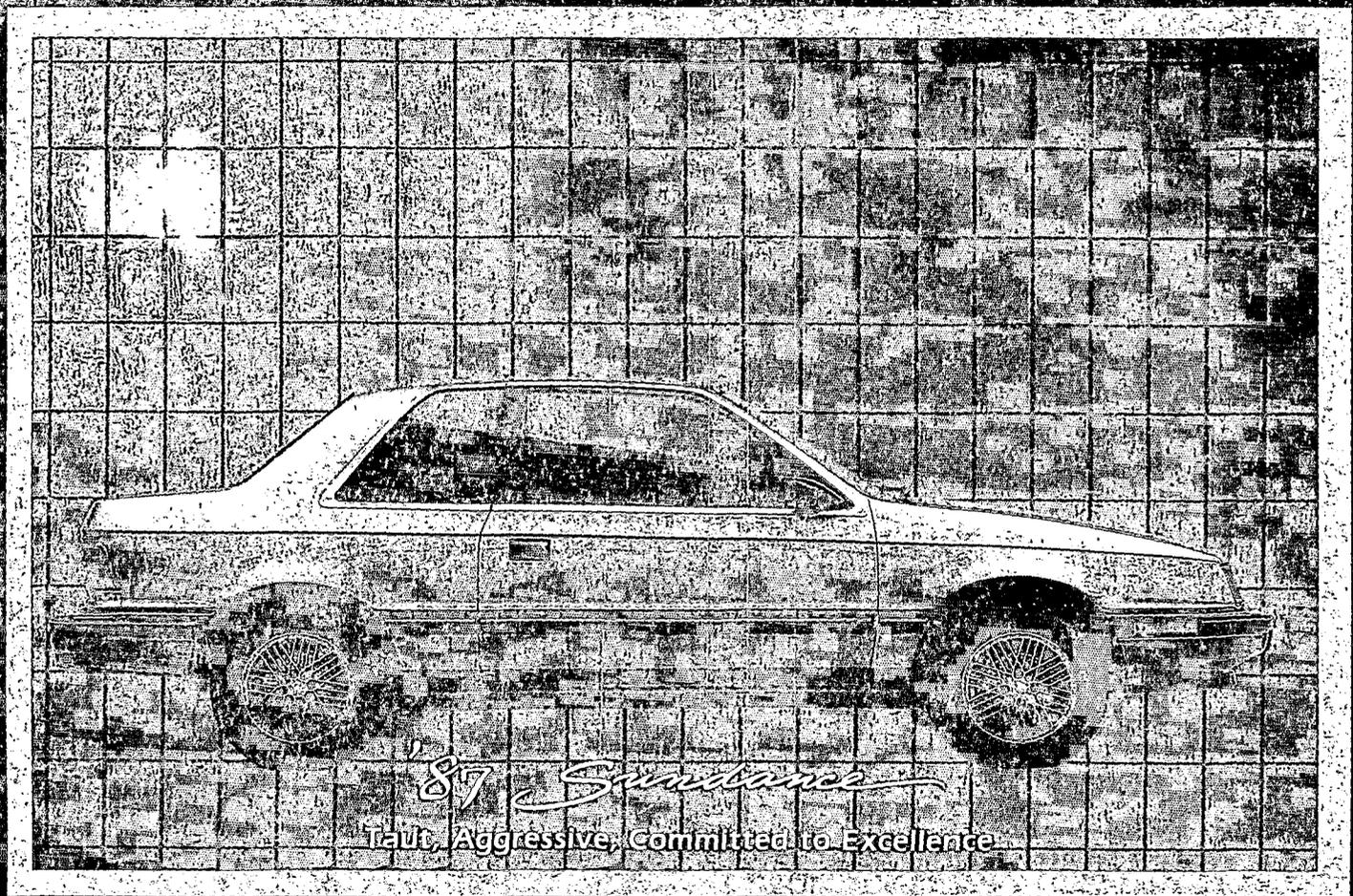


# HERITAGE

A JOURNAL OF GROSSE POINTE LIFE



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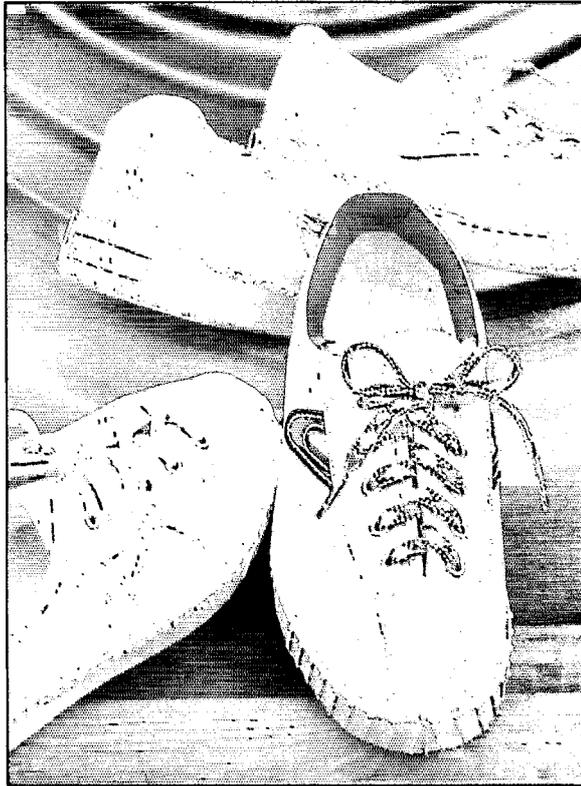


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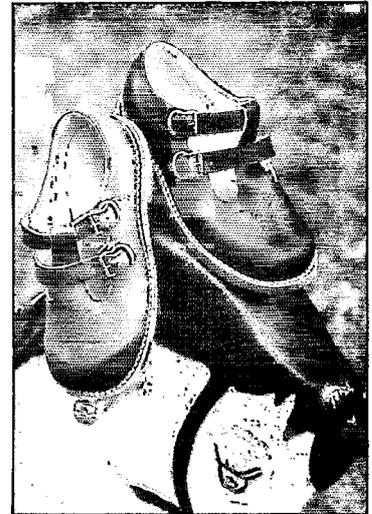
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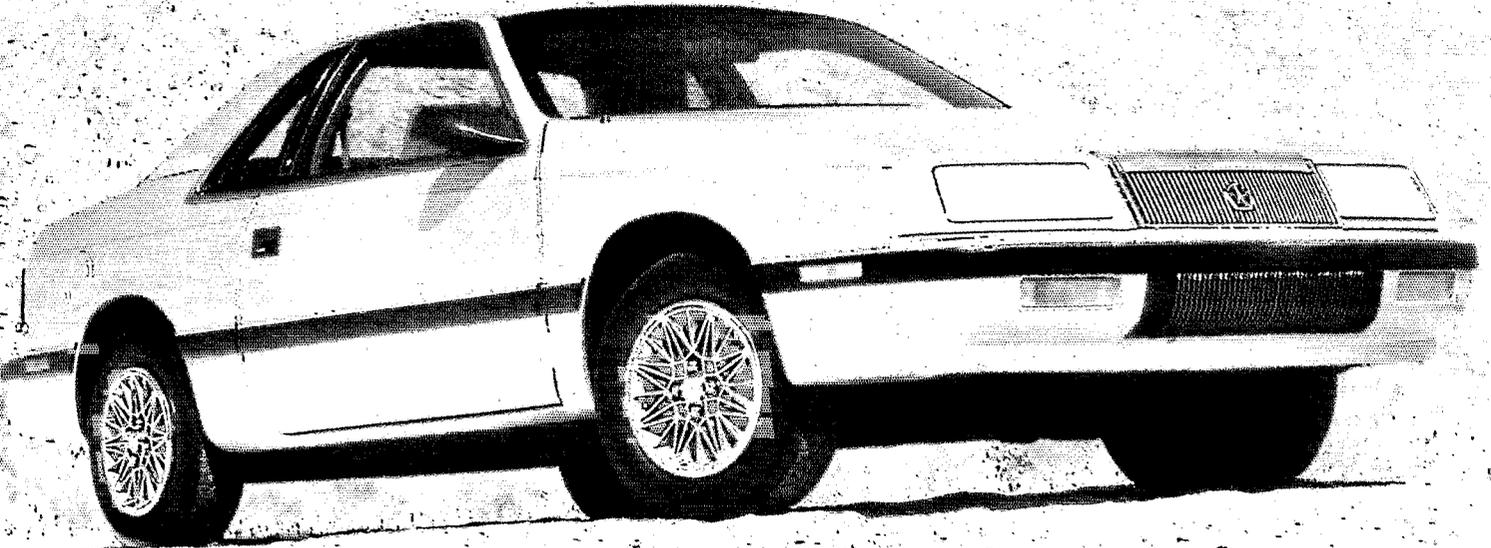
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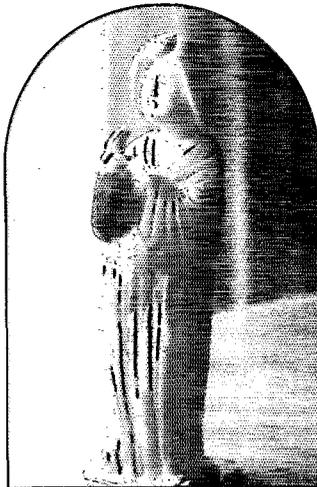
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# Dear Readers...

## Don't Believe Everything You Read in the Newspapers

A number of readers have queried HERITAGE regarding our spelling of words that they believe should end in 'or' (neighbor, labor, rumor). "Why do you consistently misspell these words by adding a 'u'?" they want to know. We suspect that newspaper people are infiltrating Grosse Pointe.

For years, well into this century, those words were routinely spelled with the -our endings; somewhere the 'u' got lost. One source has it that, because newspapers were handset with lead type (time-consuming, labour-intensive and costly), corners were cut where possible, eliminating the unheard letter. Another argues that during World War II, when metals were consumed by the war effort, it was the donation of all those little bits of lead that kept men free. We think maybe people just got lazy and liked the shortcut.

Today we have the advantage of setting type with lasers, not lead. We contend that newspapers misspell these words, not HERITAGE; dictionaries still list the -our endings as alternative spellings. At the very least, the longer spellings have seniority (a point that should appeal to labour people). We can't be made to believe that misspelling words today has anything to do with economy or patriotism. And besides, to anyone who grew up reading literature, those shortened spellings look vulgar. Consider it a point of honour.

## We have a winner!

Congratulations to Iris Sanderson Jones, whose article on Luxembourg, "A Nation Remembers," in the October/November 1985 issue of HERITAGE, was awarded first prize in the Humor/Pathos category by the Central States Chapter of the Society of American Travel Writers. The judges, who were faculty members of the Department of Journalism and Communications at Iowa State University, cited the article as a "well-written memoir, blending an historically monumental period with the present... showing great sensitivity toward the topic (Battle of the Bulge) and its legacy."

Jones, HERITAGE's regularly featured travel editor, has also earned the Midwest Travel Writers Association's Cipriani Award for best travel writing (1984, 1980, 1978); Mark Twain Awards for best magazine article of 1984 and best newspaper series of 1984; the Society of American Travel Writers' first Henry Bradshaw Award for best travel writing in all categories (1981); and was recently included in the Governor's Michigan Tourism Honor Roll for her contributions, through her writing, to state travel and tourism.

Bravo, Iris! Travelling with you is a special pleasure.



Iris Sanderson Jones and Friends.

## Sesquicentennial Pioneer Certificate

The Michigan Genealogical Council and the Library of Michigan are offering a Sesquicentennial Pioneer Certificate to anyone who can prove they are direct descendants of a person who resided in Michigan prior to December 31, 1837. Acceptable proof includes birth, marriage and death records, census record, military records, land, tax or plat records, among others. There is a \$10 handling and processing fee. Applications and further information are available from the Sesquicentennial Pioneer Certificate Project, c/o Michigan Genealogical Council-Liaison Office, Library of Michigan, 735 E. Michigan Avenue, P.O. Box 3007, Lansing, MI 48909.

## About the Cover

The "old salt" on the cover was painted by Bob Tyrrell, especially for HERITAGE magazine. The background was also created by Tyrrell, using a special method to produce the unique, muted colour.

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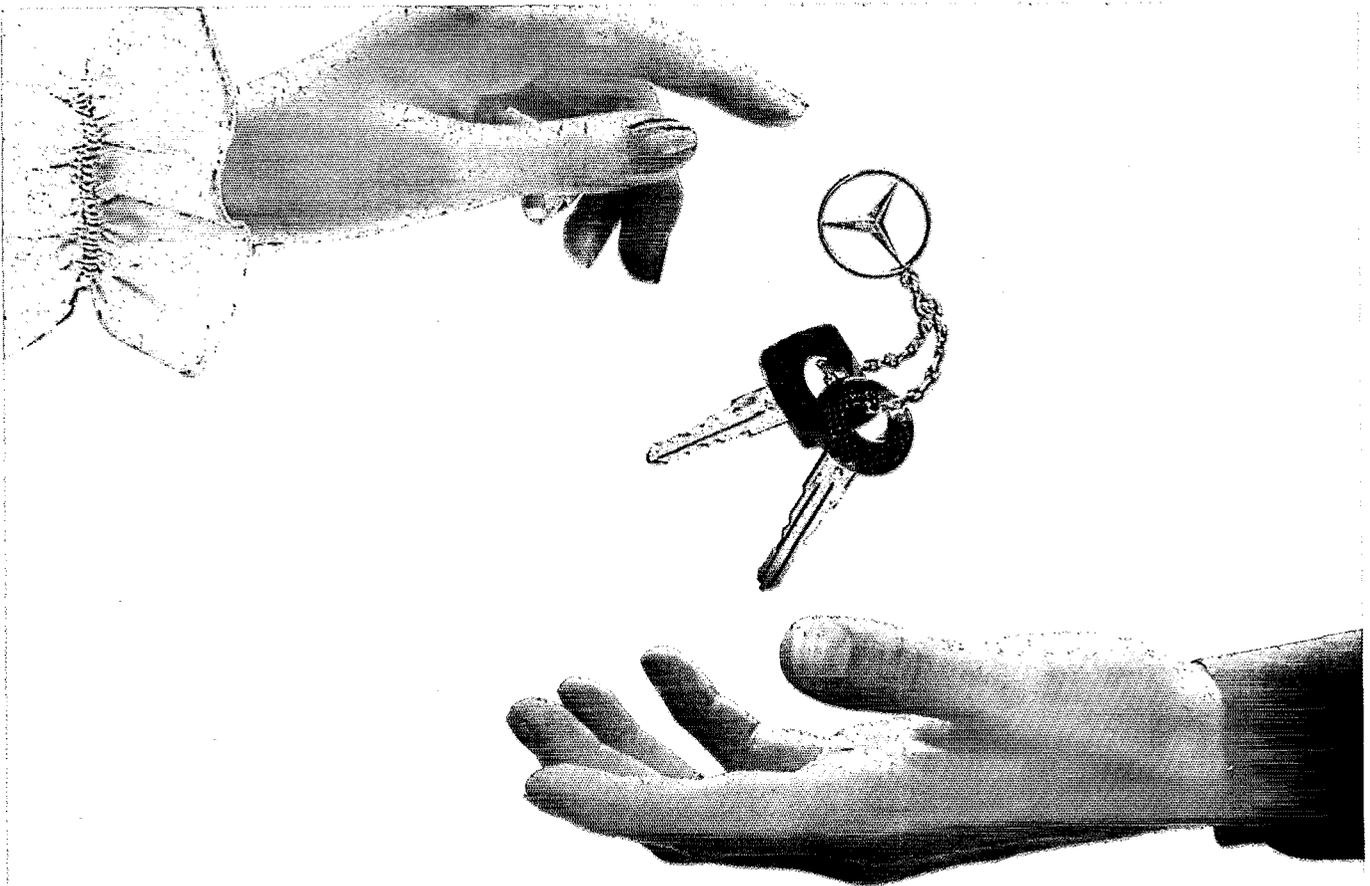
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# Circular Thought

Skimming along calm, jade-green water, the bug trailed a distinct wake as it propelled itself in circles, enjoying an early morning swim. It turned in small arcs and ploughed into self-made ripples, cresting each wave like a sailor of long experience.

Small children possess the curiosity and patience to study the antics of an insect by the hour, with no aspirations for the subject's future, no judgments, no preconceptions. Few of us carry such objectivity into adulthood.

In the city of Grosse Pointe Park, there were lots of insects to ponder when I was a child, and other things as well. The brilliance of a dewdrop refracting morning's light; the dappled sun upon the lawn, that moved with every breeze; the graininess of the sand that ants piled high in the cracks of sidewalks; the grey bark that grew in patches on old trees, curling outward at the corners yet one with the trunk beneath — the textures of childhood. Growing older, we seek poetry in artists' strokes and weavings, too proud to hug a tree or kneel upon cement, too self-absorbed to find peace in the world around us.

I remember waking in the morning, midsummer, lethargic with the Heat that sat heavy on my bed and filled my room with shimmering incandescence. A bleary-eyed peek out the second-story window confirmed the presence of a Scorcher, for its palpable, hazy light filtered through the deceptive cool greenery of the birch nearby. Rising early enough, I could bring from the porch the thick, glass quart bottles left by the milkman according to my mother's note. Removing the pleated paper cap and waxed cardboard stopper with half-moon tab was a special treat when the bottles, dripping fat drops of sweat, contained chocolate milk. Holding the frigid container to your cheek was very similar to diving into icy water; after the initial shock, the experience proved pleasant and cool. (And accidentally leaning the bottle against your groggy sister's arm or back was a great way to start the day.)

Usually, though, it was the smell of bacon on the stove or the sound of the sheeny man's horn and the hollow clomping of his horse's hooves that roused me from my stupor. Hot it might be, but the sale of a good-sized ball of string was a major transaction thirty years ago.

We kept the windows shuttered then; meals were cool and simple. With my best friend Valerie I biked frequently to Windmill Pointe Park, before the new pool was built. The old swimming area was concrete, and the treated water

matched the grey of the walls. We swam as children in the area by the beach; took our swimming lessons in the five-foot section graced with lanes; and graduated to "The Ten-foot," which was actually a roped-off section of the lake itself. Forever in my ears is the noise of countless swimmers making the most of summer. We wore locker bracelets on our ankles and stubbed our toes on the cement.

When summer nights grew still and too hot for sleeping, we sat on the porch and shared the companionship of family. Mom and Dad held forth on the swing, younger children on the steps, bolder children balanced on the concrete railings that encircled the porch. Friends and neighbours dropped by to say hello; mating cats screeched and yowled; and heat lightning rippled the sky.

Summer was for lots of things — outdoor sports, playing piano, guitar, board games, and especially for reading. Chores completed, I staked claim to the porch swing and escaped the heat in a thousand well-told stories. One year, Spanish was my summer goal; borrowing a primer from the library, I plagued my family with an endless stream of slaughtered pronunciations, not a syllable of which I can remember today, much to everyone's relief.

The highlight of each summer was a two-week vacation up north, where we played on the beach from sunup to sundown, taking twilight rides down old logging trails, searching for bears. We invariably found what we sought, and the gripping fear of coming face-to-face with the big brown bears was a delicious thrill we remembered long after. Each year when we returned to Grosse Pointe, the neighbourhood looked a little strange for a day or two, and then old patterns resumed their hold.

Summer is different today; the pace is quick, the style more sophisticated. We lose touch with those we love; worse, we lose touch with ourselves. My sisters and playmates have lives as busy as mine; the sheeny man is no more; the old pool is gone, replaced with a sleek puddle that holds no memories for me. But the dew still graces the lawn each morning, summer light shimmers down through the trees, and my son is out watching the ants.

The circle of life is complete.

  
Patricia Louwers Serwach  
Publisher

# Love Is Great. But It Won't Carry Her Up The Stairs.

When it comes to your elderly parents or relatives there may be no limit to your love. Unfortunately, there are limits to your strength and limits to your time. You can't always be there when they need your help. But you can make sure they're cared for by making one of Cottage Hospital's Nursing Homes their new home.

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# From Far and Near

Thank you so much for sending the June/July issue featuring our former Kenwood Road home ("This Old House"). It's so nice to see this wonderful old home in the capable hands of someone like Mr. Kennedy who, I am sure, will restore it to something even better than it was when we owned it.

Lynn Kolowich  
Hilton Head Island, S.C.

I should be grateful if you would kindly let me know the cost for a one-year subscription to your beautiful HERITAGE magazine, airmailed to Kenya... We congratulate your magazine for so gracefully enhancing the finer points of the Grosse Pointe area, where we shall acquire a home.

G. U. Giordimaina  
Managing Director  
FIAT Kenya Ltd.  
Nairobi, Kenya

A Grosse Pointer by proxy (a daughter and family on Washington Street), I always enjoy looking through HERITAGE. Particularly liked your Hupmobile piece (*April/May 1986*) and am looking forward to seeing your next issue. HERITAGE is proof of how good a regional publication can get.

Paul Humphrey  
Spencerport, N.Y.

Your article "Old Buildings, New Uses" (*June/July 1986*) contained a small error about the National Bank of Detroit building at 17449 East Jefferson.

My family moved to a home on University Place a block away in 1923. At that time the east half of the building was used by Schlettler's Drug Store, as your article says, but the west half by a bank whose name I forget except that it had "Grosse Pointe" in it. I can remember going there with my grandmother in her electric car in 1924... Upstairs was a barber shop that we all used, plus some doctor's offices. Nagle's hardware was approximately at the corner of Jefferson

and St. Clair; that is where we went to buy toys as well as hardware supplies.

Your magazine is very interesting to read and very well printed.

Warren S. Wilkinson  
Grosse Pointe

The June/July issue of HERITAGE was delivered a short time ago and, as usual, I am fascinated by the contents. While out in my garden, I came to the conclusion that I am reliving my life through the contents of HERITAGE magazine.

The article concerning the markets of Grosse Pointe was particularly interesting. My father was one of Valere Mulier's first customers... My father must have spent thousands of dollars shopping for meats, but his money was well spent.

Omer Mulier "died with his boots on." He had gone to the shop ahead of the others to start preparing meats for the weekend trade. He was wont to carry quarters of beef, etc. from their huge refrigerator to their chopping blocks. Apparently that is what happened. The others came in the store and he mentioned feeling ill. They sent him home — just behind the store — where he called the Grosse Pointe Park police to come to his aid. The police rushed to the store, thinking he was there... he was slumped in his chair at home with the telephone receiver still in hand.

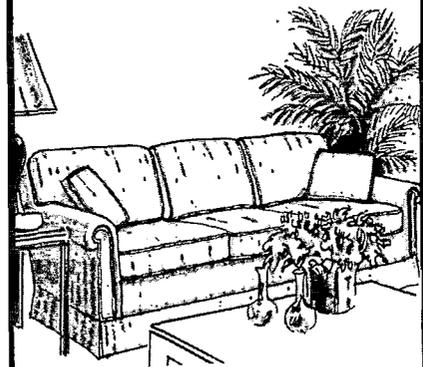
Omer was a very jolly fellow with a keen sense of humour. He was also a sportsman, attending the Derby and Preakness races each year. During WWII we were favoured by his saving hard-to-get items, doing this without our knowledge. On returning home we would find these items included with our purchases. His son Eugene is carrying on the family business and is doing very well. It is always a pleasure to shop at Mulier's Market!

It is my intention to stop by soon and congratulate you personally.

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# That Kid Who Draws

*Multi-talented Bob Tyrrell finds balance in the disciplines of commercial and fine arts.*

by LYNNE GUITAR



The history and English teachers at Parcels and Grosse Pointe South High School constantly begged young Robert Tyrrell to stop decorating the margins of his papers and tests with pictures. "Throughout my school years," he recalls, "I was always referred to as 'the artist' or 'that kid who draws.'"

Born in Detroit, his family moved to Vernier Road in Grosse Pointe when he was three, after his father's death. The Tyrrells were poor, "real poor," says Bob. Of his five brothers and two sisters, only one other member of the family, a brother, showed any artistic talent. "But he didn't want to be an artist," says Tyrrell, "while I always knew that was what I'd like to be when I grew up." Crayons in hand, young Tyrrell drew Indian chiefs with big headdresses, airplanes, knights in armour, and tropical islands with palm trees, silhouetted against the sunset. "Mom would take me with her to the store, and I'd walk right past the toys, dragging her into the department with the paints and paintbrushes. She didn't understand art, didn't know anything about it, but she never discouraged me. 'If you want to draw, kid,' she'd say, 'then you draw.'"

Just after high school graduation, the father of one of Tyrrell's classmates called. Mr. Tim May was thinking of starting his own advertising agency and wanted to hire Tyrrell. The new agency didn't materialize, but May used his influence to get young Tyrrell an apprenticeship at Professional Art Studios, on Lothrop near the Fisher Building. "I couldn't believe it," says Tyrrell, "I could actually make money drawing pictures!"

Tyrrell worked for the studios while he attended the Society of Arts and Crafts (now the Center for Creative Studies) for three years, then took a job with the Calvert Litho Company, a printing firm, for two years; after that, he bought in as a partner with Ron Merta in what became Creative House Advertising.

"It was a small advertising agency," says Tyrrell, "but we worked hard. I commuted to the westside office and put in fifteen, eighteen and twenty hours a day. My kids had to eat."

Tyrrell married Sharon Qualls right after high school. They have four

children: Laurie, age thirteen; Todd, twenty; Bob, twenty-three; and Margi, twenty-four. "Todd has got it," says his dad, proudly. "He will one day be the best illustrator this country has ever seen." Tyrrell attempted to talk his son out of an art career, but Todd has thought hard about it and is determined to be a commercial artist. He's now in his second year at the Center for Creative Studies.

"Commercial art is tough," says Tyrrell. "You have to satisfy the desires of art directors, clients *and* yourself, and you have to create according to a tight schedule; there are deadlines that



Above: Bob Tyrrell in his studio with unfinished paintings in the foreground and on the drawing board; Rembrandt on the right.

Opposite page: This colourful pirate was painted by Bob Tyrrell this year as a birthday gift for Phil Patanis, owner of *Pier III* restaurant in Harrison Township, where the 48" x 30" painting hangs.



must be met.”

For the past sixteen years, Tyrrell has been a freelance commercial illustrator. He works in his studio on Mack Avenue in St. Clair Shores. Versatility is the key to Tyrrell's commercial art work. He handles all kinds of projects for clients ranging from airlines, communication companies, manufacturers, fashion concerns, automotive corporations, to food importers/distributors. Combined with hard work and long hours, his versatile talent has made him successful in a field that normally offers few rewards. He moved his family to a home on University in the City in 1972. “Every morning, as I leave for work in my blue jeans and cowboy boots, I see my neighbours leaving for work in their three-piece business suits, and I know they're wondering how an artist got onto their street,” laughs Tyrrell.

What does Tyrrell do to relax? He paints.

“Twenty years ago I began painting as an outlet, a diversion to release the tensions and frustrations of commercial deadlines and restrictions,” says Tyrrell. “Friends of mine, fellow artists, were painting contemporary subjects—big pink flowers with orange backgrounds—but what I liked to paint was people. It sounds corny, but there are a lot of stories in every face you see. And the faces of older folks tell a whole lot; not just their wrinkles, but their eyes, too.”

Norman Rockwell, one of the few commercial illustrators to have earned recognition for his art, has influenced Tyrrell's art, as has Rembrandt. “He's my buddy, Rembrandt,” says Tyrrell, smiling up at his portrait of the Master that dominates the studio's reception area. Another great influence has been Lake St. Clair. “Summers, when

I was growing up, I virtually lived at Shores Park,” reminisces Tyrrell. “I swam from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. When I wasn't swimming, I was up in a big willow that hugged the shore on a quiet triangle of sand to the south of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club's entrance. Water had washed the sand away from its roots—for ten years, I thought it would topple into the lake, but it didn't.

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***Tyrrell's first public showing was at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial and he was “hoping to sell two or three pieces of my work. By 3 P.M. I'd sold them all!”***

---

“At the time, I didn't know Lake St. Clair was a small lake. Seagulls screaming overhead, I watched the cresting waves and listened to them slapping against the boats in the harbour, as I imagined that, like the Atlantic, there were marvelous lands at the lake's far shores.”

Sheepishly, Tyrrell admits that his adult self totally ignored the lake for years and years. “I drove along its shores daily, to and from work, thinking only of commercial deadlines and making money.”

Four years ago he rediscovered the lake, dramatically; almost tragically. “I had a fast-approaching deadline, and I'd left my glasses at home. Angry, I headed back home to pick them up, driving like a maniac. I nearly ran over a man and woman carrying a rubber raft, trying to cross Lake Shore Road at Provencal. They had to leap up onto the center island to get out of my way as I sped past.

“Returning to my studio with my glasses, I saw the couple again, floating on the water in their raft. She was wearing a straw hat and reading a book; he was sipping a cool beverage.

“Whoever those people were, I thank them. They made me decide, right then and there, ‘Enough!’ It was time I slowed down, backed off. I went home and told my wife I wanted to buy a boat.

“Now that lake out there is my church. About three times a week, in the early morning, I take coffee and the newspaper and tie up in Ford's Cove, listening to the birds sing. Then I come in to work.”

Tyrrell divides his working time between his lucrative commercial art and his fine art. He'd like to cut back even more on the commercial work, “but a good drawing of a Chiquita banana takes less time and brings in more money than a painting of one of my ‘old salts,’ and I've got to put my kids through college, you know.”

Response to his paintings of “old salts” has been tremendous, and Tyrrell is appreciative of the public's keen interest in his fine art. His first public showing, at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, was a sellout. “I went in hoping to sell two or three pieces of my work,” says Tyrrell. “By 3 P.M., I'd sold them all!”

*continued on page 20*



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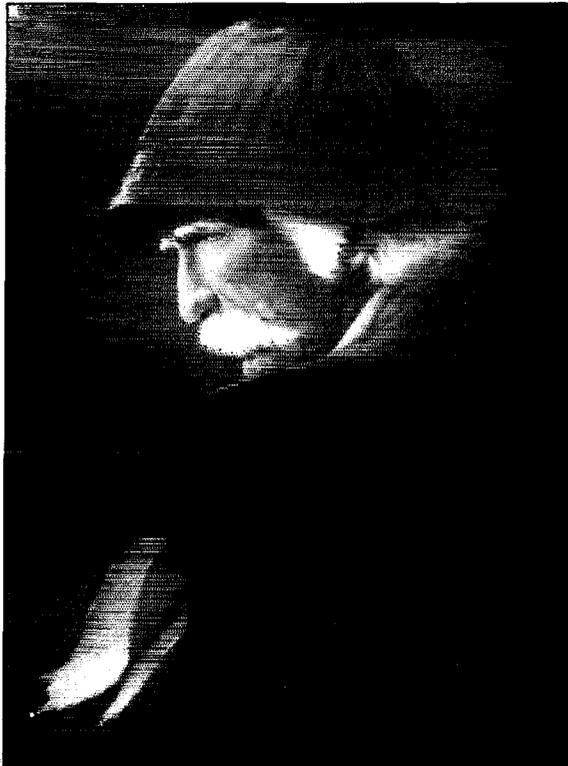
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continued from page 18

The second year, Tyrrell produced twenty-five to thirty paintings—"I really hustled," he says—for a successful show that was also a sellout. So was his third. Then he dropped out.

"I was beginning to produce garbage," he states, shrugging his shoulders. "I really do love to paint those old guys," he continues, eyes twinkling, "but sometimes I think that if I paint yet another beard, I'll be sick... I always come back to them, though."

Over and over again, people ask Tyrrell what the hidden meaning is in his paintings; he insists there is none. "There is no hidden message. My 'old salts' aren't trying to say anything. Or, if they are, it's simply, 'the water hasn't beaten me



yet, but it has taken its toll."

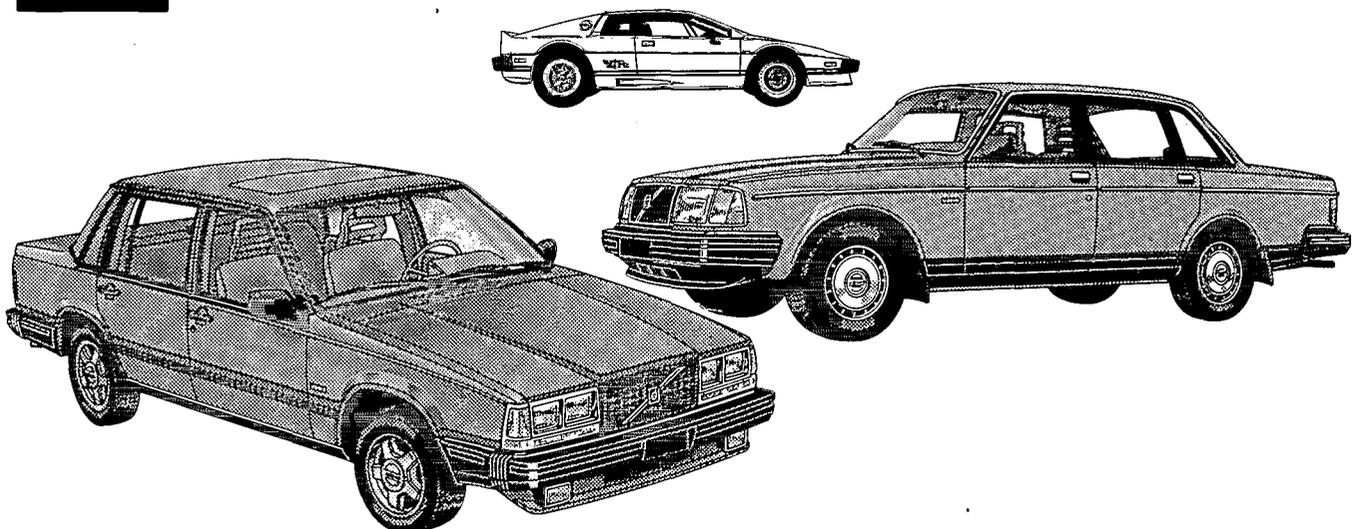
Tyrrell realizes that people find his paintings a bit melancholy, yet strangely compelling. "I don't know where the sadness comes from," he says. Perhaps the sadness in the faces of his subjects is a reflection of Tyrrell's knowledge that, no matter how many hours he works in a day, or how many days each week he spends at his drawing board, he will never be able to produce all the drawings and paintings that persist inside his head, seeking realization on the canvas of that kid who draws. ◇

*Lynne Guitar notes that Tyrrell, the person, is just as fascinating as the "old salts" he portrays, and that he looks remarkably like young versions of them.*

Don Tyrrell, one of Bob's brothers, has the original 18" x 24" painting of this "old salt."

PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

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# John Stoughton Newberry

*Lawyer, developer, financier and manufacturer,  
he personified Detroit's most successful capitalists.*

by THOMAS ARBAUGH

**T**he contributions of John Stoughton Newberry to the industrialization of Detroit were so great that, at his funeral on January 6, 1887, forty-nine honorary pallbearers were named, in addition to the customary eight, in order to accommodate all those with whom he had been closely associated in business. Newberry and his pallbearers were all members of the nineteenth-century generation of industrialists whose legacy led to the fashioning of a prideful Grosse Pointe and the building of a mighty automotive empire.

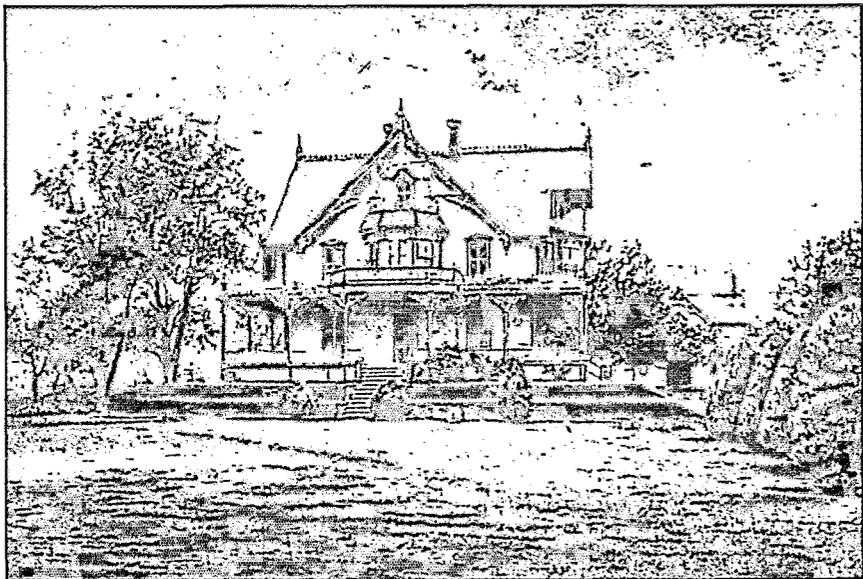
Newberry was born in Waterville, New York, on November 18, 1826, to Elihu and Rhoda Phelps Newberry. His father came to the wilderness city of Detroit with his venturesome brothers, Oliver, Henry and Walter, in 1820.

Oliver was responsible for creating many businesses, including the essential shipping and shipbuilding industries. Walter went to Chicago and invested so wisely that his estate was worth millions of dollars. After working for Oliver, Elihu went to Romeo, Michigan, in 1831 and became a highly respected and successful merchant. The footsteps that John Stoughton sought to follow were large; his own imprints were considerably larger.

Although Romeo is situated in northern Macomb County, far from Detroit's prominence, it was never a hick town. It boasted a branch of the University of Michigan, as well as an iron foundry and carriage manufactories. Both the school and industries influenced Newberry.

After briefly attending the Romeo branch of the University, he transferred to the main branch at Ann Arbor in 1843. He was a brilliant student in his engineering studies and graduated as valedictorian in the class of 1847.

Michigan's growing role in the developing railroad network of the United States was given a strong boost when,



Lake Terrace, the summer residence of John Stoughton Newberry, built in 1875.

ART REPRODUCED FROM "GROSSE POINTE ON LAKE SAINTE CLAIRE," PUBLISHED BY GALE RESEARCH COMPANY.

at James Joy's urging, the state-owned Michigan Central railroad was sold to a Boston syndicate headed by John Murray Forbes. The road had been built only as far as Kalamazoo; to be of any use, it had to extend to the Lake Michigan port of New Buffalo.

Anxious to be on the leading edge of new developments, Newberry hired on as part of the surveying and engineering crew headed by Colonel John Berrien. The experience was invaluable, but when the job was finished in 1849, Newberry took his pay and spent a year travelling in the West.

Upon his return, he decided that civil engineering was not sufficiently remunerative, so he entered the offices of the prestigious firm of Van Dyke and Emmons to read the law. In 1853 he was admitted to the bar.

Because Detroit was regarded as the most important port on the Great Lakes, thanks in part to his Uncle Oliver, Newberry decided to specialize in maritime and admiralty

law. The disastrous collision of the steamers *Atlantic* and *Ogdenburg* on Lake St. Clair, with the loss of more than two hundred lives, provided him with his first important case. The twenty-seven-year-old novice lawyer represented the owner of the *Ogdenburg*, Captain Sam Ward; he was assisted by George Van Ness Lothrop, who had read the law in James Joy's office.

**N**ewberry won the case in 1853, and four years later published the definitive work, *Reports of Admiralty Cases in the Several District Courts of the United States*.

Although extremely busy with his flourishing practice, he was not too busy to fall in love. While in Buffalo on legal matters, he met Harriet Newell Robinson, whom he wed in 1856. A son, Harrie, was born the same year. Tragically, ten days later, his wife of less than a year died. Newberry saved all of her personal possessions and wedding gifts as remembrances for Harrie.

Three years later, while on business in Cleveland, Newberry met Helen Parmelee Handy, the daughter of a prominent banker. They wed in 1859 and returned to live in a rented house on the four hundred block of fashionable East Jefferson. Two sons, Truman Handy and John Stoughton, Jr., and one daughter, Helen Hall, were born of that union. All three made exceptional use of their father's legacy in the Twentieth Century.

When the Civil War erupted, Newberry was one of the most prominent young Republicans in the state.

Abraham Lincoln appointed him Provost Marshall of the state, with the rank of captain of cavalry. His job was to conduct the campaigns for voluntary enlistment and for the drafts.

Because of his political connections, Newberry was able to secure a government contract to build railroad cars for the Union army, with special gauges to fit the tracks in the South. He did not know anything about building railroad cars; what he did know was that Detroit was assuming a foremost position in the railroad transportation business, and that he was going to take advantage of this extraordinary opportunity.

He hired away from George Pullman, who had his first shops in Detroit on Gorghon Street (now Monroe Street), two men named Dean and Eaton, who were practical and experienced builders. Although Newberry had the capital and the business connections, he still needed someone who knew the overall business. That man was James McMillan, a Canadian by birth, who had come to Detroit working on the Great Western Railroad by way of Ontario and had become head purchasing agent for the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad.

Over the next twenty-four years, these two men created an industrial empire that employed more men in Wayne County than the next ten capitalists combined. They expanded their railroad car business from Detroit, where the Michigan Car Works was the biggest in the country, to plants in St. Louis, Missouri, and London, Ontario.

That was just the beginning. Eventually, their businesses included shipbuilding, car wheel companies, spring companies, steam engine factories, iron furnaces, silver mines, and more than fifty other enterprises.

When Newberry thought that the city and state governments were not cooperating with the business community, he joined with others in organizing the *Detroit Daily Post* to "represent the radical and aggressive element of the Republican party," "radical" referring to those wishing to accommodate Detroit's growing industrial economy.

Detroit's new industrial elite organized many social clubs suitable for their growing status, and Newberry participated in them. The first Detroit Club was established in 1868, and its members included E. A. Brush, Charles DuCharme, Alfred Russell, Christian Buhl, and, of course, James McMillan. It lasted ten years before it was disbanded because of excessive gambling. It was reorganized in 1882 with certain restrictions and privileges for family members.

Newberry was also a member of the old Grosse Pointe Club, which was located where the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair meet, not far from the current Grosse Pointe Club. The membership of that club was composed of the most prominent of the old French and new industrial families—Brush, Campau, Moran, Lothrop, Muir, Alger, Buhl, Backus, Freer (who endowed the Freer Gallery in Washington, D.C.), Ducharme, Dyar, Dwyer, Ferry, Hendrie, Hinchman, McMillan, Newland, Russel, Russell (two different families), Smith, Shelden, Vernor, Wesson, Walker, and Weir.

By 1873 Newberry had become so prosperous that he took his family on an extended European holiday. For expenses he carried a twelve-hundred-pound letter of credit. In those days, an English pound was worth about six American dollars. Today, that letter of credit would be worth approximately \$144,000.

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While on his trip, Newberry was kept fully informed of business affairs by McMillan. One letter contained the following information: Gave Joy (president of the Michigan Central) a bill \$80,000; sold one hundred flats (flat cars) to the Canada Southern; received an order from the Milwaukee and St. Paul for five hundred cars; the St. Louis plant is producing two hundred cars a month; and much more profitable information.

In 1875, Newberry hired G. W. Floyd to design and build a home for him at 483 East Jefferson. It was an extraordinary place, three stories, red brick with stone trim and a cupola. In it was a Welter-Mignon organ, Aubusson rugs, Tiffany glass windows and chandelier. The interior was done in the English manner, with extensive woodwork carved by an English immigrant, William Wright. The cost of the carving alone was almost ten thousand dollars.

During that same year, he and James McMillan built mirror-image summer homes on the shore of Lake St. Clair in Grosse Pointe. Called Lake Terrace, they were three-story carpenter Gothic with billiard rooms and special landscaping conducive to lawn bowling. To travel the distance to their summer retreats from work every day, they had a steam yacht, the *Truant*, with full crew.

By 1876, the Michigan Car Works had outgrown its facilities at the foot of Fourth Street and moved to greatly enlarged quarters at the Grand Trunk Junction. With profits now accumulating at a rapid rate, Newberry joined with Russell A. Alger to build the Detroit, Bay City and Alpena

Railroad to handle all the logging business from the Alger lumber holdings.

For a great number of years, Newberry had resisted running for political office; in 1878, the Republican Party's urging finally prevailed. He considered himself a hard money man and was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives on that platform; once in Congress, however, he worked for the issuance of fifty million dollars in paper money in order to increase the money supply to aid business.

At the end of his term, he declined renomination, saying, "I have, as you know, a thousand other things I must attend to." With the election of James Garfield as President in 1880, Newberry's name was mentioned for Secretary of the Navy, due to his extensive admiralty law experience. He was not nominated; however, in the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, his son, Truman Handy Newberry, was appointed Secretary of the Navy.

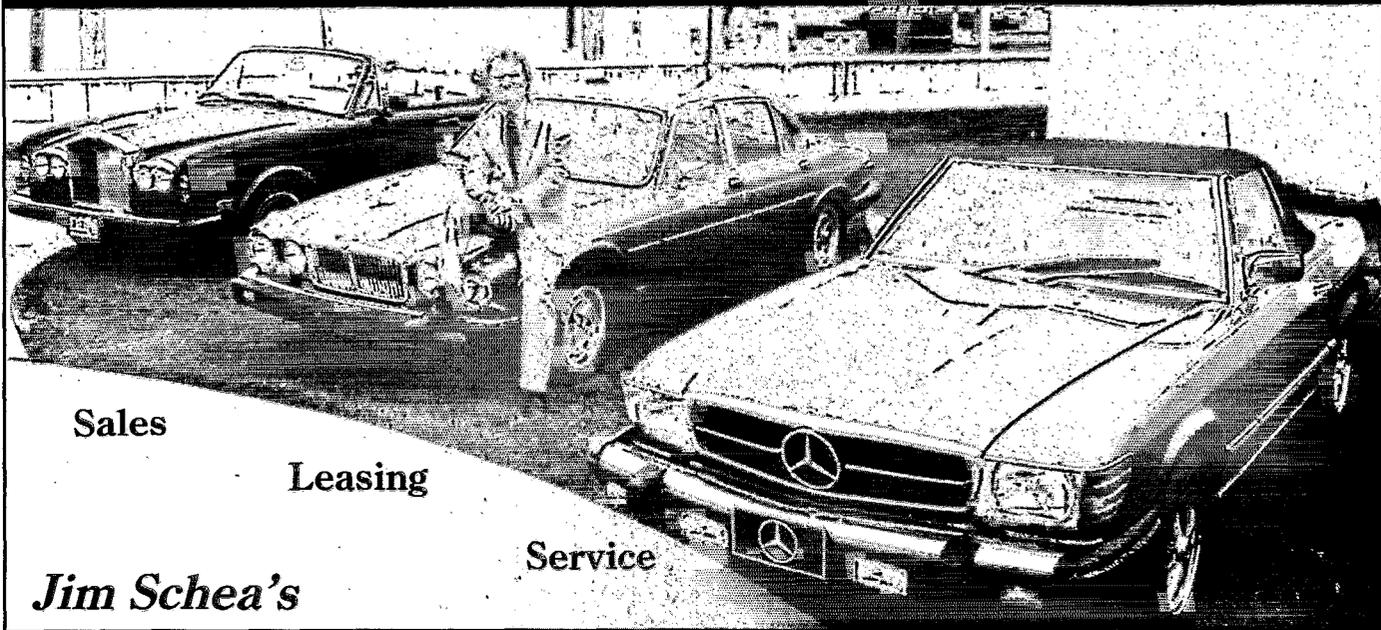
In 1878, Newberry and McMillan furthered their association by forming a company to invest in real estate and provide what today would be called venture capital. Within two years their capital in that company stood at over \$900,000. In downtown Detroit, they erected buildings at the southeast corner of Griswold and Larned and at the southeast corner of Larned and Shelby. Each building had a steam-operated elevator that used steam from their company, the Detroit Steam Company.

In 1880, a syndicate that included Newberry decided to build a railroad from St. Ignace to Marquette to transport

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## ANNA'S ALTERNATIVE

As Anna grew older, she no longer had the physical ability to keep up the maintenance of her home. The roof leaked, causing plaster to give way; gutters and downspouts became plugged, causing interior damage to several rooms; the plumbing became inoperable. Her mansion in Grosse Pointe recently sold for 50% of its value...due to its neglect.

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iron ore from the mines. While surveying the route, several town sites were laid out and named after the members of the syndicate, which is how Newberry, Michigan, in the Upper Peninsula got its name. In Newberry, he established Vulcan Furnace to make charcoal iron using the hardwoods available in the area.

By 1880 Newberry was suffering from Bright's disease, an ailment of the kidneys. Undoubtedly preparing for his death, he began to keep yearly trial balances of his net worth. In 1880, his investments totalled \$2.5 million, and his wife's, \$281,840; in 1881, \$2.9 million with his wife's worth \$356,840; in 1885, \$3.8 million, with no separate figures available for his wife; in 1886, \$4.5 million, and again no figures for his wife. An example of how profitable his investments were was the dividend he received from the Detroit Transportation Company; on stock worth \$14,700, his dividend was \$9,100.

With death approaching from Bright's disease, he also suffered from bronchial asthma. He went to doctors in Philadelphia for help and travelled to Nassau and Colorado for relief, but to no avail.

He refused to confine himself to his bed but insisted upon sitting in his chair so he could look out his bay window. On November 25, 1886, he signed his will and made the comment, "That will make a nice Christmas present for the boys."

While sitting in his chair, with his head back, he simply passed away without a sound on January 2, 1887. Servants rushed to James McMillan's house several doors away, but he could not revive Newberry.

His funeral was the occasion for many tributes, but the one offered by his old Romeo friend and university classmate was probably best. Judge J. Logan Chipman eulogized, "With Mr. Newberry, as with all great men, there was indomitable will, the energy, the great iron power that characterized his whole life."

His estate was worth approximately \$4.5 million, with investments in more than fifty different companies. To charitable organizations he left \$650,000. The men of that era never forgot their social obligations. ◇

*Thomas Arbaugh is a professor of history at Macomb Community College.*

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# The Art of Listening

There are many levels of listening to music, each of which has its own rewards.

by BEN WALKER



In a recent issue, I discussed music from the viewpoint of "appreciation" ("Teaching the Intangibles," February/March 1986). Following publication of that article, I had a number of responses from readers and friends asking, "How do you learn to really appreciate music?" One friend, who finds himself reluctantly going to the symphony, begged, "Tell me how to listen!"

Most of these people know that they are not getting all the pleasure they should from music. They realize that others seem to be enjoying music more than they are. In the realm of music, they feel like the inhabitants of the world before Prometheus brought them the divine fire:

"Though they had eyes to see, they saw to no avail; they had ears, but understood not; but, like to shapes in dreams, throughout their length of days, without purpose they wrought all things in confusion." — Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*.

This article, then, is for those people. Its purpose is to offer a little guidance, not to teach appreciation.

Appreciation cannot be taught. Like any other pleasure, it is an experience, and experience can only be had. But I can share some bases for appreciation, some of the qualities that others enjoy, and some of the basic principles which underlie all music, no matter what type.

If you have attended a concert at Ford Auditorium or Orchestra Hall, or an outdoor concert at Meadowbrook or at the War Memorial, you probably have noticed that people listen to music in many different ways and on many different levels. Going to

Ford, for instance, you'll find audience members deeply involved in reading program notes or listening intently. But, at Meadowbrook, you'll find some people spreading blankets on the grass, having picnics and quiet conversation, while others are lying back on blankets watching the stars. At both places, some audience members will be found with the musical score in their laps, intent on following every note, as their musical training has taught them.

We can listen to music in all kinds of ways. The most satisfying listening is the kind in which the listener participates with the greatest awareness. While technical knowledge of music is not necessary to a satisfying listening experience, willingness to make an effort to be aware is vital. No one can pay attention and listen for someone else; each individual must do that for himself.

An attitude of tolerance towards unfamiliar music is also helpful. This is true for classical music and punk rock. Too often, when we have difficulty understanding a piece of music, we reject it and think that something must be wrong with it.

Tolerance encourages learning. If we expend energy deciding whether we like a piece of music before we know it reasonably well, we probably will never understand it enough to like it. So I suggest approaching all music not asking, "Will I like it?" but rather, "What is happening in this music?" or "What is the composer or performer trying to say?"

The great American composer Aaron Copland suggests that there are three different planes or levels of listen-



ing. All three are highly interrelated, but often one aspect is far more important than another. Simply being aware of these levels can greatly aid your enjoyment of music.

The "sensuous" level of listening is the purely physical effect that music has on its listeners. This level of listening is not particularly intellectual in nature. Sensuous listening is demonstrated by the fairly obvious tapping of our feet to the beat of an exciting march, or by the "chills" many experience when a symphony orchestra works its way to a great climax. In popular music this sensuous level is often expressed by the listeners' desire to dance or otherwise move to the music. At this sensuous level we listen mostly to the rhythm of the music and its dynamic levels.

For those trying to develop listening skills, responding to music purely on the sensuous level is a good beginning. Even serious music lovers find that this level often gives them the greatest satisfaction from certain works or at certain times.

A second way of listening is more psychological than physical in its approach. This is the "expressive" level. It is the level which stimulates feelings or emotions. Here, music has both an advantage and a disadvantage over words. The disadvantage is that music is limited in its ability to designate highly specific thoughts. As an example, music might give an impression of great joy, but it cannot be specific in telling what is causing or creating the joy. Conversely, words can often be too inflexible or too conventional to allow for the fullest emotional expression. Here, music may better convey the mood or the emotion because the listener can fill in the meanings by drawing upon his

own deep, personal reactions.

While the first level of listening is primarily physical and the second level emotional, the third level of listening involves the intellect. Remember, however, that all three are closely interrelated and that truly effective listening will involve all three levels.

The third level, which Copland terms the "sheerly musical," consists of listening for what is happening technically in the music—what instruments are playing, what notes are being played, the speed of the performance, etc. Obviously, this level requires more effort and training than the other two. While it can offer more satisfaction and rewards than the other types, a listener can greatly love and enjoy music without becoming involved at this third level. Involvement with the sensuous and expressive qualities of listening, however, will generally lead to a desire for more musical knowledge.

Listening is a skill which people can improve. Here are a few suggestions:

First, understand the basic elements of music, the stuff of which it is made. The two most obvious ones are melody and rhythm. These are so fundamental that most people use them every day while singing along with a radio or other recording.

Melody is a string or succession of notes sounded one after the other. For most of us, it's the most important element in music. A good composer is skillful in organizing melodic ideas. He may repeat one over and over, or he may turn one upside down or backwards. He may vary the dynamic level or give it a different voice or instrument. If



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## music

you can become aware of and recognize the melodies, the tunes, in whatever music you're exposed to, or if you discover that you can remember or hum the tune later, then you're really on your way to enjoyment.

While melody is a succession of notes of varying pitches, both high and low, rhythm is concerned with how long or short a time period each note should last. For most of us, responding to rhythm is easier than responding to melody, because rhythm is very physical. Most people can quickly pick up and recognize intricate and varied rhythms.

Harmony, the third element of music, also concerns notes; harmony is the sounding of two or more notes at the same time. This can come in a wide variety of ways: for example, two voices singing on different notes or various instruments playing at the same time. Harmony can become complex and sophisticated, but a professional understanding of it is not necessary in order to enjoy the richness given to music by the additional sounds harmony creates.

Another basic element of music is the effect made possible by the use of dynamics, or the degree of loudness or softness of a work. Like rhythm, we seem to have a natural response to dynamic changes in music. Most unskilled listeners tend to prefer the loud sections. Try giving attention to the softer movements, and you will realize how they enrich the more powerful sounds when they arrive.

The last basic element is tone colour, or the various sounds made by different instruments or voices. There are limitless possibilities of combinations of sounds. Think of them as a great feast and listen for and discover new flavours that appeal to you.

Now, having covered these basics, give your undivided attention to the music. If you want to learn to fully enjoy music, then half-hearted listening is not good enough.

As you listen, try to pick out the basic elements. Try to find and remember the melody or main theme first. This alone will greatly aid your comprehension of music.

Then be aware of any natural, physical response you may be making to the rhythm of the piece. Your body may become quite involved. Try in public, however, to use some discretion.

Move on to trying to hear the harmony in the music. Do you hear different notes or pitches at the same time? These sounds are not always meant to be pleasant. Decide for yourself if these harmonies are pleasant or discordant to your ears, then decide what the composer might be trying to convey by the way he uses harmony.

Now allow the various tone colours to come into your awareness. Which instruments, voices or combinations most appeal to you? Be open to new sounds.'

These suggestions are very basic. Indeed, you probably covered them all back in elementary school. And yet, for most of us, great enjoyment can come from understanding these simple basics of music.

