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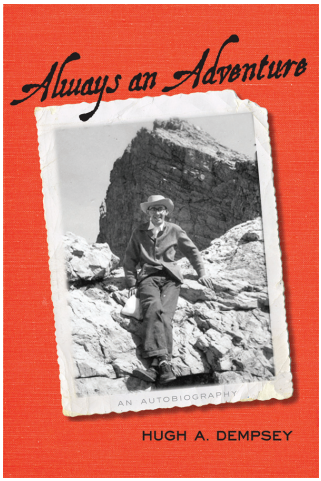

ALWAYS AN ADVENTURE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
by Hugh A. Dempsey
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Adjusting to Calgary

Life in Calgary was exciting for the two of us. We were midway between both sets of parents – one in Edmonton and the other in Cardston – and settling in to a brand new house. With it came all the tasks of buying new furniture, and generally doing the hundred and one things required when making such a move. At that time Calgary was a city of 180,000 people, and the Highwood district in which we lived was on the northwestern outskirts. At the end of our block was open prairie that led to the top of Nose Hill. During our first year it was not uncommon to see such creatures as rabbits and coyotes on their nocturnal prowls or to see Hungarian partridges and other birds wandering the streets. The nearest bus line was a mile away, although that soon changed. The city was still quite small; dominating the skyline was the Palliser Hotel, and when travelling south you reached the country almost as soon as you crossed Cemetery Hill.

As in most new subdivisions, we had all the work to do in landscaping, building a retaining wall, erecting a white picket fence, putting up a clothesline, and installing eavestroughs. It was a lot of work but it was a real adventure, creating something of our own in a new city.

Shortly after we arrived, Pauline got a job as secretary at Kendon Finance on Centre Street. Its office was above a car dealership and it mostly handled the automotive trade. She liked it there, but when a chance came in 1957 for her to become a secretary at the University of Alberta in Calgary, she jumped at it. The university was brand new and was housed in the old administrative building on the campus of the Southern Alberta School of Technology & Art. Pauline was secretary to Theo Finn, professor of elementary education. In fact, the total staff was not more than a dozen people, all in a Department of Education, with Dr. Doucette as the principal. During the several months that Pauline was there, the staff was planning a new campus that would eventually

become the University of Calgary. Pauline is quite proud of the fact that the initial plans of the first building show an area that is designated as "Mrs. Dempsey's office."

But it was not to be. Shortly after our arrival in Calgary, a doctor said that the likelihood of us having children was not very good, so that we should consider adopting. Accordingly, in 1958 we went to the Alberta Government's Child Welfare Branch and asked for a baby who was comparable in racial background to our own, i.e., a mix of Blackfoot and white. When we were asked whether we wanted a boy or girl, we said it didn't matter, but for some reason the dim bulb clerk wrote down "girl" on the form. Over the next few months, we checked from time to time but there was no baby for us. We were told that most Native children had Roman Catholic mothers and as we were Protestants we did not qualify.

Then one day in March 1959, we checked again and were told there were still no girls available. When we asked why they mentioned "girls" we were told that that is what was on our form. We pointed out that we had never indicated a preference, and that either a boy or girl would be fine. That's when they told us that the perfect boy for us had been born five months earlier, September 20, 1957, and was in a foster home. We were absolutely flabbergasted and even all these years later I still get angry at that clerk who deprived us of the first five months of Lloyd's life, and that he was deprived of our love for the same period.

We made it clear that we wanted the boy and the matter was expedited. Although they never admitted it, I think they knew they had screwed up. Anyway, Pauline gave her notice at the University of Alberta in Calgary and on April 4th we went to a private home on the old Trans-Canada Highway west of the city and picked up the little boy whom we christened Lloyd James.

What a day to bring home a baby! Dad and I had gone to an Indian Association executive meeting at the Labor Temple and afterwards Howard Beebe, Steve Mistaken Chief, Jim Shot Both Sides, and brother Fred came to the house for supper. There were all there when Pauline and I came in with little Lloyd, and Pauline was handling him like he was made of egg shells. That evening, Gerald picked up Steve and Jim for the night while Howard, Fred, Mom, and Dad stayed with us. So for our first night with Lloyd we had a houseful.

