

foundland, about the 1730s. If any of you read Parson Harvey's *History of Newfoundland*<sup>1</sup> — "1812, did today visit the family of William Bailey at Little Harbour, and christened his family" — that was my grandfather's father, Newfoundland-born. William Bailey's father believed in self-government and swinging a claymore in defence of what he believed was the right form of government for him. He did not get it there, but in the woods of Newfoundland he found it far from ideologies. Today our forebear's theories are right, for apart from a minority, all the world plans for self-government — all those who can get it. I know there are certain sections of this world where a minority rules. They are behind an Iron Curtain. We are the only ones in the Anglo-Saxon world who are deprived of that right. Power politics are doing that to us. Latitude and longitude today determine the amount of self-government we will have if the powers that be have their way, and this is contrary to the Atlantic Charter, contrary to democracy and also to the American way. A cry was raised in the 18th century there, about taxation without representation. Britain found out to her cost that by not heeding that cry, it had to be rammed down her throat, and the operation was painful. Had power politics been forgotten then and the rights of men taken into account, I wonder if the affairs of this world would not have been different. I doubt today if we would have had the two bloody wars we have had lately and that peace would be on this earth. I believe that all people should govern themselves. It should be the right of any man to do just that. Why deny it to me? I have been deprived of that right for 14 years and a right good mess has been made of it. Of that I will speak later. I have paid a little more than lip service to democracy. That's why I joined a queue four city blocks long, four deep, to put on a uniform August 6, 1914. If anybody saw the crowd there that day you would see there was a lot of us of one single mind. It is a service that all citizens should give, and if you count the number in this gathering that have served their stint in defence of King and country and look at them when the vote is counted, you'll find out that the great majority of them believe in the divine right of self-government. Let the vote

speak for itself. The world will soon have a chance to learn how it will go. Men from this island built up a name to the Germans, the "White Indians", a name Newfoundland can cherish, a name their sons can be proud of, a name equal to the Scotsmen's name of the "Ladies from Hell". You'll note the enemy gave them both names and only two classes of men in the Empire, the Scotsmen and Newfoundlanders. There must be nothing wrong with a country that can produce men that even the enemy will name — nothing that can't be cured. Scotland is turning her hand today towards making her homeland fit for her "Ladies from Hell" to live in. What are we doing? I'm fairly, shall I say cosmopolitan, and in touch with the outside — and what do I find? What is being done to make Newfoundland a fit country for the "White Indians" of both wars? Why those of us who went through the hell of '14 to '18 and who have raised our families have had 30 years of civvy street in Newfoundland, understand what those "White Indians" who have come back have to go through, who know the restlessness of settling to a different life, because war with its months of intense boredom punctuated by moments of intense fear does something to you. Can we who understand war, who understand peace, men who are at the age when men are at their best in administrative positions, have no say at all? Because, in a world torn by an economic crisis the like this world had never experienced before, Great Britain stepped into the breach. We lost self-government, but buoyed up with the hope that when the island was self-supporting, then self-government would be restored at the request of the people. Although Britain knew our resources, our liabilities, she brought us in here in a convention, had 45 of us running around from Cape Race to Quirpon collecting statistics that could have been given to us when we came in, putting in motion cumbersome expensive machinery after 14 years of political oblivion, beginning with a blackening of all statesmen and political institutions, forgetting that her own political history was not so bright. She never attained her position politically without civil war. To anybody interested in political history, the history of the Mother of Parliaments makes juicy reading, and much can be improved on yet. I'll

<sup>1</sup>Moses Harvey and Joseph Hatton, *Newfoundland, the Oldest British Colony and Its History, Its Present Condition, and Its Prospects in the Future* (London, 1883).