

THE
AFTERGLOW

MARCH



1927

COUNTRY·LIFE·AROUND·DETROIT

VOL. III-NO. 3

25 CTS.

Bloomfield Downs ..

The English Village in the Very Center
of the Village of Bloomfield Hills

Bloomfield Downs is to be a typical English village, with all the beauty of architecture and charm of landscape characteristic of the quaint little towns of Surrey and Hampshire.

Mr. Edward J. Butler has done a vast amount of preliminary work in developing the idea. Part of this work consisted of a careful study on the ground of English suburban architecture and garden layout. The best examples of artistic treatment along these lines have been preserved for adaptation to conditions in Bloomfield Downs.

The site chosen for the village is in the very center of the new village of Bloomfield Hills, immediately east of Woodward Avenue at Bloomfield Center, and lying along the south side of Long Lake Road. Right between Bloomfield Hills Country Club and the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club, surrounded by the aristocratic estates of the hill country and with Woodward Avenue always available for rapid communication, it is hard to conceive of a more ideal location.

It is important to remember that Bloomfield Downs is a village, not in any sense a group of estates. The home sites are large enough for



comfort, and laid out to harmonize with the plan as a whole, but not so large as to require any effort or expense in up-keep. A resident of the village will have all the urban comforts, conveniences and freedom of action of the resident of Boston Boulevard. At the same time he will be able to enjoy the charming surroundings of the Bloomfield Hills District.

Office on Property



THE AFTERGLOW

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Houses Gardens Society Sports

No. 3

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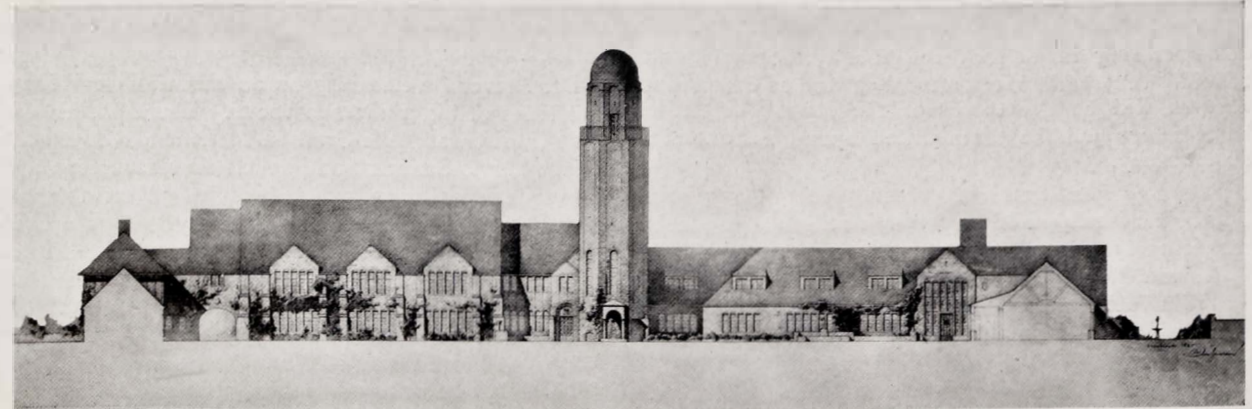
The Waterwheel at Cranbrook, the magnificent estate of Mr. George G. Booth at Bloomfield.

Arnold



Bachrach

Sally Gale Harris is the engaging little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Harris of Windmill Pointe.



The main building of the Cranbrook School, now in advanced state of construction. It will house the executive offices of the school, and contain classrooms, laboratories, the auditorium, etc. The blank spot at the right end marks the junction of the unit shown in Prof. Saarinen's drawing with the wing which will contain the study hall and a magnificent library. The tower will house the astronomical observatory—probably the only one in an American preparatory school.

The Cranbrook School for Boys Opens Next September

By LEE A. WHITE

TO the headmastership of the Cranbrook School, whose splendid buildings are rapidly taking shape on Lone Pine Road, west of Woodward Avenue, the Board of Directors have called one of the most distinguished men in the field of secondary education—Dr. William Oliver Stevens, teacher, artist and author.

Dr. Stevens resigned the headmastership of the Roger Ascham School, a country day school near White Plains, N. Y., to accept the position at the Cranbrook School; and arrived to take up his residence in the Hills February 27, after an extensive tour of leading schools of the East. He has opened temporary offices in the Architectural Building, adjacent to the site of the school, pending the completion of the main building in which the executive suites will be located.

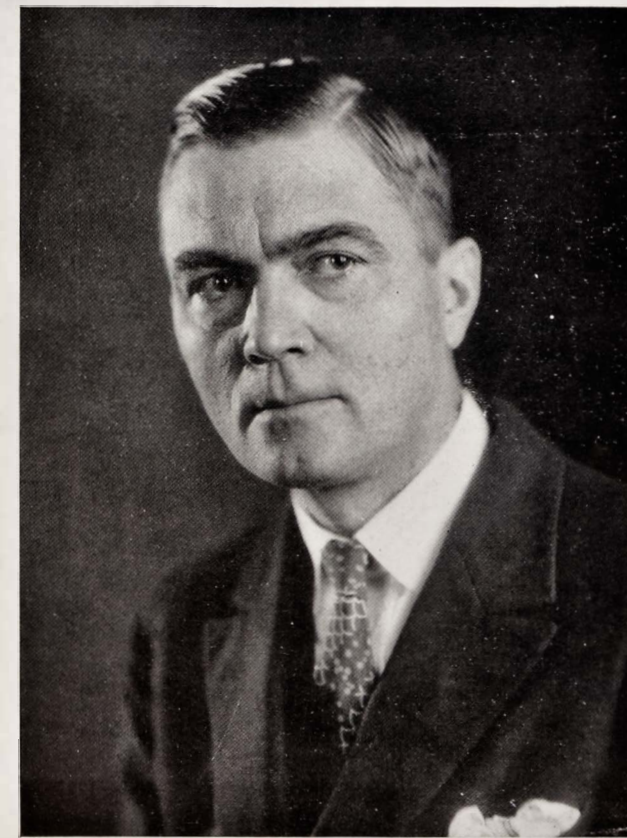
The Cranbrook School, which is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. George G. Booth, represents an endowment in excess of \$1,250,000, and occupies 65 acres of lovely rolling land through which winds a branch of the River Rouge, widened into a little lake to serve the recreational needs of the boys in attendance.

Most of the land was separated from the Booth estate, whence the school derives its name, and deeded to the institution; but a part was purchased from owners of land in Oak Knobs.

When the doors of the school open in the fall of this year, Oakland County will have the distinction of

possessing the only notable private boarding and day school for boys in the State. It will have accommodations for 65 resident students and about 150 day students; but for the first three years enrollment will be closely restricted in order that numbers will not handicap the faculty in establishing the desired spirit. Registration this fall will be confined to boys of seventh, eighth and ninth grade standing; thereafter a grade will be added each year until the twelfth grade is included, providing full college preparation.

Few, if any, preparatory schools in the country will equal, and none exceed the Cranbrook School in the beauty of its structures. They have been designed by the eminent Finnish architect, Prof. Eliel Saarinen, who came from Helsingfors, Finland, at the invitation of the University of Mich-



William Oliver Stevens, Ph. D., Litt. D., first headmaster of the Cranbrook School.

igan, to lecture in the College of Architecture, and is now residing in one of the faculty homes at the school. A notable architectural as well as educational feature will be the tower of the school, illustrated here, which will be surmounted by an astronomical observatory.

The new headmaster represents the fifth generation of his family to be engaged in religious or secular educational work. His grandfather went from Maine to Burma, where he established a training college for native preachers and teachers, and there, in Rangoon, both Dr. Stevens and his father were born, returning to America to receive their education.

Dr. Stevens attended public and private schools of Maine and Massachusetts, and earned the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Colby College, from which he graduated in 1899. While there he was for one year a member of the tennis team and for four years on the track team, of which he was captain in his senior year.

After substituting a year for the professor of English at Colby, who was on leave of absence, he entered the graduate school at Yale University, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1903. From Yale he went to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis as a civilian member of the faculty, continuing there until 1924, most of the time being head of the English department. While at the Naval Academy, he declined professorships at Colby, Antioch and the University of Virginia. In 1924 he resigned from the Annapolis faculty, electing to continue his teaching in the field of secondary education and accepting the headmastership of the Roger

Ascham School, a progressive institution established in 1907.

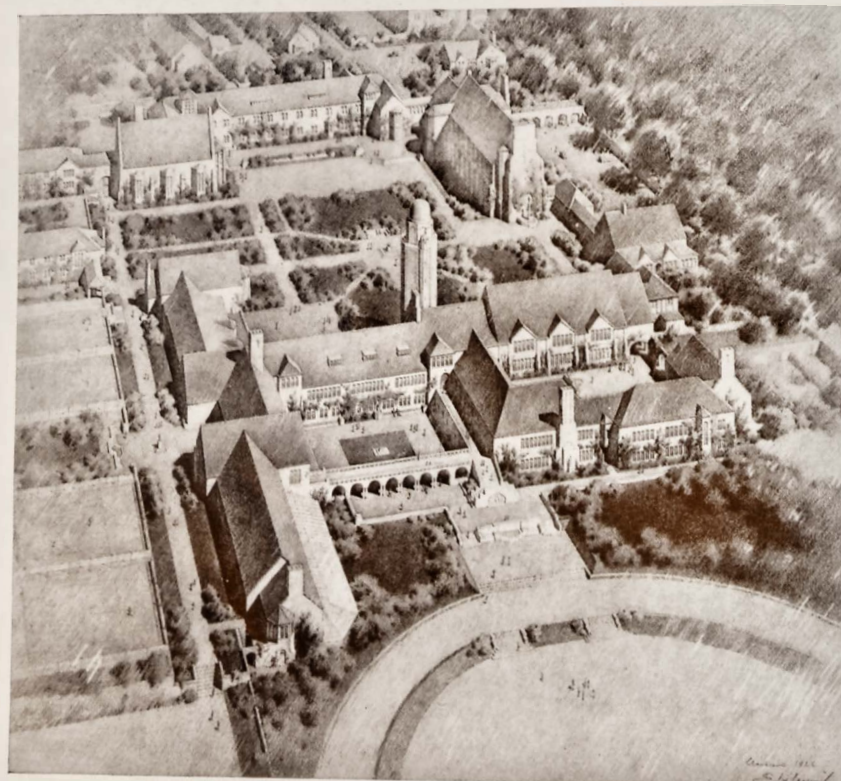
Dr. Stevens' versatility as an author is evident in the titles of his numerous books. The first, his doctor's thesis, was "The Cross in the Life and Literature of the Anglo-Saxons," and belied the character of his subsequent writings, which included juvenile fiction, humor, verse, biography and history. Boys are familiar with his stories of life at Annapolis, "Pewee Clinton, Plebe," and "Messmates," as well as his story of the War of 1812, "The Young Privateersman." He is also the author of "The Story of Our Navy," and "Boys' Book of Famous Warships," and co-author of "The Guide Book to Annapolis," the naval volume of "Harper's History of the War," and three notable textbooks for use in the Naval Academy, "Composition for Naval Officers," "A Short History of the U. S. Navy," and "A History of Sea Power." Since leaving Annapolis he has published two works of biography, "Boyhoods of Our Navy Heroes" and "Boys' Life of Gen. Grant," occasional short stories, articles and illustrated verses for juvenile publications, such as Youth's Companion and St. Nicholas, and weightier articles for Atlantic Monthly, Yale Review and other adult periodicals.

