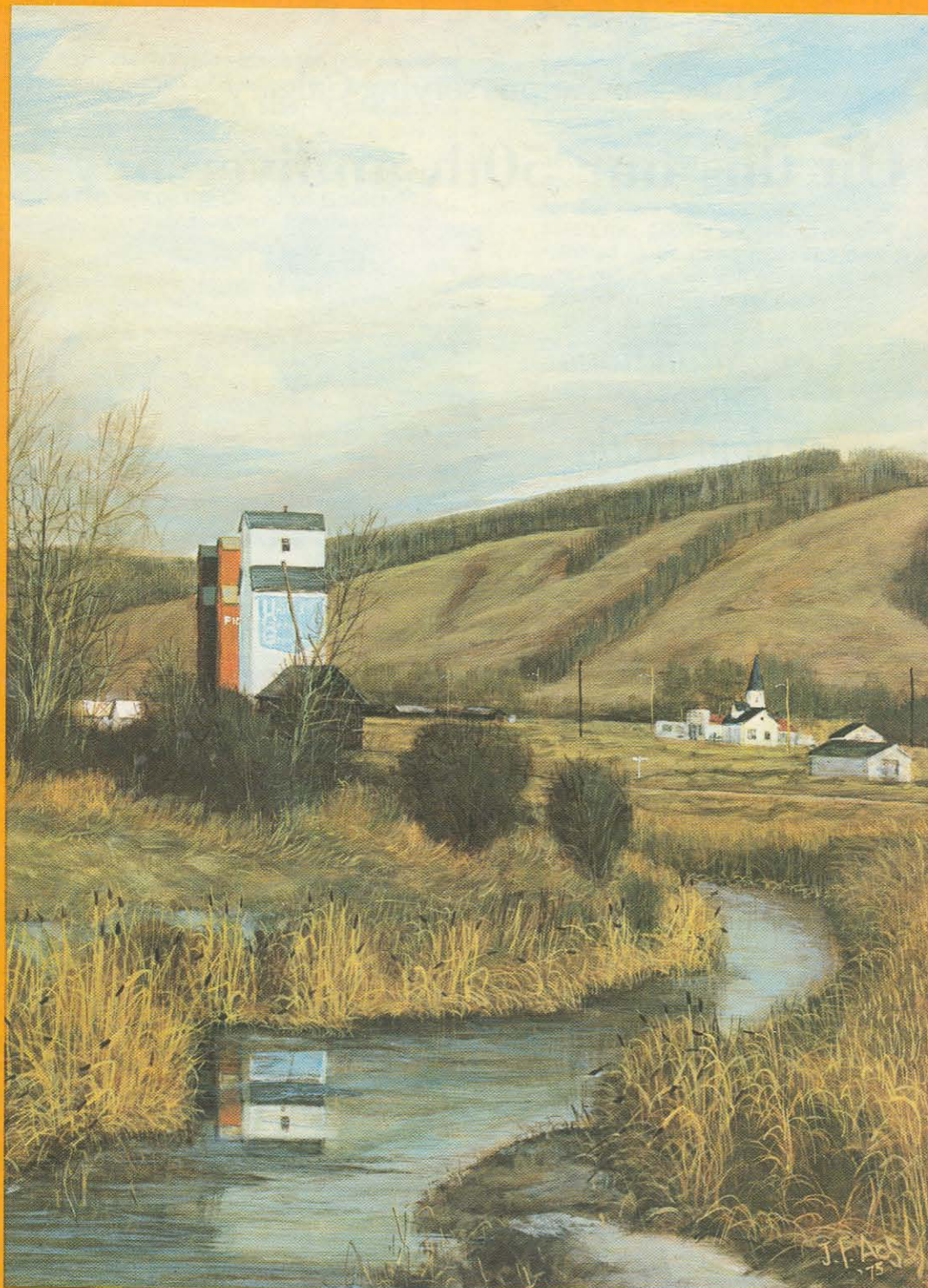


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# Golden West



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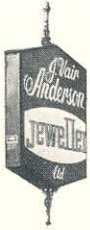


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# Golden West

CANADIAN WESTS 'OWN' MAGAZINE



VOLUME XI, SPRING '75

## Editorial

It is now almost eleven years since the first issue of this magazine I published and edited hit the streets. In my first editorial I hopefully said, "I pledge this magazine will give you a record of, and a key to enjoying this golden western land of yours." I now hope it has done just that because this will be my last editorial to the readers of the Canadian Golden West.

Sally Farran, its present owner, has taken a new step forward in her life. She is now Mrs. Tim Gregg. Her new responsibilities mean she has had to sell the magazine. I had only come back as editor to help a young new publisher and to keep this little magazine going. Fortunately new owners have been found who are determined to do just that, and that was the whole point originally of creating this magazine. Western Canada desperately needs a magazine of its own. So it is good news to me, and I hope to you its readers, that its future is assured.

I want to thank you readers who so faithfully supported me and were so loyal and so patient, especially at the moment when I had to meet what Ma Murray rightfully predicted would be my "deadly" deadlines. Your patience held while, with a limited staff (often it was only the unforgettable Dorothy O'Brien) and with limited funds, we ran days, and even weeks, late. I especially want to thank the western authors and artists who all too often, even they who were well established ones, went without pay to make the publication financially possible. I want to also thank the loyal advertisers which always included both past and present Alberta Governments for making the whole venture at least financially possible if not really what one could call a whale of a financial success.

I hope, for you the magazine readers, it did give you a "key to discovering and enjoying this lovely western land." Strangely enough it did just that for me, who already had the good fortune to be born here. I met so many new wonderful westerners and I was constantly being surprised at what a good life, and what new achievements were taking place here in "our west".

It was that wise old, slightly inebriated mathematician of pre-Christ days, Omar Khayyam, who in his old age so beautifully said, "The writing finger having written writes on." Time grinds on relentlessly despite any of we humans' efforts. However fortunately when time pushes you into the future you do leave behind the worst of the past, and can choose to carry forward only the happy memories.

Today even the future of the United Nations in its tall, fragile glass tower may seem to be trembling and quaking, but no matter what may happen to it, there will be one thing that will remain permanently theirs. Permanent because it is encased in the hearts of living people and that is, its "Charter of Human Rights". It was that tired old woman, Eleanor Roosevelt, who forced its passage through the United Nations. A charter that put into many words the four simple freedoms — The Freedom to Worship, The Freedom to Speak, the Freedom from Fear and the Freedom from Hunger. Those were the freedoms so many from this land had hopefully gone to fight and

die for in the last world war.

Among the many freedoms listed in the charter was a strange one called the Freedom to Rest, which was coupled to, and counteracted, the Freedom to Work. When I served on the Canadian National committee that advised on that charter of rights, and had on occasion made speeches about it, I used to say, "that section was put there to protect the worn out Chinese coolie who dropped in his tracks and it was the basis for our own search or labour reform and limiting to safe time, people's working hours." I too will now be relieved to be freed from the deadly deadlines. And who knows what will grow next year from a field that lays for a while in fallow?

For you the readers it will mean new viewpoints, new exciting ones and it will also mean the west will still have its own magazine.

So may I thank each one of you readers and wish for you "Good reading".

*by Ruth Gorman*

This time it is a case for me of "Hail and Farewell" but after all in the past all too often it was a case of "Oh hell - and hello again!"

So thank you all readers, and I wish you each "good reading".

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

ALICE THOMPSON — #3, 816 - 15 Avenue S.W.  
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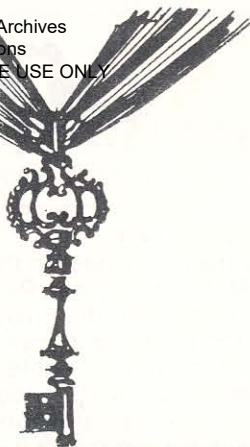
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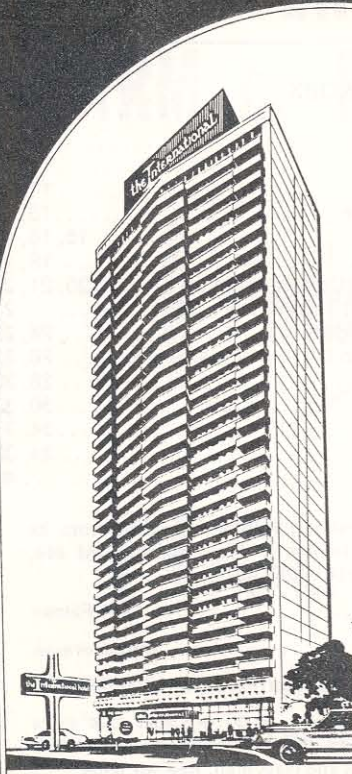
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April 8 - 27th - "Hoarse Muse" with Robert Haley as Bob Edwards.

"Roundhouse" will be rerun with the same cast in June.

June 6 at 8:30 p.m.  
June 7 at 5:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m.  
June 8 at 2:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.  
June 10 at 8:30 p.m.

There will be live entertainment in the Canmore Opera House through the summer months. And if the coming plays are as enjoyable as the past ones the little log opera house should expect full houses for this next season.

### PLEIADES THEATRE

April 24 at 8:00 p.m. - Piano recital by Jamie Syer.

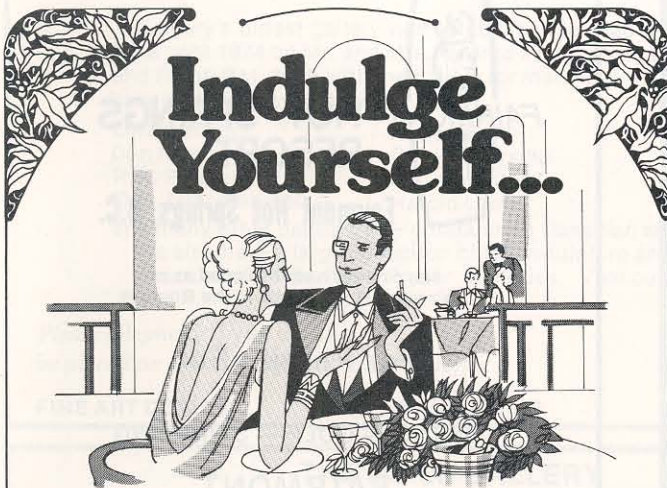
April 25 - one man show. B.C. actor Santo Cervello. Based on Ernest Hemingway writings.

April 26 at 8:00 p.m. - recital by Da Camera Players.

May 29, 30, 31, and June 1 at 8:00 p.m. - Stage reading of "Power in the Blood" by Calgary writer John Murrell. Directed by Kenneth Dyba, featuring Marie Hohtanz, Grant Reddick and Brian Torpe.

June 5 at 8:00 p.m. - Piano recital by David Tutt.

June 16 - 22 Film series - "Trauma", 8 films by Alfred Hitchcock. Tickets from the Centennial Planetarium.



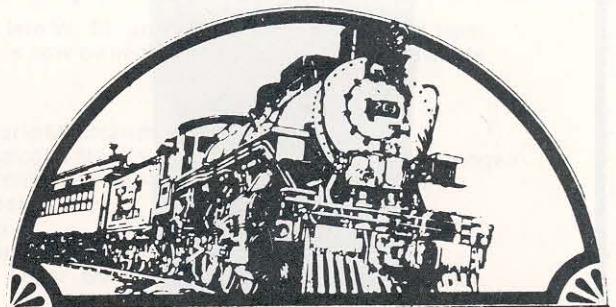
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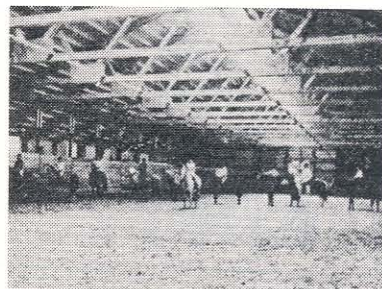




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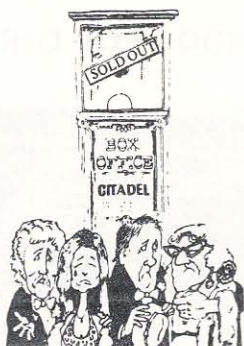
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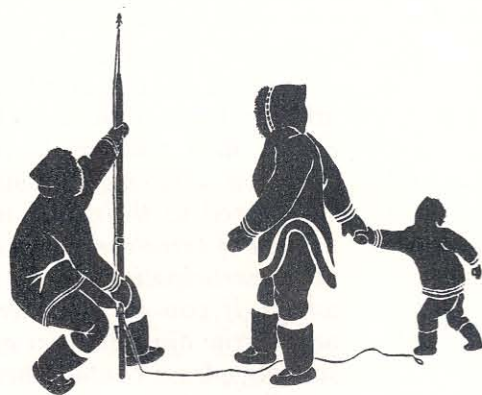
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Karl Wood

Mar 28 - May 10

Anne Clarke Darrah  
 Graham Peacock  
 Bob Christie

May 12 - May 24

L. Bellefleur WIC's





BARRACKS AT CALGARY

*Frederic Remington*

## GOLDEN NOTES

Calgary has reached her hundredth year. Like all birthdays it has sort of sneaked up on us. Now we are finding out that at a respectable one hundred years of age we can no longer glibly refer to ourselves as a 'young city'. It is now time for story telling of the past and the time for handing on of memories to an oncoming generation.

For over one tenth of those hundred years this small magazine has been telling heritage stories so for us to find a new one just because we have a centennial was a little difficult. But this one I think is new.

The sketch that tops our Golden Notes is of our own Fort Calgary. Fortunately for Calgarians several artists sketched the Fort. They, at least, preserved the Fort on paper even if we, who benefitted from it the most, had little respect for it and just tore it down when the railway and the commercial developments needed the land.

What is so exciting about this sketch of Calgary's beginning years is the person who drew it. That artist is now one of the world recognized greats.

Frederick Remington's pictures and sculptures are now in all the world's greatest museums and the commercial measure of his success places his works in the six-figure bracket.

But there seems no written record of his visit to Alberta or to Calgary. The record is only found in his sketch book, — but there they are — a small, quick sketch of what he called 'The Barracks at Calgary', another of an old 'Indian Trading Post on the Elbow River' and one of the 'Mounted Police Barracks at Pincher Creek'.

Obviously Remington was once here. Because if there is one characteristic of Remington's art it is that he drew or sculpted only that which he saw and in the way he saw it. For years he was subjected to severe criticism by other artists and art critics because when he drew running horses, on occasions all four feet were off the ground. Up to the time of his death in 1909 he was still faced by sneers about his way of drawing a running horse by European trained art critics — even after Joe Public had already recognized him as a great artist. It was only after his death that science proved him right. By then the movie camera could show up the real movements of a running horse by the simple process of slowing down the film. Then we all suddenly discovered that there are moments when a running horse has all four feet off the ground.

But Remington never had bowed his head to criticism or changed his way of drawing running horses to gain recognition for himself. He drew things as he saw them, and with what a glorious artist's eye he saw everything. Fortunately for Calgarians he drew our Fort and probably he, as always, drew it just as he saw it.

Just when he saw it is not clear.

We know it was in 1880 when Fred Remington, as a love sick boy of 19, first came west to try and find a quick fortune. Charlie Russell, who is the only artist who can rival Remington for top position among Western artists, had also come to Alberta. Charlie had spent almost two years living with Alberta's Blood Indians; and from that period he would draw the inspiration for his greatest Indian pictures. The incorrigible Charlie first came into Alberta, we are told, to avoid legal punishment for a prank he and his friends had played. Remington came west for a different reason.

