

Rabbit tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

You'll find some different looking type in this edition. It's not as attractive or as easy to read as the type that regular readers are used to.

It's different because it was produced by a machine we moth balled about 7 years ago and dug out again when one of the regular production machines suddenly ground to a halt.

It proved to be only a minor inconvenience. In days gone by a machine failure sent us scurrying to neighboring plants to work and resulted in all night sessions and missed deadlines.

There's plenty of beautiful weather still ahead but the Labor Day holiday always signifies the end of summer for most of us.

Labor Day is Monday. Most of the Chronicle staff will be vacationing. That means a short work week so all deadlines are advanced so that the paper can be published on time.

All this is a lengthy way of saying, early copy, please.

You think athletes aren't bigger than they used to be? Coach Don Schelke was lamenting the other day that the players will be much smaller than they were last year. A glance at the roster shows five players over 200 pounds.

You won't get much argument about size, but ability is another matter. Many old timers will dispute

me when I say athletes are much better today than they were 10, 20 or 30 years ago.

Advance notice. When the Cass City Exercise Trail is dedicated Sept. 7 everyone attending can win two ways.

The first is that the exercise will be good for you. The second is that Cass City Rotary, which built the course, will have free pop and hot dogs for everyone that participates. (Weight watchers can burn up the calories consumed at the free lunch by going around again).

Village council

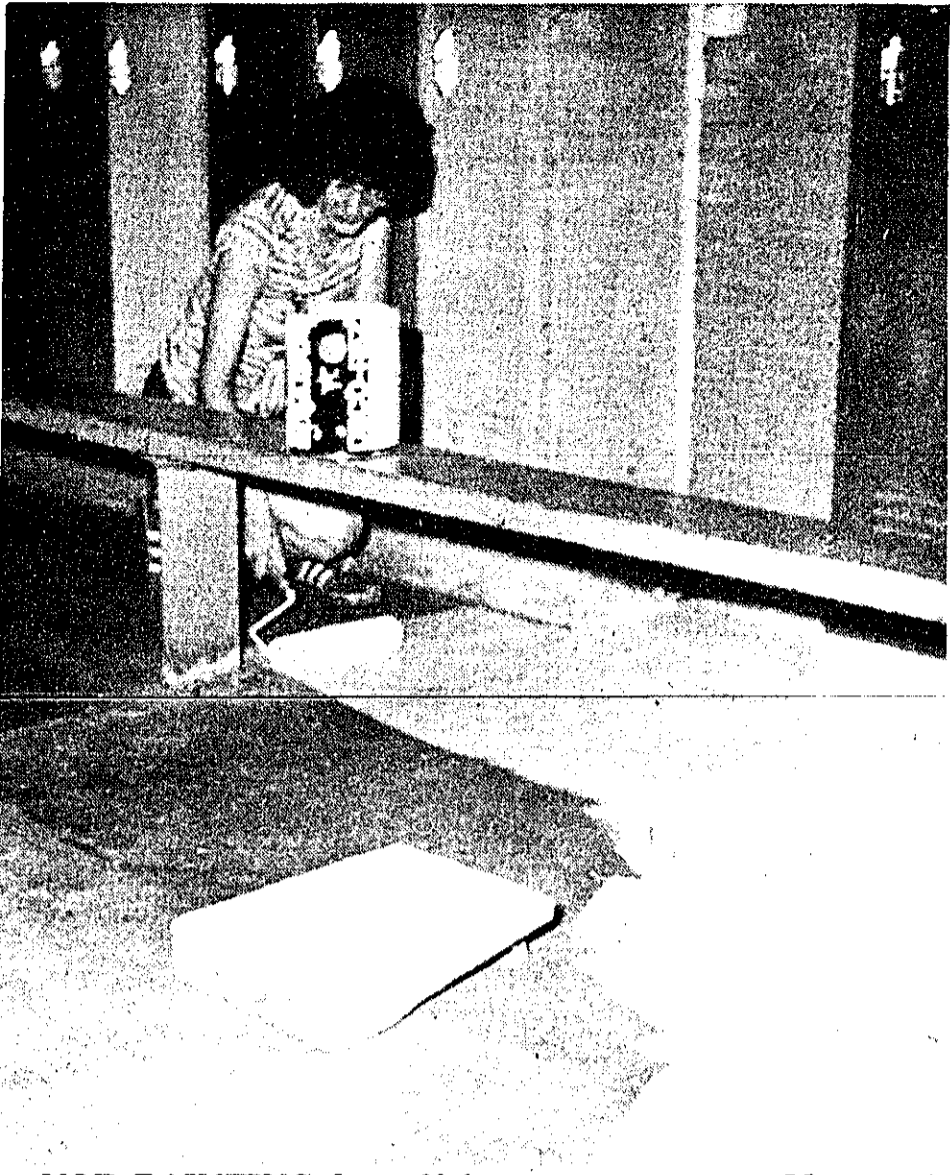
Continued from page one
recreation equipment. Both programs have ended for the summer.

