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The
October

AFTERGLOW

1926
*Country Life around
Detroit*

Volume II
Number 10

25¢

Eastover

IN BLOOMFIELD HILLS



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THE AFTERGLOW

Page One



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View of Orchard Lake from One of the Old Homes

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THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life
Around Detroit



Houses :- Gardens
Society :- Sports

Vol. II

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MUEHLMAN AND FARRAR, Architects

An entrance detail of the George M. Dwelley residence which appears on the next page. The vigorously modelled doorway with its broken pediment framing a spiky pineapple ornament, is of New England descent.

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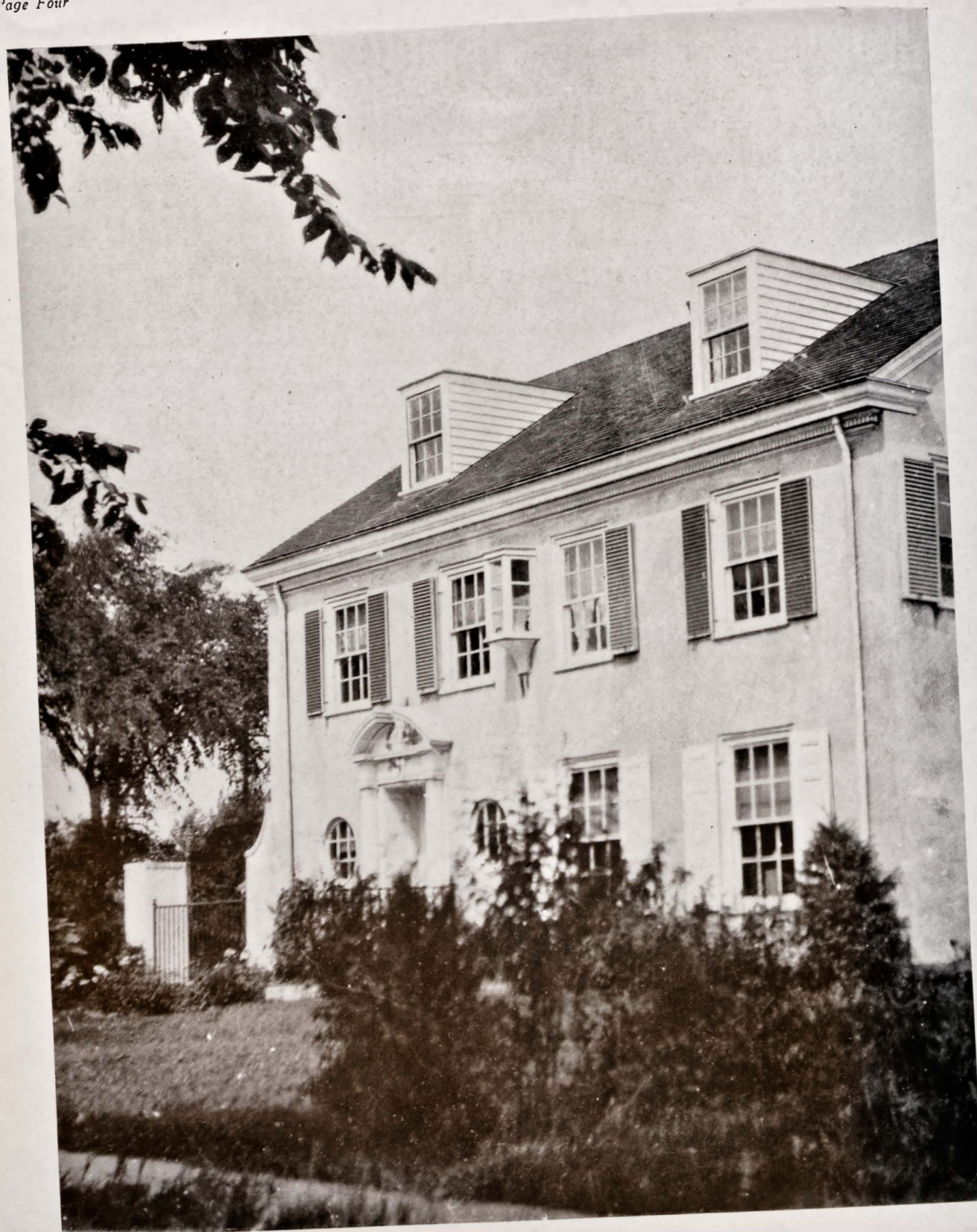
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MUEHLMAN AND FARRAR, Architects

The Residence of George M. Dwelley in Birmingham

This house of grey stucco, with its white woodwork and greenish blue blinds, depends for its grace upon the careful proportioning of the openings and the details of the cornice. Its plain walls and low-pitched roof are typical of the Georgian style as it was adapted in New England. Informality and a somewhat English Georgian feeling result from the asymmetrical location of the doorway, and its combination with the round openings which flank it, the irregular surface of the stucco and the presence of an oriel.

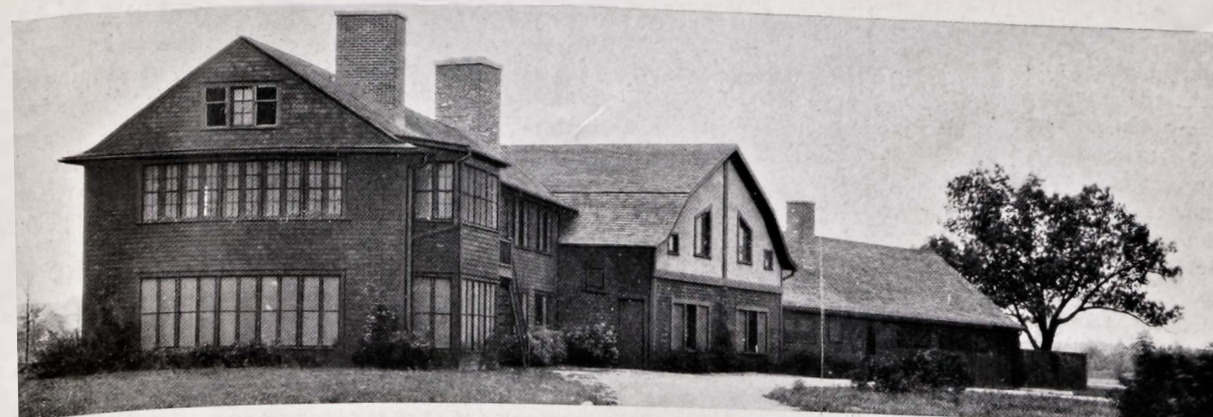


Photo by D. D. Spellman

A rear view of Hunting Hall, showing the end of the big central hall. The bedrooms are on this end and the service at the far end. Gordon Mendelssohn's house is just visible over Vhay's lake at the left.

Hunting Hall

In Bloomfield Hills, Which Epitomizes the Hunting Enthusiasm of the late Burns Henry

By MARION HOLDEN

OF all the lodges and country places near the Bloomfield Open Hunt, Hunting Hall is probably the most redolent of hunting and all that goes with it. The Hall was planned and built about seven years ago by the late Burns Henry, who, as everyone knows, was the greatest hunting enthusiast that these parts have ever known. He was founder and president until his death, of the Grosse Pointe Hunt, and then, just after the war, he was organizer and founder of the Bloomfield Open Hunt, which was at first a part of the Grosse Pointe Hunt. Burns Henry was a sportsman who had hunted in England, Ireland and France, who knew hunting and the history of hunting, collected books and prints on the subject and owned some of the best horses in Detroit.

It was natural, then, that with so much love and knowledge of the sport, Mr. Henry should want, when he came to build his place at Bloomfield, a rough hewn and typically English hall, such a hall as red coated huntsmen have gathered in after the hunt since long before John Peel—who, by the way, sits in

china effigy on the Henry chimneypiece, clasping a fox's head and brush to his ardent breast. To get the "tough and good" atmosphere of the 1600's, Mr. Henry used timbers and the original construction of a huge old barn, which was torn down and hauled a few miles to his building site on the east end of Vhay's lake, several rods back from east Long Lake Road.

These lofty beams were left in their original rough hewn condition, and smaller ones were used for balcony rails and the two stairways at either end of the long high room which forms the center of Hunting Hall. The floor, which is mostly bare, is built of ten-inch oak boards, joined and set at right angles on the corners. The walls, between the big beams, are paneled with dark wood, and the windows are uncurtained. You can see in one of the pictures how the rough brick fireplace goes up through the balcony to the slope of the ceiling.

On this floor and in this setting, the 16th and 17th century English furniture looks more at home than it usually does in a cramped and alien American setting. Some of the



D. D. Spellman

The big central fireplace is of common brick with an oak plank for the mantel. Notice particularly the deal table in the foreground and the monk's bench. Stairs go up at the left to the balcony which is built around two sides.

pieces are carved oak, heavy and rich with the patina of time. The two trestle tables, the delightful oak benches and the cheese cabinet, are the earliest pieces; the dresser is Queen Anne and holds a most interesting collection of Royal Doulton and Wedgwood hunting and coach plates, depicting hunting and coaching scenes in gay colors that make a bright corner at the dining end of the Hall. Other color is brought into the room by the brilliant glazed chintz covers of some of the chairs, a few Persian rugs and the old prints of hunting scenes.

Of course, of all sportsmen in this part of the country, Burns Henry probably had the largest collection of trophies; silver cups, silver boxes, silver flagons, all engraved with the event and the date, as



D. D. Spellman

This picture was hard to take because of the great amount of light which fell directly into the camera, but it gives an excellent idea of the wide board oak floor, the Queen Anne dresser with its hunting plates, the big cross beams and the deal table with its bench and chairs which is used for dining.

favorite horses, and an old painting of grouse hunting over the mantle. In the balcony Mrs. Henry plans to install a hunting library, made up of Mr. Henry's large collection of old and modern books on hunting.

The stables are as important a part of this menage

(Continued on page 22.)



BURNS HENRY, Esq.

