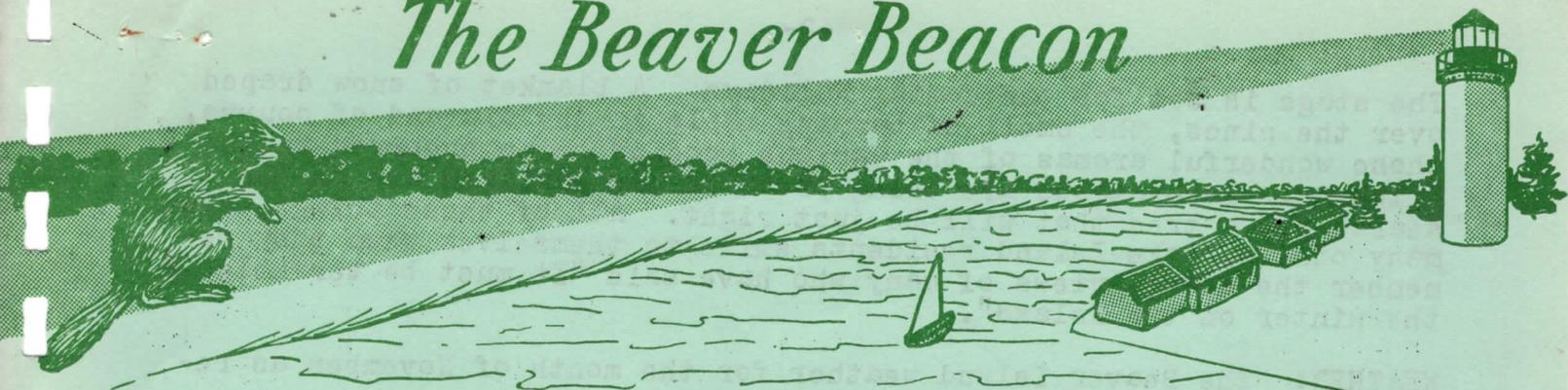


The Beaver Beacon



Only Island Publication since King Strang's "Northern Islander" in 1856 — Established January 1955

December 1970

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE

The best and sweetest things in life
Are things you can not buy.
The music of the birds at dawn,
The rainbow in the sky.
The dazzling magic of the stars,
The Miracle of light.
The precious gifts of health,
Of hearing, speech and sight.
The Peace of Mind that crowns
A life of work well done.
A faith in God that deepens as
You face the setting sun.

The Joys of love and friendship
As the years go by
You find the greatest Blessings
Are the things you can not buy.

Mrs. Sadie Brown

The stage is set for the coming Holidays. A blanket of snow draped over the pines, the smell of burning maple in the air and of course, those wonderful aromas of the various goodies being prepared in the kitchens. Decorations are being prepared and families are on the search for a tree that will be just right. All of these things, plus many others, make Island residents smile to themselves when they remember the stated views of many who have said "It must be terrible in the winter on the Island".

WEATHER: The Beaver Island weather for the month of November as reported by Fire Officer Bill Wagner.

High temperature of 54 degrees on the 9th and 10th.
Low temperature of 24 degrees on the 23rd.
Low 5 p.m. temperature of 26 degrees on the 23rd.
High 5 p.m. temperature of 53 degrees on the 9th.
Average high temperature 43.5 degrees.
Average low temperature 34.9 degrees.
Average 5 p.m. temperature 39.5 degrees.
Total precipitation for the month (including snow) 2.61 inches.
Trace of snow at the end of the month.

GAME NEWS: With the end of deer season, an interim period has been reached, as far as hunting is concerned. Archery season is open on Beaver and Garden Islands for the entire month of December but as far as we know, there are no archers still at it.

As a project of the Beaver Island Game Club, many of the Island's apple trees were pruned in the hopes this would increase their life and bearing abilities, providing food for both wildlife and humans. Another project is the clearing and re-marking of some of the main trails, this is being done by both the Game Club and the D.N.R. The trails get year round use by hikers in summer, hunters in the fall and snowmobilers in the winter.

