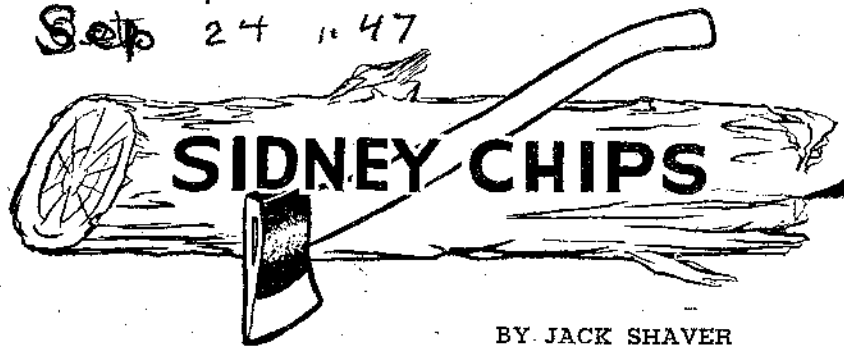


Sept 24 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

As I pick up the axe to knock off my first Sidney Chips for the News-Express I am painfully reminded of an expression well used in pulp and lumber country. I first heard it expressed with reference to a task I had completed after a great deal of care and difficulty. Having broken my axe handle I repaired to a neighbor's to replace it. I thought I had done a fair job but in that country around the Lakehead cities, where dwells the kind of bush men that can axe a true handle with either hand, the general opinion was different. I was told that my axe was 'Hung for scattering timber'.

Right now that's how I feel. Being new in the town and unfamiliar as yet with the folks I feel frightfully unfitted for taking up the task of following your former Chipper. For a while at least, until I come to know the place better it will be true that though the Chips may fly, some will not be from Sidney timber and some may not come loose at all.

Therefore rather than try to be too fancy the first time, I thought I had better stick to something on which a stranger is an authority; and that is the reputation that Sidney enjoys abroad.

Six hundred miles to the east of here Sidney is not unheard of. Of course when word got around that we were coming here some folk thought we were going to Nova Scotia. One chip that will not come loose, perhaps because it would be an utter falsehood, is that any folk were preparing to see us off to Australia. However others would know that Sidney had been the home of a moving young preacher, because Rev. Bruce Johnson had been that far afield on one of his outstanding

preaching missions.

Sidney, Austin and Carberry were known for other reasons. The Grand old man of that Community who had arrived in 1876 before Fort William had cut itself out of a swamp had left his part of Ontario when several of his neighbors had left to pioneer this part of the country. You could even meet people who knew Sidney in the early days if you had boarded the same train I did and got into conversation with the same chap. This gentleman had been to the old country to raise British capital to build the Sidney brick yard and was as warm as any native in his praise of the quality of the clay here.

The railroad is a great unifier as it brought us both operators and their wives from this part of the world. One day when the signals gang was in the village I met a chap foraging down our main street in search of that then scarce commodity, Carnation milk. He has since made himself known to me as one of Howard Lintott's boys. Sidney, your reputation is abroad at least 600 miles.

With the recent opening of the United Nations General Assembly the minds of news-conscious people are turning to thoughts of world unity and action. There was another meeting which received less publicity but which is being gradually brought to the attention of the world as its delegates return. It was the second World Christian

Youth Conference which took place in Oslo from July 22-31. Reports of it bring a glow of hope to breasts that chill at the thoughts of world anarchy as reflected in many international assemblies. Recall that this was a meeting of youth from most countries of the world. There were former enemies of World War II in attendance, and even delegations from both Indonesia and Holland right while the disturbances were going on in the former area. Now read this state-

far afield on one of his outstanding

are turning to thoughts of world unity and action. There was another meeting which received less publicity but which is being gradually brought to the attention of the world as its delegates return. It was the second World Christian

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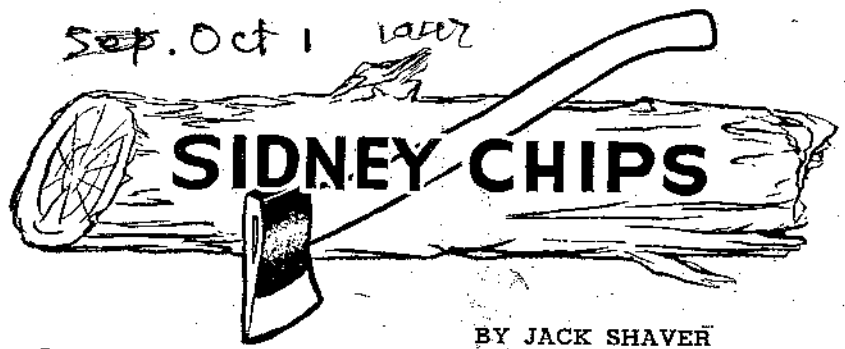
"Quickly following upon the joy of meeting one another came a sense of shock that there were so many differences between us, some of them going very deep. In part therefore this has been an experience for which we are grateful, but in part it has been one which has led us to penitence. We see how badly we have failed to realize the serious nature of many world problems and we regret the easy solutions which we have so often advocated. Further we have come to see how deeply we are involved in the sin of our own nations. But perhaps most of all, we have become conscious of our personal sin as Christians. We recognize that here at Oslo a great opportunity has been given to us, which, because of our pride and selfishness, we have not been able to use as it should have been used."

The contrast is striking and serves as a clear reminder that the hope of the world lies with Christ-Marked People.

Sep 24 1947

Cont'd.

Sep. Oct 1 1917



BY JACK SHAVER

In the fall of the year 1891, through the generosity of Mr. Dugald McVicar who furnished the brick building, operations began on the Sidney Methodist church, so we are informed by a letter from Rev. Chas. A. Edwards who was then the minister and who is now living in retirement in Roseburg, Oregon. Dr. Bidwell Lane gave the dedication sermons. The undertaking was richly blessed by a revival service soon after completion.

Mr. Edwards recalls the struggle of those early days and the few families that were in the village then to carry out so far-seeing a project. Mr. McVicar was very ill at the time and he died on May 24th the next year. The prayers of this dying man richly blessed the undertaking.

Rev. Mr. Edwards, who has not been to Sidney since, was assistant minister at Neepawa, with Rev. John Stewart and Rev. Thos. Argue, for two years previous to his coming here.

He closes his interesting letter with this:-

"I should like so much to visit your city and worship with you once more. The leading family of that date was the 'Babbs.' I lived with the McCartney's. Mr. McVicar set his heart on that task and he gave the Church the brick. Mr. McCartney was the contractor. At that time there were only five families in the Village. Mr. McCartney and Mr. Babb each had a small store. I often wonder how we ever pulled through. I hope all goes well with you and with my best love to you all,

Most Sincerely
Charles A. Edwards
Roseburg, Oregon."

With the frosts we have been getting lately even the die-hards are admitting that the baseball season is over. The Sidney Baseball Club is marking the occasion (and incidentally raising some money to pay off its debts) with a Dance at Sidney, Wed., Oct. 1. Last year was the first organized season of the Ball Club and it ran up quite a bill purchasing uniforms and equipment.

The sources available to your present Sidney Chipper report that there has not been real baseball enthusiasm around here since before the first World War. About 30 boys

of the community got into Baseball this past season and the club hopes for renewed and growing interest in the next few years.

About 10 games, mostly of the exhibition type were arranged but no league got under way. The club hopes to remedy this situation next year (would it be a loyal Sidney Chip to say) by co-operating to organize a league between clubs in its own class relative.

The club to date has raised all its own funds and feels that a real start has been made in reviving the great game. It looks forward to a growth in interest and participation next season.

World wide Communion Sunday falls this year on October the fifth. With the growing unity in the Christian Church as typified by such international Christian organizations as the World Council of Churches, The International Missionary Council, and the World Conference of Christian Youth, this occasion is taking on more meaning each year.

In Africa and Australia, in India and Europe, in China and America on every continent of the globe, people speaking a diversity of tongues will gather together at the Lord's table and once more Christ will make himself real in the breaking of bread. On this day there will be an indirect acknowledgment of the unity of all Christians in Christ.

It would be a gesture of the highest order if Christians on this continent breaking bread with our Lord at His Table on World Wide Communion Sunday, would realize anew the tragic plight of millions of people facing starvation, and would resolve to share with these needy ones. It is when Communion resolves itself into Community in this practical way that Christianity counts for something.

Oct 8, 1947

BY JACK SHAVER

What makes Sidney Chips news this week is not its contents, but the fact that your columnist is beginning to catch up with it. He has finally got around to finding out who is new in the community and who is making moves.

NEW RESIDENTS

Way back on the first of September Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson and their daughter Lois came to our village from Kinosota on Lake Manitoba. They consider Dauphin their home town. The Johnson's are living in part of the John McIntyre home. Mr. Johnson is at present doing electrical work in conjunction with John McIntyre's carpentering. Mr. Johnson is an ordained pastor and Mrs. Johnson leads the Adult Bible class in the Pentecostal Church. The Class meets at 2.00 p.m. on Sunday afternoons. Miss Petrie is in charge of the Church.

MOVING TO CARBERRY

Mr. and Mrs. Dugal McGilvary have sold their equipment and are moving to property they have purchased in Carberry.

MOVING TO COAST

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barker have sold their farm and are moving to the coast with their two children as soon as they can sell their equipment. So far as we know Mr. Barker is the first war vet in the district to get rid of his VLA - financed holding.

BUSINESS CHANGES HANDS

On the first of October the butcher shop and grocery business of G. O. Proudlock changed hands. Mr. Proudlock has been in the community for thirty eight years has been in business for the last four of them. He sold out to his son-in-law, Mr. D. S. Leslie who was raised in this community. Wishing to make it clear that he has not made his pile in the last four years, Mr. Proudlock stated that he is not retired but just plain tired.