This painting of Mr. Henry by F. D. Voss of New York, was presented to the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club this year by Mrs. Henry. It is set into the stone above a memorial fireplace which was given to the club by Frederick M. Alger, who was Mr. Henry's cousin and succeeded him as president of the Grosse Pointe Hunt.

well as the name of the horse that played so large a part in winning them. Many of these were won by the famous Paddy, a hunter ridden by Mr. Henry for ten years or more and now ridden by his eleven-year-old son, Burns, Jr. These trophies adorn tables and cabinets in the big hall, and seem here to fall into their natural setting, many of them filled at this time of year with bright autumn flowers. There are old hunting prints here and there, photographs of fa-



"The Flight Into Egypt," one of the finest examples of Cuyp's work, which is now owned in Detroit by Mr. Charles T. Fisher.

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

Three Cuyps, and Something About the Artist

By RAE EMERSON DONLON

SO many splendid paintings have found homes in and around Detroit that the time has come to tell about them.

The number of paintings that are representative of the masters, as well as of the best schools of painting, have increased hereabouts so decidedly in the past few years that Detroit is becoming a place of distinction in the world of art. Many paintings of the Dutch school at its greatest period are now owned in Detroit—far too large a field for one article—and so I am taking the most distinguished masters, one each month, telling something about their life and work and recording those of their pictures that have been purchased by Detroit collectors and brought here to stay, often after varied and interesting wanderings.

Albert Cuyp—who is to me the most versatile of Dutch painters—was born in 1605 during the most strenuous time in the history of Holland's politics.

His art training came during the first years of peace when Holland was sufficient unto itself; when the spirit of Holland was complete within itself. It was in these first peaceful years that most of the men of the Dutch school were born and trained. Cuyp was among the first, and he lived a long life devoted to the study of painting.

The Dutch painters of that period were so content with themselves and their own country that they could paint only that which they could see and find within their own borders. In those fifty years Holland

did "a simple and daring thing," and that "to paint its own portrait."

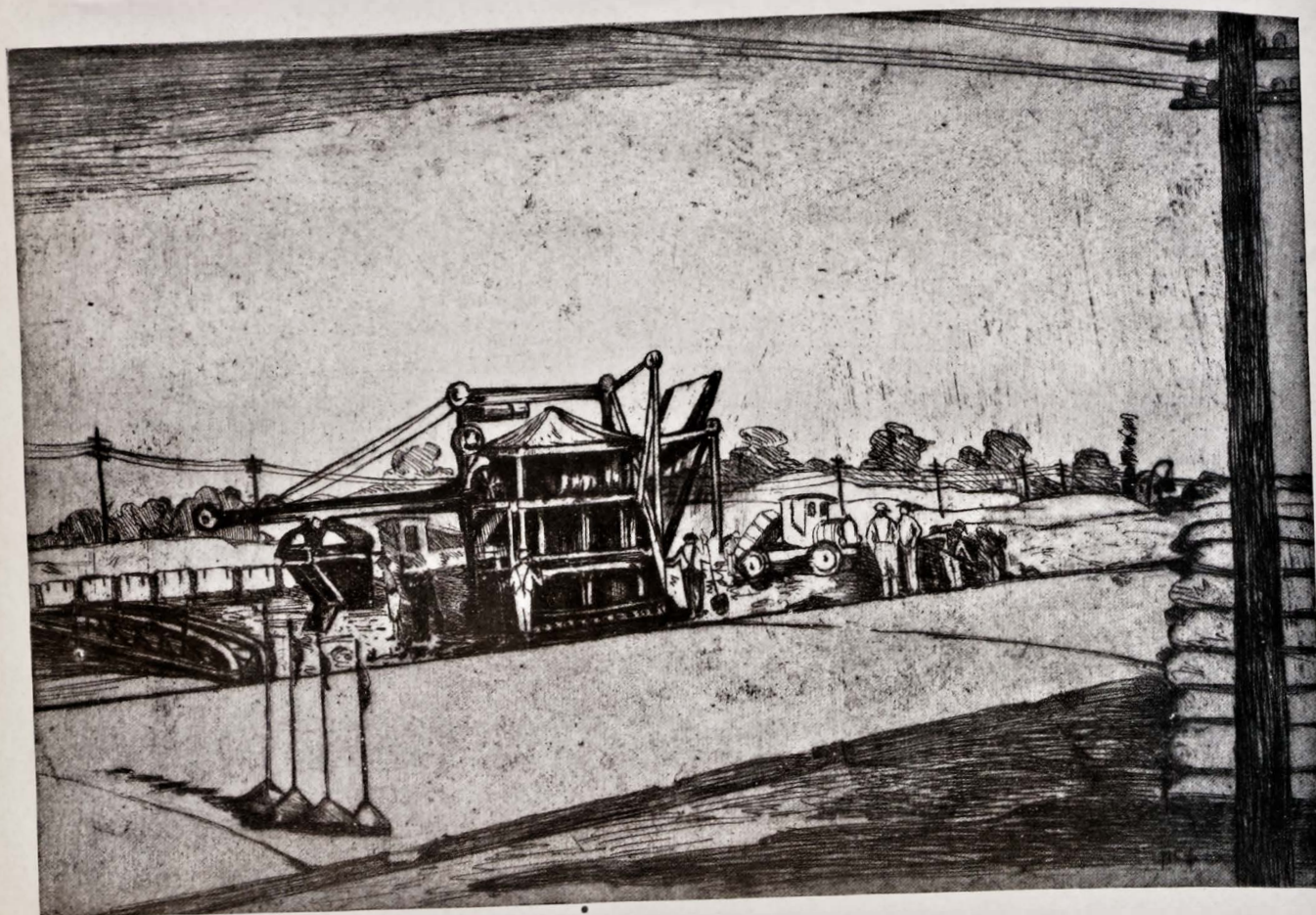
Albert Cuyp seemed to be one of the great promoters of his school of Dutch art, in that he was universal. He could paint interiors as well as any other, seascapes as fine as Van der Velde, animals and landscapes with as much feeling and dignity as any of his contemporaries. Perhaps that is why he is not the great master that Rembrandt is; yet in clarity and purity, in gentleness of tone, in fine regard for his subject he has the master's touch. Also in workmanship he is quite perfect.

But of course all Dutch painters knew how to paint before they faithfully reproduced their impressions of the country or the palace or the people. Each man was a technician as well as an artist. They lived wholesomely and painted as they lived, wholesome in the sense of being sincere and upright, of being simple. They had no imagination whatever, but it cannot be said that they copied nature in any manner. Instead, they observed and recorded their observations.

Cuyp was a student and reader of nature in all her moods. He was typical of his country and independent in his manner of thinking and rendering. When he painted the sun it shone, the waves in the sea danced and sparkled and the ship really sailed. The man was master of his tools, his paint and himself.

The growing appreciation of good painting and America's ability to purchase the best, combined with

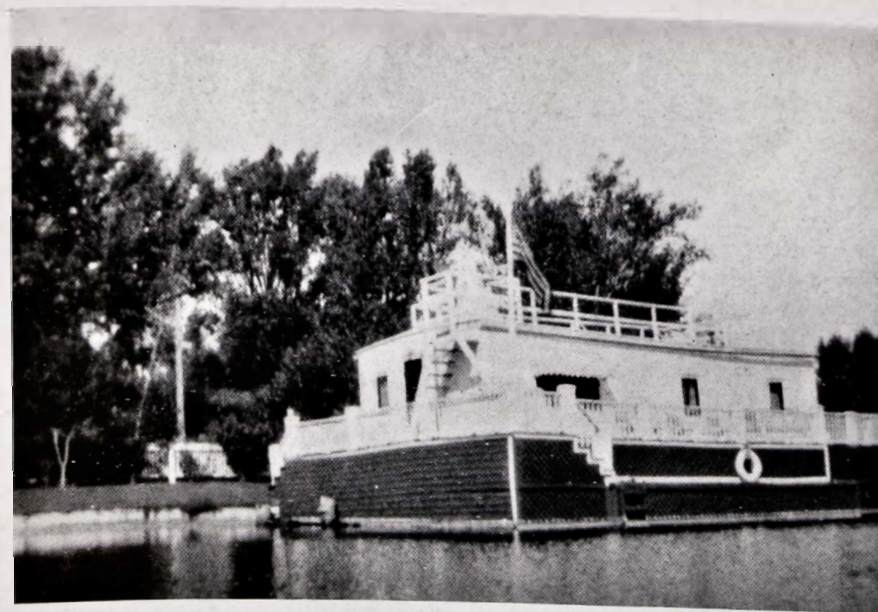
(Continued on page 20.)



Courtesy
Gordon Galleries

Wider Woodward

From An Etching by
M. Cortis-Stanford



The Amphibious House Boat

Among the Dunes Near Muskegon, a Little Retreat That Gives the Lie to Discontent

By HELEN C. BOWER

CONNIE sat out on the front deck of the House Boat at a starlit night, with the distant town lights companionably far away, save where a street lamp or two crept down near the lake's edge to pin a fluid gold ribbon on the stirring bosom of the dark water.

Connie was strumming—I believe strumming is the word—on a ukulele. From years ago and thousands of miles across the Pacific she had carried a memory of beach boys drifting down the shore, playing that very "Aloha Oe" which she had only just learned out of the book as "4 Proudly swept 9 the 1 rain cloud from the cliff 4," the interpolated numbers standing symbol for chords on the uke.

Well, the House Boat has been responsible for many things relative to human happiness from the moment its owner put her ideas into words with which to instruct the town carpenter how to build the boat. But this was probably the first time anything like the inspiration to learn ukulele playing had been laid at its one and only door.

Yet the charm of the House Boat survives even these minor emotional outbreaks. For all that it grows and increases with every passing year, that charm has a fixed quality, too; just as the House Boat is really not a floating house boat any longer, but has been brought up to shore and made immovable, with two sides on land and two sides on water deep enough for swimming.

