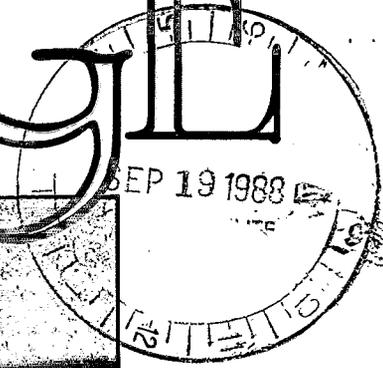


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# HERITAGE



vol. 5 no. 5 ♦ september 1988

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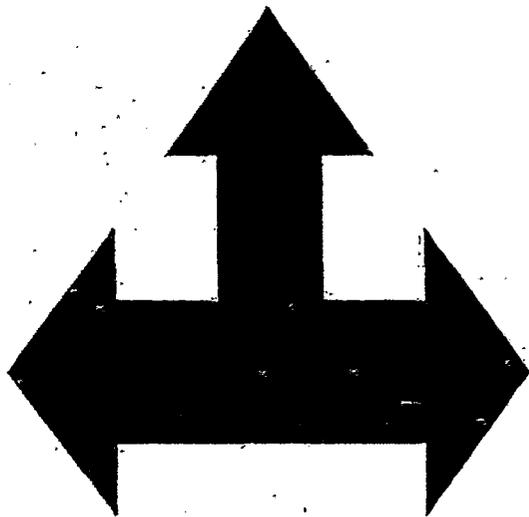
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September, 1988

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Fall

Eastland Center

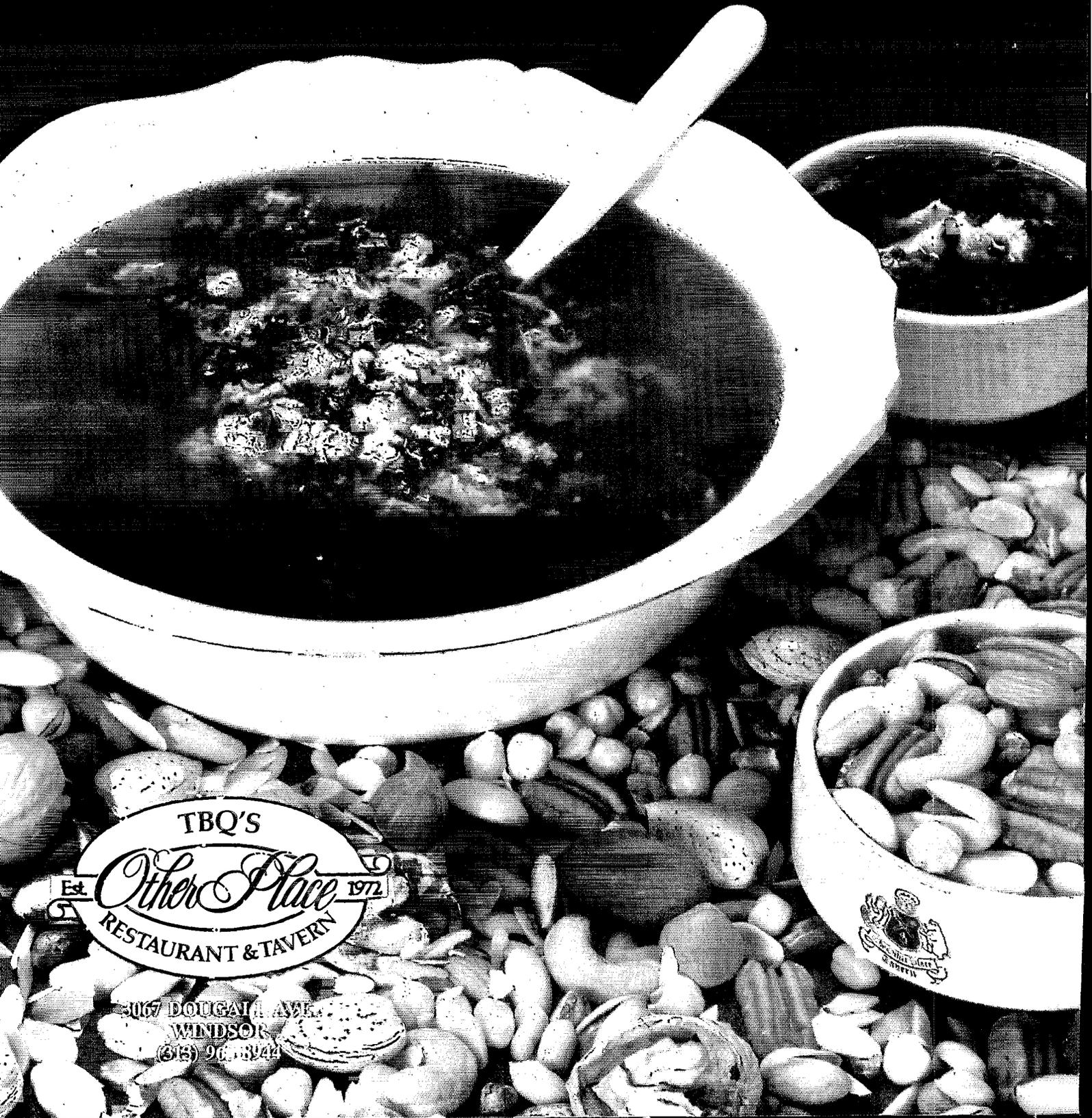
8 Mile and Kelly, Harper Woods

Fashions from Anton's  
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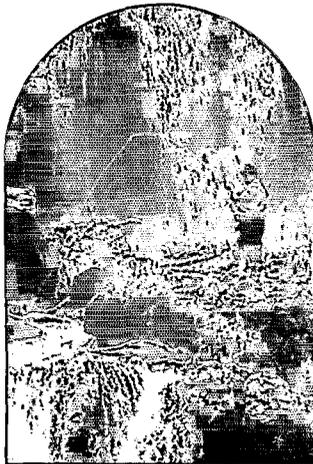
# HERITAGE

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Interiors ♦ 16



Fishing ♦ 62



Nature ♦ 58

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ART ♦ 26 This outdoorsman puts his field observations to work as a painter of wildlife.

REAL ESTATE ♦ 31 Thinking of buying some land up north? Here are a few things to consider... then, enjoy.

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**Publishers** Edward B. Serwach  
Patricia Louwers Serwach  
**Editor** Patricia Louwers Serwach  
**Editorial Intern** Margaret Ann Cross  
**Art Director** Annelies Morris

**Contributing  
Writers**

**Antiques** Margaret Ann Cross  
Patricia Erichsen  
Sharon Morioka

**Archives** Lucy Quinn Klink

**Art** Sandra Sobczynski

**Fiction** Jaynie L. Smith

**Fishing** Wendy Clem

**Hunting** Margaret Ann Cross  
Henry Jones

**Interiors** Ilene Stankiewicz

**Real Estate** Ann VanSickle

**Sports** Cristina Staats

**Production** Janis Cheek  
Linda Coutts  
Ann DeMara  
Keith Hardman  
Jerry Isrow  
Inge Thomas  
Donna Werthman

**Illustration** Linda Coutts  
Annelies Morris

**Photography** Elizabeth Carpenter  
Lorien Studios-

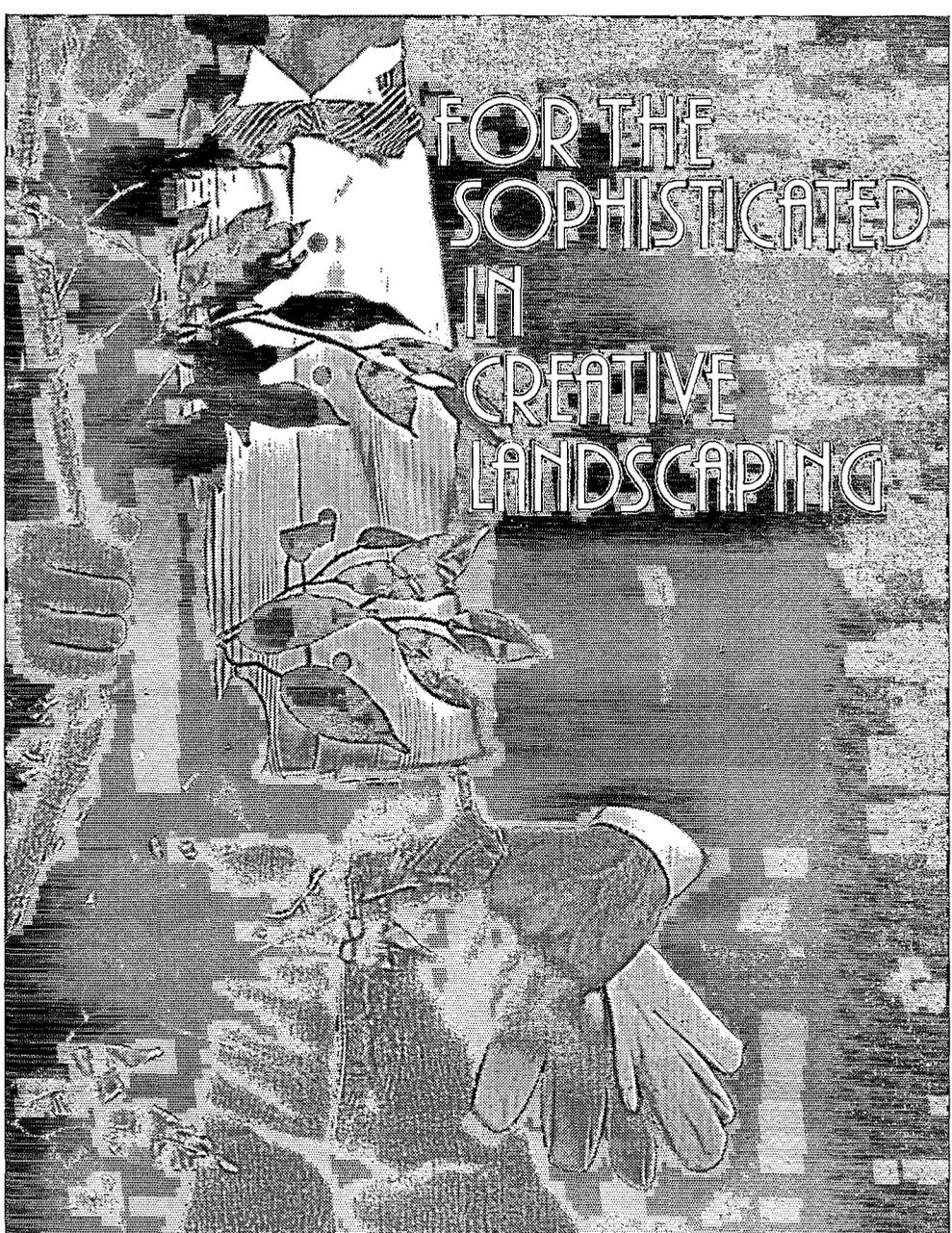
**Circulation** Rosemary Elias

**Support Staff** Stephanie Brda  
Jennifer Jones  
Lisa Kaiser  
Molly Lock

**Advertising**

**Michigan** Patsy Clark  
(313)777-2350 Susanne Davison  
Rosemary Elias  
Maggie Wonham Morris  
Inez Pitlosh  
Jeanne D. Robbins  
John Serwach  
Maureen Standifer  
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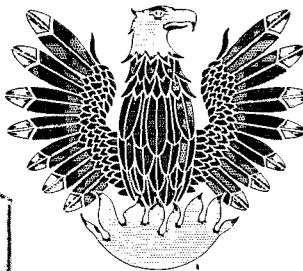
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# THE ROAD ALONG THE WATER

They've repaved Lakeshore Road again.

My earliest memories of that road hark back to childhood. Perched forward on the back seat of my parents' Hudson Hornet, I peered past the hairs on my father's tanned, muscled arm which stretched across the seat in front of me, mesmerized by the purple taillights of other cars no longer in production. My terrific nearsightedness turned those utilitarian orbs into brilliant bursts of light which danced along the bumpy road.

Leafy bowers canopied the road, their dark green outline almost melding with the black of a clear night sky. A warm, heavy breeze blew from the east, ruffling our hair as we passed through the night, sounding breakers on the seawall to our right. Lights twinkled on the water, the nearer ones bobbing in the troughs of waves, and we wondered at the courage of sailors who ventured forth in such utter darkness.

The scene is a part of me, indelible; in the security of that darkened automobile my sister and I sat, listening to our parents' cheerful chatter, free to imagine the adventures of our father's father who sailed the Great Lakes, spinning tales of our own fantasy. Every few moments, methodically, we would pass beneath a street lamp, and my parents would be bathed in a surrealistic light that heightened the exotic night breezing through the car.

Over the pavement of Lakeshore, out to Tony Koinis' at Nine Mile for an ice cream or some caramel corn; and then back to our home, where we laid abed in the hot summer night in cool seersucker jammies and dreamed of our futures as pirates.

At Christmastime, we "toured" Lakeshore, awed by lavish light displays on expansive grounds. Some homes sported all white lights; others, blue or red. Traffic was heavy, then; but Lakeshore bore the weight of us all, for many years.

In high school, my friend Valerie and I would hop on our bikes and ride out Lakeshore to Burkemo's, which had replaced the Jefferson Beach Amusement Park. Miniature golf, trampolines, and boys were the attractions. The same night breeze blew off the lake; the same lights bobbed and danced on the waves. I had glasses by then, and could see taillights for what they were; somehow, they lost their allure. Lakeshore was bumpy in spots, with little rocks in the six inches that served as our bike lane that deflected off my narrow Schwinn tires and worried me constantly. The roar of car engines breathed down my back, and I was certain we would be run over.

During our senior year at Grosse Pointe South, we rode in my cousin Jennie's Rambler, cruising Lakeshore for guys. If they just happened to fall in behind us, we were sure they were "following" us; giggling and self-conscious, our braver sisters would smile directly at them with come-hither looks. We were idiots. We cruised out to the Big Boy's at Nine Mile Road

in the days when it was a true drive-in restaurant; only a tired, U-shaped counter with stools graced the interior. The waitress wore a heart-shaped apron and a little cap, and sported a lace-edged hanky in her breast pocket.

When the confusing sadness of our adolescence was heavy upon us, we sat on the shore of Lake St. Clair, backs to Lakeshore, and were soothed by the rhythmic lapping of the waves upon the breakwater and the inky blackness of the night sky above the water, unbroken by street lamps or buildings.

While my first son, Mark, was being born at Cottage Hospital in the dead of winter, the city suffered a violent snowstorm. Lakeshore was magnificent on the way home; the sun bounced off the mountains of ice and the snow-covered tundra of Lake St. Clair with a brittle brilliance that joyously announced the importance of that day.

Commuting to and from work each day, Lakeshore proffered life-threatening potholes each spring, flooded sections after every heavy rainfall, crunchy fishfly-coated pavement in the summer. When my heart was most heavy, the view would invariably calm me and renew my hopes.

Sitting aboard a boat on Lake St. Clair, looking inward toward the shore, its mansions hidden beneath leafy trees in the descending twilight and the enormous orange globe of the sun a heavy backdrop in the hot summer sky, Lakeshore never looked more beautiful.

Several years ago, following a hospital stay, my husband took me home via Lakeshore in May, with Spring in full bloom. Dogwoods blossoming, banks of tulips in riotous colour, dark green lawns and pale green trees—more healing than all the medicine in the world.

Emerging from St. Paul's after early Mass to see the sun rising in the east, spilling sparkling diamonds over the waves and promising a gentle day of warmth and sunshine; timidly passing down Lakeshore in the fall while a nor'easter works the lake to a frenzy, spewing mud-gray water and flotsam on to the roadway; two-score years of Lakeshore images populate my memory.

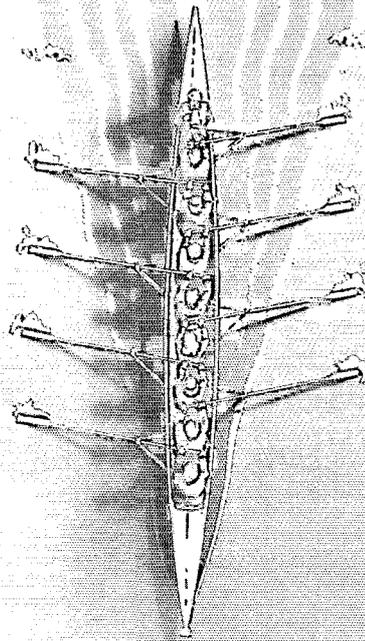
Michigan is surrounded by water; with 36,000 miles of shoreline, other people possess equally vivid images of other roads along other lakes. But Lakeshore is *my* road, and the myriad images burned into my memory will only increase with my years on this earth.

That's the beauty of Michigan—imagery of profound beauty that builds, year upon year; and no less is that the staggering beauty of Lakeshore Road.

Keep repaving it, guys. When a road inhabits as many memories as Lakeshore, it has earned a bit of respect.



Patricia Louwers Serwach  
Publisher



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### A SCHOOL FOR FISHING

A weekend spent at the luxurious Grand Traverse Resort—all 920 plush green acres of it—could mean idle relaxation, a vacation. But this is September... and the Official Orvis Fly Fishing School is in session.

Orvis, a company that has specialized in fly fishing equipment since 1856 and has conducted fly fishing schools since 1967, recently arrived in the Grand Traverse area. They offer weekend (2-day) schools where students learn basic techniques in the classroom and on the water. Doug Truax, a certified Orvis instructor, gears his classes toward beginners and people who are self-taught and want to brush up or refine their techniques. People as young as eleven years of age can join the classes—and that is probably wise. “We like to say you can learn the basics of fly fishing in two days, but it takes about 20 years to define your skills,” says Truax.

The fishing school strives to give individual attention. Students learn the concepts of the sport as well because they “study” in the habitat of the insects their flies imitate.

Truax recommends making reservations early. The September 10 and 11 sessions are the last ones this year. A full schedule will begin again in April. Please see our calendar listing for more information.

### AT THE HELM

Eighteen years ago, it struck Grosse Pointe’s Jack Leverenz as odd that people were viewing boat shows inside of buildings. “I had the idea that a boat show should be held outdoors so the boats could be displayed in the water,” he said. And so it began. Metropolitan Beach’s Boat Show USA was among the first exhibits in the country to be held outside. Now, with more than 1,200 boats displayed yearly, it is the country’s largest show.

As President of Boat Show USA, Leverenz gains his enthusiasm from his audience. “We get a very positive response from the public,” he says. The event allows visitors to see the newest in nautical happenings and to meet the experts who make up the backbone of the industry.

“We work for months lining up

the exhibits,” says Leverenz. “And then we have to let the public know. That’s the easy part. This is the eighteenth year in the same location at the same time. Boaters look forward to it, they know it’s coming.”

Boat Show USA is September 24-October 2. Please see the calendar listing for more information.

### CUSTOM-MADE SERVICES

When business slowed during summer months, employees at Duru’s Custom Shirts & Suits in Troy decided to do something about it. “People don’t want to go shopping in the summertime, so, instead of them coming to us, we decided we would go to them,” said salesperson Arun Vardi. The plan: to catch customers during office hours and provide tailoring services at the client’s workplace. Vardi, unsure of the success of his store’s first-time endeavour, hoped they would have enough manpower to keep the service available during the busy fall season.

Grosse Pointe tailor Antonio Rimanelli says he has been offering custom tailoring in his clients’ offices for more than 20 years. “Very few tailors offer that service, but I was one of the first,” Rimanelli said. He remembers going to Lee Iaccoca’s office when Iaccoca was an executive at Ford; but not all clients want the service. In fact, a retired Henry Ford II once asked Rimanelli *not* to come to his home. “He said that, since he was no longer working, he would like to come to the shop,” the tailor recalls.

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## Music Notes

### \$10,000 Scholarship Fund For Young Musicians

Here’s news of a scholarship competition that may be music to the ears of aspiring young musicians.

The Fifth annual Maccabees Mutual Life/CKLW AM-FM radio station “Quest for Excellence” scholarship competition has been expanded from Michigan to the entire nation. Winners in the classical musical competition will share the \$10,000 in scholarship prizes and semi-finals cash awards.

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All performances take place at Varner Hall, Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan and are open to the public.

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# CRANBROOK: CREATIVE COMMUNITY

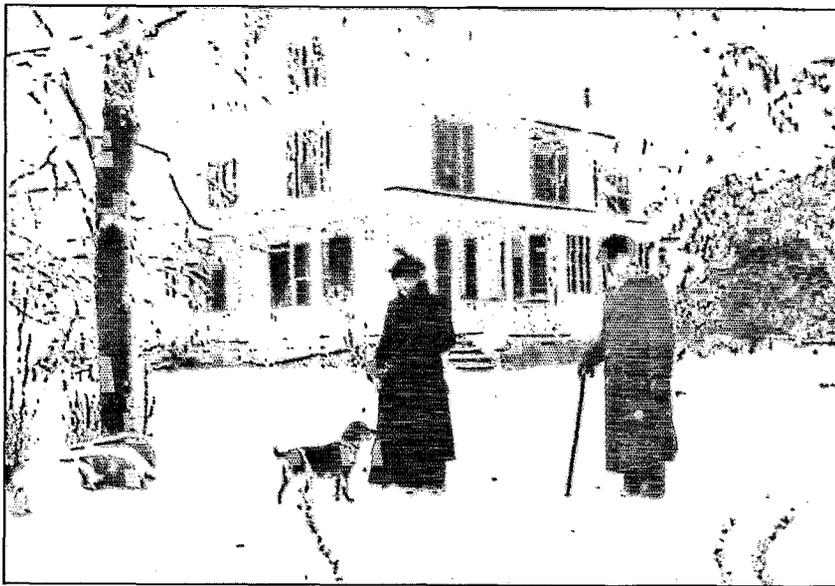


**T**he Cranbrook Estate on Lone Pine Road in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, is a testament to one family's vision of a world dedicated to functional beauty, artistic and cultural expression, and the continual pursuit of knowledge. In 1904 George Gough Booth (1864-1949) began transforming a run-down farm in Bloomfield Township into the cultural, educational, and artisan mecca that it is today—the Cranbrook Educational Community (CEC).

Booth, who made his fortune in newspaper publishing, built a country estate reminiscent of his English ancestors. He began by purchasing Samuel Alexander's 174-acre farm located one mile from Woodward at what is now Lone Pine Road in January of 1904 for \$120 per acre. Soon he bought additional property. Booth named his country estate *Cranbrook*, after the village in Kent County, England, where his father, Henry Wood Booth, was born.

The property and buildings were dilapidated and in

by LUCY QUINN KLINK



Opposite: Taken in 1914, this photograph shows Cranbrook House as it stood on the estate's original 174 acres. Today, Cranbrook Educational Community spans 325 acres.

Left: Cranbrook Cottage served as the Booth family summer residence until 1907. Pictured in front of the cottage are Mrs. Alice Miller and her father, Henry Wood Booth.

Bottom: Cranbrook House as it looks today. George and Ellen Booth lived out their lives in the Tudor home which George helped design.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF CRANBROOK ARCHIVES



PHOTO BY BALTHAZAR KORAB

need of massive renovations. The fences were falling down, and weeds among the uncut grass appeared to be consuming farm equipment that was disintegrating under layers of rust. One barn, east of where Cranbrook House now sits, was used by William Morris, Oakland County's first sheriff, to house paupers. Morris was the original homesteader of the property.

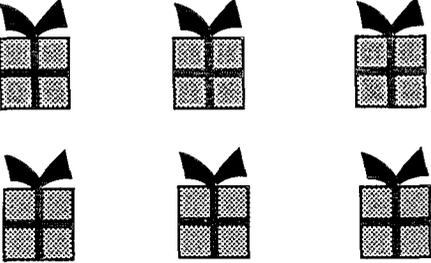
Alexander had built a sturdy home after the original Morris house burned down in 1886. Though unpainted and neglected, the "cottage" was the only structure on the property fit for human occupancy. Booth promptly set about

renovating the house, and Cranbrook Cottage served as the family's summer residence until 1907. Booth's parents, Henry W. and Clara, lived in Cranbrook Cottage until their deaths, and the cottage was torn down in 1930.

Bloomfield Township was still very rural in 1904. Woodward Avenue, only twenty feet wide in places, was in poor condition. In Birmingham, car barns and repair shops lined both sides of Woodward. Booth's son, James Scripps Booth, drove the family to Cranbrook on their first automobile ride in May of 1904. On one such trip, James, driving the family's Winton touring car, exceeded the speed



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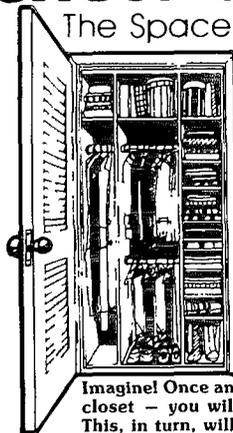
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limit, travelling through Birmingham "...faster than a horse could walk," and was fined ten dollars.

Booth realized the need for a grounds-keeper after the first summer at Cranbrook; H.J. Corfield, an Englishman, was hired. With plans drawn by Booth, new roads, bridges, and dams were built, and greenery planted everywhere replaced the barren landscape. The Lone Pine Road entrance to Old Mill Road (now "the Mall" on the grounds of Cranbrook) was framed with a field-stone gateway with the year "1904" carved in it. The once-neglected farm was now becoming a beautiful country estate.

"Builder Booth," as he was later known, took an active part in the design and construction of every structure at Cranbrook. Booth had helped to design his Detroit home, and would eventually have a hand in the design and construction of more than one hundred buildings, including the 1917 Detroit News Building and the Grand Rapids Press Building. Booth, who had apprenticed with an architect uncle in Toronto, probably would have become an architect had fate not directed him into newspaper publishing.

A rising young Detroit architect, Albert Kahn, had once been commissioned by Booth for an \$800 barn in Detroit, and was hired again for the family home, *Cranbrook House*. Booth, with Kahn, designed the magnificent Tudor home, and construction began in 1907. Concrete blocks were cast for the first time in Oakland County. As with the grounds and other buildings, the growth of Cranbrook House would be a continuous process, with the east and west wings completed more than ten years later.

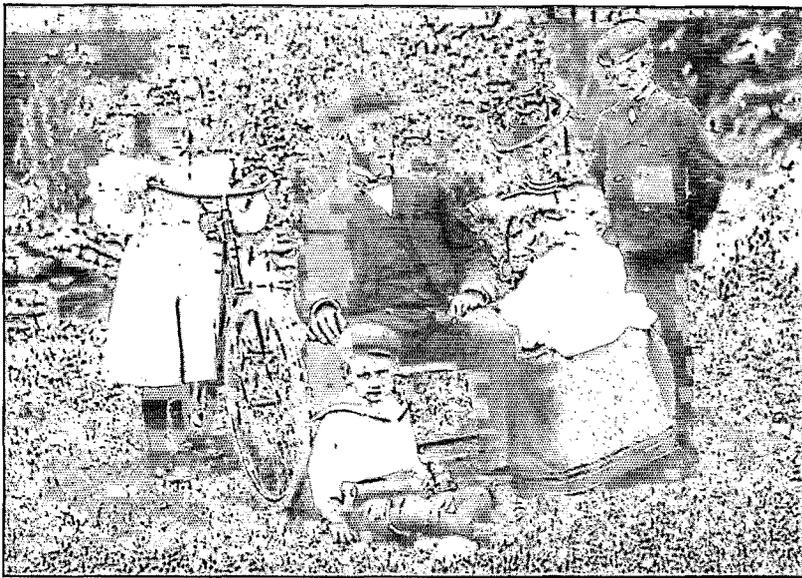
The Booth family moved into Cranbrook House June 1, 1908, a year-and-a-half after construction had begun. As family life settled into a comfortable routine in the new home, George and Ellen Booth nurtured the idea of using their fortunes to enrich the community. Their children would share this goal, and also contribute to the endeavours begun by their parents. The development of many Cranbrook institutions occurred simultaneously. "Builder Booth" was constantly overseeing one project, while conceptualizing the next.

The first Cranbrook facility designed and built for public enjoyment was the Greek Theatre. The theatre formally opened in the summer of 1916 with the presentation of "Cranbrook Masque" by Sidney Coe Howard. The surroundings were idyllic and the atmosphere relaxed as the audience, which included Henry Ford, enjoyed the play. The public entrance to the theatre from Lone Pine Road is guarded by wrought-iron gates designed by Booth.

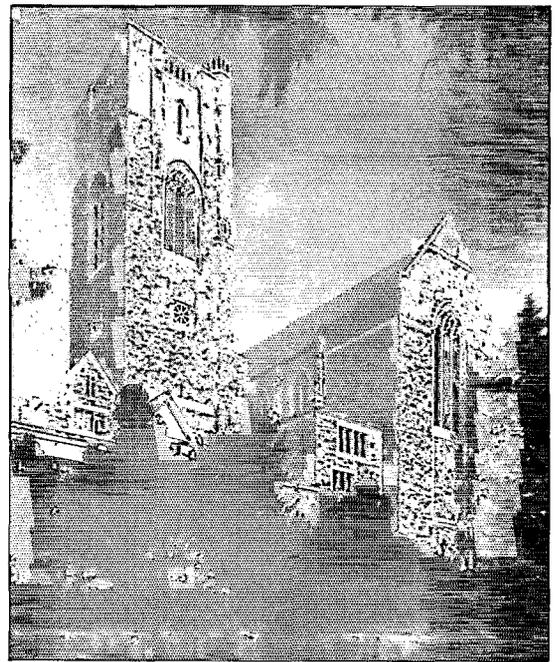
Cranbrook quickly became a haven for artisans who wanted to apply their crafts, and attracted those who wanted to learn an artistic skill. Studios, workshops, and many prominent artists-in-residence contributed to Cranbrook's beauty and development as an educational center.

As Cranbrook continued to expand, the Bloomfield Hills area grew to become part of suburban Detroit. In 1918 Booth built the Meeting House for religious, social, and community usage. By 1922, Booth and his neighbors agreed that the local children needed a community school; the Bloomfield Hills School was established in the Meeting House, and would become the first institution of Cranbrook, later expanded by Booth's son, Henry Scripps Booth, and in 1930 renamed Brookside School Cranbrook.

As plans to increase the educational facilities at Cranbrook continued, George and Ellen Booth conceived the



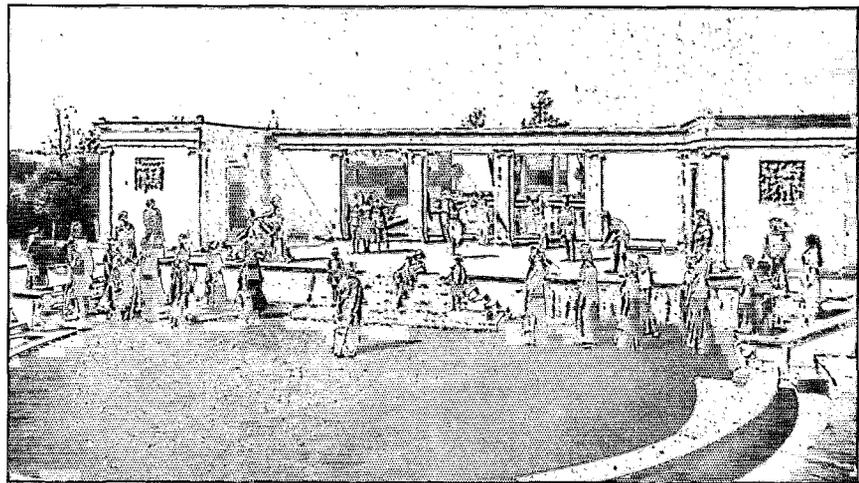
Top Left: George Gough Booth with his family: daughter Grace, wife Ellen and son Henry, son James (standing) and son Warren (sitting on ground).



Top Right: Christ Church Cranbrook, consecrated in 1928, houses magnificent works of art by Nicola di Ascenzo, James Hogan and Leo Friedlander, among others. Many of the church's creations were sponsored by the Booth children.

PHOTO BY BALTHAZAR KORAB

Right: The Greek Theatre on Cranbrook grounds opened in 1916 with the presentation of "Cranbrook Masque" by Sidney Coe Howard. Actors are here pictured rehearsing.



PHOTOS COURTESY CRANBROOK ARCHIVES

idea for a magnificent church. Designed by Goodhue Associates of New York, construction began on Christ Church Cranbrook in 1925. The cornerstone, laid June 21, 1926, contained, among many items, the Bible of Henry Wood Booth, George's deceased father. Consecrated in 1928, Christ Church Cranbrook was adorned inside and out with works from the finest artisans of the time. Many of the church's most beautiful creations were sponsored by Booth's children.

In the baptistery, sculptures by Leo Friedlander represent the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The west window of the church contains a sculptured panel by James Hogan honoring womankind, and contains the inscription: *Her children rise up and call her blessed, and her works praise her in the gates.* The paneled window was a gift of Florence Booth (the Booths' youngest child) and her husband, James Alfred Beresford.

The east window, where the artist Nicola di Ascenzo dramatically illustrated twelve scenes of Christ's life, was a gift from Henry S. Booth and his wife, Carolyn, in celebration of their marriage. Music rang from the "Singing Tower's" tremendous carillon that contained sixty-two bells, a gift from Grace Booth and her husband, Harold Lindsay Wallace.

A stone mullion from the Church of Notre Dame des

Doms of Avignon, France, was placed in a window leading into the vestry. In another portion of Christ Church a vaulted chapel was dedicated to St. Dunstan, the English patron saint of artists and craftsmen. On the altar were placed vases, beautiful silver crosses, and crystal designed by Arthur Nevill Kirk, a silversmith at Cranbrook.

The outside of Christ Church was decorated with magnificent works of art. The west front contains sculptures of Bishop Herman Page, who consecrated Christ Church; and Rev. Samuel S. Marquis, the first rector. On top of the buttresses are statues of famous politicians, philosophers, scientists, artists, explorers, and reformers, whose lives personify the inscription over the entrance to the parish house, *Teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born.*

During the construction of Christ Church, George and Ellen Booth considered how they could ensure the continuation of their vision of Cranbrook. In 1927 the Cranbrook Foundation was formally established and, eventually, ownership of all holdings except Cranbrook House and forty acres was transferred to the Foundation. George and Ellen Booth would live out their lives at *Cranbrook House*, at which time the house would become the property of the Cranbrook Foundation.

The Booth children supported their parents' intentions. George and Ellen placed their fortunes in a trust for

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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.

**Anna's alternative... a conservator** to contract for services to meet the specific needs of an individual, that is, domestic help, home repair, home medical care, therapy and financial services. The conservator handles all details on a continuous basis which often enables the person to maintain residence in the home long after its demands become too great. The Probate Court regulates the conservatorship, including compensation, for complete protection. Estate plans need not be upset.

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the Cranbrook Foundation, and a Board of Trustees was established. The Trust stipulated that any profits realized would not accrue to the Booth family or the Trustees.

Years later, Booth was asked to explain a statement in the New York Times that by these actions he intended to "die poor." In a written explanation Booth said, "Whether by this process I die rich or poor is a question to analyze." George and Ellen Booth did not die poor; they possessed the wealth that comes from seeing dreams realized.

Henry S. Booth, Booth's third son, shared his father's love of architecture. As an architecture student at the University of Michigan (graduating in 1924), Henry became friends with a professor visiting from Finland, Eliel Saarinen. At Henry's advice, George brought Saarinen to Cranbrook.



Swedish sculptor Carl Milles stayed at Cranbrook for twenty-one years and created many works of art for the grounds, including *Jonah and the Whale* (left).

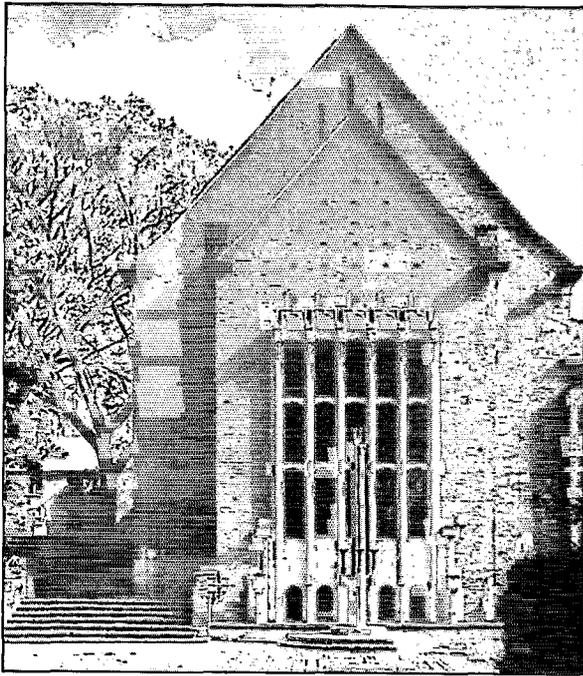
The first institution Saarinen built for Booth was Cranbrook School. Completed in 1928, the bi-level Cranbrook School spanned ninety acres, with the buildings grouped around courtyards overlooking the school grounds. An archway that connected the dining hall and Marquis Hall was inscribed with the words, *A Life Without Beauty Is Only Half Lived*. This was philosophy on which Cranbrook was founded and which prevails today.