Like Russell, Remington was born in the eastern United States at Canton, New York on the first day of October 1861. Like Russell, he was more a boy of action than a student or even a sensitive artist. His father had founded the town of Canton's local newspaper and by 1878 he had entered his son Fred at Yale University as the second of the first two students they accepted in their new art school. There Fred did  
*(please turn the page)*



*Ranch House - Bow River*

RANCH HOUSE—BOW RIVER

by Frederic Remington



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But only as a football player, not as an artist. When he was nineteen, Remington discovered girls — not girls generally, but one in particular, a pretty summer visitor named Eva Canten. His reaction to the beautiful Eva was instantaneous. He rushed to her home town of Gloversville and asked her father for her hand. Eva's father was a practical man and he recognized the fact that Fred neither had a good reputation as a man who could hold a job, nor had he little inherited money, so he instantly and flatly turned him down.

We all probably owe a debt to dull Mr. Canten from Gloversville, New York, because it was his unsympathetic reaction that turned Remington into a great western artist.

He made young Fred realize that he must get money to get Eva and he must get it fast. The only place he had heard where that could be done was in the west. Now this is not a novel but a true story so unfortunately Fred found no quick gold in the early west nor did he get his Eva. Instead he discovered a new world of cowboys and Indians, horses and blue horizons. A world he never knew even existed. He forgot the gold he had come for, he even forgot Eva, and he sketched just as he always had as a young boy. By 1885 he returned to New York to try and sell those sketches. In New York, only the magazine Harper's had recognized his greatness and in 1882 they had bought a few but had had their staff retouch his rough work and didn't use his name. But by 1886 they accepted one of his western pictures and that was the turning point in his life. He became a magazine illustrator. He went west and witnessed and drew the final American-Indian uprisings. Theodore Roosevelt, that tough, great little United States' president, liked his work and asked that he illustrate his book on "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trails" and



MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS—PINCHER CREEK  
by Frederic Remington

he also illustrated Longfellow's, 'The Songs of Hiawatha'. He tried his hand at writing a novel which failed and he began to sculpt as well as paint.

"Colliers", now defunct, was then the top magazine of the time. They brought out a "Remington Issue" and his one-man art shows began to be successful. But in 1909 this great artist died, at the age of 48.

Artistic success had already come to him but he had not found either the gold or got Eva. But how lucky we are in Calgary that this great artist, as a young man, did drift through our area and did capture for us part of what is now all gone.

We found the sketches in one of the many books put out nowadays on Remington. One called "The illustrations of Frederick Remington" is put out by Bounty Books, a division of Crown Publishing Inc. of New York and incidentally, like Remington's first efforts, didn't hit the best seller list either. But in this book are three tiny sketches of Calgary's Fort and two other early Alberta places.

How wonderful it is to know that one of the world 'greats' found us great once too. We do have a heritage that is a worthy cause for celebration. Happy Centennial all you Calgarians!

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# From the beginning Calgary's been a chosen place

by Ruth Gorman

Now that it is centennial year in Calgary we are all being made aware of the greatness of our city and its many achievements over its first hundred years. Its growth has been so swift it boggles the mind. It has an unreal fairytale quality about it that reminds one of Jack and his fantastic bean stalk. After all, a hundred years could be only one lifetime, and yet in that short period we have come from what many people consider was nothing, to where we are one of the great cities of the world.

Our beginnings were as small as Jack's bean and first went just as unnoticed. Even our first location was a vague and uncertain thing. Calgary was not located on the great fur routes taken by earlier settlers. People poured into this land to the south of us, coming up the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers and settling en route. North of us people came along the navigable Saskatchewan rivers to Jasper and Edmonton in search of furs and gold. West of us even the Spaniards and Russians had come to Canada but the uncrossable mountains held all people back from this area. This area was for centuries an undisturbed island of land. Calgary's existence and growth has been dependent on men just pointing their fingers to an isolated empty spot on a map and saying, "What about there?". The first finger that pointed to that empty spot on the map belonged to a thirty-eight year old lawyer, assistant Commissioner Macleod, who had helped lead the Mounties westward the year before to establish their first fort at the town of Macleod. Fort Calgary was only one of four other forts put up by the Mounties on their first year in Alberta. The others were the Swan River barracks, Fort Saskatchewan and Fort Walsh. When one considers how Swan River and Walsh have literally vanished and then looks at the present size of the town of Macleod, one has to marvel at Calgary's survival and growth.

The second finger that pointed at a map and determined Calgary would become a city was that of a C.P.R. man who decided that Calgary would be the divisional point for the new railway.

Even stranger is the fact that when this spot on a map was picked by these two pointing fingers, the fingers were not even sure just where they should point. In both cases they almost missed touching that spot where the Elbow river joined the Bow. Fate played a big part in the formation of this city of Calgary.

We are told that Colonel Macleod realized the need for a fort somewhere between the one at Edmonton and the one at Macleod. It was the early Methodist missionary, John MacDougal, who was pressing for the need of a fort and we are told the Mounties first stopped at his mission on the Stoney Indian reserve at a spot we now call Morley, en route to Calgary, and that they were seriously considering building the fort



OLD INDIAN TRADING POST—ELBOW RIVER

by Frederic Remington

there before they decided to march on to where Calgary now is.

Their decision, we are told, hung on the fact they would be closer to the Indians of the Blackfoot Confederacy — the Blackfoot, the Bloods, the Piegans and the Sarcee. The decision of the C.P.R. to come here was also just as uncertain. Originally the railway had planned to put the divisional point at the present town of Cochrane. At that time it was a thriving town that rivalled Calgary in size. It was only the intervention and persistence of some Calgary business men that switched the divisional point to Calgary, a decision which would result in Calgary's fantastic growth.

So certainly fate has always played a very important part in the growth of Calgary. Our location was not even a planned one, it was instead, fortunately, just a chosen one.

Even the choice of our name was almost as haphazard. Originally the Fort had been called Brisbois; an awkward name but fortunately by a letter to Ottawa, Colonel Macleod changed to to the more pleasant one of Calgary.

Our city has always been a city created by choice. The first settlers were not men in the mad pursuit of furs or gold. They were men of law and order, sent to this spot to do a job. Maybe it was the beauty of the land itself that has always attracted people to it. Certainly the presence of our two rivers originally influenced its formation. A river junction makes such a nice logical spot on an unmarked map and water on our treeless prairies must have had a great attraction. Certainly it was the richness of the land that eventually made us grow but neither the ranches nor the farms were closer to Calgary than other towns nor was the oil right here, nor ever has there been coal or great industry here. People seem to have just chosen to come here. Even today newcomers will tell you they came because they liked the area and they liked the people. Maybe that is the real clue to our fantastic growth.

The area and the people have always been here, even before the fort was built.

The land was a pleasant land, surrounded on three sides by miles upon miles of flat prairies running to the east and north and south and on the west beautiful foothills undulating up to the blue mountains we can see. This land attracted first the animals, and then the people, long before even our centennial began.

We know the mighty buffalo herds came to Calgary long before the white man did. In Arthur S. Morten's book, "A History of the Canadian West", he tells us the buffalo herds that came to this area were part of a larger group that wintered north of here between the two Saskatchewan rivers, but each summer they began a great trek eastward to Regina and then they turned west to the foothills before they again turned northward. They came here to our area because of the grass. short rich prairie wool that made eating and



Sometimes the land was bared by special storms peculiar to the area, or swept by whirlwinds that were started by lightening storms, but in either of those cases these hazards just naturally enriched the land and made for greater growth the next year. Because of the plentiful, easy food the buffalo herds grew in size until they became one of the phenomena of the world. One buffalo alone is an impressive sight but seen in such numbers they were unforgettable. One early traveller tells of watching a herd from a hill and said it took three hours for them to pass on the run. A huge cloud of dust road above them. Many herds that came to the Calgary area were much longer than our today's famed Calgary Stampede parade and what is more they were so vast they shook the very earth as they passed. These herds were still here when we began our first century. I remember old George Maclean, that great Stony Indian Medicine Man who for years led the Indian section in our parade, telling me how as a small boy just forty miles from Fort Calgary his job used to be to go out and lay on the prairies with his ear pressed to the earth so he could catch the earth vibrations made by a herd maybe ten miles away and thereby alert the tribe hunters of its approach.

Those great herds that would so soon completely vanish have however left shadows of their passing in Calgary. Ex-alderman Walter Boothe located an old buffalo wallow in the Ogden district of Calgary and I remember my father telling me that before Elbow Park became Freddy Lowes' real estate dream there used to be a buffalo wallow where that small children's park is now situated adjacent to Elbow Park Drive. One now gets a chance to leisurely look at that small park when caught in the five o'clock traffic jam on that busy road. But long ago that was where they great buffalo herds would stop to drink in the Elbow and in earlier days they had pounded the river sand and earth at that spot into a fine powder by playfully rolling on it to free their great shaggy coats from unwanted visitors.

For centuries this area of Calgary must have been a peaceful land, occupied only by those mighty herds and the equally large herds of the smaller Red Deer, and the Indians who hunted them. Happy Indians who had plenty of food and met in great open encampments dancing and enjoying the hunt. Anthony Henday, who was the first white man to come into Albertra describes coming upon an encampment of over 2,000 Blackfeet. He was amazed at how they differed from eastern Canadian Indians who hunted in small groups and were often dirty and fierce. He described their hundreds of tents, all pure white, and set out in an orderly fashion as on either side of an avenue that led to the chief's tent — one large enough to hold fifty people. They were clean and healthy and happy people who treated him well as Alberta author James S. MacGregor says in his fine book, "A History of Alberta", "Henday had come wanting something (furs) from the Blackfoot and had been politely turned down. The Blackfoot wanted nothing from the white man." They were a successful independent people who had chosen to live in this land. At Henday's time, about two hundred years ago, although the white man's horse had proceeded him west, the Indians were still untouched by the white man's dread diseases of smallpox and measles or by the white man's rum or guns. By the time the fort was built those mighty Indian bands numbers would be cut in half by those four killers.

When the Fort came to Calgary the Indians were still roamers of the plains and it wasn't until the Fort was two years old that the Indians of this area were

signed into Treaty, but one wonders if it was like what the Indians always claimed, and that the Indians didn't understand the full implication of what they had signed. It would be years before they would finally really settle onto their reserve. During these years they often came in large groups to the trading posts, the I.G. Baker and the Hudson Bay which had also located around the Fort. As a result the relationship of the Indian to Calgary has always been a close and a comparatively friendly one.

Shadows of their presence still exist in Calgary. The Nose Hill district is supposed to have originally received its name from an incident in an Indian encampment once there, Gladstone Avenue in Hillhurst runs diagonally across the orderly due east west Calgary streets because originally it was part of the well-worn trail the Stoney Indians took down the north side of the Bow when they came to trade at the Hudson Bay Post that had gone up near Fort Calgary. Even today, the Indians still come to Calgary Stampede week and still ride as they did in our very first street parade. And Calgarians' biggest thruways are called Blackfoot Trail and Crowfoot Trail and Crowchild Trail. The latter is named after ex-Chief Dave Crowchild, whose son Gordon is now the present Chief on the Sarcee Indian reserve that the city of Calgary has reached out to share borders with.

It was the happy disposition of these contented southern plain Indians that caused many early white men to choose to come here. Men like the great priest, Father Lacombe, who left his mission at St. Albert and came to help aging Father Scollard, minister to the Blackfoot. When Fort Clagary was put up, Lacombe moved his mission near to it and later, when the railway came and Calgarians were finally allowed to move west of the Elbow, the wise little priest claimed all the land west of the Elbow for his mission between 4th Street south west to the rivers from 17th Avenue, to where 4th Street turns right and is called Elbow Drive. Oldtimers still refer to it as the Mission district and a few stores there perpetuate the name. The Methodist missionaries, the McDougals, too moved south from Edmonton to Calgary to adminisister to the spiritual needs of the Stoneys. Although they stayed on the reserve when the fort came to Calgary they visited frequently. In fact it was while on his way to the Fort that McDougal froze to death in a winter blizzard at a spot now in North Calgary.

Traders came here too before the Fort was here. Individuals who set up their own tiny posts. They were not a part of the large "peddler" companies, like Jacob Astors or the Norwesters or the Hudson Bay Company. Big companies, who because of their fierce competitiveness for trade often forced their local agents to acts that were more detrimental than advantageous to the Indian and to the local area. Not all of these early traders were angels of mercy; many were fugitives from the United States who traded rum and paid no custom duties on the furs they took out of Canada. There was even an infamous wolfer who just used poison to kill, but the building of the Mountie Fort soon drove this type away and fine men like Sam Livingston who operated a small trading post stayed on 'til the buffalo began to disappear. Then came the ranchers and farmers.

Most of these people just chose to live in this area and just stayed on to live around the tiny Fort Calgary. They were fine, exciting, peace-loving men as you can see from Sam Livingston's life. They had, like so many that would follow them, just chosen a "chosen place". Well may Calgary celebrate a hundred years of that!





[photo courtesy of Glenbow-Alberta Institute]

# Sam Livingston

— who watched them  
build Fort Calgary

## A Man of Many Hats

by Barbara Kwasny

He was a man of many hats — fur trader, Indian guide, prospector, vigilante, buffalo hunter, and pioneer but, after settling in Canada, the hat he chose to wear was a dusty, chewed-up sombrero suitable for Calgary's first farmer.

The potato famine and unrest in Ireland in the 1840's drove Sam Livingston to America, where he was sure he would find, if not fame and fortune, then at least the good life.

Sam was an embittered eighteen year old when he arrived in Wisconsin in 1849 to work with his cousins on their farm and mineral claim. America was his paradise and he had few kind words to spare for Ireland, when he wrote home to describe the New World to his parents.

When the Livingstons received these letters, they found a second letter written crosswise over Sam's. Paper was scarce on the frontier and their friend, Ralph Woodward, had used Sam's paper to send a message to his family friends. Ralph's letter was a graphic story of the hardships the young Irishmen would face on their trip west.

March 1st, 1850

My Dr Friends and Parents — I sit down to inform you that Hugh & Sam (Livingston) started this morning for California. They are to Cross the Mississippi at a place called Dubuque, then take a south westerly course up to a place Called Independence on the Banks of the Missouri River, some four or five hundred Miles from this place. There all the Emigrants meet & Muster & Start by fifties or a 100 at a time, an undertaking fraught with Many Dangers and hardships. When they leave Independence they have a journey of 2034 miles. There is places without Water for 50 or 60 Miles they are obliged to Carry it in Kegs. At other times numerous Alkali Springs which Kill vast numbers of Horses, Mules & Oxen. Then there are the Indian Tribes to contend with. They Rob & plunder the whites whenever they get a chance in addition to this Scurvey & Bowel Complaint then last

but not least the Cholera. It made sad havock amongst them last year. All this is undertaken for that which no Man can Carry to the Grave with him viz Money, the root of all evil. They had about some 300 Dollars to Start with. They go in Company with one of our Neighbors who has a plenty of Money, a fine Bag of Sovereigns — a Worthy Man. He offers to advance Money whenever they need it. They are 7 in number, 2 Splendid Waggon, 10 fine Horses, fine Harness, Saddles & Bridles. Each Man has Musket & a Gun, Bowey Knife & plenty of ammunition. Hugh was doing well before he took the California fever. They expect to leave Independence about the 1st of May & Br Thomas expects to meet them there. He goes down to St. Louis By Steam Boat - then up the Missouri River. I should be very Glad if they could fall in with Him. They feel very anxious themselves to Meet him there. He would be a friend if needed and no mistake.

Report states that poor John Pratt & his party was frozen to Death on the Rocky Mountains in a Snow Storm. Alas poor Pratt. We are in haste to send this to the Post. In great haste I subscribe myself your very Sincere, Friend,

Ralph Woodward

April 22nd, 1850, found Sam in Missouri, on his way to the gold fields and he wrote home.

