

**Hon. Mr. Croll:** I am not recommending anything: I am talking about an accomplished fact. I am not taking issue with this process. It has happened in our lifetime and, let us face it, the end is not yet in sight. But, strangely enough, Canada, which was the first of all the old colonies to proclaim herself a nation, has been one of the slowest to impress both herself and the rest of the world with a sense of her national identity.

I am not proposing to psychoanalyze Canada at this stage, even if I had the professional qualifications to do so, but I do ask this in all seriousness: Is it not time that we stopped living in the past, all of us, and grew up as a nation? We have all heard *ad nauseam* Kipling's old line:

Daughter am I in my mother's house  
but mistress in my own.

No doubt Kipling meant to flatter Canada when he wrote that poem, but as far as I am concerned it set back Canadian-British relations by 50 years. I think we have not yet managed to escape from that mother-daughter complex.

Honourable senators, is it not high time, in this year of grace 1964, that we stopped thinking about mothers and daughters and stood on our own two feet? Is it not time we grew up? Is it not time we made an end to old scores? Is it not time that we stopped living in the past? These are rhetorical questions, I grant you, and I suggest to you as strongly as I can that the answer to every one of them is "yes."

Those of us who came to Canada, or whose fathers came to Canada, did so, in the main by choice. Like our fathers, we put behind us the old connections, with the intention of building something new. That, I suggest, should be the aim of all Canadians today. I say that, not because of any hostility to the past; we are proud of our past. We new Canadians and sons of new Canadians have a love for British traditions, which is deep in the marrow of our bones. We are not purporting to be anything that we are not. But we ask ourselves: How far have we gone towards becoming a nation—towards offering a symbol to which we can attach ourselves?

There are those who have been inclined to scoff at the forthright American expression at the reverence of the flag. We have no flag of our own to salute. We have not shouted proudly from the housetop the proclamation that we are Canadians, a nation as distinctive as any that ever came down the pike of history, an up-and-coming nation. We have not realized our own greatness. We travel in the strange conflicting shadow cast by our mother, and by our neighbour, and somehow

we still refuse to come out into the warm sun of the world's acclaim.

But, like it or not, we in Canada are taking on a new identity. We are heading towards a new unity, and I make bold to suggest that one of the most appropriate manifestations of this process would be a new national symbol—a new flag.

The honourable gentlemen in the other place have laboured long and waxed eloquent for many days and nights. I do not propose that we emulate them, but I do think that the final product of their midnight oil is well deserving of our consideration and approval.

As for the aesthetics of the new flag, well, I leave that to every man's own conscience. Taste is a highly personal matter about which, according to the old saying, we ought not to argue.

I do think that the single maple leaf presents an image of dignified simplicity, which one would have to go far to improve upon. Let botanist and heraldic schools make of it what they will. I like it. I like it because it shows the world a new and yet a well-known image of a nation, which is perhaps not as well known as she deserves to be. I like it because in every civilized country on the face of the earth the maple leaf is instantly recognized as the symbol of Canada. I like it because it is mine, my very own, and there is nothing else like it in the world. Could one say that of any other single emblem?

But more than the image which we as a nation may present to the world, I am concerned with the image which we present to ourselves. I have called for an end to old feuds and differences, and it is high time that such a call were heeded. We may look down our noses at other countries, but the fact remains that we have had more than our own share of "isms"—nationalism, sectionalism, separatism, to name three of them—and the end is not yet in sight.

I see the maple leaf flag as a symbol around which all men of good will can rally, as a symbol of new and badly-needed unity, as a symbol of a more worth-while future for all Canadians. The only "ism" that I will tolerate is Canadianism. I see the new flag as a living symbol of all that can be strong and fruitful in this nation.

Yet, I am well aware that a piece of bunting will not make a nation any more than going to school will make an educated man. The sense of identity that makes up a nation comes from within men's hearts. In formulating such a sense of identity can we deny the value and effect of symbols? They may not be the *sine qua non*, but they are a powerful aid and agent.