CHANGE OF HOMES

The Leslie family move into the suite above the butcher shop and started a series of moves like pushing over the first row of standing dominoes. The Murray Hams move into property they have bought on the north side of the track and Mrs. Laggo and her daughter Lamina will move into the upstairs of the same dwelling. Sidney feels the pinch of the housing shortage. But lest we feel too sorry for ourselves there is news that the communal strife in India following its partition has made 5 million people homeless.

COOKING SCHOOL

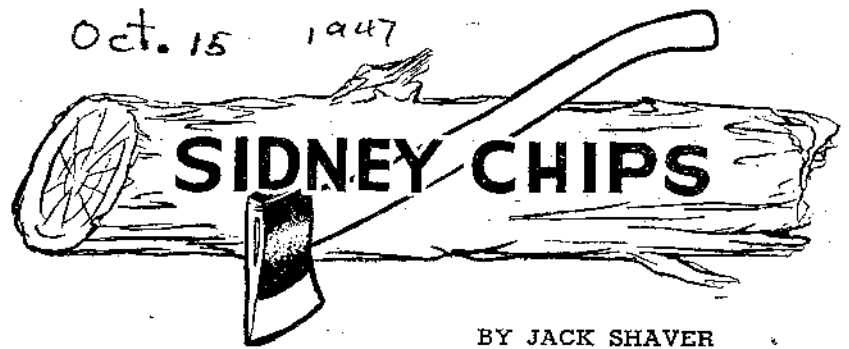
If the Women's Institute have anything to do with it the next

generation of Sidney Wife-Hunters will run into a buyer's market. Under the Auspices of the Women's Institute, a cooking class of regular instruction has been organized for the girls of the school.

And speaking of cooking reminds us that Thanksgiving week-end is coming up. We don't have to be told to be thankful by any government but that there should be a day of national thanksgiving seems to us to be a good thing. People often complain that all that is made of it is an excuse for the family to gorge itself. But a family gathering for the breaking of bread can be a very valuable thing. There is something more than physical in the gathering of loved ones around the great Board. If Life is dedicated to love, any partaking of the subsistence can be a sacrament. The coming together of the family on a national feast day and its partaking together of the good gifts of God's harvest can be a spiritual affair.

It will help us make it so to recall that it was a very similar national feast, at a different time of the year, which Jesus kept with his friends on the last night of his life. He said then, "With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer."

Oct. 15 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

The village in which we had our last stand had a quality best illustrated by the following story. I used to visit an old timer who was spending his last lonely years in a room at McKeellar Hospital, Fort William. When I came in the door he would greet me with "Well, what's new in Murillo?" and then we would both laugh.

A newcomer to Sidney would hardly believe it, but I have it on good authority that up until five or six years ago the houses of business here possessed the same quality. They tell me that people were born and raised in the business of their fathers. That time has passed. As you enter a place of business be prepared to face the new management.

The Les Shoemakers have bought a moving picture house in the town of Treherne. Whether the Sidney store will be under new management or not is not known.

Geo Proudlock did not rest long. This week the Sidney cafe came under his management. He bought the business from Sam Hodgins who was relatively new at it himself. Sam and son Russel will probably take up farming where they left off and plan to increase their holding.

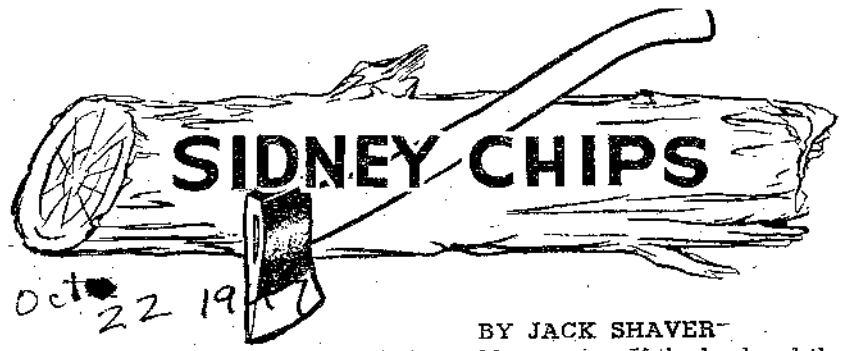
Lest the community become too alarmed I rush to add that Mrs. De-Ath's pies went along with the business. It would be a tragedy of the first order if the shortening shortage ever cuts production of those divine morsels.

This past week the town has had a fine illustration of the problem it is to get a holiday while in business for yourself. Dougal Beswitherick and Wilfred Peck have been promising each other a trip to the coast since way back. "As soon as the rush is over" they said. There is the rub... getting the rush over. It was such a rush to get the rush over that it looked like the trip would never shape up. It would have been one hundred times more simple if the men had been wage earners. Then all that would have been required of them

would have been to organize a strike for holidays with pay. As the day for departure came and went the whole village kept asking, "Have the travellers got away?" It looked for a while that it wasn't going to happen and then Saturday morning Mr. and Mrs. Dug Beswitherick and Mr. and Mrs. Wilf Peck finally got off on their trip to the coast. The whole community wishes these two of the most self-giving guys in the public's service the kind of holiday they have earned.

There was great stirring around the Anglican Church Saturday as the Ladies undertook decorating operations. Mr. Morgan who has been student in charge of the Anglican Churches in McGregor and Carberry held a Thanksgiving service in the church Sunday afternoon.

While looking over the original Sidney Chips I found that they often closed with a little homely philosophy, I ran into this fine piece the other day, from the lips of Tony. Tony is a Canadian of Ukranian ancestry who runs the canteen in United College, Winnipeg. He has been there since 1936 and is more of an institution around the place than most of the professors. The depression hit him pretty hard. He told me that during his married life he had moved fourteen times. This time I saw Tony he was working on the College grounds. They had been neglected during the war and as he put it "It was a heck of a job." But he said, "I tal you Mr. Shaver, when you got hard job to do, and you got health to do it, that's what you call living."



SIDNEY CHIPS

Oct 22 1946

BY JACK SHAVER

What a Fall! Of course everybody could use rain. If the land and the cisterns don't get a good soaking pretty soon the fall will be very hard on both plough shares and pump handles. But no one is complaining. Weather like this does something to you. It seems good just to be alive in it. The result is, not much happened this week. No one felt like making anything happen. Business was as usual except that Bill Ironside's pile of dead poplar cord wood got bigger and bigger. It is hard to tell which he enjoys most, the pile of fuel or the great gobs of fresh air with which he is fortifying himself against the winter.

A grass fire that spread pretty dangerously into property south west of town gave some neighbors concern. It was that windy Saturday. The fire destroyed some pasture and threatened some buildings on the property on which Harvey Obrien is staying. Reg Calvert plowed around the buildings and C PR section men from Austin and Carberry as well as the Sidney gang fought fire. No great damage was done.

Maybe it is the weather again but there seems to be the greatest number of Auction sales. There is hardly a Store or Post office that has a wall big enough to display the bills. It makes me homesick. I was raised in that end of Winnipeg where if you so much as struck a match in a store it was grounds for billing a monstrous fire sale. However the turnover and the attendance at the sales does indicate, it seems to me, that farming in these is still a vigorous business. Despite prophecies 'It won't last' looks like it fully intends to keep right on.

Can anyone tell me if it is true that all Churches in the west were started in the fall? One of the distinctive things about the Churches on the Prairies is their habit of celebrating anniversaries in October. There is a great exchanging of neighboring Ministers; there is a joyous gathering of Old timers; tribute is paid to the pioneers; the early days are recalled. It is a wonderful idea.

I know of two ministers raised in this tradition who went east. In the same city they tried with varying success to carry the idea along with them. The one man went to a church whose officials were purists enough to insist that their church was first organized in the late spring. That

a different kind of occasion. I read lately of a Congregation in Breslau, Silesia which met to celebrate the closing of the church. Breslau has become completely Russian. Only ten thousand Germans remain of a population of half a million. Here are parts of a sermon preached by Rev. Konrad to his congregation on it's last meeting together before the Russians took over the Church. Dr. Konrad was a leader of the Confessional Church in Silesia and was three times imprisoned for his anti-Nazi activities. As early as 1935 he was dismissed from a university professorship because of his anti-Nazi views. It is deeply moving to read of his deep Christian faith, which leads him to see the hand of God in the bitter exile of his people.

"Daily trains are going out of Frieburger Station filled with thousands of Silesians . . . God's judgment lies hard on the east of Germany. It is by no means easy to say to these parting brothers and sisters a word to ease the weight of their burdens. . . It can be found only from the one who is the Lord of all fates and therefore of our fate. . . The Lord said unto Abraham "Get Thee out of thy Country," do we understand God's language also in our fate? . . . His word in our situation? . . . Poor, guilt-laden and downtrodden Germany is faced with one question today which she will have to answer quite independently of her victors: on what mental and spiritual foundation she intends to continue to live . . . Will she understand the judgment and visitation of God and making a new beginning where aloe it can be found: In obedience to the Will of God? . . . Should it not make sense that the Silesians will be dispursed over towns and villages as the ultimate, the decisive? . . . We have to thank God for what he has intrusted to us. May He hold us in His arms and guide us.

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I know of two ministers raised in this tradition who went east. In the same city they tried with varying success to carry the idea along with them. The one man went to a church whose officials were purists enough to insist that their church was first organized in the late spring. That was when the congregation celebrated its birthday. But to this minister the spring date was right out of line. So they had a fall Anniversary (in quotation marks) as well, and the tradition was saved. The other chap did what he could to stir enthusiasm. For two years anniversary services and anniversary suppers were held. But if you aren't born to it you don't go for it. Finally his people said, "Look, do we gotta have these?" And that ended that.

