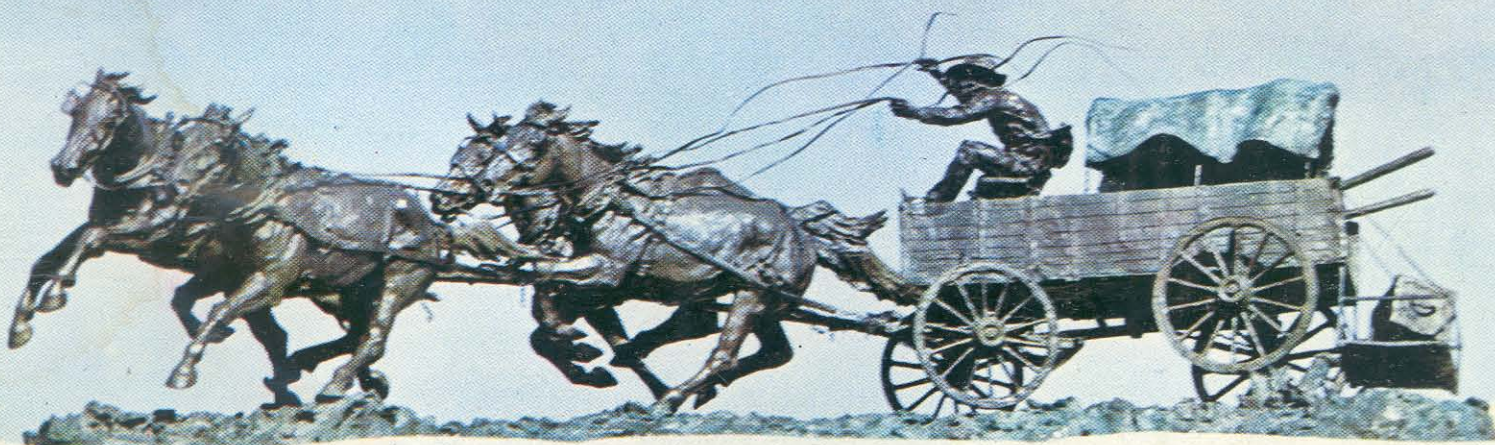


Thomas A. Edge Archives  
& Special Collections  
FOR REFERENCE USE ONLY  
2009.004

Canadian  
**Golden West**



The Canadian West's Own Magazine

85¢  
Summer '74

## Editorial

### THE AGE OF DISILLUSIONMENT

Off too many lips today drop the sad words "I am disillusioned". It has become our universal moan. An excuse put forth not to vote, not to believe in God, not to pay our taxes, not work and even not to smile.

It's our latest cop-out and it is our real enemy. We are like small children who have suddenly outgrown the carnival. But ours is the carnival of life.

The Watergate hearings showed up the mechanics of just how the carnival's magician, the politician, could pull an election win out of a false bottomed silk hat. The machines we relied on have turned out to be just like a carnival's merry-go-round. Things that really didn't take us on a magic trip at all, but just brought us right back to where we started from. And now expenses, and by-products, their defects and the strikes caused by the men whose jobs they have taken seem too high a price to have had to pay at the ticket booth for the short round about ride we got. Our money has become a great inflated fragile balloon we know we are only holding by a too thin thread. We have discovered our dream of ending war is as phoney as the wave of the magician's wand who after he has seemed to cut the bejewelled lady in half only makes her emerge again from his black box to just do a repeat performance. And our heroes are like the strongmen in the tent show who make such a fine display of lifting iron weights until we discover they are just flabby men lifting only black bags of hot air!

Our carnival has suddenly lost its magic and we are desolate. We say 'poor us, we are disillusioned'.

But disillusion is only a loss of illusion, and illusions never were for real. We know that when people do suffer from illusions they are then candidates for a lunatic asylum. Is this why we moan - that we have to face reality? Was it stars that fell from our eyes or blinders?

True, now we know after Watergate to what deception some politicians will go to get the crowds applause shown by an electin win, and how legislation could easily be bought. The too easy manoeuvre-ability of a democracy was revealed, but that was all. In fact that knowledge now makes it more easily repaired. The merry-go-round ride of today's machines has shown us the machine itself is not enough. It's purpose and use is what we must now question and what is the ride costing us?

The fact our money turns out to be only a fragile inflationary balloon should show us it in its proper perspective. We can't eat it or live off it, and to let such a fragile thing dominate our whole culture and to pin all our hopes on it is to live truly dangerously. We may now realize we can't eliminate war by waving a magic wand or even chanting the magic words abra-ca-da-bra Kissinger. But at least we have found out how very many persons there are in the world, who now oppose war and were applauding its

disappearance because they so fervently hoped the act was true and we know that where there is many there is strength.

When our so called strongmen have lately revealed their true weak natures, it is sad, but at least now we know, we must ourselves truly test their muscles, not merely read the bright signs on the carnival tents.

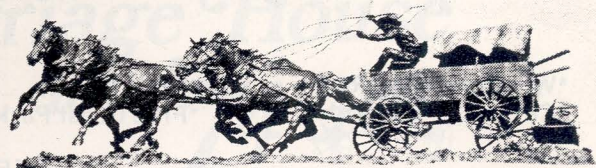
Like children we have lost faith in our carnival. We have had to grow up. The so loveable Peter Pan could only live in a never-never land. If we had no adults in our midst, children could not survive and if there were no children there would be no tomorrow. The carnival has left town and the sad children have grown up a bit.

Thank God for disillusionment. That means we are now ready for new growth. Summer is the growing time of our year. May you cease to grieve over your lost illusions and enjoy the new growth now possible in this summer of seventy-four. ■

— Ruth Gorman.

## Our Cover

*Is a bronze statue four feet long and almost a foot high. It was sculpted and cast by Jay Contway, one of the most brilliant young western artists I have yet seen. Priced at over thirty-five thousand dollars it is a worthy tribute to what is still the world's most exciting race. - Calgary's "chucks". An article about this artist is in this issue.*



## SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

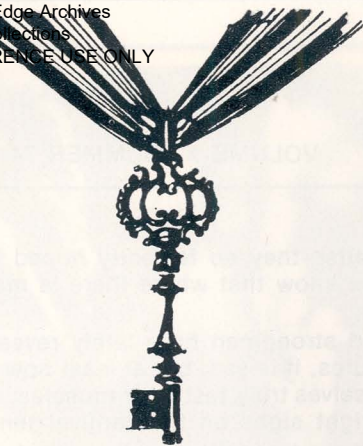
Canadian Golden West is published quarterly from its head offices at 814 - 16 Ave. N.W., Calgary T2M 0J9, Alberta, Canada. Phone (403) 289-4022.

Publisher ..... Sally Farran

Editor ..... Ruth Gorman  
253-8686

Advertising ..... Sally Farran, phone (403) 289-4022

Subscriptions: \$3.50 per year, \$6.00 two years, 50¢ extra postage for out of Canada. For subscriptions phone (403) 265-9647.  
Authorized as 2nd class mail. Reg. no 0909



*The Key  
 to Pleasure  
 In Wining and Dining*



**THE YORK**   
 HOTEL

Watch for

THE YORK OFFERS  
 YOU OUR GUEST  
 THESE FINE  
 FACILITIES

our stampede entertainment

\*Windsor Dining Room\*  
 \*Circle "Y" Cabaret

\*York Tavern  
 \*Free Guest Parking

\*Redcoat Lounge  
 \*Sauna Bath

\*180 Guest Rooms  
 \*Color Television

THE YORK HOTEL

Centre Street and Seventh Avenue

Phone 262-5585



— Dine with a view —

There is something peaceful about dining near water.

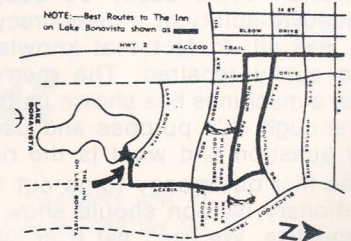
On the shore of Lake Bonavista with a background of the Rocky Mountains.

Excellent service, outstanding cuisine, reasonable prices  
 at

**The Inn on Lake Bonavista**

747 Lake Bonavista Drive

Phone 271-6711



Maybe you should get out more.



Discover the Owl's Nest with incredible edibles from around the world. Like perfect Breast of Pheasant Renaissance served in the quiet glow of candlelight. For reservations call 266-1611.

### Owl's Nest

*Calgary Inn*

One of six great hotels in Canada

WESTERN  
INTERNATIONAL  
HOTELS



## When you think of meetings or banquets, think Holiday Inn

Afternoon or all-day functions from 5-500 can be easily arranged at Holiday Inn. Rooms can be set up with all the necessary equipment. Contact our catering office now for more information on our facilities and services.



*Holiday Inn*

708 - 8th Avenue S.W.  
Calgary 2, Alberta



**263-7600**

Owned/operated by Atlific Inns Inc.

## The new look Carriage House for '74



First class all the way. We offer just about everything...gourmet dining, deluxe lounges, coffee shop, swimming pool; health club, with masseuse. Elegant rooms have color and cable TV, 2 telephones, and full bathroom (with telephone). 175 rooms and new elegant pent-house suites all with a panoramic view of the mountains. Acres of parking, entertainment nightly, Cabaret on Thurs., Fri., and Sat.

THE **CARRIAGE HOUSE** MOTOR INN  
9030 Macleod Trail S.E. Calgary Alberta, Canada  
phone (403)253-1101 • Telex 03-825678



# Wining and Dining

**STEAK and LOBSTER**

**5.50**

**MON. THRU THURS.**

**GREAT FOOD - GREAT ATMOSPHERE!**

**MOOSE FACTORY**  
Great Food Great Atmosphere  
 LICENSED

1213 FIRST STREET S.W. - 268-2271

**NOW FULLY LICENSED**



## THE GOURMET'S MENU

Each season our travelling gourmet, after spending a few months sampling the delicacies on the menus of Calgary's restaurants, selects one which particularly pleased his palate. This season his selection came from the atmospheric Captains Table Dining Lounge at the Trade Winds Hotel, where he has enjoyed several evenings of excellent food.

Half Dozen Snails (Escargots) with garlic butter  
 French Onion Soup  
 Caesar Salad  
 Steak Dianné

(Prepared at your table, from Choice Beef Tenderloin with Green Onions, Mushrooms, Peppers, Red Wine and Brandy)

A bottle of Mouton Cadet (Rothschild)  
 Spanish Coffee

**Come Aboard...  
 and enjoy fine dining**

With atmosphere reminiscent of the days of Captain Ahab, you're ready to enjoy a feast fit only for the Captain's guests.

A complete menu awaits your pleasure, from succulent seafood to quality aged beef steaks, all prepared the way you like them. Including fine wines and cocktails, all at reasonable prices.

There's Sunday dining and dinner music on Friday and Saturday, to accent your dining enjoyment.

**The  
 Captain's Table**

GREAT FOOD AT REASONABLE PRICES

Glenmore & Macleod Trail, Calgary · 252-2211



## CALGARY

### COCKTAIL LOUNGES

**SINBAD LOUNGE** - off the lobby of the Trade Winds Hotel at Glenmore and MacLeod Trails. Nightly entertainment.

**MARLBOROUGH LOUNGE** - at the Carriage House Motor Hotel.

**POSTILLION LOUNGE** - at the Carriage House Motor Hotel. Nightly entertainment.

**BOATHOUSE LOUNGE** - The Inn on Lake Bonavista at 747 Lake Bonavista Drive.

**THE OWL'S NEST** - Calgary Inn - 4th Avenue and 3rd Street, S.W. A special chef's luncheon at noon.

**THE RED COAT LOUNGE** - in the York Hotel - 7th Avenue and Centre Street. Entertainment.

**THE RED FOX** - entrance on 6th Street between 7th Avenue and 8th Avenue. Old English style tavern. At the Holiday Inn.

**DOGHOUSE LOUNGE** - off the lobby of the Holiday Inn, 8th Avenue S.W.

**PIANO BAR** - in the International Hotel, 220 - 4th Ave. S.W. Nightly entertainment.

**BIG 4 LOUNGE** - in the Big 4 Building at the Exhibition Grounds. Dining Room and Cocktail Lounge. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

**HY'S** - Nightly entertainment. Opens at 4:30 p.m. with the serving of hot hors d'oeuvres. Located just off their elegant and renowned dining room at 316-4th Avenue S.W.

**CANADIAN HOUSE LTD.** Holds a continuous  
Group of Seven and other artists  
such as:

- Karl E. Wood
  - Norman A. Brown
  - Hans Harold
  - Colin Williams A.R.C.A.
  - Gilbert Flodberg
- There is also on display pressed glass,  
Portneuf pottery  
Maps and barlett prints.

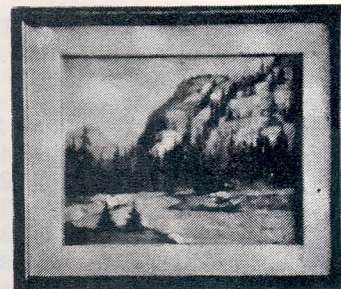
**GAINSBOROUGH GALLERIES -**

There is a continual showing of the works of such  
artists as:

- Geoffery Rock
- Robert Genn
- George Horvath
- Mario Maczorodynski
- A.C. Leighton
- R.A. Freeman
- Elma Schock
- Dick Van Den Hoogan

# CHINOOK ART GALLERY

We offer a complete service to the discriminating buyer. Distinctive picture framing, large selection of prints and lithographs, restoration, evaluations.



M. Gonsalves I.W.C.A.

905 HERITAGE DRIVE S.W.  
(Elbow Drive at 82nd Ave.)

Open daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

## THE GUILD

presents —

ART DEALERS AND BOOKSELLERS

**PAINTINGS:** By Prof. Schoneberg, Elke Sommer, Arthur Evoy, John Crittendon, G. Speck, Brent Laycock.

**GRAPHICS ENGRAVINGS:**

By such international artists as Joan Miro, Salvadore Dali, Henry Moore, Vasarely, Chang Dai Chien, Charles Bragg, Rodo Boulanger, Koko Moti, Ballon and many others.

**BRONZES:** Westerns by Gina MacDougall and Cornelius Mariens - Sculptors of Calgary Stampede Trophies.

**CERAMICS** Reproductions - Custom framing.

**ALL UNIQUELY COMBINED WITH CALGARY'S QUALITY BOOKSTORE**

Featuring a comprehensive selection of Fiction and Nonfiction, Literature, Sports, Cook-books, Reference, Drama, Poetry, Children's Books and unquestionably the finest selection of Art Books.



gallery of artists and authors

NINE-TEN EIGHTH AVENUE SOUTH WEST,  
CALGARY, ALBERTA T2P 1H8, CANADA



**THE GAINSBOROUGH GALLERIES LIMITED**  
611 - 8th AVENUE S.W., CALGARY 2  
PHONE 269-6682 — 262-1606

Calgary's oldest Fine Art Gallery and Frame Shoppe established in 1923 by the late W. St. John Miller. The Gallery has been operated since 1949 by Carol and George Pain and presently employ a staff of eleven competent and experienced personnel.

**THE FINE ART DEPARTMENT** is internationally known and is associated with the Leger Galleries of London, England, The Alex Fraser Galleries of Vancouver, B.C., and the Walter Klinkhoff Galleries of Montreal P.Q.

**THE FRAMING DEPARTMENT** is under the supervision of Mr. Ralph Bot. ALL custom and contract framing is done on the premises by Mr. Bot and his six capable assistants.

**THE GAINSBOROUGH GALLERIES LIMITED** carry an exceptional variety of Fine Arts and are privileged to act as agents for Dick Freeman; Kenneth Steel, R.B.A., S.G.A., W.N. Gaunt, F.I.A.L., Malcolm MacKenzie, Geoffrey A. Rock, A.C. Leighton, R.B.A., A.R.C.A., F.I.A.L., Robert Genn, George Horvath, Harold Lyon, Josh Silbert, Dick Van Den Hoogan, Mario Maczorodynski.

One man show - mailing list upon request  
611 - 8th Avenue, S.W., Calgary.

THE GUILD GALLERY  
 Thomas A. Edge Archives  
 & Special Collections  
 FOR REFERENCE USE ONLY  
 2009.004

Arthur Evoy  
 John Crittenden  
 Brent Laycock  
 Elke Sommer

Prof. S.C. Schoneberg  
 Reinblatt  
 Gina MacDougall  
 Cornelius Martens

Limited edition signed graphics by such international masters as:

Salvadore Dali  
 Joan Miró  
 Henry Moore  
 Francisco Zuniga


Vasarely  
 Rodo Boulanger  
 Charles Bragg  
 Koko Moti and many others.

**CALGARY GALLERIES**

displays continually the works of

Maxwell Bates  
 Barbara Leighton  
 Vivian Lindoe  
 Thelma Manarey  
 Janet Mitchell  
 Douglas Motter  
 Margaret Shelton  
 David Shone  
 John Snow  
 Boyd Waddell (photographer)

*Carmen Moore*



Specialists in Canadiana  
 Now located at  
 613 - 11 Ave. S.W.                      263-2215

canadian  
 art  
 galleries Ltd.

811 seventeenth avenue s.w. calgary 3 alberta

PAINTING: *Grandmaison, Palmer R.C.A., Thomson, Shelton and many others*  
 CERAMICS: *Bain Hodge.*  
 SCULPTURE: *Bielish Fuhrmann.*  
 CUSTOM-FRAMING: *For oils, watercolors, photographs, graphics and needlework.*

Open 9:00 to 5:30 Tuesday through Saturday

Let us know if you would like to receive invitations to our Fall and Winter Art Shows. Telephone 244-1862.

Let's talk  
 about a  
 better way  
 to handle  
 your money.

When you put money in the bank, it's for your own good reasons. Which means that you want a savings plan that's tailored to your own needs and wants. And that's why we offer different accounts and investment certificates, each with its own interests, and each with its own unique features.

True Chequing Accounts. Regular and True Savings Accounts. Savings Certificates and Income Deposit Certificates. Term Deposit Receipts. And Certificates of Deposits.

If you want to get the most for your money, let's discuss the individual features of each. Let's get together. And let's talk.



The First Canadian Bank  
**Bank of Montreal**



**EARLY CANADIAN**

Glass and Silver  
 Historic China  
 Maps and  
 Historic Prints

**CANADIANA house ltd.**  
*"for the Discriminating Collector"*  
**509 Second Street Southwest**  
**CALGARY**

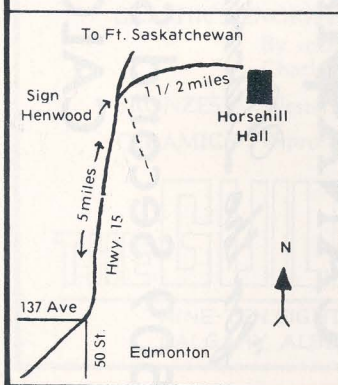
**GROUP OF SEVEN**

and other  
 outstanding  
 Canadian Artists



## ANTIQUES

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



MARY GOULDEN  
ANTIQUES  
HORSEHILL HALL  
R.R. 6, SITE 7  
EDMONTON, ALTA.  
PHONE 799-3656

Open daily 1-6 p.m.  
Except Monday

For  
the discriminating collector

Canadian  
paintings - graphics - sculptures - pottery

THE ART MART LTD.