We now have the results of this year's deer season on the Island. For the rifle season the Island had 535 hunters taking a total of 125 deer. This is in no way a record kill. 43 adult bucks, 36 adult does, 25 buck fawns and 21 doe fawns. During the regular Archery season it was estimated there were 125 hunters that took 10 deer. 6 adult bucks, 2 adult does, 1 buck fawn and 1 buck doe. Garden Island had a little more action for the hunter than before. Approximately 150 hunters took 12 deer. 8 adult bucks, 3 adult does and 1 buck fawn.

HOSPITAL NOTES: Mary Jane O'Donnell is recuperating at home following hospitalization in a Chicago hospital.

Mrs. Joseph (Bid) Sendenburgh is a patient in Little Traverse Hospital in Petoskey.

Frank Schnaudigel is an "out-patient" at Muson Hospital while taking cobalt treatments for the next five weeks. Gladys and Frank are living at the "Willow Beach Motel", Acme, Michigan 49610.

HELP WANTED: Father Herbert is looking for a ways and/or means of providing the Sisters with (or use of) a snowmobile this winter. Any one interested in helping find a solution to the situation should let him know as soon as possible.

SNOW TIME: While the lower part of Michigan suffers under a thick blanket of snow, the Island has just enough to make the ground white and not really enough to get all the snow machines going. It can come any day though for we are now ready. A poem was presented to us for publication that we felt told the story of anticipation of the average snowmobiler. This came from Vic Miller of South Bend, Ind.

There's a new type of creature emerging on earth.
I'll describe him to you for whatever it's worth.
He comes out of hiding in winter I'm told,
He rejoices in weather that's terrible cold.

He leaves the warm fireside, his wife and his kids,
Climbs onto a motor, a belt and two skids.
The machine comes to life, he is ready to go,
But he can't as yet, for there is no sign of snow.

For the past 18 days he's been wearing a suit
That is covered with zippers from parka to boot,
And mittens, and helmet, and a mask on his head.
"My God," says his wife. "Must you wear that to bed?"

Then it finally happens - the ground has turned white.
He's on his machine and he roars out of sight.
On the flat he'll crouch down, on a corner he'll lean
And they tell me his blood is now pure gasoline.

Over hill, over river, through marsh and around trees,
Over rock pile and sand pit, still down on his knees.
He looks like he's praying as around he flies.
Is it monster or man? All we see is his eyes.

He'll go screaming ahead when it's twenty below,
Screaming into a blizzard or onrushing snow.
By what demon possessed is this new kind of man
Who finds joy in a snowstorm like no human can?

But what happens in summer when no snow is there?
Is he out on a porch in an old rocking chair?
No, he's inside the house for the whole world to see,
Sitting there on his snowmobile, watching T.V.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BAZAAR: Nearly a full day of activities took place at the Holy Cross Parish Hall on Sunday, the 13th of December. With a number of booths from which items from candy to hand knit hats were sold by the ladies of the Altar Society and Women's Circle, many were able to do some of their Christmas shopping on the spot. A fish pond was furnished for the children, who kept a steady line, waiting their turns. A cake walk, also, kept the children busy for some time. After a number of prizes were given away, the tables were set up and a pot-luck dinner was served.

Following this, a program was presented by school children and the finale was a visit from Santa, who passed out gifts to all the children, thus ending a full circle of activities.

COOKIE CARNIVAL: On Dec. 18th from 4 to 6 p.m., the Annual Cookie Carnival was held at the Beaver Island Christian Church by the ladies of the Women's Circle. Thanks to the kind donation of Joy Green's

bakery equipment, a large assortment of cookies were presented for sale. Coffee and samples of the cookies were given to all attending the sale and the ladies earned over \$72.00 toward the Mortgage Fund.

