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S.M.L.

# A New Page for Young Moderns!

It's For and About Today's Youth in the Birmingham Area

## To Birmingham's School-Age Youth:

The Birmingham Eccentric begins publishing in this issue what it believes is the first comprehensive newspaper coverage of news, articles and features especially for modern youth.

There are newspapers which have pages devoted to hit tunes, record artists, and disc jockeys. Other newspapers have news articles from time to time by student correspondents at various schools. There are pages in some newspapers where a few special articles appear for young readers. But The Eccentric has not seen a page for modern youth which appeals to a number of interests and several age levels. So it designed one of its own.

Today's appearance of The Eccentric's Page for Today's Youth marks a first in American weekly newspaper journalism, we believe. It also may mark a first in daily journalism, too.

But that is not the reason this page was created. It was born only to serve the reader interests of the school-age population in the Birmingham-Bloomfield-Southfield area.

Hit tunes and records, special articles by both teen-age and adult guest writers, occasional comment from foreign exchange students in our local schools, spare time things to do for sub-teens, amusing and interesting "reports" from grade correspondents in

the various elementary schools, a new ending to nursery rhymes and fairy stories which will be of special interest to sub-sub-teens—these and other features For and About Today's Youth will appear on this page every week.

Too, the school news (which The Eccentric has published during the school

year for more than two decades) will appear on the pages just ahead and behind the Page for Today's Youth.

This is your page. We welcome your reactions to it. Help us make it better and more interesting. Send your comments to Today's Youth Editor, c/o The Eccentric, Birmingham.

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC OCTOBER 17, 1957 PAGE 4-B

## FOR AND ABOUT TODAY'S YOUTH

## Birmingham's Buying These Top Ten

Compiled and Reported  
By Gene Bordinat

1. WAKE UP LITTLE SUSIE ..... Everly Brothers  
Rock n' Roll
2. HONEYCOMB ..... Jimmy Rogers  
Rock n' Roll
3. TAMMY ..... Debbie Reynolds  
Mood Music
4. HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY ..... The Tune-weavers  
Rhythm n' blues
5. PEANUTS ..... The Thrillers  
Rock n' Roll
6. CHANCES ARE ..... Johnny Mathis  
Mood Music
7. JAIL HOUSE ROCK ..... Elvis Presley  
Rock n' Roll
8. STREET WHERE YOU LIVE ..... Jonah Jones  
Muted Jazz
9. SILHOUETTES ..... The Rayes  
Rhythm 'n Blues
10. LIPS OF WINE ..... Andy Williams  
Novelty

### Up and Coming Discs

1. DEEP PURPLE ..... Billy Ward
2. WITH YOU ON MY MIND ..... Nat Cole
3. HULA LOVE ..... Buddy Knox

New and up 'n coming artists: Johnny Mathis and Pat Boone's brother, Nick Todd. Johnny has recorded "It's Wonderful, Wonderful" Nick Todd's latest is "Play Thing."

### Top Ten in Detroit Area

1. "Wake Up Little Susie" ..... Everly Brothers
2. "Jailhouse Rock" ..... Elvis Presley
3. "Melodie D'Amour" ..... Ames Brothers
4. "Be Bop Baby" ..... Ricky Nelson
5. "Fascination" ..... Jane Morgan
6. "Keep a Knockin'" ..... Little Richard
7. "Fraulein" ..... Steve Lawrence
8. "Lips of Wine" ..... Andy Williams
9. "Around the World" ..... Mantovani
10. "Got a Date With an Angel" ..... Billy Williams



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For 35 years we have served the families of this community, always dedicated to the same high principles: A sincere belief in the inherent dignity of man. A desire to serve all, regardless of economic station or religious belief. A determination to provide the personal and intimate services required

with understanding, reserve and respect. A willingness to provide facilities that are both beautiful and appropriate, and in keeping with the wishes of the family. And, above all, the hope that we may lighten the burden of the families we serve. To these principles we are dedicated.

You are cordially invited to visit our establishment.  
Visiting hours: 9 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. Daily.

DIRECTORS  
William V. Vasu Edward J. Lynch Dan C. Flickinger

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## Summer Visitor to Land Of the Midnight Sun

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of three articles by Gary Grikscheit, 17, who spent most of the summer in Norway on the American Field Service student exchange program. Gary, who lives at 24275 W. 14 Mile, Bingham Farms, is an honor student and a senior prefect at Cranbrook school. He is on the "Crane" wrestling and track teams, and the school's chess cabinet. He left for Norway June 20, returned home Sept. 9.

By GARY GRIKSCHT

The lady who sat beside me and spoke no English, persevered to help me pronounce the words in my Norwegian grammar. The words were either too long or too short. I felt as if I was chewing carpet tacks. And the train was traveling much too fast—I needed time. In six weeks I could have, easily mastered Norwegian.

All the facets of the long history and the economy could have been mine. An extra day or two would have polished off the etiquette and given me a proper grasp of the cookery.

From far away, I heard reason saying, "Grab hold of yourself. These people are kind. Relax. They will not be unfair. Relax. Study your Norwegian, study your..."

