

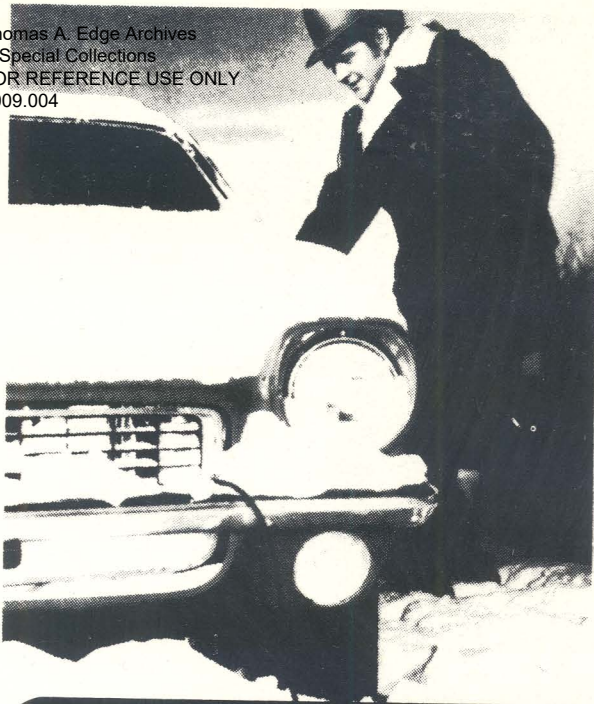
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Canadian
Golden West



The Canadian West's Own Magazine

85¢
winter '72-73



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Golden West

Canadian West's only magazine

VOL. X Winter '72-73



"Be sure and hear Episode 13 tomorrow of 'Howls from the Hill' - Will Dief sneer at Trudeau? Will Trudeau say that dreadful word again? Be sure to tune in on your local channel tomorrow."

May I never live to see the nightmare of Parliament on T.V. - it's a possibility according to the Throne speech. But I believe T.V. should keep its grasping tentacles off our democracy. It's been up our bowels, slid down the ladies' cleavages, explored every source of our body odour and practically lived in our bathrooms. Isn't that enough without now moving into the most important room in the land - parliament?

Television's record to date is not reassuring. This marvelous invention like the car has turned traitor on its inventor. Just as the car is now keeping us all wounded or broke while we pay a fortune to drive a moving ad about for the company that sold us this unsafe product, so the T.V. is now costing us more (in the added expense of advertised products), while trapping us all into watching things we never wanted to see in the first place. This is because the nature of T.V. is such that it must avidly devour facts and talent. Once anything has been shown a million people have seen it and the search is on to find a new sensation item, no matter how ludicrous it may be. There are the exceptions of course - the carefully thought out documentaries based on reality, the magnificent live photographs of famous peoples, sports and places no ordinary person could have ever hoped to see in a life time. But unfortunately these are only rest spots, few and far between in T.V.'s mad search for the new and the bizarre. Its very transient quality has turned T.V. into a tramp - any silly thing, an upside down picture, undreamed of violence, unreal sounds and colour have from necessity become its everyday fare as evidenced by any T.V. program listing. Imagine what a search for the ludicrous can dig up in parliament. Written for the senses of sight and sound, sensationalism, not reason, is its climate. Lumbering democracy has always had little enough reason so it can ill afford to lose what little it has.

Then there is the colossal expense. Canadians are now beginning to hate the very word 'tax' and politicians, if you've noticed, are very carefully avoiding the word completely. But to televise Parliament will cost the taxpayer a fortune. This of course could be reduced by using ad sponsors. It tempts a weary tax payer to think of the lucrative possibilities of selling a spot to a wig manufacture just after a fade out on Trudeau's receding hairline,

Please turn to page 33

VOLUME X

It is our 10th Anniversary -- so I suppose we should say something to you besides Hello! If we had committed murder under our present Canadian law, we would have (with good behaviour) possibly been freed three years ago. Unfortunately we can only, at times, plead guilty to murdering the Queen's English, and so we are still chained to the inevitable and unrelenting deadline - and we were even late for this one!

We apologise, but the English 'flu has attacked every one here. It is interesting how history apparently plays a part in the names we choose to call our personal bugs. Remember when it was the Asiatic 'flu, or the German measles? Poor old England, which is still convalescing from winning two wars for us, has now been saddled with the dubious honour for the current bug, an honour she could well do without. But 'flu by any other name is still no rose!

With Life magazine now dead and soon to be forgotten, we are grateful for our magazine's ten years survival. Grateful to all of our readers who are the only ones who really breathe life into any publication. Our writers may supply the blood, sweat, thought and misspelling, but the life of a publication is dependent on you readers alone.

So, many thanks to you. Instead of being a plump, fat celebration, this one, I as an editor and not the publisher regret is thin, but then, in this "next year country", we expect our next issue to be larger, so hang on readers -- for the next ten years!

Ruth Gorman, editor

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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CALGARY PHILHARMONIC

Jan. 16th: Chamber Concert, Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. Solo flautist, **Philippa Moore**. At the Calgary Inn.

Jan. 21/22nd: Main Series. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. Philharmonic Orchestra and 180 Voice Choir. **Belshazzar's Feast** by **Walton**. Chorus Master: **Lloyd Erickson**. Guest Soloist, **Alexander Gray** - popular arias from Mozart. Jubilee Auditorium.

Jan. 29th: Bow Valley Square Gala Series. Philharmonic Orchestra, Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. **Alfredo Campoli** - violinist, **Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto in D**. Jubilee Auditorium.

Feb. 11th/12: Main Series. Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. Pianist **Hans Richter-Haaser**. **Beethoven Concerto No. 5. (The Emperor)** Jubilee Auditorium.

Feb. 17th: **Puccini's Tosca**. Production by the Edmonton Opera Association with the Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor **Samuel Krachmalnick**. Jubilee Auditorium.

Feb. 20th: Chamber Concert. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. Soloist **John Thompson** - Viola. 180 Voice Philharmonic Choir and orchestra in the **Nelson Mass** by **Hayden**. At the Calgary Inn.



Harold Pfeiffer discusses some of his bronzes at a recent exhibition at the Galleries.

These beautiful and unusual art galleries have now been enlarged to better serve both patrons and artists. Whether you are seeking a moderate priced gift or an objet d'art of importance, you will almost certainly find it here.

The Galleries also specialize in Eskimo sculpture, carvings and graphics of which a wide and discriminating selection are always on display.

A series of distinguished one man shows will be featured as usual this year.

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BOOKS FROM THE GOLDEN WEST AVAILABLE AT THE CALGARY PUBLIC LIBRARY

Face to Face by Solange Chaput-Rolland and Gertrude Laing. An English Canadian from Calgary and a French Canadian from Quebec talk about the English-French confrontation. Mrs. Laing was a member of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism.

In Sickness and in Health by Earle P. Scarlett. Reflections on the medical profession by a distinguished Calgary physician.

Bush Pilot with a Briefcase by Ronald A. Keith. The happy go-lucky story of Grant McConachie, who grew up in Edmonton, flew early planes in Alberta, and finally became head of Canadian Pacific Airlines.

Power for Prairie Plows by Grant MacEwan. The Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta makes another lively study of an aspect of western life.

Steamboats on the Saskatchewan by Bruce Peel. The entertaining story of an early Alberta form of transportation. Bruce Peel is Librarian to the University of Alberta.

Booze; the Impact of Whiskey on the Prairie West by James Gray. Another interesting sidelight on our history by an important Calgary author.

A History of Alberta by James D. MacGregor. A much needed history of the province, by one of Alberta's outstanding historians.

Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet by Hugh A. Dempsey. About the Indian Chief who signed treaty number seven. A biography by the Glenbow-Alberta Institute director of history.

Central Library - 616 Macleod Trail SE - 263-1820
Check also with your nearest neighborhood branch

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1:30 p.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday

Consult your local library branch for branch libraries' hours.

Third Friday of each month, Book Group Meeting 2 p.m. to 3:30 p.m.

Films shown every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. For programs phone 263-1870.



Feb. 24th: du Maurier Pops Concert. Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. Guest Artist, **Gloria Saarinen** Pianist. **Marie Hontanz**, Pianist **Jean Longacre**. Program of popular American Music including works by **George Gershwin**.

Feb. 28th: Bow Valley Square Gala Series. Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. Orchestra augmented to 100. **Symphony No. 34 in C** by **Mozart**. Jubilee Auditorium.

Mar. 4/5th: Main Series. Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. **Lee Luvisi** Pianist. **Greig's Piano Concerto in A minor**. Premier performance in Calgary of **Holst's The Planets**. Jubilee Auditorium.

Mar. 17th: du Maurier Pops Concert. 'An evening of Comedy' with **Professor Peter Schikele**. 'P.D.Q. Bach' Conductor: **Dr. George Naylor**. Jubilee Auditorium.

Mar. 25/26th: Main Series. Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: **Frederick Fennell**. **Gina Bachauer** - Pianist. **Bach's Piano Concerto No. 2** Jubilee Auditorium.

Apr. 7th: du Maurier Pops Concert. Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: **Carmen Dragon**. Program of familiar Italian Favourites. Jubilee Auditorium.

Apr. 17th: Chamber Concert. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. **John Campbell** - bassoonist. **Mozart's bassoon concerto in B Flat**. At the Alsan Banquet Hall.

Apr. 22/23rd: Main Series. Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: **Maurice Handford**. 180 Voice Choir. **Beethoven's Symphony No. 9**.

ART GALLERIES

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Apr. 16-23rd: **Harold Lyon**.
Apr. 30-May 5th: **Dick Freeman** - Western Paintings.

GLENBOW—ALBERTA INSTITUTE 902 - 11th Ave. S.W.

Jan. 11 - Feb. 18th. Exhibition of Original Models by Michelangelo sponsored by Rothmans of Pall Mall. These exquisite fragments wrought by the hand of perhaps the greatest sculptor ever, are a first for Calgary. They are part of a collection of the master's miniatures which have belonged to the same Italian noble family since the sixteenth century. The tiny models he made which are on view included the leg of Christ in the Pieta, details from the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici in Florence and some of the work's which are in the Louvre in Paris. *Please turn to page 6*



George and Carol Pain of Gainsborough Galleries Ltd. wish their many customers all the best for 1973. The Gainsborough Galleries invite their many customers and friends to view the collection of paintings. Now on display.

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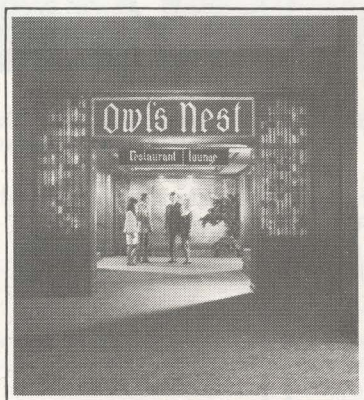
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MOTOR HOTEL





THE GOURMET'S MENU

Each issue we offer for you to ponder, a menu from one of the many fine restaurants in Calgary. This one just happens to be from the 'Windsor Room' of the York Hotel.

Viennese Stuffed Fillets of Sole - Mushroom Sauce

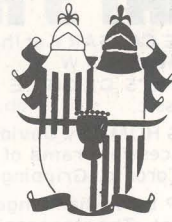
Creme du Barry
 Veal Steak Helvetia

(boneless veal topped with Gruyere cheese, Parma ham and tomato - perfectly broiled)

Duchesse Potatoes Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce

Shortcrust Applestrudel
 Coffee

The menu was personally selected, and need we add, enjoyed by, yours in good eating, Basil French.



hys

Wish for you

"Good luck

Good food

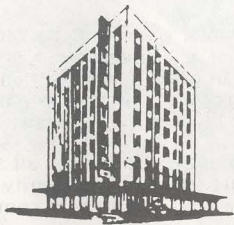
But above all

Good will in

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 food and entertainment.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

THEATRE CALGARY at the Allied Arts Centre.

830-9th Avenue, S.W.

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE by George Bernard Shaw. The G.B.S. classic. Feb. 7th-24th

LEAVING HOME by David French. A Canadian playwright's highly successful drama of the break-up of a Newfoundland family in Toronto. Gripping and compassionate. Mar. 7th-24th

BUS STOP by William Inge. A mirthful and warm study of the Midwest. The steer roping cowboy from Montana and the Kansas city chanteuse. Apr. 4th-21st

STAMPEDE GROUNDS

Feb. 3rd: Canadian Old Timers Hockey

Feb. 27 through Mar. 4th: Moscow Circus

Mar. 20-24th: Rodeo Royal Mar. 31st: Oilmen's Bonspiel



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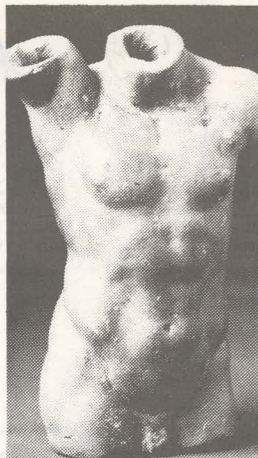
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GLENBOW-ALBERTA INSTITUTE
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MODELS AND MICHELANGELO

Jan. 11th - Feb. 18th. A Canadian family's art collection, unique in the world, and beyond monetary value, begins its cross-Canada tour at Calgary's Glenbow Institute.

The exhibition, "Models and Michelangelo", is of major international importance and is being sponsored by Rothmans of Pall Mall Canada Limited. The exhibition is an important legacy of the full flower of the Renaissance in Italy: of the seventeen models in the exhibition, six are authenticated as being the work of Michelangelo, while the remaining eleven are attributed to him, and while these lack the absolute authenticity which is meticulously demanded by the art experts, they are, in all probability, also by the hand of the master.

These terracotta models, from which Michelangelo wrought many of his immortal works, are now the property of a Canadian family who wish to remain anonymous, and until this time, they have been in the family vaults. But they have decided that the importance of the collection is such, that the models should be made available for all Canadians to see.

The models being displayed, were originally part of a massive collection of art treasures attributed to Michelangelo assembled by Paul von Praun in Bologna, Italy, a famous art collector towards the end of the 16th century. The collection has had a chequered history over the centuries and is now dispersed throughout the world. Queen Victoria once tried unsuccessfully to acquire some of the Michelangelo terracotta models.

The exquisite examples of the Master's work at the Glenbow are amazing for the vigour of execution and his incomparable knowledge of the human body. The collection is thought to include a model of the leg of Christ in the Pieta and details for the world famous tomb of Lorenzo de Medici in Florence.

As it is known that Michelangelo destroyed almost all his models to keep them from the public eye, the opportunity to see this collection in Calgary is of a kind that seldom comes our way.

These fragmentary studies of different parts of the human anatomy, range in size from only three inches to a little over twelve inches in length. They are a remarkable study of how small studies were employed over and over again by Michelangelo and other Renaissance artists in designing both sculptures and paintings using the human figure.

As would be expected with such rare works, an elaborate security system has been set up for the collection. Special display cases have been created for each of the models. Their relationships to many famous works of Michelangelo are shown by the use of enlarged photographs which form part of the exhibition.

Rothman's have also produced a beautiful full-colour catalogue for the exhibition which, we know, will be treasured by all art lovers who acquire them. Proceeds from the sale of these in Calgary will go to the Glenbow-Alberta Institute.

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Photo by Boyd Waddell

Our Cover Artist

Annora Brown

Miss Brown has painted four covers for this magazine. This is the last in her series of "Four Seasons of Western Canada." Spring, the first, appeared in 1970, Summer and Fall in 1971, and now we have her Winter cover.

Most of us feel in Winter nature's beauty has left us for a while, but to painter Annora Brown's observant eye it is still there - it lies in the pointed Evergreen fir trees that tower through the snow drifts and seem to thrive and even grow greener as the icy winds tear through their great branches. She saw it in the pine tree with their flowers of brittle cones which are nature's own refrigerators - where she carefully stores the seeds for winter's hungry birds. She saw it in the beauty of the tiny chickadee who "come out" in Winter being shy birds who in summer retreat deep into hidden places and are then rarely seen by man, although you often hear them calling their name. But in Winter they will even surprise and follow with their bobbling, quick, short flight a snow walker.

She is a woman of many loves but few hates but careless pickers of wild flowers can give rise to her rare temper. She realizes only too well the flowers' fragile short life and how now man is carelessly threatening even that.

Fortunately for the rest of us on her canvases, for all time, the glorious wild flowers will live. She loves a giant tree as well as the tiny buttercup and writes as well as the tiny buttercup and writes beautifully of them. I especially enjoyed the tree story on the Balsam pine from her book, "Old Man's Garden", where she shows us how all nature is always a friend and how when "Old Man" and human man work together fine things happen! Strangely enough the young people of today, who are so environment conscious, will really enjoy this story from the past when men knew the existence of this eternal link between man's health and nature. We are pleased to say Miss Brown and Publisher Gray have allowed us to reprint this delightful "sample" from Old Man's Garden.

OLD MAN'S GARDEN

BALSAM FIR



The Balsam fir is a shrub of the timber-line, that magic place where summer and winter meet and live side by side for several months of the year. Mingled with the exquisite clearness of the sunshine and brittle air is the fragrance of the balsam.

Below the timber-line the balsam fir is a fine tall tree but it gradually diminishes in size as it climbs, until it becomes a stunted shrub. But in the driest, most rugged spots, its fragrance increases and it holds upright, within easy reach, a crowded crown of blue-purple-black cones which one cannot miss seeing. They are unlike the cones of any other evergreen and are an instant clue to the tree's identity. They are quite 'rubbery', looking like bits of old tires.

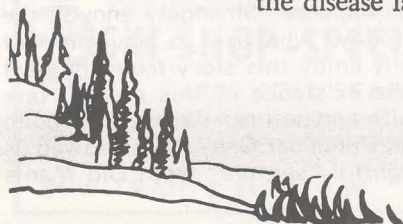
The bark on older trees is scaly, but on younger ones it is smooth and warty, being covered with blisters filled with resin. Woodsmen, far from corner drug stores, lift out these capsules from the bark and carry them about, unbroken, until they are needed for the closing of a cut or wound.

Perhaps it was from the Indians that the white men first learned its uses. They used it for colds on the chest and for a poultice to reduce fever. By mixing it with grease, they obtained a delightful aromatic hair oil.

