



## "If It Fitz..." The art of vituperation

By Jim Fitzgerald

Most people don't know how to insult each other anymore. The extent of their imagination is to attach an affix to the front or rear of the same old four-letter word for copulation. This is tacky.

Today it is rare to hear a stylish exchange of verbal castigation, so it is nice that the choicest vituperation is best expressed in the written word, and can be preserved for posterity. Thus, many years after the deaths of my father, Edmund Fitz, and his favorite enemy, Westcott Smith, I can pamper my passion for brilliant barbs by rereading the letters they

shot at each other. Smith operated the laundry that tore the buttons off my father's shirts in Port Huron, Mich. At one social gathering, Father was particularly vocal about his abused shirts. Word of this slander reached Smith, who immediately sent Father a lumberjack shirt and this note:

The young ladies who overheard your impassioned plea about a shirt were touched and impressed. They felt something should be done to cover a poor, withering body, so they pooled their money and bought this shirt. They chose this heavier type garment because it can fill so many purposes.

By day it can be worn as a shirt for appearance and warmth. By night it can be a night shirt. Then, as that frail body becomes more withered and the shirt no longer fits, it can be cut up to make bed socks or ear muffs or any of the many things that bring comfort to miserable people.

As time goes on and it is felt that this fine garment has about reached the end of its usefulness, your dear wife (heaven will surely reward her) can use the little pieces of shirt to stuff in that big mouth that has so

annoyed the world, and thus bring a final end to a disagreeable noise that seems to have no counterpart anywhere.

Father answered swiftly: It is with a mingled feeling of disgust and contempt that I acknowledge receipt of the converted horse blanket sent to replace my precious white shirt which was mutilated by your destructive emporium and slyly repaired and returned after being subjected to an abortion of the art of needlecraft.

I accept your suggestion as to the various uses prescribed for this colorful monstrosity, as I would hesitate to wear the shirt in public only to have it snatched from my back by the rightful owner who has so patiently awaited its return.

As a community project, contributing to the general public welfare, may I suggest that you crawl into the laundry bag I recently returned to you, have the strings drawn tight, and then go for a ride in one of your antique trucks. As to your destination, I care not, as long as it terminates in a resounding splash.

There was a Christmas when Smith's laundry sent Father two gifts, a pencil and a calendar, both with advertising all over them. Father's thank-you note said:

As grateful as I am, I do feel, as a matter of conscience and justice, that one of these gifts should be returned so that you can further expand the scope of your generosity and bring joy to another home. Should this be distasteful to you, just as a slight token of my appreciation, I am agreeable to having you remove four buttons per week from each shirt instead of the customary two.

Father also wished the laundry a Merry Christmas, to which Smith replied:

We laughed and felt so good to discover that you had wished us a Merry Christmas. The same to you, you delapidated, senile, decayed, disagreeable old fool.

Ah. The two men loved each other, which is why no bleeping bleeps were necessary.

NO CHANCE

Remember, it's about as easy to please everybody as it is for everybody to please you.



RETURNING AFTER A week at Camp Rotary Leadership Training School were, from left, Tammy Tibbits, John Scollon and Deanna Sawdon. The Cass City High School seniors were sponsored by the Cass City Rotary Club.

## Sponsored by Rotary

# 3 find leadership camp stimulating

The best of the Camp Rotary Leadership Training School, three Cass City seniors agreed, was the opportunity to talk over problems with other students from other communities.

## Candidates to speak at forum

A "Meet the Candidates" night will take place Monday for Republican contenders in the Tuscola county sheriff's race.

The forum, sponsored by candidate Earl Scott of Caro, will begin at 7:30 p.m. in the Cass City High School gymnasium.

Scott said the forum would be set up with a moderator to watch over the proceedings and make sure none of the candidates goes over his allotted 20 minutes for expressing their platforms.

The candidates participating in the event are Paul Berry of Caro, Bernie Lenda, Caro; Bruce Tait, Caro; Bob Eigner, Fairgrove, and Scott.

Following the platforms the audience will have an opportunity to ask questions. The Republican candidate for sheriff will be chosen in the Aug. 5 primary.

Only one Democrat, Millington Chief of Police Herbert Clancy, is on the ballot from his party.

The three spent six days last week at the camp in Caro as the guests of Cass City Rotary where students from the entire central Michigan area gathered.

Selected after interviews to represent Cass City were John Scollon, Tammy Tibbits and Deanna Sawdon.