That is what music is all about. Composers and performers want and intend that their music be enjoyed, that it be found both interesting and meaningful. So "appreciation" doesn't have to mean knowing all kinds of musical terms and technical knowledge. When you hear music more fully and enjoyably, then you are understanding and appreciating it. ◇

*If you wish greater insight, Ben Walker suggests Charles Hoffer's book, The Understanding of Music, published by Wadsworth.*

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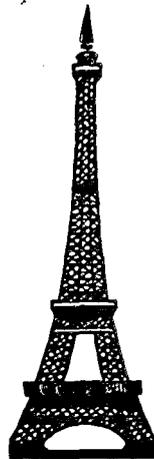
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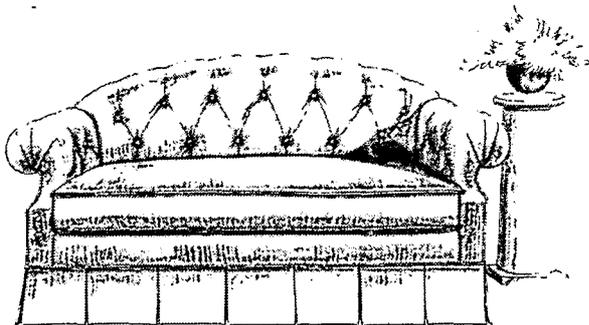
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# Bahia Mar Yachting Center

*This Fort Lauderdale marina offers everything from bologna to Beluga.*

by SANDI ADAMS SCAFFETTI

Ocean breezes stir the coconut palms. Against their sighs, the clang of rigging harmonizes with the rhythmic slap of blue water on docked hulls. The cry of seagulls, a familiar refrain, completes the marina's melody.

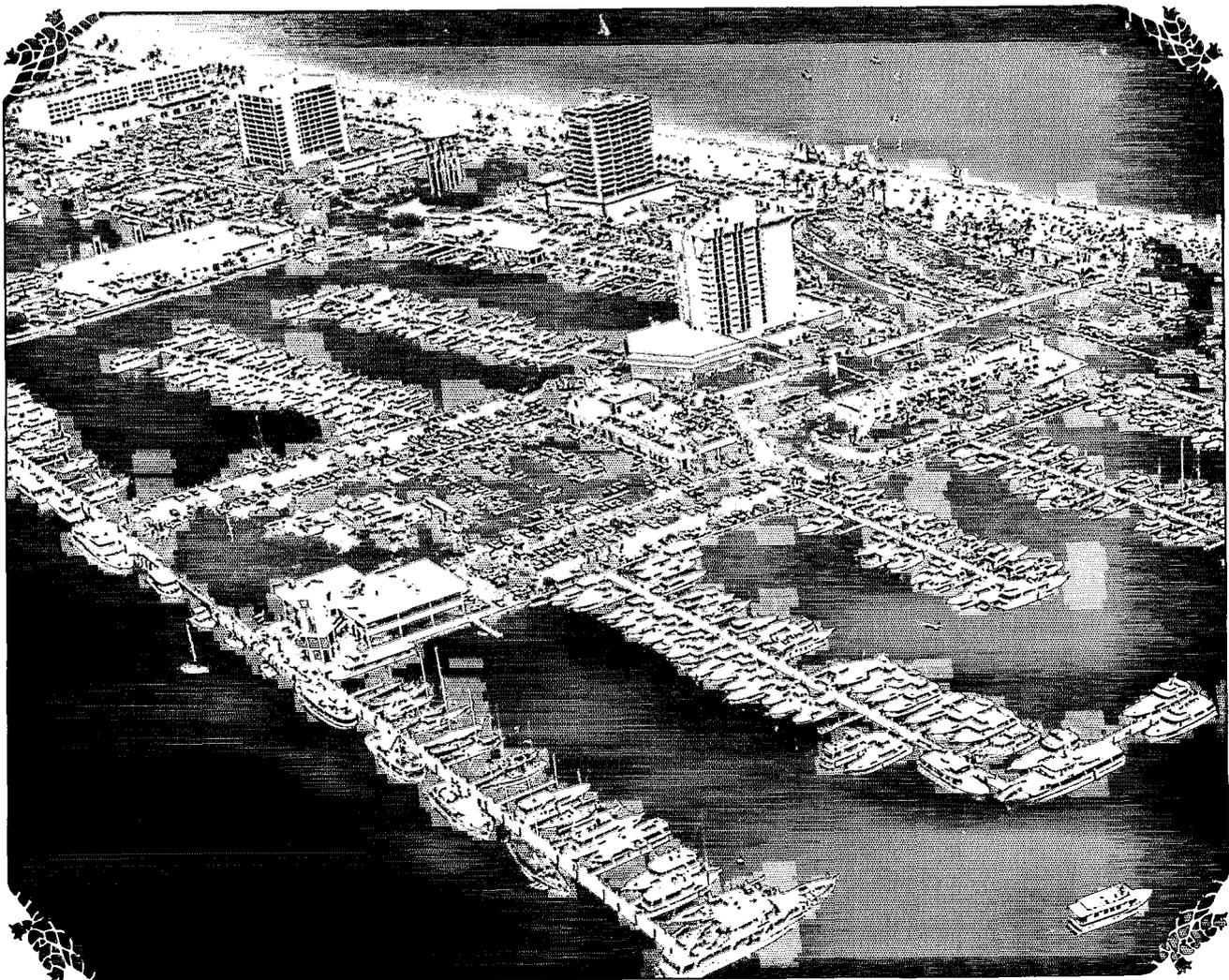
At Bahia Mar, yachts with names as exotic as *Xanadu* and as pragmatic as *Sale's Incentive* fill the slips of the largest marina in Florida. Located on the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway, Bahia Mar is a landmark in Fort Lauderdale,

a city known as "the Venice of America."

When completed in late 1949, Bahia Mar became a national showcase, the first yachting complex built in the country, according to August Burghard and Philip Weidling, authors of *Checkered Sunshine*, a history of Fort Lauderdale. The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers recognized Bahia Mar as "the outstanding achievement in waterfront development programs in the United States."

Sam Shelsky, the marina's first manager, estimated that representatives of at least forty cities on the east and west coasts and in the Great Lakes area visited Bahia Mar or requested information on it before embarking on their own marina projects. Its designer, J. H. Philpott, was invited to Los Angeles as a consultant to the sprawling Playa Del Rey when it was being built there.

"State of the art" was a still-to-be-coined term in the late 1940s, when America's interest in pleasure boats



exploded. At Bahia Mar, it would have been an apt description even then. Well-heeled yachtsmen welcomed the chance to abandon their boat yard moorings and tie up in the heart of the city's finest residential and hotel area. In addition to slipside utilities, Bahia Mar offered boaters a control tower, ship's chandler, marine hardware, post office, catering and babysitting services, a restaurant, and many other shops and services. Its three miles of precast concrete docks, a design inno-

vation, could accommodate 450 boats averaging forty feet in length.

Over the years, the 42-acre yachting center expanded to meet the needs of its clientele. The complex now boasts a 298-room hotel with ballroom and conference center, twenty shops and boutiques, and a weather station. Telephone hookups, cable television, and room service are available to boaters. Although the number of slips—350—is fewer than the marina originally had, boats up to 165 feet in length

can now be accommodated at the in-season rate of one dollar per foot per day.

The lure of Bahia Mar draws boaters from around the country. Strolling the grounds, one finds a kaleidoscope of sailing vessels, powerboats, and character boats, such as *El Presidente*, one of two sister ships to Harry Truman's *Sequoia*. Antiques, such as the I. E. Dupont boat built in the 1930s, moor alongside hi-tech boats, such as *For Your Eyes Only*, a 110-foot jet-driven craft that reaches speeds of forty-five miles per hour. In one slip, Barbara Mandrell's yacht, *The Lady Encore*, docks, while, in another, sausage magnate Jimmy Dean's *Big Bad John* rests.

Celebrities such as Elton John and Burt Reynolds, who owns a dinner theater in nearby Jupiter, are frequent visitors at Bahia Mar. The marina itself was the site of the movie "Easy Money," starring Rodney Dangerfield. Bahia Mar executives, however, turned down an offer by the producers of "Miami Vice" to film at the marina.

"It's not the image we're looking for," explained Dick Graves, director of marketing. "Bahia Mar has a certain charisma about it."

That charisma captured the imagination of writer John D. MacDonald, whose Travis McGee series has made Bahia Mar and the fictional slip F-18 household words for mystery fans for more than twenty years. A proposal to create an honorary slip F-18 and mark it with a plaque is under consideration.

MacDonald's popularity is demonstrated every time Ed Glatz, vice-president of operations, takes his boat, the *Busted Flush*, out on the Intracoastal. Named after McGee's own barge-like houseboat, the craft invariably draws comments from nautical passersby. "How's it going, Travis?" is a familiar question.

The strong element of fantasy with which Bahia Mar is imbued mingles with the down-to-earth services the complex offers. Nowhere is this more evident than in the General Store, where boaters can buy anything from bologna to Beluga caviar, seven ounces of which sells for \$280. Magazines, greeting cards, sneakers, and saltwater taffy help the store earn its descriptive title.

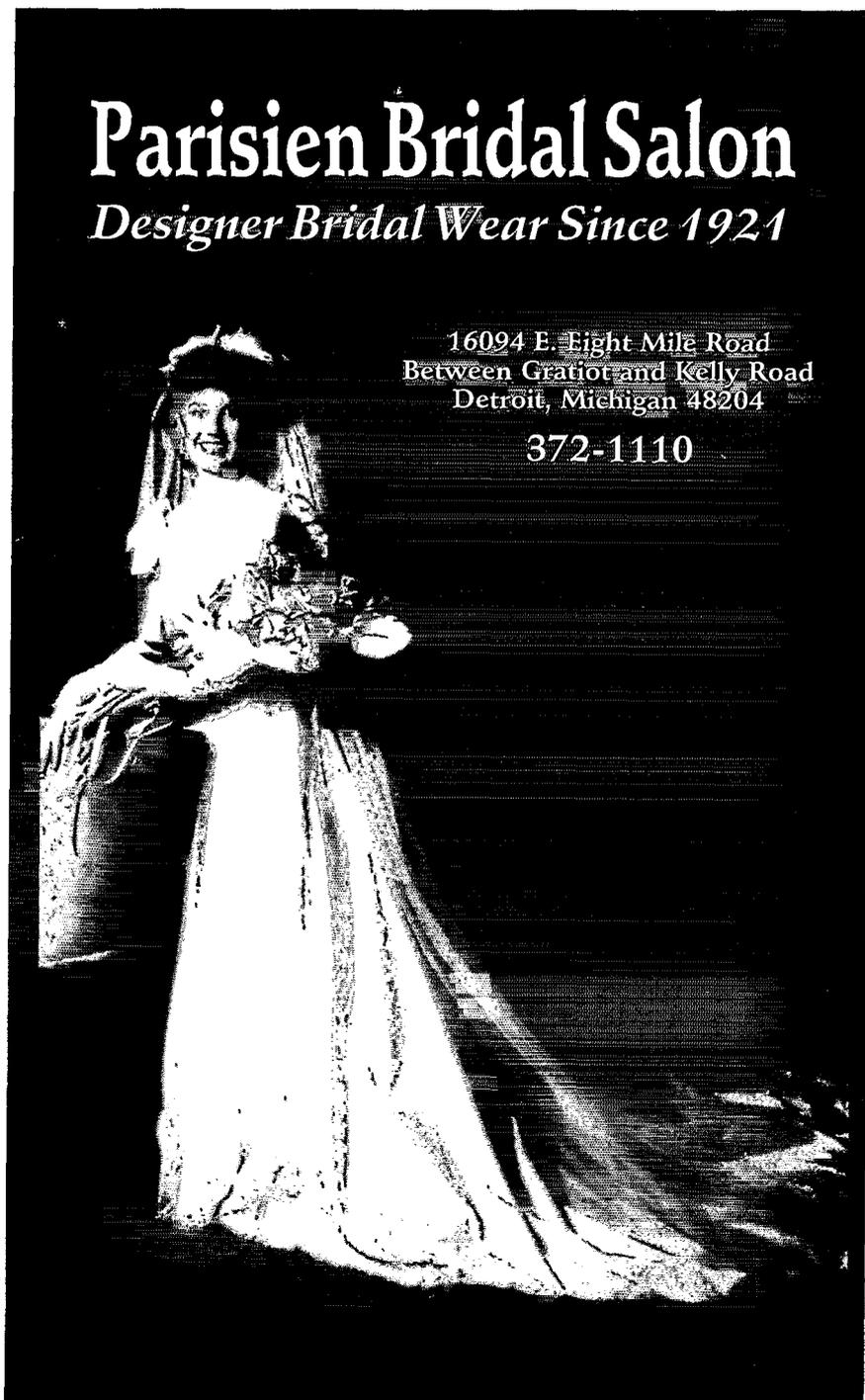
For one-of-a-kind nautical jewelry, boaters can shop at Carrázza, where a diamond-studded anchor pendant on an eighteen-karat gold chain

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sells for \$5,200. Manager Honey Melamed is happy to take orders for custom-made replicas of private yachts, which can be fashioned into gold pendants. For car lovers, owner Ed Suhyda has a selection of flip rings, in which automobile insignias reverse to precious stones, for about \$1,600. Also of interest is an exclusively-designed Rolls Royce ring with a movable grille and four diamonds for headlights. Its price tag is \$9,300.

**From November to April, between three and five hundred million dollars worth of yachts dock at Bahia Mar.**

The sports-minded can tie up their boats at Bahia Mar and take a 16-hour scuba diving course from the Pro Dive Shop on the complex for \$200. Deep-sea fishing boats can also be chartered at the marina for \$275. The half-day rental charge includes tackle and bait. With fifteen boats available, Bahia Mar boasts one of the largest deep sea fishing fleets in the area.

Adjacent to the marina, the two-tiered paddlewheel boat, the *Jungle Queen*, takes visitors on a leisurely tour up the Intracoastal Waterway and the New River. Guides on board point out homes of the famous and the infamous while filling passengers in on the area's history.

Mixing business with pleasure is possible by renting one of the charter boats often docked at Bahia Mar. The *Lady Chateau*, a modern yacht whose aft deck features a spiral staircase, is one of a half dozen usually available. A four-hour corporate meeting on a 75-foot yacht on the Intracoastal can be arranged for \$2,000 plus fuel and food.

In addition to catering business meetings, Bahia Mar's chef, Adolph Obermair, concocts hors d'oeuvres and entrées for hundreds of weddings and high school proms held at the complex each year. Diners can feast on his award-winning pompano strudel, along with conch fritters and key lime pie, or opt for a more elegant full-course meal, all with a special South Florida

flavour.

Although the Bahia Mar Yachting Center offers boaters the comforts of a self-contained city, visitors also find it convenient to walk the covered foot bridge across A1A, the street which separates the marina from the beach. There they can view the fenced-in sea turtle hatchery in the sand and frolic in the waves of the Atlantic beyond. The more adventurous can pilot their yachts to Port Everglades, fifteen minutes from Bahia Mar, and navigate the ocean itself.

The facilities at Bahia Mar are open year-round, but its busiest time is from November to April when between three and five hundred million dollars worth of yachts dock there. The

marina will be the site of the 27th Annual Bahia Mar-Fort Lauderdale International Boat Show in late November, the largest in-water boat show in the country.

For those who find a yacht that captures their fancy, a bank in the complex can arrange financing.

"This is an amazing place," says Graves, who came to Bahia Mar two years ago after moving from New York. The statement seems to reflect a personal reaction as much as a corporate statement. "There's nothing comparable to it." ♦

*Sandi Adams Scaffetti is a former East Detroiter currently residing in Florida.*

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# The Williams Collection of Far Eastern Ceramics

by DEBORAH DIREZZE ————— ◆

Nancy Quirk Williams is a woman of many accomplishments. With a successful marriage of forty-nine years, three grown children and eight grandchildren to her credit, she is the consummate good wife and mother. There is a pleasant, homey atmosphere in the house on Tonnancour Place that has been the Williamses' Grosse Pointe Farms residence since 1963. Books and artwork are predominant in the decor, reflecting a lifelong curiosity and passion for learning.

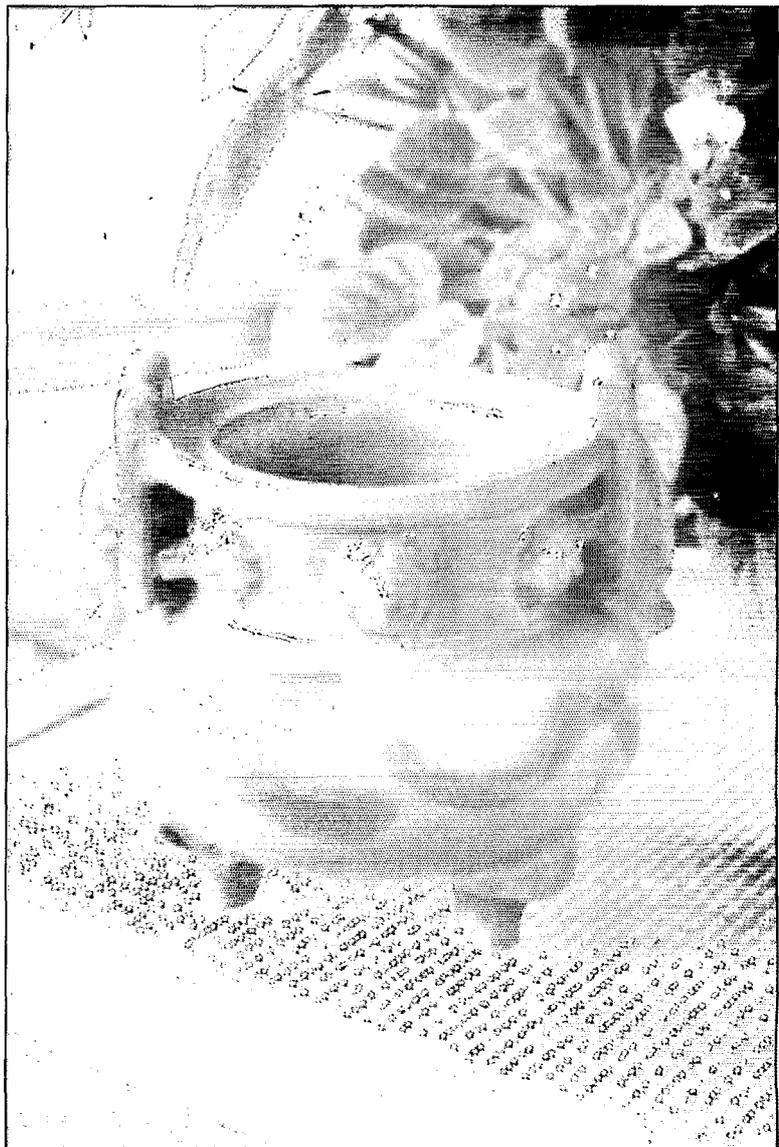
Nancy's husband, Michigan Supreme Court Chief Justice G. Mennen Williams, is known to almost everyone as "Soapy." His political career has been long and productive, including an unmatched six terms as Governor of the state of Michigan and several appointments as U.S. Ambassador.

Soapy's career has taken the Williamses far and wide, from Lansing to Washington, D.C., Africa and the Philippines. Wherever they have resided, Nancy and her husband have taken an interest in the artifacts and history of their surroundings. Soapy's appointment as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs took them to Washington, D.C., where they tastefully furnished their home with early American antiques.

While in Africa, their attention was drawn to the art and culture of that country. They collected wooden masks and statuettes, along with bronzes and terra-cottas. The Williams Collection of African Art is now divided among the Detroit Institute of Arts, Oakland University, the Flint Museum of Art, and their own home.

During Soapy's U.S. Ambassadorship to the Philippines, the subject of Far Eastern ceramics came to Nancy's attention. During their stay in Manila (1968-1969), a great number of these ceramics began to emerge, found in ancient burial grounds and dwelling sites around the islands. Much like the Egyptian culture, the Chinese believed that the objects necessary for a successful journey to the afterlife must be buried with the dead. The burial of

The purple markings of this Sung period incense burner are said to have first been created when a pig accidentally wandered into the artist's kiln to keep warm.

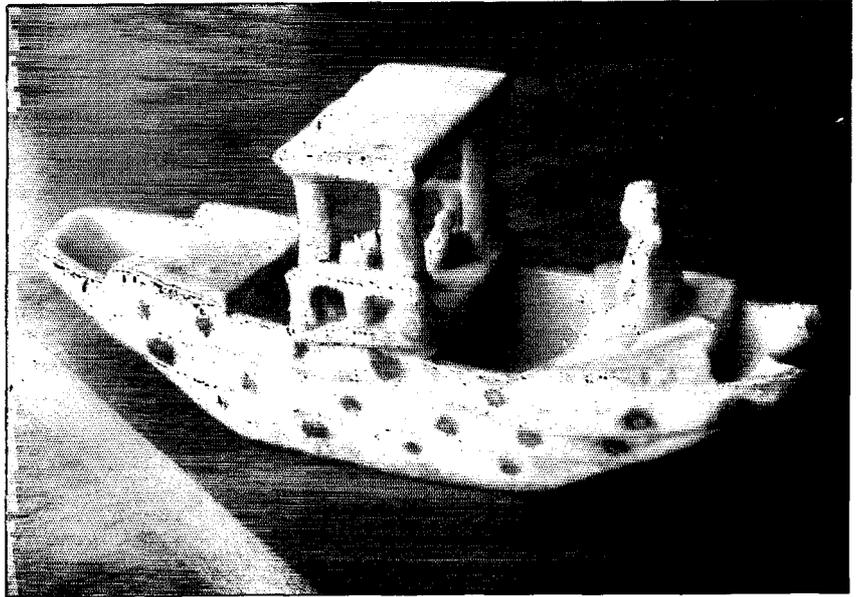


Spotted *ch'ing-pai* ware boat, meant to be buried with its owner, to provide transportation to the afterlife. Note the family members on the center seat. Yuan Dynasty.

these Chinese and Asiatic ceramic wares resulted in well-preserved artifacts; many were recovered through diggings at burial sites, or through Philippine farmers in their rice paddies, or on the beaches.

At the time of their arrival in the Philippines, Nancy knew nothing of Chinese and Asiatic ceramics, but had always been attracted to ceramic art forms. Appreciative of history and articles of the past, she spent some of her time in Manila browsing in antiques shops, where she encountered her first piece of pottery. She recalls that, "one day, a man came in with a pot in a newspaper that he had found on the beach." That first pot led to the acquisition of more than 1,550 pieces of ceramic ware that form the Williams Collection of Far Eastern Ceramics. Nancy compiled this collection in the relatively short period of two years, with Soapy financing the purchases. Nancy was not always certain of the pieces she discovered; "If I liked the lines, I bought it, and then ran around to find out what it was that I had bought!" This necessitated intensive research on her part to classify those purchases; she compiled her own library of information for reference. By handling the objects, and with the aid of the Chinese-born British Ambassador to the Philippines, she was able to identify many of her discoveries. Still, she maintains that "much research is yet to be done on many items in the collection."

Objects in the Williams Collection range mostly from the T'ang (618-906), Sung (960-1279), Yuan (1280-1368), and early Ming (1368-1644) periods. We address ourselves here to that part of the collection retained in the Williamses' home, known as the Tonnancour section. The core of the

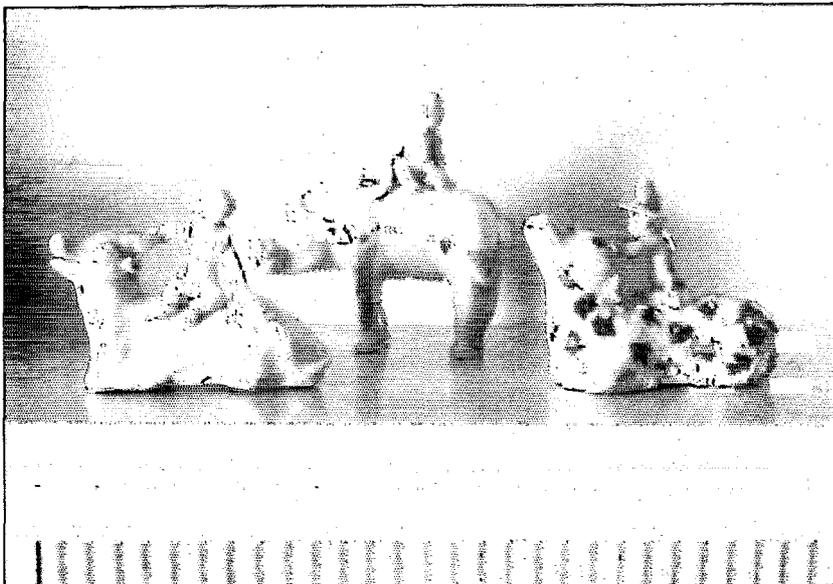


collection is primarily celadon, *ch'ing p'ai*, white and cream-white porcelains, and the blue-and-white wares.

The celadon pieces are noted for their soft grass or sea-green colour and their jade-like glaze. Perfected in the Sung period, celadon continued to be produced during the Ming period. Highly popular, it was exported widely, from Japan to the Philippines to Egypt.

The term *ch'ing p'ai* means "bluish white" in Chinese, and as a rule these pieces are pure white porcelain covered with a transparent glaze tinged with pale blue. *Ch'ing p'ai* is considered one of the finest of porcelain wares developed in the Sung period, and was produced throughout the Yuan period. Among these pieces are also objects of spotted *ch'ing p'ai*, produced with the use of iron oxide to create brown spots in the glaze.

Just as the spotted *ch'ing p'ai* was an example of new decorative techniques developed during the Yuan period, so were the early pieces of blue-and-white wares in the Williams Collection. The blue-and-white style was a result of painting cobalt blue on porcelain beneath a transparent



A trio of Yuan water droppers, used to blend water with powdered drawing ink. The figure on the left has a plain *ch'ing-pai* glaze; the figures in the center and on the right are examples of spotted *ch'ing-pai* ware. Many of the creatures depicted are a blend of real life and myth.

Opposite page: Nancy Williams with a late Ch'ing Dynasty tea jar, identifiable by its multicolour rendering.

PHOTOS BY JEAN LANNEN





glaze. Like celadon, Chinese blue-and-white porcelain was a highly desired trade item throughout the Orient; in time, its popularity encompassed Europe and America.

Of the more than fifteen hundred pieces that the Williamses brought home to the states, approximately five hundred pieces were donated to the Detroit Institute of Arts. A catalogue was published by the DIA to accompany that portion of the collection, and its introduction states: "The Williamses' generous gift has broadened the scope of the museum's original holdings of East Asian ceramics by adding many new types of

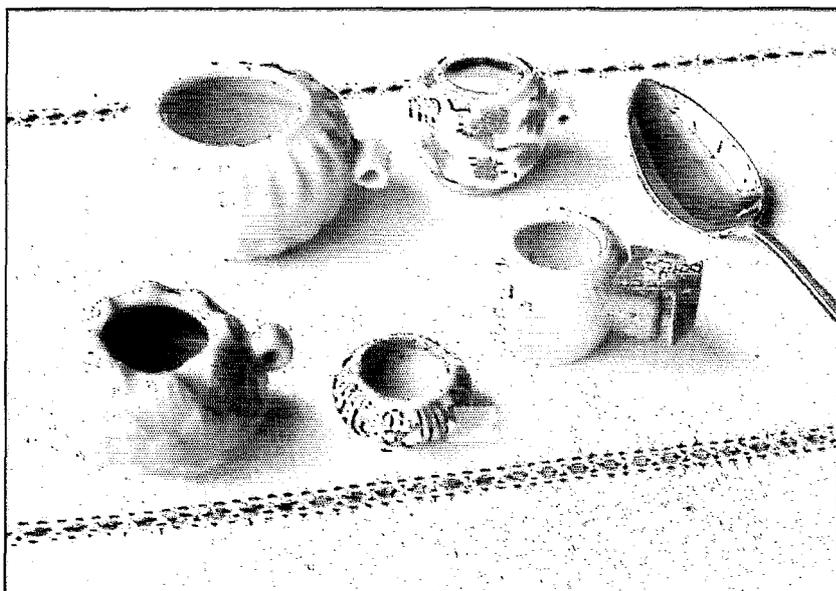
Ming celadon bowl and a smaller jar with lotus leaf cover. The celadon colouring was meant to resemble jade, highly regarded in the Chinese culture.

wares. This makes the collection a valuable asset for students and specialists in the field, and a source of inspiration for the general public." Written by the late Kamer Aga-Oglu, a recognized scholar in this field, the catalogue also praises Nancy's "keen perception and good judgment... bringing together in a short period of time a remarkable selection of representative types of Asiatic pottery."

Two hundred and forty-nine pieces were given to the University of Michigan Museum of Anthropology in Ann Arbor, where the catalogue affirms that these pieces have served to "enhance the Museum's original collection of Far Eastern ceramics... obtained in the Philippines by the University of Michigan expedition of 1922-1925." The University's original collection "contains nearly eight thousand whole and fragmentary specimens of Chinese, Siamese and native Philippine wares. The Williams Collection serves to fill the missing types of wares that form a link between the Sung and Ming periods."

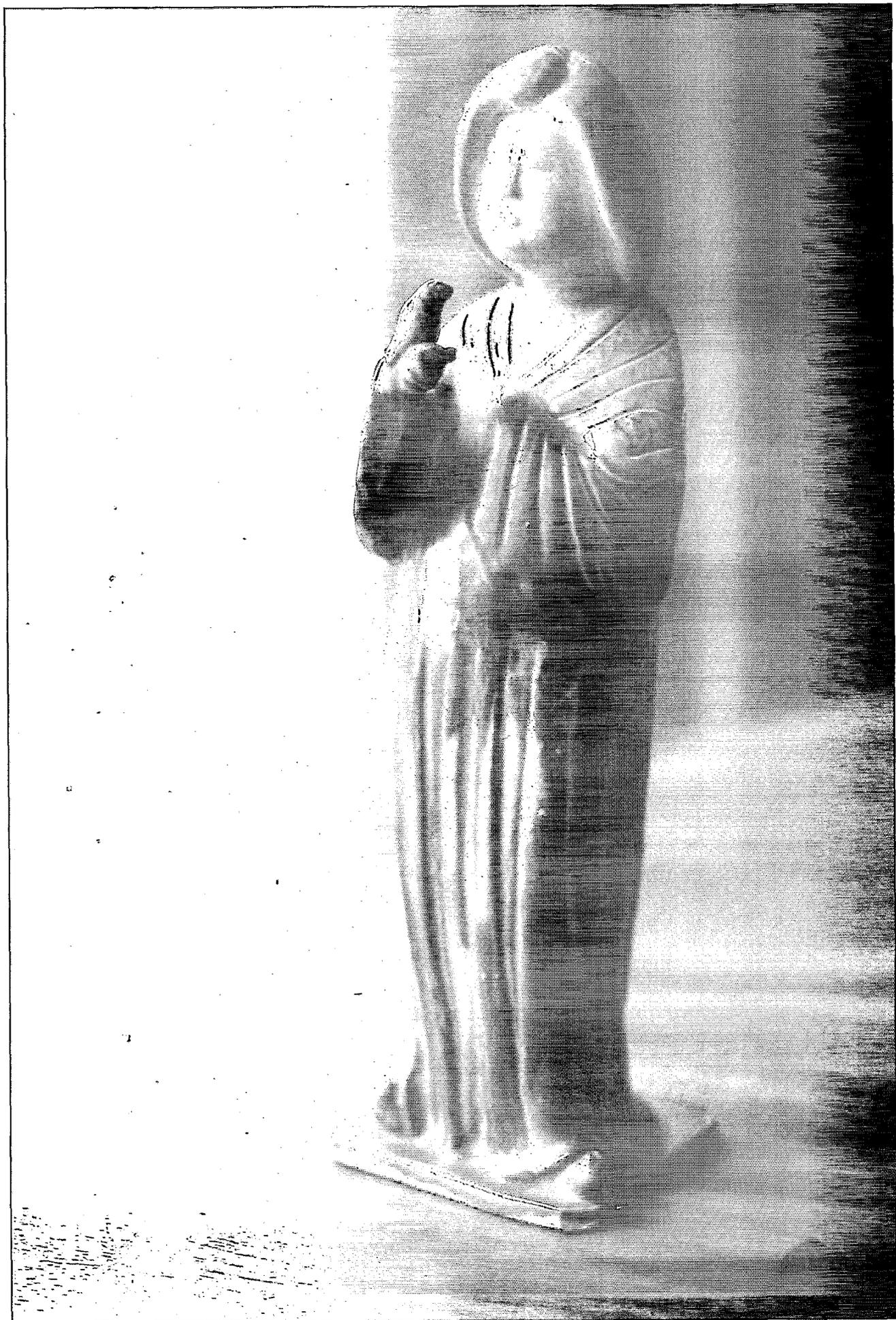
The Williamses have shared their collection in the hopes of creating a "teaching nucleus" of Chinese ceramics in Michigan. While Nancy's main interest, and, therefore, the body of the collection, is T'ang, Sung, and early Ming, a few of the later Ch'ing period pieces have been added to round out the collection for teaching purposes. In addition, some twenty-five or thirty pieces discovered on a recent trip that the Williamses made to Indonesia have been added.

In their home, two large, floor-to-ceiling glass cases were built to house the Tonnancour section of the collection. The pieces are arranged by period and displayed simply and effectively on softly lit glass shelves. Additional objects are displayed about their home, serving as artistic focal points in the pale blue rooms. Reminiscing, Nancy recalls her home in Manila. "In the Philippines, I had a couple of tables that I loved," arranged with



At left: An arrangement of tiny birdfeeders of the Yuan and Ming periods. The Chinese believed that birds carried one's soul to the afterlife; thus great importance was placed on birdfeeders.

Opposite page: Graceful "Lady with a bird" from the T'ang period, featuring earthy colours of ochre, brown and green.





Spotted ch'ing-pai ware water dropper, depicting a boy on a water buffalo. Yuan Dynasty.

ceramic art. "It was as much a way of decorating as anything." Her appreciation of ceramic art encompasses a simple love of beautiful things, as well as scholarly feelings for the historical value of the collection and the importance of sharing it with the public.

Nancy considers herself very fortunate to have been present in the Philippines at a time when these early Chinese pieces were being traded in Manila. That good fortune would have meant little without her inspiration and recognition of the historical importance of these pieces. It is because of her labour and vision that the Williams Collection of Far Eastern Ceramics has been assembled and preserved as a teaching collection for students interested in this art form. ◇

## *A Thing of Beauty*

Collecting is a hobby of infinite variation. What one collector considers invaluable may hold no meaning for the next connoisseur, despite its monetary value. Collections make distinct statements about their owners; and it's the story behind the objects that provides great reading. Outstanding photography captures the detail and allows HERITAGE to share rare, curious and beautiful objects with our readers.

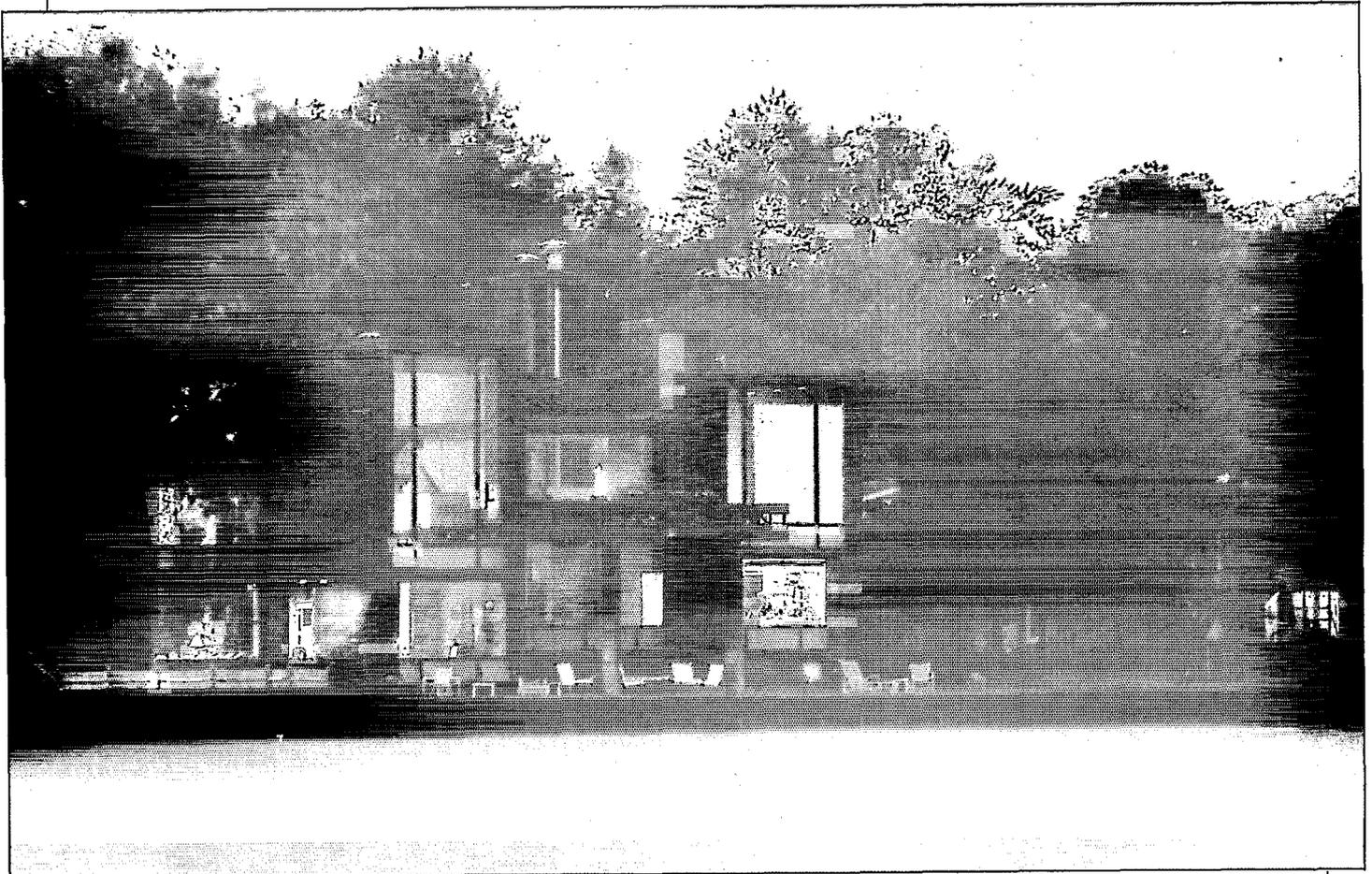
HERITAGE thanks each individual who has consented to share their story with our readers; to provide our photographer, Jean Lannen, access to their collection and our writer, Deborah DiRezze, the time necessary to compile an accurate detailing. Such courtesy is rare, and has our appreciation.

Come to think of it, we're compiling quite a collection of our own.

If you are aware of an extra-special group of collectibles that warrants editorial and photographic scrutiny, please give us a call at (313) 777-2350. We promise to treat the collector and his or her acquisitions with the greatest respect.

# A House of Many Levels

*Paul Rudolph's design blends the outdoors with the indoors in a harmonious whole.*



by NANCY SOLAK

From the street, looming over the elms, it looks as if a giant playfully stood a group of rectangular blocks on end. From Lake St. Clair, with its expanse of windows, it looks like a dollhouse that invites the viewer to reach in and rearrange its contents.

It is the only house in Michigan designed by the internationally renowned architect, Paul Rudolph.

In the late Sixties, Dr. Frank H. Parcells and his wife, Anne, set out to have a contemporary house built in Grosse Pointe City for themselves and their five children. It took a great deal of research to locate an architect who

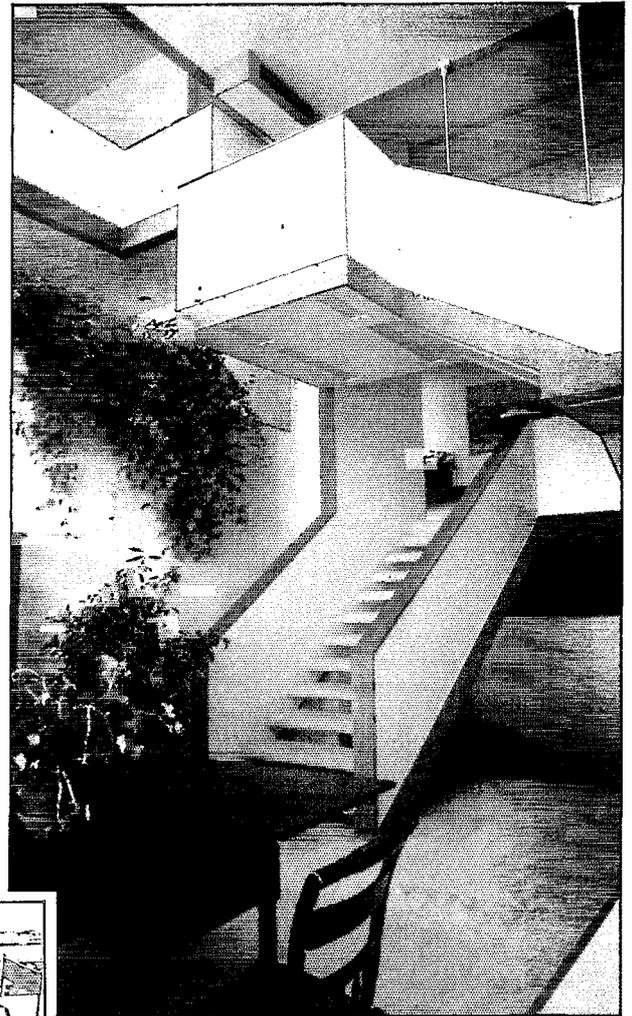
could build a contemporary house that had the warmth they sought.

Their search included tours of homes on Detroit's west side to get a feel for what they wanted. It required endless hours of looking at pictures of structures designed by a myriad of architects. On the advice of architect and friend William Kessler, the Parcells clipped pictures of rooms and houses from magazines and compiled a large notebook that illustrated their tastes. Finally, acting on the suggestion of another friend, an interior designer who lived in an architect-designed home herself, they selected Paul Rudolph.



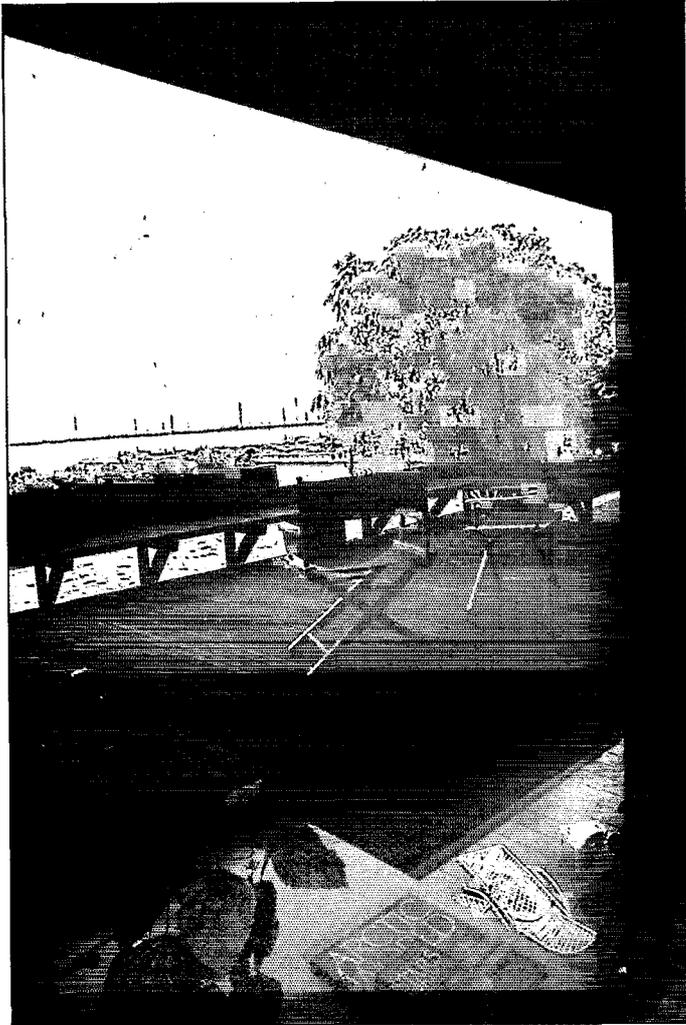
Left: An angled shot illustrates the union of the interior with its environment.

Below: The staircase cuts a dramatic swath.



Left: A bird's-eye view of the living and dining rooms.

Opposite page: A spectacular view from the deck.



Paul Rudolph, born in 1918, can be counted among the great architectural masters of the postwar period. Though he studied under Walter Gropius at Harvard, and was exposed to an undeviating course of Bauhaus Functionalism, he quickly recognized the program's inherent limitations.

After Harvard and a stint in the Navy—where he sharpened his instincts for the properties of materials in his shipbuilding assignment—he teamed up with architect Ralph Twitchell. During the following nine years he concentrated on building houses—and learned that partnerships were not for him.

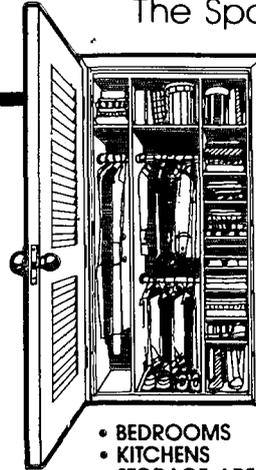
“Let’s face it,” Rudolph said. “Architects were never meant to design together. . . . Architecture is a personal effort, and the fewer people coming between you and your work the better.”

Besides, he felt challenged to design buildings that would not be used as homes, although he would do several more, including the house in Grosse Pointe. His credits include, among numerous others, the U.S. Embassy in Amman, Jordan; the Blue Cross-Blue Shield Building, Boston; the Greeley Memorial Laboratory at Yale; the Syracuse City Hall, New York; the IBM Corporation Building, East Fishkill, New York; the Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity House, Gainesville, Florida; and, the only other Rudolph-designed structure in Michigan, the Monteith College Center at

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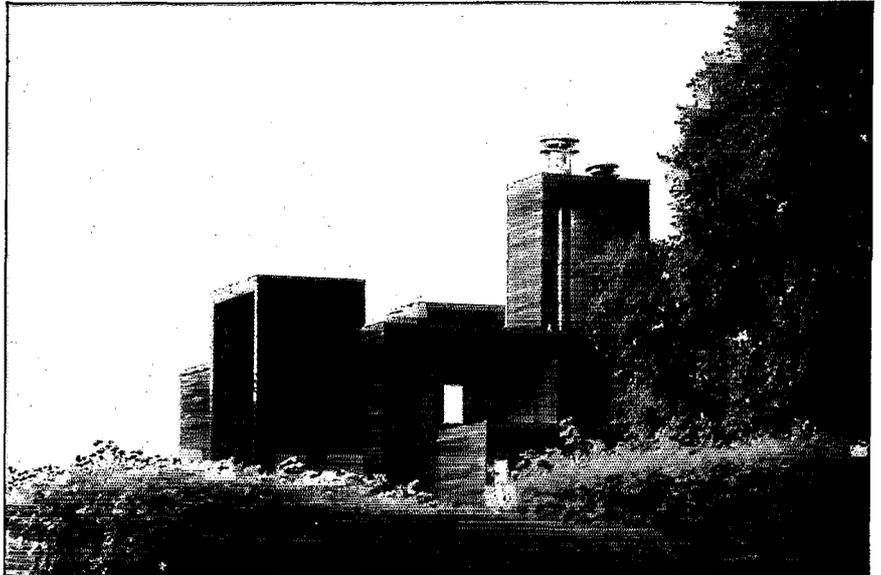
Wayne State University in Detroit.

Rudolph's career also includes a professorship at Yale, where he put into practice his liberal architectural training, marked by the avoidance of an absolute canon. His most important buildings from this period are the Art and Architecture Building at Yale and the Temple Street Garage, in which he developed his concept of individual buildings as they relate to their urban environment.

To more fully understand the house he designed in Grosse Pointe, one needs to know that Rudolph sees the end product of architecture as the creation of space that has an appropriate psychological environment.

In 1965, after seven years as chairman of the School of Architecture at Yale, Rudolph moved his office to New York, where he still works and resides.

Pointers who know him say he is a gentleman, a good listener, and as certain of his work as he is enthusiastic. To illustrate his confidence and his vigor, the Parcells recall a visit he made to Grosse Pointe to check on the progress of their house while it was still



under construction. Wedged under one of the cantilevered balconies, a two-by-four remained. No one dared move it, least of all the construction workers. When Rudolph asked Frank what it was doing there, Frank explained that the workers were not sure how stable the balcony was.

"What!" Rudolph cried, as he kicked the timber aside. Then, much to their horror, he scrambled up the stairs onto the balcony and jumped up and down, exclaiming, "See! It works!"

Prior to the project, talking to Rudolph in his New York office, the Parcells felt he understood their goals. "We knew," Frank says, "that having an architect like Rudolph would mean that he'd have to have as few restrictions as possible. But clearly it had to be *our* home, so he had to know what we wanted and needed, too."

The Parcells told him they wanted lots of wood, hence the weathered redwood wherever there isn't glass, and a well-treed site to temper the angles in the otherwise traditional colonial style of Grosse Pointe City. One of their major goals was to live in a contemporary structure that people would not find offensive. Theirs would be one of the first homes built in the subdivision, so anyone who built there later would know they would be sharing space with a contemporary house. "We did not want to impose our architectural preferences on others," Frank emphasizes.

Other items on their wish list included an office area with a separate entrance—Frank is a psychiatrist; a view of the water from the kitchen; a living room on the second floor so that the view of Lake St. Clair rivals that of the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's Fries Ballroom; five bedrooms on three different levels—one level for them, one for their boys, and one for their girls; and a dining room that could serve as an entry hall during most of the year when a formal dining room

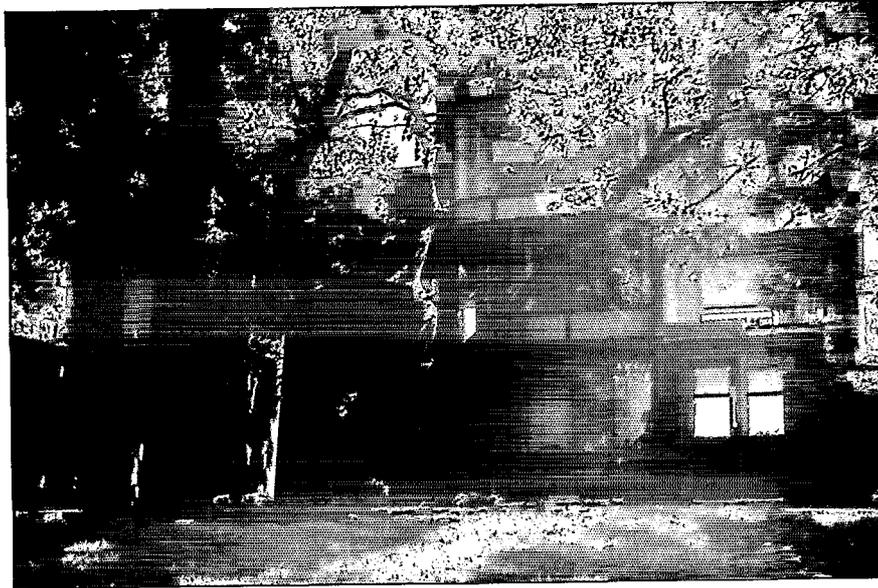
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Above: Rudolph designed the streetside of the home for a treed, private environment.

Opposite page: A view with perspective plays up the angles of the home.

PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

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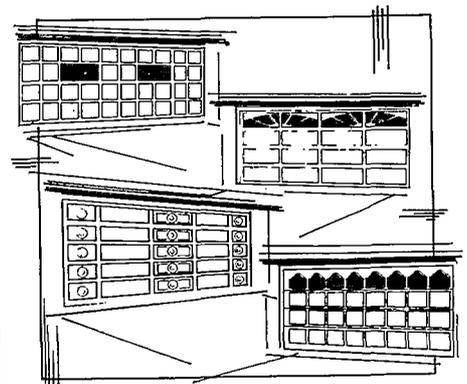
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# A House with a Distinct Personality

by ROSEMARY BOWDITCH

At various times since the early 1930s, there have been flirtations in the Grosse Pointes with so-called modern architecture. Any houses so designed stand in sharp contrast to the preponderant traditional styles, and so are guaranteed visual notoriety, at least. Even the passage of time and the patina of age cannot lessen their eye-catching character.

The Parcells-Smith House is one of these, but because of its location on a cul-de-sac, it is not likely to be happened upon by chance. Moreover, a solid board fence denies a full view of the home, but any passerby will undoubtedly be intrigued by what can be seen — wood and glass in forms strikingly different from more conventional houses nearby. It is a startling presence. A respectful peek through the gate reveals a sculpture-like assemblage of weathered redwood in varied rectangular shapes, many of which are filled in with large expanses of glass, the whole being comfortably and intimately integrated with its setting. A fence, likewise weathered grey, used to screen yard from parking area, visually ties the structure to the ground and to the site, anticipating the interrelationship of house and environment that is felt so strongly from within.

The sense of interaction between interior and exterior is less strongly exhibited by the lakeside facade, which is more regular and formal. Comprised mostly of glass and unobstructed by plantings, it is obviously intended to afford expansive views of the lake from within the house. In its relationship with the lake, the house keeps a respectful distance, and its design presents an almost worshipful stance to the water and the sun. The windows also reveal something of the interior arrangement of the house, but not enough to prepare the visitor for the complex interplay of the spaces inside.

Streetside, there are two formal entries at ground level, one convenient to an office area, and the other offering direct access to the formal dining room, a space which fulfills the exterior's promise of an unusual and interesting interior. Vertically it soars upward to the roof itself, and on the way flows sideways into various unwallied rooms of upper levels. These open spaces on high, some in the form of balconies, beckon the visitor and invite exploration.

They are reached by a playful, opensided staircase which turns its climbers around many times before running out of steps.

The first level reached has suitably secluded bedrooms and semi-private open areas for conversation and study. Three steps higher on one side is a spacious living room with intimate dining space, the whole of it seeming even larger by virtue of its outer glass walls and its internal open-endedness. The outdoors is very much present here, most dramatically in the form of conifers which fill one view, and the lake whose presence dominates all of these open upper levels. This was to be expected, having seen the lakeside facade, but the total impact, magnified by the openness, is greater than anticipated.

There is yet another floor of bedrooms and, on it, a balcony-like room, which overlooks the formal dining room, and provides another vantage point from which to view and admire the living room and its ever green backdrop. At the very least, this house provides for visual interactions throughout, especially with the outdoor environment. Trees and other plantings are not left behind when entering. What delights the senses outdoors continues to do so when viewed from inside the house; moreso, in some cases, because of altered perspectives.

The obvious sculptural quality of this house is also evident from within. The great open space reveals the underside of the sculpted form seen without, and the features within it add another dimension of sculpture to the whole. The shaping is enhanced by white walls, and outlined and emphasized by brown wood trim. Using built-in storage units, the architect completed the sculptural composition and ensured that its integrity would be compromised as little as possible by excesses of inappropriate furniture. Unlike most houses whose characters change with their occupants and their furnishings, this house has a distinct personality that will be felt regardless of the owners' style. ♦

---

*A former historical architect at Greenfield Village, Rosemary Bowditch is a freelance architectural designer and drafter.*

## architecture

was not needed. Beyond these limitations, Rudolph would be on his own.

The Parcels did question the location of the site, its closeness to the City's Park. "You may not realize this," Rudolph replied, "but it is far more interesting to look at people and their activities, especially if there's nothing to look at on the other side of the lake. It's good, not only to look at the water, but to look at something over the water." Through firsthand experience, the Parcels could not agree more.

In the end, Paul Rudolph granted them their every wish, and more. The home has five levels inside, fourteen different roof levels, and five thousand square feet of living space.

According to architect and Grosse Pointe Shores resident Anne Crane, whose husband George Crane built the house, the hardest part was roughing it out. There was no way to methodically build it the way most other houses are built, she says, and the crew was unaccustomed to building from pictures of cross-sections; they were used to detailed blueprints. Once the shell was up, though, the rest of the construction went smoothly, including the installation of the huge glass windows aided by cranes and suction cups.

In January of 1970, the Parcels moved into the yet-to-be-completed house. Their home on Buckingham had been sold, and already they had spent six weeks living with relatives.

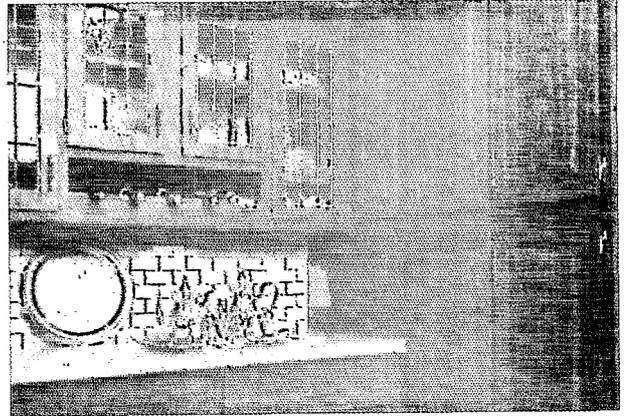
Anne recalls having to maneuver around workmen for three or four months after they moved in, and how the City officials, who approved the initial plans, became perplexed once it was built. Subdivision restrictions did not exist in 1970, but one zoning code stated that the third floor should not exceed over half the square footage of the floor below. Later, someone told Anne that members of the City Council had stood on the end of the City Park's pier, looking back quizzically at the glass house. "Rumour has it," she laughs with a sheepish grin, "that they couldn't figure out which floor was the third floor!"