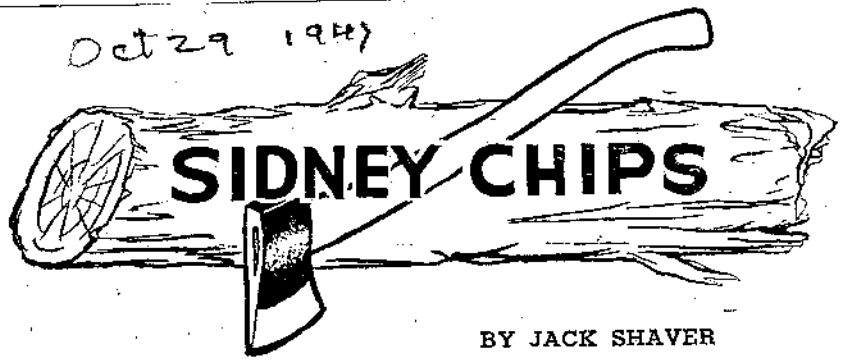
While we in western Canada celebrate Church anniversaries, and mark our growth, and look for things to come there are millions of people in the world celebrating

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Oct 22, 1947

Cont'd

Oct 29 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

Your columnist has just caught up with an interesting sidelight on last Saturday's fire. It appears that Gordon Mott's buildings were also threatened and he rattled off with a hastily attached plough to put a few furrows between them and the flames. He thought the shares sounded loose but had no time to check on them. When a job of a sort

was done a neighbor remarked that he was missing his plough shares. He replied, "there is only one missing," and then looked. He was wrong by two. G. Mott is now the local authority on ploughing without shares.

The sudden, if long predicted, dip in the thermometer has reminded the local boys of the thrills and spills of steel on ice. Notice has been posted that the hockey club and those interested in the skating rink will meet Monday, October, 27 to get things underway for the winter. Here's to a good season.

Group-work activities for girls and boys is already under way in the village. "Children's Church," a program of songs, games, handwork and bible study for junior boys and girls, meets in the Penticostal church, Thursday at 4 p.m. The Explorers group, with a program of similar nature, meets in the United church class room, Thursday afternoon at 4.30 p.m.

A Trail Ranger Camp has been organized for Teen age boys which meets in the United church class room, Thursday evening at 7.30. The aim of the Trail Ranger program is to build into boys a fourfold life. It seeks to develop character along physical, intellectual, social and spiritual lines. At an organizational meeting on October 23 Phil Stephenson was elected Chief Ranger, Lloyd McGowan, Sub Chief, and Steve Kufflick, Tally (secretary to the uninitiated).

I ran into "Tony" of the College canteen again last week end. He was ready with another piece of homely wisdom.

"The time to have children is when you are young" he says "when you are still vigorous, and when you still have patience".

* * *

NOV. 5. 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

Monday night of last week the Sidney Skating Club held its annual meeting. The attendance was encouraging. George Lintott was elected the new president and Jack Gibson in charge of vice. (That's what he himself said to me). Shirley Wright is secretary and Gord Lintott, treasurer.

The new treasurer has a little on his hand besides creditors and worries. The club owns a little kitty which has been gradually accumulated. There was a Barn dance, last year, there was the carnival, the Ladies and girls served lunch at the Curling Rink. The cumulative result is that the Treasurer's Report says \$280.00 in the black. It is a much better feeling than one experienced a few years ago when a few were seeking to arouse interest and raise money for a rink by sponsoring a dance in the little Hall. At that time a sizeable crowd turned out to discover that the orchestra didn't. That was entertainment with low expenses.

There is plenty of room for spending the money however and lumber has been ordered to build respectable boards. At present there is nothing to prevent either puck or player from shooting right out of the rink in several directions.

When you see the lumber piled at the rink that will be the time for all good men to come to the support of the effort. Bring your own hammer.

● HALLOWE'EN PARTY

There was a mad scrambling for peanuts and frustrated bites at strung apples as 45 of Sidney small fry jammed the primary room of the school for their annual Hallowe'en party. Just about everybody under school age and over 3 years was there. Miss Tranna Calvert the primary teacher, who asks for these things, said the climax of the wild affair was the lunch.

To most of the pre school age youngsters Miss Calvert's class room is no strange place. There is

nothing very news worthy about pre-school children wanting to go to school. It can happen in any town. But in Sidney the regular question on the lips of the moppets is not "When can I go to school" but "Is this the day I go to school."

When Miss Calvert first came here she had so many little ones asking if they could come to school that she set aside Friday afternoon as Visitors Day and invited them all. If they were going to come they might just as well wreck one session. Therefore since a year ago last fall from one to ten little ones from the ages of 3 to 5 troop to the school Friday afternoon. They stick it (Should it be said Miss Calvert sticks it) from 1:30 'till 4. The afternoon starts with a story and health talk. There are hectograph pictures to color, there is a programme with game drills and a social time. There are cut-outs (one favorite is to cut out of the Catalogue the same number of figures as their are members in the family.) There must perforce be included a session of drawing on the black board.

One Friday some weeks ago the visitors arrived on a day when spatter painting was the programme. That was a memorable occasion. The memory of it will become sweeter for both Miss Calvert and parents as the memory of the clean up job becomes dimmer.

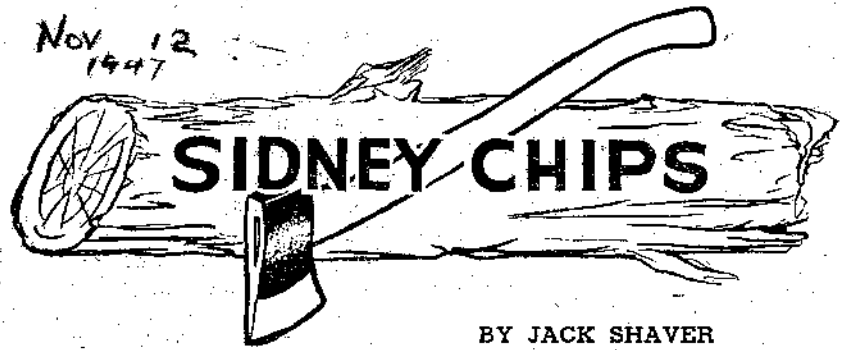
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United Church of Canada

Sidney and District

Minister: Rev. M. J. V. Shaver BA
Sidney Sunday School 12.30 p.m.
Arizona Worship 1.30 p.m.
Melvin Worship 3.00 p.m.
Sidney Worship 7.00 p.m.

Nov 12
1947



BY JACK SHAVER

At the baby clinic last week three little Wolfe's showed up along with their Mama. The J. A. Wolfe family, new in the community by two weeks, were inducted into the community life of Sidney. Jake Wolfe and family and stock moved onto the farm vacated by the Barker family. Muir was their last home but before that they lived in Saskatchewan, north of Prince Albert. There are five children. Daniel and Marleen at school; Lena and Edna at home; and Betty in a basket. Despite the headache of moving a household, implements, feed and fuel the Wolfe's seem happy. "If it can be worked" Mrs. Wolfe says, "we would like to make our permanent home here".

● CHRIST AMBASSADORS

On Sunday afternoon eight young people conducted an inspiring worship service for a full congregation in the Pentecostal church. The "Christ Ambassadors" a group of young people from Calvary Temple, Winnipeg, took charge of the meeting. There were musical numbers, a cornet solo, a missionary talk by the daughter of a missionary and a young people's sermon. The group left here for Portage to an evening service there.

● CALF CLUB FORMED

On Monday, November 3, Howard Baron of Carberry met with interested young people and adults for the purpose of forming a Calf Club. Things must have gone right because a Calf Club has been organized for Sidney and Arizona districts. It has ten members so far and will be attached to the Carberry Club. The president of the club is Hazel Bickford, of Arizona; vice-pres., Philip Stephenson; treasurer, Melvin Calvert of Melbourne; and secretary, Ron Calvert. E. Bagnal of Arizona and D. B. Smith of the Reliance Grain Company are Manager and Assistant Manager.

How do I join a Calf Club?

First I have to be between the ages of 10 and 20. Then I have to have a calf which must pass an inspector and which I promise to feed and prepare for market. In the first week of June my calf will be judged and sold in a Calf Club sale at Carberry.

The Calf Club are sponsored by the extension Department of the Department of Agriculture. To be official a Club must have ten members. It must conduct a minimum of six meetings, one of which can

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The Calf Club are sponsored by the extension Department of the Department of Agriculture. To be official a Club must have ten members. It must conduct a minimum of six meetings, one of which can be a visit to an experimental station if minutes are kept of the occasion. The purpose of the meetings will be to hear speakers on the feeding and care of stock, disease-prevention and control. The department will provide moving pictures on these and related subjects for use in the meetings. The meetings are to be conducted by the young people themselves.

This whole thing reminds me of the yarn about a preacher who was no member of a Calf Club. He was preaching on the topic of the Prodigal Son. Warming with enthusiasm as he spoke of the Father's long vigil he exclaimed "There was the Father, waiting and waiting on the roof top, and fattening that calf for year and years."

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

Sidney and District

Minister: Rev. M. J. V. Shaver BA

—Sunday, Nov. 16, 1947—

12.30 Sidney Sunday School

1.30 Melbourne

3.00 Pleasant Point

7.00 Sidney Worship

Nov 12, 1947

cont'd.

