

TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

Back home again after a glorious holiday spent enjoying the beauties of the great lake district of Ontario, New York and Pennsylvania! Work had piled up till a vacation was a necessity and so those delightful days were all the more precious. Though refraining from pounding the keys, there was an abundance of sights to see and interesting places to go, all of which needed the constant use of pad and pencil. Once before I said, that the traveller who makes notes finds many folks ready to offer information and thus one's trip is greatly enhanced by new friends, additional courtesies and added attractions. Just try it and see.

Well to start at the beginning, for this is to be a sort of travelogue or detailed diary account of ten days which were filled with lovely things, new friends and experiences that will go down in the book of sweet memories.

It was July 12th, Orangeman's day, that I started southward. The day was hot and dusty, many travellers wending their way to this or that town to take part in the celebrations. I was celebrating too, and why shouldn't I, when it was my birthday? I saw several accidents caused by heavy traffic on the roads. It was just past the dinner hour when I drove into the Saugeen Boys' Camp at Holstein. Sonny had not forgotten it was my birthday and I was presented with a lovely cup and saucer, by the director, his mother and Sonny. After eating a substantial luncheon, I prepared to depart and was asked if I would take Sammy Richardson, the colored British Empire boy-champion sprinter with me as far as Hamilton. Sammy was the director of athletics at the camp. So off Sammy and I started amidst the joyous farewells of the entire camp.

One good turn deserves another and soon it proved to be such. Thinking my gas tank was full, I merrily sailed on. But before long the speed dwindled down to a jumpy crawl. There we were out of gas a mile from a town. Soon a car came along and I halted the driver, a traveller. He graciously solved my plight by taking me back to the nearest town while I got some gas. Then between Guelph and Hamilton a tire went flat and was glad I had Sammy along! Finally we arrived at the home of Sammy's trainer and I went on my way.

Driving along through the fruit district of the Niagara country as the sun sank in the west, with the trees a crimson hue so heavily loaded were they with luscious cherries. Indeed so much so that props had to be used to keep the limbs from splitting, yes it was a lovely feeling to be alive and able to enjoy the beauties of nature. I ate a whole box of cherries as the car hummed over the highway. But night was coming on and I must hurry along. Just before dusk I drove into Ft. Erie and found my friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. Walden. They had moved since my last visit and now are conducting a gas station and fourteen tourist cabins on the highway leading north from the Peace bridge. There a surprise awaited me. Last winter while visiting with friends in Miami, my next door neighbors were folks from Melancthon. Well there again I came across them in one of those cabins at Ft. Erie. So the world isn't so large after all. After much happy talk which lasted long into the night, we retired and I left in the morning for Erie, Pa.

It was hot and I had no spare tire day to have the tire repaired. Reaching the home of my friends in Erie so I stopped during the heat of the I found them gone to a picnic—a City Mission picnic. Rev. and Mrs. Blackmore who have charge of the Mission in that city had invited me to be their guest during my stay in that busy city. A sign on the door guided me to the beautiful park where the picnickers were enjoying themselves. I had never been in Pennsylvania before but had been assured by every native of the State whom I had ever met that it was the loveliest one of the whole forty-eight.

There in those recreation grounds I met many, many lovely people who made my visit very pleasant. It was Saturday when I arrived.

The next day was filled with ser-

vices of various natures. In the morning I attended an Assembly of Brethren partaking in their deeply religious service of breaking bread. After a dinner engagement at the home of one of these brethren, I prepared for a talk which I had been asked to give before a Methodist Episcopal gathering of young people that evening. Bringing an International message of fellowship to them was indeed a pleasure. Then following another service we went to the WBEU studio and witnessed the weekly broadcast by the City Mission. That was intensely interesting and I wish so much that we folks in this locality could get that program but owing to the strength of the Buffalo station WGR, it is almost impossible. The work those city missions do is marvellous and next week I will tell you more about it. We folks in little towns know very little about the life which is seething amidst the heart of a cosmopolitan city.

Monday night the total eclipse of the moon took place and what a strange event it was. When the vision registered a seemingly total darkness over the face of the moon still there seemed to return a brightness which wavered and changed. Perhaps it was a sort of optical illusion which betrayed the reality of the scene at hand. However or whatever it was the fact remains that the workings of the Creator are beyond the feeble power of man to describe. I only know that there in the partial moonlight on the shoreline of Lake Erie, with the gentle lap of the waters breaking the stillness of the night, that I felt a reverence which was sacred. There alone was proof sufficient unworked had been performed in creating such wonders as the perfect to the day thereof, that a great synchronism of the solar systems of the universe.

