



OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE VICTORIA BEACH CLUB
Vol. 33, No. 8 August 15, 1968

EVERY DOG HAS HIS SAY

Bring your poochies to Memorial Park, Saturday, August 16th, at 7:00 o'clock. If he's tall, small, plump, lean, he may rate a prize at the DOG SHOW. Your dog might get a prize for a quality you didn't even know he had yourself. Are his ears big, small, floppy, alert? How eloquent are they? Has he a lanky good-natured tail-swing? Does his tail curl, point up? Observe his posture, how does he hold his head? We'll bet he holds it up, expectantly, when he sees you coming! Dogs know who are their friends. Put his leash on him ready for the show. Of course you'll want to brush him up a bit.

Your parents would like to see the Dog Show. Give Mom a hand with the dishes so she can get there at seven. We sure liked it last year. You'd never think there were so many boys and girls with dogs of their own. The judges stood in the centre of the great ring of dogs, with their owners. The dogs walked round and round, slowly, quietly, with their masters, to the music. When the judge said "Halt!" he'd decided on a winner. Everyone kept silent so the judge could be heard. The good dogs didn't bark. Mrs. W. Fallis, who manages the Dog Shows, was over by the baseball-fans benches taking names of prize-winners. The boys and girls knew how to spell their names too. I'm glad I went last year. It was fun. I'm going again. Are you coming? IT IS FREE!

EVERYBODY HELPS

Couples who have bought their season's memberships are Dr. and Mrs. M. McLandress, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Matter, Dr. and Mrs. H. Williams, the George Smiths, the G. P. Macleods, the A. E. Kayes, the G. W. P. Heffelfingers, the D. Guests, the F. J. Mannings, the A. R. Williams, the E. Planters, the H. Hansons, the Park Tuckers, the Norman Wallaces, the H. M. Chitticks, the T. Holigsons, the A. L. Campbells, the R. A. Macintoshes, the A. Robinsons. Couples who have joined for the month they are here: the F. A. Langs, the B. O'Briens, the G. T. McIntoshes. Friends who have given donations are: Sister Clare Miriam, Mrs. McGregor of Sunset, Mesdames M. Johnston, J. Hinds, A. J. Smith, W. Sibley, S. McActon, W. J. Boyd, E. Joseph, A. Carmichael, J. S. Kyle, C. B. Grierson, J. K. Brown, J. B. Scott, A. L. Chaturin. Couples who have donated: the R. Wildgooses, A. Kayzers, G. Drennans, J. S. R. O'Malleys, the E. W. Moores, the J. Peebles, the G. Smiths, the J. Browns, the J. E. Yarnells, the Misses Lilian and Hazel Cook, Mr. Muldrew, Mr. C. Reed, Mr. C. Ibbott, as well as Mrs. J. S. Jones and family. Your name is written four times. It is put on your receipt, by your canvasser, all names are put on the one list by the Membership Chairmen, from the receipt books. These lists are brought to your editor who types them, carefully, for the printers.

The printer then prints from this typed list. Everyone checks very carefully. But, if your name has not appeared it may have been misprinted. Transposition of two letters can change a name. We are all doing our best. We will be pleased to look up your receipt and reprint if you have missed your name. THANK YOU FOR GIVING CANVASSERS MORE INITIALS THIS WEEK. Thank you again, for your help, all of you!

EVERYONE COMES TO THE ADULT GET-TOGETHER

R. W. Spear's plans for the third annual adult "DO", for Saturday, August 23rd, at the Clubhouse are in full swing! Gostogers are rounding up those who missed out last year, planning foursomes, six-somes! Families who like to dance, chat, or just meet older and newer comers, as well as the season's Sport and Garden triumphanters. Bring your wives, your husbands, yours sons, your daughters, your girl friend, your boy friend, your chums. Everyone gets in to the Grand Opening March. You don't need to be a dancer, just a simple you-and-I-ish march!

Committees always do a good job on the coffee, served cafeteria style, with the limited club facilities. It is served after trophies are presented (for anyone who wishes to leave.)

