Completing the Picture *of a* GOLDEN WEDDING

Mrs. Allen Quickfall, of Bridgeport, Ont., had just arranged a huge bouquet of Chrysanthemums, their Golden Wedding Remembrance from assembled children and grandchildren, when the telephone rang. It was a call from Kindersley, Sask., and the voice of Roy, her son, greeted her. What a surprise on such a day! Mrs. Quickfall writes: "We like to pass on to other sons and mothers the value and satisfaction to be obtained through the medium of telephone contacts, particularly so when the dear ones are scattered over the country."

● *Why wait for a Golden Wedding? Next time there is a family celebration call up by Long Distance. Make it a real surprise. And remember this, it costs so little, you too, will be surprised!*

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THE FLESHERTON ADVANCE

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F. J. THURSTON, Editor.

ORANGE VALLEY

Mr. Wm. Sprung spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFadden and returned to Toronto on Monday.

Miss Bertha Boyd of Hamilton visited for a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd.

Mrs. Maude Hill held a very successfud auction sale on Thursday last. It was a very large sale, commencing at twelve o'clock noon and not ending until eight o'clock at night, and under the hammer of Auctioneer Duncan. Large prices were realized.

On Friday evening about one hundred friends and neighbors invaded the home of Mrs. Maude Hill to spend a few hours with her before her departure from our midst. At the midnight hour Mrs. John Eagles read an address and Mrs. Gordon Hill presented her with a purse of money. Mrs. Hill responded very fittingly and thanked all present.

"Ever heard this one?" asked one of the group sitting around the camp fire. "A dog was tied to a rope fourteen feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

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Splendid Trip To Vancouver By Air

(By Agnes C. Macphail, M.P.)

This week we suffer from an embarrassment of riches including the trans-Canada flight, the Eastern Canada agricultural conference at Montrtal, an outstanding debate on foreign policy, the completion of trade agreements and the forecasting of new legislation. It is impossible to deal with it all. But we start with the flight.

Quite apart from the novelty of flying to Vancouver and back in an incredibly short space of time, the importance of it to Canada justifies putting it first. Once more space has been eliminated and the evolution of transportation has taken a great stride forward. Some people still living will remember the whole transition, from foot travel to ox-carts, stage coach, railways trains, automobile to airplane.

Mail service, trans-Canada, has been in effect for some time, but the carrying of passengers started only on April 1st. In the week or two previous to that a number of good will flights were arranged by Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Transport, to whom great credit is due in the initiation and administration of the service. People from the West Coast were brought to Ottawa and representatives of the Eastern provinces, the Parliament of Canada and the Press Gallery (no senators went) were flown to the Pacific, with civic receptions, broadcasts, interviews and photographs at both ends.

Only having been in the air (in an airplane) once before, I was anticipating with a great deal of excitement and pleasure the take-off at ten p.m., March 24th. But so many unforeseen incidents intervened—a busy day, a late birthday dinner, a delayed start for the airdrome, a wrong turning (the roads have not yet been marked) doubtful driving between snow banks at least ten feet high, an almost impossible turning of the car, a flat tire, a long run on foot to the main road again, the hailing of a car and a final arrival—that I sank into the comfortable seat of the plane with my only sensation that of relief.

The take-off, when it came, brought joy, to be above the snow, past all the bother of starting. Each time the plane takes to the air one gets a sense of power, a lift to the spirit, comparable to driving a powerful motor car, but much more so. While the ship taxis down the long run-way before it turns into the wind, to be off, there is a decidedly uncomfortable sensation of leaning too far backward, but as we leave the ground the tail comes up and we feel on even keel again.

Ottawa lay beneath us like a jewel. Gerry McGeer, Les Mutch and I, the three M.P.'s on board, looked for the Parliament Buildings and there they were, a little cluster of lights in the black oasis of their lawns. Tommy Wayling and Evelyn Tufts, representing the press gallery, with us exclaimed over the beauty of the lighted Champlain Bridge and the Driveways. But, in a moment, the swift silver ship had swept us beyond the Capital City and, straight as the crow flies, we were on our way to Vancouver, a distance of two thousand, three hundred and one air miles.

Looking around the plane I found it was built very much like a bus, only narrower; one passenger to each seat with a narrow aisle down the centre, with small racks above not sufficiently large enough to hold luggage or coats, but each passenger had a pocket on the wall, just like a door pocket in a car. The stewardess came around offering to wrap us up in lovely soft blankets. Our coats had all been put away on hangers in the stern or tail. She was a very attractive girl, with a French accent, so slight that Mr. Mutch said to me: "It may be accent or it may be charm," and then to her: "How sick does one have to be to get attention?" Quite soberly she asked, "Are you sick?" She then gave us gum to chew. We were instructed to chew it when arising or soming down to help the ear drums to adjust to the changing air pressure.

Then, before I am accustomed to it, we are at North Bay where, unfortunately, we lose Commander Edwards, who is on his way to Toronto, and pick up Mayor Day, Ontario's representative, who proved to be a popular and interesting addition to the party. Everybody liked him.

