Yachting* editor Herb Stone and chartered the Lloyd W. Berry Schooner and won Class B in the 1924 Bermuda Race. Stone went along as navigator for Skipper Bill Wilson. Russell Pouliot, one of Bayview's founders, brought the R-class sloop *Bernida* in as the first boat to finish in 1925. The forty-footer finished in forty-six hours. Dr. Alpheus Jennings also was a 1927 winner in the racing class with *Rascal*.

In those days, Bayview's cruising fleet was generally made up of a group of leaky crocks — though not all of them were. *Barbette* was the first of only three boats specifically built for the Bayview-Mackinac between 1925 and 1935. The others were the sixty-foot *Trident* of the Booth-Shelden-Thurber team, and Russ Alger's forty-six-foot *Baccarat*.

Of course, some others, when speaking of the Mackinac Race, might think of the Chicago version. The Chicago Yacht club started theirs at the turn of the century. In those days, they virtually ignored Bayview's Mac. "You come up in the little race from Detroit?" was one snub I received then from Tony Koefoot, C.Y.C. race chairman. Well, Tony's ninety-four now, and we're good friends, but that day I burned. I was already an addict of Bayview's Mac — a Viking without the horn.

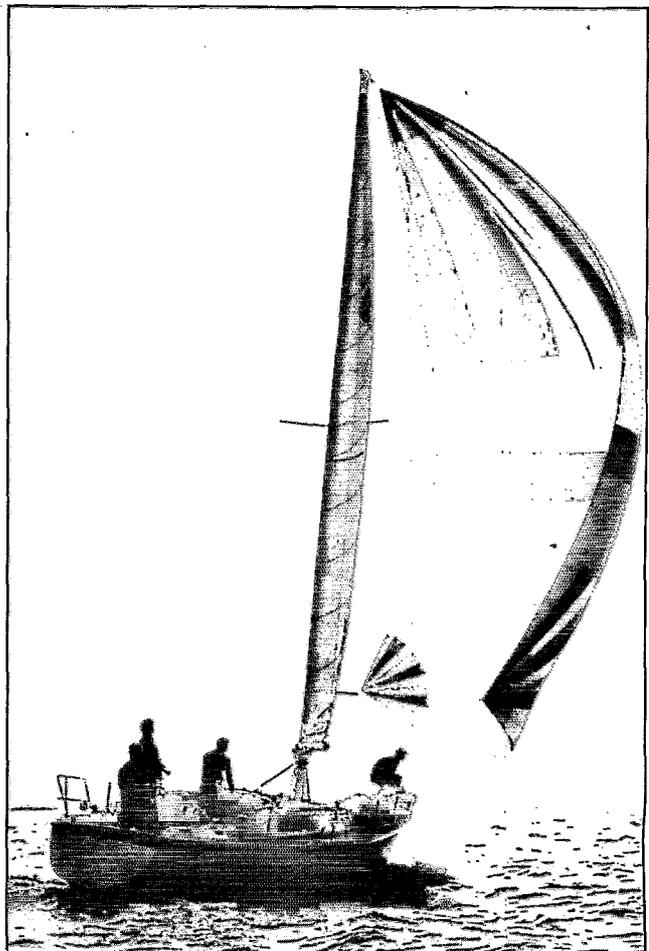
To the sailing enthusiast, this area is blessed with many clubs. One of the oldest in today's world is the Detroit Boat Club, founded in 1839. The Detroit Yacht Club closely follows, with its beginnings in 1862. In the last century, both clubs were situated on the American side of the Detroit River. Kendall informed me of how they ended up moving

to Belle Isle. The city had just built a bridge on the island (in 1883), to the new locale since people weren't using the island.

They did move — the Detroit Boat Club near the bridge, and the Detroit Yacht Club up the river in the woods. The point, though, is that the legality of the club's position on the island has been questioned, when it was the city which originally requested the move.

The Edison Boat Club, another unique entity, is the only public utility company in the country with a yacht club for employees. It has been in existence since 1914. Founded by Alex Dow and Jack Wilde, it has a large fleet of one-design sailboats and powerboats and holds regatta every year.

Then there's the Little Club. What many people don't know is that this used to be the Country Club of Detroit. More than fifty years ago, the CCD was located at the foot of Fisher Road, and had a dock jutting far out into Lake St. Clair. It was an old club, but still active in yacht racing. The rich membership owned not only the club and grounds, but a big chunk of the Pointe north of Fisher (the present site of South High School and the surrounding countryside). Some of those Country Club members had succumbed to the delight of hitting a defenseless little white ball around



## FLOTSAM & JETSAM

with a stick — in a word: golf.

It was this group who wanted the club moved inland to their property on Kercheval. They ended up getting their way. The membership split — with some like Charles Godwin Jennings, Dexter Ferry, and some of the lumber barons like the McMillans, Algiers, Newberrys, and the Ledyard Mitchells electing to stay on the lake for their preferred sports — sailing and racing.

The golfers erected a larger building for the new Country Club of Detroit (and let no writer leave out the Detroit part of that name)—and called this club the “big club.” The sailors called the old site the Grosse Pointe Club, but everyone referred to it as “the Little Club” — in contrast to the “big” one on Kercheval.

The Dodge brothers, by the way, were turned down when they wanted to join the Little Club. Perhaps they were too rowdy — because those early automotive pioneers weren't sissies. Actually, the breed hasn't changed much. According to legend, this is when Ed Dodge said he'd build a place next door that would make the Little Club look like an outhouse. The result was Rose Terrace (which is now gone). He also built a dock that went beyond the Little Club dock, and bought a 243-foot luxury liner, the *Delphine*. Ironically, Ed Dodge never got to use either before his death.

Then there's Crescent Sail Club, which is still turning out sailing champions. That was the idea of its founder,

Chalmers Burn, who moved the club from its lean-to site on the Colonel S.Y. Seyburn estate near the Belle Isle Bridge to its present layout in the Thirties. The number of Mackinac winners who took their discipline at Crescent Sail is amazing — like Doug Wake, or Stanley Puddiford. Crescent, with its remodeled clubhouse, has recovered from the loss of Bosun Jim, their one-man staff who baked the best cherry pies in America. The boathouse and harbour was once owned by Henry Joy, who didn't really like the Volstead Act. According to legend, Joy looked the other way when boatloads (or carloads in the winter) came into his harbour from Canada with Prohibition refreshments.

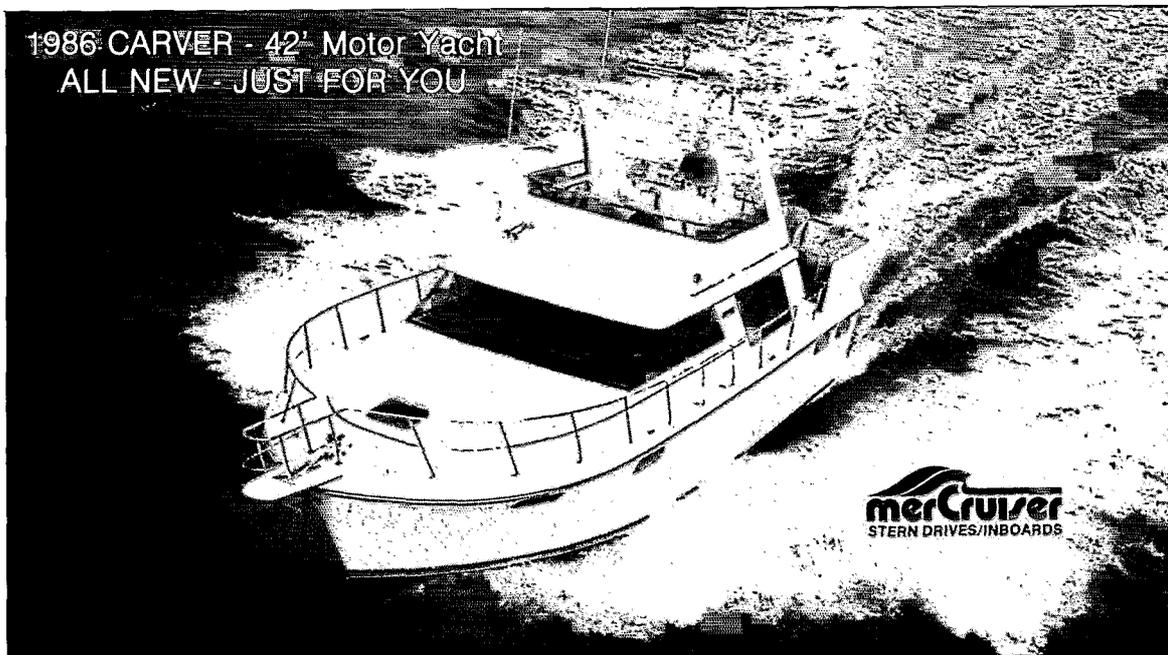
To keep all of these elements together, the Detroit River Yachting Association was formed. To ease the conflicts in regatta scheduling, the DRYA was begun in 1912, with Kendall from the Detroit Yacht Club, Harry Austing from the Detroit Boat Club, and Dr. Alphaeus Jennings from the Country Club of Detroit. There are now twenty-four clubs in the Association, and it stretches from Toledo to Sarnia. One of the most active DRYA clubs is the Great Lakes Yacht Club in St. Clair Shores. Its May regatta opens the DRYA season.

But, as I was saying, not all of my life was sailing. Other things about my childhood were magical. Like the amusement park in Indian Village (then known to us as

*continued on page 101*

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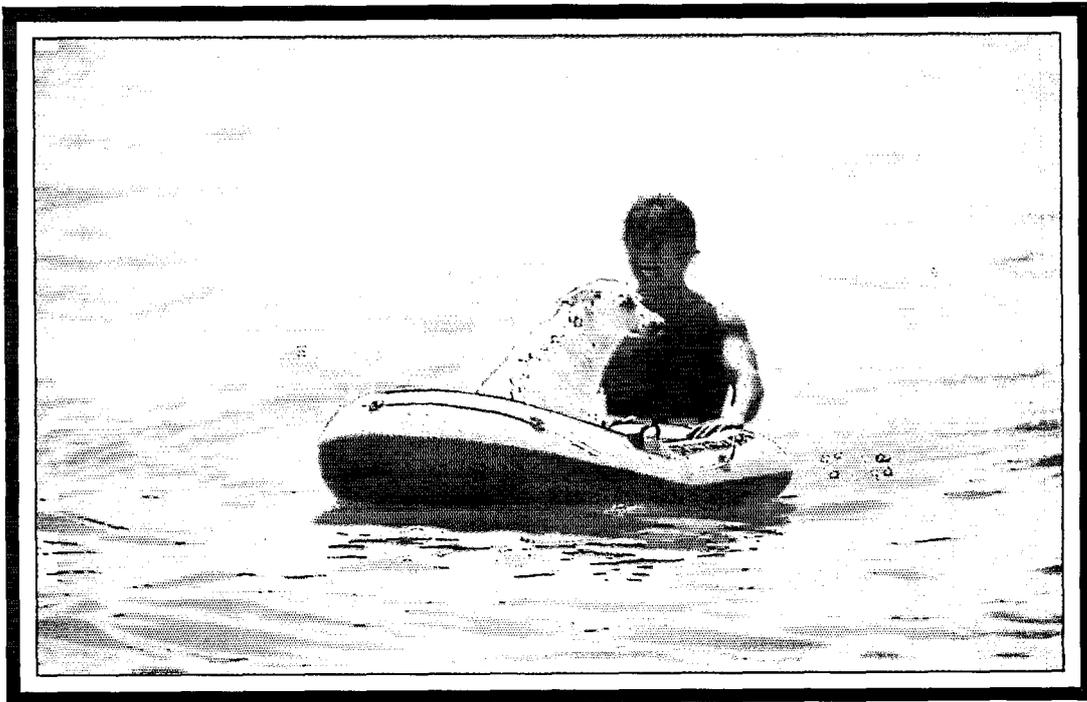
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Whenever I need a friend, down on my luck,  
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I know I can count on him to cheer me up.

What a pal!  
We go everywhere together —  
to the movies, and the park;  
but my favorite place is the beach.

Hey!  
Keep the boat a bit steadier,  
will you, old chum?  
A guy could get wet!

## Headaches by Land Pleasure by Sea

*The waterways offer commuters a chance to bypass freeway traffic jams.*



It's early morning on a sizzling summer workday. Most of us are tied up in traffic on the freeway, glaring at three endless rows of brake lights in front of us. Shimmering waves of heat rise from the hood of the car; your anxiety intensifies as the temperature gauge climbs dangerously higher. A glance at your watch wipes out any hope of making it to work on time; and a premonition of your boss's displeasure ties your stomach into knots.

Good morning, America.

Mark Mathes is on his way to work, too. But no one is blocking his entry to the city — no exhaust fumes assail his nostrils, no futile blaring horns upset the lovely morning air. A peaceful breeze accompanies him; the morning sun is particularly enjoyable as he maneuvers his way to the dock at Emerald City Marina within a half-hour of leaving his home.

Mark Mathes, like other Detroiters who heed a different call, is sailing to his office at the marina, where he is part owner. He travels the nine miles from his home at Harbor Club Apartments in Mount Clemens in a thirty-nine-foot Marinette with sedan bridge. The half-hour trip from home to work — an ordeal for the rest of us — is a peaceful sojourn for this

mariner and businessman. "I have a cup of coffee on the back deck," says Mathes, "and I sit back, idle out past the fishing boats, and sail into work."

Mathes thinks of his marina as a

ment, Grosse Pointers have used their waterways to commute. In 1875, prominent Pointer John S. Newberry sailed his yacht *Truant* to and from Detroit for both business and

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On the water, there  
are no stop lights,  
no traffic. There is no bad  
news — only bad weather.

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"seasonal business with a big push in the springtime." For him, the morning sailing creates a relaxing time for thought when "things at work are totally out of control."

"Over the years, I recognize people on the river," he says. "You get to recognize people by their boats, and we call back and forth to each other on the radio." For thirty-four-year-old Mathes, the river trip is an advertisement for business, and a way to relax before and after work.

From the earliest times of settle-

ment, Grosse Pointers have used their waterways to commute. In 1875, prominent Pointer John S. Newberry sailed his yacht *Truant* to and from Detroit for both business and pleasure. Driving a horse and buggy was likely to take between four and five hours. Later, in 1882, a yacht called *Leila*, owned by a dozen summer residents, was used for a number of years to travel to and from offices in Detroit.

Farther downriver, in Grosse Ile, sailboats were common work vessels. In an historical pamphlet, Julia Keith recalls the way two farm families jointly possessed a large sailboat for delivery of their crops to the Detroit markets. "The boys of the family

would have great fun on a trip with a load of grain or apples," she wrote. "Taking provisions with them, they would camp for the night, or two nights, if there were adverse winds."

Ferries were also popular forms of commuter travel, especially from Detroit to Canada. Keith writes that the building of bridges and the advent of the auto put an end "to these delightful, sleepy old river pilgrimages." The first cars were allowed on board the ferries in 1900 at Waterworks Park — then a part of Grosse Pointe, and were required to empty their gasoline tanks before crossing. In 1929, and 1930, the bridge and tunnel to Canada were finished, and the ferries — a competing business — were shut down after seventy-five years of service.

There are those who still appreciate the old ways. Frank Piku now drives his Fiero to work, but while he cruises the traffic lanes, he remembers

the Port Huron-Mackinac Race in 1975 and the 1974 U.S. World Two-Ton Championship Cup he won with his sailboat, the forty-two footer *Aggressive*. Now he rows only for exercise to and from the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, but there was a time when rowing was a grand passion. During the time he was building the Riverview Club Apartments (118 units in Mount Clemens complete with boat slips), Piku says, "I actually had a yellow racing shell, and I would row the mile from my home to the development site each day."

Once, while ducks paddled along with him on his way to the construction site, and while the rest of the world's workers were in a holding pattern on the freeway beyond, Piku actually discovered a human body. "I was rowing along," he says, "and on the broken concrete on the shore in front of an estate, I saw a body.

"I yelled to the gardener working on the estate," he reports. "I yelled:

'Do you know you have a body there?'

"'No,' the gardener yelled back. 'That must be a dummy.' The man," says Piku, "just couldn't believe that there would be a dead body on the estate."

But, says Piku, it was most definitely a corpse. It turned out, sadly, to be the body of a twenty-six-year-old jogger who must have fallen in the river accidentally.

But usually, as yacht owner and restaurateur Al Wagner says, "the water itself makes you feel tranquil." Wagner lives on his 110-foot yacht year-round. The boat is offered for charters and Wagner is quick to tell of celebrities like Phyllis George who have been on the boat or hired it for entertaining. His daughter-in-law designed the yacht's award-winning interior.

To travel between his two restaurants (Brownies-on-the-Bay at 21 Mile and Jefferson, and Brownies

*continued on page 102*

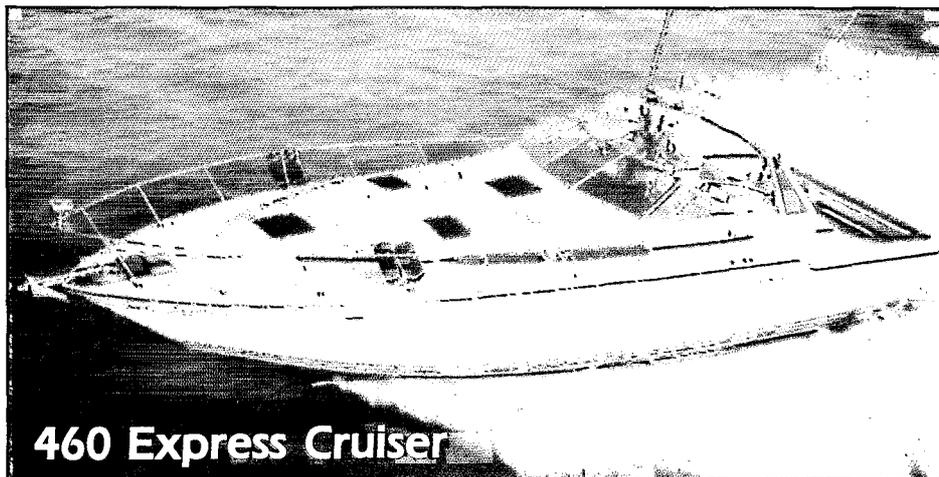
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# Peril on an Inland Sea

**C**old and green, the frigid waters of Lake St. Clair made way for the *Emily*. The year was 1830; the month was December; and the crew was cautious. Out of the northeast came a wind bitter with the winter's cold, yet gentle — for the moment — with the *Emily*.

Crew member and owner of the ship, L.J. Brakeman, knew well the potential for winter storms on Lake St. Clair. She could work herself into a fury of wind and wave in a matter of moments — and December could never be trusted. But the morning's weather was serene, albeit freezing; and Brakeman wished to winter the *Emily*, a fifty-four-foot schooner, in Algonac. The yacht had been purchased by Brakeman for the then-incredible sum of \$3,500; six men and a boy worked her sails as she raced for the safety of the Algonac harbour.

At approximately nine p.m. they anchored for the night, cold but safe on a calm sea.

December can never be trusted. During the night, the storm's fury built, until waves approaching forty miles an hour broke the anchor cable and brutally slapped the *Emily* and her crew around the lake. By five a.m., the *Emily* was rapidly filling with water. The crew dropped another anchor, but the storm snapped it as easily as the first. The mast broke; the *Emily* grounded and upset in shallow waters. Some of the crew panicked and jumped ship, while three others, led by Captain Bella Knapp, secured the attached yawl. According to Friend Palmer in his book, *Early Days*, the others begged for Knapp to wait, but he cut the rope, leaving four shipmates stranded. Palmer reported, "We can better imagine than describe the feelings of those who were left behind to perish with the cold."

Palmer minced no words, however, in describing the rather gruesome rescue mission led by Brakeman's brother. "When they arrived, the sea was rolling so high they could not reach the wreck, but could very distinctly see the men all sitting next to each other at the bow — dead, frozen — the stern underwater. They rowed for shore, thinking

the sea would calm down, but when the morning came, the boat was gone."

Knapp and company were found three days later on an island, cold and hungry, but still alive. L.J. Brakeman's mangled body was discovered the following August by an Indian, washed ashore on Squirrel Island. But the *Emily* and the rest of its frozen crew were never recovered, a common end to downed ships in Lake St. Clair. The lake is incredibly shallow, only twenty-one feet in its deepest natural spot, with twenty-seven feet dug for the shipping channels. "When a ship goes down on Lake St. Clair, it's often salvaged," says John Pousik, from the Dossin Great Lakes Museum. "When a ship is abandoned or lost, it's broken up through a winter's worth of ice and waves. It can really chew a vessel up."

Pousik says this in contrast to the Great Lakes' shipwrecks, many of which are still preserved hundreds of feet underwater. The current exhibit at Belle Isle's Dossin Museum displays artifacts and pictures (many from the recent expedition by Jacques Cousteau), some of which show dishes still stacked unbroken on shelves in the galley. And while there are no visual references to ships lost on Lake St. Clair, there is a computer listing with a total of thirty-four wrecks recorded between 1840-1932.

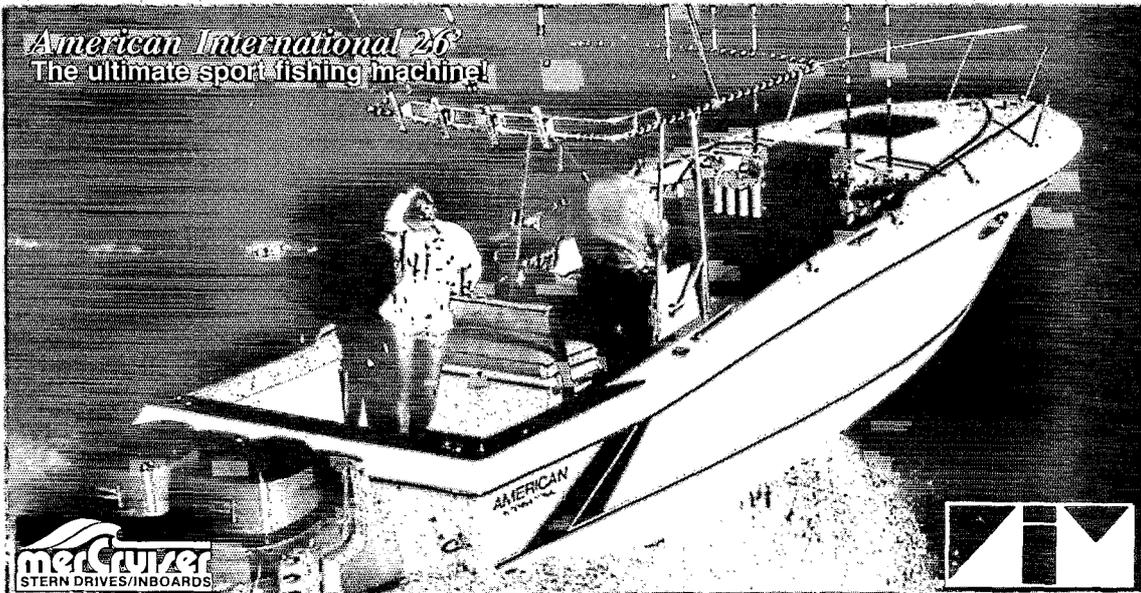
As a shipping channel, Lake St. Clair connects Lake Huron and Lake Erie. Until the channel was deepened in 1962, it was a tight squeeze for the low-riding ships and many groundings were reported. In his log entry of July 22, 1899, Captain Oscar B. Smith, of the schooner *D.K. Clint*, reported, "We got stuck in Lake St. Clair. The steamer got aground and in steering out of her way, we almost ran into shoal water. Off Grosse Pointe, the channel is narrow and only about fifteen feet at best. We are drawing fourteen feet, three inches."

Some of the stories are actually quite ironic. The *Reindeer* was built in 1860, at sixty-six-feet the largest tug on the Great Lakes, breaking records in 1861 for pulling eight loaded vessels in tow and later 120,000 cubic feet of lumber.

*continued on page 43*

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34' Wellcraft Scarab '83, T330 H.P., 2 starting at	64,900.00	46' Bertram Conv. '81, TGM871 TI loaded, mint	299,000.00
36' Sea Ray S/F/B '80, T350 H.P.	89,500.00	46' Bertram W/F/B '79, T871TI, 2 starting at	289,000.00
38' C.C. Corinthian, D/C, '79, T330 H.P.	93,900.00	46' Pacemaker D/C/F/D W/F/B '80, GM671TI	265,000.00
38' Scarab '83, T400 H.P.	88,000.00	47' C.C. Comm M/Y W/F/B, 3 starting at	129,000.00
38' C.C. D/C/F/B '80, T330 H.P.	102,500.00	53' Hattaras M/Y W/F/B '73, 871TI	339,000.00
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40' Trojan M/Y W/F/B '80, T350 H.P.	165,000.00		
41' Striker S/F. '84, T671TI	289,000.00		

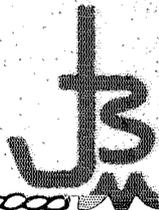
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## SHIPWRECKS

continued from page 41

The mighty ship, so instrumental in helping other troubled vessels, ran aground and capsized in shallow water in April, 1867. Over a day went by before another tug, the *Hector*, happened upon it, the crew clinging desperately to the sides. Towed back to shore, it was turned right side up and sent back out again.

Lake St. Clair kept the *Point Albino*, however. The year was 1905, and the small (112-foot) steamer was bound from Chatham to Marine City loaded with sugar beets. The *Detroit News-Tribune* reported: "About three miles east of St. Clair Flats canal, the boat sprang a leak and went to the bottom. The old craft rapidly succumbed to the pounding of the seas, and the crew of six were forced to seek refuge on the bow, which alone remained intact. For eight hours, they were exposed to the waves, which every moment threatened to wash them into the lake. They had constructed a life raft and were about to launch it and take chances on reaching shore when the tug *Dragon* finally reached them....The vessel is believed to be a total loss."

Luckily, new and better navigation devices and safer channels have all but put an end to major shipping disasters on Lake St. Clair. Mishaps today mostly involve accidents on small power boats and sailing vessels. Last year alone, the Coast Guard reported 531 search-and-rescue missions, most of them successful.

Probably the most dramatic event off Grosse Pointe took place in 1954, this time a man-made inferno with the burning of two great steamers, the *Greater Detroit* (535 feet) and the *Eastern States* (366 feet). They had been built in the early part of the century as luxury paddlewheel boats, each serving Detroit for almost thirty years. They were now considered obsolete and their owner, the D & C Shipping Company, decided to turn them into scrap. They could salvage the metal parts, but the wooden deck and interior would have to be burned. Antique dealers and collectors paid top dollar for the interior's elegant furnishings.

After days of rescheduling, on the afternoon of December 10, five tugs pulled the ships about three miles offshore near Three Mile Park. Despite the harsh winter weather, people gathered all day to witness the event, cars jamming up Lake Shore for the six o'clock torching. Reporters and photographers from all over the country followed alongside in another boat. Reporting for *Inland Seas*, Dan Weber described the whole event as "resembling a funeral procession," and a rather morbid one at that.

---

"We can better  
imagine than describe  
the feelings of those  
left behind to perish."

---

"The *Greater* still presented an impressive appearance as the December winds whined through her littered cabins and decks," he reported. "The *Eastern States* looked more bedraggled, tagging along behind, minus her wheel house and with many windows broken."

Captain Lewis Mantell, last skipper of the *Greater*, donned his uniform for the final flag-raising, but did not stay for the fiery finale. The ships were doused with gasoline, but refused to ignite when signaled by a radio hook-up. This was almost three hours behind schedule. Many spectators tired and left, but those who stayed witnessed a true spectacle. After a series of Roman candles struck home, a fire started to flicker on the deck of the *Greater Detroit*. Before long, the boat was ablaze. "While the fire licked its

continued on page 57

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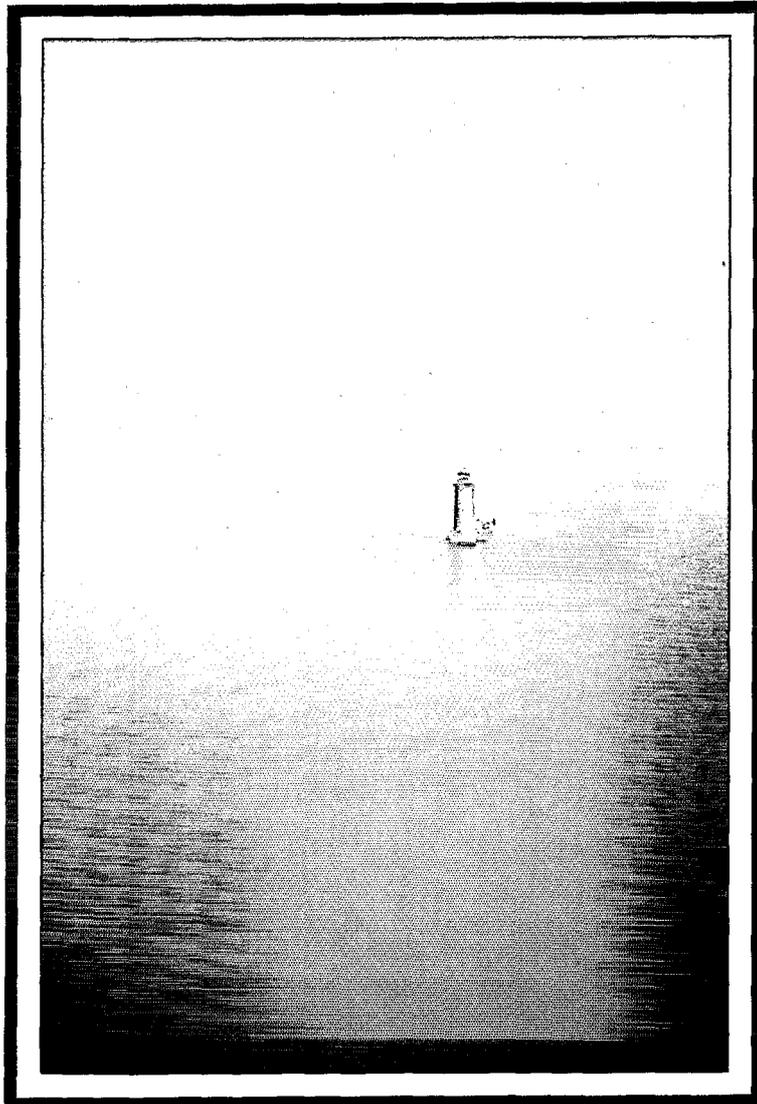
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## SOLITUDE

A lonely lighthouse, not so lonely one hundred years ago today. The storm was raging, a ship foundering and filling with water. The crew saw it in the distance, through the rain and crashing waves — a tiny dot of light that spelled hope. They steered towards it.