Missouri one hundred & two river

Dear Brother,

I left Wisconsin the first of March and passed through part of Illinois through the full length of Iowa and then crossed Missouri and now is within 6 miles of the boundary between the United States and the Indians. When we cross the Missouri River we will be among the Indians. Some of our company was in the town of Saint Joe yesterday and saw some of them. They call their women squaws and their children Papooses. When the children is three or four days old

(please turn the page)



and straps them as fast as they can make them straight. You can never get an Indian with hump shoulders. They are straight and very tall. I will give you a full account of my journey when I get through and how I got along with the Indians.

I think they wont interefere with us if we wont with them but the companies that went through last spring had some trouble with them stealing their horses and oxen but we will keep guards out every night so that they wont have the advantage of us at night but they believe that the Great Spirit sent down the land and stocked it with buffalo, antilope and deer all for them and that the white men has no right to go through their Land and kill their game. Every tribe has their own hunting ground and they think bad of any one trespassing in on them. But we will get over them with using a little caution.

I have grew tall and heavy. I know I have left you behind. I am 163 lb. weight and five feet ten inches. I have grew very heavy. In 6 days more we will start among the Indians.

No more at Present from your affectionate Brother,  
Samuel H. Livingston

Although the branch of the Livingstons who settled in Wisconsin have compiled an amazingly comprehensive family history, those are the only letters from Sam to his parents, in the Vale of Avoca, which have been preserved. The rest of his life is a jigsaw from which many pieces are missing.

It is known that Sam and Hugh arrived safely in California, as they were listed in the 1850 U.S. Census of Delsey, El Dorado County. Sam never did find his personal El Dorado and gold fever proved to be an incurable disease. He spent the rest of his life panning Western rivers for gold.

For several years, Sam wandered the Western States, from Mexico to Oregon. He became a close friend of Dr. John McLaughlin, the Oregon leader, and adopted a similar long hairstyle for the rest of his life.

By the 1860's, Sam and his friend, Jim Gibbons, had worked their way north to the Cariboo Gold Rush. In later years, Sam told a favorite story about this period in his life. The story, though unauthenticated, has become a Livingston Legend.

While Sam and Jim were panning the mountain river, the dark-haired Kootenay Indians, natives of the region, became intrigued by Sam's luxuriant golden hair and were determined to add his scalp to their collection. Sam and Jim played a deadly game of hide and seek through the trackless mountains and out onto the plains near Pincher Creek. Sam kept his scalp, thanks to a comet which split the night sky and convinced the Indians that Sam was a god with a powerful medicine.

This episode persuaded the men that the mountains were not for them and, by 1864, Sam settled at Fort Victoria, seventy miles south of Fort Edmonton. According to Jim Gibbons, in a report from Fort Edmonton, "only French, Cree and Gaelic are commonly spoken here", but at Fort Victoria, the Rev. George McDougall was in charge of the Methodist Mission, so English was used as well.

Although he was not a "church-going man", Sam became a good friend of Rev. McDougall and, while at Fort Victoria, met another cleric who was also to become a life-long friend.

Sam and Jim, who were known as the "Forty-Niners", were by the river bank near the Fort when Father Lacombe came trotting up behind his

dogteam. The miners invited the priest to share their lunch with them and Father Lacombe later described his meeting with picturesque Sam. "He was a fine-looking man, brimful of Celtic fire with grizzled hair worn long, down on his shoulders, after the fashion of his old friend, Dr. John McLaughlin, the ruler of Oregon. Leather trousers, a red shirt and a gay handkerchief knotted around his throat with another on his wide sombrero completed in Sam Livingston a striking picture of the frontiersman."

Sam, a Church of England parson's son, was equally intrigued by Father Lacombe.

Although technically "settled" at Fort Victoria, Sam made a boat trip of exploration down the Peace River. Throughout his previous travels, he had found plenty of game for the shooting, but now with civilization on this trip, coyotes and hawks were all that he spotted. "Hawk soup was a damned bitter brew," according to Sam and, after this trip, he seemed to adjust happily to his life as a farmer. Records show that he imported the first pigs into the district, as well as panning the North Saskatchewan River for gold, in his spare time.



[photo courtesy of Glenbow-Alberta Institute]  
Mrs. Samuel H. Livingston

In 1865, he courted and married Jane Mary Howse, the daughter of the Hudson's Bay Factor. Jane was just sixteen when she fell in love with the thirty-four year old Sam. The early years of their marriage were spent at Fort Victoria, where Sam farmed, as well as establishing a trading business between Edmonton and Winnipeg.

Buffalo were thick on the plains during the sixties, so Sam's trading business flourished. Red River carts, piled high with the valuable buffalo hides and furs, screeched along the trail to Winnipeg and returned with goods for the settlers. When the rivers were flooding, the men stretched buffalo hides under the carts, thus creating crude rafts which could then be towed across the swollen rivers.

By the 1870's, the vast buffalo herds of the north were thinning out and, as he needed 700 hides a season just to cover his overhead, Sam and Jane loaded their possessions and three small children onto the trading carts and headed south to find richer buffalo trails.



For a time, they settled at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, then relocated six miles west of the junction. Sam founded the Old Mission Trading Post for reference on Colleen's mission, "Our Lady of the Snows".

In 1874, Sam had the contract to supply buffalo meat, and to haul freight for the N.W.M.P. at Fort Macleod. When the Mounties came north to establish Fort Calgary, at the same junction of the rivers where Sam and Jane had first stopped, they found the Livingstons settled on their new homestead, on the south side of the Elbow.

In 1876, Sam broke the first sod on his land and built their first log cabin. Their second log house, built on higher ground, further back from the river, was built in 1878 or 1879. It was later used as a shed or granary, and is now preserved at Heritage Park. In 1883, they built a frame, two-storey house, which was flooded by the Glenmore Reservoir.

Sam was raising fine crops on his land, as well as trading between Fort Calgary, Fort Benton, Montana, and Winnipeg. His arrival in Winnipeg in 1876 was duly noted by the Winnipeg Free Press.

"Mr's Livingston, (Dave) McDougall, and (Ad) McPherson and parties, all heavily laden with robes and furs arrived last night from Bow River. They came due east across the plains, making the trip in 60 days from the mountains, having been delayed considerably by bad roads, and weather, together with a scarcity of feed through the first part of the route.

"They report great activity around all the forts and an immense catch of robes and furs. Mr. Livingston also reports finding fine gold on the crossing of Bow River."

Sam's spirit of adventure carried over into his farming. In 1882, he brought a threshing machine, dismantled and loaded onto his carts, from Winnipeg. This mechanical marvel was powered by twelve horses, walking in a circle to move the gears and wheels.

With the arrival of the railway, a year later, he imported the first mower, rake and binder into the district. His gambles paid off and, within two years, he grew the "finest crop of wheat ever harvested in the district."

He also imported 350 apple trees from Minnesota and, while there is no report of an apple harvest, the trees survived Calgary winters for at least ten years.

Sam's Irish wit and honesty made him a popular pioneer. The "latch-string was always out" at Livingston's and he was a host to buffalo hunters, new settlers, and cowboys passing by, as well as to visiting dignitaries.

In the early '80's, the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, arrived to inspect the Territories and to decide whether the prairies should be preserved only for cattle ranching, or if farming would be feasible. He visited the showplaces of the area — John Glenn's, James Votier's and Livingston's. Like other, more humble passersby, he took "pot luck" with Sam and Jane. As Sam had harvested a bumper crop that fall, the Governor-General returned to his camp with a cart crammed with an impressive array of vegetables and grain, and decreed there was room in the west for both ranchers and farmers.

Sam was chosen to take Calgary's first agricultural exhibit to Toronto's Agricultural Fair. His flowing hair and beard, and leather suits caused a sensation among the staid easterners and his startling appearance made it easy for him to do some P.R. work for the West. When he had a gawking crowd of Eastern farmers around him, he'd say with a grin, "You're all so tied down by your fine houses and

barns. If you want to be happy, burn them down tonight, pack by the light of the fires, and head West!"

He was sincere in his love of the West and was willing and prepared to fight for his homestead, which he claimed was his "as far as his old musket could shoot in each direction."

Western farmers were incensed because the Dominion government refused to honor the Homestead Act, which provided that if a man built a house and lived in it at least part-time for three years, and plowed at least thirty acres a year, the land was his.

The Calgary Herald of April 9, 1885, reported a meeting of the district farmers, at John Glenn's, which reflects the West's timeless complaints.

"At a meeting at John Glenn of Fish Creek on Sunday last, Mr. Livingston was elected chairman.

"He stated he had been about twenty years in the country and had largely improved and cultivated land in the vicinity of Calgary: that he could not obtain not even an entry in the land office although he'd been on his place nine years and was long ago entitled to a patent for his lands. He stated that between government reserves, lease, school lands, Hudson's Bay lands a man was unable to find a spot to settle. If a man did settle, he was sure to be chased by someone — either the police, land agents or government officials of some kind and that a settler was worse off than a wild animal, as a wild animal had a closed season when he could not be hunted, but that the settler was chased at all seasons of the year.

"Mr. Livingston said, "Unless the country is opened up at once for settlement and patents granted to those entitled to them, I would as soon as not burn up all my improvements and leave the country. For the present, I defend my claim as my neighbours do, behind my Winchester. Unless the land is all opened up for homestead entry all must either fight for our rights or leave the country and if I am compelled to leave, I will leave marks on the trail behind me."

"(Mr. Glenn, Cousins, McInnis, Godsal, Sharples, McDonald etc. concurred.)"

The Federal government also "concurred" with the irate westerners and the next year, Sam finally attained title to

S.E. 70 of Section 29  
Township 23, 1st Range  
West of the 5th Meridian

By 1888, Sam and Jane had a thriving family of eleven children. When the children were lined up, oldest to youngest, they were like a string of beads — one head fair like Sam, the next black-haired like Jane. It was obvious that a school was needed in the district, if only to educate little Livingstons and Sam helped establish Glenmore School, becoming one of its first trustees.

In 1894, Sam left Jane and their fourteen children on the farm, and set off with some rancher friends to go prospecting one last time.

"Sam Livingstone is working on a bar about 18 miles below Medicine Hat on S. Saskatchewan which has been named the Livingstone Bar." But this didn't prove as rich as Sam had hoped and he was soon at home again, content to be 'just' a farmer. One fall day, he was in Calgary with his young daughter, for machinery repairs, when he developed a severe chest pain. The Calgary Herald of October 4/97 carried this report of the death of one of Calgary's most colorful characters. It reveals a lot about our first Calgary citizen.

(please turn to page 36)



# Faces of our Heritage

by Ruth Gorman

Part of what was here when the fort came to Calgary is still here. That is the Indians. Harold Pheiffer is a world renowned sculptor, best known for his Canadian Indian and Eskimo busts. Fortunately for Calgary the late Eric Harvie's Devonian Foundation commissioned Pheiffer to do busts of today's Indians so by our second centennial there will then be, in bronze, a permanent record of today's Indians. We have chosen four of those busts mostly because they are Indians I have personally known and found so much in them to admire.

From the once mighty Blackfoot tribe, Pheiffer sculpted the head of Ben Calf-Robe. He is a friendly, lovable, round bear of a man. One of his most unusual character traits is how well this red man, who lived all his life in the memory of the shadow of fear and respect, his once mighty Blackfoot tribe once threw over the entire western Canadian plain, still is able to live happily on in today's changed world. He is a well adjusted old man. From the beginning the ex-chief was active in the formation of Calgary's Indian Friendship Centre although the city and its strange ways were alien to this man who had been forced to live always on a reserve. Ben always had a wry sense of humor that could see him through a crisis and a strange dignity that would stand by him as he sought to advise the young Indian of today. The late George Maclean, or as he was also known, Walking Buffalo, the Medicine Man of the Stoney's, was probably the best known Alberta Indian. But George has been so often photographed, painted, sculpted and written about that we did not include him in this series. He is familiar to nearly all of us. However it might be of interest to know that the Stoney's have now elected as one of their three chiefs, George's son, Bill Maclean.

Ex-Chief Dave Crowchild, who Pheiffer sculpted, comes from the nearest tribe to Calgary, the Sarcees. He has been well known to at least three generations of Calgarians. Older Calgarians will remember him as an ex-Stampede chuckwagon owner-driver who started racing in 1924 and continued for the next twelve years. Usually he was the only Indian in the entire race. Rarely did he win any prize money and despite several bad crackups he persisted because he felt an Indian should be in that great race. His close, good friend, John Laurie once borrowed money to get a new lead team when he lost them in a wreck.



[Photo by Frank Dalziel. From the collections of the Devonian Group, Calgary] Ben Calfrope



[Photo by Frank Dalziel. From the collections of the Devonian Group, Calgary] Dave Crowchild



Today his son Arnold performs and wins as an infield performer in the Stampede. Dave's wife Daisey was the first Indian in Canada to serve on a national home and school board and for many years she served as the trusted treasurer of the Alberta Indian Association.

Their teepee when they brought it to the Stampede was one of the cast of the dream teepees, that is, its design was given to the family because of a medicine man's dream. Dave is one of the really old time Indians still around. He and wife Daisey have travelled all over the world and Calgary's freeway the Crowchild Trail was named to honour him. He is a fine, alert old man and amazingly his mother is still alive and well too.

Mrs. Gladstone is a Blood Indian. She has six surviving children and three great grandchildren. She was married to the late Senator Gladstone and for twelve years of her life spent most of her time in Ottawa, but now lives back of the Blood reserve. This quiet Indian woman adjusted well to the sophisticated life of the Capital. In Ottawa she spent time with her church group and was active in the Parliament members' wives club. Her two sons and one daughter live on the reserve but two of her daughters, Nora and Doreen, have been long time registered nurses off the reserve. Her other daughter, Pauline, lives in Calgary where she is the wife of the well-known historian and author, Hugh Dempsey. Her oldest son, like his father before him, is very active with the Indian Association and is busy planning changes in the Indian Act. Her other son is presently at University. Quiet Mrs. Gladstone was not greatly impressed with having her bust made but she just loved the earrings the sculptor put on it.

Big, handsome John Samson is an ex-Chief of the Samson tribe — one of the three tribes that live on the Plain Crees' large reserve in Central Alberta at Hobbema. His father before him was a Chief of the tribe that has born their family name since the Indians were signed into treaty. His mother still lives on the reserve with him and does beautiful beadwork. Johnny led his people in their court fight against displacement under the Script Section of the Indian Act and after their victory in 1957 he travelled to Ottawa and spoke fluently and well to Parliament on their behalf. Since then he has been very active with the Indian Association. He has a fine farm and his latest venture was to open a coffee shop and a craft centre on the Cree Reserve so he may preserve his people's craft. ■



[Photo by Frank Dalziel. From the collections of the Devonian Group, Calgary] Mrs. Gladstone



[Photo by Frank Dalziel. From the collections of the Devonian Group, Calgary] John Samson



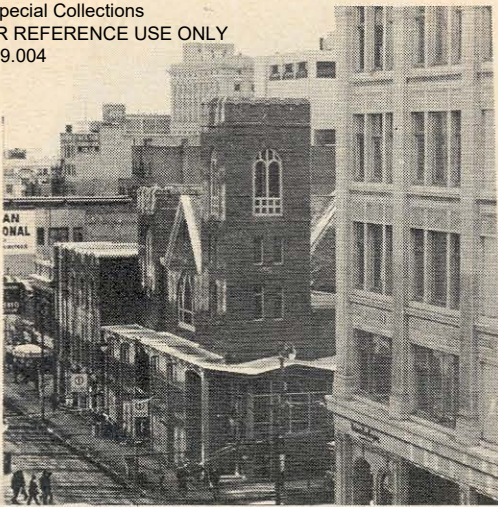
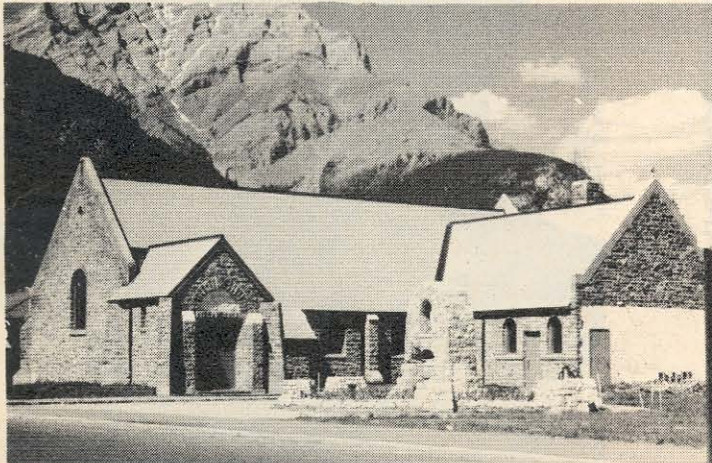


Photo by Ed Arrol

1. CENTRAL UNITED CHURCH in Calgary was originally built as Central Methodist Church in 1905. On the south-east corner of 1st Street West and 7th Avenue, across from the Bay downtown, it is a good example of the early sandstone buildings in Calgary. The sandstone blocks came from Shaganappi, now a part of Calgary to the west.



