

Rabbit Tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

Audley Rawson, former State Representative and Cass City resident, clarified the beginning of the Michigan sales tax this week.

Rawson writes, "I read with interest your article in the Chronicle about the Michigan Sales Tax. Gov. Comstock pushed the sales tax bill thru the legislature in 1933.

"It was for 3 percent. When the merchants, etc., collected it they would say 3 cents for Comstock. I believe this defeated him at the next election.

"Frank Fitzgerald took over as governor. It was at that time I was elected state representative to fill a vacancy caused by the Kern's fire."

And that should end the trivia about the sales tax.

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I know at times I have been known to be out of the office Thursday afternoons. Once in awhile I have been known to be in the office on Thursdays, too.

Roger Marshall evidently didn't believe it. For business purposes he wanted to talk Thursday. He phoned the Chronicle. He asked for Joann Asher, who works upstairs, to find out about paper availability. She referred him to me. I was downstairs in my office.

He hung up. A few minutes later the Chronicle receptionist asked me if I knew where Dorothy was? Yeah, she's getting her hair fixed, I said.

Nothing happened for about another hour until Roger called Joann again and she dashed down and told me. That's when I learned that Roger had called the hair dresser, my home, the Charmont, The Wildwood, Sherwood Forest and White Creek Club trying to locate me.

Next time I told him, when all else fails, try the Chronicle. Maybe the library?

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This came our way unsolicited from Susan Taylor and it's too good a commercial not to broadcast. Mrs. Taylor advertised furniture in the Chronicle classifieds. The first day the advertisement appeared she received over 40 calls, and sold all of her furniture but one piece.

The ad may have been a tad too effective. The Taylors must move in the next few days but have been spending the week eating without tables and living out of cardboard boxes.

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Just when I was about to transfer my Michigan State alumnus status to Arizona State the Spartans up and defeat that school in Ann Arbor on its own basketball court.

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No wonder skiers and snowmobilers are frustrated. As of last week, the Cass City wastewater treatment plant had recorded 7.1 inches of snow so far this winter. Last year at this time, more than 30 inches had fallen.

Ice skaters can rejoice, however. The weather has gotten cold enough that the rink in the village park is now open.

Cass Cityan leaves string of debts

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ing a \$7,741 bill that Werschky owed.

To be deducted from the \$81,553 sought (which includes the \$7,741) are any funds to be realized by the plaintiff from sale or other disposition of the two trucks.

The other four plaintiffs who have filed suit in Circuit Court are suppliers of diesel fuel and other petroleum products, who are seeking

the amount owed plus interest, costs and attorney fees.

The oldest suit, dating back to Nov. 2, 1978, is that of the Rengo Oil Co. of Manistee, which claims it is owed \$10,715. In a pretrial statement,

Werschky claimed \$9,180 of that amount by damage to and resulting loss of use of two trucks because of diesel fuel sold by Rengo that contained water.

Archie Mironik, doing business as Archie's on M-46, Caro, is seeking \$10,021. The suit was filed Nov. 13, 1978.

Fournier Gas and Oil of Sebawaing claims it is owed \$12,333. Its suit was filed Sept. 17, 1979.

Fletcher Oil Co. of Bay City filed suit Sept. 25 and is seeking payment of \$11,704. (Amounts listed do not include interest sought.)

MOST OF THE LIENS ON file in the Register of Deeds

office are from banks. The oldest ones date back to 1975. There are two liens, both naming Alvin and Sue Werschky, involving purchase of household goods and one for purchase of a car, but the rest are business related, mostly involving payments for truck tractors or trailers.

The liens do not always list the amount owed and may not reflect partial payments made, so no attempt was made to add up a total.

Werschky, his firm and drivers have also had their troubles with the Tuscola county weighmaster because of overweight trucks.

In 1975, according to Fred Hecht, the truck company owner paid a fine of \$104; 1977, \$50 and \$301, and in 1978, \$420 and \$3,439. The latter was for a truck hauling gravel, which was approximately 50,000 pounds overweight.