Dr. Stevens has worked considerably in the field of pastel portraiture, and also employs pen and ink, particularly in illustration and design.

Recognizing his distinction in the arts and education, Colby College conferred upon him in 1903 its highest academic honor, the degree of Doctor of Letters. It is noteworthy that the same honor was won by his brother, Edward F. Stevens, head of Pratt Institute's School of Library Science. Another brother, Dr. Albert M. Stevens, was formerly a master at Hotchkiss School.

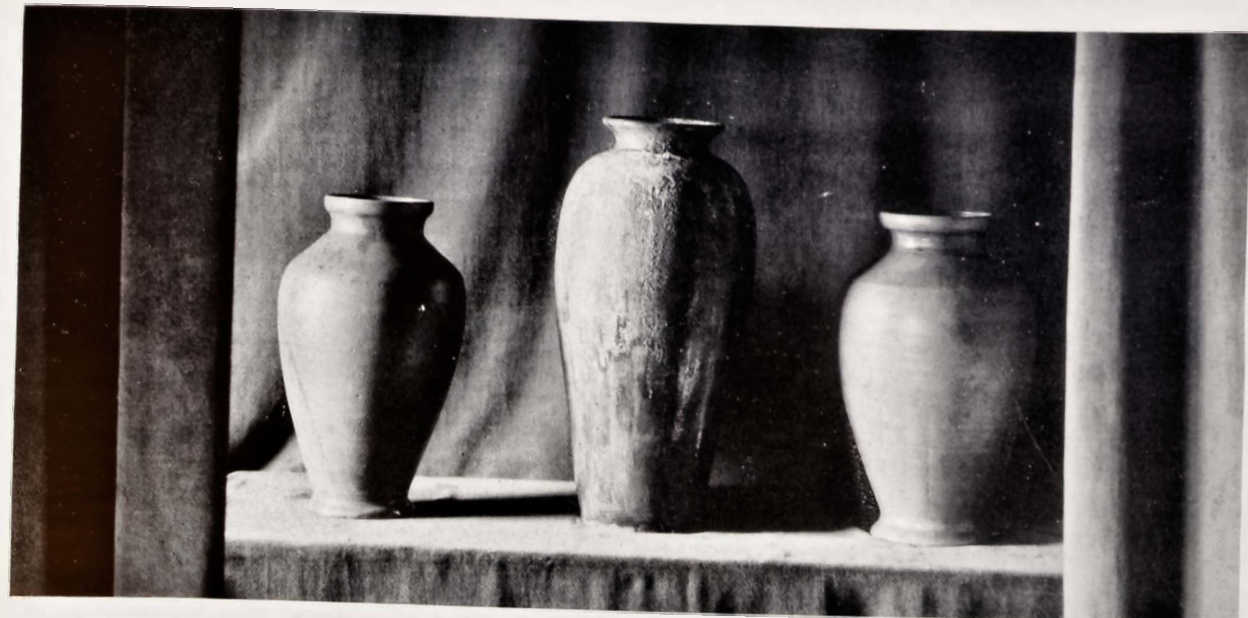
The Cranbrook School headmaster was married in 1904 to Claudia Wilson Miles, a member of an old Virginia family and daughter of Lieut. Charles Miles, U. S. N. Her parents died in her childhood and she was reared by her uncle, Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, whose father was the last surviving corps commander of the Civil

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The Cranbrook School as the architect, Prof. Eliel Saarinen, conceived the completed project. This drawing does not include, however, a gymnasium and infirmary, which will be constructed this spring and summer, nor various residences including that of the headmaster, located elsewhere on the extensive school grounds. The tract deeded to the school contains 65 acres. In the foreground, a part of the athletic field is shown. It is a depressed field, surrounded by a quarter mile running track. The field was sodded last year and will be in perfect shape for play and competition when the school opens this fall.

Gerard Putters, Landscape Design



Pewabic Vases in Iridescent Glaze

Hance

Ceramic Art in America

By FLORENCE DAVIES

IT is an old story often repeated that the Chinese have forgotten more about the art of ceramics than we have ever known.

Like so many other platitudes which we have come to take for granted, that statement will bear investigation. It is true that there are secrets of the art of ceramics, lost glazes, subtle and lovely colorings, which the Chinese produced, but which we have never been able to achieve.

"But we talk too much about this being a lost art," says Professor Charles F. Binns, director of the School of Ceramics of State college at Alfred, New York, who was in Detroit recently. Professor Binns has taught many of the most prominent potters and ceramic artists in America and has often been called the dean of American potters. "We talk too much about the lost art of the Chinese," he says. "It is the lost art of patience that we lack."

"For it is probable that we actually know about everything that the Chinese had to work with. We know about what ingredients they used and we probably use about the same process. It is perfectly true that none of us have ever been able to reproduce some of the beautiful glazes that the ancients produced. We have failed to recreate a peach blow tint or to recapture that peculiarly rich and vibrant

shade of red which the Chinese made centuries ago. These subtleties still elude us. But to speak of a lost art is, in reality, to misstate the case."

"It is evident, however, that the Chinese once had a forgotten or lost technique," Professor Binns points out; "the highest achievements of the Chinese were perfected through generations of experiment and knowledge, a knowledge which was gradually accumulated from experience and experiment and was handed down from father to son. Thus to an amazing degree they came to have a trained judgment, which was the result of vast experience. The art of the potter," Professor Binns explains, "rests on that trained judgment more than upon scientific data."

"It is as if a great doctor wrote down all he knew and then handed the book to an amateur. The amateur might practically learn the book by heart, but he would not then necessarily be a great doctor. For the really great doctor must have a highly trained eye and ear and hand, and a seasoned judgment."

"Even a great cook can not be made by reading a cook book. Yet the science of cooking may all have been recorded. A fine cook adds a nice judgment, a trained sense of taste to the knowledge he reads in the cook book. This is the skill and the art of it. Thus are great potters made,

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Pewabic mosaic in the ceiling of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington.

The Soul of An Artist

Being the New Biography of an Old Master

By CHARLES CROMBIE

ONCE there was a man who wanted to be a painter of pictures. He was a native of that section of Europe known as the Low Countries and he lived in the last half of the 16th Century. His name was Jan Pieter Van Kloot and he was unmarried. Do not waste your valuable time by looking him up in catalogues or in your Baedeker. Or, better still, if your time is valuable do not bother to read any further because this is a story told about an artist merely to give pleasure to those whose time is not valuable—such as other artists. At any rate, you won't find Van Kloot's name listed anywhere now because, as you will learn, all his pictures have ceased to exist.

Van Kloot wanted to be a painter of pictures. He didn't talk very much about his "urge," or his "reactions" to this and that, and he was not at all expert in thumb-gesticulation. He did, however, want to paint pictures, which, as far as a creative artist is concerned, is tantamount to saying that he did paint pictures. He painted a hell of a lot of pictures. My inclination is to place the emphasis on the quantity he produced, although I lean somewhat to the judgment of his contemporaries who would have concurred in the above statement, but would have construed it as a stricture on the quality of his production.

No one took him seriously. In fact, during his lifetime not one of his pictures was sold outright. While his money lasted, however, Van Kloot kept right on painting. He painted dank, muddy-green landscapes, generally; but sometimes he varied the performance by pictures of women with large feet and onion-like coiffures, peeling vegetables in rooms with red tile floors. When his money was all spent he went to work on the canal boats, or on the docks, or, during the winter, mixing paints for other artists who had received fat commissions for painting group pictures of worthy bankers or merchants. When he had saved enough to live on for a month or so he went back to painting pictures of his own.

That no one bought his pictures did not trouble him at all. The adverse criticism only coincided with his own opinion and he did not suffer from being misunderstood. If he had been asked about it, he would have said that he was understood only too well. Nevertheless, he kept right ahead painting because it was the only amusing and really satisfying occupation he knew.

Time passed and with it his youth, but Van Kloot still went up and down the land fairly spawning his mouldy pictures. The people of the country were gentle souls and treated the aging man in kindly fashion, especially since they had the countryman's

usual respect for these who are held to be slightly "touched" in the head. For, they argued over their tall stone mugs of beer, no sensible man would conduct his life in so shiftless a fashion. But, what of it; after all he was good company and always willing to do odd jobs in return for a meal or a night's lodging in the hay loft. Van Kloot never presumed on their good nature, except on one occasion, when he very inconsiderately died at a little inn near Rotterdam, leaving the weeping landlord some fifteen sketches and a painting kit as his only credit toward the board bill.

Here is where the story really begins, if your patience has so far survived. Van Kloot's body was buried, but his soul was taken to the place where all good painters go, and as has been reported by one who knew the value of a "happy" ending, he was assigned for some few centuries to "splash at a ten league canvas, with brushes of comets' hair." So, for the sake of chronology, we leave him, temporarily.

In 1895 a picture dealer in Amsterdam suddenly woke up to the fact that Van Kloot was a great artist and that the public—or, rather, I should say—his public, and the great mass of people everywhere, one of whose most vital interests as we all know is great Art, I repeat the public—pardon me I beg—HIS public should learn of the existence of this so long unknown Old Master. The discovery was made following an inventory of the stock of a chain of pawnshops which the picture dealer ran as a side line. This is mentioned merely as a matter of the chronology referred to above. But it was fortunate indeed for Van Kloot's fame that so many of his master works should have been discovered just where a man of such intelligence and culture happened at the moment to be found. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence!