3. MORMON TEMPLE, CARDSTON - is perhaps the most impressive of all the houses of worship built in Alberta. The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints was organised by Joseph Smith in 1830. Many followed Brigham Young through Utah into Southern Alberta. His son-in-law Bishop Card founded the church in Cardston. The huge temple was built between 1913 and 1923 and is in the shape of a Maltese Cross. Its clean straight lines are purported to derive from ancient temples in early America, but appear to owe as much to classical structures of Romans and Greeks.



7. ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BANFF was built by pioneer Banff artist, Father McGuiness. This famous painter of Banff ski scenes showed his talent as an artist and love for the Rockies in the low profile yet traditional design blended into its surroundings. It is constructed of native rock and all work was done with sledgehammer and crowbar since blasting was impractical in the pit six miles south of Mount Eisenhower. Interior walls are of Medicine Hat brick and pews are of oak. The stained glass windows came from Innsbruck, Austria and were designed by Father McGuiness. The church opened in 1952.

## Alberta churches reflect

Alberta, the homesteader province still very young in history Europe, Canada and the United States. This diversified origin is reflected in the faith shown in Alberta churches. In Britain it may be a 'pub' or a church underlines the pious faith of the majority of the early settlers.

Edmonton's 96th Street, for instance, is home for 14 different churches. Adelaide, Australia for the world's record. Many Alberta churches found this first architectural sampling to be a fascinating study. Many churches of issue such as St. Patrick's in Medicine Hat, the Cathedral Church of St. Joseph's Cathedral in Edmonton, the Ukrainian church in Hairy Furry, the churches of St. Paul and St. Patrick in Midnapore. If readers are interested in the Editor with pictures and short histories of other interesting



Photo courtesy of Big Country News, Drumheller

4. THE WORLD'S LARGEST LITTLE CHURCH, DRUMHELLER - this tiny wooden chapel in Drumheller's Dinosaur Park only seats six, but has been visited by more than 50,000 people since its opening in 1958. Eight windows have been hand-painted with Biblical scenes by local artist, Robert Gibson and inside is a jukebox playing hymns and sermons by local clergymen. The bell comes from a retired Canadian Pacific locomotive. A similar shrine chapel on Mount St. Francis in Cochrane marks the last Station of the Cross and contains a print of the famous "Veronica's Veil" with the changing eyes of Christ by Austrian artist Gabriel Max.



photo by Henry Woo

8. HOLY TRINITY CANADIAN ORTHODOX - the onion-shaped domes of Ukrainian churches are a common and interesting feature of the landscape in north-central Alberta. Holy Trinity is one of the many churches on 96th Street in Edmonton and is symbolic of the culture brought by Ukrainian settlers to Alberta. The onion-shaped domes are reminiscent of ancient Byzantium, seat of Constantine and the Eastern Roman Empire. They are common in the cities of Russia and other Slavic countries.



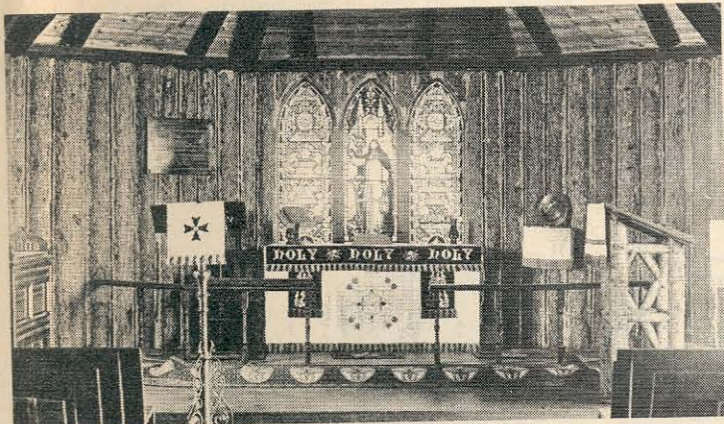
# ect cultural mosaic ...

ory, drew its founding stock from many parts of  
 is reflected in the many variations of the Christian  
 ' on every corner. In Alberta, the multiplicity of  
 arly settlers.

erent churches over a short stretch, thus edging  
 arches are unique and beautiful. Golden West has  
 Many interesting examples are not included in this  
 h of the Redeemer and Knox United in Calgary, St.  
 y Hill and the twin Anglican and Catholic pioneer  
 e interested in another series, perhaps they will help  
 ing examples.



2. FORMER ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, CALGARY. This interesting old church was replaced by the beautiful cathedral in Figure 6 in the early fifties. Commenced by the famous Father Lacombe in 1887, after his departure on a fund-raising expedition to Europe the interesting structure was finished under less competent supervision. Despite the impressive baroque superstructure, reminiscent of Rome, the foundations were poor and by 1925 bricks had begun to crack. A decision to rebuild was taken.



[photo courtesy of Glenbow-Alberta Institute]

5. CHRIST CHURCH, MILLARVILLE is one of the oldest in Alberta. The pioneer Anglican church built in 1896 is unique in that the logs are placed vertically instead of horizontally. Local ranchers were dubious at the time, but reluctantly conceded to the builder's plan on condition that he would not be paid for three months in case the building did not stand that long.



6. ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, CALGARY. This beautiful and imposing church in red brick is built in traditional Gothic lines. Most Roman Catholic churches in Calgary suburbs are modern in character, but St. Mary's like St. Joseph's on the North Hill puts dignity before experiment. The cathedral stands at the south end of 1st St. W. with the huge statue of St. Mary facing north up the street from the front doors. It was opened in 1957, the hundredth anniversary of pioneer Bishop Grandin.

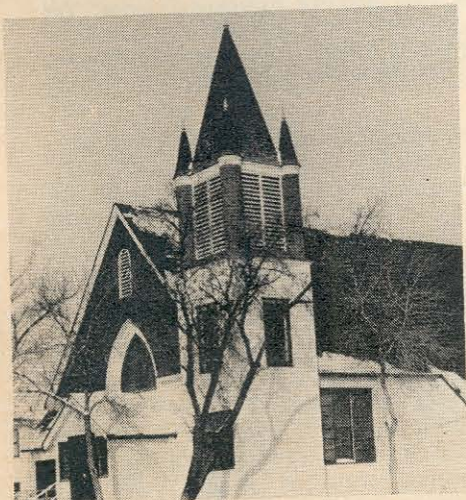
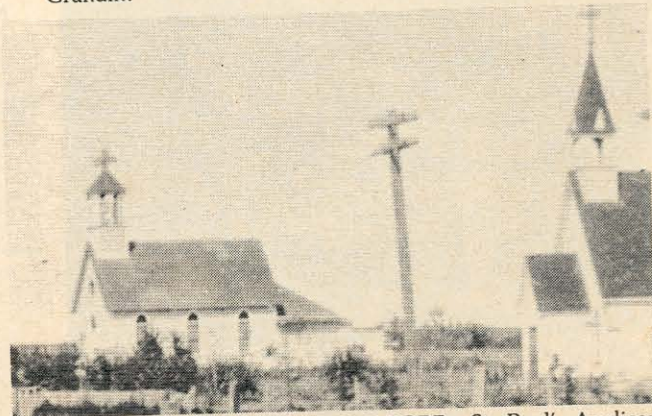


photo by Henry Woo

9. CHRIST REFORMED CHURCH at 106 Avenue and 96 Street, the street of churches in Edmonton, is typical of adaption of Gothic motif to the available building material of wooden frame and shiplap. Even so, its spire and tower have a certain simplicity and clarity of line which conveys the spirit of a reformed church.



10. TWIN CHURCHES IN MIDNAPORE - St. Paul's Anglican (1885) and St. Patrick's Roman Catholic (1905) are built side by side on land donated by the pioneer Fish Creek family of John Glenn. Patrick Burns paid for the painting of both. They are typical of the small wooden churches with belfries built all over the British Empire by Queen Anne's bounty. The bell in St. Paul's is more than 300 years old.





photo by Henry Woo

11. ROBERTSON WESLEY UNITED at 123 Street and 102 Avenue in Edmonton has a six-sided spire with many baroque trimming and crosses on every pinnacle. This large church has contrasts in color of building material which make it unique among Edmonton churches built in the traditional Gothic style. The long Gothic arches are distinct from the more Romanesque curves of, say, St. Josephat's Ukrainian Catholic. As the original Norman architects discovered, this necessitates buttresses and flying buttresses as shown in this church to support the strain on the sides of the arch. Since the inside can be likened to an inverted trumpet, acoustics are usually superb.

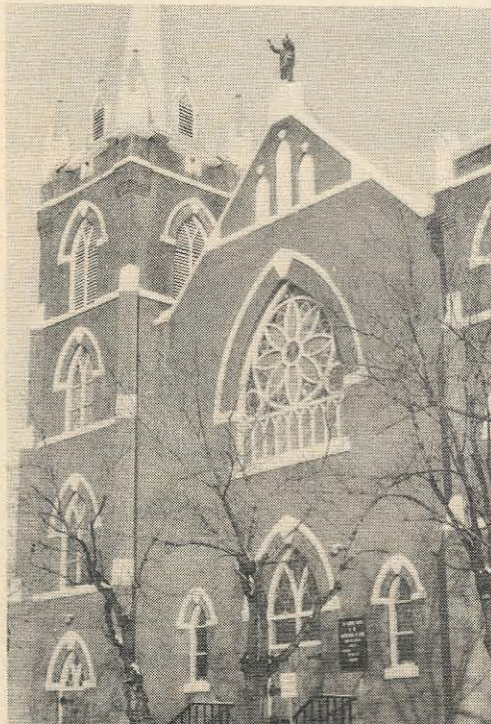


photo by Henry Woo

SACRED HEART OF JESUS Roman Catholic Church at 108A Avenue and 96th Street in Edmonton is the oldest church on 96th Street, having been built in 1906. The Gothic spire is supported by buttresses and a figure of Christ with arms outstretched crowns the peak of the portico. Baroque touches have also been added to this church in the fashion of Victorian times. Contrast has been obtained by varying colors of building material to outline arched windows, but the unequal spires destroy the effect of perfect symmetry.

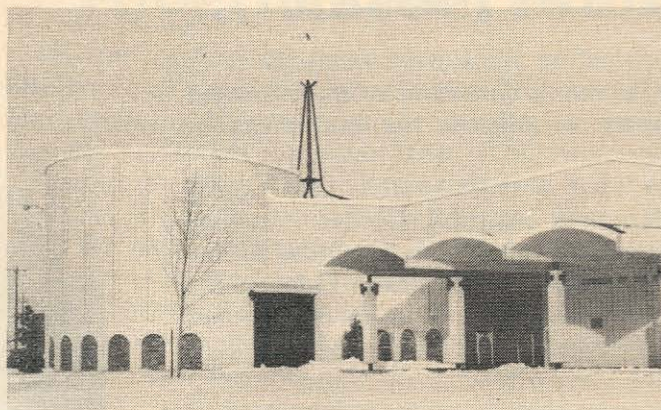


photo by Henry Woo

13. CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION at 50A Street and Capilano Road in Edmonton owes nothing to Normal or Gothic tradition. It is a modern church where the architect has striven to escape from straight lines and right angles. Using the maximum flexibility of modern concrete, as is done in contemporary buildings in Latin America, he has tried to maximize the curve. Even so, despite its modern flavor, the building still holds a vague hint of the Roman Middle East and the Holy Land.



photo by Henry Woo

14. ST. JOSEPHAT'S UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL on 97th Street in Edmonton is an imposing basilica which contains influence of both the Latin and the Byzantine cultures. The Ukrainian rite in the Catholic church is distinct from the Latin rite, but owes allegiance to the Church of Rome as opposed to the Orthodox Patriarch. Note the similarity to churches in Kiev or Moscow.

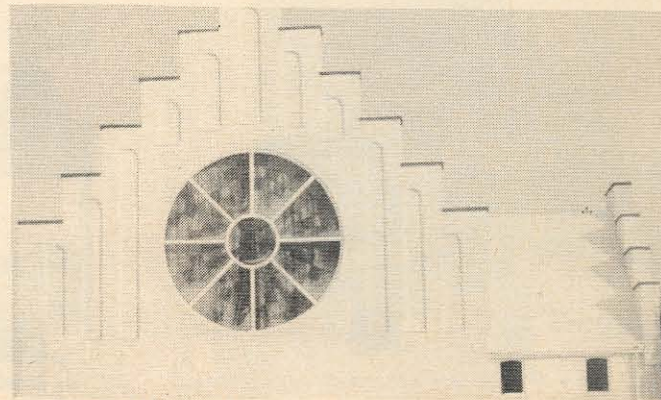


photo by Henry Woo

15. ANSGAR LUTHERAN at 96th Street and 108A Avenue in Edmonton is a church which is redolent of Holland or the Lower Rhineland. The wheel window may trace back to Norman prignators, but the stepped gables are uniquely Dutch. Even the white walls bespeak the passion for cleanliness for which the race is famous.

(please turn to page 39)





*Gerald Tailfeathers and wife, Irene.*

## *They shoot Indians, don't they?*

*by Mary Oman*

ACCESS shoots Indians with regularity. However their weapons are not guns used to destroy the Native People but cameras used to educate and inform.

By using film and T.V. they help in the education of the Indian people but more importantly many of their works inform and educate other Albertans showing us the skills, talents and the life of our Indian Brothers.

Recently, Garth Roberts of ACCESS, wrote and produced a beautiful 21 minute color film entitle TAILFEATHERS which is available through ACCESS, Central Service Marketing Division, Ste. 400, 11010 - 142nd Street, Edmonton, Alberta.

In "Tailfeathers", shot in Southern Alberta and Montana, Gerald Tailfeathers tells the story of his life as he progressed from a gifted Indian boy moulded into the whiteman's image to a matured Blood Indian artist who has returned, as much as possible, to the old ways of his people.

Against a background of sun and sky, lake and plain, mountain and river, the artist narates his story as his young son Laurie re-enacts incidents from his father's boyhood.

Gerald Tailfeathers has the usual anecdotes to tell of blind ignorance and stupid discrimination on the part of white officialdom. For instance, in 1943 when he graduated from S.A.I.T. covered with honour and distinction, he sought a work permit as was necessary at that time, to work in a store display department. The government agency involved in granting the permit tried to send him to do manual labour in a warehouse. Only the discrete intervention of John Laurie, a white school teacher, who recognized Gerald's great talent, got the young artist into work which utilized his genius to some extent.

