

with great gusto to the tune of *Land of Hope and Glory*. The words go like this, "George Drew knew my father, father knew George Drew!"

You would never have heard that song at our house when I was growing up in Chatham, Ontario in the 1930s and 1940s. But you could hear my sister and my brothers boast, "Paul Martin knows my father," and, better still, when the time came, "Martin's the man, and we know him."

As my father explained it, Kent County had foolishly elected a Tory and it had been necessary for Paul, like a great horned owl, to spread his wings from his nest in Windsor to cross the 52-mile line to Chatham and watch over us for Mr. King.

I was the first of my clan to go into the newspaper business, but my brother Bill followed. The link—press and politics—with Paul Martin was forged for life, particularly for my brother Bill, who was making his start at the *Windsor Star*.

I was still at the Chatham *Daily News* when Paul marked one of those great occasions that Senator Frith mentioned that punctuated his early career in politics. He was Secretary of State in the St. Laurent government and as such he devised and carried the legislation that, as Senator Frith said, gave the most of us who dwelled in this land Canadian citizenship. Coming as it did two years after the end of the Second World War, it carried great symbolic weight.

Let me tell you, it was a bigger story in the Chatham *Daily News* than it was in George Macullagh's *Globe and Mail*.

On the stroke of midnight, in 1947, we all became Canadians. At the newspaper, we put a watch on both hospitals to greet the first child born a Canadian citizen in our circulation area. Lordy be! It was a little girl. And her father's name was Martin. I have forgotten now which one of the Chatham *Daily News* team agreed with the baby's mother that the child should be called Pauline and that Paul Martin should come from Windsor to the little village of Paincourt to be Pauline's godfather. I did not have to twist his arm.

Two Sundays on, there were flowers and half the Catholic hierarchy of Kent County at the Paincourt baptismal font, but by early morning, southwestern Ontario was sheathed in ice. Martin's car, Chatham bound, was ditched by No. 2 highway near Tilbury. Our photographer and I caught up with him in the old Fargo pickup truck that we had borrowed from the Chatham *Daily News* circulation department, and we slithered through to Paincourt.

Paul held the baby for endless picture opportunities. He spoke briefly in English and at length in soaring French. We slithered back to Chatham where the man managed to tour both hospitals before heading out to Windsor and a previous engagement in his own constituency.

I learned from Paul Martin what a grinding job of work politics can be. I learned a lot about social welfare and about the United Nations and eventually about England. Convoluted prose and all, I admired the man and what he did with his great career.

I was also grateful—as so many of his followers were grateful—for his uncommon notice of the mini-milestones in our careers. A note, a call, a handshake, a shared confidence, even after you had revealed your political colour and it was not Grit red.

That did not matter. After all, Paul Martin knew your father.

The Hon. Raymond J. Perrault: The eloquence of the tributes to Paul Martin, honourable senators, is certainly indicative of the fond memories we hold of him.

I was at a Liberal Party seminar on the weekend, and there were a number of prospective candidates discussing canvassing techniques—yes, we're already preparing them, Mr. Leader! One very timorous chap rose and said, "When I get on that doorstep, I often have difficulty answering the questions they direct to me. Just how do you handle a controversial question?" I said I can only quote a story about Paul Martin. One day when he was asked his views concerning one very vexatious issue, he is said to have replied, "Some of my friends are for this issue and some of my friends oppose this issue. And may I say, without equivocation, I am for my friends. Next question."

I knew Paul Martin starting when I was a young Liberal, and I succeeded Paul Martin as Leader of the Government in the Senate. He was truly a great man. I think probably he was one of Bell Telephone's greatest customers. He would call people at all hours of the night and day. One chap told me that if Paul Martin had learned something about Pacific time, he might have become leader of the Liberal Party. He said that when Paul was seeking the leadership, he would phone British Columbia at five o'clock in the morning and press his cause—too early for most British Columbians!

I remember his final hours as Leader of the Government in this place. He telephoned me and said, "Would you please come down to my office? This has to be the most lonely time of my whole career. I don't know whether I can face it. I will only be here for another two hours."

I wish that I had taken along a tape machine to record his reminiscences and his recollections of his life as a person active in government and in opposition. The thing that struck me at the time, and as we all know, was that he was a consummate professional politician, in the best sense of the word. Yes, and he had great respect for his opponents and a knowledge of how to run successful political campaigns. But beyond that he had those marvellous qualities referred to by previous speakers—a genuine concern for the human condition and a genuine desire to help those less fortunate.

He was an extremely effective player on the international stage, as able a Canadian as we have ever had on that scene. When he went to Great Britain as our High Commissioner, he was highly effective in that post.

Yes, I remember those last two hours of his active political career. Finally he said, "It is eight o'clock. I think it is time to go. Would you walk to the gate?" I said I would be pleased to.