"The joke really wasn't on them," Frank adds. "We were just as dumbfounded as they were."

In retrospect, the Parcels agree that the living room on the second floor does have one drawback. "When entertaining, you have to constantly go up and down stairs to get to the kitchen and back," Anne says. "Though we planned space for a dumbwaiter to be installed, we never got around to it."

Contrary to Rudolph's suggestion, the Parcels did not put up any drapes or curtains. Instead, Anne had fabric shutters installed in the bedrooms, shutters that could easily be stacked to the side. The rest of the windows were left unadorned, with the exception of

*continued on page 130*



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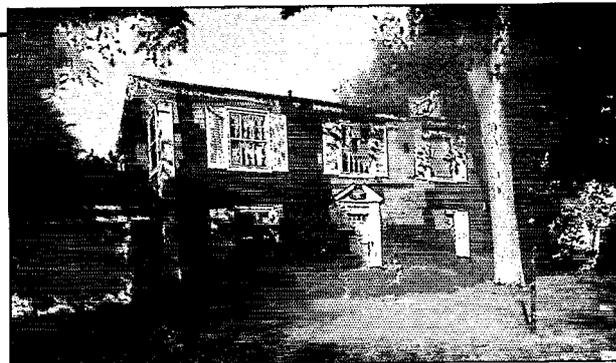
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## Keep Your Eyes On the Bouncing Ball

Grown-ups think of jacks when they have a flat tire, or are sitting down to play a game of cards. But there's another type of jack that they might remember, a six-pointed object that you need for the game of jacks.

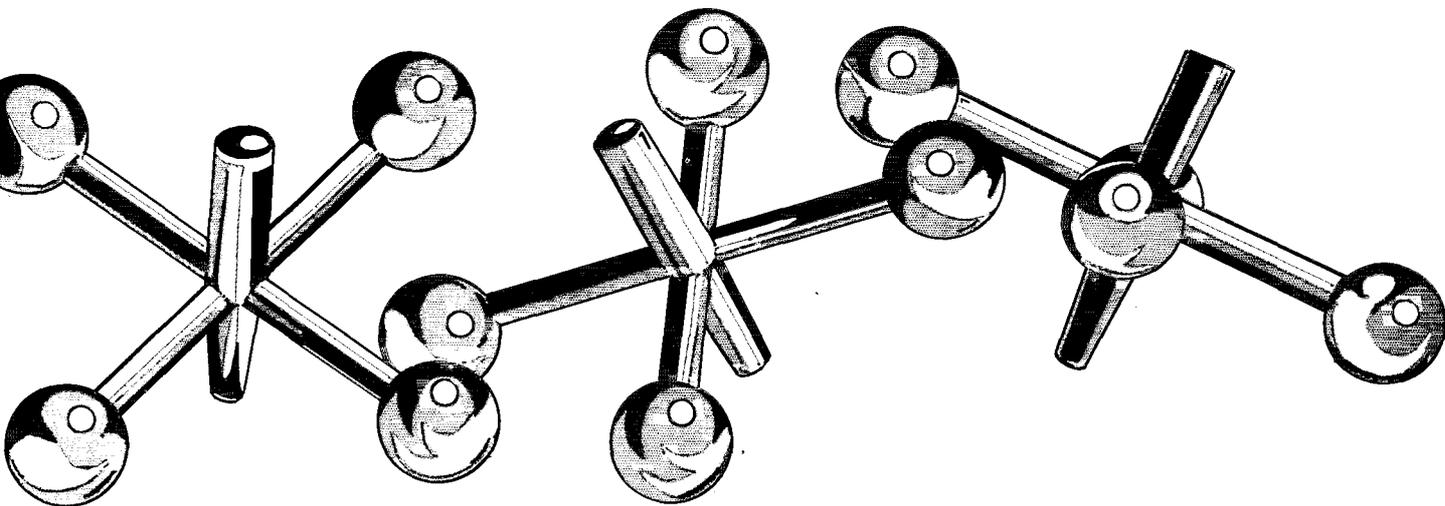
Almost any dime store or drugstore carries packets of jacks, and they're not very expensive. Games of jacks come in variations, but most of them will have at least ten jacks and one small ball.

Find a place where you can sit on the floor comfortably, but where the floor has a surface that will bounce a ball. Try the deck out back, or the front porch. Hold all the jacks in your hand and drop them onto the ground, but don't fling them—you want them to be fairly close together. Lining them up neatly is not fair; you have to work with them the way they fall when you drop them.

If you're right-handed, start by bouncing the ball with your left hand and picking up the jacks with your right hand. Bounce the ball, and when it's up in the air, pick up one jack with your right hand. You can only let the ball bounce once before you pick up the jack. If it bounces more than once, you have to start over. If two or more people are playing, you'll lose your turn if it double-bounces.

Once you get the hang of it, go through the same process with all of your jacks. Now you're getting good. Drop the jacks again, and pick up two jacks each time the ball is in the air. You'll have to keep one eye on the jacks to sort and pick them, and one eye on the ball to catch it before it hits the ground. This is getting tricky!

Now do threesies, and foursies. You can go all the way up to ten, but you will find it getting harder.

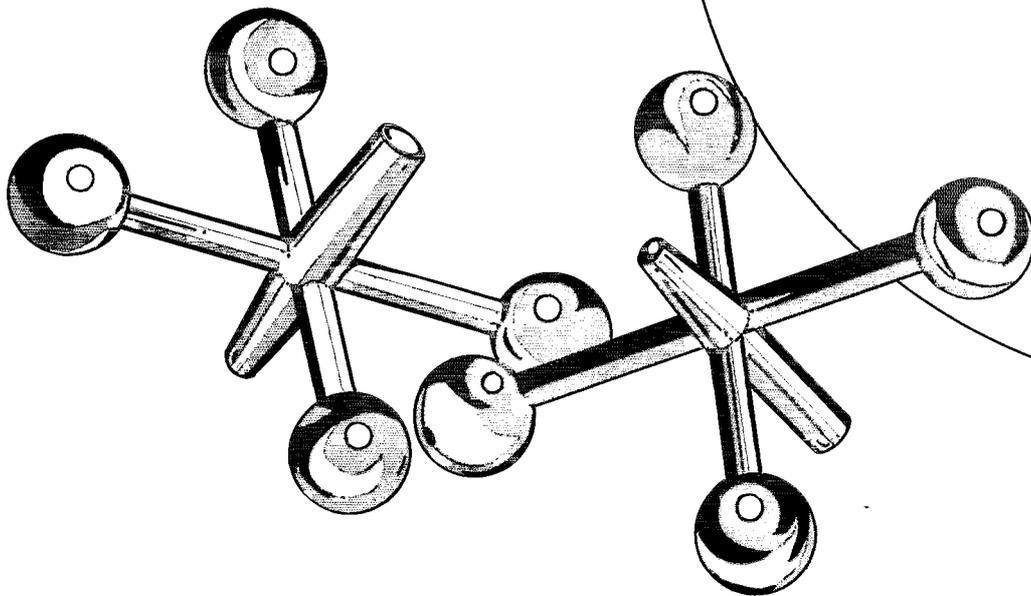


You can try to hold them all in your hand, or you can pick them up and place them in another pile—but you have to pick *all* of them up before the ball hits the ground.

Have you mastered that? Now try to bounce the ball with your right hand *and* pick up the jacks with your right hand. With this variation, you only have to use one hand—but you sure have to be quick!

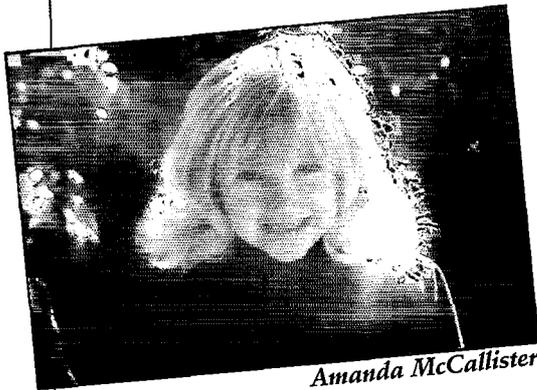
Masters at jacks can get a game going with a ball and set of jacks for each hand. Bounce both balls, pick up jacks with both hands, and catch both balls.

Want to have some fun? Ask Mom or Dad to play with you after you've gotten *really* good. They'll be amazed by your skill, and you can win for sure!

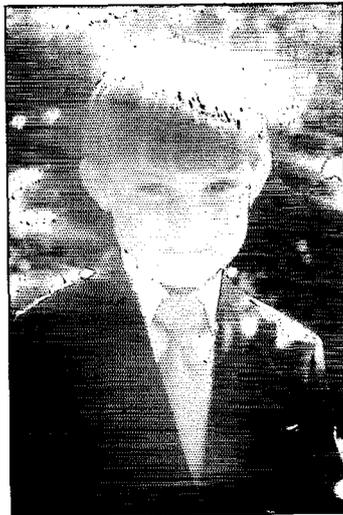




# Back-to-School Classics



*Amanda McCallister*



*Nicholas Carter*



*Betsy Turnbull*

by DEBORAH DIREZZE

It's that time of year again—back to school. Children still run like mice at the jingle of the ice cream man's bell, but the drift of their conversation is likely to be the cartoon lunch boxes on sale at Kresge's. Teenagers sip up the sun through arms and legs like soda fountain straws, while dreaming of new fall clothes and renewed school friendships. The back-to-school season applies to students of every age, from kindergarten to college and beyond.

In this month's *Style*, the focus is on back-to-school classics. A staple wardrobe of traditional design can make school-morning dressing a snap. There is always room for fun and trendy attire, but classic apparel deserves applause for neat good looks and longevity of style.

Our models are, as always, Grosse Pointers with a great sense of fashion. The youngest of our group, Amanda McCallister and Nicholas Carter, enter kindergarten this fall. Betsy Turnbull will certainly be voted the most outgoing second grader at her school this year. Three handsome high school students, Michael Schoenith, Bill Huntington and Mary Strabel, will begin their junior year at Grosse Pointe South High School. A 1986 graduate of Grosse Pointe South, Heidi Bowerman will enter her freshman year at Pine Manor College in Massachusetts. Last, but not least, Kathy Peacock will teach *Exermetrics*, the fitness program of which she is founder and director.

The Grosse Pointe Public Library graciously allowed HERITAGE to photograph in and around the Central Branch. Our thanks go to the staff for their good-natured cooperation and helpful assistance in producing "Back-to-School Classics."



*Heidi Bowerman*



*Michael Schoenith, Mary Strabel,  
Bill Huntington*



*Kathy Peacock*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN LANNEN



*At left:*

*Amanda and Nicholas take a break after browsing through picture books in the library. Amanda's Laura Ashley dress is soft pink with a creamy print. The cream sailor collar is detachable for two dresses in one.*

*Nicholas wears a casual Barrel crew sweater over a classic cotton turtleneck. His navy Rifle cords are worn with 'Sebaygo penny loafers, all from Jacobson's.*

*Opposite page:*

*Nicholas and Amanda are a storybook couple. Nicholas sports a navy Gant brass-button blazer with plaid Gant trousers. The red cotton knit tie is a splash of color in a classic style from Jacobson's.*

*Amanda's Laura Ashley dress is a soft navy with a muted red floral design. The full skirt, fitted yoke and gathered sleeves are flattering little-girl features.*



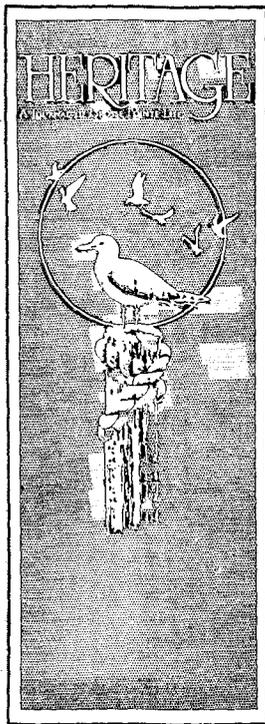
*At Right:*

*This bright style by Ruth of Carolina has almost enough energy to match Betsy's personality. Puff sleeves and a Peter Pan collar detail the kelly green and bright blue gingham skirt and sashed tabard top. From Lord & Taylor.*





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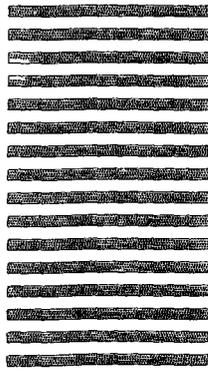
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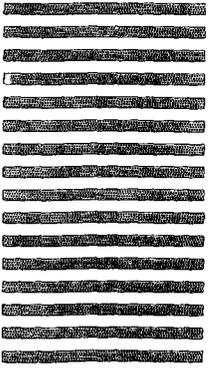
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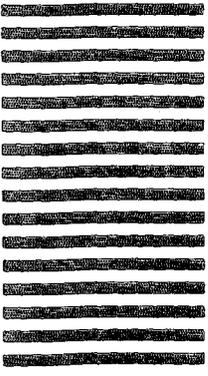
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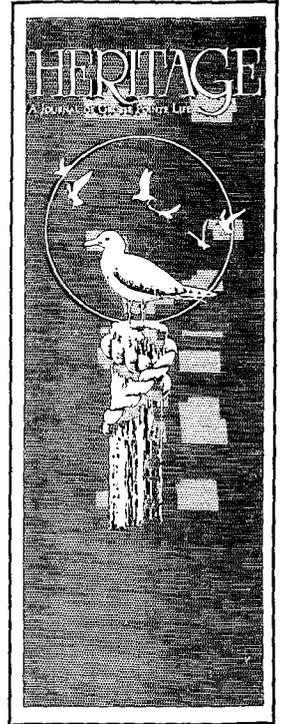
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**Opposite page:**

*Betsy is the sweetest young lady in a red-and-green plaid dress sashed in back with a big bow. The white self-petticoat has a scalloped hem, as does the white piqué collar and prim cuffs. A fun, feminine dress from Lord & Taylor.*

**At right:**

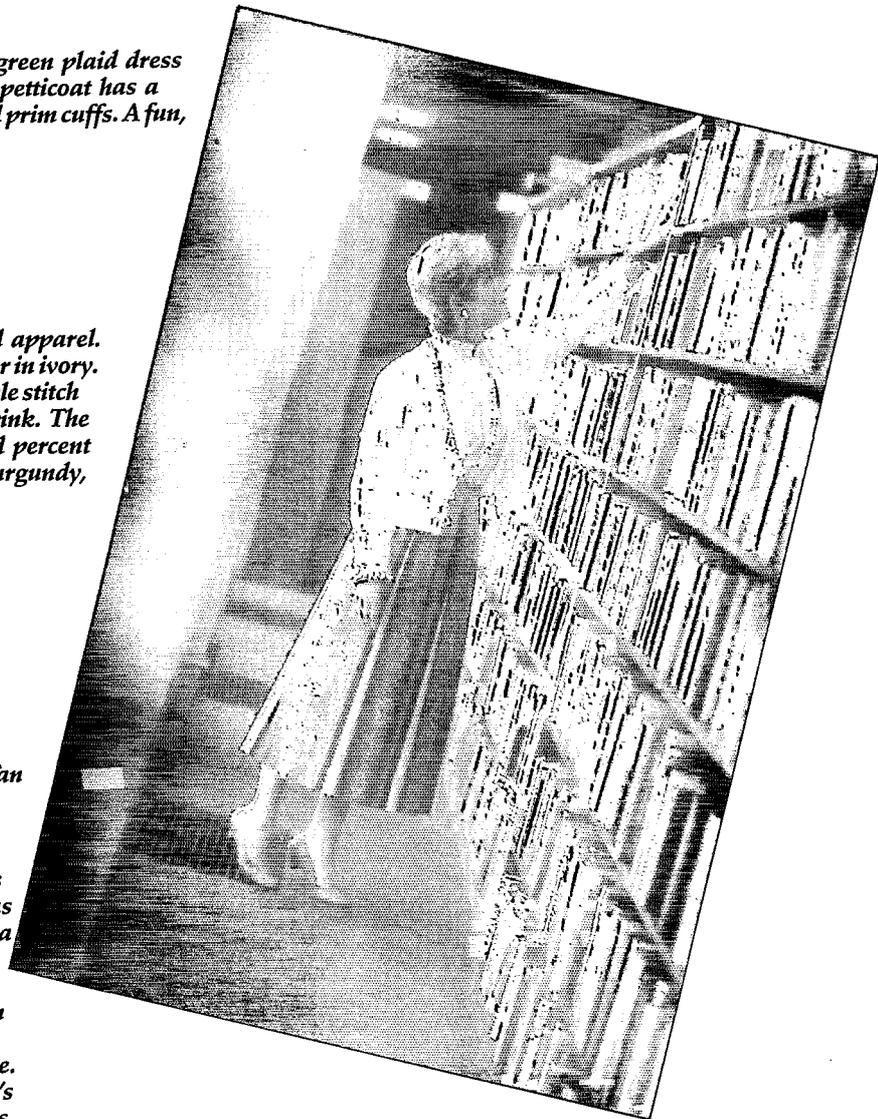
*Ensley Avenue is known for its fine traditional apparel. Kathy models a unique Geiger of Austria sweater in ivory. The natural blend sweater with popcorn and cable stitch detail tops a pretty Ms. Sero blouse in plum pink. The pleated Geiger of Austria skirt of one hundred percent virgin wool is done in a flowing print of taupe, burgundy, pink and ivory.*

**Below:**

*Michael wears a blueberry English shetland sweater over a blue striped button-down shirt. Tan wide-wale corduroy pants offer classroom comfort, all from E. J. Hickey's.*

*Mary's wide-wale corduroy skirt is all cotton, as is her pinpoint oxford cloth shirt. The shirt has a spread collar, and the soft pink shetland is a classic cable knit, all from E. J. Hickey's*

*Bill's generously cut Leo Gemelli sweater is from Jacobson's. The diagonal stripe geometric pattern plays in shades of blue and gray on white. A white Mr. J oxford shirt and pinwale cord Levi's are the perfect foil for back-to-school sweaters.*



*Below:*

*Mary's wishbone cable cardigan in olive complements her warm colouring. Her softly pleated ivory blouse has a detachable pleated neckband. The cotton paisley print skirt is pleated for gentle fullness, all from E. J. Hickey's.*

*Bill's navy pinwale cord Levi's and pale blue oxford shirt are forever classics. His Italian wool pullover sweater has a geometric pattern blended in heathered grays and blues. Black Sebaygo penny loafers complete his outfit, all from Jacobson's.*

*Michael's navy hopsack blazer is handsome over tan trousers and a red English pinstripe shirt. The silk regimental tie is striped in deep red and navy; the cordovan penny loafers are by Sebaygo; all from E. J. Hickey's.*



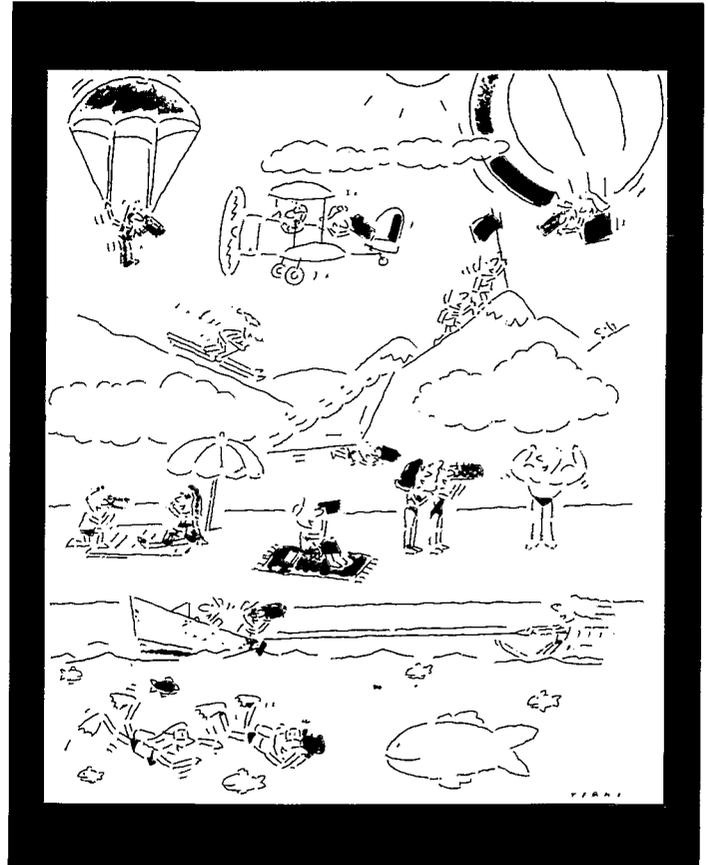
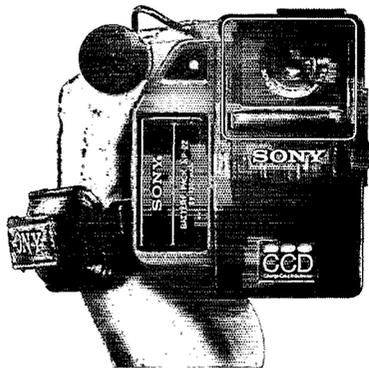
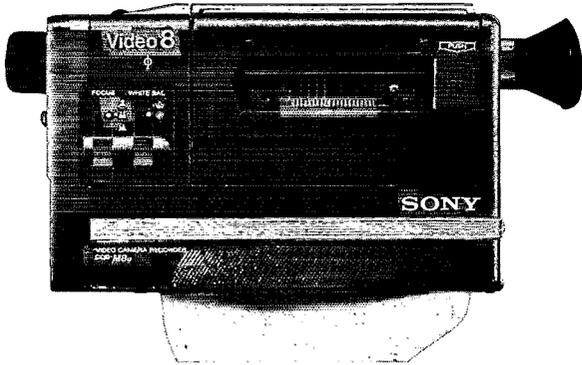


*Above:*

*The Talbots is always first with refreshing classics. Heidi is quite sophisticated in a butter-soft burgundy suede jacket and a black pleated border print skirt. The white silk blouse has extra charm with an added black silk bow.*

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# Floating Through France

*A lazy traveller's  
scrapbook from the Canal du Midi.*

by IRIS SANDERSON JONES



The Canal du Midi changed history when it opened in 1681.

PHOTOS BY MICKY JONES

We are on the third lock of the Fonsérannes, a staircase of water that leads the Canal du Midi into the city of Béziers, a red-roofed town climbing a hill beyond the vineyards, its crenellated castle proud against the blue sky of southern France. The six members of our hotel barge family are on deck, giving irreverent directions to boatman Paul Rinell as he opens and closes the locks, and to Captain Adam Townsend, intent on steering us through this difficult narrow passage. Chef Laurent Gassmann, the only French-

man on the hotel barge, is clowning around as usual at the water's edge.

There are only pleasure boats, wine barges and a few hotel barges on the Canal du Midi now, but the canal changed history when it opened in 1681, allowing ships to sail from Bordeaux, on the Atlantic Ocean, to Sète, on the Mediterranean Sea, eliminating the long trip around Portugal, Spain and the Rock of Gibraltar.

Visionaries had dreamed of it for centuries, ever since



The canal-side promenade at Narbonne.

The canal passes through the vineyards of Southern France.

The Canal du Midi is lined with plane trees.



the Romans built their first colonies here in what the French call Languedoc. This was an important trade route for armies, oil traders, wine merchants and others, but nobody could devise a way to build a canal across the Montagne Noir until Pierre-Paul Riquet, a salt tax collector, saw a way to make the dream come true. Born in Béziers, he saw the rivers running down both sides of the mountain, to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; harnessed them into a reservoir; and built his great canal with the support and approval of the Sun King, Louis XIV. The Fonsérannes was the technological marvel of Riquet's seventeenth-century canal, and bringing it into Béziers was his dream.

The Canal du Midi is roughly one hundred fifty miles long from Sète to Toulouse, where it joins the River Garonne on its one-hundred-forty-mile run to the Atlantic, but the hotel barge *Bonjour* only cruises between Carcassonne and Béziers, a week of winding water, but only about fifty miles as the crow flies. Small hotel barges like this one cruise many of the waterways of Europe—in Holland, on the Rhine, along the Thames and in Burgundy.

Some take up to two dozen passengers, but this boat carries only eight. This week, we are six, because two of the four cabins are occupied by single travellers. All of us are in the forty-five-to-sixty-five-year-old range, which is typical, although there is sometimes a younger group; most passengers hail from California, which is also typical. Europeans are more likely to be on the rental boats that cruise up and down the canals, a much less expensive travel proposition than this one.

It takes a captain and three crew members to handle our one-hundred-foot-long hotel barge: Captain Adam and Paul steer the boat, tie it to a tree or a wharf, man the locks and fix the engine when it gets cranky. A golden-haired girl named Claire Guttmann



The *Bonjour* on one of the canal's seven locks.

serves, cleans and pampers. All three are English. Laurent, the young French chef, spends most of his time in the tiny kitchen devising ways to pleasure our taste buds and make us fat.

Life on a hotel barge is leisurely and lazy, full of camaraderie among passengers and crew, with occasional diversions into the historic villages that line the canal or top the hills on either side. This has been wine country since Roman times, so the vineyards are always visible between the centuries-old plane trees that were planted to shade the horses and donkeys that once pulled the ships upstream.

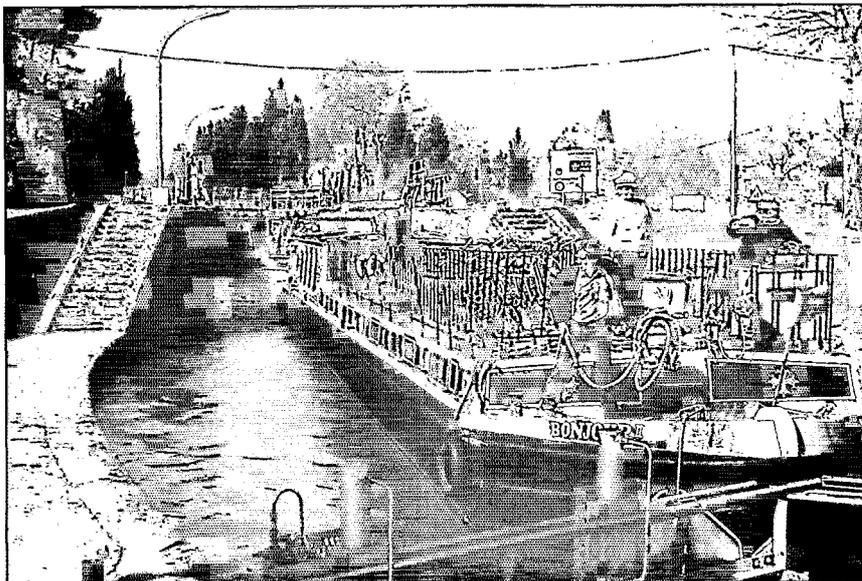
There are many opportunities to walk, jog or ride the ship's bicycles along the old towpaths, but most of us are content to live from meal to meal, sunning on the deck or watching the crew open and close the ancient locks.

**SUNDAY:** One of the crew gets spiffed up every Sunday and travels to Montpellier to meet the passengers arriving midafternoon on the fast TGV train from Paris. The passengers are escorted back to either Carcassonne or Béziers, depending on which way the *Bonjour* or her sister ship, the *Anjodi*, are travelling that week.

That first moment in the railroad station is an important one. These are the people with whom we will spend a week in close quarters. We are lucky: a married couple and two single women from California, all obviously well-travelled, relaxed and fun-loving enough to ensure a good week.

Our trip begins in Carcassonne, where it is only a few steps from the railway station to the *Bonjour*. Our rooms are small, sailboat-style, but spacious enough as ship's quarters go, each with its own toilet and shower. We are treated to champagne by the captain and served a five-course meal by Laurent before we take our first van ride into Carcassonne. The van is a constant companion of the *Bonjour*, needed to carry passengers to landside diversions, so some member of the crew is always racing down the towpath on the boat's motorbike to bring the van back from its last canal-side parking place.

No matter how many postcards you have seen of La Cité, as the old walled part of Carcassonne is called, you would be a very jaded traveller if



you did not suck in your breath with amazement and delight at the first sight of that illuminated fairy tale on the hill.

We stood on a bridge downhill in the dark, with the River Aude bubbling below us. Above, under a full moon, the walled city was a golden stretch of turreted stone across the hilltop. I have seen castles all over Europe, but I had never seen anything like this. A few of the turrets were added, Disney-style, when Carcassonne was restored in the second half of the Nineteenth Century, but most of the visible city goes back more than a thousand years, and the city itself was founded in Roman times.

Entering the city is anticlimactic, but I didn't really care. I was happy to loiter behind the group, feel the cobblestones beneath my feet and glimpse the world of café habitués through a window.

**MONDAY:** We made our second visit to Carcassonne, climbing through the cobbled streets of La Cité in sunshine, and now we are cruising between a tall row of plane trees towards dinner. Eating is a prime occupation on a hotel barge, and Laurent is in the tiny kitchen working his wonders. For lunch, we have had poached salmon with three kinds of handmade mayonnaise, several salads, the local white wine of the Minervois and a flan for dessert.

As we watch from a prone position on the deck, Paul leaps from the boat to open and close the curved stone seventeenth-century locks and to help Captain Adam drive the boat. Claire, who resembles an English milkmaid with her blonde hair and dewy skin, tends the flowers growing in tubs on the deck and on the shelf beside the dining room table.

**TUESDAY:** Laurent goes out for croissants and fresh French bread early every morning. There is no boulangerie in Marseillete, where we docked Monday night, so this morning we all pile into the van and drive up the mountains past the sloped vineyards to the bakery in the mountaintop village of Montlaur. This bakery serves the whole region. People come on foot, on bicycles and in motor cars to buy the long loaves of French bread, the skinny baguettes, the flaky croissants and the chocolate-filled buns that come out of the oven on long wooden paddles. It is a clear day, and we can see the Pyrénées from the mountain road, snowy peaks glowing against the early morning sky.

We have barely savoured our breakfast croissants before we are on the road again, to a thirteenth-century village called Caunes, at the mouth of the Gorge de l'Argent Double. The abbey and cave are the advertised highlights, but what most of us will remember about this day is lunch at the Hotel d'Alibert where Monsieur Jean Guiraud and his son Frederic serve us their famous fish soup, a rich brown wonder served with toasted bread, garlic mayonnaise and cheese. This, along with an omelet of wild asparagus and wild mushrooms, and a litre or two of the good rosé wine of the area, keep us intact until Laurent's next five-course dinner.



A French boy and his cat watch as boats pass his home alongside the Canal du Midi.

The old French walled city of Carcassonne is floodlit each night.



Quiche, salad and local wine for lunch on the *Bonjour*.

*Bonjour* passengers enjoy afternoon tea, sharing the Canal du Midi with small rental boats.

Eating is a major pastime on the hotel barge; here, a lunch of poached salmon and local wine.

**WEDNESDAY:** It is clear that we will need to ride our bicycles on the towpath more often if we are going to keep up with the food level of this week on the Canal du Midi. At Homps, a very un-French name that nobody can explain, we ride across the old stone bridge, chat with the English pleasure boaters parked along the river and take a morning constitutional along the towpath.

The trail is rocky under our bicycle wheels. The canal is wearing its usual early morning polish, the plane trees reflected, vineyards establishing their patterns of light and dark towards the distant mountains. As we look back, we see that the *Bonjour* is the most festive stretch of colour against the stone wharf, although the rental boats reflect their smaller shapes in a long parade against the glassy river.

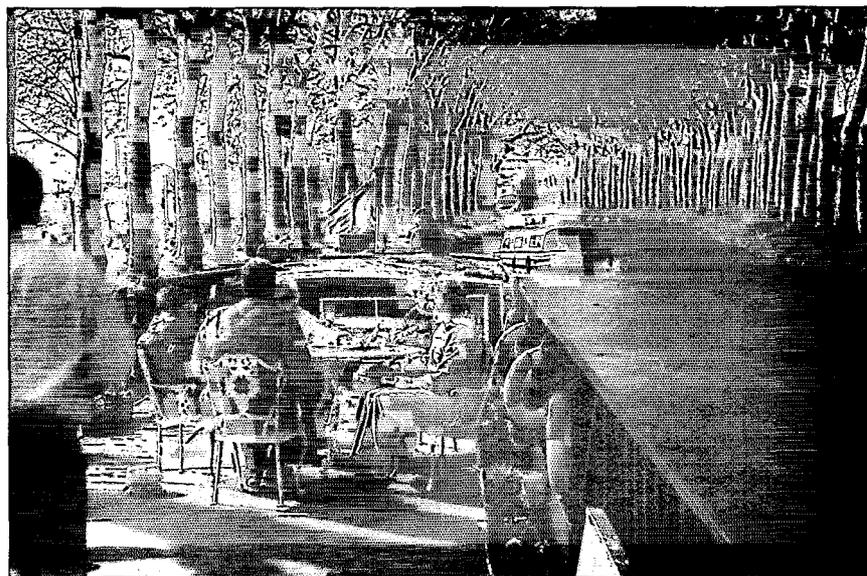
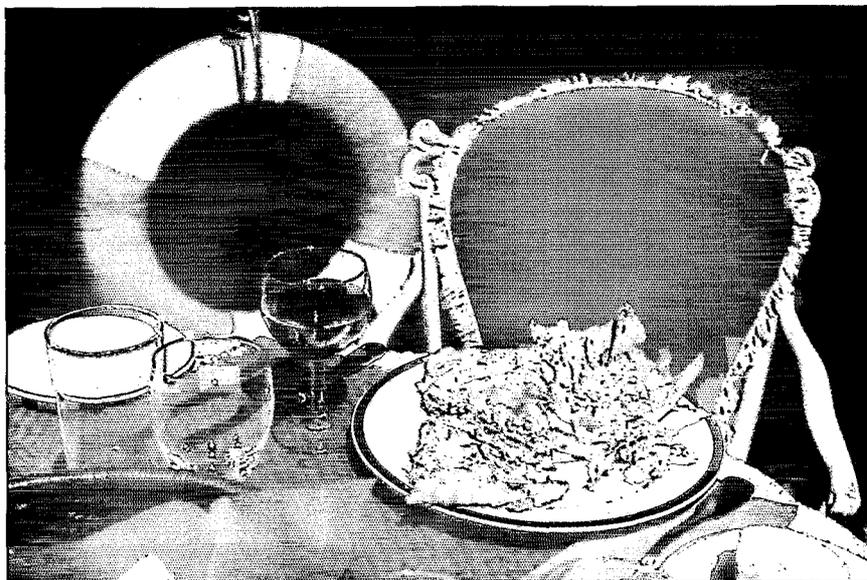
Our Wednesday tour is to Minerve, a thirteenth-century stone town perched on a hill at the end of a high stone bridge that rises above a deep gorge. Minerve is a town of stone walls and stone streets under red rooftops, with the vineyards of the Minervoises making angled hillside patterns around it.

The plentiful wines of the Minervoises and Corbières are practically unknown in America, but we found them very pleasant and drinkable. In fact, Corbières is the largest wine region in France, although even the Parisians don't see much of its product.

**THURSDAY:** Market day. The old Roman capital of the area, Narbonne, with its magnificent Cathedral of St. Just, is our first sight of a major city along the route. The Canal du Midi should logically have ended here, with easy access to the Mediterranean, but Riquet was determined to continue it through his hometown of Béziers.

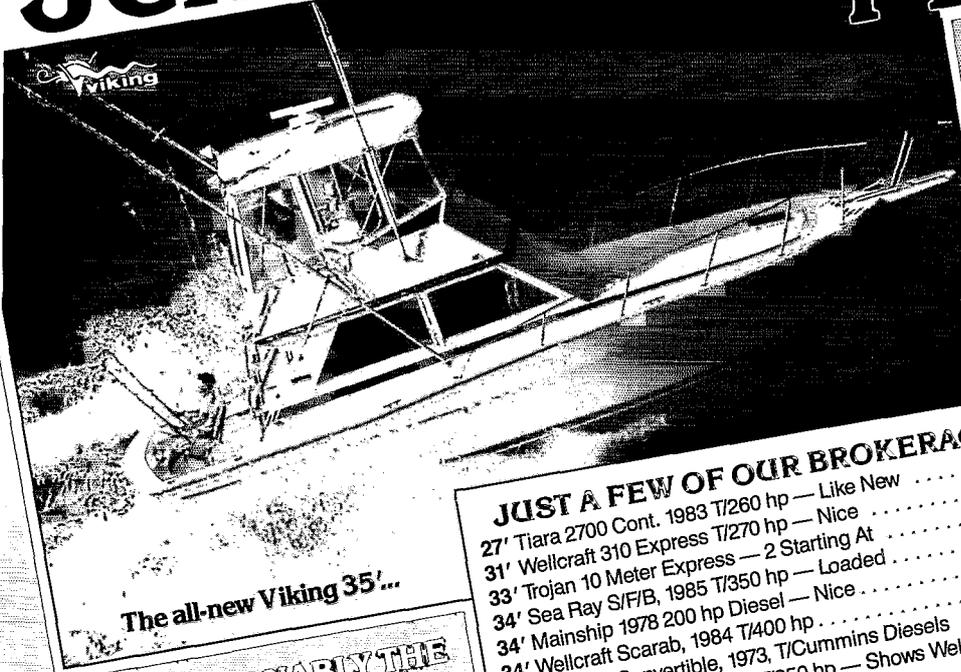
My favorite occupation in a market town is to sit in a sidewalk café and watch the world go by. The old men

*continued on page 130*



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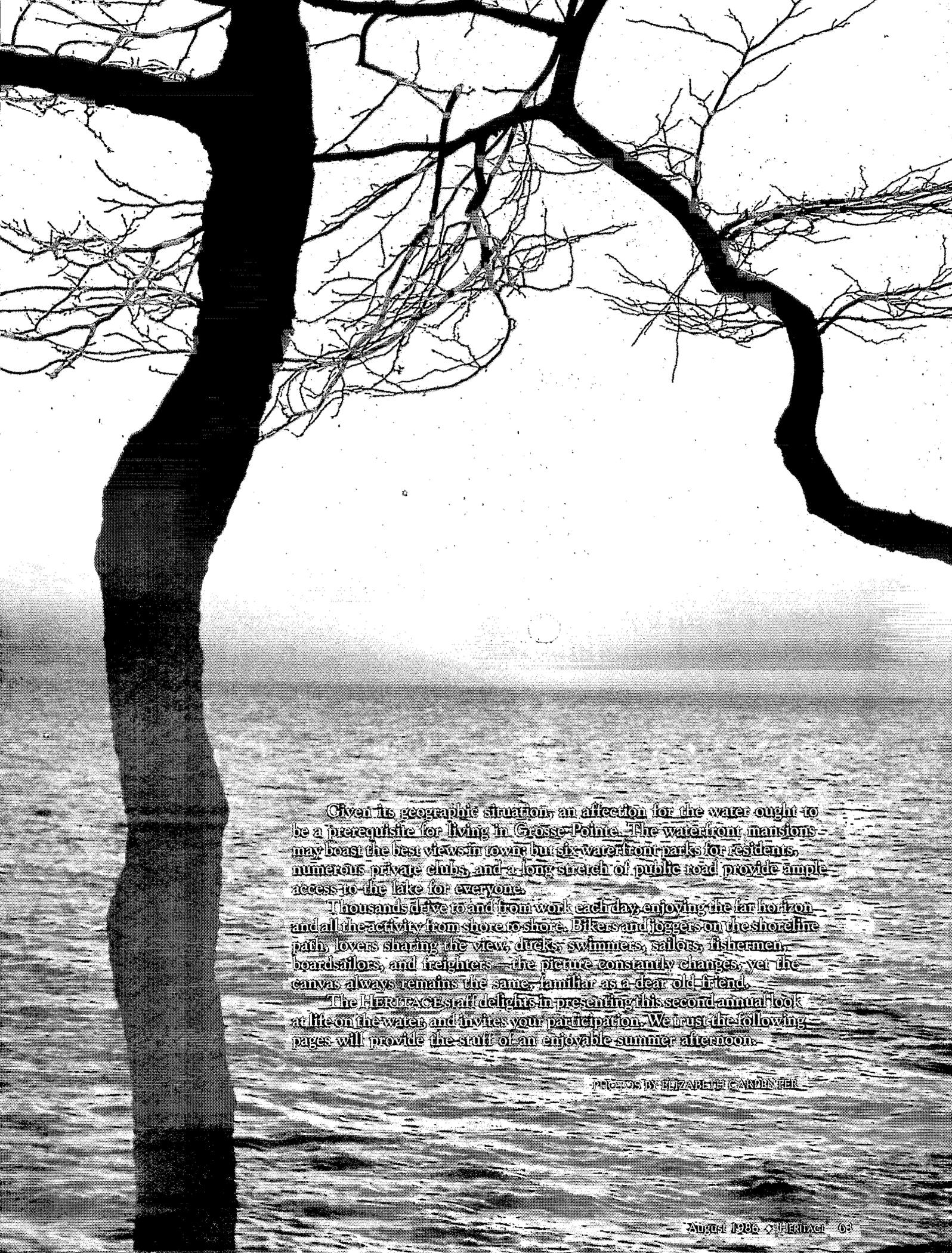


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Thousands drive to and from work each day, enjoying the far horizon and all the activity from shore to shore. Bikers and joggers on the shoreline path, lovers sharing the view, ducks, swimmers, sailors, fishermen, boardsailors, and freighters—the picture constantly changes, yet the canvas always remains the same, familiar as a dear old friend.

The HERITAGE staff delights in presenting this second annual look at life on the water, and invites your participation. We trust the following pages will provide the stuff of an enjoyable summer afternoon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELEN CARROLL HER



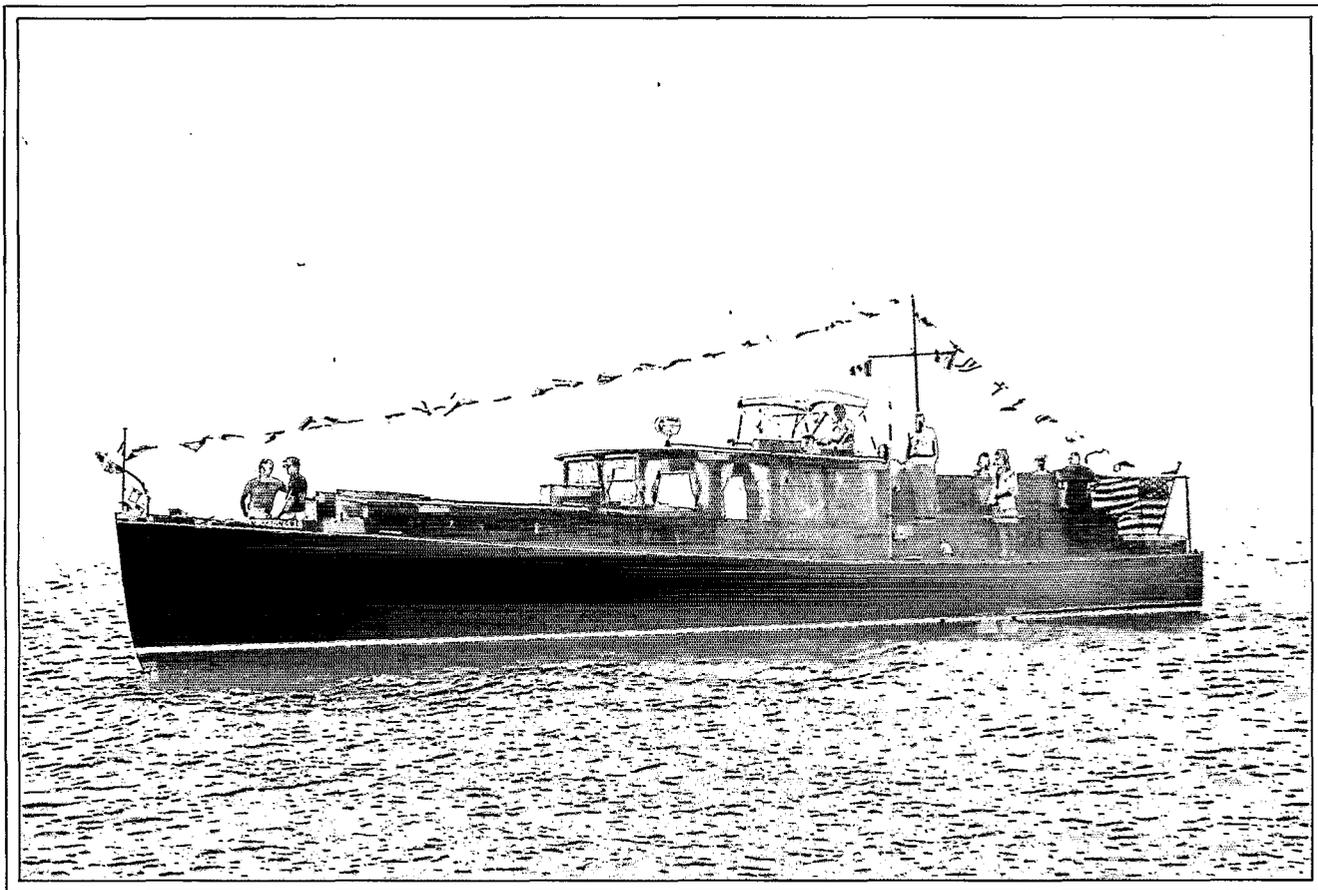
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*— Charles E. Carryl  
A Nautical Ballad*

# Sailing the North Channel

*For some, it's a vacation; for others, an ordeal.*

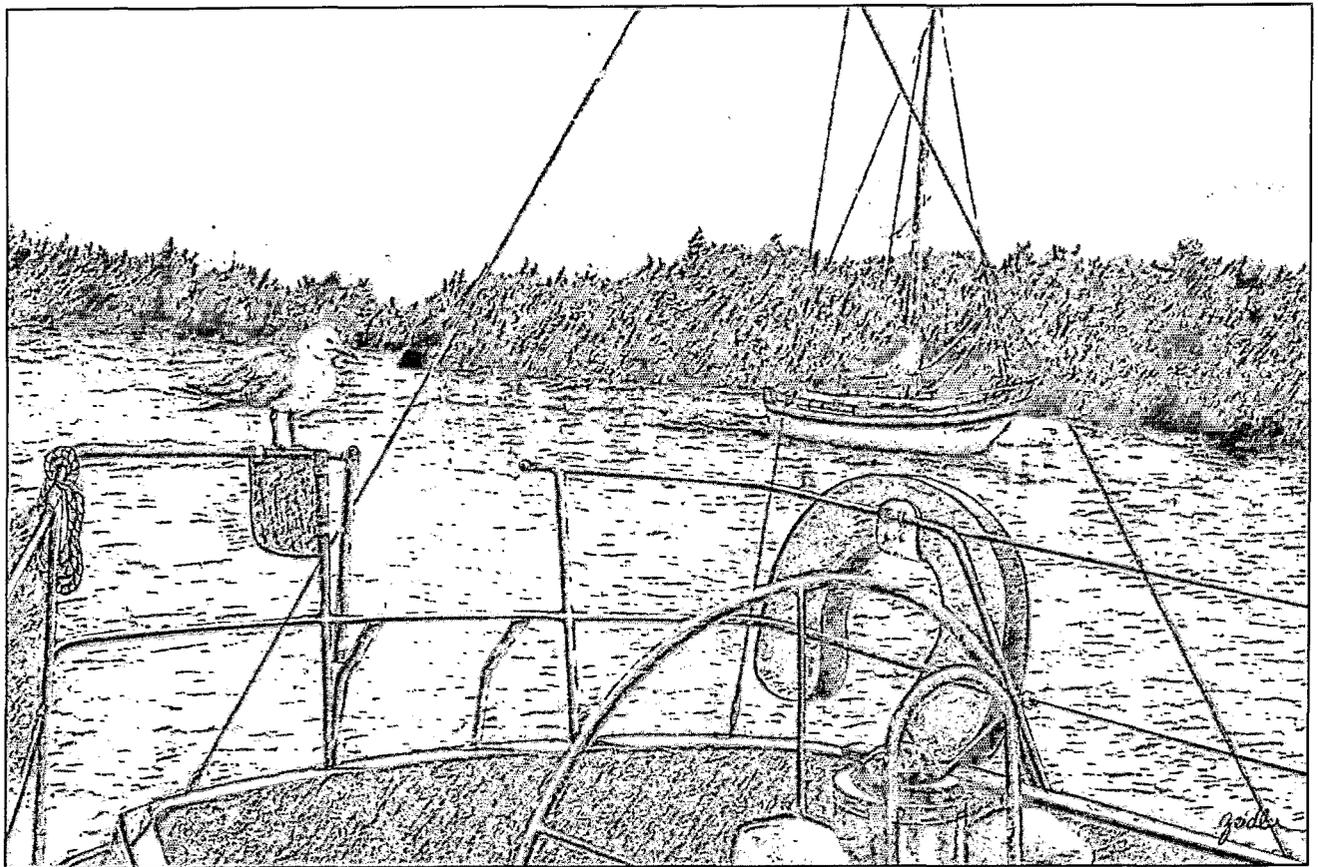


ILLUSTRATION BY DENISE ZEIDLER

Some people were never meant to go to sea. They know their place and are content to stay there; earthbound, they have no wish to venture into elements created for other species. I understand these people; I am one of them.

So why is it that I agreed to a week-long sailing vacation in the North Channel? At the time, it all seemed perfectly reasonable. Our family of four non-sailors would team up with friends from Rhode Island, who owned their own boat. Together we would charter two forty-foot sailboats and cruise

the Channel for a week. Barbara and Brian Dickinson would each captain a boat, two Dickinson boys would serve as crew, and the rest of us would help out as best we could.

Thus, one hot July morning, two overloaded station wagons steamed into a boatyard in Gore Bay, undercarriages sagging beneath the weight of passengers and provisions. Doors opened, and nine of us (my sister also having signed on) disembarked, circuslike, in various states of agitation. Before us lay the fleet—fifteen white boats, trimmed restrainedly in blue, rocking like overgrown babies in their

by KATHLEEN ROBERTS

berths. Two of them were ours—*First Light* and *Jamoca Mist*.

The first hour was passed in a flurry of unloading, unpacking, and inspecting each boat's equipment in preparation for The Test. For one of the provisions of chartering was that each boat would be in the hands of a competent captain. Our test was administered by a young, tanned sailor of few words, who sat in the stern, gave a few, simple orders, asked some perfunctory questions, then left us on our own. I helped out by sitting on my hands and keeping my mouth shut.

That hurdle surmounted, we readied ourselves for the first leg of our trip, a relatively short sail to an anchorage suggested by the boatyard owner. The weather was fine, with good wind, and we plotted our course, noting only one hazard along the way—Rescue Rock. Raising sail, we posted watches for the rock, then relaxed and congratulated ourselves on deciding to come, on passing our tests so smartly, on being so competent, so adventurous, so lovable. We sat back, basking in our nautical splendiddness.

Shortly thereafter, one of the children spotted the rock to port. We took turns confirming the find and decided to stay on course, taking the hazard on our port side. That done, we relaxed again, casually eyeing the rocky protrusion in the distance. Two minutes later, our hull hit the submerged portion of the rock; then, before we could recover from that blow, we hit again—loud and hard. That was when the vacation ended for me. Terror gripped my heart and seeped into my soul; there it stayed for the rest of the trip.

Next morning, we awoke with more trepidation than anticipation. An underwater inspection of the hull had revealed no damage, but we were still shaken by our miscalculation. The day was grey and wet; the wind, heavy. But we only had a week to cover a lot of water, so out we sailed, headed for the Benjamin Islands.

Gradually the weather cleared, and with it, spirits; the sun made an appearance, the wind levelled off, and Barbara gave the order to raise sail. I clenched the rail as the boat heeled, not fooled for a minute by the nautical equivalent of tipping over. Off we went, both boats cutting sharply through the waves of the Whalésback Channel. Then, in an instant, maybe less, everything changed. The sky blackened, waves and rain crashed onto the deck, and the wind that had filled the sails threatened to tear them from the mast. Barbara struggled to steady the boat, ordering thirteen-year-old Jonathan to reef the main. But the wind was too fierce; he wasn't strong enough to free the sheet. When he shouted back for help, panic washed over me. Adding to nature's pandemonium, I fell on the deck and pleaded with Barbara, "Take the sails *down*; take them all *down*!" thinking that if she couldn't save us, I would. The fact that she didn't encourage me to abandon ship says much for our friendship. Managing to ignore the distraction at her feet, she instructed her son on freeing the sheet, adjusted our course, then dealt with the remaining hysteria on board.

I huddled on deck in the rain for what seemed to be hours, calmed but not convinced. I had decided to meet death head-on when it came; I would not be taken unawares below. For disaster *was* still out there—in the form of Phantom Rock. This was one we had been warned about before we left. It lurked unmarked, uncharted, "out there." Visibility was poor; the rain dripping down our faces made it worse. We scoured the waves until we ached with straining. When at last a pair of sharp eyes spotted the tip of a rock

disappearing into the swollen waves, we gave it a wide berth—the widest berth any boat could. We had learned our lesson.

Eventually, we arrived at the Benjamins, exhausted, wet, good humour washed away in the storm. Dropping anchor in the cove, we looked like the crew of the *Hesperus*, moments before they were swept into the sea. It was then we noticed the man on the boat moored next to us, quietly observing our less-than-precise anchoring drill; it was the young man who had given us our sailing test two days ago—grading us again, no doubt. Barbara refused to be intimidated. "A bit nasty out there," she called to him. He simply smiled. As I said, he was a man of few words.

The next day we stayed where we were, recuperating. Hiking, swimming, gathering the obligatory blueberries, we readied ourselves for the next day's adventure. And, of course, we were not disappointed. The following evening, one of the boats ran aground. It was a bad moment, for no other reason than that a number of egos were severely damaged. It is still best not to make much of it.

A stop at Little Current was scheduled the next day. It was time for a break—for showers, for ice cream, for shopping and people watching, for getting back to what we were escaping from. The public dock was full, and the harbour crowded with craft, circling like buzzards waiting for an empty spot. Deciding to avoid the crush, we radioed the Little Current Yacht Club for a temporary berth and were given permission to dock for a few hours. Approaching our assigned slip, we were greeted by a knot of "old salts" gathered on the pier, ostensibly to help with the lines but actually to critique nautical form. Barbara rallied her troops. "Let's do this right," she said, and we promised we would. Easing the boat into the slip, she gave the order to throw the lines, and I did, as hard as I could—into the water. The stern swung wide into the pilings, amid shouts of unsolicited advice from our advisors on shore. I did what seemed natural to me—fell down on the deck again, this time not in terror but in disbelief at the havoc I had wrought. Eventually, we succeeded in tying up, the stern line having been retrieved and given to someone else to handle the second time around. We walked into town, leaving the old salts smugly discussing how *they* would have handled the situation.

The rest of the trip was relatively uneventful. We had a few more brushes with rocks, several rearrangements of crew (all the women eventually wound up on the same boat, much to their great relief), a few tense moments here and there, but nothing compared to our first four days. Approaching Gore Bay once again, we could see in the distance the sailing test-giver on the pier, arms akimbo, watching our approach. Determined to do it right this time, we had, quite literally, cleared the deck. Towels and mugs and suntan lotions were stowed below, lines coiled at the ready, hair combed, shirts tucked. We would not fail this time. And so we didn't. We docked flawlessly. "Nice job!" he shouted, as we cut the motor. Barbara beamed. She deserved to. We had weathered the storms, avoided the rocks (well, most of them), and reached safe harbour, still speaking, still friends. That's more than could be said for other relationships, which did not survive the trip.