Everyone is a host at the final "DO". Move about, give your name to the "newbies", or those who have not been out just lately. Don't leave all the "hosting" to George, or the Executive and wives, who are always so good at making the whole community feel at home. The date is set before the Labour Day week-end while parents are here. They've seen the families to the movies, Children's Masquerade, Sports Day, Beach Events, Half-mile Swim, Water Sports, the Fishing Derby and the Dog Show (which comes this Saturday). Now they want to have a "time" themselves, with their teen-aged families, and adult neighbours! Anyone who will baby-sit for that evening will be blessed! Sitters please leave their names at Stewarts or Sutherlands. Mothers please, also, leave names there. Our grocers are splendid at bringing people together in these community matters. It is quite off the record!

It wouldn't be a "Do" without our merchants, the business folk who help us all season, the doctor, those who are with Victoria Beach Company, our year-round residents, all, our policeman, and all their ladies. Our Mayor and Council, with their ladies, always lead off our opening march.

Half a dollar each, only. This pays for the music and coffee. More news next week.

MASS for local and visiting Catholics 9:00 a.m. Daylight at Clubhouse.

QUALITY FLOWERS AT LOWEST PRICES

The Crest
TAMMAS SCOTT

310 DONALD ST. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Creation Reveals God's Wisdom

Dr. W. G. Onions of Chalmers United Church, Verdun Quebec, led the service in the Clubhouse Sunday morning. The congregation numbered 172. He told an interesting story to the children, encouraging them to develop enquiring minds and make use of their intelligence.

Rev. Onions began the sermon by asking "What is an unique characteristic of Christianity?" He went on to say that God seeks to make himself known to man. Creation reveals his wisdom and power to us and through it God reveals himself to man. The law of God, written on the hearts of men, is Conscience—which needs to be trained and educated. "God trains and illuminates our conscience so we can hear and obey."

Rev. Wm. Davis sang the fine solo, "Still, Still With Thee."

The colorful basket arrangement of Phlox was arranged by Mrs. Chas. Bell from her garden.

Rev. Dr. Canon F. Glover will conduct the service this Sunday, August 17th at 10:45 a.m. The mayor and councillors of the municipality will attend in a body.

A Fitting Memorial by George F. Macleod

Those of us who have come to Victoria Beach for many years feel it does not seem the same without James T. Irving. Ever vigilant, in keeping watch over new innovations that might develop into a beach detriment, he was one of those who helped make the resort what it is. As Councillor, Mayor, President of the Community Club, Jimmy was always available to assist or give good advice in any beach event. From the Winter Snow-train to the Spring train schedules he supported, actively, the whole season's events!

Let us remember men who founded and set up rules governing our resort and its social life. They grow fewer. Continuing these practices and principles will be their fitting memorial. Thus our children and children's children will enjoy that which we now enjoy. Jimmy Irving's wise counsel, his activity, and cheerful personality are reflected here. We offer his wife and sons, Douglas and Alan, our sympathy. We say to them "As your husband and father loved Victoria Beach, so also did we love him. We miss him!"

Enjoy your holiday . . .

Cook With Gas!

Stoves — Refrigerators — Lighting Equipment

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CANADIAN PROPANE MANITOBA LTD.

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GROCERIES FRESH FRUITS VEGETABLES
CLOTHING and HARDWARE

Self Service Free Delivery

Boys, Girls, and Their Dads!

Saturday's Derby found some 75 boys and girls, of all sizes and types sitting on the pier, on the moored boats there, everywhere throughout, gawking (sitting) rods in Lake Winnipeg. The Dads were showing them how with the same interest they do Xmas morning with the new electric train. Misty warmth raised hopes high and the odd raindrop didn't budge a soul. Lines of all shades, size and kind. Wielded expertly, too—especially by the boys! John Glasco and Fred Lousanne got good perch with simple hook-lines and sinkers. So did others. The playing was patient. Last years derbyists caught catfish, silver bass and sauger. This year perch was the order of the day. Winners were: First, Claud Rivard. Second, Terry Thompson. Heather McKelvie and Jean Kemp were tied for third. Three tied for fourth place: Mary Kemp, John Kemp, Michael Cox and Gordon Barr. These derbyists were given prizes. It was unusual to catch perch, only, and even these were lousy. It took skill to play and tame them!

TAKE THE BUS

Monday to Saturday: Daylight Time
Leave Victoria Beach 7:40 a.m. Ar. Winnipeg 11:00 a.m.
Leave Winnipeg 5:45 p.m. Ar. Victoria Beach 9:10 p.m.
Sundays and Holidays:
Leave Victoria Beach 4:30 p.m. Ar. Winnipeg 8:00 p.m.
Leave Winnipeg 9:00 p.m. Ar. Victoria Beach 12:15 a.m.

