



"I also suck my thumb a lot..."

double on ham-cutter, freezer and staples, the choreography around the relish well worthy of Blanchine. It is the first time I have applauded a swiss-on-rye.

I enjoy the lunches in my room, though I have to break up the banana skins and apple cores to flush them down the toilet. The chambermaid, already leery of my laundering, may communicate my lunch remains to the management as conclusive evidence that they do not have a neo-Noel Coward on the guest list.

The chambermaids have done a good job of plumping up my paranoia. They let themselves into my room while I am lying on the bed in my undershorts, and they say: "Sorry. Just checking."

Just checking what? That I am in my room? That I am in my undershorts? That nobody else is in my undershorts? Are they truly sorry? I have never been able to

obtain a frank answer to these questions, even when I have cornered the chambermaid behind her linen wagon and threatened to violate her sterilized tumblers.

Recently, while I was working in my hotel room the chambermaid entered to clean the room, wedging the door open with a dirty towel as a little tribute to my potential as a rape artist. Since she looked qualified to run a charm school for NFL linebackers, I gaggged on my small talk.

Suddenly the chambermaid beeped. "Beep, beep!" she went.

"Pardon?" I said.

"Beep, beep!" she reiterated, adding: "Aw, shaddup!" While I was marveling at having pioneered a new low in relations between inn and guest, the maid fished from the pocket of her uniform the device that was beeping.

"Two of the other girls is off sick," she muttered. "Downstairs keep callin' me. Too much work."

"Beep, beep!" said the receiver.

"Go to hell!" responded my chambermaid, with a vehemence that caused me some alarm. The walls of my room I had already found to transmit sound with a fidelity that would have done credit to His Master's Voice.

"It's nice to feel wanted," I commented, hoping she might see the lighter side of her communications problem. Visibility proved poor.

"Beep, beep!"

"Get off my back, gawddam you!" growled the maid, and I heard the subtle suction sound of ears being applied to the opposite side of the wall.

This chambermaid was plainly at the end of her tether, electronically speaking. Once a relatively free agent, roaming the hotel at will, sneaking a smoke in the stairwell and perhaps enjoying a little intramural sport with the hotel electrician, she was now a mere piece of space hardware, responding to radio commands. And it had affected her disposition.

"Beep, beep!"

"I'll smash you, so help me I will!" shouted the chambermaid. I could hear the people next door dialing for the hotel dick.

Shoving the transistorized straw boss into her pocket, the maid stamped out, leaving me with my thoughts and no bathroom tissue. I then remembered reading about this radio device carried by football referees who are beeped when the TV producer wants them to call a time-out for a commercial break.

I had witnessed a new tyranny over the individual.

Bondage chains, 1967, are forged not of steel but radio bands. Not fetters but low-kilowatt frequencies hobble the slave of today.

—ERIC NICOL

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE continued

on our own we had such fancy ideas! But no idea how to put the dreams into reality. From looking at the Eastern slick magazines we decided it was time Calgarians should actually see an array of Christmas gifts they could buy right here. No one had told us that this was a high priced venture only undertaken by a crew of at least fifty. Blithely we gathered up 100 gifts from various Calgary stores some weighing as heavy as 50 pounds (you know a table is a thoughtful gift) Switzer and Associates innocently allowed us to use their lovely store as a setting and poor Walter Petriego, little knowing what he was in for either, offered to photograph them. It took a complete day right through till midnight, and then next day we had to lug them all back in a tiny sports car. Imagine the consternation when we discovered that somehow we had misplaced a twenty thousand dollar ring which we had been allowed to photograph. Needless to say it was not a repeat feature of the magazine. However a Christmas

magazine issue is a lot like a Christmas concert—everyone says never again and keeps saying it until the next November.

It's been interesting to see how most of those first subscribers are still paying customers. Now that we have hundreds who even keep their magazines in bound containers, and have about thirty thousand readers, those first few subscribers still shine like rare jewels in our memory. We used to keep saying in awed voices in those first few weeks—"they even sent in their money!"

So you see there's a lot of gratitude due to Calgarians when we send out this volume six. There is also an awful lot of thanks to whoever it is up there that looks after "Innocents abroad" in the publishing world!

For our anniversary, may we wish that Your New Year be again an adventurous and lovely one in our Canadian "Golden West".

—Ruth Gorman

Canadian Golden West

CANADIAN WESTS' ONLY MAGAZINE VOLUME VI, - WINTER 70-71



In our western country on cold December nights, cowboys still keep watch and their dedication to the animals in their care is one of the nicer things left in our civilization.

On our cover Calgary's artist-sculptor Doug Stephens has captured that warm association that even the coldest blizzard still can't dispel.

* Readers who desire beautiful large Christmas cards for this or next year of this cover, please phone 244-2664 or write this office. They are 25¢ each.

EDITORIAL

Christmas, and that annual revival of the gift-receiving ritual, is almost upon us again. Hard on its heels will come New Years, a stock taking time, when we will have to face up to what we have gained, and worse yet what we have lost.

The term, "Indian-giver" is now almost lost to our language. It was originally a very nasty term; but the disappearance of the word alone denotes no real improvement in an age that, in less than two years, can give such a fundamental word (to humans) as "grass" a second, almost contradictory, meaning.

The fur traders originated the term Indian-giver. They had come to steal the rich harvest of furs from the Indians and to their surprise learned of the Indian custom of first giving gifts and expecting in return to be honoured with a gift back, and if they didn't get one they then sometimes asked their gift be returned. We, of the white race, of course never do this. We even pretend we don't think about it but around Christmas time the air is blue with phrases like, "I have to get her something; last year she gave me . . .", or "That's good enough; they only gave us . . .", or "I can't remember who John and Mary Smith are; we must have met them on a trip, but since they send a card every year I'd better". It was probably because of our own guilt in gift-giving that we pinned the derisive label on the Indian.

Actually the Indian's culture had an art of gift-giving that we should have retained, not derided. A culture that could produce such customs as the Potlatch, where an Indian man, or more frequently a woman, impoverished himself by holding a feast and ceremony and giving quantities of gifts to others. A custom that sometimes turned into a competition between great chiefs as to who could give away the most and thereby gain the most

honour. No wonder the pious missionaries and the greedy traders were shocked at it—why an idea like that could upset our whole greedy, money-grubbing world. So formally, in the very first Indian Act, we specifically outlawed the Potlatch ceremony and just put the naughty thought out of our minds.

But the old Indians and even the new Indians subconsciously have retained this basic part of their culture. To them the person who can afford to give gifts is indeed the lucky one and in early interpretations of the always changing Indian spoken language often no Indian word could be found for our English word "thanks". The Indian's version was "why would one thank the lucky one—the one who was lucky enough to be able to give?"

The commercialism of Christmas has never bothered me. After all there must have been some happy merchants in an oriental bazaar when the three wise men bought their expensive gifts for the baby Jesus. It is our attitude towards the gift that is wrong. We don't accept that part of giving as the most joyful and honourable part of it all, despite our lip service through the ages in all religions to the philosophy, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Wouldn't it be a pleasant today's world if we could all just re-learn from our fellow Canadians, the Indians, this ancient art of being a joyous, honoured giver and this could become a part of our culture instead of just a religious belief or something we do only on certain days. In our monied and possession orientated society there is a law case where the evidence of insanity presented to the court was that an old man went about giving gifts of money to strangers, at irregular intervals.

Maybe we need, in Canada to revive the ancient Indian art of giving with honour. After all that race survived on this continent through unbelievable hardships for thousands of years and our future with its atom bomb, death on the highway amid a lost natural environment doesn't look too enviable, or too lengthy.

