

revive the spirits or lead the charge of members of his own party. He did it in such a way as to devastate, perhaps only momentarily, the arguments of the competing Parties while not leaving an iota of bad feeling in the House of Commons. It is a remarkable accomplishment to be passionately and intelligently committed to your cause, to emerge victorious in a debate, and still somehow manage to leave your opponents feeling pretty good about the situation. That is a considerable politician, Mr. Speaker. He was that kind of man.

It has already been said that he was humorous. He could laugh at himself and make fun of his personal circumstances. He spoke with conviction. He served as Minister in a number of Departments. He was a distinguished ambassador for the people of Canada in the United Kingdom. He served ably in the private sector. All in all, he was a very fine Canadian.

[Translation]

He was a good citizen of Newfoundland and a good Canadian. He was passionate and had a great sense of humour.

[English]

We will all remember him with affection. We send to his wife and his children our deepest sympathies.

Some Hon. Members: Hear, hear!

Mr. Brian Tobin (Humber—Port au Port—St. Barbe): Mr. Speaker, I wish to join with the Leader of the Opposition (Mr. Turner), the Member for St. John's West (Mr. Crosbie) and the Leader of the NDP (Mr. Broadbent) to say a few words in tribute to a former colleague, a great Canadian, a son of Newfoundland and a friend.

All of us here knew of Don Jamieson, the public man. Some here have valued his friendship for many more years than I. We each remember him in different ways. He inspired us, he challenged us, sometimes he left us in awe and he could always make us laugh, even in the most difficult of circumstances. He was a complete human being and whatever our differing recollections of Don Jamieson, on this I think we can all agree. He was an orator who knew no equal, neither in this House nor on the political stump in the charged atmosphere of a political meeting. His was a spellbinding oratory, born not of rhetoric but out of commitment and burning passion for those things he believed in. The quality of those great sterling pipes that represented Don Jamieson at his best in full flight was exceeded only by the sterling quality of that great mind that gave birth to his words.

As the Leader of the Opposition said, he spoke for the first time in this House on May 9, 1967, when he delivered the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. He said:

We in this House ought to remind ourselves more often than we do that it is in fact the people's house and that everything we do here affects the lives of people.

The great grey, anonymous bureaucracy may have no alternative but to deal with statistics and references to units of population, samples, cells, and all the other jargon of the trade, but as Members of Parliament we are involved and must be concerned with human beings. The machinations of our political parties,

the conflicts that occur between parties and between individuals naturally attract a great deal of attention, but they are really the froth of public life. The substance lies in what we do here—

As Don Jamieson's executive assistant from Newfoundland, I was moved by his great commitment to public service and public duty. But I can tell you that his public commitment, as profound as it was, was no greater than his commitment to his family. In the last analysis, it must be said that his wife, Barbara, his children Donna, Heather, Roger and Debbie, were at the centre of his universe always. Family is the way Don Jamieson saw this country; each of us unique, seeking different goals, but with responsibility and commitment to each other.

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He was born a Newfoundlander. Against his will he became a Canadian, and out of conviction his love for Canada grew. Nearly 20 years ago he said these words in the House of Commons, and I know that he would want to leave them with us today:

I believe that we can restore to our children of the streets their rightful heritage of broad open spaces and good, clean air. But this will not be done by cold-blooded theorists or by slide rule administrators. This is not something that will appeal to those who believe that man is content with clothes on his back, three square meals a day and a roof over his head. The challenge is to those who would free the human spirit and relieve the monotony of our every day lives. It is to those who would create new horizons of beauty to delight the eye, new cultural experiences to stimulate the mind, and peaceful havens where we can relieve the tensions of our hurried pace. That dream has stirred the hearts of men and women since the beginning of time, and I believe that if we have the will we have the ability to make it a reality.

In closing, I know that that dream was alive in Don Jamieson this morning. I believe he has passed the torch to all of us and it should be said that when last we saw him he was in the place that he loved best, at home in Swift Current, Newfoundland. He was with the people he loved best, his family and neighbours. He was doing the thing that he loved best and talked about in the dream, being out in the wide open space taking in the good, clean air. May God speed him on his way.

Some Hon. Members: Hear, hear!

Mr. Geoff Scott (Hamilton—Wentworth): Mr. Speaker, I rise on behalf of every broadcaster in Canada who ever had the experience of knowing Don Jamieson, and what a rich experience it was. Don Jamieson knew the thrust and the throb of the broadcasting industry, and as President of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters for four consecutive years from 1961 to 1965 he was considered one of the most important influences in what was emerging as a new era in mass communications. Mr. Jamieson spoke loudly and often in favour of private initiative. Largely because of him, the "we" versus "them" attitude between private broadcasters and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was broken down. Don Jamieson proved that the two sectors could indeed co-exist.

As a private broadcaster myself, it was through Don Jamieson that I fell in love with his cherished Province of