Nov 19 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

Since last Wednesday a little tune has been haunting some minds in Sidney. What makes the tune news is that it is one that has run through the minds of people for a thousand years or more.

The cause of this sudden interest in music was a little evening for the United Church choir and friends at which the Rev. C. D. Rupp, BA, BD, of MacGregor spoke on the history of church music. Doug Rupp's degrees do not indicate his knowledge of music or his ability to get it out of people and put a love of it into them. We had a whale of a time. We tried to sing some of the ancient plainsong melodies. We were introduced to the "Canon" which we learned is a round, like three blind mice only a little more musical. We were helped to appreciate the harmonies in the German Chorals, that music written or arranged in the days when Protestant Religious music was at its glorious height.

Just that little glimpse at the wealth of our musical heritage was a thrill. Mr. Rupp will give that kind of thrill wherever he goes. He will leave behind an understanding and appreciation of music in all the communities in which he ministers.

Just one hundred years ago a gentle English Methodist Preacher who was dying of consumption and asthma, longed to write something that would remain a permanent testimony to the Glory of God. During his last days Rev. Henry Francis Lyte did just that. He wrote, "Abide with Me". Last Sunday a memorial tablet was unveiled in Westminster Abbey to the author of this hymn which has comforted unnumbered millions of Christians through the last century.

Here is part of the tribute "Time" Magazine's religious section pays to the Hymn.

"For a hundred years these words have been sung, or spoken, or whispered, by men and women in time of need. The words were sung while the Titanic was sinking and on the beaches of Dunkirk. In World War I nurse Edith Cavell repeated the hymn as she faced the firing squad. It has often been heard in prison camps, and it has sounded faintly through the wreckage of caved-in mines."

Nothing much else seems to have

was a commodity they seldom saw. Dad has always hated raspberries because to earn his first pair of shoes he had to pick this wild fruit. Consequently he was older than most boys when he was able to go into the town Winchester for high school. It was definitely a new experience. Grandfather drove him to the town in a buck-board. At the solemn moment of son leaving home to begin the great adventure, the grand old man, who could barely read or write, had this to say. "Jim, you weren't raised in the bush to be scared by an hoot owl."

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Here is part of the tribute 'Time' Magazine's religious section pays to the Hymn.

"For a hundred years these words have been sung, or spoken, or whispered, by men and women in time of need. The words were sung while the Titanic was sinking and on the beaches of Dunkirk. In World War I nurse Edith Cavell repeated the hymn as she faced the firing squad. It has often been heard in prison camps, and it has sounded faintly through the wreckage of caved-in mines."

Nothing much else seems to have happened to inspire the columnist. The snow happened all right but it hasn't inspired anything but confusion. No matter how long it holds off there is still a pile left to do after the first good fall.

Some Curling enthusiasts boast that the rink will be ready by Saturday. Someone has been working over there all week.

By the time this goes to press there will have been either a Curling Club executive meeting or a Curling Club meeting to choose an executive depending on whether the minutes of the last meeting can be found and the names of the executive discovered.

Sidney like any other town with a high school, boards students from the country. This experience is as old as farming and secondary education. My father was raised on a bush farm in old Ontario. Hard cash

Nov 19, 1947

Cont'd

NOV 26 1947

BY JACK SHAVER

The boys of the High and Junior rooms celebrated the Wedding Day in their own way. It was a school holiday all right but most of them were in attendance at the skating rink. From my window it looked like Jack Gibson the school principal was calling the shots as well as heaving on the saw. There were some of the older boys of the club there as well. It appeared to be a well organized assembly line. The lumber, \$90 worth, was cut, smaller boys ran with it to the fence and a crew of hammerers banged it up. They made fast work of it. The worst boards are all repaired.

On Thursday the Curling club executive met. The best memories substituted for the minutes of the election meeting. Dave Smith is president, Norm Cummings secretary and Chas. Wright treasurer. The meeting accepted Vic Bour's tender for caretaker. The ice committee is Gorge Shoemaker convenor, with Fred Wright and Bill Alton. They tell me that means excellent ice this winter. Cliff McIntyre is drawmaster.

To get things going the club plans a novelty bonspiel which will take place as soon as the ice is ready. Those interested are asked to place their names with the executive by Wednesday. It won't be long now as the ice needs only to have the rings marked and one more flood administered.

The club will begin its regular schedule as soon as the bonspiel is over. All those who wish to curl are asked to signify as soon as possible as late entries tend to split the head of the draw master wide open. Like most humans he only has one and he finds it convenient to contain it in one piece.

Dave Smith is meeting with the ladies of the club Tuesday night when they will decide whether they will curl in a league separate from the men or not. This was said hopefully.

The coverage of this column has always been a vague matter to its writer. I usually consider vital statistics and regular items as being out of my sphere. However, sometimes things happen which seem worthy of comment.

We have had this week in Sidney the experience of a community just standing by during the deep trouble of one of its members. It is this experience which makes village life so enviable. Mrs. Jack McIntyre has been very sick. She gave birth to a dandy baby boy Thursday morning but came very close to making the supreme sacrifice to do it. That evening late, her daughter, young Hazel, took sick with what the Doctor thought might be Polio. She was rushed to hospital.

When all was done that could be

done physically and all that was left to do was to watch and pray there was a sense, which I am sure Jack McIntyre felt, that the whole community was standing by him. It is at times like this that a glimpse is caught of how close humanity can come to Godliness.

Mrs. McIntyre is coming along fine and it wasn't Polio.

The Giesbrecht Benefit fund was commended to the various Mennonite congregations by Rev. J. Loewen of Arden, Manitoba. Mr. Loewen is the missionary appointed by the Home Mission Board of the Conference of the Mennonite Church for all these areas where Mennonite Congregations are not yet organized. He called on his hearers to support the programme.

The Benefit fund is a community fund established to give a little neighborly help to the family that have the new born triplets.

In Sidney the receivers for donations are F. Dankesreiter and L. Shoemaker. At Austin Mrs. C. Randal and Miss E. Rowlett.

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

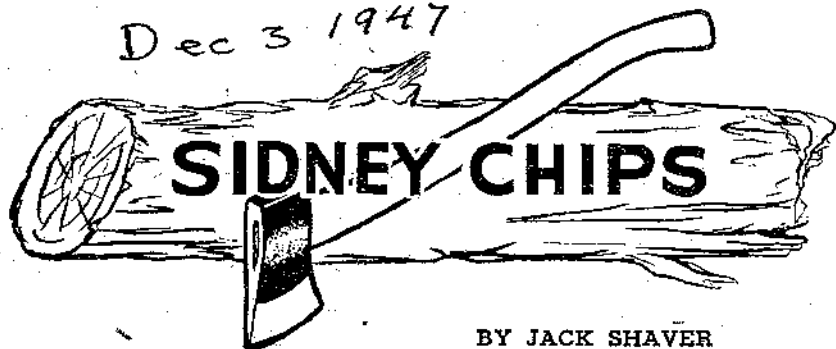
Sidney-Austin Pastoral Charge

Rev. M. J. V. Shaver, B.A., Minister

Austin Worship	11.00 a.m.
Melbourne Worship	1.30 p.m.
Austin Sunday School	2.00 p.m.
Sidney Sunday School	2.00 p.m.
Castle Hill Worship	3.00 p.m.
Sidney Worship	7.00 p.m.

Monday December 1, 8.00 p.m.
Meeting official Board of Sidney congregation.

Dec 3 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

The winter social season is taking off with a bang. There was a Whist Drive and Dance on Friday sponsored by the Baseball Club. The local branch of the Canadian Order of Forresters sponsored a program Wednesday evening. Two things caught my imagination at the latter affair.

One was the unfamiliar sight of Men running an affair of this kind. In my short life I've had a little to do with plenty of such things which women ran. The sight of young men bothering about the lunch, welcoming the members on the program, and standing around all dressed up looking very important and trying to look unselfconscious, was a happy one.

The other was the persistence of the Brandon Forresters who were on the program. Persistence in overcoming obstacles to their getting here. Several times we thought the program was over when a new number would arrive all stiff and cold after fighting with car trouble along the way.

Everyone appreciated their loyalty.

On Tuesday the Ladies decided to Curl in a league of their own this winter. Who said the women could not make up their minds?

While the helpmate of this columnist is in the big city where she will be a little handier to professional services come a big event, he has spent some of his idle time before

the radio. I ran into a program the other night that made my hair stand on end. It is a CBC program called 'Learning to live', Friday nights around ten o'clock. I don't want to start anything, but if you get stuck for a column why not sound off in it once in a while?

Some professor was talking. He had a cure for all the aches and pains in the world. "Forget all about sin and guilt and morals. They are all out of date, old fashioned and we know better." What makes the prospect so terrifying is that guys like the professor are calling the shots in high places. Top men in educational circles, in mental hygiene, in social services. And if you so much as wonder why they get those jobs the cry goes up "Ha! Blind moralists, Puritan destroyers of freedom. Antiquarian obstructionists".

But it is not that. It is not persecution when a shareholder in an electric power company gets worried because the chief engineer shows exact knowledge of how to wind a motor but displays glorious ignorance of the principles and power of electricity. Especially if the guy tears around taking hold of wires and throwing switches.

The professor had a point which he made. That was, that a legalistic, absolutist, morality incapable of change is a bad thing. It imprisons truth and it can be used by the strong to dominate the weak and it is destructive to personality. But even nominal Christians know where that point was made before, and with greater understanding.

What makes me so sure the professor is a dope is the way he has thrown the baby out with the bath water. He made no recognition whatever of the complex problem it has for ever been for mankind to work out for himself a basis of life.