I was the youngest of a family of four boys. I never had a baby sister or cousin around me and, in fact, I had never had anything to do with babies. It made me wonder how I would be as a father, but I needn't have worried. As soon as I saw the fat and happy little cherub in his crib my heart went out

to him. I loved being a father, both for him and for the others that followed. The broad term of "family" had become important to me when I met Pauline and joined her extended family, but it now was a much more personal matter. As I always said, my priorities in life have been (in this order): family, career, writing.

James (he later chose to use his middle name) was the first of five children. He was followed two years later by another adopted child, Louise Diana, whom we got at birth, born April 5, 1961. She must have aroused some maternal/paternal instincts, for a short time later Pauline became pregnant and on August 2, 1962, she gave birth to John David. Now there was no stopping us, and on November 25, 1963, we had twin girls, Leah Suzette and Lois Pauline. Neither we nor the doctor knew Pauline was carrying twins until they were born. What a surprise! They arrived first thing in the morning and by noon I was addressing the Rotary Club in Red Deer, after which I had a meeting with the mayor, city council, library board, and old-timers association about establishing an archives in Red Deer. Now that I look back on it, I don't know how I did it.

For a while we had five preschool-age children, with three of them in diapers. We signed up for a diaper delivery service, and Pauline's folks bought us a washer and dryer so at least that part of the routine became manageable. It was a lot of work, but also a lot of fun. All our priorities immediately changed so that the children came first and we squeezed in everything else depending on our available time. However, Pauline's mother was a great help to us, and when we travelled, it was often with the whole herd.

Getting back to our first years in Calgary before the children, we already had a nice circle of friends when we arrived so we fitted in quite easily. We were frequently visited by Pauline's folks, and we were pleased when they stayed with us for several days at a time. We saw Bill and Sally Marsden quite frequently and were back and forth with Irene and Gerald Tailfeathers several times a month. Pauline and Irene never ran out of things to talk about. As for Gerald and me, we shared a common interest in things creative. We talked for hours about painting, history, and just about anything else that took our fancy. Gerald had a lively sense of humour and was great to be with. He liked starting a conversation with "Shucks...," which always got a laugh.

Gerald had a drinking problem but it was usually under control. He might go on a bender for two or three days, then stay dry for months. More than

once, we searched for him in East Calgary after he had gone missing, but he always turned up safe and sound. I tried to avoid him when he was drinking, for he could easily become angry and vitriolic. At times like that, he seemed to hate the world. But, as I say, he usually kept it under wraps.

Often we talked about historical paintings and I was flattered when he sometimes turned to me for advice. There were occasions when I was able to find a photograph that met his needs, while at other times I offered criticisms on points of historical accuracy. But I had to be very careful, as Gerald was extremely sensitive and if he thought I was questioning the quality of his work he would become very defensive.

I remember three incidents involving criticisms that did not go well. Fortunately, none of them involved Pauline or me. In a painting he was doing for Glenbow, he showed some Blackfoot horsemen during a buffalo hunt. When Cliff Wilson saw it, he immediately objected to it because one of the hunters was using a woman's saddle. Obviously, he said, the artist didn't know what he was doing. Puzzled, I asked Gerald and he snapped, "Of course I know it's a woman's saddle. What I'm trying to show is that a big herd of buffalo has come close to a Blackfoot camp and every man is out hunting. This man didn't have a horse or saddle so he borrowed a horse and had to use a woman's saddle."

A more serious incident occurred when Gerald did a painting of some Indians getting drunk after they bought kegs of liquor from whisky traders. This had been commissioned by Glenbow, but when art director Moncrieff Williamson saw it, he refused to accept it. It's a cartoon, he said, and we don't buy cartoons. Unfortunately I was out of town when this incident occurred. I had seen the picture and loved it. Gerald explained that he had painted it in cartoon style because Indians acted like a bunch of cartoon characters when they were drunk. There was a deep meaning behind the picture that Williamson missed, nor did he ask the artist for an explanation. When I got back, I asked Gerald if he would sell it to me, but I was too late; the federal government had snapped it up for their art collection. Gerald wasn't mad at me personally, but he was so disgusted with Williamson and the Glenbow Foundation that he refused to do anything for them again.

