



"If It Fitz. . ." Life is a sitcom

By Jim Fitzgerald

It was just recently, on a city bus, that I realized life is a situation comedy. The woman sitting in front of me, whom I had never met, took a little spritzer thing out of her purse and sprayed perfume on her neck. Her aim was careless and some of the perfume landed on me.

It is because of sitcoms like this that Jimmy Carter instituted the White House Conference on Families.

In two minutes I was due to walk into my home and kiss my wife hello. Would she smell the scent of a strange woman upon my person? I put my nose against my left shoulder where most of the stray perfume had hit. Yes, she would. The odor was unlike anything usually smelled on my shoulder. It was cool, but somehow warm; musky, but somehow unmusky. I dug my nose further into my shoulder, which was sloped, but somehow level.

A man sitting across the aisle gave me a strange look. He was wondering why I

didn't use one of my hands instead of my shoulder to scratch my nose. I told him I had bad hands. Otherwise I wouldn't have been riding the bus with my nose on my shoulder; I'd have been playing split end for the Detroit Lions.

I realized that once I reached home there would be no avoiding the kiss which would be my undoing. I knew I would be undone because dozens of times I had seen Dick Van Dyke and Bob Newhart and other heroes of TV situation comedies undone by the same circumstances. Mary Tyler Moore smelled the strange scent on Van Dyke and immediately began crying because she knew he loved another woman. It did no good for Van Dyke to explain that coming home on the subway he had sat next to a musk deer. He was innocent, but he was undone.

The undoing kiss was inevitable because, for 25 years, I've almost always kissed my wife hello and goodbye. This isn't as romantic as it is athletic. My wife wants the kiss, but she doesn't stand at the front door waiting for it. She tests my affection for her by forcing me to seek her out and deliver the kiss wherever I might find her. To plant a kiss, I have followed her up ladders and through entire housecleanings. I have stuck my head inside an oven and under a hair dryer. And the few times I've failed to meet the challenge, she has accused me of not loving her anymore, which undoes me.

So the kiss-after-perfuming was delivered, even though I had to straddle a sewing machine to reach her mouth which had pins in it. I figured a skipped kiss would make her just as unhappy as the fragrance of a mysterious woman, and besides, maybe she wouldn't notice. She sniffed. She noticed.

"Don't undo me," I pleaded, and I quickly explained about the woman on the bus. "If you don't believe me, we can take our problem to the White House Conference on Families for arbitration."

Several regional meetings of the conference have already been held, amid much publicity. As I understand it, the primary purpose is to "identify" family members and then decide whether these members should be given abortions even though they might be having homosexual relationships with supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment.

I used to be so dumb I thought everybody born since Adam belonged to a family and everything done in Washington or in City Hall either benefited or hurt every living thing, including Little Orphan Annie and Sandy. I could see no need for a conference on families because we already had millions of bureaucrats and politicians and preachers doing everything for every member of every family.

I was wrong, of course. Otherwise, why would our wise government be spending \$3 million of our money to finance this Conference on Families? It must be needed. And in a few years we will need the Conference on Conferences on Families. It will cost \$6 million.

The purpose of the Conference on Conferences on Families will be to determine whether the Conference on Families convinced wives that innocent men can be sprayed by musk deer on buses. It convinced me that life is a situation comedy.

Hagen gets degree from CMU

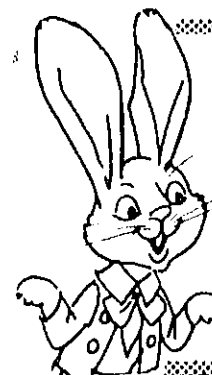
Karl R. Hagen, son of Fred Hagen, 1282 Atwater Road, Ubyly, was among 3,010 students to graduate May 10 from Central Michigan University.

Hagen received a bachelor of science degree in business administration. While at CMU, he majored in accounting.

Although presently living at home, he is seeking employment in the corporate accounting area.



BUDDING ARTISTS had an opportunity to create their own masterpieces at the "paint-in" sponsored by the American Association of University Women. Many children took advantage of the paint throughout the day.



Rabbit Tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

The regular meeting of the Cass City School Board Monday, July 14, should be of more than ordinary interest to backers of the one-mill tax proposal for extra operating funds.

That's the time that a committee will be formed to promote the proposal.

The board is issuing a special invitation to interested residents to attend.

The board meeting starts at 7:30 p.m. and the committee proposal will be discussed about an hour later.

Incidentally, one fertile field for the workers will be the registration of 18-year-olds. Very few are on the voting rolls now and most would be in favor of the levy, I'm sure.

Another bloc of voters who should help is the teachers. You'd think they would all vote automatically, all be registered.

But they do not all vote nor are they all registered.

Just when all of us were becoming accustomed to the five-digit zip code system the postal department is changing it.

Added to the current zip will be four numbers. The first two numbers will indicate a sector and the other two will be unique within the sector.

The target date for implementation of the 9-digit system is February 1981.

