

Supply

designed to raise any hackles whatsoever, not designed to invite a partisan shouting match, though we are reasonably good at that if it has to be done, if it can make a point, but it is not designed for those purposes. Rather it is designed to seek some consensus on an issue that has been begging for consensus for too long.

First of all, this debate is about the survival of a people, my people, the people who live on the south coast of Newfoundland in communities like Lord's Cove and Rencontre and on the southwest coast in Grand Bruit and Fox Roost, on the northeast coast in Horewood and Aliston, Codroy and Highlands on the west coast, New Ferole up in the northwest coast, Port Hope Simpson in Labrador and yes, in the rural communities of Nova Scotia.

These people, or more correctly, their forebears came to those shores five centuries ago. From the counties of southwest England they came, from Cornwall and from Dorset and from County Tipperary and Limerick and Cork in Ireland and from Scotland and from Wales and from the Channel Islands and from France.

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Some of them fled religious persecution. Others fled starvation. They all came because they saw an opportunity to build something better, to build a better life. They did not come empty handed. They came with their tools. They brought with them a language, be it English, French, Welsh, Scottish or Irish. They came with a value system that encompassed a deep awe for human worth, a genuine love of life itself, an uncanny knack for taking advantage of scarce opportunities. They came with a healthy respect for the forces of nature and they came with a stubbornly strong work ethic.

They brought something else. They brought a brand of raw courage, steeped in fatalism and bordering on the foolhardy. There is a Newfoundland folk song that some will be familiar with. It is entitled: *Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's*. In it there are a couple of lines that capsules that trait of raw courage I have just mentioned. The author had the fisherman riding the waves in the very rough ocean while he pursues his living. The lines are these: "When my dory fails to make it, let me be a man and take it".

These were the people and these are the tools they brought with them. Yes, they built and they built well. They built a better life and they built a cherished way of

life which has served us well in Newfoundland and in Nova Scotia, served all of Canada well and indeed served the entire world. Because that race of people, while isolated geographically, was never insular.

They sent their best to the four corners of the earth. They sent Captain Bob Bartlett to the north pole with the American explorer Robert Perry. Bob Bartlett is from Brigus in Newfoundland. They sent Georgina Stirling from Twillingate to the concert halls of New York and Paris and Vienna. They sent others to the mission fields of three continents and still others to the faculties of great universities and to the boardrooms of the corporate world.

I ask, is that the recipe for turning out welfare bums? Is there in anything I have said so far any inkling that what we have been up to down there all those years is some mad scheme to produce and to create a generation of pogeey people or conniving UI cheque snatchers.

That brings me to what is clearly the soul of this debate. An entire people has been brought to its knees, not through its own greed or its foolhardiness or its laziness or its immorality, but by the despicable actions of others and by the equally despicable lack of action of yet others.

This is indeed about the survival of a people. No one is more painfully aware of that than those people. What is even more excruciatingly painful is to realize your peril but to be helpless to do anything about it.

That is what this debate is all about. We need your help. We need the help of men and women of good will from coast to coast in this country. We need the help of people and of governments around the world.

But first, let me be more specific on one or two points. What are those despicable actions of which I speak? And why do I call them despicable?

Yesterday, along with several of my colleagues, I had the opportunity of meeting with Richard Cashin and with members of the Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union who were here from Newfoundland to meet with the Prime Minister and various caucuses.

We heard, as I hope the Prime Minister did as well, from Mr. Cashin and his group in the most graphic terms the terrible toll that foreign overfishing off Canada's east coast is taking on people, on communities, on a way of life.