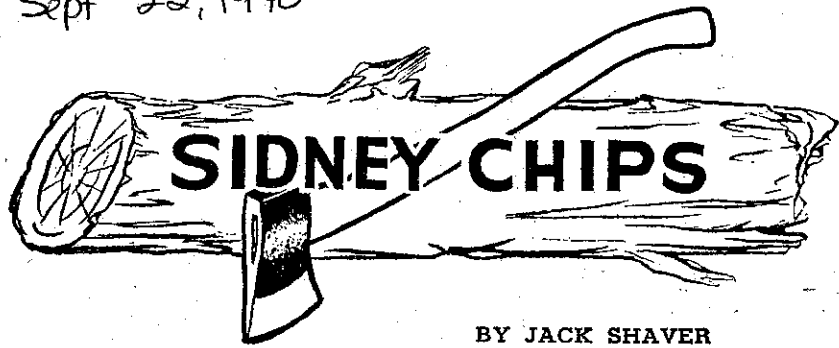


Sept 22, 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

An added blessing of this glorious weather is that it means a short column. Who wants to be inside typing while this kind of day is going on?

A little more news of what happened while we were away dribbled through, Jack Baker found quarters at Portage where he has a flagging job with the CPR. Mrs. Baker and Billy moved during August.

Any reader who has studied any Latin will recall one of Caesar's perennial problems. With monotonous regularity his "I-came-I-saw-I-conquered, march through Gaul and Britain was interrupted while his men prepared for winter. Sidney has its own hibernating activity. The Sam Obriens, who are moving into the home Alex McCreddie's occupied, have been mightily engaged in cleaning up the grounds.

Two of our walk-up residences have been occupied this week. Mr. and Mrs. Stan Sylvester and Graham have moved in above the Red and White Store and the Lorne Porter family are settled above the John Deere agency.

There is also certain activity of mysterious nature around Jack Baker's house. The superstitious will already be declaring that I have said too much, so lest we upset the apple cart we will delay further comment. Watch this column for developments.

That just about sews up all our dwellings.

Mrs. Howard Lintott and Mrs. Fred Wright held the final Home-maker's class with the girls this week. On Wednesday the class will hold its closing demonstration in Shoemaker's Hall.

The Chips would be few indeed if this story had not broken last night. At the time of writing the irony of it has yet to be unveiled to its leading player. I shall begin at the beginning.

Howard Kneeshaw of Arizona gave me a bag of potatoes last fall. I used the remains of the bag for seed this spring. To a man of my short experience (this is only my second crop of potatoes) the yield was gratifying. But the outstanding part about it was the size of the tubers. I left a couple of the large ones in the blacksmith shop just to start comment. One tipped the scale to two pounds.

~~Comment was forthcoming and~~

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Comment was forthcoming and joining in the discussion was old-timer Sam Cheney. At its close when all had left but Sam and Elt Beswitherick, Sam confessed that he didn't like spuds that grew too large.

No one seemed to know the variety of potatoe that we had. The skin was very thin, the eyes shallow and the texture when cooked white and flaky. Saturday Howard told me about the potatoes. They were a variety Sam Cheney had developed and sent down to Arizona to see how they would do. As the story stands Elt is spoiling to tell Sam that the two-pounder is his baby.

Sept 22, 1948

cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

Last week we had one vacant dwelling in the village. It is no more. Into the house across the highway is moving the Ed Sylvester family. The move will bring the children a lot closer to the school and the town might get a dray man out of it. Bert Blaire of Brandon bought the place the Sylvester family had been occupying, from Geo. Thorn.

The CGIT starts up this week.

Tuesday was the opening meeting. Last week the Junior WA combined their monthly birthday party and meeting. The business was rushed to get on to the fun but nonetheless so many activities were lined up for this fall that I don't have to worry about the Chips getting too thin. And it will be curling time any minute now.

Sidney, Man.
Sept. 27, 1948

Dear Egbert:

So sorry we didn't meet yesterday. You certainly have a friendly town. I was up there for the United Church anniversary services and I couldn't have been made feel more at home.

Between your community and Gregg you have raised some fair voices. Both the morning and evening special music was good to hear. Mrs. Death sang a solo in the morning. Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Suttie, Mr. Brownell and Mr. Percy Olmstead, joined in a quartet. Mr. and Mrs. Mills of Gregg sang two Gospel Choruses in the evening.

And Egbert, just like everyone else, I can't cease to marvel at how small the world is. There is nothing new about the experience. Anyone who ever goes anywhere finds people he knows or who know friends of his. But the thrill never grows stale, perhaps because it is human to be lonely and want fellowship in a strange community.

It happened all over again at Wellwood. I was entertained, and enjoyed several times forty winks, at Cole's. In due time it came out that Mr. Cole is brother to my good friend Clarence, and that the Cole's had once been members of the Forrest congregation while brother Bill was minister.

Meeting Student-Missionary Ken Moffatt's dad was not unexpected but we went on to find out that Mrs. Death had attended United College for a year while I was there. Mervin Graham spoke to me at the close of the evening service. He had spent one week last April in the same hospital room as my Dad.

While I was talking to E. F. Wall about the founding of the Church I discovered that one of the few living members of the original building committee is our own Matt Wright.

All this added to the more than kind reception of the people made me feel no stranger in Wellwood. Give my regards to Myrt.

Sincerely,
Jack.

Oct 6 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

The village is beginning to hum with the fall's social activities. Most of them are in the stage of preparation. There are concert practices, play practices, organizational meetings and plans. However I won't go into detail on these activities this week, but you'll be hearing more in subsequent issues of this column.

The weiner roast which opened the season for the CGIT was visited with magnificent weather conditions. The temporary weiner shortage caused swift change of policy. The sausages were swell. A few members of the nether regions decided to rush the season a bit and also paid a visit. While one was leaping over the flames he (?) collided with one of the girls and turned out to be a rather substantiation ghost.

The Women's Missionary Circle of the Pentecostal Church is making a collection of used clothing for Europe. Rev. Watson Argue's report of the conditions in Europe was responsible for the aroused interest.

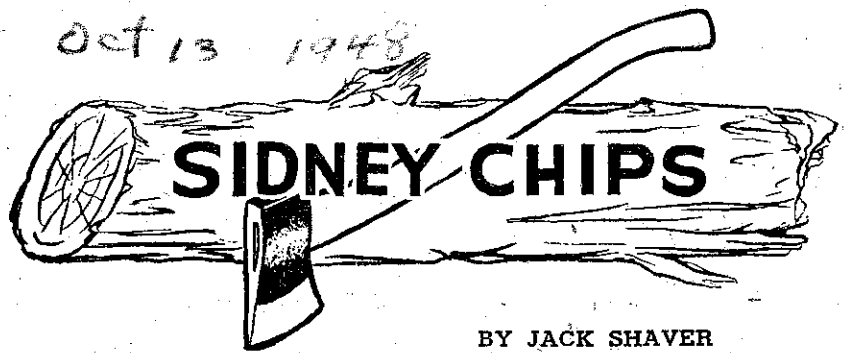
At Castle Hill on Sunday the Church School conducted the annual Rally Day service. Edith and George Jarvis, who missed their ride walked four miles through dry sandy winds to be on hand.

September is the month I am free to get most of my visiting done. A statement made last fall by a Men-

nonite minister neatly describes the way I feel. Rev. Loewen, who is an appointee of the Home Mission Board of one of the Mennonite Churches for a vast area, was in to see me. I suggested that he must find it exhausting to cover so much territory. He replied, "It is not so much the territory, as that there are so many minds!"

There are so many minds and each one a kingdom in itself. It leaves you in awe before the wonder of creation. In one manner of speaking we have one world. But it is just as true in another manner of speaking, that we have as many worlds as we have minds. Each one has its own comprehension of things, each one is a world in itself and yet each one is influenced by all the others and is part of all the others.

It is that fact that makes the human problem so vast. It is also what makes the problem intriguing, and our attempt to meet it worth the effort.



BY JACK SHAVER

Please Ed, today is wash day, also a knotting party, also the day after Sunday. The Chips are caught in a whirl-wind. So is the old block.

Way back last Monday the CGIT held a quickie after four to elect the officers for the year: President Doreen Head, Vice president Donald Calvert, Secretary Joan Wright, Treasurer Donna Peck. Everything had to be held early in the week to get ready for the five day holiday.

Both the Junior WA and the Ladies Aid of the United Church met last week. Next to final plans were laid for the Concert to be held in Shoemaker's hall the evening of October 20. The main attraction will be that part of the programme provided by the pupils of Mrs. Lucas. Lunch will be served.

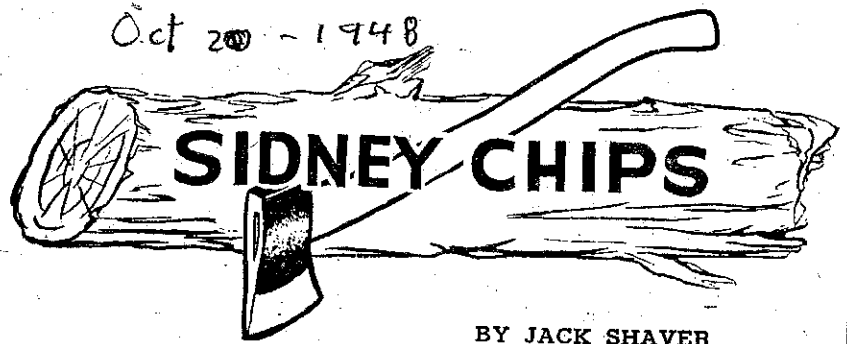
Thursday night the Local Board of the Pool Elevator met in monthly meeting. Mr. Watson of Brandon, Fred Brodie, travelling Superintendent and Lorn Carter organizer, dropped into what should have been a routine meeting. However farmer and free-enterpriser Bill Alton, a member of the local board, was there. And he hadn't lost his voice. It isn't good reporting simply to say that they had a lively discussion, but that's the way I heard it.

The Board will meet in the near future to discuss the proposed resolutions to come before the Pool's

Annual Meeting. I understand that the local boards don't bind their delegate to any policy, but this practice acquaints the delegates with the views of the people they represent, on the specific subjects that will be before the annual meeting.

Thanksgiving week-end saw a general exodus. The town didn't completely empty but it got off to a good start. In spite of that there was a very worth while Rally Day programme at the United Church. It will never cease to be a thrill to be present at public worship attended by whole families, where the young folk take part. To be led in ones thoughts of God by the reading and singing of the young is a moving fulfilment of the promise of our Lord. 'Except ye be converted and become as little Children ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom. .'"

Oct 20 - 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

It is well that this column is not (much as it sometimes sounds like it) in the real estate business. Lately it has kept poor track of such things. It is now trying to match the pace of events.

Ed O'Brien has been so thrilled over his switch to power farming that he has been unable to contain himself. He has purchased the quarter just north of town from Isaac Raynor.

At the sale to clear the late Horace Hicks' estate, the Harvey O'Briens bought themselves a home. There is plenty to do to make the shop a dwelling place. But it is labour of joy. Another group of souls in our midst has before it the thrilling task of beautifying something that is its very own.

Councillor Wilbur McLachlan was responsible for the sale as well as for handelling the estate. Just one more burden on a public man. Here was another instance to remind the thoughtful public of the extent to which municipal office is a public service. We would all be much more worthy of it if we showed more appreciation to these unselfish men.

Bob Maben walked off with his own garage, I don't know how far he got with it, but I know he hopes to make Firdale where he will use it for a store. As it is at present, living quarters up there are more like eighths and sixteenths.

Wilf Peck is adding to his garage enough space to house a new (to him) heating plant. By the looks of the size of the boiler, which is the remains of an ancient thrashing outfit, Wilf ought to be in a position to heat the town. He will need all the heat he can produce for the first lit-

tle while however, to thaw out Hugh McGregor. Hugh spent most of that nifty Saturday up on the scaffold.

Even at that, Hugh was better off than one of the Telephone gang. The combined weight of the man and the high wind snapped a pole while Dennis Shackelford was aloft. He got quite a shakeup as well as a fractured jaw.

Sunday, Carberry and Sidney had an exchange of ministers. What it did for Carberry I can't possibly ever find out. But I have been trying ever since to find out what it did to me. The young people of Brother MacLeod's family are striking similar to what another minister's family I know was like at the same age. I used to hang around there in our high school days. It brought on a strange confusion to spend Sunday afternoon with the MacLeod family. It felt like I was back there in my teens, I began to wonder what had happened to the TIME and what it was anyway.

There is always pathos in vivid recollection of the recent past. Mostly, I think, because then you were dreaming, and now you are living it out, and it is not quite as you dreamed. When some incident make us relive the days when our heads were giddy with dreaming, the tender feelings that arise are always shot through a twinge of regret.

It is one of the beautiful, redeeming, saving features of human nature that fully aware of this, it will go on dreaming.