Through an equally fortuitous circumstance an Englishman who was in search of some 'igh-class art to decorate his recently completed town house, and also a petty Russian princeling who had just gone in for culture, arrived in Amsterdam. The picture dealer devoutly praised the God of Abraham and Jacob and got down to business. The net result was that the number of those listed as Patrons of Art was increased by two; the picture dealer opened galleries in both London and New York, became an English citizen and was knighted within ten years for his substantial services to the Conservative party; and Jan Pieter Van Kloot became an Old Master.

The entire Dutch countryside was turned inside out in the search for examples of the great man's work. Even rough studies were examined with scrupulous care by experts, and if pronounced genuine Van

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The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron B. Waterman at Grosse Pointe

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

SOMEONE who knows, has said that a home to have charm must have a smiling hostess, an inviting entrance hall, a well filled library and a delightful garden, and all of these things we find in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Beech Waterman on Lincoln Road in Grosse Pointe.

Some years after the main portion of the house was built, Mr. Waterman added an attractive library and games room which is two stories high, with a charming balcony at one end and a huge fireplace at the other. This room is built onto the main portion of the house in the form of an el.



Spellman

What every man knows and most women ignore, is the fact that every man is a boy at heart, a boy who clings to and likes to have about him the outward signs and symbols of past and present hobbies. In Mr. Waterman's case this reminder of his boyhood happens to be the oars he used on the Yale crew—he being the third generation of Watermans to have a place on the crew—and the oars hang over the doorway into the dining room, which incidentally keeps them continually in the eyes and minds of the fourth generation. Mr. Waterman's two sons, Ruben and Cameron. Mrs. Waterman's greatest pleasure is derived from

(Concluded on next page)



Spellman



A Little House in the Country

The Diary of an Intermittent Housewife

February 19—Back from a five-day shopping trip to the Big Town and out of the night just now to a warm, clean little house and a howling Tommy, who had evidently been forgotten by Jonathan and left to a pantry devoid of all save eggs.

A review of the week's activities seems, strangely enough, to recall naught but frivolities and little purchased but books, of which I brought back an armful. Jonathan will be pleased that I remembered the new biography of Franklin, and from what I read on the train it is a refreshingly human document. Thank heaven for modern biography, which not only makes stuffed heroes live, warts and all, but fills dead history dates with an incandescent glow that makes them come alive. Also under the arm came "The Young Voltaire," by Cleveland B. Chase, and "The Golden Day," by Lewis Mumford, who wrote "Sticks and Stones," the best book on early American architecture, so far produced by any one. I find "Winnie—The Pooh" come in the mail from Helen, who spent several days here last month and talked much of Milne's little boy and little bear. Helen renamed our Warm Friend in the basement, "Willie—the Flu," after Mr. Milne, and also after the boy of limerick fame whom people were so loath to stir up.

The lilac branches I left in the green Chinese jar in the south window have all burst into green at their ends during this week and little flower clusters have appeared. Mrs. B. in town says they will really bloom in tiny bunches if you keep them warm enough and go on changing the water every day. They're pretty, whether they bloom or not, against the small paned window, and so are the two barren apple branches in the green bottle in the west window that are just beginning to show eager pink tips. Won't it be fun to have spring bursting all around us two months before it's due!

Two such beautiful chairs I found in my old Jew's attic in town—old, old, with mushroom hand rests and quaint straight arms and four slats up the back and rush seats and one with funny little stubby rockers. They are painted a depressing green now, but I have fond hopes that after Jonathan and I have paint removed and scraped and sandpapered for a few weeks they will emerge as good as old—really old, with mellow maple glowing amber under oil and wax. Restoring old furniture must be so much more rewarding

than picking at old paintings with a safety razor blade to see what's underneath—only to come upon another old master probably worse than the top one.

February 22—The country is particularly nice on a holiday, I think, where the laborious merrymaking of a day off in town cannot penetrate. Trying to stay home for a nice quiet holiday in town is just about as impossible as trying to read in the college library on a Saturday afternoon when everybody else is howling at a football game. But in the country it's quite different, with some of the motoring ones dropping in cheerfully for tea. The Father of Our Country liked the country life himself, come to think of it.

February 25—My efforts to attract the birds with a loaf of bread stuck in the tops of the lilac bushes have so far resulted in nothing but assorted sizes in sparrows and one nut hatch. I think it's Tommy's prowling black influence, or it may be the other live stock—Juno the black cow who gives three pints of milk a day and eats up everything on the place. Not content with standing on top of a demolished haystack and trying to consume it all before the men who have bought it can haul it away, she somehow got through the fence, and this morning I found her reaching into the lilac tops devouring my bird bread! We do need a dog to keep these two arrogant creatures in their places, but Jonathan has so high an ideal for an Airedale that no one can quite fill his order!

So now to bed and book.

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron B. Waterman

(Continued from preceding page)

her garden, where she loves to work, planning each lovely bed and border and walk. Mrs. Waterman is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Michigan Garden Club, and also of the Garden Club of America.

It is unfortunate that, lacking space, we can show only two glimpses of her spring garden here, which in another two months will be blooming merrily.

A Parke Musicale

A musical event of interest to Bloomfield will be the recital to be given by Mrs. Julius Leonora Parke and Miss Lorraine Parke, of Bloomfield Hills, at four o'clock on Sunday, March 27th, at Temple Beth El, Detroit. Miss Lorraine is an accomplished harpist, and Mrs. Parke will preside at the magnificent pipe organ, which is one of the finest in the city.

How to Make a Garden in an Old Cellar-Hole

By H. BRADFORD CLARKE

TRANSFORMING an old cellar hole into a garden spot is a most fascinating proposition. It is absolutely making something out of nothing. If the cellar was that of an old barn all the better, for undoubtedly the soil will be rich, and in just the condition to grow luxuriant plants.

Always I had wanted such a garden; dreamed, planned and schemed how it could be done inexpensively, yet effectively, and given an atmosphere of age.

A year ago last fall the time arrived when it was necessary for me to tear down an old carriage shed which was attached to a small ell of my large main building. At last I was left with my much desired possession—for previous to being a shed cellar this one also had once been under an old house. Thus the floor was hard clay and not a particularly desirable foundation for a garden.

It being late in the fall when the building was torn down I could not do much gardening then. But I did spend several days cleaning up and carting away old lumber and debris, finally getting things clear so that actual gardening could begin early in the spring.

Two sides of the cellar walls, the north and the west, were completely walled with stone up level to the ground above. Half of the east side was in the same condition, the other half being the opening under the ell, while on the south was a low two foot wall. I left all of these as they were, except for a little patching and leveling off. The end of the ell which had been attached to the shed was, of course, boarded and shingled, with window and door to open into the garden.

The last of March found me giving the walls a light coat of moss green paint, thinned with kerosene—very light in some places, very heavy in others, and when I saw an attractive group of stones I left them natural. Then I went over it again with dabs of yellow and darker green, blending them together to give the effect of moss and age.



Next I filled what cavities there were with rich earth, and made many larger cavities by picking out the cement and chipping the rocks. In these I planted rock ferns, moss and ivy, and later numerous rock garden plants.

At the foot of the walls I dug a trench about two feet wide and eight inches deep, replacing the clay with proper soil. At the edges I laid a single row of bricks to keep the dug-up spaces in form. Also at intervals over the clay floor I grouped bricks and flat stones with patches of green sod. From nearby woods I removed ferns of varied species, transplanting them into shaded and damp corners.

From the grounds of an old deserted house back in the country I transferred two clumps of ancient box, that had once been part of a hedge. They were extremely difficult to dig up, but I managed to get their tough roots with plenty of soil. I set each in a sheltered corner, and by keeping well watered all the season, they lived, grew and now give the appearance of having been there for a hundred years.

I grew rather tired of jumping down from the top of the walls and scrambling back, so I decided I'd have to build brick steps. Making many pilgrimages to a deserted homestead where practically all that remained was the fallen chimney, I gathered the best of the brick, and in one corner built the steps. I do not profess to have any of the skill of a mason, as one could easily judge by viewing the finished job. The most I can say is that there they are, four of them, rather highly spaced, rough and crooked, but strong and lasting as the rock of Gibraltar.

I treated the corners of the steps in the same manner as I had the walls, making crevices and filling in with soil and plants. In making these I at least had plenty of advice and criticism, for about half the small town's inhabitants watched the process and as they passed would stop and make a few suggestions.

Now came a low picket fence around the top of the high walls. This I sawed out of most anything that

(Continued on page 25)





Spellman

Mrs. D. J. McNabb of Grosse Ile and her four attractive children.

SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

Bloomfield Hills

WITH the Hills people scattered here, there and everywhere, enjoying the lovely ocean breezes, sunning themselves on Florida beaches, climbing mountains in California and Arizona and riding in the Tennessee Fox Hunts, things have been decidedly quiet here socially.

After having had a delightful hunting trip south, the lure of the hunt has called them again and the following riders are again in Nashville: Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Slocum Nichols, Miss Ellen Skae, Miss Frances Alger, Miss Viola Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams C. Harris have taken an apartment in the Wardell for the winter months. Mr. Harris is visiting his son and daughter-in-law in the west.

Miss Rollins, who left early in the month for a visit in California, was the honor guest at a dinner given by Mrs. Frederick H. Rollins at her home, "Red Gables."

Mr. Horace Shaw of "Whysall" entertained at a supper party for eight, the guests included Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grindley, Mr. Bartlet Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Carol Darmstaetter, Miss Nerissa Fitzsimmons, and Mr. Howard Collins. Miss Elizabeth Shaw is a guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hauss, in Century, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mantell, Jr., have been entertaining two very charming and talented guests in their home on Lone Pine Road. In honor of Mrs. Jane Murfin and Mrs. Clara Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Man-

tell entertained the following guests at luncheon: Mrs. Howard G. Smith, Mrs. John Dutton, Mrs. Bert Morley, Mrs. Edward Holtzman, Mrs. Thomas Usher, Mrs. George Linton, Mrs. John Braffet, Mrs. George Crittenden, Mrs. Sterling Prees.