LEGEND PASSES: With the death of Captain John Roen, earlier this month, an exciting chapter in the maritime history of the Great Lakes is brought to mind.

Born in Tysse, Norway, October 20, 1887, John Roen came to the United States on borrowed money in 1906. Born to the sea, he worked as a sailor in his early youth.

The vessel he was working on ran aground and broke up off Looney's Point on Beaver Island. Making it ashore with but fifty cents in his pocket, he thus was introduced to the Island. Befriended by the late Gus Mielke, who owned the sawmill on the site of Beaver Haven Marina, he and Gus spent the winter cutting timber that was to become the Captain's first vessel, the 65 ft. "Schnoton". With this "stake" Captain Roen hauled fruit and pulpwood to many ports on the Great Lakes during the summer. In 1920 he acquired the freighter, Fred W. Green, which he converted to a self-unloader, for hauling gravel and stone, using Charlevoix as his home port until 1931, when he moved to Sturgeon Bay. From here he built the Roen Steamship Company, the Roen Transportation Company and the Sturgeon Bay Shipyard and Drydock. Also included in his interests was the Charlevoix Transit Company with headquarters in Boston. The Roen tugs are among the most powerful in the Great Lakes and well known to those who followed the lakes.

Perhaps Captain Roen's greatest achievement was the salvaging of the 600 foot ore carrier, George M. Humphrey, from the Straits of Mackinac, where it sunk in the early 1940's following a collision with another vessel. The country's leading engineers said it couldn't be done but Captain Roen made models and practiced his salvage plan in a bath tub before beginning the actual operation. He removed the cargo of ore and coal from the vessel before slipping cables under the hull and submerging floatation chambers along side to be filled with air. As the "Humphrey" broke the surface, she began to roll over but before she capsized, Captain Roen, anticipating this possibility, took a shot gun, severed the cables and the ship righted itself. She was then towed to his shipyard, repaired and re-commissioned as the "Captain John Roen". After his company sailed her for two years it was sold for an even million dollars. There is a great deal more to the story of Captain Roen, for here was a man who was ingenious in the ways of the sea and ships; who worked hard and played the same way. His life spanned 83 years and is survived by his wife, Solveig, two daughters, Mrs. Charles (Hilda) Asher and Mrs. Richard (Sonia) Greaves and a son, Marquis Roen, all of Sturgeon Bay. He is also survived by nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

IRVIN GRABOW PASSES: Word was received this past week of the sudden death of Irvin Grabow, of Middleville, Michigan. Irvin had been coming to the Island for many years and has had a summer home here for about eight years. Suffering a heart attack over a year ago, he had another three weeks ago, but had hoped to come to the Island this past weekend. He died at the age of 64. Surviving is his wife, two daughters and two sons. His daughter, Mary worked two summers at the Shamrock here on the Island.

BOVEE DIES OF HEART ATTACK: Funeral services for Norvall C. Bovee, vice president for business and finance of Central Michigan University were held from the First United Methodist Church on December 13th, with the Rev. Neil Bintx officiating.

Dr. Bovee died suddenly Friday morning, the victim of an apparent heart attack. He had reported for work at his office in Warriner Hall, and complaining of feeling ill, he announced he was leaving. He was found dead a few minutes later in his car in the 100 block of South Kinney in Mt. Pleasant.

The deceased came to CMU from Eastern Michigan University in 1940 to serve as assistant director of Keeler Union Build, the University's former student center. A year later he was made director of the Union. He served as director for four years and was appointed as business manager of the University, a position he held for two years. He was named controller in 1948 and in 1958 was appointed vice president for business and finance.