The third incident came to our attention when Dora Plaited Hair phoned from Bowness to say that Gerald had been drinking and was angry. Pauline got him on the line and he told her that one of his customers had just refused an oil painting of Shot Both Sides that he had done on commission. He said he was getting ready to burn it in the backyard. Pauline rushed over to Dora's

place and, sure enough, they had a bonfire going. However, Pauline was able to convince Gerald that the painting was a good one and that we would pay the price he was supposed to have received for it. In fact, it was not one of his best works, as oil was never his favourite medium, but it was a nice piece and there was no way we were going to let him suffer the humiliation of rejection. So we bought it and have displayed it many times in our home and in exhibitions.

Over the years, Pauline and I were in a position to buy some of Gerald's finest works. Too often we missed something because we couldn't afford it when it was available, but we still managed to obtain quite a few. Gerald never gave his paintings away nor reduced his prices. The only free painting I ever got from him was a small tempera for a Christmas present. Mind you, I agreed completely with this approach.

Right from the time we arrived in Calgary, our home was a way station for dozens of people. Besides Mom and Dad and other members of the family there were people from the Indian Association, distant relatives, and friends. A number of them were overnight visitors as Calgary became a halfway point between the Blood Reserve and Edmonton. People like Chris Shade, Jim Shot Both Sides, Ralph Steinhauer, and others often took one of the spare rooms or, if we were too crowded, they slept on the couch or on the floor in the living room.

I remember we were in Calgary for only a short time when Charlie Revais and his wife stopped for the night. He was Pauline's dad's adopted father from the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana and was on his way to Edmonton to visit someone in the Camsell Hospital. Next morning, before they pulled out, Charlie gave me a tobacco cutting board which had been made from the head of a whisky keg and was over a hundred years old.

I never tried to collect artifacts in competition with Glenbow, but if anything came to me as a personal gift through the family, it stayed with us. By the time I retired, two or three dozen items had come to us in this fashion. These included pipes, drums, beadwork, some ceremonial items, and a scalplock.

The scalplock ... I must tell you about that item and the dirty trick I played with it. Gerald had gone to the Blood Reserve and had stayed with his dad, Fred. While there, he was poking around an old trunk and found the scalplock. It was just a wisp of hair with a rawhide loop on the end. This could be attached to the end of a willow stick and used for dancing inside the Sun Dance lodge. Gerald learned that it had belonged to his uncle, Crazy Crow, who had taken it in battle. Fred let him have it and so Gerald took it home. A few days later, he came over to see me and told me what had happened.

"Ever since I've had that scalp in the house," he said, "I've been having nightmares. I'm scared to keep it any more. Do you want it?"

Of course I did, but I was afraid that if Pauline learned it was in the house, she might also start having nightmares. So without saying anything to her, I put the scalplock inside the pillowslip on her side of the bed and left it there for a couple of nights. When I finally told her what I had done, I thought she might be mad at me (I wouldn't have blamed her), but instead she laughed and agreed that it wasn't bringing any "bad spirits" into the house.

Also, if Glenbow rejected something, I didn't mind buying it. This happened when a son of Tom Wilson, an old Banff guide, came in with some fur trade books to sell. Glenbow already had them and turned them down so I bought them. They cost about $75 and today they must be worth more than $2,000. But that wasn't why I got them; they were, and still are, working tools.

This was also the time when I lost a great opportunity. While down in Cardston in January 1958, I went to see Jack Reed, a local gunsmith, and found that he had an original illustrated letter that Charlie Russell had written to him, thanking him for fixing his gun. He was willing to sell it for $1,000, so I took the information back to our art department and suggested they get it. Several months later, I happened to ask about the letter and was told that Eric Harvie had turned it down, that he thought Russell's works and prices were highly overrated. I was shocked, and although I couldn't afford it ($1,000 was a lot of money for someone taking home $350 a month) I decided that it was an investment that I couldn't pass up, for I loved Russell and his work. However, when I contacted Reed I found that he had already sold it to someone in the States for $1,500.

