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vol. 5 no. 7 ♦ november 1988

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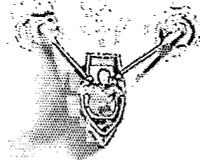
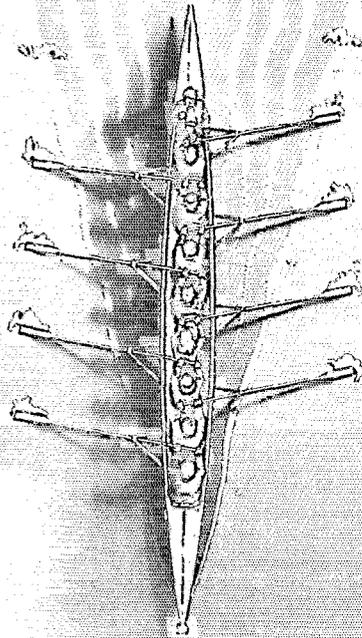


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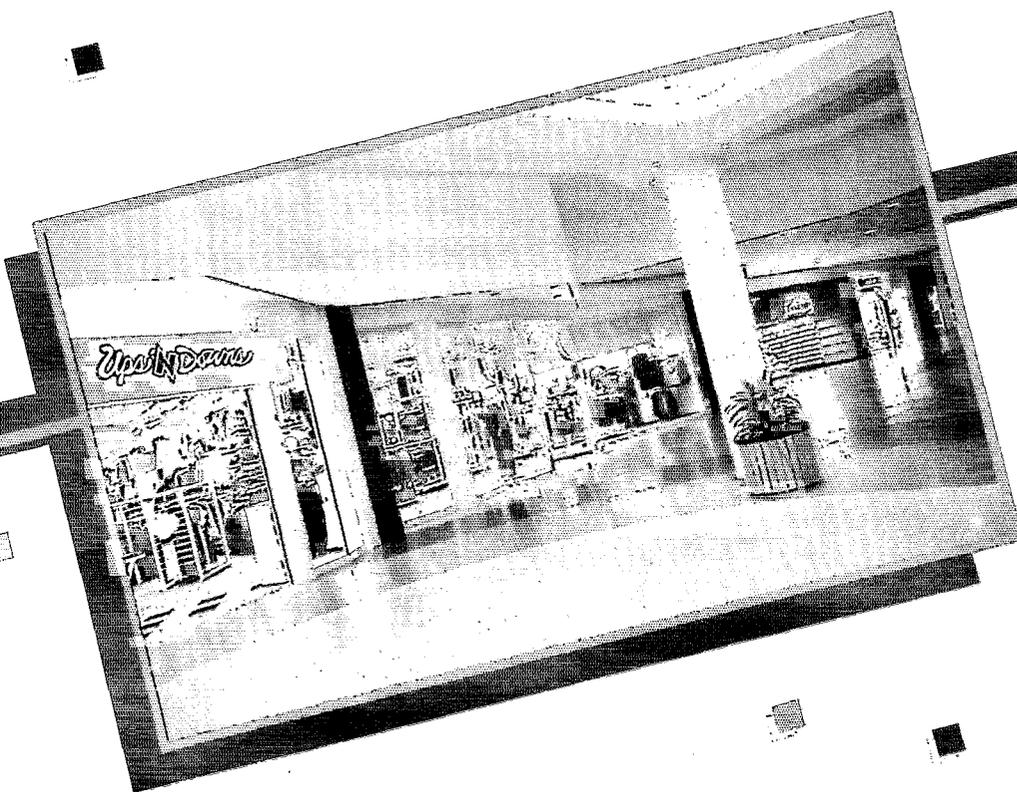
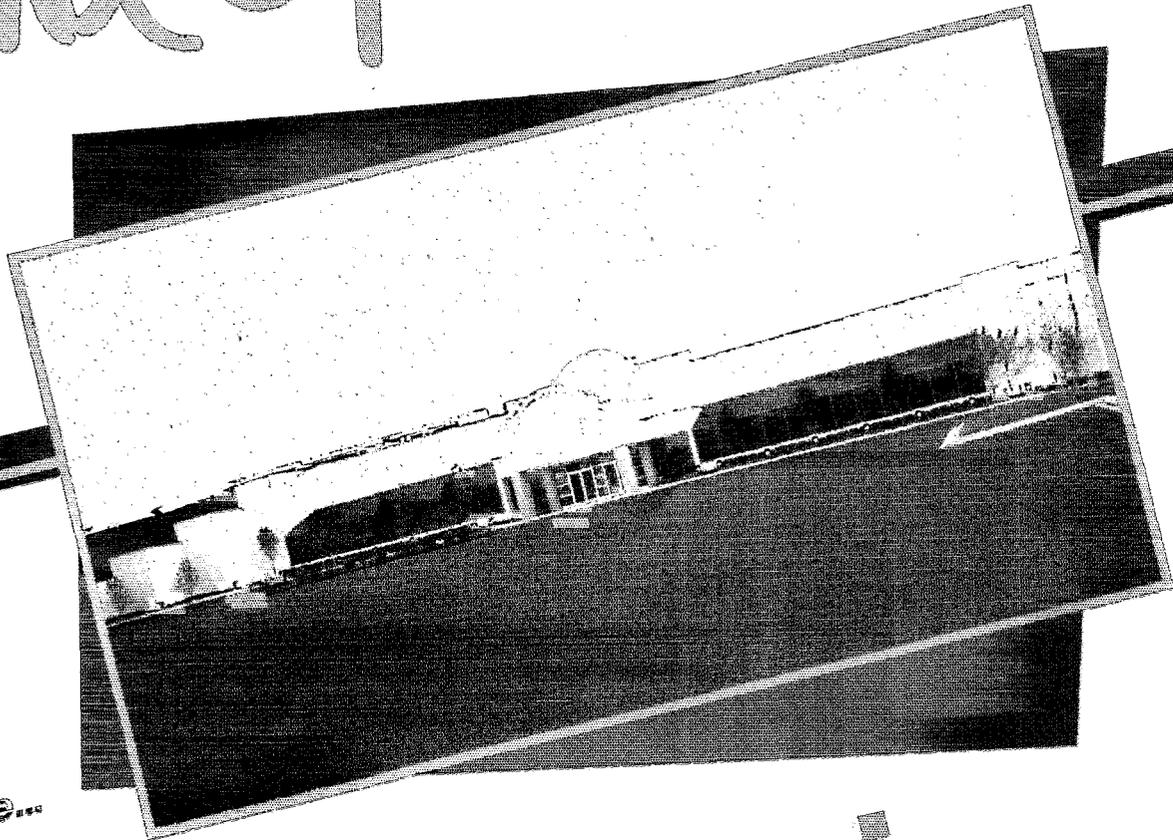
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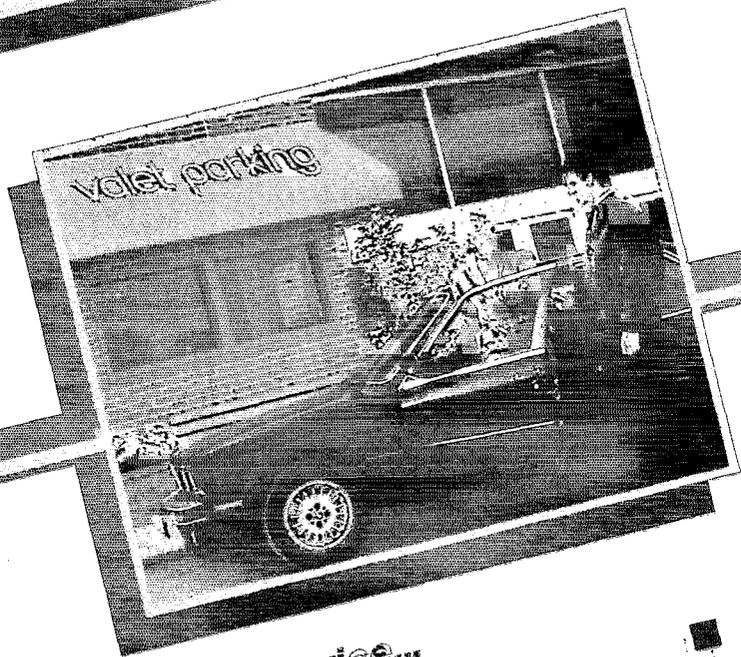
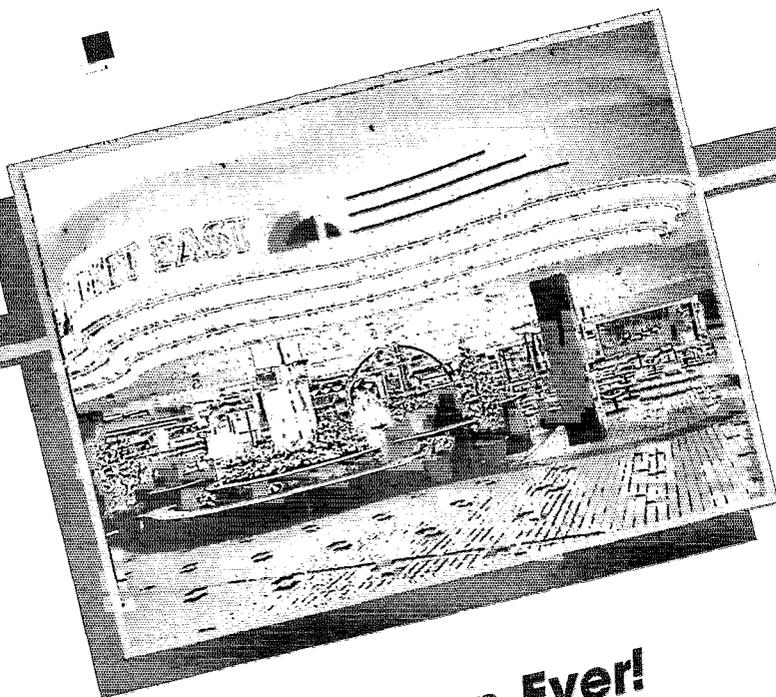
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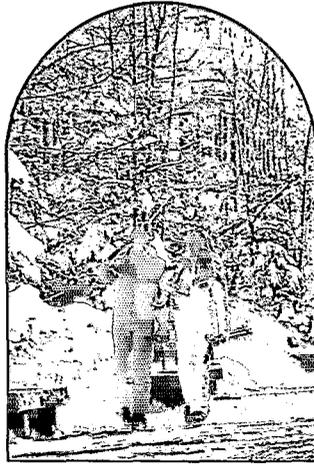
HERITAGE

November 1988

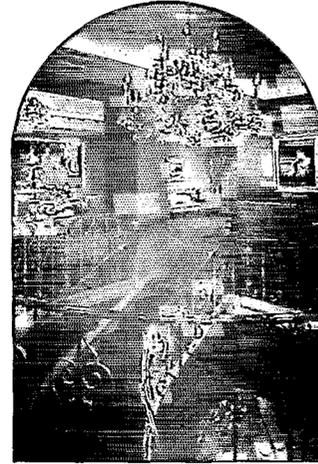
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Skiing ♦ 24



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The Ferry Seed Company provided American pioneers with the means of survival.

PATRIOTISM ♦ 18

The Polar Bears of World War I are honoured at Michigan's Own Military and Space Museum.

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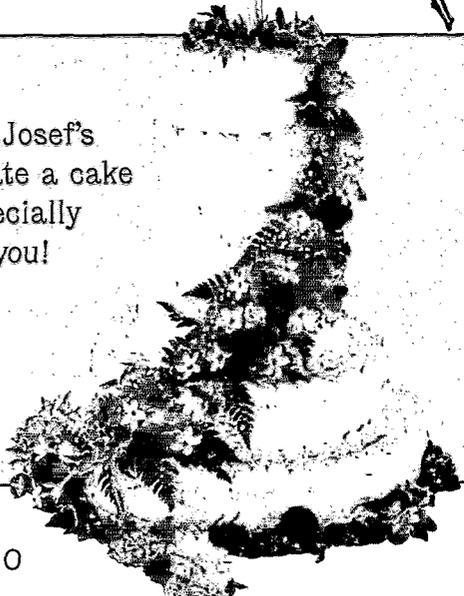
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Publishers Edward B. Serwach
Patricia Louwers Serwach

Editor Patricia Louwers Serwach

Art Director Annelies Morris

Contributing Writers

Archives Andee Seeger

Fiction Raymond Duda

Patriotism Stella Kleffman

Skiing Laura Barlow
Jaynie Smith
Eileen Figure Sandlin

Travel Sandra Sobczynski
Timothy Tipton

Production Janis Cheek
Linda Coutts
Ann DeMara
Juli Fuller
Keith Hardman
Jerry Isrow
Inge Thomas
Donna Werthman
Gloria Voss

Illustration Janis Cheek
Photography Bruce Hubbard

Circulation Rosemary Elias
Support Staff Stephanie Brda
Jennifer Jones
Lisa Kaiser

Advertising Susanne Davison
(313) 777-2350
Rosemary Elias
Maggie Wonham Morris
Inez Pitlosh
Jeanne D. Robbins
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Maureen Standifer
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GRATITUDE OR JOY?

At a tender age, in the middle of the long, dark night, monsters lurked. They lay silently beneath my bed, waiting for an ankle to escape the covers, or a hand to dangle over the side. Wrapped tightly in my blanket, I proffered no limb for feasting, but shivered with dread at the vivid thought of long, cool fingers closing over my flesh.

Across the room lay the light switch and the hall door. Both offered safety, for monsters shied from light, and my parents' room was but a few feet down the hall. In a simple world, I would have jumped from my mattress across the room, landing below the light switch, slamming its smooth, round button into the wall and flooding the room and hallway with victorious light.

I practiced the moves in my mind, preparing to break the spell of inertia that bound me and spring across the room. And then I froze, remembering the closet.

The closet. It was situated right next to the hall door. Even if I managed to escape the monster under the bed, I knew that the closet door, showing now a darker slice of black in the room's midnight pallor, would fly open, and a creature with an unknown face, too horrible to picture, would pull me into the nether world.

Unacceptable. "Mom!" I hollered into the night, squeezing shut my eyes, trying to find the very center of the bed. In fact, my entire perception of the center of one's being was born in that moment. "Mom!"

Light from the hallway cracked the darkness. Even behind closed eyelids, salvation shone brightly. My mother's presence banished the monsters, as her touch calmed my fears. Relief left no room for fear, then, but in its place came another emotion.

I was grateful.

What does that mean, to be grateful? Webster's defines gratitude as a feeling of thankful appreciation for favours or benefits received. I had been saved, brother, and that thankfulness was a welling-up of emotion born of relief. My mother had driven the fear away, and I was grateful. The next day, fear and relief both forgotten, I behaved as rotten as ever.

Gratitude has a short memory.

Every Thanksgiving, we stop to count our blessings, to acknowledge our appreciation for favours or benefits received. To give thanks is to express gratitude, and we normally measure that gratitude in negative terms, with a sense of relief.

Thank God we're not ill; thank God we're not starving; thank God we're not in the midst of a war. We have come to confuse our relief with gratitude, and so we never experience the buoyant, healing effects of true thanksgiving.

Why not begin with, "Thank God for life." We didn't ask for life, we certainly haven't earned it — it is a gift, the

most precious of all. Awakening to the glorious light of a new day should fill us with joy, and wonder, every morning of our lives.

Awakening to the day, we step to the window to check the weather — and there is always weather, of one sort and sometimes two, in Michigan. The constancy of the natural world is an awesome, wondrous phenomenon that both emphasizes and diminishes our importance. Man is ruler of this planet; yet, if man vanishes, the planet continues. Such an awareness should fill us with humility, responsibility, freedom and joy.

We experience humility because, while man rules Earth, he does not own it.

Each child begins fresh, and we have the responsibility to utilize our talents to the benefit of mankind. History has proven that privileged birth does not ensure adult success; in many cases, that privilege has proved a detriment. Especially in America, we believe that each person can make a significant difference.

How does an awareness of nature offer us freedom? Nature is constant; if we fail at everything we try, if we lose everything that we have acquired materially, nature continues. The sun will still rise, grass will still push up from the spring earth, ducks will still fly across the autumn sky. You can never lose everything in life, as long as you draw breath. Therefore — why not try to live life to the fullest, risk be damned! Our freedom to risk what can change is based in our secure awareness of that which will not be altered.

The freedom that comes of knowing we will survive even failure gives birth to joy; we are free, then, to seek the limits of our intelligence, our abilities, our humanity. Life gains an added dimension of joy and purpose that colours all we do.

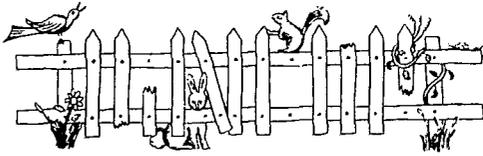
Thanksgiving is a quaint holiday, with a reminder that is certainly laudatory; be thankful for favours received. But for the poor, the homeless, the unemployed, the terminally ill, the abused children, the victims of despots, perhaps there is little cause for gratitude. How much wiser, then, to find joy in the sunlight, to know that nature is constant, to feel the freedom of self-realization.

This Thanksgiving, rather than expressing thanks for all the harm we have avoided, let's celebrate joy and personal freedom instead, and leave gratitude to the Pilgrims and small children in the night.

Patricia

Patricia Louwers Serwach
Publisher

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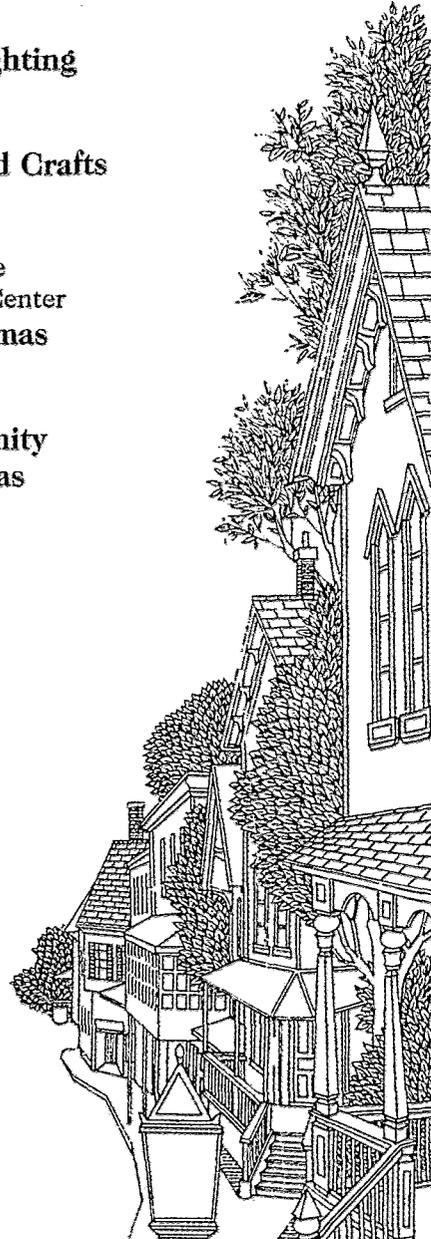
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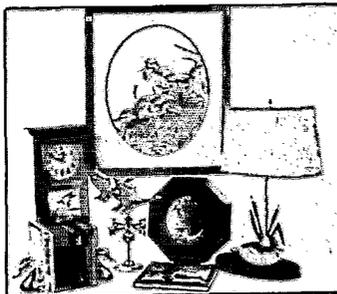
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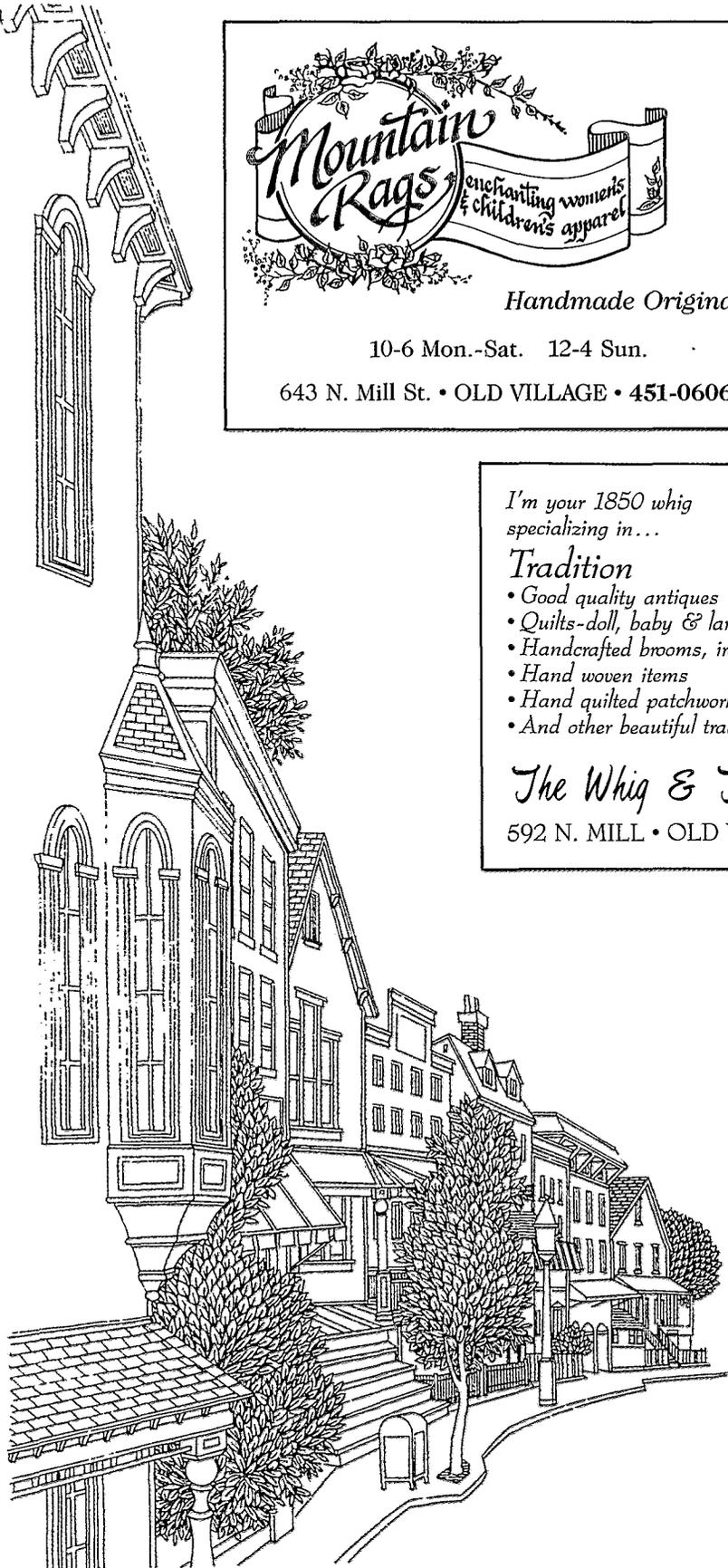
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SEEDS OF FORTUNE

PART I

Patrons last summer of the Detroit Science Center enjoyed a display of model dinosaurs set up in a circus-type tent in the parking lot. People visiting the other institutions in the area, or just passing by, heard the creatures' simulated plaintive cries. The beasts were mechanized rubbery constructions scaled down to half their natural dimension, but lifelike and impressive enough to delight and frighten thousands of viewers.

Very few, by contrast, may have thought to thank the man whose dreams and donations made the Science Center happen. In fact, he may not even have approved of the dinosaur display; he is a purist, and it may have struck him as too much of a publicity gimmick. At any rate, he never saw it; retired, he spends the summer up north, which he loves too dearly to leave before the frost sends him packing home.

He is Dexter Ferry, son of Dexter Mason Ferry, Jr., who was the son of D.M. Ferry, Sr., as in Ferry Seed Company, proud of his family history but reluctant heir to the demands and the attention which that can bring.

Who were these giants of free private enterprise, and how did they get that way?

Family legend has it that the name was originally Ferré or Ferret, and that as Huguenots they fled from France to England, Anglicizing the spelling, and then came on to America.

George B. Catlin, in an unpublished typescript entitled *Dexter Mason*

Ferry of Detroit, states, "One of these refugees from religious persecution in northern France was Charles Ferry. . . M. Ferry sojourned for a time in England and then joined a band of puritan emigrants bound for Massachusetts Bay Colony."

Catlin, who was historian for *The Detroit News*, finds that colonial records show Ferry acquiring land in Springfield, Massachusetts in 1660; he may have arrived in 1658.

Wealthy Easterners began to speculate in land around the time of the American Revolution, with no intention of themselves braving the wilderness. Catlin continues, "In 1794 a band of real pioneers from Western Massachusetts arrived in the region now known as Lewis County, N.Y. . . a steady migration followed. In 1798 a large delegation from Westfield arrived, and it is supposed that the grandfather of D.M. Ferry was one of these." (Family records suggest that may have been Azariah Ferry.) Within a few years, "the elder Ferry with the help of his son, Joseph N. set up a blacksmithing and wagon shop. . ."

At age 21, Joseph Northrup Ferry married Lucy Dexter Mason and established his own wagonmaking shop in Lowville, N.Y., named after Nicholas Lowe, of New York City, who had owned a large land tract there. Joseph and Lucy had a daughter, Augusta Melvina, a son, Dexter Mason, born in 1833, and another son, Joseph, Jr., who died at the age of two. When Dexter was only three years old, his young father died, and Lucy moved

with her children to Penfield, near Rochester, N.Y., to be with her parents and a married brother who had gone to live there.

Dexter Ferry has puzzled out several generations of genealogy. In *The Ferrys, the Masons, the Millers, the Finches*, he writes: "Good history has to be more than the Kings who ruled and the battles they fought. It has to consider the times and the problems of the times. Good Family History has to be more than the biography of the one most illustrious or most prosperous member, as if the rest of the family did not exist."

This was a family that worked—on the farms, in the towns. Many of the women, in addition to their work at home, were seamstresses, teachers or sales clerks.

In Penfield, one of Lucy Dexter Mason Ferry's friends died, a young woman with seven children, and not long afterwards Lucy married the widower, a prosperous merchant named Isaac Crippen. The arrangement worked as long as Lucy's father lived; but after Captain Dexter Mason died, a power struggle developed between the Crippens and the Masons, with the Crippen children hounding the Ferry children and Lucy in the middle.

Brought up under his mother's strict Calvinist principles, Dexter Mason Ferry had been a good and eager student. But at age 16, maybe because of the family friction, he was sent away to work for a farmer named Bailey, to earn his living. Still, he

by ANDEE SEEGER

*D.M. Ferry & Co. sold packets of seeds
to farmers who pioneered the West.*



D.M. Ferry

studied in the district school over the winter and at night. Two years later he went to work for Ezra Parsons in Rochester, hoping to further his education at city schools. But Parsons' son-in-law had recently bought a thriving business in Detroit and needed help. It sounded like a good opportunity, so in 1852, with his employer's blessing and recommendation, Dexter M. Ferry took the boat in Buffalo for the New Frontier.

He made the right move at the right time. The Erie Canal had opened in 1825, connecting the Hudson River to the Great Lakes at Buffalo. Four feet deep and 28 feet wide at the bottom, it was a major engineering feat for its time and the gateway to the Middle West. The railroads were just being built and beginning to connect, and the great westward trek was underway. Place names in southeast Michigan reflect the many people who came from upstate New York: Rochester, Troy, Monroe, Genessee.

Ferry started as an errand boy for S. Dow Elwood's book and stationery store. Soon he advanced to sales clerk, and then to bookkeeper. In the custom of the day, he slept in the store and boarded with his employer.

The first lighting company had been chartered in Detroit just the year before, and young Ferry marvelled, "The store is lighted by gas; it makes the best light to read by I ever see. I have a good deal of time to read and study evenings and considerable leisure in the day time. We have all sorts of books that you ever thought of and take it all around it is little the best situation I could have got and besides all of this I have a chance to get a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping

and all other business transaction.”

He also took on bookkeeping for other firms. Seed companies in the East maintained agencies in Detroit, and Miles Tele Gardner had run one until he went into business for himself. The Genessee Valley of New York was an important agricultural center, especially for seed farms, and young Ferry, coming from the Rochester region with farm experience, must have felt at home in the trade. Soon he left the bookseller to join M. T. Gardner and

Company as a partner, along with an older man named Eber F. Church, who could supply needed capital.

Catlin says that they “bought a small farm on the Chicago road sixteen miles from Detroit”—near Eloise—“which they used for the growing of seeds and a little further west, just north of the village of Wayne they bought or leased 36 acres on which to grow nursery stock and ornamental trees and shrubbery.” They sent traveling salesmen out to farming communi-

ties, and Ferry started calling on customers. At first they only imported seeds; presently they raised and sold their own.

The company made a point of trustworthiness from the start. Instead of selling wholesale to—and from—open store bins which might hold out-of-date or mixed-up contents, the partners copied the Shaker custom of putting seeds in paper packets, “with illustrations, a description of the final product, and often directions for growing,” Marian Ferry relates. They then sent out “commission boxes” with assorted packets chosen for each area of the country; merchants sold the packets right from the box, kept a commission on what they sold, and returned the box with unsold seeds at the end of the season. The business grew rapidly.

The Civil War caused a monetary inflation, and the higher prices they could charge saved the company after several lean years. Prosperity followed; in 1864, the name was changed to Gardner, Ferry and Church. But the following year, Gardner’s frail health failed; he retired, still young. His partners bought him out, and soon he died. Now it was Ferry, Church & Co., with some junior partners, and presently Ferry bought out Church. D.M. Ferry & Co. was born. The country began its period of greatest growth; the railroads, expanding, opened up the country for farmers, and farmers could get service more easily from Detroit than from points east. The greater population needed more acreage under cultivation; development of farm machinery enabled people to plant larger farms; and it all meant an ever-increasing demand for seeds.

Ferry was a man for his times, an integral part of the opening of the West. Not that success was guaranteed: he could have failed, many did. But with careful and dedicated attention to work, this quintessential nineteenth-century capitalist created a quiet revolution in agriculture. He fostered research and development of improved plant strains, and always looked for better ways of packaging and distribution, yet he seems to have been interested not so much in agriculture as in building a successful business.

