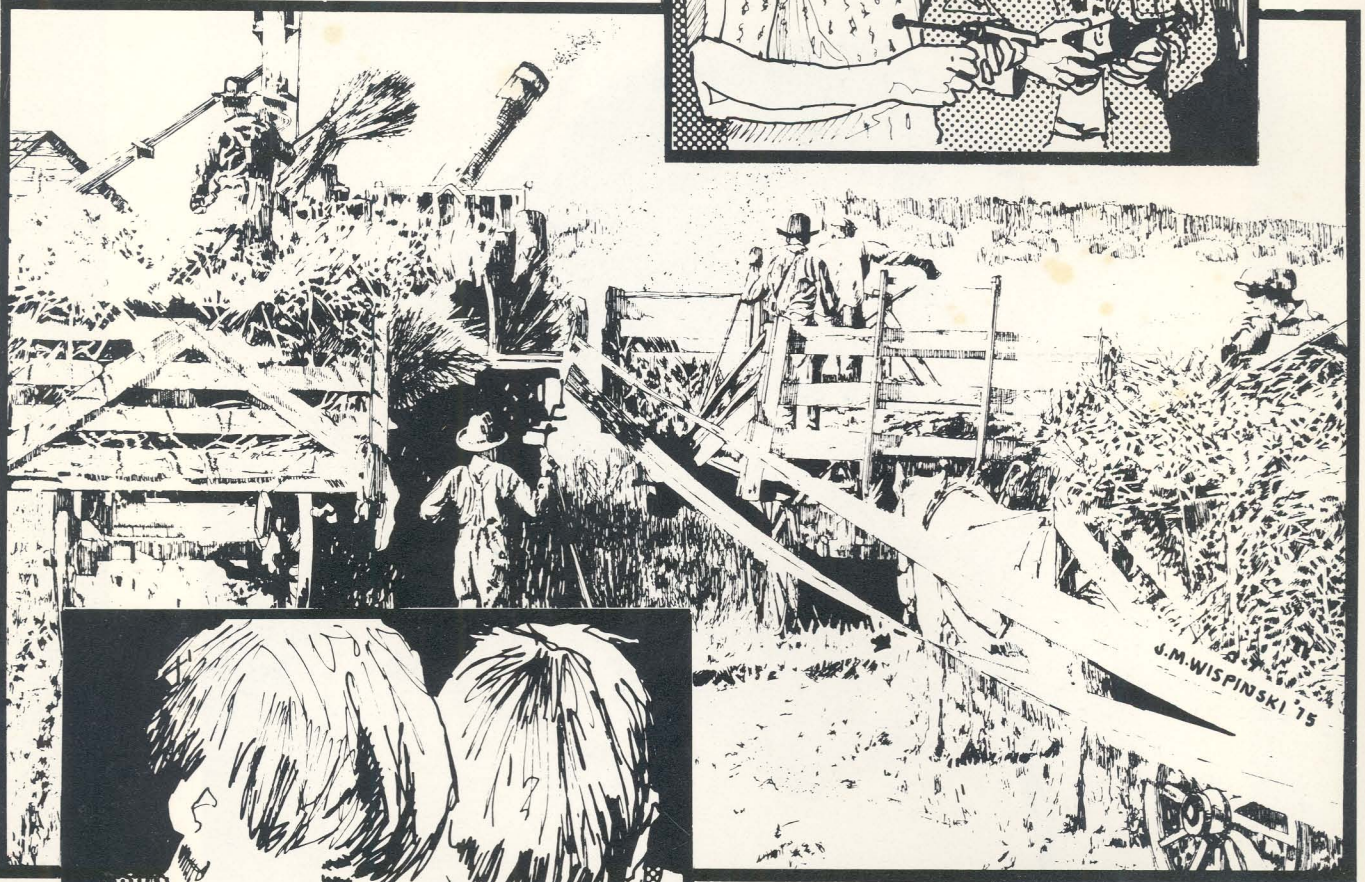


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EDITORIAL

Well, it's done. For better or for worse the Summer '75 issue of the Canadian Golden West has hit the streets. Hi! How are you.

I'm worried sick. This is my first editorial and it's become embarassingly evident as I sit here at my typewriter that I don't know what I should say. For one thing, Ruth Gorman is a hard act to follow when it comes to handing out opinions and for the other, I just realized that my training stands in the way. It's been drummed into me: "Don't editorialize." Those of you who have taken writing courses will know what I'm up against. Instructors, convinced by your first efforts that you'll never get very far up in the writing world return assignments with your flowing prose scribbled out and a note, usually in red ink for effect, saying "Don't editorialize." My suggestion to all you budding writers is that for your own benefit you sit down each week and write an editorial for The Globe and Mail. You never know when the skill will come in handy.

But I'm not the only one astonished by my new role. Just the other day as I rushed through the kitchen my husband looked up from the s and shook his head in wonderment, "I never would have believed when I married you that you were going to be publishing your own magazine one day."

But it's all his fault.

I'd dropped into Golden West's office one day in the spring on some remote business and the conversation led around to the fact that the magazine was up for sale. I was about to leave and Sally Farran said casually, "You wouldn't be interested in buying a magazine would you?" To tell the truth nothing could have been further from my mind, but on the way home, I suddenly said to myself, "Why not? I've had magazine experience, been to journalism school, my youngest boy is in Grade One, and I've got time on my hands."

By the time my husband got home from work I had it all figured out. "Do you know what I'd like to do?" I said.

"No, what?"

I'd like to buy a magazine. Golden West is for sale and I just figured out that if I mortgage our house I'll have enough money...."

At this point he was supposed to jump up and down and say "Are you out of your mind?" or

"Ha!" or at least snicker or something, but instead he said:

"Well, if you think you can swing it, go ahead."

Just like that. No questions asked. No chauvinist that man. Whether or not he realized the repercussions in the kitchen, is another thing. (I wonder if Germaine Greer is jealous?)

P.D.

CONTENTS

WHAT'S NEW IN EDMONTON	2
WHAT'S NEW IN CALGARY	4
MEEKEESEETEE	
Northern carver visits Edmonton	6
ANTIQUES IN YOUR ATTIC?	9
NOTES FROM AN OLD SAILOR	10
GOLDEN NOTES	11
OUR COVER ARTIST - Bob Spaith	14
LAFAYETTE FRENCH	18
WHOOOOO IS PETER KARSTEN	22
HISTORIC HOUSES OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA	25
RIDING HIGH	
Trail riding in the Rockies	28
HISTORY RECLAIMED	
Alberta's heritage legislation	30
JOKER ON HEFNER'S PAYROLL	36
BOOK REVIEWS	40

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What's New in Edmonton?



THEATRE RESTAURANT A SUCCESS

by Bea Laughlin

Edmonton scored a cultural first for Canada with the opening of a permanent theatre restaurant known as Stage West earlier in the year. It's part of the Mayfield Inn complex on the west side of town that's owned and operated by the father and son team of Eugene and Howard Pechet.

Both the Pechets had been to theatre restaurants in the U.S. but Howard gives his father full credit for originating the idea in Edmonton. He says that there are more than 300 dinner theatres operating successfully in the States and that they are supposed to gross more than Broadway.

For an old hotel man like Eugene who once owned every hotel on the Alaska highway, the thought of attracting customers on that kind of scale, must have been delightful. But he left all the details of the theatre up to Howard. After all, he was the one who had just finished an MA in literature at Washington State and was home taking a BA in philosophy.

"Actually, I didn't have a clue what I was doing," Howard admits. "But, you learn fast when there's a deadline to meet."

The deadline came and Howard hadn't realized the implications of choosing a play about a lush, as a vehicle for encouraging patrons to buy another drink at intermission. But, Neil Simon's "Gingerbread Lady" was a success, playing to a full house the first weekend after three evenings of sparse audience attendance.

For one who claims to be so inexperienced Howard has very defined ideas of the type of operation he's trying to develop. "It MUST be theatre," he says. "Not a nightclub. There has to be two plays to each musical. Also, we're trying to bring in one big name star for each production and supplement the star with local talent."

So people like Gale Storm, Alan Sues and Judy Carne have all had their names in lights in Edmonton recently. Currently Mamie Van Doren is starring in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hudson?" and if the contract is signed Werner Klemperer of Hogan's Heroes fame will take over in July in "Move Over Mrs. Markham." The exception to the star theory was the April musical revue "Ben Bagley's

Decline and Fall of the World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter". It was done using only local people.

Will Edmonton ever gross as much as Broadway? That depends on Broadway.

"Our first production cost \$45,000 and we lost money on it, but now we're breaking even, he says.

That might be a modest understatement because tickets are bought up weeks in advance and are sometimes unavailable otherwise.

One of the keys to success is definitely the fact that food comes as part of the evening's entertainment...the buffet opens by seven o'clock except on Sundays when the show starts earlier and dinner is ready by 5:30. Howard says that people who think they wouldn't enjoy live theatre go anyway because at least food is available. "Hopefully we can initiate their interest in other theatre."

But other theatre will appear spartan in comparison to the lush dinner club atmosphere.

A similar theatre, also known as Stage West, opened in Vancouver's Oompapa restaurant in Gastown in the spring and seems to have been equally well received.

The Pechets also have plans for a dinner theatre in Calgary but in the meantime they'll offer a package tour to Calgarians for the fall season. Plans are to include air fare, limousine service, hotel accomodation, dinner and theatre Saturday evening and a Sunday morning breakfast along with playing time on the tennis courts. Sounds like fun.

The whole idea has been given a sound endorsement by Arnold Edinborough, head of the Canada Council, who happened upon the theatre during a visit to Edmonton. In his column in a Toronto paper he wrote:

"Stage West is a new brave venture, showing once more that live theatre is booming in Canada, and that established audiences are looking for variety and newcomers are looking for a way in. In view of what happens in many other theatres, the Canada Council should be so lucky."

Mr. Edinborough, this is the West. It's not luck, it's talent. ■

Klondike Days Talent Fest

There's going to be an awful lot of talent flowing around Edmonton during their Klondike Days celebrations this summer. PR man Bill Jackson thinks that the Edmonton Ex has managed to pull in more big name stars than all of the other Canadian summer celebrations put together. Maybe he's right. From July 16th to the 26th the Edmonton Coliseum will have a different stage show each night and feature some very big names ... Paul Anka, Johnny Cash, Bobby Vinton, Tan-ya Tucker, The Osmonds.

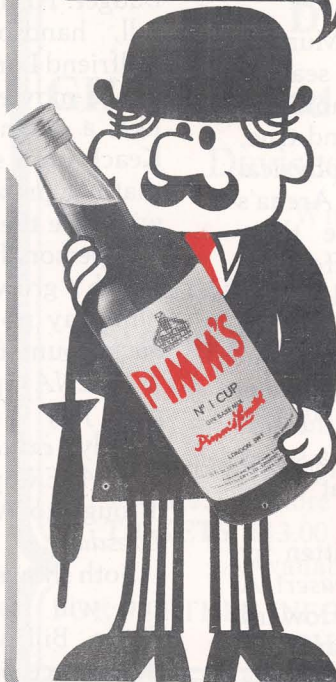


Judging from the flood of TV and radio advertising everybody with one foot in the province is expected to turn up at the Coliseum some-time during those ten days. Never before have I been roused in the morning by the strains of Gladys Knight and the Pips coming from the clock/radio. The Guess Who's and the Beach Boys ring a bell, but Gladys, Dionne Warwick and Jeff Beck are strangers



Jackson is good at his game and his efforts over the years have put Edmonton on the map. He has the kind of personality and flare for wheeling and dealing that made Phineas Barnum a household name for decades. Too bad he hasn't applied his skills to promoting more of the Canadian talent that's forever waiting in the wings. Only Anka and The Guess Who are Canadian originals.

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What's New in Calgary?

SUMMER COMEDY IN PLEIADES

The Pleiades Theatre of the Centennial Planetarium will run two original comedies during July and August.

The first comedy is *Arena* by John Murrell, specially commissioned for the Pleiades season. The "Arena" is a well-publicized innovative organization which offers a "tried-and-true, up-to-date system of mental and physical awareness therapy." To one of the Arena's introductory encounter sessions come three contrasting personalities: Norbert Clifford, a monumentally insecure magazine salesman; Judith Braker, a university Sociology major; and Russell Katz, a writer of advertising copy and possessor of a lacerating destructive wit. These three are joined by Vandenberg, the session leader, who conducts them through a series of games, exercises and confessions that make up the body of the play.

The second play, an action farce written by John Murrell and Kenneth Dyba, is *Teaser!* A fly-by-night film company has given Howard Keach a ramshackle camera, a few thousand feet of film, and a single day in which to produce a pornographic movie that will sell. Keach, a drop-out from a university course in "Cinema",

desperate to prove himself, must supply all other essentials from an almost non-existent budget. For his male lead he hires Sam Ogorki, tall, handsome, unbelievably dim. Keach's girlfriend Lonnie Lou is set to play the young girl in the movie, but the "other woman" Dagmar Eke, a down-and-out cafe singer picked up by Keach on a sabbatical in Europe, is convinced that her presence alone in the chief female role will raise the picture to the level of Great Art. The personality conflicts among these four, and Keach's growing desperation as he realizes the film may not be finished in time provide the background for most of the action in this farce.

