

SUBURBAN LIFE

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1993

THE SCENE



GRETCHEN HITCH

Ball featuring Mexican fiesta

To leave a message for Gretchen Hitch from a touch-tone phone, call 953-2047, Ext. 1886. Material for the Scene may be mailed to Hitch at 646 Kimberly, Birmingham 48009, or you may call her at 646-6277.

The 15th Guy Fawkes Ball, chaired by Carol Worsley and co-chaired by Valerio Strathairn, is dubbed "Guy Fawkes Goes to Mexico" and promises to be a joyous Mexican fiesta Saturday, Nov. 6, at the Cranbrook Art Academy in Bloomfield Hills.

The benefactors' party was held Monday, Oct. 18, at Chilmayon Pontiac. Benefactor co-chairwomen are Marian Mitchell and Marjorie Nedderlander. Benefactor tickets were \$400 per couple. Jim and Jan Fitzpatrick hosted the benefactor party.

At the Guy Fawkes, Sangrias and Margaritas will abound. These drinks were savored at the benefactor function, too.

Two orchestras will play, one for dancing on the first floor, and the second on the lower level, with the latest numbers at a high decibel for the sans-dinner crowd. Joe Street and Yvonne McCready lead up the younger contingent.

The Mexican Consul, Carlos Cuadrillo-Aguller, has promised to attend.

Guy Fawkes Ball committee chairwomen are Shirley Piku, Mary Lou James, Sis Fisher, Ginny Berberian and Gillie von Drehle. Gillie and her attorney husband Ray will be moving to Prague on a new assignment shortly.

More on the Fawkes committee are Nancy Kleckner, Peggy Perry, Maureen D'Avanzo, Trudy White, Susan Landcault, Anita Terry, Jean Schuler, Molly Tehoy and Women's Committee president Phebe Goldstein.

Samuel Collette of Troy will present a prize trophy to the most colorful senorita and to the most "active siesta mola." Mexican costumes are being encouraged for the event.

Membership Ten

Helen Guttard and Ginny Berberian served as co-chairwomen for the new member tea in the Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum last week. CAA president Roy Slade was spreading charm at the tea, and everyone will miss him when he departs next year, as he has announced.

Communication Disorders

A gala banquet was chaired Friday, Oct. 8, at the Ritz-Carlton, Dearborn, by Patricia Hill Burnett and her husband Robert Siler (now of Bloomfield Hills), Harry and Marjorie Nedderlander, and Don and Dale Austin.

A prebanquet soiree for the Advisory Council of the Center for Communication Disorders was hosted by Bob and Tuttle VanderKlaauw. Bob is chairman of the advisory council. Dr. Gregory Wolf chairs the Department of Otolaryngology.

Bunkie and Florence Knudsen, Paul and Martha McKeeny, Robert and Mary Flint, and Frank and Jane Egan were all present. Also attending were Buck and Joan Joligren, Karen DiChiera, Jack and Betty Muehly, Alan and Pauline Gornick, Jaime and Betty Williams, Roger and Judie Sherman.

See THE SCENE, 2H

Good manners get early start



BY ETHEL SIMMONS
STAFF WRITER

Good manners and proper etiquette haven't gone out of fashion, even though it sometimes seems that way.

Parents - and their children too - are learning the "right way" of doing things. That's why such classes, particularly for young people, are returning to popularity.

Two area women are among those teaching boys and girls how to behave in social settings away from home, as well as with family and guests in one's own home. Holly Beth Moncher of Birmingham recently conducted a series of classes called "Time for Manners" at the Kingsley Inn in Bloomfield Hills. Sharon Gioia, a West Bloomfield resident, has taught "A Day of Etiquette and Style" at the Ritz-Carlton, Dearborn. Both women plan to offer their classes again soon, for children.

"This is what kids should know every day," said Moncher, explaining what she likes to emphasize in her course. She has prepared her own booklet as a guide to follow during the classes, but most importantly kids learn through a question-and-answer format she exchanges with them.

Kids take part

There are demonstrations and participation in dealing with a great variety of subjects during the course's four-class sessions.

Moncher said she has used different types of books and tapes about etiquette for reference. "I adopt them to current trends. Today things are more casual," she said.

Her own family background was one where correct behavior was expected. "I was brought up with strict manners," she said. "My husband was too." Moncher and her husband are parents of three boys, 17, 21 and 23. "My husband and my sons all stand when I come to the table," she said.

In her class, "We've been gone over things like the American flag," Moncher said. She had noticed that at high school sports events, "Kids didn't know when to take off their baseball caps." Sometimes, "They would be laughing, not respecting the flag." She teaches them how to behave, and shows them how to hang and fold the flag.

In the class where food is discussed, she tells them how to handle pizza, pasta and french fries. When it comes to fries, they should pour the ketchup on the plate, and dip the fries in, not pour the ketchup all over them.