After a delightful trip to Cuba, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Traub have returned to Florida, where they will be for a short time before going to Augusta. Before returning home in April Mrs. Traub will spend some time in Asheville, N. C., where she will be joined by her sister, Mrs. Smith, of Birmingham, and her son, Bradford Smith.

Miss Janet Skae has carried off the honors as the most popular "deb," having received three of the most coveted collegiate invitations of the season. Miss Skae attended the Cornell Prom, going from there to New Haven, where she was a guest at the Yale Prom, and returning home in time to go to Ann Arbor for the J Hop.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour, their daughter, Miss Ella, and their son, William, have returned home from a trip east.

Mrs. Charles K. Backus was hostess at a luncheon at the Bloomfield Hills Club, in honor of Mrs. William P. Holliday and

Mrs. W. A. C. Miller, who left recently for a trip to Florida.

The marriage of Miss Julia Elizabeth Pickard, daughter of Dr. Matthew Waldemar Pickard of Kansas City, to Mr. Howarth Widman Gnau, son of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gnau, of Bloomfield Hills, took place in Kansas City on February 26th.



Mary Carlton, the charming younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seldon Dickinson of Cloverly Road, Grosse Pointe Farms. The puppy is called "Finlay."

Bachrach



Mr. William P. Lerchen of Long Lake Road, Bloomfield Hills, and his two young sons.

An engagement of interest is that of Miss Eleanor Malow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Malow, to Mr. Robert Marshall Halstead, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn D. Halstead, of Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills.

Senator and Mrs. James Couzens, who have had a very busy social season in Washington, gave the last of several dinner parties on Wednesday evening, February 16th, when they entertained 22 guests in honor of the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Padelli.

Miss Madelaine Couzens has returned to Washington after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Couzens.

The clubhouse just completed for the members of the Western Golf and Country Club is most attractive and has already been the scene of some delightful entertainments. The first affair in the house was the dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Sherman R. Miller, Jr. The low rambling rooms were most effectively decorated with spring flowers. Tall tapers lighted the tables and were also used in the lounge.

Quite as lovely as the Miller dance was the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gunther. The tables on this occasion were lovely with tulips in soft pastel shades. After dinner music and bridge amused the guests.

Grosse Pointe

Mrs. William Hendrie was the honor guest at a large luncheon given for her at the Grosse Pointe Club by Mrs. Edward A. Barnes, February 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie will sail on March 5th for

England on the Olympic. While there they will attend the Grand National Steeplechase races in Aintree, later going to France and Scotland, where they will spend some time.

Miss Anne Russel was widely feted before leaving for a trip abroad: a charming luncheon was given for her at the Grosse Pointe Club by Mrs. William J. Gray, and Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry, Jr., entertained at luncheon in her home for Miss Russel. In the party with Miss Russel are Mrs. Walter Russel, Miss Kitty Russel and Miss Elizabeth Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Colburn Standish gave a very delightful dinner, February 12, followed by bridge in their new home on Lakeland Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Jean Donald, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Donald, and Mr. Hendrick Pieter von Gelder of Amsterdam, Holland, and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, which took place on February 23rd, was the culmination of a romance which began two years ago when Miss Donald was traveling with her parents in South America. Miss Donald was one of the most attractive girls in the social set and will be greatly missed. It will be remembered that at the dance given by Mrs. Edsel Ford for the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness showed a decided preference for Miss Donald, in fact, danced almost all of the dances with her.

The wedding took place in the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church and was very lovely. A reception for the relatives and a very few friends was held in the home of the bride's parents in the Indian Village Manor, after the ceremony.

Sailing early this month for England will be an enthusiastic group of riders from our Hunt Clubs, the steeplechase races which take place every spring in the delightful little town of Aintree being the attraction. Among those who will enjoy this event will be Col. and Mrs. Frederick Alger, Miss Frances Alger, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hammond, Miss Viola Hammond. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hewitt Brown and their daughter, Olive Ann, who have been cruising in the Mediterranean, will join this group in Aintree.

A very attractive and jolly dinner-dance was given on Monday, February 21st, at the Lochmoor Club by Mr. and Mrs. James D. Standish.

The beautiful new Grosse Pointe Club has been the scene of many lovely luncheons and dinners since the opening. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hewitt Brown were

guests of honor at several of the dinners and Mrs. Brown was quite overwhelmed with the amount of praise she received because of having supervised the decorations and furnishing of the club house, which is unusually attractive. A subscription dinner for 34 guests, given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, was especially lovely.

Engagements always cause a flutter of excitement and especially so when the young couple are as popular as Miss Florence Bodman and Mr. William Howie Muir have been with the younger set. Miss Bodman, who is the daughter of the Henry Bodmans, made her debut four years ago and since then has been very active in society and in Junior League work. Mr. Muir is a delightful chap and a splendid horseman, having won many laurels on the Polo field. Mr. Muir is a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Howie Muir, of Ridge Road, Grosse Pointe Farms.

After a very delightful cruise to the West Indies, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ledyard, Miss Mary Ledyard and Miss Annette Woodruff have returned home.

Dr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Walker and their daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Beech Waterman, are still in southern climes. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Dwyer, who had planned to take the West Indies trip, were obliged to remain at home on account of an accident to Mr. Dwyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel L. Stockard are occupying their lovely new home on Lakeland Avenue.

Birmingham

The Village Players quite outshone themselves the past month. Their choice of plays proved to be very attractive and the casting and directing was well done. Especially enjoyed was the sketch written by Mr. Rolf C. Spinning, "A Valentine Interlude," Booth Tarkington's "Trysting Place," and "The Mirage" were also given.

On Valentine's day a masquerade dance was given by the younger set in the Playhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. James Beresford have returned from Atlanta, after a visit with Mr. Beresford's parents.

Mrs. N. L. Pierson of Madison Avenue entertained at a bridge luncheon and also at a dinner party honoring her sister, Mrs. Archibald Stuart of Cincinnati, who has been her guest.

The February meeting of the Thursday Musical Club was held in the home of Mrs. J. A.

Gilroy of Dorchester Road. The program was given by Mrs. Frederick E. Boynton, Mrs. Ward Cruickshank and Mrs. Lawrence.

A number of the young married set from Birmingham were guests at a jolly dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Rosso of Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Shipman have left for the West, where they will travel for a few weeks through California.

Mr. and Mrs. David Raymond Ballentine of Madison Avenue are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Anne.

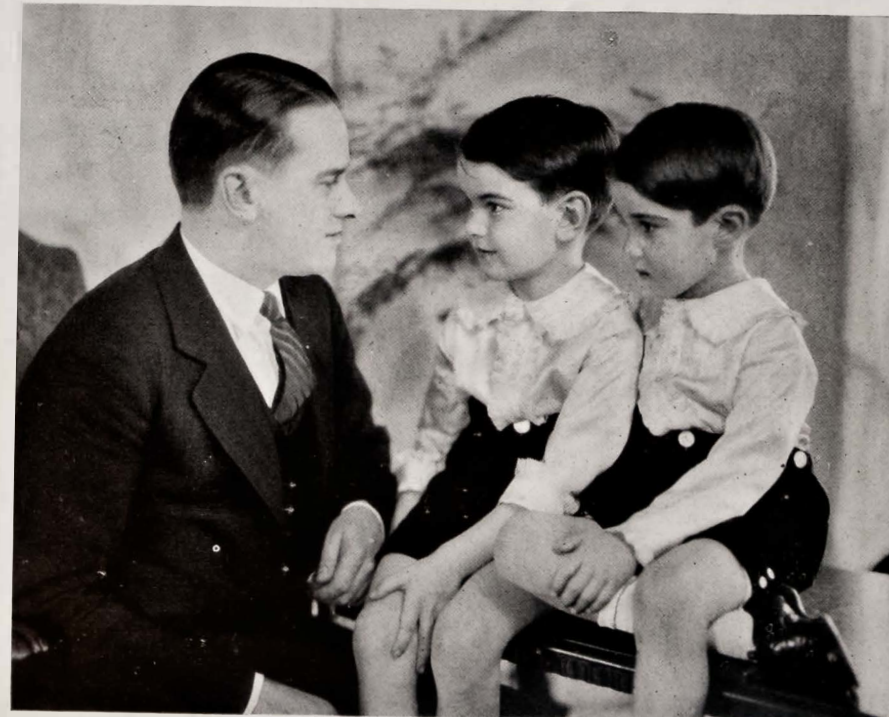
In order to raise \$200 needed for the student fund of Birmingham in behalf of the American Association of University Women, bridge parties were given during February by Mrs. Leigh B. Lynch, Mrs. Arthur J. Halgren, Mrs. Frederick A. Healy, Mrs. W. A. P. John and Mrs. William Blythe.

Clubs

Very beautiful in its appointments and perhaps the largest club event of the season was the dinner-dance given at the Book-Cadillac in February by the National Town and Country Club. Tables were arranged in cabaret fashion in the grand and crystal ballrooms and two orchestras played during the evening.

The ball given by the Pine Lake Country Club at the Book-Cadillac was a very lovely affair, as was the dinner-dance at the same hotel given in the Italian Gardens by the Plumb Hollow Club. Birch Hill also entertained at a dinner-dance at the Detroit Yacht Club during the past month.

(Continued on page 18)



Mr. Harry Mack of Paritan Road, Birmingham, and his little sons, Joseph II and Harry, Jr. Their grandfather is Mr. Joseph Mack of Bloomfield.

