



BY JACK SHAVER

The other week I referred to Miss Petrie the pastor of the Pentocostal Church as a missionary. It so happens that the Congregation is self-supporting and its church, not a mission. That should have cured me of making statements before checking, but it hasn't.

The new Foreman for the east section, CPR, has arrived, and although I have met only Victor, one of four children, (I believe) I am taking that as sufficient knowledge for introducing the new family. Mr. and Mrs. Bock are from Chater. We hope they come to like us.

The Bonspiel is about over. There are a few more games to run off but most of the competitions are finished. In the Grand Challenge, Lawrence Wright skipped his rink to victory. Dave Smith took second place. Daughter Kay Shoemaker skipped her four ladies into third place and Frank Dankesreiter took fourth to stay in the prizes.

In the T. Eaton event the line up was as follows: First D. Beswitherick, second Murray Ham, Third D. Stephenson and fourth another group of ladies skipped by Jean Wright.

There are still some games to be played in the Consolation event. Gil Bagnal, the Fred Wright rink, skipped by Norm Cummings, Les Shoemaker and Jack Leslie got into the fours. Gil Bagnal skipped his rink into the twos, against Norm. The rest of the games have yet to be played.

There will also have to be a play-off for the grand aggregate as several rinks played in extra series and piled up extra wins.

In a town our size a Bonspiel is really something. Nothing else happens for a week. Life is pared down to the bare essentials of eating and sleeping and curling. Many a man and wife eat alone and the job of baby minding is quickly passed from one to the other like a hot potato. Town 'phones buzz as countless people call to find how the games are going. Whenever games are called because of drips (to be real literally) on the ice, everyone is in there with suggestions and in on the decision as to when the ice is in shape to start again. The ironing, and dust, and chores pile up. Only one thing is happening. Even the rows and the ill will centre around curling.

It is an amazing phenomenon in our generation; this having the life of a whole community centre around one thing. It is a reminder to our individualistic century that man is a social animal.

There was a time, before we became so ready to sneer at everything that was not modern, when communities did a great many different things together. One Sunday afternoon I caught a glimpse of what it might have been like. Down the path, made narrow by a heavy snow fall, the congregation all left church in single file. As I looked at the procession in the slanting rays of the evening sun, I seemed to see instead the long, single line, procession of some ancient religious festival. At one time whole communities took a week off to worship together. Life was pared down to the bare essentials of eating and sleeping and praising God.

But we are so much smarter than our old fashioned ancestors.

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But we are so much smarter than our old fashioned ancestors.

Friday night the boys of the Hockey Club held a benefit dance in Shoemaker's Hall. What with a family and curling, etc., I didn't stay late. But what I saw of it warmed my heart. The young men really take their responsibility seriously for entertainments which they sponsor. They make sure each dance gets started before the orchestra wears out by getting out there and starting the dancing themselves. I am told they do as good a job of seeing that lunch is served and things cleaned up and returned. Fred Peck's orchestra consisted of Fred Peck and May Bennett.

The current revival of interest in the Hong Kong expedition seemed to make this story timely. It was told in the United Church Observer by Howard Norman, a Missionary newly returned to Kwansei Gakuin University, Japan.

While serving in a church in Vancouver Rev. H. Norman heard a man by the name of Rev. U. Laite speak of the experiences of the Canadian prisoners in Hong Kong. Among other things he remembered was the story of how a Japanese Christian, then interpreter in the camp, risked his life to smuggle food and medicine to the prisoners. The Interpreter's name was Watanabe, a Lutheran Minister.

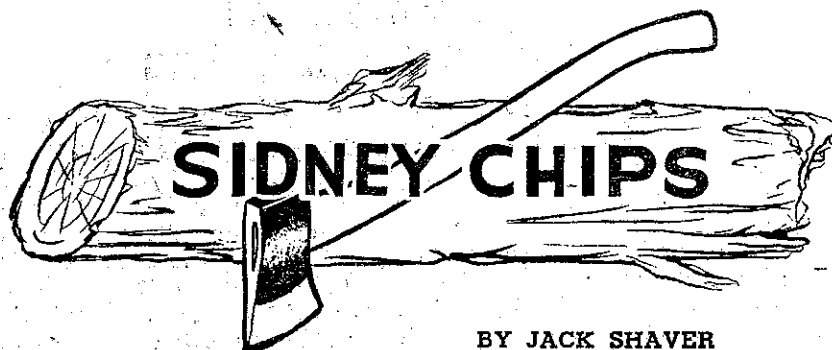
At Hong Kong, on his way to Japan, Howard Norman met a close friend of Watanabe's and was able to add to his legend.

The Japanese commander of the camp (he has been executed because of his cruelty) became suspicious and discharged the Christian Minister. As there was no way for him to return to Japan he took a job as minor clerk with the civilian branch of the Japanese Government in Hong Kong. With the Japanese surrender he was interned, but some British soldiers he had befriended, freed him and set him up in a hotel. He was asked by a British Missionary to speak to some British Soldiers in the barracks.

There the friend ran out of information except for this. Watanabe's wife and two children were killed by the atomic bomb at Hiroshima.

March 10, 1948

Cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

Let us first catch up on the vital statistics. The characters shall be mentioned in order of their appearance.

On February 28, at Portage la Prairie, Stanley Alwyn was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Porter. Mrs. Porter is June Howie and they have been staying with her parents this winter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Marnock of Arizona, John Fredrick Antony was born in Brandon, March 4. Mrs. Marnock is Josie VanVonderen who came to this country from Holland for the purpose of marrying Fred. Now she is mother as well as wife to a Canadian.

To former Chipper the Rev. D. Bruce Johnson, and Mrs. Johnson, in Winnipeg on March 10, their second daughter Bonnie Fay. Bruce says he is just five behind Fred Wright.

To our new citizens a very hearty welcome.

The local Bonspiel had an exciting day of it Monday. It was hoped that the final contests could be finished that day. But as it turned out it was asking too much of the Jack Leslie rink. On this great Monday the Melbourne rink won two games to take it from the fours to the top in the Consolation event. Then he won his game against D. Beswitherick in the first playoff of the Grand Aggregate.

These three straight were won by a man who was so sick with the flu the day before he could eat almost nothing. Mrs. Leslie who plays

third surprised all by her endurance.

When the final playoff came however, Lionel Wright (not Lawrence as I wrongly reported) who stayed on top in the Grand Challenge took the game to remain undefeated.

What is going to happen to this column when the thaw finally comes is a big question, but until it does there is still curling.

On Tuesday last week the Ladies held a little Spiel of their own. The four regular rinks took part. Jean Wright came out first and Muriel Alton second. The same two women took their rinks to Bagot Friday and were victorious.

I hesitated to write of the coal shortage at first because rumours about shortages make us humans behave stupidly. Then so many got down to a few day's supply that it was no longer news. Bob Maben went foraging in distant places and got many of us out of a nasty hole. The real news was how many people came so close to being out of fuel without actually being clean out. We seem to have just made it all winter.

Sidney was ably represented at the Carberry Amateur night by Norma Calvert and the Donnie Williams-Myrna Bauer duet. The latter item was prepared for the performance by Mrs. Clair Williams no stranger to most of the readers of the News-Express.

Those in attendance at the Pentecostal Church heard Evangelist William Gamble, Sunday Afternoon. Rev. William Gamble is known to many Sidney People whom he visit-

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Those in attendance at the Pentecostal Church heard Evangelist William Gamble, Sunday Afternoon. Rev. William Gamble is known to many Sidney People whom he visited in hospital while he was pastor in Portage la Prairie. Mr. Gamble has since been engaged in Evangelistic field work.

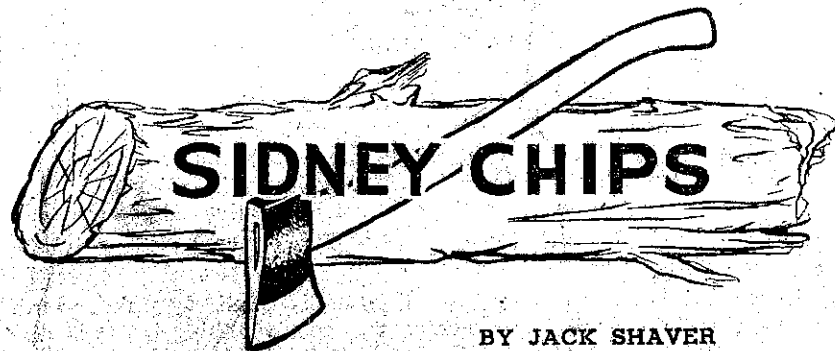
What a day Sunday was! I visited for a few minutes after the morning service with my good friend Clarence Cole, principal of Austin school. We stood on the south side of the car and tried to talk of the state of the world and education in particular. We just couldn't carry on. It was impossible to be gloomy in that weather as it is to be optimistic in the face of disaster. One was reminded of the frailty of the Human Spirit.