Commercially this resin is used in perfumes, confections and medicines, chiefly in the manufacture of lozenges for throat troubles. This same balsam family supplies the well known turpentine, 'Canada balsam', and is used for making a varnish which, because of its transparency, is a valuable cement for optical instruments and spectacles.

In every ceremony except the Sun Dance, its fragrant needles were used at times to replace sweet grass as an incense. For this purpose the leaves were dried and stored.

"Before starting the ceremony for curing the sick, the old medicine woman, removing a coal from the fire, placed dried sweet balsam upon it and holding her hands in the smoke, prayed to the spirit of the buffalo, that she might be able to discover where the disease lay."



by
Annora Brown

She is certainly Canada's foremost painter of Western Canadian subjects. Last year she honored with a doctorate from the new university of Lethbridge. It thrilled her to receive this honor on the land she was raised on and loved. Her work has been shown and seen all over the world and this Fall at Edmonton the whole second floor of the Alberta Archives was turned over to a complete exhibit of her Western Canadian wild flower paintings. It proved to be one of their most popular exhibits.

She was born in Southern Alberta. Her mother was one of the earliest teachers, and her father was a mountie at Fort Macleod. Her family were intensely interested in botany. So as a small girl she soon discovered that the prairie wool which, from a distance often looks like just a great dull flat mat, is in reality alive with the colour of small beautiful wild flowers.

Miss Brown who now lives in Sidney, B.C. is no longer a young woman. She never wishes us to mention her age-not out of pride but because to her it is not important. To her each new day is the first day of a new life and the number of days behind it are really not too important. This kind of thinking is shown in her cover painting. For the first time in her life she attempted to combine distant objects with close up objects. She felt that was the way winter is. Then our searching eyes are stretched across white snowbanks to far horizons. So without instructions, she just tried this new technique and you can see for yourselves how she succeeded. She is a person forever new and young in spirit like the wild flowers she paints. Probably she could be properly listed as an "old timer", but her thinking is not only of the past but also of the present. Like all of us, she finds the present frequently confusing. But she seems to swing with her time. Waking up one morning in strike-riddled British Columbia, she found that everything she went to do could not be done because some group or other was on strike. Instead of becoming inwardly bitter and frustrated she thought it over and decided well why didn't she too go on strike!

She now has so much commissioned work she is kept constantly painting. All her life she had wanted to take time out to learn silk screening but never had the time. So she announced to all and sundry, she too was on strike, closed down the phone, put away her work, and proceeded to enjoy a two week strike learning a new art technique.

The constant today's travel of her fellow citizens to her seems queer. All her life she had lived in small towns and these constant tourist treks to Africa, to Russia, to far-off places by all her friends, at first disturbed her, but on thinking it over, she realized we each have a whole world in our own backyard. And she can find all the happiness and beauty around her.

Now persons from all over the world come to her backyard to see the world she has found there and to buy her pictures.

Fortunately this well adjusted, charming artist is almost as great a writer as she is a painter. To date she has produced only one book but it has become a Canadian classic. She called the book "Old Man's Garden." The title is deceptive to some book buyers who believe it to be simply another reminiscent gardening book. They are not aware that "Old Man" was the Indians' name for that powerfully strange God-Nature. With its 127 beautiful illustrations painted by the author and its strange combination of factual botanical details, combined with how that flower fitted into the Indians' life or legends and was part of the West's early explorers life, it is a fascinating book and priced at \$5.50 it is one of today's best buys on the booksellers' shelves.

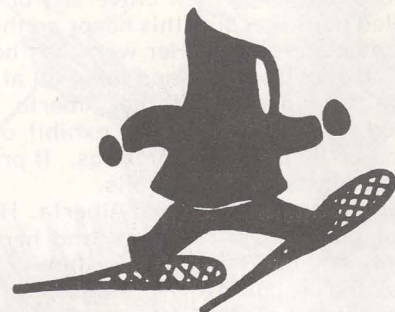
Strangely enough, its first publisher let it go out of print but fortunately Annora Brown's nearby neighbour at Sidney is one of our too few, good Western Canadian publishers. He is Gray Campbell of Gray's Publishing and he has now reissued the book. I suppose this proves Annora's theory that the whole world is really just in your own backyard. She tells me she has a second book in her head, all we can do is hope it will soon be freed from that prison for the rest of us to enjoy it.

R. Gorman



Three Previous Covers done by Annora Brown for Canadian Golden West -- Spring '70 -- Fall '69 -- Summer '71. There are still a few copies available for order.

Golden Notes



OH BOY!

Well we're back to counting our fingers and toes again. We are again being threatened with the ten digit based metric system of measurement. I really can't get too excited about it. I'm already so confused by bi-lingualism and bi-sexualism, that just changing the dimensions of my height and girth isn't going to really shake my already benumbed soul.

However I wonder if it will ever get here? Met a delightful soul, Mr. Adey who tells me that in grade school, in Nova Scotia, before the turn of the century, he had to memorize the entire metric system because they were going to get it there right away.

We Canadians are really a kind of cautious race. The politicians are now allowing a safety margin of ten years before the changeover. I guess they figure that by then, most of them will have reached pensionable age and won't have to answer for the confusion.

Having always taken advantage of my fingers behind my back, when faced with a quick adding accountant, I think to count by tens sounds at least reasonable. Our assistant editor didn't. The thought of it inspired him to poetry, verse or what have you. Well it's more fun than being confused anyway.

The Sound of Metric

*Inches and ounces and rods poles and perches
Ten thousand feet mountains and twenty feet birches.
Acres, half sections and miles that have wings
These are a few of my favourite things.*

*Gills quarts and bushels and furlongs and fathoms
Imperial gallons and wee drams in taverns,
These are the standards by which my soul sings
All are such nice and familiar things.*

*So away with your metres, deci centi or milli
Alitre sounds horrid a hectare plain silly,
A voidupois is bilingual enough
So you know what to do with this low metric stuff.*

*Just measure us still by the things that we know,
The cord foot the board foot the six feet below,
The minstrel can't sing of the metre or gram
So just as I started leave me as I am.*

Even the weather's getting permissive! You would think the Chinook has been having an affair with Summer down in some secluded spot near Pincher Creek, the way he's stayed around this winter.

Poor David Lewis -- as he daily discards yet another of his socialist theories, he's beginning to look like a strip tease dancer down to her last fan, but determined to still stay on the stage.

I noticed in Vancouver that Calgary's Mayor, Rod Sykes, made reference (to the delight of the press) to what he called Calgary's "bovine aristocracy". This is hardly good public relations. After all, the honourable ranchers of this country, in spite of their well known ability to use a colourful vocabulary when required, are too polite to refer to him as an ex-C.P.R. landman. Nor have they applied the nasty, but often deserved, epithet the oldtimers had for that breed. But I can assure him it was far from anything aristocratic.

Our fascinating Northwest has names to match its land. For example, take Champagne. It got its name because the famous trail maker, Jack Dalton, just happened to stop there to quench his thirst with a case of bubbly he was supposed to be transporting.

There is also a good story about the naming of the Yukon region itself. Westerner, J. Bell, a trader for the Hudson's Bay Company, first applied it to the district -- its an Indian word meaning "Big River". Being an optimist and a man of good sense, he wrote it phonetically as "You Can", but at a later date, some pessimistic government official changed it to Yukon.

Lucky it wasn't today, or the present government would definitely have named it, "You can't".

Remember when the scare phrase was, "Big Brother is watching you"? Well now not a soul is being overlooked. Or for those who are interested in semantics, not a soul is escaping being overlooked. Since November 2nd 1972, "Anik 1" silently and unobserved, is continuously passing over our western plains. It's a satellite nearly 23 thousand miles straight up, but it sees all and is the world's biggest snooper. We mere mortals can, I guess only go back to the caves, and modest spinsters will have to take a blackout umbrella into the bathroom to escape.

However, I'm still betting on my Aunt Fanny with her field glasses. Not only can she see everything, she's got imagination too! We could really fool the Russians if we could only figure out a way to keep Aunt Fanny in orbit. Now that would be a REAL accomplishment!



OOPS!

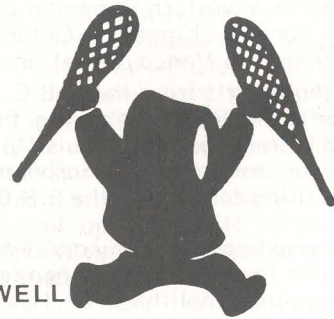
Now what kind of persons preserve the Prairies' early history? We have of course a few paid guardians of our past, the professionals who keep the files at the Glenbow in Calgary, or at the Provincial Archives in Edmonton. We have a small group of people who belong to local historical societies and who work hard at gathering up the fragments of our history. The history of a vigorous people who first rushed into this Western land, and were so busy opening it up and surviving they didn't have time to consider the fact they were making a history worth recording. Fortunately there are the writers like Patrick Gillesse, McGregor, Ken Lidell, Tony Cashman and many others who now are writing the story down, but in reality, our history is being saved by just everyday persons. Citizens just like the first volunteer public relation men and women of the west. Today they don't talk about the glorious west, they collect bits and pieces of its proof and preserve them. Not for money or fame but just for the sheer fun of the game. And they are in every small town, big city, and sitting by flat prairie trails, or our spiralling mountain roads. Someday, all these bits and pieces will be gathered together and make wonderful reading and even inspire sophisticated citizens of the future, who by then may have discovered the past is just as exciting as the future, and that is what makes living between them fun. Our amateur history preservers are persons just like Mrs. Barnes.

Mrs. Barnes whose Sphinx story is in this issue. How about you readers digging up something besides arrowheads, old spitoons and returnable bottles?

Some very small thoughts on seeing a very big sunrise turn the mountains west of Calgary a glorious pink — Well Smog, high beef prices and pot smoking just seem to be today's way of life - and this is sad — but only sad because these are things people have it in their power to rectify — but just haven't yet chosen to do so. Rail we must against the sheer stupidity.

But isn't it time we also remembered that today the average person is given a chance for a better life than his ancestors were? We have care and health and more food. We have more leisure and there is a concern for the welfare of others no matter how imperfect it often ends up being. At least its there.

The Aztecs cut the heart out of a sacrificial victim and we too recently blew the heart out of hundreds of victims by the hundred thousand with an atom bomb. But there were less people to be victims and the Aztecs had no regrets - we did and we are trying to repair our mistakes as best as we can.



OH WELL

It is really a better world today! So isn't it time we quit belly aching about small things like smog, the price of beef and pot smoke and remembered instead how much better off we really are today than we used to be! Lets keep fixing up what we have the power to — but with a grateful heart pay the price we are having to pay for our better life — Unhappiness is a personal problem and there seem lately to be an awful lot of dull characters who are wasting their life away bewailing the price they have had to pay for a better life without straightening out their own personal problems at all! Beef is high, but its at least here. Smog's ugly but we still breathe and as for pot — well maybe its sad to see young people die of it, but long ago young people died in work-houses. Those were never even given a chance. At least the Pot smoker has brought in on himself and is ignoring the good life which is still really here.

Western Canadians who did live in a Golden Land always did indulge themselves for that reason in being belly-achers now that the whole world has more affluence its a universal pastime maybe and when those fault finding characters get to heaven they may get one hell of a shock when their ancestor says — "how was it on earth when life was good?"

CHILDREN

Children watch and pry

With tiny hands

A universe so odd.

Viewed from

The throne of

God.

Vick Poelzer

Calgary's mayor and aldermen doubled their wages behind the closed doors of a secret session. Too bad no one reminded then we voters get a secret session too, next time we go to the polls.

Maybe their efforts are worth more pay but how did they think they could hold back inflation that way? How can they now deny all city employees double pay and if they do that they have to also give all city tax payers a doubled up tax bill. Rod Sykes may just have to talk himself to death yet - there will be so very many "poor little people" for him to talk about, or he will have to put it on tape and keep the recordings running steady night and day.

is probably Canada's greatest living humorist and has won the prestigious Stephen Leacock Award oftener than any other Canadian writer. He is a western Canadian by determination. He was born in Kingston, Ontario and with his parents came to Vancouver at an early age. After graduating in Arts from the U.B.C., he served three years with the R.C.A.F. during the last war, but returned to Vancouver to get his Master's in French. After a year in Paris at the Sorbonne, and a year in London writing comedy for the B.B.C., he returned to U.B.C.

It is interesting how many great writers of humour have at one time or another been teachers.. it could be an occupational hazard. He continued as a freelance writer and newspaper columnist, and in 1948 published his first book, "Sense and Nonsense" He seems to have a penchant for giving his books either a pun or fun title, and of his fourteen published books some have delightful titles, such as, "The Roving I", "Shall We Join The Ladies?" "Girdle Me A Globe," "In Darkest Domestica," "Say, Uncle", "A Herd of Yaks", "Russia, Anyone?", "Space Age, Go Home!" "100 Years of What?" "A Scar is Born" (his adventures as a playwright), and "Vancouver, Don't Move". His latest book, title "Still a Nicol." any housewife will recognize, is a pun on our inflation. The publishers, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, managed to keep the price of the book within inflationary bounds at \$7.95. A small price for one of the funniest books you may read this year and which will certainly surpass a whole year of TV's so called humour shows, even if you count in their ads, in giving you chuckles.

The title of his first great book "Sense and Nonsense" is really a description of all his work. His "Sense" is sane, and his "Nonsense" is hilarious.

In this second book "The Roving I", Mr. Nicol, as a journalist, thoughtfully wrote a readymade review for hurried critics in which he said: "In this respect it resembles Mr. Nicol's first book, which, it will be remembered, went down in Canadian literature and never came up." Fourteen books later it turns out even he can make a critic's misjudgement. He also said: "I would like to thank my wife for her unfailing help and encouragement during the preparation of this book, but I'm not married." Again he misjudged his capabilities. He is now the father of two daughters and one son and when I talked to him he was happily preparing lunch while his wife was off taking a course at the University. He says of his politics he is anarchist, in theory; and liberal, in practice.

Alberta can lay little claim to Eric Nicol although during World War II, he was stationed for a year in Calgary. Of that period, he says he "learned the battle stations of several attractive waitresses dominating 8th Avenue." Edmontonians in their journal can read his syndicated column which he writes for the Vancouver Sun, but in Calgary unfortunately the Southam paper thinks we readers are quite content with reading the news of high-rising prices in stores.

Mr. Nicol is also a playwright and had the rare honor of being a Canadian who had his play produced on Broadway. Unfortunately the New Yorkers did not appreciate his Canadian humour. However, the play was a success in Canada. He has written four plays as well as two delightful plays for children. His play, "The Clam Made a Face", for children, which is a rare combination of Indian legends and humor,

Eric Nicol



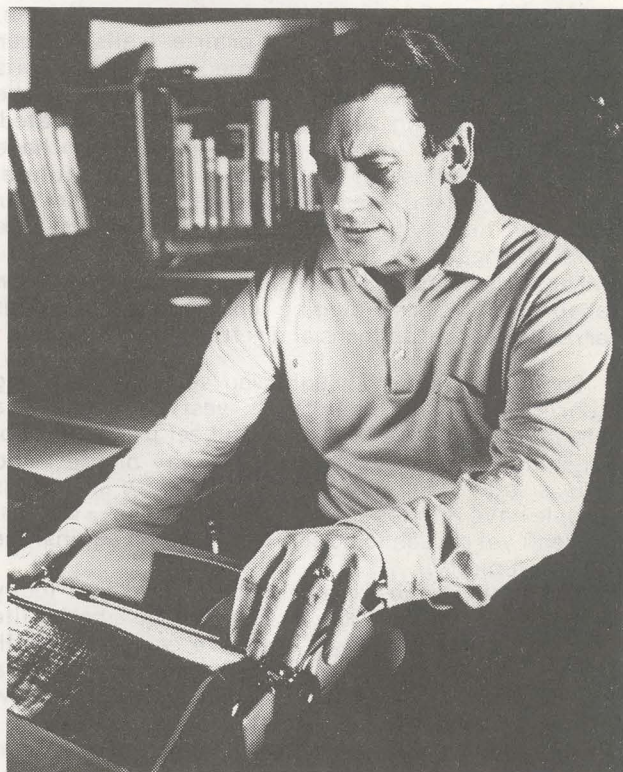
Newest Book - "Still a Nicol"

has been published by the Canada Council and we like that one of his small viewers and critics wrote to him about it: "Next time you do a play please do one as good as that. Your Pal: Ornella." Now that's the kind of review any author likes!

At the present Mr. Nicol has two plays in rehearsal. His new interests lie in writing plays.

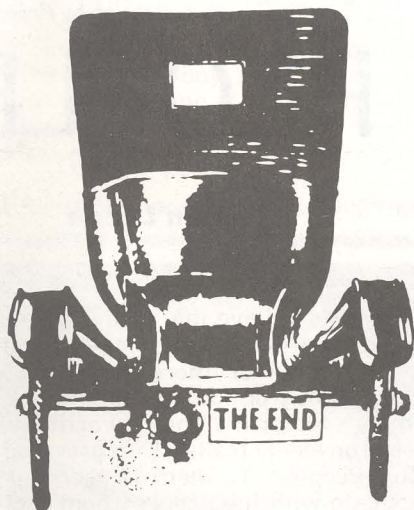
Like all authors he suffers from being isolated from his readers and therefore is fascinated with play writing with its instant communication between writer and audience. However, it is to be hoped that he does not give up writing his column or his books. I am certain if he could just hear the chuckles that arise from his readers he would know how much he really is appreciated.

Ruth Gorman



The author, Eric Nicol, describes this informal picture of himself as "Dracula at Work". But I like this picture of an alert thinking man at his typewriter, who with care will find the exact words that bring happy laughter to solemn eyed children and bored adults.

Somebody Lash Down Grannie



This delightful illustration is from the book "Early American Automobiles 1877-1925" by Floyd Clymer, author of eight fine books on motoring, all authoritative and at the same time amusing.

What would you do if you knew that a small child was going to be lashed to a seat for hours while sent hurtling helplessly into highway traffic? Call the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children? Throw yourself in front of the vehicle? Ask Abby?