Shortly thereafter, my husband and I decided to go our separate ways. Beware the North Channel! It holds more dangers than meet the eye. ◇

# Captain Courageous

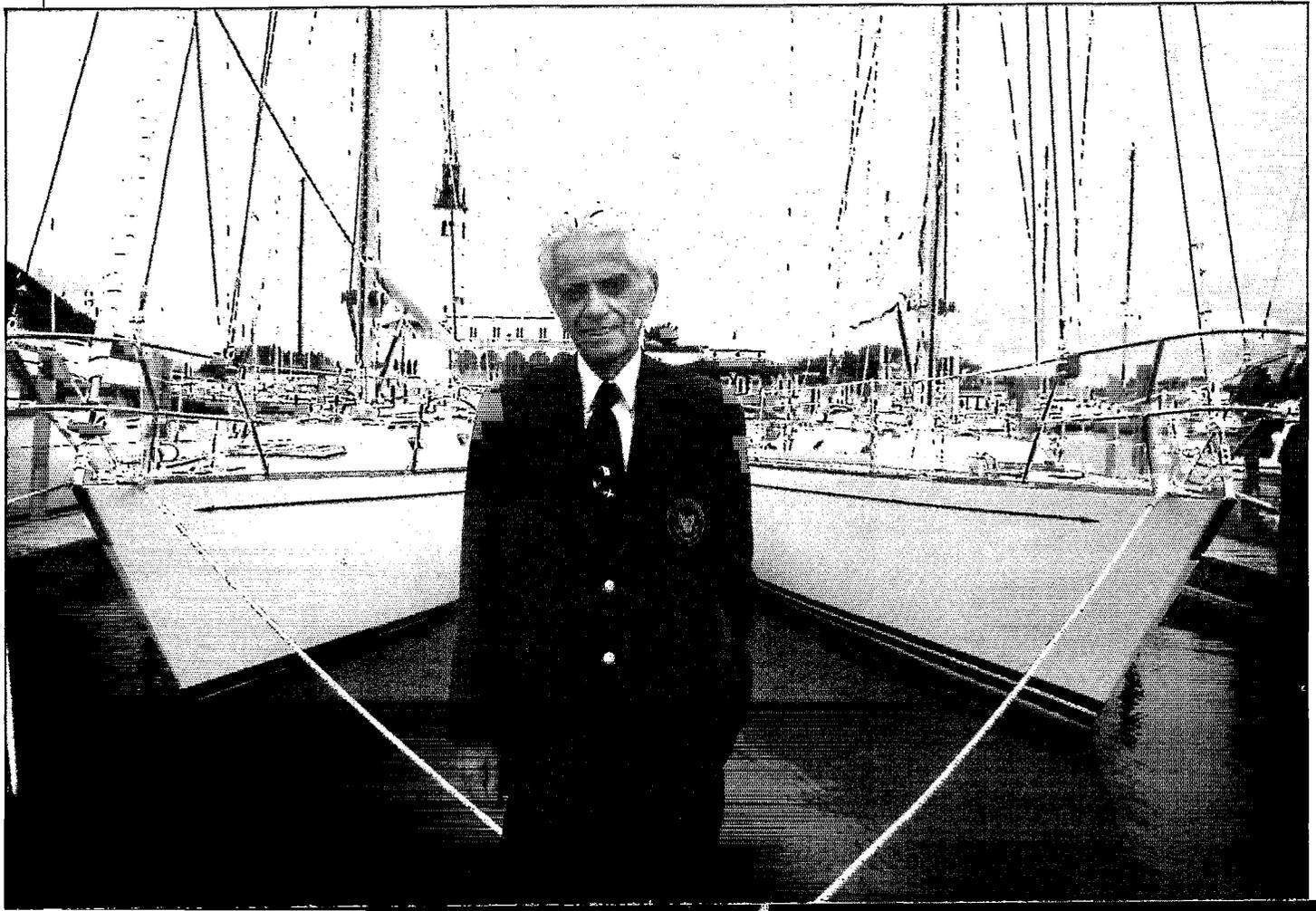
*After a sixty-year yachting career,  
T. K. Fisher sets his heart on the America's Cup.*

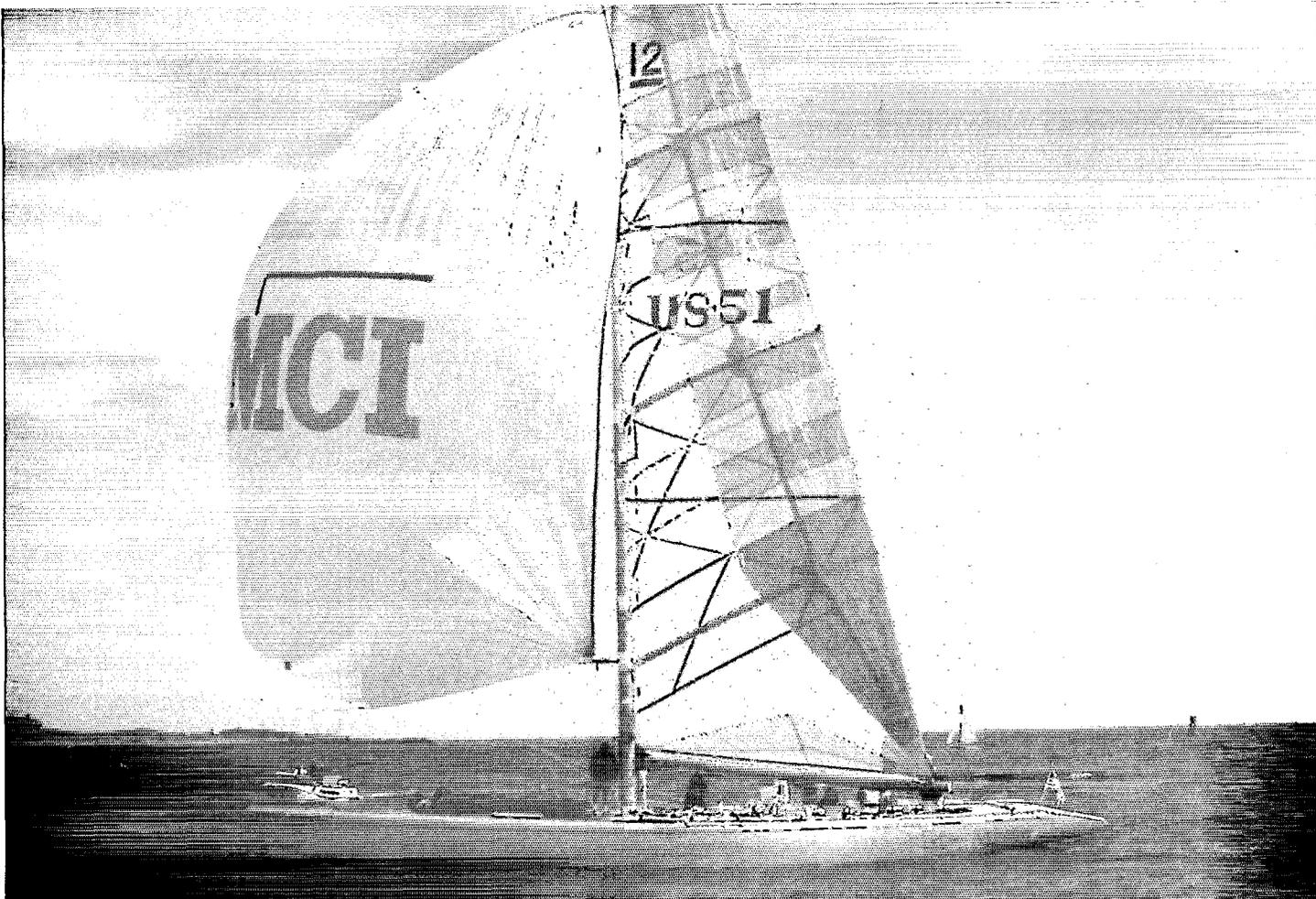
by LYNNE GUITAR

The last chapter of Thomas K. Fisher's autobiography has yet to be written—the exciting climax to his yachting career, when he helps to wrest the America's Cup from the Australians and brings it home to the Midwest, the heart of America.

Relaxing in his office, situated appropriately enough in the Fisher Building, Fisher is surrounded by sailing collectibles and mementoes. The youngest son of Charles T. Fisher, who founded the Fisher Body Company with his brother, Fred, Tommy Fisher has been a sailing enthusiast since 1926, when he was six years old; his older brother, Bill, taught him racing fundamentals in front of their home on Grosse Ile.

“One of my first boats was *Rollin' Home*,” recalled Fisher, “a twenty-footer in the Teal class that was named after a popular ballad of the Thirties.” His next boat was the 6-meter *Challenge*, which not only challenged the other yachts in its class, but beat them soundly, although Fisher, at just sixteen years old, was the youngest skipper on the river. “We entered forty-seven races in three years, taking forty-six firsts and one last place . . . When I blow it, I blow it big,” Fisher said with a boyish grin. “Our wins included the Great Lakes Championship in 1937, 1938, and 1939.” In 1940, Fisher became the second owner (the first was “Bubbles” Havermeier, the designer) of a New York 32, *Apache*, which he also raced victoriously. He sold her in





The 12-meter yacht *Heart of America* is the Midwest's entry in the forthcoming America's Cup race. PHOTO COURTESY OF THE HEART OF AMERICA CHALLENGE.

Opposite page: Thomas K. Fisher. Moored behind him are two NA40s.

PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

1941 to "Toot" Gmeiner, thus ending phase one of his three-part yachting career.

"Uncle Sam provided my next experience at sea," said Fisher. It began April 1, 1942, when he enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard, later attending the Coast Guard Academy in New London. Fisher served on the Great Lakes, the east coast, then in the Caribbean—Jamaica, Guantanamo, and other bases. When World War II ended in Europe, Fisher was able to reduce his ship's crowded wartime complement of sixty-seven men to twenty-five men plus three officers, and gleefully ordered his men to take the welding torches and strip the ship of her depth charge racks, rocket launchers and all her guns, except the ceremonial cannon on the bow.

Discharged from the service, Fisher settled in Grosse Pointe with his wife, Gerry, and daughter Cheryl (born in 1944), who was followed by Tom Junior (1947) and baby Julie (1949). "Phase Two, though I didn't know it then," said Fisher, "began one day when my fifteen-year-old son asked if he could take the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club's junior sailing program. It cost one hundred dollars. I told him, 'Ok, but there's one determining factor: You must take it seriously.'"

Fisher kept one eye on the family business and the other on his son's growing enthusiasm for sailing. As the August Junior Championship approached, Fisher passed some pointers on to Tommy Junior that the sailing master hadn't taught. "In my guts," said Fisher, "I was convinced he was tops." A month before the finals, Fisher bought a

yachting timer engraved, "Tommy Fisher, Jr., 1964 G.P.Y.C. Junior Champion."

Twenty kids began the series. It was down to the last match race. "If you start right, you can't lose," Fisher advised his son, then joined Gerry among the spectators. "Aren't you nervous?" she asked Fisher. As response, he showed her the timer, which the young sailor received from her hands, along with the club laurels.

The first boat Fisher bought Tommy Junior, a 24-foot Raven sloop, was wont to capsize. "I bought it on purpose," he admitted, "to teach him how to handle himself. It took three years, but he became extremely proficient." This boat, *Invader*, was significantly named. Tom Fisher, once again, was invading the racing scene, this time teamed with his son.

In 1966, Fisher and son won the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club Championship and bought an even better boat, *Conquest* (Fisher's goal), a Cal 40. They skippered their crew to two consecutive Great Lakes Championships, finished second in the Barthel series at Toronto, and won the Richardson Trophy series. That made them eligible to represent the Great Lakes Yacht Racing Union for the Congressional Cup series out of Long Beach, California.

World racing was to be their next campaign, but the yacht they planned to buy, *Campaign*, never materialized because Fisher's wife became ill, and because young Tommy was making wedding plans. Instead, Fisher bought *Gypsy*, a sleek 53-foot sloop that was first raced in 1939 by her designer, Frank Payne. She had a long record of wins—on

the Atlantic coast, in Long Island races, and in numerous races on the Great Lakes—when the Fishers sailed her from Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, to Mackinac Island in mid-May of 1969. “There was frost on the decks as we came into the Straits,” Fisher recalled.

Even though she was thirty years old, Gypsy didn’t let her new crew down. With Tom Senior as skipper/navigator and Tommy Junior as crew boss, they won “every award from the Detroit Yacht Racing Association.” In thirteen starts, the Fishers took first place in their offshore racing class every time and won the first place overall award (out of eight classes) all thirteen times. In 1969, they also came in second overall in the Port Huron-Mackinac Race. “A Chicago boat won,” said Fisher, “but there was only a minute between us, and we did beat all the Detroit boats.”

Gypsy and her crew didn’t do as well in the next few years. “Hot new designs took first place,” said Fisher, “and, in 1973, my wife’s stroke ended phase two of my yachting career. I sold Gypsy.”

But Fisher remained an integral part of the yachting world. In 1971, he had been made a permanent member of the International Jury at Long Beach for the Congressional Cup—the only person so honoured in the entire Midwest. Over the next ten years, as a jury member, he made acquaintances among the British, Irish, New Zealand, French and other international racers, including Bruno Bich, Allen Bond and Ted Turner. “I’ve been Ted Turner’s meteorologist/navigator on *Tenacious* three or four times for the Mackinac Race,” Fisher noted.

In 1976, Fisher conceived the idea for an offshore one-design yacht called the North American (NA) 40. Forty-four of the beautiful yachts were built near St. Petersburg, Florida, and they were granted World Class. Fisher was elected president of the NA One-Design Association in 1980, an association aimed at regulating one-design standards for the class. “Fifteen of the NA40s still race in this area,” said Fisher (all race in the Mackinac races), and he told a tale of one NA40, *Rubber Duck*, that was sold to Magnus Kruse of Brastad, Sweden: “Magnus entered *Rubber Duck* in a transatlantic race when the boat was just being completed in St. Petersburg, Florida. We had to get the boat to Marblehead, Massachusetts, but there was a truck strike. We finally delivered it just forty-eight hours before the race. We put it together just in time for him to cross the starting line. . . . With no tryout, he almost won! It was a three-week voyage, and *Rubber Duck* was only one hour behind the winner.” Fisher and his daughter Cheryl Coudert, who owns an NA40 named *Mischief*, still get transatlantic calls occasionally from Magnus on the North Sea.

Fisher became involved with the America’s Cup “by coincidence.” His doctor had advised him to get away for the summer. He called his good friend Bill Lathan to ask

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***With fierce competition has come intense secrecy. Representatives of the New York and British syndicates recently worked together to capture a man attempting to sell the plans of Britain’s 12-meter keel for \$25,000.***

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if he could be a judge in the Chicago-Mackinac Race. “I didn’t want to be a judge in Detroit,” explained Fisher. “It’s too close; I could be accused of bias.” Instead, Lathan asked Fisher to get involved in the *Heart of America* campaign. “Now I’m up to my armpits in 12-meters,” laughed Fisher.

The America’s Cup race, pinnacle of the world’s sailing events, got its start in 1851 when John Cox Stevens, first commodore of the New York Yacht Club (NYYC), outsailed all fourteen of Her British Majesty’s royal yachts in his schooner *America*, in a fifty-mile race around the Isle of Wight. Bill Robinson, author of *America’s Sailing Book*, explains that the feat was “akin to a Little League team winning the World Series.” Stevens brought the prize, a twenty-seven-inch tall, sterling silver cup, originally called the 100 Guinea Cup, back to America, to the NYYC. There it remained for one hundred thirty-two years, throughout twenty-four series of challenge races.

A rich man’s sport, the America’s Cup match races (one-on-one, may the best boat win) drew competitors such as Harold S. Vanderbilt and T.O.M. Sopwith of Sopwith Camel fame. One of the best-known British gentlemen who tried to win the America’s Cup back from the “colonials” was Sir Thomas Lipton, who entered five races from 1899 to 1930. None of his ships ever came close to the fast American J-boats, but his gallantry earned him a warm place in the hearts of the American people, who reciprocated by buying more of his brand tea than any other.

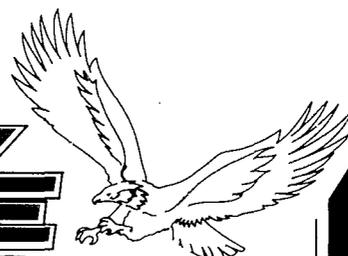


Tom Fisher's older brother Bill taught him racing fundamentals. Here is Skipper Bill Fisher and his crew on the *Margaret F IV*, winners of a Mackinac race circa 1933/34. Left to right are Bill Turnbull, Bill Fisher, Bob Roadstrum, Dick Nevins, Fred Grimshaw, George E. Van and Les Nevins.

World War II and the global changes that followed heralded the demise of the traditional America's Cup. The beautiful J-boats with their large crews were too expensive even for millionaires to finance. In the 1950s, however, under Commodore Harry Sears of the NYYC, the rules of

the competition were legally changed, ushering in the modern 12-meter yachts, about half as long as J-boats, much smaller cubically, requiring smaller crews and, consequently, less expense, relatively speaking. In 1958, the British Royal Yacht Squadron issued its first new challenge since 1937.

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They were soundly whopped, again, by the Americans.

In 1962 a new challenge was issued. More than one! The Australians entered the fray, too. Raw beginners to this elite, tradition-bound sport, the Australian *Gretel* won all her elimination trials and was matched in the final series against the NYYC's *Weatherly*. The *Weatherly* won, but the Aussies came back in 1970 with the *Gretel II*. In that final match series, the media had lots to write about: a floating "mine" (which turned out to be a fishnet float) caused havoc among the spectator boats; Steve Van Dyck of the American *Intrepid* had to be lifted off the yacht by helicopter for a violent reaction to a bee sting; for the first time in history, a race was called because of fog; and the first protest in the history of the America's Cup was filed. In fact, the start of the race was so frenetic that the ships fouled each other; both the *Intrepid* and *Gretel II* raised their protest flags. The committee entered into lengthy deliberation of the racing rules. When it decreed that *Gretel II* was disqualified, worldwide hue and cry arose. The NYYC was accused of making up its own rules. The Australians were so incensed that one representative suggested withdrawing Australian support from Vietnam. But the America's Cup remained in America. Until September 26, 1983.

"We shouldn't have lost in 1983," said Tommy Fisher, shaking his head. "We knew about the *Australia II*'s new winged keel eighteen months before the race, but the chairman of the NYYC's Race Commission adopted a 'let's wait and see if she's fast' attitude, while the Aussies hid their candles under a basket."

Tension is building around the world. Will Australia be able to hold onto the America's Cup in 1987? (Rubbing it in, Western Australia's license plates carry the silhouette of their prize and the motto, "WA, Home of America's Cup.") Fourteen challengers are determined to wrest it away, including challengers from England, New Zealand, France, Italy, Germany, Canada and, of course, the United States.

The NYYC is determined to bring the America's Cup back to its 132-year-old home, but other American yacht clubs figure that, while America is indeed the proper home of the America's Cup, it would better grace their own trophy rooms. A yacht club out of Boston has issued its first chal-

lenge in fifty years; they will be sailing *Courageous II*. San Diego's syndicate, the Sail America Foundation for International Understanding, is backing Dennis Conner (skipper of the ill-fated *Liberty*, which lost the Cup in 1983). The NYYC syndicate is pumping out between \$12 and \$20 million to finance *America II*'s challenge; San Francisco is promoting its *St. Francis Challenge '87*; and, out of the Midwest, the Chicago-based syndicate in which Fisher is so deeply involved is challenging with *Heart of America*.

With the fierce competition has come intense secrecy. *Motor Boating & Sailing* reported, in its February 1986 issue, that Thomas Ehman of the *America II* syndicate and Graham Walker of the British syndicate, recently collaborated with the British police to help capture a man who was attempting to sell the plans of Britain's 12-meter keel for \$25,000.

Design innovations are not the only subject of scrutiny. Training methods and racing techniques are also kept under close wraps by competing syndicates. This America's Cup will be sailed under far different conditions than have the past twenty-five. The waters of the East Indian Ocean are far rougher than those off the Atlantic coast, and Perth's notorious winds begin blowing daily about noon, bringing relief for spectators from the scorching hundred-degree-plus seasonal temperatures, but causing untold headaches for sailors unused to such conditions. No one wants to fall overboard, either, into the shark-infested waters. "*Heart of America*'s crew has been training in rough waters off the Pacific coast near Santa Cruz," said Fisher, "so they can 'hang in there.'"

The elimination series of races will begin off the coast of Fremantle, Australia, on October 5, 1986, continuing through November and December. By January of 1987, all but two of the 12-meter yachts will have been eliminated. Beginning January 31, those two will be in fierce competition for the best four out of seven match races. The America's Cup will be awarded to the winner. "*Heart of America* will be there," said Fisher, "and I'll be there, guns ablazing."

Australia won't let go of the America's Cup easily. Bruce Shankland, managing director of Amway of Australia (main corporate sponsor of *Australia II* and *Australia III*),

continued on page 130

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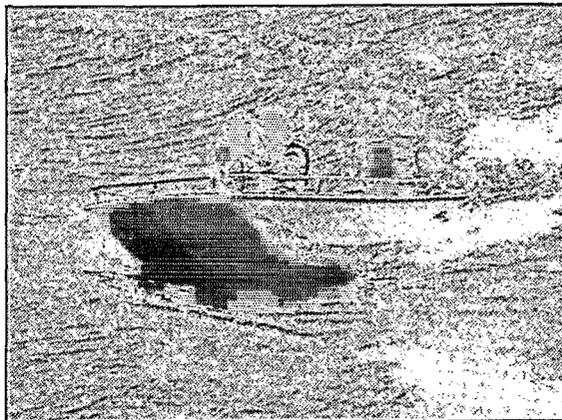
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# Clarity of Purpose

*Conservationists on both sides of the border continue to upgrade the standards for Great Lakes water quality.*

Wedged between the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers, two of the most heavily travelled, industrialized and perhaps polluted stretches of waterway in the Great Lakes, Lake St. Clair appears to be alive and well. Despite threats from its surrounding troubled waterways, and Sarnia's "Chemical Valley," Lake St. Clair boasts an exceptionally productive world-class fishery, and healthy wildlife and waterfowl populations. Swimmers and fishermen enjoy its waters, as do thousands of boaters, who support a thriving marine industry.

Although sometimes called the smallest of the Great Lakes, Lake St. Clair technically is not a Great Lake. Heart-shaped, with a maximum length of twenty-six miles and a maximum width of twenty-four miles, it contains 430 square miles of water. A drainage basin of 4,800 miles surrounds the lake, with three major tributaries—the Clinton River on the American shore, and the Thames and Sydenham Rivers in Canada.

The average depth of the lake is only eleven feet, with its deepest natural depth at twenty-one feet and the dredged shipping channel at 27.5 feet. Because the lake is so shallow, the tremendous flow of water from Lake Huron down the St. Clair River doesn't remain long. Depending on wind conditions, water from the St. Clair River lingers for as little as three days or as long as thirty days, with the average residence time four to seven days. (Residence times for water in the Great Lakes are measured in years.)

This fast flushing time, as the scientists call it, means that Lake St. Clair quickly cleanses itself of the many pollutants that travel down from the St. Clair River. Eventually these pollutants get deposited in the western basin of Lake Erie, adding to that lake's chemical burden.

The shallow depth of Lake St. Clair is also one of the reasons it is a world-class fishery. Sunlight can penetrate its full depth, nourishing a rich food supply for seventy species of fish that spawn and nurse their young in the lake or migrate to the St. Clair River delta and the surrounding wetlands and marshes.

Lake St. Clair is best known for its muskellunge fishing, but other fish include walleye, northern pike, channel catfish, small- and largemouth bass, yellow perch, black and white crappie, rock bass, bluegill, chinook and coho salmon on occasion, and stocked rainbow and brown trout, whitefish, smelt and suckers.

The St. Clair River delta, commonly known as the St. Clair Flats, is one of the largest freshwater deltas in the country. Thomas Edsall, chief of the ecology and limnology section of the Great Lakes Fisheries Laboratory of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Ann Arbor, said that the geology of the northern delta area has made it very diverse, with a large variety of wetlands and marshes cut apart by channels. Although the major islands in the flats have human inhabitants (Squirrel, Walpole and St. Anne Islands in Canada, and Harsen's and Dickinson Islands in the United States), there are still uninhabited areas that support waterfowl and wildlife.

Lake St. Clair, particularly the delta, is a major stopover and staging area for migratory birds. The wetlands serve as a nesting and migratory habitat for sandpipers, herons, bitterns, terns, snipes, gulls, swans, geese and ducks. There is a great blue heron rookery on Dickinson Island, and three rare and endangered birds can be found in the wetlands of the delta—the black-crowned heron, and the canvasback and redheaded ducks. The marsh, beach and

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by MARSHA STOPA-HARRISON

upland areas are populated by opossum, woodchuck, raccoon, skunk, weasel, mink, muskrat, fox, coyote and other small animals.

The wilderness is disappearing, however. The breeding grounds have been reduced to a few areas north of Anchor Bay and in the delta, as people develop the land for homes and agriculture.

Edsall said that in 1873 there were 5,473 hectares of wetlands in the St. Clair Flats. (One hectare is equivalent to 10,000 square meters.) One hundred years later, in 1973, there were only 1,779 hectares remaining. In all of Lake St. Clair, there were an estimated 7,274 hectares in 1873. By 1973, that figure was reduced to 2,022 hectares.

Although Canadians have claimed more of the marshes for agriculture, there are still some stretches of lowland along the shore that perform the irreplaceable function of cleansing and retaining water during flood and drought.

Lake St. Clair became a permanent feature on the landscape only about 3,200 years ago, according to Edsall. The basin and connecting river systems were scoured out by the advance and retreat of the great ice sheets that covered this part of North America for thousands of years. Until about 11,000 years ago, the forerunner of the lake drained southward to the Mississippi River or across to the Trent River in Ontario. The flow changed about 9,500 years ago as the glacier retreated. The lake flowed in a direction similar to today's and then shifted to flow through North Bay in Ontario. As the Pleistocene ice sheet retreated and the tremendous weight of the glacier was removed, the land

rebounded like a sponge, and the North Bay outlet was closed.

Several Indian tribes found the hunting and fishing good and settled along the lakeshore. The wetlands once supported vast expanses of wild rice, now gone, and a type of sweet grass that the Indians used to weave baskets.

Edsall said that more prehistoric archaeological sites have been found in the counties surrounding Lake St. Clair than along any other stretch of Great Lakes shoreline. There are sixty-three sites in Macomb County alone, and the number of sites average between 1.2 and 4.4 sites per kilometer of shore. In the Port Huron area, many burial and habitation sites of Indian tribes from the Middle and Late Woodland period, 100 B.C. to 1600 A.D., have been found.

Lake St. Clair was "discovered" by a French explorer in 1669. Louis Jolliet was looking for a new route to Montreal from Sault Ste. Marie when he discovered the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, the Detroit River and Lake Erie.

On his return, Jolliet met another party of French explorers and Indians heading west along the north shore of Lake Ontario. They were led by Robert Cavelier, the Sieur de la Salle, who was travelling with two missionaries, François Dollier and René de Galinee. The two missionaries were so excited about the new route that they left la Salle to follow a map Jolliet had drawn.

Dollier and Galinee wintered on the north shore of Lake Erie, continuing up the Detroit River through Lake St. Clair to Sault Ste. Marie in the spring of 1670. Galinee's journal contains the first description ever written of the



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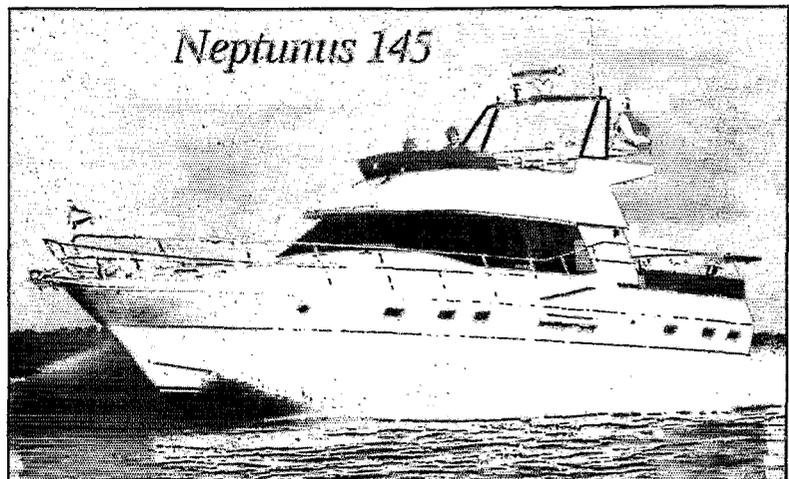
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Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River.

La Salle, the other explorer, built the first ship on the Upper Great Lakes at a shipyard on the Niagara River just above Niagara Falls. He sailed the *Griffin* into Lake St. Clair on August 12, 1679 and named the lake *Lac Sainte Claire* after the founder of the Franciscan nuns.

Fur trapping and trading, along with fishing and hunting, dominated the region throughout the Seventeenth Century. Around 1800, the first land was turned for farming, and in the mid-1800s shipbuilding industries began to make use of the excellent timbers found on the forested uplands. The Swamp Act of 1850 encouraged the draining of wetlands into farmland, and the first shipping channel was cut in 1856.

At the turn of the century, people discovered the recreational potential of the lake, and public boat access encouraged the development of exclusive hunting and fishing clubs and resort hotels that flourished, especially near St. Clair.

The natural resources of the area also governed its industrial development. One of the earliest oil fields was discovered in Canada, and the extensive oil fields around Sarnia determined the vast petrochemical industry that makes up Chemical Valley, along with the salt deposits in the region.

The wide-ranging impacts of man's influence since Jolliet discovered the lake in 1669 and changed the course of its fate are only now being thoroughly assessed. The Upper Great Lakes Connecting Channels Study, a joint project of the United States and Canada, is focusing on toxic contamination in the St. Mary's River, the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, the Detroit River and the western basin of Lake Erie. After a year of planning and reconnaissance surveys, scientific teams are performing exhaustive sampling and testing of these bodies of water.

The Clinton River, listed by the International Joint Commission as a "problem area," has long been recognized as a source of pollution to the lake. From its beginnings, southwest of Pontiac, the main branch of the Clinton River flows through Pontiac, Rochester, Utica, Sterling Heights and Mt. Clemens, where it enters the lake. A spillway and cutoff channel were built in 1952 by the Army Corps of Engineers to reduce flooding by divert-

ing water around the city to the lake; because of the inadequate capacity of combined sanitary sewers and storm sewers, heavy rains would cause the system to overflow, spilling untreated sewage into Lake St. Clair.

Improvements in municipal treatment plants and a five-year, \$35-million Macomb County program with new sewers, pump stations and treatment facilities for East Detroit, Roseville and St. Clair Shores will help relieve some of the burden on the lake.

According to Tom Fontaine of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Ann Arbor, fifty-five percent of the phosphorus in the lake comes from Lake Huron, forty-five percent from the tributaries and five percent from the atmosphere. (Phosphorus is a nutrient which causes excessive growth of algae, depriving fish of needed oxygen in the water.) Despite the fact that the Clinton River's contribution of phosphorus to the lake has been reduced by fifty percent, Edsall maintained that the total amount of phosphorus entering the lake between 1975 and 1980 remained constant, due

to urban growth.

Another threat to Lake St. Clair comes from its position in the middle of the Port Huron-to-Detroit shipping corridor, one of the most heavily traveled waterways in the world. Last year, from April to December, the Traffic Center of the Canadian Coast Guard in Sarnia recorded 5,787 trips by freighters from the St. Clair River to Detroit. From Detroit to St. Clair, 5,995 trips were recorded, according to Pierre Papineau, the officer in charge of Vessel Traffic Services.

The freighters that travel up and down the corridor pass through Lake St. Clair in the dredged shipping channel that divides the lake. Scientists are reviewing the impact shipping has on the lake, noting that some bottom-dwelling organisms and plants are absent from the channel. There is also concern about erosion on fragile areas of lakeshore by wave action from passing freighters, and possible recontamination by additional dredging of the shipping channel.

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water is also putting increasing pressure on the lake and its productive—but fragile—shorelands. As more and more people are attracted to the beauty of the lake and make more use of its waters, they add more pollution, straining the lake's ability to tolerate mounting incursions.

But what is more noticeable and potentially of greater concern is the impact that thousands of recreational boaters are having on the lake. In the beginning of June of this year, the Secretary of State's office registered 43,497 boats in Macomb County; 12,705 in St. Clair; and 80,766 in Wayne County.

In the late 1970s, it was estimated that half of the 30,000 boats then registered in Macomb were used on Lake St. Clair. If that holds true today, then there are more than 22,000 from Macomb County alone, in addition to a significant percentage of the boats registered in Wayne, St. Clair and inland counties, such as Oakland. These thousands of boaters, drawn to the lake on sunny weekends, raise concerns about the disposal of trash; the turbulence caused by propellers, stirring up sediment, resuspending contaminants and chewing up the shoreline; and the proper use of holding tanks. Laws vary from the United States to Canada, but Canadian laws on holding tanks are more stringent and more stiffly enforced. Violation may mean confiscation of your boat.

Scientists studying the lake have found contaminants in the sediment, water and fish. But they are also finding indications of health, noting the presence of pollution-sensitive insects and bottom-dwelling organisms that dis-

appear when there is serious pollution.

When asked about water quality, "ten years ago we would talk about algae in the water," said Murray Charlton, head of the Great Lakes Section of the National Water Research Institute of Environment Canada. "Now we're talking about industrial contaminants. New things are being produced, and old ones are being controlled better."

The Chemical Valley in Sarnia on the St. Clair River is acknowledged to be the source of almost all of the toxic contaminants found in the lake. There are twelve petroleum refineries or petrochemical plants that produce a wide variety of chemicals and chemical products, and discharge wastewater into the river. In addition, there are three municipal wastewater treatment plants, plus significant fertilizer and pesticide runoff from agriculture. There are also eleven industrial landfill sites and sixteen deep injection wells that receive industrial wastes.

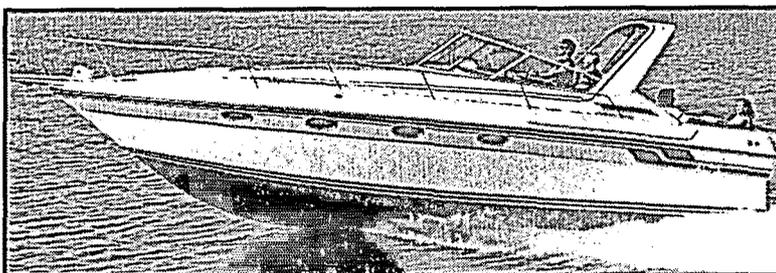
Dow-Canada received substantial media exposure after 2,500 imperial gallons of perchloroethylene, a dry-cleaning solvent, spilled into the river in August 1985. An estimated 2,000 imperial gallons were recovered from catch basins and the river. The rest is assumed to have washed downstream or combined with a tarry substance that formed "blobs" or puddles along the river bottom.

Other contaminants are complex organics that come from industrial, municipal and agricultural sources. Organics are considered to have toxic and mutagenic effects and persist for long periods of time in the environment. They also accumulate and concentrate in the food chain.

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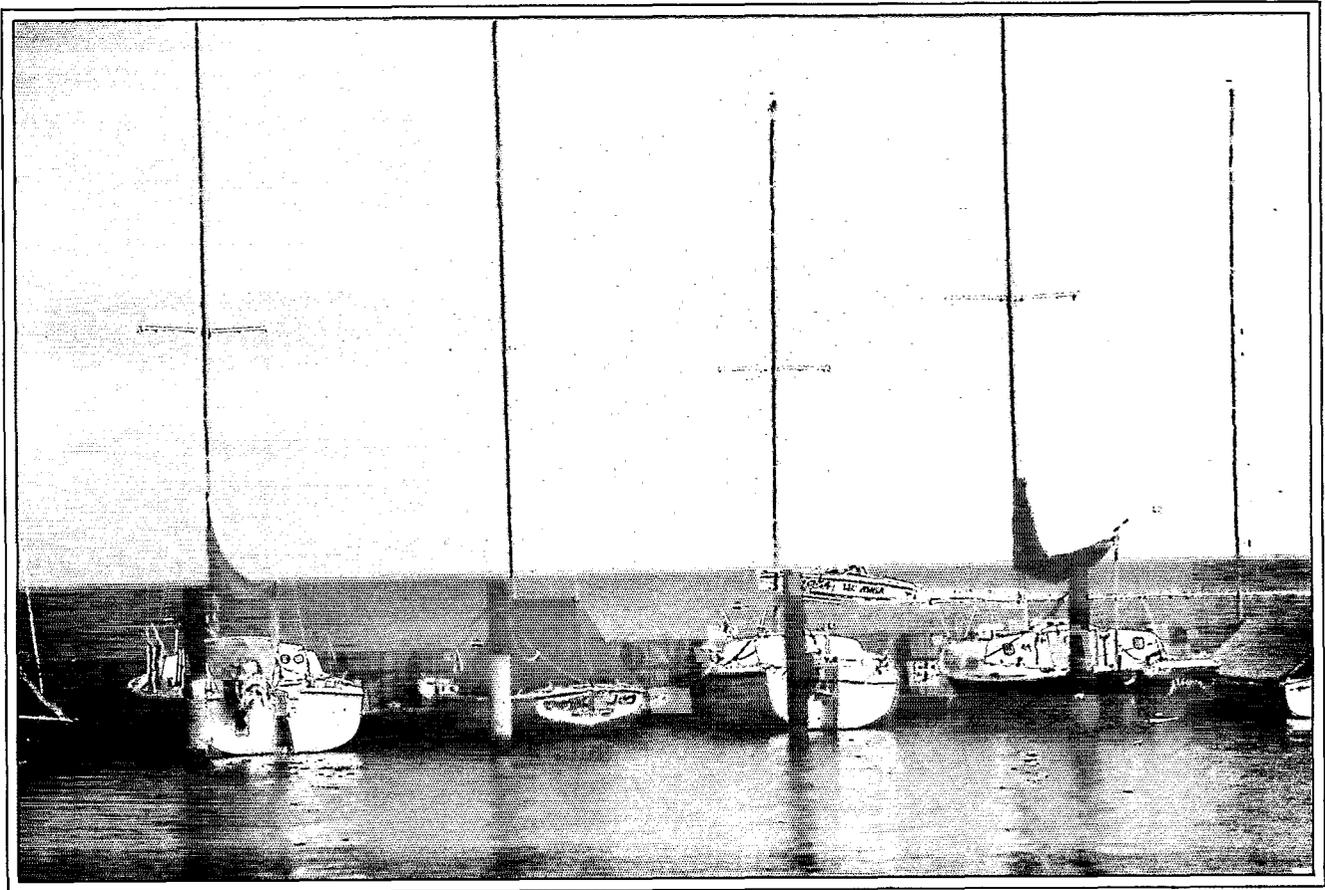


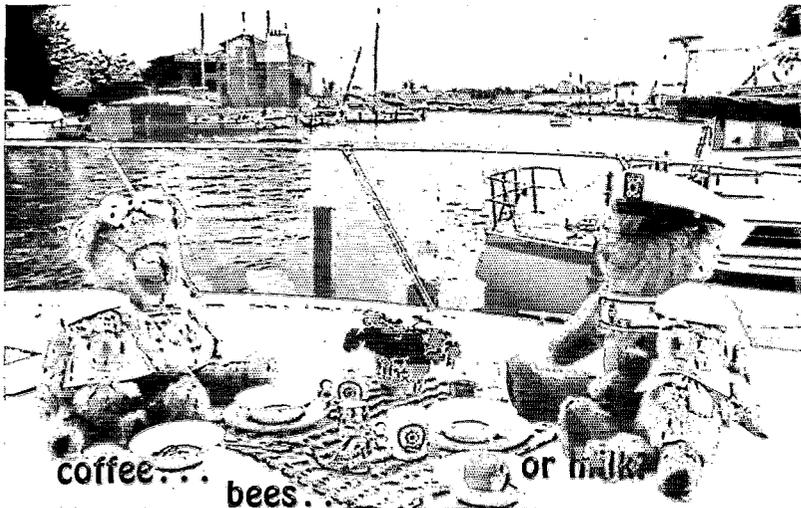
PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

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Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel  
That shall laugh at all disaster  
And with wind and whirlwind wrestle!"*  
— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
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Polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) in Lake St. Clair come from the St. Clair River. However, recent studies show that not only is the concentration of PCBs in the lake-bottom sediments within the objectives set by the Ontario Ministry of the Environment, but the levels in sediments and fish have shown a significant decline since the mid-1970s.

Hexachlorobenzene is used as a pesticide and in other chemical processes and represents somewhat of an unknown for researchers, as do many relatively new contaminants. No environmental levels have yet been set, but any concentration is potentially harmful, and some levels have been found in fish and sediments in Lake St. Clair.

Inconclusive data is available for several other contaminants being researched: octachlorostyrenes, a by-product of several industrial processes; polycyclic hydrocarbons; cyanide; oil and grease; and phenols.

Heavy metals are also present in

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the lake, and Lake St. Clair gained national attention in 1970 when it was discovered that its fish were contaminated with mercury. The source was traced to two chlor-alkali plants below Sarnia, which halted discharges a short time later. Commercial and sport fishing were halted for several years, but restrictions were lifted when mercury levels began to decline.

A recent study that sampled 10,000 fish from Lake St. Clair showed that the mercury level in fish had declined to nearly one-third of the 1970 level by 1980. Levels are expected to continue to decline, and the only fish advisory from the Michigan Department of Public Health is for muskellunge. More than one meal a week is not advised, since large muskie may be old enough to retain high levels of mercury.

The Canadian government, which has overseen more extensive studies on fish contamination, recommends not eating walleye above twenty-six inches, smallmouth bass above eighteen inches, largemouth bass above fourteen inches, or muskie above eleven inches. It also recommends only one or two meals each week of walleye from twenty-two to twenty-six inches, channel catfish from twenty-two to thirty inches, northern pike above thirty inches, freshwater drum above twenty-two inches, quillback carpsucker above twenty-two inches, brown bullhead above fourteen inches, and muskie from eight to ten inches.

When asked if the water quality in Lake St. Clair is getting better or worse, Charlton said the question is one "that really gives us the shivers. Some of the things we're measuring now, we just learned how to measure a few years ago. We don't have the data or the statistical trends to answer that yet. The place is teeming with fish, but we have industrial pollution upstream." Charlton called the lake's "saving grace" the dilution it receives from the relatively clean water of Lake Huron. And he suggested that the question of water quality might be better answered in a few years, when all the data from the on-going study is compiled and analyzed. ♦

Marsha Stopa-Harrison is a writer for The News-Herald in Wyandotte.

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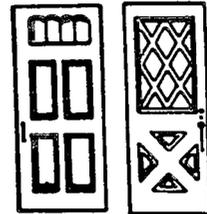
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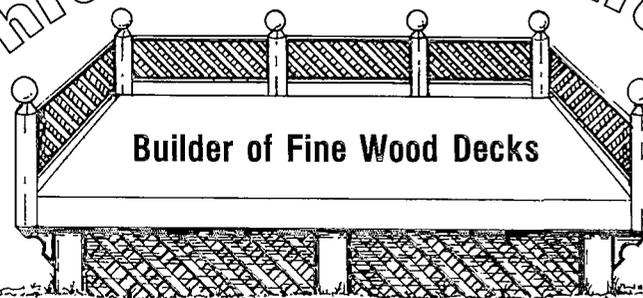
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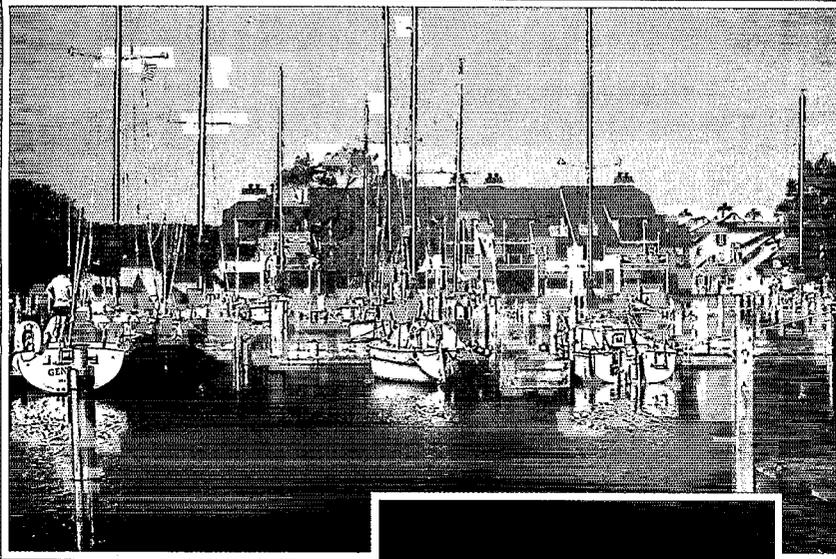
September: Health and Fitness

October: Money and Grosse Pointe

November: Outstanding Grosse Pointers

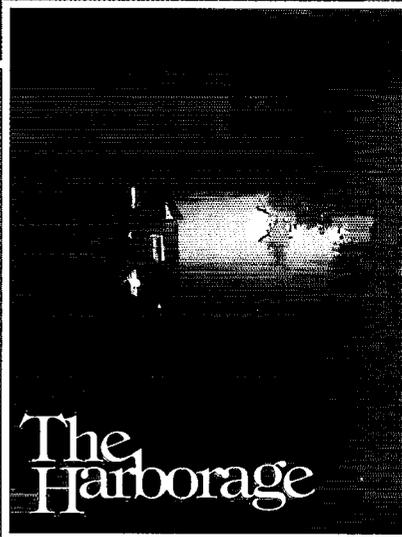
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# Three Generations of Mackinac Racers

This year, Stephen Gmeiner, age fifteen, will join Skip, Doug and W. D. "Toot" Gmeiner on the family's sleek yacht, *Apache*. He has expert tutors: Toot sailed his first Mackinac Race on *Apache* in 1942 (this year will be his thirty-sixth!); Skip has raced in thirty, twenty-four of them aboard *Apache*; and Doug has raced twenty-five, seventeen of them aboard *Apache*.



*Apache*, a NY-32, was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, and built by Henry B. Nevins in New York in 1936. This grand old girl has a length of forty-five feet, four inches; a six-foot, six-inch draft; ten-foot, seven-inch beam; and nine hundred fifty square feet of sail area. Her first owner was Charles F. "Bubbles" Havermyer, who sold her to Thomas K. Fisher in 1939. When Fisher joined the U.S. Coast Guard in 1941, he sold *Apache* to Toot Gmeiner, and she's been in the family ever since.

The Gmeiners won the Bayview Yacht Club Mackinac Race in 1942, 1943, 1945, 1959 and 1963. The most memorable was the 1945 race when fewer than six boats finished the race because the storms were so fierce. Toot was thankful he had "a boat and crew who had enough guts to stick it out."

The last Mackinac Race that *Apache* entered was in 1979. Nonetheless, she has participated in more of the races than any other one-family-owned boat in the history of the sixty-one-year-old event. ♦

# One Man's Revery

*This long-time sailor  
restores a classic runabout.*

by WALTER WASACZ



It is 1948, and fourteen-year-old Gordon Ford is sleeping aboard an old air-sea rescue craft that has been rented for the finish of the Newport-to-Bermuda yacht race. Gordon and his mother had flown to Bermuda earlier that same night on a propeller-driven American Airlines DC7. They are here to cheer on the Ford boat, with Gordon's father and older brother, John, aboard.

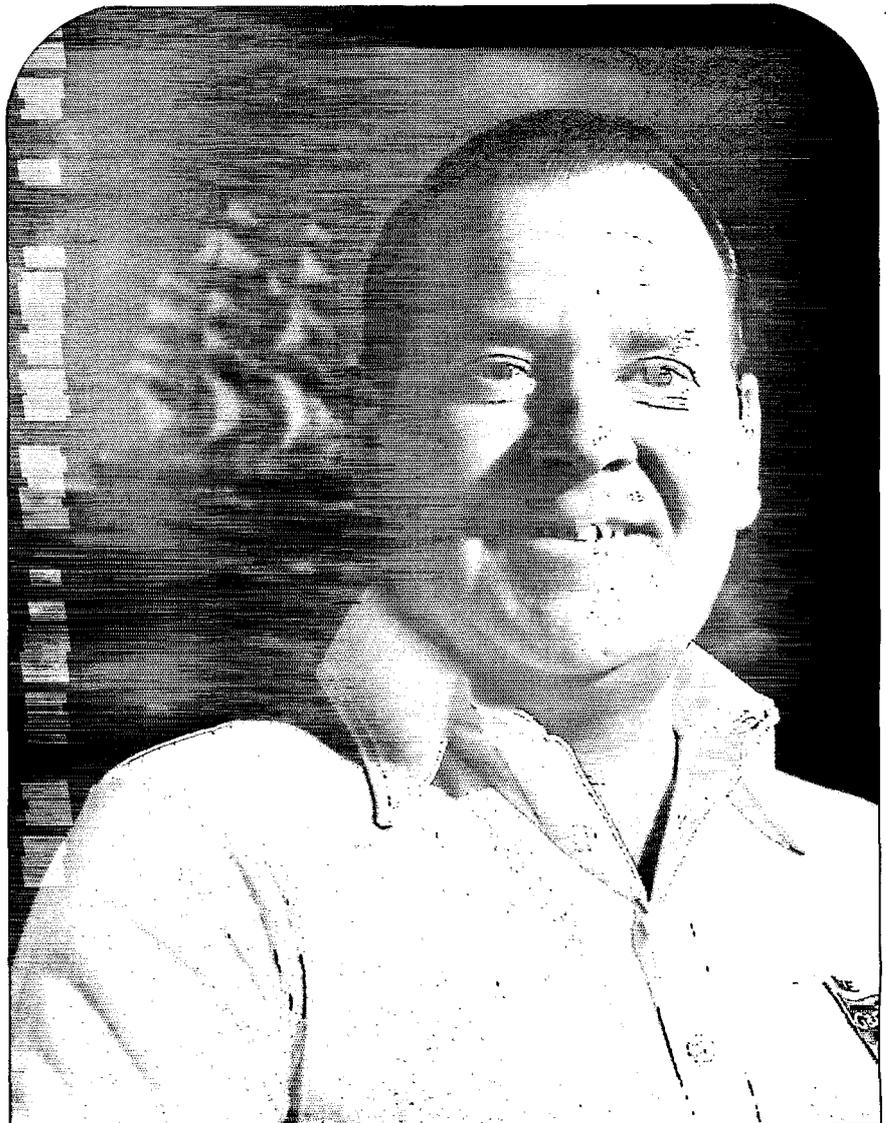
The *Royono*—an Algonquin Indian name meaning “happy house above the water”—is one of approximately eighty-five boats entered in the race, and only one of a few Great Lakes yachts daring to take on the ocean racers. The crew totals sixteen men, including a physician, aboard the huge seventy-two-foot craft.

While Gordon sleeps, the ocean air becomes completely still. A night of music on board the rescue craft, played by a calypso band known as the Talbot Brothers, remains fresh in his memory, though it is the anticipation of seeing his father's boat and the finish of the race that begins to stir him. He awakens to a clear, cloudless sky and an ocean reflecting the cleanest, richest blue he has ever seen.

Finally, over the horizon, he spots the leader. He first feels the anticipation in his stomach, then spreading across his body, until his fingertips tingle with a naturally created electrical current. *Royono? Royono?* The name comes in tandem with his heartbeat, until his eyes strain forward as far as they can to register the markings of an unfamiliar craft cruising toward a first-place finish. It is not the *Royono*.

Then, over the horizon to the north, his eyes spot a familiar white spinnaker as it heads for the finish. Before anyone can identify it, he knows it to be his father's boat. As it glides forth, the giant white sail appears to pierce the sky. *Royono! Royono!* he yells in ecstasy.

He is full of pride as he watches the yacht cross the flags for second place in this great race. It is a moment of the simplest, most natural grandeur; it is a moment when



Gordon Ford

PHOTO BY JOHN SOBCZAK

a son has witnessed the august triumph of his father, his resplendent return.

Thirty-eight years have gone by, and Gordon Ford sits in his Grosse Pointe Farms home talking animatedly about that morning when boats and the sea entered his blood, never to leave. As he finishes this recollection he smiles, and pride appears to accent a glint in his sailor's eye. He rests momentarily, sips on a diet soda, readjusting his position in his chair, then his glasses. His face changes subtly, and he begins anew, touching on significant milestones, introducing his family, his interests on and off the water—his story in a capsule.

His story begins with a family that he describes as "always heavily water-oriented." Indeed, this is true, in often spectacular ways.

Gordon Ford descends from the Libby Owens Fords of Toledo, founders of the plate glass industry in North America. Members of the family, including his grandfather, John B. Ford, headed north into Michigan to run a new company called Michigan Alkali, which was initiated to mine heavy de-

posits of soda ash discovered on the bottom of the Detroit River, a resource essential to the manufacture of plate glass.

This venture met with great success in its own right; and with expansion and diversification came a new name for the company: Wyandotte Chemicals Corporation. Thus, to distinguish themselves from the Ohio plate glass wing of the family, the Michigan Fords became known as the "chemical" Fords, a nickname that persists to this day. (It also serves, in Grosse Pointe Farms, to distinguish them from the automotive Fords, who are no relation.)

The Ford family controlled first the soda ash excavation and then the chemicals business on the Detroit River from 1890 until selling the business outright to BASF, a West German conglomerate, in 1969.

Into the epicenter of this whirlwind of industrial Americana, Gordon Ford was born during a snowstorm on January 19, 1934, at Detroit's Harper Hospital. He was the second of two sons born to John B. Jr.

and Katharine Ford. He attended the Detroit University School (now University Liggett) until grade seven. Then he was off to the Fay Pre-Preparatory School in Massachusetts, before enrolling in the Westminster Preparatory School in Simsbury, Connecticut, from which he graduated in 1953.

After a two-year stint in the Army expired in 1955 (he was in the first cavalry division stationed in Hokkaido, Japan), Gordon spent one year at Michigan State University before transferring to the University of Virginia. While in the Army and during his early years of college, Gordon seriously considered entering the ministry of the Episcopal Church, thus declaring himself a religion major while at Virginia.

His interest in a formal career within the Church waned, however; and shortly before he was to graduate, he met Linda Knickerbocker, a student at nearby Sweetbriar College. After a courtship of just over one year, Gordon and Linda were married on July 2, 1960, in Charlottesville, Virginia. The Ford family, its ushers, and the Rev. Erville Maynard of Christ Church in Grosse Pointe were all flown in from Detroit's City Airport via a chartered DC3.

"I then brought my bride back to Grosse Pointe," Gordon says, "and we've been here ever since." The Ford children are Katharine, Dorothy, and Gordon Jr.

"The girls have finished college and are working, and Gordon Jr. will be a senior this fall at Westminster," Gordon says.

The Fords also have a home in Harbor Springs, a restored boat house that they have converted into a year-round home with four bedrooms, baths, a two-car garage and summer "quarters" for Gordon's prizewinning Gar Wood runabout, *Revery*.

"What initially turned me on to antique boats was my brother John owning a boat much like this one before World War II," Gordon says. "Then, in the mid-seventies, Bill Wood, who is a nephew of old Gar Wood, showed up in Harbor Springs with a twenty-eight-foot runabout, circa 1928-29, and I immediately fell in love with it."

This perked Gordon's interest in acquiring and restoring an old Gar Wood runabout. He was confident he could find one, though it would require a bit of detective work on his part.



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"Years ago, I remembered seeing a runabout that a boyhood friend of mine, named Buzz Peabody, had. I was reasonably sure it was kept in Harbor Springs, but I didn't know where and I'd lost touch with Buzz. Well, after I'd seen Bill Wood's boat," Gordon says, his eyes alight, "I intensified my search for the Peabody boat, eventually finding out, to my surprise and absolute delight, that it was stored, for all these years, in Harbor Springs, virtually under my nose!"

Gordon went out to see the boat and discovered a nineteen-foot runabout, vintage 1939, that had not been in the water in more than ten years. Running his finger through the dust, he uncovered the spectacular, dark mahogany finish—so characteristic of the vintage Gar Woods—intact. Gordon was, as he puts it, "in love with

her all over again."

"I found out that Buzz was living in Phoenix, and I called him to ask about acquiring the boat. He stalled a bit, and I called him back with an offer on the table. He accepted, and I had the boat. This all took place about seven years ago."

Gordon set to work restoring the boat and contacted restoration experts first in Leland, then in Cedarville, Michigan, to do the job. "I had my boat worked on by Marvin Tassier in Cedarville," he says, "whom I consider to be one of the finest wood restorers in the business. I completely re-planked her and installed a new Crusader 210 horsepower engine."

