



## "If It Fitz..." Middle O mystique

By Jim Fitzgerald

Several years ago, when actor Burt Reynolds appeared nude, a hairy rose pressed between the pages of Cosmopolitan magazine, he turned on a newspaper fashion writer to such a glow that she attacked all us other men who kept our pants on.

Women everywhere clamored to buy Burt in his Cosmopolitan buff because they never get to see sexy men around home. That's what the fashion writer said.

"It is nearly impossible to see a man with any real glamor... rugged fellows who have that mysterious quality or dash which would make a woman take a second look," she complained.

I was interested in her comments because I have always yearned to be a man who attracted second looks from someone except a cab driver trying to decide whether to pick me up. This doesn't mean cab drivers fear I will rob them. It

means they fear the fare might not be worth the trouble. I am cursed with the un-cosmopolitan appearance of a man who never travels more than a short cab ride from home for fear that he'll be caught in the rain without his galoshes.

Actually, I am more of an adventurer than you might think at first glance, although I'll admit I've always believed Gene Kelly wouldn't have danced in puddles if he'd been able to find a taxi.

Anyway, when it comes to women, I'm still working on attracting the first look. I've tried eye patches, canes, and limps ("Just a little souvenir from the Battle of the Bulge, my dear.") Once, for an entire week, I even walked backward in hopes of being noticed by a woman.

The nearest I came to making out was when an old lady asked me where I bought the topcoat that buttoned up the back.

Ann Landers advised me to run around with ugly, sloppy men, thus making myself look good by comparison. She said women use this trick all the time. That's why, whenever there are two females man-hunting together in the park, one of them is often on a leash.

So I started frequenting the singles bars with Joe, a real slob. He is 50 pounds overweight, has a terrible skin problem, and wears a

tie. Still, I never scored. I finally gave up the comparison ploy when Joe confided that he also read Ann Landers and he was using me for the same reason I was using him.

The fashion writer wrote: "No man is going to look like the irresistible European every single woman hopes to meet on her summer vacation as long as he's wearing his high-necked undershirt. Those European males — and men in international society — have learned the trick of going undershirtless and leaving their shirts unbuttoned in a deep V plunge."

It is nice to know I am in style with international society. The last undershirt I wore was olive drab, World War II issue. I was still wearing it in 1955, 10 years after the war, but then I got married and my wife made me take it off. She was worried I'd be hurt in a traffic accident in Canada and the people at the hospital would think I was a foreign spy.

As for the deep V plunge, I have created something else that should be even more intriguing to the female ogler. It is a middle O. I keep the top three buttons of my shirt fastened, but the next three are liable to burst loose at any time and fall to the ground. This adds a romantic air of mystery. A woman can never be sure when she might catch a glimpse of my navel. She just has to keep watching, breathlessly.

I don't know why my undershirtless, middle O appearance has so far failed to attract looks from women. But I remember a character in an old comic strip called "Smiling Jack." I think his name was Fatstuff. He also had a middle O, instead of a deep V, and a chicken followed him around, catching the bursting buttons in its beak. Maybe I should use a chicken to help me attract female attention.

But I would probably discover the chicken was using me for the same reason I was using it.



**VEHICLE INSPECTION** -- The sheriff's department vehicle safety inspection team was stopping vehicles traveling Cemetery Road, south of Cass City, Friday. Not all cars stopped are inspected, but of those that are, about 95 percent don't pass. The most common problems, officers said, are loud exhausts, expired drivers' licenses or drivers not having their license with them.



**CHECKING THE TAILLIGHTS** of this pickup is Deputy Roger Zelmer. Motorists cited for violations get a ticket, which is voided if they have the corrections made within 14 days and report to the nearest police station.

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# Myshock back in county jail

Thomas Myshock is back behind the Tuscola County jail bars he escaped from, having been arrested Saturday night at a Houghton Lake bar.

Myshock, 34, from Fairgrove, had been scheduled to be sentenced Sept. 2 for armed robbery but escaped from the jail Aug. 28.

The sheriff's department reported that Detectives Ron Phillips and Larry

Walker "received a break" last Thursday. Assistance was requested from the Lapeer County Intelligence Group. Stakeouts were posted and continuous surveillance led to the arrest.

Myshock was taken into custody by the two detectives and officers of the Lapeer county unit and Roscommon County Sheriff's Department.

The convict was taken to the Ogemaw county jail in West Branch, then returned to Caro early Sunday.

A circuit court jury found him guilty July 22 of the Feb. 27 armed robbery of Zabriskie's Market in Watrousville.

