

10 gallons of gasoline for which Kelly was demanding \$5.50. Kelly's action is, to say the least, not very creditable. As far as I can observe there is not a question or doubt of suspicion of Mr. Kelly's being honestly and fairly dealt with but, if he imagines for one brief moment that he can stampede us into precipitate action by use of the big stick, he will soon realize that he is playing with a two-edged weapon which others can wield as deftly as himself."

Whether because people were loath to come here with the San in our midst, or whether the war ended the desire to go off on excursions, or whether the increasing prevalence of the automobile led the holiday seekers farther afield one cannot say. But whatever the reason, the holiday crowds vanished, and the Boat Company went out of business in 1920, leaving the Rose to rot on the old beach.

WAR YEARS: The Red Cross - Our Cenotaph - Taxi for the "BOYS" - The San, and its' War Personnel.

Mrs. Calverley, who, for eighteen years in all, served as President of the Ladies Aid of St. Andrew's church, took on, when war came, the added duty of being president of the Ladies Group of the Red Cross Society. And her "one-sock a day knitted" was something of a record. And she didn't take her knitting to church and annoy the preacher as some folks were known to do. Money needed for packing the numerous boxes and for cash donations was raised by various means. One of the most pleasant of these was the garden party held here and there. One such was enjoyed on the farm lawn of Mrs. Sam Clark, another was held at the Home of Mrs. R. C. Scott and a third at the Calverley residence.

Once every summer our active Legion Group holds a memorial service at our little cenotaph. One by one the names inscribed on the cenotaph are read aloud, and one by one small children step forward and each, at the pronouncement of a name, places a wreath of flowers at the base of the memorial. "A. Burnett" - the reading begins. Yes, Arthur. Only two sisters - Mabel and Muriel living in the old home on Grove Street, are still alive to mourn his loss. "B. Challen --- R. C. Clench" - "It isn't your boy. It's mine, Ralph," stammered Mrs. Clench when she came to tell her friend, Mrs. Calverley. But it well could have been Orval Calverley, Maurice Clench or Dan McKay, for they were all together in that Vimy Push of 1916 and even today Maurice carries his battle-scar - a metal plate in his head, while Dan McKay has died long since, a war casualty. "S. Edwards" - The George Edward family lived for a time across the track in the house built by Ed Chester and then in the corner house now owned by the Jim Wright family. Now in Vancouver, they, with their daughter Alice, live with their memories. Alice, who is a paralytic, has a special chair that can be taken on