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August 29, 1958

Thank You — One and All!

By President George Derrington

The people of Victoria Beach have supported our Community Club with their work, their attendance, their club-fee, so handsomely. We have built all our plans around the family, in the usual spirit of this resort. Developed by those who came before us. We mean to keep it that way, to develop more of that spirit, with time. In July we had the Children's Masquerade, Sports Day (sporting parents enter these races too), and Beach events at the water's edge.

In August, we had the Half-mile Swim, the Water Sports (sometimes called the Regatta), the Garden Festival (where our adults shine), the Children's Fishing Derby, the Dog Show, and the Adult Get-together, last of all. We've planned for and enjoyed, tennis, volley ball, basketball, badminton. We've had clubhouse dances, Friday and Saturday evenings, where the leavers gather—and others. We have run films, Sunday evenings, popular for the family, it is usually a bit lonely, Dad has just left for home.

WITH THE EDITOR:

We have written 54 pages of news, in 10 papers, issued weekly, during the Herald's thirty-third year. It was founded by the late J. J. Conklin and is now sponsored by Victoria Beach Community Club. Three issues were kept small, as usual, to help balance expenses, with advertising revenue. The price of printing has advanced everywhere. But your editor has turned sharply business-like and sold extra space this year. It was little trouble. The Herald is sought out. It is read. We have had to issue hundreds of extra copies this year. Sometimes the paper was gone by Monday. But our circulation does not warrant high rates.

Careful promotion has brought our little paper, and the resort it represents, national attention. We have been quoted in Montreal, Ottawa, and last but not most important, by the Tribune, in Winnipeg, where it is important to us all.

There are so many we wish to thank. Cecil Grover, for his assistance in makeup. David Milliken who sold advertising. The Albion Press, who taught this scribe about printing. Though I have written for national magazines and newspapers, have written and given national radio scripts, off and on for

We have shown Tuesday and Thursday evening movies all summer. Pleasant mid-week evenings, at reduced rates, because your fee maintains the clubhouse. No rent! Your fee also pays a Director for your children's sports. He assists the Chairmen and committees who run these projects. Chairmen do the work and take the responsibility. They walk miles, around this beach, weeks before the date of their projects (unless they have a bicycle). Your children have been given a happy summer. This weekly newspaper is also sponsored by your Community Club.

We are all better people because of another season together, at this place of health and beauty. See you on the Snow Train in March 1959!

Editor's Note—President Derrington has never left this Beach this summer. If he must go to town he leaves in the early morning and is back in a few hours. He has been out on club business, day after day, hour after hour. His wife is a help to him. We admire her patience at being left alone so much! George's executive ability and understanding has been a great help to all project Chairmen.

20 years, I was afraid of the spacing etc. We thank Community Club Chairmen, who sent in concise reports, as well as our contributors. We wish we could have used everything sent in. But this is a busy resort, we seem to be always squeezed for space! Much of our material was printed in tiny eight-point or smaller, like a newspaper. We had to, to get in the news!

Interviews and research were required for the news and historical material unearthed. We plan to publish a short history of the area before long. Articles, by the editor, were requested. They were possible through permission of such national publishers as the Toronto Star Weekly, who had already paid for them.

Much of the joy has been the editor's own release of the paper, Friday nights, at the C.N.R. Station. To find many waiting for it there, to find folks waiting in the village, at the stores, at the Parking Lot. The Herald has been carefully and gradually distributed. Reactions were noted, suggestions taken. If it is strong, its readers have made it that way. A service our advertisers, who pay for it, are entitled to. This has been a long but happy voluntary job!

Harriet D. Smith (Mrs. J. J.)

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Pray For Those Who Despitefully Use You
By Isabel Tully

Rev. Nelson Mercer of Westminster United Church, Winnipeg, conducted the service at the Community Church last Sunday. In his message to the children he told a story of how Archbishop Fenlon helped a French farmer find his lost cow. From this story we receive the lesson, "Whether a Christian be famous or lowly it is his duty to help a person in need."

Rev. Mercer based his sermon on the well known passage from the Bible Matthew 5:38-48 where Christ teaches his followers to return good for evil. He said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

The minister then went on to give examples of religious sects who took these words literally. Are we to take this teaching literally today? "It is not possible to give a short and easy answer," Rev. Mercer said, "but we should seek the leading of the Holy Spirit in all things." It will guide us in all situations. God wants a fellowship in Love and this is not found by a desire to get even. When we know that our being is secure in God, we don't have to strike out.