SIDNEY CHIPS

October 27 1948

BY JACK SHAVER

The Handicap this morning is the annual Sidney Milk Shortage. Breakfast, without benefit of that basic food, makes small contribution to the proper attitude of a Chip maker. One look at the price cows command at local sales gives one certain hope that the shortage will continue for some time.

The realty business still flourishes. Dave Marnock is almost ready to move in to his own place south of Arizona Station. George Hyde has bought the place of Bill Carswell's that Dave has been renting. George and Family would rather not make the move this fall as it would mean moving stock feed as well as themselves. However DVA regulations might require him to.

Bill Ironside has sold out his business to Tom Hay. No one seems quite sure what Bill is going to do now, least of all probably Bill himself, although he would like to include in his plans a trip to Scotland.

Tom has been trying to buy a farm in the neighborhood for some time but his experience has been similar to that of a great many young couples in these parts, farms aren't to be had.

On Wednesday night a Carberry troop was the backbone of a splendid Variety Concert. Mrs. Lucas was on hand with her pupils and friends, and they were very worth hearing. That kind of creative activity going on in a community among all age groups must do things for a town. Carberry is very lucky. And the neighboring communities are lucky too because Mrs. Lucas is not only generous with her own time but she inspires generosity in others. These folk of hers seem willing to go just about anywhere, any night in the week, to help out a programme. Let me say that Sidney is very grateful for the kindness of the artists and their transportation providers.

We threw in a couple of local items that helped to balance things, if you know what I mean. (It will help you get what I mean when I inform readers who weren't at the programme that the boy's skits were a creation of the same head that has Chips knocked off it every Monday.) Miss Wedow, Miss Calvert and Mrs. Chips had creations of their own. Bette Thorne, and Marge Beswitherick did individual numbers. The Redge Calvert family must have been born under the footlights. Everyone of the young folk people took part in the programme.

A group of young married couples gathered at the home of Howard Kneeshaw Friday of last week. The hope is that this is the beginning of a regular monthly meeting of young couples in the Arizona district: For fun, fellowship, study, and of course, food.

The Explorer club got underway in Sidney Monday. Miss Donna Wedow is the new leader.

The United Church clergy and lay representatives of the district attended the meeting of Portage Presbytery at Gladstone Thursday. At least three members had been at General Council this year. Mr. A. E. Gardner was of course one of them. Those who attended this Vancouver meeting of the church's highest court spirit with them. Presbytery met in the Shadow of General Council. From these councillors we gathered that one of the great experiences at Vancouver was hearing the reports of the delegates to the Amsterdam Assembly World Council of Churches. General Council met in the shadow of the Amsterdam assembly.

The ground-swell of enthusiasm originating at the Assembly at Amsterdam has swept through the Church. It is the enthusiasm of a man who has learned something, who has been humble enough to admit his sin and the short-coming of his own particular group, and found the experience sweet.

One of the most penetrating statements to come out of this First meeting of the World Council of Churches is found in the "message"

"As we have talked with each other here we have begun to understand how our separation has prevented us from receiving correction from one another in Christ. And because we lacked this correction the world has often heard from us not the Word of God but the words of men."

Burial Ground Meeting, November 4

The Annual Meeting of the Carberry Burial Ground Association will take place on Thursday, November 4, at 2.30 p.m., in the Town Hall.

R. J. HOOD, Secretary.

BY JACK SHAVER

We seem to be able to find living accommodation long after the 'No room' sign has been posted. The DeMyers family, lately of Firdale, have occupied the living quarters on the east side of the Red & White store. The young people have already entered into the life of the Community, and joined the organizations of their age group.

Things have reached the state in Sidney where there is no use bluffing that next week will be a little slower. From now on the weeks will all whirl. The only hope for peace is to sustain a broken leg or other hospitalizing disaster.

Monday night was the CGIT' hallowe'en party. The girls were divided into pairs with each couple responsible for part of the program.

On Tuesday evening several couples from here attended the Forrester's Banquet at Brandon. In fact it was said that more Spruce-Court brethren were there than often attend regular lodge meetings.

When it was discovered late in the day that Wednesday would be clear,

a Curling executive meeting was called. Water supply was the pressing problem before the meeting. Having counted the cost the executive decided to abandon the plan to install a pressure system. It is a public well and the simpler the system the longer it will last. Repairs will be made to the old system.

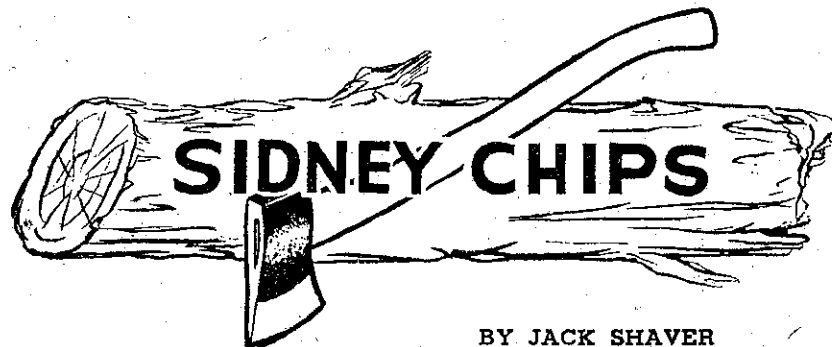
At the Women's Institute meeting held Thursday night the ladies of the east reported screams of delight and chorused laughter to be rattling the structure of Les Shoemaker's home. While Les and the neighbor's kids took refuge at the Pine Creek fowl supper, some young people of the community gathered for banquet fare. This was what is hoped to be the opening meeting of a Young People's Society Participation in the consumption, recreation and discussion programmes was of equally high intensity. From most of the rumbles and reactions afterwards it could be safely gathered that the group is off to a good start. The next meeting, for organizational purposes is to be held in the parsonage.

Saturday Night I accompanied the original Chip off the block (3½ years now) on her first rounds of Hollowe'en-treat begging. We ruined the night before, making her costume. She was happily excited about it all day but when the moment came to set forth she was struck dumb. The great adventure lasted an hour. She was in turmoil most of the time, between fear and desire. For a minute she would laugh and enjoy great fun; then she would return to solemn silence and pull at her lip, and then she would hehaive downright badly.

And who will fail to understand how watching her experience tore at her father's heart? Nothing happened to her Saturday that doesn't happen to every child. It will come many times again with each new adventure. It is all very very ordinary, but when it happens to **your own**, "ordinary" doesn't quite describe how you feel.

What kind of world would it be if we felt that way towards everyone? What kind of souls would we have if we grasped the **human race** as "Our Own"? The Kingdom of God would be within us then, and we would dwell in it.

Sidney Chips
Nov 3, 1947



BY JACK SHAVER

Miss Dency McCalla, Field Secretary for Christian Education in the United Church of Canada, spent a three day itinary in this part of Number I highway. There were meetings with Church School teachers and girls and children's workers. All along the line the Church's education programme felt the enthusiasm which is born when interested leadership seeks help where it may be found, and gets the kind of help it can use.

Friday night we discovered anew that our community is not without talent. The Sidney W.A. produced an evening of very satisfying entertainment. There were two one act plays "Not a man in the house" and "Among us Girls" and some variety numbers.

However the hing worthy of comment was not the talent, after all you are born with it or without it, but the dedication of these young ladies.

Most of them have husbands and families and homes to keep up. They get up these plays, rehearse them every night in the week, produce them, add a few variety numbers, serve lunch after the programme, then they take the show on the road twice a week for two weeks. Some of them throw in choir work, Sunday School work, group work, a few meetings here and there, a shower or two, and keep up with the home

work. Then they all decide that this is just the week to hold their annual Tea and Bazaar (from three to five-thirty Saturday afternoon, November 13, in Shoemaker's Hall.) And so far as I know they haven't lost a husband yet.

Building alterations at the Pentecostal Church are progressing steadily due to dedicated work by the faithful.

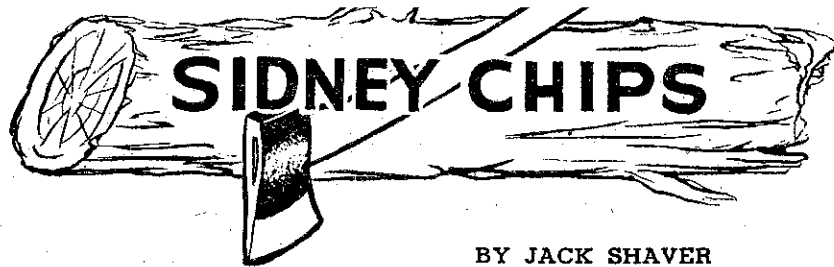
Sidney is to be honored by being the scene of the annual meeting of the Layman's Association of Portage Presbytery, November 19, afternoon and evening.

It will be a long time before I get over the American Presidential election. But that length of time is a minute compared to the period it will take the American Press and Radio to recover.

What happened to the American Press? An outstanding historic event takes place and not one part of the press is aware of it. A very ordinary guy performed a feat that no president ever before him has matched, not even Lincoln, and the event creeps up on an absolutely unsuspecting press, and bashes its teeth in.

It is an amazing story, we won't know the significance of it for a time. The whole gigantic machine, with all the money, ink, pulp wood, man-hours, and radio time lavishly spent in news gathering, analyzing, predicting, and editorializing broke down. And what a break-down.

The only comfort is that it all broke down. No one scooped anyone. It must have been the sun spots.



BY JACK SHAVER

At the time this got ready for the train, the full slate of directors had not yet turned up at the annual meeting of the Pool Elevator. Pool members were present in even smaller proportion. One wonders how hot issues must become before they move from the class which causes endless comment into the class which brings out the vote.

Nov 17 1948

The husbands of WA members are still eating soup. The girls produced their programme at Arizona Tuesday, at Bagot Friday, held their meeting to plan the Bazaar Thursday and conducted \$142.00 worth of business from 3-5 on Saturday. The wee Chips hardly know their parents.

Repairs to the combination town and rink are progressing.

On Thursday the Young People's Union met at the Parsonage to organize. The following slate was the result of elections revolutionary for their snap. President, Donnal Wedow, Vice President Elmer Mott, Secretary Pat Douglas, and Treasurer Arvon Davis. The Union was divided into two groups each to be responsible for programme at alternate meetings. Isabelle Howie was named convener from Unus and Marge Beswitherick for Duo.

The experimental 'Friendly Hour' held following the evening service at the United Church was fully enjoyed and a repeat performance is guaranteed. A full congregation really sang favourite hymns until it was hoarse. Feeling was so good the gathering even gave everything it had to the learning of a couple of new hymns!

A Film Strip entitled 'Happy Times at Home' was shown through the Church's new Vewlex Projector. This showing was the occasion of an object lesson in the evils of parental indulgence. What began as a few innocent questions from the 3½ year old Chip ended up as a Father and Daughter battle of wits. It was indeed an example of Audio-Visual education, but hardly along the lines suggested by the title.

However the revelation of the evening was how captivating Christian fellowship still is. The Christian movement ignores its strongest ally when it ignores the fellowship of a hymn-sing.

The CGIT girls, who took the choir's place in the service, served tea and cookies at the close of the programme. Watch for more of the same.

Nov 24 1948

Sidney Chips

BY JACK SHAVER

Many Sidney folk as well as members of the Gothic Masonic Lodge, Austin attended the Masonic 'At Home' in the Austin Community Hall on Wednesday night. There was whist, an excellent variety programme, food and dancing. It was an evening of first class hospitality, conducted for the sole purpose of fellowship. Its purpose was fulfilled. All of us, though tired, went home with the thought, 'What a swell bunch of neighbors we have'. It is unfortunate that modern life is at the pace which prevents us from doing that type of thing more often. One wonders how much longer we can remain civilized at the rate we are going.

The Layman's Association of Portage Presbytery held its annual meeting in Sidney on Friday afternoon and evening. A heart-searching discussion on our faith was held in the afternoon as well as a report from Mr. A. E. Gardner of Carberry on the meeting the General Council.

Sidney Women's Institute provided the good measure of hospitality in its supper for the organization. In the evening Rev. Osborne of Neepawa gave a talk on the Assembly at Geneva of the World Council of Churches.

All this is reported in some detail as it will be almost the only information Sidney has on the meeting. Had the Pool meeting the week before not been just as well attended by local people, one would have interpreted the cause as lack of interest. But farmers continue to sell wheat, and the Pool looks like it will continue for some time. Perhaps it is not hopeless for the church.

