

He may continue only with unanimous consent. Does the hon. member have consent?

Some hon. Members: Agreed.

Mr. Nielsen: I thank hon. members for their tolerance. I do not intend to continue except to sign a footnote to what I have said. I started out by saying that I wanted to answer a letter of the minister of July 25 this year as to how we can achieve provincial status without increasing taxes. The simple answer is to leave us the resource revenues and give us the land. Leave us those revenues and we will manage very nicely, thank you.

Hon. E. F. Whelan (Minister of Agriculture): Mr. Speaker, I want to put on record a few things that have come to my attention in the last few days and weeks about Canada. Last week a great many of us paid our respects to a former member of this House, a former minister of agriculture, former minister of energy, mines and resources, and late of the Senate. I refer to the Hon. J. J. Greene.

We talk a lot in this House and in this country about unity, what Canada means to us. We recognize this as the greatest country in the world. It was founded in a rather unique way by two founding races. The fact that we have lived together so long and so peacefully makes us the envy of the world.

Today our constitution is being discussed. It is probably one of the most fragile, federal constitutions in the world. I can think of no other constitution which gives to the provinces so much authority and so much freedom.

Several weeks before he passed away, the Hon. J. J. Greene wrote a poem entitled "I Too Had A Dream". I am going to read it into the record:

● (1242)

I too had a dream,
A dream of a land
Where they would deem
Two languages, two cultures
And all their treasures beyond esteem
Would belong to all, out of hand.
But not so said the Vultures
And the dream's but a dream
It would seem.
I too had a dream,
A dream of a land
Enriched as none had been,
By free men, respected for developing here
The ways of the lands they had once seen
And sharing with us, be we Franc or Anglo
Their ways as diverse as the sand
But the Pygmies said NO
So the dream's but a dream
It would seem.
I too had a dream
That once a year in ol' Quebec
The Peewee Hockey Players were to be seen
And that when asked if it was great
The red-headed kid from Saskatchewan did state

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I know now why they call them the
Flying Frenchmen—"Can those kids ever skate!"
And Guy Lafleur and the Rocket belong to us too
Just as Bobby Orr and Gordie Howe belong à vous
And all we need is to think in all things
As we do in hockey
That whether Anglo or Franc or Uke
We'll take pride in excellence that is no fluke
We'll overcome together the road so rocky
And in doing so, the dream will come true.
I too had a dream
Nothing original 'twould seem
The dream that the Fathers
And John A and Laurier and King, and Pearson and yes,
Meighen and Borden had long before seen
And in such company I must confess
My courage returns
The flame again burns.
And in my heart of hearts I am
Again keen
That the Pygmies and Vultures we will spurn
And the Vision of McGee will come true
The dream will stretch like the
Shield of Achilles from ocean unto
Ocean blue.
That's up to you, and you et vous
If you believe in the dream as I do.

Mr. Speaker, at the service for the late Hon. J. J. Greene, his daughter read that. He was an Anglican, but the service was held in the Catholic cathedral in Arnprior. Little people of every description, ditch diggers, truck drivers, politicians, Supreme Court judges, and farmers, were all there to pay their respects to this man who really believed in Canada. As one who knew Joe Greene from the time he entered this House to the time he left, I can say he truly was a great Canadian and one who really believed in what Canada stood for.

I want to touch on some things when we talk about unity and what it means to me as a person born in Canada, not like many others who chose Canada to be their home. We who were born here sometimes take Canada for granted; not so other people who came from other lands to make Canada their home, to contribute to this great country. My wife is one of those people. Her dad came to Canada in 1929 and went to Saskatchewan. Those of us who read anything about the economics of that time—and I see some in the House who would remember the economics much better than I do, because in 1929 I would have been five years of age—know how severe conditions were. My father-in-law came to Canada at a time when the farmers could not even pay the wages of their hired men. At any event, he ended up in the soup lines in the great city of Toronto in the winter of 1933. He went to the most southerly part of Canada in the spring of 1933 to work as a hired man for \$15 a month. Ultimately, he became a successful farmer though his trade was that of a mason—he was an expert mason, bricklayer and plasterer, having been trained in that trade in Yugoslavia which was part of the old