Saarinen invited a friend to visit Cranbrook, Swedish sculptor Carl Milles. Milles stayed at Cranbrook for twenty-one years and enriched the beauty of Cranbrook with his many works, including *Diana*, *Europa and the Bull*, and *Jonah and the Whale*. With more than seventy works, Cranbrook holds the second largest Milles' collection in the world, next to *Millesgartens*, the sculptor's former home in Sweden. The works of Saarinen and Milles are prominent throughout Cranbrook and the Bloomfield Hills area.

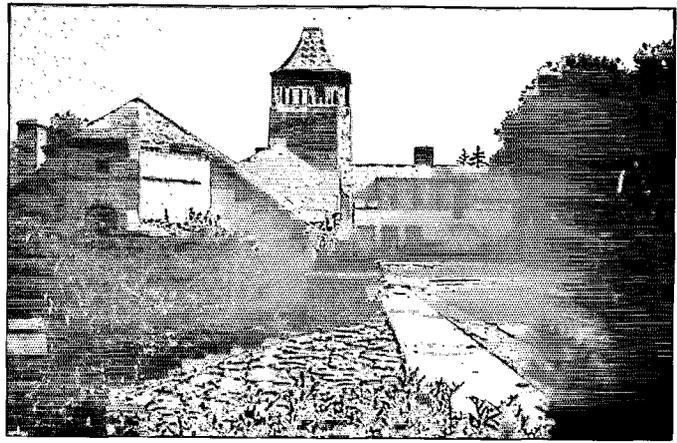
Ellen Booth pointed out to her husband the need for a girls' school to complement Cranbrook School for boys. Saarinen began work on the Kingswood School Cranbrook for girls in 1929. Located on Cranbrook Lake, Kingswood opened in September of 1931. Considered by many to be Saarinen's masterpiece, Kingswood was the fourth institution established at Cranbrook.

The inside of the school radiated an intimate warmth conducive to learning. In the green lobby a magnificent *Madonna and Child* by one of Saarinen's earlier assistants, David Evans, graced the wall over the fireplace. Outside, a beautiful bronze of *Diana* by Milles, dominated the inner garden. Milles *Jonah and the Whale* was originally intended for Kingswood, but was thought to be too intense for a girls' school.

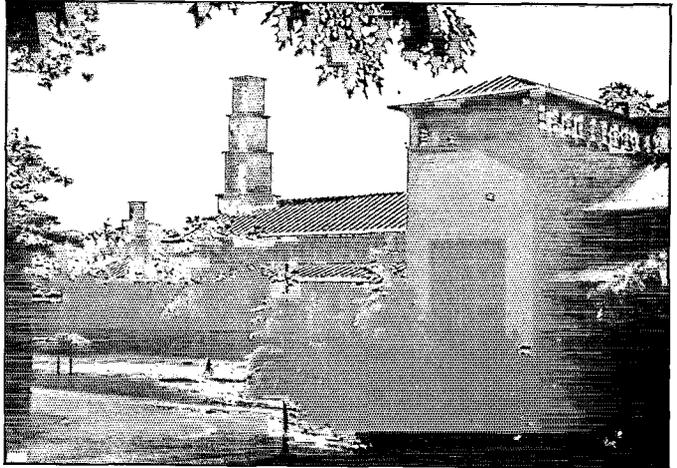
During the construction of Kingswood, the Cranbrook Foundation added another institution to provide education in the natural and physical sciences—the Cranbrook Institute of Science. Established in 1930, the Institute of Science was located in a building that George Booth had designed. The Cranbrook Institute of Science was soon the public's favourite attraction and quickly outgrew its accom-



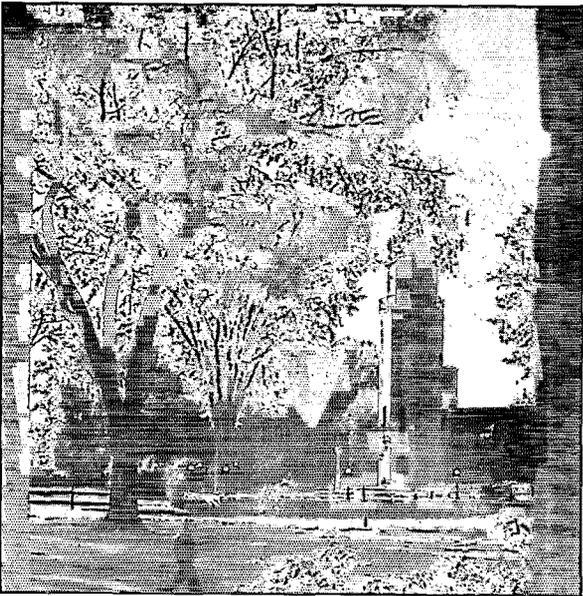
DINING HALL



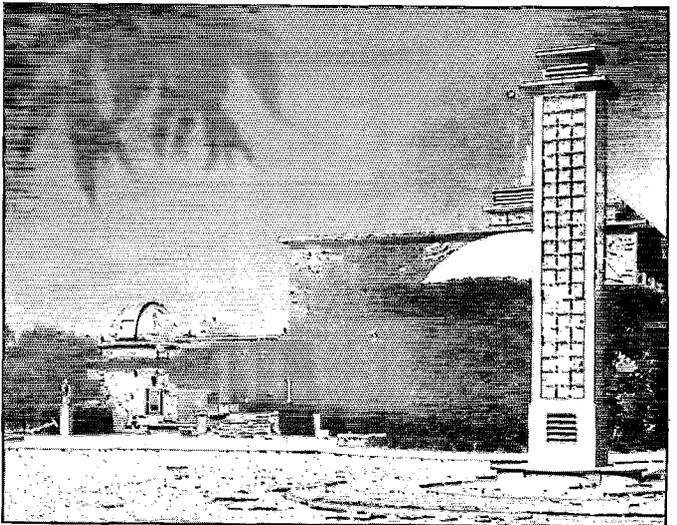
BROOKSIDE



KINGSWOOD



QUADRANGLE



INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE

George Booth took an active part in the design and construction of every structure at Cranbrook; the development of many institutions occurred simultaneously. "Builder Booth," as George was called, followed through on his dream of using his fortune to enrich the community.

modations. In 1937 Saarinen oversaw the building of additions; a portion of the observatory is all that remains of the original structure.

The primary institution that Booth wished to establish was the Cranbrook Academy of Art. While Saarinen, Miles, Kirk, and other artists-in-residence were instructing students, the Academy continued to grow somewhat unplanned. It was not until 1932 that the Cranbrook Academy of Art was established by the Cranbrook Foundation. It began conferring degrees in 1942.

The Cranbrook Foundation was dissolved in 1973, with the assets of Cranbrook and the institutions pooled

together under the Cranbrook Educational Community (CEC). The institutions were consolidated into three divisions: the Cranbrook Academy of Art; The Cranbrook Institute of Science; and the three schools were grouped under Cranbrook Schools. Christ Church Cranbrook was made independent from the CEC, but remains an important part of community life around Cranbrook.

The original 174 acres purchased by George Booth is now the southeast quadrant of the 325-acre CEC. The vision of an educational and artistic community that inspired George and Ellen Booth continues today as the CEC. ◇

PHOTOS BY BALHAZAR KORAB, COURTESY CRANBROOK ARCHIVES

# SUCCESSFUL BY DESIGN

Walking into William Denler's interior design studio at 77 Kercheval evokes a warm and inviting feeling. Surrounded by a miscelany of tables, lamps and chairs and more unique items, such as candelabra, swan planters and Chinese urns, for a moment you wonder if perhaps you've taken a turn into someone's living quarters. A narrow winding stairway leads up to the studio's offices where you'll find Denler, his six-member staff, and a vast array of colour, wallpaper, and fabric sample books. Displaying an obvious talent, the homey Grosse Pointe Farms studio attests to Denler's personal style of combining carefully considered contemporary and traditional, with a bit of antique thrown in for good measure.

Recently, Denler celebrated his Eightieth birthday, along with fifty years of running his interior design business, William Denler & Company. He said he takes pleasure in the "whole procedure" of interior design, but favours working with colour.

"I think the planning is interesting, because you have all those opportunities to develop and create things," Denler said. "I

like being on the job and working with the construction. But naturally, it's very gratifying to see what happens when you finish it, too."

As one might expect from any master craftsman, Denler's face brightens and his eyes sparkle when he speaks about his work. A member of the American Society of Interior Designers, Denler enjoys his work so much that "it doesn't seem very easy" for him to retire.

"We've gotten along very well with most people; everybody's different," Denler remarked, summarizing his years in business. "In general, we've had very successful years of working with people."

Successful indeed. Many people half Denler's age only dream of the accomplishments and the kind of life he has experienced. He has a well-respected reputation in a business that has taken him all over the world, designing the interiors of homes, offices, private planes and even yachts for clientele throughout Michigan, out west, down south, along the east coast, in Canada, the Bahamas and the West Indies. And he's spent many winters on an idyllic island.

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by ILENÉ STANKIEWICZ



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CARTENTER

## William Denler sets his own style

**B**orn in Port Huron and raised in Detroit's Palmer Park, Denler attended Detroit schools. He said he's always been interested in architecture and design and was certain of the direction he would follow at an early age. "This was something I just knew from way back. As a child I was always interested in that sort of thing."

In some respects, Denler has taken after his father, who was not an architect, but rented and sold housing.

"My father owned a lot of properties and developed the housing areas," Denler recalled. "They weren't really expensive houses, but they had some taste and quality about them, and they were a little different from others. He always himself liked things like I do. It just seemed to be that way; he's the only person I can talk about that had any influence on me."

Completing his Bachelor of Arts degree in design and architecture at the University of Michigan, Denler was off to Munich, Germany, for six months to take art courses and study European architecture. When he returned, he began working for First National Bank, refurbishing the exteriors and interiors of bank properties that were repossessed during the Depression era.

"Many of them were neglected to begin with," Denler explained. "They needed someone to improve them, particularly when there were problems, to make them more

saleable. I painted a lot of yellow brick houses white."

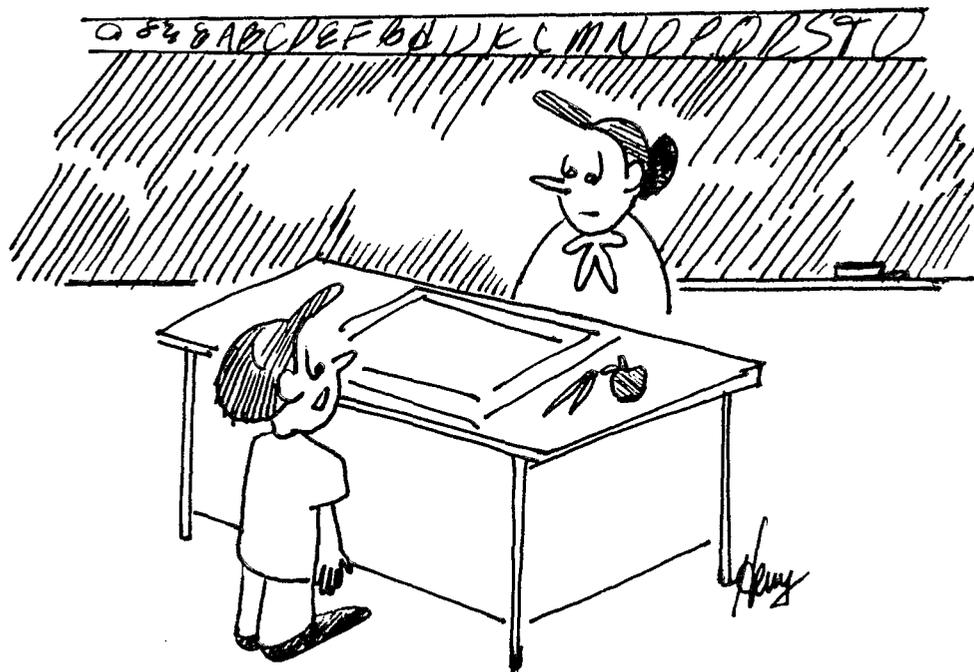
While the building renovation did not include furnishing or decorating the building interiors, improving the properties heightened Denler's interior design interest. He considered making interior design his career.

Denler married Olga Cornwell in 1935, and they moved into their first house on Merriweather in Grosse Pointe Farms, a house that Denler designed and built. "That was the first thing that I created from scratch. And from that, I got quite a few people interested in having me design things for them."

He designed a number of Grosse Pointe homes in his early years, concentrating primarily on the exteriors; but also working on the interiors.

"I realized many people were at a loss when it came to the interiors," he said. "I've really always liked that part anyway, so I included it in many of the things that I did. And finally I decided that I'd rather just do that entirely."

He opened his own interior design studio, William Denler & Company, in the Punch & Judy Building on Kercheval in 1938, back when the area was only open fields. He said he never thought of working for another design company. One year later, after he purchased a lot, Denler built his own place on Kercheval, on what is known as "the Hill," several blocks of exclusive Grosse Pointe Farms



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shops. He was the first to open a business on the block.

"I moved in here in December of 1939," Denler said. "I just built the first floor; I built it so we could construct a second floor." An upper floor was added later.

Much of Denler's career can be described as one project leading to another. Designing the interior of a home often led to office design projects, or working on a second home for the same owner. Likewise, commercial ventures led to residential assignments.

"At that time, I really feel that the interior design business was rather limited to maybe the very-well-to-do people. I mean, most people thought that you had to build something very important to use a designer."

A modest man, Denler hesitates when asked to name his first clients, but he did mention a few.

"I became well acquainted with the Harley Earls," he said. "He was a designer at General Motors. I did a lot of work for them. And as a result of that, I obtained other good clients."

Following work on the Hascall Bliss family's home, Denler designed their yacht, *Maid Marian*, calling it one of the "largest and most interesting" on which he's worked.

Another example of paths Denler's career took was his work for Lyon, Incorporated. He began with design work on their offices and office building penthouse. Since the company owned properties in the Bahamas, Denler was commissioned to work on design projects there.

"They built several houses on the island of Bimini. We did a lot of things out in the area," he said, pointing out the challenges of working on an island design project. "The island was very simple, and nothing was on the island. Everything had to be brought in by boat."

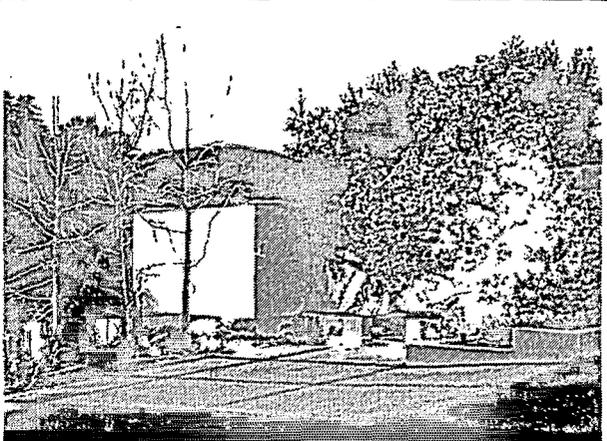
Denler's experiences led to interior design projects all over the country. He designed the interiors of Sperry-Rand's executive offices in New York, before they merged with what is now Unisys, and continued on jobs for several of the firm's partners. He even designed the interiors of several private planes for east coast owners.

"Why, that would follow that we would do the work," he continued. "You get to understand people. They understand me and I understand them and so we can get along and do things together."

Denler's wife, who graduated with a degree in art from Bennett College in New York, has accompanied him on many of his travels.

"Fortunately, she loves to travel as I do," Denler smiled. "Sometimes when I'd be in New York, I'd plan to stay maybe four or five days and come home on Friday night, but I'd think I really needed to stay over another couple of days for what I was trying to do. So one time I remember I called her about 2:00 or 2:30 in the afternoon on Friday and said, 'I'm going to stay over, do you want to come over for the weekend?' So I got back to the hotel and she said, 'I'm getting into New York at 6:30 or something around that time.' I don't know how she could pack and get to the airport and get a flight, but she was there. We've done that sort of thing often."

Denler has travelled extensively, searching for unique decorating pieces for clients and for his shop. While he couldn't recall any particularly unusual items that clients had requested, he said he often sought seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pieces, and was partial to old barometers and pewter ware, or other "country pieces" which were



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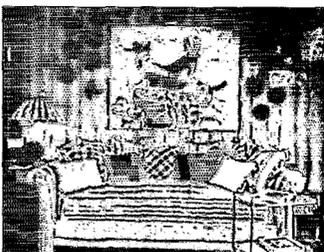
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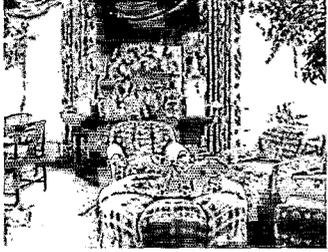
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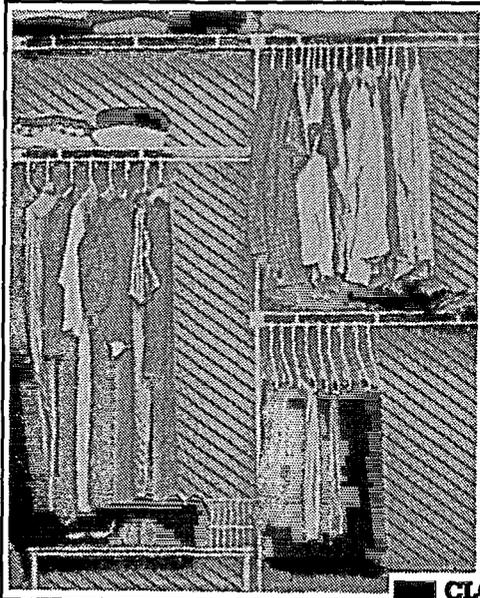
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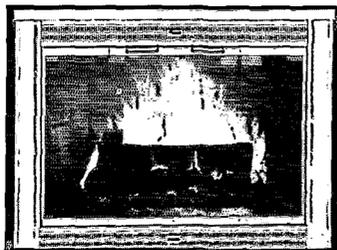
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more informal than antiques, and frequently representative of a particular country.

"For many years now I have gone to Europe," Denler explained. "I haven't just lately, but in the past I made special trips just to buy. It was not easy, even then. My wife and I went together. We'd rent a car and drive through the countries and go to all kinds of little villages and really search things out, acquire things wherever we could. Often you're either lucky, or sometimes very disappointed, because you could do a lot of travelling and not find the things that you really wanted. And they, of course, had to be shipped home. I often had the size of a boxcar just packed solid with things."

Design work seemed to follow Denler wherever he went, even on his winter getaways. The Denlers owned a winter home on the half-Dutch, half-French island of St. Maarten, lured by the island's azure waters and wondrous beaches. When his office was very busy, Denler alternated time between Grosse Pointe Farms and St. Maarten. But eventually, his hideaway routine backfired—he became involved in design projects on St. Maarten.

"We spent a lot of time there for over twenty years," he said. "So I did a lot of work on the island. Several hotel jobs. I've done a lot of things like that."

Denler estimates that about seventy percent of his business projects have been residential. He said he's thought of specializing in a particular type of interior design, but he can't resist a potentially interesting new project, no matter the type.

"The thing that I feel many people don't understand about my work is that they think it has to be a very important, large project, and that isn't true at all," he commented. "People who get to work with me know it can be any size job."

Denler's residential projects are divided between new home construction and remodelling older homes. He continues to design interiors in the Grosse Pointe and Bloomfield Township areas, and other northern Detroit suburbs, as well as northern Michigan communities and sites out of state. "Much of our work is with older homes, buildings which we enjoy doing because it's interesting to be able to improve something or change it to make it more of an advantage to live in."

As for commercial clients, Denler said he maintains few large accounts, but Hutzel Hospital keeps him busy.

"We do a lot of work continuously with Hutzel Hospital," he explained. "They just put an addition on—the auditorium, a new board room and a very large lobby and reception area. I've done all that work. It just opened in May. And they are going to do something more. We're doing something down there almost all the time with different offices, the cafeteria and everything."

Part artist, part engineer, Denler considers more than attractive backgrounds and furnishings when developing an interior plan for a client. His definition of interior design emphasizes practicality, appropriateness, comfort and enjoyment.

"I think you've got to study and analyze the people to suggest what should be for them, and not just try to copy somebody else's idea," he said. "You combine what they want and the type of living habits they have and where they live and have everything seem to be proper for their type of home and the way they use it."

"There are too many people that just don't stop and think how they really live or what they want to do. They think they've got to have this or that. It just sits and they use this part of the house and not the other because that's too elegant. That's ridiculous. Whatever it is, I think it should be useable."

Denler said people have misconceptions about interior design and hesitate in approaching a designer for advice. He points out that a plan need not be complicated or expensive. Designers can work with a budget and propose alternatives. Denler does not charge a fee for interior design estimates, or for his services. Clients only pay the retail price for materials they choose to purchase. According to Denler, people have difficulty understanding that there are no hidden costs. He advocates employing an interior designer even before a house is built, to assist with the planning.

"The architect naturally has his ideas, and often they're fine, but I think that there's a combination that's required to have a finished product the way it should be," Denler said. "I've had many people say that they're glad they talked to us when they did because it helps a lot with our layout of the furniture and spacing, how it's going to be really used and what's needed. All those things."

Denler acknowledges that a conflict of ideas can occur between the designer and client when working on some projects. At that time he presents his reasons for suggesting a particular design; often, a client will agree with his plans.

There have been some interior design trends over the span of Denler's years in business, but he does not recall them readily, since he has never paid much attention to trends. Denler prefers to set his own style.

"I find I don't always follow or agree with trends," he replied. "And I think that's one thing that many designers do, like in fashion. 'This is it, and certain colours are it, and this is what you're supposed to do.' I can't do that. I feel like everything calls for its own development."

To a degree, Denler believes that combining styles can have the most pleasing effect in decorating. Certain colours and style, he added, are more likely to weather trends.

"I think the more traditional things are much more livable, and last

longer as far as fashion is concerned," Denler explained. "When I was very young, I thought contemporary should be the thing and our first house was that way, semi-contemporary. It was very nice and we enjoyed it; it was published and most people admired it. To live in it, we thought it was more practical and more interesting to get into other types of decoration, and I still feel that way. I like to have a combination of things. And I really appreciate some of the older designs of furniture and antique things. Not entirely, but I think it really gives you a more individual feeling than contemporary."

While earth tones may be suitable design colours, Denler does not find them as "interesting" as some others. He prefers what he calls "fresher colours," but said the tone of a colour depends upon how the colour is used.

"Shades of blue and green to me are always very pleasing and attractive," he stated. "Naturally, you have to have other things, too. But I think, in that range, that's the most steady."

The trend is toward medium-light wood in furnishings, which Denler feels is fine, as long as it shows the character, quality and grain of the wood. People generally prefer lighter over darker woods; they are more lasting, he added, although darker woods can have their place.

Denler explained that it may be more difficult to obtain specific decorating items if the colours and styles in a proposed interior design plan are not popular at a given time. "Often, you have to really go out of your way by having things printed to order, some of which can be done without too much trouble; and have carpets woven to your colours because what is offered is not what you really want to use."

In Denler's view, interior design work has changed in some ways. It was easier to find talented craftsmen to work on cabinets and hang wallpaper years ago. Custom-made pieces were also more readily available.

"There were many more small companies that would make interesting pieces in furniture or accessories that were attractive and could be done to order," he said, "so there was much more opportunity to have something made individually. They've simplified too many things. They've been trying to make it easier—easier and more expensive."

## EIGHTY THOUSAND FRAMED PIECES HANG ON GROSSE POINTE WALLS

Dedication to a principle often breeds success. The Framing Gallery of Grosse Pointe is an excellent example.

For more than sixteen years, the Pavlock Family has created custom frames for the Grosse Pointe community, embracing the principles of Old World craftsmanship, the use of fine materials and meticulous detailing, as well as a serious dedication to their customers' needs. In passing their commitment and skills to their sons, Bob and Mike, Tom and Della have ensured that a second generation of talented craftsmen will carry on The Framing Gallery tradition.

In a span of time approaching two decades, the Pavlocks have framed more than 80,000 individual pieces in their shop on Mack Avenue between Lincoln and Fisher—works of art which grace the walls of Grosse Pointe homes. "We like to think of ourselves as unique in our industry," say Tom and Della Pavlock. "We work hard to keep up with the new trends, and continuously upgrade our corner samples to offer our customer the latest and the best picture framing selection. Our staff attends classes regularly, acquiring the knowledge necessary to serve today's sophisticated customer."

"We are extremely proud to be able to say that, of the 441 certified picture framers in the world, three are on our staff—a real plus for our customers. Certification is a true test of framing skills; clients can feel more secure knowing that their treasures are in the hands of people who care enough to subject themselves to a test of their knowledge."

Custom picture framing requires design talent, technical knowledge, and patience. Combine these requisites with a desire to give people quality beyond their expectations and a commitment to service, and you have a picture of the Pavlock family business—The Framing Gallery of Grosse Pointe.

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Dealing with a smaller design company can be advantageous. William Denler & Company's size allows it to cater more to individual taste. Denler prides himself on stocking a larger selection of fabrics and wallpapers than can be found in much larger companies. He's also cultivated special sources of accessories.

"They're not big companies; they specialize more in certain things that are a little different from most of the things you'd see in a store," he replied. "We do everything we can to try to maintain the quality in things."

Interest in antiques and collectibles has grown, according to Denler. He added that the notion of "antique" has changed, and items worth collecting are more expensive and difficult to find.

"A lot of things that are just 75, 80 or 100 years old are called antiques, and they really should be much older than that to be an antique," Denler said.

Another change Denler sees in the design field is in the qualifications of interior designers. He said he doesn't

feel that many young designers today appreciate or are adequately prepared for design work. "A lot of people think it sounds fun and easy. It's not easy at all. You've got to understand all phases to be a designer." Denler advises young designers to pursue further study, whether through formal education, or on their own, by travelling to historic sites to view exemplary period works.

The Denlers have long since moved from their home on Merriweather to a house on Cloverly that Denler also designed and built more than forty years ago. Their son and daughter have families of their own and live just a short distance away, but neither has followed their father's career path.

Today, Denler travels more for pleasure than business. Feeling the pressures of a congested island, the Denlers recently sold their St. Maarten home and several acres of property to a hotel. "The island was getting too busy," Denler said. "Right down the road a little ways they were building condominiums and coming closer and closer."

In the past two winters, Denler and his wife have taken a two-month cruise around South America, and spent time in the south; last winter they took a long car trip through the West, beginning in Florida and ending up in San Francisco.

While he's gone, Denler leaves the business in the capable hands of his co-worker, Jack Tarpley, who has been with Denler & Company for thirty years. "Well, I don't know," Denler muses, when asked about the reasons for Tarpley's longevity. "We get along well together. He's a very fine designer. We have just kind of a nice arrangement for things." Jane Mitchell, an assistant to Denler, has been with the company for forty-three years.

Denler is secretive about his plans for the upcoming winter. "We've got something else planned for next winter, but I'm not going to tell you what it is."

Whatever their plans, and wherever they go, life will continue to be an adventure for the Denlers; and who knows, it just may involve new interior design projects. ◆



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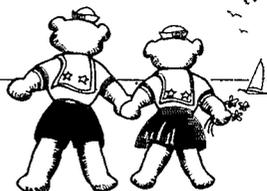
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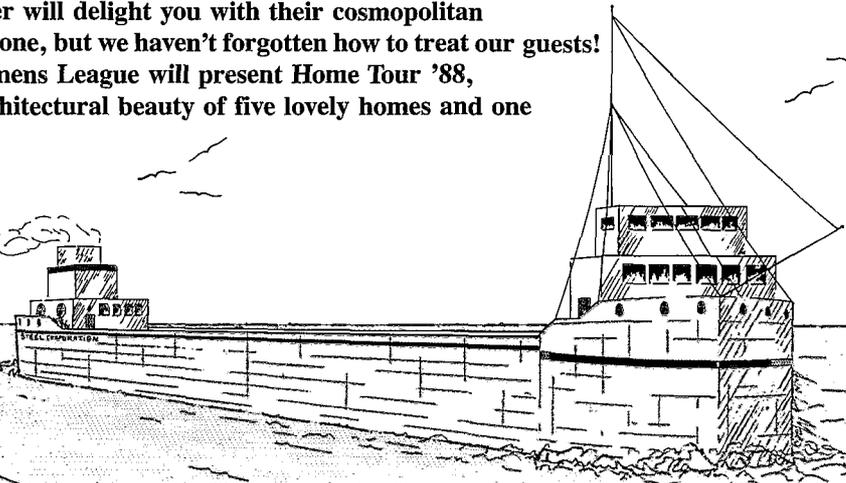
Take a leisurely drive along the water to St. Clair; come get to know us. Our heritage goes back more than a century, when we boasted major resort hotels and freighters were built in our back yard.

Today, we snuggle up to the St. Clair River, with a wonderful boardwalk along the water and public parks for enjoying the view. While you're in town, shop at well-stocked antique stores or cozy boutiques. Our hotels and inns are open year-round—some of them have been here for 150 years, and all of them do an admirable job of making your stay comfortable.

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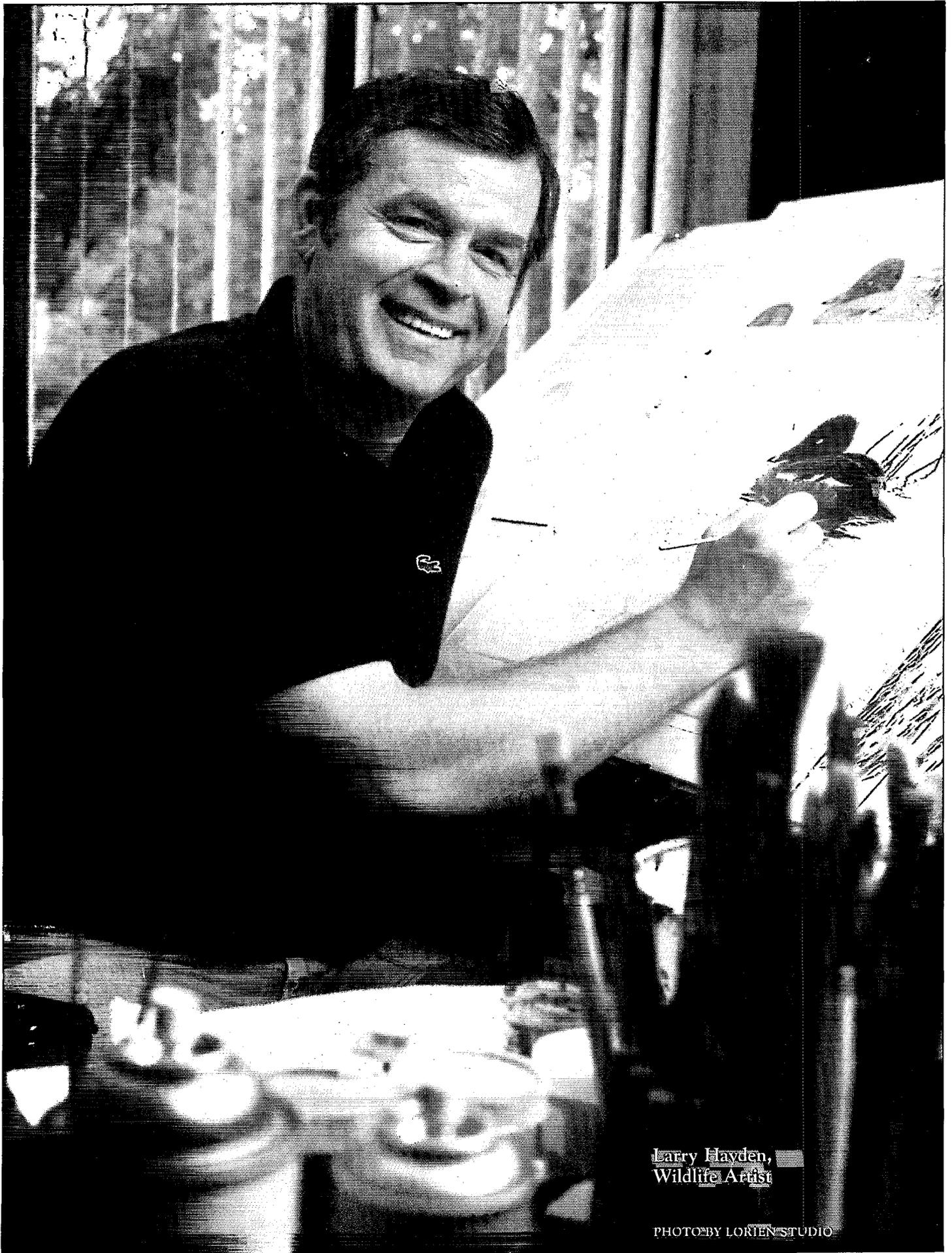


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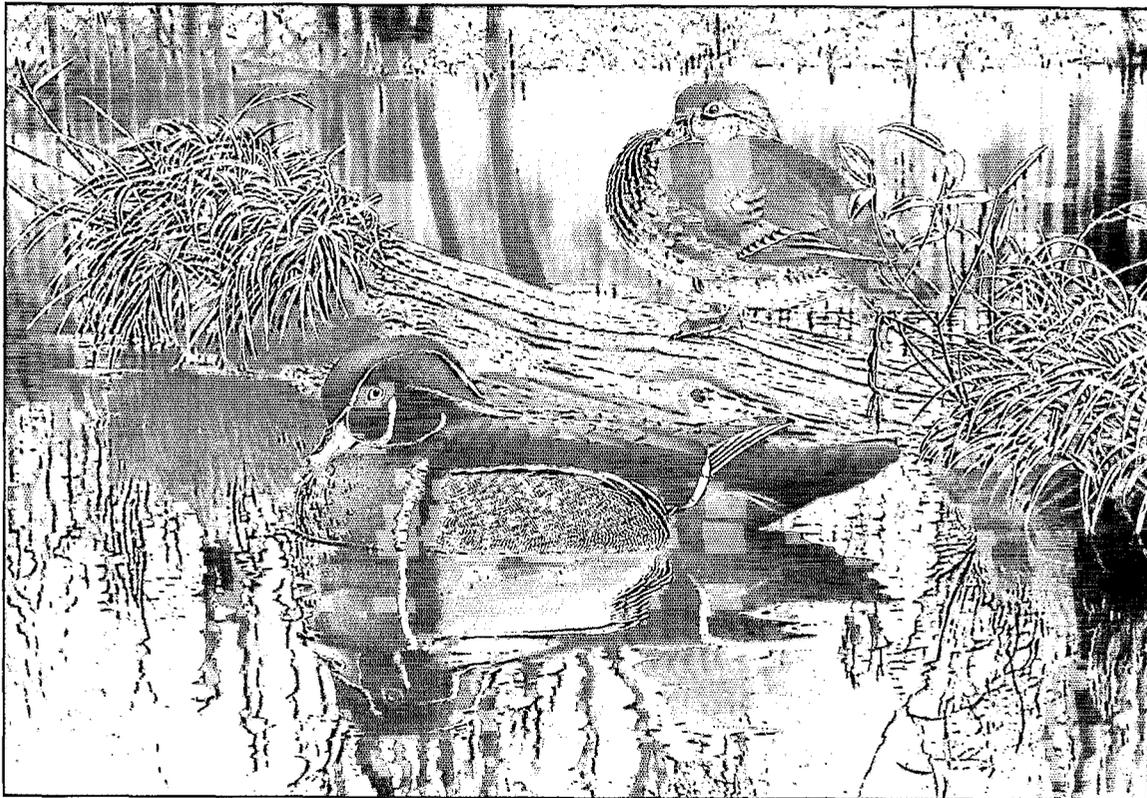
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Larry Hayden,  
Wildlife Artist

PHOTO BY LORIEN STUDIO

# a DUCKY SITUATION



"Autumn Reflections"

In the simple and elegantly decorated living room, five waterfowl prints blend perfectly into the peach-and-neutral tone decor. The artist explains, "I was carving duck decoys and entering different contests at the time. But carving the decoys took so much time. A friend suggested: why not do a painting with a limited edition of prints?"

First gaining national prominence as the premier decorative decoy carver of the 1970s, wildlife artist Larry Hayden won several National World Championship Decoy Contests in the United States and Canada. And, on the urging of his friend, in 1976 Hayden produced the first of the series of duck paintings that grace his living room wall. Subsequent paintings were completed in 1979, 1980, 1986 and 1987.

