

He came from the west country. He loved it. He was born there. He was trained there. There he developed the integrity and the competence of his professional life. He worked there, and he spoke of its peoples and their problems. He wrote of its history and development in his little book of essays entitled, "The Short Grass Area—Stories of Southern Alberta." He was a great family man, and to mourn him he leaves a wife and four daughters.

Dr. Gershaw had a full life, a good life, because he lived a life of service. Of him it can truly be said, "He loved his neighbour."

I am sure too that on May 30 everyone was more than deeply shocked to learn of the death of Charles Gavan Power. I happened to be in Athens, Greece, in mid-June, returning from a Commonwealth Parliamentary Association meeting in Mauritius. When I was there I wrote a letter to Chubby in which I said that I was writing from the place where Demosthenes had made his reputation as an orator. I joked about the absence of oratory in Greece just then, but the plethora of it that he must be experiencing in Canada during the election period. Little did I know that he would never see that note, because when it was written he was dead and buried.

When we honoured Senator Power on December 20 last, I called him a living legend. How happy we all are that we marked the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into Parliament. At the gathering in Mr. Speaker Smith's chambers his little speech, including his reference to my colleague to my immediate right, Senator Lamontagne, was so delightful! I personally relish the criticism he made of me, which was accurately recorded in the Ottawa *Journal*. I had said that no one but he had sat for 50 years continuously in the Parliament of Canada. How quick he was to say, "As usual, Connolly is wrong. Laurier has the record." In my rooms later I had an opportunity to chide him on his arithmetic. I was tempted to write the Ottawa *Journal* a letter with the heading: "Chubby is still the Champ". For Laurier was elected to Parliament in 1874 and was dead in 1919. He had 45 years of continuous service in Parliament. Chubby had more than fifty!

Honourable senators, I shall not review his career again. Our *Hansard*, on a previous occasion, is adequate in that respect. It is of the man that I would speak. I would speak of his kindness, of his generosity, of the sort of devil-may-care attitude that he displayed so much, of his great wit, and, indeed, of his

deep humour. He loved good talk. He loved good companions. He loved good books.

In December I remember quoting some lines from Belloc that he had used in the other place in 1942 when the 25th anniversary of his election to Parliament was observed. Those lines run:

From quiet homes and first beginnings,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends.

Those lines, I think, epitomize Chubby Power's philosophy of life. He had friends galore—Irish, French, English, and Scotch—all of us.

Of his career, I think he might be content if I paraphrase Belloc in this way:

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
"His sins were scarlet, but his words
were read."

For words of wisdom in abundance Chubby had—wisdom born of a deep experience of politicians whom he admired and respected, and of voters who loved him.

He has published a book. Some day there should be a biography written of him.

In my mind's eye, I can see his colleagues and friends, those who knew him best, talking of him around the convivial hearth. They will speak of his escapades with Lucien Cannon and many others. They will speak of his election demeanours, and perhaps too of his self-admitted electoral misdemeanours. They will speak of his humanity—at times strong, and at times weak. And, honourable senators, only of a great man can one say such things in a chamber as august as this one. They will speak of his days in the Ministry for Air, and of his work on behalf of the veterans as their Minister.

They will wonder at the enigma of his resignation from the Ministry, when he went out for one reason and Colonel Ralston went out for the opposite. They will marvel at his courage too when he, Lapointe, and Cardin, in the interests of a unified national war effort, took on the Duplessis Government in 1939, which was then at the height of its power, and defeated it. His own career and the life of the federal Government of which he was a member was on the line on that occasion, but courage and determination won through.

His story is indeed a profile in courage, and his life an exercise in the promotion of national unity.