This was most fortunate, not just to the artist himself but to all of us who admire his paintings of the history and life of his people and give proper

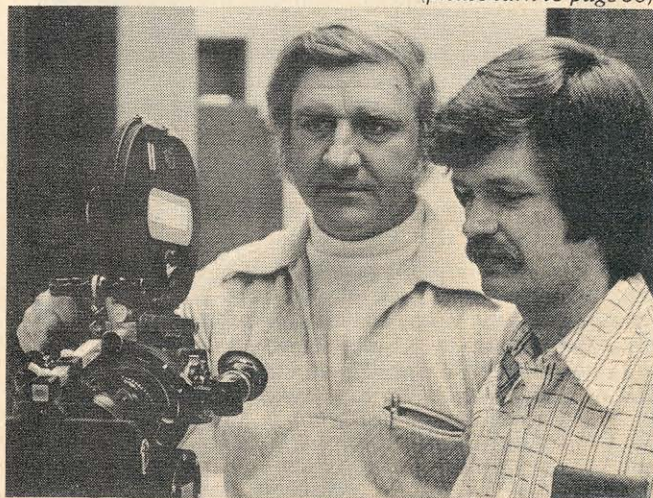
credit to his Indian heritage as set out so well in Mr. Roberts' vivid film TAILFEATHERS.

The Calgary studios of ACCESS are located in the basement of the Calgary Foothills Hospital.

Riding down in the elevator one might worry, "what if there is a morgue down here?" However finding the studios you will find 'morgue-like it is not', it is bursting with youth and activity.

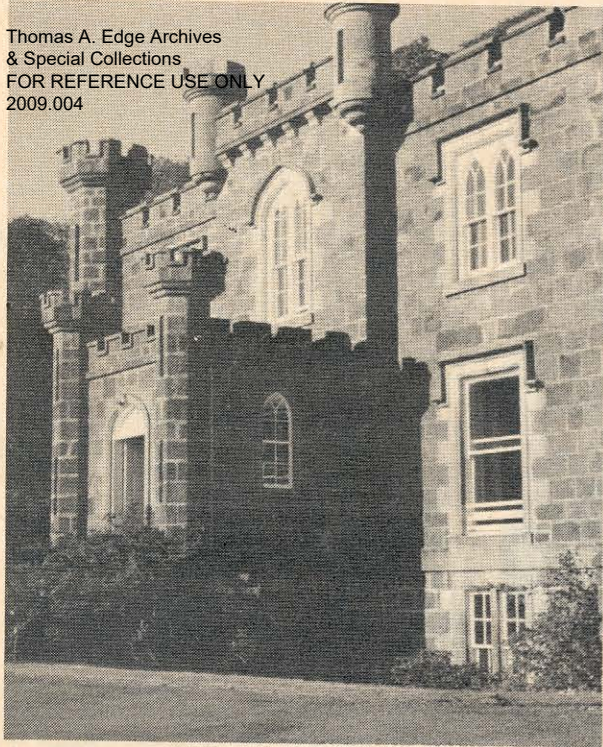
Garth W. Roberts, Public Information-Producer, who supplied the information for this article between video tapings and interviews is an energetic, charming, young Albertan born at Rocky Mt. House and raised on a farm south-east of Innisfail. He attended rural schools 'til graduation in 1962 and then went to Mt. Royal College School of Broadcasting.

*(please turn to page 38)*



*Right, Garth Roberts, Producer-Director  
Left, Norm Ingram, Cinematographer*





[photo courtesy of A. Young]

## A good Scots name — Calgary

by Roy Farran and Andy Young

In 1973, I was persuaded by my wife and children to make a pilgrimage to Calgary in Scotland, the place after which the great city of the Alberta foothills is alleged to have been named. Many Calgarians have apparently shown the same curiosity before us and among them is Andy Young of Calgary to whom I am indebted for much of the historical detail in this story.

With the whole family and lots of adventurous spirit we rented a camper truck near London airport and took off northwards. Soon we were in the Scottish highlands, skirting the edge of Loch Lomond as we headed northwest into Argyllshire. To this point the roads were wide and good, and I could handle the awkward width of the camper without too much fear of side-swiping other vehicles. But now the case was different. It took all my concentration to keep to the narrow, winding road while watching with one eye for the stone walls on either side and with the other trying to glimpse the sheep and highland cattle on those bald green Scottish hills.

Apart from one small dint in the camper, we reached Oban unscathed. Oban is a grey Scottish seaport on the west coast. Perched on a steep cliffside overlooking jetties and harbors, it is the departure point for ferries to the Outer and Inner Hebrides. It is also something of a seaside resort for the people of Clydeside and on that day it swarmed like an ant heap. Undeterred by the mist and rain, holidaymakers paced the narrow streets between the grey-stone buildings. Two nights in the rain had made us fret at the cramped space in our camper and we sought more roomy quarters for the night. The hotels were full but we were lucky enough to find a bed and breakfast room in a tiny Scottish house on the hillside. Half of us stayed in the camper while the others used the house, but we all enjoyed our landlady's splendid high tea of drop-scones, herrings fried in oatmeal, butter, jam and tea.

Next day we were entertained in a shooting lodge near Loch Awe by a gracious member of the Campbell clan, who was lady-in-waiting to the Queen Mother and to whom we could claim some slight acquaint-

ance. Wrapped in oilskins, we were given a great day's salmon fishing in the rain. My wife slipped slowly off a rock into the foaming River Awe, but was extricated more easily than the salmon.

The ferry for the Isle of Mull and the Inner Hebrides left early the next morning. A Scottish sailor waved the camper, now luckily driven by my son, forward into the hold. An overhead steel beam was overlooked by both and it neatly peeled the top off the camper.

With salt spray and the fresh wind in our faces, we stood forward on the boat to watch our approach to Mull. Sea gulls screamed and dived around us as we watched the low grassy islands come closer.

A grim reminder of ancient barbarism is Duart Castle which overlooked the main harbour at Craignecarroch to which the ferry was bound. It is in remarkably good preservation and is still occupied by MacLean, the Lord of the Isles. Many bloody stories are told of how the Lord of the Isles obtained ascendancy over the other clan chiefs, once apparently by luring them to attend a banquet at their peril. Fitzroy MacLean, the war-time hero and present laird, seems to fit the part.

Now the sun appeared, as it often does on the isles even when the weather is bad on the mainland, and we found the Isle of Mull delightfully unspoiled. Roads were so narrow that cars could not pass except at a lay-by which might sometimes only be found by backing-up for a mile. The stone walls came so close to the pavement that it was inevitable I should eventually peel off one side of the camper, now in decidedly worse shape than when first rented in London.

A regatta was in progress at Tobermory, half way up the coast. The little harbour was crammed with yachts. And the tiny fishing port must have changed little over the centuries despite tourist pressure. A couple of kilted pipers invited me to share a dram as they sat on a bench overlooking the harbour.

The island seemed totally void of people as we drove inland over the moors in search of Calgary on the west side. There were only sheep in the heather



and on the hills and all over the narrow road. We followed to be a heavenly spot. We followed to a beautiful bay. There were three dwellings to mark the community after which Calgary is named — Calgary House or Castle and two smaller cottages at the bottom of the valley near the sea. Strange that such a beauty spot should not have been developed for tourists. It was as lonely as when wild highlanders in plaids and kilts carried their double-edged claymores up and down the glen. Andy Young says some of the few remaining crofters still speak Gaelic.

The sands in the bay are of a startling white. Yet close by are heaps of black basalt rock, some as big and square as a small house. And behind are the Scottish hills, round and green and heather-rich. Such is the wild spot after which the great Canadian metropolis of Calgary is named.

We climbed the black rocks in search of shell-fish. And then scrambled up the steep hills from which one could see across the broad Atlantic to the dim shapes of the outer islands.

Andy Young, who came to Canada from the Tighnabruaich many years ago, claims the word "Calgary" is derived from the Gaelic "cala-ghearridh", meaning "harbor of the corral or enclosed pasture". His source is the Mitchell Library in Glasgow. I have read other versions, also deriving from corruption of the Gaelic. The most popular is "clear, running water", but I have also heard "castle of the cattle pens" and "place of the white sands".

After the '45, when most of the Highlands had supported Bonnie Prince Charlie Stuart, there was a systematic policy to break up the fierce highland clans. The oppression continued for almost a century and culminated in the displacement of the crofters, whose lands were consolidated by big lairds with large flocks of sheep. As late as 1822, Calgary Bay harbored emigrant ships which took the Highland

refugees to North America.

Calgary House, built as a small castle by Hugh McCaskill in 1835, has been owned by many Scottish lairds, including MacKenzies, MacLeans and Monroes. Overlooking the white sands of Calgary Bay, it has every modern convenience. Proving the mildness of the climate, the private garden contains eucalyptus and exotic tropical plants. The present occupants are MacKenzies who take in paying guests.

Unspoiled Mull has much to offer the visitor who is in search of the quiet life. Launches take day trips from Tobermory to the island bird sanctuaries of Staifa and Tresknish. Fishing can be arranged — both deep-sea for mackerel and inland for trout or salmon. Fionnphort ferry runs on a regular schedule to Iona, the sacred island of St. Columba who first brought Christianity to Scotland. It was once the capital of Scottish kings who ruled an empire extending from Ulster to Western Scotland.

I have always been amused by the story about Inspector Brisebois and his first detachment of the North West Mounted Police. Apparently he had the temerity to call after himself the tiny fort on the junction of the Bow and the Elbow. Fort Brisebois was short-lived and renamed Fort Calgary as soon as his superior officer, Colonel MacLeod, arrived on the scene.

I had always understood that Colonel MacLeod named the fort after his birthplace Calgary on the Isle of Mull. Andy Young denies this. He says that Colonel MacLeod came from the Isle of Sky.

Whatever the truth, there was something about the converging rivers with Nose Hill in the background which reminded him of the round hills of Calgary Bay.

For the city which now celebrates its hundredth birthday got its name in that lonely spot of white sand, black rock and green hills known as Calgary on the Isle of Mull in the Inner Hebrides.

When in Scotland recently, Mr. Andy Young having been asked so many questions by his grandchildren and as this is Calgary's centennial year decided to research the name of our city.

Mr. Young, a native of Tighnabruaich (one of the Inner Hebrides), was familiar with the country, its myths and magic, its Highland clans and historic castles.

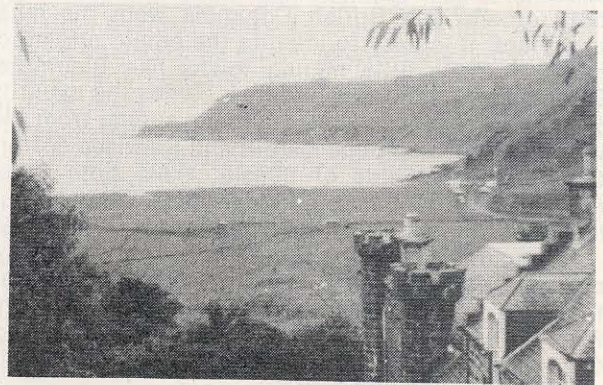
Having searched through the Mitchell Library in Glasgow and after conversing with the local people, Mr. Young arrived at a conclusion which sheds a new light on the naming of Calgary.

He found that Colonel MacLeod was a native of the Isle of Skye and became familiar with the Isle of Mull and Calgary Bay while visiting his cousin, Munro MacKenzie, the laird of Calgary Castle. Some of Munro MacKenzie's descendants still live in a cottage on the estate.

At present Calgary Castle is occupied by the family of the late Colonel Eric MacKenzie, formerly of the Scots Guards and Comptroller to two previous Canadian Governor-Generals. They are no relation to Munro-MacKenzie.

The castle is a late Georgian Mansion situated in 27 acres of secluded grounds overlooking the white sands of Calgary Bay. The castle has been thoroughly modernized, with central and electric heating and open fires when needed. Beautiful gardens of eucalyptus and other exotic plants surround the castle. The MacKenzies try to combine the advantages of an old fashioned British country house with the freedom of a hotel.

In Mr. Young's words, "Calgary here or Calgary there is still 'God's Country' and I trust that Albertans will have the pleasure of visiting these Western Isles where hospitality abounds."



[photo courtesy of A Young] View of Calgary Bay

## VISIT THE ORIGINAL CALGARY

Be the guest of Mrs. Mackenzie in Calgary Castle, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Argyll PA756QU. Two double suites with bathrooms available. Ample good food and drink plus a highland welcome. All for \$49 per day.

Full details on receipt of an international reply card.





[Photo courtesy of Calgary Herald]

# Catharine Whyte of Banff

by Ruth Gorman

One of the most unusual things in the most unusual town of Banff is the Public Library and Archives. Banff is only a small town, but when you visit it and see its street swarming with people in the summer holidays or early in the morning when there has been a skier's winter snow, you tend to forget that the transient population is probably ten times that of the small town that hosts them. That is part of why it is surprising to find there such a library. Even large towns can not boast a library like this. It is unique. This uniqueness and its beauty stem from a Banff couple, both of whom were artists, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whyte. They built that library, and their family foundation, Wa-Che-Yo-Cha-Pa made a gift of it to their own community. Peter died before it was completed, but fortunately he had seen and approved Calgary architect Phillipe Delesalles' plans before his death. By November of 1968 his widow, Catharine, opened it, and since then, with the competent help of Mary Alice Stewart and a devoted staff, she has been discreetly responsible for its operation.

Certainly the library's uniqueness stems from her own. I have never been in such a lovely library. A library that is really for people to enjoy and not just a place to take a book from.

Can you imagine a library where they provide a big outdoor verandah where in summer you can sit on comfortable chairs and read a book while you listen to the wind moving in the tall firs and the murmur of the nearby river, and where you can rest your eyes by glancing up at a high mountain peak, or a library where they provide an extra-thick carpet so teenagers can read on what seems to be their favorite spot, the floor. In the lower area there is a great stone fireplace in which not only is there usually a crackling fire, but each afternoon tea is served in front of it for a minimum charge. The architect has subtly matched the building with the beautiful area around it. The materials used are mountain stone and polished wood. The big windows and even the skylights bring into the room the awesome mountain scenery. But what is so unusual is the atmosphere. Although it is quiet it completely lacks that oppressive death-like stillness that seems to invariably settle in on all libraries. Maybe it is the sunlight, or the many fine

pictures that hang on the wall. A few of these are part of the large collection which Peter Whyte left to the library on his death. Peter was an excellent painter who captured the massiveness of the mountains well. I especially enjoyed two of them in the downstairs section of the library. They are not done in his usual style — one is a great fun one of oldtime skiing, and the other delightful one, near the fireplace, is old Chief Bears paw of the Stoney's winter burial. In that picture the gay Indian colors against the stark snow give such dignity and even cheer and honor to the burial that it makes a charming, rather than depressing, picture.

Peter and Catharine were very close to the Indians. Both painted them. Since Peter's death Catharine works hard on an all-Indian committee at Morley. She has a real understanding and a concern for these people who in turn return her affection. None of Catharine's pictures are in the library and archives. She tends to hide her own art. On the walls of her own home are two fine paintings she did of Somoan children in 1936, and she has a large careless pile of good Eskimo portraits on the floor which she painted on a Baffin island trip with mountain climbing teenagers last year. She has not painted much recently but hopes to go again this summer with a woman artist friend to the high Arctic to paint.