There is so little any mere man can do about his spirit. He cannot lift himself out of the depth of despondency any more than he can whip himself into a sense of tragedy when forces beyond his control make him buoyant.

Standing there, with our whole beings warmed by the spring sun we had a foretaste of what the great reformers were getting at when they proclaimed the doctrine of Salvation by Grace. We were also made vividly aware of why this was so: that if Salvation is to come, it must come from beyond man.

March 17, 1948

cont'd.



BY JACK SHAVER

Winter's snow is running in watery streams. I could hardly come in to write these Chips and leave the fun of making troughs for the puddles run off. I wonder if the human spirit ever grows too old to be fascinated by the flowing of spring freshets, or thrilled by striding through deep pools in waterproof foot-wear?

There must be some significance to the experience of standing dry-footed ankle deep in water to give it such universal appeal.

At least one branch of our citizenry has other things on its mind. That it is examination time is no news, but what really is news here is the vigorous rivalry between the grade ten students. You hear of it in the cafe, on the street or wherever the young people meet. It may be strange but it is harmonious music to the teacher.

The Women's Association of the United Church held a successful cafeteria-style supper in Shoemaker's Hall last Wednesday. The one problem of that kind of meal is the irrefutable evidence it gives of how much people eat. In order to continue my happy existence here I shall not report the people who lined up for seconds.

"No Room" was the cry as several people were turned away from the door of the little hall on Friday night. With the help of some Melvin and Arizona artists the Women's Institute put on a fine concert. Fred Peck's orchestra will have a run for its money from now on. In fantastic costume some of the ladies presented a rousing step-dance and orchestra number. It brought down

the house.

The Easter season is upon us. It is so easy for us to be satisfied with only part of the Easter message. We can forget man's social and spiritual catastrophe and give ourselves over to the simply physical aspects of spring's advent. We can let nature itself uplift us: the warm sun; the trickle and rush of melting snow; the smell of bare earth. We can close our eyes to grim reality and let the strains of triumphant Easter music lift us up.

Or we can become fascinated with the hoplessness of the state of affairs so that the Easter message of hope and victory is meaningless. It becomes no more than a spurt of blind wishful thinking.

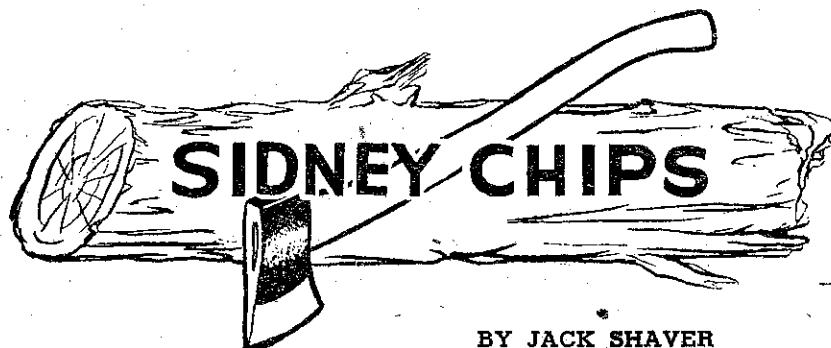
There are words of Saint Paul that keep haunting my mind this Easter Season. "Now we see through a glass darkly". These words come somewhere between the two attitudes and take something from both.

Let us be realistic. Let us see things as they are, hopeless as they appear. We see any hope of victory darkly indeed.

But we do see. There are hints. We can make a beginning in the soul's sojourn of faith. In the very midst of despair we dimly sense the sovereignty of love.

And man increases his faith, not by speculation, not by an act of will, not by closing his eyes to reality, but by ACTING ON WHAT FAITH HE HAS.

The only way to have our faith in the victory of Christ to both real and meaningful is to walk as He walked. The only way we can tell all we meet that He is risen, is to see His Glory through the rays and of our own cross.



BY JACK SHAVER

The Ho Hum season is upon us. Winter's fun is just about wound up, spring work has not yet begun and the state of the roads makes transportation a puzzle. The diehards are still curling as rinks visit back and forth from Austin and the farmers are itching to get on the land. But the spirit of most falls in between.

However there are those with things on their minds and with no time for ho-humming. Some have the annual rush to get out wood while it can still be claimed that there is sleighing at all. Ted Lintott has his daffodils (like the beauties he brought in to the church for Easter) to coach into magnificent bloom. And there is plenty of activity at the John Deere agency.

I suppose you could duplicate what you hear there in every implement agency across the west as men assemble farm machinery. "Well, put it in! Put it in! Do you think I can hold this thing up all day? . . . You put that thing in wrong. No it's right . . . See I told you it was wrong . . . Aha I told you it was right!" Doubtless other things besides assembling farm machinery bring out the vanity in man, but that activity will always seem to have a peculiar nack at it.

Last Thursday evening in the

Pentecostal church, Rev. E. S. Berry came to Sidney with his new projector and showed the film "The Man That Forgot God". This investment in visual education is sure to prove well worth while.

On Tuesday evening the CGIT entertained the Trail Ranger camp at a tramp and pie feed. The tramp suffered a little at the hands of the weatherman but no "ho hum" circumstances could prevail against the positive enjoyment of pastry consumption. Especially such excellent pastry.

Thursday evening at the monthly birthday party of the Junior WA something a little different took place. This time the husbands (or failing them any male) were invited, and they came.

Sidney may be unlike other places but this is the first time this columnist has seen this age group of women at house party with their husbands. No one knew beforehand how it was going to come off. Each man came with the conviction that he would be the only one there outside the minister and he is considered to be used to that sort of thing. We all liked our looks and hoped we would get together again.

Because of Mr. McLeod's prescribed convalescence I was invited to take his place at the Good Friday service in the Presbyterian church, Carberry. There is no doubt in my mind that such Holy Week services of united witness are one of the most valuable habits a town can have. It would be impossible to measure what this joint marking of the most sacred of all weeks can mean to a community.

It was marked in other ways in many places. When I came home I faced a sharp contrast which may serve to highlight what I mean. Mrs. Chips had been listening to the radio most of the day. Perhaps it was true of only one station but she had heard not one piece of sacred music. A popular program came on the air and in that boistrous voice

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Just now when we are in the midst of a mighty struggle to save our way of life I wonder if we can. If the spiritual insight of our secular society is of that depth we can see how desperately it needs to be rescued. And the vital contribution of such meetings as were held at Carberry becomes apparent.

March 31, 1948

cont'd

April 7, 1948

BY JACK SHAVER

We are all wishing the weather man would make up his mind, in our favor. The roads (and fields) are letting a few people with strong constitutions get some pre-seeding business done but otherwise it has been an off week. At least I hope so as I have been away from home for most of it.

Monday was an all day trip up to Edrans by car and sleigh. I went up for the burial of Mrs. Campbell, mother of Wes Campbell. As well as meeting some old friends I took a look at the new curling rink. It is a work of beauty. I was not surprised to learn that the good eye and construction experience of A. Schneider superintended the building. The rink walls are made of squared logs stood on end. There is a concrete foundation to the rink and floor to the waiting room. The latter is a good size and will serve club and community meetings. There is a wide board walk the length of the rink. The gables and eaves are finished in fine modern style. When the whole is stuccoed the building will be a magnificent credit to this small community.

The rest of the week was spent in Winnipeg. It would be wrong to say that on that visit I was completely out of touch with Sidney. It was almost an old home week in Winnipeg for Sidney residents. People were in getting everything from farm machinery to the new look.

Orville Wright is in the General hospital and his family have moved from the Freeborn Farm and will be staying in Winnipeg to be near him. The original chipper Bruce Johnson is as chipper as ever and ran a small Old Home Week of his own as Sidney people kept dropping in.

