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An outdoorsman never has enough to satisfy

THIS STORY is rated R — restricted. For women only. Limited to those who have the privilege of being tangled up with an outdoorsman.

Right here is where all you guys go get lost. Go sharpen some hooks or smell up the kitchen by oiling your rifle.

Surely all women have heard this Christmas lament:

"I just don't know what to get my husband this year. Ed's got everything. He's got two of most things in case that filthy mutt he keeps around the house chews up one."

AH. BUT there is one infallible source remaining. And you're reading it.

Even though you may not have been paying strict attention to his activities, there are things to look for to determine his field of outdoor endeavor.

For instance, if he returns home with a burlap sack of large, very smelly fish, if his hair is full of unusually large dandruff (those are anchovy scales) which he manages to drop into the freshly made tossed salad, you know immediately he's a saltwater fisherman.

Some of the indispensable items ocean anglers carry are a deck of cards, enough change to make a decent pot for four, skin magazines, a six-pack or two and weird-looking hats.

All of these things are easily obtainable and inexpensive. Don't concern yourself with rods, reels, hooks, lures and sinkers; those can be rented at sportfishing landings and are less than vital to a pleasant outing.

Freshwater bass fishermen already labor at their sport in resplendent boats with twin chairs — some that rock — and carpeting the likes of which you would want to put in the master bedroom.

A bass man's needs might be such basics as a tape deck, AM-FM radio or portable TV. Any light diversion to fill a day on the water.

THIS BREED also is big on patches. A woman with nimble fingers could stitch together a jacket made exclusively of Jelly Worm and Hawg Buster and Rebel patches.

Lunker patches, supposedly advertising the size bass he's caught, are popular. They're also available for deer hunters.

They need not necessarily be accurate; several "15 pounder" patches would be appropriate for garments worn sorely out of the county, where knowing eyes wouldn't spoil the illusion.

DUCK HUNTERS aren't as nutty as bass fishermen. They're nuttier.

Blind heaters (that's something that heats a hunting space, not a heater that can't see), electric socks, clothing the color of a bean dip and avocado sauce mix and retrievers, which in most cases are dogs, are always welcome additions to the waterfowler's wares.

Trout fishermen normally can be divided into two categories — those who fish with cheese and consume Twinkies and beer and those who fish with tiny bits of hair and feathers and subsist mainly on bourbon.

The former group is easily satisfied, the latter never satisfied.

They're called fly fishermen, this hair and feather crowd. A finicky bunch, given to long spells of deep concentration and blindness.

THE CONCENTRATION'S a rue, the blindness very real, caused by repeated attempts to decorate No. 12 hooks.

'Ever known a bird hunter who owned enough shotguns to cover all circumstances? Or who wasn't always running out of Wild Turkey?'

Best thing to buy them is time. Or, come to think of it, a bilge pump to use in their waders for those numerous occasions when, lost in thought amid stream, they mindlessly clomp should deep into a hole.

In desperation you possibly could try flipping through outdoor magazines for nifty gifts. Start at the back of the magazine; the goodies are well hidden.

You can pick up a kit for building muscles in seven days, a quail hatcher, a complete set of live sea horses or land hermit crabs, a bumper sticker maker for turning out nasty slogans about antigun nuts.

An what outdoorsman can struggle on much longer without a combination comb and switchblade?

Well, that's a start for you. You're on your own from here. No fair buying a new lawn mower, either.



BIRMINGHAM