Among the outstanding speakers, the one that impressed the three the most was Morley Fraser, assistant President of Albion College. His talk, "Leadership Lights the Way," was one that the students said was the best of all the many speakers that talked to the group.

## Horner returns home to take Walbro post

Louis E. Horner has joined Walbro Corp. as Director of Planning and Development.



Louis E. Horner

according to company president L.E. Althaver.

Horner will place emphasis on the application of financial controls and electronic data processing toward the control and improvement of manufacturing methods, Althaver said.

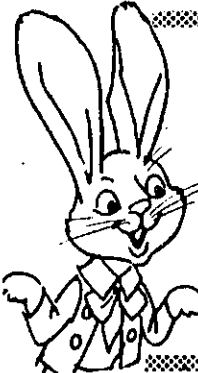
Horner joins Walbro from CTS Corporation, where he served for the past nine years, five of them as General Manager of a twin plant operation in Brownsville, Texas, and Matamoros, Mexico.

He has a degree in aeronautical engineering from the University of Michigan and an MBA in industrial administration from Purdue University. He and his wife, Janice, are both natives of Cass City.

## TEST OF TIME

One's character has very little market value unless it has been put to the supreme test.

The fellow who itches for fame has lots of scratching to do.



## Rabbit Tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

Hope springs eternal. This week I received a mailing from a golf magazine promising me a chance to win fabulous prizes without obligation.

Since it only cost a 15-cent stamp I returned the slip with the "winning" numbers.

The object, of course, is to hype circulation and it must work or the magazines wouldn't be spending all that money. It didn't work with me... I already subscribe.

Members of the business community are busy these days. Most business persons are members of the Cass City Chamber of Commerce and are plugging along with the myriad details concerned with staging the July 4 Festival.

In addition many of the same persons are busy planning for the annual sidewalk days sale sponsored by the retail committee. It's coming July 17-18-19 and is the big sale of the summer months.

The Chronicle has a couple of good used air conditioners that it plans to sell since converting to central air conditioning.

The plan is to advertise them... but with this spring's weather, what's the use?

## The weather

|                | High | Low | Precip. |
|----------------|------|-----|---------|
| Wednesday..... | 77   | 38  | .0      |
| Thursday.....  | 82   | 45  | .0      |
| Friday.....    | 86   | 53  | .0      |
| Saturday.....  | 82   | 54  | .1      |
| Sunday.....    | 57   | 34  | .0      |
| Monday.....    | 66   | 32  | .0      |
| Tuesday.....   | 82   | 44  | .0      |

(Recorded at Cass City wastewater treatment plant.)

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It was a beautiful day with the sun pouring down from a cloudless sky and the 83-degree temperature made just right by a soft south wind.

It was a day to enjoy. And we did as we floated down the Manistee for about 10 hours last Thursday.

The CCC did a magnificent job in this river, I said to the 20-year-old in the canoe with me while pointing to the endless structures built into the river.

CCC? he asked, what's that? He didn't know, how could he? That work in the river was completed about 40 years ago during what is now justly known as the great depression. The majority of the people in America now living were yet to be born. CCC stands for Civilian Conservation Corps and it was established when Franklin D. Roosevelt was president.

Its primary purpose was to give work to thousands of Americans unable to find a job of any kind.

Like many good ideas, it proved to be better in retrospect than it was regarded at the time.

A standard joke of the time about the corps was two coming, two going, two sitting, two moving.

Like most things new, it took time for us to come to grips with it. The government handing out jobs? Unheard of.

Forty years ago working to control silting of a river ranked right next to the wild talk you heard now and then about sending a man to the

moon.

The river was always there and always would be. We didn't have the awareness of today's generation. It would never have occurred to us to wonder, as the 20-year-old did, about what the river would be like when he reached my age.

It's a hopeful sign, isn't it? To be concerned about the distant future of a river before you're old enough to buy a drink in Michigan.

It's likely that the Manistee will be as pure in the 21st century as it is today. Maybe more pristine.

But there are myriad other rivers in Michigan that didn't get the attention that the Manistee and other famous streams received.

Streams that need work if they are to come back from the ravages of unenlightened generations.

The economists say that Michigan is rapidly approaching, or in the midst of, depression-sized unemployment again.

Rather than welfare, why not the present day equivalent of CCC? That's not a new thought. It's been banded about for years and appears to be no closer to realization today than it was when revival talk first started.

Politics being what it is, there's probably not much chance that we'll return to the conservation programs of the '30s again.

Maybe there would be if we could form a flotilla and cart all the politicians in Lansing down the river.

If not, we could always capsize the boats.

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