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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1947

The Legion Speaks Out

The very large attendance at yesterday's convention of the Provincial Command, Canadian Legion, at Summerside is a matter of gratification to all concerned. That the Legion's interests are many and comprehensive is evidenced from the long list of important resolutions which the convention adopted. Outstanding among these was a strongly worded request that the Provincial and Dominion Governments and Canadian National Railway take immediate action in improving all railway crossings by removing obstacles which prevent a full view to traffic approaching; that wherever possible level crossings be eliminated altogether, and that in the meantime warning signals be placed at all such crossings.

This is a matter uppermost in the minds of all our people at the present time, and expresses the opinion of all in no uncertain terms.

Equally outspoken was the convention in stressing the seriousness of the world situation and in calling for compulsory military training as the only fair and adequate method of safeguarding Canada's interests.

Other important resolutions dealt with rural electrification; mothers' allowances; minimum wage law; preference to ex-service men and women in Government employment; public works and bridges; various railway matters including abolition of the double freight rate zones and better service on the Elmira branch; enactment of a Workmen's Compensation Act; abolition of the contract system in employing rural mail carriers; urgent need for increased housing accommodation for those in lower income brackets; more effective regulations for meat inspection and grading; amendment to regulations to encourage deep sea salmon fishing, and increase in the basic rate of disability pensions.

The resolutions all show careful thought and preparation. Coming as they do from the veterans of two World Wars, they deserve to be given the fullest and most prompt consideration from the powers that be.

Youth Figures Analyzed

The Canadian Youth Commission in its various studies has examined the needs and concerns of present day young people from a great many angles. It has now completed a report, published in booklet form, in which the Dominion Census and other authoritative sources of statistical information are analyzed, providing a great deal of interesting information with respect to youth welfare.

From this analysis we learn that if the age limits of the youth group are set at 15-24 years inclusive, their number in Canada, at the census of 1941, was 2,152,461, or 18.7 per cent of the total population. Their proportion is highest in Saskatchewan at 1 in 5 of the population, lowest in British Columbia at 1 in 6. The 18.7 per cent proportion of youth in total population is somewhat lower than at earlier censuses, the proportion of children under 15 (27.8 per cent) much lower, presaging a continued decline in the percentage of youth. Children and youth together constituted a majority of the population of all earlier Canadian censuses, but by 1941 had definitely become a minority.

The decline in the proportion of young persons has important implications. It has become easier to extend the length of their schooling and to give them other advantages. But there has been an element of disadvantage to the children. As they have come of working age in the more recent decades (the war years excepted) they have found fewer and fewer ready-made jobs waiting to be filled.

The numerical relationship of young people to older differs very considerably between different parts of the Dominion. They are relatively more numerous in country than in city, especially children. During youth many move from country to city. Roughly, one of every five country young people has migrated to the cities and towns in recent years. The movement has been more pronounced among the girls than the boys—one girl in four, one boy in seven—and has incidentally created a matrimonial problem in both country and city. On the farms each six young men find themselves left with only five eligible girls.

The migration of young people is more than a matter of their moving from the countryside to a neighboring city. Much of the movement used to be to the United States, but with the almost complete cessation of this in the 1930's the interprovincial movement within Canada increased.

Comparing the same group at two dates, 1931 and 1941, and allowing for 2 1-4 per cent of deaths in the ten years, Nova Scotia was the only Province where the group (20-24 years in 1941) remained practically stationary in size. The other Maritime Provinces and the Prairie Provinces all lost young people in considerable number. Saskatchewan alone lost more than all of the others, over 20,000, or one in five of its entire population of this age. Quebec gained a few thousand, Ontario and British Columbia the rest—something like 25,000 divided between them in approximately equal numbers. Except in the case of Saskatchewan the net losses in the five losing Provinces were all from rural communities.

The two provinces, Ontario and British Columbia, attracting the greater number from the others, really lack children and young people of their own, relatively speaking. With 44 per cent of the Dominion adult population they have only 35 per cent of the children. From estimates of national income during the 1930's, compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, it appears that approximately half of it was received by the residents of these two provinces, indicating that they offered a substantial margin in economic opportunity. So long as nearly two-thirds of the country's children are located where half of the national income is earned, and only about one-third of them where the other half is earned, a continuing migration during the years of youth seems assured.