Indian Giving might be at least as logical an alternative and more fun.

So may you give with honour this Christmas and when you receive may you receive back more honour and so all your days will for you become honourable and joyful!

—Ruth Gorman



Ruth Gorman

Dorothy O'Brien

Joy Roberts White

... Wish all our readers Merry Christmas

Canadian Golden West is published quarterly from its head offices at 1509 - 8 Street S.W., Calgary 3, Alberta, Canada. Phone (403) 244-2664.

Publisher and Editor - Dr. Ruth Gorman.

Advertising Manager - Dorothy O'Brien, phone (403) 244-2664.

Northern Alberta Advertising Manager - Joy Roberts White, phone (403) 488-5397.

Subscriptions - \$3.00 per year, \$5.75 two years, 50¢ extra postage for out of Canada. Alice Thompson, Phone (403) 265-9647.

Authorized as 2nd class mail, Reg. no. 0909.



Our cover is a painting of a mountain you sometimes see (if you're lucky) on Canada's ten dollar bill. It is of Mount Burgess in our Western Rockies.

It's much more attractive likeness was painted by Mrs. Maisie Wride of Calgary. She is the "Grandma Moses" of western Canada. A housewife who bakes delicious bread for her grandchildren and has a rose tree in her back yard that had 81 blooms. Without a single art lesson she creates her pastel pictures in her basement, when she can manage to crowd them in between the household chores she enjoys doing. All her pictures are of happy memories of early beauty she has seen in the West where she has lived all her life, and as she says "she thinks God just sends her their vivid colours."

If you are interested in her work, this scene and three other reproductions of her paints are reproduced on fine cardboard on a 1971 calendar and are available with mailing envelope from this office, 1509 - 8th St. S.W. for fifty cents. They make a delightful gift card for a friend.

It's our Toughest War . . .

EDITORIAL

but there are small signs of victory

The environmental war being fought on the home front is the biggest battle of our times. It involves more than the tragic death of young men on foreign shores, the loss of a job, or the fact we may not be allowed to govern the country we live in, or that we may even face another horror like Hiroshima! Those we have faced and survived.

This battle involved the death of each of us and of each of our children - quietly but with horrible permanence in our own homes.

Many of today's scientists seem filled with total despair as they measure our vanishing wildlife, food, water and air.

But, they have forgotten the potential of the little "everyman." As has so often before happened in a war, these forgotten ones are beginning to quietly arm - and in surprising, uncounted numbers. After all it was the taxi drivers, always regarded as a most inefficient group who helped save Paris in the first world war and the small boat owners (they frequently ran into one another) who, in the last war stopped Dunkirk from being a total defeat and the tiny English boats (their crews were bowling - not out testing the riggings) who sank the mighty Spanish galleons at the Armada. And on this continent it was a handful of ragged, untrained but determined American citizens (they once marched the wrong way) who claimed, and won, half a continent for themselves.

Once more the little people are quietly and slowly preparing to fight to-day's vast environmental war. They are fighting fiercely and instinctively

even if often inefficiently, as all animals do, to protect their own territory in the growing, living planet we were born on.

As has so often been true in the past, little man sometimes act unreasonable and usually un-united and even, what is worse, uninformed. But he is at least beginning to fight - because, although he really loves his car, his luxuries, his technocratic slick perfect toys, when the chips are down he knows what he wants most of all - and it's simply life - life on a planet he can live on - life for him and his children's grandchildren.

On every level, in every country, he is preparing to fight. Groups are being formed - some to save wildlife, some to conserve water and some just to fight that wide yet undefinable term, pollution. These groups unfortunately are not yet even nationally united so an international body necessary to

(Please Turn to Page 45)

We regret that we must announce a change of price for the Leather type Binders for your Golden West issues. We sell them at cost and they are made at the Rehabilitation Centre for us. They are now \$3.00.

WANTED—TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS—A Girl Friday for just two days a week. Top typist, no short-hand required. Apply Golden West Magazine - 1509 - 8 St.S.W.

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Go to a small exclusive shopping centre -- TRY BRITANNIA.

Turn West off Elbow Drive S.W. at 49 Avenue and you will find free parking area and a cluster of some of the most delightful small shops there are in Calgary, and all within easy walking distance of one another.

COUNTRY CLUB CASUALS -- may appear to you to be only a small shop with exciting decor and a few beautiful boutique items. But don't let its size fool you. Mrs. Barrett has trained her staff to run it in the manner of the world's greatest fashion stores. Just tell them what you want and where you expect to wear it, and 9 times out of 10 they will bring you the perfect dress, suits or pantsuits, sweaters, cruise or lounge wear from their extensive behind the scenes stock of impeccable clothes and all of quality and taste that meet today's casual trend. Chances are good that it will be just what you've been looking for!

Just down the street is Whalen's Health Club. This isn't the run of the mill health spa. It's where you can discuss your special problems and get individual attention. Check it over, just for fun. You know you can't do it alone -- you need expert advice and they welcome enquiries. A complete hair shop, salon and health club offer everything for the women of Calgary and district. Exercise, shower, steam bath, massage, electrolysis, facial, make-up, manicure, pedicure, wig and hair care. **ALL SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE INDIVIDUALLY.** Enjoy the comfort of having all these services under one roof at Whalen's in Britannia.

Be sure and see Jack Cave's brand new enterprise in the Britannia Centre, with the opening of the Outdoor Inn. Your every outdoor need is found here. An added convenience is the Post Office. Be sure to drop in and post a letter while you pick out your sporting equipment for hiking, fishing, tennis, football and baseball.

In addition to sporting goods, this store has a Leather Boutique featuring luggage, Buxton bill folds, wallets etc. and other Boutique items.

Shop at the F & D where you will find many fun items worth seeing. This new shop's proprietors have some fine hobby and craft items and will have a line of hobbies especially suitable for the tired executive. They will also have or take orders for Made in Calgary table decorations, wedding, shower or party decorations. These can be individually designed for you or for a club, or a convention. Also there will be some unusual imports like an antique Mexican Chess set as well as small gift items. For family travellers or young campers be sure to see the special travelling fun kits.

Across the road discover the Britannia Hardware. There is not another like it in Calgary. Be sure to see the lovely antique chests. Here they supply the paint kits, the easy to apply trims (like around their ad) and the brass handles that turn old furniture into lovely furniture. They have probably the largest collection of handles, knobs and trims in town besides other hard to find items.

Then go into McDermid-Greig Drug Store. It is a good and reliable family drug store and the good taste of its owners is reflected in every item whether it is hard to find party items, gifts, cards, very gay wrapping paper -- small unusual gifts or cosmetics. Here courteous clerks will help you make your choice.

Then finish off your fun afternoon at the Wooden Shoe. Here is where you will make the whole family love you for shopping at Britannia. It's the finest bakery in town. Be sure to take home their delicious bon-bons for the family's dessert. They make every meal, no matter how hurried its preparation, a happy one. Their baking is Dutch cooking at its best. Try their luscious tea dainties and their varied breads -- out of this world!

On your visit to Britannia you will probably enjoy seeing gay bridal parties who are there to have their wedding party photos taken at Camdale's. This well known photographer has become one of Calgary's brides' great favourites. Be sure and note in their window the distinctive portraits they have done, and why not make an appointment well ahead for that Christmas picture. Have it taken while you are relaxed and unhurried by a top photographer.

You'll find that your afternoon of shopping was easy and also fun and relaxing -- Make a habit of shopping at Britannia for the good things in life.