## DOWNSTAIRS GALLERY

10154 - 103 ST.      PHONE 429-4410

(Just North of Jasper)

Open:  
9:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.  
9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Thurs. & Fri.

# Arctic Arts

LTD.

## ESKIMO, INDIAN AND OTHER CRAFTS

Authentic handcrafted art works  
(Personally selected)

424-2935

10064-104th St. Edmonton

14" High  
Whalebone Polar Bear  
and Walrus





Thomas A. Edge Archives  
& Special Collections

# Art galleries

**THE HERBERT MUSEUM STAIRS GALLERY—**  
2009-07-27 Ted Harrison

**ARCTIC ARTS** has a continual display of works of such artists as:  
Jack Caesar - Watson Lake  
Nanooch - Assumption  
Oujuk - Labrador  
Thrasher - Inuvik  
There are handmade pottery and crafts from various local artists.



## Klondike Days

### DAILY DOWNTOWN NOONTIME ACTIVITIES (July 18th-27th)

Bathtub Race (2 block race on main streets)  
Street entertainment and activities (bands, can-can dancers, etc.)  
Stagecoach arrival at Bank of Montreal  
Marchng Bands

### EXHIBITION GROUNDS (July 17th-27th, closed Sunday)

Thoroughbred Horse Racing including \$5,000 added Klondike Handicap  
Free Grandstand Variety Show in the evenings  
Chilkoot Gold Mine - pan for real gold nuggets  
Silver Slipper Casino  
Klondike Palace - non-stop, family entertainment

### OTHER FEATURES

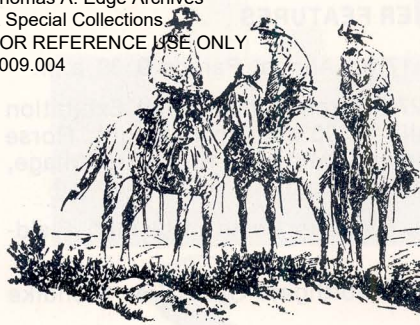
Wednesday, July 17th...Annual Parade 9:30 a.m.  
Wed. 17th - Sat. 27th (excl. Sunday 21st) Exhibition Grounds Open daily 10:00 a.m. to midnight. Horse Racing, Entertainment, Midway, Klondike Village, Chilcoot Mine (pan for Gold).  
Friday, July 19th...Bavarian Feste...Kinsmen Field-house  
Saturday, July 20th...Northgate Giant Free Klondike Breakfast  
Sunday, July 21st...14th Annual World Championship Sourdough Raft Race & River Regatta 9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.  
Sunday, July 21st...9th Sunday Promenade, described as "the largest one-day, indoor or outdoor show in North America"  
Wed. 17th - Sat 27th (excl. Sunday 21st) - Hotels and Nightclubs join in the Klondike spirit till 2:00 a.m. daily except Sunday.

### MAJOR EVENTS

Band Extravaganza	Wed. July 17th
Klondike Parade	Wed. July 17th
Rotary Bavarian Feste	Fri. July 19th
Klondike Melodrama (hiss the villain type)	July 15th-27th
Sourdough Raft Race & other Regatta events	Sun. July 21st
Sunday Promenade	Sun. July 21st



Soon we will be trail riding again. But even if you don't you can still laugh and enjoy the book "Pack Horses in the Rockies." A book of Stew Cameron cartoons, which this cartoon is from. Order from Cameron Cartoons P.O. Box 505 Calgary. This is one item whose price has not gone up. Still a bargain at \$2.50.



# GOLDEN NOTES

About all you can say good about the west's spring this year, was that it was hard on streakers.

\*\*\*

Isn't it a riot. Mr. Trudeau did it. He set election day on the Calgary Stampede's parade day. We notice no one's concerned about the droves of people who will have to work at the election polls and miss the parade - only that the taverns will miss their big take. Just goes to show, you are never sure these days what it's really all about.

\*\*\*

On July the eighth the mounties will have been a hundred years in the West. This year we honour the men to today's force, but mostly we honour those firstcomers, ordinary men who had greatness thrust upon them.

It was unfortunate that the great English novelist Charles Dickens died just before his son, who had been a soldier in India, decided to come to Canada and enlist with the mounties. If Charles had still been alive what tales that novelist could have written of the adventures of his son Francis. True tales more fantastic than even Dickens fertile imagination could have ever conceived.

Who could imagine what it would be like when 275 men, following an inaccurate map, attempt to march 1595 miles across a wilderness for four months. They started when the heat and dust from prairie fires was suffocating, and they were driven half crazy with huge mosquitoes. Then they were overtaken by a plague of grasshoppers that even ate all the paint off the wagons and they finished their march in torn clothing half frozen in a raging blizzard. En route they pushed and finally discarded broken wagons and left behind a trail of dead horses. In one day six horses fell dead under their drivers. Each night the mounties shivered themselves to sleep, because they shared their blankets with their exhausted horses. Often they made camp with no water at all. They made long unnecessary detours because they were lost. Finally with the aid of the half-breed, Jerry Potts, they came upon the American whiskey traders at Fort Whoop-Up, the first they had orders to destroy. The commissioner with his one cannon set up well back, marched all alone firmly up to its gate and knocked. But it was an anti-climax.

The Whoop had already been driven out of Fort Whoop-Up. The Indians who had been watching the persistent march of the men who dared to wear red and make a target of themselves, and who kep on no

matter how tough the going was, had warned the whiskey traders of their approach. But more important, already the Indians had developed a respect of these determined men.

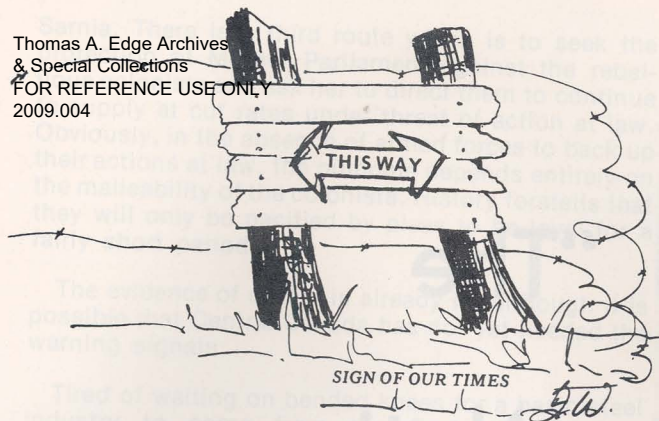
How the novelist Dickens would have hammered at the injustices. Their plight made Oliver Twist's seem easy in comparison. North they marched, to the promised winter barracks at Swan River. When they arrived, those barracks, that Ottawa had paid a contractor thirty thousand to build, (which was a very large sum in those days) were unfinished, abandoned and uninhabitable. The mounties had no clothes. They had worn out their first issue and no others were sent. They had not even been paid the fifty cents a day wages they were to get.

How Dickens would have relished the irony of the wire Colonel MacLeod sent off - "eighteen have deserted for want of pay. If paid more will desert." They turned back to Winnipeg, but Winnipeg was angry about their complaints re the scandal of the Swan River fort so they refused to take them in and they had to go on the Dufferin.

The novelist Dickens would have loved the drama in their lives. He would have relished the interplay of emotions while Walsh watched them starve out the tired rebellious Sitting Bull, the last of his kind, and the strange compromises they had to make, like when they hanged their first convicted killer, an Indian who had turned cannibal and eaten up all his family. How that must have revolted those men, yet they still had enough understanding and compassion to allow the Indians gather around the gallows to sing to the throb of their drums, a death song to speed the unfortunate Indian to his happy hunting ground. - No wonder the Indians respected the Mounties!

Dickens the novelist would have also loved their gayness. The great Christmas parties they had. At the first one they didn't have a Christmas tree, but they went one better, they made a tree disappear. They had invited the chiefs for Christmas dinner and to show their magic, they got out their cannon and bang - gone one tree. The dances at these gay parties far outshone the gay Cratchit's Christmas party in "The Christmas Carol".

But Dickens the novelist never got to hear the tales of his own son Francis. Poor Francis, after that first march and eleven more years with the force, his <sup>o</sup>earing had gone, and he grew steadily more morose. In charge of Fort Pitt during the Riel Rebellion he grew fearful of the government's policy. He wrote and begged the eight settlers at nearby Frogg Lake to come to the shelter of the Fort, but they didn't and so were massacred by the Indians. Francis Dickens even then was still hopeful that he could talk the Indians into settling peaceably. He sent three mounties out hopefully to talk to them, but one was shot in the back, the other left for dead, and the third was captured. Dickens had only a small supply of



This is how our "Mounties" were dressed one hundred years ago this July the eighth, as they began their historic march West. The Pill box hat disappeared in 1900 as it proved to be an unsuitable protection against sun or snow. This bronze statue is a part of a three piece grouping, which also includes a mountie of today and his horse. The statue is as western as the Mounties. It was sculpted by well known artist Helen Young of Regina and was cast in Alberta by Shirley and Don Beggs at Canada's only bronze casting studio - "Studio West" located at Cochrane, Alberta.

ammunition and only two dozen mounties and outside the fort, waiting, were 200 well armed Crees. In desperation he sneaked his men out of the fort and in a barge they had hastily made from lumber inside the fort, they retreated down the ice-filled Saskatchewan River to Battleford. For seven days they floated down the river bailing continuously the leaking barge, while their clothes froze to their bodies. Francis Dickens never did recover.

What sacrifices those early mounties made so we could inherit a peaceful land, a land that even today is comparatively peaceful in a world that grows more violent.

Now after a hundred years they still bring us order and even pleasure. Part of the centennial celebration will be the presentation of that precision perfect musical ride. The province wide tour begins July 24th at Wainwright and will be at most fairs. Watch it and in your heart give thanks for their brave predecessors. The West owes them much.



### *The Old Cowboy*

*He may be old in years  
But he's young at heart*

*He may be stiff and a little slow  
But he rides a horse straight up*

*He may be ornery  
But never mean*

*He may stretch the fact in a story  
But he doesn't lie*

*He may need glasses to read with  
But he can spot a cow a mile away*

*His clothes may be out of style  
But on him they look right*

*His hide is tuff as rawhide  
But his heart is soft as a horse's muzzle*

*He may not go to church every Sunday  
But he counts his blessings every day*

*He may ache and pain a little  
But he never complains*

*He may drive a hard bargain  
But he would never cheat*

*He loves his horse  
But he respects his cat*

*He likes most people  
But he cherishes his friends*

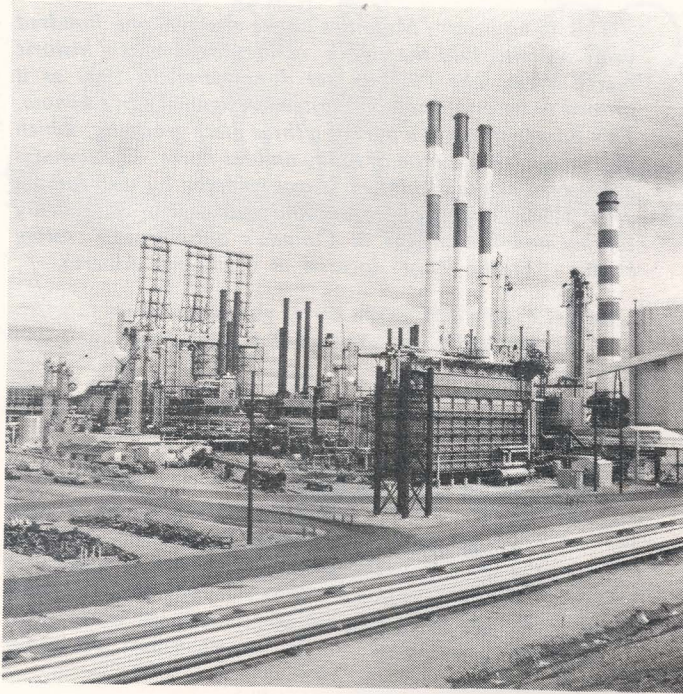
*He is a humble person  
But he's proud to have been a man*

*He may not know the model of his car  
But he can go back six generations of his horse*

*He may reminice  
But never broods*

*He may favor the old ways  
But he respects the new.*

- Doug Stephens



*View of bitumen processing area at Great Canadian Oil Sands Limited plant site near Fort McMurray, Alberta. Three stacks at right centre rise from reformer furnace which produces hydrogen for treating liquids from cokers to remove sulfur, other purities. Coker drums at left 350 - foot power house stack is at right.*

As federal election guns volley and thunder and new governments are formed in the traditional Canadian manner, we may forget that the battle for a new Alberta has just begun whatever party reigns in Ottawa.

For we are witnessing a challenge by a young province to a power establishment that has been centuries in the building. And no one in Alberta should get away with the idea that the battle will be easily won, however just our case may appear to be.

The Golden Triangle of Central Canada has always been the economic heart of the nation - it contains the established merchants, financiers and industries. It has the most prosperous majority of the Canadian consumers, and above all it contains most of the voters.

The pattern of Canadian Trade has been east-west rather than north-south as the natural flow of market forces might have been if the realism of politics had not intervened. Canadian political history has been greatly pre-occupied with these matters of trade with the United States. Elections, for instance, were fought and lost on the question of reciprocity. Always the argument was that Canadians should avoid a fate worse than death, the fate of being hewers of wood and drawers of water for established factories south of the border. This was the rationale for tariff protection and subsidy for Ontario industry.

But now, we face an identical challenge to Ontario itself from within Canada. Another underdog, the wheel having come full circle, is saying that it dislikes

# “The Natives are Restive”...

by Peter Jackson

the wood-hewing and water-drawing relationship between it and established industry in Ontario. All the same old arguments can be used to put down the upstart - the market analysis shows it is cheaper to feed existing factories where most of the people are rather than to manufacture close to the source of raw materials. And classic confrontation again takes place.

The tributary provinces get tired of the argument that all roads lead to Rome. They become restless at the insinuation that the laws, when it comes right down to it, are made to protect the centre of power. And they fall back on the most elementary of all principles - the simple axiom that possession is nine parts of the law. Depending upon the determination of the holder of those natural resources, who will deny that this is the most effective weapon of all?

Certainly not the large petro-chemical companies who now come to the reluctant conclusion that all that is really important to them is assurance of supply. For years they have developed their base in Sarnia on the economics of cheap oil and gas from the prairies. Suddenly there is a real threat to this old market pattern. Those petro-chemical companies that see the writing on the wall wrestle with three alternatives, together or apart.

They see that they must either shift to Alberta or shift as much to Alberta as will pacify the restive natives while still fuelling their established factories

Sarnia. The natives will simply divert it from their exports to the United States. And we do not really believe their stories that their pool of conventional crude is rapidly drying up.

Second player at the poker table is Dow, the powerful American petro-chemical outfit that probably controls more than half of the market in Canada and the United States anyway. They already have half the existing action in Sarnia, but they see the writing on the wall and would like to play ball with Alberta. We agree with Alberta, they say, that the best petro-chemical route is via the ethane in natural gas which is now going up the chimney for home heating. Extract it from the gas before sale and you are being real conservationists.

Then we will export half to our parent in the United States, pipe a quarter of it to Sarnia and process the remaining quarter into petrochemical feedstocks in Alberta. That way Sarnia will not wither on the vine but will have normal growth, Alberta will get a good start on home grown industry and our American parent will put up the bucks.

Sounds great, says Lougheed, but once its in a pipeline it comes under the control of our federal buddies. What's to stop them from diverting that half which was meant for your American parent (and too far away to bother the Canadian market), diverting it into Sarnia as well so that Sarnia is still doubled in size as it would be by Petro-sar?

The only secure one from Alberta's point of view seems to be the proposal of her old friend Alberta Gas Trunk Line together with C.I.L. This partnership says it will build big and do it all within Alberta, thus avoiding federal interference.

But would it be viable, that is the question, if expansions in Sarnia via Petro-sar and Dow gobbled up the Canadian market. That American tariff wall is a pretty high one to jump. The suspicion comes to mind that Central Canada plans that this third Alberta plant will get the short end of the stick. Certainly, if dirty pool is played, Alberta can equalize things somewhat through the price of gas. However, that must be a last resort.

How does one explain equity, explain the justice that additional petro-chemical plants over the above present-day Sarnia should be in Alberta?

The Central Canada counter-argument sounds so logical until one stops to think. Why should you hold your fellow Canadians up to ransom, they say. You haven't done badly, You are a wealthy province, all your roads are paved and you have no sales tax. Surely your good fortune should also belong partly to us. And they they turn the deaf ear when the Albertan begins to talk about depleting resources, about what will happen when the oil is gone, about equal one-price deals for lumber and copper and steel.

In the middle of all this, reeling from blow after government blow, are the oil explorers, mostly foreign. The last straw was a federal budget that promises to leave them without even the pot that held the gold at the foot of the rainbow. Will they pull out? Probably not. But it's hard to believe they'll gamble so bravely when most of the rewards have been appropriated by the house.

Listen to the drums out there, my dear, the natives are very restive tonight. ■

Obviously, in the absence of armed forces to back up their actions at law, the outcome depends entirely on the malleability of the colonists. History foretells that they will only be pacified by pleas to be loyal for a fairly short period.

The evidence of unrest is already in, although it is possible that Central Canada has not yet heeded the warning signals.

Tired of waiting on bended knees for a basic steel industry to come from the East, Alberta and Saskatchewan have thrown their weight behind a nascent steel company of their own.

Premier Peter Lougheed has sent a warning to federal Polysar and its ally Union Carbide that they cannot count on cheap Albertan crude oil for their planned new petro-chemical industry in Ontario.

Dow and Dome, who promise an Albertan petrochemical industry in return for guaranteed ethylene for Sarnia and the United States are sweating at the starting gate, wondering if they have offered enough.

Alberta has already announced joint ventures with synthetic crude and gas companies, promising to spread ownership widely among her people. And there are reports her interest may spread into lumber-based enterprises as well.

She is challenging time-encrusted freight differentials that favor Ontario and seems disposed to paddle her own canoe in many directions, including the financing of small business. She shows herself determined to obtain closer to market value for her gas and oil and yet, horror of horrors to the centralists, makes no secret of her intention to give her own people a better deal.

The details of the petro-chemical confrontation promise even more excitement than the recent confrontation over oil. There, Alberta backed away from a real fight when she agreed to sell crude oil to her fellow Canadians for only \$6.50 a barrel when the rest of the world was receiving \$11.70. The she acquiesced in the proposition that the federal government should pocket the difference of \$5.20 from selling cheap Alberta oil to our cousins in the United States at the top price. The federal markup would be used to subsidize those poor Eastern Canadians who were being asked to pay foreigners the same price for imported oil as the rest of the world.