Now, the sky is clear, the lighthouse rests quietly amid calm water. The crew will recall that lighthouse as salvation, and the lighthouse keeper will light the lamp every night, a reminder of the ships snatched from the jaws of an angry sea.

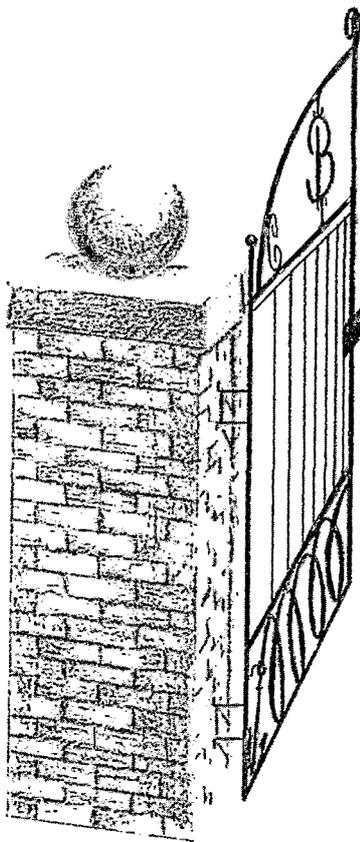


## HOLIDAY FLIGHT

They jump from the comfort of the pier  
High into the air  
Gliding and turning  
Making sure their friends are following

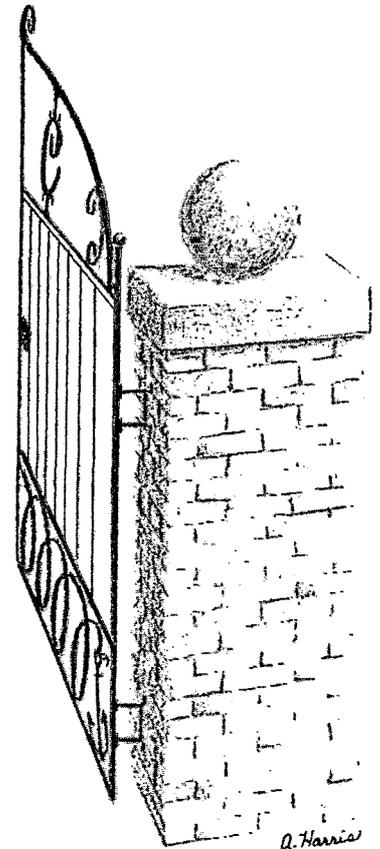
Pausing to chat in mid-air  
About the show-off in front  
Who always steals the limelight

Then back to dipping their wings  
That moment of peace  
As they soar higher  
And higher  
Above the water.



## Bailiwick of the Bluebloods

*The key to status comes  
in the shape of a mooring pass.*



**M**an is a social animal. The beast stalks success, its scent a powerful motivator, in the uptown jungle. The attack is never direct; for so gauche a move would surely warrant rebuff. Ever attentive to the gentlemanly rules of the hunt, he works at eliminating the obstacles which stand between him and his elusive prey. Lineage, education, wealth — or lack thereof — alter the chances for success. Dressed to the nines, with all the assurance a fat bank account proffers, he dances, dodges and feints his way into the lair of success — The Club.

Sociologists tell us that people have an inherent need to express their individuality through membership in exclusive groups. History offers innumerable examples of the human yearning to be part of a social entity, not all of them admirable. As a general rule of thumb, however, the more difficult a membership is to achieve, the more desirable it is to attain. Choosing a social club has its danger — the club may not agree with your choice. Dullards will find no open arms at MENSA, which is geared to individuals with high IQs. The YMCA, by its nature, is open to most anyone with the membership fee in hand; the Country Club of Detroit, however, imposes membership requirements somewhat more difficult to meet.

When one has achieved wealth, membership in a

private social club is an expression of success. Even at the pinnacle of achievement, however, there are distinct and subtle differences between clubs. Grosse Pointers are lucky to have a number of social avenues available to them, each of which emphasizes the good life in a different way. Below, HERITAGE offers a general overview of several local clubs as a guide for those with aspirations. Some differences between clubs have been noted. But — reader, beware — the finer points are yours to discern, and membership may elude you should you make the wrong move.

First, let's identify these clubs. **The Grosse Pointe Club** (a.k.a. "The Little Club") could easily be considered the most prestigious and exclusive of all clubs in the area. **The Old Club** maintains a familiar atmosphere on and off the water. **The Crescent Sail Club** is known for its commitment to smaller boat racing, and **The Bayview Yacht Club** has stood for excellence and achievement in sailboat racing since its inception, to the point of becoming involved in the 1987 America's Cup challenge. Each of these clubs has developed its own standard of excellence. Bear in mind that membership determines the direction taken by a club and the level of involvement expected. Furthermore, the sustaining interest of members guarantees that the club will continue over time and will maintain the status accorded it by society.

### The Grosse Pointe Club

The Grosse Pointe Club was founded in 1923 as a social club with less than 200 members. The club occupies the area behind the Grosse Pointe Memorial Church on Berkshire Place. This site, prior to the construction of the clubhouse in 1926-'27, was known as the "Cabbage Patch."

The "Cabbage Patch" was comprised of a group of cottages which existed prior to building the church and club. These were not true cottages, in the sense of a summer cottage, but primary homesteads of the residents. When the club was chartered, one of these residences served as clubhouse until the present structure was built; and even after it opened, two or three of the cottages were maintained as a service to members and their guests.

The cottages eventually made way for the Grosse Pointe Memorial Church, built in 1927, and its annex, completed in 1961. From time to time, however, extant plumbing bursts — serving as a reminder of the site's history. Some of that area is also presently occupied by the swimming pool and tennis courts.

The tenor of the Grosse Pointe Club has always been very low-key. The atmosphere remains that of a family get-together. Members come to lunch and dine, and to see each other socially. Business is not generally discussed, as being out-of-character with the club's purpose.

While the Little Club is a place to socialize with other members and eat dinner, the club did, at one time, participate in competitive sailing. In the late Twenties, the club maintained a fleet of about twelve C-boats and took part in local races. For a time after the war, they also maintained a fleet of *Lubers-16's* and raced in regatta organized by the Detroit River Yachting Association. From time to time, there have been larger

boats kept at the club that were competitive in Great Lakes area races; but, for the most part, the club eschews any organized yacht racing.

While the Grosse Pointe Club may seem like any other dinner club, it is certainly not as accessible. The membership has not changed much over the years, with about 250 regular members and as many special members — juniors, non-residents, widows and the like. Some people actively use the club facilities, while others merely maintain a membership for its prestige and sterling reputation.

This club is probably the most prestigious and exclusive in the area. Members depend on exclusivity for the protection of their activities and the privacy to interact socially with their peers. Members who seek a particular focus in a club will often be members of other clubs as well, as the Social Register will verify.

In the Grosse Pointe area, the Little

Club is one of the most desirable clubs. Community leaders are among the members, and its reputation for privacy and prestige carries its name far beyond the boundaries of this shoreline sanctuary.

### The Old Club (Yondotega)

The Old Club started with the intention of organizing a club devoted to the pursuit of hunting and fishing the St. Clair Flats. The Club was initially chartered in 1872 as the "St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club of Detroit." The first order of this new organization was to build a clubhouse and boathouse. However, on Harsen's Island at the time — in order for these materials to be brought in, it was necessary to build a dock for the private boats, which at that time, was the only transportation available to the island. By 1875, however, one of the first steamers, the *Ossafrage*, began service to the island.

The club officially became the "Old

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Club" in 1902 when the original charter to the "St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club" ran out. Throughout the years, more space was added to the club in the form of a new clubhouse in 1887, and continuous cottage building for the members. The tenor of the club became truly more ecumenical as people became increasingly interested in pursuing more recreational activities than merely hunting and fishing. The tennis courts were added in 1912, and it became a tradition for the club to hold an annual fireworks display on the Fourth of July. These activities were more suited to the general family population that would later come up to the island to spend the summer.

In 1926, a fire broke out in the laundry room of the clubhouse and spread to all of the clubhouse buildings. Clyde Brusoe, the caretaker at the time, was left to try and douse the flames. His one-man fire brigade, however, was fairly ineffectual as the

fire was beyond his control. As the telephones were out, Brusoe had to search for an hour before he could find someone who would walk to find a phone that was operational and summon help. By the time the Detroit Fire Department water boat arrived on the scene, there was very little left of the clubhouse. Only the dockhouse was saved. The membership, however, rallied and the new clubhouse was open in time for spring season of the following year.

The atmosphere of the club has always been family-oriented. It is a place where one can bring the wife and kids, relax and enjoy the summer. The camaraderie among the island residents seems to reinforce this atmosphere; neighbors get along well with each other and participate in the club activities together. This atmosphere is so important that after five years of annual regatta racing when the sailors became increasingly rowdy at the race's

end, it was decided that this outburst was not in character with the club, and the annual regatta was stopped. It has not since been resumed.

Although the club has never been extensively involved in competitive boat racing on the scale of Bayview, Alger Sheldon did bring the club into the competitive boating circles around 1931, when he was the Commodore of the club. Chris Smith, founder of Chris-Craft boat industries, was a longtime club member, and did considerable business in the area around the island.

There was a time when almost all of the people who had controlling interests in the Detroit automobile industry could be found in the club's residence. Both Henry and Edsel Ford were prominent members, as were John and Horace Dodge. General Motors has been extensively represented at the club through the membership of the Fisher family, and Packard founder Henry B. Joy also maintained a house on the island. Walter O. Briggs, who owned Tiger (Briggs) Stadium, belonged to the club, as did Hiram Walker of the Walker Distilleries. While the atmosphere is decidedly familial at the club, it must certainly be allowed that some families are more prominent than others.

**Crescent Sail Club**

The Crescent Sail Club began in the early Thirties in a garage near what is presently the Belle Isle Naval Station. Its express purpose was to make sailing available to people of modest income who were unable to afford the fees and expenses of the larger, more affluent clubs in the area. In 1934, the club moved from Belle Isle to its present location on Jefferson across from the old Henry B. Joy estate. Joy, founder of the Packard Motor Car Company, made this property — which once housed his 100-foot yacht — available to Crescent Sail on the condition that no alcohol be served on the premises.

The club has always been in-  
*continued on page 59*

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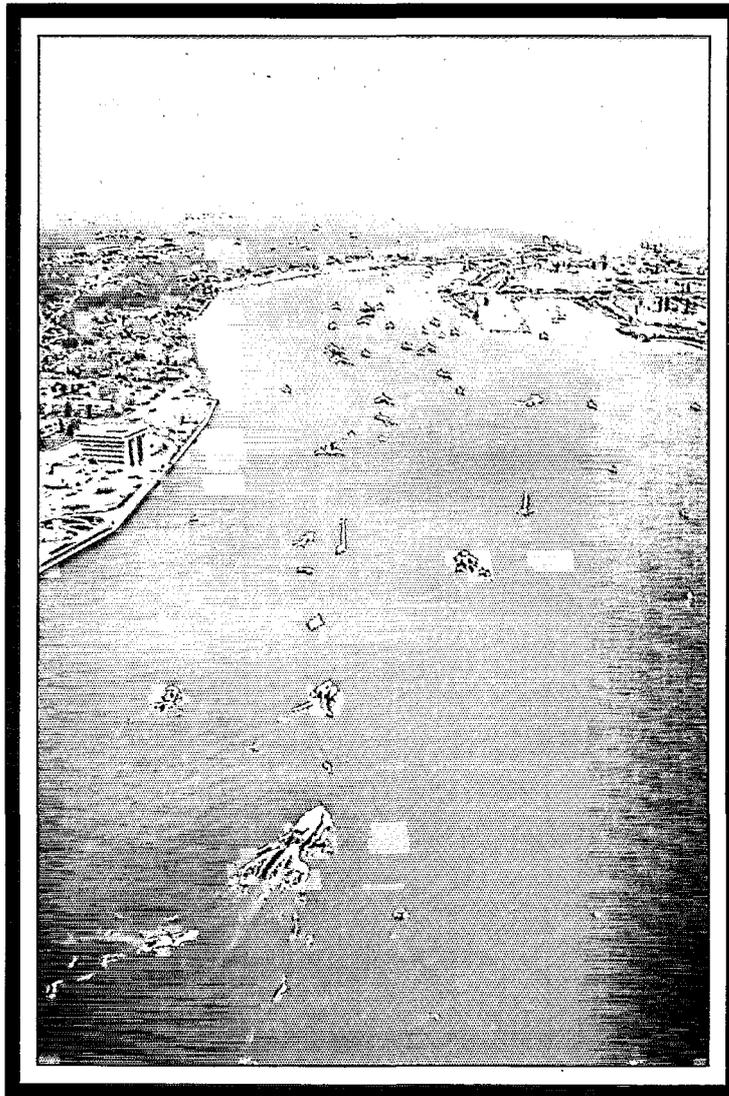
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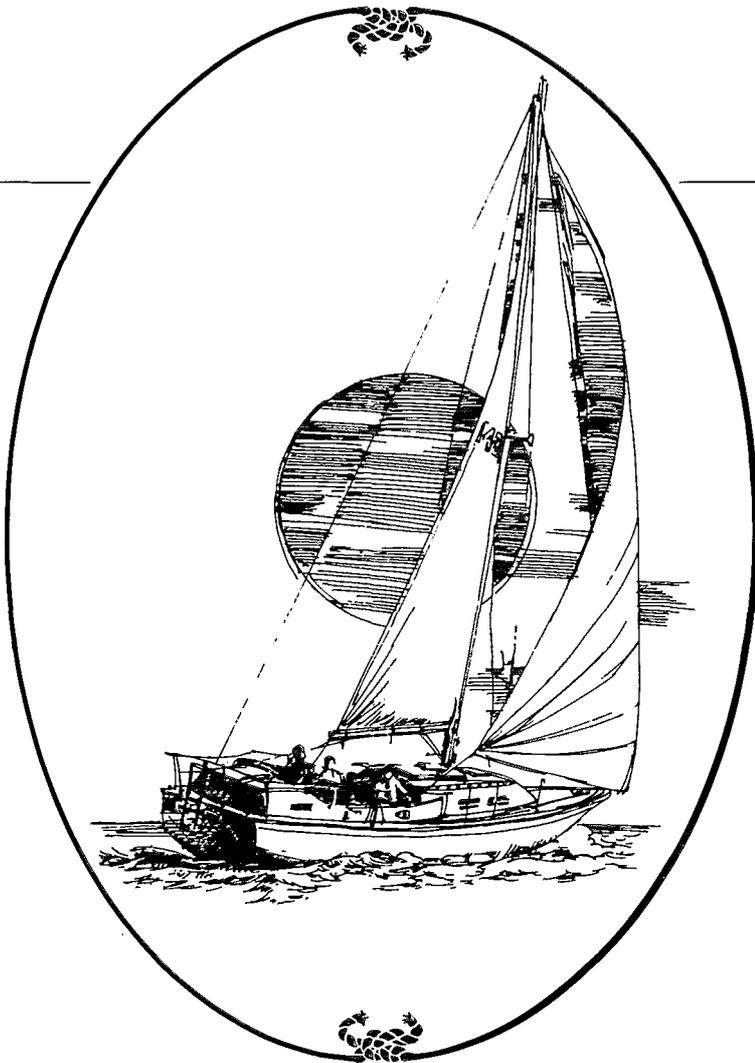
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## RUSH HOUR

Saturday afternoon — You're out on the boat and the channel is crowded, but this type of rush hour is different from all others. You and the other boaters are neighbors, searching for that perfect spot on a seemingly endless body of water. The temperature approaches ninety degrees, but grows breezy and cool as you glide deeper and deeper toward the lake's center. You steer a close course, anchor and sprawl out on the deck. Maybe you'll have a swim later; but now there's nothing on your mind but the sun on your face and the slight sway of the boat beneath you.

Summer afternoons can be hard work.



## The OLD GOATS of Bayview

*The tales of wizened veterans of sea and sail who have been this route twenty-five times.*

Some who call themselves sailors are just looking to wile away a sunny day. Some, particularly those who belong to Bayview Yacht Club, take the sport of sailing seriously. Then there are still others, who personally know each rock and tree between here and Mackinac. For them, sailing is more than a serious endeavor — it's become a part of their blood. These wizened veterans of sea and sail are known as Old Goats.

To any sailor worth his or her salt in these parts, the Mackinac Race is the highlight of the season. To a Grosse Pointe sailor, it means specifically the Bayview-Mackinac race, not the Chicago leg.

Sixty years ago, when sailing was a rougher sport, the race began. "The first guy took eighty-eight hours," explains Syd Reynolds, a chartered Old Goat, to cover "the 204-mile (259 nautical miles) course...from Bayview, outside of Port Huron, around the lighthouse" then finally finishing after passing through the Duck Islands at Mackinac. The Chicago-Mackinac Island Race is slightly longer (333 nautical miles) and began in 1904, some twenty years prior to Bayview's. The Bayview was conceived, according to Bob Roadstrum, "over a bunch of drinks in Port Huron. Some

of us went for a regatta and thought it'd be nice to have a race."

There were a few difficulties. Grosse Pointers are more likely to have the wind against them, so their "beating against the wind" translates as an uphill battle. Today, the race winner pulls it off in anywhere from twenty-five hours (1950 Class A) to thirty-eight hours (1982 Class A). Of course, weather conditions and prevailing winds can make the final difference.

The Old Goats are sailors who have battled these conditions no less than twenty-five times. A plaque hanging over the central archway in Bayview's bar lists the names of the eighty sailors thus far initiated. Twenty-three of them have a star beside their name — to designate those now deceased.

There are, then, some sixty-odd Old Goats. Some, like Gene Mondry, owner of Highland Appliance, qualify but procrastinate. "I'm waiting until I'm a bit older — 'til I'm seventy-five," says Mondry. Sailors matriculate upon completion of their twenty-fifth race (either as skipper of a boat, or as a crew member). The formality, however, attends the admission. According to Syd Reynolds, you

## ◆ michael margolin

have to "claim it yourself...write a letter." As of this date, Mondry is still searching for a postage stamp.

Of the many who have claimed the title, there are — as one might expect — a fair share of Grosse Pointers, many of them Bayview Yacht Club members, although that is not a requirement. The "Old Goats" moniker, however, did not originate with Bayview members. The Chicago sailors have long used the term. "Somebody," recalls Reynolds, "maybe George Van — said, 'Let's get together and start a Detroit chapter,' about eight or ten years ago."

Reynolds is a compact man who favours broken sentences as he chain-smokes. Pride embellishes the timbre of his voice when he mentions "the race." He refers to the gentlemanly traditions of the event, the lengthy entrance requirements and the skipper's vow to meet the standards in good faith. The Bayview-Mackinac has altered forever the nature of this club. Bayview has become family-oriented, less roustabout since the early days. As Reynolds says, "It cleaned up its act. It used to be, 'Let's go down to Bayview for the Saturday night fight.'"

The Bayview Old Goats chapter was initiated in the Seventies with one important specification: that a sailor had to have sailed in twenty-five Mackinac Races — though not consecutive — and, says Roadstrum, you couldn't count the Chicago-Mackinac races in your total.

Induction into Old Goatdom takes place at the Mackinac dinner following the race (which begins on the Saturday nearest the fifteenth of July) and recipients receive a blazer patch on a clip for their troubles.

Just as there are full-time sailors, those who cruise for enjoyment and those who thrill at racing competition, there are different feelings about the title. Gene Mondry may be young enough (in his early fifties) to feel he can wait a few years. Others, like Dr. Steve Mihalich, a practitioner of occupational medicine in a northwest suburb, says, "I don't like the terminology. I resent getting older." Though himself an Old Goat, Mihalich claims he hasn't kept count of his Bayview-Mackinac endeavors. "You get to an age where a lot of that doesn't mean much to you anymore. You see

others getting accolades and wonder — 'Where are the good guys? I'm cynical,' he says. "Just because you've done something repeatedly means you've had the opportunity to be there and not enough brains to stay home."

Mihalich's wife was never very enthusiastic about his sailing — she "tolerated" it. Mihalich has served as a crew member in the twenty-five or so races he's completed. (Some of the Old Goats, like Reynolds, perform as crew; others, like Roadstrum, own and captain their own boats.) "When you're a physician, you forego your own desires, reasonably, for [your] family." For him, finally, being an Old Goat has meant "being with people I liked."

Bob Roadstrum lives in Grosse Pointe Park, just off Jefferson. In Roadstrum's small, homey den, visitors are surrounded by boating paraphernalia. Boat photos and models adorn the walls; nearby are waterscapes signed "Roadstrum"; on the door a legend, "No friggin' in the riggin'." On another wall, a photo of a muscled young sailor in shorts — a grandson, and a photo of Bob and his wife, Blanche, each wearing parti-colored red and green windbreakers, with the words "port" and "starboard" on opposing arms. It is early January and Roadstrum is trying to get things tied up so he can join some of his Old Goat pals who winter in Florida.

Roadstrum sailed aboard the *Calypto* in the first Mackinac Race in 1925. *The Calypso* never finished, but subsequent years brought many successes — nearly fifty to date. In 1977, he raced on *Goldigger*, "my own boat...the navigator had his son and grandson and I had my two nephews. We made a record in our class."

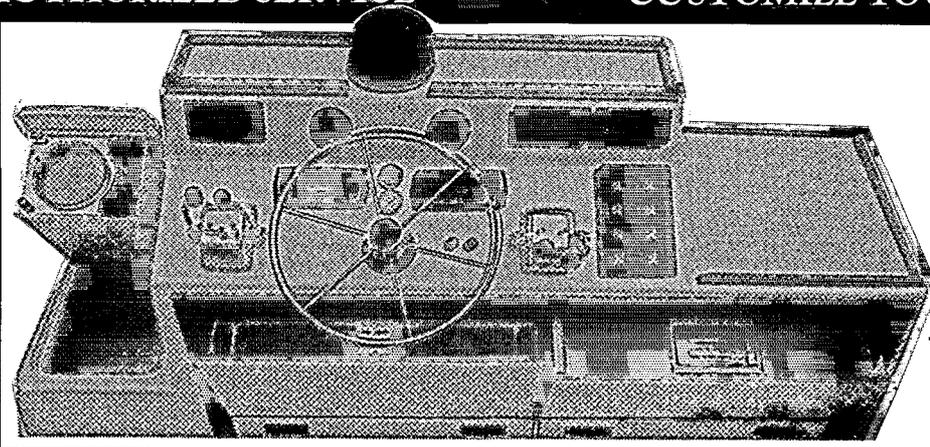
In contrast to Mihalich, Roadstrum feels the younger sailors "aspire to Old Goatdom...the feeling is stronger as years go on — the young guys have a lot of respect for you. The enthusiasm of the kids keeps us going," he says. The age issue is, of course, a moot point. Since the Detroit chapter began within the last decade, the majority of those who qualified had been around a good many years. Obviously, as time goes on and the second and third generation

*continued on page 102*

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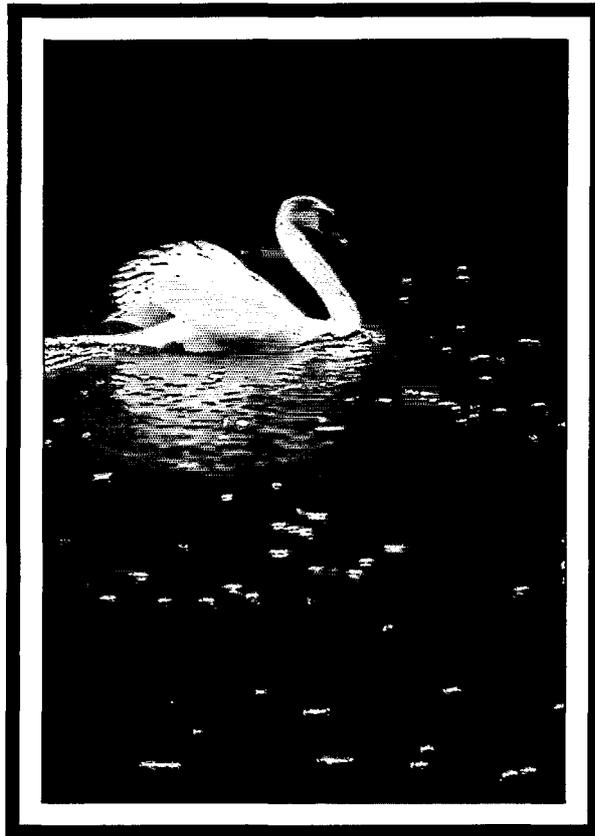
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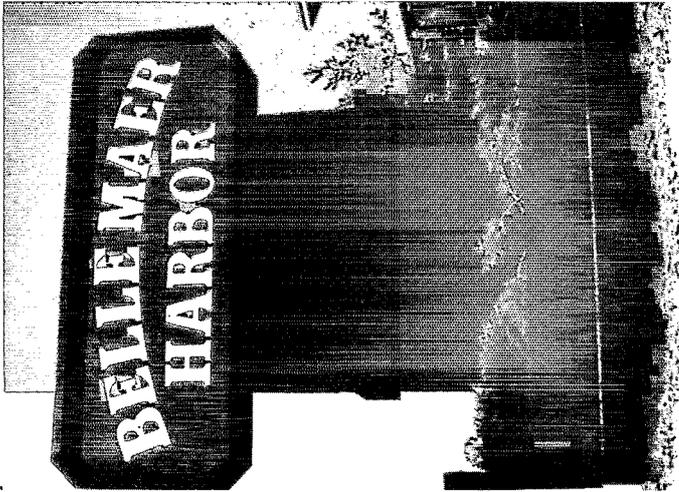
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Mark Grasser



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The rays of sun  
On the water  
Mark her path  
As the queen of birds  
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Oblivious is she to the power boats zipping by.  
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As long as her head is held high?



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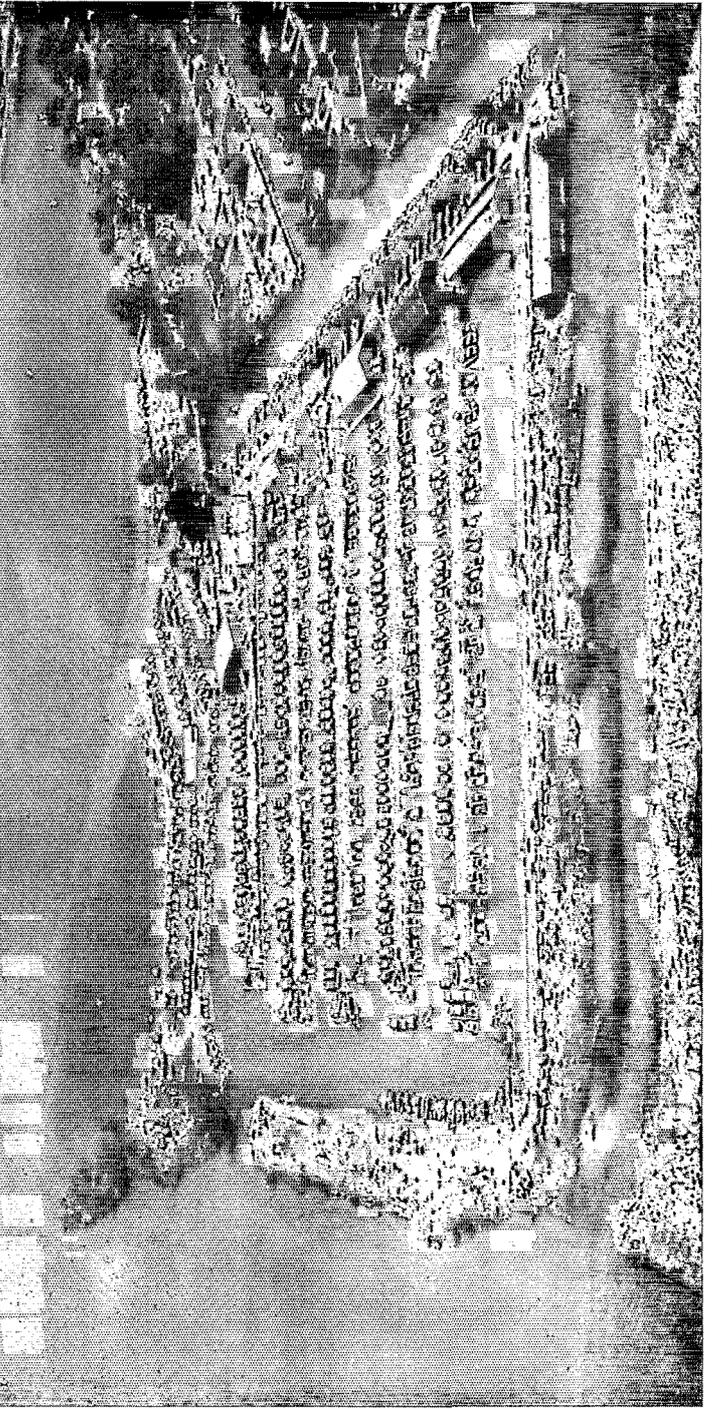
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# Glossary of Sailing Terms:

**Fore** — The front of the boat.

**Aft** — The rear of the boat.

**Port** — Left-hand side of the boat, looking forward.

**Starboard** — Right-hand side of the boat, looking forward.

**Leeward** — Side away from the wind.

**Windward** — Side from which the wind is blowing.

**Halyard** — Ropes used to hoist the sail.

**Stay** — Ropes or cables that are used to hold the mast erect.

**Sheet** — Ropes used to control the sails.

**Hull** — The lower portion of the boat which rests in the water.

**Keel** — A weight protruding from the bottom of the boat used to counteract the force of the wind in the sail.

**Cabin** — The interior of the boat.

**Spar** — General term for masts, booms, originally used to denote any of the beams that hold sails on boats.

**Masts** — Posts which hold the vertical edge of the sail.

**Booms** — Beams holding the horizontal edge of the sail and attached at a right angle to the mast.

**Mainsail** — The sail attached to the mast.

**Jib** — Sail attached to the forestay or jib stay occupying the front of the boat.

**Spinnaker** — A large parachute-like sail, generally used when the boat is travelling with the wind (There can be several different jibs or spinnakers used on a boat, each suited to particular weather or sailing conditions).

**Tack** — To sail into the wind by alternately changing course from the port to starboard sides: each side becoming the leeward side until the destination is reached.

**Come about** — Go from one tack to another.

**Reach** — Sail with the wind.

More information about sailing terms, lore and procedures can be found in "The Visual Encyclopedia of Nautical Terms Under Sail," by Basil W. Bathe.