EDITORIAL (Continued)

finally win the battle can't yet be formed. But the start is here.

Even individuals who are not in groups are quietly beginning to prepare for war. They now blow their noses with white tissue and babies' rear ends are not wiped with gay, dangerously permanent dyed bits of toilette paper that forever ruins rivers. Women, who in no way resemble the harrigans depicted on TV who, every half hour sneer and boast of "their better and whiter wash" are being quietly ignored by the purchasers who ask their grocer for a phosphate-free detergent. Bicycles have become a status symbol, now not only ridden by the young or poor. Supermarkets are setting up their own litter cans and elected representatives who always are sensitive to where the votes come from, are leaping all over one another in an effort to leap on the pollution bandwagon. Better garbage disposal dumps, land fills, water purifiers are being authorized and plans for giant land consuming, smog filled freeways are being cautiously delayed. Some politicians are even going all out, and getting themselves photographed planting a tree (one they paid for). Some town councils, (like Strathmore's) even have the courage to jump in and ban non-disposable bottles and impose fines before the provincial government can get around to implementing an act.

Even industry, always guardful of its profits, is half heartedly joining in the fight. The giant monopolistic oil companies that only a few years ago were telling us to buy their gas because it had lead additives are now spending advertising money trying to get our business by saying their gas now is lead-free. A few car companies are putting out feelers to find if there is a market for a pollution-free car. Some industries are hopefully suggesting the public should contribute to any pollution-saving methods they undertake (they made money poisoning us so it seems a little silly to now suggest we pay them to stop) but at least they see the handwriting on the wall.

But most exciting and hopeful of all in man's efforts to battle against his international enemy, pollution, is the action of the young people. All over the world in their schools, dedicated teachers and students are undertaking projects. In High River, population 2,621, the high school interviewed all the wary officials and when they did the usual buck passing such as "try another department" the students kept chasing it down and even discovered to everyone's embarrassment that, since no other place had been provided, the now plentiful trailers were just dumping their septic tanks in back lanes, and the students were able to get it stopped. One Calgary high school, conducted a study for pollution-free people and I find myself using their motto nearly every day of my life, it is - Save it! Wear it out! Use it up!

Other school groups or young people go out and clean the debris we have thrown into our drinking water. They also are beginning to question why man, of all animals, dump his urination and body waste into what he drinks when nature had before provided a perfect cycle of land nutrient from manure?

The terrifying to-the-death battle is on our horizon. The "little man" is slow in awakening and taking a fighting stance *but he is*. Who knows, by 1980 it might still be a healthy planet to be on! --R.G.

Two eight-foot high seated figures in ciment-fondu from the east court of Lord Beaverbrook High School, Calgary, sculptured by Eric M. Dodd.



"Don't you think it's time we began to communicate dear?"

spring - the time of death's end and life's rebirth all over this still lovely verdant living planet. Time - to remember the ghostly white lifeless dust the astronauts kicked up as they bunny-hopped over the moon's surface. Time also to remember the words so long ago said by Christ in the midst of His Easter suffering, "For if they do these things in a green tree what shall be done in the dry?" It's nature's new year, and a new chance to save that inner small flicker of spirit that is man's alone, and the time to start repairing the rents in his all encasing life giving cocoon, his environment.

Highly amused with that columnist we always read "Chatter Box," in Calgary's North Hill News. He's had a change of mind. Now he thinks we should save the Cupola but turn it into a toilette for women only.

We presume he expects the men to do the usual and just take off into the high timber--but wouldn't it be a riot if they with their usual disrespect for the old or nature, then discovered they had chopped down all the trees too.

Golden Notes

There is yet hope for athletic prowess to come out of the West and possibly an Olympic candidate! Did you ever see anything swifter between a meeting and a microphone than Rod Sykes? ... and speaking of commissions (usually that's all they do) - as evidenced by the B & B.

We would like to have more of MORROW in our TOMORROWS

Did you notice the judge got no pay for supervising on this commission and writing the lengthy report at all. It was a free service he offered above and beyond his yearly job and pay as a judge of the N.W., although one of Calgary's dailies and a weekly implied that he did. But the taxpayer's money went to city employees for the period they testified to their own inefficiency. It's a funny world....



GOLDEN

Speaking of the B & B. It was Lester B. who appointed them. Evidently he thought he had chosen the smartest in the land. We're inclined to agree with him. Who else would be smart enough to collect ten million dollars to make a report and wait until they got paid to admit they had nothing to report?

Each Canadian person paid out nearly fifty cents for that non-existent report. I don't know how the members of the commission sleep at night. You would think they might be haunted by the spectre of a poor unemployed man and his wife and six children handing four dollars over to them for their non-performance. If it had been any of us, we would have been sued!

Furthermore the chairman Monsieur Gagnon was smart enough to get himself another high paid government job, no doubt on his reputation for ability before he admitted to his employer, the government, his complete failure on his last job. The same criticism might be directed at our Western lady member.

The government does have a remedy. Please Pierre is this the Just Society?

Overheard at the bus stop - "If we call him Charisma do we call her Charisimama?"

Wonder what the press boys who were so busy selling newspaper headlines and car bumper stickers on what they thought was their brilliant fuddle duddle story are mumbling into their beer - as they have to contemplate how they all got left at the post. You don't suppose its "Oh fuddle duddle do you?"

Which reminds us of a "foine" toast an Irishman proposed to a dour Scotsman down at the Calgary Stockyards Shamrock hotel usual 17th of March "Green Beer Bust" - - - "And may the devil not hear of your death until half an hour after it's happened!

A real funny - a sign on the back of a huge truck of one of North America's biggest pop manufacturers - one of the group who have been resisting returnable and the recirculating of old bottles. The small taped on sign on the huge truck read, "FIGHT POLLUTION." we presume this is their big effort in the battle!



Anniversary Issue



For this magazine this issue is an anniversary and we can now fly on our masthead "Volume 6". It's our biggest issue ever and it's a long way from our very first one, whose cover we've shown surrounded by its successors. Why our readers didn't mail that copy right back to us was a miracle—it must have only been because they were westerners who so often take a second chance!

Then, I had never put together in writing more than a hundred words at a time nor had an idea how a magazine was created. I kept confusing the poor printer. He kept asking me about the dummy (my rough draft of the magazine) and I thought he was being too personal. And then I confused him by calling the final, photograph-ready product of the magazine the pin-up instead of the paste-up. This might have been because all male printers seem to have a penchant for nude's pictures which they hang about in their all male quarters. But my misname really caused a major confusion—they were looking forward to another nude, and I to a copy of the magazine.

But as I look back; with deep gratitude I note that twenty one of the advertisers in that first issue who were ones that made that first magazine possible for Calgary, are still advertising with us after all these years. We have put a tiny asterick on their ads to show our gratitude.

Now that so many great western authors write for us, and we have won a few awards, I note that in the first issue the late Tommy Primrose wrote for us, as did architect Dave Russell, now one of Calgary's M.P.'s and a young skier by the name of Dick Bercein. Otherwise it was "writ by my hand", so then everyone found out I couldn't spell!

Also our blunders were a riot! It was supposed to have come out in the Fall of '65 and realizing my ignorance I thought we needed experienced help so we hired some. They were experienced all right—so experienced they took the advance pay and vanished! And when we went it

(Please Turn to Page 21)





"workshop 432"

the only shop of its kind in alberta

Its two managers, LES
HOJSZAK AND ALEX SKREPNIK.

