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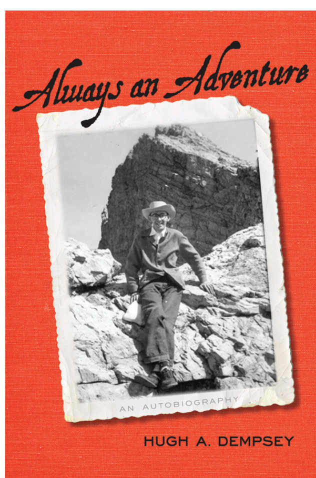

ALWAYS AN ADVENTURE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Hugh A. Dempsey

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9

Changes

When Allan Hammond was appointed Executive Vice-President of Glenbow in 1970, my first goal was to get as far away from administrative work as possible. Besides, I saw this as a good opportunity to get back to working with people and being involved in historical matters. There were no objections, so I carved an office for myself out of the second floor of the Central Park Library, a building that housed our Library and Archives, and settled into place a half-mile away from the executive offices.

Sometime later, I was told that I was "in Coventry," i.e., that I was being given the silent treatment by the Harvie people. I know it is true that I was excluded from many meetings where I might have been expected to be on hand and that as part of the management team I played little or no role in the decision-making process, but I don't really know if I was being deliberately excluded or not. I was told that the best way to destroy an administrator is to cut him out of the loop and leave him hanging. That may be true, but if that's what happened to me, it had the opposite effect. Instead of attending countless meetings, I was seeing researchers, preparing educational lectures for our museum, training docents, writing exhibition catalogues, editing our newsletter, and doing all the things I enjoyed doing. At the same time, the four departments under my care were being efficiently run by Sheilagh Jameson, Len Gottselig, Joe Schmitz, and Trudy Soby. It was an ideal situation, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

I was particularly glad I was out of the loop when there was some trouble with Eric Harvie. This occurred about four months after Hammond had taken over. Our Art Department had just installed a Gerald Tailfeathers exhibition

when Harvie came to see it. Lorne Render told me that Harvie "tore labels off the wall, tore a poster down, and chewed out Lorne and Al Hammond in front of the staff for nailing and sticking things on the wall."[106] I knew that Harvie did not like to mar the walls of offices and fine old buildings, but these were plasterboard panels that would repaired and repainted after every use, and were designed to be nailed, tacked, and stapled.

To me, it was another sign that Harvie's condition was becoming worse as time went on. When I first knew him in 1956 he was a strong, dynamic man with an incisive mind who always seemed to be two steps ahead of anyone else. I admired him for his strength of leadership and his ability to quickly get to the nub of any situation. I was very sad, for here was a man who had done so much for western Canada.

Eric Harvie died on January 11, 1975, but no one knew about it until the family announced it after the funeral. Some weeks later, I was surprised to learn that I was being given a small bequest from the Harvie will. In spite of problems, I guess I never stopped being a part of Harvie's Glenbow family. When I wrote to thank Mrs. Harvie for her accompanying note, I commented, "Over the years, his interest in western Canadian history made it possible for me to do the things I had dreamed of, and at the same time help Mr. Harvie build the kind of Glenbow he wanted."[107]

I may have disagreed with him on some matters but I never lost my respect for him or for what he had accomplished. As long as he paid my salary, I was completely faithful to him, but once I came under the authority of the Institute I owed my allegiance to that institution, which sometimes placed me at odds with the Harvie organization.

The 1969–70 problems involving Doug McDermid and Dick Gordon had succeeded in causing the Harvie people to back off from the day-to-day workings of Glenbow, so Hammond had a fairly easy time of it at first. He was able to bring some tranquility to the organization and to improve staff morale. I called meetings in my own division and became involved in discussions ranging all the way from audio-visual programs to displays and public relations. Meetings of our Management Committee – Hammond, Render, Light, and me – were held on a regular basis but we never heard much about any problems with the Board so we assumed it was going all right.

My first disagreement with Hammond occurred in the summer of 1971. Glenbow had been approached by the Calgary Convention Centre to see if we would provide exhibitions for a single-level area which was planned for the east end of their facility. At that time, the entire block between 8th and 9th

Avenues, east of Centre Street, was being cleared under an urban renewal program. The Four Seasons Hotel would occupy the west third, the Convention Centre the middle third, and the east third would be for convention displays. During the time it was not required for this purpose, the Centre wanted us to install exhibits.

When Hammond heard about it, he jumped on the idea of making it into a permanent Glenbow exhibition area. From there the idea grew like topsy until he and others envisioned all of Glenbow under one roof at that location. Encouraging noises were being made by civic and provincial government authorities, both of which agreed that Glenbow needed a modern home.

In August 1971, Bert Baker, President of the Institute, asked the three Division heads to respond to this idea, and to pass their responses along to Allan Hammond. I wrote a four-page memorandum in which I was entirely opposed to the relocation. I said that while it would be nice to have Glenbow together in a modern and controlled environment, the Convention Centre was not the place to go. Some of my reasons were a severe lack of parking space, being stuck in the core area of East Calgary, being stuck beside a convention centre rather than in an educational setting, and jumping into something without any advanced planning or study.

I said there were questions that had not been answered: "What are the advantages and disadvantages of locating in the centre core of Calgary? Should we be on or near the university campus? Should we, like the Provincial Museum, be in the suburbs? Should we be in a separate building?"[108] I answered these by saying that "the ideal situation for Glenbow would be to have our own building, with adequate parking, easy public access, and provision for future expansion." And to counter the argument that we had to take advantage of this opportunity, I responded that Glenbow was sufficiently important to Calgary and to Alberta that we would likely find the financing authorities just as ready to assist us in another location as they were in the downtown core.

I conceded that one of our responsibilities should be to respond to the needs of the travel industry, but "our main emphasis should be to educate, inspire and encourage the Alberta public to become aware of its history. We do this through art exhibitions, school programs, providing research facilities, and generally making use of our extensive collections." But the real clincher in my memo came when I made a comment that echoed through the corridors of Glenbow and created considerable anger. I said, "Glenbow should be looked upon as a centre for culture, education and history. To tie us in with a convention centre, complete with beer parlors, hotel, commercial display

space, conventioneers, chamber of commerce, etc., is like boarding a nun in a house of ill repute."

When humour is used as a tool for criticism it can be pretty deadly. My "house of ill repute" comment created a lot of attention, laughter, and anger but it didn't change the final decision. Even after all these years, I still believe I was right. At the conclusion of my report I referred to "an alternate site on the Trans-Canada Highway, just west of Foothills Hospital on the north side of the road. This is Provincial Government land which is held, I understand, for long range university expansion. It has the advantages of being immediately accessible from all parts of the city; it is in close proximity to the university campus but not on it; it has ample parking area; there is a sloping hill which can provide for an impressive architectural design; and there is a magnificent view of the Bow River valley. I have no idea if the land is available, but it is the type of site which should be considered."[109] Some years later, I spoke to provincial and university authorities, and both were quite willing to consider Glenbow for that site. I tried to see if there was some way our downtown building could be turned back to the Alberta government and transformed into an office building, but no one at Glenbow was interested so I dropped the matter. In later years, the new Children's Hospital was built near the site.

Once the proposal for a new Glenbow Centre was approved I was up to my ears in work. Not only did I have to work closely with the Library and Archives in designing the sixth floor, but I ended up being responsible for many of the western Canadian exhibits and most of the Indian ones. This meant developing story lines, selecting the artifacts and images, writing captions, and working with the designer on the layout. By the time the museum was getting ready to open in September 1976, I was going flat-out to get all this work finished.

My second disagreement with our Executive Vice-President came in 1972 when he met Jack McClelland, owner of McClelland & Stewart, Toronto publishers. McClelland was a high flier with a stable of writers that included people like Margaret Laurence, Farley Mowat, Pierre Berton, and others who were the cream of Canada's literary society. Somehow, McClelland got the idea that Glenbow was loaded with manuscripts and that with a little effort they were ready to be published so he suggested that his firm form a partnership with Glenbow. Later, Pierre Berton added his weight to the argument and I could see that Hammond was very flattered by all the attention.

Later in the year, the Toronto firm made a proposal to establish McClelland & Stewart West, with headquarters in Calgary. Under the deal, it would

publish, promote, and distribute all our books as well as take charge of our publicity and public relations work. I was entirely opposed, mainly because of my belief that "McClelland and Stewart has based its proposal on a series of wild estimates and that the company would not be the profitable venture that they predict."[110] I said that publishing two or three coffee table books a year, prepared by Glenbow, was either unrealistic or would completely consume the time of several members of staff. I thought that their plan to turn our modest eight-page *Glenbow* into a glossy popular quarterly magazine was unrealistic based upon the small size of our market. I added that their idea of increasing our current membership from 2,000 people at $2.00 a year to 7,000 at $10 a year was nothing more than a wild guess. I pointed out that even with its fine magazine, the Royal Ontario Museum had only 4,000 members. I also pointed out that M&S had just received a major loan from the Ontario government to bail them out of their financial predicament and that this was not a favourable indication of their business ability. Finally, I said that mixing public relations with publishing made no sense and that if we wanted this work done by an outside firm, it should be a professional public relations firm.