Gordon renamed her *Revery* (she had been called *Snafu*) after a tune made famous by Glenn Miller during

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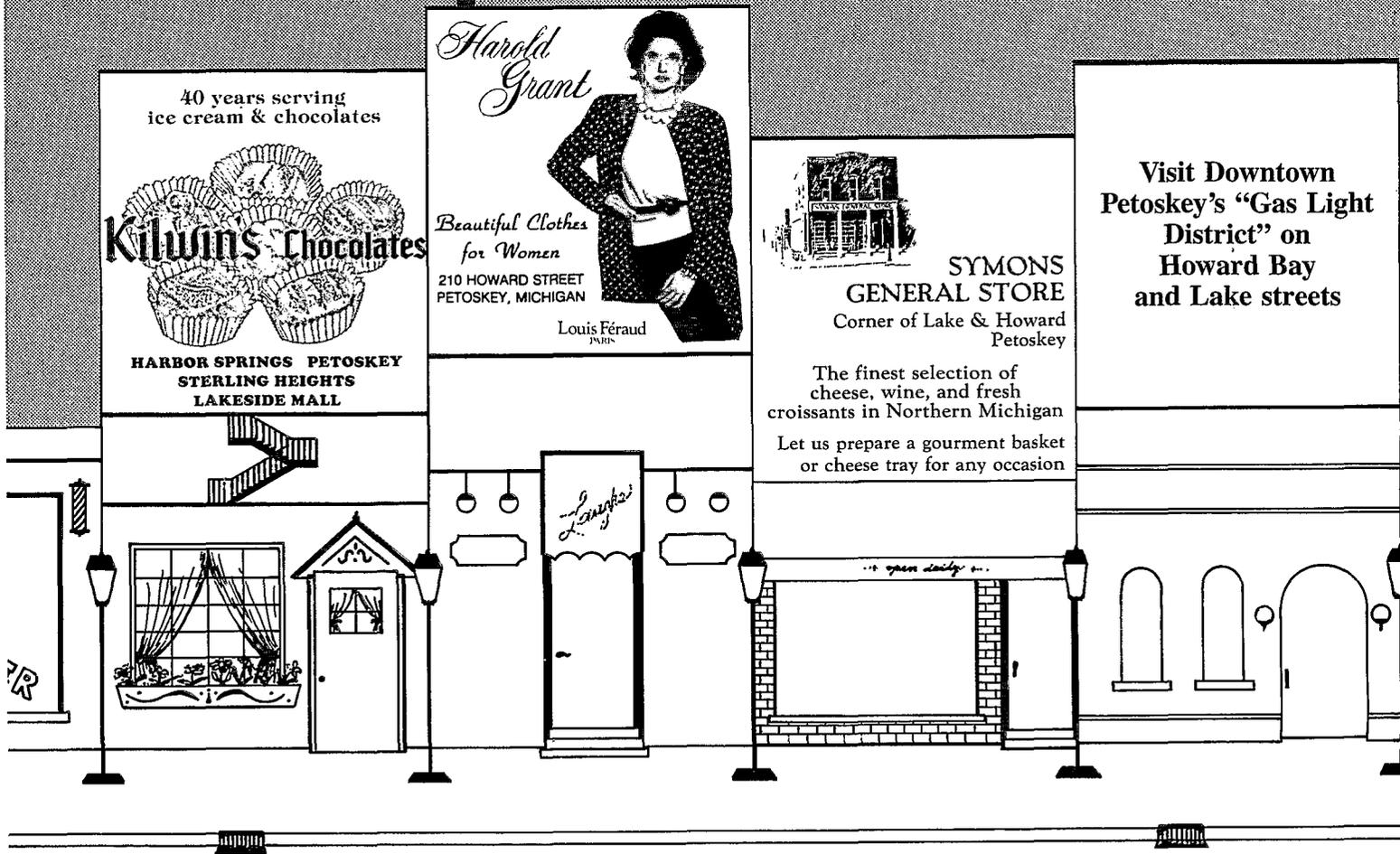
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## pointes north

the same year (1939) that the runabout was built.

"She's a gorgeous boat, and I baby her. That is one of the problems of owning an antique boat," Gordon says. "You don't want to come into the dock without having your bumpers out; you're always worrying about scratching her, or getting rope burn from your lines."

"You cannot be out in rough weather with these old boats," he insists, "and I wouldn't take her out on Lake St. Clair, because the water is just too rough. You really need a flat surface to glide on."

The cost of maintaining a classic boat is not prohibitive, according to Gordon, though the cost of insuring it can be. "It's not unlike insuring a vintage Ferrari; the vehicle is impossible to replace, so the premium is sky high," he says.

Gordon keeps *Revery* in Harbor Springs year-round, storing her in a boatyard during the off-season. When he wants to take her out on the water, he usually trailers her up to the Hessel-Cedarville area in the Upper Peninsula (just over the bridge, on the Lake Huron side), where the

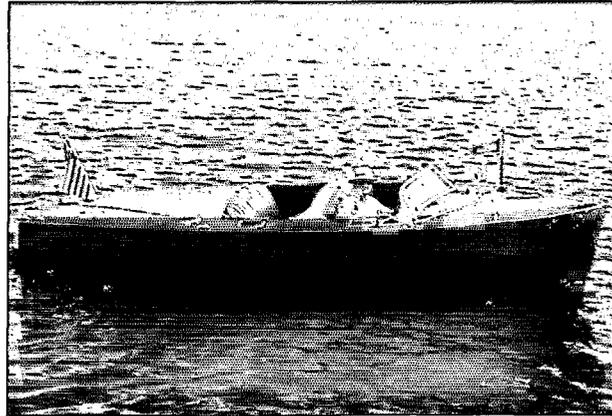
water is protected by the Les Cheneaux Islands.

The town of Hessel serves as a magnet for antique boats and boating because of the Annual Hessel Antique Boat Show. In 1983 *Revery* placed third in her class and last summer, second. "Out of one-hundred-forty competing boats, *Revery* was the only Gar Wood entered last year," Gordon recalls, "which indicates to me how rare they are." He is sitting out this year's August 9 show ("I'm quitting while I'm ahead," he quips), though he does not deny his interest in future competitions.

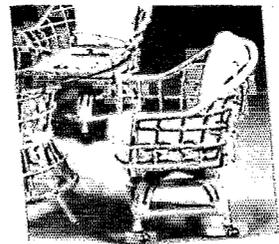
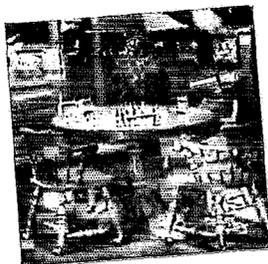
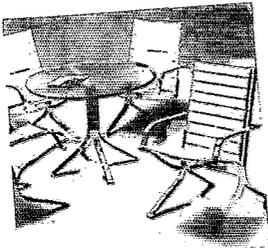
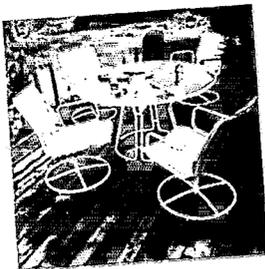
Indeed, Gordon will likely compete again, for, as he says, "I just love these old boats. Those lines, those rounded backs, are ageless. I don't think that anyone could ever improve on them. I know my son would say, 'Hey dad, we've got the Cigarettes and all these fast boats,' and yet, there is something about the classic lines of these old boats

that I don't think you could ever touch."

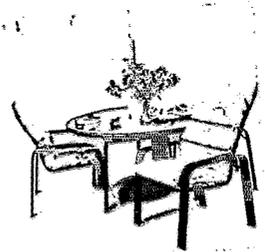
Gordon is semi-retired, which affords him the luxury of lingering at his Harbor Springs home, tinkering with the runabout, or sailing to Georgian Bay.



Gordon Ford and his 1939 Gar Wood, *Revery*. Ford keeps the nineteen-foot runabout at his home in Harbor Springs.



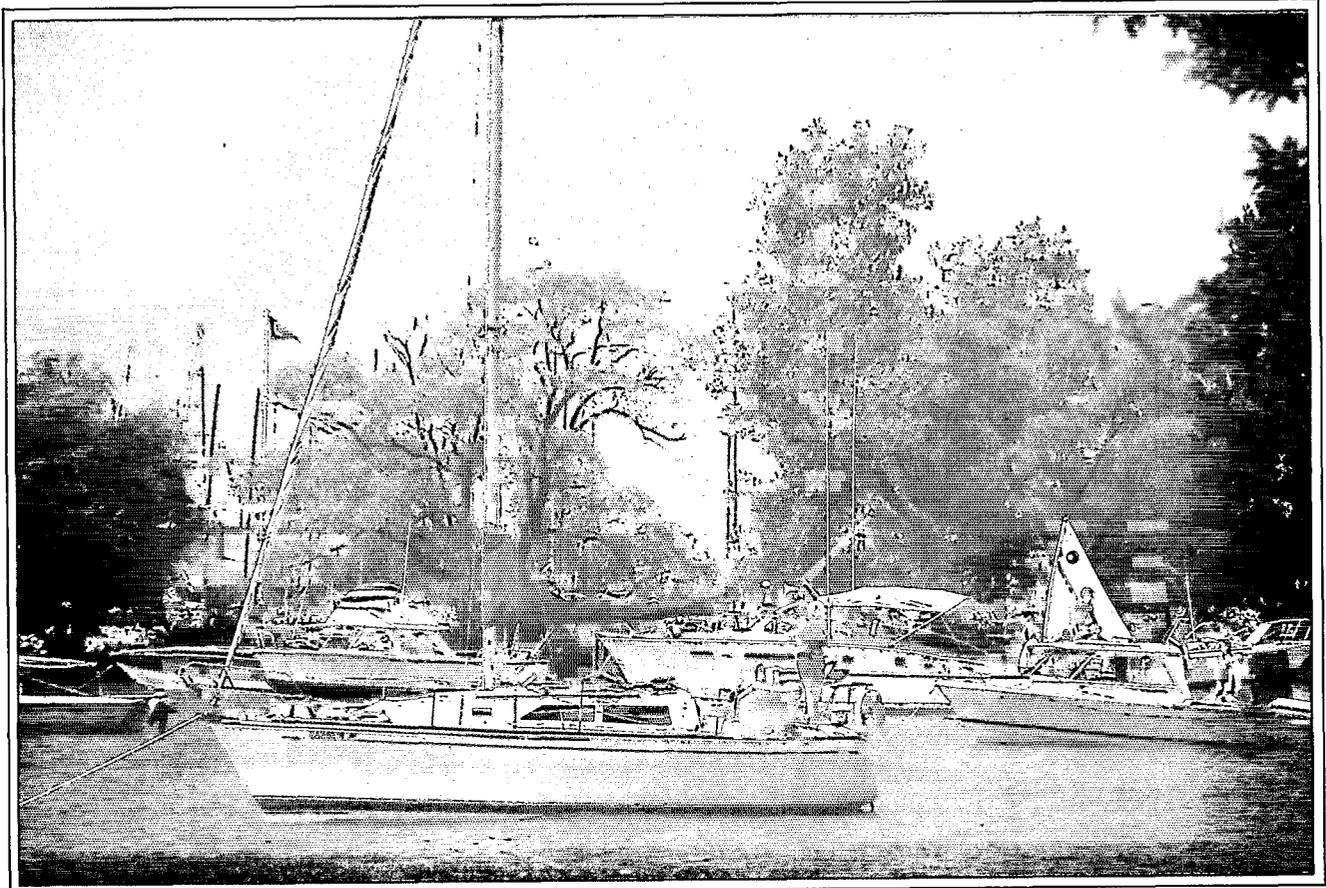
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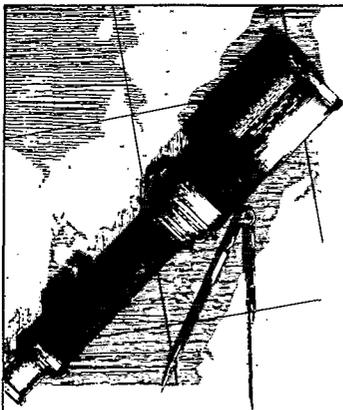
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The smoke now West, now South."*

*—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
The Wreck of the Hesperus*



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## *pointes north*

He is, at the same time, an extraordinarily busy man. He handles all the family business, including all accounts and trusts (he is a trained broker), and serves on various boards of directors, including the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, University Liggett School, Westminster School, the International Geographic Foundation in Miami (which operates a museum called Planet Ocean) and Cottage Hospital in Grosse Pointe, where he serves as first vice-president.

Gordon is active as senior warden of the vestry of Christ Church, thus fulfilling in a lay capacity his youthful desire to work within the Episcopal Church.

The blur of activity does not stop with Gordon, however. For the past two years, his wife, Linda, has been establishing a track record of quality and distinction at the *Café Le Chat* restaurant in Grosse Pointe, where she is a partner with Andrew Moquin. "I hardly get to see her," says Gordon, "but she loves it; it's like a dream come true for her."

Gordon Ford knows, however busy he may be, that the water will always be near to comfort and regenerate him. He loves his Grosse Pointe home because "I love to hear the sound of the freighters as they pass by."

Occasionally his eyes shine with the recollection of his first nautical love and her eventual fate.

"My dad raced the *Royono* a little while longer (after the Bermuda)," he says, "and I remember one time being aboard during the Port Huron-to-Mackinac Race. My most vivid impression of that race is coming out on watch at five in the morning, when we were well north on the course, and smelling the pines coming across Lake Huron. It was just fabulous.

"I was so sorry to see that boat go. My dad gave it to the Naval Academy," he recalls, "and they kept her name but painted the hull blue. We then acquired a smaller boat from my uncle, a forty-eight footer, which we also called *Royono*. But soon dad got out of sailing altogether and gave that one to the Coast Guard.

"I miss those old boats," says Gordon Ford softly, pushing himself forward in his chair, "I really do." ◇

Walter Wasacz, a counselor at Metropolitan Detroit Hospital, has written on pop culture for magazines in Detroit, New York and London.

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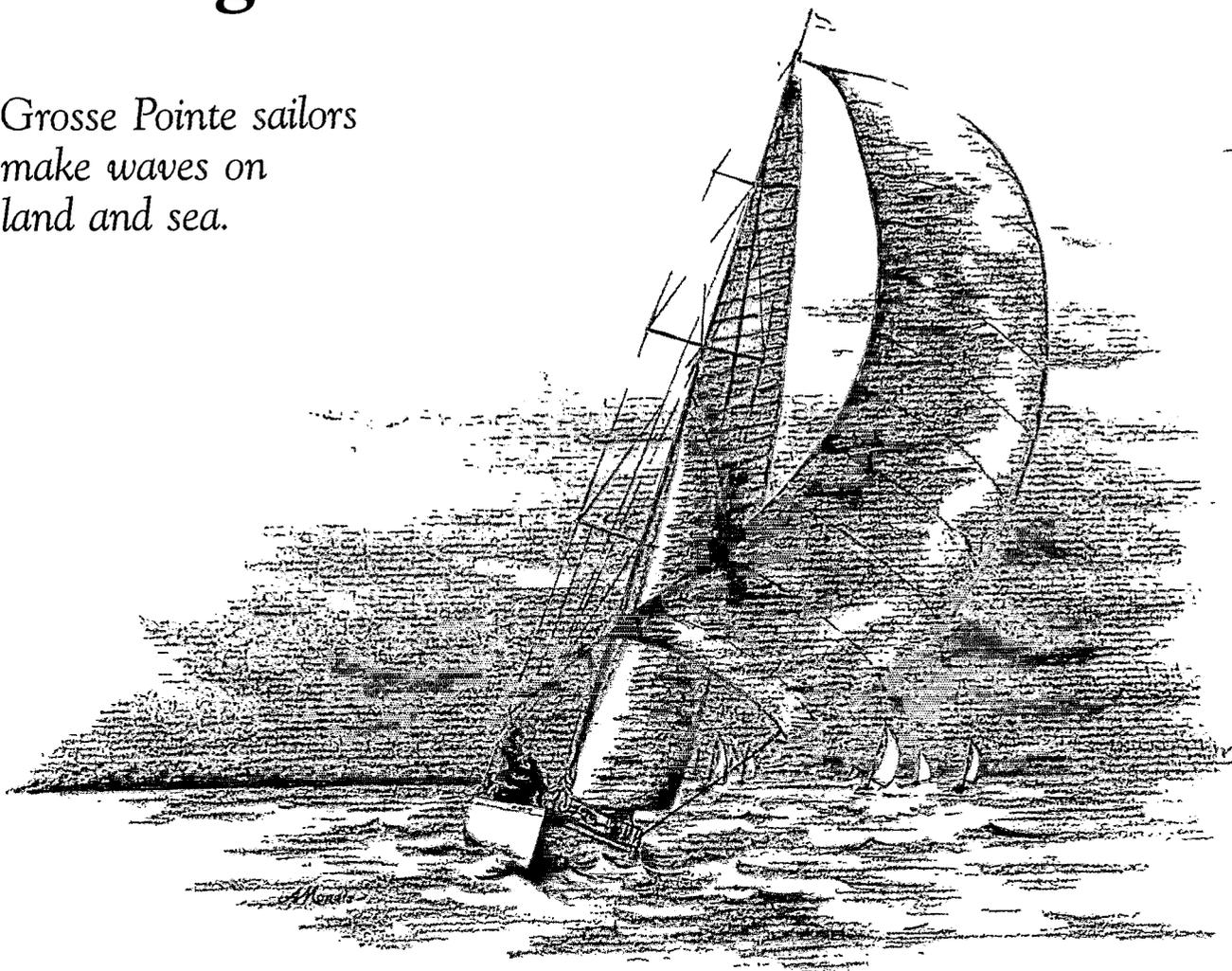
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make waves on  
land and sea.*



The wind was blowing thirty knots out of the north throughout the dark, cold night. Black seas raged as the forty-foot yacht beat to windward. On board the sailors were tired and hungry—with no end in sight as they raced from Miami to Nassau. Suddenly the boat heaved, and a young crewman was swept into the ocean. “Man overboard,” yelled another sailor, who quickly grabbed an extra line and jumped in after him. The seas were so bad that the boat could not come close. He grabbed the man one time, but a wave jerked him out from under him, and the drowning man slipped away, lost. The sailor managed to crawl back on board, having narrowly escaped death trying to save his fellow crewman.

Who are these men whose fierce

competitive spirits are surpassed only by their unspoken loyalty to each other? They are international yachtsmen, and at least five of them live in the Grosse Pointes. Four of the five, Frank Piku, brothers George and John Uznis, and Tim Woodhouse, own and campaign boats throughout the year. A fifth, Mike Tapert, is a crewman.

Something drives these men to pursue an avocation tantamount to, as they themselves put it, “standing in a cold shower and tearing up \$100 bills.” Each has specific goals to win one certain race or cup; moreover, particular characteristics emerge that are common to all these men. It is almost as though one man emerges from them all. He has the tanned, all-American, young-to-middle-aged look—even preppy. He owns his own business, providing him with enough flexibility to

race throughout the year. He possesses an inordinate amount of energy, working many hours into the night at his business and his sailing. He is talkative, articulate, authoritative, and thinks of his sailing success and business success as stemming from the same skills—the ability to run a tight ship. But, first and foremost, he is extremely competitive. When asked to identify the lure, the thrill, the challenge of these high-level races, each man answers emphatically, “To Win!”

These races that lure men thousands of miles from all over the United States, South America and Europe to compete against one another are, officially, the International Offshore Rule (IOR) race circuit. The circuit includes both fleet and match racing, but the yachting magazines have tagged it the Grand Prix of sailing. The

ILLUSTRATION BY ANNE MORRIS

by MARY BETH SMITH



Right: John Uznis

Below: George Uznis

Both brothers have raced the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit for twenty years.



PHOTOS BY MICHAEL MISTALESKI

racers begin after the first of the year with the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit (six races) and continue throughout the year, going from California to the east coast, the Great Lakes, back to the east coast in the fall, and then on to Florida before beginning all over again. Some of the races, such as the Newport-Bermuda Race, Los Angeles-Hawaii, Canada's Cup, Admiral's Cup, and Sardinia's Cup, are not held every year.

The boats that sail these races are called Grand Prix boats. What determines this prestigious *nom de mer* is the yacht's age (one to three years), her length (forty to fifty feet), her designer (preferably Frers from Argentina), the newest equipment and sails, the latest technology, and the experienced crew that sails her. She costs anywhere from \$400,000 to \$600,000 to outfit for racing. But she must perform well to remain in Grand Prix competition. As John Uznis says, "You can't become too attached to your boat. It stops you from selling her when you should. Sure, I like the boat, but it's not an emotional thing."

George and John Uznis, brothers

who own a building and land development company, campaign their boat, *Nitissima*, each year in the IOR circuit. Often they sail together, but many times they pass each other in transit, as one goes back to attend to the business while the other goes off to race. For twenty years, George and John have raced in the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit (SORC). Now it is their goal to win it overall. There are six races in total, beginning in February with the St. Petersburg-Boca Grande Race (128 miles); St. Petersburg-Fort Lauderdale (408 miles); Lipton Cup Race out of Fort Lauderdale (30-40 miles); Ocean Triangle Race, Miami-Fort Lauderdale-Ocean Cay-Miami (150 miles); Miami-Nassau (185 miles); and finally the Nassau Cup Race (30-40 miles). About sixty boats compete in the SORC. Points scored from each race determine the overall winner. Over the years, the Uznis brothers have scored well; they have won every single one of the races, though not in the same year. In 1983, they finished third in their class and third in the fleet. In 1986, they took second in their class and ninth in the fleet. "This is the world series of ocean racing," George Uznis claims, "and we were in the money five out of six races last year."

Both John and George prefer fleet racing. "I like being at sea at night,"

George laughs. "It's fun. There's a fair amount of pressure that goes along with it that fuels the fire. To compete on the ocean in sailboats, propelled by the wind, and the only control you have over the situation is how well you trim the sails that are powering you—that's quite a challenge. The navigational and tactical aspects are a tremendous challenge as well. Then there's the comradeship. You put fourteen men on a boat, and you're going to sail for four-and-a-half or five days from Miami to Jamaica. You get to know these guys pretty well." About one-half of the crew call Detroit home. The rest hail from Argentina, Tasmania, England and various parts of the United States. "There's a lot of story-telling and camaraderie with competitors, too," George pauses, "depending upon how much rum is drunk." He laughs and calls this sport "middle-aged thrill-seeking, little boats on a big ocean." Certainly there is the challenge of nature, but it is more than that. "It's the competitive aspect," George continues. "This is men and machines tactically figuring out how they're going to get from point A to point B before the other guy does."

According to John Uznis, the SORC has become more competitive over the last twenty years. "When I started racing, the SORC was more of a vacation. Now there are more good sailors and better boats each year. You get caught up in it. We keep going back for more. It's hard work, and often you wonder why in the world you're doing it. We're all there for one purpose, in this upper level of sailing—to win the regatta. A lot of the people who sail the SORC now are professionals in the business of sailmaking, boat building, or selling hardware. That's the biggest single reason for the regatta becoming more competitive. The management of fourteen people becomes a big job. The sails, the boat, and the quality of the people on board—all of these factors are relatively equal, so management becomes all-important. The next most important thing is avoiding bad luck." John and George are proud to win as often as they do, since there are "not so many of us left, who have the skill to sail without any professionals on board."

Are there disappointments? You bet. John Uznis says "the biggest disappointment in my sailing career is not going to Sardinia." *Nitissima* was

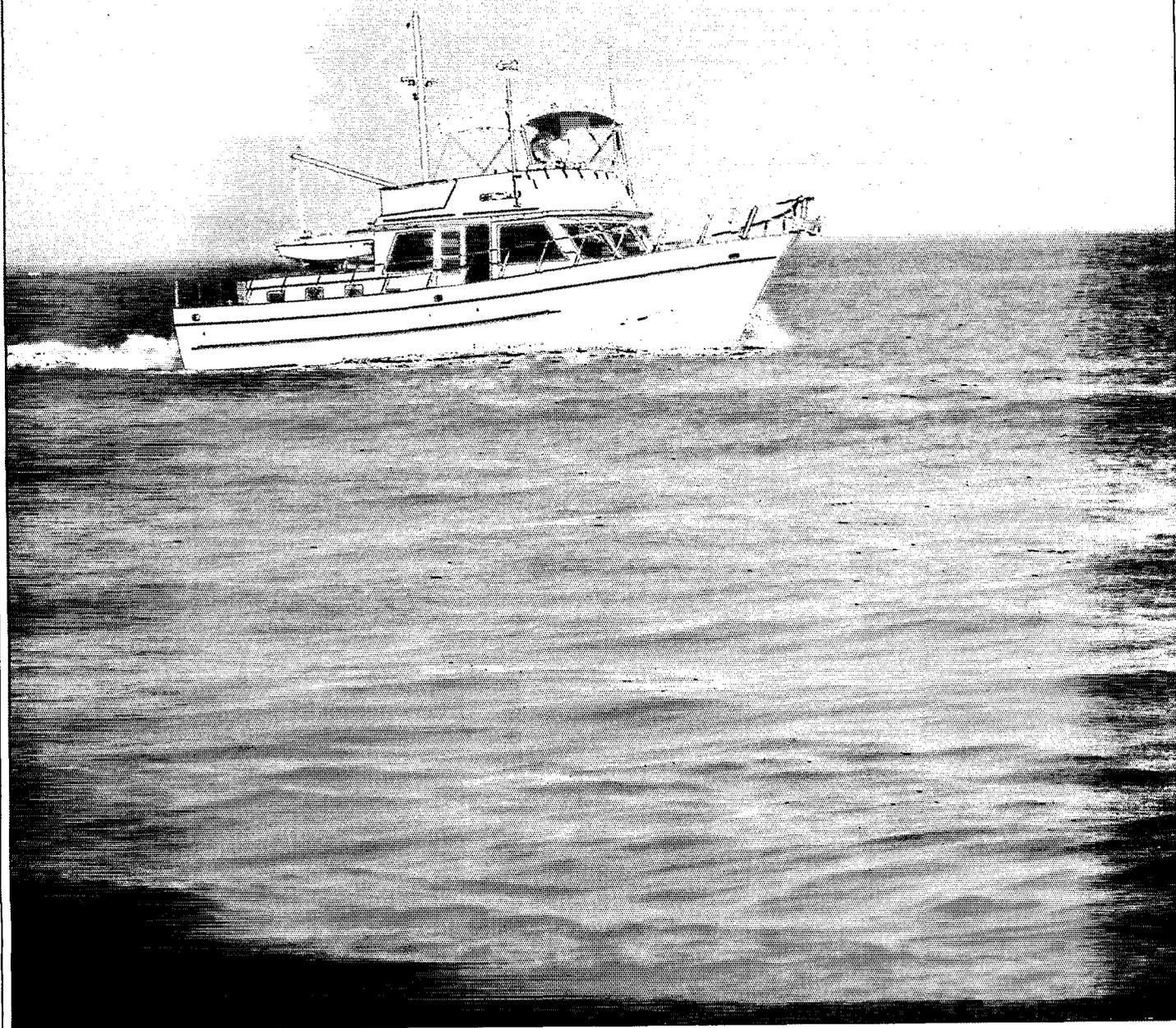


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chosen to represent the United States in the Sardinia Cup Race this summer of 1986. "But, because of all the political turmoil in the Mediterranean, we had to make the decision not to go to Italy."

On the other hand, the Sardinia Cup Race proved to be an exciting experience in Frank Piku's career. "An Italian article described us as the 'hard-nosed Americans who came to Italy to take the cup away from the Europeans.'" Frank Piku and his crew on *Aggressive* did just that in 1974. "We won every race, and they were quite impressed. In one particular race (a long-distance, two-hundred-mile race), we read the instructions to leave an island to port. When we were in the lead, maybe by an hour, we rounded the island and passed boats coming up. Then we noticed they had rounded the island to starboard. We looked at the Italian instructions and decided they said to leave the island to starboard, opposite from the English instructions. Next we read that the Italian text was to prevail. After the race, we saw a protest flag go up on one of the Italian boats, but in the end they said that we had beaten them by such a long distance that we could have gone back, rounded the island to starboard, and still won, so they said 'to heck with it.'"

In 1975 Piku raced the first Class B boat to win the Port Huron-Mackinac Race overall. "Here we were," Frank relates, "the first boat to enter Mackinac harbour and find there were no other boats. Here was an empty harbour, not another mast. It was like a ghost town. Everybody was cheering on shore as we came in. We only won that race by twelve seconds. Usually you can't even find a berth. That was quite a thrill."

This fall Frank Piku will take possession of another new boat, *Sprint*, which he will rename *Aggressive IV*, with the hope of capturing the Canada's Cup title. Frank missed out on that by a hair in 1972 and 1975. The competition for the next Canada's Cup begins in June of 1987; following some eighty elimination match races, the winner will travel to Toronto in the fall to represent the United States. "Match racing is my favourite, because you're sailing one boat against one other boat," Frank says, "and these boats are evenly matched. When you're racing against a whole fleet, as in the SORC, you may be sailing against someone you cannot

Frank Piku

Frank Piku hopes to capture the Canada's Cup in 1987, with his new boat, *Aggressive IV*.



see. They're off somewhere else, and they get lucky air. No matter how good you are, that's a stroke of luck. Whereas, true racing is against one other boat close by. You can use every method of skill to beat the other boat with racing tactics."

Frank Piku attributes much of his sailing success to putting together the right crew. "The same thing as managing a company—if you put together a good team, you'll have a successful business. Getting the right mix of people—it's no different than coaching a team. Sailing is still a team sport, and you're competing against another team. Sailing is the only amateur sport left in the world where there are no monetary rewards. You win a race, spend lots of dollars, time and effort, and you get a cotton cloth flag that you throw in the drawer some place and never look at again. The challenge," he says, "is racing against competitors, all successful in their own right. You're only separated or brought together by your ability to sail and win."

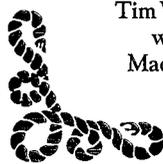
Tim Woodhouse, who was a young crewman under Piku's tutelage, has the greatest respect for Frank. Woodhouse campaigns his own boat, *Rumours*; but, more importantly, has recently bought Hood Sails, an international company. His sailing avocation has turned into his vocation. Woodhouse credits Frank Piku and others, such as Skip Boston and Lloyd Ecclestone, with helping him to see that he could make a living out of a sport he loved. Through sailing, Woodhouse says, he has learned about life's realities. "You never get something for nothing, and you find that things are an endless compromise. How you set up, maintain, and race your boat is a lot like how you should run your business and your life."

Woodhouse can boast many victory notches on his sailing belt, but right now he says his greatest challenge lies in sailmaking. "We're back to the laboratories today, designing different fibers and types of films and adhesives. This is the sailmaking that's going to emerge in the next few years, along with the computer-aided design in sail shapes and boats. Between electronics and chemicals, there's a new engineering frontier to break through. Now the challenge is to make a profit rather than just making good sails. When I started, it was enough if you just made good sails. It will depend on sound business management."



**Tim Woodhouse**

Tim Woodhouse has had eleven wins in the Port Huron to Mackinac Race, either in his class or overall.



This is an exciting venture for Woodhouse, who has had no college education. He is learning on the job. "I'm ending up with a Ph. D. in business the hard way," he says emphatically. "If something's worth doing, do it, don't just wish it."

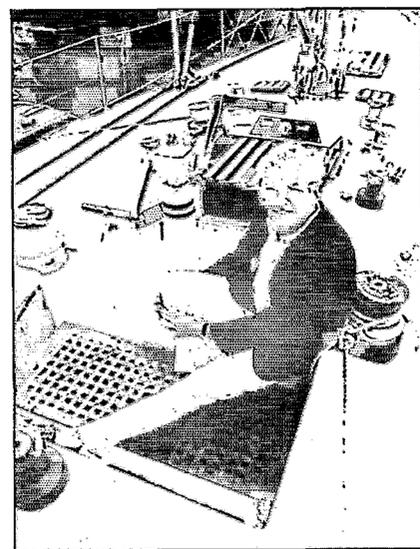
Although Woodhouse has seen his share of ocean racing and winning, he agrees with Piku that match racing is the ultimate test and thrill in sailing. He likens it to a chess game, constantly switching from offense to defense. The aerodynamics and hydrodynamics fascinate him "because they are not quite yet a science." Woodhouse was aboard Ecclestone's *Dynamite*, in 1972, defeating Piku and winning the ultimate in match racing, the Canada's Cup.

All in all, though, Woodhouse still carries a soft spot in his heart for the Mackinac races. He sports eleven wins, either in his class or overall. All the men speak highly of the famous Great Lakes race, even though they agree it is not the truest test of sailing skill, because so much depends upon the weather. The Mackinac is not considered a Grand Prix race, although many Grand Prix boats compete in it. "It was my first experience at big boat racing over a long course," John Uznis recalls. "I've sailed twenty-four of them, and there is no event I've attended anywhere in the world where the pre-race and post-race festivities equal those in Port Huron and on Mackinac Island. The race makes for sailing in all types of conditions. The Mac is probably one of the hardest races to

win because of the weather element. We've won it five times, and twice overall, once on the biggest boat and once on the smallest. That tells you a lot about the race, too; you've got to be lucky."

Mike Tapert, a crewman, who signs on yachts as a tactician, navigator, and helmsman, agrees that the Great Lakes have become prestigious waters to sail, mainly because of the experience to be gained in the Mackinac and Detroit River racing. As Tapert says, "Anyone who has sailed on the Great Lakes would be a welcome crewman anywhere these days." In his professional life, Tapert is a dentist and schedules his practice around his two months of ocean racing. Like the other men, he becomes bored with cruising or pleasure sailing, and he crews because he loves life on the water, the competitive thrill of racing, and the camaraderie of the other sailors.

However, when asked if he ever wondered what he was doing out there, Tapert confides, "Oh, God, at least one hundred times I've said to myself, 'I'm never coming back.' In the Newport-Bermuda Race in 1974, the wind reached seventy-three knots, on the nose, and stayed that way for two nights and a day. That night I swore that I would never sail offshore again. You're cold, wet, tired—you're miserable—and always hungry. I had a nickname on the boat, 'Gar-baage,' because I



**Mike Tapert**

Mike Tapert uses his sailing expertise to judge races.



would eat anything that was left over. I never get bored, though."

Tapert dispels the Bermuda Triangle Myth. "We've sailed there many, many times. I think that myth comes from the fact that the area is so close to Florida, so easy to sail in, and it's so easy to go unprepared. People have a false sense of security, and they run into trouble. It's warm and comfortable, and they forget it's an ocean. We've never run into any magnetic interference in that area."

Tapert's sailing expertise extends to the rules of sailing, which has expanded his world into judging races. "Because of that, I am invited to judge at many regattas that I don't sail in. There are more regattas than judges," he smiles.

After forty-five years of boating, Tapert especially enjoys the sailing relationships he has made. "It has given me a close association with a cross-section of America. I've found friends with whom I've grown old, such as

Baron Marcel Bich. I've met people from all walks of life through the common ground of sailing," he reflects.

**Coming in fifth is better than coming in sixth, but that's all it is.**

—George Uznis

For these men, there are still more races to win and drawers to be filled with cotton flags, but one thought prevails. These men are more than winners on the high seas; they are winners on land as well. ♦

In addition to writing nonfiction, Mary Beth Smith is an author of short story fiction.

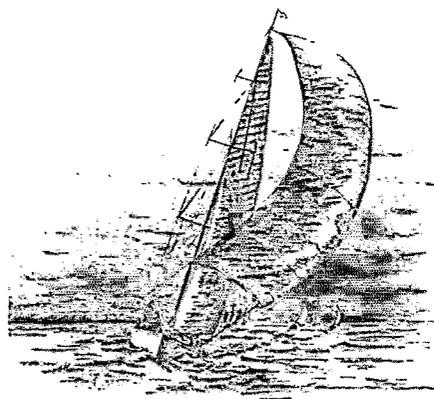


*Photography by Phil Spangle*

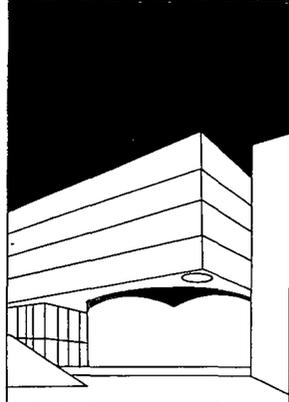
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A census of the Northwest Territory in 1834 determined that there were 86,000 residents in Michigan's Lower Peninsula, 26,000 more than required to draft a constitution and seek statehood. In May and June of 1835, elected delegates drafted a constitution which was ratified by residents on October 5, 1835. Michigan now considered itself a state. But the U.S. government neither accepted the constitution nor granted Michigan statehood, warning it would not do so until Michigan settled its southern boundary lines; both Michigan and Ohio claimed the city of Toledo.

The "Toledo War" was primarily a war of words and threats, causing no fatalities or serious injuries, but lots of hard feelings. In early 1836, the U.S. Congress suggested a compromise that would give Toledo to Ohio and would give Michigan the Upper Peninsula—and statehood. Michigan delegates met in September to consider the compromise,

and promptly rejected it. Under continued pressure from the U.S. government, however, they met again in December, at what was called the "Frostbitten Convention," and approved the tradeoff. On January 26, 1837, President Jackson signed the bill making Michigan the twenty-sixth state in the union.

That eighteen-month delay in the 1830s gives us an excuse, today, to celebrate our one hundred fiftieth birthday for a full year and one-half. Kickoff ceremonies took place in June at Lansing, and the celebration will continue through December 1987. HERITAGE's "engagements" will keep readers informed of scheduled events, which will include a National Governors' Conference, Michigan Water Festival featuring a tall ships regatta, a Tour de Michigan Bicycle Race from Lansing to the Mackinac Bridge, a Michigan Picnic and Parade Day, and thousands of smaller events locally and across the state.

For more information on Sesquicentennial events or projects, call (517) 482-1987.

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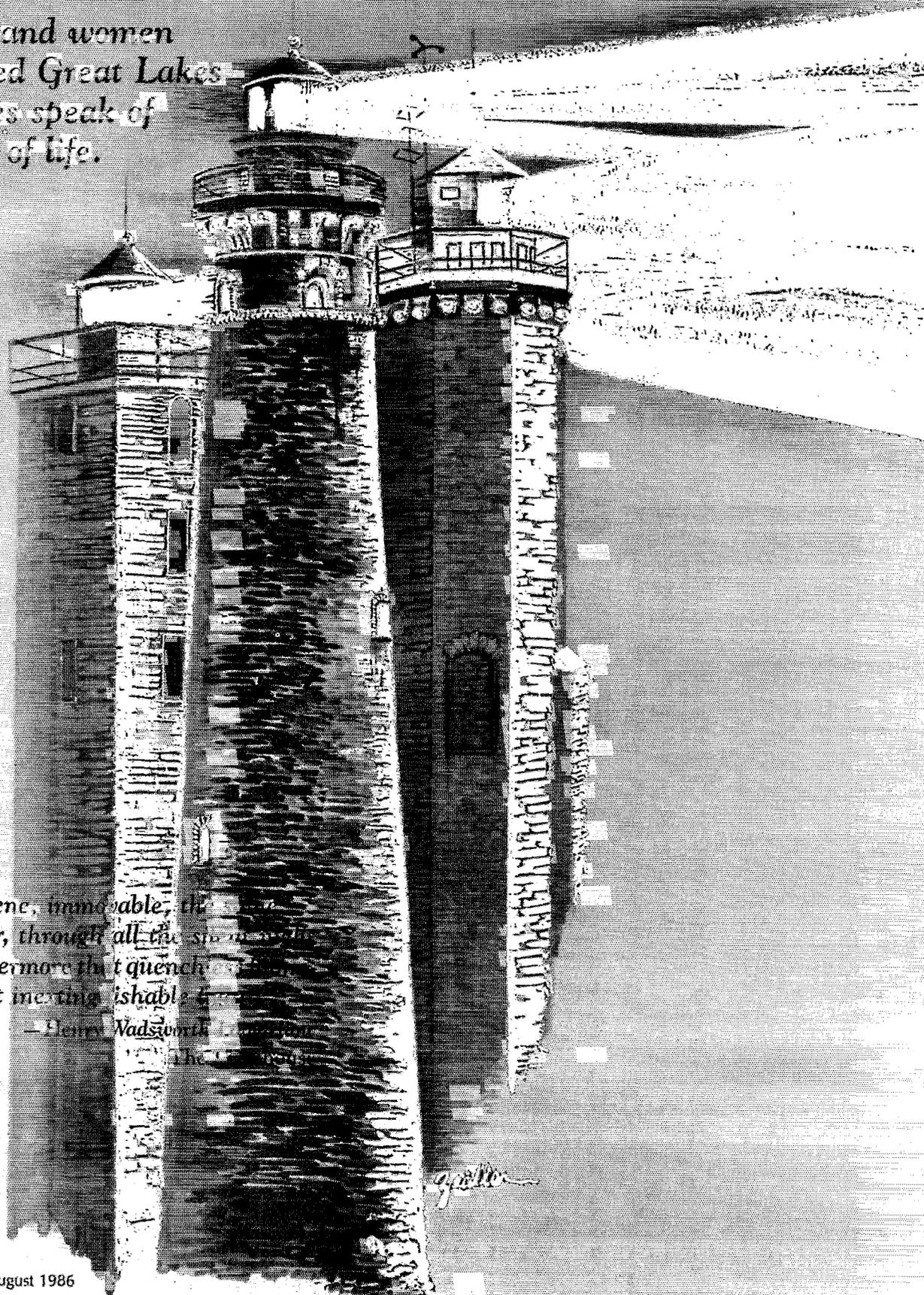
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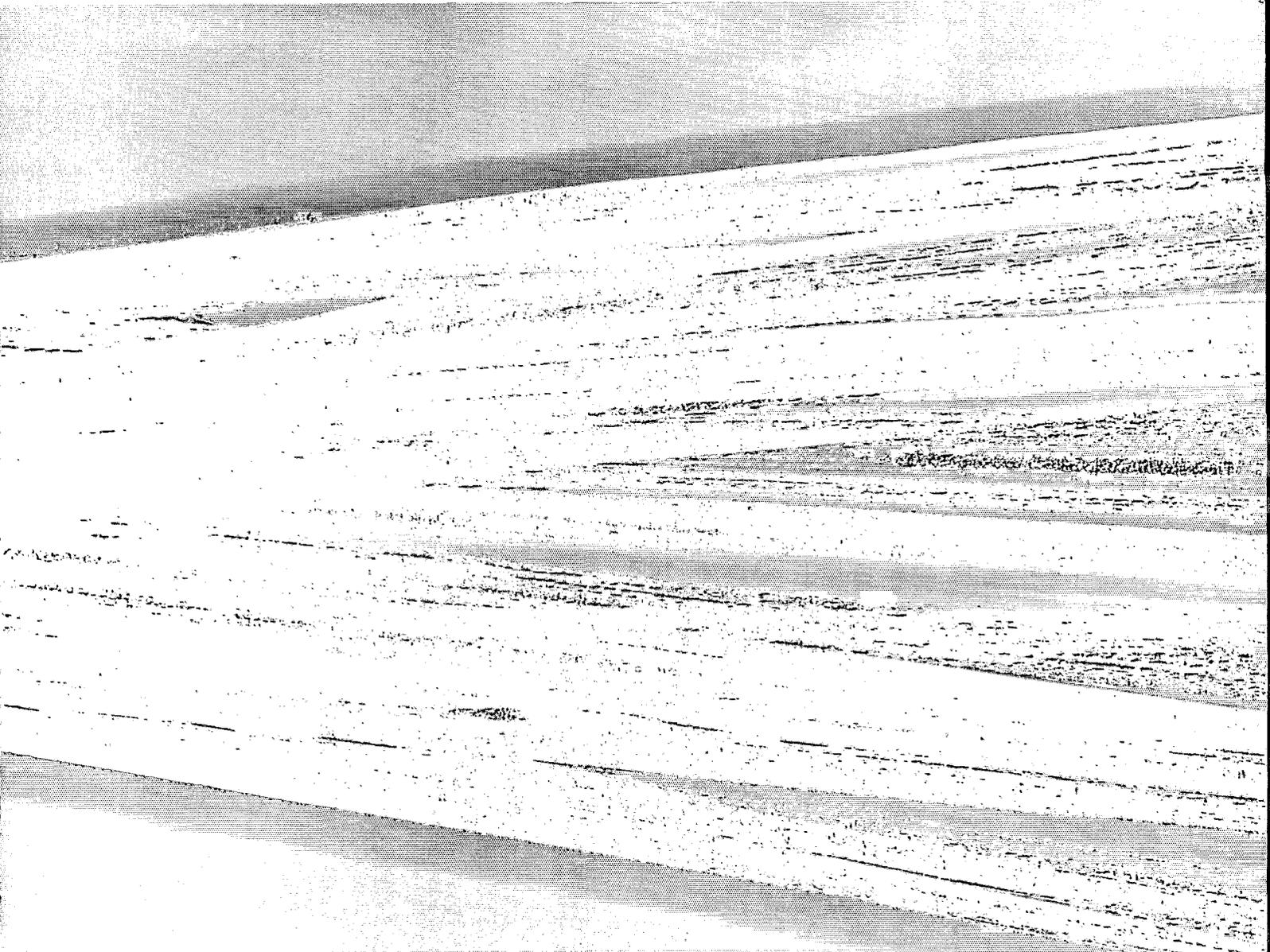
# Keepers of the Lights

The men and women  
who tended Great Lakes  
lighthouses speak of  
their way of life.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the  
Year after year, through all the storms,  
Burns on forevermore that quenches  
Shines on that menacing, fishable

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow





**B**efore advances in technology rendered many lighthouses obsolete, keepers were needed to tend the lights, operate the fog signals, and maintain the structures and machinery. In the days of kerosene lights and steam-powered fog signals (before 1920) light stations needed around-the-clock care, usually requiring two or three workers (one head keeper and some assistants) to live on site at all times. Dwellings for as many as three families were provided, depending on the size and importance of the station. Before 1939, keepers were employed by the U.S. Light House Service, a branch of the federal government, which eventually became the U.S. Coast Guard.

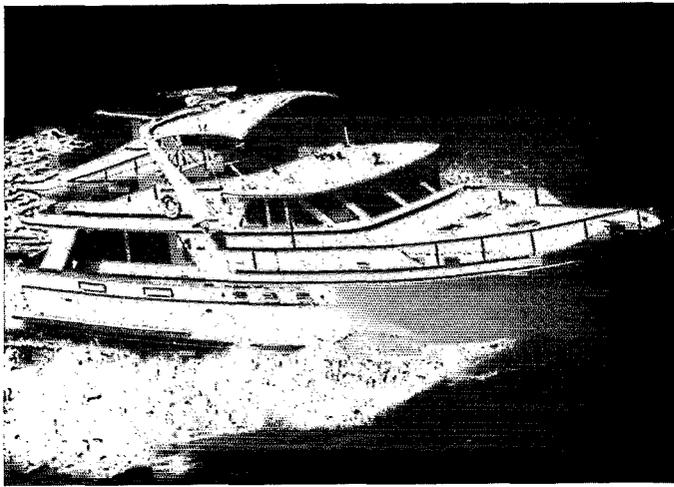
The Great Lakes Lighthouse Keepers Association, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the preservation and history of Great Lakes lighthouses and the people who kept the lights, conducted interviews with families who lived at Great Lakes lighthouses. The association's oral history project, *Living at a Lighthouse: Oral Histories from the Great Lakes*, is funded in part by the Michigan Council for the Humanities and the Detroit Area Yachtswomen.

Everyday life at a lighthouse was not as unusual as one might think, but it was more than a job; it was a way of life. What the families talked about most was going to school, being inspected by the U.S. Light House inspectors, and the continual work and care of the station. They also talked of picnics, birthday parties, a myriad of hobbies and leisure activities, and the beauty that surrounded them in their unique maritime homes.

Dorothy Story Dodge, of Riverview, Michigan, remembers when the lights ran on kerosene. Born in 1901 at Mamajuda Lighthouse (which she fondly calls "Mammyjudy"), Dorothy was the daughter of keeper James Townsend Story. On occasion,

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by LUANNE GAYKOWSKI KOZMA



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## YACHTING

she would help her father tend the lights. The lighthouse and dwelling once stood on a tiny island in the Detroit River just north of Grosse Ile, but the lighthouse and the island no longer exist. Dorotha's memories of life at the somewhat isolated station, however, are clear: "Right up until going to school, I had no one to play with. I just had my two dogs. And, of course, every Christmas I got a doll.... I'd take the clothes off and put them on my dog.... Then I had a pet chicken, and of course I thought quite a lot of that pet, 'Chichi.' It was something alive, see."

For children living at an island station with no school, attending school often meant moving to the mainland during the winter months. When Dorotha first attended school, her father brought her back and forth across the river to Wyandotte, Michigan, by rowboat. "It was a mile over from Mammyjudy to Wyandotte, and Daddy would row over there. Then I walked up to Garfield School, which wasn't too far. But I didn't start school until I was eight because Daddy, I guess, thought I was a little bit too young to go alone, and they couldn't always take me."

Dorotha remembers one particularly dangerous trip home from school: "One time, Daddy came and got me from school, and oh, the wind was blowing just something terrible. So, one of the fellows there—Dave Perry—where we used to dock the boat, said, 'You better not go, Jim.'

'I gotta go,' Daddy says, 'Stella's over there all alone.'

"And of course we couldn't leave the lighthouse alone, you see. So we went across the Wyandotte channel, and that was a rascal. The water came right over the boat. Daddy would row, and he'd say, 'Babe, keep a-bailing, keep a-bailing, Babe! Don't give up!' When we got across the Wyandotte channel, well, then, it wasn't quite so bad, when we got into the river. Then we were kind of relieved. But I can see Mama yet, standing at the dock there—wondering, watching to see if we were safe or not. If it hadn't been that we had to get home, we probably would have stayed in Wyandotte, but Daddy couldn't leave Mama over there alone."

During the worst winter months, the Story family rented an apartment in Wyandotte so that young Dorotha could attend school more easily. "When I went to school in Wyandotte, Mama and I would go over and rent an apartment. We used to have another fellow by the name of Gordon Small; Daddy used to hire him to stay at the lighthouse. We didn't have the light a-going, but somebody had to be at the building all the time.... Then Daddy would come and stay with us in the apartment, see. But he didn't do it very often. Oh, maybe, about a couple of weeks or something like that. And then he'd go back. Even when he stayed with us he went back practically two or three times a week to see that everything was all right. And to take supplies over to Gordon."

A family stationed at a lighthouse was committed to manning the station at all times. Taking vacations and visiting relatives and neighbours were not easily arranged if a family lived at a one-keeper station, as was the case at Mamajuda. Dorotha recalls how "every year, of course Daddy couldn't go, Mama would always take me to Put-In-Bay, Boblo, or we'd go on the *Tashmoo* up to Port Huron. Sometimes we used to go twice.... just for an excursion, you know, just like they do now. And, oh, I thought that was just fine. Of course, I guess Mama must have enjoyed it because she'd always go, but Daddy never went. He couldn't! He had to

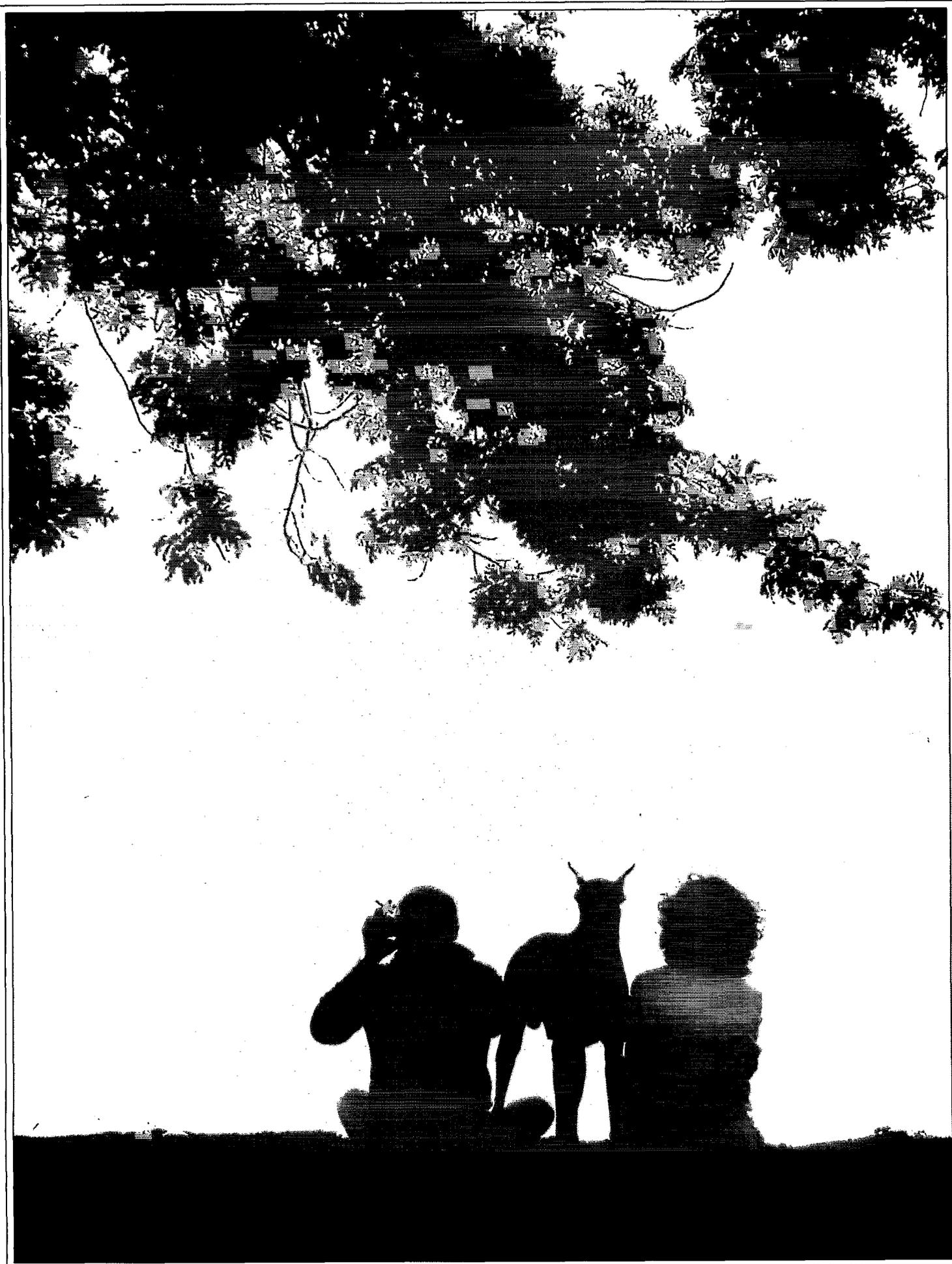


PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

## YACHTING



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stay on."

Taking care of the light was often a family responsibility, especially at a small station. Dorothea's father was keeper at Mamajuda until 1910, when he transferred to Grosse Ile, another island light station farther downriver. Grosse Ile was less isolated, but was still a one-keeper station. By this time, Dorothea was older, and she helped her father with painting, and taking care of the light. "Oh yes, Mama knew how to take care of it. I didn't know how to take care of it till we went to Grosse Ile and I was old enough. I used to go up and help Daddy put the lamp up into the great big container. And that would revolve, you see, would keep a-going round and round."

On occasion, Dorothea would take care of the light on her own: "After Mama passed away, Daddy was quite ill. The doctor put him in bed. My aunt came and lived with us so that she could help take care of Daddy—but I went up the tower to the beacon, and I'd run up those steps! And I know one time my aunt says, 'I'm gonna follow you!' And every time I'd start running she'd follow . . . Well, she was worried, you know, that something would happen. She says, 'You're doing that too fast.' But I got the light up there anyway!"

Near the end of her father's lighthouse career, the Story family moved to Windmill Point Light Station in Grosse Pointe, on Lake St. Clair. Soon after coming to Windmill Point, Dorothea married and moved away from home. Mr. Story retired from Windmill Point in 1925.

Joe St. Andre has known many Great Lakes lighthouses. He was born in 1908 at the Tawas Point Light Station where his father, Oliver St. Andre, was keeper. His grandfather had been a keeper at Seul Choix Point Lighthouse, on Lake Michigan. With his twelve brothers and sisters, Joe was raised at the Marquette Lighthouse from 1912 to 1916 and the Keweenaw Waterway Lower Entry Light Station in the Keweenaw Peninsula until 1919.

As with most large families, discipline and manners were very important to the St. Andre family—especially around the dinner table. Joe recalls his family's mealtime customs and his parents' chidings: "This is no place for conversation,' they'd say. When you were at the table, you came there to eat. You ate slowly and chewed your

food good. 'There'll be no talking, because this is no restaurant.' 'Mother has a lot of work to do' . . . Whatever you took on your plate you ate. You did not leave anything. And if the platter came around to you, why, you didn't take the biggest piece. You took the middle size or the small one, as it went around. So, you can plainly see why, like I always said, 'I was twenty-one years old before I knew there was anything but a wing and a neck on a chicken.'"

Being far away from a church, the St. Andre improvised. Joe explains: "Dad was a very religious man. He was a Catholic, see, very religious. And when we moved down here to the Keweenaw Light, you couldn't go to church. But he said, 'If you don't go to church, you've got to do something.' So every Sunday morning, he would lead us all upstairs into the bedroom, and we'd have to say the rosary."

Besides playing cards in the evenings, the St. Andre family spent a lot of their time reading the books provided by the U.S. Light House Service: "The Light House had lending libraries. There was a box about, oh, I'm going to say probably three feet high and three feet square and eighteen inches deep. And the lighthouse tenders would take that library from one station to another one. You had no choice of what library you were to get. They just gave it to you. But that [the box] was full of books for reading. They were good books. Every time we'd get a library, everybody'd grab a book and sit in the corner and read. But you didn't want to take somebody's placemaker out of it, or that was criminal." Sharing a book was a common courtesy.

"The lending libraries had open doors on the front. They were made out of oak; they were a heavy-made piece of equipment. Every lighthouse had them. I don't know where they originated. That is, there didn't seem to be any place where the U.S. Light House stored or kept them. They were kept on the move, from one lighthouse to another. They'd take one away and bring another one in. Sometimes you'd have two at once."

At age sixteen, Joe St. Andre joined the U.S. Light House Service himself, and for twelve years he served on a construction crew, working at numerous lighthouses on Lakes Superior, Huron, and Erie. During the winter months, the crew repaired light-

house tenders and lightships in Detroit. After a career in the construction business, Joe now lives in Lake Linden, Michigan.