Peter and Catharine's union was in many ways an unusual one. Their backgrounds were very different, but their aims and desires were similar. Catharine's family, the Robbs, lived in Concorde, Massachusetts. Her grandfather, while a Harvard student, had travelled extensively in the Orient and brought back a collection of pottery. A collection large and fine enough to fill a whole room of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. His collection of sword cards is now in the Glenbow Museum in Calgary. Peter Whyte's maternal grandfather, John Curran was an artist too, and Peter's family had come west to look for coal. Even before there was a town at Banff, they had lived at Anthracite. These two young persons, Peter and Catharine, with such a different background, met as art students at the Boston School of Fine Arts and for four years they studied and painted together and enjoyed a firm leisurely courtship. Peter wanted



accept Banff as the place he felt he must live in. So she came west with friends for a summer to familiarize himself with the kind of world she was used to, from the sale of his first sketches, embarked on a trip that took him to Shanghai and Honolulu and Genoa. After a formal garden wedding in Concorde they came to Banff to live. Their first year there they built the big two story stone and log house near the river Catharine still lives in. The logs in it are those massive eight-inchers like one sees at Jimmy Simpson's Num-Ti-Jah Lodge at Bow Lake. Jimmy senior was a neighbour and life-long friend. Catharine has four nephews and one of them, Jon Whyte, is a Banff book publisher who for his thesis for a masters degree from Stanford directed a film on Jimmy Simpson Sr.

Peter and Catharine spent their first winter painting in Jamaica and they began a life together that Catharine has just continued, of painting and travelling. They filled the house with pictures and good friends and they skied together. They helped pioneer the first ski lodge in Banff at Skoki. When the game warden cut the first path up to it, Cyril Paris, Norman Knight, Vic Kutschara and Catherine and Peter spent the first night there sleeping out under a tree. Catharine says since then she has never been afraid in the wilderness. When they discovered the marvelous skiing in the mountains they began promoting it among their friends down east. Russell Bennett of Minneapolis talked Henry Kingman into coming to Banff to recuperate from an illness. They took him in to Skoki by dog sled up the Pipestone Valley but in six weeks he was well enough to ski out by Deception Pass and down the Ptarmigan Valley. Then from England Lord and Lady Rankin came and postponed their world tour to spend six weeks in Banff and after that the international skiing set discovered and built up Banff's winter facilities. After two years of promoting Skoki, Peter and Catharine left to paint on a two year world tour. It is unbelievable today but then they went by boat for only five hundred and thirty dollars! They travelled and sketched in the South Pacific, in Hong Kong and then overland to Switzerland and England. This would be the pattern of their life together. No clubs or social gatherings just friends and shared mountain climbing and skiing and

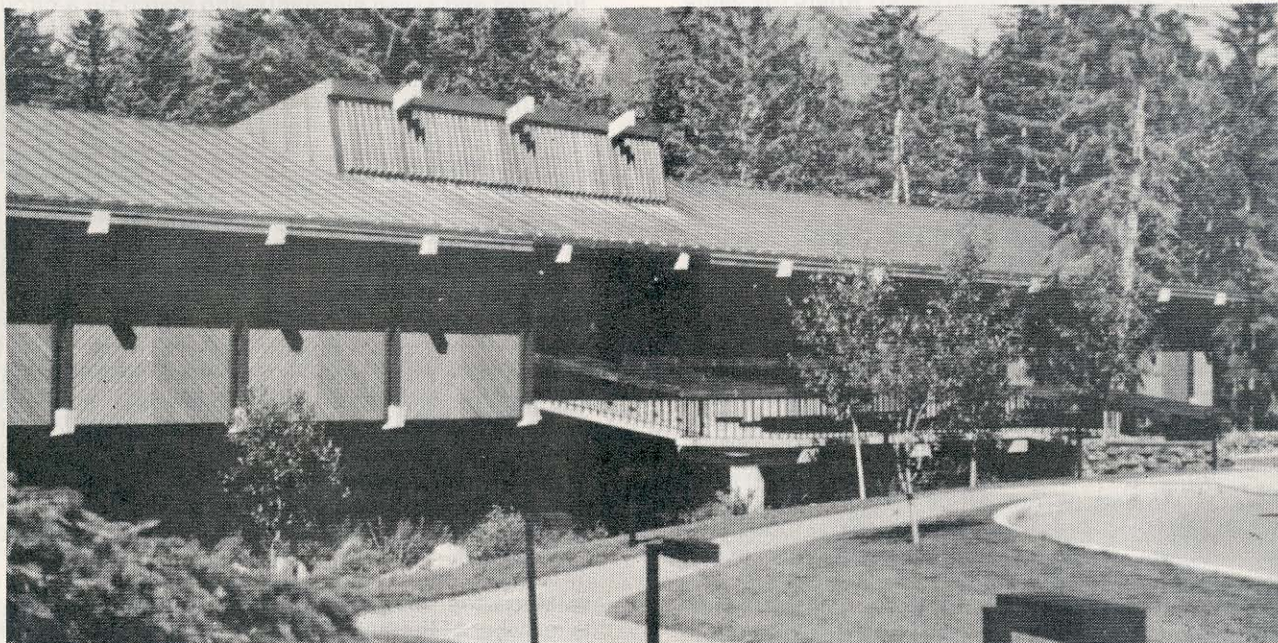


painting by P. Whyte

more world travelling while they both painted. At thirty-nine Peter was determined to go to the war and he was allowed to join the airforce as an official war artist but at boot camp they called him "Pop". After the war he lost the sight of one eye by a cataract but still painted. On one of their annual trips, this time to Honolulu, they discussed their wills. They had no children so they decided to leave their money to Banff for a good library and an archive that would perpetuate the history of the wonderful persons who opened up this mountain area to the world. But when they got home they both said, "Why wait?" "Let's do it while we are alive," and they then planned the gift of the present large library which grew in size even as they planned it.

After Peter's death, Catharine stayed on in Banff. For seven years now as a widow she has managed to make her life just as full and productive as in her married younger years. Now the archives have overflowed into her own home. She laughs at herself and says she really just uses a shoe box system of filing. But that system, I found, was amazingly efficient and lately those files are being used more and more by authors, university students and

*(please turn to page 37)*



[Photo by H. Maddic. Courtesy of the Archives of the Canadian Rockies.]

Banff Public Library and Archives





## John Lees

### — a rare soul

*A man who enjoys his work*

*— art and science that came from a craft.*

Mr. John Lees is attached to the physics department at the University of British Columbia. But he has acquired an international reputation far beyond the University. Today in an age of almost constant strikes and discontent with jobs and all too many people doing jobs where they seem to hate them and doing them inefficiently, Mr. Lees is a rare soul — a man who enjoys his job.

Before I interviewed him I had just finished reading Stud Terkel's book, "Working". This best selling author had interviewed and taped hundreds of today's workers' reactions to their jobs. One such person was Mike LeFevrie, a Chicago steel worker. Mike did not enjoy his work. He said sadly, "Someone had to build the Pyramids but now no one knows the name of any of them." He felt the steel beams he spends his days putting into today's pyramids of skyscrapers are in the same classification — it is just too dull and too impersonal work.

Mr. John Lees was trained in a craft where the same namelessness and sameness could have bored him. But instead he is first of all a master craftsman who seeks always perfection but also he has adapted his craft to today's changing needs and even gone further and turned it into an art. He has discovered real pleasure in his work. Obviously Mr. Lees has found the successful answer that poor steel worker Mike LeFevrie has never found.

Mr. Lees trade of being a glass worker is, or could be, a fairly simple one. A trade where your tools are simple and not varied. At most he uses only five or six tools and he is always working with the same material, glass. He could have wasted away a lifetime making bits and pieces to make other things work. But I had heard of Mr. Lees' reputation as a fine craftsman over in Alberta. I was determined to find out how he had managed it. He was reluctant over the telephone to give an interview but finally gave in. When we arrived at his office in the University's Physics Building there was a sign on its door that read "Radium Active Materials being used - Keep out". Startled, we were still standing in front of the door when a pleasant, round-faced man came up behind us and said, "Go in, Mr. Lees isn't here yet." The first thing we saw stopped us looking further around the big room. There, in a large glass case,

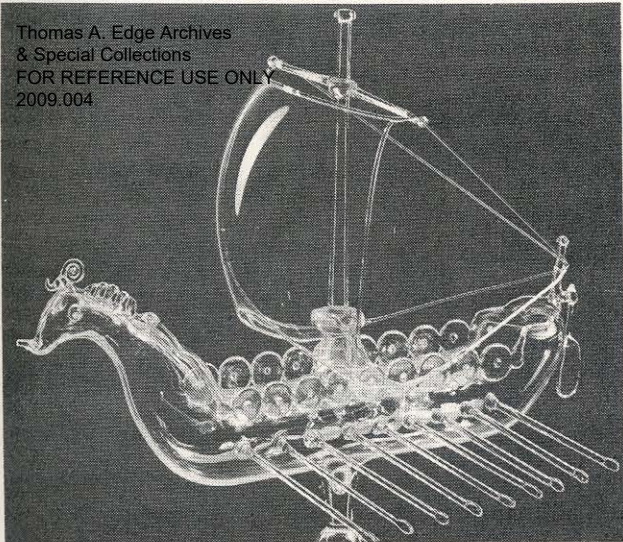
stood a foot and a half high tree entirely made of glass. It must have had at least seven hundred leaves on it and each leaf was veined and of a different size and shape. It was sparkling perfection.

The round-faced man came up and said, "Do you notice what a leprechaun must have left under the tree?" Under the tree was a tiny glass wheelbarrow and in the barrow was a tiny glass hoe and rake. The prongs of the rake were no longer than a thirty-second of an inch and were each perfect. As I looked up at him I realized that there was a bit of the leprechaun in the twinkles in his own eyes, and suddenly I realized who he was. It was Mr. John Lees who had let us in the door. He is that kind of man. If he had not liked our looks Mr. Lees would have just never arrived, and he would have cleverly escaped doing anything he really didn't want to do.

The tree was just one of many beautiful objects of art that Mr. Lees has created from glass. There are one hundred and seven elephants who march up a circular ramp that is mechanized and turns. He made it to celebrate British Columbia's centennial in 1967, and he has added one each year since. The elephants are diminishing in size and each different. They range from three inches high to the last tiny one that is a perfect elephant less than half an inch tall. Then there are glass musical instruments that actually play. A lovely glass xylophone that's pitch is perfect and an amazing alpenhorn. That horn is over fifty feet long but unfortunately it was only laying in its portable sections when I was there. However at U.B.C.'s Open House Mr. Lees put it together and blows on all fifty feet of it. At Open House he does another trick. He has a glass blow pipe he has made so deadly and accurate he can hit and ring a glass bell clear across the four hundred seat Hebb Theatre. Besides the musical instruments are many other beautiful pieces. Some like the Viking boat photographed. That boat really has travelled almost around the world as it has been on display at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

Mr. Lees is a world recognized artist, and is a member of the English Royal Society of Artists. His beautiful glass pieces have been shown in the R.B.A. Galleries in London, the Chicago Art Institute and the





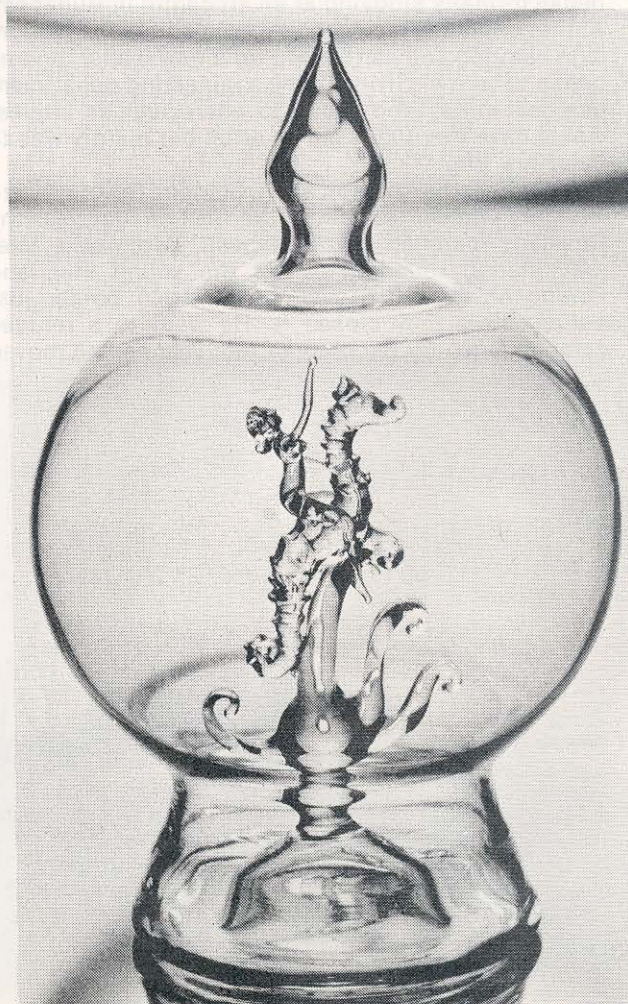
Metropolitan Museum in New York and in the Corning Museum of Glass in Corning New York. There is a permanent display of his work in the Physics building in B.C. There in a slightly dusty display case in the hall there are about a dozen other pieces. There is, for example, a Hookah pipe. It is a riot! A Rube Golberg creation two feet high made of whirling pipes and bowls where beautiful nude dancing ladies of finest class curl up in the bowls and a fine horse head breathes out the smoke through its nostrils when the Hookah pipe is smoked. Not only can you smoke this contraption but when you do, the heat warms tiny electrodes hidden in the glass and they play a soft tune. When we were there he had just finished making a tiny one and one half inch high rocking chair of glass that actually rocked. It was to be a gift for a professor soon to retire from the University. Mr. Lees' work is rarely for sale. We were terribly lucky. Just before we left he stepped quickly over to his bench and popped a tube of glass through what I thought was a bunsen burner flame, but in reality was a small oxygen and natural gas torch about the size of the ordinary burner. It seemed to me he just made a few deft swift turns of the straight glass tube and with tongs gave a twist here and there and then he had an inch high teddy bear of clear glass with tiny blue eyes. His delight with his own trade is obvious and infectious — no wonder everyone wants into his lab. he had that "Keep Out" sign there to keep out his friends — not his enemies.

But besides turning the craft he learned in England thirty-five years ago into an art, this master craftsman has also added much that is new to the world's knowledge. He spends more time as a consultant for professors who are doing research experiments, than he does actually making glass pieces for the University's Physics department. Often without his technical advice and his ability to make and invent new equipment the research would have failed. He is very modest about the new kind of glass he has made. He was working with Dr. S.M. Friedman of the Department of Anatomy at U.B.C., and a new type of glass was needed to be used in potassium ion-specific electrodes. Modestly Mr. Lees, who is a great believer in "always try the impossible", managed to make a new glass that was highly sensitive to potassium. This was such a worthwhile project for research he was asked to give a paper on it, and it is now used in other research labs throughout the world. During one display of this new

glass the irrepressible Mr. Lees dropped some of the molten glass on the floor. He just quickly scooped it up and quipped, "The scientific evidence shows clearly ... one of the essential compounds of this glass is its floor polishing compound." One has to talk to Mr. Lees' associates to discover any important facts about his achievements. He didn't tell me that he once helped get out a book about early Vancouver nor the fact that although he has been with U.B.C. for over twenty years he still plays tennis nearly every day. He is more inclined to just show you the fun objects he has made rather than talk about his achievements. But the beautiful glass objects don't need anyone to speak on their behalf. You know as soon as you see them why they have been displayed in the world's greatest museums and art galleries — art objects created in one of the most difficult and fragile materials there is. Mind you the amazing Mr. Lees can also create non-fragile glass, glass so tough you can use it to pound a nail into wood.

