

Rabbit tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

Not all imports are quality constructed. Recently I purchased a couple of sport shirts. Cheapies. The label said they were made in Hong Kong.

They really didn't have to tell me that. After trying it on I knew they must have been made in the far east. They fit like kimonos.

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My spies swear this is true.

The deer success story of the year belongs to Dick Hunt. Hunting around home on the opener he bagged a nice big-rack buck. The easy way.

No bows and arrows, no guns, no nothing. Hunt just stood around in the woods until the buck came trotting up and died of a heart attack.

Now isn't that a success story to end all Hunts?

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There is such a word, honest there is. But I can't tell you what it is, can you?

The word that I've been looking for all week is the one used to describe a chemical that persists in the environment.

I started asking around the office for the elusive word. No help. One staff person thought it was a gag when I said what is the word that describes the chemicals with long, long half lives. "I'll bite," she said, "what is it?" A call to Cass City High School's science department shed no light.

The guys around the coffee table looked at me as if I were nuts.

Finally I turned to Art Holmberg, a former high school principal and a knowledgeable science person, who often knows when no one else does.

Art came up with the word, residual, and it could apply but it isn't really that word that's floating around my mind just out of reach.

It could be all in my head and I'm just dreaming that there is such a word. But I don't think so.

If you know the term that we are reaching for, pass it on to us and we'll pass it on to everyone next week.

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One of the tougher production weeks for the Chronicle comes annually at Thanksgiving. The paper comes out early and it is necessary to have all copy into our shop a day earlier than usual.

Your assistance is appreciated.

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It's always a pleasure to deal with someone that really knows. Last week I needed a picture of Frankenstein for a program under production in the printing department for a Detroit area amateur group.

I walked into Rawson Memorial Library and told Barbara Hutchinson what I wanted. Without checking anything she walked to a corner of the library, picked out a book and then walked to another corner and picked out another.

Voila! My problem was solved . . . and it took less than three minutes.

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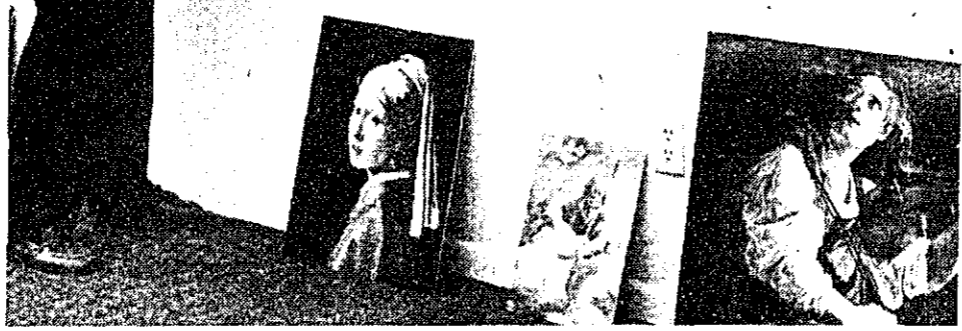
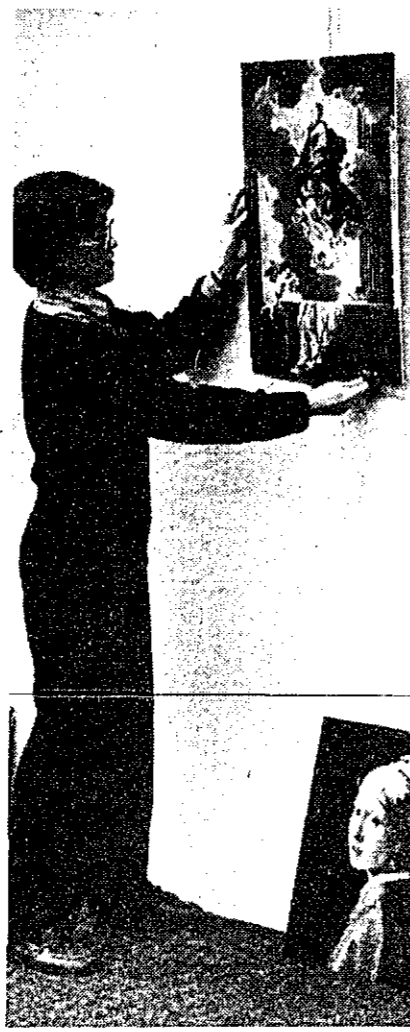
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SPIRIT OF BAROQUE -- Catherine Green hangs one of the 10 reproduction paintings that will hang in Rawson Memorial Library as part of the "Spirit of Baroque" exhibit in conjunction with the Village Bach Festival. Main part of the exhibition will be the 20-minute slide tape presentation she prepared.