Work at a lighthouse was not a solitary experience. Teamwork was required when doing most lighthouse chores, especially at a large station. As Jim Goudreau of Gulliver, Michigan, explains: "You might dislike somebody very much, but you still had to work with them. Now that happened pretty regular. You couldn't do a job just by yourself. So you had to work together.... For example, painting. The scaffolding that went around this tower took all three men to do it." Jim now lives in and cares for the Seul Choix Point Lighthouse, which is the station from which his father retired after a long career in the U.S. Light House Service.

**The last live-in lighthouses on the U.S. Great Lakes closed in 1983.**

Jim was raised at South Fox Island and Poverty Island Light Stations, both in Lake Michigan. He describes how his father came to be a keeper and how his family first moved to a lighthouse: "My father had been a commercial fisherman. When Port Inland Lime and Stone Company opened up in 1933, he worked there. Then, in either 1934 or 1935, he went into the Light House Service. The first place we went to was South Fox Island. We left Seul Choix Point in a fish boat, took all our earthly possessions, and off we went.... On Fox Island we were in a three-family house. Dad was the third assistant, so we lived upstairs in one end of it."

He and his mother spent summers on the islands and winters with family on the mainland in Gulliver. At South Fox Island, Jim was the only child; at Poverty Island he was one of many children. As Jim puts it, he liked having the best of both worlds: "I liked it at the lighthouse because I had freedom, but I liked it in town because there were kids.... After being on the mainland all winter, it was fun to go out there. By July, I was hoping to come back. On Poverty, I didn't care if I ever left there, because there were all kinds of kids and we did all kinds of things."

There were many generations of keepers' families in the one hundred sixty-five years that lighthouses were maintained by live-in keepers on the Great Lakes. The first were operational in the early 1800s. The last on the U.S. side of the Great Lakes—Sherwood Point, Wisconsin, and Pointe Betsie, Michigan—were closed in 1983.

With the last of the live-in keepers passed much of the romance and excitement associated with keeping the lights. Preserving these oral histories will help future generations understand an earlier way of life. ♦

*LuAnne Gaykowski Kozma is the Museum Curator/Archivist for the City of St. Clair Shores and the project director for Living at a Lighthouse: Oral Histories from the Great Lakes. More reminiscences of lighthouse keeper families will be published in a forthcoming booklet based on the project. Original materials and tapes will be donated to the Wayne State University Folklore Archive in Detroit, and a copy has been donated to the Lake Michigan Maritime Museum, in South Haven, Michigan. For more information, contact the Great Lakes Lighthouse Keepers Association, P.O. Box 2907, Southfield, MI 48037.*

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# Racing with the Wind

*The magic of  
boardsailing  
captivates  
Grosse Pointers.*

The lean, bronzed youth kicked off his Topsiders and pulled his shirt over his head. Bary Wilkinson launched the board gently at the breakwater, dropping the daggerboard in place and setting the universal connector on the bottom of the mast into the hole in the board.

He stepped lightly onto the board, balancing himself with one foot on either side of the mast. As he pulled the uphaul rope to right the mast, his sail caught the breeze; the board skittered around, pointing towards the Canadian shore across the lake.

As he leaned into the wind, the red, orange and yellow canvas filled and the tip of the board skimmed along softly, picking up speed on the undulating water.

The sun glistened on Wilkinson's blond hair as he tacked into the wind, swung around and slid back towards shore.

Easy, by all appearances.

"Here! You want to try it?" Wilkinson asked me.

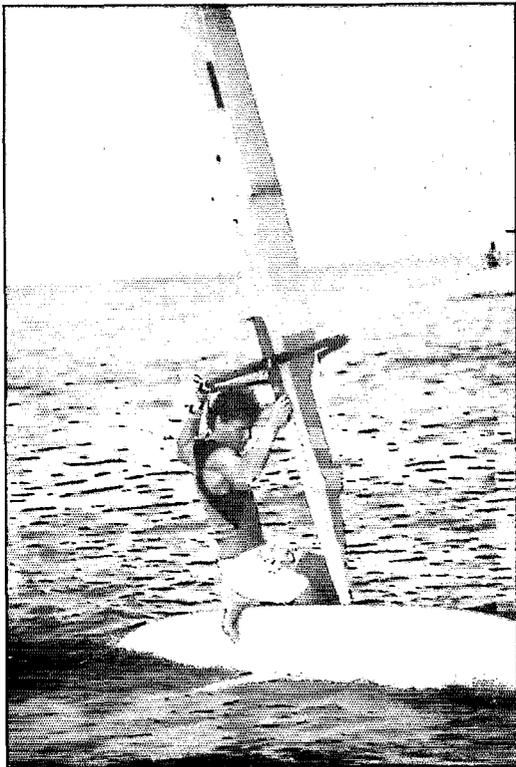
Ignoring the fact that a shiny head and graying beard revealed advancing middle age, and forgetting that in twenty years in Grosse Pointe I hadn't been on a sailboat more than half a dozen times, I said, "Sure."

Sitting on the breakwater, I planted my right foot firmly in front of the mast and set my left foot down quickly just behind it, but a little off center. As I shifted my weight, the board started rocking. Struggling to gain balance, I slipped

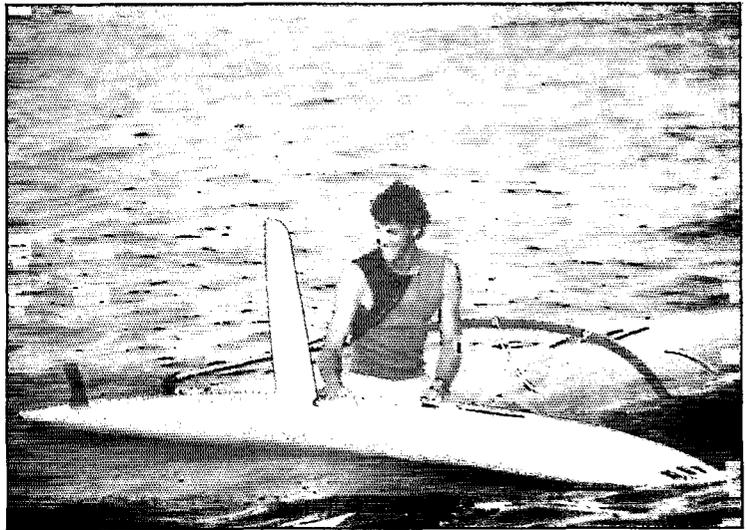
Rob Wood boardsailing on Lake St. Clair.



by ROBERT BUTTON



Above: That's a lot of sail to manipulate.



Upper right: You've got to love the water to be a boardsailor.

At right: Wood shows the skill that made him a U.S. and North American champion.



PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

into the lake.

As I hoisted myself up on the board, the board gave way again, and I bobbed for air, coming up under the sail.

The next time, I hoisted myself up further, distributing a few too many pounds more evenly across the board. I stood. Grabbing the uphaul to raise the mast, I strained with arms, shoulders and back to lift the sail out of the water. As the sail suddenly came free, I was off balance again and fell backwards into the lake.

Once more I hoisted myself across the board, planted my feet and stood. This time I was more careful as I hoisted the mast and maintained my balance until both the sail and I were vertical.

"How do I catch the wind?" I called to Wilkinson.

"Grab the wishbone and pull."

But just then, a gust of wind caught the sail, the board rocked, and I was back in the water.

Windsurfing is magic, the beauty of deception. The easy harmony comes slowly to those whose addiction keeps them coming back to build on even the simplest success, such as standing briefly on the board.

The sport shouldn't even be called windsurfing, although the term slips easily into the conversation of nearly everyone who attaches a sail to a board and sets out to conquer the next wind or wave.

Windsurfer is a specific product, a company that developed the sport back in the mid-Sixties. Correctly, the sport is boardsailing; the craft is a sailboard. But whatever

its name, this nineteen-year-old union of sailing and surfing is still in its infancy.

Hoyle Sweitzer put a sail on a surfboard in 1967 in California and took out a patent on any board with a universal joint and a sail. His Windsurfer set the standard for an industry that actually exploded first in Bavaria in 1971.

Ed Hull, twenty-five, manager of Metro Ski & Sports, said Europeans wanted to be like the Beach Boys, but they didn't have the surf. Phil Henderson, who works for Sobstad Sails, pointed to other factors in the tremendous growth of boardsailing in Europe—its relative inexpensiveness (compared with sailing) and the availability of many small bodies of water.

In Michigan, the sport first caught on up north and on the smaller lakes in the northwest suburbs. In Harbor Springs, it has held strong for eleven or twelve years. Rob Wood, twenty-four, a U.S. and North American champion, was introduced to boardsailing there in 1981, and a month later he competed in a ten-mile race from Mackinaw City to Mackinac Island. The race was strictly for the fun of it—and a keg of beer on the beach for those who finished first—but the event drew about two hundred competitors. "It was like a zoo, but it was great," said Wood, who finished fifth.

Small lakes provide smoother sailing for beginners, but they don't offer the big thrills sought by more experienced boardsailors.

Wood said, "People who surf inland lakes think they're

windsurfing, but it's not really windsurfing unless you have the sun and waves... I'd encourage those people to get over to Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, or Lake St. Clair."

Boardsailors describe their sport as addicting. "You're on your own, one-on-one with the wind, and the waves are endless," said Wood. "There is no way you are ever going to come out on top, but you hang in as long as you can. Sooner or later it's going to get you. No matter how good you are, you're never really going to master it."

Windsurfing is also speed—and the never-ending drive for more speed. Tyson McNamara, eighteen, said the trick is to lean into the wind and "pull the sail over your head so it becomes a kind of airfoil to lift the weight of the body off the board and pull the board out of the water to gain speed."

For Wood, the sensation of speed "grabbed me right away. I'd been sailing a 130-pound Laser Dinghy and that seemed pretty fast, but now with a thirty-pound board and the same size sail, it was that much more horsepower.

"I love getting out there and get-

ting thrashed around. I thrive on it. The excitement and challenge come from flying off waves—it's three-dimensional sailing," Wood explained.

"It's man vs. nature," said Wilkinson, who has introduced a number of his friends to the sport and whose home on the water has become a base for beginning and advanced boardsailors alike. "Man is always trying to beat the wind and waves, but it's also man with nature, working together."

McNamara said, "It's so frustrating! You want to keep at it until you get it. Once you get it, you keep coming back." Even when a boarder is exhausted and stuck out on the lake, too weak to fight the wind back to shore, he knows he'll be back at it the next day.

Mike Clark, twenty-three and a student at Detroit College of Law, said, "You keep saying, 'This time I'm going to get it,' and you keep going. You do it ten more times and get so close! You become obsessed once you learn how to do it."

Boardsailors also noted the physical benefits. "It's good for your upper

body," said Wilkinson, "and for the soul on a rough day."

Clark added that "it's nice to be all by yourself. You're going fast, but it's peaceful even when you're working hard. It's just you and the elements."

Who does it? Boardsailors say that they've seen or taught people as young as eight or nine and that enthusiasts in their forties or fifties are not uncommon. Some say they know sailors in their sixties.

Wood noted that many older men feel boardsailing is for the young: "They join a syndicate and spend a million dollars for a state-of-the-art boat that should be the fastest thing on the water, and then some sixteen-year-old kid goes flying by on a board." Despite Woods' contention that attitude is the key—whether a person is fourteen, thirty or fifty—the attraction right now is for sixteen-, seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds drawn by the excitement and speed, and the fact that it is inexpensive.

A used sailboard may cost as little as \$200. The average cost of good new equipment is \$1,000. Custom-built or advanced equipment may run \$2,000.

A board and sail, plus swimsuit, is all the boardsailor needs, but many recommend a harness, which attaches loosely to the boom, which holds the sail, and relieves pressure on the arms. For early spring and late fall, a dry suit or wet suit fights off the chill.

Enthusiasts agree that the sport is, or should be, as attractive for women as it is for men, although large numbers of women have not yet become involved.

Wilkinson said that women can be just as good at the sport as men because women have better balance. "It takes a lot of balance, a feel for the lake," he said.

Women are as good as men in waves and racing, Wood felt, but they don't have the same endurance. He noted that the harness helps reduce the strength factor and relieves pressure on the arms. For women, he said, "technique becomes more important."

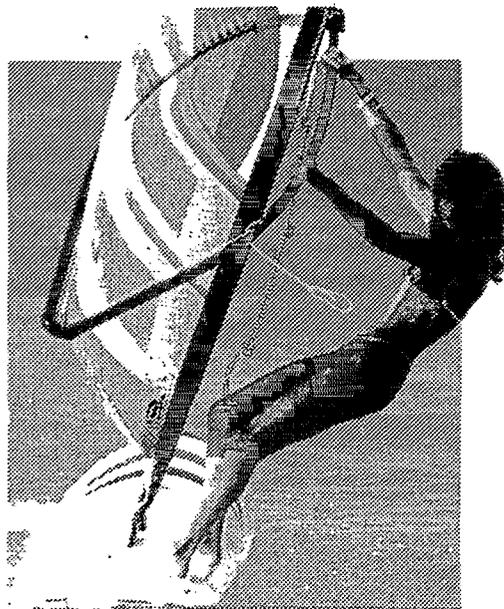
Most boardsailing in Grosse Pointe is done on Lake St. Clair, simply because it is convenient, but heavy winds and big waves can make the lake treacherous for beginners and intermediates.

On the Fourth of July, Wilkinson invited friends to sail off the breakwater behind his home. The kind of wind

## The beauty of boardsailing

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that stirs the frenzy of advanced sailors whipped across the lake from the south. Before the others got there, Wilkinson put his board in the water and got aboard. He hauled the sail up into the wind and went right over backwards. But on the second attempt, the sail pulled taut, the tip of the board pulled out of the water, he leaned into the wind and took off around the City Park pier. Just as he was ready to fade into the horizon, he tacked around and skimmed back towards land, jumping waves as he flew.

Just then, his friends arrived. Cyril Gallant, seventeen, visiting from Lille, France, had been boardsailing for two years. Marty Tibbitts, eighteen, had learned a year ago at a camp in France while visiting Gallant. John Oliver, eighteen, said he had learned from Wilkinson, but he made no bones about the fact that he was a beginner. He said that this would be his first time out in a good wind.

And the wind won—it beat all three.

Marty Tibbitts enjoyed a few short runs, but before long, all three were blown into a corner behind the City pier. Gallant struggled along shore back to Wilkinson's breakwater, but Wilkinson sent his brother out in the boat to help the others.

"The more frustrating it is," said Tibbitts, "the more you want to come back—especially when you see Bary zipping by."

A common complaint with Lake St. Clair is its unpredictable weather. Steve Gaskin, eighteen, said, "It changes within seconds."

Clark added that you get all prepared for a big wind "and just as you get out, the wind dies."

Wood calls it Lake St. Stupid because it keeps boardsailors on their toes, but he qualifies his criticism by saying it is the best lake around.

Nearly every boardsailor agrees that progress is faster with a little training, whether given by an experienced friend or a school of some kind. Hull said lessons can cut learning time by seventy percent.

Wilkinson said beginners have to learn to use the waves the way surfers do and to control the sail for speed and direction. "You have to learn a few things like turning and how to walk around—how to start properly.

"It also takes practice—lots of it," cautioned Wilkinson.

Hull said lessons can correct three things boardsailors instinctively do wrong:

1. Pulling the sail out of the water with the back. Sailors should keep the back straight and lift with the legs and knees.

2. Holding the rig too close to the body. Sailors should hold it away, giving something to pull against for balance.

3. Sheeting in too early and losing control, and pointing the board or steering upwind.

Even though Wood had used his sailing and skateboarding background when he began boardsailing, he later found the need for training. "When I was invited to train with the U.S. Olympic team, I learned that much of what I was doing was wrong. They had no idea how I had gotten so far. I had started with bad habits, and they corrected me."

McNamara said that sometimes a boardsailor doesn't know the value of the lessons until they're over. "I didn't pay a lot of attention, and then when I got out there by myself I remembered what I'd been told and put together how to make turns. Sometimes the ego gets in the way, and you have to figure it out for yourself."

Boardsailing schools have suffered heavily under liability insurance rates that have doubled in the last couple of years. Although no major boardsailing accidents have been reported, many companies simply won't offer liability insurance.

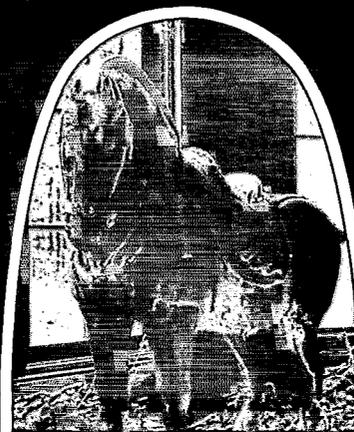
Hull gave lessons last spring through the Continuing Education program offered by the Grosse Pointe Public Schools. He had two classes of six and eight students, with one student a sixty-year-old man. The class will be repeated in the fall.

"If you're not negligent," said Hull, "It's a very, very safe sport." Most injuries, he said, come from stepping on something in the water.

One of the biggest concerns for boardsailors is getting caught too far from shore. That happens when offshore winds are so heavy and the waves are so big that the sailor loses control and then is too tired to get back to shore. It can also result from winds suddenly dying in the totally unreliable Michigan weather.

Mark Kaczmar, eighteen, said, "The first sign it's time to turn in is

*continued on page 121*



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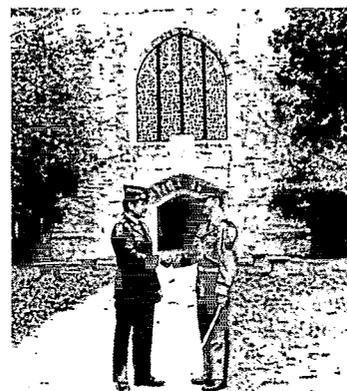
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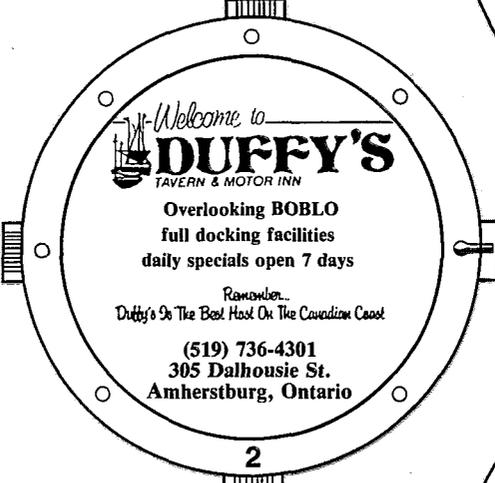
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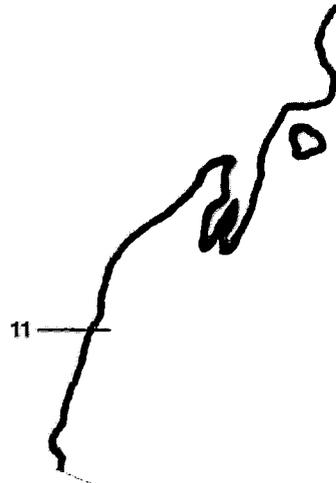
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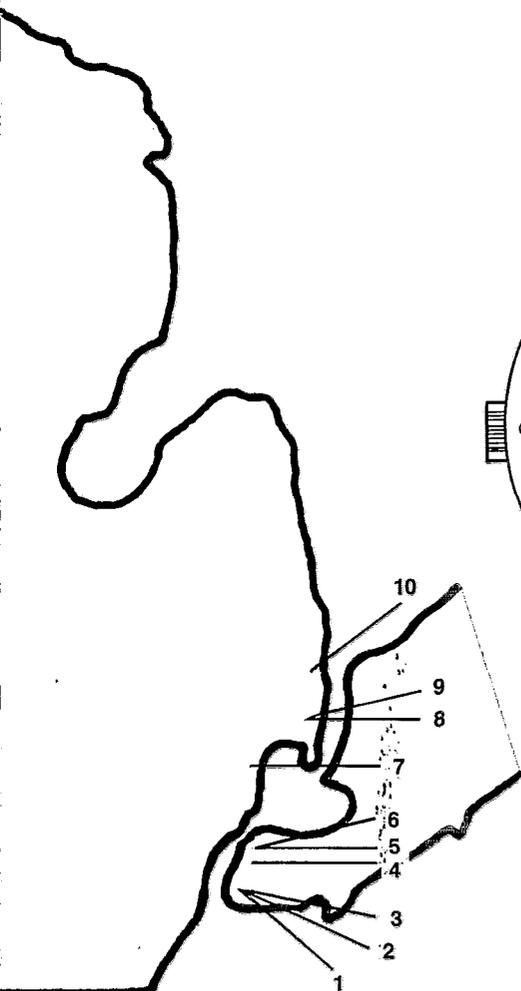
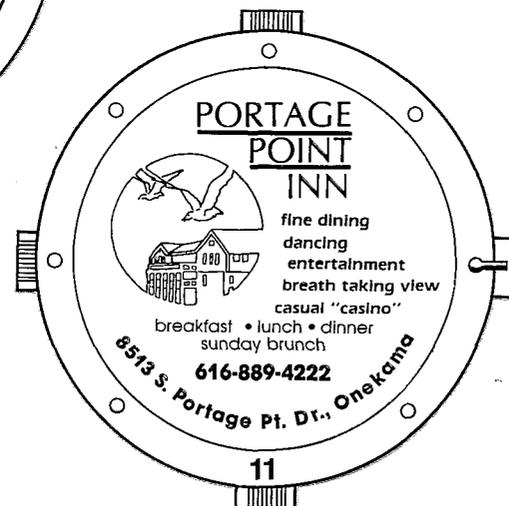
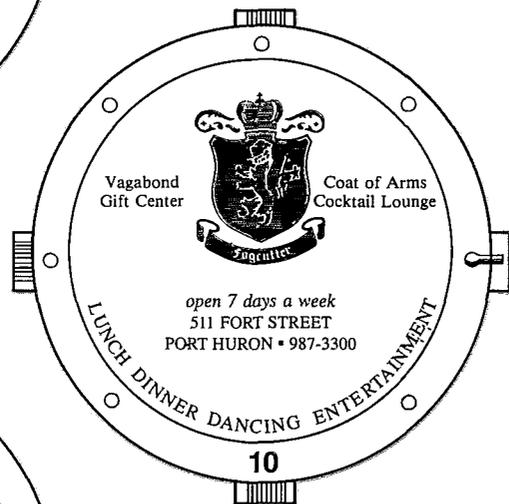
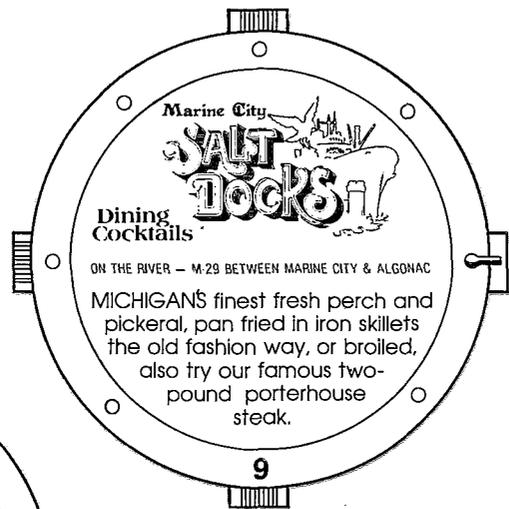
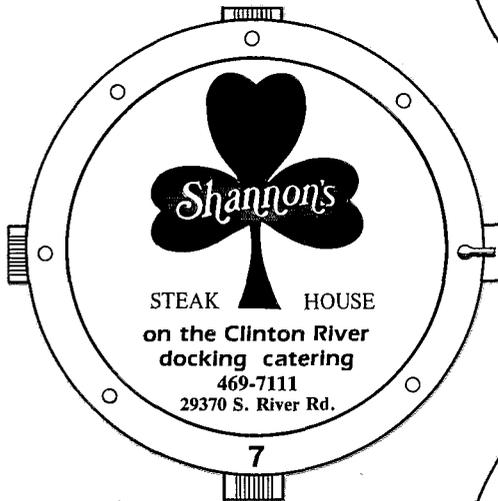


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# Pier Pleasure

*One doesn't need a boat to catch a bountiful share of Lake St. Clair fish.*

Grosse Pointe is blessed with miles of Lake St. Clair shoreline, and Grosse Pointe residents have never ignored the privileges their water-blessed community afford them. One needs only to stroll along one of the local piers to see the hundreds of boats moored in the harbours. And beneath these piers and around their pilings swim a bountiful variety of fish. If you are a fisherman who has not taken advantage of these waters, you don't know what you're missing!

For the past decade or so, I have been enjoying the splendid fishing opportunities available along the shores and offshore waters of Grosse Pointe. There are numerous species available to the local angler, with some of my favourites being walleye, smallmouth bass, muskie, and pike. Other species available and often sought are perch, rock bass, and white (silver) bass.

Panfish, which include perch, bluegill, rock bass and other "pan-sized" fish, are probably caught most frequently off the Grosse Pointe piers. This is because these fish are constantly hungry and not very discriminating in terms of what they eat. More often than not, they are found in schools, which means once the fish are located, they can be caught all day.

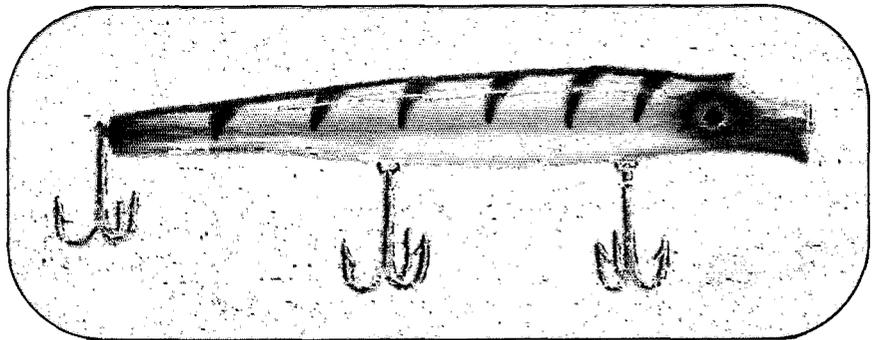
Locating panfish is simple. They can be caught alongside any pier wall. On bright, sunny August days, fish the shaded area of water provided by the pier. Lower your worm, minnow, or jig to the bottom; let it sit for a moment or two; then lift it up a couple of inches. Most fish will be caught a few inches to a foot from the bottom. Panfishing

is a great way to introduce children to fishing. Catching a few scrappy perch on a first outing is bound to bring a smile to any youngster's face.

Probably the most popular game fish among both pier and boat fishermen is the walleye, tastiest of all Lake St. Clair fish. Some fish connoisseurs believe walleye, incorrectly referred to by some as pickerel, have a better taste than trout or salmon. Regardless, these fish are available to most Grosse Pointe

two in response to the walleye's surge towards the bottom.

This fish had to be more than five pounds, for most small walleye cannot take out line, and this fish had peeled off a good twenty feet from my fly reel. Keeping the line taut, I pulled the fish back towards me and into the light. My heart beat like a drum when I caught a glimpse of my catch. It was a beauty. One scoop of the net put the finishing touch on the capture of my



A pencil plug is a good lure for walleye, especially at night.

pier fishermen.

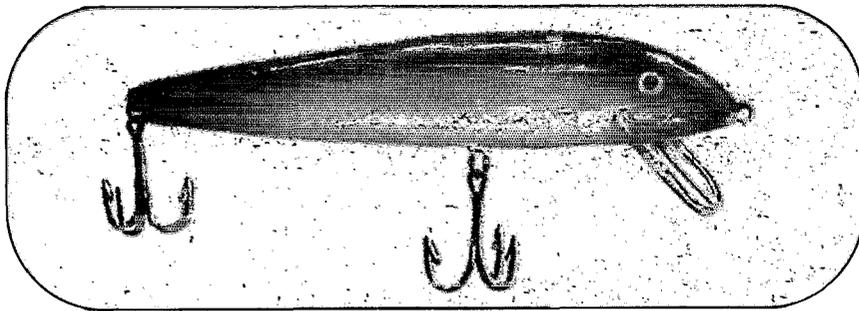
This spring was a banner year for big walleye. One night last March, I decided to give the Little Club dock a try. The previous spring a friend and I had caught quite a few five- to six-pound walleye, and I was hoping for a repeat performance. The lake's surface was extremely calm as I tossed my Countdown Rapala alongside the dock wall. The lure wobbled enticingly a few feet beneath the surface. The orange-red tinted moon was just peeking over the horizon as a big fish slammed the plug. My ten-foot noodle rod bent in

biggest walleye to date, a fat eight-pounder.

The spring and fall seasons are prime times to catch exceptionally large fish from piers. In 1982, the largest walleye entered in the Department of Natural Resources Master Angler competition was caught off the Grosse Pointe Park pier with a pencil plug. The fish, caught during November, weighed more than twelve pounds.

Pencil plugs, Rapalas, or live minnows are the best bet for spring and fall walleye. As for the size of the lure

by CHRIS MURRAY



Cast your Rapala; it imitates a minnow to attract bass, walleye and pike.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANNE MORRIS

or minnow, the larger the better. A No. 11 Countdown Rapala fished along the pier wall at night is a good way to entice a walleye over five pounds. In fact, during summer nights, it's about the only way for a pier fisherman to connect with a husky walleye.

Nightcrawlers are the best bait for summer walleye. They can be fished on either a plain hook or crawler harness. For pier fishermen, I recommend fishing the crawler on a plain hook, hooking the worm through the head twice and allowing the tail to wiggle freely. If the water is murky and you feel an attractor is necessary, slip some red beads onto the line before tying on

the hook.

Smallmouth bass are the most exciting fish to be caught in Lake St. Clair. Pound for pound these lively creatures can outperform any other fish swimming the shallow water of the lake. Once the hook is set, most smallmouth head skyward in an attempt to shake the hook loose. This is especially true with fish under fifteen inches. Larger fish, especially those in the five-pound range, prefer to test your tackle by diving towards the bottom. This is an advantage for the lucky angler, since the fish is fighting against the pressure of the rod. Good baits for smallmouth include nightcrawlers,

spottail minnows and Mister Twister jigs. The key to attracting smallmouth is to keep the bait moving at a slow speed.

To make your trip to the water a successful one, approach the situation with a positive attitude: you *are* going to catch fish! If you are confident about what you are doing, then your attention will constantly be on your line, awaiting a strike. On some days you may get only one little nibble or strike, so be prepared for any action.

Ideally, in the summer, you should fish from the farthest point out on the dock, in water with a noticeable current, with weeds and/or rocks scattered



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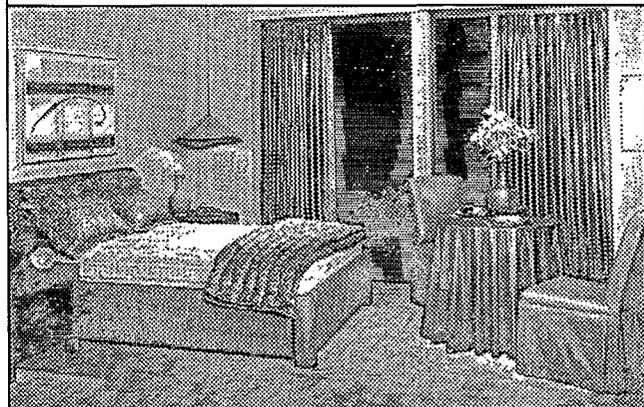


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## YACHTING

along the bottom. The Little Club dock provides such a situation, but unfortunately the dock is private. However, most area piers meet at least some of the requirements for the "perfect spot."

The Grosse Pointe Park pier is a fantastic walleye hole, due mostly to its proximity to the Detroit River. Beginning in spring and running through the entire open-water season, nighttime anglers can catch husky walleye on any minnow-imitating plug fished on a straight line. When fishing a pencil plug, add a few large split-shot a couple of feet above the plug to sink the lure a few feet below the surface.

During the summer months, Park anglers can hook all kinds of fish on worms and minnows. The Park pier has always been a popular spot during the summer, but more people should give it a try during the cooler months.

*Pier fishing also provides  
an ideal situation to just  
sit back with a friend and  
"drown a worm."*

Another pier which is underfished during the cooler months of the spring and fall is the Grosse Pointe City pier. Just this past April, Fred Chave and I fished Rapalas and Mister Twisters along the bottom and hooked countless smallmouth, many of which were in the two-pound class. The only others enjoying this fishery were two young teenagers, who were having as much fun as we were.

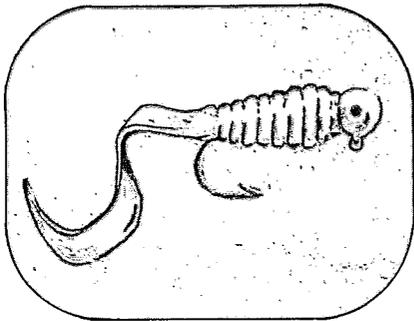
The summer months find the City pier loaded with young kids in search of a prize catch. Unfortunately, all this fishing activity limits most people's success. I rarely fish this pier during the summer; but when I do, I usually catch a bass or two. Most anglers here cast out their bait and wait for a fish to swim past. A better tactic is to fish a worm, or preferably a white Mister Twister jig, along the entire pier. A few casts here and there will grab the attention of any smallmouth in the area. This procedure covers a great amount of water, which increases your chances for success. Early morning hours are good at this pier, whose rocky bottom is the main fish attraction.

What I enjoy most about the Grosse Pointe Farms pier is the area

available to fish. The most popular area is to the left of the harbour. Pier fishermen here catch a large variety of fish. A few years ago, during the annual fishing rodeo, a youngster caught an eel.

There are many advantages to fishing off a pier. What I enjoy most is coming home from work, grabbing a bite to eat, and heading out to the pier. Once situated, I can enjoy the warm summer air while watching the setting sun turn the sky into a rainbow of colours. While the seagulls provide a musical background, my eyes and hands search for the slightest nibble.

Pier fishing also provides an ideal situation to just sit back with a friend and "drown a worm." Afternoons spent like this are why sixty-five million Americans enjoy fishing annually.



"Jig" a Mister Twister and it wriggles to lure bass, walleye and all panfish.

This year, take a Saturday or Sunday to enjoy what your local pier has to offer. Not only will it provide a respite from your hectic schedule, but chances are good that you will catch something. Give it a shot; after all, you may be the one who gets hooked. ♦

*Chris Murray is a freelance writer and photographer who specializes in the outdoors. He lives in Grosse Pointe.*

## MOVING?

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## What's in a Name?

### *The Great Debate: Walleye or Pickerel?*

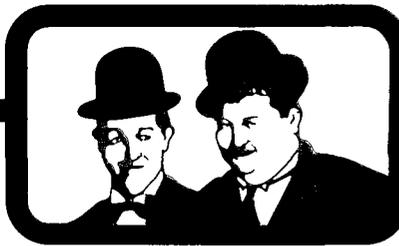
The debate over whether Lake St. Clair fishermen are catching walleye or pickerel has been raging for many years. To settle the dispute, HERITAGE contacted Ron Spitler at the office of the Michigan Department of Natural Resources in Pontiac. Spitler advised that "the only fish Lake St. Clair fishermen are catching are walleye. Pickerel are part of the muskie and pike family, rarely exceed twelve inches, and are not found in Lake St. Clair." Walleye, on the other hand, belong to the perch family, can exceed ten pounds and thrive in the waters of Lake St. Clair.

Why did Lake St. Clair fishermen begin calling a walleye a pickerel? Spitler believes that Canadian fishermen, who catch pickerel in the northern parts of Canada, began calling the walleye "pickerel," and the misnomer simply spread from angler to angler.

A close species of the pickerel, commonly called a chain pike or grass pike, can be caught in more southerly regions, but not in Lake St. Clair.

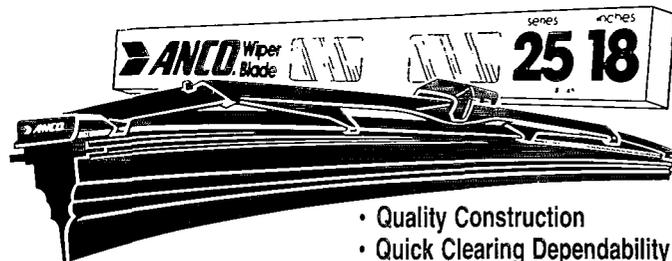
So the next time you're out on the lake and overhear someone say he just caught a nice pickerel, you'll know better. What he's really caught is a Lake St. Clair walleye.

— Chris Murray



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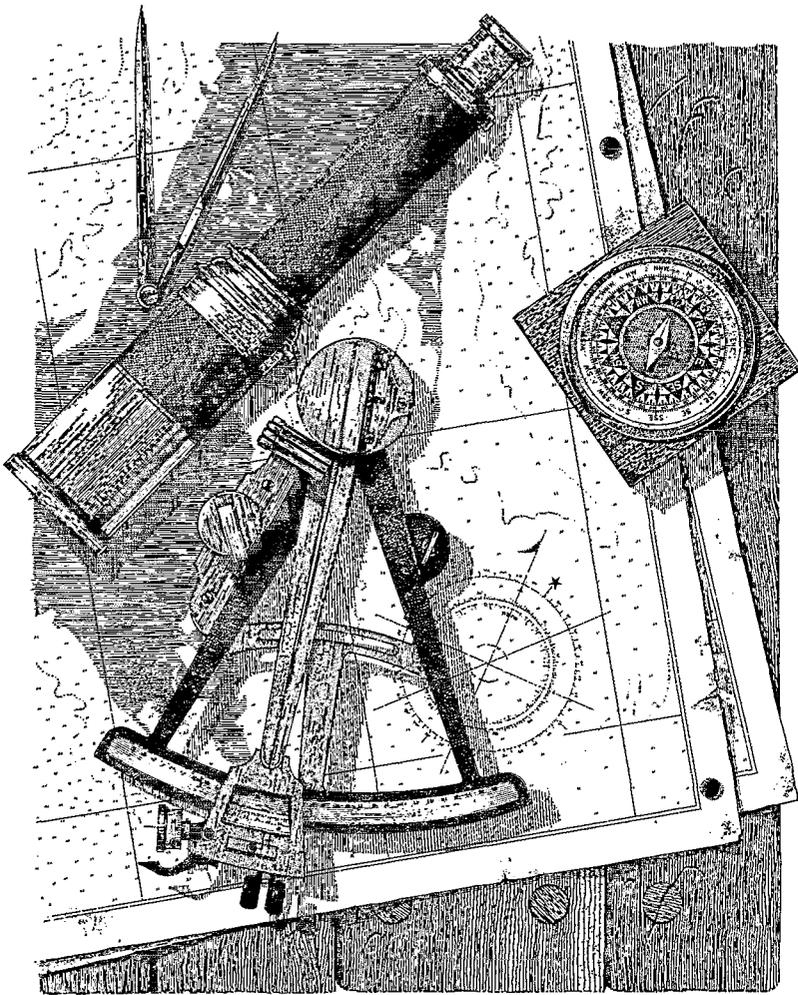
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# Ship to Shore

*North, South,  
East, or West,  
Grosse Pointers  
like cruising  
"Up North" best.*

The purchase of a boat expands your territory on this planet by two-thirds.

Grosse Pointe boat owners find themselves—quite fortunately—smack in the center of the most desirable freshwater boating area in the nation. The cruising range of local sail- and powerboaters begins with forays into Lake St. Clair. Horizons soon expand northward to Lake Huron and southward to Lake Erie. The St. Clair River and the Detroit River are two busy international waterways begging to be explored. The pristine waters of Georgian Bay and the North Channel are a two-day cruise away. Three more Great Lakes are within a few days' travel. The entire east coast, down to the Florida Keys, is directly accessible via a well-marked system of lakes, locks, canals, rivers, and the Intracoastal Waterway. Grosse Pointers' choices of cruising destinations are virtually unlimited.

Some use their boats strictly for short fishing expeditions. A sailboater who loves competition can find a race on Lake St. Clair every day of the week, sponsored by different area sailing clubs and yacht clubs. Some boat owners remain tied securely to their docks, adopting the boat as a floating summer cottage.

Boaters who have only a few hours for a short trip can choose from several nearby restaurants with docking facilities. All offer good hearty food, a view of the water, and a casual boatshoe-and-sunburn atmosphere. (See pages 104 and 105 for restaurants on the water.)

On sunny weekends, hundreds of area boaters pack their children, their bathing suits, suntan lotion, coolers of potato

salad and sandwiches, and head for a well-populated anchorage, such as Little Muscamoot Bay, just southeast of Harsen's Island between the Middle and South channels. Other boaters visit private clubs in the Harsen's Island area—the Clinton River Boat Club (Club Island) on the Middle Channel and the Old Club, on the St. Clair Flats canal. On Harsen's Island itself, the Middle Channel Country Club is a public facility with a golf course and a dining room—a favourite rendezvous for boating people.

Metropolitan Beach offers a full day of activity for many Grosse Pointe boaters, with its sandy beach, grassy picnic areas, children's playground, and Saturday night big-band entertainment during the summer season.

Boblo Island amusement park is a pleasant few-hours' cruise down the Detroit River. Plan to stay overnight at the Port O' Call Marina on Boblo Island after a day chock-full of amusement park rides. Sailboaters, particularly, will find the trip back to Lake St. Clair much longer than the trip down, because of the five-to-six m.p.h. current in the Detroit River.

Chatham, Ontario, is a leisurely 22-mile cruise through picturesque Canadian farm country, up the Thames River, which empties into the southeastern corner of Lake St. Clair. The Wheel's Inn at Chatham caters to boaters, with well-maintained docks and a

by MARGIE REINS SMITH

large indoor/outdoor sports and banquet facility.

For longer cruises—say, a three- or four-day trip—Cedar Point amusement park, located on the southern shore of Lake Erie, is a popular destination for local pleasure boaters. Most families allow two days for travelling and at least a full day in the park—maybe more.

Put-in-Bay (actually South Bass Island) in southwestern Lake Erie, is a summer resort with docks for transient boaters, restaurants, shops, and bicycles to rent. The island's rich local history includes a victorious naval battle that led to the Treaty of Ghent, in 1814. The Perry Memorial Monument commemorates this battle and its hero, Oliver Hazard Perry. The monument rises 352 feet above the lake level and has an observation platform at the top.

Up in the St. Clair River, Grosse Pointe boaters visit the city marina in St. Clair, the municipal marina in Port Huron, and Bridgeview Marina in Sarnia.

A percentage of Grosse Pointe boat owners share the view of Steve Horn, however, who says, "The only reason to have a boat is to go Up North."

For boaters in this area, "Up North" means Georgian Bay and the North Channel. The unspoiled wilderness, brilliant water, and pine-fresh air of Georgian Bay (often called the sixth Great Lake) and the relatively protected cruising in the North Channel draw Grosse Pointers back year after year. Steve and Jane Horn and their three children have missed only one year since 1981. This year, they'll be travelling aboard their forty-foot Egg Harbor, *Loose Change*. Fred and Pat Schriever will return this season for their

twenty-fifth year. Fred said, "I haven't seen enough yet. I love it up there; it recharges my batteries." The Schrieviers will be aboard their forty-seven-foot Chris Craft Commander, *Hi Pat*, and will tow a seventeen-foot Boston Whaler, *Lo Pat*.

Power boaters and sailors usually cruise Up North in pairs or in small groups of three or four boats. Most tow a dinghy and small outboard for exploring the nooks and crannies of the rocky Canadian shores.

Besides its spectacular natural beauty, the area offers adventure, exploration of relatively uncharted waters, and a test of navigational skills. Yet, it's a relaxing getaway, with opportunities for excellent fishing, leisurely cruising, swimming and water sports. Nearly all the comforts of home can be carried aboard the boat. *Loose Change* and *Hi Pat* have two or three staterooms each, toilets, hot showers, spacious salons, large open deck areas, flying bridges, and fully-equipped galleys with stoves, ovens, microwaves, refrigerators, freezers, and ice makers.

"It's a careful adventure," says Steve Horn.

A typical cruise Up North begins by covering about two hundred fifty miles as quickly as possible—up the St. Clair River, north along the Canadian shore of Lake Huron to the top of the Bruce Peninsula. The shoreline becomes more and more rugged as you travel north. The cliffs rise higher, the jack pines and poplars become more thickly tangled, the water gets clearer, the air purer, the aroma of pine forests stronger. Around the tip of the peninsula, Little Tub, a harbour in the picturesque fishing village of Tober-

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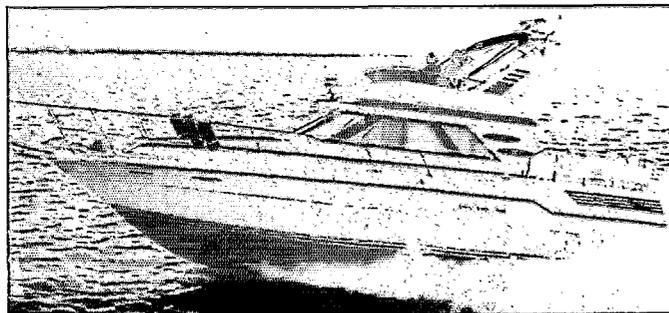
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mory, is considered the point of departure for a Georgian Bay/North Channel cruise. Tobermory, though charming, is merely a base to touch—a point to meet travelling companions, to refuel, to stock up on ice and bait; it's a place to pump out the holding tank, dump the garbage, and take off to anchor in some quiet cove.

Anchoring, or "gunkholing," is the favoured method of enjoying the solitude and spectacular scenery Up North. Boats travelling together anchor in groups of two to four, rafted together so that people can step from boat to boat. A dinghy is dispatched for trips to shore.

The remainder of the cruise consists of short jaunts from anchorage to anchorage. Each one features different rock formations and new wonders to explore. Some islands have wild blueberries to pick; some courses test the captain's navigational skills; other coves are known for fishing, or a series of rapids; still others are unique for a certain type of rock or native wildflower; and some spots have fossils to collect, fishing lodges to visit, or trails to hike.

The coves, bays, islands, and passages of Georgian Bay and the North Channel have descriptive names which reveal an Indian or French background, a natural configuration or attraction. Some are unsophisticated, unforgettable: Flowerpot Island, Lion's Head, Champlain Island, Fryingpan Harbour, Covered Portage Cove, Snug Harbour, Little Detroit Passage, Rattlesnake Harbour, The Hole in the Wall, Blueberry Island, Okeechobee Lodge; Dreamer's Rock, the Bad River, the Whalesback Channel.

At the northeastern edge of Georgian Bay, the French

River and its tributary, the Bad River (an unfortunate misnomer), were thriving lumbering communities a century ago. The Bad River's entrance offers a challenging test of skill for the helmsmen of large powerboats and deep draft sailboats. Once you've wiggled your boat around the rocks and the hidden obstacles just below the water, however, you're rewarded with excellent perch and bass fishing. (The natives say you have to bait your hook behind a tree.) A series of winding channels beyond a passageway known as the Devil's Door becomes Mother Nature's own amusement park ride when navigated with a small boat. A short run up a twisting narrow channel culminates in a daring, splashy boat ride down the steps of a series of swift-moving rapids—more thrilling than an amusement park flume ride because it's real.

The Bustard Islands are strewn around eight square miles in the northeast corner of Georgian Bay. They're probably as close to an uncharted wilderness as you'll ever want to explore by boat. The islands are thick with wild blueberry bushes, rugged rocks, and the three most picturesque lighthouses you'll find anywhere in the Great Lakes.

Collins Inlet is a scenic passage formed by the erosion of the solid rocks of the Canadian coast. The low, rolling Killarney Mountains serve as a backdrop. Steep, forest-covered cliffs and sculptured rocks rise on each side of the picturesque waterway.

Killarney Mountain Lodge is located on a narrow strait between Georgian Bay and Killarney Bay, at the eastern

*continued on page 140*

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 STEERING YOUR BOARD

# Cooking Aboard

*On the water, organization is the essential ingredient in every meal.*

by PEACHY RENTENBACH

★ You've invited your best friends for an overnight cruise on the boat. By sundown, you might reach the Bruce Peninsula.

★ You've been sailing for thirty-six hours in Force 5 air. There are still another fifty-seven miles in the race. You're hungry, the crew is exhausted and everything is wet.

★ The boat is anchored offshore, gently riding the calm lake. It's dinner time. You and the kids have been fishing all day. It's your fourth day of cruising, and everyone is starved.

★ Your dad called. He wants to go water skiing. You'll be out all day, and he wants you to pack the cooler.

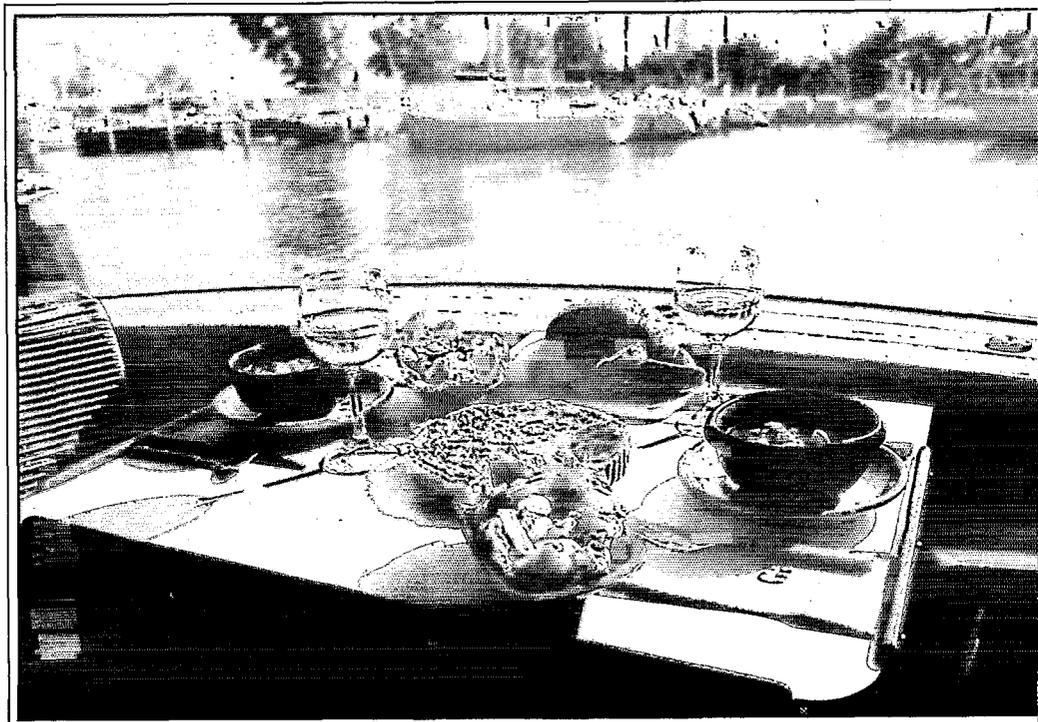
The problem is the same in all these scenarios. What will we eat? Obviously, each situation calls for a different solution. Depending on whether you're cruising, racing or just out for the day, your needs will vary. Take heart—your desire for good food doesn't have to be compromised.

Dining aboard has many variations, although some basics are consistent.

- ★ There isn't much room.
- ★ Storage is limited.
- ★ You can't count on the weather.
- ★ Simplicity is crucial.
- ★ You must bring what you need.

Gay Theuerkorn captains the *Hedy*, a 42-foot Roamer. The galley is spacious. It has an electric refrigerator, an electric range, an oven and a microwave. Gay likes to take day trips around Lake St. Clair, but occasionally takes cruises lasting from two days to two weeks. One of his specialties is homemade, or we should say boat-made, bread. Adele Theuerkorn, his first mate, says, "He likes the way it makes the boat smell."

Is baking bread on a boat difficult? "No, he mixes it at home and lets it



Dining aboard can be as elegant or as simple as you desire.

PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

rise on the boat. He punches it down, forms the loaves in the pans and after the second rise, he just bakes it," explains Adele. Even in the best-equipped boat galleys, some at-home preparation is welcome.

"You can make fettuccine Alfredo on the boat," says Adele, "and accompanied by a Caesar salad, it makes a perfect meal." These are not make-ahead items, but they are still simple and require relatively few ingredients. The Alfredo sauce is made from cream, butter and cheese, seasoned with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Stir them together, add the cooked fettuccine and toss.

Seasoned boat cooks know there are certain popular items that you'd never think about making on board. As popular as they are to eat on a boat, you should avoid cooking spaghetti sauce, chili and complicated soups and stews. You can't count on hours of simmering time, and when the weather is rough, no one is very comfortable with a couple of quarts of hot tomato sauce threatening to slip off the range, gimbaled though it may be. Reheating that same sauce, perhaps in a microwave, makes perfect sense.

"What you must remember when you're cruising is to be very well organized. Before you leave, make a list

and bring your food and utensils with you. You can't depend on anyone else to have what you need," Adele cautions. This is good advice for all boaters. "If you go ashore to shop, you're often disappointed with the selection, and the prices may be shocking." And racing sailors would not have the luxury of that convenience.

If the boat has an icebox or cooler, and you're going to be out for a few days, many frozen dinners work well. Cook your own favourite recipes suitable for freezing. When cool, wrap the food in double layers of aluminum foil, place in zip-locked plastic bags or airtight plastic containers. These frozen "blocks" will thaw over the course of a few days, just about the time the fresh food has been consumed. Pack the cooler anticipating when you'll want to eat these meals. Label them clearly with a grease pencil or waterproof marker.

Soups and stews (remember, on a boat it is easier to eat with a fork or spoon only), casseroles, spaghetti sauce and chili all freeze well. Meatloaf is also a good choice, since it can either be reheated or sliced cold for sandwiches.

Frozen vegetables work well, too. Catch some fish? Cook them and place them on top of a bed of chopped spinach. Top with a little butter and dry, white wine, and you'll have fillets Florentine.

Greta Lawrence, assistant catering manager at the Westin Hotel, is touted among friends for her culinary expertise. She combines her desire for gourmet food with her organizational skills when out on the water. "For a ten-day cruise, I pack the icebox with dry ice on the bottom. The frozen food goes on top of that. I make stroganoff, stews, soups and bring them on board frozen. On top of that goes lettuce, tomatoes, cheese, eggs, milk, steaks and chops. The temperatures usually drop at night, and it's nice to have a hot meal. You use your fresh things the first few days, and at the end of the trip you're at the bottom of the icebox and into the frozen food. It works out quite well," she adds.

Husband Tony Lawrence, eats a different kind of meal when he's sailboat racing. "Barry Van is a tremendous onboard cook, absolutely five star. I've been out in the middle of the ocean with the wind three knots shy of hurricane level, and he's cooking a lamb

pot roast with gravy and potatoes. Barry maintains he'll cook, no matter what the weather. The problem," adds Lawrence, "is that what you really feel like eating may be a peanut butter and jelly sandwich."

Lawrence is right. Peanut butter and jelly make excellent staples on a boat. All of that water, sun and wind really increase the appetite. High protein snacks, similar to those that backpackers nosh on, such as trail mix and nuts, are good to have on board. Fresh and dried fruit help to bring the energy level up fast.

"Guys love cookies on board," says Tuppy Grow. "They think of oatmeal cookies with raisins as breakfast."

Tuppy is the official quiche caterer for friends and relatives who race in the Mackinac races. "I make them in those big, disposable aluminum pans. Making the bottom crust thicker than normal allows the crew to pick pieces up and eat them out of hand. Sometimes they get eaten for breakfast; sometimes they get eaten on the Island (Mackinac). I make and bake them at home. One year, I made fourteen for three different boats. As soon as they cool, I wrap them in lots of foil and freeze them. The thing that's nice about quiche is that, if the oven isn't working, or the weather is making it too difficult to cook, you can simply leave the quiche out for a few hours; it's quite tasty at room temperature."

If you don't know Tuppy or someone else who can create wonderful quiche, cheese alone is a good source of protein. It can be eaten easily out of hand and served under any conditions. It stores well and is enjoyed by almost everyone. The fat content of cheese (like peanut butter) helps give you a satiated feeling. A few ounces of cheese, a hunk of bread and a piece of fruit could serve as breakfast, lunch, or dinner in rough weather.

Grilling is popular with boaters. Many boats have barbecues right on board. Frank Girardin, captain of *Faded Glory*, warns against using barbecues on board and recommends barbecuing on shore whenever possible. "You never know when the wind will pick up or shift. The next thing you know, your boat may be on fire."

Girardin keeps it simple when he goes boating, and recommends a pocket knife and can opener as handy tools. "It's always good to have some canned food aboard. To know that you

have canned bacon, ham, tuna, potatoes, vegetables and fruit, as unexciting as they may sound, gives you a secure feeling. Don't store them in the bilge, though. The cans get wet, the labels fall off and you don't have any idea what you might be opening."