One man's opinion - the department has two chances for meeting that goal, slim and none.

Browsing through the files, a story revealed that the Home-coming here was staged for seven years and enjoyed no-rain the day the event was staged.

Add to that the two wonderful, weather-wise, days that the July 4 Festival has enjoyed and one of two conclusions is inevitable. The first is that Cass City lives a charmed life and the other is that it is due to rain on Festival day for about three years in a row.

Is it just because some guys are born lucky and others aren't that tales like this can be told?

Whatever, Gene Wilson is one of the lucky ones. A few years ago he was talked into buying a single ticket for a chance to win a snowmobile raffled by the Senior class. That ticket won the prize.

On the last day, Friday, he purchased three tickets on the spaceship raffled by the Cass City First Presbyterian Church.

He was again the winner.

Taylor graduates

Barbara Taylor, daughter of Theresa Taylor, 4644 Washington Street, Ubyly, graduated with honors and a bachelor of arts degree from Central Michigan University May 10.

While at CMU she majored in pre-school child development. Miss Taylor is pursuing employment in the child development field. She said she would like to work with a nursery school or head-start program.

At present she is living at home in Ubyly.

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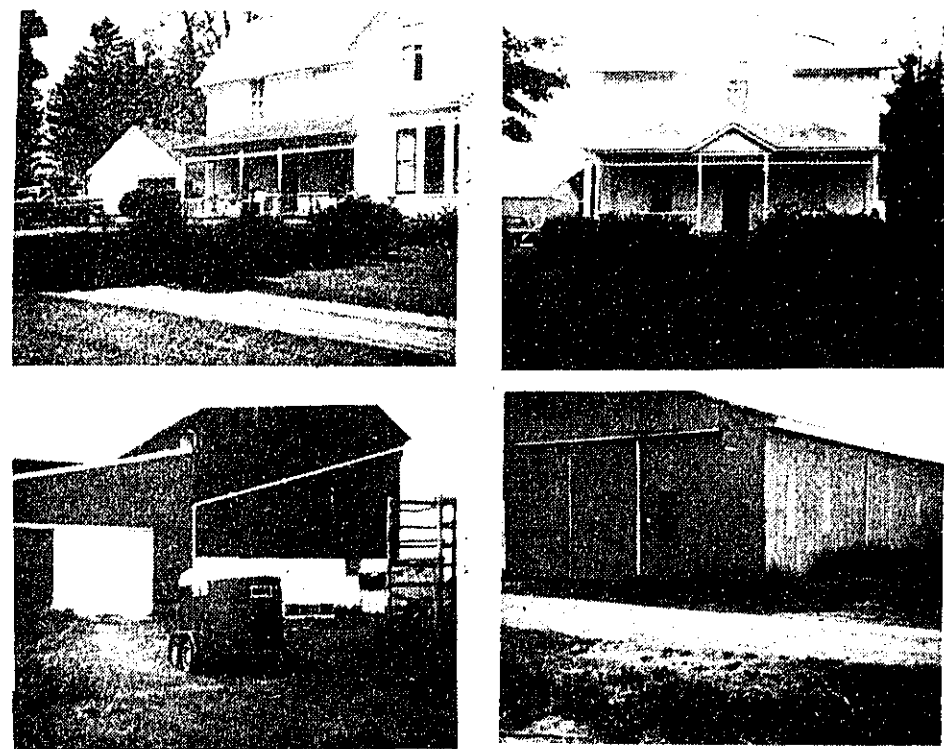
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The Haire Net



The second July 4 Festival is history and was at least as successful as the first. Everyone was happy.

Despite the pleasant results the celebration may be in jeopardy.

That's maybe hard to fathom when you consider that the festival this year was as well received as last year and in addition probably paid its own way.

Compared to 1979 when the event cost the Chamber of Commerce some \$4,000 that's good news indeed.

With all this going for it why the gloom and doom?

The Fourth is a good time. There's something doing just about every minute of the day. That doesn't just happen; it takes a barrel of work.

Spread over enough volunteers the load is light for all.

That's the ideal. In practice it doesn't work that way.

Several persons have shouldered much of the burden. Tom Herron, Mike Weaver, Gloria Ouvry and several others have been the driving force that carried the festival to success.

At least two that have made the wheels turn want to bow out or reduce their work load in the future.

One of them is Herron. He's discouraged over the lack of help. Thinking about bowing out.

Perhaps that will change by next summer. I'd guess that if he moved down from the top, he'd still do more than his share to help

someone who replaced him.

There's doubt here if another person is available that will devote the time that's necessary to keep the festival growing and going.

A successor would probably be named from among the cadre of workers and planners that have been working long hours on the previous celebrations.

If one moves up there's going to be a worker gone that's hard to replace.

This year there were fewer workers than during the first festival. It placed a load on those remaining.

It wasn't true that there was less work this year than during the first celebration, Herron says. There was more. More than I would be able to take away from my business in another year.

The handwriting appears clear. If Cass City wants the festival, more of us who didn't do much will have to do more.

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