I first met both the managers of this new shop ten years ago. At that time, one of the managers, Les Hojszak, short one hand and with a game leg, came stumping into Calgary's Rehabilitation Society for the Disabled. He had another handicap, he didn't speak English! But he had such bright alert eyes even if they were full of despair. Les, with his wife and three-year-old child, had left Budapest after the revolution. There he had been an artist, a machinist, and a great athlete. He had come to Calgary which he had never heard of simply because "immigration" told him to. Les is a great "hope boy": always for him there had been better things ahead, and there were. He got a job the day he landed in our city, and for two years he got nothing but better jobs or promotions. But one morning at work when he was inspecting a huge machine, another worker came into the room, and not seeing Les, he just pushed a button and Les was pinned into a great moving machine. After many operations and ten months in hospital, he was discharged with his bad leg and without the use of one hand. For half a year he sat in the corner of his room brooding. Then someone told him of the Rehabilitation Society. It took a lot of nerve, but finally on his own by bus he came to the Society. We had just been given a gold printing-embossing machine by Beta Sigma Phi Society. But we had a problem: none of our disabled had yet been able to run it well. Maybe Les?—a one-armed printer who couldn't speak English! That would have sent the employment guidance boys into roars of laughter, but fortunately at the Centre we all, including the director Mr. Walker, had learnt that it's surprising what can happen if the motive is right. Soon, artistic Les, armed with only an English dictionary in his one good hand, was not only running the gold embossing-printing machine but also the book-binding department, and under his understanding guidance it seemed that new seriously disabled employees were easily discovering new skills.

His co-manager of the new "Workshop 432" is Alex Skrepnick. Alex is in charge of a big part of their business which is packaging. Alex was first employed to drive the disabled children and adults to the Rehab school for physically disabled, the first such school in Alberta. Never had we had a driver like Alex. Not only did he keep the old bus going under any weather conditions, but the children he drove seemed to literally blossom under his care. I remember once finding them all with their crutches and wheelchairs at a concert at the Jubilee Auditorium. All of them were drinking Cokes during intermission, and guess who had bought the Cokes out of his limited salary? Why—naturally, Driver Alex.

The new downtown Rehab Shop, run co-operatively, is only an outgrowth of the old shop at the Rehab Centre on Calgary's Memorial Drive near St. George's Island. Last year, from that shop 30 disabled persons were placed in full-time employment. There they had beautifully bound and

rebound 5,000 books, made 12,000 prize ribbons for horse shows, and picnics; they had done over 8,000 jobs of embossing names in gold on various articles and had made 7,000 name pins for clubs. They were ready to go further. Ken Cope, the able director of the Rehab Society, felt they should move on to make room for more disabled. There were over 20 trainees in the old shop who were almost, but not quite, ready for competitive employment. Why not move them into a shop of their own—entirely managed and run by only disabled? So last month the downtown shop was opened.

It's a small shop two blocks east of Calgary's City Hall at 432 - 7 Avenue East. That's where it got its game—"Workshop 432". And there's usually easy parking nearby. It's already humming with business. In Alex's packaging section which will be a great aid to small companies who have difficulty getting such jobs done, or big companies who haven't room for small jobs, they are already packaging Bar-B-Q base in plastic bags, putting labels on hospital bottles, and putting together and boxing a new kind of locally invented fishing aid. In Alex's gold-stamping division, they are making bolo ties, some horseshow ribbons, some continuous forms (shame to Calgary) for a Toronto auction house, recovering an old family Bible, and making the leather-like book containers that over 700 Golden West readers have bought to keep their back issues in. At the official opening, when Mayor Rod Sykes and the Honorable Art Dixon, a helper at the Centre for over 25 years, cut the ribbons, Alex and Les in white uniforms looked pretty happy if a little nervous. The 20 employees, all disabled persons, did too.

Why did Les and Alex do it? Both of them could earn more money elsewhere—because the shop is co-operative and its only success will be dependent on a too often careless public support. It may have many financial difficulties.

They did it because the more than ten years they had spent working with the disabled had already been so satisfying for them. For Calgary, the little shop is a really satisfying thing. In our city, there are no crippled beggars; and now, in our city, many new, unique jobs will be done efficiently and reasonably. Good luck, "Workshop 432"!

Ruth Gorman

THE REHABILITATION SOCIETY OF CALGARY

announces the opening of their new store

'WORKSHOP 432'

432 - 7th Ave. S.E., 261-3060

where they do prize ribbon, plastic name badges for clubs, custom gold embossing, book-binding and packaging for industry.



Golden Notes (continued)



Hope our grim author "Flo" of Calgary's "Feminine Anonymous Club" decides to come out from behind her nice safe screen of anonymity, to present a brief to the new Citizen's Advisory Committee on the Status of Women that the Alberta government just recently appointed. This committee is asking briefs or letters be sent by any Alberta woman, or women's groups to the committee's co-ordinator, Mrs. Irene McGregor, room 204, Legislature Building, Edmonton.

This is Alberta women's chance officially to air their troubles and their own recommendations for eliminating them.

Believe it or not, Alberta has now more woman suicides than men and there is a marked increase in violent crimes that are being committed by women—clearly it is not a happy world for many women—let's hope each concerned Alberta woman will take time out to write and suggest what changes she feels can be made to improve the situation.

* * *

Renovations with today's on-again off-again building unions have to be something! One of our past authors Eric Nicol has written a hilarious book about it called "Don't Move".

And Jimmy Simpson Sr. from Num-ti-jah Lodge who renovated this spring was evidently speechless. His manuscript didn't arrive. He just sent in the painting below, entitled "My Next Move".





HOW NOT TO WASTE TO POLLUTE TO CARE LESS

is today's version of the Roman gladiator's "Eat, drink and be merry". Even we simple folk now see that in this over-exploded populated world there just may not be enough air, water, or earth to go around. We all worry a bit, but being human, we're still only working on our first line of defence—"Let Nador do it".

But environmental pollution is caused by the masses and can only be stopped by the masses, and that includes you—just what are you doing about it?

Some things anyone can do—even you—about the air.

Several tests have linked smog to traffic—the car is a prime cause and we, its drivers, become villains. Better industrial stacks and purifiers are available and laws or lawsuits can correct that. But how to bring the car companies into line is a problem. The Ford Company recently announced it spent as much to buy a new engine that has no pollution control as we, the taxpayers, are having to spend to clear up the mess Duluth and Detroit made of our Great Lakes. When will we quit being patsies? Yet the car buyer is the only person these companies will listen to. They are so big no single political party dare tackle them. It was the buyers' preference for small foreign cars that forced these companies into that field. Now the Datsun and Nissan companies have announced they have pollution-free cars. In our own city we have seen the pollution-free cars designed at their own expense by our power and gas companies. It is possible, and huge smog-belching monster-cars are as obsolete as a Maharajah's elephant. Now is the time for buyers' resistance. Hold off buying if you can, but also write a letter why you are doing so. If you have to have a new car, watch its spark plugs closely—they are smog producers—and if you are contemplating a second car, have you considered being just a car and a bicycle family? I know our hills and snow make it difficult for part of the year, but for short trips it's fun, it's in style and it's economical. If Calgary would install metered bike stands down town, we might be surprised how much that would revive the city core, reduce our inversion smog, and solve the parking problem.

A more fun way to save air is to plant a tree or even plant a plant. In New York they are putting up a skyscraper that has pipes running up its front. In holes in the pipes they are planting petunias. A scientist thinks these little flowers will be able to clear up the rising carbon monoxide from cars in the canyon below. A plant on your window sill will help you.