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# Windsurfing on Ice

*The newest thing in this popular sport is the brainchild of a Pointer.*

You've seen them on the water — brightly coloured "surfboards with sails" zipping effortlessly across the lake. Over the last couple of years, windsurfing has grown from a fad to a popular and respected sport, combining the thrill of surfing with the control of sailing. Now, through the efforts of a Grosse Pointe Shores businessman, "solo sailing" can become a year-round pleasure.

Bob Evans, a 1965 graduate of Grosse Pointe South and owner of Evans Industries, has marketed a product called the GSS (Great Sailing Ski) which is designed to offer the same exciting qualities of a windsurfing rig, with one tiny difference — it is used only on a frozen lake. Seven feet long, eight inches wide, the ski resembles an oversized Alpine ski. The skier simply slides into the footstraps and employs the same mast, sail and boom from a windsurfing outfit.

"We introduced the product last winter and had moderate success with it," said Evans. "We got a late start last year. We think we'll sell a lot of them this year."

The inspiration for the GSS came from windsurfing enthusiast Mark Jarrett of St. Clair Shores, who began experimenting with various skis and finally built one

that worked, but which wasn't quite durable enough to last. That's when he came to Evans. "He was an avid windsurfer who wanted something to do in the winter that was similar to windsurfing," explained Evans. "He would build old-fashioned laminated skis and he brought one of them to me to make a product out of it . . .

"I got some Austrian ski engineers to look at it and improve it, to make it so that it was durable. It's a lot of fun. We thought it would sell primarily to existing windsurfers, but actually, it's a whole different sport."

The ski, which can be used on ice as well as snow, is less expensive than a standard windsurfing board. "The basic ski is \$295, whereas a custom board will run you about \$500," said Evans. The local dealer of the ski is Coville Sails, at Nine Mile Road and Mack Avenue in St. Clair Shores.

Evans is counting on the booming popularity of windsurfing to spark interest in ski sailing. Although invented in the United States, windsurfing actually caught on quicker in Europe. "It was invented in 1976 by two men from California," said Evans. "They took a large, stock surfboard and put a

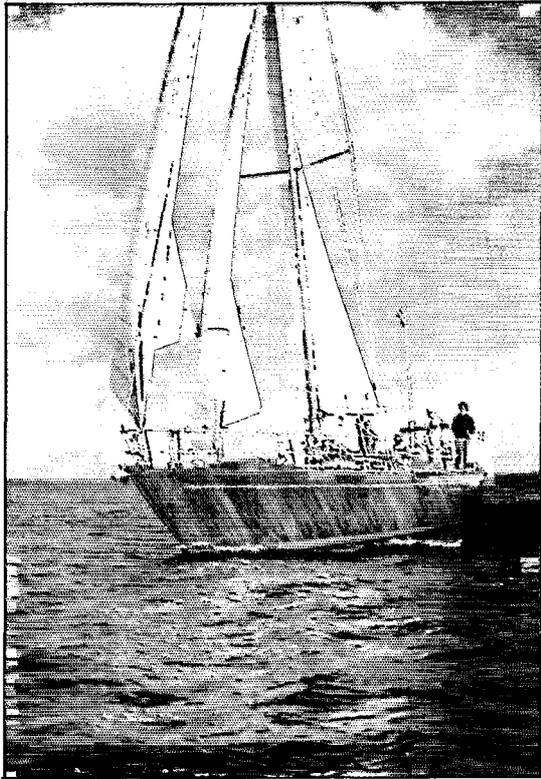
sail on it. Then they licensed a company in Europe to sell it. Sales lagged here, but really boomed in Europe. Now, in the last three or four years, it's become more popular here. There were about 750,000 sold worldwide last year."

Evans estimated the yearly market in southeastern Michigan to be around fifty to seventy-five thousand, and evidence of the increasing appeal of the sport can be seen on virtually any body of water in the area, as windsurfers glide peacefully along, whip across the water, or plop unsuccessfully into the drink while learning the tricky nuances of the skill.

Michigan is one of windsurfing's leading markets, and the Grosse Pointe area is a stronghold for enthusiasts of the sport.

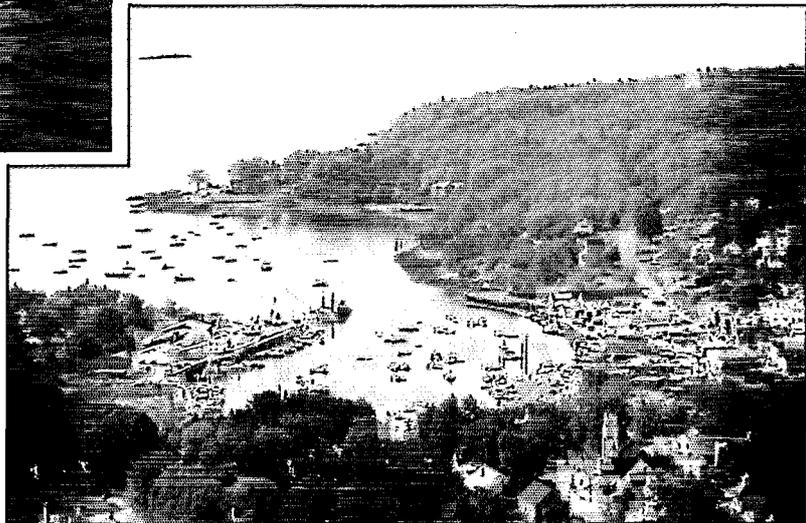
Evans summed up the appeal of the sport for him. "It's thrilling, it's challenging, it's exhilarating. I started windsurfing in 1980 and just fell in love with it. I couldn't get enough of it. You can go fast, race, do long-distance sailing, freestyle — there's just a variety of things you can do. Basically, you just go out on the water, in the sun and enjoy yourself, and it's great exercise."

Now, thanks to Evans, a frozen lake can offer the same kind of fun.



# From G. P. to Bar Harbour

◆ PHOTOS BY PAUL MIKA



Some Pointers take the sport of sailing quite seriously. Paul Mika, an area resident for more than twenty years, learned how to sail at the age of sixteen in his native country, Austria. A member of the Crescent Sail Yacht Club, Mika has taught celestial navigation with the Grosse Pointe Power Squadron. Several years ago, after spending some time in New England, he decided to begin a yacht charter company in Maine, sailing the northeast coastline.

A boat was designed with the assistance of Naval Architect Henry Scheel of Rockport, Maine. *Aquila* was launched in September, 1979 in Rhode Island. With her 53'7" overall length, she is powerful enough to cross oceans.

For the last six summers, Mika has hosted guests from across the country. One year *Aquila* was chartered for the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise from Portland, Maine to Bar Harbour — on Mount Desert Island, the summer playground of the wealthy. Seal Harbor, a little farther down the coast, is truly the "in" port, and *Aquila* has poked her nose into it on occasion.

"But," says Mika, "there is good sailing on the Great Lakes. In fact, the North Channel is much like Maine." So why bother to go the distance? Some might say it's because New England is the cradle of American yachting. But Paul Mika contends that people travel East for the seafood, particularly lobsters. When *Aquila* takes out a charter, the crew serves

lobster for dinner the first night out — and they cook enough of them to serve lobster rolls for lunch the following day. The current record for one person is fourteen rolls in a sitting.

Each day's itinerary on an *Aquila* cruise is planned "on the go" with input from the guests as to destinations. Frequently, they want to do some serious sailing; yet, often enough, it's a great adventure to look for seals on the ledges at low tide, or to poke around islands for buckets full of mussels. During the week's cruise, all steering and sailhandling is done by the guests, and they find themselves quite competent at the end of their vacation.

One highlight of the cruise is to pop the spinnaker at Old Man Ledge Whistle Buoy at the southwest approach of Penobscot Bay, and take a ride up the Bay to the historic coastline where five nations battled for the entrance of the then-important Penobscot River. "To be under spinnaker with the prevailing southwest blowing at twenty knots is sailing at its best," contends Mika.

"We often meet on these waters the Windjammer fleet coming out of Rockland. To see as many as seven or eight at the same time on the horizon is not unusual."

Whatever one's reasons for "sailing the Maine" — ocean sailing experience, a look at history, or a love of lobsters, it's nice to know that a fellow Pointer can point out the local scenery for you. ◆

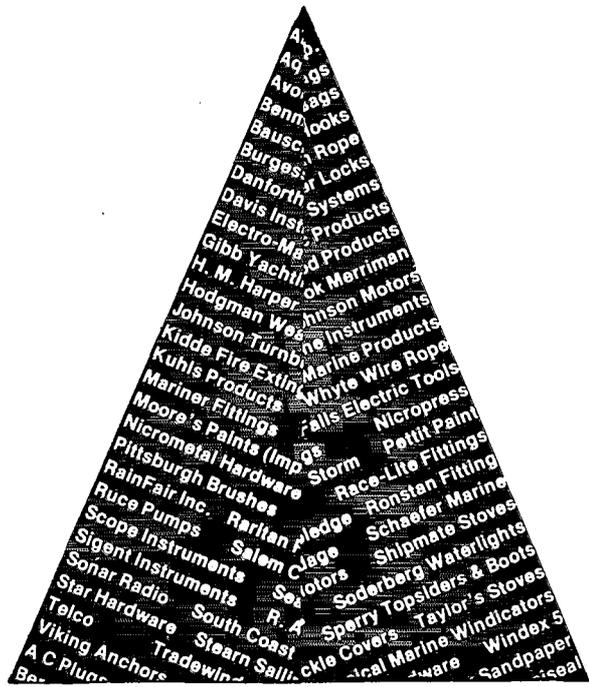
## SHIPWRECKS

*continued from page 43*

way to the upper decks, a few more fireworks were set off for the entertainment of those who waited ashore," Weber said. "Flames broke through the roof at ten p.m. and inched forward against the wind. The sky was lighted for several miles around and great smoke billowed down towards Detroit."

Attention then turned to the *Eastern States*. Anchored just a few feet away, it was hoped that sparks from the *Greater Detroit* would then ignite the other ship. Not until 11:45 p.m. did fire catch on the smaller ship, which gave off a much more intense blaze than the *Greater* — and a bit more opposition. "When her turn came to go up in flames," Weber said, "she slipped her anchor and drifted approximately a mile away before going aground. It seems she was making a last effort to escape her fate."

Boats that pass through Lake St. Clair today don't have to run from their destiny. Their owners, though, may take some comfort in the fact that most Coast Guard missions are successful, and prevent any large-scale disasters like the ones described here. Nonetheless, if you're out on the water, and happen to pass four men crouched together in the hull of a ship, with a glassy-eyed stare, don't pass too quickly. They might just be sailors who never found their port in a storm. ◆

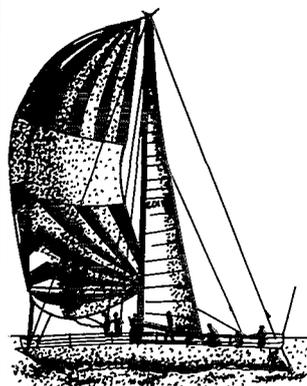


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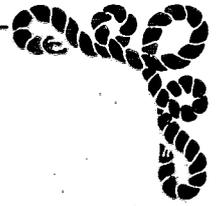
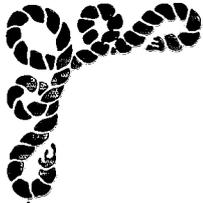
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# Places for Races

For those interested in seeing a regatta or sailboat race, most of the clubs in the Grosse Pointe area host some sort of racing one night a week. Crescent Sail Club, for example, races every Wednesday night in front of their club. Weekend regattas may include racers from various clubs in the area, as well as people who, although not belonging to one of the yacht or boat clubs, still are interested in racing their boats.

Two words of warning: Unless the sailboat races are happening near the shore, one may only be able to see a plethora of small white triangles dotting the horizon. Long-distance boat races are more interesting to watch from the finish line; the boats disappear about five minutes out of the start. The best vantage point to watch any of the races is on a boat out near the course.

If the lake is more than a little choppy, the best place to watch the race is from the shore. If one is on a stationary boat out in the lake, the pitch and yawl will eventually take their toll, and one might find oneself a bit green around the gills. It is of absolutely no consolation at the time, but just remember that even the heartiest sailors get seasick.

For those interested in harsher competition, what follows is a list of major and international races that are proving grounds for both the equipment and the sailors themselves. Not all of these races have area participants, but the results are certainly of interest to all competitive sailors.

## The Admiral's Cup

This is a biennial series of races held off the southern coast of England. The races consist of both inshore and offshore legs, ending with the 650-mile Fastnet race. (It might be remembered that the Fastnet race provided considerable rescue training for the British Coast Guard and Navy when a squall hit the course and caused the disabling and/or capsizing of the majority of the entrants.) Most of the boats that will be participating in the Admiral's Cup this year are of the one-ton class. They range from about thirty- to thirty-five feet long and are thought to be the most advantageous boats to race in this series.

Local participation in this race includes Lynn Stedman, a Bayview member who will serve as the international judge for this year's series. Another Bayview member, Charles Kirsch, had raced in the Admiral's Cup series in past years, but is now involved in trying to win back the America's Cup from the Australians.

## America's Cup

This series of races serves to glean more attention for sailboat racing than any other competition. Every four years, the nation's eyes turn toward Newport, Rhode Island to watch the Americans' attempt to defend the America's Cup. In the 1983 series, however, tragedy struck and the cup was won by the Australians. It now rests comfortably Down-Under, awaiting the American challenge in 1987.

The type of boats that participate in this competition are designated twelve-meters. This title does not indicate their length, but is reached by plugging different measurements into a formula. As long as the final

number of the formula does not change, alterations can be made to the boat, and often are made during the races themselves. The next series of races will take place just north of Rottnest Island, off of the Perth (Australia) shoreline.

Local participation in this event includes Charles Kirsch, chief executive officer and chairman of the America's II challenge.

## Canada's Cup

This series of races is very similar to the America's Cup in that it pits American challengers against a Toronto-based defender. The first contests were between eight-meter boats, but recently the race was reorganized to allow the large two-ton boats to get involved. Most of the recent challengers have been from the Bayview Yacht Club, under the auspices of member Mike Tapert, but they have been, as yet, unable to win the Cup.

## Chicago-Mackinac and Port Huron/Bayview-Mackinac

These races are both run annually in July and provide sailors from the Great Lakes area with the opportunity to race against their cohorts. The classes are so broad as to allow almost any size boat to participate. Members from Bayview participate in the leg of the race that originates from their club, and in the past have tended to finish close to, if not at the top of their class. One of the consolations of participating in either race is the party at Mackinac Island, which serves as the finish line. Even the last place finishers on either race would be cheered out of their depression by this celebration.

## Southern Ocean Racing Circuit (SORC)

This circuit consists of six races of varying lengths in both offshore and inshore competition. They are generally held annually in March, and are composed of a 138-mile race from St. Petersburg, down the west coast of Florida to Baco Grande. The second race is a 365-mile Ocean Triangle race which begins in Miami, then on to Ft. Lauderdale, across the Gulf Stream and back. The final long-distance race is the 189-mile Miami-to-Nassau run. There are two smaller day races that are interspersed with the long-distance run, the Lipton Cup and the Nassau Cup, and these two shorter competitions can provide some respite from the overnight long-distance legs.

The SORC is significant in that it is a proving ground for most of the new designs and technology that could have significant impact on other races and boat designs. New sails, boats, rigging and nautical equipment often make a debut here, and their success or failure can indicate the probability of their longevity and practical use.

One could not expect an inexperienced sailor to participate in any of the above events, as the competition is harsh, and at times, grueling. These races are not taken lightly, and the participants' unyielding commitment in both time and money reflects this fact.

—A.A. Kambouris

continued from page 47

involved in competitive racing of smaller boats, and has a national reputation built upon their skill. In 1935, one of the first regatta on the river was organized here and included racing classes for twenty-two square-meter-boats, C-class boats, yawls, schooners and Club Cats.

Since not many boats filled the river then, clubs all along the shore participated in these regatta, and Crescent built up the reputation of being quite competitive within these smaller boat classes.

The reputation has carried through the present, as the membership has grown from the original number (twenty members) to between 200 and 300 currently. The fleets actively involved in regatta at the club now include *Thistles*, *Cal 20s*, *Lightnings*, *Snipes* and *Olympic Tornado Catamarans*. One shared feature is that they are all between seventeen and twenty-five-feet long. Also, they are all raced in one-design races, which allows for a good test of the sailors' skills since all the boats are, for all intents and purposes, identical.

One strong aspect of the club is its junior program. Many young sailors have gained national reputations, and two of the members made the past Olympic finals. The club has hosted national championships for *Lightnings* and *Thistles*, and will host the *Snipe* National Championships on August 10-16.

The club's atmosphere is primarily familial. Its location on the lake provides an amenable setting for picnics and beach activities, and sailors have a practice area directly in front. There is also a certain air of camaraderie and personal investment by club members, based on their involvement in the groundskeeping and property maintenance at the club's inception. The decision then was merely economic. Today, members are still required to donate two or three days of work in preparation for regatta or other club events, as a prerequisite of keeping their boats docked at the club.

This requirement deepens their personal interest in the club, and it also facilitates members meeting and talking to each other. While members

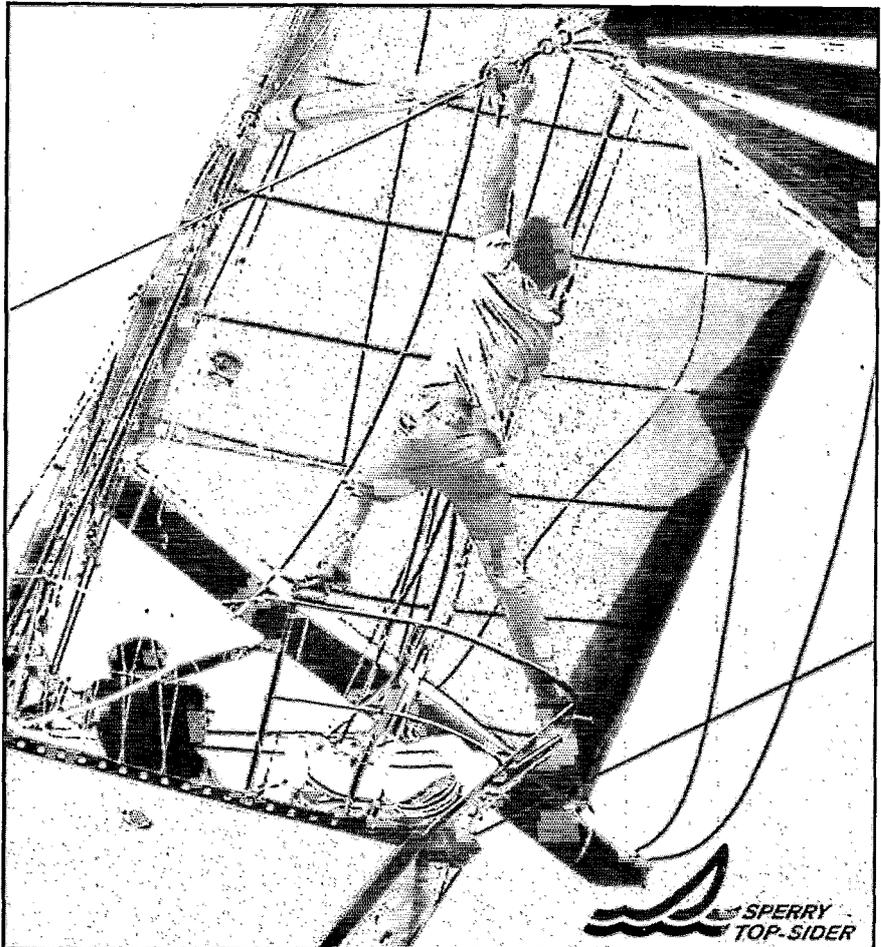
of other clubs may balk at this idea, the Crescent Sail Club, like its more prestigious and opulent peers, has an equally long waiting list. Its reputation for small boat racing is undoubtedly a compelling factor.

**Bayview Yacht Club**

Bayview Yacht Club could be considered the "grande dame" of sailboat racing in this area. It was formed in

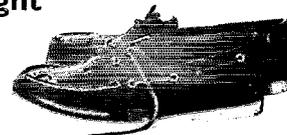
1915 at the old Waterworks Park and occupied a small space, along with a few other small clubs, in a row of buildings opposite the freight dock. The tenor of the club was similar to that of a fraternity. There were about thirty members who established Bayview's reputation as the home of the best sailors on the Detroit River through participation in long-distance

continued on page 98



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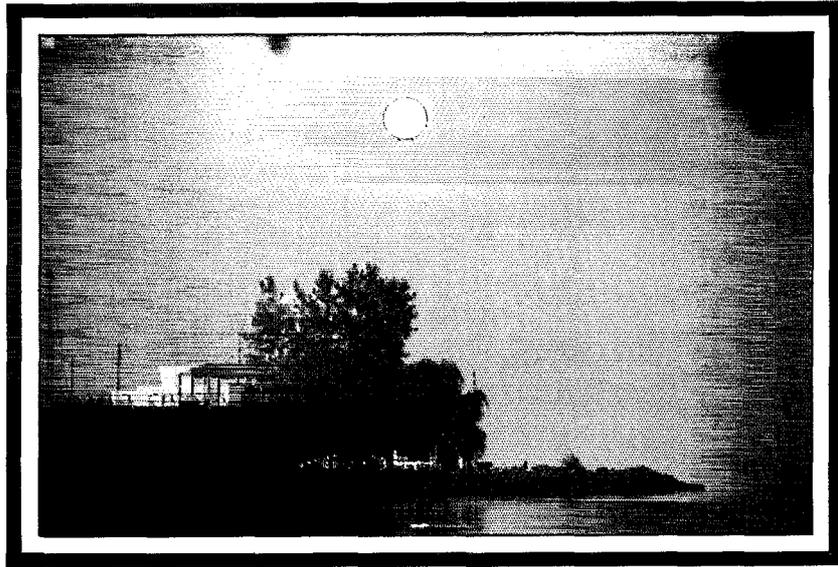
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# Bounty From the Lake

*After reeling in your catch from  
Lake St. Clair, take our tips for preparation.*

For me, the word "fisherman" has always conjured up a picture, perhaps out of *Moby Dick*, of a seaworthy old salt. He has weathered, leathery skin and his eyes have seen the ravages of many a storm-tossed trip. Day after day, whatever the conditions, out again he goes. More than just a living, his life on the sea is a matter of pride. And the fish he hauls in are his trophies.

Although Grosse Pointe fishermen share some of these hearty characteristics, their physical shape is much different. They range from a child, standing lonely on the city docks, decked out in Guess jeans and docksides, to a real sport fisherman cruising for fish on his seventy-foot yacht, outfitted with the very latest in gear.

Fishing off Grosse Pointe can be a rewarding avocation. Bob Haas, DNR biologist, estimates that sixty species of fish inhabit Lake St. Clair, four of which are favourites of local anglers.

**Yellow perch** are easy to catch. The yellow perch is a true perch — it prefers shallow water and is abundant in Lake St. Clair. It seldom exceeds twelve inches in length or one pound in weight. The yellow perch, named for its greenish-golden skin, is considered one of the best-flavoured of the freshwater fishes.

Although pan-fried perch may be the most popular method of preparation, perch can be used in nearly any recipe, certainly all of those which follow.

**Walleye**, named for its large, flat eyes, is called *pickereel* when commercially marketed. Walleye will average two to three pounds, but can grow to a weight of twelve pounds and length of twenty-five inches. (These are the smart old codgers, though, and their catching requires inordinate skill and cunning.) Their fillets are lean and can be used in any recipe calling for sole or flounder. Excellent when sautéed, deep-fried, poached, steamed, stuffed, planked, stir-fried, blackened, baked, stewed, marinated, even chargrilled or broiled if sufficiently basted, walleyes are the most prevalent edible fish off the shores of Grosse Pointe.

The **small-mouth bass** is more of a sport fish, not so easily caught. It's a lean, scrappy game fish, weighting between two and four pounds. Only two percent of the fish population in Lake St. Clair are small-mouth. The favourite fishing ground for small-mouth is off the War Memorial shores. A cool-water fish, the best season is mid-June through mid-July and again in the fall. When the water warms, these fish take cover in the weeds at the bottom of the lake.

A member of the sunfish family, small-mouth bass is best when filleted and skinned. It has an excellent, firm, white fillet, mild-flavoured, which adapts well to most methods of cooking.

**Muskellunge**, commonly called *muskie*, one of the largest of lake and river fish is known as the king of the seas. Lake St. Clair is reputed to be the best muskie fishing in the world. There are infrequently marketed, being game fish and extremely difficult to catch. Trolling for one hundred hours may or may not produce a muskie; the legal maximum catch is one muskie not less than thirty inches long per day. Nine to twelve muskies caught make a good record for an entire season. Muskies have a very delicate flavour, the texture of tender chicken, and are excellent smoked or sautéed. **Always** remove the skin.

Grosse Pointers cook their catch in style. Any of the following recipes may be used with any of the above varieties of fish. Some claim walleye are at their best breaded and deep-fried. My personal favourite is simply sautéed with lemon.

<b>Walleye Sauté Meunière</b>	<b>2 tablespoons butter</b>
<b>2 pounds walleye fillets</b>	<b>2 tablespoons olive oil</b>
<b>3 tablespoons milk</b>	<b>juice of 2 lemons</b>
<b>3 tablespoons flour, seasoned with a grinding of white or black pepper</b>	<b>3 tablespoons minced parsley</b>

Dip fillets in milk, the flour to lightly coat. Saute two minutes each side in mixture of butter and olive oil. Remove from pan. Squeeze lemon juice in pan. Stir in parsley. Sauté one minute and pour over fish. Serve with rice Florentine, Caesar salad, French bread, and a crisp young Chablis.

*Avoid overcooking fish. The Canadian Cooking Theory states that fish should cook ten minutes per inch. Measure the thickest part of the fillet - its height when resting on a work surface. This method applies to every cooking method except microwaving.*

*In microwaving, fish cooks at five minutes per pound for 650 to 700-watt ovens, slightly longer for ovens with less wattage. Overcooking causes fish to become dry and chewy, and can occur quickly in a microwave. Always use the minimum time suggested and test for doneness. The moment fish turns opaque, it is cooked.*

# FOOD

The French influence of the Pointes is recognized in *Bourride* (fish stew). The traditional recipes from Provence produce a fish fillet upon garlic toast, sauced with stock blended with *aioli* (garlic mayonnaise).

The following recipe combines vegetables with the fish for added flavour and color.

## Bourride

2 tablespoons olive oil	Freshly ground white pepper
1 carrot, thinly sliced	1/2 pound fresh green beans, cut
1 stalk celery, finely chopped	1 ripe tomato, peeled, seeded & chopped
1 large onion, thinly sliced	4 cups water
1 leek, sliced	1 cup dry white wine or sherry
2 cloves garlic, minced	3 egg yolks
4 sprigs parsley	
1 bay leaf	
Zest of 1 orange	

Heat oil in soup kettle. Add carrot, celery, onion, leek and garlic; sauté. Add remaining ingredients *except fish and yolks*, simmer about fifteen minutes. Add fish and cook three to four minutes. Remove fish and vegetables with a slotted spoon and transfer to serving dish. Keep warm. Remove bay leaf. Over high heat, reduce broth to 2½ cups and whisk it into beaten yolks over low heat or hot water. Stir until somewhat thickened. Whisk in one cup *aioli*. Pour over fish and vegetables in serving dishes. Serve with toasted French bread or garlic bread and chilled Amontillado sherry.

## Aioli

1 egg, room temperature	3/4 teaspoon Dijon mustard
3 tablespoons strained lemon juice	3 cloves garlic
	1 cup olive oil



Combine first four ingredients with one-quarter cup of oil in blender or food processor. Blend for five seconds. With motor running, add the remaining oil, in a thin, steady stream. When all oil is added, turn off motor.

The Cajun rage has caught hold. Paul Prudhomme's Blackened Redfish has been adapted for Lake St. Clair fish fillets. The fillets should not be more than three-quarters of an inch thick with a weight of eight to ten ounces each. Both the seasoning - a colourful combination - and the method of cooking contribute to the "blackened" effect. A cast iron skillet is essential.

## Cajun Blackened Bass

### Seasoning mixture:

1 tablespoon paprika	3/4 teaspoon white pepper
2 teaspoons salt	3/4 teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon onion powder	1/2 teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon garlic powder	1/2 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper	3/4 pound unsalted butter
	6 (8 to 10 ounce) fish fillets

Heat a large cast iron skillet over very high heat until it is beyond the smoking stage and you see white ash in the skillet bottom (the skillet must be exceptionally hot for this dish), at least ten minutes. This may be cooked on a gas grill (charcoal doesn't get hot enough).

Pour two tablespoons melted butter in each of six small ramequins (individual baking dishes), and keep warm. Heat serving plates in oven at 250 degrees.

Thoroughly combine seasoning mixture. Dip each fillet in melted butter to coat each side; sprinkle seasoning generously and evenly on both sides, patting it in by hand. Place in hot skillet, pour one teaspoon melted butter on top of each fillet (it may flame). Cook, over high heat, about two minutes, until the underside is charred. Turn fish over and pour one teaspoon melted butter over each fillet. Cook two minutes. Serve piping hot on heated plate with ramequin of butter.

*For the weight watchers among us, be advised that freshwater fish is not only low in calories, fat and sodium, but rich in protein vitamins and minerals. White fish contain very little fat and are easily digested. Their fat is soft and polyunsaturated, which contributes to the reduction of blood cholesterol.*

*Fish is an excellent source of high-quality protein, containing generous amounts of amino acids. Vitamins A, D, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin are abundant, as are many minerals. Fish has long been considered a "brain food".*

This stir-fry recipe combines fish with a variety of vegetables for a beautiful presentation. Serve it on red enamel or black porcelain plates.

## Fish au Wok

3 tablespoons lemon juice	1 zucchini, sliced diagonally
2 tablespoons dry sherry	2 stalks bok choy, thinly sliced diagonally
2 tablespoons soy sauce	1 cup fresh snow peas
1/4 teaspoon sugar	1 pint fresh mushrooms, sliced
1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper	1 bunch scallions, diagonally sliced
1/8 teaspoon ground ginger	1 teaspoon cornstarch
2 pounds fish fillets, cut in bite-size pieces	1 cup cashews
1/4 cup peanut oil	

Combine lemon juice, sherry, soy, sugar, cayenne and ginger. Pour over fish, marinate at least one hour.

