

AAUW Used Book Sale Slated for Next Week

The old-fashioned school desk now in the left front show window of Shain's Drug Store is part of the display announcing the 35th annual Used Book Sale, which the Birmingham branch of the American Association of University Women will begin Monday and run through Saturday.

It will be held in Henry's Big Birmingham Room from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. daily and until 9:30 p.m. on Thursday and Friday.

The 300 women who actively participate in the book sale do everything from collecting books, sorting, marking, learning price charts, checking spacers, arrangements and finding trucks to haul books to talking with Birmingham's Police Chief Mosley about a sound truck permit.

Victorian Miss Turns Back Pages of Time

OH YE JIGS AND JULEPS! by Virginia Hudson, New York: The MacMillan Company, 1962. 32 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Irma Davis

Back in 1944, little Virginia Cary Hudson, age 10, said she would "rather be ignorant and have fun than be educated and have satisfaction."

And that about sums up the spirit with which the reader should approach "O Ye Jigs and Juleps," a collection of discerning essays by a very young lass at an Episcopal boarding school, whose teacher had the good sense to drop her checking pencil.

There are adults who will find this book quite their cup of tea. They are the ones who know the importance of founding a "garden on the north and the east with canteloupes."

AS FOR you other adults who miss this charming little book, "it is your own fault and serves you just right," to quote Virginia.

Here is a small town corner of America in the Victorian 1900's, as seen by a clear-eyed child.

And what a child. With timeless candor and disarming naivete, she scrapes the frosting of grown-up pretensions and samples the basic batter.

Etiquette, religion, school, the sacraments—all are dealt with, and disposed of, by Virginia.

AND BEST of all, she is the essence of childhood and the better part of wisdom, all wrapped up in 10 essays.

She is Virginia and she is all children; not above "mashing a bee" nor planning a garden party in Heaven "when things get dull."

On the other hand, she is as pre-occupied, as most youngsters, with her future prospects and speculates, "if I have to go to Holl, I sure hope I go to the one for Episcopalians, and don't by mistake, get pushed in that horn punching, and tail wagging, red hot blazing one."

AS A LITTLE girl who knew her mother "still had plenty left to say" even though she had already

our future community." As for world problems, Mrs. Charles Shain is starting her 43rd year of teaching an International Relations Class at the Community House.

AAUW members also help staff the Cranbrook Science Institute's museum and library with volunteers.

(See SALE, 5-D)

"said everything there was to say." Virginia is as perceptive as today's child who looks at his parrot with disconcertingly clear vision.

In this little girl's world, "the library is full of dust," "ancestors are on walls and in coffins," "spring is when you draw a circle in the dirt with your finger."

There are times to stroll, Virginia notes: "when you are a baby sitting in your carriage . . . when you have a bean . . . and when you are an old lady and it doesn't matter where you are going or when you get back."

IF YOU know a Virginia, you will rely on the sugar and spice of this book.

As its author says, "people like books with spice. Spice comes from India."

And her book comes from the "pits of your childhood and mine, no matter when that was."

Local Painters Show Work in Art Fair

Three area artists will be among those exhibiting their work in the Huntington Woods Art Fair Saturday.

The fair will be held in a tent on the Burton School grounds (Scotia and Talbot) from 10 a.m. until dusk.

The three painters from this area are Reva Shwyder, Dorothy Siddall and Donald C. Willett.

Mrs. Shwyder, who lives at 27561 Fairway Hills Drive, Franklin, had her first one-man show in 1950. Earlier this year, Grinnell Galleries had an exhibition of her work, which is done primarily in oil.

MRS. SIDBALL, who has a degree in art education from Wayne State University, lives at 31165 Sheridan, Beverly Hills.

She has won awards at the Michigan Artists Exhibit at the Michigan State Fair, and (in 1961) the \$150 purchase award at the



'Western' Films

Clifford West, well known local artist reads his unique art films for their first presentation at the Birmingham Art Center tomorrow night beginning at 8 p.m.

West spent one-and-a-half years in the preparation of this series. "The poetry of local poetress Jeanne Wagner will be read against a background of Debussy music in "Metamorphosis". The audience will visit (via

film) the studio of Berthold Schiwetz, sculptor, who was Carl Milles' assistant for 16 years. The "Fountains of Carl Milles" is a film which deals with Milles' more famous works. "Synthesis" deals with a painting by Paul Travis and counterpoints it with a wild bear hunt. The final offering of the evening will be "Time Form Color," a film record of fossilization.

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Bark Exhibit To Highlight Wing Opening

Since the earliest days of history man has made many uses of tree bark.

In his ingenuity he has discovered that bark can be employed to make such utilitarian objects as boats, buckets, baskets, bonnets and burlongs.

