

[Translation]

I became acquainted with Senator Vaillancourt when he was a member of the Quebec Legislative Council. Later on, I also met him in rather peculiar circumstances, while he was a special advisor to the chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Mr. Donald Gordon. At that time, I was myself regional attorney for the eastern part of the Province of Quebec. Since that time, I often had the opportunity of meeting Senator Vaillancourt, of discussing with him, of learning about his way of thinking, his philosophy, and of appreciating his great and charming personality.

It would be superfluous to recall here his magnificent career, especially his contribution to the co-operative movement in the Province of Quebec. He was, from the outset, one of the main associates of the founder of the *Caisse populaires*, Mr. Desjardins. He was for a long period of time the leading figure of that movement, which represents nowadays an extraordinary economic power in Quebec. He can be rightly proud of his accomplishments in that field.

Here in Parliament, he was always that distinguished, kind, charming, understanding and loyal man we knew in Lévis and in the whole Province of Quebec and, as assistant leader of the Government, he did an excellent job. It was always easy for him to get the co-operation of all members of this house.

He has to retire on account of his ailing health. He can be sure he deserves many years of rest.

We all wish him an early return to health from a well-deserved rest among his family and numerous friends. He may be sure that here, in the Senate, we will never forget him.

[English]

Hon. Donald Cameron: Honourable senators, I should like to associate myself with what has been said about our distinguished colleague, Senator Sydney Smith, and particularly with what has been said about Senator Vaillancourt and my lifelong friend Senator Larry MacKenzie.

I shall not say very much about Sydney Smith, because what I would have said has been so well said by Senator Connolly (Ottawa West), but I should like to take this opportunity of paying a tribute to Senator Vaillancourt, who, so far as I am concerned,

epitomized all of those values that we associate with the finest of French Canada. Senator Vaillancourt was always in the forefront of those who tried to benefit and improve their communities. In this respect he succeeded spectacularly. The *Caisse Populaire* is a monument to him. It reached its tremendous role of importance and influence in the Province of Quebec largely as a result of his foresight, vision and pertinacity. He was always kindly and courteous and was indeed the type of man we are always proud to be associated with in this chamber.

I first knew Senator MacKenzie when he was professor of International Law at the University of Toronto. Unlike so many of his colleagues here, I did not have the privilege of being one of his students, but I worked with him in many activities in the realm of international affairs, community development, and the universities. He made a tremendous contribution to building the great University of British Columbia which today has 20,000 students. I like to think that had he been president of that university during the last two years—those years of turbulence, unrest, and student revolt—he might, with his wisdom and sense of humour, have been able to quiet the more irresponsible elements among those who have been giving trouble in our universities.

I think of Larry MacKenzie in many ways but always as a great human person. During the drought years in Alberta from 1935 to 1939 I used to take him out to Community Life conferences to lecture on international affairs. He would hold a meeting in a place like Gooseberry Lake, in the heart of the dry belt and the only lake for miles around. Here he would sit around the campground and watch the alkali patch grow wider and wider in the hot sun, and here he would talk on international affairs. He had the great gift of bringing those affairs right down to the grass roots. He talked to farmers, hardware merchants and housewives, and he had the rare gift of making them feel that they were part of what was going on. When his lecture was over he would shove his old and battered canvas cap in his pocket, and go out and play ball with the rest of us. People in those communities still speak with warmth and affection of the contribution he made in those days.

At that particular time he was bothered by an ulcer. I remember one night, on arriving at the Macdonald Hotel in Edmonton after driving 250 miles over hot and dusty roads, I