ARENA opens in the Pleiades Theatre at 8 p.m. July 9 and will play through to July 27 nightly, *excluding Monday and Tuesday.*

TEASER opens at 8 p.m. August 6 and plays through to August 24, *excluding Monday and Tuesday.*

Both shows will be directed by Kenneth Dyba and will feature Sheila Junor-Moore, Brian Torpe, Bill Murdoch and Carroll Becker.

Advance bookings may be made by calling 264-2030. Adult tickets are \$3.00; non-adult and pensioner tickets: \$2.00. ■

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The idea of going to dinner AND the theatre may be on its way out. Dinner theatre [without the 'and'] is here and 1975 may come to be known as the year it hit Alberta in a big way. Calgary's company of Young Canadians introduced the idea to their city some years back, Edmonton's Mayfield Inn opened their plush operation in January and now at Heritage Park the Opera House curtains will only open after patrons have been wined and dined lavishly at the old Wainwright Hotel.

Alberta Theatre Projects have chosen a light hearted musical revue 'Gilbert and Sullivan Tonight!' To launch their first dinner-theatre combination. The musical looks at Gilbert and Sullivan against the background of the Victorian era and explores their theatrical triumphs including the Mikado, H.M.S. Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance, Iolanthe, and the Gondoliers. The cast, all experienced in opera, have been brought in from various parts of Canada.

Visitors to Calgary, take note. This is all going to happen in a log building that only a few years ago stood in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. It's seen vaudeville, silent films, the first talkies and has hosted every conceivable gathering that a mining town like Canmore could throw at it. Don't miss the current production.



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MEEKEESEETEE of CAPE DORSET

"Oh, you've come just at the right time," said Hedy Munawych when I introduced myself as the new publisher of Golden West. "I thought that our big event might go un-noticed by the media. When Eastern galleries have something like this it's in all the papers and TV across Canada."

Now, Arctic Arts isn't a big fancy gallery. It's a cozy little shop just off Jasper Avenue, chock full of beads and baskets, belts and carvings, even a few rare moose hair tufting pictures high up out of harm's way. It's a lovely store, but not exactly the kind of place that you'd think was out to pull off a coup. So what's the event?

Why an Eskimo carver had come to visit. He'd travelled from Cape Dorset only a few days before and would stay for a time, not long, maybe two weeks. When it was time to leave he'd give the word.

"His name is Meekeeseetee. He's a master carver, son of Pawta and Muksowyuk. Would you like to talk to him? I'll tell him you're here."

Hedy turned and walked deliberately towards a door at the back corner of the shop. I kept thinking, 'So what am I supposed to say? I don't know anything about Eskimo sculpture.' I mean, there's only so many situations that you can get by with saying, "I know what I like."

From the room at the back I could hear Hedy's voice, "Oh, don't worry. There will be lots of people that will want to talk with you when they know you're here. You'll do alright."

Hmmmm. So he's worried, too, eh? This should be a great conversation.

Hedy stepped out from the doorway and beckoned me to come. I walked across the room and through the narrow passage into a tiny cluttered storage area. Standing bent over a narrow counter stood a slight, young man,



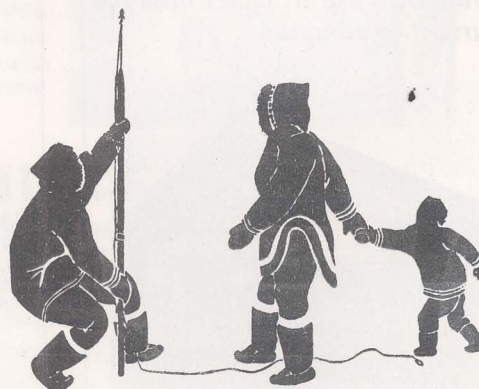
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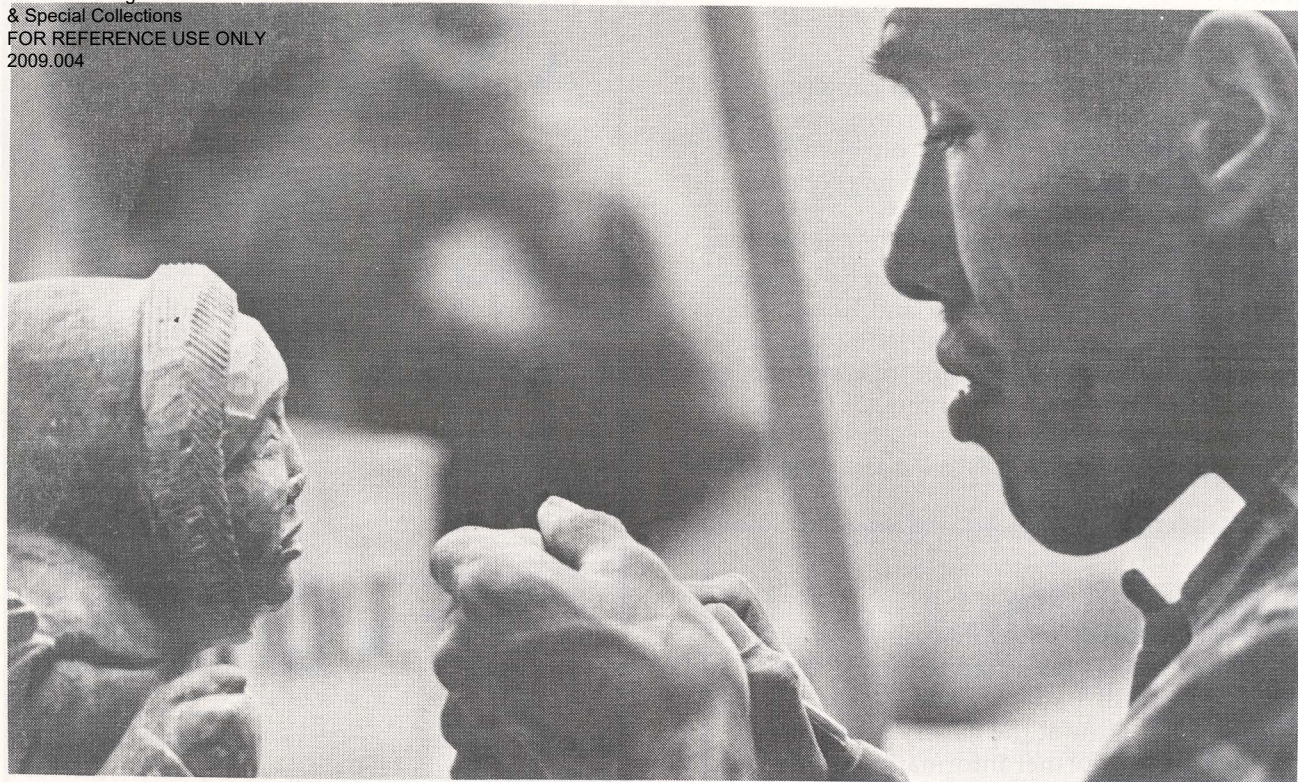
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maybe thirty. He was busy rubbing some sort of concoction onto a sculpture, rubbing over and over again, around and around. He said hello and I said hello and Hedy said that this lady is here to talk with you and take some pictures. then she made to leave.

"What are you doing," I said.

"Polishing."

"What are you using?"

"It's a secret."

At this point Hedy turned and said that it should be kept a secret, too. Now, to tell you the truth, I've learned the secret and you'll never worm it out of me, but, I'll give you a clue...he must have learned it from his wife.

I know I'll never make a journalist of the sort that can track down skuldrudgery in high places. Watergate would never have happened if I'd been on the trail. Even the Calgary Convention Centre scandal would never have seen the light of day. For given this great opportunity to discuss northern art, its significance, its effect on Meekeeseetee, life in the north, etc. etc. etc. what did we talk about?

Kids!

He has four. Three girls and a boy. His boy is six and he'd like another one, but only if he can be sure it would be a boy. All his children are in school now. Did he go to school? No.

I asked him when he had learned to carve and he said he didn't know. He had always carved. No one sat and taught him. He'd just watched his father and mother and when he was ready he just started.

"Does your son carve with you?"

"Oh, no. I don't let him. It's too dangerous. He wants to. He asks me. But he isn't big enough yet. There are the saws, the sharp knives."

"Did you carve when you were his age?"

"Oh, yes."

Meekeeseetee and I passed the time of day in idle chatter. I learned where Cape Dorset is on the map and the dangers of the two week trips to bring home soapstone by boat from down the coast. But it wasn't until two weeks later in my own home that I caught an inkling of the feelings that maybe drive carvers like Meekeeseetee.

It was almost dinner time. My youngest son was feeling very forlorn. Nothing to do, nobody to play with, miserable. But, I was more concerned with the vegetables on the stove. Then I heard the tool box being dragged across the porch floor, followed by the children's work bench, and the sounds of the vise being tightened.

The table was set, everyone but Timmy was ready to eat. We called and called but it was always, "I'm coming," or "just a minute." Finally a good yell brought him scrambling reluctantly to the table. He bolted his meal and went back to the porch. His father and brother went off to their cub meeting and before starting the clean up I peeked in to see what Timmy was up to.

He had a piece of wood, a chisel, and hammer. He had carefully outlined the shape of a face on his wood...a happy face, and was almost finished taking off all the parts that he

"Want to hold?"

No, thanks."

Then he went downstairs and came up with some blackboard paint and brown stain. The features which he'd chiselled out he ever so carefully painted black and then he rubbed gobs of sticky stain over everything.

He stood back and he looked at what he'd done. He beamed. He sighed. Then he looked at me and said, "I did it. Daddy and Rossy didn't have to give me the idea. I just let my brain tell me. And, and," he laughed out loud and put his arms around himself in a bear hug, "I just feel so happy with myself."

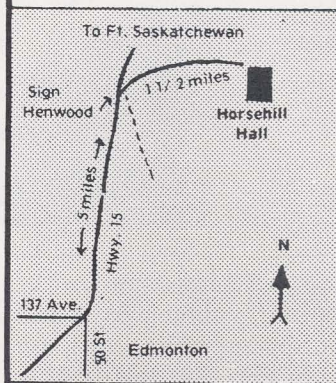
Do you feel like that Meekeesetee? ■

NOTICE

ABE RUBEN, soapstone carver from Paulatuk has indicated to Arctic Arts that he will be in attendance for his one man show at the gallery sometime in July. For further information phone (403)424-2935 or drop in at 10064 - 104 Street, Edmonton.

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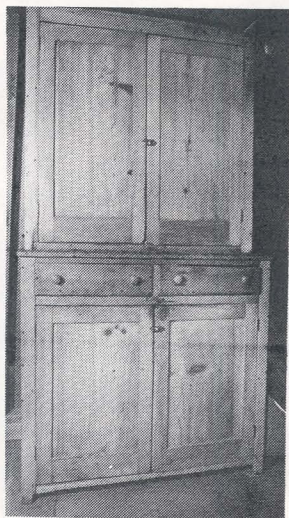


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Antiques in Your Attic?

by Better McDonald



The definition of antique was clearly set down when the customs regulations of Canada and the United States were revised in 1967. Formerly, the dates set were 1847 for a Canadian and 1836 for an American antique. Now both countries classify as antique, and therefore duty free, an article that is 100 years old. To be considered Canadiana an item must have been made in this country and have no more than 10½ of its original fabric replaced.

Early settlers in the East built furniture similar to this white pine cupboard because the wood was in abundance and it was easily worked. This particular cupboard was handmade and put together with square cut nails of the type used after 1830. It's distinguished by a large bullet hole in the back upper right hand corner.

Now since it was carried by covered wagon from Missouri to Washington, maybe the scar is from a raid on the wagon train. The answer remains a mystery. That same settler pushed on to Olds Alberta but when his first crop was badly frozen, in discouragement he returned to Washington. Before leaving he gave his battered cupboard to the D. McDonald family. Bullet-hole or no, it was a welcome addition to their homestead shack at Ghost Pine Creek and later in their home during the depression.

Years later when the decision had been made to restore the cupboard it was discovered that the original paint had been red and research reveals an interesting reason for this.

Visualize the conditions under which the early settlers lived in the East. Forbidding white pine forests stretched over much of the land and it was here that the pioneers had literally to carve their homes. Basics came first: cradles, wooden shovels, tables, chairs, dry sinks and dough boxes. Later the more sophisticated cupboards, desks and beds appeared. In order to escape their world of pine often the furniture was painted with a red or yellow ochre mixed with buttermilk then finished with beeswax.

For the collector who's come across a piece in an antique shop barn or junk yard it might be fun to try the old method of finishing.■

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photo by Ashford

Notes from an Old Sailor

by Mary Wynne Ashford

The best thing we did last summer, was to take a basic sailing course. No, it wasn't on the briny deep—it was on the shallow waters of the Glenmore Reservoir. According to our young instructor, the Calgary Junior Sailing School teaches more students every year than any other community sailing school in North America. Amazing. And, take it from an old sailor, the Glenmore is no bathtub to sail on. The winds deflected from the cliffs are gusty and capricious, but, at least when you capsize, the water is warm.

Our teachers had such a surplus of enthusiasm, there was plenty left over for an apprehensive class of forty, and somehow, their good humor carried us through the first humbling sessions. We got out onto the lake and sailed in drunken circles while our teacher called patient instructions over the loud-hailer. I carefully set the jib on the wrong side, which made it impossible for my partner to steer. Suddenly we found ourselves in the path of the yacht club race, with a fireball hurtling toward us on the starboard bow. As we prepared to abandon ship, the skipper bellowed across the water, "Flying Junior, hold your course!" Couldn't he see that we wouldn't be in the middle of his race if we knew how to hold our course? I did the next best thing, and held my breath, while my partner muttered a Church of England prayer for those at sea. The fireball whooshed past us at a speed we estimated at fifty knots, and we held a Thanksgiving Service when we reached shore. I met the racing skipper later, when he was de-rigging. "Don't worry," he said, "I was the original Capsize King. In fact, for two years, my boat was upside down so much of the time, the boat patrol asked me to paint my numbers on the bottom."