This, I gather, is the situation inherent in the campaign to make seat belts in cars compulsory by law. Presumably it will also be compulsory to fasten the seat belts, regardless of the active child's need to bounce around. Above Father's head the sign will light up - FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT, S.V.P. - and Mother will pass around the Chiclets and Lifesavers.

From compulsory seat belts it will be a quick and logical step to compulsory crash helmets. Then we'll all be indistinguishable from the stuntmen who ram jalopies into one another at county fairs. Just for a lark, Grannie, we may do a couple of roll-overs and smash through a flaming wall, but you'll be okay so long as you don't choke on your gum.

Stop me if I'm in the wrong lane, my friend, but isn't it time we reviewed the entire purpose of the automobile and decided whether the spectacle of grim people belted into high-speed projectiles really represents Progress and the Good Life?

Is it so important to race from point A to point B, without noticing anything en route except other lunatics racing from point B to point A, that we must pinion ourselves to our seats?

What is today's motorist? A man who wants to relax with the countryside? Or some kind of nut in shining armour, so hustlebound that his foot hits the floor if you so much as say "Pass the butter?"

The automobile started out promisingly enough. The driver wore goggles and dust-coat in the open touring car, but at twenty-five m.p.h. this equipment was mostly sportive. He invited his girl to come for a ride in his "merry" Oldsmobile. When did a car stop being merry and become - check the ads - "a tiger," or half-sister to a superjet?

Examine the nice new car. See the seats belts, warmly redolent of the electric chair. Note the padded dash, the collapsible steering wheel. Shucks, you can ricochet around in there for hours without incurring more than a few simple fractures and a minor concussion.

Try the death seat, Mum. Comfy? If that buckle bothers you, remember that you could be having to wear a chastity belt.

As I understand it, mandatory seat belts are the answer to high-speed accidents on the highways. It is not the high speed that kills, say the highway engineers, but the automobile's sudden deceleration upon running into a steel pole. If it were not for that darn pole standing there, dangerously static, seat belts would not be necessary.

At the risk of sounding pre-historic I suggest that what kills is an overpowered machine in the hands of a lot of motorists who seem to think they are Stirling Moss.

Sexual lust and money lust are regularly decried, but neither wrecks anything like the slaughter caused by speed lust, which is carefully cultivated by the largest industry in the country.

Speed lust having ruined the automobile, I envisage a comeback for the horse-drawn carriage, a vehicle designed for civilized human beings rather than trussed space monkeys.

Compulsory seat belts, indeed.

Exerpt from the book

STILL A NICOL

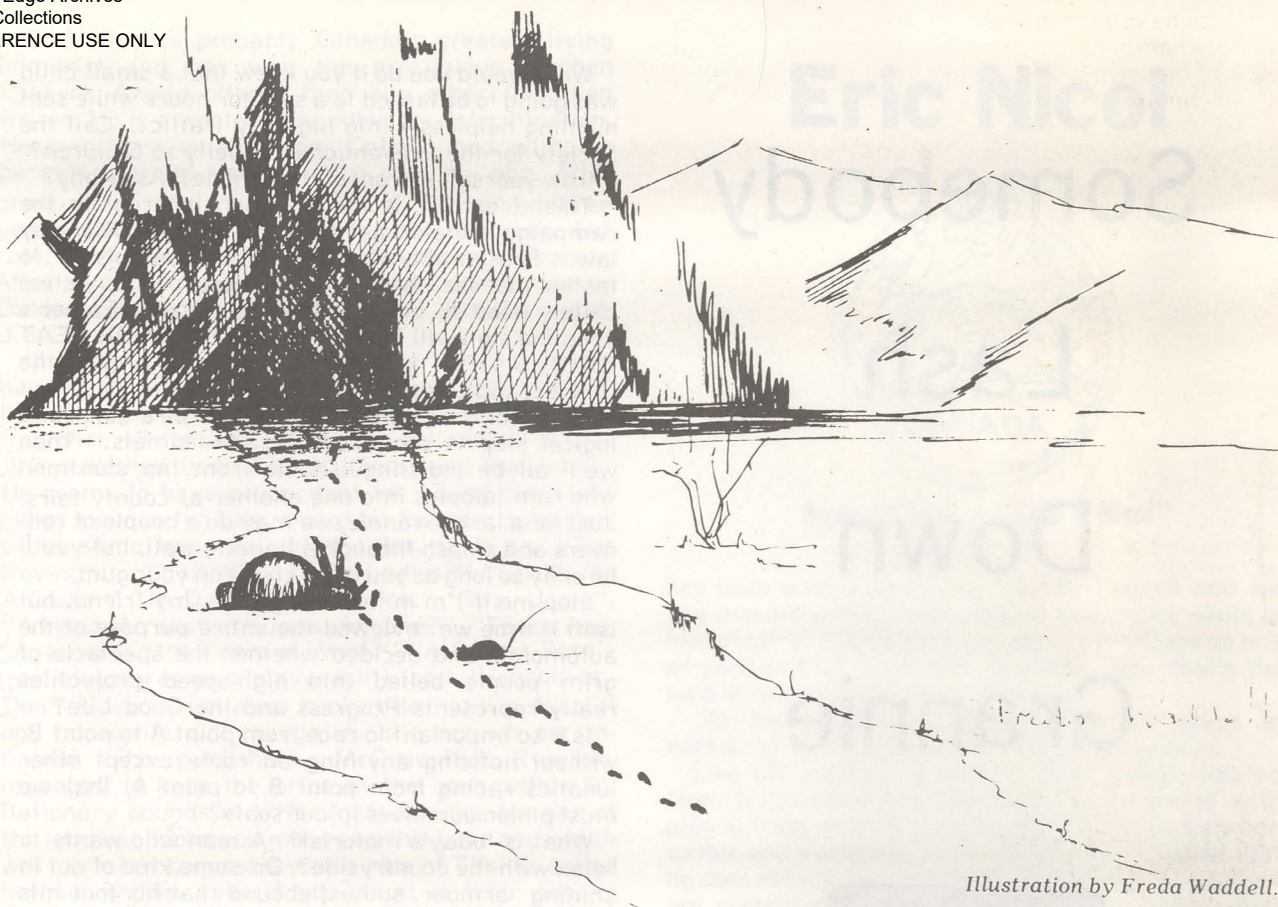


Illustration by Freda Waddell.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

by

Dr. John Laurie

Not only among the Stony Indians, but among many peoples of the world, there exists tradition or legend of small people inhabiting caves in the higher hills. Certainly, ancient peoples, their lands invaded by tribes of greater numbers, fled to the hills and mountains and very primitive folk the world over eventually created legends of the groups they had displaced. Just as certainly some used their caves as dwellings and left there on the walls or ceiling crude sketches and marks; among the debris on the floors they left bones of animals they had eaten, shards, and artifacts. Such peoples became legends to races yet to come and their remains associated with legend.

Historically, the ancient Britons were often driven to the mountains of Wales by the Romans; the Romanized tribes again were pushed back by the Anglo-Saxon tribes from across the North Sea, so that perhaps had history and writing not come into existence, they too would have become legends.

Dr. Frank C. Hibben of the University of New Mexico in his study, "The Lost Americans" suggests that traces of a pre-glacial people are to be found in America. Not too many years ago, the Mound Builders were considered a group who had preceded the Indians but that belief is somewhat discredited now. Probing into the past has given rise to both fact and to fiction.

Older Stonies believe that a race of small people lived in the mountains. Occasionally a hunter would catch sight of one or more of these beings, see tracks of tiny dog or human footprints "no larger than a baby's footprint" and tiny artifacts might be discovered on lonely trails. Thus grew the legend of the Little People. To them is ascribed power to communicate with the people whom they chose to favour but the Little People shun contact - as good supernaturals should. Hector Crawler declared that he had seen some supernatural creature and described it; he had, he said, visited the cavern inhabited by one of the Little People. From a creature like the traditional leprechaun, and there is no very great chance that Crawler had ever seen the illustration of one, he claimed he had received instructions at various times.

Again, about fifty years ago, a party of four hunters, in what is vaguely identified with the mid-central valley around the Clearwater River, (Twp. 34-R12 W.5) shot but did not immediately kill a mountain sheep. The sheep disappeared and, by following its tracks, the group discovered that it had apparently entered some sort of cave. One hunter feared something bad might happen and left the group. Of the three others, only one dared enter the cave where he found the animal dying

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he heard voices in an inner chamber and saw a few small articles such as might be used by very small people. He was Paul Twoyoungmen, now dead, and others of the party were the late William Snow, John Twoyoungmen and Morley Beaver.

The people believe that these Small People were males only and usually were accompanied by their small dogs. Even today some Stonies declare that these dogs can be heard barking at night. Thus, most elderly people do not approach many of the caves in the first range without an appropriate ritual to assure the dwellers in the caves that no harm is intended.

As interpreted by Councillor Edward Hunter of Morley, the following account is appended:

"In the beginning God created Heaven and Earth and upon Earth created all things in an orderly arrangement throughout the vast universe for the benefit of those called "humans" and of the "immortals" with whom we share everything. Thus our Stony people differ in their spiritual beliefs and in their association with those we have called "immortals."

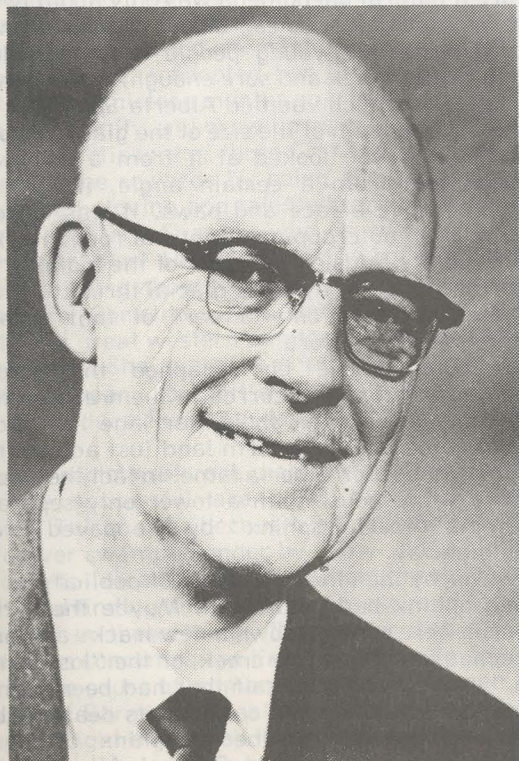
"As far as we have been taught there is no actual difference between the two created beings, mortal and immortal, except in the immortality of the latter. Thus, at one time and another, as we Stony people feel that the system of things, the orderly arrangement and organisation upon the earth, is seemingly resultant from the command of a Great Creator, we, therefore, believed that we could in a sense - before the white man came - consult with or receive revelations from the ones we call the immortals. Since they were highly intelligent and knew all things, we Stony people consulted with them to obtain something of their skill - white men call it magic - for serious purposes. Their advice was even sought sometimes to ensure success in warfare.

"In all our traditions, humans and immortals

share life and cherish the things on the earth; our very old people who are our authorities for these traditions, assert that the immortal creatures or the Little Men - the whites call them leprechauns, gnomes, dwarfs, and so on - are forbidden to associate with humans except by special permission of the Creator of all Things. Contacts, all through the years, have been very rare occurrences; at different occasions, some have witnessed the activities and, sometimes, even the dwellings of the Little Men. Tradition tells us that these creatures live in villages underneath the mountains or the ridges of the forested foothills and that those who have caught sight of them saw them enter strange formations which, upon closer examination, have proved to be natural caves. (We do know many caves do not lead into the bowels of the earth but we do believe that some of them do, and that these lead to the dwellings of the Little People). Our people, however, never entered these rare caves tradition forbade it; to do this would result in captivity for these rash humans who had not been privileged to come into contact at some prior time.

"On different occasions, when permission had been granted by the Creator, communication between the mortals and the immortals was by dreams or even thought transmission - mental telepathy, maybe. Such a privileged human being who received a supposed communication or had a dream was given power to foretell events in the near or distant future and, sometimes, to perform what seems like miracles which would result in humanitarian services to one's people or the prevention of disasters of various kinds. All this sort of knowledge must be used for the benefit of the people and any attempt to turn the knowledge or power to selfish purposes was destined to turn out badly for the human who practised it."

----- Dr. John Laurie



Readers who enjoyed the story on Dr. John Laurie (Canadian Golden West Fall '72) will be interested in this unusual study he made and wrote of a hitherto unexplored aspect of Indian life, which he discovered during his close association with the Indian people.

Such was the trust in which they held him, they shared with him knowledge which they feared to share with other whites.

This manuscript came from Calgary's Glenbow Institute where the other Laurie papers are filed. In Canada, much has been written about the mountain giants, the Sasquatch of the Rockies, and we are forever bombarded with tales of the Yeti or Abominable Snowman of Tibet. In parts of troubled Ireland, the tiny leprechaun is still much more than a legend, and during the last world war, many of our wonderful R.C.A.F. characters firmly believed there were small supernatural beings called Gremlins, who flew with them on their dangerous missions.

There are very few people, however, who know that the Indians also always have had their own little people, and it was only because John Laurie had gained the complete confidence of the Indians, that they allowed themselves to share with him this secret belief, and that great friend of the Indians, even after his death, added for us a new dimension to the still unfolding Indian culture.

Photograph by D.S. MacLean.

The Alberta Sphinx



This oil painting was done by Mrs. Robert Barnes of Bragg Creek, and represents the Alberta Sphinx which she first saw as a young girl.

No one has done any research into the matter but it has possibilities: was the whole public relations caper of today originally started or dreamt up in Alberta? For some unknown reason, it could be either the unsettling hot Chinook, the cold night, the flatness of our plains, or even the blueness of our sky, but sooner or later every Albertan becomes an unpaid P.R. man. Long before the media dreamt up that name, which covers a multitude of sins, Albertans were public relationists. As early as 1885, Calgary real estate J.G. Fitzgerald, at his own expense, put out a booklet in which he had the audacity to state, "The Chinook winds . . . from the California sea coast give the Town (Calgary) a uniform temperature throughout the years!"

For some unstudied reason, every immigrant who came west and who was half starved and shivering from the cold immediately took it upon himself, if he didn't put out a pamphlet, to write his personal friends long letters, painting up the glories of "The West." They didn't do this for money. The only possible excuse could have been they wanted everyone in the same situation they were, whether it was good or bad.

Sometimes their publicity efforts took bizarre and original routes. Calgary's Local Council of Women, at the time of our first stampede, each sat down and wrote hundreds of personal letters to people they hardly knew, urging them to come and be their house guests and attend the Stampede. The early Calgary Chamber of Commerce even went so far as to once try to sow Iceland poppy seeds on either side of the almost eighty mile long Banff to Calgary Old Coach Road, so it would become the world's most flowery route. Unfortunately, the birds got into the project too and ate up all the seeds so, as a result today, not a single Iceland poppy can be found on the entire route. But the idea was at least original and flamboyant. It must have been one of these early amateur public relations types who dreamt up the idea of publicizing the "Alberta Sphinx." I guess improving on the idea that every world traveller of those times made the trip to Egypt to see the Great Sphinx near the Gizeh Pyramids, therefore if Alberta already had a sphinx, we too would get a share of the tourist dollar.

But whatever the reasoning, suddenly around 1910, pictures of "The Alberta Sphinx" began appearing in periodicals all over the world and in public buildings, such as Canadian post offices. It was in Calgary's post office that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnes first saw a photograph of it. It showed a great stone face. The face didn't have the strange enigmatic look of a mysterious sphinx; in fact, it really looked more like George Washington than the sphinx, but the Americans hadn't yet created Mount Rushmore, and the Egyptian sphinx was better known, so it got labelled the "Alberta Sphinx."

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, who were courting at the time, were intrigued with the blow-up picture in the post office, and they were even more intrigued with the caption under the picture which announced that this great natural phenomena was only about twenty miles west of Calgary near Bragg Creek. So on the next weekend, the young people drove the dusty road to Bragg Creek and sure enough, there on a hill they found the much vaunted Alberta Sphinx. It was only about one tenth of the size of the giant Egyptian Sphinx, but if you looked at it from a northward direction and from a certain angle, it certainly seemed to have a face and paws. It was however really only an outcropping of natural rock; the kind one frequently finds on the crest of the foothills that was formed long ago by some glacial thrust. If it was a mystery, it was only a part of that greatest mystery of all -- nature.

The young people photographed the natural phenomena. It never occurred to them at that time that twenty years after their marriage they would actually come to live on farm land just across from the sphinx of earlier Alberta fame. In fact they would live in a white house with a tower only separated from "the Alberta Sphinx" by the paved Bragg Creek highway.

However by then the brief flare of publicity on the Alberta Sphinx had died down. Maybe the earlier publicists were running down a new track - a strange oil seepage found in a tiny creek, or the "lost Lemon Mine," or a two headed calf that had been born in Coronation. Whatever the cause of its death, public interest in the great Alberta Sphinx died; unfortunately then so did the Sphinx! After one ex-

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cept from the other, the Barnes went out in the Spring to look at their sphinx and there was no sphinx to see, nothing, whether chilling frost or high winds, had caused the nose to suddenly just fall off. Now a rock sphinx without a nose is just a rock. For as long as man could remember and write it down, the Sphinx had been sitting high on an Alberta hill looking arrogantly westward toward the blue mountains. Now the magic was gone and never again would Albertans be able, smugly and enigmatically to easily gain attention by lightly referring to their own sphinx. Most of today's Albertans like myself, could have lived out our days without ever realizing we even had one.

I only discovered it when I went to see Mrs. Barnes' paintings.

