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Canadian

# Golden West



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The Canadian West's Own Magazine

fall '72



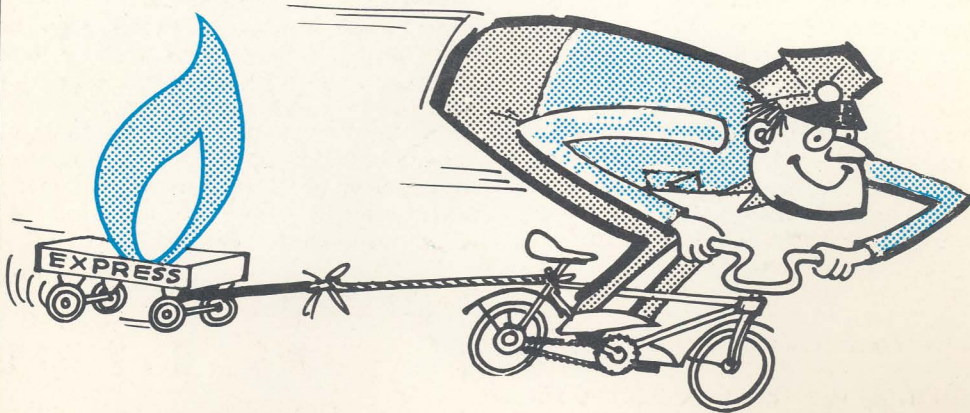
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# Golden West

Canadian West's only magazine

VOL. IX Fall '72

## EDITORS EDITORIAL



### LIVING WITH THE ABNORMAL

Of the many complex problems thrown up by our rapidly changing society, one has emerged with appalling clarity. This is how to prepare ourselves to live with abnormal human beings.

It is a serious problem and it differs from so many others, in that it is not the unforeseen side effect of something conceived as of benefit to us — we deliberately created it ourselves. Having created it, we must either accept the consequences or find a solution that is morally acceptable.

The Quaker joke, "I think everyone is queer except me and thee, and sometimes I think even thee art a little queer," is of course true. In our opinion, we think we are the norm and those who vary from us to any marked degree, we regard as abnormal. But beyond our personal feeling are society's standards, standards of conduct that are the product of thousands of years of experimentation, and through trial and error, we have come to accept them as part of life as we must live it.

Even the most primitive societies, in which any degree of individual freedom was enjoyed, recognized several factors. First, that a person who killed other than in self-defence or in defence of his family or his country was an enemy of the people. Such persons had no moral barriers to restrain them and they were abnormal — whom the 'norms' felt they must be protected from. Secondly, when a person was deemed insane in their society, whether from physical causes, pressures of life, intoxication or drugs, society again accepted the fact that this condition could endanger its members, and unless he was, somehow, separated from the 'norms' or, even in severe cases, permanently removed, life became too frightening.

But now we are living in a society which has accepted the principle of giving equal rights and freedoms to each living soul, whether normal or abnormal, and we generously ignore these time-honoured distinctions. Now we must learn to live with a man who can attack and mutilate with an axe Michelangelo's incomparably beautiful "Pieta." This insane act can inspire imitators. We must learn to live with a man who walks into an open building and shoots sixty people he doesn't even know; to live with men who shoot at presidents and other public figures just for the excitement of doing it; or who strangle a political opponent with his own crucifix; men who hijack airplanes and endanger hundreds of lives just to get money and a free ride. We live with students who burn schools and smash their million

*Please turn to page 7*

## Our Cover Artist



Our cover picture is symbolic of our Fall '72 issue. "Indian Summer" being the West's best season, I decided after eight years of requests, to attempt an "Indian Issue." As the Alberta Indians volunteer solicitor for over twenty years I came to know that fine race of people well. I knew their weaknesses, as well as their virtues. All I can say is they, like our race, have both, but I would always choose an Indian as a friend. And I always feel most fortunate if they in turn accept me as their friend.

"The Last Great Medicine Man", whose portrait artist Harley Brown painted for our cover, was one of my closest, most revered Indian friends. He was known by three names: his English, adopted name, George Maclean; the English translation of his Indian name "Walking Buffalo", and his Assiniboine or Stoney name Tatanca Mani.

But he was also known just by sight by thousands of Calgarian who, each year since that first stampede parade in 1919 up until his death a few years ago, saw him in his great horned buffalo headdress riding with great dignity at the head of the Indian section of the parade. He was also known by most of the crowned heads of Europe, by tribal chieftains in Africa, and by Maori chiefs in New Zealand, all of whom he visited in his world travels.

*Please turn to page 7*

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

**ALICE THOMPSON** — #3, 816 - 15 Avenue S.W.  
Calgary 3, Alberta, Canada  
Telephone: (403) 265-9647

Canadian Golden West is published quarterly from its head offices at 310 16 Ave. N.W., Calgary 41, Alberta, Canada. Phone (403) 276-9641.

Publisher.....Leif Erickson

Editor.....Dr. Ruth Gorman

Assistant Editor.....Basil French

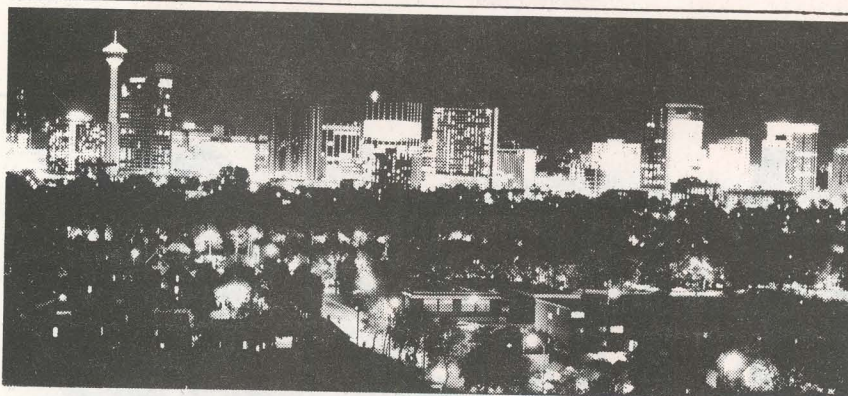
Advertising Manager.....Dora Gullekson, phone (403) 276-9641

Subscriptions: \$3.50 per year, \$6.00 two years, 50c extra postage for out of Canada. For subscriptions phone (403) 265-9647.

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# WHAT'S HAPPENING

IN CALGARY



## Music



### CALGARY PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Jubilee Auditorium

**Maurice Handford** Principal Conductor and Musical Director

Nov. 19-20 - Conductor: **Akeo Watanabe**. Popular ballet music including Stravinsky's Petrouchka. Program to be announced.

Dec. 6 - Conductor: **Maurice Handford**, Chorus Master **Lloyd Erickson**, Guest Artists: **Iris Bourne**, soprano; **Marcia Baldwin**, mezzo-soprano; **John Mitchinson**, tenor; **Alexander Gray**, baritone; **Arnold Dvorkin**, bass.

Concert Performance in English of Verdi's Aida.

Dec. 16 - Birks Christmas Box Concert.

180 Voice Calgary Philharmonic Chorus with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

### UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY

Concerts - The University Theatre. Box Office: 284-5428.

Nov. 12 - Student Chamber Ensembles.

Nov. 14 - Visiting Artist **Constance Channon Douglas** (not confirmed)

Nov. 21 - Concert Band and Faculty Brass Quintet

Nov. 28 - University Symphony Orchestra

Dec. 1 - Christmas Concert. University Concert Choir. MacEwan Hall.



**THEATRE CALGARY** at the Allied Arts Centre 830, 9th Avenue S.W.

Nov. 8-25 - THE EFFECTS OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS by Paul Zindel. The 1969 Obie Award

winning Best Off-Broadway play. Nov. 29-Dec. 16 - JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS by Brel-Schulman-Blau. The heart of the French Music Hall combined with the sardonic wit of a master entertainer-musician-lyricist. One of the most exciting theatrical events of the last decade.

Jan. 10-27 - WAIT UNTIL DARK by Frederick Knott. An attention compelling drama building up to one of the most chilling climaxes ever staged.

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

Mar. 7-24 - 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.

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

Note: Plays are subject to change depending upon royalty releases.

### UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY

University Theatre, Box Office 284-5428.

Nov. 14-19 - Waiting For Godot

Dec. 8-10 - Colours In the Dark

### JUBILEE AUDITORIUM

Calgary Theatre Singers present:

Nov. 13 - 18 My Fair Lady Box

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Paul Petroff

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Premier Danseur

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Lindsey Walsh - "  
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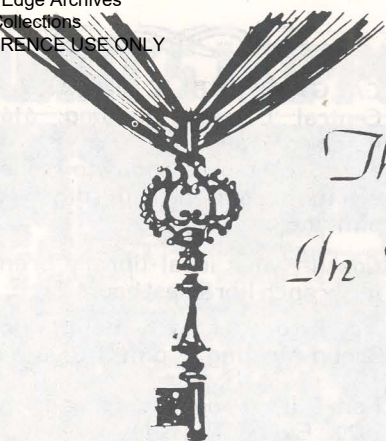
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# Wining and Dining



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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 'Owl's Nest' of the Calgary Inn:

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Coffee

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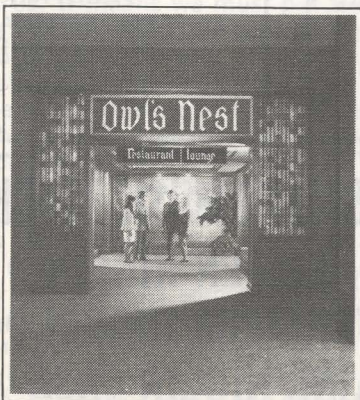
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dollar computer. With men that shoot fine athletes in their beds and set fire to dancers.

And what are the results? Now it is we who must be cut off from the "Pieta" by indestructible glass. Soon we will not walk freely into a public building. Soon we may run out of honorable, able men willing to undertake public positions which place them in mortal jeopardy. In our aircraft, we may be forced to travel with an armed guard instead of a lovely stewardess, and have the "man from Brinks" type, ask "gun, bomb, or Molotov cocktail" instead of the past's pleasant "coffee, tea or me" routine. And our schools and universities can become mere centres of demonstration for the irrational. If we insist on being so permissive about the drinker-driver, we may even force ourselves back into prohibition.

The metamorphoses of permissiveness from a cult into the way of life is almost here and freedom for the abnormal may eventually mean lack of freedom for the normal.

Is our society preparing to live with the abnormal? Since this is the obvious choice of our own elected government, it is inevitable.

I am not here to say one should not have pity on the criminal, the insane, the immoral, the abnormal. This is true civilization and compassion. I'm just here to suggest that if we wish the luxury of being munificent, we must figure a way to pay for our munificence! What preparations are you making, gentle reader?

The United States has followed the lead of England and Canada and abolished the death penalty. This means, that if they follow what is becoming the custom in Canada, they will have, based on the last available figures of prisoners awaiting the death sentence, now commuted, 500 acknowledged murderers turned loose seven or so years from now. Feel comfortable in your beds? Of course if we include rapists or persons who just maim other citizens for life, without actually killing them, another ten thousand, at least, could be added to those who will be free before that time. Finally we come to the figures of those who are committed and released from mental institutions — they, over the same seven year period, could easily number half a million.

It means in the future we will, of necessity, have to triple our police force and give them greater power and we must not object when they use that power even against us. It means we must put locks on all our doors, be careful where we go, and even not be allowed to go to certain places at all. It means we must eliminate all killings and crime from our T.V., our newspapers, our radio, our books. They must be censored. It has been demonstrated beyond question that the publicity given by the press to airplane hijackings and a film showing how it was done, resulted in a rash of them. None of these things can be geared to the normal if the abnormal are to be free to look upon them too; because they are abnormal, they see them as something that is being done and usual. It's a high price to pay but from the evidence of all our present actions, that is what we are now buying, and we must be preparing, right now, to pay that price because it will only too soon be due. We must give up the luxuries of uncensored books, a non-police state, a freedom of movement on our part for normal persons, if we continue on this path of pleasantly calling everyone normal and generously treating everyone the same.

Dr. Ruth Gorman

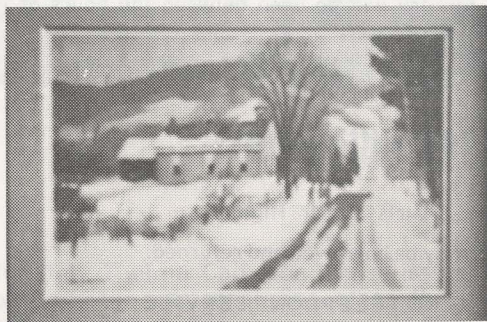
continued from page 1

He was one of the kindest and wisest and even merriest gentlemen I have ever known. He was also the last of his kind. The last Medicine Man of an Indian tribe in Canada. In reality he was a very great Christian but his God had the Indian name of "The Great Spirit" and although he never worshipped nature it was his mentor. The university he graduated from he used to tell me "was the forest" where he would study and think for days at a time. He was not as he said a "trickster" medicine man like his famous father-in-law Hector Crawler, but he was a healer, a holy man, and a very wise man.

He lived to be ninety years old. He was over ninety and out riding his horse when this still big, strong man was first knocked down by a stroke. He told me he felt it coming on but when he leaned over to try and open a fence gate so his horse could take him home, he fell to the ground. He said he lay there unable to move all night unafraid. He looked up at the bright stars above and just said, "Great Spirit, if you want me to come now and there is nothing else I must do here, it's all right." Then he quietly rested until searchers found him the next morning. The only thing Walking Buffalo was really afraid of was the evil in man. For that he had a great fear. He had as a young man (see his portrait as a youth in the story, "Mama and the Indians") lived in our cities but as he grew older he preferred to return to the more natural ways of his people on the reserve at Morley. He used to say to the young Indians, "Do not lose your Indian ways, the poor white savage may need them someday."

Calgary artist Harley Brown has not only given us a great Indian painting, he has captured an amazing likeness, even to catching that strange looking-at-far-horizons look George's eyes sometimes had.

Dr. Ruth Gorman



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All public floors will be open for the circulation and consultation of books:

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CALGARY PLACE

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# A Stew Cameron Cartoon



## From the Cameron' book Pack Horses In The Rockies

What a July — six nice days and a long thunder storm! But fortunately we still have Indian Summer to look forward to. As my good friend, the late Stew Cameron, used to say about that unique season, "It's the only time Canadians ever paid the Indian a real compliment when they named the best season of all after him, — but even then they had to spoil it by adding — they never did know quite why it was called 'Indian Summer'."

How Stew loved to ride the trails in that season, when the first touch of frost has turned the leaves yellow and gold and the sky a brighter blue, and summer, as though it hates to leave us, pauses, and looking back for a few weeks, turns her warmest, softest smiles on us.

Then Stew would take to the woods. But Stew had no illusions about trail riding. He knew stubborn horses and nicely nutty riders were all part of the fun too.

The cartoon in this issue is from his new book of cartoons called, 'Pack Horses in the Rockies'. These cartoons had been out of print for years, but for-

## MOUNTING THE DUDES

unately Thelma Cameron has re-issued four books of Cameron cartoons. The other three books are about cowboys and they are, 'Let the Chaps Fall Where They May', 'Weep for the Cowboy' and 'What I saw at the Calgary Stampede'. Any horse rider will love them all and many will get a special, reminiscent kick out of the Pack Horse one.

The best and easiest way to get them is by mail. Of course that's an exercise in patience too — but what isn't lately? You just send \$2.50 for which of the books you want to: Cameron Cartoons, Box 305, Calgary Alberta. And even if your opinion of horses is that they are dangerous at both ends and uncomfortable in the middle, some of Cameron's cartoons will confirm it; also if you've never ridden you will get a pretty good idea of what you have missed. For the true addict or the dude, Cameron's cartoons are a Western must. In fact, these books will be a real boon to going-going-gone Calgary, where we have nearly the highest number of cars per adult and horses per kid in the whole of North America.

— R. Gorman.

# GOLDEN NOTES

Here's a riddle for our times. A man is out driving with his son and they are involved in a terrible car accident. The father is killed instantly and the badly injured son is rushed to the hospital, thence to the operating theatre for immediate surgery. The surgeon on duty looks down on the boy they have wheeled in, and who is now lying motionless under the operating table lights, and exclaims, "My God it's my son!"

How could it happen?

The answer is on the next page.

Wasn't the able Trudeau smart to call an election on Halloween. Now all we have to do is just guess will it be 'Trick or Treat' - but one thing's certain - it's not 'All Quiet on the Western Front'.

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Too bad about the Calgary Brewing and Malting Company closing their fine aquarium - now the only place left to take your house guests to show them something fishy is down at City Hall. There are lots of exciting Rod Herrings there.

We still live out in the great West where the latch string is always out - except nobody's making latch strings any more!

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And here's one for Calgary White Hatters. Wilkinson of England, who so wisely turned their famous swords into razor blades (we could've used the ploughshares), are offering 500 - only - Calgary Stampede Diamond Jubilee Swords of Honour for a couple of hundred bucks a piece. In a two page letter they carefully emphasize that this offer is only being made to "persons of some standing in the community". So if you didn't get a letter you haven't made the grade. But watch out for a unique attraction in next year's parade - "The Charge of the Elite Brigade" - White Hats, Swords and all! They don't come with scabbards, so watch out where you sit down at next year's Stampede!

Guess that's what they meant by "people of some standing"

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Police chief Gain's losses are now a forgotten issue for everyone except the Calgary taxpayer and the gentleman from Oakland, California. The taxpayer still has to divi up a cool sixty thousand fee to a firm of consultants who advised hiring someone about whose eligibility for the post there was such a grave legal doubt, that a court injunction was issued by a judge of the Supreme Court! Some advice!

And the media sure got everything mixed up too — they let a few young pro-Canadian placard carriers fool them completely. No one really got down to the guts of the issue at all, which was that it was very doubtful if the whole silly performance was EVEN LEGAL!

The appointment would not have been legal in other parts of North America, either side of the 49th parallel, so what's so different about Calgary? In the United States you couldn't even run for dog-catcher unless you were a U.S. CITIZEN — never mind people-catcher.

What a tempest in a teapot they brewed up — the truth was that no one had done his homework at all to discover whether it was legal or not.

But the media had a big time, banner headlines and T.V. specials and the consultant firm should be happy with the bucks — the unwanted buck was handily passed on to the police commission and city council.

Of all those in the act, the only one who made sense was Calgary's alderwoman Barbara Scott, who was sufficiently embarrassed to talk of resigning from the commission. Everyone else had a big time grandstanding. As usual, its the taxpayers who will have to foot the bill for the show; and for the last year it's been a pretty high priced 'Turkey' that's been billed in to Calgary's city hall. The only thing that can be said of their performance is that the actors got lots of publicity even if the show was poor.

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Edna Jaques is alive and well at eighty one. That fact will be good news to the many fans of this early Western Canadian poetess. Over her 67 years of writing and actually selling her poetry, she acquired many fans. Most lived on the then depressed prairies but there were also Easterners like Donald Gordon, ex-president of the C.N.R. and MacKenzie King, who once shyly confessed, "I've been her fan for over twenty years."

Homestead raised, the toughness of her life in Saskatchewan produced only shining optimism. Critics sneered at it, but wise men hungrily read it. She still sells her poetry, a new book - "The Best of Edna Jaques" - is on the stands. Lord Thompson of Fleet also has an open contract with her for her poetry in his chain of newspapers. Typically, he 'discovered' her in a second hand bookstore.

She returned to Calgary to visit the Stampede again this summer. She wore a big white hat on her curly white hair and a smart home-sewn western outfit. She used to work as a seamstress between poems and has never lost either talents. She happily looked down on Calgary's skyscrapers while thoroughly enjoying a robust dinner at the Calgary Tower, and it reminded her of when, as a Calgary Herald publicity stunt, she flew over an earlier Calgary with famed first war ace Freddy McCall, while writing the world's first poem ever written in an aeroplane. It wasn't much of a poem, she recalls, as she is terrified of height, but as she said, "Freddy was such a nice young man."

Her poems have a true feel of the land ----

*I love flat land, flat as a table top  
Holding upon its breast a growing crop  
Of oats, of barley . . . wheat in serried rows,  
A trailing buckwheat vine that often grows  
Amid the wheat as if to give it grace,  
Like a print apron with a frill of lace.*

*I love flat roads that stretch away  
Beyond the narrow borders of today  
Into some never-never land where we  
May find tall castles by a shining sea.  
But for today I'll take a quiet field,  
With a bright sun above it like a shield.*

Edna Jaques

The surgeon is the boy's mother.