Even two strangers I met at the Blood Bank were interested when they heard my address. One of them knew the Pearn family and the other was living in a house that J. McIntyre built.

When I looked up Professor Longman, long time dean of men's residence at United College, he related several stories passed on to him by his milk man concerning a woman customer. The milkman was amazed at the health and independence of this elderly lady who lived alone. She was the Mrs. Campbell I buried on the Monday before.

The reason I was looking up the dean was to get in touch with a third year student Ken Moffatt by name. This son of a Gregg farmer and candidate for the ministry in the United Church of Canada has been newly appointed the student missionary at Edrans. We had a

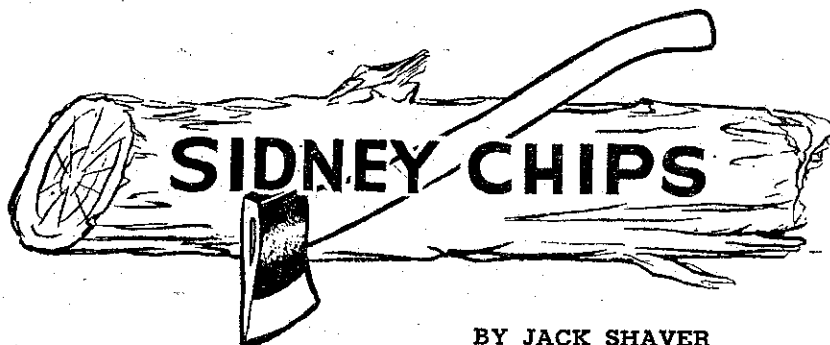
good visit and are looking forward to working together. It so happens that I will be his supervisor this summer.

All this news connected with Sidney was gleaned in distant parts. It is good to know we make some splash abroad.

I came home to find that very little snow had melted and that curling was not dead. Two teams had been up from Carberry and at least at Saturday night the rink was still going strong.

I made a discovery last week. What does a man want most to know when he is on a bed of pain with the grim reaper threatening? He wants most to know the meaning of life. His concern is not with the meaning of death or even the nature of the country beyond. His concern is for the meaning of life.

Thousands of years ago that discovery was made. It is a humbling experience to see how much we have to learn from the ancients. It is also with a deep feeling of kinship that we read from the pen of a Psalmist of long ago lines revealing great insight like "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."



BY JACK SHAVER

The one comfort I have about this job at this time of the year is, that the other correspondents are having as much trouble as I am finding news.

The Canadian Legion members of the area are pleased with the response of the community to thier appeal. Over one hundred dollars have been contributed to the benefit fund. Credit for the success of the drive goes to comrade Jack Baker.

On Monday night last week Rev.

Berry was down from Carberry showing sound films in the Pentecostal Church. It is believed one short feature was produced in Winnipeg's Calvary Temple. A man and wife played the xylophone, bells, chimes, piano and saxophone. They both gave testimony.

Curling died here Thursday night April 8. I thought we held some sort of a record until I heard that Edrans had been curling the Saturday following. It would seem that the length of the season is in inverse proportion to the age of the rink. At MacGregor, the Curling Club, fearful of the burden of indecision, locked its rink up although it still had good ice.

One week from the day the last rock was thrown the Sidney Curling Club will hold its Annual Meeting and Social Evening:— Shoemaker's Hall, Thursday, April 15.

Mrs. Murray Ham has a keep sake she let me borrow. It is a copy of the "Sidney Spectator" for Thursday, December 30, 1909. This eight page paper is volumn 1 number 1 of a publication presented under new management. H. O. Rand, Editor and Publisher.

The reporting of "Locals" is unchanged since then. The usual visiting at Christmas is taking place. Mrs. Hassard, the wife of Sidney's resident Doctor, fell on the curling rink and broke her arm. Austin held an all night Christmas Dance. This next item we must quote "Our progressive Councillor, Mr. Frank Avery, has carried to a succesful conclusion the work which he started before the elections. We now have four splendid Pitner gasoline lamps on our main street, and we venture to say that no town equal size in Manitoba has a more up to date and efficient street lighting equipment than Austin".

ry Ham's grade 2, and Orville and Fred Wright's grade 6 standings at Christmas were published by the Spectator. The women of England were winning the vote. Laurier's health was not good and he was expected to retire. It was thought the Hon. Mr. Fielding would succeed him. Wilbur and Orville Wright were complaining that a French Flying machine was violating their patent rights. In Black Pool, England a new aeroplane record was set Henry Farman covered 30 miles and 1,577 yards. Count De Lambert called "the Silent" had Paris agog by flying in a wide sweep over the southern part of the city.

There was a great fuss and fury in a paper in Portland Oregon because it was estimated that 70,000 Americans would migrate into Canada that year taking with them \$70,000,000. The real tragedy however was the fact that these people had forsaken the land of the free to dwell under a monarch. The reason for their going is credited to the stability and enforcement of Canadian Law, and, of all things the lower protective tarriff.

One thing we gain by looking back into the past is a certain reluctance to be too certain about what the future will bring.

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Nor is Sidney without its progressive thoughts. New houses were built. Industries were expanded. It would not be long until Sidney would become an incorporated town. All it needed was a bank and Board of Trade to "Boom".

The centre four pages of the paper, two of which you see upside down, are Boiler Plate. After reading them I know how our fathers got along without radio commercials. In this part of the paper the patent medicines, ad's, etc., appear as news stories. And by the time you read half the story headed "What Neglect Did For Him" you find it is a testimony on behalf of Kidney Pills. I suppose the readers then got as adept at passing up these stories as we are at cutting the commercials.

Are the prices ever interesting! October Wheat No. 1 northern-88c - Oats 50c - Barley 40c - Butter 15c - Eggs 17c doz. - Wood, dry \$4.00. And the Sidney Realty Co. advertize \$3,000.00 cash sale farms which will pay for themselves in a few years!

Here are a few things that were happening in the world when Mur-

ance to be too certain about what the future will bring.

April 14, 1948

cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

Please teacher may I go out. Three days of sunshine and this is the first chance I have to move some earth and burn some grass. There is no news worth mentioning anyway.

On Thursday Night the Curling Club held its Annual Meeting. Treasurer, Chas Wright, reported receipts (including a substantial bank balance from the previous year) of \$625.11. The total expenses were \$380.37, leaving a credit balance of 244.74 Secretary Norman Cumming had found the minutes of the last annual meeting. The news of note was that last year the annual meeting was held almost a month earlier. One whole month more curling at no extra cost!

The elections and railroading were as follows: President, D. Beswitherick; Vice-president, Dave Leslie; Secretary, Jack Shaver; Treasurer, Chas Wright; Directors; Fred Wright, Murray Ham; Les Shoemaker, F. Dankesreiter, Dave Smith. Les Shoemaker was appointed as Drawmaster. The Ladies who played in their own rinks but entered the field in both the regular schedule and the Bonspiel against the men last year will be forming their own organization next season. Two of their executives will be on the directorate of the Club.

I was going in the same direction as neighbor Fred Peck but had to hail him several times to get him to slow down for me to catch up. I asked him what the hurry was and he replied that there was none at all but that in a few days he was going to have to hurry and he was just getting in the habit.

Here was just another way of putting what everyone in our western grain country feels just now; that swelling of anticipation as seedtime approaches. What is there about seedtime that stirs the blood. What's news about this quickening of the spirit which as an annual experience is as old as agricultural man spread as arable land? What is to be done with the wealth of damp earth.

with universal forces like growth and decay and the changing of seasons.

Old as the experience is, it is still news. Not a spring comes or passes but what scribes in every publication in the world try to have something significant to say about it.

Perhaps it will always be news because it is an experience we all so desperately covet. That is a sense of belonging to the ages. Life is filled with so much that is temporary, uncertain and fleeting. It is just because the breathless anticipation of seed time is so elemental that it is so reassuring and almost consecrating. That sense of a community being poised for the coming of seed time has moved the heart of man for 5,000 years. As we thrill to it we join our late stone-age ancestors as they made ready to sow their split wheat and barley.