In 1869, a young cousin of the Churches came to visit them for the summer. It took only a brief courtship;

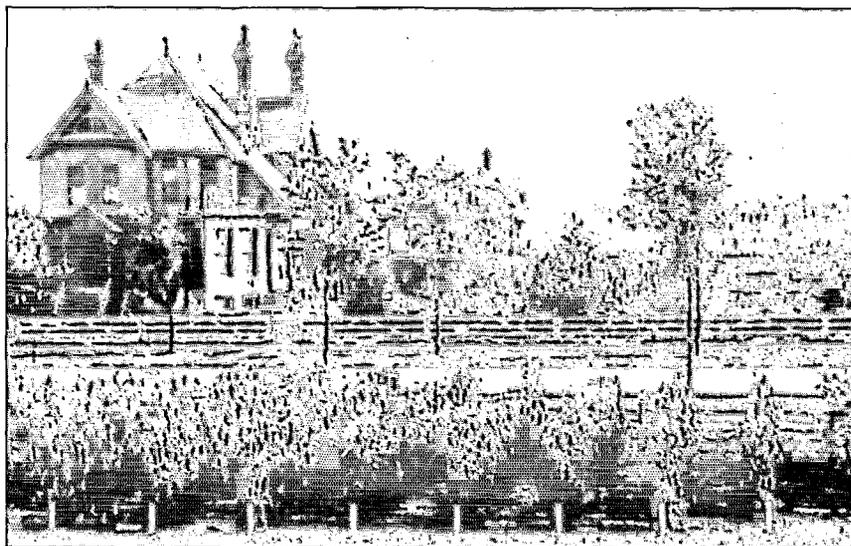




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The superintendent's home at the D.W. Ferry Seed Farm and Test Gardens near St. Antoine Street in Detroit. circa 1890s.

PHOTO COURTESY PETER NAGOURNEY

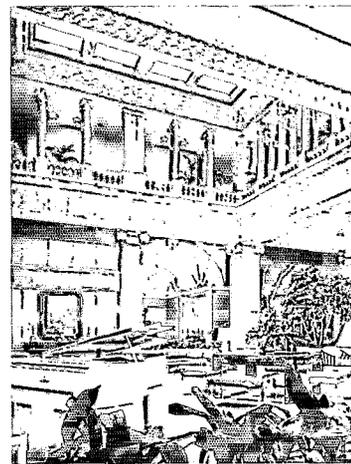
that fall, D.M. Ferry married Adeline (Addie) Miller, of Unadilla, N.Y. The Church family had expected him to wed their daughter Mary, so some ill will arose; but the match was right. He was 34; she 25, a schoolteacher with two years of women's college, rare in those days. They lived first in a house at 10 Sproat Street in Detroit, then built a much larger place at 31 Winder, now a vacant lot. They had four children: Edith, Blanche, Adeline, Jr. (Queene); and Dexter Mason, Jr. (Deck), all born in the house on Winder. A fifth child lived only a few days. As the business grew, D.M. Sr. accommodated both his and his wife's relatives with jobs for some and financial aid for others. He brought both widowed mothers to Detroit to live with him. The house on Winder became too crowded, so in 1890 he built a much grander place out near the edge of Detroit at what was known as 1040 Woodward, at Farnsworth, now the site of the Detroit Institute of Arts (DIA).

Addie travelled widely with their sickly eldest child, Edith, trying to find a climate that would restore her health; the family was separated for months at a time. D.M. Ferry's letters to his wife often say how much he wants to get his business in order so that he might have more time with his family. Instead, he seems to have developed an entrepreneurial compulsion, getting involved in more and more companies as a director, vice-president or president: the National

Pin Company, Wayne County Savings Bank, First National Bank, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Company, Michigan Fire and Marine Insurance Company, Michigan Mutual Insurance Company, American Harrow Company, Detroit Copper and Brass Rolling Mills. He bought heavily into real estate, among other things erecting a five-story iron-front store building which he rented profitably to the Newcomb-Endicott Company, on the land where Hudson's downtown building now stands. Ferry Company headquarters were on Monroe, east of Randolph. Rather than buy cheaper land out in the country for his seed farms, Ferry bought near the city boundaries, figuring that it would appreciate in value. He accumulated close to 300 acres at the intersection of Grand River and what is now West Grand Boulevard, in what was then Greenfield Township. Later the firm purchased a square mile near Rochester, Michigan; the giant four-story barn is gone, but some smaller ones remain. The company also imported certain seeds and contracted with independent farmers for the growing of others. For his experimental farm, Ferry bought the northern end of the Brush and Beaubien farms north of Kirby and east of St. Antoine, and built a superintendent's house that still stands. (A young couple, Rena Lieberman and Peter Nagourney, now own the house and are restoring it while they live there.)

Ferry may have embodied all con-

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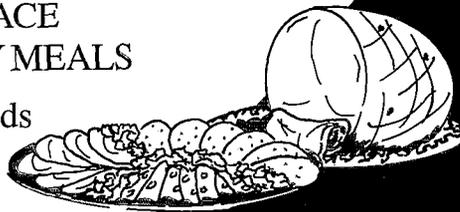
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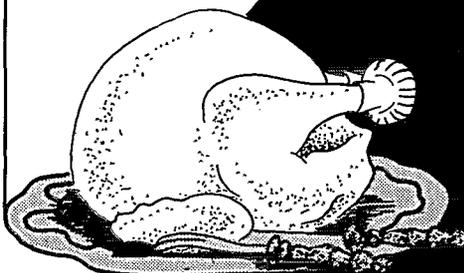


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servative virtues, but he eagerly took to modern inventions. Detroit's first telephone exchange opened in 1878, with a directory listing 124 customers, according to Marian Ferry's research. In 1880, D.M. Ferry wrote, "We now have telephone communications with Sherm's store"—the company branch in Windsor, Ontario. Historian Catlin notes that travelling circuses first gave exhibitions of the electric arc light in 1879, and that, "In July, 1880, several arc lights were tried experimentally in the D.M. Ferry seed warehouse," two months before public lighting service was established by the Brush Electric Lighting Company on September 13.

But even the best-laid plans can go up in flames. On May 7, 1877, a showcase factory and Ferry's box factory, at East Fort and Beaubien Streets, burned; and on New Year's Day, 1886, a conflagration destroyed the great seed warehouse, like touching off a keg of powder. According to Catlin, the water mains were too small to meet the needs of the fire department, and the fire destroyed practically the whole block, including a theatre. Marian Ferry's account shows the drive and determination that may explain D.M. Ferry's success: he immediately notified all his customers, and the company "tapped every source of seed they could find both in this country and abroad. They rented the Detroit Roller Skating Rink as a temporary warehouse, one floor of the Calvert Lithographing Company for making packets, the Michigan Seed Company's old headquarters for the retail trade, and two other companies for the various other operations involved in the seed business. And they did manage to fill every one of their orders that year... (and even) managed to break even." That, in spite of the cost of rebuilding, which they did immediately, with the most fireproof materials they could devise: pillars and rafters made of native pine planks 16 inches wide, bolted together lengthwise with steel. And they expanded the building—again.

Silas Farmer, in his *History of Detroit and Michigan*, offers some statistics of the D.M. Ferry & Co. as of 1889: sales of more than \$1.5 million per year through more than 80,000 merchants, plus dealers and jobbers in bulk; more than 800 employees in local farms and warehouse, plus countless contract farmers in the United

D.M. Ferry built this five-story, iron-front store building, which he rented profitably to the Newcomb-Endicott Company, on the land where Hudson's downtown Detroit building now stands.

SKETCH FROM SILAR FARMER'S
"THE HISTORY OF DETROIT AND MICHIGAN."



States and elsewhere. This was clearly a major economic factor, not only in Detroit, but the nation as well.

Back on the home scene, Addie attended to an exhausting round of social obligations, meetings, charitable functions and the like. D.M., Sr., loved baseball and in 1881 was one of the originators and fundraisers of the Detroit Base Ball Club, now known as the Detroit Tigers. In 1883 he pledged \$1,000 as one of the guarantors for the Art Loan Exhibition, which led to the formation in 1885 of the Detroit Museum of Art, forerunner of the DIA. Ferry served on the museum's

board. He also was instrumental in starting the great Detroit International Fair and Exhibition, which first opened in 1889 with great success but which failed after the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition opened in 1893.

Ferry and his wife worried that D.M., Jr., might turn out a playboy. That young man, however, inherited his father's mettle and gradually worked into the business, or rather, businesses.

But now Addie was fading. She had persuaded her husband to buy back the old Miller farm in Unadilla; renamed "Milfer Farm," for Miller and

Ferry, and rebuilt, it served for years as a restful summer retreat. Addie died there November 3, 1906. On October 1, 1907, Deck married Jeannette Hawkins in Pittsburgh; they returned to live at 1040 Woodward with his father, who appeared to be in good health. But on November 10 they found D.M. Ferry Sr., dead in his bed of a heart attack, so peacefully, the account goes, that the bedclothes were undisturbed. ◇

Next Issue: Dexter Mason Ferry, Jr., picks up the reins.

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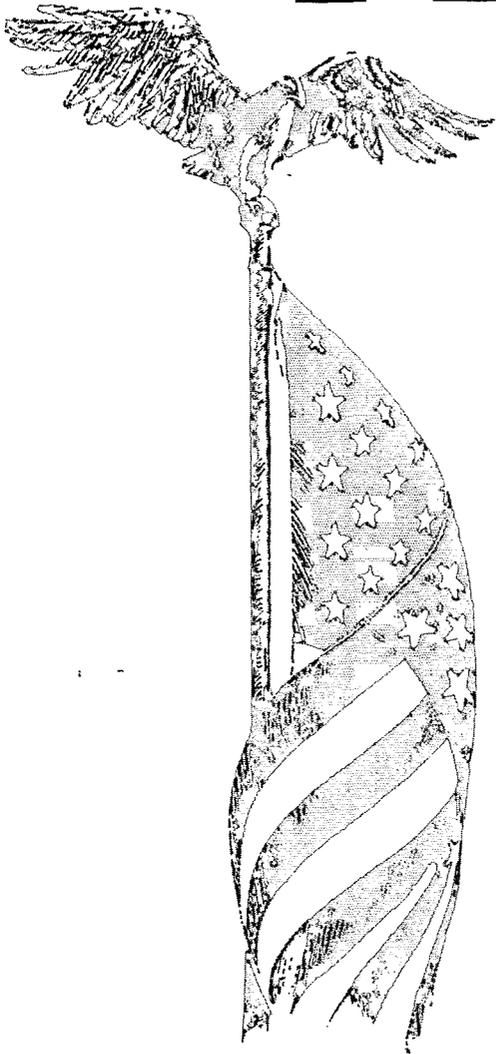


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KEEPER OF THE FLAME



During the sweltering summer of '88, military units might have welcomed duty in North Russia, but in the piercing winter of '18, Detroit's Own Polar Bears, comprised of the 339th Infantry Regiment, the 310th Engineers and the 337th Ambulance and Hospital Companies, found the sub-zero temperatures almost unbearable. For some, the bitter cold proved fatal.

My mother's younger brother was a Polar Bear, and I always remembered the snapshots of him taken in Russia; they had been framed and hung on the wall of our home for years. I was intrigued by them, but was far too young to see them as a window to a brief-but-significant period in our country's mounting history.

Years passed; although World War I was supposedly "the war to end all wars," the United States continued to become engaged in world conflicts. Relatives, friends, neighbors and classmates were called to serve in the Armed Forces, and my uncle's experiences became ancient history. By then, he was dead, and my interest in hearing a personal account of his icy adventure arrived far too late.

It was then that an article about a collection of Polar Bear memorabilia in Michigan's Own, Inc., Military & Space Museum in Frankenmuth, Michigan, caught my eye. At last I could learn what the men in my uncle's regiment endured! I decided I had to go to Frankenmuth.

As museums go, it was small in size, but its collection of personal uniforms, military decorations, artifacts, citations and photographs was incredible. I had landed. It was no longer a question of what might have happened; the museum revealed the stories of what actually did happen, not only to the Polar Bears, but to those in our other foreign wars, as well. With each succeeding visit, I understood more and more how extraordinary

by STELLA KLEFFMAN

Stanley Bozich does the honours at Michigan's Own Military & Space Museum.

these men and women were, how much they loved their country, and how much we owe to them.

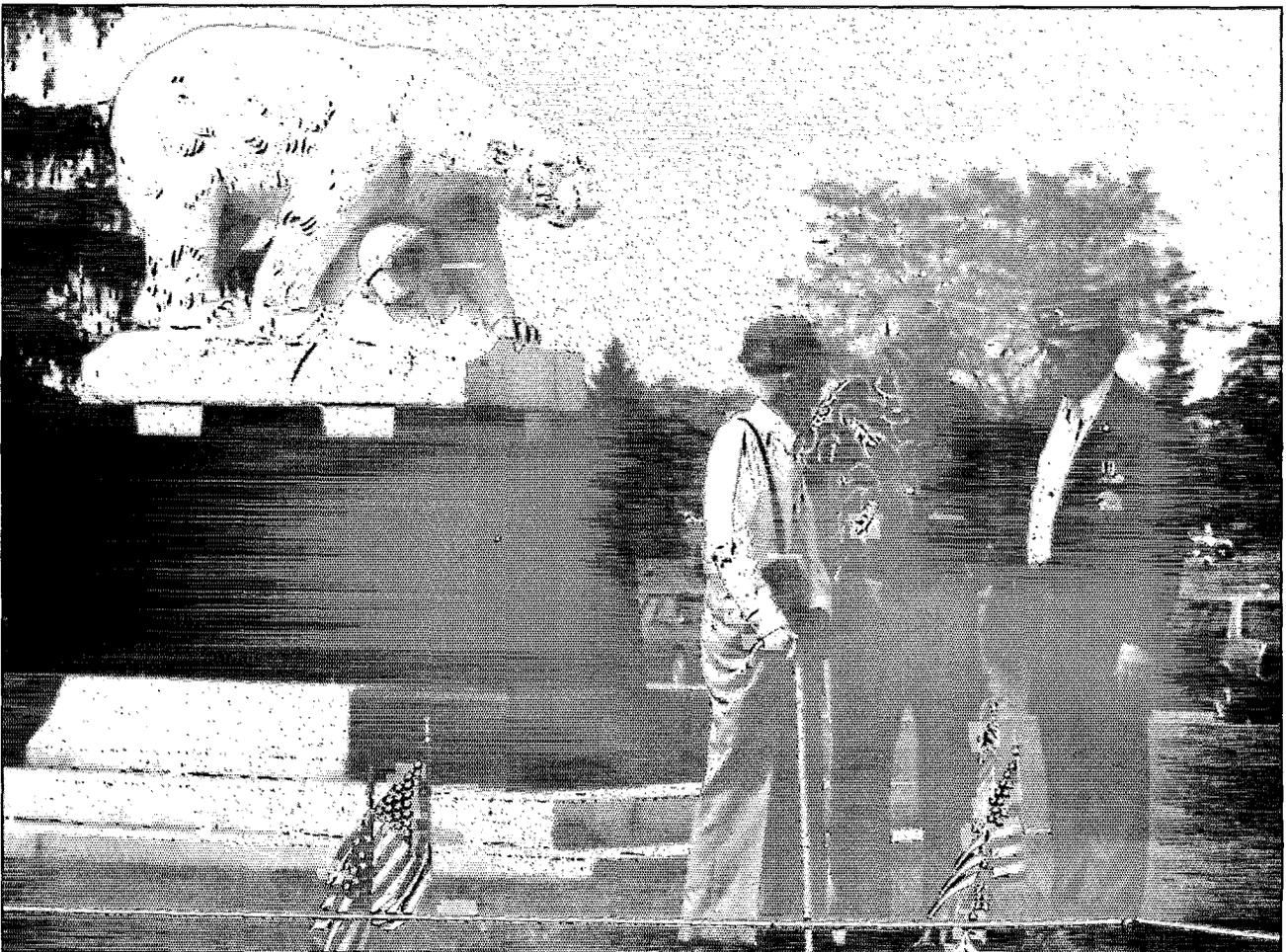
If you query people in a random survey today about the identity of the Polar Bears, they usually respond with a quizzical look and one of two common answers: "They're the white bears in the zoo;" or "the people who jump in the lake in mid-winter."

It was his own curiosity about Detroit's Military Polar Bears that led young Stanley Bozich to collect all the stories he could about them and to eventually become the founder, executive director and curator of Michigan's Own, Inc., Military & Space Museum in Frankenmuth.

Visitors usually travel to Frankenmuth to enjoy its famous chicken dinners, absorb the colourful ethnic atmosphere, and browse through the numerous intriguing gift shops. Upon entering the city that is Michigan's No. 1

tourist attraction, sightseers are effortlessly transported from the roaring traffic of I-75 to the quaint street of a Bavarian village. Beyond Main Street, though, a burgeoning community is developing; at the southern end of town among the popular Bronner's Christmas store and the picturesque motels, ground has just been broken for the new home of Michigan's Own Military & Space Museum, the only one of its kind in the nation.

Other military museums concentrate on weaponry, technology, transportation or historic re-enactments of military life or skirmishes. Michigan's Own specializes in the five foreign wars in which the United States took part: the Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War. It is not a museum that glorifies war; rather, it pays tribute to those who pledged a commitment to their country and, in too many



Polar Bears Fred Schwanz and William Schroeder met Museum Curator Stanley Bozich on Memorial Day at the Polar Bear Monument at White Chapel Cemetery.

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY STELLA KLEFFMAN



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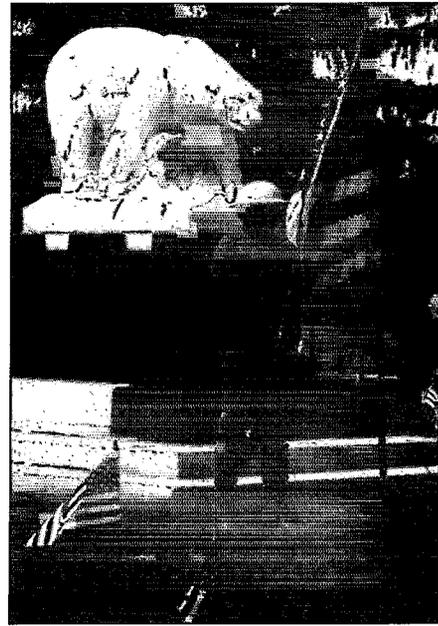
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instances, made the ultimate sacrifice in the performance of their duty. It dramatizes the words of General Douglas MacArthur, spoken in 1955, but relevant even today:

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From its opening in June of 1981, Michigan's Own has occupied a limited space in the School Haus Square at 245 Main Street in the northern end of the city; now, with the erection of a separate building, they will be able to double their exhibit space. The structure has been scaled down from the original plan, but architects have made provision for gradual additions as funds become available. Donations are always welcomed by this tax-exempt corporation.

I asked Stanley Bozich about the founding of the Museum and its contents. He told me his story with the obvious pleasure of one who has spent many years devoted to a determined goal for the edification and education of fellow Americans, as well as for visitors from abroad.

"I've been interested in Polar Bear artifacts for probably 35 to 38 years," he began. "I can't remember when I picked up my first item. I don't know how many Polar Bears I've met, hundreds of them. I used to go to White Chapel Cemetery in Troy for their Memorial Services; I've been to their reunions; I've interviewed a number of them and tape-recorded many of them.

"I was born and raised in Detroit, and those men were from Detroit; that's what piqued my interest in them. I was picking up things like white helmets with Russia painted on

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Opposite:
Each year William Munday serves as Honor Guard for the Polar Bears at Memorial Day services.

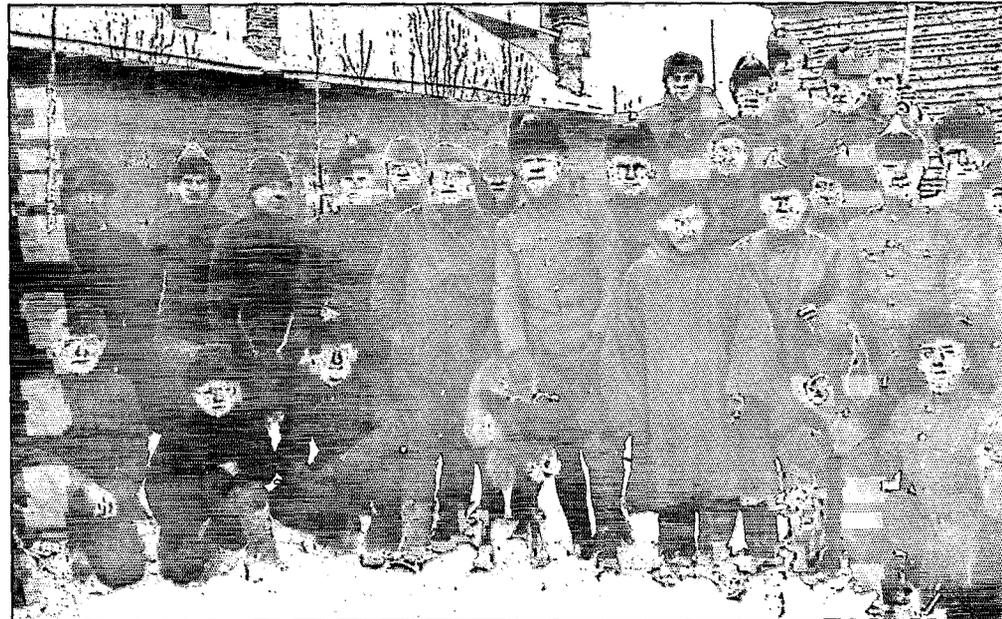
Right top and bottom:
Groups of Polar Bears posed while stationed in Siberia. The author's uncle is pictured, sitting on the sled, dressed in a white parka.

them when nobody else knew what they were.

"In 1974, my wife and I toured the Soviet Union. We spent 22 days there. In every town, city and village throughout the country they had museums exactly like this. The uniforms of their heroes were on display, along with their decorations, and a story of what they did. On Saturday, their traditional wedding day, their brides, with their white dresses and bouquets of flowers, went to the City Hall and signed an agreement. The entire wedding party then left City Hall and trooped to the local Red Army Museum, where the brides and their bridesmaids placed their flowers in front of the display of one of their heroes for their country. It was a very moving scene, very touching, very patriotic and I thought, 'Why don't we have that kind of patriotism in our country?'"

"Now, if you recall, in the 1970s a lot of kids were still burning American flags, wearing them on the seat of their pants, etc. We were the first ones presumptuous enough not only to consider the idea of a Michigan Military Museum, but to actually start tracking down our veterans and asking them for their uniforms. We knew we had the nucleus of a collection with Polar Bear artifacts because we had 11 uniforms at that time. Now we have 42."

Stanley Bozich, director, was a firefighter in Royal Oak before his retirement in 1987; he and his wife, Lou, assistant director, are the driving



force behind Michigan's Own. They are assisted by brother, Jon Bozich, a member of the Board of Directors and a lieutenant in the Detroit Fire Department's arson squad. Indefatigable workers, they never seem to lose their determination in searching for any clue that might lead them to the artifacts of yet another courageous serviceman or woman in our State. None of the items on display are simply representative of a particular historic period of battle; they are very personal, having belonged to individuals whose stories of involvement in our nation's wars are humbly told here.

There is a feeling of reverence and awe when one enters Michigan's

Own. The visitor to the museum is greeted by Mr. or Mrs. Bozich, who gives a brief introduction and overview of heroism, and then there are stories with the kind of humour that defies logic.

George Yohey was a signalman in Russia, and was running telephone lines near the railroad. When he came out of the woods and approached the tracks, he forgot which direction he had to go to get back to his unit. "Then," he said, "I spot this big Russian. He's got a beard and a big hat on, and he's carrying a rifle. I tried to explain that I was an *Amerikanski*. He knew I was an American. He was a Bolshevik. Using only hand signals, I

tried to convey the idea that I meant no trouble, I just wanted to return to the American lines." It was then that the Russian wrote the note for him that lays in the display case, along with his uniform, decorations, citation and photograph. The message the Russian signed provided safe passage through the Russian front to the American lines.

Another tale reveals the personal humility of these men of heroic stature. Oscar Johnson was an undaunted

fighter, a soldier of unmitigated courage. "He was always a farmer," said Bozich. "Now, he'd rather talk about his John Deere tractor than his Medal of Honor. Johnson was describing his actions on film for the Museum; after having repulsed the enemy repeatedly with complete disregard for his own life, he said, 'Well, they were trying to come up the hill and I stopped them, and that's the way it was.' And that was the end of his story."

Although military achievements

and Space adventures dominate the showcases, the MIA/POWs have not been forgotten. The Museum has uniforms from MIAs, including John McCormick of Saginaw, the first fighter pilot killed in Vietnam on December 1, 1965. He had been listed as missing in action, but on June 30, 1988 his mother was notified that his remains had been found after more than 22 years. They were returned to this country and buried on August 5th in Arlington Cemetery.

Lt. Col. Donald (Digger) Odell of Mt. Clemens presented to the Museum the clothing and artifacts that he used during his five-plus years of imprisonment in Vietnam. They are now on exhibit, as are those of Ernest C. Brace from Redford, author of the book, *A Code To Keep*. He was captured in 1965 and held seven years, ten months and seven days, the longest a civilian prisoner was held by the Vietnamese. "He's had numerous operations," said Bozich, "to repair the damage they did to his body while he was a POW. He had previously been a decorated fighter pilot in Korea and the first Marine to fly 100 bombing missions.

"According to eye-witness reports, Americans are still being held in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. We must continue to petition our government to do everything it can to free our men and return them to the United States."

Another recognized by the Museum is Frederick M. Alger. Of his military service, the records show: "Lt. Colonel, Field Artillery Headquarters, Services of Supply, American Expeditionary Forces. French Legion d'Honneur (chevalier), by Presidential Decree of April 4, 1919. Residence at appointment: Grosse Pointe, Michigan."

It's interesting to reflect on the good fortune of Grosse Pointe residents, to whom Col. Alger donated his home to be used as a community center. It was officially named the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Large plaques bearing the names of all the servicemen and women from Grosse Pointe who served in World War II, Korea and Vietnam are displayed in the lobby to remind the community of the sacrifices they made.

The Bozichs researched books, newspapers and magazines extensively, and conducted interviews with innumerable people before writing their

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book, *Detroit's Own Polar Bears*, in 1985. "We've made an effort to show the historian and/or interested observer what these 'Polar Bears'—the forgotten regiment—endured when they fought in Russia in 1918-1919."

Much attention has been given in the Museum to the Polar Bears, who served at a time unique in the annals of the United States. The North Russia Expeditionary Forces in World War I were comprised of 5,500 men; 75 percent of them were from Michigan, the majority from Detroit. "The newspapers," said Bozich, "called them *Detroit's Own*. They called themselves *Polar Bears* because of the arctic conditions under which they fought, 40 to 50 degrees below zero."

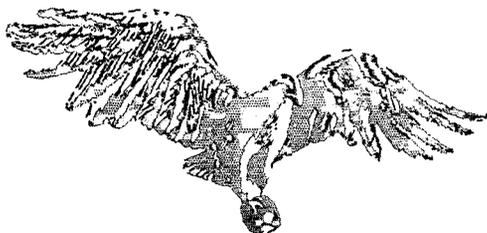
They were sent to Archangel, Russia, in September 1918, after the British strongly appealed to the United States Government to supplement the British and French troops already shipped there. World War I ended November 11, 1918, yet the most intense fighting against the Bolsheviks occurred after the Armistice was signed.

As Bozich remarked, "They were in a strange country, fighting an undeclared war under foreign officers, with unfamiliar weapons and for an uncertain cause. They felt, and many still do, that they were rented out to the British government."

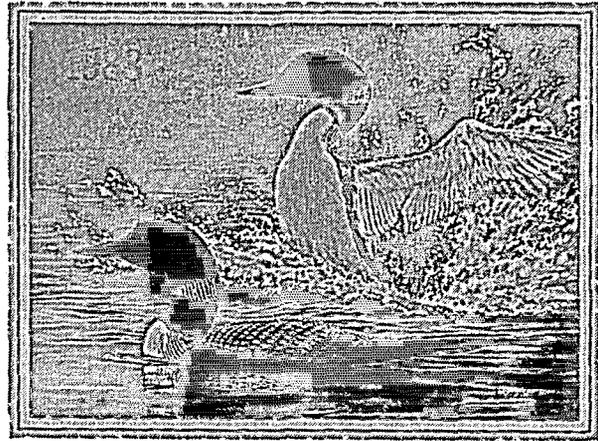
On July 4, 1919 the Polar Bears returned home; 244 of them had not survived. In 1929 the bodies of 86 Michigan men were recovered from Russia. Fifty-six of them were kept in the Chapel of Memories in Troy's White Chapel Cemetery until May 30, 1930, when they were buried in a double circle around the Polar Bear monument erected in their honour. The base of the monument, representing a fortress, is of black marble surmounted by a white marble sculpture of a fierce-looking polar bear standing in snow with a helmet and cross at its feet to indicate a war burial.

In the early years after the war, a common bond held the men of the 339th together, but time has taken its toll. Their Association was disbanded when activities were no longer feasible. Only a handful remain, no longer able to meet and reminisce—alone with their memories of anxious young soliders inescapably fighting someone else's senseless war. In 1988 only two, Fred Schwanz and William Schroeder, were at the ceremonies on Memorial Day to salute the flag and remember their buddies.

This year, however, on May 30th, through the efforts of Stanley Bozich, with donations from the families and friends of the Polar Bears plus a \$300.00 check from Michigan's Military Affairs sub-committee, a State Historical Marker designating the burial area as an historic site was dedicated by former Governor John Swainson. It was a simple ceremony at White Chapel Cemetery, but the performance of the marker pays homage in perpetuity to those who rest there. ◇



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A grizzled sage adjusts his beaten hat, squints into the eager eyes before him, and slowly rotates the chew in his mouth. "Go west, young man!" his voice erupts, splattering tobacco juice on the boy's fresh face. Both grin at the challenge his words evoke, and an American dream is born.

Today the call still resounds in the minds of Americans everywhere. Instead of loading our worldly possessions onto overburdened wagons and polishing our Winchesters, we're tossing our clothes into suitcases and fine-tuning our Rosignols for a new Western challenge—the call of the slopes.