Heat oil in wok or twelve-inch skillet. Add zucchini and stir-fry one to two minutes. Push to sides, add bok choy, stir-fry, push to sides and continue till all vegetables are quickly cooked to crisp tenderness. Push to sides.

Drain fish, reserving marinade, and stir-fry until just cooked. Stir cornstarch into marinade and stir into wok. Sprinkle cashews over top. Stir and serve.

If raw fish is your passion, try it Japanese-style (*sushi*) or Polynesian (*seviche*)

## Sushi

Very fresh raw fish fillets, boned, sliced 1/4" thin and cut in pieces 1" x 2".	2 cups cooked rice
	1/3 cup white vinegar
	Shoyu (Japanese soy sauce)

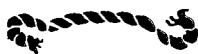
Freshly grated horseradish or ginger root

Sprinkle a little horseradish or ginger root on fish. Form two tablespoons sticky rice into oval and wrap slice of fish around it. Serve with *shoyu*.

### Seviche

2 medium red onions, peeled, thinly sliced and separated into rings	1 pimiento, finely chopped
1 1/2 pounds raw fish fillets, cut into finger-length pieces	1 1/2-2 cups fresh lime juice (or 1/2 lemon and 1/2 lime)
2/3 cup chopped, peeled tomato	1 clove garlic, minced
1/2 cup minced green pepper	1 teaspoon chili powder
	Few sprigs parsley, minced
	1 teaspoon sugar
	Grinding of white pepper

Arrange a layer of onion, layer of fish and layer of onion on ceramic or glass platter. Sprinkle tomato, green pepper and pimiento over top. Combine remaining ingredients and pour to cover. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate at least six hours. It is "cooked" when it becomes opaque. Serve on a bed of salad greens. Garnish with julienned green and red peppers, tomato and hard-cooked egg wedges. Traditional Mexican accompaniment is boiled yams.



If your catch has been so great that you have more fish than you require for dinner, sauté and marinate for tomorrow. *Escabeche* requires twenty-four hours to allow flavours to mingle and reach their full potential. It's a great recipe to use when entertaining, as all is prepared well in advance. It can be an hors d'oeuvre, first course, salad or main dish.

### Escabeche

2 pounds fish fillets, cut into serving pieces	1 carrot, thinly sliced
Juice of two limes and one lemon	3 scallions, thinly sliced
1/2 cup flour	3 cloves garlic, minced
Freshly ground white pepper to taste	1 pimiento, sliced
3 tablespoons butter	1/4 cup chopped parsley
3 tablespoons olive oil	1/3 cup fresh orange juice
	Few drops Tabasco
	1/2 teaspoon oregano
	1/2 teaspoon marjoram

Dip fish in lime juice, turning to coat on all sides. Reserve juice. Season flour with pepper. Dust fish lightly with flour. Sauté fish in butter and oil one-two minutes on each side, until golden. Transfer fillets to platter.

Add carrot, scallions, and garlic to skillet. Sauté to wilt. Combine with remaining ingredients and reserved lime juice. Season to taste. Pour marinade over fish. Refrigerate *escabeche*, covered, overnight. Garnish with fresh coriander (Chinese parsley) and serve with cucumber salad.

Smoking is the ideal way to preserve fish. This is a favourite recipe of the Michigan-Ontario Muskie Club.

### Smoked Muskie

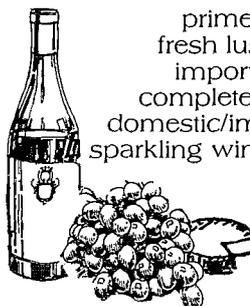
1 muskie, skinned, boned, and cut into 1" steaks	1 teaspoon onion salt
1 quart water	1 teaspoon hickory smoked salt
1/2 cup canning salt (no iodine)	1/4 teaspoon garlic salt
1/2 cup brown sugar	1/4 teaspoon thyme
1/2 teaspoon liquid garlic or liquid onion	1/4 teaspoon black pepper
1 tablespoon butter-	1/8 teaspoon white pepper
flavoured popcorn salt	1/8 teaspoon ground mustard
1 teaspoon paprika	1/8 teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 teaspoons lemon pepper	

Soak muskie steaks in brine consisting of water, salt, brown sugar and liquid seasoning for twelve hours. Drain and pat dry. Prepare smoker using hickory or apple chips. Sprinkle water over chips for a moister fish. Combine seasonings and sprinkle all cut sides of fish. Place fish on rack in smoker. Allow smaller fish to smoke six-eight hours; eight-ten hours for larger fish. The longer the fish smokes, the more the flavour develops and the drier the fish becomes.



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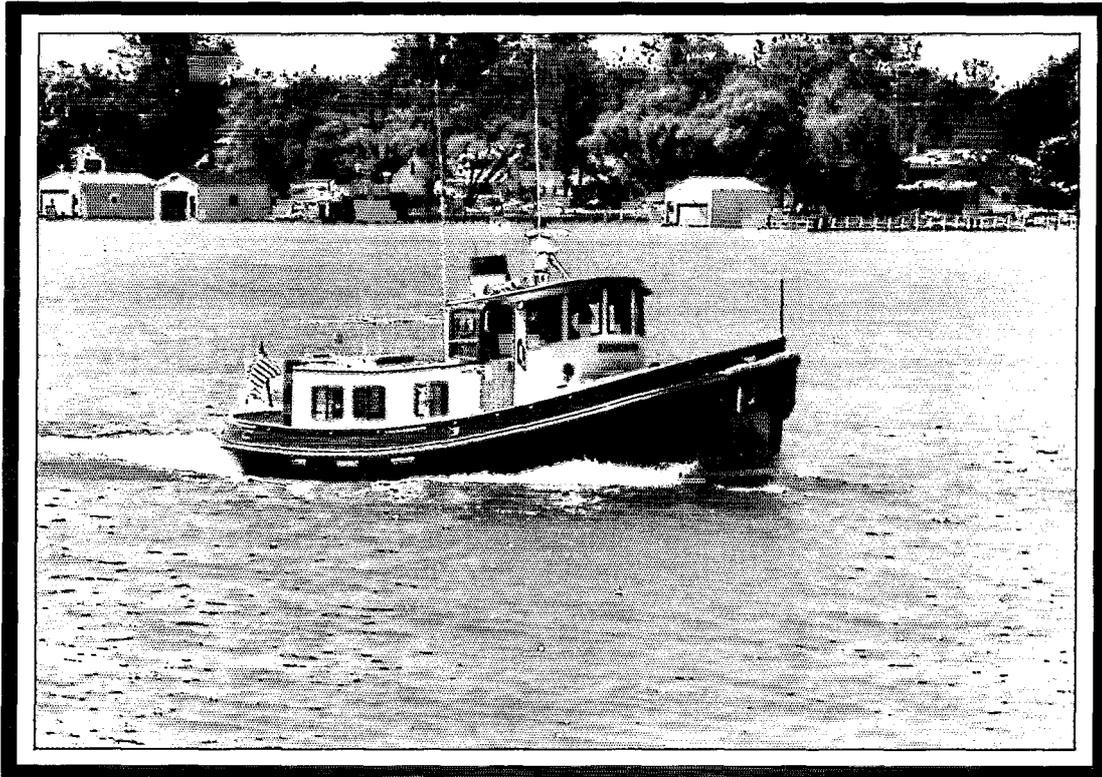
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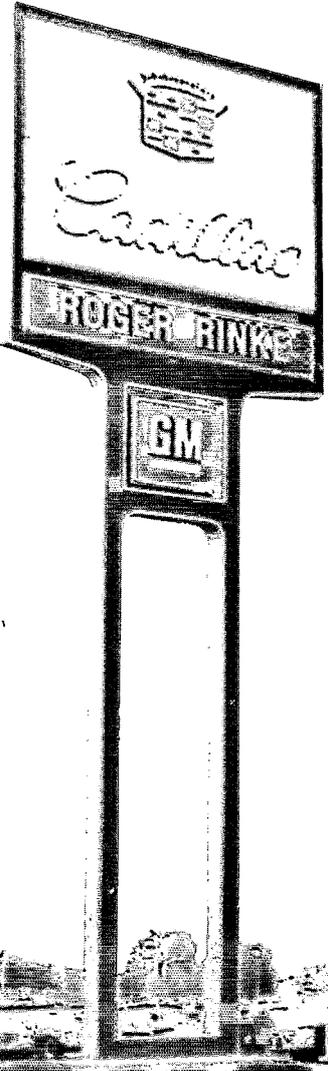
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**882-5100**

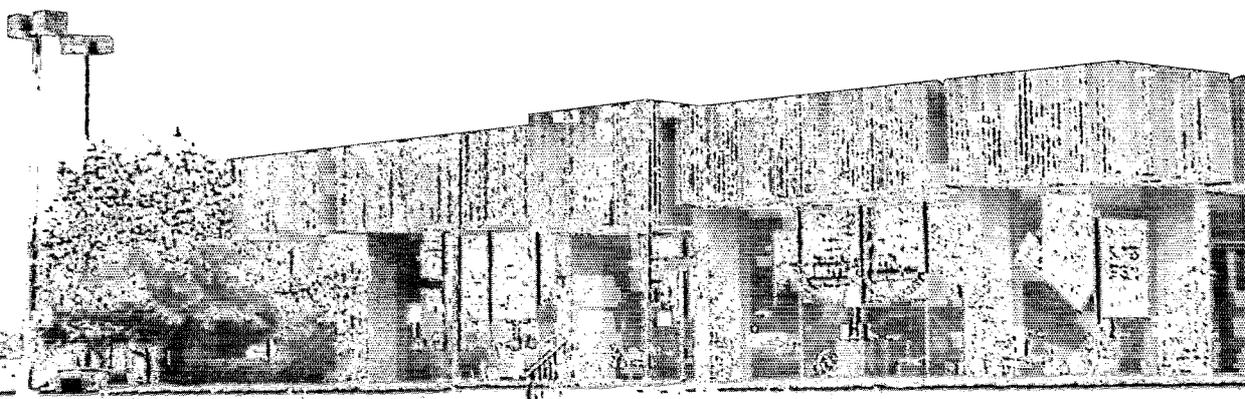
8-5:30 Mon.-Sat., Wed. 'til Noon



Now that you've traversed the waterways with us, seen every kind of fun and frolic available, from the rousing Mackinac Race to the tranquility of a sunset, we're sure it's going to be hard to tear you away from Lake St. Clair. So we brought out Bill Beardslee's trusty tugboat to do the job...



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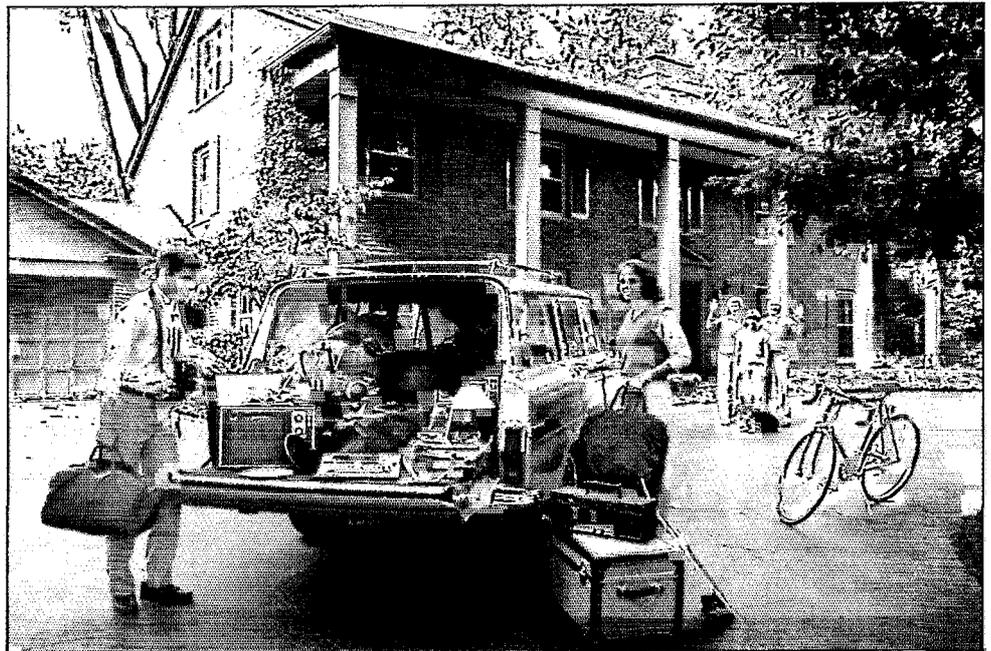
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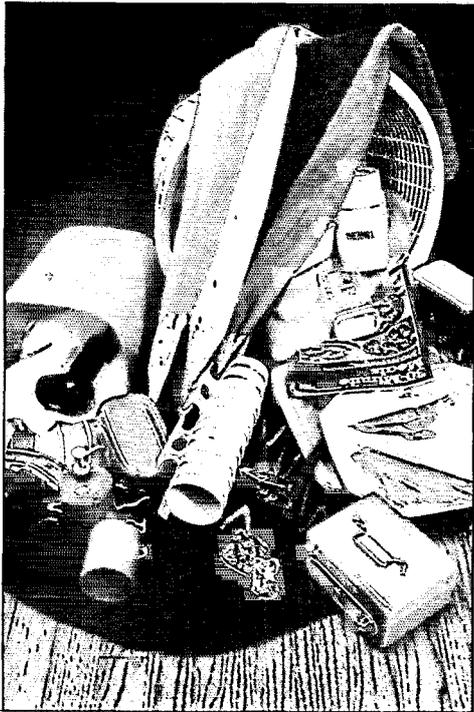
## *The College Care Package*

### ALL PACKED UP AND READY TO GO

Kurt is on his way to Annapolis Naval Academy in the fall. Gillian is enroute to Harvard, as Mom, Dad, Sis and Scarfy wave a final goodbye. Soft luggage from Jacobson's. Ten-speed bike from Pointe Cyclery. Car, house and other knick-knacks compliments of the Horace Carpenter family.



**W**hether you're off to U of M, MSU or somewhere out of state, first sight of that empty dorm room can look pretty discouraging. It's also invariably too small for the things you've brought. Allow the college pros to advise you about what's truly essential. If there are some things you don't already have, you might want to suggest a few "going-away" presents to your parents.



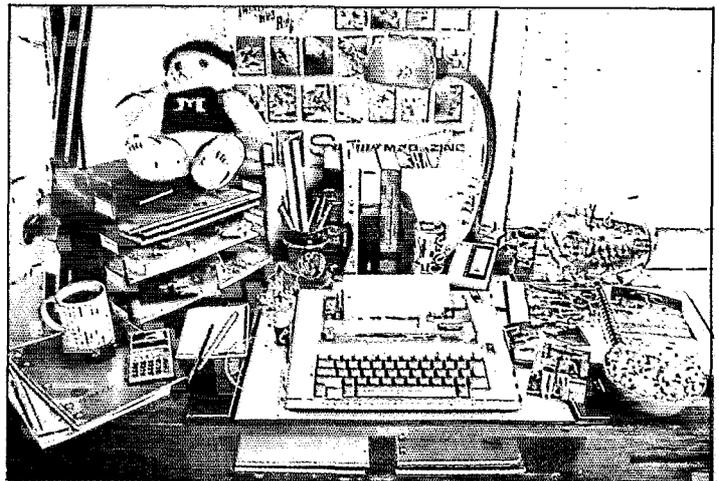
◆PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

#### FOR BATH AND BREAKFAST

Laundry basket, plastic dishes and portable sewing kit from Damman's. Towels and various bathroom accessories from the Bed, Bath and Linens Store. Cash box and portable hair dryer available at Jacobson's.

#### DESK SET-UP

Desk lamp courtesy of the Rainy Day Company. Typewriter, calculator and miniature cassette recorder from Jacobson's. Notebooks, pens and assorted desk stuff from Jacobson's and Damman's. Coffee mug and portable burner available at Jacobson's. Photo album from Damman's.

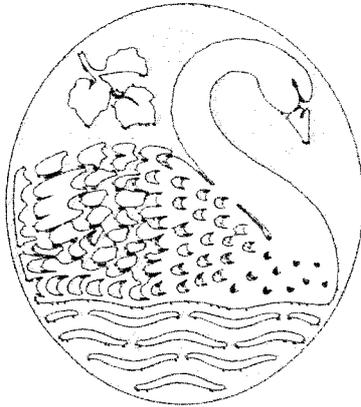


Typewriter, preferably electric  
 Laundry basket and detergent (lots of it)  
 Subscriptions to Tower, North Pointe or the Knightly News  
 Lightweight luggage that is easily packed away.  
 Toiletries (soap, deodorant, shampoo) in easy-to-store containers  
 Sewing kit  
 Hot pot  
 Popcorn popper  
 Plastic milk crates for storage and makeshift shelves  
 Robe and pajamas  
 Desk stuff — notebooks, pens, pencil-sharpener, paper  
 Stationery and envelopes  
 Plenty of stamps  
 Small waste can  
 Desk lamp  
 Photo collage frame with pictures of the family  
 Ten-speed bike (especially for MSU) with a good lock  
 Watch

Long-distance phone certificates  
 Coffee pot (Note to parents: packing a good supply of coffee, creamer and sugar will leave your kids forever indebted — though they probably won't notice until finals week.)  
 Set of dishes, glasses, forks, knives (plastic dishes and glasses to avoid overzealous roommates)  
 Cotton and wool socks  
 Alarm clock  
 Miniature cassette recorder — for the professor's lectures, of course  
 New pair of tennis shoes  
 Backpack  
 Calculator  
 Plants  
 Money  
 Lots of support

**Good Luck, class of '85!**

## The Bard's New Clothes



What a pleasure it is to escape the ringing telephones and the headaches of a daily schedule — especially when the alternative is a weekend sitting by the river watching the swans go by. Of course, one doesn't head to Stratford, Ontario solely for peace and quiet or for the contemplation of swans, though these are welcome perks.

Stratford is a theatre-lover's dream—especially in midsummer. And though the Detroit area is blessed with many excellent theatre companies, Stratford conjures up magical performances. Certainly, this is a secret to which Pointers have long been privy. Rest assured, if you make the trek this season, the three-hour drive will be well worth your effort.

Of the three plays reviewed, not one failed to amuse, entertain, enchant, and most important—stimulate the brain. *Twelfth Night*, a perennial favorite, is a sure bet for anyone who is even the slightest bit hesitant about viewing Shakespeare. The story is easy to follow, and well-staged. *The Pirates of Penzance*, one of the better Gilbert and Sullivan plays, is performed—correctly—with tongue planted firmly in cheek. And the most-talked-about gem of the season thus far—*Measure for Measure*. Do not miss it!

### TWELFTH NIGHT



Festival Stage—Through October 12

Perhaps because it is so easy to understand, and so well-liked by most audience members, it is one of the most performed of the Shakespeare plays at Stratford. Unfortunately (having seen three of the productions myself) this is not one of their better productions. The story, for those unfamiliar with it, revolves around identical twins (a girl and a boy) who were separated through a shipwreck, with each believing the

other dead. Perhaps the best of the Stratford productions was the 1975 show where the twins actually looked alike—the same in height and manner.

It is small surprise, then, when these two dissimilar people face each other at the climax. No mirror image, as intended, merely a contrived image because you know that's how it's supposed to go. Nonetheless, Viola/Caesar (played by Seana McKenna) is one of the highlights of the show. Try as she will to saunter in as one of the boys, her fair beauty is hard to explain away as being "a eunuch." As well, her brother (played by Ernest Harrop) is much too manly to ever be compared to the petite McKenna.

Another change in this production is the harsh way that Malvolio is played. One of Stratford's premier actors, Nicholas Pennell, brings a vile touch to the servant in love with his lady. His attitude is more that of a despicable person who lapses for a moment than of a hardened soul who can be softened—perhaps too much—by love. This role was played to better effect, again in the 1975 production, when comedy was the cure. When Malvolio strutted out in his yellow stockings, "cross-gartered," not a person in the audience was left without a smile.

Those yellow stockings were neon yellow — you couldn't miss them. These are rather boring, with the comic effect created instead through the cross-gartering which trails across half the stage.

But this is nit-picking. We do have in this production a wondrous Feste in Edward Atienza. He rolls, and squats, and bounds all around the stage. His ending song is truly a bit of magic.

Then, there is Sir Toby Belch, an always-funny role, this time enlivened by James Blendick's drunken charm. His stage presence is always enjoyable. His foil, the fop Sir Andrew (played by Joseph Ziegler), lacks the truly effeminate touch. This is another potentially hilarious role which director David Giles fails to adequately develop.

Whatever its minor problems, *Twelfth Night* represents everything for which one comes to Stratford—the set easily changes into five or six different places, the lighting is incredible (if you get stuck with balcony seats, check out the sunlight on the mansion floor, or the verdant glory of the garden in green bunches of light on the floor—simply amazing). *Twelfth Night*, regardless of its former glories, remains a play for everyone.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE



Avon Stage—Through August 25

Anyone's first encounter with this much-hyped Gilbert and Sullivan musical is surely met with at least a little trepidation. Sure, most of us could name one or two G & S productions off the top of our heads, and all of us have heard the debates about whether or not Linda Rondstadt was the correct choice for Mabel in the movie version, but none of the pre-first-encounter overexposure can quite match actually being there. All I can say is, if all *Pirates* are like Stratford's *Pirates*, I'm a G&S girl for life.

It's easy to see, though, how this show could be done poorly. If the broad slapstick were choreographed less well, if the operatic singing were instead tackled by some community theatre...one shudders to think about it. Happily, this *Pirates* is a sardonic burst of pleasure from beginning to end. Warning, though: you must like the idea of the good guy winning in the end. If you do, and if you can put in your mind that this is about as real as Grimm's Fairy Tales, you will be quite pleased.

First, to the good things. Douglas Chamberlain, as the Major-General, is hilarious from the moment he slides down onto the stage. Karen Wood, as Edith, is pretty and perky as every Gilbert and Sullivan heroine should be. Karen Skidmore, as Kate, the prudish

daughter, is simply wonderful when she is swayed in her ways through the influence of the dashing pirate king. And Stephen Beamish as the courageous sergeant of police, who suddenly begins to quiver when asked by a girl to risk his life, is extremely funny.

But these are all the smaller parts. Standing out above anything in this production is the superb singing, and even more superb dancing. You can

forgive the almost sickly sweetness of Frederic, when he is as incredible at dancing as is Jeff Hyslop. That is not to say that he isn't good in his role. If anyone can succeed at carrying off the starry-eyed earnestness which the role demands, this man can. Whether he's proclaiming his love for Mabel, or explaining why he must go back to a pirate's life (an implausible excuse at

*continued on page 106*



*Pearls = Elegance*

**Valente JEWELERS**

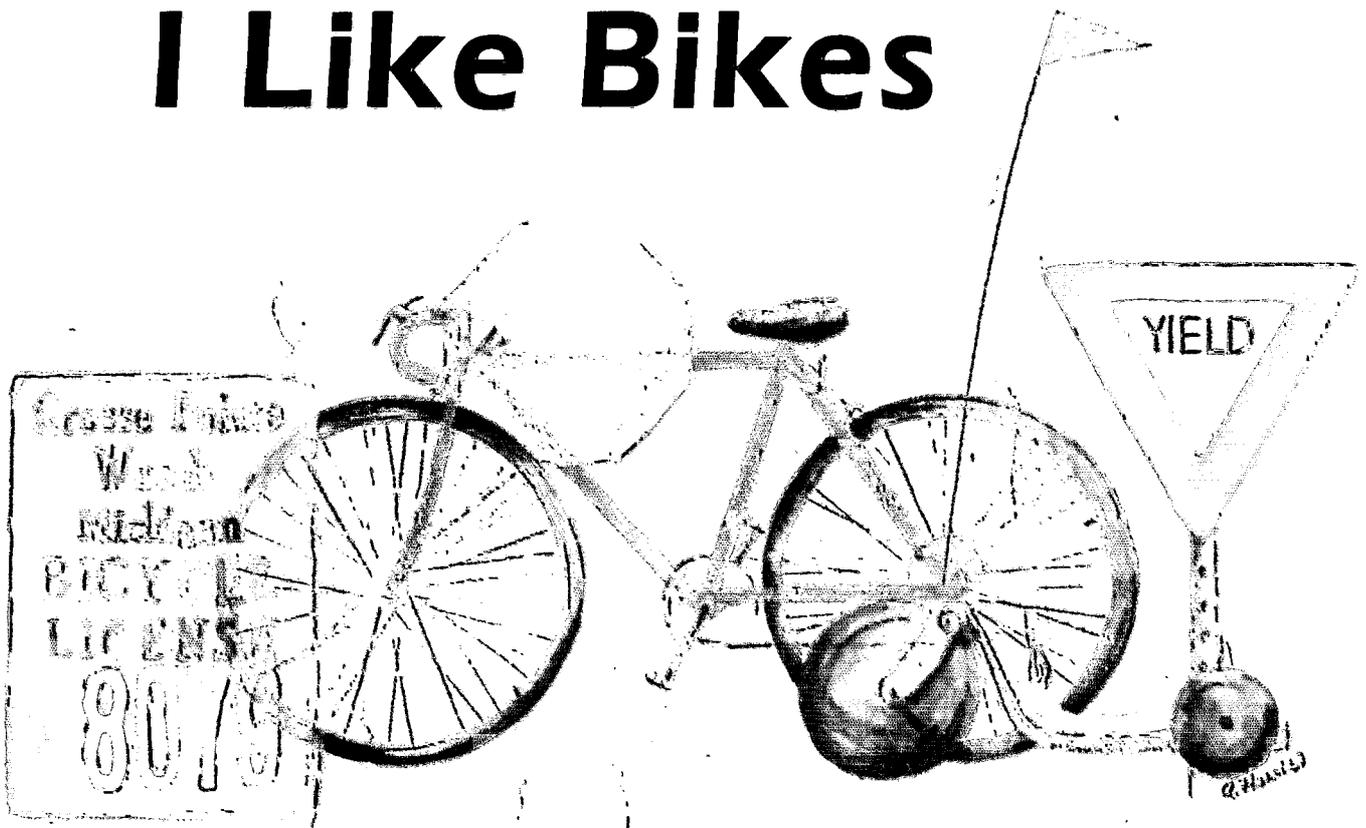
16849 Kercheval

Grosse Pointe, Michigan

881-4800

Hours: Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5:30 Thurs. 9:30-9:00

## I Like Bikes



They say you never forget how to ride a bike, but it sure was hard learning, wasn't it? Remember dad giving you that first wobbly push down the street? Remember falling and scraping the dickens out of your knee, getting up and trying again? It was worth it. That bike opened up a whole new world you couldn't get to simply by walking. Summer is the time for bike riding in the Pointes, and posted bike routes show the safest, most accessible and beautiful spots for riding. Check them out. Something else you might want to try is organizing a bike club with other kids on the block. Some special events could include afternoon rides to favorite spots. How about a bike parade? Decorate your bicycles with streamers, paper and cardboard, even flowers, then drive them down the street with a local adult acting as judge. See if you can think of some special prize for the winner — a bike light or horn, maybe. Then, get on that bike and ride!!!

### BIKE HISTORY

The first modern bicycle was invented in 1816 by a guy named Baron Karl Von Drais from Karlsruhe, Germany...The first bike made in America was manufactured for a Boston colonel and sold for \$313. It weighed seventy pounds...The current speed record for bike racing is held by José Meffret of France. In 1962, pedalling behind a speeding race car, he was clocked at 128 miles per hour, the fastest a man has gone under his own power...There are currently thirty million bikes in the United States alone and the number is growing as people of all ages become more interested in their health...

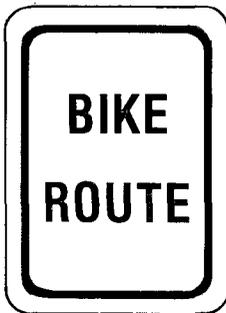
## PARENT'S PLACE

### Buying a Bike

When purchasing the first bicycle for your child, there are many things to consider. The bike has to be sturdy, well-made, safe — basically something that you can rely on. The most reliable name for the money is still Schwinn. They are basically built the same way as when you were a kid, with the special lifetime guarantee on the frame. As instructed by Schwinn, each dealer must assemble the bike themselves, and stand by it with a thirty-day free check-up.

For the three- or four-year-old just learning to ride a bike, the standard starter is the Pixie, which comes in twelve- or sixteen-inch wheel frames, has an interchangeable bar and sells for \$109. The Pixie isn't a very cool name for a bike, however, so most boys go for the BMX Gremlin Predator, a sporty dirt bike design. It is distinguished by heavy-tread tires, lack of fenders and T-style handlebars. You'll probably want the more conservative Pixie, but kids really eat these dirt bikes up. They list for around \$120. Accessories are also available for the Predator, such as blue-colored wheels, seat covers, bar pads for safe, rugged riding and a number plate for the front, just like in real racing.

For older kids, the sixteen- and twenty-inch bike comes in the Predator Bantam and popular pink Fair Lady models for the girls. All cost in the area of \$120-\$130. Try to avoid getting a bike with the hopes your child will grow into it. Mark Eickmann of Pointe Cyclery warns, "It's like trying to buy shoes that you can grow into. You can do it, but what are you going to do when you need something now?"



You should cap your bike purchase with a sturdy chain and lock. Even small kids' bikes have a market for thieves. Extra protection can be assured through a license sticker. As mentioned before, you can get one for a quarter at the local police station and the number stays in the files forever. Too bad automotive licenses don't work that way, too.

### ACCESSORIES (Extras)

You can jazz up your bike with these nifty accessories, available at most bike shops:

**Streamers** in a variety of colors (\$1 or \$2).

**Horn** in standard or bugle horn styles (\$4-\$5).

**Basket** for the front in woven reed or plastic (\$4-\$6).

Orange plastic **Safety Flag** (\$3).

**Bell** with everything from the American flag to Mickey Mouse on it (\$3-\$4).

**Mirrors** for handlebars (\$3-5).

There are also other specialty items — the Varroom plastic siren (around \$10) and electronic siren horns with "piercing beep" (between \$6-\$10). Or maybe you'll opt to avoid these items. The neighbors will probably be thankful.

### Bike dealers around Grosse Pointe:

**Pointe Cyclery**, 20373 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 886-1968.

**Three D's Bike and Hobby Shop**, 20784 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 881-0154.

**Village Cyclery**, 22316 Harper, St. Clair Shores, 777-0357.

**Big Ralph's Schwinn Cyclery**, 23521 Mack, St. Clair Shores, 772-2358.

### Bicycle Safety

Accidents can happen easily on a bike. These tips should help you steer clear of some of them.