Last week the annual congregational meeting was held at the Pentecostal church. Rev. Berry of Carberry was chairman and Mrs. Cliff McIntyre was secretary, Charles McIntyre, George Beswitherick, Jack McIntyre, Elton Beswitherick, were elected to the board. Miss Lamina Leggo was appointed secretary. Mrs. Cliff McIntyre was placed in charge of music and any choir work that might be done. Mrs. Geo. Beswitherick, Sunday school secretary. The congregation discussed plans to put a basement under its building and add rooms for a parsonage.

We have some new neighbors. Mrs. Leggo and Miss Lamina Leggo have moved in to the house just behind the Church and Parsonage. Miss Petrie pastor at the Pentecostal Church stays with them. The house has been vacant all winter so this move does not set off a whole series.

We have been concerned for some time with the lack of news. It would seem that many things conspired on Friday last to make up in one night for all the dull weeks.

Friday night the Women's Institute at Arizona put on a concert in aid of the Cancer Fund. The one and only women's orchestra made up of W. I. Members at Sidney was asked to take down a number. I was to help out as chairman.

As quite a few people around here will have no trouble recalling it rained Friday. Five happy ladies and their instruments and their costumes and I came to a sudden stop about three miles from Arizona. In the darkness I had taken a wrong rut.

Any reader can testify to what happened next, it happens to anyone who gets stuck. First there was the period of indecision. "What do we do now?" During this period everyone gets in and out a couple of times. A few sink in the mud. All get damp as we stand about listening to each other's ideas.

Finally a Jeep shows up from the Concert Hall, looking for the rest of the performers. There follows some more indecision and it looks like the night will be spent after this fashion. Eventually the instruments are loaded into the Jeep and the performers (they are wet by now any-

way) into the back, they are off. At least one place underfoot is not soup. One rear tire has spewed out its inner tube Sir -Walter -Raleigh like, and spread it on the ground at the car door. End of episode one.

A rescue party from Sidney came after me. Before the rescue was complete we had borrowed a neighbor's tractor (he wasn't home to object) and completed the job of turning the road into soup. That night there was nothing unique about our experience. Those attending the concert from all directions and similar experiences. All night long whenever you stepped outside the concert hall you hard, mingled with the coarse laughter of the drinkers, the put-put of a tractor. And it is certain it wasn't pulling a seed drill.

Episode three consisted in getting home.

Again the problem was general. We heard afterwards that Howard Kneeshaw, who committed the indiscretion of buying a farm alongside a muskeg, was pulling cars out of mud-holes until 3 a.m.

I have something to do with the leadership of two Trail Ranger Camps. Very central in this programme is the yarn about Life's Trails. How there are no sharp corners; How it is easy to take the wrong one; How you bounce over the prairies to get back on the right one; And how others will follow your trail whether it is right or wrong.

Episode three gave me a certain amount of personal - experience - material for the next time I see this yarn. We came home a different way through the sand hills. The fog added to the confusion. We bumped over the prairie. We took the wrong trail. Although we went out of our way we recognized our mistake and made an about-turn to come home.

One more thing happened to give me one further illustration. Bill Hall came after us in the fog he followed our tracks. He went only a few feet farther than we did and came to rest in the midst of a stream that had crossed the road.

* * *
Austin Sidney Pastoral Charge

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

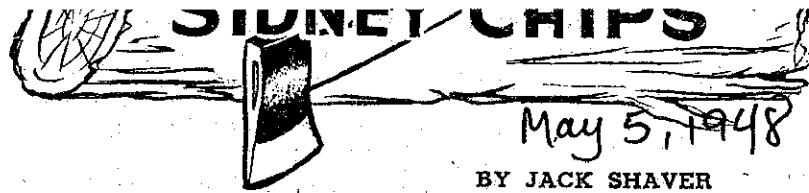
Note change to Summer Hours

Sidney Worship 11.00 a.m.

Austin 7.30 p.m.

April 28, 1948

Sidney Chips



BY JACK SHAVER

There is every possibility that the Chips will be damp this week. Wash day and Deadline Day have never been too safe a mixture but when Mrs. Chips contracts for a bout of flu it becomes trebly difficult to keep the Chips out of the wash tub and both out of the formula. The final ignominy will be if the Chips are both damp and dry.

Generally speaking the news this week is the open roads. The adult human acquires a certain reticence otherwise the heels of many a citizen would be kicking as high as any calf when he is first freed in the spring. Many cars from the south and north country are seen for the first time for many months. What a feeling of freedom and yet of belonging.

There are other signs of spring, late or not. The elevator grain-cleaner is rolling away. In this generation of Truck Transport the youngsters are excited by the unfamiliar activity in the stock yards. Road restrictions and the price of cattle have combined to give them a free cowboy show.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorn Porter and family have moved into half of Bill Sylvester's house. Bill by the way is expected home from Deer Lodge soon. The reports are that he has been greatly encouraged by the excellent treatment he has received

there for the after-effects of his polio infection.

Dave Higgins, the mechanic at the John Deere agency, is all excited about a new job, with increased responsibility, which is waiting for him at Pilot Mound. On behalf of the District "Good Luck Dave, Mrs. Higgins and Vickie."

Friday night the Little Hall was lit up again (with the help of several extensions from W. Ironsides.) The Sidney Womens' Institute held a Whist Drive and Crokinole Tournament.

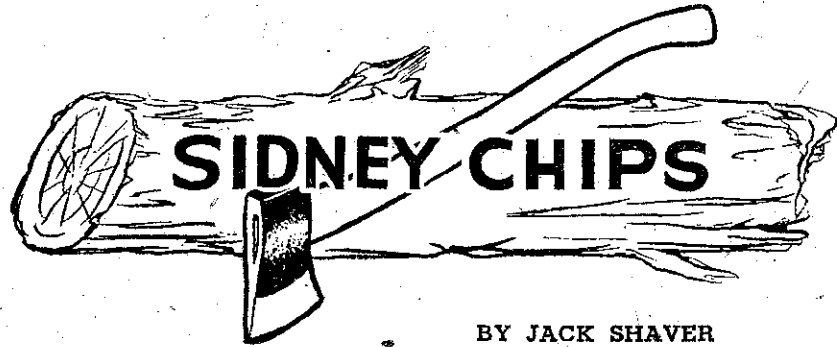
I have not measured the respective distances between Pleasant Point and Carberry and Pleasant Point and Sidney but until I am corrected I'll consider that School district my territory.

I would like to get away with it this week anyway because there was an event down there last Saturday that is worth reporting. The Mission Band held a little Service and Afternoon Tea. It was a splendid time. Mrs. Burnham Calvert and Miss Jones had done some excellent raining. There were some very good voices and real talent in recreation in evidence. Young Sam Jarvis was in charge of the Service. He conducted it with dignified confidence that was unruffled by emergencies.

Next Sunday is Mother's Day. So it is commercialized, so commercial interests conceived it. So what! It still fills a gap. It is as if the conscience of America was bothered by its small show of gratitude for all the unselfishness that is in this world.

One strange thing about it is that without prompting by the Church it has become a Church Festival. I wish we could discover why. In a day when the community is neglecting more and more events of the Church Calendar along comes a secular day and irresistibly puts itself on the Church Calendar.

Maybe the best thing to do is to leave well enough alone. If we do too much analyzing it may fall apart. Just gaze in humble wonder at the phenomenon of the community's being seized by sentiment it can best express by gathering for public worship.



BY JACK SHAVER

The weather is almost warm today. However, should you be talking to any of the farmers riding their outfits from dawn 'til dark, you would doubtless receive a different interpretation. Seeding is going on a pace despite the temperature. Several have mentioned to me that they have their what almost in. Only a very few have even their garden stuff in.

Jack Barber has the chance of a job at the Rivers Air Port but housing difficulties may queer that. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gibson, the high school and junior room teachers, plan to move to Minnedosa next fall. They feel they have lots of time yet to worry about the housing situation. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were to Minnedosa this week to find out, first hand, how Mrs. Gibson's parents weathered the flash flood. They returned with stories which make it clear why high water and the weather regions are associated in American vocabulary.