But now they are not talking about Alberta sacrifices to help Canadian consumers who use oil for cars or for heating. The brazen Ontario proposal this time is that they are entitled to more Alberta oil at half-price for conversion into petro-chemicals. In other words the plan is to double the size of Sarnia, a city that already owes its prosperity to cut-rate natural resources from Alberta. And prime partner in the plot is Polymer, the federal crown corporation.

The insinuation is plain enough! Who is going to stop us? they say firmly. If Alberta refuses more oil, we

will simply divert it from their exports to the United States. And we do not really believe their stories that their pool of conventional crude is rapidly drying up.

Second player at the poker table is Dow, the powerful American petro-chemical outfit that probably controls more than half of the market in Canada and the United States anyway. They already have half the existing action in Sarnia, but they see the writing on the wall and would like to play ball with Alberta. We agree with Alberta, they say, that the best petro-chemical route is via the ethane in natural gas which is now going up the chimney for home heating. Extract it from the gas before sale and you are being real conservationists.

Then we will export half to our parent in the United States, pipe a quarter of it to Sarnia and process the remaining quarter into petrochemical feedstocks in Alberta. That way Sarnia will not wither on the vine but will have normal growth, Alberta will get a good start on home grown industry and our American parent will put up the bucks.

Sounds great, says Lougheed, but once its in a pipeline it comes under the control of our federal buddies. What's to stop them from diverting that half which was meant for your American parent (and too far away to bother the Canadian market), diverting it into Sarnia as well so that Sarnia is still doubled in size as it would be by Petro-sar?

The only secure one from Alberta's point of view seems to be the proposal of her old friend Alberta Gas Trunk Line together with C.I.L. This partnership says it will build big and do it all within Alberta, thus avoiding federal interference.

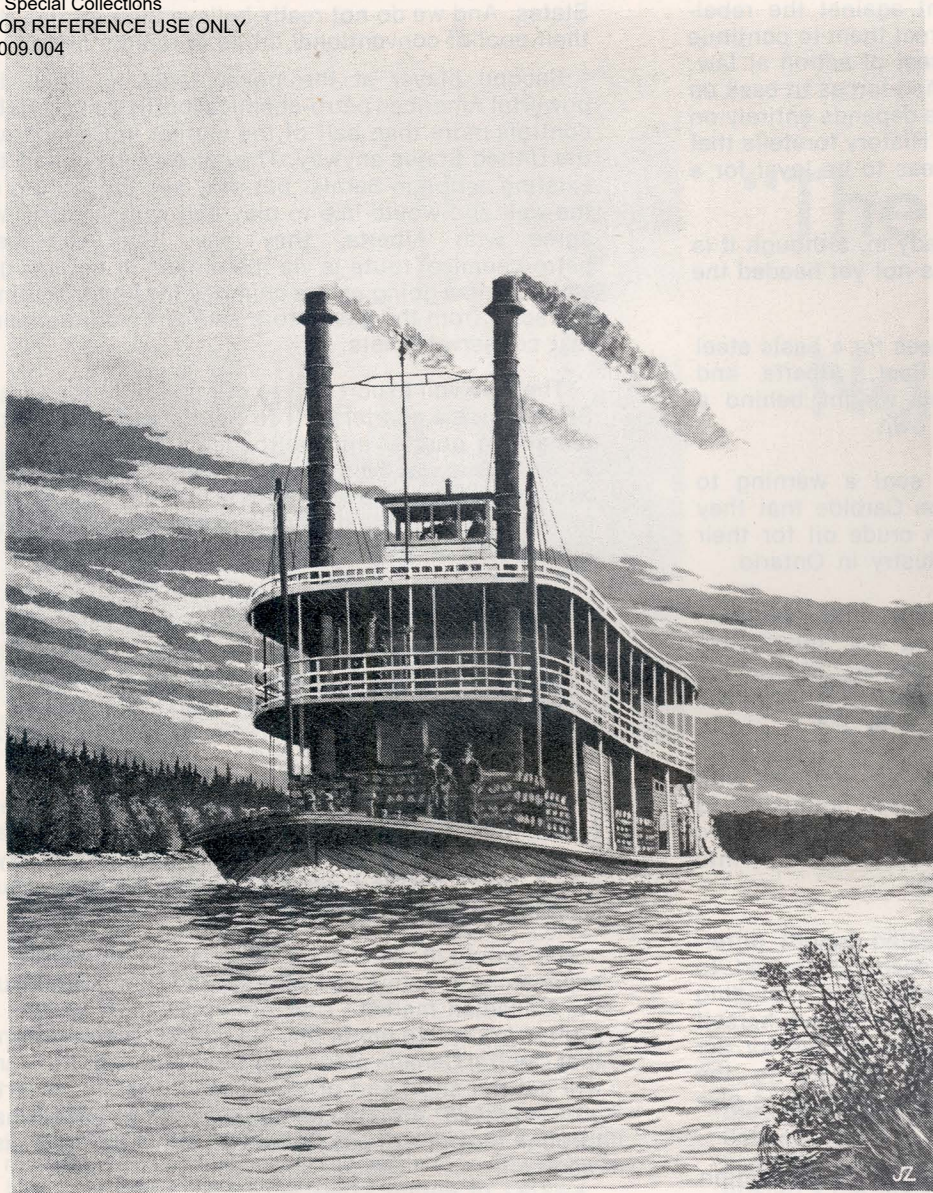
But would it be viable, that is the question, if expansions in Sarnia via Petro-sar and Dow gobbled up the Canadian market. That American tariff wall is a pretty high one to jump. The suspicion comes to mind that Central Canada plans that this third Alberta plant will get the short end of the stick. Certainly, if dirty pool is played, Alberta can equalize things somewhat through the price of gas. However, that must be a last resort.

How does one explain equity, explain the justice that additional petro-chemical plants over the above present-day Sarnia should be in Alberta?

The Central Canada counter-argument sounds so logical until one stops to think. Why should you hold your fellow Canadians up to ransom, they say. You haven't done badly, You are a wealthy province, all your roads are paved and you have no sales tax. Surely your good fortune should also belong partly to us. And they they turn the deaf ear when the Albertan begins to talk about depleting resources, about what will happen when the oil is gone, about equal one-price deals for lumber and copper and steel.

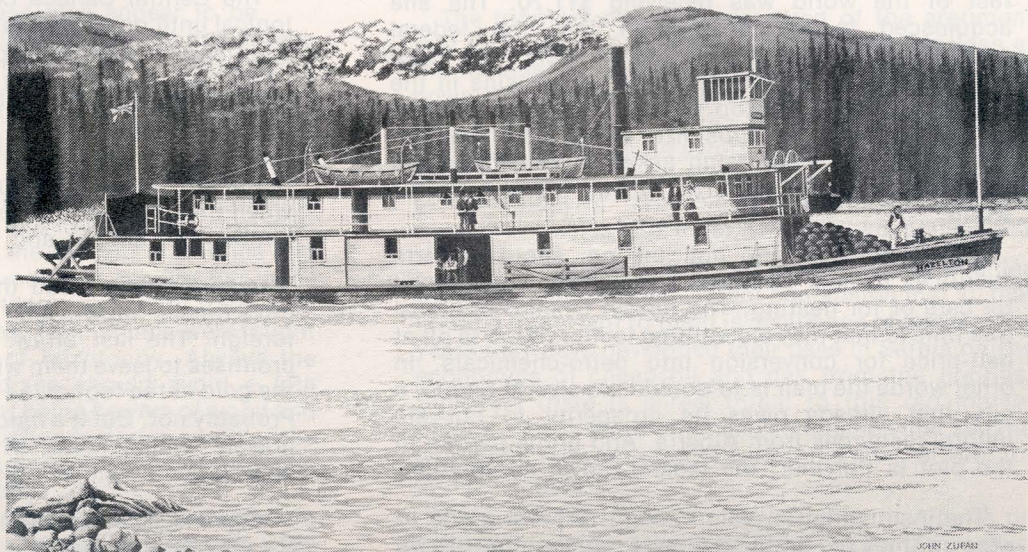
In the middle of all this, reeling from blow after government blow, are the oil explorers, mostly foreign. The last straw was a federal budget that promises to leave them without even the pot that held the gold at the foot of the rainbow. Will they pull out? Probably not. But it's hard to believe they'll gamble so bravely when most of the rewards have been appropriated by the house.

Listen to the drums out there, my dear, the natives are very restive tonight. ■

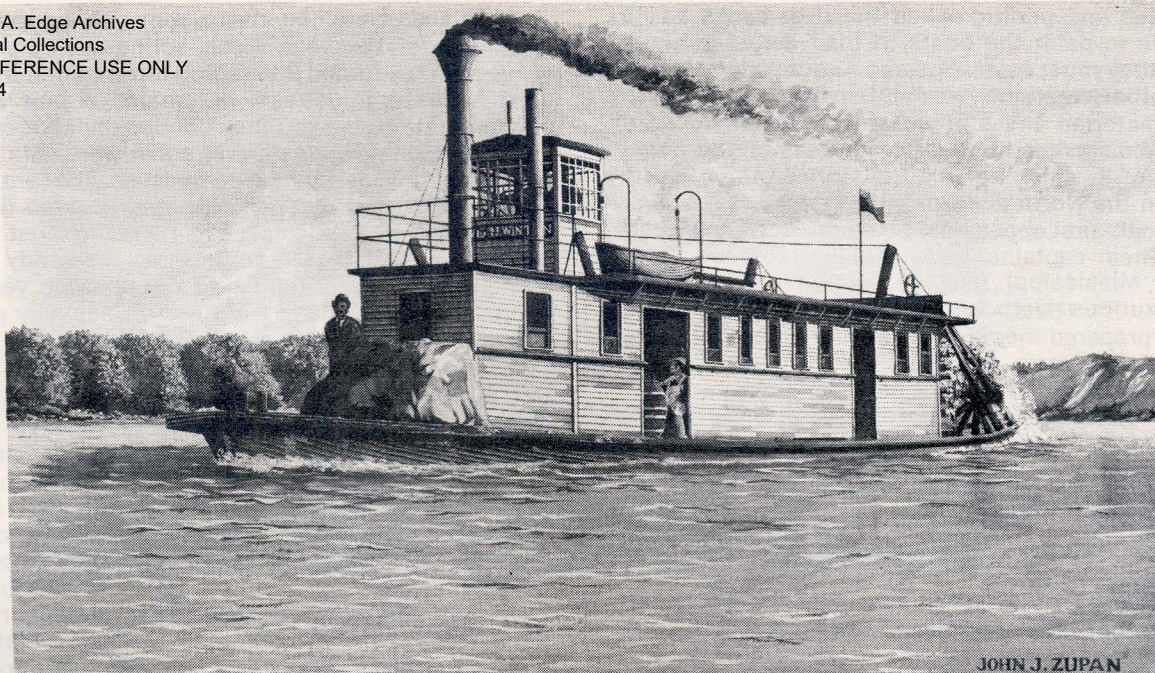


Painting by John Zupan

"THE NORTHWEST" was a comparatively successful boat at climbing rapids and sliding over sandbars. She was the last steamer to sail up the Saskatchewan from Winnipeg to Edmonton. She also served carrying supplies in the Riel Rebellion. By 1896 her owners, the Hudson Bay Company pulled her up onto Ross Flats in Edmonton and donated her services to the ladies of the local hospital auxiliary. But the old boat seemed determined to have a better end. On August the 17th, 1899, during a flood, she broke loose from land and while half the people in Edmonton watched from the bank she once more careened down the river by herself. She smashed against a pier of the lower level bridge, but despite that sailed on alone and was last reported being seen at Saddle Lake and they never did find her. Who knows, she may be another Flying Dutchman that silently sails on moonlit nights along the North Saskatchewan River?



Painting by John Zupan  
"THE HAZELTON" - named after the town, this sternwheeler was a B.C. riverboat running the Skeena. She was forever racing her competitor the "Mount Royal" down the river, a feud so fierce that it even once involved a shooting.



Painting by John Zupan

*"DeWINTON" - It's name has a familiar ring to Calgarians. Named after Sir Francis, who was the military secretary and friend of Canada's Governor General Marquis of Lorne, this was a boat similar to the coal boats used at Lethbridge.*

## Boats across the prairies

by Ruth Gorman

They were not tall beautiful ships that men go down to the sea in. They were squat little boats that would never see the sea. Awkward flat-bottomed stern-wheelers, destined to pass their land-locked years struggling up the white waters of a rapid, while trying not to be smashed on the canyon rocks on either side or nosing nervously their way along a river that wound across a wide flat sea of prairie grass. They looked as out of place as the first tired dust-encrusted pioneers must have, but like them, their story is one of raw courage, and the sheer excitement of being among the first of the few. The trips they made would sometimes seem impossible, prove disastrous or worse yet even ludicrous, and their life span was short. All we have left of them are some ships bells, parts of rusted anchors lying on river banks, bills of lading found in old cabins and old brown coloured photographs. And yet during their short span of life they were a small necessary and important link in the chain of the history of the making of the West.

They were the very first answer to Western Canada's dream of mechanized transportation. The first sight of one rounding a river bend, blowing its whistle, and churning up the water with its big back paddles must have been such a welcome sight to the pioneers. They would never in their lives forget it.

It was such small boats that brought supplies from Fort Garry (Winnipeg) to Fort Edmonton. They carried westward on their narrow decks, the year-late letters from home, the needed rifles, ploughs and even packets of needles. They also carried early missionaries and settlers. Eastward they carried back the furs on which our first Western economy was built. In Southern Alberta they carried coal from mines on the high banks of the Belly River to what is now the city of Lethbridge, and that city is named after one of the

owners of the boats. In Northern Alberta the Klondikers would fight to get aboard these boats, sailing in their mad search for gold north on the Pelly, river, Slave and MacKenzie rivers. Later it would be only boats like these that could keep alive the small tenuous life lines to the Northwest Territories and the Arctic. The very areas whose riches we are now all so interested in.

In B.C. the stern-wheelers would carry gold-seekers and settlers past the insurmountable Rocky Mountain barrier into the interior. But the adventures of the mountain boats, that ran swift, rushing to the sea rivers, is a great one to be told at another time. Life for our little prairie boats was equally adventurous, in fact, they even once went to war!

They were doomed to destruction from their beginning - not only because the railways would soon replace them, but because of the very nature of the rivers they had to travel on.

Possibly it was because the space they occupy in our history was so brief but when the boats vanished so did their story, leaving hardly a trace of it even in our history books.

Fortunately two Western Canadians have lately rediscovered their story and retold it. Young, 33 year-old artist John Zupan, who works in the City of Edmonton's drafting department, has recaptured their story in fine detailed oil and acrylic paintings. John was born in Yugoslavia, near the beautiful Adriatic sea, so his love for water and boats came naturally. A comparative newcomer when he came to Western Canada, he fell in love with our great flat plains and our mountains and when he heard boats once sailed across them, or through them, he was fascinated. He started a search for old pictures of these early boats, then he travelled to the river areas where they once

*(please turn over)*

had sailed and photographed the river banks so he was able to paint the boats in their actual settings. Special Collections must have appeared to our early settlers. The westerner was author Bruce Peel. He is also a historian and a librarian. He has produced a carefully researched book "Steamboats on the Saskatchewan" in which he tells the stories of the Prairie boats on the North and South Saskatchewan Rivers.

The boats first appeared on the prairie rivers around 1873. Their captains were mostly recruited from famous Mississippi riverboats. Nothing on those large luxurious riverboats with gambling casinos and shows, prepared them for the small rugged Canadian boats. One captain did insist for a brief period on carrying a piano aboard. But he needn't have worried. The few passengers they carried were rarely bored. The at least two week trip from Winnipeg to Edmonton of over 940 miles only cost fifty dollars, and if you were willing to sleep on deck you could make it for only thirty dollars. The meals of course were extra, but they only cost around fifty cents. They rode so close to the banks they could see every detail of the country and it was fresh, new and beautiful. They stopped at nearly every settlement along the river and there was always the excitement of getting stuck on the ever present sudden shallows or wrecked on a rapid. The first riverboat they ever launched was wrecked before they had time to christen it, and many others had been semi-wrecked from travelling up the Grande Rapids on the Red River.

If the American captains from the warm wide Mississippi had come unprepared for lack of luxuries in Canada that was as nothing compared to their consternation at discovering the narrow rivers of the

northland. Here the rivers were ice bound for six months of the year. Each spring with the snow's runoff, they turned into raging torrents that deposited whole trees midstream or created a new sand-bar overnight. Worse yet, they flooded their banks. In fact in 1885 no more boats ever again were able to travel the North Saskatchewan because the entire river vanished. It flooded its banks and diverted the entire river into a great impassable swamp, just west of Cumberland Lake. In summer on the windy treeless prairies the rivers tended to dry up. One year not a boat could move and to "spar" or manually push the boats over shallows developed into quite a summer occupation and art.

But by far the most exciting adventure the little Prairie boats had was when they went to war. Canada's only civil war or rebellion was almost as silly as the idea that they could turn the squat little riverboats into warships. History has not yet determined what the Riel Rebellion was quite all about. Having hung Riel in Regina nearly ninety years ago, they have now put up a statue to honour him in the grounds of the Saskatchewan legislature building. Clearly in 1885, the half-breeds or Metis were upset. Descendants of the honoured courier-du-bois of exploring fame, after being denied reserves or treaty right, they had settled and cultivated lovely long narrow river front farms on the South Saskatchewan river. They had already title to these farms denied them and their elected member not allowed to sit in Canada's parliament. They became really alarmed however, when they discovered the Canadian government was advertising all over Europe for immigrants from anywhere to come and occupy their farms for free. No wonder Riel developed a persecution complex! Sometimes you wonder if the so-called rebellion was at Batoche at all or was it partially just a fight between the angry Quebec Catholics (the Metis were mostly of French descent and Catholic) and the equally angry Protestant Orangemen of Ontario, or just between political parties in Ottawa? It was certainly used as an excuse to finalize the large C.P.R. grant and fulfill an election promise. Or was the rebellion even additionally fanned into being by the American press who wanted Captain Howard to get a chance to test his new Gatling gun? Clearly the Metis were mad and the last was mad enough to fight a war in the West. The poor westerners weren't mad at anyone, they were just terrified! They knew they had no defences and if the Indians should choose to join the Metis they were finished. If anything could have further terrified the Westerners it was Ottawa's decision to commandeer the riverboats and their able captains could hardly ever complete just a river trip without getting into some kind of unforeseen trouble. But that was Major General Middleton's plan. In fact he even delayed the fighting after the Battle of Fish Creek, while he awaited the arrival of his "navy" and even had one boat designated as his flagship.

