

For Jack
from Dad 1991

A BRIEF HISTORY OF
PRINCE EDWARD BRANCH #91

ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION

1952 through 1956

by

TOM PANTER, P.P.

From:

Michele Panter - Young
Branch 54 Legion
Sooke BC

In response to a recent request, I have done my best to accurately report what I can recall of the activities of Prince Edward Branch from 1952 through 1956. I was the duly elected secretary-treasurer in 1953 and 1954 and president in 1955 and 1956. The subject period was 35 to 40 years ago and I have found it difficult to remember the names of all the people whose faces appear in my minds' eye, as I recall the distant past. I have felt it important to name the people who worked so hard to **salvage** the Branch, for in 1952 it was well on its way to join the dodo within the ranks of the extinct. I have not glossed over anything, for good or ill, because the story of Prince Edward Branch reflects the realities of life. We have known good times and less pleasant ones. What is important is that we overcame our problems and continued on, building on that which was positive.

In reading over what I have written, it occurred to me that some of our younger friends might have difficulty placing my narrative in perspective.

During the period reported upon, there were no pensions, hospitalization or free medication for those unable to work due to age or disability. There was something called the "Burned out pension" which the "Department" had an uncanny ability to

eventually grant once the petitioner had died. This is why some of our "oldies" were happy to attend our dinners as "guests" and to "help" us dispose of surplus food.

Inferences that the hall posed a few 'difficulties' when we attempted to put on a dinner or entertainment may be lost upon this generation. The old army hut did not have a furnace - a large "heater" provided for our comfort. In the "galley" we had a coal and wood stove; there was no refrigerator, and a concrete laundry sink with a cold water tap next to a table covered with oil-cloth was our kitchen. It was a great day when we converted to oil, had a coil in the fire-box and a hot water tank installed. Until we got a refrigerator, - which I believe our **NEW** L.A. donated, - Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Fraser (wives of Comrades) generously stored salads etc. prior to serving at our dinners.

I am indebted to my dear Mother, long since departed, from among whose "souvenirs" were found the clippings from the newspaper and the press photos. How my mother came by the latter, I've no idea.

As to the photo taken on November 11, 1955, I have been able to identify all but two of the comrades present. My apologies to them. Some members had already left before the photo was taken.

To begin; in 1952, Comrade Trevor "Pop" Norman, P.P. worked in the office of the old R.C.N. Magazine, located on Wilfred Road. (Now the site of a Canadian Forces Supply Depot). He approached me one day at work and told me, that at their next meeting, Prince Edward Branch planned on surrendering their charter. This was due to a shrunken membership and lack of interest. He told me that at recent Legion meetings there were too few Comrades present to form a quorum. "Pop" Norman asked if I would consider attending the meeting and bring along a veteran friend; possibly we might consider joining the Legion.

For my part, I didn't know there was a Legion Branch in the area. I lived in Colwood and any Legion people I knew belonged to Branches in Victoria, where "pub" facilities existed.

As luck would have it "Pop" Norman had a friend, Mr. H. Williamson ("Willy") living near me who couldn't attend the Legion due to a lack of transportation, but he knew where the Branch was located. Prince Edward Branch was located on Dunford Road in Langford; hardly a well traveled area. I invited Bill Patterson to join us. He invited Ken Robinson who invited another veteran. I believe Bruce Milburn, Ken Langrish, Alan Bodman, Tom McKay and Andy Foley completed the roster of new faces at the Legion that night. It is as well we were there, for

on this, an "election of officers" night, the meeting once more lacked a quorum - to elect officers, surrender the charter, or indeed conduct any business.

The secretary of the Branch was a dear old dour Scot, a Comrade George MacGregor. He may have been old - certainly by our reckoning at the time, but he had a mind as quick as a steel trap. In those days Branch secretaries could take your money and issue an "interim payment membership card" on the spot, and this he did with alacrity. (A copy of my card is enclosed). The secretary had not seen so much money in a long while; some said he was smiling for the first time in their "memory".

When it came to the election of officers we, the new "recruits", suggested the present executive carry on for another year of two, and elect a shadow executive to do the actual work, and to learn from the "pros". (I'm not sure we could have legally voted anyway). Theirs had not been an easy job, as we soon learned, and they deserved to be able to wear the laurels of their office without the cares and worries attendant to their positions.

The anticipated "influx" of new members after World War II had been a non-event: **it didn't happen!** There were many reasons for this; not the least of which was that Branches in Victoria had amenities at hand that Prince Edward Branch dared not dream of.