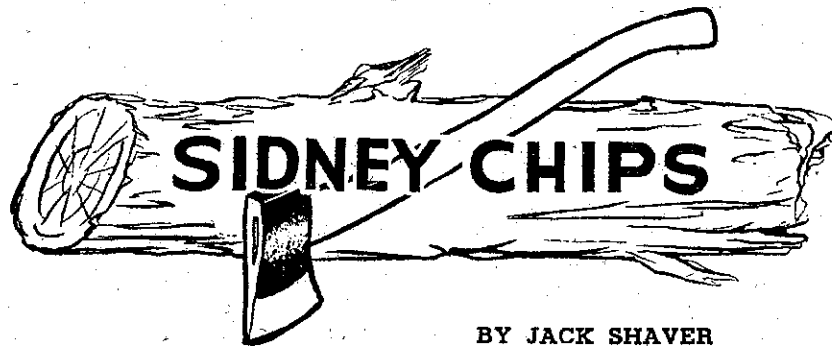
The girls' cooking class, sponsored by the Women's Institute under the direction of the Extension Department, held a Demonstration Supper Saturday afternoon. About thirteen girls from the ages of 10 to 13 years have been meeting Saturdays in Miss Tranna Calvert's kitchen. They have completed a course outlined by the Department on food and nutrition. Mrs. Fred Wright and Mrs. Howard Lintott have done the instructing. The remaining part of the course is on home canning.

Twenty four mothers and girls gathered in the little hall for a "Balanced supper" prepared and served by the class. The press, not being a mother, was not invited, but those present enjoyed Cream of Tomato soup, Combination salad and Hot Breads, Light Cake and Whipped Cream, and Beverage.

Everyone is happy about seeing Frank Lintott driving the car around a bit of late. We all hope it means he is enjoying better health. Something is abroad that is knocking a lot of people out. We are all calling it Flu. Among the hardest hit was Ed Sylvester who has been hospitalized at Brandon. Mr. Sylvester is some better.

The Trail Ranger Camp and CGIT group are planning to attend the Youth Service Tuesday Night at Carberry.

Tony Topolinski, Section foreman with the CPR, has reached a milestone this week. He retires from the railroad. He received official notification that Monday was to be his last day. But by his figures he still has Tuesday to put in, so by crackie he is going to put it in!



BY JACK SHAVER

Please, I want to work in the garden! I think I must have forgotten what a genuine, 100% spring day does to a chap. The freshness of sunshine after rain, the budding of the trees, the call of the birds, the wonderful shades of green, have all combined to make me as giddy as any Lake Poet. Perhaps it is just as well these days come only so often. Think of all the time and paper we would waste all trying to be lake poets. And who would put the crop in?

Just to prove that there are a number of places I don't get, I had to read the News-Express to find out about the baseball league and that Sidney was planning to enter a team. However Stan Smith has informed me that there is nothing definite to report at this end as yet. No organizing has been done. Judging from what is going on on Railway Street these fine evenings, there will be a few sore arms to start the season.

For Sunday the Pentecostal Church had planned special youth services for afternoon and evening. "Christs Ambassadors" a group of young people from Calvary Temple Winnipeg were to have conducted the services but the closing of Number 1 Highway due to flood conditions prevented their coming. Good services were held anyway. Rev. J. Johnson preached the evening service.

Last Sunday was the feast of Pentecost. Pentecost was the outstanding festival of the early Church because it marked its birth. In many Churches across the world Whitsunday, May 16, was World Council Sunday. Many thousands across the world hope this will mark a rebirth.

The purpose of this was to make people aware of the Ecumenical Movement. This is a big name for a

thrilling and spectacular movement among the Churches of the world. Most simply but it is a movement towards unity and co-operation. But it includes far more than this. It means appreciation of one another's traditions, a recognition that we have all failed to be the true Church. A recognition that Christ is much bigger than any of our definitions of Him, a new search for the true function of the Church, and the bursting forth of true Christian love between men.

The other reason for celebrating World Council Sunday was to call the Church of the world to United Prayer on behalf of this movement, that it will continue to be moved by the Holy Spirit. It has moved in wondrous ways. In 1816 at meetings of the Board of the American Bible Society it was not possible to offer prayer. During the last ten years, right through the war period, 130 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox Churches, voted in their own courts, or ecclesiastical bodies to enter the proposed Council of Churches. These represent all but two or three Protestant communions of the world. The First meeting will take place in August, in Amsterdam. It has the prayers of a sick world.

On Tuesday our Trail Ranger camp and CGIT group attended the Youth Meeting of the Presbyterial at Carberry. It was an exceptionally good time. The Ladies are to be congratulated for conceiving such a night and putting it over. The Church was packed. The Fellowship of the Young People during the lunch the ladies provided, was an experience.

One striking feature was the way the meeting illustrated the factor of GROWTH in the Christian life. I am sure all who took part would appreciate what I mean. Three Carberry teen age boys conducted the

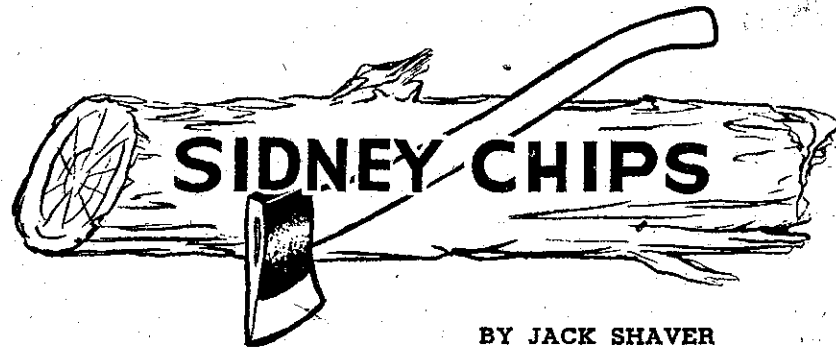
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And who looking either backward or forward would say which was the more important or thrilling experience? Any of us, in a position to change the process, would want it to remain the same; would want to take those same thrilling steps.

May 19, 1948

Cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

I tried very hard to get out of this. Former Axeman Bruce Johnson is in town for the holiday and I tried to get a guest column out of him. I have good reason for asking him. It is another swell day for working outside, and his arrival last night occasioned a very late chin-wag. However it meant he was up as late as I was, and with his day beginning on Winnipeg's Daylight time it would seem even later for him. Had he written this it might have been as fuzzy as this will no doubt be.

The Sidney Community is going to loose the Ocean Johnson family. Mr. Johnson who has been doing electrical work North of Carberry will soon be moving to that fair town. Mrs. J. Obrien. has moved into that part of the Proudlock house vacated by the Vic Bauers. Into her former home have Mr. and Mrs. Stan Sylvester and baby Graham, of Winnipeg. Stan is working on the C. P. R. Section.

Mr. Chas. Hunter, School Board Chairman has been looking this week for boarding places for the two new teachers. Beginning in the fall the new principle of the school will be Mr. K. D. Bruce of Medora. The teacher in the intermediate room, Miss Donna Wedow of Virden.

Last week the Women's Institute earned the name of Busy Beaver. The Red Cross Committee headed up the quilting of five quilts. The committee, which consists of Mrs. D. Beswitherick - convener, Mrs. Ruth Sr. Mrs. W. Peck, Mrs. Howie and Mrs. Dolmar, kept setting up the frames in the class room of the United Church. The women kept coming and quilting whenever they could. The operation was completed on schedule.

Monday night Sidney Ball Players got together for practice and organization. I understand there was good interest last year with no league. Let us hope that the interest will be increased with this chance to play, and that we see the beginning of the long development towards good ball playing.

The Sidney School is as ready as it can be for the Carberry field Day.

Last Friday the Arizona, Melvin and Edrans Schools went to the Austin Field Day. Weather — perfect. Time — excellent. Who can resist young people at good vigorous play?

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But there is more to it than that. When young people are engaged in physical exertion that demands discipline and practice, you can almost see their characters growing. When young people put effort into developing a skill and enjoy solid accomplishment you can almost see their soul unfolding. It is as thrilling to behold as the rapid blooming of the leaves with their many shades of green bursting over the countryside. And what is more fun?

May 26, 1948

cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

Let's admit the truth. Your columnist is no longer the wielder of an axe, if he ever was one, but rather the wielder of a rake. As the weeks go by fewer chips fly, and more old ones are gathered for consumption. With the late season everyone seems to be busy with his own pursuits, including the man with the rake, and there has been little time for community activities.