Today, men invariably guess something like this, "It's a wise child who knows his own father" type of answer, and even the hopeful feminists of today rarely get the correct answer - maybe it's our times that are the real riddle.

Edna Jacques on her return to Regina did find that poem she wrote in July 1919 called "Trail of the Air" - the first poem ever written in an airplane and written over Calgary. The poem is long. This delightful author said. "I hadn't learnt the wisdom of brevity then, so cut it," and we did. These two short verses indicate at least what a brave new venture it was in those days as she took off in a machine that was the size of a 'hayrack' sitting in an open cockpit.

*"The wind Sings loud to our pulsing ears  
As we rush through boundless space  
We feel the hot touch of wind whipped tears  
And their salty sting in our face.*

And for the sophisticated airborne travellers of today, it is delightful to note and maybe recapture her sheer joy of first looking not at, but now down on the farmlands she loved.

*A checker board where a hand unseen  
Plays its eternal game  
Where he loses or wins and he sweeps up clean  
And starts a new set again."*

Too bad today's airplane travelers can't share her joy and enthusiasm. They are usually a grim looking lot boarding those sleek monsters of today's skies.

\* \* \*

'Ma' Murray, in her far famed 'Bridge River - Lillooet News' publishes the letters she receives under a typical heading, 'We Get The Greatest Letters'. In one of them we recently found the best critique ever written on 'Ma', and many writers have indeed tried out their talents on doing just that. It was written by a young boy who had been dragged on a school tour through her newspaper plant and afterwards told to write a composition on it.

He began, "Mrs. Margaret Murray is a little old lady who wears thick low heeled Oxford shoes and glasses and has grey hair and she even wears a hair net!" But after laboriously working his literary way through an account of his brief visit with 'Ma', he closes out with this phrase; "She's keen - I even dig the hair net!"

Sweet generation gap - it's sometimes fortunately only a frightening mirage! Obviously it doesn't hang on a hair net at all, it hangs on just how wise is the head under the net.

But as usual, from 'under the hair net' accurate predictions were still flowing forth. 'Ma' said, "St. Bennett (as she wryly called the ex-premier of British Columbia) will not walk on the water." And as usual, she was right and another unique Westerner just sank!

\* \* \*

With the federal results just in, Davy Jones' locker is getting overcrowded with politicians, east and west and those who should have gone south long ago!

\* \* \*

In the Summer '72 issue of Canadian Golden West we published a story from the pen of Dr. W.G. Hardy - "The Czech Dog", but we forgot to say that this fine story was first printed in "Tomorrow", New York, 1944, reprinted in "Best American Short Stories", 1945, and subsequently in a number of anthologies.



sunbird

It was designed by Canadian Eskimo Lucy for a UNICEF Christmas card. For as low as 21¢ per card you can if you purchase them by the hundred, send them imprinted this Christmas and since less than one and one half cents of this is spent - on administration cost you are also sure of also making some unhappy child's Christmas happier. In Alberta write to Box 3154 Stn. B Calgary 41 or Canadian UNICEF - 737 Church St. Toronto 5 Ont.

\* \* \*

The recent controversy about the appointment of an American as chief of police in Calgary calls to mind when the emperor Calligua decided to make his horse a consul. The suitability of the animal for the post was not much in question. What really aroused the wrath of the Roman citizenry was the fact that it was an Arabian.

Who needs mace in Western Canada where we are still perfecting the old fashioned spit in the eye? Among the many sporting events this summer was the third International Choke-cherry Spit in Battleford Park, Saskatchewan. The all time men's record was set at 44 feet, 3-3/4 inches.

And they haven't even measured the females yet!

\* \* \*

Isn't it wonderful - there's hope for homo sapiens yet! Just at the time when the manufacturers have finally learned how to really produce useless, poorly made garbage they could call goods, the consumers have mastered the art of how to re-cycle it!

\* \* \*

Everything is changing, even the Indian Summer was white.

\* \* \*

There is an exciting new ballet company at present hard at work in Calgary with, so far, very little advance publicity.

Paul Petroff has come to Calgary, at the urging of friends in the city, from teaching at Les Grands Ballets Canadiens in Montreal. The company will use as far as possible local talent with a nucleus of dancers with North American and European experience.

Choreographer Paul Petroff, formerly premier danseur of the famous Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo under the legendary Colonel de Basil, was himself trained under stars of the Russian Ballet such as Egorova and Volinine, and is a logical inheritor of the great classical tradition that gave the world Anna Pavlova - who was his first sponsor - Nijinsky, Karsavina and many others.



## DR. JOHN LAURIE

One of the most beautiful drives in today's world is the Rogers Pass that carries you from Calgary to Vancouver up over those strange, silent, giants of nature, the Rocky Mountains. Now many tourists each month make the trip, and as they leave Calgary they each get a glimpse of the excitement that lies ahead. The mountains seem so close! But as you drive on and on and see the mountains still just before you, you begin to feel it is the mountains which are fleeing from you. In earlier days in the west, one of the standard jokes was how often a greenhorn in Calgary would pack his lunch and start out to walk to the mountains. On his dusty, sore-footed return, the populace would break into hoots of laughter, enjoying one of the phenomena of where they lived - the retreating mountains.

After travelling sixty miles westward on the Trans Canada Highway you will at last have caught up with the mountains. Then, on your right, you will see a tall mountain with a great sheer face. A face so sheer it is as though God's hand reached down and cut the mountain off to make a passage for man to pass through. This mountain is now called "Laurie Mountain". And near its base you may note, as you go westward, a road leading off the highway that circles a lone, big rock that has a bronze plate on it in the shape of an Indian arrowhead. A small cabin stands behind it but no trees nor flowers grow near because, at this point, the fierce winds that sweep this plain kill all but the natural wild flowers. You may even see dying plants or trees that someone has hopefully planted there.

If you take the time to drive off and look at the stone, you will read engraved on the arrowhead:

# "THE DOCTOR SCHWEITZER OF THE WESTERN PLAINS . . ."

*Mount Laurie Named After John Laurie,  
B.A., LL.D. 1900-1959*

*A Good Friend To The Indians Who Taught  
Them To*

*Preserve Their Culture and Treaty Rights,  
And*

*Helped Unite The Nine Tribes Of Our  
Province*

*Into The Indian Association of Alberta.*

*His Efforts Improved The Condition Of The  
Indian*

*and Created Friendship, Equality and  
Understanding*

*Between Our Alberta Indians And Our Other  
Citizens.*

*"Over Boundaries of Color And Back  
Swept The Will Of The Spirit."*

*from a Poem by John Laurie*

*Sitting Eagle  
De-Ta-Ni Si-Ta-Mi  
Sarcee*

*White Cloud  
Omaw-Zi-Skun  
Stony*

*Red Crow  
Mikasto  
Blood*

So this first mountain, so shaped it almost invited man to pass into the land of the high mountains is named after a dead man - John Laurie. You may remember that in Calgary there is a new freeway also called the John Laurie Boulevard. Who was this dead man? After all, he is gone. There's the mountain, the freeway and a stone. Why waste time with the past? What has it to offer? Like everyone's, the life of this man, who was my friend, is just a collection of neat facts like those in a "Who's Who". They read: "Born" in 1901; "Graduated" with honours from Trinity College Toronto; briefly "Flew" in the Air Force in the First World War; then began to "Teach" school in the small western town of Eckville, Alberta; and was a Latin master in a private school, an English teacher in a high school and part-time professor in a university branch. Like many other persons, he was "secretary" of a society - this one was called the Alberta Indian Association; "died" April 8, 1959. Not a long life, nor an unusual one, you will probably note. There's that strange bit of poetry on the stone. Was he a poet? And you may shrug and go your way on down the highway, looking for things of life not death.

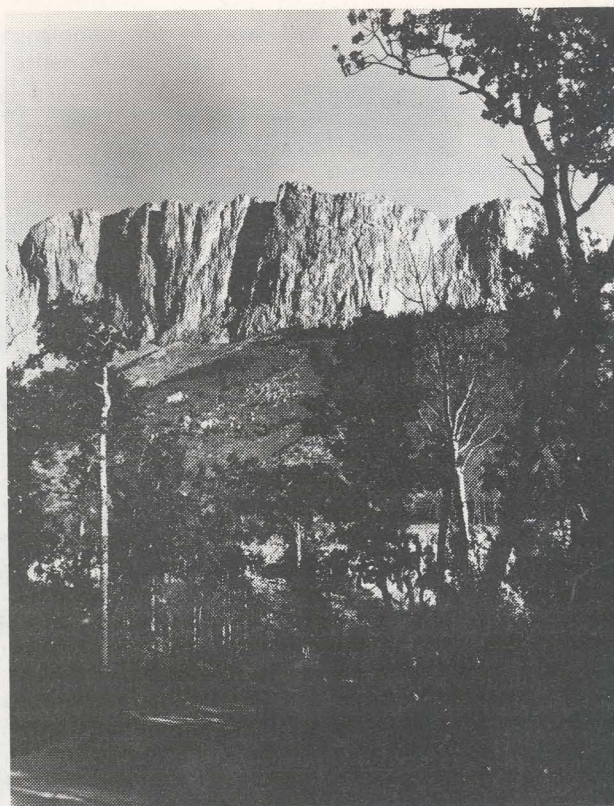
But that stone is a small flame of memory like those real burning ones that we feel we must keep aglow on the grave of an unknown soldier. Why do we

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Why don't we keep alive the flames of memories of our known persons? What eternal flame of memories flickers behind this mountain, beneath this stone, in the sweep of a city thrway, and the plain recorded facts of a man's life?

What are behind the facts? The fact 'born' means there came into the world a red-headed Scottish boy; 'graduate of Trinity' means the boy discovers the other great minds and beauty from the past, and graduates proudly with honours in English and History; 'flew with the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War' means "Ah, he liked adventure, and a new challenge"; 'Came West' reveals the restlessness in the man; 'taught in a small northern town' - behind that fact lies a turning point in a man's life. He had come west just because it was there and it was new. Here he hunted with the Indians whose far-off eastern relatives he had played with as a child and he had fun racing horses against the ranchers at small western fairs, but, at this time, concern also began to come into his life. Concern for the plight of his Indian friends; concern for the fact his rancher friends' children had no school to go to. That winter he offered, in return for board and whatever salary they could gather up, to teach his friends' children.

Officialdom caught up with his impulsive gesture as it would so many times again in his life. A young school inspector heard rumours of a school where officially there wasn't one and so he called upon him. Fortunately it was my Irish father-in-law. He too was an honours university graduate who was disturbed by the lack of schools in this western area. Over a cup that cheers, they discussed it with the result John Laurie, B.A. became an officially-listed Alberta school teacher, a profession he would never leave. Next he taught in Calgary at the wild and delightful Doctor MacRae's first Western Canada College. Then on to Calgary's high schools, and finally even as an assistant at Calgary's first affiliated university. Always it was the pupils that excited him. Each one so unique, so sensitive, and so full of possibilities. At his death, there was no official family so, as his executor, I somehow became the official mourner at the funeral. We buried him at Morley. Over five hundred persons came in the sixty cars that made the 120-mile funeral trip from Calgary to the graveside that day. Many of the mourners seemed to feel they had to speak to someone. Over and over again I heard, "He taught me" - "More than a teacher" - "Somehow he understood" - "He changed my whole life" - "He was what teachers should be."

He and I often, when he was alive, talked of India where the teachers are not always trained, they are sometimes just good and great men who are honoured by being asked to teach. Laurie never realized it but he had been a great man who chose to teach. My favourite story of him as a teacher was that told by his life-long friend and helper, the poet Mrs. H.E. Downe. Her husband had been Laurie's great friend, and eventually their son, Tom, became his pupil at Crescent Heights School. Laurie loved English and felt deeply the importance of communication. He was trying to teach his class the great importance of emphasis, and as an example was, in his soft, perfectly-modulated voice, reciting the numbers tables to the class from one to ten, but pausing before and saying louder, and thereby emphasizing, the number 'seven' to show them how, even when counting, you could with your voice convey a special meaning. As he started in on his second round of one, two, three, four, five, six,



Mount Laurie.

(pause) seven, young Tom Downe couldn't resist hollering out "Bingo!" It reduced the class to a shrieking tumult. Quietly Laurie ordered Tom to stand up and recite to seven and say Bingo continuously 'til he told him to stop. Poor Tom did so, over and over and over again, 'til the class was bored, and he felt like a fool. That night Laurie, to Tom's consternation, called at the Downe's home. This was a home where if the teacher punished you, it only meant another parental punishment. Nervously next morning at breakfast, Tom asked what Mr. Laurie had said about him, and was amazed to discover, nothing. It was then Tom learnt about how to respect teachers and to respect what they taught. But he was still to learn more from Laurie. Many years later, after graduating with honours from university, he got married down East. Among the congratulatory wedding telegrams was one from his old teacher, John Laurie, and when he opened it, he learnt how well Laurie could always heal a scarred hurt - all it said was, -- "Bingo!"

Not only did John Laurie whole-heartedly teach the young whites, but he decided also to help his friends, the Indians. Laurie liked Indians as people and was appalled at the conditions they lived under. He felt he must help them to lift up their heads again so they could help themselves. With a fine old Indian, Johnny Calihoo, he helped them re-organize an all-Indian association. This wasn't easy. The tribes still remembered when they were traditional enemies and their distrust of a white person was very great. Because they needed help writing, Laurie became the association's unpaid secretary. Often in a horse-drawn wagon, he travelled with Johnny the rough roads from one reserve to another fighting hostility and distrust. Twice he made official trips to Ottawa to present his Indian friends' briefs. He hated these trips, they made him nervous and he was so afraid he would fail and he knew what another failure would



*George Labelle, the young chief of the Stoneys proudly points out the peoples' tribute to his friend, John Laurie, at the unveiling of the big stone.*

mean to the Indians. He made two other trips down East, paying his own way out of his meagre teacher's salary. That salary had already been greatly reduced because of the Indian students he had taken in to live with him, so they might get a chance at a higher schooling than was then offered in the reserve schools. One was a young Morley Indian, Eddie Hunter, whom Laurie had heard play a violin at a concert he was judging and whose talent and intelligence he believed could be developed. He brought Eddie to live with him and when Eddie married, John welcomed his new wife and child too so Eddie might become trained as a possible leader for his people. Another Indian boy whom he helped became the fine artist Gerald Tailfeathers.

Laurie also lent his money continually to Indians - everywhere there was dire poverty on the reserve and desperate needs would arise ignored by the Indian Affairs Department, a civil servant group who had no responsibility to the people they served and only one of lowering the financial budget for the government that employed them. When he drew up his will, it turned out he had nothing really to leave. A small cabin friends had given him had been wrecked, his car was gone, his bank account almost gone. He only drew the will to forgive his debtors so they would have no feeling of guilt. It consisted of returning debt-free, to their present Indian owners,

horses and other things he had bought for them and which they had never been able to repay. The few possessions he had at his death - his typewriter, some gifts, his papers, his shabby clothes, some magnificent Indian costumes he had been given - he felt should be burned rather than have anyone argue over them. I had a hard time persuading him to let me, as his executor, decide what should happen to the priceless papers and stories on which he had spent a life-time, or they would have all been sacrificed in flames in the interest of peace.

The only house he ever owned in his life was a tiny cabin his white and Indian friends had helped him build near Canmore, but soon after it was built his heart attacks became too frequent for him to live there permanently. From his rented room in Calgary he loved to think of his home in the trees beside the Bow River.

Unfortunately the cabin was broken into by a vandal and totally wrecked. However when his friend the Mountie (and Laurie was forever acquiring friends), after a long, diligent search, found the young culprit, he was amazed to discover Laurie wouldn't press the charges. Laurie couldn't bear to send a young man to jail.

His disregard for possessions sprung partly from his deep religious faith. He was an official lay minister of the Anglican Church and used to joyfully



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I was up on a Sunday, after having sat up all night to compose a sermon that especially suited the Indians. His disregard for possessions also sprung from his deep admiration of the Indian culture and their corresponding disregard of possessions. I'll never forget his roars of laughter after he had given his Indian friend Daisy Crowchild a cup and saucer for her new china cabinet. He had tried to emphasize to her how precious it was to him, as it was the only one he had that had belonged to his mother. Daisy said in her guttural voice, "That's the trouble with you whites, you think possessions are important." And Laurie's answer, between roars of laughter was, "Touche, how right."

His denial of worldly goods was complete. It was while he was bed-ridden in a basement room, with only an oxygen tank for a companion and he was struggling to earn enough money to pay his medical bills by writing the Stoney dictionary for the Glenbow Institute, that he was at last offered an honourable escape from the indebtedness he so feared. He was offered a senatorship. I know because I was phoned first. Since the senatorship was to honour the success of the Indians' long fight for rights that culminated in the Hobema trial and I knew of the greater work and sacrifice of John Laurie, I suggested Laurie.

He phoned five minutes later and said, "A funny thing happened to me. A voice on the phone said it was the Prime Minister, then a voice came on like Mr. Diefenbaker, and offered me a senatorship". I assured Laurie it was for real, and when I asked what he said, I was shaken by his reply. "Oh, I told them it had to be an Indian". I was saddened because the twenty thousand dollars a year salary would have meant so much to him and he would also have had a chance to speak and be listened to, this time with respect; but he said, "No, the impact on the general public would be so much greater if the senator were an Indian." And of course he was right in suggesting the Association's president, the Blood Indian Gladstone. Laurie was not just being foolishly generous and a believer in mere symbols, for he then believed that Gladstone would take him East with him, so he could serve as his paid secretary and advise him how he could best help the Indian people. But unfortunately despite prodding from me, Senator Gladstone never did that. In another year, Laurie was dead. But Laurie had been right, his judgment was correct. The fact that an Indian could be a senator subtly changed the attitude of the whole country towards the Indians.

Not only did Laurie understand the proper perspective mere things should take in his life, he also thoroughly understood people. By some alchemy, he brought out the best in nearly everyone he met. He had about him a quiet presence as though he was always listening to an inner voice, and he had an intentness in his look, a look one finds also on the carved faces of saints in the dark corners of old cathedrals. Whoever spoke to him would feel the impact of his gaze, as Laurie would tilt his bald, bland face slightly towards them, and for them alone was the fixed, intent look. He always seemed to say just the right thing to you and get you to do things so much better than ever you dreamt you could. In my case, his quiet voice first summoned me over a phone and somehow suggested that I would be really glad to come down and explain the Indian Act to some Indians. I didn't really like Indians then and I had been called to the bar only a few years before and was very busy being a new mother. So I was less than enthusiastic about his project. But subtly he

reminded me of how the Indians, to honour my father, M.B. Peacock for being their friend and being the unpaid solicitor who had fought the legal battles for them over their hunting rights, had also honoured me on Indians days in the past. Laurie, using the gentlest form of blackmail, reminded me of the gifts I have received from the Indians - a princess' name, a feathered headdress, a fine teepee, a beaded outfit, utensils, even hunting arrows. He made me feel how lucky I was to be given this fine opportunity to repay my fine gifts.

I wish I could write that I loved it, but really I hated my first meeting with the Indians and Laurie. The small basement room in Paget Hall was hot and airless, and this was before I had grown to enjoy the fine smell of buckskin jackets and moccasins. The Indian Act I was to explain was impossible. I now suspect that it was purposely written to be totally incomprehensible so it would never be contested, and could thus be administered in various ways to just suit the Indian Affairs Branch. To make matters worse, Laurie insisted we use interpreters as he knew that was how the older Indians had always been fooled. He knew they were a proud people who never like to admit they did not understand and he knew how often the government in the past interpreted their mere silence as consent - that was what had happened at the time of treaty signing. If you've ever said a sentence and waited for four separate interpreters to repeat it, and then tried to pick up your line of thought, you will know the difficulties I was in. To make matters worse, as I dug on through the Act, I grew more and more ashamed of how we whites had robbed these Indians of their basic human rights, and it was hard to look into their stolid, unsmiling, all male Indian eyes. I could also feel another kind of hostility there even though I didn't understand it until later. That was my poor status as a woman talking to a group of Indian men. At the end of the first, long day, after a quick whispered conference, Laurie asked me if, since I hadn't finished explaining the Act, I would come back the next day? Hopefully I clutched at the excuse of the impossibility of finding a babysitter, but somehow Laurie's bland unquestioning face stopped me dead, and I said, "I'll be back."