The small group of active members were "old" and decrepit; with a few exceptions, such as Coms. Rory Fraser and Rus Beaton. "Old" to World War II veterans was to be in one's early sixties, - the age of our parents. Many, I fear most, of the members were in poor health. These men had endured the rigours of trench warfare, had known the terror of poison gas attacks, suffered shell shock and/or had been wounded. Some had trench feet; horrid ulcers on legs and feet that would not heal. Some were amputees, while others had to wear steel braces on their legs or use a mechanical claw in lieu of a missing hand. The "old guard" of the Branch had survived the great depression of the 1930's. This experience had resulted in a "complex" evidenced by a fear of change, and a thinly disguised hostile attitude, by some, to any new ideas. There existed an innate fear to "let go" of what little they had managed to realize after years of struggle. The "new recruits" were sensitive to the concerns of the old members and exhibited patience, and a caring that would be more difficult to find today. We too were products of the depression, and one of the marks of our generation was a respect for age. To this end the "old guard" was pampered and coddled.

Meanwhile, the army hut which the Branch had purchased earlier stood very much as it had been delivered, - in desperate need of repair and alteration. The building sat on concrete blocks and had never been set level. The "old guard" of the Branch were in no condition to undertake the necessary work, so a state of inertia prevailed. In retrospect, it is indeed a mystery, and defies explanation, as to why the Branch would purchase a building requiring so much work which they couldn't hope to undertake. Surely the "faith to move mountains" pales to insignificance when compared to that required to believe that there would be a stampede of young veterans, complete with muscles, tools and money, to salvage their good intentions. Well, in a measure, their hopes were fulfilled on that fateful night that Prince Edward Branch No. 91 was re-born! We had lots of ideas, some tools, some muscle to transform ideas into reality: but lots of no money.

One of our first tasks was to level the building. An assortment of hydraulic jacks were assembled and set up. "Someone" was in charge. I think he was the chap with the whistle. Each time he blew his whistle we pumped our jack handles and up went the building a fraction of an inch. He must have known what he was doing for I do not recall a repeat of the evolution.

We had work parties every week; some could come for an hour or two, others for half a day. There was so much to do; partitions to be removed inside, cleaning up, salvage, sorting etc. etc. Most of the new recruits were trying to build their own homes, so time was precious. I say "trying", because prior to the war we had no experience in the art of construction, and our Service training during the war had an opposite goal. We did turn out however, all "instant carpenters" doing our best.

Our monthly meetings were well attended and a few new members were added to the ranks slowly but surely. Tom McKay who lived nearby, was in charge of the beer. He brought a dozen bottles and set them on the table next to a saucer containing four quarters (for change). Beer was .25 cents a bottle and one helped themselves. I don't think we ever lost a cent. Tea, coffee, sandwiches, cake, etc. was free. The older Comrades who needed transportation were picked up and returned home "at a decent hour". The entertainment committee arranged who were to bring refreshments with an awareness of who was in a position to respond. There was always plenty and to spare, so we had to prevail upon some of the older Comrades to help us by taking the "surplus" food off our hands.

It was found that some of the older members of the Branch were not attending, because they found paying their dues a financial hardship. This was remedied "out of the pockets" of

some of the "new recruits". The Branch did not pay! Our secretary was all smiles for incoming cash, but his heart became stone at the very thought of spending a dime. It was said that one would have to break his fingers to pry a penny from his fist. But I loved the old gentleman, - he was honest as they come.

As understudy to the Secretary-Treasurer, I became privy to the exact state of affairs in the Branch. My initial impression that there was a degree of confusion proved to be an error. **Chaos** had taken over, was entrenched and was setting new goals for itself. What little money there was was safe - and all accounted for, thanks to Comrade MacGregor. Branch records were another story. My first sight of them left me with a singular emotion - despair! There was an ancient rusted typewriter and a couple of boxes; cardboard, wetted and disintegrating. I do not recall that there was anything worth salvaging. Much of it was obsolete printed matter and letterhead paper, - all water damaged. There were no correspondence files or old ledgers, that could have shed some light upon earlier activities of the Branch. My mentor suggested that I should "take over" the secretarial duties of the Branch while he looked after the money. From the evil glint in his eye I should have suspected his generous offer to share his office. For a new secretary it was pretty much starting from scratch.

It was about at this point that Comrade MacGregor confided a well kept Branch secret - certainly a secret so far as the new members were concerned. For some time there had been problems within the Ladies Auxiliary to the branch and the situation had degenerated to a point that poison pen letters were being exchanged. This of course had negative repercussions within the Branch. The latest development was a threat to take the Branch to court. This unfortunate situation could no longer be ignored and was raised at the next meeting. It was decided to request that the L.A. charter be suspended for an indefinite period. This was duly arranged through the proper L.A. Command authorities, who, when presented with evidence concerning the problem, were amazed at the Branch's patience. I received two or three calls from former L.A. members who predicted dire consequences from the action the Branch had taken. The question was posed "Where would Prince Edward Branch be without the Ladies Auxiliary?" The unfortunate truth of the matter was "Nowhere!" It appeared that from its inception the Branch had sat on its hands and was completely dependent upon the L.A. not only for funds, but for almost everything else. The ladies in the Auxiliary were well motivated, willing to work and **did** work - and for years the Branch seemed content to sit back and let them. This idyllic arrangement, so far as the Branch was concerned, might have endured had not personality clashes developed within the L.A.