Community Church Service

Club House, Victoria Beach
SUNDAY, AUGUST 17th at 10:45 a.m.
CIVIC SERVICE
Minister: REV. DR. CANON F. GLOVER
St. Margaret's Anglican Church
Music: Dr. F. C. Neimeier

If you wish to

BUY, SELL or RENT a COTTAGE

see . . . JOHN FRASER

Next to The Moonlight Inn.

BARBER SHOP

Harold Jenkinson, Prop.

BEST OF SERVICE

Soft Water Open 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.

KILPATRICK'S

"THE GREATEST NAME IN MEATS"

Serving Victoria Beach for over 35 years.

BEEF - LAMB - PORK - BACON - HAN - EGGS

POULTRY - FRESH VEGETABLES

• Our Own Sausages Made Daily.

"Modern Equipment"

THOMAS TRANSFER

WALTER THOMAS, Prop.

WOOD - ICE - TAXI - BAGGAGE

GENERAL FREIGHT

VICTORIA BEACH TO WINNIPEG.

MOONLIGHT INN

Where Friends Meet and Eat . . .

CHIPS AND HOT DOGS

SODA FOUNTAIN

NOVELTIES SUNDRIES

John and Len Bowerman

THE VENERABLE MICHAEL ATEAH

(At the time of his funeral, May 1937)

Michael Ateah lived in Western Canada for 45 years. He lived in the farming area of the municipality of Victoria Beach for 26 years. He died in May 1937 at the age of 73. He was buried at Victoria Beach Cemetery. Alex Anderson of Balsam Bay officiated and Fred M. Gee accompanied the singing of the hymns. Pallbearers were the four Hampton brothers, Charles, William, Harry and James, descendants of one of the earliest families in this area, as well as J. C. Gifford and Bert Martin.

Michael Ateah was born at Maktara, Mount Lebanon, Syria, in 1862 and travelled from that oldest and holiest of lands, to make his home in the new Western Canada in 1883. His courage was great, the journey unprecedently long, unbelievably hazardous! He was educated at Protestant schools and later worked with his father in their fig and olive groves. Lebanon, then subjected to Turkish rule, all Lebanese were required to serve in the Turkish Army. Michael did his military service at Askar Barracks, Lebanon, as we now know has gained its complete independence.

Mr. Ateah travelled across the prairie by horse cart as far west as Edmonton and as far north as Norway House. He traded with the Manitoba Indians. He transported furs to Winnipeg in winter and bushels of blueberries in summer.

In 1898 he married Miss Sophie Matak in Winnipeg. She was also from Mount Lebanon, Syria. They lived at Winnipeg Beach before it was a Summer Resort. He then became a trader at Fort Alexander. He homesteaded at Victoria Beach in 1911, where he farmed successfully, until his last illness.

Mr. Ateah's widow and ten children survived him. The children were John, Alfred, Eddie, Samuel, Laela (Mrs. Rex Lester), Sophie (Mrs. Chas. David), Freda (Mrs. Alex Jonsson), Louisa (Mrs. Ralph Purdy), and the then Misses Fanny and Margaret, who lived in Winnipeg. The others resided at Victoria Beach. Twenty-two grandchildren survived him. Michael's cousin, Shalichen B. George, served as

SHOWING AT THE CLUBHOUSE

Tuesday, August 19th at 8:30 p.m.

"AUTUMN LEAVES"

She didn't know love could cost so much!

Starring:

JOAN CRAWFORD

Co-starring Canada's own LORNE GREENE

Thursday, August 21st at 8:30 p.m.

"MISTER CORY"

"Rite of a Gambler" (Color)

TONY CURTIS - MARTHA HYER

CHARLES BICKFORD - KATHRYN GRANT

COME TO THE FINAL ADULT "DO" SATURDAY, AUGUST 23rd — CLUBHOUSE
LIVE MUSIC FOR DANCING — TROPHIES — COFFEE!

Weston's BREAD

"Freshness Guaranteed"

Secretary in the British Imperial Army in Cairo. He also served with Kitchener of Khartoum. A brother, Albert Ateah, also survived him.

Editor's Note: Mr. Ateah's son Alfred did not long survive him. The younger daughters were married. There have been other changes, through death and other circumstances, in this interesting family who are such an asset to this resort.

Parker On Golf . . .