Throughout Canada the school attendance of rural boys is 24.7 per cent as compared with 42.8 per cent of urban boys. The proportion of city boys attending academic high schools is about one-half higher than the proportion of country boys. As the age of university attendance is reached the differential increases—at ages 20-24 only 2.5 per cent of rural boys are continuing their studies as compared with 6.2 per cent of urban.

Differences are wide between the Provinces. In spite of its being one of the most rural and least wealthy of the provinces Saskatchewan has a higher proportion of its young people in school than any of the more easterly provinces. Alberta and British Columbia stand at the very top in this respect. In the age group 15-19, Prince Edward Island, with 32.7 per cent in school, is third lowest, ranking only above New Brunswick and Quebec. In the 20-24 age group this Province, with 2.9 per cent, is at the bottom of the list.

For Canada as a whole the average duration of school enrolment per child works out to exactly ten years. (The figure for Prince Edward Island is 9.99.) This means that the average young Canadian nowadays does about a year of high school work, discontinuing on the average at almost exactly 17 years of age. This relatively high average level of school-leaving age, however, should not cause us to lose sight of the fact that there are still substantial numbers dropping out of school too young.

— EDITORIAL NOTES —

A time seems fast approaching when it will be safer to keep our money at home rather than send it to Toronto to be stolen.

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A subscriber sends us a copy of the *Vancouver Province* containing a splendidly illustrated write-up of the funeral of the late Senator Gerry McGeer.

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The mantle of Mackenzie King is likely to fall on the shoulders of Mr. Abbott. It is doubtful, however, if on any other wearer it will so well take on the colour of its surroundings.

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Between 35 and 40 teacherless schools in the Province, in spite of the granting of some 30 permits, is a very serious blow to the children affected. It behooves a good citizen's Government to do something to remedy the situation.

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A member of the first all Scottish flight of immigrants to arrive in Canada presented a letter to Premier Drew containing a sprig of heather picked the day before. It is going to be hard for the newcomers to realize that they are a long way from home and mother.

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It may be well that Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent, as head of a "carry on caretaker Government", while the Liberals decide who shall be Mr. Mackenzie King's successor, will be allowed to "carry on" indefinitely, as Quebec's claims to the position are paramount in the Liberal Party.

* * * *

Mr. Walter E. Darby, K.C., scored twice at the Bar Association's Conference at Ottawa Wednesday; he got a debtor resolution unanimously adopted, and obtained leave to stand at the Chateau Laurier cocktail bar where Prince Edward Island's disputed arms are in evidence. Although offered plenty support for the latter proposition, he politely declined it, representing as he does a Prohibition Province.

* * * *

Malta captured by the British this date 1800. Malta belonged in early times successively to Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthagenians, and Romans; it is said to have been converted to Christianity by St. Paul who was wrecked there in 58 A.D. It then formed part of the Byzantine Empire; was occupied by Vandals in 5th and 6th centuries, and was taken by the Arabs who were eventually expelled by Count Roger, Norman ruler of Sicily in 1090. Charles V of Aragon captured Malta in 1530, and granted it to the Knights Hospitallers in 1532. The Turks captured it in 1565, but the Knights were again in possession in 1571, holding it till 1795 when it was taken by Napoleon; two years later the British compelled the French to quit, and by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802 Britain retained possession.

* * * *

Two new and important appointments have been announced by Britain's Minister of Transport. These have been made under the new Transport Act which has recently been placed on the Statute Book. Sir Eustace Missenden has been given the post of chairman of the Railway Executive, while Lord Latham will be the chairman of the London Transport Executive. The Transport Executive will have the task of welding Britain's four main-line railways into one complete unit. The new chief of Britain's railways has worked in every grade of the industry, beginning his career by running errands between the booking office and the signal box on a small country station. He is one of the greatest experts on suburban traffic and during the war organized the transportation of the British Expeditionary Force to the Continent as well as the return of the men from Dunkirk. Lord Latham, who will now direct London's immense transport system, has just relinquished the chairmanship of the London County Council, which administers the affairs of the entire capital.

Notes By The Way

To the list of overworked words, there might be added our insistent friend "absolutely." With fine impartiality things are absolutely awful, absolutely beautiful, absolutely this, that, and the other, but not until recently had I seen this working-overtime word used on a public notice. In the doorway of some business premises in Manchester there threatens the would-be offender: Absolutely No Smoking. What fiendish fate awaits the man who forgets to pocket his pipe or "dimp" his cigarette in time is not indicated. But it must surely be something unspeakable —absolutely. —Manchester Guardian.