From the reaction I got, I might as well have included the nun in the house of ill repute statement, as Hammond was angry. He downplayed my objections and in August 1973 the contract was made between Glenbow and McClelland & Stewart West. It gave the company the right of first refusal of any book, pamphlet, or catalogue that Glenbow wanted to publish, and dictated the size, format, and price. Although the contract contained a lot of clauses, the bottom line was that Glenbow would make cash advances for publishing, public relations, and membership promotion, and when the bills came in, we would pay 15 per cent over MSW's supposed actual costs. In addition, we were to get an 11 per cent royalty on any books that were sold.

My philosophy was that if my opinion was sought while a matter was still in the discussion stage, I gave it openly and honestly. However, if the decision was made against my advice, then I was honour-bound to make the project work and my objections evaporated as soon as the matter became policy. I was prepared to do this with MSW but Hammond obviously saw it otherwise. As I commented, "He was evidently piqued & I have been effectively frozen out of all subsequent discussions. The agreement has since been made and all matters are handled directly by Mr. Hammond. I only hear about our future publishing plans indirectly. Strangely enough, I don't really mind, as I have my Historical Society programs to keep my fingers in editing & I always seem to have a lot of writing to do. But I am a bit sad that he doesn't see fit to use my

abilities as a writer & editor; instead we are paying sizeable sums to M&S for relatively straightforward work."[111]

As I expected, the program was a disaster. I was obliged to curtail the publication of our little *Glenbow* magazine, but the big shiny quarterly never saw the light of day. Lorne Render was pressed into service to write an art coffee table book, *The Mountains and the Sky*, and it was such a horrendous experience that he would never repeat it. At one stage, Lorne was reading page proofs of the early part of his book while still writing the latter part. The only time he saw a completed manuscript was when he received a copy of the book. It was a great credit to him that it was as good as it was. But that was the only coffee table book we produced. I could go on, but I'll simply say that in 1976 the whole agreement was terminated, by which time Glenbow had lost more than $150,000. As I remarked at the time, if my memo of 1973 was rephrased in the past tense, it could have been used as an explanation of what had gone wrong. It wasn't that I was smart, it was just that everything was so predictable.

Hammond's freedom from the Harvie group appeared to suffer a setback in December 1973 when the announcement was made that Bert Baker had retired as the volunteer President of Glenbow and was being replaced by Geoff Hamilton, recently retired Chief Commissioner for the City of Calgary. We quickly learned that he was no volunteer but would be a full-time administrator, with his salary being paid for by the Devonian Foundation, one of Eric Harvie's organizations. Geoff had not only become the senior administrator at Glenbow, relegating Hammond to second place, but he also had a place on the Board. It was a very unhealthy situation, and had the person been anyone but Hamilton, we might have been in a lot of trouble. We didn't know it at the time, but the Harvie people were dissatisfied with the lack of progress being made in planning for the new museum. They blamed Hammond and Lorne Render and had Hamilton appointed, as I said in my diary, to "break up the ... log jam and get things moving."[112]

But Hamilton was a builder, not a wrecker. It soon became obvious that he was not in the Harvie camp, or in anyone's camp for that matter, and was very sensitive to the pressures that were building up because of the upcoming deadlines for the new museum. He avoided interfering in the day-to-day activities and left these to Hammond, but concentrated on staff-Board relations and discussions with the civic and provincial authorities. Instead of taking anyone to task for the dissension within our ranks, he wisely arranged for all of us to go to a management seminar in Banff with a professional communications

consultant. The results were extremely positive and the senior people came back working as a team.

I won't go into detail about the cliques, pressures, and problems that accompanied the construction and installation of the museum, for these happen in any big project. There were blowups, disagreements, and a lot of bitterness, but they were all part of the process of getting the museum open. All I can say is that the Board and Harvie people blamed Hammond for much of the problem when in fact the onus should have fallen on a number of people, including some of those on the Board. At the same time, Hammond was never really a museum person. Rather, he was an administrator and Glenbow needed more than that. Meanwhile, the pressures got to Hamilton and he ended up resigning early in 1976. The museum opened in time on September 22 and Hammond carried on alone.

It was quite an opening, with all the VIPs from Alberta and quite a number from Ottawa on hand for the occasion. One of the interesting little sidelights was that Roy Little Chief, leading a small group from the American Indian Movement, was on hand in the front row and likely to protest something or other. But when he and his friends saw all the big shots and all the security I guess they decided to keep quiet. Anyway, nothing happened. Some days later, Roy met me in the lobby to complain that his photograph was secreted at the admissions desk, presumably to let the authorities know if he turned up. People were really paranoid about AIM at that time. I hadn't heard about the picture so we went to check, and sure enough, there it was. I told our people to remove it immediately, as Roy had done nothing wrong and was not being sought by the police or anybody else.

Roy was a good leader but a real rebel. As a result he was capable of muddling up any good deeds he tried to perform. He was once elected head chief of the Blackfoot tribe, but again he could not settle down to a quiet humdrum life and lasted only one term. Personally, I got along fine with him.

When the Glenbow Museum opened, we were already in the middle of one of our many financial crises, with a shortfall of about $200,000 a year. Late in the year, the Alberta government said it would put $5 million into our endowment fund if Don Harvie would match that amount from the Riveredge Foundation. For some reason, Don refused. Later, the government did give us $600,000 to see us through the opening of the museum and to the end of the year. But that still left us with a $1 million shortfall for 1977 if we kept on the way we were going. In order to break even, we figured we would have to lay off forty-five people, or a third of our staff. Having spent enough time on this

merry-go-round, Lorne Render decided to jump off and head for the Royal Ontario Museum. Other senior people were either leaving or being demoted. Finally, help did come from the government, but only after the makeup of the Board of Governors was changed so that Riveredge's representation was reduced from six to four. The two new members would come from Alberta Culture and from Treasury. I didn't mind that part as I hoped it might put a control on some of the unpredictable ideas that were coming forth from Riveredge.

In the autumn of 1977 Duncan F. Cameron was appointed Executive Director and a month later Hammond was gone.

Getting away from Glenbow's situation, there always seemed to be plenty for me to do during the seventies, both in my personal life and professionally. For example, I had been interested in preserving historic sites since 1952, when I produced the booklet *Historic Sites of Alberta*. In 1959, when the Alberta government established the Alberta Historical Advisory Board, I was among those appointed. We held regular meetings that considered such matters as geographical names and preservation of sites. However, there was no real legislation in place for site protection other than the Provincial Parks Act so our powers were very limited. Mostly we talked about plaques, signs, and surveys of trading posts. Then in the late 1960s, pressures were applied by environmentalists to examine many aspects of natural and human history in the province. As a result, in 1971 the government created the Public Advisory Committee on Historical and Archaeological Resources. Dick Forbis was named chairman, to examine the archaeological aspects of the study, while I was appointed vice-chairman to represent the historical community. Others included Jim MacGregor, Bill Farmilo, Alex Johnston, Lou Bayrock, Chief John Snow, Les Usher, and Allan Bryan.

This was a committee that could make recommendations with the whole weight of the government behind it. We started holding regular meetings, but it was clear from the outset that Dick and I were the main players. Accordingly, right after the Board was established I took on the daunting task of finding out what protective legislation existed in other parts of North America. In Alberta we had nothing. I got lists and addresses from the American Association for State & Local History, and wrote to governments all across the United States and Canada. When I had the pile of regulations assembled, I cut and pasted them so that all related topics were on the same page. For example, on the page

identified as "Definitions" I had all excerpts defining historic sites, historical property, etc. A fairly clear pattern soon emerged, as it was obvious that many authorities had merely borrowed from each other. A few were virtually identical.

With this information in hand, I wrote draft legislation entitled the "Archaeological and Historic Sites Protection Act." It was back and forth to the Board as it was revised, refined, and fine tuned. When we had something workable, it was submitted to the Chairman of the Public Advisory Committee and he arranged for public hearings. We got some good publicity at the time, all of it favourable. For example, the *Albertan* said, "Let's hope an appreciable number of citizens will respond to the opportunity presented by the forthcoming hearings by showing positive interest. The past is everyone's and everyone is impoverished by its destruction."[113]

By 1973 the work had reached the stage where input was needed from various interest groups. The best way to accomplish this was to introduce the legislation as a bill and let it have first and second readings in the Alberta legislature. Then it would be allowed to die on the order paper, and the draft bill would be used as a basis for discussion before being reintroduced at the next session. In this way, people would have something specific to discuss.

Only it didn't work that way. Our draft was sent to the government lawyers who revised the terminology, and then it was introduced to the legislature. It got first and second readings, but just when the legislature was about to adjourn, a mix-up occurred and the bill was given third and final reading. The Minister of Culture, Horst Schmidt, was away at the time and nobody caught it. As a result, the Act became law, even though there was no budget, no staff, and no machinery to implement it. The people in Culture scurried around for a while, but finally decided that the legislation had to come back to us for amendment, based upon the concerns of various interest groups. Later that year, Dick resigned so I was appointed chairman and continued in that position until 1976 when our work in getting the historic regulations into law was pretty well finished.