Bach display opens, patron sales double

The "Spirit of the Baroque" exhibit at Rawson Memorial Library in conjunction with the second annual Village Bach Festival is now open.

Highlight is the 20-minute slide-tape presentation explaining the Baroque period in Europe, 1650-1750, prepared by Catherine Green, a University of Michigan graduate student in the museum practice program.

The program, she explained, gives a sense of what the period in which Bach lived was like, through architecture, music and art.

Most of the paintings shown in the program are on display at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

On display at the library are reproductions of 10 paintings, most of which are from the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

Students in grades 3-8 plus the high school painting class from the Cass City schools will be seeing the program and display this week and the week after Thanksgiving.

The public can see the slide-tape presentation from 1-3 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and from 7-9 p.m. Mondays and Fridays, through Dec. 5.

An additional showing during the Bach festival will be Sunday, Nov. 30, from noon-2:30 p.m.

Festival concerts, at the First Presbyterian church, with a different program at each, begin at 8 p.m. Friday, Nov. 28, and Saturday, and at 3 p.m. Sunday. A lecture will start one hour before each.

Ticket sales, according to ticket chairman Gloria Ovrly, are proceeding at about the same pace as last year at this time, but the big rush will come in the last 1 1/2 weeks.

The good news at this point, she said, is that sales of the higher priced patron tickets, in essence, a contribution to the festival, are double what they were last year.

Tickets have been purchased by persons as far away as the Detroit area, Midland, Saginaw and Bay City.

Ticket information is contained in the brochures available at some business places or by calling Mrs. Ovrly at Ovrly Chevrolet-Olds, 872-4301.

Many children stutter early

Many children stutter a little when they are two or three. This is usually caused by their attempting to use new words and complicated sentences. The children usually outgrow the stuttering in a few months.



The Haire Net

It's not considered good form to broadcast your bank balance before the populace. It's gross, that's what it is.

But it's bad taste only if you advertise it directly. Indirectly, that's a different story. It's perfectly okay to sport a big flashy diamond or pay a zillion bucks for a rare work of art, stamps or coins.

Then there are the antiques. Old milk cans, barbed wire, old beer bottles and on and on.

It has to be an ego trip to pay outrageous sums for these kinds of things.

Let's take a painting masterpiece. They bring sums that stagger the imagination. Certainly these artists have brought to the world new techniques, new insight and rare beauty.

For that they justly should be acclaimed. But I submit that placing such a premium on their work is an exercise in vanity. Many competent artists can copy the work of the great masters so that it is impossible to tell the copy from the original without special tests of the ink and the canvas. Witness the recently discovered forgeries hanging in the world's most prestigious art museums.

So if the painting is what gives you pleasure the copy hanging on the wall is as good as the original.

It isn't, of course. What provides the kick is that the one on your wall is original and the neighbor down the street can't say he has one like it.

Or rather that the one that he can have that is every bit as artistic, and so good that it can't be told from the original is one that every Tom, Dick and Harry can have, too.

It's wrong, of course, to paint everyone collecting art with the same brush. There are experts in the field that collect the originals for big bucks, not as a sop to vanity, but as a business investment.

They buy as a way to make money and human nature being what it is they are placing their faith and dollars on almost a sure thing.