In the summer of 1956, just before Pauline and I left for our holidays, I got a letter from Jack Ewers telling me about Father Peter Powell, a Catholic priest from Chicago. Jack said the man was anxious to see a Blackfoot Sun Dance and he hoped that I might be able to arrange it. "I have met Father Powell," he wrote, "and am impressed with his genuine interest in Plains Indian religion. I don't know how the Indians might feel about having a Catholic priest view their traditional ceremony. I am not a Catholic. Nor do I have any prejudice against them. Father Powell appears to be a fine man."[60]

The Gladstones were strong Anglicans and there was no love lost on the Blood Reserve between the two denominations. However, Dad had many personal friends who were Catholics and said there was no reason why we

couldn't entertain the priest at the farm and take him to the Sun Dance. We picked Father Powell up in Cardston and found him to be a very personable chap who told us of the work he was doing among the urban Indians of Chicago. In addition, he was extremely interested in Northern Cheyenne and Sioux religion. It was hard not to like him, even though he was from the "other side."

During the evening's conversation, he mentioned "Ginny" a couple of times. Finally, I asked him who Ginny was.

"Ginny is my wife," he said.

We were all taken aback. We knew Americans sometimes did things differently from Canadians, but the Roman Catholic Church wasn't all that different.

"But I thought you were a Catholic priest," I said.

"I am," he replied. "I'm an Anglo-Catholic priest."

"You're an Anglican!" exclaimed Dad.

Then it all became clear. Anglo-Catholics are a high order of Anglicans who recognize the Pope as the prelate of Rome but do not subscribe to other tenets of the Roman faith. Father Powell's ministry in Chicago was St. Timothy's Episcopal Church.

When I wrote to Jack Ewers and told him the news, he got a great chuckle out of it. Jack himself was a Protestant and his wife Marge was an Anglican. They had entertained Father Powell while he was in Washington but never suspected he was anything but a Roman Catholic priest.

Certainly he looked like one with his black suit and reversed collar. In fact, he told me that he almost got into serious trouble when he and his wife went on a research trip to Montreal. He had made hotel reservations ahead of time and when he arrived, he registered as Father and Mrs. Powell. The clerk was obviously surprised and politely suggested that the priest and "the woman" take separate rooms. Only after considerable discussion was the problem resolved, although the clerk never really believed the man was anything but a Catholic priest.

We learned all this on a Saturday night, and as the local minister was going to be away the following day, Dad asked Father Powell if he would take the morning service at St. Paul's. He had a bit of trouble with the pledge to the King and a few other differences in the prayer book but otherwise everything went well. Afterwards, we went to the Sun Dance and arrived there in time to see the dance of the Horn Society. Father Powell was tremendously impressed, and over the years he frequently harkened back to that wonderful day at the Sun Dance.

Father Powell made a return visit the following year and we met him at the North American Indian Days in Browning. Pauline and I had just returned from the All American Indian Days in Sheridan, Wyoming, where we'd gone with Irene and Gerald. We'd had a lot of fun there. Gerald kept poking fun at the announcer, for every time they had a parade, the man would refer to the Crows or Cheyennes by their names, but whenever the Sioux came on the scene it was always "the mighty Sioux nation." They didn't look any different than the others in the parade, so every once in a while Gerald would strike a pose and say he was from "the mighty Sioux nation." The only members of the Blackfoot nation taking part in the ceremonies in Sheridan were Stephen Fox and Albert Many Fingers from the Blood Reserve, and they won first prize for their tepee.