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Aspen. A town of western lore, the "Crystal of the Rockies." Unbeknownst to the Ute Indians who hunted there, the land now known as Aspen gave up the largest silver nugget in the world. Prospectors crossing the 13,000-foot Independence Pass on snowshoes uncovered the area's mining potential in the 1890s, and Aspen was born. Unlike some of her boom town sisters, Aspen glistened with permanent promise, cultural harmony, and social prestige.

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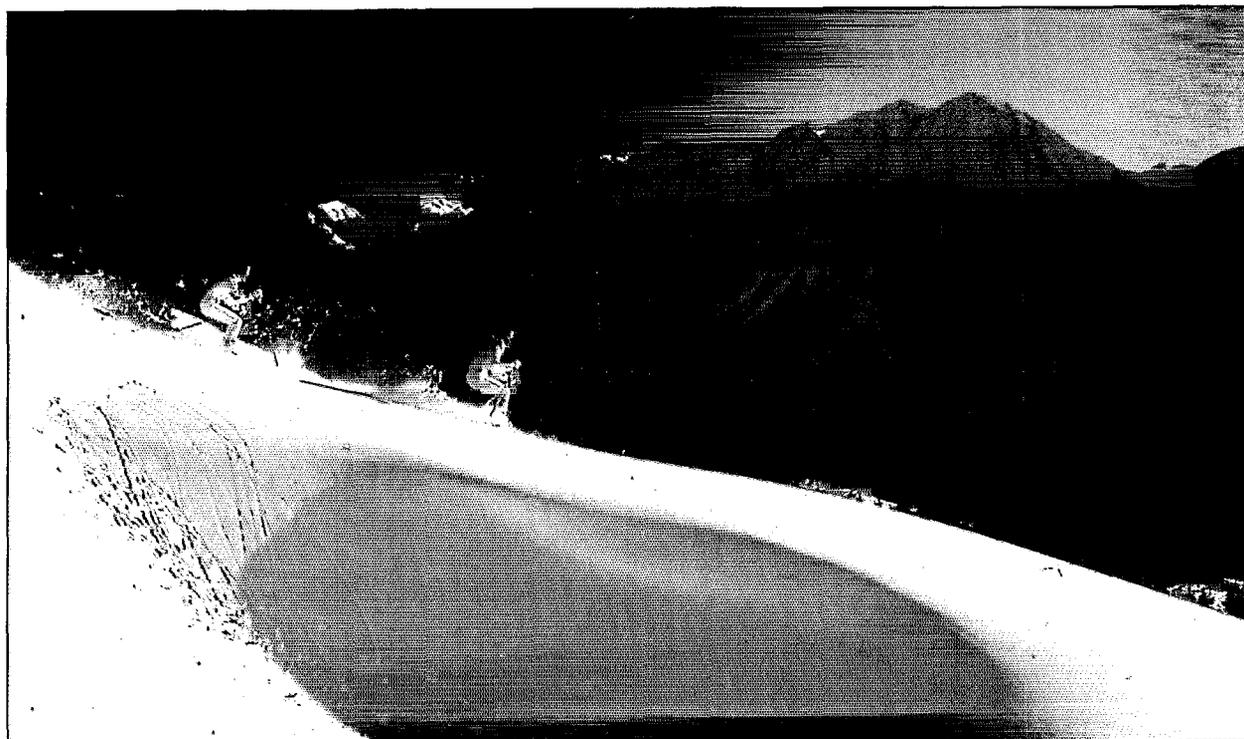
Aspen. A town of wonderful inconsistency. Quaint Victorian homes, streetlamps, and cobbled streets combine with state-of-the-art skiing. In a studio in the center of town, local dancers learn from past members of the Joffrey Ballet. Around the corner, an opera house and hotel celebrate their centennial. A young woman descends from the bus nestled in fox fur; nearby, an old woman wears a ski jacket emblazoned with a patch protesting slaughtering animals for their hides. Policemen wear cowboy boots, and drive white Saab patrol cars. Rugged terrain combined with a long-standing reputation for cultural distinction—quintessential Aspen.

My own initiation into Western skiing happened in January of '87 in Aspen, Colorado. I had been skiing in Michigan since I was five years old, and managed to get in a little skiing in upstate New York during my college years. When I received an invitation from two college friends, Jeanie and John, who were living in Aspen, to come out and visit, I turned in my Frequent Flyer bonus ticket and decided to give Aspen a try.

by LAURA BARLOW



PHOTO COURTESY ASPEN SKIING CO.



The immensity of the landscape sometimes taxes the courage of even the bravest skiers.

PHOTO COURTESY ASPEN SKIING CO.

Since Aspen is located in the White River National Forest, 200 miles southwest of Denver, getting there requires extra planning. Aspen functions with a small airport, and only United Express and Continental Express fly into town. For the hardier soul, bus or train travel to Aspen is available.

I chose to fly into Aspen. The view from the plane of the sun setting over the Rockies was fantastic. The fact that the stewardesses all wore the latest ski fashions made me feel that much closer to the mountains below.

Aspen's reputation as a glamorous skiing locale is known throughout the world. My first impressions confirmed Aspen's sophistication. Aspen is friendly frontier spirit polished with gourmet restaurants, hotels, nightclubs, bars, and boutiques. Beyond Aspen's exciting day and night life lie the majestic Colorado Rocky Mountains. The various slopes rival those of Europe, and attract celebrities and ski enthusiasts alike.

The first day out, I felt the effects of higher altitude. At my suggestion, we went cross-country skiing among the foothills. Fifty miles of free, groomed, Nordic trails span the Aspen area and reach heights from 7,600 feet at the lowest point on the Rio Grande Trail to 8,500 feet on the Snowmass Club trails. I anticipated a relaxing day warming up my muscles for downhill skiing.

As we ventured out on one of the more difficult trails, I noticed that I was short of breath, and quickly fell in step with the back of our line. Climbing the foothills was much more difficult than skiing the golf course at home. I found myself side-stepping most of the way.

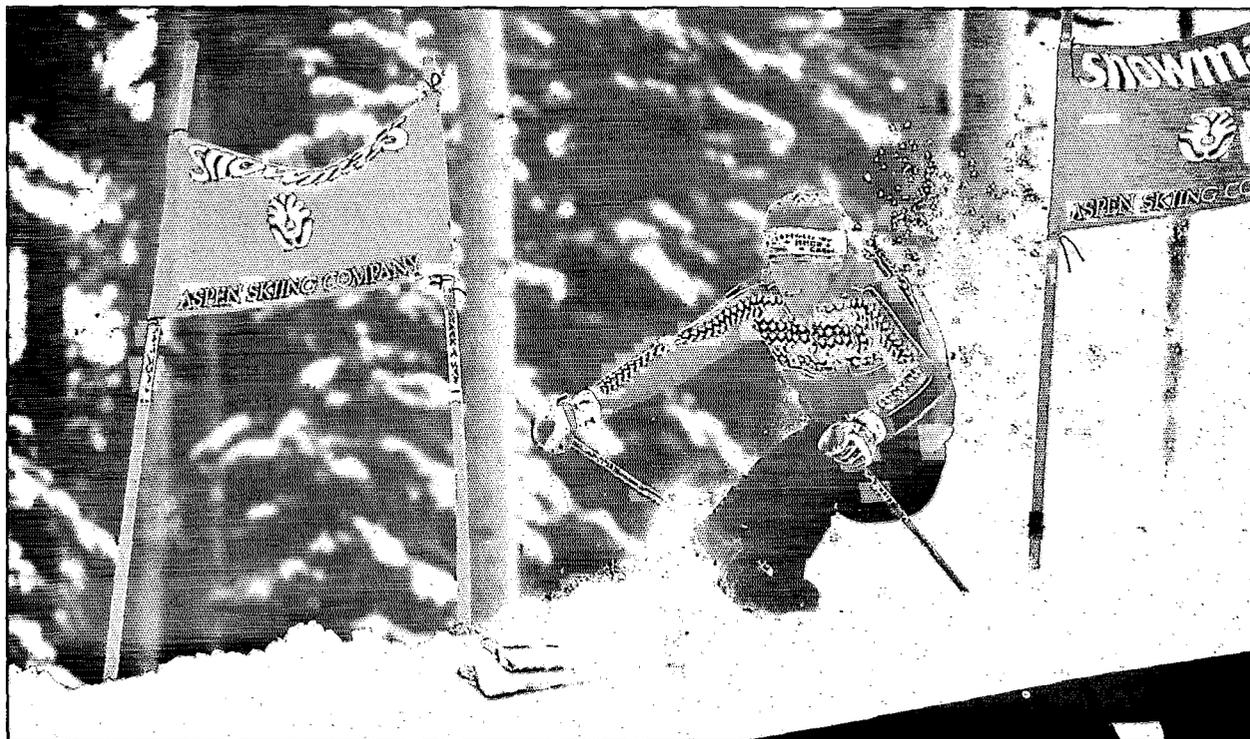
Jeanie, a part-time ski patrolperson at Aspen Highlands, was far ahead, scouting trails for the rest of us. About a half-hour later, I heard that the front of the line had decided on taking a break. John gallantly urged me towards them with promises that the distance was only as far as the distance from my old college dorm to the library. Upon arriving at our designated spot, I collapsed in the snow and told everyone to go ahead without me. I figured I could remain, my back in the snow, a sun worshipper without a beach.

Somehow, I was encouraged to continue. Perhaps it was my reminding myself that I had been cross-country skiing and biking before the trip, and therefore should be in shape. Perhaps it was the fear that my sweating body would freeze if kept immobile. Either way, I went on.

As my lungs became accustomed to the strain, I could actually enjoy the surroundings. The view was spectacular. The weather was brisk, but not freezing. The cloudless sky was a deep azure blue. Soft piles of snow veiled the pine trees.

Everything was postcard-perfect, until the river: two ice-covered logs bridged the banks. I slipped, but caught myself before crossing the semi-frozen water. The person behind slipped and lost a ski. We chased the ski downstream and photographed our expedition before heading back. Despite a pile-up of our bodies at the end of a sharp, steep turn, the ride downhill was much easier.

The next day I put the pain of cross-country skiing behind me, and dressed for my true Aspen goal—the downhill slopes. We chose Aspen Highlands because Jeanie



Snowmass slopes challenge the skills of the most experienced skiers.

PHOTO BY BRUCE HUBBARD

worked there part-time. After the first day, I was hooked on Highlands.

Aspen Highlands likes to think of itself as the “maverick” of the Aspen ski scene. The only independently-owned resort in this city, Aspen Highlands has the reputation of being the local families’ favourite place. Part of its popularity stems from the fact that children twelve-and-under ski free with a ticketed adult, and free ski lessons are offered with the purchase of lift tickets on Monday. Free entertainment is also provided every Friday from local hotshots who compete for prize money on Scarlett’s Run. Not to be outdone, the ski patrol holds its own aerial show several times a week by jumping over the Cloud Nine Restaurant deck.

The resort attracts the skier who shuns the glitz of other resorts and recognizes the unique aspects of Highlands — the highest vertical rise in Colorado, which remains at 3,800 feet; the best view of one of the most photographed ranges in the Rockies, the Maroon Bells; fewer crowds and shorter lines; and lower ticket prices.

Once we arrived, we jumped on the Lowerstein chairlift, which starts the ascension to the top. For those who have never skied out West before, “getting to the top” takes approximately thirty to forty-five minutes. The wait is well worth it, since the runs down may last as long as three miles, as in the case of Aspen Highlands.

One way to picture Aspen Highlands is to imagine an 11,800-foot frozen waterfall that branches off and cascades down miles of woodland. The mountain is divided into an array of slopes. Trails are well marked and colour-coded

with the level of difficulty. Double-diamond black is expert only, single-diamond black is most difficult, blue square is intermediate, and green circle marks the easiest trails. This code remains consistent throughout all Aspen area resorts. The trails at Aspen Highlands are generally less difficult than corresponding coloured trails at Aspen Mountain.

I decided to start out on the intermediate slopes, which comprise 48 percent of Highlands’ trails. I would follow the trail toward the right off the chairlift down to Heather Bedlam, which became my favourite opening run, since it was steep and smooth.

Once I became accustomed to the slopes, we headed to the top of the Olympic Bowl, which stands at 11,800 feet. I enjoyed the Olympic trail, which circles around the top of the mountain through the surrounding woodland, and finishes off on the black Robinson’s Run.

Highlands also supplies challenging expert terrain. One morning I faced the Moment of Truth, true to its name. I skied the majority of the run on my backside, losing my hat along the way.

I looked forward to the lunches at Highlands as much as the skiing. Highlands has two mountain restaurants — Merry-Go-Round and Cloud Nine. Cloud Nine, at 11,000 feet overlooking a dramatic view of the Maroon Bells, remains my favourite mid-mountain dining spot. I spent many leisurely lunches catching rays on its sundeck. Towards the end of the day, the ski patrol blotted out the sun by catapulting over the deck, twisting and flipping above the transfixed crowd.

Après ski is definitely part of the Aspen skiing experi-

ence. Whether you enjoy relaxing in front of a roaring fire in your room or hitting the local happy hours, Aspen provides your pleasures. There are more than 100 restaurants in the Aspen area, and numerous nightclubs and bars which express a great variety of experiences.

One of my favourite places is the bar of the Hotel Jerome. Drinking here is an historical experience, something akin to drinking in the Louvre. The Hotel Jerome is celebrating its centennial this year. Built by Jerome B. Wheeler, once Chairman of the Board of New York's R.H.

Macy's, and restored by owners Dick Butera and Jim McManus, the Hotel Jerome is a \$20 million museum piece. The Grand Opening of the hotel, held the night before Thanksgiving in 1889, rivalled the opening of the Ritz in Paris. The Hotel Jerome will recreate the gala opening this Thanksgiving.

We spent many late afternoons at a sushi bar and restaurant right in town. Sushi is one of John's friend's many amours. He generously bought us plate after plate of the delicately-coloured raw fish. Sushi with seaweed, sushi with eggs, sushi with rice. For those who don't love sushi, myself included, I learned that watching the sushi bartender slice and arrange the raw pieces of fish can mellow the experience.

Since Jeanie and John were both apprenticing in the kitchens of Gordon's, one of Aspen's foremost restaurants, we spent an evening there. I had visited Jeanie working in the pastry kitchen of Gordon's. I got to lick the remains of bowls once filled with homemade strawberry sherbet. The endless variety and imagination of the menu complement the generous portions. The restaurant is also a popular haunt for celebrities, especially during the holidays.

To the amazement of my die-hard ski friends, I spent my last day combing the stores of Aspen. Free shuttle buses run from early morning to late night within the town. I took an early shuttle in, and began to exercise my "thanks, just looking" muscles. I was drawn into a charming bookstore, once a Victorian home.

My charge cards still smoking, I ambled into the center of town, and was instantly assaulted by a myriad of suede dresses, Western gear, and handmade Indian jewelry. Senses reeling, I ducked into a t-shirt shop to catch my breath. I calculated that most stores were *double black*—most difficult to pass up; expert shoppers only. Relying heavily on my past experience as a Birmingham shopping veteran, I infiltrated the boutiques, taking the town by storm. I strode out of town into the sunset, my arms full of shopping bags, smug in the knowledge that I had mastered at least part of the legend of the mountain.

Park City, Utah—"The Greatest Snow on Earth"

T.S. Elliot once wrote, "April is the cruellest month." I tend to rate mid-January to late February as the cruellest time of the year. The holidays are well over, and spring is but a faded memory. Banking on my own recollections of a great ski vacation in Aspen, I decided to recreate the experience and join a high school friend, Kristine, on a downhill ski vacation to Park City, Utah. The call of the West evoked images of scenery that send more chills up your spine than the weather, sapphire-and-diamond studded skis, and slopes that would make the Jane Fonda advanced workout feel like time spent sprouting roots as a couch potato. After an early winter highlighted only by the Cosby Show, I felt it was time to fine-tune my body and my skis, and head out West for some comparison skiing.

Park City challenges its next-door neighbor, Colorado, as the ultimate ski resort. According to Park City's Chamber of Commerce, both share quaint, mining town roots, awesome skiing, and the same *après ski* ambiance, but Park City claims that fewer crowds and quicker access to the slopes prove it the ultimate winner. I tested this assertion by comparing it to my experience in Aspen.

Park City's reputation as a silver queen is well de-

WESTERN SKI FACTS

ASPEN

The Aspen Skiing Company, which owns all resorts in Aspen except Aspen Highlands, has access to any travel information a tourist could want. They will book all travel needs from air transportation, lodging in Aspen/Snowmass, lift tickets, ski school, powder tours, and rental cars to child care and theatre tickets. They also have a listing of all train and bus schedules and prices. Their toll-free reservation number is: 1-800-525-6200. The company boasts the most comprehensive lodging inventory available, and a variety of complete vacation packages in an array of price ranges.

Direct flights to Aspen are now available on United Express and Continental Express airlines from Chicago, Dallas/Ft. Worth, and Los Angeles.

For more information on Aspen Highlands, contact the Aspen Highlands Skiing Corporation at (303) 925-5300.

UTAH

Deer Valley: General Information, (801) 649-1000
Ski Vacation Arrangements, 1-800-424-DEER

Park City Ski Area: General Information,
(801) 649-8111
Lodging Reservations, 1-800-222-PARK

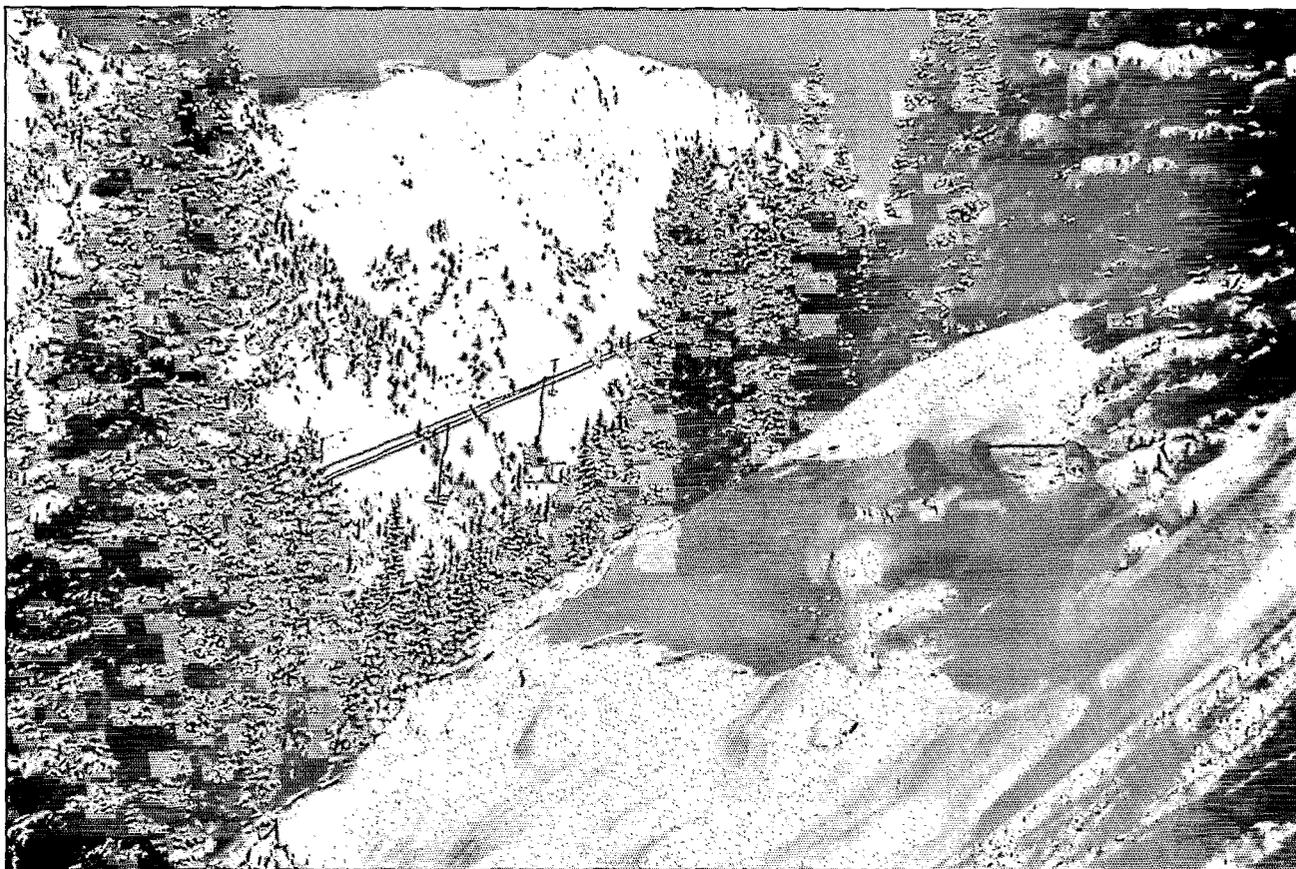
Park West: Ski Information, (801) 649-5400
Lodging Reservations, 1-800-392-WEST

**Park City Chamber of Commerce/Convention and
Visitors Bureau:**
1-800-453-1360, (801) 649-6100

Alta: For lodging, call Alta Travel at (801) 942-0404.
Ski Lift Information, (801) 742-3333

Snowbird: General Information, (801) 742-2222
Lodging, 1-800-453-3000
Individual Reservations, 1-800-453-3000
Group Reservations, 1-800-882-4766

Transportation from Salt Lake City Airport:
Utah Transit Authority Buses, (801) 287-4636
Canyon Transport Limousines, 1-800-255-1841
Lewis Brother Stages, Charter bus and vans,
(801) 359-8677



The vertical drop at Alta requires flexibility and daring.

PHOTO BY LEE COHEN
COURTESY UTAH DEPARTMENT OF TOURISM

served, since its silver lode founded the Hearst empire and several other dynasties. As a reflection of her past riches, Mainstreet stands as a well-preserved passage to the Old West.

As for distance, Park City is only thirty miles from an international airport, while Aspen is two hundred. Park City and Aspen Highlands attract about the same number of tourists, while other Aspen resorts have a reputation for greater crowds. Although it lacks Aspen's Victorian splendor and size, Park City possesses charm.

Ultimately, what Park City has more of than Aspen is what's on the ground—snow. The average annual snowfall is 350 inches at the ski areas, and 143 inches in town. Utah's low humidity creates gourmet snow, lighter and drier than most. What all these statistics add up to is some of the best powder skiing in the world.

I had the privilege of enjoying "the greatest snow on earth" with "the greatest show on earth"—a large group of students from Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Business, on a well-deserved January break. Lest you think graduate business students are a boring batch, reconsider: The Wharton students not only work hard, they play hard. Since Kristine attends Wharton, our travel arrangements merely consisted of handing our checks to Wharton's Ski Club. Moguls ski and sun, Inc. handled the rest.

Kristine and I were placed in what I referred to as the "international suite." The suite included two young Japanese men, Ginichi from Wharton, and his friend from Columbia Law School, who were sent here to study by the Japanese Nomura Securities Company; and Chris, a young

man from New Zealand. The others, Gail, Pam and David, were Wall Street veterans.

The diversity of our group enhanced the vacation. Kristine and I were the last to arrive, and were left with the fold-out couch in the living room. As gentlemen, Ginichi and his friend were quickly persuaded to surrender their bedroom. Their gentility backfired, however, when we were informed that they were inept in the kitchen. I remember being frantically summoned to see if their cheese sandwiches, broiling in the oven, were done.

Dinner conversation ran from topics such as the pros and cons of starting out at the world's top investment firms; the frequency of pulling an all-nighter at those same firms and being expected to put in a profitable work day afterwards; the importance of a well-rounded life; the marketing versus finance major; the double major; Japanese society and what really goes on in a geisha house (my questions); the questionable safety of the environs of Columbia Law School; marketing at Procter and Gamble; and Chris's emphatic assertions that New Zealand is much more laid-back than either America or Japan.

The next morning, Kristine and I walked to the base of the Park City slopes. The base area is comparable to a small Western town, replete with ticket areas, a ski school, restaurants, bars, t-shirt shops, rental shops, and stores supplying the latest ski equipment and wear. I was interested in trying a longer ski for better edging and speed. In addition to a change of equipment, renting skis allowed us complimentary storage at the shop and freedom from lugging ski gear around after a full day on the slopes.



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Radiator Hoses	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Heater Hoses	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
All Oil Levels	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
All Fluid Levels	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
All Exterior Lights	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fuel Filter	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Skiing in the Park City area turned out to be as diverse as the company we kept. The area consists of three resorts: Park City, Utah's largest ski area, and home of the U.S. Ski Team and the United States Ski Association; Deer Valley, rated as "the *crème de la crème* of ski destinations" by *Skiing* magazine, and given *Bon Appetit* magazine's rave review of "the best cuisine at any altitude anywhere in this country;" and Park West, the hidden peaks. For those who are considering ski vacations this winter, Park City is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, and welcomes The Men and Women's U.S. Pro Tours back for America's Opening Pro Cup Thanksgiving weekend. Within approximately an hour's drive of Park City lie two other major Utah ski areas—Alta and Snowbird.

We started off at the Park City resort aboard western America's longest four-passenger gondola. For those who want to begin from the center of town, there is a lift there that will shuttle you to the top. Our twenty-minute ride brought us to the top of the mountain, near the Summit House Restaurant. Unfortunately, the Jupiter bowls, which rise above at 10,000 feet, were closed during our trip, due to avalanche warnings. Despite this, there were enough runs left to keep us happy.

There is something about descending from a lift and having a mountain ahead of you that charges up your adrenaline. I usually opt to take the easiest route down for my first run. We glided down what soon became known to us as the reliable Claim Jumper. Claim Jumper brought us to the Prospector chairlift, which services a series of intermediate and advanced runs. We spent the morning getting our ski legs back.

Pam told us at lunch that she had been skiing down the Thaynes chairlift, next to Prospector. We decided to join her. Pam was the gutsiest skier on our whole trip. This girl would approach double-black ski runs, and proceed to schuss down them without a moment's hesitation. Neither crowds, nor icy moguls, nor rocky paths would stand in her way. While Pam schussed down the expert Double Jack Run, I preferred its neighbor, Single Jack. With fewer moguls than its double counterpart, Single Jack had a vertical drop that threatened to knock your breath and your balance away. This drop seemed to increase as the two hills merged, requiring further control.

The next few days were spent exploring the slopes of Park City. My favourite runs turned out to be Sampson, Comstock, Red Fox, and Hawk Eye, which were off the Pioneer lift. These were short, steep slopes full of high moguls. I liked them because they were uncrowded and had the most powder. They provided an intense challenge for a short period of time, and then blended into an easier run called Woodside.

Towards the middle of the trip, Kristine and I decided we had reached our peak as recreational skiers, and investigated ski lessons. We booked a semi-private lesson with Gail and David's instructor. I still regard that lesson as my best ski experience to date.

During the next two hours, we proceeded to learn edging, mogul mastery, and powder skiing. The first thing our extremely handsome, charming, young instructor taught us was how to stretch on skis. After we were warmed up, he watched us ski individually. To start off, we took a few runs where he showed us how to flex our knees over moguls and apply our edges. He decided we were more



After the sun sets at Aspen, the mountains show a blue beauty festooned with twinkling resort lights.

PHOTO BY BRUCE HUBBARD

advanced than we had thought, and introduced us to Ford's Country, one of the most expert runs.

Ford's Country was an exercise in moguls and courage. Basically a hill for suicide intenders, it is long, incredibly steep, and covered with waist-high moguls that extend to the bottom. We learned how to hockey-stop on top of the moguls, plant our poles, and swing down into the angle below. The stops were designed to give control while maintaining speed. My goal was to finish the run.

The next lesson was powder. We went off one of the main trails, and our instructor showed us how to keep equal weight on both skis while jumping into our turns. We both fell, but I didn't mind the soft snow. Many belly laughs and mouths of snow later, we had a much better feeling for how we should be skiing.

The last run down was the ultimate test. Kristine and I usually skied down the entire mountain by stopping occasionally and pausing at the top of every slope. This time, we went straight down advanced and intermediate trails, joining onto each new slope with merely an edged turn. Our glamorous instructor urged us to increase our speed; we followed in semi-tucked positions. I was no longer conscious of the skiers around us. With terror in their eyes, they would all move out of our way. I only knew the rhythm of planting poles, and the song of the wind in my face. The lesson showed us what it really felt like to ski at a more advanced range, and gave us the skills and confidence to pursue that challenge.

The nights were as active as the days. The Wharton group spent one night at The Club, a nightclub in town.

Nightclubs are the only places that serve liquor in Utah. The clubs are privately owned, and anyone can become a member for a five-dollar fee that covers two weeks. Once you make the deposit, you may bring in as many as five friends for free. The Club has a sophisticated bar downstairs, with an additional bar and dance floor upstairs.

Chris and I spent one early evening in The Alamo, a rustic club on mainstreet. We were hoping to meet some locals, and rack up a game of pool. We ended up across the pool table from a Birmingham native who was a student at Brigham Young.

After the pool game, we met the rest of our suite for dinner in town. The restaurants were packed. We finally found one that took our name and promised a reasonable wait. While waiting, we all decided to head to Mrs. Fields Cookie Factory for a demonstration of her cookie-making process, a free tour, and free samples.

During the rest of the vacation, our group explored Utah's other ski resorts—Deer Valley and Snowbird. I did not have a chance to ski Deer Valley, but those who did claimed it was plush. Plush, as in nightly grooming on every trail, valets who help you unload equipment from your cars, attendants who watch your skis for you when you are off the lifts, padded chair lifts, and tissue dispensers at each lift. Rumour also had it that there were ski patrol who skied with buckets to carry away any stones found on the slopes.

Unfortunately, I did not have a chance to ski Alta, either. When I arrived at the Goldminer's Daughter Lodge,

continued on page 38

I mages, soft and bright. The smooth drape of new snow hanging from pine boughs, the silver glitter of sun on frost-painted maple trees. In the evening, candles mark the way in the starry darkness, as skiers follow the dim outlines of their companions on a romantic, candlelight ski. Or, imagine, perhaps, the pure fresh air of a bright winter's afternoon, far from the telephone, the television, your workday worries. This is the serenity that lures thousands of cross-country ski buffs into the woods in winter, and keeps them coming back in ever greater numbers.

