



Rabbit Tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

You know that summer is about to begin when the annual plea is heard from the Babe Ruth league. The league is looking for a coach. Regardless there will be a tryout Thursday, May 22, at 5 p.m. at the park. Boys not able to attend should contact Phil Robinson or Pete Martin.

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The traditional start of summer fun time has always been Memorial Day which comes next Monday almost a week earlier than the May 30 date that previously prevailed.

As usual that holiday means early copy at the Chronicle. All deadlines are advanced a day so that most of the staff can enjoy the day, too.

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Speechless department: Every newsmen is familiar with complaints and establishes ways to handle them, according to tact and temperament.

When someone calls to express appreciation like teacher Doug Greszesak did this week it's hem and haw time. Newsmen aren't experienced enough to handle kudos, just complaints.

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I confess. I didn't vote Tuesday. I didn't forget. I just didn't write this I could go to the polls. Frankly I see little purpose in it. The race is virtually decided and the best I can vote I can conceive is not to vote for any of the candidates.

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You'll be seeing a new face around the main stem and the countryside this summer. It belongs to Jim Iseler of Harbor Beach.

A student at Central Michigan, Iseler is interning here. He'll be handling a variety of reporting duties with special emphasis on the annual July 4 Festival.

The weather

	High	Low	Precip.
Wednesday	65	30	.38
Thursday	70	30	0
Friday	70	37	0
Saturday	66	52	0
Sunday	61	45	1.02
Monday	72	34	.13
Tuesday	73	38	0

(Recorded at Cass City wastewater treatment plant.)



AWARD WINNERS - Cass City Girl Scouts conducted their court of awards last Wednesday to end the 1979-80 scouting season. Winning the most merit badges or special honors were, front row, from left, Lynn Weippert, 32 merit badges; Tammy Hurlley, Sign of the Arrow and Sign of the Star; Lana Harris, Sign of the Star, and Marie McDaniel, Sign of the Star and Arrow. The four, all from Troop 929, also won the forest ranger badge. Back row, from left, Kathy Marshall, 18 merit badges, Troop 221, and from Troop 170, Renee Szarapski and Meg Brown, both with 22 badges.

Memorial Day parade Monday

The Memorial Day parade takes place in Cass City Monday, followed by services at the Elkland township cemetery.

The parade will start at 10 a.m., rain or shine, at the corner of Main and West Streets.

Led by the military color guard and Cass City High School band, other expected participants include 20-30 baton twirlers from Cass City and Caro, Little Leaguers, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, veterans' group members, Elkland Township Fire Department trucks, 4-H Junior Wranglers horse club, bicycles and

antique cars. All parade entries are asked to assemble behind the Gamble's store starting at 9:30 a.m., according to village council member Lynda McIntosh, the parade organizer. Anyone who would like to participate in the parade is asked to be in the parking lot there at that time.

Many of the parade entries, especially children, will be dropping out at Scotty McCullough Drive, the entrance to the park. The remaining entries will continue on to the village cemetery for memorial services. Rev. P. Thomas Wachterhauser of the Trin-

ity United Methodist church will be delivering the message. Master of ceremonies for the 21st year will be Jack Esau.

Elkland Township Supervisor Jack Gallagher is in charge of arrangements for the memorial service.

Elementary students to show art work

Cass City elementary students will show their artistic talents to parents and the public May 27-June 3, with specific dates depending on the school.

The approximately 870 students in grades 2-6 (2-5 at Deford) will have on display at least one work each that they have completed during the past school year.

At Campbell Elementary, the showing will be from 6:30-8 p.m. Tuesday of next week and from 9-11 a.m. the

following day. Students from both Campbell and the intermediate school (grades 5 and 6) will show their projects.

Hours at Deford Elementary will be 6:30-8 p.m. Thursday, May 29.

Evergreen Elementary students will have their art works on display June 2 from 2-4 p.m. and the following day from 8 a.m.-4 p.m.

Coordinating the shows is elementary art teacher Trudy Muszynski.



Fishing is not like it used to be. It's not as good today as it was when I started fishing and it wasn't as good when I started as it was for the generation before me.

That's only important if you happen to be a fisherman. But in a larger view it's important to all of us. It's an indication of the ever present erosion of our natural heritage.

There aren't many places today where you can get away from the inroads of civilization and enjoy the beauty of a pristine wilderness.

In Michigan's northern lower peninsula there is a huge tract of land called the Pigeon River Forest area that includes three major rivers and uncounted feeder streams.

