

Until a man thoroughly believes that his personal destiny is high in God's scheme of things, he will continue to wallow about in the mud of mere earthiness. He will thus fail to identify himself as something quite wonderful... something capable of building an earthly Paradise.



ICE NICE? Sure is! report Birmingham's skaters, young and old. Here are some of the opening day crowd at Birmingham's latest recreational facility, an artificial ice rink on Lincoln, just east of Eton road. It took about four months to complete. (Photo by Maurice H. Smith).

Long Awaited Ice Is Nice, Say Kids

ROLLIE REESE, recreation board member, talks with daughter Rollinda, 14, as she tested the ice on opening day. Reese spearheaded the drive for the rink, provided from a \$125,000 bond issue plus another \$50,000 in city funds.



An Interest-ing Trip

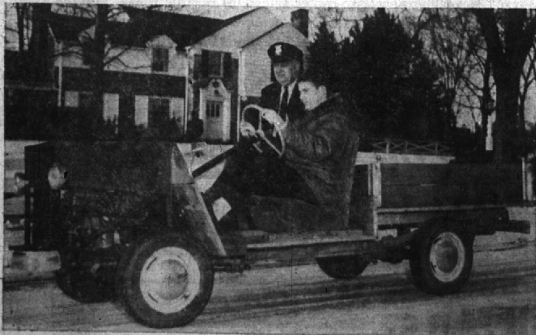
CUB SCOUTS OF DEN 9, Pack 23, Birmingham, had a novel and interesting experience, and added banking to their Cub Scout lore, when they visited the Lathrup Village Office, National Bank of Detroit, recently. Shown with the boys are Mr. and Mrs. Palmer C. Pratt, 2152 Pembroke, newly appointed den father and mother. Mr. Pratt is an assistant cashier of the bank. Cubs from left are Jon Sevald, 1744 Derby; Kirk Bundy, 1777 Pembroke; Jeff Moffett, 861 Coolidge; Bill McCuiston, 2093 Pembroke; Jim Middlemas, 2243 Dorchester; Richard Pratt, 2152 Pembroke; Garth Black, 1954 Pembroke; and Bryce Whiteside, 2288 Derby.

Reports on Membership

ARTHUR BLAKESLEE, (right) chairman of the Birmingham YMCA membership committee, gives his association's report to date to Don Lau, General chairman of the membership enrollment effort of the Detroit YMCA branches. Birmingham is attempting to reach a goal of 750 new and renewed members and \$6,000 in cash.

Converted Grass Buggy

YOU COULD GET 40 MILES to the gallon if you owned this four-cylinder Crosley which Birmingham high school student Donald Andreae, 1038 Glengarry, has converted into an all-purpose vehicle. Donald is pictured here as he is about to take Bloomfield Village police officer William M. Green for a spin. The car is so light that it leaves no impression as it drives across a lawn, making it ideal for yard work.



State Dep't Secretary Tells Of Life in Amman, Jordan

EDITOR'S NOTE: Barbara Gray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Gray, former Bloomfield Hills residents living at Square Lake and Adams roads, has been with the U. S. Consulate in Jordan since October. In a letter to her parents now living in Tucson, Ariz., but frequent visitors to Bloomfield Hills, Barbara tells of the customs, of Amman, capital of Jordan, and the life of an American girl secretary in the consulate. Barbara is a former student of Bloomfield Hills high school. Below are excerpts from Barbara's recent letter to her parents.

We have to be at work at 7:30 a.m. and at that time an Embassy car picks us up and from work.

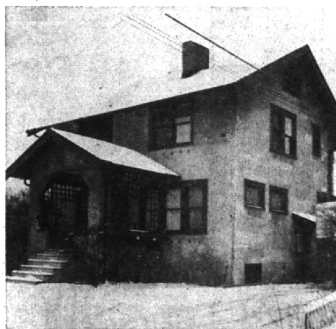
Those are our working hours Monday through Saturday—only Sundays off. This is because the Moslem's Sunday is Friday so if we took off both Saturday and Sunday, no work could be done with the Jordan government for three days of the week. My first Saturday evening, Mrs. Sanger, wife of the new Consul of Embassy, Deputy Chief of Mission, invited me to the movies with her. We saw 'Springfield Rifle' which is only about two years old.