On our way home we stopped in Browning, where we met some interesting people. Prominent among these was Jessie Donaldson Schultz, the widow of James Willard Schultz. Her husband had entered the Territory in 1881, lived with the Blackfoot, and had been a prolific author of children's books. Jessie had just seen the *Motokix* dance at the Blood Sun Dance and had been very impressed. I also met Verne Dusenberry, who had written his doctoral dissertation on the Rocky Boy Cree. I was so taken with him that I was instrumental in getting him hired by Glenbow a few years later. I also met Mrs. Merrill Burlingame, who was working on a biography of whisky trader John J. Healy, so we had a lot to talk about. Father Powell and I further cemented our friendship a few years later when I stayed with him during my one trip to Chicago. He was the author of the seminal two-volume work, *Sweet Medicine: The Continuing Role of the Sacred Arrows, the Sun Dance, and the Sacred Buffalo Hat in Northern Cheyenne History.*[61]

Back to 1956. A few weeks before moving to Calgary I had been elected vice-president of the Historical Society and officially became associate editor of the *Alberta Historical Review.* I had been fulfilling that function since the beginning, and latterly I had been doing virtually everything except choosing the articles and writing the editorials. In the Spring issue of 1956, for example, I got Jack Ewers to write an article on the North West trade gun, drew information from an unpublished manuscript by Sir Cecil Denny, prepared an article based on the diary of Donald Ross, included some excerpts from the *Calgary Eye Opener,* and wrote some of the book reviews. I sent this material to Reverend Edmonds, who added an article on an Anglican missionary, and wrote a couple

more book reviews. It was a nice co-operative arrangement and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

At this time, the only meetings of the Society were those held in Edmonton. In fact, it had really been the "Historical Society of Edmonton" until the magazine gave it a province-wide membership. In the first issue of the *Review* after my arrival in Calgary, I sent out an appeal to organize a branch in Calgary. "If there is sufficient interest and enthusiasm," I wrote, "plans will be made to hold the first meeting in September or October."[62] However, the response was so poor that I decided I had better things to do with my time, so I put it off until a later date.

At the 1958 general meeting in Edmonton I was elected president of the Society at the age of twenty-nine. I had never conducted a meeting before so I had to learn the rules of parliamentary procedure – and quickly. But before I had time to do anything, Reverend Edmonds announced that he was retiring as editor of the *Alberta Historical Review*. I had succeeded in talking him out of quitting once before but this time he was adamant. I agreed to take on the editorship but there was no way I could hold down the two most senior positions in the Society, so I had to resign as president after presiding over only two meetings.

This was a crucial time for the Society, for although it had broken out of its moribund state with the magazine, it now needed to expand beyond Edmonton if it was to succeed. Although I had failed to get any support for a Calgary branch on my first try, I made a second stab at it in the spring of 1958. Archie Key, director of the Calgary Allied Arts Centre, started things off when he offered monthly tours to historic sites in the region and I provided him with a copy of our Calgary membership list. The turnout was so good that Archie and I decided to hold some meetings over the winter of 1958–59. As I wrote at the time, "As the only Calgarian on our Executive, it fell to my lot to make these arrangements."[63] We took out an affiliate membership in the Calgary Allied Arts Council and held a few meetings over the winter at Coste House without having a formal executive.

The results were gratifying and in March 1959 we held our first election. This time I elicited some support from fellow workers at Glenbow and I got Jack Herbert to agree to stand as the first president of the Calgary Branch. Others on the executive were Benton Mackid, Bernie Toft, Sheilagh Jameson, Sheila Johnston, and members at large, T.R. Hicks, Una MacLean, Reg Gladden, Pat McCloy, Georgina Thomson, and me. As I commented in my diary on March 6th, "I hope now I can sit back and take it easy. I just

have a seat on the Executive Committee." With this beginning, the Calgary Branch went on to become one of the leading parts of the Society, along with Edmonton, Red Deer, and Lethbridge, the latter being organized by Alex Johnston a few years later.