Last week the pinch of the shortage of ministers was felt in the district again. The Mekawin Pastoral Charge has been left with no hope of getting a man. In an endeavor to partly meet the situation the Edrans Student Charge has been enlarged to include Knox Church Helston. Ken Moffatt already has four appointments. Fridale, Pine Creek, Orangeville, and Edrans. He will be holding services alternately in Helston and Orangeville. (Both Ken and I got a surprise upon visiting Knox Church last week. It is a splendid building. There must have been a great deal of work and organization up there at one time.

The official Board for the Sidney and Austin Pastoral Charge met in the Parsonage Thursday night. It appointed as delegates to the meeting of Manitoba Conference Mrs. Dave Smith of Sidney and Miss Elizabeth Graham of Austin. John Poole was appointed from the Edrans Student Field at a meeting the same night.

Sidney attended the Carberry Field Day. Our representation brought back some shining faces but not because of any prizes won. The pink glow was the result of the sun and wind. Lloyd McGowan of the high school brought his arm home in a sling as the result of a

practice jump.

I can't seem to get much information about baseball in these parts. A MacGregor team came up Friday night for a warm up game. I have not been able to get a straightforward report on the game from anyone. However some indication of the proceedings may be gained from the fact that the boys have come to me saying "Look, we need you out there, with a glove on!"

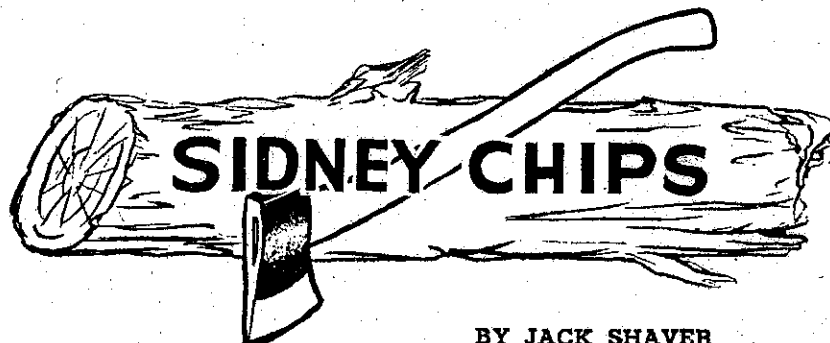
On Sunday the student from MacGregor held service in the Anglican Church. Mr. Milburn will be conducting services here on alternate Sundays at 3.45 p.m.

I ran across this little news item this week. The U.S. Senate was unable to override President Truman's veto of a Bill to make presidential appointees to the Atomic Energy Commission subject to a Loyalty check by the FBI. Here we have the spectacle of a single individual championing civil rights against encroachment by the people's elected representatives.

This sort of thing happens oftener than we realize. It makes our easy modern definitions of Democracy look silly. The modern mind easily slips into thinking of Democracy as the rule of the majority. And that's plain wrong. Especially during the times of high tension this definition is dangerous to liberty.

We modern democrats like to scorn the ancient dogma of the Divine Right of Kings. We reject this tyranny in favour of the "will of the people". But we seem to have forgotten that even the old fashioned despot considered his sovereignty as coming from God.

Civil authority still is a divine trust. The change we have made is due to our belief that through the technique of responsible government we best discover the Divine Will. But the unbridled will of the majority, without divine sanctions, can be as frightful a tyranny as any despotism. And it will be, without the vigilance of liberty loving citizens.



BY JACK SHAVER

Whoever would want to make a mountain out of a mole hill? If these Chips don't make the deadline it will be because your columnist found a molehill itself formidable enough. I have spent more time than I should setting a trap along one of the rodent's passages under my lawn.

Last Monday evening at a meeting in Shoemaker's Hall the permanent Board of Directors for the local Pool Elevator Association was appointed. After passing the By-laws the Provisional Board stepped down and seven directors were elected. Ern Beswitherick, Capt. Beeby, Fred Peck, Elwood Cowan, John Coltart, Bill Alton and Harry Peck will form the Board.

Following the general meeting the Board met to select its executive. Fred Peck was elected President, Bill Alton Vice-President, Roy

McDonald was appointed Secretary from outside the Board. Capt. Beeby was elected delegate to the annual meeting of the Pool.

The Junior Women's Association of the United Church met Tuesday night. Just to show you how well informed I am, I almost had to read the Chips to find out that my wife was elected President for the coming year. Nobody tells me anything.

The Ladies' Aid held a tea at the Wm. Alton home Saturday afternoon. The C.G.I.T. group went to the show in Carberry Wednesday night. This was its Spring closing. There will be no more meetings until next Fall. The Explorer Club held a Picnic Friday afternoon as its closing meeting.

There will be a meeting this week or representatives from various organizations in the community to plan the Sidney Picnic. The Forrester's Lodge will be in charge of sports. The ladies' groups will serve a supper and the W.I. is expecting to sponsor a dance in the evening.

On Sunday "Christ's Ambassadors," a young people's group from Calvary Temple, complete with Sound Truck visited the Pentecostal Church. Both afternoon and evening services were held.

Jack Baker's housing problem has changed its locale. He now has a flagging job with the C.P.R. at Portage and the family will be moving there when he can get accommodation.

Alex McCreadie also has a job at Portage. The family will be moving soon. In the meantime merchants are doing their own draying. I hope I won't have to do the same thing with my coal.

Bob Maben has bought the store at Firdale. The Mabens will be moving out there while the George Shoemaker family will occupy their house in Sidney. George, who has the John Deere agency in town, has bought Bob's trucking business.

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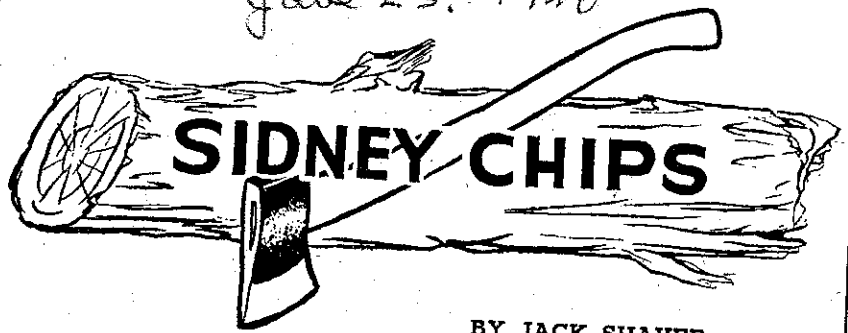
I must have something to say about baseball while the saying is still good. By the time this goes to press the story may be different. It is true, in spite of the fact that I was asked to play (one night I was in Winnipeg), that Sidney has won its first two scheduled games! Everyone is biting fingernails in concern over one thing: Steve Kacawchuk's pitching arm. If there was only some way of preserving it from harm.

The boys are looking after minor problems like the fact that Steve is behind in his land work. Neighbors Stan Smith and Arnold Obrien have both been giving him a hand. But no one seems to know quite what to do about his arm, except worry.

In the meantime it is grand to watch excitement grip the community. The kind of excitement that unites people, and moves working outfits from one farm to the neighbor's.

June 9, 1948

June 23, 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

It is a good thing that mine is a roving assignment. What with the meeting of Manitoba Conference and other matters I have been kept out of touch with Sidney. A few stray Chips have fallen into the basket however.

The Lawrence family is just getting used to new arrival Maxime Elizabeth, Les Shoemaker and Fred Wright and wives have been heard from. A phone call informed friends of the district that they are now in Toronto. The Hudson got them to Niagara Falls in good time for the Forester's Convention. Now that it is over they are visiting in the east for the rest of their holiday.

Friday afternoon I visited the school on what was a misunderstood errand. Word has got around that I am batching and I was accused of showing up because there was a lunch. However the occasion of my visit was a little farewell for Jack Gibson's and two of the children.

In presenting the gifts Bette Thorn read the address to Agnes Maben, Terry Williams to Bob McCreadie and Francis Topolinski to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson.

Speaking for both husband and wife Jack Gibson thanked the school and added how happy they were in their stay here. He congratulated the school on its record and on the fact that there were no problem children.

Friday night the Board of Stewards of the Arizona United Church Congregation met at Ern Bagnals. Plans were made for holding an annual meeting.

On Sunday Ken Moffatt took the services on the Austin-Sidney Pastoral Charge. Folk are happy about getting acquainted with this candidate for the ministry. I took his services in order that I might conduct the Sacraments on the Student Charge.

Friday is the Sidney Picnic. I suppose that means rain.