Mrs. Barnes is an amazing woman, in fact the Barnes are a remarkable family. Mrs. Barnes is into her sixties, yet she has a shining young face and sparkling eyes. Her home is lovely. Every inch of wall space is covered mostly with either pictures she has painted, that are portraits of her neighbors like the one of the late Clem Gardiner, or of mountain scenes, or of flowers. The rest of the space is filled with awards her three adopted children have won. The living room is dominated by a great stone fireplace with a large heart-shaped stone as its centre stone. This fireplace was moved, rock by rock, from Mrs. Barnes' father's homestead ranch home. His father had the first ranch on the Kootenay Plains, and there he and Mr. Wilson (the Wilson of finding Lake Louise fame) were the first ranchers. They brought their horses over the glacier passes along the Pipestone and the Saffleur Rivers into the fertile plains. Now the original cabin has been removed to make place for the new highway. The Government replaced the old cabin with a cairn but the Barnes brought home the fireplace stone by stone and rebuilt it so their future grandchildren might enjoy this early part their family had in the West's history. Also in the living room is an organ, and a piano and under the piano are five violins because the Barnes like making music together.

Mrs. Barnes' three children are now all grown into successful persons and she has three grandchildren. But originally she adopted her three children and adopted them thirteen months apart so they would be like a real family and grow up as one. It must have been very hectic for her those first years but now she is reaping the rewards by being surrounded by an exceptionally loving and talented family. It was her oldest daughter, Sharon, who is well known in Alberta Arabian Horse circles, who started her mother painting about ten years ago by giving her a paint set for Christmas. Mrs. Barnes is untaught and is not yet a great western painter but her production is fantastic. She averages one hundred and fifty pictures a year -- or half a picture a day. But she doesn't produce them by day, she paints them at night.

Today, sociologists are discovering many women who are successful are what they call "night people." This may be because during the day women are forever swamped under by a myriad of minutiae and details - meals and beds and childrens' running noses, and finding husbands' lost socks, and they are so buried in these things they never can find the continuous concentration time necessary to do a fine job. Be the cause of women being night women as it may, Mrs. Barnes is a real one. Sometimes she will sit up all night and finish the picture in dawn's first light. Many she sells to her neighbors but her am-

bition stops at wanting only to paint, and doesn't include any real desire to sell or become a famous artist.

It was while marvelling at the quantity of her production that my eyes fell on a painting of the Alberta Sphinx and I got its story from her. She wished to preserve this early Western phenomena, they had once lived across from, for her children, and fortunately she had photographed it while it still had its early enigmatic majesty, while still complete with nose.

Now if tourists look up at a hill after they have travelled two miles South on the Bragg Creek road which turns off Canada's Trans Canada highway, all they will see is an interesting mass of rocks isolated on a hilltop. That is all that is left of the famous Alberta Sphinx. But the early Alberta Sphinx is a fun part of our past history: one Mrs. Bob Barnes was wise to preserve, who once saw a picture on a wall or in a newspaper of the Sphinx, then decided a place that had freeland, a perfect climate and even a sphinx like Egypt's was really the ideal place to live.

— R. Gorman

BEFORE



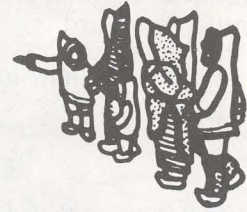
The above photograph of the Alberta Sphinx was taken many years ago while it still had its fame and its nose.

AFTER

The photograph below by Boyd Waddell shows the Sphinx as it appears today.



No Ordinary People



As one proceeds north, downstream, towards where the great MacKenzie River opens out into the Beaufort Sea, this river flows between fairly well defined channels, which stand out from among the myriad of other channels and cross streams which form one of the great deltas of the world.

The widest of these three channels is appropriately named the middle channel. In the area below Inuvik and as it flows past Reindeer Station the channel must be close to two miles in width; wild, cold and

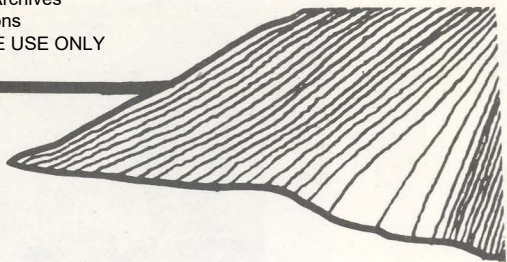
muddy water pouring its way determinedly northward.

The delta is muskrat country and supports a large population of Indian and Eskimo trappers and hunters. Indeed this is one of the few places where both races work and live together.

Our story involves a day and a night in the lives of all and perhaps it would be to two of these Eskimo families, a day and a night of terror and of hardship and indeed of courage.



An aerial photograph of the MacKenzie River Delta where the drowning accident took place. You can judge the immense size of this body of water when you realize that that is the town of Inuvik in the centre.



Colin Kisoun and his wife Reita had spent a leisurely time camping near Reindeer Station with their two daughters, one aged six, and one aged 3. Along with them were three other children, a little girl age 7, a youth, and also a young niece.

They had earlier left Inuvik and proceeded down river in a 28-foot flat-bottomed plywood scow. Enroute the group had pulled up on a sandbar and made tea and let the children stretch their legs. Suddenly the weather changed and became threatening, strong winds were coming up and the water was becoming rougher.

Hurriedly the father collected them together in the boat and headed downstream and across the river--the middle channel is almost two miles across here. It would be about 5:00 p.m. now and already dark out. Shortly after turning across, the waves began coming over the bow and in a matter of seconds the scow was swamped, with cold, heavy water engulfing them all.

What had until now been a happy family outing of two adults and five children, was now a scene of confusion and terror. Mrs. Kisoun grabbed at a loose rope trailing from the bow and hung on with one hand for dear life, holding one of the small children by its parka clenched between her teeth and holding the other child with her free hand - all waist deep in water. The father held the third child, while Daniel hung onto the side of the boat.

One of the little girls was washed over the side in the onslaught and was last seen hanging onto a gasoline barrel as it bounced and rolled downstream among the waves. Mr. Kisoun yelled to her above the wind to hang on, that was all he could do.

In the evening darkness, Mr. Kisoun kept trying to yell above the wind, hoping against hope that someone might hear them.

But who was likely to hear them above the storm and even if, in that bare and uninhabited country, someone did hear, who would dare venture out in those rough seas, and if someone was so foolish, who would be able to find them?

In such a hopeless picture it is a wonder that the people in the swamped boat held on. But these were not ordinary people. They were Eskimos, natives of our northland, endowed with the instinctive will to never give up. It was not in their make up to reason out the hopelessness of the situation and give up, but it was for them to just hang on until they could hold no longer.

On the far banks an old man walking along the river banks thought he heard a cry. He listened again and was certain that the wind bore in the cry of someone in distress. He was too old to take off to help but quickly summoned Roy Stewart and Noel Sikrikkak from the camp. He told them he was certain someone was out there, pointing into the centre of the channel and into the wind.

Without considering the consequences, the two youths took off in a canoe and after laborious and tumultuous paddling found the swamped scow. The first trip took off the two smallest children, a second trip the third child, and the mother, and a final trip took off the men. Several hours of further search of the waves failed to locate the little girl, although a gas barrel answering the description was found. The body of the little girl has never been found and in those cold waters probably never will be found.

To these people it was a harrowing experience but not an uncommon one. The young men who took to their canoe did not look upon themselves as heroes. It was just the right thing to do. They will probably take to the water and in winter take to the snow under many similar circumstances before their lives are through. Routine, but courageous too. We salute the young people of the north.

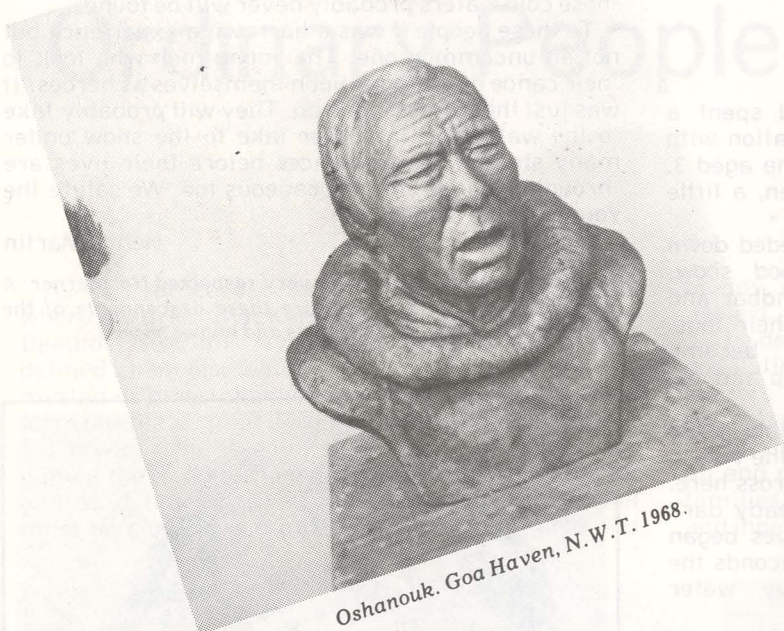
Henry Martin

This is the nom-de-plume of a very respected Northerner. A man who has grown to admire these descendants of the original Canadians he daily sees and knows so well.

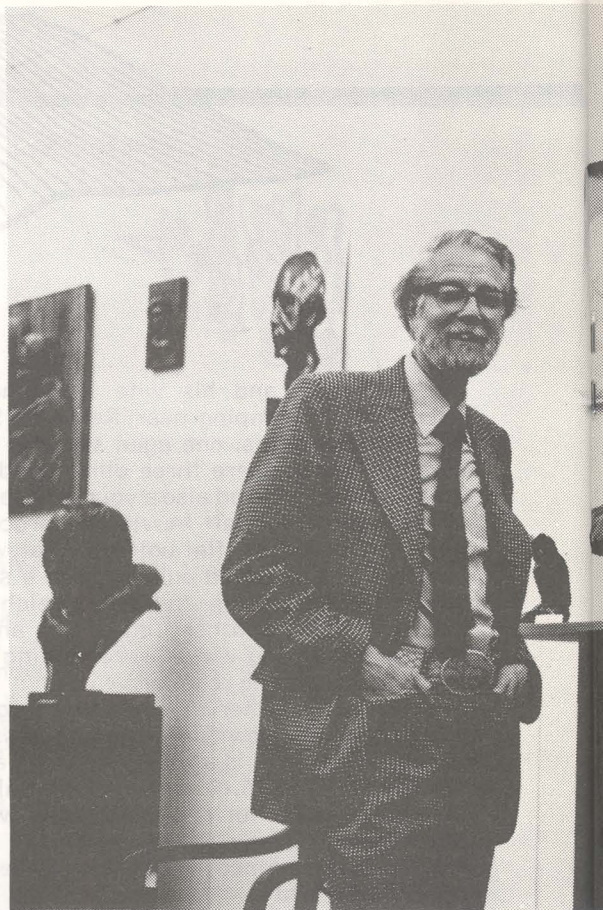


EDITOR'S NOTE

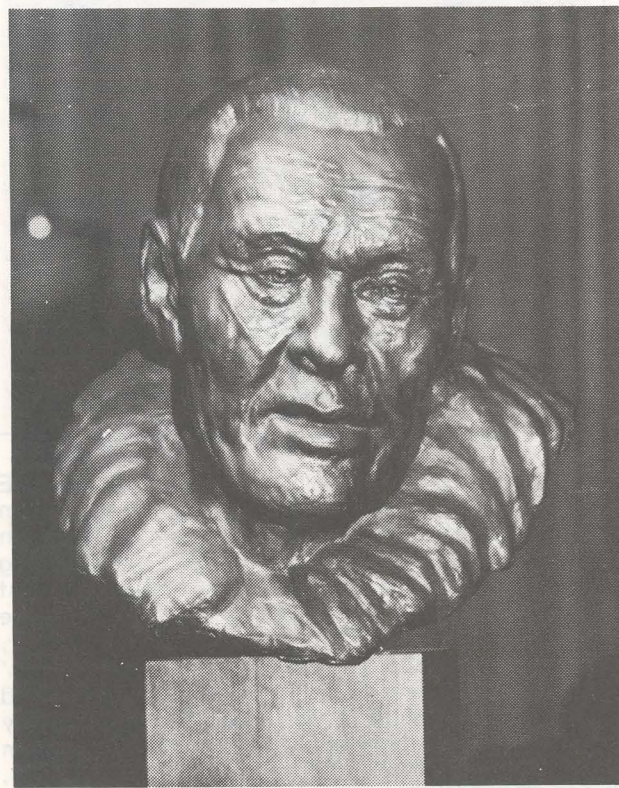
This true story has the classical North American comparatively happy ending. The Canadian Government did recognize what to us is the amazing courage of the two young Indians, who, acting on just the possibility that there might be someone in trouble out there in the dark two miles of turbulent water, just pushed off, and did end up saving five persons' lives. The government at a fine ceremony presented the two Indians with medals. But as author Henry Martin (which is the nom de plume of a wellknown resident of the North West Territories) points out, the honour belongs to all the fine, stoic native people who live in our Canadian North. People who have a rare quality we sometimes forget is fortunately still there.



Oshanouk. Goa Haven, N.W.T. 1968.



Harold Pfeiffer amid his finest
Calgarys Canadian Galleries. On
David.



Angulalik of Cambridge Bay N.W.T. 1968

Harold Pfeiffer

Portraits in

Canada as any geologist will quickly tell you is primarily a northern country. It's an obvious fact we Canadians tend to forget. In a winter blizzard we remember it well and curse it, but on a warm summer day we happily classify ourselves with the other more southerly located people of the world and imitate their ways. But the Northern climate of our land shapes us all despite our lack of recognition of that fact. We are unique! The suddenly over-warm days, the long black winter nights temper our character just as hot molten lava is shaped and frozen into new shapes as it oozes across the cooler earth. Geography and temperatures has shaped our character but it also has shaped our faces.

Probably no one is more aware of this fact than the Canadian sculptor Harold Pfeiffer S.S.C. He has



Photo by Boyd Waddell

sculptures in bronze at
his right is the bust of

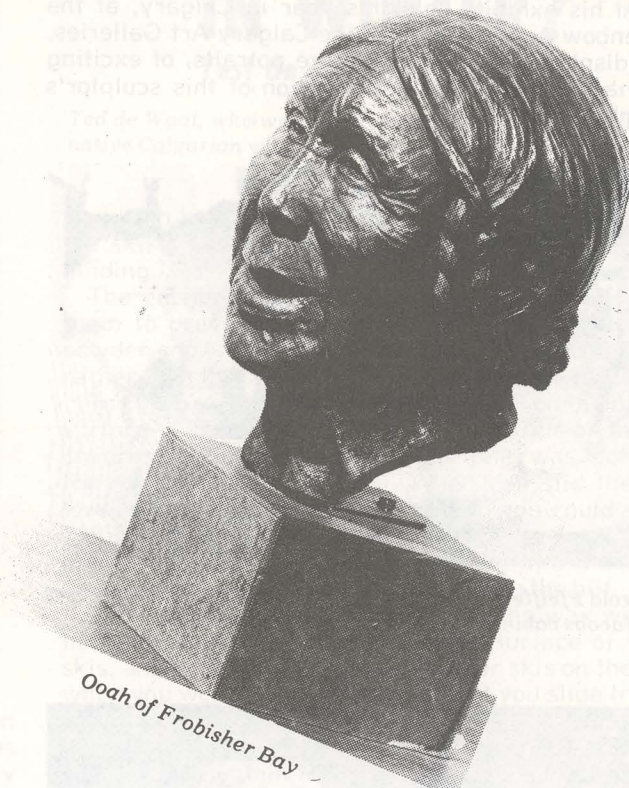
Pfeiffer's

in Bronze

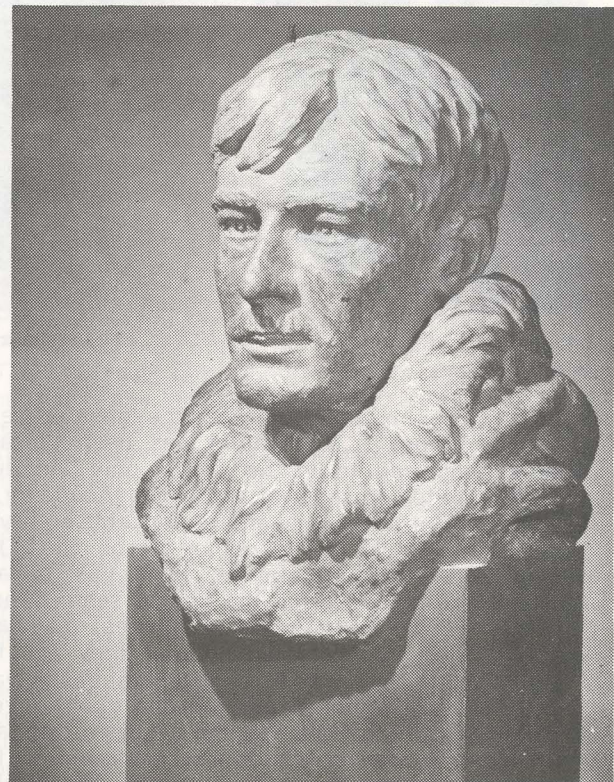
spent a lifetime observing and preserving the unique faces of Canadians.

As technocracy modifies the effects of our climate, by cooling us with air conditioning in Summer, and warming us with artificial heat in winter, the distinctive character molding process diminishes. Now so are the interesting and unique faces it created. But Harold Pfeiffer's avowed mission is to preserve what is unique about Canadian people for all time in bronze portraits. He feels that it is this uniqueness of the Canadian people that had made our past history and will be our heritage or birthright that can send us into an exciting future. Therefore it must not be lost.

It is in the most northerly parts of Canada that the uniqueness is still most evident. So it is in Canada's North West Territories that Harold Pfeiffer now



Ooah of Frobisher Bay



Col. Patrick Baird.

Please turn page

to spend most of his time producing magnificent portraits in bronze that will retain forever a record of early Canadians be they Eskimoes, Indians or whites.

At his exhibits held this year in Calgary, at the Glenbow Art Gallery, and the Calgary Art Galleries, he displayed over sixty bronze portraits, of exciting Canadian faces. A small fraction of this sculptor's works.



Harold Pfeiffer working on Jacob, at Pelly Bay N.W.T. 1968 in Jacobs cabin.

