

Mr. Horner: When I am through speaking, Mr. Speaker. I have only 20 minutes. The hon. member for Fraser Valley East has on many occasions deferred my questions until he was through, and I extend to him the same courtesy which he has extended to me on those occasions. I only wish to show to you, Mr. Speaker, and members of the House, the difficulty of Members of Parliament from time to time in attempting to point out the many serious implications of this bill on the producer, on life, on the provinces and on unity in this country of ours. The hon. member for Crowfoot has been—

An hon. Member: Who is he.

Mr. Horner: —often acclaimed, often discredited and often mocked. His motives have often been misinterpreted as those of a man who was self-motivated and has been working for a few of his cronies. I have gone through all my files in search of something that could perhaps explain what motivated the hon. member for Crowfoot to launch a bitter fight against this bill.

• (3:40 a.m.)

Some hon. Members: Oh, oh!

Mr. Horner: If the House wishes to shout me, let me tell hon. members that I am known in the Crowfoot constituency as a moderate man, not prepared to shout anybody and always prepared to listen. At this time I would like to read into the record a poem.

Some hon. Members: Oh, oh!

Mr. McBride: Not at this hour.

Mr. Horner: I know the hon. member for Lanark-Renfrew-Carleton (Mr. McBride) has little patience. Nevertheless, I would like to read this poem into the record. Perhaps it might explain to hon. members what motivates the member for Crowfoot and in his desire to serve his con-

stituency and Canada. The poem is entitled, "When Stockmen Congregate" and it reads:

The stockmen held a meeting
To discuss the pro's and Con's
Of all the bovine species
From buffaloes to fawns
They dealt with Brucellosis
And Blackleg met its fate
Most anything can happen
When the cow-men congregate.
They came with spurs a-jingling
And big ten gallon hats
From hills and plains and valleys,
From river brakes and flats
They felt all but forgotten
By the boys who Legislate
And the air got rather humid
When the cow-men congregate.
With freight rate soaring upward
And machinery on the ike
One industry gets settled and
Up comes another strike
With all this vicious circle
They wonder at their fate
You hear some rangeland parlance
When the cow-men congregate.
In the halls of Legislation,
Where the laws of man are made
We need a few old cow-hands
Courageous, unafraid
Who rear up on their haunches
In caucus or debate
And tell the world their troubles

When the M.P.'s congregate.

That poem was written in 1953.

An hon. Member: By whom?

Mr. Horner: By none other than a person by the name of "Ferg" James, of Hanna, Alberta. If anybody wants a copy of it, I suggest that they subscribe to *Hansard* tomorrow. There are a few other things that I want to put on the record tonight.

An hon. Member: Not another poem.

Mr. Horner: Many people have suggested, and some newspapers have proclaimed, that this is a great victory for the government, that they have all they wanted. It is a long time since Bill C-197 was introduced to the House of Commons. Not too many people have read it recently, and in fact before C-197 went out of existence the Queen's Printer stopped printing it and the Minister of Agriculture stopped producing it. We could not get it.

Mr. Mazankowski: Because they were so ashamed of it.

Mr. Horner: Now I would like to speak of the real changes that were made in the agricultural committee. Reference was made to the two years of sittings of the committee.

Mr. McBride: Why don't you rhyme, Jack?