GOING TO THE MOVIES here is quite an experience. First of all, you can't stay over to see what you missed; then you have to call in advance for tickets; and thirdly all women have to sit in the balcony. Only men are allowed to sit downstairs and if you go to the movies on a date, the man must sit in the balcony with you—he's not allowed to take you downstairs. This is due to the way the Arab men feel about women, who have the same status as livestock as far as the men are concerned. On the way home that night, I saw my first real live camel—a two-humped kind walking down the main street. The next morning I got up enough courage to go downtown with two girls also working at the Embassy, to see what the town had to offer.

NEVER HAVE you smelled such smells! The sidewalks are so broken up they're almost non-existent. Amman is not a shopping center. We did discover a small market carrying English and American foods, very expensive, but just about the only place for grocery shopping.

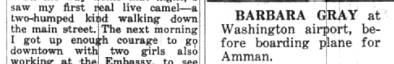
Amman is quite a new town. Only a few years ago it was hardly anything more than a village, but since all that trouble with Israel, many Palestinians have migrated to Jordan and Amman in particular, they are not Jews but people with money and the go-getters and since their coming, Amman has grown by leaps and bounds. Building is going on everywhere. There isn't an employment problem but rather too much work.

THE TOWN is built on seven hills and each has a name. The hills are barren and the houses are all built of a stone that is the same color as the hills, therefore isn't much color to the town. There are a few trees and some gardens, but I have yet to see a blade of grass. The climate is very dry and as the rainy season doesn't start for a while, it's very dusty right now. There aren't too many paved streets yet, none of the streets are named and none of the houses have numbers. Buses are terrible and very infrequent while taxis are cheap, so everyone takes a taxi if it's too far to walk. Consequently, taxi drivers know where everyone in town lives, so you just get in and say you want to go to So-and-So's house on Such-and-such hill, if the taxi driver is so ignorant he doesn't know where the person lives, then the policeman will know for sure. **THERE ARE** many Roman ruins around. Right across the street is the well-preserved ruin of a Roman



Legion's New Home

NEW HOME OF the Charles Edwards American Legion Birmingham Post No. 14, the above residence is located at 267 Ferndale, two doors south of Oakland avenue. Legionaires recently vacated their Woodward avenue location after purchasing the new quarters.



BARBARA GRAY at Washington airport, before boarding plane for Amman.

amphitheatre over 2,000 years old. On one of the hills is the ruin of a huge Roman fortress.

There are quite a few mosques and although no one talks on their faces at mid-day and faces Mecca, you do see people all over with their prayer beads as they pray. Until recently a man stood in a tower—minaret—and called but now they have modernized all this and have four loud speakers to a minaret.

Every three hours you hear some weird sound that's comparable to an air raid siren. That's the call to prayer. This every three hours, both night and day. It was rather nerve-racking the first few days but you get accustomed to everything. People dress in various ways. Many of the women wear veils—black ones that cover their whole face. Some wear Western dress and others native dress which can be very colorful. The men for the most part wear Western dress but many wear Kafias on their heads with it. Some wear fezes and some wear the whole shebang. Women always have their arms covered and dresses are buttoned to the neck. We Americans really get stared at in our short-sleeved dresses—not a leer, but rather a disgusted, curious look.

FEW WOMEN are seen on the streets in daytime and none at night. There are many donkeys around and cats all over the place. We also see a few camels but not many. On the outskirts of the city, many of the poor Palestinian refugees are living in tents or tiny houses. They have to walk a couple of miles for water which they carry in big tin cans on their heads. Except for these refugee homes the other houses never look too poverty stricken as they're built of this very solid stone.

Kids Not Interested In Circuses Anymore?

By VIRGINIA COLE

Would I take some of the Wing Lake first graders to the circus?

I most certainly would! Circuses must be in my blood, because my enthusiasm soared when I was asked to be of the "chosen few" mothers to drive some of these first graders to the Shrine Circus Friday.

The same eagerness surged within me that got its start in a childhood in days when the circus was a thing of sizeable importance. My anticipation of the event in those days practically included the smell of sawdust. When the big day arrived I was filled with awe and excitement. The wonders of the animal acts, the tight-rope walkers, acrobats and lion-tamer act left with never-to-be forgotten memories. My only complaint was, "Why do they keep things happening in all three rings at once?" You always felt that you might have missed something.

IMAGINE my surprise when I was suddenly brought again to the realization that today's children are television born and bred. At Friday's show, who was watching the acts with rapt enthusiasm? The mothers and teachers—not the kids. Their only interest was in their environment. The size of the arena, the mechanics of rope and net-stretching by workmen and possibly the opening elephant parade were the things which they do not see on TV every week of their lives.

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