



## "If It Fitz..." A kick in the shins

By Jim Fitzgerald

While they stood in line in the rain, the husband had time to tell the wife what an even-tempered fellow he is, generally. There are only a few people he would like to kick in the shins. People who carry loud music with them wherever they go, for instance.

Now that the weather has warmed, the husband has taken to strolling about public parks and plazas, in search of visual amusement and good health without jogging. He has discovered that wherever he goes, his ears are assaulted by huge radios and tape players emitting raucous noises full blast. The people carrying these offensive boxes should certainly be kicked, the husband believes.

Also, he is certain it would be justifiable to inflict cruel

kicks upon people who roar down streets astride unmuffled motorcycles. The only good thing he can say about a thundering motorcycle heard from 10 blocks away is that it prevents him from hearing the person standing beside him crack gum.

Most post office clerks should also be kicked, the husband insists. In years past, he was often employed as a clerk in the private sector, behind soda fountains, cigar counters and bars. It always seemed natural that the more people waiting for his clerking services, the faster he worked. It has been his experience that this equation works oppositely in post offices. The more people waiting in line, the slower the clerks work. Their pace can often be

slackened, but never accelerated, and they wouldn't shorten a coffee break to save a customer's life.

On a recent morning in his neighborhood postal branch, the husband stood 10th in line. In keeping with tradition, only one of five windows was open for business. The man at the head of the line wanted to buy a money order. The clerk didn't have the necessary form at hand, so she slowly disappeared behind some mail cases to get it. For the next few minutes, she could be heard bantering with fellow employees who, unseen but not unsung, were bravely upholding tradition, no matter how many customers were waiting.

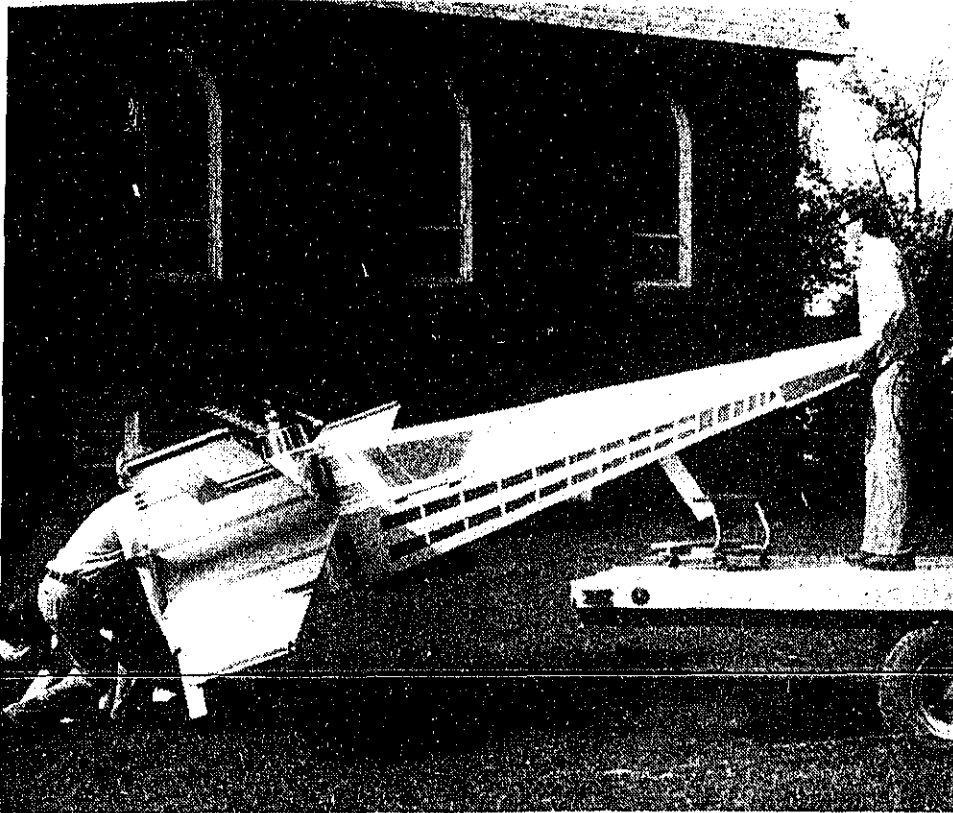
When the clerk finally reappeared with the money order form, the man was so angry at the delay he wanted to register a formal complaint. The clerk was agreeable, and said she would get the man a complaint form. As she slowly disappeared again behind the mail cases, a sound was heard from the end of the line. It was the husband, sobbing.