Such a tiny, simple place, apparently, when you attempt to analyze. But the House Boat represents what one woman, obliged by nature and circumstance to be a "business woman" some years before the woman in business was a recognized economic factor, did in the matter of building health and happiness in the

years when the business she had chosen was also in the process of building. The House Boat gives the lie to discontent that whines, "If I could only get away from here—;" "If I had money enough to put up the kind of place I'd really like—." The House Boat gives the lie to everything but dreams and the possibility of their fulfillment through slow, quiet years of accomplishment.

First there were the carpenter's plans for a small wooden house boat, not even on a barge foundation. It had a living room, a wee galley, two bed rooms and a bathroom, all within the space of 34 by 12 feet. A stairway went up the outside at the right by the door, to the roof, which was enclosed with a railing for use as deck or porch. Those were the days, six or seven years ago, of an alcohol lamp in the living room, of drinking water that must be brought from wells on shore, of soft water which must be pumped from the lake, of incessant canoe trips to shore and back again.

Most often the little white House Boat was anchored in the shadow of a huge sand dune, near the spiles and "edgings" of an old lumber mill, long since disappeared from the community. Time went on, business affairs were going smoothly, and the owner of the House Boat bought the land bordered by the spiles and edgings,—a frontage covered with underbrush and rank growth.

Then the town handy man and the gardener were called to take the place of the carpenter. From the shore road to the lake front a yard was cleared where tops of old spiles poked up from the foundations of the sawmill that was. Then the carpenter came again. One width and one length of the rectangular house

(Continued on page 28.)

Golf

End of Most Successful Season Is Upon Us

By RALSTON GOSS

BOBBY JONES is defending his title over the hills and well-trapped vales of the Baltusrol Golf Club, Short Hills, New Jersey, as this is being written.

And that means the U. S. G. A. season is almost (but not quite) at its official end, for Jimmie Standish has one more tournament to attend, even to officiate in. That one is the National Women's Championship, which will begin at the Merion Cricket Club in Philadelphia, September 27, and will continue for the balance of that week. In it Miss Glenna Collett of Providence, Rhode Island, will be the defending champion.

Then the end will come to the U. S. G. A. season of 1926—a season that has brought rich honors to this country, for Jess Sweetser is British Amateur and Bobby Jones British and American Open champion. And, perhaps, before this appears in cold type, the Atlantan will have won the American Amateur title for the record-breaking third time in succession to become the first man in the history of the game who ever held three titles of world-wide significance at one time. Should fate be against him in the match rounds at Baltusrol he still will be regarded as the greatest golfer of his generation—even, as some profess, of all time.

Here in Detroit and Michigan it has been as wonderful a year as the most enthusiastic golfer could desire. Nine out of eleven championships of importance have been determined. But two remain—the Mixed Foursome, to be played a week from the time this is written, and the Michigan P. G. A. championship, to be played about the same time.

The State Interscholastic, played at the St. Clair Country Club, was won by Dave Ward of Big Rapids;

The City Interscholastic, played at the Rackham public course, was won by Stanley Ford of Redford;

The Detroit District, played at Oakland Hills, was won by Johnnie Malloy of Ann Arbor;

The Women's District, played at Oakland Hills, was won by Mrs. Harley Higbie of The Country Club;

The Michigan State Amateur, played at Lochmoor, was won by Dave Ward of Big Rapids;

The Women's State, played at Kent Country Club, Grand Rapids, was won by Mrs. Harley Higbie of The Country Club;

The Michigan Senior, played at the Highlands Country Club, Grand Rapids, was won by W. H. Faust of Barton Hills, Ann Arbor;

The Michigan Open, played at Meadowbrook, was won by Al Watrous, Highland, Grand Rapids, with Carlton F. Wells of Ann Arbor the low scorer among the amateurs in the event;

The Father and Son, played at the Detroit Golf Club, was won by W. A. Ryan and Francis Ryan, Detroit Golf Club and Oakland Hills.

So there you have the 1926 winners—excepting in two events, which will have been played before you read this.

Fathers and Sons

Father and Son week may come in February, but the Detroit District Golf Association's first Father and Son day was September 14. That Tuesday, on the north course of the Detroit Golf Club, Ned Warner successfully ran off the first tournament of the kind ever seen in these parts. With but a modicum of publicity and preparation, one hundred fathers and sons (fifty pairs) participated. From early in the morning until the shades of night were gathering—indeed the championship was decided in a play-off that was not finished until the lights were gleaming brightly in the clubhouse—fathers and sons indulged in a Scotch foursome medal play competition, W. A. Ryan and his son, Francis, both of them low handicap players on the District chart, won—but only after a sensational finish. From shortly after the noon hour until as late as 5:30 the 83 which had been scored by the state's Senior champion, Commander W. H. Faust of Barton Hills, and his son, George, had stood as low gross for the field. The Ryans, father and son, knew that and so, when they reached the thirteenth tee about 4:45, after having scored a heart-breaking 7 on the twelfth, they knew they would have to shoot six consecutive holes in par to tie the Fausts. Whereupon, being a determined father and son, they set out to do it—and did!

Since those two pairs were tied at 83, it was necessary for the committee to order a play-off at nine holes because it was too late to permit of one at eighteen.

Now Commander Faust and his son, after having scored their 83 in the tournament proper, had gone over to the South course and played another round for the fun of the thing. So, coming off the eighteenth to be greeted with the information they would be required to go another nine made them feel that too much was really more than enough. But the traditions of the navy are that one never strikes his colors. He may go down fighting, but he never refuses to accept the gage of battle. Therefore, downright tired though this 65-year-old retired navy commander was, he ordered the younger Faust up to the firing line and they delivered their broadsides like the gallant warriors they are. They gave the fresher, younger Ryans a battle, too, a battle that was not decided until the last hole was completed in the gathering darkness, with the score in the play-off standing at 42 for the Ryans to 44 for the Fausts.

Another Ann Arbor-Barton Hills pair, L. O. Cushing and his son Bertrand won the low gross honors in

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The late Dr. W. J. Beal, who planned the garden.



The Botanical Garden at M. S. C.

By GENEVIEVE GILLETTE

IN the summer months when everyone takes vacations it is sometimes interesting for the gardener to vacation in someone else's garden. Things look fresher and more sturdy; besides, one gathers ideas and, mayhap, goes back to his own garden with a sense of satisfaction and an inspiration.

The Beal Botanical Garden, started in 1877 at East Lansing, Michigan, is a worth-while garden for any plant lover to roam about in, not so much because it gives one a sample of expert landscape architecture as because it makes him ask questions and introduces him to new friends. The Beal Botanical Garden is not arranged so as to be a garden symphony. By a trick of imagination one fancies, rather, that an old nursery catalog and a Manual of Botany, lying side by side in the dark of some college professor's attic, suddenly became tired of their wasted existence and stalked out on a starlit night to have an adventure. The adventure may have been a success and the pages of these old books may have suddenly come to life for

there, in this old garden, plant families group together even as they do in botany books, and flowers bloom as they do in the nursery catalog pictures.

In 1877, the late Dr. W. J. Beal was professor of Botany at the Michigan Agricultural College. He was a great teacher—so my father said—and he had a notion, even back in those days, that boys couldn't learn all there was to know from books. So he picked out a spot on the big M. A. C. campus and decided to start a collection there of the commoner plants which are native to Michigan. The spot he picked was most fortunate. It furnished a variety of growing conditions and opportunity for expansion. The land there slopes away to the Red Cedar river and a little brooklet plays itself out in a sort of swale at the lower end of the garden where, of course, they built a pool and planted lowland plants.

The garden, at present, covers about two acres. The banks on the sides are covered with woody growths of one kind or another and the drier portion of the low ground

(Continued on page 21.)



Sanguinaria Canadensis, commonly known as Bloodroot.

Five Bloomfield Portraits by Betsy Graves Reyneau



George T. Hendrie



Evelyn and Mary Lee Fraser



Gordon Mendelssohn



Mrs. T. Reynolds Donovan

SOCIETY

By IVA G. MARLOTTE

Bloomfield-Birmingham

SEPTEMBER is the month when the wanderers return from lakes and woods and all the sojourners in search of coolness and relaxation trek homeward to prepare for the serious business of getting sons and daughters off to school and incidentally to enjoy the glorious autumn beauties of Oakland County.

Early in September Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Winningham and their two sons, Jay and Charles, returned from a cruise to Georgian Bay on their yacht, "Maid Marian." Preceding the regatta of the Detroit Yacht Club, September 4 to 6, Mr. and Mrs. Winningham entertained a party on the yacht which included Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Whittemore, Mrs. Betsy Graves Reyneau, Annette Phillips, Virginia Braun, Rosemary Braun and Francis Palms, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour returned during the first week in September from a cruise to Georgian Bay on their yacht, "Tawme," with their two sons, Tommy and Alpheus, and with Miss Elizabeth Shaw and Bruce Chalmers as their guests.

Miss Alice MacManus arrived home September 4 from Europe where she spent the summer.

Miss Betty Penny has just returned from a summer spent in Europe travelling through England, France and Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Reynolds Donovan sailed from Glasgow on the 11th on the steamer Caledonia which arrived in New York on the 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Manly Davis, who accompanied them to England early in August, will remain there for an extended stay. After the hunting season in Bloomfield is over, Mr. and Mrs. Donovan expect to return to England for some shooting.

Miss Mary Clark Griffith returned to open the Community House as resident

hostess on September 8, after a summer at Cambridge and Cape Codd.

Mrs. George T. Hendrie entertained at a delightful tea on Saturday, September 11, in honor of her talented guest, Mrs. Betsy Graves Reyneau, who has been with her during the summer working on the eight portraits which she exhibited at the tea, four of which appear in the Afterglow. There were charcoal drawings of Susan Blanche Whittemore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Nelson Whittemore, Gordon Mendelssohn, George T. Hendrie, Mrs. T. Reynolds Donovan, Miss Nina Moise, assistant director of the Bonstelle Company, Evelyn and Mary Lee Fraser, and a painting of Mrs. Frederick Holt. Mrs. Reyneau will be in Bloomfield Hills for some time finishing other portraits, before leaving for her New York studio.

