

Jo MacConnell

"S.S. KARMALA"

11th March 1931.

awb to Jo MacConnell

My Dear Jack,

I have often thought of writing to you but while in India there seemed to be no time. Our trip has been a very happy experience and one we shall never forget. People everywhere have been extremely kind and attentive.

Here we are half way between Singapore and Hong Kong on our way home and glad I shall be to find myself with you all in Montreal again. I am always happy in going home because I have never seen any country that to my mind compares with Canada. I believe we have a destiny before us which even the most ambitious of us can scarcely realize. We used to think of Canada as a long narrow corridor stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the United States to the South and a wilderness to the North. Such a description no longer gives a true picture. The wilderness to the North has become a promised land of wealth and instead of the long corridor we have a great wide picture gallery full of treasures of every description. We have vast areas, vast and varied resources and vast possibilities. We have a fine health giving climate and we have a good people. I like the Canadian breed and the Canadian brood. So far we have few labour problems and little communism, our people generally have their feet on earth. They are not filled with strange prejudices and superstitions, in general they still hold fast to those things which we believe count very much - love of home, faith in God, respect for their neighbours rights, privileges and property and a sound mind and a sound body. We constitute one half of the northern American continent and lie on the shortest route between Europe and the great awakening East. I am not saying it for publication my dear Jack, but I am beginning to think that Europe's day is done, she no longer dominates the world. The hope of England herself lies in the Empire, but she herself does not yet appreciate that fact. Before the war she was on top of the world and beheld her ships sailing the seven seas and back again carrying raw products one way and manufactured articles the other. That day is gone and will never return. Her losses in the war were so great in men and money that it seemed to leave her benumbed and stupefied, she acted as if she were in a dream, hoping to wake up some morning and find that all was well again. She seems to have lost her grip besides which she saddled herself with some strange policies notably the "dole".