Perhaps one of the most exciting projects for me during this time involved the location and preservation of Fort Calgary. This fort had been built by the North-West Mounted Police in 1875 to bring law and order to the region. It was replaced by new buildings in 1882 and in 1914 it was closed, with its large 32-acre grounds being turned over to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. By the 1960s, the site was a maze of railway tracks, warehouses, storage yards, and scrap heaps. I had visited the place a number of times.

In 1968 Alderman John Ayer wanted to locate the exact site of the 1875 fort because of a possibility that a freeway might cut right through the area. Once he was satisfied that City officials had given him the proper information, he came to see me for some historical background. During our discussion, Ayer showed me a map on which the location of the fort was marked with an X. I told him it was in the wrong place: it was too far north. He insisted that the City people knew what they were talking about, so I took him out to the site to let him see for himself. Between Allied Farm Equipment and Calgary Metals Limited was a ridge of original soil that had survived because of a fence line on top of it. I showed Ayer the signs of ash, square nails, and other objects that could be seen in the face of the embankment. I explained that I had found enough evidence to indicate that these were the remains of part of the 1882 fort and that photographs showed that the earlier 1875 post had been slightly to the south of it.

Alderman Ayer was convinced and asked if I had located any parts of the original fort. I said no; they had probably been destroyed by all the tracks and soil disturbance. However, once the question was raised, and as there was a danger that the site might be utterly demolished by urban development, I decided to give it a try. There was a bit of extra money in my budget, so with Dick Forbis' guidance, I hired a young archaeology student named Ron Getty to test the site. He and his crew worked for a week in the summer, and while they didn't locate the fort, we were all encouraged by their efforts. Our thinking was that if bits of the 1882 fort could survive the onslaught of urbanization, maybe the original one could too.

I brought Ron back for another try during the summer of 1969. At first, the results were very discouraging, for when they dug a trench across the railway line they found that none of the original topsoil had survived. With only a week left in their summer program, they shifted their attention to a storage yard at the back of MacCosham's warehouse. Here, much to everyone's surprise, the soil was undisturbed and a few inches below the surface they found the palisades of the original fort. I don't know who was more excited, Ron Getty, John Ayer, or me.

The following year, 1970, was the big one. Getty and his crew unearthed the foundations of three buildings and part of the palisade, as well as collecting more than eight thousand artifacts. These included Mounted Police buttons, gold braid, cartridges, clay pipes, bottles, coins, brass parts of uniforms, and a host of other objects. Getty did such a remarkable job that as soon as he left university, we hired him at Glenbow.

When he knew we had found the site, John Ayer launched a campaign to preserve the entire Mounted Police reserve and to turn it into a park. Over the next few years, he was the driving force behind this effort, and with tireless energy he made the whole project a resounding success. He swung the mayor and council to his side, hammered Canadian National to give up the land in exchange for other industrial property, got the Canadian Railway Transportation Commission to let the tracks be torn up and to pay for the cost, and got the Canadian Army to blow up the old railway bridge. He also got the City to declare the site its number one project for Calgary's centennial in 1975, and for the Alberta government to pay a major part of the cost of restoring the site and building an interpretive centre.

In order to accomplish all this, Ayer established the Fort Calgary Steering Committee in 1970, of which I was one of the founding members, along with Sandra LeBlanc and some other enthusiastic supporters. We had informal meetings, often in my office, and from this grew the Fort Calgary Preservation Society. During our discussions, the question of Calgary's centennial arose; it was now four years away and nothing was being done. We called a meeting in my office in January 1971 to consider the matter. Those in attendance were John Ayer, Doug Johnson and Jack Hermann of the Calgary Tourist & Convention Association, Dave Coutts from the Historical Society, Ron Potyak from the Federation of Community Leagues, and me. As a result, we set up the Fort Calgary Centennial Committee which a short time later was changed to Century Calgary. When it got funding and set up committees, we arranged for our Fort Calgary Steering Committee to be placed under its wing. Tom Walsh and Rabbi Ginsberg ran the centennial while we got the site cleared and landscaped and the interpretive centre built.

It was a monumental task. Anyone who had viewed the area in 1969 would have said such a feat would have been impossible. Not only were millions of dollars tied up in the property, but it was on the very outskirts of the downtown area and, in the view of some people, too valuable to be wasted on a park. At times, Ayer was sufficiently discouraged that he even gave encouragement for a junior college or a botanical garden to go on the site (as the only means of saving it), but in the end we got everything we could have possibly wanted. When the fort was well in hand, we next turned our attention to the home of R. Burton Deane, the last commander of the Mounted Police detachment. The three-storey building had been moved off the site to the east side of the Elbow, but we were able to get the City to acquire the property and undertake restoration. In 1976–77, I served a brief term as chairman of the Fort Calgary

Preservation Committee, as well as being on the board of Century Calgary, and when the park officially opened in 1978 I was happily front and centre to see the red-coated horsemen cross the Bow River as part of the opening celebrations.

A third historic sites project that involved me during this time was the preservation of the Cochrane Ranch. In 1969, I had a visit from Harry Tatro, regional officer for Parks Canada, who told me that the federal government had plans to preserve the ranch but these were being dashed by the Alberta Minister of Highways, Gordon Taylor. It's a bit complicated, so let me explain. The federal government program for setting aside National Historic Sites required that provincial governments acquire the core property and donate it to the feds. Years earlier, the federal government had set up a huge park in northern Alberta called the Wood Buffalo National Park. Nobody paid much attention to it until the north began to be developed. When Alberta asked that the land be turned over to them, the feds refused. Now, whenever a potential site was being considered for a National Historic Park, the Alberta government refused to discuss the matter until the Wood Buffalo Park problem was resolved. As a result, there was only one tiny National Historic Park in Alberta; it was located at Rocky Mountain House on land donated by the owners before all the regulations came into being.

In the 1960s, the federal government became interested in the Cochrane Ranch. It was privately owned land just west of the town of Cochrane and had one of the original 1882 ranch houses still standing. Harry Tatro was particularly interested and it was his pet project to see the site preserved as a National Historic Park. At that time even the provincial authorities seemed willing to go along with the idea of donating a core site of 10 acres and letting the federal government buy the remaining 140 acres.

Then, early in 1969, Gordon Taylor threw a monkey wrench into the whole deal when he announced that a new north-south highway to Cremona would be built right through the property and within a few hundred yards of the old building. That's when Harry came to see me to find out if there was anything we could do.

I took the matter to the Historical Society of Alberta and we set up the Cochrane Ranch Preservation Committee, of which I was chairman. Then, as I said in my report, "The Society had some brief unsatisfactory correspondence with the Premier, and then turned to our members for help. As a result, many letters were sent from all over Alberta and beyond, asking the Premier to reconsider. The Society also wrote to all MLA's, outlining our view, while

considerable support was gained from the press, radio and television."[114] One of the comments I made to MLAs was that "The tragedy of this situation is that the Federal Government was ready to preserve and develop the historic site, but now they are backing off in the face of Provincial objections. Is history to be destroyed for the sake of convenience?"[115] A short time later, when I was interviewed by the press, I said, "Besides being something worth preserving, it could also be a tremendous tourist attraction. We're not only talking aesthetics; we're talking the cold hard facts of business."[116]

Instead of being influenced by this campaign, Taylor became angry and wrote me a brusque letter in July, accusing our Society of being influenced by political and commercial interests. He also intimated to the press that if the federal government was willing to pay $200,000 to move the planned highway one mile west, he might consider it. This, of course, was impossible. I replied to Taylor on August 6th, "We feel that your Government has a responsibility to future generations. If we are to remain proud of this province, and of Canada, we must preserve those facets of history upon which pride can be based."[117]

Finally, in response to the many letters, the Minister of Highways set up a committee of two to judge the importance of the site. These were William Truch, an engineer, and Juan Corkin, an architect. Meanwhile, I was continuing to gather photographs and other data that indicated the importance of the ranch and the existing ranch house. But the Alberta government was conducting research of its own and in 1970 the committee produced a map that showed the original Cochrane ranch house was at least 150 yards from the one still standing. As a result, they came to the conclusion that this was not the original house and therefore the site was not worth preserving.

I was taken aback by this development, not only because the site was being rejected, but because the government map clearly indicated the house in a different location than the one it currently occupied. Not convinced, I continued my research and spoke to a scholar who had done some writing about the ranch. He produced two surveyors' plans, one for 1884 and another for 1888. When I looked at them, my heart jumped for joy: they showed *two* original Cochrane Ranch buildings, not just one. Further research indicated that both buildings had been erected in 1882 and that one had burned down about 1900.

I immediately contacted Corkin and when the information checked out he promised to add it to their report. About this time, Clarence Copithorne, MLA for Cochrane, had been named Minister of Highways, and I had high hopes that he would support us. I was wrong. Even though he was from an old ranching family he was even more strongly opposed than Taylor. He appeared

to favour "progress" for his constituency, and this did not include preserving old ranch sites. Without his backing we could get nowhere, so the highway went ahead and sliced through the middle of the Cochrane Ranch site, the federal government withdrew from the scene, and the effort to preserve the integrity of the site was a failure. Only in later years, when the Alberta government saw the tourist advantage of the ranch, was something done. They set aside the old house and the tiny bit of land not destroyed by the highway, and declared it to be a Provincial Historic Park. They ended up settling for less than half a loaf when Albertans could have had the whole bakery.