In order to accommodate those who may not have been able to complete their scores in the Ringier-Board and Fred Porter Trophy, these competitions are extended to Sunday, August 17th.

The Jimmy Grant Memorial Trophy will be played for over the week-end—August 14th to 17th—provided we receive a minimum of eight entries. This event will be 18 holes medal play and the winner is considered to be the Victoria Beach Champion for 1938. No handicaps are involved and it is hoped that all the top-notch players will participate.

Prizes in all golf events will be presented at the Adult Wind-Up party to be held in the Clubhouse on Saturday, August 23rd, and we look forward to seeing the various winners in attendance. Announcement of Trophy Winners will be made in next week's "Herald".

WE CROWDED our Community Clubhouse, Saturday, August 2nd, for the "DO" put on by the Residents Sports Club to help raise funds for their Curling Club. For the dance and draw they cleared approximately \$750.00. Prizes and their winners were: The Deep Freeze won by Stewart Linklater of Victoria Beach. The Luggage went to Trevor Stead, Man., won the Bridge Set. The Electric Frying Pan was won by Ken McTavish, Hart Ave., Winnipeg. Mrs. B. Moon of Stockton, Man., won the Camera, and Jim Lowing of Walker Ave., Winnipeg won the Clock.

Here is an interesting letter for Herald readers: The Victoria Beach Sports Club wishes to thank you, one and all, for your wonderful co-operation in buying tickets on our Lucky Prize Draw, and on attending the Monster Dance.

We certainly hope that YOU, too, will enjoy curling at our new rink. We would also like to thank the Community Club for the use of their clubhouse.

Bert J. Trainor, President.

CAPS OFF TO REAL THIRST-QUENCHERS

DREWRY'S

LEMON - LIME ROOT BEER
SUPER - GRAPE DRY GINGER ALE

VICTORIA BEACH MUNICIPALITY

Mayer: H. E. GIBSON
 Justice of the Peace: PHILIP G. NUTTER
 Councillors: JOHN ATEAH, H. CHITTICK,
 E. W. POWELL, COL. R. WATTS
 Secretary-Treasurer: PHILIP G. NUTTER
 304 Toronto General Trusts Bldg., Ph. W13-8111
 Superintendent: Mr. A. W. ANDERSON
 Police Officers: DONALD HARBER, SAM ATEAH
 Medical Health Officer: 124 Birch Ave.
 July and August — DR. F. RUDERMAN

Social Notes

Councillor Henry Chittick has been transferred to Toronto. Good news for him. But he is coming back to his cottage for holidays. Good news for us. We wish the family good luck!

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Fairfield are at their cottage on Sunset. Things like sighing lake breezes, singing aspens, emerald greens, like gems on the course, have lured them against leaving.

Mrs. W. L. Milne is again at her interesting cottage, 311 Fourth, with her family.

Mrs. A. L. Charlwin, 333 Fourth, is here. This is her fortieth summer at the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wright are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bayne, on Sunset.

Rev. and Mrs. W. Conly are at the Riddell family cottage on Sunset. Margaret and Jim are here too, as well as Miss Jessie Riddell.

Mrs. H. B. Lyall and Margaret are spending their eighth year with us at their cottage, First and Arthur. As guests they have Mrs. M. Edelson and Mrs. E. E. Wilding, who has young Stephen here with her. They are from Vancouver.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Davis are at their Bayview cottage with Lily, Bill, Don and baby, Sylvia Ruth. Rev. Davis sang to us at church, Sunday. His good works are felt all over this municipality. He has gone to great trouble to purchase a little organ for our Community Church. We are making plans to have it connected. A simple organ, paid for by adherents who also support their home churches in Winnipeg.

Norma and Audrey Falls enjoy week-ends with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Taylor, Seventh Avenue.

Mrs. Khuman is at Princess Elizabeth Hospital with leukemia. Some 20 years ago here, her Seventh Avenue neighbours called her "Smiling Kinsman". We miss her. Do go see her when in town. Take her this?

Mary met four cats, in the half-light, last evening. One wore a bell. Its tinkle was sweet to the ears of the birdlover. Her pet robins and wrens have been eaten. It is often three years before birds will return to a spot where they've been ravaged. Any birdlover will be pleased to buy a bell for your cat—as well as its food! Gracious folk who hesitate to have your cat barred.