TRAILS IN THE SNOW

Until recent years, few if any of us had even heard of the sport of cross-country skiing (or X-C skiing, for those who prefer abbreviations), but this gentle sport has quietly become Michigan's winter favourite. Young people take lessons at school or in youth groups, middle-aged people use it as that all-important stress vent, retirees cure their winter "cabin fever" with short afternoon jaunts through the silent countryside, and families find that they can afford to take everyone along on their day-long trips without breaking the bank. Cross-country skiing is a sport with something for everyone.

Long a form of transportation for the snow-laden countries of northern Europe, cross-country skiing arrived in the Great Lakes Region in the middle and late 1800s, when masses of immigrants flooded in to work the newly-opened mines. With them they brought little: a change of clothes for Sunday, the

by JAYNIE J. SMITH



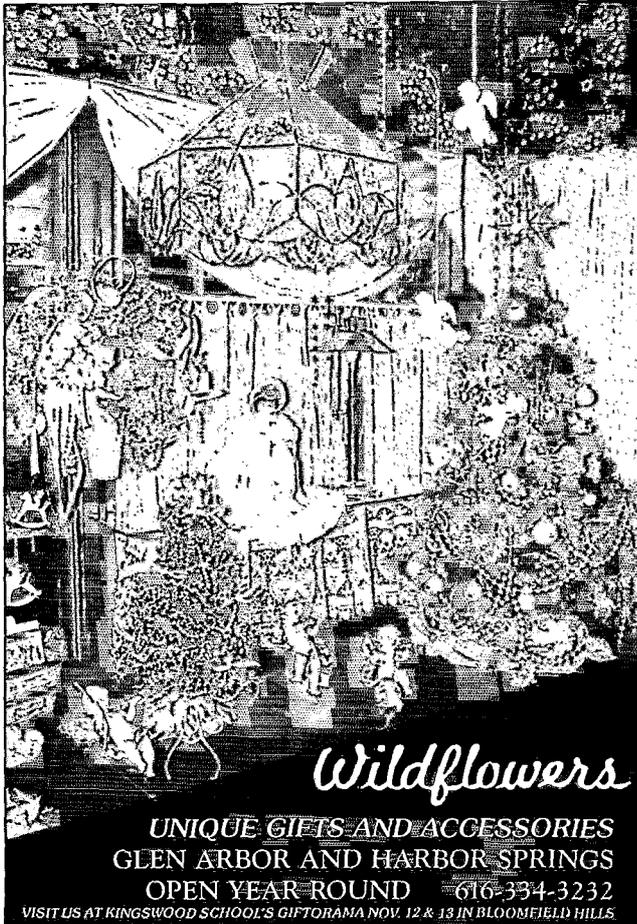
family Bible, strong backs, and a taste for the pure pleasures in life. Cross-country skiing existed among these people for years in its simplest state, undifferentiated from that now-multi-million dollar sport we call "downhill." Skiing was just skiing.

Modern cross-country skiers fall into three general schools within the sport itself: ski racers, ski tourers, and what we'll call ski naturalists, or those who truly ski across open country. Of these, ski naturalists practice skiing in a most nearly historic way. Packing all their supplies in the type of backpack designed originally for hikers and planning trips of several days' duration, these skiers, called "diehards" by some within the sport, travel dozens of miles every day, make camp in the wilds, and live much as the hunters and trappers who opened our continent must have lived. Given their high-tech equipment advantage over the French fur traders who first explored the Great Lakes, the ski naturalists still exist as a breed within a breed. They long for the loneliest stretches of snow, shunning groomed trails.

A young family sets out for the afternoon of cross-country skiing at Grand Traverse Resort.

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Speed. Ski racers can sum up their sport in a word, and they do go very fast. Racing has become a major sport in Michigan, both for spectators and competitors. Michigan's triple crown of cross-country is run in late January and early February, with the Annual Silver Creek Challenge near the Tawas, and the White Pine Stampede near Mancelona, ending with the North American VASA in Traverse City. The VASA is the biggest of the three races, drawing Olympic-quality competitors. Like a Boston Marathon on skis, the start of the VASA is a flight of brightly-garbed athletes, all stretching for that little extra speed. Dozens of other races are run throughout the winter, both as training for the more serious competitions and in friendly sport.



Ski racing is also where most technological innovation within cross-country skiing originated. There are ever-new and lighter, stronger, and more flexible materials in the skis and poles. More laminates are added to the skis for lighter weight, and graphite-impregnated fiberglass poles are wrapped in space-age Kevlar to take the stress of the skiers' powerful strokes. And even they will tell you: that elusive win is usually measured in fractions of seconds. The right wax, a missed stride, a muscle favoured on a hard turn can make or break this hair-raising sport. Wins that were long regarded as going to the physically strongest skier are now-acknowledged to go to the most conditioned and the best prepared skiers. Waxing itself has become an art. Different waxes are formulated for different temperatures and types of tracks, and right until the starter's gun, racers can be found touching up their wax.

Over the years, under the influence of both ski racing and the multi-international downhill ski manufacturers, the physical equipment required for cross-country skiers has changed considerably. Traditionally, a leather boot, not much different from a walking boot, was built with a special toe arrangement that trapped it to the ski binding. Skis were of strong and flexible woods, such as ash and hickory, with beautiful grain patterns. Today's ski systems use a much more rigid, molded boot, not very different (except in bulk) from downhill equipment. The skis are made from many layers of space-age laminates, polymers, and fiberglass. Sets of cross-country skis adequate for the beginner usually cost between \$100 and \$130, with the more advanced ski systems also advancing the price.

Most of us, though, prefer a little more sedate pace. We are the masses who have discovered cross-country skiing in its popularized form. For ski tourers, as simple "day-trippers" are called, there are numerous options. Many ski tourers, particularly beginners, don't own their own equipment, but rent from commercial ski facilities. These facilities provide equipment and fitting, instruction and advice, groomed trails graded for difficulty, and maps. Roaring fires and hot chocolate often reward ski tourers at the end of the trails. Centrally located in the Clare area, *Chalet Cross Country*, on the top of James Hill on Old US-27, offers many options. For beginners, there are scenic trails



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without many hills to climb or sharp turns to negotiate; for more advanced skiers, the trails become progressively more vertical and twisting. There are ski outfits for sale as components or packages, and to rent if you're just trying this sport on for size. Certified Instructors provide lessons in groups or privately. There is candlelight skiing on weekends.

For those who own their own equipment, there are literally hundreds of trail systems from which to choose. Commercial and public trails are plentiful in Michigan. The State maintains many trails through the DNR and the State Park System. Well-marked and groomed, these trails are graded for difficulty and free to the public, except for the purchase of a Motor Vehicle Permit for your car. Motor Vehicle Permits can be purchased by the day or annually, and special discounts are available for Michigan resident vehicle owners who are 65 years of age or older. Michigan boasts more than 200 miles of cross-country ski trails at 38 of the State's 94 State Parks. Many of these are in our state's most scenic places.

Leelanau State Park on the tip of Grand Traverse Bay, and *Petoskey State Park* in Little Traverse Bay, have trails where you can feel connected to this uniquely spectacular land. Seemingly surrounded by water and covered with vineyards, the rolling terrain of Michigan's northern

Cross-Country Ski Events:

January 28-29. Winter Carnival. Houghton Michigan. Queen competition, downhill and cross country ski races, speed skating competition, dog sled races, and the famous snow sculpture contest. Information. (906) 487-2818.

January 28-29. Annual Silver Creek Challenge Cross-Country Ski Race. Tawas Area. 700 entrants compete in 10K and 10K races. Call the Tawas Area Chamber of Commerce for more information: 1-800-55-TAWAS.

January 29. Eagle Run Race. Oscoda. For information, contact the Oscoda Chamber of Commerce at 1-800-235-GOAL.

January 7, 28; February 11; March 4. Candlelight Cross-Country Ski. Port Crescent State Park. Call (517) 738-8663.

Early February. White Pine Stampede. Mancelona. After the Silver Creek Challenge, the second in Michigan's Triple Crown of cross-country skiing.

February 11. North American VASA Cross Country Ski Race. Traverse City. This second largest cross-country Ski race attracts Olympic-calibre ski racers, as well as "citizen" racers. Call (616) 946-4272.

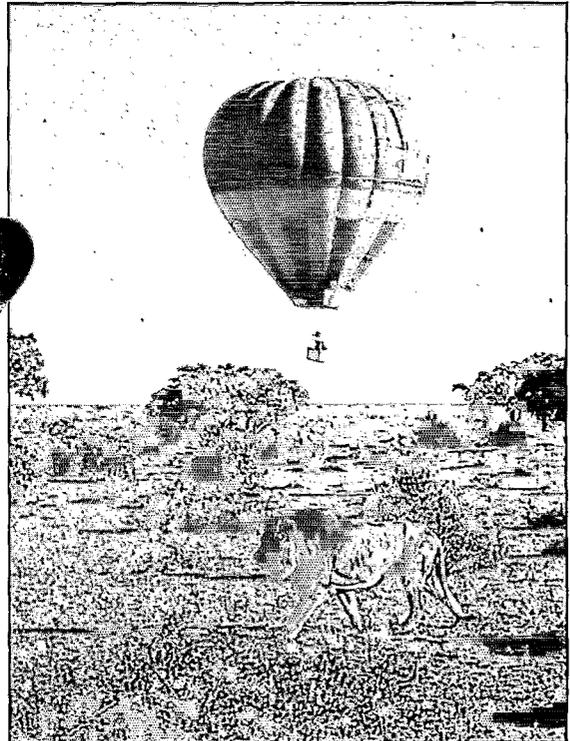
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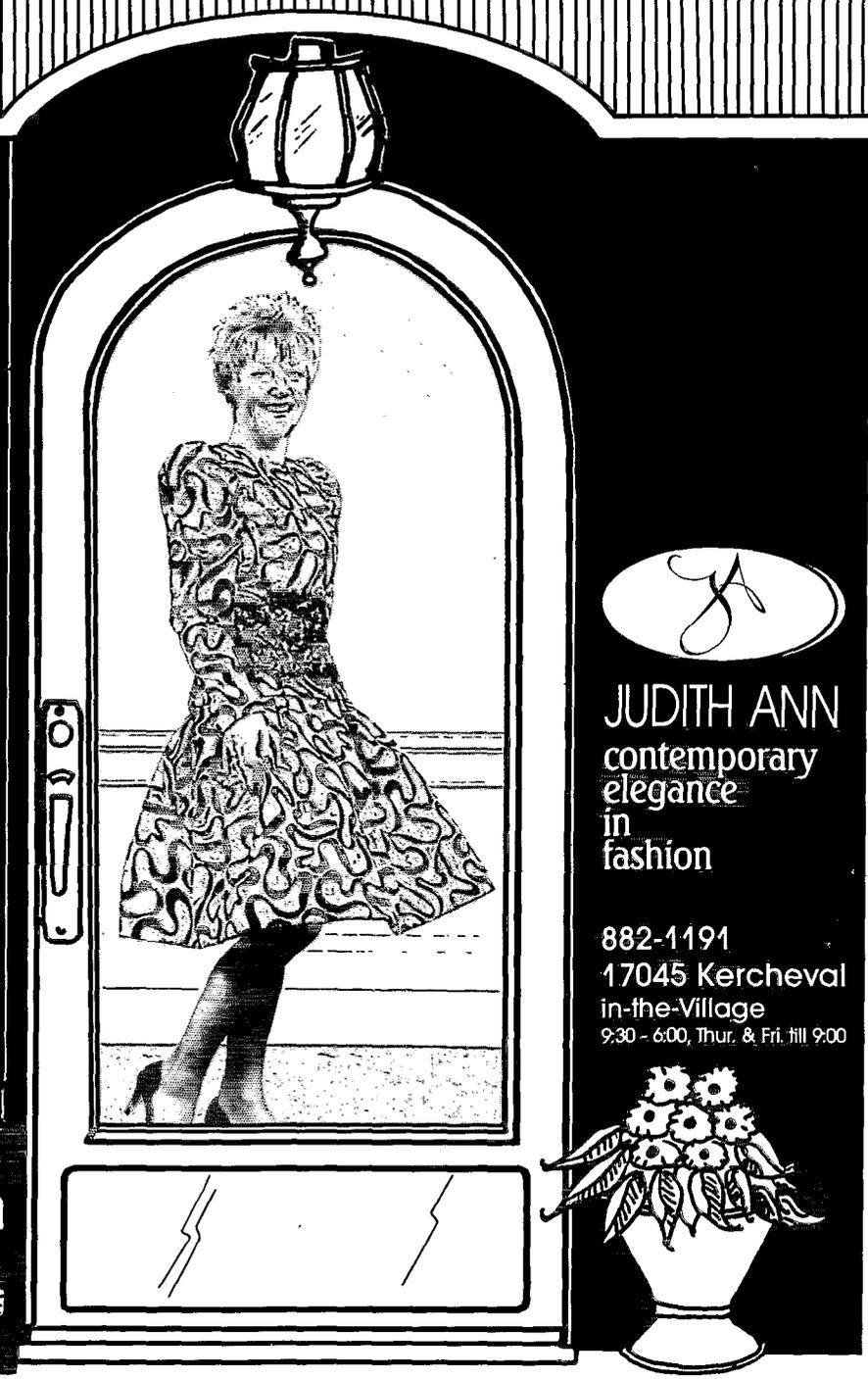
886-4710



wine country is the setting for trails in both parks.

On the other side of the state, known as the sunrise side, *P.H. Hoef State Park* has trails through stands of hardwoods, along Nagel Creek, and along unparalleled Lake Huron shoreline. The beaches are as beautiful in winter as in summer. The ice changes every day, reflecting storms, wind, and cold snaps in a solid record. *Port Crescent State Park* is a favourite among dedicated cross-country skiers for the candlelight cross-country ski. Candles light the trails through the snow-covered forest several evenings in January, February, and March for those romanticists among us. It is highly recommended as a most romantic way to spend a winter's evening with one you love.

The *Corsair Trail System* is an immense system of trails west of the Tawas, in the heart of the Huron National Forest. Skiers are said to have discovered the Silver Valley area in the mid-1930s, and the sport has only mushroomed since then. The trail system is home to part of Michigan's Triple Crown of cross-country skiing, the annual Silver Creek Challenge. The Silver Creek race is one of the few cross-country races where you may ski for practice on the ski route itself. In most other races, such as the North American VASA, the race track is created especially for the race. At Silver Creek, the race route is over the trails used every day, giving, I suppose,



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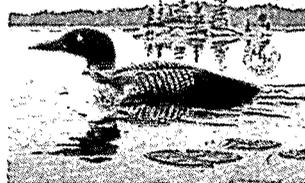
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a home team advantage to the event. At any rate, serious racers are there to learn the course for race day. In all, there are 34 miles of marked and groomed trails over rolling terrain with such image-painting names as Silver Valley, Corsair, Lumberman's Monument, or the Highbanks.

The *Highbanks Trail* follows along the bluffs of the AuSable River, and is one of the most scenic trails in the east. Tawas area residents hope that the views over their hills and snow bowls, pristine forests, and clean fresh air will keep you coming back for more.

The Huron Mountains, in the western Upper Peninsula, are the perfect compromise for those ski tourers who seek to journey back to a simpler time, without the physical hardship of extended daytrips in the cold. We can yet find a time when Michigan lay unexplored; when French was spoken with Ojibwa and Ottawa accents; when the English were the newcomers here; and when time was measured by

the season rather than the eight-hour workday.

In remote Big Bay, Michigan you can still feel part of this heritage. "Buck and Jeff," a pair of Big Bay entrepreneurs, offer a tour package that can't be beat. Including two nights in the historic *Big Bay Lighthouse Bed and Breakfast*, guided ski tours with Jeff TenEyck, and five meals, the package is priced at \$215 weekdays, and \$265 weekends, per couple. The Lighthouse was constructed in 1898 on a point north of Marquette to light the way for then-considerable shipping traffic, and is now owned by local resident Buck Gotschall. The beautiful brick lighthouse and keeper's dwellings boast 4,500 feet of spectacular Lake Superior lake frontage to fill your eyes, instead of television.

The ambiance at Big Bay is understated casual, with room assignments conveniently posted on the door. It is likely that no one will greet you. You will find comfortable rooms, a warm welcome, and above all, peace and

Exhausted skiers cross the finish line of the North America VASA cross-country ski race at Grand Traverse Village. The VASA is like a Boston Marathon on skis.

PHOTO COURTESY GRAND TRAVERSE RESORT

quiet. A common living room, dining room, and both indoor and outdoor sitting areas are at your disposal, along with the kitchen. Informal meals are sometimes prepared by Buck, and often prepared by visitors. Your North Country ski guide is apt to wax poetic, or historic, or philosophic, with entreaties on "the Big Bay Way" to live. Perhaps Taoism is not entirely of eastern origin.

Ski this winter. Join us in the bright, white out-of-doors. Race if you are a speed freak. (Haven't heard that one in awhile, eh?) Backpack into Michigan's deep dark interior if you dare—if not for the exercise, then do it for the romance. ◇

continued from page 31

I found my small headache was really a fever. Looking for a place to rest, I quickly learned that the facilities in the lodge are spartan. The only place to relax was on the picnic benches of the cafeteria. The lounge, which boasts of a fireplace and soft chairs, was closed until the evening. I crawled to the ski patrol building, and was given an emergency carrier and sleeping bag to rest in. As the day progressed, the small room I shared with the ski patrol was quickly filled with skiers with knee injuries. The young nurse would lecture macho college men who insisted on returning to the slopes. The majority of the cases ended up in the local hospital for x-rays.

To be fair, at eighteen dollars a day, Alta costs much less than any other western resort I have seen. Alta is known not for its luxury, but for its incredible snow. There is limitless, deep-powdered terrain available on untracked slopes. Alta claims this puts its skiers into a personal relationship with the slopes.

Kristine described her experience at Alta as "no-frills skiing." Since the powder-packed slopes were unkempt, it was difficult to tell where the trails were. For those who love pristine skiing, it is a paradise, but exercise caution: Although she was unharmed, one girl from our group had fallen on an unmarked trail into a small ravine.

Snowbird, a mile-and-a-half from Alta, impressed me as real mountain skiing combined with a futuristic, fantasy ski lodge. The lodge was the largest I have seen, and enclosed floors of first-rate stores, bars, restaurants, and nightclubs. Large elevators connected the levels, and indoor ski locks were available on each.

We took the multi-passengered gondola 3,000 feet up to the 11,000-foot Hidden Peak. Since we were skiing on a weekend, the crowds were a constant imposition.

Whatever feelings of claustrophobia I had were quickly replaced by an uneasy feeling of vast height. This was mountain skiing, and we were perched on the top peak.

All we needed was to plant a United States flag to complete the picture. January gusts whipped the snow into agitated forms. The view was right out of the window of an airplane. We pulled out our cameras and snapped pictures of Salt Lake City below.

"I was no longer conscious of the skiers around us. I only knew the rhythm of planting poles, and the song of the wind in my face."

On the gondola, we were informed that all intermediate runs from the top of the mountain were closed. I faced the beginning of the advanced run in front of us, which was slightly larger than my home street and surrounded by steep drops. I mustered whatever I could-remember from my lesson, and plunged onwards. The trail swerved onto a large bowl covered with massive moguls. We slowly progressed downwards.

Once we were in the heart of the slopes, the wind decreased and the sun's heat relaxed my tense muscles. Snowbird offers a variety of trails, for all levels. The crowds, however, detracted from the day. Beginners would meander down the narrow chute in wide snowplow arcs, and advanced skiers would whip by, splattering stones in their wake. Despite Snowbird's average snowfall of 500 inches, the run was patched in ice.

Pam referred to the virtually-vertical run immediately under the GAD II lifts as one she had previously skied on. I looked down and overheard a young woman who had frozen in the middle of the hill berate her boyfriend for choosing it. Unlike the others, this one was uncrowded.

I ended the day early, and met Gail and David shopping in the lodge; I always knew Gail and David had the

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right priorities. We decided we deserved a drink and headed to a lively nightclub. We were later joined by the rest of the Wharton crowd.

The bus ride home was quiet. The only sound was the unfolding of newspapers. The Wharton students religiously perused the business sections of the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Times*. I was happy to get the travel and entertainment sections. Since my Park City trip was about to end, I was already scanning the paper for trips to exotic lands. Nothing I could find, however, could match the healthy glow of our western ski vacation. I knew I would return home not only tanned and relaxed, but in shape and with a renewed confidence that came from daily battling the slopes.

As the autumn winds begin to scratch the leaves along the sidewalks and the sky turns a generic grey, I long to return to the snowy peaks, blue jean freedom, brilliant days, and fresh air of the Western slopes. To respond to a concerned neighbor—Yes, Mr. English, I happily accept the fact that I am an eternal snow bunny. As strong today as it was one hundred years ago, the lure of the West calls. Be sure your answering machine is on. ◇

Laura Barlow is an author who lives in Grosse Pointe. This is her first article for HERITAGE.

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LODGE LEISURE

When the air turns frosty and the days shorter, many people head for the snow-covered slopes of Michigan's picturesque ski resorts. While their days are spent swooshing down towering hills in bright-coloured designer garb, their evenings constitute a social whirlwind of lively entertainment provided by the resorts.

Après ski, which is French for "after skiing," is a term coined to describe the many social activities that begin after the slopes are closed for the day. For many skiers, *après ski* activities are just as important a part of the annual rite of winter as the experience of slaloming through sparkling, drifting snow.

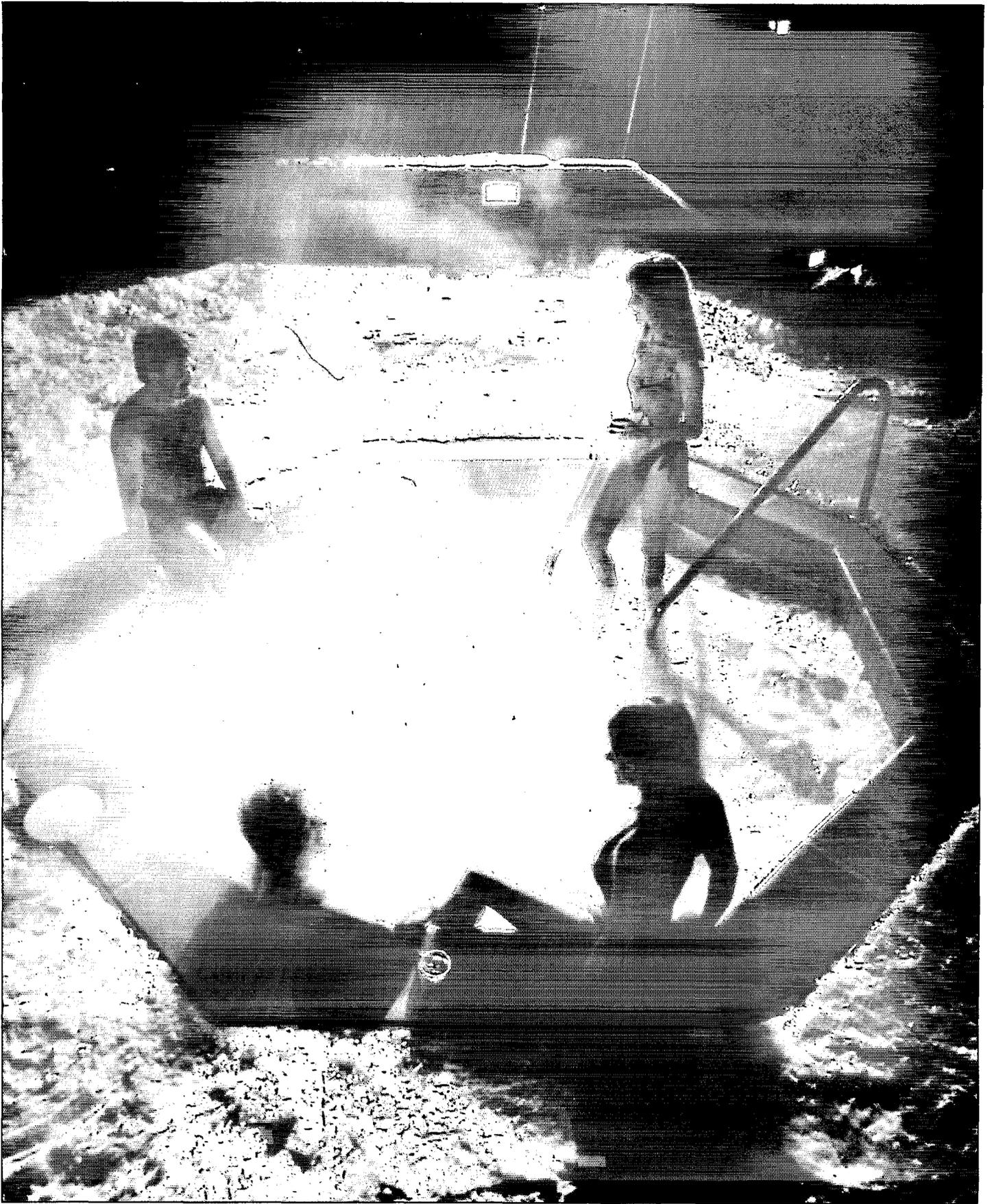
Is there life after a day on the slopes?

"Skiing is both sport and entertainment," said Bill Winchester, marketing director of Boyne USA Resorts, located near the tip of the lower peninsula. "It's a healthy outdoor sport that breaks up the winter and provides opportunities for parties and get-togethers."

And Michiganians do love a good party, as evidenced by the large number of ski resorts that provide social activities for their guests. These activities run the gamut from dancing in the lounges to outrageous costume parties that sometimes overflow onto the slopes, attracting young and old skiers alike.

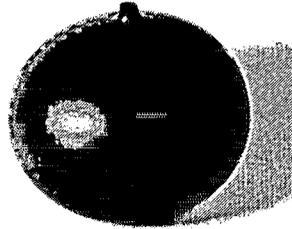
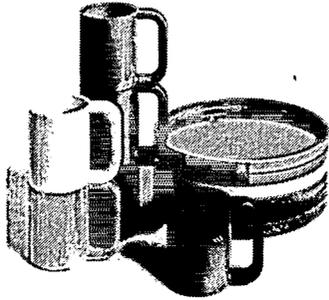
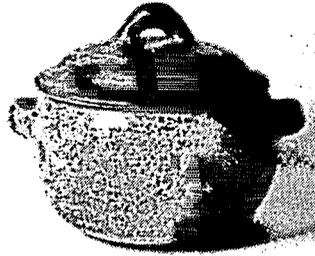
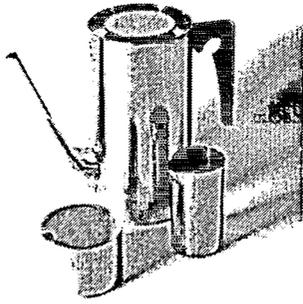
"Even though there's a large age disparity, social barriers are dropped at the ski lodge," said Carol Figure, a public relations professional who is a part-time ski instructor on winter weekends. "You can usually talk to anyone you meet at a ski lodge, regardless of who they are, because you have a shared mutual interest."

by EILEEN FIGURE SANDLIN



It's a short trip from the frigid slopes to the torrid hot tub.

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Although skiers of all ages—from toddlers to octogenarians—have been known to mingle at the resorts, younger people and singles are generally more inclined to participate in après ski functions. In fact, certain resorts, such as Boyne Mountain, have a reputation of catering to hot-shot, fun-loving skiers, and gear their social activities accordingly. Families and serious skiers are more likely to head for resorts such as Traverse City Holiday Ski Resort of Mt. Brighton, which promise great skiing, but have fewer social gatherings.

Northern Michigan resorts usually host more après ski activities, partly because skiers travel farther to reach their favourite lodge, and are looking for something to do in the evening before retiring.

"There are *absolutely* more après ski activities in northern Michigan," Winchester said. "In the south, skiers can just go home after a day on the slopes; but, up here, we are a destination area away from home. People often stay overnight or for several days, so they are very interested in participation activities and entertainment."

In addition, northern resorts also close earlier than those in the south—some as early as 4 p.m.—which extends the hours for social events.

"It's not uncommon for people to ski nonstop from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, then to head for the hot tub parties," said Figore. "You'll find more hard-core partying up north, usually until the bars close. Then everyone goes off to bed so they can go back out on the slopes again the next day. We lose a lot of skiers because they fall down steps while they're partying, rather than on the slopes. You'll see a lot of crutches and casts in the lodges on the weekends."

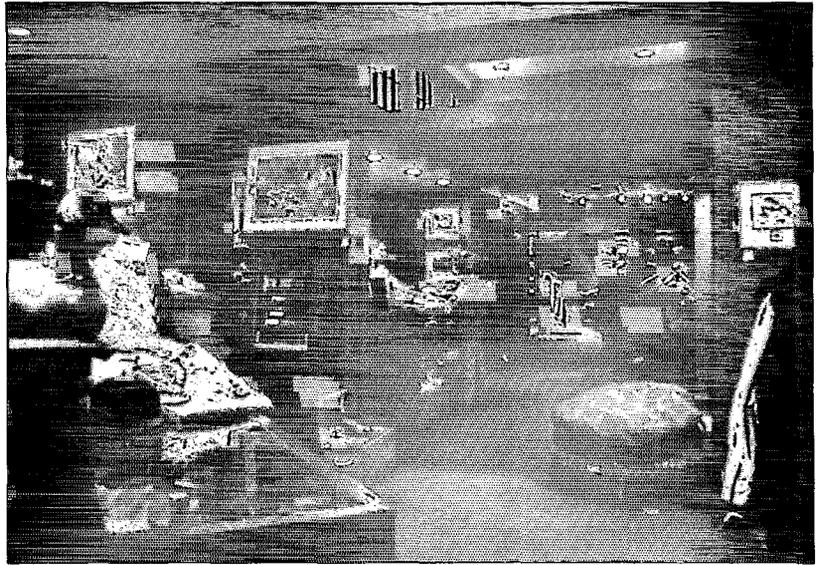
"People party pretty hard on Saturday," Winchester admitted. "Skiing does drop off considerably on Sunday."

Figore believes, though, that few skiers sit around all day and do nothing but party, because they are more interested in doing some serious skiing.