Fortunately, the new members of the Branch were a new breed, in fair physical shape to work and were confident in their ability to prevail, with or without an Auxiliary.

The task of raising much needed funds became part of the mandate of the Entertainment committee. Their first sally into this unknown territory was a "Pot Luck" supper. Com. Tom McKay's wife gave invaluable catering advice as to what we needed. The wives of the members roasted the turkeys, baked the hams and made a variety of salads. "Chinette" plates were the order of the day, paper was rolled onto tables in place of cloth and in general much "making do" was required. The "supper" was a huge success. Whole families attended, some of the older members were brought as "guests" and the entire affair was a happy one. Things may not have been conducted with military precision, but "setting up" and "cleaning up" were accomplished in jig time. The "Glovers" (I believe) had come along and provided music for dancing. There wasn't a drop of liquor in the place, but from the "oldies" to the youngsters, everyone had a good time. I don't know that we made much money, but we had gained some experience and confidence, and had made a generous down-payment on good-will which paid high dividends in the months that followed.

The entertainment committee availed themselves of any excuse to organize a dance, a dinner or whist party. One of our members had been a cook in the Navy. He made the Irish stew for our St. Patrick's Day dinner and dance. St. Valentine's Day and Easter were occasions for family outings for dinner and a dance afterwards. Many young people (ten years of age and younger) made their debut on the dance floor at Branch 91 dances. The "oldies" were always included, were transported 'to and fro' and seldom left without helping us to "dispose" of the "surplus" food. I recall one old couple who couldn't attend one night due to illness. They didn't live too far away, so two dinners were delivered! - a sort of solo "meals on wheels".

The annual "Poppy Campaign" had for some years amounted to members of the L.A. stationing themselves at the bus stops in Langford and at Colwood corners, to intercept passengers on the Veteran's Stage's twice daily trip to and from Victoria. On this first year without an Auxiliary, the Branch undertook a different approach. Through the good offices of Mr. Ken Dillabough we were enabled to procure an assessor's map of the Colwood/Langford area. From this it was possible to lay out routes in the more populated sections for Branch members to canvass. Each evening teams of three or four would go from house to house, flash lights in hand. Many of the houses were some distance apart, but we

covered our routes and collected more money for the Poppy Fund than ever before. Comrade George Macgregor knew happy days opening the cans and counting nickels, dimes and quarters.

For Remembrance Day, there was no special observance by Prince Edward Branch. Anyone interested attended the services sponsored by Branches in Victoria. Although this may have been satisfactory to some in the past, the practice disgusted the new membership, and it was decided that the following year we would have our own Cenotaph and service to "remember them".

To heighten the awareness of Remembrance Day and its meaning, we arranged a Legion church parade, which was announced both in St. John's and St. Matthew's churches well in advance. Earlier we had asked the Reverend H. Jones to be our Padre, and he proved a popular choice.

Today, I suppose the little "band of hope", which was the Prince Edward Branch church parade, would prove a source of some amusement. We were a handful of old codgers limping along, with a dozen or so younger veterans all in step, as we marched a few hundred yards to the church, medals shining and a-jangling. We were a motley crew: not everyone owned a beret, let alone the blue blazer and grey slacks which seems common to all today.

For all that, we made a decorous entrance to the church, the colours were "surrendered" at the altar etc., all to the crisp quiet commands of Com. Ken Robinson, who was in charge of the Colour Party.

Christmas at Prince Edward Branch was at hand. Most of the younger veterans had small children, so the Branch was about to experience another "first" - a children's Christmas Party. There were, of course, all sorts of goodies for everyone. We had a candle-light carol sing. The children (supervised) had lighted candles, the lights were turned off, except on the Christmas tree, and carols were sung in this enchanted atmosphere. I believe it was on this occasion that many of us first realized Com. Andy Foley had such a pleasing singing voice. A magician friend, Mr. Art Curtis, provided some of the entertainment. Com. Tom McKay's son Wes provided some of the 'props' - the magician took a wiener from Wes's ear! Tom McKay was our Santa and a huge success of course. There were presents for all, plus a few extras we'd not expected, but for which a very competent committee had made provision. We had not forgotten the "oldies" in the Branch, they were indeed included. The magician teased Com. MacGregor about the size of the eggs he sold, "It takes thirteen to make a dozen", and Com. Norm Elliot, an old bachelor, about a fictitious girl friend.