Under no circumstances use a chemical pesticide. Senator Hays has publicly stated he will, but so what! The rest of us should just let the pests do their best—kill them—but don't poison them, because when you do, you also poison birds and

animals and people. Try to stop saying 'fly away ladybug', instead, welcome the little lady: she is an effective bug killer.

In the U.S.A. they now sell 4,000 of her (two cupfuls) for two dollars. Here's a delightful summer project for the kids — let them collect ladybugs — keeps the kids off the pot, and your plants in the pots. Encourage the birds to be your guests by putting out food scraps. Birds eat more bugs than scraps. And pungent marigolds planted between the rows of your vegetable garden, also drives off bugs.

It now turns out it's the mosquitoes who prefer blondes, but unfortunately they seem to like the rest of us too. It's tragic to have those pests ruin a picnic, but it's as irritating and lasts longer if you have to drink pesticide in your water. Screen porches were a joy in the past—why not screen your patio now? Or buy the new safe gas firepit for your back yard—it's attractive to everyone but mosquitoes.

What you can do about water before it's unfit to drink.

Housewives are big offenders here. Use less detergent—if it says use a cupful on the package, just use half a cup. Remember most soap companies (who are in three big monopolies) are just trying to sell you soap. In Yucatan, where they have only artesian wells and very little soap, the ladies all manage to wear whiter-than-white dresses. You are being sold a bill of goods! Less soap will cost you less, and give you better water. Don't buy detergents with phosphates at all! If you phone your local ecology centre (in Calgary phone 263-6106) or ask your grocer, he will tell you which are safe. And here's a job for the federal government: why aren't the companies compelled to list their contents on the package and say they are unsafe for water?

Industrial waste should be reported—Alberta has a Minister of the Environment now, the Honourable J.D. Henderson.

Water pollution by sewage really has to be your responsibility. Politicians seem loath to touch the matter. Unfortunately, money spent on this does not produce visible vote-getting results. Did you know that when a \$20,000-a-year politician was told that we could have a tertiary water-cleaning system for 25 cents per head per month, he replied, "It's too high"! I wonder which is too high? We should make clear to our political candidates which we prefer.

Land and how to save it.

The enemy of land is garbage, and unnecessary packaging is the big offender, and recycling is the answer. Buy returnables—it's cheaper. There are milk companies that use

FOR TOMORROW YOU DIE!

returnable bottles and also large, returnable plastic containers. There are soft drink companies that take back bottles. Now, at Redcliff, Alberta, there is a recycling glass plant, so don't let the big soft drink companies snow you! They are forever advertising the beautiful outdoors but won't take back the bottles that ruin it.

Paper waste means loss of trees and additional garbage. Calgary's Eco Centre recycles newspaper. Phone them for your nearest depot. Do recycle your own grass cuttings by compost. Dig a hole three feet square and three feet deep. Put the grass in it, sprinkle some worn, tired earth over it and some Rotall (they have it at most gardening centres), run hose water into the hole and cover it with a board. By next spring you will have 27 cubic feet of new black loam.

Don't stop using chemical fertilizers completely. City gardeners are the offenders here—it's only dangerous if you use too much. Our prairie farms need it according to A.W. Goettel of the Alberta Department of Agriculture. After all, the West's good earth must continue to be a bread basket for an increasingly hungry world.

One thing our Western Provinces could do is to be the first Canadians to stop issuing millions of car licence plates every year. An insurance agent pointed out to us that in England there is only one licence plate for each car, and it remains on the car for the whole life of the vehicle. The car owner gets a sticker for his windshield to show that his yearly fee has been paid. This would eliminate tons of permanent garbage that litters the good earth.

Don't be a gloomy Gus about our environment!

Why just give up? Pollution can be licked. Why, in Calgary recently, instead of a building developer killing a tree, a building development got stopped because they killed a tree, and in Toronto they stopped the Spadina throughway! No industry will vanish because sensible controls are imposed on it that create a better atmosphere for industry to flourish in.

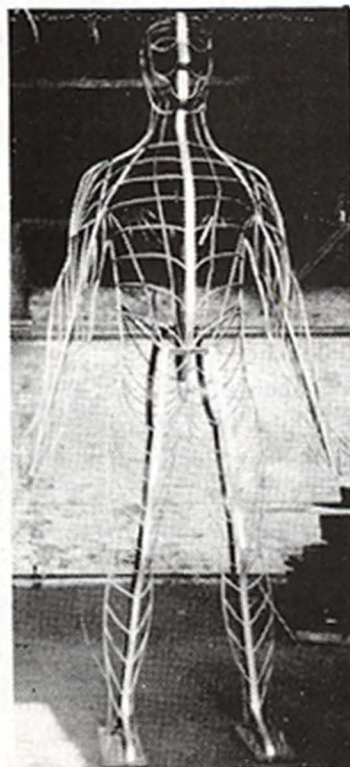
You may also find a whole new set of exciting interests for yourself. Join a local group—United there is Strength—the Eco Centre can give you names and phone numbers. New jobs may even be created. This year, Calgary's Mount Royal College is offering a two-year Associated Diploma course in Environmental Technology. Exciting to take and promising you a possible job in our environmentally safer future—it certainly has to be at least more satisfying than just being half alive in a half-dying world.

—R. Gorman



A SILLY CAPTION

Photo by Norman Brown



"I'm not feeling so well, must be the smog!"

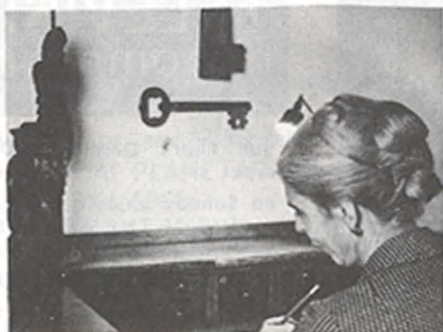
STEELMAN

lives in Calgary. He's 15' high, weighs 525 lbs., built by — Dominion Bridge for the Canadian Steel Service Centre Institute. Last year he was displayed at Flare Square at Calgary's Stampede.

Canadian Golden West

CANADIAN WESTS' ONLY MAGAZINE

VOL. VII — FALL '71



EDITORIAL

An individual's life is one long search . . . that's why we build paths or great roads. Even the wild animals have always built paths. You have only to walk in the still wild areas of our comparatively unpopulated west to find them. The grass has been pressed down by the constant passing of tiny feet, and along it are twigs broken by small furry bodies as they scurry down their paths. The paths are so distinct you can, if you are observant, follow them — they are paths made in animals' eternal search for food.

For humans too, life is one long search. For some rare individuals it's a distinctive search for fame, or achievement, or to develop the great talent that is stirring within them, but for most of us it's just a search for love. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said: — "Most of us sit on the steps of our houses waiting to be loved."

But besides the individual's life search, there is a collective herd search. And it is this search that we label 'civilization.'

In my lifetime, the human herd, has been on many different treks. I was born when a befuddled group really thought we could find peace and thousands died terrible deaths looking for it. Then like the herds of the species of animals in Africa who for some mysterious reason each year in the dry season all begin to walk slowly north in search of water, and then having found none just turn, and the survivors walk southward. We humans gave that search for peace up and turned back to just the gaiety and forgetfulness we knew before the war. Then came the terrible search for survival in the depression years. Like the animals, the people took to the road — the Dakies in their battered trucks, and hopeless people riding the rails. And just as that search for food and living seemed over for our group it got elongated into a more fierce search for survival of all we knew for living space, for freedoms and rights against an enemy who refused to recognize those. Thousands died on that search.