A little sleep. The very comfortably padded chairs tilt to a reclining position. About 1.20 a.m. the stewardess gave us a light lunch: a tangerine, a cheese sandwich and coffee. The coffee woke us all up. I recommended ovaltine for a middle-of-the-night drink. It was snowing and sleeting a bit and the wings and tail were coated, making it necessary to come down on the emergency landing field at Wagaming for de-icing and refuelling. And, after that, only two stops ot Vancouver.

At Winnipeg Mr. Les Mutch, M.P., was happy to see his wife and eleven-year-old daughter at the airport at 4.20 a.m. our time. I had the pleasure of meeting and being photographed with the Mutch family. There, in Leslie's stead, we picked up the Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, who was perturbed that clouds between us and the earth prevented us from seeing the checkerboard of the prairies. We never caught a glimpse of either Manitoba or Saskatchewan and the fog kept us from landing at Regina, which is the usual practice, but just before reaching Lethbridge we had a peek at Alberta, and did not "sit down" again until we arrived at Vancouver's famed airport.

The air was very bumpy going over the mountains and to get out of it the man at the controls climbed to an altitude of sixteen thousand feet to cross the Selkirks and then dropped to fourteen thousand feet over the Coast Range. At such an elevation one does not move around. The head is giddy, the same affect as champagne, the stewardess said, and one breathes consciously, not gaspingly or uncomfortably, just breathing and looking at the mountains is enough.

As we got near Vancouver, the lower air cleared and we saw below us the magnificent panorama of the Fraser Valley. And then Vancouver: its green grass and spring flowers and eager, friendly crowd to welcome us. It seemed impossible to believe that only fourteen hours before we had left the winter and snow of Ottawa.

Well, first, soap and water, and lots of it. On landing nothing interested us very much. Why should we have felt so travel-stained sailing through the clear, upper air? We did anyway and our scrubbing delayed the civic luncheon.

By the time everyone present had made a speech on the wonders of the flight—the miracle flight as it was called, and the beauty of Vancouver, the excellence of their M.P.'s, especially Gerry, it was four o'clock and it felt by some misadventure that we were back in the Commons again, hearing speeches and more speeches.

But, no. We were going driving, through Stanley Park, and following the luscious spring beauty along the sea, buying flowers at flower stalls, or having them given, seeing Chinatown, the marvellous C.N.-C.P. hotel and Gerr's magnificent City Hall and then to bed.

After a delightful Sunday on which everyone was on his own, we left at ten minutes to seven in the evening and arrived in Ottawa the next day at twelve o'clock noon. The trip back was smoother and two hours shorter on account of the prevailing west wind assisting.

We spent the week end in Vancouver without missing one sitting of the House of Commons. It doesn't sound possible but we did it.

Two clear impressions: the complete trust the passengers had in the mere youths who piloted the planes. Youth is certainly at the controls in the air and if we can so completely trust the highly trained and very young in this element, why cannot we use their initiative, idealism and courage in the reconstruction of our social order? Youth wants to serve.

A truer idea of success is coming. High pay and shoddy work will no longer be good enough. The ground crews andthe air crews will be judged on their perfect performance, their absolute integrity, and nothing else will be success.

Canadian unity will be served by this rapid transportation. The great distances which made one part of Canada seem foreign to another are now wiped out. The amazement and delight which the French-Canadian Montreal Alderman on our ship expressed repeatedly over the grandeur of British Columbia and Vancouver indicates the effect of Canadians seeing Canada.

No space left for other subjects.

—AGNES C. MACPHAIL.

OTTAWA
Saturday, April 1st, 1939.

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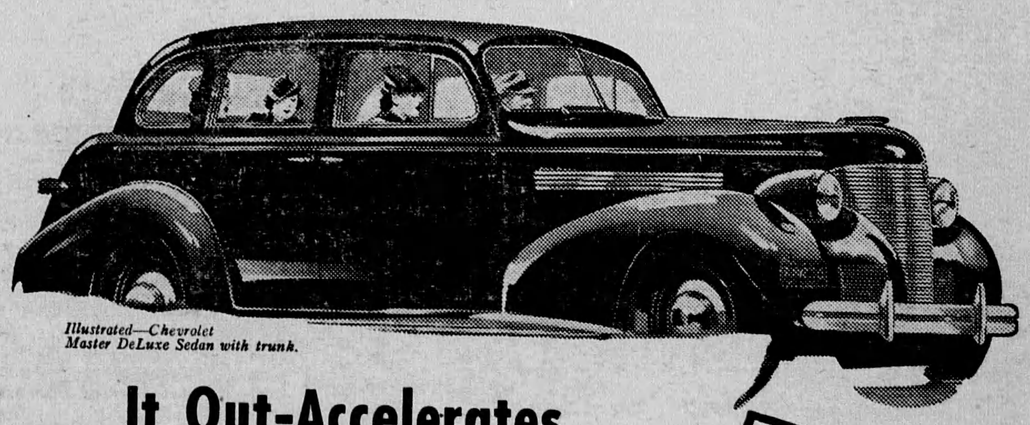

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