Mike Thompson, veteran cook of many Mackinac races, keeps his chili and spaghetti sauce for rough weather. Mike says, "The guys really appreciate fresh food on the boat. I like to make beef tenderloin with béarnaise sauce, pork chops with apple sauce and veal limone. They like fresh vegetables too, although I sometimes throw in a few canned potatoes, just to fill them up. The boat I sailed on in 1985 had a two-burner gimbaled stove and a nice gimbaled coffee pot that worked great for the vegetables. I buy inexpensive pots and hammer them into the shape of the burners. That helps to keep them where they're supposed to be. At the end of the race, after I've served the last meal, I throw the pots overboard. It's great for crew morale to know that they don't have to eat another meal onboard!"



### Greta Lawrence's Beef Stroganoff

- 1½ lbs. beef tenderloin, cut into one-inch strips
- 1 T butter
- 2 t grated onion
- ¾ lb. sliced mushrooms
- 2 T butter

Sauté tenderloin in butter. Add onion and continue cooking about five minutes or until onion is soft. Remove; keep warm.

- ½ t dried basil
- ¼ C dry white wine
- 1 C whipping cream or sour cream
- 1 can (10 oz.) tomato bisque soup
- 1 T Worcestershire sauce

Sauté mushrooms in butter. Drain and add to beef. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Recombine in pan with basil, white wine, cream, tomato bisque soup, and Worcestershire sauce. Heat through and serve over green

noodles. Note: This dish can be made ahead and frozen.

### Quiche

- 1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell
- 1 C half-and-half
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- ¼ t salt
- dash of pepper
- dash of nutmeg
- 1 C (4 oz.) shredded Swiss cheese
- 1 T flour

Stir together half-and-half, eggs, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Toss cheese with flour; place in pastry shell. Pour egg mixture over. Bake in 350-degree oven 45 to 55 minutes or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean.

#### Variations:

Add 6 oz. lump crab meat with cheese. Add ¼ lb. chopped, cooked bacon with cheese.

Add ¼ lb. cooked mushrooms with cheese.

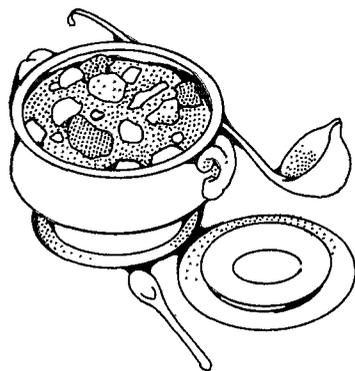
Substitute Monterey jack cheese for the Swiss, add 1 can (3 oz.) well-drained, chopped green chilies.

Note: Quiche can be made ahead and frozen. Reheat for 45 minutes in 350-degree oven, if frozen. Or eat after thawing without reheating.

### Antipasto Vegetables

- 3 celery stalks, sliced
- 3 carrots, sliced
- 2 zucchini, sliced
- 1 green pepper, cut into one-inch squares
- 1 red pepper, cut into one-inch squares
- 10 small white onions, peeled and quartered
- 10 whole, pitted ripe olives
- ¼ lb. fresh green beans, snapped and sliced
- ½ C olive oil
- ½ C water
- ½ C red wine vinegar
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 t salt
- 1 t dried oregano
- ⅛ t pepper

Stir together in large skillet celery, carrots, zucchini, green pepper, red pepper, onions, olives, green beans, olive oil, water, red wine vinegar, salt, oregano and pepper. Bring mixture to boil; reduce heat; simmer 5 minutes. Cool; cover and refrigerate at least 6 hours, stirring occasionally.



### Bermuda Fish Chowder

- ¼ C olive oil
- 3 large onions, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 8 stalks celery, chopped
- 2 green peppers, chopped

Sauté onion, garlic, celery and peppers in olive oil in large skillet. In the meantime, combine in large soup kettle:

- 4 qt. water
- 4-6 firm, white-flesh fish fillets
- 2 lbs. peeled, diced potatoes
- 6 carrots, chopped
- 1 can tomatoes (1 lb. 12 oz.), coarsely chopped

- 1 can (10 oz.) beef consommé
- 1 C catsup
- 2 T Worcestershire sauce
- 2 t lemon juice
- 3 bay leaves
- 8 sprigs parsley
- 2 t salt
- 1 t dried thyme
- ½ t black pepper
- Dark rum
- Sherry Peppers Sauce

Simmer ingredients for approximately three hours. Add additional dark rum and Sherry Peppers Sauce to taste. Note: If you don't have Sherry Peppers Sauce, combine 1 cup dry sherry wine with 1 tsp. red pepper flakes and let steep two days; add to chowder to taste. Also, fish may be omitted and chowder frozen; add freshly caught fish when reheating. May also be frozen as is. ◇

*Peachy Rentenbach is executive vice-president of the Michigan Restaurant Association and a freelance food stylist. We wish to thank Frank Girardin for allowing us to photograph aboard his boat, Faded Glory.*



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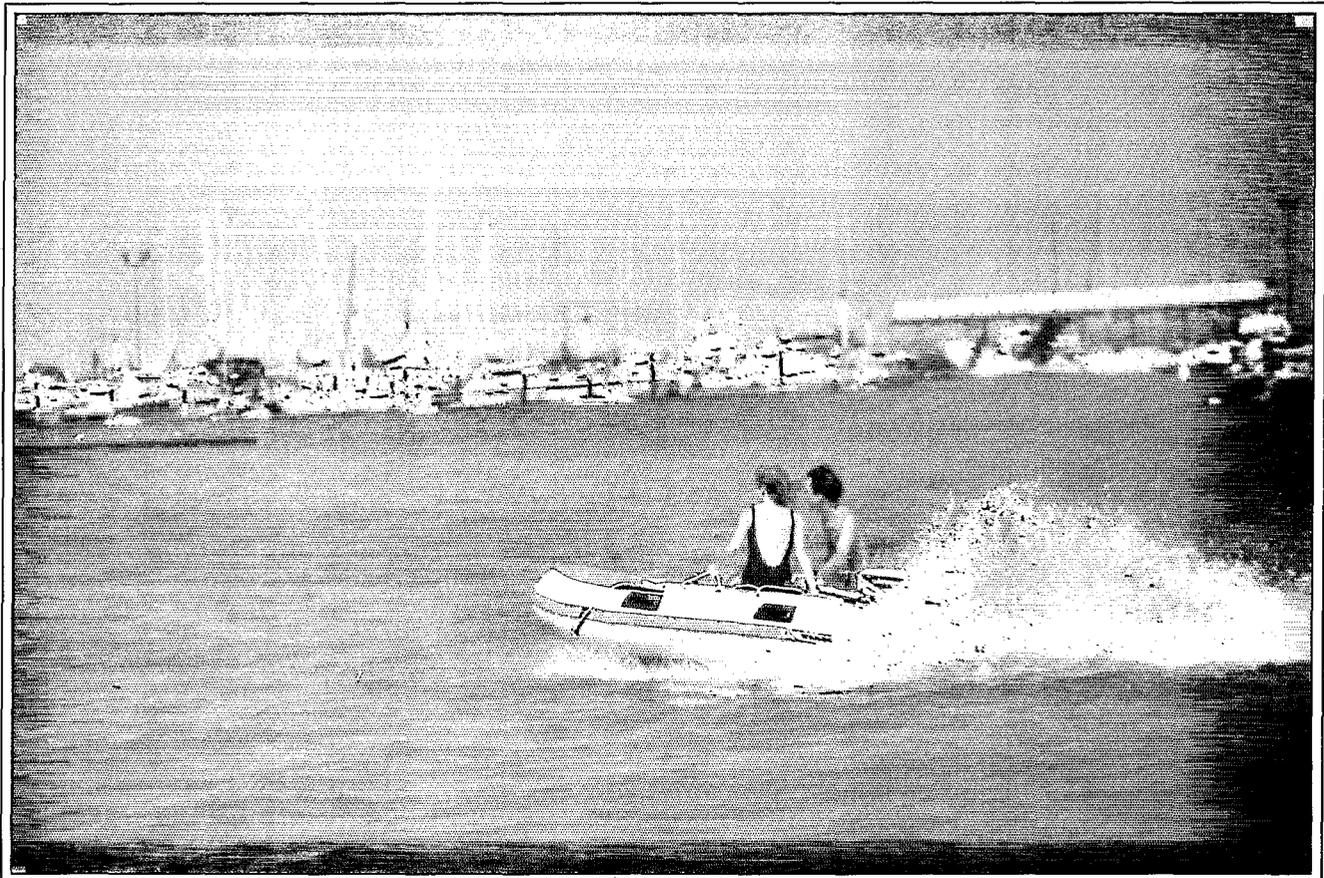
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*"O Mariner, I love thee, for thy thought  
Strides even with my own, nay, flies before  
Thou art a brother to the wind and wave."  
— Oliver Wendell Holmes  
A Sea Dialogue*

# Weekend Archaeologists

*Scuba divers in the Great Lakes  
have 15,000 shipwrecks to explore.*

The thought of scuba diving intrigues you, but you hesitate. After all, how many times a year would you be able to travel to the Bahamas, Mexico, or some other exotic location to pursue the sport? Visions of Spanish galleons and gold doubloons float through your head, but seem too far away to seriously consider. It looks as if scuba diving is one dream you'll have to pack in mothballs.

Think again, mate! Michigan's state motto is, "If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look around you." That's great for landlubbers—and water rats as well; for at the edges of this pleasant peninsula are vast bodies of wet stuff suitable for swimming, sailing or scuba diving. Michigan's waters are increasingly becoming favourite haunts for divers of all ages and levels of experience.

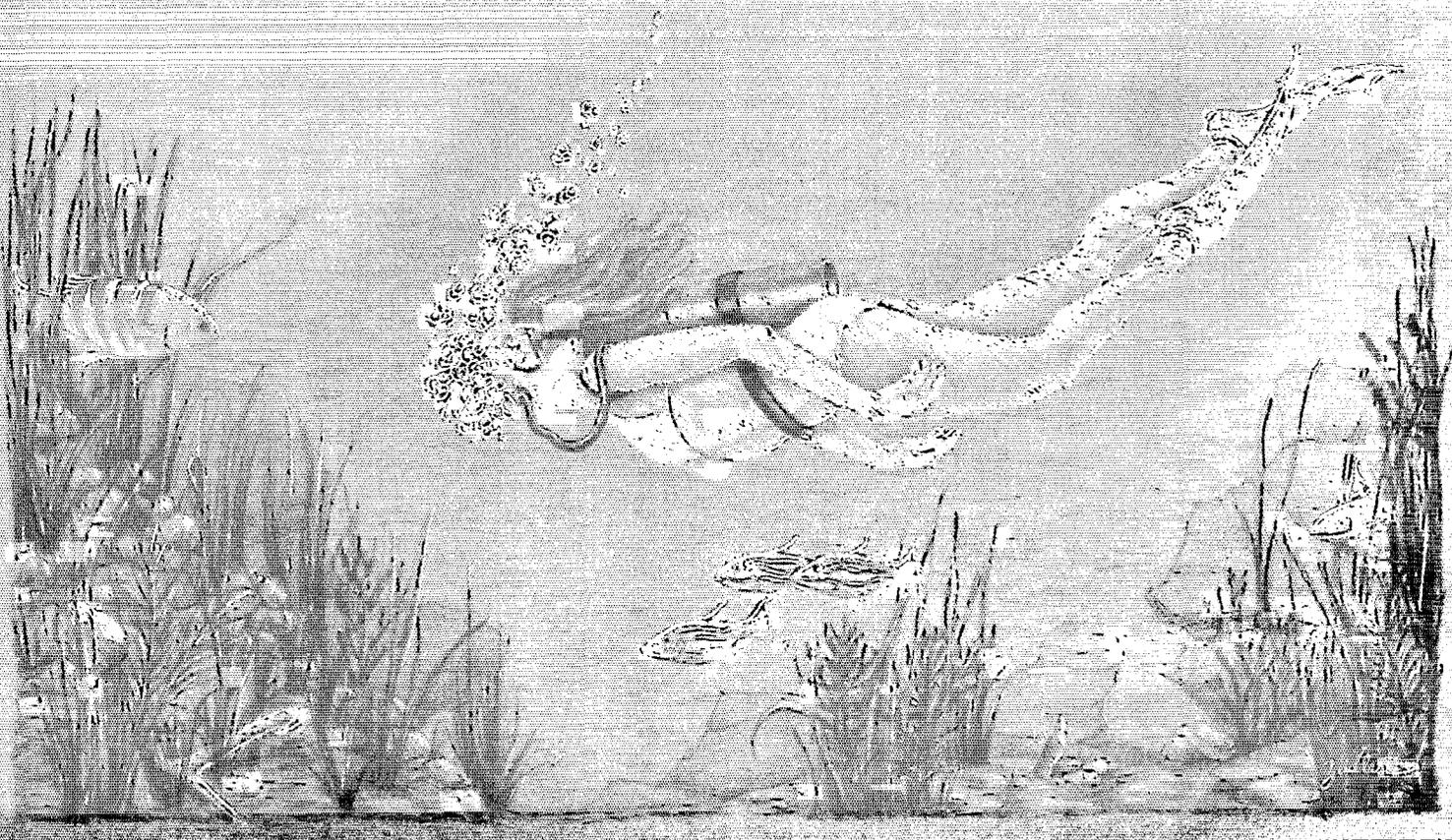
"Scuba diving is no longer a sport for just the male, macho type," says Mike Cosma of Recreational Diving Systems. "It's a sport that everybody—no matter what their age—can learn to do and have a good time."

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by CHERYL RILLY and WENDY CLEM

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ILLUSTRATION BY DENISE ZEIDLER



Add the availability of diving locations to the evolution of scuba equipment (scuba is an acronym for self contained underwater breathing apparatus) that is lighter, less complicated and more fashionable, and the result is a fast-growing industry.

Any one of the Great Lakes, along with the St. Clair River and Lake St. Clair, offer diving experiences unequalled in warmer climates. The irony of Great Lakes diving is that its biggest drawback—exceedingly cold water—also is its greatest advantage. The fresh water, cold temperature and low oxygen content help to preserve all objects immersed in it.

“You might not be able to go down and spend all day in the water like you could in the Carribean,” says Craig Oshnock of Bruno’s Dive Shop, “but the diving is spectacular. We have the best shipwrecks around. They’re untouched.”

And they’re almost too numerous to count. Powerful cyclonic storms often strike the Great Lakes; near the turn of the century, whole fleets of ships sank simultaneously, causing an average of one thousand deaths each year. The Great Lakes are virtual graveyards, with more than 15,000 shipwrecks deep within their chilling waters. Legend has it that, because of their cold depths, the Great Lakes never give up their dead. While you may not meet a shark in the Great Lakes, the prospect of encountering an unfortunate sailor could sober even the most exuberant of divers.

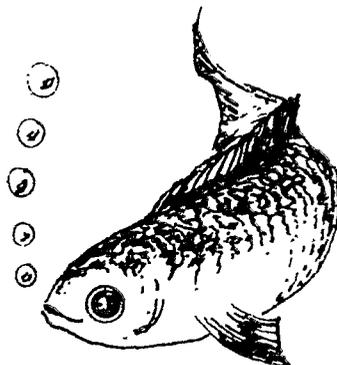
Close encounters notwithstanding, recreational diving is being touted as therapy for stressed executives. Imagine the feeling of total relaxation as water envelops you, rendering you weightless. Movement is slow; the silence is broken only by your air bubbles. A sense of awe, an overwhelming sensation of discovery, rewards your adventurous spirit as you float past crisscrossed, building-sized boulders, limestone caverns, hundred-year-old shipwrecks and even dinosaur tracks. Bal-

ance sheets, quality control, and production deadlines belong to another world.

Fascinating underwater sites are now being protected by the government. Designated underwater sanctuaries, such as the preserves off Munising and Alpena, offer clear markings to facilitate diving and ensure that the Great Lakes’ wrecks and other attractions will be protected.

The large, colourful rocks of the Alger Underwater Preserve, or the limestone reefs near Alpena, are yours for the taking—picture-taking, that is.

In spite of exposure to numerous



wrecks and the temptation to bring back a part of history, the majority of divers in the Great Lakes area share a philosophy that is also enforced by the Department of Natural Resources, international law, and the state of Michigan: “Take only pictures, leave only bubbles.”

“Underwater photography is the greatest drawing card diving offers,” says Mike Gadzinski of Advanced Aquatics Limited. “Even catching a fish or finding a treasure can’t compete with the lasting and colourful memory of an underwater photograph.”

You don’t need professional photography equipment, either. Memories can be recorded on a basic disc camera encased in an underwater housing that is available for under \$100.

With 15,000 shipwrecks lying on the bottom of the Great Lakes, you’ll need a lot of film. Seventy of those shipwrecks lie in a fifteen-mile radius near Tobermory, Canada’s original Underwater Provincial Park—including *Sweepstakes*, whose lucky name didn’t

prevent her demise. Today, the recently renovated wooden decks of *Sweepstakes* lure schools of fish and curious divers.

The *Smith Moore*, a 230-foot steam barge that sank upright in 1889, rests near Munising, with her deck at the 85-foot level. The ship is the most intact wreck in that area, despite rumours that she went down with 350 barrels of wine and 150 barrels of high-grade silver ore on board.

Isle Royale offers a unique wreck-dive experience for advanced divers. Although it is relatively inaccessible, “the diving is incredible,” explains Gadzinski, who extolls the diversity of the area’s wrecks along with its scenic-but-primitive environs.

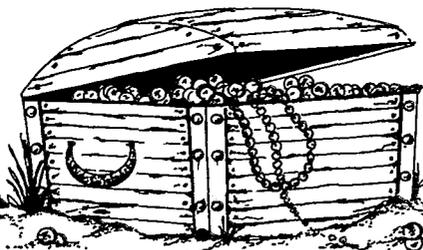
Paul Skoglund of Sea Side Diving agrees. “Isle Royale’s definitely a hard-core dive.”

Less hard-core, but still best reserved for the advanced diver, is the St. Clair River, the resting place for numerous shipwrecks, such as the *Monarch*, lying beneath Port Huron’s Blue Water Bridge. Waters with strong currents, such as the St. Clair River and Straits of Mackinac, should be approached with caution, warns Captain Paul Postill of Bottom Time Enterprises. Novice divers who chance the currents “may soon be over their heads” both literally and figuratively.

Major commerce over the last two centuries on the St. Clair River has created innumerable treasures for seekers. Finds include vintage hand-blown bottles (even those boasting of snake-oil cures with tonic still inside), muskets, copper and aluminum, and what is believed to be the oldest military trophy in North America. The pewter loving cup was inscribed in 1823 for excellence in marksmanship to a British staff sergeant, who is thought to have dropped it from a raft during regimental border patrols.

The diver digs. The current of the St. Clair River sweeps away the sediment as he scoops down into the river bed. At one foot under the surface, remnants of the early 1900s become visible. He keeps digging. At twenty-two inches, the river gives back what she swallowed in the 1800s.

For treasure-lovers, the much overlooked Lake St. Clair yields a wide



## DIVE INTO THE FUN

Proper diving instruction isn't a luxury; it's a necessity. The dive shops listed below teach Beginner (Open Water Certification) and Advanced classes. If you want to attempt a special dive, you'll need additional instruction. Specialty classes offered by the shops are listed under their name. Call for class dates and enrollment information.

### ADVANCED AQUATICS LTD.

25020 E. Jefferson  
St. Clair Shores 48080  
779-8777

*Diving Specialties:* Deep, Underwater Photography, Wreck, Search & Recovery, Light Salvage, River (Current), Night (Limited Visibility), Equipment Specialist (Maintenance), Rescue.

### BRUNO'S DIVE SHOP

34740 Gratiot  
Mt. Clemens 48043  
792-2040

*Diving Specialties:* Boat, Current, Deep, Night (Limited Visibility), Navigation, Wreck, Stress & Rescue, Underwater Photography and Underwater Video (class and rental service available).

### DON'S DIVE SHOP

29480 W. 10 Mile Road  
Farmington Hills 48024  
4774-0640

*Diving Specialties:* Night (Limited Visibility), Rescue, Deep and Ice.

### MACOMB DIVE SHOP

28869 Bunert  
Warren 48093  
774-0640

*Diving Specialties:* Deep, Underwater Photography, Search & Recovery, Ice, Current, Night (Limited Visibility), Equipment Repair, Rescue.

Some classes are offered through Macomb County Community College and can be credit or non-credit classes.

### RECREATIONAL DIVING SYSTEMS

4424 N. Woodard  
Royal Oak 48072  
549-0303

*Diving Specialties:* Night (Limited Visibility), Search & Recovery, Deep, Current, Underwater Photography and Video Rental Service.

### SEA SIDE DIVING

12440 Morang  
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372-4567

*Diving Specialties:* Wreck, Ice, Rescue, Underwater Photography, Equipment Specialty (Maintenance), Family Scuba Diving.

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variety of artifacts, both old and new. Outboard motors, tackle boxes and lures share the murky waters with relics of days gone by, compliments of passing ships.

Some divers ease the cost of their hobby by retrieving fishing lures and lead weights which they sell back to tackle stores. This practice has made more than one fisherman joke that divers lie in wait to cut their lines. But that's another fish story, according to Postill. "We don't have to do that.

There are enough reefs and rocky crevices to do the job. God takes care of that," he retorts. "We don't have to play down-and-dirty."

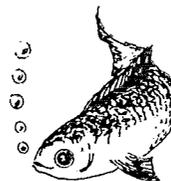
Fish play a major role in the underwater beauty of diving. Perch, bluegill, and bass are plentiful in Michigan waters, while sturgeon spawn near Harsen's Island. Deeper fresh water yields lake trout, whitefish, and burbot, the "fresh water cod," which resembles a cross between a catfish and an eel.

Underwater fishing laws are a bit

confusing. Spear-fishing is not allowed in the Great Lakes area, with the exception of "trash" fish, such as carp, gar pike or other scavengers. A diver can, however, submerge with rod and reel, position himself comfortably and fish underwater for the prey of his choice—as long as he carries a valid fishing license. Watch out for hefty-sized bass. They have been known to lift at least one diver off his fins. (Finally, the fish have a fighting chance.)

Winter adds its own essence to cold-water diving.

"The rule of thumb is that summer's best visibility can be doubled in the winter," says Gadzinski. "The St. Clair River, which averages six to eight feet visibility in the summertime, can expand to thirty-five feet in the winter."



Winter purges weeds and vegetation; boats have ceased to stir up bottom sediment. Fish, frogs, and crawfish become sluggish, allowing closer investigation of their territory. Exhaled air resembles mercury, shaking and shimmering until touched, when it pops and skitters across the underside of the ice.

In the St. Clair River, the water doesn't usually freeze over. Winter divers there experience a different type of ice diving, as they "watch icebergs floating by every now and then," says Oshnock.

Ice diving is complicated since more people are needed to make a dive: at least four people on top of the ice for every two under. But, because of the extensive precautions needed, it may be one of the safest dives to make.

No matter the season or specialty of the dive, having the proper training and supervision is a must. Local dive shops provide all necessary services. Diving is not just a sport; it's a multifaceted recreation. The people you meet, the activities available in and out of the water, are all part of the scuba diving experience—in the cold, clear waters of the Great Lakes. ◇

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*Ceryl Rilley and Wendy Clem are freelance writers who are in the process of opening their own feature syndicate.*

*continued from page 103*

when you discover you're so tired you're having trouble raising the mast. You have to be mentally alert."

Tibbitts said he doesn't usually boardsail alone. "You may find yourself out in the middle of the lake and too tired to come in."

Sailors agree, though, that most pleasure boaters are good about helping a boardsailor get back to shore. Wilkinson said that last year when the winds got too strong, he was picked up by a big sailboat. Unable to get near shore in Grosse Pointe, the boat took Wilkinson to Detroit, and he had to find a way home from there.

On the other hand, boardsailors point to boaters as one of the problems. Sometimes the traffic is heavy, and some boaters and water-skiers like to come too close.

Clark said the best time to boardsail is on weekdays—"It's a zoo on the water on weekends."

A law requiring use of a personal flotation device or life jacket has been repealed, although Hull points out that it still doesn't hurt to have one.

Boardsailors offer several safety tips:

1. Don't go out in winds too strong for ability.
2. Keep a cool head when you get in trouble.
3. Always stay with the board.
4. Don't cut off freighters.

But then flirting with danger may be part of the fascination. "Boardsailors generally follow the same progression as skiers," said Hull. "They're getting hungrier and hungrier for higher wind and bigger waves.

"We're seeing people schedule vacations to places like the gorge on the Hood River in Oregon—or to Florida or California—much like skiers schedule winter vacations to the Rockies."

Optimism in the business is not unrestrained.

Henderson said Windsurfer was a one-design board and became quickly outdated. Windsurfer broadened its line, but not as quickly as European manufacturers, because the demand grew so fast there.

"HiFly and Bic flooded the market with inexpensive boards," said Wood. Bic dropped out of the U.S. market, and HiFly went out of business when its bank called in its loans.

Right now there is considerable jockeying for position by large and small board manufacturers. Sweitzer's patent requires that every company be licensed and pay Sweitzer for every board produced. The patent expires in January, and the market is expected to explode: "It will be fantastic," said Wood, who is chief designer for Product Guild Inc. (PGI), a small sailboard company in Davisburg, Michigan. PGI is going after the BMW-type market,

head-to-head with companies like Mistral.

"Boards will continue to get lighter," said Wood. "We started with fifty-pound boards and are now down to thirty pounds. I have one nine-pound board that carries the same size sail. That translates to horsepower, and that means even greater speeds."

Wood is looking at ultralight aircraft for new ideas. Next year, PGI will introduce a two-surface wing to replace the sail, which should give a forty percent increase in horsepower. A boardsailor "will come off one wave and clear a couple of others in a kind of limited flight."

He has also introduced a catamaran windsurfer called the Ski Datt. "It is short, fast, stable—and anyone can do it," said Wood.

Kaczmar has seen it and said, "It's great—better than anything—total. It's all-out board, for the beginner, intermediate and advanced."

Boardsailing's magic is in its potential. There will always be a stronger wind and bigger waves to conquer for a faster, more exciting ride. More advanced equipment will expand the thrill and keep that beginner—who stood on the board for just a few seconds—coming back for more. ◇

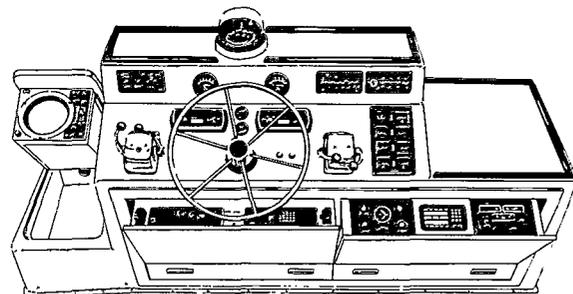
*Robert Button is a journalism teacher at Grosse Pointe South High School and a part-time newspaper copyeditor.*

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# Welcome to the Club

*Passwords, not membership cards, ensured entry to after-hours clubs during Prohibition.*



The Margolies roadhouse, at the corner of Nine Mile and Jefferson, was reputed to cover the operation of a blind pig. PHOTO COURTESY OF ST. CLAIR SHORES HISTORICAL COMMISSION.

Club Lido — the place smacked of intrigue in the Twenties and Thirties. It had several entrances, but even more escape routes. And “everybody had his price,” Hank Maison says.

Maison, a long-time resident of St. Clair Shores, remembers the club well; he loaded, unloaded, lifted, cleaned up, and did about everything there was to do in the days of odd jobs for nickles and dimes. Depression times. “People tell ya that there were lots of places along the water’s edge where the water canals for the ‘lugger’ went right into the building, but Lido was the only one,” Maison says.

Hank, 72, shifts his big, six-foot frame rather uneasily in the chair as he recalls “those days of the luggers or oversized rowboats.” A low-slung lugger, powered with a Liberty motor of aircraft fame, manufactured during World War I, would make its trek from Canada’s shores to St. Clair Shores. Any time, day or night. Beneath the dance floor with its glow of soft lights, a heavy wooden door opened to a gaping dark mouth, which swallowed the boat, bootleg and all. The door then slammed shut. The waters outside grew silent once again. Cases and barrels of whiskey, gin and beer were unloaded

as the boat was hoisted to rest until the next run.

Hank Maison saw it all; he even helped his father build the hoist at Club Lido. The chance to make big bucks in unfortunate times was not administered by age. Maison recalls a number of his neighbourhood buddies in their early teens rowing their rowboats across the lake to buy Canadian booze, “cuz a case of ‘hooch’ in Canada went for \$10 and then sold for \$100 to U.S. residents.”

Those times were a mixture of wealth and of sadness. Some folks won, but many others lost, lost at everything, often at the gaming tables. Mike O’Conner, a dealer at the Chesterfield, at 23 Mile Road and Gratiot, remembers complaints from farmers when men who had bet and lost everything hung themselves from trees in nearby fields.

The Twenties and Thirties witnessed high-stepping times in the tiny village of St. Clair Shores. Prohibition in the state of Michigan was in effect in 1918. Colourful and turbulent, the era was aglow with romanticism. From the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House along Jefferson Avenue in Grosse Pointe Shores to Harsen’s Island and the Harsen’s Island Flats, a story unfolds of speakeasies, roadhouses, blind pigs, rumrunners, fancy ladies, shifty-eyed gentlemen and gangsters, and Big Band sounds. Many remnants still exist today.

Begin at Nine Mile and Jefferson Avenue in St. Clair Shores, at the point where Lake St. Clair tickles the shoreline with reminiscence. There stood Hanson’s Inn. Hanson’s served

by LINDA N. SPRINKLE

fine roadhouse-style food. What else was provided, no one knows. Across from the inn was the real story, though. Margolies (the site of Elias Brothers' Big Boy Restaurant today) was reputed to have "gotten" a couple of extra glances since there was a whisper that it covered the operation of a 'blind pig,'" historian Adrian Lingemann wrote. (Greenhouses, warehouses, general stores, and even private homes served as quaint little facades for the likes of gambling chips and clinking glasses.) August (Gus) Blumline, at age fourteen, took notice of Margolies and its parade of "big fancy cars — Packards, you know, beautiful women hanging on the arms of known gangsters," and gruff-looking bodyguards running ahead of their charges to see if all was clear.

"Yeah, I saw some strange goings-on there," Blumline, now a St. Clair Shores Police detective, says.

Continue north along Jefferson Avenue approximately five hundred yards, and you find Club Lido — the club for the middle class. Lido on the Lake, as it is called today, still houses the porch, bar, dance floor, upstairs, downstairs, basement and those mysterious wooden doors well hidden from view. Blumline worked at the Lido as a kid, as did his cousin Maison several years earlier. Blumline was a big strapping boy with mammoth hands for his age; he became the right hand of proprietor, Bill Mielke. Mielke was so crippled with arthritis that he couldn't lift heavy things, heavy things like slot machines, cases of whiskey and barrels of beer. The things were moved from room to room at any time, a game to throw off federal agents. For his help, Blumline would be given a handful of quarters from the slots. Many found their way back into the machines just moved.

The early Forties, the war years, left a dearth of adult men for jobs at these establishments, so young kids took on adult responsibilities. A typical evening at Club Lido saw laughter, dancing, Detroit politicians and their ladies enjoying a night out, but at 2:30 a.m. everything changed.

Curtains were drawn. Rooms were closed off. Patrons disappeared into the woodwork. Swirls of smoke from cigars and cigarettes drifted into the rafters from the crap tables. The faint sound of dice rolling and hushed voices could be heard well into the early morning

hours. A side entrance revealed a latched door with peephole. Entry was readily available to the customer with the right words.

The next morning, at 6 a.m., the sun rose to a new day. Outside, the water glistened with prospects of new shipments and more money. Trucks to carry the booze were more in evidence

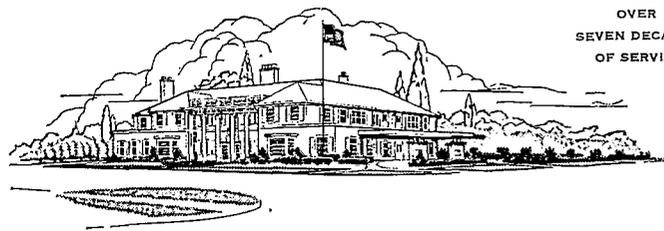
in the Forties than in the Twenties. Blumline would arrive at the Lido to clean up before going to school. Mielke would lead the boy into the various parlours and announce: "Gentlemen, the boy's here to clean up." The small parties of patrons would then file out of the place. A man who had been lucky that night would slip the kid a



Gambling casinos and blind pigs were often tipped off about a raid before the police arrived. PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ST. CLAIR SHORES POLICE DEPARTMENT.

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Blossom Heath, located on the lake with a grand entrance off Jefferson Avenue, welcomed diners, dancers—and gamblers. PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ST. CLAIR SHORES HISTORICAL COMMISSION.

ten or a twenty on the way out.

Blumline did his job, kept quiet and pocketed his tips. He did well for a fourteen-year-old in those days. He talked of local police and federal raids as a joke. In most instances, the "locals" would get payoffs to ignore the shipments, the boats, and the "machinery" (slot machines and crap tables), as Maison called them. Even the Coast Guard boats were baffled by the power and strategy of the rumrunners. Luggers filled with bootleg would line up on the Canadian side of the lake, begin their assault, and "open it up full throttle" once they got into open water. The Coast Guard cutters were fast too, but no match for the quick fan-out technique of so many rumrunners.

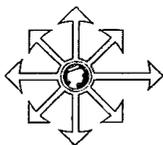
A block from the Club Lido, Blossom Heath nestled back in from Jefferson Avenue, stepping a bit into the water. A massive ballroom still stands. In 1920, after the death of her husband, Matthew Kramer (owner of the Blossom Heath Inn), Mrs. Kramer, disenchanted with the lawlessness of the times, sold the Inn to William McIntosh for \$110,000. Under McIntosh's impeccable management, Blossom

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| <b>OAKLAND COUNTY</b> | <b>553-8100</b> |

Heath became *the* place in St. Clair Shores. He set up the finest of gambling facilities and served the best of bootleg liquor.

Guests and wealthy patrons dined, gambled and drank from crystal glasses in the luxuriously decorated Lantern Room, the Summer Palm Garden, and the English Tavern. Big-time operators from the cities danced with their gals to the sounds of Frank Cornwell's orchestra and the Big Band of Paul Whiteman.

Added to the refined atmosphere was the elegant dining and outstanding cuisine of Blossom Heath. A menu (date unknown) on file with the St. Clair Shores Historical Commission lists such impressive entrees as these:

- Frog and Broiled Whitefish ... \$2.00
- Grilled Double French
- Lamb Chops/Bacon ..... \$2.00
- Filet Mignon with Fresh Mushrooms  
..... \$2.00
- Sirloin Steak (One Pound Solid Meat)  
..... \$2.50
- Frog and Sirloin Steak (One Pound)  
..... \$2.75

A \$2.50 steak dinner was not limited to a main course. Appetizers ranging from crab meat cocktail, marinated herring, antipasto salad and a selection of delectable soups began the meal. Potatoes, vegetables, "salad in season" and a variety of desserts complemented the main entrée.

And yet, Blossom Heath lost money "on the food and entertainment during the Thirties. But it was worth running a loss on these aspects of the business since it provided the front for gambling," says Mary Karshner, curator of the St. Clair Shores Museum.

Thirst quenchers consisted of bootleg liquor or beer. According to Maison, "everybody, including the clubs, made their own brew and the recipe was about the same all over." Whiskey had measured portions of brown sugar, corn and some "foul-tasting substance like garbage," Maison says. The infamous bathtub gin was a concoction of alcohol, water and juniper berries.

Maison believes you got away with making your own home beverage because "there weren't the snitches in those days as there are now," he said.

Raids by federal agents were another matter, though. They could be rough, and there were no "takes" for these guys. "Trouble was," Hank

says, "tipsters and local residents would get word to the clubs, and the feds would arrive and find nobody there." The *St. Clair Shores News* gave a different slant on things, however:

May 26, 1927: "Five Blind Pigs Raided Here by Federal Men: Five are Arrested — Two Women Taken as Liquor Law Violators." (Thousands of dollars' worth of furniture and liquor were seized.)

Feb. 10, 1928: "Mother Faces Liquor Sentence: St. Clair Shores Woman Pleads Guilty." (One hundred bottles

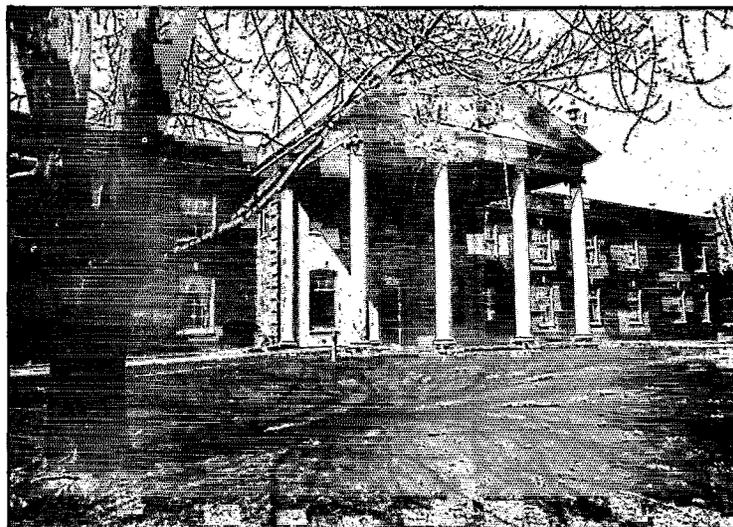
of home brew were seized. The woman told the judge she had four children to support.)

April 26, 1928: "Truck and Beer Seized on Tip of Local Woman: 275 Cases Valued at \$1,000. Loaded on Fresard Blvd." (Fresard is a street adjacent to Club Lido.)

June 14, 1928: "Liquor Agents in \$25,000 Raid: Brewery on Twelve Mile Road Yields Large Supply of Beer." (A brewery in a converted residence on Twelve Mile Road in St. Clair Shores

*continued on page 131*

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## restaurants

by CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Relax. Find salvation from the August heat by slipping away to a cool oasis for breakfast, brunch, lunch, dinner or drinks! HERITAGE restaurant critic Charlotte Russe explores hither and yon in search of palate pleasers to share with her readers. This month, the *Star of Detroit* floats you into paradise—the perfect way to wind down the summer.

Charlotte keeps us updated on restaurant information. The prices listed indicate the range in cost of entrées. All establishments have a full bar unless otherwise specified. Be sure to note the days and hours they are open. Bon Appetit!

Credit Cards: AE—American Express; CB—Carte Blanche; DC—Diner's Club; MC—Master Card; MTE—Metro Trade Exchange; V—Visa.

**Aliette's Restaurant Bakery**, 3459 Porter, Detroit 554-0907. This is the place to go when a trip to France is out of the question. The food, not the decor, is center stage here—hearty French cuisine and ethereal desserts. Aliette no longer presides, but not to worry; other family members carry on the formidable tradition. Tuesday-Saturday, lunch 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m., dinner 5-10 p.m. Lunch \$4.50-\$7, Dinner \$10-\$15. No credit cards.

**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 4-9 p.m., Tuesday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-9 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Sunday 4 p.m.-8 p.m. \$3.50-\$4.75. No credit cards.

**Assembly Line Sandwich Shop**, 19341 Mack in the Woods, 885-5122. Though half of their business is carryout, they do have a casual dining area for about forty. Delivery between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. has become legendary. Try their huge party subs. Monday-Saturday 10:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday noon-9 p.m. \$1.85-\$3.50. No credit cards.

**Brock St. Barge**, 3294 Russell at Brock in Windsor, Ontario, 519-252-3419. New! For casual atmosphere try riverside dining on this floating barge. Be one of the first to visit this old barge which has been completely restored. Open daily from 11 a.m.-1 a.m. \$5-\$15. AE, MC, V.

**Café Le Chat**, 17001 Kercheval in the City, 884-9077. A charming, cozy cafe featuring gourmet meals with a French flair. Soups, salads, pasta and sandwiches are available, along with a full dinner menu. The cheese tray changes daily, as does the selection of decadent desserts, all made on the premises. Lunch Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 p.m. High tea Monday-Saturday 2-5 p.m. Dinner Wednesday-Saturday 6:30-9:30 p.m. \$10-\$30. MC, V, AE.

**Callaghan's in the Park**, 15412 Mack, 881-6550. The sandwich menu features ground rounds, clubs and coney islands. Onion rings and homemade soup round out the fare at this casual neighbourhood eatery. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sunday noon-2 a.m. \$4. No credit cards.

**Clairpointe**, 630 St. Clair in the City, 884-6810. A full menu of Italian and American dishes are served, including 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. \$5-\$13. 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 panelling and mirrored arches enhance the three intimate dining rooms. Veal medallions with prosciutto

and cheese sauteed in wine sauce or the spinach pasta filled with crab are popular specialties. Over coffee and dessert, study the magnificent ceiling in the Cappuccino Room. Monday-Thursday 5-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 5-11 p.m. \$16-\$22. 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. \$3-\$5. MC, V.

**Ducks on the Roof**, 1430 Front Road in Amherstburg, Ontario, 2 miles past Boblo off Highway 18, 519-736-6555. Enjoy French dining in a country setting. Elegance meets simplicity here, with the Provisiers dedicated to making your visit enjoyable. Specialties include roast duck, pheasant, seafood and steaks. A pianist entertains Friday and Saturday. Tuesday-Saturday 5-10 p.m. Sunday brunch noon-2:30 p.m.; dinner until 8 p.m. \$9-\$20. AE, MC, V.

**Duffy's Tavern**, 305 Dalhousie St. in Amherstburg, Ontario, 519-736-4301. This spot, overlooking Boblo, is for everyone! Early risers can breakfast in the Anchor Room and late-nighters have a place at the long wooden bar. From 5-11 p.m. on Wednesdays, the special is perch and frog legs; on Fridays, chicken. Every night features a buffet dinner. Wednesday-Saturday a Top 40 band rocks at 9 p.m. On Saturdays at 3 p.m., the tavern presents Dave Miller's Minstrels. Docking is free. Monday-Saturday 7 a.m.-1:30 a.m. Sunday noon-10:30 p.m. \$7-\$12. AE, MC, V.

**First Place Lounge**, 16921 Harper, north of Cadieux in Detroit, 885-0109. Catering to sports enthusiasts, minibleachers provide atmosphere while clientele watch three televisions tuned to cable sports. Sandwiches include 1/2-pound burgers made of ground round, stacked ham and cheese, and rib-eye steak. Thursday special is burritos, Friday special is burrito supreme dinner with refried beans and rice. 11 a.m.-2:30 a.m. daily, noon-2:30 a.m. Sunday. Under \$10. No credit cards.

**Fogcutter**, 511 Fort Street, Port Huron, 987-3300. High above the City of Port Huron, this spot offers a spectacular view. The menu presents a wide variety ranging from seafood to prime rib. Only three blocks away from municipal docks. Entertainment daily. Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m., Friday 11 a.m.-11 p.m., Saturday noon-11 p.m. and Sunday noon-11 p.m. \$8.95-\$16. AE, DC, MC, V.

**Galligan's**, 519 E. Jefferson, Detroit, 963-2093. An old-style, well-appointed bar in the midst of downtown's hubbub. Usual pub fare includes hamburgers, sandwiches, mussels, chill and fish. The black bean soup is a standout—hearty and delicious. The rooftop restaurant opens in warm weather to afford diners a spectacular view of the booming Detroit scene. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 a.m. \$4-\$8. AE, DC, MC, V.

**Irish Coffee**, 18666 Mack in the Farms, 881-5675. A famed ground round headlines at this spot. 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. 96¢ ground round Monday-Friday until 5 p.m. Up to \$6.95. MC, V.

**Jacobson's**, St. Clair Room, 17000 Kercheval in the City, 882-7000. Take a break from shopping duties in this cheerful colonial room. Among the chef's specialties are the crepes, sandwiches, and soups. Salads include pasta, tuna, taco and a great Maurice. Wine and beer. Open Monday-Wednesday 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thursday-Friday 9 a.m.-8 p.m.; Saturday 9 a.m.-5 p.m. \$2.95-\$4.50. AE, Jacobson's.

**Julio's**, 20930 Mack in the Woods, 885-7979. Now you don't have to go all the way to Greektown to hear your waiter shout "Opal!" John Kefallinos has brought Greek food to the Pointes in his newly-opened restaurant. Along with the ubiquitous saganaki, the menu features dolmathaki (stuffed grape leaves), octopus, horiatiki (blend of tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers, onions, Greek olives, feta cheese and pepperoncini), spinach cheese pie, gyros, souvlaki and pastitsio (Greek lasagna). Lots of Greek bread comes with everything. Seven days, 11 a.m.-2 a.m. \$6.95-\$12.95. AE, MC, V.

**Le Café Francais**, 20311 Mack, in the 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 reservation only. Sunday brunch 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Courtyard dining. \$39.50 prix fixe. AE, CB, DC.

**The Little Bar**, 321 Chartier, Marine City, 1-765-9333. This cozy spot's menu is highlighted by their fresh pickerel and strawberry pie. Also featured is a large selection of imported beers and liqueurs. The old maps, historical knickknacks and fresh flowers add a pleasant and comfortable touch. Public docking facilities are nearby. Monday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; drinks until 1 a.m. \$11.25-\$14.95. AE, DC, MC, V.

**Little Tony's Lounge in the Woods**, 20513 Mack, 885-8522. Taste Carol's homemade chili or some outstanding GP 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. \$1.25-\$3.45. No credit cards.

**Marine City Salt Docks**, 7493 S. River Road, Marine City, 765-4321. Located on the river between Algonac and Marine City. By boat, the Salt Docks can be found between buoys number "37" and "38." Enjoy the collection of more than fifty original watercolours of freighters. This cozy and quiet place boasts a full dinner menu, excellent wine list, and "the best pan-fried perch and pickerel you have ever tasted, cooked in iron skillet

# The Star of Detroit

Imagine viewing the city of Detroit in a way that you never have before.... Behold the church spires, constructed long ago, piercing the modern skyline. At the same time, a simple turn of the head reveals the city of Windsor. The old, the new, the industrial and technological, even the recreational, all mesh to create a spectacular canvas boasting both Detroit and Windsor. A sleek, 165-foot cruise dining vessel, the *Star of Detroit*, offers all this plus a great brunch, lunch, dinner or just cocktails, so.... Welcome aboard!

The *Star of Detroit*, built in 1984, has three sister ships located in Milwaukee, Chicago and Charlevoix. She is docked at the Hart Plaza Waterfront (access from Jefferson to Atwater where parking is available at dockside). All passengers are advised to arrive one half-hour before departure to ensure boarding. Once aboard, the efficient deck hands do all the work, while you relax and enjoy the view of Hart Plaza.

The royal-blue-and-white motif in the dining room is both nautical and bright. On each table, a white carnation floats, fishlike, in a clear vase. Ficus trees thrive throughout the room without obscuring the view through the crystal-clear picture windows. On buffet tables, shiny copper domes conceal the repast. The ship pulls away from the dock, cocktails are served and the real treat lies just ahead.

A Canadian freighter glides by and sounds a greeting. Cruisers whizz past. Small fishing boats drift here and there. Starboard and port, there is something to see: the home of Canadian Club, Belle Isle swarming with activity, tranquil Peche Island. The scene is constantly changing as the *Star* approaches Patterson Park and turns around. The looming Seven Sisters reach for an industrial sky, and the slowly setting sun casts a glow upon the river. The warehouse district emerges and, standing proudly, the Ren Cen. Passing the dock,

Hart Plaza, Cobo Hall and Joe Louis Arena show off the heart of Detroit. Up ahead, the Ambassador Bridge joins the U.S. and Canada in a breathtaking arc of light. The *Star of Detroit* turns, once again, and heads for home.

The buffet dinner is wonderful; a colourful array of food in pewter servers amidst leafy greens looks spectacular. A basket of sourdough rolls and whipped French butter awaits guests at each table. The *Star of Detroit* offers both a hot and cold buffet featuring three entrées; seafood, chicken or pasta and beef. This evening, the features include a seafood creole with monkfish, chicken pinwheels, spinach fettuccine with bacon, and roast tenderloin of beef.

Tempting salads are in abundance—tortellini, vinaigrette, chicken, baby shrimp and melon. A sauté of vegetables, broccoli, carrots, squashes, and redskin potatoes is another winning choice.

The wine list is entirely of California vintage, featuring three sparkling wines. Prices range from \$15 to \$33 per bottle. Michigan wines are available upon request. This evening the dessert choices include saccher torte.

After dinner, dance to live music or take a stroll on deck. There are two levels on which to enjoy the last moments of the three-hour cruise. The crew bids farewell, as passengers put their feet upon dry land. All in all, the dinner, the service and the view were definitely shipshape!

Located at the Hart Plaza Waterfront, Detroit, 465-7827. Brunch, lunch, dinner and cocktail cruises available. Lunch Monday-Friday 11 a.m.-1:30 p.m.; Brunch Saturday-Sunday 11 a.m.-1:30 p.m.; Dinner Saturday-Thursday 7-10 p.m.; Friday 9 p.m.-midnight; Cocktails 5:30-7:30 p.m. on Friday; Saturday 11 p.m.-1 a.m.; Sunday 3-5 p.m. (jazz). Call for prices and reservations. Live entertainment. MC, V.

the old-fashioned way." Also, choose from a seafood and steak selection, including a two-pound porterhouse. All desserts are made on the premises. Serving every day 11 a.m. until midnight. \$5.95-\$12.75. MC, V and Telecheck.

**National Coney Island**, 19019 Mack in Detroit, 881-5509. Savour your coney dog in style, amidst natural wood and hanging plants. 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.-midnight; Sunday 8 a.m.-10 p.m. \$3-\$6. No credit cards.

**Navy Yard Restaurant**, 252 Dalhousie St. in Amherstburg, Ontario, 519-736-6474. Share some Canadian heritage in this 1849 establishment on the water. Wooden bannisters, exposed brickwork, brass fixtures and fireplaces set the mood. Specialties include Salmon Wellington, Ontario Pork Tenderloin and Essex County Rabbit Stew. Public docking is available nearby. Summer hours: Monday-Saturday, lunch 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m. Monday-Thursday, dinner 5-9 p.m. Friday-Saturday 5-11 p.m. Sunday brunch 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m.;

dinner 3:30-9 p.m. \$7.75-\$16.95. AE, MC, V.

**The Old Place**, 15301 E. Jefferson on Beaconsfield in the Park, 822-4118. This formal dining room is filled with gorgeous antiques to occupy wandering eyes between courses. China dolls, wall hangings and old farm implements create a backdrop for tables beautifully set with white linen, pewter and crystal. The primarily American menu includes an occasional nod to the French. Chateaubriand, many veal dishes, rack of lamb, and prime rib on weekends. Open 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. Entertainment Wednesday-Saturday. \$10.95-\$16.95. AE, 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, crepes, omelettes and everything else on the menu are made from the freshest ingredients. The custard-filled apple pancakes topped with cinnamon glaze reign supreme. No bar. Daily 7 a.m.-9 p.m. \$3.50-\$5.95. No credit cards.

**Park Place Café**, 15402 Mack at Nottingham in the Park, 881-0550. A comfortable, contemporary spot in the Pointes. Park Place is known for its fresh fish (flounder, trout, orange roughy) and generous salads. Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-midnight; Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight; Sunday brunch 11 a.m.-3 p.m. \$9.95-\$14.95. AE, DC, MC, V.

**Pilot House**, 2362 Front Rd., LaSalle, Ontario, 519-734-8591. Enjoy the beautiful view of Grass Island and surroundings from this charming Canadian restaurant. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday there is dancing. Be sure to inquire about the dinner-cruise combination on their own yacht! Dining guests dock free. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-1 a.m., Sunday 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Prices up to \$12. AE, MC, V.

**Pontchartrain Wine Cellars**, 234 West Larned, Detroit, 963-1785. Across the street from the Pontchartrain Hotel, the decor here is very romantic—with fresh flowers and candlelight sure to enhance your veal cordon bleu, or the best snails in town. Beer and wine. Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m. and 5:30-9:30 p.m.; Saturday 5:30-11 p.m. \$12.25-\$18. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Portage Point Inn**, 8513 Portage Point Drive, Onokama, north of Manistee, 616-889-4222. Feast on a spread of fine country fare. The expansive picture windows offer a beautiful view of Portage Lake. Entertainment and dancing nightly. For a more casual atmosphere, step into the adjoining pub called The Casino. Docking is available. Lunch noon-1:30 p.m.; dinner 6:30-9 p.m. daily. Brunch on Sunday. \$5.95-\$15.95. AE, MC, V.

**The Rendezvous**, 12010 Riverside Drive East, Windsor, Ontario, 519-735-6021. The Vuicic Family serves an assortment of seafood in this authentic roadhouse overlooking Lake St. Clair. Enjoy the beautiful view from their newly-added room. There is entertainment on Friday and Saturday evenings. Docking is limited, but at no charge for dining guests. Monday-Thursday, noon-9:30 p.m.; Friday-Saturday, noon-11 p.m.; Sunday brunch 11 a.m.-2 p.m. and dinner 4-8 p.m. \$6.95-\$16.95. AE, DC, MC, V.

**St. Clair Inn Restaurant**, 500 N. Riverside in St. Clair, 329-2222. The linen and china-set tables add to the elegance of this traditional English dining room. Gaze over the St. Clair River while savouring entrées on the American menu, including fresh seafood and steaks. Breakfast Monday-Saturday 7-10:30 a.m.; Lunch 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m.; Dinner Monday-Thursday 5-10 p.m.; Friday-Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. Sunday breakfast 8 a.m.-noon, Dinner 1-9 p.m. \$12-\$20. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Shannon's Steak House**, 29370 S. River Rd., Mt. Clemens on the Clinton River, 469-7111. The Family's Irish heritage is reflected in the green-and-white decor. Fresh flowers enhance two new rooms. Shannon's specialized in prime aged beef. Summer features an outdoor barbecue! Docking is available. Breakfast is served, and catering is also offered. Open daily 11 a.m.-10 p.m. and until 2 a.m. on weekends. \$12.95-\$22.95. AE, MC, V.

**Sierra Station Cantina**, 15110 Mack in the Park, 822-1270. 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. Monday-Thursday and Sunday 4:30-11 p.m. Friday-Saturday 4:30 p.m.-2 a.m. \$5.25-\$7.75. MC, V.

**Sparky Herbets**, 15117 Kercheval in the Park, 822-0266. Stylish decor and a cream-of-the-crop crowd give this local favourite its flair. Everyone stops in to

talk, laugh and eat salads, pasta, rack of lamb, pheasant, fresh fish, beef tenderloin, and daily changing specials. A commendable wine list. Monday-Saturday 11:30-2 a.m.; Sunday noon-midnight, with brunch from noon-3 p.m. \$13.95-\$15. AE, DC, MC, V.

**Stafford's Bay View Inn**, Petoskey, (616) 347-2771. There are four dining rooms in this charming Victorian-style inn. Try the Roselawn Porch overlooking the bay. "Country Inn Cuisine" includes regional whitefish, lake trout, fresh produce, and pastries and breads prepared in on-premises bakery. Sunday brunch features malted waffles with choice of 15 toppings, 12-16 entrées, eggs Benedict, salads, fresh fruit, and more than two dozen breads, muffins and pastries, including danish, 7-layer cookies, lemon squares, cheesecakes and brownies. No wine or liquor. Breakfast 8-10 a.m., lunch 11:30 a.m.-2 p.m., dinner 6-9 p.m., Sunday brunch 10 a.m.-2 p.m. \$12-\$18.50, brunch \$11. AE, 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. No bar. Tuesday-Thursday and Sunday 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m.-10 p.m. \$6-\$9. 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 11:30-2 a.m.; Sunday 5:30 p.m.-midnight. \$3.25-\$6.95. MC, V.

**Tidewater Grill**, 18000 Vernier in Eastland Mall, Harper Woods, 527-1050. Seafood and fresh fish are the specialties, with the added delight of a mesquite grill. Dine cozily in an eclectic New England atmosphere. Open Monday-Thursday, 11 a.m.-11 p.m. (bar open until midnight); Friday and Saturday, 11 a.m.-midnight (bar open until 1 a.m.); Sunday, noon-9 p.m. \$5.75-\$10.95. AE, CB, MC, V.

**Tom's Oyster Bar**, 15016 Mack in the Park, 822-8664. Fresh shellfish in the Pointes! Oysters, crabcakes, softshell crabs—all prepared with finesse in this casual restaurant which resembles a New England saloon. Wood dominates the decor, from floor to walls to the old-fashioned bar. Checkered tablecloths complete the image. Monday-Saturday 5 p.m.-2 a.m. \$4.95-\$9.95. AE, MC, MTE, V.

**Vivo's**, 2460 Market Street, Detroit, 393-1711. A great

spot in the Eastern Market, serving everything from a farmer's breakfast (eggs, potatoes, N.Y. strip sirloin or ham and bacon and sausage, toast and jelly) to half-pound ground rounds, "knife and fork" sandwiches and full-course dinners. This is real food, as fresh as can be found anywhere. Servings are generous; prices, modest. And there are lots of nice little surprises—Dijon mustard on the table, Earl Grey tea, and a piano bar with singer. The eclectic clientele shows off the city at its best. Monday-Saturday 7 a.m.-9 p.m. Up to \$10.95. All credit cards.

