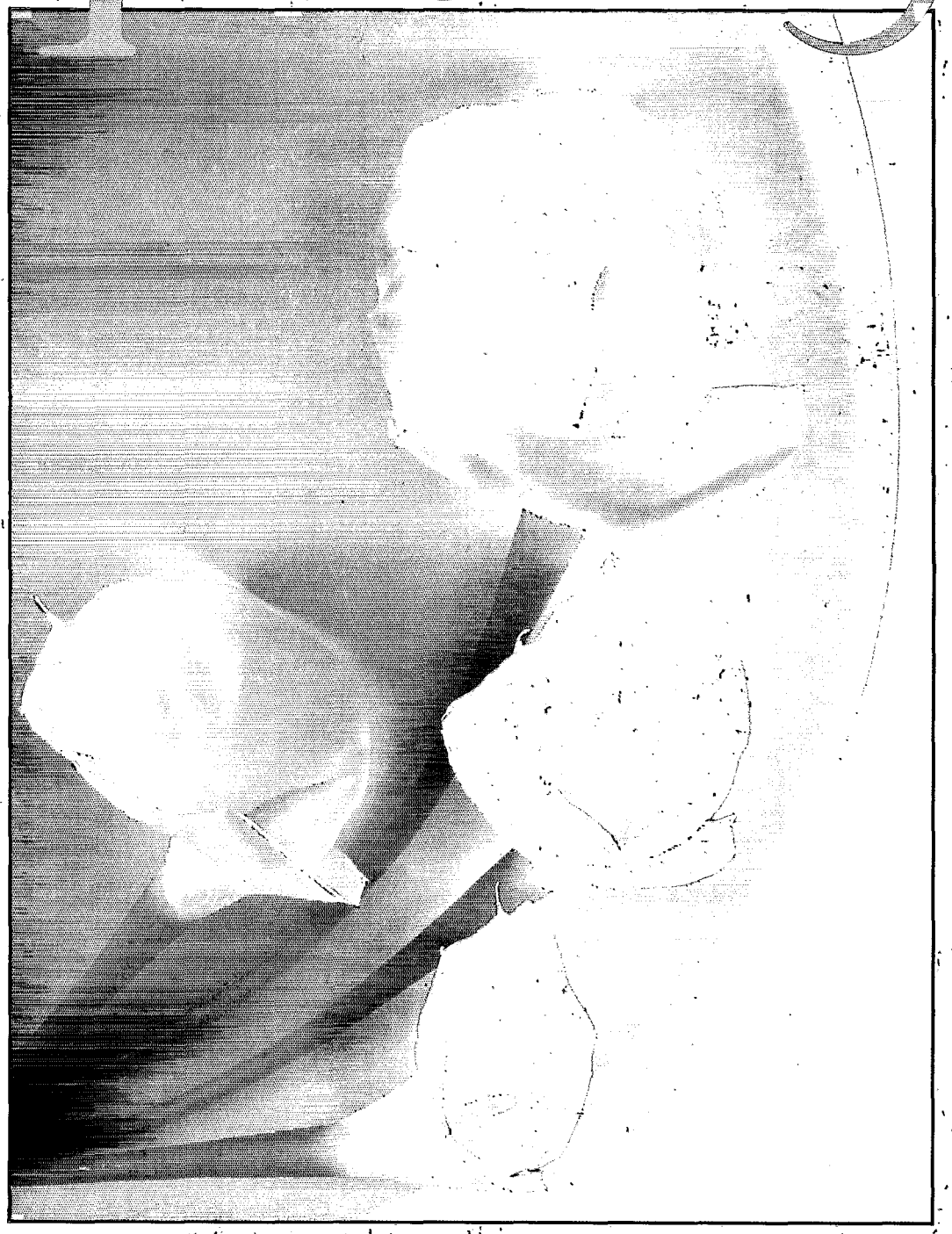
A Journal of Grosse Pointe Life

HERITAGE



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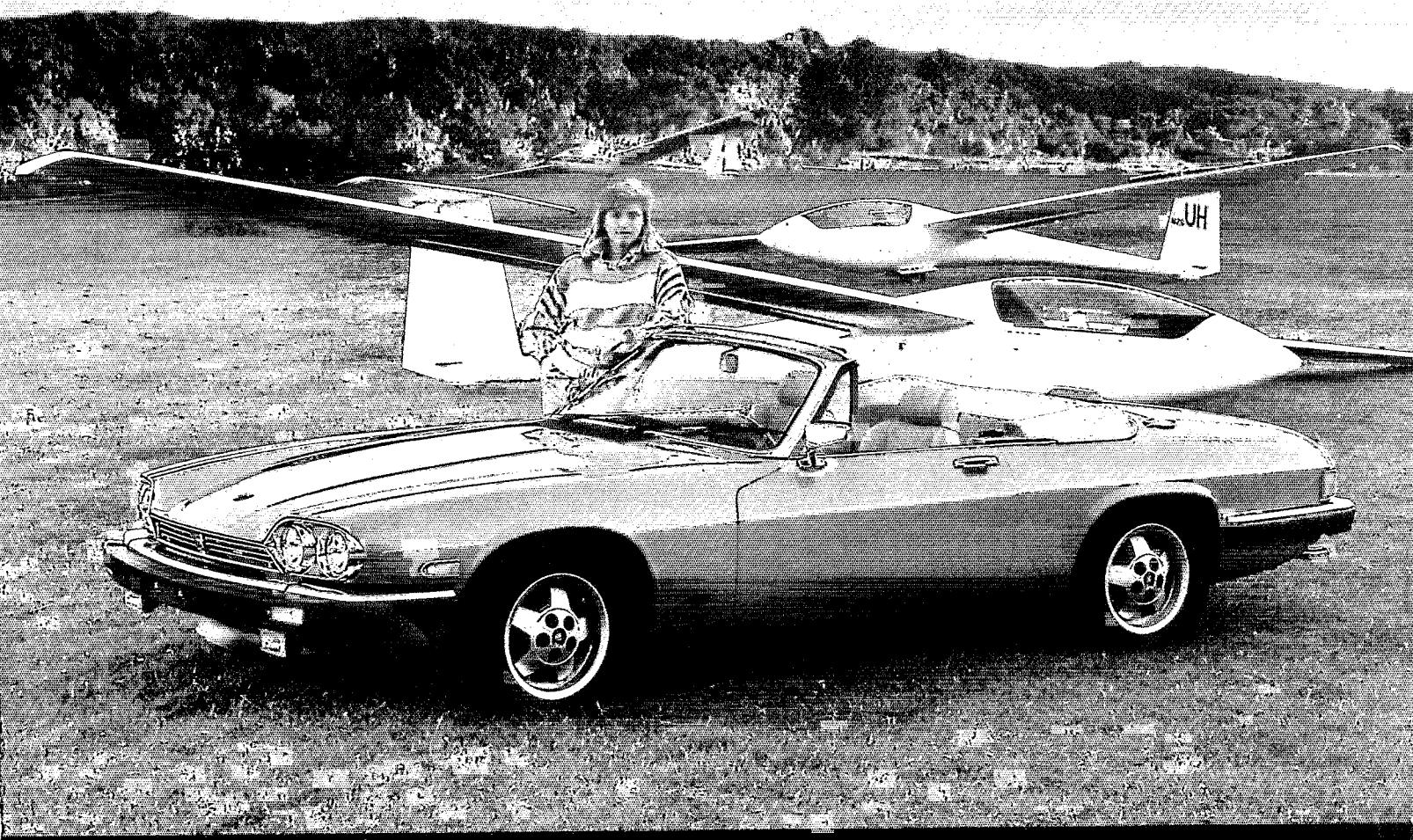

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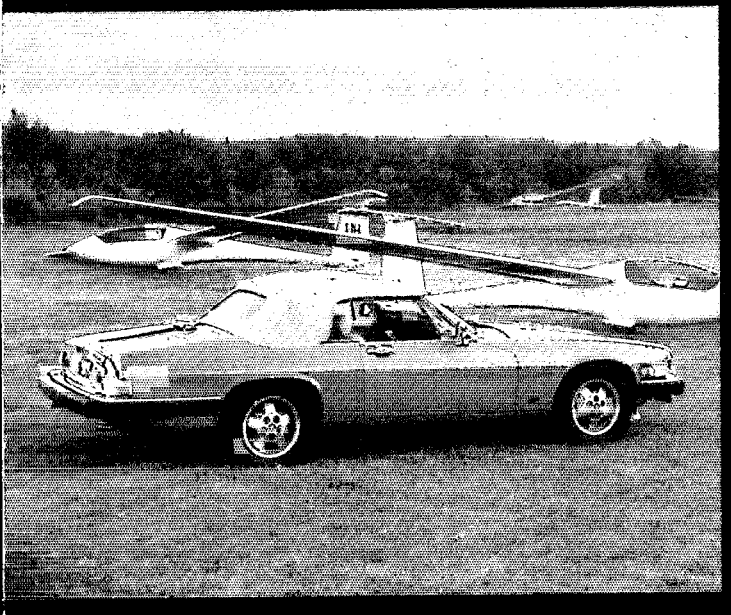

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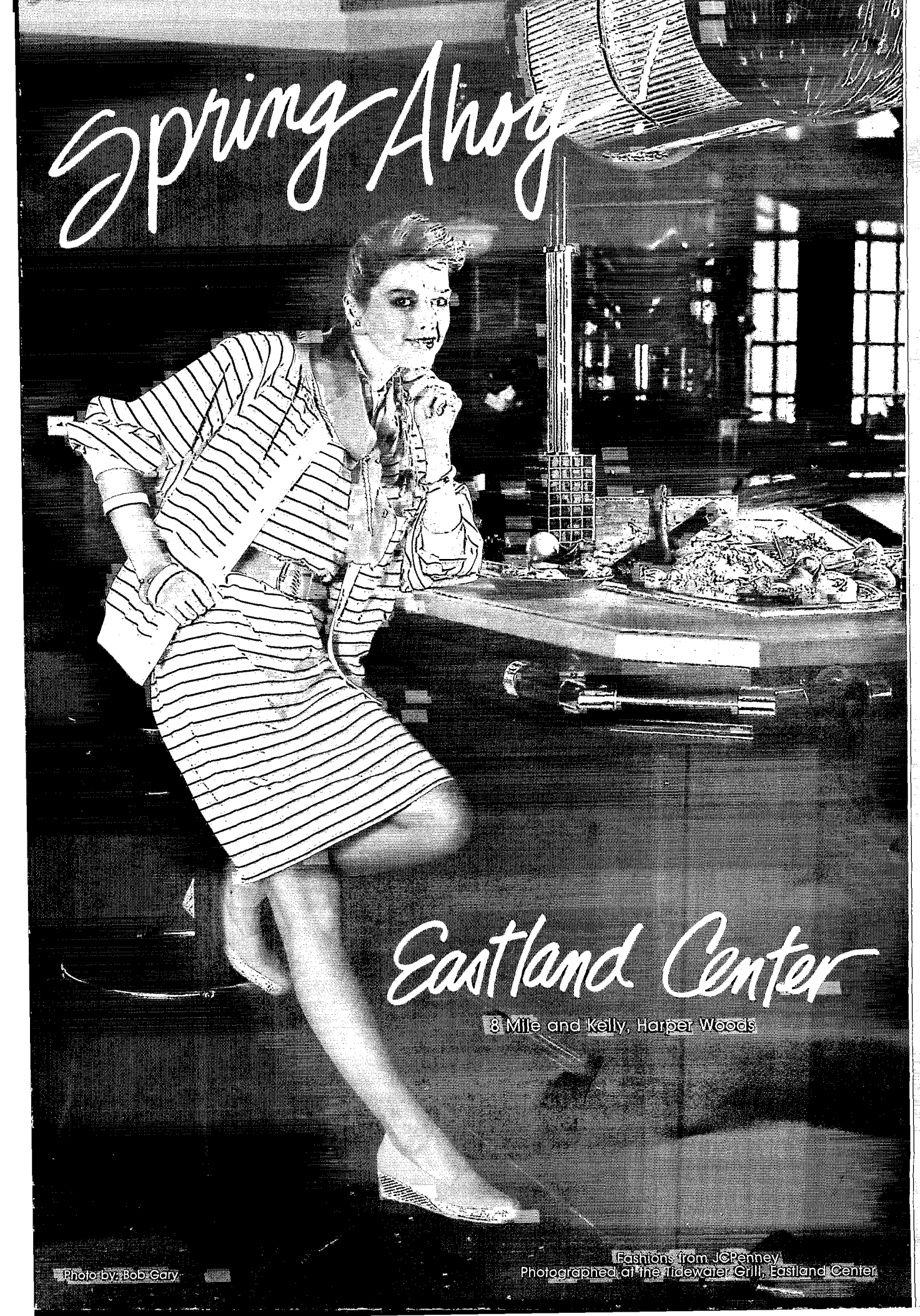
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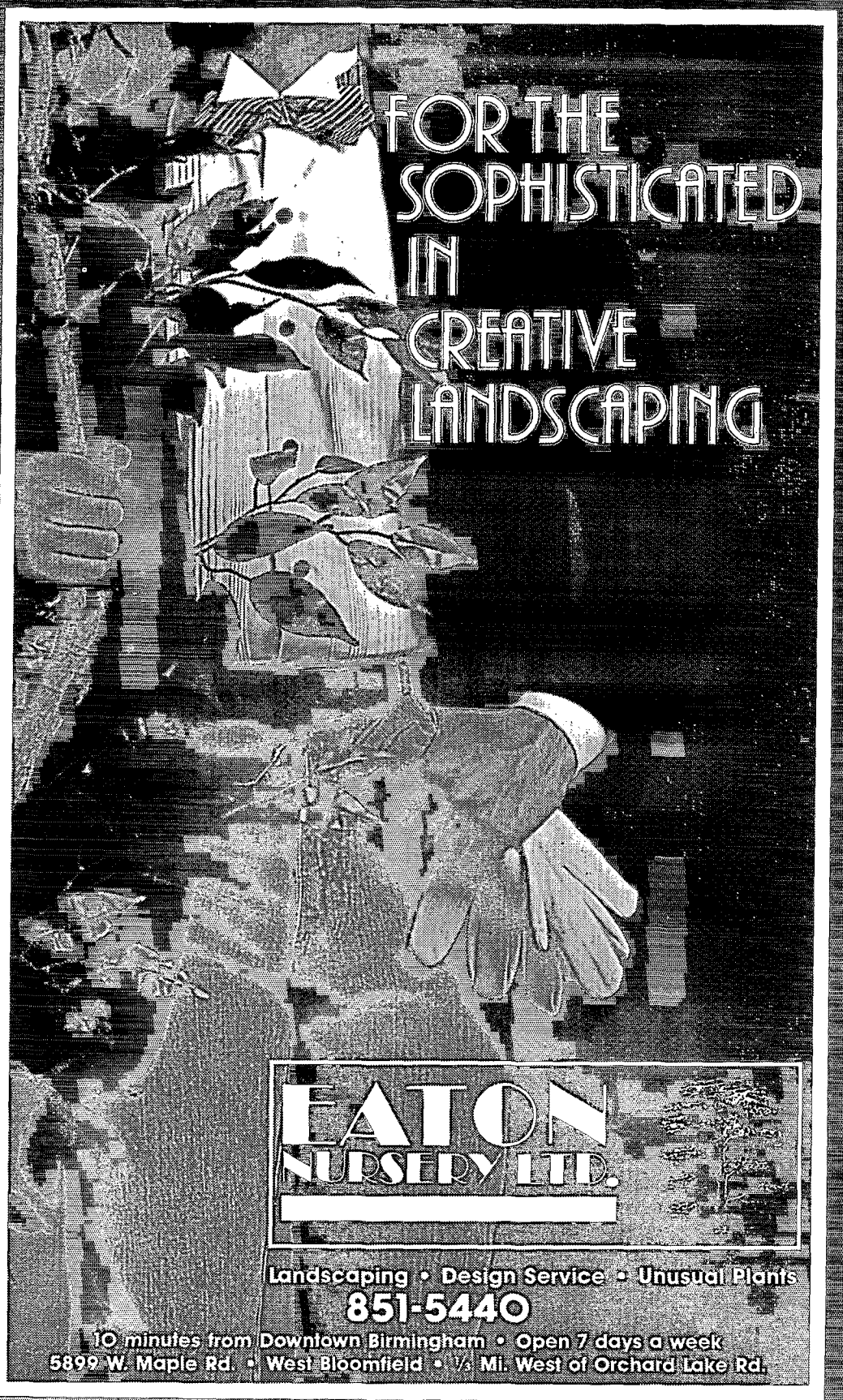
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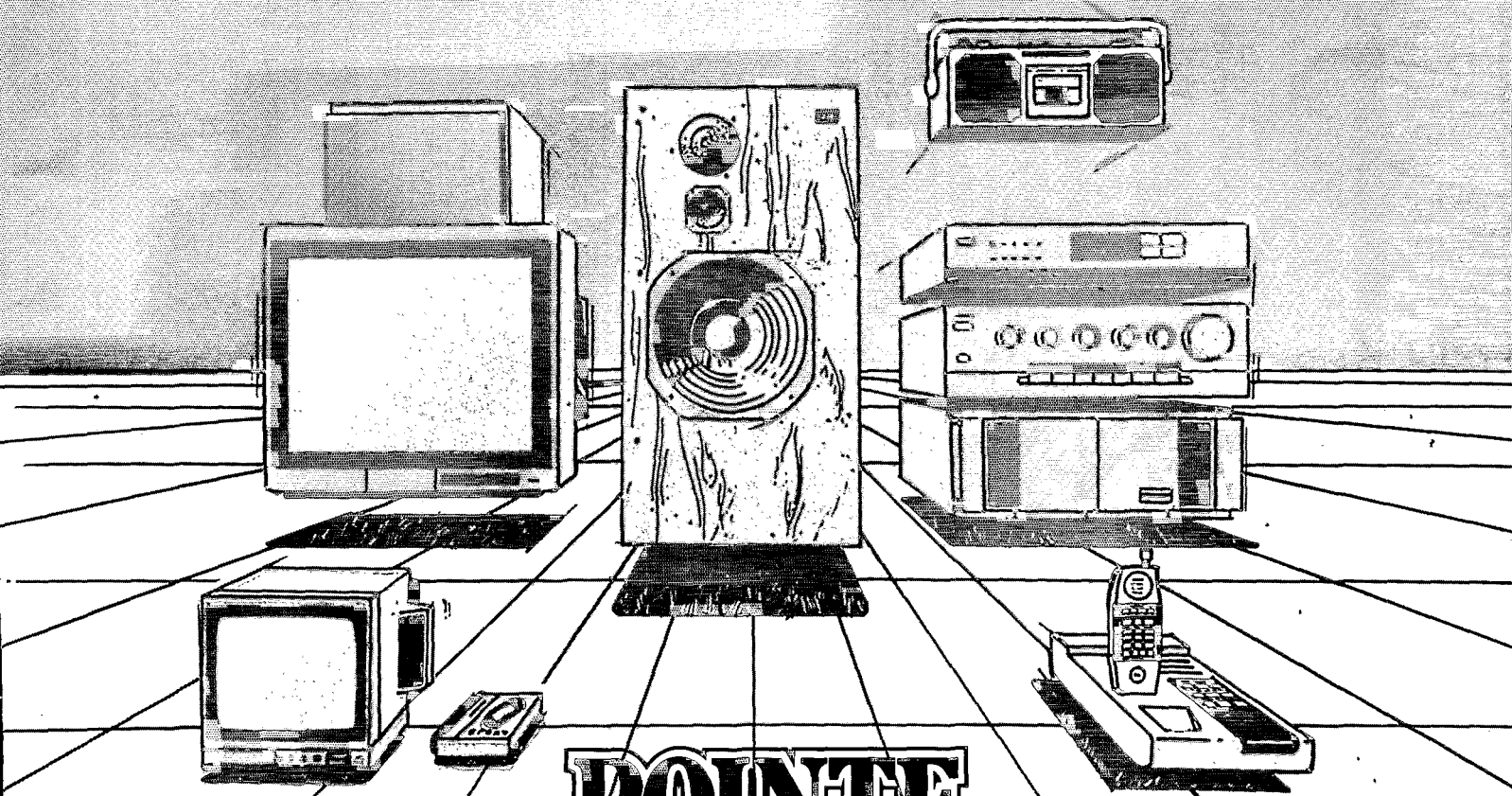

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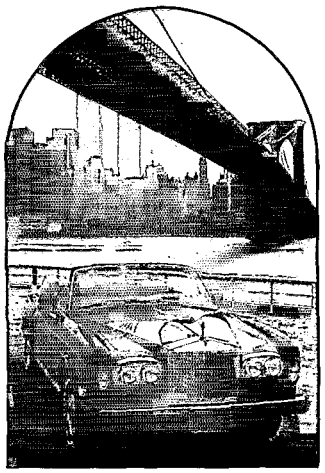

Automotive ♦ 30

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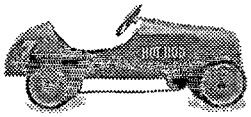

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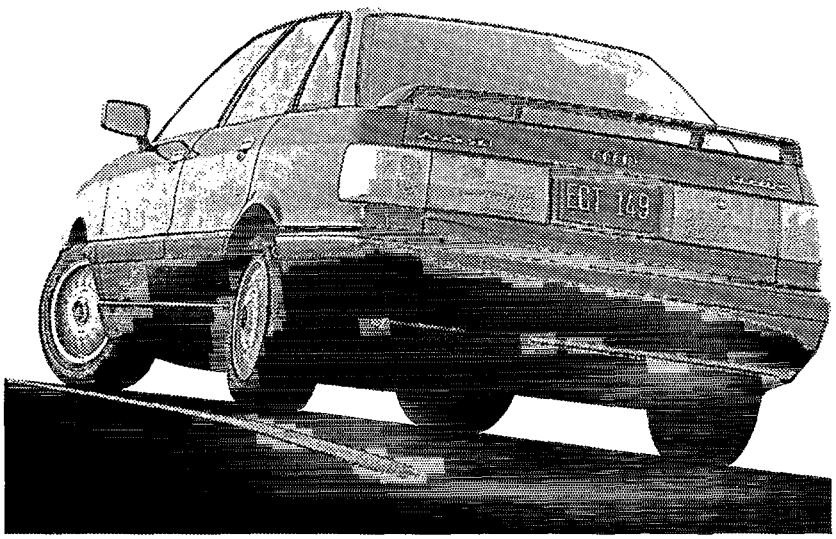

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In Honour of Mom

I remember Mama.

If you watched television in the Fifties, that sentence will recall the weekly show thus named, a warm and homey drama that frequently justified the existence of tear ducts. It was a celebration of family life as seen through the eyes of the daughter, with Mama at the core of her memories.

I had a Mama such as that, as did many children of my generation. Good, bad, or indifferent, Mom was always there, a constant in my life. She taught me how to clean and cook and bake and sew over the years, patiently redirecting and graduating me to another level only after the task at hand had been mastered.

Mom was our role model, augmented at school by the gentle Blessed Mother and the sisters who taught us. Talk about a triple whammy! We never had a chance. We were destined by an accident of birth to become Good Women and Mothers.

But something changed in the world.

At the same time that women were being classified "equal" by the courts, they were being mutilated by the media. Playboy became our new literary magazine. The male hierarchy of the Catholic Church sent Mary to her room, so as not to offend ecumenical sensitivities; small wonder that nuns fled convents to marry priests.

Inflation brought our generation into the workplace, and here we sit, feeling cheated even when we love the work that we do.

Why? Because *we remember Mama.* We know how it feels to bustle in the kitchen over cookie dough, shaping and baking and hearing Mama tell us what a great job we did. We remember summer picnics in the yard under the oak tree, no special occasion, just us and Mom and peanut butter sandwiches. We recall the security of knowing Mom would be there after school. Sometimes there were fresh-baked brownies on the counter, sometimes there were not; it wasn't important. What *was* important was the ritual of relaying the trials of our school day to a sympathetic soul who was always willing to listen.

We don't get to be that kind of Mom, and it hurts. All those growing-up years we dreamed of the day when *we* would be the nurturer, and now that we are, we must face the depths of our own inadequacy.

We're cranky in the morning because we're racing the clock; we're cranky in the evening because we're exhausted.

We entrust our babies to the care of total strangers—how unAmerican! How unMom! How unfortunate for us all.

Ahh, say the men, but you asked for it. You took us to court, you burned your bras, you wanted our jobs—well now you've got them. How does it feel, Mother?

What one person is responsible for the way of life we know? Swept along by events of the day, we find ourselves constantly creating, and being recreated by, an ever-changing world. Could we have had it another way? What seemed so lacking in our mothers' lives that we felt compelled to create our own reality?

Was it the palpable disrespect of men, who prefer male offspring, instill in women the notion that they are inferior, and attempt to denigrate us with locker room snickers and artful pornography? Hard questions, dear readers, for which I know no answers.

And now our children are teenagers; our daughters, young women about to make us grandmothers. Do we want them to emulate us? Is this merry-go-round a better life than our mothers knew? In today's economic reality, do they have a choice? If they do have a choice, will they recognize their own alternatives?

I remember Mama; the narrow confines of her world made me secure enough to meet the demands of my own womanhood.

But life is a balancing act, and perhaps the broadening of my own life will narrow the options for my daughter. If I have shown her what can be done, have I also robbed her of the nurturing which would give her the personal strength to do it?

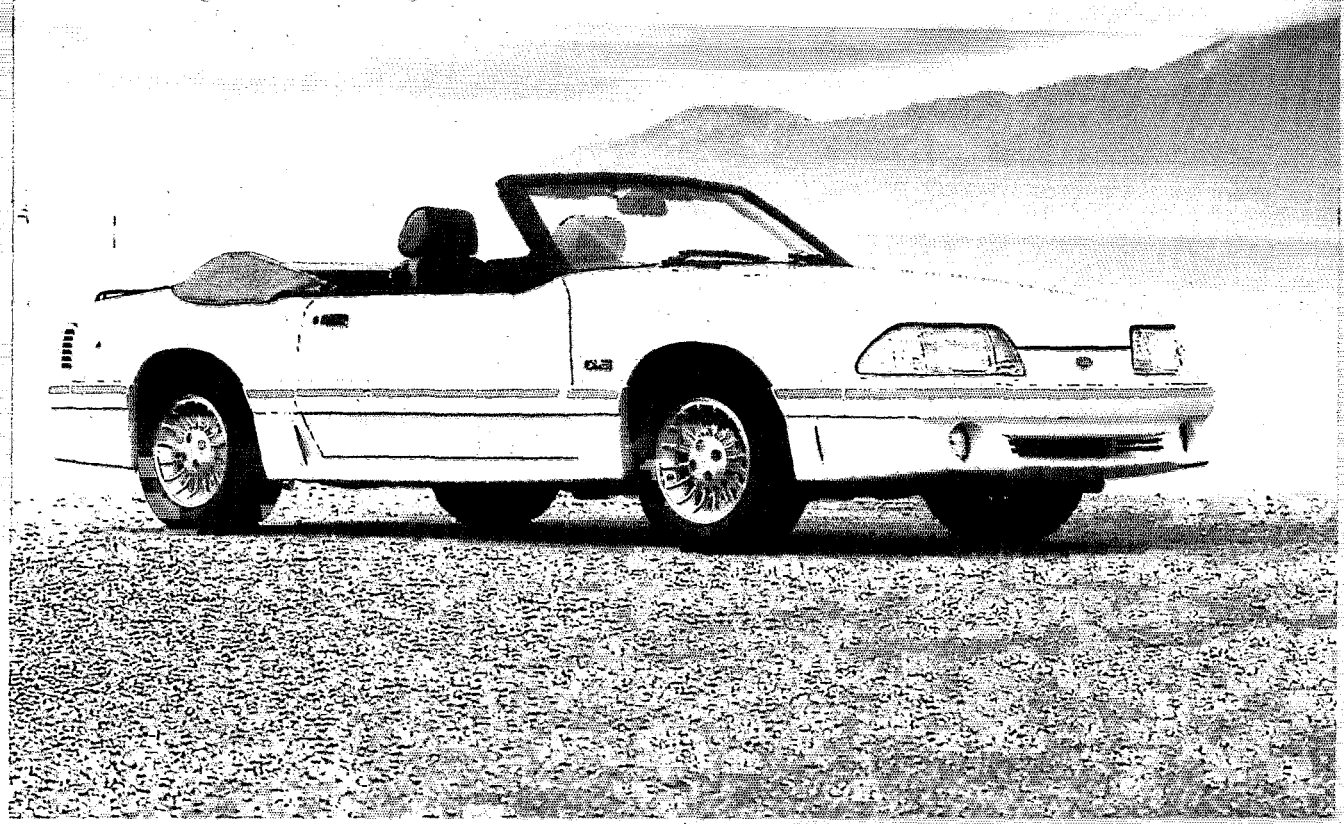
My mother, my daughter, myself—three women of disparate realities, bound by bloodlines and gender and love. What I have given my daughter remains to be seen, but my mother's contribution is a shining example of love and commitment.

I remember Mama, and those wonderful memories are the precious source of my personal strength.

Happy Mothers' Day, Mom. You did it better than I ever could.

Patricia Louwers Serwach
Publisher

Royal Style



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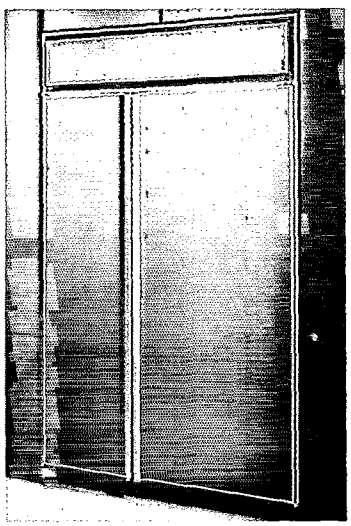
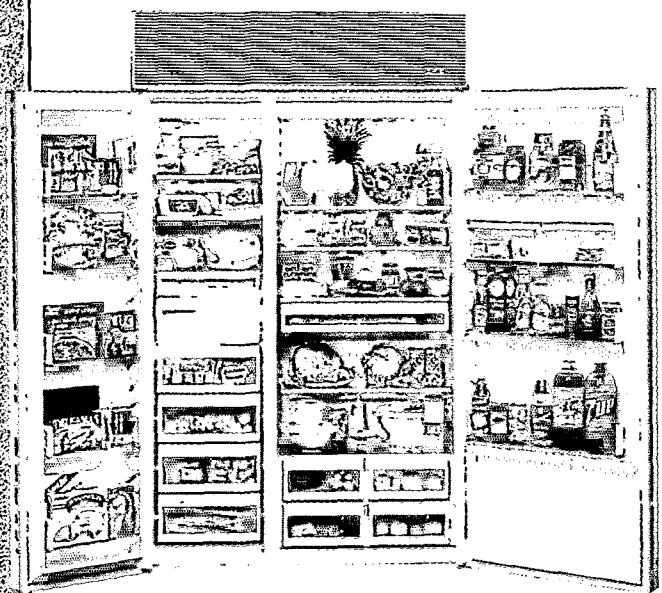


With over 16 models to choose from, Sub-Zero can satisfy most any space or usage requirement. Sub-Zero home refrigeration is built with superior quality materials and craftsmanship to provide you with years of functional beauty.



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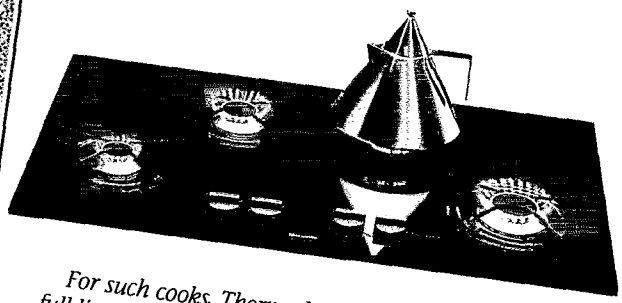
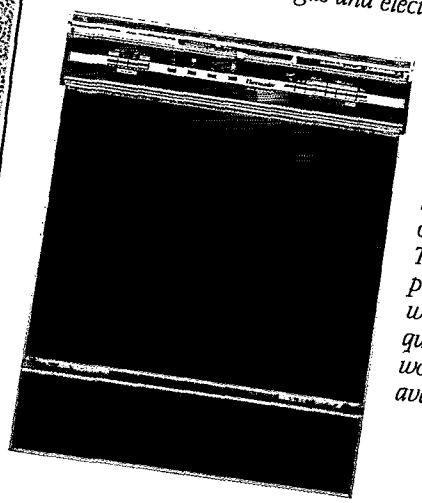
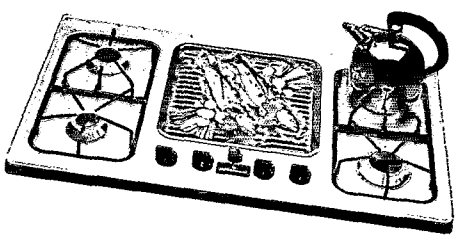
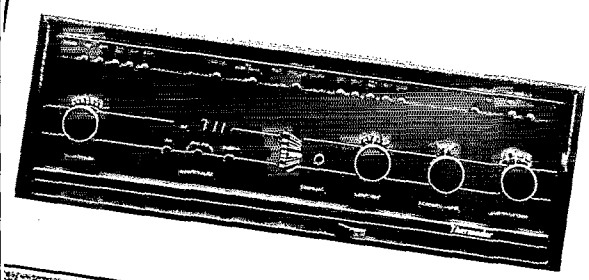


For such cooks, Thermador has responded with a full-line of kitchen appliances that are at once, functional and very stylish. From the state-of-the-art MicroThermal ovens, gas and electric cooktops, hoods, warming drawers, dishwashers, trash compactors, and waste disposers to built-in can openers, Thermador provides you with the highest quality and workmanship available.