"The snow bunnies can stay up all night having a good time, but everyone else is at the resort to ski," she said. "Even if you do party, you're usually somewhat restrained, because you want to get up the next day and

Skiers and nonskiers alike appreciate the casual shopping opportunities afforded by the 18 specialty shops at Grand Traverse Resort. Shown here, the Streamside Orvis Shop.

PHOTO COURTESY GRAND TRAVERSE RESORT



ski. Besides, you can certainly find a cheaper place to drink than in a ski lodge.”

Nonetheless, lodge bars enjoy brisk business during ski season, which, weather permitting, runs from November 15 through March 15. Besides offering burgers and beverages, many lounges feature live entertainment and dancing in the evening. At Mt. Holly, for instance, the “Lift Room” seats 350 in chair lift booths, and features Top 40 bands on the weekend and DJs during the week. It’s not uncommon to see elegantly dressed merrymakers clomping around in ski boots in the hopes of winning a dance contest prize.

“Even though our hook is that we have higher hills

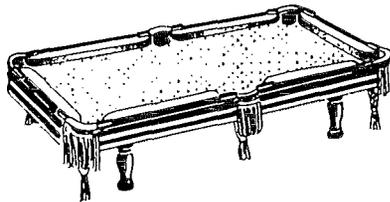
than our competition, we think that ambiance is as important as the skiing,” said Bruce Firestone, general manager of Mt. Holly. “We’ve worked hard to create a place where you can get both.”

Boyne Highland’s Zoo Bar doesn’t even open until 3 p.m.; most of the time, it’s so crowded that it’s difficult to squeeze in. As a result, many of the ski clubs and large groups that frequent the resorts often throw their own parties in the lodge activity centers. Other skiers prefer to head for the nearest large city to continue their evening at local taverns and restaurants.

Although most resorts prefer to prepare quick and easy

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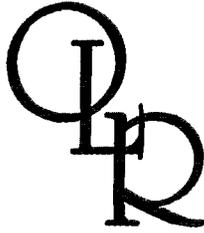
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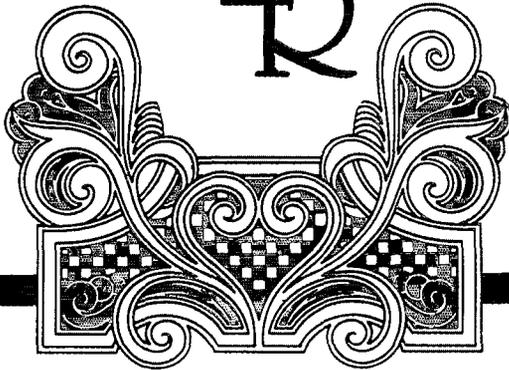
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cafeteria-style fare for their legions of hungry skiers, some lodges have full-service dining rooms for leisurely, gourmet meals. If you're in the mood for a midwinter barbecue, Mt. Holly staffers regularly rake over the coals on the deck adjacent to the Lift Room. A glass windbreak protects the area, where light fare such as hot dogs, bratwurst, or chicken is served.

Outdoor and indoor swimming pools are also popular places to congregate, both during and after skiing hours. Inside pools are open for extended periods of time, while the outdoor pools are kept covered, except during designated periods of time, to ensure that the water remains invitingly toasty for those people brave enough to dash through the snow for a dip.

At Boyne, meeting at the "halfway" houses that dot the slopes is a popular midday activity. The houses are equipped with fireplaces, restroom facilities and refreshments, and skiers plunk their skis down vertically in the snowbanks and go inside to warm up or socialize.

"Couples plant their right skis together in one spot, and their lefts somewhere else, so they are less likely to be stolen," Figure said. "Unfortunately, after a few drinks in the halfway house, it can be difficult to find your skis again. Sometimes it's a better idea to check your skis, even if you do have to stand in line to retrieve them."

One of the most colourful après ski events in the area takes place during Carnival Weekend at Boyne. Scheduled for the weekend closest to St. Patrick's Day, this popular event always has a large turnout and features costume parades down the slopes and live entertainment at the bottom of the hills. Other resorts sponsor bikini races and crazy hat contests, to add to the fun of the ski experience.

"On one trip last year, about 200 were avid skiers, 200 were occasional skiers, and 200 were concerned about how much time they had to party."

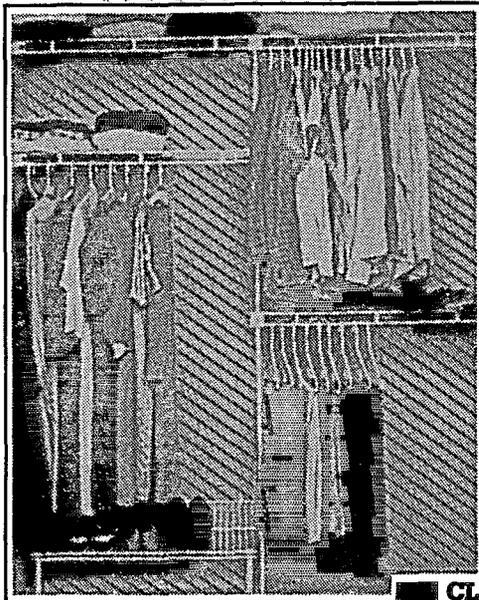
A good way to enjoy skiing and après ski activities is by joining a ski club. One of the largest clubs in the metropolitan Detroit area is the Ford Thunderbirds Ski Club, with more than 1700 members. But Figure says that probably only about 400 of those members are devoted skiers. Many of the other members belong to the group strictly for the camaraderie... and après ski activities.

"On one trip we took last year, 600 people attended," she said. "About 200 were avid skiers in a big way, another 200 were just occasional skiers, and the other 200 were probably more concerned about the way they looked and how much time they had to party."

Playing the part of snow bunny can be a social experience all in itself. Although they never set foot on the hills, except perhaps to take the chairlift to the wine-and-cheese parties on the slopes, snow bunnies are as much a part of the ski scene as their skiing companions. They are also just as welcome at the lodges, where they can sip their favourite brew and enjoy the slopeside panoramic views.

"Nonskiers do come up and sit around the lodge and look out the windows, but we still try to encourage

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everyone to ski," said Warren Brosch of Traverse City Holiday Ski Resort. "Many of the people who come to the lodge want to experience winter and will at least try out the hills."

Most ski resorts offer private and group instruction and will rent state-of-the-art equipment to snow bunnies who decided to venture out of the lodge. On National Ski Day, which is held in January every year, some resorts, including Mt. Brighton, offer free group lessons, rental equipment and rope tow tickets to entice non-skiers onto the slopes.

This season's fashionable snow bunnies—male or female—will be wearing bibs and oversized jackets in hot, hot shades of fuschia, teal and royal blue. Younger women will prefer to pair their turtleneck sweaters with stretch stirrup pants or warm-up pants in season-spanning black, while the fellows will choose four-way stretch pants lined with wool or terry for maximum comfort. New for this season are after-ski sheepskin-lined boots in leather, suede and fur for the women; men still have their choice of sneaker-like high tops in basic black or navy from manufacturers such as Khambu and Technica.

Headbands remain an essential item for the well-dressed ski bunny, largely because they are more comfortable to wear than big, bulky ski hats.

"Headbands and hats are really the only way to be unique," said Peggy McBryen, clothing buyer for Schummer's in Grosse Pointe. "Since you're so bundled up, headwear is the best way to make your fashion statement."

There are actually more headbands on the market for men than for women, most with the name of well-known sporting goods manufacturers such as Rossignol knitted right into the band. These, too, are in the season's hot electric colors.

"Some people even match their skis to their outfit," said Tatyana Paul of Bavarian Village in Mt. Clemens. "You can go nuts with all this stuff."

Whether you prefer to linger in the lodge or stick to the slopes, there is an unwritten "skier's responsibility code" that governs behaviour at resorts. Just as skiers are expected to ski responsibly and respect the rights of other skiers, the folks in the lodge are required to act decorously as well.

"Just like anywhere else, the kids can destroy a whole room," said Winchester of Boyne. "Our resort is well

For those who prefer to dress, dining offers a change of pace. This apparel available at Hilda of Iceland in Petoskey and Harbor Springs.

patrolled to keep everything under control. We want everyone to have a good time, within reason."

"We have a strict rule of no alcohol consumption, except in the bar," said Sherry Gerych of Mt. Brighton. "A lot of the kids bring wine coolers into the bar, but we confiscate them if the kids are under 21."

"Just as we tear up lift tickets for reckless, careless skiers, we'll pull tickets for drunkenness," Figure added. "Since you'll have a distinct skiing style after a few drinks, it's not hard to tell who shouldn't be out there. The Ski Patrol brings the drunks down. Sometimes, they just roll them down sideways!"

Whichever way you come down the slopes—prone, on a cafeteria tray, or on your perfectly-matched skis—there's no denying that life après ski at a Michigan resort is never dull. ◇

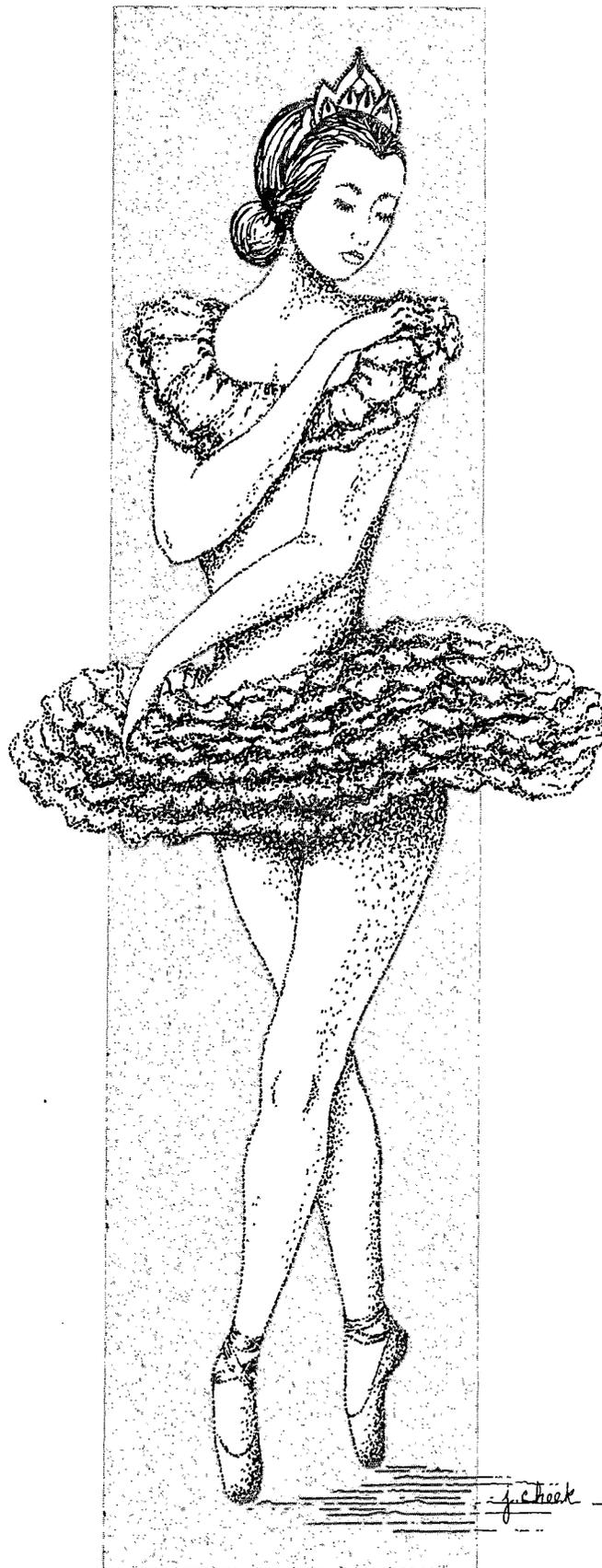
F I C T I O N

by RAYMOND DUDA

THE DANCER

She was nearly ready. Ever the artist, she applied the final dabs of makeup and looked at herself in the mirror. In a very real sense, she was still performing. *Retired from dancing, but not dance*, the opener of a recent interview described her present life. A self-description, actually, an insight she had herself volunteered to the interviewer and which had impressed him enough to pass it on to the readers. She laughed inwardly at the drama of it, but the description was nonetheless true. She was still a *grande dame* of ballet. Imperiously, she took up her evening bag, swept into the foyer where her maid enrobed her in her "what-makes-a-legend-most" Blackgama, entered the waiting elevator outside her door, and descended to the lobby and the waiting limousine.

Tonight the occasion was the opening of the Film Archives at the State Library and it was her appearance that made it a media event. Segments of her *Swan Lake* would officially inaugurate the Archives, and the Ballet Company would benefit from her spotlight. Though she had, at first, instinctively declined the honour, in the end her dedication to the company won her over. Not just *the Company* — *her Company!* — as some were beginning to call it. This,



her latest role, never failed to amaze her. Throughout her career she knew she was *prima ballerina assoluta* because she was, every trained muscle of her, an artist. Thus she had always assumed that her retirement from dancing would be complete. There might be a few cameo appearances at galas, an interview now and then on a sixtieth or seventieth birthday—dancers were long-lived—a judging committee, or a Presidential Commission on the Arts. But mostly she would absolve herself from the constant rigours of the bar, rehearsals, performances, and tours. She would allow herself to relax. Spend time with her friends. Perhaps travel. Certainly she wouldn't open up a school and teach. Her ex-husband (her second one; her first marriage to a dancer in the Company early in her career epitomized an extreme and unfortunate dedication to dance) had invested her money wisely for her; after their divorce he continued to be her financial counselor. Her more affluent admirers bedecked her with tokens of appreciation befitting a reigning queen of ballet. She had furs in vaults, jewels in safe deposit boxes, artwork insured and hanging in the apartment, the apartment itself, a hefty portfolio. In short, financial security. And she had thought she would look forward to the different pace, the different demands; instead, she became an active force within the Company, by accident, almost.

First asked to use her influence to invite some moneyed friends to a benefit gala, she soon organized the galas. She couldn't refuse; after all, she did love the Company. It had become an integral part of her. It welcomed her years ago when she was just another promising dancer. From its nurturing, she emerged a star. Embarking upon the life of a guest artist, she travelled extensively, and sometimes was absent for an entire season, but she always returned to its welcome. It was her artistic home. Now she no longer danced, but she worked for the dancers. She loved them, those young, well-honed bodies, their dedication and achievement the epitome of her continuing devotion to art. She understood them as dancers, visiting rehearsals and commending them, occasionally working with them at the bar, inviting them to the parties. She often coached them, not just the Giselles and Princes, but the Frantzes, the attendants, the "peasant" lovers. She knew intimately the lines of the body and how they flowed into the images of movement. She knew, too, the words with which to make real to the dancers the longings and tensions they danced. She was, for them, the apotheosis of the dance. They adored her.

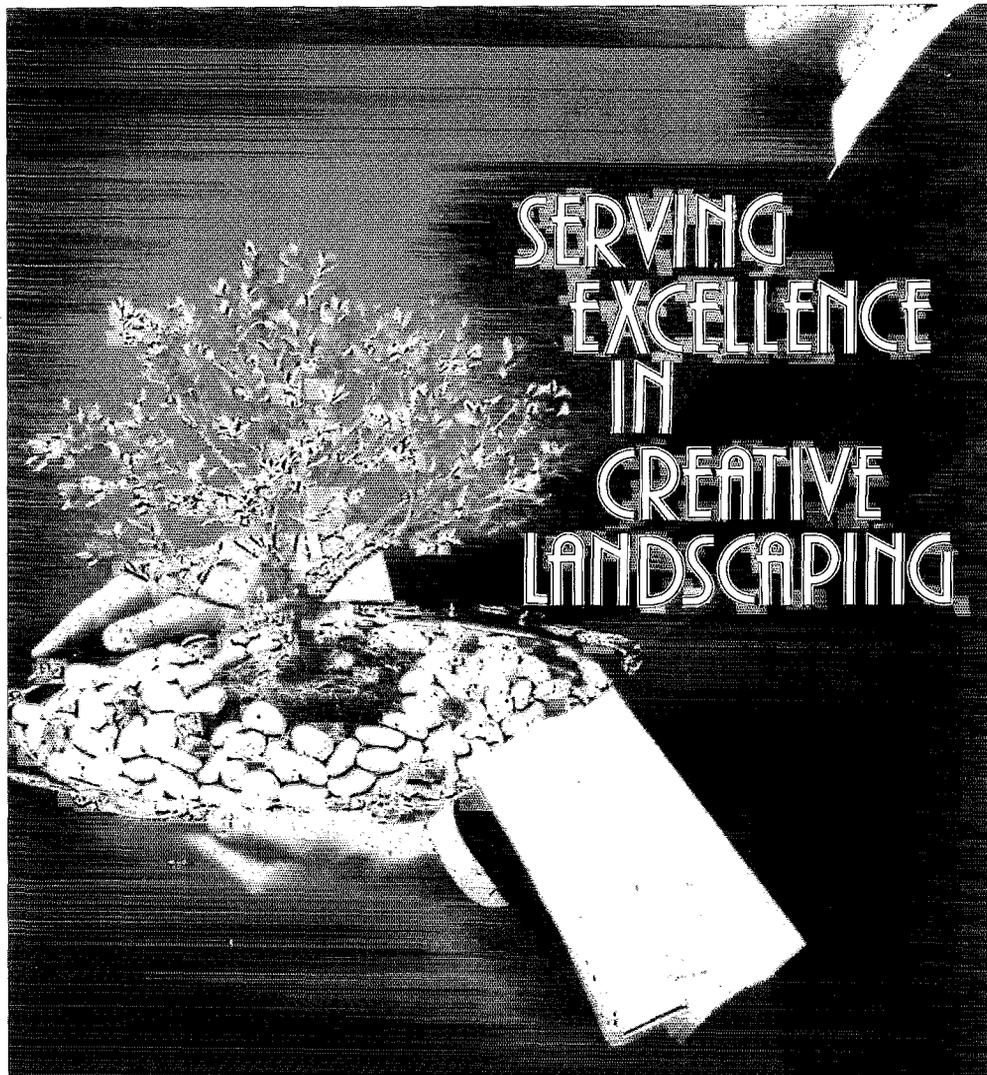
So for them, for the Company, she charmed grant dispensers, wheedled discounts for the thousands of ballet shoes worn out every season, bargained with unions. Surprised, almost ashamed to find this practical streak in herself, she soon became indispensable to the Company in this new capacity. And from there, that she should have a voice in spending the money—lots of money—she had helped raise, was inevitable: repertories, individual roles,

tours, new dancers and choreographers. She was one of a board that ruled, but her former career made her the most glamorous, the most visible. So here she was, going to the opening of the Archives, almost against her better judgment, an ambassador for her Company.

The limousine arrived and the Director hovered at the curb, waiting to open the door. Her presence still commanded. People stopped and pointed to her as she moved down the red carpet with the comfortable assurance of one's body peculiar to dancers, past the rolling cameras and the applauding crowd. It was as if she were again coming in from the wings—the naive Giselle opening her cottage door to float out to center stage on point, and the audience, recognizing her, assured that it is indeed she, lets out a gasp, a sigh of expectation at long last fulfilled, applauds. She knew that was why she had been honoured tonight, why the Company chaffed her to all the big events, but she didn't mind.

Amidst all the greeting of the pre-show reception she felt vaguely uncomfortable; she was not keen to see herself dance. She did not want to see herself dance. Half-consciously, on her drive over in the limousine, she had formed a stratagem of sitting through the film with her eyes closed. The lights would be out. Who would notice? She thought her unease ridiculous; after all, she wasn't dancing. Nonetheless, when the Director asked his guests to assemble in the auditorium and was solicitously engaged in getting them to put down their champagne, she saw and beckoned to Phillip, one of the important partners in her career and himself to be featured with her in the film. Once she learned that he had not brought a guest, she asked him to stay with her, to "partner her again tonight;" of course, he accepted. Some press nearby overheard her and began at once to play up the parallel for their stories, scribbling down leads and jotting down questions to ask her at the interview later. Ensnared between Phillip and the Director, she entered the auditorium.

She was not sure afterwards just what she had seen, although she knew that in her honour they played excerpts from her *Swan Lake*. She knew the *pas de deux* was with Phillip. Beyond that, she remembered very little, for, soon after the program started, she felt herself more and more out of control. Unable to close her eyes, she sat as in a daze. She saw on the screen not herself, but a dancer who turned brilliant *fouettes* and ascended elegantly and surely *en pointe*. When the dancer on screen sped off the stage in a slight of graceful, lightning-quick *bourrées*, she, too, wanted to flee. Instead, she was trapped, and she cried. She cried without sound, slow, languorous tears swelling in her eyes, making them shimmer in the screen's reflected light. When the program ended and the returning lights brought the familiar applause, she managed to compose herself until one of the reporters asked her what it was like to see herself dance. Her silent tears burst into sobs, and



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FICTION

all she could respond was, "Oh, please. Please, no." It was obvious she couldn't stay, and Phillip handled her as the true prince of their former dancing days: "That's enough, please... Please, no more. No more!" he insisted, and escorted her out to take her home. In the limousine he simply held her hand, let her weep, and murmured, "I know." She felt he truly did, but was grateful he did not press her further. He left her at her door, calmed, promising to see her tomorrow, and mumbling something to her about "sorting it out."

She sat in the subdued opulence of her living room and contemplated herself screened on the mirrored wall. While she had lived more than half her professional life in front of a mirror, it was a working relationship only. It served her dancing. Otherwise, she did not belabour the fact that she danced. No photographs of her as Odette, Odille or Giselle, to name just a few of her roles, ever hung in her apartment or dressing room. The Company's promotional posters often featured her, but did not flatter her. Besides, they didn't adorn the stage entrance. She never read, to approve or correct, any of the biographies or articles written about her. Her assistant could correct dates and roles. Her fans interpreted this behaviour as superstitious rituals, the only ones they could discover, of a temperamental diva. But this apparently studied modesty reflected how she viewed her art. Tonight, though, stimulated by the images of herself on the screen looming larger than life, she allowed herself to think back, to remember. She remembered when she first knew she was a dancer.

Like most dancers, she could pinpoint the exact moment. For Fonteyn, it had occurred when, as a girl of fourteen, she danced one of the snowflakes in a Sadler's Wells production of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker*. For her, too, it had been Tchaikovsky, and the *Nutcracker*, but in a local ballet school's performance. She was in her middle teens and formed part of the always-dwindling group of dedicated students, mostly girls, who persisted over the years. Though dedicated, she did consider the dancing and the recitals—especially the recitals—a chore. As a student, she sacrificed many social activities. She did not compare dates over the telephone; she hardly went on dates. She didn't laugh with her friends at the movies or the afternoon stereo sessions. Practice and rehearsals for performances took away even more of the little personal time she did manage for herself. The extra work made her more tired, and she positively abhorred standing immobile through costume fittings with her mother, who lovingly spent hours on them; she couldn't see all the fuss. One year, though, the director (ambitious for the talent he discerned in her) cast her as the Sugar Plum Fairy.

The rehearsals and fittings were still the same chore, despite the excitement her mother felt at her first starring role. The performance, too, began rather lamely. Mostly she had to look regal—wave a wand and bestow honours,

invite her guests to a party, and then sit in full view on stage, pretending to look interested as she watched the other students, even the tots, go through the *divertissements*. Then the moment came when her cavalier extended his arm to her and escorted her to center stage for their *pas de deux*. It was magic.

She had, of course, been on a stage before in a darkened auditorium. She had even rehearsed these very steps; But, at rehearsals, everything goes on. Other dancers warm up around you, as long as they keep out of your space. People arrive and leave all the time, noisily. Mothers screech at their protégées. The director blasts out commands over his loudspeaker. You aren't sure you hear the music sometimes. Sometimes you walk through your steps without your partner. And, even if you dance, when you finish, who cares? There's a hurried, "Thank you. Next number! Hurry!!!" and you quickly skit off stage.

"Amidst the darkened stage, the silence in the auditorium, the music and the steps, her partner's body supporting her, there loomed before her a whole world, a tradition, which beckoned to her and to which she wanted to give herself with grateful abandon. She realized then that it was a privilege to dance. She was committed."

But then, the spotlight focused on her, and all her nervousness, all the exercises at the bar, all the classes and dreams, all the work and sweat coalesced into that one tiny spot on the hardwood floor. When the first strains of the violin called to her to step onto pointe, she responded to the music in a way she had never done before. She responded differently because she heard the music differently. Afterward, had she then been able to express it, she would have said that she actually didn't hear it: she sensed it, she experienced it so intensely that she responded to herself. She did not have to concentrate to remember the steps; her body did. She could always recall, and relived even now, the intensely giddy, surreal aura which engulfed her then. Amidst the darkened stage, the silence in the auditorium, the music and the steps, her partner's body supporting her, there loomed before her a whole world, a tradition, which beckoned to her and to which she wanted to give herself with grateful abandon. She realized then that it was a privilege to dance. She was committed.

Now, after so many years, the mirror showed her she still had the dancer's characteristically lean, supple body. She still worked it. Like most of her colleagues retired from

FICTION

the stage, she continued her barre exercises, not with the same intensity as when she danced, nor for as long, but she had to do them, sometimes with the company, sometimes in her studio, sometimes visiting a local dance school. They had become as automatic, as necessary, as breathing. At the bar, she worked her body as an instrument, flexing and priming it. Yet, in the rhythm of those movements—in the rhythm accentuated by the repetition, in the stretching of limbs and muscles, in the progressing from basic to more complex movements encompassing the whole body, in the accelerating from slow to quick tempi, in the body's flowing from one pattern to the next, responding spontaneously to the ballet master's commands, in the sharp turning at the end of each pattern to repeat the sequence on the opposite muscles, and in class, in the simple elegance of those movements multiplied by all the dancers, arms, legs, bodies moving in a regimented-yet-free harmony, and in all of this doubled in the mirror—she achieved an almost mystical oneness with her body.

There it was again. Where there was a dancer, there was—the mirror. The dancer's tool. The objective critic. It revealed every line, pointed out the most slightly misplaced limb, instantly applauded the dancer's transcendence of her body. To some, mirror was the epitome of the dancer's occupational hazard—too much concern with one's self, with one's body, always looking at, examining, measuring, evaluating, one's self. The dancer as Narcissus. How right, and yet how wrong, she felt. She did not deny the emphasis on the physical, the attention to her body: the hours at the barre, the ballet master's comments on legs, hips, turn-out, chin, back, elevation. But she endured those hours of *pliés* and bends, the agonizing *adagios*, not just to fashion a finely-sculpted body, but to create out of it. A tool, yes, but also so much more. It transmuted into—and this mystery of her profession never ceased to amaze her—the work of art.

She did not arrive at this knowledge until she was ready for it. Soon after her magical performance, she auditioned for a New York company and was accepted. She soon moved out of the corps to trio, duet, solo, to principal dancer. She danced well; that was all. She was living in an hiatus, adjusting from starring in a school performance to dancing with a major company, from studying dance to dancing, all the while progressing technically and emotionally and, most importantly, artistically. Then one evening...

So hallowed had that performance with its sudden intuitive knowledge become in her personal mythology that the specifics were no longer clear. They didn't need to be. She was dancing. She was dancing a *pas de deux*. Was it Phillip who partnered her? Or the Russian? Or one of the rising male dancers from the Company? The answer didn't matter. Was the music Tchaikovsky again? The *pas de deux* from *Swan Lake* or *Sleeping Beauty*? Or from Adam's *Giselle*? Was she Dulcinea? It didn't matter. There was music, a

role, an audience, a partner. It was not simply that she danced better; rather, she intuited an inner dynamics in the role. She grasped the syntax of the movements choreographed for her feet, hands, and head. She was illuminated, and danced with her inner body, as well. Dancing, she created. She became an artist.

That night she was brilliant, and in a modest, objective way, she knew it. She electrified the audience, and they in turn charged her. She became the dance. The air about her glowed, supported her as much as her partner's body which responded to her elation, to her spontaneous nuances in the lifts, the *port de bras*, the crossed legs in the air, their movements as integrated in their performance as if they had rehearsed them in all their subtlety. Then they began their variations—first her partner, then she, wove a spell about the audience with the deliberate, tortuous tempo of full, sweeping *developpés* into grand, tightly-controlled turns, all-embracing *port de bras*. The choreography called for her to finish in *attitude croisée en pointe*. When she rose onto point and lifted her body, she found her equilibrium so accurately that those precious seconds of exultant triumph against gravity and all earthly limitation which never failed to exhilarate both dancer and audience seemed to meld into eternity; suspended, she felt she actually had to make a distinct effort to come down. Her spell broke only when she had nearly run off into the wings, so that the audience exploded into wild cheer and applause just as her partner bounded onto the stage for his second variation, confusing him slightly at first. Her second variation was, like his, a bravura piece of flashing *temp levés*, spinning jumps, and a spirited *soubresaut*. When they ended the coda and he lifted her to the final pose, the ovation stopped the performance and lasted so long that the conductor, in desperation, signalled the orchestra to continue playing. With his flailing hands the only source of tempo, they continued to dance to still tumultuous applause. Only when the audience saw that the two intended to dance did they stifle their enthusiasm and let the applause taper down. At her first solo curtain call, the audience again erupted into praise. The dancing drained her of physical and emotional strength, and though the audience's continued *bravas* thrilled her, calling her back again and again in front of the curtain, she longed to return to her dressing room to rest and, most importantly, to absorb what had happened to her; what she had become.

The performance catapulted her into stardom. It set the standard for the rest of her career. When she did quit the stage, many, including the critics, openly questioned the wisdom of her retiring when she seemed to be still at her peak. To the very end, scarcely any critic seriously faulted her dancing. She herself would never go so far as to say every performance had been her absolute best. There was unappealing choreography; there were uninspiring partners; there were stiff muscles and plain bad days. The

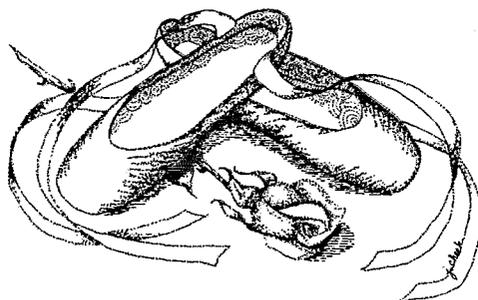
stamina and virtuosity of younger days waned. Their loss she countered with fluency and depth of interpretation, not tricks to hide what she could no longer do, but her serious struggle as an artist was to be as true as possible to her art. She was constantly developing, constantly refining and perfecting her placement, her balance, every movement from the simplest *port de bras* to *fouettes*, to create and create again and again that ultimate interpretation not restricted to any one particular role, but embracing dance itself.