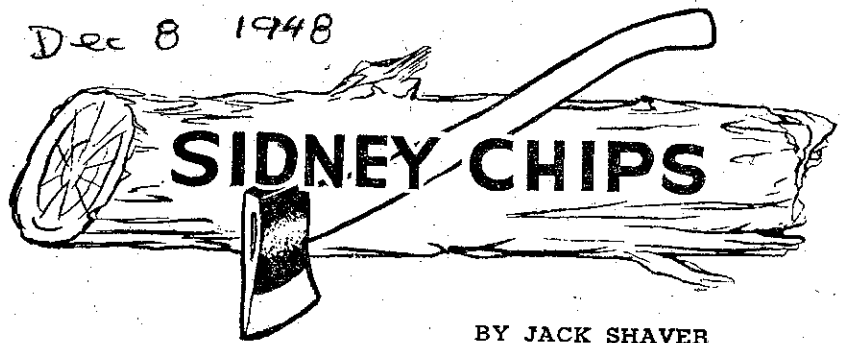
Roy and Mrs. Davis are back from the east with ties stronger than ever with that part of Canada. They weakened and bought a farm on the old homeland. There is no immediate prospect of their moving but there is always that possibility.

Sunday's magnificent display of hoar-frost made the view at the north end of Jackson's lake breathless. One could see what Christmas Card artists are getting at. But they are definitely just getting.

Monday evening the 15th, an African missionary gave a vivid account of her Stewardship at the Pentecostal Church. She showed lantern slides to the large group in attendance. In Saturday's sunshine, the last of the concrete was poured for the Pentecostal Parsonage.

The WA kept up the pace. Shows were produced at Katrime on Tuesday and at Firdale on Thursday. There is one more show at Castle Point on Tuesday and then a long rest, we hope.

Dec 8 1948



BY JACK SHAVER

It looks like Sidney will have a skating rink this year again. The perennial period of uncertainty came to an end with last week's meeting of the Skating club. On the evening of November 20 about 20 people (a great crowd by recent standards) met in Shoemakers Hall to make unusually definite plans. A day was set for a gang to come and level the snow (It came). Lorn Porter was hired to flood for 5 days. To solve the caretaker problem the suggestion was made of hiring two (at less wages) so that they could alternate nights.

The club hopes to raise funds to buy a record player to replace the one borrowed of Jack Gibson. Someone was despatched to ferret out some funds of a Skating Club of long ago.

Officers for the coming season were elected. President Elmer Mott, Vice president, Geo. Lintott; Treasurer, Gord Lintott; Secretary, Bert Lintott. Five directors were chosen Phil Stephenson, Stan Head, Ken Williams, Nevel Stephenson and T. Hollroyd.

Then we got this lulu of a storm! Oh well we still have the plans.

The one thing the weather can be depended on to be is undependable. One of the strange results of Friday's storm was that it brought out a record attendance at the Junior Red Cross Dance. Sidney has a habit of going in the hole with its dances. But not this one. People kept wondering who half the crowd was. The Junior Red Cross coffers were swelled rather than depleted as everyone predicted.

Every night of last week there were meetings at the Pentecostal Church. Mr. Robert Melrose a friend of the Wolfe family when they liv-

ed in Saskatchewan gave talks on Bible interpretation and prophesy.

A roasted turkey, two creative imaginations and general good sportsmanship combined to make a real evening out of the YWA birthday party Thursday night. The two hostesses Tranna Calvert and Agnes Olson stayed up until the wee hours of several mornings sending out invitations which requested attendance in outlandish apparel and required individual performances of moronic nature. All was to be kept secret including the part of the meal that each member decided to bring.

That kind of making your own good time is another of the dwindling number of civilizing features remaining in our society.



BY JACK SHAVER

At the opening of last week, all public conversation was associated with the weather. The municipal government received the brunt of the yak-yak for its decision to do no snow plowing this winter. Then when the temperature really dropped everyone let up on the council figuring that it wasn't quite fair to blame it for everything.

The thoroughness with which winter took firm grasp of things threw most of Sidney into half speed, as if the bear in us was crying out for hibernation. By today most of our moral is up to par and we are ready to make the best of another Manitoba winter.

With the twentieth voluntary flood the Curling rink became ready for business. A meeting of the executive was held Friday afternoon in the Imperial Oil Office. This season's opener will be a Bónspiel commencing Wednesday, December 15. Wherever possible last year's rinks are to enter although new rinks are welcome.

As for the arranging of rinks for the regular schedule, curlers are asked to express their preference of method during the opening spiel.

Les Shoemaker was authorized to pick his rink and represent Sidney at the British Consol playdown at MacGregor.

George Shoemaker is almost as exhausted as his wife (who kept

house and family while he was at Portage) but he has a story to tell and something to show for it. He is not quite sure what was most exhausting, the weather for the opening of the Autospiel, the excitement of getting into the prizes, (a beautiful set of Minton china, second prize in the consolation event), or eye-witnessing the photo finish of the main event, when things had to be measured, and one inch decided who would get the car keys.

George entered the Portage Spiel in a Woodnorth rink skipped by his brother. He was the only Sidney player in the Spiel.

The girls made some news too. After a frantic on-again-off-again period of indecision Friday night the cast of "Just Among Us Girls" took its play to the drama festival at Austin and came home with Oscar. Granted there was only one other play (bad weather fixed that) and its cast had produced its play at the last minute. The important thing is that the girls did very well. It was the smoothest production they had ever given that I had seen and the play fairly sparkled. Members of the cast were: Mrs. Reg. Calvert, Mrs. Wilf Peck, Mrs. F. Dankesreiter, Mrs. Chas Wright and Miss Tranna Calvert.

The best part of all was the way the girls gathered around the adjudicator, Mrs. Walter Allen of MacGregor. So much amateur play production is a waste of time because it is never judged. Following that huddle with Mrs. Allan the girls were heady with the thrill of discovery. New insight into the nature of dramatic art stirred enthusiasm for show business, for its own creative work, and not for its money raising properties.

When in the midst of our materialistic civilization people take interest in creative art for its own sake, there is still hope for the human spirit.

Christmas Messages From The Churches

KNOX AND ZION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES

It affords me a great deal of pleasure to send Christmas Greetings to all of you. May your joy at this Festive Season be that of God's people.

In this Season it is most difficult for many of us to think of spiritual things because they are so crowded out by the many voices to be heard in the street. But of all things necessary for us in Canada today, the most important is a return to the spiritual through a Christ-centered Christmas.

While we have plenty, men and women throughout the world are lying shattered and in want; while we are feasting this Christmas-tide, men and women and little children will be facing starvation. Let us, in order that this Christmas may prove a blessing and not a curse, strive to share with others the many rich blessings which we here enjoy. Let us avail ourselves of the many agencies now operating that we may play a part in lessening the vast need of the world. To quote Dr. Richard Kroner, a refugee from Germany during the Nazi regime, "In such an hour nothing can help mankind but undaunted loyalty to the spirit of love which is the spirit of God, a spirit exalted in the imaginative words of St. Paul: 'As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God . . . I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed in us . . .'" (Rom. 8:14, 18)"

In the spirit of Christ, in the spirit of Love, a Happy Christmas to all.

— Rev. J. E. Bigelow.

SIDNEY, ARIZONA. MELBOURNE, PLEASANT POINT CONGREGATIONS OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

A large part of the world is entering upon a single Celebration. One wishes that its people would catch on to whose party it is!

What's the difference? The Christmas festival is a good thing whether people know it is the Birth of Christ or not. Any single event, for which the whole world prepares, even if it is just an eating event, is a valuable element in the life of man. Add to that friendliness, family home-

the cry MY Lord and MY God is an expression of personal possession.

As for being Savior of the world, if Christ isn't born in human hearts. He isn't born at all.

WHY NOT CHRISTMAS ALL THE YEAR ROUND?

How seldom Christmas comes—only once a year; and how soon it is over—a night and a day! If that is the whole of it, it seems not much more durable than the little toys one sometimes buys. They run for an hour, and the spring breaks, or the legs come off, and nothing remains but a contribution to the dust heap.

But surely, that need not, and ought not to be the whole of Christmas. It should be far more than a single day of generosity, redeemed from the dull servitude of a selfish you.

For multitudes of people, Christmas does mean far more than this. It is the time, when we give—and take delight in giving and sharing. Where the heart is flooded not only with the mere desire, but with the readiness to forgive. "Let us forget the past" we say "Blot out every resentment of feeling towards those who have wronged us, and let us start again, without even a trace of bitterness in the heart." That, surely, is one of the most blessed ministries of Christmas.

If we are agreed on this, why not re-live Christmas every day of the year? "Impossible!" you say. But not so. I am not thinking of turkey, plum pudding or Christmas Cake, but the spirit of Christmas. Let me quote from a letter written one year ago. "I am thinking of you to-day, because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And to-morrow, because it is the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness, and so on clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because measured by miles, I am far from you. But that makes no difference. The thought and the wish be there just the same." A wish like that does not need to be conveyed by any tangible token. To feel it and to act it out—is the main thing. "After all Christmas-living is the best kind of Christmas giving."

To all—"Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year."

Dec 22, 1948
Sidney Chips
Cont'd

what's the difference? The Christmas festival is a good thing whether people know it is the Birth of Christ or not. Any single event, for which the whole world prepares, even if it is just an eating event, is a valuable element in the life of man. Add to that friendliness, family homecoming, reckless generosity, beautiful music and pageantry and you have an uplifting force. Then along with these, add at least lip service to the Prince of Peace and angel's chorus's about good will!!...what more do you want?

Enough to meet the desperate dilemma of Man. All these dignifying, uplifting, civilized forces are very small potatoes compared with the powers of darkness abroad in the world and in the hearts of men.

Nothing is enough short of birth of God in every heart. And that does not come in a celebration. It comes to each individual personally so that

wish be there just the same." A wish like that does not need to be conveyed by any tangible token. To feel it and to act it out—is the main thing.

"After all Christmas-living is the best kind of Christmas giving."

To all—"Mery Christmas" and "A Happy New Year."

— R. A. SWYERS.

UNITED CHURCHES ON THE BROOKDALE CHARGE

Christmas comes again and with it the message of peace and good will so sorely needed in our modern world. We need a great unifying force, that will bind our race together in one great common purpose, and loyalty. This can only be found in the Babe who was born in Bethlehem in the days of Herod the King.

As the shepherds listened to the Angel sing, it looked as if the unseen spiritual world was seeking to break through into this world of time, space and to show that harmony and goodwill can exist between the two.

Shepherds and Wise men came to His cradle—what a contrast! The one poor, the other rich. The one Jewish, the other Gentile. . . . The one unlettered and the other cultured and learned.

If I could, I would like to paint a picture of those who sought Jesus of Nazareth . . . In it I would place the Woman of Samaria, beside Mary the pure Virgin—Peter the fisherman beside the wealthy Joseph of Arimathea—Paul the Pharisee beside Matthew the Publican, and Nicodemus the ruler, beside Simon the rebellious zealot. What contrasts and antagonism are in the group. Yet He bound them together in a brotherhood.

Believing that He is still the only one who can draw all mankind to Himself - breaking down the barrier of race and creed and class - let us all at this Christmas Season renew our allegiance to Him and thus bring a little bit nearer, the day of peace on earth and goodwill among men.

To you all a Very Happy Christmas and a New Year filled with blessing.

—Hubert T. Smith.



Merry Christmas

and joy for the New Year

Thos. Miller

INGELOW

Eyes Examined

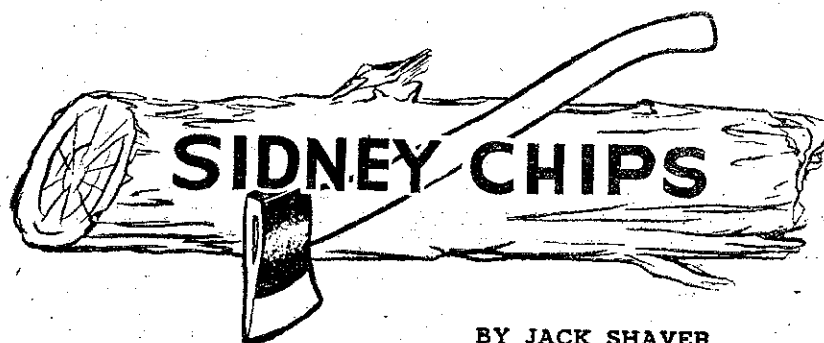
HARRY L. TRUMP

OPTOMETRIST

. . . and . . .

OPTICIAN

Room 12 Clement Bldg.
BRANDON



BY JACK SHAVER

During the week, long suffering council or Wilbur McLachlan (who had to be talked into municipal office) phoned this column. He doesn't know how the story got started but he said that the North Norfolk council has never made any decision not to plow roads. He figured that like taxes and the cost of living, they were stuck with it whether they could afford it or not.

The weather was still in the news. Sunday's break served only to make its discussion less violent but it was still the topic. The human race must possess a deep craving for fellowship, the way it over-works discourse on matters that are common

to all. The one cheery thing about the last couple of weeks is that we were in them together.

Some of us had it worse than others. Harve Obrien and Lorn Porter were up Edrans way Wednesday for a load of cattle and pigs. It was most of a day's fight going and coming. About one mile from the highway the box fell off the truck spilling out pigs and beasts. The men drove the animals toward town through the blizzard. At the CPR crossing the frightened animal met another truck and wheeled up the track. A late flyer was wheeling down the same track. In spite of the frantic efforts of the drover in the beam of the engine head lamps one beast lost his head and lost his head. The remnant was rounded up, the pigs in the elevator, a cow in a barn and Harve called it a day.