When I joined Glenbow, other staff members had contracts that restricted their right to publish, but Eric Harvie agreed that I could bring my Historical Society duties with me, and that included writing and editing. In addition to writing for the society's magazine, I did quite a bit of freelance writing. In 1956, for example, I had articles published by the *Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences*, the *Calgary Herald, Lethbridge Herald*, and *Encyclopedia* Canadiana. During the early years at Glenbow, I was never actually reprimanded for my writing, but I knew that some of Harvie's administrative people didn't like it. I'm not sure whether this was because of their desire for a low profile as far as the Foundation was concerned, or whether it was simply an attitude that they "owned" the Glenbow staff, lock, stock and barrel. Or perhaps there was concern over my increasing public image. All I know is that over the years I wrote and published *in spite* of Glenbow, not because of it. Eric Harvie never mentioned the matter to me but some of his minions indicated that they were not pleased.

On the home front, Dad had been defeated as president of the Indian Association in 1954 and had remained out of office for two years. However, he was re-elected in 1956 just as Pauline and I moved to Calgary, and we soon found ourselves immersed in Association business. Dad was back and forth to see John Laurie, and both Pauline and I helped him with some of the Association's paperwork. I attended the annual meetings wherever possible.

John Laurie had been glad to see Dad back as president. He had not got along with the outgoing president, Clarence McHugh, and didn't trust him. Clarence, at the same time, was not at all friendly with Laurie. Supposedly the problem had started when Clarence came with a delegation from the Blackfoot Reserve to the 1954 general meeting on the Sarcee Reserve. During the meeting there was some trouble with drinking, with both some Blackfoot and Sarcee delegates being picked up by the police. During the meeting, Laurie without proof blamed the Blackfoot for getting the Sarcees into trouble. Clarence became very angry and almost pulled out of the meeting. Instead, he stayed and saw himself elected president with John Laurie continuing as secretary.

I think that Laurie didn't like Clarence because he was too independent and outspoken and would not necessarily listen to Laurie's advice. He had been overseas during the war and knew his way around the white community. Clarence's whole life had centred around the Blackfoot Reserve and his later years were devoted to the betterment of his people, both as president of the Indian Association and as head chief of the Blackfoot tribe. I always liked Clarence and had a great admiration for him, so I was sad about Laurie's attitude towards him.

I recall one trick that Laurie played after Clarence was elected president. The whole Michel Reserve at Riviere Qui Barre, north of Edmonton, was enfranchising and it had become a hot political issue. The Association, I believe, was neutral as it was an internal tribal matter, but basically it was opposed to the idea. However, Laurie could not do anything as one of the main people in favour of enfranchisement was John Callihoo, former long-time president of the Association and resident of that reserve. John Laurie had tried to talk to him but with no luck.

Then John received a message from J.W. Pickersgill, the federal minister responsible for Indian Affairs, saying he would be in Calgary and wanted to meet with the Association officers. Laurie did not want Clarence there, as they had differing views on a number of matters, so he called Clarence and told him there was an important meeting taking place at Riviere Qui Barre and that he should attend. The day after Clarence left, Pickersgill arrived in Calgary and John Laurie and Dave Crowchild saw him. After Clarence came back he told me, "I found it was a wild goose chase. I'm convinced that John got me out of the area because he did not want me to see Pickersgill."[64]

Laurie got along all right with Clarence's successor, Albert Lightning, but he was pleased when Dad got back into office in 1956. Of course, Pauline and I kept up to date on all the news and gossip. Our home was frequently the site of informal meetings and the visitors were always talking politics – Indian politics – and I soon got to know pretty well everything that was going on.

In 1957, word was received that Prime Minister John Diefenbaker was going to officially open the Calgary Stampede. Dad suggested that a presentation be made to him at the Indian village, and when the executive agreed, a painting was commissioned from Gerald Tailfeathers. Dad agreed to make the presentation but only later did he learn that any Indians involved in ceremonies at the village had to wear a Native outfit. He didn't have one but borrowed one from a friend, complete with feathered headdress. I believe this was the first time in his life that he had ever worn a buckskin outfit and Mom had to show

him how it was done. The presentation took place under the Medicine Tree at the Calgary Stampede and none of us realized at the time that the event was giving the prime minister a good chance to look at Dad.