Of the 18 kids, ages 7-12, taking her course, she said, "They are manner-

conscious. I'm enforcing mom's rules, plus they're learning with their peers." She thinks the biggest etiquette problem kids have is with those baseball caps. She teaches them, "Take your cap off in the restaurant or hotel."

Moncher reminds them that in conversations they shouldn't ask in polite questions, such as, "I like your jacket. How much did it cost?" In regard to dining at home, "They all know how to set the table pretty well," she said. She teaches them that when they're done eating, they should leave the fork and knife and fork at the top of the plate, and that when they're just resting, to put the knife and fork down as a "crossed X."

Wait for hostess

She notes that when kids are dining out, often, "They start at the top of the plate, and that when they're just resting, to put the knife and fork down as a 'crossed X.'" In class, the kids worked on shaking hands and eye contact. "You wear your name tag on the right hand side. The eye goes to it when shaking hands," she said.

Moncher believes children should start minding their manners in their preschool years. "They say by 4, you should really start with etiquette," she declared. "It has to be started young and continually enforced." But it's hard to learn table manners when families may not sit down to dinner together. "The problem is with so many people working, the baby-sitter gets pizza for the kids - the table isn't set," she said.

Moncher's course is taught in a private room at the Kingsley Inn in Dearborn, Gioia's "Day of Etiquette and Style" takes place throughout the Ritz-Carlton. "The Ritz-Carlton is the most wonderful place to teach etiquette. That's the epitome of etiquette," Gioia said.

Her class of 8- to 13-year-olds had a formal dining experience, with a five-course meal at lunch. "One of the questions they all asked was, 'Do I have to eat this if I don't like it?'" she recalled. Gioia told them, "If you're a guest in someone's house, you have to eat it." The kids were all leery of potato soup, which they had never tried before, but they tried it and liked it.

Hands-on for ten

In late afternoon, the youngsters were served tea in a private room. "They get the experience in how to hold the plate, sit at a small table and talk to each other. Everything I do with kids is a hands-on experience," Gioia said.

See MANNERS, 2H



STAFF PHOTOS BY JERRY ZOLYNSKY

Phone etiquette: Holly Beth Moncher teaches telephone manners to Evan Mirbach, 9 (clockwise); Meredith Mirbach, 7, and Drew Dammern, 7, all of Birmingham.



When dining: Miranda Tedford, 10, practices correct use of knife and fork.

Gracious living was Aunt Eve's specialty

The following article was written by Edith Broida of Farmington Hills, who has fond memories of her Aunt Eve. Broida's aunt was the family's grande dame, whose talents included being the final authority on manners and etiquette.

BY EDITH BROIDA
SPECIAL WRITER

Maybe everyone has an Aunt Eve, a unique member of the family whose death, even at the age of 91, signals the end of an era.

Consider that Eve was born in 1900, the eldest of six children. Consider that she had a tyrannical father who wielded a ruler to insure she would spend long hours practicing the piano. Consider she was active in the 1930s with a young son and daughter to support - and only those now-skillful fingers with which to earn a living.

Now consider the years that followed. First, Aunt Eve became an accompanist for vaudeville shows at the old Broadway Capitol in downtown Detroit and then she became Mother Eve on local radio programs, working with Dick O'Connell. She prospered. But the wonder of it was the way she lived, and how it influenced all of us.

Consider that those were the days when families visited together every Sunday - and conversation was rampant and critical - and children were allowed to be seen but not heard. And so I listened and learned.

Yes, Aunt Eve became the grande dame of our family. Eve's Detroit flat, as I recall, was simple,

probably a bit art deco, but I only remember the pictures of the Chessie Cat that hung on the wall and, of course, the piano. I adored the way Aunt Eve dressed her daughter. I loved my cousin's hand-me-downs, even though I hated the feeling of being thought a bit needy. I was too young to appreciate the common sense of this arrangement.

Eve herself was stunning, with jet black hair combed to droop gently on her forehead, camouflaging a faint scar. Her complexion was flawless (and stayed that way even when she celebrated her 90th birthday). In addition, she had faultless grammar and beautiful diction. She was comfortable at country clubs and with celebrities. She had what we label today as "class," all self-taught.

Often, as the oldest niece, I was invited to spend the night, and this meant my most ladylike manners would be required or I would humiliate my mother, who had her own set of high expectations for me. I recall one morning, at the breakfast table, I buttered an entire piece of toast. Aunt Eve watched and then instructed me that bread must be divided into four and buttered one quarter at a time. I have practiced that ever since, and suspect that if I were a prisoner in a dark cell, I would still be quartering my bread!

I knew Aunt Eve would frown even at something as simple as knife blades facing away from the plate when I set the table. She lived Emily Post. She was royalty in a family that really had no great means or pretensions. Yet she concerned us all that we were, indeed, obligated to live graciously.

See REMEMBRANCE, 3H



Automotive great: Bunkie Knudsen, former top executive, and his wife Florence attend recent Communication Disorders banquet at the Ritz-Carlton.



Looking back: Edith Broida misses some of yesterday's charm.