Her many friends have entertained her extensively during her stay and a great deal of interest has been manifested in her work. Mrs. C. C. Winningham, Mrs. W. Nelson Whittemore, Mrs. William McGraw, Mrs. Frederick Holt and Miss Marjorie Hendrie assisted Mrs. Hendrie at the tea. There were about one hundred guests who came during the afternoon and a perfect September day enhanced the loveliness of the Hendrie home for the event.

The showing of autumn flowers has been an engrossing diversion for country flower lovers during September. The State Fair was the occasion for a lovely showing of dahlias from the gardens of W. Nelson Whittemore and Jacob Bauman. A flower show was held at the home of E. W. Stoddard at Pine Lake on September 4 under the auspices of the Pine Lake Countryside Improvement Association. On September 18 the Bloomfield Hills and District Horticultural Society held its first fall show in the auditorium of the Bald-



D. D. Spellman

Mrs. Ronald Ballantyne, who before her marriage on September 4 was Miss Gertrude Marquis, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Marquis of Cranbrook, Bloomfield Hills.



Miss Betty Fenny of Birmingham returned the first week in September from a summer's trip to Paris and points north and south. This was snapped on board the S. S. Republic.

win High School in Birmingham in the afternoon.

Among the many horses from local stables which were exhibited at the State Fair were "Sergeant Jack" and "Jupiter," owned by J. Farrand Williams and sent from the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club.

Mr. Elliott S. Nichols was a judge at the Rochester Horse Show during September, and Mrs. Nichols with Mrs. Carleton Higbie spent a week at the show.

Miss Marjorie Hendrie entertained Allen Case, a member of the Toronto polo team, during the week-end following the game between Detroit and Toronto.

Mrs. Edmund Morris of Hazelhurst entertained eight guests at luncheon on September 7 in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Morris.

George Albert Moore attended the meeting of the Phi Psi National Council in Pittsburg this month.

Miss May Bacon is the guest of her uncle, George Hodges, at Pine Lake.

Mrs. Walter Morley is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Bertram Beach Culver.

Mrs. Raymond Sawyer of Toledo is the guest of Mrs. William C. Harris of Quarton Road.

Weddings always have a charm of their own and the wedding of Miss Gertrude Marquis, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Marquis of Cranbrook and Roland Ballantyne, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ballantyne, was very lovely.

The ceremony took place in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday evening, September 4, at 8:30 o'clock. The Rev. Dr. Marquis, the bride's father, performed the marriage rites in the presence of a large group of friends from Detroit and Bloomfield Hills.

A reception followed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Johnston, sister and brother-in-law of the bride, on Collingwood avenue, Detroit.

The bridal couple sailed from New York, September 8, for a trip abroad. After November 1, they will be at home at 2275 Chicago Blvd.

On Friday evening preceding the wedding, Dr. and Mrs. Marquis entertained the wedding party at the rehearsal dinner at the Detroit Athletic Club.

Among the many affairs in honor of the bride were a bridge tea given by Miss Jane McCurdy of Alden Park Manor, a tea given by Miss Sally Knox, and a tea given by Miss Margaret Krolik of Second Boulevard, Detroit.

In honor of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Harden McCurdy, whose marriage took place on August 19 at Lake Onawa, Maine, a reception was given in the parlors of the St. James Church, of which Mr. McCurdy is the rector, the evening of the 14th with members from the League of Women, St. Margaret's Guild and the vestry in the receiving line. About one hundred guests came to welcome Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy. Mrs. McCurdy was Miss Hilda Barnes of Massachusetts.



D. D. Spellman

Mrs. Betsy Graves Reyneau and her daughter have been the guests during the summer months of Mrs. George T. Hendrie. Mrs. Hendrie entertained at tea for Mrs. Reyneau on September 11. Portraits of Detroit and Bloomfield people on which Mrs. Reyneau has been working during the summer were on view.

Returning to Schools and Colleges

Parties and picnics for those who are leaving for school enliven their last weeks at home. Miss Virginia and Miss Rosemary Braun, who left on September 18 for the Knox School in Cooperstown, N. Y., entertained their friends at a supper roast in the country near Rochester the evening of September 4.

Jack Watling was host at a dinner party September 18 at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club.

Miss Jane Thompson, who spent the summer in a Wisconsin camp, visited her sister, Mrs. Spencer Withee of Birmingham, before going back to Liggett school.

Miss Jane Winningham and Miss Josephine Symones Taliaferro are returning to Liggett also this year.

Miss Nancy Jewett, Miss Suzanne House and Miss Betty Blanchard have left for Bennett School at Millbrook, N. Y.

With the departure of so many of the boys and girls to various schools, the Saturday night dances of the Bloomfield Hills Country Club will be discontinued. The last such dance of the season was September 18. The Oakland Hills Country Club, however, will continue to have their Saturday night dances through October.

Miss Martha Palms left recently to take post-graduate work at the Arden School in New York.

Miss Mary Adele Shaw has gone to Scoville, N. Y., to attend school.

John D. Vhay of Santa Barbara, Cal., accompanied his sons, Jack and David, on their way to Princeton University, and stopped over for a week's visit en route with his brother, William S. Vhay, of Bloomfield Center.

Robert E. S. Heineman left early in September for Arizona, where he will take post-graduate work in the university.

Miss Peggy Harry arrived home during September from the Lechenaux Club, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. George C. Booth.

Miss Lucie Locker of Duluth, with her brother, Ernest Locker, was the guest of Miss Barbara Potter of Greenwood avenue during the week of September 14, before leaving for school at Lake Plains.

Miss Evelyn McBride entertained fourteen guests at dinner at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club, September 11.

Miss Adelaide Fellman was hostess at a bridge tea on September 8.

Jack Blanchard, who has left for Ann Arbor for his third year in the University, entertained Charles Moffly of Sault Ste. Marie and John Joseph and Jack Thomas of Akron, Ohio, during the month.

Miss Sally Knox, who went to Barnard last year, has gone to the University of Michigan for her sophomore year. Miss Katherine Ferguson and Miss Alice Vliet have returned to that college and Miss Margaret Ross is entering there.

Miss Mary Latham has just departed for Radcliffe College.

Miss Elise Morley will return to Sweetbrier College in Virginia this year.

Matthew B. Whittlesey, George Whittlesey, and Charles Winningham are at Culver this year, and Harlow Davock, Jr., and George Wasey are at Silver Bay on Lake George.

Among those whom the University of Michigan will receive this year are Walter Bromley, Mortimer Neff, Charles Marcotte, Thomas Thurber and John Thurber.

Ernest Mann and Chester Kelly have gone to Dartmouth. Eastman Potter has returned to Yale, Bruce Shaw is at the University of Wisconsin, Charles Latham is at Amherst, and Irwin Neff, Jr., has returned to Dennison, at Granville, Ohio.

(Continued on page 18.)



Silver!

With the coming of the Fall "season" with its brilliant October weddings, it is the pleasure of the Warren store to announce a showing of Sterling silver which, perhaps, excels any previous presentation!

Unsurpassed in character and versatility, the entire Warren collection is dignified by an unmistakable air of distinction—yet the price range meets the requirements of the most limited expenditure.

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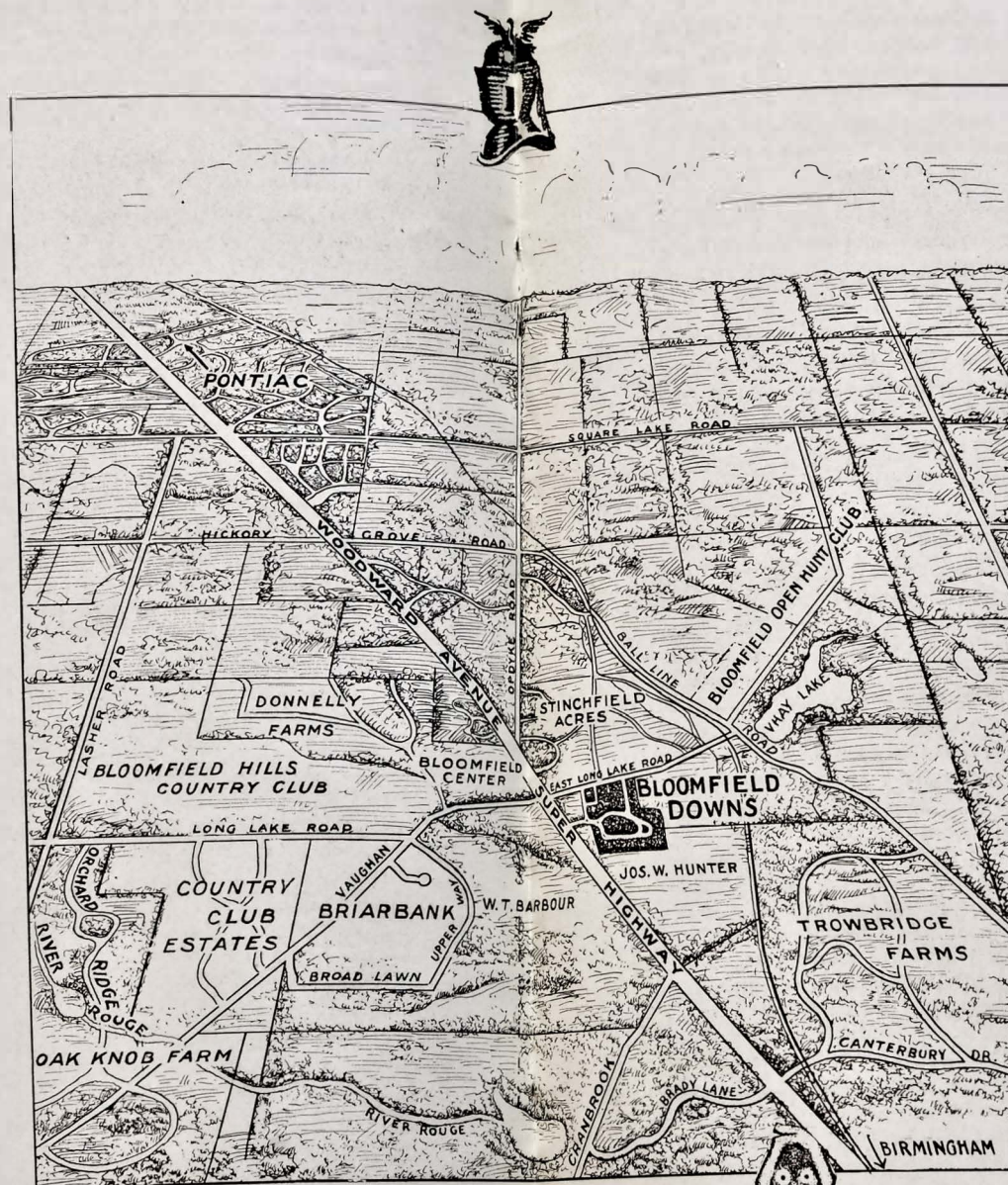
By W. W. BURDEN