The Hotel Apartment as a Town House

Specifically, the Apartment of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Skelton
at The Whittier

By JESSAMINE H. JOHNSON

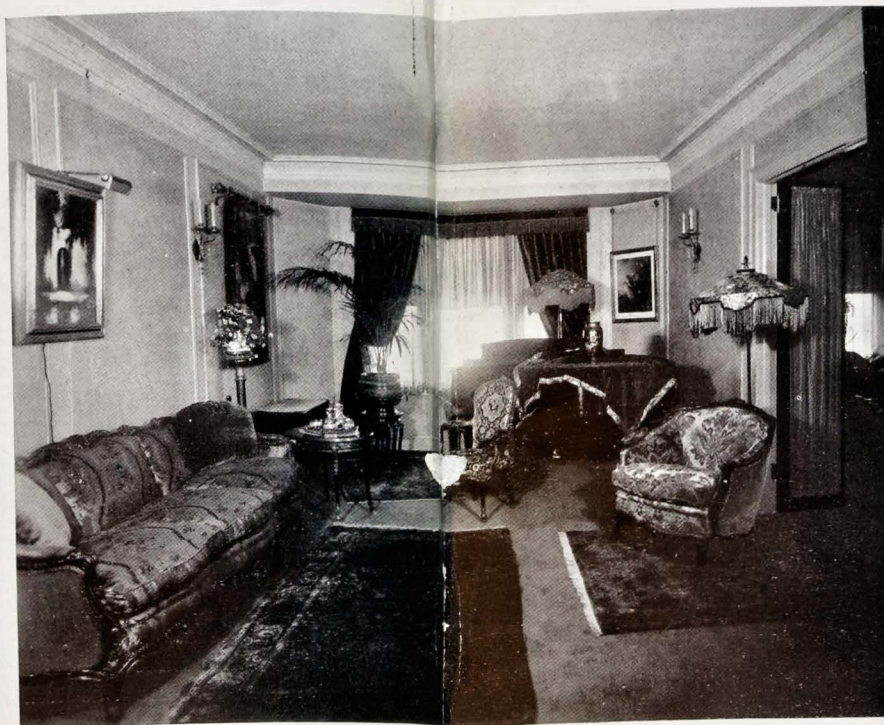
PEOPLE who like to live in the country most of the time are becoming more and more concerned with the details and comfort of the hotel apartment which now takes the place of the more spacious but more burdensome town house of a decade ago. This fact is true of Mr. and Mrs. O. Raymond Skelton, who have recently finished decorating and furnishing an apartment at The Whittier. The owners were the joint Aladdins, while the Genii are Mr. E. S. Jackson and his assistants of the Penrose Studios, who have brought beautifully designed furniture and fair rich silks to adorn the rooms. Here is the description:

As you enter the hall of bronze, green and gold, you see a marquetry table over which is hung a mirror set in one of Oscar Bach's gorgeous hand wrought frames and reflecting softly colored lamps, one a glass peacock in whose tail gleam iridescent jewels. At either side of the living room door is a wrought brass torchier, scarcely concealed by the soft green velvet curtains lined with burnished gold velvet.

Through the living room door we step into the atmosphere of the Fifteenth Century in France when Louis was known as le Grand Monarque. With his advent a more intimate style of living is marked, a banishing of vast rooms and halls that were the scenes of great pageants and state gatherings, and a welcoming of the age of boudoirs and withdrawing rooms.

In the living room we receive the delightful impression of the perfect adaptability of an old and elegant style to modern needs. At the windows gold silk glass curtains hang straight to the sills, lighting the rooms with a soft amber glow, which brings the piano and larger pieces of furniture into bold relief. Against the left wall is a sofa of gold and amethyst brocade,

while a Gondola begere with carved back is drawn up near a Renaissance Bouillotte table, marble-topped, upon which rests a coffee set of Monti di Capi



The living room (above) is elegant in every detail of fine damasks, rug, and furniture.



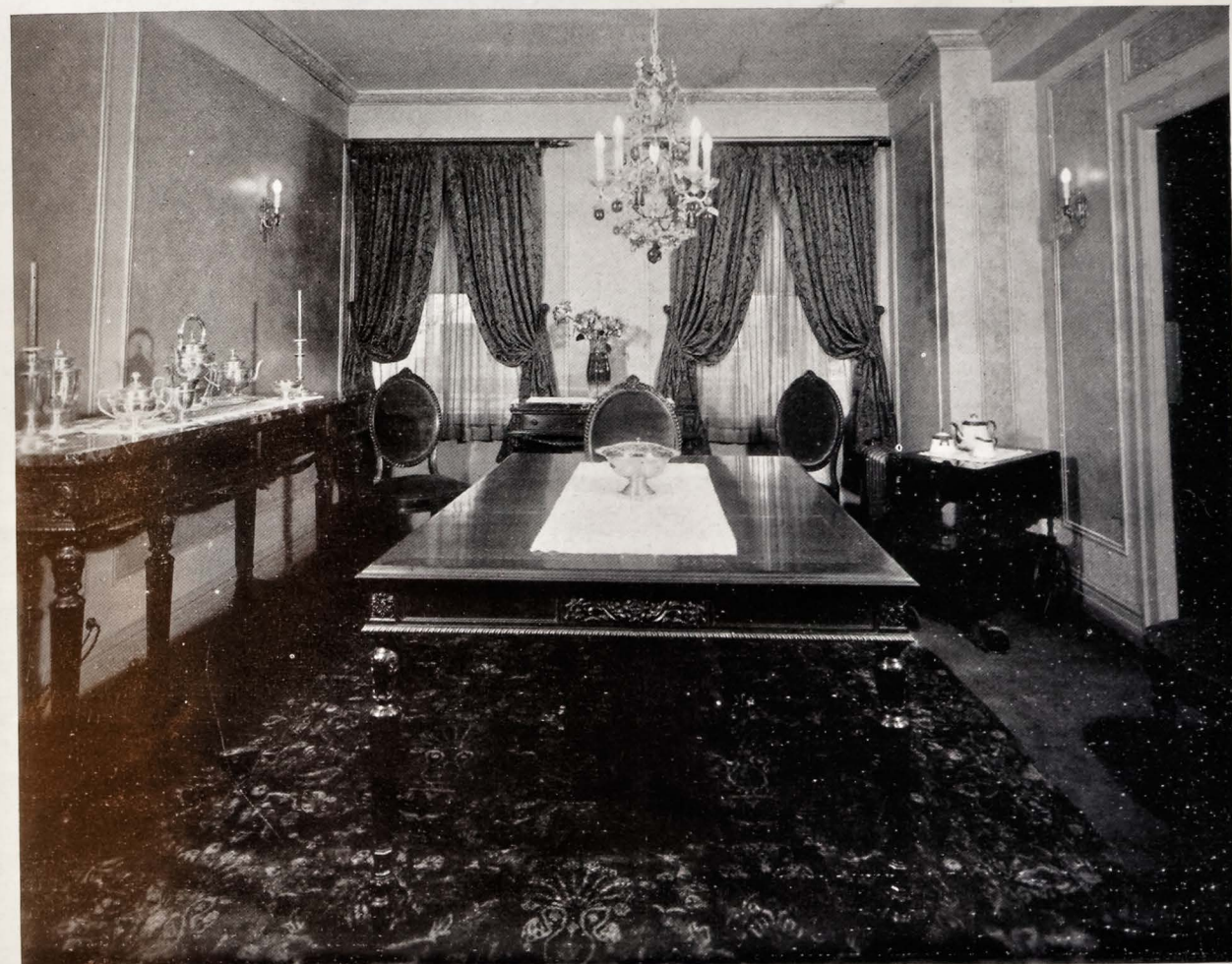
The bed room (at the left) is intimate and amethyst, with Louis XVI carved furniture in walnut.

in rose, gold and blue. A cabriolet arm chair of carved walnut and blue brocade is near the door leading into the sun room. Beside the windows stand a huge bronze jardiniere, contrasting its metallic shadows with an exquisite rosewood cabinet whose finely grained door is embellished with hand painted insert. The one gorgeous note of color in the living room is the piano throw of orange velvet and gold braid.

In the sun room there are rainbow-tinted curtains at the windows which command the full sweep of the river far below. Here the furniture is painted and the hangings are of green and gold silks. Consoles, small tables for new books, desk, radio and a canary as golden as the sun, make this room a bright retreat.

In the dining room we find a beautiful severity. At the windows hang damask of gold and amethyst. The hand carved walnut furniture consists of highly polished dining table, a china cupboard, an Arlesian buffet-credence and serving table, both marble-topped. Medallion-backed arm chairs in velvet and a self-toned rug create a conservative harmony, whose highlights are crystal chandeliers, and a Lady Constance silver serving set flanked by two antique twisted candlesticks in silver. Mats and runners of cream Normandie lace are used on the table and side tables to soften the brilliance of the bare wood.

In the bedroom the same colors are dominant. It is indeed a room in which to dream, with its Louis XVI hand carved furniture and soft colors. The bed is draped in shot silk, the spread trimmed with French lace and pastel ribbon in love knots; at the bedside is a closed armoire and arranged about the room are dressing table, chiffoniere, commode and wardrobe designed in half moon shape, a toilet arm chair and a small bergere filled with tiny cushions of Normandie lace. French mirrors with carved pediments hang on the walls. The bed curtains and window drapes are held back by painted French flower stops. A large rug covers the floor and one must not forget the poupee which sits facing the door as if ever watching for the entrance of the blue-eyed, fair-haired mistress of this charming room.



The dining room (at the right) is finished with beautiful severity.

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Scarab Club is Holding Marine Show

THE SCARAB CLUB Marine Show will open Monday, March 7th, and will remain on exhibition for three weeks. Among the artists contributing are George Styles, John Morse, F. S. Nixon and Paul Honore. The club galleries, at 253 Forest Avenue East, will be open to the public every afternoon from two until four.

George Styles was born in England and studied at Passmore Edwards Institute and the Arts and Crafts in London. He also studied Architecture and Decorating at the London County Council School of Building. He came to Detroit in 1913 and studied at the Detroit School of Design and with George Elmer



"Drifting," by George Styles.

Brown in New York and Provincetown. His favorite subject is the wild and rugged coast of Cornwall and Devon and he instils into his canvases the rugged beauty and glorious color of the "Delectable Duchy" and its neighboring county and the spirit of the wild tempestuous seas which beat upon their shores.

Floyd S. Nixon is head of the Art Department of the Free Press. His paintings are particularly of ships and the like, as he spends most of his summers at Provincetown and Gloucester. A painter of the more Academic type, his canvases must be appreciated from the standpoint of tonality and a rather sentimentally symbolic mood.

Paul Honore has an enviable reputation in the two fields of woodblock illustration and mural decoration and because of his success in these two mediums his easel pictures are unusually rare. His boldness in the use of color and the virility of his composition prove him to be a worthy pupil of that great master, Frank Brangwyn.

John Morse is particularly interested in painting the rocky coast of New England. He possesses a rare color sense which he combines with splendid draughtsmanship to produce paintings of singular vitality.

Garden Hints for March

By FRED C. ROTH

In the Greenhouse or Hotbed:

Start seeds of perennial flowers. Some varieties, as pinks, sweet william, golden marguerite and Iceland poppy, will bloom the first year from early sown seed.

