



"If It Fitz. . ." Of kohlrabi and carrots

By Jim Fitzgerald

"He doesn't mean that. He really likes it," the wife said.

The husband thought that was too much, even for her. She was talking about kohlrabi and Jeremy Iggers, the Free Press food editor. He wrote that kohlrabi looks and tastes like a baseball.

"You have never even met Jeremy Iggers, and neither have I," the husband said. "It's ridiculous enough that you tell me I like food I really hate, but now you are doing it to a complete stranger."

"Kohlrabi is delicious. If Mr. Iggers is a food editor, he has to like it," she said, reading her final proclamation on the subject from the stone tablet handed to her by Moses who had come stumbling down from the mountain top the minute he heard her thunder.

According to the dictionary, kohlrabi is a cabbage turnip. But the wife insists it is more like a potato. A bolt of lightning will destroy the dictionary.

Whatever it is, the wife often serves kohlrabi, raw or boiled. Unlike Jeremy Iggers, the husband has never eaten a baseball. However, while suffering the agony of defeat, he once chewed on a

tennis ball. It tasted as good as raw kohlrabi, and better than boiled kohlrabi. Ever since that tennis game, he has preferred raw tennis ball to boiled kohlrabi, which is a good thing, because boiled kohlrabi is mushy and sticks to tennis racket strings.

Whenever the wife serves kohlrabi, the husband quietly mentions that he doesn't like it. "Eat it, you like it," the wife always says.

The husband considers this one of the more amazing features of their 25-year marriage. She knows more than he knows about what he likes to eat. His palate is somehow connected to her mouth.

Kohlrabi is somewhat exotic and can't be found in every supermarket. An unpeeled kohlrabi has ugly green stems sticking out of its skin. It looks like it grew on Mars. Recently the wife returned from shopping with an exciting story about how she not only found kohlrabi, she also found a perplexed man gingerly fingering the kohlrabi and wondering what the devil it was. She told him he liked it and sent him home with a recipe for fried kohlrabi guaranteed to never mush, not even on forehand smashes.

It was through carrots, not kohlrabi, that the husband first learned his wife knew more than he did about what he likes to eat. She served carrots soon after their wedding and, when he said he didn't like them, she said he did, and she has been serving him carrots ever since. She slices carrots into stew, hides carrots under meat, and intermingles carrots with peas. Each time he eats the stew or meat or peas but leaves behind the carrots, she says she can't understand why he did such an unusual thing because carrots are good and she knows he likes them.

Many times in the past 25 years the husband has asked the wife how she can be so sure he likes carrots even though he never eats them.

"If you had sense enough to eat carrots, you would know what I know — that you like them," she always intones, closing the subject for the day as Moses scurries back up the mountain.

As a child, the husband did eat carrots. He hated them at first bite but ate them because his mother insisted. However, his mother didn't tell him he should eat carrots because he liked them. She said he should eat carrots because they were good for him and because there were poor children in India who had nothing to eat except kohlrabi.

So the husband went into his marriage already knowing he didn't like carrots, and also knowing why India has produced so few tennis champions. He was surprised to wake up the next morning lying beside a woman who told him he liked carrots, not to mention kohlrabi. But he grew used to this phenomenon through the many years of an otherwise reasonable relationship, and long ago decided there were worse things in life than having his meals served on a stone tablet by Charleton Heston.

Onward and upward, and beware of food editors who don't know what they like to eat. They eat baseballs.

Ballot proposal meeting set

The Tuscola County Cooperative Extension Service is sponsoring a November ballot issue information meeting at 7:30 p.m. Thursday, Oct. 30, at Caro High School.

Lynn Harvey, Michigan State University public policy specialist, will explain the seven proposals that will be on the ballot in an objective manner.

The proposals to be discussed are: A) Smith-Bullard tax shift, B) drinking age reduction, C) Milliken-legislative coalition tax shift, D) Tisch tax cut, E) tax increase for prison construction, G) legislative immunity, and H) powers of the lieutenant governor. There is no proposal F.