Tuesday morning was spent in visiting the General Electric Company and to slide over that visit in a few lines would be utterly unappreciative. Mr. Robert Barrell, electric engineer and business executive, spent an entire morning in showing me the extensive projects of the plant with all its many branches. Next week I shall write in detail just how great the operations of that company really are.

That same evening I was the dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Barrell, in their palatial electrically equipped model home. We proceeded to the home of other friends where a weekly young peoples' meeting was held. At those gatherings many young folks learn to pray and to bring their problems before a group of sincere and earnest fellow-worshippers.

The following day was a busy one. Bathing, interview and preparations for a beach dinner party called for most of it. The hostess was the well known Florence E. Hay, artist, poet and singer, who was soloist with Homer Rodeheaver, evangelist, on a world tour a few years ago. She is a charming woman and it was a very great privilege to become friends. Her book for children, entitled, "Bible stories in Rhyme" is nationally known across the line. The party was held at the beautiful Peninsula which runs out into Lake Erie for several miles and is State owned and operated. Every privilege in the park is free, the bathing, bath-houses, dressing rooms, parking and recreation centres. Though thousands flock there, the deer come and feed from your hand at eventide. And the ducks, too, are tame and waddle carefree across the roadways.

That same evening a large reception was held for Erie's own opera star, Ruth Ford, a local girl who achieved her dream of becoming famous through her beautiful voice. As a mere infant she began singing before she learned to walk. A baby in arms practically, yet she gave forth evidence of the future which was to be hers. From the days of her earliest training at the age of 14, she progressed by leaps and bounds, winning the Witherspoon scholarship, when only on the first lap of success. For three years she took one lesson a day from Dr. Ferry Lulak of Chicago. Then came Europe and her debut in Arona at Toronto, Italy. She has sung with the Chicago opera company and ex-

pects to take part in several operas this coming season, possibly in Hollywood. Miss Ford stated that her most thrilling and happiest moment came when she was officially welcomed by her home city at the reception held in her honor last week. After ten years of terribly hard work, climbing up the ladder of fame, Miss Ford could face those pals of school days and know that her cherished dream had really come true. This coming Saturday night will see her singing the leading role in the opera presentation of "Aida" in Erie. Her fame is registered in America as well as Europe. Singing before an audience of 12,000 in Buffalo she was acclaimed one of the nation's finest artists. Her recipe for success is work, work and more work. 120 concerts on as many days is her record.

The editor of the Erie Daily Times, presented this reporter to Miss Ford at the reception and a very gracious invitation to call at her home the following afternoon was extended. I was told that she was particularly glad that Edward Johnson, famous Canadian artist, had received the honor of heading the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Open house at the City Mission that evening brought many together for the community supper. Then Mrs. Blackmore conducted her weekly study hour for women. Her talks are always most interesting and beneficial. She has a sense of judging others and knowing their needs. And what a capable loving and understanding minister's wife she is! Very few women could fill that place in the Mission which she so splendidly fills. It is not easy and it means a tremendous amount of work and study, but she is ever ready to aid those who need her guidance and sympathy. Rev. Blackmore told me that the Mission literally revolved around her. And I believe it does. It was a truly great privilege to be there in the midst of things and see the extent of the help given to those who need help, either mentally, spiritually or financially. After a service in the Mission and there is one every evening throughout the entire year conducted by visiting pastors or young men who have found God through the aid of the organization, or the staff helpers, we all went to one of the parks where an out-door meeting was held and broadcast by means of amplifiers. Men gladly give their testimonies that others through them might be saved from a pathway of degradation. One vis-

iting pastor stated that he refused to remain in any pulpit where his going out-door meetings. He believed that those who needed his message would not join him in holiday, rarely came near a church.

