Old time barbershop sign passing from scene

Like the thinning ranks of World Wgr I veterans, the old-fashioned barbershop with the red, white and blue revolving signs is fast passing from view.

One of the few remaining—a pleasmant sight to those who recall the old shop where the barber was a master with the comb and shears—is Myron's Barbershop at 917 S. Main, Plymouth.

There, with big bold letters "Barber Shop" and the old-time colored cylin-ders, is a reminder of the past when the barbershop and country store were

the gathering places to air the topics of the day.

WHERE HAVE THE old-time shops

which have jiven way to what are properly have given way to what are properly and the properly and the properly across from the intersection of Starkweather and Main, the Yankee Clipper across from city hall, and the Gentlemen's hair Salon on Harvey just south of Ann Arbor Trail.

These modern establishments are far removed from the old-time shops in that they concentrate on hair "styling" with prices to match the sophis-

"trim."

The modern establishments specialize in styling of long hair, such styles as the Afro and the box top where the hair is made to lay flat and grow on the sides well-out from the ears.

Those parlors or salons are a far cry

from the old-time shops which not only employed skilled barbers but also provided a shoe shiner while your hair was being cut. And the reading material on the tables was not the Wall Street Journal or other business magazines, but the Police Gazette—a volume which always was printed on pink paper.

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AND ALONG WITH the limbo of forgotten things is the picturesque shelf of private shaving mugs.

It was the custom then to have your own shaving mug and brush. The mug

coordu un English letters. One of the most important days in a young man's life came when his parents gave him his own shaving mug to place on the shelf—it helped make him part of the community.

These things now are just memories of a forgotten era. But the old-time barber helped to bring on the great change.

It all started when some of the more

eager of the old-time barbers, hoping, to stand his place apart from the average shop, called it a tonsorial parlor.

From there, through the years, we now have stylist shops and the men working at the chairs no longer are plain barbers—they now are stylists.

But like the veterans' thinning ranks, there always is some old gent still carrying on—Myron's barbershop on S. Main stands almost as a mon-ument to the old-time barbers.











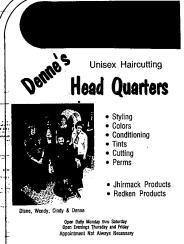


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