There were other campaigns over the years, but none like Fort Calgary and the Cochrane Ranch. There was the successful attempt to save the Burns Block from the wrecker's ball and sometimes less successful attempts to prevent Calgary from turning into a faceless city of glass and concrete.

In the early 1970s I finally broke into the book publishing field. After my manuscript on Crowfoot had been laying on the shelf for more than a decade, Jack Ewers in Washington suggested in 1971 that I try the University of Oklahoma Press. He had been appointed to their editorial board and was of the opinion it would receive a favourable hearing. I read the manuscript again for the first time in years and saw that it needed some work: it went into far too much detail and one tended to lose sight of the main character. So I did a major rewrite, submitted it, and held my breath. Some weeks later I got some qualified good news. The nice part was that they liked the manuscript and wanted to publish it. The qualifier was that they needed a $2,000 grant to help defray the costs. This had to come from a recognized grant-giving agency. I tried a few local places with no luck, and then someone suggested the Social Sciences & Humanities Research Council in Ottawa. I was somewhat concerned about my lack of academic credentials and was reluctant to try, but at last I bit the bullet and sent in my application. Much to my pleasure and surprise, the Council liked the manuscript and agreed to provide the grant.

In later years, I used this as an example of the problems in trying to create an interest in western Canadian history. Here was me, a Canadian historian, writing about a Canadian hero, and receiving a grant from a Canadian agency, getting my book published in the United States!

Interestingly, when Mel Hurtig heard about it, he took some action of his own. Mel had started the Edmonton firm of Hurtig Publishers and, in fairness to him, it wasn't in existence when I had tried to get my book published

in Canada so he had never seen it. Nevertheless, when he learned that it was going to be published in the United States, he made a deal to get a Canadian edition under his own imprint. As a result, the book appeared in both countries and Mel did an excellent job of promoting it in Canada. We became good friends and he went on to publish some of my other books. He also got me involved with the Council of Canadians, a very nationalistic group that was trying to offset the intrusive influences of the United States. I supported it for some time, but then it got too strident and anti-American for my liking.

When my book, *Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet*, came out in 1972, I was as pleased as punch. Looking back at all the other books I published after that date, I still think this was my best. It makes me wonder what would have happened if it had been published in 1958 and I had had another decade of books under my belt. Perhaps I would have tackled some of those that I felt were worthwhile, but by the time I got around to them, I couldn't find enough information to provide a Native viewpoint. These were particularly true of biographies of Piapot and Poundmaker. On the other hand, I was fortunate to find what I did and to get so much of it into print.

But with the one book in hand, I was not about to quit. The other books that I wrote or edited for publication in the 1970s were: *William Parker, Mounted Policeman* (1973); *The Best of Bob Edwards* (1975), and *Wit and Wisdom of Bob Edwards* (1976), all published by Hurtig. One of these, *The Best of Bob* Edwards, won the Alberta Non-Fiction Award for 1975. I also edited *Men in Scarlet* (1974) for the Historical Society of Alberta, and *A Winter at Fort Macleod* (1974) for Glenbow.

One of the results of my historic sites campaigns, books, and public speaking, was that I got my name in the paper a lot. Not only was I in the news, but the media found me to be an ideal person to interview. I enjoyed speaking, was usually entertaining, and was knowledgeable on subjects that interested the public. This was particularly true for radio and television, for I was not nervous and talked a good talk. I remember two or three times when I went into a studio to tape a half-hour interview on some general topic and it went so well that the interviewer asked if they could do another one back-to-back, to use at a later date. I said sure, and half an hour later it was done. Columnists also liked to talk to me, so I found myself being featured by people like Eva Reid, Ken Liddell, and Bob Shiels. In 1969, I was named "Personality of the Week" by the *Calgary Herald*, and a full page was devoted to an interview with me.[118]

During this time I tried to limit my public speaking to two or three times a month. That included service clubs, schools, universities, Native groups, academic conferences, and just about any place where a bunch of people came together. My talks included such topics as Indian history, contemporary Indian problems, the importance of teaching history in schools, the Mounted Police, ranching, the role of museums, the science of archival work, etc. There was a standing joke around the office that the preparation of a half-hour speech usually took me about five minutes and was scribbled on the back of an envelope. It was true that I liked to write down topic headings and then to speak extemporaneously.

At no time did I become involved in this for self-gratification. I felt I had a message to give and did it as best I could. I identified myself with Glenbow when I spoke and I know for a fact that this had some very useful spin-offs, both from the standpoint of public recognition and for attracting gifts to the organization. However, not everyone agreed with my frequent appearance before the public, both personally and in print. Word filtered back to me that some of my superiors felt that I was on some sort of ego trip and was doing it at the expense of Glenbow! When I first heard this I couldn't believe it but the rumour was so persistent that I had to accept it as true. But I put this down to jealousy or small-mindedness and gave it the attention it deserved.

Some evidence of this attitude emerged in 1974 when an announcement was made that I was being awarded an honorary doctorate from the University of Calgary. Not only that, but I would be giving the convocation address. This came as a surprise to me, as I had neither lobbied for it nor knew anything about it. I learned later that some of the faculty and students at the university had put my name forward. When the announcement was made, I expected some positive reaction from Glenbow's upper echelon, but there was none. Not even an acknowledgment. So I just shrugged my shoulders and carried on.

The convocation was one of the few times I used a prepared text. My subject was the role of Canadian Indians in modern society, and I was instructed to read my presentation in order to stay within the tight time frame set up for the ceremony. I tried to explain that I could keep within half a minute of any time limit by speaking off the cuff, but they insisted and so I did it. I suppose it was all right, but I always felt a prepared speech was somewhat stilted – at least for me.

There was one amusing incident that occurred at the convocation. Among the people whom I had personally invited were my old friends Ralph and Isobel Steinhauer. I was at rehearsals shortly before the event when the news

came out that Ralph was going to be appointed lieutenant-governor. This immediately sent the protocol people into a flap. What could they do? Ralph would not be the vice-regal representative at the time of the convocation so he couldn't be accorded that honour. At the same time, he couldn't be left to sit in the audience. At last they arranged (with his amused approval) that he wear a black gown and pasteboard and join the honoured officials on the platform. We both had quite a laugh over this.

I suppose Glenbow's reaction – or lack of reaction – to my doctorate was on my mind a year later when I was awarded the Order of Canada. This was one of the most flattering compliments of my career and, like the doctorate, I had no idea it was even in the works. I found out later that Sheilagh Jameson and some others in the Glenbow Library and Archives had submitted my name while, quite coincidentally, a group from Lethbridge had also recommended me. It was the kind of recognition I never expected in my wildest dreams to ever receive, so this made it doubly pleasurable.

The news was tempered by the sadness that my father did not live to see me receive this honour. He had been to Calgary when I obtained my honorary doctorate and was alive when the announcement was made about the Order of Canada, but he passed away about three weeks before the big event. I was thankful when he told me that he was proud of me, for he always had difficulty in expressing his emotions to me or to my brothers. He had counselled me to follow a safe and secure path in life, but I had chosen otherwise. I think he realized that I had listened to a different drummer and in the end he was pleased that I had taken a route that was dictated by my heart, rather than by any sense of logic.

The reaction of Glenbow's upper echelon to the Order of Canada was notable for its absence, so rather than going through the embarrassment of asking for time off and perhaps being refused, I decided to use my holidays in order to go to Ottawa. The Governor-General's office was generous in providing first class air fare for Pauline and me, which meant that by changing these to economy tickets and adding a few dollars we were able to take all five children. While in Ottawa, we stayed in Queenie's rumpus room; she was the widow of my brother Harry. So we travelled at a modest expense.

We arrived in Ottawa on October 11, 1975, and for the first couple of days I showed the family the sights of Ottawa and Hull. During this time, we were joined by my mother, who in spite of my father's death wouldn't have missed the event for anything in the world. We all visited the Parliament Buildings, went to the top of the Peace Tower, and saw the House in session. On October

15, we went to Government House, where Mom, Pauline, and the children sat in the spectator area while I was seated with the fifty-nine others who were receiving their awards, including singers Anne Murray and Juliette Cavazzi, philanthropist Martha Cohen, and broadcaster Clyde Gilmour. When my name was called, I stood before Governor-General Jules Leger, received my medal, and made my bow. Later, there was a reception at which Pauline and I attended. For this occasion, Pauline was attired in one of her beautiful Blackfoot beaded velvet dresses and looked magnificent.

Pauline was an avid autograph collector. When my Crowfoot book came out, she transformed her copy into an autograph album and it was filled with names of movie people, politicians, Indian leaders, and many friends. She had it with her at the reception, and when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau arrived, she knew she already had his autograph but she wanted one from Margaret, his wife. Pauline went to her with book in hand but when she stood in front of her, she saw that Margaret was wearing a dress that was cut so low in front that almost nothing was left to the imagination. This so shocked and unsettled Pauline that she backed off and ended up being too shy or taken aback to ask. Actually, I thought the dress looked pretty good.