Britain takes an incomprehensible stand in refusing to permit shipment of gift apples from Canada in standard 50-pound boxes. It maintains a 22-pound limitation, despite the harsh food shortage which would make double welcome this valuable addition to the people's diet. The shipment, of course, would add nothing to the present financial crisis, for the apples are to be sent as gifts, at the expense of the Canadian people. It is an instance in which slavish adherence to regulation seems to be overcoming good sense. —Windsor Star.

One of the greatest blessings in this life is a happy home. How can this be achieved? According to the writer, six things are requisite to create a happy home. They are as follows: "Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up by cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God." Any home established along those lines comes pretty close to being the ideal type. —Chatham News.

What we are seeing is another round in the inflationary spiral. If there is profiteering at some point in the spiral the government ought to expose it, but the probability is that no one is improving his relative position in this whirligig of wages and prices. One does not need to be an economic wizard to see that it is the combination of higher costs and wages entering into products which is forcing up their price. If it were possible to declare a complete stand-still in wages and price levels for six months and get full output in every line, worry about the rising cost of living would be at an end. —Toronto Telegram.

When a man has been happily married for fifty to sixty years he usually has a recipe for wedded bliss. There are all sorts of formulas as to how to live happily ever after; most of them have to do with sharing fifty-fifty and all that sort of thing. Now, however, comes a new one. It appears that Isaac Penn, eighty, of Philadelphia, who has had two wives, both now dead, was about to be married for a third time. His formula for a happy marriage life was this: "I don't hold to putting your foot on a brass rail and keeping your wife waiting for dinner. I believe that when a wife cooks a good meal she has a right to expect her husband to come home and eat it." —Vancouver News-Herald.

We cannot understand why the great majority of slack-wearing women do it. At work, yes; at certain sports, yes. Elsewhere, never. The ingenuity of men and women, for years, was devoted to evolving a garment in which women's figures would appear to best advantage. Not that we think there is anything basically wrong with the feminine figure; we have, on the contrary, taken pains to express our thorough appreciation of it. We really care very little about the length of the skirt, as long as the figure is skirted, be it suit, frock or gown. We would even approve of a garb advertised by an Edmonton department store, according to Maclean's Magazine, as a bargain in "a little Summer dress you can wear next to nothing." But slacks—no. Kingston Whig-Standard.

In this city not a bag of cement is available for purchase today. It is a strange phenomenon in a province that produces gypsum and limestone in enormous quantities! Take gypsum. Nova Scotia produces the great bulk of Canadian gypsum. Gypsum is one of the most valuable of minerals in these times. Its value is increasing steadily. And still,—1—We do not manufacture an ounce of our own gypsum here at home; and 2—Gypsum and limestone are not even "minerals" so far as the laws of Nova Scotia are concerned. In other words, Nova Scotia's gypsum is privately controlled; the province as such does not get a dollar from it; and it is shipped out of this province in great volume to be manufactured elsewhere. — Halifax Herald.

In the latest London wholesale collections, many of the dinner gowns are being made both with an eye on Britain's export market and a new development in the home market. In the United Kingdom, brides-to-be, when shopping for their wedding gowns, often ask first to see dinner dresses. These, being moderately high at the neck, with some elaboration of the skirt, not to speak of the varied length of sleeve, can be used later for their original purpose or for very formal outdoor occasions. Even a full evening dress, if it happens to be equipped with a bolero may become a temporary wedding dress. Choice of materials, too, is considerably wider. White satin is still the bride's favorite, but it has long since ceased to be the only fabric she will look at. Today, there is a range of fine crepes, chiffon, taffeta or other formal materials. —UK Information Office.

Old Soldiers Never Die

(Canada's Weekly)

Goodness knows we British are no supermen, yet somehow we have the knack of doing the impossible when necessary. The Brickfields of Le Bassee is a case in point. Jerry should have made hay of us that morning when Mike O'Leary and a handfull of Irish Guardsmen made the Prussians scuttle back to shelter. "Our mob" helped the Micks a little: not much, but then, we were only Terriers, "Saturday Night Soldiers."