Just three days later, word was leaked to the press that Diefenbaker intended appointing an Indian to the Senate of Canada, and that his choice had narrowed to three people – Gilbert Monture, a career civil servant from Brantford; Andy Paull, a lawyer from Vancouver; and Dad. Rumours were flying for the next several months, but nothing happened until January 1958 while Dad was attending an IAA executive meeting in Calgary. That evening, Pauline, Mom, Dad, and I went to visit John Laurie at his home. All evening our host seemed to have something on his mind, almost like a private joke. His eyes twinkled and he was quite animated but he gave nothing away. Four days later, I answered our phone and a secretary asked if Mr. Gladstone was there. I gave the phone to Dad and moments later he was talking to the prime minister!

When he got off the phone, Dad said he had been offered a senatorship but there was one problem. The law required that an appointee hold real estate to the value of $4,000 or more, and land held on an Indian reserve was questionable. Dad assured Diefenbaker that he would go right out and buy a house in Cardston. He located his son Fred, who was on an extended visit to Montana, sold some of their cattle, and bought a little house in Cardston for $7,600. By the end of the following day, he was back in our living room after wiring the prime minister and telling him that the deed had been done. Now he sat and waited for the call. At this stage, I can do no better than to quote my diary for this period:

> January 31, 1958 – Dad phoned Diefenbaker at 7.30 a.m. but he was tied up. He phoned back at 11 a.m. Said he was taking the matter to Cabinet and would likely phone in the afternoon. Asked Dad to have his headdress, etc. Phoned John Laurie and borrowed his leggings, moccasins, and jacket. Got a headdress from George Gooderham. No phone call came back. Very tense.
>
> February 1 – Phone call from Bill Gold, Calgary Herald, saying official news of the appointment had just come over the teletype. [Found later it was a phone call from Diefenbaker to the publisher.] Phone busy for the rest of the day. Gold and photographer Harry

> Befus came over, CFCN made a telephone interview and sent Don Thomas over to make a 15 minute tape for Toronto. Phone calls from John Laurie, Mrs. Down, Dr. Johnson, Bill Marsden, George Gooderham, etc. and wires from Rev. Peter Kelly, Canon Cook, etc. In the afternoon we went to CHCT-TV. They did a miserable job. Dad did very well on all interviews except the latter, which was so badly handled I'm not surprised. Aaron Olsen was the chap in charge. Had a call from Horace and made plans. So Dad is now a Senator!

It was interesting later on to hear some of the stories and rumours that sprouted up about the appointment. One true story is that some of Dad's detractors on the Blood Reserve protested that they had not been consulted about the appointment nor did they have a chance to vote on it! There was a rumour that the appointment had been offered to John Laurie but that he had demurred in favour of Dad. This was untrue for the simple reason that Diefenbaker had made a campaign promise that he would appoint an Indian to the Senate, not a white person working among the Indians. Interestingly, John Laurie never claimed (to me or Dad, at least) that the appointment had ever been offered to him. In fact, he was highly elated that it had gone to Dad. I think the story arose because Diefenbaker had called Laurie a few days before the appointment to get his opinion about Dad. That was the secret he had been carrying when we visited him.

In any case, with that phone call our whole lives changed. For the next thirteen years, Pauline and I were Dad's secretaries, press writers, confidants, and companions. We helped him prepare for public appearances, accompanied him to ceremonies whenever possible, helped him draft letters to cabinet ministers about Indian problems, and did a hundred and one things that could never have been done by a secretary in Ottawa.

The activities started the day after his appointment, when we all went to church on the Blackfoot Reserve. Afterwards, Dad taped a speech in Blackfoot that was left to be played to future congregations. When we got home, a reporter from the *Toronto Star* was waiting for him. A few days later, Dad was off to Saskatchewan for a round of meetings, and from then on he was either coming to a meeting, leaving for a meeting, or waiting for the next meeting. When he and Mom finally went to Ottawa for the opening of Parliament, Pauline went with them and kept me up to date with daily letters telling of the adventures of the Gladstones in the nation's capital.