1. Observe all traffic regulations. Even though you're on a bike, you should stop and yield when the sign says so.

2. As stated in a Grosse Pointe city ordinance: "No person under the age of twelve may operate a bike on the street, highway or alley. They must stay on the sidewalk."

3. Whether on the street or sidewalk, always keep to the right.

4. Never carry other riders (unless it's a bicycle-built-for-two.) Carry no parcels or bags that can obstruct your view.

5. Use proper hand signals when turning.

6. Slow down at all street intersections, and look both ways before crossing. It's especially important to be careful around some of the busier avenues — Mack, Jefferson, Vernier and Moross have always been dangerous crossings for bikers. Be careful — and have a safe, fun summer.

A local police officer comes to area schools in the spring and conducts a special bike check-up. You can do this yourself before he gets there.

**I**  
**N**  **Handle Grips** — Should be firm and cemented on tightly, not worn.

**P**  **Reflectors** — Should be bright and visible from 300 feet.

**E**  **Wheels** — Should be bolted on tightly to prevent wobbling. Bearings should be kept oiled.

**C**  **Chain** — Check for damaged links. Secure a snug fit. Clean and lubricate regularly.

**T**  
**I**  
**O**  **Handle Bars** — Are they the right height for your size? Make sure they are tight. Likewise, check the seat.

**N**  **Light** — Try to get one, especially if you are driving after dark. Make sure it is visible from 500 feet.

**C**  **Spokes** — Check each spoke to see if there are any loose or broken. Replace promptly.

**K**  **Tires** — Inflate to correct pressure. Remove all embedded material such as glass, tacks, etc. Also, check tire valves for slow leaks.

**L**  
**S**  **Pedals** — Replace all worn pedals, and keep bearings lubricated.

**T**  **Brakes** — Does your bike stop properly? Make sure brakes don't squeal. These should be fixed by a mechanic (of course, it helps if your father is a mechanic...)

## Rue de Kercheval

*Early Village shoppers recall  
soda fountains, phosphates and floating sidewalks.*

It's a place where kids walk barefoot eating ice cream cones, ladies shop in tennis togs and one venerable store owner rides an old bike to work. People on both sides of the counter know your name; and unless you're new in town, it's hard to walk down the street or into a store without seeing a familiar face.

Small-town atmosphere makes the Village special. In this age of mammoth tri-level retail developments, computer shopping and mail-order offers, this comparatively tiny strip (which runs along Kercheval from Cadieux to Neff) has been providing customers with that personal touch for more than fifty years.

The present atmosphere of the Village stems from its rural roots. It is built on the "back forty" of farm land granted to Robert and James Abbott in 1811 (which eventually became part of the Cadieux property). Field Avenue, which became Kercheval Avenue in 1887, did not stretch into Grosse Pointe Village until 1903. Back then, it was a rugged road paved with creosote-treated wooden blocks through Grosse Pointe Park to Cadieux, with a very narrow dirt road extending beyond. It remained this way until repaved in 1930, although it became treacherous after rainstorms swept away the blocks.

The first Village stores in the early Twenties were located in clapboard homes scattered along old Kercheval behind fields and woods which eventually made way for residential streets. There was Katey Culver's Restaurant on the site of E.J. Hickey's, the Village Bicycle and Shoe Repair where Jacobson's central store now stands, and the Grosse Pointe Mortuary, situated in a big house near Neff.

"I remember having picnics in the field where the

Vintage Pointe (formerly Cunningham's Drugs) is now," recalled Stella DeRonghe. "We also used to go to the library, which was located in two connected clapboard bungalows on Van Avenue, where Kroger's parking lot is now."

DeRonghe well remembers the growth of the Village. Her parents, John and Augusta Verfaillie, erected one of the first commercial buildings there, a dry goods store called The Grosse Pointe Shop. It originally included three apartments, one of which the Verfaillies called home until the late Sixties, and which today houses the Merry Mouse and Café Le Chat. The family's influence eventually expanded up the block, when Mrs. DeRonghe's grandfather, Henry Huvaere, added two adjoining buildings to the original store.

The first addition, now occupied by Crabtree & Evelyn, was the original site of Kroger's grocery store. In 1927, Russell Piché relocated his barber shop there from its first home on Mack Avenue at Rivard. For the next fifty years, he entertained a booming four-chair business behind the plate-glass window flanked with old-fashioned red, white and blue barber poles. Here the eras of the buzz cut, greasers, ponytails and the dry look passed blissfully unnoticed. This was a place where a guy could come to get a decent haircut, a warm lather shave, a self-indulgent shoe shine and an update on the latest goings-on-about-town. The shop, which is still in the Piché family, thrives today, perched above the Second Serve on the other side of Kercheval. The second building, now Danielle's, was Harlow Lingenman's floral shop, where visitors were serenaded by an industrious tenant giving piano lessons in the apartment above.

Most of the commercial buildings which sprang up in

## ◆ madeleine mc laughlin

the Twenties and Thirties were small by today's standards—only twenty feet wide by forty feet deep—but they did big business behind their brick façades and colorful awnings. After all, Grosse Pointe was becoming a bona fide suburb with a bustling middle class after decades as a sleepy farm town and summer resort.

In the old days, store patrons arrived via several modes of transportation. Ladies could be seen in their driving clothes, perilously piloting their electric automobiles down the rough dirt road. In colder months, gentlemen sent their chauffeurs into the store to place orders and pick up packages while they stayed warm, wrapped up in a driving blanket in the back seat of their Packard sedans. Those from the outer regions of town could hop on the Interurban for a dime and take it all the way from downtown Detroit, through the Village and out to the end of the line in Mount

Clemens. The most popular methods employed by the locals are still those most common today—riding bikes or walking.

In the Village, the entrepreneur had to employ the latest methods of marketing just to keep up with the crowd. For instance, in 1928, Clarence Saunders, a grocer from Memphis, Tennessee, opened his sixth store in the Saunders chain, introducing a revolutionary concept in grocerying—the self-service store. He was smart to have a “gimmick,” because the neighborhood gave him plenty of competition. There were no less than four other grocers and butchers, including Ray Boos, who lured customers to his meat market with the advertising slogan — “Meet Ray for meat that you can eat!” Whatever the gimmick, slogan or convenience employed — then, as now—good personal service was the real drawing card.



Above: Augusta Verfaillie in her dry goods store with daughter Stella, circa 1924.

At right: John and Augusta Verfaillie, owners of The Grosse Pointe Shop, in the Twenties.



## LEGACY

"Almost everyone delivered in those days," remembers Fred Knuff, the pharmacist who built the original Notre Dame Pharmacy on the corner of Notre Dame and Kercheval, "and some of us went to great lengths to keep people happy. Like the time a woman called to ask if we cashed checks. I told her 'Yes', and she said, 'Well, then, I have a twenty dollar check to be cashed. Please send the money over right away, and I'll drop off the check tomorrow.' Twenty dollars was a lot of money in those days—but we did it."

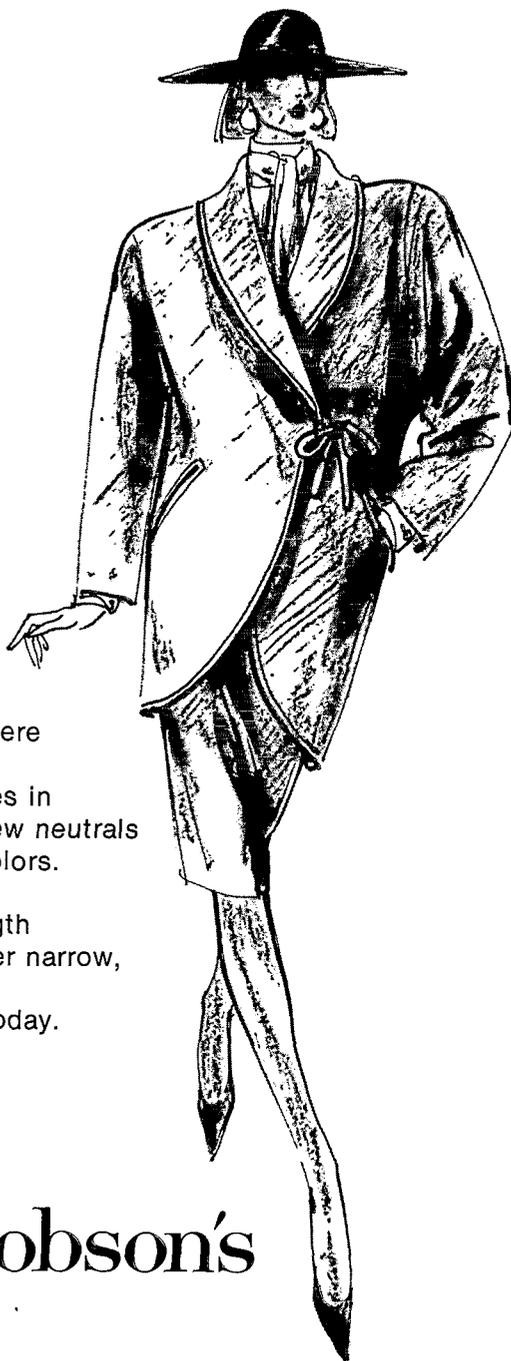
Another time a lady called in an order and said that she had lost her dog. She asked if our delivery man would mind calling for the pet on his walk over to make the delivery. It seemed like a reasonable request except for one small

thing — the dog's name was Goofy. So, for the five blocks it took our man to reach his destination he had to call out... 'Hey, Goofy... Here Goofy.' "

The extension of credit, especially during the Depression, was another perk offered by the majority of Village merchants, though it often placed them in a financial bind of their own. Jeweler Ed Pongracz examined this frustrating predicament when he opened his first watch and jewelry repair bench at the front of his father's interior decorator studio near Notre Dame. "Everybody charged, but store owners had to be very careful. Frankly, the fact that people are wealthy does not mean that they pay their bills every month. We had customers who were extremely wealthy. But the rumor was, they threw their bills in a basket and then, about mid-year, they turned it over to their secretaries for payment. You were lucky if you got paid twice a year!"

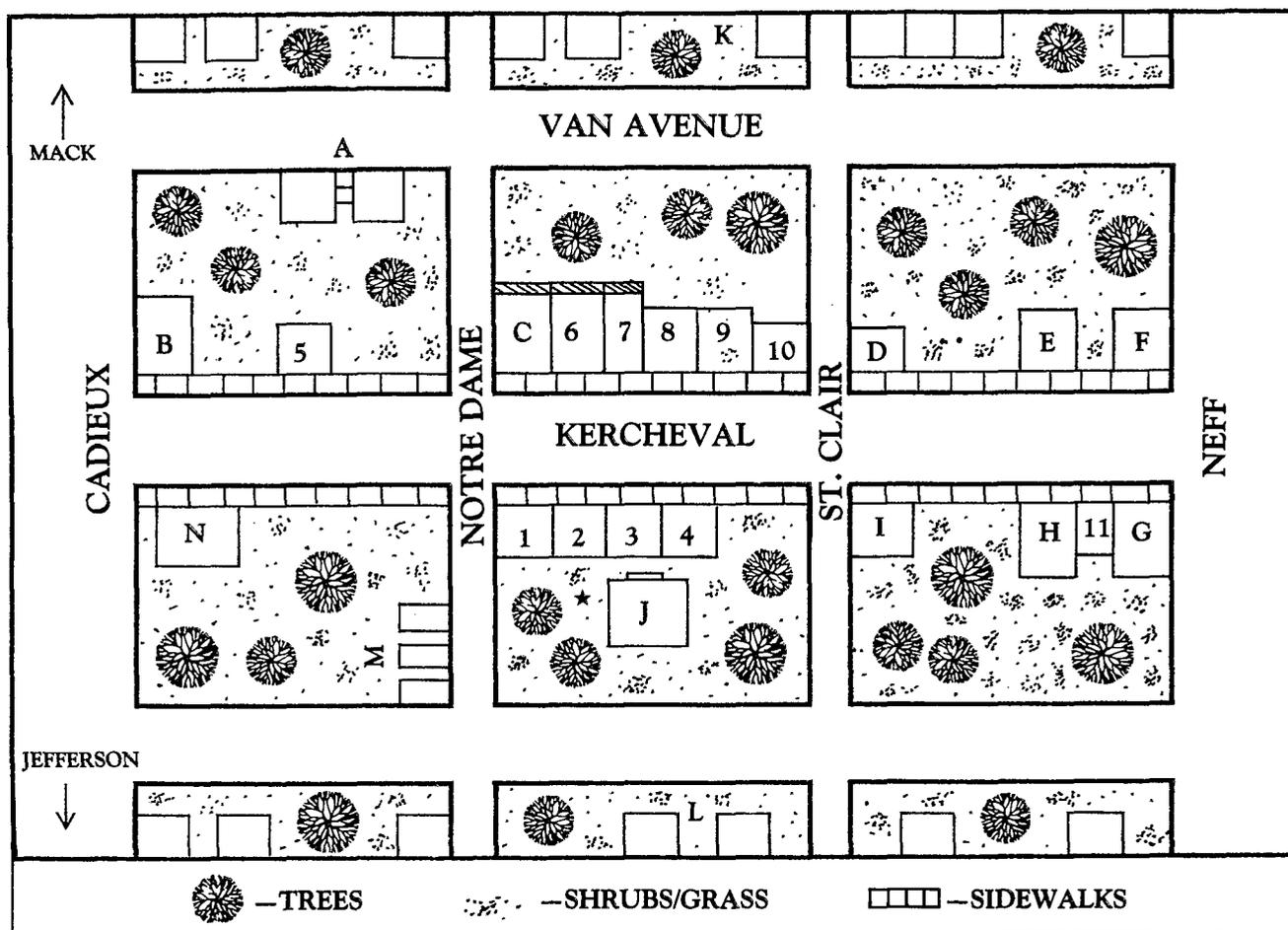
Not every proprietor was left hanging, though, and there were a few who bent over backwards in the other direction. "Ed Jaynes of Jaynes Hardware, one of the first stores in the Village, was a very individual little man," recalled Pongracz. "He really knew hardware and he ran his establishment as a real Vermont-type of business. He had all these little items that you could search all over the city to find. But if you found a screw that was a little unusual and probably worth about three cents, he would charge you at least a dime for it. When you objected to the inflation, he would snap back, 'You know I had to keep that screw around here for ten years 'till you came around for it, so consider that!'"

One of the more exotic enterprises in the area was Joe Vansinamee's blind pig. It was one of three operations Vansinamee ran in the Pointes, in an area that was officially "dry" until just last year. Everyone knew it was there, but since he ran a clean operation, those who wanted to indulge a little were basically left to themselves. The bootlegging enterprise extended to



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# Jacobson's



1920-24

- |   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| A. G.P. Public Library                                      | G. House                              |
| B. Cadieux House  | H. House/Katey Culver's<br>Restaurant |
| C. Grosse Pointe Shop<br>/Danielle's<br>Crabtree & Evelyn's | I. Ham Casgrain's<br>Gas Station      |
| D. Miller's Gas Station                                     | J. General Store & Repair Shop        |
| E. Funeral Home   | K., L., M., Houses                    |
| F. Doctor's Office  | N. McMillians Seed & Grain            |

1925-35

- |                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Notre Dame Pharmacy      | 6. Krogers                  |
| 2. Jayne's Hardware         | 7. Piché's Barbershop       |
| 3. Pongracz Jewelers        | 8. Lingeman's Florist       |
| 4. Proper's Mensware        | 9. Sander's Ice Cream Store |
| 5. C.F. Smith Grocers       | 10. Kopps Drugs             |
| 11. Saunders' grocery store |                             |

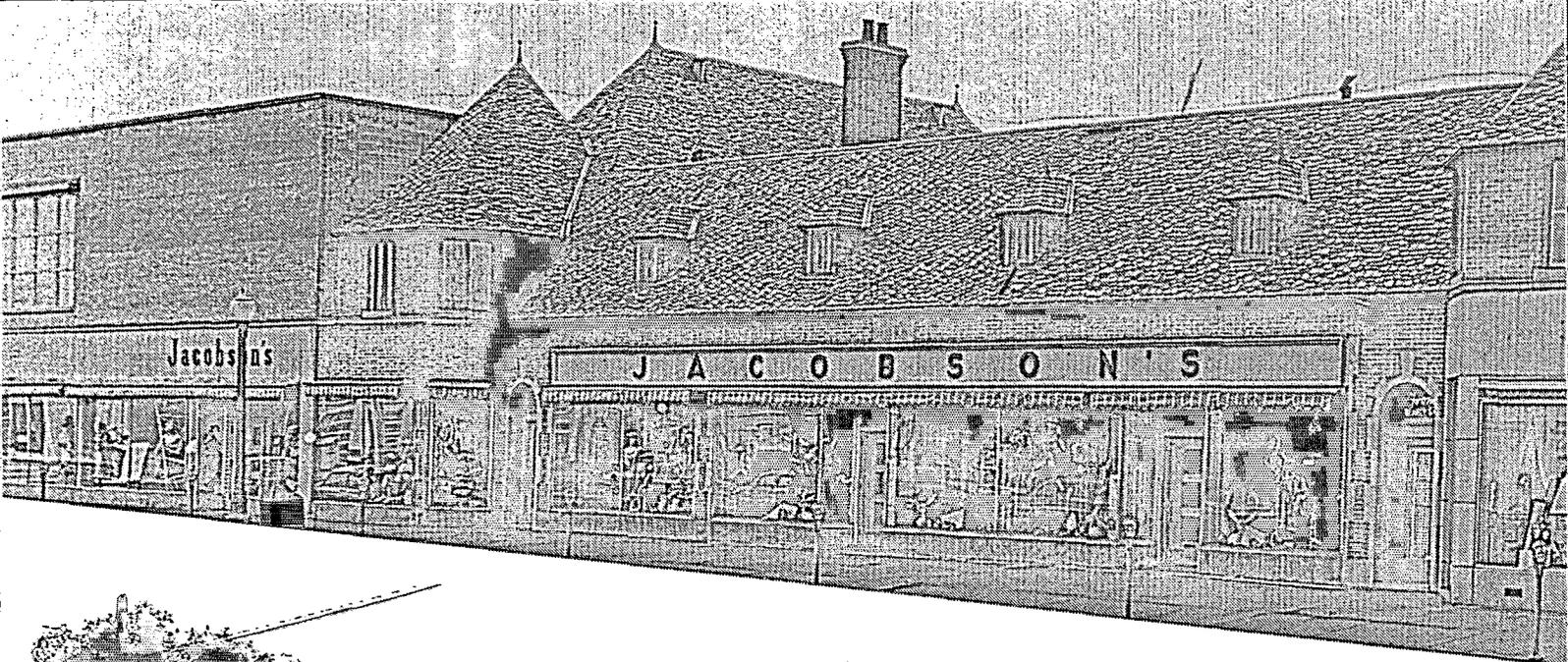
\*Vansinamee's Blind Pig was somewhere in this area (maybe in the basement of one of the buildings).

a phone booth at the Grosse Pointe Garage at St. Clair. Around midnight, the phone was often dominated by the area's most notorious bootlegger, Jim Faust, who used to place his orders and arrange for pick-ups from Windsor.

The Depression cut quite a swath down Kercheval as many of the older family-owned businesses were forced to close their doors permanently. This, however, made way for larger, most stable enterprises. Best & Co. brought their line of fine women's and children's clothing to the Village. They tested the waters for a year or so from a suite in the Statler Hotel where they set up a small boutique and sent notices to Grosse Pointers inviting them to come down and sample the wares. They built the store which now houses Walton-Pierce, and remained there until the early Seventies.

Jacobson's, now the largest retail entity in the Village, opened shop in the average-sided storefront on the east side of Kercheval between St. Clair and Notre Dame, but they soon began their history of expansion, lengthening their gabled-roof store to take up the better part of that block. Kitty-corner to that, Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Pierce moved their couturière after working several years in the Women's City Club. This building is now home to The Mole Hole.

Contrary to the old adage, bigger in this case *was*, in many ways, better. These new department-type stores had both experience and means to raise the personal service standards in the Village to elegant heights, meeting the needs of an ever-more affluent and sophisticated community. They offered, and still do, such little extras as complimentary gift boxes, gift wrapping and, for those women



◆ PHOTOS COURTESY OF JACOBSON'S

who patronized the custom department of Walton-Pierce, a dress form named after you whose stuffing could be subtly added and deleted to match the changing proportions of your figure. Perhaps the most appreciated courtesy is the gracious professional manner with which so many salespeople treat regular customers as valued clients.

Bill Huntington, president of Walton-Pierce and grandson of Mrs. William R. Pierce, the store's co-founder, explains their service policy — noting that similar practices are still featured at many apparel stores in the Village. “It is mandatory for all of our sales staff to keep what we call sales books. These are not ‘sales slip’ books where credits are written up, but rather name and address books with

important notes about the customer. We record their most recent purchases, their birthdays, anniversaries, occasions and color preferences. We know that they are members of this club or that organization and we know when these entities hold events so that we can anticipate their need for a special dress or suit. We plan our buying to meet those individual needs.”

In the late Forties and early Fifties, the Village welcomed E.J. Hickey's and Himelhoch's, two of downtown Detroit's finest clothiers. Edward J. Hickey III, the third generation president and proprietor of Hickey's Men's Store, recalls, “I joined the company after the service in 1946. We were experiencing a marked slow-down in business at

## LEGACY

that time. Things were just generally deteriorating downtown for retailers. After I was made president of the company, I was able to persuade my father's sister and brother, who were also part of the organization, to open a branch store in Grosse Pointe in 1955. They weren't so sure it was a good idea, but we did it anyway."

With all the care taken to accommodate everyone's desires, Village shoppers still faced one outstanding hardship each time they patronized the commercial strip — lack of parking. The situation was remedied in the early Fifties when land was acquired through the combined efforts of prominent real estate developer James S. Holden, the city of Grosse Pointe, and several area merchants. The remaining houses in the lanes running behind the stores along Kercheval, Van Avenue to the west and Little Kercheval to the east, were demolished. The field was paved over and penny meters were installed. Inexpensive, close parking opened the Village to a broader range of customers from the metro area, while providing the city with a nice income. No one could object to the installation, not even those who accidentally allowed their meters to expire. Parking tickets were only twenty-five cents, or one dollar if overdue.

Not all the traffic, however, arrived on four wheels.

Then, as now, rush hour in the Village comes around three in the afternoon, as the kids plod through the Village by foot or on bike on their way home from school. The Village has always been a great hangout for kids of every age. Small children rode the life-sized, white plaster horse at Best & Co. while mom shopped downstairs. If she went to the bank, you were more than likely to come away with a sucker. Best of all, if she bought you shoes at McCourt's, you got a green helium balloon tied around your wrist.

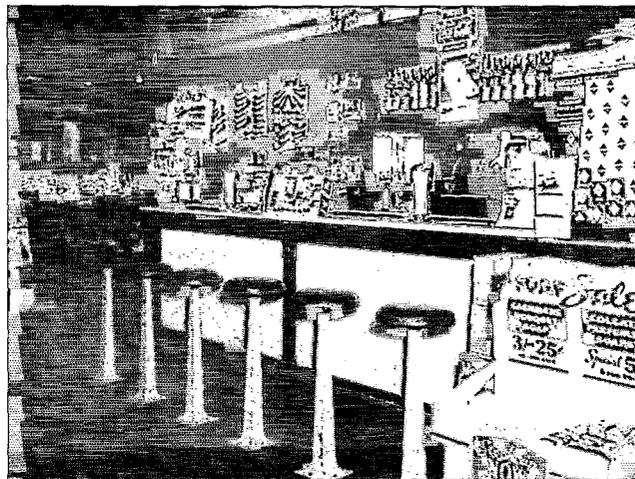
There had to be at least a-million-and-one ways to fritter away one's allowance in the Village, but for generations the best place to do so was at the soda fountain. When Fred Sanders opened a Grosse Pointe store in 1934, their magnificent hot fudge cream puffs were only fifteen cents and a scoop of ice cream cost a dime. "Soda fountains were a way of life back then," exclaimed a former child of the Forties. "There were a lot of them. It seemed every drug store had one — Cunningham's, the Notre Dame, the Grosse Pointe drugstore (where Village Books is today) and, of course, Sanders. We would sit for hours at those counters drinking chocolate phosphates. They were great places to be until you turned sixteen, got a car and headed for bigger and better things."

One of the bigger and better things that a teen could head toward was the wonderful world of an after-school job at one of the stores. In recent years, high school students could choose to work for academic credit as part of the schools' cooperative program, benefitting both the students and the merchants.

The Village is also known for its annual spectacles — Santa Claus Parade on the day after Thanksgiving and Friday Night Live celebrations, to the more recent Greatest Garage Sale on Memorial Day weekend. But how many Grosse Pointers remember the Village Men's Night, an annual event which succumbed to pressure from the feminist movement of the early Seventies? This event, usually held the

day after Thanksgiving, was designed to let men shop for their family's Christmas gifts while having a great time with their friends — though they usually ended up doing more of the latter, since the stores secured a temporary liquor permit for the event.

Bill Huntington of Walton-Pierce wistfully recalls a scene from the Fifties. "It was a gala event. All the major athletes were here in the Village at various locations, not so much as attractions but because they wanted to be here — they were friends with most of the people. The street was closed off so that the auto dealers could put their new models on display down the middle of it, with spotlights.



The counter at the original Notre Dame Pharmacy, Circa 1938.

◆ PHOTO COURTESY OF FRED KNUFF

It was not at all unusual to see alcoholic beverages served in the stores, and we at Walton-Pierce had models walking around...It was a big deal socially and economically too. We did a lot of business, because late-night and Sunday shopping was really unheard of then, and Saturday shopping was simply a non-entity — people had better things to do.

With these new retailing changes, and the multi-million dollar expansion and Williamsburg redecoration of Jacobson's in the early Seventies, the Village experienced a cumulative face-lift. It was a very well-plotted metamor-

*continued on page 99*

**ROBERT C. GORSKI D.D.S.**

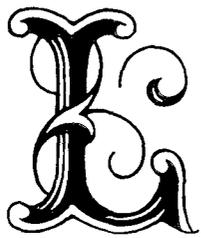
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# GULA

*HERITAGE is pleased to present the  
of noted Spanish author Fernando Diaz-Plaja, who  
examines, tongue-in-cheek, one of the seven deadly sins.*



La idea corriente del español está de acuerdo con la tesis de Gracián. Otros señalan que el español es sobrio por la sencilla razón de que no puede ser otra cosa. Es evidente que la mayoría del territorio no es precisamente un paraíso de tentaciones; la parda meseta, las duras cordille ras no

sugieren al apetito tema alguno. La gente de esas regiones sencillamente come mal y come poco. Hay una famosa anécdota de Eugenio d'Ors en la que relata la sensación de tristeza que le dio una aldea castellana con una sola plaza, en la plaza una sola tienda y en ésta un escaparate con una tortilla y un letrero: «De encargo».

La tendencia creada por la historia y el lenguaje de asociar a España con Castilla ha mantenido durante años este concepto —antigula— de los españoles. Los escritores más famosos se hacen eco. Por una vez que come bien Sancho Panza (bodas de Camacho, casa del caballero del Verde Gabán) pasa hambre otras ciento. El hambre está presente en toda la novela picaresca con una precisión y agudeza que hace pensar que el autor, a pesar de su condición social, había tenido ocasión de conocerla. (Recuérdese el Hidalgo del *Lazarillo*, el principio del *Buscón*, en la casa del Dómine Cabra...) La España que dominaba el mundo entero era incapaz de alimentar regularmente a sus hijos.

Y aun así, según muchos escritores del XVII, era ya gollería lo que tenían. Cuando Quevedo se queja de la molicie que ha entrado en la vida española, viene a decir que la decadencia de España comenzó cuando entró la especia, ese refinamiento de la mesa.

«No había venido al gusto lisonjera la pimienta arrugada, ni del clavo la adulación fragante forastera.

Carnero y vaca fue principio y cabo; y con rojos pimientos y ajos duros tan bien como el señor comió el esclavo.»

Quizá el espectro del hambre pasada hizo que el español aumentara su comida a medida que crecían sus posibilidades económicas, y en los tiempos del siglo XX los españoles se distinguen de los demás europeos por dos cosas: por lo que comen y por la hora en que comen. Hoy, tras el golpe de la guerra civil, cuando hay una preocupación por la «línea» que no existía antes, los españoles siguen devorando más que la mayoría de los habitantes del globo, comprendidos los famosos alemanes y holandeses que, en general, cenan sólo té y queso. El español desayuna ligero, toma el aperitivo, almuerzo fuerte (el cocido con todos sus aditamentos es sólo un plato), merienda y cena, al menos, con dos platos fuertes. Las cositas que «pica» en el bar antes de ir a su casa bastarían para el almuerzo de los seres más ricos del mundo, los norteamericanos.

Estoy seguro de que esta observación provocará asombro en mi país. El español se considera pobre y cree que en cualquier país del mundo, con más recursos, la comida tiene que ser más abundante y rica. Por otra parte, el español, que alardea de tantas cosas, es modestísimo al referirse a lo que traga. Infinidad de veces he sostenido el diálogo siguiente:

- No como apenas nada...
- Pero sí he visto lo que has pedido... Sopa...
- Unos sorbos...
- Pescado...
- Dos salmonetes chiquitos, chiquitos...
- Carne...
- Un filetito de nada...
- Ensalada...
- Eso no cuenta...
- Queso...
- ¡Algo hay que tomar de postre...!

Cuando al volver del extranjero voy a comer con amigos, causo siempre asombro. «¿Estás enfermo?», es la

carifosa solicitud cuando encargo una chuleta empanada con verdura, ensalada y fruta... «¿Estás malo? ¡Qué te pasa?»

La prueba de lo mucho que come el español es lo que le cuesta digerirlo. En todos los restaurantes y bares tienen como cosa normal y gratuita bicarbonato de sosa a la disposición de los clientes. Esto no ocurre en ningún otro país del mundo, que yo sepa. Cuando el español se siente «pesado» después de comer no lo atribuye casi nunca a haber consumido demasiado..., lo que pasa es que algo «le sentó mal». La culpa es siempre de calidad, nunca de la cantidad.

Obsérvese que la fórmula tradicional de nuestros vecinos europeos antes de empezar a comer es «Buen apetito». En España, en cambio, se dice «Buen provecho» en la seguridad de que el apetito no le va a faltar nunca a un español, mientras es más posible que éste le lleve a lo que no conviene a su salud.

...y otra curiosa diferencia con el extranjero. El comensal español que se siente en deuda con Dios por el alimento le da las gracias DESPUES de haberlo ingerido, a los postres, mientras, allende fronteras, se hace antes de comer. ¿Desconfianza basada en un hambre de siglos?