Bovee was born in Salem, Michigan March 17, 1917. He earned his B.A. degree from Eastern Michigan University and his M.A. from Michigan State University. He took post graduate work at the University of Michigan and the University of Kentucky. He was granted an honorary doctor of business administration degree by Ashland (Ohio) College in 1960. On May 29, 1941, he was married to Evelyn Mary Gagnon. They made their home at 705 Eastlawn Drive, Mt. Pleasant. They have two children, Mrs. Pete (Sue) Woods of Port Huron, and Kenneth C., a student at Western Michigan University. Dr. Bovee is also survived by two grandchildren.

CMU President William B. Boyd Friday said of Dr. Bovee's death: "The death of Vice President Norvall Bovee leaves us, his colleagues, with an acute sense of loss. This is true at the personal level because of the kind of man he was; it is true at the professional level because he was a man of un-usual competence and dedication to his job. Beyond that, it is an institutional loss greater than that normally experienced when a friend or a professional dies. For thousands of people who have love or concern for this university, Norvall Bovee represented the best of the institution. His presence here was a reassurance to them. Those of us who must now administer the university without his personal presence and without his professional excellence are aware of the responsibility and indebtedness which we now have. We join his family and friends in appreciation for the joy of having known him and in sorrow for our common loss."

Active in state and community affairs, Bovee served as chairman of the State Board of Education Controllers' Council, State College and University Business Officers Council and was a member of the State Planning for Higher Education in Michigan. He also had headed the state committee, Kiwanis Vocational Guidance, and has been a member of the state committee, Kiwanis Public and Business Affairs and the Michigan United Fund Budget Committee.

His community activities have included serving on the Mt. Pleasant City Planning Commission, Foundation for Career Advancement, First United Methodist Church board of trustees, Central Michigan Community Hospital board, Isabella County United Fund Budget Committee, Boy Scout and Girl Scout Councils, various committee assignments with the Mt. Pleasant Chamber of Commerce as well as many others. A past president of the Mt. Pleasant Kiwanis Club, he also served as chairman of several committees.

Bovee was the Mt. Pleasant recipient of the Lane Bryant Citation for Community Service in 1956 and a year later was named the Outstanding Citizen of Mt. Pleasant.

The family requests that in lieu of flowers, contributions be made to the newly-established N. C. Bovee Loan Fund.

WEDDINGS: GALLAGHER - LAMB: The St. Anne Catholic Church in Kewanna was the setting for the double ring wedding ceremony uniting Miss Joan Cecelia Lamb and Michael J. Gallagher. The Nov. 7 vows, said at the 2 p.m. were officiated by the Rev. Richard A. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lamb, R.R. 1, Kewanna, are the parents of the bride. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Gallagher, 920 Jackson Boulevard, Rochester, Ind.

Fronds and white gladioli, with candles on the altars, decorated the Church. White ribbons marked the pews.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride chose a long gown of parchment crepe fashioned with a rolled collar and long, lace sleeves that fastened at the wide cuffs with pearls. The dress also featured a lace midriff and lace train, which was attached to the dress with pearls.

Her illusion veil of parchment was held by a flat bow made of the dress fabric. She carried a colonial styled bouquet with streamers.

Maid of honor was July Wilson of Kewanna, and bridesmaid was Miss Patricia Gallagher of South Bend, the groom's sister. Miss Karen Lamb Fort Wayne, niece of the bride, was flowergirl.

The attendants appeared in floor length, empire styled, navy blue crepe dresses enhanced by parchment trimming with bows and dress length streamers. All the gowns were fashioned and made by the bride's mother.

The flowergirl carried a white basket of red rose petals. The other attendants each carried a single, long stemmed red rose with white and blue streamers.

Serving as best man was Thomas Gallagher, Shepherd AFB, Texas, brother of the groom. Larry Gerald of Rochester and William Foerg of Fort Wayne, and Bill Lamb, cousin of the bride from Fort Wayne, seated the guests.

The mother of the bride wore a deep blue knit dress fashioned with a drop waistline and the groom's mother selected an antique beige silk dress with ribbon bodice. Both mothers wore blue accessories and red rose corsages.