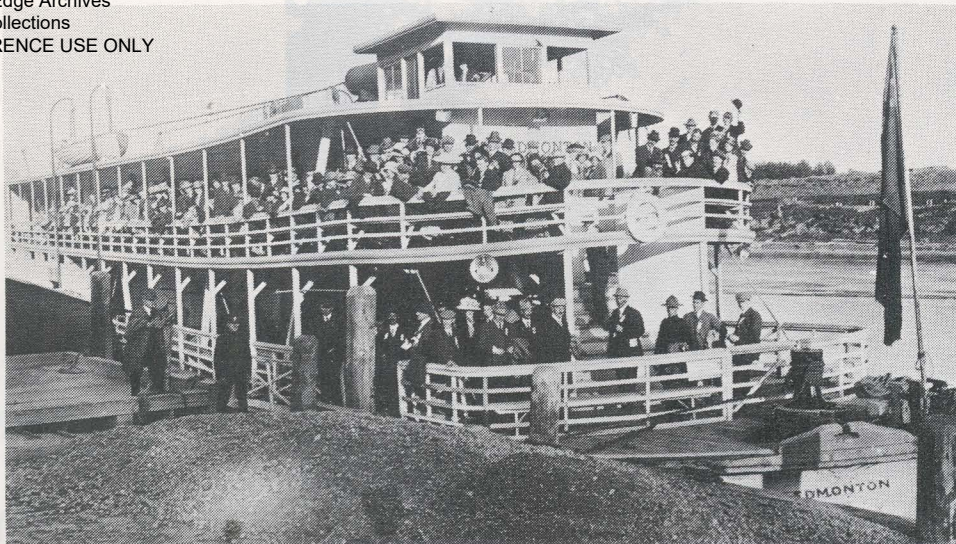
The only so-called Navy however, that was in a riverboats anchored at Medicine Hat. One of them, "The Northcote" was the second boat to ever sail on the western prairie and it originally sailed under the Hudson Bay flag but it was beached. When a Cree encampment gathered on the hill above it, Middleton ordered fifty mounties out to disperse the peaceful Indians and push "The Northcote" into the river. But unfortunately Middleton had not enquired about the water level. It was very low. The other three ships located at Medicine Hat were also part of the Lethbridge coal mining operation. They were "The



Painting by John Zupan

"THE BEAVER" was a B.C. boat that sailed the Fraser river. She was the first steel-hulled ship to be built and so was able to negotiate the rapids. But unfortunately this innovation came too late because the period of the sternwheelers was almost over. The setting is near York, B.C.





*"CITY OF EDMONTON" a sternwheeler on the Saskatchewan, which after retirement from active service was used for many years as a summer excursion boat.*

Minnow", "The Baroness" and "the Alberta". They took one look at the shallow water and refused to take off. It didn't take long for "The Northcote" to get stuck on a sand-bar so then Middleton ordered "The Minnow" to sail to the relief of "The Northcote". "The Minnow" refused to move unless it could also take along a barge that was loaded down with 500 tons of hay they had agreed to haul for a half-breed. Of course it was the half-breeds they were supposed to be fighting. The Riel Rebellion is a difficult war to understand.

Due to the weight of the hay barge "The Minnow" too, got stuck pushing "The Northcote". Finally "The Northcote" made it off on its own. Neither "The Minnow" nor the other two boats that also were towing barges ever got to the war before it was all over. "The Northcote" got there, but it took her fourteen days to make the four day trip and she spent more time on land than she did in water.

During her trip, a regular comic opera farce went on of troops looking for the lost "Northcote", and "The Northcote" waiting for "lost troops" with various people making heroic efforts to somehow communicate or get supplies from her. When she did arrive it was decided to arm her. This was done by putting fifty rifles into the arms of C Company of the Infantry school core (one wonders where the graduates were) and marching them aboard. For armour the mattresses were taken off the bunks. They did find one effective piece to shield the steering bridge. That was a billiard table - but unknowingly they had taken it from their enemy Gabrielle Dumont's (the military leader of the Metis) house. It turned out to not be bullet proof and after the war the government had to pay Dumont for one badly shot up billiard table.

General Middleton carefully planned a pincer type attack. "The Northcote" would attack Batoche from the river at the same time the troops under Middleton would attack from the rear. Only one thing was wrong - no one realized the boat moved faster than the troops could, so "The Northcote" sailed into Batoche, all alone. She met with a startlingly accurate barrage of shots from the Metis and before the boys from the later would be recognized as an able military strategist raised the first of two sunken ferry chains that he had in the river. It caught "The Northcote" right across her bow - she plowed backwards to crash

into the two barges she was towing. Then Dumont raised from the river his second chain and swept the two boat funnels and whatever else was on the boat deck into the water. This included her whistle which was all she had to signal General Middleton with. In complete confusion the "Northcote" and her barges drifted downstream past Batoche. In desperation they threw out their anchor but the additional weight of the barges caused the anchor not to hold until they had drifted a mile further. The Northcote's captain John S. Segers, had little taste for war anyway. He had once spent a leisurely summer in Egypt sailing down the Nile to rescue Gordon at Khartoum - and you know what happened to Gordon!! Anyway on board, was his senior, the company's representative and he was only concerned about the damage to their property. So they stopped at Hudson Bay crossing and did some leisurely repairs and went on shore to cut some extra wood for their boilers. Along came another boat from Medicine Hat the "Marquis" who had a load of Mounties on board, just itching to get into the fight. So they persuaded "The Northcote" to return and together they sailed back to Batoche only to discover the battle had been finished the day before.

"The Northcote" did have the honour of carrying one of Canada's most distinguished prisoners, Louis Riel. It and the other boats did aid in moving the wounded and taking the troops home. Their moment of glory was short-lived. But just this once the river boats had at last made money. The government had to pay \$53,634.80. Shortly thereafter with the advent of the railway, their business fell off and one by one they disappeared. Some were just beached and rotted away. That was the fate of "The Northcote". Or their timbers used, as they were in Edmonton, for electric light poles. Some were carried overland to serve as excursion boats on inland lakes. The "S.S. Moyie" that you can ride on as it plies Calgary's dam at Heritage Park is a reconstructed duplicate of the B.C. lake boats. One of the finest of the prairie boats the Northwest just refused to die on land. One day in a flood with no one aboard she tore loose from the land and sailed down her old river never to be found again. A gallant end for one of the gallant little prairie ships who for a short time played a very big part in the Canadian West's history. ■

The president of the United States, Teddy Roosevelt, spent trout-fishing holidays there and it was England's gay young Prince of Wales' favorite spot. Maharajs with an entourage of wives were were not an uncommon sight. By 1911, 22 thousand such guests had visited it in its short summer season, and that didn't include an estimated another five thousand who couldn't get in, and so were bedded down in luxurious sleeping cars on the Banff's railway siding. So obviously expansion was called for. Then gradually they began replacing the wooden structure wing by wing with a stone structure. Additions were added up till 1928. Towers went on, terraced pools were added and the grandure just increased. By then American millionaires had discovered it. The "Great Gatsby" would have loved it, and his vapid Daisy been right at home dancing

nightly to an orchestra in the ballroom and flirting in the semidark conservatory amid flowers and the tinkling sound of a fountain filled with goldfish.

Today the hotel has changed - not its outward structure, that is still the same, but after two world wars, and the advent of the income tax, the guests have changed. Now open all winter it caters to large conventions. You will still find it listed as either a dining stop or overnight stop on every travel tour that includes Canada.

There is no danger that Van Horne's palace will ever disappear. To replace the building alone today would cost at least an estimated fifty million dollars. What it will be like fifty years from now is hard to imagine. But I hope at that time they can find another writer like Bart Robinson, to tell the story of a story book hotel. ■

## A School Directory...

*We list for your convenience a detailed description of two long established private schools located on Vancouver Island, B.C. Today's overcrowded classrooms are causing more and more parents to consider the many advantages of the private schools. We advise you to apply as early as possible to assure space.*

### QUEEN MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



**Duncan, B.C.**

Boarding and day school. Grades 4-12. Situated near Duncan, B.C., the School occupies 24 acres with an additional 28 acres nearby for riding and camping. All school buildings have been completely rebuilt over the last 10 years, the latest addition being a gymnasium/auditorium. The school has its own Chapel, swimming pool and riding stables with a large covered Riding Ring. Some girls board their own horses. Academic programme only. Graduate Staff. Limited vacancies up to Grade 10. Details from Headmistress.

### ST. MICHAELS UNIVERSITY SCHOOL



**Victoria, B.C. Founded 1906**

Residential and Day School  
Preparatory - Grades III - VII  
Senior - Grades VIII .. XII  
Fees (Board & Tuition) \$3225.

The school offers a full preparatory and senior school curriculum, each with its own classrooms, magnificent libraries, science facilities, gymnasium and playing fields.

Boys are prepared for Universities throughout the world, for service colleges, institutes of technology and for business, and the school has an outstanding record of success.

A well qualified staff and first class academic and sports facilities ensure a well rounded education.

For further information please apply

Peter A. Caleb, LL.B  
(London) Headmaster,  
3400 Richmond Road  
Victoria, B.C. - Tel. 592-4022



**Norma Piper**  
**Pocaterra**  
**Registered**  
**Music Teacher**

Six Years in Major Operatic Roles and Concerts in Italy, Radio and Concert Experience in America.

**VOICE PRODUCTION**  
**BEL CANTO SINGING**

- \* Ear Training
- \* Sight Singing
- \* Foreign Languages

Boys, Girls, Teenagers, Adults  
Prepared for: Recitals,  
Festivals, Music Examinations

249-1069  
Calgary, Alberta  
3003 - 25th Street S.W.

# the international of calgary



## WELCOME TO OUR WORLD!

\*260 GUEST ROOMS each with their own living room and bedroom, full bathroom, color television.

\*DINING LOUNGE open daily from 7 a.m.-10:30 p.m.

\*LIVING ROOM COCKTAIL LOUNGE and PIANO-BAR featuring "quiet" entertainment, Mon.-Sat. from 8:30 to midnight.

\*FREE PARKING for registered guests.

\*NO CHARGE for local phone calls

\*INDOOR POOL and HEALTH CLUB

\*FREE ICE in every room.

CALGARY'S  
"Preferred"  
HOTEL

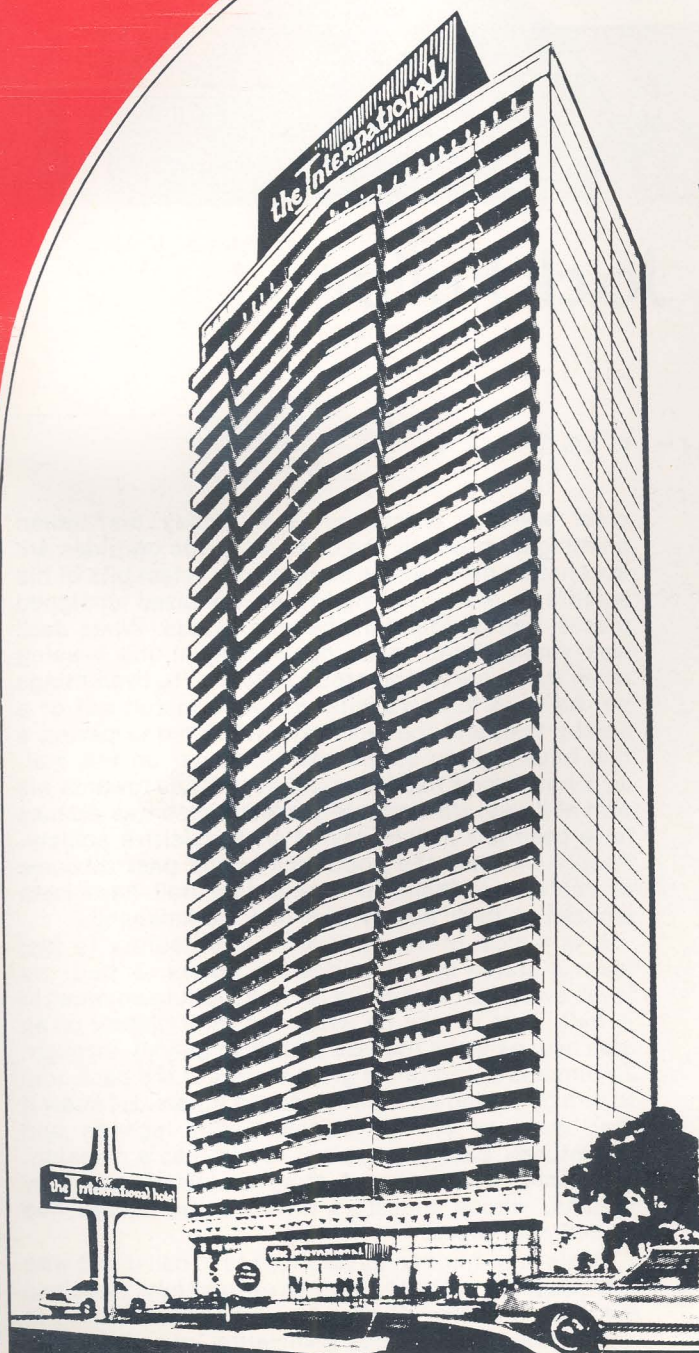
the international hotel

220 - 4th Avenue, S.W.  
Calgary, Alberta T2P OH5

Call (403) 265-9600

Telex 038-24710

From Edmonton  
Call long distance and ask  
for  
Zenith 66025  
(No toll charge)





## Our centrefold artist **Jack Fuller**

by Ruth Gorman

Mini-Hist'ries Jack Fuller

Our centrefold, a mini history of the old Kootenay Road was both written and illustrated by a Calgarian, Jack, or as his friends sometimes call him, Jake Fuller.

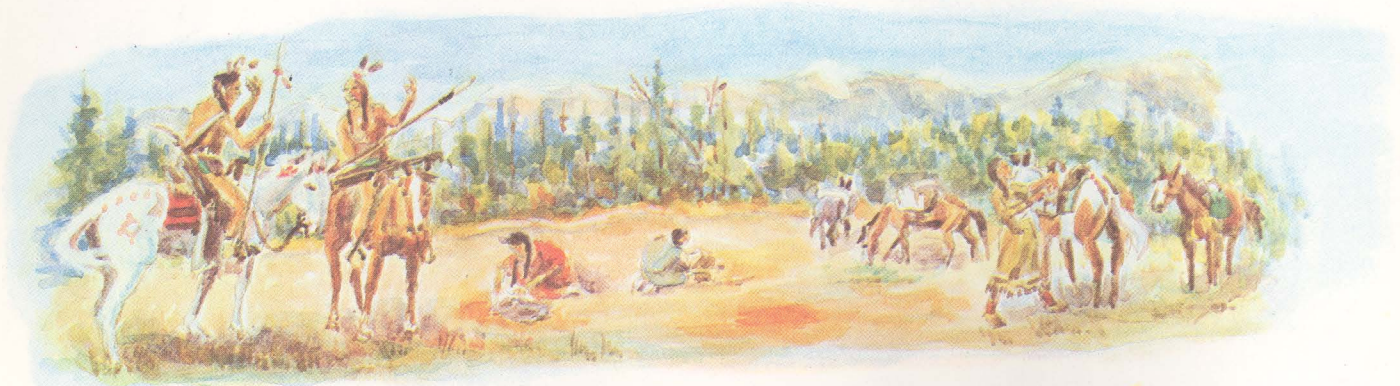
Fuller is a man of great natural talent. He is one of the last of the real old timers. He was born on a ranch at Beaver Lake (near today's town of Innisfail). His mother's family were one of the first three who settled in that district. Like other pioneers her family was friendly with their Indian neighbours, and Jack's earliest memories are of sitting on an old Indian's knee and listening for hours on end to him tell tales and legends of this land before even the white man came. Later in life it was the Indians who taught him how to hunt and track in the woods. When he ranched and acted as a pack guide he still kept up his close friendship with the Indians. In fact, the last of the Medicine men, the famed George MacLean of the Stonies for a short period actually lived with Jack. He has intimately known and worked with those we call our pioneers. When he writes history, it is history he has lived with or been told to him by the men who made it. One of the tragedies of Western Canada is that so little of our earliest history was written down. A few enterprising early travellers kept journals but now when the last of our old Indians and our pioneers are leaving us we are just now beginning to appreciate the knowledge that men like Jack Fuller have and can hand on. And what a raconteur he is. He has the zest for life and a humour that those old timers all seem to have had.

But besides being a writer, as you can see from his fine illustrations on the centrefold, Jack is one of our

great western artists as well. Today his Indian paintings, especially the ones he paints on hides are in constant demand. He sculpts too. In fact bits of his sculpture, ones you might call life-sized unsigned pieces, can be found in the wild woods. When Jack was younger and made pack trips, in the evening when they were sitting around the fire, to liven things up, he used to carve with an axe a statue out of a nearby tree, and the next day just ride on, leaving a fine nude lady to startle the next rider on the trail. Jack has always had this carefree attitude towards his own abilities. Unfortunately few of these tree statues have been left in this day of an acquisitive society. People who had the good luck in the past to come across one of them on a mountain trail have been amazed at their beauty and fine workmanship.

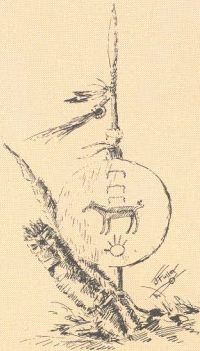
It is typical of Jack's love of this country to just leave a statue in the woods for others to find. He loves every part of Alberta and he has known most of it well. That is why he wrote the mini history of an area now careless tourists just drive quickly through. To him it is a land full of great stories of the past, told to him by his Indian friends and old timers. He knew it that way, as a land peopled with legends and adventures. Each name place to him has a meaning. The names tell a story. A story explained to him by Indians, whose ancestors for centuries before had visited that place.

In his mini-history, as he chooses to call it and with his beautiful paintings he has fortunately preserved the past romance of an area he knew and loved in earlier days before our civilization put its taudry stamp on it. Copies of the centrefold can be ordered in Calgary from the author-artist at 282-6505.



"INDIANS AT THE PAINT POTS"

### MINI - HIST'RIES THE KOOTENAY ROAD



Hi-way 93, winding through the Canadian Rockies from the Athabasca to the Kootenays, owns an historical background of romantic adventure and achievement second to none and, may be one of the oldest routes of travel from Canada's North West to the Pacific.

Archaeological findings in the Parks compare with some found in Yellowstone Park and Idaho. Artifacts found in camp sites indicate the, "Kootenay Road," as it was known to the Indians, may have been in use since around 13,000 B.C. Tribes of, how many tongues?, trod these same trails, crossed these same rivers and slept in these same camp grounds, leaving the story of their passing in the artifacts and names they left behind.