At lunch time the next day, neither Laurie nor the Indians made any move to adjourn when I stopped talking. Finally impatiently, I asked, "Why don't they go to lunch?" Laurie gently said, "They have no lunch; they have no money; they didn't plan to be here today." Almost angrily, I said, "Well, where did they stay last night then?" So then he told me, quietly, "In the bus station and in their cars," and not a word more did he say, nor was he even surprised when he and I ended up carrying on and sharing the cost of a bottle of pop and a chocolate bar for each of us. For the rest of his life, I would watch Laurie repeat this process of somehow stretching people's horizons and capabilities without their even realizing he had done it.

From then on, for the next ten years, I would go to Indian meets all over Alberta, on remote reserves, with Laurie. But whereas my work took up a few weeks of the year, Laurie worked every spare second of his days, and often all of his nights. From his worn typewriter poured out quantities of letters, letters on such things as why dear old Peter Burnstick needed back his trapline, or how many children there were compared with milk cows on a reserve. Sometimes the letters were on big things like treaty rights or even a whole year of letters that resulted in Laurie

HARLEY  
BROWN



### OUR COVER ARTIST ● ● ●

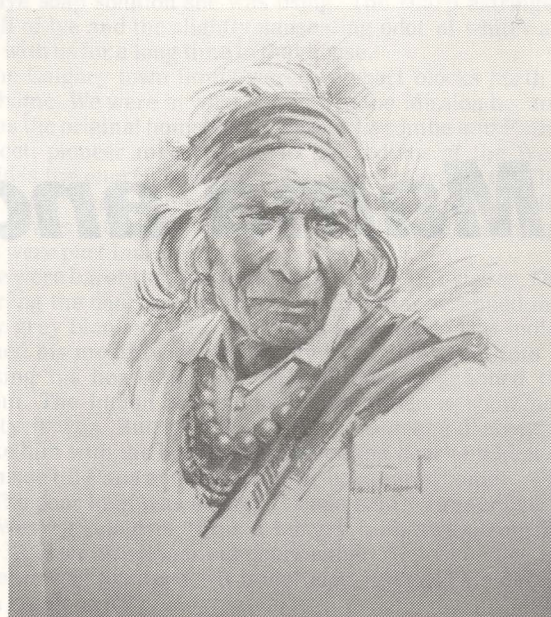


Harley Brown is the artist who painted this issue's cover portrait of the Last Medicine Man. His work is rapidly gaining wide recognition and we think he is well along the road which leads to the ranks of the 'greats'.

He is unique because, first of all, he is Alberta born from a line of ancestors who were early ranchers in Western Montana. Secondly he is a young man of thirty-three, and as artists go, he is still very young to have reached such perfection with so many productive years ahead. He is also unique because, despite his youth, he is fascinated with the old. He may wear his hair a little on the long side and one of his favourite artists may be Robert Auchenberg, and others who come from the new 'Pop' school - he also paints with the sound of a hi-fi in the background and loves old movies - but he himself really loves painting the great faces of that older race, the Indian.

In his home, he has a collection of some very old Indian artifacts. His face lights up as he handles the soft warm buckskin and the lovely faded shades of old beads that are no longer made, and whose original price was a rich beaver skin brought into a now vanished trading post.

He has done several fine contemporary portraits and he can also capture, if he wants, the action of the western scene with accuracy and flair, but his real personal interest lies in capturing the illusive qualities found in the old Indian faces. He feels he has not yet attained the level of that old master, Canadian Nick de Grandmaison, and he also thinks there may never be again anyone as great in his field as Charlie Russell.

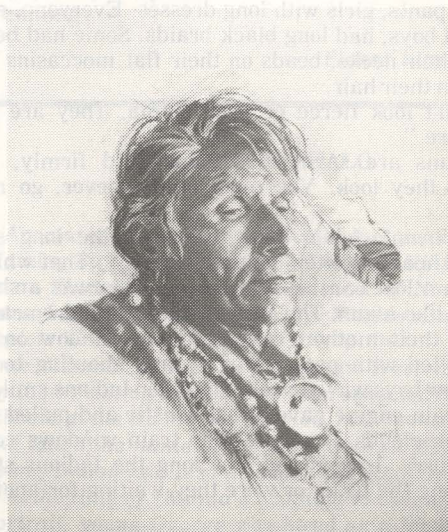


He is an artist who has had the good fortune to always manage to be only an artist and to support his family solely by his work. After completing his course in Calgary's College of Art, he went on to two years of study at the Royal Birmingham Society in England, and then he and his wife, Roni, decided, in spite of the risk, to spend their lives doing what they both really wanted to do - develop Harley's talents. Roni has never gone to work, unless you call work the fact that she manages very well the business end of showing and selling Harley's pictures, and her future project of editing a book on American Indians, for which Harley is doing thirty-four illustrations. At the same time, she is raising two lovely tow-headed youngsters, Lori and Michael, in a happy home. She maintains that Harley only married her to get her piano, and her piano still sits in their living room.

Harley was a very young gold medalist in music from McGill University, and in the early days of their marriage, he used this talent to help support them. He played piano in a bar while Roni would sell his small sketches to the patrons. Fortunately his talent as an artist was soon recognized, and he now holds successful one man shows. The fastest ever show - every picture was sold out - was held by that wonderful Montana Historical Society organized by Sam Gilluly in Helena. He has also had shows in Santa Barbara, California, Scarsdale, Arizona, Denver Colorado and Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Like a great many other Canadian artists, he is discovering his art is more appreciated in the states, and for that reason there is a possibility that, despite his great love for his own land and his desire to preserve its early history, we may eventually lose him.

In Great Falls, Montana, he recently held a one man show at the Charlie Russell Museum. As usual, they turn such an event into a family outing and they pack everything - including, of course, the pictures - into their motor caravan, and take off. Young Michael, despite his youth, has already learned the great importance to them all of selling father's pictures. On this occasion, in the museum they were marking up with red stickers the Harley Browns' sold, when young Michael, after a quick tour announced, "Dad's doing fine, but nobody's buying poor Charlie Russell's pictures." Well we Canadians once had Charlie Russell in Canada for two of his productive years, and we couldn't get him to stay then either. It is sincerely to be hoped that we will not, once more, lose another young artist of talent and of such importance to the West.



# Mama and the Indians

The long colonist train from Quebec was shuddering to another protesting stop when Albert, my oldest brother, came racing down the aisle, dodging the bundles of bedding with the ease of two days practice.

"Indians!" he shouted as he ran. "Indians! Look!"

Mama screamed. "Stay right here, all of you!" She tried to grab Albert but he was gone with Henry at his heels.

"I want to see the Indians too," I wailed. It was two long days and nights since we had boarded the train and all I had seen were rocks and trees and lakes and some little red stations. But Albert said the west was full of Indians.

"You want those Indians to steal you?" Mama scolded. "They could hide a little five-year-old girl like you under their dirty blankets and we'd never see you again."

But I saw my very first Indians through the windows: men and women in red blankets, black-eyed moon-faced babies tied to their mother's back, boys with bright shirts and fringed pants, girls with long dresses. Everyone, even the men and boys, had long black braids. Some had beads hung from their necks, beads on their flat moccasins and even beads in their hair.

"They don't look fierce or bad, Mama. They are just standing there."

"All Indians are savages," Mama said firmly, "no matter how they look. You must never, never, go near them."

Then the train whistle blew. It wasn't the long slow whistle we'd heard so often the past few days. That whistle sounded like a lost banshee, Papa said. This was a short, sharp blast, like a gun. The smaller Indian children ran to hide behind their mothers' skirts. Every window on the train was filled with people waving and shouting to the Indians. A few boys waved back. The older Indians smiled a little. The train engine gave a last whistle and pulled out, puffing black clouds of smoke. The train windows came down in a hurry. I wondered how long the Indians stood there watching the train, or were they waiting for another train?

Papa was all smiles when he came back. "We are in the West now, he said. "That was Winnipeg. Only three more days to Calgary."

"Where we will live with the Indians perhaps," Mama said. She began taking out her cooking pans, making a lot of noise. With four families and a total of fifteen children in our coach, taking turns cooking meals in the tiny cramped kitchen always made Mama cross. She couldn't forget her clean, spacious farm kitchen with its big cooking range,

cupboards and shelves; its cool cellar, the massive round dining table. On this train everything from bedding to food to last five days or more had to be stored in large ungainly bundles in the aisles each morning, after the parents made up the bunks. The aisles became the children's playground. We thought it was all great fun. But although we were in the comparative comfort of the Agent's coach, with its padded black horsehair seats instead of the wooden slatted seats in the other colonist coaches, it was no fun at all for Mama.

After we left Winnipeg there were no more trees and rocks. There was only empty land without beginning or end, flat and mostly brown with a few patches of green. But the farther west we travelled the more Indians we saw. Beside every little red station or siding a few Indians would be standing, wrapped in their blankets, silent, watching.

"They are like children," Papa said. "They want to see the magic of a black, smoke-belching iron horse with its long tail filled with white squaws, papooses, and braves. They wonder how it can cross their land on those two endless black lines. Maybe they wonder what this magic will do for them."

"Down East," Mama said, "Indians stay on the reserves where they belong. Out West, they kill white people and burn their homes."

"Don't talk like that in front of the children," Papa said. "After all, this is the year 1900. It is fifteen years since those Indians had trouble with the white settlers at Frog Lake. They never had any trouble with the Indians around Calgary. They are friendly because of Father Lacombe's work with them."

It was impossible to keep soot, cinders and grime out of train coaches of that day. Before our arrival at Calgary Mama had done her best to make us clean and presentable. She dressed us all in our new Sunday outfits, kept carefully for the occasion. No one was going to look down on us when we got off the train. After all, we had come from a good home in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. We must show the wild West how nice people looked.

But the only welcoming committee on hand seemed to be the Indians. The long platform was filled with them. They too were dressed in their beaded and blanketed Sunday best, Papa said. Many of them were holding belts and moccasins bright with beads, offering them to the people getting off the train.

"See?" Papa said, "These Indians are progressive. They do fine bead work and sell it. Does that look like the work of savages?"

But his brother George got excited and threw his new hat out the window. Papa couldn't find it. Mama was certain the Indians had stolen it. She refused to get off the train.

"I will not live in this wild place with thieving Indians. I will take the children right back to Tingwick. You can stay out West by yourself."

Papa was stubbornly Irish while Mama was obstinately French. We were all completely bi-lingual. Papa had visions of a big farm on the wide prairie with no back-breaking grubbing to remove stones and stumps. He didn't mind sharing the West with the Indians. Mama wanted nothing beyond her snug little village in Quebec with its big church and small neat farms, the houses close and neighborly and no Indians anywhere. However we all got off the train and were taken to the Immigration Hall. This barracks-like building was a great convenience to incoming settlers. Each family was allotted rooms as required, free of charge, or for a very nominal sum until the move could be made to their new home. Papa began looking for a temporary home for his family to live in while he searched for his ideal farm or ranch. Soon he was back.

"I've found a house close to the church, the school and the hospital," he announced. He began piling our bags into the wagon he had hired. When Mama saw the impressive twin-spired sandstone St. Mary's church blocking First St. West, the large sandstone Convent school and the red brick Holy Cross Hospital beyond, she smiled for the first time. But when she saw the large square log house that Papa had bought, she was appalled.

"It is a barn, surely Phillippe?" she gasped.

But it was our new home, one big room and an attic. Papa had bought it for \$100. He could have bought the 'Judge's' mansion across the street for \$1,000. It was an impressive sandstone house set in half a block of land behind an iron fence flanked by spruce trees, with flower beds and cinder paths. Even the stable was in keeping with this well planned estate. But it had to be sold to satisfy creditors. Papa had realized a tidy sum in cash for the sale of our Quebec farm and stock but he was saving it to buy that dream farm.

I can still see Mama scrubbing that rough wooden floor the day we moved into that log house, tears mingling with

the lye soap solution she was using. The sharp astringent smell of lye and the slightly nauseating odor of whitewash was with us for a long time in that house.

The Calgary town limits were two short blocks north of our home. We were in what was called the Mission because it was the original homestead of Father Lacombe and Father Doucet, pioneer missionaries to the Indians of the West. Besides the church, convent and hospital, several families had made their homes in this growing community. But Mama was not happy to learn that our two nearest neighbors were part Indian.

We were barely settled when we had our first visitor. One morning the door opened and an Indian man wrapped in a dirty grey blanket came in. Mama screamed. The Indian opened his mouth wide and pointed his right hand into it, shaking his head and looking sad. Mama grabbed the broom. The Indian opened his mouth wider to show how empty it was. But he left when Mama seemed about to strike him with the broom. She locked the door and kept us all inside till Papa and the two older boys came home.

"The poor man was hungry," Papa said. "Remember in the West no one ever turns a hungry man away from his door. And we do not lock our doors either."

Mama was outraged. "It is our door, is it not? He did not even knock on it!"

The custom of knocking was quite unknown to those Indians. Because the Mission district had belonged to their beloved Father Lacombe first of all, they still felt free to wander around it. When they were hungry they just opened a door and their mouth and expected to be fed like the baby birds. But Mama would not feed 'those lazy beggars.' She kept her broom handy and though she was a tiny woman she looked as if she could use it. Pretty soon the hungry-looking Indians went elsewhere.

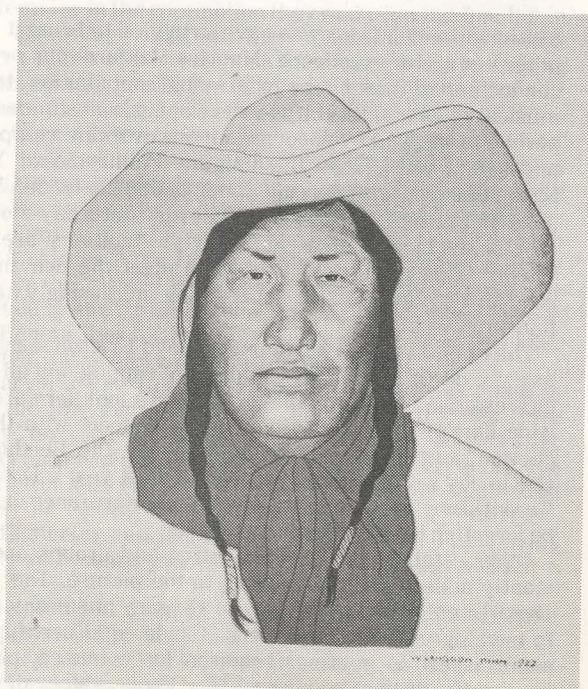
One day the door opened and an Indian man with a boy of about eight slipped inside. Before Mama could do more than scream the man was holding out a pair of pretty beaded moccasins. Pointing to seven-year old Henry and to his own boy he began a rapid flow of words mixed with eloquent sign language. Poor Henry was convinced the Indian wanted to exchange him for the moccasins or maybe for the Indian boy. He dived behind the bedroom curtains screaming:

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## WALKING BUFFALO

An unusual portrait of the Stonies last medicine man, Walking Buffalo, painted by W. Langdon Kihn and used as an illustration in the Department of Northern Affairs book "Indian Days" by Marius Barbeau. It depicts Walking Buffalo as a young man at about the time "Mama" of the story first saw Western Indians. By then Walking Buffalo had been schooled by Andrew Sibbald at the old Morley Mission, had been adopted by and taken the name of the Rev. George McLean. The young Indian had also attended the Red Deer school.

At the time of "Mama's" coming to Calgary and this portrait, young George was hired as a Mountie scout and interpreter in Calgary. He then assumed the white man ways and quit wearing the blanket, that half-way garb between white men's clothes and buckskins. He tried hard to imitate the non-Indians in the hope that their friendship and prosperity would come to him. But like "Mama's" attitude toward Indians, his attitude towards whites changed, and he returned to his reserve to help his people and marry Flora, the daughter of medicine man Hector Crawler, and before his death at 93 he became probably the most famous Indian of all the western reserves.

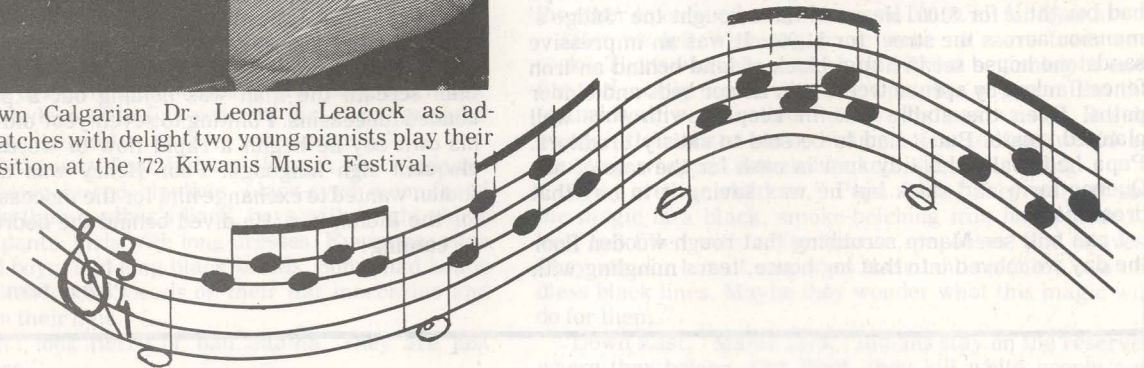




Well known Calgarian Dr. Leonard Leacock as adjudicator watches with delight two young pianists play their own composition at the '72 Kiwanis Music Festival.

# Young Land Young Musicians

## TODAY . . .



Like a luxuriant prairie summer, our musical life in Calgary is growing, vibrant and alive. Exciting? It's beyond description. If present new trends are given public support and are cultivated into the perennial pattern that is our inheritance, we will have a musical landscape that is truly expressive of the Canadian West.

What is our musical inheritance? Pretend if you will that on a clear day you are standing in a flat field south of Calgary and you are facing west. The giant Rocky Mountains in the distant background are the great masters of music: Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Elgar, Stravinsky, Barber and a hundred more from Europe and elsewhere who represent our first settlers and our present populations. Some mountains are newer in geological time and like modern composers, their permanent positions are not yet secure; nonetheless, they are giants on the scene. The foothills, being closer to us, could represent local musicians and teachers who have been prominent. Although I do not know them all, some who stand out are Dr. Gladys McKelvie Egbert, and Norma Piper Pocaterra who still teaches singing. Two ex-Calgarians, Minuetta Schumiacher and R. H. Williams became teachers of international reputation, the latter writing music for young children. We have had, and still have outstanding music teachers in Calgary.

The growth of the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra is a story in itself; and tribute should be paid to the conductors,

musicians and citizens who have struggled to bring it to its present stage of excellence. Maurice Hanford, our present conductor, is making an enormous contribution to the musical growth of this city by developing high standards of performance, and by encouraging our own fine composers and young musicians. The Calgary Philharmonic Youth String Orchestra is his brain-child. Under the leadership of John Thompson, this group meets every Saturday morning at Connaught School at nine thirty. Auditions are held weekly. This group was formed to meet the demand for good string players who are becoming increasingly hard to find anywhere.

The Philharmonic Chorus under Lloyd Ericson stands out as a wonderful training for students of singing and all those interested in choral work. Next year we look forward to a wide variety of music to be sung in concert with the orchestra, among which are Verdi's Aida, the Beethoven's Ode to Joy with the Ninth Symphony. Last year's Dream of Gerontius by Elgar was a dream of a performance never to be forgotten by an enthralled audience.

Other established musical centres and groups are constantly adding and contributing to the picture. The Music Department at the University of Calgary has many facets of training under fine teachers; Grade eight certificate in some aspect of music is required for entrance, plus, of course, Grade twelve in school. The Conservatory of Music at Mount Royal College under John Bach presently has two

and a band. Members of Mr. Frank Clayton's Calgary Youth Orchestra are working hard doing odd jobs to raise money for a trip to Europe. Mr. Clayton Hare, former conductor of the Calgary Philharmonic, has a small orchestra for children ten and under. They practice on Saturday afternoons at two o'clock at Southminster United Church. School music under Cyril Mossip's guidance has included orchestra and band from Junior High level and up. Instruments can be rented at a nominal fee. Brownies, Guides, Cubs, and Rangers now have musical groups. The Stampeder Rock Group, originated in Alberta, have sold an amazing one million recordings. Add to this list impromptu bands, chamber groups, combo and folk groups, and you can see what a tremendous lot of music-making we have.