Start seeds of annual flowers so as to get a longer flowering season. Try China asters, salvia, snapdragons, zinnias, petunias, lobelias and verbenas.

Start seeds of tomatoes, egg-plants, peppers, cabbage, onions, head lettuce and beets for early crops.

In the Orchard:

Prune all fruit before growth starts. Apples, pears, plums, and cherries should be pruned moderately. Peaches and grapes should be pruned severely.

Spray the dormant trees with lime sulphur solution, diluted 1 to 9. This is to kill the scale insects and also disease spores which are lodged on the bark.

On the Home Grounds:

Prune the late flowering shrubs as hydrangeas and altheas (rose of Sharon). Thin out the old wood and cut back the remaining wood.

Other shrubs which have not been pruned regularly and are full of old wood, would be benefited by some pruning now. Thin out by removing the old wood entirely. As a general rule, Spring flowering shrubs should be pruned directly after blooming.

Bring into the house branches of early flowering shrubs, as forsythia, lilac, pussy-willow, flowering plum, flowering peach, and place them in water to force into bloom.

Spray shrubs as lilac, dogwood and flowering quince, with lime sulphur solution, diluted 1 to 9, if scale is present.

Plan now for future plantings or for changes in the existing plantings and record them on paper. The planting season is relatively short and there is little time then for planning. A well designed planting is far more effective and pleasing to the eye than a hit-and-miss planting.

If you have not a flower garden or a flower border, plan to have one this year, and you will be more than rewarded for your efforts. They require but a little regular attention and your reward will be an abundance of blooms for show and for cutting, besides the satisfaction of having accomplished something new and worthwhile.



The entrance to the home of Mr. R. P. Cole on Buckingham Road, Birmingham. The planting was done by the Pontiac Nurseries.

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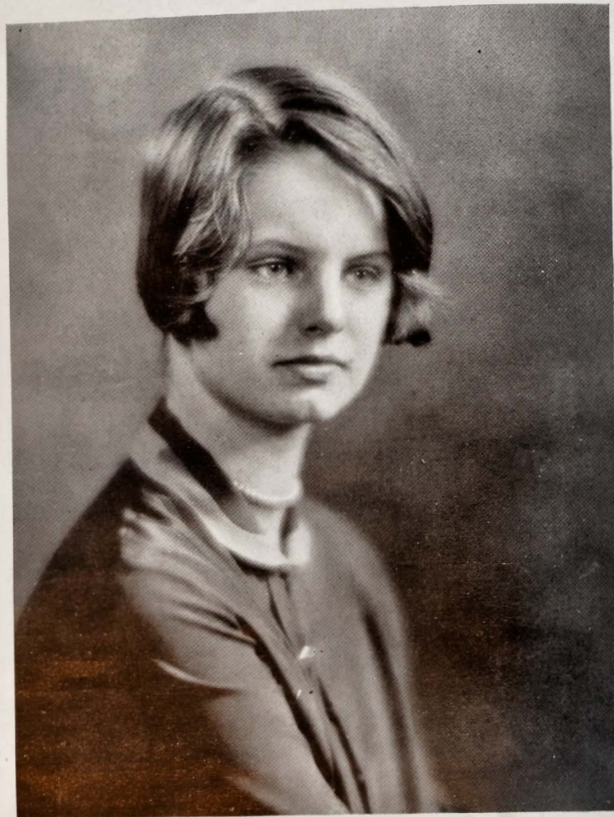
(Continued from page 13)

The Detroit Riding and Hunt Club have started their Junior riders off for the season by giving one of the merriest of picnics. This affair in the form of a box luncheon took place on Wednesday, February 16th. The luncheon boxes were sold to the highest bidder, each gentleman having supper with the lady who had donated the box. The proceeds will be used to buy prizes for the youngsters at their weekly rides.

A musical ride took place after supper and from now on will be a weekly event.

Rochester

In the recent death of Dr. Francis Duffield, Rochester lost one of its most enthusiastic exponents of country life. Dr. Duffield was never happier than when he could steal even a few hours from his work and run out to Stoney Creek Farm, near Rochester. Dr. Duffield will be greatly missed, not only by his friends, but by the many who depended upon him for professional



Lee F. Redman

Miss Leah Baldwin's home is at Wing Lake. She is a Junior at the Liggett School.

advice. I cannot resist quoting from a very sincere tribute written by Mrs. George H. Barbour, Jr., and published in The Detroit Saturday Night. Mrs. Barbour says: "Few books of life can turn the last page with as honest, clean and unselfish a record as that of Dr. Francis Duffield. Unswerving and sincere in purpose, no matter what obstacles confronted him personally or professionally, he was as steadfast and courageous in the face of defeat as success. So he stood like a rock to his many patients, to whom he was always a faithful, sympathetic counselor and friend."

Miss Ada Freeman and Miss Dorothy Brown are returning this week from a delightful trip to the West Indies, Panama and Havana.

Bridge teas, bridge luncheons and dinner parties followed by bridge, have kept the social set busy during the past month.

Mrs. Homer V. Sipperly's bridge-tea, given at her home, was one of the loveliest and also the largest of the season. The tables at which covers were laid for four were decorated with sweet peas in pastel shades.

Mrs. Morgan J. Smeed gave a very delightful luncheon at her country home near Rochester. Mrs. Thomas B. Long was hostess

at a buffet supper for twenty-four. Another jolly supper party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Roy G. Upton and Mr. and Mrs. Glen A. Warren.

Romeo

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Evans left February 8th for a two months' stay in San Diego, California.

Mrs. Arabella Chubb celebrated her 82nd birthday anniversary February 2nd at her home on West St. Clair Street, surrounded by her children and grandchildren.

Mrs. W. F. Millen entertained at a bridge luncheon February 10th.

Mrs. W. M. Beatty and daughter, Frances, of Defiance, Ohio, have been the guests of Mrs. Beatty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Beemer.

Mount Clemens

Mrs. Reuben C. Ullrich entertained at a tea Wednesday, February 9th, at her home on South Gratiot Avenue, complimentary to her guest, Mrs. Richard Leuschner of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Stewart gave a dinner, February 5th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer J. Dalby, who will spend the remaining cold months in Florida.

Mrs. Alfred N. Shotwell was hostess at a luncheon on Monday, February 7th, at her home on the Lake Shore Road.

Among those who attended the J-Hop at the University of Michigan were the Misses Marion and Madelyn Dankers, Charlotte Hubbard, Kate Brennan, Helen Stockwell and Ruth Champagne.

Mrs. Harry Hamilton was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Cass Avenue on February 5th.

Mrs. Herbert A. Dodge, of Chicago, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. C. Holtz of Lincoln Avenue.

Mrs. Oswald Fleumer of South Wilson Boulevard entertained at a bridge luncheon February 11th.

Miss Katherine Melcher was hostess at a luncheon, February 15th, at her home on Cass Avenue.

Mrs. Sidney Tinkler and Mrs. J. A. Hartung entertained at two bridge luncheons, which were held at the home of the former on Floral Avenue, the afternoons of February 23rd and 25th.

Grosse Ile

Interest for the past month has centered around the new dramatic club. Not only have the members been working hard to perfect themselves in their parts, but they have been taking trips to nearby towns to observe just how the other amateur clubs do things.

Mrs. Frederick P. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson, John Porterwest, Mrs. John Mayers, Mrs. E. Porterwest, Dr. and Mrs. M. William Clift and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Anderson recently attended a performance given by the Ypsilanti Players in their theatre in Ypsilanti. The Islanders are giving two short plays this month, "Fancy Free" and "The Dear Departed."

Several delightful affairs have been given for Mrs. Elmore Staples of Wyckliff, B. C., who has been visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson. Mrs. Kenneth Laub was hostess at a charming luncheon for Mrs. Staples recently.

Mrs. Keene Richards of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth T. White, was the honor guest at a supper party given by her hosts and was also entertained delightfully at tea by Mrs. John Charles Wright, and at a dinner given by Mrs. Frederick S. Glover.

Mrs. Ralph Upson, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Allen, of Sharpsburg, Ky., will return home this week.



Wild Mallard ducks that have been wintering with Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Bolton at their home, "Shady Hills," on the Fourteen Mile Road, near Franklin Village.

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It is to your benefit to consult with us now. The additional time and study we can give to your problems during this month is of definite value to you, and by using this service now, you can take full advantage of the spring season as we will be ready to start your work the very first days suitable.

You will save time and money and get better results by planning now. Give us the opportunity to explain our service to you. A 'phone call is all that is necessary. The time to call is today when it is fresh in your mind.

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Ceramic Art in America

(Continued from page 5)

not by learning formula or studying chemistry, but by endless experiments with the action of heat upon certain ingredients."

A thousand considerations enter into the making of a beautiful piece of pottery—the quality of the clay itself, the atmosphere of the day, the chemical constituency of the glaze, and the way in which one glaze affects another. All of these things condition the results.

It was through a profound knowledge of all these conditions that the ancients produced their glorious colorings.

Now it is true that the Americans have neither the time nor the temper to achieve this perfection. Furthermore Professor Binns points out they have not the incentive. For producing these rare glazes is purely an art, not an industry. It can never be put on a paying basis.

For that reason Professor Binns explains that it is not strictly true to say that we today could not recapture these effects which are no longer produced.

"I believe," he says, "that if it meant as much to Americans as some new invention, as the finding of a cheaper better way to make steel, or as the saving of life, we could find this secret."

"Suppose, for instance, that American capital suddenly decided that it would find the old sang-de-boef glaze," suggested Professor Binns. "If fortunes were spent in experiments I feel sure that American science could master this so-called lost art and the elusive combinations of mineral substances applied at just the right degree of heat would be rediscovered.

"But as yet we have lacked the incentive to search till we find it.

"A famous French ceramist once spent a small fortune in experimenting with the old Chinese sang-de-boef glaze. In the end he destroyed his work and gave up the search. But that does not prove that modern science could not find it, any more than we have as yet proved that we can not find a cancer cure."

This, however, is only one phase of a large matter. Considering American pottery as a whole it must be said that it gives a very good account of itself.

It must be remembered, however, that there are two principle divisions of the ceramic art. These divisions are represented by stoneware and porcelain, both high-fire or high temperature products, and by faience or pottery of a softer base, which is produced at a lower temperature.