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Reflective of his complete attention to detail and design, the paintings appear almost lifelike. There is little or no background, and the artist refers to the paintings as "portraits" of marsh ducks. Ironically, Hayden doesn't consider himself a patient person, yet his work reflects a unique concern for the smallest and most precise detail.

Casually dressed in blue jeans and a white shirt with a duck in the upper left hand corner, Hayden eases into his chair. Why ducks? "It was natural to do ducks, because of my reputation from the decoy shows.

"Originally I was selling to decoy collectors and duck hunters. From a commercial standpoint, it is a small market. But to be successful, you must be able to expand to other areas." In the past, people who didn't fit into either of these categories probably would never hang a duck print in their living room. But things have changed.

Today, ducks represent a form of wildlife that most people can identify with. Unlike large game animals, most people have seen ducks, be it in a pond, park or even their back yards. "In the last few years, people have grown to appreciate nature more than they did in the past," says Hayden. Perhaps it's reflective of a renewed interest in the environment and the damage caused by oil spills and other industrial wastes. Regardless of its catalyst, this interest has brought the duck print the respect it deserves.

"Let me show you the studio," says Hayden, as he walks to his spacious, airy studio with lots of windows overlooking the trees sitting on this hill-top ranch in Farmington.

A walkway behind the house leads guests directly to the main studio door. A bookshelf is up against one wall, and there is plenty of work space. In the middle of the room sits Larry Hayden's desk; a file cabinet rests to one side.

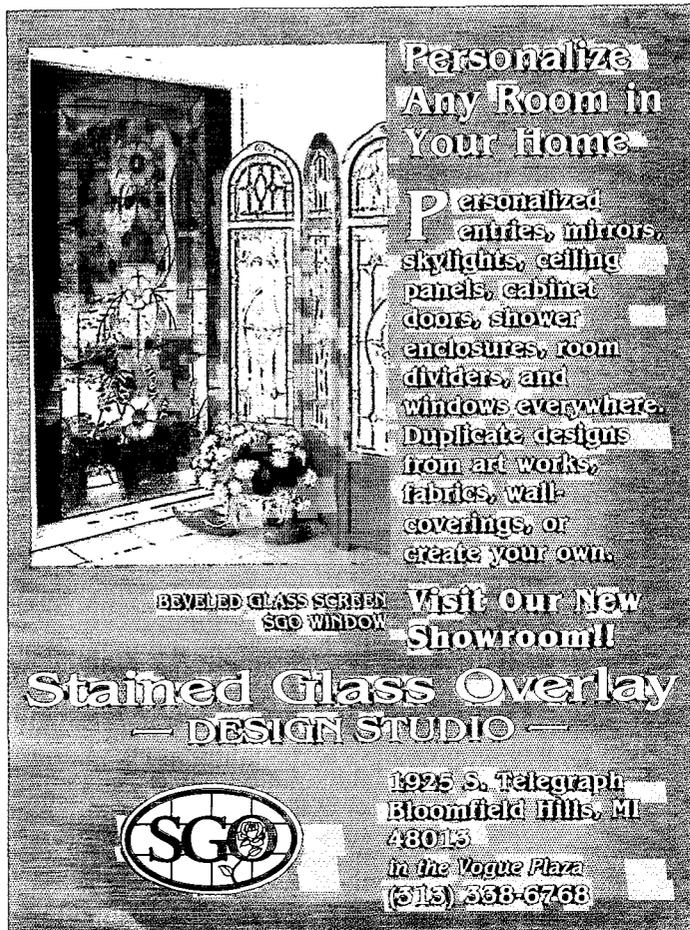
Several awards and plaques dot the walls. But this unpretentious person is not seeking to impress the writer; with a broad smile and kind manner, he dismisses their importance. He is refreshingly genuine and down to earth.

Hayden calls the writer's attention to a series of duck stamp prints on the far side of one wall. The artist won the first Michigan Duck Stamp Contest in 1977 and again in 1980 and 1987. His designs were chosen for the 1979 First Nevada Duck Stamp, the 1981 First Texas Duck Stamp and the 1984 Arkansas Duck Stamp.

The Nevada duck stamp features a design of an old Indian decoy. Discovered by archaeologists, it became the official trademark of the State of Nevada. Later sold as limited edition prints, complete with the stamp, the prints have become a collector's item.

A graduate of St. Theresa's School in Detroit, Hayden never received formal art training. Instead, he served an apprenticeship for four years at a commercial art studio. It was here that Hayden learned the basics of his trade. For the next 22 years, Hayden worked as a commercial artist and illustrator.

Although successful without a college degree, he strongly emphasizes the importance of a formal art education. "Today there is so much competition to just get started. I'm fortunate in that I was able to establish my name, but I also learned a lot of things the hard, slow way because I didn't have a formal art education. Things were simpler then; there were



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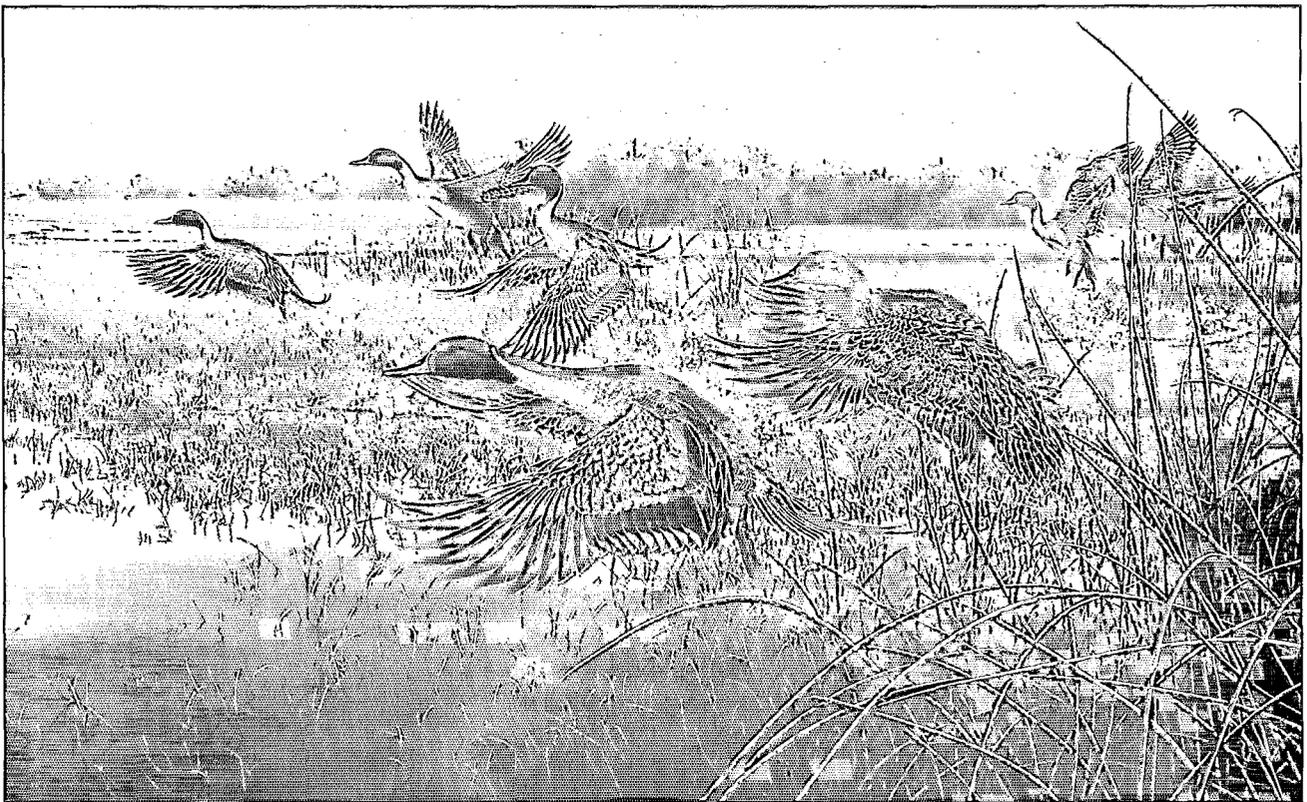
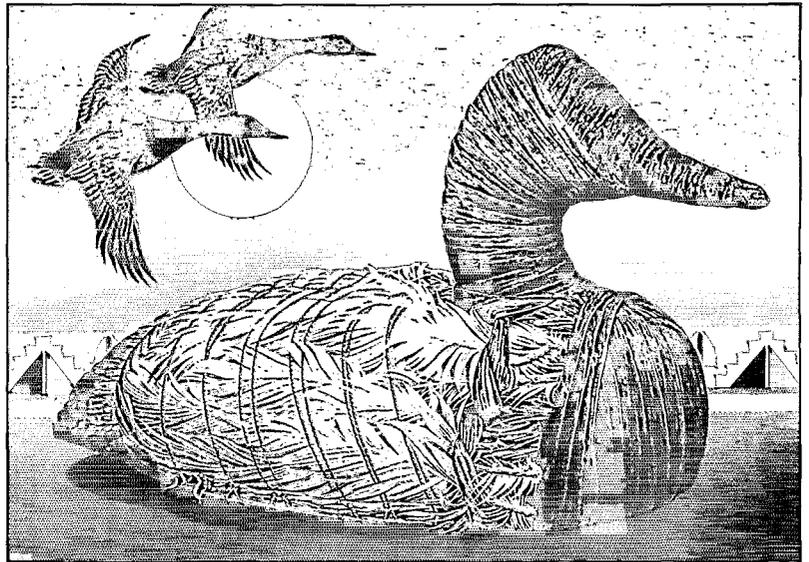
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*Larry Hayden's  
precise details  
make him a master  
of waterfowl art.*

Right: "The Canvasback Decoy"

Below: "A Flurry of Wings"



more openings when I first started out."

The key to a successful art career? It's a lot of study and devotion, and "the bottom line can't be how much money you'll make," he adds. Instead, the motivation should be quality—working until you've achieved personal satisfaction and quality.

This philosophy is reflected in his own work. In spending so much time creating waterfowl paintings, Hayden concerns himself with the characteris-

tics and the similarities of the different duck species. He often makes several sketches, some complete renderings, before he settles on one with which he is satisfied. It's his attention to the most minute of details that earns his work the recognition it so justly deserves.

Hayden walks down the spiral staircase at the corner of his studio to a "shipping room" below. Here is where he personally packages his prints for mailing.

Another door leads to the recreation room. Attractively decorated in earth tones with a large fish tank on one side, more plaques and awards hang on a wall. Directly beneath them, a shelf is dotted with several antique decoys, some dating back to the 1930s. Hayden explains, "Those are real hunting decoys. They were actually used in the water by hunters."

On another wall are several sports-related photographs of his youngest son, Sean, recently grad-

uated from Catholic Central High School. Hayden and his wife, Margie are the parents of four boys: Mark, an accountant currently residing in Los Angeles; Robert, the owner of a transmission shop in Grand Rapids; Gregory, who lives in the area; and Sean, the only son still living at home.

Hayden reminisces warmly about earlier years of spending time together as a family. "We used to go up North together... when they grow up, you miss those times. It's kind of sad."

Back in his studio, Hayden points to a picture of his youngest son holding a decoy he's just carved under his father's expert eye. "You think they have problems when they're small... but when they get older, things become more complicated... You never stop worrying about them.

"I wouldn't force my boys into going into this field. It's a competitive business, a tough business." Hayden eased into the market while working as a commercial artist. It wasn't until 1979 that he devoted all his time to his waterfowl paintings.

For many artists, supporting a

family through painting alone is not realistic. But Hayden acknowledges that if any one of his sons had been interested in pursuing an art career, he would not have discouraged him.

Born and raised in Detroit, his current home in Farmington is the only other house he and his family have lived in. Tranquilly resting on a hilly, dirt road, the neighborhood is quite different from his northwest Detroit neighborhood of years ago. For the bird hunter and avid bow-and-arrow deer hunter, it is an outdoorsman's dream. The change in neighborhood was dramatic.

"I was a city boy. There was nothing around here. If we wanted Chinese food, we had to go to Livonia. There weren't any restaurants. Now there are five or six Chinese restaurants in the area."

Today, Hayden's work pace is a lot more relaxed than it used to be. He still loves to go fishing and works around the house. As president of the Waterfowl Preservation & Decoy Club of Michigan, Hayden is involved in organizing the judging of the annual

North American Wildfowl Carving Championship.

This year's Championship is scheduled for September 16-18 at the Holiday Inn and Holidome Center in Livonia. The contest offers awards and recognition for both amateur and professional decoy carvers.

Hayden is also involved in conducting seminars on his craft, and has donated prints to organizations such as the Michigan Duck Hunters Association and Ducks Unlimited.

Currently, Hayden is busy working on a new series of duck prints; this time, he is featuring portraits of diving ducks. The beginnings of his first painting lay on his board, a pair of "Golden Eyes." Hayden explains that part of the duck's name is usually identified with some aspect of his colouring.

Even as a young child, Hayden acknowledges that he spent a lot of time on art... maybe too much time, sometimes letting his other studies slide a bit. Often, he chuckles, he was able to charm this teacher or that... with the magic of a pen, pencil or crayon.

Today, Hayden's tools are much more sophisticated, yet he is still charming people. Only now, his audience is composed of individuals from all professions, nationwide, who appreciate his single-minded dedication to the very highest of artistic standards. ◇

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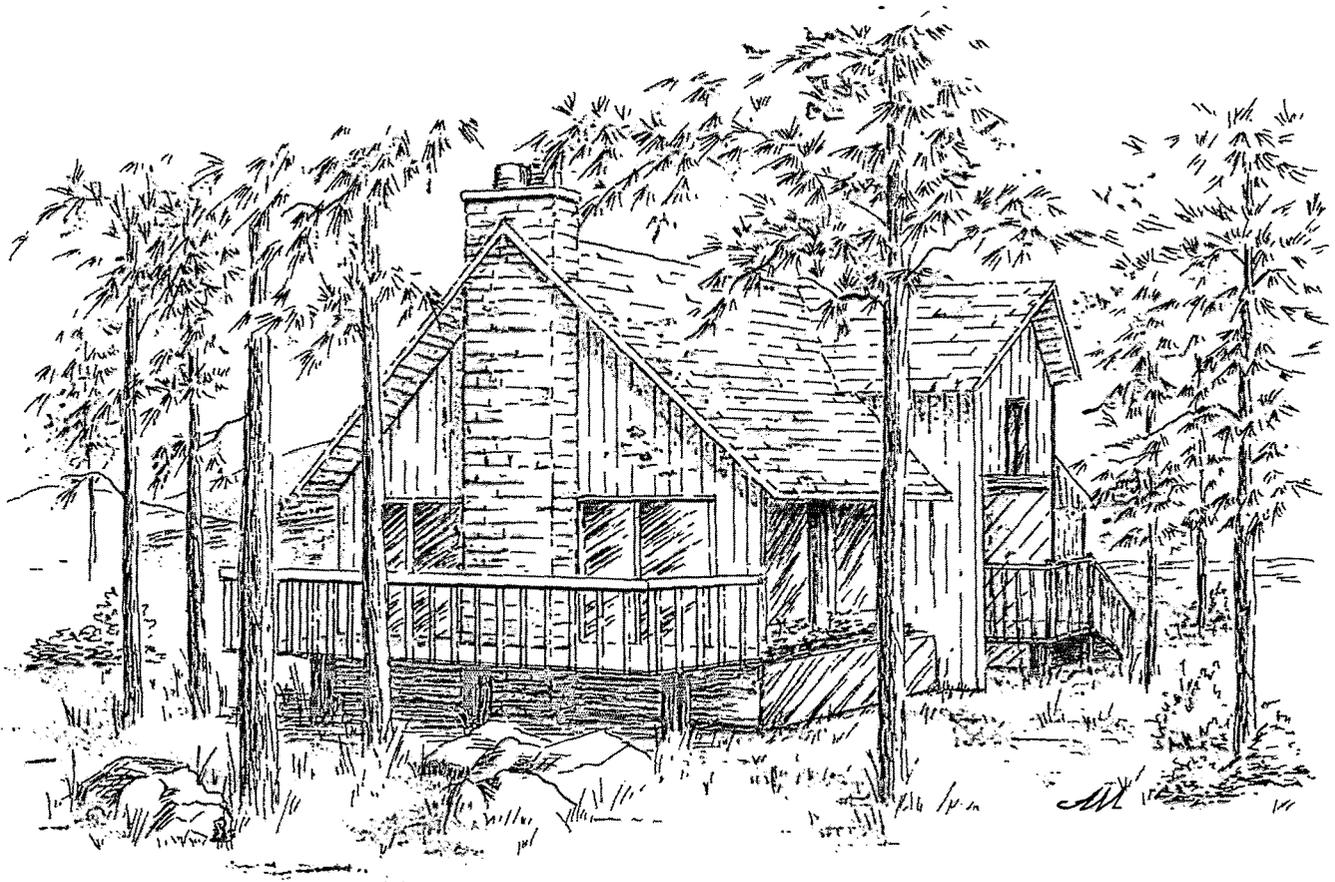
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by ANN VAN SICKLE

“With as many people that are hunting in Michigan these days, it’s really something special to have the privacy of your own land, to be able to watch the wildlife on it,” says Dave Weiers, a Sanford resident who owns hunting acreage in Mason County.

Many Michigan residents are coming to the same conclusion. Purchasing acreage for a hunting or fishing lodge

can be a very worthwhile investment—under the new tax law, real property taxes and interest on the mortgage loan for a second home are deductible, and with development in northern Michigan on the rise, now is a good time to get a piece of the pie. However, buying land is much more than simply making an investment—the experience itself can be rewarding. Like the sport of hunting, selecting the property best suited for your needs requires patience and attention to detail.

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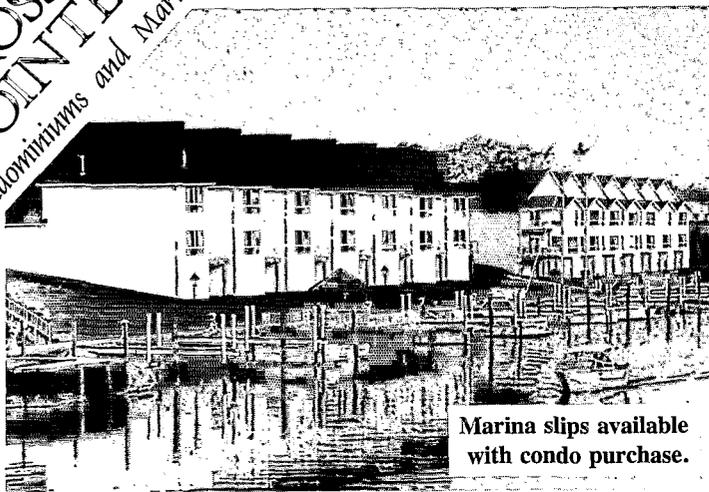
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The first step in choosing a lot is finding the best hunting or fishing area in Michigan for your particular quarry.

If you want to know which places in Michigan are best for deer hunting, it depends on who you're asking—every deer hunter has a story about the ten-point buck they took in some particular county or another. However, according to statistics gathered by the Michigan Department of Natural Resources, the west end of the Upper Peninsula is the best area for bow-hunters. For gun hunters, Dickinson, Alpena, Lake, Clare, Gladwin and Mecosta are the highest deer-yielding counties. If you plan to do your hunting on the weekends, be aware that on some state and federal lands in lower Michigan, hunting is restricted on Sundays. Other areas are set aside for the training of hunting dogs during specific times of the year. Check with your district offices of the DNR for information about the area you find interesting.

This is the first year since 1977 that the DNR has allowed an open season on quail. Since both pheasant and quail are plentiful in the southeastern part of the state, the accessibility of these small game birds may appeal to you. DNR game bird specialists note that it's wise to check with the Soil Conservation Service Division of the Department of Agriculture or your county extension agent for information regarding federal programs that reduce crops planted on specified areas. These locations are ideal for quail and pheasant.

More than 400,000 waterfowl are taken each year in Michigan. According to the DNR, a quarter of that figure are taken from the following counties: Bay, Monroe, Tuscola, Saginaw, St. Clair and Gratiot. Nayanquing Point and Crow Island are particularly good areas for duck hunting. It's in your best interests to buy a lot with lake frontage, as opposed to a lot with access to a lake. In Michigan there is a *prima facie* assumption that the owner of shore land holds the riparian rights to the lot unless stated otherwise in the deed. With riparian rights, you have the *exclusive* right to establish a duck blind. You also own to the center of the lake or to the thread of a water course; you are able to build a dock or other semi-permanent structure; and you can prevent the public from anchoring in this area.

If the solitude and tranquility of fishing appeals to you, you're not alone. *Rand/McNally Hot Fishing Spots* is an excellent directory to fishing areas in Michigan—it's a sort of consumer's guide to fishing spots in the state. Not only does *Rand/McNally* let you in on the best lakes and streams for different types of fish, it also has a section called "Tips" which can be as entertaining and informative as an old fishing buddy. *Rand/McNally* chooses Manistee, Little Manistee, and AuSable Rivers, Grand Traverse Bay, and Higgins and Houghton Lakes as the hottest fish-

ing sites. For trout fishermen, *The Angler's Guide to Ten Classic Trout Streams in Michigan* by Gerth Hendrickson includes 84 maps of sections of fabled Michigan streams.

After choosing the county best suited to your hunting or fishing interests, get in touch with a realtor in that area. If you have the time and inclination, you can obtain a map of subdivisions from the local planning and zoning office and start your own search.

Many hunters consider privacy a top priority. Try to buy land adjacent to federal or state property that has been set aside for environmental purposes. Michigan is famous for the amount of land restricted from development by the state—a careful search will lead to a lot with the seclusion you desire.

Look for diversity in the species of the trees on the property. For example, if there are only oaks, gypsy moth could wipe out most of the trees on the lot. Although you may prefer large trees, keep in mind that if you're planning to build, smaller trees are more able to sustain the trauma of construction. (Try to work out a deal in the contract with the builder where he shares the cost of replanting trees for those that are lost because of construction).

Once you select a lot, investigate your rights as an potential owner. Many people neglect to consider mineral and oil rights as an important part of buying property. Ted McKillop, a Saline resident who bought acreage 12 miles south of Mancelona, insisted on owning partial oil rights of the property he was purchasing. "We knew that the lot next to us had a dry oil well on it," says McKillop. He and his wife bought the lot for \$10,000 and retained one-sixteenth of the oil and mineral rights. Although the land was not purchased as an oil investment—it was and is a secluded fishing spot—the McKillops were approached by an oil company and have since collected more than \$40,000 as a result of careful foresight in drawing up the title insurance policy. The information you need about oil and mineral rights can be gathered from the town hall or local land accessor.

Despite your attention to detail, you may not have any choice in the matter. "Once the state owns [the oil and mineral rights], that's it," says Ludington realtor Frank Kalis. This can be a serious deterrent for purchases: "They're concerned about people coming in and drilling on their property." If the state owns the oil and mineral rights to a particular piece of property, don't expect to be able to arbitrate the matter.

Availability of utilities is something you should consider, and the rule of thumb here is not to assume anything. Even if you don't have immediate plans to build, check with the local power company to make sure they will come out to your property. Occasionally a company will refuse to bring electricity to rural areas unless



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If you plan to build on the lot, call your local zoning office to find out about the developing requirements. Zoning ordinances exist as a set of regulations in each district. The rules usually prescribe a maximum height limit for buildings, a minimum setback from side and rear lot lines, and a minimum setback from the shore of a lake or river. If, for example, you would like to build a fence that is taller than the local zoning code allows, you may re-

quest a variance from the zoning appeal board for the local municipality or township. Your purchase agreement should include a contingency with regard to the approval if the variance is a priority for you.

Don't automatically assume you can build a driveway if your land is on a county or state road. This may depend on local laws and your frontage. Find out what kind of easement rights you possess. What rights do your neighbors have to your land, and what

rights have you to theirs? Do you share your access to a lake with other neighbors, and will this create a dilemma? "I didn't think it would be a problem," says one lot owner, "but then I didn't think that, while I planned to spend my weekend fishing, I shared a dock with two families who were really into water-skiing and partying. I didn't realize how much the noise would bother me." Be sure that your rights are specified in clear writing—easements are frequently litigated in Michigan as a result of ambiguous wording in contracts.

It is worthwhile to have a surveyor examine your lot to make certain that the boundaries of record are being followed. Fences are not necessarily indications of boundary.

If there is a creek or stream on your property, will you have the right to use it, or is it a municipal watershed? Septic tanks are usually prohibited on watershed land. Don't buy until you have written approval from your municipality regarding your rights. Construction involving a well or septic tank requires the approval of the county public health department, but the inspection is usually informal and may only involve the proper official signing the plans.

Find out from the DNR if the land you are purchasing has been designated as wetlands. Although hunting and fishing are allowed on wetlands, construction is not allowed without a permit. The application must be approved by both the local government and the DNR. Even with a construction permit, dredging, filling and draining are activities that "cause a diminution in the ability of the wetland to perform its environmental function" and are therefore prohibited. If you still wish to build, have your builder examine the lot. "We put a lot of trust in our builder," says one owner of lakefront property.

The best advice current owners have to offer is this: Talk to your potential neighbors. You can often anticipate future problems by speaking to neighbors who know more about the history of the lot than you could ever find out from your realtor or the past owner. Your neighbors can also tell you, if you're looking at a lot on the off season, the character of the area during the season in which you plan to hunt. They, in turn, will appreciate the opportunity to meet their new neighbors. ◇

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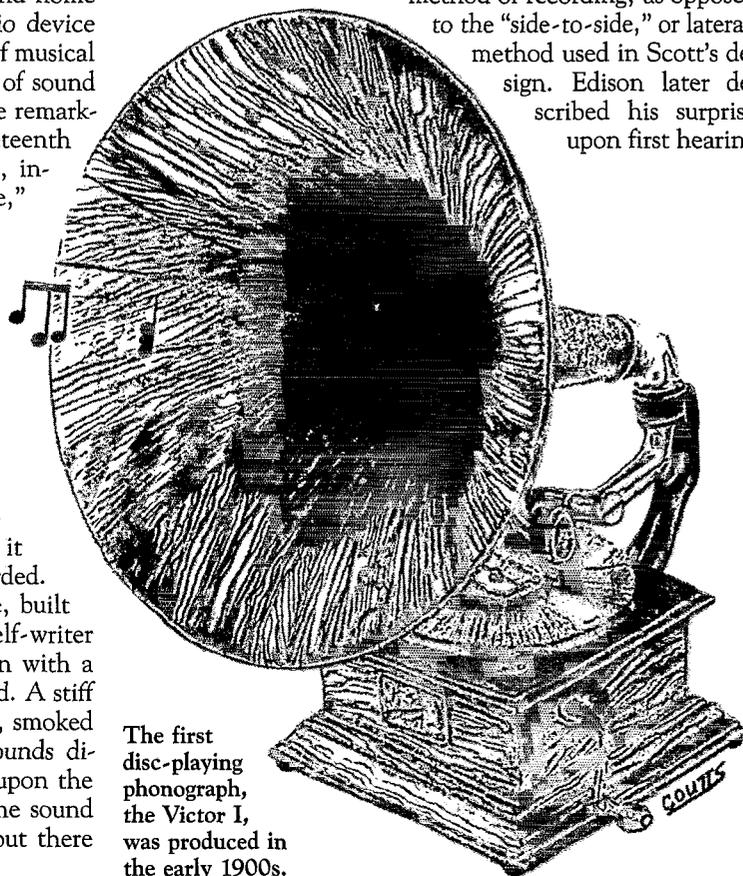
# THOSE MARVELOUS TALKING MACHINES

by TRISH ERICHSEN

Imagine a world without recorded music—a place where one would have to make plans to attend a live performance or simply depend upon memory for a playback of a favourite tune. We take recorded sound completely for granted in this age of the portable cassette player. With a push of a button we can make the silence swell with the sweetness of Vivaldi or the cheerful harmony of Lennon and McCartney. Virtually every car and home in America is equipped with some complex audio device that allows the listener access to a vast spectrum of musical choices. From what source did the elusive magic of sound reproduction arise? Its history can be traced to the remarkably creative period in the last third of the Nineteenth Century, which produced a myriad of inventions, including the phonograph, or “the talking machine,” as the device came to be known.

It is an invention which cannot be credited to just one man. In 1877, Thomas Alva Edison constructed the first record-reproduce machine, but as far back as 1791 a man named DeKempel, in Vienna, published the description of a device he built which could be made to speak short sentences. In 1807, Thomas Young published his book, “A Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy,” which included the description and illustration of a primitive, but practical, sound recorder; it was incapable of playing back the sounds it recorded. By 1856 a Frenchman, Léon Scott de Martinville, built an instrument he called the “phonograph” (self-writer of sound). This device was constructed of a horn with a thin, membranous material stretched over one end. A stiff bristle was attached to the membrane and a drum, smoked with lampblack, rotated beneath the bristle. Sounds directed into the horn caused the bristle to move upon the smoked drum, thereby tracing out a pattern of the sound waves. For the first time, sound could be seen; but there was still no means of playing it back.

In the next few years, numerous suggestions were put forth from the scientific community as to methods for reversing the recording process in order to reproduce the recorded sounds. Edison’s machine was the first to produce successful results. It was a small table-top model with a horn, and operated by reproducing sound waves which had been indented into a tinfoil-covered cylinder. The depth of the indentations corresponded to the sound pressure. This is what is referred to as the “hill-and-dale,” or vertical, method of recording, as opposed to the “side-to-side,” or lateral, method used in Scott’s design. Edison later described his surprise upon first hearing



The first disc-playing phonograph, the Victor I, was produced in the early 1900s.

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the recorded sound of his own voice. "I was never so taken aback in my life—I was always afraid of things that worked for the first time."

Popular Science Magazine reported the new development and dubbed Edison's talking machine the "acoustical marvel of the century." There were public demonstrations which culminated in an appearance at the White House. Public reaction was wildly enthusiastic. The profound significance of such a device was immediately recognized. People saw endless possibilities for its use. It would now be possible to record symphonies, operas, plays, debates and meetings. It would be possible to save the voices of great artists and leaders. Obscure dialects could be recorded and preserved. Recordings could be stored archivally like books, and used for education and entertainment. It was obviously a revolutionary step forward for civilization.

The Edison Speaking Phonograph Company was formed on April 24, 1878 in order to capitalize on the popular interest created by the public demonstrations. An early advertisement for the company reads: "The parlor speaking phonograph is intended for use in the parlor or drawing room, and will hold 150 to 200 words. The cylinder is so arranged that the foil can be taken off and replaced at any future time, thereby reproducing the same sounds that have been imprinted upon it...we have a limited number now ready which we will sell for \$10 cash, packed for shipment, with all appliances ready for use."

Excitement soon began to dissipate, however. Even though the talking machine created a sensation, it was impractical in many ways. The sound reproduction was poor and the fragile nature of the tinfoil made it an improbable choice for mass production.

By the early 1800s, Alexander Graham Bell and two colleagues had formed a company called the Volta Laboratory Associates. This group developed a talking machine they called the "Graphophone." This machine was similar to Edison's model, but displayed an important innovation. Instead of a tinfoil-covered cylinder, it used a cardboard cylinder covered in wax with a stylus that incised a groove of varying depth into the wax. This method of recording proved to be superior to the superficial indentation

technique with the tinfoil. The sound reproduction was much clearer, and the wax cylinder retained its shape long after the tinfoil had deteriorated.

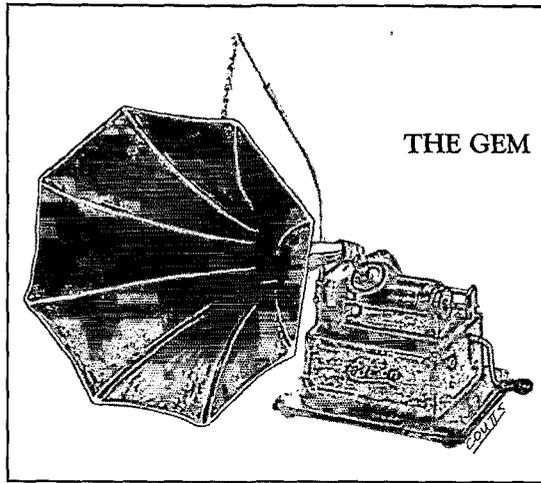
The new innovation sparked a great competition between Edison and Bell. Edison soon marketed an improved version of his machine, using an all-wax cylinder. The Graphophone and the Edison Phonograph were in competition well into the 1900s, and the combined advertising efforts of the two companies touched off a phonograph craze, reigniting the flame of public interest. The Edison Company paid famous celebrities to record messages on their cylinders, hoping to capture the popular imagination. One such celebrity was Florence Nightingale. Her statement was, "When I am no longer even a memory, just a name, I hope my voice brings to history the great work of my life. God bless my dear old comrades of Balaklava, and bring them safely to shore." Like wistful echoes they beckon to us from that small window of time so long ago. Sir Arthur Sullivan, a well-known British composer of the day, commented, "For myself, I can only say that I am astonished and somewhat terrified at the results of the evening's experiments. Astonished at the wonderful power you have developed, and terrified at the thought that so much hideous and bad music may be put on record forever." What a visionary! Sir Arthur didn't imagine the half of it.

7 In fact, Sir Arthur was not the only one with misgivings about the new power wielded by this strange machine. Reaction was not all positive. Dogs howled at the tinny, disembodied voices that emerged from the horn, inspiring one manufacturer, the Victor Talking Machine Company, to adopt the now-famous logo of a dog barking into the horn of a phonograph. Some people, particularly those from rural areas, saw the recordings as unnatural and the work of the devil. Others were offended by the risqué songs coming out of the music halls and into the home. In the case of a man brought to trial in 1904, the defense admitted that the defendant had stolen a horse to buy a phonograph, but argued that he was not in full possession of his faculties and therefore could not be held to account for his deed. The judge readily agreed, saying that "anyone fool enough to buy a phonograph is obviously of weak intellect."

In 1896 Edison produced a further innovation. That year he marketed the first spring-motor driven phonograph. All the earlier models had to be turned by hand or driven by a battery-powered electric motor. By now there were thousands of musical selections available on cylinder, and sales were steady. Early recordings mostly consisted of classical pieces, although concert band music and political speeches were also available. Enrico Caruso was a favourite performer. It was still early in the development of the phonograph and many problems remained unresolved. At this point, the talking machines were still only available in

the basic table-top style. The most obvious drawback was the lack of a method of reproducing the recordings on cylinders. In order to make multiple copies of a performance, a singer would have to shout into the horns of a whole series of phonographs arrayed all around him. This was clearly a primitive recording process and not conducive to mass production. Actually, each of the cylinders made this way was an original and could only be copied on a one-on-one basis by playing a cylinder on one phonograph and recording it on another. This was incredibly time-consuming, and the sound quality suffered with each successive copy, because the original could not withstand the abuse of this continuous process.

In the midst of the competition between Edison and Bell, an unknown amateur was tinkering with an innovation of his own. Emile Berliner, a German-American retail store clerk, began experimenting with flat discs to be used in place of the wax cylinders. He was interested in the recording method used by Léon Scott de Martinville in 1856—the "side-to-side," or lateral, method. In 1887 he designed and built his own version of the phonograph and called it the Gramophone. He was able to produce sound on his disc by the following year. It was a hand-operated, table-top model with a small horn, but it had an important, new feature—a flat turntable that rotated the disc. It was the first phonograph to resemble



An Edison phonograph sold for \$15 from 1909-1913. The 19-inch tin horn was suspended from a chain.

its modern counterpart. Berliner's discs achieved a far better sound quality than that of any of his fellow inventors. The original discs were made of a hard rubber called vulcanite, which proved to be imperfect. Eventually he discovered a product used in button making that made such superior recordings that, in time, the discs rendered the old-fashioned cylinders obsolete. The material was so durable that it was used to make 78s well into the 1950s.

7 Berliner combined the use of this new product with a new, all-wax master copy. His diligent experimentation had yielded a high quality recording which could be mass produced. In 1894 Berliner founded the Victor Talking Machine Company, manufacturer of the famous "Victrola." Victrola was so popular that, even today, phonographs in general are often referred to as Victrolas. The Berliner discs and their relative ease of mass production assured the continued success of the phonograph. Still, Edison, Bell and Berliner decided to combine their phonographic patents in 1902 in order to nurture the fledgling industry.

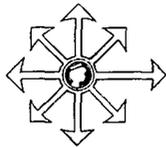
The turn of the century introduced a phonograph designed and manufactured as a lovely piece of furniture. This is the classic cabinet style with which we are most familiar today. It was meant to be displayed in a parlor or living room and was a symbol of affluence. In 1906, The Victor Talking Machine Company was the first to market a phonograph with the horn built into the cabinet. This design allowed the use of a larger horn. The listener controlled the volume by opening and closing the cabinet door. The

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playback stylus (needle) could be selected from a wide choice of materials. Some styli were made of steel, often chrome-plated. Others were made from organic material such as thorns, cactus needles and bamboo. These last three produced a softer tone, but had to be re-sharpened with each use. A writer comments in a *Popular Science* article in 1919: "Years ago... the parlor organ was the principle source of music in the home... today, however, the phonograph holds its sway..."