Mrs. J. S. Holowin, Beverly, Jo-Ann and Shelley are holidaying at Bayview with their grandparents. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Julius. Their daddy, Dr. J. S., is busy on the staff of Galley Eye Clinic, Bloomington, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Campbell have spent another holiday with us with their young daughter.

Mrs. W. Macleod is the guest of Mrs. Pearl Finmore, 214 Sixth Avenue. She taught us Canasta. We did all

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 BREAD to Our VEGETABLES
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right. She has promised to help us with some golf. Here's hoping.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Clark and Mrs. E. Johnson of Vancouver were in Mrs. England's cottage in July. Mr. Clark came to this resort with several C.N.R. trains before he retired from the railway. They then holidayed at 301 Seventh. They enjoyed meeting old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Garbutt and young Bruce spent July at their Fifth Avenue cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh MacTavish and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Ryan, with their families, visited them.

Says an album of M. Pratt's: "For the season's opening 38 years ago, 17 cottages were built. Those of E. H. Briggs, M. Gee, O. Paulson, M. Bennett, S. Clapham, W. J. Barnett, F. E. Sprague, A. Moore and D. J. Wright. That was the year the arctical well was tried for—but not found. The year the first bakeshop was built! This was then the finest spot in Manitoba. It will last!"

Mr. and Mrs. Ron Hampton, who have returned from Edmonton are holidaying with Mrs. Ivy Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mowatt of Loon Straights are enjoying a holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Nell Trecoate.

Among Miss Dorothy Garbutt's guests, at her Fourth Avenue cottage, where she has been week-ending since April were: Miss Rosemary deGraf, Miss Marjory Campbell of Montreal, the Fletcher Macdonalds, Mrs. Hugh Millman of Moose Jaw and Mr. Martin Baanen.

Honey is the best food for the middle-aged. Your body assimilates it without effort. Poured (melted) on your cereal, in your dressings, cakes, beverages! Saturated in the purest sunshine from the sweetest flowers, filled with our Manitoba winter's want—vitamin D. Don't you think Clover Crest honey bees know what they are about?

Misses D. Olfson and E. Kroken are back from the Vancouver Centennial where they were guests of Ruth, daughter of Mrs. E. Kanatz, long time lake resident. The girls also enjoyed Changan Valley.

Four taxi-men were at the lot when we arrived one recent night, at ten in pouring rain. Three had been there 10 hours!

It's not the gossip that's bad, so much.

Mrs. Todd bought tattles in town, at a special price, toted them home on the hot bus, toted them down on the train, toted them to her cottage. Not that she had to. It was just her way. Next day at our village store she saw tattles at much less. She queried both our other stores. Same price. She found other things at less. Resourceful soul that she is, Mrs. Todd was right miffed at her own silliness. We asked if we could tell folk. She said we certainly could!

The many twinkling lights, on the way to the parking lot, at six a.m., Mondays, tell us that Dad enjoys an extra restful night here, and a clear quick road home!

VICTORIA BEACH GOLF COURSE

ADULTS — 1st 9 Holes 60c
 2nd 9 consecutive 50c

CHILDREN — 18 and under . . . 25c
 (Holidays and Week-ends, same as adults)

CHILDREN'S DAY — TUESDAYS, 1:30 to 3:30 p.m.
 14 years and under . . . 10c

VICTORIA BEACH PARKING LOT

EIGHTH AVE. and ARTHUR ROAD

RATES

1st Day 50c, Week-end 75c,
 Week \$1.50; Month \$4.00; Season \$7.50

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 MILK — CREAM — BUTTER
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OUR BRAVE WINTER FISHERMEN

By Harriet Duff Smith

The following is an article written by our editor during the war. It was honored in the Canadian Press Women's Club Memorial Award. A worldwide test for Canadian women journalists. Much of the material was gathered from fishermen at Victoria Beach.

There was victory in the tons of fish Canada's sparse army of inland fishermen brought from beneath the frozen lake wilderness. It's a test of nerve spread nosediving to forty-nine below. These homefront warriors courted death in every glacial mile of lake surface they spanned.

Nutrition-hunger would never invade the morale of this continent, despite beef shortages, while Manitoba's fishermen could battle the surprise attack of the North's blizzards wind-changes, the blizzard, the persistent meager of being marooned on a wind-whirled ice-land. The gambled life against odds where only a miracle could save them to get train, tractor, plane-loads of whitefish, pickled, gold-eyes, Canada exchanged ninety per cent of this fish, every winter, for millions of dollars to buy guns and tanks. There lay her fishermen's supreme victory!

