LISTEN TO A CHILD

And he will teach you something of love, faith and wonder. Listen, and you will learn from the child what this old proverb suggests.

If there is right in the soul, There will be beauty in the person;

If there is beauty in the person, There will be harmony in the home;

If there is harmony in the home, There will be order in the nation;

If there is order in the nation, There will be peace in the world.

To this hope, on this Christmas, we rededicate ourselves. And we wish you and your children a joyful holiday season.
This is that time of the year when life on the island takes on a tranquil quality. Major activities at this time, are centered around the preparations for the coming Holidays. Islanders aren't concerned with battling their way through the surging mobs of department stores and shopping centers but depend almost entirely on mail orders. Again the St. James Post Office becomes the center of all the action.

BEAVER: Beaver Island weather for November as recorded by Fire Officer Bill Wagner.

November 1st started out with snow flurries and built up into a blizzard on the 3rd, dumping 8 inches of snow on the ground. It rained off and on most of the month, turning to snow again on the 27th, leaving 11 inches on the ground. Rainfall for the month, including water equivalent of snow, was 5.98 inches.
The average high temperature was 41.2 degrees.
The highest temperature was 52 degrees on the 8th.
The average low temperature was 35.3 degrees.
The lowest temperature was 25 degrees on the 28th.
Total snowfall for the month was 19.5 inches.

IT'S NO FUN: The blizzard of "66" will long be remembered by many who were trapped on the island for a week, during deer season. In less than twelve hours, howling wind driven snow and near zero temperatures, caught many totally unprepared. Hunters camped and in cottages at the south-end could only wait until plows could make their way to them. Each had their own varied experiences. No real serious difficulties occurred, however, and eventually all were brought back to civilization. The same wind that broke up the ore carrier, Daniel J. Morrell, in Lake Huron, kept the Beaver Islander harbor bound for seven days. This was the earliest and most severe storm any one could remember. In many parts of the island power was disrupted by falling trees and travel was kept at an absolute minimum. Since the storm the weather has been quite mild and now the hope is for a white Christmas.

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS: With more people on the island this winter, more homes are being decorated for the coming holidays, adding much color to the Community.

OPEN ALL WINTER: Everything on the island does not close up for the winter months and anyone planning to come to the island will find accommodations available at the Erin Motel, meals available at the Circle K and for sure, the Shamrock will be open.

HOME FROM THE SEAS: The following Islander's have returned home after a season on the boats. Gary McDonough, son of Capt. and Mrs. Lawrence McDonough, Philip "Don" Burke and Archie Minor. Welcome home, fellow.

BIRTH: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Souter, of Holland, Michigan, announce the birth of a daughter, Jodi Lynn on December 16th. This is the first great-grandchild for Mrs. Sybil Larson. Our congratulations to the parents as well as great-grandmother.
CHRISTMAS BAZZAR: On Sunday, December 11th, the Annual Christmas Bazaar was held at Holy Cross Hall under the direction of the Holy Cross Altar Society. The Beaver Island Christian Church Women's Circle also had a booth at the Bazaar. Besides the booths at the Bazaar, a lunch of sloppy joes, hot dogs, donuts, kool-aid and coffee was served to a capacity crowd.

WEDDINGS: BAILEY-DILLINGHAM. On November 25th, at 4:00 p.m., Mrs. Olive Dillingham and Mr. Harold Bailey were married in the Beaver Island Christian Church. Rev. Arthur Johnson, of Hudsonville, Michigan, performed before an altar decorated with white mums. Mrs. Dillingham was given in marriage by Dr. T. B. Haynes. Miss Gale Dillingham was her mother's maid-of-honor and Rev. Dennis Wagner was best man. A reception was held immediately following the wedding at the Holy Cross Parish Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and Gale will reside at 5200 Cascade Road, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

SAVAGE'S NEWS: Alvin LaFrenier, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie La Frenier, is on his way back to the Island after two years in the army.

SONS FOR THE WINTER: The following people have left the Island, for the winter: Mr. and Mrs. Warren Townsend, Mrs. Edna McCann, Mrs. Sophia McDonough, Bert and Mary McDonough, Mrs. Ada Martin and Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hefflin, Mrs. Mary "Vesty" McDonough, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Bonner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Neer, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Martin and Mary and Rocky DeVogel.

OBITUARIES: RALPH L. JOHNSON - Ralph L. Johnson, aged 66, of 863 Aberdeen St., N.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan passed away on Monday, December 5th after a long illness. He is survived by three daughters: Mrs. Frank (Jean) Tiguean of Belleair Beach, Florida, Mrs. Arlie (Beverly) Albrecht of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Joseph (Skip) McDonough of Beaver Island; nine grand children; several nieces and nephews. Funeral services were held at Strien-Alcan Mortuary with Rev. Edwin J. Arnold of Second Congregational Church officiating. Interment was in Chapel Hill Memorial Gardens.