An original exhibit called "Tapa, Tribes and Trees," which will open Sept. 29 at Cranbrook Institute of Science, presents many of these uses with a particular emphasis on bark cloths and clothes. However, the exhibit includes all uses of bark including medicine, flavorings, dyes and tanning.

AMONG THE outstanding objects included in the show are a body mask of the terrorist Leopard Society of the Congo, a dance mask from the Brazilian jungles, an 1825 Hawaiian mat and the 2912 foot tapa from the Tonga Islands, made in celebration of the 1953 visit of Queen Elizabeth II.

There are also gay little dresses of children in the Celebes Islands, and, as many know, the first sarongs were made of bark cloths.

Objects in the show are more chiefly from the collection of the Institute but have been supplemented by specimens from the Museum of Central Africa (Tervuren, Belgium), the Educational Museum (The Hague), the Smithsonian Institution, the Bishop Museum (Honolulu), and the Wisconsin Historical Society.

"TAPA, TRIBES and Trees," which will remain up through next June 30, was designed and installed by Patricia Kraft, exhibit designer, and Dr. Warren Wittry, assistant director of the Institute.

It is one of several exhibits beginning the same day to mark the opening of the new Skillman wing at the Institute, which will house displays at the physical sciences.

Institute hours are 2-5 p.m. daily except holidays with an admission on the weekends.

Local Best Sellers
 Fiction
 DEARLY BELOVED — Ann Morrow Lindbergh
 SHIP OF FOOLS — Katherine Anne Porter
 THE PRIZE — Irving Wallace
 Nonfiction
 WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE? — Gerald Gardner
 OH YE JIGS AND JULEPS! — Virginia Hudson
 TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY — John Steinbeck

THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN
 September 20, 1962 SECTION D

Potpourri

by JULIE CANDLER
 Special Writer



When one of my favorite columnists in one of my favorite newspapers calls Leonard Bernstein a "typical cultural ham", I can't resist taking some Potpourri shots at him.

You are speaking of a man 50 million Americans and I respect and admire, John C. Manning. Not only that, but you have missed a verbal anti-culture missile at fund-raising for a center for the performing arts.

My anti-missile missile is not being launched because I'm looking for something to write about this week. It's being written because I'm furious about your column of last Monday, Mr. M.

Now it's my turn.

IN HIS COLUMNAR bombardment of the National Cultural Center proposed in Washington, D. C., Manning calls the \$30 million structure a "phony rat trap." He tells how the fund-raising drive will be launched in a national ham "as MC."

And the drive, Mr. Manning says, will be "disgraceful," with the most obnoxious snobs in the history of the USA flooding it. We don't need to have culture piped at us to this \$30 million tune, he contends, because we're already cultured.

He calls Jacqueline Kennedy, honorary co-chairman of the center along with Mamie Eisenhower, a "culture champ". He zaps the fund-raising drive before it even gets started by stating, "Thank goodness you don't have to participate to prove your culture."

THAT LAST line did it. So who wants to prove his culture? Maybe a few people attend big openings just to get their faces on the society page.

But the really cultured person, if you ask me, is the man or woman who enjoys music, theatre, books, and the arts so much that he wants to help make them available to others.

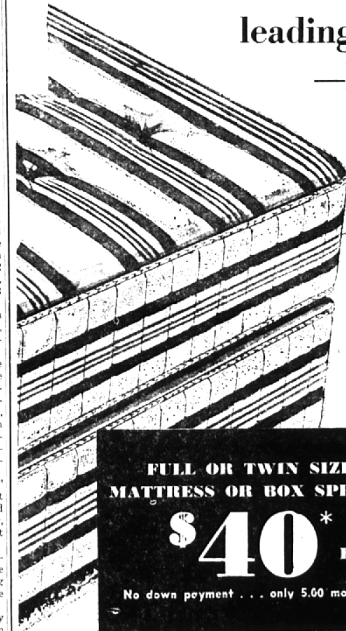
He wants to buy the paintings of a struggling artist. He wants to do everything possible to help writers, musicians and artists thrive, to help present beautiful music and art to the people of his community.

MY CULTURAL ideal wants no personal credit. He doesn't want to "prove his culture." He's unselfish enough to part with his hard-earned and harder-kept money to promote culture and the arts—which would include helping to reduce the price of tickets so that more and more people—even jobless young men—could enjoy concerts, operas and good plays.

And it would definitely include contributing to a Na-

(See POTPOURRI, 7-D)

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YOUNG ADMIRERS of interesting bygone finds which have turned up in donations to the AAUW book sale are first grader Susan Walter and two-year-old Hooker Cheney. Their mothers, Mrs. Edward Walter, 16950 Buckingham, and Mrs. George Cheney, 2760 Pine Lake Road, Orchard Lake, are busy members of a book sale committee. Hooker wonders if Susan might let him have a glimpse of "Peck's Bad Boy." Even though he can't read, he thinks he might get some ideas.

Staff Photo by Bill Thom