The next night, a howling gale whipped the reservoir into boiling whitecaps, and I saw, to my horror, that classes were not cancelled. Each boat was to go out with an instructor aboard, and we would take turns until everyone had sailed. Each boat went out, and as it capsized, the boat patrol picked up the sodden crew and dropped the instructor at the wharf, where he cheerfully boarded the next boat. Now that's dedication for you!

By the seventh lesson, we were confidently racing a set course, rounding marker buoys in a tangle of booms and sheets, shouting unsportsmanlike remarks at each other as we manoeuvred to avoid collision.

Skimming silently over the water is only part of the fun of sailing, and I have to admit that rehashing the night's mistakes became a highlight with the class. A great kinship grew up as we shared hair-raising experiences.

By the last night, we really hated to graduate. The evening was hot and still. I walked down the wharf, tying my life jacket as one of the suntanned men came toward me. "How are you?" he said warmly, extending his hand. In my innocence, I reached to give him a farewell handshake. Deftly, he flipped his wrist and tossed me in the drink. I surfaced just in time to see him disappear over the other side of the wharf, as my partner started to wring out his soaking T-shirt with a triumphant grin.

The classes ended with a splash, and I must say, I couldn't have fallen in with a better group. ■



GOLDEN NOTES

THE BORN HORSE DEALER

by Joanne Bengier

My husband decided to become a horse-man at 40, and went to the Auction Mart to buy his first horse. He decided that looks and breed were unimportant. What he needed was a very quiet horse. He found a very docile mare, and got her for \$210. She loaded up very well, and rode through the city without balking at a single thing. Even a fire-truck with sirens didn't panic her.

The next day she was fidgety. "Just nervous from the trip," my husband said. We left her alone. A week later, she was even more fidgety. She balked at the slightest thing and worse yet, she had a dangerous habit of rearing up. My husband called a neighbour over to see what he thought and the horse-man said, "You have a very high-strung horse. If I hadn't injured my back, I'd consider her a real challenge!" Then he told my poor man all about drugged horses.

"I've been had. If I could only get close enough to her to inject a tranquilizer, I'd sell her," my disenchanted hubby said.

We bought some horse tranquilizer and one day, my man snuck up on Marulla and jabbed in the needle. He loaded her and sped to the auction mart, terrified that the drug would wear off too soon. He got there and said, "I want to sell a mare."

"Where's your manifest?" said the clerk.

"I don't have one," he said with a sinking heart. "Can I still sell my horse?"

"Sure," she said. "It's just illegal to transport a horse without one." My husband filled in a

manifest and with the help of two cowboys, got Marulla into Pen 38. Then he went to the stands to watch the sale.

After horse 29, the man from Alsikes, the horse-meat place, vanished and my husband said, "No-one here will buy Marulla." The meat-man returned after horse 36, and when Marulla came in everyone looked interested. She snorted and ran about with so much energy and that auctioneer's helper had to leap onto the fence.

The bidding was inspired. When it reached \$240, my husband had the awful urge to leap up and say, "She ain't worth it!"

Finally the horse was sold for \$265.

"I guess I'm just a born horse dealer," my triumphant husband said. ■

Peter Handled the Wolf Very Well, But was he a Match for the Widow?

Zoos always have a problems with crank calls so when zoo director, Peter Karsten, got a call from a man saying that his store had a black widow on their hands he just said, "Well, try to cheer her up. She'll get over it."

"But I'm not kidding you. It came in with a load of fruit," said the distraught voice on the line. "What should I do?"

Maybe there was a chance that the man was serious but Peter wasn't sure. "O.K. Tell me what it looks like."

"Well, it's a very shiny black and it has some red marks on its belly," said the man.

"Sounds like you've got a black widow all right."

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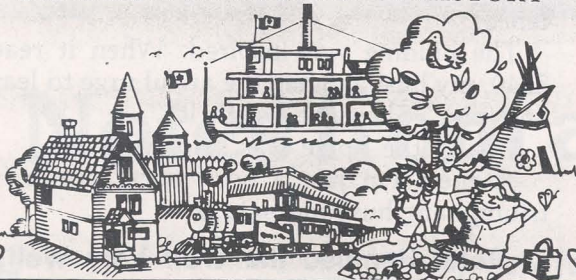
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Spiders aren't used in zoo displays because they're too small but Peter thought he knew of a friend who would be interested. He drove to the store on his way home from work and he and the shopkeeper devised a little box to transport the lady to her new home. They poked holes in it for air and Peter gingerly put it on the front seat of his car and pulled out into the traffic.

It was a hot day. The sun from the west came streaming in the window. The spider didn't like being cooped up in that kind of heat and she grew restless. Peter continued to move along with the traffic with his eyes on the road and his mind on the box beside him.

Pop. Out came one leg.

"Elbow Drive at rush hour is no time to fool around, spider."

Pop. Out came another leg.

"Lie down."

Pop. Out came the spider.

"Oh, for heavens sake."

Happy to be out of her prison the spider explored her new situation.

"Where, oh where, is the next set of traffic lights?" Peter moaned as the merry black widow crawled within three inches of him.

Was Peter a match for the widow?

Of course. By the time there was a place to pull to the side of the road the spider and Peter had become friends. He waited until he got home and then picked her up, gave her a good drink and settled her down for the night. Next day he took her to his friend. ■

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photo by D. Hancock

Our Cover Artist

Bob Spait

by Sally Farran Gregg

To Bob Spait art is a way of life. In eastern Canada he found that it was difficult as an artist to maintain his freedom. "People always want to label you as a type of artist. You, along with your art, seem to be automatically categorized. This is one reason I like the west — there's a certain privacy here."

Bob was born in 1951 in Calgary and lived there until he was fifteen. He spent a considerable part of his youth outdoors, skiing in the winters and working on his grandfather's ranch at High River in the summers. His early education was at Strathcona School for Boys in Calgary where his artistic abilities began to be apparent. At fifteen, he moved east with his family, went to school in Winnipeg, and spent his summers and holidays in eastern Canada.

Five years later Bob made his way back to the west and the familiar country surrounding Calgary. He'd finished grade twelve, but was unsure of which route to take. He was an artist deep down and derived the most pleasure from his art, but he was discouraged at every turn. It was much more acceptable to go to University and study law or medicine than to take up art seriously.

Fortunately Bob had an unusual chance to think about his life and decide in which direction to apply his aptitudes. Unfortunately the opportunity occurred because of a brief stay in jail. But there he decided that the most important thing for him was to follow his instincts...to become an artist.

That is an easy statement to make, however a difficult philosophy to live by. It seems that unless you are a strong swimmer, it is difficult not to lose yourself in the eddies and whirlpools of conflicting pressures and too easy to submerge your instincts and drift along with the current. Bob has worked hard and has very nearly finished his Fine Arts degree at the University of Calgary.

The portrait on the cover of this issue is one of a series of three. The man is Eagle Arrow, a Blood Indian, 1927 and was drawn from photographs found in the archives of the Glenbow Museum. Bob doesn't feel quite justified in the painting of Indian portraits, because he didn't know the Indians themselves or enough about their lives or culture.

Nevertheless, in my opinion, the portraits are excellent. The ones here show a tremendous

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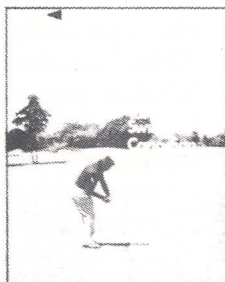
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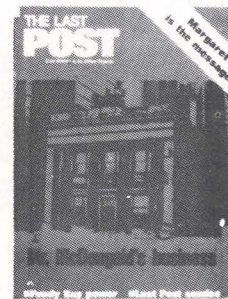
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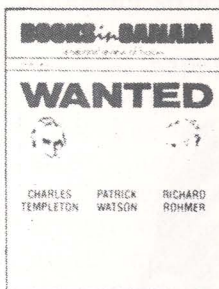
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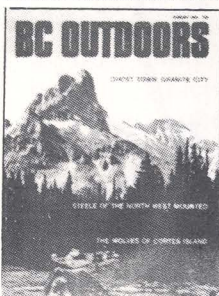
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depth of feeling and sensitivity. Each stroke and line bring through not only a realistic visual image, but also an emotional image. We see not just a face, but a man's character. For instance, in the portrait of "Running Coyote", a Blood Indian, the strength of character shown in the face is something which does not often come through the canvas. One can read pride, bravery and wisdom in his eyes and in every line and wrinkle on his face. In contrast, "The Farmer" portrays a different type of man. Again a face of tremendous character shows through the lines and wrinkles and the twinkling eyes. There is humor in this face, and we see another kind of man who has led another kind of life.

"My role as an artist is to give a realistic image, but what's important is how I do this. Around each subject material evolves a number of universal symbols." He talks with enthusiasm about his newest painting — an old water-trough. "Personally I like the age aspect, it's not like the new automatic troughs where there is no wastage. Here there's not just a watertrough, but a cyclic pattern of moving water, incoming through a rusty pipe and outgoing through the leaks in the rotten boards. There is the solidity of the trough itself, the greenery, the fungus, the ground, the grass — a whole world evolves around it."

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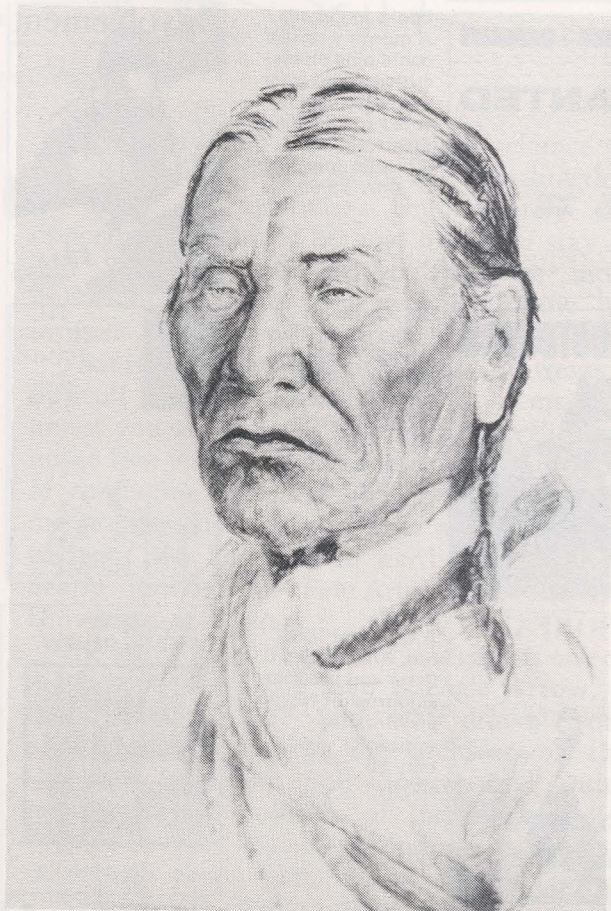
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RUNNING COYOTE



THE FARMER

Bob doesn't like to push his art. The spontaneity of it hits him hard. He is sometimes suddenly struck by a subject and he feels his function is then to complete the statement. He becomes happy when the painting gets to the point where it seems to paint itself.

He does not want to be known as a portrait artist, if anything he would rather be known for his "water troughs". He feels that there is a certain commercialism related to some portrait artists, and he's not happy doing portraits unless the subject means something special to him.

Perhaps Bob's philosophy is best summed up in this quote taken from P.D. Ouspensky's book, "A New Model of the Universe."

"Art is based on an emotional understanding on the feeling of the Unknown which lies behind the visible and the tangible, and on creative power, the power that is, to reconstruct in visible or audible forms the artist's sensations, feelings, visions and moods, and especially a certain fugitive sensation, which is in fact the feeling of the harmonious interconnection and oneness of *everything* and the feeling of the "soul" of things and phenomena. Like science and philosophy, art is a definite *way* of *knowledge*. The artist, in creating, learns much that he did not know before. But an art which does not reveal mysteries, which does not lead to the sphere of the Unknown, does not yield new knowledge, is a parody of art, and still more often it is not even a parody, but simply a commerce or an industry." ■



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LAFAYETTE

FRENCH

the legend

by J. Fromhold

Now I recon' you all heard of Lafayette French, leastwise you should have. If you ain't, sit down, it's 'bout time you did...

Now French first come out here 'bout little over a hunerd' years back, just lookin' fer some fresh air an' some breathin' space in which to enjoy it. 'Course wouldn't you know it, first thing he done was to get in dutch with the local boys.

There he was, sittin' 'round at old Spitzee, havin' a wee drink, when he notices the 'cavalry' fixin' to do in some Injun feller. Well now, French just couldn't see them odds. Afore them fellers knew what hit 'em, ol' French had them fellers clean out from under their sombreroes, an' he was scootin' off with the Red feller. Well sir, turns out he was none other than Crowfoot hisself, an' he were mighty grateful. Why, he just about forced old Lafayette to set up a tradin' post in the heart o' the Blackfoot country. On top o' that the Old Boy told the other Injuns that they better trade with French, or else he'd get mighty upset.

