



REMINDED OF GREATNESS

TRANSCRIPT OF REX MURPHY'S ADDRESS TO THE CROWD AT THE CIM CONFERENCE & EXHIBITION 2011

INTRODUCTION (FRANÇOIS PELLETIER): We're looking forward to a presentation of insight, motivation and courage. Rex has always been very enthusiastic in his support of mining and a keen participant in industry gatherings. In the discussion we had at lunch, I was very happy to find out that Rex has an assorted mix of the types of gatherings in which he participates. He will be at events as large as this one – high profile – and he may at some point be sitting down with the Fishermen's Association. That way, he can get the very broad view of the various cultural aspects of our fine company. He was moderator of the CIM Conference and Exhibition 2010 Plenary in Vancouver and is a strong advocate for the crucial role in our industry. Please join me in welcoming Rex.

REX: Thank you very much. I'm not used to microphones. I work at an organization that frowns on any overt signs of competence. I'd like to say thank you very much for the invitation to be here. I am not, despite my distinguished introduction, at all respectable. I'll fill in some of the details on that in a minute. I do have, thanks to Jean [Vavrek], a stronger relationship to the Canadian Institute of Mining than perhaps to any other professional organization so much that last year Revenue Canada reviewed my personal life and asked what the nature of the relationship was. I sent them back two choices: adult dependant was one, and mascot was the other!

Believe me, I do know what I don't know, and what I do know is that in this particular room, you are the experts, you are the experts, you

are the ones who know your industry, you are the people who know the technicalities that are associated with the high science and technology, and I'm criminally ignorant of all of those things. Even though I'm not as intimate as I would wish to be in the intricacies of the industry itself, those elements that surround the industry that are cultural and political, I might have some handle on.

I'm going to return to that respectable thing. I think it's only right that if I lay your lines open to hostage for 30 minutes you should have some idea of the intellect that you are dealing with, and one of the things I have to tell you – my way of honest confession, or maybe I'm having an Oprah spasm – I'm going to share with you now. At some point, now 20 years ago, I was actually a member of the Newfoundland and Labrador Liberal Party. That's not exactly a felony but it operates at the





same plane of the social esteem as throwing rocks at a convent or stealing sheep for the purposes of carnal engagement. Newfoundland is a very lonely place ... and we have some spectacular sheep.

Now I only mention this because it introduced me to some of the dynamics of politics and some of the strange operations. They're all true. At the very time that I entered into Newfoundland politics it was during the reign of Brian Peckford – whom you may or may not remember – and just before the reign of Clyde Wells, whom you will remember. He was a cross between Oliver Cromwell and the tooth fairy. It was in that interlude that Brian Peckford, seeking to leave a monument to himself (some premiers like to do this), decided in the last year of his reign to spend – and I remind you that this was in the 1980s, when \$1 million was still counted as money – he decided to spend \$27 million in order to make Newfoundland, which is essentially a rock, the cucumber capital of the entire world!

Now this was alarming on any number of fronts. The first one was just a simple matter of the history of agriculture that mankind has come to know. It's generally agreed that if you want to grow vegetables, other than those that you are going to elect, there are two preconditions: soil and light. If you decide to build a greenhouse factory on the east coast of Newfoundland, you essentially forego both of those requisites. The second thing, and this pertains to the nature of Newfoundlanders, is that to many of us the cucumber was essentially the unknown vegetable. Newfoundlanders are not salad people. We are among the most carnivorous people on the face of the earth. So why it occurred to our premier at the time that there was a bonanza to be made in introducing a green tube to a population that probably wouldn't even recognize it, is fairly open as well.

Stats Can at this period (they must've had a holiday because they had nothing more sensible to do) did a survey of the Newfoundland diet and it was determined that the per capita consumption of cucumbers per Newfoundlander – including every man, woman and

child, ladies who have yet to get their teeth, old men who have lost theirs – that the per capital consumption of cucumbers – and this was post the introduction of hamburger chains that smuggled in dill pickles underneath the patties – that the per capita consumption of cucumbers in Newfoundland per year was one quarter of one cucumber per Newfoundlander! So you can see that there was a mystery surrounding why we needed \$27 million to grow this thing.