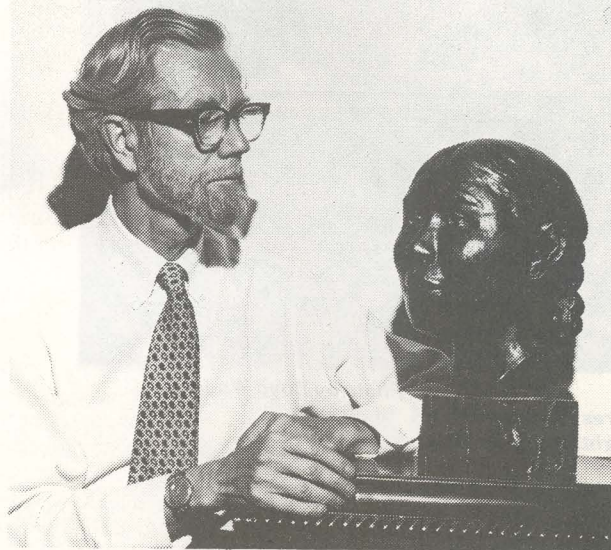


Zacharie Hinna Cisak of Pelly Bay N.W.T. 1968 model and bust.

Fortunately his talent matches the large scope of his "big dream". That talent has been already widely recognized. In 1971 he was the only Canadian sculptor invited to show at the Royal Academy in London. He has an unusual and remarkable ability in depicting eyes. Like many another person, one of the things about most sculptures that has always bothered me is, how often the figures seem almost eyeless. Harold Pfeiffer's sculptures all have amazing eyes. Even in hard metal they are the "seeing eye" that a good portrait painter always captures. I was amused how on one of his lovely oriental faces he had placed mere holes in the face for eyes and how these actually conveyed to the viewer the charming but strangely inscrutable glance of oriental eyes. In other sculptures the eyes are clearly laughing or gazing at far off horizons or actually looking right into your eyes.

Pfeiffer is not merely a man who sculpts the famous. He prefers an exciting face to a famous person. But naturally some of those he chooses for their exciting faces very often have exciting lives. He has done a fine bust of the West coast Indian Dan George of movie fame. Strangely enough Pfeiffer had first seen Dan George eating in an Ottawa cafeteria and without knowing who he was, but attracted by the fine old face, had just gone up and asked to sculpt him.

It is in the native people of Canada, be they Eskimoes, or Indians that Pfeiffer finds his most exciting faces - great faces that often tell a great story. With nearly each of his fine heads there is a great story of achievement or bravery or hardship or humour that goes with it. Pfeiffer is always as interested in the person as he is in his fine finished art.



Sculpture Harold Pfeiffer with the bronze bust of Kenojuk, the best known Eskimo artist. It was this bust that was shown at the Royal Academy in London.

To get to really know the persons he wants to sculpt, he spends part of every year living in the arctic. When he was a young boy his family were always interested in the Grenfell mission, and often Eskimoes and Indians were guests in their home. Later he actually worked in Quebecs Park Savard Hospital and in Edmontons' Camsell hospital so he could learn the languages and customs of the people whose faces he longed to preserve. He will go into the arctic again this year before the Spring break up. Now, fortunately the Commissioner of the North West Territories is anxious to have him sculpt as many fascinating northerners as he can, and the Canadian Foundation will also help fund his efforts.

One of the added pleasures of viewing Pfeiffer's fine work is to come to understand how well each portrait in bronze tells the story of its original model's life. When he sculpts well known person's faces, such as his Excellency the late General George P. Vanier, the story of that model's fine career is already known to us, and so we can easily connect the life story with the fine head. Similarly his magnificent bust of the famous Canadian photographer Yousuf Karsh shows the sensitiveness and the concentration that brought to Karsh a great career.



House Peak - This is the kind of high country open to the ski tourer.

How do you take an old fashioned ski tour? Put on old skis and off you go across the hills! Well, perhaps its not quite that simple. To explain; there really isn't any difference between ski touring a few years ago and today, except for the equipment and perhaps a few thousand calories of energy to move the darn skis.

When I talk about a few years ago, let me first of all say, that ski touring is one of the oldest winter sports and even in the Rockies people have been touring for many decades. It was already an old sport when it came to Canada. It was the Swiss guides, the Canadian Pacific Railway employed to walk the winter tracks and help them build their chalets, who popularized it working out of Banff in the Rockies. The lightweight racing skis that are so popular today are not really new, its just that the sport has become so popular locally over the past ten years.

Before the onslaught of the new equipment, most people who took up ski touring used conventional downhill skis with cable bindings. The skis, which were made of wood, metal or fibreglass, were very soft and flexible and were usually longer than today's skis, so that they would support your weight in deep powder snow. This was, I think, the main advantage of touring on the older skis. You can go into very deep powder snow and stay on top without sinking in.

This is the real beauty of using the old skis. You could go really ski mountaineering in winter as in summer, and reach great heights above the treeline, and after the uphill grind, not that much harder than the summer climb, you then had a long downhill run on the same conventional skis.

The cable bindings had two notches on the sides of the skis. When you were travelling uphill you used the forward notch, which allowed the heels of the ski boots to lift up as you moved, which greatly relieved the pressure on the old calf muscles. When you were ready for the downhill run, you placed the cable in

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN WINTER?

Yes! On old-fashioned skis!

Ted de Waal, who wrote and photographed this article, is a native Calgarian who enjoys this old fashioned winter sport.

the notch behind, which held your boot tight against the ski, giving all the control of a regular step-in binding.

The earlier poles usually had large baskets on them to prevent them from sinking deep into the powder snow, and the ski boots were laced models rather than the stiff buckle boots so popular today.

To climb uphill, you strapped "skins" on the under surface of the skis. These were actual fur or fabric coverings on which the hair or pile was pointed towards the heel of the ski. When you slid the ski forward the hairs would lie flat, and you could slide the ski with ease. When a backwards force was placed on the ski, the hairs would dig into the snow and prevent you from sliding back down the hill.

Some brave souls used to use climbing wax which, in theory, you pasted on the under surface of your skis, and it was supposed to hold your skis on the hill when you were climbing and then let you slide freely downhill. I have a good friend who still remembers with bitter disappointment the time we climbed up Brewster Mountain at Sunshine (before the lift was built), and after all the hard work of walking uphill for three hours, then had to walk back down, as his skis wouldn't move in the snow at all. At least the wax lived up to its name.

The Sunshine area is still one of the greatest areas for touring on the old fashioned skis in spite of all the new lifts that have been built. It is right at the treeline and there are miles of high open country with all variations of steepness to explore. Climbing Mount Brewster is largely spoiled now with the opening of the Great Divide chairlift, Quartz Hill, Twin Cairn and Standish Mountain from the south west side still make great ski tours of the high places.

One of the most popular places for touring is the Lake Louise - Temple area, where ascents of Purple Peak, Silvertip, Mount St. Piran, Fairview and even Paradise Peak make for great winter climbing. Tours across Lake Louise, when the avalanche hazard is low, and up the trail to the Mount Agnes teahouse, (please take your skis off on the last staircase) gives one a new impression of some of our most beautiful areas in the Rockies in winter. The ever popular tour from Temple Ski Lodge to Skoki is largely spoiled now by the use of the snowmobiles but the scenery is spectacular.

Other great valley tours include Redearth Creek to the Shadow Lake cabin, Tunnel Mountain and Sulphur Mountain Trails.

One could go on writing for ever about the endless areas to visit in the winter. It is a shame, however, to constantly visit the same commercial ski areas when so much beauty is missed by not getting off the beaten path. The new breed of cross country skier with his lightweight skis, or the lift riders, may argue with me. I am certain that they see just as much, but when it comes to the high altitude areas, give me the old "boards and skins" for the thrill of deep powder and lots of wide open space.

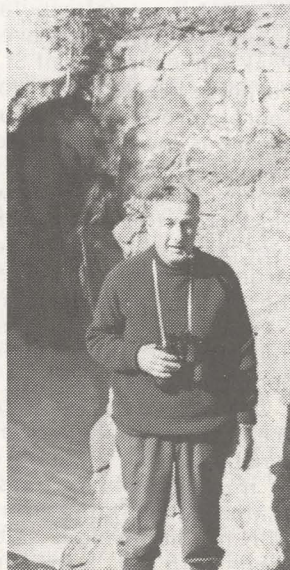
A NEW WAY TO ENJOY WINTER



Below Norquay ski lift lies this marvellous area, waiting to be explored by those who want to just tour the paths or climb the mountains by the old fashioned method.

BY
ROY FARRAN

Roy Farran is an ex-Calgary alderman, and the present M.L.A. for Calgary North. He was the previous publisher of the North Hill News and is the author of three books. He is also a great outdoorsman.



How they used to do it, and you still can.

The difference comes in our climate when you begin to look forward to winter. That is the difference between loving Canada for its own sake out of some emotional loyalty and loving it for the very extremes of its climate. For, you know, it is easy enough to fall in love with our scenery in summer and to avoid the winter whiteness by taking off to distant Arizona. But you are only a real lover when you become irritated by the late arrival of the first snow.

I saw it the other day on one of those badges the young people like to wear on their ski jackets. "Think snow," it said. And I understood.

He was probably a downhill skier. And I share his enthusiasm. There is something unbeatable about the pristine beauty all around you as you lean on your poles on the top of Larch, my favorite run above the Temple Lodge, and look at all those virginal white peaks around you.

I love downhill ski-ing - the swish and the crunch of the snow as it varies at different temperatures, the click-click of your skis as they come back into parallel, the delicious air as it cleans your throat when you schuss down straight with your mouth open, the sense of flying as you rotate your hips like a ballet dance on a long curve down Brewster.

But though you may have no edges to speak of with which to carve out your curve, your feet are only held by the toes. If you fall, you are not tied into a plastic flower-pot of a boot and serious accidents are rare. The worst is to dig the tips of your skis into deep powder and to fall forward. You rarely hurt yourself, but a broken ski tip is not uncommon. That is why the smart ski tourers always take a detachable aluminum tip with which to repair a broken ski enough to get one home without waist-deep wading in loose snow.

Waxes, they say. Waxes are the secret of cross-country ski-ing. And so they are. But I venture to guess that only the real Scandinavian experts ever master them. There are waxes for every small change of temperature around freezing point. You can buy as many as a dozen different colors of wax for each five degree of change. Their intention is to allow you to walk uphill and to slide downhill at the same time. You can buy all the range in Calgary, together with benzine torches to warm the application and corks to rub the wax smooth. You can buy hard wax or soft wax, sticky disters in toothpaste-tubes or soft vaseline-like waxes in tin foil. But don't worry. Our winter temperatures are so consistent that most of the time you can get by with green or blue wax or a mixture of both.

You can rig yourself out with the best in boots, skis and stockings for about sixty dollars. Most popular skis in Calgary are the narrow up-turned racing skis from Norway. They are good. But my choice for touring are the broader skis from Finland together with Finnish insulated boots and old-fashioned cable bindings. But then, speed is not my object.

Where to go? Well, you can start with city parks. Hundreds of Edmontonians do it along the river banks, from Murphy Park to Whitmud. Calgarians can do it at Glenmore or in Confederation Park. Even an inch of snow is enough.

But Special Collections begin to become a real addict where FOR REFERENCE USE ONLY and blue yonder.

A beautiful run is from the bottom of the ski tows at Mount Norquay along the trail to Forty Mile Creek. What could be better? With a loaf of French bread, a chunk of cheese and a bottle of red wine in your pack, you'll ski like an angel. If you feel energetic, you may ski on to Elk Lake or Edith Pass. But if you are just out to enjoy Canada in winter, you'll eat your cheese and drink your wine on the rustic bridge over the stream.

Or you may prefer the forest reserve near Jumping Pound, with all the trees bearded with snow and not a sound to be heard. Unless snow-mobiles appear. You'll learn to hate the smell and noise and intrusion of snow-mobiles. Except that you may also learn to enjoy their packing of the snow which makes your slide home less fatiguing.

Of course, the fitness nuts say cross-country skiing is better for physical fitness because your arms go as well as your legs. Don't let that put you off. You can set your own pace. But don't overdress.

Tie a sweater round your waist and, if you do feel the chill as the evening draws closer, you can slow down and still be warm.

Above all, do not think this sport has to be ultra-athletic. Everyone doesn't have to race. You can shuffle and slide along for four miles or so, arrive back home with cheeks glowing from both fresh air and red wine, and still have that moral uplift that comes from a day well spent.

Try it. It's catching on. My guess is that once it catches it stays for ever. For Canadians of all ages!

But I must confess that my best moments have come in recent years since I succumbed to the lure of cross-country skis.

I suppose you can get the same thrill from walking the high mountains in deep snow on snowshoes. When all is said and done, snowshoes are more traditionally Canadian. But not for me the duck waddle. I have fallen victim to the fascinating game of nordic ski-ing.

I don't do it for economy, despite all the arguments that it saves you the cost of tows and busing and expensive equipment. After all, it is a different game from downhill. You do not fly like a bird down a slope, altering your angle of attack with a flick of the hips or a twist of the boots. You plod and slide, you puff and dance a little jog trot, or you run downhill leaning back on your heels with less control than a downhill beginner.

But you see those untouched expanses beyond the beaten slopes that few downhill skiers ever do more than imagine as they lean on their poles on the top of Larch.

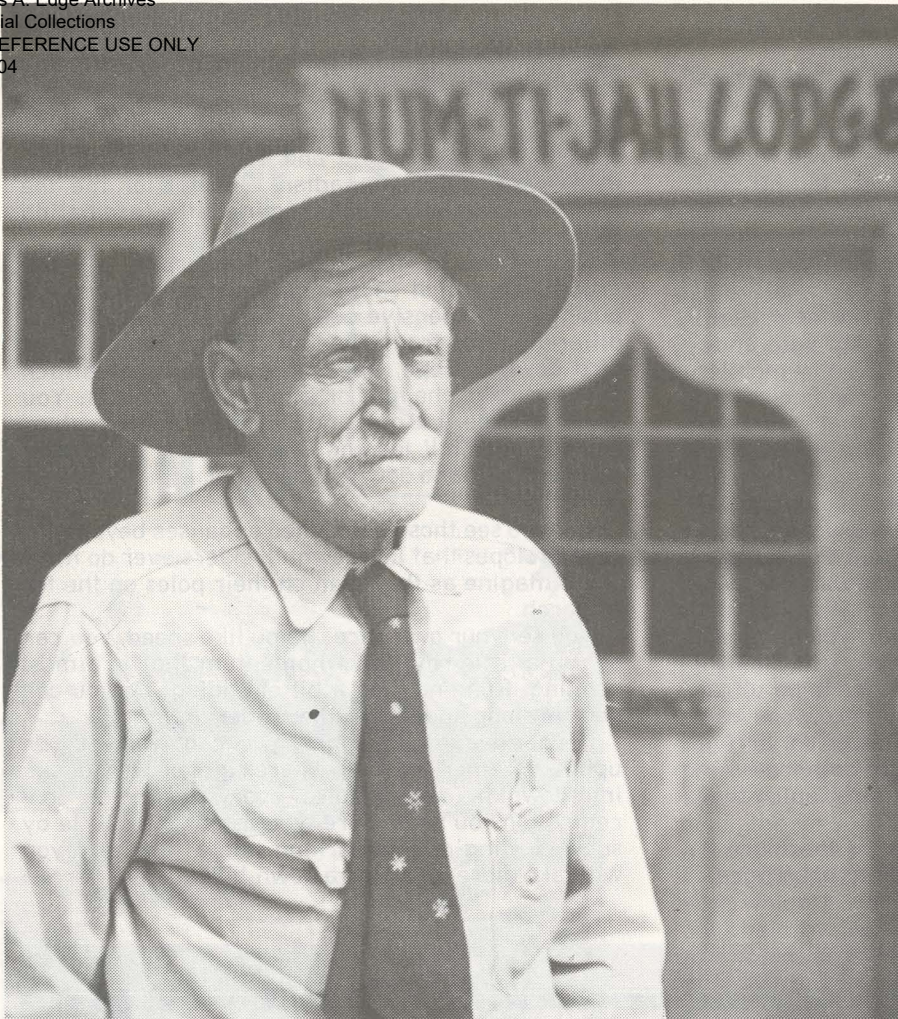
You set your own pace. If you like speed, you can set up a little rhythmic momentum that is almost running. Running with a bit of sliding. Or you can shuffle along and look at the scenery.

If your waxes are right, you can walk or run uphill. Whether your waxes are right or wrong, skiing downhill will require every ounce of concentration you have. Sure, you can brake a little by snow-plowing or telemarking into a turn, but you will take more falls than a cown-hiller.

Photo by Boyd Waddell



This oil painting, by Calgary artist, John Crittenden, is a typical foothills winter scene where the ski tourer will find miles of unbroken trails and glorious white silences.



Photograph by the Glenbow-Alberta Institute.

Ever since David so sweetly sang to frantic, old Saul that psalm "Lift up thine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," man has been turning his eyes longingly to the mountains as a source of unchanging strength. But as any mountain man will tell you, it's not so! Even the mountains are constantly changing. The fresh, plummeting waterfall means high above in the clouds the shape of a glacier is changing, and those distant rumbles like thunder that one hears on a clear sunny day mean somewhere rocks have tumbled from a great height to lay a new floor in a valley. Occasionally as at the town of Frank, man to his horror has actually seen the whole face of a mountain suddenly crumble and change before his eyes.

The mountains are forever changing and this year there has been a small irreplaceable change in their domain. No longer will a man, who understood those mountains as few others, look up at them with love and respect because 1972 saw the death of Jimmy Simpson, Sr. of Bow Lakes.