Men must live with each other. To do so there must be order. The discovery of that order will not come by a couple of Joes using

where that point was made before, and with greater understanding.

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Men must live with each other. To do so there must be order. The discovery of that order will not come by a couple of Joes using 'Common sense'. That was the professor's neat little answer to what has been the problem of the race since there was a race. To discover how men ought to live if they are to live in peace, fairness, and freedom will take common sense. But it will tax the combined common and uncommon sense of the ages. We will have to take the experience of the whole race.

Anyone who suggests getting an answer by heaving the past in the sewer ought to have his head examined. But when it is the guy that does the head examining, what are you going to do?

Dec 3, 1947

Cont'd

Dec 10 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

As in almost every other community of western Canada the news this week is Curling. The Sunday morning quarterbacks have their wind up. Grunts and groans keep coming from male and female on the third day after. Nearly everything else is neglected.

The season here got off to a novel start in the bonspiel that is underway. There were enough entries to make 13 rinks, which means a lot of people in this sized community.

Names were drawn to decide both the position and the rink of every entry. The result has been marvelous confusion. Novices are skips. Skips of the past are relegated to any position at all. Husbands skip against wife skips. Wives skip rinks on which their husbands play. I am sure that the executive of the Curling Club did not take time to consider what their little idea would do to the husband-wife relationships of the town. It will be interesting to discover which has

greater domestic repercussions, a man and wife playing against each other or on the same team.

I was just over to the rink to see how things were going before getting this column off. I had a chance to play a game but 'the paper must go to press' and all that. (Ed. please note).

In the first event the Jack Leslie Phil Stephenson, Ron Wright and Hugh MacGregor rinks were still in there. In the consolation event H. Lintott and Mrs. D. Beswitherick are the rinks that have won games.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brennan have moved from Arizona into the D. McGillvary place. We understand that Jack has bought the home so our population goes up three.

Very shortly it will go up more than that. Your scribe is the proud father of a son and heir, born at Winnipeg on December 4. His name, James Hamlet . . . one more excuse why I won't get this column off before deadline.

The experience that seemed to stick in my mind most while in Winnipeg for the big event, was lining up with the other fathers to see the offspring.

What a crowd. Every different kind of circumstance and personality represented. You could not imagine anything on earth would bring together a gang like that. But we visited and joked together as though we were old friends. If death is the great leveller, then birth is the great exalter. We will never meet again. We probably had no interests in common. There might be nothing on which we could agree. But we were all one in that high experience of peeking into a basket that contained our own flesh and blood, and a destiny that was so inescapably ours to shape.



BY JACK SHAVER

In case some news breaks that doesn't make this column I had better say at the start that the moment of writing is long before press time. Selling and buying a car, (not the same one) and going to the City for wife and new family, does things to a fellows time table. Especially to the Week-end of it in these parts where Saturday night and Sunday contain busy hours.

However the community has helped a little by having a few things take place to date so we shall not be without Chips.

The Novelty Bon-spiel is through. The Hugh McGregor rink came off with top honors and the Wm. Carsell rink took the consolation event. As far as I have been able to find out the families of all involved are still intact.

Regular curling got underway Saturday Night. At the meeting of the Curling Club executive Thursday Night in the Elevator office it was reported that 10 men's rinks have been formed the Drawmaster has steeled himself for some late entries however. It will be a new thing if he is disappointed. There are four

or five rinks in the Ladies League. (The doubt is mine not the ladies.)

A novel time was had at Shoemaker's Hall Friday night when the local Court of the Canadian Order of Forresters sponsored a programme and Crockinole Tournament. The young people had a whale of a time. Jean Wright came out with the highest score for the ladies and Lloyd McGowan cleaned up on the males. I suppose the winners of Booby prizes would rather not have their names publicized. We understand that the Lodge has benefit work in mind for the money it raises at its programmes. But they are worth while anyway.

I received a letter from Mrs. Jack McIntyre who asked me to say a 'thank you' for her in the Sidney Chips, in my own words. To her I say "Little Lady, when someone is trying to express gratitude to friends, HER words are the words to use." Here they are:—"I want to express my thanks and appreciation to the people of Sidney and District while I was sick; for the phone calls, cards, gifts of various kinds, and to those who offered their blood" . . . You are very, very welcome.

The other day I officiated at a little ceremony. The man-child of Roy and Alice Storey lived only twenty-seven hours and we laid his body to rest. Just the baby's daddy, Grandparents, and uncle and aunty were there. And that seemed right somehow. Even though, as I am in a position to know, the community was shocked to hear of the loss, and a deep well of sympathy has been tapped, the little life had hardly lasted long enough to belong to society. It was theirs alone.

We gathered for scripture and prayer in the home where father had been hatching while mother was at hospital, and then set off through a flurry of snow to the cemetery. The experience is as old as

was shocked to hear of the loss, and a deep well of sympathy has been tapped, the little life had hardly lasted long enough to belong to society. It was theirs alone.

We gathered for scripture and prayer in the home where father had been batching while mother was at hospital, and then set off through a flurry of snow to the cemetery. The experience is as old as birth and death and much has been written and said about it. Among the wisest of all are these words in a prayer of the Book of Common Order of the Church of Scotland. "O God who healest the broken heart and bindest up their wounds; look down in tender pity and compassion upon thy servants whose joy has been turned - into mourning. Leave them not comfortless, but grant that they may be drawn closer to one another by their common sorrow. As thou hast given them this new tie to bind them to the world unseen, so grant unto them that where their treasure, is there may their hearts be also."

* * *

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

Sidney Austin — Pastoral Charge.

Rev. M. J. V. Shaver BA, Minister

Austin Worship 11 a.m.

Arizona (weather permitting) 1.30

Melvin " " 3.00

Sidney Worship 7.00

Sunday School

Austin and Sidney 2.00

Dec 17, 1947

Cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

On the Princess' Wedding day the editor of the New York Times wrote: "There is only one story today and the wedding is it".

No matter how I wrack my brain there is only one piece of news this week and Christmas is it. I am just another one of those guys who gets taken in at the last minute. I just can't seem to get excited at first. Maybe it was because too little of my sleep comes during the hours designed for sleep; maybe because of fast and furious financial arrangements; or because within a week of getting a newer car I crinkle the trunk door and strip the gears; or maybe it's the WA! WA! from the freshest hungry mouth around here. Anyway I wasn't catching the spirit.

And then it caught me. And here I am in the line up with a Christmas message.

Across Canada this week the floor boards of every hall and school-house groaned as the community packed in for the Christmas program. I know of no other institution so universally Canadian. The rural Christmas program happens everywhere in the land and everyone attends. Nothing else brings entire communities to the same place to do the same thing the same night. And if you numbered the communities from coast to coast in which this happened, you would have a big number.

There is the program, written in long hand in foolscap, handed to a chairman who kills himself trying to be funny. There is the warm fellowship of singing carols together. There are chuckles over the mumbled recitations of the little ones. There is the enchantment and glamour of the costume pieces. The obvious humour of concert dialogues is enlivened by the audience's personal interest in the cast. There is the rising murmur of anticipation as the final chorus is sung and the bulging eyes when Santa Claus arrives.

There is the calling of names as presents and candy bags are distributed. There is the visiting of the women as they gather up what is to take home while the men go to

mumbled recitations of the little ones. There is the enchantment and glamour of the costume pieces. The obvious humour of concert dialogues is enlivened by the audience's personal interest in the cast. There is the rising murmur of anticipation as the final chorus is sung and the bulging eyes when Santa Claus arrives.

There is the calling of names as presents and candy bags are distributed. There is the visiting of the women as they gather up what is to take home while the men go to the stable. Outside among the parked sleighs, the light of lanterns throws long legged shadows into the white steam from the horses. There is the business-like confusion of hitching up as men call to one another and to their teams. There is the jingle of bells on the trip home with stops to drop off the neighbors, say "good night", and wish them a "Merry Christmas".

It is marvelous that in a country so new, at least this one tradition unites us all. It is cultural elements like this that make a nation. Not flags, not boundry lines, but common ways of doing things.

It is marvelous that this unifying tradition is a Christmas tradition; that it is connected with the celebration of the Birth of God into man's world. It is marvelous but it is not strange.

What could be more captivating than the anniversary of the morning some shepherds heard "Unto you is born this day a Saviour?" What could be more unifying than the celebration of the birth of Him who captures the hopes and sorrows of men?

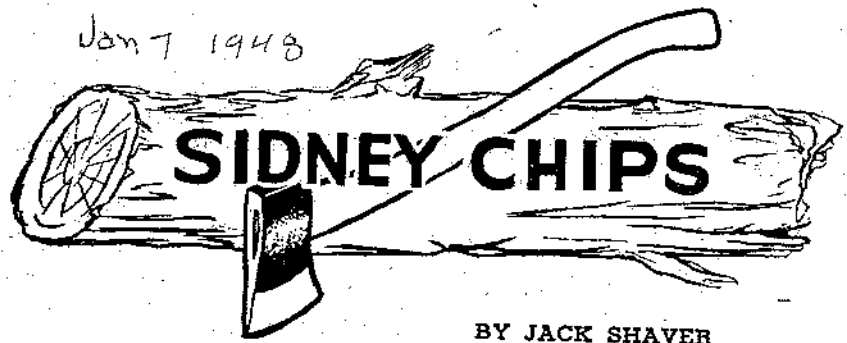
May the Christmas spirit catch all of us.

* * *

Dec 24, 1947

Cont'd

Jan 7 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

It would be disastrous for this column to be called "This Week In Sidney", or something as descriptive as that. Too often there comes a week like the last one in which I have almost no contact with the life of the village. I don't have to be very brazen to write just about anything and call it "Sidney Chips".