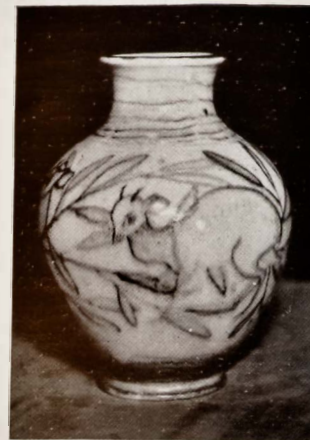
A Robineau jar.

By far the more complicated and difficult form of ceramics is that which must be produced by means of the high temperature. In this field we must say at the outset that America does not attempt to compete with Europe.

We have only one notable example of stoneware, a forerunner of porcelain, and that is the product of Professor Binns. His work stands alone in America in that it is a high fire product, and hence made of a very hard substance. This naturally means that he can achieve certain beautiful glazes which can not be produced at a lower temperature.

Table porcelain is a more refined form of stoneware, a product which must also be made under a very high temperature.

While we make a great deal of good china in this country, most laymen do not realize that we make practically no porcelain. The art is tedious, costly and difficult, and the price of manufacture in this country, where labor costs are tremendous, would be almost prohibitive. The waste, especially at first, in experimenting with the manufacture of fine porcelain would be another deterring item, though it is by no means improbable that Americans may some day undertake to manufacture their own porcelain.



A Rookwood jar.

At present, however, practically no table porcelain is made in America, and only one potter, Mrs. Adelaide Robineau of Syracuse, N. Y., has undertaken to create decorated vases and bowls of this material.

Mrs. Robineau has achieved fine results, not only in making fine hard porcelain, but in producing exquisite effects in her fine crackle and crystalline glazes. The crystalline glaze, a term freely used by potters, refers to the presence of certain minerals which are known to crystalize under certain heat conditions.

These crystalized forms are always more or less the result of chance. At least their shape, color and position on the vase is wholly beyond the control of the potter. That crystal markings will form he may surmise from the ingredients of his glaze. Just how they will form and how marked they will be, he can never be sure.

But it is in the field of faience or pottery of a softer base that American potters challenge the product of Europe.

This country, it is true, produces nothing to compare with the fine porcelains of Copenhagen or Sevres. But our low-temperature faience now being made by scores of artists and potters does not

(Continued on next page)



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Ceramic Art in America

(Continued from preceding page)

suffer by comparison with that of European artists.

Some idea of the extent of this activity in America may be gained from the fact that more than fifty exhibitors were entered in the recent exhibition of ceramic artists which was held last month at the Detroit Society of Arts and Crafts in connection with the annual convention of the American Ceramic Association. Here were beautiful examples of the work of groups, individual artists, factories and schools, much of it of real beauty and excellence.

Spirited little figurines by Pittsburgh High school students, were seen, as well as colorful bowls and vases by several social center groups; the suave and faultless work of the Rookwood pottery, one of the most famous in America, the highly individual work of H. Varnum Poore, the painter, and equalling, if not topping the best, the varied showing of Detroit's own Pewabic pottery made by Mary Chase Stratton.

It is always permissible to wonder in such a case, whether beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder and if this home product only seems fine to those of us who know it well, but do not know what else is being produced throughout the length and breadth of the country. That kind of complacency is not only natural, but even excusable, since it is often born of affection and interest.

But this exhibition of American pottery, in which the Pewabic specimens took their place with the exhibits from fifty other kilns, served to demonstrate that we who live in this part of the country, are not victims of interested prejudice when we value the output of the Pewabic potteries as ranking with the finest work in America. The recent exhibition utterly dispelled any such fear of provincial complacency. The beautiful glazes, the dignified and restrained shapes, the subtle and delicate colorings, both in lustre, iridescent and crystalline effects which were to be found in the fine specimens from Mrs. Stratton's studios marked them as among the finest achievement of American ceramic art.

Mrs. Stratton, like Professor Binns, is primarily concerned with form and color. Neither of them display much interest in pattern, preferring to decorate their pieces only with the perfect abstraction of color and form.

H. Varnum Poore, on the other hand, approaches the problem primarily from a painter's point of view.

His most distinctive contribution is in the field of applied design, which he achieves partly by a faintly incised line and mostly by an underglaze painting.

Of his own work Mr. Poore writes: "The forms and simplifications of modern painting are largely drawn from the forms and simplifications arrived at in other less suave materials than paint and canvas. The sharp color divisions of mosaics, the severe simplifications of early wood and stone carvings, have greatly influenced modern painters.

"Distortions, so disconcerting in an easel picture, have a sense of rightness when arrived at through

the demands of proper space filling in decorative art. I believe that the natural development of modern art lies in a closer application of things more related to everyday use. In this direction the artist escapes the devitalizing isolation of the studio and finds in the appropriate materials those inherent limitations and demands which give a sense of necessity and fitness to the completed form.

"Making clay into decorated pottery completes a cycle, a beginning and end, form and enrichment controlled by the artist.

"The method of this pottery is very simple. Under-glaze decoration on a white clay slip over a coarse pottery body is the method of the old Persians, simple technically, yet bothersome and requiring a skill in manipulation which made it long discarded in modern factory practice. The white slip is applied over the ware and fired. The decoration is then carried out on this ground in various metallic oxides which develop their color only when fused with the clear over-glaze. The work must be sure and swift, as it can not be changed on the porous ground, the piece is completed in a second firing. The intense white heat at which this is carried out while restricting the range of colors imparts the depth, richness and brilliance characteristic of this ceramic method."

In one respect American potters have been more restrained than their European neighbors. Although pottery is essentially a matter of modeling and hence a process akin to sculpture, American sculptors for some reason hesitate to give their works permanence in ceramic form. They must see their figures preserved in marble, plaster or bronze, but seldom think of ceramics as a field for their endeavor. Thus we have fewer figure pieces in pottery in this country than we find in Europe. There are, of course, some brilliant exceptions to this generality.

Miss Elsie Binns, the daughter of Professor Binns referred to above, has created some charming small figures, and portraits. Mrs. Robert Bowditch Stow enters a tenderly modelled group of mother and child which resembles the achievements of some of the finest English potters in this field, and the Cowan potteries enter the field of ceramic figures with an amusing group of modern studies, which have been made after the sculptured models of the Russian artist, Alexander Blasys.

Thus, American potters have been able to produce not only pleasing effects in color and applied decoration, but some really distinguished achievements in the field of ceramic art.

Our Error

The Packard-Charlton Building Company have requested us to make the following explanation regarding their ad in our last issue. The words "Leading Builders of Bloomfield Hills" were inserted by our advertising department without the knowledge of the Packard-Charlton Building Company, who state that they do not wish to have the appearance of making such extravagant claims. The wording should have been General Builders—Bloomfield Hills and Birmingham.

Bloomfield Village



Life at its Very Best

LIFE assumes a sunnier aspect in Bloomfield Village, with its clear, pure air, its nearby forests and lakes. Here, in an environment of exclusiveness, of unmatched natural charm, are unsurpassed health and recreational advantages. Here indeed is life at its very best!

Along the winding drives of this delightful residence community, fourteen prominent Detroit families have already built their attractive homes. A number of the most coveted homesites, none less than 75-foot front, overlook the north course of the Oakland Hills Country Club. These are now available for as little as \$27.50 a month!

Bloomfield Village lies on West Maple Road, adjacent to the western limits of Birmingham. It is the largest single development in the real Bloomfield Hills area; and a half million dollar improvement program is making it the most completely improved. The entire community is protected by rigid use and building restrictions.

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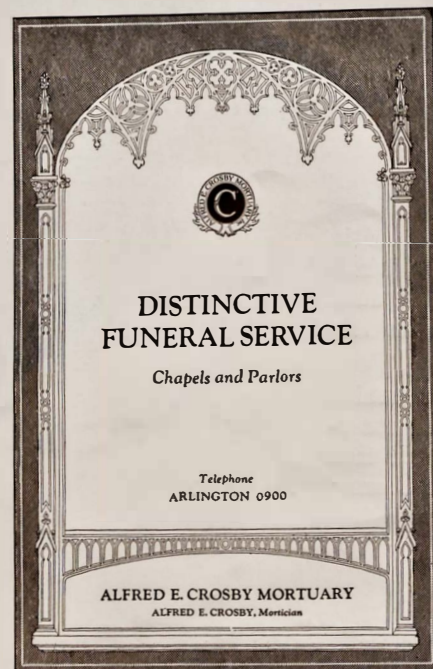
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Packard-Charlton Building Co.

B I R M I N G H A M



The Cranbrook School

(Continued from page 4)

War. There are two boys in the Stevens family, one of whom will enter the Cranbrook School this fall. The other, now an art student in Pratt Institute, will continue his art studies in Detroit.

In its attention to the neglected science of astronomy and in its emphasis upon art education, the new school will be distinctive. But in other ways it aspires to be exceptional without sacrifice of the proper attention to conventional subjects.

Speaking for himself and for the faculty which he is engaged in organizing, Dr. Stephens, while on a visit to the school, said:

"Cranbrook School is not to be 'just another prep school' through which boys can be shoe-horned into college for a price. Boys will be prepared for the colleges of their choice, and for passing the College Board examinations, of course; but that will not be the chief aim.

"For some reason it is taken for granted that one must wait to go to college to begin acquiring a liberal education. As a matter of fact, much can be done to open the mind to the wonders of the world, both past and present, when boys are in their most impressionable years, long before they graduate from high school. It will be the main purpose of Cranbrook School to stimulate new interests, develop latent talents, and to emphasize the values of life that are not to be measured in tons or dollars. This is a far more difficult and important thing to achieve than a hundred per cent record in passing College Board examinations.

"The school will be decidedly a progressive school, in the sense that it will be alert to make use of every good thing in modern educational methods, but it will not be a radical school; nor will it be constricted by dedication to any particular 'plan.' Boys who come to Cranbrook will not be regarded as convenient laboratory specimens on whom novel ideas may be tried out at the expense of their preparation for college or for life. There is such a thing, even in education, as holding fast to that which is good.