There were 606 scheduled softball and baseball games played on diamonds in the park this summer, an average of five games per day (seven days a week schedule).

A proposed ordinance permitting construction of new apartments in downtown buildings, prepared by attorney House, has been submitted to the village planning commission for its review and recommendation, after which the council will conduct a public hearing.

Ken Miller, assistant operator at the sewage treatment plant, has resigned, effective Sept. 1.

The council went into executive session at the end of the meeting to discuss personnel matters.



NOT PAINTING herself into a corner was Margaret Hawkins, who was painting in the direction of the doorway. She was painting the floor Monday of the boys' locker room at Cass City Intermediate School.

Elmwood slates road millage vote

The Elmwood Township Board last Wednesday evening voted to try a second time to get a road millage levy approved by voters.

Appearing on the Nov. 4 ballot will be a requested levy of 1½ mills for five years for road maintenance and improvements.

At the Aug. 5 primary, a request for 3 mills for five

years for roads was defeated 119-91.

Some residents had indicated to board members, according to Clerk Joanne Sattelberg, that they thought 3 mills was too much, hence the decision to try for half that amount in November.

If approved, the 1½ mills initially will bring in about \$27,000 a year.

The reduced amount, Mrs. Sattelberg commented, won't allow the township to do much more than "try and keep up with (road) maintenance."

If it passes, the levy will not appear on tax bills until December, 1981, as it will be too late by November to get it included this year.



"If It Fitz..." Pay your dues

By Jim Fitzgerald

"That's not fair. I've paid my dues. You're an overnight success. I hate overnight successes."

That's what the grandfather said to his six-year-old grandson. They were at the baseball park, watching the Detroit Tigers lose 3-1 to the Boston Red Sox. The little kid didn't know what the old man was talking about.

In show business, when a performer makes it big, people often say his success happened overnight. But sometimes the performer protests that he has been struggling and starving for years and, therefore, has paid his dues.

On the other hand, some performers make a million bucks the first time they lap dance. They never struggle or starve. They don't pay their dues.

People who succeed without paying dues are bitterly resented by people who pay dues but never succeed.

This is true in any type of endeavor, including baseball-watching. The grandfather has been watching big-league baseball games for 46 years, always hoping to achieve the ultimate success, but always failing. He has paid his dues. If ever he does succeed, and an ignorant bystander calls

him an overnight success, he will club the bystander over the head with his grandson.

He began paying dues long before he became a grandfather. His father took him to baseball games when he was a little boy, and he was so eager he wore his fielder's mitt with "Goose Goslin" printed on the palm. He paid most of his dues in Detroit Tigers Stadium, beginning when it was called Navin Field, and then Briggs Stadium. But he has also paid dues at ballparks in Boston, New York, Cleveland, Chicago and Washington.

For the grandfather, the ultimate success is not victory for the home team. He has seen his favorite team win five pennants and three World Series, and these marvelous triumphs filled him with joy. But still, there has always been something missing. After every game, year after year for hundreds of games, he has always gone home knowing he failed again.

A good example of the dues the grandfather has paid occurred last week when Mark Fidrych returned from the minors to pitch again for the Tigers. The grandfather managed to squeeze inside the stadium for the sellout game, but he couldn't find a seat. So he stood in an aisle.

For almost three hours he stood and screamed encouragement to The Bird, never moving for fear of losing his place. He is sure this is the longest he's ever stood without even squatting. His legs still hurt 10 days later. He knows if his government demanded that he stand for three hours to protect world peace, he would fall down and complain to the United Nations.