Now that we were in the East, we took the opportunity to rent a car and drive to New York. At this time, James was sixteen, Louise fourteen, John twelve, and Leah and Lois eleven. During the two days we were there we saw all the usual sights – Broadway, Greenwich Village, the Statue of Liberty, etc. I had been there several times before so I was in a good position to show them around. At one point, James left us and returned with a pair of snakeskin knee-high boots with six-inch platform soles that had to be seen to be believed. The only downside of the trip was that it was raining when we arrived, raining while we were there, raining when we left, and still raining when we got to Ottawa to catch our flight back home. But it was still a memorable experience, both in receiving Canada's highest order, and in being with the family in the Big Apple. On my return, no one in authority at Glenbow ever mentioned the trip, nor did they comment when I received the Alberta Achievement Award both in 1974 and 1975. But I hadn't expected that they would.

The 1970s were a time when I seemed to have become very involved with boards and committees outside of Glenbow. The first of these occurred late in 1969 when I was invited to a meeting of the Tribal Council on the Blackfoot Reserve. The chief, Adam Solway, was looking for ways to commemorate

the 100th anniversary of the signing of Treaty Seven, which would occur in 1977. He felt that they would need a lot of lead time if they were going to get organized. The upshot of it was that the chiefs of the Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, Sarcee, and Stoney agreed to form a Treaty Seven Centennial Committee, and they asked me if I would be the Secretary-Treasurer.

Our first meeting was held early in the New Year, and it was a perfect example of the differences between the two cultures. The meeting was scheduled to take place in my office at 10 a.m. There was no one there at 10 but soon Jim Munro arrived, representing the Blackfoot, and Dick Big Plume, chief of the Sarcees. We sat around and visited until just before noon when Jim Big Throat arrived from the Bloods. At that point, the three of them decided to go for lunch while I took the opportunity to get a little work done. Shortly after one o'clock Munro and Big Throat returned but we never saw Big Plume again. Then, at 3 p.m., Blackfoot chief Adam Solway and Clement Doore joined us and the meeting started.

During this time, one of the people in our office took me aside and said, "Doesn't this drive you crazy? Your meeting was supposed to start at 10:00 but you didn't get going until 3:00." I said it didn't bother me at all. I had scheduled the whole day for the meeting, and while we were waiting we covered a lot of ground – news, business, gossip, and some insights on what was happening on the reserves. Once the meeting started it proceeded in a businesslike way and we covered everything on the agenda. So where was the problem?

At the request of the committee, I wrote to the federal government and eventually we got a cheque for $15,000 – $3,000 for each Treaty Seven reserve. Our committee had no legal status and I knew it might be a while before we used the money, so with the chairman's permission I put it under my own name in a limited chequing account that would draw the most interest. We never heard from the federal government again; they never asked for an accounting of a cent of the money.

Over the next few months we had several meetings and kicked around some ideas, but it soon became clear that Solway had jumped the gun too soon. No one was ready to talk seriously about an event that was still seven years away. Gradually the meetings became fewer and fewer, and when Adam lost out as chief, they stopped altogether. Meanwhile, I was sitting on $15,000 of their money in my own bank account!

Six years later, in 1976, the Treaty Seven chiefs called another meeting and I was invited. None of the original group was there but some of them had heard rumours that the earlier committee had obtained some money. Could

I tell them what had happened to it? When I explained that it was sitting in a bank account in Calgary they were surprised and pleased. I think they had accepted the fact that after all those years the money would have been long gone. Then they were further pleased, or perhaps I should say elated, when I told them that the money had been drawing interest and now totalled $18,000. They asked me to continue as a member of the Committee but I soon found that it would conflict with my appointment as a member of the Alberta Indian Treaties Commemorative Program of the Alberta government. I had already learned that my name was going before the Cabinet as a member of this Committee and, as we would be giving out large grants, I did not want to be in a compromising position.

I was appointed to the provincial Committee in the summer of 1976 and was involved in numerous meetings over the next few months. At this time we had a paid director heading up the project and he had hired a Vancouver public relations firm to carry out much of the work. I know I made myself unpopular with this bunch at our first or second meeting when a proposal was made that we buy some rather poor airbrush paintings of prominent chiefs and use these for promotional purposes. The price per picture was outrageous and I pointed out that all had been copied from well known photographs. Any commercial artist could have turned them out in a day. The Committee agreed and the recommendation was refused. I learned later that these pictures had indeed been turned out overnight, but what I didn't know at the time was that the work had been done by the artist at the public relations firm. They had tried to sell them to the Committee through a dummy company. It had simply been a scam to make a few quick bucks. As it was, they still had these pictures printed and sold commercially and I suspect that the printing costs had been buried in the public relations firm's invoices and paid for by our Committee.

I was involved heavily in the publication side of the program, and later, when we could not find enough people or groups to use the money designated for publications, I suggested that Glenbow get involved. I realized this could be construed as a conflict of interest but the matter was checked out and it was determined that as long as I was not profiting personally from the transaction and that Glenbow could be verified as a non-profit agency, there would be no problem. As a result, we channelled three books through Glenbow – *My People the Bloods*, by Mike Mountain Horse; *My Tribe the Crees*, by Joe Dion; and *Medicine Boy and Other Cree Tales*, by Eleanor Brass. All were by Native authors and with no hope of having them published elsewhere. In each instance, I edited them and prepared them for the printers.

Another committee that took a lot of my time in the seventies was the Alberta RCMP Centennial Committee, also created by the Alberta government to provide grants to municipalities, groups, and individuals. That one lasted for a couple of years and was a lot of fun. If I recall correctly, Jim MacGregor was the chairman and Alex Johnston one of the members, so I was in good company. We started holding meetings in Edmonton in 1972 and these reached their peak in 1973 (the anniversary of the year the Mounted Police were formed) and 1974 (the anniversary of the year they marched West).

As part of the celebrations, the Historical Society of Alberta received a major grant and sponsored a Mounted Police conference in the spring of 1974. I gave a paper on Writing-on-Stone and became general editor in charge of publishing the papers. This turned out to be quite a feat. I was able to get virtually all the presenters to give me their papers before the conference, and while the sessions were underway, everything was being set in type. As a result, the hardcover book, *Men in Scarlet*, was published only a few weeks after the conference.

When the centennial was over, the money spent, and congratulations received for a job well done, our members were very pleased to receive cuckoo clocks with brass presentation plates and fronts carved with the RCMP symbols.

A third appointment during the seventies was a prestigious one. In 1976 I was informed that I had been appointed to the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada as the representative from Alberta. This came as a complete surprise to me, as I understood these were usually political appointments made by the minister involved. A short time later, I was told that the minister, Hon. Judd Buchanan, had selected me and that he had gone to school with me. Then it became clear: the Judd Buchanan who had been one of our bunch at McDougall Commercial in the mid-1940s was the same man who was now the minister. So that's how a card-carrying Conservative was appointed by a Liberal government for a three-year term on one of the most prestigious boards in Canada.

This was my first experience with this type of federal board and it was first class all the way. We had two meetings a year – one in Ottawa in the fall and a second in the field in the spring. Among the places I visited were Dawson City, St. John's, and Stratford. My term with the Board was short, but it was very memorable.

On my first tour in 1977, we had our meeting in Vancouver, at which time I made an impassioned plea to obtain the Bar U Ranch as a National Historic Site. The Board agreed but later the deal fell through when the government

took too long to purchase the site. Not until many years later did the opportunity arise again, and the site was finally acquired. At this meeting I was appointed to the Indigenous and Fur Trade Committee. I also became good friends of George MacDonald, of the Canadian Museum of Civilization, and Robert Painchaud, member from Manitoba. Painchaud was particularly interesting, as he studied the French in western Canada and concluded that they had been abandoned by Quebec and had been on their own for many years. He saw the French in the West being closer to their counterparts in the Maritimes than with Quebeckers.

The meeting in the following year, 1978, will always be ingrained in my memory. On June 18, I flew to St. John's, Newfoundland, and got a room in the Hotel Newfoundland with a magnificent view of the harbour. The next day our committee had lunch with the lieutenant-governor, toured the area, and proceeded with our business meeting. The next couple of days saw us in Conception Bay and Torbay, where we were wined, dined, and toured in high style. By this time, our business meeting had ended and we now looked forward to flying to L'Anse Aux Meadows, the Viking site at the north end of the island.

The morning of June 23rd was foggy with a steady drizzle but we were told the north end of the island was expected to be clear. After breakfast we went by bus to the airport, where three Beechcraft planes had been chartered to take us to St. Anthony. From there buses would be waiting to take us to the Viking site. David Smith, Robert Painchaud, and I chatted for a while, and then Robert drifted over to some of the French-speaking members. At 9:00 a.m. we were told to pile our luggage for shipment and to board any of the aircraft that were sitting on the tarmac. There were no reserved seats. The French-speaking group and others boarded the closest one, so David Smith and I got into the second one, along with Margaret Prang, Maurice Careless, Leslie Harris, Frank Bolger, and Mr. and Mrs. Maclean. Although we were second in the row we were the first to be ready and led the way as we taxied to the runway. A small executive jet in front of us took off and we followed. As I looked back, I could see the other two planes taxiing behind us.

We lifted off the ground and into a thick fog but then we got above it to the clear skies and headed north. Almost two hours later we landed on an isolated strip that served St. Anthony, then stood around waiting for the other two planes. When they hadn't arrived after half an hour we thought maybe their flights had been aborted because of the fog. Then, to add to the mystery, a man from the airport came around and asked each of us for our names. He gave no explanation but just returned to the radio tower with his list.