The Sick Committee was a very active group. We received calls about veterans who did not belong to the Legion, from people we'd never heard of before. The "word was out" that Prince Edward Branch cared about veterans. The Sick Committee visited these people and found out what they needed, and referred the matter to the appropriate group within the Branch. Sometimes a work party was dispatched to do what they could to help. For example, to split and pile a load of wood for a sick comrade, to repair a roof or harvest a crop of potatoes. Sometimes it was a problem concerning Pensions and Welfare. Of these, very often it was found that local authorities had exhausted their efforts, at which time the Branch Secretary would short-circuit the procedure and contact Major General George Pearkes, V.C. in Ottawa, who had an ability to "get action". Prince Edward Branch was responsible for finally getting either a medical pension or medical entitlement for several veterans in the area. I don't recall that any of them were members of the Branch, but our goal was to help veterans, Legion members or otherwise.

Another first for Prince Edward Branch was a picnic, held at Millburn's at the Esquimalt Lagoon. The affair was held in a field adjacent to the Millburn home. A friend of the Legion, Mr. Bob Wishart of Colwood, arranged to get bales of bunting with which to decorate the area. Mr. Floyd Adams, another friend, brought along his ponies for a children's pony ride. There were booths for hot-dogs, soft-drinks and chocolate bars, and there

were various races and a baseball game. Each child had a strip of five tickets, each of which was good for a chocolate bar, hot-dog or whatever. I can't believe anyone was ever short a ticket for anything - most everything was free!

For all the activities, work parties, service on committees and attending to their own personal affairs, the young veterans had not forgotten their intention to build a cenotaph to honour our fallen Comrades. Discussions as to what it should look like were influenced by Com. George Speed's information that he knew of a concrete cross that "resided" in a ditch beside Craigflower Road by the golf course. The final design submitted to the Branch by the Executive was adopted. I'm not sure who drew up the final plans, but it could have been Com. Brian Goodwin, who was a draftsman. Com. George Speed was the concrete and masonry expert of the Branch, so he undertook the building of the Cenotaph.

By 11 November, 1953 the Cenotaph was finished, the front yard of the Branch was cleaned up and the gravel raked. The parade formed up at the Public Works building and marched along Dunford Road to the Branch. Piper Doug Porteous led the parade. Padre H. Jones, ably assisted by Rev. J.A. Stewart, conducted the service. Newspaper clippings enclosed detail the

proceedings. After the service, the Branch held an open house. There were refreshments for everyone, and a large number of friends availed themselves of Branch 91 hospitality.

Each year the parade became larger, as more and more people became aware of our efforts to honour our departed Comrades. The crowd attending the service grew also: the community was involved! One might overhear a parent explaining (in a hushed voice, to a small child), what was happening. The Fire Brigades from both Langford and Colwood marched as units, and contingents from the three Services participated. We even had a "Minute Gun" - an ancient 12 pounder field gun manned by a Naval Cadet Gun's Crew.

In 1954 it was decided that it would be fitting to have a veteran as a member of the Cenotaph guard. On this occasion we were proud indeed to have Com. Andy Foley fill this role. I recall my heart swelling with pride as I watched the "mounting of the guard" and Andy performing the rifle drill like a professional. He had not forgotten: from the "Slope arms" to the "Rest on your arms - Reverse".

In 1955 the Flag Officer Pacific Coast (the Admiral at Esquimalt) sent an officer to represent him at our Remembrance Day Service. The officer, Cdr. Ken Lewis, advised me later that ours had been one of the most moving November 11th services he

had ever attended. During his "inspection" of the Veterans unit, Cdr. Lewis was surprised to find one of our members wearing a Battle of Jutland medal, and our Comrade was pleased the Commander had recognized it.

However large the parades became, we always had Piper Doug Porteous lead us. He was such a friend to Prince Edward Branch, who will ever be in his debt.

As part of our Remembrance Day programme the Branch sponsored an essay contest at the Belmont high school. The prizes were modest. 25, 15 and 10 dollars, but then again, - we were not exactly a wealthy Branch. I may have forgotten to mention that there weren't many millionaires in our ranks. As a matter of fact, I don't recall even one. Prior to November 11th, the President of the Branch visited the high school, gave a short address, presented the awards and left an invitation for the students to participate in our Remembrance Day observances. Many did! In the junior grades, a veteran, complete with medals, would visit each class, ensure every child had a poppy and would explain to them the meaning of Remembrance Day. Com. "Willy" Williamson was a great favorite. He had worked as a part time janitor at the school board offices in Colwood and knew many of the children. He was a born raconteur. Com. Williamson was the oldest member in our Branch, and was world traveled. He had been in the Queen's 6th Dragoon Guards in South Africa, and had some

pretty "hairy" tales to tell. The children loved him, and one of the teachers told me that he became so enthralled in Willy's stories that he completely forgot the time. There was a "personal touch" with much that the Branch did in the communities. Members were identified with the Legion in their daily pursuits, and very often with some "good" that the Branch may have been able to do. Prince Edward Branch enjoyed an excellent reputation in the community, which I believe, to a degree at least, reflected the fine caliber of people who were its members.