In the forefront of our melodic landscape, encouraging hundreds of youngsters, adults, and teachers, has been the Calgary Kiwanis Music Festival Association. It continues to conduct an outstanding annual competition, a learning experience in itself. Every aspect of musical and speech arts are represented. Much credit for the forward looking

approach of the whole festival must be given to Florence Musselwhite. Dedicated to her position as festival secretary she has nurtured new ideas such as family music, creative music, creative writing — "everything creative". She is most concerned with the importance of the creative movement for children. "Who are we to say that music is less important for young people than Algebra?"

This then, is our musical inheritance, past and present, — a too brief look at our good fortune. Blessed with a province of great natural beauty and wealth, with proud peoples of diverse cultures it remains for us to meld and weld our music out of the land into new shapes and forms. You can come in off the prairie now!

Where do we go from here you may ask? What directions shall we take? How do we fit music into the frenetic lives of our young people? Let's take a look at some interesting ideas.

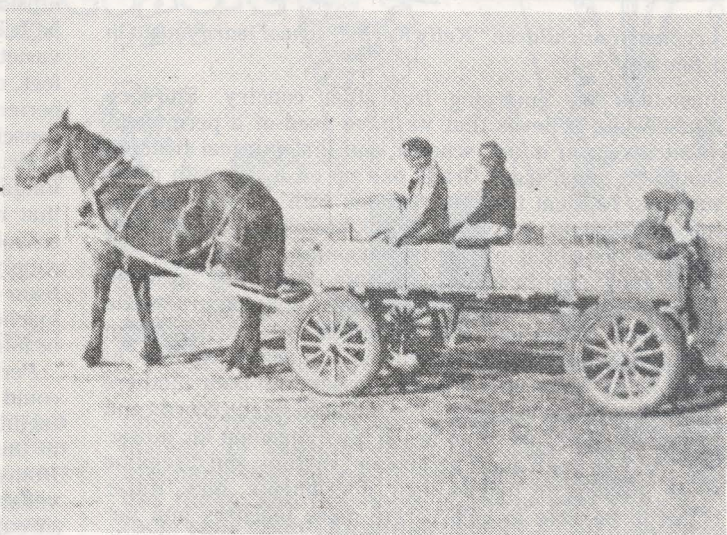
In Japan, there is no shortage of well-trained musicians. Ninety percent of school children are actively engaged in music — in their schools. As a result, the world's best

*please turn page*

## and YESTERDAY

*This is the type of school transportation used in Saskatchewan in the "dirty thirties" when the Ilfield School amazed the musical adjudicator. It was a co-operative rig with one parent supplying the horse, another the wagon, and another the unusable tires from his car that he had no gas for.*

*Dobin even supplied his own gas by eating up the grass during the school hours in the school playground and incidentally cropping and fertilizing it while doing so.*



The vigor of a new country often is reflected in its peoples' lives—not only in the way they tackle life's problems, or in the commotion they make having fun, but in their arts. Their writers, their musicians have a new quality. Like a cactus bloom on the desert, it has surprising brightness. Such was the case when the children of our pioneers first began to perform music in public. This excerpt from Alberta writer-teacher John C. Charyk's latest book "Pulse of the Community," which is the companion book to first delightfully received book "The Little White Schoolhouse," reminds us of how we succeeded in the past:

"A number of rural schools distinguished themselves in these music festivals. But probably the outstanding success story in the history of musical festivals in Canada was achieved by the rural school of Ilfield S.D. (Sedley, Sask.). The Regina Leader-Post of Wednesday, May 30, 1934, reported the achievement in this manner:

"Marvel of the Regina Music Festival are the children from the tiny rural school of Ilfield, seven miles from Sedley, forty from Regina. They came from a dried-out district, ate a picnic lunch from baskets, sang under the direction of Miss Jean Graham, their teacher, and gained 98 marks, the highest known in Canada. Sir Hugh Robertson, the adjudicator, indicated that it was the second time in his quarter of a century of adjudicating he had given such a mark.

"The people here today should thank God that they have been permitted to look into these innermost recesses of sanctuary of beauty," said Sir Robertson, of the singing of Mozart's Cradle Song by the sixteen farm children.

"Singing simply, to gain unstinted praise from the veteran adjudicator, the children were termed as nearly perfect in their chorus work as is humanly possible.

"Mr. William Walter, a chairman of the board of trustees of the Ilfield school district, when contacted by long distance telephone, spoke of how proud they were of the boys and girls. He spoke of the Ilfield district being in the 1933 dried-out area and the crops needing rain right now. What he did not mention was that these same bright young songsters had put on a concert at Christmas to raise money to give a school in a drier dried-out district."

No wonder now on concert stands all over the world, western Canadian musicians are appearing, and we have magnificent theatres like Alberta's two Jubilee Auditoriums and Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theatre where fine performances are presented to less formal but no less appreciative audiences and we have an annual arts festival in Banff.

This year of '72 an unbelievable almost thirty thousand children performed at the Calgary Kinwanis annual Music festival. Banff had a month long Summer Festival of Fine Arts, and up in the northern Yukon they had a summer festival too.

Now music truly rings out in the Canadian West. We may have "A home on the range" but we sing not only Western music, rock and roll, but the great classics too and enjoy doing it.



A typical four children "Kelly Kirby" school learn music in a fun way.

musicians are emerging from that country. Florence Musselwhite believes that we have need of a permanent music program in our schools, and that musical training should be given from Grade one up on a par with other subjects. Musical training remains with children for the rest of their lives. It gives a mental discipline to its students and provides a built in sensitivity training.

One most significant import from Japan has been the Suzuki method of teaching the strings. Adapted in Canada as Talent Education, the movement was activated in Calgary by Mrs. Georgiana Ritter. Pre-school children of three to six years attend small classes with their mothers who act as home teachers. The children have records and games for home use all of which have meaning for music. The children learn aural perception, rhythm, and discipline while learning to handle their instruments. Mrs. Ritter hopes to be able to incorporate more teachers into her program during the next year. "We hope that the Suzuki method will develop an exciting, creative response from the children, and that they will grow to regard their violin as a wonderful lovable toy."

The Kelly Kirby system of training young children in the rudiments of the piano is an ingenious and charming course designed by Mrs. May Kelly Kirby at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. As early as 1936 Mrs. Kirby was developing techniques through games, crafts, songs and dances, to teach young children by "the kindergarten method." Encouraged by Sir Ernest MacMillan and her husband, John, Mrs. Kirby organized her program so that it has spread across Canada, to England, and other countries.

Thanks to Mrs. Janice Milevik, the Kelly Kirby method of keyboard training has grown up in Calgary and several teachers have been specially trained in Vancouver or Toronto. These teachers take classes of four pre-schoolers starting from four years old. After completing a two year course, the children are happily familiar with ear-training, scales, time values, use of fingers, and the lives of the great composers. Because of her interest in creative music, Mrs. Milevik's graduates are also interested in composing. Shelley Robinson, six years old, won fourth place in Junior Creative Music at the Festival, competing with children up to sixteen years old. Her piece was entitled, "Sleep, Baby, Sleep".

Creative Music was introduced into the Kiwanis Festival three years ago. Many believed that a knowledge of theory had to be acquired first, and that this could be taught only to older children. However, while inspiring her pupils to create their own pieces, Janice Milevik also gave them the

urge to learn enough theory to write them down. Her students continue to write music of an amazing quality, chock-full of musical expression.

The Yamaha Music School for children from four to eight years, has proven beyond a doubt that youngsters should and can create music. Creative music has always been an integral part of this fine teaching method. The theory of music incorporated through games, songs, and play, gives the child a musical literacy at an early age. There is an emphasis on ear training with the idea that any child can develop a good ear if trained at the right stage of their development. Dorothea Johansen, a Yamaha teacher, showed me impressive compositions created by her five year olds.

Research and development for the Yamaha Music Course, undertaken by the Yamaha Foundation of Japan, involved the collaboration of the best minds in the fields of psychology, medicine, education and music. Today, nearly half a million children are attending Yamaha classes the world over.

"The fundamental tenet of the Yamaha philosophy is that music should not be forced INTO children, it only needs to be brought OUT of them. The children participate in a variety of activities which they enjoy. By using their hands, feet, eyes, ears, voices, and minds, they obtain a total experience and grasp of music — naturally and without conscious effort".

Mr. Jeffrey Edmonds, director of the Yamaha School in Calgary, explained that the course can be put into schools, that he himself had directed such a program for three schools in Winnipeg with resounding success. "We will supply the necessary equipment including a piano; we will train qualified teachers from the school or supply our own teachers". A Yamaha course in brasses and woodwinds will be introduced in the next few years for older children.

Perhaps this offer should not be ignored. A pilot project could be immediately set up in a school with orchestra facilities already available for Junior High students. Music in this school could be incorporated into the curriculum from Grades one to six, using more than one of the marvellous programs for young children already described. (We do not yet have the singing method from Hungary, or the percussion from Germany; these should be researched). Private teachers might take an interest in these methods to broaden their teaching from a performance orientation to a total musical experience for their pupils. As the Yamaha parents' hand book says "Music has an im-

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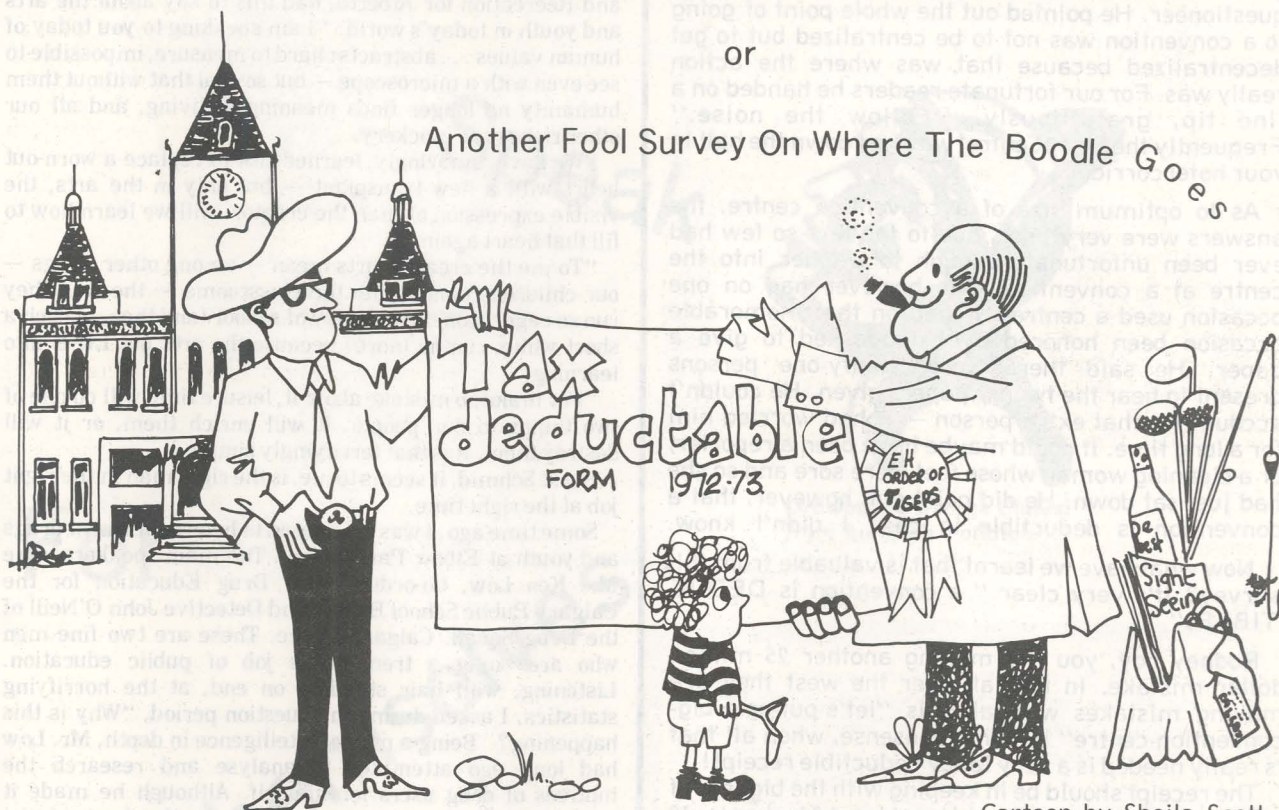
A group of tiny musicians play on tiny Suzuki violins



# Convention Centres

or

## Another Fool Survey On Where The Boodle Goes



Cartoon by Sheila Scott.

The Great Convention Centre Controversy — is a mystery. It's almost as mysterious as that often insoluble one of why did the smart men of today wait to grow beards until after the invention of the electric razor? Whatever the reason, across our lovely western plains — with the force of an old prairie fire — is sweeping an outbreak of convention centre building.

We were personally very concerned about the lack of serious study that has been given to this epidemic. HAS THERE BEEN A SURVEY?

Surely everyone must realize that without a serious, and preferably an expensive, survey these plans are doomed to failure? First of all without a survey the whole thing is unfashionable. Even a ten dollar sewer pipe can't properly hope to convey that four-letter stuff it does without at least having a respectable thousand dollar survey to back its stuff up with. Where is our head to head survey of convention centres? Has no one counted the pointed heads yet?

As a public-spirited citizen in a city that has a higher than average per capita intake of spirits, I decided to conduct an unofficial survey.

Following the best accepted methods, I asked my ten friends for their opinions. At first no one took my survey seriously because it had no grant, however, I soon discovered by simply using for opener the magic phrase, "We are interested in YOUR opinion," I got results! My interviewers shut their eyes, rolled back their heads, and just let it flow. Mind you I did have to listen to a lot of extemporaneous material, such as: why they had failed in grade four, what they did at the last Grey Cup game, how they were certain their dentist was

on their many visits taking fillings out of their teeth instead of putting them in, that their garage mechanic was surreptitiously putting sugar in their gas tanks, and that their plumber they knew for a fact really hadn't forgotten his tools — he didn't have any!

But by persevering I unearthed some very relevant facts re convention centres.

Re the question, "Why did you attend a convention?" An impressive 82% majority admitted they went because they were invited.

Another 12% admitted they went to impress their bosses, or their fellow workers, or anyone they might meet in a bar that they were either on their way to or had just got back from a convention. One thinking-type interviewee had an excellent reason. He had, he proudly announced, a wonderful wife — very beautiful, loving and intelligent, in fact so intelligent she wouldn't go to conventions, so it was his means of escape. But every single interviewee, after quickly giving his first reason, leaned over and confidentially whispered, "Well, really, because it's tax-deductible."

In reply to the question, "Why did you choose to go to that particular city for your convention," 81%, after careful thought, replied "What city?"

However 100% of those interviewed all remembered the direction they had gone. If you live in the west, you will go to any convention provided it is east, north or south. It seems remoteness is of prime consideration and interest, and then they all would whisper, "You know it's deductible of course."

As to the question, "What did you think of your last convention centre?", again 71% were slightly blank and replied, "What centre?"

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type (meaning he had been inquirer-questioned many times before). He was now bored with the whole process of surveys and he felt he had graduated to where he should now wiser up the questioner. He pointed out the whole point of going to a convention was not to be centralized but to get decentralized because that was where the action really was. For our fortunate readers he handed on a fine tip, gratuitously, "Follow the noise." Frequently the best 'Centre' was just down the hall in your hotel corridor.

As to optimum size of a convention centre, the answers were very poor, due to the fact so few had ever been unfortunate enough to wander into the centre at a convention. One however had on one occasion used a centre. He had on that memorable occasion been honored by being asked to give a paper. He said there were twenty-one persons present to hear the twenty papers given. He couldn't account for that extra person — it had worried him for a long time. It could maybe have been a reporter, or a cleaning woman whose feet were sore and so she had just sat down. He did point out, however, that a convention is deductible in case I didn't know.

Now what have we learnt that is valuable from this survey? It's very clear " a convention is DEDUCTIBLE!"

Rodney boy, you are making another 25 million dollar mistake. In fact all over the west they are making mistakes with all this "let's-put-up-a-big-convention-centre" building nonsense, when all that is really needed is a very fancy deductible receipt!

The receipt should be in keeping with the bigness of the West! Our receipt should be at least 8 inches by 10 inches, or even a foot long, on heavy cardboard. The receipt should be indicative of our hospitality — "the latch string is always out" western attitude. Let's go all out and give them two receipts, not one! One suitable for framing and hanging on their office wall and the other could even be, with originality, enclosed in a fine big envelope, already conveniently pre-addressed to the taxation office at Ottawa. I don't think we should get carried away too far; the recipient should have to buy an 8c stamp, and in some small way contribute something to our economy besides a deduction.

The receipt should remind the convention of the West's golden future. What about printing our city crest on it in gold? And the receipt should be light-hearted, gay, even humorous. We might even consider putting our mayor's picture on it. Let's utilize his talents while we have them.

The whole project would be unique and original and financially sound. Even if we ever arrive at that terrible point where the government finds it has to close the schools, cut off medicare, and then in desperation finally declares conventions are not deductible, we, in Calgary, will still be in a good position!

We could then just use the left-over receipts to repaper the new mayor's office, whereas what could we do with the old, unused, non-tax paying, convention centre?

I will confess when I undertook this survey I had no idea it would unearth such valuable relative material! Now I am convert — unfortunately not to \$25 million convention centres, but certainly to surveys! I had more darn fun doing it and I now find that taking a survey is tax deductible too!

M. Seeing Starrs.

portant, continuing role to play in the social, emotional, spiritual, and intellectual growth of the child. To this end we must commit ourselves".

The Honorable Horst Schmid, Minister of Culture, Youth and Recreation for Alberta, had this to say about the arts and youth in today's world: "I am speaking to you today of human values . . . abstracts: hard to measure, impossible to see even with a microscope — but so real that without them humanity no longer finds meaning in living, and all our other riches are mockery.

"We have, amazingly, learned how to replace a worn-out heart with a new transplant — but only in the arts, the visible expression of man the creator, will we learn how to fill that heart again.

"To me the creative arts mean — among other things — our children running into the classrooms — the way they run so eagerly on the first day of school (and then, in such a short while, run no more) because the arts put LIFE into learning.

"For make no mistake about it, leisure time will do one of two things to our people. It will enrich them, or it will destroy them. It is that terrifyingly simple."

Horst Schmid, it seems to me, is the right man in the right job at the right time.

Some time ago, I was fascinated to hear a forum on drugs and youth at Elbow Park School. The main speakers were Mr. Ken Low, Co-ordinator of Drug Education for the Calgary Public School Board; and Detective John O'Neill of the Drug Squad, Calgary Police. These are two fine men who are doing a tremendous job of public education. Listening, with hair standing on end, at the horrifying statistics, I asked during the question period, "Why is this happening?" Being a man of intelligence in depth, Mr. Low had long ago attempted to analyse and research the motives of drug users for himself. Although he made it clear that there are many strands in the knot of the problem, two of his reasons were most interesting to me, and bear directly on our concerns for youth and music.

The first weed in the pasture is the so-called 'nuclear family' with its many problems and pressures; it is not providing enough emotional support for our young people. Detective O'Neill commented that "You only have to ask a kid "How much do you do with your family?" and the child in trouble invariably replies 'Nothing.' Music can be a marvellous family activity, either as participation or appreciation.

The second reason applies directly to the creative arts. From the time our youngsters are toddlers, Mr. Low explained, they can walk to a T.V. set, push a button, and receive "an instant kick". No effort is required — no imagination, intelligence, or creativity. This generation is the first one to be brought up on this form of recreation. The result is obvious: accustomed to high impact experience easily acquired, our young people are too easily bored. "What these children need is Creative Activity!"

Yes, children need the arts — they need music. In our time, they need it desperately.

Having once provided them with the needed educational opportunities, we may then say:

"Arise Smith, Jones, Wong, Murakami, McLeod, Child of Morning Star, Bruneau, Janski, and Evans, all you wonderful children of our Canadian West — feel, think, and live your art, for you are the pioneers of the present. Go out to the hills, forests and prairies and learn their being, and translate into music your fresh knowledge. We are counting on you."

— Mary Dover

First time author Mary Dover is a long time Calgarian. She was the previous Mary Saucier and was born in Calgary. She is the wife of David Dover whose flight in the great air race of 1970 we wrote up in our Spring issue of 1971.

