

The Good Life

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Antiquing to find hidden 'treasures'

By MILLICENT WORRELL.
If you happen to be an antique buff — and who isn't these days — there may be hidden treasures right in your suburban backyard, if you care to look.

Professional dealers feature every conceivable item from soup tureens to massive furniture pieces. Other supply outlets are estate and household sales, auctions, periodic antique shows, barn and yard sales.

There are decorators whose business is not only designing a room and selling ideas but acquiring furniture and accessories that harmonize with a given motif.

Birmingham resident Joan Jolgren of Creative Interiors runs a one-woman operation dedicated to

discriminating clients who yearn to exchange ho-hum settings for revitalized creative living.

AN INTERIOR design major, Mrs. Jolgren is a staunch advocate of quality, originality and authenticity.

Her home is her showcase. She has managed to keep it fluid and vibrant to match her personality by filling it with antiques purchased locally as well as objects that from Europe and the middle east where she travels extensively.

An English tea table and four Bentwood chairs in her dinette, are transplants from an area dealer.

They are highlighted by an overhanging Tiffany-style lamp in a

one-of-a-kind design that is the focal point of the room. A rug splashed with variegated color came from a Northwood Institute auction sale held at the Somerset Inn.

MRS. JOLGREN searches and researches, hedges and bids, decides and creates. Then she comes up with settings like a stained bamboo corner chest accessorized with cast iron lamp and French Provincial wall clock, or a brightened pavilion table touched with clusters of dried floral arrangements.

For the amateur collector there can be personal gratification and a certain adventure in tracking down the unusual for hearth and home.

One Birmingham home owner who has amassed an entire household of elegant pieces thinks there is nothing as exciting as a find at a local estate or home sale.

Ten years of dedicated antiquing, museum-hopping, library research and lectures have prepared her for dressing her home with an enviable selection of originals and adaptations.

IN A CORNER living room setting are a Louis Quatreze-style desk with Windsor chair, samovar, music box, walnut chaise lounge and a fireplace grill circa 1847.

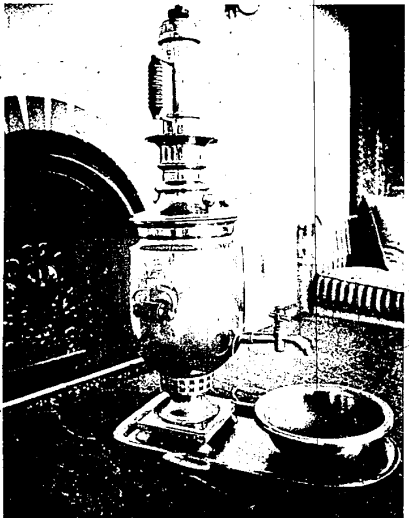
The brass samovar has Russian markings, a removable chimney and catch basin. It was purchased from a local decorator. Both the walnut music box and grill came from estate sales, and the chaise was discovered at a household showing. By removing a flounce and restoring the wood, the chaise was to become a treasure.

The desk, found in a barn at a country estate sale, is the most valuable piece in the home. Papers in a hidden drawer indicate that it is one of only 10 existing masterpieces of Charles Andre Bonille (1642-1732) whose designs epitomize the Louis Quatreze style of inlaid brass woven into slender wood pieces.

An exact replica is owned by Aristotle Onassis and was shown in Time magazine. Final verification of authenticity is currently under consideration at the Detroit Institute of Arts.



Tea table, Bentwood chairs, lamp and rug are all antiquing 'finds' (Photographed by Barbara McClellan)



Brass samovar with Russian markings came from art area decorator

Cuisine and Duglass

Memories of Thanksgiving--and turkey!

I remember...when I was a boy of seven in Detroit, anxiously awaiting the day when my grandmother and I would set out on an early morning sojourn for the big city on the DSR's chic Hamilton River line.

We traveled through that maze of soiled brick wall with glass windows ablaze, which reflected the fancy fa-

cades of neglected buildings and electric streetcars sizzling about the town. The bonging of the clock, in its vale of years striking noon, could only mean that it was time for lunch, usually at a Kresge counter with my all-time favorite: Apple dumplings with vanilla sauce.