Just two weeks before, I had walked out of my home in the United States, said goodbye to my parents, my brother, my friends, and boarded a plane which took me to Quebec, embarked on a student ship, traversed the north Atlantic, disembarked in Rotterdam, and boarded a train.

NOW I WAS approaching Trondheim, Norway, where I would live for the summer. Someone whom I never met would come to the train station and take me into his home to live.

The series grey shadows of the Midnight Sun sculptured feet figures on the mountains which loomed above the speeding train. The day had been clear and cool—a good day for traveling.

In ten minutes I would meet my Norwegian family and I only knew one thing—their name.

A thousand questions, questions which I had considered many times during the past two weeks, all seemed to seek answers instantly.

COULD MY family speak English? If they did not, how would I ever find out what was going on? Would they be happy, interesting, kind, passive, or friendly? How could I please them?

They are going to make me a part of their family. I shall live just like a born Norwegian. If they speak English, I still an avalanche of questions raced through my head, each seeking an answer, each procrastinating. I was getting jittery.

"Playing cards lay in seven little ominous heaps. I was trying vainly



GARY GRIKSCHT

narrowed cathedral guided the train across a rocky river bed, lost in white water, and on past small farms to the outskirts of the city where a few factories, belched smoke and steam.

The train was on time. It would be five minutes, perhaps four, it would all be over.

On the long trip from Rotterdam to Oslo, I had seen other students

meet their families. Gradually our group had melted.

THE STUDENTS jumped down from the train with their bags and stood in the railway platform. Then their families had arrived, each a different, distinctly different, family. After a round of hand shaking, the families, one member larger, went home.

It all seemed real simple. But somewhere deep within me a rebellious interest kept doubling my blood pressure, sending shivers up and down, my spine.

I was alone for a second in the crowded train car, four thousand miles from home. That feeling passed, I felt a certain bond of brotherhood. And I was glad to be here.

THE TRAIN ground to a halt. My head was clear. Outside, through a window, I caught a glimpse of a sky too full of splendid color. The platform in front of the Victorian rail station was firm under my feet. The air was enticing. (See VISITOR, Page 5-B)



## Interesting, Unusual News Items Gleaned from our Elementary School Newspapers

Ants, ants they work all day

They never play

From morn to night

They never quarrel and never

fight.

Because they are so very busy,

I should think they'd get real

diseasy!

—Gina Lopata (Pembroke 4th Grade)

What did the rug say to the

floor?

I got you covered

Why is a hen on a fence like

a penny?

Because the head is on one

side. Once there was a pig that

had a wig

And wanted to do a jig!

But the wig was too small for

the pig

So, he couldn't do a jig!

—Diane Zube (Baldwin 3rd Grade)

Little Lila was going to pass

the dessert out to the guests

When the pie was opened the birds began to sing

Now wasn't that a funny dish to set before the

king?

The king was in his counting house

counting out his money.

The queen was in the parlor eating bread and

honey

The maid was in the garden hanging out the

clothes

When along came a blackbird and bit off her

nose.

... AND THEN What Happened?

Well, the king was in his counting house counting out

his money—millions on his beautiful emerald, ruby and

diamond gold counting table and the Queen (he called

her Honey-Chile, when he wasn't too aggravated with

her) was watching him—when in ruff the maid-in-the-

garden.

"Owee" she cried,

"Owee-ouchhhh, that naughty,

wicked, mean blackbird bit

off my nose!"

"He did what?" roared the

King.

"Bit off my-my nose," she

cried bitterly, "and now I'll never

get a husband!"

At the thought of that

terrible calamity, she started to

cry all over again.

"Who'll ever want a wife with

skinny legs and red hair and

now a bitten-off nose?"

The Queen stopped licking

her fingers and looked quietly

at the King. "You know, dear,

Emeralda-Jane is right." (That

was the maid-in-the-garden's

real name, Emeralda-Jane.)

The King looked up from his

counting, "... five million, six

million, seven million ... "Yes,"

he said thoughtfully, "Eme-

alda-Jane, you do need a new

nose, and a husband. Come

here, Emeralda-Jane and let's

take a look at your operation-

by-blackbird.

ESMERALDA-JANE leaned

over the King's counting table

and looked him in the eye. "Then

she started to laugh.

"What are you laugh-

ing it?" asked the King. "I hard-

ly think this is a laughing mat-

ter!"

"I can't help it," said Emere-

alda-Jane, "your—your beard

tickles me so—so sticky that

my clothes-pin is caught in—

(See BLACKBIRD, Page 5-B)

her mother and father. She

passed one piece of pie to her

father and her father being a

good host passed it on to one

of his guests. She came in again

with another piece of cake and

gave it to her father, and then

passed it on again. The next

time she gave it to her father

and as she passed it on she

whispered to him, "Daddy, it's

no use, they're all the same

size!"

—Rev Page (Pembroke 6th Grade)

## 4 and 20 Blackbirds

Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie

When the pie was opened the birds began to sing

Now wasn't that a funny dish to set before the

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