The talking machine grew ever more popular throughout the first two decades of the Twentieth Century; despite the debut of radio broadcasting in 1919, they reached the zenith of their popularity in the 1920s with the birth of the "Jazz Age." The first novelty of live radio broadcasts caused record sales to do a tailspin, but it took a full decade for radio to assert its dominance over the phonograph. Actually, the development of broadcasting technology led to a revolution in the recording process. Prior to 1925, the only system of recording and playback was acoustical. Both deep bass and treble were often lost in the recording studio. The solutions to this problem and that of obtaining fuller volume were discovered in the development of electrical recording and reproduction with microphones in the radio industry. The success of the electrical recordings was immediate and overwhelming. Acoustical recording was obsolete within two years. By 1927, at only fifty years old, the phonograph industry was a behemoth commercial enterprise marketing more than one million records per year.

The 1920s was a decade sometimes referred to as "the Age of Nonsense." It was a time of wild abandon and experimentation. A kind of romantic cynicism pervaded the attitude of American post-war youth and heralded the beginning of a twentieth-century generational trend—youth in rebellion. The unofficial spokesperson for this movement was F. Scott Fitzgerald, a writer, who, at age 24, became world-famous with the publication of his first novel, *This Side of Paradise*. He was among the first writers of his era to illustrate the new sophistication of the time—as in this excerpt from *A Commentary on New York, 1926*.

*The restlessness approached hysteria. The parties were bigger. The pace was faster, the shows were broader, the buildings were higher, the morals were looser and the liquor was cheaper...*

In spite of Prohibition, speakeasies thrived; jazz music reigned. A free-wheeling, frivolous spirit took hold of the nation. It was a colourful, carefree, provocative time—a decade-long party which ignored most incidents of social injustice and was bored with politics and social responsibility. The accent was on fun, fast cars and romance. The phonograph remains one of the quintessential symbols of the decade and its unrestrained pursuit of sensual pleasure.

One life-long Detroit resident recalls the canoeing fad of the Twenties:

*The young chappies would be all dressed up in their white ducks and boater hats. They rented space in the canoe shelter on Belle Isle. Their canoes were painted in bright colours with wild designs and were almost always equipped with a portable Victrola. You could see them gliding along the waterways of Belle Isle on a summer's evening, a dapper young man, his sweetheart propped-up*

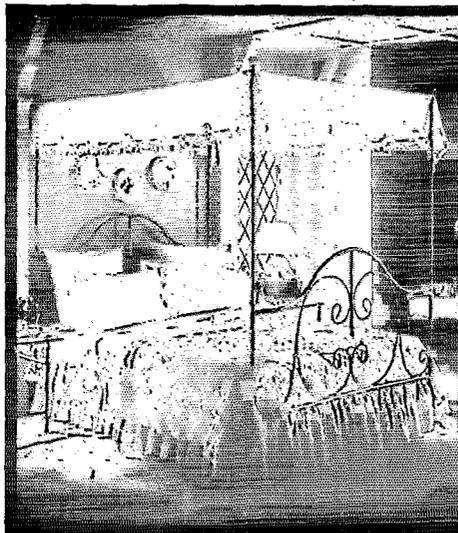
on pillows at the prow, dipping the oar into the water with long, smooth strokes while the curved neck of the phonograph poured out the romantic rhythm of a sweet serenade or perhaps the restless beat of a racy jazz band.

While the festivities raged, the simple pleasures of the average family quietly endured. Another Detroit remembers that a favourite evening pastime would include the family gathered around the living room listening to tenor John McCormick or soprano Mary Garden on the Victrola. The phonograph was considered a necessary appointment to every modern living room and was kept gleaming with red O' Cedar oil. The price listed in a 1920 catalogue is \$43.50; \$5.00 down and \$5.00 per month.

In the 1930s, radio definitively began to eclipse the phonograph, but was never able to match its ability to offer the listener a personal selection of music. If the radio did not hold the listener's interest, it could be switched off and the phonograph could still offer the privilege of individual choice. Many people who could not afford the latest gadgets in the Depression-riddled Thirties retained their old Victrolas and used them into the war years. A European native recently remarked that the gramophone was widely used on the Continent during

the upheaval of World War II.

In time, however, the talking machines were relegated to attics and basements and garages, where they have suffered years of intense heat and cold as the seasons slowly evolve into years. The shiny veneer of their cabinets have dulled or even separated and peeled away from their backing. Yet, even in a weathered condition, they still reflect the elegance and style of that spirited time. Mr. John Whitacre, president of the Michigan Antique Phonograph Society in Lansing, estimates that there are possibly 500,000 phonographs of different types still in existence throughout the world. The most valuable talking machine would most certainly be one of the early cylinder models, especially one of the original Edison tinfoil cylinder phonographs. Henry Ford Museum has some fine examples of early phonographs in its collection. The current value of a later model such as a Victrola is approximately \$300 to \$500, depending on its condition. It could be worth more in excellent condition. A really weathered model, if restorable, can still fetch \$150 to \$200. There are many different brand names, such as Victor, Columbia, Edison and Brunswick, all of which represent that vital link between the early thrill of experimentation in the sound laboratory and our ability today of summoning up the likes of Mozart with the push of a button. ◇



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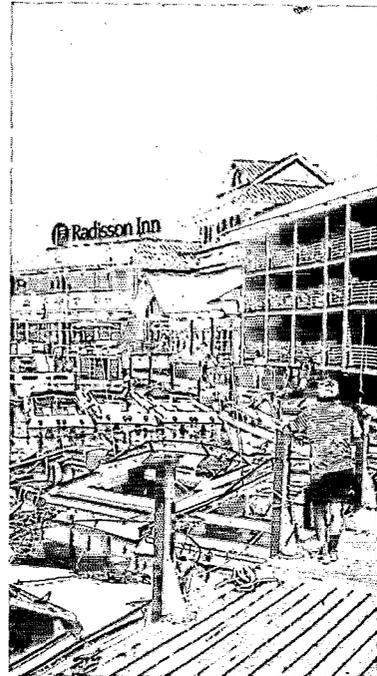
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# CLEARLY ELEGANT

The shimmer of crystal chandeliers may call to mind an era long gone, an era of women in silken dresses descending from horse-drawn carriages to dance the night hours away. In grand ballrooms, they twirled beneath the illuminance of these sparkling, gilded lights.

Although that era has passed, this pretty picture has yet a place in our times, as crystal chandeliers grace modern homes.

The first crystal chandeliers appeared in Italy around the late Sixteenth Century, evolving from the crude bronze and iron chandeliers made during the Middle Ages. These more brilliant lighting pieces were fashioned of bronze or brass and hung with a few rock crystal pendants.

A fascination for crystal chandeliers soon spread to other countries, where their design enhanced. By the reign of Louis XIV in France in the late Seventeenth Century, the style had become much more elaborate, as was seen in the ornate crystal chandeliers hung in the Palace of Versailles.

The wealthy and royal classes, who could afford the luxury of crystal chandeliers, spread the vogue as they travelled from country to country. "They became a trend, much as fashion trends catch on today," says Joan Walker, partner at DuMouchelle Galleries in Detroit. "It was the royalty of the various countries that really dictated taste."

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by SHARON MORIOKA

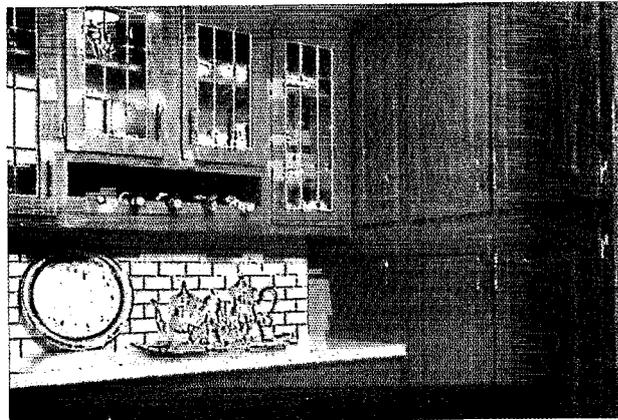
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In the late 1920s and early '30s, a mere 35 cents would provide an evening of splendor and enchantment at Detroit's most exquisite palace.

This year marks the 60th anniversary of the Fox Theatre in downtown Detroit. As the largest movie theatre in the nation, the Fox is currently being restored to reclaim its reputation as one of the most elegant of all performing arts and historical attractions in the country, according to Olympia Arena management.

In March 1927, William Fox broke ground for the construction of the theatre which bears his name. After 18 months of construction, the \$6 million project held its grand opening on September 21, 1928.

What makes the Fox unique are the antique furnishings housed in this "Picture Palace Gothic" style theatre. Outside, one of the most prominent movie palace architects, C. Howard Crane, designed the theatre by mixing a style of movie glitz with Old World elegance.

A *Temple of Amusement*, as it was once known, contains an interior described as *Siamese-Byzantine* which is a combination of Far Eastern, Egyptian, Babylonian and Indian themes from various eras. William Fox called this style the "Eve Leo Style," a tribute to his wife who travelled around the globe assembling furniture, artifacts and paintings to decorate the theatre.

Rows of massive marble columns grace the halls embellished in gold leaf with hand-stencilled walls. Thousands of sparkling glass jewels embedded in the eyes of decorative figures, velvet throne chairs, bass ornamentation and leather-lined elevators stunningly embower the guests.

One of the classic trademarks of the Fox is the two-ton multi-coloured chandelier that hangs from the center of the auditorium ceiling. The antique piece was originally built for the theatre in 1927, stretches 13 feet in diameter and contains more than 1,240 pieces of Italian leaded glass.

A large wool rug, which weighs 5,000 pounds and covers 3,600 square feet, flaunts a colourful elephant pattern. Underneath lies a terrazzo floor trimmed in brass, bearing a star-burst pattern in the center. An elegant pink stone staircase is now being restored to add brilliance to the lobby.

In July of last year, the Fox Theatre and adjoining office buildings were purchased by Michael Ilitch, chairman of the board and president of Little Caesar International, Inc. and president of Olympia Arenas.

"We have a significant interest in Detroit and are very excited about the opportunity to restore the Fox complex to its original glory as the finest facility of its kind in the country," says Ilitch. Plans include restoration of ninety percent of the theatre to its original condition.

Not only was the semi-precious crystal expensive, but workmanship was costly. Lighting fixtures were handblown and hand-cut from mined crystal. Adding to the cost were custom specifications; chandeliers were designed for a specific room's proportions. The pieces were usually made and assembled in one city and then disassembled and shipped to another city, where they were reassembled upon arrival.

Walker estimates that the time taken to handcraft crystal chandeliers—which by nature were usually very large—was simply astounding. "If you go to New York where Steuben is today and watch them blow one glass, it's very time consuming, and that's just one goblet." Even the time necessary to clean such a piece required servants that only the rich could afford.

As the allure of crystal chandeliers spread, certain centers in Europe became well known for the quality of their crystal and the beauty of their design. Some of the finest crystal has always come from Bohemia in Czechoslovakia, says Earl Mercer, purchasing agent at Michigan Chandelier in Southfield.

Other expert glass makers were Baccarat in France, Waterford in Ireland and various Venetian craftsmen. Each center developed patterns, becoming known for their own styles.

Those in Waterford had a more tailored style, while those in France and Venice created more ornate crystal into forms resembling flowers or fruit.

One country that never became a center of manufacture was America, although crystal chandeliers did hang in some homes after being introduced here around 1760. During the 1700s, when these fragile lighting devices were becoming extremely complex and ornate, America was still a colony.

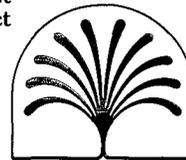
"You can just imagine shipping crystal," says Walker. "So you know why most of our colonial chandeliers were brass. I'm not saying that there wasn't a glass blower who couldn't blow a crystal chandelier, but there wasn't anything on a great scale."

Crystal chandeliers—especially those in England and France—became more ornate as craftsmen perfected the glassmaking processes. One innovation in 1633 was the Bohemians' development of a clear glass using a potash-lime solution. Glass was less costly than, but just as beautiful as



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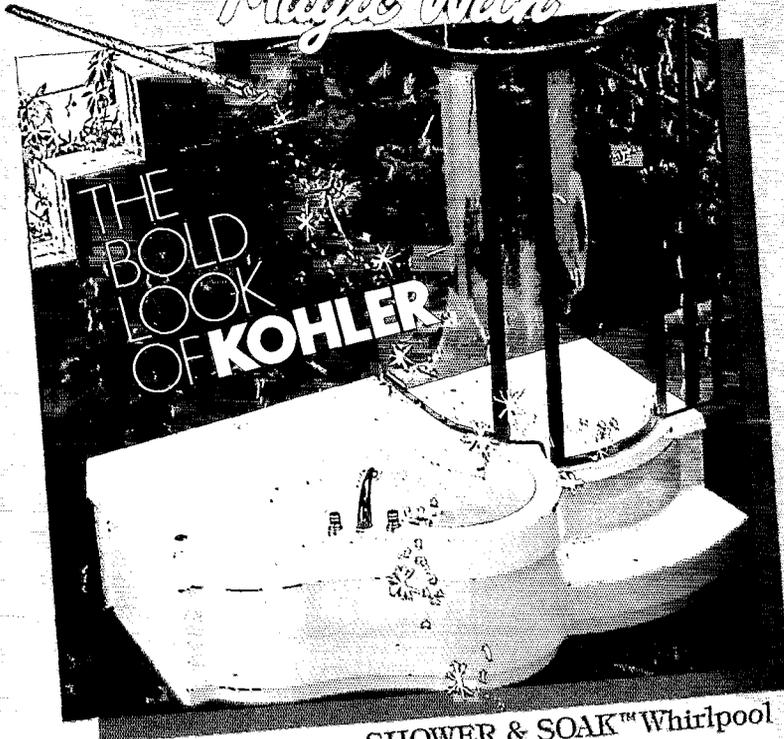
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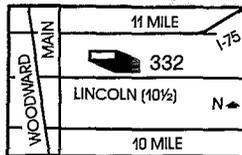
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rock crystal. Forty years later, English glassmakers introduced lead into the glassmaking process, thus producing a clearer glass. Clarity of glass is important in evaluating quality craftsmanship, says Walker. It should have no bubbles or other imperfections.

The most famous glassmakers produced such quality glass, as well as an appealing overall design, an important consideration in evaluating antique chandeliers. "It must be beautifully blown," says Walker. "The design must be graceful, appealing."

She concedes that a certain amount of irregularity is inherent in handwork. Pieces may not be perfectly symmetrical. She also notes that antique chandeliers have suffered from time and travel wear.

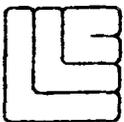
"The problem we find with many antique chandeliers is finding them in good condition," says Walker. "Because these are large chandeliers, frequently, damage has occurred over the years. Therefore, a certain amount of damage is acceptable. It has to be acceptable; you cannot find a chandelier 200 years old without a few little nicks here and there."

Another thing modern buyers must consider are the alterations that have been made over the years. Crystal chandeliers made during the Eighteenth Century were usually custom-designed for the palatial rooms of the very wealthy. To fit into smaller modern rooms, they are often altered, with a tier or two removed. A chandelier may also have been altered when one piece broke off, because a similar matching piece on the other side would then have been removed to maintain the balance.

In this case, Walker cautions buyers who prefer a chandelier in its original condition: "If you really want a pristine piece that is in original condition, you do have to watch that it hasn't been altered, that it has the same number of arms that it originally had."

As craftsmen perfected their trade over the years, trends in design developed. The increase in embellishment developed during the period of Louis XV in France and through the early Georgian periods in England. Not only did chandeliers drip with cut crystal and leaded glass, but they also had designs carved into the glass.

By the mid-Eighteenth Century, a more formal styling replaced the



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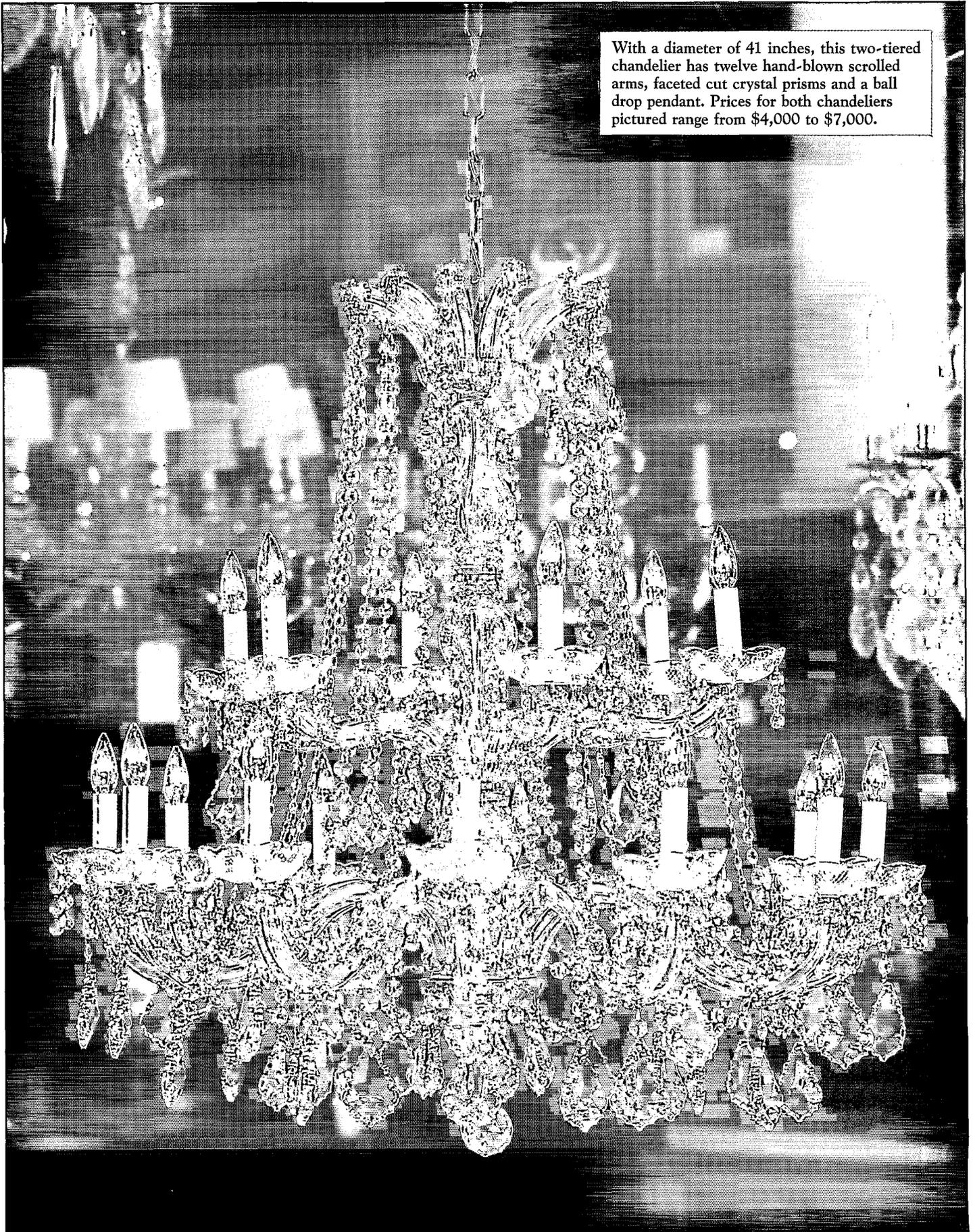
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With a diameter of 41 inches, this two-tiered chandelier has twelve hand-blown scrolled arms, faceted cut crystal prisms and a ball drop pendant. Prices for both chandeliers pictured range from \$4,000 to \$7,000.



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taste for a profusion of glass pendants. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century during the Regency period in England and the Empire period in France, crystal chandeliers assumed on a different design. Replacing the frame of curving arms hung with pendants was a *ballon* shape—button-shaped pendants strung on vertical strings flowed from the top of the frame to a central hoop, with additional pendants falling below the hoop. In fact, shapes of pendants continued to change throughout the Eighteenth Century.

At the beginning of the Twentieth Century, the style returned to more traditional chandeliers, but chandeliers of any type seemed to fade from favour with the advent of electric light.

A resurgence in the popularity of crystal chandeliers occurred in the 1980s. Walker reports that DuMouchelle's sells quite a few more traditional, formal settings.

Modern and antique reproduction crystal chandeliers continue to be made in Europe, not America. "The glass blowers are there," says Earl Mercer. "I think there are only about four people that make fixture glass in the United States. It's hard to get a piece of glass that doesn't come from Europe." He adds that Taiwan has begun to export crystal for chandeliers, as well.

And while machines can now replace glass blowers in the production of crystal, the most valuable glass is still handblown or cut. The value of an antique chandelier can vary, depending on many circumstances: size, quality, age. DuMouchelle sells crystal chandeliers for prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$8,000. Chandeliers that had hung in the old theaters in Detroit sold for about \$10,000; of course, larger pieces that hang in public places can be valued at much more. Walker says that one hotel in Louisiana displays a crystal chandelier worth at least \$100,000.

Whatever the price, people are rediscovering the beauty of a shimmering crystal chandelier, whether to grace their own home or admire in another. As Mercer says, "Crystal is definitely on the way back." ◆

*Chandeliers photographed by Lorian Studio at DuMouchelle's, 409 East Jefferson, Detroit.*

# IT'S ABOUT TIME

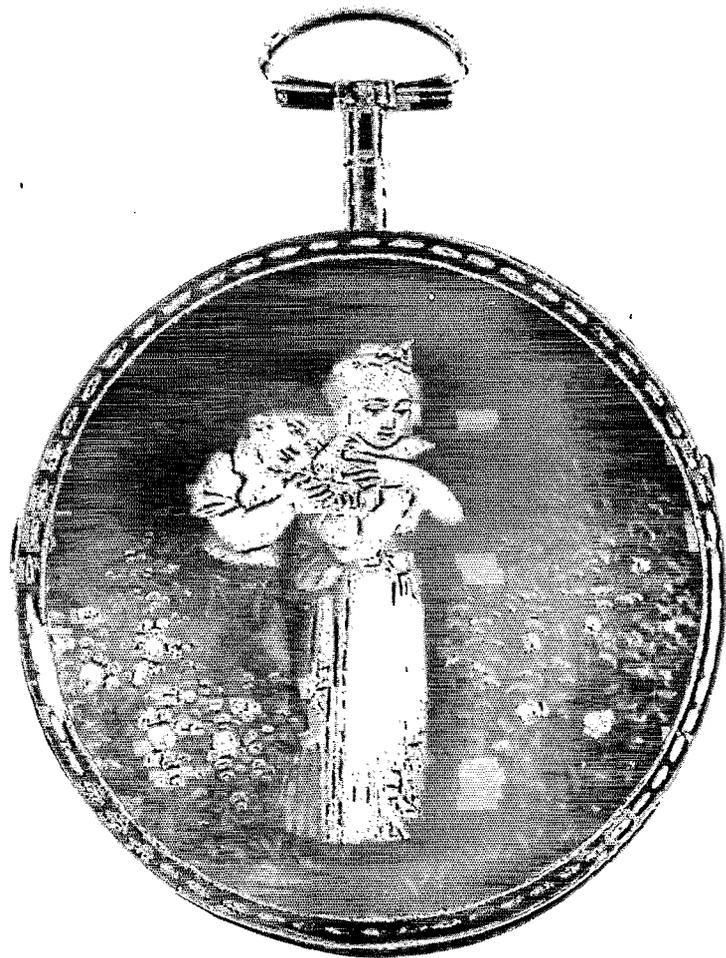
**I**

f Grandpa wanted to tell time, he had to have a pocket watch."

As Bill Williams, owner of Charterhouse in Grosse Pointe, tells the story of antique pocket watches, he keeps one thing in mind—their sentimental value. "Everyone who has one in the family treasures it greatly," he says.

According to Williams, "The Elgin Company, which is one of the largest American makers of pocket watches, themselves made 55 million pocket watches. The Waltham Company made 35 million pocket watches. There are millions of pocket watches out there."

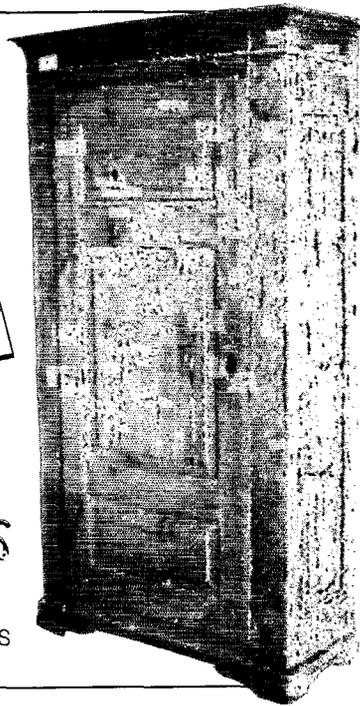
Pocket watches speak of another place in time.



A circa 1790 enamel-cased watch which chimes the time.

by MARGARET ANN CROSS

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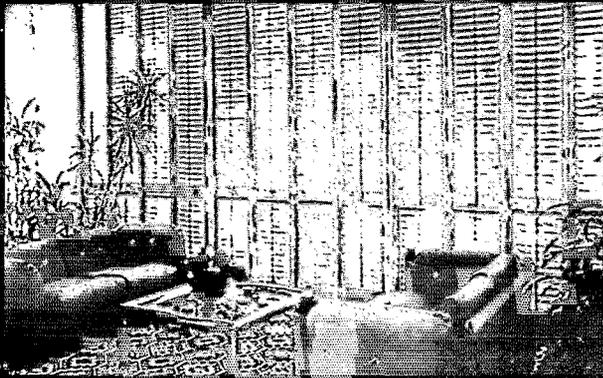


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"The reason pocket watches became the thing—everybody had to have one and carry one—and the reason they had to be so very accurate—was the invention of the railroad. There were such things as railroad watches used by railroad men that had to be very accurate to time the trains. But even the average person, who used to be able to just listen to the chime of the church clock in the village and that was close enough, had to know the time within a few seconds if he was going to catch a train. So, pocket watches became a necessity."

The timepieces are priceless as heirlooms. Yet, because of the large number of pocket watches still in existence today, an antique dealer looks for special qualities in determining the value of a watch. Charterhouse, a Grosse Pointe business for 14 years, is one of the Midwest's top buyers of pocket watches.

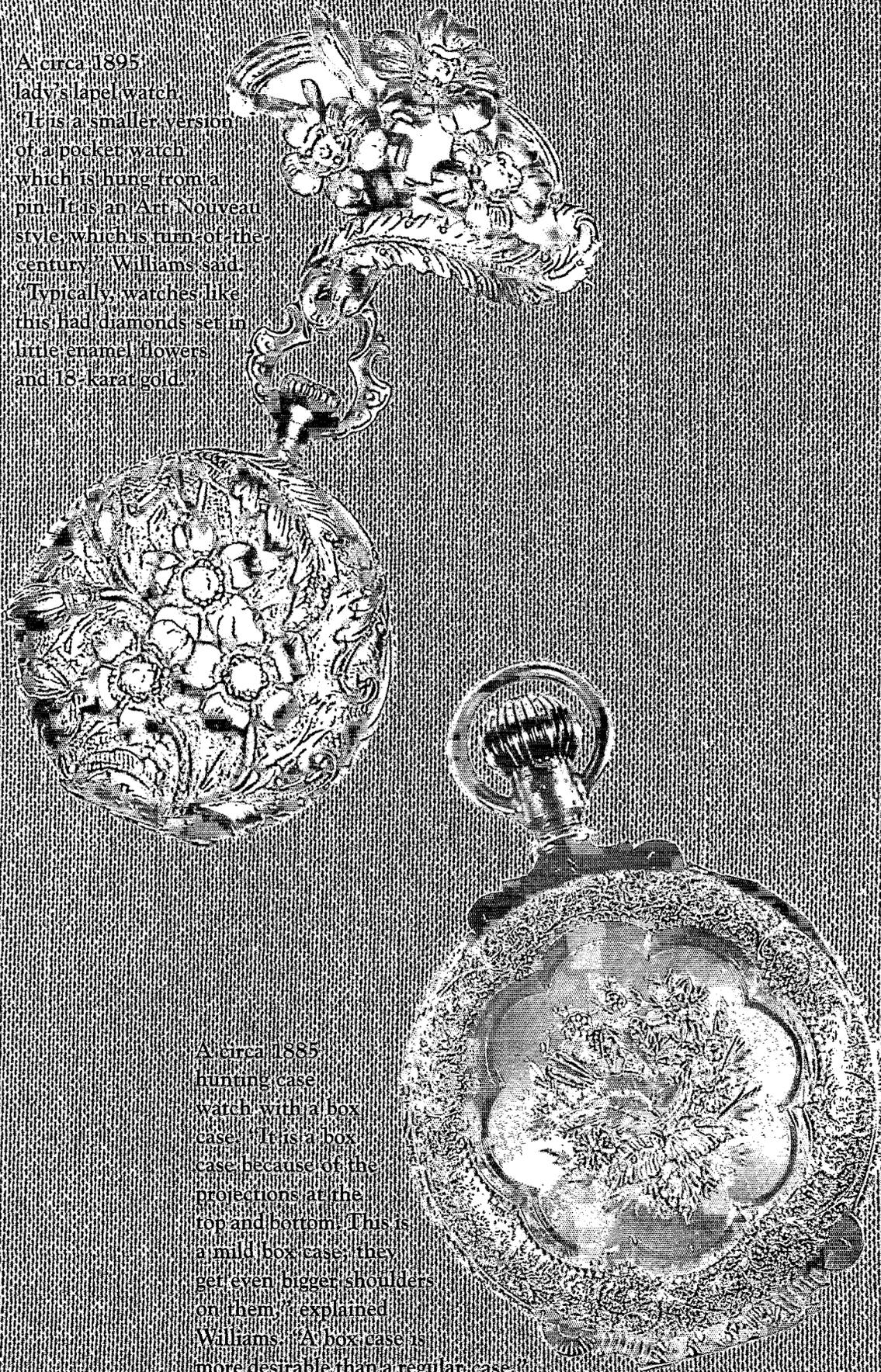
Williams looks for different attributes which make the items valuable antiques. Unique characteristics include having a low serial number, an unusual form, a gold case, an enamel case or an important maker.

"Important American makers would be the Ball Company or a Howard watch. European makers would be Patek Philippe—that is the most desirable of them all—and Basceroch and Constantine," Williams said.

If a watch does more than tell time—if it chimes the time or tells the phase of the moon, the day of the week or the day of the month—its value is also increased.

"Another thing that would make a watch valuable is an unusual way of keeping time," said Williams. "Something that wouldn't be apparent from the outside of the watch, but when you look inside, there's a little thing that ticks back and forth; they call it the balance wheel, it's like the heart of the watch. There are many different ways throughout history that they have achieved this measured way of keeping time. There are some tricky

A circa 1895 lady's lapel watch. It is a smaller version of a pocket watch, which is hung from a pin. It is an Art Nouveau style, which is turn-of-the-century, Williams said. Typically, watches like this had diamonds set in little enamel flowers and 18-karat gold.



A circa 1885 hunting case watch with a box case. It is a box case because of the projections at the top and bottom. This is a mild box case; they get even bigger shoulders on them," explained Williams. "A box case is more desirable than a regular case."

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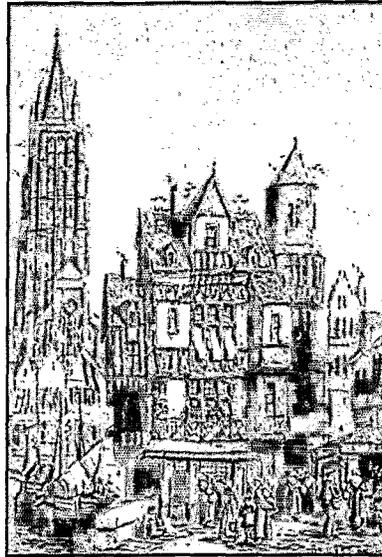
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ways of doing that which are collectible, also.”

Such characteristics make watches valuable to those other than family heirs but Williams cautions that this is rare. He also warns that the dollar value of an item should not be determined by the cost of copying the piece today.

The history of the pocket watch can be traced back to a time when Peter Henlein of Nuremburg, Germany, made a portable waist clock in the early Sixteenth Century. It was spherical in shape and hung on a cord.

French watchmakers took over and began developing a more convenient case to wear; their refined watches were made almost entirely of brass. While German watches first allowed the wearer to see the time without opening the watch, the pieces were still made of iron.

Examples of English watches made before the end of the Sixteenth Century are rare but they do exist. They seem to show both French and German characteristics. The English later furthered the complication of the watches; dials often gave the date, age and phase of the moon and the sign and degree of the zodiac.

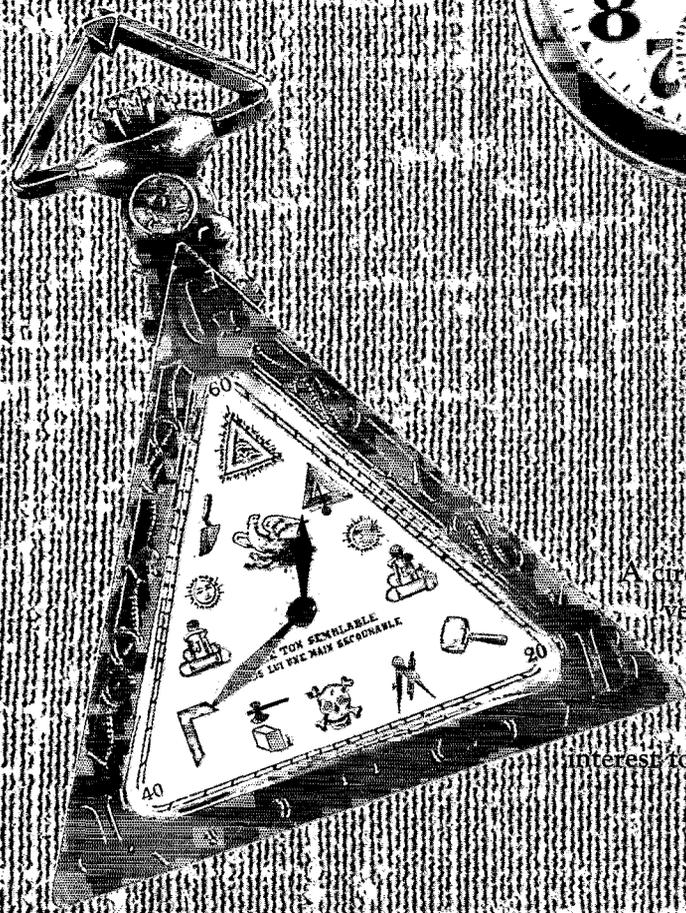
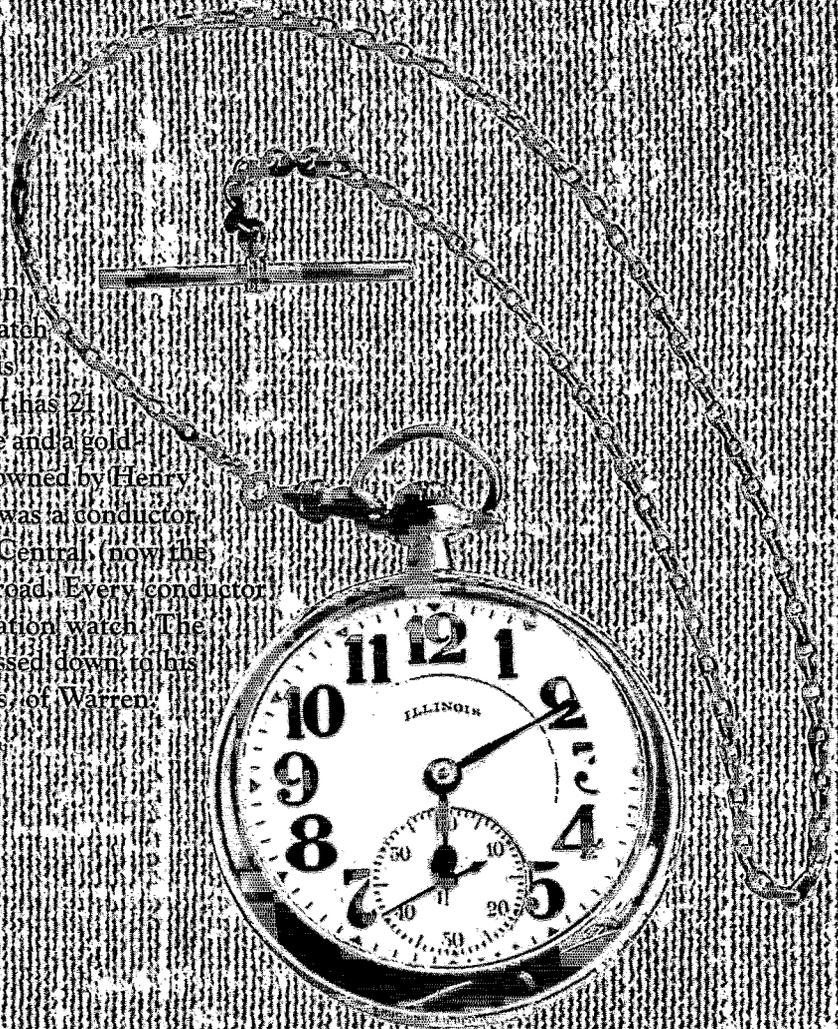
American watchmaking brought the first self-contained factory to Boston in the mid-1800s. Pocket timepieces later made for American railroad workers brought the watches into everyday living. “There are several things about a railroad watch that immediately classify it. They are large watches; the numbers are very legible and the watches are virtually always open-faced. They’re usually gold-plated because they were servicable; they weren’t for dress,” said Williams.