But after that war came a search for fun — fun connected with money, either your own pile or a right to share in the other's pile — fun connected with little work and long hours of leisure — and fun connected with freedom from restrictions or rules of any kind whether in sex or every day behaviour or anything that smacked of the rigors of responsibility.

Now we seem, in the seventies, to be beginning a new search, a strange search, — a search for ugliness.

Think about it — we put up buildings, each one an uglier square block of cement than the last one, our art is honored for its very meaninglessness and its ugliness. Our best paid authors write of the ugliness of life. We have covered the always-beautifully-suitable nature with ugly cement paths down which cars, designed deliberately ugly and deliberately obsolete and dangerous, run. Our clothes lately don't enhance the body, they are grotesque. Even sex, an always beautiful thing, is being degraded to a dirty commonplaceness and by unisex, even killed. In our ads the models are often chosen for their very ugliness or stupidity, not their wise beauty. Our young grow beards to disguise the beauty of their youth, and our young women wear dirty trousers or high boots over long lovely legs. In our newspapers only the ugly, the violent, the horrible is reported. Our atom bomb gave us only a strange ugly mushroom in the sky and ugly scarred towns, trees and bodies below. Our trip to the moon brought only wonder and a new beauty — but a beauty of only desolation.

We are in pursuit of ugliness and unless we stop this mass trek we may do the most terrible thing of all — we may this time actually reach our goal before we can turn back.

Dr. Ruth Gorman



Our Cover

Fall is the loveliest season of all in our west, with its golden harvests that could feed all the world's hungry people.

(Please turn to page 50)

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Canadian Golden West is published quarterly from its head offices at 1509 - 8 Street S.W., Calgary 3, Alberta, Canada. Phone (403) 244-2664.

Publisher and Editor - Dr. Ruth Gorman.
Advertising Manager - Dorothy O'Brien, phone (403) 244-2664.
Subscriptions - \$3.00 per year, \$5.75 two years, 50c extra postage for out of Canada. Alice Thompson, Phone (403) 265-9647.

Authorized as 2nd class mail. Reg. no. 0909.

GOLDEN NOTES



It would appear from reading early copies of the Calgary Herald and city records that the early Calgarians were a fearless breed who certainly knew how to make the best of a poor situation.

In 1910 they were still using horses to pull the fire engine. This slow form of assistance must have offered little security to a nervous householder.

But an entry in city hall records showed the poor householder had even a further hazard to cope with, the cities volunteer fire chief, the beloved Cappy Smart (who incidentally was also the town's undertaker) felt called upon to issue this stern order. "There should be one horse in the fire hall at all times."

This would seem to indicate that at least on one occasion the citizens had found themselves with a dandy fire, and a fire engine and not even one horse!

In view of these trying circumstances we found this entry in the 1910 Jan. 23rd issue of the Herald a masterpiece of civic pride.

"A prairie fire could be seen burning just north east of the city last night.

Prairie fires in January are something that are only produced in Alberta."

It was the early eastern traders and hunters who exterminated the mighty buffalo in the west. Nowadays, when we have created western protective areas for the buffalo and the Blackfoot Indians are raising them and selling them, you still can't buy a single buffalo robe west of Winnipeg. The Government make them only available in the east. Today they even come back and take the skins too!

We've had nothing but trouble from the beaurocrats since we changed our name from "My Golden West" to "Canadian Golden West". We did so only after the other general independent magazines of western Canada had had to cease publishing. (No doubt because they too were being chased by the beaurocrats.) It seems there wouldn't have been a ripple on the surface of our life, if we had just renamed our magazine. The Lithuanian Golden West or even the American Golden West, it would have been O.K. but here in Canada - Canadian is a no-no word - talk about a faceless society we will soon be nameless too!

This is one of U.N.I.C.E.F.'S beautiful Christmas cards remember there's is a year round effort. .. An effort to tell the children of the world that if we act together peace and prosperity is possible.



An Easterner—is the polite way we have of referring to anyone who doesn't happen to live in Alberta, British Columbia, or Saskatchewan, which also includes people from Japan or Oregon or Alaska, all really west of us. When Easterners come to live among us one of the first things they discover among our peculiarities is the fact we are smitten with "speakers". From kindergarten up, our prime form of entertainment consists of speakers.

I once read a delightful article in the New Yorker on the "Chicken Route" that is the road a guest speaker takes. It carefully explained this was no gravy train—the pay is usually only your transportation, a free dinner and an enervating, not too enthusiastic applause and that is all, in fact maybe it implied the speaker was chicken. I got out the calendar from the year before and to my horror discovered I had taken the "Chicken Route" on an average of once a week. The article made such fun of the whole procedure I was suddenly covered with shame and the next service club programmer that phoned requesting I make a speech was startled when I said "Have you considered belly dancers, they are as good if not better form of entertainment and their language is universally understood". But I relented naturally, because the club was a sincere group and my speech would be about something they could actually do. When I arrived complete with butterfly stomach and a new hair do, and with this fresh new varnish of sophistication I had acquired from reading the New Yorker article I placed a firm hand on the butterflies in the stomach and took a long cool calculated look around at my future listeners.

And suddenly I was grateful for being a westerner (that is I live in Alberta, Canada). The New York article was right it was a silly performance, the chicken dinner wasn't that good nor was my speech.

But suddenly I knew something. We out west were lucky. We still were in a lovely way almost communing together.

Believe it or not I was learning so much from the men who were listening, and they in turn were learning just a little from me.

As I finished my speech my mind drifted backwards to my last trip to New York. After I said hello to the taxi driver he said where to and when I told him he slammed the window between us. The bus driver was even worse, since for no quarter would he tell me if he was going to my destination and for a quarter he didn't give a damn where I was going, and when I asked he said step back in the bus lady. And then my mind switched back to Calgary and I remembered talking to a New Yorker who had recently moved here and in his past vernacular kept referring to our land as a "fresh Utopia". Suddenly I knew what he meant!

The article was right, the "Chicken Route" is probably kind of frustrating and in a way laughable. But what's wrong with that, a laugh's a valuable thing in grim today, and we lucky westerners are still communicating on only a simple human level of voice. Isn't it delightful even if the chicken is so often tough. In this next year country we even can hope for communications between the eaters and the chef and then even the chicken will be tender! Who knows—we could maybe win the Grey Cup too!

Did the robins care? No, they sang as they pleased without hope of applause or reward because they were amateurs like him and enjoyed their work. They didn't ask themselves, as human beings did, whether they had any talent. They went ahead and sang, just as he went ahead and fiddled. If he worried about his lack of talent he would never play at all. Being so bad a musician, he added he was a happy and a rich man.

I must say he didn't look rich. His cabin was dilapidated, his overalls tattered and his mane of white hair innocent of any comb. Yet he assured me solemnly that he owned all the country around, the mountains, the forest and the trilliums that were pushing their white faces from the swamp.

Oh no, he had no title deeds, was much too busy for such absurd details; too busy fiddling and enjoying himself. Just the same he owned the entire landscape, being the only one, except the birds and an occasional deer or raccoon, who ever looked at it.

Some fellow in the city, he supposed, some fellow too poor to own anything, presumably held the title deeds to this wilderness but was the proprietor only in some flimsy technical sense. No one could own the wilderness who didn't see it and no one ever saw it but the fiddler.

He confessed that he was so rich, indeed, that his conscience smote him when he accepted the old-age pension from the Government—money raised from needy taxpayers who never owned a single tree, a trillium or a fiddle. Well, it was the taxpayers' own fault. Anyone could own these things simply by looking at them and appreciating them, but in no other way.

