



## "If It Fitz..." Aglow on Halloween

By Jim Fitzgerald

One Halloween, when I was a boy, the largest theater in town staged a midnight show, advertising that "ghosts will suddenly appear in the audience, sitting right next to YOU!" That fascinated me.

The theater marquee also promised a horror movie and a stage show featuring a spooky magician. I could understand that kind of stuff. But how could a ghost suddenly appear in the seat next to mine? I found out.

There was no chance of my paying to see the show. Tickets cost 75 cents and my entertainment budget was limited to one 10-cent movie a week. If someone had told me then that one day it would cost \$4 to see one movie — not even a double feature, and with no cartoon or serial — I would have committed suicide by throwing myself out of the second balcony of the Majestic Theatre.

Then, as now, movies were my favorite entertainment, and the thought of someday having to live in a world where I could afford only one movie a year would have been terminally depressing. And I would have found it exquisitely appropriate to plunge to my death on the main floor of the Majestic, close to the huge screen upon which

Betty Grable had frequently tap-danced grievous indentations into my quivering heart.

In 1938, it never would have occurred to me that someday my weekly disposable income might exceed 10 cents. Forty-two years later, I still don't think such a remarkable day will ever come. Leaping to my death in the Majestic at the age of 12 might have been a good idea. At least I wouldn't have lived to see the extinction of theater balconies and the showing of movies inside rows of identical Thom McAn shoe boxes.

Anyway, when I went out trick or treating on that long-ago Halloween, with not one cent in my pocket, I knew there was no way I could end the evening sitting next to a ghost in the Majestic. This was during the Great Depression, and people didn't give coins to Halloween beggars. Most people didn't even give candy. They gave an apple and closed the door quickly before the beggar discovered the part of the apple that was brown and mushy.

The only place a kid might get a penny candy bar (in 1938, they were bigger than today's theaters) was in a downtown poolroom. And that's where four friends and I were when magic struck. A stranger asked us

if we'd like to see the Halloween show at the Majestic. He said we'd have to do "only a little work" to earn admission.

As instructed, we appeared at the theater 30 minutes early. Backstage, something greasy was wiped on our hands and faces, and we were ordered to sit in the auditorium, widely separated. We received no explanation of what we were supposed to be doing, so we were bewildered, but it didn't matter because we were also in free.

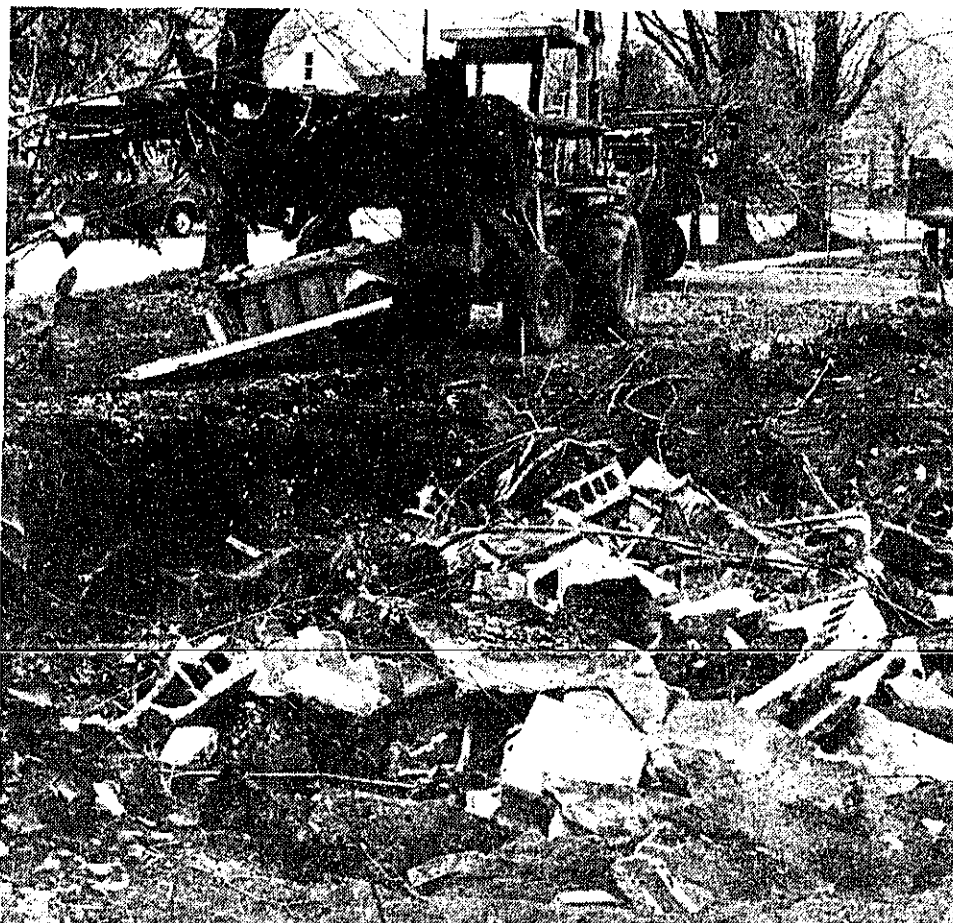
You guessed it. The greasy stuff was phosphorous. After the crowd came in, and the lights went off, I glowed in the dark. I wasn't sitting next to a ghost, I was a ghost.