Watches have been refined since then, improved. We have entered an age where mechanical watches are impractical because of the discovery of quartz. But people continue to cherish these pocket watches, which have been handed down from generation to generation. And if Bill Williams is right, families will continue to do so.

◇

A circa 1915 "Bunn Special" railroad watch made by the Illinois Watch Company. It has 21 jewels, an open face and a gold-plated case. It was owned by Henry Kosmala when he was a conductor for the New York Central (now the Penn. Central) railroad. Every conductor had to buy a regulation watch. The watch has been passed down to his son, Leonard Cross, of Warren.

PHOTO BY ELLA BETH CARPENTER



A circa 1920 Masonic watch in a very unusual form. This one has a mother-of-pearl dial with hand-painted enamel figures which were of interest to the Mason, Williams said.

PHOTO COURTESY OF CHARTERHOUSE & CO.

# THE WEEK THAT WAS

by Mary McNair

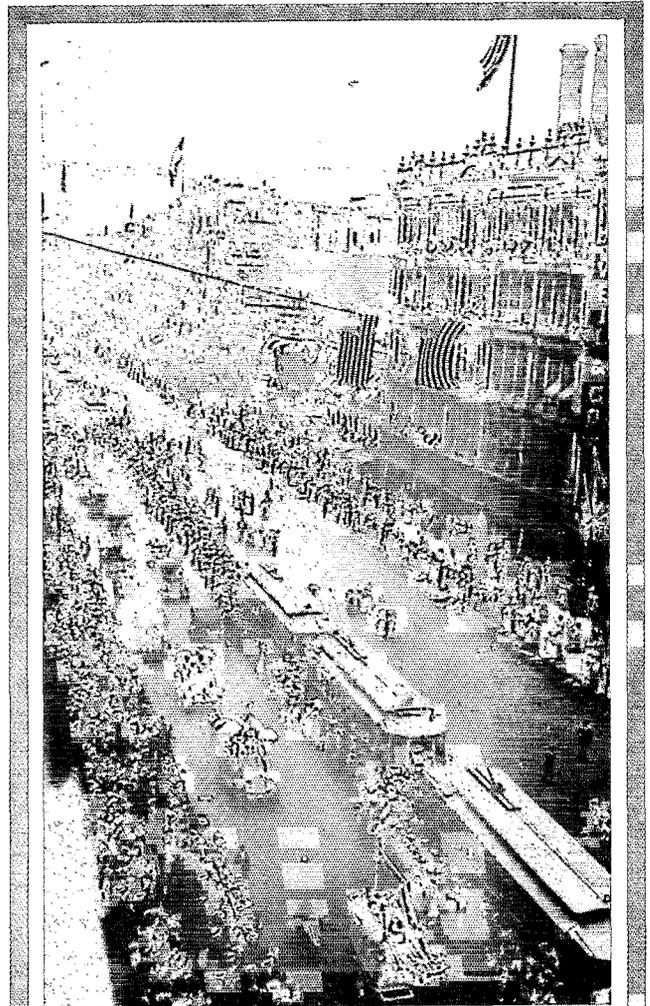
## Cadillaqua!

It's July 22, 1912 in Detroit. Gaily dressed people crowd Woodward Avenue's sidewalks, revelling in the holiday spirit. Bunting flutters from the storefronts, and musicians play lively tunes on every street corner. Occasionally, shrieks of laughter follow bursts of firecrackers. The acrid smell of gunpowder mingles with the smells of roasting peanuts and hot dogs from charcoal grills. Children, tantalized, push as close as they can to the food stands. The pavement throbs with the cadence of marching bands. Tension mounts. The parade is on its way!

It is summer, 1912, and Detroit is getting ready to celebrate its 211th birthday, having been founded by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac in 1701. It is also 100 years since General William Hull surrendered Detroit to the British in the War of 1812, and Commodore Oliver Hazard ("We have met the enemy and they are ours!") Perry won it back in 1813 in the Battle of Lake Erie. The city fathers are promoting Cadillaqua Week, July 22-27, as a way to celebrate and glorify the city.

The merchants, the VIPs of Detroit (automobile makers not yet having attained very high status), have formed a committee to plan the festivities. George Moody is elected President, and Joseph L. Hudson, the city's leading merchant, is in charge of finances. The business men want Cadillaqua to be an annual festival, much as the Rose Carnival is in Portland, Oregon. The name, formed by combining Cadillac and "aqua," or perhaps "chautauqua," a then-trendy summertime entertainment, would advertise Detroit to the nation. As George Moody said, "It will drill into the minds of thousands that Detroit is about the best place in the world to live and prosper."

At that time, William Howard Taft was President of the United States, but Woodrow Wilson was campaigning hard for the office, which he would win that fall. Chase Osborn was Michigan's Governor. Aldermen, headed by Mayor Gaynor, ran the city. Frank Navin was President of the Detroit Baseball Club, and Ty Cobb was batting .406 for the Tigers. On the other side of the world during that



Spectators celebrated Detroit's 211th birthday during Cadillaqua week, July 22-27, 1912. One hundred thousand supporters lined the streets to watch the parade that began at Grand Circus Park. Today, Detroit celebrates with fireworks at the July 4 Freedom Festival downtown.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MARY McNAIR

special July, the Mikado of Japan lay on his deathbed, suffering from diabetic Nephritis. But that was hardly front page news for Detroiters. "Mike who?" they might have asked. But they didn't ask, "Caddie who?" They knew Cadillaqua!

What an exciting community Detroit was at that time. It must have seemed only yesterday that they had pulled out all the stops for the city's bicentennial in 1901—yet, here they were, ready to go again. The Cadillaqua planners invited, beckoned, enticed, and maybe in some cases jawboned every ethnic society, every club, every organization, political, religious, social, educational, and miscellaneous, to participate in the event. Naturally, special efforts were made to insure the involvement of French descendants of the founders. After all, Detroit's "father" was French. Ste. Anne's Church, which was begun by Cadillac the very next day after he founded Detroit, was still a strong element in the Catholic community. It is to this day. Look up its telephone number. The last four digits are 1701! If Detroit's father was French, its mother, aunts, uncles, cousins, and sweethearts were and are multi-national: Polish, Irish, German, Hungarian, and Mexican, for starters. In 1912, for example, there were 14 different Hungarian societies in the city. Today, there is just one Hungarian Club in the telephone directory.

The Cadillaqua Committee faced an awesome problem, however. With thousands of visitors being lured to Detroit, where were they to be housed? Aha! The Committee used a technique borrowed by the Republican Party in 1980 when it held its convention in Detroit. Private citizens were urged to rent their spare rooms to the visitors. Blank forms appeared in the newspapers of the day which people could fill in and mail, mentioning number of rooms, price, and whether or not breakfast was available. People were also encouraged to contribute funds for Cadillaqua, "to express thanks for all that Detroit has done for me."

Tragedy struck during the midst of the planning. Joseph L. Hudson, head of the Cadillaqua Finance Committee, died suddenly of a heart attack. He had been effectively tapping the business community for funds to underwrite the fête. Detroiters mourned him deeply, for he was one of the city's great benefactors; but the show had to go on, and Andrew Green, Jr. (General Manager of Solvay Process Company) replaced Hudson. On July 22, he played the role of Cadillac in a re-enactment of the landing in Detroit.

The Police Department, which during the course of 1912 became motorized, promised the citizens that they would have the cleanest fête ever. They would allow no carny games, no con artists, no drunks, and no rowdies. The newspapers went so far as to print rules for the proper conduct of citizens. From their pulpits, ministers praised the festival as educational and historical. They urged their congregations to attend.

Every man in the area who owned a power boat was requested to participate in the naval parade on July 23. So successful was the request that, when the parade was held, decorated and dressed boats stretched almost five miles along the Detroit River. Every one with a motorized vehicle, car or truck, was invited to join the automobile parade. Incredible as it may seem, in 1912 the *Detroit Free Press* reported that spectators watched decorated cars, three abreast, for thirty minutes, estimating that to be 10,000

cars and trucks! The suffragists had a special place in that motorcade. The *Detroit News Tribune* printed a remark overheard when the suffragists passed by. A man snorted, "Huh! Them ladies want equal rights, but I notice all of them ladies ridin' in the cars had a man doin' the drivin'!"

Store fronts all over the city, particularly on Woodward Avenue, were handsomely decorated with red, white, and blue bunting, in addition to bunting and flags in Cadillaqua's special colors, blue and yellow.

Those who fainted, had heart attacks, succumbed to the heat, or otherwise suffered injuries during the week-long event were treated free of charge at first-aid stations serviced by the city's physicians, druggists, and nurses.

Clarence Burton, the city's historian, had been busy for months compiling historical sketches for the floats which would be in the enormous water fête. The floats would show the life of the city from Cadillac to Cadillaqua.

On Opening Day, July 22, Governor Osborn was aboard Colonel Hecker's yacht, *Halcyon*, and greeted "Cadillac" in his large canoe in the middle of Lake St. Clair, and brought him down the Detroit River to the foot of Third Street. (Colonel Hecker's home on Woodward Avenue now belongs to the Smiley Piano Company.) There the parade began to Grand Circus Park for special welcoming speeches by city and state dignitaries.

Meanwhile, on Washington Blvd., a tethered hot air balloon, touted as the world's largest in terms of basket size, was being readied for an evening concert over the city. The balloon, called Cadillaqua, held a singer, a cornet player, and a violinist. During the rest of the week, it carried passengers aloft for thrilling aerial views of Detroit.

Most visitors to the festival made sure not to miss the exciting fireworks viewed from the lower end of Belle Isle and from both sides of the Detroit River. The Cadillaqua water court, built in mid-river opposite the Belle Isle swimming pavilion, attracted huge crowds. This was a display of beautiful structures and fountains on a grand scale.

Every factory, plant, and shop in the city closed doors for at least one day during the special week in order that working people could attend some of the events. There were track meets, tournaments, races, competitions of all sorts, all carrying the label "Cadillaqua."

Cadillaqua Week proved to be a great success. Between 75,000 and 100,000 visitors swarmed into the city by railroad, suburban trolley, and steamship lines, not to mention by automobile. In such crowds some tragedies are bound to occur. Two men drowned when their rowboat overturned, swamped with the wash from power boat races. An aerial bomb burst during the fireworks, and fragments tore out a woman's right eye and fractured her skull. A policeman standing next to her was injured, though less severely. There were lost and found children, and fainting women. Balking automobiles occasionally delayed the motor parade. But the weather was fine all that July week; hot, but fair.

There has never again been such a week as Cadillaqua Week in Detroit. The newspapers of the time don't mention why there was no repetition. The growing war clouds in Europe may have put attention elsewhere. Detroit now has the Freedom Festival, which celebrates the 4th of July and our friendship and open border with Canada, but Detroit's special day, July 22, passes with barely a mention. Well, perhaps any lady who is going to be 287 years old next birthday would just as soon have it go unnoticed. ♦

Disappointment showed in his eyes as he talked about what might have been. All Gary Hall's dreams evaporated as he helplessly held the telephone receiver listening to his crew chief explain why his racing sailboat, a forty-foot trimaran, would not be in England for the start of his "dream race," the prestigious Carlsberg Singlehanded Trans-Atlantic Race (C-STAR), from Plymouth, England, to Newport Rhode Island; a race he had been preparing for, and eagerly anticipating, since the last race four years ago.

He had suffered disappointments before in his life, of course, but nothing like this. The boat was in Bermuda, so far away and out of his control. Everything was out of his control—the weather, the problems with the boat, even the telephone connection. All he had now was that empty feeling in the bottom of his stomach that signaled to him that it all could have been so different.

## THE BEST-LAID PLANS...

Gary Hall is a man of action. He is energy in motion. "He brings excitement in," says Carol, his wife of thirty years. "He has a very active and adventurous spirit—a questioning personality. He loves to be challenged. That is why he really enjoys singlehanded sailing. It's a way of mixing it all up for him—the adventure, love of challenges and curiosity."

Gary grew up in Flat Rock, Michigan. His parents had a summer home near Gaylord, in the Pigeon River game reserve. They enjoyed hunting and fishing. Gary has fond memories of bear hunting in northern Michigan. The out-of-doors was his realm; where it led, Gary followed. Scuba diving, in its infancy, caught Gary's attention and gave him his entrée into sailing.

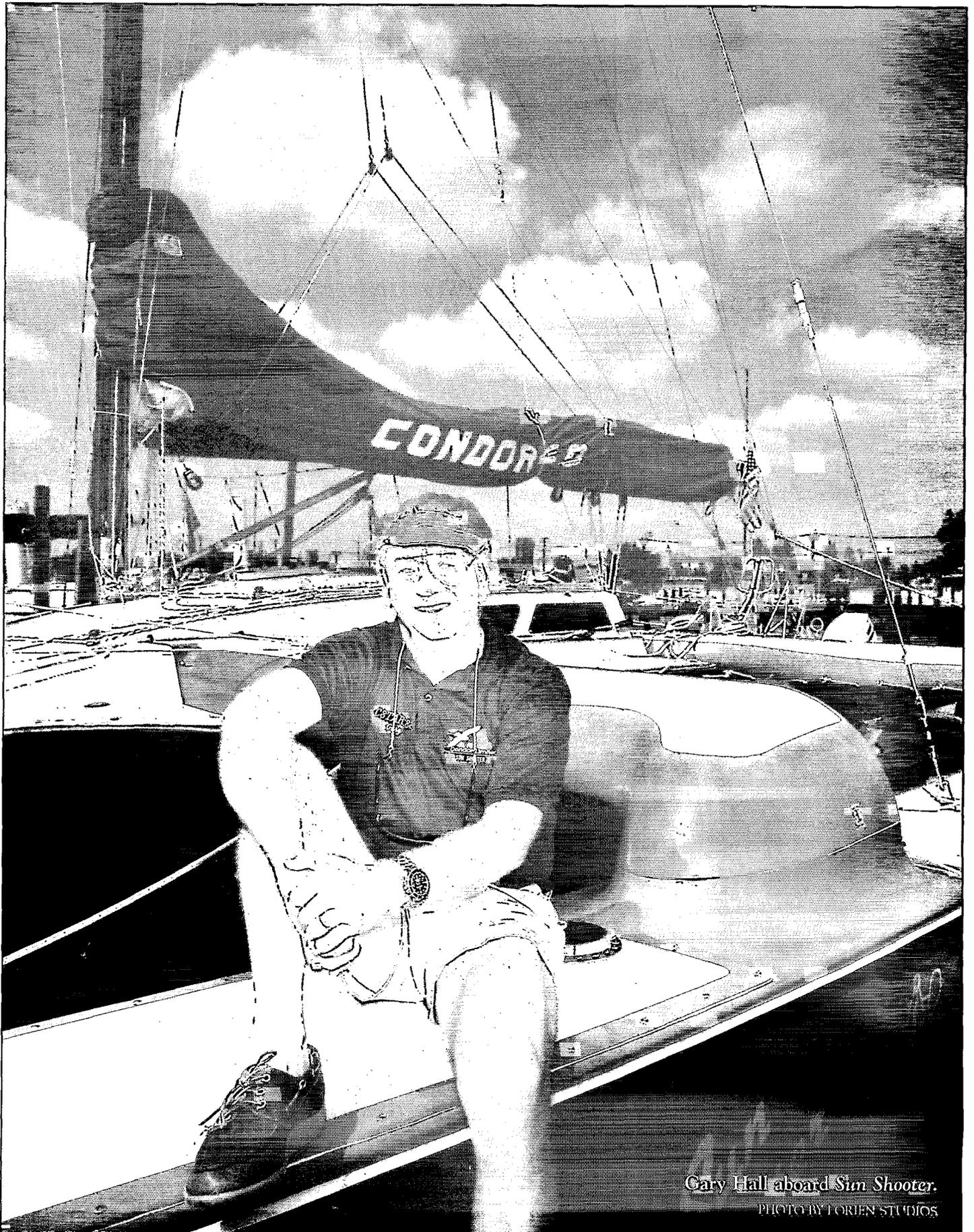
Gary and Carol had not been married long when Gary presented her with a twelve-foot surprise, a Nipper catboat. He had traded an aqua-lung (that didn't work properly) for the little vessel. His intention was to scrap the aqua-lung and use the money for household necessities, but the prospect of a boat with no capital outlay spoke to his adventurous spirit. It was the beginning of his love affair with the sea and sailing. The little boat calmed his inner restlessness. It freed his spirit to roam, and to experience the high adventure for himself.

Shortly thereafter, Gary discovered a derelict sailboat abandoned to the weeds of a Grosse Ile yacht club, and Carol informed him the first of their children was on the way.

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by CRISTINA STAATS

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Gary Hall aboard *Sim Shooter*.  
PHOTO BY FORIEN STUDIOS

Gary was still a dental student, and the discovery of the weed-wallowing derelict for sale for a paltry sum meant that resale of the lead from the keel would promise financial security for a small time, at least. Clean-up, however, yielded something different. The boat was easily restorable, and would bring much more money when sold than the lead. Restoration began in earnest, immediately after dental school dismissed for the summer. Carol kept Gary company, and in one week's time the job was done. Gary, however, had no place to keep the boat and no money to pay for a place, if one could be found, so he surreptitiously left the boat at the guest dock of the yacht club. He was found out; the boat was sold and the proceeds paid the rest of his tuition. Gary admits that he didn't sell the boat until it became truly necessary. "I couldn't sell it. That boat was a marvelous boat to sail. It was an old thirty square meter—a great old boat! That was the boat that taught me the joys of singlehanded. Carol was busy with the baby, and the boat was wet. Each wave drenched the cockpit. There was no head, either, and Carol would have been uncomfortable. I did everything on that boat; I taught myself a lot that summer. It was too bad I couldn't keep it."

Gary finished dental school, settled in Plymouth and bought, sailed and sold various boats. He raced sailboats on Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, and in Bayview Yacht Club's Port Huron-to-Mackinac Race. He discovered he preferred the long distance racing. As he became more and more successful, he cast about for more excitement, and a greater challenge. He had learned a great deal since those early days on the little Nipper, and he was eager to extend himself further.

Singlehanded sailing became the ultimate challenge for Gary. He took to it like a duck to water. He loved it. He became involved with the Great Lakes Singlehanded Society, as well as the Lake Erie Solo Sailors. He pushed himself and his boats to the limits. He created his own adventures and found release from tension in solo sailing. He especially enjoyed the long distance singlehanded races. The North Cape Yacht Club's race from Toledo to Buffalo, on Lake Erie, a distance of about 250 miles, kept Gary in shape for the longer Port Huron-to-Mackinac Island Singlehanded Challenge, on Lake Huron, of about 300 miles; and, eventually, to his longest freshwater singlehanded sailing challenge, the Port Huron-to-St. Joseph Singlehanded Challenge, spanning both Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, a distance of 600 miles (which race he used as qualification for the C-STAR).

The kernel of an idea took root and began to grow. Maybe, just maybe, he could find a way to compete in the rigorous Carlsberg Singlehanded Trans-Atlantic Race—The C-STAR.

He had always wanted to compete in a long distance singlehanded ocean race. He had done some crewed ocean racing, but that did not have the same appeal. His love was singlehanded sailing, and a singlehanded race was what he wanted. The few worldwide long distance singlehanded races that exist are very expensive, in terms of dollars needed to ready a boat, and in terms of time away from work. Only the C-STAR, was feasible. The C-STAR was named for its major sponsor, The Carlsberg Brewing Company, hence the acronym C-STAR: Carlsberg- Singlehanded Trans Atlantic Race.

"It was a very doable race," said Gary, by way of explanation. "In less than a month's time you can sail the race, if the boat is already in England for the start. The race is doable economically, too. For a total of \$350,000 you can get a boat—a top-of-the-line contender, get it ready and get it to England. Actually, if you have the boat already you can do it for a lot less. This is one of the few races in the world, where there is room for the unsponsored competitor. The B.O.C. Around the World Singlehanded Race costs upwards of one million dollars to do, and a year's time to sail. You need major corporate sponsorship for that; it's way out of my league, economically. Besides, I can't afford to be gone from my dental practice that long. My dream was much more realistic for me. Like I said, it was much more doable."

Gary began to dream that the C-STAR, as it was called in 1988 when the race sponsor changed from the Observer newspaper to Carlsberg Beer, was within his reach. He even realized that he had the skills and expertise to do well in the race. He needed a boat. His own boat was ready for the rigours of the Atlantic, but was not as fast as Gary would have liked. His highly competitive nature suggested that he could win if he had a faster boat, but he was fully prepared to sail his "Great White," a Morgan 42, if no other suitable boat surfaced.

Roy Church had a fast boat and a different dream. He offered his boat, a Condor 40 trimaran, to Gary at no cost. Roy couldn't do the race himself, but maybe his boat could. The Condor was conceived, designed, built and equipped to be a C-STAR contender. The two men's dreams merged—Roy to have his boat distinguished, and Gary to race in a premier, world class, singlehanded sailing event. The ethereal began to take shape.

Gary made arrangements to get the boat to Annapolis, to the Condor factory, for the fitting-out of equipment for the race. In spite of the fact that the boat was basically ready for the sea, Gary wanted additional modifications made and equipment added, which Condor agreed to do. Gary realizes, now, that he gave up some control over the project at this point, and his dream began to fade.

The Condor people did not make the modifications as Gary would have. By not being there to oversee the project himself, he was unable to test out each modification to see how it functioned. Equipment additions were not placed within easy reach for Gary. Some modifications, according to Gary, were shabbily done. Gary is most upset about the rudder assembly.

The original assembly on the Condor was aluminum. Over time, the material weakened, and the Condor Company decided to replace the assemblies on new boats with stainless steel, a more durable material. Older boats, such as the one Gary was going to use, could be retrofitted with the stainless assembly, and this was to be done.

Gary had made arrangements for the boat to be sailed from Annapolis to New York, then to Bermuda, and finally to England in time for the June 4th start of the race. The delivery crew ran into various problems with the boat. The radio did not function properly. Problems with the generator came to light, and the rudder assembly failed. A new aluminum assembly was installed in New York—not the stainless assembly Gary was expecting. It failed on the leg from Bermuda to England. "It was the skill of Phil (Phil Lepage, taking vacation from Ford to help deliver the boat

to England) that saved the boat," Gary said, as he discussed his problems with getting the boat to England. "Phil jury-rigged a way to steer the boat with the broken rudder cage, and get it back to Bermuda. Unfortunately, that took a long time—and I was running out of time. I needed to get the boat to England. The radio didn't work—because of poor workmanship in the installation, we found out later. If that radio had worked, then the delivery crew could have radioed back for help and things could have been expedited. As it was I had no idea that there was a problem until the boat got back to Bermuda, and time was running short."

Finally, the stainless rudder assembly was installed, and another crew took off for England, hoping to get the boat there in time. Gary had already alerted the Race Committee at the Royal Western Yacht Club in England that they had experienced some problems, but that all was resolved and the boat should be there within two weeks. It was now the middle of May, and the race started June 5th. Entrants were expected to be at Queen Anne's Battery, in Plymouth, England, no later than May 28th, and ready for inspection by May 30th; with luck, Gary's Boat could just make it. The Race Committee knew the boat might even arrive late, but it was expected to arrive before the start of the race.

"I was a nervous wreck," said Gary, about this time in the chronology of events. "I knew that the window of opportunity—favourable winds and good weather—was closing. I was hoping that the boat would make it, but the window closed. The wind died, and the boat did not make it to England in time. My dream evaporated. I had spent a lot of money getting another man's boat ready, and I had nothing to show for it—not even an airplane ticket to England. I was very disappointed, and I was upset. The rudder problems did not have to happen."

"Everybody tried to get the boat to England for me. It was just not to be. The rudder breaking for the second time caused the people moving the boat for me to lose their opportunity to get the boat across the Atlantic in time. The boat can make 200 miles a day, but not without wind."

The race didn't happen for Gary in June of 1988, but the dream didn't die. Gary admits making mistakes.



The C. Plath Company sponsored Hall in his 1988 Carlsberg-Singlehanded Trans Atlantic race attempt, but the Condor 40 trimaran he planned to sail did not make it to the starting line.

"My biggest mistake was letting the project leave my control. I'll never do that again."

Gary is now talking about the C-STAR of 1992. His goal is clearly in sight. He acknowledges the problems he ran into in the first failed attempt: he now knows that he will have to take more time off from work to organize and oversee the effort; he cannot leave delivery of the boat to England to a crew alone, but he will have to take control himself, which will mean organizing his time so he can be away from his busy dental practice.

The expenses of the endeavour can become overwhelming. Hall enjoyed a sponsor for the 1988 race, and a donated boat. He hopes his sponsor, the C. Plath Company (a manufacturer of navigational equipment), will continue their support. "They are good

people, and they didn't get their money's worth. I'll deliver for them in 1992."

His boat is another matter. It is the most expensive item he has to consider. It is also the most crucial to the success of the race. Gary is investigating other possibilities, and because it is early in the planning stages for the 1992 race, he has to make decisions and even have a new boat constructed.

"Experience," according to Samuel Coleridge, "is like the stern light of a ship, which illuminates... the track it has passed." Well, Gary has had his track well illuminated. He has gained valuable insight and experience from his 1988 C-STAR attempt. "You can't race," says Gary, "if you are not at the starting line. I wasn't there this year, but I will be there in 1992... You bet'cha!" ◇

# ARISTOCRAT OF THE FIELDS

by MARGARET ANN CROSS — ♦

Daybreak. The season is fall; the air is crisp. As Ted Egan, a Michigan hunter, walks through a frost-covered field, he listens closely and waits. The anticipation he feels is indescribable. His dog has been surveying the area; suddenly, a bird flushes—the rooster he has been waiting for flies. He hears the distinct cackle. He sees the tail first, then the white neck and the red eye. It is a ringnecked pheasant—a bird that has been a part of Michigan's history for more than seventy years.

Egan remembers, as others do, a time when pheasants were plentiful in Michigan. Years ago, hunters took them out by the hundreds of thousands, and still they thrived. The birds have tremendous reproductive capabilities and they can survive tough Michigan winters.

In number, however, Michigan's pheasant population over the past four decades has been dwindling. Other Midwestern and Eastern states have also experienced a falling population of the fowl. Many experts have speculated the reason for the decline, and most agree—the problem is habitat destruction. Farmers are changing their ways; the open grassland fields and the winter ground coverings the birds need have been cultivated and modernized. In many areas, those fields have been developed into concrete cities.

"Ring-necked pheasants are geared very strongly toward agricultural areas," says Department of Natural Resources District Wildlife Biologist Tim Payne. To thrive, pheasants need seventy to eighty percent of their habitat to be croplands.

They also require lines of fencing and winter covering, such as cattail



This pheasant chick is a mix between the ring-necked pheasant and the newly introduced Sichuan species.

stands, ragweed and willow, to buffer strong winds. The birds survive winters by burrowing into coverings and making tunnels under the snow. "A pheasant is non-migratory and can spend its entire lifetime in one square mile," Payne says, "possibly even in 200 square acres."

Michigan land, however, is failing to provide the requirements of pheasant habitat. DNR Farm and Urban Wildlife Specialist Pete Squibb wrote: "Everyone with an interest—the hunter, the farmer, the wildlife biologist—has his or her theory on what caused the ringneck decrease. Some say it was pesticides, others insist it was fall plowing, still others think it was the clearing of fence rows and enlargement of farm fields to operate modern farm machinery... The

stately ringneck, still vanishing at an alarming rate, simply has not been able to survive direct competition with modern farming methods."

Pheasant population is relative to the number of birds harvested by hunters each year. In 1942, the highest number of roosters ever caught was recorded at 1.5 million. In the last few years, that number has fallen to less than 100,000. The number of pheasant hunters has also decreased—by more than sixty percent. Though these declining numbers show a decrease in pheasant population, a glimpse back in history shows that in 1880, no one hunted for pheasant. In 1880, the ring-necked pheasant, a member of the *Phasianus colchicus* species, was still in Europe.

Pheasants made their first appearance in North America in the late 1880s, and arrived in Michigan in 1917. The species imported to the United States originated in China but had been bred in captivity in Europe. "The exact source of Michigan's original ring-necked stock, released here in the early 1900s, is not known," Squibb writes. "What is known is that those birds, and others released east of the Mississippi, had European game farm background, having been imported to England and France from their native China in Marco Polo's time. In Europe, pheasants were propagated by feudal lords and game farms for aesthetic reasons. Their plumage was valued, as was the way the striking birds enhanced the beauty of outdoor gardens."

The pheasant was brought to Michigan for reasons other than its beauty. Michigan introduced the ringneck because of the "big demand to hunt the birds because there were

## *Spotting the colourful plumage of ring-necked pheasants is a Michigan tradition.*

no major upland game birds in Michigan," Squibb said. The State Department of Conservation introduced the pheasants and felt the bird could adapt to Michigan's climate. In 1925, the first hunting season opened; hunters brought home more than 700,000 birds. According to Squibb, the opening day of pheasant season was viewed as a holiday throughout much of Michigan in the 1940s, '50s and '60s.

Today, when Egan, an Ortonville hunter, is asked if he hunts pheasant, he replies affirmatively, with the comment, "When I can find them."

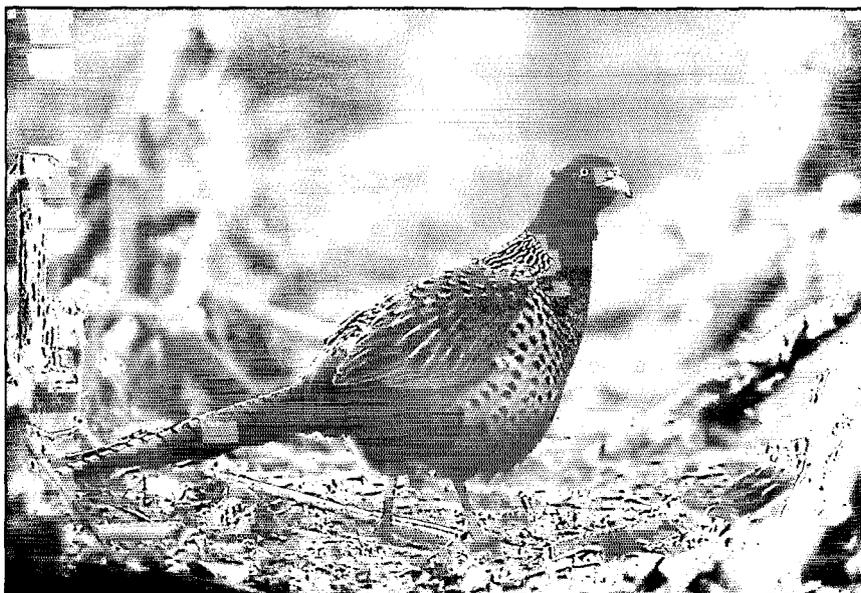
Egan uses a muzzle-loading shotgun to hunt pheasants in open fields and marshes. He says, "It's a successful day if I see birds." The 25-year veteran hunter doesn't even have to shoot anything; he hunts because he enjoys it. "The act of hunting is what appeals to me. It brings a focus to being in the woods. Something like hiking, to me, has no focus." Egan speaks of the excitement of trying for a pheasant. "It happens so quickly," he says. "You hear a rustling, and your gun is on the way up."

Egan's new dog has added another dimension to his hunting. A cross between a German shepherd and a Labrador retriever, his dog is able to rustle up birds he cannot find and, more importantly, retrieve wounded game. "A dog can go places you can't," Egan said. "It bothered me to leave wounded game in the woods, but this dog is an excellent retriever."

Gunsmiths at Warren's Wessel Gun Service, Inc. recommend using a dog to hunt pheasants. Gunsmith Joe Cote says, "The thumb of Michigan is traditionally the best place to hunt pheasants." The way to do it, he says, is to "figure out habitats, go in there,



The ring-necked species (above) has made its home here since 1917. Michigan's newest pheasant, the Sichuan (below), arrived in 1985 as the result of an exchange of information between the DNR and Chinese wildlife officials.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF DNR

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and kick 'em up." Cote says a dog helps because it is smart and likes to do the running around necessary to make the birds fly. (Hunters can only shoot a bird in flight.) Cote also suggests his customers use an over-and-under 12-gauge gun with brand-name ammunition—4, 5 or 6 shot size. Hunting season is October 20 through November 11. Yearly hunting licenses, which cost \$11, can be bought at local gun stores.

Traditionally, only male pheasants are hunted. They are identifiable by their bright colours and distinctive cackle. Their heads may be purple or blue and their backs are usually a shining bronze. The female pheasant is drabber in colour, brown. She is a quiet, low-key bird who blends into her surroundings in order to protect her eggs—10 to 14 of them at a time. Of those eggs, only six or seven will survive, because of predators. Pheasants, always watching for danger, face foxes, raccoons, snakes, hawks and owls among other enemies.

A male pheasant, on the other hand, is temperamental. He shares polygamous relationships with female companions; the male mates with many females and takes on no responsibility for raising the young. For this reason, and the fact that hunting season falls after mating season, roosters can be hunted and the birds continue to reproduce.

"Hunting takes the birds before they succumb to winter problems," says Payne. "Weather can play a big factor in the survivability of the birds." Michigan is in the most northern range of pheasant habitation as a whole, and harsh winters pose problems.

"I remember hunting in the Birmingham area, just off of Maple Road, when I was a kid," says Grosse Pointe hunter Joseph H. Dimond. "It was wild out there. We hunted from horseback and could go an entire day without even seeing anyone else.

"You can't even envision that now," Dimond says. He recalls wild pheasants—those you could hunt in a farmer's backyard. "There were a lot of pheasants close to Detroit at that time because the suburbs did not go out so far," he added. "The hunting we do now is basically restricted to private hunting grounds."

Hunting for about 25 years, Dimond enjoys the sport and the meals that follow a successful outing. Every

year, he donates some of his catch to Lochmoor Country Club in Grosse Pointe, where 700 people attend an annual wild game dinner in December.

Dimond also enjoys the pleasure of environmental wildlife art. "We are running out of wall space," says the sportsman. "The paintings we obtain have pleasant backgrounds. They are relaxing to look at and they remind you of the places that are painted."

Nationally known wildlife artist Richard Plasschaert paints for the hunter. He portrays pheasants in full-colour flight, just as a hunter sees the bird come out of his cover. From Minnesota, Plasschaert does gallery shows around the country, often stopping in Michigan. Much of his work centers around pheasants. "Pheasants are difficult to paint because they are so extremely (colourful), and you have to portray that without making it look like a cheap suit," he says. "They are beautiful birds."

An artist for more than 25 years, Plasschaert has studied birds in their habitat and on mounts while learning to paint them. "It is a challenge—you have to learn a lot about your subject before you paint. It takes time to build up the research necessary," he said.

With an artist's insight, Plasschaert speaks of watching for pheasants' characteristics and things they do which are peculiar to their nature. "I'm not a scientist," he says; "I don't know why they do things."

One of Plasschaert's original paintings is on display at Wild Wings Gallery in Grosse Pointe Farms. The artist commented on Michigan as a market for wildlife art: "The two states that are probably the most promising are Michigan and Wisconsin. Michigan seems to be in a better growth cycle; there is a good market there." Wild Wings Gallery also has a limited edition print of pheasants by Plasschaert and one by artist James Morgan. Morgan's piece is environmental, portraying a hen blending naturally into her surroundings.

"Wildlife as a whole is really taking off in awareness—pheasants being a part of that," says sales manager Jeffrey Thompson. Wild Wings carries all types of pheasant art; prints run approximately \$80, original paintings \$2,000 to \$6,000, and gift items from \$15.