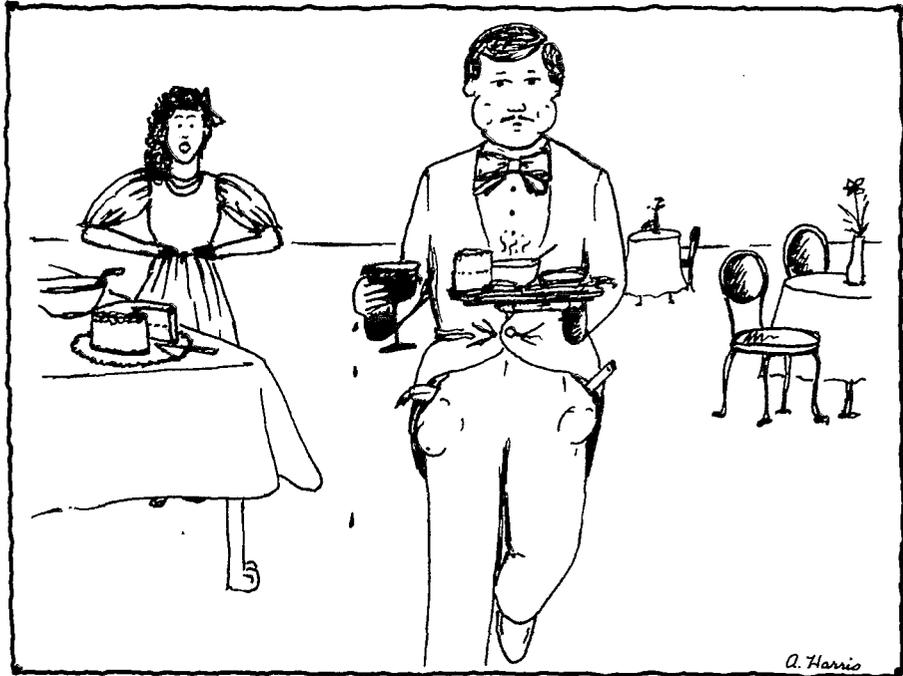
La geografía de la Gula en España es tan variada como su topografía. Y el culto de la comida desciende de norte a sur y en diagonal de este a oeste.

En términos generales se establece en España unas zonas que caracterizan la principal alimentación y especialidad: la de las salsas irá desde Galicia al Pirineo aragonés. La de los asados cubriría las dos Castillas y León. Navarra y Aragón sería la tierra de los Chilindrones; la de los pescados, Cataluña; la de los arroces, el antiguo reino de Valencia, y la zona de los fritos sería la andaluz. Naturalmente, como toda definición demasiado amplia, ésta tiene muchos posibles distinguos, pero puede servir para tener una idea aproximada de la variedad española en la cocina.

Los más amantes de la comida son los vascos; los menos, los andaluces; la comida jugosa de Levante se transforma en sencillos platos salmantinos y extremeños. (Que una comida sea pesada no significa que haya Gula' en mayúscula. Los platos a base de cerdo lo son en general, y lo único que indica su abundancia es que el cerdo es barato en la región. Extremadura, por ejemplo.)

A la cabeza de la cocina española está, evidentemente, la vasca. A la cabeza de los comedores españoles están, evidentemente, los vascos. Nadie les regatea esa primacía, que nace con la materia prima; carnes de tierras ricas de humedad, pescado —quizá el

mejor del mundo— del Cantábrico, sigue en la elaboración tranquila y minuciosa y termina en la casi religiosa seriedad con que se sientan a la mesa. Sólo en Guipúzcoa hay 35 sociedades gastronómicas con 2,500 socios. Los chistes sobre los vascos tienen, generalmente, dos vertientes. Una, la de su desconfianza; otra, la de su apetito gigantesco. El más conocido probablemente, el del bilbaíno, al que presentaron una serie de posibilidades gastronómicas, preguntándole la cantidad que sería capaz de devorar.



El vasco contestó que podría con una ternera, un par de corderos, tres docenas de gallinas...

—¿Y pajaritos?

—¿Pajaritos? —el hombre miró alrededor con aire de pasmo—: ¿Pajaritos? ¡Todos!

Con menos fama los catalanes, hombres de familia que gustan poco de salir a cenar fuera, tienen también su «saque», como dicen en Madrid, y sus judías y arroces son sólo prólogo de pescado y chuletas con guarnición de patata o verduras.

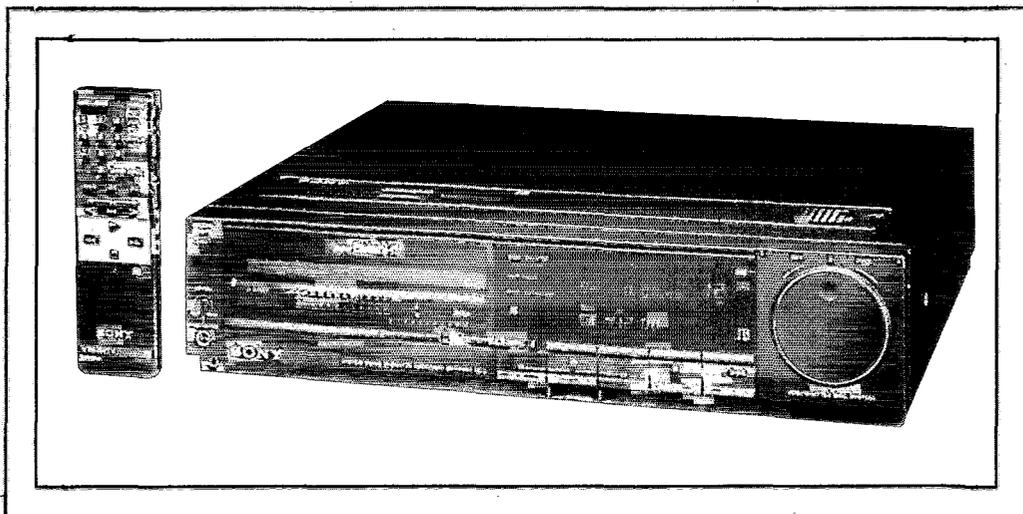
No se quedan atrás los asturianos, con su plato a base de habas y cerdo, la famosa «fabada». De Asturias era Palacio Valdés, que en la *Alegría del Capitán Ribot* ha dado uno de los pocos ejemplos que en la literatura española se puede encontrar de sensualidad en la descripción de una comida.

Para encontrar otras tenemos que recurrir a dos gallegos, naturales de una tierra que compite con la vasca en posibilidades terrestres y marítimas, pero que, quizá por razones económicas, no consume la misma cantidad alimenticia que bilbaínos y guipuzcoanos. (Alava, más castellana, es también más sobria.) Estos gallegos se llamaron Julio Camba y Wenceslao Fernández Flórez.

A Julio Camba debemos el libro más famoso sobre

*continued on page 89*

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# RESTAURANTS

With this issue of HERITAGE, we invite you to dine vicariously. Charlotte Russe (a pseudonym for purposes of impartiality) has joined our staff as Restaurant Critic, much to our delight. Her forays into dining establishments near and afar, combined with her educated palate and considerable appreciation of the nuances of fine dining, are formidable credentials. Restaurateurs, look sharp! This month, we take a peek at Sparky Herbert's.

Additionally, Ms. Russe will regularly update our restaurant listings. As usual, 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: 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 a.m. and 3 p.m. by now has become legendary. Try their huge party subs. Monday-Saturday 10:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday noon-9 p.m. \$8. No credit cards.

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

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

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

**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 sautéed in wine sauce or the spinach pasta filled with crab are the more popular specialties. Over coffee and dessert, study the magnificent ceiling in the Cappuccino Room. Monday-Thursday 5 p.m.-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight, \$40. MC-V

**Diamond Lil's**, 18774 Mack in the Farms, 881-3717. Homemade soups, sandwiches, salads and, of course, "Lil's Famous Ground-Round." Daily specials and a heavy oak setting help make Lil's one of Grosse Pointe's friendliest eateries. Monday-Friday, 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m. Saturday, noon-2 a.m. Entertainment Thursday-Saturday. \$15. AE, 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, 1700 Kercheval in the City, 882-7000. Take a break from shopping duties in this cheerful colonial room. Among the chef's specialties are the crêpes, sandwiches, and soups. 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.

**Jefferson Colonnade**, 22423 Jefferson Avenue, St. Clair Shores, 779-4720. Long a tradition in the area for German and American cuisine, specializing in broiled fish and daily specials. The colonial motif extends to the interior with a polished but friendly atmosphere. Full bar with imported beer and wine. Monday-Friday, 8:30 a.m.-10 p.m. Saturday, 8:30 a.m.-midnight. \$25. AE, V.

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

**Le Café Français**, 20311 Mack, in Kimberly Korner Mall in the Woods, 343-0610. A courtyard with a running fountain, plants and statues sets the romantic scene for the prix fixe dinner. Wine and beer. Lunch Tuesday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m. Dinner Wednesday-Saturday at 6 p.m. by reservations 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 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, 882-4118. 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. Château brignon, many veal dishes, rack of lamb, and prime rib on weekends. Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-midnight; Saturday 4 p.m.-midnight. Bar open Monday-Saturday until 2 a.m. \$40. AE, DC, MC, V.

**The Original Pancake House**, 20273 Mack, west of Lochmoor, in the Woods, 884-4144. People come from miles around to eat breakfast here. It might be because their pancakes, crêpes, 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. Daily 7 a.m.-9 p.m. \$10. No credit cards.

**Park Place Café**, 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.

**The Rhinoceros**, 265 Riopelle, Warehouse District, 259-2208. A dimly lit sophisticated bistro restored to nineteenth-century charm. Exposed brick walls and an amusing array of mismatched furnishings. Continental fare served up in one of Detroit's premier piano bars. Tuesday-Friday and Sunday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m., Saturday and Monday 4:30 p.m.-2 a.m. \$40. AE, MC, V.

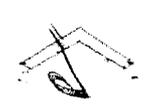
**Sierra Station Cantina**, 15110 Mack in the Park, 381-3906. Grosse Pointe's Mexican connection. All of the food, including nachos grande, burritos, and the fiesta plate are cooked up by Mexican husband-wife team Fabian and Aurora. The cantina is awash with interesting south-of-the-border artifacts. Tuesday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Saturday 5 p.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday 5 p.m.-11 p.m. \$13. MC, V.

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

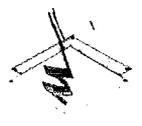
**Summer Palace**, 1211 Beaconsfield in the Park, 331-8440. Finally — a Chinese restaurant in the Pointes — and one that serves authentic Cantonese and spicy Szechuan food in a comfortable, relaxed atmosphere. Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Friday-Saturday, 11 a.m.-10 p.m. \$14. No credit cards.

**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.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
Auto-Culture	Squeeze		School starts "Sound I Saw"	Indian Art	Men at Work	Car fest
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Sunday Stroll	Church Tour Sing		Willie Nelson	Assembly tour		Stratford Fall Art Fest
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Bill Cosby Chamber Players					Memorial Gala	Hunt Club Show Memorial's 75th
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
Herb Sale Vienna Woods		Memorial slides			"We Won't Pay"	
29	30					







sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
"Rebel" DSO - Meadow Brook	Church Tour GP Symphony	Auto-Culture	Chet Bogan	Kid flicks DSO - Meadow Brook	Lasera VII	Stroh's Jazz Carmen McCrae Bluegrass
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
DSO - Meadow Brook Elmwood Tour			"Targets"	Hot Nite		Stroh's Jazz Anderson White
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Hunt Club Schooling Show		Small - Beautiful	Sound   Saw		Lasera VII	Child series
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Corktown tour			Kid flicks Fash spectac	"World Tomorrow"	Montreaux-Jazz	Moonlight Cruise

## ◆ charlotte russe

**Tom's Oyster Bar**, 15016 Mack in the Park, 882-8664. Fresh seafood in the Pointes! Oysters, crabcakes, softshell crabs — all prepared with finesse in this casual restaurant which looks like a New England saloon. Wood dominates the decor, from floor to walls to the old-fashioned bar. Checkered tablecloths complete the image. Daily 6 p.m. \$15. AE, MC, MTE, V.

**Woodbridge Tavern**, 289 St. Aubin, Warehouse District, 259-0578. Enjoy a honky-tonk piano and their boisterous sing-a-longs beneath the watchful eye of the moose head in the main floor bar. A family tradition since 1905 offering better-than-average bar fare, substantial sandwiches and beer from around the world. Chairs from Tiger Stadium rest on the rooftop deck, or spend a quiet moment on a cozy patio under a flourishing grape arbor. Daily 11:00 a.m.-2:00 a.m. \$28. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Wooden Nickel**, 18584 Mack in the Farms, 886-7510; 21143 Mack in the Woods, 881-9810. You'll feel right at home in this casual setting, then enjoy a hearty, "full" bowl of meaty chili. The waitresses dish up thick pickles to go with your burgers. Choose from twelve tempting sandwiches. No bar. For the Farms location; Monday-Wednesday 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Thursday-Saturday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday 11 a.m.-8 p.m. For the Woods location; Monday-Wednesday 7 a.m.-9 p.m.; Thursday-Saturday 7 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday 8 a.m.-8 p.m. \$11. No credit cards.

**Za Paul's** 18450 Mack in the Farms, 881-3062. Generous portions of fresh pastas are standouts in this casual, contemporary two-story Tudor building. A fourth reincarnation of the old Manor bar, they serve up ribs, chicken, and beef in a setting conducive to table-hopping. The comedy-magic of Gary Thison Friday and Saturday nights appeals to fans of the magic arts and jaded sophisticates alike. Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m. to midnight; lounge till 2 a.m. \$12. AE, MC, V.

## SPARKY HERBERTS



From humble beginnings in 1979 as the eastside's quintessential fern bar, **Sparky Herberts** has evolved into a sophisticated dining establishment. Still available is the Sparky burger with fries and French-fried zucchini, mainstays of the familiar little pub in Grosse Pointe Park. But with the arrival of thirty-year-old chef Bill Wolf two years ago, burgers took a back seat to far more imaginative fare. Wolf, formerly of Southfield's Golden Mushroom restaurant, combines fresh, seasonal ingredients to transform the ordinary into the sublime. Oysters and spinach, for example, combine with pine nuts in a flaky crust, or smoked trout with apples, Gruyère and currant dressing. Smoked salmon is served alongside sour cream and caviar in a potato shell — potato skins never had it so good.

The menu is contemporary with a conscience — the delightful combinations remain within the limits of good taste, and still taste good.

Sparky's original pub room, its walls overlaid with wine corks, is dominated by the bar, creating an atmosphere conducive to conversation and conviviality. It can be a bit frenetic up front at times, but the staff is friendly, and eager to serve, and if you favor people-watching, up front is the place to be.

Last year, owner Darrell Fincken added a back room, a splendid cobalt-blue hideaway brightened by skylights in a cathedral ceiling, an elegant contrast to the original pub room. Tables are layered with linens, printed and plain, topped with fresh flowers and deep mauve napkins. Striking graphics and handsome antiques enhance the cozy, subdued setting. Nonetheless, the main attraction is the food.

Sparky Herberts tends toward an eclectic approach to dining, offering soups from lobster bisque or mussel and corn chowder to chilled cherry. An ample selection of appetizers

and lighter fare includes fresh romaine salads, fruit and cheese, and a variety of seafood dishes ranging from shrimp, scallops and lobster with avocado and curry dressing or Louisiana-style barbecued shrimp to salmon tartar with rye rounds and cucumber.

On a recent evening, my companions and I dined "Chinese-style", sharing roast squab and moulard duck breast with fiddlehead ferns and blackberries, sautéed sea scallops and shrimp with devilled crumbs over eggplant parmigiana, and Louisiana-style blackened red snapper with sweet-and-sour peaches. Two of the three dishes received rave reviews: the red snapper (\$12.50) was superb, spicy and flavorful, garnished with crispy snow peas. Most appealing were the fiddlehead ferns accompanying the squab (\$15.50) — which were crunchy and asparagus-like in taste, flavored with garlic. Delicious! The sea scallops and shrimp (\$11.95), while nicely seasoned, did not generate as much excitement.

The true test of a restaurant, as they say, is in the desserts. Sparky's did not fail the test. The chocolate mousse with raspberry sauce was heavenly, as was the Key lime pie — the real thing, light yellow and tart, blessedly not that heavy green fluff Northerners attempt to pass off as the genuine article. The almond cheesecake, however, was forgettable, with the heavy topping of sliced almonds overpowering the delicate flavor of the cheesecake, and lending the texture of crushed cornflakes. The chocolate chip cheesecake redeemed the reputation, though.

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**Sparky Herberts**, 15117 Kercheval in the Park, 882-0266. Mon-Sat. 11:30 to midnight, Sun. 4:30-11 p.m. Reservations required for Sunday brunch — seating at noon and 1:45 p.m. (\$11.50) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hot summer nights in August, the first cool breezes of fall. This month's **Engagements** section has the best of both worlds. Visit the War Memorial on the eve of its seventy-fifth anniversary, experience the sixteenth-century flavour of the Michigan Renaissance Festival or

thrill to the sounds of the Montreux-Detroit Jazz Festival. There are trips to Stratford, an *Automobiles in Movies* series at the DIA and a Fall Art Festival at the War Memorial. Enjoy these last lazy days of summer before we welcome the fall.

## Renaissance Festival



### Through August 4

Adolescent alienation is the theme of **Rebel Without a Cause** (1956), the second (and most entertaining) of James Dean's trio of films. He plays Jim Stark, a new kid in town who gets in with the wrong crowd. Deeply rooted in the Fifties, it's still a powerful film. Shown here as part of the Afternoon Film Theatre's current focus on "Automobiles in the Movies." Tuesday-Sunday at 1 p.m. in the Detroit Institute of Arts' Recital Hall, 5200 Woodward, 832-2730. Admission \$1.

### Through August 18

Edith Piaf was to the French what Judy Garland was to Americans — a tragic heroine eventually destroyed by drugs and liquor. Yet whenever Piaf chose to sing, like Garland, the power of her words touched your heart. Relive her story at the Attic Theatre, Third Ave. and W. Grand Blvd., next to the Fisher Building, 963-7789. Thurs.-Sat. at 8:00 p.m.; Sun. at 6:30 p.m.

### Through September 8

**Automobile and Culture — Detroit Style.** This DIA Centennial exhibition will display rare and antique autos, drawings, sculptures, paintings and other works. Be sure to check out the continuing videotaped salute to automobile TV commercials. Tuesday-Saturday 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 833-7900. Free.

### Through September 9

Great jazz musicians have been a tremendous influence to many, especially in Detroit. See famed jazz performers 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.

### August 1

A breathtaking setting combined with classical music makes for a very special summer night at the **Meadow Brook Music Festival**. This evening, it's the Detroit Symphony Orchestra with conductor Gunther Herbig and pianist Alexander Toradze, featuring Tchaikovsky's "Serenade for Strings" and the "1812 Overture" (with cannons) among others. 8:00 p.m. Meadow Brook Music Festival, Oakland University, Rochester, 377-2010. \$10 lawn; \$12, \$14, \$16 pavilion.

### August 2-3, 9-10, 16-17, 23-24, 30-31

Summer evenings blast off with laser/light rock shows in **Lasera VII: Rocking in Space**. WRIF radio showcases rock legends David Bowie, The Moody Blues and Elton John captured in their best recordings, complemented by laser images launched off the domed ceiling. Fridays at 7:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.; Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Cranbrook Institute of Science, 500 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, 645-3200. \$4.25; \$3.25 students and seniors.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Picture a cool summer's evening listening to the sounds of your favorite artist with the stars as your only distraction. Sounds perfect! Well, it's all on the hill — at Pine Knob. Call for times and prices, 647-7790. Pine Knob, I-75 at Sashabaw Rd., Clarkston.

**August 1-2:** Huey Lewis & The News

**August 3:** Oak Ridge Boys

**August 4:** Dire Straits

**August 8-9:** Barry Manilow

**August 11:** Jeffrey Osborne

**August 14-15:** Loverboy

**August 16:** George Benson

**August 17:** Don Williams; The Judds

**August 20:** Joan Rivers

**September 2:** Squeeze

**September 6:** Men at Work

**September 7-8:** Foreigner

**September 9:** Sting

**September 11:** Willie Nelson

**September 13:** Melissa Manchester

**September 14:** Heart

**September 15:** Bill Cosby

### August 3, 10, 17

Jazz up the evening when the **Stroh's Signature Jazz Series** brings with it the sounds of local artists on three consecutive Saturdays. **Aug. 3:** Diana Reeves. **Aug. 10:** The Contemporary Jazz Quintet and Carmen McRae. **Aug. 17:** Anderson White. 7:00 p.m. Chene Park, Detroit, 224-1184. Free.

### August 3, 10, 17, 24

Magic, mime, a children's opera and loads of other goodies will make these last weeks of summer linger in the **children's series** in the park. A variety of performances and crafts make the afternoon complete. 2:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m. Chene Park, Detroit, 224-1184. Free.

### August 4

Performing at **Meadow Brook**, the DSO features Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio Italian", a violin concerto and other songs with violinist Miriam Fried. 8:00 p.m. Meadow Brook Music Festival, Oakland University, Rochester, 377-2010. \$10 lawn; \$12, \$14, \$16 pavilion.

### August 5

Acquaint yourself with true beauty in this afternoon **Historic Church Tour**, which visits *First Presbyterian, Holy Rosary, Trinity Episcopal, Most Holy Trinity and St. Anne*. 10:15 a.m.-3:15 p.m., leaving from the Detroit Historical Museum, 5401 Woodward Ave., Detroit, 833-7934. Reservations required. \$7.50 non-members; \$6 society members.

The Grosse Pointe Summer Music Festival hosts the **Grosse Pointe Symphony Pops** conducted by Felix Resnick, concluding the Festival's twenty-eighth season. Grounds open for picnicking at 6:00 p.m. Bring your own basket or order one three days in advance for \$6.50. Concert begins at 8:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. Reserved seats, \$9.50; lawn \$5.50.

### August 7

Dancing under the stars make for a special evening when Dixieland days come alive. The concert features **Chet Bogan and The Wolverine Jass Band** and vocalist Dixiebelle. In case of rain, the concert will be held in the Fries Ballroom. Picnicking starts at 6:00 p.m. Concert at 7:30 p.m.-10:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$6.

### August 7-8

Pre-schoolers will chuckle heartily at this thirty-minute film adventure. Shown are **Magic Pipes, How to Play Baseball and Pluto's Surprise Package**. Wednesday at 2:00 p.m. at the Woods branch of the Grosse Pointe library; Thursday at 2:00 p.m. at the Park branch, 343-2071.

"Friend or Foe" is this afternoon's theme with four short movies created for school-aged kids. **Dragon Castle, Family Group, and John Brown** are among those featured. Wednesday at 2:00 p.m. at the Woods branch of the Grosse Pointe library; Thursday at 2:00 p.m. at the Park branch, 343-2071.

### August 7-25

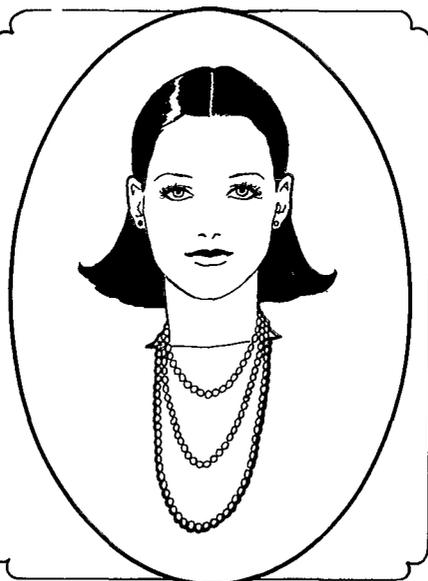
Who could resist Dolly Gallagher Levi and her crazy matchmaking? Catch the timeless musical comedy of **Hello Dolly**, starring TV veteran Patsy Garrett. Wednesday matinee at 2:00 p.m.; Wednesday-Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 2:00 p.m. The Birmingham Theatre, 211 South Woodward, Birmingham, 644-3433. \$8-\$11.

### August 8

The Grosse Pointe Interfaith Center for Racial Justice presents cabaret performer **Phil Marcus Esser** in a benefit concert at Tremonti's (formerly Mr. Tee's), where Esser had a popular extended run last summer. Starting at 8 p.m. at 440 Clinton, two blocks north of Greektown, Detroit, 882-6464. Tickets \$8.

### August 8, 11

The **Kenneth Jewell Chorale** with music director Eric Freudigman featured with the DSO performing Beethoven's "Symphony No. 9." 8:00 p.m. Meadow Brook Music Festival, Oakland University, Rochester, 377-2010. \$10 lawn; \$12, \$14, \$16 pavilion.



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- Chemical Peel
- Collagen Injections  
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## ENGAGEMENTS

### August 10-11

Experience the flavour of music and dance that was born long ago — **The Bluegrass and Traditional Music Festival** at Greenfield Village brings the memories back. 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Greenfield Village, Dearborn, 271-1620. \$8 adults; \$4 children ages five to twelve.

### August 11

Spend a leisurely afternoon strolling through some of the city's historic monuments, this afternoon a trip to lovely **Elmwood Cemetery**. Points of interest start at the Victorian Gothic gateway and Bloody Run Creek Pond. 2:00 p.m. Call Detroit Historical Museum for ticket info, 883-7934. \$3.50 non-members; \$2.50 society members.

### August 13-18

**Targets** (1968). Peter Bogdanovich's first feature is a frightening study of a clean-cut young man who perches atop a water tower and picks off cars on the expressway below with a high-powered rifle. Later, he lodges behind a drive-in movie screen and conducts similar mayhem. Boris Karloff co-stars, playing himself — an aged horror movie actor who saves the day. Tuesday-Sunday at 1:00 p.m. in the Detroit Institute of Arts' Recital Hall as part of the Afternoon Film Theatre's current tribute to cars in movies. \$1.

### August 15

When the summer doesn't seem to provide enough evening entertainment for students, **Hot August Nite** arrives just in time. For students in grades six through eight, the evening provides fun and laughter with a dance created exclusively for them. 7:30 p.m.-10:30 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. \$3.

### August 17-18, 24-25; September 7-8, 14-15, 21-22, 28-29

Picture a sixteenth-century village in the midst of harvest. Peasants, merchants, jesters and other citizens stroll the grounds, with an occasional appearance by the King, Queen and Royal Court. This picture becomes lifelike when the **Michigan Renaissance Festival** recreates it. Entertainment come through drama, Renaissance music, street theatre troupes and dancer. Artisans sell paintings, pottery, jewelry, perfume and other items. 10:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m. Colombe Center grounds, Clarkston, 645-9640. \$7.95 adults; \$3.50 children.

### August 18

Everyone is invited to see G.P. horses at their best during the **Hunt Club "schooling" show**, as local students put their horses through the paces. 9:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. 655 Cook Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, 881-1010. Free.

### August 20

"Small is Beautiful" is the theme in four films for preschoolers — **Over in The Meadow**, **Paddington Turns Detective**, **Peter's Chair**, and **Thumbelina**. 2:00 p.m. at the Central Library, 343-2074.

### August 25

Sunday Strolls highlight this afternoon with a tour through historic **Corktown** — Detroit's richly mixed ethnic neighborhood for the Irish, Maltese and Mexicans. Visit restored Irish cottages of the 1860s, a large Italianate home, a late Queen Anne home and other interesting monuments. 2:00 p.m. Call the Detroit Historical Museum for ticket info. 833-7934. \$3.50 non-members; \$2.50 society members.

### August 27-September 1

**The World of Tomorrow** (1984). This is a fascinating documentary about the 1939 World's Fair, which had such attractions as "Futurama" — a startling look at life in 1960, partially designed by Albert Kahn. This screens as part of the Afternoon Film Theatre's current tribute to "Autos in the Movies." Tuesday-Sunday at 1 p.m. in the DIA Recital Hall. Admission \$1.

### August 28

Glittering glimpses of the latest trends — see what's hot at the **Annual Fashion Spectacular** — a gala evening of men's, women's and children's fashions. Presented by The Fashion Group, the show includes styles from Hudson's, Saks, Bonwit Teller and others. Hors d'oeuvres and a cash bar. 6:00 p.m. Roostertail, 100 Marquette Drive, Detroit. Call for prices. John Robert Powers, 569-1234.

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## ENGAGEMENTS

# BOBLO

Detroit's very own love boat cruises on with another season of moonlight cruises. Running from 11:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m. The cruise costs \$8.95 per person and may be purchased the evening of the cruise at the Boblo dock behind Joe Louis Arena.

**August 1:** Just Us — Top 40

**August 3:** Flashback — Fifties and Sixties rock-n-roll

**August 9:** The Laredos — High energy Doo-Wop

**August 10:** Expansion — Top 40

**August 16:** Nightlife — Top 40

**August 17:** Crosswinds — Top 40

**August 23:** Sun Messengers — Big Band jazz reggae blues

**August 24:** Teen Angels — Sixties and Seventies rock-n-roll

**August 30:** Lyman Woodard Organization — Jazz

**August 31:** Steve King & The Dittlies — Fifties and Sixties

### August 30-September 2

For six years, the **Montreux-Detroit Jazz Festival** has been a highlight of the summer. Internationally-known jazz pros perform for anxious crowds. They may be anxious because the music is so good, or just full of pride that many of these artists come from Detroit. Over seventy-eight free concerts are scheduled. Call for times, locations and prices. 259-5400.

### September 4

**Grosse Pointe Public Schools** begin fall classes.

### September 5-November 11

Discover the artwork of an early Grosse Pointe civilization (chronicled here in our February/March issue), as 150 archaeological finds from the Mound Builders are showcased for the very first time, at our own Detroit Institute of Arts. The exhibit, **Ancient Art of the American Woodland Indians**, covers the period from 3000 B.C. to 1500 A.D. 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 5200 Woodward, Detroit, 832-2704. Free

### September 7-8

One of the nation's premiere car events, with some Grosse Pointe collectors featured, **The Old Car Festival** at Greenfield Village shows hundreds of cars and trucks from the turn of the century to 1925. Live music and dancing also featured. 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Greenfield Village, Dearborn, 271-1620. \$8 adults, \$4 children ages five to twelve.

### September 8

Spend this day taking a **Sunday Stroll** through the old and new of the city of Detroit. See the familiar Hart Plaza and Ren Cen, then on to the brand-new Millender Center complex. Walk a few blocks further for a step into our past — Old Cadillac Square, the County Courthouse and the soon-to-be-restored Monroe Block, one of the oldest parts of the city. On this fabulous trip, don't forget the intricate Guardian Building. Tour begins at 2:00 p.m. Call the Detroit Historical Museum for information, 833-7934. \$3.50 for non-members, \$2.50 for Historical Society members.