Perhaps you, too, the last time you happened to be in the British Capitol, took occasion to motor out through Surrey or Hampshire to get the real atmosphere of the English countryside. The shady tree-arched roadways, the ivy covered homes set well back, half hidden by flowers and foliage, those characteristic timbered roofs and dormers, and the small, hospitable villages, are all parts of a composite mental picture you retain of such a trip. It was all typically English and delightfully interesting.

The atmosphere and personality of one of those quaint little villages with the timbered and stucco buildings and flagstone walks, is being transplanted and brought right into the suburbs of our own city by Mr. Edward J. Butler, a prominent business man of Detroit.

Mr. A. W. Dorgan, the subdivision architect, has spent a great deal of time in England studying English architecture, village layout and English gardens. At Mr. Butler's request, Mr. Dorgan undertook to choose a location near Detroit which would lend itself to the duplication of a real English village. After several weeks of reconnoitering to get just the right topography and setting, a location was found where all natural conditions were ideal. The spot chosen is that area immediately east of Woodward Avenue at Bloomfield Center and lying along the south side of East Long Lake Road. The village will be known as Bloomfield Downs.

Fortunately, the location fits in quite well with the aristocratic estates that surround it. It lies midway between the



*Bloomfield Downs
Lies East of Woodward
Avenue along the South Side of
East Long Lake
Road at
Bloomfield Center*



Typical English Village to be Built in Bloomfield Hills District

Bloomfield Hills Country Club and the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club. Other recreational centers and the lakes are only a few minutes away.

In developing Bloomfield Downs, Mr. Butler stresses the point that the English village idea absolutely precludes the possibility of the large estate. The property divisions are primarily lots, commodious enough for both comfort and architectural treatment, it is true, but in no sense are they estates.

The owner of a home in Bloomfield Downs will necessarily avoid the responsibility and heavy upkeep cost of house and grounds to which his neighbor on the adjacent properties is committed. When he decides to leave town, he may pack his bag, turn the key in the front door and drive to the station with no thought whatever of the necessity for a host of caretakers to look after the place in his absence.

In order to maintain the true atmosphere of the village, restrictions have been carefully drawn and a board of supervising architects appointed to pass on all house plans submitted for dwellings in the village. All construction must necessarily carry out the original ideas and must be compatible with existing construction. Vistas and outlooks will be zealously guarded.

All the usual municipal improvements and comforts are being incorporated in the plan. In short, a resident of Bloomfield Downs will have all the comforts of a home on Boston Boulevard and at the same time all the recreational advantages and charming surroundings of the large estate typical of the Oakland Hills district.

LEONARD LANE



GEO. JUNIOR: Gee Dad, that's a mighty fine present—a deed of ownership to a lot in LEONARD LANE!

GEO. SENIOR: Well, probably it will be useful when you finish school next June.

GEO. JUNIOR: You bet it will! And it's not too soon to plan. You know there's no place I'd rather live than in Bloomfield Hills!

LEONARD LANE, located on Adams Road (formerly Dodge Road) is but $\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile from the Village of Birmingham, over Adams Road, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Greater Woodward Avenue. Broad lots, 70 to 80 feet wide, and 140 feet in depth—at prices as low as \$1900. All city improvements—winding drives.

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Society

(Continued from page 15.)

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond went to New York last week to meet their son, Edward Hammond, Jr., who arrived on September 20 on the steamship La France, after a summer spent in Europe. After two weeks at home Edward and his brother Frederick will leave for New Milford, Conn., where they will be at the Canterbury school.

Pleasant Ridge

Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Williams and Mr. F. S. Williams have returned after spending the summer months at Rockport, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Owen Dunk of Ridge Road are back from a motor trip to Quebec and Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney E. Cartwright have returned from a two months' stay in the Muskoka Lakes region.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Down, who spent the summer in various New England resorts, reached home last week.

Pontiac

A wedding of much interest will take place on September 22 when Miss Alice Perry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry, of Seminole Hills, Pontiac, will marry Thomas Spaulding of Phoenix, Arizona. The wedding will be in St. Vincent de Paul's church in Pontiac at twelve noon and will be followed by a reception at the Pine Lake Country Club. The young couple will leave for an extended wedding trip which will end in Phoenix, where they are to live.

Among the many interesting parties given in Miss Perry's honor was a dinner-dance September 8 to about thirty couples by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tillotson at "Highwood," the summer home of Mr. Frank Tillotson. Miss Mary Catherine Kessell, Miss Lucille Whitfield and Miss Katherine Healy entertained the wedding party and the bride's parents at Pine Lake Country Club on the 11th and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weeks gave a dinner-dance to about twenty couples on the 14th in the newly decorated dining room of the Detroit Boat Club. A group of Miss Perry's friends gave her a dinner on the 13th at the home of Miss Katherine Harris of Franklin Boulevard, Pontiac. Mrs. Mary Weeks and Miss Alice Weeks of Waverly avenue, Detroit, entertained for her on the 11th at a bridge luncheon, on the 18th Mrs. Carlton Patterson entertained at a bridge-luncheon at the Pine Lake Country Club, and Miss Gertrude Weeks of Detroit gave a dinner-dance at the Detroit Golf Club. Miss Katherine Healy of Pontiac entertained the bridal party at Blossom Heath the evening of the 17th.

Birmingham

Miss Edith Rhetts, educational director for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Whiting Raymond upon her return from a summer spent in Vienna and Paris and before beginning her year's work.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond W. Reilly returned during the month from a lake trip which included Mackinac Island.

Dr. and Mrs. Irwin Neff and their son, Irwin, Jr., have returned from Grand Lake, where they had been enjoying a month's fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee White, of Brookside Drive, with their children, Stoddard and Elizabeth, are at home following an extended vacation at their island camp at the mouth of the St. Mary's River.

(Continued on page 20.)

THE CRABITTS

Sophira Scores Over Zebediah in Dispute on Woman's Place in Sports

By Ralston Goss

"I'm gettin' durn sickan tired of it all," declared Zebediah Crabbit as he stomped into the kitchen after a hard day's work.

"Don't doubt it at all," retorted his spinster sister, Sophira, as she took a batch of salt-rising bread out of the oven and wiped her hands on her apron preparatory to sitting down to the evening meal. "You're usually all tuckered out, but w'at's th' matter now? W'at in time you tired of?"

"Tired of seein' these here flappers totin' flasks of gin, smokin' cigaroos an' wearin' bobbed hair an' not much clothes t' speak—"

"Well, y' ain't so all-fired tired of seein' them 's y' let on," retorted his sister with some asperity, "for I noticed as how you give that last flock over t' Cy Humingray's th' twict over when they popped out of that flashy lookin' roadster of their'n—bare knees an' all."

"Yes I am, durn sickan tired of it all, an' things is gotta change. Th' weaker sex, huh!" And Zebediah fairly snorted the "huh". Look at 'em, playin' all th' games boys play an' wearin' pants an' one-piece bathin' suits—Land o' Goshen, sech carryin' on!"

"Y' ain't feelin' bad because they're playin' boys' games, but because they're beatin' boys at them games," said Sophira.

"Beatin' boys, w'dda you mean?"

"W'at I say. Look at Gertrude Ederle, look at w'at she done. Swum the English Channel in faster time'n any boy er man had ever done it in. Look at this here Suzanne Lenglen—"

"Yep, look at her in that there p'tchure—all y' kin see is legs clear up—"

"Now, Zebediah, that'll be fur 'nough fer y' t' go. I'm a decent, respectable woman 'n' don't need no more description."

"Well," retorted the brother, "it's 's fur as any decent man 'd care t' go. But look at her, goin' an' turnin' professnul an' all. Tain't decent, so 'tain't, th' French huzzy."

"Tain't no worse'n w'at Red Grange done, 'n' ennyway w'at's th' diffrunce between a man turnin' professnul, 'n' her 'n' Mary Browne doin' it?" inquired Sophira. They got's much right to get it w'ile th' gettin's good as enny iceman I know of."

"That ain't th' pint," said Zebediah rather testily. "I say it 'tain't becomi' t' a woman t' do it. She'd oughtta be makin' a home fer some good man, raisin' his children 'n'—"

"Raisin' his childern, hum-m, with him out raisin' Ned—I don't quite make that out, Zebbie. I s'pose y'u'd make no fuss if I was t' stay home 'n' do all th' milkin' 'n' all th' chores whilst y' went trappin' down t' the blacksmith shop 'n' throwed horseshoes with th' other loafers! But if I wuz't go 'n' play this-here golf, now, er bridge whist, er go fer swimmin'—"

"Ha, ha," roared Zebediah. "Swimmin'. Purty one y'u'd be in a one-piece swimmin' suit!"