From the aches and pains many of us feel it is evident that Curling is also news. The opening Bonspiel is well under way. In the midst of things the ladies organized their club, found they would have five rinks this year, and had them dumped by the drawmaster into the consolation event of the spiel. This should keep things going until Christmas.

Les Shoemaker took a rink to the MacGregor play-downs and did a commendable job there. The rink stayed right in until the finals, played its third game in a row against a fresh Carberry rink to go down in the last event. Sidney is not getting to be a threat to the Briar yet, but we are scaring up a little attention.

Saturday was John Deer day. The old town hummed as it hasn't since the first snow. Stores ran out of staples. Everyone did a land office business as farmers, despite the cold and heavy roads, crowded in. And on this day when neighbors gathered to see the latest in mechanized farming the most pressing problem was the lack of table room.

Christmas programmes are in the

Saturday was John Deer day. The old town hummed as it hasn't since the first snow. Stores ran out of staples. Everyone did a land office business as farmers, despite the cold and heavy roads, crowded in. And on this day when neighbors gathered to see the latest in mechanized farming the most pressing problem was the lack of table room.

Christmas programmes are in the news also. Arizona postponed its programme to Monday night. The Pentecostal Church held its programme in spite of the weather and sickness. The Sidney School concert was held Monday.

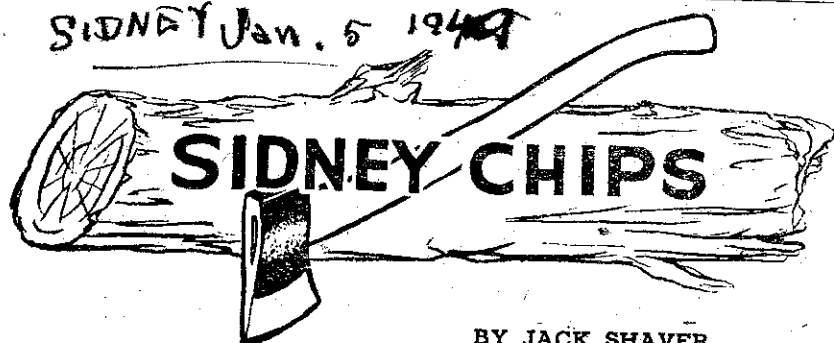
There will be a Christmas programme of fixed and ancient character at the Wm. Alton's. Word just came this Monday morning that the first Miss Alton, sister to Messers. Billy and Bert, arrived in Portage Hospital at 8:00 a.m.

In a strange way as I bang these columns out in the midst of Monday morning confusion I feel rather intimate with News Express readers. It is to friends then that the Sidney Chips wish a very Merry Christmas.

Dec 22, 1948

cont'd

SIDNEY Jan. 5 1944



BY JACK SHAVER

Some folk are accusing me of inventing a good one, but it's true. In the midst of an ice-removing operation from my mother's roof, down came ladder, son and all. The result is a left wing that is practically useless. If I chip Sidney the way I chip ice from cottage eaves, anything is liable to come tumbling into the column.

Sidney had a quiet, stay-at-home Christmas. It was such a contrast from last year when the village practically closed. As the holiday wore on and the good weather held, more and more families headed out. We got our visiting in anyway.

About 20 members of the Curling Club met last Thursday in the elevator office. It was decided to let anyone who figured he could skip to gather up a rink. Some final adjustments might have to be made to make sure everyone who wanted to curl was on a rink.

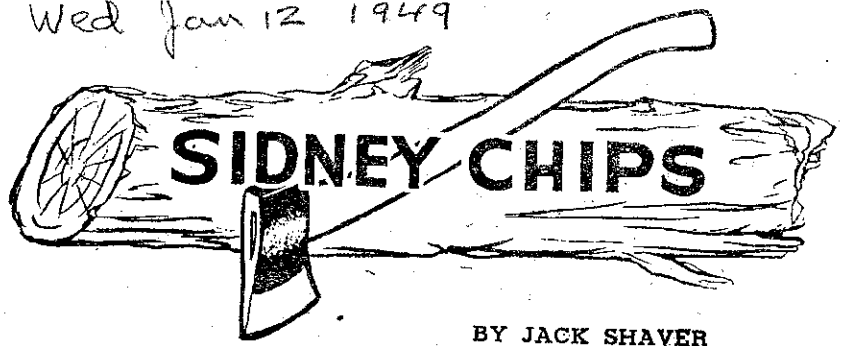
The real news of the week is that a skating rink, complete with ice, is just about here. Snow removal operations began on the grand scale early last week. By Wednesday night flooding had begun. As always it meant some fellows stayed up all night and kept at things for several days in a row. The piles of snow stacked around the outside of the rink is higher now than it has been after a season's skating, and we have not had any.

While spending part of the holiday season in Winnipeg I discovered what seemed to me to be a strange development. The heavy drinking method of celebration has been transferred from New Years Eve to Christmas. One can hardly credit this to the promise of Christ to draw all things to Himself. This family occasion, this celebration of the coming of Christ, is cause for greater drunkenness and more accidents than any other day of the whole year.

What happens to a society that

holds nothing sacred?

Wed Jan 12 1949



BY JACK SHAVER

Bring your heating problems to us. Sidney can speak with experience on almost every heating method known, short of atomic fission. The transition for the town has been something like this. From tie-burners with every imaginable smoke trap, to Bookers, to oil, to stokers, and now to steam. Each period started in one plant and they spread like an epidemic; all within the last few years.

Wilf Peck installed his boiler this fall, and in Wilf's own words a few chips will heat the place. Now Howard Thorn is almost hooked up to one of his own. Geo. Shoemaker is combing the country for a good used steam outfit. Everyone else in town is figuring how he can connect up with one of the plants.

This is the time of the year when Miss Petrie, pastor of the Pentecostal church, takes her holidays. The institution is humming as usual with lay activities.

Mid-week work got underway again at the United Church after a long holiday. The annual meeting of Sidney congregations is called for Wednesday, January 19.

During Thursday's thaw, Bill Alton and cat came to town to mend his new snow plough. He dangled his new toy around town for a while which was a tremendous help. We hope they don't tire of playing until spring.

If anyone forgets for a moment that curling is under way and in the news let him attempt to call together any kind of meeting. There are ten men's rinks and five women's in this season's schedule and everyone is down to business. As well the school kids have a league Saturday morning and forenoon. Miss Wedow, Ron Calvert and Phil Stephenson each skip a rink made up of those over 13.

We also have skating ice, of a kind. After herculean labourers, and continuous ill luck the primary flood was put down. It will take a little more work to get rid of the rough spots, but the foundation is laid. At a meeting Tuesday night, the skat-

ing club accepted the one tender for caretaker and worried about what it would use for money. Somewhere it dug out a PA system.

So now I have at my back door a thing of beauty. The description might not satisfy the experts as would sleigh bells on a lovely trail through the woods. But the puffs of silver smoke against the white stage-lighting of the rink, the piles of snow, the incongruous blare of waltz music, all combine into an open invitation to the spirit that here is the setting for good times. It is man-made and artificial but it is one of the things man has done right.

I wonder what kind of species a person would be who had never been strangely moved by the bobbing and blaring music of an out-door rink?

Certainly he would not be a Canadian.

GREGG NEWS

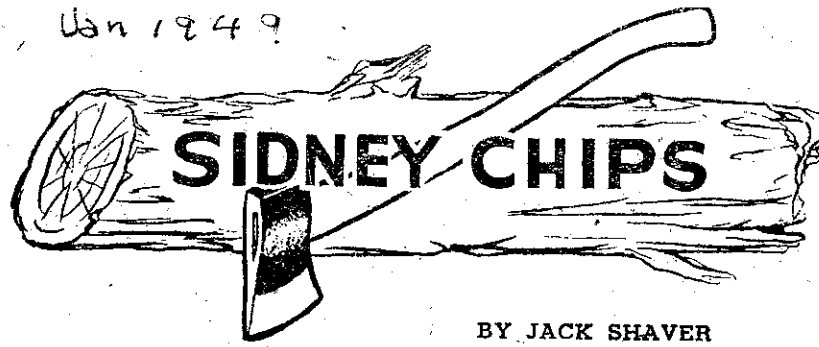
Miss Frances McFarlane is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. Nelson, Carberry.

The annual Sunday School and church congregational meeting was held Thursday afternoon in the church, with election of officers and teachers. Reports of the various organizations were given and were very encouraging.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Humeston, Mrs. P. Olmstead, Mr. C. Humeston and Mr. V. Olmstead were Brandon visitors Monday.

A number from the district attended the hockey game in Brandon on Friday night.

Jan 1949



BY JACK SHAVER

Saturday mornings the waiting room of the Curling Rink is jammed with noisy spectators. Prompted by newly acquired wisdom the irrepressible comments bubble up into vigorous controversy, "it's wide, it's heavy, it's narrow, it's light."

There are now six rinks in the school curling league. The age group is from twelve up. The skips are Miss Donna Wedow, Ron Calvert, Lloyd McGowan, Jim McIntyre, Phil Stephenson and to provide the final skip they went outside the school to get Web Sylvester. The young people play six ends and keep full steam on to finish in the forenoon. Sidney has a generation of curling enthusiasts on ice.

Upon more careful investigation I discovered that Sidney also has four wrists in plaster casts. Slippery footing proved disastrous to Lloyd McGowan, Mrs. James Hood, Arthur De Myers and Mr. Chips. We feel like starting a club.

Tuesday night the pupils of the intermediate room held a skating party. I can't tell you how the skating went but I was practically run down by the mob as it streamed down the street towards lunch. I got the impression that the food part of the programme was going to go over big.

Thursday evening the Dalyel evangelistic team held a meeting in the Pentecostal church. Mr. Dalyel and daughter conducted a meeting that was much appreciated and were pleasantly surprised to find a second cousin in town, Mr. Howie.

The Skating Club did the unusual thing Friday by making money at its dance. The proceeds went towards paying for the PA system the rink now sports. The system is complete with mike, as well as turntable. One can see its manifold uses. It will be a real asset to the community.

Saturday afternoon, two less than the usual crowd attended the school district's annual meeting. This time there were four. H. Lintott, whose term expired, was re-appointed to the board.

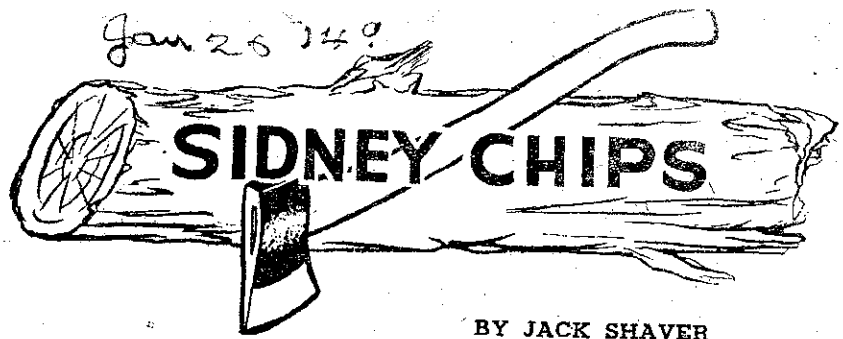
Someone with more time than most of us ought to make a down to earth analysis of this wide-spread lack of interest. There are dozens of causes: the fast pace of modern life, the fact that we all could be several places at any given time, the fact

most of us ought to make a down to earth analysis of this wide-spread lack of interest. There are dozens of causes: the fast pace of modern life, the fact that we all could be several places at any given time, the fact that if we did take a more active part in our democratic institutions most of our effort would be frustrated anyway. All play a part. We know for instance that we should be interested in education, but a lot of people who have attended annual meetings have gone away wondering how that was any expression of interest.

Certainly the cause for our letting the world run itself are not simple, but they must be discovered and offset, or society is done for. The only direction in which the world can run, when it runs by itself, is to the dogs.

Jan 1949

cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

Like the rest of the Prairie Region, Sidney's big trouble this week was with vanishing mercury. Most things slowed down like number 10 crank case oil at minus 40. Home fires not only needed tending but looked like a good thing to stay beside.

Actually the temperature drop came as a mixed blessing. Some of our citizens like Murray Ham and Cliff and Jack McIntyre, who have employment away from home, got in a few days with their families. The west section gang under George Bock took a very opportune week to discover that the jigger was broken, and used some of those cold days to absorb a little of Wilf Peck's steam heat.

For their first Ladies' Open day at the Curling Rink the girls of the club planned a real big thing. Each of the five ladies rinks was to get a game against a visiting rink. The minus zero weather kept home the rinks from Firdale, Bagot and MacGregor. Nothing daunted, the girls last-minute-dated three instead of two rinks from Austin, played each other for one game, and thus saved a whole day's ice from going to utter waste. All visiting rinks were defeated without courtesy and fed with sandwiches, pie and coffee.