NEARLY BUSTED

Usually the fellow who is ready to bet his bottom dollar doesn't have to dig very far down.



NEW FLOWER BOXES in front of Rawson Memorial Library are being built by George Lynch (left) and Wayne Dewey. The old ones had deteriorated and would have eventually fallen down. The masons will complete the new ones this week.

State chamber V-P addresses retailers

Marty Rauscher, vice-president of the Michigan State Chamber of Commerce, laid it on the line for members of the Cass City Retail Committee Tuesday night at the Charmont in Cass City.

He told members that as retailers they have an interest in more than just a narrow view of what's good for my business today.

You can't afford to have tunnel vision like that, Rauscher said. As members of the business community you must become involved in the social and political affairs of the community. What affects the commun-

ity affects you, he pointed out. In your community, in every community, there is a shortage of leadership. Retailers should be interested in getting the power people in the community involved, Rauscher feels, and let them be the decision makers. Real leaders, not ticket sellers or dues collectors are needed.

Rauscher then pointed out various communities that had defined goals, organized the community and went out and secured the kind of industry with the kinds of jobs it wanted.

You have to have a plan and you have to work on it, he continued. He illustrated

his point with a reference to Cass City. A firm hiring about 80 persons wanted to build a plant and settle in the Thumb and one of four sites under consideration was Cass City.

But Cass City was unable to provide the information the decision maker needed and the plant went in one of the other locations. It is operating today and expanding.

After the talk, Mike Shaft, Retail Committee chairman, who acted as master of ceremonies, conducted a brief business meeting. Various retail promotions for the year were outlined and plans completed to collect funds for the year.

SURE SIGN

It's a depression for sure when even the people who don't intend to pay quit buying.



The Haire Net

Another "poverty area" saga was published Sunday in one of the Detroit dailies. If you read between the lines in a story about Duquesne High School, you came away feeling that the school and the town are the pits.

If you stayed there, it was because you were trapped. Spending 40 years working in the steel mill, the ultimate treadmill. Forlorn. A succession of grey, hopeless days.

There is some truth in considering a steel mill as a dirty and sometimes frightening place. Drive down Jefferson in Detroit to the downriver communities of River Rouge, Ecorse and Riverview and you'll tend to say, yes, the steel mills are the pits.

But sometimes a writer gets carried away to make an impression and the reader gets carried away with him. Perspective is lost.

Pity the poor slob spending his life slaving in the mill, is a classic story that's been told and retold since the days of Charley Chaplin.

Here are a few lines from the story about Duquesne. "We're all from the same environment. We're all poor. We got the same interests. The main thing for us is to play football and get out (of school)."

"... Fathers in Duquesne don't have time to play ball in the backyard with their sons. The boys have to do it on their own. If they don't, they end up like most everybody else in Duquesne. They graduate from high school, get a loan from the credit union, buy a fancy car, get married and go to work in the mill for 40 years."

So what else is new? If you feel the youth of Duquesne haven't got a chance, you should feel equally uptight about the

students in local schools who later work for General Motors in neighboring cities or take a job in any Thumb plant.

Steel workers are on the job no longer (and in many cases fewer hours) than the guy that works in the plant and lives down the street. The difference? Other than auto workers, the men in the mill make more money.

Steel workers have as much time to spend with their kids off the job as any factory workers anywhere.

It's just human nature to sometimes get caught up in the dreary business of everyday living. No matter how well we are doing, how much we like our work, there's always someone down the street that has a job we'd like better. Someone who is making more money. Maybe a lot more.

So it does something for us when we can read about the poor slobs in Duquesne. We're doing better than that. Sure we are. That's why Duquesne-type stories attract readers.