But he didn't kick the postal clerk, any more than he would kick a music carrier, or an unmuffled motorcyclist, or a gum cracker. He believes in non-violence, especially when there is the possibility he might get kicked back. That is why, in his rare moments of rage, he is most comfortable when raging against his 21-year-old son, Nerd. The husband figures if he did lose control and kick Nerd in the shins, Nerd wouldn't kick back out of respect for the office of the parent, if not for the current occupant.

Nerd is what the husband and the wife talked about as they waited in the rain to buy movie tickets at the Detroit Institute of Arts. The husband admitted his usually even temper had been ignited by Nerd, who had again swiped his apartment keys. The husband has a keen sense of order, and he always leaves his keys hanging on a hook inside the front door. Nerd has a keen sense of sloppiness and continually loses his own keys. But he always knows where he can find another set.

The delay caused by a key search made the husband and wife late for the movie, otherwise they wouldn't have had to sit through it in soggy clothing. Later, the husband's temper temporarily got better when he learned Nerd had gone to the same movie, riding his bicycle in the rain. The husband figured Nerd must have watched the film in even soggy clothes than his, and it served the big key thief right.

But Nerd said he brought dry shirt and pants in his waterproof knapsack and changed clothes before the show started. The husband suspects he is the only father in town whose son changed pants in the Institute of Arts john. He also suspects Nerd wears shin guards, so what's the use?



**UNVEILING** -- The creation of Dennis Hurley and Ken Jensen, patterned after the x-wing fighter space ships in the movie "Star Wars," was put on display last Thursday at the First Presbyterian church. It will ride on the church's float in the July 4th parade. Some youngsters from the church helped with the sanding, filling and priming. Final paint job was applied by Dennis and brother Roger Hurley. Construction was in Dennis' garage starting in March.

## Bike-a-thon raises \$570 for hospital

At least \$570 has been raised as a result of the bike-a-thon May 17 to raise money for the St. Jude's Children's Hospital. The event began at the Cass City Recreation Park. That amount is due to the dedication of the 14 children who participated in the event, according to coordinator Nina Davis. As of Tuesday, some pledges and donations had not been received.

Although it had to compete with similar events around the county for participants that day, Mrs. Davis said she feels the fund raiser was successful.

Participants could ride for as long as they wanted and were pledged donations for each mile completed.

Three bikers rode 36 miles without stopping, which was the highest mileage achieved in the group. They were Kevin Bliss, Tom

Tuckey and Jon Zdrojewski. Distances ranged from 12-36 miles.

Most of the bikers were in the junior high age group, although two fourth-graders and one second-grader participated.

Participants gained incentive to raise as much money as possible when it was learned the national poster child for St. Jude's, known only as Lisa, had died recently.

Those children biking in the fundraiser were aware of the significance of what they were doing, although many others are not, Mrs. Davis said.

Many people get the wrong impression about the hospital and its work, thinking it is for Catholics only. "I don't think people realize St. Jude's is a non-denominational hospital and that any child with a serious illness can go there," she said.

Founded by entertainer Danny Thomas, the hospital in Memphis, Tenn., provides free care for children that are admitted.

The bike-a-thon coincided with other St. Jude's bike-a-thons taking place the same day in Michigan.

### BENCHED

By the time the average man learns to play the game of life, he's too old to make the team.

## The Haire Net



Everybody agreed that the first Fourth of July Festival staged last year in Cass City was outstandingly successful.

With the experience gained in number one, number two should be a lead pipe cinch. Certainly it should help eliminate the pitfalls that were apparent in number one.