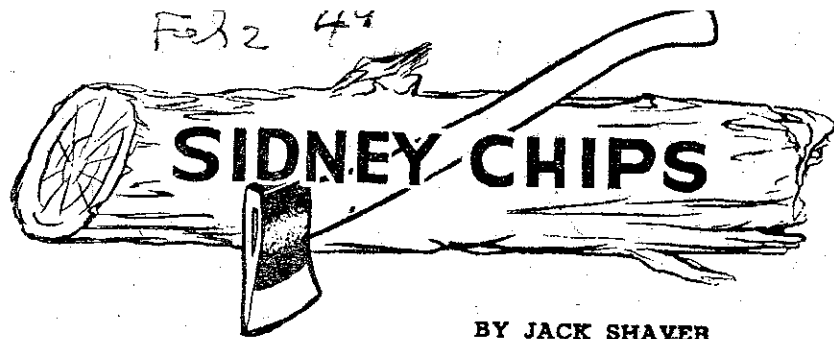
Wednesday night the annual meeting of the United Church congregation was held. Under the chairmanship of Chas. Wright and the record-keeping of Dorothy Shaver the meeting got a review of the year. Reports were heard from the Minister, the Board of Stewards, Ladies' Aid, Junior Woman's Auxilliary, the Sunday School, Missionary & Maintenance Committee, CGIT, Trail Rangers, Explorers, and the Young People's Union.

High lights of the reports were the news that all local organizations were in the black, and the fact that the number of volunteer leaders in Christian Education activities has increased to eight.

The following were elected to the Board of Stewards: Frank Dankesreiter, Martyn Olson, K. D. Bruce, Wm. Alton, Fred Peck, Les Shoe-

maker, Chas. Wright, Elton Beswith-erick and Frank Lintott. Mrs. Geo. Shoemaker was continued as Treasurer.

Mrs. D. Beswith-erick, the Mission-ary and Maintenance convener, was given a small committee and author-ized to conduct a quick canvass in an attempt to bring the Missionary givings up to the allocation by the end of January. Because the mem-bers of the General Council of the United Church of Canada, meeting this fall in Vancouver, were so mov-ed by various desperate appeals, they set the Church's aim 20 per-cent higher this year. All of the con-gregation will be anxious to see Sid-ney hit the mark.



BY JACK SHAVER

"Curling, Curling!" said Telephone operator Marge Beswitherick when I asked her 'What's news?' . . . Sunday evening the call board buzzed "Carberry Please, what time do we curl?"

All week, or at least the early part of the week, Sidney will experience a made exodus. We have 20 men tak-

ing part in the Carberry Bonspiel. The rinks are skipped by George Shoemaker, Fred Wright, Web Sylvester, Frank Dankesreiter, and Bruce Johnson. Brother Johnson has at last fulfilled a two year promise to himself to return to these parts from Winnipeg's smog and enter the Carberry Spiel.

Some of the rest of us should really get practice. Drawmaster Les Shoemaker didn't even bother making a draw for this week.

Our numbers are even more reduced by the trip of Jean Wright's rink to the Brandon Ladies' Spiel. This is Sidney Ladies' maiden voyage to the Wheat City Spiel. We

mention these items now lest by next week these people have made the kind of news our loyal village would prefer to suppress.

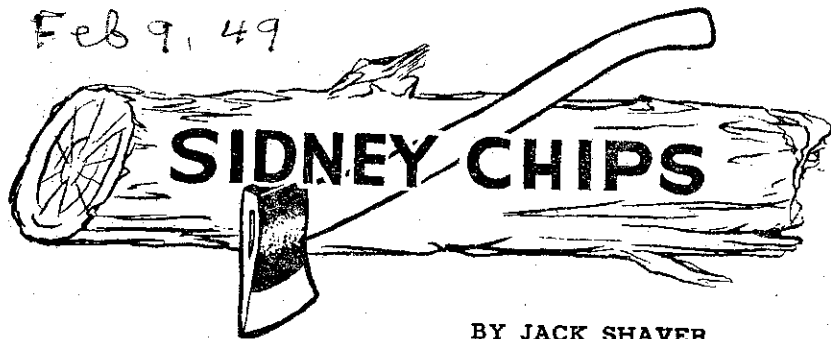
Les Shoemaker entered a rink in the Brandon Spiel. Result—"One of those things". But he is off to Carberry and he will be off to Portage and Winnipeg. Does this routine sicken Mrs. Les? She is on the ladies rink at Brandon.

"Christ's Ambassadors" a young people's party from Calvary Temple Winnipeg were at the Pentecostal Church Sunday afternoon. The young man who gave the address did so for the first time. Sidney will be remembered by him as the place where he preached his first sermon.

The end of last week I spent wandering around Arizona. I slept here, got a sleigh-ride there, took a walk now and again. It was a grand adventure. It was strange to modern experience because it was set at a leisurely pace. We travelled behind teams that had been in their prime when country young folk kept driving horses in sweat all winter long. We found as we blew out the lamp beside the bed that even little village bedrooms aren't really quiet. We walked through the still woods. The sun shone and shone.

After a while I began to appreciate what the nature poets of the world were getting at, although I did feel that most of them talk too much. It isn't that you take a walk looking for peace. Peace hits you—whamo! when you aren't looking, and even when you don't want it. What strikes us about it all is how little you and I have to say about how we feel, It simply takes place in us.

Feb 9, 49



BY JACK SHAVER

As was expected, whatever newsworthy happened to Sidney this week, took place in Carberry. Some of us stay-at-home's tried to function as usual. It was a poor try.

In the quiet period however Sidney Chips was able to catch up with the news of the week before. Six, not five rinks entered the Carberry 'Spiel. It wasn't until well after press time that we learned about Dave Leslie's entry.

Nor was it until the same moment that we discovered how curling-conscious the Murray Ham family is. Methought that Murray was home to keep house while wife Reita was at the Brandon Ladies' Spiel. Both house and family kept themselves. Murray was in the Carberry exodus also. Only one of our valiant crews, under skipper Geo. Shoemaker brought home any prizes.

At a meeting Monday night the final plans are to be laid for the Annual Skating carnival. The big event is set for Saturday, Feb. 12.

I ran across this story from a Religious News Service.

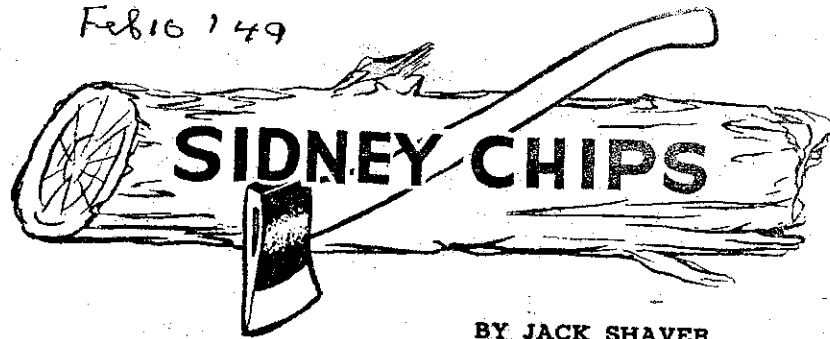
Not many days ago in a newly completed church building a young clergyman was preaching his first sermon. "I am very glad to be with you this morning," the young man said, "I am looking forward to a wonderful time with you." It was a familiar scene.

But there were elements in the story which made it big news; the kind of news that restores both a sense of mystery and a renewed faith in human nature.

Rev. Jacob Deshazer of Madras, Oregon, had been a member of General Doolittle's bombing missions over Tokyo. He was captured by the Japanese. While in prison a sympathetic guard slipped him a Bible. Reading the Bible led to his conversion and when war ended he entered college having volunteered for full time missionary service.

The scene of his first sermon a few weeks ago was a church in a suburb of Tokyo.

Feb 16 1949



BY JACK SHAVER

One dreams about the calm days of old, when humans lived without benefit of weather bureau. Modern life's most nerve-racking experience is to attempt to plan any out door activity on the basis of the forecasts. (Of course the poor ancients didn't recognize a good thing when they had it and kept referring the uncertain aspects of their future to sooth-sayers and butchers.)

The Skating Club suffered a session of on-again-off-again indecision in connection with the Carnival Saturday. Finally it settled for 'on', and everyone had a splendid time. Costume enteries were fewer than last year but it was still a big night and plenty were on hand for the fun.

The club netted \$115.00 and should clear \$90. Ron Wright won the three layer fruit cake baked by Mrs. Howard Lintott. If we could just rush a few things so that we could put the cake to real use! Amos Currie won cake number two.

In the Fancy costume events, Janet Shoemaker was first, Ailene Peck second in the Girls. Jim Ruth first and Glen Dankesreiter second in the Boys. Lloyd McGowan was the only entry in the Men's fancy and managed to take first prize.

In the comic events there were only adult entries. Ted Stephenson was first and a pair of hay seeds—Pat Douglas and Edna Duncan second.

Bill Ironsides, put up \$5.00 to see who was the fastest skater. The argument still goes on but Lloyd McGown won the fiver.

When it is Ladies Open Day at the Curling rink every minute is used. During the regular schedule we figure three games a day is all the ice can stand. Last Wednesday the Ladies worked five games as usual.

Reg Calvert and Fred Wright were the other Sidney members on Les Shoemaker's rink at Winnipeg. They didn't bring home any cut glass but they won six of nine games. They stayed in the Eaton event so long

that when they were knocked out they fell off the one side. On the other side they got knocked out of the Hudson's Bay event at the 8's.

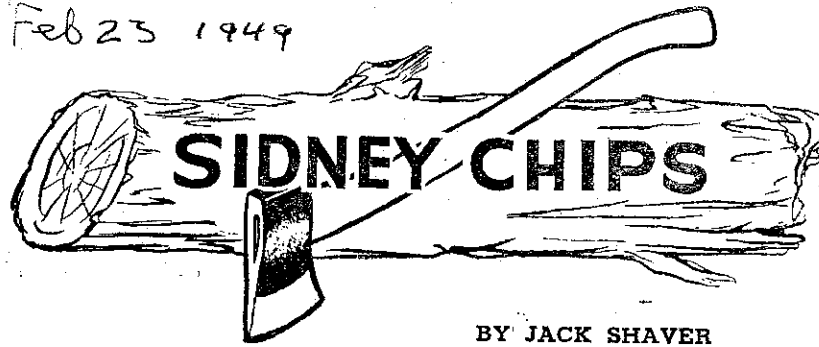
Miss Petrie is back from a combination of holiday and caring for a sick mother. She resumed regular services last Sunday.

Friday evening I met Myrt's regular boy friend. It was a social evening at Austin and the weather had stopped most of the programme at the home fireside. However from Wellwood three blue shirts (two wearing painted ties) and a pianist braved the cold and snow so that the show could go on. After a certain amount of confusion (on occupational disease with correspondents) Egbert and I shook hands, knowing who the other was. (We had already shaken without knowing.)

Sunday evening, to launch CGIT and Tuxis week the Sidney girls took part in the service at the United Church. The group was hostess to the congregation in another friendly hour following the service. Fred Peck's violin playing accompanied the organ for the hymn singing. A Film strip on the Christian Family was shown.

While spending a few days at Melvin last week I discovered what a large portion of human courtesy disappeared with the horse and buggy. A trustful farmer loaned me a horse and toboggan to make the rounds. There came a sense of belonging to another thoughtful age, as each of mine hosts donned out-door clothes and went before me to the barn for the horse.

Feb 23 1949



BY JACK SHAVER

Train time is upon us and I have just replaced the "o" key in the typewriter. It is too bad you can't all enjoy the general effect of a line of type with all the o's drooping.

In the "Canada" section of last week's "Time" magazine a reference was made which sounded very strange to Sidney ears this week. A story on the Winnipeg Bonspiel referred to Curling as the sport that keeps prairie wives lonely and at home all winter!

One of the reasons I am at this moment racing the train is because at the last minute, wash day notwithstanding, Mrs. Chips was asked to replace a player in our rink entered the MacGregor ladies' 'spiel.

Our Club has two rinks, skipped by Kay Shoemaker and Jean Wright in the Carberry Contest and one by Lena Beswitherick at MacGregor. I haven't had time to discover whether the other husbands are lonely or not.

Of course we still have a few men who maintain the dignity of their sex. Bill Alton has a group at Portage this week.

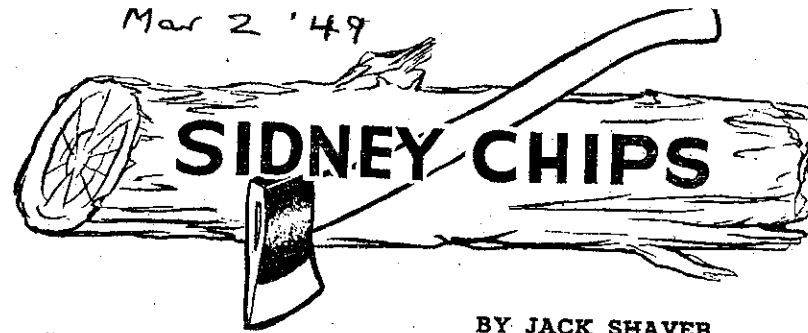
At least two groups in Sidney possess wider geographical horizons.