There again, as in the arts, professionalism had ruined

everything. The professional owners, the loggers for example, were never satisfied until they had turned a forest into something much less valuable, like a city house, a roll of newsprint, or some other printed paper called money. An amateur, on the other hand, possessed the original, the real thing instead of the counterfeit, and all for nothing.

On the whole, therefore, he considered the economic system just about perfect when it offered everything of value so cheap, provided a man kept his amateur standing.

I had come here hoping to dig up some trillium roots and transplant them to my garden but the owner refused to permit this vandalism.

Why, he said, I could not possibly place those flowers in any surroundings as suitable as their native swamp. I could not provide a forest to cover them, a range of mountains for a background or a musical accompaniment of bird song, frog croak and violin music, even his inferior, amateur music.

I acknowledged this rebuke and he generously gave me all the trilliums and the countryside as far as I could see. It was all mine, he declared, to own forever, so long as I came and looked at it now and then in the amateur spirit.

So, I left that aged man playing his fiddle on the steps and gazing across a quiet lake to the hills. The music, as I heard its faint notes from the trail, made a gruesome sound by professional standards. Still, I found myself standing a moment to listen to the triumphant paean of the amateur, the owner of all things.

—Bruce Hutchinson



drawing by D. Walligora

BRUCE HUTCHISON

The above excerpt was written by that great westerner, Bruce Hutchinson. He learned what for him was to be a lifetime craft, the art of writing, under the direction of one of Canada's greatest editors, the late John W. Dafoe of Winnipeg. And Hutchinson went on to become one of Canada's great political writers, an editor of the Vancouver Sun and author of ten books.

This excerpt is from his latest book, "Western Windows", published by Longman Canada and priced at \$4.95.

We won't quote you what the book reviewers said, which was all favourable, but instead will tell you of an actual experience, that really proves the greatness of this book.

I had bought the book while on a short holiday at Jasper. I bought it in a drugstore, a delightful place that sold the classic books shoulder to cheek with the latest in babies' disposable diapers. Jasper village was a delightful place to stroll in, with its small shops set against a backdrop of magnificent mountains and sky; but the chill of coming night and winter was on the air so I sought warmth in one of those restaurants with "leather-like" seats and the too familiar decor of a chain restaurant. The restaurant was almost full of workers from the village, transport truck drivers, tourist mothers with irritated children, and a local collection of teenagers, who just sat about because they had no other place to go besides home. I got out my "Western Windows" and began to read. I had just begun to enjoy the warm escape a good book gives when a big man tapped me on the shoulder. He had the clothes and the look of one of the big truck drivers. He said, "Lady, take good care of that book and read it carefully; it's a great book." and out the door he went. And then I knew Bruce Hutchinson, the writer, was no longer a mere expert; he had crossed into that strange land of being "everyman's author".

The truck driver is absolutely right. It's a great book!

—R.L.G.

CANADIAN

Golden West

2 page clip-out index

From Christmas '67 to Christmas '70

At the request of readers who have bought bound containers to permanently keep their Canadian Golden Wests in, and others who tell us they hoard them in attics and basements, and for the convenience of readers who may wish to find a past article in public or school libraries, we have prepared a second index, this one covering two years of this magazine. (Even we were surprised to discover we had to list 257 articles.) We will, in next issue, bow to our readers' requests and bring out from then on a yearly index.

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Trees that Grow Beside the Bow or (Memorial Drive)	28	Fall '68
Trumpeter Swans	22	Spring '69
Unseen Colours	26	Spring '69
Winter	12	Winter '68-'69

CONTEMPORARY - HOUSES

Heritage Homes	37	Summer '68
Home for Western Hospitality	32	Summer '69
Outdoor Lighting	35	Spring '69
3 Houses that Tell a Tale	32	Winter '69-'70
Western Homes	34	Spring '69

STORIES

The Lady	30	Fall '69
The Father	28	Summer '69
The End of Summer - Dorothy Brown	19	Fall '68
A Ghost Story for A Winter Night	18	Winter '69-'70
Travel Odd-essay	37	Winter '69-'70

QUIZZ'S

Name Place Quiz	50	Spring '68
A White Hat Quiz	15	Summer '69
A White Hat Quiz	16	Summer '69
Editorial from "The Drum" Inuvik	13	Summer '68
Trudeau, P. E. - Federalism and the French Canadian	21	Summer '68
	38	Winter '69-'70

CONTEMPORARY - WESTERN ARTISTS

Biel, Charlie	22	Summer '68
Biel, Charlie	24	Summer '68
Bordein	26	Summer '68
Bordein	27	Summer '68
Brown, Annora	50	Winter '68-'69
Brown, Annora	4	Fall '69
Cameron, Stewart	21	Spring '69
Cameron, Stewart	26	Summer '69
Cameron, Stewart	22	Fall '69
Cameron, Stewart	11	Winter '69-'70
Cameron, Stewart	31	Winter '69-'70
Hodgson, W. C.	3	Fall '68
Hodgson, W. C.	29	Winter '68-'69
Hodgson, W. C.	35	Summer '69
Cotton, Bud	19	Summer '68
Cluesti, George	38	Fall '68
Cluesti, George	26	Fall '69
Girard, Robert	15	Winter '68-'69
Grandmaison, O. N.	5	Winter '68-'69
Leighton, A. C.	20	Fall '68
La Rue, G.	12	Spring '69
Norris, Len	10	Winter '68-'69
Ohe, Katie	33	Spring '68
Russell, Charlie	16	Summer '68
Stephens, D. W. (Doug)	3	Summer '68
Stephens, D. W. (Doug)	12	Summer '68
Stephens, D. W. (Doug)	18	Summer '69
Stephens, D. W. (Doug)	20	Fall '69
Stephens, D. W. (Doug)	19	Summer '68
Stephens, D. W. (Doug)	3	Winter '68-'69
Stephens, D. W. (Doug)	19	Winter '68-'69
Stittgen, Karl	27	Winter '69-'70
Swinton, George	3	Spring '69
Tailfeathers, Gerald	14	Winter '69-'70
Tyler, Alice	28	Summer '69
Tyler, Alice	36	Winter '69-'70
Weaver, John B.	12	Winter '69-'70
Wride, Maisie	24	Winter '69-'70

CONTEMPORARY - PLACES

Balmoral School	33	Fall '68
Banff School of Fine Arts	11	Summer '68
Banff School Theatre	10	Fall '68
Christ Church, Millarville	11	Summer '68
The Bow Trail	16	Fall '69
Calgary's Statues	16	Winter '69-'70
Edmonton Art Gallery	20	Winter '69-'70
Edmonton New Memorial Gallery	22	Summer '69
8th Avenue Mall	15	Fall '69
New School - St. John's	33	Fall '68
National Parks or Natural	25	Summer '69
Num-Ti-Jah Lodge	38	Fall '69
Other Calgary - Mull Island	44	Spring '68
Shamrock Hotel	9	Spring '69
St. Francis Retreat Cross	11	Spring '69
U. of C., McEwan Hall	34	Spring '68
U. of C., Science Bldg.	39	Summer '68
U. of C. Theatre Centre	10	Fall '68
Western Canada College	32	Fall '69

HERITAGE - PLACES

Bowness Park	38	Fall '68
Court House (Pigeon)	37	Spring '68
Castle Island	27	Spring '68
James Short School Cupola	31	Spring '68
James Short School Cupola	11	Summer '69
James Short School Cupola	31	Summer '69

HERITAGE - EVENTS

The Ghost Dance	14	Winter '69-'70
Vote for Alberta Dry, Parade	12	Fall '68
Vote for Alberta Dry, Parade	10	Winter '68-'69