Given a break in the weather, the kind that we were favored with in the inaugural, it should be smooth sailing this time around.

That's what you'd think if you haven't had experience with events like this before. The truth is that the second is harder than the first and the third harder than the second.

What happens is that the movers and shakers that pushed the event to a successful conclusion look to others to carry that ball after awhile and often the guys that take over don't have the enthusiasm that the original crew had.

Another hazard to a successful continuing program is that after the newness wears off, it becomes harder to find enough Indians to help the chiefs.

The guys that help erect the grandstand, pitch the tents, make the floats and clean up after it's all over.

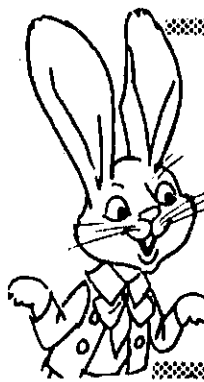
You can tell when this is happening when the town starts turning to professionals to provide the attractions. Suddenly a carnival springs up with a moth-eaten group of rides and gambling devices. A second rate professional comes in for the evening or afternoon program. The carney is moth-eaten and the professional second-rate because that's all the town can afford.

That's the beginning of the end, of course, and in a year or two at most, what started as a fine community event closes in a shambles.

We've lost the Firemen's Field Day, the Home-coming and the Cass City Fair that way.

Now there have been complaints from some of the folks who have worked their butts off to make the festival a success. They say that they can't get the cooperation or the interest that is needed to make the second annual festival bigger and better than the first.

From here it appears that this year's parade will be



## Rabbit Tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

I guess if I were a judge I'd call it a stand-off. When the seniors marched by the office in the annual swing-out they were models of decorum.

I was mentally congratulating them when someone came into the office and said that someone threw a smoke bomb. It was pleasant to learn that it happened after the march was over.

What makes me think that the swing-out really isn't all that big with the kids is the number of them who just didn't bother to show.

Still, if they act like they did last week, why not a swing-out?

Several asked why the class will didn't appear in the annual keepsake section for seniors which was printed last week.

The answer is that the school felt that it wasn't fit to print Not fit, Principal Russ Richards said, because of spelling and grammatical errors. We'll add that, judging by previous wills, it probably needed a little careful censoring before it was printed in a family paper.

Idle thought: Was it my imagination or was the crowd larger at the Memorial Day parade this season? It seems to me that it was. If so, is the reason the cost of gas and the recession?

One thing sure. The weather was great and we could use another just like it for the July 4 Festival.

## Funeral held for Mrs. Rosenberger

Gladys Rosenberger of Cass City died suddenly Wednesday, May 21, at Hills and Dales General Hospital. She was born April 11, 1901, in Oliver township, Huron county, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Amasa and Leah (Ramseyer) Keller.

Miss Keller was married to Vernon Rosenberger June 21, 1922, in Elkton. They moved to Cass City in 1960. Rosenberger died April 26, 1980.

She was a member of the Cass City Missionary church for 20 years and a member of the Women's Missionary Society.

Mrs. Rosenberger is survived by three sons: Burton Rosenberger of Livonia, Virgil Rosenberger of Birmingham and Maurice Rosen-

berger of Cass City. Also surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Donald (Doris) Herman of Livonia and Mrs. Robert (Donna) Dunn of Gagetown; two sisters, Mrs. Fred Crawford of Farmington, and Mrs. Charles Taylor of Phoenix, Ariz.; one brother, Orville Keller of Southfield, and 12 grandchildren. Two sons, Vernon Jr. and Howard, two sisters and one brother preceded her in death.

Arrangements were made by Little's Funeral Home and services took place at the Cass City Missionary church Saturday, May 24, with Rev. Robert Taylor and Rev. James Keller, of the Lamotte Missionary church officiating.

Burial was in the Riverside cemetery, Elkton.

## The weather

	High	Low	Precip.
Wednesday	84	43	0
Thursday	93	48	0
Friday	94	50	0
Saturday	88	53	0
Sunday	69	38	0
Monday	66	34	0
Tuesday	82	40	0

(Recorded at Cass City wastewater treatment plant.)

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