

There is a higher entity, they say, who figures out all these things, and there is an order to the universe. No capital letter. Just a ridiculous sense of inadequacy, trying to find the right words that will give consolation to the friends who have lost a loved one in a meaningless act of violence.

Doreen Garbutt was my friend, and she was my friend, Jeffrey's friend for nine years. She was a woman of talent, humour, warmth, and also, incidentally, a woman of great beauty. Please forgive the chauvinism. She had native Indian blood, and such was the grossness of our society that she hadn't quite come to terms with that part of herself. Given time, which was not to be her destiny, she would have accepted and reveled in her roots, but it was still something to work out when we last talked.

By now you recognize that Doreen's death is not an abstraction for me. I hate to say it, but it's not an abstraction for most of you either. Doreen is someone you've seen in your own homes, on television, as a key part of the annual Variety Club Telethon. Each year, she was the pretty lady who posted the totals on the telethon board. Hit the fanfare, Dal. And Doreen would take down the numbers and post the new total. She wasn't there this year, because she was home with the flu, but for the eight years previous she was the one on whom all eyes focused during the Variety Club's annual fund-raising gig. In fact, she'd been off work for a couple of weeks and only came back to her job the day before yesterday.

And while she was home in her apartment, worrying about her inability to participate once more, there was this guy sitting in a furnished room on the other side of town, nagging himself into the tank because, in his view, he was not being allowed to participate in the system.

I didn't know him, but there is evidence to indicate that he'd worked himself into a state of mind whereby an act of violence could make everything right. There is no evidence that he ever painted a picture, as Doreen had done. Just that he bought a gun, and a scope, and a 100 rounds of ammunition, and a gas mask and a jumpsuit.

He, too, might have been dead, if the special weapons officer who had him in his sights had received the order to press the trigger. Not that it would have mattered, because Doreen was already dead.

When you're in this kind of business, that's what life is all about. Death. And shattered dreams. My mother was 75, which isn't all that great an age. She was young and vital, too, until she was 69. Without even trying, or tinting her hair, she always looked 20 years younger than her age. And then she took ill and she looked 20 year older than her age. She withered up and died and we buried her.

Doreen didn't have time to wither. She was snuffed out in the midst of life. Her friends and her family were cheated of her continuing presence in their lives. Perhaps it was preordained somewhere. Perhaps she even knew it. She would talk about certain heavy things that left you with the feeling that she had a premonition that her life would be short. It wasn't that she was self-destructive. On the contrary. But she had this feeling. And she and Jeffrey often discussed what would happen when they died.

So that was my week. Rabbi Marvin Hier conducted the service for my mother, and he told the story from Talmud of the man who went to the Great Sage and asked a dumb question. The Great Sage refused to answer and the dummy pressed him.

And finally the Great Sage explained that all of life is a matter of questions. It is not important to find the answers for most of the questions that occur to us.

It is important to be able to live with the questions and accept the fact that there are no simple answers. In fact, there may not be any kind of answers. For Doreen's friends and family, there is one question for which not even the Great Sage has an answer—the question is, "Why?"

● (1610)

I will not pretend to have the answer to the question, "Why Doreen?", for other people wiser than I cannot answer it either. What I can say as a comment is that maybe the proposed provisions regarding gun control could have prevented the unnecessary "wasting" of Doreen. That is, in essence the more salient purpose of the peace and

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security program. I ask those critics, some hon. members in this chamber, and in particular rod and gun clubs, to think about Doreen when they denounce the gun control provisions of the peace and security program. It is a matter of prevention, not a matter of denying the use of firearms by legitimate users thereof. It is a matter of licensing legitimate users of firearms, not the registration of their firearms.

As a part of the program and the commitment of the government to peace and security, Bill C-83 is of great assistance in waging war against crime, an enemy that provokes hatred, suspicion, the unnecessary and inexplicable harm to human life, and even death. It is not my intention to speak on all the provisions of Bill C-83, as other members have done so ably. My intention is to speak on a problem I have spoken on before, namely, the matter of hard drugs. Undoubtedly, Mr. Speaker, the proposed amendments to the wiretap provisions will greatly assist our investigative forces in bringing to trial those individuals engaged in the illicit trafficking of hard drugs. However, what the bill fails to recognize is the cause of most of the violent crime in Vancouver or, for that matter in Canada, namely, the use of hard drugs. I say this not as a criticism of the Minister of Justice (Mr. Basford), but suggest that action be taken now or within the near future to deal with a matter that I know he is deeply and compassionately concerned about.

The immensity of the hard drug problem in my city and province was related to the House by me during debate on Bill C-71, particularly in relation to the amendments to the Bail Reform Act. I should draw the attention of all hon. members to the fact that it was due to the Minister of Justice's appreciation of the problem that he amended the law, placing the onus of proof on individuals charged with trafficking when applying for bail. What I shall deal with now is the fact that between 60 per cent and 70 per cent of all property crime in Vancouver is attributable to drug addicts. I quote from the second report on organized crime in British Columbia, issued by the department of the attorney general:

Criminal activity still remains a major source of revenue for the heroin addict, who frequently engages in drug trafficking, prostitution, theft, shoplifting, breaking and entering, and robberies. In a recent Vancouver police department study of the 196 robberies committed in Vancouver between August 10 and September 20, 1975, it was found that, of 56 people arrested, 33, or 59 per cent, were known heroin addicts. Another crime that has increased noticeably is contract killing.

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In 1975, there have been nine murders directly associated with the illicit drug trade. There is no real explanation for this increase over recent years, but it may be significant that it has corresponded with an increase in the effectiveness of enforcement agencies and a reduction in the supply of good quality heroin. The murders may be the final result of the pressures which have been applied inside the organization by the lack of good heroin, and on the outside by the police. It has been reported that several of the murders are the results of "rip-offs", and have been committed as an act of enforcement, or as a warning to other people who might disrupt the trade from within. It is possible that the organizations are feeling the pressure from poor quality supplies and, because of the large numbers of recent seizures, perhaps suspect members of the drug trade of being informers. It may be that, if police pressure continues to be effective, the number of drug-related murders will continue to increase, for organizations will become distrustful of each other and eventually attempt to reorganize the trade.