### September 9

Board the Detroit Historical Museum's own Historymobile and see this month's tour of **Historic Churches**. Visit St. Stanislaus, Sacred

Heart, Central Methodist, Bethel A.M.E. and the Sweetest Heart of Mary. 10:15 a.m.-3:15 p.m. Detroit Historical Museum, 5401 Woodward Ave., Detroit, 833-7934. Reservations required. \$7.50 non-members; \$6 Historical Society members.

### September 12

**Assembly — A Touch of the Future** is a guided tour of robotics at GM's Lake Orion plant with a film about new trends on the assembly line. Then, it's on to the Pontiac Silverdome for an in-depth tour of its newly restored facilities with lunch at the Main Event. 9:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. Call for prices. Jill DeMaris, Detroit Upbeat Tours, 341-6808.

### September 14-15

Don't hesitate to take up this offer from the War Memorial — a weekend in Stratford to see "Twelfth Night" and "She Stoops to Conquer." (See page 68 for three reviews of Stratford productions.) Enjoy lunch at a restored old church, and dinner at the Waterlot restaurant. Spend your evening at the Victorian Inn. You'll leave Saturday at 8:00 a.m., return Sunday at 11:00 p.m. — and you won't regret it. Call 881-7511 for reservations. \$180 per person covers everything.

### September 14

In this twenty-sixth year, the **Fall Art Festival** brings the community together by showcasing fine arts including watercolours, paintings, graphics, weaving, sculpture, jewelry and other creations. The event is co-sponsored by the Grosse Pointe Artists' Association and the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. At the Fries Gallery, the featured artwork will be Chris and Jacquelyn Faulkner's work in fabric construction — beautiful and intricate wall hangings of various origins mixed with paper, wood and metal. Proceeds benefit the War Memorial and school scholarship funds. 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511. Free.

### September 15

The **Renaissance City Chamber Players** present their first performance of the fall season with the intricate sounds of the early Baroque period. The Baroque duo is comprised of Thomas Cirtin on baroque flute and recorder and Daniel Jeneka on harpsichord. A wine and cheese reception follows. 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lake Shore Road, 626-8742. \$9.

**September 21-22**

The Grosse Pointe Hunt Club's Fall Show features a two-day horse show with competitors from Michigan, Ohio and Canada. Recognized by the American Horse Show Association, the show features many jumping classes of different levels, and is a highlight of the season. Rain or shine, 8:30 a.m.-5:00 p.m. 655 Cook Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, 881-1010.

**September 21-29**

One of the largest shows in the country, Boat Show U.S.A. will feature over 1000 new boats with something for virtually everyone — powerboats to sailboats from ten feet to fifty-five feet. Tents packed with boating equipment also on hand. Noon-8:00 p.m. Metro Beach Metropark, Metropolitan Parkway at Jefferson, Mount Clemens, 886-7887.

**September 22**

It's not too early to begin holiday shopping — get a head start on that long list when the annual Herb Sale occurs at the Grosse Pointe Academy's Centennial Fair Celebration. On sale will be a variety of eye-catching and mouth-watering items like hand-crafted pieces, baked goods, dried flowers, wreaths, potpourri and preserves. Chutneys, vinegars, culinary herb items, Christmas ornaments and other gift ideas will also be available. Noon-5:00 p.m. Grosse Pointe Academy, 171 Lake Shore, Grosse Pointe Farms, 886-1221. Free.

**September 22**

Thrill to the sound of Viennese music in the gorgeous setting of the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House in the season opener for the Lyric Chamber Ensemble's Vienna Woods concert. The music is followed by a wine reception. 1100 Lake Shore, Grosse Pointe Shores, 884-4222. \$8.

**September 20-27**

War Memorial Anniversary. Seventy-five years ago, it was the home of Russell Alger. Today, it is a community institution, outstanding even among the gems on Lake Shore. This weeklong anniversary celebration is highlighted by a free open-house, September 22, from 1 p.m.-4 p.m. There will be demonstrations, tours, craft sales, music. Most intriguing, however, is the special art exhibit by the Robert L. Kidd Gallery in Birmingham. It opens September 20 with a black-tie gala with dining and dancing. Samuel Sachs from the Detroit Institute of Arts will be the guest of honor. Beginning at 7 p.m. \$150 per couple. Other events will include a wine and cheese party, September 21 from 3 p.m.-7 p.m. Admission \$10; also a slide lecture by the Kidd Gallery's Ray Fleming on September 24 at 8 p.m. Admission \$6. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 881-7511.

**September 27-October 27**

Italian playwright Dario Fo takes a dramatic look at life in the poverty lane, with the Attic's season opener *We Won't Pay, We Won't Pay*. The Attic Theatre, Third Avenue and W. Grand Boulevard, 963-7789. Call for times and prices.

Diane L. Dickow, a regular contributor to HERITAGE in many capacities, also works for Michigan Woman magazine.

*continued from page 79*

temas culinarios de los últimos tiempos (J.A. de Vega, Cándido y Edgar Neville han escrito más tarde geografías culinarias de España), *La casa de Lúculo*. Enseñando con el ejemplo, Camba era absolutamente intolerante a la hora de comer y se negaba a dejarse invitar si no podía elegir el restaurante, la comida y el

vino, como saben por experiencia muchos de sus amigos. Fernández-Flórez tenía la misma teoría sobre la importancia de la comida y escribió muchos artículos en contra de la costumbre de los banquetes, porque afirmaba que "no había amistad que valiera comer langostino pasado"; cuando sus paisanos de Madrid le

*continued on page 90*

# Fashion Forecast



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ofrecieron uno, se negó: "¿Qué diría la gente si olvidara mis principios porque el banquete me lo ofrecían a mí? —decía—. No puedo ir." "Ese Fernández Flórez, siempre tan bromista —creyeron los organizadores—. No se olvide, el próximo sábado..."

El banquete se celebró sin el homenajeado. Su silla vacía se mantuvo como un símbolo y los discursos se pronunciaron dirigidos a ella. Luego llevaron el ramo de flores del centro de la mesa a la madre del escritor.

Fernández Flórez, al contrario que Camba, era la cortesía personificada, y sus esfuerzos para evitar herir al anfitrión, salvando al mismo tiempo su delicado y exigente paladar, era una diversión. Cuando se le ofrecía una ginebra —ha ocurrido en mi casa—, aguzaba el perfil aquilino en una expresión mixta de alegría y

desconfianza, esperando que a la ginebra se le pusiera un nombre. Cuando éste era "Gordon" accedía encantado.

Y en sus novelas ha sido el escritor que más agudamente ha tratado del triunfo y la tristeza del glotón, triunfo al devorar y tristeza al ver que se le termina la comida, alegría del mascar lo de su plato y pesadumbre al ver cómo desaparece, en el del vecino, lo que él también quisiera comer. El banquete de "Las vacas gordas", en *Las siete columnas*, es una perfecta descripción del tipo con su filosofía correspondiente. "La gordura es la paz...; ningún gordo puede entrar en una guerra porque no se lo aguanta el físico...; alimentar a los pueblos es procurar la felicidad total".

Todos los comilones que he conocido, Neville, Cossio, Pizarro, evitan en lo posible cruzar la

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continued from page 11

venture to trade trinkets and jewelry with the Indians. He returned there on a regular basis — a long and arduous journey by boat — until he was wounded during an argument between two Indians. Louis attempted to sail to Detroit for aid, but was knocked overboard by an errant boom; his body never surfaced.

Peter's grandson, Gasette, continued in his uncle's footsteps and traded regularly. He was joined by his brother, Leon, employed as a government agricultural agent by Lewis Cass, and trained to teach Indians farming techniques. He left his farm in Bay City in charge of an Indian family and travelled to Detroit to get his wife. When he returned, Leon found the farm neglected and overgrown. Still, in the process of cultivating his land he found fresh potatoes, the first crop in that fertile area.

It was Joseph, however, who became instrumental in the formation of Saginaw Valley as a community. A great-great grandson of Peter, he left the Grosse Pointe farm at the age of twenty and secured a job with the American Fur Company. Legend says that while he was trading at an Indian village, its citizens devised a plan to kill him, enlisting one of their strongest men to perform the task. The huge warrior snuck up on Joseph while he was sleeping and struck him on the head, just grazing the side. Joseph jumped up, pummeled his would-be assassin, leaving him bruised and unable to walk. He never had trouble with attackers again. Joseph continued his settlement, and built the first store there.

The Trombley family has since spread throughout America, but remains a closely-knit group. When an open Trombley reunion was held three years ago, over 300 family members attended. That might seem like a lot of Trombleys, until you consider that the Canadian government estimates over 54,000 Trombleys live in the world today.

John Monaghan is a HERITAGE co-editor, and Trombley family member.

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## PASSPORTS

*continued from page 90*

frontera de la comida que está un poco más abajo del cochinito de Segovia y de las perdices de Toledo. Porque allí nace el mayor de los desiertos culinarios: Andalucía.

Evidentemente, en Andalucía no se come, aunque se simula comer continuamente. No hay en toda España quien menos a gusto se siente ante una mesa colmada de viandas. No hay en España quien más a gusto se esté horas y horas ante una barra colmada de "tapas." No es cierto que el "flamenco no coma." El flamenco come, pero de pie, para "apoyar" las copas de vino que van deslizándose por su garganta. La variedad de las "tapas" españolas, especialmente andaluzas, es increíble y, a la larga, la suma de esos calamares, de los huevos cocidos, de los pulpos, de las sardinas, de las cazoletitas de eso y de lo otro, constituye una comida normal para muchos países europeos y americanos. Pero en Andalucía no la llaman comida, y cuando intentan hacer una al estilo del norte es una imitación increíble. La buena mano de la cocinera andaluza está especialmente en el frito de pescados...

"Recién sacaíto del fondo del mar",

como dice Juan Carlos de Luna en el *Piyayo*, y en la creación de un manjar que, con la paella, ha cruzado todas las fronteras del mundo. Me refiero al gazpacho, con el que misteriosamente, y hace centenares de años, alguien descubrió ya las vitaminas en frutas y legumbres. Descubrió también que, con temperaturas de noventa grados a la sombra, el campesino no podía introducir en su organismo una comida caliente y que necesitaba algo que sirviera al mismo tiempo de bebida y de alimento. Así nació la revelación, líquida pero sólidamente alimenticia.

Aparte del gazpacho, que es un plato regional, aunque al llegar el verano se convierta en nacional y

aun universal, los platos que asoman más a las mesas españolas son el cocido y la paella. La razón de su éxito obedece a que sus ingredientes básicos, arroz, patata, garbanzo, se encuentran fácil y baratamente en toda la península... Y si la barrera regional se cruza así fácilmente, también se supera sin esfuerzo la social y económica. Porque se trata de dos platos "elásticos" que pueden costar poco o mucho, en relación directa con el número de "tropiezos" que reúnen.

...Y, además, manteniendo su dignidad. Yo recuerdo a un amigo en una fiesta, hace muchos años. Su bebida le había puesto peligrosamente cerca de la inconsciencia y estaba haciendo carantoñas a una adolescente, hermana del dueño de la casa. La esposa se acercó a él y le oyó sólo estas palabras: "Estás haciendo el ridículo."

Bastó.

<sup>1</sup> En lo de los banquetes tenía razón. La violencia verbal que en ellos se desarrolla (véase *Envidia*) puede deberse en parte a la irritación que causan sus platos. Parece que no hay restaurante, por bueno que sea, capaz de servir a más de veinte personas una comida digna. Y el resultado es desgraciadamente irrevocable porque como apuntaba Eugenio d'Ors "Una mala cena es una cosa que no se recupera jamás."

### About the Author

Fernando Diaz-Plaja obtained his Ph.D at the University of Madrid, and presently teaches at the University of Leon in Spain. He was born in 1918 in Barcelona, and sailed around the world three times. He taught Spanish literature at various universities including: Penn State (1950), Stanford (1959), Arizona State (1960-62), University of California, Santa Barbara (1959-'67), and the University of Heidelberg in Germany.

Fernando Diaz-Plaja has published seventy-four books. The book from which this story comes, *The Spaniard and the Seven Cardinal Sins*, was printed in several editions by the Madrid publisher, Alianza Editorial. It has been translated often. Diaz-Plaja has shown his own hand at translations, by conquering Giradoux (French), Dürrenmatt (German), Aristophanes (Greek) and Shakespeare.

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## Weathering the Storm

*After last year's school relocation battle, the clouds of compromise are finally settling.*

**I**t's a chilly morning in May, and Floyd Kitchen's fifth-graders are zipping up their jackets in the hallway outside their classroom at Grosse Pointe Park's Defer Elementary School.

They grab their sack lunches and line up at the door. Buzzing conversations come to a halt as they cross Kercheval Avenue and approach the doors of Pierce Middle School. In September, these fifth-graders will be fulltime students at Pierce; today they're getting a taste of middle-school life during a morning of sixth-grade orientation.

Once inside Pierce's 900-seat auditorium, the thirteen boys and eighteen girls sit very still as Principal Donald Bassett welcomes them. They pay strict attention when a counselor tells them, "As you walk around today, never lose sight of the fact that this is an academic school. You are here to learn, and we are here to teach you."

A few minutes later, the students break into relieved grins as they recognize familiar faces among the group of sixth-graders who will act as their guides for the day.

Carolyn Bacon of Pierce takes Defer student Claudine DuPont to her enriched math class, where teacher Dennis Hawhee welcomes his fifth grade visitors. "How many ounces are there in a pound?" asks the teacher.

Claudine's hand shoots up. "Sixteen," she answers with enthusiasm. Life at Pierce? Maybe it's going to be all right after all.

At Defer, and throughout the Grosse Pointe elemen-



◆ PHOTO BY BETTY CARPENTER

tary schools, this year's crop of fifth-graders will compose the second class to enter middle school as sixth-graders. Last fall, the first such transfer of sixth-graders to middle schools occurred, after the Grosse Pointe Board of Education voted for a school reorganization plan that established elementary schools as grades kindergarten through five and middle schools as grades six through eight. At the same time, the board voted to close Barnes Elementary School in Grosse Pointe Woods.

The events leading up to the school board's decision shook the Grosse Pointe community like few things before. The school reorganization issue generated a stormy debate that divided neighborhoods, broke friendships, threatened

reputations and precipitated a recall election.

During the community-wide discussion of the issues, concerned residents raised such questions as — Will a school closing affect property values? Will it actually save money? Will the school reorganization plan really improve the quality of education?

While the jury is still out on some of the answers, the fierceness of the debate appears to have yielded to a determination by the community to heal its wounds. After a ferocious battle, the goal is to become once again one of the best school systems in the nation.

The road to the reorganization of the Grosse Pointe schools began in January, 1982 when the Board of Education appointed a Citizens' Advisory Committee comprised of a cross-section of over fifty individuals to study the impact of enrollment decline and its effect on quality education in the schools.

The school board's concern was caused by figures which showed enrollment in Grosse Pointe's fifteen public school buildings falling from a peak of 13,400 students in the fall of 1970 to about 7,800 in the fall of 1982. Demographic projections showed further enrollment decline in the future.

Over three years later, Edward Deeb, chairman of the group, which was officially called the "Committee to Conduct a Study of the Future Organization of the Grosse Pointe Public School System," praises the study and the committee's findings. Speaking as a private citizen, Deeb says, "I think the committee compiled the most comprehensive report of its type ever produced in the state of Michigan. We touched on many points which can be referred to in future years. The committee certainly accomplished its goal of providing the facts and figures so that the board could make its decisions."

In January, 1983, a little over one year from its inception, and representing more than 1,500 volunteer-hours, the citizens' report was submitted to Superintendent Kenneth Brummell and to the Board of Education.

Brummell then met with his administrative staff, considered the committee's findings and planned his recommendations regarding reorganization. In April, 1983, he presented his plan to the Grosse Pointe community. It proposed that four elementary buildings — Barnes, Defer, Kerby and Mason — would close, and that the sixth-grade would move to the middle schools.

The Grosse Pointe community reacted instantly.

"For the very first time that I can remember, people left home after dinner, putting aside newspapers, books and other plans, and went down to the schoolhouse in standing-room-only numbers because the school board's plans affected them directly," recalls Roger Mourad, who was later to cast the one dissenting vote when the school board finally voted in November.

"It was out of character for Grosse Pointers," Mourad observes, "but it does demonstrate that when an issue becomes very important to our community, people are going to rise to the occasion, and make it very clear how they feel."

Citizens did indeed make their feelings clear. In heated

hearings held all over the Pointes, the board listened to parent response groups, community-wide organizations and individual citizens passionately articulating their thoughts and feelings on the subject of school reorganization. It was obvious that — no matter which side they were on — most individuals were motivated by a sincere desire to perpetuate quality education in the Grosse Pointe public schools. But it was also painfully obvious that they differed strongly in their beliefs about the best way to achieve that goal.

School reorganization, and the school closings which it implied, was an extremely emotional issue because it personally affected people's lives, and touched on a valued hallmark of Grosse Pointe life — the neighborhood elementary school. In fact, some of the opponents of school closings were people who had, as youngsters, attended the "threatened" schools.

The concept of neighborhood schools in Grosse Pointe has historical roots dating back to the Twenties when the Board of Education envisioned the growth of the community and made plans to purchase plots of land then still forests, swamps, and farms, throughout Grosse Pointe — for the purpose of building schools. The board's farsightedness eventually paid off, and when Barnes Elementary was completed in 1956, a network had been established so that no child had to walk farther than one and a half miles to elementary school.

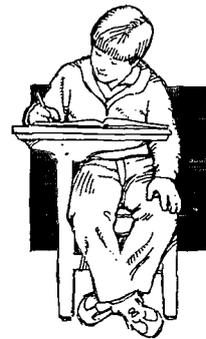
By May of 1983, the community's strong opposition to the board's initial recommendations had influenced them to reconsider the plan and invite members of the community to submit their own alternatives.

In August, the board met at the St. Clair Inn, along with the superintendent and his top administrators. With citizens' recommendations, the future organizational report, maps and demographics in hand, they brainstormed in a two-day session — finally emerging with another plan. This second draft called for the closing of Barnes, Maire and Mason elementary schools and Pierce middle school.

But this plan provoked as much dissension as the first. Deliberation and debate continued.

Finally, in an historic vote on November 14, 1983, the board voted six to one to close only Barnes elementary school — admittedly built as the smallest school in the Pointes, then with an enrollment of 191 — and to move all sixth grade students into middle school in the fall of 1984. Younger students were filtered into other local elementary schools — Monteith and Ferry.

The board's decision kicked off a citizens' campaign to recall three board members which, in turn, caused an anti-recall group to organize. On June 11, 1984, in a decisive Board of Education election, which included an unexpectedly large percentage of absentee ballots, the recall effort lost and the incumbent, Board President Joan Hanpeter, returned to office, along with newcomer Fred Adams, who



## FLASHBACK

had supported the board's actions.

Nearly a year after the school reorganization plan was put into effect, some of the questions raised may be considered retrospectively. First, did the closing of Barnes change property values? During the school-closing debate, the possibility that a closed school would result in decreased property values was raised by those who feared that young families would not buy a home in a neighborhood that did not have an elementary school within walking distance.

A year later, Thomas Youngblood, president of the Grosse Pointe Real Estate Exchange and a member of the citizens' advisory committee, says, "I don't really think that the closing of Barnes Elementary School has made any impact at all on property values, in general.

"That is not to say that some individuals haven't been affected," he adds. "But the proximity of a school is just one of many factors in a purchase decision. Actually, the favorable interest rates and mortgage plans in the past two seasons have been far more of a factor in our healthy real estate market than the proximity to a school."



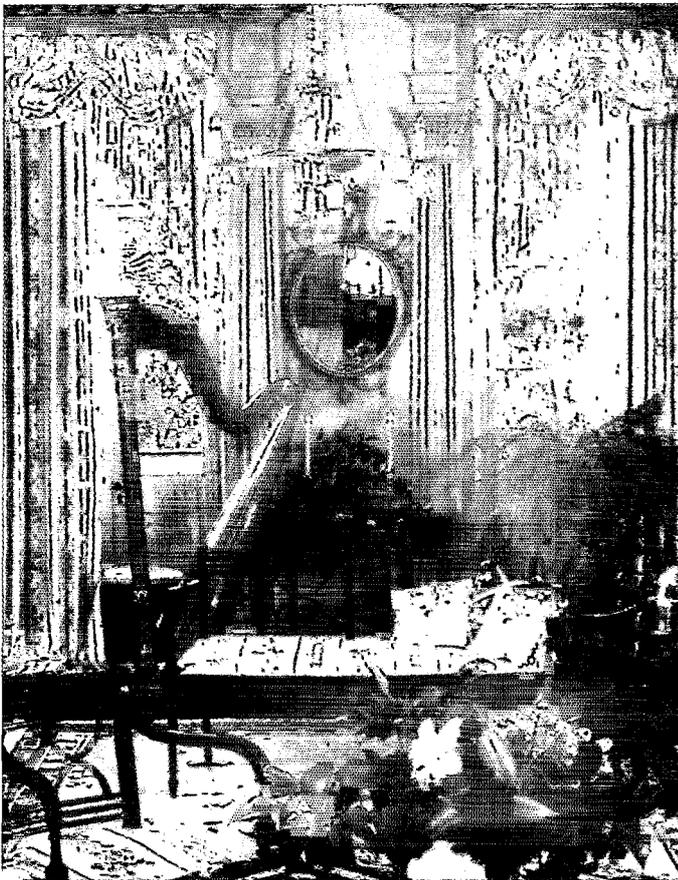
John Pierce, Youngblood's colleague in the Real Estate Exchange, spoke out last year on the desirability of keeping Barnes open. Pierce pointed out that four-bedroom homes, the size that attracts young families, might be harder to sell if there were not an elementary school close by.

According to one Barnes neighborhood family who decided to sell their house and experienced no difficulty, "We had a very unique house on a sought-after street. It's the people on the off-streets that might have trouble."

Next — did closing Barnes Elementary School save the school system money? According to director of business Christian Fenton, the answer is "yes." "We saved approximately \$139,000 by the reduction of various staff positions (principal, first assistant, secretary, aide and custodian)," Fenton says, "and we saved \$4,000 on both electrical utility costs and the cost of some maintenance supplies for the building. We added \$3,000 from rental income for the Grosse Pointe Education Association and the Grosse Pointe Pre-Kindergarten.

"Although the Barnes facility remains open as the headquarters for the school system's community education component and its Instructional Materials Center, its closing as an elementary school resulted in a savings of approximately \$150,000 for the 1984-85 school year. The savings was rolled back into the general fund."

Critics say that \$150,000 is not a substantial savings.



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However, by the time the reorganization plan reached its final form, it was already quite clear that the plan was not going to save the district a substantial amount of money. In the end, the main reason given for closing Barnes Elementary School was that its low enrollment caused inefficiency of operation and jeopardized the quality of education for its students.

Many, especially Barnes parents, disagreed strongly with that premise. And, it is obvious from talking with them, that even one year later, this disagreement remains. Sharon Masek and Sharon Kenny, whose children attended Barnes, both feel that the school's small size was never a disadvantage. Although there was only one section for each grade, Masek never considered it was a problem. "Barnes had a nice staff of teachers, who had been there for a long time. Each year, you could anticipate working with the next teacher. Barnes was like a family," Masek says, "And the kids were achieving."

Joan Kubista, principal of Monteith Elementary, which received the majority of Barnes students last fall, has another viewpoint — "I feel I have the best of both worlds. Monteith was already a wonderful school, and then we received a groups of terrific new

students. I feel I now have a tremendous advantage with 400 kids. There are three classrooms at every grade level, so there are more ways to divide the children. I think 400 is a perfect number."



The distinction between *class size* and *school size* is important to note in any discussion about quality education in the public schools. Most educators will agree that small classroom size is desirable. According to Alfrieda Frost, the average elementary school class size in Grosse Pointe public schools has been holding at about twenty-two, although the actual numbers will vary both above and below that number.

"The problem is," Roger McCaig explains, "that when the *total* school enrollment drops to the point where you have a low number in each grade

level, situations arise such as: limited placement options and more use of splitgrade classes, fragmented assignments for travelling teachers, and inefficient use of materials and equipment."

"The larger the school population, the more a teacher can be assigned to stay there," McCaig continued. "Right now, unfortunately, we have an excellent music teacher who is spending her time travelling between three schools in order to reach her students. This means she can't linger at a school to give kids extra help. She should be working with the kids, not driving in her car."

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## FLASHBACK

Some parents, though, like the larger class size and new environment. Sandy Jorgense, a former Barnes parent whose child is now at Ferry Elementary, comments, "I like the fact that instead of being with the same twenty-four children all the way through elementary school, my son will be scrambled up a bit."

Much to their credit, Sharon Masek and Sharon Kenny have rolled up their sleeves and pitched in at Monteith. As the former president of Barnes' PTO, Masek was invited to be an ex-officio of the Monteith PTO. Kenny is a vice-president. There are similar parents all over the Pointes.

As Pierce principal Donald Basset says, "What's made the school reorganization successful has been the attitude of many of the parents, even some who were very opposed to the changes. They fought the battle — but when it was all over, instead of sitting back and grumbling, they jumped back in to make sure things went well for the kids."

But as active as she is now at Monteith, Sharon Masek still has strong feelings about the Barnes closing. "I think Monteith is a good school, I always knew it was, and Joan Kubista has been wonderful in making herself available to the parents. But I don't necessarily think that the quality of my child's education has improved here. He's getting the same good education he would have gotten in any Grosse

Pointe school — including Barnes. Looking back one year later with my emotions more in check, I can still say that I feel the closing of Barnes was not justified."

The closing of Barnes Elementary was one aspect of the board's 1983 decision. The second was the transfer of the sixth-graders to the middle schools. The lingering question remains — has this transfer improved the quality of education for the students?

A recent visit to the office of Roger McCaig, director of research and development for the Grosse Pointe public schools, found him reading an opinion survey about the sixth-grade program in the middle schools to be administered to all sixth-graders and a random sampling of their parents. In addition to this survey, McCaig will closely analyze sixth-grade achievement levels for the past year. The data should also permit him to address the question of how Barnes' students fared before and after relocating to Monteith.

"We want to know what people think and believe about the sixth-grade restructuring, and how well the kids are learning," says McCaig. "The result of our studies will allow us to make adjustments and fine-tune our procedures." Informal conversations with some administrators, teachers, parents and students indicate that the school system's survey will probably reflect at least some favorable reactions to the sixth grade program in the middle schools. For example, according to the director of elementary education, Alfrieda Frost, "The parents have been quiet. If we can read that as satisfaction, then I think it's going well."

Math teacher Dennis Hawhee also likes the change. "I've been very happy with the way the sixth-grade program has come out for the kids. Coming from a self-contained classroom at Maire where I taught everything, I find my preparation is better now...There's more time to expand on concepts."

The end of the self-contained classroom appeals to students as well. Sixth grader Carolyn Bacon says, "I think the change of teachers is really nice. Now I can't imagine sitting in one classroom all day."

Some parents of sixth-graders seem to have fewer concerns, too. Marion Spitzley says, "I was against moving the sixth-graders to middle school because I felt there was a maturity problem. In some respects, I still think so, but it's been tremendously offset by the academic advantages. My son was under a lot of stress at the beginning of the year. At first I was concerned, but it has all worked out now. And, as a result, he has benefitted."

The makings of the school has changed with the relocation as well. According to Principal Kubista, the student body has taken on an ethnic mix with the arrival of Barnes students. Some pupils from the Children's Home of Detroit are mainstreamed at Monteith, she adds. However, "the ethnic and socio-economic mix adds diversity to the school experience for students," Kubista says.



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Although they may have been apprehensive in the beginning, former Barnes students and those always from Monteith who were asked about their reaction to the changes echo Kubista's enthusiasm. Fifth grader (from Barnes) Matthew Masek says, "I was kind of scared in the beginning, but now I like Monteith because I made new friends and there are new opportunities here. We had a balloon launch and breakfast with Santa." Fourth grader Natalia Rodriguez adds, "I made a lot of new friends at Monteith and I got to do things I couldn't do at Barnes. I helped the cook, and I helped in the kindergarten and I was on the service squad."

In general, it appears that the Barnes children were welcomed warmly by the Monteith students. Natalia Rodriguez's new friend, Sarah Babcock, says, "Before the Barnes kids came, I was wondering what it would be like. Now I think Monteith is probably a nicer place with the Barnes kids. They gave us new ideas."

The children seem to like it — some parents, however — even those whose children are getting along at the middle-school level, still disagree with the restructuring. They agree with Maire parents Bill and Judy Brownscombe, who say, "The school system should improve its elementary curriculum so that the sixth-graders don't have to leave in order to receive enriched opportunities." Jan Arndt, former Barnes parent, adds, "Elementary school lays the child's educational foundation and the sixth-graders belong there." For now, the community is adjusting to both changes. But the issue of declining enrollment in the Grosse Pointe public schools remains. When the low enrollment figures work their way up into the middle schools and the high schools, the Board of Education will again have some tough decisions to make. What those decisions will be, and how the community will react to them, remains to be seen.

Many citizens who were intensely involved in last year's school reorganization issue echoed the sentiments of one individual who said, "I never want to go through anything like that again."

Bruce Kefgen, then-assistant to the superintendent comments, "It saddened me to sit in my office and watch well-meaning, intelligent people fighting over this issue. At times, it resembled a civil war." Jane Nutter, parent organizer, comments, "The best thing about it was all the friends I made. The worst thing was all the friends I lost."

Next time around, the board — which itself will have new members, will be working with a new superintendent — John Whritner, who assumed the position in April, 1985. "Declining enrollment is obviously an issue that won't go away," notes Whritner. "The board is in the position of being concerned with both fiscal responsibility and optimum education for each youngster. Everybody likes to be part of a process where you are expanding and growing. Nobody likes to be part of a dismantling process. But there is no way any of us can escape taking a hard look at declining enrollment. The outcomes are as yet unknown."

But for education-minded parents, even one year later, memories of the school relocation battle still linger on.

*Katie Elsil is a Grosse Pointe writer who has three children attending Pierce Middle School this fall.*

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*continued from page 59*

sailboat races throughout the country. As early as 1923, members were involved in the Bermuda Races, and 1925 marked the initiation of the annual Bayview-Mackinac Race.

Although the majority of the members at this time were boat owners, they were not necessarily as well-off as their counterparts at other area clubs. However, money was not the object — these men placed competitive sailing at the top of their list of priorities. Costs were cut by storing the boats at the club during the winter, rather than moving them to boat yards for storage. Members also contributed to buy competitive boats and crewed them in races around the area.