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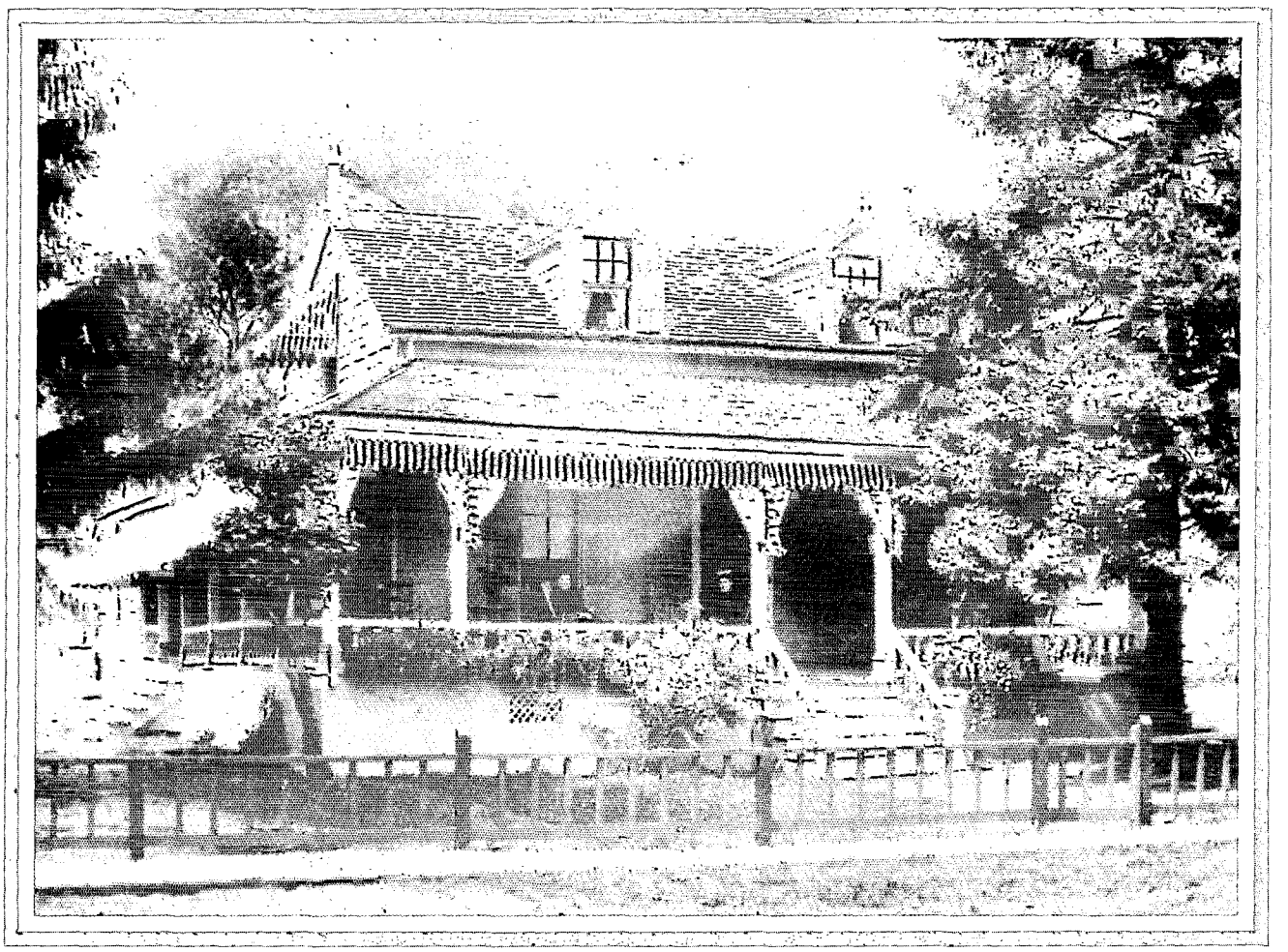

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At approximately 9 a.m. on June 11, 1805, a careless labourer hitching up a team of horses in baker John Harvey's stable lit up his pipe. It may have been a cigar; the story varies. But within minutes the town was ablaze. People fled the 300-or-so wooden houses that were huddled close together between what are now Griswold Street and Cass Avenue, Larned and the river. The fire spread so fast that few folks had time to gather any personal possessions. High winds fanned the conflagration. General Friend Palmer wrote in his *Early Days in Detroit,* "The wind was south by southwest, and was so violent as to carry cinders as far as Grosse Pointe." By noon, Detroit was reduced to ashes.

With only one or two buildings left standing, residents of the little settlement found what shelter they could. Some stayed with family or friends in houses scattered along the river. Palmer states that the garrison took in as many as it could hold, and supplied tents for some others. Clarence M. Burton, also a major historian, contradicts, saying, "Even the citadel, which was quite detached from the town and contained barracks, officers quarters and contractors' stores, was wiped out." Either way, many people had to build flimsy board shanties on the common, or were forced to sleep in the open air.

Among the families left homeless was the widow Provençal and her five children, the youngest just nine years old. Madame Catherine Provençal knew about hardship; twice widowed, she had also buried three of the

by ANDEE SEEGER

Euphemia St. Aubin Provençal

Pierre Bourgeat Provençal

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE *BURTON HISTORICAL COLLECTION* OF THE DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

eight children of the second marriage, two of them as infants. Her late husband Pierre (Peter) Paul Bourgeat *dit* Provençal, a blacksmith, was born in Montreal, the son of another Pierre Paul Bourgeat who emigrated from the village of Toulon in the region of Provence, France. Following an old custom, the French *habitants* often took the nickname of the area whence they came; so Bourgeat was called *(dit)* Provençal, and gradually the family name faded as the new name prevailed.

Provençal, blacksmith, born 1746, died in 1796, less than a year after his youngest son and namesake was born. He must have been a tough and defiant character. Because of the constant danger of fire, Detroit laws required that each household maintain a full rainbarrel, a bucket and a ladder, and pass periodic fire inspection. John Askin, in his papers, lists Provençal among those who needed their chimneys swept, but who refused to let the designated sweepers do the job, "saying they would sweep them themselves."

Catherine Provençal, herself a descendant of earlier settlers, was evidently a good match for her husband. She was probably the first woman to vote in Michigan. Silas Farmer, in his *History of Detroit and Wayne County and Early Michigan,* reports, "By Act of 1802 all freeholders or householders paying an annual rent of forty dollars were constituted voters, without reference to sex. Under this provision, at the election of 1804, four ladies voted, Mrs. Provençal and Mrs. Coates in person, and two others by proxy." Women lost that right again in 1821, not to recover it for almost 100 years.

The Great Fire of 1805 wiped out property lines, and a commission of dignitaries appointed by Congress set out to draw up a plan to rebuild the town, redistributing land so as to compensate people who had been burned out, allocating lots ("donations") as close as possible to what they had owned before. In the list of claims, Catherine Provençal put down her losses at a value of 400 pounds. But the commission had to fight through delays in getting approval from Congress, and then fought amongst themselves. There was General William Hull, governor of the new territory; Rev. Stanley Griswold, secretary; and Augustus B. Woodward and Frederick Bates, judges. People fought over who should get the choicest parcels of land, and whether those should be included at all among the "donations." Charges and counter-charges flew amidst the desolation, and a war of massive egos raged within the commission.

The plan, finally accepted two years after the fire, is set forth in the *Governor and Judges Journal, Proceedings of the Land Board of Detroit,* compiled and edited by Clarence M. and M. Agnes Burton. The old common was subdivided to make enough new lots to go around in a design drawn up by Judge Woodward, and property owners were allowed to buy adjacent land—at two cents per square foot—to bring lot lines into conformity with the new system. The plan ran from the river up to Main Street (now Jefferson), and along Court House Avenue (Woodward). We know East Street as Cadillac Square, West Street as Michigan Avenue, Military Square as Campus Martius, and Circus as Grand Circus Park.

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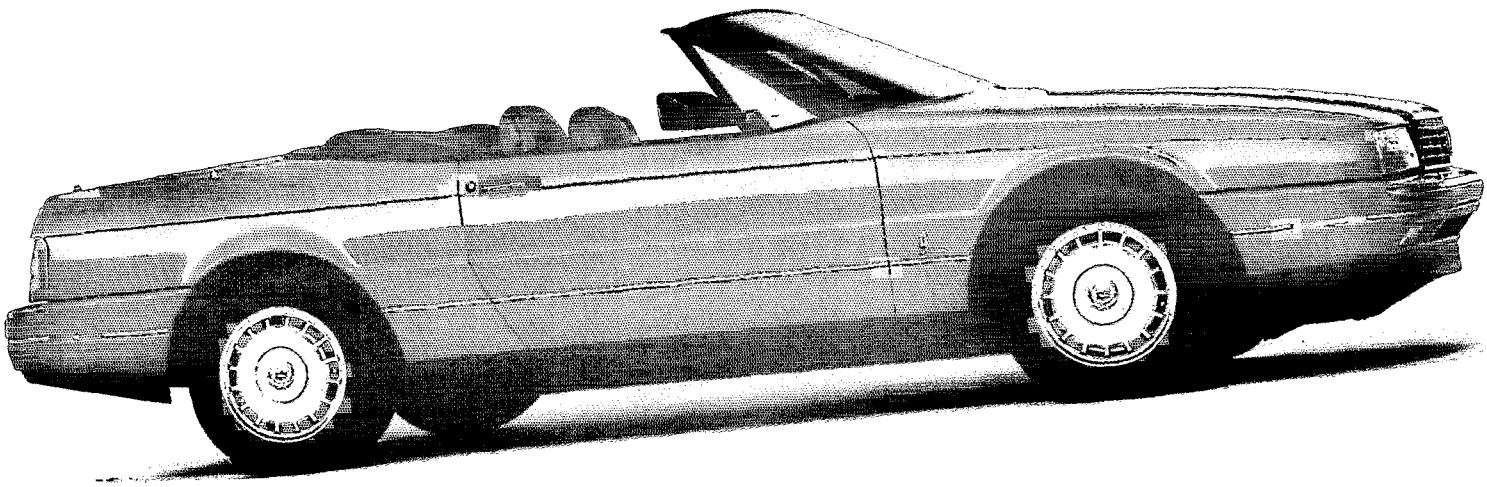

For those who are fortunate enough to write their own rules, there is Cadillac *Allanté*.

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However, the populace could hardly camp out for those two years, and had begun to rebuild independently. The new allocations did not always allocate them the place they occupied, creating more bitterness and confusion; and so it befell the Provençals, although Catherine and each of her two oldest children, James and Anne, did receive a lot. The other children were under the age of entitlement.

We really know very little about Pierre Provençal the younger. Newspaper notices at the time of his death *(Detroit Free Press,* November 4 and 5, 1869) state that he served in the U.S. Army in the War of 1812, "and participated in several actions, among them the battle of Brownston. In 1824, he received the appointment of Indian interpreter and government blacksmith for the district now known as the Saginaw country." He is said to have served some years there.

A slightly different time line emerges from a broadside written by Pruella Janet Sherman and printed privately around 1900 for Provençal's daughter, Mrs. James Weir. In *Romantic Story of a House,* Sherman noted, "It was in the year 1819 that Pierre Bourgeat Provençal, failing in health, determined to leave mercantile life and go into the country and try farming. Mrs. Weir, the present owner, still holds the deed, dated 1819, and written in its quaintness."

Was the young blacksmith sickly, trying to follow in his father's profession? Or was he just fed up with the personal jealousies and petty squabbles in the town, characteristic since founder Cadillac's struggles to hang on to what he had won so painfully? We know only that Pierre Provençal built his house on his farm in the forest on the banks of Lake St. Clair about 1819, near the location of the street in Grosse Pointe which is now named after him. Here he planted an orchard and set out to till the soil. He was 24 years old. In 1831, at age 36, he married Euphemia Casse *dit* St. Aubin, age 18; they were married by Fr. Gabriel Richard, in St. Anne's Church.

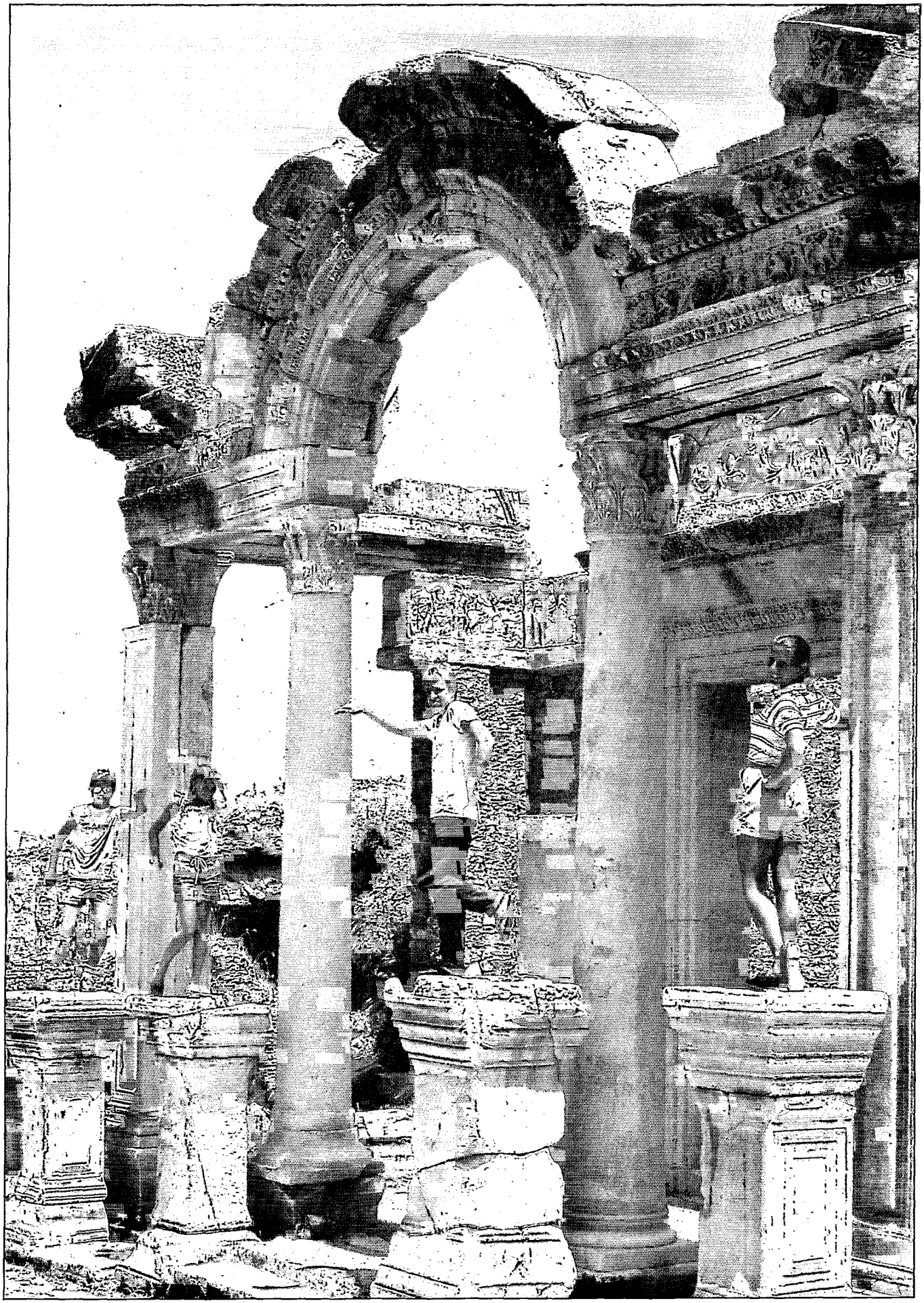
Pierre Provençal could trace his ancestors back not only to France but to the Webb family of New England, who were granted a coat of arms in 1577 and who played a role in the Revolutionary War as associates of George Washington. Euphemia's great-great-grandfather landed in Detroit with Cadillac in 1701.

For 14 years they had no children. According to Sherman's account, they decided to share their growing prosperity not only by helping their less fortunate neighbors but also by taking in children, 24 over the years, orphaned by the cholera epidemics which devastated Detroit in 1832, 1834 and 1849. At his own expense, Provençal built a second house to serve as an orphanage, set up a school and hired teachers for his young charges.

Sherman continued, "One of the remarkable results of this venture is the fact that every one of those 24 children not only grew to maturity, but every one became a useful and respectable citizen, some of whom still live in Detroit and vicinity. As they grew up, one by one, and left the old farm to go out into the world for themselves, Pierre Provençal gave to each enough of this world's goods to make a start in life."

The Provençals' only natural

(continued on page 87)



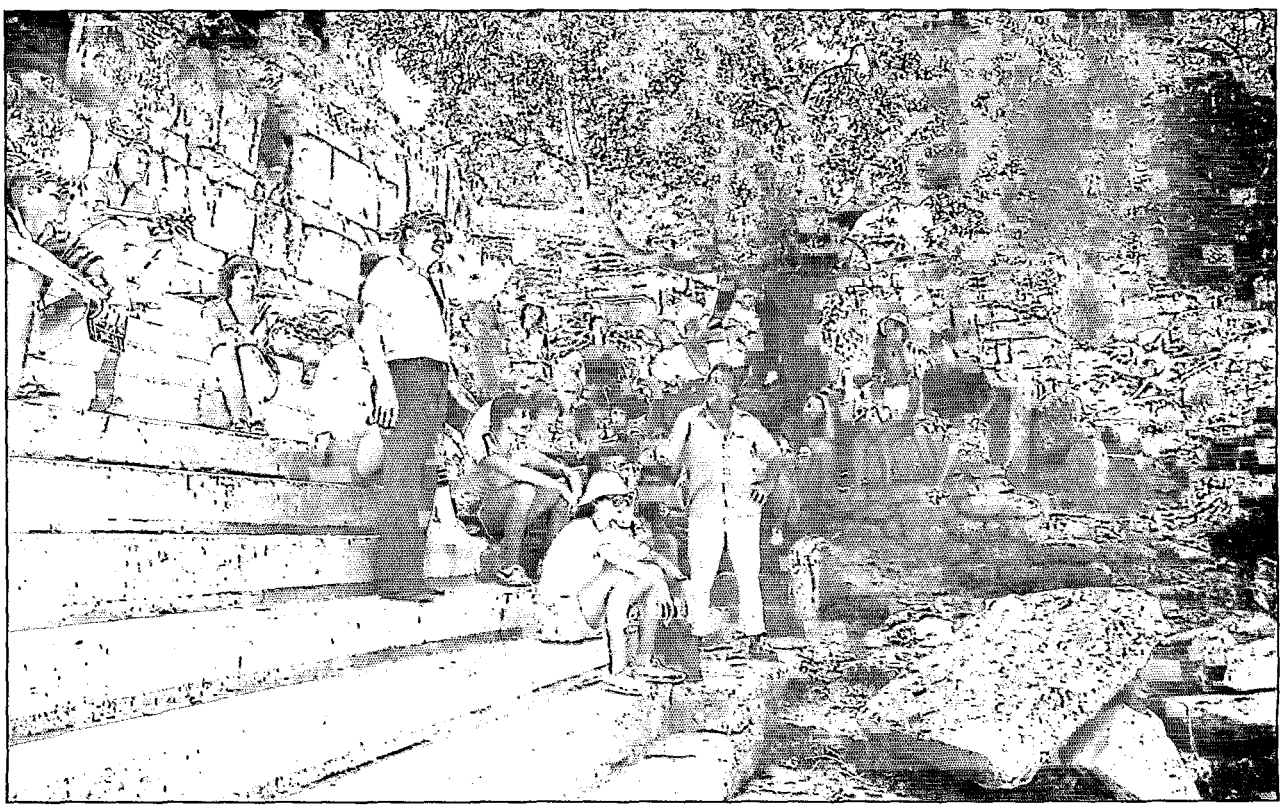
THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO EUROPE

by MICHELLE DELAND ◆

A European trip can be an exhilarating traveller's dream, especially for high school or college students just beginning to broaden their horizons. European travellers will reap experiences upon which books can only touch, provided they prepare properly.

European travel preparation is an art in itself. To get something out of your trip, be willing to put a great deal of effort into it.

Travelling alone or with a few school friends might sound appealing, but it's a tough way to go if you don't speak the language. Precious time can be wasted on simple tasks, such as finding a place to stay, which could have been handled beforehand, had your trip been organized through a professional travel tour.



Left: Student travellers pose as statues amongst the ruins of Asia Minor (Turkey).

Above: The ancient world is brought to life via the dynamic instruction of local, college-trained guides.

"The train stations of Europe are filled with kids sleeping on the floor who just haven't planned right," said James Hinga, president of Educational Travel for Everyone and a former high school administrator.

A young traveller should begin thorough preparation by booking a trip with a reliable source. It's easiest to find that source through the school system.

When arranging a tour, ask plenty of questions, not only about the trip, but the agency itself—its history, the type of people who work for the outfit and their qualifications. When a trip includes flights, meals, lodging, orientation materials and various tax charges, chances are you're getting a sound deal. A low-priced tour may *not* be a quality tour, and you may end up paying for more extras than anticipated.

Travelling with an exchange program, where a student lives with a foreign family, takes an exceptional individual, according to Hinga. This type of immersion, where a student is alone in a strange country, is not for everyone.

"This can be a tough experience, because it's very intense," Hinga explained, "but it is the finest way to learn about yourself, a country and a language."

Hinga, as well as Robert Welch, director of secondary education for the Grosse Pointe school system, has found that pairing up students, educators and well-travelled adults on a European jaunt seems to be the most effective way for students to become thoroughly immersed in their travels.

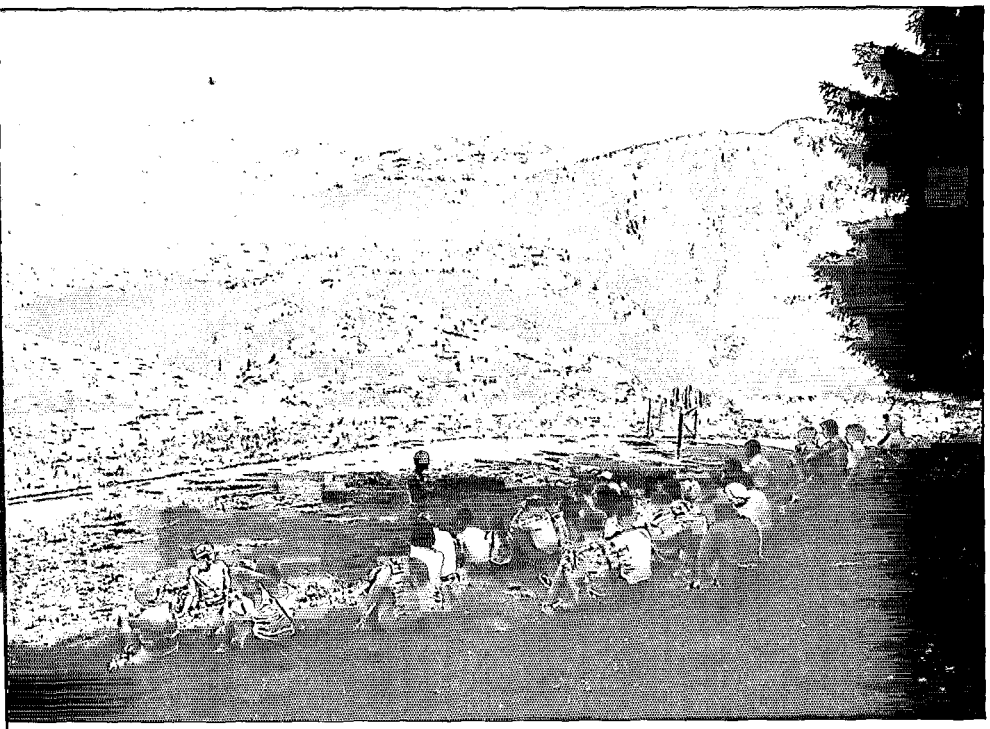
"What we like to do is put together young people and adults to learn something," Hinga said. "We find that, when you stress education, you lose the kids who just want to go on a senior trip. That type of student should just rent a room and throw a party."

Welch is adamant about educational travel for students. "They should be prepared to learn something and study their destinations before they go," he said. "The more you know, the more you get out of it. Get an education before you go, or you'll pass things by like a ship in the night."

And don't forget to map out everything you plan to do, Welch reminded.

"Plan what you do so you don't waste time standing on street corners wondering what you're doing next. Take maps of the city and good guide books," Welch recommended. "And when you tour places, such as museums, know what you want to view beforehand."

A good tour director will arrange a series of orienta-



Opposite: A young American traveller adds a finishing touch to a headless statue in Asia Minor.

Above: A guide talks about the ecology and topology of the region around Leysin, Switzerland.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL FOR EVERYONE

rency well in advance. If your trip includes meals (usually breakfast and dinner), most of your spending money will be used for lunches, transportation, incidentals and souvenirs.

Mello said he had a good grasp of the exchange rate by his trip's end. "We all turned into businessmen by the end of the trip. You can figure on $20 a day to get around a city; and, if you're going, you'll want to shop." He advised tourists to ship purchases home to avoid carrying them around.

Hinga requires that students on his trip bring a small amount of foreign currency with them. "It's important to have some foreign money in your hands," Hinga said. "Order it a few weeks in advance from a major area bank. We always recommend that you obtain $20 in currency for each day in a country and the remainder of your money in low-denomination ($20) travellers checks."

Exchange rates are usually better in the countries themselves, but arriving with local currency allows you to maneuver before the banks open. Hinga discouraged exchanging money at the hotel because rates are not as favourable as at the banks.

Credit cards are readily accepted in Europe and a good idea if you plan to make some expensive purchases. "If you have something shipped home and it doesn't show up, the credit card company will become involved," Hinga said.

European travel should be a thrilling and unique experience, filled with memories that will last a lifetime. You just have to take the time to plan.

Welch takes a small journal with him when he travels, and writes down each day's highlights and insights. Each time he visits Europe he experiences something new, and also renews old acquaintanceships with people as well as with places. "The first time you go to Europe you see things. The second time you go, it's like going home." ◊

Animals populate our religions, mythology and folklore, their peculiar properties personifying abstract concepts. Walt Disney built his fortune on our penchant for humanizing animals and our appreciation of fantasies which involve them. Elmer Fudd hates that cwazy wabbit and is always out to get him, but Bugs refuses to play by Elmer's rules. Ever the consummate showman, Bugs delivers his audience a good laugh, usually at Elmer's expense.

CHIEF ENGINEER

Lions are strong; lambs are weak. Horses depict swiftness. Owls are wise. Eagles are free; and beavers are industrious and eager.

Roaming the Great Lakes region more than ten thousand years ago as the pre-historic *Castoroides,* the ancestral beaver reached a height of eight feet and weighed 700 pounds. It joined other giants of the period as native Michigan wildlife: the mastodon, southern peccary, elephant and northern musk ox.

Since the arrival of European explorers, beavers have been favoured among fur-bearers. Early settlers voraciously gleaned beaver pelts during Detroit's trading-post

By WENDY L. CLEM

The hectic life and times of Buddy Beaver

PHOTO COURTESY OF ONTARIO MINISTRY OF NATURAL RESOURCES

era, and their efforts underwrote major continental development for much of North America. As early as the late Seventeenth Century, St. Clair County was recorded as plentiful in beaver; a French map of Fort St. Joseph, located at the mouth of the St. Clair River, bears the descriptive inscription: "Beaver hunting of the friends of the French."

Detroit's founder, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, made frequent references to the animal's importance in his Detroit memoirs from the early Eighteenth Century, when beaver pelts accounted for more than half of the area's fur production. The pelts, also used as a form of monetary exchange called "hairy banknotes" and "brown gold," were accepted even by churches in lieu of outstanding debts.

Beaver furs were in great demand by clothing manufacturers and hatters, whose stylish decrees seriously depleted the national beaver population by 1900. Extinction threatened all Eastern states except Maine, with beaver common only in Alaska and a few Pacific Northwestern locations. Fashion turned the tide once again—with the introduction of smaller hat styles, newly fashionable silks and alternative furs, demand for beaver lessened, and the animal prospered once again.

Today, beaver populations saturate most of the United States and remaining North America, from sea-level to mountainous regions, wherever there are

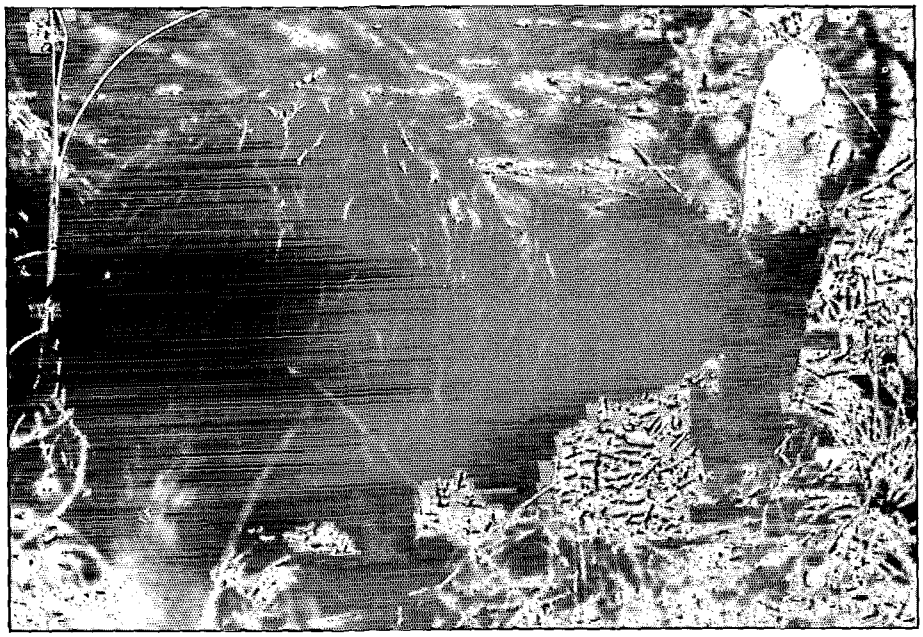
plentiful supplies of water and aspen trees. The largest rodent in North America, the beaver is a descendant of the *Rodentia* animal order that includes more than 1,700 other species.

Michigan's beaver populations are measured in retrospect by Yearly Relative Indexes, a system of computing beaver numbers trapped each previous year. With beaver trapping a state-licensed activity, Michigan biologists estimate beaver harvests for 1986 at 33,629—an increase of 12,966 from 1985. The value of the beaver pelt is affected by burgeoning beaver colonies and fluctuates yearly. Michigan trapping seasons based upon animal surpluses and harvests are carefully monitored, as are trapping seasons in other states.

Fur-bearer specialist and wildlife biologist John Stuht of the Department of Natural Resources' Lansing Division estimated that current Michigan pelt values reflect the populous trend. "They are probably worth $30 to $40 on the average; some may go as high as $60 or $70."

Adult beavers are generally three to four feet long, averaging 40 to 70 pounds. They have two layers of fur—a coarse outer coat, and a soft undercoat ranging in colour from deep, rich brown to light yellowish-brown. Their broad tails, called *spatulate*, are furless and covered with leathery scales, usually measuring 18 inches long and six inches wide. The tail is a propellant and steers the beaver underwater, steadies weight distribution for items carried in the front paws, and serves as a seat for the beaver resting poised on hindpaws. It is occasionally used to ferry young beaver, known as kits, across water, but is most valuable when slapped atop water as the universal beaver signal for impending danger.

The forepaws are as dexterous as human hands, with long claws used for digging, clawing and pushing, as well as rotating motions when the beaver consumes slender tree limbs, similar to the motions of humans eating corn-on-the-cob. Hindpaws are webbed and large, often in excess of six inches, and serve as powerful swimming aids, shovels for digging, and snowshoe-like support on muddy terrain. Sharp claws on the hindpaws are used as combs to spread natural beaver body oils through outer fur, providing waterproofing for icy dips, as well as circulate the beaver's glandular secretion,



Hardworking and untiring, the beaver's best tools are its teeth—they never stop growing.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MICHIGAN UNITED CONSERVATION CLUBS

castoreum, during the young adult's search for new territory and a mate. Unique split nails on the second toe of each foot open and close like minipliers, removing wood splinters when necessary.