The Stony Indians, (Assiniboin Sioux), came down the Rocky, (Stony) River to trade at Jasper House and annihilate the Snake Indians on the river of that name. The Stonies roamed the foothills and mountains from the Athabasca to the Yellowstone naming much of the country. Maligne Lake, Big Beaver Lake, Sun, (Soon) Wapta, Hole River (from holes below the falls). Pobocton, Owl Creek. Ice Fields, Ice never melts. Sasketchawan, Dizzy Water. Mistaya, (Mushtaya) Rabbit Creek. The Bow, Cold River. Pipestone, a place to get blue pipes river, (Pipes made of this stone were traded as far as the Great Lakes).

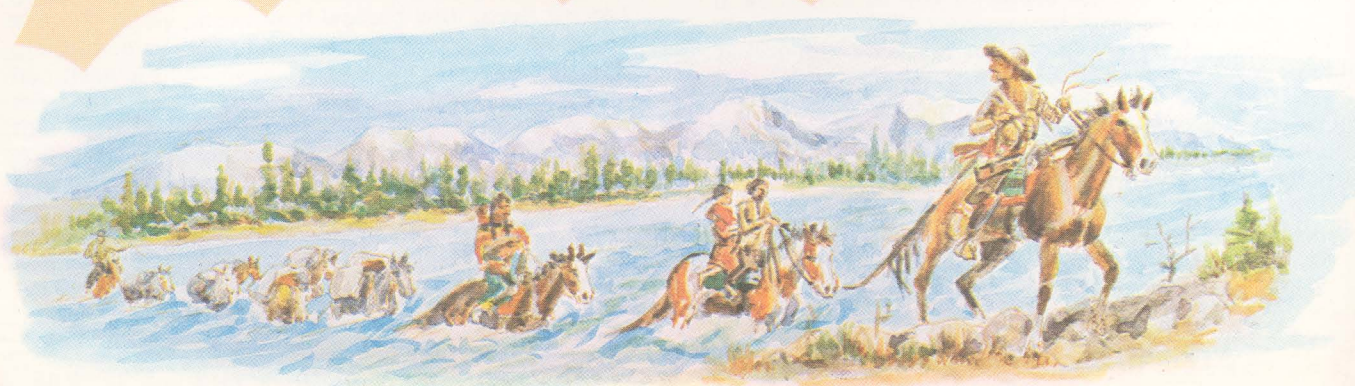
Across the Great Divide to the Vermillion, A place to get paint river, and, "The Paint Pots". Tribes from both sides of the Divide travelled far to fill their paint pouches here. The ochres were made into patties, fired over willow wood fires, ground powder fine, used dry for face and body, mixed with hot water in which fat meat had been boiled to make it weatherproof.

The Kootenays were a wild horse heaven and the horses were there before the White man. The "Moose Snaring Indians" as they were called, roped the wild horses in the deep snow of spring and trailed them over the Kootenay Road to trade at posts in the north.

These same horses were a source of supply for the Blackfeet who at times captured small bands of Kootenays along with their horses. The Kootenay Plains were so named when the Stonies met a band of Kootenays homeward bound after escaping the Blackfeet at Rocky Mountain House.



"ROPI



"THOMPSON CROSSING THE SASKATCHEWAN"



"THOMPSON DISCOVERS COLUMBIA LAKE"

In 1807 and 8 David Thompson came this way with his half Cree wife and children to discover the source of the Columbia and establish trading posts in the Kootenays, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon for the Northwest Fur Company of which he was a partner. From Kootenay House he began his historic voyage down the Columbia to the Pacific and became the first White Man to see both ends of this great river.

Returning to Jasper House he discovered the Athabasca Pass in the dead of winter, continued on to the Big Bend of the Columbia, built winter quarters and named the place, "Boat Encampment", as it is known to-day and, established Canada's first trans-continental trade route over which the trade and commerce of that era flowed for two decades. Iroquois canoe men plied the water ways from Hudson's Bay to the Whirlpool River, pack horses carried goods over Athabasca Pass to Boat Encampment and, Hawaiian paddlers braved the Columbia to the Pacific.

During the war of 1812 Thompsons company bought Fort Astoria and the surrounding country from the Astorians unknown to the British who sent H.M.S. Racoon under Captain Black around the Horn to capture the Fort. Arriving in December, 1813, Black was disappointed to see the Fort flying the British flag and decided to put on a show. He marched his men ashore, hauled down the British flag, raised the Astorian pennant, captured the fort and raised the British flag again thereby committing an act of war. But for Blacks stupidity the Columbia might well be Canada's International Boundary.

After leaving the fur trade Thompson headed the British Commission establishing and marking the International Boundary from its crossing the St. Lawrence River west to the angle of Lake of the Woods. During his active life he had placed on the map main routes of travel within 1,200,000 square miles of Canadian territory and 500,000 within the U.S.A. He died forgotten and in extreme poverty yet, few men could wear his moccasins.

Little has been done to commemorate the role "Kootenay Road" has played in the history of Canada's West. The sole survivor of Asters illfated "Tonquin", lies in a lonely grave near Hinton, drowned when his canoe capsized in a nearby rapid. At low water, the rotting skeleton of a York boat thrusts from the sands of Jasper Lake, one time participants in a most dramatic era.



J. Fuller



"CAPT. BLACK CAPTURES FORT ASTORIA"

J. Fuller ©

Sears

## Simpsons-Sears

A member of the  
Calgary community  
for 16 years

With 2 locations to serve you:

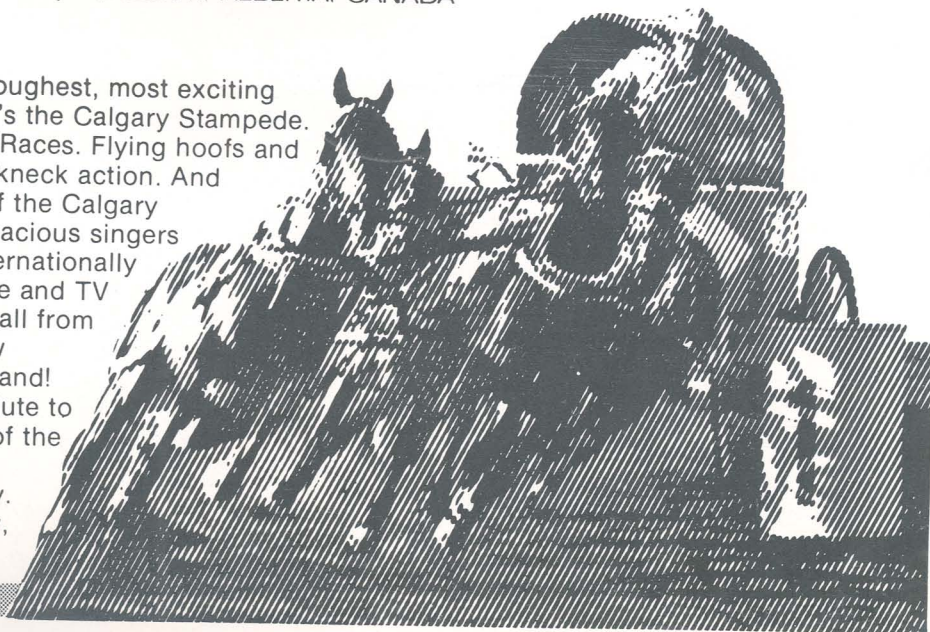
**North Hill and Chinook-Centre**

————— **Simpsons-Sears Ltd.** —————

# CALGARY EXHIBITION & STAMPEDE

JULY 4-13, 1974 / THE GREATEST OUTDOOR SHOW ON EARTH!  
CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA

Rodeo. The roughest, toughest, most exciting sport in the world. That's the Calgary Stampede. That, and Chuckwagon Races. Flying hoofs and whirring wheels in breakneck action. And the Young Canadians of the Calgary Stampede. Talented, vivacious singers and dancers — now internationally acclaimed for their stage and TV spectaculars. See them all from the grandeur of the new Stampede Park Grandstand! Plus Flare Square's "Salute to Aviation" ... the wings of the world on parade. Order Grandstand tickets early. Write Box 1060, Calgary, T2P 2K8









## Our Cover Artist

by Ruth Gorman

I first saw Jay Contway's sculptures just as you readers probably are seeing them, in black and white photos. As I leafed through his catalogue of twenty-five statues I could hardly believe my eyes. Some of these had that hardest of all things for the artist to capture - action.

I had seen western action like this in some of Charlie Russell's greatest paintings but this action was in bronze. I knew I had to go and see and feel those almost moving bronzes.

Jay lives west of Great Falls, Montana in a proper setting for a western artist. To get to his small ranch you have to wind up a great butte. Literally hanging on the side of the butte is a cluster of buildings, - a low ranch house, a barn-studio and a casting house. Six quarter horses thoughtfully watch you over the top fence of a small corral and a calf is frisking around loose. There's even a sheep herders' wagon in the yard which is nice and clean, but obviously old and been used. The two dogs greet you with a farm dog's "stop and identify yourself" bark. And what a view this artist has found for himself. From off his butte you look down the Sun River Valley for miles and over half the view is just dust-laden Montana sky that always seems to have a bit left-over gold from the

sunset in it.

When Jay comes to the door in answer to the dog's bark, my first reaction is "He's too young to have sold any thirty thousand dollar statues". But later I find he's really thirty-eight years old. He has a rider's lean from the waist down look, and square blocky shoulders, and thick black hair. But it is the eyes that set the man apart, dark unfathomable ones that are always watching, yet have a hidden twinkle in them.

A great stone fireplace almost fills one long wall of the living room. The broadloom's sameness is relieved by bright navajho rugs. Over the fireplace is a buffalo skull, and I notice that over one of the chesterfields is draped a beautiful buffalo robe. I learn later that they are both from a buffalo that was raised on the ranch. Everywhere are pictures and sculpture. There's even a pile behind the piano. But not one of them is Contways. They are his friends'. He admires other's art and is forever buying it although his own is so different from anyone else's. Carefully he shows me some of today's great American western artist work, a Will James, an Ace Powells, there's a modern Garry Schildt of an Indian playing a piano in a hazy saloon that he is particularly fond of. There's some very tiny bronze and silver

(please turn over)

statues, but these are done by his son. His father has only a few. When I notice a large new stock saddle for reference use only. Somehow the room is so well lit, it hasn't looked out of place. Carved on it is N.A.C.R.A. calf roper for 1966. Now that's something that is Jay's! Then I realize eight years ago he must've been about the best calf roper in the country, yet he doesn't talk like a cowboy. Later I learn he does have the westerner's fine art of rolling off a short very funny phrase while telling a story but he's determined to not sell his work because he is a character. He has seen too much of that. He wants his art to be recognized for itself.

Just then Jay's wife drives up in the stationwagon with two of his four children. All round merry children - real nice kids, who do the chores. There is Bruce, he's already steer wrestling and calf roping at fairs. Young Heidi who team ropes and calf ropes and was a finalist in the national last year at Utah. Ross is the young man whose fine tiny sculptures I had already seen in the living room. His mother has just come from driving him to school to receive an honours student award.

She's tired but still gently able to smile. It's been her fourth trip to town today, the other three were to get supplies for the casting studio. Little six year old Jennifer is the baby and the maverick of the family. She broke her leg skiing, but has already practically abandoned her crutches, because with a rider's fine balance, she now hops just as fast on one foot as she walked before.

Contway and I go out to see the casting house. Here are the fine thin wax molds that will end up as bronze or silver statues. He lifts an old horse blanket off the four foot chuckwagon statue, the one on our cover. This casting is only in the grey-bronze stage. I never realized from its picture it was curved. But of course that's as it should be. Those chuckwagon horses never get off a curve, it's around the barrels and then around the track. How right he is and how accurate! Everything on the statue has been cast in bronze except the reins, they are soft copper. The tiny



bronze springs under the regulation wagon box actually work, you can push it up and down. Even the spot where the turn wheel always brushes the wagons and scars it, is there. The stove in the back carrier is shifting and it's obvious the poles inside have just been thrown in under what is so obviously a loose flapping canvas cover. The driver's shoe heels are worn down at just the right place from bracing himself against the wagon so he can lean with his team. There is the great looseness everywhere that is only present in a chuckwagon when it is going at full racing speed. It's all flying loose and yet somehow all moving together. The horses as usual aren't matched, and some have laid back their ears as they are stretched out at full running speed. Jay places the statue (which despite its size is so well cast, it's not that heavy) on a turntable. Slowly we turn it so we can see it from every side. Suddenly I felt my shoulders tense up with the same tenseness you get in the Calgary Stampede stands when the harsh Klaxons blow to start that greatest of all races, the chuckwagons. That statue is that good! No wonder he can ask thirty-five thousand dollars for it and there is already one in Oklahoma's Cowboys Hall of Fame. Momentarily I thank God the Riveredge Foundation in Calgary has bought one too, so it will come home to where the "chucks" all started from.

Fortunately art is really more entertainment than the United Nations, and just as the people Jay descended from ignored the border and just drifted back and forth across what they call the "Medicine Line" (it being good or bad medicine depending on what you were running from or who). Nowadays great art too drifts across the border. Just as young Contway himself used to do each summer when as a cowboy he travelled the Canadian Rodeo circuit.

We cross the yard to the studio, - it is half barn. There in their stalls are the part thoroughbreds that the kids barrel race, rope and ride. Only a door in a



Jay roping at the Medicine Hat Stampede.

Thomas A. Fagan Archives  
& Special Collections  
FOR REFERENCE USE ONLY  
2009.004

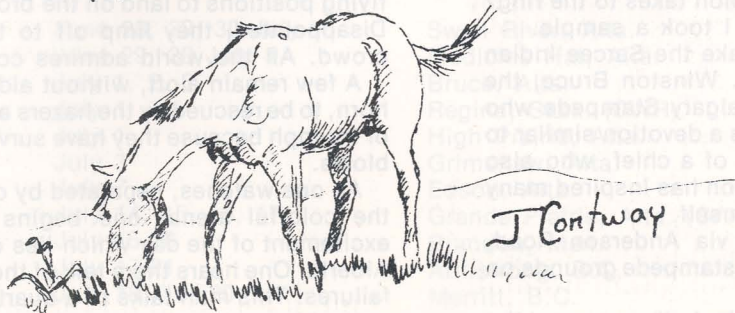
from the artist's studio. It smells good and has sparseness that allows for clutter. On a desk, a victrola, the upright kind you wind up. Jay places the metal needle very carefully on a small 12 inch record and suddenly the air is filled with happy music from a past more optimistic age. No wonder they were optimistic, it still works perfectly! There is a cracked standing mirror so the artist can see all angles as he works and a great pot-bellied stove, so on cold blizzard days the artist can still work in a barn. On the wall hangs a beautifully beaded soft Indian jacket. It's Jay's favourite, for days when things are going wrong. It was a gift from the son of Hugh Monroe Angue, whose father wore it when he guided Alberta's beloved Father Lacombe around the now Glacier Park area. Everywhere are lying fine sketches, and bits and pieces of wax models and broken bronze. Jay has already finished over thirty and each paw, or hoof or eye must be according to his standards done and redone. In wax are casting of three coyotes pups at play. They have the careles joy of a wild thing, Jay tells me he just sat and watched them play for a week in his front yard as he says, "You can't ever turn them into a dog". The statues are small, but they can each command a \$350 price because somehow they tell the whole story of that prairie wild thing's joy in life. Here's an almost finished statue of a great race horse and his jockey that won the Futurity at Winnipeg so his grateful owner is preserving his likeness forever. This statue has the smoothness of civilization not the usual roughness that is such a great part of Jay's work. Roughness that can only come when a great

artist stays so close to his subject that to him it is real, not idealized and smoothed out to match man's thoughts, but not animals' ways. Here's a small piece of bronze that I recognize as Charlie Russell, even if the bit of metal is only Charlie from the waist up. Jay's working on a future statue of his hero and he will be riding his favorite horse. Then I see his latest finished statue and I'm really in awe. It is of a cowboy "mounting a green horse". Jay says that will be its name, I have to feel the bronze to realize all that movement is just in metal. Everything is moving and so swiftly just as it is that first time you mount a horse. The horse's eyes and head, the flapping chaps. It is a miracle of movement in bronze and I realize this young artist is really going to be great. Each piece is improving. I'm so glad he is already recognized as a successful artist. This means he will find the time, just as Charlie Russell did, to improve and take our Western art into possible new fields of greatness. Our western art is unique to the world. Someday, just as today a Greek frieze or an Egyptian obelisk is honoured, so will be this art.

Easterners call it cowboy art, but that's not really what it is. It is a new art form with the honestly great works always have. It's an art of a special kind of civilization. It's our past, and yet it's our present, because like all civilization we can only build, no matter how we innovate on our past. Here is an art that is unique - it is special - it is peculiarly ours. Now among the men who create it, is a new star in Montana, a young man, Jay Contway, whose talent has found the way to preserve in hard metals, action that primarily is characteristic of the West. ■

Much of my art work shows what I've experienced first hand. I was born in Montana and I've spent a day or two handling horses and cattle.

To many art critics, anything western is not considered art. It's easier to dismiss something they don't understand than to admit there might be something they're missing. If a few people who know what a horse or cow looks like appreciate my work I'm satisfied.



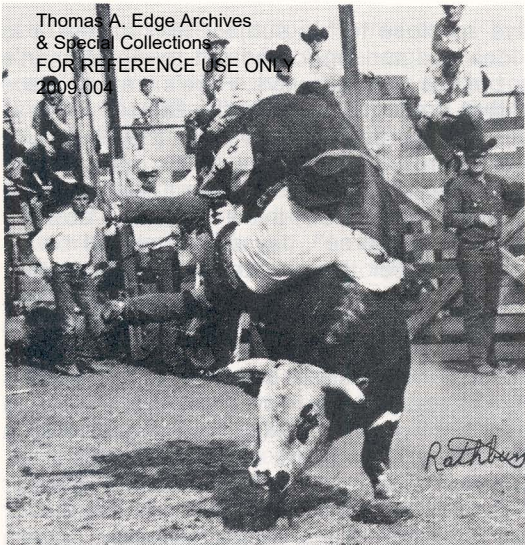


Photo by Rathbus

by Patrick McGinty

Not many visitors ever achieve the delight of experiencing the uncontrived atmosphere of the small country rodeo in Alberta. But I just have to tell them that they will find a greater thrill, a closer identity with Alberta's true heart and a more vivid memory of the deep soul of rural Alberta if they do.

This is not to take anything away from the tournament of champions at the Calgary Stampede or the Edmonton Exhibition or the rodeo in, say, Medicine Hat. Those are the places in Alberta where the best of the best in rodeo sport in North America vie for the biggest purses and the greatest honors.

Perhaps I'm just telling you that the aspirants on the way up, the amateurs who have achieved little renown, the local cowboys who are still trying to break the big time, may still provide you with the greatest thrills.

This is not to take anything away from the hall of champions with all its mystique and showmanship.

I'm just telling you that at places like Dog Pound and Water Valley and Cochrane and the Strathmore WhooperUpper Days you're going to find something close to the heart of the business.

The crowds will be smaller. The list of entries will be shorter. But the curious visitor will be closer to the action.