In 1928, Waterworks Park and environs burned to the ground, necessitating the club's move to its present location at the foot of Clairpointe Avenue. Three of the club's members — Tom Archer, Alger Sheldon and Dr. William Wilson — owned what was, at the time, swampland next to Conner's Creek. The landfill that provided a foundation for the present club facilities also tied the club into the history of Detroit — While the new Bayview Yacht Club facilities were rising, the old Penobscot Building was being demolished. William Kittle, the wrecking contractor for the demolition and a Bayview member, made the building's rubble available as a landfill in order to provide

a solid foundation on which to build the club. During planning and initial building stages of the new club, it was envisioned as a place comparable in style and grandeur to the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club. The Crash of 1929, however, quelled all grand hopes for the clubhouse. In the end, all that was built was a blockhouse structure that contained a living room-lounge, living quarters for a caretaker and space for spar storage.

There were about 100 members then, but only thirty or so paid dues — only the wealthy were able to survive the Crash and maintain their memberships. In spite of these financial disasters, the only two years that the club operated in the red were 1931 and 1932. Additions have been made to the clubhouse building over the years, but it is still very cozy in comparison to other clubhouses.

The Crash of 1929 and the monetary problems that it caused in the early Thirties did not, however, diminish the club's participation in competitive sailing. The Mackinac Races continued annually, and club member R.A. Alger, Junior raced his boat *Baccarat* to victory in the Bermuda Race, as well as in the Mackinac Races of 1934, 1935 and 1936. Because of the delayed effect of the stock market crash on the European economy, the club was also able to acquire several European design boats that were used in local races.

Bayview has always been involved on a national and international scale in racing, but it is perhaps the more recent forays by club members into races of higher visibility that have contributed to the familiarity of non-boaters to one club. In the early Seventies, Bayview members began to get involved in the Canada's Cup races. Originating in 1903, the races were the result of a challenge by a group in Toledo to one in Canada. The cup is named after the first winner of the prize, the *Canada*.

The races were originally between boats in the eight-meter class, but in the early Seventies, they were reorganized so that boats in the two-ton class would compete. In 1972, Lloyd Ecclestone won the cup for Bayview, but the Canadians have since won the cup back and have successfully defended it against Bayview challengers through the 1984 series.

*continued on page 104*

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## LEGACY

continued from page 77

phosis designed to bring an architecturally eclectic area into the harmony of one colonial motif, a reflection of many of the finest homes. The same plan continues today, and prospective renovators and builders must first meet with City Council's approval.

No matter what the outside of a Village store may look like, the real success story for its future is on the inside — those elements which blend to keep the Village a viable business place. The view from the other side of the counter has to be good; and apparently, it is, as demonstrated by the recent shuffling of old stores and the addition of important national stores like Talbot's, Benetton's and Waldenbooks, and unique hometown entities like Dawood's custom dress shop. When some shops died of natural causes, their spaces were snatched up immediately — which shows that the merchants really appreciate the advantages of doing business in the Village — the super-low crime rate; the comparatively reasonable rentals; and, of course, the very convenient parking.

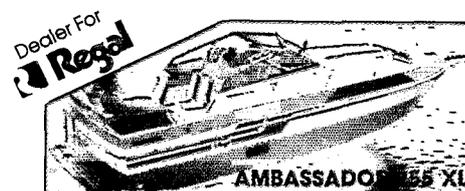
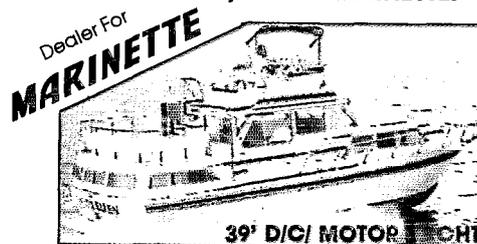
But the most obvious drawing card for merchants here is the people, their customers. For retailers, the attraction goes well beyond the recognition of the high income bracket. As Danielle Harris, owner of Danielle Antique Accessory Shop and president of the Grosse Pointe Village Association, pointed out from her own eight years' experience here, "People are nice. You don't have to worry about the practical end of doing business here. Financially speaking, in all my years at this location, I'd only had one bad check. Believe me, in a lot of other parts of the world that is not the case. It is also nice to know that you don't have to worry about the people coming through your door. They don't have that kleptomaniac approach to life that seems to prevail in a lot of places. But, I think the most important thing about doing business here is that the customers are invariably pleasant.

"There was a gentleman who came in the other day determined to sell me on a training course for my sales staff. The course focuses on 'How to Take Care of Irate and Unpleasant Customers.' I told him we just didn't need that sort of thing. We make it a point to know our customers and they know us. There is really just a friendly small-town atmosphere all around, and we hope to keep it that way."

Madeleine McLaughlin is a Grosse Pointe-area freelancer.

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## TRADITIONS

*continued from page 17*

summer," Commodore Daoust says with a chuckle. "Anyone can participate, and the parents really support the kids."

The central focus of the club is, of course, the boats. With keen enthusiasm, Commodore Daoust points out the various sloops, yawls, power boats, and racing boats that are docked in the 300-well harbour. Though the average size of the power boats is sixty-two feet, one of the largest ranks in at eighty-two feet.

"This is Battleship Row," he laughs, indicating the long line of power boats along one dock. He gestures to another where sailboats are bobbing quietly. "And for obvious reasons, we call this Rag Alley."

The day-to-day operation of the harbour is supervised from the Harbour office, a small room at the side of the club, reached by climbing winding wrought-iron stairs. Inside the office, there is the staccato crackling of a radio tuned at all times to Channel Sixteen, the call-in channel for boats who want the harbour boys to meet them as their yacht docks. Closed-circuit TV monitors the harbour. Above the desk, to the side, is a detailed map of the docking facilities with different-coloured pins marking the boats. An aerial photograph of the Yacht Club hangs on another wall.

Like every other aspect of the club, it seems characterized by a quiet efficiency which seems to ensure that the members of the club are able to fully enjoy the facilities whether they are preparing their boats, having a pleasant family dinner, or entertaining an important client.

"We cater to a wide variety of tastes and needs at the club," says Linden Mills, the club's general manager. "In the dining room, for example, we may have members entertaining business customers seated next to someone who's just come in from their boat, or a family with small children.

"We're probably among the top half-dozen private yacht clubs in the country in accommodations for our members. We have a wide-ranging membership, and the reasons for joining the club may vary. We have a broad base of activities which makes us a very solid club. It's very interesting to watch and see what people choose. We have a segment who race every Saturday in the Detroit Yachting Association races, a segment who regularly go up to other clubs like a home away from home, some who use it for day trips, some who stay on their boats and never leave the harbour. There are a lot of reasons for people to join this club."

The care and beauty of the club,

in the end, seem to be a natural reflection of the many graceful yachts skimming across Lake St. Clair. Like the sails for which it provides harbour, the club gleams whitely in the sun, perfectly even with the tower whose top is larger than the bottom to correct for the visual distortion of height. From the tower room, Commodore Daoust silently watches the various craft out on the water, his sailor's eye noting the prevalent conditions of wind and weather.

"There's a little air out there," he says. A dull boom reverberates through the room. He turns and smiles. "That was the cannon. We follow yachting tradition. The flags come down and the cannon is fired at sunset each day.

He looks out again at the lake.

"Look at the sweep here," he says. "All along the lake, right over to the shorelines of Canada. I think this is truly the most beautiful yacht club in the world. I've been in Europe, and all over the United States, and I'm sure there isn't one more beautiful anywhere." ♦

*Susan Brown is a frequent contributor to HERITAGE, based in the Grosse Pointe area. We hope that her imminent relocation to Seattle does not preclude future articles.*



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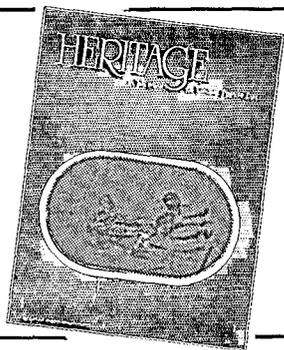
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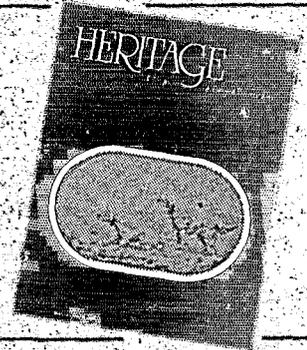
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## FLOTSAM & JETSAM

*continued from page 36*

Van Dyke Woods). It was a fairyland for me before it was torn down in 1926. It extended from the Belle Isle bridge to Baldwin Avenue. I can remember the coasters — the Derby Racer, the Mountain Ride and Grenada Park; The Boardwalk, Beller's Beer Garden and bathhouse, and all the dance halls — the Pier, the *Palais de Dance* and the Alhambra.

I can remember catching frogs in the swamp just east of Windmill Pointe, with Freddie Bery. The swamp was part of Owen's subdivision. He must have made a bundle selling those lots in the area that is now Grosse Pointe Park. Actually, the site where I used to hunt for frogs later became the headquarters for the Grosse Pointe Sail Club. Every Tuesday night they bring out a fleet of more than 100 racing sailboats for regattas during June, July and August.

Ah, but then, I guess all memories eventually lead back to sailing. Maybe those bilge boys had a point, after all... ♦

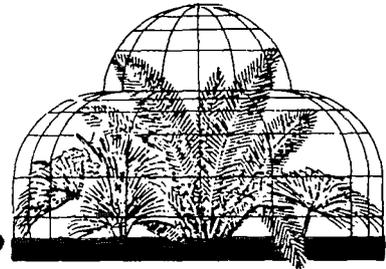
*George Van is a former Detroit News writer and a prominent Grosse Pointe sailor for over fifty years.*

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## OLD GOATS

*continued from page 51*

begin racing at an earlier age, they may attain Old Goat status when they are middle-aged kids.

Take, for example, Commander David Sloss. He sailed in his first Mackinac race in 1932. In 1978, Sloss, his son David and his two grandsons, Andrew and Jeffrey, crewed together. According to David Junior, Andrew (now in his early twenties with seven races under his belt) may well become one of the new generation of middling Old Goats.

Boyd Benkert, at a youthful seventy-nine, set to rest forever any pejorative connotation in the first half of the

title. He recalled the 1945 race in which he and another sailing buddy were instrumental in convincing a Cleveland skipper to join the race. "It started out pretty calm," but then the danger signals appeared — rough, heavy winds. (Roadstrum remembers the wind blowing at "fifty miles an hour for twenty-four hours." As George Van wrote in the souvenir race program for 1983, the wind was "howling like hell unchained".)

According to Benkert, the skipper from Cleveland looked at his crew — one man in particular, Scrubby Wellman, then seventy-three — and decided to turn back. The punchline to Benkert's story is that Wellman, the oldest man on the team, bought his own boat and sailed it across the Atlantic the following year.

The centerpiece of the wooden plaque commemorating these remarkable sailors shows two rams rearing on hind legs, butting heads. They look fierce, like billy-goats with a grudge, or crusty, competitive sailors. And that strain runs through many members the way water flows downhill — naturally.

Dr. Emanuel Tanay is a Bayview member. He is also a well-known psychiatrist, and while he prefers cruising to racing, he sees the racing spirit as special. "I've always been impressed with it — it shows dedication," he says of the minimum twenty-five years of Mackinac racing completed by an Old Goat. His view is faintly bemused and analytical; he sees the Old Goats as a "close-knit group in the Club...People who...campaign boats year after year. It's a work activity that becomes a hobby." Dedication is one word for it; compulsion is another.

David A. Sloss, Junior talks about the makings of a good skipper, and the changes he sees in some men when they take charge of a crew. Often, they "become more fanatical, more intense — goal-oriented and less personable." What he admired about his father was that "Dad didn't change" when he took over the boat. Yet, the instinct to win, to outdistance your mates, to triumph over the sailors in intense rivalry, though clothed in sportsmanship and camaraderie, is surely an element among those who persist in racing.

There are dangers, too, though even in the treacherous 1945 race no one was seriously hurt. As Syd Reynolds says, "Never lost anyone, thank God." But he remembers other races. "I've been overboard three times, been colder than hell and wetter than hell. Wondered, 'Why do I think it's fun?'" He's had his share of injuries in the Mackinac Race

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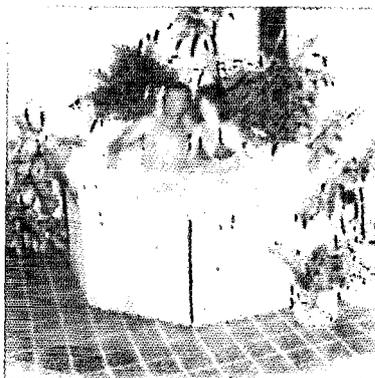


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— assorted bruises and cuts, and damage to his teeth, ribs, arms.

Yet, as Dr. Tanay says, "Men have...a need to prove themselves." Endurance, physical strength and bravery are qualities men admire, in themselves and in other men. In racing, this means beating the competition. The twenty-five years of Mackinac races make some sailors superior, in their own eyes, and in others'. Most of the Old Goats, though, are modest and unassuming, as typified by Wake's reflection on the status — "Everybody gets there if they live long enough."

Gene Mondry is a pretty competitive guy in a competitive business. He had been a golfer and tennis player, and one day got hooked up with some buddies who bought a boat. He went sailing and was "bored after one hour." Then they got into a race — and won. For that moment, "I was hooked on racing. It's more of a mind game — tactics, beauty and exhilaration."

Rams (sailors) beating heads (boats) in a fierce contest (race) is one way to read the stark emblem which appears at the head of the list of the eighty-odd sailors who've charted the course twenty-five times or more. It is a very aggressive logo. Traditionally, the Mackinac Race had been male-dominated. Reynolds believes that's because "it's quite a physical sport," though he adds, "I've sailed with some gals — great people." Dr. Mihalich explains it by saying

"it's not the usual thing for a female to do — the Victorian influence." Says the younger David Sloss, "unless a woman was very independent and strong-willed, she didn't gravitate toward sailing."

Roadstrum was a bit more down-to-earth about it. "In the beginning, it was frowned-on," he explained. Boats leaked so badly that there was real danger. Then, too, he cited toilet facilities — among older men the separation of sexes in many things was a stronger tradition — and the sailboat's head could be an open bucket. To cap it off, Roadstrum pointed out the problem of male vanity: "What," he asked, "if you get seasick and are puking and your wife is not?"

Dr. Tanay gave it a slightly different tilt: "Enduring, managing crises, preparations — women don't have that need" to prove themselves. When she heard that, Margaret Wake made a remark that attests to her status as a worthy old salt. "Just say," she remarked to the reporter taking notes, "I don't agree with that." For, you see, Margaret Wake is an Old Goat. "I thought that maybe they might make an Old Nannies Club that didn't take as long." This year, Margaret Wake will sail in her twenty-sixth Race and be installed as an Old Goat along with her husband and some eighty other sailors.

Of Mrs. Wake, Roadstrum suggested that "she liked

*continued on page 105*



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**SOCIETY**

*continued from page 98*

Members from Bayview also participated in the 1985 Southern Ocean Racing Conference (SORC).

Success of equipment can mean a great deal to manufacturers and dealers alike, while one failure of new designs can result in the early demise of that design.

Bayview's noted competitors included Dutch Schmidt's *Sassy*, which — while not finishing at the top of the class — did qualify to compete. Randy Schostak raced the *Fujimo* in Class 2 against her sister ship, the *Nitissima*. While the *Fujimo* did not fare so well, the *Nitissima* did finish second in this class, thus confirming the possibilities of the design. Both of these boats are now docked at Bayview.

A most ambitious current venture for Bayview is the 1987 challenge to recover the America's Cup. Charles Kirsch is the chief executive officer and chairman of the America II's Challenge. His background includes participation in both the Port Huron to Mackinac and the Chicago to Mackinac Races, as well as participation in the Admiral's Cup series. It is no small compliment to either Kirsch or Bayview Yacht Club that he was selected to help assemble the syndicate for the rematch against the Australians.

Crystal-clear is the fact that members of Bayview are not your average weekend sailors. Not everyone, after all, can raise the amount of money it takes to race in the SORC or in the Admiral's Cup. Sailing is not merely another form of recreation for these members, but almost an occupation. The club itself further supports the com-

petitive nature of the members by allowing only members whose boats are actively competitive to dock at the club.

The spirit of competition pervades other aspect of the club as well. Members who are not racers, or who are power-boaters, often contribute their vessel's services for judges' boats or other racing support crews. Needless to say, these boats are also recreational yachts. For example, during Prohibition, members would cross the river to Peche Island in order to avail themselves of alcoholic beverages. The installation of the bar in the clubhouse noticeably improved the interest of the members in the clubhouse as well.

Membership has grown over the years, with 450 regular members and an assortment of other categories — junior, intermediate or non-resident. While the spirit is decidedly competitive, the social aspects of the club also help forge its reputation as the sailing club of the area.

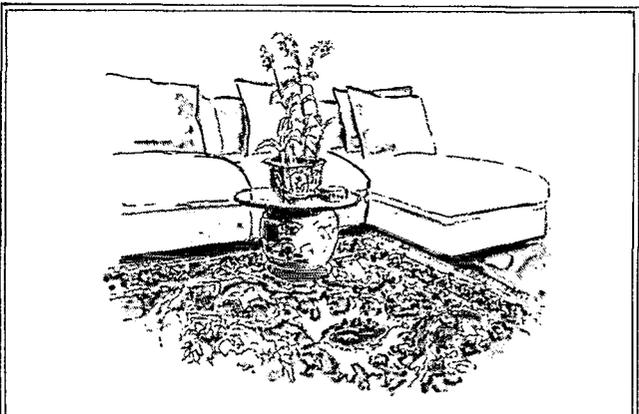
With these four profiles in mind, examine the clubs further through some of its members. Remember that waiting lists are often a mile long and even if you do have the money to join, even if you work a sail like an old salt, sponsors and letters of recommendation from club members are an important necessity. The quest for membership can be a race more grueling than any regatta.

*A.A. Kambouris is an area freelance writer who "would rather be on a boat" than anywhere else.* ♦

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*continued from page 103*

to play tennis and could beat the hell out of him (her husband)," and so he got her interested in sailing — his sport. "It could be true," is all Mrs. Wake would say to that — but there was a wry smile in her voice. A successful psychologist with her own practice (she's now retired) and mother of three children, Wake invalidates the idea that women don't enjoy competition. "I love it — competition of any kind — it's more exciting than cruising — a real keen effort. You feel closer to nature and each other," she says of herself and her husband/partner.

She will admit that technological advances in sailboats — making them safer, easier to maneuver — have paved the way for women in racing, in terms of their interest and acceptance by men. (Roadstrum notes again, "Maggie is a good shipmate, doesn't get seasick. She does things within her own strength and abilities.") But she's emphatic about her ability to rough it. "I sailed a whole year on a boat in which the head didn't work," she explains. "I used a bucket," or as other sailors do — *tail out the tail end*, over the rear end of the boat.

"Sometimes physical strength and endurance matter

when racing," she admits, but "a sailboat has room for lots (of people), brawny and brainy," adding, "I can sail in light wind." While Mrs. Wake may be the current exception to the prevalent gender of Old Goats, she can, and does, cite example after example of women in sailing and racing, including all-women crews. More and more females are claiming their share of the pie, as candidates for political office and on decks of racing boats. Mrs. Wake puts it simply: "There's been a change in roles. Women weren't supposed to twenty-five years ago."

Whether for men or women, the Old Goats distinction remains one of honour, based on the difficulty of this particular race. Captain Roadstrum admonishes — "Make sure, when you write about the Mackinac Race, you call it the Bayview-Mackinac Race." That is, after all, the only one that matters. ♦

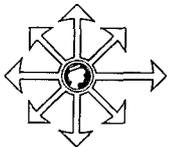
*Michael Margolin is an area freelance writer. This is his second article for HERITAGE.*

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continued from page 69

best), he is convincing. And great fun to watch.

More fun is brewed up by the dashing pirate king (Brent Carver). He is evil; he is sneaky; but, boy, is he a charmer! I suppose he is everything we secretly dream a pirate king should be. The romantic purple cape helps a lot, too.

For most of the play—the first act specifically—we are carried away on a joyous song-and-dance fest that is reminiscent of the bawdy silliness of *Rocky Horror* or an earlier *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. It is pure escapist fun—with the mean pirates swashing, and the pretty girls buckling under pressure. The little touches, like the ensemble cast swaying to simulate the ship's movement, or the Keystone cops', precision dance numbers, are great.

Only a few things lower the quality of this production. First, the choice of Mabel (Caralyn Tomlin), who is

supposed to be a blushing twenty, and seems instead as old as the woman Frederick tosses off in the beginning (Pat Galloway). Nonetheless, her voice is beautiful; yet in this case, I would've preferred to see Linda Rondstadt in the role. Second, the ending—it really is ridiculous. I'm sorry, but no one—especially not a pirate—gives in when he is winning simply out of respect for Queen Victoria. Sorry, folks, that statue of the queen is nothing short of hideous. Despite all this, the pirate crew and people they terrorize bring off this comic opera with nothing short of panache.

is...well, not what you would expect. In fact, if you seek the Bard's poetry performed in a setting that he would've liked, exchange your tickets now for *Twelfth Night*.

If, however, you are an advocate of adapting the beautiful language of Shakespeare (which is exactly the same in this version by the way—even the song) to a modern setting to which our eyes easily adapt, try this show on for size. A first Stratford visit (and hopefully not the last) for director Michael Bogdanov, this production steps far beyond the bounds of any other *Measure for Measure*. As you take your seats, you become part of a nightclub, in perhaps a not-so-nice section of town. Most of the customers near the bar (center stage) are attired in leather garments of various sorts.

Before the show even begins, your eyes and ears will be assailed with an image that will stay with you throughout the show—intentionally. *Measure for Measure*, as you surely already know, is a story of how power corrupts. What better way to convey this than to start the play out with corruption at its finest? You will see a parade of hookers, pimps, transvestites and go-go dancers in unzippable leather teddies; the only thing that's missing from this modern-day picture of corruption is to bring the drugs out on stage. But the message is there.

After this boggling array of images, the stage is abruptly cleared in what seems like a flash, and we are taken to the Duke's chambers. The stage is bare, stark as the Duke hands over control to his deputy Angelo,

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played stunningly by Nicholas Pennell. His soliloquies which wrest with his conscience are true gems of theatre, but the highlight of the play comes through his confrontation with the nun Isabella (Barbara March).

Everyone is portrayed in current dress here, and Isabella is no exception. Not a nun covered from head to foot in robes, as most productions choose, rather this Isabella is a modern nun along the lines of Agnes Mary Mansour. She carries out what she preaches through her actions, a being who is good to the depths of her soul. The clash, then, between Angelo and Isabella is a true struggle between good and evil.

The question (when Angelo asks her to submit to him to save her brother's life) is not shown as going against her sisterhood, more like a betrayal of the human spirit. She is asked to give up her virginity (something still sacred, even in the Eighties) through what basically amounts to rape by a monster. That, even now, is a tough question to have to face.

A premise which, on the surface, could seem very outdated (a man having sex with a woman before marriage—how shocking!) is instead handled in a very mature, honest way and more importantly, in a manner not implausible. Morality is a question which plagues us perhaps moreso today than in Shakespeare's time. Whether or not you agree with director Bogdanov's interpretation, the fact remains that it gives you something to chew on. Discourse is an important vehicle for change; and, as Bogdanov suggests with the ending shot—temptation is something which doesn't go away.

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



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## INDIVIDUALITY

continued from page 39

in St. Clair Shores), Wagner navigates a thirty-four-foot Wellcraft christened *Tender* — a sleek, black powerboat.

Wagner speaks glowingly of the water. "On the water," he says, "there are no stop lights, no traffic. There is no bad news — there is only bad weather."

For the most part, the bad weather stays away, April through November. That is the "navigable season" in these parts, according to David Usher, president of Marine Pollution Patrol Corporation and a man for whom, as he says, "the river lives for me in more ways than one."

Usher is the founder of the Marine Pollution Patrol Corporation based on the Rouge River; and for him, when the seventy-seven-slip marina was built as part of the Riverfront Apartments, he knew it was a place he could call home.

His journey to work from the Riverfront Apartments near the Ren Cen to his office on Jefferson Avenue along the riverbank is a twenty-minute ride on his twenty-four-foot boat, the *Red Anchor*.

Living and working on the water has been a lifetime affair for Usher. While in the Coast Guard, he lived on the water, and when the tanker *Torrey Canyon* created an oil spill in 1967, it started him thinking. With a family interest in oil and his love of the waters, he set up a company to handle all oil spills and other hazardous materials. With offices from Hong Kong to Aberdeen, Scotland, Usher travels literally the world over with his business.

Still, as he says, "I'm a river rat. To me, even Zug Island, which everyone makes fun of, is filled with ducks and rabbits. It is quiet. It is pleasant."

Usher also runs a business named Marine Services which provides mostly foreign companies with such

necessary services as loading their ships while they are in the Detroit area.

Travelling to and from work on his craft, Usher notes the other ships on the river, constantly monitoring marine activity. "My trip," he says, "provides me with intelligence every day."

From his vantage point on the nineteenth floor, he follows these ships, checking in by radio to those he knows, finding out who is where as he watches from his lofty perch.

He speaks reverently of the river — as an ever-changing organism, and he thrills to be right there, on it, near it, plying it. Usher says quietly, "the river means a great deal to me."

He isn't the only one who feels this way. In 1938, when the ferry-boat service ended, "many a tear was shed." For the hundreds of commuters who had ridden the ferries, and were suddenly deprived of their moments of repose along the waterfront, the ride to work became less personal and more hectic. Water gave way to concrete; boats gave way to engines and wheels.

Today's few commuters still have reason to smile. While the rest of us sit, desperately cursing the stalled line ahead of us, those who journey to work by water have just peacefully collected their thoughts, thrown a few crumbs to passing ducks, and jauntily stepped off their boats — ready and eager to begin their day.

*Rhonda Barnat is an Ann Arbor freelance writer. This is her first article for HERITAGE.*

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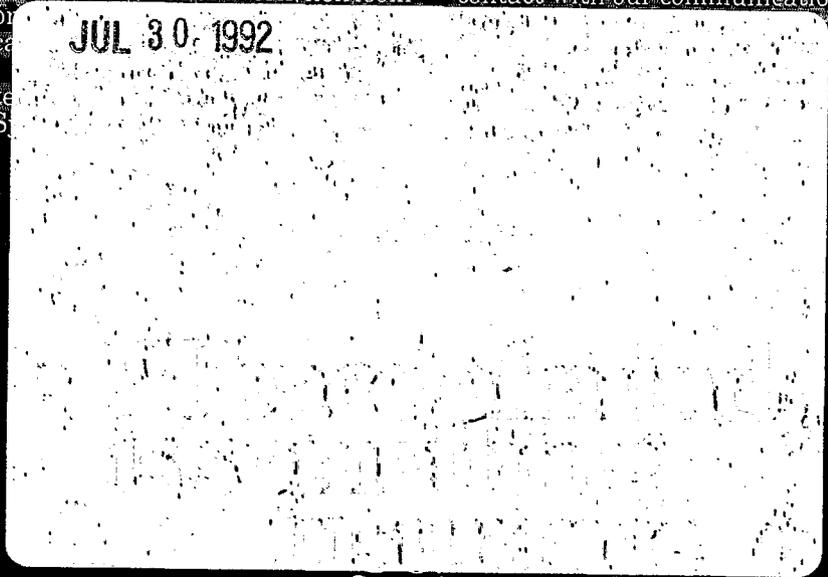
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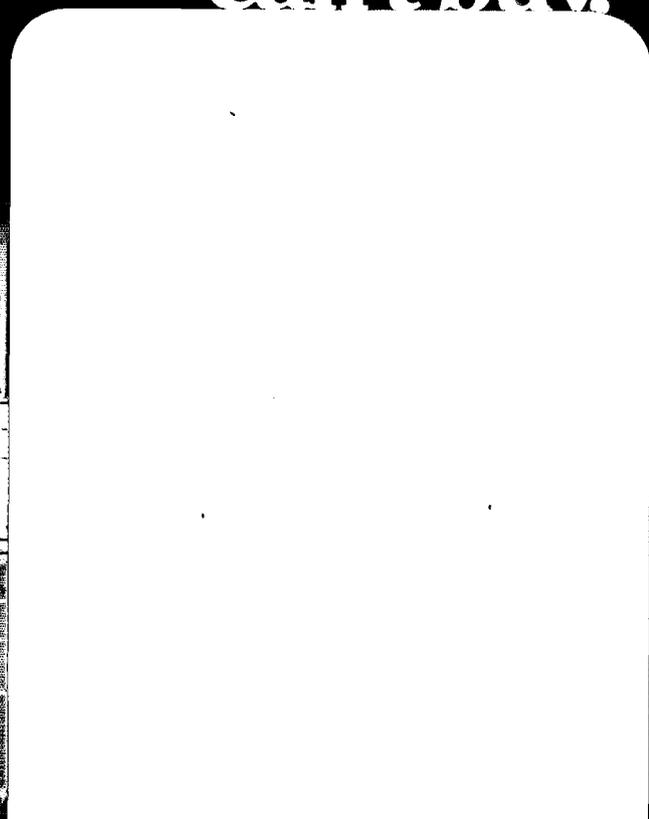
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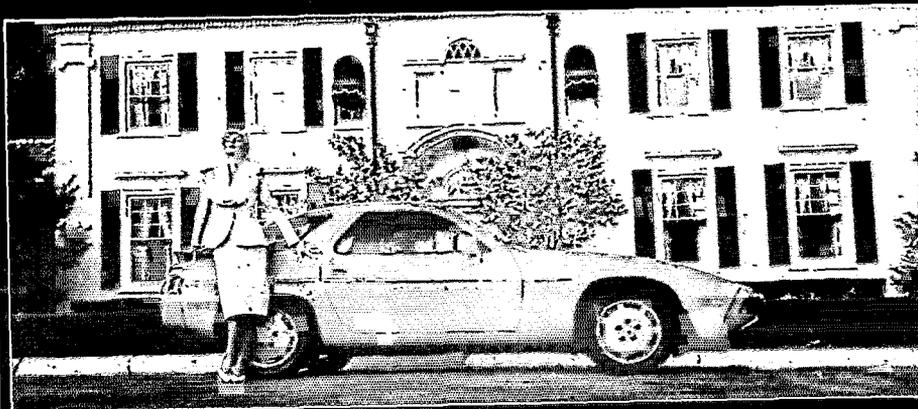
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