Both the WI and YPU had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Martyn Olsc deliver, in native costume, a description of her trip to Norway. was inspiring to learn what a vigorous little people have done to build a high civilization in this mountainous northerly land.

Sidney finally caught the Hospital fever in a big way this week. There is every sign that the fever will mount. The WI held a tea and party shower, on behalf of Fox Memorial. What a pile of stuff! We hope the hospital has good sized pantries.

Carberry's Fox Memorial Hospital very quickly became ours. Although many of us still have before us the pleasure of seeing through this fine institution it already has tender associations for Sidney. In the short time since its opening Sidney has been associated with the hospital in both birth and death. These two mysteries, happening so close together, seem to have given us all pause. What a mysterious thing life itself is, and for all its shadows, how rich!

Mar 2 '49



BY JACK SHAVER

Like I said, I was confined to Barracks last week. The result was some more missed news. We had two ladies' rinks at MacGregor as well as two at Carberry. Mrs. Howard Lintott's rink got mislaid in the confusion.

The week's honours went to Kay Shoemaker and her foursome. This dauntless quartet lost its first two games at Carberry and then stayed right in there to take first in the Citizen's and Merchant's events. On their first day, with three games to play, Kay passed out at the 8th end of the second game. Jean Wright, our other skip up there finished the game for her, played eight ends of the next game until Kay staggered back to finish it.

The next day the Girls played five games and won them all.

At MacGregor both rinks brought home some bacon. The Lena Beswitherick rink took fourth in the Curling Club event and earned cake-plates. Mrs. Howard Lintott's rink took third prize in the consolation and earned bedroom lamps. One night neither rink saw bed until 3 a.m.

Just to show you what we are made of . . . Every lady I spoke to will gladly enter another 'spiel, having first enjoyed a rest cure.

Bill Alton's rink at Portage slipped right out of the contest in the least possible games.

This next I report with caution. At least five men's rinks are entered in the MacGregor 'Spiel this week. None of them seems to have been deterred by the prospect of a possible 2.30 a.m. draw. In this the third week of bonspieling that proves something too. Frank Dankesreiter, Bill Alton, George and Les Shoemaker and a fifth rink that at present time had not decided who would skip, are the boys seeking punishment.

If the weather holds the hectic season will be wound up with our local 'Spiel beginning Friday or Saturday of this week.

At a meeting of the Executive in the Elevator office Saturday night the plans were laid. All players, men and women are to be scrambled. The chosen skips will each pick a third and then draw for the front end. Some adjustment might be made to simplify the transportation problem.

Between games the Junior WA held its monthly birthday party at the home of Mrs. Geo. Bock. Mrs.

ence.
One thing certainly was the realization that a play so moving, so immediate in its appeal, and so deep in its understanding of humanity could have been conceived so many years ago. In the light of such a vivid reminder that people were people three hundred years ago, life is given so much more depth of focus.

Most memorable of all was to realize how, in the hands of an artist, poetry is the language of humanity. Take poetry out of the hands of the ranter and raver and ham actor, and you have something deeply human and earthly. Given an inspired interpretation, poetry is the voice not of the high brow, but of the human heart, articulate at last.

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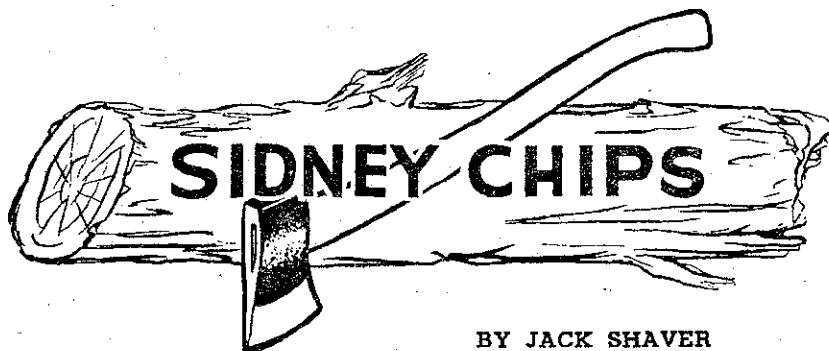
Between games the Junior WA held its monthly birthday party at the home of Mrs. Geo. Bock. Mrs. Chas. Wright was co-hostess to another enjoyable time.

This week the meetings of both the CGIT and YPU of the United Church will take the form of a trip to Portage to hear the noted British Evangelist, Thomas B. Rees.

During a quickie to Winnipeg last week, I was able to include attendance at Sir Lawrence Oliver's cinema production of Hamlet. It is still a little difficult to say what was most memorable about the experi-

March 2, 1949

Cont'd



BY JACK SHAVER

Les Shoemaker wound up the season in a Blaze of Glory. After coming home prideless from several 'spiels' Les skipped the only Sidney rink to strike pay dirt at MacGregor. His rink copped a prize on each side of the Competition. Les's foursome took third in the Grand Challenge and first in the Club event. Perhaps the reason was he had the "right" boys this time . . . Ron, Lawrence, and Lionel Wright.

There were six Sidney rinks at MacGregor braving the all night draws. As usual this column failed to mention one of them. This time it was Fred Wright's rink that never got to press.

Sidney is to the place where the weather can't suit us. If it blows cold, we worry about the fuel problem, if it tries to thaw, we worry about the Curling ice. This Monday afternoon the first draws are to be made in the Local 'Spiel'. At the moment we have curling weather. We may have enough of such moments to complete the contest.

It is pretty hard to decide which to hope for, warm or cold. Thus we behold the spectacle of people consuming energy worrying over what to worry about; in connection with elements over which we have not the slightest control. Of all species in the world only human beings could be capable of such subtility.

Rev. E. S. Berry of Carberry was at the Pentecostal Church Tuesday with another programme of Religious movies.

About thirteen of the ladies of Sidney went to Austin Friday afternoon to the Women's World Day of Prayer service. The Service was conducted by the Anglican and Unit-

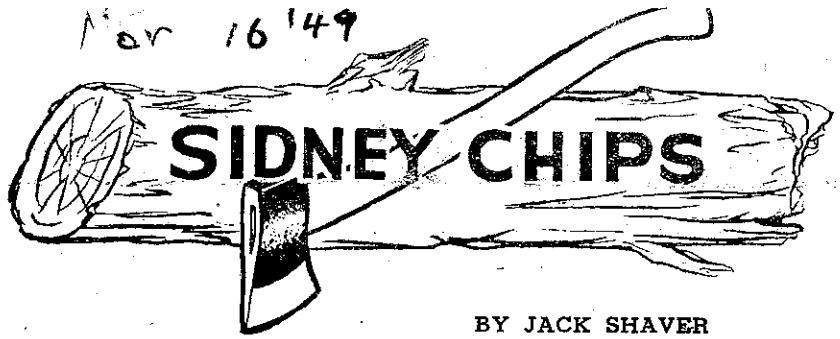
ed Church Ladies' groups and held in the United Church. Mrs. Chips went from here to address the meeting. All the ladies present were invited into the Outhwaite home for tea, with the Anglican ladies as hostesses.

This Column has been very agreeably impressed lately with the way in which the air age has trickled down into rural areas like our own. During the rather frantic post war dreaming that went on during the war we had a lot of visions that did not pan out. The Air age isn't quite what we expected it to be. But in a way we didn't quite foresee it, the way has crept up on us.

The Trip last week of a plane to take Mrs. Doug Peck off to Portage for an operation was only one of many similar. But it was the first that came so close. And now we seem suddenly awake to the very modern and fast service that is at our door. It must bring a whole new sense of comfort and security to isolated folk.

It would be difficult to imagine a finer way for the air age to come to Rural Manitoba than in the providing of such emergency service so reasonably.

Nov 16 '49



BY JACK SHAVER

This time, dear reader, it is the Bonspiel! Coupled with wash day and a little affair at the Church it leaves little time for Chip gathering.

As you won't need this column to tell you, the 'Spiel is the news this week. When 19 rinks are made up out of this community plus Melbourne, not many people are left to make any other kind of news. Whatever the rest of the district thinks of the weather it is at last keeping our rink in ice.

Right now the news is being made a little fast for reporting. All four events have some rinks into the fours. Gil Bagnal is skipping the only undefeated rink up to train time today. Readers might detect just a little wistfulness in the above as Mr. Chips plays an unreliable lead on a rink that is drawn against Gill tonight. However so much that is uncertain now will be old hat by the time this hits the street, that there seems to be nothing worth reporting.

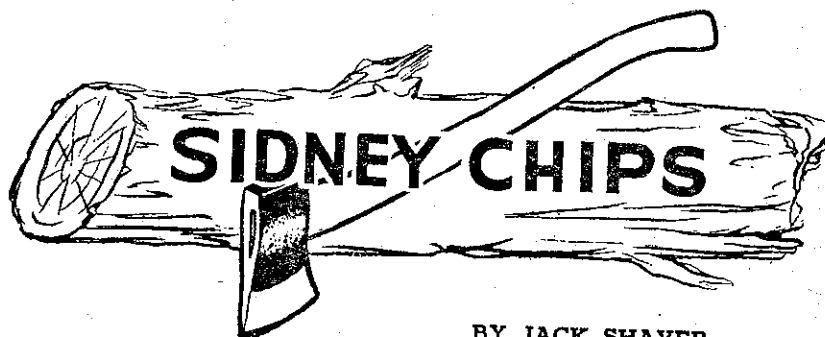
The WI gave the community a good time Friday night with another Country Fair. A regiment of whirlwind committees left those in attendance staggering under a good time. The first attack was made by the supper committee under Mrs. Howard Thorn. Guests were pressed into eating all they could hold for the unheard of sum of twenty-five cents. Then the games, both noisy and otherwise were conducted by Mrs. Oscar Dunton and Beth Shoemaker.

In case anyone had time to catch his breath there was a Bazaar table under Mrs. Fred Wright and Mrs. Jack O'Brien, and a candy table under Mrs. F. Dankesreiter at which the humble two bits again cut more ice than it has since the depression.

By this time everyone was pretty groggy and the knock out came with the sally of the Lunch Committee, Mrs. Martyn Olson.

As well as giving the community a great evening the Institute grossed \$115.00.

Monday night the Explorer Group held a little supper in the United Church Class Room. This marked the closing of Miss Donna Wedow's leadership of the group. The gratitude of the children and the congregation are Miss Wedow's for her service to this character-building enterprise this winter. The Group will continue for a month or two yet under leadership that doesn't face academic examinations in the near future.



BY JACK SHAVER

The Local 'Spiel is over, but as it wound up it certainly was news. Gil Bagnal skipped his quartet to the two's in both main events. The finals were held Wednesday night. Gil won the first game against Phil Stephenson's High School foursome. In the second game Dave Leslie and Gil were tied coming home. Gil's last rock, a difficult shot, looked like a ringer. It wicked off an outer rock and rolled in but just a little far. Dave handed Gil his only defeat of the 'spiel.

There were many thrilling moments during the closing games. Several extra-end games kept players and spectators in a state of nervous tension. The tension spilled over into a mighty roar as sensational shots were made. One couldn't have imagined a more enthusiastic finish to the curling season.

Prize winners were as follows:

Grand Challenge: 1st Gil Bagnal skip, Ron Wright, Mrs. Wilf Peck, Mrs. Martyn Olson. 2nd Phil Stephenson skip, Ron Calvert, Glen Calvert, Lloyd McGowan. 3rd D. Beswitherick skip, Mrs. Murray Ham, John Lawrence, Jack Shaver. 4th, Harvey Dunton skip, Stan Head, G. Bock, Clair Williams.

Merchant's Event: 1st Dave Leslie skip, Frank Ham, Mrs. F. Dankesreiter, Mrs. DeMyers. 2nd Gil Bagnal skip, Ron Wright, Mrs. Wilf Peck, Mrs. M. Olsen. 3rd Web Sylvester skip, Bill Carswell, Mrs. H. Lintott, Art Thorn. 4th, George Shoemaker, skip, George Hyde, Bert Lintott, and Len O'Brien.

Curling Club Event: 1st Jack Leslie skip, Mrs. Jack Leslie, Lyle Waterhouse, Bill Graham. 2nd Clif McIntyre, Oscar Dunton, Mrs. O. Dunton, Elt Beswitherick. 3rd Dave Smith skip, Arnold O'Brien, Mrs. G. Shoemaker, Mrs. Reg. Calvert. 4th Reg Calvert skip, Lionel Wright, Mrs. D. Beswitherick, Mrs. Norm Cumming.

