

politicians and in responsible government. Perhaps we did not get such a bargain in giving up responsible government after all. I always looked upon this government as being as our Indian friends would say, pukka, but I must admit I have been terribly disillusioned since coming into the National Convention.

Take the supplies. It's no secret that some sections of the country could not get sugar enough to fill their rations, while others could buy it by the sack. If this is the best the Commission of Government could do, then I don't think we did much better by not following the old way, for the Good Book says, he that is faithful in the wee things will be faithful in the greater. That can go just as well in reverse. Anyway, I would like a look at St. Peter's private log on the Commission of Government. Only then would I be satisfied that everything is oak and copper-fastened. I think one should have an opposition in a government. At least you would learn how it was working, and sometimes you would find out about the minor graft, even if the big got away on you.

We'll not forget the construction of the bases — 60 cents for a Newfie driving a truck, if he had no accident; and 50 cents per hour if he had an accident; while his opposite number from the US was doing the same job for \$1.10. Now the powers that be could not get around that. They had to keep the Newfie down. It's a crime for a Newfie to have or get a dollar. How easy to let him get all the traffic could bear and then clap on a 20% income tax. If traffic was dislocated on the railroad or along the street, the income tax could take up the slack. Today all over the world, it is talked about how the Newfoundland government treated their people, and would not have money in their country when it was to be had for the asking. I expect any day now to see one of those vaporous terms that Newfoundland won't take only \$5 per quintal for fish. It may dislocate something — brains, common sense, conspicuous by its absence.

I have tried to show, Mr. Chairman, that to my mind anybody that votes for this form of government really has no knowledge of men, let alone of government. I'm sorry I've got to adopt it or whatever we've got to do with it, for I'm still at sea, but I guess with those famous terms of reference, I have to do something with it; but it won't be to vote for it, for I have never recognised it as

a body governing me, and I never will. It is undemocratic, it is contrary to the laws of God and man what Great Britain did to her own; she did little worse when Pitt charged her with turning loose the tommyhawk and the scalping knives of the Indians on our own blood in the war of the American Revolution; and until she repairs the wrong she has done, mother or not, she will always be to me Perfidious Albion.

I put in from 1931 to 1933 in the depression days in the United States. I was fishing and my wages as a fisherman were \$387.78 a year. My family ate dole under responsible government. Then I went to Halifax. It was the same thing there. I came back here. We had an insurance policy. We ate that. In 1937 I headed three miles for the dole. I expect I am the only man on the floor who ate the dole. I went through it. I had spent my lifetime at sea. As long as there was any place where I could make a living, I did not care where it was, whether it was Patagonia or Georgia, I felt that the world was behind me. There came a time when every part of the world was alike and wherever I went, the most I could hope to get was \$25 a month, if I got that. I was fishing out of the United States and we had 88,000 pounds of fish in the hold waiting for a chance to dump it. I had to take a crust of bread out of the gum box and dry it on the stove and eat it. I have seen it done. When I came back here, I struck the same thing. I had never looked after my land or anything else. Our family was small. My land was down, but I said, "If I can live so long, nobody can starve me now." I went to work on the land. I know the feeling of getting up in the morning and taking two slices of that black mink and wash it down with switchel tea; then swing a pick on the rocks, trying to clear the land. I tell you, after two hours of that, I have seen the flying saucers before anyone else ever saw them. It is no laughing matter. This is the reason I am here — that is why I came in through that door — if I do not go through it one of those days. I am in earnest. I know what it is like. I cannot only stand up here and tell about John Doe's beri-beri. I know what it is myself. I know what the fishermen went through. The Commission government lost us \$2 on every quintal of fish we caught, through the rate of exchange. It was power politics. We went through it. I went on until the war broke out. I came over here with 50 cents in