—And yet, "only" may be out of place, for the Terriers put up quite a good show. At Festubert, for instance, Jerry lobbed petrol-bombs on the wounded, and Thorne, that quiet old bloke who in peace-time sold books in the Charing Cross Road, got really annoyed. He was only a rifleman, and it was suicide to show your head above the parapet, yet when old Thorne sang out, "Come on, gang; Let's show them!" blow me if the whole platoon didn't follow him over the top to rescue the wounded.

The officers? They lay out in No-Man's-Land among the dead and wounded. Before that Sunday ended, we attacked twice with the bayonet, and we threw back three counter-attacks; and we were our own officers. We didn't lose an inch of ground, but we were in a mess when they came to relieve us. Three survivors in 16 Platoon; The Battalion smashed from 900 to 45 in 18 hours, but the enemy didn't lick us. They couldn't lick us.

Heaven knows they tried hard enough, and we were shockingly misled to the slaughter. We were thrown away at Neuve Chapelle, Festubert and Loos to relieve pressure elsewhere. "Fight like heroes, men," said gong-hunting brass-hats, knowing that we hadn't a dog's-chance — that our lives were being chucked away for strategic reasons, a polite term for inefficiency of leadership. So what? We ripped the Jeager Rifles, the Wurtemburgers and the Prussians wide open at Neuve Chapelle. We —"the bleedin' Terriers" — as the Regulars called us, did that, in our first engagement: and all the original 2nd Division Regulars, the cream of the British Army, lined the road to welcome us into our rest billets when we crawled, red-eyed and dithery from reaction, into Bethune.

At Festubert, the Lajore Indian Division smashed Jerry sky-high and tried to reach Berlin non-stop; and the brass-hats nearly laid fried eggs trying to get them to come back. At Loos, the gunners could not dig Jerry out of the honeycombed slag-heaps, so we, the P.B.I., winkled them out with bayonet and bombs. Now and again we took an awful packet, as at Passchendale. That was a crime against the ordinary soldier, and the responsible brass-hats should have been tried for mass murder. Yet we survived and came back for more punishment, time and again, until we won.

Of course, there were bright patches, even in that war. Remember how we rolled the heavy dud shell down the steps of the Sergeant-Major's dugout — and how he went home, a nervous wreck, next day, and got a medal for it? And how the married chaps got sweet on the little lady of Beuvry until her husband came home suddenly from the Arras front? There isn't room to tell all those stories. We made our own fun, and all the gang pulled together so well that nothing and nobody could lick us —except our leaders and the politicians.

They paraded us so that the Brigadier could say, "Men, I am proud of the way you have fought for me"; and they gave Ben Coben 14 days for too loudly giving the brass-hat a lovely fruity raspberry. Ben was right. We didn't fight for the Brigadier, nor any general, Haig included. And we didn't fight for England, Home and Beauty — not consciously. Why should we?

We were a mixed mob. We were chiefly English, but there were Irish Scots, Canadians, Aussies and New Zealanders in our battalion. And what a mob! There were clerks, cotton-brokers, railwaymen, policemen, fish-porters, dock-wallopers, and what-have-you. A regular R.S.M. and two staff-sergeants licked 900 of us into a battalion of soldiers. They made us worship The Battalion — it was "our mob," and, as far as we were concerned, there wasn't a unit in the British Army to surpass us, and never an enemy unit to lick us. Big ideas, perhaps, but we proved them in the war, and our Regulars voluntarily turned out to cheer us coming out of action, and to carry our rifles because we were dead on our feet and wouldn't lie down. We were ready to die for "our mob," and just as anxious to live for it. It was a family affair, too, and in peace-time many a married man got roasted by his wife because she thought he could put up a better show than he did.

There were some who looked beyond the gang-spirit. They started out as we did, somewhat lightheartedly, on a six-months Cook's tour of Europe, all expenses paid. Jerry soon altered those ideas. Babies speared on public railrings, and naked women crucified on church doors are sobering sights: we saw much worse than that. So the married men fought to save their wives and kids, and their kids' kids from that sort of thing; and the gang camaraderie helped them to keep their senses balanced.

The war ended, and the phony peace began. The politicians broke up "our mob" — what was left of it, and while they grabbed the credit for winning the war, we dropped out of the picture, disgusted at the way we were treated in the "land fit for heroes," you had to be a hero to survive in it. We said daily, "They won't see my heels for dust next time there's a war," and we scattered off to Canada, Africa, Australia and elsewhere to find the freedom we'd fought for and couldn't find at home. Perhaps had we stayed we might have kept the politicians from losing the peace.