The final point I will stress just to show you the full splendour of this enlightened idea: Brian Peckford knew he couldn't get cucumbers to grow out of the rock on their own so it was decided to engineer a hydroponic facility. He built something that looked like it strained from the set of the early Star Trek, which was essentially a huge plastic shed, and from as far away as Labrador, he took the entire surplus power of the upper Churchill and funnelled it via some vast cable network up into the town of Mount Pearl, which is where he decided to imprison these poor cucumber seeds.

Then, with a jolt of electricity equal to any vast electrical storm, the idea was that he could startle the young cucumber plant out of the granite that was containing it. Now this required a lot of electricity. I remember being on an Air Canada flight – this was before the days of mad terror – the pilot saw me coming on and said, "Come up to the cabin." It was more for him than for me. He said "I've been exploding. I've been bursting to find some human being that I can tell this story to." And he said, "You know Rex, do you know this?" He said: "There are nights when I take off in Winnipeg and I can see Mount Pearl – and I don't want to see it – but there's just so much juice." And after a year, after a whole year, after \$27 million, they finally got their crop, and they brought it out in a single plastic bag in one of those little pseudo supermarket in Churchill Square (St. John's). I think they put it out there not for sale but more as an exhibit, and I maintain from that day to this, that there are some things so stupid that only governments can do. This greenhouse is one particular example, but it drew me into politics.

I have one more thing to say about politics and how it really deranged my mind. I ran for office essentially because I was out of work and really hungry. There were then 48 seats in the Newfoundland legislature and the Liberals (I mentioned they were kind of careless) had forgotten one. This is again true. They lined up all of the candidates after the ribbon dropped and they had 47 candidates for 48 seats. Ten days into it, they recognized it. They remembered, "My God! We've forgotten Placentia! And it's going to look really awkward on election night if we just, you know, forgot!" That's where I was, half-paralyzed from lack of food. So they phoned up and said, "We know you haven't eaten for days. We have no intention of winning a seat so we're not spending any money, but if you can give us

your name to put on the candidate's list (something like the NDP in Quebec), well, we'll give you all of the Kentucky Fried Chicken you can eat until polling day!" You can see what was being offered: join the Liberal Party [for] some kind of chicken! Bad taste or malnutrition! I admit that I made the story short because I do have to get to something half sensible.

I ran and I lost, but I only lost by 140 votes, which was pretty good with no money, no phone and no campaign essentially. So then they hired me. They said, "Come into the office." We were in opposition and I had 17 months of writing question period for the Newfoundland opposition. I think you're all educated people and fully understand the meaning of the word "futility," but if you really want to get to the etymology – the deep, sad, desiccated roots – then I suggest you take a picture of the Newfoundland House of Assembly during question period. People who have no idea of what they're asking are asking people who haven't got the slightest clue as to how to answer for the benefit of the public that is absolutely indifferent to both!

So for 17 months, I fed that industry and regarded it as a kind of protracted lobotomy without the benefit of anesthetic. At the end of this, having very few wits left about me, there was a by-election, and as I was the only office furniture on salary, they volunteered me to run in the by-election. I had already been humiliated once – I'd offered myself to the Newfoundland people, and they had reasonably slammed the door. Now, 17 months, later they said I was running here.

I was in John Crosbie's district, by the way, where he lives, so I'm telling you this because where John Crosbie lives is like the Bethlehem stable of Newfoundland Tourism. St. John's East doesn't vote Tory; it's a genetic compulsion. It's stamped on their DNA, so once again the Liberals were saying, "You haven't got a hope in hell but go out there and root." I lost that as well. And I lost by something like 6,000 votes. So don't let the people tell you that Newfoundlanders can't learn. I went from 140 to over 6,000. This wasn't just "NO," this was, "Get out of town, don't come back, we're really, really sick of this. Just go away." I got a letter from the returning officer and he said, "Now look, if you're going to try this again – whatever it is – we're going to have to amalgamate certain districts if we want to maintain the negative arc of your career." Understand that this was getting pretty embarrassing.

That wasn't the worst of it. It really wasn't, and the sad part about this story is that it's not made up. There were three of us running: me, the ex-mayor of St. John's, and an unemployed figure skater from Labrador West, which is almost a metaphysical condition. I mean, what is a figure skater doing in Labrador West? Think about it. The only triple axels are on trucks. And at the end of the night, at the end of



that night, the figure skater had won! He was no longer unemployed! The ex-mayor came in second. I came in fourth. And there were only three of us running! How did it happen, I hear you ask? Here's how it happened: God's truth.