I remember coming home from

school on a Wednesday noon, the smell of bread and the scent of cinnamon sugar baking in the oven.

"Hey, Mom," I said, "When I grow up, someday you show me how to make pate-a-sauce? A fish very common in the Greek household with left over pie dough and sugar."

I REMEMBER the autumn harvest of leaves crisp piled high by my brother Ken into a fortress that I would soon plow through, knowing that I shall have to face the inevitable punishment from that six-foot-one all-American brute.

With all my childhood memories behind, I remember most of all Thanksgiving!

It was snowing that year and all my brothers and sisters were bundled up to motor down to the big parade in our 1936 Ford coupe with a rumble seat to boot. Leaving behind the seductive scent of turkey roasting with fresh apples, pears and onions and, of course, Mom, preparing a very special dinner, for her very special family, in her own special way.

Our house on Prest Street was of modest taste and the rooms were adequate for our family of six plus a cat called Ricky and my dog named Shep. We did not have a fireplace but the old European charm of my parents, and the devoted love they had for their children gave off enough warmth and character to our house to last a lifetime.

IT WAS SURE a treat to come back through all the snow that had fallen during the day and transformed our street into a Christmas chud of long ago and to see the holiday spread of hot cranberry crumb cakes, sweet potatoes a l'orange, whipped snowy potatoes wedged in creamy fondue butter. Boy, oh boy!

The piece de resistance centered in my Dad's place was roasted to a golden brown, sometimes overdone. But when you are seven going on eight, perfection of the bird isn't very important when pumpkin and mincemeat pie with that new squillion stuff would soon follow. Yes, sir, I remember most of all, Thanksgiving!



By
DUGLASS
DUGLASS

TURKEY TIPS:
Raising turkey has become a big business and highly specialized. Most birds are fed on wheat, rice, corn, and soy which is the main reason they cost so much.

Hen turkeys weigh from 10 to 15 pounds. The Tom cock turkeys start at 16 pounds and can weigh up to 50 pounds.

He is too large to have any sort of relationship with a nearby hen so good ole Tom is artificially inseminated, says poultry expert and Michigan distributor Timmy Martin of Melmer-Miller Bros. Turkey poulters are baby birds 18 weeks and under and are not usually considered for the table until they mature into a 22-week-old bird.

Most turkeys are brought into the city frozen. However, if you live near a poultry market and are willing to spend a few more cents for a fresh one, certainly it will be to your advantage, even though the frozen birds have come a long way in taste and texture.

Color of skin should be off-white. Roasting time: 10-15 pounds, 300 degrees, 20 minutes to a pound; 15-18 pounds, 300 degrees, 18 minutes to a pound.

18-20 pounds, 300 degrees, 15 minutes to a pound.
20-24 pounds, 300 degrees, 13 minutes to a pound.

METHOD:
Thaw and season with seasoned salt inside and outside. Stuff with your favorite dressing, then secure entrance in any fashion you so desire.

Place turkey in a shallow pan that has apples, white onions and pears (fresh) all cut up in large pieces. This prevents the bird from burning on the bottom and releases moisture and lots of flavor.

Place in the oven for desired baking time. The first half hour should be dry. Then add fondue butter (melted) and baste well. Continue this every half hour using the drippings until the turkey is done. Let the turkey sit 20 minutes before carving.

LA SAUCE
Remove bird from roasting pan, transfer fruit and drippings to a heavy sauce pan and whip to a puree. Add enough flour to absorb oil. It won't take much, a tablespoonful or so.

Add warm water. Boil for a few minutes until sauce thickens to a consistency of whipping cream. Unwhipped. Strain into another heavy pot, put on simmer, add a little caramel color. In a small bowl add: 1 egg yolk, 1/2 cup sour cream, 3 jiggers of brandy, stir. Then add 1 part hot mixture to liaison (a very chic term for gastronomy) and whip until smooth. Then pour into remaining hot liquid called a sauce.

Please do not call it gravy. It took too much of your time and deserves much more. Just before serving, whip 1 tablespoon sweet butter into La Sauce.



Roast turkey is piece de resistance of traditional Thanksgiving Day dinner