"That's neither here ner there," retorted Sophira, rather nettled at the allusion to her lack of pulchritude. "W'at I'm sayin' is that th' single standard don't go in sports no more. Women got as much right t' shoot good golf, t' play good tennis, t' swim better 'n men, t' climb mountains an' gen'ly t' go gallivantin' as th' men has. 'N's fur as that goes," she concluded, "there ain't no men kin swim's good as Trudy Ederle, 'n' durn few men kin play tennis like this here Suzanne Lenglen, 'n' lots o' men'd like t' play golf 's well's Glen Collett—"

"But they ain't none of them's ever got th' decision over Jack Dempsey—there's one field they won't enter," muttered Zebediah, now thoroughly on the defensive.

"I ain't so sure even of that," said Sophira. "It may not be in th' record books, but I'll bet my settin' hen ag'in' your prize heifer that Estelle Taylor's got a few decisions over Jack in th' las' few months!"

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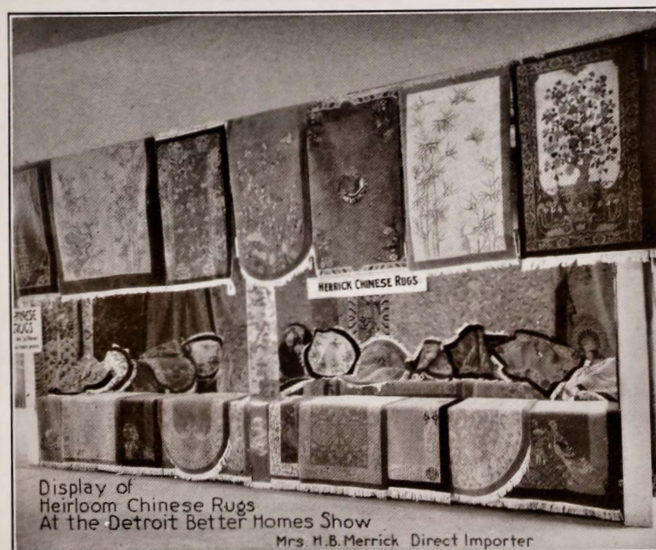


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Society

(Continued from page 18.)

Miss Johnnie Bell of Jacksonville, Fla., was the attractive guest of Mrs. Curtis Bowling during September. Miss Bell was honored with many parties during her stay. Mrs. Bowling left for Phoenix, Arizona, for the winter, after the departure of her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Booth are established in their lovely new home on Cranbrook Road, having moved from Brookside Cottage last week. Among the other occupants of attractive new homes which have been opened during September are Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Taliaferro, who have moved to Trowbridge Farms, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wasey of Dorchester Road, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bradt of Baldwin Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Shropshire, of Plainfield, N. J., are domiciled at 518 Greenwood Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. George Strelinger have moved into their new apartment at 514 Greenwood Avenue, with Mr. and Mrs. Webster Taylor occupying the second apartment. Senator and Mrs. James Couzens are planning a delightful new house on Square Lake.

Ralph C. Richards, nationally known authority on bridge, recently conducted a bridge tournament at the Oakland Hills Country Club on the 16th, in which about one hundred men participated.

Mrs. M. Cortis-Stanford, of Oakland avenue, whose recent group of etchings is being shown by the Gordon Galleries in Detroit, is preparing for an exhibition of "Sitroc" pottery and etchings in the Community House, October 25 to 30.

Mrs. Clifford MacDonald of Midland Avenue entertained Miss Harriet Forbes of New York recently.

Mrs. Raymond Reilly leaves for Boston September 25 for a two weeks visit. Mrs. Reilly's aunt, Miss Lydia Lewis, will return with her to be her guest for the winter.

Great Paintings

(Continued from page 7.)

the fact that good paintings by any great artist are necessarily limited, has led to increasing prices in the last quarter of a century. For instance not many years ago, 1923 to be exact, Cuyp's "Maas at Dordrecht" sold under the hammer at Christies in London for nearly ninety thousand dollars. This picture is a tremendous seascape which was on view in Detroit at the Dutch Loan Exhibition given at the Institute of Arts a year ago last winter.

Probably one of the most exquisite examples of Cuyp's work extant is now owned by Mr. Charles T. Fisher of Detroit. It has for us an interesting history, being at one time owned by King Stanislaus II who was the last king of Poland, abdicating in 1798. At another time Count Tallyrand of France possessed it. At a later day it passed into the collection of Lord Ashburton of England. When Lord Ashburton decided to dispose of his collection at auction, Baron Rothchild went to the owner and begged that this particular Cuyp and the Westminster Rembrandt be sold to him at private sale, which Lord Ashburton agreed to do. Baron Rothchild was the last private owner of the picture previous to Mr. Fisher.

It is a curious coincidence that in the Ralph H. Booth Collection in Detroit is a Cuyp of the same size but with the composition reversed, thus making an unusual pair of pictures. There is also a third Cuyp in Detroit, a small exquisite seascape in the collection of Mr. Edgar B. Whitcomb.

Botanical Garden

(Continued from page 11.)

is devoted to herbaceous perennials with some annuals mixed in.

The plants are arranged more or less in families where this system is practicable. All of the mints (Labiatae) for instance, are found in one bed with neat metal labels telling the story of each member of the family. In some cases where plants are commercially interesting or economically important their label is bigger and more enlightening. Of course you feel sometimes as though you were in an interesting country churchyard reading curious epitaphs, but the idea doesn't persist long because you learn something and straightway are hugging at your discovery.

You can see that there could be no formality about such a garden. If you are used to a formal garden at home you are likely to call this a "wild garden" just as others before you have been doing for fifty years. When you have wandered on out of the hot sun, over to the shady bank where the ferns grow under the hemlock trees you will, indeed, think you are in a wild garden; and if you follow the shady path along to the lily pool you will come unexpectedly to the little log house where bitter-sweet hangs over the roof. It does not seem to matter at all that a great big Gothic gymnasium nearly overshadows the place. You don't get any Gothic suggestions as you wander between the irregular beds and you feel anything but Gothic. So I never could see that it mattered whether the big modern gym was there or not except that it tells you with its bigness and newness that this is a garden chiefly for the purpose of experiment and education.

The total number of species growing in the area now is probably something over 1500, so you can see that it is a representative group. Neat bulletin boards at the various entrances of the place tell you just what and where you will find the most interesting things on the day of your visit, and thus your visit can be repeated on many days with profit and enjoyment.

The garden was named for Dr. Beal a few years before his death and is now under the direct supervision of Professor H. T. Darlington of the Department of Botany at the college. Professor Darlington says that the garden is to be extended materially in the near future when a portion of the land below the garden and adjacent to the Red Cedar river (on both sides) is to be reclaimed. The garden will ultimately comprise some five acres and will be made more interesting by the addition of a bridge across the Red Cedar at a point not far from the new M. S. C. stadium.

Recently Mr. Chapman, formerly of the famous Kew Gardens in England, has come to M. S. C. to superintend the Beal Garden and it is hoped that a new era is beginning in its history. Mr. Chapman, just before coming to America, was connected with the Royal Gardens at Cairo, Egypt, and is in a position to know and do great things for Michigan's most interesting collection of horticultural and agricultural plant life.



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Hunting Hall

(Continued from page 6.)

as the house, and here, under the genial and knowing supervision of "Scottie," the groom, live Paddy, the famous old steeplechaser, Belleville, Bright Eyes, Playful Miss and Henry O'Day—called Hank by his loving friends. The stables are built at the base of the hill behind the Hall, with comfortable summer and winter quarters. The summer stalls and main entrance open into a gravelled court with retaining wall at one side, where one has only to rattle an oats tin to see four wise heads and eight pricked ears appear at the doors on which hang bridles and gay blue and yellow blankets.

The whole place, which covers 20 acres, is fenced round in hewn timbers, so that the horses may range at will over the rough grass, which is kept rough for their delectation. Paddy, who is a household pet, casually leaps these low bars when he thinks he sees a more delectable nibble farther afield.

We could not take a photograph of the front of the Hall with its very nice bent and recessed facade and striped awnings, because at the moment Mrs. Henry is building a terrace enclosed in box hedges, where she will have a small gay garden next year out of reach of inquiring horsey noses.

Master Burns Henry, Jr., is already a promising young horseman, following close in the footsteps of his father. At his first hunt on Paddy, in August of this year, he was in at the death and came triumphantly away with a fox's little pad which he is now



D. D. Spellman

The "punch bowl corner" shows the ancient cheese cabinet on the left, the other stairway and the monk's chair which may be converted into a table by turning down the back.

having mounted to hang beside his father's trophies. He is very modest about it, however; he says that Mr. Nichols gave it to him, "consid'ring I was the youngest at the kill and that it was my first hunt." He is a singularly attractive youngster, and a stalwart little figure on his father's big hunter.

It seems rather appropriate to close this brief chronicle of Hunting Hall with some of the words from a beautifully illumined memorial which was recently sent to Mrs. Henry from the Chagrin Valley Hunt of Cleveland, Ohio, of which Mr. Henry had long been a member:

"It is with sincerest regret that every member of the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club realizes that in the untimely death of Burns Henry, we have lost not only one of our oldest members, but a tried and steadfast friend and the ablest pioneer in the Mid-West of the sport we all love.

"His sunny good nature, his fine sportsmanship, his cheerful willingness to go out of his way at any time to help and encourage others, his sincere joy in another's success, all his lovable thoughtfulness endeared him to our members, who now deeply grieve at his loss.

"In appreciation of his sterling character, loyal friendship and inspiring sportsmanship, we are send-



D. D. Spellman

One side of the stable court with Master Burns Henry, Jr., persuading Paddy to keep his head over the door. Since this picture was taken Paddy has become Master Henry's very own property, Mrs. Henry having presented the famous hunter to her son for his twelfth birthday last week.

ing this to the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club as a testimonial of our deep sense of loss and expression of our personal sorrow and sympathy in their great loss."

Cornucopiae

We shall go down to the sea in ships
On a beautiful night in June,
And the bells shall ring
And the whitecaps sing
Of love to a glorious moon.

We shall leave afar and afar behind
The sea of the sea-swept land,
And heart to heart
Where the sea-gulls start,
Hark to the rollicking band.