These were the lifelong accumulated mysteries of her art she told no one, not even herself, consciously, till now, lest the knowledge destroy the aura. Dancing wasn't natural. It was grace and discipline—consummate grace, free and spontaneous, yet achieved within absolute discipline. Art and artifice at the same time. Her instrument might be her own body, but from the gruelling hours at the barre, stretching, pulling and tuning; from the gallons she must have sweated in her lifetime to temper her well-toned muscles; she forged a dancer's body. It defied gravity. When she danced, each step, no matter how minute, was planned by the choreographer, and could be objectified in the long, sonorous French terms, sometimes longer to pronounce than to execute. Her feet were calloused and practically deformed by the pointe shoes, material and glue and lamb's wool. Yet, when she danced, she took her physical body, and the hard work, and the choreographer's instructions, and transmuted them, out of the artifice creating, from her very self, art. The creation was exhilarating.

It was also terrifying. She never outgrew the nauseous stomach or the nerves pleading for release, looking forward to, yet dreading, each performance. Every one had been a consummation, a burst of creative activity which gathered unto itself all other others that had come before, added to them, triumphed over them; and which, after that triumph, challenged her. Each performance, in essence, became a debut, for she was no longer the dancer who danced the night before. Because of what she had achieved before, she had to dance again. Did the critics realize how close they came to her real self when, in excess of admiration, they wrote, "She was her own most formidable rival?" Once she had danced, she had to dance again. And now she no longer danced.

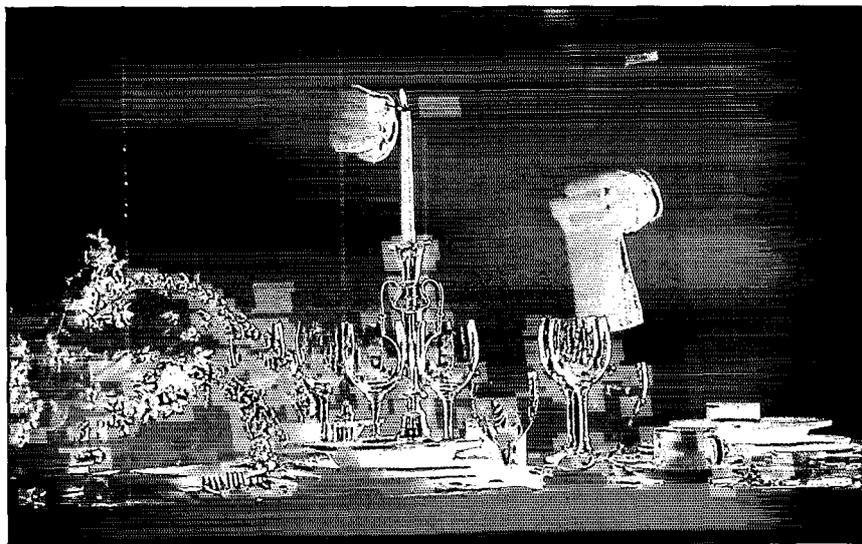
She assumed every artist must feel this pang, this emptiness seeping into her, filling the void left by the furor of creative work. For all the anguish and effort, the work sustained. She was grateful, for as a dancer her artistic creativity had been intensely personal—her body was her art. She had managed an extraordinary career—in its length and artistic integrity. As a dancer, too, she had a built-in biological clock. She could not go on creating, as a writer or composer, for example. She might have the inner drive, but the instrument had its limits. At a certain point, a certain age, the body simply says, "No more," and that is that. She couldn't be blamed; she shouldn't blame herself. Still, she could not point to a work, an objective creation, a painting, a book, or a score, and proclaim, "I did that." Even so, she doubted that a writer or painter could be sustained by that pointing. What good to say, "I did that," when you knew you no longer could? She spun her artistic life with the tenuous strands of performing. Only afterimages survived, as Arlene Croce, the critic, put it; all that was left after a performance. She existed only in her *glissade* to *assemble* to *jeté*—otherwise she was demon-taunted. She would have preferred, like Matisse, whom she idolized, wresting colour and form into new frontiers from his sickbed, to be demon-driven to the very end. Yet she knew, too, suddenly and clearly, that had she known on that magical night, years ago, what she felt tonight and felt every day of her career, she would still have gone on. It was simply in her. As Phillip had said to her once, "You are more than a dancer. You are an artist."

Yes, she mused, I am a dancer, though I no longer dance. I am an artist, though I do not create. She got up, her body responding instinctively to the evening's images. She moved with the arched, turned-out steps, toe and heel perpendicular to the body, toe leading, heel pushing, that dancers adopt when they "walk" on stage. She took a few steps, ended with her feet slightly apart, the front foot arched and pointing forward, and bowed. And as she bowed, legs still turned out, the front one sliding and extending in front of her, the back one bending and supporting, arms gracefully flowing out and back, her smile an elusive hint of the glory she felt in her being, she saw in the mirror a dancer, with consummate grace, bow and smile to her. She would call Phillip in the morning. ◇





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As Americans, we love Horatio Alger tales, stories of men and women who overcame the humble circumstances of their birth to become rich, famous and powerful. Such histories reinforce our belief that man does exert some control over his life, and that we are not merely whipped about by unknown forces.

The fact that some men and women are able to achieve goals regardless of their birthright gives us pause for consideration: how do they beat the odds stacked against them? What is their formula? What constitutes that entity known as Success? Perhaps it begins with vision.

Today, America is a service economy. Every newsmagazine and financial publication confirms that evolution of national resources; we would be obtuse

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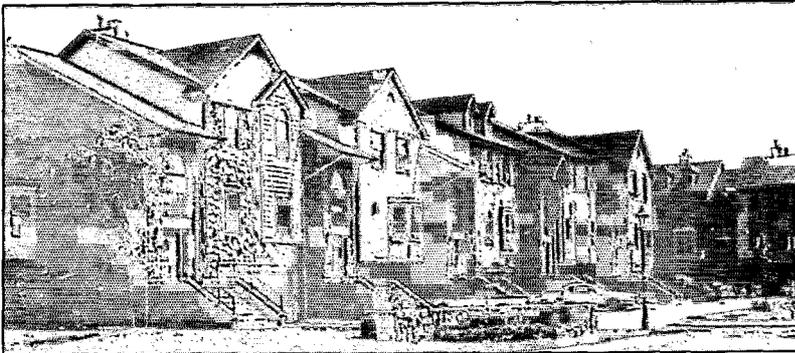
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to miss the point. Service is the one commodity we all crave, and cannot find; demand outstrips supply. We all recognize the value of service today; but to have seen the need for service when mechanical and industrial progress were in their heyday required nothing short of vision.

One man recognized that market a full century ago, and the hotel chain founded by Cesar Ritz thrives yet today—envisioned, created and sustained on the concept of superior personal service.

In 1850, Cesar Ritz was born in Niederwald, Switzerland, son of a shepherd. His childhood is obscure, but one can imagine the simple life his family lived. Ambition led Cesar elsewhere.

He began his career as a waiter at "Voisin," then the most fashionable restaurant in Paris. Along the way, he teamed up with the renowned French chef, Auguste Escoffier, with whom he worked in several of Europe's more famous hotels. While both were employed at the Carlton Hotel in London, Cesar Ritz travelled to Paris to search out a location for his dream—a hotel of his own.

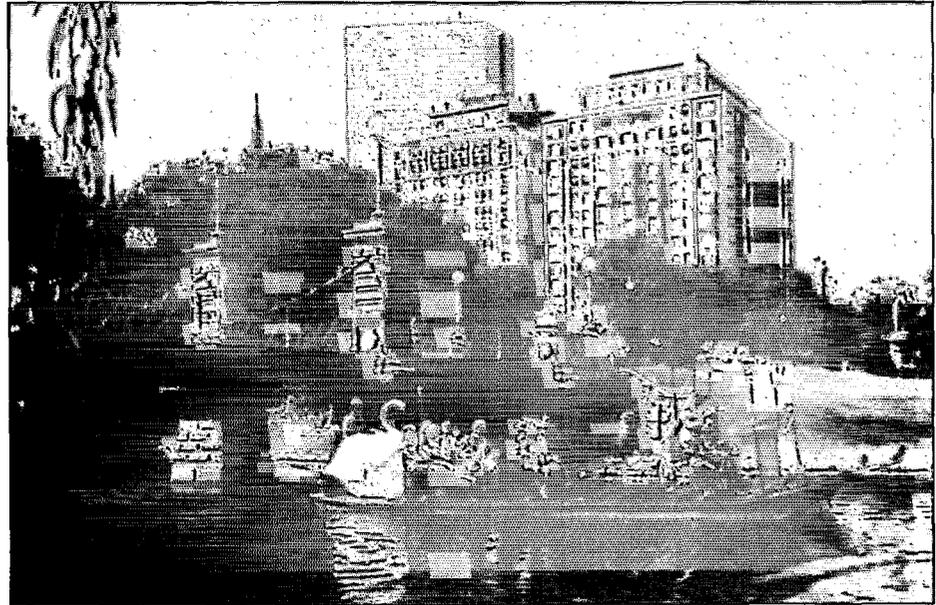
He found his heart's desire, on the Place Vendome. A man of impeccable taste, Ritz had, over the years, become well acquainted with men of similar disposition. Now he contacted his old friend, Marnier La Postolle, the originator of the liqueur, "Grand Marnier." He outlined his plan for The Ritz of Paris, and convinced La Postolle to loan him the money to build his dream hotel.

In June of 1898, at the Grand Opening of The Ritz of Paris, Cesar Ritz was almost fifty years old; he had worked in the finest hotels in Europe, studying their operations, becoming increasingly certain that his hotel would be superior to any in existence. The Ritz of Paris became the standard for European deluxe hotels. His concept was unique: he sought not to increase the exclusivity of the hotel industry by the standards of that day, but to offer travellers an elegant home away from home, where discriminating patrons could enjoy the comforts, security and service that they would otherwise, in their own environment, provide for themselves.

Home away from home; a simple concept, dependent on the provision of anticipated personal service. When

Pages 52 and 53: The brilliance of Auguste Escoffier set the standard for Ritz-Carlton diners.

Right: Situated in the historic Back Bay neighborhood of Boston, The Ritz-Carlton has hosted the likes of Winston Churchill, John F. Kennedy and his family, and an endless entourage of foreign royalty.



all of Europe's hoteliers sought to impress, Ritz instead sought to comfort.

Cesar Ritz had a most definite idea of how that comfort could be achieved. The hotel's location was central and convenient to the city, but removed from noise and congestion. The rooms were comfortable to live in, not simply attractive in appearance. Food and beverage services were second to none, not only in the quality of food presentation, but in its preparation, as well. The food at The Ritz of Paris was most impressive, for the *chef de cuisine* was none other than Escoffier. The offerings of the wine cellar appealed to the most sophisticated connoisseurs.

The final criterion set by Ritz was

the most demanding, in terms of personnel and finance: in order to provide the finest service and to protect the quality of that which was being served, the number of employees was to exceed the number of guests.

Both Ritz and Escoffier had an interest in the Carlton Hotel in London. By combining their efforts, they established a Ritz-Carlton Management Company to give rights to the Ritz-Carlton name internationally.

In 1910, The Ritz-Carlton name was brought to the United States with a hotel in New York City. Under the supervision of Cesar Ritz, hotels developed all over the world bearing the Ritz-Carlton name, but only a few were able to survive the rigid standards

established by Cesar Ritz.

The year 1927 was wonderful: Charles Lindbergh made his immortal solo flight to Paris; The Babe hit 60 home runs; Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney met in one of the greatest prize fights; Al Jolson and "The Jazz Singer" brought talking pictures to Hollywood; Janet Gaynor won the first Academy Award for "Seventh Heaven;" and "Showboat" was the hit on Broadway.

On May 18 of that same glorious year—two days before Lindy took off in "The Spirit of St. Louis"—the doors of the newly-completed Ritz-Carlton, Boston, opened for the first time to the people of that city, marking the beginning of a great love affair undiminished over the past six decades.

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The name of Cesar Ritz came to represent the epitome of elegance.



The opulent interiors of The Ritz-Carlton hotels speak of affluent elegance.

PHOTOS COURTESY THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTELS

The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, was inspired by the great Ritz Hotels of Europe, and sought to establish and maintain unparalleled standards of excellence in the United States. The amenities of The Ritz-Carlton that would set them apart from other hotels included wood-burning fireplaces in the suites, a room service waiter and pantry on each floor, freshly cut flowers in abundance, and perfume in the elevators (with operators for convenience and added security).

There was no compromise with attention to details that ranged from immaculate linen to heavy silver to the gleaming cobalt-blue goblets that have become standard at Ritz-Carlton hotels.

As a result, world leaders and celebrities have flocked to the Ritz-Carlton, Boston, over the years, certain that their privacy would be discreetly guarded and their special requests honoured by an attentive staff.

When Sir Winston Churchill visited the hotel, The Ritz-Carlton upholsterers re-did his suite furniture in red, because red was his favourite colour. When the hotel learned that Joan Crawford loved peppermint lifesavers, they filled her suite with colourful candies. And when King Hussain and Queen Noor of Jordan visited and their daughter celebrated her second birthday, the staff decorated the Royal Suite with party streamers and favours.

The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, has also played host to countless playwrights and composers. Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart composed "Ten Cents a Dance" in 1930 in a Ritz-Carlton suite. Later, on a visit with Oscar Hammerstein, Rodgers combined efforts to create two new songs for "The King and I." Also with Hammerstein, Rodgers originated "Edelweiss," which was composed in a Ritz-Carlton shower.

The list of works inspired at the hotel is impressive, and includes Moss Hart's "Light up the Sky," which is staged in a Ritz-Carlton suite; new material for Tennessee William's "A Street Car Named Desire;" and a new third act for Neil Simon's "the Odd Couple."

In fact, during the Thirties and Forties, more Broadway plays and musicals were revised, rewritten or re-staged at The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, than in any other single location in America.

No guest's request is too great to

honour, and it has been a two-way street. Gene Autry once rode his horse, "Champion," into the lobby to honour the request of the hotel's original owner, Edward Wyner, whose children wanted to see the marvelous animal. Louis the Swan, of the late E.B. White's children's classic, *The Trumpet of the Swan*, spent a night in the hotel and played his trumpet in the lobby, slept in the bathtub and ordered watercress sandwiches through room service. Lassie and Rin Tin Tin have stayed at The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, as did Morris the Cat, who was in town (in black tie, of course) to see the musical, "Cats." The famous Walt Disney characters, including Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, and Chip and Dale, once enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner at the hotel.

Others who have called The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, home for at least one night of their lives include President Kennedy and his family, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, Chancellor Willy Brandt, President and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, The Rockefeller family, Howard Hughes, King Faisal of Saudi

Arabia, Henry Ford, Robert Urich, Bob Hope, Gregory Peck, Dinah Shore, Lucille Ball, Frank Sinatra, Cole Porter, Flo Ziegfeld, Mary Martin, Margot Fonteyn, Anthony Quinn, Carol Channing, Rudolf Nureyev, Yul Brynner, Ella Fitzgerald, Helen Hayes, Bill Cosby, Ginger Rogers, Warren Beatty, Dr. Albert Einstein, Bing Crosby, Burt Reynolds, John Wayne, Katherine Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Bette Davis, Lauren Bacall, Ingrid Bergman, and Jack Lemmon. When the elevator doors open, a familiar face may be waiting for a lift.

The tradition at The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, continues. In an industry faced with an average personnel turnover of 100%, the staff turnover at this hotel averages 33%. One-third of the staff have been with the hotel for at least five years, some as many as fifty, offering a remarkable combined total of nearly 2,000 years of service. The staff strength is 450 for this 277-room hotel. In the eyes of Cesar Ritz, such staffing was an absolute requirement for a hotel that based its reputation on

continued on page 79

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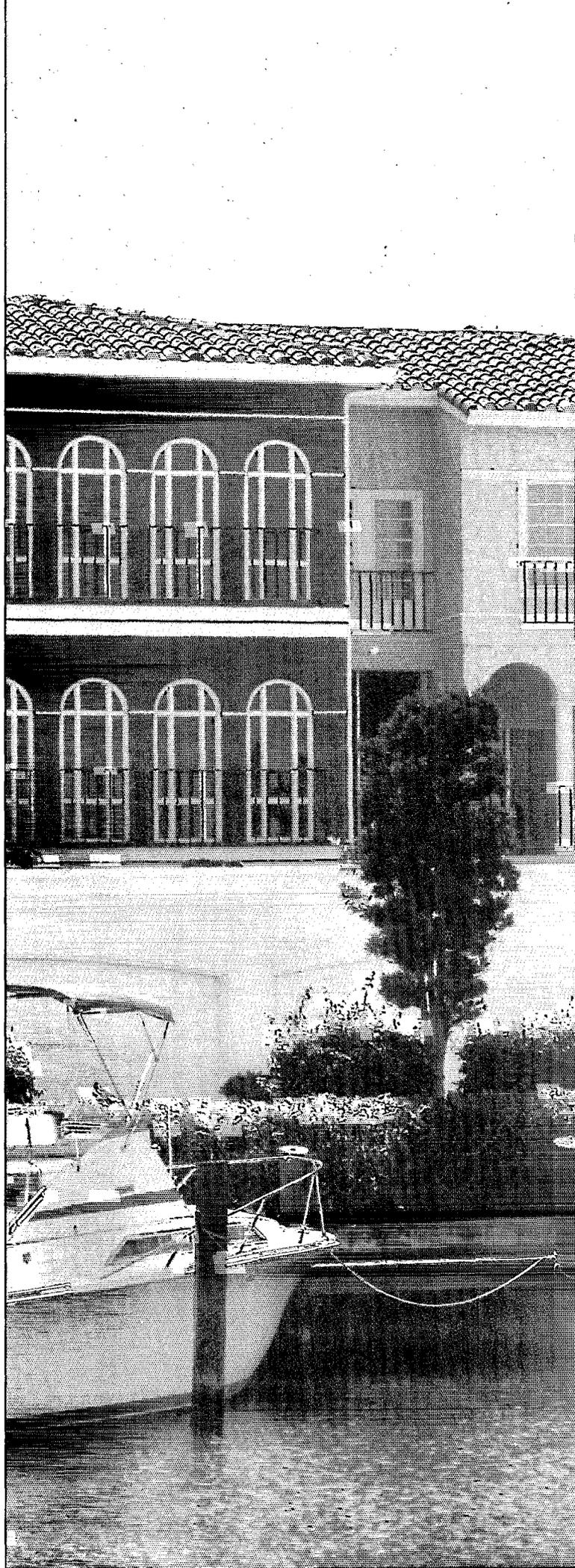
It won't be long before Michigan winter settles in, complete with cold, gloomy days and plenty of snow and ice. The record temperatures of the Summer of '88 will be purely a memory, as we battle the familiar elements of yet another winter.

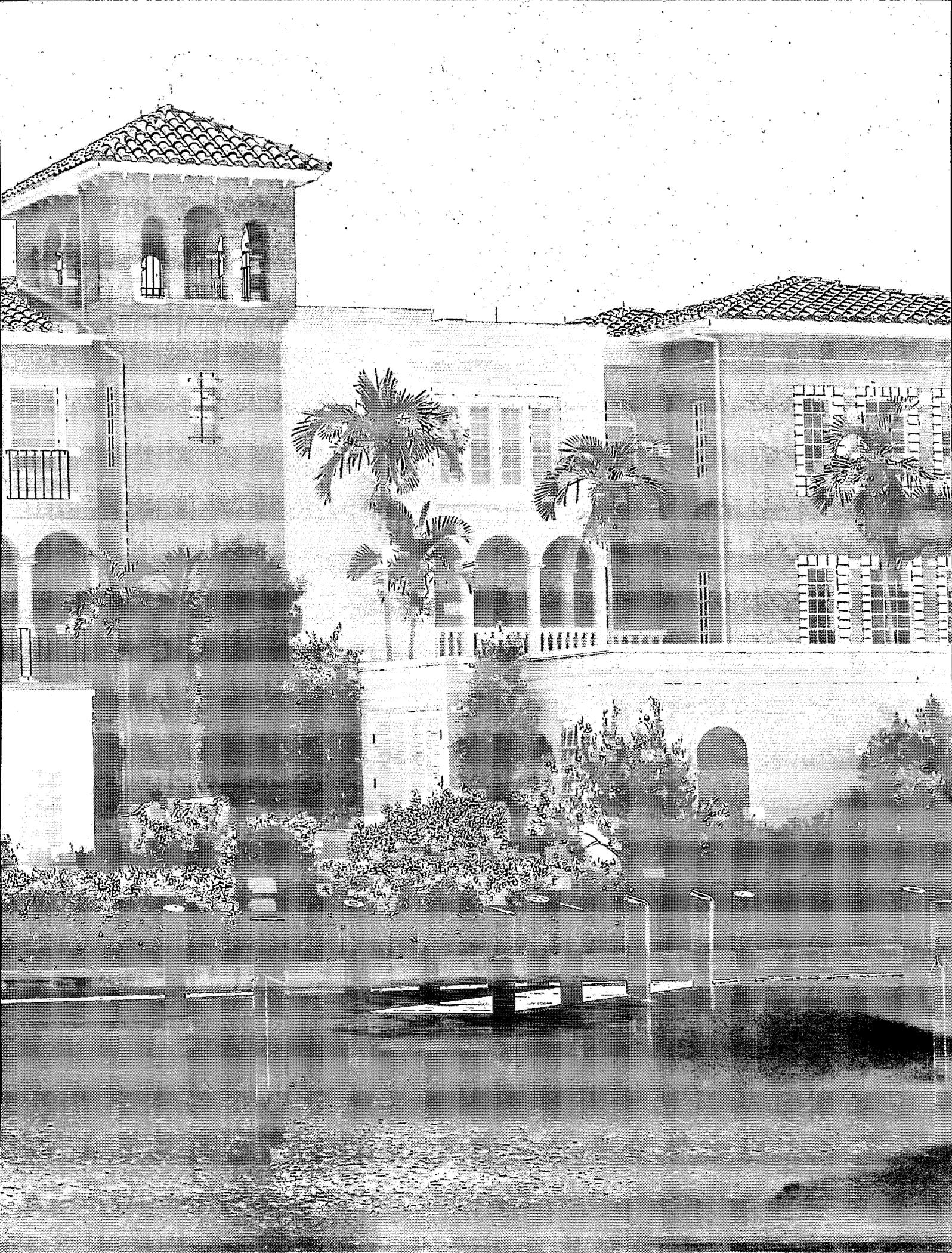
Perhaps you've already begun to entertain thoughts of a winter getaway, an escape to a tropical paradise where white sandy beaches glisten in the warm sun and exquisite shops beckon you to the finest resort life Florida has to offer.

Dreams *can* come true. Welcome to beautiful Naples on the Gulf! Whether your idea of paradise is worshipping the sun, dining in an elegant restaurant, browsing through an art show, listening to an evening of classical music, enjoying a round of golf or participating in your favourite water sport, Naples will accommodate you.

***The most elite town
on the Gulf Coast,
Naples is Florida's gem.***

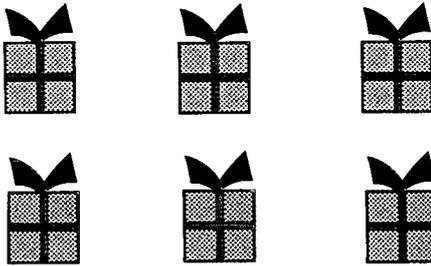
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Along the beautiful "Tropicool" coast, the weather is ideal year-round. Temperatures hold in the upper seventies and lows in the mid-50s from December through March. There are lots of wonderful ways to enjoy each day, when you waken to blue skies and sunshine.

Something for Everyone

The clean, white sandy beaches of Naples are ideal for sunworshippers and water sports enthusiasts. More than seven miles of beach, yielding warm waters and cool breezes from the Gulf of Mexico, are accentuated by palm trees and sea oats. Naples is the perfect place to slow down and get away from it all—a place where the natives are friendly and visitors are always welcome.

For many, the uncrowded beaches offer a perfect opportunity to pursue windsurfing, water skiing, and parasailing. The not-so-adventurous find shelling a relaxing and enjoyable way to spend an afternoon.

The most famous beachfront landmark in Naples, the wooden fishing pier, stretches more than 1,000 feet into the Gulf of Mexico. An ideal route for a late-night stroll, the pier attracts fishermen who reel in mackerel, trout, whiting, redfish and pompano. You can enjoy all the salt-water angling you like at no cost, since licenses are required only for freshwater fishing.

Bring your boat. At least 30 marinas are found in Collier County, with four public boat launching ramps. You can also rent your own motor boat or canoe. Perhaps you'd like to sail to neighbouring Marco Island, a thriving community south of Naples and the largest of the Ten Thousand Islands. Few memories compare with a romantic, moonlit cruise on the Gulf.

Water doesn't provide the only sport in Naples. Whether you're a professional or amateur golfer, more than 36 private and semi-private golf courses await you. Beautifully landscaped and designed, they provide challenge and fun for any golfer.

Tennis buffs will be happy to know that the city has 14 easily-accessible public tennis courts. Many of the hotels and other accommodations have excellent courts for your pleasure. Several professional tournaments are played in the Naples area on a regular basis.

The internationally-renowned Swampbuggy Races offer a marvelous view of these high-powered, all-terrain racing vehicles.

Dinner caps a perfect day. There are more than 350 restaurants in the Naples area, where the fine art of dining further reflects the elegance and sophistication of this Gulf community. Freshly-caught sea specialties complement menus featuring a variety of delicious dishes and exquisite desserts.

Once you've savoured the delicious cuisine, the Naples area offers a variety of cultural activities. If you love music, the winter season is particularly active, with concerts held nearly every weekend.

Alive with the Arts

Whether you enjoy the spirit of jazz or the classical sounds of the symphony orchestra, you'll find it here. The Naples Concert Band, one of the area's oldest musical institutions, consists of 65 volunteer musicians who perform outdoor concerts.

The sounds of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms come

alive through the Naples/Marco Philharmonic, which hosts a series of chamber, ensemble, and full orchestral performances.

For the visual arts lover, there are a number of dance schools and companies, many of whom perform at local festivals. Featuring anywhere from the Southern-style clogging to ballroom dancing, there's a style suited for just about everyone.

Art galleries and studios feature prints, posters, native Indian art, weavings, ceramic art, batik, wildlife art and the works of local and well-known professional artists. The Cultural Hotline, 263-ARTS, allows one to receive up-to-date information on cultural happenings around town.

A Shopper's Paradise

No vacation would be complete without at least a good amount of that favourite all-American pastime—shopping. The Third Street Shopping Area in Olde Naples offers a sense of history, as well as shops filled with designer clothes, gift items and a variety of restaurants.

Shops specializing in books, clothing, shoes, and antiques are not far away from Third Street on Fifth Avenue. The Old Marine Market Place at Tin City is a shopping showplace favoured by tourists, with more than 50 stores geared to satiate even the most ardent shopper.

Dockside Boardwalk, Coastland Center, Naples Shopping Center, The Oaks, Hibiscus Center, Park Shore Plaza and the Village on Venetian Bay feature a number of exclusive shops.

The Waterside, a new center at the prestigious Pelican's Bay, is scheduled to open at the end of the year. The 250,000-square-foot specialty fashion center, located at U.S. 41 and Seagate Drive, will feature 120,000 square feet of specialty retailers and restaurants. And there are more! But you'll have to visit Naples more than once to discover them all.

From Humble Beginnings

So what about the history of this delightful seaside paradise? Recently celebrating its centennial, Naples today is a luxurious city of ocean-front estates, exclusive communities and private clubs.

But it wasn't always so popular. In the early days, the unnamed wilderness which is now Naples was home to the Calusa Indians. It was only in 1877 that Hamilton Disston, a wealthy businessman from Philadelphia, purchased a tremendous amount of Florida land at 25 cents per acre. Disston planned to capitalize on the growing interest in Florida as a health resort by selling off the land.

Naples, however, had very few takers. In the meantime, Charles F. Adams, Disston's Jacksonville representative, became interested in investing some of his own money in the Gordon Pass area. Putting together a choice parcel of 3,712 acres, he purchased it for \$1.50 an acre; less than a month later, sold it all to the Naples Town Improvement Company for \$3 per acre.

In 1887, the group sold "blind" lots to investors all over the country. The Naples Town Improvement Company later appointed Richard G. Robinson to the post of general manager. Through Robinson, glowing articles featuring Florida appeared in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and land sales increased.

General John Williams and Walter Haldeman, new

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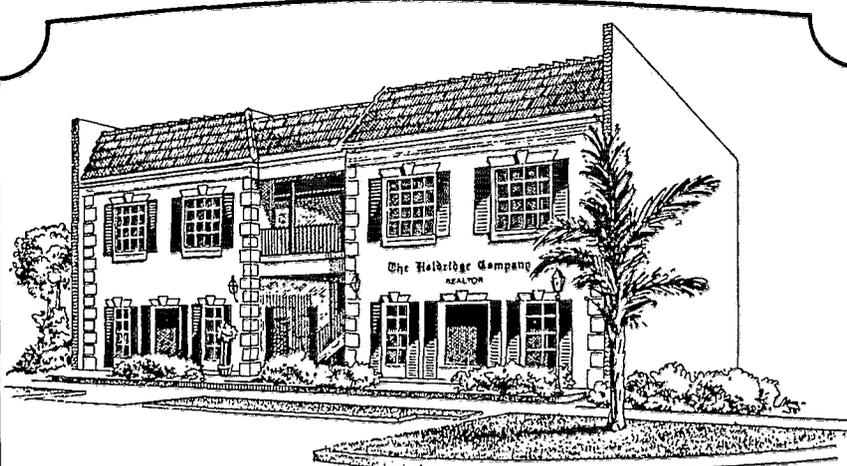
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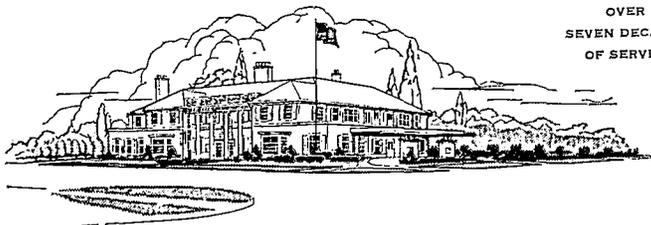
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owners of the renamed company (The Naples Company), purchased considerable property in Naples, convinced it was ripe for development.