How can I describe it to you? It is easy enough to tell you that you may only be separated by a rope net from the pounding hoofs of a buckler that unseats a local aspirant in short order and lands him on the dusty turf right before your eyes.

But how do I describe to you the hopes that are carried in the hearts of certain supporters in the ring? The smaller crowd when their champion takes to the ring?

Perhaps it would be best if I took a sample.

For my picture I choose to take the Sarcee Indian Rodeo on the edge of Calgary. Winston Bruce, the famed infield marshal of the Calgary Stampede who promotes the rodeo college, has a devotion similar to that of Gordon Crowchild, son of a chief, who also loves the rodeo game. And Gordon has inspired many a rodeo aspirant, including himself.

The small crowd has come via Anderson Road, following the crude signs, to the stampede grounds on the reserve.

They join the passive faces of the Indians around the

# Big fun at the little rodeos

edge of the small arena, the Indians in the crude bleachers and they watch in wonder. A local dignitary opens the rodeo over the loudspeaker and the response is polite but quiet for Indians are seldom demonstrative. But watch their eyes. Watch how attentive they are to every detail.

Here the various tribes are competing for honors - the Bloods, the Peigans, the Blackfeet and the Sarcee. They were with the cattle and horse culture from the beginning and are as much cowboy as Indian. Wasn't Tom Three Persons, a Blood, hero of the first stampede ever?

From the days of their youth these braves, like other aspiring cowboys, have practised on a barrel suspended by four strings between two trees. They have competed as boys in riding bareback on wild calves and have taken their share of bruises and grazed elbows at an early age.

Now they go in and take their chances on wild bucking stock. Perhaps it is provided by Harry Vold or perhaps by someone else. But when the cinch is tightened it is as tough as any in the world.

In these small rodeos the purse may not be as big as the glory. Every cowboy who tries contributes his stake and often the local association adds a little more to the pot, but no-one can claim they ride for big money as they do at the Calgary Stampede. But they ride to win. Bareback or saddle bronc, they ride to win.

And to the exclamations of excitement from the crowd, only separated from the action by a thin fence, often they do not win. They leave the backs of the broomtail horses they ride in an infinite variety of flying positions to land on the brown turf with a thud. Disappointed, they limp off to the clapping of the crowd. All the world admires courage.

A few remain aloft, without aid of shank or saddle horn, to be rescued by the hazers and theirs is the note of triumph because they have survived before the horn blows.

As one watches, separated by only a few feet from the colorful arena, one begins to assimilate the excitement of the day which lies deep in the heart of Alberta. One hears them talk of the successes and the failures. This man talks of a quarter horse that was a natural for roping. Another talks of how he broke a wild



Photo by Kobsted

horse with a war bridle.

The girls come on with the barrel racing event, whips between their teeth, and everyone cheers as their legs flap on the flanks of their horses, urging them home up the straight. Straight-faced Indians relax into a smile and tell you how their daughter has practised.

It is the same at every small rodeo. The visitor becomes absorbed by the crowd of locals. He begins to talk the language of rodeo, to share the enthusiasm of the Albertans around him. The hot-dogs, coffee and donuts, the thundering hooves of horses and the clouds of dust all intermingle in a dream of western good neighborliness which opens up a new world. The latch string is out. Barriers are broken. Stranger is at one with homesteader and all are in tune with rope

flung for calf, or rider versus bronc, or dare-devil against brahma bull or steer.

Don't leave too soon. For when the challenge of rodeo is over you may well be fortunate enough to become even closer to the spirit of the west. Most small rodeos are followed by a dance or a social event of some sort which will enable you to come closer yet to the pulse of Alberta. For this is the time of year when neighbor meets neighbor and a stranger is the most welcome of all.

My advice? Just for once, get off the main track and try the smaller rodeos of rural Alberta. If you are a camera buff, you can look forward to the pictures of your life, from those taken at the small town parade to the close-up shots at the stampede. ■

#### CANADIAN RODEO COWBOYS' ASSOCIATION

Williams Lake, B.C.	June 28, 29, 30 July 1	Swan River, Alta.	July 25, 26, 27
Ponoka, Alta. (CWR)	June 29, 30 July 1	Medicine Hat, Alta.	July 25, 26, 27
Swift Current, Sask.	July 1, 2, 3	Bruce, Alta.	July 28
Raymond, Alta.	July 1	Regina, Sask. (CWR)	July 29-Aug. 3
Bassano, Alta.	July 1	High Prairie, Alta.	July 31-Aug. 1
Benalto, Alta.	July 3	Grimshaw, Alta.	Aug. 2-3
Fort Macleod, Alta.	July 7	Edson, Alta.	Aug. 4-5
Yorkton, Sask.	July 14, 15, 16, 17	Grande Prairie, Alta. (CWR)	Aug. 5, 6, 7
Shaunavon, Sask.	July 15-16	Brandon, Man.	Aug. 5-10
Morris, Man. (CWR)	July 17-21	Armstrong, B.C.	Aug. 16-17
Lethbridge, Alta.	July 18, 19, 20	Merritt, B.C.	Sept. 1-2



# A Giant Stride for Alberta

*Alberta's ex-Lieutenant-Governor MacEwan, as he opened his first legislative session. Not only was this big easy going Westerner uncomfortable in all the finery, but to make matters worse, his suit never arrived. So he made do with a rented one.*

*by Sally Farran*

A tall rangy man of six feet three inches, a lover of the foothills and prairie country of the west, a woody character with a smile for everyone - no better man could ever have represented the ship of state in our Alberta.

Grant MacEwan, lieutenant-governor and representative of the Queen in Alberta, is a living legend!

To thousands of young Albertans who have walked with him on charity marches, he is the best known of elder citizens they respect. With his long stride, he has proved countless times that he can outwalk anyone in the province. His profound humility and sense of humour endears him to all, but especially to those who have scrambled to keep up with his loose-limbed stride.

He loves the land, the trees, the birds and the flowers as deeply as his hero, the late Walking Buffalo of the Stoneys'. Nature is his temple. No adherent of a formal church, he confesses that he seeks and finds God in everything around him.

This summer, Grant MacEwan will retire from his post as Lieutenant-Governor at the age of 72. Believing that a man should change his vocation once a decade, he plans to come full circle and resume his first career as a farmer. To that end he has been building a log cabin in his spare time on his farm near Sundre.

Perhaps the best way to describe the measure of the

man is to recount his own favourite story in his own words.

"I was assigned to represent Canada in the State of Washington," he said with a chuckle, "And they thought it appropriate that I should take along one of our beloved Mounties in a scarlet coat."

"We were waiting for the plane in Seattle, the Mountie beside me. I heard two dear old ladies, rather hard of hearing and speaking loudly, talking about us.

"Isn't that Mountie wonderful," one said, "doesn't he look magnificent?" "Yes," said the other, "do you think that dear old man has done something really bad? He looks so harmless, but it just shows you can never tell. 'Yes,' said the other old lady, 'but look at the set of his ears.'"

What better story to illustrate his contempt for pomp!

John Walter Grant MacEwan was born in Brandon, Manitoba and was raised on a homestead near Melfort, Saskatchewan. He received a degree in agriculture from the University of Toronto, having worked his way through college with summer jobs varying from potato growing to being a grain inspector.

He got a job with the department of agriculture in Regina while helping his parents on the family farm and then won a scholarship to the University of Iowa. After obtaining his M.A., he became a professor of the

*(please turn to page 42)*

# His Excellency Chief Big Farmer

by Sally Farran



His name is OMSOKISTIKEEWEENOW APOW which, being translated from the Cree, means 'one who farms in a big way.'

Chief Big Farmer is better known as Ralph Garvin Steinhauer, lieutenant-governor elect for the province of Alberta.

The past councillor and chief of the Saddle Lake Band and area director for the Northern Development Council will be the first native Indian to become a representative of Her Majesty the Queen in Canada. What better successor could there be to Grant MacEwan, himself a living symbol of the West?

His Excellency Ralph Steinhauer received the stunning news in a special telephone call from Prime Minister Trudeau while he was taking part in a Northern Alberta Development Council meeting. With typical modesty and discretion, he kept the dramatic news to himself until it became official a day later. Only his Scottish wife, Isobel, born in Buffalo, New York, became party to the incredible secret.

One can imagine the undercurrent of excitement which ran through the neat farmhouse on the Steinhauer ranch near Two Hills.

For more than forty years, Ralph Steinhauer had spared precious time from his farm to work for the Saddle Lake Band and native peoples everywhere. As councillor and chief, he had served his people well. His deep humility and modest smile sometimes belied the steady hand which had guided this band of Crees to economic stability. He had seen them grow from a life of tents and shacks, through the transition from hunter and trapper to ranchers as skilled as any in Alberta.

Like Father Lacombe, Ralph Steinhauer's great-grandfather came from Ojibwa country in Ontario.

Born in 1818, his name was SHAWAHNEKEZHNIK until he became a protege of a Philadelphia banker called Henry Steinhauer who paid for his education as a Methodist missionary. And, like Father Lacombe, he translated the Bible into Cree.

It was this great-grandfather, who proudly adopted the name of his American benefactor, and who taught his people to farm around his mission on Whitefish Lake.

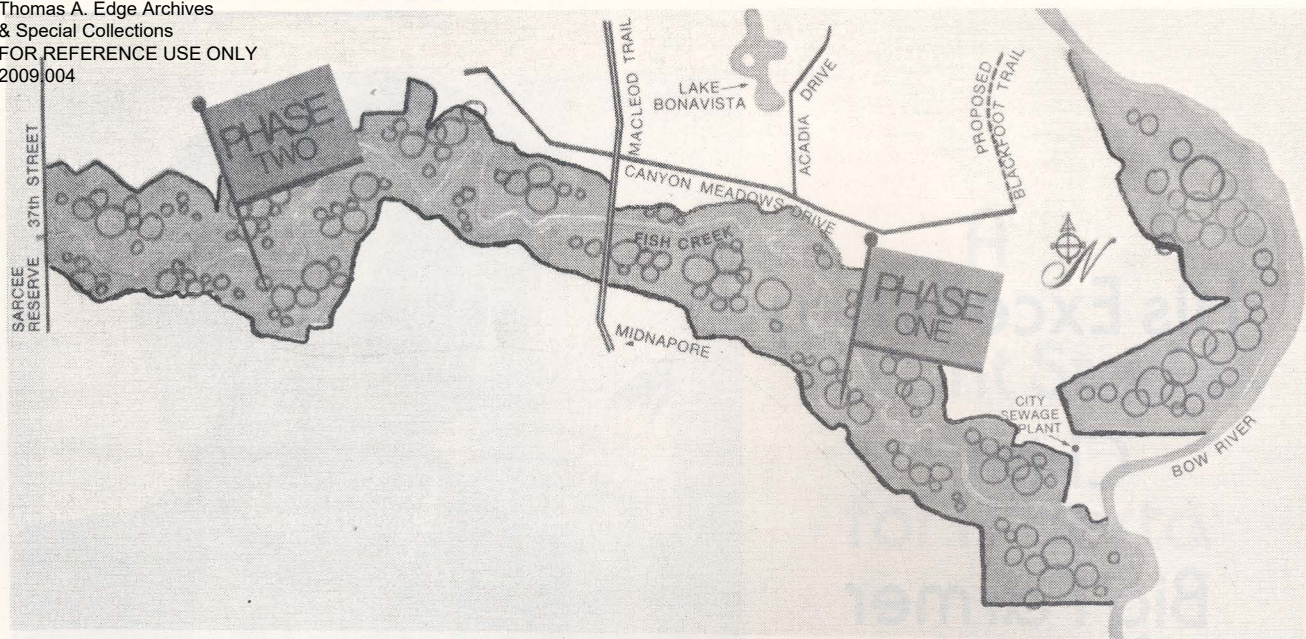
Ralph was born in June, 1905, at Morley, headquarters of the famed pioneer Rev. Geroge McDougall and now the centre of the Stoney Reserve west of Calgary. In fact he was born in the year that Alberta itself emerged as a separate province from the Northwest Territories. So Chief Big Farmer's life exactly parallels the life of the Alberta he now represents for the Queen.

Perhaps only among Indians is the name of Queen Victoria still remembered as the monarch in whose name the treaties were signed. Now a treaty Indian will sign in the name of her successor.

His Excellency Ralph Steinhauer is a humble man but he probably never speaks a bigger truth than when he explains his lack of formal education by saying that he was a pupil of the university of the great outdoors in the foothill country west of Calgary.

Although already a farmer, it was while working in the general store at Vilna that Ralph Steinhauer met his

(please turn to page 43)



# FISH CREEK PROVINCIAL PARK

by Brian Smith

There is a beautiful stream south of Calgary. Known as Fish Creek, it wanders along a verdant valley through Midnapore, a hamlet now engulfed by the city, to its junction with the Bow River.

It meanders through scenery as typical of Canada as those so often seen on picture postcards.

Let us take our horse and trace the course of Fish Creek from the borders of the Sarcee Lands to its meeting with the Bow River.

First let us sit for a while, looking westward from the bluffs above the valley of the creek, and let our eyes follow the green ribbon of spruce below the escarpment, through the rolling foothills, to the jagged skyline of the Rocky Mountains. On a clear day, they seem close, and it is against the backdrop of white sentinel peaks that we begin our afternoon ride.

Urging our pony south down the round slopes, still covered by native grass known as prairie wool from which the early blue crocus already peep, we trot across the flat flood plain at the bottom. This southern slope on which the winter snows never lie long is typical of the great foothills cattle country and is part of the FM Ranch owned by the Mannix Family.

We come to the groves of blue spruce and ride eastward along the north bank of the creek through woods that would have done justice to James Fenimore Cooper's Hawkeye and his faithful Mohicans. Sometimes, the trail goes right down to the water's edge and we can see the fast currents splashing white against the boulders.

Few people penetrate so deep into this little heaven tucked away in a hidden valley and it is hard to realise that we are still within the boundaries of a great metropolis.

Soon we emerge from the spruce and poplar on to the green banks of the creek itself. To the south, where the stream bends, there is a sheer sandstone cliff below the woods above, but on our side the grass is soft and green. Squirrels scurry off among the carpet of cones and spruce needles and sometimes we put up a ruffed grouse which flies off with a whirr of wings into the bush. Pinnealated woodpeckers with their scarlet crowns are as common down here as the smaller downy variety. And if you are lucky, you will sometimes see a white-tailed deer or a pair of coyotes.

We come to the beaver dams, where Canada's mascots have felled some of the soft poplar with their sharp teeth, but we will seldom see them. Only the golden hawks, circling above, have eyes sharp enough for that. If we urge our horse across the creek, we will find a grotto where there is a beautiful spring from which we can slake our thirst.

Now, Fish Creek tumbles in a succession of pools down to the steep-sided canyon to the east. If we tie our horse by halter to a tree and watch carefully, we may see small trout flashing by in the clear water of these deeper holes. We come to a short-grassed meadow where we can canter a while and then, criss-crossing across the stream, we make our way through the canyon. At the entrance, near the old Lennon Place, where pioneer buildings built from local logs still stand, albeit in their latter days, is a beautiful amphitheatre - a flat meadow surrounded by a ring of rolling hills.

This is where the saskatoons and choke cherries are thickest and where the wild strawberries are plentiful underfoot.

We come to a stretch where the trees are larger and



Thomas A. Edge Archives  
Special Collections  
2009.004  
the special importance of parkland as we ride from the gas station past the Shawnee Acres Golf Course south of Canyon Meadows towards Midnapore.

Emerging from the thick woods, we go under the bridge to reach the east side of the Macleod Trail and now we are in storied country. For this open parkland is very much a part of our Alberta heritage. An historical sign on the road tells passers-by that this was where John Glenn, pioneer farmer, built Alberta's first irrigation ditch. And we are on the land of the famed ranch of Pat Burns, the pioneer who did not let a little detail like an inability to read or write get in the way of a successful career as a rancher and businessman. In fact, this meadow was part of the land he donated to Father Lacombe for him to build a home for the poor, the aged and needy children. Known as the Lacombe Home, once run by the Sisters of Providence who still maintain a modern nursing home father south, its impressive old buildings are still there on a knoll above the flood plain.

And you will see a cairn to the memory of Father Lacombe, the missionary known to the Blackfeet and Crees as the "man-of-good-heart" or the "black-robed voyageur." He died here and legend has it that his heart was preserved in a jar by the sisters. Just a little way south, in the hamlet of Midnapore, are two historic churches - St. Patrick's Catholic and St. Paul's

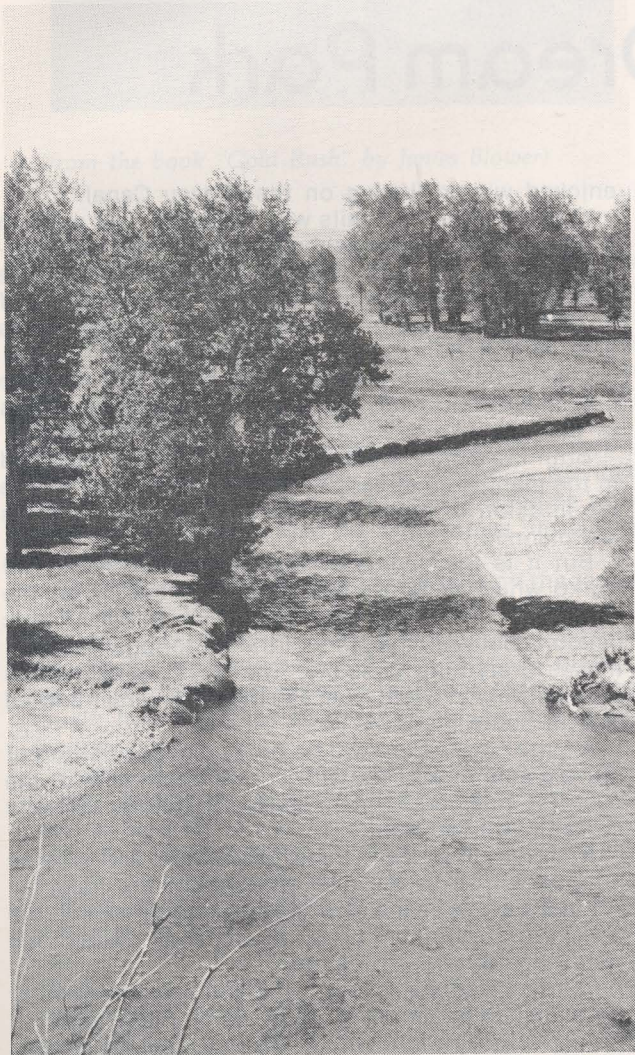


Photo courtesy of City Planning Department



Photo courtesy of City Planning Department

Anglican - and in days gone by Patrick Burns would provide for them both to be painted at the same time. They are among the oldest churches in the province.