'Course, French got a mite restless after a spell, an' got to figurin' on movin' on agin. So, pickin' up a friend, he set off westerly, where they got to settin' up a stopping house fer the stage, near where ol' Fort Spitzee uster be, down by High River.

T'wern't long afore settlers was a-comin' into the country. Mind you, these new fellers was having a tough time here. Sure enough the land wern't no better's far as ranching went, but these fellers was come to farm, an' the country was sure a bit dry back then.

Course, times back then was a mite dryer than they is today, you know. Things been getting wetter, and there's trees where we only once had nothm' but bald prairie.

Anyhow, French wern't that dumb, and he soon figured that what they needed was irrigation for the farmers. The more he thought the better he liked it. Suddenly he jumped up an' tore out the door, takin' a shovel with him. Mister, when them settlers woke next morning there was creeks flowin' by every one of their cabins, and irrigation flowin' all over the place. Why the grass was already knee-high, an' you could sjt an' watch it grow.

That fall the crops was so good that the folks just couldn't handle it all. What they needed was one of them new-fangeled Thrashing Machines what they had down east. Trouble was the nearest one wuz down Manitoba way. Well, that didn't stop Lafayette none, and he set off to run down east. Old French was never one to use a horse. They was too slow fer him, an' they just wern't strong enough.

Three weeks later he was back, haulin' one o' them machines.

Bout this time Lafayette was hit by the gold bug. Havin' heard 'bout the Lemon gold up in the hills he got it in his head to find it. Him an' John Ware set off up the Highwood panning for trace. 'Twern't long, though, 'fore even ol' John couldn't keep up no more, an' he dropped out, leavin' Lafayette runnin' 'round them hills on his own, lookin' fer gold from Kootenay Brown's place in Waterton to Swift's in Jasper.



Right n' left he panned n' prospected, leaving his holes an' trailings all over the hills. 'Course that were long back, an' you really can't tell his prospect holes no more, 's they filled with water. People now go boatin' in em, figurin' that they're just mountain lakes.

Recon that French got a might crazed 'bout this time, an' he spent years just stormin' up an' down them mountains. The Injuns userder say that you could tell him a-coming by listenin' to the whistle of the wind.

He never did find nothin' worthwhile, though. 'Course, down Waterton way he did find some oil, but that warn't much use to him. Ol' Kootenay figured that the stuff could be used for axle grease, but ol' French didn't have no time to fool with things like that.

Only thing French ever got from a 'lookin fer the Lemon gold was that the curse finally got him too.

I guess pretty well everyone knows the story of the Lemon Mine an' its curse. Th' whole thing started right when ol' Blackjack an' Lemon found the gold. Well, first thing they did was get themselves into a fight with each other, an' Lemon brained ol' Blackjack with an axe.

Lemon went on down to Tobacco Flats, out in B.C., an' they got together a grubstake an' a crew to head back, but Lemon went outa his mind afore they come to the place. Every time they tried, they was turned back, an' finally Lemon went outa his mind fer good. When they got themselves another fella to guide them there back to the gold, he drunk hisself to death at Fort Kipp.

continued



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nobody but some lone fellers
and their parties what went a-looking fer the
Ain't most of 'em what come back again.
Fer a long time they was findin' the bones of
prospectors in the mountains, or the burned
down camps of fellers what the Injuns got in the
Porcupine Hills.

You know, it's kinda funny the way old
French got his, too.

Comin' back from one of his trips, French was
just a sleepin' peacefully out at the old Emerson
Cabin, out in the Livingston country, when the
curse hit.

Now I'll tell you, when old Lafayette slept, he
could sleep like a dead man. This was one o'
them times. Somehow the old cabin caught fire,
an' by the time French woke the cabin had burnt
down 'round his ears, and even the bunk had
been burned out from under him.

French got himself pretty well barbecued in
the process. He was burnt some bad, I'll tell you.
It was about all he could do to drag himself to
the nearest bunkhouse, 'bout twenty miles off
east. Kinda beat an' hurtin' bad, he drug himself
into one of the bunks.

Well, he'd known since the year before that
his end was near, an' now he figured it was, so
he laid hisself down fer some peace an' quiet.

You can guess how upset he got then, when a
bunch of drunk an' rowdy 'punchers come
stormin' in about evenin' time. Lifen hisself up
he hollers at 'em ter please shut their mouths,
since he warn't feelin' none too good.


Of the four cowpunchers what saw him, two
fainted dead off.

Pretty soon the others they had him bundled
up, an' threw him on a horse, fixin' to take him
off to High River, to the doctor. Throwin' him
on a buckboard, since he couldn't ride none too
good 'bout then, they finally bounced him into
town, where ol' Dan Riley, who grubstaked
him, come to see him. French's last words to
anyone was to Dan, when he said to him, "Dan,
I got me the riddle of the mine figured out."

Well now, I recon' he did too. Sure enough he
found that the curse was real enough. More 'n
that, though. Out at the Emerson place, when
they went to look, they found gold under the
bunk where Lafayette got burnt.

Nobody ever found what caused the fire, an'
nobody ever done found where the gold come
from. Maybe Lafayette did find the Lemon lode,
but ain't nobody found it since. Kinda fittin' I
guess that French should have found it.

Ain't ever been nobody else like French 'round
this country. ■



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WHO IS PETER KARSTEN?



Peter Karsten, blond and good looking, has the knack to be whatever he chooses...a farmer, a taxidermist, an artist, a naturalist, a husband, a father, why even a zoo keeper. In that role you can probably catch a glimpse of him at the Calgary zoo. His is the director's office, the one with the panelled walls and huge brown desk that are the trappings of the executive man, the decision maker. It's also the office with the bright curtains printed with monkeys and lions and elephants.

Peter wasn't always such a puzzle. He started out as a farmer's son in Germany, even completed a degree in Agriculture and immigrated to Canada in 1962 with the idea of buying his own farm. But the financial realities behind that decision eventually led him to apprentice as a zoo keeper at the Calgary Zoo.

BARRED OWL

Unless you're a backpacker and a real nature enthusiast it's unlikely that you'll ever catch a glimpse of this fellow in the wild. Barred Owls are nocturnal birds and, though they live here all year long, they breed in small numbers in the deep forests of northern and western Alberta. At night, when they're hunting mice, voles and other small mammals they rely a great deal on their extremely acute hearing. They're said to be able to catch a small animal if it rustles the grass without having been able to see it. Barred owls are fairly large with round heads and ear tufts and they have very distinct dark eyes.



PETER KARSTEN

SNOWY OWL

The snowy owl is an irregular winter visitor to Alberta but from November to March they can often be seen in the settled regions of the province. They're said to diurnal and ble to use their eyes as much as their ears when hunting. When you're out for a drive in the country watch for this slow ponderous bird flying low over the stubble in search of a vole or rabbits. They sometimes eat game birds as well. Because the snowy owl isn't too abundant and its eating habits are beneficial it's legally protected in Alberta.



In the summer this middling size bird can often be seen in the parklands area of the province and in prairie coulees. The feathers of the Long Eared Owl are rather speckled with shades of brown, black and buff white but flight feathers and the tail have distinct barring. Because of the ear tufts it's often mistaken for a horned owl by a novice birdman. However, a close comparison will show that the tufts of the long eared owl tend to be closer together and point upwards rather than up and out like the tufts of the Great Horned Owl. The bird is smaller than his cousin as well, and, if you're within hearing distance, identifiable by his long drawn out meeeow.

LONG-EARED OWL

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YOUNG BARN OWLS

Whatever else he's been doing with his life, Peter Thomas A. Edge Archives & Special Collections an artist studying here and there in his spare time, Wildlife has always been his main interest and of course his knowledge of the subject has broadened because of his work. "I like to do native wildlife best. I'm a bit patriotic about it and I like to emphasize the quality of our wildlife. You know, the northern animals aren't that well known and not very well represented in the art field. So I do mountain goats, and antelope, birds of prey and a lot of songbirds.

"Art is a very personal thing to me. I always have someone in mind when I paint. Once I did some otters. Some people came to me and said that when they were in Ontario they had stopped by the side of a road and just happened to see some otters playing on the riverbank. They were lucky, because most people will never see an otter in the wild in their lifetime. I painted the otters for them and they were happy.

"I get a lot of enjoyment out of that sort of thing. Pleasing people. I started by donating little paintings to the monthly speaker at the Calgary Field and Naturalist Society. And I'd really get a kick out of it if I could figure out what kind of animal or bird the guy liked best.

"I never really thought of selling any of my work. But one year David Edwards worked at the zoo as a summer student. He suggested that I take some of my stuff to Gainsborough and talk to George Pain. I did and he liked the combination of watercolours and animals. He said that it is unusual because unlike oils, if you make a mistake you just can't gob some more paint on top of it.

"Now there's always somebody after me to paint. But I can't produce like a commercial artist...six moose today, a dozen elk next week. I get restless. That's why I did these owls. I chose the four of them because each has a different look and characteristics. I like the baby barn owls because they're so darn comical. When we have them here at the zoo I like to go take a visit with them. Gee, they're funny. They can't walk, they sort of wobble and sway. Anyway, having a limited edition of prints like these satisfies a lot of people. I'm doing a bear now. I think there will only be fifty of them printed and I'll hand colour them.

"The Gallery wants me to get together thirty or forty paintings for a show. If it happens it will be because of my wife. She finally said that I had to keep something around for awhile."

If Peter's wife can make him keep his word on that score maybe next issue we'll show you some of his paintings. ■ P.D.

Baby barn owls are a comical lot and the families raised at the Calgary Zoo gave Peter so much pleasure that he chose to use them as the subject of his fourth sketch. Like any children, these babies are curious. Watch them twist their heads til it seems they'll come unscrewed then, at the same time, bob it up and down and clack their beaks. Barn owls are rarely found in Alberta but a few sightings have been made in the southern part of the province. Peter says, huddled in a corner their speckled grey and tan back makes them look like a cob web.



Gainsborough Galleries (1974) Ltd.

Calgary's oldest gallery was established in 1923 by the late W. St. John Miller, and was owned from 1949 until 1974 by Mr. and Mrs. George Pain. The gallery is now owned and operated by David Edwards and Ralph Bot, both with the gallery for many years.

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Historic Houses of Southern Alberta

by Henry Zuehlke

Henry Zuehlke is an architecture student at the University of Manitoba. At fourteen, his interest in history inspired him to start a collection of photographs of buildings in Calgary that were about to be torn down. He's expanded his hobby geographically over the years until now he has albums full of photos from all over Southern Alberta. Each photo is accompanied by a date of construction where possible and a short history. Libraries and archives in any town Henry passes through are sure to get a visit from him.



A couple of miles north of Didsbury stood this massively built log structure. It was the original farmhouse of the Shatz family who were among the first Mennonite pioneers in the area. The roomy residence was erected circa 1894 of huge logs some of which were over a foot in diameter. Unfortunately this relic from Alberta's frontier era was recently put to the torch by the present owner's of the property.

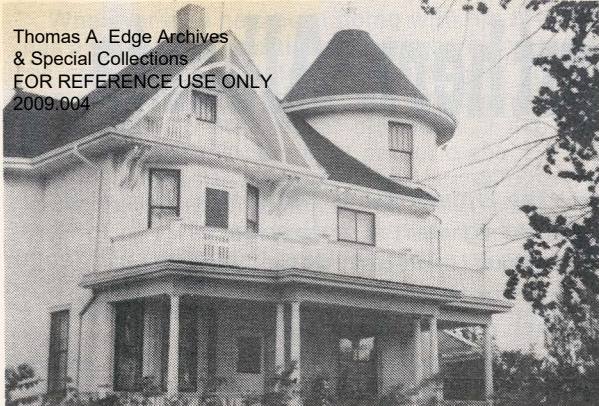
Still dominating the north end of Didsbury is the large brick and sandstone house built circa 1908 by one of the town's early entrepreneurs, Cornelius Heibert who was born in Russia of Dutch-Mennonite origin. His interests in Didsbury were varied ranging from a lumber merchant, coal dealer, hardware and implement retailer to school trustee and district overseer. In 1908 Heibert was conservative M.L.A. for the district. "The Mansion" as it is known to Didsbury oldtimers shows a desire for imposing residences by the Edwardian upper class even in small towns. The three storey bay window and ionic veranda columns are among the structure's noteworthy features.



The resort town of Banff contains many old log houses of varying types and sizes dating back to 1886 when Lady Macdonald had a summer cottage built there. A similar structure, most likely of Victorian vintage, is located on the corner of Buffalo and Muskrat Streets. Surrounded by spruce and pine trees the quaint residence is quite commodious. The bay window divided by the fieldstone chimney is a noteworthy architectural feature. Along the front runs a veranda.

Along the road from Calgary to Bragg Creek, just where the foothills begin, stands an old log house on the Robinson family's ranch. Still used as a residence, although a newer one has been built, the ranch house is a veritable museum of antiques, handicrafts and regional collector's items. The log portion of the house is said to have been built in 1885 with a frame wing added on some time later.