# Indians

# Speak



*Drawing by George Clutesi  
from his book Potlatch*

# For

# Themselves

# And Well

Artists, Poets, Architects, and Writers

The Canadian Indian of today is crying out to his fellow Canadians for understanding and patience. The patience to wait until mutual understanding between two alien cultures can be reached. Some young Indians are, like my friend Kahn-Tineta Horn and wish to keep the old ways. She, after being a successful model in Montreal, has returned to her Caughnawaga reserve near Montreal with a desperate hope to save the old warm ways of her people, and save from encroachment the natural beauty of her Mohawk people's land. Others, young ones, belong to an ambitious, bitter group, the 'red power' boys whose primary struggle is for recognition and money. They believe if these are just given them by the government all the other problems of the Indians would instantly vanish. Recognition of our Indians' problem is universal but to each of almost over a hundred tribes in this large country, their needs and the hoped for solutions differ. So a neat, overall, acceptable solution is impossible to find.

All Indians are agreed there must be no further land robbing. The reserves were in reality the only

payment received for a peaceful surrender. The small area given was less per capita than the free land that was originally given forever to other early Canadian homesteaders.

Lately the white man has grown more appreciative of the Indians' respect and conservation of nature, for his concept of welfare for the entire tribe, and even some of our young people for his system of communal living. Now the Indian is longing for a share in our good health and educational programs and for his family jobs and the pleasures of our high standard of living. Surely these two races can at last, after years of separation, unite, and join together the better traits of each race.

Young, ex-Alberta Kent Gooderham edited and Dent published an entire anthology of Indian authors "I Am An Indian" (hardcover \$5.25, paperback \$2.50). All are articulate writers who speak for themselves. In this issue five Indians speak: an actor with passion, an architect with originality, a prize-winning author, with eloquence, a young poet, with beauty and an American Indian with the humour of his race. All plead beneath the words really only for understanding.

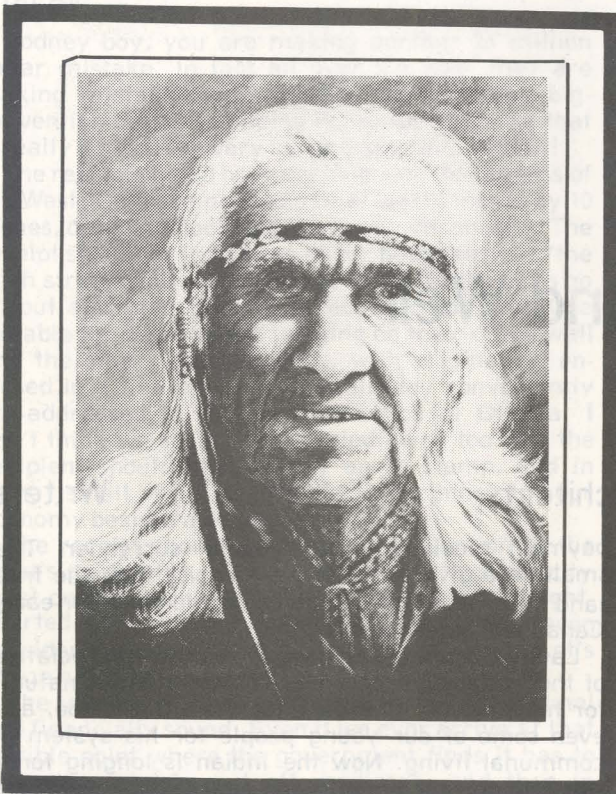
Author

Artist

George Clutesi



PHOTO BY DANE CAMPBELL



Oil painting by Calgary Artist John Crittenden

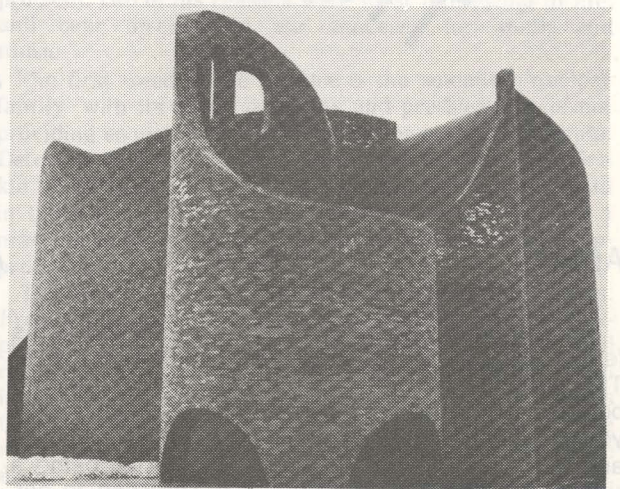
Actor

Chief Dan George, the fine gentleman who is Canada's only movie actor who is of Academy Award calibre and a medal of Canada recipient, is a west coast Indian - he says of integration-

"Until we have found our treasures, until we meet you as equals, we shall not come as cringing objects of your pity. I shall come in dignity or I shall not come at all. Pity I can do without, my manhood I cannot do without".

Architect

A western architect, Douglas Cardinal, who is proud of his part Indian blood, designs a beautiful church -- St. Mary's at Red Deer, Alberta. Like his people before him, he turned to nature for his inspiration. He copied the fragile web of a spider to create the great two hundred and fifty ton church dome that has no visible means of support. A man of the new era, Cardinal wisely put the computer to work to copy nature's miracles.





## CLUTESI

*George Clutesi is a fine author, a fine artist, and a fine west Coast Indian. Like many Indians he suffered from a mediocre education but when middle aged, while convalescing from a severe industrial accident, he decided to take up painting and returned to the stories of his people for inspiration and refreshment of his soul. As a result, he became such a fine painter Emily Carr willed him her paint brushes, and he has written and illustrated two best-selling books about his Indian people of the west Coast, "Son of Raven Son of Deer" and the award-winning, "Potlach", both published by B.C. publisher Gray Campbell.*

*Clutesi is a big, strong man who you feel is at complete peace with himself. In fact that was the first question he asked me when I met him. "Was I at Peace with myself?" He spends a great deal of his time these days speaking to young school children and university students telling them of the vanishing culture and philosophy of Indian people. Among the many honours he has received is a doctorate from the university of Victoria, and on that occasion he told the young white students in the traditional beautiful word pictures of the Indian and that greatest of all feelings is - compassion - that which could truly unite our two races. He said —*

**Excerpts from Indian author-artist George Clutesi's memorable address to the graduating class of 1971 at the University of Victoria:**

This past century has brought us much prosperity, much success, powerful leadership. Indeed we have leapt into the remote regions that we term as technology. We boast that we now walk on the moon. How so very true!

Alas, during the process and in our own frenzied scramble to climb on the band-wagon to show, to prove that we too belong to the elite, we turn our backs and ignore a greater capacity, endowment, virtue, strength - a faculty called compassion. This is manifested in our own lives off times in seemingly harmless manners.

For example, one day last summer I asked a group, comprising some 70 teachers at a UBC seminar: if, for the first time in your career you discovered that you had a little Indian student in your class, how would you feel, what would you say?

A long uncomfortable silence, then two out of the over 70 teachers in the class answered, and both of them said: "I would wonder how far behind he was with his classes." This is not compassion.

For untold centuries mentors and sages have been pleading the cause of compassion. Indeed your history informs, reminds, us that the greatest teacher entreated: should a friend ask of you to go with him a mile, go with him twain."

Should you ever discover a young Indian student in your midst, say: "I will make friends with that little boy." This is compassion. This is going two miles with a friend instead of the one asked for.

Throughout the centuries the voice of the mentors, the sages, have been persistent but few heed the message.

Like Kup-chah, the voice of the rapids, the sound will vault the stand of pines, reach beyond the hill to be heard in the vales, its message read, received by those who seek wisdom.

Like the mysteries of an incoming tide, it will steal into your life.

Like the lapping of wavelets as they scud to reach yet a little higher upon dry sands of a summer's eve.

Low and calm, stealing through the wood the voice will come. Penetrating the bole of the giant cedar. To be heard in the glen beyond the canopy of salal.

Listen. It will whisper like the zephyr from the south. The voice is quiet for it runs deep. Like the pools below the waterfall.

It soothes the conscience, it stills all fears. Stimulates and inspires the old and the young. To want the simple joys that come from the honest fellowship of man.

This is compassion. This is the virtue that our people preached, practised and believed in.

Compassion is not taught by word of mouth. Nor is it taught by the written word. Compassion is engendered from compassionate souls. From there it grows and blossoms forth to maturity. Moreover our people, the Indians, were very near to nature.

It was because of this that they became more and more compassionate. They were also renowned for longevity.

My uncle was very old when he summoned me to his bedside and said:

"I have had a full life . . . Throughout my long years of living I made myself useful to my fellow man, nonetheless I liken myself to yon dead tree whose sap left its trunk long since."

"The winds will soon crash its great hulk to the ground. There it will lay till time will return its wood to earth. So will the winds of time topple me. So will my frame return to mother earth. I am ready. I welcome its approach. I have fulfilled the task The Master expected of me."

"For I leave an issue a son and grandchildren. The knowledge that you are here assures me that you likewise will grow. Like the sapling the great tree left in its stead."

"Now I bid you: unto all mankind be compassionate."

With these words the old man fell into a profound silence. Verily our people's faith grew and matured with compassion.

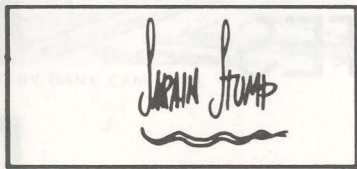
Can man aspire to greater heights of beauty. That he die at peace with his God and with himself!



HUBIS-CLARKE PHOTOGRAPH



## The Ethnic Poem-Drawings of



*Sarain Stump is a young Indian poet-artist whose first book, "There is my People Sleeping" was published by Gray Campbell of Gray Publishing Company in British Columbia.*

*In poetry, Sarain Stump speaks of what his people have lost and of how difficult it is to fill that void.*

*Of himself, he says in his first letter to his publisher....*

My full name is Marion Sarain Stump. My mother gave me the name of Sock-a-Jaw-Wu as she was thinking about somebody with that name in her family on the Shoshone side. The meaning of the name is "the one who pulls the boat" - from earth to water. I'm from the country of Fremont, Wyoming, and I was born the 16th or 17th of October 1945, around that day anyway. At that time my mother's family was very upset about her marriage with a full-blooded non-Christian Indian and we never got information from them.

I went to some government schools outside the reserve, but I had some troubles. My older relatives, Shoshone, Cree and Flathead (Salish) gave me some form of education. They had seen me interested in the old stories and they were telling me them. I started to draw when I was just a little kid, on the groceries papers.

I remember just two white people teaching me, an old man and a young lady but I don't think they were Americans. Later I got interested in the Indian painters, mainly from the southwest. I watched Allan Houser and Quinchy Tahoma paintings, trying to understand what was a Kiowa-Comanche from Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Then I started to understand the old paintings and drawings and finding them ever more full of meaning and life. These paintings and the Indians who explained them to me are my real teachers, I think.

I liked some European art too but it doesn't excite me, except for somebody by the name of Bosch and some Picasso's. But Picasso took much from our art and the Negro and Oceanian carvings.

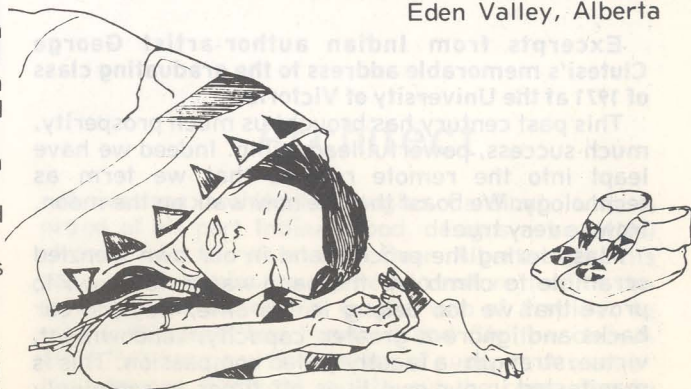
I probably was influenced by other Indian painters of my age, some coming from the Sante Fe Indian School, some from the Intermountain Indian School in Utah, some self-trained like my friend John Lindberg, Assiniboine, living now in Helena, Montana.

I read some books about Indians, some things I learned from our older people. that's all the education I had.

Actually I'm trying to buy a house in Canada and I wanna make my home here. Sometimes I feel like going to see some Indians far away, But I think I'll keep this place as my home.

I wish I'll be able to meet George Clutesi. He is the first of the Indians far away I feel like going to see.

M. Sarain Stump,  
Eden Valley, Alberta





# THERE IS MY PEOPLE SLEEPING ...

And there is my people sleeping

Since a long time

But aren't just dreams

The old cars without engine  
Parking in front of the house

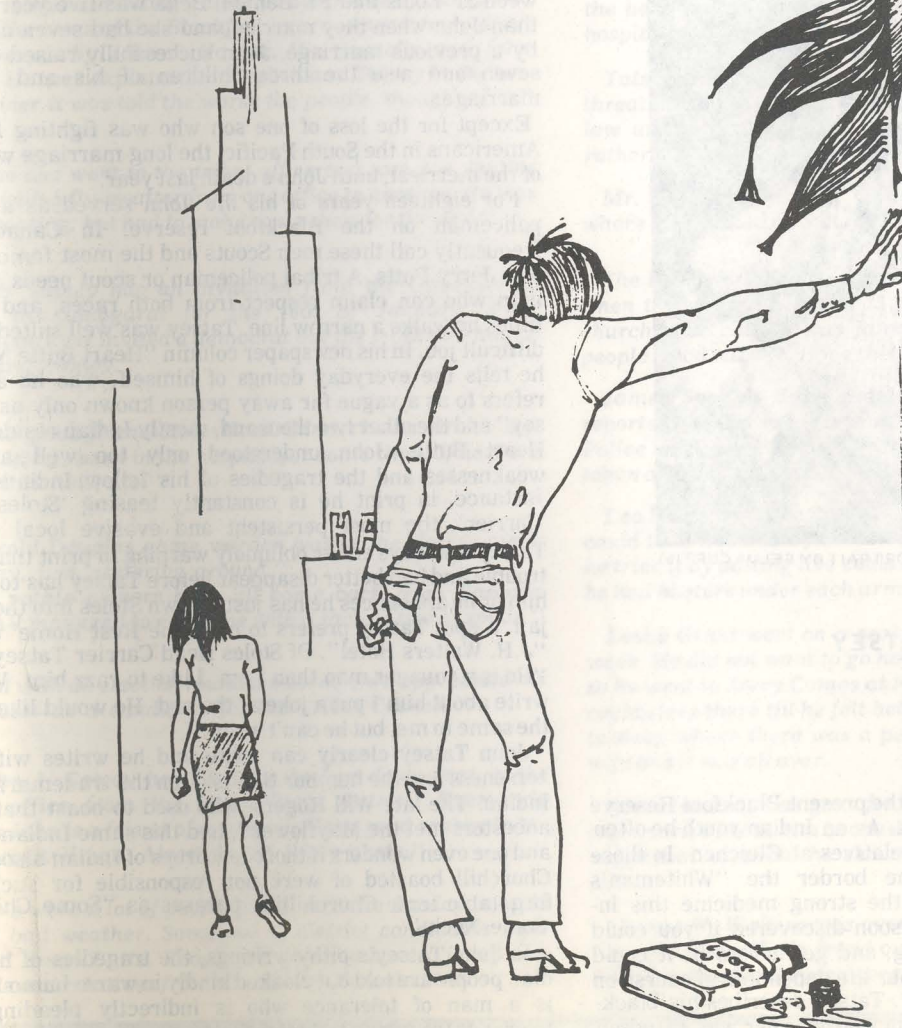
Or angry words ordering peace of mind  
Or who steals from you for your good

And doesn't wanna remember what he owes you

Sometimes I'd like to fall asleep too,  
Close my eyes on everything

But I can't

I can't



SARAIN STUMP

Random Quotes from "The Black Moccasin," a book containing excerpts from John Tatsey's column — "Heart Butte News".

# An American Indian Columnist



(FROM THE PORTRAIT BY BELVA CURTIS)

## JOHN TATSEY

John Tatsey was born near the present Blackfoot Reserve in Browning, Montana in 1894. As an Indian youth he often came to Canada to visit his relatives at Gleichen. In those days the Indians called the border the "Whiteman's Medicine Line" because of the strong medicine this invisible line possessed. They soon discovered if you could just locate the invisible thing, and get across it, it could either save you, or cost you your life depending of course on who was chasing after whom. Tatsey describes his black-foot father as a mixed up Indian whose father was a Hudson Bay trapper and whose mother was a Blood.

Born at the end of the nineteenth century, Tatsey as a youth suffered from the backlash of hatred that followed the American massacres and Indian wars, and he received only a few years of education at a mission operated school. Despite that, he grew up to be a man of great tolerance, great humour and a good writer. For seven years he wrote a column for two Montana newspapers, "The Hungry Horse News" and the award winning "Glacial Reporter". His column was read far beyond the borders of Montana and Senator Mike Mansfield, the Senator Majority Leader for the United States, not only read his column but quotations from it appear in the Congressional Record of the United States.

Now excerpts from Tatsey's columns have been republished in the book "The Black Moccasin". The hard cover copy of it is already sold out, but a \$3.00 soft cover version can be obtained by mail from the Curtis Gallery at the Davenport Hotel, Spokane, or next year in Calgary's new Art Guild store.

John Tatsey is an author you enjoy reading but you wish you could have met the man. Over fifty years ago he married a remarkable Sioux woman, Bella Alvarez Raeine. Bella's maternal grandfather was the brother of Sitting Bull, but her father was a Spaniard, a cook who worked on the stern-wheelers that ploughed the Missouri River between St. Louis and Ft. Benton. Bella was five years older than John when they married, and she had seven children by a previous marriage. John successfully raised Bella's seven and also the three children of his and Bella's marriage.

Except for the loss of one son who was fighting for the Americans in the South Pacific, the long marriage was one of the merriest, until John's death last year.

For eighteen years of his life John served as a tribal policeman on the Blackfoot reserve. In Canada we frequently call these men Scouts and the most famous one was Jerry Potts. A tribal policeman or scout needs to be a man who can claim respect from both races, and at all times he walks a narrow line. Tatsey was well suited to his difficult job. In his newspaper column "Heart Butte News", he tells the everyday doings of himself, who he always refers to as a vague far away person known only as "Tatsey" and the other two thousand, mostly Indian residents of Heart Butte. John understood only too well all the weaknesses and the tragedies of his fellow Indians. For instance, in print he is constantly teasing 'Stoles Head Carrier', the most persistent and evasive local drunk. Tatsey is always either obliquely warning in print that he is trouble and had better disappear before Tatsey has to catch him or he announces he has just thrown Stoles into the local jail, a spot Tatsey prefers to call "the Rest Home" or the "J.H. Walters Hotel". Of Stoles Head Carrier Tatsey said, "He is a younger man than I am. I like to razz him. When I write about him I put a joke at the end. He would like to do the same to me, but he can't write!"

John Tatsey clearly can write and he writes with the terseness and the humour that is often the trademark of an Indian. The late Will Rogers, who used to boast that "his ancestors met the Mayflower", had this same Indian trait, and one even wonders if those few drops of Indian blood that Churchill boasted of were not responsible for such unforgettable terse Churchillian phrases as "Some Chicken, Some Neck."

In John Tatsey's pithy writings, the tragedies of his Indian people are told but cloaked kindly in warm humour. He is a man of tolerance who is indirectly pleading for tolerance from his non-Indian readers.

M. STARR



# Heart Butte News

EXCERPTS FROM JOHN TATSEY'S COLUMNS

"Perry Spotted Eagle, the changeable man something got into his mind and he went to church last Sunday, that was a good turn he made."

"Found between Old Agency and Heart Butte one licence plate and tab truck 3 8 T1210, tab no. 3 8 T 1204 and one ladies shoe with overshoe. Owners don't be afraid to call for these because the jug was empty that was there."

"The old time doctors who just came to work among the Indians claimed that they could cure drunkenness by injecting horse blood in their veins. Maybe now it would be better to inject horse sense into their brains. Might help some."

"There was a prowler at the school yard Saturday night knocking at doors. When Tatsey went out to investigate he found Joe Middle Riders from lower Two Medicines. Lucky Tatsey was on a vacation with no jail key so stay away Joe."

"There was a meeting called at Starr school Sunday to explain the aims of the Blackfeet improvement association to the people by John J. Harper, Vic Connolly and John Tatsey. Harper explained in English and Tatsey in Indian. The plainer it was told the worse the people thought of it."