The beaver's teeth are its best tools; they never stop growing. Top teeth, minimally one inch high, are sharp and regenerate if broken. Bottom teeth measure two inches or more, and function as ice-cutters. Flexible lips actually prevent wood chips from entering the mouth while gnawing, or the influx of excess water when submerged.

Eyelids are transparent, closing to protect the eyes during gnawing or while underwater, yet simultaneously allowing clear vision. Nose and ear valves automatically close when submerged, with the beaver's over-sized lungs permitting breathing for periods of up to 15 minutes.

Basically hard workers, labouring well together in a singularly industrious manner, beavers generally mate for life. Infighting is nonexistent; beavers are passive, even with their natural enemies, the lynx and coyote.

"They are social animals in that they live in small groups, usually composed of the adult male and female and the two previous litters," Stuht said. "Two-year-olds are kicked out or disperse on their own. Generally they move on until they find a place of their own, depending on the density of the beaver in the area and the amount of habitat available."

The usually-domed beaver house, or lodge, is centrally located within the dam and self-contained, with air vents, two underwater tunnels, and one or two areas above water for birth-

Plight of the Beaver in the New World

More than 100 years before the discovery of America, the English poet Geoffrey Chaucer spoke of a "flaundrish beaver hat." For many years during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, hundreds of thousands of beaver skins were exported. The ceaseless slaughter led to near-extinction of beavers in Europe and North America.

Beaver trapping and trading began when the Pilgrims stepped ashore into the New World; the skins of the beavers brought Indians and white men into their greatest contact and conflict.

One of the oldest forms of trapping is the pitfall, or camouflaged hole. Ring-shaped foot traps have a spring mechanism which, when activated by touch, will entrap the beaver, or any small mammal.

Ernest Thompson Seton has estimated that, at the time of the coming of the white man, there were at least 60 million beavers in the area that became the United States. Every stream, pond and lake that had available food supported colonies of beavers. The beaver was, and is to this day, used as much for food as for fur by the Indians who hunted them all year.

The invention of the steel trap by Sewell Newhouse in 1823, however, allowed trappers to take tremendous number of beavers easily. The traps weighed about five pounds and cost between $12 and $16 a piece.

Imagine a typical circle-shaped trap lined with steel "jaws" that springs when a beaver places its paw inside, snapping shut and entrapping its prey.

Nowadays, traps consist of two shanks covered with wire netting. They fall apart when the trap is set, so that it lies flat on the bottom when placed in shallow water. The intent is to entrap the beaver as it swims to shore; the shanks come together and the beaver finds itself inside a cage. Beavers, being perceptive, will often notice the sticks and avoid the area.

After time, the constant and relentless trapping of the beavers completely wiped them out over most of their natural range. The harvesting of forests and encroaching civilization also speeded their expiration. It was only in the last decade of the 1800s that enough people became concerned about the beavers' plight to force some action to save the remnants.

The states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Wyoming and Minnesota attempted the restocking of beavers; after some time, beavers flourished once again, overpopulating and becoming a nuisance, creating conflict between the trappers, lumbermen and farmers who wanted to trap the beavers, and the resort owners, conservationists and general public who liked the beavers and who realized the good done by them.

Beavers are commended for creating habitat and naturally impounding water, according to Mitch Cox of *Fur-Fish-Game*. Because of the dams they build, they limit some water flow—which also provides small fishing areas.

Growing public protest against the wanton destruction of American wildlife resulted in much effective state and federal game legislation establishing hunting seasons. Most trapping seasons today are based upon an annual census of beaver populations.

According to the Michigan Department of Natural Resources, anyone is eligible to obtain a trapping license during the scheduled seasons. Fifteen thousand to 20,000 licenses are issued yearly for the hunting and trapping of all fur-bearing animals in Michigan; there is no limit on the number of beavers one may trap.

Beaver trapping seasons are divided into three areas; the Upper Peninsula and Northern and Southern Lower Peninsula. The exact dates vary each year; however, the season generally begins in late October and runs through mid-April.

Each of the three regions has its own annual convention held during the summer which serve as meeting places for buyers, sellers and traders of pelts. Trappers also sell their pelts through international auctions held in Toronto, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Leningrad, as well as other cities around the world.

The quality of pelts is usually expressed as four grades. Ones, also know as primes, are furs removed at the coldest, driest time of year when the beaver is full-furred. A thick, full covering causes the hair to stand erect, giving it a desirable, resilient quality. Twos, threes and fours are usually grouped as less-than-prime pelts.

Specific dates of upcoming conventions and auctions are a regular feature of the *Fur-Fish-Game* publication in Columbus, Ohio. For additional information, call (614) 231-9585 or write to 2878 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio 43209.

ing kits, eating and sleeping. Sturdy roofs can support the weight of six men, and constant repairs by the beavers keep them safe from intruders. Favourite sources of food in protected supplies include cottonwood, birch, aspen, alders, willow, and some plant life. With the daily food intake per beaver consisting of one three-inch-thick tree, even smaller beaver families require more than one acre of trees per year for food alone.

Beaver dams create marshy atmospheres with warmer water supplies than previously sustained. These changes affect other wildlife habitat as well.

"There are pluses and minuses for the wildlife," Tim Payne, wildlife biologist for the Department of Natural Resources' Pontiac Division, said. "Beaver-flooding affects the whole chain. Biologically, it's not good for certain species of trout and impedes fish movement for spawning. On the other side, it can literally develop habitat for wetland-dependent species—waterfowl, for example," he said. Warm-water fish such as bass and bluegill come in, and as the vegetation changes, they're joined by frogs, great blue herons and songbirds or woodpeckers.

"Traditionally, beaver in many places in Michigan have become nuisances," stated Payne. "They need the woodland—and other—areas that lend themselves to the damming of streams. Sometimes the dam is located immediately near the road and there is the threat that if the dam were to break, it would wash out the road."

A beaver is the only creature besides man to create its own environment. Averaging six to twelve feet in length, beaver dams sometimes reach eighteen feet—easily completed by two beavers in several days. Dam sizes vary with area water pressure; greater flow requires larger dam bases. Dam sites are chosen for protection of the beavers' food supply. Some dams are built on natural islets or willow bushes. Constructed of thousands of branches, stones and mud, the dam is based on foundational sticks anchored to the water's bottom and slanted to avoid current washout. Depth is necessary to ensure accessibility to the winter food storage at the water's base when top water freezes. Surrounding canals are constructed by beavers, facilitating transport of branches to the dam site; frequently, burrows are built on the shore line as protective cover until dam completion.

As quickly as human hands or machineries remove obstructive dams, the beaver rebuilds them—often overnight, to the complete amazement and frustration of farmer and scientist alike.

"Typically, the biggest problem we find is that it backs up on somebody's land, killing crops and timber, and floods out road systems," Payne added. "People think of beaver as being a predominantly northern species—as they are—but we do have beaver right in Oakland County that cause problems with road systems and people's land."

Modern observers conclude that beaver devotion to dam repairs is less due to instinct than to a deeply physiological need to rebuild, accompanied by an inner drive to obstruct all flowing water. Whatever the underlying reasons, Michigan's ample water supply has gradually caused beaver populations to rise, with few exceptions, since the Ice Age.

Despite modern man's tendency to pollute his own environment, this has not adversely affected Michigan's beaver growth. "In terms of pollution and water quality, there are hardly any beaver in areas where the water quality is poor or there is a lack of habitat," said Payne.

Occasionally, beavers are transported to areas where natural flooding is feared, to build dams and intercept nature's erosive destruction. Man and beaver seem fated to interact, and neither the passage of centuries nor man's technological developments have prevented that pattern from recurring—whether for positive means or negative—as we bridge the entry into yet another century. ◇

BEYOND THEIR WILDEST DREAMS

From Conestoga to Avanti, the Studebaker name stood for quality.

by HENRY DAVID JONES ◆

When Studebaker, one of the automotive industry's most innovative and long-lived companies, first appeared on the American business roster, Henry Ford had no comment. It was not for lack of interest, it was simply that Mr. Ford had yet to be born.

In fact, when brothers Henry and Clement Studebaker proudly opened the doors of the H&C Studebaker blacksmith shop in South Bend, Indiana, for the first time, auto pioneers Louis Chevrolet, Walter Chrysler and John and Horace Dodge were, as was Ford, still more than a decade away from their respective cradles.

The Studebakers entered the transportation business in 1852. Although their induction into the lucrative industry of horseless carriages was still fifty years away, they did manage to parlay the 25 cents they earned shoeing a horse that first day into a wagon-building enterprise of world-wide proportion.

Early "Studebakers" were simple farm wagons; Henry and Clement rolled out two that first year. But, arguably, the very first Studebaker built in America was a wagon crafted by the pair's great-grandfather, Clement, in 1750.

The elder Clement, who came with an assortment of family members from Solingen, Germany in 1736, brought with him the *Stutenbecker* (as they were called in Germany) heritage of metal working, and handed it down to his sons

and future generations.

Henry and Clement, beneficiaries of their great-grandfather's foresight and familial sentiment, learned blacksmithing and wagon-building from their father, John Studebaker. It was John Studebaker who had built a worthy Conestoga wagon in 1836, filled it snugly with necessities, his wife and ten children, and moved the family from a small town near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania to a log house in Ohio—and a few years later, following son Clement's lead, to South Bend.

The South Bend that quietly absorbed the Studebaker family in the early 1850s was not much more than a map-maker's trifle—a town of only 1,700 people. Yet the community had been connected to the world by rail in 1851, and would someday see a healthy Studebaker company—which had the good luck to embark at the inception of the American industrial revolution—employ more than 22,000 South Bend residents at its peak.

In 1858, John Mohler Studebaker, carrying his mother's maiden name and a small fortune garnered in the gold-crazy shantytowns of California, returned to South Bend.

His pay dirt after five fruitful years in California, not sifted in a pan, came from making wheelbarrows and other handy tools for starry-eyed prospectors. He quickly pooled his $8,000 in savings into the company and teamed up with his brothers. Henry, however, impressed deeply with the family's German Baptist

The bullet nose on the 1950 Champion business coupe anticipated style trends and gimmicks of the 1950s.

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF STUDEBAKER NATIONAL MUSEUM, INC.

Dunkard tradition, was conscionably upset by the company's increasing military contracts. He left to become a farmer shortly after brother John Mohler joined the firm.

The Studebaker motto—which is, perhaps, a distant cousin of today's hyperbolic cliché—*Give 110 percent*—was simple and generous: *Always give the customer more than you promised."*

The Studebakers lived their motto during the Civil War, offering well-built military wagons to the North—and only the North; but Studebaker wagons soon appeared in the Confederate camp as spoil. According to legend, many Confederate soldiers claimed that they owed their lives to the sturdy Studebakers, and veterans from both sides were eager to buy Studebaker farm wagons when they returned to civilian life. Ironically, the Studebaker name returned to Gettysburg—but only on wagons—and became part of the Civil War's bloodiest battle.

During the war, Peter Studebaker became the company's chief salesman; he immediately displayed the family's characteristic pioneer spirit by introducing to the wagon industry the ideas of dealership networking and international marketing. He personally crisscrossed the country, ambitiously chiseling out a league of loyal dealers and distributors from a fertile business frontier.

By the time Jacob, the last of the brothers, had entered the business in the 1870s, it had grown into the largest producer of horse-drawn vehicles in the world. The Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company, adopting its new name, was rolling out more than 75,000 Studebakers per year from a sprawling, new, four-story factory. Revenues had surpassed the $3 million mark.

The basic Studebaker was a farm wagon, painted dark green, with bright red wheels and the name "Studebaker" painted in red and yellow on the side. There was also a wide variety from which to choose—city ice wagons, elegant carriages, police paddy wagons and workaday buggies. They were built by a workforce swelling with immigrants from eastern Europe, and they were bought by city-dwelling businessmen, a growing nation's farmers, and brave pioneers bent on taming a West still peppered with warring Indians.

The Studebakers—who began by barely eking out a living—were now enjoying corpulent wealth, and built a mansion to display it. They hired Chicago architect Henry Ives Cobb to design an impressive residence called *Tippecanoe Place.* The Studebaker mansion featured 40 rooms, 20 fireplaces and 23,744 square feet of floor space. *Tippecanoe Place*—which today, after careful restoration, is an elegant restaurant—was built from local fieldstone and Studebaker success.

By the end of the Nineteenth Century, Studebaker had established one of the greatest records of production, sales and distribution in the still-tender years of the transport industry. Studebaker wagons could readily be found in the stables of the White House and on the roadways of the world, including China and Australia—grand testimony to a humble blacksmith shop.

When Clement Studebaker died in 1901, six years after brother Henry, he had reached a pinnacle few businessmen scale. He had capitalized on great-grandfather Clement's bequeathal and father John's instruction. And he died contented, the most successful man in his field.

In light of its tremendous capital and worldwide net-

ROGER RINKE

A G.M. Family Since 1917

Cadillac

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MASTER DEALER
DEDICATED TO EXCELLENCE

work of dealerships and distributors, it is not surprising that Studebaker entered the automotive age with great success. What is astonishing, though, is that, of the 6,200 vehicle manufacturers operating at the dawn of the auto era, only Studebaker successfully made the transformation.

In 1902, Studebaker unveiled its first automobile, an electric. It prompted Thomas Edison to buy the second Studebaker auto, also an electric. Gasoline power would follow two years later.

In 1903, Henry Ford—who had built his first car ten years earlier—established the Ford Motor Company. Ford Motor, along with Overland, would supply Studebaker the brunt of its competition in those fledgling years before soon-to-be giants General Motors (1908) and Chrysler (1925) would vie, with Ford, for the industry's top spot.

The first Studebaker automobiles were not much different from their horse-drawn counterparts. The engine, of course, was a radical addition—but the wooden frame, upholstered seats and tops made of canvas and leather, and the spoked wheels sentimentally remained, as did John Mohler, former wheelbarrow maker.

But Mohler was more than just a sentimental reminder of a bygone era. As president of Studebaker, he had brilliantly orchestrated the company's baptism into the auto business, and in 1911 threw the company's hat into the ring of corporate finance by acquiring Everitt-Metzger-Flanders (EMF) of Detroit. The acquisition gave to the newly-formed Studebaker Corporation EMF's Wayne, Deluxe and Northern auto plants as well as the Monroe Manufacturing Plant in Pontiac. Western Malleable Steel and Pressed Steel Sanitary Manufacturing, both in Detroit, were also obtained. All would greatly increase Studebaker production. At the age of 77, Mohler still set his eye on the future.

In 1915, Mohler turned the presidency over to Albert Russel Erskine, a former $15-a-month railroad office boy who worked his way up the corporate ladder to vice president of Underwood Typewriters before joining Studebaker in 1911.

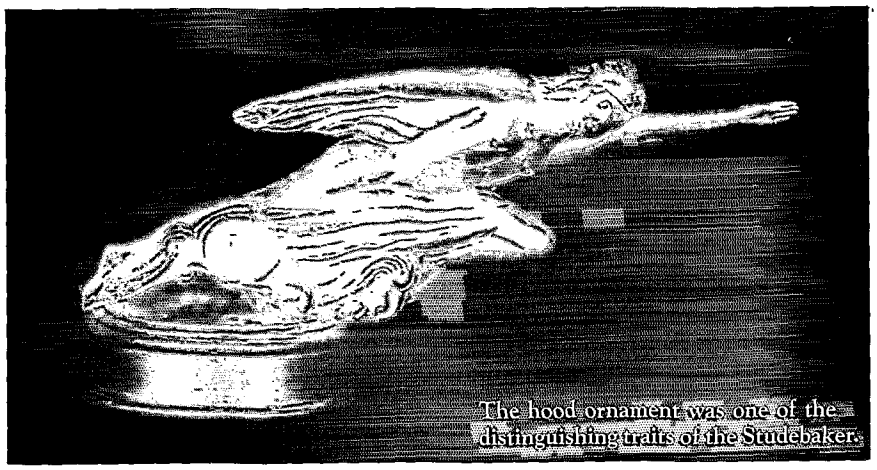
Henry and Clement began the business at respective ages of 26 and 21. Now, at the relatively green age of 44, Erskine would oversee the changing of the guard.

In one of his last business decisions, Mohler convinced the precocious Erskine to build the new Studebaker Auto Works in South Bend instead of Detroit. Erskine agreed; and in 1917, groomed in long beard, the only surviving son of John and Rebecca Studebaker, Mohler passed away at the age of 83.

All Studebaker Corporation autos had been built in Detroit—as was most of Studebaker's $30 million worth of WWI weaponry. After the war, Studebaker gradually shifted its production to South Bend.

In 1920, Erskine—a man *Motor Age* magazine once described as "a rare combination of master financier, manufacturer and salesman"—sold the Studebaker farm wagon dinosaur, and ended the company's 68 years as a wagon builder. Studebaker was no longer horse-and-buggy.

The early Studebaker autos were attractively priced. A 1916 magazine ad proclaimed that the Studebaker *Light Four* was "the only four-cylinder car... that has ever been offered in America or Europe for less than



The hood ornament was one of the distinguishing traits of the Studebaker.

$1,000." The tag line in the ad, while boastful, was also of historic note—"More than 195,000 Studebaker cars now in use."

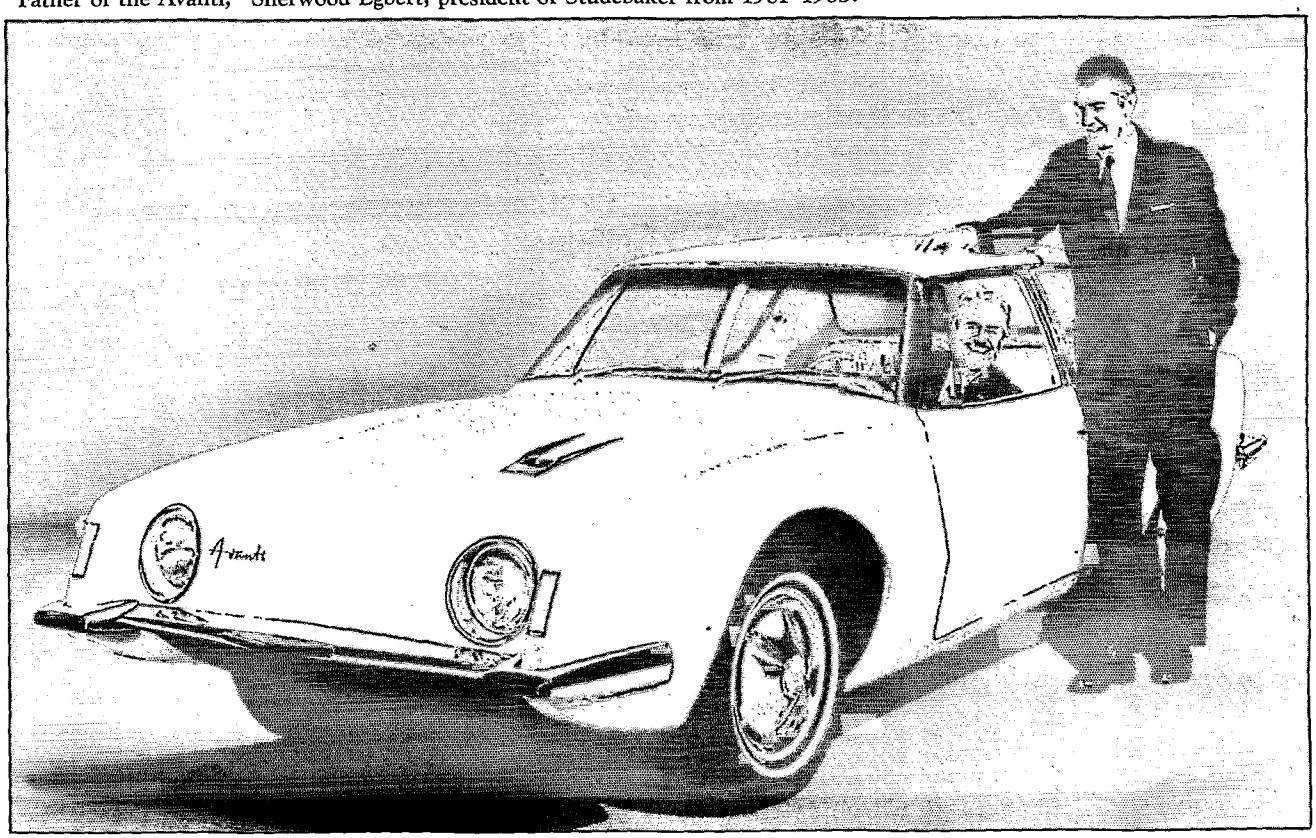
Studebaker survived the stock market crash of 1929 virtually unscathed. But Erskine underestimated the impact of the subsequent Depression and continued to pay shareholders substantial dividends. Studebaker even introduced a new car called the Rockne, after Notre Dame football coach Knute Rockne, and aimed it at Depression-era new car buyers, a market which never materialized. Erskine's market optimism inadvertently led Studebaker into receivership in 1933.

Two of the receivers were loyal Studebaker men, Paul Hoffman and Harold Vance. In less than a month after production ended, Hoffman and Vance had the corporation miraculously back on its feet. The pair, in a blur of determination, erased a $6-million flow of red ink, and even reported a $20,000 profit for the month.

Studebaker survived the great Depression while other proud marques, including Auburn, Marmon and Duesenberg, bit the dust. The company, however, did not escape tragedy. Erskine, who remained as a toothless president under the receivers, found himself personally bankrupt. His spirit terribly wounded, the man who once said he ate obstacles for breakfast shot himself through the heart in July, 1933. Erskine's death removed the last trace of Studebaker family participation in the company.

(continued on page 54)

Below: During the Sixties, Studebaker marketed the classic Loewy-designed Avanti. Seated is designer Raymond Loewy with the "Father of the Avanti," Sherwood Egbert, president of Studebaker from 1961-1963.



PEAK PERFORMANCE

Few Have Matched the Steady Success of Ken Meade.

Just mention his successful auto dealerships and he'll incline his head in acknowledgment. Compliment him on his phenomenal business acumen and he'll smile graciously. But bring up sailing, and you'll see fireworks ignite in the steely-blue eyes of Grosse Pointe Farms entrepreneur extraordinaire, Kenneth G. Meade.

This spring, Meade is training with his partner, John Uznis, and his son Barron Meade, to race his yacht christened *Challenge '88*. The 40-foot yacht, designed by Nelson-Marek for Kiwi boats in Tampa, Florida, will race on the Great Lakes in June in the one-ton North American Championship race hosted by Detroit Bayview Yacht Club. In August, *Challenge '88* will participate in elimination trials, also hosted by Bayview, in hopes of qualifying as the challenger yacht in Toronto's Canada's Cup race in August.

"I think we're going to win," he said simply, as he leaned back in a chair fit for a sea captain in his panelled office in Grosse Pointe. "Our boat is constructed of carbon fibers, magnesium and titanium, and uses state-of-the-art equipment. It's an incredibly fast boat."

This confident attitude permeates the success story that is Ken Meade. And although his success in business has made it possible for him to enjoy leisure pursuits such as yachting, it's also easy to see that business is never far from his mind.

The fair-haired chairman of The Meade Group was born in Detroit in 1943

by EILEEN FIGURE SANDLIN

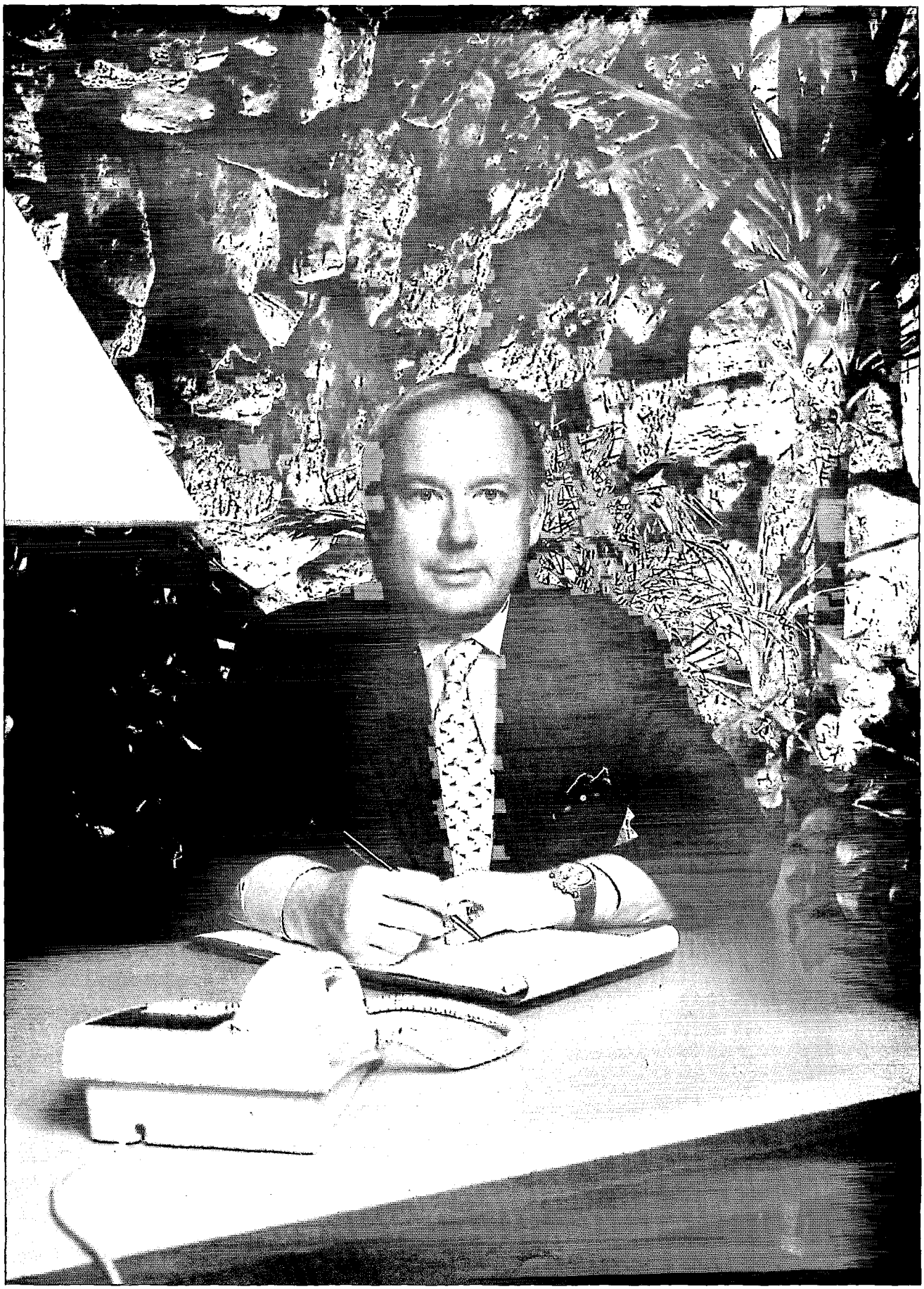


PHOTO BY LORIEN STUDIOS

and grew up in Grosse Pointe Park. His father owned a die casting and plating business that manufactured parts for the Big Three, but young Meade had no interest in that part of the automotive industry. His major interest was in big, shiny, chrome-embellished automobiles.

"I'm told that, at a young age, I knew the names of cars before I knew anything else," Meade said. "I was always pointing out cars and telling anyone who would listen what they were called. I guess you could say my interest level in cars was high from the very beginning."

In those days, Meade lived with his family on Wayburn Avenue. On his way to and from school every day, he would take a shortcut through the showroom of Fisher Record, a Chrysler/Plymouth dealer. He remembered being enamoured of the cars and impressed with the well-dressed salesmen, and took to hanging out at the showroom in his spare time. Apparently, the salesmen were impressed with seven-year-old Meade, too, and made him the unofficial mascot of the dealership. Besides giving him birthday and Christmas gifts and sponsoring his Little League baseball team, they also fueled his interest in the automotive industry by explaining the finer points of business to him.

Meade left Grosse Pointe to join the Marines in 1960 and was stationed in the Far East. Upon his return, he married Jane Walker and moved to Grosse Pointe Farms. The lure of the lake has kept the Meades in the area ever since, except for a short stint in Port Huron. When they started to raise their family of four children (now aged 16-21), they returned to the Pointes to take advantage of the superior school system.

Newly-married and settled, Meade was ready and anxious to pursue his lifelong dream of working in the auto industry. He single-mindedly set out to make his fortune, but the trouble was, no one wanted to give him a break.

"I really wanted to sell cars, so I went to several dealerships looking for a job," he recalled. "No one wanted to hire me. It was winter and the country was experiencing a small recession at that time. I had no experience. But I kept hounding Joe Doyle, the owner of Riverview Dodge, and, eventually, I was hired so I would quit driving him crazy."

Although Meade got his chance to sell cars, the road ahead was not easy.

"They wouldn't allow me any floor time because they didn't want me to compete with the salesmen working there already. I had to bring in all my customers the hard way, by making cold telephone calls or sending out literature. I used city indexes to send postcards to prospects, and customers arrived in droves," he said.

During his first month at Riverview Dodge, Meade ranked fourth in sales among the sales staff of ten. During his second month, he finished second in sales. From the third month on, he was the leading salesman. After six months, he was promoted to sales manager. He then discovered that he preferred to immerse himself in the management side of the business and never, personally, sold a car again.

After Riverview Dodge closed, Meade joined Ken Brown Chrysler/Plymouth as sales manager. Five years later, in 1971, Bob McCurry, vice president in charge of the Dodge Division of Chrysler Motors, offered Meade a unique opportunity to go into business for himself.

"As a Grosse Pointer, Bob was embarrassed that Pointe

Dodge, a dealership that was practically in his own backyard, wasn't doing very well," Meade said. "The dealership was on Mack and Seven Mile at the time, and was losing a lot of money. In fact, the staff was selling only about 25 new cars a month, so the dealership was on the bottom rung of the Chrysler ladder. Bob said to me, 'Here's your opportunity, let's see what you can do.'"

Meade accepted the challenge with gusto. At the age of 27, he became the youngest Dodge dealer in the country. Today, Pointe Dodge (now located at Washington and Mack) is among the top five Chrysler dealerships in the country. Meade attributes its success to his tenacity in the early days.

"At the age of 27, you don't know what failure is," he said. "You really don't have the knowledge needed to run a place like that; you just fumble through it. You have to when you're the president of a company; it's a different responsibility level. But that's what made the difference."

The dealership did so well that, in 1973, Meade built a new building to house his rapidly expanding business. Everyone expected the new venture to ruin the young businessman. Meade listened to, but was not daunted by, the naysayers.

"Everyone told me I spent too much money on the building. Then we encountered the Arab oil embargo, and we lost a couple hundred thousand dollars; but we bounced back."

Meade admits that those years in the mid-Seventies were the most difficult of his professional career.

"We opened that dealership with the expectation that it would be successful because we had more room and could sell more cars. There would be thousands of people standing in line waiting to buy a car. We sure didn't anticipate the oil embargo. Plus, we were young and inexperienced at handling ourselves during a tough time."

Meade attributes his success today to aggressive marketing and follow-up service for the customer.