Later, under developer Edward Crayton's guiding hand, Naples prospered and grew. Guests filled the hotel and cottages then, much as they do today.

In 1930, Allen Joslin bought 220 acres from Ed Crayton to create a golf club on the site of what is now the Naples Beach Hotel & Golf Club.

Later, during World War II, Florida became an important training ground for the armed forces when the United States government had Naples Air Field built specifically as a training field for combat gunners.

After the war, a number of men found their way back to begin new lives in the beautiful town they had come to know.

When Hurricane Donna virtually destroyed Naples in 1960, the town fathers were given the perfect opportunity to design a master plan for the city that maintained its beauty and uniqueness while putting Naples on the path to becoming the most luxurious resort area that Florida has to offer.

The secret was out. Communities featuring lovely homes and beautifully landscaped grounds began to spring up. More and more stores, schools, and churches opened up in Naples.

From 1960 through 1987, Naples increased its population from less than 5,000 residents to almost 20,000. Collier County's population increased from approximately 16,000 to more than 126,000 residents.

Naples Today

A vibrant, growing community, Naples has been cited by the U.S. Census Bureau as the fastest-growing urban area in the United States—but careful planning by city and country governments emphasizes the important balance between human needs and environmental concerns.

Projects are carefully watched to ensure that nothing destroys the elegance of this elite community. The result of this commitment to preserving Naples' heritage has led to a diversified economic base, tied to the community's values. Tourism is a staple of the local economy and has become year-round, rather than seasonal.

Michigan residents flock to



The wooden fishing pier stretches 1,000 feet into the Gulf of Mexico.

Naples each winter to enjoy its white sand, azure waters and red evening sun. The fact that Florida imposes no income tax on its residents lures them back for keeps at retirement.

The restaurant and hospitality industry are also an important part of the Naples economy. This combination of industries achieves an ideal balance and helps maintain the quality of life of this tropical getaway. ◇

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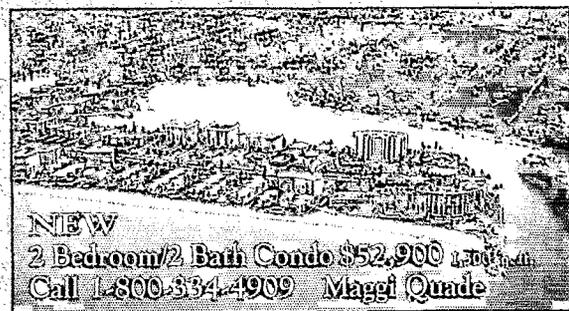
Manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced; the author's name, address, and telephone number should be printed at the top of the first page.

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HIGH SIERRA HOLIDAY

*From giant Sequoias
to towering mountains,
the word out West is "big."*

Staggering beauty awaits winter vacationers travelling to California's High Sierra country. From tantalizingly endless snowscapes to the more intricately-weathered bark of

the *Sequoiadendron giganteum*, more commonly known as "the Big Trees," a Mother Lode of opportunities waits to be discovered.

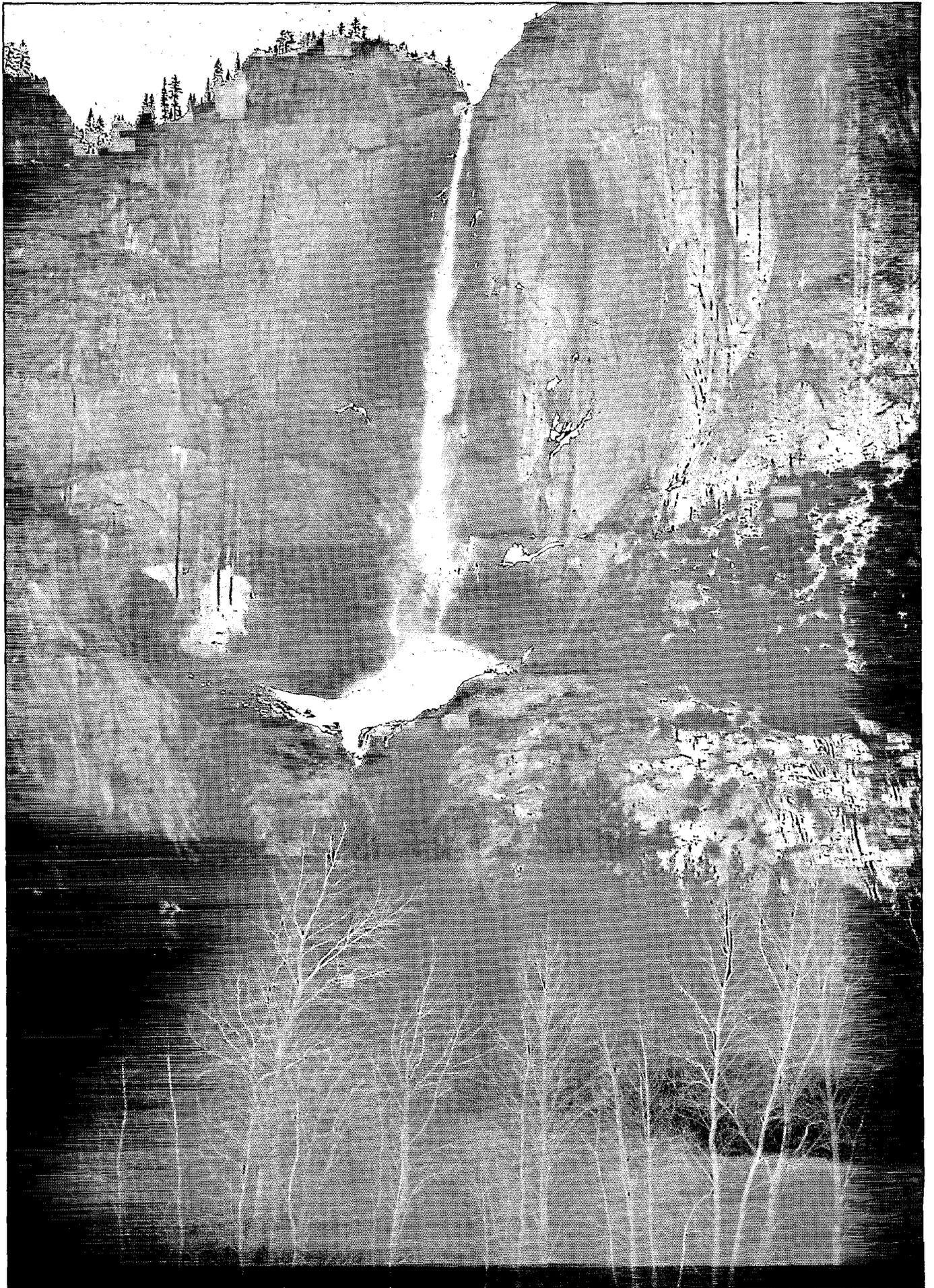
Although you might consider Mother Nature's cruel Sierra winter storms a trifle unusual as your choice for a "relaxing" vacation, a late winter trip can offer not only relief from excessive tourist pressure, but more appealing weather conditions, as well.

Words simply cannot describe the immense, unspoiled beauty found throughout the High Sierra region. With proper planning, an infinite number of daytrip possibilities are available, including visits to breathtaking Yosemite National Park or picturesque Lake Tahoe.

During your journey, visit a real ghost town or patronize one of the numerous local wine-tasting rooms. For the more daring: hit the powder and accept the challenge of diverse cross-country and downhill skiing opportunities.

The city of Stockton, California is nestled at the edge of the Sierra foothills. From Stockton, it is a two-hour drive up into the foothills, where towns have historic names reminiscent of the Gold Rush days—Angels Camp, Sonora, Murphys and Arnold.

by TIM TIPTON





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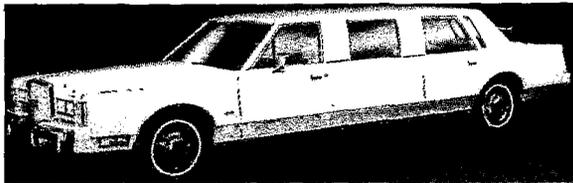
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We started our journey into the foothills just after darkness fell, and quickly accommodated our speed to the winding mountain highway, yet we never became accustomed to it. On Highway 4, it was easy to spot the California locals; their automobiles reached speeds we would expect only of West coast daredevils.

As the elevation sign indicated we had passed 8,000 feet, we observed a lone mule deer standing discreetly at the edge of the road, as if to welcome new tourists on their arrival.

We finally "made camp" in the small town of Arnold; our site was a two-story condominium rental located in the Mountain Retreat Resort. Our unit was discreetly nestled deep in a forest of towering Big Trees. Resort amenities included a combination golf course/cross-country ski run, restaurant, swimming pool and a renowned California hot tub.

It was but a two-mile drive further east to the Big Trees State Park, where some of the state's largest trees are preserved; many are more than 200 feet tall. We saw one magnificent tree stump at the park which could easily hold a small orchestra, or at least be an accommodating spot for a stage play.

Fifty miles ahead on Highway 4 is Ebbetts Pass (elevation 8,730 ft.), which is blocked with snow and remains impassable until well into the spring. This pass would have cut a daytrip to scenic Lake Tahoe down from a three-hour drive to ninety minutes. We pressed onward for a daytrip to the Mt. Reba Ski Area at Bear Valley, 24 miles east of Arnold.

In contrast with the drive to Yosemite National Park and our excursion to Lake Tahoe, the stretch from Arnold to Bear Valley was exceedingly pretty. Snow was banked high upon the sides of the road, but the highway remained clear and dry. The weather was warm and sunny, in the high 60s, and the snow served as a fading reminder of the staggering snowfall possible within the region.

Just as we started getting "comfortable" with the picturesque snowscapes of the Stanislaus National Forest and Mokelumne wilderness in this historic Forty-Niner gold country, we arrived at our daytrip destination.

Mt. Reba/Bear Valley is one of the largest resorts in California. This family resort has a vertical rise of 2,100 feet, to a top elevation of 8,506 feet, and is renowned for superb powder skiing; it has an annual snowfall of 450 inches. There are seven double- and two triple-chairlifts; their predominantly northernly exposure boasts breathtaking views. An ambitious remodelling project in 1987 improved the lodge and facilities, to the point where they now please even the most discriminating traveller.

We enjoyed sunny skiing in late February, with plenty of fresh powder from a previous night's snowfall. The runs had names like Bear Boogie, Goldilocks, Infinity Bowl and The Flying Serpent. Mid-week found only short waiting times for chairlifts, and lots of breathing room on the slopes. There are challenges for every downhill ability level; cross-country runs abound, as well.

Our next daytrip consisted of a drive of several hours, from Arnold to Yosemite National Park. We proceeded west on Highway 4 back down to Angels Camp, a place rich in Gold Rush history, also noted as the town frequented by Mark Twain during his Western travels. He is believed to have gained considerable writing inspiration from the many

tall tales told by miners and locals in the town's numerous saloons and hotels. Most of the buildings along Main Street have been preserved to maintain their original Old West flavour.

Nearby side trips from Angels Camp can take you to the Moaning Cavern, California's largest public cavern chamber, famous for a 100-foot spiral staircase; and an optional rappelling tour, a 180-foot rope descent down sheer cavern walls (no experience necessary). A short drive through Tuolumne County past the New Melones Reservoir takes tourists to Columbia State Historic Park, a specially-preserved Gold Rush ghost town. Motion pictures filmed in the area include *High Noon*, *The Virginian*, *The Gambler*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and *My Little Chickadee*, as well as numerous popular TV series, including *Little House on the Prairie*, *Rawhide* and *Guns Smoke*.

Also in the area is the Stevenot Winery, a family-owned vineyard started in 1850 through the pioneering efforts of Gabriel Stevenot. Tourists may stop in the Alaska House, an earth-covered building housing a public wine-tasting room. Visitors may relax after their short journey and partake of the family's private reserve.

The Stevenot name is now synonymous with both Reserve wines and gold reserves, as Barden Stevenot has been a moving force in the revitalization of gold mining in Calaveras County. He was instrumental in the reopening of the Carson Hill Gold Mine, originally made famous by the discovery of this country's largest gold nugget, weighing nearly ten pounds.

Close by is historic Jackass Hill, a site which served as a miners' camp during the 1850s. Burros travelling with the Forty-Niners were oftentimes heard "singing" in the night; thus, the Hill earned its name. This is also said to be the place where Mark Twain camped and wrote "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

On the road to Yosemite National Park, we travelled south on Highway 108. It was early in the afternoon when we passed through the Wawona Tunnel and caught our first glimpse of Yosemite Valley. The breathtaking beauty of El Capitan and the Half Dome are spectacular sights. During winter months, the Valley and Park Visitors Center serve as the only accessible areas of this vast expanse.

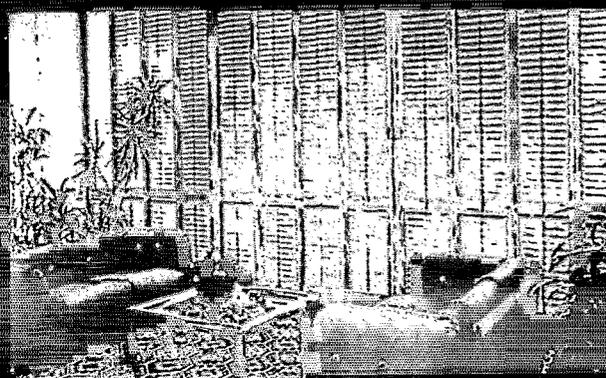
Our favourite picture-taking spots along the drive included the Glacier Point views of the Valley with Yosemite Falls and Half Dome, the Three Brothers, Washburn Point and the Merced Canyon views. We experienced a serene and fragile beauty seldom found during summer months, when crowds actually force limits on the number of vehicles allowed into the Valley.

Overnight accommodations are

available at the grand old Ahwahnee Hotel, the Wawona Hotel, the Yosemite Lodge, or a cabin complex located within the park. There are also restaurants, a shopping center, the most scenic ice-skating rink anywhere, and an exemplary family ski area.

I couldn't help but think about John Bachar when looking at some of the sheer-faced cliffs which comprise the Valley walls. Bachar (pronounced

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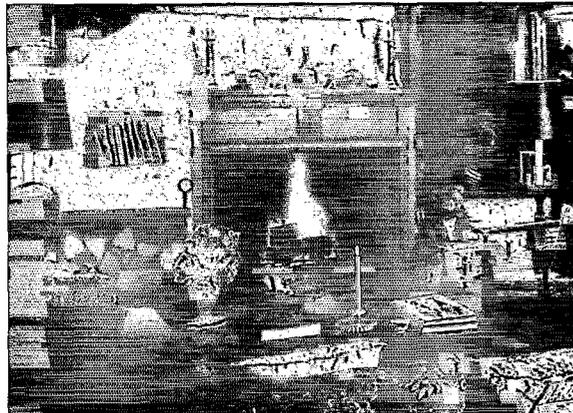
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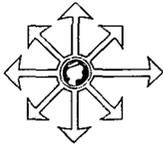
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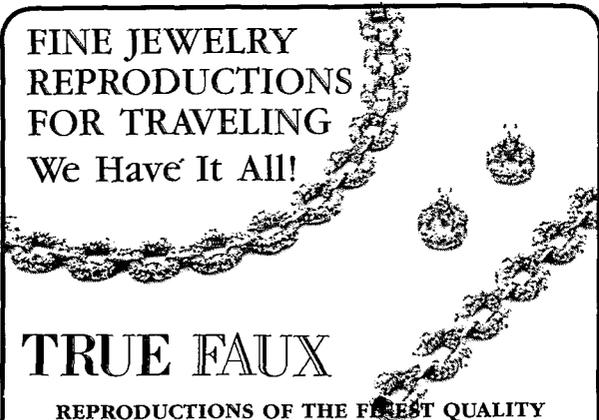


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Photo on page 65:
A wintertime view of the Yosemite Falls, the best-known attraction in the park. It consists of three falls; in the winter, ice piles form at the base of the top fall.

PHOTO BY TIM TIPTON

Opposite:
Nestled at the edge of Lake Tahoe, the city boasts its existence in two states, California and Nevada.

PHOTO COURTESY LAKE TAHOE VISITORS AUTHORITY

"bocker"), 30, is a world-renowned rock climber who has cracked the pillars of conventional climbing philosophy. With only a bag of gymnast's chalk tied around his waist and no ropes for support, Bachar reaches into the thin jam cracks of the northwest face of Half Dome and begins pulling himself up with hypnotizing grace, as if effortlessly ascending the rungs of a ladder.

Bachar skipped his 1974 high school graduation party and hitchhiked straight to Yosemite Valley, which he quickly adopted as his second home. The man who practices by fingertip pull-ups with a 50-pound weight attachment has gone on to places such as the Joshua Tree National Park in the Mojave Desert and Colorado's El Dorado Canyon, but always returns to the challenges of Yosemite. Bachar has acknowledged the risk of his sport, warning would-be practitioners, "Soloing is serious business, because you can be seriously dead."

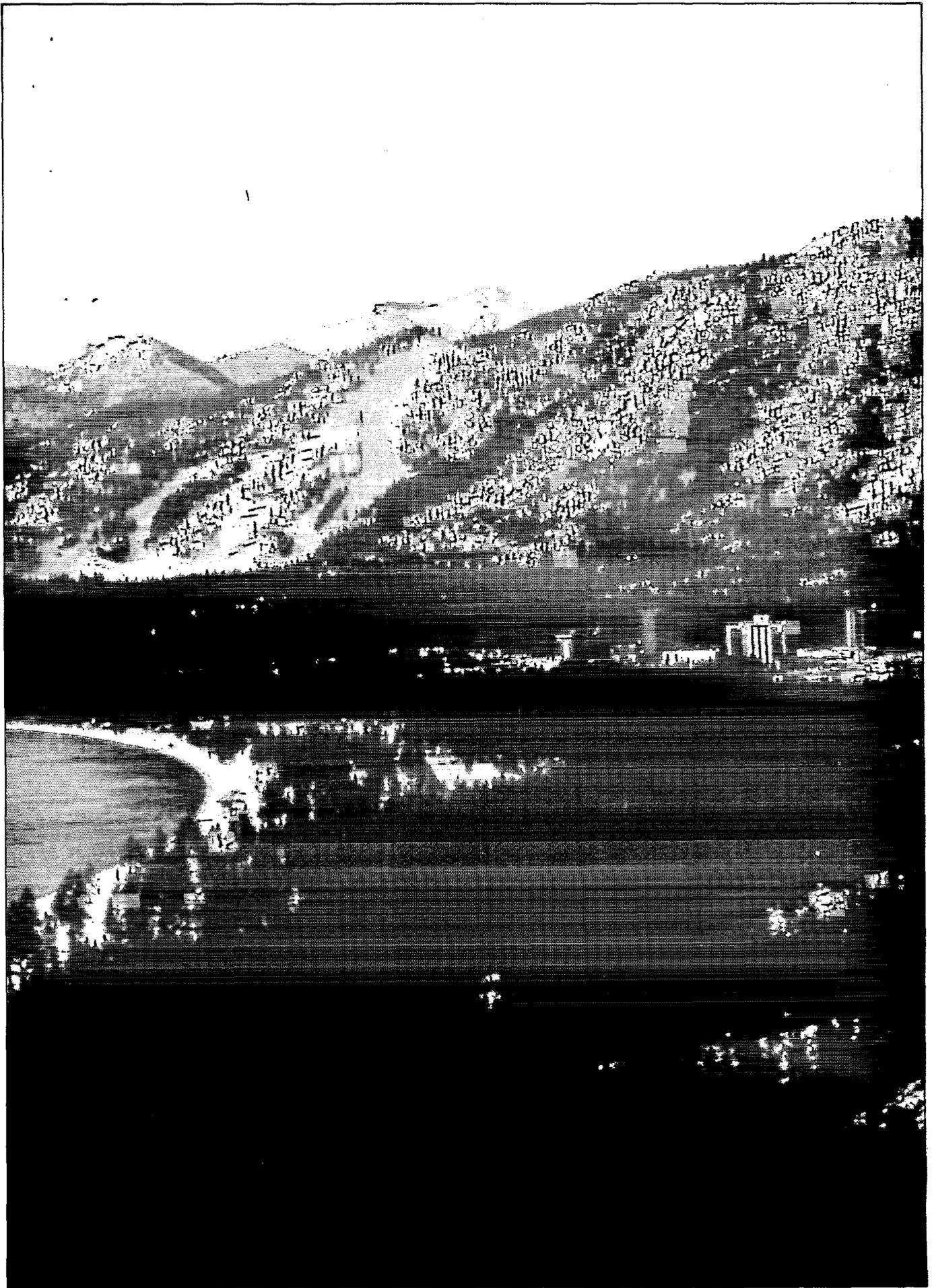
We had little opportunity to fully explore the wonders of Yosemite National Park. The evening soon came upon us and we had to press onward, still awestruck by the miraculous beauty we had witnessed throughout the day.

After resting at the Mountain Retreat, we were revitalized, and set out on another daytrip, this time to Lake Tahoe, a three-hour journey. We travelled through picturesque Luther Pass (elevation 7,800 feet) to the panoramic Lake Tahoe area. A short hop on Highway 89, and we were there.

Tahoe City and Lake Tahoe were the first signs of a metropolis for a week, but with the deliciously surrounding snowscape and lake, it was like no city I had ever seen. The south end of the lake hosts the Tahoe Queen, a year-round, glass-bottomed paddlewheel open to the public. Heavenly Valley Ski Resort is nearby, and the Challenging Squaw Valley Ski Resort rests on the north side of the lake.

Lake Tahoe is technically located in two states, California and Nevada. We immediately headed for the Nevada side, where numerous casinos with lavish hotels line the boulevard.

The temptation of one-armed bandits was just too great for us, so we stayed overnight at one of the more popular casino hotels. The next day we left to head back to "camp," our pockets a little lighter, but our memory banks filled with pleasantries which will not soon be forgotten. ◇



Our guide to the finer restaurants in the Detroit metropolitan area is classified from inexpensive to very expensive. For a one-person, three-course meal including tax and tip, dinners range from inexpensive (under \$12), moderate (\$12-\$24), expensive (\$25-\$35) and very expensive (over \$35). These prices do not include alcoholic beverages; all restaurants serve alcoholic beverages unless indicated. Most restaurants accept major credit cards: 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 graces one of three small dining rooms. Antonio's specializes 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). Hours are Tuesday-Saturday 5-9:30 p.m.; Sunday 5-8 p.m. Reservations preferred. Moderate; MC, V.

ART GALLERY OF WINDSOR RESTAURANT, on the third floor of the Art Gallery of Windsor, 445 Riverside Drive West, Windsor (519) 255-7511.

Enjoy fine dining with a breathtaking view of the riverfront. The lunch menu offers traditional and exotic dishes, an assortment of freshly baked desserts and a tea-time package featuring a pastry platter, coffee or tea. A license to serve alcoholic beverages has been applied for and should be in place after the beginning of October. Hours are Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday 11 a.m.-4:30 p.m.; Thursday and Friday 11 a.m.-8:30 p.m.; Sunday 1-4:30 p.m. Reservations accepted. Inexpensive; 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. Open Sunday-Thursday 4-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 4 p.m.-midnight; Sunday 4-10 p.m. No reservations accepted. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

COSTANZO'S VICTORIAN ROOM, 3601 East Twelve Mile Road, Warren (313) 751-6880.

The Victorian atmosphere created with clusters of globe lamps, red banquettes and red-and-black gladiola-patterned wallpaper sets the pace for this elegantly small Italian restaurant. Indulge in house specialties of Veal Piccante, Veal Tosca or Veal Siciliano, prepared in an old-style Italian fashion. Housemade desserts include cheesecake and cannoli. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Saturday 4-11 p.m. Reservations accepted. Moderate; AE, 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"* or the *Alaskan crabmeat cannelloni verdi Isabella*, which are among the specialties served. Hours are Sunday-Thursday 5-10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 5-11 p.m. Reservations required. Expensive; 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, yellowfish tuna and mako shark are among available entrées. Pastas are also popular at this eatery. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11:30 a.m.-midnight; Sunday 10:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m. and 4-10 p.m. Inexpensive-moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

FOGCUTTER, 511 Fort Street, Port Huron (313) 987-3300.

Equisite decor adds to the delicious view of the lake. Enjoy a tableside seascape while selecting from the various entrées of steaks and seafood. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Saturday noon-11 p.m.; Sunday noon-7 p.m. Reservations recommended. Entertainment Tuesday-Sunday. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

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

The dark, wood panelling 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 11 a.m.-2 a.m. Reservations accepted. 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. Chefs offer a series of menus and an ever-changing bill of fare. Hours are Monday-Friday 6:30 a.m.-3 p.m. and 5-10 p.m.; Saturday 8 a.m.-2 p.m. and 5-11 p.m.; Sunday 8 a.m.-3 p.m. and 5-9 p.m. Reservations preferred. 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. Hours are Monday and Tuesday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Wednesday and Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-midnight; Saturday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; and Sunday 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m. Reservations not required. Inexpensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

The contemporary decor lends itself to the traditional American menu, along with German specialties. Try the *kassler rippchen* (grilled smoked pork chops), *weiner schnitzel* (breaded fried veal steak) or the *sauerbratenes* (marinated roast beef). Hours are 8 a.m.-10 p.m. daily. Reservations accepted, but not required. Moderate; AE, D, 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. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11:15 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11:15 a.m.-10:30 p.m.; Saturday 5-11 p.m. Reservations requested for parties of ten or more and for first seatings. Moderate-expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

An evening out dining and dancing will be well spent at this location. Delight in a meal that begins with an appetizer, such as Shrimp Joey (butterfly shrimp breaded and sautéed in butter-and-herb sauce). Continental entrées have an Italian accent and include *chicken vesuvio*, a house specialty. A glass-enclosed balcony overlooks the sunken dance floor where Top Forty hits are played. Restaurant hours Sunday-Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m.-midnight. Club closes at 2 a.m. Reservations welcomed. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

This cozy spot's menu is highlighted by their fresh pickerel, homemade pies and large selection of imported beers and liqueurs. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m. Reservations suggested in the evening. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

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

Enjoy a selected menu of Maxwell's pepper steak, filet of salmon or the steak-and-lobster dinner while looking out over the Detroit River. Hours are 6:30 a.m.-10 p.m. daily. Reservations accepted. Moderate-expensive; AE, CB, MC, V.

THE MONEY TREE, 333 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 menu for dinner. Monday-Friday 7-10 a.m. and 11:15 a.m.-2:30 p.m.; Tuesday-Saturday 6-9 p.m. Reservations accepted. Moderate-expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

MYKONOS SUPPER CLUB, 454 E. Lafayette, Detroit (313) 965-3737.

The Greek Islands inspire this restaurant's decor and menu. Serving both Greek and American entrées, Mykonos features Mousaka (baked eggplant), Scallops Athenian Style and broiled quails. Appetizers include octopus, artichoke hearts and kasseri, a Greek cheese. Open daily from 5:30 p.m.-2 a.m. Reservations accepted, suggested on weekends. Moderate-expensive; AE, CB, 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 with baked lamb as the specialty. Hours are 11 a.m.-4 a.m. daily. Dancing on weekend evenings. Reservations not required. Inexpensive-Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

Bevelled mirrors, etched glass, marble floors, and brass and mahogany accents comprise the decor of Opus One. Enjoy American cuisine with a French flair or delight in the contemporary presentation of classical French and European dishes. Hours are Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m.; Monday-Thursday 5:30-10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 5:30-11 p.m. Dancing in the evening. Reservations preferred. Expensive; AE, MC, V.

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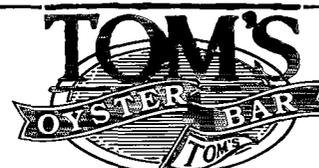
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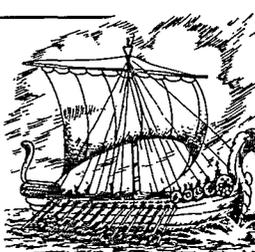
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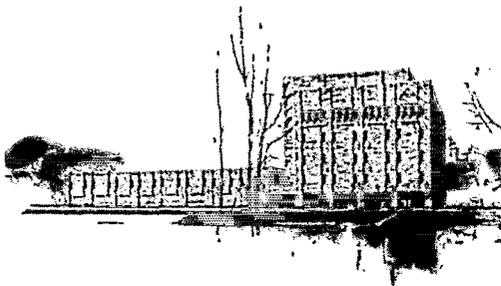
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PARK PLACE CAFE, 15402 Mack at Nottingham, Grosse Pointe Park (313) 881-0550.

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; orange roughy served with slices of onion and Parmesan cheese is a specialty. Some of the usual entrées include filet mignon, veal, quiche and stuffed shrimp. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-midnight; Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight; Sunday 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m. and 3-9 p.m. Reservations recommended. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

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

An Eastern menu has been prepared with a home-style touch and adapted to suit the Western lifestyles and tastes. Choose from several Lebanese dishes including grape leaves stuffed with meat and rice and served with pita bread. Phoenicia's Dish consists of squash, cabbage, grape leaves and baked kibbi. Hours are Monday-Thursday noon-10 p.m.; Friday noon-midnight; Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. Reservations suggested. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

PINKEY'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 east side. The menu consists of appetizers including escargot, steak bites and Caesar salad and entrée selections of seafood, steaks and frog legs—a specialty. The decor suits this club's age—deep blue with old-fashioned print curtains and table cloths. Hours are Monday-Friday 11 a.m.-2 a.m.; Saturday 5 p.m.-2 a.m. Jazz band on Monday evenings; piano bar Tuesday-Saturday. No reservations needed. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

Famous for its fine wines, this eatery features romantic candlelit wine cellar decor complete with wine racks, barrels and fresh flowers. The menu offers 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, escalopes of venison with port and plum sauce and wild rice, or the chicken livers *en brochette* with bacon and mushrooms. Hours are Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2:15 p.m. and 5-9 p.m.; Saturday 5:30-11 p.m. Reservations preferred. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

RACHELLE'S ON THE RIVER, 119 Clinton, St. Clair (313) 329-7159.