Had I been writing a column last paper I would have mentioned some of the high lights of the meeting of Manitoba Conference. However as far as that week went I believe Mrs. Chips was in on the high spot. While I minded the children outside my wife played and sang old hymns in the hall of the ward in which Dad was hospitalized. She started rather timidly. Then voices joined in. All patients who had

that there has fallen on me a mantle I am in no wise fit to wear.

Perhaps the bereaved need not comfort so much as faith that there is grace sufficient for all responsibility.

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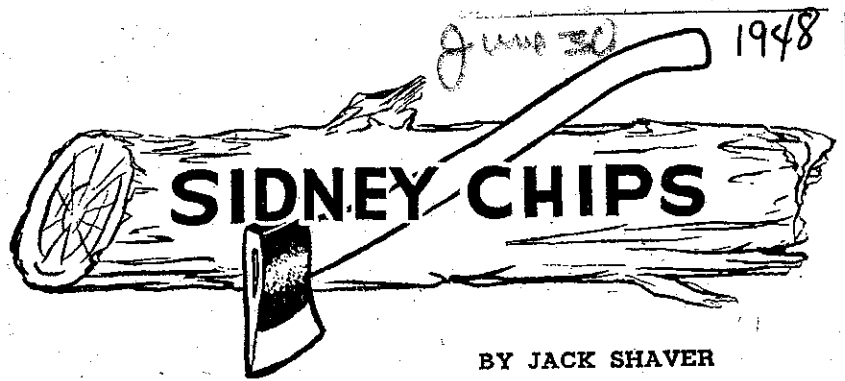
Had I been writing a column last paper I would have mentioned some of the high lights of the meeting of Manitoba Conference. However as far as that week went I believe Mrs. Chips was in on the high spot. While I minded the children outside my wife played and sang old hymns in the hall of the ward in which Dad was hospitalized. She started rather timidly. Then voices joined in. All patients who had means of locomotion gathered around. A bass was discovered. One of the nurses was an alto. Soon different ones were calling for favorites. I missed the whole thing but even the reflected glory in the faces of my wife and mother was an experience.

I feel rather at home in this column now so I think I'll go ahead with this. The passing of my Dad has been a revealing experience. This is the first of such experiences for me, and I had no idea it would be like this.

Grief does not describe what happened at all. It was crowded out by two other experiences: An overwhelming gratitude for an association and kinship that nothing can take away, and an unnerving sense

June 23, 1948

Cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

As I type, there are thunder showers on and off. The Sidney Picnic, rained out last Friday, was to be held today. The uncertain skies must be a strain on the public spirited folk who planned and who are in charge of the picnic, to say nothing of the children and young people.

It brings to mind the host of over-worked people in every community who keep doing these public jobs and keep trying to interest others, but are so often left to bare the load alone. What would we do without them?

Anyone who is familiar with community life in this country reserves a peculiar quality of disgust for the attitude of nice little reformers and half cooked do-gooders who blissfully face social problems with snappy answers. "There is nothing for the young people to do." "The community ought to be providing for the interests of the young".

One has a fervent wish that these bright boys would put half the energy spent in finger-waggings into the thankless legwork of providing these things.

Sidney folk are close enough to the soil however to respond to the rain with an overall feeling of joy. It came in time to save the life of the gardens and no doubt did as much for crops.

With the season's late start and breakneck speed in catching up there seems to be no time off this year. Perhaps this idea that the pre-haying season is a light time has always been a myth. With every man and his dog trying to crowd something into the season is certainly has become one.

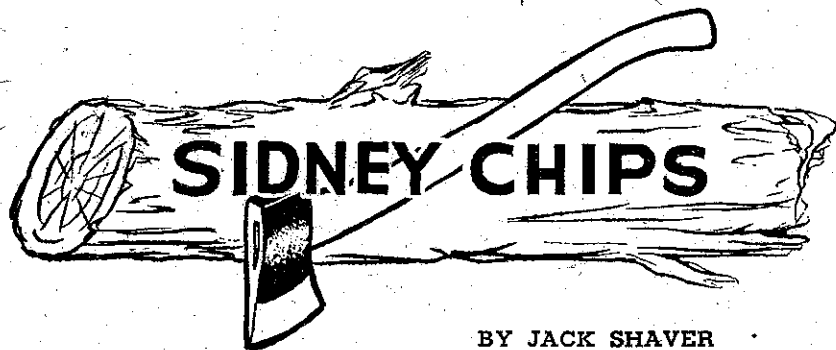
Between plowing and rains and even haying we pack in the local

picnics, Melvin-Sight Hill Wednesday and Arizona Thursday. In some ways these little affairs are the most fun, and perhaps make the greatest contribution. Responsibility spreads farther, there is more participation, the local community life is given a real shot in the arm. We are all for them, in spite of the stiff old bodies and solemn resolutions never again to enter a sack race or a soft-ball game.

If you peek into the little community hall you will see the formation of an institution. The food-bar and booths of a small town cafe. Geo. Proudlock has rented the Hall for a few years and is moving his business into this larger premises.

The United Church services at Melbourne and Pleasant Point on Sunday were conducted by Mr. Sam Burch. If the Church in Canada weathers the crisis of the ministerial shortage it will be because of laymen who put up with the inconvenience of shouldering responsibility.

On Sunday the United Church Sunday School met in its last session for the summer. Recognition was made of faithfulness and individual endeavour. The reward really belongs to the faithful teachers and officers who conducted an above-average School this year. But being the kind of people they are, they have their reward in the knowledge that something very worth doing has been done.



BY JACK SHAVER

This is that HOT Monday. After some searching I finally discovered the coolest spot in town outside Dave Leslie's meat cooler. This is being typed in the Imperial Oil Office. As I type, former Chipper brother Johnson is calling for tools. He is on his back under his little car tightening up a couple of hundred loose bolts. As the linotype man sets this up he is faced with horrible yellow copy paper. If this makes the press you will understand, there is some cause for the kind of journalism it is.

After dashing off the last column I found that they held the Sidney picnic anyway, between showers. You could sure tell you were among farmers and people who depend on farm wealth, as there was absolutely no hard feelings about the weather. Perhaps the crowd was smaller than usual but it was in wonderful tune, slithering ball players and all.

Otherwise this week most of the Sidney news was made abroad. What with Brandon Fair, Neepawa and Austin Sports day, and MacGregor Exhibition, our fair town was evacuated.

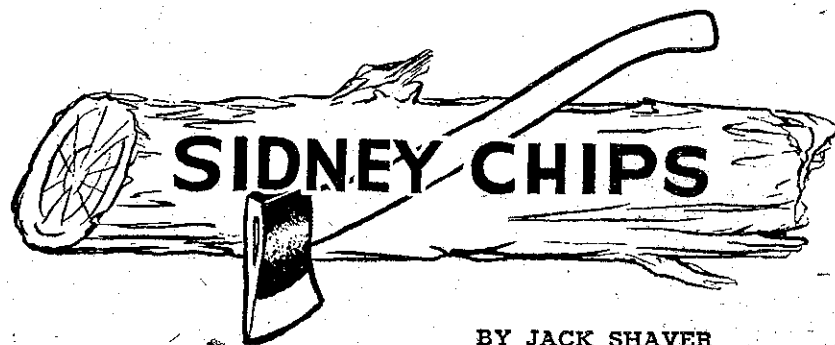
Student minister Ken Moffatt was talked into catching for the Sidney team at the Austin Sports. In the first and only game Sidney played, against Douglas, he first had the back of his hand collide with a bat; then as his limb grew large and colorful it got in the way of a fast ball that split a didgit.

Out for a holiday from meat cutting was former ace Harold Brown. The Combination of Sidney and July 1 brought back such vivid memories that he just had to get out there and play for the old team.

Speaking of holidays, Dave Smith says his two weeks holiday from the Elevator is beginning. Until July 22 the Elevator will be closed, he hopes.

Rev. Bruce Johnson and family came to their home congregation (Sidney of course) for the baptism of Bonnie Faye. Last Sunday before their worshiping friends they took the ancient vows of Christian parents.

Next Sunday (July 11) while this little fellow is at Wasaga United



BY JACK SHAVER

The only reason these are called SIDNEY Chips is because that is the location of the typewriter which bangs them out. I never seem to be in this town long enough to gather many local chips and must perforce substitute others from abroad.

