



Rabbit tracks

By John Haire

(And anyone else he can get to help)

Regular readers of this trivia will recall that we are looking for the word that describes a chemical with a long half life that stays in the environment.

Pam Roth, a teacher at the school, says the word I am looking for is persistent.

That word is one I thought of and rejected as not being the correct term to describe these hazardous chemicals.

Perhaps I shouldn't have rejected it as it appears to be the only word that has occurred to any of our readers.

If you're a sports buff, chances are that you'll be listening to a sound-alike when Notre Dame plays football. You will if the hot candidate for the job next year, Gerry Faust, of Ohio Moeller High School, is appointed Irish coach.

When he speaks Faust is a carbon copy of Cass City's Ron Nurnberger.

Sometimes the old timers can show those young whippersnappers a thing or two. Such as how to hunt deer. One of the successful buck hunters this year was Vern McConnell.

I don't know how old he is but he's lived his three score and 10 years and then some.

He had little trouble bagging his buck. Contrast that with his son-in-law, Stan Guinther, who not only didn't get a buck, he lost his license in the woods.

(It ruins a good story but to keep the record straight I have to report that in previous years Stan did bag his buck.) The question. Did success go to his head?

It's that time again. The time when we send a paper special delivery to Old Saint Nick at his house at the North Pole.

So if you want to contact Santa Claus just write him in care of the Chronicle and we'll see that your letter is published sometime before Christmas.

We'll print a picture if you submit one that is wallet sized. Black and white is best. Some colored photos reproduce, others do not.

Travel grants

Rotarian Bert Althaver recently presented a program to the Cass City Rotary Club concerning the Rotary International Foundation.

The foundation was established in 1918 to allow non-Rotarians a chance to study their vocations at foreign universities.

There are five primary programs offered: graduate fellowships for ages 20-23, undergraduate scholarships for ages 21-35, group exchange awards for ages 25-35, technical training awards for ages 21-35 and special grants such as a scholarship to teachers of the handicapped, for ages 21-49.

All applications must be submitted through a local Rotary Club, which in turn

submits them to their district. Each district is entitled to endorse one candidate for one of the scholarships.

A year ago, Rotary District 631 raised \$29,000, enough to qualify four students to serve as "Ambassadors of Good Will" for the academic year of 1981-82.

Persons who know someone who may have the interest and the qualifications should have them contact a member of their local Rotary club.

Last year's average scholarship was worth \$10,000, which covered, for the most part, round-trip air fare, incidental travel expenses, supplies, room, board, and incidental living expenses. The grants cannot be awarded to Rotarians or relatives of Rotarians.



WOMAN OF THE YEAR of the Cass City Business and Professional Women's Club was Mardell Ware, holding the engraved platter she was given last Wednesday. With her, from left, are chapter President Antoinette Stachura, and the members of the selection committee, Loraine O'Dell, Thelma Pratt and Katie Crane.

Mardell Ware is 'woman of year'

Twenty-nine members of the Cass City Business and Professional Women's club and nine guests attended the Wednesday, Nov. 19, meeting at Veronica's Restaurant.

Highlight of the evening was announcement of the club's choice for "Woman of the Year." The choice of the selection committee of Loraine O'Dell, Thelma Pratt and Katie Crane was Mardell Ware, a member of the club for 17 years. Mrs. Ware was a former school teacher, Sunday school teacher for many years and book-keeper for the Mae and Leo Service until the business was sold at the end of 1978.

Her husband, Leo, and Stanley McArthur, started

the gasoline and farm fuel and fuel oil delivery business in 1944. Ware bought out McArthur in 1956 and sold the gasoline station two years later. Mr. and Mrs. Ware then operated the business from their home until they retired.

Relatives of Mrs. Ware who attended the meeting were Mrs. Gordon Ware of

Clarkston, Mrs. Stanley McArthur, Mrs. Grant Ball, Mrs. Ferris Ware, Mrs. Kenneth Nye, Mrs. James Ware and Mrs. Dave Ware.

The December meeting will be early, Dec. 3. Mrs. Ruth McConnell, a member of the Caro club and currently serving as district director, will be a guest at that meeting.