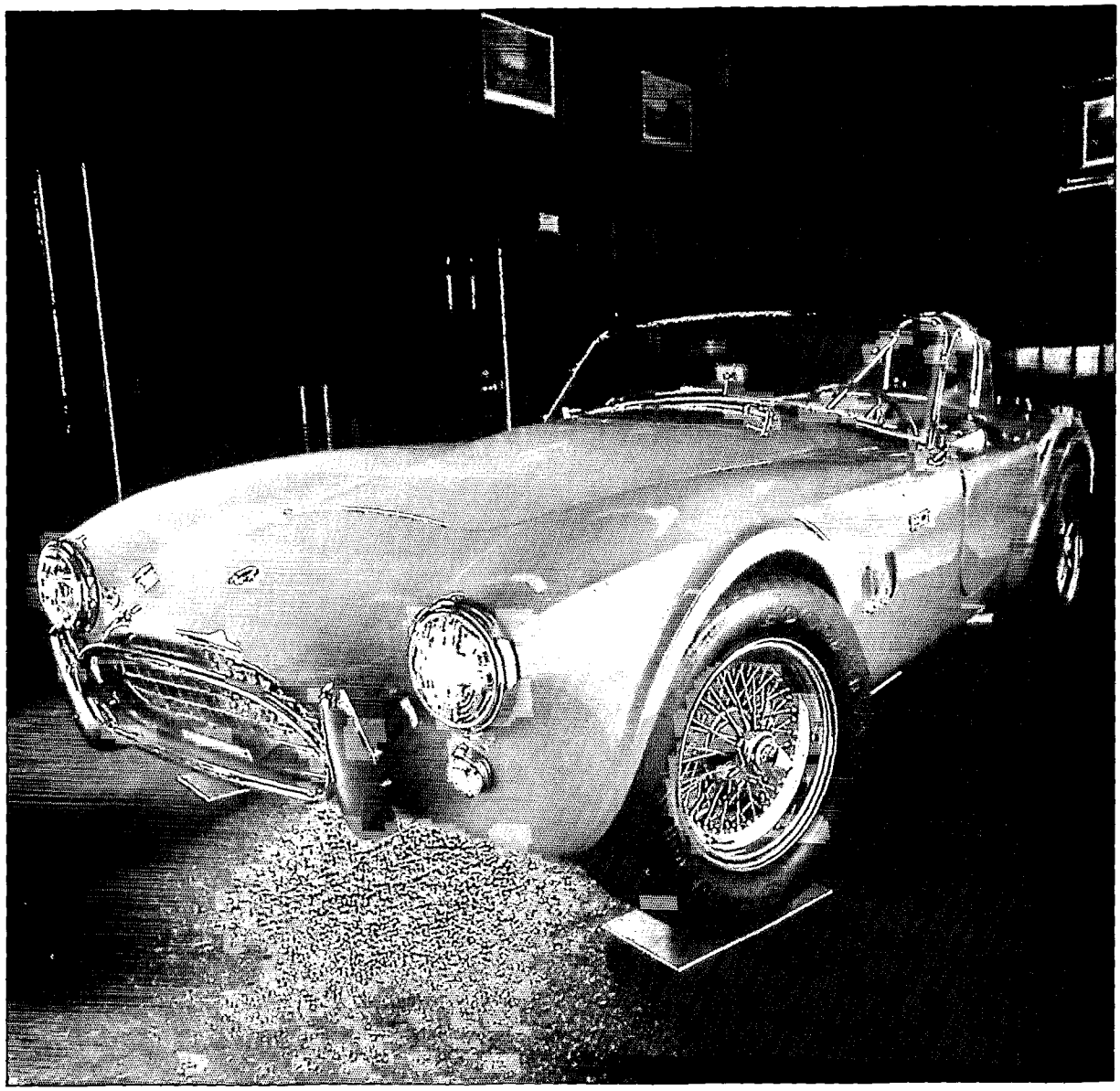
"We want to be known as dynamic and aggressive in the marketplace, but we also want customers to know that we care about them. In the early days we had a rotten service reputation because all we cared about was selling a lot of cars and making money. We were young and didn't realize that we didn't have our priorities in line. They're in line now, though, I'll tell you that."

Meade shares the credit for his success with company personnel, such as Chuck Reilly, executive vice president of The Meade Group, and spokesperson for the dealerships.

"You can't do it by yourself," Meade states emphatically. "It takes the Chuck Reillys of the world, as well as all the other people who work for you. I've always felt it was important to reward them and make sure they're treated well and that their working conditions are good. I take a lot of pleasure in giving money and benefits back to my staff, because a lot of people thought I could never be as successful as I am."

Meade also readily admits that there were other dark days in the course of his career.

"In 1979, it looked as though Chrysler might go out of business. You can't imagine the strain that puts on you. During the day, you put on a positive face for your employees, but at night, you bite your nails. At that time, Chrysler owed me $1.5 million, which represented everything I had in the world. I knew I could end up as a creditor at 20 cents



Meade's passion for collecting vintage automobiles includes the 1963 A.C. Cobra which achieves 160 miles per hour.

on the dollar. But we went through the whole down-turn in the economy and weathered Chrysler's problems, yet still made money at the time. That situation proved to me that you can do anything you want to, as long as you put your mind to it.

"I'm a very positive individual. I tend not to see the negative side of things because there is always a positive side to be considered in every situation."

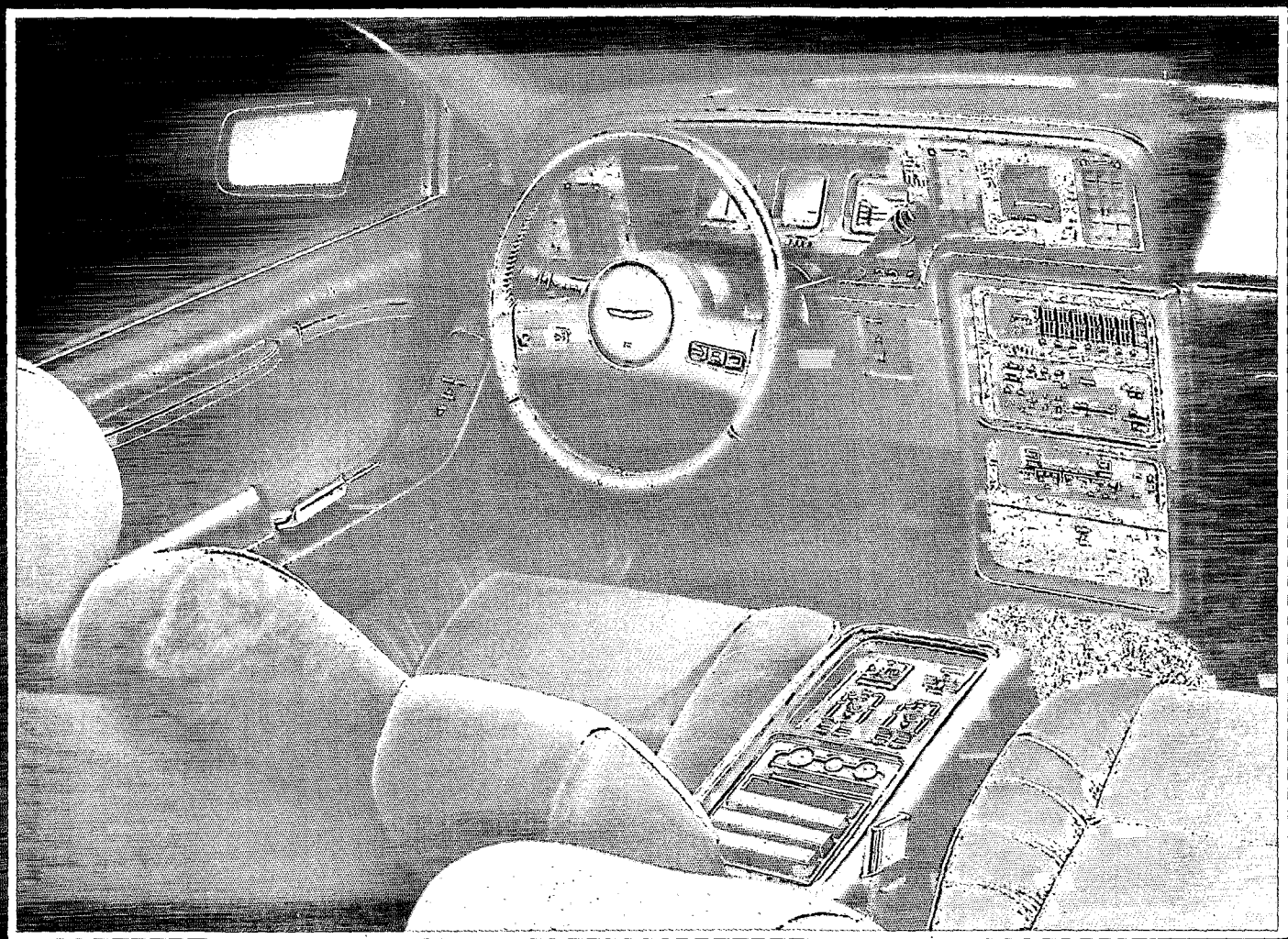
As his business interests burgeoned, it became apparent that the company needed unification. Therefore, The Meade Group was formed in 1982 as the umbrella for the company's expanded business concerns, and today generates $100 million annually. The group's holdings include Pointe Dodge, Pointe Chrysler/Plymouth, Pointe Jeep Eagle, Pointe Isuzu, Meade Leasing, Meade Properties, and Commercial Lighting Specialists. Meade is also a partner in the New Horizons Development, a complex located in Warren that will consist of three office buildings, a hotel, and 1000 condominium units.

The holding company continues to grow under Meade's strong leadership. This summer, The Meade Group will open an "auto mall" consisting of several dealerships near Lakeside Mall in Sterling Heights. There are additional plans to acquire a Ford dealership in Toledo, Ohio. Overall, The Meade Group employs about 460 people in the metropolitan Detroit area, and will eventually employ an additional 100 people to run the Toledo business.

Despite his very active business life, Meade carves out time for a variety of professional and personal associations. He is chairman of the National Dodge Truck Advisory Board, president of the Detroit Dodge Dealers Association, vice chairman of the National Chrysler/Plymouth Advertising Association and secretary of the National Dodge Dealers Advisory Council. His civic involvement includes board duties for the Michigan Parkinson's Disease Foundation, and membership in the Grosse Pointe Crisis Club, University of Michigan President's Club, National Republican Congressional Leadership Council, and others.

Ladies Choice

. . . for comfort and convenience



'88 Ford Thunderbird LX Control Center

Winning Grosse Pointe over. . .

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Warren, MI

Winning the world over. . .

Ford FORD

Perhaps his most publicized association was as chairman of the 1988 Detroit Auto Show.

"I was honoured to chair the committee, because the 1988 show marked the end of the Detroit Auto Show as it has existed since 1899. Beginning next year, the Auto Show will be called the North American International Auto Show. With the expansion of Cobo Hall, the Detroit Auto Show finally will be the number one auto show in the world, because we'll have enough space to surpass the other major shows in Chicago, Frankfurt and Tokyo. We have commitments from the manufacturers to show a new car every year. It will be a real happening that will get press coverage from all over the world."

Next year, Meade will co-chair the revamped Auto Show with David Fisher, an old friend who is owner of Suburban Olds and other dealerships, and whom Meade has dubbed the "west-side Ken Meade."

Another of Meade's passions is collecting vintage automobiles. In fact, the lobby of the well-appointed Meade Leasing showroom on the Hill in Grosse Pointe Farms houses three prized vehicles: a 1964 Cobra, a royal blue Porsche convertible with Michigan historical vehicle plates and a sleek black Ferrari. All three are in top condition, thanks to the ministrations of Gary Jones, service director for Pointe Dodge. Meade drives them all a few times a year. He is most proud of the fiery red, all-original Cobra, which would rate as a 92 on a quality scale of 100.

"It scares me to drive that car," he said. "I think it does 160 miles an hour, but you won't catch me in it at that speed."

Meade has made plans to expand his collection, but prefers quality over quantity.

"I don't want to end up with 50 cars; I want to have ten of the classics. I really haven't had the opportunity to travel around the country to look for additions to my collection, but maybe in the next four or five years I can accomplish that."

Although one wonders when Meade will find the time to scour the country for the vintage vehicles he craves, the job will be much easier due to the recent acquisition of an eight-passenger Saberliner 80 jet, which replaced the six-seater Lear jet previously used by company executives.

Meade believes without reservation that the most fulfilling period in his professional life is occurring right now.

"The company's growth has been tremendous since 1980, and once you get rolling, the success keeps perpetuating itself. All you have to do is keep making smart decisions. We are not aggressive in acquisitions. We take a really good look at something before we buy. It takes us a little longer that way, but we don't want to buy something and find it was a mistake.

"People also thought I was making a mistake when I started out and stuck with Chrysler," he continued. "Well, Chrysler gave me the right opportunity. With another company, I probably would have had to wait until later in life to get the same opportunity. It's proven out over the years that I was right in my choice of Chrysler Corporation. It was a gamble, but it paid off." And that, ladies and gentlemen, spells success. ◊

Winning Spirit

The competitive spirit and reputation for being a meticulous, tireless worker that has made Ken Meade a leader in Chrysler Corporation's dealer network is also reflected in his leisure pursuits.

Five years ago, Ken Meade crewed on the *Triumph* in his first Bayview/Mackinac race, and found an entirely new outlet for his competitive spirit. "I always thought of sailing as a passive recreational pastime," said Meade. "It was something people did on a Sunday afternoon when the wind was right and the beer was plentiful. It really didn't interest me—I like a little faster pace."

When the *Triumph* heeled over in the wind and was racing about 80 miles per hour, "I was hooked," he said.

Meade avidly watched the America's Cup competition. The idea of international competition and the national pride it engenders intrigued him; when he was invited to join the *Challenge '88* Syndicate, he jumped at the chance. "Bringing the Canada's Cup back to the States was a challenge I couldn't turn down."

The *Challenge '88* Syndicate was formed as a concerted effort to win back the Cup.

Meade, along with syndicate members John Uznis and Kim McNamara, decided to build a new boat, utilizing the latest CAD/CAM technology.

The trio commissioned one-ton designer Bruce Nelson to design the yacht, with Kiwi Boats to execute the design. Last year, Nelson was part of the design team that produced the America's Cup winner, *Star & Stripes,* and the North American Championship winner, *Cooter.*

Nelson is confident he can produce a winning challenger for the Canada's Cup. "Our design portrays a balanced blend of speed-producing parameters and is optimized for the anticipated Canada's Cup match racing conditions," he said.

Prior to the Canada's Cup match, Bayview Yacht Club will be hosting the North American One-Ton Championship June 4-12. At that time, Meade and companions will test the new yacht against international competition.

The American Challenger Series Finals will be held at BYC August 1-7, while the Canadians will hold their finals in Toronto at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club August 6-13. If the *Challenge '88* Syndicate qualifies, they will compete in the Canada's Cup Matches, to be held in Toronto August 20-28.

The spirit that proves Meade successful in his business also dominates his attempts at competitive sporting. Challenges seem to crop up in every aspect of his life; he takes the initiative, works hard, and accepts risk. The *Challenge '88* Syndicate is committed to returning the Cup to the United States, after its ten-year sojourn in Canada.

—*Carolyn Klucha*

The quality remains after the price is forgotten is a maxim by which Sir Henry Royce lived. That same motto can be seen stretched throughout the long and august history of the Rolls-Royce Motor Company.

The story of Rolls-Royce Motor Cars in the United States begins in the year 1906, when the company was founded—two years after Royce built his first car. In October of the same year, the first Rolls-Royce motor car arrived in this country, when Charles Rolls himself drove it to first place in a five-mile race at the Empire City Track in Yonkers, New York.

December 1906 saw the establishment of the Rolls-Royce Import Company and an exhibition at the American Auto Club Show, as well as the first sale of a Rolls-Royce car to an American, one Captain Hutton, of Texas.

Fine Art on Wheels

Rolls-Royce: A Tale of Quality and Distinction.

Few cars were sold each year until 1913, when the company set up a factory service and parts department. By the outbreak of World War I, about 100 cars had been sold here, and customers included Harry Payne Whitney, Flo Ziegfeld and S.J. Bloomingdale.

To demonstrate the smoothness of his products, Royce was fond of balancing a penny on the edge of the radiator while the engine was running. The same trick can still be done today on the company's 1907 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost—which has traveled more than a half-million miles and is still going strong.

The two men whose names became linked to symbolize the pinnacle of automotive excellence began their lives under very different circumstances. Frederick Henry Royce had to struggle with poverty as a boy; Charles Stewart Rolls came from a wealthy, aristocratic family.

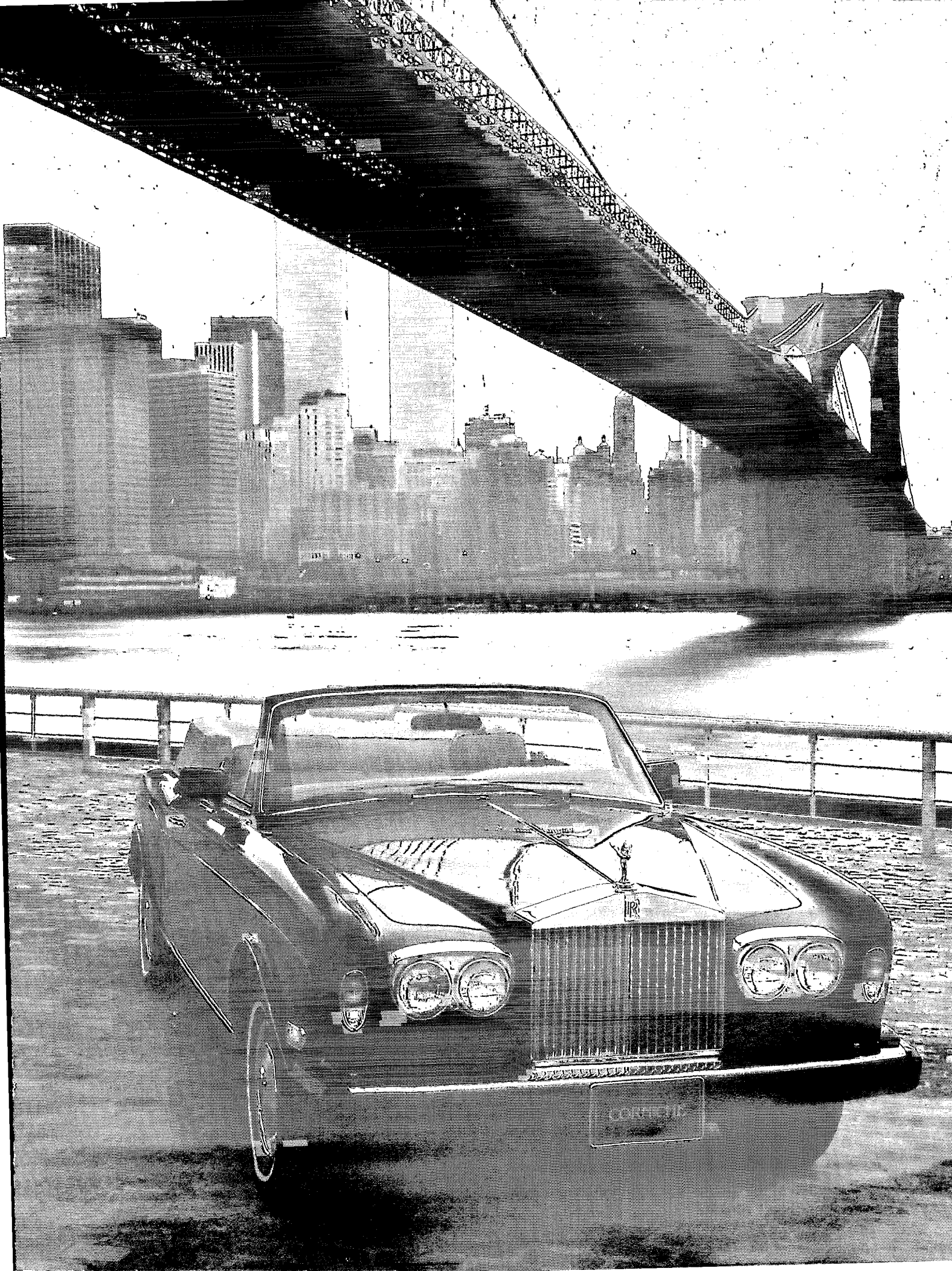
Born in 1863, Royce started work at the age of ten, when his mechanical genius quickly became evident. He taught himself electrical engineering; and, at the age of 21, initiated his own business. After purchasing a French car which, like most cars of the time, constantly broke down, Royce decided he could design a better car himself. On April 1, 1904, he drove that car out of his small factory in Manchester, England. It ran smoothly and quietly and proved to be extremely reliable.

The qualities of the early Royce cars attracted the attention of Charles Rolls, a noted sportsman who had also built a prosperous business selling foreign cars. Royce agreed to make cars for Rolls to sell, and the cars became a great success despite competition from many manufacturers at the turn of the century.

Rolls was a widely-renowned racing driver prior to meeting Royce. He was

by TIM TIPTON

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE MOTOR CAR COMPANY



fanatically enthusiastic about all sorts of risky transport—fast cars, aircraft and balloons. He probably did more than any single person to popularize the motor car. In doing so he was up against such impressive figures as Queen Victoria, who hated cars because they frightened her horses, and the Marquess of Queensberry, who tried to get legal permission to shoot any motorist who endangered him or his family.

The year 1910 ushered in another record, albeit a tragic one. Rolls, born in 1877, became the first Englishman to be killed in powered flight.

At the onset of World War I, Henry Royce was asked to do for aero engines what he had done for the motor car. Thus, in the years following, Rolls-Royce produced more than half of all British aero engines in service. In 1919, two of these engines powered Alcock and Brown on the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic.

Rolls-Royce also proved its worth on the ground in World War I. Lawrence of Arabia waged war in a fleet of nine armoured Rolls-Royce vehicles and wrote that, "in the desert a Rolls was prized above rubies."

After WWI, a factory was established in Springfield, Massachusetts to meet the strong demand for Rolls-Royce cars in the United States. Between 1921 and 1931 2,944 Rolls-Royce motor cars were produced in America.

In 1931, Rolls-Royce acquired the famous Bentley company. By 1933, when Sir Henry Royce died (he was knighted in 1931), his company had soundly established its reputation for unsurpassed excellence.

As World War II began, the company switched to war production, and car manufacture ceased. Engines were built for a great many Royal Air Force (RAF) fighters and bombers; Rolls-Royce developed the famous Merlin, which powered the Spitfire, Hurricane and Lancaster, and the American-made Mustang fighter. After the war, the company became a world leader in both the aviation and luxury automotive fields. Car production began again—but at a new home in Crewe, England, with an innovative policy of building coachwork along with engines and chassis. Before the war, coachbuilders had constructed car bodies to a client's individual requirements. The newly-established car division launched the Silver Dawn, Silver Wraith, Silver Cloud and Silver Shadow models, together with Bentley versions.

After the aviation division of the Rolls-Royce company ran into financial difficulties in 1971, the motor car and diesel divisions continued to trade as Rolls-Royce Motors and in 1973 became a public company with shares quoted on the London Stock Exchange. The company that began as a manufacturer of fine cars was once again able to commit its resources to automotive affairs. In 1980, Rolls-Royce Motors merged with what is now Vickers plc, the giant British engineering enterprise, but has retained its identity within the group.

Rolls-Royce Motor Cars today blends the latest technology with quality and craftsmanship—just as Henry Royce and Charles Rolls decreed more than eighty years ago.

At the forefront of every Rolls-Royce motor car is the traditional Spirit of Ecstasy mascot, designed in 1911 by British sculptor Charles Sykes, a member of the Royal Academy. As the craftsman's tool is applied to each flying lady, it ensures that all emblems are literal works of art. In tests involving the safety of the mascot in case of accident,

the little lady was knocked off her perch on a Silver Spirit 100,000 times.

When face-to-face with a Rolls-Royce, whether new or used, it is easy to understand why each motor car takes between three and six months to build. More than 4,000 craftsmen and engineers furnish such meticulous care and workmanship that about 70,000 of the 105,000 cars made since Royce built his first car in 1904 are still running today. The assembly line moves just a few feet each day, and then only after the craftsmen involved are satisfied that their work is as near-perfect as human ingenuity can make it.

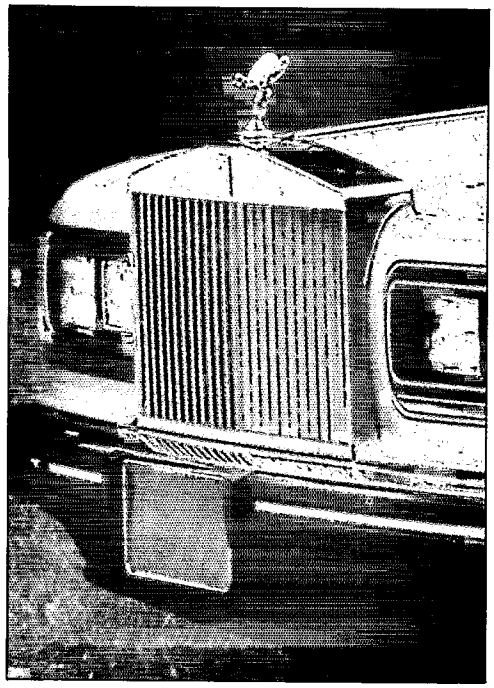
Only ten men in the world can make the Rolls-Royce radiator grille, which is crafted entirely by hand. In order to appear perfectly straight, each column is slightly bowed, using a principle called *entasis*, utilized also in the design of the Parthenon. This optical trick is necessary in order to deceive the human eye, which at a slight distance sees flat surfaces as being slightly concave. It took a man of Royce's artistic sensibilities to apply this ancient principle. Each grille bears the famous interlinked Rolls-Royce badge and, unobtrusively at the back, a second set of initials—the signature of the individual craftsman who made it.

During construction each vehicle is accompanied by its own history book. Like an artist putting his name to a canvas, this diary is signed by craftsmen who work on the car as it passes through the factory. An early director of Rolls-Royce was once asked, "How fast does your assembly line move?" He answered: "I think I saw it move last week." Throughout the factory there is clear evidence of a single-minded drive to achieve the best quality possible.

With precision their singular goal, engineers measure each and every dimensionally-critical component, while other companies may be satisfied with measuring only one component per hundred. Once each engine has been assembled, it is balanced as a complete unit to maintain the legendary smoothness associated with the name Rolls-Royce. Only after a bench test run for two hours can the engine be passed as ready for installation in the chassis.

Rolls-Royce Motor Cars has never introduced change for its own sake; it has chosen instead to refine constantly the design of motor cars. The 1988 range of motor cars incorporates improvements in both engine and stopping power.

Rolls-Royce engineers have designed improvements to the aluminum alloy 6.75-litre V-8 fuel-injected engine that powers all models. Engine performance is increased by nearly one-fifth, reflecting a redesign of the cylinder inlet and manifold systems to provide for better "breathing."



The Spirit of Ecstasy mascot and hand-crafted radiator grille are unique to Rolls-Royce.

An electronically controlled anti-braking system (ABS) constantly monitors all four wheels when braking, and senses when one is about to stop turning. Hydraulic pressure to the affected wheel is instantly reduced, and the result is a combination of maximum control and braking under all weather conditions.

All 1988 Rolls-Royce models provide many advanced comfort and security features. The automatic air conditioning system, providing two climate levels, can be adjusted separately between 62 and 91 degrees; once set, they need never be touched again. The temperature is separately controlled at knee and head height and its sensors are so fine they will automatically compensate even for the heat of the sun entering the car.

Rolls-Royce enjoys a singular unpopularity among thieves. With pin tumbler door locks, company officials say the odds against a car thief successfully forging a key are about 24,000:1. Another security feature automatically locks the transmission when the ignition key is removed. The only way to move the car without the ignition key is to raise it off its drive wheels and tow it away. Both the automatic transmission control and gear selection are electric for additional smoothness, and to eliminate the noise that would be generated by mechanical control.

The hydraulic self-levelling suspension in each Rolls-Royce car is so finely tuned that it compensates for the weight of passengers and the gradual emptying of the fuel tank. A Rolls-Royce motor car will also support the weight of a fully-grown African elephant with only 1.5 inches of give. The company, however, does not recommend this test as a constructive exercise.

In tests, a Silver Spirit was crashed, at 30 mph, into a 100-ton block of concrete, then a 2,000 pound block was rammed into the back of the car at 20 mph, to prove the car's ability to withstand impact. Most car manufacturers use several body shells in the standard series of impact tests required by safety legislation. The Rolls-Royce body is so strong, however, that only one was required for the entire series.

There are still other differences in a Rolls-Royce motor car which clearly eliminate the competition. On the exterior, each car sports as many as twelve coats of paint, all of which are hand-rubbed, hand-sprayed and rubbed again. The final protective coating is 2.5 times thicker than that of most cars. Up to 11 full-hides are used in the interior of every Rolls-Royce motor car, with the leather coming from animals pastured by electrified fences rather than barbed wire, to prevent abrasions and scratches.

The odometer, which is electronic to prevent extraneous sound entering the interior, records distances up to one million miles. Warning lights on the instrument panel indicate when fuel is low and also monitor fluid levels. Another sentry light, control-

led by an electronic sensor mounted beneath the front bumper, warns of icy conditions outside.

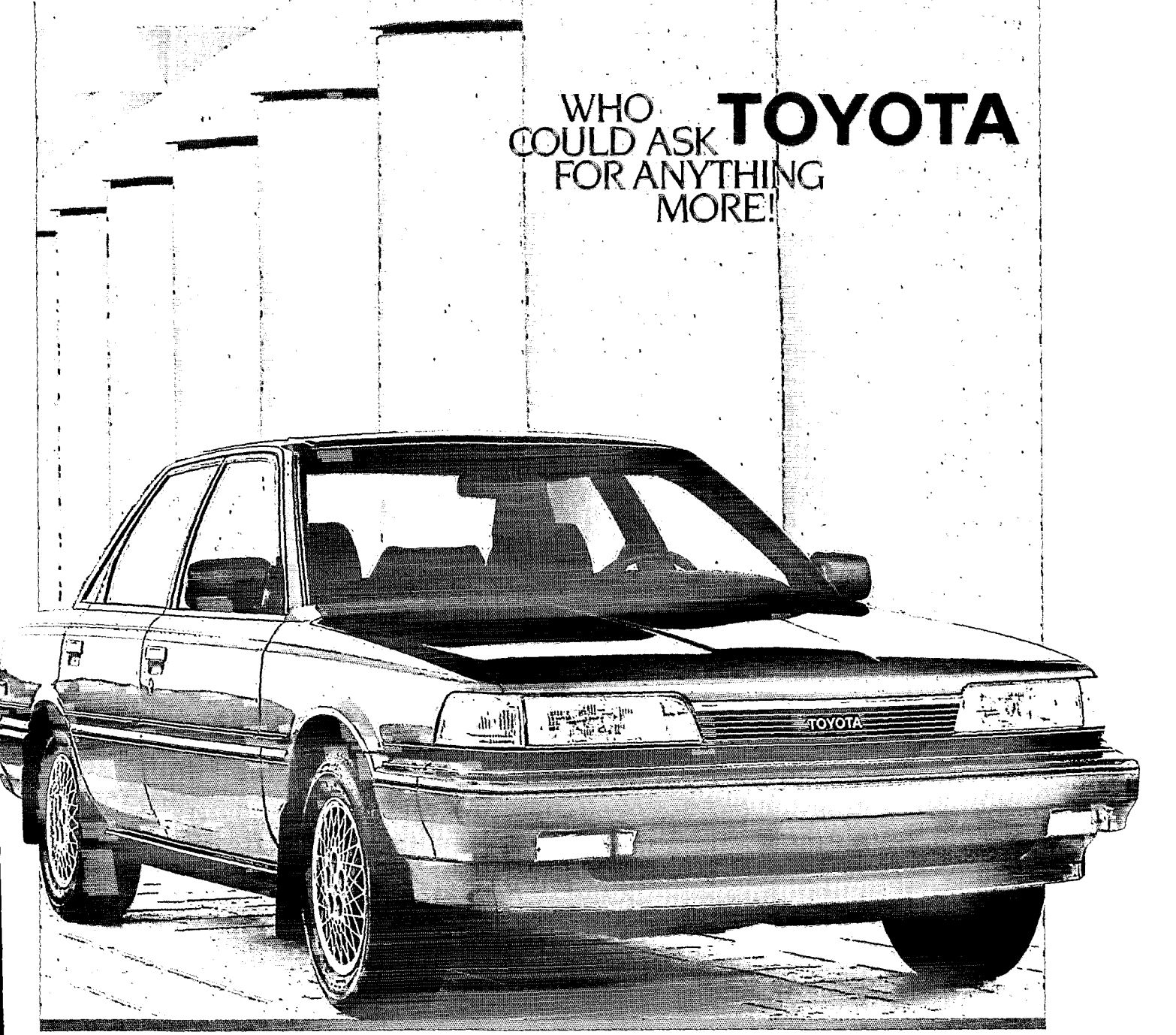
In the woodshop, a master woodsman will select fine walnut veneers to be used for the facia and door cappings. The facia itself is comprised of eight sections, so carefully chosen and matched that they appear to be one solid piece. The company will even save a piece of the wood that is used to make the dashboard; in the event of an accident, they can match it with the right graining and make the necessary repair.

Standard equipment for most models in 1988 incorporates cellular telephone; heated rear-view door mirrors; "memory" front seats providing multiple positioning; a central ashtray that empties itself automatically into a special receptacle; and a tool kit which includes a traffic warning triangle as well as protective gloves to be used while changing a tire. Options that have been fitted into the motor cars include a pianola, a coffee machine, a bed, hot and cold running water, an interior light depicting the heavens, and a commode.

Gone are the days when the most famous Rolls-Royce owner, J.P. Morgan, uttered, "If you have to ask the price, you can't afford it." Jerry Law, general manager at Don Massey Cadillac in Plymouth, Michigan's only Rolls-Royce dealership, said they are happy to discuss financing for the motor cars which range in price from $95,000 to more than $200,000 for a new limousine. "Last year we sold 35 Rolls-Royce and Bentley motor cars, to rank us as the fifth major market in the United States," said Law. The Massey dealership also sells previously-owned Rolls-Royces.

The United States remains the largest single overseas market for Rolls-Royce cars. Approximately 1,100 new vehicles are sold through a network of 60 authorized dealers. The firm has its United States headquarters in Lyndhurst, New Jersey.