Consolation Event: 1st Geo. Lintott skip, Ted Lintott, Stan Lintott, Otto Ormiston. 2nd, Jack Elmhiirst skip, Jack Graham, Wilfred Cowan, Mel Calvert. 3rd, Phil Stephenson skip, Ron Calvert, Glen Calvert, Lloyd McGowan. 4th Dave Smith skip, Ar-

nold Obrien, Mrs. Geo. Shoemaker, Mrs. Norman Cumming.

With an understandable desire to procrastinate on the spring housecleaning the ladies went ahead to a two day spiel of their own. The results of the play were as follows:

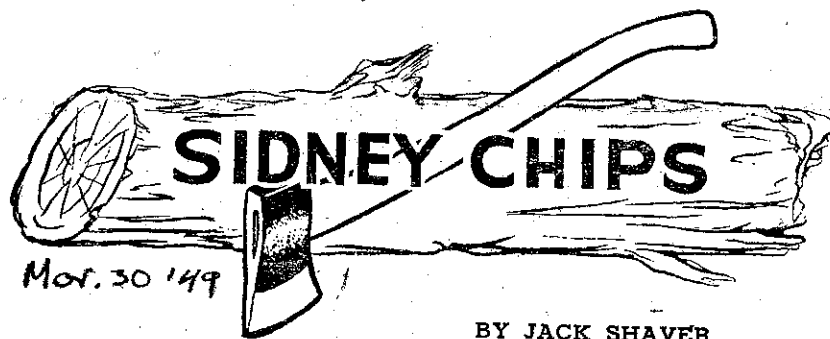
First Event: 1st, Jean Wright skip, Reita Ham, Agnes Olson, Marion Dunton. 2nd, Jenny Dunton Vera Peck, Beth Shoemaker, Evelyn Obrien.

Consolation Event: 1st. Lena Beswitherick, Betty Cumming, Muriel Wright, Minnie DeMyers. 2nd. Donna Wedow, Alma Dankesreiter, Marge Beswitherick, Ida Bagnal.

Wednesday night the Skating Club sponsored a concert and dance. The Variety concert was produced by the St. Agnes AYPAs from Carberry. The programme was directed by Rev. C. H. Wright. Mrs. Lucas was on hand to accompany some of the artists.

The visitors worked under the handicap of uncertain worry. One of the artists who had gone to the country to pick up more programme hadn't shown up. The concern of the whole house for Adam Harris was relieved, when word finally came of his safety. Transportation had failed him, while way out in some field.

There is a new young people's organization in town in association with the Pentecostal Church. The group will be known as Christ's Ambassadors and will meet Friday evenings. Fortnightly the meetings will be held in the church for a devotional programme, the alternate week it will be held in a home for a social programme.



BY JACK SHAVER

Certain house-cleaning activities are stirring the John Deere agency. Fred Peck has purchased the agency from George Shoemaker. The stock-taking, and sorting causes a buzz of excitement that somehow, seems related to the stirring of the earth in the spring. Perhaps it is because some of us are getting discouraged that the real thing will never come along.

On Tuesday last week the Young People's Union loaded three cars to capacity and sped to MacGregor where it was guest of the Union down there. Our Group conducted the worship and took along Mrs. Martyn Olson to give her talk on Norway. Then the hosts took over for a wild period of recreation and sumptuous food.

Who ever heard of a group of young men, mixed with strange young ladies, doing such a thing as folk dancing? It sounds like a horrible mistake and a dismal flop.

But that is just what we did and had a whale of a time. If my head was a little clearer this morning you would be in for some analyzing. After all, folk dancing, like all folk art, grew out of the people. It was not something some high brow told them was good for them. It just grew out of their needs because it satisfied. Perhaps human beings are very much alike anywhere anytime.

Tuesday night the WI met at the home of Mrs. Les Shoemaker. It sent out a challenge to the Young People's Union to an entertainment contest. If the challenge is accepted the two groups will produce parallel programmes on the same night and have them ejudicated.

The Congregation of the Pentecostal Church held its annual meeting Thursday night. Cliff McIntyre was added to the present Board of Trustees. Bill Sylvester was added to the list of Ushers. There is no debt and the work of adding living quarters to the present church building is well under way. The congregation named the church Calvary Tabernacle.

This being March the Women's Auxilliary birthday party included the men. The hostesses for March seem to be making this a habit.

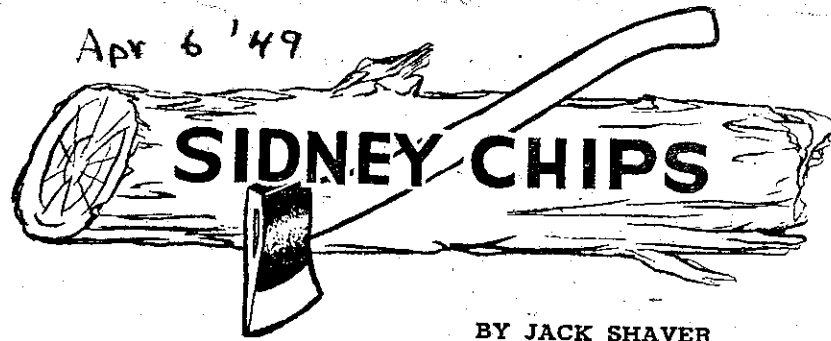
About forty-five people in paper hats had a gay evening together. Everyone was surprised that so many were there and that the men came at all.

The Hostesses were Muriel Alton, Alma Dankesreiter and Dorothy Shaver. The place—the Wm. Alton residence.

The three luckless gents who were called on to don white chef's hat and apron and preside at the buffet, for all their clowning, gave an old world charm to this climax of the evening.

As is so often said by a generation that is sure it is wiser than it forefathers, "we should do this more often."

Apr 6 '49



BY JACK SHAVER

As in all the rest of these glorious prairies the news is the warm sun the blue sky, the bare earth, the dry footing here and there, the speed with which the snow has gone, the little frost in the ground, the fact that the water must be soaking in. I remember a patriarch on my last pastoral charge who always had

some little wisdom to pass on. He spoke this spring Sunday morning to a young woman who had spent part of her life in the Sunny State . . . "While you were in California, Dorothy, did you ever get it like this?"

I suppose every person tries to puzzle out what it is the spring does to him. What a hauling and mauling the old human spirit takes at the hands of our season-changes. For all its violence it is Love's Caress.

It is not just that one feels an upsurge of renewed life, but that one becomes a new person. The sky is a different colour, the sun is a different thing altogether, footing is different, clothing lighter, different sounds are in the air, outdoor activities are a complete change: So much is different about our environment that we seem to be another person. The guy that was shovelling snow, firing up, trying to start his car, is another chap altogether.

It would be strange to be without this yearly renewal of the inner man

Ray Holroyd, wife and family have moved headquarters from Kenora to Sidney. They will occupy the suite of rooms above the Red & White store.

On Wednesday evening the Ladies Aid held a cafeteria supper and art show. A group of pictures on loan from the Wheat Pool were on display. I recalled the substance of Churchill's words spoken about the amateur painter. He spoke of how much more you appreciated light and colour once you had fought desperately to reproduce colour and light with reluctant pigments. I wished I had taken up painting.

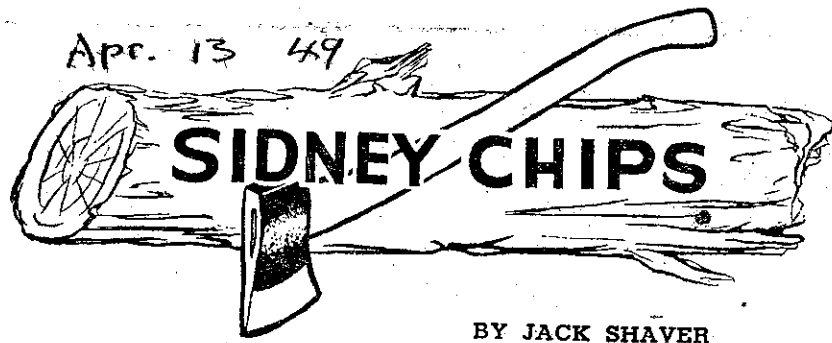
The Junior Red Cross planned such a big thing for its dance Friday night that when it was discovered Austin had billed an attractive programme for the same night it postponed the Sidney Affair. Junior

was afraid he would lose his shirt.

The Hockey Club picked up the loose ball and held a dance anyway, but without the same outlay. Judging from the April Foolish pranks and the amount of empty glass-ware discovered in the morning the consumption of anaesthetic at our local dances is on the increase.

Or perhaps with the old folk at the play at Austin it was a case of the mouse having a time while the cat was elsewhere.

Apr. 13 49



BY JACK SHAVER

Surely there is some labor relations authority to which I can appeal. It is inconceivable that any institution or obligation or even public demand should have the right to force me to sit before this typewriter, on April 11, 1949.

I have exhausted conversation with Mrs. Chips as she anchors the flapping clothes to the line. I have repaired the camera and attempted to take some candid shots of the offspring (the shudder clicked with their backs turned every time). In fact such is the kind of day that if the call came to empty the wash water I would prefer that to this.

How merciful of the human spirit to dim its memory of what a really warm spring day can be like. If we could anticipate its full glory we would simply die of desiring it.

For the past few weeks the men of the Pentecostal congregation have taken advantage of the weather to add substantially to the building of living quarters behind Calvary Tabernacle. The building is all sheeted up and the roofing is on.

The CGIT group held a successful bake sale Tuesday afternoon. The girls are preparing a layette for Canadian Church Relief Abroad and the money raised is to purchase articles they are unable to make.

On Friday night the executive of the Curling Club met in the Imperial Oil office to discuss the enlarging of the rink. The Sidney community has not a large population but its curling enthusiasts make up in zeal where they lack in numbers. An initial canvass is being made so that an indication can be given the Annual meeting as to how far this zeal will carry us to a two-sheet rink.

The mention of Church Relief Abroad seemed to break in with brutal realism upon our spring reverie. One wonders if his ecstasy would be as thorough-going if he lacked physical necessities and hope as do all sorts and conditions of his fellow man.

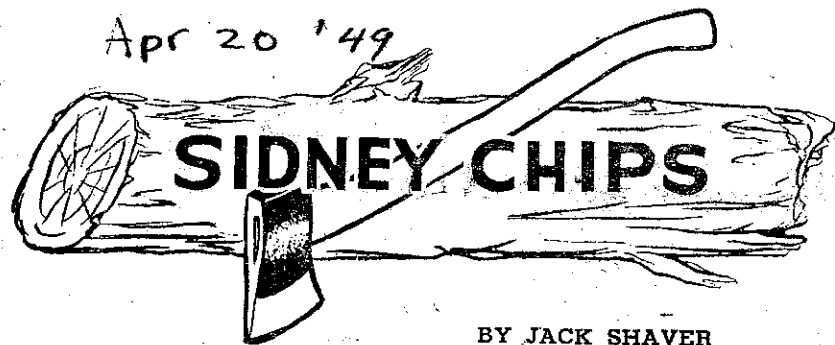
It makes one concerned for his spiritual strength.

But surely it is selling human life short to have its spiritual strength

depend upon its physical wellbeing? And isn't that man's tragedy in this era of little faith?

The hard but soul-saving message of Easter is that the unseen things of the spirit are victorious over all physical tragedy. How desperately our generation needs to learn that lesson, not as a man learns a passage for memory but as a man learns a fact of experience like learning that he can float.

Apr 20 '49



BY JACK SHAVER

The news this week for the greatest number is the open road. The good people back on the side roads lead two lives. About now sometime each year they begin to live their new lives. The outside world is again within easy access. Roads become roads, links with the neighbors and town. As the horizons of fellowship widen overnight, so life seems to do the same.

It is a little sad that this rebirth to wider social relationships should take place when people have so few days to enjoy it. But then mixed

blessings are the way of the world. I wonder what an unadulterated blessing would be like? Pretty hard to take probably.

The Junior Red Cross under Miss Wedow's leadership conducted a social evening Thursday night. This column would have been in a position to report on the evening if its author had not arrived late to find everything shut up.

The United Church Pastoral Charge of Austin—Sidney started back on its regular schedule of services at the outside appointments. Sunday, April 24 there will be services at Arizona and Melvin. On May 1 the services of Public Worship will change to 11 a.m. at Sidney and 7.30 p.m. at Austin.

I haven't had so much fun for a long time as I had last night while young visitor Leonard Gunn sang a little piece following the baptism of his cousin baby Karen Alton.

Perhaps it was because of the boy's voice. Perhaps it was because of babies and families and home and things like that. But I had a very good time listening.

I have no way of knowing whether he sang a Mediaeval carol or not. But I do know that the quaint wording of the ancient faith and the perfect blending of the melodic line transported me to those times.

When the lad sang words to this effect "Come prince and peasant, kneel before the incarnate Word," the whole age seemed to flash before me. There was its colorful dress, its quaint settled pattern of life, its rigid class structure its myraid centres of pomp and power all over Europe. And the whole given unity by one thing — the Christian Religion. Europe was one civilization. And for all the class structure the universal acceptance of the Faith, was a magnificent leveler.