A short time later, we were told the terrible news. The plane after us had crashed into a high hill and everyone on board had been killed. I noted in my diary, "Apparently it had developed engine trouble just after takeoff while still in the fog at 1200 feet. It had tried to return to the field but lost altitude in the fog and crashed into a hill."[119] Because there were no reserved seats the people at the airfield had no idea who was on the plane. The third aircraft had never taken off, so a list was made of those still at St. John's. Then the authorities contacted St. Anthony and got a list of our names. By a process of elimination, they learned the names of those who had been killed. They included my good friend Robert Painchaud, our chairman, Marc LeTerreur, Jules Leger and his wife, Napier Simpson, secretary Brenda Babitts and her husband Alex, and also the pilot, the navigator, and the mayor of Torbay.

We were all in a state of shock. As I wrote, "We had all been so close together during the previous days & now they were gone. We wandered around in a disbelieving daze until the charter aircraft came to take us back to St. John's."[120] On the way back, we still had no details of the tragedy so it was very unsettling to be flying in the same kind of aircraft that had carried our friends to their deaths only hours before. On arrival in St. John's, we were informed that we should stay the night and airline reservations would be made for us for the following day. But I didn't want to hang around. I had a strong urge to get back home and leave this tragic place as quickly as possible. Two or three others felt the same way, so we jumped on the first flight out, which took us to Halifax. I was prepared to go standby all the way but I was lucky and got a seat to Montreal, where I was put on a non-stop flight to Calgary. I had already phoned Pauline to let her know that I was all right and when I reached Calgary shortly after midnight, she was waiting at the airport. As I wrote, "It was like a nightmare but it was real. A quarter of our Board is gone."[121] I couldn't help but recall many years later when my first flight had ended in a crack-up, I said then that the average person would never have more than one crash in their lifetime and I had had mine. Any of us could have boarded that fatal plane, and I could easily have been one of them. But philosophically I thought, "I already had my crash."

I heard nothing more from the Board as the Parks Branch went through the trauma of reorganizing. In the interim I continued to carry out my local duties, which included being master of ceremonies at plaque unveilings, and presiding at the opening of the Rocky Mountain House National Historic Park. The next annual meeting was in May 1979, by which time Leslie Harris had been appointed chairman. We met in Toronto, where a very ironic

incident occurred. We were sitting in a hotel room when the results came in of the federal election. I was the only Conservative in the room so there were lots of remarks when Joe Clark and the Conservative party were elected to power. I expressed myself as being quite pleased although, as I stated at the time, "I have many doubts about Clark's ability."[122] We went on to conclude our business and then to tour the historic sites in southern Ontario.

I had now served three years on the Historic Sites and Monuments Board and, according to practice, if a person proved to be capable, they were reappointed for another five years. By this time I was a member of the Executive Committee and chairman of two other committees. Everyone said that my appointment would be automatic. Imagine my surprise and shock a few weeks later when I got a call from Ottawa, informing me that I was off the Board. I had not been reappointed. I later heard that when the Conservatives looked at the reappointment, they automatically assumed that because I had been named by the Liberal government that I must be a member of that party and therefore I had to be replaced. My replacement, Trudy Soby, had formerly worked for me, and I had recommended her for the position of Curator of Fort Calgary Park. The breaking with the traditional practice of reappointments because of political considerations would not surprise me, especially as the approval had to come from the prime ministerial level.

I don't know if I was more angry or hurt. I felt that during my three years I had proven myself, and judging from the phone calls and messages I got from other members of the Board after the announcement, they thought so too. I believed I was now experienced enough to be a real asset to the Board in representing Alberta, but I was denied the chance. But there was nothing I could do.

Meanwhile, I had been elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Kainai Chieftainship in 1969 and I soon discovered that this meant doing most of the work. I had to keep minutes, handle all correspondence, collect donations, and – most important – liaise with the Tribal Council when new chieftainships were being conferred. For example, here are my diary entries for 1976:

> July 14 – "I drove to Fort Macleod for a meeting with Abs Swinarton & Charlie Edgar to let them audit the Kainai Chieftainship books, and then to Standoff for a meeting with several members of the tribal council, plus Marvin Fox, to complete arrangements for next week. I am very impressed with the way it's going together."

> July 22 – "Leaving about 3:30 pm, I drove to Fort Macleod & then on to Standoff. The stage for the program was not in place but everything else seemed ok. I had a meeting with Wayne Wells & we ironed out a few more problems."

> July 23 – "I was up at 8 am & reached the Tribal Office at 9:30. I made sure everything was in order & was very pleased with Marvin's work. At 11 am we had the annual meeting of the Kainai Chieftainship & I was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. At noon we had a luncheon for tribal councillors & hon. chiefs & at 1 pm Ralph Steinhauer unveiled a sculpture. After a tour of the building we went to the grounds where Ralph Steinhauer, Tony Anselmo & Colin Low were inducted as honorary chiefs. It all went beautifully. Also the day was sunny & hot & the new Indian Days camp grounds were excellent."

Those diary entries just show the tip of the iceberg, for there were always difficulties and complications, but I had been involved with Indians for enough years to know that we would muddle through and in the end everything would be fine. Sometimes a buffalo robe needed for the ceremony was forgotten; maybe one of the leading participants didn't show up; perhaps the person with the headdresses didn't appear. But I never worried too much, as we adjusted, compromised, and by the time it was over, nobody knew the difference.

That, however, was not acceptable during the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1977. This was the 100th anniversary of the signing of Treaty Seven and big things were planned on various southern Alberta reserves, including the conferral of an honorary chieftainship upon the prince. As I was a member of the Alberta Indian Treaties Commemorative Program as well as Secretary-Treasurer of the Kainai Chieftainship, I became a member of a special committee organized to oversee the prince's visits to the reserves.

Meetings started early in the year. In April, Buck Crump, president of the Chieftainship, and I met with the tribal council, at which time Wayne Wells and Geraldine Many Fingers were designated as our liaison. I then had later meetings with them during which time we set down a minute-by-minute outline of the chieftainship ceremonies. We did it with tongue in cheek to a certain extent, because we knew there was no way we could keep the holy men to a set schedule. If a prayer was supposed to be for three minutes, it might

last ten. If a dance was supposed to go one round, it might go four. But we set out the program as demanded by the protocol people, then crossed our fingers and hoped for the best. In mid-May we had a meeting with the Horn Society, as represented by Adam Delaney and Pete Standing Alone, and got their approval before submitting our report to Ottawa.

At the end of the month, a delegation of officials arrived from Ottawa and Buckingham Palace and went over every fine detail, not only of the Kainai Chieftainship, but of the prince's intended visits to the other reserves. On the following day, we all boarded a huge military helicopter – a 42-passenger Boeing Chinook – and flew to Blackfoot Crossing, where we reviewed the site and met with the Native leaders. From there we proceeded to Standoff, then made a bus tour of the places the prince would visit. On each step of the way, the officials seemed to have a dozen questions, and I was stuck with answering a lot of them. I also gave them a long speech about the Sun Dance and its religious significance. From Standoff we flew to Brocket where we met the Peigans, and then it was back to Calgary. It was a bone-shattering and ear-splitting experience on that helicopter and I was glad when we finally touched down at Currie Barracks in Calgary.

Meanwhile, there were lots of other preparations to be made. It was no surprise that we would be having the biggest turnout of the honorary chieftains in history, and these had to be coordinated. In preparation for the arrival of the prince in Calgary, two Stoney chiefs asked me to look over their addresses of welcome and to edit them, but I ended up completely rewriting them. Also, Ralph Steinhauer asked me to write the speech he was expected to make as lieutenant-governor. As I have said, Ralph and I were close friends. A couple of years later, when he was retiring from office, he put my name forward as lieutenant-governor but nothing ever came of it.

The first of the big days for the Royal Visit came on July 5 when our committee members were presented to Prince Charles. He had a brief chat with each of us, and judging by the questions he asked me, he was obviously well briefed. The next day, Pauline and I drove to Blackfoot Crossing where a large camp of tepees had been pitched. After the prince arrived, all the chiefs and councillors were lined up and I was pleasantly surprised when I was asked to join them. After the speeches, Prince Charles presented each of the head chiefs with a replica of the original Treaty Seven medal, and then Ralph Steinhauer made similar presentations to the councillors and to me. I was told that because of the nature of the presentation, we all had the right to wear the medal at any time; I have yet to wear mine but it is a treasured keepsake. Afterwards,

everyone was designated to go to a tepee where tea was served. I went to Ben Calf Robe's tepee, where Pauline had volunteered to assist; during the tea a terrible dust storm arose and rocked the entire camp. I learned later that at one point the tepee in which Prince Charles was seated began to rock so dangerously that a number of Mounted Police stood on the edge of the canvas outside to keep it from blowing away.

Just to prove my point that nothing ever goes as planned, during the speeches when the Peigans were supposed to talk, Devlin Small Legs turned the microphone over to Calgary lawyer J. Webster Macdonald, who gave a long and ill-advised speech on Indian land claims.