Quality. From its inception 82 years ago the Rolls-Royce Motor Car Company has stood behind this singular designation. It is a tribute to the integrity of the Messieurs Rolls and Royce, an amazing record of achievement and distinction, and a heritage of superior style and performance which appears likely to continue for many years. ◇



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BRAIN GAMES

Odyssey of the Mind seeks the limits of creative potential.

Five members of Cheryl Cueny's comics team face one another as they sit in a circle in the woodworking shop at Grosse Pointe Park's Pierce Middle School. Cueny, their coach, gives them the signal to begin. Moving around the circle, each member in turn shouts out a response.

Polar bear, north pole, arctic, ice, snow, Eskimo, cold, boots, sweater, hot chocolate. A checklist for a northern expedition? Not quite. A word game? Close. They're all responses to the word "polar" in a brainstorming session. While some of the answers are considered typical, words such as sweater, Eskimo and hot chocolate, especially, can earn extra creativity points from the judges in an Odyssey of the Mind competition.

But Odyssey of the Mind, better known as OM, is much more than brainstorming.

More than a decade ago, industrial arts professor Dr. C. Samuel Micklus of Glassboro State College, New Jersey, went about creating complex scenarios for his students to solve as a way of stimulating their creative thought processes. For example, he challenged them to figure out how to cross a body of water without the usual paddles, motor or sails. He limited them to using simple, low-cost materials, along with heavy doses of creativity. His method proved successful in the classroom.

Ted Gourley of the New Jersey Department of Education suggested that Micklus start a competition. Micklus wrote the problems and Gourley organized the first program in the New Jersey school system in 1978, for 28 middle and high schools. Intense interest in OM turned the competition into an annual event.

The Odyssey of the Mind Association was formed, with headquarters in Glassboro. It is a private, non-profit and tax-exempt organization headed by a seven-member board. In 1987-88, memberships have grown to 6,000 elementary, middle and high schools and colleges in the United States, Canada, Mexico and other countries. Michigan ranks second in OM memberships, behind New York. Micklus still designs most of the problems and IBM, a corporate sponsor of OM for years, is again underwriting the competition.

Jane Nutter, a Michigan regional director, has been involved in the OM program for four years. Since then, the regions in Michigan have increased from three to nine, including more than 100 teams. "For example, our state competition involves over 300 teams in a day-long competition. Many of the states are still small enough of a program that they might have 50 to 100 teams," she said.

The OM program works this way. A school, college, or community group becomes a member of the association for a $90 fee, allowing them to enter one team for each problem. Divisions are broken down by grade levels. The highest grade represented on a team determines the division in which they compete.

Division I, kindergarten through fifth grade, can compete in four different problems; Division II, sixth through eighth grade, can enter a team for each of five problems; Division III, ninth through twelfth grade, can also compete in four different problems; Division IV, college-level, has only two problems. Preparing them for their OM years ahead, kindergarten through second grade is given one problem to ponder, although their presentation is not scored.

Competing teams are judged in three areas: long-term—a problem's completed solution that is brought to the competition (200 points maximum); style—the presentation and enhancement of the long-term solution (50 points maximum); and spontaneous—the team is given a problem to solve at the competition (100 points possible).

by ILENE STANKIEWICZ

The total of the three determines a team's rank.

A certain fascination with OM continues to draw competitors. Four years ago Defer Elementary (Grosse Pointe Park) joined the group, Cueny said. "At that point myself and two other coaches took the plunge and trained with untrained kids and decided to give it a try. And that year we did very well. All of our teams went on to state," she said. "It was a learning process; everybody liked the program. The people who had been active returned. A lot of our veterans keep returning each year—both kids and coaches."

Last year the team Cueny coached placed second in the regionals in their category, seventh in the state competition.

Experts say creative thinking will be the most valuable tool for solving future world problems. OM's basic philosophy is that creativity and problem-solving can be taught and that the mind, like the body, can be trained to reach its fullest potential. This is accomplished by providing participants with challenging problems, having no stereotypical answers, encouraging them to find unique ways of doing things and performing all activities as a team. Teams start off evenly with limits on material costs, generally $50 to $75. Schools usually provide the minimal funding and a place to meet. Direct assistance is prohibited, but adults are used as guides. Above all, creativity is highly rewarded. Judges are to be alert for unusual ideas in problem solutions, style presentations and spontaneous answers.

Children become aware of OM from others who have enjoyed their experiences. "My friends were in it and I thought I should try it," said Heather Plansker, a member of Cueny's comics team. "I thought it would be fun."

Fellow comics team member Peter Spencer also had a couple of classmates in OM. "I like the creativity involved," he said.

Adam Rhodes thought he just might be of service to an OM team. "The first year I heard that a team from Defer came in second place in the state finals and I was curious," Rhodes said. "I thought that maybe they could come in first if I was in it." Last year he was on a team from Defer that advanced to world competition. This year Rhodes is on the comics team at Pierce.

OM may attract some competitors because of the lack of other activities available during the winter months. But coaches think that OM seems to appeal particularly to the brighter and more creative students.

"Kids who are looking for an avenue, who are highly creative and looking for something to do, kids who are willing to make a commitment," Nutter said, are those who are most interested in OM.

Teamwork is essential for success in OM. Long before the competition takes place, the teams, composed of five to seven students, are assembled. The OM Association does not place restrictions on who can compete, although some schools field teams from their "high-ability" or "gifted" programs. Similar to tryouts for a sports event, students may be asked to select the problem that interests them the most, or may be required to write an essay, depending upon the school requirements.

Mark Dely, member of the Pierce comics team, expressed an interest in acting after assessing his own abilities. "The engineering ones aren't for me," he said.

A team has several months to collaborate on a single problem solution in the long-term portion of the competition. Similar types of problems come up each year—constructing a vehicle, a mechanical exercise, a dramatic interpretation, building a balsa-wood structure and character portrayal. This year's choices include: Atlantis, The Gift of Flight, Classic, It's Showtime, Straddle Structure and Comics.

Atlantis, for Division II and III, involves recreating the lost undersea world of Atlantis and constructing a vessel that appears to be submersible, holds two people, and is powered by something other than someone directly pushing or pulling it. The team must retrieve sea objects with the vehicle's remote control arms.

Teams in Divisions I, II and III choosing The Gift of Flight will make and operate a series of aircraft, such as a glider launched by hand, and a rubberband-powered plane. Some of the crafts are required to fly through a specific target area or break a balloon.

It's Showtime requires a team to develop and execute a musical scene based on a selection from a list of classic literary works such as "The Ugly Duckling," "Black Beauty," "Little Women," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Mime, puppetry and dance may be included. Divisions I, II and III can participate.

Straddle Structure, for Divisions I, II and III involves building a structure with approximately one-half ounce of balsa wood that conforms to design specifications. At the competition, the approved structure has weights placed upon it until it collapses. The competition record is 900 pounds.

Finally, there's Comics. Teams choose well-known cartoon characters and transform the cartoon into live, humorous skits. Comics is open to Divisions I and II.

There's always a style that goes along with a problem—the way a solution is presented—requiring even a mechanical whiz to stretch the imagination. It may be the use of props, a skit, or a theme such as Sesame Street, used last year by Nutter's winning team.

Teams are usually coached by parent volunteers or, occasionally, teachers interested in running a team from a

class. The children do the work, and it's up to the coach to see that a team follows the strict guidelines for each problem. Any violation results in a loss of points, including adult interference.

"As a coach you help by asking the questions," said Nutter, who was drawn into OM when she volunteered to help coach her daughter's team. "The children are responsible for solving all the problems; they have to come up with their own solutions. They have to make all their own costumes, props, and build all their own vehicles. They have to help each other put their costumes and make-up on," Nutter added.

Or the spontaneous portion could become more involved, as in building a structure of clay and toothpicks. Each member of the team adds a piece to the structure as it moves around the circle, excluding verbal communication.

Most groups start working together as a team after the first of the year—meeting during lunch periods, after school and on weekends. They may break up into subgroups to make the most of their time and individual expertise.

Teams progress at their own pace. An experienced team will move faster, although complex projects take more time.

Regional competitions take place in late February or early March, depending upon the region.

The top three regional teams in each of the thirteen problems advance to the state competition. Between competitions, teams are allowed to improve on their solutions.

The first-place team in each problem at the state competition, held at the end of April, proceeds to world competition. More than 500 teams will compete in this year's world competition, to be held in Maryland on the first weekend in June. Winners of the regional and state competitions receive medals, while world competition winners receive trophies along with the satisfaction of winning.

"With Michigan being so heavily populated with OM teams, you have to emphasize that it's not the winning, it's learning how to work together," said Nutter, whose team last year placed seventh in world competition.

Each competing team sends a representative to the competition—a judge, a timer, or someone who runs errands. The judges can be parents, teachers, or just people who want to become involved. They are put through a training session, and at the competition a different panel of judges is responsible for scoring different problems at each division.

Rosalie Bryk is the director of Staff Development for the Grosse Pointe Schools and has been involved with the OM program as both a coach and judge. Last year she judged creativity at the regionals and brainstorming at the state level. This year she is a problem captain. Judging can mean scoring 10 to 20 competitions in one day.

"As far as judging, I just think it's exciting," she said. "I like to see all of the ideas, and the different skits. I think that the problems are such that they allow the children to sharpen their thinking."

Bryk said she believes it is important for potential OM judges to know children, be organized, be able to take directions, think on their own, recognize quality, and be pleasant. She also explained how judges need to be familiar with the capabilities of children at different age levels.

"I went through training," Bryk said, "and having worked with kids for a long time, I know what kids can do

PHOTO BY PAM SHARROW

Defer Elementary School competitors for the Division I Straddle Structure clown around before the start of the Odessy of the Mind Competition. Front row: Christoph Heinen, Adam Bramlage, Justin Miller, Michelle Scarborough, Ann Richard. Middle: Robbie Sharrow, Jeff Winokur. Back: Coach Robb Sharrow, Diane Scarborough.

and know what adults can do. And there's a big difference in the two." "One kid sewed his own monster costume and it was just a stitch. They didn't think the child could sew. However it was apparent that a child had sewn it if you looked inside," she said.

Other creative problem-solving competitions, exist, but none are as multi-faceted as Odyssey of the Mind, Nutter said, because it goes beyond pencil-and-paper exercises. Adults seem to achieve a vicarious fulfillment in working with the children.

"I guess if this was available when I was a child, it would have appealed to me," Nutter said. "It provides a real sense of accomplishment." ◇

Ilene Stankiewicz is a freelance writer based in Centerline. She is a first time contributor to HERITAGE.

(continued from page 35)

Before the Thirties ended, Studebaker had again left its mark in the history book of transportation by hiring, in 1936, celebrated industrial designer Raymond Loewy to style its cars.

Loewy's ungarnished and unwrinkled designs—born of wind tunnel testing—were simple. Industrial designers, by definition, strive for a balanced blend of aesthetic appearance and functional efficiency; the new Studebakers possessed both. And, until it retooled for WWII, the entire auto industry, from GM to Willys-Overland, was kept busy imitating Loewy's aerodynamically-designed Studebaker.

penchant for dramatic design.

In 1953, Studebaker introduced its Loewy coupes, after 10 years on the drawing board. The Starliners and Starlights were European-looking, low-slung and finless; they won Motor Trend's "Most Aesthetic Car" award in 1953. The Chevy Nomad, T-Bird and Corvette notwithstanding, the Studebaker coupes rank at the top of any industrial designer's list of best-shaped cars of the Fifties. And their price wasn't bad either—$1,767 to $2,374.

Hopelessly before their time, the Loewys did not achieve their trend-setting expectations (that is, they were not copied by the Big Three), and were discontinued in favour of the

His spirit terribly wounded, the man who once said he ate obstacles for breakfast shot himself through the heart in July, 1933.

After WWII, during which Studebaker built Wright-Cyclone engines for B-17 Flying Fortresses and more than 200,000 military trucks, Loewy's design team again surprised the public by unveiling the industry's first all-new, post-war car.

Although the industry had plans to slowly phase out free-standing fenders in favour of a flush-fitted fender design, Studebaker—hoping to capture the imagination, and dollar, of the car-buying public—chose to be the first to do so. Gone were the free-standing fenders on all 1947 Champions and Commanders, and added was a windshield-like, wraparound back window. The new design inspired one wag to ask, "Which way is it going?" Overall, the public was genuinely impressed. "My first reaction," said writer Maurice Henry, "was that it must have flown in with Buck Rogers at the wheel."

In 1950, Studebaker introduced a "bullet-nose" front end to its 1947 design. Essentially a stylish gimmick, the "aeronose," as it was also called, not only helped Studebaker to pass the half-billion dollar mark in sales in 1951, but also anticipated the 1950s Hawk models—complete with free-standing, front fender-mounted parking lights and fins—in 1956.

Studebaker continued to make marketable cars into the Sixties, including the highly successful Lark and the classic Loewy-designed Avanti.

But uncertainty, it seemed, had been a visitor to the Studebaker boardroom since the Depression; and, when the ill-fated four-year marriage to Packard ended with Packard going belly-up in a sea of "Packabakers" in 1958, uncertainty came to call daily.

Board members haggled over acquisitions, growing weary of the business established by Henry and Clement more than 100 years before. Auto buyers, far from brand-loyal, were easily drawn to new models. Studebaker could not make new models without sales; it could not make sales without new models.

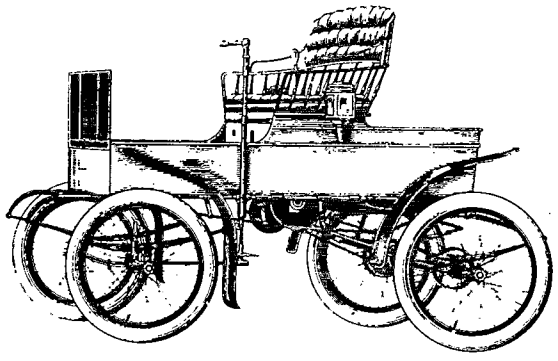
In December, 1963, the South Bend plant built its last vehicle—a red Lark Daytona. "They (the board of directors) had no other choice," president Byers Burlingame wrote to employees in a conclusive letter. "With the high rate of losses and the drop-off in sales volume, it was not possible to

continue to operate in facilities geared to high-volume production."

Studebaker continued to make Larks in its Hamilton, Ontario plant until unsubstantial profits moved the board to close it on March 17, 1966, and thus end Studebaker's illustrious career in the transport industry. In 1997, Oldsmobile, the oldest current vehicle manufacturer, will celebrate its 100th anniversary—45 years after Studebaker celebrated its centennial. Studebaker, with its rich 114-year heritage, did indeed give the customer more than it promised.

The Studebaker Corporation moved on, acquiring numerous subsidiaries, including STP. In 1979, McGraw-Edison absorbed Studebaker; and in an indignant shuffle of paper work, Clement, Henry, Peter, Jacob and John Mohler Studebaker had their name dropped from the active roster of American business because it no longer was attached to a product.

The Conestoga wagon that John Studebaker built in 1836 for his wife, five daughters and five sons was sturdy. It transported his family from Pennsylvania and into the annals of American history.

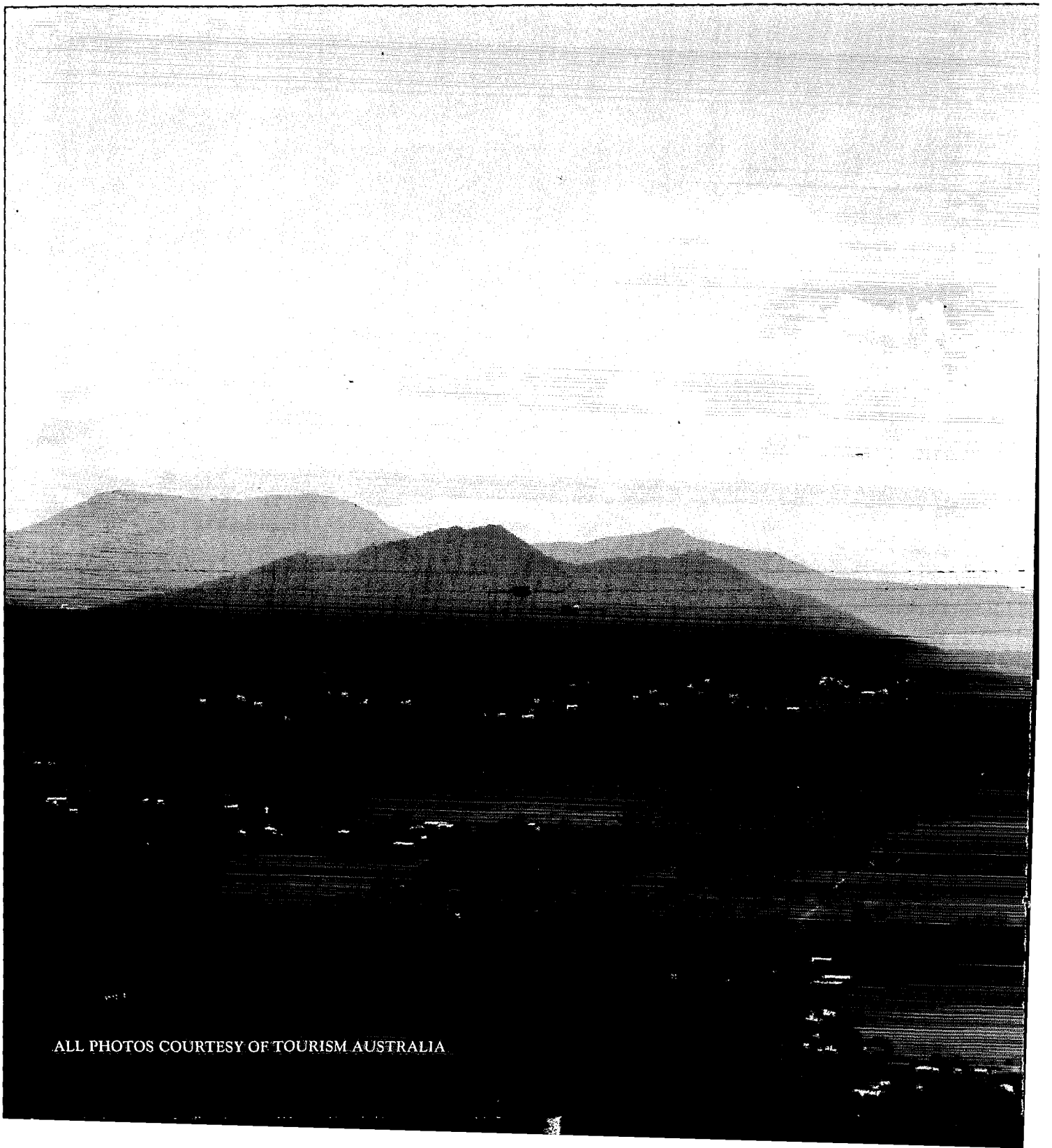


1902 Studebaker Electric Runabout.

What began with the monotonous clang of hammer on metal in the winter of 1852 had ended with the deafening sound of industrial machinery in 1966—and finally with the unceremonious removal of the Studebaker name from the scrolls of active American businesses in 1979. But never to be denied is the inimitable manner in which Studebaker sculpted the American dream. Drawing on the borrowed skills of their German forefathers and riding on the shirttails of the American free enterprise system, the Studebaker brothers built a colourful business empire and carved an indelible mark on the landscape of transportation history, a mark that far surpassed two simple blacksmiths' wildest dreams. ◇

Henry David Jones, a former producer at WXYZ radio, *has edited and written for area publications and has created TV and radio advertising for Oldsmobile dealer groups nationwide.*

ADVENTURES IN



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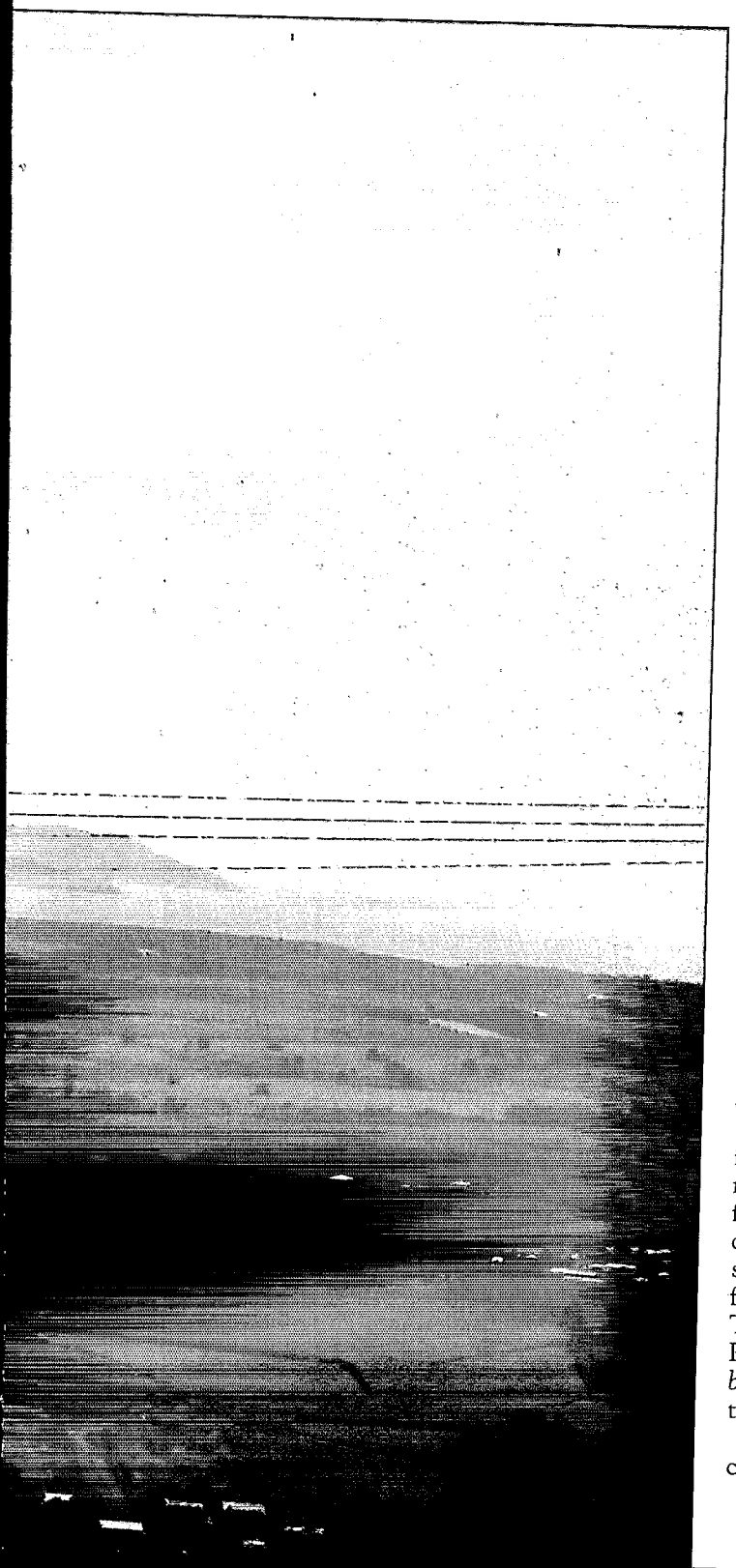


by ROBERTA SCHWARTZ

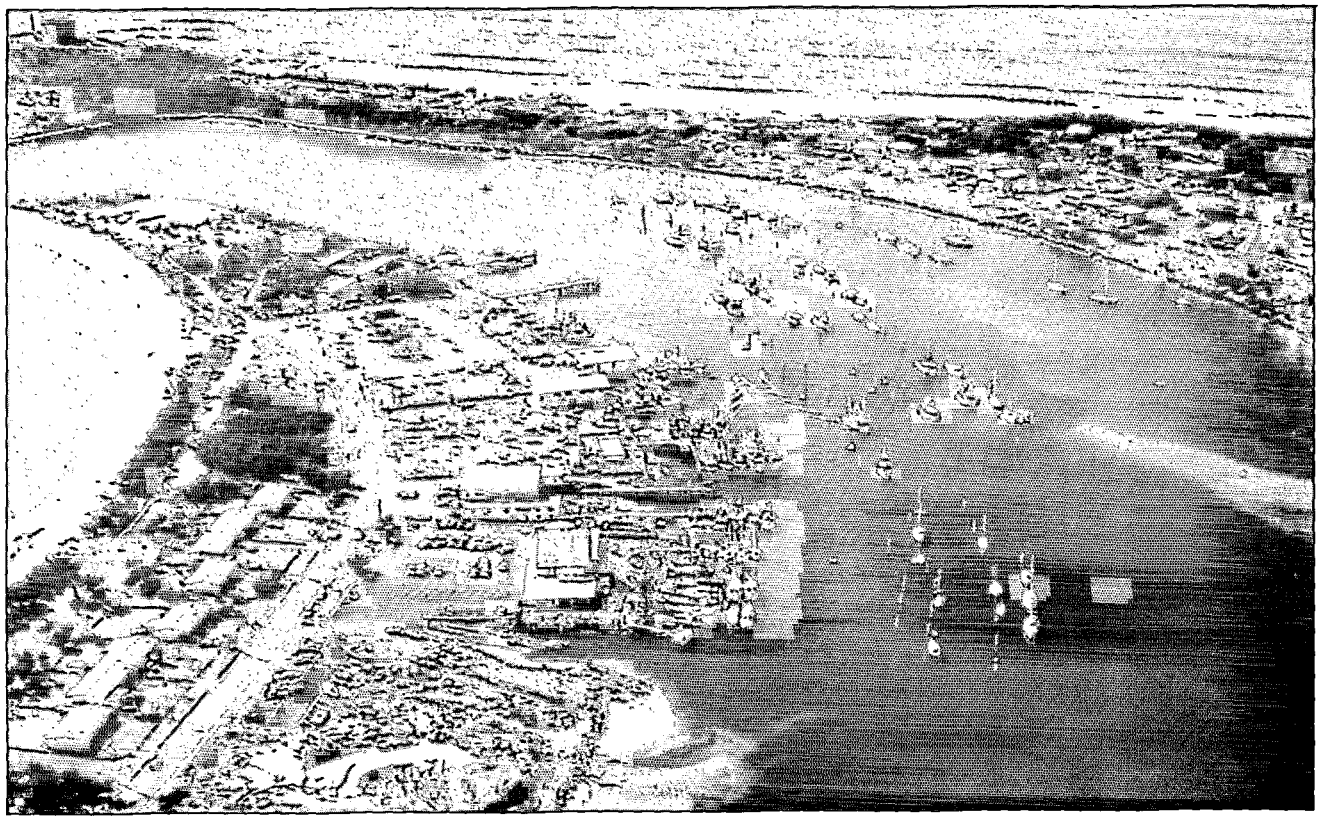
"Australian history," wrote Mark Twain, "does not read like history, but like the most beautiful lies. It is full of surprises, and adventures, and incongruities, but they all happened."

These words from Twain's book, *Following the Equator,* may easily describe the fabulous beauty and history of Far North Queensland, a lush tropic so lovely as to appear unreal.

In early 1987, Quantas Airlines began offering twice-weekly service between San Francisco and Cairns, Australia's northernmost city. This cheerful bit of civilization surrounded by crocodiles and deadly snakes is the gateway city to the Great Barrier Reef, a 1,500-year-old living museum made of coral polyps, sponges and sand, sheltering some of the world's most gorgeous fish. An aerial view of the deep blue ocean, breaking white waves, pink-brown of the reef top, and emerald-to-blue-green of the reef slopes convinces most tourists that the 12-hour plane ride from San Francisco was worth the long haul.

To celebrate the opening of a new international airport in Cairns, the city also dedicated the luxurious Pacific International Hotel on Trinity Bar as the major departure point for catamarans and planes travelling to the reef. Located on the waterfront, the Pacific International boasts a three-story lobby in the grand old hotel tradition, classic rattan furniture, gleaming brass, and the Waterfront Restaurant. This nautical restaurant specializes in Southeast Asian and Pacific cuisine and serves a divine South Pacific dish called *barramundi* in hollandaise sauce, a freshwater fish common to Australians.

All rooms in the Pacific International provide balconies overlooking the blue of Trinity Bay and the cloud-



Above: some of the world's most spectacular harbours can be found in Australia.

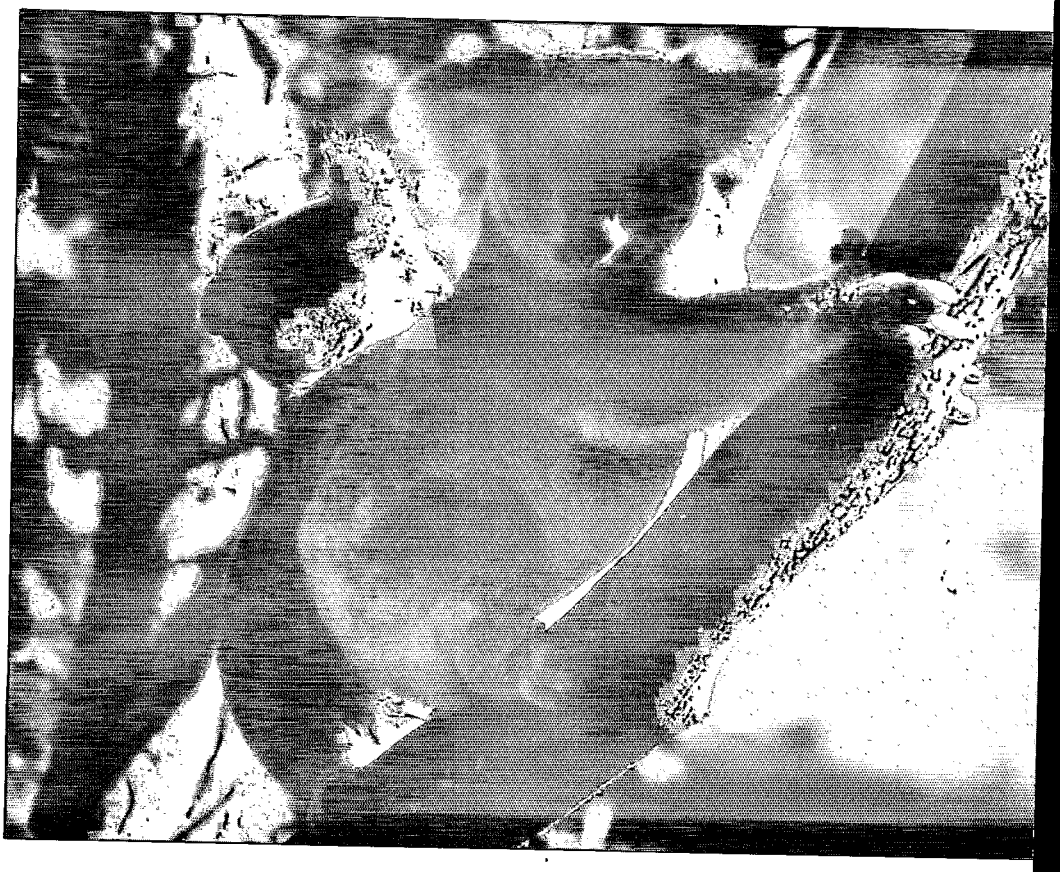
shrouded mountains. Built on the site where two historic hotels—the Strand and the Pacific—once entertained Errol Flynn, Somerset Maugham, General Douglas MacArthur and the founding father of big game fishing, Zane Grey, the Pacific International stands beside Marlin Marina, which all these diverse personalities loved.

Within two blocks of the Pacific International on Abbott Street, some of the finest and most reliable opal stores in the world offer excellent prices on the bright green and blue gems fresh from Australian mines. At the Diamond and Gemstone Gallery, a marvelous pair of matched opal earrings cost less than $200 U.S., once the Australian local tax has been deducted.

Lovely Australian sapphires are also priced quite reasonably, provided the tourist remembers to bring his passport and assures the jeweller that he intends to take the stones home.

Just an hour's flight from Cairns, amid some of the most spectacular mountain scenery in Australia lies Dunk Island between the coast and the Great Barrier Reef.

The majority of Dunk Island is an untouched national park, and its



The tropical weather in Australia is too hot for koala bears and Michigan's climate is too cold.

one small resort with 140 rooms makes excellent use of the splendid location. Dunk Island promises security and luxury, and attracts mostly upper middle-class families. Some guests sleep with their doors open, not having to worry about keeping their possessions locked up.

Despite the promises of absolute security, most Americans prefer to grip their cameras tightly in one hand and their cash in the other, as they would at home. Island operators who try to inspire peace of mind seem to find such nervous visitors most amusing.

Dunk Island, which cost $2.5 million to develop, offers food as its special pleasure and provides an impressive array of fish and tropical fruits at every meal. A typical four-course menu includes *vichysoisse,* canteloupe and crab cocktail, baked *barramundi* with bananas and walnuts, strawberry-and-kiwi Romanoff.