"Some one went to the tribal office and saw Joe Janitor hitting with a fly-swatter from one office to another. He was sure sweating, but had to make some show for the day."

"John Tatsey has an invitation from the Governor to attend the inaugural for the 16th of January. First republican ever invited a democrat but the tribe now has no travelling money."

"Our good friend StolesHead Carrier had a stroke last week and has been in the hospital for some time. If he don't get well he will die."

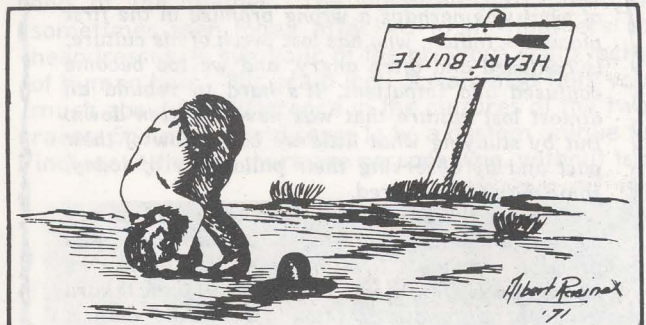
"Harold Douglas game warden was at the Tatsey place Tuesday, just pestering around."

"All potato pickers have all come back from Cascade area. All managed to get home with a sack or two of spuds."

"And with an election round the corner, we appreciate his own note—as a candidate for his Tribal Council."

"John J. Tatsey has filed for broken down seat in the tribal office from the Heart Butte district. Everybody knows John is a friend of everyone. Have good reason to try for a councilman. Already cost thirty cents."

There were a lot of people at Heart Butte Sunday in spite of the bad weather. Some out of district candidates were around Heart Butte. People are going to have a lot of new friends and relatives from now till the June election.



Tuesday afternoon the reporter was driving to Heart Butte and saw two guys on the road. They seemed to arguing over somethin when they got to the store it was Geo. Bremner and Robert Still Smoking. Robt. said that the Cree was sure dumb. He put up a sign upside down and Geo. said that the Blackfeet could not read. Geo. had to stand on his head in order to see if the sign was put up right. Both blamed it on their nationality.

— — Take note United Nations!

"An Indian got mixed up with an old lady at Heart Butte so the old woman pick up a jug of Gallo and whack him over the head and his head was soaked with in wine. He was hospitalized for several days. So don't bother an old lady."

Tatsey the policeman alternately cajoles, praises and threatens his fellow Indians in the interest of maintaining law and order among a people who find those matters rather dull.

Mr. & Mrs. James H. Walters motored to Hot Springs where Jim bathed on Sunday afternoon and got home O.K.

The best ever happened at Heart Butte was last Sunday when there were between 75 and 100 cars in front of the church. The church was jammed so there were a lot of people stood outside. Hope their prayers were heard.

James Spotted Eagle was at police headquarters and reported dogs killing his sheep right in his shed at night. Police went to the party who owned the dogs and they were taken off the living list.

Leo Bull Shoe had a dream last week. He dreamed that he could take live coals from the fire and not burn himself so he tried it by putting live coals under his arm pits. Next day he had blisters under each arm so he is no medicine man.

Leslie Grant went on a party with some young men last week. He did not want to go home, he was afraid of his wife so he went to Jerry Comes at Night's house and asked if he could sleep there till he felt beter. They showed him a place to sleep where there was a person sleeping and it was his wife and it was all over.

Mose Hanault was gone for some time last week. Every one worried about him because there was no one else to play rummy or crib, but he showed up Sunday in a silly condition.

James W. Walters was over Sunday to go to church and pray for himself. He found out that he was away behind in his attending Sunday services.

### A TWO CULTURES GAP

The great tragic gap that still exists between the Indian and the non-Indian is not just a time lapse or lack of kindness, but it is also a lack of understanding. We have failed to grasp the significance of his culture and to allow for its differences from our own. This is due to the fact that we systematically attempted to destroy his culture in the serene belief that ours was better. As a result of what was perhaps a wrong premise in the first place, the Indian, who has lost much of his culture, is confused and often angry, and we too become confused and impatient. It's hard to rebuild an almost lost culture that was never written down. But by studying what little we both know of their past and by observing their philosophy of today, some may be recovered.

We know the Canadian Indian never had money as we understand it. His wampum belt was probably Canada's first credit card. Because he survived so well without money, he still finds it hard to accept our fanatic devotion to it. To the Indian, it is to be spent, when you have it. If you can't get anything without it, you must have it, otherwise it is just a thing.

Their sense of time confuses us. Indians used to measure time by the moons and they knew it could not be hurried or altered by man. They had no clock to turn conceitedly forward or back as we have. They knew that going somewhere at a hundred miles an hour did not save time. All that happened was that you were going too fast, while the moon, the real keeper of time, serenely rose and set inspite of all your frantic efforts.

Another cultural gap comes because it is we who have grown too far away from, and forgotten all about, the old tribal concept of living together. We fail to recognize that the Indians' way of caring for their aged, their young, and, if they are fortunate enough, for all their relatives, is anything but an example of lazy dependence. We, who preach the Sermon on the Mount, are horrified with how the Indian recognizes the equal right to life and, if possible dignity, of all creation.

I often used to get mad at an Indian meeting when some senile member would rise and harangue us all for half an hour or so, and not one of the audience would get up and ask him to sit down, thus implying that the old man was a fool. Impatient to get on and get home, I would watch with amazed horror the rest of the Indians who sometimes took a short nap while the old man ranted on. Yet it is in 'our' Sermon on the Mount that if you say to your brother, "Thou Fool," you are danger of hell-fire. But then if there is no fool in the Indian's world, there is also no hell in his other world.

Equally incomprehensible to us is the fact that there is no word for failure in their language. I remember I once took a professor of archeology with me when I was speaking to the Stoneys on a problem about their schools. The professor noticed immediately that the interpreter had to use the English word "failure" and later the interpreter explained that in their language the equivalent word did not exist. For them, it is a too 'face losing' word to use about an equal human being. Mental cruelty is, if possible, not to be used among tribe members; physical, if necessary, but mental rarely.

Already this noble culture is partially lost except among the very oldest Indians. The young find they cannot safely take the old culture with them to the school or the city. Soon the entire Indian culture will be lost if a concentrated study is not made of it. For this reason, we tell the story of the Indian's feather hat.

## The story of the Indian

# FEATHERED HAT



Painted by the famous Canadian Indian artist, Gerald Tailfeathers, as a young man. He gave this picture as gifts to those who had helped his people in the Hobema trial. This was his way of saying more than just "thank you," — it was his way of giving them a feather hat. At the present time, Mr. Tailfeathers is a resident of the Blood Reserve and has become one of Canada's foremost living artists.  
-He is the designer of Canada's newest stamp.

Probably the best known and admired part of a present day Indian's costumes is his feather hat or war bonnet. This great fan of eagle feathers has a soft majesty all its own. It is worn by the man on all ceremonial occasions, although a woman may be given one to denote a very special honour.

er was usually a chief, but today they are worn by whoever can afford one. The vanishing eagles' feathers are not easily come by, and Canadian Indians sometimes even import them at a price ranging from a dollar a feather up. Ironically, this new value combined with D.D.T. has probably also contributed to the disappearance of this beautiful bird from most of its haunts in North America, a bird once worshipped by the Indians as a god. The older feather hats that were made of hand collected eagle feathers often flowed in two sprays from high above the wearer's head to the ground, but today, probably for economic reasons, the shorter shoulder length hat is the one usually seen.

In the unrecorded past before the white man came, it is doubtful if today's feather hat was worn. No early historian mentioned them and none of the pictures of those days show any as elegant as those worn today by Indians in parades, at dances and ceremonies. However, as near as can be determined, the Indian always did wear some feathers on his head, sometimes woven into his braids or gathered in a cluster, fastened to the back of his head.

The feathers in their hair or hats we see nowadays were certainly more prevalent among the Indians of the western plains than the eastern Indians, although there is a marked similarity between them and that Mexican headdress of the Indian Aztec king, Montezuma. This is one of the few very ancient feather hats still preserved, feathers being of such a fragile nature they usually disintegrate with time. But intrepid Cortez, the Spanish conqueror-murderer of Montezuma, took this unique hat back to Europe, and it can still be seen in its rich emerald green elegance in the Vienna museum, preserved under glass, and a replica of it is in the Mexico City museum.

But the eagle feather Indian's hats, besides being beautiful, tell us a great deal about their culture.

I got the story of the hat from the late John Laurie. He had received two Indian hats himself as symbols of their regard for him. He had also spent a lifetime observing the Indians. They trusted him as they did no other white man, so they told him of their many secret societies and ceremonies; stories that they kept jealously from others. As a scholar, he had studied and carefully analysed their customs. Before his death, he had composed a history and a dictionary of the Stoney people which had taken years of minute research. So the story is probably as accurate as any that will be found. Laurie only told me the story because, after his heart attack, I had to take his place in a ceremony of the giving of the hat.

There is nothing peculiar to the Indians about choosing feathers for their head gear. Some of our own sporting characters still favour a game bird's feather in their hats, indeed we are all familiar with the very old English expression, 'a feather in your cap', which indicated the happy result of some praiseworthy action. Indeed what we wear on our heads has often a special significance - witness the unwieldy crown we force on our monarch's pained brow. But it is the eagle feather that has always been a symbol of courage to the Indian..The earliest white travelers believed this and described the eagle feathers which were also fastened to the hair and the 'coup-stick'.

A feather hat must, he said, be made only of eagle feathers, and each feather added to the hat is symbolic of an enemy overcome, but not necessarily

killed, by the wearer. A feather was an honour given or one just assumed by an Indian who had actually physically touched his enemy. Thus you may note, it could not be given for any remote killing done by an arrow. A very personal act of courage was involved. It was never given if the enemy happened to be a woman or a young Indian boy. If one managed to scalp his enemy, then his hair was attached to the end of the feather. The horsetail hair, that is sometimes seen today attached to the feathers in headdresses, is symbolic of the previous scalp locks of human hair. This scalp lock of hair also tells you much about the difference in the cultures of the two races. Scalping would seem to be a custom unique to Indians, although there are persons who, without too

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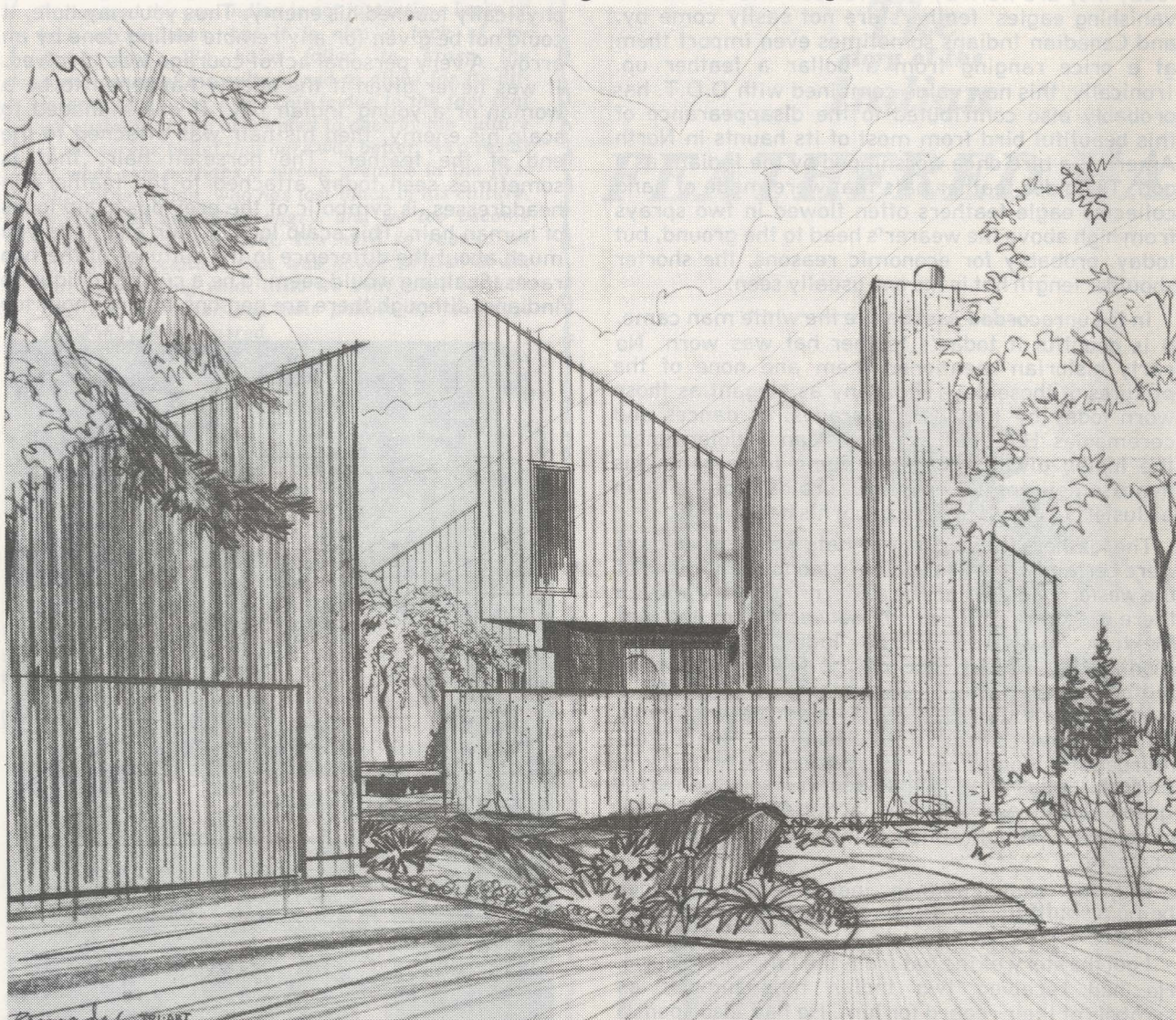


JOSEPH BRANT  
THE MOHAWK CHIEF

*This unusual and elegant portrait of an Eastern Canadian Indian was painted, sometime before the beginning of the eighteenth century, by the famed English artist George Romney. This Chief, Joseph Brant, lived a luxurious life in a lovely, two-storey, brick home near Brantford, Ontario, the town that was named after him. He wore a semi-white costume and was a great friend of the white. Poor Joseph lost a large part of the Mohawk reserve through that friendship. He allowed a renegade English lord to marry his daughter and as her dowry he gave the groom a big part of the Indians' reserve. The Englishman soon deserted his Indian wife and became a spy for the Americans in the war of 1812. At this first law case involving Indians in Canada, when the vanished husband was convicted in absentia in court, the Canadian Government then seized all the possessions he had left behind including the poor deserted Indian wife's lands, and thereby the Canadian Government got back from the Great Mohawk nation most of the reserve they had given them in peaceful settlement of all their aboriginal claims.*

*Note his hat is of plumed feathers but not the Eagle feathers which are part of the western Indian culture.*

## When Is A Garage Not A Garage?



*The two storey garage on the left of this Calgary home, creates an exciting and interesting arrangement of buildings.*

The answer to the riddle above is probably when it has a second storey. Today there is a trend to build 'fashionable' garages with second storeys and all over, garages are now being remodelled as actual living additions to the home.

The idea, like most, isn't new, it's just a revival of an old one which served many a useful purpose in the past. In those leisurely days before the car, the carriage or coach house built apart from the residence invariably had a second storey, in which the servants dwelt. In England these two storey carriage houses, cleverly converted, have often become the prized possessions of house hunters, long after the large old mansions, servantless and impossible to maintain, had mouldered away.

In Calgary there is one old carriage house that has been turned into a delightful rumpus room. This is part of the old home of Alberta's past 'Queen's Cowboy', Lieutenant Governor Bowlan on Elbow Drive.

In Eastern Canada no respectable horse barn was built without an upper storey called the hay loft and any child who has ever had the joy of wasting away an afternoon in that delightful place, will never

forget the sheer luxury of having such a hideaway. Possibly it is this same desire for privacy in a crowded world that is responsible for the new trend in turning the garage into another home-not-away-from-home.

If you can enjoy the luxury of having a house designed to suit your own specifications, you can then have a two storey garage built into the home. Wolfgang Wenzel, the well known designer, designed and built one in Calgary's Lake Bonavista area. With the same exterior as the main dwelling, in this case cedar siding, the two storey garage to the left hand side blends pleasantly with the entire structure. He used full sized opening windows in the second storey of the garage in harmony with the house, although a wonderfully cheap plastic skylight is available if desired. In this way, using no extra ground space, you can have a rumpus room, an office, library, a self-contained flat for grandma, or dare we whisper, perhaps servant accommodation.

It is also certainly influenced by the growing shortage of available city space and the correspondingly high cost of land. The fact is that a

well. Some garages today may cost the homeowner well over \$100,000. That's a high price to pay for housing an inanimate 'piece of tin'. Whatever the reason, ingenious house owners are now finding novel uses for the lowly garage, over and above the original intention.

However not everyone can have a new home with a two storey garage built in, but with imagination and planning, anyone can have a two storey garage.

It isn't easy to combine successfully beauty with utility, but this is what has been done in the western home of two geologists Jean and Bill Bannister at Springbank, within commuting distance of Calgary. It is an 'A' shaped chalet that lies contentedly under a great steep roof of grayed cedar shakes. The original owner built this small two bedroom house from a plan he found in a one dollar book put out by Calgary designer Wolfgang Wenzel. The plan did not include a garage, but instead placed the house on the far right side of the lot, and provided for a driveway mid-centre leading to the side entrance of the home. This left space across the driveway and opposite the house entrance for an ample lawn or for later construction.

As the original owner's family grew, he built a two storey 'A' shaped garage in this space, using similar materials, and with a shake roof of the same height as that of the house. By simply placing fencing across the driveway between the home's entrance and the new garage, the owner then created a patio and a safe place for the small children to play. The back of the garage was extended eight feet and utilizing the space above this and that existing in the high 'A' shaped roof, he was able to not only have a double garage, but also two small bedrooms, one large family room and even a tiny bathroom added to his accomodation. While his children were babies, the original owner used this space to attract adequate house help. As the children grew, they, in turn, moved across the small patio into these rooms.

The present owners have done an exciting and imaginative job on re-decorating the 'garage house'. Now their teenage children enjoy the privacy of living there and their parents also appreciate the separating patio space, which serves as a pleasant physical generation gap, and which, if necessary, can cut them off from the blaring radio and T.V. noise which seems today to be youth's constant companion.

The garage-home cost considerably more than a normal one, but it was less than the joint costs of a double garage, a new patio and adding four rooms to a house.

You can, of course, re-model an old garage if you carefully observe the building restrictions. We know of one where the old garage was lifted up and set on steel posts. With a wind break on one side, the space under the garage provided sufficient protection for the car, and the father of the family was provided with a new type of hay loft of his own, where he is happy work-playing at his hobby.

Bill Whitburn, a Calgary florist, is helping a client design a plastic bubble for the flat roof of a garage, which will serve as a winter hot-house. Filled with flowers in bloom, it should at least prove to be the prettiest garage in town and give the house-holder a pleasant view.

The two storey garage is a happy flexible way for the individualist to solve some of today's urban problems, those of high building costs, noise, lack of privacy and most important of all, lack of adequate living space.

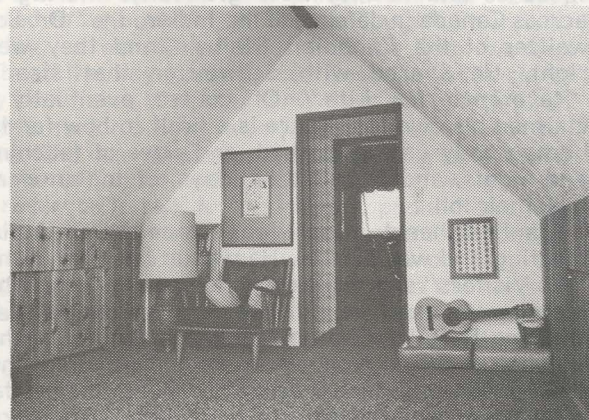
M. Starr



From the front the new garage just adds interest to the house.



Back view shows the garage on the left — has the bay window and the patio is between.



Two rooms over the garage — note the cupboards under the eaves.



A beautiful bedroom in the added space behind the garage with bay window and seat.

