

When I talked with my constituents, I clearly received the following message: Put forward some demands for Quebec, we want more powers. That is essentially what they told me.

Thus, when we examine the federal proposals concerning the distribution of powers, we see that in general no new power is given to Quebec, contrary to the recommendations of the Allaire and Bélanger-Campeau reports, except labour force training, which will be subject to federal standards which will be established pursuant to the new powers to manage the economic union.

In its proposal No. 24, the federal government only recognizes provincial authority in areas in which the provinces already have exclusive jurisdiction, namely tourism, forestry, mining, recreation, housing and municipal/urban affairs. Furthermore, within this framework, the federal government even says it is committed to research and development in Canada and to its constitutional obligations towards international and native affairs.

In conclusion, the federal proposals are less than Meech. Meech already was a minimum, as everyone said, including Robert Bourassa and Gil Rémillard. It amounts to a reduction of the distinct society clause, and a limitation of its interpretation in the Charter. There is no more constitutional guarantee that Quebec will have three judges on the Supreme Court's bench. There is no more veto for Quebec. In short, as was so well put by one of my constituents: "We have been had since the very beginning of our history, that is since 125 years, and history repeats itself. We are given candies in exchange for meat."

For my constituents the solution to this constitutional debate is clear: Quebec wants its independence, its sovereignty. Quebecers want control over their own destiny and their own values. They want to exercise exclusive control not only over their cultural affairs but also over their social, political and economic affairs. The citizens of my constituency have understood that they need a sovereign state in order to have respect for their differences, their distinct character and their culture.

[English]

The Acting Speaker (Mr. Paproski): The next four speakers will be the hon. member for Edmonton East,

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the hon. member for Red Deer, the hon. member for Acadie—Bathurst, and the hon. member for St. Albert.

Mr. Ross Harvey (Edmonton East): Mr. Speaker, I left Vancouver with my family at the age of eight. We moved south into the United States. My dad took us down there because he had a job there. We did not move far, only about 100 miles maybe, down to a town call Everett, about 25 miles north of Seattle. That is where Boeing 747s are made.

I entered grade three there and was immediately confronted with new classmates urging me to speak some Canadian for them. I jabbered glossolaliacally, as best my eight-year old imagination would allow, and that seemed to satisfy them. I made some friends and some of them became very good friends.

I lived in the United States for a total of six years. During that time I saw many things, not all of which I understood with my young mind. The things that I saw included tremendous acts of generosity by individual Americans toward their fellows. I watched on the television screen as that nation slowly descended into the black dementia of the imperial war in Vietnam. I watched on the television screen as elements within that society shot and killed some of its finest. I watched some of the friends I made in school growing up anticipating entry into the American Armed Forces and cultivating, therefore, a series of attitudes that they thought appropriate to that fate, attitudes that ran the gamut from personal courage and self-reliance on the one hand to the most appalling forms of racism and ethnic hatred on the other.

For me, those six years were a period of intense learning and reflection because I never lost the feeling that I, although being among these people, was not of them, that I was something different. Being a Canadian set me apart in the United States.

When my family came back to Canada, to Edmonton, on December 1, 1966 I remember to this day crossing the border for what was to be a long time and the tremendous sense of relief and well-being that I felt as the car crossed the little border point in southern Alberta. We proceeded up roads I had never travelled before through winter far deeper and colder than anything I had experienced before to what was to be our new home.