However, I would be very dull indeed if I had not noticed, on Saturday night last, that the skating rink was under way. The music from the PA system definitely infiltrated our brick walls and was the cause of much discussion with our wee daughter who was supposed to be asleep. Who made it Dad? Where's it coming from, Dad? Why? etc. etc.

The rink has been a man sized job this year. The pump on the well broke down. The skaters were unable to use the tank because it leaked. A new high speed pump has not yet been installed.

Brave souls kept at it however. Pail after pail was carried. The long period without snow gave the boys their chance. Twenty-four hour service was given. The old pump jack worked up and down slowly but for the longest single period in its history. Among others who spent all night on the job for different nights were: Bert Lintott, Carl Howie, Ron Calvert, Web Sylvester, Bill Dunton, Cliff McIntyre, Jim McIntyre, Phil Stephenson and Clare Williams also gave a hand. After today all we need is to shovel the rink out of the woods . . . but the town comes first.

Except for the way in which the weather treated us there seems to

be a tendency to say that this was just another Christmas. The world still doesn't deserve it. There does not seem to be anything decisive or spectacular about the year coming up. We don't believe in decisive or spectacular years any more.

Perhaps we are closer to the truth in so thinking. There is nothing wrong in just another Christmas or just another year. The world is much more in need of steadiness and steadfastness than it is in need of sensationalism. Perhaps if we get more faith in just another year, "just another try", and another year full of tries and another lifetime full of years, we will come closer to peace, than if we continued to believe that that this next moment was the most momentous and stupendous of all time.

The best wishes for the new year, may it be met in quiet steadiness.

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

Sidney Austin — Pastoral Charge

Rev. M. J. V. Shaver BA, Minister

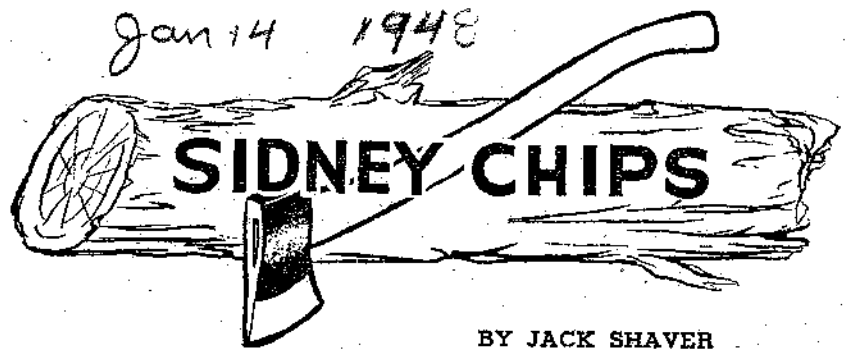
Austin Worship 11.00 am

Afternoon services arranged, if weather permits.

Sidney Worship 7.00 pm

Sunday School

Austin and Sidney 2.00



BY JACK SHAVER

Some Chips didn't fly at all last week. The most important item we neglected to mention was the 60th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sylvester. It was good to see by the card of thanks appearing in the News Express that everyone had not forgotten. Congratulations on having so many years together and many many more of the same.

This week the windows are cur-
tainless in the house of the section foreman for the east section, Mr. and Mrs. Yarenkevich have moved to a section at Osborne, Man. Mr. Yarenkevich has lived in this community for the last 20 years, and has served as section foreman with the CPR for the last three.

Some of the officers of the MacGregor Branch Canadian Legion were in Sidney last week for a meeting. Five new members were signed up making the number of veterans in the district, who are Legion members ten in all. If even greater interest is shown there is some possibility of a local branch being formed.

Last Friday I went by a very round about route to a meeting of a social community club in the south country. Part of the trip was by car, part by one neighbor and the last lap by a neighbor that was going to the meeting also. The experience was a thrill. High drifts, patches of road with no trail, a keen wind, all did their best but were unable to spoil the evening. These community clubs in isolated districts are fine. Everyone is there, all ages. The effort to get there, the thought and preparation that goes into the recreation program, the routine of organization, the neighborliness that loneliness fosters, all work together to make a valuable evening. Add to this the fact that each program is opened with a little worship and you have a very uplifting and civilizing institution.

I was surprised on Sunday to find the roads to another one of my ap-

pointments in the south country (this time much closer to Carberry) to be wide open. Everyone travelling by car. What was the result? More civilization? I sure wondered for the first few moments when there appeared two faces in varying stages for being grown over. I got over the shock gradually as I learned that the boys had signed a certain paper and were under contract for seven weeks to give their whiskers free rein.

It goes to show that for your own safety and peace of mind you should read the News-Express.

The news of the week here is hockey. We have a series of ups and downs to report. A meeting was called for Monday last and no one came. The rink fills with would-be hockey players on hockey nites (Tuesdays and Thursdays).

Then on Friday last, someone put on a Whist Drive and Dance and raises \$36 for the hockey club. We interpret this to mean that there is real interest in hockey.

There is one more reason why we are of that opinion. Some years ago I heard a YMCA secretary give an address on organized sport. This man who of course was an expert in Boys' work and Group Work, was very unhappy because of the trend in Boys' sport towards the Heavy Backing Idea.

In his day he told us the boys had to earn their own skates and sweaters and rink memberships. They were in hockey for the love of hockey not because some backer supplied their wants.

Let the experts then be happy about the state of hockey at Sidney. On the morning after the first hockey night the area about the rink was strewn with broken limbs from nearby Manitoba Maples. Our lads believing in self help had pulled down everything that was bent in any way to resemble a hockey stick. I believe there were four proper sticks on the ice. The program is a little hard on the trees but if the experts are satisfied, let's go.

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You might (with stretching a point) say that the News-Express has broken into Radio. A former author of this column will be broadcasting the Morning Devotion over the CBC Western Network during the week of January 19 to 24. The program is heard at 9.45 over both CBK Watrous and CKX Brandon. From Monday to Saturday next week Rev. Bruce Johnson will conduct the devotions.

Jan 14, 1948

SIDNEY CHIPS

Jan 21, 1948

BY JACK SHAVER

The exhausted look worn by most of the young men Thursday morning was due to the One Day Forester's Bonspiel held the day before. Five rinks of lodge members entered. There was also a rink from out Brandon way. Skip Bill McCurdy was from the Wheat City and the rest of his rink from the Foresters Lodge at Forest. They lost their first game to the Dave Leslie rink, which stout four went on to win the 'spiel. The Curling rink was very late closing down that night but there were no permanent casualties.

We saved those casualties for Saturday when three rinks from here went to Carberry for the district matches. Our boys came home without even a light. The Geo. Shoemaker, Bill Alton, and Les Shoemaker rinks all went down to defeat before good curling. The Sidney Curling Club was eliminated from entering rinks in either the Ganong or Free Press events at the Winnipeg Bonspiel.

Other than the defeat however, the boys were given the best of treatment. Gracious hospitality diluted the bitter taste.

At a meeting of the Curling Club in the Imperial Oil office Friday night, the club decided to turn out its own brand of hospitality. A banquet is planned for Saturday night to celebrate the visit of two rinks from the Friendship Train. Under the auspices of the Manitoba Curl-

ing Association a trainload of curlers from Winnipeg starts west Saturday morning dropping curling rinks for good will games at various towns all the way to Elkhorn. The train is to arrive in Sidney at 1.40 p.m. There will be an afternoon and evening game against local curlers and a banquet at 6.00 for all who pay the price of admission.

Surprise was completely affected in Operation Templeton, Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, newly married, were almost too surprised with a little affair planned in their honor. Maybe these things are a mixed blessing. But they are better that way than having it so that the guest of honor has to pretend to be surprised. Anyway it was a pleasant evening by all reports and the warmth of fellowship counteracted the elements which were anything but.

So much happened last week that the annual meeting of the school district almost went unnoticed. With five necessary to have a meeting the village was able to turn out six which made it legal. Mrs. Howard Thorn replaced Mrs. C. Williams on the board.

A few of us were able to take time off to go to Portage la Prairie for a meeting of the Crusaders Cavalcade. As well as seeing a unique display of the work of one of our Canadian churches at home and abroad, we heard some stirring addresses. As always the missionaries caught our fancy. We got a vivid picture of the tremendous need for Christianity and Christian service in parts of the world. We smiled at the 'Scientific' practice of medicine as practiced by the Witch Doctors and heard a fine story of the conversion of one of the old practitioners.

But after I got home just to keep me from feeling too superior I had to read, in a little missionary book, that less than sixty years ago the Witch Doctors were practicing in this country. As recent as that, native Canadians along our west coast who became Christian did so over the wily opposition of the Witch Doctor.



BY JACK SHAVER

There is grave danger this week that the chips will fall, and this means really fall, somewhere between the furnace and the wash tub. The coal shovel and the pump handle are not the instrument with which one most handily knocks off Chips.

However despite the cold weather the Village has kept at it. And surprisingly enough the weather seemed to treat the important occasions right.

Wednesday the women took over the free day at the Rink. Curlers from Bagot, MacGregor and Firdale played against our Ladies rinks Mrs. Grant Fatheringham and Mrs. McKelvie skipped the two Rinks from MacGregor. Mrs. Dankesrieter skipped the rink from Bagot which foursome had a real time getting their means of transportation to the highway. Mrs. Wilbur McLaughlin skipped a rink from Firdale which took a more reliable means of transportation on the first lap of its journey.

These rinks met local rinks skiped by Mrs. Wm. Alton, Miss Jean Wright, Mrs. Geo. Shoemaker, and Mrs. D. Beswitherick. The visitors were victorious on all fronts, though we argue, by small margins. Each rink entertained the visitor it played.

