

allowed to speak again]

Mr. Crosbie I did not expect to get into this this afternoon. By the word "assets" I mean everything — the water that runs; power taken from that water; trees; fish around the shores we control; timber; anything that is under Newfoundland domain. I used the word "natural resources" today. You do not have to go back very far to find \$8 million loaned free of interest; \$2 million borrowed at interest. It does not make sense. That is why I deliberately used the word "asset". Mr. Smallwood thinks it might mean that they can increase our assets; I do not think the government can. They have not the ability. If you read further you will see "any disposal"; it is "disposal" with which I am concerned. We are elected here by the different districts, we have had a lot of criticism because we have had no public sessions; if we had had public sessions, there would not have been much assets left to play with. What we have left, for goodness' sake let us hold on to. I will head a parade, sure, but it may be worse than a parade.

Mr. Hollett I rise to support the motion made by Mr. Crosbie. Mr. Smallwood thinks we are taking it in a lukewarm manner. I think it is because each of us agrees that it should have been on the carpet long ago. I feel the hopelessness of the situation. All we can do is pass our opinion on the disposal of assets. The Commission of Government, and I probably should say the Dominions Office, will take no more note of our opinion than throw it in the wastepaper basket. Those absentee landlords have disposed of practically all we did have at the time we lost responsible government, without consultation of the people of this country; more than that, they dispose of territory, giving mineral rights on the Labrador; giving timber leases, and doing anything which came to their minds to dispose of the public domain of this Dominion — and it is a Dominion. "Dominions Office" — I am sick of it. It puts me in mind of a stanza from Milton, this corrupt practice.

Enough of such as for their bellies' sake,
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouths! (that is the mouths of State)
that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
least

That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They
are sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy
songs

Grate on their scarnel Pipes of wretched
straw.

The hungry Sheep (the starving people of this
country from 1933-39) look up, and are not
fed,

But swoln with wind and the rank mist they
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing said;

But that two-handed engine at the door

Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
more.¹

That is the Dominions Office described by Milton in the 17th century, that little back room in some place in Downing Street where the destinies of colonies are decided; where they think they have the right to sell Newfoundland or give it away as they have been doing. I speak thus because I realise the hopelessness of the situation. We saw what happened at Gander. One to two million is to come out of the pockets of the people annually and they ask us to decide if the country is self-supporting. It is the worst treatment any country in the world ever got from the mother country.... I support the motion of Mr. Crosbie.

Mr. Bailey I support the motion which I think should have been brought in long ago. I do not agree with Mr. Hollett that the Dominions Office will not take note of it; we should see to it that they do. We are elected by the people of this country and we should be the voice of freedom. The time has come for us to start fighting and to let Great Britain and certain elements know the way we have been treated in the past, and I believe from today we should get going on this. The people of this country criticised us for doing, as they thought, nothing, when we were getting \$15 a day. They lost interest because we had no public sessions. As Mr. Crosbie says, if we had

¹An excerpt from "Lycidas" by John Milton. See Merritt Y. Hughes (ed.), *John Milton: Complete Poems and Major Prose* (New York, 1957), p. 120.