LOST: Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Parker, of St. Johns, lost a box containing an electric coffee pot somewhere between their cottage on Font Lake and the ferry dock. A reward has been offered and anyone finding it, please write or call Sheldon Parker, Route 3, Head Road, St. Johns, Michigan.

COOKIE CARNIVAL: On December 20th, a Cookie Carnival will be held at the Beaver Island Christian Church by the Women's Circle. There will be cookies, of all shapes and sizes, and fruit cakes for sale. The event will be held from 3:00 p.m. until 7:00 p.m. and refreshments will be served to all attending. How about a coffee break that day, ladies?
THANK YOU: Mr. and Mrs. Bud McDonough want to extend their deepest appreciation and heartfelt thanks to friends and relatives for their acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy and for the beautiful floral tributes, Masses and cards tendered at the great loss of Skip, mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson.

SCHOOL NEWS: The Faculty of Beaver Island Community School release the following Honor Roll for the second marking period:

Grade 12 - Jeanne Tojan
Grade 9 - Angela Tojan
Grade 6 - Joan LaFreniere
    Audrey Tojan
Grade 4 - Dawn Martin
    Patricia Tojan
Grade 3 - Gerald Connaghan
    Mary Teresa Green
    Christine Martin
    Kathie McDonough
    Diane Tojan
Grade 2 - Karl Crawford

Congratulations to these students!

The pupils are planning a Christmas Program at the Parish Hall on December 18, 1966 at 7:30 P. M. Everyone is welcome.

Mrs. Lulla Brock of the Ironton School donated leather and styrofoam. Both are being used for various projects and Christmas gifts. Thanks Mrs. Brock!

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BEAVER ISLAND CIVIC ASSOCIATION

CIVIC MEMBERSHIP IS DUE.

The Beaver Beacon is sent monthly to all members.

MAIL WITH YOUR FEE TO BICA MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN, ST. JAMES, MICHIGAN

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Husband and Wife $3.00
Business $25.00 Includes ad in BICA Tourist Guide Folder

REMEMBER THE BEAVER BEACON MAKES A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT
CHRISTMAS STORY

As a special feature we are re-printing a true Christmas story written by James S. Pooler, who spent some of his boyhood days on the Island and has served on the staff of the DETROIT FREE PRESS for many years. It is with great pleasure we present on the following pages, "THEN SANTA MISSED THE BOAT FOR BEAVER ISLAND". We feel that those who have never read it will enjoy it and those who have would like to read it again, for the message it carries is one we need to be reminded of from time to time.

THEN SANTA MISSED THE BOAT FOR BEAVER ISLAND

By James S. Pooler

There's always one Christmas you remember best. This one was when we were marooned on Beaver Island.

The snow came in great gushes early that fall and filled Lake Michigan with slush ice. The mail boat, afraid of losing a propeller, stopped coming over from Charlevoix by early December and we were cut off from the mainland. The daring fish tugs hauled out their last hooks and nets, and soon on all the big horizon around the island there wasn't even the distant smoke of a freighter.

You could look across 30 miles of water to the mainland, across water that looked like ice cream that didn't quite freeze. Sometimes the lake steamed from the cold and you couldn't see across. More often it snowed.

It was a lonely feeling standing on the shore when you could see the mainland as only a dirty little fingernail laid low on the farthest edge of the water. You couldn't go there and no one could come out to you.

Around you a few islands stood darkly in the water - Garden, Hog and Hat and far to the west was High Island where King Benjamin sent dissenting Israelites from his House of David. Isolated more than ever by winter, they made it ever lonelier there out in the middle of Lake Michigan.

The old fishermen would come down, too, and look at the lake from which they drew their living. "Otherwise, they would squint at slush and sky and fall into warm arguments on whether the lake would freeze all the way across that winter.

"She's going to be a cold winter," went one school of thought.
"The lake'll be friz solid by the tenth of January."
"This is goin' to be one of them winters where she just snows and snows and never sets down to a real biting spell," went the other school of thought.

There was a reason for the argument - Frankie Left and his horse, Queenie! She was a wonderful creature who all summer long did nothing but grow fat in a pasture. But when a winter came, when upper Lake Michigan froze solid, Queenie was the horse that grew into the legends they still tell on Beaver Island.