Prince Edward Branch was surely blessed when it came to friends, many of whom were not Legion people. They donated not only their time and talents, but also groceries, door prizes etc. Mr. Price of Price's Store in Langford was so generous when every year for our "open house" on November 11th, we would seek donations of hot dogs, pop, cookies and so on. Gord Cooper was another great help; Doug Porteous, the piper, Art Curtis, the magician, the Glovers, the musicians, and the list goes on. None of these friends would take any money - the most we could do was to provide their dinner. The druggist, Rodger Spurling at Colwood Corners, provided medication, free of charge, for one of our members who could not afford to pay. We had so many good and generous friends I couldn't hope to recall the names of half of them.

Beginning in 1953 and again in 1954 the office of secretary-treasurer was assumed by a "new" member. By 1955 senior Branch offices were held by the "new guard". Work on the hall continued unabated, as did the efforts of the Entertainment Committee in their zeal to earn money for the Branch. Everybody worked! The unsung heroes are people like Coms. Ken Langrish, who did everything and anything; Bruce Milburn, who was our Zone Council representative; Alan Bodman, our Vice-President; and Bill Patterson, our Secretary-Treasurer. I mention these few here as their names have not appeared previously in a specific sense in this narrative. These people worked their hearts out, planning, organizing and controlling the hundreds of things that had to be attended to. There weren't all that many physically capable to handle the work load. For the entertainment committee to put on a dinner, arrange entertainment, organize transportation for our senior Comrades included: preparing the hall, setting up, organizing the food, serving the dinner, cleaning up, arranging the hall again for the entertainment, getting old Comrade "What'shistally" and his wife home, and on and on. Such were the joys of but a handful. These Comrades were always around, along with those mentioned earlier, and were always busy. Because of this I fear we didn't take much notice of each other - took one another for granted and kept working. A typical instance of this is Tom McKay, Rory Fraser and Rus Beaton. They lived on Dunford Road, and it seems to me they always had the snow cleared from

the porch and steps, had the stove lit and the hall set up for meetings. I don't believe they were assigned these chores, they just did them because they had to be done!

Prince Edward Branch had been without an Auxiliary for almost four years and had survived; had even prospered. This would not have been possible had it not been for the help and support members received from their wives - at dinners etc. About this time hints were being dropped by these ladies that they could be more effective if organized into a Ladies Auxiliary. The necessary action was taken to have the Charter re-activated, - a happy day for Branch 91! This Ladies Auxiliary however, was to be just that, - an Auxiliary! - not a group intent, (consciously or otherwise) of taking control of the parent Branch. What a marvelous group they were who comprised the new L.A.; - Mary Slater, Patsy Patterson, Norma Goodwin to mention a few. Their goal was to help the Branch, and this they did so very graciously. They were a very energetic body, and in no time at all were holding teas, having rummage sales and pursuing a variety of activities to raise money. In the meanwhile, the Branch continued on as before, and fortunately did not allow itself to be lulled into a "Let Mabel do it" state of mind. This is a trap into which a Branch can all too easily fall, especially when blessed with an Auxiliary that is as

efficient as it is well motivated. Our new Auxiliary was a great help to the Branch and as a bonus, added a little "touch of class" to our undertakings.

This pretty well exhausts my recollections of the years 1952 through 1956. They were happy years, filled with many hours of work, and untold frustrations. The camaraderie we knew and the obstacles we overcame and successes achieved **together** made it all worthwhile. We had inherited an old army hut that served us well in those formative years. The hut however was devoid of potential as a Legion Hall, and for all the hours of effort expended paid scanty returns.

In 1952 the Branch was all but dead! That the handful of new members, who joined at this critical time, was able to breathe life into such a helpless, hopeless body is of itself something of a miracle. The patience these young veterans exhibited towards the "old guard" is also a near miracle. The evolution of the Prince Edward Branch from its inception until the present was not a smooth transition. Sometimes it is easier to start anew than to attempt to build on the bones of an exhausted enterprise. Such however was our choice, and we did it willingly, out of respect for the "old guard", and in spite of the frustrations they frequently occasioned. By 1956 both Colwood and Langford were aware of Prince Edward Branch, knew of

its goals and its value within the community. The Branch enjoyed the respect and good will of young and old alike, an enviable state for any service club in which to find itself.

Tom Panter

Tom Panter
Past President
Prince Edward Branch #91
R.C.L.