This small army of thirty-eight hundred ranged a fishing grounds of twenty-five thousand square miles, two-thirds the size of Iceland, sprawled halfway across Canada. Arctic winters still ration traffic on this great water highway to the ocean. Nobody hopes to thumb a ride on Lake Winnipeg to save his life!

Fishermen's conquest is not just a province of grain, mellowing in the August sunshine, begging beneath his nose, to be garnered. Most of his harvest is way north of 52. Alive, wily, swimming like mad, in dark territory known only to itself. And it takes all the cunning of the ages to catch it.

Pussy jobs beckoned. But with Canada embracing nearly half the world's freshwater area, and more fish than almost any other part of the world, the ice-fisherman staved with his dangerously learned task. He revolved in his delectable tribute to America's choosy palate! Winnipeg gold-eyes is world-famed among epilepsies. There's nothing specially new about "Solikirk White" claiming honored spots on select central American menus, but there's something satisfyingly new to the fisherman to see that a steaming butter-browned whitefish nestles on a South Virginia doughboy's breakfast plate!

The colder the winter the better the fish. It is November's weak first-born ice that covers the cream of the lake. From the minute the fisherman ventures on this glaze with his testing-chisel to stalk the fish, which by December he has followed toward the ice-thickened lake centre, he fights relentless foes for every foot he

Parents should go down to Memorial Park for Sunday afternoon Horse Shoes. Max Pettit (of Toronto), and his team played George Derrington's team, Sunday. When we left it was 15 all and both teams rearing to go!

Seventeen children, ten dogs and six mothers gathered last week at 331 Sunset to celebrate Trixie MacKochnie's third birthday. The canine guests came "dressed" for the party and brought gifts suitable for a 3 year old Labrador. Lunch was served on the lawn followed by sand castle building and swimming on Alexandra beach. Tannis McBeth, of Vancouver, judged Ken Rice's castle best of the boys and Kathleen Grover best of the girls. The dog guests included Lucky Rice, Dackyle McCloy, Prince Akkip, Souzette Rathwell, Max Lawson, Skid Grover, Max and Freddie Trigg, Solo Donahue and of course the delighted Trixie MacKochnie.

Mrs. J. H. Boyser and her grand-daughter, Miss Linda Drevory of Calgary, are guests of her daughter Mrs. Frances Parler, Third Avenue, for two weeks.

Sunday Evening Films by Dave Guest

Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering — A French-Canadian folk tale about the fantastic exploits of a mysterious little boy.

Iran — Between Two Worlds — The dramatic study of Iran today.

Motorman — This film presents incidents in the day of a streetcar motorman.

Inside The Rim of Adventure — A film which covers the high points during the summer tourist season in Manitoba.

Atomic Post For Bayview Man

This news item headed from Vienna (Reuters). The International Atomic Energy Agency Wednesday named Roger M. Smith, Canadian atom expert, to the post of Director of the Division of Safeguards.

Smith, 40, a native of Winnipeg, formerly superintendent production, planning and control at the Canadian Government's research centre at Chalk River, Ont. This division of safeguards prevents nuclear material of this agency being used for war.

Editor's Note: Roger spent his summers, until 1939, at the family cottage at Bayview. He was active in all phases of our community life. He served during the war with the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, in Canada, Italy, England and Germany. In 1947 he married Margaret Pascoe of Seventh Avenue, Victoria Beach. They now have two sons and a daughter. He still thinks Victoria Beach the best place to holiday after all his travels. Old friends here do want to wish Roger well.

LIVE BETTER
 ELECTRICALLY
 With Full Housepower

THE MANITOBA POWER COMMISSION

DOG SHOW SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, MEMORIAL PARK — 7:00 o'clock. COME AND WIN A PRIZE FOR YOUR DOG. IT'S FREE!

See CANADA in comfort and style



Information and reservations from your nearest National Representative.

EINFELD'S BAKERYBREAD, FINE CAKES
and PASTRY

"Baked Fresh Daily"

COVER BEST HONEY

gains until the first spring thaw, the slush-ice may no longer bear his weight.