The skating club held a dance Friday night and should be \$15.00 wealthier by the time all the bills are paid. By the way, if you want your youth renewed, just visit a rink shack or some likely place just before a party for junior teenagers is to begin. Listening in on the excited gurgles and unintelligible sounds of young people getting up enough courage to go to their first mixed party is enough to bring the memory of those days flooding back for a solid week.

Saturday, to the sound of pipes, the Goodwill train of the Manitoba Curling Association dropped a rink off here for a day of Curling and fellowship. Our visitors were a St. John's Curling Club rink. It's members . . . Tom Bell, John Ogston, Norman Cleeland and Horace Speed.

The village did its best to receive its guests royally. After tying them in a game the Club (i.e. the women of the club) put on a grand banquet. We were all there. We heard about how welcome the curlers were. We heard about how glad

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they were to be here. We heard
about what a great game curling is.
Several variations of the last idea
were propounded. We heard from
Chairman Dave Smith of the Fate
of an earlier Sidney Curling Rink
which was carried off by irate share-
holders sometime around the first
great war.

There was also demonstrated an
age old commentary on humanity;
namely that the Roaring Game, the
breaking of bread together, the in-
tricate mechanism of the Human
personality are not sufficient ingre-
dients for fellowship unless the an-
aesthetics are passed around.

Homo Sapiens feels he must dim-
out his faculties in order to engend-
er Good Will.

Jan 28, 1948

Cont'd

SIDNEY CHIPS

Feb 4, 1948

BY JACK SHAVER

It is a little hard to tell what the big news is this week. For some it is the fact that a few of the district roads have been visited by the municipal plow. To the stalwart people on the Wright road even this wasn't news. The day before, eight or ten of them had shoveled out about three miles of hard drifts. I can witness to the texture of the drifts because I walked home over them the morning after I got stuck in a big one.

The fact that my car was delivered by neighbor Fred Wright on the night he was to curl might throw some light on the puzzle as to why the road was opened without benefit of tractor.

Of course Curling is always news around here. I think we had a rink at the Brandon Spiel. Some went by train while their car was holed up in Winnipeg. Some had to walk home the last few miles. The rink was caught in a housing problem and at least one of the 2 a.m. draws. The rink didn't bring home any bacon for all its adventures.

A ladies rink skipped by Mrs. D. Beswitherick visited Austin. It went down to defeat by one point before Mrs. C. Randall. Two Austin men's rinks came up the same Wednesday to test the old curling arm in preparation for the trip to Winnipeg. The men told me at Austin a few days later that the reason for the trip was to get some games in while their luck was down so that all the down luck would be done with before the big trip. Of course our men gave a different version.

3 Rinks have entered the Carberry bonspiel but we won't admit who until we see how they do.

With the younger set there was plenty doing. Jack Gibson took six of the High School boys up to Brandon Friday night to see the battle royal between the Wheat Kings and the Canadiens. All the boys got home so they couldn't have been in on the riot. The Trail Ranger group got a look through the News-Express office Saturday and found how stuff like this gets into press.

Saturday afternoon in the Red & White Store the girls of the Intermediate room held a home cooking sale on behalf of the Junior Red Cross. They realized a \$26.00. Upon cross-examination the young ladies admitted that in most cases mama was in on the production. The Canadian Girls in Training program got underway again Monday night in the United Church Parsonage.

Our little community hall received attention this week. The Women's Institute hired a new ceiling put on. The papers are full of Women's Groups demanding ceilings.

Miss Petrie the missionary in charge at the Pentecostal Church is back and took service Sunday. The sermon was preached by Gilbert Leggo. Gilbert has been a minister with the Pentecostal Church in various points in Saskatchewan. He is a native of Sidney and his friends were delighted to see him and hear him speak.

The news of the week with the Cracker Barrel Club was the death of Gandhi. It is a strange and marvellous thing that the violent death of a man in a country in which violent deaths are numbered in the thousand should cause so much comment around store stoves on the other side of the world. You know these gatherings that take place long after the last sale is made and the poor shop keeper should be in bed. Mohondas Gandhi was the topic.

The shock was felt throughout the world. Perhaps none of the gang around the stove could have said why he was touched. But the strange truth is something like this. Gandhi was a religious leader, of tremendous following. We in the wealthy, materialistic west aren't used to that sort of thing. He has impressed himself on our not so sensitive minds as a miracle.

In our grasping warring century here was a saint. A selfless, devoted upholder of non-violence, with weapons only of patient example, meekness and prayer doing battle with strife and hatred. And a greater miracle still. Here was a man with a following of millions, perhaps no human being of our century has a greater following. We are strangely distributed because we are not accustomed to believing that the meek get anywhere.

And now his spirit is disembodied it is abroad in the world.

Feb 11 1948

BY JACK SHAVER

Our rinks didn't bring home any prizes from the Carberry Bonspiel. They stayed in at least one event until the second last day but on the day that really counted they were off the ice. Les Shoemaker and Murray Ham played each other in the second draw and experienced a very even and exciting battle. Bill Alton's four made up our other entry.

The men brought home more stories about Bill Banister, Draw Master, than about the game itself. A relative stranger would gather that in Bunty, Carberry has a unique institution. From here it looked as though he, with his "You couldn't beat four hard boiled eggs" etc., was the object of as much joyous interest as the most exciting games. If he ever visits this town he will simply have to take over the Chips and write me a guest column.

Muriel Alton and Jean Wright have both entered rinks in the Women's Bonspiel at Carberry. It seems only right that a Women's Spiel be held. During this month when most of the men clear out and can be brought to think of nothing but curling it seems fair to give the Ladies at least two days in which to leave the men holding the domestic bag.

Les Shoemaker has entered the only rink from here in the Winnipeg Bonspiel. That makes Brandon, Carberry and Winnipeg so far this year for Les—the perfectly usual thing for Mr. Shoemaker. Geo. Shoemaker is going down too but he is in a Virden rink skipped by brother Elmer.

If the reader thinks by all this that Curling is the only news around Sidney he is not far wrong. And if he could count the number of personalities whose spirits will sit all next week with noses flat against the window panes in Winnipeg's Curling Rinks he would be sure he is right.

However, other things do happen. The hockey club held a successful dance under the new ceiling in the little Hall. Another piece of news impossible to record was the look on Dave Smith's face when Dug Beswitherick and Bill Alton hailed him as the new Pool Grain buyer. That was the first Dave heard of the sale of the Reliance Elevator.

Whatever else is in store for the community we can be sure of one thing and that is a great deal of talk. How the words will fly about free enterprise and co-operatives and monopolies!

Day of Prayer service for women.

The other experience took place speak at Carberry at the World

During the month of February

when the Cloth is usually in a depressed state of mind this little piece is feeling unusually spry. I think that two unique experiences are responsible for this state of affairs.

This last week while the grim business of sermonizing was going on the usual interruptions were of an unusual kind. Mrs. Sidney Chips was sermonizing too. She is to Sunday night. Several young men who might be classed as definitely not regulars were at the service. Not once but three times during the sermon they burst out with gleeful chuckles. It was most refreshing. I didn't dare look so I don't know whether the congregation was grinning as broadly as I was. The point is the boys were right. Even in my few short years in the pulpit I had forgotten the extent to which I played to that section of the gallery. This was the first time I had got a reaction and it was surprisingly sweet.

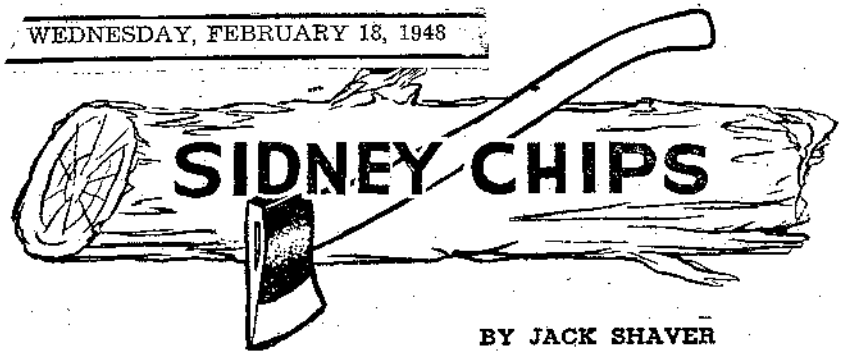
During the week another thing happened that was not surprising but neither was it sweet. I read the story in Time Magazine on the murder of Gandhi. It is a superb piece of writing. The writer was faced with the same thing with which I was faced.

The strange fact of a world feeling uneasy and disturbed at the death of a little man. But, Oh my! The interruption he gave makes mine look like the work of a Junior High student. Here is the burden of what he had to say.

"The event brought a shock of recognition rather than a shock of surprises. . . The world knew that it had in a sense too deep, too simple for the world to understand, connived at his death, as it had at Lincoln's"

However, I suppose a fellow should feel good that in the top editor's position in a magazine of such influence as Time, there are men of deep understanding of our day's spiritual forces. It is great to see them expressing with such clarity and insight, old truths that people sometime try to tell us are out of date.

Time's whole story on Gandhi is a re-interpretation for our day of the Christian doctrine of Original Sin.



BY JACK SHAVER

Last week circumstances did their best to convince me this is a women's world, my wife and daughter were out as often as I was. Perhaps that will account for the overloading of women's news in this week's column.

Our two ladies' rinks came home from the Carberry 'Spiel all set to gather even more devotees together and take three rinks to MacGregor. Both the Alton and Wright rinks won two out of their five games, but such is the mystery of bonspiel numerology, that the former came home with the third place prize in the Hydro event and the latter with the third place prize in the Reliance event.