LANGFORD LEGION president E. Jeffery is seen above laying wreath on Langford cenotaph at Thursday ceremony. At extreme left is T. Panter,

secretary. At right rear are Rev. H. Jones and Rev. J. A. Stewart. (Flett Studio photo). 1954

Vancouver Island Communities United in Bond of Remembrance

A hush settled over all Vancouver Island communities Thursday at 11 a.m. as veterans and residents paid their respects to the servicemen who did not return from the First Great War, Second Great War and Korean campaign.

A typical service was that held in Langford, under auspices of Prince Edward branch, Canadian Legion.

E. Jeffery, Legion president,

delivered the address, and Rev. H. J. Jones, padre, conducted prayers. Rev. J. A. Stewart read the lesson, and the Salvation Army band played hymns and accompanied the singing.

CHILDREN MARCH

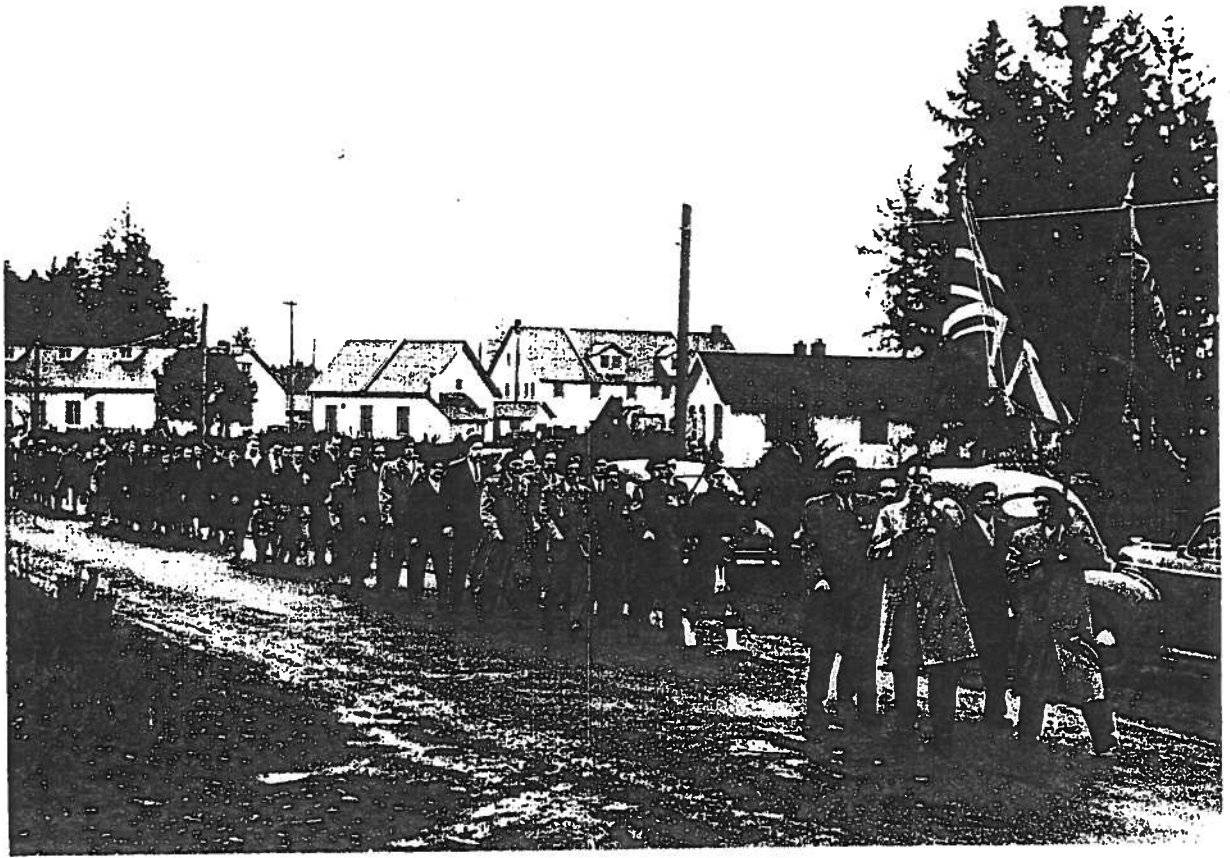
During the laying of wreaths Piper D. Porteous played the lament, "Flowers of the Forest." He also led the parade from the public works building, assembly point for marching veterans, legion members,

scouts, cubs, and Colwood and Langford Guides and Brownies.