Jimmy had come to the mountains while still a young man and for most of eighty years he had lived as close to them as possible. First he walked their unmarked trails to trap wild animals for their fur and erected a homestead cabin far from man, deep in the woods, beside a beautiful mountain lake surrounded by towering glaciers. Later this lake was named Bow Lake. When the railway brought the tourists he became a famous hunting guide. He hunted the big game whose strength and cunning he learned to copy and admire. Sometimes he left his

The Grand

Old Man Of The Mountains

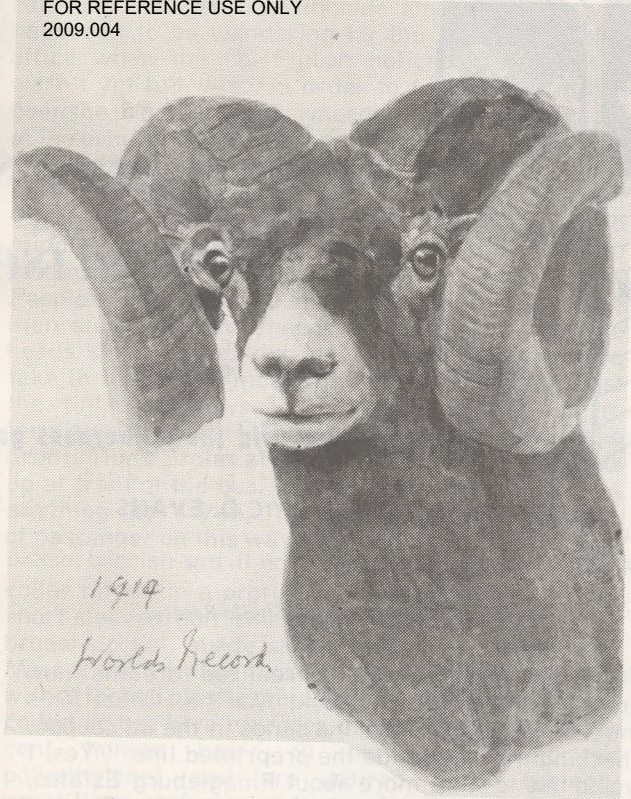
Jimmy Simpson

mountains to visit the big cities of the world but never for long. He instead loved to bring the world 'o his backyard to share the beauty he had found. It was Jimmy Simpson who was responsible for bringing here the greatest animal painter the West has ever had. Jimmy saw a drawing by the great Carl Rungius in a magazine and wrote to him in Germany suggesting he come. He did, and he and Jimmy became life long friends. In fact we all enjoy Rungius's magnificent collection at the Glenbow because of Jimmy. That was his own private collection until he decided it should be shared with others.

Jimmy Simpson loved the mountains and the still places of nature. To sleep in the cold, quiet snow under a great pine was to him a joy. But he loved people too - he knew their weaknesses well.

He was over fifty when he decided to build a hotel. Without benefit of architect or crane, he built the biggest log lodge there was in the mountains. Each giant fireplace of natural stone must be set just so, each window have the right view.

With a twinkle in his eye he watched the visiting tourist who came to the lodge rattle through his beloved mountain silence. I once saw him greet a herd of tourists who poured out of the just-parked Greyhound bus. Like stampeding cattle they surged towards Jimmy. I thought of running like I had once seen Norman Luxton do before one busload of determined tourists, but Jimmy calmly stood his ground just as, I guess, he had so often before stood his ground in front of a wounded angry grizzly.



Two paintings by Jimmy Simpson: a mountain sheep and Mount Assiniboine. The latter was painted just three years before the death of the grand old man of the mountains.

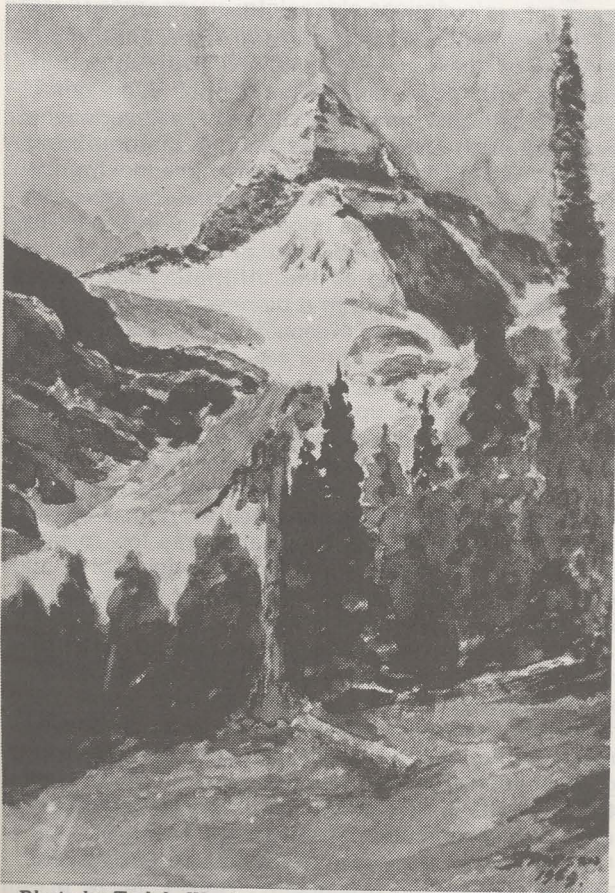


Photo by Ted de Waal

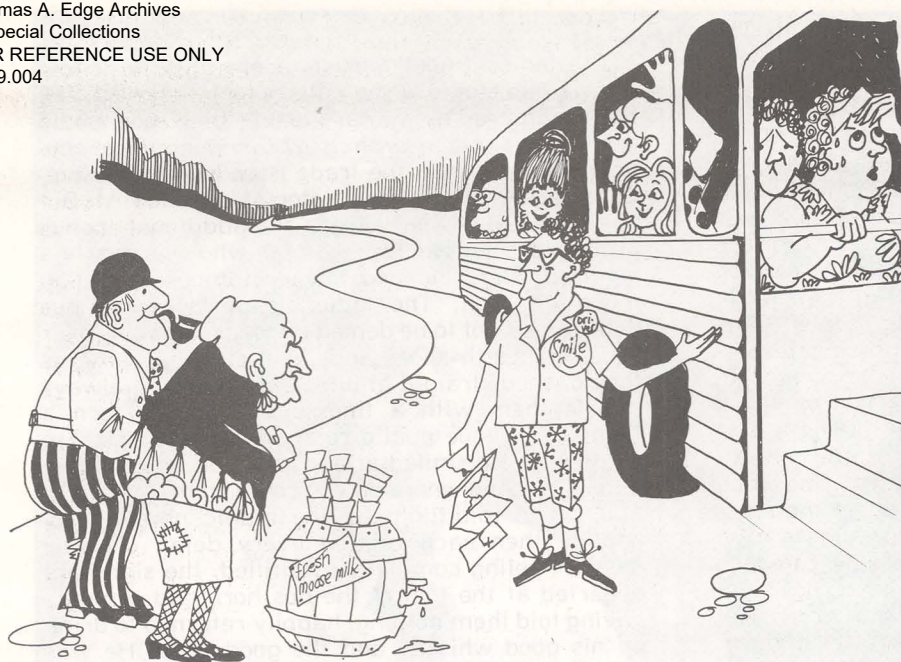
The ladies (most tourists seem of this gender lately) had, for a good mile before their arrival, been reassured by a weary driver they soon would arrive at a place with a W.C. which for some unknown reason in the trade is called a rest stop. Considering the ten minute stop, it is some rest! But at Bow Lake there was an additional bonus promised - they would see a man who was nearly a hundred years old and a very famous Canadian mountain man. The ladies leapt from the bus determined not to be denied either treat. With their squeaky health shoes and their clicking cameras they dashed straight at him. Jimmy would always handle them with a finesse that would turn a Madison Avenue public relations man chartreuse with envy. He smiled at each matron and politely inquired, "And where do you come from, Ma'am?" Startled in mid-flight by the magic phrase they happily then each related every detail of their towns. Feeling completely fulfilled, the sighseers departed at the foot of the bus horn and Jimmy, having told them nothing, happily returned to drink up his good whiskey and the good view. He was however not above putting people in their place. Foster Hewitt was a great admirer of the old man, and whenever he could, journeyed to his rather remote Num-ti-jah Lodge. On his last visit Jimmy looked at him wryly and just said, "Foster, don't talk to me of hockey, you know now you're mostly just a gate keeper counting heads." He understood people, he judged them and often he found them wanting but always desirable.

The ever changing mountain scenery seemed to keep Jimmy young. Nearly every week in the last year of his life he painted a picture even though his eye, which had long ago been partially snow-blinded on a glacier crossing, was almost totally gone. And what colours he used! Wild and gay, psychedelic, almost a dream of beauty. The young loved them, and they loved Jimmy. He wrote articles and stories, and he wrote a fine ghost story for this magazine. Like many people close to nature he refused to believe that any living thing just disappeared not to reappear in some new form.

Let us hope he was right. Jimmy was so often right about things beyond mortal ken, that sometimes, perhaps, through those ever changing mountains, the shadow of a young man in a broad brimmed mountie's hat, set at Jimmy's very personal angle, may come swinging along, composing music and humming a tune to the rhythm and swish of his snow shoes. No broad webbed tracks will remain in the trail's deep virgin snow after he has passed by. Only the faint echo of a fading song-then stillness.

Or maybe when the sun turns the mountains pink, once more an old painter's eye will glow anew.

The mountains will miss him and so will we. With his death we have lost a chance to touch a part of our past. A man is gone who lived when the mountain were God's rock garden, not the government's park. Most of all the birds - the jays - will really miss him. When again will come a man who stood so still they eventually landed on his shoulder and shared his breakfast? The mountains change and the men in them vanish but always something is left behind, and like Jimmy Simpson's memory fortunately it is something good and something strong. That is why we still lift up our eyes for strength to the mountains and the vanishing great mountain men.



Goosestepper's Paradise

OR

Which way did the wilderness go?

BY C.D. EVANS

Cartoons by Sheila Scott

Quiet flows the Don. Mellifluous flows the Effluent, or so its equally oily and opprobrious promoters would have us believe. Never before in the history of North American real estate development have so many unabashed thugs gathered together in one place to bilk so many mindless morons, as upon the shores of this vast and once beautiful body of water. "One needs the tonic of wildness", counselled Thoreau. And here it is at Effluent Lake, diluted, polluted, poisoned, decayed, ruined into what our genial host with the darting, beady eyes labelled proudly "building a community".

Any burgher who is insane may purchase his own happy corner of this wilderness, with 100' beach frontage, for the modest sum of \$10,000. That's for the lot. Rustic cabin slightly extra, but in no cases must the new resident expend less than \$15,000 on improvements. When the subdivision is complete, there should be 500 happy but bankrupt neighbours living elbow-to-elbow and nose-to-nose in conditions more appalling even than those of the city suburbs that they were so glad -- so eager -- so desperate -- to escape. There they are, criss-crossed by easements and dusty unsurfaced lanes, hounded by day trippers, beset by mortgage payments, menaced forever by a suffocating pall of community spirit, and utterly denied for all time the one commodity they sought at such great price, i.e. privacy. Big Brother appears regularly in the form of a hearty backslapper handing out free "moose milk" and wailing, "Are ya' havin' a good time?" A good time, indeed. But let us go back to the beginning.

Finagleburg Estates was set up for the sole purpose of exploiting the type of hind who at an early age commenced regular monthly payment into a retirement savings plan. Now, at age 65, his gold watch in honour of twenty-five years faithful and devoted service from a grateful company ticking merrily in his breast pocket, he is ready for paradise. Or, in any event, so much of paradise as his lump-sum retirement benefit and accumulated life savings can purchase, or the shady proprietors of the new "planned community" can inveigle out of him. Susceptible to flattery and the idle jocosities of varlets, the prey sees an ad in his local paper,

detailing hitherto-before unrealized dreams now about to materialize. "Look, Martha, Geez! This must be the place." Martha sends in the ad-coupon, checking the box beside the preprinted line: "Yes, I would like to know more about Finagleburg Estates, but entirely without obligation to me". The ad promises that "one of our trained representatives" will call on interested parties. Allegedly, the "salesmen" are trained to be on the lookout for "nice people like yourselves. People you want to call 'neighbour'. Successful people who, like you, are willing and financially able to invest soundly for a decent future in a lakeside paradise..." etc. etc. In fact the trained representatives are recruited from the dregs of the Real Estate Board training course drop-outs, i.e. those dolts who cannot even get a licence to sell city residential property. Anyone who cannot get such a licence has an I.Q. of something less than 29. And the customers they are looking for are any impressionable addlepaters capable of swallowing a lot of witless bilge and of being coerced into unconscionable contracts at the drop of a disarming smile. Most of the ultimate purchasers are of such ilk, resulting in a planned community of amiable village idiots. Keep Effluent white, and stupid.

In due course, a hearty handshaking simian of lower orders attends upon the Marthas and Virgils who gullibly sent in the coupon, and signs them up for the coming inspection tour. In order that the dim prospects can view this questionable project, regular two-day bus tours to the area are arranged by its promoters. \$40.00 covers the transportation to and fro, accommodation at Finagleburg Manor Motel, all meals at the estate "Lodge", and use of all facilities punctuated by what are termed 'tours'. The 'tours' are in fact compulsory high pressure sales pitches. Oh, what a jolly weekend is in store for the happy holidaymakers: "fishing", the follow-up pamphlet proclaims, "riding, swimming, boating, golfing on our exclusive 9-hole course, sing-songs and get-togethers at the Lodge, gourmet fare..." All this for \$40.00? What is the angle at Finagle? Answer: there's always an angle. Stick around, suckers.

Of a hot Saturday morn, therefore, at 10 bells, the "carefully selected prospects" report to a pre-

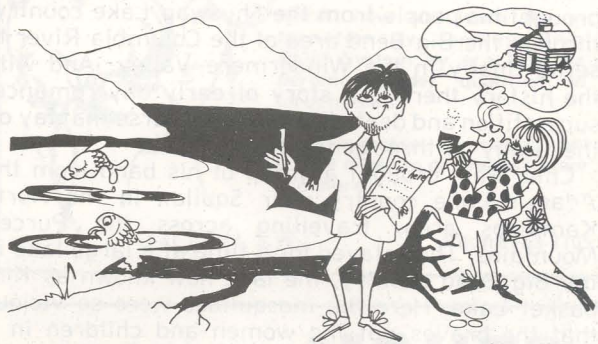
ord and embus for Effluent. The careen include any poor soul who happened to be wandering by the downtown sales office when the chief push noticed that the bus wasn't yet full. Also, in order to fill the bus, it has been the practice to ask, wheedle, and finally beg, all of the original subscribers to the weekend to bring at least one other couple with them. What a group: this lot would be eligible for one of Frames' Tours of Europe for working classes from the industrialized middle counties. Fat men squire their gross fraus in cotton flower-print dresses, waving paper fans. People of this ilk do not appear to communicate. The men stare straight ahead, or set their turret-like heads slowly swivelling on fat neck mountings to take in that swell mountain scenery, flashing past the tinted windows. The women prattle on intermittently about trivia. Occasionally, the men grunt. These proles always manage to get the seats up at front of the bus, so they'll be sure not to miss anything that's free. The other noticeable category of passenger on this wayward bus is the young, loud, brash, boorish and ill-educated office worker or blue-collar nit-wit in a profusion of viyella slacks, rayon short-sleeved golf shirts with Jantzen figurine on breast pocket, suede shoes, and straw snapbrims. Most of them smoke those cheap, horrible cigarettos with attached plastic mouthpieces. Their wives sport coifed or bee-hive hairdoes or fashion wigs (40 per cent human hair; 60 per cent sanforized polyethylene) and are attired in a boringly repetitious profusion of bermuda shorts or tapered slacks stretched over fat buttocks, with matching tops. The males of this sub-species hold forth endlessly on golf and the relative merits of new Detroit motor vehicles; the females chatter interminably about their bloody brats. Thank God they at least left the horrid little creatures at home! The burden of the present company is intolerable enough.

On hand to greet the guests at the bus and to keep them simple-mindedly happy for the entire weekend, are two pathetic figures: our host and hostess - two broken down old hacks whose vaudeville act collapsed in Edmonton after the gold rush and who have now been left behind by the wolf pack and adopted by the weasels. Host rubs hands and forces smile and keeps declaiming, monotonously, "Its going to be a great weekend, yes siree, a great weekend". All of the elderly fat blobs in front just keep staring straight ahead, beads of sweat rolling down the low brows in the heat of the bus. The younger passengers form inter-ethnic groups and quaff lustily of host's moose-milk as he staggers and lurches up the aisles handing out paper cups and pouring the revolting creamy liquid from a grubby plastic container. Hostess, who at the outset of the busride, and for its duration, and throughout the entire course of the weekend cries, "Are ya' havin' a good-time?" (almost frantically), presents everyone with a tag bearing his or her name. That way, everyone gets to know everyone, y'see, and it won't be long before we're all good friends! Soon, the coffee is ready for the old folks up front. One or two have died since we set out but that's okay. Ask the surviving spouse: "Are ya' havin' a good time?"

There is one stop along the way, and everyone piles out to answer the Call and for a handout of 'celestial fried chicken', presumably found in Colonel Sanders' dustbin. The entire trip takes eight or nine hours, and is not alleviated by the leaden passing of time accompanied by shouts of "moose-milk?" and "Are ya' havin' a good time!", the latter now having become

an order to be obeyed in Pavlovian response. Of course, from about five minutes after departure, some sap or another has always been asking "How far to go now?" or "Are we near the lake yet?" The longest route between two points is the route taken by this particular bus. At long last, it turns off the main highway onto a second-rate pot-holed hard-top, and Effluent Lake is now almost a reality. Heart beats increase and heavy breathing clouds the windows.

The bus lurches like the Ten Lost Tribes around hairpin bends, following the Effluent shoreline, past gaping clods, their women and brats, all waving like galvanized frogs from the porches of their rustic villas. The mood on the bus is tense. So close to Paradise, and yet...what if others have got there before us? How many openings are there in the Promised Land? Around another bend, up, up, over a rise, and then -- there! -- across the bay, the opaque lake surface and the new pilings of a recently built pier caught by the rich rays of the declining sun -- Valhalla. Finagleburg Estates. Adoration. And lo! the waters of the lake part and the bus sails serenely to its destination. Hallelujah!



They're increasing in value daily, but you're the kind of folk we need out here so—

First stop: Finagleburg Manor Motel, and first shock. No private accommodation. Guests are lumped together, three couples in a room. Unlikely permutations and combinations result in hideous arrangements. A deliverer of soft drinks finds himself sharing a unit with a cost accountant and a partially deaf pensioner. Each unit has two bedrooms, a Murphy bed in the living room, and but one bathroom. The elderly pensioner suffers from "lack of control," and his stolid spouse has the corollary of that unfortunate condition. The plumbing is in constant use all night and the handle is worn off the lavatory. The other temporary tenants are to spend the duration staring at the ceiling, waiting.