Now we ride through the more open trees and meadows, along the meandering creek, and think about the cowboys who rode this land for the Burns outfit at the turn of the century. A few miles down, we come upon the building of the Burns Ranch and admire the stone ranch-house which contains so many memories of the past. And so on to the junction of Fish Creek with its point of destiny with the Bow.

In one of its many flashes of inspiration, the dynamic young Tory government of Premier Peter Lougheed, himself a direct descendant of the pioneers, says this beautiful valley is to become a park for the people. A parallel will be the Capital City park along the North Saskatchewan in Edmonton.

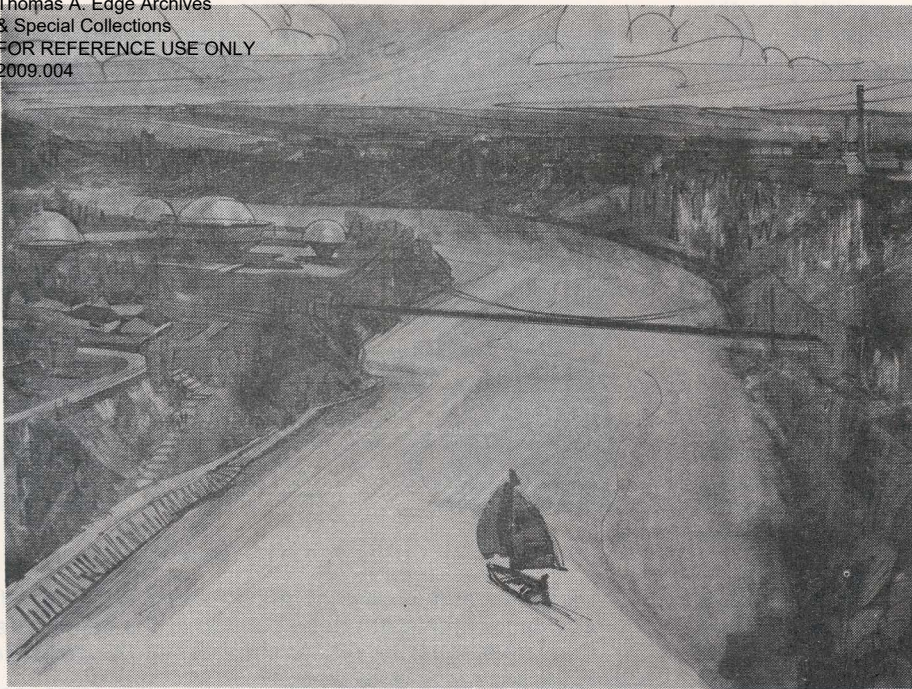
Just in time, before suburban housing encroached on its banks, the new government moved. Two back-benchers - Roy Farran of Calgary and Cathy Chichak of Edmonton - successfully proposed a motion to the legislature that the province should provide parks in urban areas where most of the people lived.

Immediate support came from Mayor Rod Sykes who promised a bus service. And the government moved without waste of time. Hon. Allan Warrack, minister of lands and forests, consulted with a committee of interested citizens. The Hon. Bill Yurko drew a cordon sanitaire around the park to prevent its being lost to development. And the government began to acquire enough land to make the Fish Creek park the largest urban park in Canada - over 2800 acres, even larger than the famed Stanley Park in Vancouver.

Citizens were appointed to a permanent Fish Creek Provincial Park Committee under Bill Milne, a Calgary architect, and questionnaires were distributed to all Calgarians to determine how the majority would like the park developed - as a natural beauty spot, as a formal park or as a combination containing elements of both.

With the Hon. Bill Dickie, minister of mines and minerals, and the Hon. Merv Leitch, attorney-general, representing the ridings on which the park borders, the citizens' committee was assured of powerful support.

Allan Warrack is confident that in the next few years Calgarians will be able to enjoy one of the finest city parks to be found anywhere in the world. ■



*Proposed Pedestrian/Bicycle Bridge  
Linking Rundle Park and Gold Bar Ravine.*

# Edmonton's Dream Park

by Brian Smith

Edmontonians were given glad news this spring through an announcement in the Legislature which took their breath away.

For the province announced that the successor to Fish Creek Park in Calgary would be a \$35,000,000 development along the valley of the North Saskatchewan in the heart of Edmonton.

It would be the most imaginative urban park in Canada, even if the Calgary counterpart may be larger in area.

The core of the concept would be a water conservation area extending from near the Beverly Bridge to the High Level Bridge. Already, west of that point Edmonton has a chain of beautiful river parks stretching from the Royal Glenora Club through Mayfair almost to Whitemud.

But now, to the delight of Mrs. Catherine Chichak, MLA who first supported the idea of provincial parks in the cities, it will extend far to the east.

Key to the prospect is a fifteen foot weir two thousand feet upstream from the Beverly bridge. This inflatable weir would create an esthetic waterfall with a pedestrian and bicycle cross-over to link parks on both sides of the river. Provision will be made for fish such as the famous gold-eye to bypass the weir.

The weir alone will cost some five million dollars. It will create a water recreation area for winter and summer use. Apparently warm water from Edmonton Power's Rosedale power plant will be rapidly dissipated and will not prevent freezing of the lake. So Edmontonians can anticipate skating on the river for miles, just as is done by the citizens of Moscow in winter months. Ottawa, for example, has long

enjoyed winter skating on the Rideau Canal.

Cross-country ski trails will fringe the river park on both sides and, presumably in keeping with the Klondike theme, it will not be long before some entrepreneur introduces sled rides behind teams of huskies. The igloo theme on the many footbridges is also part of Edmonton's eskimo image.

In summer, hiking and bicycle trails will traverse both sides of the river, linking the new park with others in the valley.

Both the Gold Bar Park and Rundle Park, included in the plan, were already envisaged by the city before the infusion of provincial funds. Here playing fields are planned.

But it is the genius of Environment Minister Bill Yurko which underlies the basic architecture of the new plan. The inflatable weir - in effect plastic balloons between the piers of the footbridge - is what makes everything possible. The water conservation area will vary in width from 150 feet to several hundred feet in some place.

A large new feature will be provincial acquisition of the 400 acre Strathcona site on the south side of the river. In this large open space, a natural science museum will be built.

A series of at least three pedestrian and bicycle bridges will span the river throughout the park.

Finally at the east end of the city through which the park runs, another large open area called the Hermitage site will be added.

Paddle steamers, canoeing, sailing and swimming are expected in summer. Cross country and downhill skiing, skating and sledding are expected for winter.

All in all, Edmonton will soon proudly boast the most magnificent park for all seasons in Canada. ■



# Edmonton's Exciting Klondike Days

from 1862 to 1974

by Patrick McGinty

(from the book "Gold Rush" by James Blower)

Edmonton - Gateway to the North, yesterday and today. Edmonton, the bustling city that now provides the logistic support for the Alberta oilfields and the scramble for black gold in the Athabasca Oil Sands, owes much of its heritage to the days when adventurers from all over the world followed the lure of gleaming gold to the Yukon.

And each year in July Edmontonians hark back to bygone days of yore when they celebrate Klondike Days, a nostalgic reminder of the Gay Nineties when men ventured and died in the snows in a mad scramble for instant wealth.

Store fronts and office buildings take on the facade of Soapy Smith's shanty town, pretty stenographers and cashiers dress in low-cut gowns with bustles, bus drivers wear top hats and tails and carry malacca canes, and the bars vibrate with the old-fashioned music hall melodies hammered out on honky-tonk pianos.

Everyone seems to know the haunting melodies of almost a hundred years ago. Regardless of age, those who were raised in the eras of jazz, swing and rock all seem to know the words of 'Nellie dear', 'Down by the old mill stream', and 'My wild, Irish rose.'

Perhaps the current high price for gold will bring the miners back, but it is true that the North Saskatchewan itself was panned for gold as late as 1907. A prospector called Thomas Clover was successfully panning for gold on a sand bar east of Fort Edmonton in 1862 and his example was followed by many others.

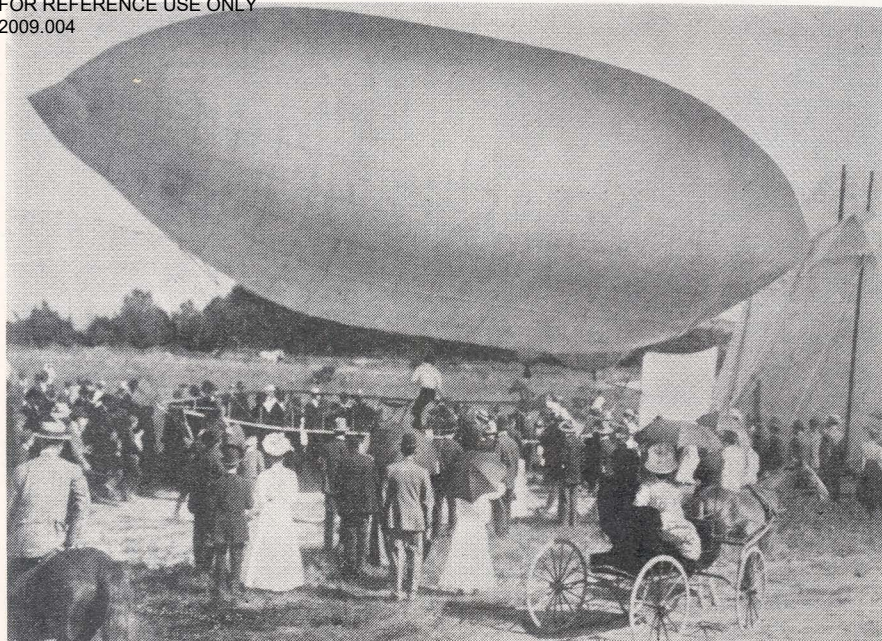
Many of them upped shovels and left for the

Klondike when rumor had it in 1897 that one George Carmack had washed \$1,200 worth of gold from the sands of Bonanza Creek in only a few days.

While others went by sea up the British Columbia coast to Skagway, of Alaska, others chose the all-Canadian or so-called "Back Door Route" from Edmonton. While this route had the advantage of avoiding the perilous crossing of the Coast Range, it involved an overland journey over hundreds of miles of unexplored and rugged terrain. Men who worked north up the river valleys from Edmonton died in their thousands from scurvy and exposure. Only the hardiest survived to reach the Yukon. The greenhorns who were ill-prepared or physically weak perished in the snows. In winter, the prospectors bought sleds and dog teams at Walter's Mill on the south bank of the Saskatchewan and in summer they struggled northward with horses and buros bought on the prairies. Athabasca Landing, north of Edmonton, was a base for the river scows that took them north as long as there was water on which to travel. And Edmonton's merchants waxed fat in 1898 on the food and supplies sold to the adventurers. The town's population doubled in a single year. And as the Klondike strike became more sophisticated with the entry of placer mining companies, Edmonton continued to prosper.

The route north from Edmonton was up the Athabasca to Fort Chipewyan, thence over the tip of Lake Athabasca to the Slave River. From there the

(please turn to page 40)



# Up in the air at Flare Square

*Jack Dallas' balloon at the Calgary Exhibition, July 1908.*

*by Ruth Gorman*

Generalizations are dangerous and of course never completely true. But if there is a common characteristic of a western Canadian, it might be that they are just never blasé - never can they be surfeited with enjoyment. And as soon as they find anything to enjoy they have to immediately get somehow personally involved with it.

This constantly amazes visitors. But it is the reason why for many years when Stampede time came around, every Calgarian donned a white hat, or up in Edmonton at their fair, they dressed up like the Klondikers.

To visitors who watch the phenomena of a business man suddenly trussing in his fat tummy with a cowboy belt, and jauntily setting an outsized cowboy's white hat on his bald pate, it looks ridiculous. And the visitor is always startled, if they happen to sit next to a quiet middle aged matron at the street parade, when she suddenly rends the air with a blood-curdling 'Yippee!' This personal involvement explains why when Calgarians after years of hardly winning a football game, finally did get their first chance at the Grey Cup, they not only went almost two thousand miles to watch the game, but they took their horses to see it too! Probably no place is the Westerners' desire to participate (if just given a chance) more evident than at Calgary's Flare Square.

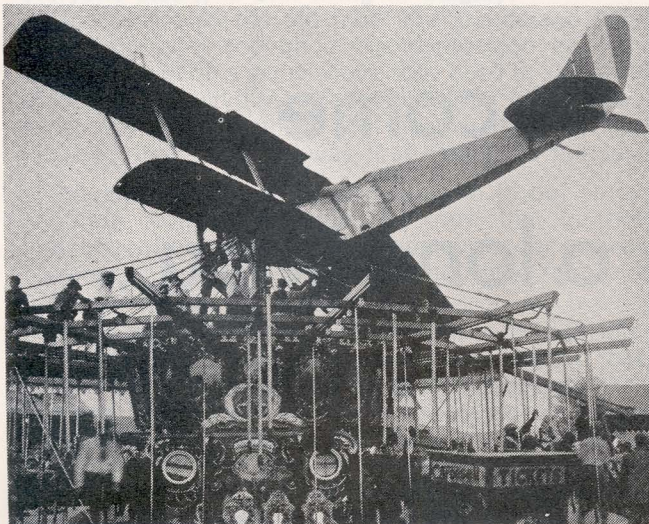
It's the community section of the fair, and it's a people's place, designed by local people for other people to just enjoy. This year the square will be nine years old and to date over thirty thousand Westerners as unpaid volunteers have with gusto got involved in its productions.

It gets its name from the fact that the area in the exhibition grounds, (typically it is a triangle, not a square at all) dominated in this oil rich province, by a 156 foot high regulation oil drilling rig out of the top of which shoots an oil burning flare for a further thirty

feet up into the air. This flare can be seen by everybody at Calgary's Stampede.

The theme of the square's 1974 display will be aviation. This was a logical choice because, the west and aviation sort of grew up together, although Calgary will not, until next year celebrate its centennial. Sixty-six years ago while they were still a small town in the horse and buggy era, at their fair, they had an aviation event that made world wide headlines. In 1908 this town was the third in Canada to have a man-carrying-balloon on display at their exhibition. The American owned balloon created quite a sensation as it flew above our small street parade of a marching band, and some Indians in costume and some local horse drawn and hand decorated floats. For three more days it created a sensation by sailing around in the sky over the exhibition grounds but on the fourth day it really did create an international sensation. On that day, in 1908, as they filled it with hydrogen a high wind blew it against a guide pole and the balloon burned up. It made quite a display! Fortunately its pilot Jack Dallas and his assistant Bert Hall although burned survived the accident.

But even a year before that, Albertans at their fairs were making aviation headlines. At Stettler's small town fair, they had on display a wingless plane that had actually flown. It had been built on their farm just out of Stettler near a town that has now disappeared called Krugerville. They used an original design and made the plane out of parts around the farm. It was an amazing design and looked like what people, who claim to have seen them, say flying saucers look like, than it did an airplane. Its appearance and the fact that such a thing could fly at all and that one of the brothers had been up for a fifteen minute ride on it, created a Canada wide sensation. The strange craft



*Freddy McCall makes his marvellous landing at Calgary Victory Stampede in 1919.*

confused everyone. The Toronto Globe called it the Krugerville Balloon and stated "it was a big gas bag over three hundred feet long." In Manitoba a newspaper described the strange craft as being powered with 500 horsepower. Unfortunately the brothers were only using a used 7 horsepower motorcycle engine. When they discovered that the 40 horsepower engine they would need to really fly for any length of time would cost \$1300, they just abandoned the project.

The West actually produced many exciting firsts in aviation but just like the Underwood brothers all our early efforts were hampered by just a shortage of cash. It had been an American lady, the telephone inventor, Alexander Graham Bell's wealthy wife who financed Canada's first recorded half mile airplane flight of the Silver Dart at Bras d'Or in Nova Scotia on December the sixth in 1909 .

But a few months after the much publicized Silver Dart flew, in Edmonton, a carpenter by the name of Reginald Hunt had built in his back yard a plane, and had flown it over Edmonton for half an hour but he never did understand anything about official registration. Edmonton hoped to have him fly it at their 1910 exhibition and if they could have, it too would have become an aviation sensation, but unfortunately it crashed into a fence just before the exhibition opened and as usual poor Hunt had no money for repairs and it was never rebuilt. Incidentally Hunt's explanation to the Edmonton press of how he developed his unusual propellers design was "I just copied those fans that chase flies in restaurants."

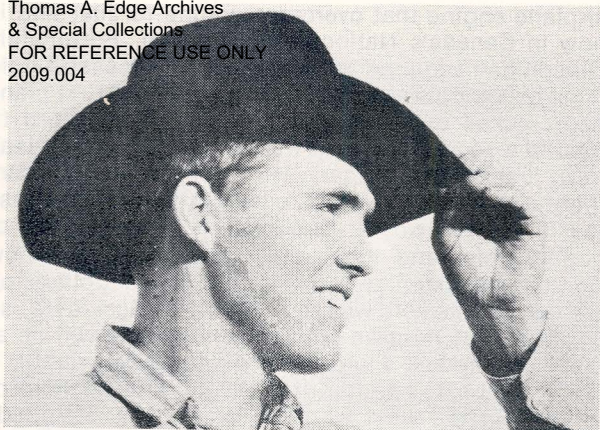
By 1911, on a farm just on the outskirts of Calgary, the late well known Calgarian Alex Jaaps, had flown over a mile in a strange craft that looked a bit more like a venetian blind than an airplane. It was called the Gibson Multi-plane and was designed by W.W. Gibson, a brilliant man who designed the first

airplane engine that overcame engine torque, and is now in Canada's National Air Museum. Fortunately Gibson had acquired an interest in a successful gold mine on Vancouver Island. So although his first plane had cracked up on an oak tree he could afford to rebuild a second plane. It was the one that Alex Jaap flew, just outside Calgary. However that first Calgary flight although successful, ended in disaster because the farm field where Jaap had to land was full of gopher holes and the plane was wrecked. By now Gibson has spent over twenty thousand dollars on planes and his wife was terrified of the accidents, so unfortunately he gave up. But this year he will be at last honoured at Flare Square where he will be a featured guest. Another great in the pioneer field of aviation in the west who will be here at Stampede time is Frank Ellis. Mr. Ellis is now the author of many books on flying, including Canada's Flying Heritage. He also has the great distinction of being the first man to parachute from a plane and that certainly must have taken a lot of nerve. He will be right at home in Calgary because it was while he was a very young clerk in the Hudson Bay Company, that he and a real estate salesman by the name of Blakely built a famous early plane called "The West Wind". It is hard to believe it now, but they built it in a shed, right on eighth avenue and second Street west and they flew it at the Shouldice farm which is now part of Calgary's Bowness suburb. But "The West Wind" suffered the usual fate of western planes. Because it had to stand outside in all kinds of weather, one of its canvas wings rotted and just fell off in mid-flight. No one was hurt and they repaired it, but one day a high wind blew it loose from its moorings and scattered its bits over a quarter mile area and as usual there was no money to rebuild it.