The gallery works closely with several wildlife organizations. One,

entitled "Pheasants Forever," receives donations of pheasant art from the gallery to be auctioned at fundraisers. Boasting 16 chapters in Michigan, each individual "Pheasants Forever" group sponsors annual banquets and administers money raised to preserve and create habitat for pheasants. According to Thompson, their efforts have been successful.

Pete Petro, proprietor of Chandler's Wildlife Gifts in Petoskey, says that Jim Foote is consistently a top-selling artist.

Foote, a former DNR wildlife biologist, left the department in 1977 and began painting full-time. He lives and works in Gibraltar, Michigan.

Foote is very familiar with Michigan because of his job with the DNR, so this is the habitat he paints into his pheasant pictures. "The habitat I paint is the one I live in," he said.

The story of the Michigan pheasant is not over. Instead, a new chapter begins. Pheasant population is said to be rising. The last few winters have been mild; last year, hunters came home with thirty percent more pheasants than they had in 1986. The trend is changing, turning upward.

Something that can only add to this trend marks another milestone in Michigan wildlife history: a new pheasant has arrived. For the first time in more than one hundred years, a bird species has been brought into the United States from China.

Named for the province in China from whence it came, the Sichuan pheasant is expected to adapt to Michigan's habitational offerings. Its arrival in Michigan resulted from four years of research work and an exchange of information by the DNR and Chinese wildlife specialists. Michigan gave Sichuan advice and data concerning Giant Panda management, because most of the world's remaining population of the endangered pandas lives in that Chinese province, and Sichuan officials gave the DNR 1,000 pheasant eggs.

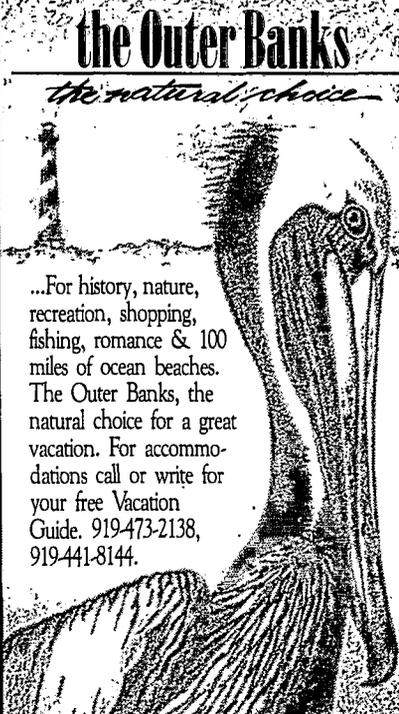
The new pheasants have been released into the countryside of Livingston and Jackson counties; approximately 500 chicks were hatched in the wild. Currently, a hunting ban protects the species so that it can become established; but Ted Egan is looking forward to someday searching for this new fowl on a misty fall morning, and so are thousands of other young hunters who will remember Michigan's outdoor sporting opportunities long into the future. ◇



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# PROVINCIAL VICTORIES

by WENDY L. CLEM

Provincial Canada—a blend of red mountie jackets, maple-leaf flags and world-class hockey—a geography of ancestral forts, Indian burial mounds and extraordinary natural resources.

Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha" originated with Ojibwa legend here, while modern-day legends center on

king-sized fish often referred to as lunkers, denizens of Canada's deep.

The Canadian knack for diversity creates fishing choices, too. From warm-water casting within the din of rush-hour freeways to trolling near tundra ripples touched only by untamed hooves; from ice shanty catches in frigid coves to grassy banks bordering fluid mirrors—the home of the Northern Lights is anglers' paradise.



# *In the wilds of Canada, they always get their fish.*



Canada's remote 1,000,000-square mile Northwest Territories spreads northernmost from the Yukon to Hudson Bay. The few anglers who venture into this veritable frontier discover unexcelled fishing that rivals existing world records.

The N.W.T.'s Arctic grayling average three pounds, one pound heavier than comparable graylings of silted glacial streams further west; the world champion N.W.T. grayling weighed 5¾ pounds.

Popular fishing spots are Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes, but Victoria Island is the glittering jewel in the N.W.T.'s fishing crown. Its lakes are destination for those craving intense, consistent action in landing trophy-worthy lake trout and char. Experts claim that some of the primitive lakes have never been fished by man, partially because the frozen waters only sporadically defrost. With the bulk of fishing locales ice-covered even during summer's dog days, successful anglers are often challenged by the maximal six- to seven-week season. But for those who persevere, the N.W.T. is angling heaven.

"We have so much spaciousness, wildlife and scenery," proclaims Kay Jones, Fisheries Information Officer, Ontario Public Information Center. "Most people come to Canada because of the scenery more than anything, but good fishing and camping, as well as different fly-in camps, offer some great tourist choices."

Different personas seek the fly-in experience as opposed to the comforts of motels or conventional camping. Although Jones concurs that some luxury camps do exist, she adds, "I've had a lot of



The lakes of Canada's Northwest Territories are ideal for fishermen, women and children wanting to land trophy-worthy lake trout and char.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF ONTARIO MINISTRY OF NATURAL RESOURCES

calls from people in various states who want to go to a fly-in outpost and rough it, but ask, 'Do they have maid service?'"

Steve Gottschling, avid Warren angler, prefers a wilderness setting for his yearly voyage to Canada. A fly-in through Manitou Lodge to a rustic lakeside cabin meant no phones, running water, electricity, radio or contact with the outside world until the float plane returned seven days later. He and friends transported the week's supplies, including food and first aid items.

"The fly-in was beautiful," enthuses Gottschling. "It was about a 15-minute trip, but we travelled quite a distance and could see everything below. We passed over several beavers and dams and a logging area with trees cut into thousands of logs left to float down the river so effortlessly, it looked like thousands of cigarettes going by!"

The rugged terrain created a few anxious air-bound moments for passengers when there appeared to be insufficient room to land.

"The lake was shaped like a figure

eight and the plane had to land in the center of the eight," affirms Gottschling, "but there was only a rocky cliff coming straight out of the water to land on. It was filled with ledges covered with white pine trees that seemed to be growing right out of the rocks. It was rugged territory; I don't know how the pilot did it, but he managed to land the plane anyway!"

Unwinding without the pressures of civilization rates high on the list of wilderness plusses, but the sport of fishing isn't entirely forgotten.

"You can go anywhere and probably do some decent fishing," opines Gottschling, "but wilderness fishing is so relaxing, it brings you back to basics and clears the mind."

The nutrient-rich waters of Atlantic Canada's Labrador (Newfoundland) result in phenomenally oversized aquatic insects that produce—and this is an understatement—large fish. Area watersheds yield up to five-pound brookies, or brook trout, purportedly the easiest trout to hook.

Considered the ultimate haven for grabbing trophy-sized brook trout

is the encompassing Minipi system. Anglers who move with migrating fish through the system's vast network of feeder streams and lakes will be most apt to shout, "Fish on!" Other hot spots include Igloo, Osprey, Park, Eagle and Crooks Lakes and the area stretching from Algonquin Provincial Park to North Bay and Mattawa to Englehart and westward.

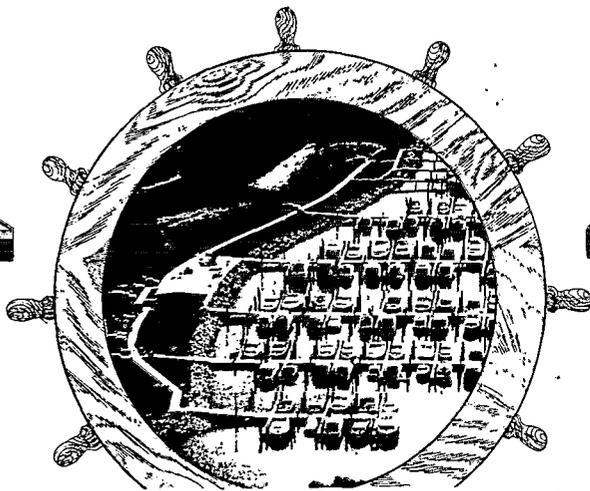
Landlocked char besting ten pounds and cantankerous northern pike share some of the brookie's waters for a veritable fishing bonanza.

Alberta lies between Saskatchewan's plateaus and the ridged mountains of British Columbia. It is foothill country, renowned for breathtaking landscapes.

Basically situated in unfettered locale, Alberta's North Ram River offers surrounding camping wilderness for the adventurous. It promises inordinate 1988 fishing opportunities for the vivid cutthroat trout. Last year's biological studies indicate that this species—native to the west—has not only substantially increased in Canadian population, but size as well.

Alberta is a first-rate success story of cutthroat breeding efforts initiated by fishery biologists more than thirty years ago. Surprise floods in 1982 nearly destroyed renewed numbers, but careful government management allows them to thrive once again.

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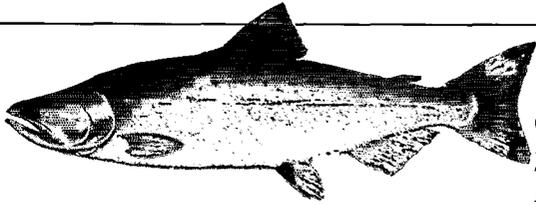


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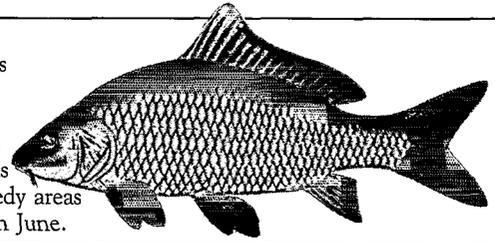
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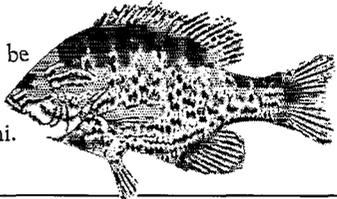


**CHINOOK SALMON**  
This large silver fish swims up rivers to spawn in the fall.

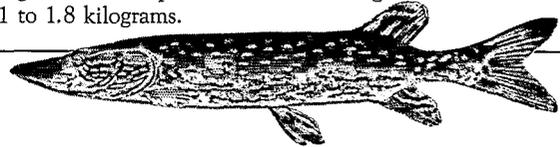
**Le CARP**  
Noted for its robust body and large, thick scales, le Carp finds shallow, weedy areas hospitable in June.



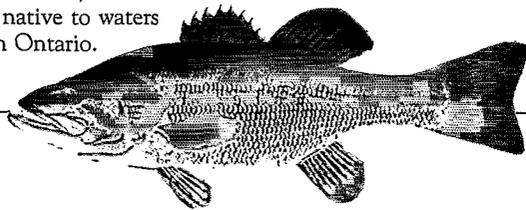
**PUMPKINSEED**  
Ontario's most widely distributed sunfish can be found throughout southern Ontario and northward to Temagami.



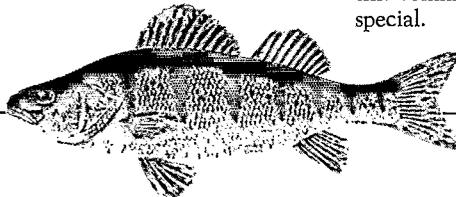
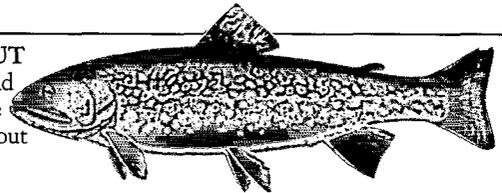
**NORTHERN PIKE**  
Light-coloured spots characterize this game fish which averages 1 to 1.8 kilograms.



**LARGEMOUTH BASS**  
Sometimes called the green bass for its magnificent colour, this fish is native to waters in southern Ontario.



**BROOK TROUT**  
A square tail and red specks make this common trout special.



**YELLOW PERCH**  
A popular fish, this perch averages 113 to 283 grams and inhabits Ontario waters to Hudson Bay.

## Canadian Tourist Laws for American Anglers

Canada honours a driver's license from any country for three months. However, drivers crossing the border are cautioned to also carry vehicle registration forms and proof of car insurance—or a Canadian Non-Resident Insurance Card (supplied through U.S. insurance agents). Drivers using a borrowed car should bring a letter so stating from the car's owner; if operating a rented auto or trailer, a copy of the rental contract should accompany entry into Canada. Seatbelts are compulsory for drivers and all passengers in most provinces. Radar detectors are prohibited, as are studded tires.

Pleasure boats may enter Canada under their own power or by trailer, and stay in Canada up to 12 months. The necessary entry permits are issued at point-of-entry by customs officials and retrieved at point-of-departure. All boats powered by motors of 10hp (7.5kw) or greater must be licensed, with the number clearly visible on the crafts' bow.

Non-residents are required to have a license for fishing; these are available from most sporting goods stores, resorts and fly-in camps, as well as all Ministry of Natural Resources district offices. Conditions govern-

ing daily catches, skinning fish and transference or export of fish caught are very strict. Anglers should be well-acquainted with all restrictions before baiting a hook—sources offering licenses are the best authorities on applicable fees, open seasons and any limitations.

Chartered flights for Canadian fly-in camps are easily arranged in advance by checking with a travel agent for package deals.

### For Further Information, Contact:

N.W.T.:	Travel Arctic, N.W.T., 1-800-661-0788
YUKON:	Tourism Yukon, (403) 667-5340
ALBERTA:	Travel Alberta, 1-800-661-8888
ONTARIO:	Ontario Travel, 1-800-268-3735
QUEBEC:	Communications Division, Ministry of Recreation, Hunting & Fishing, (418) 643-3127
ATLANTIC CANADA:	Department of Development & Tourism, 1-800-563-6353
BRITISH COLUMBIA:	British Columbia Sport Fishing Association, (604) 736-8112

ated by non-resident anglers were in excess of \$12,396,000 during 1987/88. Various licenses purchased by more than 606,665 tourists had portions expended toward provincial research and environmental causes, including tighter sewage controls or bans on phosphate detergents.

Toronto's Ministry of Natural Resources Audio-Visual employee Heather Bickle applauds government efforts. "We don't just have great fishing up here—we do something about it. Our Canadian sports clubs rehabilitate streams, spending weekends rebuilding the sides to improve habitat for the fish to spawn. Our Ministry helps fund that through a program called C-FIP—Community Fisheries Improvement Program."

Occasionally capturing such group projects on film, Bickle adds, "Our handling is unique and the sports clubs go to a lot of trouble to improve the habitat, but Michigan's been very helpful in those efforts, too!"

Comprised of 600,000 square miles, Quebec offers an enviable southern highway system, with remote northern stretches attainable only by float plane or canoe.

Landlocked salmon, or *ouaniche*, are more prevalent in Quebec than any other Canadian locale, and the Atlantic's chilling tributaries create voracious salmon and trout fishing in the coastal rivers. With a marked increase in returning Atlantic salmon during 1987, Quebec is projected for the next two years as superior for appropriating salmon.

Although rainfall amounts better determine Quebec's fishing success, a ban on commercial salmon fishing has benefitted area sport angling. Weather conditions, buoyed

by drainage of melting snow from the Gaspé Hills, also maintain river water levels. Principal fishing waterways to zero in on include Matapedia, Cascapedia, Bonaventure, York, Petite Saguenay, Ste. Marguerite, Godbout and St. Jean.

Fishing is a family affair for Conner Park Florist President John Adamo. The St. Clair Shores resident, wife Connie and two sons rendezvoused with cross-state family members in Red Bay, Ontario, near the Fishing Islands for a 1988 bass fest. As the first stop of two yearly Canadian excursions, Evergreen Resort provided congenial atmosphere, good food and fun-filled activities.

"We did a lot of fishing—maybe more than most people did," emphasizes Adamo. "But, the lodge is family-run and offers family activities with voluntary participation."

The cool weather prevented lake swimming for Chris, 11, and Andy, 8. "But the lodge saved the day with their heated whirlpool," explains Adamo. "It's heated by a wood stove that the lodge cuts their own wood for and keeps lit all the time."

The Adamos rounded off their trip with nature hikes, observing such rare scenes as a complete family of lake loons. Even Angie, the Adamos' Gordon Setter, made a nature discovery of her own—the porcupine.

"Fortunately," reports Adamo, "she kept her distance!"

As Canada's westernmost province, British Columbia borders the Continental Divide, lying proportionately within the Pacific watershed.

Waterways draining from the Arctic North produce char, grayling and pike, although none are spotlighted for angling adventure in 1988. Migratory salmon and steelhead fluctuate due to commercial net fisheries, as well as sudden population growths of preying seals and sea lions.

Hatchery enhancement and enforced catch-and-release regulations allow Vancouver Island to flourish with unequalled steelhead catches. Projected hot spots are the Stamp-Somass system, Gold River, east coast areas of Nanaimo, Big and Little Qualicum, Quatse, Keogh, Campbell and the popular Vedder River.

Best bets for B.C.'s larger-than-average rainbow trout are "quality" lake regions that restrict bait, regulate tackle, reduce limits and close seasons. Kootenay Lake, 1987's hot spot for dozen-pound rainbows, produced at least one 28-pound lunker. Stuart and Trembluer Lake also topped the scales with 20-plus pounders.

From a saltwater standpoint, Hakai Pass surrendered an 85½-pound chinook salmon in 1987 that was caught on a rod! The southern tip of Vancouver Island between Sidney and Sooke yields numerous chinooks in excess of fifty pounds, many ranging in the sixties.

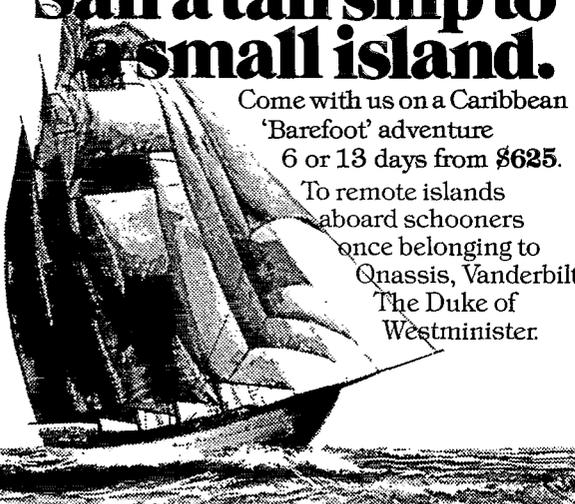
Abundantly rich in minerals, thick forests and plentiful game, Ontario is home to almost 500,000 lakes, rivers and streams—all teeming with copious species of fish. Providing unparalleled northern fishing adventure for populous walleyes, bass and pike, Ontario also claims 80% of the world's trout fishing waters. Its premier freshwater trophy fish, the ferocious muskellunge or muskie, tips the scales at upwards of 50 pounds. Lakes Ontario and Eagle proffer muskie, joined by Georgia Bay, Nipissing, Lake of the Woods, Kawartha Lakes, French River, North Channel and Trent and Crowe Rivers. Yellow perch are plentiful in several of the same areas, especially the larger lakes.

Big fish action on Lake Ontario spans the seasons,

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with chartered cruises in great demand. In 1978, the lake debuted in world-class walleye following a bitter winter that killed major numbers of white perch, creating an ecological niche for walleye. Ten years later, Ontario retains its walleye distinction and prospers in bass as well. Exceptional largemouth and quick-hitting smallmouth bass abound in Georgian and Thunder Bays, Kenora and the French River. Ontario's Rideau system surrenders respectable catches of varied game fish, and fall largemouth bass are among the best.

Lake trout, brown trout and chinook salmon are popular Brighton fare, and in fall 1987, yielded a record run for 20-plus pound chinook.

Brown Trout



The Yukon features majestic scenery, jagged mountain ranges, far-reaching valleys and a spectacular assortment of lakes and rivers that cover nearly a quarter-million square miles. A "last frontier," the Yukon maintains a handful of towns, limited rail service and the 1,500-plus mile Alaska Highway. A major mode of transportation is air travel, utilizing float planes that land on most waterways.

Despite a short summer season, 80-degree weather is not uncommon, with occasional 90-degree days. Since the relentlessly cold water prevents lake trout from growing more than about two pounds per decade, an average 30-pound fish may well date back a century or more! Yet, a surprising number of fish weighing forty to sixty pounds are annually caught, attributed to strict regulations guarding quantities that ensure repetitious success and species renewal.

The Mother Lode within the Yukon's glittering lakes is a well-kept secret to most sportsmen, who readily associate Yukon with big game or goldfields. Yet the vastness shines with record grayling, lake trout and northern pike, particularly in Lake Tincup, Wellesley and McEvoy, which feature fly-in campsites and trout weighing up to and including 45 pounds.

King and sockeye salmon are hearty challenges commencing in early July; the icy Yukon River and tributaries keep salmon feisty despite traveling distances from their sea point of origin.

Chesterfield Township's Mike Findlay fishes daily, with annual excursions to northern Ontario. Joined by five Michigan regulars, he flies into Kabinakagami Lake's Pine Portage Lodge via Wawa. The lodge features the popular "American Plan," a motel-like setting for guests who like to hook into service as well as big fish.

"It's like 'V.I.P. in the Bush,'" jokes businessman Findlay. "There's primitive environment, but people are always doing for us; I love the combination of being in the wild bush during the day and having clean sheets at night!"

Whether sharing grassy banks with a curious moose or crossing paths with the local bear, Findlay remains impressed with the overall fishing action.

"Canada's the place to catch a fish with every cast; if you don't, your line missed the water!"

In Canada, they always get their man, and they get their fish as well. ◇

PHOTO BY CHEL BEESON

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# GAMEY STUFF

by MARGARET ANN CROSS — ♦

Michigan's natural running streams, five Great Lakes and various land forms go back in time nearly 12,000 years—when glaciers slowly created their surface. From the Piping Plover to the human race, living things and their environment have created history in Michigan. Each of these bits of history is, in itself, a verity...

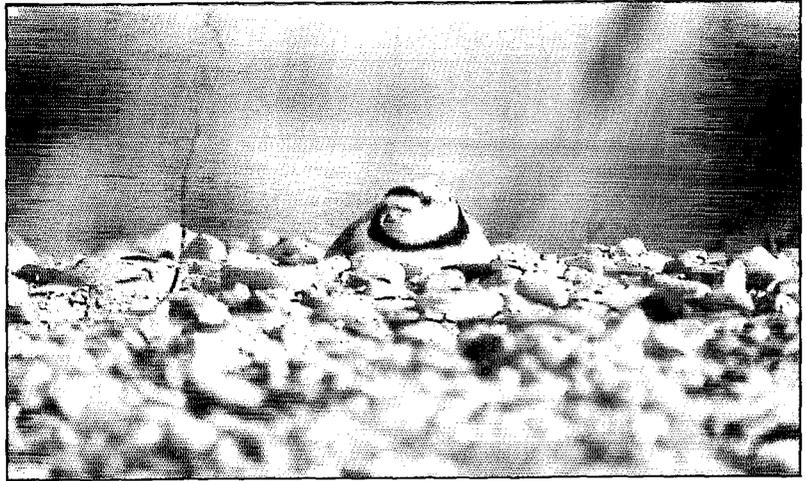


PHOTO COURTESY OF DNR

## WATERWAYS

- Eleven thousand lakes and 36,000 miles of streams exist in Michigan.
- The combined shorelines of the Great Lakes would reach halfway around the world. Michigan, with 3,121 miles of Great Lakes shoreline, is second only to Alaska.
- At 20,600 square miles, Lake Superior has the largest surface area of any freshwater body in the world.

## THEN AND NOW

- The Passenger Pigeon, once bred in Michigan in colonies of hundreds of thousands, is the only form of Michigan wildlife to have become extinct, but more than 250 species of plant and animal life remain endangered.
- Historic reports of Indians and French settlers mention fur traders frequently. The practice flourishes still; in 1986, 16,015 fur-harvesting licenses were issued by the state.
- In 1937, 186 hunters were licensed for the first bow-and-arrow deer-hunting season. They took home four deer. Fifty years later, archers took 58,000 deer.
- Only 28,000 deer hunting licenses were sold in 1921, and most of them went unfulfilled. Michigan's deer herd was said to be on its way to being wiped out. But in 1987, the deer herd was estimated at 1.3 million and approximately 700,000 hunters took a record 300,000 deer.
- In 1946, Michigan issued 989,000 fishing licenses. By 1987, that number rose to 1.6 million, and sportsmen spent some 23 million "angler" days on Michigan waterways.
- Original prairie grasses in Michigan once covered an estimated 700,000 acres of land. Today, less than 400 acres remain. The grass most seriously depleted is tallgrass—only 35 of an original 45,000 acres survive.

## NATURE'S WAY

- Michigan's Piping Plover is one of our rarest birds. A frequenter of Great Lakes beaches, only 13 pairs have been sighted this year (pictured above).
- Michigan has a total of more than 370 species of birds, 51 species of reptiles and amphibians and 2,400 species of vascular plants.
- With more than 67 species of mammals from which to choose, Michigan has yet to select one to represent the state. Legislators have considered the whitetail deer, the beaver, the moose, the skunk and the muskrat among others, but not even the wolverine is official.
- Wildflowers planted along Michigan highways save taxpayers approximately \$2 million per year in mowing expenses.

## RECORD HOLDERS

- Paul Chism of Farmington Hills bagged the largest elk on Michigan record in December of 1986. It weighed 682 pounds dressed.
- A 193-pound lake sturgeon was the largest fish ever caught in Michigan. It was speared through the ice of Mullet Lake in 1947.
- A Wyoming fisherman caught the largest white bass in Michigan history on August 9, 1987. It measured 19 inches and weighed 3.5 pounds.
- In 1919 at Trout Creek, Albert Tippett of Flint shot the largest whitetail deer ever reported. It weighed 354 pounds dressed and approximately 425 pounds on the hoof.
- An 80-pound female beaver was caught by Jered Emerick (Lovells) from the North Branch of the Au Sable River in 1980. She holds the record. ♦

# GREAT BREEDS

by HENRY DAVID JONES — ♦

If a hunter were to create from scratch a quintessential, four-legged companion, he would form an animal that was intelligent, obedient, strong, loyal, fleet of foot—and driven by a keen sense of smell that could track and flush any quarry.

But he would, in effect, only be recreating man's best friend, the dog.

For centuries, sportsmen have enlisted the well-equipped canine to track their prey. Historians speculate that the popular use of hunting dogs arose in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, the result of a leisure-afforded, wealthy middle class that chose hunting as its recreation.

Indeed, the first book ever written about dogs was published during that time period. It was titled, *Of Englishe Dogges, the Diversities, the Names, the Natures and the Properties*. The book was written by John Caius in 1575. In it, Caius divided hunting dogs into two distinct categories, "The first findeth game on land. The other findeth game on the water," he wrote.

The Brittany Spaniel belongs to the largest breed of hunting dogs—the pointer. It's strong pointing ability and aggressive behavior have drawn the admiration of many hunters.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF DNR



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Further, Caius named hunting dogs according to the type of prey they hunted. "Some be called dogges for The Falcon, The Pheasant, The Partridge, and such like," maintained Caius.

Today, the great breeds of hunting dogs used primarily on upland game and waterfowl are divided by most sportsmen into three categories, based on their manner of hunting and handling game. They are: pointers, flushers and retrievers. Another great breed of hunting dog, the foxhound, with its noble history of chasing the wily fox, falls simply within the hound category.

The largest group of hunting dog is the pointer. The pointer breeds include: the Brittany Spaniel, the Pointer, the English Setter, the Weimaraner, the German Shorthair Pointer and the Irish Setter.

The flushing breeds are spaniels, and include: the English Springer Spaniel, the Welsh Springer Spaniel and the Cocker Spaniel.

The retrievers are of three types: the Labrador Retriever, the Golden Retriever and the Chesapeake Bay Retriever.

The joys of hunting with a well-bred and trained hunting dog were noted more than 300 years ago by Nicholas Cox in his book entitled, *The Gentleman's Recreation*, written in 1674.

*"There is no Art to taking Partridges so excellent and pleasant as by the help of a Setting Dog," wrote Cox. "You are to understand then, that a Setting Dog is a certain lusty Land Spaniel, taught by nature to hunt the Partridge more than any chace whatever, running the fields over with such Alacrity and Nimbleness as if there were no limit to his Fury or Desire; And yet by Art under such excellent Command, that in the very height of his career by a Hem or Sound of his Master's voice he shall stand, or gaze about him, look into his Master's face and observe his directions, whether to proceed, stand still or retire.*

*"Nay, when he is even just upon his prey, that he may even take it up in his mouth, yet his Obedience is so framed by Art, that presently he shall either stand still, or fall down flat on his belly, without daring either to make any Noise or Motion till his Master comes to him, and then he will proceed in all Things to follow his Directions."*

The spaniel's heritage is the oldest of all the hunting breeds. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a figure of a dog resembling a spaniel which dates before Christ. Laws in Ireland mention the spaniel in 17 A.D., and North American Indians had spaniels when the Europeans landed in the Sixteenth Century. Many people believe that the name spaniel is a derivative of Spain. However, historians now believe that the long-eared flushing dog got its name from the Roman provinces of Hispania on the southern coast of the Iberian Peninsula, and that the spaniel originated in Wales.

Regardless, U.S. sportsmen have found the spaniel to be a worthy bird dog ever since it was introduced to America in purebred form around the turn of the century.

In 1907, the English Springer Spaniel came to America as a purebred. Because it has the tendency to stay near or "quarter" within shooting range to its master, the English Springer is easily taught to flush birds. The breed can also retrieve and work superbly in swamps, briers and

## Every hunter has a favourite breed of hunting dog.

The friendly beagle is sensitive, mannerly and trim. Because of inborn intelligence, this skilled hunter and loyal companion is easy to train.



thick land cover. With its long ears and medium-length, wavy coat of black-and-white, liver-and-white or black-tan-and-white, the English Springer Spaniel is one of the classic hunting breeds' most beautiful dogs.

While the Springer will not retrieve as well as the Labrador, it is nonetheless a fine pheasant dog, according to sportsmen.

The Cocker Spaniel breed—the smallest of the spaniels—began as recently as 1879 with a dog named Obo, of England. Many of Obo's descendants came to the U.S. and established a separate strain of American Cocker Spaniel. Careless breeding has diminished the Cocker's hunting ability, but sportsmen who prefer a smaller, yet quick-moving dog for flushing and retrieving upland game choose a Cocker Spaniel.

An outstanding hunting dog, similar to the English Springer, is the Welsh Springer Spaniel. Like the English Springer, the Welsh Springer is of ancient origin. Smaller than the English Springer, yet bigger than the Cocker, the Welsh Springer provides hunters friendly companionship. Its colours are easy to spot in the field—red and white—and it has a keen nose and friendly disposition.

According to those knowledgeable in the breed, good hunting spaniels should have a well-developed bird instinct, be free from shyness, possess a happy disposition, like water, have some natural retrieval instinct—and be courageous.

Although spaniels can retrieve, especially the American Water Spaniel,

hunters interested in a gun dog that works mouth-to-hand find the retriever breed more to their liking.

The most popular of the retrievers is the Labrador. Named after Labrador, Newfoundland, Canada, the Lab was imported into England early in the Nineteenth Century. Labradors didn't appear in great numbers in the U.S. until the late 1920s.

A strong hunter, the Labrador Retriever weighs from 60-75 pounds, and has a striking black coat of short, dense fur that is nearly impervious to water. Hunters who enjoy the benefits of companionship away from the hunt find the Golden Retriever to be an excellent hunting breed. Golden Retrievers are loving, friendly and have an affectionate disposition; but this bird dog, which sports a beautiful, golden coat of thick, wavy hair, also gives the hunter a dog with exceptional scenting ability and intelligence.

The retriever most suited by far for waterfowl hunting is the Chesapeake Bay Retriever. The Chesapeake, it is believed, descended from two Newfoundland puppies which were part of the crew of an English brig shipwrecked off the coast of Maryland in 1807. One was red, the other black. Chesapeake owners argue about the subsequent breeding, with stories ranging from coonhounds to water poodles.

Nonetheless, the Chesapeake is a superior duck dog. It dives bravely into the roughest water and stays warm through it all. The Chesapeake has been known to retrieve 200 or more ducks a day under brutal conditions. This extraordinary retriever also has

an excellent memory and can mark down three or more ducks at a time. One of the great hunting breeds' toughest souls, the Chesapeake Retriever will also swim a mile for a single duck.

Probably the best known of the finest hunting breeds is the pointer. The pointer—which falls under the same classification as its name—was developed by English nobility, and was romping widespread around Europe as early as the Fourteenth Century. Its origin is uncertain, but early pointers appear in Spain, Portugal and France.

Although the pointer in England was a slow, heavy-boned labourer compared to today's American Pointer, the American breed owes much of its heritage to its bulky ancestors.

The pointer ranges in weight from 50 to 60 pounds; its most common colours are liver-and-white, black-and-white, lemon-and-white and even solid white.

The pointer—with its distinctively long and squared-off muzzle, muscular dome and high-set ears, as well as intelligent and alert expression—has been popular in the United States since the 1870s. Hunters generally agree that the pointer has steadily improved toward the class bird dog ideal.

Although it is called a spaniel, the Brittany Spaniel—because of its strong pointing ability—is categorized as a member of the pointing breed. The Brittany originated in the rural Brittany section of France in the mid-Nineteenth Century. French sportsmen crossed their flushing-type spaniels with the pointer-breed En-



Above: The most popular breed of retrievers is the Labrador. This puppy will grow to weigh between 60-75 pounds.

Opposite: The adult Golden Labrador Retriever has a coat of short, dense fur that is nearly impervious to water. Hunters interested in a gun dog that works mouth-to-hand chose this breed.

English Setters, hoping to produce a dog far superior to either breed. Although the cross did not live up to its lofty expectations, the Brittany Spaniel proved a worthy hunter indeed. by 1904, the liver-orange-and-white Brittany had grown into its own distinct and formidable breed.

Although the Brittany is the smallest of the pointing breeds, its aggressive and quick hunting behavior has drawn the admiration of many hunters and dog lovers.

Another classic breed of pointer that hunters admire greatly is the English Setter. The English Setter is believed to be a cross between a spaniel and a Spanish Pointer. The English Setter breed became firmly established in the early Nineteenth Century, when an Englishman by the name of Edward Laverack inbred the dog for 35 years before exporting it to the U.S.

English setters are attractive dogs—and their long, silky coats make

them suitable for the hunter who chooses to hunt in colder weather.

Due to vigorous show-breeding and a diminished interest in its ability to hunt, the Irish Setter has trailed off in popularity as a hunting dog over the last several decades. Yet, ambitious hunters, attracted to its solid red, deep mahogany hue, still field the Irish Setter for upland game and duck hunting.

Rounding out the pointer category of great hunting dogs are the German breeds—the German Shorthair and the Weimaraner. These dogs were bred by German nobility to perform in a variety of hunting situations—pointing, retrieving and tracking furred game. The Shorthair is an unlikely cross between Spanish and French Pointers, as well as Foxhound and Bloodhound. The German bluebloods who produced the Shorthair were hoping for a quick, fine-nosed bird dog. What they got was dependable pointer.

Bred similar to the German Short-

## Man's best friend proves worthy and dependable.



hair, the Weimaraner was inbred exclusively in Germany for nearly 100 years. After WW II, the Weimaraner came to the U.S., purportedly possessing incredible prowess in the field. It never lived up to its stilted billing. Still, the Weimaraner is a majestic animal, large and muscular, with a silver-grey coat. Hunters who prefer slower, closer workers frequently hunt with the Weimaraner.

Outside the classification of upland game and waterfowl hunting dogs—which include the pointers, flushers and retrievers—sits the legendary foxhound. The Foxhound is categorized by most hunting dog authorities within the category of hounds.

The foxhound—which leads the charge of men and women on horseback in pursuit of the fox—has been bred in England since the end of the Seventeenth Century. Its ancestors date back 2,000 years to an early bloodhound mixed with other various hounds.

The foxhound has three principal characteristics—keen scent, speed and endurance. The breed can basically be divided into two categories, English and American foxhounds.

American fox hunting began in Virginia in the mid-Eighteenth Century; today, there are more than 150 “packs” of foxhounds in the U.S., including three in Michigan—Battle Creek, Waterloo and Metamora.

Foxhounds in a pack are expected to work together as a team, or like members of a symphony, says Metamora Master of Foxhounds, Warren Packard.

“We try to put together a pack that will work together,” he says.

Metamora, established in 1926, is today the combination of the Grosse Pointe Hunt and the Bloomfield Open Hunt. There are sixty foxhounds at Metamora.

According to Packard, 26 to 40 hounds chase fox three days a week during Metamora’s August to March

season. Usually the hunt consists of eight to ten riders, but as many as 75 riders will depend on the speedy and determined foxhounds in their pursuit of the fox on special days.

American foxhound breeding flourished in the south 150 years ago, and today northern breeders continue to look to southern packs for top breeding projects.

One interesting feature in the breeding of foxhounds is the concern for its voice—an exceptional foxhound must possess speed, endurance, tracking ability and the proper bark.