On Friday night the chef prepares a mammoth *smörgasbord* of superb seafood such as mud crabs, crayfish, prawns in red wine sauce, reef fish and oysters. Another popular delicacy on Dunk, grilled bugs, doesn't deserve its uninviting name. This fish tastes truly delicious when served with hollandaise sauce.

During the day guests swim, snorkel, water-ski, play tennis, golf, ride horseback, game fish and sail. They wander the jungle paths or visit the island's primitive artists' colony. They travel by boat or seaplane and spend hours enjoying the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef. They do everything, or they do nothing but relax in the glorious atmosphere of Dunk Island.

Still another scenic treat, the Cairns-to-Kuranda tourist train, provides one of the most spectacular and inexpensive outings for visitors determined to see the countryside. Pioneers carved the railroad track, with its fifteen tunnels and mile-and-a-half of bridges, from the mountainside with picks and shovels 100 years ago. The ride, ninety minutes each way, reveals some new wonder every moment of the trip.

The motor train, with its vintage wooden cars, runs for 28 miles and offers panoramic views of sugar cane fields, palm and gum forests, steep jungle hills, and tropical plants, blossoms, and shrubs of incredible beauty. The train obligingly stops at Barron Falls and Stoney Creek Falls to allow tourists to photograph the marvelous sights.

The train's final stop is at Australia's most quaint railroad station. Decked in ferns and plants, Kuranda Station offers home-cooked food, tea and coffee made of rainwater, and potent XXX Beer (pronounced "Three X"), Australia's favourite.

Those who come to Queensland with hopes of hugging a koala bear are in for a disappointment. The tropics are too hot for these cuddly little creatures made famous by a Quantas Airlines advertising program.

Kangaroos chase after cars and vans in the outskirts of Queensland, for they love to hop after anything that moves quickly. Unfortunately, Australians regard them as pests and they are often crushed by the protective bars welded to the front of most vehicles.

Kangaroos prefer to nap under shade trees on cattle stations (ranches), and they are fairly elusive to all but sniffing dogs who disturb them in their resting places. Visitors have their best chance to feed them at Hartley's Creek Zoo about 25 miles from Cairns. Every day the fearless keeper milks some innocuous-looking taipans, mud-brown and dull in appearance, but among the most dangerous snakes in the world.

He feeds crocodiles, some of which weigh three-quarters of a ton; tourists are delighted when the crocodile snaps its jaws shut with a decided crunch at lunch time.

When Mark Twain wrote about the beautiful lies of Australian history, he might have had Cooktown in mind, a semi-ghost town 250 miles north of Cairns and the first British settlement in Australia. It boasts a population of 550 and memories of a wild and florid past.

In 1770 Captain James Cook's little *Endeavour* ran aground on a coral reef and the intrepid explorer settled down to a seven-week repair job. Today the museum named for him contains the world's greatest collection of Cook memorabilia, including the anchor which he ditched in the harbour to lighten his vessel.

Cooktown was always an exciting spot. Prospectors discovered gold on the banks of the Endeavour River in 1873; hence, Cooktown blossomed into the country's major seaport. When the gold ran out, most of the 50,000 disappointed inhabitants deserted their diggings and left the town

to disintegrate.

The picturesque old colonial bank building and ruins of the rip-roaring goldrush taverns offer visitors some notion of the glory days of Cooktown. The James Cook Museum contains a Chinese shrine and a graveyard for the thousands of Cantonese who died in Cooktown during the boom.

The Great Barrier Reef stretches from New Guinea to the Tropic of Capricorn, an unbelievable length of more than 1,200 miles. The Reef is a series of islands, coral cays and reefs harbouring splendid fish such as the turkey, whose puffed tail resembles the plumes of the bird.

Tourists are well advised to don sneakers before venturing out on the reef at low tide, because coral cuts into exposed flesh like broken glass, and even the tiniest creatures carry poisonous stings.

The rustic resort town of Port Douglas offers a daily high-speed catamaran trip across 39 nautical miles to the outer reef and allows tourists 90 minutes to explore with snorkeling or scuba equipment, or in a glass-bottom boat.

Green Island, the most popular of the Barrier Reef group, draws huge crowds every day because it offers various excellent restaurants, from fast food spots to luxury places. Swimming in its crystal waters is great fun, as is a visit to the Underwater Coral Observatory. It's a thrill to watch rainbow-coloured fish munch from baskets lowered from the docks, and water snakes, as lethal as cobras, slither from behind the protective glass of a porthole.

Lizard Island, adjacent to the outer Great Barrier Reef, has been transformed into a national park, and at one time Air Queensland's owner, Sir Sid Williams, said it was impossible to convince tourists to go to this remote spot. Lizard contains a lagoon which is paradise to scuba divers, a dozen uninhabited golden beaches, and an Australian museum which conducts a marine research station.

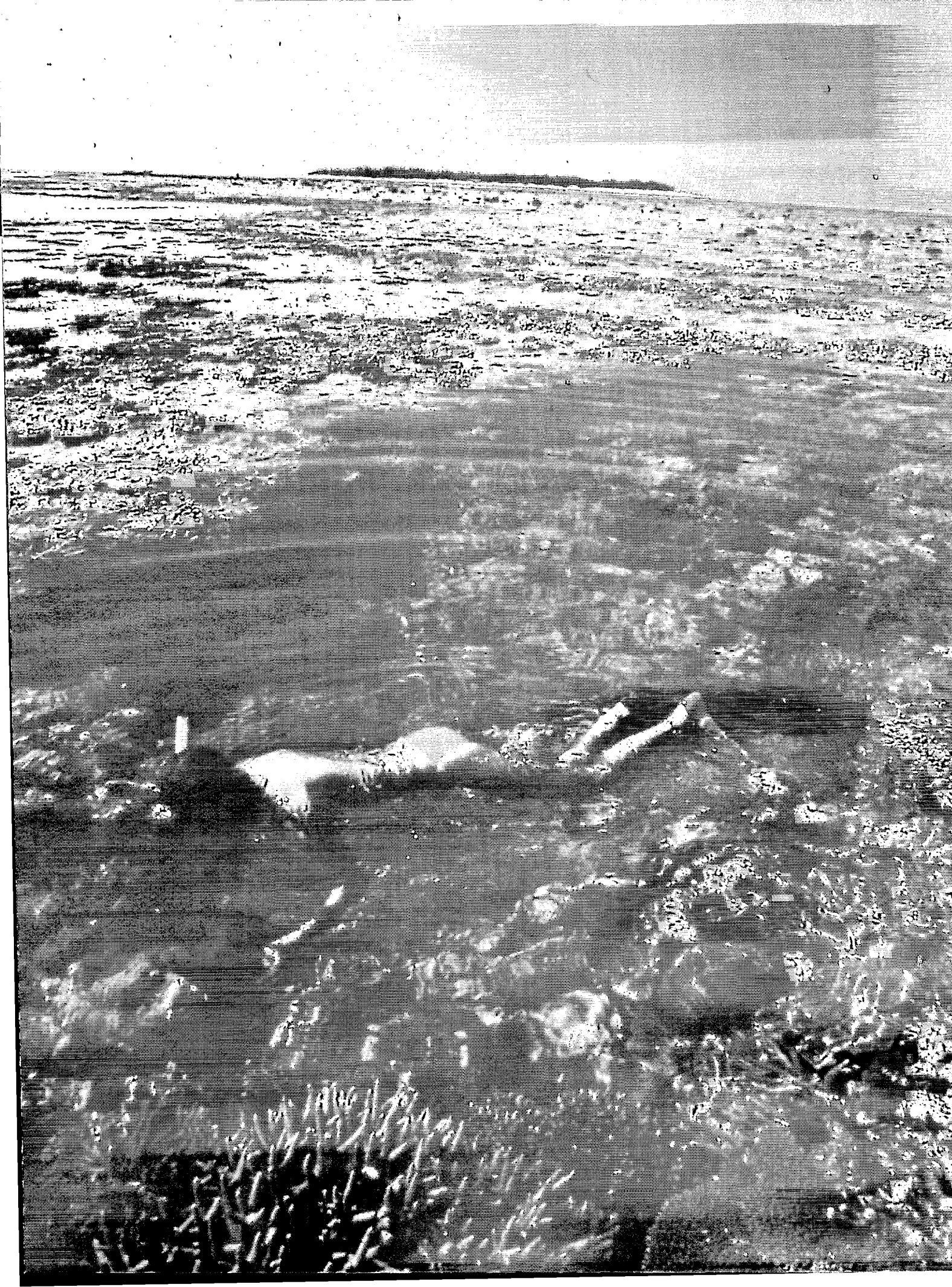
Lizard offers an excellent opportunity to collect delicate shells, walk deserted beaches and relax. Lizards, however timid and noncombative, exceed five feet and have startled many a visitor passing them as they slumber beneath a coconut tree.

Ironically described as "the lucky country," Australia once served as a colonial dumping ground for British convicts and political undesirables. Today it is the home of the flying fox, a kind of velvety bat; the dingo, a wild yellow dog; and 736 species of marvelous birds, including the *kookaburra*, or laughing jackass, so named for his mocking call.

The lush wildness of the tropics, so like Hawaii in climate but with a distinct and friendly personality all its own, continues to convert more and more Americans to its free and easy ways. Genial Aussies are so fond of their Yank cousins that they wouldn't have it any other way. ◇

Roberta Schwartz is a professor of journalism at Oakland University and a frequent contributor to HERITAGE.

Right: Snorkeling or scuba-diving along The Great Barrier Reef is one of the world's great adventures.



MICHIGAN GREENS

The crystal blue lakes, the rolling green fairways, the changing autumn colours and the fresh morning air can be found right here in Michigan, in the Great Lakes regions. Between the time when tulips bloom and the frost lies heavily on the hard ground, travellers and golfers head north to cottages and get-away resorts.

Many of the beautifully-designed golf courses lie in Gaylord, Otsego County and its surrounding areas. Several resorts are owned and played by golf pros, and the facilities reflect manicured grounds and casual elegance.

For those whose interests stretch far beyond golf, northern Michigan's resorts offer an abundant mix of outdoor and indoor activities. Tennis courts, swimming pools or lake access, health clubs, fine dining rooms and banquet and conference areas are available at many of the resorts listed. But the most stunning offerings are the locations themselves. Set in one of the state's most spectacular regions, each of these resorts is a unique, glittering prize to be savoured individually for the greatest satisfaction.

1. Hidden Valley Resort, Gaylord

This William Diddle-designed course (*The Classic*) provides 18 holes of championship-calibre golf. The course offers privacy with accommodations for the entire family. Acclaimed for its impeccable maintenance and casual setting, the tough undulating greens combine with character-building tee shots out of the woods. A private lake, swimming pool, dining area and conference facilities are interfaced in the resort's casual elegance. Located on the east edge of Gaylord. For more information, call 1-800-752-5510 or (517) 732-5181; or write to Box 556, Gaylord, MI 49735.

by Carolyn Klucha & Walter Wasacz

2. Sylvan Resort, Gaylord

The world's most famous golf course architect, Robert Trent Jones Sr., designed the *Treetops,* a 7,046 yard, par: 71 course. Its name originates from its breathtaking view of the Pigeon River Valley. The course is described as "bold but fair" by its architect, with its contours and rolling terrain. The Sylvan Inn Lodge houses oversized rooms, an indoor swimming pool, tennis courts, a conference center and the Ale Haus Restaurant. A vacation for all. For more information, call (517) 732-6711 or 1-800-368-4133; or write to 3962 Wilkenson Rd., Gaylord, MI 49735.

3. Michaywé, Gaylord

Pine forests and well-manicured sand hazards surround the *Pine Course,* created by Reggie Sauger. The pines and white birch trees create a unique beauty indigenous to northern Michigan. The undulating greens, dining, convention and banquet facilities all combine to make a perfect golfing and meeting area. Golf camps are also available. Make plans to play the fabulous *Lakes Course,* set to open next month. For more information, call (517) 939-8911 for tee times, or 1-800-322-6636 for accommodations; or write to 1535 Opal Lake Rd., Gaylord, MI 49735.

4. Garland, Lewiston

Designed for the executive golf traveller, this public course features rolling hills, wildlife and wooded fairways. The two 18-hole courses, *Garland East* and *West,* were designed by the owner, Ron Otto. Twenty-seven additional holes are currently being developed adjacent to the existing facilities. An exclusive 28-room log club house is also being constructed, and will include a health club and amenities for the golfer who enjoys luxury. A 5,000-feet jetstrip also provides easy access for those who prefer to fly in. For more information, call (517) 786-2274. Located in Lewiston, MI 49756.

5. Boyne Highlands, Harbor Springs

This golf course is familiar to golf pro Bernard Friedrich. The *Heather* course is 7,221 yards of 18 hole, par: 72 golfing. The *Moor* course hosts 18 hole, par: 72 golf on 7,181 yards of green. A third nine-hole course flows over 1,035 yards of terrain. Power carts are available for a fee and banquet facilities can seat 600. For more information, call (616) 526-2171; or write to Boyne Highlands Lodge, Harbor Springs, MI 49740.

6. Schuss Mountain, Antrim County

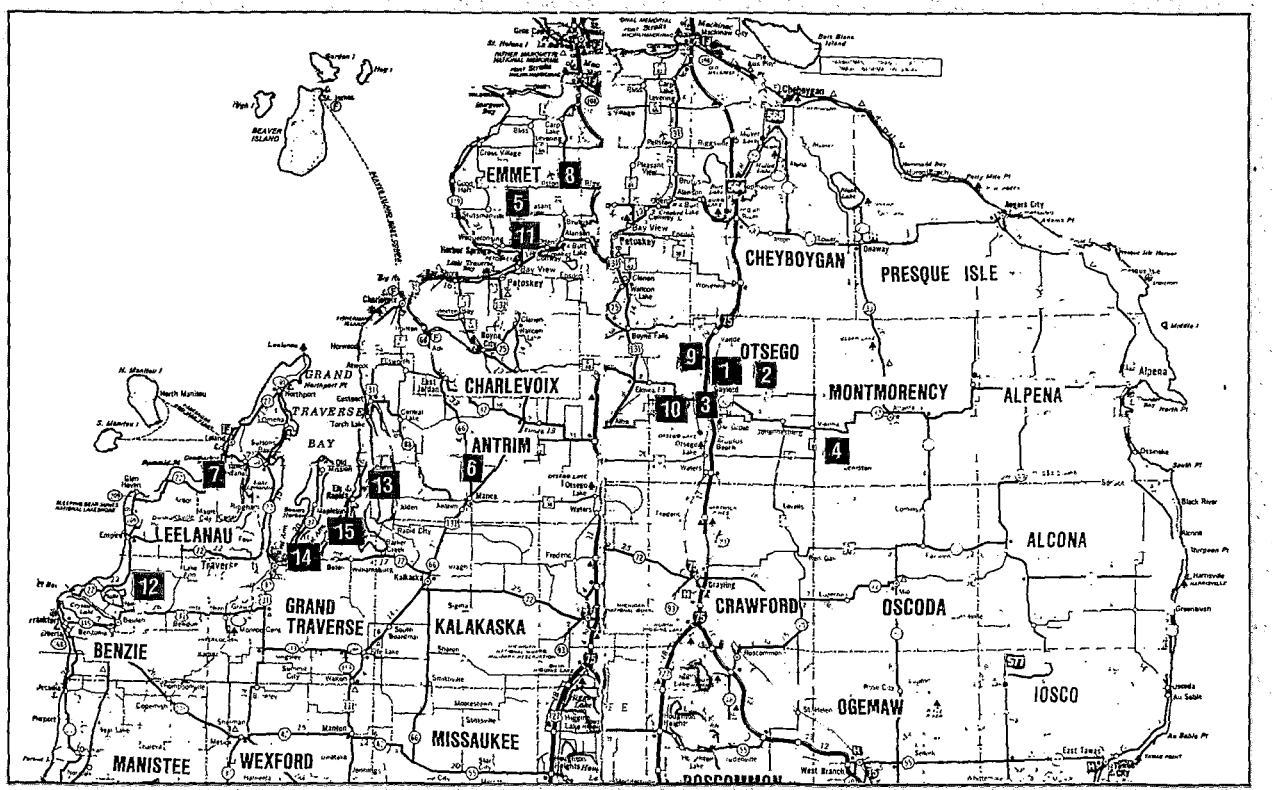
Recognized as the best in Michigan by the "Golfer's Map and Guide" 1984 edition, this course also offers convention facilities. Rodger Jabara, golf pro. Located on Schuss Mountain in Mancelona, MI Call (616) 587-9162 for more information.

7. Sugar Loaf Resort, Cedar

This championship golf course, located in Leelanau County, has a driving range, practice green and tennis facilities. A great advantage for the beginning golfer. For more information, call (616) 228-5461. Located on Route 1, Cedar, MI.

8. Pine Hill, Brutus

This public course offers both special junior and senior discount rates, which classifies it as one of "northern Michigan's affordable golf courses." Power carts, rentals, a pro shop and driving range are among the



extras of the 18-hole course; a restaurant and cocktails provide additional ambiance. Nine holes of golf for $7, and 18 for $12. Located at U.S. 31 North, Brutus, MI, 49716; (616) 529-6574.

9. Gaylord Country Club, Gaylord

The scenic layout of the 18-hole golf course provides a gourmet recipe for fine golf. Seasoned with rolling terrain and northern Michigan woodlands, the club offers a restaurant, bar, lounge and pro shop. Group outings are always welcome and can be arranged with their pro; a practice range is adjacent to the clubhouse. For more information, call (616) 546-3377 or write to M-32 West, Box 207, Gaylord, MI 49735.

10. Wilderness Valley, Gaylord

Wildlife abounds throughout this visually appealing 6,300-yard golf course. Enjoy nature's serenity while golfing on 7,000 acres of green, deep glacier-carved valleys. A pro shop, restaurant and electric cars accompany this 18-hole course, designed by PGA champion Al Watrus. One of Michigan's best-kept secrets. For more information, call (616) 585-7090; or write to 7519 Mancelona Rd. Gaylord, MI 49735.

11. Birchwood Farms Golf and Country Club, Harbor Springs

Rental guests at Birchwood are welcome to enjoy all the amenities of the member-owned country club. Lessons are available on the 6,734-yard course. Pro shop, temporary lockers, outdoor swimming pool and tennis courts keep family members active. For reservations, call: 1-800-433-8787.

12. Crystal Lake Golf & Country Club, Beulah

Enjoy golfing on 3,248 yards of green located on the shores of Crystal Lake. Nine holes for $7 or 18 for $12. Located on US-31 in Beulah, MI 49617. Call (616) 882-2911 for more information.

13. Elk Rapids Golf Course, Elk Rapids

Friends join together for a friendly game of golf at this 18-hole course. Nine holes for $6.50 or 18 for $12. Call 264-8891 for more information; or write to 724 Amos, Elk Rapids, MI 49629.

14. Mitchell Creek Golf Course, Traverse City

This unique course covers 3,253 yards of green, allowing 18 holes of pleasurable golfing. Nine holes for $7 or 18 for $12. Call (616) 941-5200 for more information; or write to 2846 Three Mile Rd., Traverse City, MI 48684.

15. Grand Traverse Resort, Traverse City

The Bear, designed by Jack Nicklaus, is perhaps the most awesome and challenging golf course in all of Michigan. It is a winding, twisting course, taking full advantage of the region's unique topographical character—the course is set alongside apple and cherry orchards, hardwood trees and pines, natural lakes, steams and swamps. The Bear is open to guests of the resort and the golfing public. Visitors $75, guests $60 (cart included in cost).

The Newcomb course is designed on 6,899 yards of green, providing 18 holes of exceptional golfing. Enjoy the weekend at the resort and try your luck on both courses. Fees for the Newcomb course include nine holes for $25 (after 3:30 p.m.), 18 holes for $40 (public), $35 (hotel guests). Cost includes cart. For more information, call (616) 938-1620; or write Grand Traverse Village, 6300 US-31 North, Acme, MI 49610.

The Dubious Art of Cuisinart

By CHERYL RILLY ◆

It is a well-known fact among my family and friends that I am not a good cook. Betty Crocker will shed no tears over a best-selling cookbook penned by me. Mrs. Paul will be at ease knowing the only fish nets I ever approached were the stockings I wore in the late 1960s. And the closest I'll come to having something in common with Sara Lee is during the winter time, when we both have frozen buns.

Perhaps that is why I was so shocked when I received a Cuisinart as a gift. Little did I imagine—even as I tore away the wrapping paper and started plotting getting even with these "friends" by buying their children a St. Bernard puppy—that feigning gratitude would be a piece of cake compared to learning how to use this beast of a machine.

There it sat, a blender on steroids—the stark white base a launching pad for its two-stage holding tank, its controls positioned below, two flat push-down levers, *Off* and *Destruct.* And there, chiseled in unbiodegradable plastic for all to heed: *Caution: Read Instructions Before Using.*

Once I got past the two pages of safety warnings that guaranteed a ruined manicure should fingers be put in the wrong slot and certified its probable uses during wartime, the promises began to flow. It slices, dices, mashes, slashes, pulverizes and cuts. So did Jack the Ripper. However, the booklet noted, it will not whip cream, beat egg whites, slice hard-cooked eggs, marshmallows, soft cheeses or frozen meats. In other words, all the things I didn't want to do, the machine didn't want to do either.

"You're going to love it," a Westside friend insisted. "I use mine all the time. I couldn't live without it."

Let me digress.

There is a difference between my Westside and Eastside friends. Westsiders know how to use gadgets instinctively. I do believe that many of them were born with instruction manuals, attachments and a list of accessories in hand. These are the people who also fell in love with fondues, gelato makers, electric butter melters, and radios that play in the shower. They have been known to order collapsible plastic container sets from television commercials.

And while Eastsiders love the good life, it takes a lot more than a food processor to amuse us and keep us home on Saturday night. No self-respecting Eastsider would ever buy a food processor for herself. A food processor is the result of a glitch in hint-dropping. It is what you receive after you've spent the last three months hinting that you would like a fur coat, a VCR, a tennis bracelet, a gift certificate to Jacobson's, or an ant farm. *Anything* but a food processor.

The first time I used the Cuisinart I decided to do a time analysis. It takes me about ten minutes to manually dice an onion. This includes selecting the knife, peeling the onion, chopping, and washing the knife and cutting board. The Cuisinart did it in just under 13 minutes. This includes the 30 seconds it took the machine to re-engineer the vegetable's anatomical structure, the three minutes spent to wash up, the eight minutes it took to control the bleeding and bandaging of the cut I got while trying to clean the Samurai blade, and one minute of cussing.

If you've ever wondered what a cross between a jack hammer and a dentist's drill would sound like, this food processor is the answer. But its audio persona is nothing compared to its "silent pollution." Cuisinarts disturb radio and television reception. Eastsiders find this disquieting.

I discovered this when an irate neighbor threatened that, should I put squiggly lines and polka dots across her *General Hospital* one more time, I would find myself being treated by one of its ersatz doctors. Westsiders, no doubt, have reached a friendly pact: Any one neighbor must refrain from using the Cuisinart during any time period in which another neighbor is playing a Jane Fonda workout tape. (Didn't you like Jane better when she had fat thighs and spoke up about Viet Nam?)

A few weeks after I received the Cuisinart the telephone rang. It was one of the benefactors who had bestowed this kind gift upon me. Well, what did I think? Did I like it? Wasn't it everything she had promised?

Yes, I assured her, it has helped immensely. It stopped my pets from begging for food scraps at the table. And, yes, it was indeed a space saver. Especially after I put it back into its box. And once again, yes, yes, it did cut my cooking time in half. With just the push of seven buttons I could have dinner piping hot on my table in less than 30 minutes.

"Seven buttons?" her voice lilted with jealousy. Could I know something she didn't?

"Seven buttons," I held firm. "Hello, Domino's?" ◇

Cheryl Rilly is an Eastside freelancer whose Cuisinart is currently up for sale.

FRUITFUL SUCCESS

Josef Bogosian creates delectable desserts.

by CAROLYN KLUCHA

The aroma took me captive.

Chocolate, cherry, cinnamon and apple scents assaulted me on the sidewalk. Suddenly I was five years old again, holding my mother's hand, peering up at the saleslady as she reached over the bakery display counter to hand me a sugar cookie.

Our olfactory sense has the strangest ability to trigger exceedingly powerful memories... weekends with Grandma in the kitchen, where she taught me how to decorate lemon cookies; the sweet, smooth frosting on my birthday cake at the age of ten. How can dieters resist mile-high lemon meringue pie when it's tied so closely to happy childhood memories?

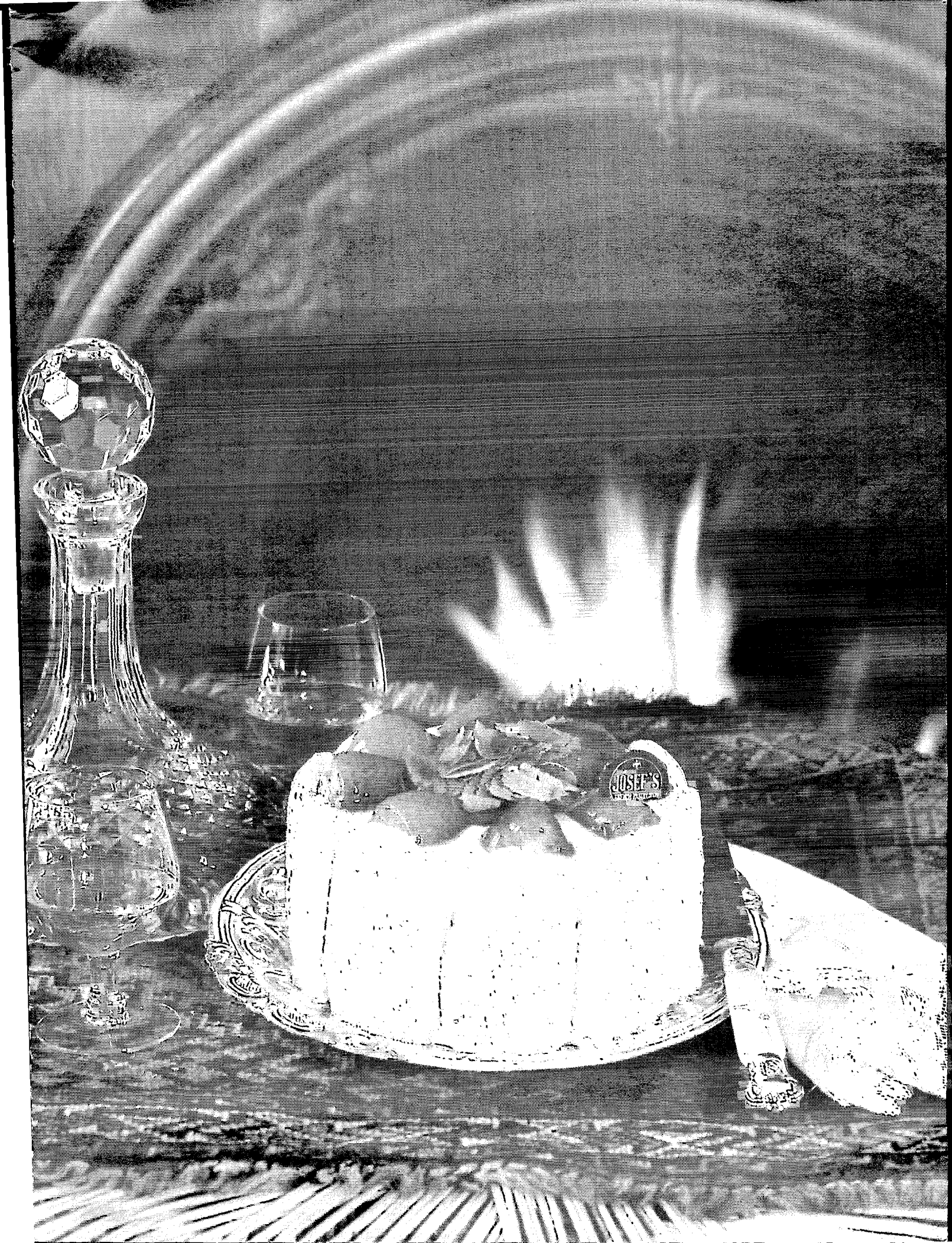
And so the aroma took me captive, and I turned on the sidewalk to face an establishment lettered "Josef's French Pastry Shop." With anticipation, I passed through its doors in search of gratification.

This was heaven. The interior was a soft, romantic, rose-and-burgundy colour; the feeling was that of a French café. European-styled glass showcases, trimmed in gold, held a stunning display of pastries—a dozen varieties of coffee cakes, ten different tortes, delicious French pastries, pies, cake, cookies, danish, flanbrowniesmuf*finsbreadsandcroissants!* Having reached heaven, I sought the creator.

Josef Bogosian is the brilliance behind the baking. Suited in his starched white baker's outfit and towering chef's cap, he wiped his flour-covered hand against his apron in a motion to greet me.

Bogosian resembles a European chef, his grayish moustache outlining a friendly smile. His witty personality creates an ambiance that inspires one to learn everything about him. Besides, I longed to savour a slice of his tempting apple pie.

Becoming a baker was never his intention, Bogosian confessed. This is not


JOSEF'S

a familiar story of ancestry in which his great-great-grandfather began the art of French pastry-making a century ago. Bogosian's fetish for flour actually began when he was a boy attending Gary Elementary School in Detroit. Somewhere near puberty, he had his first experience with an oven, baking a chocolate cake in his own image of perfection. On his second endeavour, he became creative, producing a chocolate cake iced in white. To young Bogosian, however, the white frosting had no zip, so he attempted to improve it with the addition of food colouring. Unfortunately, colour coordination was not his strong suit, and his final product was a khaki-green frosted cake. When family members demurred at his invitation to partake, Bogosian began to appreciate that "food had to be eye-appealing in order for anyone to eat it." Presentation became very important.

Little did he realize that his first job would make a lasting impression on his life. Just out of Southwestern High School in Detroit, Bogosian began washing pots and pans in a pastry shop in his old neighborhood. Starting at the bottom, he learned to bake little by little, performing the duties of an apprentice.

At one time, he was employed by Ranier's Pastry Shop and La Boulangerie, both located in Detroit. Bogosian considers himself fortunate to have had the opportunity to work with European chefs, including Hans Meeshan, Kurt Kramer, and Steve Demonski. Meeshan, from Germany, taught him recipes for chocolate; Kramer, also German, was a prisoner of war during WWII who emigrated to the United States and was familiar with the baking trade. From his youthful experience with such talented bakers, Bogosian learned both the toils of bakery management and the blissfulness of artful creation.

Bogosian conceived the idea of opening his own pastry shop while negotiating the possible purchase of an already-established business. The price of the establishment was so great that he began researching the cost of operating his own business.

Bogosian purchased his own building; using the skills and knowledge acquired over the years, he worked eighteen-hour days. Utilizing recipes he had collected and improved, Bogosian prepared all of his

products by hand. Good clients found his new bakery quickly, tracking the aroma from his former workplace to his new shop.

The business, which he opened in October of 1971, is a million-dollar operation today. The strain of working long, tedious hours and producing most of the work himself paid off six years ago.

A recent renovation expanded the quaint pastry shop; Bogosian brought in rattan seating for on-the-premises consumption and added luncheon entrées to the array of French delectables. Bogosian had been contemplating this change for several years; a breakdown in the kitchen became the catalyst. In January of 1987, Bogosian ceased production and closed his doors for an entire month to complete the renovation. Although no footage was added, a major reorganization of equipment permitted more working area. The storefront renovation was completed in July. The total renovation cost an estimated $270,000. Everything has been updated.

Bogosian is concerned with every aspect of his operation, and marketing is no exception. One case in point is the showcase that houses the pastries. Enclosed in gold, the glass windows are curved with ⅜-inch shelving trimmed in green. Although not readily apparent to his customers, "The angle of the curved glass sets the product off just a little bit nicer than the American ones," Bogosian said, at almost double the cost of the American-made. "I figured if you're going to do it, you're have to do it right," he said. "I feel the same way about my products. I don't want to cut corners."

The number and varieties of products increased as he created new inventions and adapted suggestions from others. He acquired a cheesecake recipe from an employee which replaced his own. Most of his products are still made by hand, with only the help of a few machines which increase efficiency, such as a jelly-filler and a bun-divider. Currently, Josef's employs 40, including eight bakers. Josef's also transports baked goods to the Spirits of Grosse Pointe liquor store on Mack for retail sale.

Six years ago business started booming. Bogosian attributes the tremendous increase in business to the use of more fresh fruit in his pastries; the introduction of French buttercream frosting, which created an entirely new line of products; the media attention to his croissants; and his satisfying marriage.

Bogosian, 44, is a family man, married for six years to Eileen. The couple has two children, Josef, 4, and Daniel, six months. A sweet romance brought them together while she was the manager at his pastry shop. "She got too expensive and I couldn't afford to keep her; I *had* to marry her," he jokes. His wife currently works as a part-time assistant manager.