There was a minor real estate boom going on. A couple of lawyers were exchanging pendants and the local real estate company was very well known, but didn't use television advertising. It relied on very vivid signage and was called Tony Murray and Associates. They're very well known in the government – 67 years. So the night of the St. John's East by-election, figure skater number one, ex-mayor of St. John's number two, and Tony Murray and Associates, number three. I am the only person in all of Canada that has ever lost an election to a real estate sign. So I want you to understand that's the quality of mind before you. And I'm sure it was worth your plane trip here.

I'm very fond of a quotation in particular from a hero of mine, a genuine hero, named Samuel Johnson. Outside of Shakespeare, one of the greatest minds that ever turned itself to English literature was Samuel Johnson. I won't go into it because that would be yet another hour and yet another digression and I have yet to begin, but Johnson, among other things, had a tremendous gift for that most elusive but that most praised of virtues: common sense. One of the illustrations of that is the maxim that I am calling up right now that he said a number of times: "People more often need to be reminded than informed." They need more often to be reminded – in other words they already know it – than they need to be informed. That's the parameter of the very few things claiming any sense I will say to you today. I'm not going to tell you anything fresh. I'm not going to tell you anything new. It is possible that what I wish to say will be a reminder of something that you already quite literally know, but it might sharpen your consciousness and it might, in that sense, be a useful thing for ideas to grow.

As is my usual serpentine route, I'll start by what I call a massive illustration. It's not primarily mining, but

believe me, it applies. It really does apply. When in the early '90s, the fishery back home collapsed, 31,000 in-shore fishermen in a single day were no longer in-shore fishermen. In most cases that meant 31,000 families. If you want to understand how big that is, I did the numbers as if it was proportionate to Ontario. If in Ontario one morning we saw the headline "670,000 people lost jobs overnight," proportionately, that would've been the same thing as the 31,000 in-shore fishermen in Newfoundland at that period.

Secondly – and this is very crucial to the story – the majority of those 31,000 were not in the capital city. They were not in St. John's. They were in all the hamlets, towns and villages – the outports. They were in the great perimeter spine of Newfoundland since Cabinet had formed it. So there was a tragedy. I'm not asking you 20 years later to feel deep sympathy for it, but it was [a tragedy]. I met people 55 years of age who had lived their entire life there through three generations. I did stories on them. When the great crunch came, the saddest one I ever saw was up the northern peninsula. He was 55 years old with a wife, five kids and a wonderful older house built about 60 or 70 years ago when the great ship's carpenters really built houses. He sold the house for seven airplane tickets to Hamilton to try to get a job for himself and maybe for his wife, because once it stopped, there were no fish. That was the end of that.

That's just one illustration. I could give you a hundred. But let's move into the territory that I want. The collapse of the fishery was a savage blow to Newfoundland. In my judgement, even now, it extirpated about 450 years of history and left half of Newfoundland – the other poor half – in genuine, absolute jeopardy. If there had not been something else during that period apart from the historic blow, apart from the having tried for 300 or 400 years to build a society in a very hard place and now having to give it up, what were other penalties? They were

penalties that you already know: persons who had become accustomed to making their own way and to earning their own bread; persons who had the dignity of supplying their own needs, their own table, caring for their own families by their own exertions. That's one of the great virtues of all time and it is the bedrock of the dignity of 99 per cent of human rights. So when that's removed, we have a second problem that is not just social, in the broad sense, but one that moves into the family.

Families will collapse from the strain that comes from being unexpectedly, after a lifetime's work, being out of work, and after a lifetime's application to a function that requires great skills. Fishing is not something that you just add one and one to get two. There are intuitions; there are traditions; there are patterns. There's a kind of knowledge that is almost gathered by osmosis over the generations. It's a highly complicated art, and suddenly all of that – and a great repertoire of the things a man or a woman knows how to do better than anything else – is gone. So you have family breakup; you have drunkenness. You have all of the things that attend lack of employment, subsequent poverty and the shame that dwells in many an honest heart when they can't work.