She wasn't just a horse. Queenie had strange gifts such as the endurance of a wolf and a wisdom that went beyond human understanding. She was the island's lifeline to the mainland when the lake froze over. She'd travel 30 miles across the frozen to Charlevoix where Frankie would pick up the mail and the most needed supplies and then lope back to the island.
Then a blinding snowstorm closed down around them Frankie just threw up the reins and Queenie took her head, which certainly was a clever one. Once she traveled all day and night in a storm in which they couldn't see 10 feet ahead, until Frankie was sure they'd been freeze out there on top Lake Michigan. Then she came up on the island it was on the far side and then the storm lifted they knew it. The wind had torn loose a great sheet of ice and with her magic Queenie had circled the open water for more than 30 hours.

That's true, whatever legends that since have grown up to make her a combination of Pegasus and Eucophalus.

The sudden assault of winter that year had brought a tragedy to the youngsters of the island - Mr. Lafferty's shipment of Christmas toys hadn't come across from the mainland before the mail boat stopped running!

No matter how much you stood on the shore and wished for terrible cold weather, the old fishermen would tell you that the lake couldn't possibly freeze over before Christmas. Even that wonderful creature, Queenie, couldn't bring over toys.

Mr. Lafferty had the only store on the island. That's a great, rolling Irish name, "Lafferty", in keeping with all the other rolling Irish names on the Beaver. But if you ever go to the island and the name on the side of the store isn't too weatherbeaten now, look at it closely. You'll see that the first of the family to come to the island was a Frenchman named "La Ferte". But it's "Lafferty" now to everyone on the island, even the man who owns the name.

Mr. Lafferty spread out the few toys left over from the Christmas before and picked out the thin display with a box of those tiny nickel dolls with thin wire arms that broke off at the first fitting. It was all he had to offer, a few unwanted knickknacks and the whole kit and kaboodle wouldn't make a decent showing under a modern kid's Christmas tree.

But it was enough to set off the talking, the building up and suspense children always create for Christmas. You passed the store window daily on the way to school and watched the disappearance one by one of the bigger toys from the window. You wondered "The?"

I guess Christmas is always pretty much the same among the kids. The older ones carefully building up the legend again for the younger ones and coming to half believing themselves. And always the rampant skeptic whose work had to be undone.

In our case it was Denny O'Toole, who lived with an aunt who didn't believe in Santa Claus, and he was hit with snowballs and kept well ostracized on the playground. He was a small kid and by two weeks before Christmas had come to standing around the fringe when they were telling the first-graders about "Santa Claus" and he didn't look quite as wise as he had. At least he kept his mouth shut.

But there was no escaping Mr. Lafferty's show window on the way to school. Two weeks before Christmas it was bare. The canny kids noticed too, that the old fishermen were talking around that the Year of the Big Wind in Ireland, Santa Claus hadn't made it. It didn't sound good. Even the littlest ones were conditioned with the idea that with all the tearing around he had to do, Santa Claus could hit the small dot of an island out in Lake Michigan.

That good's faith, though, if you haven't got it when you need it most? He might miss the Beaver, the kids admitted, but he never had. So we went right ahead planning, confiding loudly what we expected and being as good as we was expected. But none of the older folks were offering much encouragement. They'd come down, too, and look acro
the steaming lake to the mainland far away and say it was too bad
the lake never froze before Christmas.

We knew we'd eat well. The kitchens were going overtime and the
island was full of turkeys. They had a strange way of sorting out
their turkeys on Beaver. Then spring came the turkeys would come out
of the farms onto the single road that led down the island and wander
to the thick forest for nesting.

When fall came and the leaves tumbled, the turkeys would come home
browsing back along the single road. That over turned into your farm
was yours. Maybe 20 had taken off from your farm and only six came
back. You'd reckon that "pneumonia must have got them". At the next
farm, where only two started out, 60 might come home. You just had
to figure that his turkeys had nested oftener. There was plenty of
sharing on the island, and by letting the turkeys decide it saved
wear and tear on the mind and arguments.

The turkeys were killed and sized for families. Bread was put out
to get stale for dressing. Cookie cutters were traded around among
the women to get all the variety of animals possible. The jars in
the pantries began to bring over and the best specimens in the cookie
menagerie were taken out for special frosting treatment for the tree.
Those fine odors of Christmas drifted out on the road where you sniffed
them in going and coming.

On the Saturday after school closed, the kids took the family axes
and headed for the woods to cut their own trees. If a kid was too
small to drag his home, there always were six kids from another fam-
ily to give him a hand. It didn't turn out to be as much fun that
year as we expected.

The word got around that about all we'd get that year was a beauti-
fully trimmed tree and a lot to eat. There couldn't possibly be much
under the tree. So we picked out the best we could; trying to mea-
sure a tree in the woods against the size of a room, and progressiv-
ely got gloomier. In the early dusk we came dragging our trees home,
looking again over the slushy lake, the empty store window and not
shouting much.