After the bags are dumped, and the reluctant room-mates have had a chance to stare at each other in hostile silence, the guests are then herded up to the Lodge. Uneasily, they drift into the main hall. There is good reason to be uneasy. Posted at strategic points all about the room, and even placed outside on the encircling verandah, are a gaggle of those "trained representatives" of Finagleburg Estates, all attired like casual holiday makers. In fact, each salesman has the name and certain background information on his preassigned prey. People stand around awkwardly, until a smooth-talking cad sporting a pretentious beard makes a quick speech, welcoming the newcomers and advising that some of the local residents are on hand to make them all feel

Please turn to page 39



the curse of the kinbasket

-by Winnifred Ariel Weir

History is linked with the name Kinbasket, 100 years of history and more, going back to the days in the 1850's when Chief Paul Ignatius Kinbasket brought his people from the Shuswap Lake country, through the Big Bend area of the Columbia River to settle finally in the Windermere Valley. And with the history there is a story of early day romance, superstition and death linked with a curse that lay on the family for three generations.

Chief Paul brought a group of his band from the Adam's Lake country near Squilax in the North Kamloops area, travelling across the Purcell Mountains. They stayed for a time at a large lake in the Big Bend country, the lake now known as Kinbasket Lake. Here the mosquitoes were so vicious that the braves put the women and children in a circle and tethered wild swans around the perimeter to protect them from the wily insects. Whether the mosquitoes drove them on or whether they were headed for the Windermere, we do not know, but Paul Ignatius brought his people on to this valley of the Windermere.

Roughly translated the name Kinbasket means "reaching for the clouds", "touching the sky" or "close to heaven". It is a symbolic description of a superior band.

After settling in the Windermere two of Chief Paul's sons, his twins, Pierre and Charlie, returned to the Shuswap country to choose their wives from among their own people. They brought them back to the Windermere and established families. Kinbasket descendants live in the valley today. From them comes the tale of the curse that lay on the family.

Pierre had brought Marianne as his bride and their daughter, Amelia married William Palmer. They had six daughters, four of whom live in the Windermere Valley today. One of them, now Mrs. Tracy Williams lived with her grandmother as a child and she tells enthralling stories of those early days.

Mrs. Williams has a peace pipe that belonged to her grandfather Pierre. She can remember seeing him smoke it at Council meetings. She says hundreds of Indians attended the council. The chief and his advisors sat around the council rug. In silence the peacepipe was passed around from mouth to mouth among those entitled to use it.

Tracy recalls one particular council meeting when a romance between her aunt Rose and a young Indian was discussed. The brave wanted Rose's hand in marriage but for some reason the council decided against the match and her aunt remained unmarried

to her death. When Rose Kinbasket died at a horse race in Vancouver it was another death in the family that bore out the old curse imposed by a Stony Indian on the family many years before.

It was in the days when the Stony Indians came through Sinclair Pass to trade horses with the Shuswaps and Kootenays. Sometimes they were traded for wives, daughters of local Indians or for other horses. Tracy's great uncle, so her tale goes, had a fine Palomino which a certain Stony "Uch m'clooys" (Spelling phonetic) coveted. But the



Mrs. Tracy Williams is the last survivor of the curse. In spite of being so seriously injured when thrown from a buggy by a bolting horse that her life was long in danger, she still lives in the Windermere Valley. Perhaps with this, the last of the "accidents" on record, the curse has finally been exorcised.

of trade. It was not just the value of the horse, apparently, it was an outstanding animal. The Kinbaskets were resenting the fact that Stonys took so much in a trade. They asserted their independence. The Stonys were not going to have the Palomino.

The argument waxed long and loud and the Kinbasket was adamant. The Stony finally departed but not before he laid a curse on the Kinbasket family. From then on, he swore, the Kinbasket band would be cursed by horses. The Palomino, he vowed, would be dead in two months, the great uncle would die within two years. In two months the Palomino was dead and the great uncle, too, kept his tryst with the curse and from then on, Tracy recounts, sudden deaths in the family and accidents have been caused by horses.

Alex Kinbasket, another uncle, died from the kick of a horse. Mary Kinbasket, at 90, died in 1944 of injuries suffered when a team ran away with the wagon in which she was riding. Rose was riding a race horse when it stumbled and threw her to her death.

Tracy was with her mother in a buggy when the horse ran away and her mother, thinking to save the child, threw her out. When the child was picked up her mother was sure she could not live. Her grandmother, Marianne, cared for her tenderly, but she was so critically injured that she has suffered ever since as a result and is now an invalid.

Tracy's mother lost a finger when it caught in a rope in a horse caused incident; her sister, Sheila, suffered an accident when riding horseback. But perhaps the curse is losing its strength for incidents are rare now.

Tracy believes her grandmother had the intuitive powers of the ancient Indians. She things that white people lack this power because they have lost communion with nature, a quality the Indians have retained. The prophetic powers of her grandmother made a deep impression on the little crippled girl she cared for so tenderly. She was a staunch Catholic but still held faithfully to the traditions and superstitions of her people.

Marianne's garden was planted according to the phases of the moon and to her all growing things were sacred. The peas and corn in her garden were to be venerated and her grandchildren were not allowed to jump across the rows lest some evil would befall. She believed, too, that those who did wrong would be reincarnated as a spider or some other lowly creature.

Tracy speaks, too, of the inherent fear of her people for an owl. To them an owl represents evil and there are times when, she says, an owl has spoken to her in the Shuswap tongue warning her of trouble to come. And trouble has followed the warning each time.

Pride in her Kinbasket ancestry and the intuition and love of knowledge of the Kinbasket chief that are her forebears today stand Tracy in good stead as she still suffers from the result of the horse caused accident that for all we know could be a relic of the "Curse of the Kinbaskets."

WINNIFRED ARIEL WEIR


This story was written for us by Winnifred Ariel Weir. She is a free lance writer and is also editor of the Western Canadian weekly - the Windermere Valley Echo. She has a wonderful fund of tales about the history of her beautiful part of our West, and we hope that, as in the past, she will continue to contribute some of her stories to Canadian Golden West.



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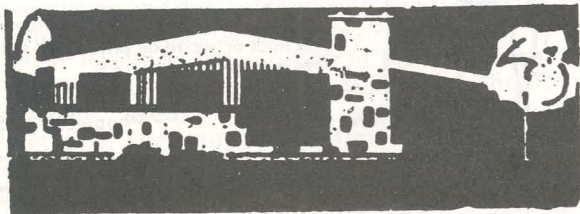
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Letters to Bob



This is the masthead Bob Edwards always used on his paper, the Calgary Eye Opener—

Letters to Bob in Canadian Golden West are imaginary letters, written by an anonymous oldtimer, to his deceased friend Bob Edwards. Bob Edwards was Alberta's greatest newsman and one of the West's most exciting personalities. He published, spasmodically, and single-handedly, a newspaper called the Calgary "Eye Opener", because, as he said, "in this area so few will be able to turn one down." The wit and humor of this paper have made it a Canadian Classic.

Dear Bob,

I sure wish you were here now. We need someone with a drinker's courage and an educated head around. They are sure causing a continuous stink in this here town of Calgary about a thing they call the "Agrimart". I guess you could rightly say it's more like a fuss about the stink of the agrimart.

Now the owners of this future emporium for cows got talking a lot of bull (as usual — completely leaving out the poor cows). They gave this cow emporium a name like "Agrimart". Why, a good bull might never find its way to a place with a name like that!

Anyway everyone's excited over it. The mayor's concerned for his votes - I mean voters. He is hopping around like a flea on a griddle. The owners are pretending they don't see no fleas, no griddles nor even any cows in their agrimart! The people that live around the hoped for cow emporium are signing petitions in their sleep, and have taken to buying up first world war gas masks to protect their children of the future from possible asphyxiation. Everyone's concerned for themselves, but not one person can be found in the whole town who's concerned about the cows. Now this is the place that has built up an international reputation as a cow town and yet here we have not one soul worried about the cows, poor beasts. Not even the S.P.C.A. --- they think that when anyone says udder to them they are referring to one more lost kitten.

Now confidentially I don't think cows should have to come to Calgary. There's a lot of vermin loose on the 8th avenue Mall and it hasn't been fumigated since they called it Stephen Avenue. Then there's the way the people drive their cars, its just fierce and no cow can safely cross the road on a dark night and the violence them peaceful cows will have to see is fierce --- it's enough to curdle their milk.

This town is no fitten place for a cow any longer. Cows have been man's best friend for a long time but Calgary's turning out to be a real unfriendly place lately. I tried to do my part. I composed a song to the tune of God save the Queen only I substituted Cow for Queen. Her majesty likes animals I know so I knew she wouldn't mind. But they arrested me in the middle of the second verse. It wasn't until I'd been in pokey for a week someone made it clear to me. You know I'm a little deaf and I thought I was arrested for singing - I always did go a little flat on the high notes. But no, it turns out it was for singing in a "No Parking" area. Well anyway I can't pay the fine so I think I'll just rest here awhile. But do you think you could speak to Saint Peter about them poor cows? There's so much bull around here nowadays that everyone's forgotten them.

Old Timer

or an... after Stanfield has given a soft "omp." But then this is pretty undignified. -- So that lucrative possibility is probably out - as usual it will be the taxpayer who will have to finally pay. They will pay but not be the sponsor.

The sponsor will in reality be the politicians who actually hand out the wage envelope. This program will be the highest-paid, sponsored program on T.V. and the sponsor won't even give you a short story break in between his ads. It will be one long continuous ad for the politicians. Just as ad sponsors insist on the artists using their product, so will there be the secret agreement never to photograph any politician from his poor side or while asleep at his parliamentary desk. The political madness of bands, girls and wild promises that occurs now every three or four years that we call an election is already a serious strain on our credibility in government. Imagine what it's going to be like with each politician daily grandstanding for his home constituents - there will be no time at all left to just govern the country.

The politicians have, no doubt, all carefully read the book that revealed how President Nixon got re-elected by an artfully arranged T.V. projection of an imaginary personality. They are not complete fools. It will be a case of, on with your T.V. makeup, look right into the camera and smile, be always alert, get projected! get elected! "After all that little matter of a wheat surplus can always be taken care of at the next sitting."

And then of course we come to the T.V. program editing. Did you know even dull old Hansard that nobody reads is carefully edited? If members of parliament create an unseemly uproar or let loose epithets of sheer disgust, Hansard deletes them and prints only an "Oh, oh!". On T.V. there will be many "Oh, oh's". And I'm afraid many "no-no's" will be carefully beeped out. It will only be the edited image we see.

Let's leave the image making to the actors, after all they are the experts in the field. T.V. should be a fun tranquilizer, but it has no place in shaping government. In fact if we get government by a projected profile image, we are really inviting the actors to govern us. Remember what a magnificent showman Hitler was?

Democracy is a serious business. To each of us it in reality that which most profoundly effects our daily lives. It can send you to war, tax you to death, or rob you of whichever of the human rights you feel is most priceless. It and sensationalistic T.V. just don't belong together. England, our wise old mother of parliaments, wisely rejected it.

Ruth Gorman

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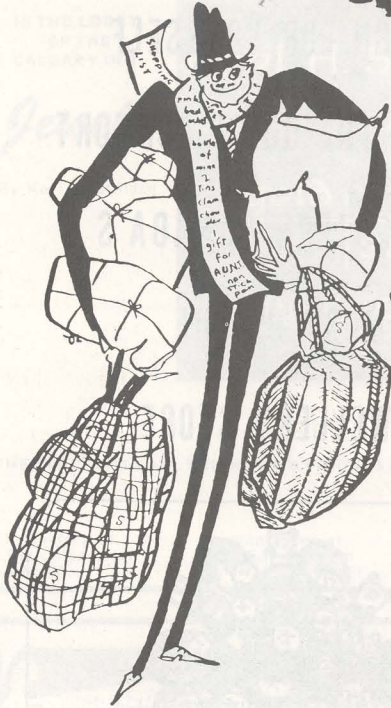
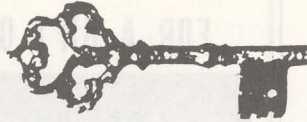
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is indeed one of those "No ordinary People" described in another article in this issue, and how wonderful it is that Pfeiffer has captured forever his serene strong face.

In contrast to the great legless hunter Davids' face is the tight up-face of Angulalik, of Cambridge Bay. He too is an excellent hunter. This man once voluntarily turned himself in to the police because he had killed another man. Fortunately he was found not guilty as it was found he had killed in self defense. His face reflects the toughness of the adventures he had had to face in his life in the arctic.

Then there is the old face of Oshanouk of Goa Haven N.W.T. He is a man who remembers the first time he turned and ran in fear and that was when for the first time he saw a white man.

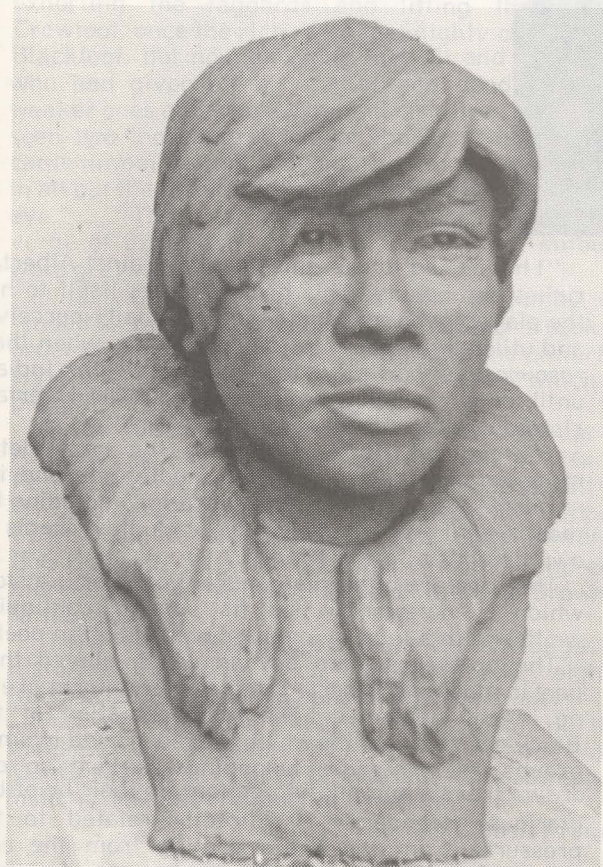
In contrast to the fierce strong faces of these hunters is the lovely laughing face of Ooah the matriach of Frobisher Bay. Feminists of today would envy Ooah although a widow and now a very old woman she is the most influential person in her tribe. Rarely does anyone marry, or is an action of any importance taken by the tribe unless Ooah's advice is sought out. Pfeiffer watched her come to one of the dances surrounded by a group of young admirers who sat around her all evening and were kept merry with her wise witty remarks. She is a remarkable old woman and her great wisdom and humour that has survived many long cruel winters in the arctic is reflected in her merry bronze potrait.

In order to properly understand his subjects Pfeiffer lives right with them. For an instance you can see in the illustration of Pfeiffer making the working plaster cast on Jacob at Pelley Bay in 1968. He did the plastic cast actually in Jacobs small house. One of Pfeiffers busts is of his guide Michael. Pfeiffer took a long trip with him before hesculpted his face. A trip to the strange ruins of old stone houses. Ruins that are thought to be thousands of years old but who constructed them and why is now unknown. But they are still standing amid the ice of the arctic. But by making this trip with Michael Pfeiffer really learnt about the man. How exact Pfeiffer's work is, is shown in the photo by Zacharie Itinna Cisak of Pelley Bay. Pfeiffer took the photos of his model beside his bust in clay. Zacharie is well known in the arctic for his tales of fish and of birds and for his knowledge of the old manner of hunting and speaking and was once a star of a National film board movie.

We including among the photographs a bust of a white explorer of the north Colonel Patrick Baird. He participated in the army's operation muskox. Although a Cambridge University graduate the North and adventure there has already molded his fine face.

Pfeiffer who is a very modest man told us he only became a sculptor in self defense. He was raised in Quebec. His family were all artists, his mother painted. His two elder brothers later became famous artists. Harold the youngest son in the family enjoyed painting but the competition with so much talent was fierce. Once as a young boy at their summer camp in despondancy he made some ash trays from the clay on the lakeside. Soon he was sculpting figures. He then attended the Ecole de beaux arts. Now he has held joint shows where he shows his fine sculptures with his brothers' paintings. Fortunately a young disappointment had such glorious results and now a truly able sculptor is doing the great service of recording for all times the fascinating faces that have been shaped in the northern country of Canada.

R. Gorman



But serenity in a bronze portrait does not always stem from a serene life as Pfeiffer well understands. Even more serene is the face of David Komoyuk. It is his bust that Pfeiffer was photographed standing just left off in our top centre picture. Yet there is no fame or recognized success in David's life story. Instead it is one of death and fear, but still one of the great stories of the North. David is one of the two survivors of poisoning from whale meat that wiped out in a remote outpost almost his entire tribe. David somehow survived, but as his friends around him died he grew too weak to move. His legs froze and gangrene set in. To save his life his own mother cut off one of his legs and a northern official the other before the rescue plane arrived to fly him to the Camsell hospital in Edmonton. As one of the doctors at the Camsell told us David was a marvelous patient - a marvelous man. He has returned to his people and is still known among them as still a great hunter. He



Anthony Henday enters a Blackfoot camp, 1754. From a painting by Franklin Arbuckle.

A History of Alberta. By James G. MacGregor. Published by Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton. 335 pages. Price \$10.00

To write the history of a province, which only came into existence less than seventy years ago, poses a problem at the outset. Where do you begin? Mr. MacGregor wisely decided to begin with the first peoples who are known to have made this region their home, and his first chapter, 'The First Albertans' deals with the hunters who moved northward in the wake of the receding glaciers. From this chapter onward, probably to the chagrin of some purist, he continues to refer to the country as Alberta and to those who came and remained, as Albertans.