Rev. Mercer dedicated the two new names which have been added to our Plaque of Remembrance, C. H. Ball and Mrs. E. Falls.

Mr. Bob McFee sang the beautiful hymn, "Spirit of God" which was much appreciated. Mrs. William Martin again graciously provided a lovely bouquet for the service from her English garden at Traverse Bay.

The Salvation Army will be in charge of the service next Sunday, August 31st. Miss Marina Lester will be soloist.

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HAVE YOU WONDERED how Miss Rooie Paulson came by her quiet and thorough efficiency in our Victoria Beach Post Office? She has a long background in fore-bears who had a strong sense of responsibility to this area. Her father, James Paulson, it was, who took the contract to make of this wilderness a place where we could build our cottages. He cut out avenues and roads from this dense woods some half century ago. It was not easy. It took years. A difficult project. We wish him many years of more healthful rest. He has earned them. Mr. Paulson, a landowner here, once owned our Golf Course.

Miss Paulson's mother, who worked in the Post Office for many years too, was a Miss Anderson. Her father, Captain Alex Anderson, sailed Lake Winnipeg when crossing the lake was the only way anyone could get to and from this area. One of the boats he captained was "The Pilgrim," owned by Kennedy and Volkes, who formed the company that developed Victoria Beach. We will be telling you more about Captain Anderson, Rooie's colorful grandfather later.

For an interesting history of the ATEAH FAMILY HERE read "Cedars of Lebanon" by Laela Ateah (Mrs. Rex Lester).

Burnish up your golf club (one will do) the Course is heavenly!

Community Church Service

Club House, Victoria Beach

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31st at 10:45 a.m.
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Music: Dr. F. C. Neimeier

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Joan and Len Bowerman

"AU REVOIR, SUMMER 1958"

Early and competent plans for our Third Annual Wind-up for adults assured some 350 people a gay, last get-together for 1957. After an all day rain, the clouds floated away, taking the fears of those who did the work. The weather man smiled upon our "do" with clear crisp air and beckoning skies! President Derrington set the occasion off with his bright sincere welcome.

Everyone got into the opening March-up to some 300! Those who do not dance at all, otherwise, needed no persuasion. The Mayor and Council with their ladies, started it off, with the same gusto and sportsmanship with which they puffed at balloons, later, to find out, as they said themselves, which had the most wind! (It didn't prove a thing. The quietest Councillor won!)

Father danced with daughter, son with mother, seeming glad to share the old and ever new, skill, in dancing, and joy in the music. The hall was gay with swaying colorful decor. It was easy to be happy.

Those who danced, as we were now, in our hall, some 36 years ago, those who had built the hall, were remembered, by their names upon our trophies. The community was given the opportunity of seeing those who had excelled in three of our club projects. Dr. H. Williams presented the garden trophies, Harold Parker the golf trophies, the sport trophy, G. Tully. Many guests from Wausaug Beach and as far away as Pine Falls had come to see the winners of our trophies. News of this old and well organized Victoria Beach Club has spread far.

Folks slipped coffee, munched doughnuts. Made for us by Einfelds, our own baker, this year, and eaten to about the last crumb. (Last year the stage had to do a doughnut-selling act after dancing all evening—so we bought fewer, but this year's were very popular.)

We were pleased to see our merchants and business people, and all our resident neighbours who help make our short summer stay more pleasant.

Donovan Derrington, an outstanding curler, who died at the early age of 21, was remembered, through his happy passion for curling, in a beautiful trophy presented by his brother George, to the Victoria Beach Residents Curling Club. "One of the most outstanding rural curling rinks in the west," said our President, "an ambitious project, a tribute to the few who are building it! Bert Trainor, Chairman of the curling rink project, spoke ably, in thanks.

Residents of Victoria Beach

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Prize donors were the Len Bowermans, Hugh Stewarts, Ivan Sutherlands, as well as Messrs. H. Parker, W. Spears, C. McKelvie, and G. Derrington. Those who assisted Chairman Wally Spears were Miss Jessie Kerr, Mrs. Sidney Wise, Mrs. Harold Parker, Mrs. A. Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. W. Falls, and Mr. Bert Trainor.

Coming To Pine Falls ?

Turn left, a short distance out from Victoria Beach Parking Lot, and there you are on the new Pine Falls road. But surely you have seen it. Surely you are waiting to drive on it. You will not have to wait much longer to see it finished, two to four weeks! It is 16 miles from Victoria Beach.