The great breeds of hunting dogs are nearly as varied as the hunters they call their masters, each breed possessing its own instinctive skill and preference for prey. Hunters have long argued about which breed is superior, but they all agree that hunting with a well-trained and magnificent dog is one of the most rewarding experiences in all of sport. ◇

# BEYOND DUTY'S CALL

by JAYNIE L. SMITH

*Survival along the inhospitable shores of Lake Superior is an effort undertaken only by a few stout souls and a few foolhardy ones. Many more attempts are made to live along this spectacular stretch of rocky beaches than succeed. Of the number who stay, even fewer remain unchanged through the experience. Changes come to settlers in the guise of hardship, isolation, endless days of hard toil, and freezing temperatures. Not the least of these is a loneliness . . . whose scars reach beyond the grave.*

*The stretch of land that lies West of Sault Ste. Marie to Grand Marais has never spawned a lasting settlement of any size. Even today its rugged beauty is unbroken by towns and buildings, with only an occasional homestead, and the clump of buildings that are the Chippewa Reservation to indicate its presence in the Twentieth Century. Indeed, the legends of old live on in a very real, or surreal, sense.*

1740 . . .

**T**he family MacAndrew lived in a hand-hewn log house of the type common to French Canadians. Its roughly square timbers were chinked with a limestone compound, the precursor of today's commercial cement. The room, a 16' by 24' rectangle, contained all the processes useful to modern living. A spinning wheel sat against the wall. Pots hung from the rafters next to tapers of amber beeswax, and net bags of onions, squash, and pumpkin. The dirt floor was hard packed by years of constant use. Woven sweet grass mats covered the floor beneath a large bed in the corner. More mats hung rolled on the wall in anticipation of nightfall.

A woman and four children were all at various tasks within the four walls that provided shelter from Superior's tantrums. Outside, the weather raged. Snow had begun to fall the previous Tuesday and continued until it had snowed some part of everyday since. At times the snow had fallen in easy layers upon the ground, sometimes floating lightly as feathers and others swirling in lazy circles. Yesterday, however, the temper of the lake had changed from mild wintry to malicious. Blowing at about fifty knots, a North wind swept down from the tundra, carrying tons of cold

sleet and snow. Following a track laid in the weather patterns of ancient times, the storm bore down on the coastline like a peregrine falcon on its prey. Escape was impossible, attempts were dangerous delusions.

At a sign from the mother, a boy of about eight got on his heavy woolen coat and wrapped a muffler around his face. He wound it deftly into place, leaving only a slot through which to see, and tucked the ends into his neck. Another child, a girl of about seven, opened the heavy door and closed it behind her brother. A blast of frigid air filled the room despite their efforts, and the woman got up and added a couple of logs to the fire in the huge open hearth. With a back bent from years of unceasing toil and the birthing bed, rather than age, the mother worriedly walked to the bed and checked on her seriously ill child.

The child was almost lost in the heaps of bedding piled around him in a futile attempt to restore vitality to his thin frame. A fever burned inside his body that had already claimed his strength and some of his mind, but his family held out hope. It was needed for him and for themselves. He contracted typhus, and hope was all they had.

---

*His family would probably not survive complete, but he did what any man does: what he must.*

---

Father had set out for the neighboring farms, could these tenuous footholds be called that, to leave word for the Doctor to come. Within ten days travel there were as many homes to visit and ask after Doctor Clarke. He meant to call at every one. His family would probably not survive complete, but he did what any man does: what he must.

The physician Elmer Clarke was a solitary figure, seldom settled in one spot for long. He made his rounds without benefit of hospital or nurse, paddling the lake by summer and by snowhoe in the deadly winter, tending to the

sick when he could, and the survivors when not. Following the craggy cliffs that the Indians believed to have been painted by the hand of the Great Spirit, he ministered to a congregation of isolated trappers, and families that would otherwise know no doctor. Dr. Clarke was that rare breed of individual whose profession chose him. He lived for his work, and his work was these scattered human outposts on the fringes of the known world.

Father stopped at four homes before he found anyone who'd seen Dr. Elmer, as he was known widely. At each home, a hot meal was put before him and a night's rest offered to speed him on his task, for each parent knew well the cause that drove him, and feared it. All with whom he spoke offered whatever it was they had. Some families sent forth their nearly-grown children into the winter to inquire of their neighbors, and leave word should he be found. At the fourth house, Father MacAndrew learned that Dr. Elmer Clarke had been at the home of the Sinclairs some time ago, and may have moved on. It was a thinly spun thread, but the fibers were there, and Father set off directly to tackle the three-day hike to the Sinclairs.

At home, another child fell ill, and another, until Mrs. MacAndrew cared around the clock for four of her five offspring. The four boys nestled in the same sickbed; she'd taken the little girl away from her brothers' sickness and built a little makeshift home for the two of them in a corner of the barn loft. There they slept when they could, and ate their meals, returning often to the cozy little house that had now turned into an infirmary. Close below them in the cold night the cattle shuffled and stomped, impatient with winter's imprisonment. The two women, mother and child, curled together tightly for warmth among the bundles of hay, straw, and sweet-smelling clover, while fear for their charges coloured their fitful sleep.

Deep into the night a pounding at their door brought them awake. The two tumbled out of the barn into the yard to see who it was. They slept these frigid nights away in their clothes, coats, hats, mittens, and mufflers purely for warmth. Before them stood the doctor, an unlikely figure in deerskin, fur, and carrying a pack like those of the Frenchmen. He was tall as an old oak, with a trunk as thick, and his size identified him even in darkness. Wearing long-tailed snowshoes, he'd trekked in off the frozen lake.

Relief flooded through the women as they realized who he was, and as quickly he was inside shaking off the snow. Little Alexis was put to work by the fire, hanging Dr. Elmer's heavy coats to dry and tending to brushing as much snow from his black bear boots as could be accomplished. His bulk reduced only slightly by this shedding of garments, he wore still a heavy buckskin shirt covered with Ottawa bead decoration and trousers the same. Most of what he wore had been made by patients rich in time and talent, poor in the King's minted coin. Alexis built the fire up well and Mother lit a little oil lamp to light the house. While he examined the boys, felt of their fevered faces, he and Mother spoke quietly. The conversation was a low murmur to Alexis, who knew all the details at any rate.

Within the hour the Doctor had finished instructing Mother in her jobs for the following days. He dug deeply in his pack and produced a vial of white powder, along with a little brass measure. The medicine was to be dispensed to each boy but one, twice daily without fail. The first ill would die yet this eve, and medicine would do him no good. It was best, he said, a blessed released from the fever that had so weakened him. Mother nodded, her eyes filled with tears for such a harsh truth. Then with a bowl of hot soup in his belly, Dr. Elmer was away into the darkness.

"Dry and fed is enough," he said. "A roof over my head would be too much."

Mother followed his instructions to the letter, making tea for her sons laced with the vile white medicine. They drank of it and recovered, all but one who lasted not the night.

The remnants of his family sat wrapped tightly in blankets around the table, slurping soup fed to them by Mother and Alexis, when Father stomped in from his long journey. Haggard and made tired by helpless worry, he surveyed the group glumly when he entered. "Three sick now," he thought; when he met Mother's tired eyes he knew the fate of his youngest son.

"Couldn't get the doctor," he said shortly. "Went all the way to the Sinclairs to find his grave among the pines."

"How so?" Mother looked suddenly paler than her three surviving sons.

"Caught in that Nor'wester a fortnight ago. Froze dead."

## 1840...

On the outskirts of Grand Marais, wooden frame houses thinned into the random occupation that would continue into the Twentieth Century. Farms occupying their little squares of cleared land had sprung up with the first great wave of immigrants to reach the shores of Lake Superior, in search of work in the mines. The middle Nineteenth Century had been a time of speculative growth in the region at the mention of huge veins of copper and iron underlying the ancient Porcupine Mountains. Thousands of Norwegians, Swedes, Finlanders, and Italians had come in search of work deep within the bowels of this new land, extracting the metals to shape a new era. With them had come a type of pestilence, also new to the land, yellow fever. The fever attacked this new population with a vengeance.

Anton Haakla lived in a unpainted wooden house, built with his own sweat, of three rooms on forty acres. To this arrangement he had brought his wife from Finland, with their three children. Comfortable in their new home, though far from wealthy, they worked hard and played hard, spending Sundays picnicking with friends and family by the lake after Mass. The produce of their labors fed their children, brought in a little money, and added buildings to their farm when needed. It was a simple and good way to live.

In the fall of the year, a new family joined those already established in the area. On Sunday they attended Mass, and were presented to the community. Wednesday morning saw the Mother and three daughters ill with the fever; fear filled the town. Families who normally met and ate Sunday dinner together stopped. Business was conducted quickly and briefly, with a thought to an early return home. The fever was virulent, and despite families' prayers, it visited many of their homes.

The Haaklas were pretty self-sufficient, and laid in a stock of flour and sugar to keep them until the danger lessened. Anton made only needed visits to the village to deliver eggs and honey. His efforts notwithstanding, after the two-week incubation period he found his oldest daughter abed at noon. Sweat covered her skinny child's body. His wife rung her hands in worry, but there was nothing to do but isolate her in the lone bedroom and wait.

Anton paced the kitchen. His footsteps were of lead on the board floor. Helplessness spoke in his stride. Something must be done. Little memories of a conversation in English, right after his arrival, tugged at his hopes. In church he'd heard of a child cured of hepatitis by an enigmatic Dr. Elmer Clarke. Of course, he didn't understand the entire conversation in a poorly-learned tongue, but the relief of a parent needs no language, and he remembered that clearly.

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*Farms occupying their little squares of cleared land had sprung up with the first great wave of immigrants to reach the shores of Lake Superior, in search of work in the mines.*

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Suddenly purposeful, he put on his coat and went out. A short walk to the lakeshore was all he needed to decide the issue. He appropriated a canoe and headed east toward Big Bay, another little village down the coast. His mind was clear. He had a purpose. Someone there would know of this Dr. Clarke. The wind from the North tried in vain to chill his bones. He was too intent on his mission to feel it.

When he reached Big Bay, the waves already ran eight feet, jouncing his little canoe up and down like a beach ball. He walked Main Street in search of the druggist; they were often the doctor, too. At the sign of the pestle and mortar, he stopped. The shop had closed hours ago, but a light shone from an upstairs window. Around back, a covered stairway led up to a landing. Anton pounded at the door.

A man in a Jacquard-woven vest opened the door. He wore little pince-nez glasses that dangled on a string from a button hole. Anton Haakla asked in his immoderate English for Dr. Clarke. The little druggist looked surprised.

"No, no. He's not been around here for a long time." The druggist meant decades, for he was fond of understatement.

"Where I find him?" Anton pursued the matter, taking a long time to be weeks, maybe months.

"I dunnow. Some say they see him up by Skanee." The druggist looked very doubtful, irritated by the intrusion of the North wind on his comfortable living room.

It was good enough for Anton. He clomped off down the stairs without *adieu*. The druggist shook his head. "These crazy foreigners, out looking for a ghost."

Anton noticed the wind shift from north to northwest when he reached his appropriated canoe, but perhaps "noticed" is the wrong word. He noticed it only as a man notes a mosquito buzzing around his head while he works, not as he would note a danger. The waves grew to ten, and then twelve, feet as he made his way toward Skanee, the wind at his back. Snow began to fall, and sleet too. It soon covered the canoe and its pilot unmercifully.

**B**ack in the cozy wooden house at Grand Marais, Ada Haakla paced in her husband's place. At intervals she would go to her child with cool compresses and hot lemony tea, and at times to the window to peer into the darkness after the man she loved, the man that she had crossed an ocean to be near. The restless sleep of her child filled her ears; and visions of Anton falling victim to the storm, her eyes. She prayed many things that night, working her rosary until its beads were warm to the touch. Like every mother, she prayed for her family's safety. Then she prayed that she'd never spend another night in such a worrisome hell.

A knock sounded at the door. Ada rushed to it with fearful anticipation. By the time she had reached the door, she had formed a mental picture of the men bearing Anton's broken body home to her. Instead, a huge burly man in deerskin stood there. She gasped and stepped back at his wild appearance.

"You call for Dr. Clarke, ma'm?" He was very humble and proper, in contrast to his size and outlandish appearance. Doubts about his competence filled her, despite Anton's apparent faith in his skills.

"Yes, yes, sir." She was recovering. "Come in, out of the storm."

He did; removing his great fur coat, she could see its rows and rows of beadwork. His deerskin shirt and trousers were the same, and he wore black bear boots with the claws and the paws still hanging on the top of the foot. She expected the boots to move yet after he removed them. Inside, the deerskin mocassins, laced up to his knees, did little to allay her fears.

She led him to her child and left him, to prepare something to eat for this traveller. Dr. Elmer felt of the girl's face, and he pressed on his gland and that while listening to her breath rattle in and out. He was very thorough. When finished, he dug in his pack for a square wooden box. From it he extracted three things.

"This is the lachqua root. Boil it with water and vinegar to make a poultice for her fever. Use it in hot compresses as often as you can."

She nodded gravely, repeating, "Lachqua, poultice, hot."

"This is to be made into a paste and applied to her skin. In a couple of days, she will develop sores that bleed. The paste should be made of equal parts whiskey and medicine; put it sparingly on the sores when they come."

She nodded again, horrified at the thought of a paste of whiskey and medicine.

"Give this medicine to everyone in the family, once a day." He handed her a box of irregular little pills. "It may prevent the sickness from spreading. If it does not, you know what to do."

She nodded again and set a plate of chicken, yams, and bread before him. While he ate, she repeated the instructions to him for approval. He corrected her where necessary, and smiled his thanks for the meal. He would take no money from her.

"More calls to make, ma'm." He exited the way he came, disappearing into the snow and darkness on snowshoes.

**F**ar away in the tavern of Skanee, Anton nursed a brandy. He'd come in off the lake nearly frozen and the tavern was warm, dry, and open. It happened that the town doctor-druggist was there, enjoying a cigar and a whiskey.

"I came here to fetch Dr. Clarke." Anton started to tell his tale, but the druggist's laughing stopped him.

"Haw, haw, haw. Now who sent you here on that account?" The druggist thought someone was playing a joke on the poor immigrant.

"No one sent me. My child is sick and I came to get the doctor. I heard Dr. Clarke could cure everything." He looked deadly serious at the doctor, who now stopped laughing.

"What's your daughter got?" His eyes were serious back.

"Yellow fever. A new family brought it to Grand Marais with them."

The druggist didn't move his chair back from Anton's, but he considered it. "Dr. Clarke, you say. Where'd you hear of him?"

"Talk, just people's talk."

"Well, looks like I've got the job of setting you straight." He straightened up in his chair as if he needed to look credible for the job. "Dr. Clarke lived in these parts from about 1739 to 1780, or thereabouts. He was a good doctor, a good man, paddling his canoe to see whoever was sick. After he died, some claim to have had visits from his ghost. They say his ghost appears wherever a child is sick unto death. He treats 'em and disappears."

Anton was silent, digesting this. The storm howled outside. It was a fit setting for a ghost story. "How'd he die?"

"They say his canoe was swamped in a Nor'wester, about like this, I guess."

"I'll be going then." Anton rose to leave.

"You wait. I'll give you some medicine to take back.

With any luck, it'll keep the rest of you healthy." He paused, "You sure you don't want to bunk down with me tonight? It's pretty awful out there."

"No. I must go back." His face left no room for argument, and there was none. Both men knew what danger lay in his staying with the druggist; he could be carrying the seeds of death in his very breath.

Paddling into the wind, it took Anton two days to reach Grand Marais. The storm had lessened by then, and he replaced the canoe where he found it. It was much the worse for the wear, as was Anton. Ice covered his long moustache and beard. Frost covered his face and eyebrows. His nose and toes were black with frostbite. He looked like a spectre when he arrived at his own door.

Ada sat before the fire with his daughter in her lap. They read from a book, taking turns aloud. The boys played at a game of coloured sticks on the flour nearby. All came rushing to greet him when he entered.

As the boys pulled off his boots, he and Ada spoke in Finnish, a language they'd agreed the children would never know.

"Dr. Elmer Clarke is dead, Ada. Those tales I heard were just that, ghost stories. He died around 1780."

"How so? That can't be true. He was here two days ago. Look, see the medicines he left for the children." She gestured to the cupboard.

"No, he's dead. If he was here, then you've seen a ghost." Anton was not surprised.

"A ghost that eats chicken and yams for dinner?" Her voice was a disbelieving scold.

"No. A ghost. He appears wherever a child is near death. It seems he doesn't realize he's dead."

"Well, if that were him, it's true—he doesn't know he's a ghost. A great huge man, like an oak tree, on snowshoes."

Anton just nodded, and both their gazes fell on their daughter, her blonde hair flying, as she jumped up and down with glee.

### 1943...

**C**arlyle and Beaudreaux were school chums, as much by fate as by the hand of the school system, which chose to seat them alphabetically. Beaudreaux was followed by Carlyle in all classes save one, and Jennifer Blackmer had the very bad luck to be assigned a seat between them in history class. Always together, they were a dastardly duo in every undertaking, whether it be the school days' pranks of primer school or the pursuit of young ladies in high school. Their first names were lost to the ideas of formality, whose vagaries determined that they be called Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Beaudreaux within school walls. So it was that Reimer Carlyle and Carroll Beaudreaux became just Carlyle and Beaudreaux, their names as inseparable as themselves.

It had been a long summer for the two to keep busy through. Early on, they'd arranged all types of odd jobs to raise money, mowing lawns, helping in the hay, or trim-

ming Christmas trees. Odd jobs are, by definition, hit or miss, and the two now found themselves at loose ends with three weeks until they began their senior year.

It was a difficult time for them. They were trapped between childhood and the adult world, belonging truly to neither. Their bodies had spent the past two years spurting upward into the fine young men they would be, as soon as they filled out the frame. It was 1943, and full of the hopes and dreams of youth, they listened to the accounts of the war in Europe. Too young for the war, and too old for boys games, they chafed at the agony of their adolescence until, at the end of the summer, they happened on a good idea. Unconvinced at first, Mothers were gradually persuaded, against their better judgment, by persistent pestering and the collusion of their fathers, to consent to the trip.

Three days turned into a lifetime, as the boys prepared their equipment for the journey, scavenging each other's garages for little-known tools they just might need. (*You never know. You just may find yourself stranded on a war-torn Superior isle in need of a...a...well...you know what I mean.*) You see the quandary: whether to be prepared in an overloaded canoe, or travel lightly and want for some necessary and useful item. They finally repacked the long wooden canoe at the last minute, subtracting a number of indispensable items in deference to a waterline that hovered far too near the gunnels when their own weight was added.

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*It was 1943, and full of the hopes and dreams of youth, they listened to the accounts of war in Europe. Too young for the war, they chafed at the agony of their adolescence.*

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Compromise thus reached, the two near-men set out across a flat blue expanse of Superior beneath an August sky of identical hue. The lake was as smooth as glass, giving the appearance of two canoes and four boys travelling at right angles to one another. Only the dip of paddles disturbed the illusion. The fog that had earlier covered the lake now hung about two stories above. Shrinking away from the sun's warm rays above, and its reflection below, just a narrow band remained, like an errant cloud.

Proud in their hard-won independence, the boys sat straight and tall in their dark green canoe as their parents waved goodbye from the dock. Behind them their fathers prepared for the day's work, and mothers set tasks to occupy little brothers and sisters through the long, langorous summer's day. That day, as they paddled off on their little adventure, they left behind their childhood, and their neat little prepackaged world. They entered the unexplained existence that is Superior.

For two days they paddled steadily, stopping to camp the first night at Carlyle's Aunt Minnie's on Huron Isle, and after a very good day's run, at Eagle River to stay the second night. The longest part of the trip lay ahead. Taking bearings by compass every hour, the two boys made the forty-five mile passage to Isle Royale in fifteen hours. It was record time, they thought jubilantly, as they beached the canoe on a rock-strewn shore. In celebration, they opened two creme sodas they'd packed at Aunt Minnie's, and drank them sitting on the upturned hull of their canoe. Darkness fell around them quickly, the August days telling already of the season to come, both treacherous and enchanting. Winter's shortened days were not far away.

Debating over setting up the tent in the darkness, they finally settled that they couldn't both shelter under the narrow canoe, and so proceeded to unfold their little canvas tent. What followed was an exercise in error, accentuated by the effects of blackness on eyes blinded by three days of sun on water. Tent pegs were pounded haphazardly into ground consisting of no more than layer upon layer of pine needles. Poles were rested crookedly on rocks and lines were randomly tight and limp. Finished, the erect tent had a distinct clockwise twist along the ridgepole, and was as swayback as an overworked mule. In their fatigue, elation, and the darkness, they never noticed. Snug in their nest of woolen army blankets, Carlyle and Beaudreaux went immediately to sleep.

Carlyle slept not the whole night unawakened. A sharp rock poked meanly at the soft tissue between his shoulder blades, giving him a restless night, in addition to the excitement that fatigue could not dull. Beaudreaux was a sound sleeper, able to sleep anywhere, whether it be history class or the irregular bed on Isle Royale. His deep, even breathing gave rhythm to the night sounds. Somewhere after midnight the call of nature combined with Carlyle's discomfort to propel him into the night for relief. He crawled out of his woolen sack into the dark night, the canopy of pines preventing the moon from giving light to guide him.

Standing crouched in involuntary response to his caution, he made his way slowly toward the edge of the stand of pines, using the sound of the waves and the clear moonlight ahead as his guide. Walking onto the rough beach, he stood blinking in the bright moonlight like a man awakening from a long night of dreams. The water called him; having relieved himself, he headed toward a rock where the waves crashed, forming a vertical spray that flew many feet upward. It sparkled silver, like drops of elusive mercury flying homeward in the balmy night. It enthralled him with its unpredictable gymnastics, and soon he sat on the edge of the boulder, allowing the cold water to spray over him with every pulse. He watched its elastic surface as it ebbed toward the depths and again charged forward, determined to claim the rock and its rider for its own.

A muffled scream tore through the night, waking Carlyle from his reverie. He thought first that it was a cougar, whose night cries can sound first like a baby and then like a tortured prisoner; but, as the second shriek ripped the night, he knew better. Faster than he ever had moved before, he ran for the campsite with Carroll's screams ringing. What he saw when he arrived has chilled the blood of brave men, but Reimer felt not the fear of reason. Only the anger that comes with the richened flow of blood and adrenalin coursed through him.

Fighting for his life inside the shaky tent, Carroll Beaudreaux faced the mighty canine lord of the island. A wolf, white with age, tore at the canvas and the woolen blankets in the frenzy of the offense, while a half-dozen others hung back. Like spectators at the fights, they growled and grunted their encouragement to their man. Without considering the danger, Reimer Carlyle jumped into the fray. Carrying a canoe paddle, he struck at the fierce animal with its handle, again and again. A million lives were lived in those two terrible minutes. The dogs hung on until the last; suddenly, without visible sign, they turned as one and ran.

Carroll didn't move under the pile of canvas, and Carlyle feared him dead. He tore at the heap that had been their camp only moments ago. His hand felt dampness on the canvas that in the pitch-black pines could have been either wolf saliva or blood.

Carroll moaned, unconsciousness saving him the pain of his injured limbs.

His friend's pulse beat weakly as Carlyle gathered him in his arms and did the only thing he knew. With a sound kick he righted the canoe, gently placed Beaudreaux in an end, and tossed the packs and a paddle in the other. With a strength he hadn't known before, he picked up the near end of the craft and headed for the lake. Carrying a paddle clenched in the other hand he stalked through the rocks like Paul Bunyan.

At the water's edge he surveyed the horizon, not long until sunrise. He noted thankfully the first tendrils of false dawn announcing that spectral twilight that precedes the sun. Carroll Beaudreaux moved in agony in the canoe. He bled profusely from an arm and a leg. Carlyle imagined the arm taking bites intended for the jugular, as Carroll raised his arm to shield his face. Without cognitive process, he raised his friend from the canoe and laid him in the cold, clean waters of Superior. Ever so gently, he began to tear the shredded clothing from his friend's mutilated limbs and wash his wounds. Using his knife, he cut the fabric free of the bitten flesh and exposed it to the sweet water, never thinking of the horror, only the job to be done.

Footsteps behind him startled his careful work. Reimer Carlyle turned into the new dawn to see a huge man in buckskins, his amazement tempered only by his concern for Carroll. The stranger knelt in the water where Carlyle sat holding his friend dearly to his chest with one arm while he worked. Without speaking, the stranger set to work with

both hands, skillfully cleansing the wounds without opening them more. Carlyle watched quietly, now clutching his friend with both arms.

In time, the huge stranger stood, and they lifted Beaudreaux onto a high boulder. From his pack the stranger removed rolls of yellowish linen cloth of a rough weave, and began to bind Carroll's bitten limbs, while applying a sweet-smelling salve to the skin. He directed Carlyle to build a fire, and in time he was done. On the fire he first brewed a tea of leaves and powders he extracted again from his pack. This he told Carlyle to give to Carroll, indicating he was to cradle the patient's head against his chest and give him sips of the hot beverage until he was fully conscious.

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*Away on the lilac sunlit horizon, a lone figure paddled easily Northward. A mist descended on the lake, and he was gone.*

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Finally, the two thus occupied, the roughly-dressed white man speared a fish and cooked it over the fire. He gave Carlyle a portion, and the strangely-matched pair ate, forgetting to stare at each other in their concern for their charge. The trip back to Eagle River was not delayed. The stranger lifted Carroll Beaudreaux into the center of the canoe as if he were a little child, and taking the stern position, indicated for Carlyle to take the bow.

Conversation on the trip was terribly one-sided. Carlyle asked questions that received only one-word answers. He wondered more and more about the reticent stranger. His outfit belonged on a Hollywood backlot, and his sudden appearance was disquieting, although a Godsend. Through the day, Carlyle turned often to observe his helmsman. Impassive, Elmer Clarke paddled with long, powerful strokes. He was clearly at home in the canoe. Just after dark they were rounding the rock-strewn stretch of beach that would be coral reef in any other clime, when Carlyle turned smilingly to his companion. Thanks were unnecessary, though, as his benefactor's spot was empty. An unused paddle lay dripping across the hulls and Beaudreaux roused in his fitful sleep.

Away on the lilac sunlit horizon, a lone figure paddled easily Northward. A mist descended on the lake, and he was gone.

Carlyle looked intently at his friend and headed in. He had many questions and many more thanks to give. ◇

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*Jaynie L. Smith is an author living in Farwell, Michigan whose first novel will be ready for publication next spring. We are pleased to publish "Beyond Duty's Call" in HERITAGE.*

Summer may be drawing to a close, but there are still plenty of opportunities to make the most of warm weather. The return of the theater season and a new batch of concerts offer those longing for culture hours of satisfaction. Art shows abound, and the in-the-water boat show will begin at the end of the month. As days begin to shorten, savour every last moment of sunshine—run around Mackinac Island, brush up your fly-fishing technique at Grand Traverse Resort. Welcome fall at the Rochester Arts 'N' Apples Festival, and trek to Greenfield Village for the vintage auto show. It's too soon to give up on summer in Michigan!

## EAST

### September 2

The saucy adult comedy, *The Owl and the Pussycat*, is now being performed at the Detroit Center for the Performing Arts. Performances are scheduled on Friday and Saturday nights at 8 p.m. through Sept. 24. Tickets are \$10 adult and \$7 for students and seniors. Group discounts and dinner theatre packages are available. For more information, call (313) 961-7925. Located at 8041 Harper at Van Dyke, Detroit.

### September 2 and 3

*The 21st International Tournée of Animation* at the Detroit Film Theatre will be showing at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. View examples of personal, innovative works which are indicative of the exciting new directions that the animation art form is beginning to explore. Tickets are \$3 and are available at the ticket office, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit (313) 832-2730.

### September 4

*Cesar* is the conclusion of the French cinema's most celebrated trilogy enriched immeasurably by the control of Marcel Pagnol. Viewing time at the Detroit Film Theatre is 5 p.m. only. Tickets are \$3 and are available at the ticket office, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit (313) 832-2730.

### September 8, 9, 10 and 11

Hunting, fishing, boating and camping exhibits will come together under one roof for the first *Michigan Hunting & Sports Show* at Cobo Hall. Expert turkey caller Harold Knight will perform and several speakers will address outdoor sporting topics. The show will also feature the world's largest portable aquarium. Cobo Hall is located at 2 Washington Boulevard in Detroit. Tickets are \$5 at the door. Hours are September 8, 5-10 p.m.; September 9, 3-10 p.m. September 10, 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; September 11, 11 a.m.-6 p.m. For more information, call (313) 224-1010.

### September 9, 10 and 11

*L'ami De Mon Amie*, translated as *My Girlfriend's Boyfriend*, is a comedy set in a new shopping-residential satellite complex near Paris. Eric Rohmer's film, showing at the Detroit Film Theatre, is a refreshing and often hilarious series of sexual/cerebral/romantic dilemmas. Shows are 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. and 7 p.m. on Sept. 11. Tickets are \$3 and are available at the ticket office, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit (313) 832-2730.

### September 10

The Grosse Pointe Artists Association presents its *29th Annual Fall Art Festival* on the historic grounds of the Alger House. A selection of 150 artists and craftspeople display works of watercolour, oil paintings, wood, stained glass, sculpture, pottery and other fine art. Demonstrations, carillon concert, a raffle and Grosse Pointe's Music Makers will provide entertainment. No admission charge. Located at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lakeshore Dr., G.P.F.

### September 12

Interested in the political campaign '88? Former Grosse Pointe resident, Michael Murphey, will speak on *"Political Ads on TV: An insider's view of campaign '88"* at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Murphey is currently based in Washington, D.C. The lecture begins at 8 p.m. and tickets are \$8. Advance purchase requested. Call (313) 881-7511 for information. Located at 32 Lakeshore Dr., G.P.F.

### September 16, 17 and 18

*The Thin Blue Line* by Errol Morris will be showing at the Detroit Film Theatre. The filmgoer becomes an active participant in unraveling a shocking mystery of an actual murder case. Show times are 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m., and 1, 4 and 7 p.m. on Sept. 18. Tickets are \$5 and are available at the ticket office, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit (313) 832-2730.

### September 17

Meet the artist and view his new collection at the opening reception for *James Kristich* at Gallerie 454 in Grosse Pointe Park. Kristich is a native Detroit. His Abstract Impressionism art is implemented through classical techniques, through a commitment to education and iteration. "Art's primary function is to convey emotion and understanding through preconceived, deliberate, original means," says Kristich. Stroll through the gallery to view this unique exhibit during September. Hours are Mon.-Fri. 10-6 p.m., Sat. 10-5 p.m. and Thur. until 9 p.m. Located at 15105 Kercheval Ave., G.P.P. (313) 822-4454.

### September 18

Take a trip back in time to the Roaring '20s during the annual *Grosse Pointe War Memorial Open House*. Bring the family to enjoy a day of games, entertainment, pony rides and refreshments from noon-3 p.m. Nominal fee for refreshments and food. Call (313) 881-7511 for information. The War Memorial is located at 32 Lakeshore Dr., G.P.F.

### September 18

The Parents' Association of University-Liggett School



JOIN US on a remarkable journey as we chronicle the history of Grosse Pointe, from its early Indian heritage to the dynamic and personable individuals who live here today.

As we embark on our fifth year of publishing HERITAGE, we commit ourselves anew to our original concept of devoting this magazine to the Grosse Pointe community—past, present, and future.

Don't miss this year's collection of great books—twelve beautiful magazines designed to celebrate local history and local people. Since virtually all of our readers travel, we bring you articles on wonderful vacation spots. Northern Michigan is a favourite destination; we discover it with you, bringing beautiful photography from sunrise on the eastern shores to sunset on the west, and everything and everyone in between. Skiing fans? We've got you covered, and those who prefer the warmth of a winter fire can still enjoy the visual beauty of mountains, brought to them in beautiful colour by HERITAGE.

This year, we're adding fiction—short stories by local authors published for the very first time in HERITAGE.

We're proud of each and every issue of HERITAGE produced during the last four years, and invite you to join us as we venture forth to meet another exciting year.

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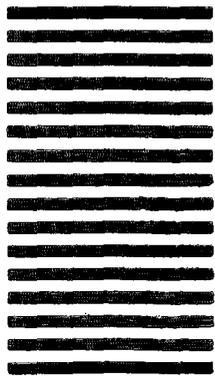
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will host an **All School Family Picnic**. For more information contact Gay Budinger, 885-5645; Marion Shanle, 886-4803; or Rosalie Wattrick, 885-3918. ULS is located at 1045 Cook Rd., G.P.

**September 20**

**The Grosse Pointe Adventure Series** begins with a trip to Brazil. The series, which runs through May '89, will feature the finest in travelogue films. Brazil will be narrated by Lee and Lily Cavanagh, the film's producers. The film, at 8 p.m. is preceded by dinner at 6:30 p.m. Tickets are \$16.85 for dinner and film; \$4.25, film only. Reservations for dinner must be made three days in advance. Call the War Memorial at (313) 881-7511 for tickets and information. Located at 32 Lakeshore Dr., G.P.F.

**September 23**

Celebrate a **Gala Experience** at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Enjoy cocktails beginning at 7 p.m., followed by dinner at 8 p.m. At 9 p.m. join academy award winner Sue Marx, director of **Young at Heart**, for a special viewing of the documentary that won this year's Academy Award. Proceeds will be used to improve the sound system in Fries Auditorium. Tickets are \$50 per person. Advance reservations necessary. Call (313) 881-7511 for information. Located at 32 Lakeshore Dr., G.P.F.

**September 23 and 24**

**Bellman and True** by Richard Loncraine will be showing at the Detroit Film Theatre. The well-detailed and engrossing depiction of a bank robbery is a modern rarity; it's as involving on a human level as it is as pure suspense thriller. Shows are 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3 and are available at the ticket office, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit (313) 832-2730.

**September 24-October 2**

**Boat Show USA** will drop anchor at the Metropolitan Beach Marina. Over 1500 boats will be on display, including new 1989 models. Open noon-8 p.m., admission is \$5 for adults and \$1 for children. The park is located at Jefferson and Metropolitan Parkway. For more information, call (313) 886-7887.

**September 25**

**No, No, Nonets**, the gala Ninth Season opener for the Lyric Chamber Ensemble, will be presented in Orchestra Hall at 3:30 p.m. A program of chamber music arranged for nine instruments will be highlighted by works of Ravel, Haydn, Copland and Chausson. Tickets are \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$25. Call (313) 833-3700 or 357-1111 for information. Orchestra Hall is located at 3711 Woodward, Detroit.

**September 27**

**Are you the opposite sex or am I?** Find out in a lecture by Lorraine Stefano and Elliot Gold at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Learn how to improve your communication with the opposite sex. The lecture begins at 7:30-9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$12; advance purchase is requested. Located at 32 Lakeshore Dr., G.P.F. (313) 881-7511.

**September 28**

Pat Materka, author of two books, will give advice on

**Shaking the Superwoman Syndrome; having it all without doing it all**, at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. The lecture starts at 7-9 p.m. Tickets are \$10 and are available at the War Memorial, 32 Lakeshore Dr., G.P.F. (313) 881-7511.

**September 30**

**Yeelen (Brightness)**, by Souleymane Cissé, was the winner of the Jury Prize at the 1987 Cannes Film Festival. Yeelen is set in the ancient Bambara culture of Mali, where the tale of a young man's entry into the complex mysterious world of adulthood is reflected in some of the most vividly felt visual images to be seen in years. Times are 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. at the Detroit Film Theatre. Tickets are \$3 and are available at the ticket office, Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, Detroit (313) 832-2730.

# WEST

**September 1**

**Dos Manos Gallery/Gift Shop** in Royal Oak allows browsers to view its handicrafts of Latin America—paper flowers from Mexico, Zapotec woven rugs from Oaxaca and wool tapestry from San Pedro de Cajas, through the month of September. Hours are Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m.-6 p.m., Wed. until 11 p.m. and Sat. until 5 p.m. Located at 210 W. Sixth St. in Royal Oak.

**September 1**

**The Troy Historical Museum** will be exhibiting "Fire," an in-depth look at the history of the Troy volunteer fire department throughout the month. Open Tues.-Sat. 9 a.m.-5:30 p.m., Sun. 1-5 p.m. Located at 60 W. Wattles Rd., Troy, (313) 524-3570. Free admission.

**September 1**

Now through September 18 see the Student Summer Show at the **Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum**. In the permanent Cranbrook Collection, furniture, textiles, ceramics and sculpture are on display. The Museum is open Tues.-Sun. 1-5 p.m. Admission is \$2.50, general public; \$1.50 students and seniors; children under 7, museum members and handicapped are free. Located at 50 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, (313) 645-3312.