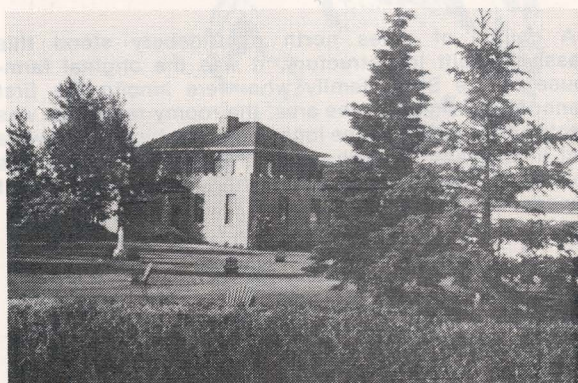
High River boasts several impressive and historically noteworthy houses one of which, shown here, stands on the eastern outskirts of the town. The former C.P.R. station agent, R.H. Robertson, gave up his post to farm 320 acres he purchased in 1904. That year he erected the "Tower House" as local residents know it on the edge of his acreage nearest to the town. There Robertson resided until 1910 when he moved to Oregon to try fruit farming. This fine residence is notable for its round tower and seventeen rooms including seven bedrooms. "There's not a crack in it" testifies the present owner who has done a commendable job keeping the castle-like residence in prime condition.



Okotoks at the turn of the century was already a prosperous local farming and ranching center inhabited by many settlers of British background. The largest of several fine Edwardian houses dotted throughout the town was constructed of local brick and sandstone for G.W. Mahon circa 1905. This entrepreneur was an implement agent in 1908 handling "vehicles of all kinds, weight scales, coal, building stone, etc." By 1911 he was involved in real estate and furniture. Longtime residents remember Mahon's house being used as a flour mill during the depression and World War II. Recently the solidly built structure with its many large windows was renovated and somewhat restored.



One of the finest Neo-classic houses in Alberta is 'Erin Lodge' located in Medicine Hat. When Hon. W.J. Findlay resided there it was the custom to personalize one's home with a name either from one's birthplace or of a family member, etc. Constructed circa 1911 this elegant frame house exhibits distinct features of the Georgian style; notably the Palladian dormer window and ionic veranda columns. More than six decades have scarcely left their mark on Erin Lodge, which today stands as a jewel in Medicine Hat's expanding downtown area.



Behind the Big Hill at Cochrane is the Franciscan Brother's retreat. The large central building located in a beautiful garden was built of sandstone in 1908 for C.W. Fisher who, two years before, became the first provincial Speaker of the House. His family lived in a grand style reminiscent of English country life. Mrs. Fisher was known by local people as "the Duchess of Manachaban Hill". Shortly after the First World War Mr. Fisher died; the rest of the family moved to Victoria and the house changed hands several times. Alterations and additions have marred its original appearance.

A couple of blocks west of Erin Lodge, on First Street S. in Medicine Hat stands the former residence of Lieut. Col. Sissons. A picture of the house appeared in a 1910 promotional booklet of the city although it probably dates from circa 1900. The mansard-roofed tower and the bit of decorative work about the gable are interesting architectural features that have escaped alteration.





One of Calgary's oldest houses still stands, remarkably unaltered, at 1036, 8th Ave. S.E. Its date of construction could not be found, however architecturally it is similar to the restored Col. James Stewart home nearby which dates from 1884. The front facade is symmetrical with two bay windows under the veranda. The long wing in the rear may provide a clue to its original purpose; perhaps as a boarding house or hotel. The 1913 directory lists a widow, Honora Burns, as the occupant.

Another one of Calgary's few Victorian relics is hidden beside the Center Street bridge at 110, 2nd. Ave. S.W. Architecturally this house is typical of the time it was erected, circa 1890, however it has a fascinating history. One of its first occupants, George Wood, is said to have used his home as a rescue center for prostitutes and orphans early in the century. Hence a large brick wing was added, to house the increasing numbers. George Wood may have been the Seventh Day Adventist minister who later founded Wood's Christian Home for Children in the former Hexall mansion in Bowness. Circa 1910 this house was used by the Salvation Army as a children's home, however, one year later they moved out. Subsequent directories list a new resident for each year with Yick Jan Hong in 1913. At about that time the area became known as 'Chinatown'.



East Calgary before the First World War was not exclusively occupied by the working class. Several large impressive houses were built there, one of which is shown here at 1004, 8th. Ave. S.E. A small cottage next door was the home of Robert Sutor, a carpenter, who by 1909 became a building contractor and had built this castle-like residence for himself. Noteworthy architectural features are the two turrets, the gracefully curved veranda and its ornate Corinthian columns. The solidly built house is little altered since it was constructed.

Calgary's early elite and upper class usually lived in the vicinity of 4th. Ave. S., 13th. Ave. S., and in Mt. Royal. Still standing at 13th. Ave. and 6th. Str. S.W. is the massive large residence built by O.S. Chapin circa 1910. Chapin was head of a heavy machinery firm which also sold farm implements, etc. His house is very similar in proportions and style to the former Hull mansion which once stood across the street. The sandstone veranda and two-sided bay windows are interesting architectural features not too common in Calgary.





Single file the men and animals head up into the wilderness.

Riding High

By Kathie & Dennis Orr

Aromas of leather, wood smoke, pine trees and horses drift pleasantly past as you enter the small shop called the Trail Rider in Banff, Alberta. The shelves are lined with camping and riding gear and further down a weathered cowboy is leaning over the counter. At the back of the shop a sign proclaims it to be the registration area for the Trail Riders of The Canadian Rockies. The store is owned and operated by Warner and MacKenzie, one of Banff's leading outfitters. In particular they outfit for the Trail Riders, an organization that takes people from 5 to 80 years on one of the most enjoyable and different riding holidays in Canada.

The T.R.C.R. is a 52 year old non-profit organization that's traditionally centered its riding activities in Banff National Park. Its directors serve on a voluntary basis and have

given hundreds of people from every corner of the world the opportunity to take part in a riding experience that is becoming unique. Each year the organization, in cooperation with Parks officials, selects an area of the Park that's characteristically remote and secluded and is wealthy in beautiful scenery, examples of wild life and natural ecology.

A base camp is established approximately fifteen miles from a trail head and becomes the furthest

point any motorized vehicles may proceed. From this camp daily trips take the riders through some of the most scenic areas of the Rockies. This year, the T.R.C.R. will hold its rides in the valley of the upper Pipestone River approximately fifteen miles north of Lake Louise. Starting from the Trail Rider in Banff personal duffel is checked in by the camp director who is in charge of the six day ride and is available to assist with lost toothbrushes, and the means of meeting a cute young cow-boy. He will also have details on the local flora and fauna.

Registration requirements must be completed the day before the ride begins as all equipment is transported to base camp by pack train. By the time campers reach the trail head corral early the next morning and catch a first glimpse of



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horns and boys, the duffel will have a horse. The boys will have saddled the horses and after necessary adjustments a single file of men and animals head up the valley, towards the easy relaxed life style of the west. The ride isn't a race. For the most part the guides lead at a steady walk or an easy trot. The horses are mountain bred and are as sure footed as goats; they know the trails and are gentle and patient even with the most nervous dude.

The first day in the saddle is an experience never to be forgotten. The Rockies are always magnificent, but their effect is matchless when combined with the sight of a column of riders disappearing over the next rise, silouetted against trees, rock-walls and blue skies. Similarly, there is nothing to compare to the thrill of a first stream crossing, legs high against the saddle while the horse fights through a torrent of rushing water.

Patterned on an Indian village, the base camp consists of nineteen teepees surrounding a large circular tent called a donut. The rest stop arrangements of the trail, gents to the left and ladies to the right, are replaced by tent biffies and forty-five gallon drums of hot water to wash off the trail dust. Of course there is the alternative of an icy dip in the Pipestone River.

The donut is the hub of camp life and it's there that the spirit of trail riding really becomes evident. Hours are spent chatting around a huge bon-fire, listening to the naturalist give details of the area or join in a singsong or square dance. At night four to six campers can arrange themselves in a teepee around a small central stove. When the sun goes down the mountain air is chilly so a good quality sleeping bag is a must.

Cowboys take care of the horses in a corral back of the main camp so that guests are free of saddling and feeding responsibilities. At any time during the trip guides are never far away and they're trained and ready to look after problems if they should occur. A doctor is also on the ride to look after any medical emergencies. He carries necessary supplies on his horse and has a well stocked medical cabinet back at base camp.

There are nine rides scheduled for the summer, each beginning on a Sunday throughout July and August. The cost is \$233 per person. Information can be obtained from:

The Secretary
Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies
P.O. Box 6742 Station D
Calgary, Alberta, Canada
T2P 2E6



Base camp is much like an old style Indian village. Teepees are clustered around the main tent, known as the do-nut. The riders desert the base camp every day when they take their animals out to explore another trail.

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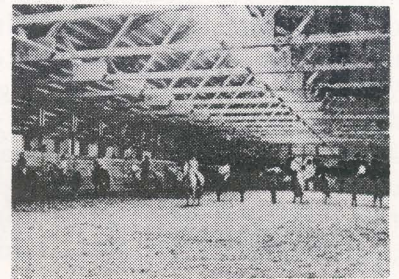
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HISTORY RECLAIMED

By Pat Donaldson

In these days of environmental consciousness everyone knows about non-renewable resources. But, one resource that people often never think of in that context is the history of a people and the bits and pieces, the relics, the useless trivia that are all that remain to tell the story of what we were. Taken individually out of context of time and place, a rusted harness link, a broken arrowhead, an empty shotgun shell are meaningless. Interesting perhaps, but really just someone else's garbage. Collected together by knowing hands and a trained eye those same relics can be made to tell a story.

That is the point of a little known piece of legislation passed in Alberta two years ago. Known as the Alberta Heritage Act, 1973, it sets out to preserve the antiquities of the province for the people of the province. It also rules that no one may make excavations on any land in Alberta for the purpose of seeking archaeological objects without holding a valid research permit issued by the Minister. That makes it illegal to hunt for relics, whether they're projectile points from a culture long dead or bottles and rusted hinges from an era still warmed by memories.

Tough?

Maybe. But necessary and late in coming.

Canada and the United States have been unique in the world in not having this type of legislation. Most countries look upon their artifacts and art treasures much more seriously than we've been accustomed to doing. Australia, for example, has even got a special police force to track down offenders. Known as site inspection officers they have the power of search, seizure and arrest. Alberta's heritage resource legislation doesn't provide for such drastic measures but law breakers are liable to a fine up to \$5000 and/or imprisonment for a term not more than six months.

The British Columbia, Manitoba and Quebec governments have similar laws; Ontario has some sort of protective legislation just recently passed or in the works and Nova Scotia has an antiquities act concerned mostly with the remains of old sailing ships.

Two men are directly responsible for seeing that Alberta's history is something more than words written on a page. Dean Clarke is director of the Heritage Sites Service. He's a big man and his bearded face takes on a surly look when he thinks someone's about to go poking around Alberta with a shovel. That's apt to make him go chasing after re-inforcements. And it's just what he did when I visited.

A quick phone call and within moments another hairy chap bounded in the door. Introduced as Bill Byrne he was equally stern with a 'now what's all this about' manner. Only proper, I suppose, for a director of Archaeological Surveys.

The defensive posture of the pair really came about because of their concern. They know that most people are unaware that the restrictive

1. *Writing on Stone barracks, 1893*
2. *Writing on Stone site in 1974*
3. *Same site, dig in progress. The area is sectioned off and each person works carefully within those confines. The whisk is used to brush carefully around an artifact once it's located.*
4. *The foundation stones have been laid bare. Notice that the worker in the background is screening the pails of dirt as they're hauled from the excavation.*



Photo courtesy Glenbow

1



Photo Courtesy Heritage Sites Service

2



Photo courtesy Heritage Sites Service

3



Photo courtesy Heritage Sites Service

4

and they know that people who destroy a prehistoric site do not think twice about ravaging a ghost town. Dean and Bill have the job of locating and developing various archaeological and heritage sites within the province and it's difficult, if not impossible to do, if amateur relic collectors have disturbed anything.

Bill says, "For example, fur trader posts were scattered throughout the province and often no written information is available to tell about the trader's day to day life. By now, little if any structural remains exist but an archaeologist can still determine all sorts of things that the relic collector wouldn't even consider...what type of wood was used in construction, how many rooms there were and what each was used for, whether the building was used all year or just seasonally in a particular year, even how many people lived in it. Unfortunately there's too many cases where people have gone in, removed artifacts and disturbed the soil. They've destroyed the site...maybe without knowing."

The kind of painstaking work that's required before restoration can take place is aptly demonstrated by the photos taken at the site of the RCMP detachment at Writing-On-Stone. The barracks were built in 1889 to house the troops that patrolled a nearby section of the Canada-U.S. border. Writing-On-Stone was never a very busy place but over the years it was home to a handful of Mounted Police who, when they weren't chasing cattle back to Montana or fighting prairie fires, often lent a hand to the homesteaders and their families. WWI made recruits hard to come by and the detachment was closed down in 1918.

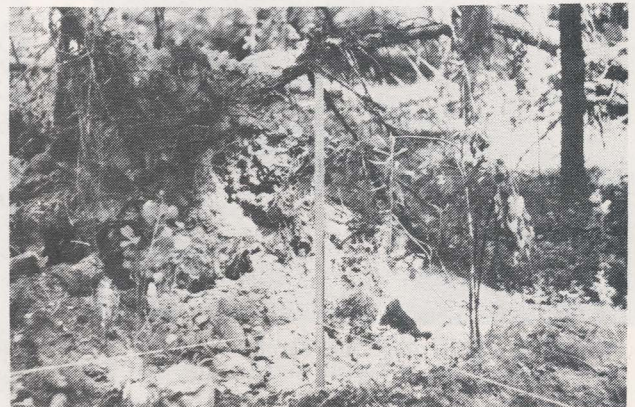
But whether it's a fur traders outpost, an Indian campsite or the general store in a ghost town, preservation is what the law is all about. And in order to preserve it's necessary to know just what there is that's worth preserving.