Pine Falls is an old and interesting town of 600 citizens. Its main hotel is called Manitou Lodge. It has 75 rooms. Two main industries at Pine Falls are Manitoba Hydro Power Plant, and Manitoba Paper Mill.

We remember sailing there, from Pinehurst Inn here, in a lovely little boat, owned, we think by Walter Thomas. We'd a day's outing, saw the mill, lunched, saw the town, and sailed home! A good day. But now we can drive there, as well as sail there. They still have to clay two miles of heavy sand. That's the only delay in the road's completion. You will surely be able to get a meal there. We drove out from Winnipeg when Manitou Lodge was opened. We had a good lunch in a pleasant Dining-room. (Statistics provided by our Municipal Office.)

A New Trophy

The J. J. Smith Trophy, for the most beautiful natural grounds, will be presented next year. The colorful contrast in the greenness of pine, the whiteness of birch, the early Spring blossom and the later berries on our shrubbery, have always impressed Mr. Smith. The winsome past-colored wild flowers, the many that grow in tree-shaded spots, or under the protection of our shrubbery. The bright flowers that thrive in the sun! Our colorful stone to set it off. This trophy will be a splendid aim for the beginning gardener, as well as those that are more established — provided they contain but native flora. And how varied and rich a store we have!

FOR SALE — Lakefront Lot, interested parties contact Tammas Scott, WH 23404.

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 R. W. POPE, COL. N. R. HAGLE
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 Superintendent: Mr. A. W. ANDERSON
 Public Officer: DONALD BARNER, SAM ATMAN
 Medical Health Officer: 124 Birch Ave.
 July and August — DR. F. SUDEMAN

EVERYBODY HAS HELPED
 Our Membership Drive is completed as far as name listing is concerned. Our books are going away until the September 15th meeting of the Executive. We appealed to members to let us know if they had not seen their name. We meant to check for them. We had no complaints whatever. So, after a long hard-working season, we rest, content. Our Membership Chairmen need the rest. As in all other projects of the Community Club, this has been an unusually successful membership drive. Everything the club has attempted has gone over with a bang. The Community Clubhouse has been painted. The screens repaired. Some of the projects are listed in the Presidents letter on Page 1.

We have had dreams. We wanted to get permission to make a little park at Light House Point near the pier. We had even given it the name of "Light House Park". We wanted to fix up the grounds, build half a dozen or more comfortable, strong seats there, overlooking the water. You will notice, by our news on cottagers, in "Beach People," how many of our cottagers have been here many years. It is a custom here to walk to the pier. But as folk reach some seventy, and sometimes half that, if they've had a busy day, they are tired when they reach the pier. The only way to find rest is to sit on the side of the pier and dangle ones toes. Some of the seventy-ish just don't go for that! They miss their evening walk. Praps we will get Light House Park next year. At least we can dream.

This Executive had determined not to give adverse criticism without some positive suggestions. And a will to try to help!

Then there is our Clubhouse piano. We remember a cottager saying, some twelve years ago, if she ever wanted to commemorate anyone's memory she would give her big piano, that was never used, and too big for her new small house, to our club. She had been so happy here for many years. But we did not need a piano then. She is now no longer with us!

But now our piano has aged. It has served us, with repairs and care, for many years. It is minus some of its front and refuses to hold up the music properly. Don't think we have not been trying. We shopped around this winter, learned what was the sort to buy for the lake and what we must pay. So we've hopes, next year of doing more about a piano or having our old one repaired. The

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clubhouse roof, last year, seats for our congregation and moviegoers, and now the new paint job all seemed more important. We are getting along, gradually.

Mr. Derrington wants us to work on the tennis courts and that sort of thing next year. The game is coming back. It is popular because one needs little equipment for it, shoes and a racquet! One needn't travel a distance. But oh! the shale and the rolling and the nets and the tapes! Many have enjoyed our down-at-the-wheel courts this year. No grumbling! People are nice.

It may be fairly easy to have all these things if your Executive were prepared to put on drives for this and drives for that. We hesitate to be always asking! Cottagers have their commitments at their homes. We have not permitted ourselves the luxury of trying to satisfy all our dreams, all at once. You have all been so co-operative, as it is!

Here are the friends who have joined the club and made donations during late August or so. It is good of you all.

Couples who have joined: The R. W. Garretts, the C. L. Andersons, the T. E. Saults, the R. C. Loyds. Those who have donated are: The M. Armstrongs, the J. Dallases, Mrs. H. B. Lyall, the Misses Hope Burnham and Q. (Moss) MacWhirter, Miss A. Sinclair, Mrs. Murray Auld and Mrs. W. J. Pascoe.