Nearly every viewer has a pet hate commercial, and seldom is the top choice of worst commercial the same among viewers. Maybe that's because of the wide choice of lousy ones to choose from.

Certainly squeezing toilet paper is an ideal candidate for the tops in poor taste. Or those tooth paste ads where the guy or gal brushes their teeth and hits it big with the

guy or gal that turned him down flat in the preceding frame because his teeth were shined with something akin to baking soda, rate high in the nausea derby.

But none of these grinds me like the big oil company propaganda blurbs.

And tops in this field is one oil company's effort in brain washing. One I saw an hour or so ago has the camera scan up a skyscraper to dramatize its height and the copy says that the company is now drilling four miles deep to help solve the country's energy crunch. It concludes with "we're working to keep your trust."

Pitchman for this nonsense is Bob Hope and I guess a buck is a buck, and I suppose you never have enough although he has more than he can count.

But I digress. We're talking about worst commercials. What puts this at a negative one on a scale of one to 10 is that it assumes every viewer is an idiot.

You don't have to go back more than a year or two to recall the official line of Big Oil when the campaign was on to get the price curbs lifted. Then the pitch was that if the price goes up we can afford to drill more exploratory wells and open up wells that were unprofitable to drill at the regulated price.

Now these companies aren't drilling to make money any more. They are going four miles down just to help you and me keep warm this winter.

I presume that stockholders can warm themselves on the glow of doubled profits with no end in sight.

It would be pleasant if an ad would come right out and say, we're in the business to make money and every well we drill makes money or we close it. When we make money you'll get oil and we need all we can get.

That's the way it is and we all know it. It seems to me that the policy makers of big business are making a dangerous mistake.

They are underestimating us again. It's obvious that they feel that if they tell this story enough times it will be believed.

Maybe it's thinking like this that placed big business at the bottom of a reliability survey recently conducted.

Big oil is spending a zillion bucks to con us and it's mostly money down the drain.

They are really just conning themselves.



"If It Fitz. . ." Fashions Anonymous

By Jim Fitzgerald

The husband invited the wife to go downtown shopping with him while he bought a discount suit. She was wearing a wool jacket and skirt, and he assured her the weather was mild and she wouldn't need another layer of clothing to keep warm. So she didn't wear an overcoat. Neither did he.

This fashion story gets even more fascinating as it continues.

He had to park several blocks from the store having a suit sale. "The walk will do you good," he assured her. He not only dispenses health advice free, he is also a sparkling conversationalist. He also said: "Fresh air is good for you."

"Also, I should eat an apple a day," she said.

The weather wasn't mild, it was cold and windy. He explained that the TV weatherman had promised mild weather. She explained that it was the husband's mother who had put dimes under his pillow when he was a little boy losing teeth. They rushed onward to the suit store which had a new sign over the door.

The suit salesman explained that the name of the store had been changed from the store owner's last name to his first name so unlabeled suits could be sold at a 30 percent discount. "If you knew the name of the manufacturer of this suit, it would cost you \$60 more," he said.

"Don't tell me," the husband said, and bought the suit, closing the deal less than five minutes after entering the store. Without being told, he knew the store had switched from surname to first name for tax reasons, which is why everything is done in corporate America. He wanted to get his \$60 savings before the IRS showed up to investigate the owner's middle initial.

"There is one thing I should tell you," the salesman said while looking at the new pants covering the husband's shoes, and the new sleeves covering his hands. "We don't do alterations. But don't worry about it. Let's take a walk."

The two men went outside, where it was still windy and cold, and walked to a nearby tailor shop where the cost-conscious husband said he didn't want to know any of the tailors' names. Nevertheless, the \$60 savings shrunk by \$16. And it was noted that after he took off the new suit and left it behind for alterations, the husband would have a chilly walk back to the first-name store where the wife was guarding his old suit.

No problem. The salesman produced a handsome topcoat, also unlabeled,

which fit the husband perfectly. He not only wore it back to the store, he bought it. "I think I will wear it home," the husband said. "It is windy and cold out."