Each summer survey crews have been covering a new portion of the province...Fort McMurray, Battle River, the Red Deer River... as well as forge ahead of road construction gangs. To date only about five percent of the province has been surveyed but already there's a central registry of 5,500 archaeological sites. Most of them are located in the southwest corner of the province which is more of a reflection of where archaeologists have chosen to work than an indication of where prehistoric people tended to live.

Private industry can also play a role in discovery and preservation. Various signs

pointed to the need for an archaeological survey on Syncrude's No. 17 lease between the McKay and Athabaska Rivers in the northeast sector of the province. As a result of preliminary groundwork done in 1973, Syncrude archaeologists determined that the land had been used extensively for both historic fur trade and prehistoric human habitation. Tools and other objects in the process of manufacture were discovered and it was noticed that many were made from limestone although there wasn't a bed of that rock close by any of the sites. It was suspected that the tools had been roughed out at a quarrying site and transported to campsites for finishing and that suggestion lead to the discovery of an ancient industrial site now known as the Beaver Creek Quarry.

Men on the survey crew had combed the banks of the Beaver Creek for days, searching for clues to the site of the quarry. Finally they came to a spot where several trees had become uprooted on a steep embankment and there, exposed like any other pile of rocks, was a bed of limestone, in parts broken up. The experienced searchers knew that the fragments they had found were broken apart, not by nature, but by man.



Syncrude photo
The site of the ancient limestone quarry discovered and excavated by Syncrude.

The discovery of this early industrial center (the latest occupation is estimated to be around 300 and 400 A.D. but one artifact was typologically cross-dated to suggest an age of 8000 to 4000 B.C.) may hold the key to unravelling the mysterious pre-history of northeastern Alberta by providing insight into trade patterns.

This is the kind of success story that Dean and Bill want to emphasize rather than the negative aspects of the legislation, because with that kind of co-operation they can soon get on with the ultimate objectives of their job...site development and interpretation. This can involve, for

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OLD WOMEN'S BUFFALO JUMP?

Long before there was an Alberta, before fur traders, settlers and cities, the first citizens wandered our prairies, forests and streams. Their lives are only known to us by crumbling sites of encampments. The real story requires trained experts to analyze soil content, placement of bones and tools. That takes trowels instead of shovels.

Nowadays as we build bigger urban developments, need wider roadways and sprawling suburbs, the early buildings of settlers and tradesmen are sacrificed. To know which locations should be preserved for their history requires the assistance of experts before the bulldozer comes.

Unless something is done about the materials — NWMP buildings or earliest pallisades of fur trade posts — the past will exist only in legend and memory. For the heritage of your children's children, preservation depends on your help.

The province of Alberta passed protective legislation, the Alberta Heritage Act, 1973, which controls the excavation of archaeological sites, and allows the designation of historic locations as heritage sites. It is now illegal to remove partially or fully buried remains of human activities — and research permits must be obtained from the Archaeological Survey for all excavations. And where buildings or properties have been designated as Heritage Sites, it is illegal to alter, restore or destroy them without government approval.

Whatever happened to Old Women's Buffalo Jump? It was vandalized, robbed and the historic record destroyed before experts could complete excavation of its valuable story. Near Cayley, this ancient Women's Buffalo Jump may have been observed in bloody action by explorer Peter Fidler in 1792. Blackfoot legends surround it as a winter encampment. How ancient the site is, we will never know. Archaeologists now wish that their newest scientific methods could be applied to trace its history.

Questions and suggestions on preservation should be referred to Dr. William J. Byrne, Director, Archaeological Survey of Alberta (427-2021), and to Mr. Dean Clark, Director, Heritage Sites Service (427-2022). Both are located at 10158 - 103 Street, Edmonton T5J 0X6.

example, constructing excavations at a buffalo jump and developing interpretive models of employment in prehistory or restoring, reconstructing and developing designated historic sites.

This later program has started. In the fall of last year Horst Schmid designated three registered sites and one classified site. (The only difference seems to be in the money that will be spent on restoration and upkeep.) The three registered sites turn out to be churches.

St. Mary's Roumanian Orthodoz Church in Boian is a typical example of Orthodox Church architecture on the prairies. The Boian Church, as it's called is associated with the Roumanian settlement in the Willingdon - Hairy Hill district at the turn of the century.

The St. Jean Baptiste church and rectory in Morinville will be preserved because they're an expression of the religious faith of the French pioneers in this area. The church is in excellent condition due to an extensive restoration project carried out in 1973. And even the rectory is in good repair because it's been well maintained.

The Cathedral Church of the Redeemer has been the center of the diocese of Calgary since it was constructed in 1905. For many years it was



Photo Courtesy Heritage Sites Service

St. Mary's Church, east of Willingdon, in the Boian parish may be the oldest Romanian church in North America, and displays architectural features typical of the eastern European churches in Alberta



Photo courtesy Heritage Sites Service

The St. Jean Baptiste Roman Catholic Church and Rectory towers over Morinville, reflecting the grandeur of church architecture of settlers from Quebec, and acknowledges the contributions of the French Catholic community to the settlement of Alberta.

...wanted to eventually have a bigger building. But, in 1949 the "Pro" was eliminated and it was decided that the Church of the Redeemer would be the permanent Cathedral.

Approximately 50 miles north of Fort McMurray on the Athabaska River there is an abandoned oil sands extraction plant. Known as the Bitumont Oil site it's received Classified status. The complex was a pioneer project in the development and improvement of the hot water separation process. Dr. K.A. Clark, inventor of the separation process and R.C. Fitzsimmons, a major exponent of a similar separation system were involved in operating plants in Bitumont prior to 1950. The buildings on the site vary in structural soundness and condition but the entire mechanical system is non-operational.

There are dozens more sites being processed now and within a couple of years maybe work can start on the reconstruction of Indian campsites, trading posts or whatever. The old saying is that one picture is worth a thousand words and it follows if we can give our children a glimpse of the real thing the effect may be priceless. ■

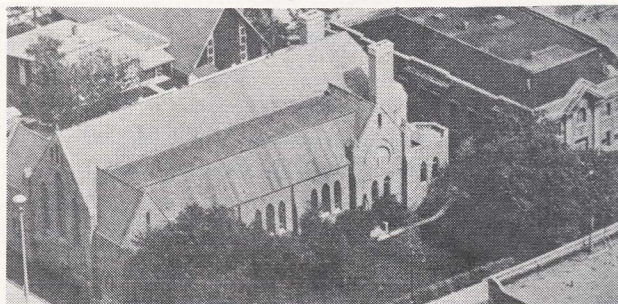


Photo courtesy Heritage Sites Service

The Cathedral Church of the Redeemer at 210 Seventh Avenue Southeast in Calgary was constructed of sandstone in 1905, and represents both the dominant building material in Calgary at the turn of the century, and the impressive structures designed then.

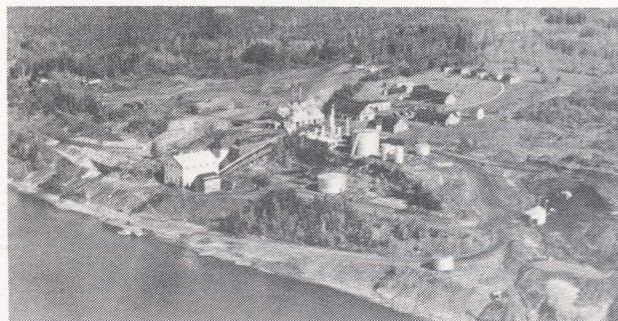


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The Bitumont Oil Extraction Plant north of Fort McMurray provides an ideal setting for an interpretive program on the development of the Athabaska oil sands as it exhibits four different phases in the development.

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If you know of an historic or prehistoric structure or locality which is endangered by vandalism or neglect, contact the Heritage Sites Service or the Archaeological Survey of Alberta. Preservation of material remains of the past is their special interest.

For your children's children, help protect Alberta history! If your grandchild should ask "Whatever happened to . . .?" will you have to admit that people didn't care early enough to preserve it?

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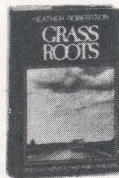
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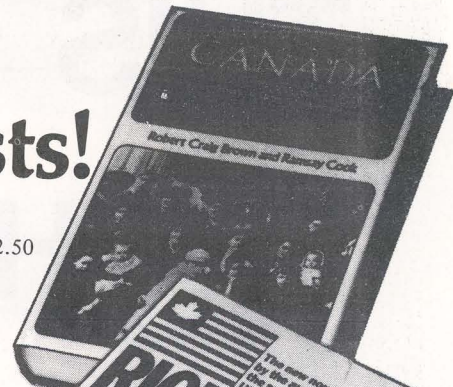
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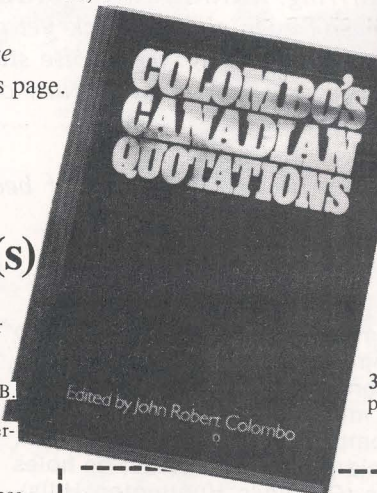


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THIS JOKER IS ON HUGH HEFNER'S PAYROLL

By Pat Donaldson

RRRrrring, RRRRRRrrring, RRRRrrring.

It wasn't even eight o'clock yet and the phone was ringing for the second time that morning. The noise stopped but moments later a gruff, "It's for you..." was the signal to turn over and switch on my "Up and At 'Em" button.

"Hello?"

"Ha HA!!! Got YOU out of bed for a change, eh?"

Joker.

But that's what Jim Will is...a joker. A guy who actually supports himself, a wife and eight (yes, eight) kids on the money he makes thinking funny. Not in a grand style mind you. He doesn't live in a big fancy house complete with swimming pool, Cadillac and California sunshine. Instead, he holes up in them thar hills (Calgary's Huntington Hills), owns a beat up Pontiac, shops at Co-op, loves kids, his wife sick jokes, and the postman.

Ahhh. The postman. The very word makes Jim get up and take notice. Literally, the arrival of the postman marks the beginning of his day, because normally it's like this...

RRRRRRRrrrrrrring! RRRRrrrrring!

RRRRrrr... "Hello?"

"Hi! May I speak with Jim please?"

"He's not up yet."

Oh... [It's almost lunch time].

"Is he sick?"

"No, but he won't get up 'til the mail comes."

"When's that?"

"'Bout 1:30 or 2:00..."

Oh...

That's how it is. Jim's life is built around the mail deliveries. After all, that postman might have in his hand a cheque from Hugh Hefner thanking him for a cartoon idea, another from Brad Anderson (Marmaduke) or a note from any of the dozens of cartoonists Jim feeds with ideas. That's enough to get a person out of bed.

How does anybody get into such a racket? Not easily.

In 1963 Jim and an artist friend managed to sell several cartoons to Oilweek and, thus inspired, Jim entered a cartoon contest sponsored by the Calgary Jaycees in The Albertan. He was a winner and can still turn out bacon and eggs on the electric frying pan he received as a prize.

He decided that maybe this was the way to fame and fortune and began sending gag after gag to any and all the markets that he knew. Once, after receiving another rejection slip he wrote back asking for criticism. Just what was he doing wrong? Simple. "Your drawings are lousy and your gag lines weak," was the straight to the point reply. Undaunted he kept trying, after all somebody was making a living at the game.

Then success! He made two sales!

That was enough to convince him to quit his job as a night clerk at the old Queens Hotel and jump into gag writing full time. It was seven months

before he received another check, and another four years later he began earning anything like a regular income.

“Now, it’s still a case of feast or famine,” says his long suffering wife, Maxine. “it’s hard to budget or make plans when you never know how much money you’re going to have, or when you’re going to have it.”

It takes a stout hearted man to stand up to those kind of odds and stick around ‘til he’s won.

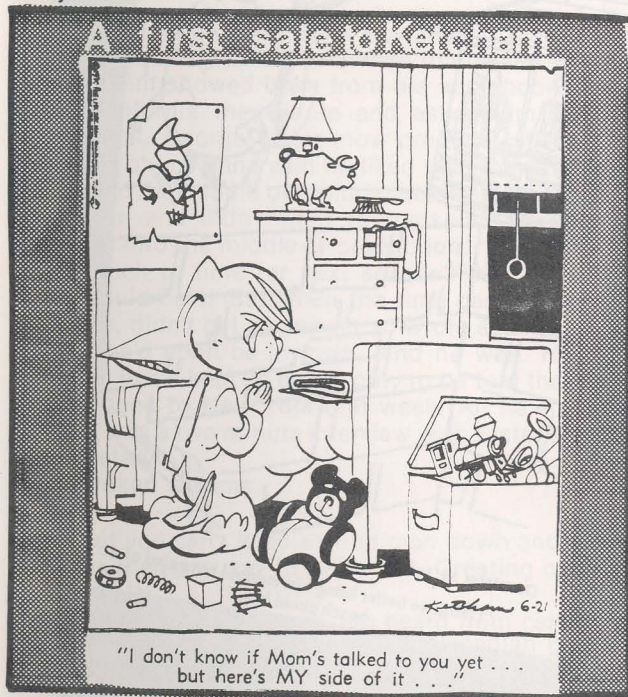
And it’s been a lonely battle. At night when the kids are in bed he works at the desk and typewriter he has set up in the corner of his bedroom. He doesn’t do any artwork himself because over the years in a process of trial and error he learned that he’s best at thinking up and describing cartoon situations and writing captions for them.

