

# 86th Annual Muskegon County 4-H Youth Fair July 23-27

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I I A C O S I E N R O R O  
D M H R I H S S G A N C W  
E F N R N U O C T C C O E  
S O R E O Z A G O R A A R  
Q E R H P N L A S E N S I  
F S N I D B A M S P D T F  
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## Friday night flash mob 5k runs

by Mary Weimer

A relatively new and interesting concept on the running scene is the Friday Night Flash Mob 5k. Free information and free registration is available on the web at [www.friday5k.com](http://www.friday5k.com).

Billed as “planned, spontaneous low-key fun and “the most fun you will ever have running on a Friday night,” organizers have planned 16 different 5k race courses throughout the area.

Interested runners register at the website. Participants are notified by email 24 hours before the race as to the starting location of the race. All races begin at a public facility and incorporate various environments. The courses are not closed courses, but every effort is made to avoid busy intersections. Each Friday night race is limited to 50 participants, and actual race time results are posted on the website the evening of the race, usually by 9 p.m.

The races for the balance of this year include:

August 2 - Indecision 5k (includes trails, asphalt, roads and bike paths)

August 23 - Unfinished 5k (two-track, asphalt and concrete) This race is stroller tolerable.

September 13 - the Dyslexic 5k fun run on the beach.

Another type of fun run, “The Woodsy Hour Run” will be held Friday, August 9 at 6:30 p.m. (or Saturday, August 10 at 9:30 a.m.) The event begins and ends in Grand Haven at Coast Guard Park. Individual runners choose the route they want to follow, visiting as many of the 20 marked checkpoints as they can in the 60 minutes allowed for the race. •

## Growing up with radio

By Mike Simcik

It's 1952. Imagine me, an eight-year-old blond-haired boy sitting “Injun” style on an oval rag-weave rug in front of a giant Zenith radio with one big Cyclops eye in the middle. You would have also noticed a huge bowl of Sugar Pops with milk sitting in my lap.

Saturday and Sunday mornings started with “Johnny Diamond,” then “The Green Hornet,” and by noon it was “High Oh Silver,” “The Lone Ranger” and Tonto (Jay Silverheels) his faithful sidekick. By mid-afternoon came the International Café, playing music from every corner of the planet with a great interpreter.

Right after dinner was even better, with the “Kraft Music Hall” and “Window to the World of Music” on Wednesday nights. The best was yet to come, like “Jack Benny” and Rochester. The comedy hours hosted shows like “Fibber McGee and Molly” “The Great Gildersleeve,” “Amos and Andy,” and my favorite, “Burns and Allen.” This is how I developed a sense of humor, listening to all those comedy shows keeping me in stitches any day of the week. How could we possibly forget “Innersanctum” with that squeaky door. Yes, I really loved radio and was enthralled by it.

At 11 years old, I started fooling around with radios, but found it complicated, as I didn't know an ohm from a resistor. I changed that by hanging around a local TV-radio repair shop only four blocks from my house. Boy was I a pest, but it paid off. At 12 years old, you would have found me with boxes of old radio parts and a soldering iron in hand, upstairs, making a mess experimenting.

At 13, I built my first successful special radio. Even though it looked like something out of Doctor Evil's lab, it worked great. The next thing I learned about was aerials, how and why they worked, then stringing it up on the roof like a lightning rod. What I learned about weather was fascinating: rain, cold, hot, atmospheric pressure, humidity, sun spots, plus the big difference between day and night reception.

The reward was I could bring in air pilot conversations, train engineers talking, even police chatter. I could hear music from Hawaii one night and Germans talking on another night, depending on an Eastern or Western storm front. I could tune in Nome, Alaska with no moon, and Panama when there was a full moon. Yes, it really made a difference. The radio told me a situation was declared in North Korea.

Then one day, my mother lost her temper because I didn't clean up my room. She threw my radio out the second floor window to the ground and it smashed beyond repair. I never built another one.

I heard all the top 40 hits on “The Hit Parade.” My favorite pizza guy, Dick Biondi on WIND, set up the roller rinks and school sock hops, bringing peanut butter pizza. Let's not forget Paul Harvey and “the rest of the story.”

We were in school when it was announced on the radio the J.F. Kennedy was assassinated; then later, Bobby Kennedy was shot. I heard on the radio that America had landed on the moon. The radio told me war was declared in North Vietnam. I heard on the radio that my brother-in-law died in a car crash, and the next day on WKRS I heard that my grandfather died of heart failure. I was in my workshop when I heard on the radio about 9/11.

