

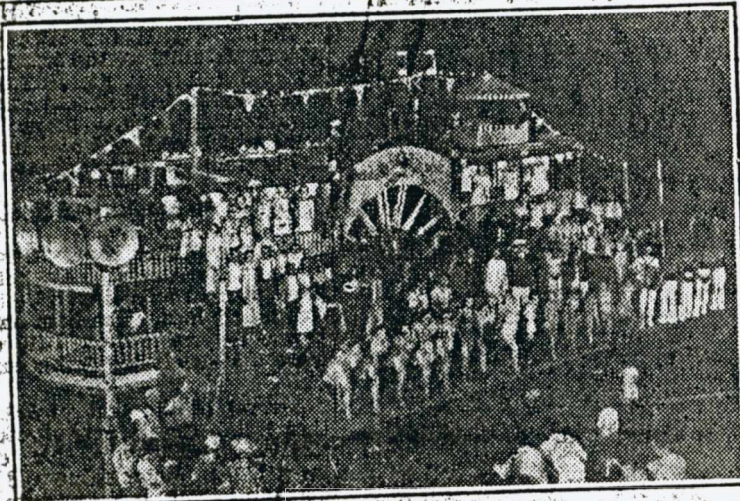
LESSON 4

To Haul Co-eds to Class



One of the entertainment features for the 22nd annual Farmers' Week program at Michigan State college, February 1 to 5, will be the appearance of this team of oxen. The owner, Frank Martin of Battle Creek, offers \$500 to anyone who can produce their equal in weight and pulling ability. It is planned to hitch up the oxen and give college co-eds form of transportation to class during the week.

Lowell Showboat a Great Pageant



The fifth annual production of the Lowell Showboat will be presented on Flat river in the heart of the village of Lowell on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6, 7 and 8.

The Lowell Showboat has come to be recognized as one of Michigan's leading summer evening attractions. In the past winter, it has been reproduced on the silver screen before more than a million people in various sections of the country.

Visitors come from great distances to see this really magnificent river pageant. The showboat carries a band of 30 pieces of chorus of some 50 adults voices upwards of 20 minstrel performers and is an ideal representation of the old-time southern showboat. The Showboat itself is a

double-decked sidewheeler, propelled by its own twin engines. Lighted from stem to stern, with flags streaming in the breeze, inspiring instrumental and vocal music, the Lowell Showboat presents a spectacle never to be forgotten as it comes down Flat river to its mooring place where a two-hour evening performance is given.

There are seats for 5,000 people, 2,100 of which can be reserved. The general admission is 25c, the reserved admission is 50c. Reserved seats may be ordered by mail by addressing William C. Doyle, Showboat Treasurer, Lowell, Mich.

The entertainment is given under auspices of the Lowell Board of Trade and the net proceeds are used for worthy local causes.

Harvey Q. Hawkins

Harvey Q. Hawkins, second son of Horace and Betsey Hawkins, was born in Vermontville, October 20, 1860, and departed this life at his home in Charlotte, Michigan, August 13, 1936. He was married to Melissa Jade Bradley of Beachburg, Ontario, June 7, 1883. She departed this life February 16, 1929. To this union were born two sons, Ray of Vermontville, and Hector, of Lansing. In middle life he had an experience in the things of God and became a member of the Free Methodist church at Shaytown. On April 14, 1932, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Belle Steves, of Charlotte. Surviving are the widow, two sons, eight grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, four brothers, two sisters and a host of other relatives and friends.

Not only was he morally and spiritually clean but he was a good husband, a loving and devoted father, a splendid neighbor, an honest man and a fine citizen. Those who have known him for a life time respect him. Liberal to those in need.

At this sad and solemn hour we pay tribute of deepest respect and shed our farewell tears, realizing that his memory shall be dear to our hearts for years to come. We bow our heads and say "Thy will be done". Sometimes it is hard to understand why things happen as they do but if we love God we are assured that all things work together for our good. The end came suddenly and unexpectedly and not only is a severe shock to the family but to the entire community.

The funeral services were held at the United Brethren church in Charlotte, Saturday, August 15, 1936, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. A. Hoffman officiated and interment was made at the Freemire cemetery.

From a Sinner's Diary

Broke my glasses and couldn't hunt my tater bugs. Couldn't see one smaller than a cherry unless he had his tail light lit.

Reo (Reo) says it would seem good to shiver again.

My pessimist says its hardly safe to be alive these days.

What a bully time I had at the Vermontville Centennial. I think h-I will be like that. We'll parade around and see everybody we led astray and every body who led us astray. So many act glad to see you when you're 100 that wouldn't neighbor with you much before that. They know you can't do much more damage and are on the lookout for whatever that may be. A woman I was in a wreck with once, gave me her cone. She had to. I looked right at it till she asked me if I wanted it. I said yes. Me, I like crowds. If there'd been a 300-lb. nigger blowing a bass horn I woulda stuck right by him.

Lynette, Freemire.

From Blanche Steves

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