

Now, just what does that mean? What does it boil down to? Mr. Butt could possibly mean that the federal government will operate our postal telegraph system, that the federal government will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on the protection and encouragement of our fisheries, and that in place of our present unfair, unjust, and oppressive system of taxation, which crushes the life out of our producers, we'd have the very much fairer taxation system of Canada, which places the greatest burden on the people best able to bear it. That is, in place of taxation which puts a terrible burden on our basic industry, we'd get one in its place that would lift a great portion of that burden off our producers. Mr. Butt is welcome to the belief that this would be bad for Newfoundland. I believe that it would be the best thing that ever happened to our country.

Then Mr. Butt gave us a homily on the subject of morale — of faith in ourselves, pride in our country. I listened with a great deal of interest to this dissertation because he was expressing the view that I happen to share. Is it too much for me to say that more perhaps than any other man in this country, I have pointed to the desirability, indeed the need, for pride in one's country? I was on the air every weeknight for nearly seven years, and I don't think I ever tired of driving home the importance of taking legitimate pride in everything that's good about our country and about ourselves. I delved into our country's history to bring out examples of the fine things our people have done. I roamed all around the world in my mind to find examples of Newfoundlanders who had made good in other lands. As Florenz Ziegfeld was said to glorify the American girl in his famous follies, so I tried to glorify Newfoundland and Newfoundlanders nearly every night for seven years. I take back none of that. I still think we are a fine people and we can hold our heads up with the best of them. I still think we have very real possibilities of greatness within us. But here in this Convention we are not theorists, we are not here to spin fine theories, however true and however beautiful. We are here as elected representatives of the people. We are here for a particular purpose....<sup>1</sup> A practical purpose. We would be false to our people if we allowed ourselves to be carried away by fears, if we failed to

keep our feet planted firmly on the ground. I like to think of the remark Major Cashin made to Mr. Neill, the Commissioner for Public Utilities, when, a committee interviewed Mr. Neill about Gander. When we tried to find out definitely who was going to pay the operating loss on the airport, Mr. Neill made the remark, "I have faith, I have faith". "Yes," said Major Cashin, "we all have faith, but you can't balance a budget on faith." I've never forgotten that. Neither, sir, can you put food in your childrens' stomachs, or clothes on their backs, just by faith in a theory of national pride. What good would national pride have been to the 90,000 men, women, and children who suffered and starved on the dole in this country? When the icy blasts of world depression strike us again, when our fish is once more a drag on the market as it will be, when our income dwindles to a shadow of what it is today, our people will want something more substantial than pride of country. This very winter there are thousands of our men who can't find a day's work, many hundreds of them veterans of this late war, who risked their lives for the brave new world they were promised. They demonstrated their pride of country but they can't live on it this winter. They can't balance their family budgets on it. Let's be practical about this thing, Mr. Chairman. We all know our Newfoundland people are as fine a race of men as you'll find in Canada or the United States or any other country in this world. They have magnificent qualities of heart and mind. They have courage and endurance. They know how to work and they're not lazy. The thing that's wrong with this country is not our people; but there is something seriously wrong.

The thing that's most wrong about our country is that there just are not enough of us. We're only a handful of people, 327,000 souls scattered about the island living in 1,300 separate little towns, settled villages — the population of only one small city, if we were all put together. A mutual friend of Mr. Butt's and mine said that if he took a week off, and practised hard, he could learn off by heart the names of our entire population — if not their Christian names, then certainly their surnames. It's a hard country to govern, for which to provide all the varied public services that are needed, because we're so small in number and so scattered, scattered. And we have

<sup>1</sup>Gap in the recording.