And the joy of June o'er the happy night,
By the light of an old, old moon,
Like a song of love
From the blue above
Shall spill from the dipper-spoon.

—W. H.



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The new Franklin River Estates Development is located in the most picturesque close-in portion of Oakland County, just west of the Birmingham District and south of Oakland Hills Country Club.

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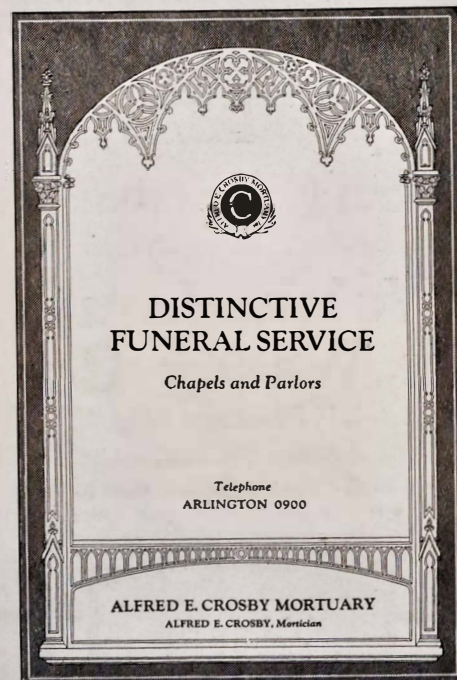
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Golf

(Continued from page 10.)

the second flight, with Harry Leonard and his son, Detroit Golf Club entrants, winners of the low net prize in that division.

Yes, it was a dandy tournament—this first annual Father and Son event—one in which good golf was played and in which every entrant played as much (and even more) than he wished. If there be any doubt about this last statement, write to Commander W. H. Faust, Ann Arbor, for confirmation.

Women's District

And then there was the Women's District tournament which followed closely upon the heels of the Women's State, that had been played at the Kent Country Club and had been won by Mrs. Harley Higbie of The Country Club of Detroit. Mrs. Higbie also won in the District event, which was played at Oakland Hills. In this tournament she again came to grips—as she had done in the District and State last year—with Mrs. Stewart Hanley of Lochmoor. Last season honors were even, Mrs. Higbie having won in the State, Mrs. Hanley in the District. This year Mrs. Higbie went 1 up on her dearest golfing enemy by whipping Mrs. Hanley 4 and 2. It, too, was a splendid event and marked, particularly, by the surprisingly excellent playing of Mrs. J. H. Cissel of Barton Hills (it's strange how those Ann Arbor people are pushing their way into the front ranks—don't they do anything out there all summer except play golf?); Mrs. J. C. McClurkin of Meadowbrook and Mrs. A. E. Sheill of Aviation. These three women qualified for the championship match play for the first time in their lives. Mrs. Cissel reached the semi-final round; Mrs. McClurkin the second, and Mrs. Sheill was put out in the first round by Mrs. Hanley. And that is that.

Purse for Professionals

Meadowbrook Country Club showed Michigan golfers, particularly the professionals, that it has an up and coming membership. Frank Ferguson, its president, readily fell in with the suggestion that the club underwrite a purse of more than \$1,000 and divide it among the fifteen low scoring professionals in the Michigan Open.

There was a field of nearly one hundred professionals and amateurs and the title was won by Al Watrous, formerly connected with the Red Run and Redford clubs here, but more recently attached to the Highlands Golf Club, Grand Rapids. Watrous finished second to Bobby Jones in the British Open, being the best scorer among the world's greatest professional golfers in that particular event. He showed the galleries at Meadowbrook something of the golf he displayed in England when he shot 73, 73, 76 and a record-establishing 70 for 292 to win by a margin of eleven strokes over Davie Robertson of Dearborn, the defending champion who finished runner-up this year. Carlton Wells of Ann Arbor was low scorer in the amateurs' division, with Jimmie Standish second and Les Conley of Detroit third.

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Mrs. J. W. Adderley after a Tuesday tournament at Oakland Hills.

Meadowbrook left no stone unturned to be hospitable to its guests on that occasion. Its fine new locker room made a decidedly favorable impression on everyone, and there were none but remarked upon the natural beauty of its course. Neither did anyone have aught but praise for the test of golf that course provided.

The League of Lower Lakes

One other event in which Detroiters were interested was played since Afterglow was last published. That was the League of the Lower Lakes competition, at the Niagara Falls Country Club, between ten-men teams from Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Toledo, for the Ganson Depew trophy. The teams finished in the order in which they have been named.

Next year the tournament will be played here, either at the Detroit Golf Club or Lochmoor.

Here endeth the record for the month.



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Enables one to fill out the bare corners which were left unplanted last spring.

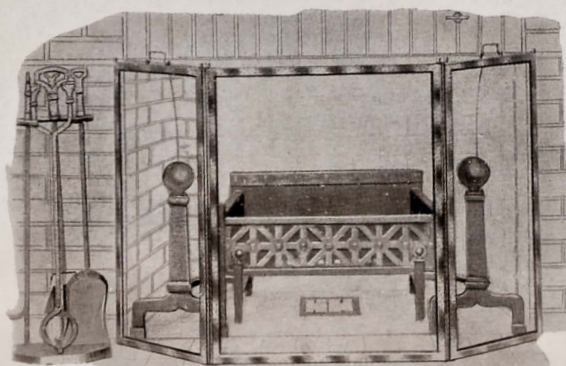
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Country Comment

Bloomfield Center isn't by any means what it used to be. The crossing is being cleared up inch by inch as the pavement is completed, and on the southwest corner, Mr. Barbour's village, "Briarbank," is beginning to assert itself as part of the landscape. On the southeast corner Mr. Butler's English village, Bloomfield Downs, described on pages 16 and 17 of the Afterglow, will begin soon to make another interesting skyline. The natural center will now be incorporated, and it is not so hard now to look ahead ten years to this same four corners that last year were marshy waste land—and see a flourishing and picturesque settlement.

The members of the new charter commission are: Luther D. Allen, William T. Barbour, Frank L. Bromley, George E. Roehm and Harry L. Wallace.

This village incorporation insures various things, such as—and very important it is—the preservation of the district's character, and the protection of private property thereby, fire and police regulation, maintenance and construction of roads, etc.

* * *

Amusing country comments from the letter of a very young (vintage 1926) Ph.D., who, for several years has walked the quiet book-widened ways of Oxford, but who, for his soul's weal, sold himself into captivity for the summer to a New England gentleman farmer:

"The work itself is vastly diverting. There are twelve cows milked twice a day and sedulously tended. . . . From 5:30 to 7:30 there are morning chores, followed by breakfast. From 4:30 to 6:30 the same things happen with variations in the afternoon. Then there was haying, which nearly did me down. Just now we are getting in the corn. Yesterday I walked round inside the silo for eight hours, pelted with ensilage, which I distributed and trod into place. This sort of thing is at once Homeric and fantastic. Wouldn't you like an article: The Green Orchid Returns to the Land? Try, dear, and get it—as they say on the vaudeville stage.

"I have been allowed to name three calves. They are Mopsa, Angela and Sepia. Cows are highly educative. . . ."

* * *

A unique and individual suggestion for Christmas cards comes from the F. L. Reeg Company on Grand River avenue. If you have a photograph of your country place—the entrance, for instance, or the chimney piece, or some odd corner that you especially love—you can take it to Mr. Reeg and he will make an engraving of it for the front of your Christmas greeting. Or if you don't like engravings he will make small clear photographs from yours, and use those with an engraved greeting. There is no better way to convey a touch of your home atmosphere to your far-away friends.

The Tenth Annual Horse Show to be held at the Northville Fair Grounds was a bit handicapped this year by wet weather. It happened as scheduled, however, on September 22, 23 and 24, and was better attended than ever. The judge was Charles D. Toole of Genesee Valley, New York; Alex L. Copeland of Grosse Pointe acting as associate judge. Because of the bad weather the Thursday events were postponed until Friday, and for that reason the Bloomfield horses were not entered, being due for a drag hunt on Saturday with the Winburn hounds.

Volney Bayley on Huntress was the most consistent winner of the show, coming out with the blue ribbon in six classes, the red in the Open Jump and the yellow in the Hunter's Stake.

Freckles Sister, owned by Mrs. T. R. Donovan, took the blue ribbon in the Open Jump, always a difficult class, keenly competed. P. H. Grennan's Overlook took the yellow in this event.

The Northville Riding and Hunt Club had several entries in the show that stood up well against the older groups.

* * *



If you aren't yet dauntless enough to hunt on these gorgeous mornings, you ought at least—if you like riding at all—to give yourself the pleasure of racking along some of the dirt roads back from the Hunt Club or even west of Woodward. You simply have no idea of the loveliness of the Hills country and the stimulating quality of October air, unless you jog along some of these forgotten roads that wind casually through the woods and fields and hills. You can completely forget rampant Detroit, but the fact that it is only twenty miles or so away enables you to get in town for luncheon after one of these rides and explain the beauty of the autumn to your city harrassed friends.

FOR SALE—To the lover of fine old furniture: Four post bed \$150.00; davenport, \$150.00; settee, \$125.00; each piece mahogany, over century old and in perfect condition. Phone Royal Oak 730.

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October in the Garden

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October is the ideal month to develop your grounds, reconstruct your perennial garden and plant Spring flowering bulbs.

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The Amphibious House Boat

(Continued from page 9.)

were firmly settled on the strongest spiles of the new yard in such a manner as to leave the opposite width and length definitely in the water, though likewise supported by the spiles. The "yard" was filled in somewhat with a top soil, in which grass was encouraged to grow. A fence of white pickets separated the yard from the road. The Amphibious House Boat was becoming a reality.

That winter found the House Boat boarded and bleak, a prey to the weather until spring would come to loosen the ice and set afloat the fishermen's shanties.



A garden grows sweetly on top of the old spiles.