I left Erie Saturday afternoon for the Falls and several of my friends accompanied me. We had a picnic supper near the Rapids, then viewed the Falls and parted, they returning home and I going direct to the post office to attempt to get mail from home, which I knew was waiting for me. The office, of course, was closed as the hour was 8.30 p.m. However I received an answer to my knocking and soon my mail was in my hands. It consisted only of a card from my mother but that was what I wanted, so I was happy. I then sought my friends and they invited me to see the sights of the city. Several week-end excursions were on hand and the city was full of visitors. I explained that it was my desire to see for myself the kind of life which went on at the night-clubs of which I had heard so much. We people living in the common-place, complacent villages do not realize what goes on in some parts of our province or in other sections of this continent. I wanted to know and seeing is believing. I wanted to see first hand if the young folks were falling before the lure of the treacherous beverage room, the night clubs and beer gardens. So there was my chance to find the answer. First we tried a supposedly exclusive and expensive place. The atmosphere was mystic, a man clothed in the eastern garb of a soothsayer of India was telling fortunes. Snappy music made eager feet trip the light fantastic toe on the highly polished floor. At midnight a floor-show was presented. This consisted of several solo or group dance hits, none of which were exactly vulgar, but a bit daring. There was a minimum charge of one dollar per person for tables. We had a substantial dinner to get the benefit of our money. Then we proceeded to a hotel where in the beverage room congregated dozens of high-school-age girls and boys, who should have been playing games at a "Y" or in supervised recreation centres, or their own homes. Beautiful looking girls with the flower of youth upon them, sitting at sticky tables where the foam of the bottles had overflowed, in their hands they held the cigarette which was so unbecoming to the beauty of their young innocent faces. Babies—that's what they really were, but they thought they

were sophisticated women of the world. Several young men—no merely boys I should say—were in a state of stubbornness, not wishing to go home and not fit to stand upon the dance floor. We then went to a beer-garden, one of those dimly-lighted, jazzy places, where the smell of the amber liquid met your nostrils as you entered. The cheaper the price of the place, the more young folks there seemed to be. At the first place I mentioned there were more of the adult group, but in the beverage room and the beer-garden, the mothers and fathers of the coming decade were found. To me it was positively repulsive. The place was owned by three sisters, yes my friends many, many of these places are owned and operated by women. I saw in the Buffalo paper, on my trip down to Erie, while waiting to have a tire repaired, the list of new permits issued the day before, to dozens of new proprietors. At least a tenth of them were women. Honestly it is almost an impossibility to get a bite to eat anywhere that liquor or beer is not sold. They say there are two hundred such places in Niagara Falls, N.Y. It is almost as bad on the Canadian side. I tried at three hotels in the little port of Niagara-on-the-lake to get a meal and they did not serve meals, only sandwiches and liquor of every description. What are some of the hotels coming to? Evidently just a haven for the travelling drinker.

As I watched those children drinking their beer, sold at six mugs for a quarter. I thought it was little wonder that the City Missions have the problems they do to face. Men drifting into town on box-cars, hitch-hiking and etc. many of them the result of the first visit to a camouflaged kindergarten of degradation. Those who would tell us that during this present time that the world is getting better, meaning the morals of our youth in general, well they are either misinformed or do not wish to alarm us. Perhaps the actions of these youngsters helps to bring a deeper realization of the effects of such actions, to the older folks, but at least the girls and boys are paying the price.

Next week I shall tell you of my visit to the locks of the Welland Canal, the Stony Creek battlefield and Museum and several other things which I trust will interest you.

The Markdale Standard is agent for all Daily Newspapers. Renew your subscription here and save.

Where Dreams Come True



NOT much has been said about the fishing near Banff Springs Hotel in the Rocky Mountains, probably because when visitors had finished "writing home" about the scenery, facilities for golf, tennis, and swimming, mountains to be climbed on foot or horse, the health-giving qualities of the air, and the fun to be found there the year round, there were no suitable descriptive words left for the fish.

But many types of fighting fish abound in the nearby lakes and streams. Minnewanka, the lake of Indian legends, frozen over for a week after the opening of the fishing season, made a

glorious start on the new season by producing more than 565 pounds of trout in two days.

Bill Hall, of Banff, led the parade with two trout, the larger one a fisherman's dream tipping the scales at 40½ pounds, and the other registering a more usual 20½ pounds. He was out for only an hour and a quarter in the early afternoon from the time of the first cast until the second fish was landed, despite the fact that the pair put up 30 and 40-minute fights.

Visitors have also made good catches this year. On the same day sportsmen got eight fish averaging about 18 pounds each,

and in two days another party of visitors caught 360 pounds of lake trout, running from five to 25 pounds, with the average about 18 pounds.

While catches like these are not at all uncommon in the West, it has been discovered fairly recently that trolling is not at all necessary to get the big ones. Visitors at the Canadian Pacific Railway hotels at Banff Springs and at Lake Louise, as well as at the many bungalow camps throughout the Rockies, learn soon after their arrival that there are fine fishing grounds in the near vicinity.