*The Dr. Schweitzer" cont.*  
listing each blind person on every reserve, and badgering, and finally persuading a reluctant government to give them five dollars each per month! It sounds incredible now when Indians do receive welfare but his battles for widows' pensions, for the blind, for welfare allowances and sick care at the Camsel hospital were the small wedge that held back the government from almost breaking down and destroying the Indian people as a race, until he could, through his speeches and those tireless letters, make the public aware of what was going on.

Big improvements did come gradually, but always Laurie was a great one for taking care of the small things too. For instance, he always addressed all Indians in public as 'Mister.' This was because we invariably, familiarly and superiorly, call them by their first names while expecting them to 'Mister' or 'Miss' us. In early years, despite the inconvenience, he rarely talked on the phone in their presence, or photographed them even though he would have liked to, because older Indians were still suspicious that a man lost something when you did those things. He once sat up alone an entire night, and fumbling about, made 400 biscuits for an Indian party, although he was a most indifferent cook. The torn, newspaper recipe for biscuits, and a story of that, is in the files at the Glenbow. Once, when I was busy with a big Indian legal problem and he was bedridden, he made me drive all the way to a bazaar at Sarcee to buy one dishcloth because he had promised an old lady he would be there to buy it from her.

It was the media that labelled the man, whose speeches and writing were gradually filtering all across Canada in defence of the Indian, the "Dr. Schweitzer of the Canadian Plains," and they were right. He shared with Schweitzer that strange "Reverence for Life." Of course eventually it claimed his own life. There is a limit to how far the human body can be pushed, and days of teaching, and nights, and so-called holidays, of Indian work, took their toll.

His first heart attack took place at an Indian meeting and was severe. He was in hospital with a "No Visitors" sign hopelessly hung on his door when his dear friends, the Stoney's old medicine man, Walking Buffalo (George MacLean) and four other braves, in full Indian ceremonial dress, marched through the corridors of Calgary's General Hospital, and before the horrified staff could stop them, locked themselves in Laurie's room overnight. Next morning, there was little the angry staff could do or say. Laurie was amazingly better. It seemed such a very personal thing, I never really asked Walking Buffalo or Laurie how it was done. Once Walking Buffalo volunteered that it was mostly what we would "just call prayer." However although Laurie recovered, the damage to his heart had begun and it was during the Hobema trial that the more serious effects would come.

That was in 1952 when, after years of hopeless and futile effort, the Canadian Government, under Minister of Indian Affairs Jack Pickerskill, came up with a way for the government to get out from under the expensive Indian problem that had been placed on the Dominion Government's shoulders by the British North America Act. Why not just stop calling them Indians? Then they would become just ordinary citizens and the provinces would have to look after them. To do it legally, like many a dictator before them, the Government began a registration of



*John Laurie dressed in one of the costumes given him by his grateful Indian friends.*

all the Indians. With a list, it's easy to just cross anyone off. Next the Federal Government revived a long forgotten statute that said any Indian or half-breed, or descendant of an Indian who had taken a payment called 'script' following the Riel Rebellion settlement, could be expelled from a reserve. Actually a past, ashamed government, when the misuse and failure of the script system had been pointed out to them by missionaries Father Lacombe and Rev. McDougall, had long since passed laws outlawing script. But now this revival of an unjust and abolished act could, if put legally into force, drive half of all the Indians off our western reserves.

Laurie was frantic with indignation and he was determined that we would fight it legally. The test case in Alberta, if lost, would not only ruin the lives of more than five hundred Cree Indians, but as Time magazine later pointed out, the ownership of over seventy million dollars worth of oil rights was also at stake, as well as the reserves of all Western Canadian Indians. But we had no money for a brilliant lawyer or complicated genealogy searches, or even the money for a court reporter. However fight we did, with me, now a housewife, in the role of the 372 poor Indians' lawyer and Laurie as my court reporter and assistant.

The case was heard on the Indian reserve seventeen miles from the nearest hotel in the middle of winter. For five days we blundered on, reviewing evidence all day and doing our research in the government records most of the night.

On the fifth day of the trial, news came from Calgary that my little girl had cut her eye. Laurie felt that I must go home. I requested the government appointed commissioner, Mr. Charles H. Grant, for an adjournment. This would have been granted, under similar circumstances, in the highest court of the land, but he said, "No." Laurie was insistent that I should go home, so I sat up half that night and left him with a list of written questions and directions so Laurie could act as their lawyer till I got back. By

the storm was beginning and I could hardly see the road as I drove home in the middle of the night. Fortunately my child was in better condition than I had expected. The next day Laurie phoned me from Hobema. I had never before heard him frightened or admit he was afraid. He was sure that he was making mistakes in court and he asked could I possibly come back. The blizzard had got worse and highway warnings were out, so I took the midnight train. At three o'clock in the morning I was the only one to alight at the dark station. There standing in the whirling snow was Laurie, bare-headed in his thin overcoat. There was no taxi that would come, so he came. Somehow we carried my heavy papers the seven blocks to the hotel through the storm.

The next morning, Laurie didn't phone to waken me as he usually did. I thought my alarm clock had beaten him to it. When I knocked on the door of his hotel bedroom and got no answer I thought I heard a moan. When I pushed open the door, I discovered him in the middle of a violent heart attack. He managed to show me how to get his heart pills and then I fled to phone for a doctor. The doctor was out but would come later — there was no nurse available and no one sounded too enthusiastic about taking care of a stranger in an hotel room. I ran for the commissioner with whom I would have to leave in fifteen minutes to get the seventeen-mile ride out to the Indian reserve. I told him my problem. I explained that I must stay with Laurie as I thought he was dying, and asked could they adjourn. Again he said, "No." So angry and frightened I could hardly speak, I rushed upstairs to Laurie. Somehow you could never lie to Laurie. On occasions in my lifetime, with crossed fingers, I've managed a necessary one, but never to Laurie. I decided to stay with him until the doctor's arrival, and when he asked, "Did they adjourn?" I said, "No but I can get there a little later." He struggled to try to get up, and through lips drawn thin with pain, he said, "Either you go, or I will."

Reluctantly I went, leaving a confused chambermaid with \$10.00 in her hand and shouted instructions. I just barely caught the last official car leaving for the reserve. I couldn't speak a word to the gay party of government officials on the long ride. Strangely enough — the Indians won their case!

We won at the first hearing because the government had somehow just seemed to leave out the most relevant part of the testimony that they had wired to the court from Ottawa. Testimony, that on the arrival of the actual document from Ottawa, stated that the Indians concerned had been denied by the government the script they were now accusing them of having received! As soon as the trial finished, Father Latour hurried me as fast as he could drive back to Laurie. He was quite a bit better although still unable to move and I will never forget his look when I said, "We have won!" He was so ill, he had to stay in the hotel another week before the Indians could move him, however never again would he be a well man.

Parliament, after that win, just changed the Act, so we had to prepare for a re-trial. This time they had made it harder to win. This time I didn't let Laurie come. Still ill he stayed at the ranch of his friends the Parkers in Cochrane where disturbing news reports could be kept from him. We lost that second trial. But Laurie lived to see us win the final and last appeal to a court of law. By now parliament members Colonel Doug Harkness and Mr. John Diefenbaker had

taken up the cudgels on our behalf, and almost daily, the Indians, threatened by dispossession and worse, were the subject of discussion in Parliament. Before the final hearing, newspapers all across Canada carried editorials discussing Canada's poor Indian policy. I even was making a nightly speech on Radio Europe. At the final trial other able lawyers came forth and helped me — my husband, John Gorman, Q.C., Mr. Bob Barron, Q.C., Mr. Bill Morrow, Q.C. (now Mr. Justice Morrow), Mr. Joseph Brumilk, all led by Mr. A.S. Moure, Q.C. When we won in 1957 there was actual dancing in the streets of Edmonton and the C.B.C. was on hand to cover it. By then, all Canada was aware of the fight and was on the Indians' side. Even a taxi driver said, "We stole the country from them in the first place, we're damn well not going to steal from them the little we paid!" I phoned a happy Laurie the good news, but he did not live long enough to go east with the Indians and me when, on the strength of that legal victory, we spoke to a special committee of parliament and senate for three days and they took some of the worst sections out of the iniquitous Indian Act. The very sections Laurie had spent a lifetime eliminating.

In the last few years of his life John Laurie was honored as Calgary Citizen of the Year and with a doctorate from the University of Alberta. I wasn't with him when he died, but I suspect he was still worrying away over a very old Indian who was about to be thrown out of his house to make way for the David Thompson Highway, and for whom he had promised to find a home. On his death, cabinet ministers and prominent persons from all over Canada wired asking to be included among his pallbearers. The Sarcees were broken hearted. He had wanted to be buried near the McDougall Church in Morley, so we hauled Laurie in his poor wooden coffin all the way to the Sarcee Reserve and back, so they could sing and pray with their white friend all night before his body was taken to the Stoney Reserve. The very Mounties who once long before had threatened Laurie and me with arrest if we went on the reserves to talk to the Indians, phoned and now asked to be allowed to serve as a guard of honour. Indians from three provinces walked or rode the freights or came in overcrowded cars to the funeral. A bishop read the final service over a grave too poor to have even a marker. Indians themselves filled in the grave on that poor Indian land where they had dug it — the bishop could find no rich earth when he reached down for it, only stones, so when it came to the "dust to dust" part, it was only pebbles which clattered down on the coffin. On it had been laid one of the three honorary Indian headdresses he had been given and his doctorate cap. I knew the Indians would want him well equipped in his happy hunting ground.

All that afternoon, the Indians who had gathered from across Western Canada spoke of him in their own soft way. I will always remember one old Indian whose tears were streaming down his face, saying "He ate with us, he didn't mind our food, he always ate with us." Laurie the Christian had truly broken bread and single handed had almost changed Canada's attitude toward its Indians. The honours came after his death — the Memorial Stone, the name on the Highway, and the Mountain. But behind the mountain, the road, and the stone flickers a flame of memory, an eternal flame, at which men may forever warm their hopes — the flame which was the life of John Laurie.

— Ruth Gorman

"No! No! Don't let him take me. I'll be good Mama! I'll be good!" Mama got her broom and the Indians left sadly.

Papa had acquired a couple of cows and a team of horses to bring in a little income while he looked for the farm that would satisfy Mama. I don't know how long it took him to accept the fact that Mama would never trade the comparative safety of the Mission with its nearby church, school and hospital for the unknown dangers of a distant farm probably surrounded by Indians. But he kept trying.

A man brought a small load of hay to the barn one day and Papa invited him for a meal. When Mama saw that he was an Indian even though he wore shabby white man's shirt and pants, she started to make a sandwich for him to eat outside. Papa was angry.

### THEY RODE DOWN THE CALGARY STREET SHOOTING AT EACH OTHER.

"If I invite a man to eat in my house, he eats at my table," he said. And he did. But Mama didn't serve him. She took me and my two little brothers into the bedroom until he left.

A few days later the same man was back with another load of hay. And his squaw. Papa brought them both in for a meal.

A few days later the same man was back with another load of hay. And his squaw. Papa brought them both in for a meal. But Mama saw them coming. She took us up into the attic. Papa had to feed them himself and he used some of Mama's good dishes!

The next time this Indian brought hay he had brought not only his squaw for company but five children as well. Rather sheepishly Papa led the whole family in for a meal. Western hospitality was Western hospitality no matter the number of unexpected guests. Mama threw up her hands in despair.

"Modoo! Next time they bring the whole Sarcee tribe and you feed them?" She flounced out.

Our next door neighbor was a tall fine-looking half-Indian woman with two grown unruly sons and a four-year-old grandson, Jackie. Seeing my mother wrestling with washing and scrubbing she offered to help. At first Mama refused. Indians were Indians whether full or half blooded and she wanted nothing to do with them. But Papa insisted she must have help. Reluctantly Mama agreed. Before long she and Grandma Kipling were talking like old friends, not only on washday but over the fence and even a cup of tea in Grandma Kipling's spotless kitchen. Jackie became our playmate.

One night I woke up terrified. I heard shouting and shots right in front of our house. Someone was knocking on the door. I crept down the ladder from the attic. Papa was pulling on his pants to go to the door.

"Don't open that door!" Mama cried. I slipped into bed beside her.

"It's only me," Grandma Kipling called. "Don't be afraid. I wanted to tell you my boys are drunk again. Look at the crazy fools. They won't listen to me. But they won't hurt anyone."

I peeked out the window. There were two men on horseback galloping towards each other with blood curdling yells. Each had a gun held high and the shots came so fast it was like firecrackers on the Queen's birthday. At the end of the street they turned round and came galloping wildly back at each other again. Mama was crying.

"We will all be killed in our beds! They will scalp us!"

"Don't be foolish," Papa said. "They can't even shoot each other. They're just showing off like children. They're harmless fools, like Grandma said."

The police must have thought so too. At least they never showed up when the Kipling boys were drunk and trigger happy. Or maybe police duty stopped at the town limits.

About half a mile from our house Spy Hill stood like a steep wall. One summer morning Papa called me outside. The top of the hill had blossomed with hundreds of smoky-white tents in the night. A lazy drift of smoke rose from each one.

"Indian tipis," Papa said. "The Indians are going to parade today right past our house for Dominion Day."

I had never seen a parade and did not know what to expect.

### ALL THOSE INDIANS HAD CAMPED SO NEAR US WHILE WE SLEPT.

But I was worried because all those Indians had camped so near us while we slept. I knew Mama would not like it either.

"Modoo! Those savages could have killed us in our beds!"

"Wait till you see the parade," Papa said. "Then you'll forget all that nonsense."

All morning groups of young Indian men dashed galloping past our house on their many-colored pinto ponies. When they saw us children peering through our picket fence they would let out a wild war whoop and laugh as we scurried back to the safety of the house. But not for long. We were fascinated by these wild half-naked men with the swinging black braids and paint smeared faces and bodies. These were not the sad hungry Indians who came to our house! Mama was shocked at their nakedness and forbade us to look. But Papa said God had made their bodies and they were proud of them.

Around noon the street was quiet and empty. Then suddenly it was filled with mounted Indians all the way to Spy Hill. I have seen many parades in many places since but none can replace the wonder and glory of my first one. Down the hot dusty street they followed their chief in disciplined formation, men, women and children dressed in the rich ceremonial trappings of a proud and ancient people. The tall powerful chief sat his white horse with regal dignity. No king ever wore his crown of gold and jewels more nobly than this Indian chief his sunburst of eagle feathers banded with intricate beadwork. Bands and loops of beads encircled his long black braids and hung from his neck to his waist. His buckskin pants were fringed with beads down to his beaded moccasins. His horse glittered with beaded bridle and blanket. I thought he looked like Saint Michael ready to slay the devil.

Behind the chief on a smaller white horse rode his round and smiling squaw, black braids oiled and her full skirted print dress bright with bead necklaces. The young braves followed, painted, feathered and erect on their pintos. Last came the gaily decked squaws, some with a papoose on their back, others hauling a travois behind their horse with the shyly smiling children on it. We waved to them. They waved back. I was so happy I wanted to run after them. Papa was happy too.

But not Mama. She had watched the parade from the safety of the house. Papa tried to tell us what a noble spirit the Indians showed by helping their white conquerors celebrate Dominion Day. But Mama said, "They are still savages." I was too young to understand but I could feel something of what he was trying to convey.

The tipis stayed on Spy Hill for three days. The dust hardly settled in the street from the constant galloping of the braves. On the second night Papa asked Mama if she would like to see an Indian Pow-wow. She threw up her hands in horror.

"Modoo! Watch those savages dance around the fire like they did when they torture those good priests? Non! How do you know they won't burn some white people tonight to make sacrifice?"

*Please turn page*



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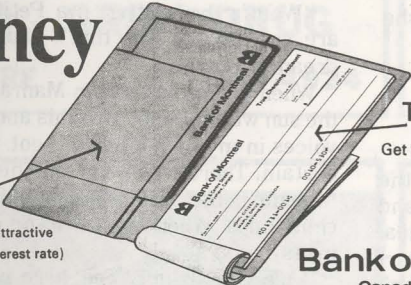
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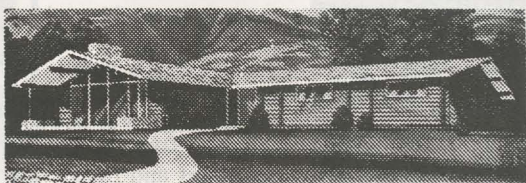
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"You are so foolish," Papa said crossly. "That was three hundred years ago. It was the warlike Iroquois of Quebec who did that. These are the peaceful Sarcee and Blackfoot Indians."

I begged so hard that Papa decided to take me along with my two older brothers, in spite of Mama's fears.

"Maybe she is too young to understand but she will always remember," he said.

He was so right. I have only to close my eyes to recapture that night: the soft velvety darkness peppered by sparks from the blazing fire like falling stars; the pungent smell of wood smoke; the strange silhouettes; the nervous chatter of the white people who had come to watch, and over all the muted call of the tom-toms. I snuggled close in Papa's arms.

Suddenly men came leaping into the circle around the fire. Their faces and bodies were slashed with bold strokes of red and yellow paint. From the tightly drawn black hair on top of each head a single white feather sprouted while long black braids tied with red beads hung down their chests. Half crouching, buckskin legs bending as one, they stepped rhythmically to the slow mournful chant: "Ki-yi! Ki-yi!" Gradually the tom-tom beat quickened, became louder. In and out of the firelight tomahawks flashed. The chant grew high pitched, frenzied. Women rushed in and formed a circle around the men. Faster and faster beat the drums; faster and faster the crouched figures leaped in the light of the fire. I buried my face in Papa's coat. Then with one mad crash the drums were stilled. The dancers had thrown themselves on the grass, exhausted.

"You and your Indians!" Mama scolded Papa when she saw my rapt face. "They've cast a spell on her!"

#### OLD FATHER LACOMBE HAD ONLY ONE SERMON.

One Sunday when Papa and Mama took us to church the back benches were filled with Indian men, women and children. Silent and respectful they were waiting to hear their beloved Father Lacombe preach one of his rare sermons. The rich uppercrust white congregation in their special cushioned seats in the front rows didn't look so happy. Old Father Lacombe had only one love and one sermon: his Indians. With tears streaming down his strong, rugged face framed by shoulder-length silvery hair, he begged and pleaded in his broken English for help for "Mes pauvres Sauvages."

But Mama was not moved. On the way home I heard her scold Papa for giving money away to feed "lazy Indians."

Papa's first team of horses included a mare with a colt. He was a beautiful little bay with a white star on his forehead. How we children petted and spoiled Star and how the clever animal played us off one against the other for his favors. When he was two years old Albert and Henry rode him bareback. For me there was a small saddle.

#### THE TASTY GRASS IN THE SLOUGH BEHIND THE LOUGHEED MANSION.

One morning when Papa and the two older boys were away, Mama became worried because the cows had wandered out of sight. I begged to ride Star to look for them. But Mama couldn't saddle or bridle him and I had never ridden bareback. Only the fear that the cows might have decided to feed on the tasty grass along the slough beside the Lougheed mansion, where they would be impounded if caught, made Mama decide reluctantly to let me ride Star with only a blanket and a halter. It would cost Papa five dollars for each cow taken to the pound! I promised to come home if the cows were not in McHugh's pasture, around the

south bend of Spy Hill.

But there was no sign of them. I turned Star for home. Then that sly pony got his head and started stubbornly up the hill. When he reached the steepest part almost opposite our home he started down at a wild gallop. Later my parents learned this was a stunt my brothers had taught him. The next thing I knew an old Indian woman was holding my head and trying to make me drink from a chipped enamel cup. It smelled of smoke. I pushed it away. I saw a smoke-blackened tipi in front of me. An Indian man was leading a small bay horse with a white star.

"Here your horse, little girl," he said. "You can ride? Come. I take you home."

All the fear Mama had instilled into me about Indians flooded my dazed mind. I was paralysed with fright. It was a nightmare. I had to get away! I stood up but the pain in my head made me dizzy. I caught the halter rope of the horse for support and he began to walk slowly away. I walked close beside him. I felt safe.

"I go with you," the Indian insisted. "You no good. I take you home."

Then the nightmare and the Indian were gone. I was just having a happy dream, of walking across a grassy field, past a pink house with a white picket fence, towards two tall steeples each with a cross on top pointing to Heaven. In my dream the horse stopped at a small corral. I opened the gate and he followed me in. Then I walked to the log house. The door was open. There was a lovely smell of molasses and ginger cookies. The lady I seemed to know was rolling the cookies dropped the rolling pin and grabbed my arms.