Then began pilgrimages to the woods. Little trees, evergreens, osier, a hemlock came first. Along the picket fence syringa bushes were set. A little willow was added; an apple tree; a jack pine. These were placed for background, to shield the House Boat, to screen the boat house—for there was now a small white boat house for the faithful canoe and the new 18-foot boat with its out-board motor.

After that the seed and flower catalogues began to pile up every spring on the business-like desk of the House Boat's owner. It became a kind of game to plan the garden, that something might be in blossom from the opening of the season to its close. Out on the "point," at the far northwestern edge of the property, were iris and cosmos and peonies, with tough-rooted shrubs at the water's edge to hold the soil. Wild-flowers, "jacks," ferns and columbine were banked against the long wall of the house, to the east of the narrow board walk that now led to steps and a "deck" before the front door. The "deck" had been built on around the lake-side length of the transformed House Boat to another flight of steps leading to the lawn near the boat house. A white railing, with posts and spindles in severe order, bounded the deck, leaving space on the lake front for yet another short companionway down to a platform at the water's level, for swimming and for boarding the motor boat.

But the end, very properly, was not yet. When this yard was flourishing after a year or two, the House Boat's owner again called in the handy man to clear out the underbrush east of the settled portion of her little estate. A fence was set along the water's edge

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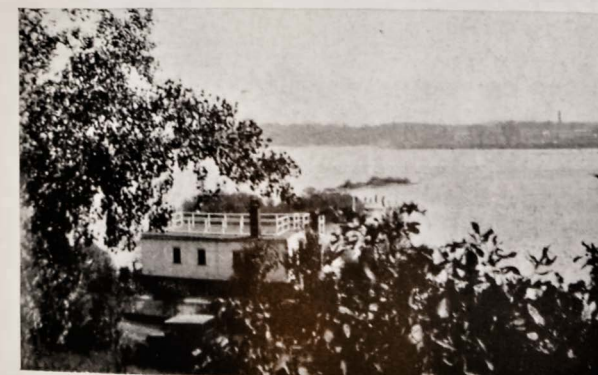
Room 10, Quarton Building
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

and many loads of sand hauled from the dunes not far away. The big cotton-poplar already growing there had a chance to take a deep, free breath. More osier, dogwood, evergreens and little trees came in from the woods. Order blanks in the seed catalogues were filled with amazing consistency. Pieces of broken flag-stone were set to make a delightfully informal and thoroughly substantial path. Across a deep little cut at the eastern end of the shore arched a wee foot-bridge of small logs, made as a "project" by some of the town boy scouts who were friends of the House Boat's owner.

It has been astonishing how the plants and seeds and bulbs have grown in the sand spread over the decaying spiles and edgings that are deep underneath the garden as they are under the House Boat and its front lawn. The wild garden of hepaticas, trillium, violets and delicate rose-colored and yellow "wild orchid" or Lady's slipper, blossoms first. There are plots of wild garden in two or three spots: at a corner of the House Boat, in unsuspected corners of the fence, beneath the wide-spread branches of an osier. After that the daffodils and tulips push up in blades and pointed swirls of green. They blossom in neat ranks beside the flagged path, and almost before they and the iris are done there are hosts of other buds ready to open. The pansies and the daisies, those tight little pink English ones, come up; nasturtiums along the fence and the fragrant shaggy pinks under the bird feeding station. Morning glories reach up from the base of the sundial that has a butterfly's wing in bronze for a pointer. Bachelor buttons, domestic columbine (as if columbine should ever be domestic, though she is prettier, plumper, more vari-colored than her wild sister), Shasta daisies, daisies in deep apricot with maroon brown centers, tall shafts of larkspur and foxglove, scabiosa, even spotsches of purple vetch sprawling on the sand that is its native soil. The weeks move on, bringing gladioli to blossom, and great rosettes of dahlias. Even in November there are flowers for the first snow flurry to cover.

Of course this is not a lazy person's paradise. There is always something to do in the garden. The House Boat's owner could employ gardeners if she chose; but some of the fascination would be lost if hired weeders and pruners were put at large there in the garden where every plant is like a familiar friend, carefully selected to fill his place in the scheme of things.

(Continued on page 31.)





How Do YOU Lie?

By RALSTON GOSS



October's the Month for Me

WE ARE through with the month of
September,
It's as dead as the roses of June,
And the cold, dreary days of November
Will really be with us too soon.

But before we get dreary November
Come days that I'm anxious to see,
For the month that is after September,
October's the month that's for me.

October brings panoplies yellow,
And russet and red to each tree;
October's the month for a fellow,
The kind that's a vagabond, free.

The wine in the air is as mellow
As that from the vaults of the Rhine;
October's the month for this fellow,
The month that most truly is mine!

* * *

Reducing it to golf terms, Gertrude Ederle could give any man a lot of strokes and then beat him across the Channel.

It isn't always a seasoned politician who wins, said the Cheerful Idiot. John Haggerty had Green timber.

Strange as it may seem, most of the boisterous conversation you hear nowadays comes from the Speak Easies.

* * *

* * *

* * *

Why You Find Them Out

THE GOLFING season's ending in October's hazy days,
And golfers, some, are breaking off their summer lazy ways.
The Fearless Foursome's back at work, not out upon the green,
And each one in his office now more frequently is seen,
Except when Indian Summer comes with days both warm and fair,
Then, "Mr. Parr's in conference," means that he is not there,
But out upon some fairway where the leaves have fallen deep—
Forgetting his appointments as he makes opponents weep.
Yes, the season now is ending in Detroit and round about,
And when you call on customers you'll always find them out!

* * *

And another impossible job, these October days, is to try to find anyone in his office after 10:30 any Saturday that Michigan is playing at Ann Arbor, or even at Columbus or Urbana for the matter of that.

* * *

Leander swam the Hellespont and Byron did the same, but neither swam the Channel to win e'erlasting fame. So all I have to say right now of swimming feats and such—is, ranked with Trudy Ederle, they don't amount to much.

* * *

Perhaps it is about time to print this one, even though friends from Carnoustie may consider it a libel. Two Scotchmen were playing their national game. One of them had a sunstroke, the other one insisted that he count it.

* * *

Oh, Autumn days are with us and the football's in the air and all the Grads are gathering from There and Ev'rywhere to see The Team in action and to cheer and yell and yip and to be enthusiastic—when there's Something on the Hip.

* * *

And Lastly—

REMEMBERING that Dempsey did the slacker's bit one year
I would leap in joy unspeakable and give a mighty cheer
If this message from the ringside would be broadcast o'er the land—
"Our Marine has landed quickly, situation's well in hand."

The Amphibious House Boat

(Continued from page 29)

There are bird houses in the garden, too. Little swinging ones for the wrens, an apartment for the martins, and a rustic log cabin high up on a tall pole for the swallows. Dozens of times a day the elder swallows change places in the nest, swooping and wheeling and circling away over the water. When one bird goes into the house, there is a second of vacancy at the front door, then a pert blue-black head appears in the round entrance, its bright bead eyes peering watchfully around the garden with a manner for all the world like that of a matron in a front porch rocking chair.

Flickers and scarlet tanagers, cardinals and goldfinch love to visit the garden. Sometimes a shrewd old kingfisher perches for a while on the peaked roof of the boat house, until he shoots obliquely down to the water that holds his quarry. Sap-suckers and red-headed woodpeckers come calling, too, with the catbirds and song sparrows and robins that are the commoner birds of the field.

Within the House Boat, now that it has partly come up on land, is a fireplace, a complete plumbing system, electric lights, a gas range and hot water heater. It is still a tiny house, compactly furnished with comfort and economy of space at the same time. The miniature galley, with every utensil securely anchored by bracket or screw or cleat, is reminiscent of stormy days on the lake.

On the lake side of the living room is one big window, with a box beneath it, an elongated window seat with a padded cushion. The fireplace opposite is for chill days in spring and fall; the big window with its halves swung wide is for midsummer. For summer, likewise, is the deck outside, where the porch swing invites leisure, where Connie was tempted to the first visualization of herself with the ukulele, waxing melodius under the stars.

There is no other name for this retreat than the House Boat. It has no need for hopeful titles like "Kill Kare Kottage," "Bide-a-Wee" or "ThisIdu." It was built for a purpose, without any enormous expenditure; but it has become such a place as makes one who appreciates a truly simple life, away from master bedrooms and the ministrations of servants, think of synonyms for "peace," of quiet and restfulness, the repose of intelligent minds. The House Boat, it must always be emphasized, is a simple dwelling, but it holds the affection of its owner and it gives the lie to discontent.



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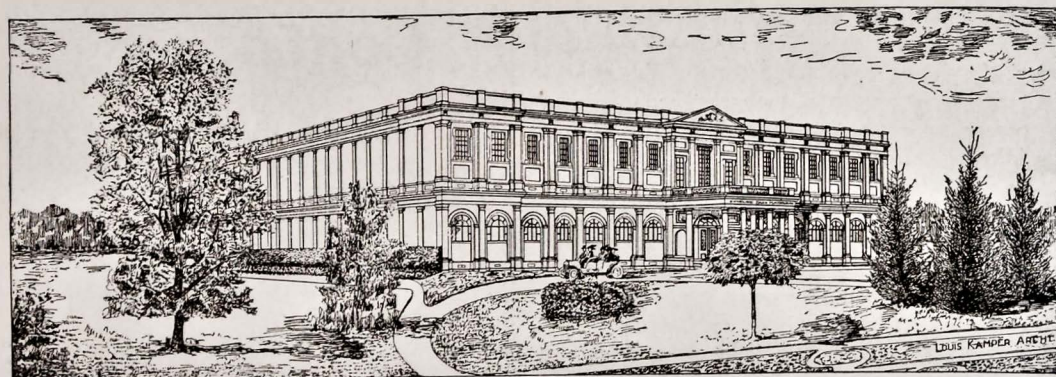
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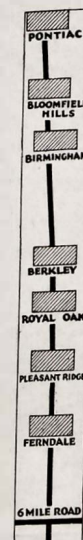
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