Poor steel worker Mr. LeFevrie of Chicago who hates his daily work. Maybe he hates it because of his attitude. Maybe if he could make, or at least just try to make, the best steel beam in the world he would enjoy his working days. Who knows he might if he had Mr. Lees' skill and ingenuity even make exciting garden furniture of steel on his days off! Certainly Mr. Lees is one of the happiest craftsmen we have ever seen. A real fun person, who enjoys whatever he creates, whether it is a very complicated piece of lab equipment, or just a beautiful, tiny teddy bear of glass. ■

*by Ruth Gorman*







## Our Cover Artist

J. F. Acs

Our cover artist is a new western Canadian, Joseph Ferenc Acs. He was born in 1936 in the northern Hungarian town of Diosgyor in the midst of the beautiful Bukk Mountains. A happy, beautiful place where he could enjoy childhood pleasures. There, like so many artists, he just began sketching and at 16 he began formally studying at an art centre in Budapest. At that point in his career he was interested in design, sign painting and cartooning for a newspaper, and he began to earn his living in the engineering department of a coal mine. Who knows to where such an interest would have eventually led an artist but history was to twist his life.

In 1956 came the so-called October Revolution to Hungary and on November the fifth of that year the Russians marched into Budapest. Two weeks later they started rounding up all the young men and Ferenc Acs escaped over the Austrian border just hours before they closed it. He went to a refugee camp at Graz. By February of that year he had moved

out of the camp to the outskirts of Vienna. He was deeply aware of what was taking place, the terror and the bloodshed. In the small area where he lived on the outskirts of Vienna he was the only foreign artist. In gratitude he painted ten murals on the walls of the children's school. Now his art took on a new form. We, who live in this secure world where we think it a major problem that the price of meat has gone up, or the bus isn't running on time, or the local politician is pocketing a fistful of money, can not even comprehend what real terror and bloodshed is like. He had lovingly dedicated the murals on the school to the small children in the kindergarten but his art had become strong and fierce and reflected the atrocities he was seeing. Heavy lines dominated it, as he painted uprisings and bloodshed and even strange abstracts that he entitled, "To be is to die".

It was a terrible experience for a sensitive artist to have to go through but it was to prove only a

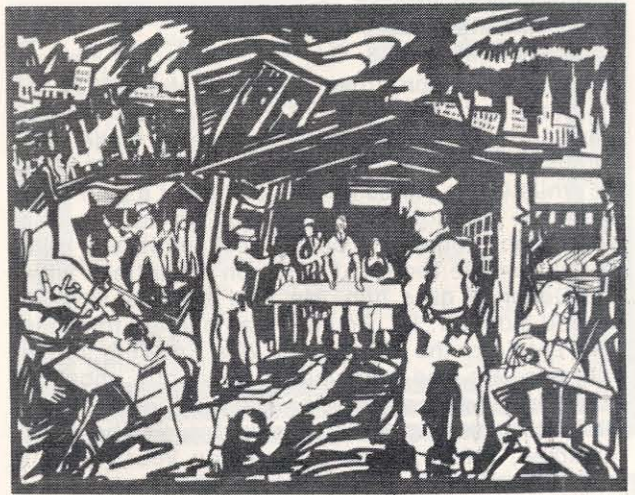




preparation for his art of today. His paintings are instead all tranquil, and he is in complete harmony with the serene beauty of the Canadian west's prairies. As he says he now "wants to do justice to the beauty of the prairies." He feels he must paint that strong peaceful land in a way no one has ever done it before. Nature is so all-important and he feels "landscape is important to the balance of life" and that men tend to forget to appreciate it. He says he feels it is the artist's job to look at things and portray it to others. He feels that "too often there can easily be too much self egotism, and it is noble to just paint nature."

He left Austria in 1957, still haunted by the fear of the ever-present Russians. He came first to Montreal, then Ontario where he worked on farms but always he kept painting. He had read about the west and the Riel Rebellion and in 1958 he came west and with a work gang for three years he travelled the lovely open land of northern Alberta — the land of the mighty Peace River, the open land around Grande Prairie and Dawson Creek. This land brought a strange peace to his soul. The work was hard but he still tried to keep painting. In his evenings he took a correspondence course from an art school so he could improve his English he wanted so desperately to learn. By 1965, this almost thirty-year-old man held his first Canadian exhibition of painting. In 1966, at the Edmonton Exhibition, he won the best painting award. Now his paintings are in many private collections across Canada and they sell well in Alex Fraser Galleries in Vancouver and in the Downstairs Gallery in Edmonton.

Now his paintings are nearly all just tranquil prairie scenes. To some of us who are so used to living in this wide, easy, open beauty and taking it just for granted many of these paintings may seem almost too simple. They are quiet scenes. One, like our cover, which depicts the slow prairie spring coming to the little Alberta town of Tawatinaw. A spring that begins when we first see the bare trees, the brown prairie grass just freed from the snow. All Acs' pictures reflect a love of this open, uncomplicated land. These quiet, unbusy landscapes are gently refreshing. Through true bitter experience this artist has literally learned the meaning of that old phrase, "Lift up thine eyes to the hills around you from

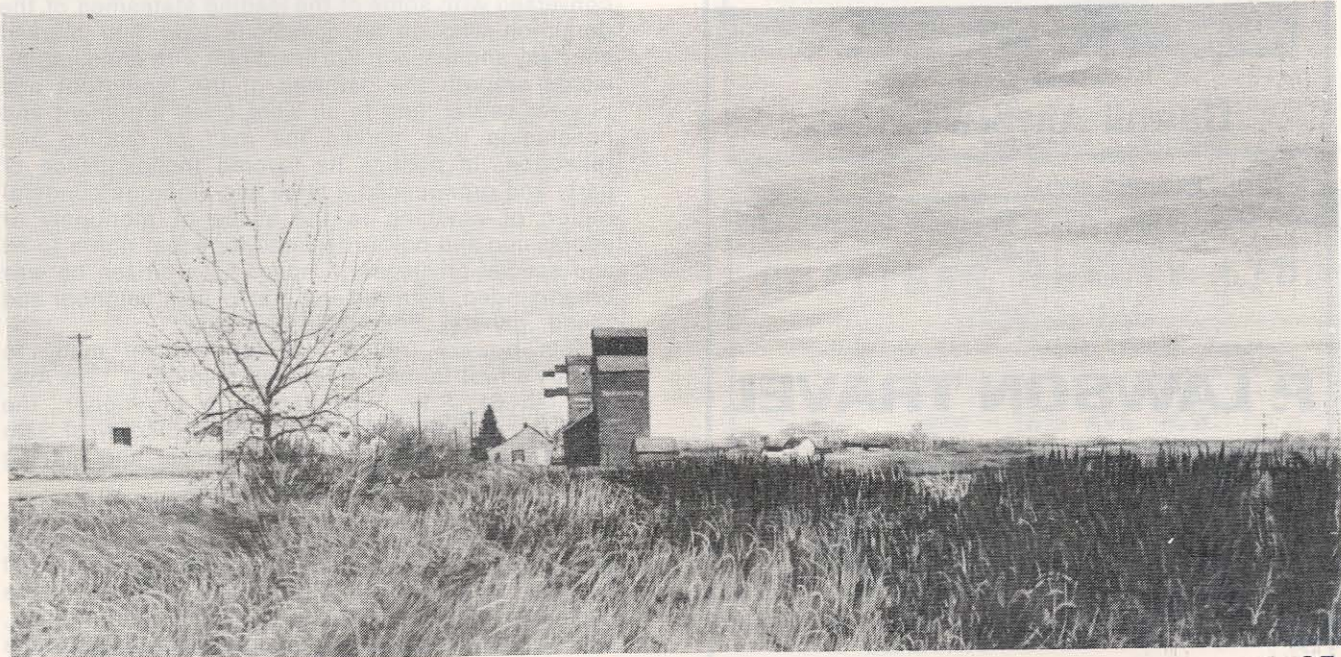


*Atrocities committed by communists*

whence comes your salvation." That is why his paintings are important and why they will still be so in the years ahead. Years when we, who have grown so used to the gift of their lovely beauty, may be tempted to forget to protect that land and to honor its beauty.

Acs is a comparatively new immigrant to Canada. But we here are all really just immigrants who came to what was once the Indians' own land. In this centennial year at Calgary we are honoring all those early immigrants who we nowadays call not immigrants but pioneers. Some of those earlier immigrants came to this lovely land just as Acs had, seeking an escape from political oppression. Sometimes they were escaping to find economic opportunities to free them from another cruel oppression, that of poverty. This lovely western land did free those early immigrants and it's refreshing to know it is still able to do that. It is refreshing to find it in Acs' art. Here is a new immigrant whose keen artist's eyes were suddenly opened to the quiet beauty of the prairie land, and through his pictures he can now re-awaken for us, who have always lived here, the beauty we tend to overlook and just take for granted. This makes him an exciting new western Canadian artist.

*by Ruth Gorman*





"Sam Livingston drove into town" about 0830 this morning not feeling well. He visited Wendell Maclean's and Marsh's stores where he made some purchases and afterwards went to the Windsor Hotel.

"While in the stores he complained of a pain in his chest. At the hotel, Mr. Donohue asked him if he would drink something but he declined it, and going into the inside room sat down on a mattress which Mr. Donahue gave him. He said he was sick and wanted a doctor. Dr. Rouleau was phoned for. When he went into the room Sam was kneeling on the mattress. He had complained frequently about his health in the past six months and his friends were in the habit of joking with him about it. So the doctor remarked, "Hello, Sam. You are on your knees at last." "Yes," said Sam, "and only just in time."

"Shortly afterwards he dropped suddenly and died within a few minutes. His death occurred within two feet of the spot where, 10 years ago, he said he would like to die, surrounded by friends whom he named.

"He was about 67 years old and leaves a wife and an unusually large family, some 15 or 16 children, some of whom are married.

"People through the Great West will regret to learn that Sam Livingston, a link between the old time frontier life and the present, has joined the great majority. He was a picturesque character and familiar with the west from Mexico to the south to the Mackenzie River in the north, and has conducted many parties through the country in the capacity of prospector, hunter and guide.

"He was about the first white man to settle in this part of Alberta and that, too, at a time when the Indians were still hostile to the whites, and whilst

ploughing he was obliged to carry a rifle on the plough. He was never quite forgiven by the Sarcees who gave him a name which means "Big White Devil". They threatened to shoot him if he came outside the fence.

"His first shack was located on the Elbow River, not far from his late residence, just below where R.S. Robinson now lives. At that time the buffalo were as yet, to all appearances, far from extinction and it was no uncommon experience to find them rubbing themselves against the wall of his shack.

"When the surveyors started to lay out the country, some effort was made to dispossess him of the land on which he had squatted. Sam, however, stood off the surveyors with a rifle. Old Timers discussing this may be heard to cry, "He did quite right." Matters, however, were settled by giving him two sections of land.

"It may be remembered that last year Sam was nominated as a delegate to the Conservative convention. He was always a staunch supporter and admirer of Sir John A. Macdonald."

Four days later, The Calgary Herald carried the following report.

"The funeral of the late Sam Livingston took place on Wednesday afternoon and was more largely attended than any ceremony of the kind for many years, 40 carriages forming the procession.

"The service was held in the Methodist Church and was conducted by Rev. W.A. Vrooman, assisted by Rev. J.C. Herdman of Knox Church.

"After the service the coffin was carried to the hearse by Messrs Rowe, Jacques, Barwis, Walker, Brogden and King, the pallbearers, and the procession headed for the cemetery where the old veteran's remains were interred.

"C.N. Bell, secretary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, sent a very beautiful wreath of flowers to be laid on the coffin of his old friend and comrade."

A few months later, the Masonic lodge dedicated a memorial to Sam Livingston; one of the oldest members, James Reilly, delivered the eulogium.

"The character of our venerated citizen deserves our notice. He was most agreeable and entertaining as a companion and friend and serious while communicative, no man ever heard Livingston use light or frivolous speech. We stood by his side while he conversed with some of the leading statesmen of the dominion who on all occasions paid him marked courtesy and respect. We heard him with encouraging words smooth the pathway of the tenderfoot and pioneer settler, and to all were given argument and conclusion that marked the man of reading and reflection. In politics he favored independence of party and pronounced a terse and vigorous condemnation of anything in the shape of monopoly or aggression and boldly declared for equal rights to all and special privileges to none. As a citizen he was broadminded, patriotic and brave; as a neighbor and friend, general, hospitable and kind."

This flowery tribute was the first of many to Cagary's first farmer. A federal building at 12th Ave. and 4th St. S.W. was named in his honor, the Horseman's Hall of Fame features a display of Sam with his crop of grain and vegetables, and his log house is preserved at Heritage Park.

Prospector, fur trader, buffalo hunter, politician, family man, and prospector - wilderness guide, trapper, explorer and adventurer - Sam Livingston had been all these - but the hat he wears in the Horseman's Hall of Fame is the broad-brimmed, beat-up one he wore while ploughing the fields of his beloved Alberta. ■



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## Cathryn Whyte

Thomas A. Edge Archives  
(Special Collections page 31)

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In its first year of operation over ten thousand persons used the library and each year since the numbers have increased. In appreciation of Catharine's own personal involvement in many varied fields she has been given many honors, including an honorary doctorate by the University of Calgary on July 18th, 1969 on the occasion of the opening of the new Margaret Greenham Theatre at the Banff School of Fine Arts. But this modest woman is always pleased but amazed at receiving honors. Besides her involvement with the library she serves on at least half a dozen advisory boards. She is no idle board member. If she is serving on an environmental study she puts on her back pack and hikes up a mountain to see the environmental damage for herself. If she serves on the Indian committee she not only visits the nearby Morley reserve but also a northern one at Cold Lake. On a Parks committee she has gone up into the Headless Valley of the Nahanni River and visited a park within the Arctic Circle. Catharine is always totally involved. At an age when other women are living sedentary, often unhappy lives, this woman does things. A few years ago she soloed an aeroplane. She not only rides the helicopter into the Bugaboos and makes the long ski runs down but she also helps with the cooking! This year as usual she skied in Norquay's old timers race. She didn't win but she got a cup for being the oldest in the race. She radiates good health. She did have a crisis in this field some years ago but faced up to it. Her good health stems from her activity — almost daily she hikes or skis in her beloved mountains. She tries anything. She has canoed down a river with Eskimos and ridden a motorbike with a teenager. She travels a great deal still just as she used to with her husband but it is to unusual places. The conducted cosy tour is not for her. Despite this busy schedule she is not a harried person. You rarely hear her say three words — rarely does she use the too often worn out word "I" nor does she say, "I have to" nor the phrase, "I'm worried". Everything interests her beyond herself. Sometimes this interest is in things. She is an avid collector and has been since she was a young girl when to subtly ward off elderly aunts unsuitable gifts she decided to tell everyone she was collecting boxes. Her house bulges with varied collections and her latest is a collection of five old log cabins. Cabins she could not bear to see torn down, like famed Stan Peyto's and another that is one of the very first cabins ever built in Banff. She has not figured out yet just what to do with them but it will be another fun project in her future.

She says of herself, "Sometimes she thinks she is just a promoter." She is forever promoting other person's talents or achievements in helpful ways, whether it is a new ski resort, an artist, an author's book or a violinist's career. This childless woman loves young people and they in turn love her and usually choose to be around her. When we visited the library, lying on the floor was a tiny baby. This did not disturb her but instead she was elated to see a baby in the library.

If I had to pick one word to describe this ageless woman it would be the old fashioned one, "gentlewoman". I admit it doesn't seem to quite fit such a dynamo of energy and achievement, but it is the only word that can properly describe her quiet ways, her alert eyes and her pure attentive way of always listening to others. How lucky we all are that this always generous eastern American chose to become a westerner.

by Ruth Gorman

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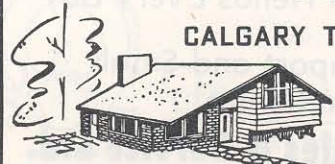
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**They shoot Indians, don't they?**

(continued from page 23)

In 1965 he went to San Diego State College where he graduated with a B.Sc. in 1968.