Budget gets council tentative ok

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amount to a projected \$1,700 in 1980.

The loss of federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act funds in 1980 boosted village clerical staff (two persons) salaries from \$10,529 spent in 1979 to \$19,000 in 1980.

IN ADDITION TO THE Garfield-Doerr project, money is included in the major street fund budget for paving of Brooker and Downing Streets between Main and Church Streets (\$4,900 and \$5,700 respectively). Curb and gutter was installed last year. The major street budget totals \$124,000, including the \$68,500 transferred from the general fund.

The local street fund, a total of \$42,500, includes money for paving of Houghton Street between West and Brooker (\$8,000), also prepared last year, and the north and south alleys parallel to Main Street between Maple and Oak Streets (\$3,500 per alley), originally scheduled to be paved last year.

The wastewater treatment, water system and minor budgets are little changed from 1979.

Refunding puts cash in pockets

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wrote to get the forms, some coffee jar inner seal reproductions (sometimes needed to get refunds) to aid those who save the seals but didn't keep track of the type of coffee, and advertisements. The ads are from persons selling or exchanging refund forms and coupons.

MRS. SCHWEITZER HAS a few do's and don't's.

Don't take all the refund forms at a supermarket -- "it isn't fair" -- and don't steal the proof of purchase seal or whatever off a package at the supermarket.

She rarely will buy a product she doesn't need or use just to get a certain qualifier. (Once when she did, when she got home she discovered someone had removed the proof of purchase

seal she needed.)

She also won't buy a major brand product for which she has a coupon if the store brand product is cheaper than the major brand with coupon.

She prefers merchandise refund offers where the merchandise is free, as opposed to the "send in three boxtops plus \$3.95 for this normally \$12 product" type.

She also takes advantage of all such refund offers. Those items she can't use she uses as gifts or sells at garage sales.

"This is a disease," Mrs. Schweitzer said of refunding. "I get so excited when I say labels."

The Haire Net



It's hard to understand why members of the Michigan House of Representatives who voted against awarding points for driving over 55 miles per hour just don't shut up.

If they feel they want to drive at pre-energy crisis speed limits without any penalty except cash fines, okay. That's their right.

There's no law against giving asinine reasons for doing so either. But there should be.

You can understand a vote against awarding points based on the politician's assessment of the wishes of his constituents.

With gas climbing towards \$2 a gallon it's probable that our representative, Loren Armbruster, caught the consensus of the district when he voted to assess the points.

What ticks me off is the way the politicians insult us with reasoning that would be suspect by an eighth grade student. Maybe they believe that all of us never progressed beyond the sixth grade?

Anyway listen to what they say. Building better mileage cars would be a better way to save gasoline. Adding "points" drives up the cost of car insurance.

I presume they list these reasons in all seriousness. Blithely ignoring that no matter how much better a car is designed it still gets better mileage at 55 than it does at 65 or 70.

And it's not "points" that drive up the cost of insurance. It's the claims made against the policies and the most expensive claims are those involving serious injuries.

And when 55 miles per hour came in, the accident rate and the death rate went down.

It's likely that among the opponents of the bill giving these reasons are some that are long-term representatives in their districts.

When they mouth obvious inanities like this how can they get re-elected? Easy.

Drivers that obey the law anyway seldom have reason to consider "points" one way or another. Drivers that tend to bump against the "point" ceiling that means driving restrictions won't look with favor at politicians that make it tougher for



"If It Fitz. . ."

Life goes on

By Jim Fitzgerald

It was a proud day for the founder of the Poker-Duffer Club. While a church full of his friends watched, his oldest son was ordained a Catholic priest.

The founder is Rod Parsch, former janitor at the Lapeer County Bank & Trust Co. in Lapeer, Mich. I met him when I moved to Lapeer in 1951 to work at the local weekly newspaper. I was freshly equipped with a Bachelor of Arts degree from Michigan State University, and thus fully qualified for my first assignment which was to go to the editor's home and help his wife move a freezer onto her back porch.