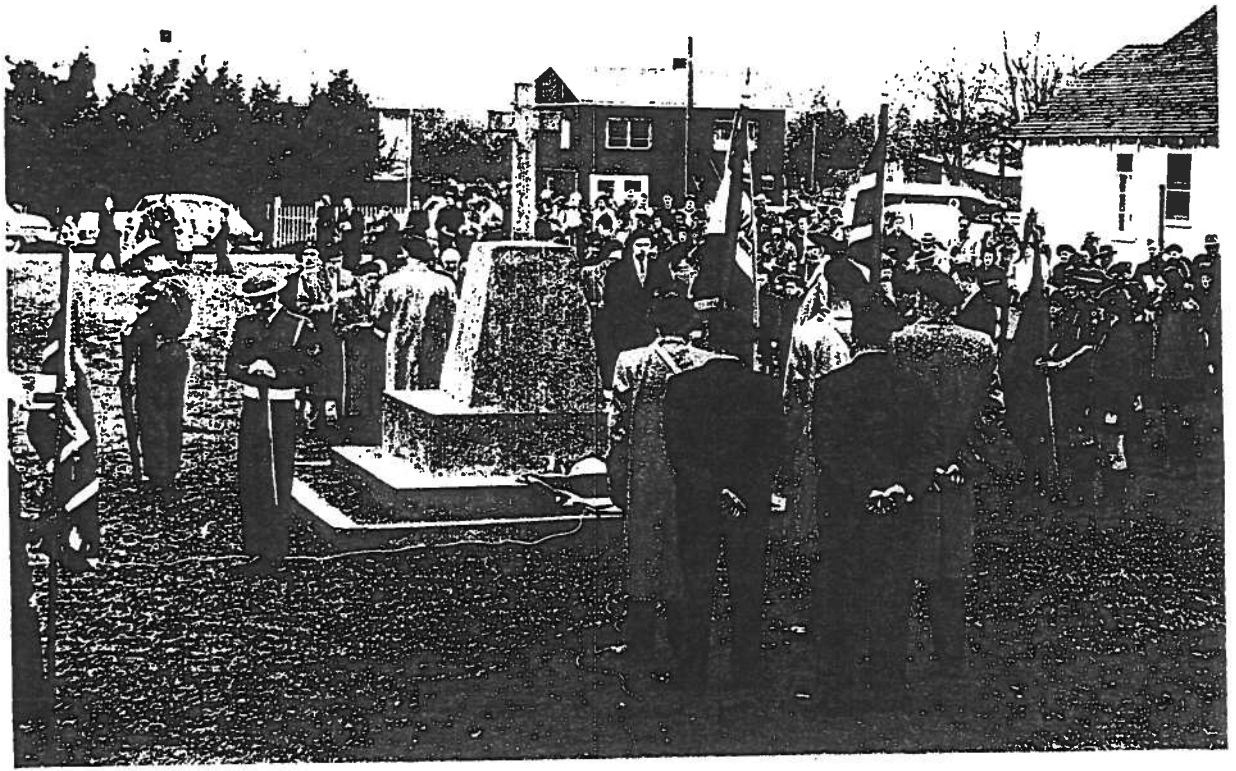
New Cenotaph Unveiled 1953

A very impressive unveiling ceremony and Remembrance Day service was held on Wednesday at the Legion Hall, Langford, by the Prince Edward Branch (Langford-Colwood), when the new Cenotaph, given and erected by members of this branch, was unveiled before a large congregation. The Salvation Army Boys' Band, the Girl Guides, the Boy Scouts and veterans of the last two wars paraded to the hall. The Army, Navy, Air Force and Royal Canadian Mounted Police were represented, one at each corner of the base of the Cenotaph. A short address was given by Mr. Thos. P. Panter, secretary of the branch, followed by Mr. E. Jeffery, president. Two hymns were sung during the service.

Mr. E. Jeffery, Mr. H. J. Williamson and Mr. A. Baxter took their places at the foot of the memorial, which was then unveiled by Mr. Williamson, eldest member of the branch. A prayer and dedication speech was then given by Rev. H. Jones, Padre, and the Lesson was read by Rev. J. A. Stewart, after which the two minutes silence was observed. This was followed by the laying of wreaths on the Cenotaph by many of those present, while Piper Douglas Porteous played "The Flowers of the Forest." The service closed with O' Canada, the Benediction, the Last Post and Reveille on the bugle, followed by the National Anthem.