QUOTE FROM "HOLIDAY HYMN"
 (Courtesy of Elmwood Herald)

"Oh, who can describe the walks around Victoria Beach — the wonderful trek to the north end of the peninsula through wagon trails along the bank, then out on to the shore line itself until you come to the end of the universe, or so it seems, with nothing before you but the great expanse of Lake Winnipeg, and to the left Elk Island, and a solemn concourse of Seagulls in summit conference on the long sand bank. And the soft strolls through sandy lanes, cool with pine and poplar.

"In a day or two it will be over — yet what lovely memories are now a part of me, for ever and ever."
 — Dorothy Garbutt.

There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper. The people who consider price, only, are this man's lawful prey — John Ruskin.

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Social Notes

NAVAL APPOINTMENT — Lt. Cdr. Robert N. G. Smith, 32, of Winnipeg and Ottawa, will take up an appointment on exchange duty with the U.S. Navy at the Naval Supply Depot, San Diego, Calif. In late September, Robert was called "Bud" here, where he holidayed during his growing-up years. His parents were here four years before he was born. It was here he learned his love of boating, at Lake Winnipeg. When his mother died his father could not bear the cottage without her. He sold it. Victoria Beach wooed him back. He built his interesting log cottage at 100 Sunset where he still lives alone. Neighbours and friends are congratulating Neville Smith. We are all proud.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Throp have been holidaying on Fifth. Mrs. J. Saylor, her husband and Susan, are here from Denver Colorado, as their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Mortimer have had guests at their cottage, "Mariposa", 326 Fourth: Mr. and Mrs. Norman S. Mortimer and daughters Holly, Sherry, Jenny, Mae, and Shana, of Sarnia, Ont., and Mrs. MacDonald of St. Andrews.

Mrs. Park Tucker, 216 Sixth Avenue, has had as guests this past week Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Boys and their son, Roderick, her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. Norman Wallace and Mr. Harry Taylor, Misses Margaret Robinson and Ruth Drew, Mrs. Tucker's daughters Miss Mary Park Tucker and Mrs. Bruce Robinson of Calgary, Mr. Bruce Robinson and his son, Park, as well as Mrs. Tucker's sister, Miss Virginia Skymner. Mrs. Tucker and her family have been coming to Victoria Beach for 34 years, but this past week's family reunion marks the first time they have all been together here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. P. Hoeffelinger have bought a beautiful lot at Sunset and Alexander. We hope they have many years of joy there, with their three children. They hope to build a cottage before long.

"Traverse Bay" was so-called because it traversed the shorter distance into the clearest water, thus one was able to avoid going all around Big Elk Island.

The springs at Albert Beach were mentioned. It is said, in the journal of the great explorer LaVerendrye. Thus the springs are so named.

When Hugh Stewart was told how reassuring it was to several of the early hardies (who come out come April)

to find him and his wife so ready to help, Hugh chuckled. "Well, we've no store then. But if ever the cupboard happens to get bare we should be able to teach them to snare a few rabbits."

"Take the berries, but won't you leave the tree intact?" pleads Mrs. A. Bayne, of Sunset Blvd. "The shrub looks so attractive the way you found it. Besides — don't you want some berries next year?"

Mr. and Mrs. Townson of Bayview, enjoyed having Mrs. A. S. Elrick of Bayview, as their guest. They enjoyed viewing Sunday film "Rim of Adventure" at the clubhouse, especially, for a personal reason. A Mrs. Alex McMillan was in the picture. Mr. Townson is her brother, Mrs. Elrick her sister!

The smart young sweeties serving at Elrick's have always looked cool and kept calm despite the heat and the crowd. I was saying so. "Oh, I don't know!" smiled Heather Cann. "It was really a riot, making 25 dozen doughnuts for the final 'Do' at the clubhouse, all in one order!" We said we hoped she was there to see them disappear.

We are sorry to hear about the fire Mr. and Mrs. Erakine had at their Winnipeg home. We hope it will not make any difference in their plans to build on the beautiful lot they showed us at Sixth and Patricia. Their present cottage is at Sixth and Alexander. About four years ago they gave us lily bulbs from their present cottage garden. I wish they could see how lovely they are now—at Elrick Haven here.

What about the promise a cottage sign-writer made to paint and put (at the Grand Beach Highway) where our road begins: "To Victoria Beach — A Private Resort. No Facilities For Day Picnickers!" Maybe he's busy at it.

