Woman salvages fragments of the past the utility room is from Childrens' Hospital. A favorite family piece—a butcher block—was from the Atwater Bar, which was located where Renaissance Center now stands. Brick on the utility room floor was

brick.
Mrs. Hague is adamant about documentation and keeping records of where the materials came from, although much of it was in pieces which she brought it home to fix and refinish.

NOW, SHE IS ready to advise treas-ure shop visitors how to do as she has done, decorate innovatively with frag-ments of the past. In fact, she has taught courses at The Community House and the Oak-land Y on do-it-yourself decorating.

Yet, all the time she had held the treasure shop open in the MacKenzie house, Mrs. Hague had a deep appre-ciation for the structure itself, but still

collectors, it was better known. To those not oriented to the past, it looked like an old brick house, full of junk from basement to rafters. But junk to some is treasure to others. And one of those others is Marguerite Hague of Birmingham who has resided over the treasure shop from its

inception.

With the MacKenzie house now eligible for the National Register, which is part of national historic preservation effort, the treasure shop has moved north to a storefront at 5704 Cass.

THE FIRST TIME visitor to the reasure shop in the MacKenzie house

treasure shop in the MacKenzie house could no way conceive what was in store behind the beveled glass door which led into the front hall. Much of the treasure was (and still is) fragments from buildings and homes that later met with the wreckis) iragments from buildings and bomes that later met with the wreeking cranes—doors, handreds of them, pieces of formerly elegant hanisters, chipped newel posts, door hinges, door holds, landware of all kinds paneling, carved wood panels and glass. Carved wood panels and glass. Anything that Mrs. Happe could see some potential in was brought back and offered for sale—and ail of the proceeds went to campus beautification.

And the question many visitors wanted to ask—and many idd—was what a nice Birmingham homemaker like Marguerite Hague doing climbing around over such a wild assortment of building materials, doding rustly building materials, doding rustly

doors?
Mrs. Hague has been donating her time and talents to what certainly is a grubby endeavor because she see beyond the dirt and debris. To her, these things are beautiful and every lovely fragment she saves and brings back for someone to enjoy is a victory. The lady—small, energetic and often fearless—is living proof of what it's all about.

about.
After Wayne State President George
Gullen asked her to conduct an auction
to sell off some of the lettovers the university had from its buildings, she
began thinking beyond the initial project—why not find more?

SHE SEARCHED out old buildings that were stated for destruction. If she couldn't save the whole structure, she would save some of it.

"When I first started, I went to the wrecking yards," she said. "They got so they would all know me and save stuff for me."

Sometimes she would buy right on the spot where the wrecking crews had gathered.

gathered.
"You can't get in their way; they have deadlines. You have to find the guy that drives the crane and you wait until it's turned off."

Before the treasure shop when she was hunting on her own she would find things for her own home which in itself

things for her own home which in itself is a treasure house of early Detroit.

Some of the rooms are paneled with wood from the old Beelvue school in Detroit. The lovely green wall tile in

Brick on the utility room floor was once on Detroit streets, the loveseats in front of the family room fireplace were from the D&C boats as were the twin beds upstairs.

Part of the floor in the master bedroom is paved with Monroe Street

had no idea of what it would look like restored.

"We were very careful of it," she said, "and we saved every piece of molding or anything that might fall if. When we moved everything out, to my great amazement, it really looked good. The kids cleaned up up and seed that the same of the preservation Warne group who have long been friends of hers. They were the ones who helped her move to the new location, and who pressured the university board of governors into keeping the historic house rather than razing it.

For Mrs. Hague has watched heart-breaking destruction in her years of following the wrecking crews. She recalls with deep regret the smashing of churches and lovely old homes.

SHE REMEMBERS seeing a SHE REMEMBERS seeing a marble baptismal fort and religious statues in terment. She tried to find someone who would take them, but when she went back the next day all had been smashed. Sometimes she beats the vandals to things by only a few hours and the wrecking craws him.

To see a structure like the MacKenzie house saved gives her a sense of
victory although she denys say active
part in the preservation effort.

The university provided the house
and utilities for her to use and she is
most grateful for the cooperation.

In addition to the Campus Treasure
Stop, open noon to 10 p.m. on Wednesdays, there is a warehouse on the east
side which is opened periodically. Mrs.
lague sends notices to her customers
about when the warehouse is open.

The Hague children, Phip, Tim, Jon
and Vicki, have all gone with their
mother over the years as she covered
the city trying to stay ahead of the
wreckers. Philip and Tim, still living at
home, know almost as much about the
interesting things in their home as home, know almost as much about the interesting things in their home as their mother. They, too, can document the condition the things were found in, how they were fixed and saved and where they were found. Through this they have a knowledge of the metropolitan area, its history and people. With all of these experiences behind her, Mrs. Hague said positively. "The fear of the inner city is so unfounded. I have really learned to love the folks there and they are very protective of me."



Marguerite Hague of Birmingham sits in a rocker given to her by a neighbor, who sat in it as a child and wanted it to belong to someone who would treasure it.

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Jon Hague did this watercolor of the MacKenzie House as a gift for his mother when he was a student at Roeper school last year. He is now attending the University of Michigan. The frame was made from the door of an apartment building at Cass and Forest. FIREPLACE **WOOD FOR SALE**

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