I didn't catch on until a woman leaned into my face and said, "My God, kid, what happened to you?" Then I saw my friends shining in other rows, and I realized I was in show business. I waved my ghostly hands in the air and said boo and laughed menacingly. People were so frightened they giggled. It was marvelous.

I went home and glowed for my family, and told them about My Life in the Theatre. My big sister, Terrible Jean, came home with nothing except brown, mushy apples. She was so jealous she turned red. I glowed green. There was no caution signal.

For many years later, my mother periodically suggested that I wash my face. My answer was always the same: "What, and give up show business?" Now you know who Debbie Boone was singing to.

That 1938 Halloween was easily the most memorable of my life. Today I'm aging and stuffy, and my show business career is far behind me. But still, each Halloween, I reach back toward my childhood, and remember. I reach back by going out into the night in search of penny candy bars larger than Thom McAn, and I return home with a little glow on.



**DOWN AT LAST** -- The covered basement house, long vacant, of Margaret McNeil at Houghton and Brooker Streets, which the village had been trying to have torn down since June, 1977, finally was demolished Saturday. Various legal entanglements were the reason for the long delay. Chuck O'Dell was the contractor for the demolition.

## Pair face charges in district court

Cass City police made two arrests during the past week.

David M. Barber, 22, of Lansing, was arrested on a charge of driving with license suspended at 11:15 p.m. last Friday after his car was stopped on Pine Street because of a loud exhaust.

Richard E. Eisinger, 29, of Bad Axe, was arrested on a charge of driving under the influence of liquor at 2:50 a.m. Sunday on Cemetery Road, south of town, after his car was observed breaking the speed limit.

Both men were taken to the county jail and later released after posting bond, pending appearance in district court.

James Spencer of 6057 Severance Road told village police last Thursday that while his car was parked at the Charmont the previous evening, two 20-foot tape measures were taken from his car. They were worth \$20.

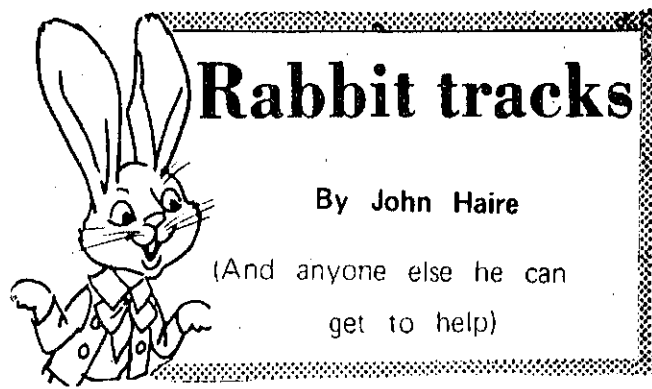
Village police have requested a warrant charging a local man with larceny under \$100 after he was caught trying to walk out of Cocon Light Pharmacy Monday afternoon with a magazine without paying for it. His name is being withheld pending issuance of a warrant.