Atomic age man is aching for an element that will do the same things for him, an element that will unite his culture and give him something in common with all his fellows.



BY JACK SHAVER

The Old Brick Town isn't going to get much coverage this week for the reason that this column spent most of it in either Portage or Winnipeg. The one consolation is that no one else is in a position to give it any better coverage. The folk who didn't go visiting had too much to do to notice any goings on.

Land work is under way. After trying this field and that, most of the farmers have found one they can work, so the spring rush is on.

The main news is the wind and the dust, the swing in temperature from bitter to balmy and back again, and the promise of another crop.

It is as if the elements had stirred, the season had turned over, and, following a pause to catch its breath after such a transformation, the human element had swarmed over the land to take its part in the sequence of seedtime and harvest.

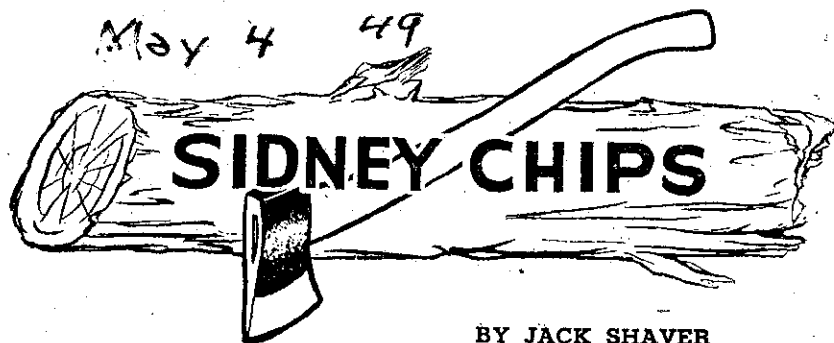
Every spring we are reminded how people who live close to the land live by faith. Of course they spend a lot of time trying to out-smart the elements but it is nothing to how much of life they depend on them.

The Ladies Aid used the last evening service of the season to be the host at the United Church Friendly Hour. Favorite hymns were sung. Mrs. Dave Smith and Mrs. Jack Shaver sang a duet. We heard what is a rare treat around here, an organ solo that we sit down and listen to. Donna Peck and Doreen Calvert sang twice. Mrs. Smith who conducted the programme read us some of her favorite poetry. A cup of tea warmed the fellowship.

On Thursday I attended a one day school for Evangelism at Portage. I would like to share one experience gained there. The modern church is not failing. It is true that we should never become smug, that in the light of Christ' dreams and prayers for the church we should remain dissatisfied until we reach the perfect fellowship. But there is no point in denying facts. And the facts are that the church is down to real business all over the place and every year more of its membership is down to

business.

A ground swell is spreading across the church of Personal Evangelism, where teams of lay folk consistently visit people seeking them to follow Christ. The result in the past few years has been a tremendous coming forward. And no one with any memory of how his own character was formed can honestly say that it is all flash in the pan.



BY JACK SHAVER

Could this man sing, the whole populace around the Sidney Chip Yard would be hearing "O What a Beautiful Morning." And it's a free gift. It blesses the just and the unjust. But it means most to the one who appreciates it most.

Like mercy, gratitude is twice blessed, but it blesses the receiver most because then he is most aware of his gift.

For all the business of the season and the roughness of the weather until Sunday's rain, the district made little news last week.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Stan Smith of Firdale became the parents of Gerald Lea.

On Monday Mrs. Martyn Olson took over as the new leader of the Explorer Club. She was the unanimous choice of the membership and the group is pleased she consented to serve.

Friday night at the home of Mrs. Fred Peck the WA held its monthly birthday party. The Hostesses whose birthdays occur during the month were Mrs. D. Beswitherick and Mrs. Fred Peck.

But Wednesday was our big day. A charge of dynamite burst in prolonged explosion. It was Miss Margaret Nix of the Department of Health and Public Welfare. Miss Nix is slightly terrific. She "spoke" to the School children in the afternoon, the ladies of the WI the same afternoon and to a combined group of MacGregor and Sidney Young People in the evening.

Quite naturally this column was not present for either the School children's meeting or the one with the WI, but was lucky enough to be at the YPU meeting. It was good to have the MacGregor kids back, they sure can sing that bunch. But Margaret Nix stole the show. She brought down the roof. . . I don't know when I received so much inspiration.

It would be a remarkably bad thing if, from those young people who heard her, nothing is forthcoming.

May 11 '49



BY JACK SHAVER

Towards the end of last week there was actually a lull in land operations. The farmers had plenty other things to keep them hopping, but many of them got a rest from the bounce and dust routine over the weekend. The spring crop of wild oats is what forced the delay. Everyone is talking about it. It seems to be a case of the worm turning on the early bird.

During the week Bill Ironsides got back in the store business. I suppose Bill felt that he was hanging around the store anyway and he might as well take up his position on the old familiar side of the counter. Anyway Tom Hay has decided to give his ulcers a break and get out of the business.

Its a queer world. Just when we are being forced into one geographical world we are split apart by our ideas. What kind of parcel will it be that will tie us all in together and finally include the last bundle? What kind of string can possible do the tying?

Last Saturday I saw some of the string that will do the trick. It was being spun at Pleasant Point. The Annual Mission Band Worship Programme and Tea was held in the Pleasant Point School that afternoon. Edith Jarvis conducted the service. All the group took some part. The special speaker was Rev. C. H. Wright of St. Agnes' Church, Carberry, who gave a delightful talk to the young people. The band is under the leadership of Mrs. B. Calvert.

Here were sixteen young folk, taking part in a worship service, discussing world peace, showing evidence of study of other countries, dedicating themselves to sharing the love of Jesus with all mankind. All this in a little school district in Canada. "Just a drop in the bucket" you say! Sure it is a drop in the bucket. But all a full bucket has in it is drops. It is most significant that at Pleasant Point sixteen children are having something happen to them that will make them world minded.

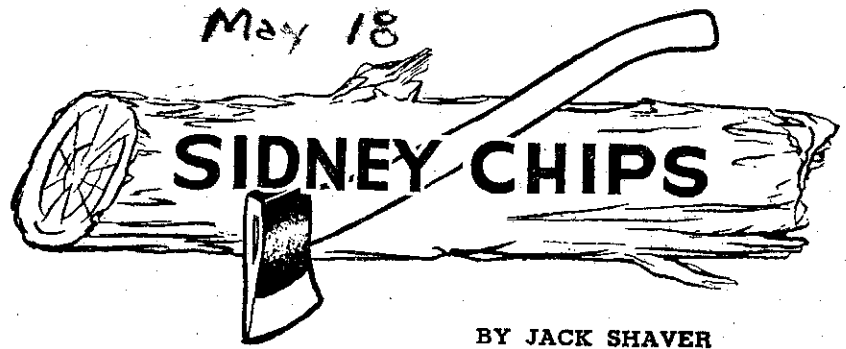
Sunday being Mother's Day we celebrated Christian Family Day in the Church. Even a couple of choir girls got a kick out of counting the record crowd at the morning service. Everyone felt very very good about it.

Every second Sunday of May I try to figure it out. What is taking place here? With the Canadian Home

gradually becoming a less and less secure place, what sends people in such throngs to public worship on Mother's Day? Our present generation is supposed to be losing its religion, but this making Mother's Day a religious festival was its own idea! Perhaps it is because here we have an appeal that meets the modern understanding.

Perhaps if we sought evidences of God's power and purpose in the modern scene, rather than seek to remake the scene after what WE think is God's plan we would be less disillusioned people.

May 18



BY JACK SHAVER

The old woolies are whipped in and out of moth balls so often lately they are getting frayed at the edges. Roy Davis says that you have to keep a pair right on the tractor with you because you never know when you are going to need them desperately or be smothered to death by them. Yet the land work must go on.

Sam Cheney is refusing to let this column forget the potato story it told on him last fall. Sam asked me the other day if my potatoes were in yet, and when I responded with the same inquiry, he let me know not only that his spuds were in but that he had already dug some new ones. The next day a straight faced postmaster delivered three tiny new potatoes to me from Sam. No one connected with the crime will inform me just where Sam dug up his tubers.

Since George Shoemaker has had his roving real estate job with HQ in Winnipeg he has been living in hotels, eating less and less, and pinning for wife Kay's home-cooking and home with wife Kay and Ronnie. When a chance to get living quarters in the big city came along the Shoemaker's grabbed it. By the time this hits the mail boxes George, Kay and Ronnie will be domiciled in 75 year old Winnipeg.

On Thursday night the YPU held a weiner roast to wind up the season. It was a beautiful night but we had to settle for only a few of the young people and no weiners. However those who were there fully en-

joyed the bacon we toasted over the fire.

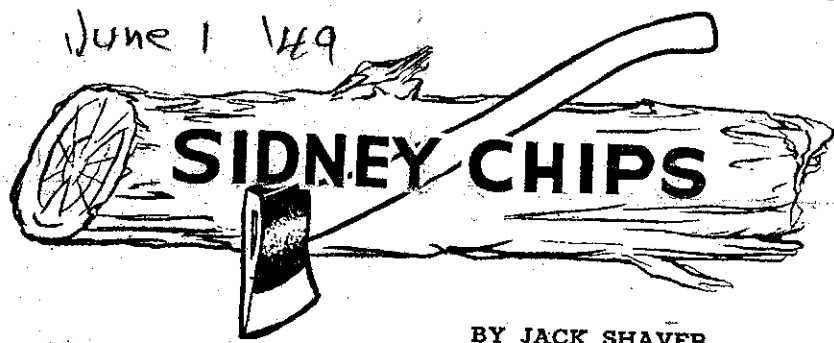
The real Young People's affair was Sunday morning when many of the Young People of the community took part in the morning service at The United Church. Donna Wedow told the Children's Story, Isobel Howie led the congregation in prayer, Arvon Davis read the scripture. Two of the young men took the offering and a large group of young ladies took over for the choir to sing the old Crusader's hymn "Fair-est Lord Jesus."

The occasion of this service was the visit of a young lady from Portage la Prairie. Miss Ruth Shaver, a candidate for the ministry in the United Church of Canada, gave the address. Ruth is just finishing her high school. It was at Clear Lake leadership camp that she came to feel that God had a job for her to do.

We are hoping that her talk inspired some of the local young people to go to camp this year.

We met Bill Dixon, the new student at Edrans, this week. Bill is a Winnipeg boy, has completed his third year arts. He took a right hold Sunday and Monday. He and Ken Moffatt cooked up enough plans in two days to keep them both on the run all summer. They should make a real team.

June 1 149



BY JACK SHAVER

Sidney made a lot of its news out doors last week. The girls' Food and Nutrition class held a picnic hike Friday evening. The WA Birthday Party, with Mrs. Murray Ham and Mrs. Dave Leslie as hostesses, took the form of a weiner roast the same night. Just last Monday the Explorer Club wound up its schedule of meetings with a picnic hike. That same evening the CGIT closed their programme with a theatre party.

The ten girls in the Food and Nutrition class will soon have completed their second year of a three year course. The WI sponsors the group. Mrs. Murray Ham, lately with the assistance of Mrs. Dankesreiter, conducts the course which is outlined by the extension Department of the Provincial Department of Agriculture.

This past year the girls have been studying the nutritional elements that should go into a good breakfast. Friday's hike was fun mixed with learning. Each member of the class

was to bring a typical school lunch, which of course she was obliged to eat.

The next big event for the girls is a Rally day in Portage during July.

The building and decorating of the Pentecostal church parsonage had reached the stage last week that Miss Petrie, the Pastor of the congregation, could move in. Wednesday was a day of hustle and bustle as several of the congregation of Calvary Tabernacle helped move Miss Petrie and Mrs. Leggo into new diggings. It has been a spring of hustle to get the building into its present shape.

This move touches off a couple more. The Lorn Porters move into the place vacated by Mrs. Leggo and Wilf Peck's move in above the John Deer agency for temporary quarters while their house is torn apart to be enlarged.

The Ladies' Aid gave the United Church class room a new spring look. The ladies had a redecoration job done and as yet it hasn't been stained by any roof leaks in spite of the rain. They must have put a fix on the roof too.

Visit a shut-in on Shut-In Day, Sunday, June 5th. Make sure their needs are provided for. Make a solemn resolution never to neglect them again. Provide for regular visitation and care for those in your community confined to bed or home.

Of all the loneliness in the world perhaps the most tragic is that caused by thoughtless neglect. The Shut-Ins in our community are dependent upon us for fellowship. They cannot go out to seek it. Inactivity makes their days longer. No amount of assurance that their friends and neighbours are thinking of them will do for their hearts what an actual call and visible service will do.

The surest way to assure a lonely person that love is real and that God is Love is to swamp him with tangible evidence that his neighbors love him. Let us resolve this -Shut-In-Sunday, to keep our responsibility towards those who cannot get out.