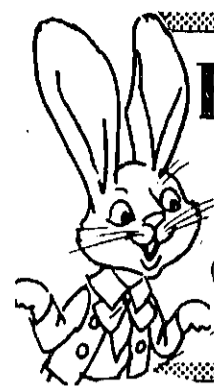
We like to feel superior, even if we aren't. That's human nature, too.

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Rabbit tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

Over the years Cass City probably has hosted more foreign students than any other community in mid-Michigan. Certainly more than any town its size.

Another exchange has been scheduled. This one with 20 Brazilian students who will spend eight weeks here starting Dec. 23.

The students are housed by families and homes are needed. Rod Krueger, Cass City, is the man to contact if you want to share your home for all or part of the 8-week period.

Quick review: "They are playing our song," now at the Fisher Theatre in Detroit. One of the best. Very entertaining.

Was that snow we saw Tuesday afternoon? It was. Snowmobile dealers are apt to tell you that it's as much as fell all last winter. It's a classic case of one man's meat is another man's poison.

Incidentally, I couldn't remember that old cliché, "one man's meat, etc.," so I asked around the office. I was saying one man's 'saucé, etc. to myself, and knew it was wrong. Editor Mike Eliasohn said, one man's fortune, etc. Secretary Pat Page said she never heard of it. Melva Gunther, who usually knows everything in cases like this, said, let me think about it.

When all else fails you can always look it up . . . providing you have a wife like mine that's willing to do it.

The talk swirled around the tables about an exchange student who had studied judo while abroad and how she provides an excellent program for Rotary Clubs.

One wit in the crowd Tuesday pontificated that Dr. Sang Park who was quietly eating should stage a duel with the young lady.

Never hesitating Dr. Park quietly announced that he has a black belt (best) in judo.

It was almost like that TV ad for E.F. Hutton, the brokerage house speaking. Everybody perked right up, stopped what they were doing, started to listen and got ready to quiz Park on his prowess.

Gently wiping his mouth with his napkin and waiting for just the right moment, Sang announced, "I'm retired."

Way to go, doc.

The weather

	High	Low	Precip.
Wednesday	76	32	0
Thursday	58	22	0
Friday	60	42	0
Saturday	56	44	.01
Sunday	44	24	.05
Monday	50	20	.02
Tuesday	48	24	0

(Recorded at Cass City wastewater treatment plant.)

Energy savings

Inadequate insulation is the single greatest cause of energy waste in most homes in the United States. Over one-fourth of the energy used each year to heat and cool residential and commercial buildings is wasted because of unwanted heat gains and losses through windows. That is about five percent of the total U.S. energy consumption and is

equivalent to 1.7 million barrels of oil a day.

If you turn your thermostat down 10 degrees at night, you can achieve a 10-25 percent savings on your heating bills while you sleep. For every degree you lower your thermostat in the winter and raise it in the summer you can save about two percent in heating and cooling costs.

LESS WEIGHT, BIGGER PAYLOADS.



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Gun Safety Course
Thursday, Oct. 16
Registration 6-7 p.m.
Classes End 9:30 p.m.

Friday, Oct. 17
7-10 p.m.

Saturday, Oct. 18
8 a.m. - 2 p.m.

STUDENTS MUST ATTEND ALL 3 SESSIONS
\$5 fee includes lunch

Cass City Gun Club
4 south, 1 east, 1/4 north of Cass City

Gagetown Women's Study Club
Harvest
Bake Sale
SATURDAY
Oct. 18 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.
at
King's Recreation

EVERYONE WELCOME
HUNTERS' MEAL
MONDAY
Oct. 20 12 noon - 7 p.m.

ARGYLE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
Hot beef & turkey sandwiches with mashed potatoes, chili, bean soup, cold sandwiches and pie.

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2nd Annual
Deer Hunters' Polka Dance
Music by Tommy Reder and the Polka Towners

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Sponsored by
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Refreshments and lunch available
TICKETS — \$3.50

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