This upbeat eatery features global cuisine. Try an appetizer such as the Southern spinach salad with peanuts, bacon, oranges and balsamic vinaigrette. Then select from various seafood dishes including housemade fettucine with clams and pancetta. A piece of chocolate Amaretto-glazed pound cake with raspberry sauce and whipped cream is one dessert sure to polish off your hunger. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-9 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday noon-8 p.m. Reservations suggested on weekend evenings and for parties of more than four. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

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

Bouillabaisse, paella and salmon en papillote are just three offerings from the extensive menu. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-9 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sunday 10 a.m.-2 p.m. and 3:30-8:30 p.m. Reservations recommended. Moderate; AE, CB, D, DC, MC, V.

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

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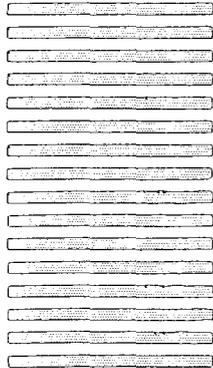
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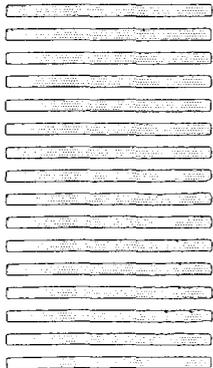


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daily changing specials on the menu. Fresh fish, salads, pasta, pheasant and rack of lamb are only a few of the star entrées available. Hours are Monday-Saturday 11:30 a.m.-midnight; Sunday brunch is noon-3 p.m. and dinner is 4-11 p.m. Reservations accepted, but not required. 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 the entrées on the American menu which includes fresh seafood and steaks. Hours are Monday-Thursday 7-10 a.m., 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m. and 5-10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 7-10:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m. and 5 p.m.-midnight; Sunday 8 a.m.-noon and 1-9 p.m. Reservations suggested. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, 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. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m.-midnight; Sunday noon-9 p.m. Reservations not required. Moderate; AE, 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 entrées daily. Kitchen hours are Sunday-Tuesday 5-10:30 p.m.; Wednesday and Thursday 5-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. No reservations accepted. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

TUGBOAT RESTAURANT, foot of Quellerie on Riverside, Windsor (313) 964-2743 or (517) 258-9607.

The good ship Queen City is a floating restaurant with a nautical atmosphere. Seafood is the specialty. Hours are Sunday-

Thursday 11:30 a.m.-10:30 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11:30 a.m.-midnight. Reservations preferred. Moderate; AE, 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 Emilian, seafoods such as fresh Canadian salmon, chicken Kiev and a wide selection of steaks. The dessert menu is also extensive. Hours are Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-1 a.m.; Sunday 11 a.m.-10 p.m. Reservations recommended. Moderate-expensive; AE, MC, V.

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

Try the fettuccini in cream sauce with smoked chicken and morels, a sautéed breast of chicken served with both acorn and red pepper sauce, or a warm salad of shrimp and scallops in herbal vinaigrette. Hours are Sunday-Thursday 6:45 a.m.-2:30 p.m. and 5:30-10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 6:45 a.m.-2:30 p.m. and 5-11 p.m. Reservations suggested. Very expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

VIVIO'S, 2460 Market, in the heart of the Eastern Market, Detroit (313) 393-1711.

The atmosphere here is like an Eastern Market gathering. The eccentric decor features an antique-filled bar with a contemporary dining room. Special menu items include 20-ounce Porterhouse steaks and Alaskan King Crab legs. Hours are Monday-Friday 7 a.m.-9 p.m.; Saturday 7 a.m.-5 p.m. Reservations not accepted. Moderate; AE, CB, D, DC, MC, V.

WIMPY'S, 16543 Warren Avenue at Outer Drive, Detroit (313) 881-5857.

Experience casual dining with an old-fashioned flair at Wimpy's. Pictures of timeless movie stars and antiques decorate the walls while the menu features hamburgers as the specialty. Steaks, sandwiches and appetizers are also available. Open daily from 11 a.m.-midnight. No reservations accepted on Fridays. Inexpensive; 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.

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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

ALBAN'S, 190 N. Hunter, Birmingham (313) 258-5788

This two-story eatery features an openly contemporary decor with brass and oak accents. The down-to-earth menu includes steak, seafood, an array of salads and specializes in deli-style sandwiches. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m.-midnight; Sunday noon-9 p.m. Reservations required for large parties. Moderate; AE, MC, V.

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

Chef Douglas Grech (Chef Duglass) is recognized for his creativity and showmanship in preparing dazzling delights. The bistro-style menu includes borscht, black bean and onion soups, fresh pastas and main courses, including braised lamb shanks and chicken in red wine. Hours are Tuesday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2 p.m.; Tuesday-Sunday 4-9 p.m. Reservations suggested. Very expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

CHEZ RAPHAEL, 27000 Sheraton Drive, Novi (313) 348-5555.

This French-European style restaurant specializes in grilled lobster, loin of lamb and grilled Dover sole with lobster mousseline and champagne herb sauce. Doors open at 6 p.m. Monday-Saturday. Reservations preferred. Very expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

Lavish wood decor which complements the house specialties of wild game. The menu offers continental cuisine and attracts many during lunch hours. Hours are 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m. Monday-Friday; 5-11 p.m. Monday-Thursday; 5 p.m.-midnight Friday; 5:30 p.m.-midnight Saturday. Reservations preferred. Very expensive; AE, CB, D, 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 Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2 p.m.; Jacques is open Monday-Saturday 6-10 p.m. Reservations suggested. 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 the perfect combination of seafood, rice and

vegetables—especially appealing to those of health-conscious bent. Hours are Monday-Friday 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m.; Monday-Thursday 5:30-10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 5:30-11 p.m.; Sunday 3:30-9 p.m. Reservations required. Moderate; AE, CB, D, DC, MC, V.

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

Starting with cold appetizers, choose from curried duck, shucked oysters or a venison paté. Main course selections include roast partridge with candied pears, walleye sauté with leeks and Sautérne sauce. The chef creates other specials daily. Doors open at 6 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday. Reservations required. Very expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

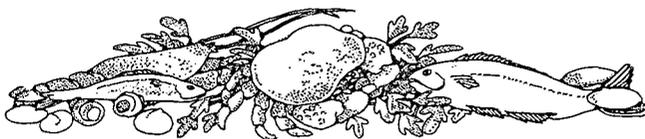
This sophisticated restaurant in the heart of Royal Oak features bistro-style openness and lots of activity. Menu selections include freshly grilled game birds and seafood specials, as well as a range of salads, pasta and pizza. A new counter, the Take Away, offers ready-to-eat meals and beer and wine. Hours are Monday-Friday 11:30-2:30 p.m.; Monday-Thursday 5:30-10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 6 p.m.-midnight. No reservations taken. Moderate; MC, V.

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

Delight in dishes such as steamed shrimp in raspberry vinegar with velouté sauce or the artichoke heart with a watercress salad. Decor includes a central bar and marble-top tables. Hours are 11:30 a.m.-1:30 a.m. daily. Reservations required. 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 vegetables. This simple Japanese-style restaurant offers tatamis—small sitting rooms for intimate dining. The menu offers *Tempura*, *Sukiyaki* and *Sashimi*. Hours are Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2 p.m.; Monday-Thursday 5:30-10:30 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 5:30-11 p.m.; Sunday 3-9 p.m. Reservations suggested; required on weekend evenings. Moderate-expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.



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

The menu here is continental, specializing in seafood and offering pasta and sandwiches. Downstairs, a grill adds finger foods, such as ribs, to your choices. At the same address, *Salvatore Scallopini* at Norm's offers Italian dishes and an Italian atmosphere. Both restaurants are open Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Saturday noon-11 p.m.; Sunday 4-9 p.m.; the Oyster Bar is open for Sunday brunch 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Reservations suggested. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

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

This remodelled Grand Trunk railroad station is a Michigan historical site. High ceilings, windows and ferns are the setting for a menu of American cuisine which features fresh seafood, steak and stir fry. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-midnight; Friday 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Saturday noon-2 a.m.; Sunday noon 9 p.m. Reservations taken for parties of six or more. Moderate; AE, DC, MC, V.

PAIN'T 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-Friday 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m.; Tuesday-Saturday 5-10 p.m.; Sunday 9 a.m.-2 p.m. Reservations suggested. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

In the heart of downtown Birmingham, Old World dining here features big, comfortable chairs and Black Angus beef. The menu offers a large selection of fish entrées. Open Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-4 p.m. and 5 p.m.-midnight. Reservations suggested. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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

This eatery elaborates on dishes that illustrate the French influence on Lebanese cooking and features a Middle-Eastern decor. Try stuffed salmon with coriander, garlic, tomatoes and peppers or the traditional rack of lamb and sweetbreads. Open Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10:30 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Reservations suggested for large parties. 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. Hours are Monday-Friday 11 a.m.-3 p.m.; Tuesday-Thursday 5-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 5 p.m.-midnight. Reservations suggested. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

PUNCHINELLO'S, 210 S. Woodward, Birmingham (313) 644-5277.

The decor in this Birmingham eatery is elegant and uncluttered. The food is simple, and of the highest quality. Floor-to-ceiling windows set the scene for the continental menu featuring chicken strudel and shrimp curry. Everything here is made on the premises. Hours are Monday-Saturday 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Reservations accepted. Expensive; AE, DC, CB, MC, V.

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

This popular Birmingham eatery features croissant sandwiches; or choose from a variety of salad entrées. The restaurant turns on its charm in the evening when a wine list and a menu including seafood fettuccini, Chinese stir-fried chicken breasts and Beef Wellington is presented to you by servers in formal attire. Beer and wine. Open Monday-Saturday at 7:30 a.m., Sunday at 9 a.m.; dinner begins Tuesday-Saturday at 6 p.m. Reservations accepted. Moderate; no credit cards.

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

Decorated in white marble and charcoal-coloured accents, this attractive eatery offers a selection of traditional chicken dishes, lamb, quail, stuffed salmon, vegetarian entrées and sweetbreads. Hours are Monday-Thursday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 11 a.m.-midnight; Sunday 3-10 p.m. Reservations suggested. Moderate; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

—Compiled by Margaret Ann Cross



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November is upon, us and with it comes clear nippy afternoons, cozy fireplaces, and turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Too late for boating and too early for the slopes, activity moves indoors—concerts, art shows, and the theatre predominate. The Moscow Circus comes to town, their first performance in the United States in ten years! More childish delight arrives with the Walt Disney World on Ice, with Mickey, Minnie, Donald and Goofy. Our engagements listings this month offer some wonderful entertainment for all ages and inclinations.

November 1988 through Spring 1989

Step back in time at the Detroit Historical Museum, with its delightful exhibit, "Pressing Matters: Flatirons, Fluters, and Mangles." The exhibit chronicles 100 years of ironing tools and equipment, and illustrates the true value of permanent press fabrics. The Detroit Historical Museum is located at 5401 Woodward at Kirby. It is open Wednesday-Sunday, 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m.

November 1

Self-Talk: Convince Yourself of Your Greatness is the title of Raymond Maloney's Cranbrook lecture. He is the director of the Self-Esteem Center in Birmingham and will demonstrate how self-esteem can be a part of your everyday life. Lecture/workshop begins at 7:30 p.m. Fee is \$15. Cranbrook Educational Community, 500 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills. For more information, call (313) 645-3635.

November 2

Robert Greenstone of Greenstone Jewelers will visit the Cranbrook House Library to speak about gems—the symbol of wealth, power and romance for many centuries. **Jewels: The Romance of the Stone** will begin at 7:30 p.m. Fee is \$10. Cranbrook Educational Community, 500 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills. For more information, call (313) 645-3635.

November 3 through 17

Join Sherwin T. Wine in a series of 3 lectures entitled, "Revolution in Russia." Tickets for single lecture are \$7.50; \$19 for the series of three. For more information, contact the Grosse Pointe War Memorial office, (313) 881-7511. The War Memorial is located at 32 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms.

November 4

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents "A Hungry Feeling: The Life and Death of Brendan Behan," an Oscar-winning documentary about a brilliant Irish poet and playwright. Show times are 7 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 4, 5 and 6

The **Twentieth Annual Antique Show and Sale** will be sponsored by the Women's Association of the Windsor Symphony and held at the University of Windsor Student Centre, 401 Sunset, Windsor. For more information, call (519) 973-1238.

November 5

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents the 1978 French film, "The Green Room." It is the story of a newspaper man who develops an obsession with the dead. Show times are 7 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 5

The latest **watercolours of Gregg Tisdale**, marine artist, will be presented at Gallerie 454, November 5, 1988 through November 23rd. Limited edition prints available. Artist reception November 5 from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Gallerie 454, 15105 Kercheval in the Park,

Grosse Pointe Park. For more information, call (313) 822-4454.

November 5 and 6

The **Juried Holiday Craft Show** sponsored by the Macomb Arts Council features 150 artists who display their works in varied selection of arts and crafts. More than 6,000 patrons traditionally attend this two-day event featuring outstanding artists and crafters from all over the state. The show runs from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. each day; \$1 donation. Show site: Macomb Community College Center Campus, 44575 Garfield Road, Mt. Clemens. For more information, call (313) 286-2098.

November 6

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents "The Thief of Bagdad," a 1940 English film about the Arabian Nights fantasy. Show time is 5 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 6 through December 16

Enjoy "Art of the 1980s: Artists from the Eli Broad Family Foundation Collection," at the Kresge Art Museum. These works typify the diverse style of the 1980s: Neo-Expressionism; issues of social criticism; graffiti art; and the new abstraction. The opening will be held at 2 p.m. on November 6; on November 10 at 8 p.m., Mr. Broad will speak in the museum on collecting. Museum hours: Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Thursday, noon to 8 p.m. Weekends, 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. For more information, call (517) 353-9835.

November 7

See the fascinating travelogue, **Siberia**, narrated by professional filmmaker Raphael Green, as part of the Grosse Pointe Adventure Series. Make an evening of it, beginning with dinner in the Fries Ballroom at 6:30 p.m.; the film is presented at 8 p.m. Film only, \$4.25 reserved auditorium seating dinner only \$12.60. Single complete evening (Dinner, Service, Film, Free Parking) \$16.85. For more information, call (313) 881-7511. Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lake Shore, Grosse Pointe Farms.

November 7, 14 and 21

Michael Farrell will examine the star, the cross and the crescent in three art history lectures. November 7 will be "The Development of Jewish Architecture, the Synagogue and Great Temple of Jerusalem." November 14 will be "The Origins of Early Christian Art and Architecture." November 21 will be "The Development of Muslim Religious Art and Architecture Based on Christian and Jewish Models." Lectures begin at 8 p.m. Fee for the series is \$27.50. Single lectures are \$10. Cranbrook Educational Community, 500 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills. For more information, call (313) 645-3635.

November 8

Windsor Symphony Orchestra performs with oboist Geraldyn Giovannetti under Maestro Dwight Bennett. The program includes Handel, Mozart and Purcell. Concert begins at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$12.50 for general seating. Windsor Art Gallery, 445 Riverside Drive West, Windsor. For more information, call (519) 973-1238.

November 8 through 13

Walt Disney's World on Ice brings "Mickey's Diamond Jubilee" to Joe Louis Arena. This all-new ice extravaganza features magical moments from the eminent career of Mickey Mouse, as he celebrates his 60th birthday with his Disney pals, Donald Duck, Daisy, Goofy, Pluto, and Minnie. Show times are 7:30 p.m. on November 8, 9, 10 and 11; priced at \$10.50, \$8.50 and \$7 at the Joe Louis Arena Box Office and all Ticketmaster locations. For general information, call (313) 567-6000.

November 9

The Stock Market in An Election Year... Where Do We Go From Here? is the title of Paul Heneks' lecture. A nationally recognized financial expert, Heneks will examine past, present and future economic opportunities. Lecture begins at 7:30 p.m. Fee is \$10. Cranbrook Educational Community, 500 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills. For more information, call (313) 645-3635.

November 10

Beauty and the Beast, a bachelor/bachelorette bid featuring a live auction as well as a silent auction where a wide variety of items will be for sale, will be sponsored by the Metropolitan Detroit Chapter of the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. Cocktails, music and dancing will add to the atmosphere of the new Radisson Plaza Hotel. A silent auction begins at 6:30 p.m., followed by the live auction at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$25 for preferred seating and \$15 for all other seating. 1500 Town Center, Southfield. For more information, call (313) 354-6565.

November 10

The Grosse Pointe Garden Center, the Farm and Garden Club, and the Garden Club of Michigan have combined to present a three-screen, sight-and-sound experience of **The Gardens of England**, with Russ Marchand. Tickets \$5. 10 a.m. at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, MI 48236. For more information, call (313) 881-4594.

November 10 through 13

Forty-five antique dealers will assist patrons of the Junior Group of Goodwill Industries' **41st Annual Antique Show and Sale** at the Michigan State Fairgrounds. November 10 is Preview Night and required donations are \$30, \$50 or \$100. Hours November 11 are 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; November 12, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.; November 13, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Cost November 11, 12 and 13 is \$5. Eight Mile and Telegraph Roads, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 363-7271.

November 11

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents the 1987 French film, "La Passion Beatrice," a controversial and disturbing medieval epic. Persons under 18 will not be admitted. Show times are 7 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 11

"Vienna Then and Now, or How Did We Get Into This Mess?" Andrew Mead, composer and theorist on the faculty of the University of Michigan's School of Music, will examine Viennese schools of composition, from the classical period of Mozart to the 12-tone method of Arnold Schoenberg. This presentation, hosted by the University Musical Society, will be given at 7:30 p.m., preceding the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. For more information, contact (313) 763-0611.

November 11 through 13

The 18th annual **Cranbrook-Kingswood School Giftoorama** brings 48 unique shops and boutiques from across the United States together under the roof of Kingswood. Merchants will set up shops in classrooms, hallways and the library and auditorium. New

stores represented this year include Betsy William's The Proper Season, a shop from Andover, Massachusetts, which specializes in homegrown herbs, dried flowers and Victorian arrangements. Another newcomer is Eelectricity, an adult toyland from Chicago which specializes in high-tech gadgets such as a talking heart monitor. Several thousand customers are expected and may purchase gourmet condiments, exquisite Christmas ornaments, handmade sweaters or dried Michigan cherries as gifts or for holiday preparations. Over 100 volunteers put on the Giftoorama. All proceeds help support the schools' scholarship fund, faculty enrichment program and facility restoration. A champagne opening will be held November 1 for a benefit fee. General admission November 12 and 13 from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. will be \$3, including parking. Cranbrook Educational Community, 500 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills. For more information, call (313) 645-3635.

November 11, 12, 13, 17, 18 and 19

The Michigan Opera Theatre presents Gilbert and Sullivan's hilarious **The Pirates of Penzance**. Performances at 8 p.m. on November 11, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19; 1:30 p.m. November 13 and 19. For ticket information, contact (313) 874-SING.

November 12

"Brahms Festival" is the title of the **Detroit Symphony Orchestra's** concert featuring the artist's *Tragic Overture* and *A German Requiem*. Gunther Herbig conducts. Concert begins at 8:30 p.m. Tickets range from \$12-\$22. Ford Auditorium, on Jefferson Avenue at Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 567-1400.

November 12

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents "Stalker," a rare Soviet science-fiction movie. Show time is 8 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 13

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents "Black Narcissus," a 1947 English visionary tale of a group of nuns assigned to establish a school and hospital in the Himalayas. Show time is 5 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 14 through 20

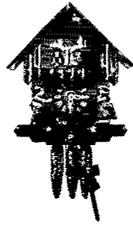
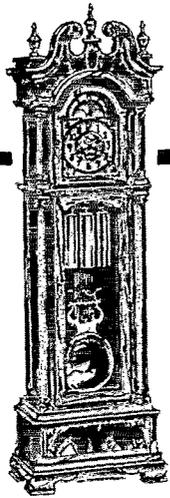
The Little Caesars Championship Tennis Tournament comes to Cobo Arena, featuring some of the world's top men's tennis players, including John McEnroe, Tim Mayotte, and Detroit's own Aaron Krickstein. The format will consist of a 32 men's singles draw and 15 team doubles in a 7-day tournament. This event will award \$415,000 in prize money. Tickets available at the Joe Louis Arena Box Office and all Ticketmaster outlets, including Hudson's and AAA locations; prices range from \$5-\$30. For more information, call (313) 965-3100.

November 16

The circus is coming! Long considered one of Russia's most prized performing arts groups, the **Moscow Circus** is returning to the U.S. for the first time in ten years and will appear at the Palace—the new home of the Detroit Pistons. Call the Palace directly, or join the Grosse Pointe War Memorial trip, which includes a morning performance specially suited for young children and seniors, and a late lunch at The Pike Street Company (Broiled Lake Superior White Fish or Stuffed Sirloin Steak with Gruyere cheese and scallions). \$32 per person includes motorcoach, circus and lunch. For more information, contact the Grosse Pointe War Memorial at (313) 881-7511. 32 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, MI 48236.

November 17 through 20

Join the Grosse Pointe War Memorial bunch for a visit to the city that never sleeps. Their **New York—New York!** trip includes



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transportation by round trip regularly scheduled air, accommodations at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, lunch at Tavern on the Green, a ticket to the fabulous Holiday Show at Radio City Music Hall, and tours of the United Nations Building and the NBC studio. \$769 per person double occupancy; \$300 single supplement. Call (313) 881-7511 for information.

November 18

Sixten Ehrling conducts the **Detroit Symphony Orchestra** in a morning concert of Glazunov and Ravel. The Detroit Symphony Chorus also performs. Concert begins at 10:45 a.m. Tickets are \$11-\$18. Ford Auditorium, Jefferson Avenue at Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 567-1400.

November 18

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents "The Beat Generation," a 1988 film about the 1950s. Rare archival footage is included in this American film. Show times are 7 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 19

The **Detroit Symphony Orchestra** performs Glazunov's *Symphony No. 5* and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe* as Sixten Ehrling conducts and the Detroit Symphony Chorus joins. Concert begins at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are \$12-\$22. Ford Auditorium, Jefferson Avenue at Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 567-1400.

November 19

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents "Children of Paradise," a 1945 French film about the relations between theatre and life. Show time is 7 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 19 and 20

Collectors and individuals looking for holiday gifts should plan to attend a two-day sale of commissioned prints sponsored by the Graphic Arts Council. The sale represents the opportunity to purchase signed prints by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Alexander Calder, Carol Summers, David Becker and Steve Murakishi at prices far below their original cost. A selection of exhibition posters is also available. The **Red Tag Sale at the End of the Rainbow** will be held from noon to 4 p.m. in the Red Carpet Gallery, the Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue. For information, call (313) 833-9830.

November 19 and 20

In a weekend seminar, **Introduction to Screenwriting: A Survival Course**, Harvey Ovshinsky focuses on the craft of scriptwriting for theatrical films and made-for-

television movies. From 9:30 a.m.-4 p.m. Fee is \$150. Kingswood campus, Cranbrook Educational Community, 500 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills. For more information, call (313) 645-3635.

November 20

The **Lyric Chamber Ensemble** performs a program of mid-European Romanticism featuring the quintets for piano and strings by Schumann and Dvorak. Concert begins at 3:30 p.m. Tickets are \$12, \$10 for senior citizens and students. The Edsel and Eleanor Ford House, 1100 Lakeshore Drive, Grosse Pointe Shores. For more information, call (313) 357-1111.

November 20

Enjoy lovely music in a peaceful environment, with the **Grosse Pointe Chamber Music Group**. Designed to encourage the performance and enjoyment of chamber music in all its forms, membership is open to active performers and "sustaining" listeners. \$12 annual dues entitle you to participate in all the concerts as audience (sustaining membership) and/or any of those in which you feel qualified to perform (active membership). This performance begins at 2:30 and is followed by light refreshments. For more information, contact John Miller, President, at (313) 331-7531.

November 20

At 3:30 p.m., the Lyric Chamber Ensemble will present **piano quintets by Schumann and Dvorak** at the Edsel and Eleanor Ford House in Grosse Pointe Shores. Artistic Director Fedora Horowitz will be joined by DSO musicians Marcy Chanteaux, cello; Geoffrey Applegate, violin; Stacey Woolley, violin; and James Van Valkenburg, viola in Schumann's Piano quintet in E flat major and Dvorak's Piano quintet in A op. 81. Tickets \$12 at the door or charge by phone (313) 357-1111.

November 21

Start the Christmas Season on a high note with the Detroit Aglow Symphony Sing-Along. The evening begins with the official igniting of the holiday lights and concludes with a rousing sing-along, 5,000 voices strong, in Cobo Arena. For more information, call (313) 298-6262.

November 22 through 28

The **Festival of Trees** will lighten your heart. This fundraiser for Children's Hospital, held at Cobo Conference and Exhibition Center, features a display and auction of professionally decorated trees and wreaths, a gingerbread village and a gift shop. For more information, call (313) 259-4333.

November 22

Historical purists will savour the efforts of the Mayflower Hotel in Plymouth, when they partake of a nine-course authen-

tically prepared Thanksgiving dinner, a **Pilgrim's Feast**. Costumed waitresses will serve the repast prepared in wrought-iron kettles. Each course is narrated for a fuller understanding of the dishes being served. A colour film about the Pilgrims will remind us of our forefathers and the true meaning of Thanksgiving. \$35 per person includes motorcoach, program and dinner. For more information, contact the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, 48236. (313) 881-7511.

November 24

Happy Thanksgiving! Don't miss the 62-year-old Michigan Thanksgiving Day Parade, which marches down Woodward and Jefferson Avenues, complete with Santa Claus, 30 floats, 15 air-inflated helium balloons, 25 marching bands and more than

900 costumed participants. For more information, call (313) 259-4333.

November 26

The **Detroit Symphony Orchestra** performs a concert which will include Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 25*. Peter Frankl guests as pianist and Ivan Fischer conducts. Concert begins at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are \$12-\$22. Ford Auditorium, Jefferson Avenue at Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 567-1400.

November 26

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 masterpiece, "Rear Window." Show times are 7 and 9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 27

The **Detroit Film Theatre** presents "Peeping Tom," a 1959 English film study of a voyeuristic, homicidal cameraman. Show time is 5 p.m. Tickets are \$3. The Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more information, call (313) 832-2730.

November 27

Performers and glittering holiday decorations help welcome the season at the Renaissance Center during "**A Renaissance Christmas**." Children shop at a section just for them, while Mom and Dad explore the renovated Renaissance Center's stores. Old Saint Nick promises to make an appearance again this year. For more information, call (313) 259-4333.

LUXURY DEFINED *continued from page 57*

service to its guests.

Today, the rooms of The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, are furnished in classic French Provincial style. All rooms have safes, honour bars, and a telephone in every bathroom. The two uppermost floors of the hotel comprise The Ritz-Carlton Club, with the exclusive Club Lounge available to guests from 7 a.m. until 11 p.m., featuring complimentary food and beverage presentations, newspapers and interna-

tional magazines, and adult and children's games.

The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, staff members greet guests warmly, quickly establishing a comfortable level of conversation—never intrusive, yet establishing their desire to serve.

They serve as docents for the unusual appointments of the hotel, and are proud of the distinctive art collection which graces the lobby and hallways. A small companion booklet in each room contains a wealth of information about this multi-million dollar collection. Museum-quality pieces are displayed throughout the public area and provide guests with a unique opportunity to view authentic and timelessly appreciated art in a relaxed environment, much like a private home.

Each Thursday, guests are invited to participate in an early evening tradition, where ballroom-style dancing to an orchestra's strains are accompanied by a choice of teas, cocktails, aperitifs and wines. The Tea Dance, as it is known, offers a full tea menu, and such delicacies as Duck Foie Gras, Lamb Brochettes, Lobster Salad, Smoked Salmon and Caviar.

Reminiscent of the days when dancing to the likes of Benny Goodman at "The Ritz Roof Garden" was a popular tradition at the hotel, The Ritz-Carlton, Boston, has returned to the gala mood by reinstating the tradition of nightly dance entertainment. The sounds of swing time, ballroom dancing and nostalgic Broadway favourites are re-created each night; guests experience the intimacy of the lounge in comfortable wingback chairs, and attentive waiters guarantee a most pleasant evening.

On Sunday afternoons, High Tea is served in the lobby lounge. Tradition prevails; elegance and comfort live on.

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Michigan's Ritz

The Ritz-Carlton, Dearborn, is scheduled to officially open around the first of January, 1988. Located at 300 Town Center Drive off of the Southfield Expressway at Fairlane Plaza, The Ritz-Carlton, Dearborn, exemplifies the traditions of service, luxury and quality instituted by Cesar Ritz.

The 308-room Ritz-Carlton, Dearborn, will house its own eighteenth- and nineteenth-century art collection, valued in excess of one million dollars.

The hotel contains 120,000 pounds of hand-carved white marble. It took six months to quarry the marble, and three months to install it in the hotel.

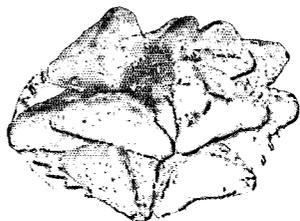
More than 25,000 square feet of specially-cut mahogany ceiling moulding and panelling adorns The Ritz-Carlton, Dearborn, a quantity which, laid end-to-end, would stretch for four miles.

The total amount of wood panelling in the hotel's public spaces would cover a football field.

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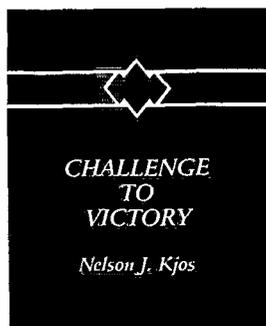
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