Our early air efforts were amazing and if we had just had a little more finances heaven knows what might have been achieved. When World War 1 came, westerners got a chance to fly in factory made planes, and then how they distinguished themselves!

Fortunately one of these first world war aces will come back to Calgary for Flare Square's Show. He is Rod MacLaren DSO, MC with bar, DFC and Croix de Guerre. This Calgarian in the first world war, shot down forty-eight enemy planes and six balloons. Another great Calgary first world war ace (rated fourth), Nick Carter will also be there. One of those first world war aces will not be here, Freddy McCall. Freddy would really have enjoyed Flare Square this year, after all he made our second Stampede, the one in 1919 world renowned and made aviation history right at the Stampede itself. Freddy returned to Calgary after the War and was given a hero's welcome but unfortunately no job so he got a plane and took a try at "barnstorming". He put on a great show for them at Calgary second Stampede in 1919. Not all Calgarians appreciated it. There was a letter to the Herald from one indignant spectator protesting that he had flown so low, he blew her hat off, but the majority of Stampede fans loved it. Just at the end of the show, as a favour, he took the manager of the Stampede, Mr. E.L. Richardson's two young boys up for a free ride, and as he flew over the midway his single engine suddenly stalled. Freddy looked down at that midway, teeming with humanity, and no one ever knew how he did it, but he calmly sat the plane down on the one unoccupied spot, the roof of the merry-go-round! Not a soul was hurt! In far off England the newspapers carried a story of the event

(please turn to page 41)



# It's come a long way...

...this piece of art from Calgary's

original stampede -

it took a talented

Calgary artist, Rich Roenisch, to do it.

by Sally Farran

It's been quite a stretch of time since 1911 when an ex-performer from Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, named Guy Weadick made a return visit to Calgary. He had performed a rope trick at the agricultural fair in a wild west show here in 1909. But on this second visit he was going to pull off one of the most phenomenal acts show business would ever see. He had an idea to promote a rodeo contest with big purses offered to performers who would compete for them. He chose to set up his show in Calgary. He decided Calgary at that time was a natural for such a show, it was booming with new settlers and new wealth and its residents truly loved the West they lived in. So Weadick was able to interest four of Calgary's wealthiest men to personally guarantee him \$25,000 a piece to put on a show he called the Stampede. These four wealthy individuals were Pat Burns (founder of the Burns Meat Packing Plant), George Lane a big rancher from the High River district, A.J. McLean of Calgary, and A.E. Cross, founder of the Calgary Brewing and Malting Company. They put up their own money to, as it was declared, "Perpetrate the memory of the pioneers and put on a show that would be a real salute to the last of the Great West."

Little at that time did anyone dream that 63 years later Calgarians would be still with vast enthusiasm saluting "The last of the Great West".

But the Calgary Stampede as Weadick called his show was a phenomena from its very beginning and a complete surprise even to its promoter. It was held in the fall of the year, and when the word leaked out about what was happening up in Calgary, Canada, the whole North American continent went a little wild.

Special trains started to pour into town loaded with performers and spectators from Cheyenne, Wyoming and Pendleton, Oregon. One rancher rented a special train and brought his entire ranch crew from Washington. Down in Mexico the famous Pancho Villa decided to send up his best steer roper. When someone sent out an invitation to the Indians in

Southern Alberta suggesting they might enjoy the show, the reserves just emptied. Fred Kennedy who lives in Calgary and is probably the leading authority on the Stampede's history says "There were 2000 Indians riding in the parade alone and Calgary was encircled with Indian teepees." Even Canada's Governor General the Duke of Connaught decided he couldn't miss the show and brought a vice-regal party from Ottawa. And the greatest cowboys and cowgirls in all of North America came in droves to perform. The West's greatest artist Charlie Russell came and with him he brought another, a friend of Weadick's, a young artist who would become famous, Borein. They continuously sketched and marvelled at the show. It was reported an estimated 75,000 saw the first parade. There's one thing unusual about that figure, only 61,450 people lived in Calgary at the time! Amazed Calgarians at first staggered under the impact, and then settled down to enjoy themselves.

Now after this old planet has been torn assunder by two world wide wars and people have even left it to visit the moon, Calgarians and the horde of visitors who descend on the city at Stampede time, have been enjoying the show which is a contest as old as time itself, a struggle between man and animal.

But now nearly every trace of that first Stampede has gone. The events are still much the same as the original ones even if the rules and the performers are different. Gone are men like the champion bronc rider, Tom Three Persons the Blod Indian who someone had to quickly put up the bail money for to get him out of jail, so he could ride against the great American riders and keep the title in Canada at that first Stampede. Guy Weadick and the big four are no longer living. Dick Cosgrove who performed in that first Stampede and later would win ten world titles in the Chuckwagon races, died two years ago and the great Clem Gardener who was known to so many Calgarians and who roped and rode the broncs in that first Stampede is no longer with us. Of the old

champions only Pete Van Dermeer who watched FOR REFERENCE USE ONLY 2009.004 events and would win the Prince of Wales trophy at the next 1919 or victory Stampede (the war took four years out of the Stampede's life, as it did everyone else's) is still living in Calgary.

This year even the old track the grandstand they were once wild enough in the depression days in Calgary to put on a show where they used to ski jump off its roof. Everything this year will be brand new, except for a few old timers who are now the last of the pioneers that the show was first created to honour.

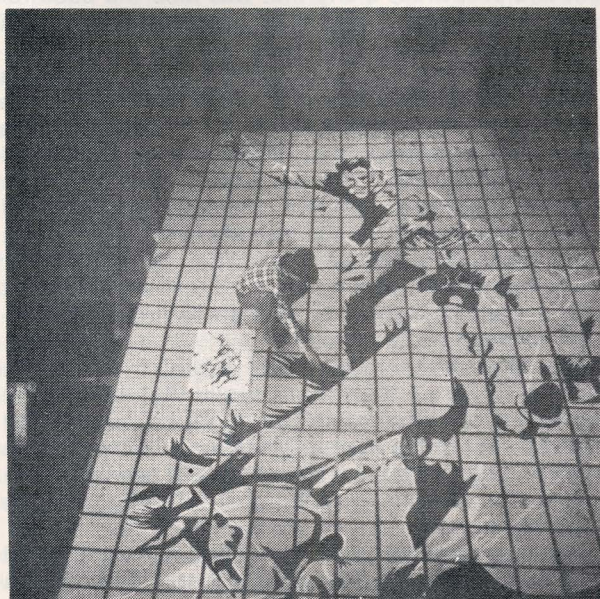
Calgarians will as they always seem to do, enjoy anything new, but it's nice to know that in that magnificent new stand which represents our growth there are still two things that are still here from our past.

There are the great stories that will be told and retold at Stampede time and there is a piece of art that harks back to that first amazing year of the Stampede. A permanent piece of art that will be at our future Stampedes to always remind us of its exciting beginning. Strangely enough or maybe properly so, this memory of the past was preserved at great effort by a Calgary artist.

He sat quietly on his horse, wearing a weather-beaten hat with a feather in the brim, a pair of well worn chaps and an old denim shirt. His name is Rich Roenisch and one would never guess that he is one of our finest western artists.

Grandson of pioneer Kink Roenisch, founder of Midlaw Pacific grain, the 29 year-old cowboy descends from two generations of horsemen. Both his father and grand-father were well-known polo players. And his youth was spent on the Round-T, the family ranch near High River. Now he is a protege of well-known cattleman Bert Sheppard of the Riverbend and OH ranch in Longview.

He now lives in an old log cabin on a ranch near Longview and it is here, in this small ranch house, heated only by a wooden stove that Rich spends hours sketching, painting and sculpting. His own oil paintings, usually depicting western scenes, Indians and ranchlife, decorate the walls of this little cabin, and various pieces of sculpture, some finished some



# The Stampede Ranch

RANGE  
CHUCK WAGON  
TRIPS

MOUNTAIN  
PACK OUTFITS

RANGE RIDING

COWBOY AND  
INDIAN GUIDES

GOOD SADDLE  
HORSES

LOG CABINS

INDIAN TEEPEES

ELECTRIC  
LIGHTS

WESTERN CANADA'S  
PIONEER  
GUEST RANCH

Fishing

Mountain  
Climbing

Hunting

Hiking\*

Shower Baths

*\*No Snakes!*

SEASON  
MAY 15  
TO  
OCT. 1

For all information address:  
**THE STAMPEDE RANCH**  
 GUY WEADICK, Manager  
 LONGVIEW - ALBERTA - CANADA

Long Distance Telephone:  
 High River, Alberta, R2303



ARRANGE NOW FOR YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY HERE

not, are scattered all through the house.

He has painted since he was young, but it is only in the last five or six years that he has done sculpturing. And this seems to be where his great talents lie. The fact that he has been brought up with horses shows in the intimate detail of his works. The movement and reality comes through every pose in every bone and muscle. Rich already has sculpted two Calgary Stampede trophies and also several other rodeo trophies. He also has illustrated the book and the cover of Bert Sheppard's book, "Spitzee Days". The Riveredge Foundation in Calgary has a collection of his bronzes. Rich's work will be on display in the Corral throughout the Stampede.

Rich was commissioned by the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede Board to make a thirty foot high plaque which will be hung 80 feet above the ground on the centre tower of the new grandstand. The bronc and rider, a symbol that the Calgary Stampede has sometimes used in the past, is from a sketch done in the early 1900's by an American, Edward Borein, who came up to Calgary with Charlie Russell and Will Rogers. He did the sketch for his friend Guy Weadick, founder of the Calgary Stampede, to be used in 1919 to advertise Calgary's second or victory Stampede. After Guy Weadick was fired he ran a dude ranch on the Highwood river, called the Stampede Ranch, and he used the Borein sketch in posters to advertise the guest ranch. The piece of work was originally called "I see You". ICU was the brand of this famed ex-cavalry troop horse that became a renowned buckner.

(please turn to page 44)

# Up in the air at Flare Square

(continued from page 37)

announcing "now it was a proven fact that the airplane was at last safe."

If Freddy can't be at Flare Square at least some of the other early greats will be remembering that Stampede of 1919. After the war aces the West produced the great bush pilots who not only taught the world a new use for the airplane but just like the great early sea explorers they mapped out and opened up a new land for mankind. To represent that group there will be on hand the great Punch Dickenson. Also a world air hero, the man who is one of the world's most admired pilots, the great legless Douglas Bader will be here. Rick MacInnes, who is the chairman of this year's flare square had been able to attract to this show most of the exciting persons who were part of our western history. There will also be movies and slides of the early days of flying and there will even be an old plane and someone in a gypsy moth will reproduce the first mail flight from Calgary to Edmonton that was interestingly enough made by a beautiful young female, Katherine Stinson.

But don't think Flare Square will be just about the past. There's lots of the present and future too. The Space centre at Houston will send a space suit and even a piece of the moon and the Smithsonian will send the suit and helmet that Wally Shirras wore on Apollo VII and from the Kennedy Space Centre at Cape Carnaveral there will be the actual Apollo VII command ship itself. There will be model copies of Leonardo Da Vinci's first attempts to fly, and kites from Japan. You will even be able to step into a simulated space module and guide it yourself. A lot of it will be inside three of those exciting geodesic domes like that used by the U.S. display at Expo in Montreal.

Typical of a stampede which has always raced the horses around the outside while the buckers bang away in the centre field, this too will be a three way circus. Downtown it will begin on July 2nd with what is described as the largest meeting of air industry people in Canada, and out at the Springbank airport (Calgary's other airport west of the city used by small planes), they will put on a thirty event air stampede, with flying balloons and gliders, model aircraft and helicopters and antique planes. They will have an old fashioned wing walking act like the barnstormers used to do, and this time they won't land a plane on the roof of the merry-go-round. They will go further and land it on the roof of a car. And the Canadian armed forces "Snowbirds" will be filling our sky as they put on their fantastic aerobatics-precision flying display.

At the Stampede infield the cowboys may spend half their time reaching for air as they get bucked off but the rest of Calgary at this stampede will really feel like they are up in the air too.

But best of all will be the strange involvement westerners are determined to have with people. At the peoples place, "Flare Square" you will be able to meet the great aviators.

It was A.E. Swinburne who said, "take flight and follow and find the sun." This year it is a case of finding the Flare and you will find the greats of aviation. the great men "who were there". ■



**JOHN IRWIN**  
**ANTIQUES**  
**AND INTERIORS**

A tremendous selection of antique and not-so antique home furnishings, decorator pieces, and collectibles. Canadian and imported.

1301- 1st St. S.W.

Commercial assignments welcomed 263-1288

AGENT FOR  
 LECLERC  
 LOOMS

**WEAVING  
 NEEDLECRAFT**

Western  
 Canada's  
 finest selection  
 of imported and  
 Canadian supplies  
 for the fabric arts.

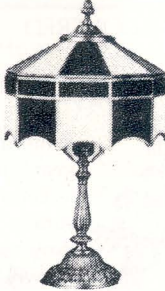
**EDMONTON**


TIKA WOOLCRAFTS  
 11023 - 127 St.,  
 Edmonton T5M 0T3  
 452-8286

**CALGARY**

GINA BROWN NEEDLECRAFTS  
 1309 - 17 Ave. S.W.,  
 Calgary T2T 0C4  
 244-1333

Tiffanys  
 Are  
 Beautiful !






*Fry's* LAMPLAND LIMITED

124 - 16th AVENUE N.E., CALGARY, ALBERTA  
 T2E 1J5

Enroll at **JACOBSON'S**  
**BEAUTY SCHOOL**



Enroll now and learn the internationally famous Pivot Point System by practical experience under qualified instructresses.

Come in and see our magnificent school or write or phone for our brochure.

631 - 7th Avenue S.W.

263-2105



It is probably proper that the best of our history is being repeated. The first Calgary Stampede used this piece of artwork and now with another milestone in its history, the building of the new grandstand, this same piece has been brought back by one of Western artist in the form of an enormous plaque. The thirty foot high plaque taken from Borein's sketch, now hangs high above the milling crowds, and has gone through quite a change. It takes not only artistic ability, but also technical skills to produce a piece of artwork of this size. It started as a sketch done by Rich thirty inches high and scaled in one inch squares. He then built a large plywood floor, thirty feet by sixteen feet, and marked out the scale in square feet by stretching black tape from one side to the other side. The plywood form was erected in a large well lit barn.

The next stage then was to elevate the top of the plywood floor so as to be able to see it from standing at the base of it. This was then supported from underneath so Rich was able to climb onto the plywood and begin to draw to scale the bronc and rider on this large thirty foot piece of wood. This was done with chalk and black paint, as you can see in the illustration.

The next stage was to cut out the silhouette in wood with a jig-saw. The wood was then placed on sheets of metal and the silhouette was traced onto the sheets. The silhouette was cut out with a welding torch and was all moved, in pieces, by truck to the new Stampede grandstand, where the final stages of the work were completed. The pieces were welded together to make the whole figure of the bucking horse and rider. The final touches were done with an electric grinder to give texture to the plaque. This gave these parts a polished shiny appearance and the wood parts which were painted black, remained a dark steel colour. The finished product, supported by steel braces, was then hoisted up by crane and attached about 80 feet in the air to the centre tower.

This time Stampede art is not on fragile paper but is preserved in metal. No one knows how long it will hang there or how many future stampede crowds will enjoy it, but a young western artist has used his talents to hand on a great piece of our western heritage. ■



PROMPT  
MAIL ORDER SERVICE

# The Centaur Shop

238 - 11 Ave. S.E.  
Calgary 3, Alberta, Canada  
Phone: 269-6446

OUR NEW LOCATION: - CORNER OF MACLEOD TRAIL & 11 AVE. S.E.

## SADDLERY AND LEATHER GOODS

Pandur and Holberg Saddles  
Vogel Made to Measure Boots  
Clover Bar Western Saddlery  
Rawhide (Calif.) Silver Equipment

Your riding needs are our specialty - owned by Mrs. J.C. Rudolph

## TEST DRIVE

THE POPULAR SMALL CARS—

★ COMET ★ CAPRI ★ BOBCAT

Making New Friends Every Day

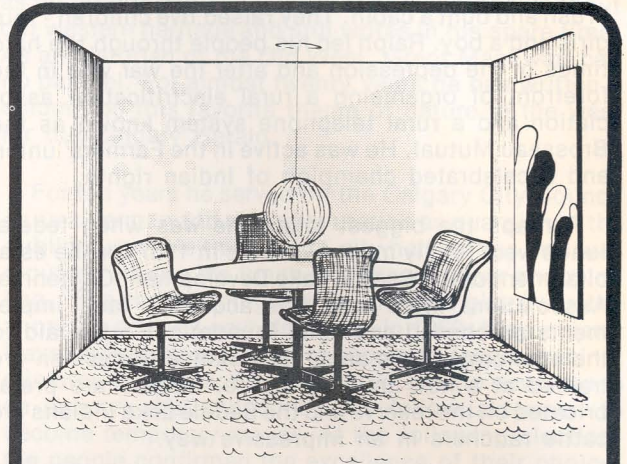
AT

Calgary's Import & Small Car Centre

**Universal Sales & Service Ltd.**

1920 BOW TRAIL S.W.

266-5611



From Denmark, an elegant

## DINETTE SUITE

One table and four chairs. Fibreglass covered round table top, fully upholstered fibreglass chairs. Table and chairs with chrome, white or black finished steel base.

SALE PRICE **\$249**  
Was \$292

novega



DIVISION OF WOLFGANG H. WENZEL RESIDENTIAL DESIGNER LTD.  
211 - 17 AVE. S.W., CALGARY T2S 0A4 CANADA - TEL. 403 - 264-3084



# SCARLET COATS & SINGING WIRES



ONE OF A SERIES

# BANFF OR BUST!

In Banff, North America's favorite tourist spot, the telephone was welcomed heartily. As early as 1886, an enterprising man, Alf Brown, installed phones in the hotels at Banff. But he neglected to connect them. It wasn't until 1889 that Banff became the third centre in Alberta to have a working telephone system. Five phones — one as far out of town as the Upper Hot Springs! Phone number one was at the Mounted Police Barracks.

Many years later, the long distance telephone line from Banff to Calgary was connected by the newly formed Alberta

Government Telephone company. In a race with Bell Telephone, it was "Banff or Bust" for these telephone pioneers. Alberta was first to build and operate telephone lines under public ownership. Indeed, it was first in North America.

*Alberta's history comes alive in "Singing Wires" by Tony Cashman. Over 200 vivid illustrations. \$6.95 from Box 2411, Edmonton T6J 2S4.*



Thomas A. Edge Archives  
& Special Collections  
FOR REFERENCE USE ONLY  
2009.004

EDMONTON'S

# KLONDIKE DAYS EXPOSITION

JULY 17-27, 1974



every day's  
a new day!

FOR INFORMATION WRITE : EDMONTON EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION BOX 1480 EDMONTON ALBERTA CANADA