While the Alton rink flourished its bath towels and the Wright rink its kitchen stools you should have heard the girls. They sounded like a smitten school boy after his first date. "Curling was wonderful; the fellowship was wonderful; bonspiels were wonderful; everything was wonderful."

The Skating Carnival will be held Saturday. It appears that the rink is insured of interested support for some time to come. There has been fine interest in skating most of the winter, and there is plenty of the best insurance there . . . the little jiggers learning to skate.

This influential little group of citizens has also demanded time on the ice for hockey for themselves. Their efforts are worth watching. Great energy is expended, now it results in a magnificent dash down the ice, now it results in an abrupt sit down. However, the end result will be that in a few years the hockey efforts of these same citizens will be worth watching for very different reasons.

The Women's Institute is holding an indoor country fair on Friday. There will be the variety and games the try your luck stalls and fortune tellers which mingle in the happy excited confusion of a Fair. There will also be food.

I got a little job the other day which let me in on some Women's Club mysteries. I was asked to type out some copies of the Women's Institute Creed. This will not be news to the women (although if any can recite it without looking, it will be news), but I put it here for the benefit of the men. Sometime when you are wondering where the dear girl is, and you are thinking up excellent arguments why a women's place is in the home, she may be saying these very words:

"Keep us O Lord from pettiness. Let us be large in thought, in order and indeed. Let us be done with

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"Keep us O Lord from pettiness. Let us be large in thought, in order and in deed. Let us be done with fault finding and leave off self seeking.

May we put away pretense and meet each other face to face without self pity and without prejudice. May we never be hasty in judgement and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us calm, serene, gentle. Teach us to put into action our better impulse, straightforward and unafraid. Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences . . . that in the big things of life we are one. May we strive to know the great common woman's heart of us all, and O Lord let us not forget to be kind.

* * *
UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

Austin — Sidney Pastoral Charge

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

Sunday, February 29, 1948

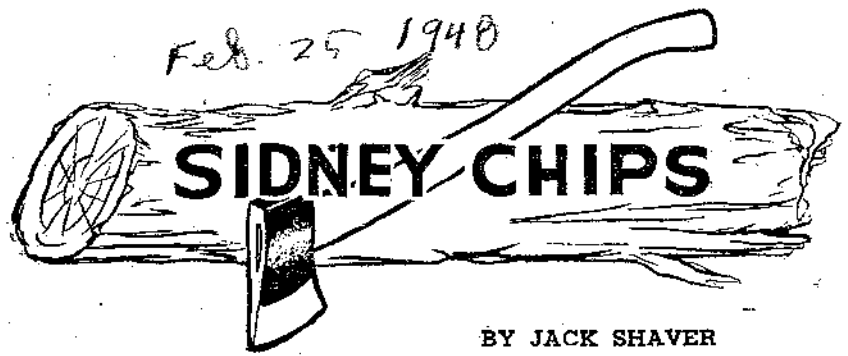
Worship at Sidney at 4.00 p.m.

Sacrament of Infant Baptism.

Rev. C. D. Rupp BA, BD, of MacGregor will take the service. Note the change of time for this special service.

Feb 18, 1948

Feb. 25 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

As per usual this week, most of the Sidney Chips fly from Granite. Curling makes the news.

The four men that went to Winnipeg are home and still talk about what a great thing the Curling Classic is. Les Shoemaker skipped a rink that contained Ron and Fred Wright, while George Shoemaker played third on the Shoemaker of Woodnorth rink. The latter foursome were just nosed out of the sixteens in the Winnipeg Electric Event. However, they all report good ice, good fellowship, and a lot of games tied going home. "Anyone who has never gone to Winnipeg for the 'spiel has really missed something", etc., etc.

With the women, last week's MacGregor Spiel is still news. Practically all our fair curlers entered. Mrs. Bill Alton, Mrs. Howard Lintott and Miss Jean Wright each skipped a rink. Mrs. Lintott won fourth place in the Grand Challenge, and lost several nights sleep over the excitement.

Mrs. Alton's four came home with a first in the second event.

In the midst of Saturday's snow, five men's rinks dug out transportation to enter the MacGregor Bonspiel. Bill Alton, Gib Bagnal, Fred Wright, Lawrence Wright, and Murray Ham went off with practically the rest of the membership of the Sidney Club.

Friday and Saturday however, the lights were out in the Curling rink. Other things were making news and good news it was.

On Friday night, in Shoemaker's hall, the W.I. held what was advertised as a "Country Fair". It was a most successful evening. To go to a "Country Fair" you first do without food for a long while. Upon entering the hall you keep your eyes open for a seat at the board. When you sit in you eat and eat and do very little reaching because everything fine is within arms length, and as soon as you empty a serving dish it is filled.

What you do after you can eat no more depends upon your age and inclination. There are games of every description at various tables and you pay a nominal sum to play each game. The hubbub is rather an uproar. It is almost impossible not to have a good time.

This little experiment by the W.I. had one draw-back. It will be dif-

ficult to put on another one that will be as good. Everyone was there all ages. Everyone had something to do. The food was plentiful and frightfully inexpensive. And unlike a Foul Supper it is the kind of program that attracts the local populace only. Hardly any one in the community was left out, but things weren't too crowded to handle.

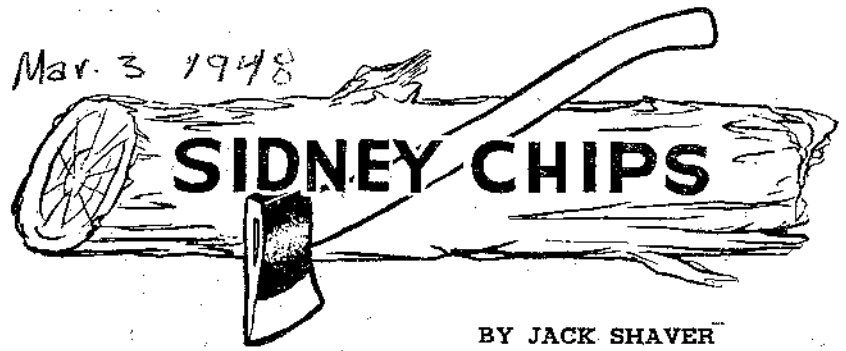
Saturday night was the climax of the season for some of the citizens. We held our Skating Carnival. One hardly knew what to be most pleased about. There was the group of public spirited people who headed up the organization and did a lot of the work. There was the interest taken by the youngsters and parents and the evidence of long preparation on many of the costumes. There was the fine way many of the young people who were on committees carried their responsibility. However, you looked at it the Carnival was a fine thing. It had called forth so much creative activity that those involved could not help but have fun.

Since 1946 North Norfolk has been associated with Portage municipality in a Health Unit. For the last 13 months Miss Ileen Rankin has been the Public Health Nurse under the plan. She leaves this week to take up Victorian Order Work in Vancouver where she can be with her mother.

Miss N. W. Anderson, well experienced in Rural Public Health work is succeeding her.

At present four children's clinics are held, one each month at Bagot, MacGregor, Austin and Sidney. It is hoped that next summer clinics can be held in the more isolated areas as well.

Mar. 3 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

The weather seems to be smiling on the Sidney Bonspiel which commenced Monday. It looks like Curling will be the news for another week.

Last week our men did a lot of Curling at MacGregor. The weather didn't let some of them come home one of the nights but it didn't keep anyone away from games. Fred Wright's rink got as far as the eights in the Grand Challenge and Merchants.

Lawrence Wright's rink took third in the Grand Challenge and Bill Alton's foursome came home with second prize in the Board of Trade. Bill's front end consisted of Dave Smith, Bill Carswell and Claire Irving.

The news towards the end of the week was the Carberry Carnival, but that will get coverage at the Carberry end. The W.I. held a dance here the same night and the number that went reported a very well organized novelty dance.

Until the crowd got home from Carberry the women really had to scramble for a dance partner. That bane of the existence of all Masters of Ceremony, the stag line, was simply not in existence.

At the United Church there were special goings on at four on Sunday afternoon. Rev. C.D. Rupp of MacGregor United Church was up to preach a very fine sermon and baptize Carol Lintott and our own James. Our family took its vows especially seriously as two and three quarter year old Frances came forward with her parents to take part in the Sacrament.

The other night, through three holes in the storm window, there came to my nostrils the unmistakable scent of spring. That is not to say that spring is coming. This is no scoop on the weatherman.

But the scent sent my mind scurrying down the halls of memory. Images flashed before me in vivid fashion. There was the frightful unease of exam time. There was

the surging of primeval forces I sensed one spring I was studying for exams at our summer camp and saw the ice go out of the Assiniboine. There was the condition of fresh snow on dirty ice that always seemed to be the footing at Grad's farewell time. There was the utter mush of young folk as they played on the first dry spots of high pavement.

This quality of mind which reaches backward in vivid flashes does something to you. It gives you a past that is real. Instead of being a paper thin personality, you are a totality of experience. Instead of being so swept away with the petty concerns of today that life has just those irksome limits, you stand firmly and without distress, because your vivid sense of the past gives life another dimension.

Vivid memory flashes give life depth. Instead of being flat like a snap shot, life has an added dimension, like those pictures we used to tarry over when seen through a stereoscope.

While thinking thus we can understand more fully what great treasure our Blessed Religion offers when in it we experience not only a vivid sense of our own past, but also a consciousness of belonging to the ages: when it brings that sublime sense of standing in eternity. In those times of high experience when life takes on more than depth, and is breathlessly aware of its eternal dimension, we have surely the pearl of Great Price.