He worked in California as a photographer and writer 'til 1970 when he returned to Calgary to work for



*Chicken Dancer painting by G. Tailfeathers*

CARET which became ACCESS in early 1974.

Currently he is working on INDIAN SCHOOLING — as it pertains to four of the five bands of Treaty #7.

This project came about as a result of his attendance last May at the University of Lethbridge when the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews sponsored an Indian Awareness, Post-Secondary Education Conference.

Mr. Roberts became interested in the history and current states of Indian Schooling in the Treaty #7 area so he and a film crew visited four of the five reserves — the Blood, Blackfoot, Stoney and Sarcee. The filmings on Native Schooling made on these reserves will be broadcast on the ACCESS 'COME ALIVE' program.

Thirty years ago filming on the reserves would have been impossible as few white men were allowed to cross the "BUCKSKIN CURTAIN". Also in those days the Indians did not wish to be photographed because they felt you gave up some of your soul to the camera.

Then came "Hollywood" and the film "The 49th Parallel" which broke the barrier down and the Indians would allow themselves to be photographed.

In 1961 the National Film Board made "Circle of the Sun". This film was of a gathering of the Blood Indians of Alberta performing the exciting spectacle of the sun dance. This film also reflects the predicament of the young generation — those who have relinquished their ties with their own people but have not yet found a place in a changing world.

Between and after these two works other films were made such as "Little Big Man" in which many Indians worked as actors and extras.

While working on commercial films the Indians expect payment but for educational purposes they will allow themselves to be photographed without pay, as a public relations gesture.

When the ACCESS crew were filming NATIVE SCHOOLING they were treated most hospitably. Filming at Gleichen they were invited to a school Christmas party at the Old Sun Campus.

In Morley they were filming some children working in Primary Readers in the Stoney language. The children enjoyed helping audio-man Doug Maynard awkwardly learn to say words in Stoney. His best was 'pussy cat' but his pronunciation threw the children into fits of giggling.

Mr. Roberts believes they are so well received on the reservations because the Indians are please to know that other people are interested and want to get to know them and that gives them a feeling of worth.

Let's hope film makers keep on 'shooting' Indians.





photo by Henry Woo

16. CHRIST CHURCH ANGLICAN at 122 Street and 102 Avenue in Edmonton has the semi-timbered look of a Tudor house. Even the square latticed windows remind one of Elizabethan days. Although the church has a spire, it is too squat to be truly Gothic and is more reminiscent of a West England coast house. In fact, the entire aspect of this building is more that of a rambling Tudor country home than of a church.

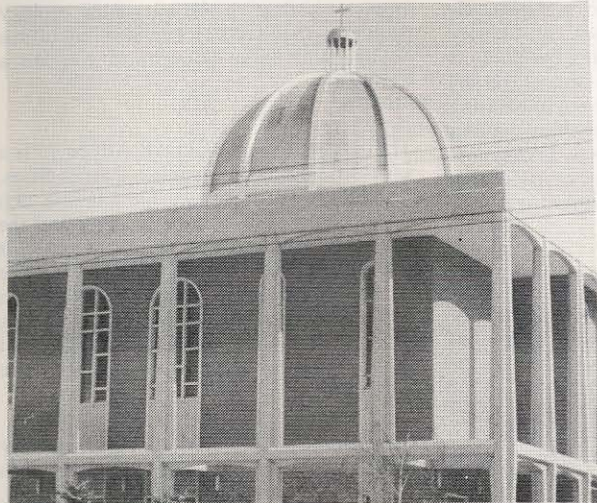


photo by Henry Woo

17. ST. BASIL UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC church at 109 Street and 71 Avenue in Edmonton has a magnificent Romanesque round dome and is shaped on the square like a basilica. This church is in Roman as opposed to Norman style.



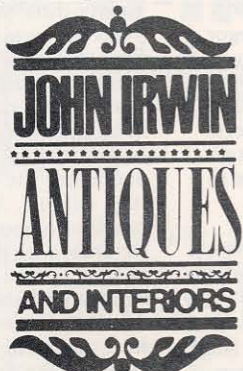
photo by Henry Woo

18. ST. PETER'S LUTHERAN at 110 Avenue and 96th Street in Edmonton has the warm, cozy look of a typical Flanders church. The low pitch of the roof blended with the fat tower give the building an aspect of comfortable solidarity. It is a friendly-looking church and its touch of tradition is not so dignified as to appear awe-inspiring.



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## Books

**PACK SADDLES TO TETE JAUNE CACHE** \$7.95 by James G. MacGregor  
Edmonton's historian Dr. MacGregor (author of eleven books) tells the story of the opening of the high country around Jasper in 1907. It is a tale of raw, previously unrecorded human efforts that went into pioneering the mountain country of this area, which we all love to visit.

**CANADA EH TO ZED** \$5.95 by Mervyn J. Houston. This is the third book by this University of Alberta professor. If you enjoyed his "Toast to the Bride" and "The Great Canadian Lover", you will laugh over this one too. Here with tongue in cheek, he and his friend Zepplin go on a massive search of the solution to the frightening problem of where is the missing Canadian identity. Personally I never could see why everyone was so determined to jam us all into one mob and label us. Pundits will have a hard time pinning a dull label on author Houston. But in case you don't read the book, don't continue to hang your head in shame due to the fact you haven't found your Canadian identity. Mr. Houston finds a good one for us in the bottom of a beer glass!

**THE QUEEN V LOUIS RIEL** \$6.95, is western history told in an exciting way. Desmond Morton, a historical professor has based his book in the law report of one of Canada's most significant court trials—the Regina trial of Louis Riel. Any trial makes fascinating reading because here it is for real. It is here and in these written words' meanings a man's life will hang and a cause will be one or lost. The cause lost and the man died. That lost cause is the one which the Metis or native people of Canada are still continuing and protesting with sit-ins on Parliament Hill in Ottawa this year. In the verbatim report of the trial even the conflict between the oldster - Eastern Canada and its young offspring Western Canada, seem to seep through despite the stiff archaic language of a treason trial.

Riel has been trapped by them all. He fights back fighting even his own lawyers who in a desperate attempt to save his life attempted to plea his insanity. Probably sad words that revealed the total confusion of the whole matter is when after Riel knows he must die, he says "I suppose that after having been condemned, I will now cease to be a fool and that is almost an achievement." This is history in the making.

**THE CHICKADEES** \$4.50 by Conrad Hyers

More a fable for today than a book on small birds, this story is based on Taoist, Zen and other oriental philosophies. The chickadees are happy making their short flights in their small valley until they are shamed by the arrival of a Golden Condor. The small birds are no longer satisfied by their efforts and are embarrassed by their past, as are many of us. The theme can be condensed into one line written by Conrad Hyer:

"You fly freely until someone convinces you that you are in bondage."

**A WINTER IN FORT MACLEOD** by R. B. Nevitt and edited by H. Dempsey - This is a collection of writings from the letters written home and a diary kept by a young twenty-three year old man who a hundred years ago, was for one winter, the doctor at Fort MacLeod when it was the only mounties outpost in Western Canada. Great historical names like Walsh, MacLeod and Crowfoot were merely his friends. he wrote about them in a warm casual way and about the daily life and gossip in the tiny outpost. Hugh Dempsey of Calgary has done a good job of editing the doctor's writings, with the result you can get the feel of what it must have really been like during what is probably the most exciting time in Alberta's history. Even if those taking part in it, including the good doctor, were not aware of the drama of the times they lived in.

**A HISTORY OF ALBERTA** \$10, James G. MacGregor is the dean of Alberta historical writers and this large book is something every Albertan home needs, where all too often they have a map of New York city but nothing that tells us where and how we are living. Beginning with the first Albertan it covers 20 different stages that Alberta passed through before it reached the abounding material riches of today. With an important appendix that gives the chronological tales of about 150 vital events in our history, 12 maps and over 32 pages of good photographs, this well and clearly, but never too pedantic, 350 page history of Alberta will not only be well read, but will be a constant source of important reference be a constant source of important reference in your home.

**VOICES OF THE PLAINS CREE** \$7.95 by Edward Ahenakew. Written in 1923 by Ahenakew, a Battle River Cree, who had been first a teacher and then an anglican lay minister to his people. During the period of a nervous breakdown in his life he collected what records he could find of his grandfather Thunderchild. However as they were incomplete, his writings were then carried on and completed by Archdeacon McKay and later the Reverend Cuthand and lastly by the Department of Indian affairs. It is therefore not quite a pure Indian history but when we consider how little of that there is, it becomes a valuable book, in fact almost a rare book. It includes some now lost Indian ceremonies. It was a tragedy, that of necessity it had to be contaminated by the non-Indians writing on Indians in their alien words and alien style.

**THE TEMPTATIONS OF BIG BEAR** \$8.95 by Rudy Wiebe

This is the fourth novel in 15 years for author Rudy Wiebe. A native of Saskatchewan, he was pronounced a great literary find after publication of his first novel. This time he has chosen to tell his story through the eyes of Big Bear, the only Indian chief to resist signing the treaties of the 1870's. Non-Indian Wiebe is able to delineate, surprisingly well the Indians' character and the terrible conflicts they had to face as they watched the white man invade their lands. The book will hold your interest as it is written by a sensitive and very good author.

**VOYAGE TO THE EDGE OF THE WORLD** \$10 by Alan Edmonds. This is an account of the Canadian ship "Hudson's" 1970 voyage circling the North and South continents of America, via the legendary North West passage. It has all the excitement of an exploration tale of old combined with the newest of today's scientific research. This adventurous ship and the crew of scientists search for an answer to some of the shattering ecology problems of today's world. Reading of this voyage will make you proud you are a Canadian.

**THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR** \$6.95 Is a great first novel by Dennis J. Patrick Sears. Canada needs more like him! It is a rich novel always funny with swagger and the ribald robust joy of the wild Irish people it is all about. We should hear more from this author in the future. If you read this slim book, I think you will be eagerly awaiting for more and more of Mr. Sears clear lucid prose. It is as clear and refreshing as the lark's song.

**THE LIFE OF THE FAR NORTH** \$5.95 by William F. Fuller and John C. Holmes. This is a big book at an unbelievably low price. It is part of the McGraw Hill Living World of Nature series. Because of the increasing importance to the West of knowing what is on our northern borders, it makes exciting reading. With five pages of index you can see how valuable it is as a reference book but it was the rare beauty of its photographs that really caught our eye. That and its exciting text that covers in three sections almost all aspects of life in the northern world. It has a great appendix on the National Parks of the north where and how you get to them and what you might see also.

**CALGARY** \$5.50 by Bob Shields Published by The Calgary Herald  
This volume is a pre-centenary centennial effort of the Calgary Herald. The book is illustrated with some fine old news photographs and Bob Shields, a Herald reporter, has written the text in a breezy newsy way that capsulizes Calgary's first hundred years. The first edition was almost instantaneously sold out but the second edition can be ordered by sending \$5.31 to the Calgary Herald. The book will be conveniently delivered to your home or to a friends as a gift.

-Reviews by Ruth Gorman



# the Third! \$ 2,500 Search-for-a-new- Alberta-Novelist Competition

At a Regional Writers' Workshop at Lethbridge in 1972, Jan Truss decided to try a novel for the first Search-for-a-new-Alberta Novelist Competition. She not only won the Government of Alberta's prize of \$1,000 cash, plus a publishing contract and \$1,500 against royalties from The Macmillan Company of Canada — her novel has been purchased by **Redbook!** Says the Victoria Times Colonist, "Her novel has form, dimension, suspense, and a professionalism that many professional Canadian novelists might well envy."

The First and Second "Searches" uncovered a total of six such new Alberta novelists.

The conditions are simple. The Competition is open to bonafide Albertans only, and only to writers who have never had a novel published (a writer of published non-fiction is eligible).

Manuscripts may run 60,000 to 100,000 words. Deadline for entries is December 31, 1975.

The winning entry will receive a \$1,000 cash prize from the Government of Alberta, plus a \$1,500 advance royalty from the Macmillan Company of Canada. In addition, the Macmillan Company of Canada will offer an advance of \$500 (along with standard contract) on any additional manuscript they might decide to publish.



For complete details, write:  
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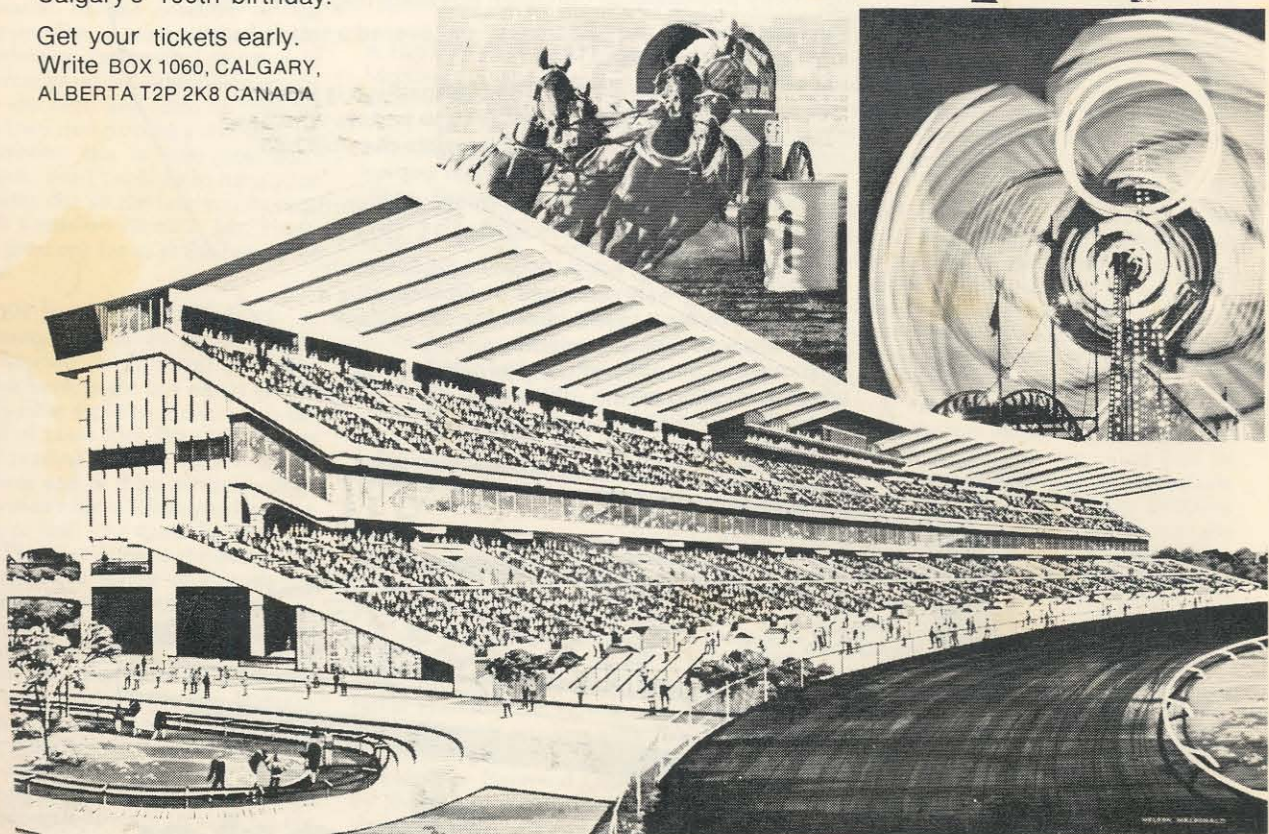
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