It has now been almost 30 years since Rod proclaimed that seven young men should meet regularly for golf in the summer and poker in the other seasons. The club is still meeting today, and Rod is still saying, over and over: "I don't mind losing on a good hand."

That's what he says for poker. For golf, he lets his left-handed swing do his talking. It says: "You're not going to believe this."

What you're not going to believe is that sometimes the ball goes where Rod aims it. Rod believes the entire game of golf can be controlled by the power of the swing, so it really doesn't matter which club he uses. He favors a three-wood. He drives with a swiftly-swung three-wood, and chips with a softly-swung three-wood. In between, his swing is medium, or tepid. Surprisingly, he is not the worst golfer in the Poker-Duffer Club.

Club membership has changed considerably through the years. This is what I thought about as I watched Rod's son become a priest. I thought about some of the former members who couldn't be there.

Don was a charter member. He left a factory job to start an appliance store, and then a furniture store. Slowly, he prospered. He built one of the grandest homes in town, and bought a second home in Florida. While still in his fifties, he was ready to retire. And then he got sick in his car and choked to death.

Harold liked to play golf more than anything else. He had a bad heart and sometimes the pain would hit him during a game, but no amount of urging could convince him to quit playing. He would take a pill and rest a minute, and then he would take my money. I was with Harold when he suffered his last heart attack, at the age of 42. I remember, at his funeral, hearing a strange sound and being startled to realize it was me, sobbing. I hadn't sobbed since I was a child.

And then there was Bob, another charter member. I thought about him a lot during the ordination of Rod's son. I thought about Bob's oldest son and the time he sat in for his dad in a poker game. A few days later, that tall, handsome young man went to Vietnam. He came home a paraplegic.

That son is now living out his life in a hospital. Bob used to bring him home every week end, but he can't do it anymore. A couple of

years ago, while still in his fifties, Bob died from a heart attack. A few days after his funeral, his second son was crippled in an auto accident.

Life goes on (you may quote me on that) and who can say why some of us draw aces, and some of us tap out? I had to quit the Poker-Duffer Club four years ago when I left town. Today, there are more replacements than charter members, but the founder is still there, losing on good hands.

I remember when Rod and his wife, Shirley, had twins. It brought the total number of their children to eight "Geez," I said, "that's almost enough for your own

Rod interrupted: "We're going to play without a shortstop."

The oldest Parsch offspring is David. He used to mow my lawn. Now he is a priest. Rod is president of the bank where he used to be janitor. Last Friday, I watched Rod receive Holy Communion from his son, the priest. It was a marvelous thing to see such a proud parent.

It was sad to be reminded of the losses suffered by so many of my old poker buddies and their families. But it was wonderful to watch our founder win on a good hand. Lord but I am happy for him.

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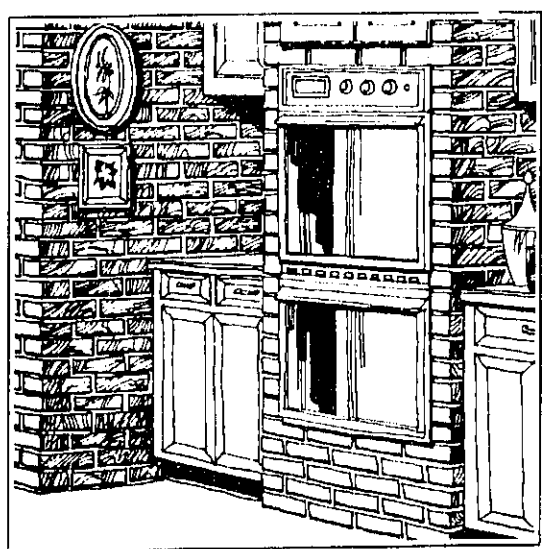
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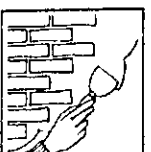
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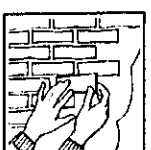
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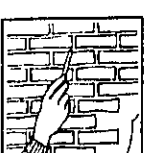
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