“I took a course once, in cartooning. They say that anyone can learn. But I can’t.”

Never mind. Cartoon **ideas** he churns out by the hundreds and thousands. His master plan is that if he can think of enough ideas some of them have to be good enough for somebody.

The system works something like this. Jim thinks up the cartoon ideas and captions and types each on a number coded file card in duplicate. The original he sends off to an artist somewhere in North America who does that particular type of cartoon successfully. The artist looks over the ideas, picks out the ones, if any, he likes and immediately sends this information along with the rejects back to Jim. Jim enters this information on his duplicate cards and packs the rejects off to the next man on his list. Gags or one liners as they’re known in the trade work about the same way except that they’re sent directly to the market involved.

The artist, then draws up the cartoons from the ideas Jim and any other writers have fed him that day and he sends them off to the most likely market. If he gets a sale then he divides the money, be it \$10, \$100, or \$500, in a pre-arranged split between himself and Jim...70/30, 60/40 or whatever. But, the gag man always get the lesser amount and he has to trust that the cartoonist will hold up his end of the deal. “There’s a lot of trust in this business,” Jim says.



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Playboy, have their own cartoonists and can afford to pay a living rate to the gag writers who send cartoon ideas into them. Other markets buy from a small elite group of cartoonists and unless a writer is plugged into them the chances of breaking that particular market are nil. Jim sells to them all...Don Orehek, Dom Rinaldo, Bruce Akerman, Len Hermann and Canadian Lo Linkert. He's admired by these heavy weights, too, as these letters from cartoonist Ford Button testify:

Hello Jim:

Took: B75 D46 74V 67Y

Gosh, your batch had some really fine ones in this time. I usually don't take this many gags, but I couldn't resist these. The major reason is that I can draw these up, as is, without editing or changing as I so often have to do with some work.

Sales during the month of July netted me \$350. without effort. I painted my house, entered a clothesline show and sold some illustrations to a local agency. POST has had three batches of my cartoons dating back to June 16th. Many of your gags are among these. They say no news is good news. Let's hope so.

It's back to the board Jim, and continued success to you!

Cordially,
 Ford

Hello Jim:

Took: P84 R15

You are certainly in a good league with Tann, Orehek, Busino and Hoest. Continue feeding these fellows your best! They're big sellers and mighty fine cartoonists. If all the men in the business followed their example we would be in one of the top professions.

I saw a complimentary note about you in the publication called CARTOON BUSINESS. This sheet is put out by the National Cartoon Service. Bob "Slim" Johnson is the big seller at MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT now, and it would do you good to send to him. He's the one who complimented you. Their address is: Cartoon Business, Box 2611, Grand Central Station, New York. Tell 'em I sentcha.

By the way I would endorse his compliment anytime.

Yes, I followed your post office strike, sympathizing with you every minute.

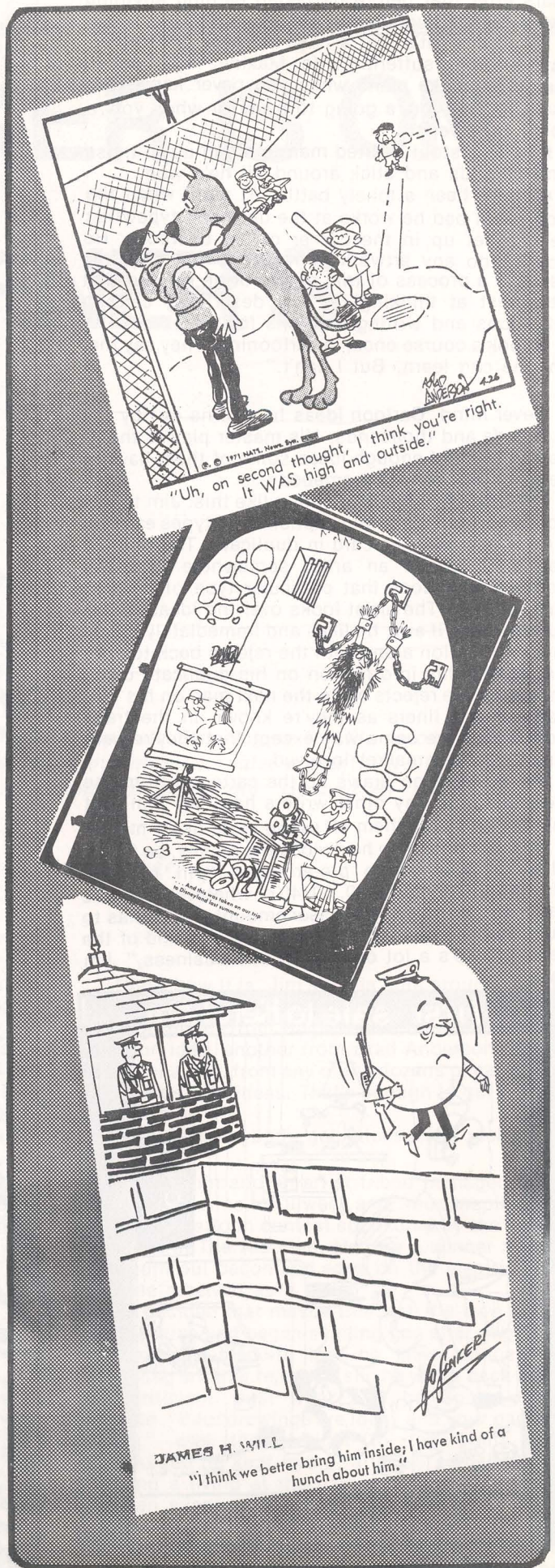
A clothes line show is nothing other than displaying paintings and drawings etc. outside on a snow fence. It's very popular here in the States.

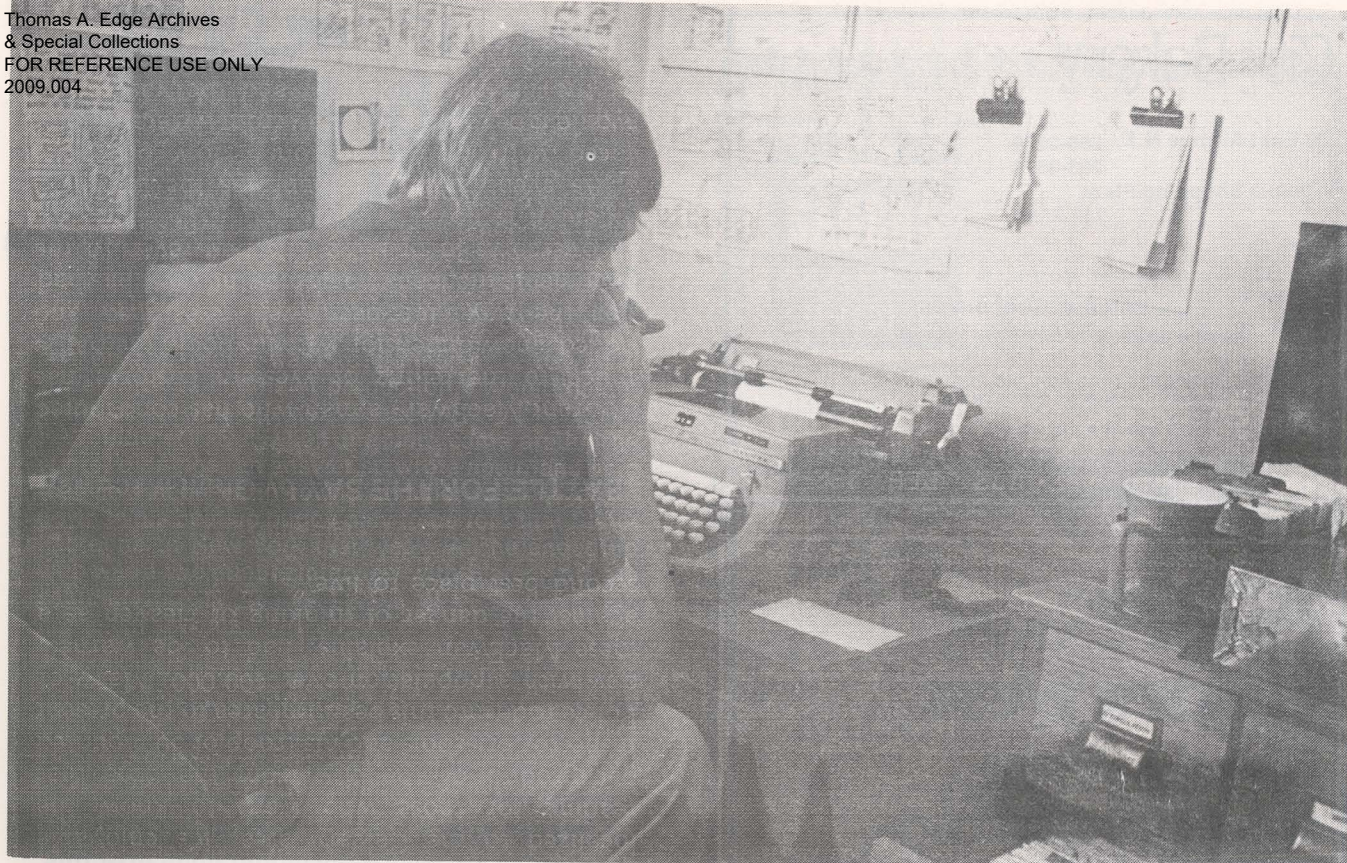
It's back to the board, Jim, and continued success.

Cordially,
 Ford

Scattered throughout Jim's scrapbooks from the past decade are several letters of this sort. Words of encouragement sent back and forth through the mails. Often it's the only form of communication between men who have worked together for years.

The loneliness is what prompted Jim to run an ad in the Herald last year offering to teach the business to the few hopefuls he thought must be around somewhere. He was inundated with calls, but none seemed to have the staying power or professional attitude necessary to make a success of the work.





Jim usually works at night when the kids are in bed and that's why it's sometimes hard to get hold of him early in the day. The gags and cartoon ideas in the files number well over 10,000.

Vander Wal photo

Always, there were petty excuses for not getting ideas or drawings back and Jim eventually gave up the idea of finding a working partner in Calgary.

The ideal situation would be to work with a whole group of gag writers...say the kind who feed the big U.S. comedy shows. Jim almost broke that market...

A couple of years back Rowan and Martin were playing in Edmonton and were impressed with the work Jim showed them from his scrapbooks. Back in California they wrote and asked Jim to send material. George Slater (now producer of the Cher show) phoned and said he liked the work, but, they were in the middle of taping material for the coming season and didn't want to transplant a new gag writer into the middle of production. "Would he get in touch in time for next season???"

Would he!!! But when the time came around he wrote, didn't get an answer so wrote again and said that he'd soon be in town. And he was. He drove down in his beat up buggy only to be told that Slater had gone to New York that week. All he ended up with was a two minute interview with Slater's private secretary.

Broken dreams.

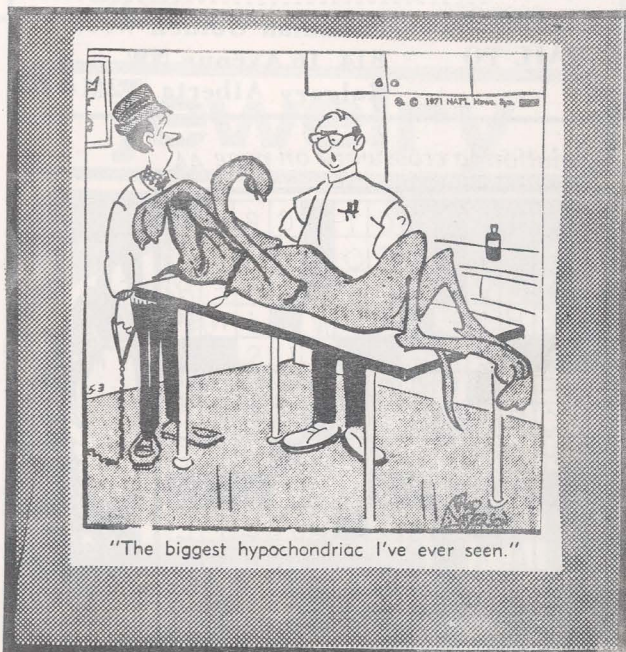
But you can't keep a good man down and there's more than one way to skin a cat. Greeting cards for example.

Just a few weeks ago Jim heard from cartoonist, Lo Linkert in Vancouver, that a Canadian greeting card company in his city was looking for gags for their line of humorous cards. Jim started sending immediately but hasn't yet made a sale, although

they just recently wrote back with an encouraging note, "You're almost there. Keep trying."

That's enough for Jim. I called him up just this minute to see if I could report a first sale. "No, but you can say I'm not just sending to one company anymore. I've sent off stuff to eighteen different ones. And, oh yeah, I've sent away for a book that lists 900 markets..."