He may be sentenced by Circuit Judge Patrick R. Joslyn as early as Thursday, depending on when his attorney is available.

He can be sentenced anywhere from one year in prison to life, plus two years for possession of a firearm while committing a felony.

the jury also having found him guilty of that charge.

Myshock has two prior convictions for armed robbery.

Prosecutor Artis Noel said Tuesday he won't prosecute Myshock for escape from jail, a misdemeanor that carries a one-year maximum sentence.

Since he is sure to get a lengthy prison term, it wouldn't pay in terms of

expense and time to prosecute him on the additional charge, plus apparently an additional sentence for the escape would be served concurrently with his other one, so he would serve no additional time.

Myshock escaped from the jail, clad only in a pair of shorts, by going through the door leading to the exercise yard -- left open for ventilation -- and then climbing over the 10-foot high fence which surrounds the yard.

The deputy on duty, Arthur Adam, was elsewhere at the time assisting a maintenance man. Sheriff Hugh Marr, saying the deputy was negligent, suspended him without pay for one month as of Sept. 11.

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**The Haire Net**

The question before the jury today is, "Have all small towns lost the small town characteristic?"

The evidence suggests that they may be headed that way.

The town where I was reared is smaller than Cass City, but not all that much. In it I could walk down street after street and not only tell you who lived there, but also something about the family, good or bad.

When I came to Cass City in 1951 it was almost like I was returning home. The names were different, but the community was the same.

The farmers came in on Saturday night to gossip and shop. People lived in the "old Jones house," not at 000 Seeger Street. A stranger in town was a cause for comment.

Now when a "stranger" walks down the main stem it's no big deal. It's no deal at all. Most times he can go by unmarked and unnoticed. That's big city stuff. That's the way it was when I worked in a Detroit suburb.

That intimate personal concern about your neighbor was one of the real pluses for me when I came to town. I was used to it as a boy and I liked it.

Virtually all small town oriented persons feel that way.

That concern, that caring is no longer as visible as it was.

That's not because we've

changed attitudes. Basically, we are all still the same as we were when the complexion of the community was simpler and we cared more for our neighbors.

What's changed, of course, is our lifestyle. We are insulated by good roads, good cars and more spendable income.

Families are more mobile. The industrialization of the community has uprooted families... coming and going. Lifelong residents are the exception that proves the rule these days.

It's significant, isn't it, that the merchants of Cass City are considering opening on Thursday nights instead of Fridays?

Considering it because after industry closes on Friday more of their customers are taking off, not to return until Monday. Considering it because many customers who don't go away for the week end are shopping in nearby malls on Sunday, making that day one of the busiest of the week for the businesses there.

It's the simple truth that we no longer have the opportunity to become involved with our community as we once did.

A widening of interests brings a widening of personal horizons.

In the idiom of the day, small towners are more with it today, than ever before. Whether that's good or bad, I'll leave for another jury to decide.

**Rabbit tracks**  
By John Haire  
(And anyone else he can get to help)

The community will need some \$30,000 raised locally for four new tennis courts with lights, according to Village President Lambert Althaver. The remainder comes from a Federal grant.

A drive for donations will be coming your way soon. Cass City Rotary Club voted to coordinate the drive effort over the entire area served by Cass City Recreational Park.

Admittedly it left a slightly guilty conscience, but I tuned out Sunday's great presidential debate after the first two questions.

It wasn't the questions that bugged me but the answers. All that I heard were the same speeches that I've been hearing since the primaries began.

The only thing that the questions I heard discussed revealed was that both Anderson and Reagan are good public speakers. If you want to be unkind you could say actors.

Edsel Connell, who has set me straight before, did it again. He dropped in to tell me that the "Fort Zigenhardt" farm, discussed last week, was lost not for taxes but because the owners refused to pay an assessment levied by an assessable mutual insurance company.

I remembered when he told me. Shortly after that a law was passed making assessable mutual insurance unlawful in Michigan unless the company established a huge reserve to protect policyholders.

Connell, who lived in Detroit at the time, said that the event attracted so much interest that the state erected no parking signs on either side of M-53 near the farm to relieve traffic congestion.

Editor Mike Eliasohn's 1970 car with almost 99,000 miles on the odometer has a new claim to fame.

He voluntarily had it checked at the sheriff's department vehicle safety inspection south of town Friday and it passed. Sgt. Thomas Kern said it was the first car that old to pass.

The inspectors find deficiencies in about 95 percent of the examinations they make.

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