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MAKING SENSE OF INVESTING



Cars for cancer car and bike show

By Grant Berry

The 8th annual Labor Day Cars for Cancer Car and Bike Show held at Mercy Health Partners Lakes Campus was a huge success this year. The September 3 event featured more than 600 late model, classic, hot rod, custom, and muscle cars from all over the West Michigan area. The show also included motorcycles and a few anomalies such as a double-decker bus, a Crosley wagon, and a vintage Isetta.

The weather was sunny and clear, perfect for the participants and the hundreds of spectators who ventured out for this fun-packed event. Along with the spectacular cars on display, there were also food vendors, door prizes, a grocery giveaway, an auction, engine blow, poker walk, and valve cover races. The event was sponsored by the partnership between the Different Strokes Car Club, the Knights of Columbus #13035, and Mercy Health Partners.

"I thought it went smoothly compared to past events," said Greg Ferrier, spokesman for Different Strokes Car Club. "Attendance was good. We had a lot more spectators come through this year. I wasn't disappointed. The over-all event went well."

The Different Strokes Car Club was responsible

for organizing and collecting trophy sponsors for the 37 classes with three trophies per class, including Best of Show and People's Choice awards. The Knights of Columbus awarded the trophies and prepared a pancake breakfast and a hot dog and hamburger lunch. The Mercy Health Partners handled the promotions on radio, newspapers and flyers.

All proceeds from the Cars for Cancer Car Show went to patient care at Mercy Health Johnson Family Cancer Center. "The car show raised almost \$14,000 again this year," said Jan Jacobs from Mercy Health Partners. "These groups are so ingrained in the community and work really hard to keep the money in the community. It's so meaningful to us, because the funds go for local patients every day. This is a great family event that benefits local families."

The year's Cars for Cancer Car and Bike Show would not be possible if it weren't for all of the generous trophy sponsors, donors and contributors, car enthusiasts, and automobile collectors. The Different Strokes Car Club, Knights of Columbus and mercy Health Partners would like to thank each one of you for once again making this event a huge success. •

In Bimbo's woods

By Mike Simcik

1956 was a particularly interesting year for me, and to say I was 12 years old just did not cover it. Coming of age meant so many things in a little country town in Northern Illinois. Like mowing lawns and shoveling snow for money, my first official job at the lumber yard, playing baseball, and everyone knew everyone by name.

Everything in life was getting more interesting for me, like playing "hooky" from school, on occasion, with my friend Jim to go fishing at the south channel end of our lake to catch crappies and stripers with willow limbs, kite string, safety pins and crickets. Unfortunately, my mother was a bus driver for the school.

One Friday night in late September, Jim and I rode our bikes to the house of a friend of mine. It was about a mile past the outskirts of town. The only name I ever knew him to be called was "Bimbo," and I always thought he had a connection with the circus life in the past. Bimbo was 74 years old and his wife was 62. The reason I knew this is because she was pregnant and everyone within 20 miles was talking about it.

Bimbo had a 1200-acre woods complete with a 400-acre pond loaded with bass and bluegills. A slough was at the south end, and all the rest was oak, hickory, walnut, maple and ash trees galore.

The weather was perfect. Trees were turning colors and squirrel season was upon us. So I asked Bimbo if we could hunt squirrels Saturday morning. Of course, he said yes. I knew he really hated those little buggers.

Yes, life was perfect, but there was no way anyone could possibly know what critical drama was ready to unfold. I was about to grow up fast, learning how a man takes on responsibility, failure not being an option.

Both Jim and I had .410 single action shotguns. Strapping them to our handlebars, we rode our bikes to Bimbo's house. We knew exactly when and where we wanted to be that Saturday morning: Where all the hickory trees were in a small clearing about 150 yards into the woods. We picked our trees so we could see each other, then settled in.

Only a few minutes had passed when the silence was broken with the crack of a rifle that sounded like it came

from the road. I looked backwards to see, but no one was in sight. Then I looked back at Jim, only to see his gun lying on the ground, his eyes glazed, mouth open, and hands outstretched. Jim had been shot!

I dropped my gun and ran over to him, wanting to help but not sure what to do. He had been shot through both hands. The bullet had glanced off his gunstock and lodged into his left shoulder. My friend was bleeding badly, but he never cried, just looked at me with painful eyes expecting me to do something fast.

I took off my jacket and shirt, then took my t-shirt and tore it up for bandages and used other pieces to tie into loops with a stick to slow the bleeding of his hands and arm. It was a long way back to town. My mind was racing, but my father always said, "Never panic and never give up."

I covered both guns with leaves, lifted Jim up, and headed for the bikes. However, it was obvious that neither of us could ride bikes, so I put his right arm around my neck and started a fast walk. I was hoping we could make it to Dr. Goshgarian's office in time because I knew he normally went home at noon.

After only a few more yards, Jim finally fainted from loss of blood. Even a kid like me knew that was a very bad thing.

But now I could see the doctor's office. His Buick was parked in front. Nearly exhausted, I looked up at the clear blue sky, took a deep breath and said in a loud, clear voice, "It is not for me, but we could sure use a little help here." So I squatted down and threw my best friend over my right shoulder and carried him the rest of the way.

As I walked up to the office, the nurse saw me through the window and came running out the door. After about an hour, Dr. Goshgarian finished cleaning and suturing. He let me watch everything he did to save Jim's life. Then he asked how and where this happened. I just said, "In Bimbo's woods."

Jim and I enjoyed each other's company until high school was finished. He joined the Army and I joined the Navy. I never saw him again. Still today I wonder where my strength came from that day, how Jim made out in life, and I think back about the lessons I learned in my youth.

"You can ask for help, but never give up trying! •

Remember: Utility land is off limits to hunters

(Submitted by Consumers Energy)

As the hunting seasons get underway in Michigan, Consumers Energy is reminding the public that hunting is not allowed on the utility's property.

The ban protects the safety of neighbors, utility workers and others. It also addressed concerns of neighboring landowners that irresponsible hunters will use Consumers Energy property to trespass.

"We are asking Michigan sportsmen and sportswomen to remember that Consumers Energy property

is private land, not public property," said Mike Williams, Consumers Energy's director of corporate security.

Anyone observing hunting or gunshot vandalism on utility land is asked to contact their local law enforcement agency or Consumers Energy's corporate security office at 1-800-760-3295.

Consumers Energy offers cash rewards of varying amounts for information leading to the arrest and arraignment of those who damage company equipment or property. •