The Bird lost that game, but even if he'd won, the grandfather's happiness would have been incomplete. It was just one more dues-paying game which failed to provide him with the ultimate success he has been seeking futilely for a lifetime.

But two nights later, back at the stadium, he came agonizingly close. The grandson was along, celebrating his sixth birthday. In the fifth inning, when the grandfather returned to their seats after a trip to the refreshment stand, the grandson said: "Look what I got, Grandpa."

What that kid had, at his very first big-league baseball game, was the success the grandfather had been seeking at hundreds of games for 46 years. It was an official American League baseball, hit into the grandstand by a real, live big-league baseball player. The grandson had caught the foul with considerable aid from his dad, the jock.

The grandfather hadn't even been present to share the glory with his kin, and perhaps grab the ball for himself. After all the dues he'd paid for all those years, the big dummy had gone after a beer and blown his best chance at success.

The grandson took his overnight success in stride. He thinks he'll catch a ball everytime he goes to a game. He doesn't see any reason to pay dues. The grandfather thinks it is important that the little boy be taught that life is unfair, so he plans to steal the grandson's baseball.

Teenager dies when mobile home falls

A 14-year-old Sarnia, Ontario, boy was killed Sunday afternoon in a mishap south of Kingston.

Pronounced dead after an unsuccessful attempt to revive him at Marlette Community Hospital was Kenneth Stewart.

According to Caro state police, the boy had been staying with his uncle, Mark Smith of 3811 Kingston Road, Kingston.

Another uncle, Loy Smith of 5625 Centerline Road, told officers the three of them, plus two others, were setting half of a double-wide mobile home unit on its foundation.

All five were under the

unit when it started to slide off the cement blocks. Four of them were on the west side of the unit and were not injured.

The victim was on the east side and couldn't get out in time when the mobile home started sliding. It fell on him, crushing his chest.

The four men used a jack to raise the unit, then rushed the boy to the hospital.

There, Dr. Duane Smith and others tried for about an hour to revive him before pronouncing him dead.

The incident occurred at 2:10 p.m. on private property owned by Mark Smith, south of Shay Lake Road and east of Phillips Road.

The weather

	High	Low	Precip.
Wednesday.....	89	62	0
Thursday.....	91	58	.06
Friday.....	82	46	.13
Saturday.....	84	44	0
Sunday.....	92	46	0
Monday.....	92	60	0
Tuesday.....	97	60	0

(Recorded at Cass City wastewater treatment plant.)

The Haire Net



At times when I read about far-away places that I have never seen, I start to wallow in self recrimination.

What am I doing here in Cass City going to work every day while my life flits by with so much to do and not yet started? That kindles a new resolve to get going.

There are a whole raft of places that are high on my list. Alaska for the sights and the fishing. Argentina for the same reason.

I want to drink in the history of Europe, England and the iron curtain countries.

Or, closer to home, Mt. Rushmore and New Orleans at Mardi Gras time. I could go on and on.

Rationally, I know that we've seen as much or more than most of our neighbors and friends.

And if my priorities were really well defined there are none of those far-away places that aren't within reach.

Chances are over the years many of them will be visited if and when it is convenient.

When my occasional moments of wistful dreaming end I realize that it's probably a good thing that all of those places to visit are ahead of me.

While there are many places I want to see, we have managed to visit many others on our list.

Some of those travel vacations have been delightful, some merely okay and some downright disappointing. But they've been fun and I'd do many over again if given the chance. But even the best was not without flaws. Periods of boredom. Poor accommodations. Weather problems.

All those things that any experienced traveler will tell

you to expect. I know it, you know it. Isn't it funny that it never pops into your mind when you plan that long-awaited vacation? In my vacation dreams the sun is always shining and the big fish biting.

Last year the trip was into the northern wilds of Quebec for trophy fishing. It was a great experience, but I wouldn't go again.

It was a trip that I've looked forward to for perhaps 15 years. Countless hours spent digesting brochures and reading fabulous stories about the land, the people and the fishing.

Looking back I'd think that the preparation and anticipation were greater than the actual trip.

Another fishing and sight-seeing trip high on the list is to Alaska. We've had this on our list longer than the trip to Quebec.

While other trips have been just a tiny bit less than expected, I know that if I ever get to Alaska, it will be a once-in-a-lifetime trip without flaw.

Sure it will.

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