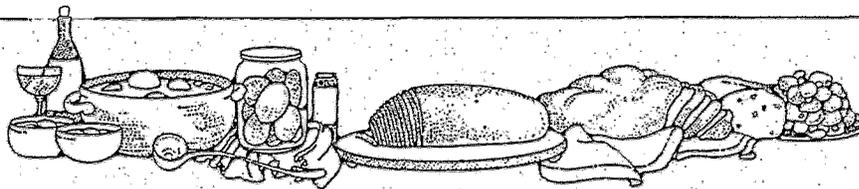
**Wimpy's**, 16543 E. Warren, Detroit, 881-5857. A casual and cozy little pub, where Pete and Diana Corio serve casual fare amidst friendly surroundings. Hamburgers, salads, chili, sandwiches, and a wide assortment of noshes. Wednesday and Friday feature fish-and-chips specials. Monday-Saturday 11-2 a.m. \$3.95-\$7.75. MC, V.

**Wong's**, 1463 University W. in Windsor, 519-252-8814. A tried-and-true favourite, this Chinese eatery remains firmly entrenched in first place. A dazzling variety of dishes, generously portioned and beautifully presented. Restrained decor and friendly, helpful service complete the picture. Lunch and dinner daily 11 a.m.-11:30 p.m. \$7-\$15. AE, MC, V.

**Woodbridge Tavern**, 289 St. Aubin, Warehouse District in Detroit, 259-0578. Enjoy a honky-tonk piano and the boisterous sing-alongs 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. Monday-Wednesday 11 a.m.-midnight. Thursday-Saturday 11 a.m.-2 a.m. Sunday 2-10 p.m. Up to \$11.95. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Wooden Nickel**, 18584 Mack in the Farms, 886-7510. 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. Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-9 p.m. \$2-\$6. No credit cards.

**Za Paul's**, 18450 Mack in the Farms, 881-3062. Generous portions of fresh pasta 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. Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m.-midnight, with entertainment; Lounge until 2 a.m. \$4.25-\$12. AE, MC, V.



### Fine Dining

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## Café Le Chat

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Sherry Herrmann

## TRAVEL

*continued from page 61*

sit on benches in front of the newspaper stand; the flower sellers have their tulips and roses spread out on the sidewalk along a whole city block. Across the bridge, the stalls sell everything you have ever seen in a department or hardware store: underwear, zippers, needlepoint, purses, Indian robes, jewelry, winter jackets, thread, plastic flowers.

Beyond that, across another busy street full of carpet vendors, an abundance of meats, fish, fruits, cheeses and other foods of the area are sold in a covered market hall. The whole scene is embroidered with street entertain-

ment. On the bridge a beggar puts a cat on top of a dog and holds out his cap for the reward. By the flower stalls, three young people play bagpipes and an Irish drum for the centimes they can gather for lunch.

**FRIDAY:** The week is slipping away from us! Today we go through the Malpas Tunnel, visit the remains of a Roman village on the top of a nearby hill, and get ready for Laurent's *pièce de résistance*, an eight-course meal known as the Captain's Dinner. He has been slaving away in his closet-sized kitchen all day.

It is time to write the postcards I have been ignoring all week. "Dear

Bettie: Wish you were here. If you like relaxation and food, with a little touring on the side, you will enjoy a week on a hotel barge like this—climbing uphill to an ancient Roman village or watching the lockkeepers take you down the seven locks of the Fonsérane into Béziers.

The setting is interesting, as long as you don't need discotheques. The food is wonderful, but bring an extra pair of slacks, in a larger-than-usual size, to wear on the plane home." ♦

*For more information, contact Floating Through Europe, 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.*

## WELCOME TO THE CLUB

*continued from page 125*

was said to be one of the largest ever raided. Eighteen beer vats, each with a 750-gallon capacity, were in place. Twelve of them were filled.)

Hank Maison also parked cars at Blossom Heath. He twitches slightly as he recalls one harrowing incident.

"This guy drives up in this brand new Packard; it couldn't have had much more than eleven miles on it. I got in that beauty and parked it, but I hit another car next to it and took the door off the new Packard. Was I scared when the guy came out and wanted his car! He didn't even say anything when he saw the door. The guy got in his car, tipped me, and said, 'Don't worry, kid; I'm gettin' a new Packard in the morning.'"

Maison helped clean around Blossom Heath, even polishing the solid brass spittoons. When things were "hot" around the Heath or Lido, long, dark, four-door Caddys and Packards would speed across twelve-inch-thick ice in the dead of night and winter to hustle ashore into some local resident's garage. A friend of Maison owned a garage at Martin Road (11½ Mile Road). A black car "would enter the garage at night, the door would be shut tight, and the snow would soon melt off the car," Hank says. "In a couple of days, when everything seemed calm, the car would be gone, with its bootleg cargo inside," he continues. "You did what you had to do in those days to make a buck. That garage friend of mine made \$40 a night on that loaded car; it kept food on the table for his family."

Hank Maison admits that what was done was illegal, but "everybody's

got a price. Even today," he says. "If you got caught, it was ten, twenty, or thirty years in the slammer. The point is, times were tough, and you didn't sit around wondering if you were happy enough, 'cuz ya had to work to eat," he says, as he folded his hands in his lap.

Gus Blumline has a different theory on the times. "Bootlegging was something you did for a living, and it really wasn't that bad unless you got caught," he says.

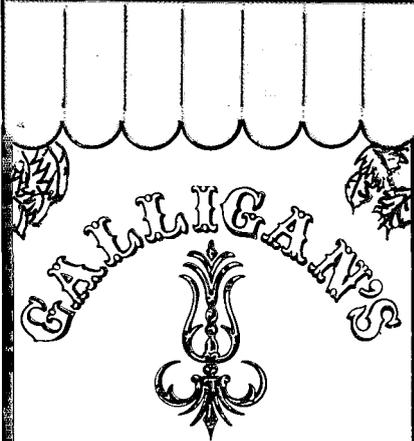
Memories of the Prohibition era in St. Clair Shores still linger today. Take the journey back along Jefferson

Avenue. Stop at Lido or the Rec Center. Take the time to go down by the shoreline on a quiet moonlit night. Listen. You can almost hear the clink of glasses, the hush of voices, the abrupt slam of a door and the far-distant roar of a diesel-engined "lugger" charging up somewhere in Canada.

A peephole opens nearby, and a voice says, "Yeh?"

"Joe sent me," comes the answer. A door opens just enough to let you squeeze through. ♦

*Linda Sprinkle teaches journalism and creative writing at Lakeview High School in St. Clair Shores.*



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## CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

*continued from page 72*

has organized a Defence Club and is soliciting help from the Australian people to finance the 1987 race. The NYYC is equally determined to bring the Cup back. Cadillac, *America II's* main corporate sponsor, is producing ten limited-edition El Dorados. Tommy Fisher gleefully admitted that he'd already arranged to purchase one of the special-edition Cadillacs, but he'll replace the *America II* decals with *Heart of America* decals and bring the America's Cup triumphantly to the Midwest in it. "None of the other American

boats can touch us," he said confidently.

"I'm almost glad that *Liberty* didn't win the America's Cup in 1983," Fisher stated. "It would have spoiled a lot of fun. . . . Taking the cup away from the Aussies will be the greatest of joys and the culmination of a lot of yachting careers, including mine." ◇

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*Lynne Guitar sheepishly admits she's never been on a sailboat larger than a Sunfish. But Mr. Fisher's enthusiasm is contagious; she's ready and willing to learn if anyone needs a deckhand.*

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## ARCHITECTURE

*continued from page 45*

see-through shades, utilized when the sunlight became too intense. The house was specifically designed for the view, the Parcels reasoned, so they weren't about to shut it out.

In ordinary neighborhoods, residents become familiar with the mail carrier and routinely wave "hello" to him. On the lake, however, residents such as the Parcels wave greetings to the Coast Guard helicopter pilot. Anne says that, after a while, you feel responsible for the people out on the water. Every time a wind came up and a sailboat tipped over, she would call the Coast Guard. Anne and Frank also rescued three dogs that had slipped into the icy spring water.

From the beginning, the Parcels, like the present owners, Stanton Kinnie Smith, Jr. and his wife, Mary Beth, adored the sense of living inside and outside simultaneously. Frank says they watched the water, the racing sailboats, the kids playing at the nearby park, and the storms, sometimes with trepidation, but always with delight.

In 1985, after fifteen years there, the Parcels moved to smaller quarters in the Farms, an emotional departure, but necessary, due to the shrinking family syndrome; the house had become too large for them.

The Parcels miss the superb acoustics that make the house perfect for a party. They miss the endless parade of clouds and freighters and, in the winter, the solitude. What they won't miss, however, is the feeling that it was never really their own home. Though the curiosity-seekers dissipated once the area built up around them, architectural students continued to drop by. Anne grew weary of having to have the place constantly picked up, as if it were a museum instead of a home.

In January 1985, Kinnie Smith, vice-chairman of American Natural Resources Company, and Mary Beth Smith, a writer, moved into the house. Kinnie remembers that his first impression of the house was that it would make life different. Its atmosphere would dictate a heightening of one's senses. Mary Beth agrees, but what also attracted her was its asymmetric balance, its clean, pure lines, or, in her words, "understated emotionalism."

The Smiths have purposely left some walls blank, enjoying instead the ever-changing view of clouds and sea vessels marching by the house's lake side, and the changing trees on the house's back side.

"This house," Mary Beth says, "makes you glad to be

alive, its light awakening you early in the morning, the play of light and shadows as the day progresses. There isn't anything in the house that keeps your eye in." Looking out, she can feel nature's tranquillity envelop her one moment; in the next, she can feel the dramatic, sensual side of nature.

The house particularly lends itself to creativity, a point not lost on writer Mary Beth. At night, especially when there's a full moon and the stars are free of cloud cover, the Smiths frequently turn off the lights in order to drink in the night sky. Mary Beth says the view makes her feel as if she is watching an MGM movie on a large screen. An electrical storm, the Smiths contend, is more dramatic than the Fourth of July. In the winter, the lake changes constantly, with the ice moving out one day, a sheet being bulldozed into a mound the next day, and so on. One imagines the feeling is akin to living in the Arctic, with the added bonus of having a city and neighbours nearby.

Inside and out, plant life flourishes. And, added to the pleasure of watching people on and about the water, there is abundant wildlife: a family of wood ducks, a swan, hawks, pheasants, birds, mallards, muskrats and jumping fish. Kinnie says that living here is the same as living outdoors all of the time—without the bugs. Even inside, he has to change clothes as if he were outdoors. As the sun makes its way across the sky, he may feel warm for a while, then cool as it passes beyond him. The Smiths agree that when people can sense themselves being a part of nature, it is healthy for both mind and spirit.

Going back to Rudolph's philosophy—that the end product of architecture is the creation of space that has an appropriate psychological environment—Mary Beth describes the house: "With the height and grandeur of this house, Rudolph managed to keep, in size, the same dimension as man. For example, the arches outside are at man's level, but then you look to the spectacular height and that gives you a sense of reaching upward, and fosters uplifting thoughts without getting disoriented. Man has to sense himself in his own dimension first," she says, "and then he can reach out to other dimensions. These are the things that stimulate the mind and the creative processes. This is truly an emotionally healthy house." ◇

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*Nancy Solak is a Grosse Pointe freelance writer and editor. Her work has appeared several times in HERITAGE.*



## engagements

Don't let the August heat get you down. There's always something exciting happening at our local beaches, the Detroit Zoological Gardens, Greenfield Village or the Michigan State Fair; or enjoy air-conditioned exhibits at the Henry Ford Museum, Detroit Institute of Art, Detroit Historical Museum or Detroit Science Center. Wish on a shooting star during a break from dancing on a romantic Boblo Moonlight Cruise, or during the cabaret at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Tired of the local scene? It's a short drive to Holly, the new location of the Michigan Renaissance Festival, to Northville to see a play at the historic Marquis Theatre, or to Milford to see a polo match. You could visit one or more of the forty-three art fairs taking place across the state this month, or visit Africa, Poland, Mexico or Latin America, vicariously, at the Hart Plaza, ethnic festivals. End a busy, fun-filled month at the uplifting Montreaux-Detroit Jazz Festival.



Motor Muster at Greenfield Village. August 9 and 10.



Rolls Royce U.S. Polo Association Circuit Championship. August 10.

### ongoing

Put a little more light in your summer with the "Shine on Electrons" exhibit at the **Detroit Science Center**, a hands-on learning experience that's fun, and that explains about light and electricity. A film festival begins in August at the Center (through Labor Day), adding extra excitement to the many exhibits and demonstrations that make science a fun learning experience. 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Tuesday - Sunday. \$4 adults, \$3 children ages 6-12, 75¢ children ages 4 & 5. 5020 John R, Detroit, 577-8400. When you're visiting the Michigan State Fair, don't miss "Sparks, Light and Atoms," the Detroit Science Center's presentation. Daily at 2 p.m. in the Community Art Building, August 22 - September 1.

Detroit's only floating dance floor, the **Boblo Moonlight Cruises** depart the Detroit dock (behind Joe Louis Arena) every Friday and Saturday night at 11 p.m., returning at 1 a.m. \$9.95 per person. Bands range from rock & roll, country western, jazz and big band sound, to oldies-but-goodies and Top Forty. Call 259-9500 for schedule and more information.

### through August 17

Last chance to see the largest exhibition of this century devoted to the First Painter to King Louis XV, **Francois Boucher 1703-1770**; paintings, tapestries and ceramics. Special Exhibition Galleries of the Detroit Institute of Art. 5200 Woodward Ave., Detroit. 833-7963.

### through August 17

A new musical comedy, **The Ballad of Conrad and Loretta** by Christopher Reed and Ronald Martell, replaces the originally scheduled play at the Attic Theatre. Two down-and-outers, Conrad is a guitar-playing cowboy and Loretta an ex-lady-of-the-night who fall in and out of love, and become country-western stars, to the tune of lively

country and rock tunes. \$9 - \$12. Thursday and Friday 8 p.m., Saturday 5:30 and 9 p.m., Sunday 2:30 and 6:30 p.m. 3031 West Grand Blvd. at Third Avenue, Detroit. 875-8284.

### through August 18

More than 40 quilts from the Detroit Historical Museum's collection are featured in **The Thrifty Art: A Social History of Quilting**. Films and lectures focus on the historical importance of American quilting, particularly as a women's art form, and the contributions made to our cultural heritage. Free. 5401 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. 833-1805.

### through August 28

Movies will be shown twice a week at the **Grosse Pointe Public Library (Central)**. Movies for pre-schoolers are Tuesdays from 2- 2:30 p.m. and include "Dr. Seuss on the Loose," "Little Engine That Could" and "Monkey Who Would be King." Movies for school age children are Thursdays from 2 - 2:45 p.m. and include "Rip Van Winkle," "Emperor's New Clothes" and "King of the Cats." 10 Kercheval, G. P. Farms, 343-2074.

### through August 30

The **American Association of University Women** is collecting books of all kinds for their annual Used Book Sale on September 23 - 28 at the Salem Memorial Church. Collection barrels are located at Damman Hardware in Grosse Pointe Village, Kroger on Marter Road, and Farmer Jack at I-94 and Harper. For pick-up call 884-3432 or 881-9588.

More than forty exquisitely detailed Chinese snuff bottles from the **Bai Shi Collection** are on special exhibit in the Cavanagh Wing of the Detroit Institute of Art. 5200 Woodward Ave., Detroit. 833-7963.

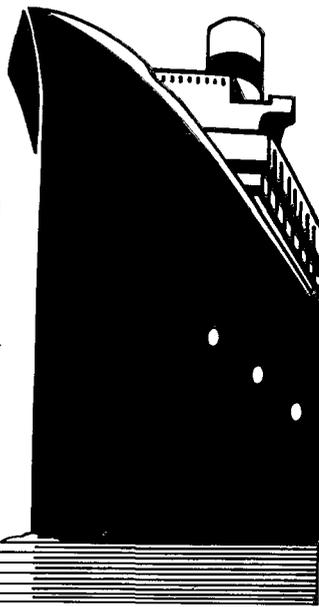
Recent works by Michigan artists, selected by open jury, comprise the **Summer Gallery Show** at the Detroit Institute of Art. 5200 Woodward Ave., Detroit. 833-7963.

by LYNNE GUITAR

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## through September 5

Single tickets are now available for the 1986 **Miller Music at Pine Knob** shows featuring such big names as Alabama, The Beach Boys, Willie Nelson, Julian Lennon, Bob Dylan, Jimmy Buffet, Billy Crystal, the Oak Ridge Boys, Hank Williams, the Eurythmics, and more. \$10 - \$16.50. Pine Knob Music Theatre, Clarkston. More information, 423-6666.

## through September 7

New acquisitions of woodcuts, lithographs, screenprints, etchings and aquatints by modern masters, plus works by younger printmakers, demonstrate the vitality and wide range of **Contemporary Prints** in the Detroit Institute of Art's Schwarz Graphic Arts Galleries. 5200 Woodward Ave., Detroit. 833-7963.

## through September 7

In honour of the centennial of her birth, see **The Photography of Imogen Cunningham: A Centennial Selection** comprising 100 vintage prints. The Detroit Institute of Art, 5200 Woodward Ave., Detroit. 833-7900.

## through October 17

Photographs and memorabilia from 1916 to present highlight the 25th running of the Gold Cup Race on the Detroit River in an exhibit, **The Gold Cup: The Symbol of Achievement**, at the Dossin Great Lakes Museum. There is also a special exhibit of hydroplane racing artwork by marine artist Paul LaMarre. Wednesday through Sunday 10 a.m. - 5:45 p.m. 100 The Strand, Belle Isle.

## August 1

P'jazz Plus presents **Paquito D'Rivera**, performing under the stars on the Outdoor Terrace. \$11.50 general; \$14.50 reserved. Overnight or weekend packages available. Hotel Pontchartrain, 2 Washington Blvd., Detroit. 965-0200.

## August 1 and 2

Last chance to view "**Homework**," **Art of the Plasker Family**, the multi-media art works of a talented Grosse Pointe mother, father, two sons and three daughters. Thursday - Saturday 2-6 p.m. Gallery 55 Peterboro, 55 Peterboro, Detroit.

## August 1, 2 and 3

Si, si! Enjoy the **Latin American Festival** at Hart Plaza, Downtown Detroit next to the Renaissance Center. 224-1184. Free of Charge.

## August 3

The DIA presents **Brunch with Bach** in the Kresge Court at 10 and 11:30 a.m. with Mr. B, a piano blues and boogie woogie player. \$8.50 full brunch, \$7.50 continental brunch, \$3 stairway seats. Advance reservations required, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. Call 832-2730 for tickets.

Paavo Berglund conducts the **Detroit Symphony Orchestra** at Meadow Brook. Features Sibelius' "Symphony No. 2" and "Violin Concerto" (Viktoria Mullova, violinist), and selections of Grieg's "Symphonic Dances." 8 p.m. \$12-16 pavilion, \$8 lawn. Tickets, 877-2010.

## August 4

Fireworks highlight the patriotic concert by the **Grosse Pointe Symphony** that closes the Grosse Pointe Summer Music Festival. Lawn \$6.50, reserved seating \$10, picnic suppers \$6.50 (reserve 3 days in advance). Grounds open 6 p.m., concert begins 8 p.m. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms. 881-7511.

## August 5

See the Hiram Walker Distillery and Old Walkerville, a community owned by the Walker family, followed by lunch at The Rendezvous, a 1920's era roadhouse, as the Grosse Pointe War Memorial sponsors a **Tour of Windsor, Ontario**. After lunch, see the Peace Foundation at Coventry Gardens and shop at Devonshire Mall. 881-7511 for information and reservations.

## August 6 through September 3

This is the 7th season of **Wednesdays in the Park** free concerts at New Center Park, sponsored by WJR/WHYT Radio and the New Center Foundation. Line-up includes the Polish Muslims (August 6), Renaissance Festival Preview (August 13), Sun Messengers (August 20), Domino (August 27), and Steve King and the Dittlies (September 3). Thursday rain dates. Concerts 11:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. Second Avenue and West Grand Boulevard, Detroit. 872-0188.

## August 7

Students in grades 6-8 can play it cool at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's **Hot August Night** dance. 7:30-10:30 p.m. \$3.50 in advance only. 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms. 881-7511.

Daniel Nazareth conducts the **Detroit Symphony Orchestra** at Meadow Brook. Features Tchaikovsky's "Violin Concerto" (Gordon Staples, violinist) and "1812 Overture" with cannons and Stravinsky's suite from "The Firebird." 8 p.m. \$12-16 pavilion, \$10 lawn. Ticket, 877-2010.

## August 7 through September 5

Neil Simon's comedy, **Prisoner of Second Avenue**, entertains diners in The Reef's new dinner theatre room. \$16 per person includes dinner, theatre and tax; drinks extra.

Friday and Saturday, dinner at 6 - 6:30 p.m., performance at 7:30 p.m. Reservations are a must. The Reef, 3532 Military (on the river, 1 mile north of Gratiot), Port Huron. 984-5191.

**August 8**

PJazz Plus presents **Alexander Zonjic**, performing under the stars on the Outdoor Terrace. \$8.50 general; \$11.50 reserved. Overnight or weekend packages available. Hotel Pontchartrain, 2 Washington Blvd., Detroit. 965-0200.

**August 8 and 9**

Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamore star in **"They Got Me Covered"** at the Redford Theatre, with rousing music provided by the Motor City Theatre Organ Society. \$2. Box office opens at 6:30 p.m.; doors open 7 p.m.; organ interlude 7:30 p.m.; movie begins 8 p.m. 17360 Lasher Road, Detroit. 537-1133.

**August 8, 9 and 10**

Polka party! Enjoy the **Polish Festival** at Hart Plaza. Downtown Detroit next to the Renaissance Center. 224-1184. Free of charge.

**August 8 through September 13**

Vintage comedy (1916), **Nothing But the Truth** by James Montgomery, is about a young man who bets, for money and the hand of his boss' daughter, that he can tell "nothing but the truth" for 24 hours. 8:30 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays, Henry Ford Museum Theater, Dearborn. 271-1620.

**August 9**

Detroit Symphony Pops presents **An Evening in Old Vienna** at Meadow Brook featuring Charles Greenwell, conductor; Louise Russell, soprano; and John Walker, tenor. 8 p.m. \$17 pavilion, \$11 lawn. Tickets, 877-2010.

The town of Hessel in the Les Cheneaux Islands, Upper Peninsula, is host to the unique **Hessel Antique Boat Show** featuring wooden boats of all classifications, but primarily runabouts built in the '20s, '30s and '40s. A Canadian drum and bugle corps, complete with kilts and bagpipes, entertains, and an arts & crafts festival runs concurrently with the boat show. 10 a.m.-late afternoon. Call Les Cheneaux Chamber of Commerce for more information, (906) 484-3935.

**August 9**

Exhibits stressing educational safety and urging child participation predominate the **Children's Hospital of Michigan's Educational Health Fair**. There is also entertainment and a drawing for a free child's back-to-school physical, and many giveaways. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Free of charge. Northland Mall in Southfield. Call 745-5826 for more information.

**August 9 and 10**

Greenfield Village presents **Motor Muster**, a salute to the dream machines (cars, trucks, motorcycles and bicycles) of the 1930s, '40s and '50s. Enjoy parades, demonstrations, a license plate and hubcap rally, car drawing lessons, live music and more. Standard admission. Open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 271-1620.

**August 10**

The DIA presents **Brunch with Bach** in the Kresge Court at 10 and 11:30 a.m., featuring Chet Bogan's Wolverine Jazz Band. \$8.50 full brunch, \$7.50 continental brunch, \$3 stairway seats. Advance reservations required. 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. Call 833-2730 for tickets.

General admission to the **Rolls Royce U. S. Polo Association Circuit Championship** is just \$5; Benefit Tickets for the March of Dimes, which include preferred seating, Western BBQ and dancing, are \$50. Champion teams from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania will be competing to qualify for the finals in Dallas. 2770 North Milford, 2 1/2 miles north of the Village of Milford. Phone 423-3200 for March of Dimes Benefit Tickets.

Daniel Nazareth conducts the **Detroit Symphony Orchestra** at Meadow Brook. Features Tchaikovsky's "Piano Concerto No. 1" (Jose Feghali, pianist, winner of the 1985 Van Cliburn Competition) and "1812 Overture" with cannons, and Stravinsky's suite from "The Firebird." 8 p.m. \$12-16 pavilion, \$10 lawn. Tickets, 877-2010.

**August 11**

Last chance to reserve seats on the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's two-day **Trip to Amish Country** in northern Indiana on August 13 and 14. Includes tours of Amish Acres, an 80-acre historic farm, Notre Dame University, the Shipshewana Flea Market, and the Cheese Factory in Middlebury. \$129 per person, double occupancy. Information and reservations, 881-7511.

**August 12**

Cruise the Thames River on "The Lady Thames" paddle wheel boat on the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's **Tour of Historic Chatham, Ontario**. In addition to the 3-hour cruise, the trip includes a guided tour of the city and lunch at the Rossini Italian Restaurant, plus free time for shopping. Information and reservations, 881-7511.

**August 13**

Come to the cabaret! Bring a picnic to the Grosse Pointe War Memorial and dance under the stars to the big band sound of **Chet Bogan and the Wolverine Jazz Band with Vocalist, Dixiebell**. \$6 in advance, \$6.50 at the door. Grounds open 6 p.m., concert 7:30-10 p.m. 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms. 881-7511.

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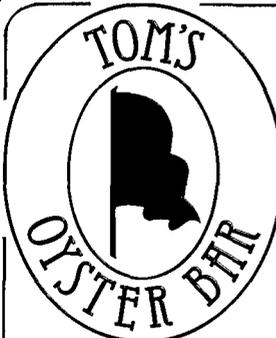
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## Daddy's Girls

Play by a Pointer Premieres

Gwenn Bashara-Samuel, proprietress of the Grosse Pointe Book Village and long-time member/publicist of the Grosse Pointe Theatre Group, has written a comedy, *Daddy's Girls*, that will have its world premiere at the Golden Lion dinner theatre on Friday, September 12 (runs every Friday and Saturday through October 25). Dennis Wickline, the play's producer, proudly notes that *Daddy's Girls* begins the fifth season of dinner theatre at the Golden Lion, though this is the first time the Golden Lion has premiered a completely original work.

*Daddy's Girls*, which has been polished by members of the Grosse Pointe Theatre in a series of workshops, is about a family's reactions to the loss of a loved one. "It's an unusual basis for a comedy," said Wickline. "*Daddy's Girls* has serious overtones, but is truly funny."

The play will be directed by Bashara-Samuel, the author. The cast had not yet been chosen when HERITAGE spoke to her, but will consist of five women and three men. This is Bashara-Samuel's first play, but she has previously written for *Detroit* magazine, was a copywriter with a Los Angeles firm, and handles publicity for the Grosse Pointe Theatre.

Ticket price of \$21.95 per person includes dinner, show, tax and gratuity. Cocktails are at 7 p.m., dinner at 7:30 p.m.; the play follows dessert. Golden Lion, 22380 Moross, Detroit (across from St. John Hospital). Call 886-2420 for reservations and more information.

Meadow Brook hosts a special appearance of the **New York Philharmonic**, Leonard Bernstein conducting. Features Bernstein's overture to "Candide" and "Serenade for Violin Solo, Strings and Percussion," and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique." 8 p.m. \$31-35 pavilion, \$15 lawn. Tickets, 877-2010.

### August 15

PJazz Plus presents **John Scofield**, performing under the stars on the Outdoor Terrace. \$9.50 general; \$12.50 reserved. Overnight or weekend packages available. Hotel Pontchartrain, 2 Washington Blvd., Detroit. 965-0200.

Last chance to make reservations for the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's **Tour of Iceland: Land of Fire and Ice**, October 5-9. Iceland is an intriguing land, a land rich in Viking heritage and with incomparable scenery. Call 881-7511 for cost and complete itinerary.

Final day to make reservations for The Neighborhood Club's **Harbor Springs Trip**, September 19-24 \$409 per person, based on double occupancy, covers transportation, food and lodging at the beautiful Harbor Inn on the Bay. See Mackinac, Traverse City and Petoskey in their autumn colours. Call 885-4600.

### August 15, 16 and 17

Ole! Try a tempting taste of Mexico at Hart Plaza during the **Mexican Festival**. Downtown Detroit next to the Renaissance Center. 224-1184. Free of charge.

### August 16 through September 28

The new kingdom of Hollygrove has been opened by the **Michigan Renaissance Festival**. King Edward and Queen Kathryn invite you to join them there for "A Tapestry of Fantasy" that features the music, dances, food, crafts and games of Ye Merry Olde 16th Century. Dress up or come as you are. The fun begins the weekend of August 16-17 and continues every weekend and Labor Day through September 27-28 (each weekend has its own unique theme). Tickets range from \$5.95 (early reserve) to \$7.95 at the gate for adults; from \$2 to \$3.50 for children ages 5-12. All music, theatre and equestrian events are included. Group rates available. Festival operates rain or shine, 10 a.m. - 7 p.m. For more information, write the Michigan Renaissance Festival, 700 East Maple, Birmingham, MI 48011 or phone 645-9640. Note that this year's festival

is at a new location-one mile north of Mt. Holly on the Dixie Highway between Pontiac and Flint. From Grosse Pointe, get to I-75 Northbound and exit at 93, Dixie Highway/Waterford. Merge right and drive nine miles north. Festival is on the left.

**August 21**

Kids, dress up as your favorite literary character for the Grosse Pointe Public Library's **Costume Party** celebrating a summer of reading. Enjoy games, favors, entertainment, door prizes and grand prize drawing. 10:30 a.m., 10 Kercheval, G. P. Farms, 343-2074. Free of charge.

**August 22**

Last P'jazz Plus concert of the year presents **Norma Jean Bell**, performing under the stars on the Outdoor Terrance. \$8.50 general; \$11.50 reserved. Overnight or weekend packages available. Hotel Pontchartrain, 2 Washington Blvd., Detroit. 965-0200.

**August 22, 23 and 24**

The mysterious continent unveils its secrets during the **African World Festival** at Hart Plaza. Downtown Detroit next to the Renaissance Center. 224-1184. Free of charge.

Gain energy through a weekend of healthy living, exercise and fun at **Kalosomatics Summer Fitness Camp** at Rose City in Northern Michigan. Rustic log cabins nestled in the woods, a quiet lake and private beaches enrich the experience. \$150. Sponsored by Assumption Cultural Center, 21800 Marter Road, St. Clair Shores. 779-6111.

**August 22 through September 1**

Food, fun, exhibits of all kinds — something for kids of all ages at the **Michigan State Fair**. Michigan State Fair Grounds, 1120 W. State Fair, Detroit.

**August 23**

The **Children's Concert Series at Meadow Brook** concludes with "Pocketful of Rhymes," favorite Mother Goose stories acted, danced and sung by the Detroit Institute of Arts Prince Street Players. 11 a.m. \$3.50. Tickets, 877-2010.

**August 23 and 24**

Engine buffs will see everything from scale models to antique tractors at work during **Gas and Steam Engine Weekend** at Greenfield Village. Standard admission. Dearborn. Open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 271-1620.

**August 24**

The DIA presents **Brunch with Bach** in the Kresge Court at 10 and 11:30 a.m., featuring The Balduck Mountain Ramblers. \$8.50 full brunch, \$7.50 continental brunch, \$3 stairway seats. Advance reservations required. 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. Call 833-2730 for tickets.

**August 27**

A gala evening of men's, women's and children's fashions, the **Annual Fashion Spectacular** presented by The Fashion Group takes place at Fairlane Manor this year. The show includes the latest styles from Hudson's, Saks, Bonwit Teller, Dittrich Furs, Roz & Sherm Boutique, Loretta Lorion Children's Shop, and Linda Dresner. 6 p.m. Hors d'oeuvres and a cash bar. Advance tickets \$30; patron advance tickets \$50 (includes reserved seating and Afterglow Party); \$40 at the door. Fairlane Manor, 19000 Hubbard, Dearborn. Call John Robert Powers for tickets or more information, 569-1234.

**August 27 through September 1**

Jazz up your Labor Day Weekend by participating in the 7th annual **Montreux-Detroit Jazz Festival**. The festival features an opening night Boblo Cruise, four days of free concerts at Hart Plaza (August 28-31), RAPA House Jam Sessions at the Top of the Pontch, and a new event this year, Jazz at Ren Cen, with three concurrent jazz acts at one central location. Legendary jazz singers Helen Merrill and Joe Williams perform, as well as the Neville Brothers, The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, and trumpeter Miles Davis. Concert tickets range from \$6-\$20 and are available at Ticketworld, AAA ticketing locations and the Festival Box Office in Tower 300 of the Renaissance Center, Detroit. 259-5400 for more information.

**August 28**

Zubin Mehta conducts the **Israel Philharmonic** at Meadow Brook, co-sponsored by the Jewish Welfare Foundation. Features Beethoven's "Symphony No. 2" and Tchaikovsky's "Symphony No. 4." 8 p.m. \$26-30 pavilion, \$14 lawn. Tickets, 877-2010.

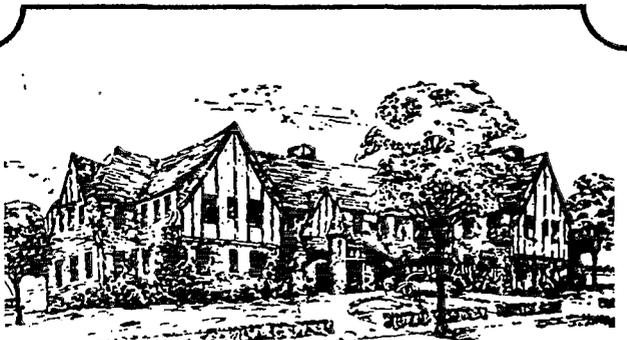
**August 30**

Last chance to register for classes at **Bon Secours Hospital Health and Fitness Center**. Classes begin the week of September 15 and include Coed Fitness, Personal Conditioning, Fitness is Ageless, "Back" in Shape, Prenatal/Postnatal Exercise, Youth Body Works, Healthy Eating, "Nutri-Tech," Systematic Stress Management, and Freedom from Smoking. Call 343-1518 for fees, schedules and registration information.

**Beginning in September**

The **Council of Sponsors** of the Grosse Pointe War Memorial invites you to become a member and receive a dollar discount on all Council programs throughout the year. Membership fee \$10. 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms. 881-7511.

Swing your partner, do-si-do to the **Plus-Level Square Dance Lessons** every Tuesday at Monteith School, sponsored by the Grosse Pointe Council of Square Dance Clubs. 7:45 - 10:15 p.m. Caller, Ken Crowley. Couples only; \$4 night. 1275 Cook Road, G.P. Woods. 263-0548 for more information.



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# Michigan: An Artists' Haven

## A Sampler of Art Fairs Across the State

August 1-2, Coast Guard Craft Fair, Grand Haven; 1-3, Homecoming Art Fair, Dearborn; 1-2, Downtown Sturgis Arts/Crafts Festival, Sturgis; 2, Art in the Park, Holland; 2, Waterfront Art Festival, Escanaba; 2-3, Ship and Shore Festival, New Buffalo; 2-3, Lexington Fine Arts Fair, Lexington; 2-3, Art & Crafts Show, Rogers City; 2-3, Flint Bluegrass Festival/Fair, Flint; 2-3, E. Jordan Portside Arts Fair, East Jordan; 2-3, Tawas Bay Waterfront Art Festival, Tawas City; 2-3, Frankenmuth Art Fair, Frankenmuth; 5, Sault Summer Arts Festival, Sault Ste. Marie; 7-8, Summerfest Fine Arts Fair, Sterling Heights; 8-9, Allen Park Street Art Fair, Allen Park; 9, Fremont Outdoor Art Fair, Fremont; 9, Waterfront Art Fair, Charlevoix; 9, Beechwood Hills Summerfest, Hopkins; 9, Les Cheneaux Festival of Arts, Hessel; 9, Manchester Street Fair, Manchester; 9, North Muskegon Art Fair, North Muskegon; 9-10, Shelby Township Art Fair, Shelby Township (Utica); 9-10, Eagle Harbor Arts & Crafts, Eagle Harbor; 9-10, Michaywe' Arts & Crafts Fair, Gaylord; 9-10, Victorian Art Fair, West Branch; 9-10, Grand Marais Music Arts Festival, Grand Marais; 9-10, Waterfront Arts & Crafts, Three Rivers; 15-16, Danish Festival Art Fair, Greenville; 16, Art on the Mall, Kalamazoo; 16, Arts & Crafts Fair, Nunica; 16, Animal Art Fair, Battle Creek; 16, Arts & Crafts Fair, Saugatuck; 16, Frankfort Outdoor Art Fair, Frankfort; 16-17, Arts & Crafts Fair, Canton Township; 16-17, Art at Meadowbrook, Rochester; 22-23, Hastings Summer Festival, Hastings; 22-24 Ypsilanti Heritage Festival, Ypsilanti; 23-24, Art

at the Center, Fenton; 24, Nature Art Show and Sale, Lansing; 24, Pioneer Day, Port Huron; 30, Buchanan Art Fair, Buchanan; 30-31, Arts Dockside '86, St. Ignace; 30-31, Harrisville Arts & Craft Show, Harrisville.

September 5-7, Wheatland Music Festival, Remus; 6-7, Folk Art & Country Crafts, Detroit; 6-7, Wiard's Orchards Arts Festival, Ypsilanti; 6-7, PCAC Artists & Craftsmen Show, Plymouth; 6-7, Occasion for the Arts, Marshall; 10-14, Fine Arts & Crafts Show, Saginaw; 13, Country Craft & Folk Art Show, Chelsea; 13, Romulus Crafts & Farmers Fair, Romulus; 13, Art in the Park, Flint; 13, Grosse Pointe Artists Festival, Grosse Pointe Farms; 13-14, Wiard's Orchards Arts Festival, Ypsilanti; 13-14, Art N Apples, Rochester; 13-14, Fine Arts & Crafts, Jackson; 13-14, Fall Art Fair, Midland; 13-14, Art in the Park, Birmingham; 17-21, Fine Arts & Crafts Show, Flint; 19-21, Crafts & Cider Festival, Clarkston; 20, Fall Harvest Arts/Crafts Show, Birmingham; 20, Arts & Crafts Fair, Saugatuck; 20, 9th Annual Free Fall Art Fair, Brighton; 20-21, Wiard's Orchards Arts Festival, Ypsilanti; 20-21, Country Craft Bazaar, New Boston; 20-21, Milford's Fine Craft Festival, Milford; 21, Freedom Hill Arts & Crafts Show, Sterling Heights; 26-27, Folk Art Show & Sale, Flint; 27, Creative Craft Corral, Wyoming; 27-28, Wiard's Orchards Arts Festival, Ypsilanti; 27-28, Fall Arts & Crafts Show, Midland; 27-28, Fallasburg Fall Festival, Lowell; 28, Craft Gallery, Garden City.

For more information, contact the Michigan Council for the Arts, 256-3731 in Detroit.

### September 2

You can take a bite out of the Big Apple if you reserve by today for a weekend **Trip to New York City** sponsored by the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, October 17-20. Stay at the famed Waldorf Astoria Hotel. \$589 per person, double occupancy. Complete itinerary and reservations, 881-7511.

### September 3

Fall semester begins for **Grosse Pointe Public Schools**.

### September 4 to 7

Kalamazoo and Paw Paw celebrate their 6th annual **Michigan Wine & Harvest Festival** with ethnic food fests, Bedlam 500 (a bed race through downtown Kalamazoo on September 4), a 10K footrace and Champagne Challenge Cup Race (participants carry trays of filled champagne glasses), a Fine Arts Exhibit and Sale with works from more than 100 Midwest artists, and, of course, wine tasting and fruit juice tasting sponsored by Warner Vineyard, St. Julian Wine Company, Tabor Hill Wine, Cellars and Bronte Vineyards. For a complete list of events, their dates and times, call the Kalamazoo County Convention and Visitors Bureau at (616) 381-4003.

### September 5, 6 and 7

The warm nature of this northern people is readily apparent at the **Yugoslav Festival**, Hart Plaza, Downtown Detroit next to the Renaissance Center. 224-1184. Free of Charge.

### September 5 through 21

The historic Marquis Theatre in Northville, a Victorian structure built as an opera house nearly eighty years ago, presents "A Little Night Music" on Friday and Saturday nights at 8:30 p.m., and Sundays at 2:30 p.m. \$9 Friday, \$12 Saturday, \$8 Sunday. 135 East Main Street, Northville, 349-8110.

### September 6

A bevy of brilliant beauties competes at the **Grosse Pointe Scholarship Beauty Pageant**, 7 p.m. Grosse Pointe High School North, Performing Arts Center, 707 Vernier, G. P. Woods. 343-2187 for more information.

### September 6 and 7

The 36th annual **Old Car Festival** at Greenfield Village honors Chevrolet cars this year, the 75th anniversary of the incorporation of the Chevrolet Motor Company. Steam, electric and gas-powered cars, trucks and motorcycles (pre-1929 vintage) participate in parades, demonstrations and special competitions. Standard admission. Open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. Dearborn. 271-1620.

### September 7

Last chance to make reservations for The Neighborhood Club's **Pipestem, West Virginia Trip**, October 7-11. \$319 per person, based on double occupancy, covers transportation, food and lodging at the Greenbriar Hotel. Trip includes tours of the Appalachian Mountains, West Virginia's state capitol and a glass factory. Call 885-4600 for more information.

### September 9

Adults or children, beginners or advanced students can benefit from **Pewabic Pottery's Clay Classes** which begin today. 10125 E. Jefferson, Detroit. Call 822-0954 for cost and schedule.

### September 11, 12 and 13

The Grosse Pointe War Memorial sponsors a day-long **Agawa Canyon Train Tour** (near Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario). In addition to the excursion through unspoiled wilderness complete with waterfalls, cliffs and brawling rivers, the trip includes lodging at The Water Tower Inn and a visit to Dow Gardens. \$190 per person, double occupancy. Information and reservations, 881-7511.

### September 12

Food, wine, entertainment and art combine for a revel-filled **Party in the Park** (Harmonie Park), a fundraising benefit for the Detroit Artists Market. \$30. 5-9 p.m. Tickets at Detroit Artists Market, 1452 Randolph Street, Detroit. 962-0337.

### September 12, 13 and 14

Enticingly exotic is the **Far Eastern Festival** at Hart Plaza. Downtown Detroit next to the Renaissance Center. 224-1184. Free of charge.

### September 12 through October 11

Jim Powell, a graduate of Cranbrook, was the pottery instructor for sixteen years at Pewabic Pottery. The **Jim Powell Retrospective** exhibit in the gallery honours the artist, who died last year. Free of charge. Runs concurrent with an exhibit of **Michigan Council for the Arts Grant Recipients - Clay** (Katheryn Sharbaugh and Ann Wood). Pewabic Pottery, 101215 East Jefferson, Detroit. 822-0954.

### September 13

The Grosse Pointe Artists Association and the War Memorial Association present the **27th Annual Fall Art Festival** on the beautiful grounds of the Grosse Pointe War Memorial overlooking Lake St. Clair. Enjoy the works of local artists and craftspeople. Free of charge, although there is a fee for refreshments. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms, 881-7511

**September 15**

Seniors, need to slim down and loosen up? **Exercise Classes for Senior Adults** begin today at The Neighborhood Club. Mondays and Fridays from 1-2 p.m. for six weeks. Cost is \$2 per class. 17150 Waterloo, Grosse Pointe. 885-4600.

**September 19, 20 and 21**

Herb wreaths, herb butter, chutney, bouquet garni, vinegars, potpourris, moth retardants, catnip mice, door swags, fireplace bundles and an hor d'oeuvre cookbook are among the fragrant and functional items at the annual sale by the Grosse Pointe Unit of the **Herb Society of America**. In conjunction with the herb sale, there will be a display of quilts from a private collection, a professional on hand to answer questions on quilting, and a demonstration by *The Quilter's Patch of Grosse Pointe*. Friday and Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sunday noon-3 p.m. \$1.50 admission. Detroit Garden Center (Moross House), 1460 E. Jefferson, Detroit. 886-4692.

**September 19 through October 10**

The Detroit Artists Market fall season opens with an **All Media Juried Show**. Free of charge. 1452 Randolph Street, Detroit. 962-0337.

**September 19 through October 18**

Wearable art is the featured exhibit at the Detroit Gallery of Contemporary Crafts & Garden Cafe. **Clothes for the Collector** opens with a reception from 3 - 6 p.m. on September 19, and features accessories in addition to a wide range of woven, crocheted, knit and appliqued clothing. 301 Fisher Building, Detroit. 873-7888. Free of charge.

**September 21**

Spend a fun-filled afternoon at the **Grosse Pointe War Memorial's Open House** and find out about all the activities that take place at your community center. 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms. 881-7511.

**September 22**

Root, root, root for the home team against the Toronto Blue Jays. The Neighborhood Club's **Tiger Game Trip** costs just \$14 per person. Includes tickets and transportation (you have to buy your own peanuts and Crackerjacks). Bus leaves at 6 p.m. from 17150 Waterloo, Grosse Pointe. Call 885-4600.

The Grosse Pointe Adventure Series, a season of informative travelogues, begins with **Egypt and the Nile** with Ted Bumiller. Travelogue only, \$4.15; travelogue with dinner, service and parking, \$16.75. Package for all 9 travelogues, \$33; all 9 travelogues with dinner service and parking, \$145. Dinner 6:30, film 8 p.m. Reserve by check payable to *Grosse Pointe War Memorial* and mail, with self-addressed stamped envelope to 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms 48236. Information 881-7511.

**September 23 to 28**

Have you read a good book lately? Pick up one or two, or a dozen or more for a good price and a good cause at the American Association of University Women's **Used Book Sale** at the Salem Memorial Lutheran Church. Over 40,000 items, including paperbacks, hardcovers, cooking books, collectibles, children's books, textbooks, sheet music and art magazines are available; special book search fee is \$2. First day book prices are +50%; regular price next three days; 1/2 price on day five; last day special price \$3/bag. Open 9:30 a.m.-8:30 p.m. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday; until 5 p.m. Friday and Saturday; 1-5 p.m. Sunday. 21230 Moross Road between Mack and I-94. 881-8646.

**September 26 to October 2**

The Grosse Pointe War Memorial's Council of Sponsors presents a **Gala Week of Art '86**. Black Tie Preview Party on September 26 features guest Roy Slade from Cranbrook Academy of Art. Throughout, art from the Robert L. Kidd Associates/Galleries of Birmingham will be displayed for viewing and purchase. At 8 p.m. September 30, hear Samuel Sachs II, Director of the Detroit Institute of Art, address "The State of the Art." 32 Lake Shore Road, G. P. Farms. 881-7511.

**September 27**

Rain or shine the runners will be out along Lakeshore Road for the **8th Annual Grosse Pointe Pointer 10K** sponsored by the "Pointer Newspaper" and Lochmoor Chrysler-Plymouth. Starts 11 a.m. at Three Mile Drive and East Jefferson; finishes at Parcels School Playfield, G. P. Woods. \$8 entry includes T-shirt and refreshments at finish line. **Deadline for registration, September 19** (late registration fee \$10). Call 343-0418 for more information.

Join the Grosse Pointe War Memorial in an autumn **Tour of Stratford, Ontario**. Includes lunch at The Old Prune restaurant, a matinee performance of "A Man for All Seasons" at the Avon Theatre, shopping and dinner at Elm Hurst, a restored Victorian Gothic home. \$75 per person. Information and reservations, 881-7511.

**September 29, 30 and October 1**

Seniors! Spend an enchanting two nights at the elegant **Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island** on a trip sponsored by the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. A repeat of last year's popular trip, you'll have time to explore the island or participate in horseshoes, golf and other hotel activities. \$255 per person, double occupancy. Reserve early. 881-7511.

**September 30**

If you haven't already done so, reserve now for the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's trip to see **Paul Anka** at the **Premier Center**, October 14. \$38 per person includes the performance and transportation. Reservations on a first-come-first-served basis. 881-7511.

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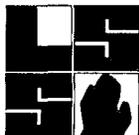
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## YACHTING

*continued from page 112*

entrance to the North Channel. It's an oasis for boaters who have been gunkholing for several days. They stop here to re-stock bait and ice, do their laundry, and enjoy a meal in the lodge's dining room.

The Hole in the Wall is a tricky, narrow passage, a short cut between the Landsdowne Channel and Frazer Bay. Not for the faint of heart, the challenge of maneuvering through the Hole in the Wall is a yearly rite for many. A lookout must be positioned on the boat's bow and the sun must be at the boat's stern so the clear water can reveal the precise positions of the huge boulders below the water's surface. Not a few Grosse Pointe propellers have kissed these rocks.

Farther west is Bay Finn, a deep, ten-mile bay that cuts between majestic quartz mountains. A sharp-eyed boater might spot a bear or a moose along the shores of Bay Finn. It dead-ends at The Pool, where the Horns and their children like to tie their boat to a tree and hike up an old logging trail to Crater Lake. The deep, crystal-clear lake bottom is clearly visible. Rocky cliffs jut out above the hiking trail to form natural platforms perfect for daring children to leap from, into the icy water.

Still farther north and west, McGregor Bay's uncharted, unmarked waters are strewn with thousands of islands and rocks and threaded with hundreds of narrow channels—a gunkholing paradise. An occasional privately-owned island sprouts a secluded summer cottage, a flagpole, and a colourful flower garden. In a northern notch of the East and West Channel of McGregor Bay, a small cove is commonly called "Grosse Pointe Anchorage," because it is a yearly destination for groups of Grosse Pointers. Dinghies are used to take a side trip to the Pothole for a picnic lunch on the rocks. The Pothole is a formation of rocks named for their profusion of natural holes and depressions created millions of years ago.

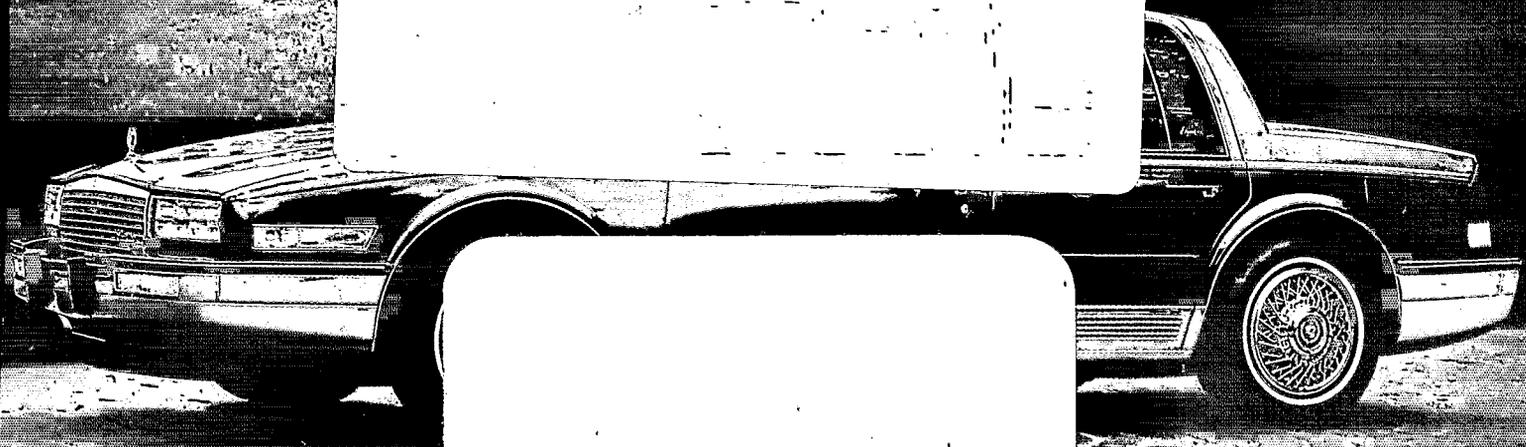
Most boats continue west, stopping at the Benjamin Islands or Fox Island, threading through the Whalesback Channel to stop at Longpoint Cove, then on to Mackinac Island for its relatively civilized pleasures—bikes, swimming pools, sightseeing, historic forts, creamy fudge, restaurants, and shopping. The trip south along the Michigan shore, although pleasant, is pale in comparison to the unspoiled wonders of the North Channel and Georgian Bay.

Steve Horn emphasized the tremendous amount of preparation necessary for a successful cruise Up North. He makes certain his boat is in perfect shape, fine-tuned and geared up to tip-top condition. He carries spare parts that might be needed for repairs and emergencies. Most experienced boaters carry a variety of navigational equipment (depth sounder, VHF radio, radar, Loran C), charts, notes, and a collection of tools necessary for the repair and maintenance of the boat's engines and equipment. Spare fenders, lines, fishing gear, emergency first-aid supplies, and an extensive store of canned food and non-perishable staples are also a must.

It's worth every bit of time and preparation, Horn said, to experience the ultimate in boating pleasure—the only reason to own a boat. Up North is a fascinating trip, and it's only accessible by water. ♦

*Margie Reins Smith is a freelancer who writes a boating column for area newspapers.*

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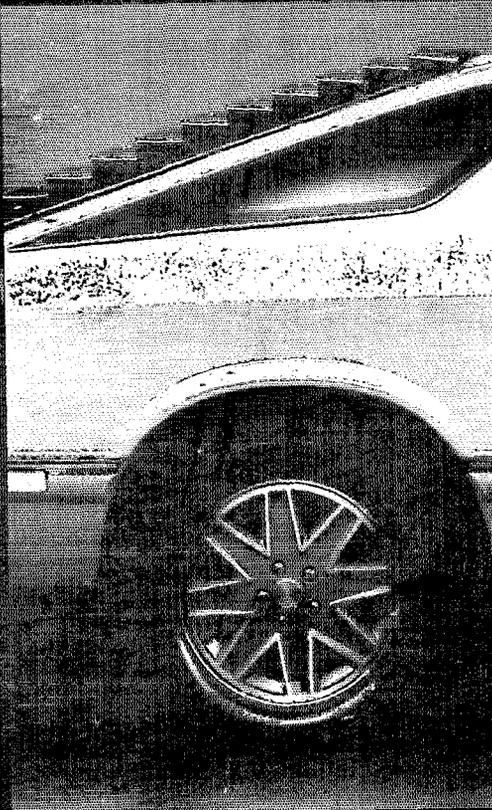
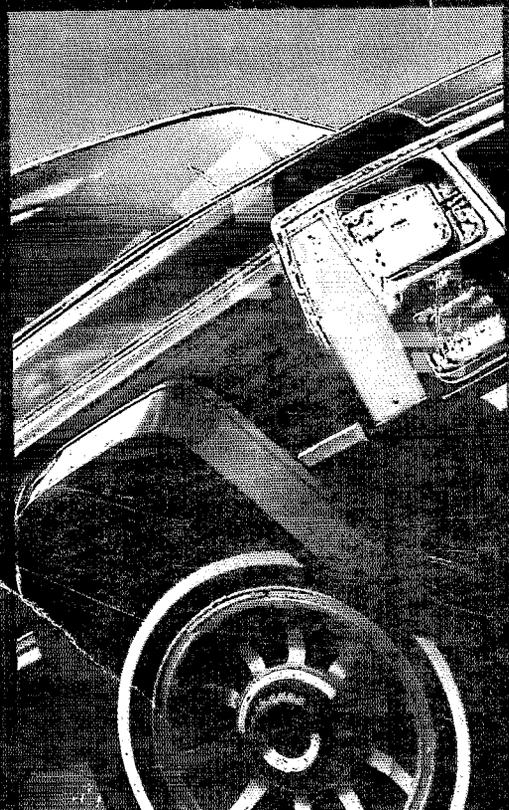
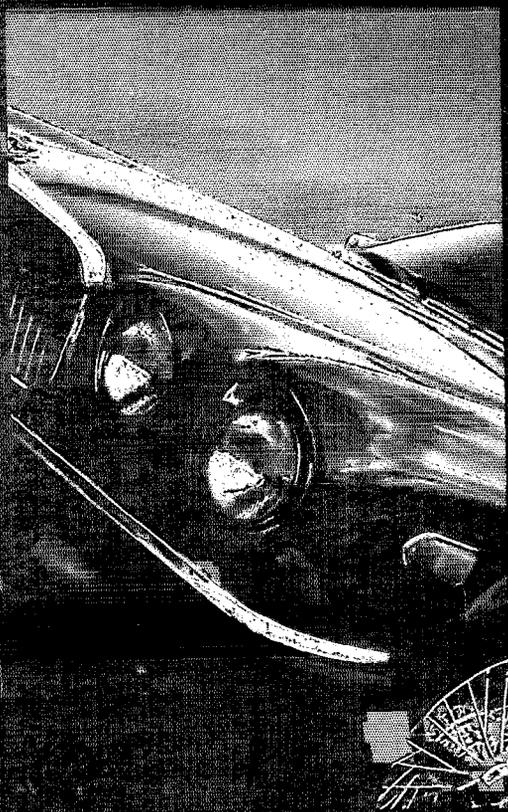
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