A reception, held in the church social room following the ceremony, was attended by 200 guests. The room was decorated with white wedding bells and red, white and blue streamers with red roses and a blue wedding cross.

A three tiered wedding cake, blue mints and punche were served.

The bride wore a printed pantsuit with tunic of double knit orlon for the couples short wedding trip through Little Rock, Ark., while on their way to Abilene, Texas, where they will reside.

The bride, a beautician at Mary's Go Round in Rochester, prior to her marriage, was graduated from Kewanna high school and Wright's beauty school, Kokomo.

The groom is stationed with the Air Force weather squadron at Dyess A.F.B. in Abilene. He was graduated from Rochester high school and Sam's institute, Indianapolis.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE BEAVER BEACON STAFF

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 had served on the staff of the Detroit Free Press many years. We are sorry to tell you that since the last printing, Mr. Pooler has passed away.

It is with great pleasure we present on the following pages, "When 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.

WHEN 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 on 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. Weatherwise, 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 25 miles across the frozen ice to Cross Village where Frankie would pick up the mail and the most needed supplies and then lope back to the Island.

When 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 both freeze out there on top Lake Michigan. When she came up on the Island it was on the far side and when the storm lifted they knew why: The wind had torn loose a great sheet of ice and with her magic sense 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 Bucephalus.

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 Beaver. But is 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 "LaFerte". 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 pieced 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 "Who?"

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 Clause 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 miss the small dot of an Island out in Lake Michigan.

What 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 was expected. But none of the older folks were offering much encouragement. They'd come down, too, and look across

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. When 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. What ever 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 brim 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 family 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 beautifully 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 measure a tree in the woods against the size of a room, and progressively 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 into 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 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 Queenie 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 youngster left the beach. 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 hour Denny Boyle talked so long of the Potato Famine of the old days, how toughthings were then, that all the kids knew he was only conditioning us for the disappoint-

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 set the tree a fire.

We went down the long road, past the homes where the yellow candles shone out and made the cold feel stingier. 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 somberly 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 starting 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 trees. Not ordinary toys. These were made with the hand and heart. These were the things that grown-up children had remembered fondly from their own childhood and recreated.

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-hewn 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'Tool 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.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL FROM THE BEAVER ISLAND CIVIC ASSOCIATION

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY HEALTHFUL NEW YEAR:

We are making a donation to the
Medical Center Building Fund instead
of sending cards this year.

LaFRENIERE'S STORE

Dick & Jean

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND
BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

ALLEN REAL ESTATE

BEACHCOMBER TAVERN

BEAVER HAVEN MARINA

CIRCLE M LODGE

BUFF-KET DEVELOPMENT

CLOUD NINE CABINS

B. I. TELEPHONE COMPANY

ERIN MOTEL

CARLISLE REAL ESTATE

GALLAGHER'S COTTAGES

HARBOR HILLS MINATURE GOLF

GILLESPIE SALES & SERVICE & REAL ESTATE

HARBOR VIEW TOURIST COURT

GREEN ACRES LAUNDRAMAT & MOBILE HOMES

KILLARNEY INN

KING STRANG HOTEL

ISLE HAVEN TOURIST COURT

LaFRENIERE'S STORE

McDONOUGH'S STORE & CABINS

A. J. ROY COTTAGE

RUSTIC VILLA

SHAMROCK BAR

STAN FLOYD'S RENT-A-CAR

BILL WELKE GENERAL SERVICES

WOJAN CONSTRUCTION

WOJAN BOATS & MOTORS

BEAVER ISLAND CHRISTIAN CHURCH

HOLY CROSS CHURCH

MEMBERSHIP DUES

That time has arrived again and membership dues should be paid by
January 1st, 1971. Many people have already paid their dues, but if
you have not why not enclose \$3.00 with the form below to make sure
you will receive the Beaver Beacon all of 1961.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Remember the Beaver Beacon makes a wonderful gift, too.

FIRST CLASS
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