They lost it sure enough, and in 1939 we came rushing back from Canada and elsewhere, almost weeping in our anxiety to volunteer; and they sent us away to cool our heels at unwanted "dugouts" while our kids joined up. Heck, even our kids couldn't handle that job alone; everybody knew that except the brass-hats and the dimwits in the various ministries. "We want the very best," they said. And what were we? They were glad to have us eventually, to train, to stiffen and to lead the kids —and they were the right kind of kids, too. They had to be; they were our kids, and they knew the answer: so they tried to outdo "the old man" — and often succeeded.

It was a family war, and even the old girls had to butt in. Like the time when a chap parachuted into the Caterham Valley. One old girl grabbed a bread-knife, yelled "Come on girls," and by the time our tender got to the tree in which perched a shrinking pilot, there were 30 or more housewives armed with table cutlery inviting the kid to "come down, please!" He was one of our Spitfire pilots, but the old girls wanted to see his identity discs before they let the R.A.F. cart him back to the aerodrome.

Our second war was easier than the first one—on the feet, at any rate. There were sticky patches, like Dunkirk, but again we did the impossible, thanks to the gang spirit. It's amazing what you can do when you know that every soul in the gang will support you to the last gasp. That war ended with us on the winning side: let's leave it at that to avoid argument.

We fought to make life easier for our kids, and they fought to do as much for their kids, but we don't seem to have gained very much, after all. Things are in a shocking mess, the world over. Make no mistake about it: it isn't simply Britain's tummyache; it's a world problem, with Britain holding the dirty end of the stick because she did her damnedest to win.

Don't let us fool ourselves. Britain is in a shocking mess. It doesn't matter who is to blame for that misfortune, although we know the answer to that one, too; it just doesn't matter. All that counts is that Britain must be restored to health for the sake of our kids and our kid's kids; they make the commonwealth our Land of Hope and Glory. And a healthy Britain means a prosperous Commonwealth of British Nations and a healthy world.

For us it is Nwuve Chappelle and Loos all over again, and we lead ourselves once more. However grim things may seem, nothing can lick us if we do the right thing, and God knows that's simple enough.

Recreate the "our mob" spirit, take off your coat, and work like hell.

Take off your coat to help "our mob" to export a darned sight more than at present. And if you are now living overseas, spare a thought in a while for the gang you fought and endured with, and "Buy British" whenever you can. With the old "our mob" spirit to help us, we can make the world a better place for our kids' kids.

Twice we've fought for them; now we must slave for them; it's as bad as being in the blooming army on perpetual fatigue Lummy! what a peace!

Come on, gang; let's show the world "our mob" in action!

The Poet's Corner

PERCEPTION

He who proudly climbs the mountain
Strides its mighty peaks in vain,
Crosses snow-wet rocks untutored,
Learns no secrets from the rain.

He who hunts within the mountains,
Claiming deer and goat and bear,
Knows but trails and snowblocked passes,
Finds no hidden wonder there.

He who goes and seeks for nothing
Sees the great peaks—lets them be;
He will know the living mountain.
As the river knows the sea.

—Ida G. Gilbert in New York Times.

Old Charlottetown (And P.E.I.)

FIRST COURT SITTINGS

The Courts and the Legislature first met in the house of James Richardson, a comparatively wealthy adventurer who brought 15 settlers to the Island in 1770. In 1781 Alexander Richardson, a school master, received a town lot on which to build a school. He built it on the corner of Queen and Dorchester Streets, and his establishment, known as the Cross Keys, was rented during a number of years by both the Supreme Court and the Legislature. In 1812 a Court-house was built, and it was used for legislation as well as the administration of justice until 1848, when the Colonial Building was completed. On the eve of Confederation the present Court House was built; and the old building, after serving as a post office, telegraph office and police court, was moved to Euston Street and converted into a tenament house, its site being occupied by the present Market Building. It was in this old Court-house that Lieutenant-Governor Smith harrangued his parliament and delivered his judgments in Chancery. Here, too, the legislators decided to build a Legislative Chamber of their own.

—From an article by Dr. D. C. Harvey.

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