It may not be the same as it was 100 years ago but it's largely untouched through much of its area.

You can get something out of fishing the Pigeon River that you can't find in even the world famous AuSable or Pere Marquette rivers.

Those great trout streams are lined by cottages and homes, all well kept and attractive but as out of place in a nature setting as the stray deer that occasionally wanders into a bustling business section.

From the middle of a river in the Pigeon forest, there's the feeling that it's just you and nature, nothing else.

And there's plenty of nature around. It's the home of elk, deer, bear, bobcat, squirrels and an array of

birds I can't name. That area is something great to pass on to my kids and for them to pass on to theirs when the time comes.

Whether that will be possible is an open question.

Right now the battle rages between conservationists and oil drilling interests and from here it appears sure that oil is winning.

There will be drilling in the Pigeon River area. The story that the Department of Natural Resources tells is that when the oil is extracted the land will return to its original state.

Today the oil interests are severely restricted in where and how they can drill.

Maybe my fears are groundless. Maybe future generations will enjoy what we have today. Maybe.

If hardtop roads to accommodate oil tankers replace the dirt trails there today or new roads cut into the heart of the wilderness area, the area loses a little more of its magic.

And it is magic, you know. That feeling of peace and pure contentment that comes from soaking in what the area has to offer.

It's so great that it's almost immaterial that the fishing isn't really all that good any more. You know that before you go.

Don't count on taking home any meat for the table. Count on collecting all that the area has to offer and rest easy knowing that, at least for the present, the supply is inexhaustible.



"If It Fitz..." Solitaire in bed

By Jim Fitzgerald

The husband was awakened by a soft, erotic "slap, slap, slap" sound coming from the other side of the bed. He opened an eye to see what the wife was doing. She was putting the reds on the blacks, and vice versa.

"Why are you playing solitaire in bed?" he asked. "Is it something we should talk about?"

The husband reads Dr. Joyce Brothers and the other pop psychologists. He knows the principal reason for domestic discord is a lack of communication between partners, especially in the bedroom. As Ann Landers once put it: "Tell him what you want, Honey, otherwise how is he going to know?"

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted to play cards in bed?" the husband asked.

"I didn't think it was any use. You never play cards with me anywhere," she said.

The husband couldn't deny it. Early in their marriage, she had persuaded him to go to bridge school and then to form a bridge club with several classmates. Up until then, he had played nothing except poker and euchre. He had always thought card games were social events calling for a steady flow of witty conversation and booze. He was dismayed to learn that bridge players are silent frowners, crazed by the fear of losing, who worry too much about getting the cards wet. He refused to attend the second meeting of

the bridge club and all meetings held thereafter.

That happened almost 25 years ago but the wife is still sore about it. She complains that the husband didn't announce his defection from the bridge club until the very night of the second meeting, thus leaving her host with two empty seats and no time to find substitutes. She says this horrendous gaffe furnished her friends with conclusive proof that she married an ignorant slob.

The husband's defense is that she should have known he wouldn't attend the second meeting of the bridge club because of what he had said immediately after the first one. He had told her he'd rather die than ever play bridge again. She says he should have been more specific. He sobs a lot.

Ever since the husband quit the bridge club, the wife has punished him by exaggerating his crime. Without actually saying it, she has continually accused him of refusing to ever play any type of card game with her while he often goes out to play poker with the boys. She has a sneaky talent for making this type of charge without using precise language the husband can refute. For instance, she announced the birth of their third child by telling everyone she finally had a fourth at home.

But playing solitaire in bed was something she had never done before. The husband feared a double-edged

complaint. In her silent manner, was she not only saying that she had to play cards alone, but also that she might as well do it in bed?

"We have to talk," he said. "What is it you're trying to tell me?"

"I can't sleep," she said. "There has to be more to it than that. If I told Dr. Brothers I woke up to find my wife playing solitaire in bed, she would say we should make love on a bridge table. She would say we should open communications concerning your real feelings toward me. She would say that deep down, beneath your placid exterior, you have suppressed feelings. Any brilliant psychologist could tell you that you're missing a fulfilled life because you refuse to recognize that your husband is a handsome, exciting man. He is not boring."

The wife was beginning to nod off.

The husband sensed their marriage had reached a crossroad. In fact, he thought he heard traffic. She was snoring.

That's when he made his move. He rolled to her side of the bed and took her in both arms, and shook her. Her eyes opened.

"We have to talk," he said again.

"Say whatever it is you want to say," she said.

"You put a red six on a red seven," he said.

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