Isn't that the way life is? Some days you want to laugh, and some days you just want to cry. But it all came over the airwaves. Good or bad, it was part of growing up with radio. •

## Where the need really exists

By Charlene Lozicki

The nice lady just left, and now Frank lays his head back on his pillow and thins. He has been listening to the news, and because his sight is so poor, volunteer men and women have been reading the paper to him.

Frank spent four years in the service of the United States Air Force during the Korean conflict. He was not in the war zone, but he was not stateside, either. His father died when he was very young and his mom died when he was overseas. Mom's dying was a shock for him, and he needed to return home for her funeral. The service didn't offer help except for a few days off. Transportation was up to him. He managed to find a cargo plane going to the states, and hitchhiked through the rest of the states and made it back home for the funeral, and back in time at leave end.

This week he was saddened as he listened to the news, for he never thought he would see this. The high-end Washington D.C. area is booming faster than any other area, thanks to wasteful government spending. The IRS is in the middle of a scandal, abusing the rights of individuals and groups they believe have different views than theirs. We still don't know why we didn't save our people in Benghazi, as we always do when our people are in trouble. We never leave our own behind and we didn't even try this time.

Thinking about all the wasteful spending government agencies are involved in, especially on learning to work together, Fr4nk had an idea. He has recently visited the Veterans Administration building, and in the waiting room, veterans were patiently waiting and responding to others' needs. He had experienced the same kindness at the American Legion.

An idea comes to mind and now he wants to discuss it over coffee tonight with his friends. Washington, we insist on those in government service to volunteer at least two hours a week at a veterans' facility and learn from the best on working with one another. Especially with our President anxious to cut funding to veterans and seniors, he would suggest that those found guilty at the IRS instead of going to jail, would work at minimum wage for two years at a veteran's facility under the supervision of the veterans. They might laugh at him, but then again they might agree, even though government agencies would never consider a sensible solution that didn't cost millions of dollars.

As he naps this afternoon he dreams a happy dream about others looking out for one another. •

## Big Brothers Big Sisters host 'Hot Havana Nights' fundraiser

(Submitted by Big Brothers Big Sisters of the Lakeshore)

Join Big Brothers Big Sisters of the Lakeshore for a fabulous night of Cuban food, music and dance. The agency will be hosting a dinner at Hampton Green Farm in Fruitport on July 25. Social hour begins at 5:30 p.m. featuring a Latin dance demonstration, a dressage horse show and a silent auction.

Cost for the evening is just \$25 per person which includes dinner and cash bar. The silent auction will be a first for this annual event, featuring Detroit Tigers' tickets with a Tigers' Den pass; a vintage doll house, complete with a house full of doll furniture; a two-night stay in a Las Vegas condo; wine tasting parties for up to 10 people held in your home or office; and several more unique items.

The Vankampen Boyer Molinari Foundation, along with Hampton Green Farm have invited Big Brothers Big Sisters of the Lakeshore to host the agency's fundraising dinner at their Fruitport location. Hampton Green Farm focuses on the development of an elite line of PRE (Spanish) horses for dressage competition. Known for producing a modern-moving dressage horse of medium size with exceptional temperament and extravagant gaits, Hampton Green Farm has placed horses with amateurs, young riders, and professionals, including three Olympians.

Learn more about how to support the children served by the agency and additional event information at our website, [www.bbbslakeshore.org](http://www.bbbslakeshore.org). •

## Tire whimsy

By Joe Tomodachi

Recently, the steering wheel on my car was pulling toward one side. It wasn't until the next morning that I discovered the reason — a flat tire. It only took a few minutes to change to the “doughnut” spare that most cars have today. Doughnut tires are supposed to be temporary, but I was impressed by the improvement over having a flat, and there was an added bonus — the spare emitted a distinctive hum that changed with speed and turns.

My encounter at the tire retailer resulted in a need for four new tires; so, guided by my offbeat sense of humor, I inquired whether they could outfit me with four doughnut tires. The counterman replied with a quick “yes.” Taking it one step further, I reasoned that with a proper set of humming doughnut tires, I could amuse myself with musical entertainment created with various speeds and turns...but practicality won out. I have four new regular tires, but that doughnut spare is still in the trunk awaiting the next time it can entertain me. •