In his spare time, Bogosian shoots pool with his four-year-old. Another pastime is babysitting so that his wife has the opportunity to shop—although she need not bring home any baked goods.

Bogosian is also on the lookout to find someone to engrave a lighthouse on one of his scrimshaw pieces. Being a well-rounded individual, not only does Bogosian collect scrimshaw (carved or engraved articles made especially by American whalers, usually from whalebone or whale ivory), he takes an interest in chess sets and beer steins.

Still, this man belongs in the kitchen. He is the artist behind the tasteful amalgamation so fondly referred to as "Josef's."

At this point in his career, Bogosian is happy with his business. His hours have been reduced to nine per average day, four of which are spent on the business aspects, leaving the remainder to the enjoyment of baking and improvement of his pastries.

Bogosian makes the final inspection on all of his pastries prior to sale; he suggests improvements and teaches the fine art of baking, keeping a watchful eye on the smoothness of the mocha frosting and chastising those caught finger-licking the bowl.

Bogosian maintains a small office to the left of the kitchen, and his door is always open; this entrepreneur takes time to meet with customers or accept a gracious "thank you" from someone who appreciates his craft.

According to Bogosian, Christmas and Easter are his busiest seasons. They stop taking most orders four days before Christmas. Josef's averages 300-350 customers per day and 500-600 on the weekend.

Decisions, decisions—they're never simple. Once you set eyes on the wide selection, you'll leave with more than anticipated. Josef's best-sellers are his French pastries and tortes. Flavours of rum, black forest, chocolate mousse and St. Cecile (strawberries sandwiched between chocolate cake, with a thick layer of chocolate mousse and cream-cheese filling), are favourites among the torte selections. Other favourites in each category include chocolate chip cookies, cheese danish, almond coffee cake, lemon roll

cake, cherry and apple pies and chocolate buttercream cake. Buttercream differs from most, Bogosian said, in that the sugar is fondant and there is a higher content of butter. The taste difference is "creamy sweet rather than sugary." Since everything is made from scratch, the only method of determining if a product meets his standards is by tasting, he said. In 1981, he travelled to a European convention where he picked up a few ideas; but his creations are mostly original.

Another recent addition to his repertoire is an Old World bread imported from Germany and sold through distributors in the U.S. He receives the blend of grains and flour from Chicago; the basic bread-baking begins in his kitchen. Bogosian also imports specialized edible name trademarks from New York. These three-centimeter nameplates are made of chocolate wafers with gold printing that read "Josef's French Pastry Shop" and are embossed on all pastries before they are sold.

With the variety of pastries Josef's carries, it's not often you won't find what you seek. Some customers will request a pastry be made for a special occasion or because they had it someplace else but don't want to travel across town to get it. A few years ago, Bogosian said, a customer needed ten cakes for a shower. He purchased a cake from another bakery, cut it open to determine its ingredients, wrought his magic and "she loved it," he said. The pastry was the St. Cecile torte which has been part of his line ever since.

His imagination is evident in his attempts to create a new idea or concentrate on his specialties. One year, on Valentine's Day, Bogosian designed a Valentine cake made from chocolate mix with chocolate truffle, raspberry and liqueur topped with a chocolate bouquet of flowers with a gold jewelry chain intertwined. The cake sold for $115 and was made primarily "for a conversation piece."

Anyone interested in a three-foot chocolate eclair? Well, some ten years ago the Guiness Book of World Records didn't think so. Bogosian created a 25-pound eclair, which he reluctantly ended up dishing out piece by piece at a community festival.

A more serious facet of his pastry business is that of creating wedding cakes and sculptured cakes. One of his new concepts in decorating wedding cakes is the incorporation of fresh flowers on the cake that complement the bouquets of the bride and bridesmaids. "The buttercream flower looks beautiful, but you can't compare to Mother Nature," Bogosian said. The flowers can be arranged in spirals or used on the top piece. Fresh flowers range from $35 to $100; an average cake may cost $200 to $300. The cakes can also be made as a torte; however, the cost can increase as much as 50 percent.

To create a beautiful wedding, Bogosian suggested a custom-made or porcelain decoration as a keepsake. Choose from a variety of cake mixes, including the traditional cherry-nut or banana-nut. For a cake without real blossoms, prices range from $33.50 to $800, depending on the number of people it serves.

In his eccentric moods, Bogosian creates sculptured cakes. Imagine a cake that stands eight feet tall and three feet wide; a sculpture of Greektown. Quite an accomplishment. Bogosian takes pride in his special ability to create any design. He considers it an "engineering feat, without the cake falling apart," but his works require an estimated

six hours to sculpt and ice and cost $75 to $150, depending on the project. His prices compare favourably to those in New York, which range from $600 to $1,000. The cake must be firm enough to carve; therefore it is baked and frozen. While it is still hard he begins shaping and designing from a picture similar to the customer's request. Carefully he shaves and ices the cake once it is assembled. Some of his works include a three-foot rocket ship with a 10" base for a boy's birthday party; a mayonnaise jar commissioned by a group who once held a discussion on their mutual hatred of the condiment—so the cake was a source of amusement at their next meeting; and a Coca-Cola bottle for a retirement party for a Coca-Cola employee.

The primary focus of Josef's is the retail aspect, an area of approximately 700 square feet, while the production area occupies about 200 square feet.

For small occasions, customers may order a variety of finger pastries which are ready to serve and arranged for display. Regardless of the occasion, "every customer is important," Bogosian said.

Bogosian has had his share of problems. A hardworking businessman and baker, he has never been responsible for the paperwork of the pastry shop, leaving the accounting to his sister, Rebecca Brown, who also works behind the counter. He concentrates on what to do when the refrigerator stops working, or when the one oven that holds up to 25 sheet cake pans decides not to bake. "The headaches start when a machine breaks down or products don't arrive on time," Bogosian pointed out.

Another concern is the contents and freshness of his products. For example, if a wholesaler ships fruit and there is less fruit than indicated, Bogosian compensates for that by adding individually quick-frozen fruit. "When a customer cuts a piece of pie, she wants to see the fruit," he said.

To increase his number of products, Bogosian is looking in different directions. The luncheon section provides a small selection of chicken and Italian pasta salad, gourmet pizza with chunks of vegetables, and three-cheese pie served in individual slices.

A new chain of fancy chocolates will soon appear in the showcases of Josef's. Bogosian considers it comparable to a Godiva-type of candy. Another Bogosian idea: hot and cold hors d'oeuvres.

Recently, the chef was involved in a fundraiser for Children's Hospital, where he was commissioned to create a gingerbread house near Christmastime. Next year, he said, he would like to create a Victorian house.

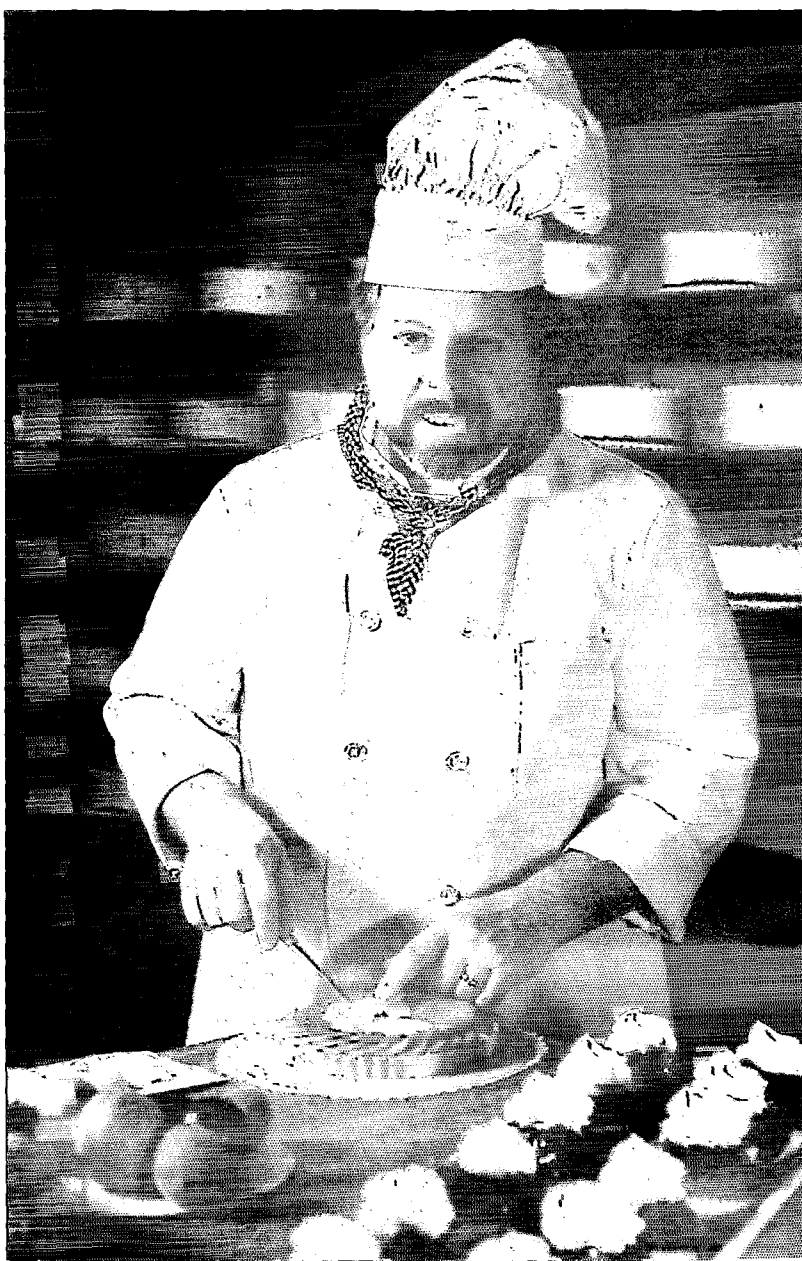
His ambition is to be able to spend more time in the retail aspect of his business so he can see how his employees work and interrelate with the customers. He contributes his success thus far to the "love" he has for his work.

And his products are exquisite. I was still in heaven. The aroma was magnetizing. Admiring the extravagant display of pastries, I drifted, once again, back to the years of my childhood.

With the variety of baked goods he creates, what is Bogosian's favourite? That's simple—chocolate cake. ◊

Carolyn Klucha is working as an editorial intern at HERITAGE. *She is currently majoring in journalism at* Wayne State University.

Somewhere near puberty, Bogosian had his first experience with an oven.



Mind Control

I've got to stop thinking about food. It isn't healthy, no matter what that little pleading voice inside my head keeps saying. I'm getting older, and my metabolism is changing, things are slowing down and my body doesn't need the calories that it did when I was a growing child. I'm an adult now, and I've got to stop thinking about food.

But maybe if I do think about it, in great depth and detail, it will satisfy the craving urge that I constantly feel to bake a pan of brownies and eat every one of them. Maybe if I visualize each sweet morsel of chocolate cake, and mentally savour every fat spoonful of creamy French vanilla ice cream smothered in hot fudge heated to the perfect temperature, the need to actually seat myself at a Sanders' counter, resting my nervous fingertips on the edge of the cool marble surface while waiting for my order to arrive, will evaporate.

Whipped cream, lots of it, wound around the delectable dessert in ridges like a strip miner's furrows, waiting for my spoon to descend and mar the perfect symmetry of its composition. At the very top, a sinful, luscious red cherry waiting to be delivered to my lips and mine alone.

Do you understand the depths of this addiction and the nature of its sinfulness? A delight akin to plunging your knife into a fresh jar of peanut butter, which, by the way, nicely complements chocolate but is not an element of this visualization—at least, it was not meant to be.

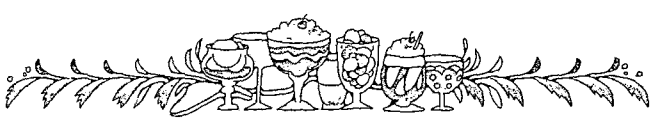
This isn't working. Perhaps the Ben Franklin approach is what is needed—weighing the pros and cons of indulging my appetite.

Pro	Con
It tastes good.	I'll get fat.
I want it.	My clothes won't fit.
It tastes good.	My children will be
I want it.	ashamed of me.
	My spouse will take a
It tastes good.	thin lover.
I want it.	My mom will yell at me.

Obviously, the pros carry more weight than the cons (everything is relative, isn't it?), so that will never work.

Maybe hypnosis... maybe a nice binge, followed by the fat farm...

I've got to stop thinking about food. It isn't healthy.



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Boat Type ☐ Power ☐ Sail

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☐ 45 to 55 ☐ 55 plus

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☐ Two bedroom with den
☐ Three bedroom with den
☐ Two bedroom ☐ Three bedroom

Preferred Price Range (Canadian dollars)
☐ $99,000-$125,000 ☐ $125,000-$150,000
☐ $150,000-$175,000 ☐ $175,000-$200,000
☐ $200,000-$250,000 ☐ $250,000 plus

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ITALIAN DUET

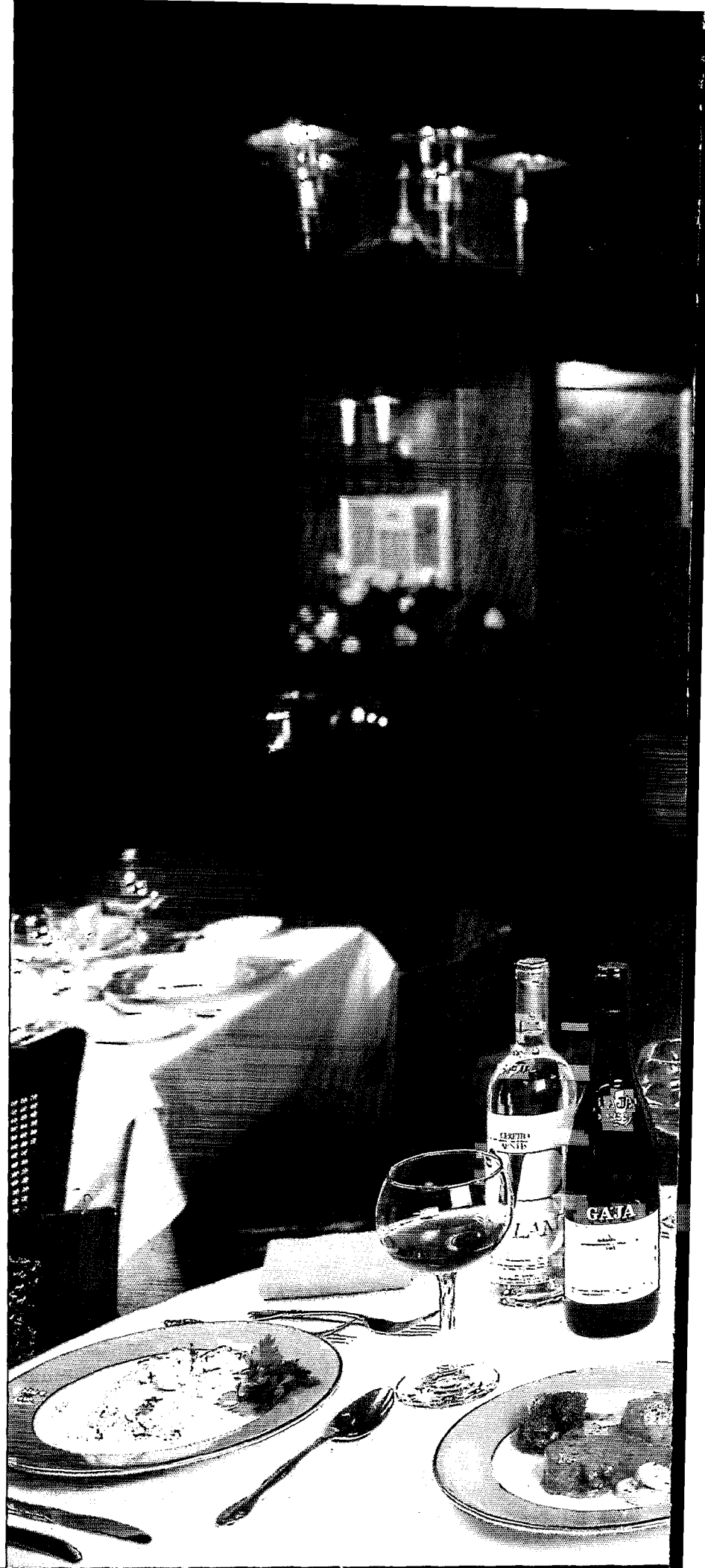
by SUZANNE MITCHELL ◆

Ed Barbieri Jr.'s quietly modulated voice takes on a special lilt as he speaks of the creative culinary and interior design talents of his father, Edoardo Barbieri Sr., and of their award-winning partnership.

Da Edoardo

Edoardo Barbieri Sr. is a tall, broad-shouldered, robust figure of a man. His fine baritone voice reflects distinctive continental grace and a charm that can be traced to his roots in the north-central Italian region of Emilia-Romagna, famous for food, Ferraris and renowned opera star Luciano Pavarotti.

When she joined the court of Henry II of France in the Sixteenth Century, Catherine de' Medici introduced her chefs from Florence, and the creation of glassware and various eating utensils including, notably, the fork. Ingredients such as artichoke hearts, sweetbreads, truffles and dishes made of veal are credited to her direct influence. The northern Italian region also seizes creative claim to the conception of macaroons, pesto, and even ice cream. De' Medici brought to France the use of Oriental herbs and spices as well as an enlightened attitude of grace, manner



Photos by LORIEN STUDIO


Do Edwards
Ed Barbieri

and etiquette in the presentation of food.

And it was the inventions of the Sixteenth Century that enabled this dynamic father-and-son duo to establish Da Edoardo restaurant in Grosse Pointe Woods.

It is simply elegant.

The glowing fireplace sparks an immediate warmth and creates a relaxed and subtle atmosphere; distinctive Italian architecture is evident in the door and mirror arches and relieves the feeling of constraint while providing an intimate mood; the handsomely burnished wood panels and distressed brown brick possess a style all their own.

"No, he doesn't sing... yet," quips the son, who points out that his father's birthplace, Modena, is the gastronomic epicenter of Italy. Barbieri Sr. confesses to having possessed an interest in food since the age of 10, but his skills as a chef were developed in an unorthodox manner. He was chosen by his countrymen to serve as one of the chefs for several thousand men, both American GIs and interred Italians, at the American prisoner of war camp in Kansas in 1942. He was returned to Italy in 1945, but subsequently emigrated to the United States with his American wife. He honed his skills at the Diplomat night club at Second and Philadelphia in Detroit between 1948 and 1949, eventually working toward a partnership at Luigi's, on Clifford Street. Three years later he became the owner of his own downtown restaurant, La Lanterna, on Griswold Street.

La Lanterna grew with the Sixties boom and enjoyed a bustling clientele during the years of the downtown grand hotels and prestige shops.

Barbieri Jr. remembers, as a liberal arts student at the University of Detroit, the excitement of his father's business location.

"At one time, in the middle 1960s, Washington Boulevard was anchored by two hotels—the Statler-Hilton and the Sheraton-Cadillac. All the airlines were located along the boulevard. All the shops—Himelhochs', Peck and Peck, Whitehouse and Hardy—they made up our little Fifth Avenue. I think being there for 25 years speaks for itself. It was a hot spot at one time," he says.

But with the development of the Renaissance Center, Detroit's downtown shifted eastward along Jefferson Avenue and the riverfront. The Statler-Hilton and Sheraton-Cadillac were closed. Retail giants Hudson's and Crowley's followed their consumer base to the suburbs. The Barbieris decided it was also time to leave the Boulevard district.

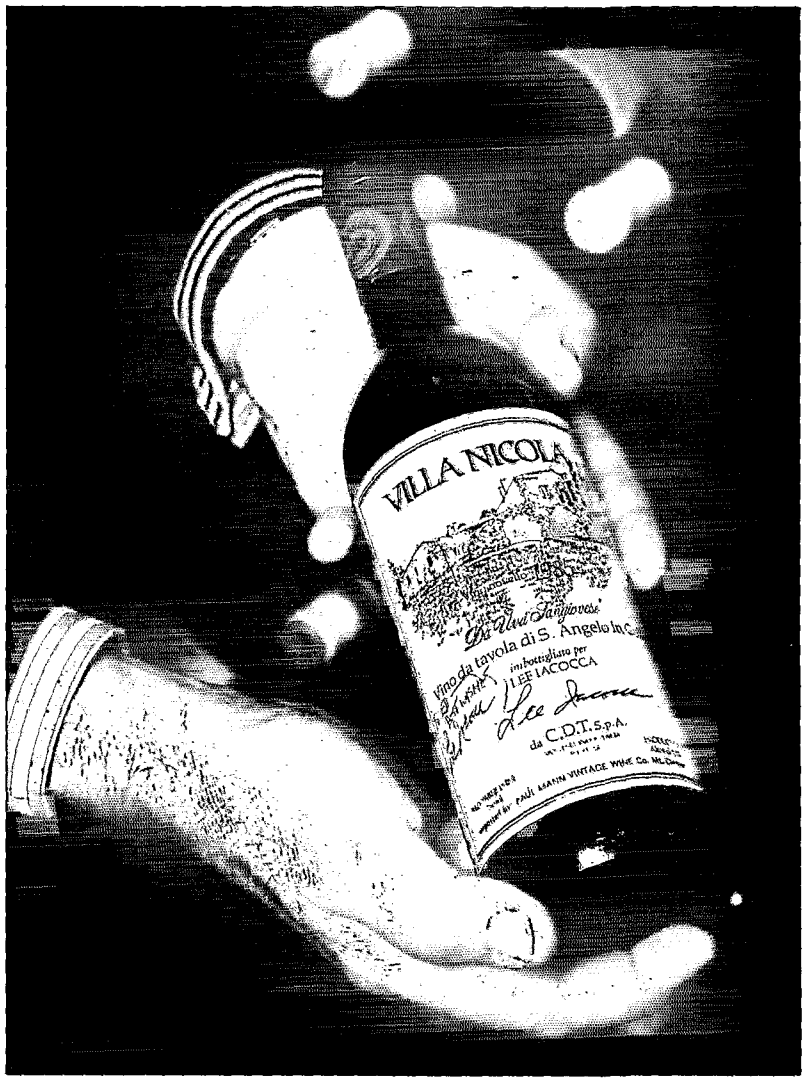
During the years of success at La Lanterna, the Barbieris purchased a piece of commercial property in Grosse Pointe Woods near their family residence. A building was erected in 1965 to serve as an investment and was occupied over the years by a succession of tenants, including Little Caesar's Pizza.

In 1978 a new era began: La Lanterna closed as the tiny Da Edoardo was born at the Mack Avenue location.

"At one time, the restaurant was only as large as you see here," explains the son, who is seated before the pleasantly burning fireplace in what is now the restaurant's main dining room. Further expansion has divided the restaurant into three exquisitely-appointed rooms, each with a unique yet complementary character. Evidence of fine taste and expert craftsmanship abound. A great deal of thought was involved and eventually incorporated to achieve the European atmosphere.

"This is my father's design entirely," states Barbieri Jr.

"Simple food is still the food that will be here when we're gone."



The talented hands of Edoardo Barbieri Sr. cradle a bottle of Lee Iacocca's *Villa Nicola*, produced at his Tuscany vineyard.

"The most important consideration was intimacy. The only distinctive element indicating the architecture of Italy is in the door and mirror arches."

Utilizing fine wood workers and brick masons to install his personally-designed interiors, Barbieri Sr. created a decor of burnished wood panels and ceiling timbers to accent the buff-and-brown-toned distressed brick. Large expanses of dusky mirror ingeniously relieve any feeling of constraint in these small rooms without altering the mood of intimacy. A small fireplace seems strategically placed in the main dining area to bring the center tables into a focus of overall warmth. Dark-hued and richly button-tufted booths envelop tables set at the perimeter of the room, each separated by polished, wood-framed dividers.

Original oil paintings, collected in Italy and the United States, grace the walls of each booth. Heavily gilded frames serve as perfect foils for the artwork. Two paintings by Soyer will be remembered by those who have dined at La Lanterna.

Later expansion, adding two rooms, has kept the overall theme in mind. Barbieri Jr. explains the English country look and feel of the interiors as "informal elegance," pointing out this design is not a typically Italian motif but more of an English country setting, just for the warmth of the wood and brick.

The tiny Cappuccino Room displays a gleaming instrument for the preparation of Italy's most famous brew, and also showcases part of Da Edoardo's fine wine collection. Those who know wine will be particularly impressed with the red wine selection featuring all the finest vintages from the northern Italian regions. This area, known as The Piedmont, produces wine from *nebbiolos* grapes. The name is derived from the Italian word *nebbio*, referring to the fog which often cloaks the upland vineyards at harvest. Three of the regions' *barolos* are represented on the list. *Barolos* are big wines, high in alcohol (13 percent) and often compared to the burgundies and Rhone wines of France, full-flavoured but earthy. The *Riserva* designation here denotes four years of aging, as in the *Bussia di Monforte D'Alba Riserva* from the Prunotta firm, a *Villero Castiglione Faletto* from Bruno Giacosa and a single *barolo Brunate*, a younger version becoming more popular from Marcarini, which should reflect more colour, fruit and vigour.

Then come the *Barberas*, the *Chianti Classico Riserva*, the *Dolcetta* and others, including a costly *Brunello* from the leading producer Costanti. A *Barbaresco* from Angelo Gaja heads the red wine list. Gaja is one of northern Italy's most famous wine makers; Gaja wines are well represented with a special selection of three, available in limited quantity.

"I think Italy is doing some fantastic things with wines

right now," the son says. "Giacosa, Gaja... Gaja in particular. He's a master. I've had the pleasure of meeting him, having dinner with him on two occasions. I saw him last in 1986 and he had dinner here in 1984. He came that time with his distributor, my friend and Gaja wine representative for Michigan, Paul Mann."

Another wine producer recently celebrated the launch of his new wine in another of Da Edoardo's elegant dining rooms. The lovely Portofino Room features a particularly charming painting detailing the harbour of Portofino. This room echoes the main theme design, but its focal point is a magnificent crystal chandelier, a twinkling cascade that washes the room with prismed light.

The Portofino Room is often used for private parties and this is where Chrysler president Lee Iacocca debuted his new product, produced at his vineyard in Tuscany.

Barbieri Jr. quickly retrieves an autographed bottle of *Villa Nicola,* recalling the event.

"This is the bottle he gave to me, which he signed 'To Ed... Best Wishes... Lee Iacocca. It's a red wine, and this one from the Tuscany region almost borders a *Chianti* in flavour. It may be a little fuller than *Chianti,* with a little more body, but it's very good. It's not a big, heavy wine like a *Barbaresco* or *Barbara,"* he says proudly.

The late Henry Ford II was another of Da Edoardo's frequent diners.

"If Henry Ford was in town, he would stop by," says Barbieri Jr. "The last time I saw him was in May of 1987 when he dined here with a gentleman friend. Mr. Ford was always very congenial, and on that particular night, I joined them and the three of us closed up the place. We sat and talked; it was a nice experience. He was a man much admired as the head of Ford Motor Company and also from the standpoint of his being a philanthropist. He was very down to earth."

In that same vein, it should be noted that the Barbieris donated their time and talents to prepare a dinner for twelve as part of the Grosse Pointe Academy Action Auction in 1987. While Da Edoardo offers an in-home service for hosts and their guests as an adjunct to their regular business, this was a charitable donation, held at the Grosse Pointe home of the Randolph Agleys, the winning bidders. At the Agleys' request, an additional 10 diners were added to the guest list and a splendid, six-course dinner in the gala manner, with champagne and wine, was served by the Barbieris with a kitchen staff of four and a wait staff of three.

The varied repertoire of the father-and-son duo was displayed as they served a non-traditional main course of *Chateaubriand,* with two pasta items, scampi and salad, plus two desserts of English trifle and cold *zabaglioni* with fresh strawberries.

Barbieri Jr. started his day at 9 a.m. that morning. Most days are begun at 10 a.m. with pasta-making or, when the season dictates, shopping for fresh vegetables and fruits at Eastern Market.

This dedication to perfectly-prepared food is mirrored in the menu, which headlines traditional northern Italian dishes. This includes seven veal dishes, from a charcoal-grilled *Provimi chop* through *Saltimbocca Elegante* (prosciutto, fontina and fresh mushrooms) to *Veal Medallions Anna Francesca* served with scampi.

Simple elegance, the Barbieris believe, is the key to longevity, at least in the business.

"I believe, even with all the glitz and glitter, simple food, the food that was here 15 years ago, is still the food that will be here when we're gone," says Barbieri Jr. "The trendy stuff is in today, out tomorrow... some of the more eccentrically-prepared dishes on some menus, for instance, should leave pistachios and strawberries where they belong—on ice cream instead of entrees."

Mostly classic dishes appear on Da Edoardo's menu, handsomely displayed on a sturdy, straightforward, grey-textured, two-sided sheet, which is carefully changed every few days to prevent fingerprint soil.

The *Tournedos of Veal Alicia* in rosemary sauce is a popular item. Beef, fish and simple pasta dishes are included on the menu. The real highlights, however, are the wonderful, regional *Pasta Verde* (green spinach pasta) of northern Italy. Various filled versions are all made from fresh dough. The *Tortelloni Verdi Di Ricotta Da Edoardo,* served in béchamel sauce, is especially indicative of the type of food served in the restaurant, as are the *Gamberoni Portofino,* large shrimp in sherry and cream, and the spectacular *Alaskan Crabmeat Cannelloni Verdi* served two ways: the most popular *Isabella* with scampi in béchamel, or *Salsa D'Aragosta,* using lobster sauce.

All items on the menu are served with an appetizer of soup, salad, side dish of pasta and a vegetable accompanying the entree.

With all of this and the attention to detail incorporated, meal prices at Da Edoardo are expensive yet not

exorbitant. A moderately-priced dinner for two presents simple classics with soup, salad and a bottle of imported wine for $34.95.

Simple elegance. That's what the Barbieris offer their clientele. And simplicity has served them well, earning the coveted Blue Ribbon Award from the *Detroit News*. Now comes the serious business of maintaining that level of excellence. "Staying on top of the business is important, because there is a reputation to uphold," says Barbieri Jr. "I'm very sensitive to that fact." He believes in personal service, evidenced by loyal staff who are trained in elegant presentation. Emphasis is placed on wait staff encouraging a leisurely dinner pace.

A creative attitude, coupled with responsibility and attention to detail, has won the Barbieris the respect of their customers and a prestigious award.

While the Barbieris have been in the business of creating fine northern Italian cuisine for more than 35 years, it is only within the last five years that an appreciation for this style of food has developed.

Rated by connoisseurs as one of the world's greatest cuisines, northern Italian food stands solidly alongside that of France and China. Because fewer northern Italians have emigrated to America than most any other nationality, much of the Italian food served in America is from the South—Neapolitan or Sicilian regions. Northern Italian food is made from ingredients more readily identified with French cuisine—butter, cream, stocks, wines and herbs. It is interesting to observe that France, rated as the foremost cuisine capital of the world, has had its share of chefs from the north of Italy.

It is interesting to observe that France, rated as the foremost cuisine capital of the world, has had its share of chefs from the north of Italy.

In May of this year, Da Edoardo's celebrates its tenth anniversary. A blue-ribbon plaque bestowed on the three top restaurants in the metropolitan Detroit area adorns the restaurant's wall and attests to the years of dedication, preparation and presentation of fine food.

"It was a long time coming, but it certainly paid off," says Barbieri Jr. enthusiastically. "When you get a bit of acclamation, it's a very positive thing. At that point you say to yourself, 'the hours were long and we weren't always busy, and the till wasn't always singing, but it all paid off.'

"When a person comes up to me and says sincerely, 'You know Ed, we really had a wonderful evening. The food, the service, the ambiance...,'" he drifts off in reflective satisfaction, "it makes me feel ten feet tall." ◇

Suzanne Mitchell is a freelance writer based in Windsor and a regular columnist for Windsor This Month *magazine.*

Special Evenings

East

The thoughts of a cool spring breeze, a stroll down Lake Shore Drive, the fresh smell of the water's mist as the waves gently slap in against the sea wall, the winding roads that glide past the beautiful homes on Maple Road during a Sunday drive, the sun that warmly sets late in the evening—these are the thoughts of spring in Michigan.

Bid adieu to thoughts of cold weather, spring cleaning and hibernation. Spend an evening in the city. Bring out the spring styles, wash the car, find a babysitter for the kids and enjoy the many activities and fine dining areas on the east side. To assist you in deciding what to do, we've listed some entertaining ideas, and various nearby restaurants to top off the evening.

Dancing

Become Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers for a night. Dance your way into the evening at the Spring Viennese Ball at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial on May 7. Spring formal attire is suggested—good reason to invest in a new outfit. Reservations are required in advance for the $20 per person ticket. The ball begins at 8:30 p.m. until midnight. Turn your pumpkin into a shining coach and become Cinderella for the night. Located at 32 Lake Shore Drive, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-7511.