You can bank on human vanity more than you can the house down the street. The house could be destroyed, but vanity has a longer half-life than any "hard" chemical. It will last as long as people live.

In that light it makes economic sense to buy original art.

Esthetically it's reasonable to suggest that 10 copies should be more gratifying than one original. Remember, that you can't tell them apart.

But human nature being what it is, there's no hope that they ever will be.

After all you can't lord it over your neighbors if they know what's hanging on your wall is nothing that couldn't be on any wall in town.

That shouldn't diminish them at all. Shouldn't reduce the enjoyment that most viewers receive when they see them. But it does.

And always will.



"If It Fitz..." Entertainment??

By Jim Fitzgerald

"Do you consider making love a form of entertainment?" the wife asked the husband.

He didn't answer immediately. He suspected it was a psychological-test question, and he wanted to think about it. So he excused himself and went to a movie.

He saw "The First Deadly Sin," the first dramatic role Frank Sinatra has tackled in 10 years. In the opening credits, the entire screen is used to announce that the costumes worn by Faye Dunaway in the movie were made by a famous designer with a French name. This titillated the husband, who enjoys seeing Miss Dunaway in modern costumes with split skirts and dipping necklines.

Miss Dunaway spent the entire movie dying in a hospital bed with the covers pulled up to her chin.

The husband returned home and told the wife he no longer wanted to be a first base coach, which he had previously believed to be the easiest job in the world. "I want to design clothes for people who don't wear them," he said. "Or maybe I could write songs for Frank Sinatra to sing after he has killed himself for making such an awful movie."

According to the credits which, in retrospect, were more interesting than the movie, Sinatra not only starred in "The First Deadly Sin," he was also executive producer. That means he bears responsibility for the whole mess, including the selection of a fashion designer qualified to create Miss Dunaway's sheet.

"This example of Frank Sinatra's taste and artistic ability deeply worries me as a taxpayer and as a citizen of Detroit, hometown of Chrysler Corp.," the husband said. "Sinatra recently became spokesman for Chrysler cars in TV commercials. The public may be asked to buy a Chrysler Imperial with a blanket pulled up to its hood ornament, which would be dumber than parking two pigs in a one-pig poke."

"I might have known you went to a movie," the wife said. "Do you think seeing a

movie is more entertaining than making love to your wife?"

The suspicious husband still wasn't prepared to answer a question that sounded like it came from a Rate-Your-Mate test in Cosmopolitan magazine. During 25 years of marriage, he has flunked dozens of these tests, all subversively administered. Once, under questioning, he innocently told the wife what he wanted for Christmas.

What he got was a computer printout indicating that, according to a Sunday-supplement psychiatrist, his gift list placed him in the category of husbands most likely to dally with dollies under pear trees.

She didn't believe his plea that he'd never seen a pear that wasn't canned. Such unfair accusations have made him cautious. Lately, when the wife asks him what time it is, he asks her why she wants to know. He's afraid some psychologist has discovered that a husband who wears his wrist-watch closer to his elbow than to his hand is most likely to roll up the wrong sleeve while having an affair with a nurse. The husband would hate to see their marriage fail simply because there's no more snap in his elastic watchband.

"It is also significant that Lauren Bacall is now selling Ford cars in TV commercials," he said, adroitly avoiding self-incrimination. "Everyone knows Bacall and Sinatra were once lovers, and he jilted her. She said so in her autobiography. And hell hath no fury like that of a woman scorned, which doesn't bode well for the Fury hath by Chrysler, which is a Plymouth."

"That's enough stupid conversation," the wife said, flicking his nose with a newspaper clipping which proved he had recently written that movies are his favorite entertainment.

"It isn't patriotic for me to worry about a personal problem threatening my marriage when I should be worrying about the possibility of taxpayers being forced to pay off the Chrysler loan

because Frank Sinatra is so dumb he hired a first base coach to dress Faye Dunaway," the husband said. "However, I will promise one thing," he added, taking her hand. "I won't dally under the pear can with anyone else but you, anyone else but you . . ."

Things will come your way only when you decide to go after them.

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