The reader is not burdened with a bibliography of sources of reference. Mr. MacGregor is a past president of the Historical Society of Alberta and is at present a governor of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute. During the past quarter of a century, he has received many awards for his outstanding contributions to the preservation of Western Canadian history, and his, perhaps, unrivalled knowledge of the country which became Alberta is the result of a life's work and research in every part of the province. He does, however gracefully acknowledge the assistance of Hugh Dempsey, archivist of the Glenbow, and Sheilagh Jameson of the same institute, among others who have assisted him. The earnest academic, who studies this book, should find no reason to regret the absence of sources of reference.

In his preface, the author clearly states the form which this history has taken; "Unfortunately, in a history which must gallop along to cover the centuries, we have time to tell of but a few individuals' achievements and space to paint mere fragments of Alberta's magnificent wilderness. Moreover, histories can be written from a number of viewpoints, all of them valid and yet varying from others as their authors deal with different political and sociological phases, and trace the interaction of selected causes and effects."

"I have tried to cast this history against Alberta's riches and beauty. This book confines itself to how the players who trod this stage gradually perceived and utilized its resources from the days when these resources supported but ten thousand worthy Indians until today when they have made 1,600,000 Albertans rich beyond the dreams of their fathers."

"Throughout its development, the hard determination of Alberta's earliest inhabitants and immigrants is evident as each generation, including the most recent crop of university graduates, erects its own signposts to the future."

Thus, we are offered a panoramic history, a story which is noteworthy for its smooth continuity, written with a lucidity of style which is often poetic.

The pressures from beyond which played their part in moulding Alberta into its present form are by no means neglected. The transformation of the Blackfoot, from a tribe which moved around in small groups, their meagre belongings carried on dog drawn travois and hunting on foot, to their brief but glorious ascendancy, is directly related to the pressures from the Crees coming from the east supplied with guns, and the Snakes or Shoshoni from the south riding horses, which caught the Blackfoot in a vice. In the mid-eighteenth century they acquired firearms and horses from both enemies, and from that time they were the unchallenged masters of the plains. In spite of the plagues of smallpox and diphtheria which almost wiped them out, the Blackfoot recovered and the final glorious years and tragic end are shown to have been dominated by a Blood adopted into the Blackfoot tribe who later became to be known as the great chief, Crowfoot.

The whisky posts the swift decline of the buffalo herds, the wolves and hunters from the south were beyond the control of Crowfoot, and finally with the coming of the Northwest Mounted Police, too late to succour his rapidly degenerating people, Crowfoot saw the only possibility of regenerating the Blackfoot was by co-operating with the whiteman. And in September 1877, as head chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy, he signed Treaty No. 7.

The author writes; "But neither the Blackfoot, the
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Mothers of the West nor the Government could foresee or prepare
for the calamity that lay immediately ahead. For it
came with an irresistible wind which as it passed
sucked the last of the buffalo off the prairies and
scattered the Blackfoot into little broken bands
begging at police posts." "Once glorious in
their pride and wealth, the Blackfoot had watched
their thousands of horses graze far over the prairie
hills, and the disappearance of the buffalo brought
their crumbling civilization crashing about their
ears".

Mr. MacGregor describes the final tragedy in
these words: ". Once more, as they had been
150 years earlier, they were dog Indians again. As
painfully and slowly, day after day, they made their
way north towards Fort Macleod, children and old
people sickened and died. Day after day, near
the rear of the column, Crowfoot plodded along
exhorting the laggards and lifting the fallen.
Crowfoot, once the rich, once the mighty chief of the
Blackfoot, but now an aging man ill and in tatters
who had given all his horses and goods to help
weaker ones and who during the last three years had
seen two thousand people of the Confederacy die,
came limping along. A beggar he was now, a beggar
in all but the resolute jut of his jaw and the glint in his
eye." "The once mighty Blackfoot were on the
verge of extinction - a spent force whose embers
were greying to ashes."

I have devoted more space than originally in-
tended to this small part of Mr. MacGregor's book in
order to show, by these brief quotations, the powerful
style and extraordinary sense of feeling which is
present throughout this history.

As the Alberta story unfolds from the arrival of
Anthony Henday - the first white man - in 1754 to
Peter Lougheed's first Conservative government in
1971, no detail or person of significance is missing;
Peter Pond, Rundle, George Simpson, John Rowand,
Bob Edwards, Aberhart and Manning and hundreds
more including the indomitable oil men the Browns,
father and son.

There are fourteen pages of index and five pages of
historical highlights in chronological order, eighty
illustrations and photographs and fifteen maps.

For all who love Alberta, descendant of the
pioneers or Albertan by adoption, James G.
MacGregor's, 'A History of Alberta' is more than a
history, it is the very essence of our land.

Basil French

**The Colour of Canada, Text by Hugh MacLennan,
Published by McClelland and Stewart, \$5.95.**

The publishers describe this book modestly as, 'A
journey across Canada in words and pictures.' An
admirable and rare virtue is modesty, particularly
when practised by a publishing house with a book to
sell. In fact, 'The Colour of Canada' is the most
distinguished book of its kind, offered at an
astoundingly low price, within the reach of almost
all of us, to be published in the last decade. It is
impossible to fault.

Hugh MacLennan's outstanding contributions to
Canadian literature have earned him wide
recognition in the world of letters in Canada and
beyond. He has been translated into many
languages, holds two Governor-General's awards
and is a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.
He is at present on the faculty of McGill University
with the rank of Professor of English.

I make no apology for eulogising Hugh
MacLennan. He was the only living Canadian
novelist whom I had read without being bored
before coming to Canada some twenty years ago,
since when I have read all his major works. His
introduction to this book and his texts beneath the
illustrations throughout it, confirm that he is a
master of fine literature and a Canadian both
humble and exultant in his acknowledgement of his
Canadian heritage.

There are over one hundred superb photographs
in the most faithfully reproduced colour, which
show us our vast land from the outports of
Newfoundland to journey's end in Victoria. The
picture credits, which appear on the last page, are
too numerous to include in this review, but each
photograph stands as a work of art. The cover by
Gerald Hunter, the typefaces, the printing and
binding, the general layout all contribute to a book,
which I have no doubt at all, will one day be a
sought after collectors' item.

'The Colour of Canada' was originally published
in 1967, to coincide with our Centennial Year and
this new edition continues to give us the sense of
colour, indeed the very essence of Canada.

It would, perhaps, be too much to expect this
work to be a required book for every high school
student in his last year, but it would be unforgivable
if more than one copy is not to be found in every
high school from coast to coast.

Basil French



DON NEWLANDS

HUGH MACLENNAN

The author of the text of this book is one of Canada's
most distinguished novelists. Born in Nova Scotia, he
won a Rhodes scholarship and studied at Oxford and,
later, at Princeton. He is now at McGill University with
the rank of Professor of English, a subject he never
studied formally. His great contribution to Canadian
literature has been recognized by the conferment of honor-
ary degrees and he has been translated into many languages.
A fellow of the Royal Society of Literature (London), he
has been given Governor-General's awards for his novels
Two Solitudes, *The Precipice* and *The Watch That Ends The
Night*, and for two volumes of essays. In 1967 he was
made a Companion of the Order of Canada. He is still
writing.



Professor Alban Winspear publishes another book. —

IT'S GREEK TO THE COMPUTER

BY ANDREW Q. MORTON AND ALBAN D. WINSPEAR - PUBLISHED BY HARVEST HOUSE MONTREAL.

This book is primarily for classical scholars who will find it very exciting. In fact it has already caused a world stir in the field of the classics. Less learned readers will be excited about the theory it promotes. For centuries men have been puzzled over who actually were the authors of some of the great and best read classics of literature such as the Bible, Shakespeares sonnets, or the Oddesey. It now appears today's much maligned computer can play the role of a super sleuth in the field of literature. By scanning the works of an author in a similar period, the computer can discover each authors unique thumbprint. He alone uses each letter of the alphabet with a certain frequency. He alone has a unique way of expressing himself and frequently re-uses the same word, and has a style uniquely his. By applying the computer to such classical works as Plato's Seventh Letter, Axiochus, Epinomis, and to the works of Aristotle and Homer in this book the authors have drawn some exciting conclusions that will interest readers of the classics all over the world.

If you are not a classical scholar but are a western Canadian you may still find it exciting that one of its authors is a Calgarian.

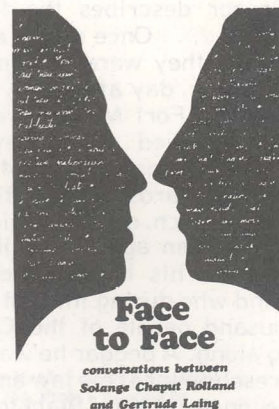
Dr. Alban Winspear recieved his early education in Calgary and before going to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar taught in our early Calgary Schools. After a distinguished career as a lecturer in American Universities he chose to return to U. of C. and was with their classics department up until his retirement two years ago. He still spends most of his life in Calgary.

Now in his early seventies he is an amazing man of activities. In an article about him that appeared in the university of Calgary's student newspaper the students nicknamed him "Professor Zorba". And rightly so for this elderly Western Canadian scholar and world citizen still has a true lust for life. Just ten years ago he had built a yacht, he humorously called the Lysistrata, and since then continues each summer to sail it around the beautiful and historically important Adrian sea, giving tourists a

two week educated tour. He is the author of many scholarly books and plans to continue research in this brand new exciting field of study and to live on in Calgary.

Classical scholars will enjoy this book and Western Canadians who have not yet discovered all the excitement there is in the ancient Greek world should discover its' author.

R.S.G.



Face to Face - sub-titled **Conversation between Solange Chaput Rolland and Calgary's Gertrude Laing** - published by the New Press, Toronto, Price

This book possible would have been called tongue to tongue rather than face to face as the entire book is composed of dialogues between these two well known Canadian women. Dailogue books make for difficult reading unless the authors has some unusual and startlingly new thoughts as Plato had in his dialogues. But after all Plato was talking with Socrates and its subject matter changed world thinking. This book is mostly about Canadian separatism, so may not excite the reader. The authors give their reason for writing the book. Author Laing's explanation of why she wrote the book is as she says in speaking of her experience on the ill-fated Bilingual and Bicultural Commission, says "The fact that struck me most farcibly in talking with people about the Canadian situation was that I **knew** more than they did." The lady from Quebec Madame Rolland is better known for her farm book "Dear Enemies". She gives as her reason for writing the book: "I am frankly tired, weary of endless and empty arguments of long and pompous declarations of political evasiveness -- I wanted to talk to someone I knew well and respected." -- These are the reasons for the book and if you enjoy a talk show by learned people but prefer to read one rather than listen to one, you may enjoy being talked at by these well known two Canadian women. The book unfortunately is not likely to threaten the sale record established by Plato's dialogues.

M.W.E.

Books highly recomended to the reader - excerpts from which are published in this issue so readers may discover for themselves their value.

(1) Still a Nicol - By Eric Nicol published by McGraw-Hill Ryerson Ltd.

(2) Old Mans Garden - By Annora Brown Publishers Grays of Sidney, B.C.

at home. "The local residents, he explains, are people who like yourselves who, anxious to get away from the evils of the city, have started a new life at Finagleburg. Just to make sure everyone is looked after, there will be a local resident to act as a guide and new friend to each couple. Isn't that wonderful, Virgil? Very thoughtful of them, Martha, to do this on their own time and all. Beard, clearly the generalissimo of the sales troops, barks quietly but fiercely at poor old bus host who staggers out to whip up afresh batch of moose milk. After supper, says the smarmy manager, perhaps some of you folks would like to go on an informal tour, following which there will be a swell sing-a-long for all back at the lodge. "The Lodge is home to us all. A place to forget your cares. A place to have a few drinks, a few laughs".

"This place really sells itself" announces Beard, unctuously, for the one hundredth time. Every one sits at the long communal tables shovelling in mouthfuls of overdone roast beef, lumpy gravy, and cold potatoes. The salesmen having individually contacted and ingratiated their assigned victims, are revving up their cars. The bus hostess moves from table to table, attired in what appears to be an old airport runway windsock. She knows everybody's first name. "Are ya' havin' a good time?" she shrieks. One's mouth is too full of doughy tapioca pudding to answer. A gargantuan female with a lower class Manchester accent has a third helping, all the while gurgling "Ooo'er what soop-er nosh", revealing a mouthful of half-chewed food, some of which dribbles down her seven or eight chins. Her equally elephantine husband sits like a great fat lump, the wooden bench groaning beneath him, his piggy eyes glazed over from too much fatty food and too little exercise. Pity the springs of their salesman's car. "What sooper nosh" croaks Mrs. Fatty, ecstatically. Horrid creature.

The verandah overlooks the lake. One strategic visit there to get the beauty of the view, and each couple is then whisked away for the 'Sundowner's Tour', calculated to take in the best and ignore the predominant worst. Throughout the tour, the prospect is constantly bombarded by the loutish conductor with a superabundance of prepared screech which never lets up, and at the conclusion of which the simple-minded dolts are ready to put a substantial down payment on the Brooklyn Bridge, provided that it spans the Effluent. Maps are produced, points of interest pinpointed, the lodge circled, the private airstrip delineated, sold lots blocked in -- so many gone already! -- and the available lots appearing in bas-relief. "Actually" sez the salesman, "Most of the lots, shown here as still available, are spoken for. There's a treeemendous interest in this area. And!! (his voice dipping to a whisper), "They're increasing in value daily like you wouldn't believe." Prospects' faces clouding over. "Look", he shrugs, "Its nothing really to me, but, well, shucks, I like you two folks. I mean, I like you Martha and I like you Virgil. I can tell we're gonna be good friends. Look, I think I can get a lot for you on the rise there...(indicating a lot on the map, high up at the timberline, miles from the Lodge and the Lake, accessible only by mountain troops with pack mules)...and because I like you, and because you're just the kind of select folk we want and need out here, well, I'll do what I can". Martha and Virgil froth at the lips, so eager are they to blow their life savings. Little do they know that Effluent is not so much a

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Goosepeppers cont'd

...of the lake as a description of the kind of investment it represents. "Let's face it, Virg," sneers their New Friend, "There are certain types of people we just don't...uh...want out here".

Virgil and Martha nod solemnly. Yes. Better buy now while there's still a chance for decent folk. Let's get our names on that map. Let's not make this virgin paradise open to long-hairs, and Reds and them hippies, and all the likes of that lot who are trying to take all this away from us. Keep them out. Who the hell are they anyway. We worked all our lives for this. We deserve this! We earned it! Keep Effluent white, and clean, and good. Where do we sign?

"Let's face it", the salesman drones on, "You folks have worked hard all your lives. You deserve a place like this. Better grab a piece of Canada now, for yourselves. Before the government, or some of those do-gooders".....his voice becomes heavy with menace, darkly hinting at catastrophe..."Before them Reds take it away from us and give it to someone else."

A lot is sold. If there were hyenas in the Canadian forest, they would be laughing. If there were vultures, they would be circling.

And so, back to the Lodge for an evening of fun. Most of the cars manage to arrive back at the same time. An untalented folk-singer is on hand to lead the new friends in "Sloop John B" and "Michael Row the Boat Ashore". Lots of moose milk and weak punch for the young. Hot milk for the old folks. Everybody talks earnestly to everybody else about the necessity of buying now. Triple your investment in no time, say the young blue collars, earnestly, feeling important and proprietary, fingers itching for the deed of title. Did ya hear the government is gonna give all this land away to Indians or hippies unless we do something about it? Yes, they've all heard. A final chorus of "Show me the way to go home", and they are herded gently by their new friends in the shiny cars, back to the motel, to be lulled to sleep by the lapping at the lake shore, to wake to the cry of the gulls and the joyous shouts of children. One day, soon, their children and their grandchildren would be there, also. Fishing, boating, and golfing on our exclusive 9-hole course, riding, swimming.

But sleep is troubled. The spectre of anarchists and dissidents rising out of the lake and claiming the last few available lots is never far away. And in the morning, the cry of the gulls is overshadowed by the morning goodheartiness of poor old broken down bus host: "Moose milk!" He actually carts the stuff door to door.

Breakfast together. Sooper nosh. A day of fishing (small fee), riding (expensive), swimming (in freezing cloudy water), boating (extra charge), golfing on our exclusive 9-hole course (exclusive and expensive, also open to day-trippers). A rumour spreads, raising ire and hackles. A motorcycle gang plans to buy up the last available lots as a site for their clubhouse for orgies. An uneasy supper. Salesmen everywhere, smiling, not confirming or denying the rumour. Beard approached by angry group from bus. Why can't they sign the contracts now? Very well, he says, if that's what you really want. We do, we do. It's our land! We worked for it! Documents are miraculously produced by the salesman. Eighty per cent of the bus-load sign up for a lot at once. The rest wire home about loans. Calm prevails once more. The folk singer leads hearty songs; all the old favourites. The lodge is...yes, it is home. Here with all our new friends. Down with the punch. Ripe for the mortgage broker, set up for the dishonest contractor (a cousin of the owner who does all that kind of work in these hyar parts) the new residents or residents-elect wile the night away, secure in their land holdings. They have stopped the barbarians at the gates. They have saved this heritage for their children and their grandchildren. Finagleburg Estates über alles. Fly by Night Holidays and Amalgamated Dust Ltd. have had another good weekend. That night, everyone sleeps well.

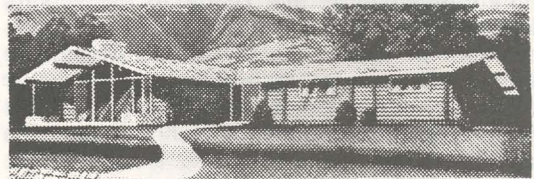
Next morn, no moose milk. Hurry up, folks, the bus driver wants to leave early. What's for breakfast? Sorry, we'll eat on the way. The bus pulls out at an uncivil hour. At Revelstoke, the bus hostess hands everyone a brown bag. Contents: two baloney sandwiches. But of course.

C.D. Evans describes himself as a thoroughly reprehensible but articulate iconoclast, who writes regularly for his own edification. If he can "stir up the animals" at the same time, so much the better.

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