Wear it home? The wife thinks new clothes shouldn't be worn until at least a year after their purchase. It is the God's truth that she believes such a bizarre thing. Independent witnesses will verify it.

Dozens of times the husband and the wife have had this conversation: "Is that a new dress?" "No." "I never saw it before." "I never wore it before." "How long have you had it?" "About 18 months." "Why do you wait so long to wear new clothes?" "Because they don't feel comfortable until after they've hung in the closet for awhile."

So the wife was incredulous at the suggestion that the husband would wear his new coat home from the store. The salesman had to help him persuade her that such conduct was permissible in polite society, and that he wouldn't have to hang himself up with the coat when he got home.

Outside, the weather had turned windier and colder. The husband was warm in his new coat. The wife walked in his wake, seeking shelter from the wind, shivering and stumbling and trying to rub against the back of his warm coat.

"I wish you wouldn't walk so close to me," said the husband, who was afraid of appearing ostentatious. "I

don't want people to think I am so rich I have my own wait."

She went into a drugstore where it took her longer to pick out two birthday cards than it had taken him to pick out a suit and a topcoat. This bizarre behavior can also be verified by independent witnesses.

Folks who really mean what they say don't say a whole lot.

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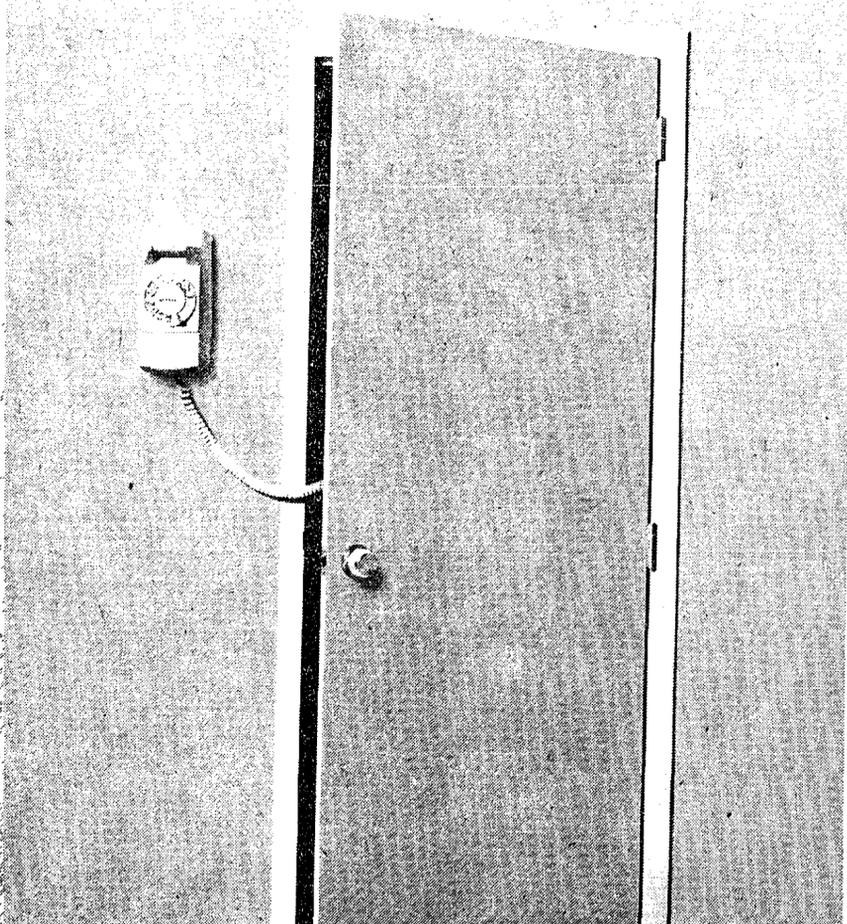
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Thanksgiving

...a traditional day of thankfulness for the blessings of a bountiful harvest means more to us at Thumb National Bank & Trust. We have many things to be thankful for. One of them is our pleasant business relations with you, the people, the farmers and the business communities we serve. We wish you a Happy Thanksgiving and hope that our association will continue for many years to come. We will transact no business Thursday in observance of Thanksgiving Day

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