You can't keep a good man down. ■



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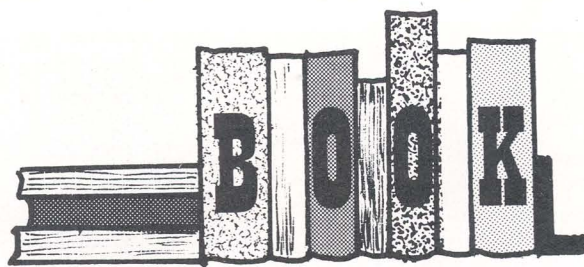
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Solution to crossword on page 44

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CROWKILLER by Raymond Thorpe and Robert Bunker; Signet

Crowkiller is an important book because of its hard realism. It chips the romance off the Hollywood nonsense and their fictional, 'Jeremiah Johnson'.

In real life, mountain men, who provided the background for the bigger than human fantasies were almost to a man, cold-blooded killers. They were usually rejects from larger society in most social or psychological senses. The majority demonstrated less respect for the lives of Indians than they did for the beaver they trapped. And on top of it, characters like John Johnston were sooner or later off on some long term vengeance binge over a real or imagined personal grievance against a few Indians. Even if the original altercation was with a single Indian it seemed necessary for the mountain man of this ilk to work on his myth by building it into a 'justified' hate for a whole tribe (or tribes). In such a manner John Johnston (Johnson) became known as Liver Eatin Johnson, as the trail of evidence from his special revenge was uncovered.

In the spring of 1847 as he returned from his winter trappings he found his newly acquired Flathead wife in front of their cabin killed and scalped. Upon determining that the murderers were Crow he deliberately 'went out'.

His special revenge left an intentional telltale calling card: each dead Crow was found with a gash below the ribs from where the liver had been cut out and all or part of it eaten raw.

John Johnston's apprenticeship had begun years earlier with the chance meeting of an already legendary mountain man, old John Hatcher.

Hatcher had come upon young John setting worthless traps in an area "cleaned out afore '25" and had taken him in tow teaching him to kill and scalp for fun and profit. On the subject of tomahawks he advised,

Don't use it unless ye hafter," he said, and then observing Johnston's astonishment added: "Spiles the scalp." Dressed scalps, he averred, brought big money on the English market! Young Johnston wanted to know why. 'Hangs them up in their parlors, 'spect," Hatcher surmised.

The student took the lesson in stride and when the pair of them killed a small band of Indians he

REVIEWS

watched Hatcher demonstrate a scalping.

After "whirling it around several times to clean it of excess gore, Hatcher deftly slipped the topknot through the ring in his belt, pulling it until the bloody side faced the sky.

"...now let's see you try one."

"...he was an apt pupil and now he cut as clean and sure as his teacher. As he snapped the trophy Hatcher spoke in some doubt, "Never scalped a wil' Injun afore, lad?"

"Never seen one afore."

"Then cuss me for a Kiowa! Ye are better built fer this work than any man I ever seed."

"Slicin' a man don't both me none," said Johnston and Hatcher was to remark later on his partners expressionless eyes.

As time passed for Johnston he 'grew' from simply an apt pupil to an awe-inspiring figure, even to his older teachers. So, by the time of his young wife's murder he was already known and respected by trappers and Indians and trusted over a wide geography of traders.

But after he took on his special hate as most legendary mountain men did sooner or later, he became Dapieks Absaroka, the Killer of Crows. And to most as Liver Eatin' Johnston and to some friends on the trail as just 'Liver Eatin'.

He was so far from the baby-tough romantic portrayed by Robert Redford in the movie Jeremiah Johnson, that they should let you in free. If the total carnage reeked by Johnston and his other friends who cut their swaths through Indian territory, from New Mexico to Alberta, was shown with any realism on the screen most of the patrons would get sick in their seats!

This is heavy stuff and very said, yet the value of the book, *Crowkiller*, is that it documents man's inhumanity to man, an old theme to be sure. But unless one wants to argue for, or be left in, ignorance this is an important book. It is quite amply footnoted as to the facts of Johnston's life in specific and other trapper-killers in general. The introduction, sources cited, and afterword present a rounded text that is fairly valid to people who are historically inclined. Unlike *Mountain Man*, by Vardis Fisher, it is not mystical, nor flowery and in some places not nearly so well written especially in regard to the form of a novel.


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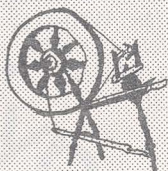
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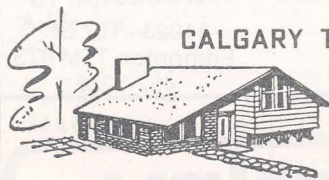
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Some of the informative footnotes do give the feeling of pseudo-history but on further checking and cross-reference with other histories and biographies it holds up for this writer well enough to be referred to as 'The true story of Jeremiah Johnson'!
G. Parry, Esq.

CALGARY by Grant MacEwan Prairie Books

Written in 1958 by MacEwan, this book gives a realistic historical background of the outstanding events and renowned personalities that have lived and helped build the city of Calgary. The author has added a new chapter and new illustrations to the book which brings it up to date to the celebrated Centennial year. Although this book is limited in its scope and is localized to the Calgary area, it's enjoyable reading for those who want to know the background of the city from the time that Inspector Brisebois and his troop of 50 mounted Police rode into this beautiful area, to the present city with a population over 400,000. Many of these MacEwan explains, had to 'be warned against the danger of thinking of Heaven as a second best place to live.'

BATTLE FOR THE BAY by Grant MacEwan

Grant MacEwan, a man who has contributed much to the telling of Western History, has added a new dimension with his book, the Battle For the Bay. It's been well researched and documents the many hardships the West has had to overcome in opening The Bay, even to the extent it is now.

As event after event unfolds the reader is faced with many questions. How beneficial would it be to open the Bay from the standpoint of the Prairie Provinces and the vast north country? Would it do anything in the way of lowering freight rates to the East? Why is the country so slow to accept a seaport to the Northeast? Is it because we're caught in an East West political entanglement? Answers and propositions are available.

The idea of a great northern port is an exciting concept and the book is entertaining and educational, told in a lively narrative style. Especially the chapter which is written in the form of a diary of the author's trip as "The First Person to be admitted to Canada by Customs and Immigration via Churchill."

Fascinating reading for Easterners who want to open up their minds about the west and westerners who want to open up their part of the country.
E. Chernoff

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Because of Robin Skelton's stylistic approach and studied allusions, there may be limited appreciation for Timelight. When you get beyond the dependence upon the works of others, you find that Professor Skelton has much to say.

In his preface he states that he has "attempted to create a whole that is more than the sum of its parts." In this he has succeeded for the title "Timelight" is an intricate finale as he cleverly pulls in all the strings to create:

"That inward music
which affirms the harmony and the whole."

Although the reader suffers through tortuous dreams, sad memories and some rather cruel and grotesque imagery in "Eleven from a Bestiary", breathing comes easily by the end of the book as Skelton speaks of:

"finding in age
a new Spring
of clearer water
Another knowledge
turning my face
into the light."

In the book there are a number of gems of the quality which are "timeless and of time". One example is in "Tidying the Study."

"...we respond
equally to necessity and dream
unsure which is the dream and which the
need."

A second is from "Robert Graves In Deya, Mallorca":

"What matters is not scholarship or fame
but being both of shadow
and of light
of root and air
of furnace and of sea
of Time and of eliminated Time."

Robin Skelton's talent really lies in writing about poetry and poets. In the above and "Burning Sticks, Mallorca" he writes with deep understanding, and in these he achieves status as a poet to be listened to.

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Carmen Moore

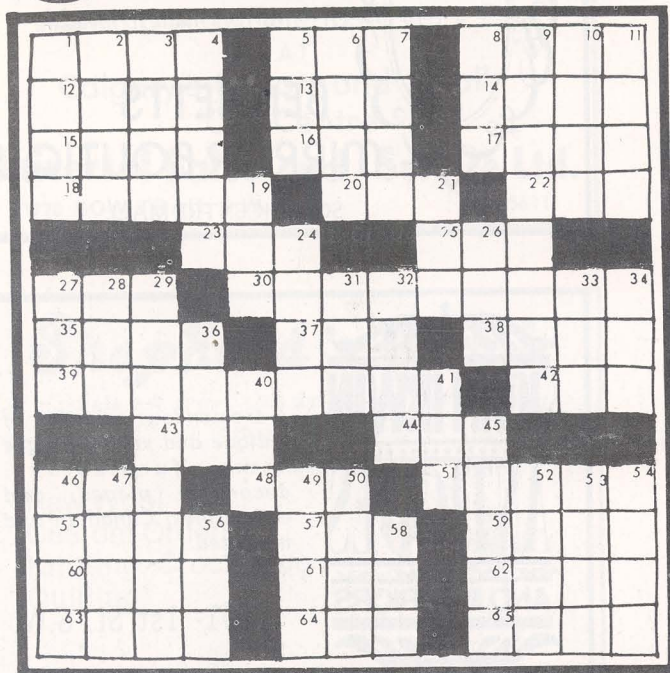


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Canadian Crosswords

and other fun things



ACROSS

1. Explored the Athabaska River to Great Slave Lake
5. Deed
8. Harvest
12. Region
13. Pigeon talk
14. Hold in possession
15. A Bulgarian or Pole, etc.
16. Age
17. Notion
18. Finishing stroke on a letter.
20. Relation
22. Writing fluid
23. Hang loose
25. Man's name
27. Not on
30. Arctic explorer
35. Shape
37. Open (poet.)
38. Pl. of 16 across
39. Father of New France
42. Ship clock
43. Born
44. Sleep
46. Chinese water buffalo
48. ... Mahal
51. Here Cartier erected a cross & claimed the land for his king.
55. Hide
57. Steal
59. Ostrich
60. Flower
61. Tea
62. Loud noise
63. Connection
64. Plank's curve on a ship
65. Those (arch & alter. sp.)
3. Close
4. John., searched for the North West Passage.
5. Champion
6. Determined that the Asian & American continents were separate
7. First name in home permanents
8. Greek letter
9. A Couriers de bois
10. Stove
11. Crest
19. Distant
21. A distance in Annam
24. Prison (alt. sp.)
26. Put into operation
27. Overseas Food Corp. (abbr.)
28. Exclamation reputed to be made by some giants when they smell blood.
29. Explorer who disappeared in the Arctic
31. Mineral spring
32. Mine (Ger.)
33. Chemical suffix
34. Notation on rubber cheque
36. A French miss. (abbr.)
40. Stroke
41. Old horse
45. West Coast explorer
46. A kind of tree
47. Air (comb. form.)
49. Curves
50. Cabot
52. Scram
53. Song of praise
54. Scottish earth
56. Tongue clacking
58. Bark of hounds in pursuit

DOWN

1. Be accepted as adequate
2. Heraldic bearing

CANADIAN EXPLORERS P.D.



HOME SWEET HOME

My mother and father
Were in a fight.
I thought of running,
But would it be right?

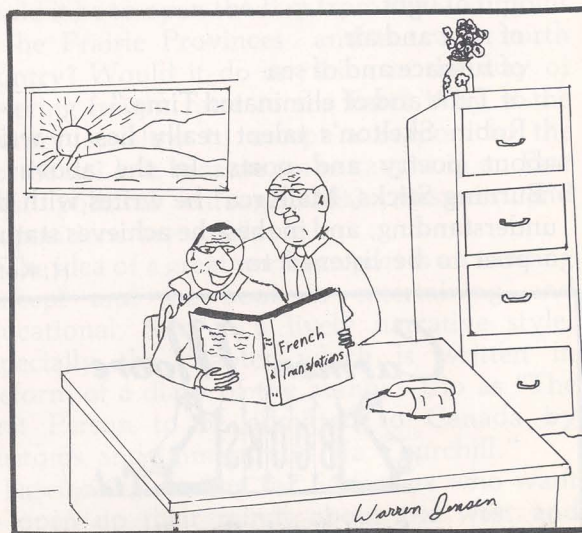
As I thought of this
Some glass started breaking
With such a noise
That the house started shaking.

I thought of the creatures
I'd have to take
If I did run away
Just after daybreak.

But, if I didn't
I'd be able to play
Maybe mess around
With my race set all day.

The shouting stopped
So I made my decision.
I think I'll stay home
And watch television.

by Ray Dewit [7 years]



"A bilingual yes man!
I like that in an employee."



Why is she so interested in your telephone number?



Ever wondered why we promptly ask for your phone number when you call AGT? Your telephone number tells us where to transfer your call to connect you with your own AGT Service Representative. Each of our "SRs" has a list of customer accounts to look after.

Service Representatives perform many duties. They arrange for customers to get service on a convenient day, and for new phone numbers to appear correctly in the phone book. They offer helpful advice about special equipment and services, and help you select extension phones like the classic Decorator models.

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During the last quarter century, Alberta's rapid population growth has led to a phenomenal increase in AGT's workload. In the last twenty-five years, the number of phones has multiplied from 78,740 to an estimated 770,000 in 1975. For the SR, this represents an **850 per cent** increase in calls from customers and in customer records to be maintained.

Since 1950, we've increased our total staff from less than 1,500 to well over 8,000. By constantly searching out and training more qualified people, we strive to keep complaints down to a minimum. But if you do have one, your SR will take steps to see that it's properly dealt with. She's interested in **you**, not just your phone number.

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