Simultaneously with that, there was something going on in our offshore, but to a much larger extent. Out west in Alberta the oil boom was beginning. Fort McMurray was starting to grow. The industry was, as they say, exploding. My absolute closest friend, who at that time was 52, went through those stages in Newfoundland. He had been married for 21 years and was divorced a year later. He never lost his house but rather gave his house to his wife. He ended up in some basement down in Tors Cove. He had worked for 20 years and he didn't even have any pocket money. And I was saying to myself: "I know this guy. Another six to seven months, it will be not two to three beers but rather a couple of dozen. It will be the lottery

terminals. The break in the family will be deeper and deeper and deeper." I'll skip much of this story to say that he got to Alberta and got a startup job way the hell up north of Edmonton. He took some small courses, got into safety inspecting mines and other things and eventually ended up on a rig in Nigeria making an amount of money that would make some of you blush. So here he was, three years later, a guy who was going down the tubes, and suddenly this job out in the most polluted project on the face of the earth had rescued him, saved his dignity (and by the way he's back with his wife).



I can multiply that easily by 15,000 of 30,000 Newfoundlanders who are out of work to get the number of people who have found an occupation in what is known as the dirtiest project on the face of this earth, as a capital sin against all of creation. I can't tell you enough about how much misery was foregone, how many marriages didn't break up, how many houses weren't sold for plane tickets, how many sons and daughters weren't ashamed of their parents in their latter days as they drifted towards some shameful episodes.

I have yet to see the inventory that tells of the real social benefits, the social uplift, the moral improvement and even salvation – the salvation of a good portion of a subset of the entire Canadian population because of that dirty, that vile National Geographic curse of "worst project on the face of the earth." Yet, my friend is not in some drunk tank. He's on his second cruise to Hawaii right now – I mean, so bad a project that has so much good.

The reason I began with that is because I know it and because I have a vivid example in my mind's eye, but even more strongly, because it's true. We would have had one of the greatest social calamities, in my judgement, of the entire nation to have 30,000 families, 80,000 people within a small province, with an entire history nullified and then out of work besides that. When I hear – and I do hear (and I'm not receiving money from Exxon Valdez) – the oil sands decried by the great liberated minds of either the environmental movement that is most strident, or by the academics, I never hear the inventory of the other side; of all the good that has been done; of the social misery that has not come to pass; of the lives that have been rescued by reasonable employment.

I want to really drive it home hard that I don't know what it is about the 20th and 21st centuries where our technological engineering and scientific prowess has lifted skills to a level of development that the world has never seen before. We're doing things in the oil sands; we're doing things offshore; you're doing things in parts of the world that literally could not have been dreamt of 50 or 75 years ago. I mean, it is unbelievable. I saw a finished oil rig before it went on the North Atlantic. Has anyone here ever stood reasonably close to a constructed oil rig? Do you understand it, or have we lost the ability to feel what a miracle of creation – so complicated, so vast an instrument – this thing is? We poor wanderers of this round earth have somehow in the short span of 10,000 years accumulated such skills. That's a pyramid multiplied by 20,000 in terms of its ingenuity, the science that underlies it, the engineering skills necessary and of course, where do the raw materials come from? We, at least in Western societies – and I'm not shy about that – since the 16th century, we've let loose the scientific imagination and



have emerged with an acceleration at a speed that is unbelievable to achieve a level of civilized living. It is without compare. There is nothing else higher and more extensively concerned with so many, that brings such comforts and such necessities into being as a modern society. Think of the great health systems that we have, the great educational systems, the financial structures, the little so-called toys that we carry around ourselves that would startle our grandparents into their graves. You can turn one of these things on and find out what's in my back bedroom (you don't want to know!). We have become numb to the miracles of our own time.

Here's the message that I want to bring to you, The Canadian Institute of Mining: to value what it is that we have built and to value the wealth that allows us to build more, and to value the institutions that are structured and are underwritten by that wealth that allows us political normalcy, that allows us health care, education, vacations, homes, the entertainments that we have, and of course the great resources of modern technology. Again, I'm from Newfoundland. In 1950, if I was to give you a sketch of the healthcare system in Newfoundland, it would come out like the 18th century in any other country, and in 30 years, Newfoundland has leaped into a vision of healthcare that again, if the people who were alive then were alive to see it now, would die again just of the shock.

A lieutenant governor of ours way back in the '50s visited a house on the south coast and a woman was walking around in the dark with her nine children. He took her outside and he gave her his feeble glasses. She could suddenly see again. She hadn't seen a doctor or nurse for ten years. What I attempt to push into this is simply that we have so much, we have built so much, and yet the foundations on which all of this rest are exploration, are energy, are minerals. This foundation is the most basic fulcrum for the establishments of what we know and regard as



civilization and modern life, so why is the participation in this so defensive and so cautious?