Ice—even a yard thick, cannot always harness the fury of Canada's inland lakes—her historical Main Street north! They will have their unpredictable tantrums despite winter's icy cover. Storms, sandbars and breakers have always demanded the lives of Manitoba's explorers, furtraders and fishermen. Storms stir deeper lakes slowly in long rollers upon which a boat may ride, but Manitoba's shallows rouse quickly. Their wind-driven waves rise in sharp breakers, wash the boats over and force them under. From the days of the Indian's birch-bark canoe the history of these lakes spells disaster.

Icebreaks are due to several causes. Contrary to general belief large ice-sheets are quite elastic. When wind-pressure squeezes down at the ice it staves in and bulges. A strong wind blowing long enough can crack foot thick ice! Extreme weather changes are another cause. Sudden temperature dips contract the ice, spill it, and leave open "leads" miles long and often so wide that fish-collecting tractor trains carry bridge building material to get across them. A sudden temperature rise expands the two open edges of these leads, then they clamp and form great ridges.

During early season breaks while the vast lake centre is open, the wind sometimes segregates and encircles large sheets of ice, moving them out to the open wave-wilderness. These movements are steady, slow, and not readily detected by those marooned on them. Freedom-maddened waves strike up, over the moving ice-edge, crunch, divide and sink it. Waves gorge at these broken floes and infest the open water-channel with sharp ice-particles.

Unlike sportsmen who fish to laze away time, the commercial fisherman toils every minute. If his grounds are a journey from home he must live on the ice. Nets to mend, cast, lift and clean are but one chore. Few fishermen subject their wives to lonely lake hazards. This adds batching chores as well as horses or huskies to feed and care for. Busy-ness is the reason the fisherman is so often the last person to know the ice he is on is drifting!

Canada gasped when the news flashed out that dozens of men from shore towns on Lake Manitoba were marooned on a sixty-mile ice movement. Raging wind with snow sprang out of the north after days of mild November slush. It broke the rotted ice at shore just after dawn. The offshore wind was carrying the men to freezing oblivion. Strangely enough people ashore learned of this disaster before the marooned men themselves. A couple of half-drowned fishermen scissored their stiffening legs into a settlement not far from Oak Point shouting:

"Help! Hundreds of fishermen facing death! They banged at the solid white doors of the fishermen's homes.

Blizzard thickening! Ice three miles out already. Horses, huskies, autos, trucks all going . . .

Within seconds every soul in the sparsely settled area was on the shore huddled around the escaped men who had happened to be fishing near the edge of the break. With no time to warn the others whose nets were cast miles apart, they had managed to jump the opening channel to raise the alarm before it was too wide. Through the enveloping blizzard, shore folk could just see the several black specks they thought were the men disappearing toward the horizon, too scattered and busy to know they were adrift.

An immediate rescue was organized but Nature foiled it at every turn. Airplane rescue was out of the question. Adverse weather had them all grounded. Besides, plane equipment will not combat ice movements. Craft on foot could not be controlled in the sub-zero weather. During the take-off the propeller-blast blows back the spray and drenches the controls. Within seconds this water is ice which sets the plane in a fixed position and the pilot can barely move from his line of flight. Government planes were all on skis and open water would prevent their taking off. Planes on wheels could not land on the lake.

A few of the stronger men braved the churning ice-infested channel with their boats but the fifty-mile-an-hour blizzard froze their motors stiff. They tried to row but layer upon layer of ice formed on the wet boat-bottoms and towed them down. They had to give up. By noon the men could be seen no longer. Finally Cliff Kaake risked the weather to warn the men. He flew to where he thought they might be and circled round and round.

When the fishermen caught the unusual plane-drone circling around them they knew they were adrift. Reassuring themselves their lives were not in immediate danger, they dashed to save their nets. Not only because of their value. But they had set thousands of fifty-yard nets like fences on that lake-bottom, and if they were not retrieved they would catch fish all winter. The fish would die there and rot and pollute the whole lake.

By one o'clock the wind and waves had so shrunk the ice-land that most of the men were able to see the ocean-like channel widening around them. They huddled, too cold and numb to think of anything but saving their lives. The north wind stiffened their scanty rain-soaked clothes. The morning had been too mild for sheepskins and, work-wear so close to home, nobody had brought any food. Fire was impossible. They dared not melt the thinning ice-floor between themselves and Davy Jones. Sleet and snow made it too slithery to stand up. Those without ice-clutching sneakers had to move on all fours.

Mrs Smith's article continued in next issue.

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