**September 6 through 11**

Rodgers and Hammerstein's **Carousel** will be playing at Meadow Brook Music Festival located in Rochester at Oakland University. Stephanie Zimbalist, Rex Smith and Patrice Munsel will be starring in the fun-loving production number. Shows are evenings beginning at 8 p.m.; tickets range from \$13.50 to \$22.50. Matinees will be performed on Sept. 7 and 10 at 2 p.m. and tickets range from \$9-\$17.50. Call (313) 377-2010 for tickets and information.

**September 8**

Singles and couples can spend an evening at **Bates Street Night Out**. Enjoy live band entertainment, cash bar and light snacks from 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Cover charge is \$5 and tickets are available by calling (313) 644-5832 or at the door. Located at the Community House, 380 S. Bates, Birmingham.

**September 10 and 11**

The 14th annual fundraiser for Common Ground is exhibiting **Birmingham Art in the Park**. One hundred fifty artists from 22 states and students from VOCARE will show their work, accompanied by continuous entertainment. No admission charge. Located in Shain Park, Birmingham. For information, call (313) 645-1173.

**September 14**

Celebrate the Birmingham Theatre's tenth anniversary with the season opener, **Sweet Charity**, which runs through Oct. 16. The bittersweet musical was created by Neil Simon, Bob Fosse, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. Tickets go on sale three weeks prior to opening day. Prices range from \$16 to \$26.50 for performances; however, preview prices are \$13.50 and \$17.50. Scheduled performances are Tues.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 7 p.m. and matinees Wed. and Sun. 2 p.m. for tickets call (313) 644-3533. The Birmingham Theatre is located at 211 S. Woodward, Birmingham.

**September 15**

Wake up and be somebody! The **Professional Women's Breakfast** will feature guest speaker Peg Tracey. As an image consultant, Tracey will discuss the importance of career image in the business office. Located at the Community House, 380 S. Bates, Birmingham. Tickets are \$4.75, call (313) 644-5832 for reservations.

**September 18**

It's **Family Fun Day** at the Community House in Birmingham. Bring the kids to enjoy food, drinks, entertainment, pony rides, and a special pets on parade. Located at 380 S. Bates, Birmingham (313) 644-5832.

**September 22**

View the beautiful sights of autumn from the state of Alaska to the south of Florida through the eyes of a naturalist. This is one in a series that begins at 8 p.m. at the Community House, 380 S. Bates, Birmingham. Tickets are \$4.50. Call (313) 644-5832 for tickets and information.

**September 27**

Cranbrook P.M. is hosting a September Lecture/Discussion series on **Great Books**. Scribner Jelliffe, Cranbrook campus faculty member, will be discussing great books during this five-week series. Topics will include the *Book of Genesis*

from the King James Version of the *Bible* and Darwin's *The Moral Sense of Man* and *The Lower Animals*. Registration begins September 1 and is \$40 for the five-week series. Lectures are scheduled for 7:30 p.m. For information and registration call (313) 645-3635. Located at 550 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills.

## STATE

**September 10**

Walk or run eight miles around Mackinac Island. The **Mackinac Island Road Race** begins at 10:30 a.m. An early boat will leave St. Ignace at 7:30 a.m. so participants can register before the 9 a.m. deadline at Mission Point Resort. Registration fees are \$10 for the walk and \$12 for the run. Money raised here will go toward the construction of St. Ignace's high school track. For more information or early registration, call (906) 643-8145.

**September 10 and 11**

Budding anglers can learn the basics of fly fishing from an **Orvis** instructor at the Grand Traverse Resort. Orvis, a company that has specialized in **fly fishing** equipment since 1856, is sponsoring a two-day school which will teach students the principle techniques for catching trout, bass, bluegill, bonefish and tarpon. On Saturday, the program will consist of casting lessons, practice on resort grounds, classroom sessions and video tape instruction. On Sunday, students will apply their new skills on an area trout stream. The program is \$100 per day. The Grand Traverse Resort is located six miles northeast of Traverse City. For more information, call (616) 938-5337.

**September 10 and 11**

The annual **Rochester Arts 'N' Apples Festival** features cider, doughnuts and 265 artists. Entertainment will also be available at the free event which usually draws 125,000 visitors. Located at Pine and University streets, the festival will be open 10 a.m.-6 p.m. For more information, call (313) 651-4110.

**September 10 and 11**

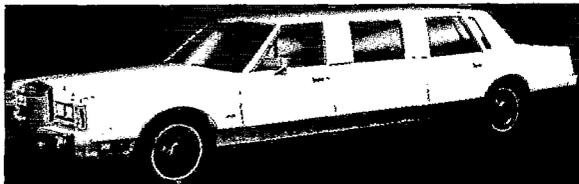
A tradition for more than 37 years, **Greenfield Village** will host a festival of 250 vintage vehicles. Take a trip back in time to see the old-fashioned bicycles, costumes and entertainment that marked the car's beginning. Greenfield Vil-

FOND MEMORIES START WITH US ...

**Royce**

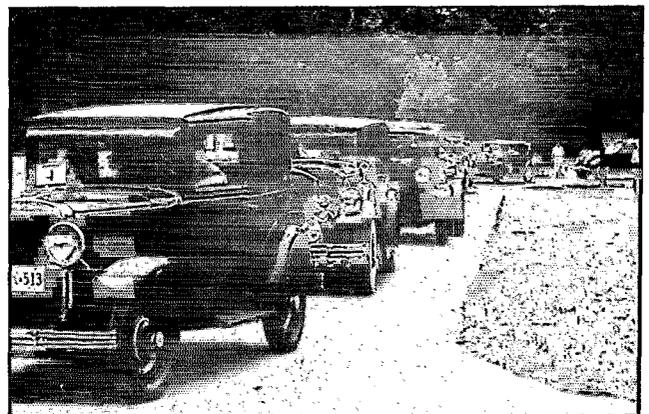
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lage is an outdoor museum comprised of 81 acres of exhibit space. Visit old homes, shops and workplaces from a different era. Open daily from 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Admission is \$9.50 adults, \$8.50 seniors and \$4.75 children ages 5 to 12. Located in Dearborn. Call (313) 271-1620 for information.

**September 10 and 11, 16-18, 24 and 25**

**Michigan Windjammer Weekends** are being offered on the West Grand Traverse Bay. Help sail or let the crew do all of the work on these two- and three-day outings. The Traverse Tall Ship Company is offering the weekends, which feature secluded anchorages and beach campfires, for \$190 per person for the two-day package and \$285 per person for three days. The company is located at 13390 West Bay Shore Drive, Traverse City. For more information, call (616) 941-2000.

**Through September 23**

Design projects by Michigan women landscape architects will be on display at the **Michigan Women's Historical Center** and Hall of Fame in Lansing. Projects include models of Domino's Farms, Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore and the Penguin Exhibit in downtown Holland. Open Wednesday through Friday, noon-4 p.m.; Sunday 2-4 p.m. Cost is \$2.50 adults, \$1 students age 5-18. For more information, call (517) 484-1880.

**September 30 through October 2**

The **Autumn Harvest Festival** will add extra spice to a Greenfield Village visit. The festival will include demonstrations of farmstead chores, cider-making and handmade crafts. No extra charge will be added to the regular admission price of \$9.50 adults, \$8.50 seniors and \$4.75 children. Greenfield Village is located in Dearborn and is open daily 9 a.m.-5 p.m. For more information, call (313) 271-1620.

**September through mid-October**

To find out what sailing was like a century ago, join the crew of the **Malabar** for an **adventure on the Grand Traverse Bay**. The vessel is a 13-year-old reproduction of a 100-year-old ship. Participate or watch the crew work on the peaceful waters. Seven days per week, the Malabar offers two- and three-hour cruises and a bed-and-breakfast opportunity. Individual sails are noon-2 p.m. and 3-5 p.m. for \$17.50 per person and 6:30-9:30 p.m. for \$22.50 per person. Bed & Breakfast rates are \$60 per couple. The ship carries 52 passengers and sleeps 20. For more information, call (616) 941-2000.

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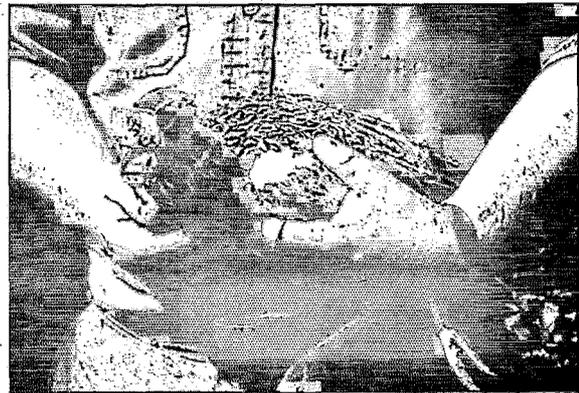
14116 Cedar Grove - Detroit, Michigan 48205 - (313) 527-2950

## Pelee Island Pheasant Hunters

Each autumn, Pelee Island, Canada's most southern community, welcomes hundreds of hunters anxious to take home their limit of ten birds.

The hunt, a tradition since 1932, is one of the cornerstones of the island's economy. The island is located in Lake Erie about 60 miles from Detroit. Access to the island is available via government-operated ferries or by private aircraft and charter flights.

Pheasants were introduced to the island in the late Twenties, and the combination of subsistence agriculture and the lack of a natural predator allowed the birds to prosper.



The first hunt was held in 1932; the event has grown to be one of the largest in the world.

Farm manager Shayne Stankov and his staff release 9,000 birds one week prior to each of the hunts. The birds that evade the hunters join the already-large population on the island.

The number of hunts has been increased this year to three. The first hunt will be held on October 27 and 28, the second on November 3 and 4 and the third on November 10 and 11.

Non-residents of the Province of Ontario require an Ontario small game hunting license in addition to the Pelee Island Township license. The total cost of the licenses is about \$190 in Canadian funds.

Accommodations are available at a hotel or motel, and also at many private homes on the island. Most of the homes offer a bed-and-breakfast service for the hunters.

According to Duncan McTavish, township clerk, 800 licenses are allocated for each of the hunts.

McTavish says the popularity of the event is evidenced by the rush to obtain licenses. In 1988, his office began processing license applications on January 4 at 9:00 a.m. By 10:30 that morning, the 1600 licenses allocated for the first two hunts had been claimed.

Most of the island's 10,000 acres are open to the hunters, and local residents willingly assist their visitors.

Hunters are permitted to take six cocks and four hens to complete their ten-bird limit for the two-day hunt. McTavish estimates that 70 to 80 percent of the hunters fill their quotas.

He says he still has several hundred openings for the November 10 hunt; persons interested can write to him at his office, Township Clerk, Pelee Island, Ontario NOR 1M0 or may contact him by telephone at (519) 724-2931.

—Al Porter

After enjoying a night out on the town, listening to a concert, touring a beautiful mansion or viewing a premiere movie, you've probably worked up quite an appetite. We've compiled a list of a few of the finer restaurants; the eateries have been classified from moderate to very expensive in cost. For a one person, three-course meal including tax and tip but excluding alcoholic beverages, dinner ranges from moderate (\$12-\$25), expensive (\$25-\$35), to very expensive (over \$35). Credit cards accepted include AE (American Express), CB (Carte Blanche), D (Discover), DC (Diners Club), MC (Master Card), V (Visa).

## EAST

### ANTONIO'S, 20311 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods (313) 884-0253

A stone fountain encircled with planters of fresh basil, in one of three small dining rooms, makes it evident that the chefs here take their jobs seriously. Specializing in northern Italian and Sicilian cuisine, the menu offers a selection of six pasta choices, fish stew and chicken and veal plates. Try the *tagliatelle con dadi di prosciutto* (pasta with prosciutto, onions and fresh tomatoes), or the *frutta del mare bagnato* (a blend of mussels, clams, shrimps and fish of the day steamed in tomatoes and herbs). Lunch Tuesday-Friday and Sunday, dinner Tuesday-Saturday. Moderate; MC, V.

### BROCK ST. BARGE, 3294 Russell at Brock in Windsor, Ontario (519) 252-3419.

For casual atmosphere try riverside dining on this floating barge. A large selection of seafood and steaks are available. Choose the Filet Atlantic, stuffed with crab and shrimp or the Veal Veronique with seedless grapes, mandarin oranges and Cointreau. The food, like the view of Detroit, is first-rate. Open seven days. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

### CADIEUX CAFE, 4300 Cadieux, Detroit (313) 882-8560.

This casual and homey restaurant features steamed mussels as their specialty. Appetizers put the mussels in escargot or provençal sauce. Full bar. Open seven days for dinner. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

### DA EDOARDO, 19767 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods (313) 881-8540.

This charming little eatery is simply elegant and hosts a wide variety of vintage wines to add to tempting entrées. Enjoy a Gaja *Barbaresco* red

wine with an Italian selection. The glowing fireplace creates a relaxed atmosphere in which to indulge in the *Tournedos of Veal "Alicia"* in rosemary sauce or the Alaskan crabmeat *cannelloni verdi Isabella* with scampi, which are among the specialties served. Dinner Sunday-Monday. Expensive; MC, V.

### DUCKS ON THE ROOF, Highway 18, south of Amherstburg, Ontario (519) 763-6555.

An obvious menu entrée for this eatery is, of course, duck, although other selections are just as appetizing. Choose from rabbit, frog legs, steak or quail. Enjoy a view of the water while sipping on a glass of Pelee Island or Dom Perignon. Dinner Tuesday-Sunday. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

### EASTSIDE CHARLIE'S 19265 Vernier Road, Harper Woods (313) 884-2811.

This family tavern offers a casual atmosphere and several choices for a fish dinner. Boston scrod, whitefish, cod, perch, orange roughy, yellow fish tuna and mako shark make entrées tempting. Pastas are also popular at this eatery. Open seven days for lunch and dinner. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

### GALLIGAN'S, 519 E. Jefferson, Detroit (313) 963-2098.

The dark, wood paneling and brass accents take a back seat to service here. The restaurant offers mussels by the bucket, black bean soup, and deli-style sandwiches. Open Monday-Saturday for lunch and dinner. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

### IVY'S IN THE PARK, 31800 Van Dyke in the Van Dyke Park Hotel, Warren (313) 939-2860.

The warmth of mahogany and brass provides a romantic setting in private alcoves and separate dining rooms that seat 6-50 people. The culinary style that displays new American traditions is evident in the creativity, originality and innovation that has become the hallmark of Ivy's. The chefs offer a series of menus and an ever-changing bill of fare. Banquets, conferences and luxury suites are also available. Open seven days for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Moderate; AE, CB, D, MC, V.

### JACOBY'S, 624 Brush, Detroit (313) 962-7607

Built in 1840, it is the oldest restaurant in town. The busy lunchtime atmosphere slows down in the evening but patrons can enjoy the same menu any time. Specializing in German cuisine, the menu features Sauerbraten, weiner-schnitzels and a variety of German sausages. Open for lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday, brunch on Sunday. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

### JOE MUER'S, 2000 Gratiot, Detroit (313) 567-1088.

It's busy, contemporary and the place to be for Rainbow Trout Almondine and flounder stuffed with crab. The menu offers over 18 other seafood and fresh-water fish entrées including Dover salmon and soft-shell crabs. Open for lunch and dinner Monday-Friday, dinner Saturday. Moderate-expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

### JEFFERSON COLONNADE (Mellenthin's), 24223 Jefferson, St. Clair Shores (313) 779-4720.

The canopy reads Mellenthin's, but the restaurant is still the original Jefferson Colonnade, although by the looks of it, construction is misleading. The owners are adding banquet facilities but are still open for business. The contemporary colonial decor lends itself to the traditional American menu, along with German specialties. Try the *kassler rippen* (grilled smoked pork chops), *weiner schnitzel* (breaded fried veal steak) or the *sauerbraten* (marinated roast beef). Lunch and dinner Monday-Sunday. Moderate, AE, MC, V, D.

CHEERS!

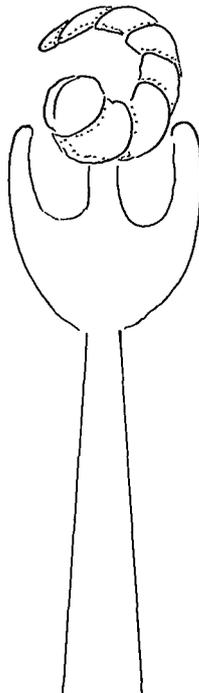
JACOBY'S

SINCE 1904



GEMÜTLICHKEIT

624 Brush St.  
962-7067  
Detroit's  
Oldest Restaurant



**JOEY'S ON JEFFERSON, 7909 E. Jefferson  
Detroit (313) 331-5450.**

An evening out dining and dancing will be well spent at this location, formerly known as The Lady. Delight in a meal that begins with an appetizer, such as Shrimp Joey (butterfly shrimp breaded and sauteed in butter-and-herb sauce). Then select from the continental entrées with an accent on Italy. The *chicken vesuvio* (chicken breast with cream sauce and artichokes and potatoes in a Marsala wine) is one of their specialties. The glass-encased balcony overlooks the sunken dance floor, where Top Forty hits are played. Joey's boasts an extensive wine list of 27 varieties, served by the glass. For dessert, try their homemade liqueur ice cream apple (an apple-shaped mold of ice cream filled with flavoured liqueur). Lunch Monday-Friday, dinner Monday-Sunday. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**LE CAFE FRANCAIS, 20311 Mack,  
Kimberly Korner Mall, Grosse Pointe Woods  
(313) 343-0160.**

Make reservations today for an intimate evening near a courtyard filled with greenery, statues and a water fountain. But you'll be in for a surprise when you discover that the constantly changing menu offers the evening's five-course *prix fixe* dinner. Lunch Tuesday-Saturday, dinner Wednesday-Saturday, at 6 p.m. (by reservation only), Sunday brunch. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, V.

**THE LITTLE BAR, 321 Chartier, Marine  
(313) 765-9333.**

This cozy spot's menu is highlighted by their fresh pickerel and homemade pies. Also featured is a large selection of imported beers and liqueurs. The old maps and fresh flowers add a comfortable touch. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

**MAXWELL'S, 480 Riverside Drive West,  
Windsor, Ontario (519) 253-4411.**

Located in the Holiday Inn, you can't get closer to the Detroit River than this without getting your feet wet. Enjoy a selected menu of Maxwell's pepper steak, filet of salmon or the steak-and-lobster dinner, along with other delicious entrées, while the world sails by your window. Dinner seven days. Moderate-expensive; AE, CB, MC, V.

**THE MONEY TREE, 33 W. Fort, Detroit  
(313) 961-2445.**

This contemporary eatery has candles and peach linen on every table. "Casually elegant" can describe this busy downtown restaurant which features chicken strudel for lunch and a changing wild game dinner menu. Open for breakfast and lunch Monday-Friday; dinner Tuesday-Saturday. Moderate-expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

**NIKI'S TAVERNA, 735 Beaubien, Greektown,  
Detroit (313) 961-2500.**

Upstairs from the original Niki's the taverna offers a soft, fine dining atmosphere. It is decorated in mauves with brass accents, but the menu is the same—Greek cuisine, of course, and baked lamb with red sauce is the specialty. Dancing on weekend evenings. Open for lunch and dinner seven days. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**OPUS ONE, 565 E. Larned, Detroit  
(313) 961-7766.**

Treat yourself to a night out; surround yourself with bevelled mirrors, etched glass, marble floors, brass and mahogany. Sound like a night in a castle? Actually, it's the decor at the Opus One restaurant. Relax and enjoy American cuisine with a French flair or delight in the contemporary presentations of classical French and European dishes. Open for lunch and dinner Monday-Friday, dinner Saturday. Expensive; AE, MC, V.

**PARK PLACE CAFE, 15402 Mack at Nottingham,  
Grosse Pointe Park (313) 881-0550.**

A piano bar gives pizzaz to this elegant restaurant enhanced by a decor of soft grays, charcoals and a hint of burgundy. The menu includes a wide variety of fish selections. Try orange roughly served with slices of onion and Parmesan cheese. Some of the usual entrées include filet mignon, veal, quiche and stuffed shrimp. Lunch and dinner Tuesday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

**PINKY'S BOULEVARD CLUB, 110 E. Grand  
Boulevard, Detroit (313) 824-2820.**

A 100-year-old two-story building houses some of the finest cuisine on the eastside. Sing along with the jazz band on Monday evenings or gather around the piano bar Tuesday through Saturday. A menu consisting of appetizers that include escargot, steak bites and Caesar salad precedes the entrée selections of seafood, steaks and frog legs—a specialty. The decor suits this club's age; deep blue with an old-fashioned print adorns the curtains and table cloths, while fresh flowers enhance today's modern look. Lunch and dinner Monday-Friday, dinner Saturday. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**THE PHOENICIA, 163 Janette Avenue, Windsor,  
Ontario (519) 977-9027.**

An Eastern menu has been prepared with a homey touch and adapted to suit the western lifestyles and tastes at the Phoenicia. Prior to dinner, enjoy an appetizer such as Lebanese chick pea dip (mashed chick peas with tahini sauce served with oil and pita bread, topped with sautéed beef and pine nuts). The Lebanese eggplant dip includes mashed eggplant with tahini sauce, garnished with parsley and oil, served with pita bread. For a moderate price, you can select any one of the several Lebanese dishes. Grape leaves are stuffed with meat and rice, and served with pita bread; Phoenicia's Dish consists of squash, cabbage, grape leaves and baked kibbi. Open for dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

**PONTCHARTRAIN WINE CELLARS, 234 West  
Larned, Detroit (313) 963-1785.**

Select from a wide range of the finest wines at this eatery, famous for what its name implies—wine. Dine in a romantic candlelit wine cellar decor surrounded by wine racks, barrels and fresh flowers while choosing an appetizer such as the *Pate du jour* (duck/pork and venison marsala) or baked Brie with fruit. The menu offers dinner categories of *Poisson*, *Plat du Jour*, *Grillades* and *Entremets*. This includes fresh fish, veal, chicken, beef and dessert. A specialty is the veal cordon bleu and the best escargot in town. Try the frog legs a la Pontchartrain, roast Long Island duckling with black cherry sauce and wild rice, escallopes of

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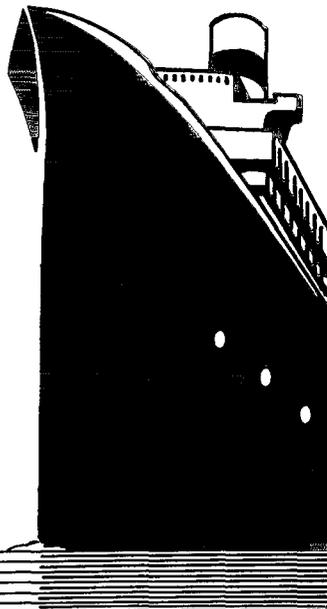
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Island duckling with black cherry sauce and wild rice, escalopes of venison with port and plum sauce and wild rice, or the chicken livers *en brochette* with bacon and mushrooms. Open for lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**THE RIVER CRAB, 1337 North River Road, St. Clair (313) 329-2261.**

A glass enclosed porch overlooks the St. Clair River. Even the main dining room is elevated for pleasant viewing. A waitstaff formally serves daily seafood specials and "Charlie's Bucket"—a collection of a whole lobster, crab legs, oysters and red-skinned potatoes. Complete wine cellar. Lunch and dinner daily. Moderate; AE, CB, D, DC, MC, V.

**SPARKY HERBERTS, 15117 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Park (313) 882-0266.**

A common meeting place, Sparky Herberts gives everyone a chance to relax and socialize while choosing from the variety of daily changing specials on the menu. Fresh fish, salads, pasta, pheasant and rack of lamb are only a few of the star entrées available. Lunch and dinner Monday-Sunday. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

**ST. CLAIR INN RESTAURANT, 500 N. Riverside, St. Clair (313) 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 which includes fresh seafood and steaks. Breakfast, lunch and dinner seven days. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**333 EAST, 333 E. Jefferson in the Omni Hotel, Detroit (313) 222-7404.**

A change of pace from your typical hotel-restaurant food. Try the fettuccini in cream sauce with smoked chicken and morels, a sauteed breast of chicken served with both acorn and red-pepper sauce, or a warm salad of shrimp and scallops in a herbal vinaigrette. Breakfast, lunch and dinner daily. Very expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

**TBO'S OTHER PLACE, 3067 Dougall Avenue, Windsor (313) 963-8944.**

The warmth of this hospitable eatery can be found in each of its four rooms. The Fireplace Room offers old-country charm; the Terrace lends itself to the outdoors effect; secretive bookcases open up to the Backroom, a club-like atmosphere with a green marble fireplace; and the Prime Rib Room is a mini night club equipped with a dance floor and backgammon coves. The menu features Proviny veal, stuffed Emilliano, seafoods such as fresh Canadian salmon, chicken Kiev and a wide selection of steaks. The dessert menu is also extensive. Open daily for lunch and dinner. Moderate-expensive; AE, MC, V.

**TIDEWATER GRILL, 18000 Vernier in Eastland Mall, Harper Woods (313) 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 for lunch and dinner seven days. Moderate; AE, CB, D, DC, MC, V.

**TOM'S OYSTER BAR, 15016 Mack, Grosse Pointe Park (313) 822-8664.**

They've opened a full kitchen in this casual restaurant which resembles a New England saloon. In addition to fresh shellfish, oysters and crabcakes, you can order from a selection of 10-12 fresh fish entrees daily. Open at 5 p.m. seven days. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

**ZA PAUL'S, 18450 Mack, Grosse Pointe Farms (313) 881-3062.**

Generous portions of fresh pasta are a standouts in this contemporary two-story building. Fresh fish, ribs, chicken and beef are served up in a setting conducive to table-hopping. Piano-bar Tuesday-Saturday. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

# WEST

**GOLDEN MUSHROOM, 18100 W. 10 Mile at Southfield, Southfield (313) 559-4230.**

Enjoy lunch or dinner in the dining room lavishly surrounded by wood decor which compliments their specialties of wild game. The menu consists of continental cuisine and attracts many during lunch hours. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Very Expensive; AE, CB, D, DC, MC, V.

**HOME SWEET HOME, 43180 W. Nine Mile, Novi (313) 347-0095.**

The name suits the quality and taste of good old-fashioned home cookin'. For a moderate price, try the simple delicacies of chicken and dumplings, meat loaf, turkey and sirloin steak. But leave room to try the homemade apple pie, fudge brownie or splurge on calories with a banana split. Dinner Tuesday-Sunday. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**JACQUES, 30100 Telegraph, Birmingham Farms Office Complex, Birmingham (313) 642-3131.**

The elegant dining here features french cuisine, chicken and seafood. And there's more... Jacques is connected by Jaques' Patisserie to Jovan's, a fast-paced weekday eatery. Casual, Jovan's is noted for Caesar salads. Both open for lunch and dinner Monday-Friday. Jacques for dinner on Saturday. Moderate-expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

**KYOTO JAPANESE STEAKHOUSE, 1985 W. Big Beaver, Troy (313) 649-6340.**

Guests dine in front of huge teppan tables where chefs create traditional Japanese cuisine, which includes seafood, poultry and beef. Kyotosushi is also available consisting of the perfect combination of seafood, rice and vegetables—especially appealing to those of health-conscious origin. Lunch and dinner daily. Moderate; AE, CB, D, DC, MC, V.

**THE LARK, 6430 Farmington Road, W. Bloomfield (313) 661-4466.**

Fly over to the Lark where you'll find a selection of gourmet specials that you don't get at home. Starting with cold appetizers, choose from curried duck, shucked oysters or a venison paté. A trolley containing five different hot hors d'oeuvres offers soup, hot appetizers or their standard pasta dish. The specialties change daily, depending on what the chef creates. Main course selections include roast partridge with candied pears, walleye sauté with leeks and sauternes sauce. Dinner Tuesday-Saturday. Very expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**LES AUTEURS, 222 Sherman Drive, Royal Oak (313) 544-2887.**

This sophisticated new restaurant in the heart of Royal Oak has a courtyard with contemporary garden furniture. The menu selections include a range of salads, pasta and pizza. Open for lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; MC, V.

**MIDTOWN CAFE, 139 North Woodward, Birmingham (313) 642-1133.**

Delight in dishes such as the chicken Marsala with rice and steamed shrimp in raspberry vinegar with veloute sauce or the artichoke heart and watercress salad. The cafe includes a patio shaded by Italianesque red, white and green umbrellas. Lunch and dinner daily. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

**NIPPON KAI, 551 W. 14 Mile between Crooks and Livernois, Clawson (313) 288-3210.**

Here the Japanese cuisine begins at the sushi bar and includes salmon-skinned handrolls, giant clam salads and soups of fishcakes and Japanese vegetables. Like to try new dishes? At the tables, tempura, sukiyaki and sashimi are available, but for out-of-the-ordinary dishes, explore the tastes of nobeyaki (shrimp, chicken and noodles cooked in a pot) and namauni (sea urchin with green mustard sauce). Lunch and dinner Monday-Friday, dinner Saturday-Sunday. Moderate-expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

**NORM'S OYSTER BAR AND GRILL, 29110 Franklin Road, Southfield (313) 357-4442.**

The menu offers various seafood entrees, pasta and sandwiches. Downstairs, a grill adds ribs to your choices. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

**NORMAN'S EATON STREET STATION, 245 S. Eton, Birmingham (313) 647-7774.**

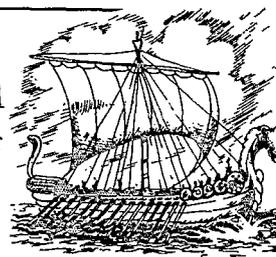
Pots of geraniums and an array of multi-coloured flowers surround the brick patio with umbrella tables. The menu offers buffalo wings, sandwiches, hamburgers, Mexican specialties or stir fry. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

**PAINT CREEK CIDER MILL AND RESTAURANT, 4480 Orion Road, Rochester (313) 651-8361.**

The large, rustic building is situated on an historic country site. Foods here are fresh—house cured and baked daily. Order dishes baked, broiled or sautéed to your own tastes. Open Tuesday-Sunday for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Moderate; AE, C, DC, MC, V.

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**Ristorante Continentale**

**PANACHE, 555 S. Woodward, Birmingham (313) 642-9400.**

In the heart of downtown Birmingham, stroll over to Panache and find out what's for dinner. An American menu offers various fish entrées, including French onion soup. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**PHOENICIA, 588 S. Woodward, Birmingham (313) 644-3122.**

Head south for stuffed salmon with coriander, garlic, tomatoes and peppers after viewing the new collections of art at a nearby gallery. This eatery elaborates on dishes to show the French influence in Lebanese cooking. If salmon doesn't suit you, try the traditional rack of lamb and sweetbreads. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

**PIKE STREET COMPANY, 18 W. Pike St., Pontiac (313) 334-7878.**

Not many restaurants these days take time to butcher their own meat, cure their own prosciutto and make their own vinegars, stocks and soups. But this company does, and that's part of what makes it so unique. The menu offers a selection ranging from Michigan brook trout stuffed with Shiitake mushrooms and chives, sautéed shrimp with chorizo sausage, to a sautéed veal chop with wild Oregon mushrooms and onion compote. Lunch and dinner Monday-Friday, dinner Saturday. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**BRASSERIE DUGLASS, 29269 Southfield between 12 & 13 Mile, Southfield (313) 424-9244.**

Like the infamous Girshwin, Chef Douglas Grech (Chef Duglass) is a name recognized for his creativity and showmanship in preparing dazzling delights. Bistro informality and menu will replace the elaborate style, for which the chef is known. The menu includes borscht, black bean and

onion soups, fresh pastas and main courses including braised lamb shanks and chicken in red wine. Dinner Monday-Saturday. Very expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

**RICHARD AND REISS, 273 Pierce, Birmingham (313) 645-9122.**

Enjoy a lunch time treat after visiting one of the art exhibits at this popular Birmingham eatery. Try a croissant sandwich or choose from a variety of salad entrées. If you're closer to dinner, the restaurant turns on its elegance. A wine list and menu that features seafood fettuccini, Chinese stir-fried chicken breasts and Beef Wellington is presented to you by servers in formal attire. Beer and wine. Breakfast and lunch daily, dinner Tuesday-Saturday. Moderate; no credit cards.

**SEBASTIAN'S, 2745 W. Big Beaver, Troy, in the Somerset Mall (313) 649-6625.**

Stop in for fresh fish or the raw bar. The decor of this Manhattan chic restaurant looks as nice as the dishes prepared. Put down the packages and relax while enjoying good cuisine. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

**The SULTAN, 7295 Orchard Lake, W. Bloomfield in the Robbin's Nest Shopping Center (313) 737-0160.**

This new attractive eatery speaks for itself. Decorated in white marble and charcoal decor, it's not your typical fast food joint in a strip-mall. The menu offers a selection of traditional chicken dishes, lamb, quail, stuffed salmon, vegetarian entrées and sweetbreads. Lunch and dinner Monday-Saturday. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

—Compiled by Margaret Ann Cross

THE HERITAGE STORY...

HERITAGE, first published in 1984 as a community magazine for the Grosse Pointes, has proven a collectors' item. HERITAGE subscribers cherish their copies, and they have earned a place on family library shelves. Antiques dealers tell us they buy and sell early issues of HERITAGE. We can't think of anything more flattering than to be valued all the more as we grow older.

Expanding reader interest caused us to begin publishing a statewide Michigan edition in the fall of 1987, while maintaining the Grosse Pointe edition as well.

The first six issues of HERITAGE, attractively bound, may be purchased for \$300. These sets are available in very limited quantity. Issues from 1986 and 1987, as available, are sold for \$15 each, as are issues from 1988. Twenty-five issues of the Grosse Pointe edition have been published; five issues of the statewide Michigan edition have been produced.

Soon an index of historical articles published in HERITAGE will become available. For specific information on back issues of HERITAGE, or to place your subscription order, please write us at the address below, or call us at (313) 777-2350. Subscription forms constitute the next page.

HERITAGE welcomes your editorial suggestions, for it is the input of our readers that shapes and defines HERITAGE. We look forward to hearing from you.

**HERITAGE**

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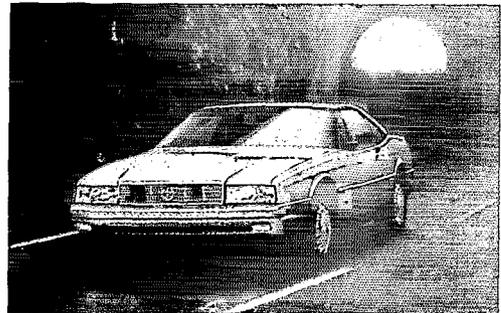
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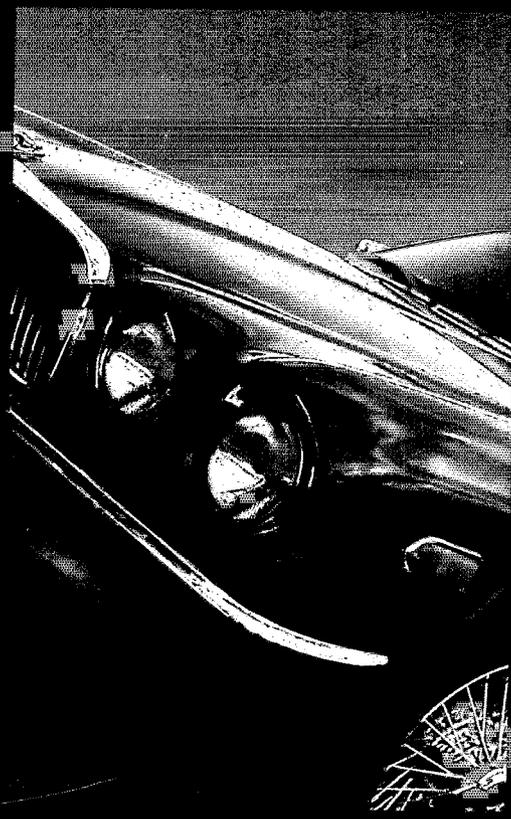
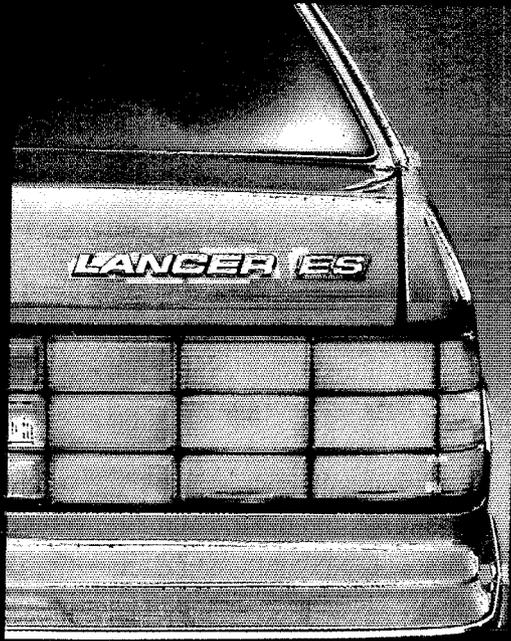
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