George M. Klinesmith of 5115 Silvernail Road, Deford, told sheriff's deputies late last Wednesday afternoon that someone had struck his mailbox earlier in the day, possibly with buckshot.

George and Lois Hawley of 2732 E. Caro Road, Ellington township, reported to deputies that someone had spilled black paint over their car while it was parked in their yard. The paint was removed without damage.

### Jumper cables require caution

- Starting a dead car battery with a jumper cable can be dangerous to your eyes.
- The National Society to Prevent Blindness recommends that before attaching the cables, you should:
  - Put out all cigarettes and flames.
  - Make sure cars don't touch. Turn off ignition.
  - Add battery water if needed.
  - Don't jump-start unless both batteries are negatively grounded and the same voltage.



## Rabbit tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

Ah, the joys of newspapering. One reader called to tell us it's illegal for a 10-year-old to be hunting and what did we mean to be publishing a picture teaching the kids to do wrong?

Another irate reader was peeved because we didn't print a team-trophy picture of the football team. It should have been on the front page, she said, instead of that silly picture of a kid on a pumpkin.

You can please some of the people some of the time.... (maybe).

The Chamber of Commerce is busy compiling a brochure telling about the community. Among the many facts secured is a rundown on the weather.

Quick now, what are the driest and wettest months of the year here? Based on 30-year records January is driest with 1.8 inches of rainfall and June is wettest with 2.94 inches. Average yearly rainfall is 28.82 inches. July (69.4 degrees) is the hottest month and January (21.5 degrees) is coldest and the average is 46.2 degrees.

Tell them you read it here first.

According to the census, Cass City has added just 100 persons in the last 20 years. From 2,100 to 2,200 population. When you look at all the new houses in the community it's apparent that either there are many, many homes with owners rattling around in empty rooms or the census people blew it.

The line wasn't long when I voted but I did have a moment to visit with another voter while waiting. He remarked that he could vote in a hurry because he knew all the candidates running.

I said that was remarkable because I'd have guessed that few if any voters could tell who was running for the Wayne State University board of regents.

He backed off a little after that, but I didn't feel a bit superior. I didn't know either.

I've often thought that it would make more sense to have the governor appoint college boards instead of the "pin the tail on the donkey" approach that is, in effect, what happens in the voting booth.

### HILLS AND DALES Schedule Of Events

OPEN TO GENERAL PUBLIC  
NOV. 9 thru NOV. 15

| EVENT                         | DATE    | TIME               | PLACE              |
|-------------------------------|---------|--------------------|--------------------|
| EMT Class                     | Nov. 10 | 7-10 p.m.          | Lg. Meeting Room   |
| Prenatal Class                | Nov. 12 | 7-9 p.m.           | Lg. Meeting Room   |
| Dr. Donahue & Dr. Isterabadi  | Nov. 12 | 8-12 a.m.          | Out Patient Clinic |
| Dr. John. Urologist           | Nov. 13 | 9-12 a.m.          | Out Patient Clinic |
| Dr. Jeung                     | Nov. 14 | 9-12 a.m.          | Out Patient Clinic |
| Speech Therapy - Ken Micklash |         | Schedule As Needed |                    |

To schedule yourself for any of the above classes or clinics call 872-2121 extension 255.