The next day, July 7th, Pauline and I drove to Fort Macleod, where we met the honorary chieftains, and as a group we proceeded by charter bus to Standoff. A total of twenty-four members turned out, including John Diefenbaker, Davey Fulton, Roland Michener, Jim Cross, George McClellan, Herman Linder, and a host of others. The Royal party arrived at 10 a.m. and the unveiling of a Red Crow monument took place. From there, two buses left to tour the reserve. In the first one was the Royal party and in the second were the Chieftains. The only person who gave us a problem was Diefenbaker, who was clearly past his prime but was still living with the memories of his past glories. Right from the beginning, he did not follow instructions as to where to meet and went straight to Standoff, bringing with him two uninvited guests, Clarence Copithorne and George Cloakey. The latter was very rude when told that they could not join the tour as the bus was completely full.

At the first stop – Kainai Industries Ltd. – Diefenbaker got right off and joined in with the Royal party, striding along beside Prince Charles. This just about drove the protocol people wild and one of the Buckingham Palace officials, not knowing that Diefenbaker had once been our prime minister, came to me in a flap and said, "Can't you do something about that guy?" The next stop was Blood Band Farms and I felt I had no alternative but to instruct the driver to keep the doors closed, and I announced that everyone had to stay on board. There were outbursts of indignation but I felt I really had no choice as clearly Diefenbaker was making himself an unwelcome guest of the Royal party. And that's the way it was for the rest of the tour; at each stop Prince Charles and his party toured while we sat.

When we got to the Sun Dance camp in the afternoon, I decided to stick with Diefenbaker, not only because of his age and possible problems he might create, but because I had always truly admired the man. As we walked across the open field, people stopped him and said things like, "God bless you, Mr.

Diefenbaker," and "We love you, John." As a result, we were the last to get to the platform where the chieftains were seated. All the front row seats had been taken so I directed the former prime minister to a seat in the second row. He gave me a cold look and said, "I do not sit in the second row." So I picked up his chair, tightened up the seating in the front row, and seated him front and centre. It was a small point but I was glad I was able to oblige him. From that point on he was quite happy and gracious, and I did not hear a word from him for the rest of the program.

A small trailer had been set up beside the ceremonial area and after the prince was introduced to the mob of people, he was presented with a buckskin outfit and withdrew to change. After a few minutes, one of the Buckingham Palace people came to me and said they were having some problems. Wayne Wells and I followed him to the trailer, where we found Prince Charles sitting partially dressed and wearing swimming trunks. He said he couldn't figure out how to put on the leggings or the moccasins. I looked at the moccasins and found that when Priscilla Bruised Head had made them, she must have been in a rush, for she had left the laces inside them and had not made holes for the eyelets. Neither Wayne nor I had an awl so we called for Priscilla, who quickly made the holes and laced them. As for the leggings, Priscilla had decided to be "innovative" and had strung them in a most unusual way so that they did not fasten to a belt. She showed us how they supposed to be worn and quickly we got Prince Charles properly dressed. During all this time, the prince was quite animated in his discussion as he made humorous remarks, asked questions, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself.

At last he emerged from trailer and the Bloods went wild. There was cheering, drumming, and even a few war whoops or two as their favourite monarch appeared before them in tribal costume. I don't think I ever saw the Bloods happier or more proud than they were during those chieftainship ceremonies. It was a real pleasure to behold.

During the next half hour or so, Prince Charles went through the whole induction ceremony. He was "captured" by a warrior, Horace Quesnelle, a veteran of World War II, led around the circle, and then seated on a buffalo robe. The holy man went through the purification and painting ceremony, after which he placed a headdress on him and gave him the name of Red Crow. Then followed an honouring dance of the chief and council and the chieftains, with Pauline and I joining in the circle. A surprise followed when Wilton Goodstriker brought out a pinto horse named "Cross Bell" and presented it to

Prince Charles. The prince mounted it and rode out of the circle and over to his helicopter, followed by crowds of cheering Bloods.

The horse had been raised by Wilton's father, Rufus Goodstriker, and when the presentation was made, the protocol people didn't know what to do with it. They didn't want to take it to England, so at last it was placed with a herd of horses used by the Queen's Own Rifles for their parades. We learned later that the horse was a real bully and soon dominated the entire herd.

The next day, Prince Charles visited the Indian Village at the Calgary Stampede, where Pauline was in charge of the bannock booth. She was a member of the Indian Events Committee and the booth had been the brainchild of Pauline and Cheryl Hall. At the same time, I worked with the Bloods on a display they had at the camp and spent the rest of the time visiting with Ralph Steinhauer while the official party made its tour.

The following day, I was up bright and early to get to the unveiling of the Bull Head memorial on the Sarcee Reserve. By this time there were rumours that the American Indian Movement intended to put on a demonstration, and I had to go through three separate RCMP road checks before I was able to get in. While I was waiting for the Royal party to arrive, I noticed a scruffy white man wandering around and I wondered if I should let the Mounties know. But when I got close to him, I saw that he was wearing a tiny gold pin in the shape of a buffalo head, and I knew right away that he was an undercover Mountie. I had been shown one of these pins earlier and was given one after the visit was over. As it turned out, the AIM people never arrived and the undercover cop was the only suspicious-looking character in the whole camp.

When I arrived, Amos Many Wounds took me to the tepee where the ceremony was to take place to show me around, and during the ceremony itself I spent most of my time with Gordon Crowchild and Joe Dion. The rest of the day saw me back at the Stampede where I was taken up with events at the Kinsmen Centre. John Snow presented me with a copy of his new book, and then I went to the bannock booth, where I helped out until exhaustion overtook me. When I got home I slept straight through until the next day, but as I said in my diary, "It was one of the most pleasant times I have ever experienced."[123]

Another board that gave me a lot of fun, as well as a few frustrations, was the Canada Council. In 1978 I was invited to be a member of the Prairie Region of their Explorations Program. It was kind of a catch-all committee that inherited all the grant applications that didn't seem to fit anywhere else. At one meeting, for example, we approved funds for studies of footwear decorations and Easter egg designs, a novel about James Walsh, and a film on the

Chipewyan Indians. There was, however, a strong orientation to history and so I was right in my element. Our first task was to select about one out of every seven applications and then do the fine tuning from there. We met at various places – Ottawa, Winnipeg, Prince Albert, Yellowknife, etc. – often seeing the craftsmen and writers who were applying for grants. After two years, I became chairman of the committee and also was appointed to the national board in Ottawa. That was a little different, because grants often became political and territorial. But it was a good experience and the secretary, Kate Wilkinson, was a tower of strength.

A little closer to home was my involvement in trying to get more Canadian history into the Alberta school system. Author Jim Gray had lobbied long and hard in this direction and when his efforts paid off, I was invited, along with Grant MacEwan, Doug Francis, and a number of others, to join him in 1987 on the Advisory Committee of the Alberta Heritage Learning Resources Program. There was $8 million to spend and our mandate was to look at reprinting books, either out of print or still in print, that should be placed in Alberta school libraries. We were to include history, general non-fiction, fiction, an atlas, and school kits.

However, we had not anticipated the attitude of a few influential members of the Alberta Education bureaucracy. After only two meetings, Jim Gray sounded off in his usual forthright way. He said, "my suspicion is aroused that the department of education is now embarked on a vast boondoggle to spend its $8,000,000 filling more vast warehouses with 'learning materials.' We have already two such warehouses in Calgary ... surrounded by pyramids of this junk."[124] He believed, instead, that ten basic books on western Canadian history should become required reading for anyone teaching Social Studies.

I had concerns as well. These were based on the bureaucratic philosophy that history was a subject that should be taught only if it had relevance to the present and to the lives of the students. Teaching history simply for gaining an insight and knowledge of the past was anathema to them. In a report to the Advisory Committee I stated, "I do not believe that history should simply be a vehicle to enable the student to better understand himself and his contemporary society. I realize that I am trying to swim against the surging tides of educators with that philosophy and can be cast upon dangerous shoals. Yet just as we teach the sciences without trying to relate everything to the daily life of the student, so should history be a distinctive course of study."[125]

At the beginning, it was a head-to-head struggle, with Gray being so outspoken and vociferous at times that it was almost embarrassing. However, once

he had had his say, everything settled down and some really positive results were achieved. Whole sets of books were reprinted, including one or two of mine, and sent out to schools, as were the atlas and school kits. Unfortunately, I was off and running on other matters so I never really had a chance to measure the success of the program. I do know it was very unsettling to see the books appear in second-hand stores not long after the program was finished. I do hope, however, that all the efforts of the Advisory Committee and some of the really dedicated members of Alberta Education such as Al Michener did manage to touch some of our Alberta students.

My life when not at Glenbow work or on committees was still involved primarily with Indians and our own nuclear family. Dad's activities still took a lot of time, particularly as I wrote most of his speeches and both Pauline and I did his record keeping and scheduled his appointments. But in the spring of 1971, at the age of eighty-four, he retired and spent most of his time in Alberta. Then, on September 4th, we learned that some friends among the Kootenay tribe, the Ambrose Gravelles, had some tanned hides to sell, so we decided to take a weekend jaunt. Mom, Dad, Pauline, our nine-year-old son John, and I set out for British Columbia amid beautiful fall weather. When we got to Fernie, Dad collapsed from a heart attack and was rushed to the local hospital, where he died. To say that we were devastated is an understatement. Our whole lives had circulated around him and his work for the previous twenty years, first in the Indian Association and later in the Senate. He was the head of our clan, the leader of our extended family, and the person who seemed to give us a direction in life. We were guided by his humility, his honesty, his intelligence, and his dedication to the Indian people. As we began to drive back home to Cardston without him, the world suddenly seemed to be a more barren place.