Sports days, rains, and now the beginning of the busier season have all combined to slow down baseball. Sidney still has four games to play and it is becoming very hard to get a full team on the diamond.

Geo. Proudlock's new situation was ready just in time to be christened by visiting Telephone men. A crew of Manitoba Telephone System men is working in the community. They are raising appetites at least, and keep Geo. hopping at noon.

I got just a little fill-in on the trip Les Shoemaker's and Fred Wright's took to Niagara and points east. They saw the Ford Museum, Detroit, drove and drove and drove and find they were just a few miles from the up town part of Chicago, they saw just enough of Toronto to be unimpressed. Fred took the Thousand-Island boat trip from Kingston.

The real thrill however was Niagara Falls and environs. Indefatigable Fred took all the trips. Under the falls, over the whirl pool, on the cable car, up Brock's monument, and the boat trip through the gorge.

Whenever my mind tries to take a rest it resounds with "All right you guys; quiet down now, no more talk; straighten this line; have you got all your group here?" A person continues to live a camp experience long after he is home.

We have a wonderful piece of property at Camp Wasaga, Clear Lake. Good buildings, a splendid location, and even a Chips reader on the kitchen staff.

Have you ever taken a quick look at a Boy's camp? Here are seventy two wild Indians, sporting, swimming and singing (?). There is pillow fighting until the bunks are ankle deep in feathers, there is a mighty din at meal time, there are dishes left unwashed, chores left undone, uproar instead of the peace that follows quiet night.

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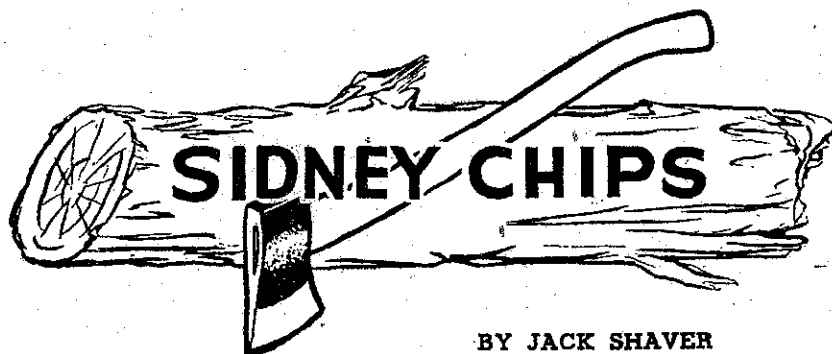
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Have you ever taken a long look at a Boy's Camp? There is a growing experience of co-operation. There is the thrill of learning new skills. There develops a different kind of fellowship between boy and boys and between man and boy. There are the occasions when growing manhood sees the rules of the camp not as orders, but as just regulations which he applies to himself. There are the high moments of worship. There are the sublime experiences when you really talk about life together and because of your shared life for a few days it is more than talk, you both understand.

So what if you don't sleep? So what if you lose your voice? You look forward to next year.

July 21, 1948

cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

If the axe should fall a little languidly today it is because this is the last column before holidays for this fellow. There is this about it, readers will be almost as wise as ever about Sidney goes on.

No one else around has holidays in mind. Evident everywhere is the undercurrent of preparation for harvest. Machine agencies are rolling out the binder and combine parts. By now most folk have absorbed the shock of new prices. In one lot new binders are being set up. In another, jack-of-all-trades farmers are creating swathers out of old binder parts. The pace is not feverish yet but the hours are long and steady. It looks like a great crop. We were

fortunate to miss the wind damage.

The women are still occupied with other things as if they only had a little time left in which to squeeze them. The Junior W.A. Birthday party took the form of a picnic at Jackson's lake. Kay Ruth and Vera Peck sent the young ladies up hill and down dale on a frantic paper chase for the feature of the afternoon. Countless pairs of legs stiffened next day but no one was completely bed-ridden.

Curling talk was actually overheard in the garage as some of the men made plans for putting in the new pump.

In Arizona the officials of the United Church completed their canvass and received a very encouraging response. Spirits that were once low are riding high again.

Tuesday of this week the W.I. held its annual Grandmother's party. At the other end of the age span the children of the community are invited to the Daily Vacation Bible School sponsored by the Pentecostal Church. As arrangements stand now the school will open Monday morning. Some of the classes will be held in the United Church class room.

At Edrans, Student Missionary Ken Moffatt is working like a veteran. Under his direction there has been a Vacation School, a Boys Camp, Girls Camp and this week a group of young people are holding a three day camp. A thorough-going Christian Education programme was held. Something of tent raising (and re-raising) was learned the hard way.

I am in the midst of a two week Vacation School myself, at Austin. The experience has made me appreciate two things. One is that doing anything whatever with pre-school children is an art you have to be born with. If you don't talk their language you might as well not talk. The gifted souls that contribute to

have two things. One is that getting anything whatever with pre-school children is an art you have to be born with. If you don't talk their language you might as well not talk.

The gifted souls that contribute to our culture by teaching the primary grades are due a much greater respect, nay awe, than they receive at present. In this age group, willingness to help, though necessary, seems almost useless without training.

The other thing is more a matter of growth of appreciation. With each new experience, one becomes even more thrilled about taking some part in Character Building.

There is nothing the world needs more than Christian people. Though we sometimes lose sight of this we all admit its truth. The strange and wondrous thing is however that the business of sharing with young lives the building of Christian Character is an indescribable joy; And for all its frustration a source of deep rooted satisfaction.

A good Harvest! Be with you in September, unless Ed gets wise.

July 28, 1948

cont'd.



BY JACK SHAVER

The dear old paper seems to have carried along without my Monday race with the train. In fact if this doesn't appear it has probably decided to do it permanently.

Although we have been home more than a week it has taken us that long to catch up. We learned of the move of Tony Topolinsky, retired section foreman to Winnipeg. Tony has been around the district for some time and in the village for 14 years. The transplantation to Winnipeg has not been a happy one as yet, and the reports are that the whole family is uplifting a long wail that the plans were not made to retire in Sidney.

♦ Martyn Olson from Austin has taken over the section and Mrs. Olson has moved in with help from both old and new neighbors while Martyn is away on relief work. The Olsons are well known to some of us already and we are glad they came.

The new teachers were under way when we got back. Mr. K. D. Bruce (the K and D are fore the first two kings of Scotland he informs me) in the high school and Miss Wedow in the Junior room. Our own Tranna Calvert is carrying on with the primaries. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, daughter Margaret and son Bob are living in Jack Gibson's house.

It would seem that while we were away Geo. Proudlock decided to provide 24 hours service in his cafe. Sleeping quarters have been blocked off in one corner. What probably caused the move however was the pressure of feeding the various gangs of visiting workmen. When the telephone men left, some excavators for Alsip Brick arrived to load cars of clay. The boys wanted their breakfast early and there were always some locals that wanted their coffee late.

We also came home to some swell weather; and to some tastefully re-decorated front rooms.

We found it hard to generalize about the harvest. Some thought it delayed by poor weather in the earlier stages although all complained about the lack of help. Some who keep diaries actually boasted about being a week ahead of last year. Most were happily surprised over the heavy yield of coarse grains considering the late seeding. Everyone was happy about the gardens.

For me, the news this week was the break-neck pace in which I donned harness. The pace was set by visitor Gordon Harland, BA, BD, professor at United College, Winni-

keep diaries actually boasted about being a week ahead of last year. Most were happily surprised over the heavy yield of coarse grains considering the late seeding. Everyone was happy about the gardens.

For me, the news this week was the break-neck pace in which I donned harness. The pace was set by visitor Gordon Harland, BA, BD, professor at United College, Winnipeg. Rev. Harland preached the rounds on my first Sunday back in the interests of the Building Fund Campaign of the Theological College. Then he manfully relieved my local board of their responsibility by conducting the canvass himself.

Any lingering doubt as to the vastness of the Austin-Sidney Pastorial charge were rudely removed during the two day jaunt through its extent. The generosity of its people was amply established by the response to this appeal. When the final count is made close to 800.00 will have been subscribed.

Mr. Harland tells me the same response has been forthcoming throughout the province. The week before MacGregor went well over its \$1000.00 allocation. The College authorities, which have been facing the desperate need for a building for some time must be heartened indeed.

Sept 15, 1948

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