### DEERING PACKING

1 mile North, 1/2 mile East of Silverwood at 4808 E. Mayville Road

#### FRESH COUNTER MEATS

CHECK OUT PRICES ON

- LAMB
- PORK
- VEAL
- BEEF HALVES AND QUARTERS

FOR BUSINESS TRUCKING AND SLAUGHTERING CALL 517-761-7073

## Introducing The Checking Account That Pays INTEREST!

# NOW

The NOW Account is Coming on January 1, 1981

## Paying 5 1/4 % Interest

Beginning January 1, 1981 you can earn interest on your checking account funds from The Pinney State Bank. Your Present Checking Account can be converted to a NOW Account at no additional charge.

Certain conditions and charges pertain to the NOW Account. For more information Call or Visit Your Personal Banker at

### THE PINNEY STATE BANK

Cass City, Michigan 48726 (517) 872-4355

FDIC

## The Haire Net

This is Monday, the day before the election. I know how I will vote tomorrow but have little hope for improvement if my candidates win. At home I'm convinced that double digit inflation will continue under Carter or Reagan. There will be little difference in employment other than the cyclical ups and downs that come like the seasons.

It may well be that the party in power may do well if they keep the domestic economic scene from getting any worse.

All factors that have led us to our present position are still in force and if you believe that a Republican president working with a Democratic congress can really make significant changes meet me at midnight south of town. I've got a deal for you on the Cass River Bridge.

If Reagan is elected there could be a further escalation of the arms race and Carter's posture in the heat of the election indicates he will go that route, too.

Consider that one study indicates what will happen if both the United States and Russia insist upon primacy rather than parity in the arms race.

"Superpowers have stored between them 50,000 nuclear weapons, enough to destroy the world a dozen or more times - each side spends more than \$100 million a day enlarging its arsenals."

The study says that a continued arms race must end in bankruptcy or war.

It's always been that a country that continuously prepares for war ends up in war.

There doesn't appear to be any abatement in the current arms race and it really doesn't make any sense at all. Russia could have twice as many bombs as we do, so what?

What difference does it make if you are struck walking down the road by a car going 100 miles per hour or one going 50 miles per hour? You're just as dead or injured one way as the other.

Intellectually we all know that the danger of atomic warfare is more serious than any other question that the world faces.

But we put it out of our minds. Like a soldier at war. It's always the other guy that is going to get it. Somehow it doesn't seem possible that it will happen to us.

With this in mind you trudge to the polls and vote. Not at all sure that your vote is the right one or even if voting makes much sense at all.

But you vote anyway just on the off chance that if you don't things might get worse than they are because you didn't care.

Vote so you can say to yourself I did what I could — before heading for wherever it is that you go to forget the whole stinking mess.

Golf anyone?

CASS CITY CHRONICLE  
USPS 092-700  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
AT CASS CITY, MICHIGAN  
6550 Main Street

John Haire, publisher,  
National Advertising Representative,  
Michigan Weekly Newspapers, Inc., 257  
Michigan Avenue, East Lansing, Michigan.

Second class postage paid at Cass City, Michigan 48726.  
Subscription Prices: To post offices in Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac Counties, \$7.00 a year or 2 years for \$12.00. 3 years for \$18.00. \$4.00 for six months and 3 months for \$2.25.  
In other parts of the United States, \$8.00 a year or 2 years for \$15.00. 3 months \$4.50 and 3 months for \$2.50. 50 cents extra charged for part year order. Payable in advance.  
For information regarding newspaper advertising and commercial and job printing, telephone 872-2010.

## Free \$50 U.S. Savings Bond

direct from Quasar when you buy this...

### Quasar

Microwave Oven with Insta-Matic Cooking

Simply make your food selection, touch the Insta-Matic Cook control as indicated on the panel and the oven does the rest. Has Insta-Matic Frozen Foods, Insta-Matic Cook, Insta-Matic Temp. Deluxe Cookbook included.

Model MQ7700

Layaway For Christmas

Prices Starting at \$289.95

PLUS Free Microwave Cookware Set

Hurry! Offer ends Nov. 8

### RICHARD'S

Furniture - TV - Appliances

Sales With Service

Cass City Phone 872-2930

Others Get Quick Results With The Chronicle's Classified Ads — You Will Too!