

40,000 LITTLE MEN WANTED

The Toronto Naval League Knows How to Get Them and How to Make Big Men of Them Whether They Go Into Seamanship or Not

By NAUTICUS

EVER been a boy? No? That's too bad, and yet only half the parents of the rising generation have been. It seems a pity, in a way, because just for that reason all of the grown-ups do not grasp as quickly as some of them do the overpowering appeal that the attractions of the Boys' Naval Brigade have for the youth, and what it means to him to be able to get to the water, to get into a boat; to row, sail, swim, do stunts with ropes, and withal get an inside view of the work of a real sailorman. Five hundred boys have been at the business this summer—by the end of the year there will be a thousand—and already a number of them are fit to take their places as A. B.'s—able-bodied seamen—if they feel inclined.

The fact that the Ontario Government has granted \$50,000 to the Navy League shows how its activities are regarded from an economic standpoint. The need of men for Canada's lake and seagoing marine is very great; forty thousand, probably, are required to man the mercantile and naval services on the inland waters and the coasts. Where these men are to come from, with the industrial centres and their inducements of higher pay drawing men from the farm—as has been the case for years—from lumbering, from railroading even, is a question which must be studied intently if this nation is to take advantage of its position as a shipping country. On the Great Lakes, whose tonnage through the Soo canals is greater in three months than that of the Suez Canal in a year, the scarcity of experienced sailors is very marked—and this condition existed before the war. With all our technical educational advantages there has never been a thorough-going system of supply to maintain the record of which Canadians should be proud.

In the old days of tall canvas and muzzle-loading guns, Canadian officers and men made a name for themselves just as the men on the firing-line are doing to-day. Since then the exploits and services of Canadians on the water have made a worthy record; and although the need is as great and will be more pronounced after the war, the sailorman's craft has been allowed to dwindle until almost any occupation would be thought of as a career for the boy before that of the sea.

THOUSANDS of Canadians are at work for Britain on the ocean in all branches, on mine-sweepers, submarine chasers, patrols and battleships. The feat of the Canadian lake steamer "Meaford," which fought and sank a submarine on one of her sea trips, is one shining example; other lake carriers have been doing their bit in breaking cargo records in grain and ore. Six hundred recruits have gone into

the Navy from Toronto and district. Why not six thousand? No reason at all except that seamanship has been overlooked. And the wise men who are thinking of the future of our two-thousand-mile highway into the heart of the continent are beginning to scurry for some means to bring public interest to bear upon the question so that Canada may have a part in the great mercantile shipping procession that is about to pass along her shores. This is the reason \$100,000 is being sought by the League from the Dominion Government.

It was in May of this year that Rev. J. Russel MacLean, of St. John's Church, Toronto (the old Garrison church), sought out Commodore Emilius Jarvis to help him put over the proposition that had been taking form in the energetic parson's mind during the past three years. It took Mr. Jarvis, who happens to be the British Navy's chief recruiting officer in Ontario, but a moment to see that the well-matured plans laid before him were the beginnings of a movement, which, if it received a percentage of the assistance it deserved, would solve the problem of a supply for the marine. "This is the very thing I have been looking for," he said. As a yachtsman he knew the charm of the game and how easy it would be to enlist the enthusiasm of the thousands of boys who have a hankering for it; as a practical man of affairs he knew the need, and set to work to put the Navy League on its feet and to see that others took off their coats also. It was easy to make the vessel owners see the value of it. Soon the League was in possession of a vessel of considerable tonnage and four smaller boats, the gift of Canada Steamship Lines; of two 32-footers from the Mathews Steamship Company, and of three gasoline launches, from Norman Macrea, E. B. Collett, and the Disappearing Propellor Co. The co-operation of a hundred other practical helpers in the world of business and among the yacht clubs and the clergy was secured and the League began business.

In the meantime Mr. MacLean was instrumental in arranging the visit of the crew of H. M. C. S. Niobe to Toronto, in June; the sight of these hearty youths swinging about town in their natty blue did much to stimulate practical support and the League cast off and got under way. It won't be all plain sailing, and anyone who knows the ropes well enough to get hold of the Treasurer (it might be well to speak plainly—he's D. A. Cameron, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce) will be expected to lend a hand; money, boats, books, and a hundred other things will be welcomed at the forward hatch. Five citizens of Toronto have undertaken to build a concrete ship, complete

as to masts, spars, and rigging, to be set up in one of the public parks of the city, part of it to be occupied as an office and dwelling by the Chief Instructor. This can be used winter and summer and will form a headquarters for the Toronto brigade.

Great are the plans for the future. In a couple of years there will be a replica of the old "Victory," Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, from which dates Britain's supremacy on the sea, riding

at anchor on the bay; ships suitable for cruising on the lakes; training ships to be planted in the larger ports. One of the projects of the Educational Committee of the League is a school reader, dealing with affairs nautical, an entertainingly instructive little missionary that will carry its introduction to children on its face. Agriculture can take care of itself, industry can buy its way, but sailing is going to be boosted from now on or the League will know the reason why not—and shift its course to meet the breeze. With the United States wondering how to get a larger proportion of their own sons aboard the navy in place of the Norwegians and Swedes, when the fishing industry of Western Canada is in the clever hands of the Japanese, when every nation in the world with a bit of waterfront and a leaky punt is racing to get them patched up in time for the after-war struggle—isn't it about time to go below and shake the Canadian out of his bunk?

"WHAT ho, mar-r-riner-rs?" says the prime mover in all this preparation, with a Scotch burr that would cut right through a British Columbia fir tree; "every boy wants to be a sailor! The material is here, the spirit of adventure is in him, and the craving to go about and see more of the world." Mr. MacLean doubtless appreciated the country's need in the marine, but what gave him the necessary enthusiasm for the project was the magnificent opportunity of getting the boy at his best, interested in the work for its own sake, not loaded with precepts for the future, and of leading him by natural easy stages to acquire habits of physical and mental health. "We give him too much theory," says he, "we neglect the cardinal things of life and we do not acquiesce sufficiently in his demand for play. We would be better to go in for more boxing, swimming, rowing and the rest of it. Not all are content to settle into industrial and money-making pursuits; the others must have

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Among these men who converted the Commodore Jarvis into a training ship free of charge, note Rev. Mr. MacLean, at his right Chief Instructor Stewart, second from his left. Petty Officer Allen. And to stimulate recruiting the boys after the inauguration of the ship went marching over the city.