And we passed Denny O'Toole, who hadn't gone to cut a tree because
his aunt didn't believe in such nonsense, and wondered if maybe he
didn't have the right idea. You wouldn't be half so miserable with
no tree at all as with one all dressed up and nothing but empty floor
under it.

We sewed the popcorn onto strings, got out the fancy cookies and
the boxes of baubles and dressed up the green trees in their finery.
Christmas came mighty close then - and dread. There wasn't a small
kid on the island that night who didn't go down on his knees even in
the coldest bedroom and pray hard.

The day before Christmas came and there were as seagulls perched
on the shore. It was snowing and the lake still was mush ice. We
hated to give up and some of us even went up to Frankie Left's barn
and there was Rosie in her stable!

The big kids told the little kids that it sure looked like a tough
night for Santa Claus. In a snow storm like we were having he could
never find the island.

Christmas Eve came and the last loitering youngsters left the break.
That's the night you always had the corned white fish for dinner and
broke into the Christmas cookies. That's the night when the old
stories were told again and at our house Denny Boyle talked so long
of the Potato Famine of the old days, how tough things were then,
that all the kids knew he was only conditioning us for the disappoi
ment of Christmas morning.

That's the night, too, when everybody trooped off to midnight mass leaving one of the family home to see that the candles didn't get the tree afire.

We went down the long road, past the homes where the yellow candle shone out and made the cold feel stinger. Down through the woods where the light of the lanterns began to take hold and turn everyone's shadow, even the small kids who stuck closest to the lantern, into giants on the snow.

The old magic began to take hold again and those small ones looked up into the snowy night and listened for they all knew that Santa Claus always came mysteriously while they were at midnight mass.

Then we came solemnly back, lanterns, long shadows and quiet people in the hush of a snow storm. The candle lights began to swim up out of the falling snow. And we no sooner passed the first homes when there was a shout that began to spring up like a string of firecrackers going off behind us. It was a shout they must have heard over on the mainland, The kids whose homes were farther ahead started running.

I don't think there ever was a Christmas like that one for the kids on Beaver Island, for any kids who had hung on to faith against all reason. They'd never found as much under the Christmas tree. Not ordinary toys. These were made with the hand and heart. These were the things the grown-up children had remembered fondly from their own childhood and re-created.

The fishermen had made boats, tugs and schooners, and Freddie Martin got one with a clockwork engine. They had made steam rollers, using the wooden corks from their nets for the big wheels. There were toboggans, polished like mirrors, and home-burn ball bats and the finest baseballs you ever saw wound out of fishing twine.

There were rag dolls made with the art mothers remembered from their own rag doll days. There is no knowing how many old sweaters were ripped up, dyed and knitted into new mittens, bonnets and sweaters. Fur coats re-emerged as a half dozen muffs.

And there's no remembering all the toys they contrived with tin cans for small ones. Tin cans with waxed strings in them that howled deliciously when they were pulled. And tin cans with their sides half cut out so that they were rocking cradles, just a size for the nickel dolls.

Every one was a toy some parent had prized in the long ago and made with a double pleasure. They all had been time-tried and wrought with the affection that one has for something cherished. They couldn't miss.

I think that Denny O'Toole got more than any kid on the island and was deeply shaken in his skepticism. Everybody told him that Santa Claus had left something under their tree for him and he went around collecting baseballs, bats, toboggans and boats. He was pretty mad at his aunt and, I'm afraid, he probably was well along in high school before he lost faith in Santa Claus.

That's why it seems strange today to hear people moaning about not being able to get electric trains or walking dolls or any of the expensive thingamabobs you buy in stores. YOU NEVER BUY CHRISTMAS.

YOU MAKE IT --- WITH YOUR HANDS AND IN YOUR HEART.
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FOR SALE: Cottage for sale in Beaver Harbor. Contact Jeavell Gillespie, St. James, Michigan 49782.

With sincere appreciation of your friendship and good-will we extend to you
Best Wishes for the New Year
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McDonough's Store
wishes to extend to the residents and all readers of the Beacon a
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To wish you many blessings at Christmas time and throughout the coming year,
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wishes to extend to the residents and all readers of the Beacon a Very Happy Holiday Season.

May every joy and blessing be granted to you at this holy Christmas Season.
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A friendly greeting, sincerely sent—And ever so sincerely meant...
Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!
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May the Peace and Joy of Christmas abide with you throughout the year.
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The Shamrock wishes one and all A Very merry Christmas and Happy New Year