1954



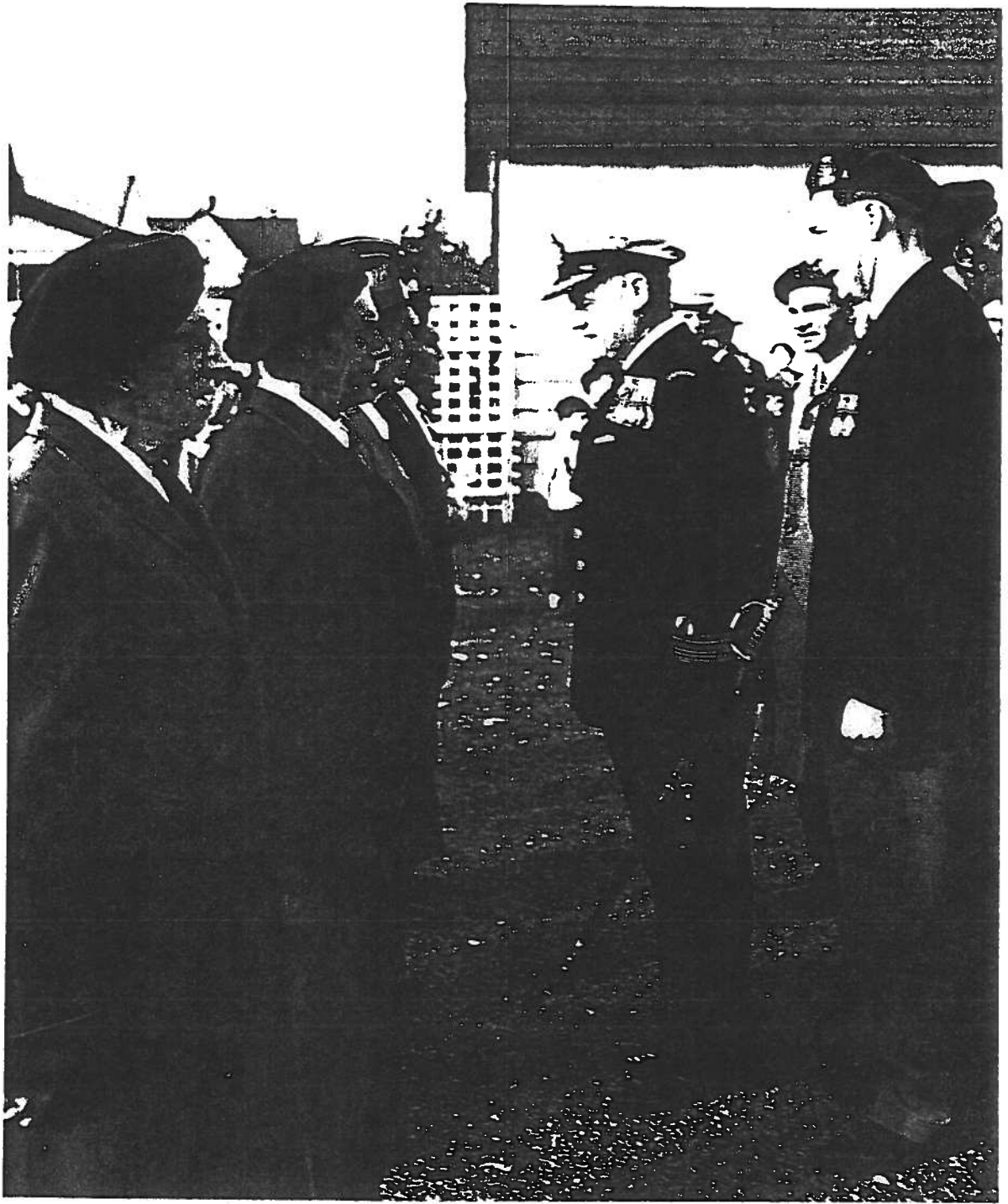
1954



1954



1954



1955

Thomas Panter Head Of Langford Legion

LANGFORD—Thomas Panter is newly-elected president of the Prince Edward Legion branch.

Other officers are Alan Bodman, first vice-president; George MacGregor, second vice-president; William M. Patterson, secretary-treasurer; Thomas McKay and Rory Fraser, executive members; Norman Elliot, sergeant-at-arms; K. G. Langrish, George Speed, Kenneth Robinson and Hubert J. Williamson, standard-bearers; Mr. Langrish, Mr. Patterson and A. J. Foley, trustees, and Trevor Norman, auditor.

A Christmas party for children of members will be held at the Legion Hall, Dunford Road, at 7 p.m., December 18.

* * *

T. P. Panter Re-Elected Legion Head

LANGFORD—¹⁹⁵⁶T. P. Panter was re-elected president Monday at the annual meeting of Prince Edward branch, Canadian Legion, at the Dunford road hall.

Others elected were A. Bodman, first vice-president; A. Foley, second vice-president; W. Patterson, secretary-treasurer; Norman Elliott, sergeant-at-arms; George Speed and T. McKay, executive members.

Annual Christmas party for members' children will be held at the hall Dec. 19.

Approximately \$500 was realized from the sale of poppies, conducted this year by a committee under the chairmanship of George McGregor.

The building committee plans to work every Tuesday and Thursday, from 7 to 9 p.m., until Dec. 22 to complete general work on the hall.