"The men who form the faculty will be chosen as representatives of both the famous traditions of Eastern preparatory schools and the newer tendencies of public and private school education in the West. And they will be selected not because of scholarly degrees that look well in a school catalogue, but because of their fitness for the large task of the school. They will be men of exceptional personality who understand boys and are their natural leaders. And they will be men whose influence extends beyond the classrooms; men who can teach the technic of a game and the spirit of true sportsmanship on the athletic field, as well as instruct in an academic subject in the schoolroom. In fact, athletics will be entirely in the hands of the faculty; the boys in Cranbrook School will have no contact with the spirit of professionalism. The recreational periods, a very important part of the school program, will be directed toward the development of the individual boy, physically, mentally, socially and spiritually. Every one will participate in games, to this end, which we believe more important than the winning of championships by a chosen few specially trained.

"East and West, educators are returning to the importance of what is called 'character building,' and giving it a new emphasis. Since it is the atmosphere in which boys live that sets their standards, it is our purpose to have the men who come in contact with them constantly exemplify what goes to make a gentleman in the finest sense of the word. Discipline will be directed to produce self-discipline, which is responsibility.

"Cranbrook School is affiliated with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Michigan, but it has before it an aim to create for the boy a religious and moral atmosphere that is in no way sectarian. In the terms of the deed of trust, 'It is the donors' purpose and wish that the school shall not be limited to boys of any particular denomination or creed.' In both spiritual and academic programs, it is also the expressed wish of the donors that it should 'have the benefit of the best traditions that have come down from similar undertakings in the past and of a vision of the future, the spirit of progress, open-minded in matters of education and religion.'

"Primarily Cranbrook School intends serving the needs of the metropolitan area surrounding Detroit; but boarding accommodations make possible the extension of this service not only to the youth of Michigan but to boys from any part of the country, or the world, who wish to avail themselves of its facilities. The opportunity for students from widely distributed homes to fraternize at the school will be of great educational advantage. The administration, realizing that some parents will wish such an arrangement, is making provision whereby students whose homes are not too distant, and who maintain good scholastic records, may be on a five-day boarding basis, spending week-ends at home."

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In the guidance of the spiritual lives of the boys, Dr. Stevens will have the counsel and guidance of Dr. S. S. Marquis, rector of Christ Church. Cranbrook, who is ex-officio a member of both the Board of Trustees and the Board of Directors of the school. Christ Church, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, is being erected a third of a mile from the school site.

Oakland County residential communities are well represented in the governing boards of the institution.

The Board of Directors, charged with the management of Cranbrook School, consists of Dr. Stevens; William Frayer, professor of history at the University of Michigan; A. R. Glancy, vice-president and general manager of the Oakland Motor Car Division of the General Motors Corp.; Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, pastor of the Central Methodist Church and former president of Northwestern University; Henry S. Hulbert, judge of the Juvenile Court of Wayne County; Warren S. Booth, treasurer of The Detroit News; William G. Lerchen, vice-president of Watling, Lerchen & Co.; A. Douglas Jamieson, personnel director of the Union Trust Co.; William J. Norton, executive secretary of the Detroit Community Fund; H. Lynn Pierson, secretary-treasurer of the Detroit Harvester Co.; Cramer Smith, president of the Pontiac Commercial & Savings Bank; Morris P. Tilley, professor of English at the University of Michigan; Lee A. White, of the editorial staff of The Detroit News, and Dr. S. S. Marquis, rector of Christ Church, Bloomfield Hills.

Title to the school lands, buildings and physical properties is vested in a Board of Trustees, consisting of Charles S. Mott, vice-president of the General Motors Corp.; Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor and publisher of The American Boy; James T. Whitehead, president of Whitehead & Kales Co.; Pearson Wells, secretary-treasurer of the Dominion Forge Co.; Sidney T. Miller, attorney; Gustavus D. Pope, chairman of the Detroit Chapter of the American Red Cross; John W. Staley, president of the Peoples State Bank, and Dr. S. S. Marquis.

There is also an Advisory Board, consisting of the Rt. Rev. Herman Page, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan; Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of the University of Michigan, and Mr. George G. Booth.

How to Make a Garden in an Old Cellar-Hole

(Continued from page 9)

wasn't full of nails, painting it apple green to match the trimmings of the building. I also made a little swinging gate, and from this a short brick walk to connect with the steps.

The next idea to work out was the building of an arbor from the north wall half way into the garden. More trips into the country districts were necessary, on the lookout for old cedar rail fences that had outgrown their usefulness. They were as a rule found flat on the ground among grown-up shrubs and bushes, requiring an axe to get at. Age had made them a beautiful grey-green moss color, and turned them into a weird unusual sort of texture. They were, however, still strong and durable, and by placing them criss-cross on new cedar posts they made just the sort of an arbor that I wanted to go with the garden.

I dug up from around old stone walls roots of woodbine, trumpetvine, and honeysuckle, being very particular not to break or destroy the long trailers. These I transplanted into the earth above the arbor, entwining the ends in and out the rails, so that by mid-summer with the help of annual vines the arbor was quite densely covered. Under this I kept a long bench, a tea table and a few chairs.

In the dug-up spaces against the walls, where the sun could reach them, I planted phlox, hollyhocks, cosmos, petunias, bachelor buttons and sunflowers, so that there was something blooming all the season. A lady who had lived as a child in the house that covered the original cellar, used to come over often to see how things were progressing, and make amusing remarks like: "Well! I never thought I would live to see hollyhocks growing in the spot where my mother's preserve closet stood!"

Below and near the rear end of the garden I placed an inexpensive sun dial, the standard of which I picked up in a second-hand store—the sort of thing that probably stood in somebody's front hall a few years ago, with a marble bust adorning the top. I tinted this a green-gray, placing it solid in a cement base. At one high wall corner I put for a bird bath a shallow brown glazed pottery dish, the type that was used to bake an old fashioned clam pie for a large family.

Up high on the corner of the ell, facing the garden and silhouetted against the pond in the rear, I hung a rather interesting carved figure head which at one time was on the bow of an old Italian vessel that had been washed ashore in our neighborhood.

With the addition of hanging an old barn lantern and placing an interesting crock and jug or two about, the cellar garden is complete—until I have more ambition, more ideas and another spring.



THE McBRIDE HARDWARE CO. of Birmingham contains the largest and most representative stock of hardware of any concern in this section of the state. The business was started by Mr. McBride in 1918 at 106 North Woodward Avenue. Even his friends discouraged him in his venture, but having faith in the community around Birmingham and undaunted by his critics, he started in a small way at the above location. The business began to expand from the start and it was only a few years until Mr. McBride realized that he had outgrown his former location. He began looking around for larger quarters, which culminated in securing his present location.

Two years ago he incorporated his business, taking in his son, Russell, Nathan and Frank Harberson, Harry Bayley and Charles Parks, after which a new and modern building was erected upon the property purchased for that purpose, and is now occupied by the firm.

The new location gives the company a floor space of 9,300 square feet, including a four-story

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BIRMINGHAM



Two sections of the McBride Hardware Company's new quarters, giving some idea of the variety and extent of the new stock.



Arnold

The Soul of An Artist

(Continued from page 6)

Kloots were instantly snapped up by the ever-eager collectors. Books began to be written about the fellow. His life was dissected carefully by solemn gentlemen wearing funny rosettes in the lapels of their morning coats and many letters of the alphabet after their names. Subsequently his work was divided into periods and there was a fine sounding lot of argument, I can tell you, concerning his various "manners."

And now we come down to contemporary history. By a curious enough coincidence the soul of Van Kloot transmigrated—or whatever it is that happens to souls—into the body of a farm hand in South Dakota. I can't explain how it happened. I am only interested in the facts of the case. Also it so happened that the farmhand remembered that his soul had been that of Van Kloot, although he didn't know all that had been going on since Van Kloot's body had died, and been buried. The education of Dakotan farmhands very rarely takes them as far as sub-courses in the "Appreciation of Great Painters." Farmhands are very fortunate in many ways.

So the farmhand kept on farming until one fine spring day when the Rolls-Royce of the original picture dealer, who had discovered Van Kloot, ran out of gasoline at the exact spot in Dakota where the farmhand was at work. Of course, the two got into conversation and it was not long before the picture dealer, who was by this time Lord Lavender, O. B. E., etc., had told the farmhand all about the great Van Kloot. And after the gasoline had been brought the poor fellow went back into the shade of the tall corn to think it all out.

That anyone could possibly consider his pictures seriously as works of Art was just too much for him. He thought about it for several days and finally came to the conclusion that it was all a tremendous hoax, and that somehow Lord Lavender, O. B. E., etc., was responsible. He came to this conclusion, but being a simple-minded soul, he took it as a personal insult, instead of a good joke on people who could well afford to have jokes played on them. Of course, he was wrong either way and should have been very proud and happy to know that mankind had progressed so far up the scale that what had once been despised by pawn-brokers was now honored by bankers; and also that Lord Lavender, O. B. E., etc., had been so justly rewarded for his great services to the advancement of culture. No, I am deeply grieved to state that a low spirit of revenge seized the ex-Van Kloot and while he was in this frame of mind the Devil appeared in orthodox fashion and tempted him. A soul, even a rebuilt one, is fair game and Satan provided such an excellent temptation that the farmhand succumbed.

You will not be surprised to read that the following week a hitherto unknown uncle died leaving the farmhand as rich as Croesus through the agency of Oklahoma oil wells. What you may not have suspected is that this transmigrated soul began buying up every existing work of the great Van Kloot. Those that were not for sale began to disappear mysteriously. The Louvre, the British Museum, in fact, all the great galleries were burgled one after another until not a Van Kloot was left. And at the end of five years the great armor plated, reinforced concrete mausoleum of the ardent (the adjective is rather prospective) collector housed every one down to the last unfinished sketch. One by one his agents reported and were dismissed. As the last one departed a secretary ushered in Lord Lavender, O. B. E., etc., who had been brought by urgent request and the promise that he could name his own consultation fee.

In silence the ex-Van Kloot—farmhand—millionaire collector—exhibited his collection. Then he explained as carefully as he could who he was and why the collection had been made. And then he shot Lord Lavender, O. B. E., etc., very neatly through the head and pressing a button blew himself and the mausoleum into infinitesimally small pieces. I have been given to understand also that the Devil was generous enough after both souls had been assigned their grids and their hours for torment, to allow the former artist two hours off in every twenty-four to practice etching with a poker on the anatomy of Lord Lavender, O. B. E., etc.

All of which goes to show that artists are very unprogressive folk.

Farewell!



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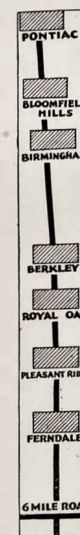
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