"Litterbug!"
 "Under the greenwood tree they lie,
 Left by the thoughtless passer by.
 Paper, carton, from the last smoke,
 Cracker-jack box, or cap, from a coke —
 Only "He" can make a tree,
 Litter is left, by fools like me."
 — N. MacLeod (Mrs. W. W.)

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COVER BEST MONEY**LITTLE ELK ISLAND'S FIRST SETTLER**

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"My father, Henry (Hank) Hampton, was our first settler. He was born in the United States, of Irish parents, and lived at Courland, Ont. for many years," said Elizabeth Hampton Joseph. He took up this north shore land, at Lake Winnipeg, at what is now Victoria Beach. It was then Little Elk Island, in about 1882, some 76 years ago!" Mrs. Joseph is now 68 years of age. She was born here. Her three surviving brothers live on the land her father first settled. It adjoins that of her son, in whose home we chatted. Elizabeth is soft-spoken, fair, and lithe as a willow, for all her early hazards and adventures. She has enjoyed every year of life, but feels the present generation cheated of Nature's plenty and much novelty!

As a child she watched boats sail past our beaches every day. Lake Winnipeg was the only highway from the North. Boats were moored at Victoria Beach—a natural port. They saw travellers, only, during summer, mainly. They had only each other for winter company. But there was a large family.

Hampton was of proper stuff for an adventuring pioneer. He started west to earn his living, discovered Winnipeg a watery mudhole. Main Street could be walked if you wore hip-high rubber boots. Wild ducks swam near the C.P.R. station. He headed for the less-crowded more sure-footed north. When Henry came to this virgin, well-treed little island, he felt it a sanctuary. He wouldn't budge an inch further. Here was a perfect place to live and rear a family. Later, he married Annie McLennan of Selkirk, likely of 'Selkirk Settler' ancestry.

Hunting was the first love of Hank's life. He stalked the deer, the moose — all here plenty, just for the shooting. He could cure the meat for winter. He could trap wild mink, red and cross fox, muskrat. Hadn't he all swamps between Victoria Beach and Big Elk Island? He'd all swamp where the C.N.R. later put down their track. Muskeggy, perfect for trapping. The Hamptons then used boats to get from Victoria Beach to the mainland! They had all this to themselves — and for quite awhile! His furs were traded at Fort Garry, now the Motor Country Club.

"Lake Winnipeg was filled with fish of all kinds," went on Mrs. Joseph. We smoked sturgeon and whitefish for winter. Took it on journeys we had to make, with pota-

toes and corn from our garden. We seldom went without a tent."

It was some half-century ago, during her teens, that Messrs. Kennedy and Vokes, the men whose dream it was to make of this island a resort, first came to see her father. They had built a small log place near what is now Government Pier. But Hank Hampton would never part with his land. Three of his surviving sons still live on it. Mrs. Bert Martin, their sister, lives not far off.

No one complained, they got about in row boats in summer, with huskies in winter, or walked. "The journey to Winnipeg by boat, was not too hard, with two at the oars and fair weather," said Mrs. Joseph. One very long day would get them there. Come Autumn, Hank went to Winnipeg for the winter's flour, sugar, butter and lard for his family.

Mrs. Joseph finds it hard to realize this resort is now reached by water, train, plane, motor-car and bus! Pioneers were proud of endurance, she says. They bragged of long walks. Selkirk's large settlement was not so very far away. Elizabeth walked there, once, with friends. She was seventeen.

"Nikolas Joseph, who became my husband, was the second settler I can remember staying," went on Elizabeth. "He took 180 acres here, next to my father's. He kept a small store. Our Post Office, Balsam Bay, was 20 miles off. Nikolas came all the way from Lebanon, in the holy land, which was then Syria. We reared our family at Victoria Beach."

"With time the resort grew popular. The wild creatures left. There were few to trap, few to shoot for food. Fish grew scarce. Both my husband and my father then tried farming. This land will not grow grain. We tried cattle, chicken, pigs. Now there is little of even that," she sighed. "Too many people!" Her father died at Victoria Beach at 64 years of age. Her husband died here, in October 1957. He was seventy-six years old.

"But what fun we've had," her eyes twinkled. "The way we went spinning across the lake with the huskies my father used for winter fishing," she said as we left. "We became modern too. Rowed, in later years to Winnipeg, two of us at the oars, to see a good movie. What a full life we've lived!" I came back two and a half miles to our Seventh Avenue summer cottage, filled and enlightened, with the wonder of the past!

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