As one could imagine, the funeral at St. Paul's church was huge. Hon. Jean Chrétien, Hon. Bud Olson, Len Marchand, Harold Cardinal, and many other dignitaries were there, together with the Gladstones, the Healys, the Tailfeathers, and many others from the reserve.

But the tragedies in our family were not over. Just a month later, blood was found in the urine of our eight-year-old daughter Lois. The doctors said that nephritis had attacked both kidneys and at the time of their tests, 50 per cent of their effectiveness had been destroyed. Dialysis was barely in its infancy

and not considered effective for a young child, and the doctors said that if the deterioration continued there would be little chance of saving her life.

Then a miracle happened. There was a new experimental drug on the market called Immuran so the doctors decided to try it to see if it could control the nephritis. To our joy, the drug was immediately effective and by the end of the year Lois was able to go home. She had to go on a salt-free diet and take drugs but she came through the whole ordeal remarkably well. The miracle of this eleventh-hour discovery made me recall something that had happened a year earlier. The best way to describe it is to quote from my diary, telling about a trip to the Blood Reserve.

> I went to see Willie Scraping White who went through a prayer ceremony with me. I had had a bad dream about Lois and as Willie is known for his proficiency in these matters, I decided to see him. After I explained my need, he called Mike Yellow Bull to put some wood in the stove to get charcoal. Then Mike got a canvas bag from a trunk, from which Willie extracted a necklace and paint bags. He put on the necklace, which bore a decorated iniskim and small decorated bag.
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> Mike put a live coal on the altar and crumpled some sweetgrass on it. Willie began to pray and rubbed the paint on his hands. I then sat in front of him and he painted a round solid circle on my right forehead, a wavy line across my front forehead and another solid circle on my left temple. He then drew lines down the sides of my face. He put a solid circle on my right wrist, top, & left wrist, then gave me a paint-covered [buffalo] stone which he pressed to my right hand and pressed my right hand to my heart. He took the stone and encircled my body with it four times, praying all the time.
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> It was a most solemn occasion and one which I took very seriously. He then instructed me to leave the paint on until next morning. When I got home, I was to take some of the paint from the circle on my right temple and rub it on Lois' forehead (which I did). I left him with a blanket and money for his prayers.[126]

Such ceremonies were offered to help the sick. The *iniskim*, or buffalo stone, was an important part of the rite, and such an amulet became very important to Lois in later years when she again needed another miracle.

Then, on April 3, 1975, my close friend Gerald Tailfeathers died of a heart attack. He was only fifty years old. He had had a bad heart since contracting undulant fever as a teenager, and his doctor had been urging him to have a bypass. However, Gerald kept putting it off, with this fatal result. I was one of the pallbearers at his funeral, and on the day in question I awoke in Calgary to a raging spring blizzard. Not knowing how far the storm extended, I decided to set out; nothing was going to keep me from paying my last respects to Gerald. As I proceeded south, I plowed through snowdrifts and fought the savage conditions of high winds and blowing snow. For most of the trip, I was the only vehicle on the highway and there was no letup in the storm as I continued south. At last I got to the Blood Reserve, where I was not surprised to discover that the funeral had been postponed. The storm soon blew itself out, and a few days later, I was back for the final farewells. As with Dad, I missed Gerald tremendously. We never lacked things to talk about, and as Pauline and Irene were old school chums, we always made a convivial foursome.

About this time, our family had a real family outing when I was asked to give a week of lectures to Cree researchers on the Rocky Boy Reservation in Montana. They were undertaking a major interviewing project, funded by the J.F. Kennedy Foundation, and wanted direction as to how to go about it. When we arrived at Rocky in scorching 104-degree heat our cabin was not ready so we had to spend the first night in a tent. Next day we attended the Indian Days, and on August 6th I finally started teaching at the Rocky Boy school. The whole idea was to enable the researchers to tape record the experiences of their elders. One of the requirements of the grant was that they had to get instructions from a professional as to how to proceed. That's where I came in: I was to give them a one-week course in collecting oral history. There were a dozen or more in the group, including Joe Small, Art Raining Bird, and Walter Denney. Over the next few days, I covered everything from Cree history to conducting interviews, to documenting their material afterwards. While I was teaching, Pauline and the children travelled around the countryside and we all gathered each night at our cabin for supper.

On the second evening there was a reception, and while we were chatting, a man came up to Pauline and asked if she was a Gladstone. When she said she was, he stuck out his hand and introduced himself as her relative. His name was Four Souls. But more important to me, he was a son of Imasees and

grandson of Big Bear, the famous Cree chief. The way we figured the relationship with Pauline was as follows: Four Souls' aunt (Big Bear's daughter) married Lone Man Johnson, and their daughter married George Gladstone, Dad's half-brother. That made them relatives from the Indian point of view, and from that time on the Four Souls family referred to my wife as Aunt Pauline. And she loved it, as the people there were very friendly to us.

I asked Four Souls if he knew anything about Big Bear, and in reply he invited me to visit him and he would tell me some stories. All next evening, I listened and wrote and he told me story after story about Big Bear and his family, most of it never recorded before. He gave me the names of Big Bear's parents, previously unrecorded, and established the fact that rather than having risen from obscurity to become a chief, Big Bear was actually the son of a prominent leader. Four Souls told me of his grandfather's experiences in Montana and of his spiritual powers. By the time I left, I knew I had to write a book on this great Cree chief. It didn't happen right away, as I had other projects in the fire, but I did make further trips to the Rocky Boy Reservation and Four Souls and I became good friends. Pauline and I were present at his funeral and both of us were honoured by being treated as part of his extended family.

Speaking of Pauline, she wasn't sitting idly at home during the 1970s. She served a term on the Senate of the University of Calgary, was vice-president of the Women's Canadian Club, and of the Calgary Women's P.C. Association. At the beginning of the decade she became a coordinator/counsellor for the first Indian students entering Mount Royal College. She found them housing, which sometimes was a problem considering the level of discrimination from people who were not used to well-educated, well-motivated young Indians coming to the city. And she acted as a go-between with Indian Affairs. She was very popular with the students and accomplished a lot in her three years there. One particular act was memorable. Normally cheques for the students arrived a day or two before the end of each month, when Pauline distributed them and made sure the rents were paid. In one month, however, the cheques failed to appear and when she checked she found there was a typical Indian Affairs screw-up and the money wouldn't arrive until after the first of the month. She knew that some of the landladies, who already were leery about having Indian tenants, would never put up with this, and the students would be out on the street.

To solve the situation, Pauline went to a local bank, showed them the Indian Affairs papers, and then borrowed $1,800 under her own signature. When the government cheques did arrive, each student signed them over to her

and she repaid the loan. When government officials heard about it they were appalled. They said if they students had kept their cheques there would have been nothing she could do about it. But she trusted them, and they trusted her.

In 1972, Pauline moved over to the University of Calgary, where she continued her work as counsellor. In this instance, she not only working with Indian Affairs, but with teachers and other faculty members. This included a lot of new challenges, particularly in the university bureaucracy. But it paid off, for quite a number of graduates went on to have successful careers. Then at the end of the decade, Pauline took her counselling work a step further when she became a crisis counsellor at the Calgary Women's Emergency Shelter. All this was in addition to looking after five children, two or three dogs, and one husband.

I must mention something amusing that happened to Pauline about this time. There had been a number of protests taking place across Canada as Indians expressed their anger by temporarily taking over Indian Department and other government offices. When a young group chose to have a sit-in at the Calgary offices, Pauline decided after a day or two to see how they were doing. So she bought a bag of oranges and boldly walked past the police lines to deliver them. When she got upstairs to the offices she found them in a mess. The copying machine was jammed, and the kids were trying to two-finger type a press release.

Pauline took over. She rounded up some girls and put them to work tidying the office. She fixed the copier and then did all the typing, including the press releases. It was a busy afternoon.

Two days later, the Hon. Judd Buchanan, Minister of Indian Affairs, was in town for an official function at Glenbow, to which Pauline and I were invited. During the afternoon, he presented our Chairman of the Board, Douglas Harkness, with a medal that had been given to Chief Crowfoot by the Marquis of Lorne in 1881. During the visit, Buchanan and I recalled our days as fellow Grade Ten students at McDougall High in Edmonton. After the presentation, the minister, Pauline and I and others went about half a block to one of our other buildings to view our ethnological collection. As we walked under heavy guard (the sit-in was still in effect) I told Buchanan about Pauline's involvement with the dissidents. He called her a naughty girl and we all had a big laugh about it. The guards were outside and the "enemy" was within.

All in all, the seventies had their highs and lows. I was in my forties and was probably experiencing the most active time of my career. Pauline and I were always busy but we both enjoyed it, particularly when we were involved with family or relatives.