"What's the matter, ma Petite? What happened? Why are you staring like that?" Suddenly all was black, the dream was gone.

When I woke up I was in Mama's and Papa's big bed. And the sun was shining. Was this another dream? Then I heard voices in my own kitchen. I got up and looked through the curtain. There was Papa and the Indian who had wanted to take me home. They were drinking tea out of Mama's good china cups. When Papa saw me he jumped up and took me in his arms.

"Are you alright? See, here is the good man who saved you when you fell off Star. He followed you home on his horse to be sure you did not fall again. He knew you were my little girl because he brings me hay sometimes. You must thank him."

Then my dream was true. It really happened!

The Indian smiled and put out his hand. I took it and tried to say thank you. Mama was smiling but she looked as if she might cry too. Instead, she passed the Indian some more of her big molasses and ginger cookies. Then she filled a bag with more cookies for him to take home to his family.

Mama never talked of Indians as savages after that. They were just people like our other friends. With Grandma Kipling to show her, she began to visit those in need. She did this for the rest of her long life, until she died peacefully in her bed, in the city where she had found - "mes amis - mes pauvres sauvages."

*Author Gertrude Charters is a Western French Canadian. As is obvious from the above true story, she came to Calgary when she was just five years old. She attended the Old Convent School, St. Mary's High, and Calgary Normal. She has had stories published in Macleans, Family Herald, Toronto Star, and by the Canadian Press and many others. In the past she has been a teacher in Alberta, an editor of the Grande Prairie Herald Tribune, and a news editor for a radio station. To encourage young writers it is interesting to note her first publication was at fourteen when she won the Albertan's province-wide school short story contest, and repeated that win for the next two years. She also won the Calgary Herald's competition during that period. At present she lives in Victoria, B.C.*

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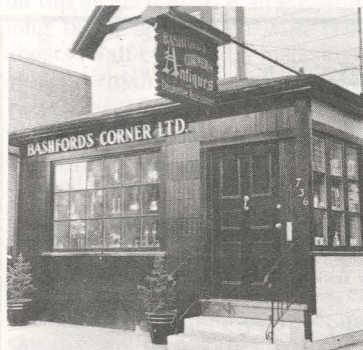
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claim the Indians learned it from the English. The source of this may be in an Indian legend.

In a book published in 1893, Egerion R. Young recounts an Indian legend which he believed explains this strange custom. The legend contains the ingredients of fierce love and hate. A wise old chief who had a beautiful daughter desired by many warriors, set as her price the killing of the chief of an enemy tribe. One young warrior was successful in killing the enemy chief, but fearing he might not receive the prize if he merely recounted a story of the killing, he decided to sever the head and carry it back as proof of his deed. He was hotly pursued by the enraged members of the enemy tribe. To speed his flight, he discarded, as he ran, one by one, each of his possessions until only the severed head remained. In desperation he cut off the hair and scalp and threw away the rest of the head. When somehow he managed to make his escape and returned, he was able to claim the chief's daughter because he carried the proof he had killed an enemy. From that time on, the possession of hair scalps became proof that an enemy had been personally overcome.

Unfortunately the custom of scalping did much to convince the Indians's white conquerors that they were barbarians, and increased the gap between the two cultures. Possibly this is due to our own race's horror of mutilation of the dead. Early conquerors, who shot down with guns Indians armed only with wooden spears and arrows, felt they were not acting barbarically at all. But they felt that the Indians they killed, whose custom was to remove a forelock of hair from the head of an enemy they had personally touched in battle, were in reality the barbarians. This is even stranger when you realize that scalping did not necessarily result in death. There is much evidence that victims, especially if only the forelock was removed, did survive, just as American Indians survived the trepanning operation which is known to have been an accepted surgical procedure among them centuries ago. Today most people who undergo much more serious brain surgery also survive.

But the custom did much to reduce the Indian to a lower status in the eyes of his new exploiters. In fact, to this day we still retain in our own language the slang expression implying hate, "I'll scalp you for that." But the scalp hair was only on the hat if the eagle feather adorned it. It was the feather that was the important part of the hat and tells us much of the Indian culture.

The Indians had a reason for choosing the feathers of the eagle, because the eagle, of all God's creatures, was so strong and so fearless it could fly high into God's heaven, so high it vanished from the eyes of men, yet it could still return to earth.

Another animal which was used in the making of a proper feather hat, was the weasel. It is his white ermine fur that makes the rope like tails that often hang down both sides of the wearer's face. The weasel was chosen to show the Indian's great respect for cunning, for he is the most cunning of all God's creatures. He adjusts to nature and circumstances by changing the colour of his coat for protection. He is so cunning that he can even steal the eggs from under a bird while she is still on the nest. To the Indian, living and identifying with nature, cunning was an admirable and very necessary way of life, and one he openly admired and expected of his chief. Our civilization does the same, but always under a careful veneer of pretence. We speak with awe of

financial wizards - a polite way of saying tricksters, sometimes descending to the ridiculous and calling it financial genius, which is a nice way of saying we didn't know how he did it.

There is a third animal that once was part of the feather hat. This you may find in the crown linings of very old Indian hats. In those days the crown was made of the soft, flexible skin of the rabbit. Today the feathers are often just attached to the crown of the wearer's old felt hat, thus assuring a good fit. But once rabbit's fur formed the crown because the rabbit is symbolic of those of God's creatures who, although he has been given no visible means of defence, still survives.

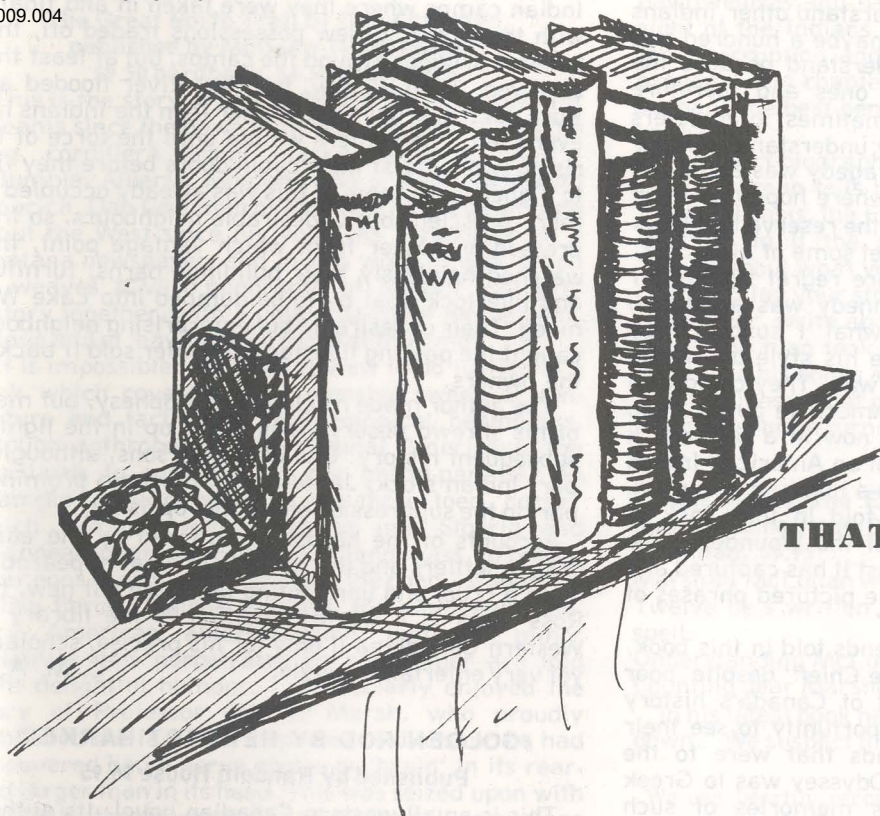
It would however be very wrong to imagine that the Indians carried their respect for symbolism too far. They honoured these values, but they understood, perhaps better than we do, the difference between false symbols and harsh reality. It was from the Indians that I learned the wise saying, 'It takes more than feathers to make a chief'.

The Indians' respect for the fearless eagle, soaring upwards into God's domain and returning, for the cunning of the weasel, for the rabbit's survival are values which we should seriously ponder, values which we have known but forgotten and may soon be lost for ever. Gone will be the values, gone the eagle, gone the feathered hat.

R. Gorman



*This picture, which is in the Public Archives of Canada, appears in the book, "Recollections of an Assiniboine Chief" It shows how the Western Indian without a gun was able to obtain his eagle feathers for his hat. They hid themselves in a shallow pit, that was covered with a camouflage of willow branches, leaving bait such as a dead rabbit lying on top of the willows. As soon as an eagle landed to take the bait, the Indian caught and killed him with his bare hands. However like the Indian in the picture, the Indians always performed a ritual to placate the bird's dead spirit, as the Eagle even in death was respected.*



## BOOKS

### THAT ARE DIFFERENT!

**Recollections on an Assiniboine Chief, edited and with an introduction by James R. STEPHENS, Published by McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95**

This book should have been one of the great books of '72. It had all the ingredients that could have produced an unforgettable "one of its kind" books. Its cover jacket is beautiful and original - it's a colored photograph of a beautiful piece of Indian beadwork that seems to enwrap the entire book. Its subject matter was originally fantastic - the magnificent true stories of one of the Canadian West's greatest Indian story tellers, hundred-year-old Dan Kennedy or Oshakughe of the "Carry the Kettle" reserve near Regina, Saskatchewan.

But the re-writing and editing by non-Indian collaborators is equally fantastically bad! Editor James R. Stephens who is defined as from Confederation College, Thunder Bay, Ontario and Zaitlzeza Hemandez and the department of Indian Affairs (who never did understand Indians anyway!) have, somehow managed to turn what could have been one of the greatest Canadian Indian books written, into their own second-rate composition. They have laced throughout Dan Kennedy's fine, true Indian stories such non-Indian words as environment, disparity, technology, orgies, perpetrations, fraternizing, and even used "chronicler" to describe the fine Indian art of story telling, "belligerent confrontation" for describing the fine Indian art of threatening war, and even "bundle of sunshine" for a papoose!

They have completely succeeded in disguising the authenticity of the writing of a great Indian story teller.

I know how beautiful this book could have been because Dan Kennedy was my friend who used to write me long letters. In fact in a Regina newspaper to which he was some twenty years ago a frequent and honoured contributor, and where he was allowed

to tell his own story in his own way, he once honoured me by dedicating one of his authentic early legends to me. When Dan Kennedy told his own stories, they were filled with the dignified simplicity and the colorful phrase pictures that are the true advantage of the Indian language. I'm not a linguist so I can probably not properly explain the source of the strange beauty of the Indians' many languages. I always felt that they originated from the fact their languages were not written but were spoken. Indians are forever painting beautiful word pictures in phrases, and when spoken their words even sound like what they mean. In English language you rarely actually feel you are seeing with your eye our word meanings, nor hearing them with your ear. In fact we often have to look up the meaning of an English word in another book — a dictionary — to even have an understanding of it. The editors of this book read as though they spent most of their time at a dictionary rather than listening to the Indians' own language and throughout have chosen to ignore the true beauty of the Indians' expressions. They have methodically eliminated every Indian way of saying things from the entire book which is a great tragedy. What Hollywood has done to misinterpret the Indians' image, these editors have done to now misinterpret his words.

Despite this, the book is a needed record of old and in some cases previously untold Indian stories and legends.

Dan Kennedy, because he has lived a long hundred years, has many memories. He once told me he had memories of a straggling herd of great shaggy buffalo on the prairies, of seeing his first train and watching with fear and surprise how it crept along on narrow bits of steel, and how strange it was for him to first enter the odorless, without-any-beauty walled room of a white man's college. He lived in a great

had great stories to tell. Futhermore could understand other Indians who had lived in this country maybe a hundred and seventy years ago. I say understand because the Indian languages are spoken ones and therefore constantly changing ones. Sometimes interpreters will confess they cannot clearly understand some of their older men. This sort of tragedy was acted out on the nearby Sarcee reserve where hopefully their ladies invited the oldest man on the reserve to tell his tales and they could not interpret some of his words.

So I cannot help but therefore regret that when such a personage as Dan Kennedy was available, lesser personages chose to, what I suspect they thought was, edit and improve his style of writing and chose such a dull pedantic way. They could well have taken a lesson from the American publication, "The Memories of Red Fox," now in a paperback edition. There is told the story of an American Indian who is, like Dan Kennedy, also a hundred years old. How authentic are the facts told in that book of Custer at Little Big Horn or of the Wounded Knee Massacre I can't tell, but at least it has captured and saved the irony, the poetry, the pictured phrases of the Indian languages.

However the stories and legends told in this book, "Recollection of an Assiniboine Chief" despite poor retelling, are a priceless part of Canada's history and do offer the reader an opportunity to see their past. Here are sixteen legends that were to the Assiniboine culture what the Odyssey was to Greek culture. And Dan Kennedy's memories of such famed events as the Cypress Hills Massacre, Chief Piapot, Chief Sitting Bull, and the Ghost Dance and others are exciting facts. Facts that despite the pathetic style of recounting them, still make for interesting reading.

R. Gorman.

\* \* \* \*



**The Red River Settlement by Alexander Ross**  
published by Hurtig Ltd., price \$8.95

From the Western publishing house of Hurtig comes a fine book, an echo from the past which was written some hundred and twenty years ago. Alexander Ross was the secretary of a colony of settlers who migrated from Scotland to the Red River country of southern Manitoba.

The early years when the colony's survival, indeed the physical survival of its members, seemed doubtful; their dependence on the first crops sown on virgin land which, year after year, were eaten by grasshoppers and by the larvae left by the grasshoppers; their precious seeds eaten by plagues of blackbirds and later pigeons; - it is all graphically told.

To live through the winter, they straggled into Indian camps where they were taken in and finally, with their pitifully few possessions traded off, they became drudges around the camps, but at least they survived. Then as now, the Red River flooded and Ross describes one flood higher than the Indians had ever seen. The settlers waited until the force of the rising water burst their cabin doors before they fled to higher land. Some of this was already occupied by more prescient but undesirable neighbours, so they pressed on higher from which vantage point, they watched helplessly their buildings barns, furniture and livestock float by to be dumped into Lake Winnipeg. Their undesirable but enterprising neighbours caught the passing livestock and later sold it back to the owners.

The author made no claims to prophesy, but many of his shrewd observations stand up in the light of subsequent history. One of his six sons, although of part Indian stock, James Ross, played a prominent part in the suppression of the Riel uprising.

Accounts of the hardships suffered by the early prairie settlers and the severity of what appeared to them a cruel and unrelenting land, are not new, but Ross' book is a worthy addition to the library of Western Canadiana if only for his precise, scholarly yet very entertaining style.

C. M. A.

\* \* \* \*

**#GOLDEN ROD BY HERBERT HARKER**

Published by Random House \$6.95

This is an all western Canadian novel. Its author, Harker, is an ex-American who now lives in Alberta with his four sons. But he would seem to have already so fallen in love with this land that Western Canadians with their own special interest in rodeo life and down to earth people will feel an immediate empathy with its people, its location, and even the temperature.

It's a love story but a bitter-sweet one of the long slow growth of understanding. The central character, Jesse, is a permanently ex rodeo performer and it is a tense story of his violence and painful change from competitiveness to compassion for his sons, his ex-wife, and even himself. It is also a story of how by some miracle everyday actions are woven into an impenetrable cloak of family love, one that can protect you from either violence or suicide.

This book is aptly named. In a way it is a tough yet strangely beautiful story. As author Harker says in the sentence from which the title came--"as soft and bronze as a swaying field of Golden Rod".

\* \* \* \*

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**The Great North Trail by Dan Cashman,  
published by McGraw-Hill Ryerson;  
\$9.50 hardback, \$4.50 paperback**

This is the story of one of the Earth's greatest life streams since the dawn of time. - the route down the long cordillera from Alaska, through Briti Columbia, Alberta, Montana and onward into South America. Dan Cashman of Montana has been writing about the West since his youth as a reporter on a Montana newspaper, and in this work of non-fiction he weaves a vast panorama of history and pre-history together, with a unique sense of excitement, of love and of 'having been there at the time'.

It is impossible in a short review to do justice to a book which covers such a massive sweep of conjecture and fact, from the geological beginnings, through anthropology, the original Americans, the Spaniards to ourselves or our grand-parents. An example is the mystery of the three toed 'horse' which took the wrong turning into Siberia and disappeared into the Euro-asian land mass, to return after eons of evolution, carrying the conquistadors.

The fierce rivalries between the nineteenth century American anthropologists and the minor villainies they perpetrated on each other are told with delightful humour. I particularly enjoyed the story of Professor Othniel Marsh, who proudly published the fact that a species of dinosaur he had discovered had a nerve centre or 'brain' in its rear-end larger than in its head. This was seized upon with delight by the newspapers and music hall comedians as,

"The only animal whose mind  
Is located in his behind."

The major part of the book deals with the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and here the author excels with yarns of Indians and pioneering folk, of cowboys, rustlers, gold dust,

bawdyhouses and saloons. He writes with deep insight of the Indians and the deliberate attempts at their corruption and destruction. With remarkable economy, his chapter on the Great Whisky Trail is perhaps the best pen sketch on this murky subject I have read.

In a short biographical note at the end of his book, Dan Cashman tells how as a boy he obtained, on a free trial basis, the Elinor Glyn Course in Short Story Writing. In it the great Miss Glyn had written, "Write about what you know"... "If you are a beauty operator, lay your story in a beauty shop. If you are a bricklayer, write about bricklaying". How seriously the young man took this advice is clear to any who have read his books about the West. The Great North Trail resides in that part of my bookcase to which the hand most often turns.

B.H.F.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Take Today The Executive as Dropout, by Marshall McLuhan and Barrington Nevitt Published by Longman, \$9.95**

Marshall McLuhan writes books that sell Twelve he's written for people who think they can spell.

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In his latest book he says, "Break through or break down." We suspect him of the latter.

\*\*\*\*\*

We can heartily recommend the following three books, excerpts from which you will find in articles in this issue: **POTLACH**, by George Clutesi, published by Gray Campbell, \$5.95.

**THERE IS MY PEOPLE SLEEPING**, by Sarain Stump, published by Gray Campbell, \$9.50.

**THE BLACK MOCCASIN**, order from the Montana Historical Society, 225 N. Roberts Street, Helena, Montana, \$3.50 paperback. A review of this book appeared in the Summer '72 issue.

\*\*\*\*\*



Cartoon by Cameron



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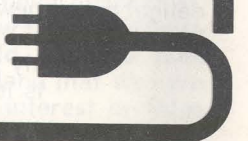
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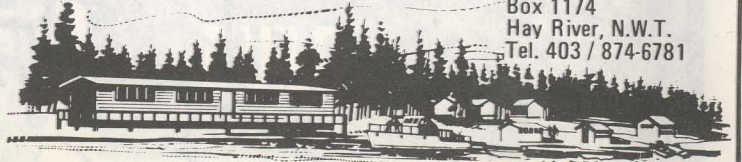
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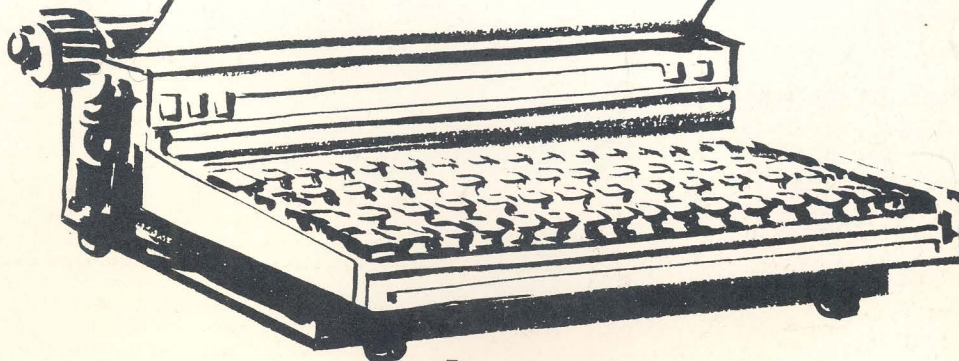
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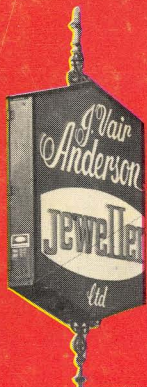
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