Music

Free Press writer John Guinn hosts a lecture series each month focusing on musical performances. On April 25, Guinn, a Grosse Pointe resident, will speak on the Michigan Opera Theatre, Giuseppe Verdi's performance of "Il Trovatore." The Detroit Free Press and Detroit Symphony sponsor the series that begins at 8 p.m. at the Village Records and Tape store.

Puccini performing "La Boheme" will be the lecture topic on May 23, also at 8 p.m. No charge. Located at 17116 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, 886-6039.

Music appreciation is an art, according to connoisseurs of the profession. The Ford House, 1100 Lake Shore Road, will be hosting the Lyric Chamber Ensemble. On April 24 at 3:30 p.m., the ensemble will perform "Romantic Trios;" violinist, Geoffrey Applegate; cellist, Mary Chanteaux; and pianist, Fedora Horowitz. "Mostly Baroque," a composition of flute and strings, will be performed on May 15 at 3:30 p.m. Tickets are $10 general admission and $8 for students and seniors. For more information, call 357-1111.

The Lyric Chamber Ensemble will also be performing "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna" at Orchestra Hall on May 1. Take a nostalgic look at old Vienna and it's bubbling dance music fervor, joined by soprano Ernestine Nimmons, beginning at 3:30 p.m. Tickets are available by calling 357-1111 or the box office 833-3700. Prices range from $10-$15 and box seats $100. Located at 3711 Woodward, Detroit.

Also performing at Orchestra Hall on May 14 is the Grosse Pointe South High School band, orchestra and choir. Performances begin at 8 p.m.

Music is in the air, so the saying goes, so why not enjoy a spring concert provided by Kaleidoscope Concerts? The Academy of the Sacred Heart and the Grosse Pointe Academy will host the concerts on May 8 and May 22, consecutively. An ensemble of flute, piano, violin, viola and cello will provide an evening of relaxation and an appreciation for wonderful music. Tickets are $9 adult, $6 student and senior and are available by mail order: Kaleidoscope Concerts, Inc., 3800 Wabeek Road, Bloomfield Hills, 48013 or call 855-9299/855-0458.

Art

Cityscape Detroit will sponsor "Art Deco-Detroit," which is the theme for Preservation Week, May 8-15. Cityscape is working in cooperation with the Detroit Area Art Deco Society in a week-long series of tours, lectures, seminars and exhibitions. The many untold stories about preservation in Detroit will be brought out in the week's events. Tentative plans include a lecture by Dr. Robert Benson, an associate professor of architecture at Miami University of Ohio. Art Deco design can be seen at the Fox Theatre, the Guardian Building and in the curving lines of the Elwood Bar on Woodward Ave. For more information, call 963-0616.

The Grosse Pointe South High School Art Festival is being displayed May 2-5 in Cleminson Hall. Ceramics, commercial designs, drawings, paintings, sculptures and photography are all student art work. Many of the works will be for sale. Times vary: May 2, 7:30-9 p.m., with an awards ceremony at 8 p.m. in the auditorium; May 3, 8-3 p.m.; May 4, 8-4 p.m. and 7-9 p.m.; May 5, 8-noon. Located at 707 Vernier Road, Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-2187.

View a complimentary art exhibit open to the public on May 8. The Grosse Pointe Artists' Association is displaying its "Golden Anniversary Spring Exhibition" from 1-5 p.m. The artwork can also be seen daily through May 14 from noon-8 p.m. Located at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lakeshore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-7511.

Tours

The 1988 Junior League of Detroit Designers' Show House, located at 315 Washington Rd., will be open to the public May 1 through May 30. Experience the grandeur of this unique English Renaissance house built for Detroit News heir Ralph Harmon Booth in 1924. The home's exquisite features include a carved stone door, a sixteenth-century fireplace and mantle, marble fireplace in the guest rooms and Pewabic tiles in the bathrooms. This is one of many of the JLD's fundraisers. Tickets are available in advance from three sources: from JLD members; by mail (enclosed SASE and $6 payment) to The Junior League of Detroit Inc., DSH, 32 Lakeshore Rd., Grosse Pointe Farms, 48236; the lobby of the Junior League office (Carriage House of the Grosse Pointe War Memorial) on April 29 & 30 from noon to 5 p.m. After April 30, tickets will be sold at the door of the Show House for $8.

Take a romantic walk through the corridors of the Ford Estate on Lake Shore Drive. See the beautiful gardens of the playhouse and the interior decor of the house on a one-hour tour. Public tours are available Wednesday through Sunday at 1, 2, 3 and 4 p.m. beginning on the hour. Tickets purchased at the door are $4, seniors $3, children $2. Call 884-4222 for more information.

Auction

Going once, going twice, sold to the man from Grosse Pointe. Attend this year's Action Auction, recognized as the largest of its kind in the country, at Grosse Pointe Academy on May 14. A mini-auction preview is scheduled for May 11. More than 1,000 people attend the auction; bidders who wish to attend should contact the office at 886-1802 for an invitation. There are two types of auctions—a super-silent auction performed by computer where the bids are placed on a form that is fed into the computer, which then compiles the data and lists the highest bidder. The live auction consists of items valued at more than $1,000. Some of the various items to be auctioned include a cruise through the Greek Isles, a 1988 Cadillac Allante, a 1935 Jaguar, a two-year-old Arabian stallion, a castle in Italy and items consisting of pinball machines, jewelry and furs. Located at 171 Lakeshore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms.

Festival

Why not take a ride on a roller coaster? The annual St. Joan of Arc Church Fair will be going on May 20, 21 and 22 in the church parking lot on Mack Avenue between 8 and 9 Mile Roads. Rides, entertainment, food and a Vegas room will remind you of childhood memories, eating cotton candy and kissing on the ferris wheel ride. The fair is open until midnight on Friday and Saturday, Sunday until 10 p.m. For more information, call 777-3670.

Shows

Since all the new spring styles are coming out this April, get the up-to-date fashion news at the Spring Kaleidoscope luncheon and fashion show April 21. The Grosse Pointe South Mothers' Club is sponsoring a fundraiser at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial in the Fries Ballroom. A fashion show presented by the Jane Woodbury Shop is amongst the entertainment scheduled to begin at 11:30 a.m. Tickets for the event are $17 and also include entertainment by The Jazz Band, Crazy Eights and the Pointe Singers. For more information call Pam Wheeler, 882-1625. Located at 32 Lakeshore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms.

If you hurry, you can still catch the last performance of "Muppett Babies Live" at Cobo Arena on April 17. Watch baby Piggy and baby Kermit the frog entertain to your heart's content. This show is not just for kids. Show times are 1 p.m. and 4:30 p.m. and tickets are $9 and $7.Calll 423-6666 to reserve your seats.

If you have children you should know they come "Cheaper by the Dozen," or at least they do in this family musical. Bring the children as the Grosse Pointe Children's Theatre presents their three-act production on May 7 at 2:30 and 7 p.m. and May 14 at 11 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. Tickets are available at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial for $5 for adults, and $4 for students and seniors. For more information, call 886-6152.

Lectures

Find the "Lost Cities and Vanished Civilizations" in a three-part lecture series at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial. Dr. Stephen Bertman, professor of classics at the University of Windsor, will present a slide-illustrated archaeological lecture series during May. Bertman, the author of "Doorways Through Time: The Romance of Archaeology," will speak on May 10, 17 and 24 from 7:30-9 p.m. Tickets for the series can be purchased for $25 for all three; $10 for a single lecture. Topics include: "The People of Pompeii," May 10; "Treasures of the Desert Sands," May 17; and "Ghost Cities of High Andes," May 24. Located at 32 Lakeshore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-7511.

Spend an evening in London. The final presentation of the "Royal London" series will be presented May 11. The adventure series is a travelogue given by Doug Jones. Dinner begins at 6:30 p.m. followed by the film at 8 p.m. Tickets are $16.85 for the complete evening or $4.25 for the film only. Reservations must be made three days in advance. Located at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lakeshore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-7511.

Become an expert on basic parliamentary procedure in a six-part class beginning May 11. Instructor Leona Meyer teaches officers and members of organizations the basic knowledge for conducting and participating in effective meetings. Classes are 7-9 p.m. on Wednesdays through June 15. For the six-part series, $35; $9 for a single session. Held at the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, 32 Lakeshore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, 881-7511.

Participate in the Grosse Pointe War Memorial's Annual Memorial Day Observance on May 30. A day filled with activities will be presented outdoors on the lakeside lawn (weather permitting). Beginning at 10 a.m. view the dedication of a new plaque honoring residents of the city who gave their lives in the service of their country in non-war years; a concert by the Grosse Pointe Barbershoppers; colour guard by the U.S. Marine Corps; volley by VFW Post 1146; jet flyover by the 127th Air National Guard; and following the service there will be a showing of "D-Day + 40/A Candid View," filmed by former Grosse Pointer and WWII veteran, Bob Hurley. The film retraces his return to Europe 40 years after the war. For more information, call 881-7511.

Sports Events

Even though it's baseball season, you can enjoy indoor football at Joe Louis Area in downtown Detroit. The home opener for the Detroit Drive vs. Pittsburgh is the first Arena Football game of the season. The game is played indoors on a 200'-by-85' field of astroturf. Each team consists of approximately 15 players, but only seven or eight are on the field at one time. A goal is scored when the football goes over the goal post or when in the zone. The first game is on April 28 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are $8, $12 and $17. Call 423-6666 or the Joe Louis box office.

Hulk Hogan, André the Giant, Randy "Macho Man" Savage, the Honky Tonk Man, Brutus Beefcake and the British Bulldog will wrestle their way through the evening when they compete in the UWF/NWA Wrestling at Cobo Arena. Watch these tough guys on April 30 at 8 p.m. for two hours of unusual entertainment. Tickets are $8, $12 and $15. Call 423-6666 for tickets and information.

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

ANTONIOS, 20311 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 884-0253

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

DA EDOARDO, 19767 Mack, Grosse Pointe Woods, 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 *Barbareso* red wine with an Italian selection. The glowing fireplace creates a relaxed atmosphere in which to indulge in the *Tournedos of Veal "Alicia"* in rosemary sauce or the Alaskan crabmeat *cannelloni verdi Isabella* with scampi, which are among the specialties served. Dinner Sun.-Mon. Expensive; MC, V.

JEFFERSON COLONNADE (Mellenthins), 24223 Jefferson, St. Clair Shores, 779-4720.

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

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

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

LE CAFE FRANCAIS, 20311 Mack, in Kimberly Korner Mall, Grosse Pointe Woods, 343-0160.

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

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

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

PINKEYS BOULEVARD CLUB, 110 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, 824-2820.

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

SPARKEY HERBERTS, 15117 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe Park, 882-0266.

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

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

A change of pace from your typical hotel-restaurant food, although expectations must remain high when the London Chop House is in within walking distance. Try the fettuccini in cream sauce with smoked chicken and morels, a sauteed breast of chicken served with both acorn and red-pepper sauce, or a warm salad of shrimp and scallops in a herbal vinaigrette. Breakfast, lunch and dinner daily. Very expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

West

PLAYS

If plays are in your script for a pleasurable evening, see "Harvey" by Mary Chase at Meadow Brook Theatre now through May 15. Welcome back "Harvey," the six-foot rabbit, and his bosom-buddy Elwood P. Dowd. The kids would even like this one. Performances are Tues.-Sun., Wed. and Sat. matinees. Arrange for tickets at the box office 377-3300. This is also the last series of plays for the season.

And for music enthusiasts take note: Meadow Brook's 25th Anniversary begins June 16 and runs through September. The Summer Music Festival will include such artists as Johnny Mathis, Harry Belafonte, Smokey Robinson, Cleo Laine, The Platters and many others. The theatre is located at Oakland University in Rochester. Call 370-3310 for more information.

If you hurry you can still catch the last few performance of "Doubles" at the Birmingham Theatre through May 8. A hilarious comedy, by David Wiltse, takes place in the men's locker room of a suburban racquet club.

But if you prefer a musical you won't want to miss George Girshwin's "Girl Crazy" beginning May 17 through June 19. This musical comedy includes some of Girshwin's popular tunes such as "Embraceable You," "I Got Rythym," "But Not For Me," and "Biden My Time." Tickets go on sale April 24.

Tickets for both performances are available. Shows are Tues.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 7 p.m. and Wed. and Sat. matinees at 2 p.m. at the theatre located at 215 S. Woodward in Birmingham. For reservations call 644-3533.

SEMINARS

The Birmingham Theatre also offers a "Talk of the Town" speaker series each month. This month features George Weidenfeld on April 25 at 8 p.m. Lord Weidenfeld is the publisher of memiors of the most important politicians of his generation including Harold Wilson, Moshe Dayan and Dr. Henry Kissinger. He will discuss new publications and how a book becomes a best seller.

Going shopping today? Why not join Helen Williams in the cottage of her great-great grandmother Patty Sullivan for an Irish breakfast with freshly baked Bannocks and a wee spot of Galway tea? The Cranbrook Educational Community offers a variety of events and activities. On May 4, Williams will speak at the Cranbrook House Library at 9:30 a.m. She tells the humorous stories of times past of relatives, neighbors and friends...their stories an their wit. Tickets are $8.50. For more information call 645-3142.

Since the start of spring is the reason that you've decided to explore the world outside your living room, it is a perfect time to see "Summer Color in Cranbrook Gardens." On May 10, Ralph Mize, Cranbrook's horticulturist, presents a topical lecture on how to plant annual flowers in the garden. Have the kind of garden only seen in magazines. The presentation begins at 7:30 p.m. in the

Cranbrook House Library and tickets are $10.

Get two for the price of one. See George Booth's Dream tour no. two of the Cranbrook Campus. The Cranbrook House was built in 1908 and you'll see the architecture and view some of his most precious treasures. A hot luncheon will follow in the Oak Room. Seating is limited so don't put off calling for more information. Tickets are $18.50. Cranbrook is located in Bloomfield Hills, for more information call 645-3635.

ART GALLERIES

If the last time you visited an art exhibition was at the Detroit Institute of Arts in the fifth grade, seems you've been deprived of the wonderful world of art around us.

Well, the Susan Hilberry Gallery located on 555 S. Woodward in Birmingham will present the works of Jun Kaneko now through May 12. Browse around and see his new ceramic sculptures on display. Beginning May 14 through June 11, the works of Joel Shapiro will be exhibited during business hours Tues.-Sat. 11-6 p.m.

Take an interest in the architectural paintings by George Kozmon on display at the Robert L. Kidd Gallery. Located at 107 Townsend in Birmingham, these delightful works are available for viewing May 7 through June 4. Business hours are Tues.-Sat. 10:30-5:30 p.m.

A collection of new artwork by gallery artists is on display at Xochipilli Art Gallery 568 N. Woodward in Birmingham. Business hours are Tues.-Sat. 11-5 p.m.

During the month of May, the Yaw Gallery will be displaying textiles and objects from the Andes and Himalaya Mountains in South America. The gallery is located at 550 N. Woodward in Birmingham. Business hours are Tues.-Sat. 11-5:30 p.m.

Scuba diving. Oops, sorry it's still a little too chilly to be underwater. However, you can see art from the underworld at the Sheldon Ross Gallery. During May oceanic sculptures from New Guinea, the Solomon Islands and New Ireland will be on display. Stop by for an afternoon of intrigue 250 Martin Road in Birmingham. Business hours are Tues.-Sat. 10:30-5 p.m.

Beginning April 23 through May 28, the works of Al Held will be displayed at the Donald Morris Gallery. His most recent paintings of modern abstractions will give you something to think about. The Morris Gallery is located at 105 Townsend in Birmingham. Business hours Tues.-Sat. 10:30-5:30 p.m.

The Cade Gallery in Royal Oak is still showing the watercolors of Louis Redstone, artist/architect through May 4. He has painted watercolors for 50 years which include tapestries that challenge the imagination with beauty and magic.

May 7-25 will host the paintings and sculptures of Brian Kremer. See both displays during business hours Tues.-Sat. 10:30-7 p.m. Located at 214 W. 6th Street.

Now, don't these suggestions sound like fun? There certainly are some good ideas to get you out of the house. While you're out through you'll probably work up an appetite—that is, more than a craving for McDonald's or the usual burger. And since you're dressed anyway, why not try some of the better restaurants around town.

GUIDE

Our guide to the finer restaurants in Oakland County are classified from moderate to very expensive. For a one person, three course meal including tax and tip, dinners range from moderate ($12-$25), expensive ($25-$35), and very expensive (over $35). These prices do not include alcoholic beverage and all restaurants serve alcoholic beverages unless indicated. Most restaurants accept major credit cards: D (Discover), MC (Master Card), V (Visa), AE (American Express), CB (Carte Blance), DC (Diner's Club.)

RESTAURANTS

Chez Raphael, 27000 Sheraton Dr., Novi, 348-5555.

If the presentation of the plate tastes as good as it looks then the food is exceptional. Specializing in grilled lobster, loin of lamb and grilled Dover sole with a lobster mousseline and champagne herb sauce, the restaurant has been exquisitely remodeled. Dinner Mon.-Sat. Very expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Doug's Body Shop, 22061 Woodward, Ferndale, 399-1040.

Relax and enjoy the body shop dinner tray with New York strip steak, bbq ribs, king crab

legs and jumbo gulf shrimp while sitting in a classic '69 Mercedes or '58 Edsel. Definitely call to reserve a back seat otherwise you might get seated in a vinyl booth. Dinner Mon.-Sat. Moderate; AE, D, MC, V.

Golden Mushroom, 18100 W. 10 Mile at Southfield, Southfield, 559-4230.

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

Home Sweet Home, 43180 W. Nine Mile, Novi, 347-0095.

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

The Lark, 6430 Farmington Road, W. Bloomfield, 661-4466.

Fly over to the Lark where you'll find a selection of gourmet specials that you don't get at home. Starting with cold appetizers, choose from a variety of choices including curried duck, shucked oysters or a venison pate. Then a trolley containing five different hot hors d'oeuvres offers soup, hot appetizer or their standard pasta dish. But don't expect to find the same specials every time. The specialties change daily depending on what the chef creates. The main course selections include roast partridge with candied pears, walleye saute with leeks and sauternes sauce. Dinner Tues.-Sat. Very expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Nippon Kai, 551 W. 14 Mile between Crooks and Livernois, Clawson, 288-3210.

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

Panache, 555 S. Woodward, Birmingham, 642-9400.

After an exhibit at the Susan Hilberry Gallery, stroll on over to Panache and find out what's on display for dinner. Formerly Archiblad's, the dash in style in decor not only exists in artwork. With an American menu choose from various fish entrées and my favorite, French onion soup. Lunch and dinner Mon.-Sat. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Phoenicia, 588 S. Woodward, Birmingham 644-3122.

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

Pike Street Company, 18 W. Pike St., Pontiac 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 it's part of what makes it so unique. The menu offers a selection ranging from Michigan brook trout stuffed with Shiitake mushrooms and chives, sauteed shrimp with chorizo sausage to a sauteed veal chop with wild Oregan mushrooms and onion compate. Lunch Mon.-Fri., dinner Mon.-Sat. Expensive; AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Duglass, 29269 Southfield between 12 & 13 Mile, Southfield, 424-9244.

Like the infamous Girshwin, Chef Douglas Grech (Chef Duglass) is a name recognized for his creativity and showmanship in preparing dazzling delights. Last month though the place name was changed to Brasserie Duglass. Bistro informality and menu will replace the elaborate style the chef is known for. The menu includes borscht, black bean and onion soups, fresh pastas and main courses including braised lamb shanks and chicken in red wine. Currently open for dinner Mon.-Sat. Very expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

Richard and Reiss, 273 Pierce, Birmingham, 645-9122.

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

Sebastian's, 2745 W. Big Beaver, Troy in the Somerset Mall, 649-6625.

Spending the day shopping always works up an appetite. How does seafood sound? Let's stop in for fresh fish or the raw bar. The decor of this Manhatten chic restaurant looks as nice as the dishes prepared. Put down the packages and relax while enjoying good cuisine. Lunch and dinner Mon.-Sat. Expensive; AE, DC, MC, V.

The Sultan, 7295 Orchard Lake, W. Bloomfield in the Robbin's Nest Shopping Center.

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

(continued from page 16)
child, Catherine, was born on Christmas morning, 1845. She grew up on the farm, and in 1867 married James Weir. The newlyweds spent a year's honeymoon in Europe, and returned to settle in Detroit, where Weir was elected a judge of probate for Wayne County. They had a son, John, and a daughter, Isabel, who died young and unmarried.

Pierre and Euphemia Provencal offered another type of service to the sparsely-settled Grosse Pointe community. For years there was no local church, and circuit-riding priests performed religious services where they could. Sherman, apparently writing her account from what was told to her by Catherine Weir, states that the Provencals opened their home to missionaries, who said Mass in the east parlor: "A confessional box and an altar were erected, and here services were held, confessions made and communion administered. If on pleasant Sundays so many people came to worship that the house would not hold them, they would kneel upon the wide veranda and offer their prayers in hearing of the swishing waters and the sighing pines."

Pierre Provencal had hoped to die at home. On Tuesday, February 2, 1869, in Detroit, he "served as a juror in the Circuit Court, and retired at night apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health, but in the night he was attacked with apoplexy and died at an early hour..." *(Detroit Free Press,* February 4, 1869) while staying at the home of his mother-in-law.

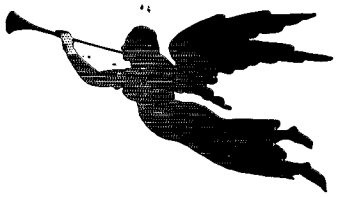
Though they lived within the city, Judge Weir and his wife continued to use the old farmhouse as a summer cottage, and it became known as the Provencal-Weir house. Some time around the turn of the century it was sold and moved to its present location on Kercheval at Lakeview in Grosse Pointe, where it changed hands several times. The present occupant, Margaret Trowbridge Robinson (Mrs. Francis), can point to a niche that, long ago, held religious vessels and tell stories of home restoration and discovery. She recently sold the gently updated house to the Grosse Pointe Historical Society with the right to retain the use of it for her lifetime.

No direct descendants remain of Pierre and Euphemia Provencal. Yet surely other branches of the family must survive. And surely, somewhere, there must be descendants of those 24 orphans who have no idea how much they owe to the kindly French-American couple of whom nothing else remains but a little frame house, a road bearing their name, and a legend that will not die.

Little did Monsieur Provencal know what the road named after him was to become. Today, Provencal Road's reputation as a neighborhood of the elite and the powerful, a spectacular blending of pre- and post-automotive wealth, is internationally renowned. It is a road of kings and their courts. It is a lane of dreams, of magnificent flowers planted in another age and continuing in steady bloom, as if by ritual.

It is Provençal; none other quite like it. ◇

The author of this article offers her profound thanks to Jean Dodenhoff, curator of the Grosse Pointe Historical Society, *and to the staff of the* Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library *for their kind and patient assistance.*



American Classic

by Patricia R. Erichsen

Train stations have always been a source of fascination to me—I have visited many large, urban train terminals and found them all romantic and mysterious in their various dated styles and characteristics. The recent closing of the venerable Michigan Central Station in Detroit has further diminished the ranks of these silent sentinels that stand at the crossroads of time spent. Train stations seem to be going the way of lighthouses and sailing ships, relegated to romanticized visions of days gone by. Some, such as Detroit's Union Station, are already dust and memory. Others, such as the Michigan Central Station, stand in a kind of limbo while men and women debate the measure of their worth.

As a child I made frequent visits to the Detroit train stations with my father. He often travelled on union business and had always been skeptical of planes and air travel. He preferred the leisurely pace and service of the trains. He liked the view at ground zero, and I suspect he was in love with the idea of train travel—the image of the classic, lone traveller moving steadily, but not urgently, toward his destination. I'm sure that he savoured every moment, alone and lost in thought on those trains. He often described for his children the events of a day spent riding on the train. He would read a newspaper in his compartment and smoke his pipe—blowing aromatic smoke at the ever-vanishing American landscape which twitched and jumped at his window like an old-fashioned nickelodeon.

The whole family would accompany Dad to the train station for his departures. For some now-obscure reason, the trips always began in the night. Perhaps that was normal for midwestern departures to his destinations, or maybe he just preferred it that way. Dad would pick up his bag and walk out the door with an extra bounce in his step. His conversation would become more adrenalized as the traveler's *persona* began to emerge. He had a hat, suit and coat that he rarely wore outside of the realm of travel. In the eyes of his family, he seemed like a man of the world in those clothes—a man with many of the qualities of our father, but a bit of a stranger too. My brothers and I loved to play with his worn leather suitcase. We used to pack it with our clothes and pretend we were leaving for Paris or Istanbul. We examined all of its scuffs and creases for clues to that mystery world out there—beyond where the train tracks receded into the night.

The family would climb into our station wagon and drive downtown. Amid the excited chatter and laughter, we all felt wings of anticipation brushing against our hearts. We children felt the unspoken tension between our parents who sat silently in the front seat—there was inherent emotion in even the most temporary of goodbyes. We would arrive like a noisy convoy descending upon the unsuspecting and ambivalent train station—entering that cool, green interior through glass doors, heavy with brass ornamentation. The ceiling seemed to be a mile high, and the dimensions of the lobby at Michigan Central were unlimited in my eyes. My brothers and I would run like scared sheep—listening to the tap and echo of our shoes on the endless expanse of marble. We filled the air with shrieks and laughter, delighting in the hollow tones ricocheting through that special wilderness.

There were long, blonde-wood benches to sit upon while Dad negotiated with uniformed officials. The benches were like church pews and just as restrictive—hard and unrelenting. We children preferred the freedom of our antelope legs, which could propel our voracious curiosity. We wanted to examine all the travel displays, watch the ticket sellers selling tickets and the porters lugging baggage. There were all kinds of people there—fat people, skinny people, blondes and blacks, army-men and mothers, grandfathers with canes and pretty young women in bright coats carrying pastel train cases. Everyone seemed charged with our own electricity—coming and going in a chaos of colour and sound and motion.

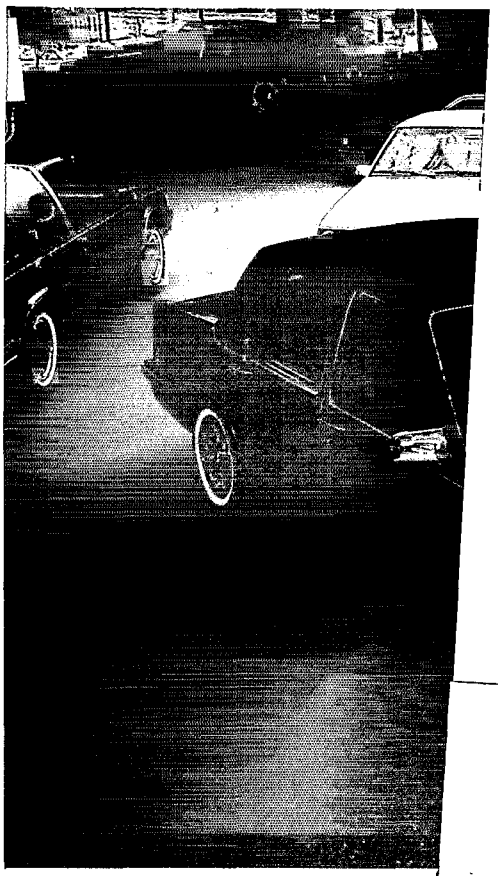
A dim light filtered down from the distant ceiling, resplendent with its long, baroque chandeliers and detailing which hovered over the lobby like some fairytale confection. There was a tobacco shop which was filled with the sweet smell of fresh tobacco, where my Dad always purchased a blend for his pipe. I loved the fragrance of that shop; today the odour of burning tobacco always transports me back to its green walls and dark woodwork.

All too soon it would be time to walk Dad down the wide steps and out into the train yard with its acres of tracks. Trains stood intermittently, like tamed dragons hissing and smoking in the darkness. Their lighted windows blinked with the passing of figures on the inside. We all held hands, walking slowly between the trains in the dim, electric light. We stared at the strange metal wheels which were grooved onto the tracks. A sighing sound emanated from somewhere under the cars and steam curled up and evapourated into the cool night air.

Our hearts pounded in expectation of the magic moment when we would actually board the massive metal beast. We climbed the adult steps with our child's legs and were immediately whisked into a muffled, hushed world of carpeted floors and upholstered seating—like a narrow theatre. There was a close, closeted feeling as we followed our father, single file, down the aisle to his compartment. He, in turn, followed a black man in a blue uniform who graced us with a vivid smile. We saw our father into his solitary chamber and we were allowed to sit for a moment in the swivel-chair at the window, imagining the scenes he would witness from there on the following day. We kissed the roughness of his cheeks and nestled in the spicy darkness of his neck before our mother led us back into the corridor and out into the now-forlorn night.

I vowed again and again on these occasions that when I grew up I would smoke a pipe, travel exclusively by train and live a life exactly like my Dad's. In my wistful childhood dreams of a less-frenetic era, I could never have perceived of the wonders and increased pace of the New Age which would inevitably begin to unfold. But it would have been just as unimaginable to think of a society with little regard for the train stations and stadiums and other architectural riches of old, which contain within their walls the living history of a people and a nation. ◇

Patricia Erichsen is a life-long resident of Detroit whose works have been published locally and nationally. We are pleased to introduce Ms. Erichsen to HERITAGE *readers.*



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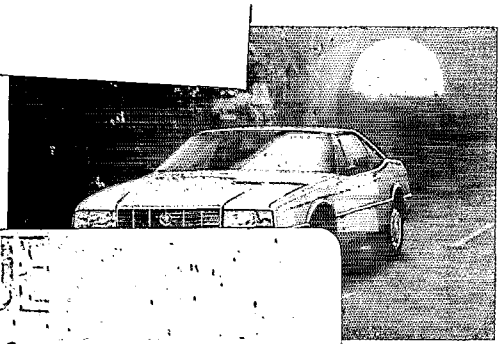

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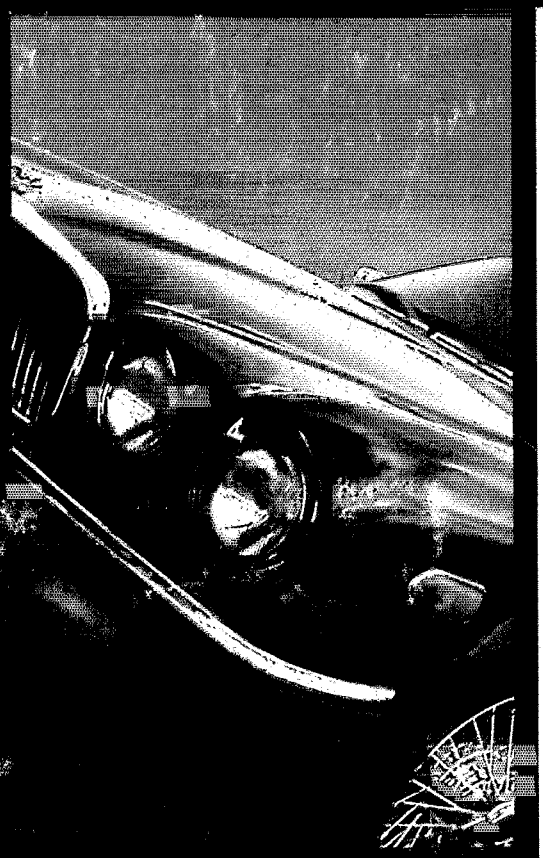

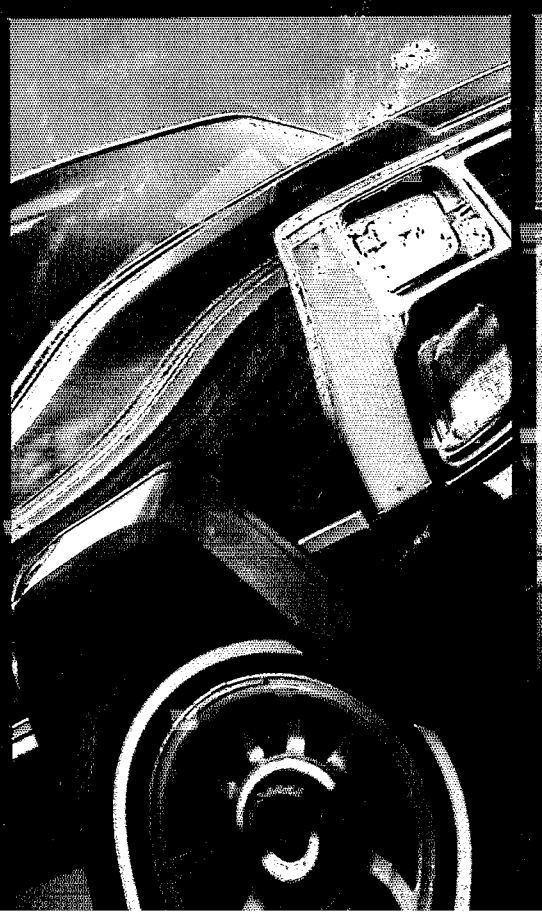

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