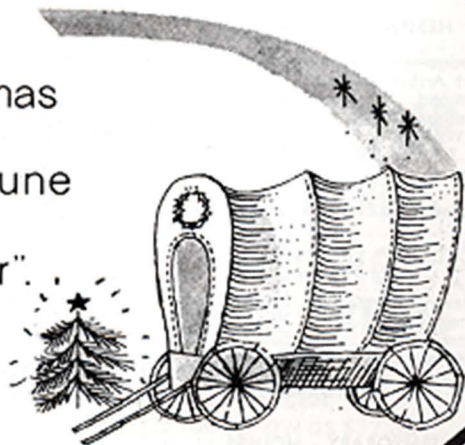
CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS

Editorial - Being Used	3	Spring '68
Editorial - Man	3	Spring '68
A Fun Controversy	31	Spring '68
Calgary's Doctor of Music	23	Spring '68
Spring	14	Spring '68
Summer	14	Summer '68
Autumn	14	Fall '68
Winter	12	Winter '68-'69
Western Windows	50	Winter '68-'69
River Walks	32	Spring '68
Jingling Bells	16	Winter '68-'69
An Unfinished Tale	22	Winter '69-'70
Meet Spring Halfway in Victoria	18	Spring '68
Chinookery	20	Winter '68-'69
Oil, The Bob Brown Story	18	Winter '68-'69
Our lice Madonna	15	Winter '68-'69
290 Feet Under - Oil	15	Spring '69
Trumpeter Swans	22	Spring '69
A Garden Walk	36	Summer '68
Our Wild Easter Lily	16	Spring '68
How Rev. Buck Discovered Oil & Religion don't Mix	17	Summer '69
Art That Comes in the Mail	30	Winter '69-'70
World's Most Famous Violinist	22	Spring '68
Best Read Rag in Town	41	Spring '68
Daring Young Ladies (Flying)	24	Fall '68
Dick Cosgrave - King of Chucks	20	Fall '69
Earl Grey	44	Summer '68
Wilf Carter, Cowboy (Music)	28	Summer '68
Fun Hobby (Flying)	25	Fall '68
In the Old West (Music)	20	Spring '68
Spring in B.C.	33	Spring '69
The Wild Ones (Horses)	12	Summer '69
Three Houses that Tell A Tale	32	Winter '69-'70
Where Are All the Cowgirls	14	Summer '69
Review of "Canadian Rockies"	38	Winter '69-'70
Ghost Story for A Winter Night	18	Winter '69-'70
Gold is Where You Find It	20	Spring '69
Unseen Colours	26	Spring '69
Grassi of Canmore	24	Spring '69
Clay in Her Hands (Katie Ohe)	33	Spring '68
New College President (Dr. Pentz)	31	Fall '68
A Travel Odd-Essay	36	Winter '69-'70

CONTEMPORARY - WESTERN POETS

Brown, Dorothy	11	Summer '69
Greebairn, A. L.	36	Spring '68
Greebairn, A. L.	36	Summer '68
Greebairn, A. L.	19	Winter '68-'69
Grove, Edythe	45	Fall '68
Henry, M. Kathleen	36	Winter '68-'69
Hill, Agnes Aston	36	Winter '68-'69
Partridge, Kathleen	36	Winter '68-'69
Primrose, Tommy	20	Summer '69
Suknaski, Andrew	12	Summer '68
Suknaski, Andrew	10	Spring '69
Swanson, Archdeacon C.	17	Winter '69-'70
Yorath, Mary Smith	36	Spring '68
Yorath, Mary Smith	13	Fall '69
Yorath, Mary Smith	3	Fall '68
Moser, Marguerite	11	Winter '69-'70

"Your friends at Calgary Power
wish you
a Happy Christmas
and all good fortune
in the New Year".



Calgary's Inimitable Stew Cameron

We Westerners lost a friend this December when Stew Cameron died. We were neighbours when young and he lived in his family home on Prospect Avenue in Calgary. His father McKinley Cameron, K.C. was probably the West's greatest criminal lawyer. As we grew up, we drew and rode together. Horses and the drawing pencil were Stew's two great loves.

To be either a great horseman or a great artist requires sensitivity, and Stew was one of the most sensitive persons I've ever known. So sensitive, he had to cover it up by wearing old clothes, turning the air blue with cuss words or pretending he just didn't give a damn. He had to hide his deep self-wounding concern for every person or animal, but despite this masquerade there were many people who felt and profited from his gentleness.

Lately he had become deeply concerned with pollution and we had planned a whole new set of cartoons; the first draft of one was already drawn. He knew the great value of laughing at yourself or others. One of our readers, an artist himself, told how when worries crowded him at night, he would just get out Stew's cartoons and soon he could sleep. Stew brought so much laughter to us all.

In his chosen profession, he was outstanding. Readers write and tell us they have never forgotten his series on Aberhart called "No Matter How Thin You Slice It". In later years, Stew became even sympathetic to Aberhart but the ridiculousness of hoping to get money out of a pen when Albertans were starving in the depression, tickled him.

Besides doing political cartoons, he was a cartoonist with the Calgary Herald, the Vancouver Province and even did a hitch with the great Disney, but, despite his popularity in these places and return offers, the pull of his beloved west, its ranches, its people, and especially its mountains dragged him back to Calgary. To him, Mt. Assiniboine was his Mecca.

Back in Calgary he produced privately 4 sets of famous cartoons on the Stampede, cowboys and trail riders and their popularity never died. In reply to many written requests that we received through the mail, these cartoon sets appealed to people all over North America and Europe who enjoy a good laugh. But we noticed he was a

special hero to the horse lovers and the rodeo performers who knew that in him they had found an honest artist who understood the hazards and joys of their profession.

Richard Needham, who was his Calgary Herald editor, once said Stew was the only completely honest man he ever knew. Every line he drew had to be honest. Mrs. Laurie Johnson told me how, at their ranch near Cochrane, he lay for half an hour under a chuckwagon before drawing a wrecked, upside-down one.

Honesty and perfection were two of his foibles—but what rare ones they were. He would spend hours getting a perfect set of cartoons to mail to a reader. He even wanted me to charge lower postage rates to the person who ordered 1 set of cartoons rather than 2, because he couldn't bear how today's mass production didn't leave room for such niceties as saving a purchaser a few cents. His concern was for each individual. Although we talked of republishing his magnificent "Trail Rider" set, he kept putting it off, even though he had a sympathetic printer and an available loan. But that was not Stew's way. He must be able to pay for it before he would order it.

He has not, for many years, done many new cartoons, except Christmas cards for friends, but he liked this magazine and so spent long hours perfecting neat, exact drawings—really just to help us out. He hadn't intended to do one for us this Christmas, but he knew our concern for getting out a good issue so he phoned to say he had done one.

In this cartoon, as in all others, it had to be perfect and it had to be honest. For days before he drew it, he went out in the cold, visiting the pound and haunting the library so he could draw a perfect St. Bernard dog. Finally, he found the one he wanted, colored and in the correct position, in a book in Carmen Moore's book store and he just stood there in the busy store amid frantic Christmas shoppers sketching it. He finished it just the day before his death. When I went to get it, we both laughed, then he said "I don't think it needs a caption. Every little man will understand it".

All cartoons, like great clowns, must have their sad meaning as well as their funny one. In this case, the sad one is very real. That lovely dog never did quite reach the man who was so desperately trying to dig himself out.

There will be no more great new Cameron cartoons, but echoes of the laughter they produced will probably continue to ring in the Canadian west down through the years.

—Ruth Gorman