You should see yourselves – if it was an honest world – as a provider of whatever it is that we can call comfort, of whatever we can call utility, of whatever we can call of necessity. Go to any of the capital cities in Canada and look at their health care services. Where did these inventions come from? Of what are they made?

Industry is the beginning, minerals are the actual substance, and energy drives them. But in Western societies, we seem to have come to the point that those elements that are most cardinal to our entire well-being and wealth are to be looked at through some dark and always prejudiced lens. “Oh you’re in mining! Oh goodness, get out the wanted poster! You work in Fort McMurray? Well, what a shame that is! What’s wrong with you?”

This is upside down and I don’t know how it came about. I do know some part of how it comes about, though: we have gradually allowed perception to be so strained that part of this is upside down. The people who do are being overruled by the people who want nothing done. I can give you yet another example; I could give you 100 of them. I stood with my nephew in a ski lift looking over Banff Springs Hotel about ten years ago: the Red Rockies, the lake and that wonderful stone of Banff Springs Hotel, almost like a castle. With the bowl of the mountains, the great forest and the lake, and then the massive stone structure, you know that the hotel is the only thing that could have been placed there to make what is already a sublime scene even more sublime. It is just perfect. They made the town of Banff more beautiful by the construction in the 1890s of that hotel. I suggest to you that if someone tried to build the Banff Springs Hotel today, they would be slowly hanged and then roasted!

The people who are engaged in the primary industries that keep this society going have no need to be carrying around some phantom weight of guilt and reluctance, quietly saying, “I’m involved in the mining industry.” This has really got to stop. Apology as a

practice is not the root to progress. You should be taking confidence. You should be taking deep confidence from what it is that you have accomplished.

When I mentioned the oil rig to a non-engineering mind with none of the abilities and background of learning that you have, I see it as a physical thing. Did the minds of human beings compose this and then build it? It’s astonishing! It should be a source of wonder, and instead it’s a source of attack. Anything that moves towards that kind of progress, anything that supplies us with what is fundamental to the continuation of the level of civilization that we have attained – minerals and energy – is somehow the dark sin of our

time. And down in the United States, we have circumstances where you would think enlightenment would prevail and then you have an EPA that’s about to regulate the emissions of carbon dioxide. If you want another Alice in Wonderland story, once the government starts regulating the intake and outtake of human breath, we’ve gone a long, long strange and crazy way. Cucumbers will be sane eventually.

I’ll wrap it up this way as I don’t want to keep you too long. It’s the thing I’ve hounded Jean for the chance to say and I haven’t said it quite as coherently as I wished to, but the message I think still is clear. I don’t know why it is, and I’m speaking personally, that those things that are so cardinal to the way we are operate under some presumed umbrella of shame.

I’ve been sick in the last little while – minor stuff (I’ve been sick my entire life – the other kind of sick) and I got drugs. Who supplied the drugs? They grew up under the ground – no they didn’t! A pharmaceutical firm supplied them! And I’ll tell you another personal thing (I don’t usually go personal). I remember about seven or eight years ago, there was a hitch in a speaking engagement by a big pharmaceutical company. It was in Banff; someone couldn’t show up and I got called late at night. They were really stuck, really stuck, and wanted to get me on a plane in the morning if I’d fill the spot. It was going to be a disaster unless they had a speaker. My education began that moment, because I had talked to the fishermen, I had talked to miners, I had talked to bureaucrats, I had talked to municipalities, I have talked everything! But for one moment, I thought, “Oh my god, pharmaceuticals! I wonder if I can go to that,” and then I realized that I was a total fool. Why wouldn’t I go? What would the world be like without anesthetic?

I had been conditioned. This was like walking into to Satan’s private stock – or was it? Now by the way, there are bad people in pharmaceutical companies and good ones, bad people in mining companies and good ones, ridiculous people in journalism and really smart ones. We’re a mix of everyone. Every group is the same

and every group will have the same mix. You'll have saints and villains, but there's no category that says that those who are involved in the central function of modern society are automatically suspect. If you have a resource that is not only providing an end to the miseries of 30,000 people, that is giving honest jobs, that is allowing for children to be educated, then you really shouldn't call it the dirtiest project on the face of the earth without acknowledging what else it does well. If people want to draw the indictments of the mining company, then let's also point out that the camera that is taking down your statement came from the earth in the first place, and the car that drove the reporter to do the nasty interview didn't pop up out of a mushroom field. When National Geographic wants to distribute its great literature, it doesn't hire songbirds. It really, really doesn't.

I've sensed in people at the highest level of great companies – companies of such wealth and power that I don't really understand them – a shyness, a caution and a hesitation in being involved in something that can't quite be defined but feels slightly guilty. You bought the slop that they've brought into the room for the last 30 or 40 years. You can do things that were not imagined even 100 years ago. They were not imagined; they were not even possible to imagine. We're in a computer age and everything that keeps this world at its modern best comes out of the activities of this room and the energy that also supports it. So I'm not sure how in this world where we have built such structures, such comforts, such hospitals, and such universities, we are so eager to point a narrow finger of aspersion and contempt at the central activities that keep us in the highest level of wealth and well-being that the world has ever seen.

Now I'll take 90 more seconds of your time before I let you go, only because I don't like to end on a so-called serious note. Please put up with it – I'm sure Jean will never let me back again so this is the last you'll see of me. I want to tell you a story about Queen Elizabeth. Fourteen years ago she agreed to come to our place because 500 years had passed since John Cabot left Bristol, England, and headed off for Beijing and, of course, ended up in Bonavista and was inclined to regard it as a success. That might explain the kind of premiers we've been electing ever since.

Anyway, we went along with the gang too. So they said, "Ma'am, it was [during the reign of] your Elizabeth I when he made his strategic blunder, we wonder if you'd come over to help us celebrate 500 years of one of the worst pieces of marine stewardship we've ever seen." She said, "I want to get out of the house really bad and I'm your woman." It is true: she came over in 1997 – the 500-year celebration.

I was in Toronto. They sent me down with my camera crew. There were crews from New York, from England and from the States. It was beautiful – magnificent – but was a disaster! Rain, snow, a bit of sleet, high

winds; then in Bonavista we had icebergs coming down, a bit of wind again, more sleet. It was June 24th! What did you expect? So we said, "This is not good enough, we have to fix it." No one saw her. No sir – they didn't know she was here! You couldn't broadcast anything, just pictures of sleet and fog.

So we said just bring her into St. John's and we'll bring her indoors. So they brought her to St. John's and picked a spot: Purity Biscuits. Purity Biscuits, better known than Tony Murray and Associates, is like Tim Hortons multiplied by 50. That's how deep in the Newfoundland culture it is. I'm Catholic and I grew up on Purity Biscuits Round Milk Lunch. My old friend, who was Protestant – besides going to Hell – grew up on Purity Biscuits Square Milk Lunch. My point is that even in religion you have Purity Biscuits, one way or the other.

So she goes to the Purity Biscuit plant because she knows that will signal that Newfoundlanders understand her and she understands them. And she gets there and stands next to a riser with three steel vats, each of them with about 30,000 lbs of warm biscuit dough being stirred by an electric blender, monitored by a guy in a white coat and a button. So she kind of leans herself across to where Buddy is and she looks up at him I can't do the accent and says, "Ah sir and what are you making?" There's a pause as long as the Reformation, and finally Buddy looks back down at her and says, "\$13.50 an hour, ma'am." True story.

I'll say it again. I mean it when I say thank you for the invitation, Jean and the people who run this event, that for reasons of either masochism or lack of judgement, keep bringing me back. One thing that I will not have any apology for is that at the absolute centre point: you are engaged in the cardinal activities of our time. If we are to maintain the advances that we have, if we are to extend the wealth that we know, if we are to keep the security that we take for granted – all of these things that are there in some way or other, begin at raw materials and energy. The amount of wit, intelligence, competence, science, and technology that goes into harvesting those things should be a source of wonder and applause.

Much like I spoke about that rig, the proper response to having the first look at an offshore rig is to applaud it. It's a magnificent creation, but somehow or other in the Western mind, we seem to have confused achievements with an occasion to offer some kind of glum apology. We're not taking from our achievement the confidence that they should endow us with. So if there is a message: for you people who have achieved so much, survey what you have achieved. Take from it the real sense of, "My lord, my we have done these things and look at how much we know." Refresh your confidence as you go forward and slap away all of those thoughts and all of those dispersions that people very casually, and with no right whatsoever, like to throw free of cost in your direction. Thank you.