Pauline and I often accompanied Dad and Mom on their local journeys. One rather funny incident occurred later in the year when Dad was invited to open the Calgary Spring Horse Show. Fred was competing in town as a calf roper so when Dad was given an exclusive box at the show, he invited Fred and Edith, as well as Pauline and me, to join him. We sat there in the box with the high society of Calgary and flanked by two Mounties in scarlet uniforms. At the intermission, we were led to a reception room where we were treated to snacks and drinks. Remember, at this time treaty Indians did not have liquor privileges, and the possessing or consuming of liquor was against the law. When we entered the room, one of the Mounties took charge of the bar and, turning to Fred, he said, "What'll you have?" In all his years of drinking, Fred had never faced an experience like this. I think he gulped once before he said, "rye." I don't know if he expected the Mountie to handcuff him then and there, but nothing happened. Fred got his drink, as did everyone else, and we had a nice break until the show started again. I don't know if the drink helped, but Fred placed second in the calf roping event.

On April 6, 1959, two days after we had added Lloyd to our little family, we were saddened by the death of John Laurie. He had been in ill health for years but had still carried on his work, particularly for the Indian Association of Alberta. Just two days earlier, Dad and I had been at an Executive meeting while John Laurie was in hospital. I think everyone realized that he would not be able to carry on so Howard Beebe, the president, quietly asked me if I would consider taking his place. I told him I would think about it when the time came.

When I learned of Laurie's death, I phoned Dad to pass on the sad news to friends on the Blood Reserve. That afternoon I was interviewed by the *Calgary Albertan* and tried to give some insight into the man's dedication. That evening, I wrote in my diary: "Poor John! He had so many friends but he was so alone. No family, no children, no one to carry on his great name. He should have married that Stoney woman, Anna Beaver, in 1941. We had our differences of opinion but no arguments. Just where would the Indians be now if it weren't for him? He actually gave his life for them. His health had been broken for 12 years but he still carried on. The Indians have lost a friend and adviser that cannot be replaced. He was a great man whose name must go down in history as the champion of the people."

A few days later, Pauline, Mom, and I were asked to sit in the family section of the Pro-Cathedral for the funeral services and then we accompanied the entourage to Morley for interment in the cemetery on the Stoney Reserve.

After some discussion, I acceded to Howard Beebe's request that I be directly involved with the Association. The arrangement was eventually developed that Dave Crowchild would be corresponding secretary, Pauline the recording secretary, and I the honorary secretary. This meant that I would actually be doing Dave's work, just as John Laurie had done. I had been a card-carrying member of the Association since 1952, but as I am not an Indian, I was agreeable to the "honorary" status.

But now that Laurie was gone, the Indians had to deal with another problem, that of their volunteer legal adviser, Ruth Gorman. She was the daughter of a lawyer who had worked among the Stoneys and she too had obtained a law degree. During the Hobbema case in 1957, she provided her services to John Laurie and played a major role in publicizing the plight of some Hobbema Indians who were being ordered off their reserve. She waged a war with the Minister of Indian Affairs through the front pages of the newspapers while Laurie marshalled the various support groups to use their influence in Ottawa. In the end the Indians won their case, not because of the Association, but because the local priest conveniently "lost" some vital documents before the hearings and the case had to be thrown out. In any event, because of this incident, Gorman carried on as the legal adviser to the Association. This was fine as long as Laurie was alive, as he was able to control her, but once he passed on it became a different matter.

She may have done some good work, but her ideals and mine were so far apart that I had great difficulty in working with her. John Laurie always believed that he should work behind the scenes, and I agreed with him and operated the same way. In Association meetings, Laurie never tried to run things, but if he felt the discussions were going in the wrong direction, he would whisper his concerns to Dave Crowchild. If Dave agreed with him (which he usually did) he was the one who arose and tried to get things on the right track. Gorman was just the opposite. She liked to run things. She tried to be in control of the meetings, interrupted discussions, and seldom paid attention to the rules of parliamentary procedure. She tended to "tell" the Indians what to do, rather than listen to their views. I had no patience for such people.

Meanwhile, events were moving rapidly. Some time earlier, the federal government had responded to criticisms from the various Native associations across Canada by establishing a Joint Committee of the House of Commons

and Senate on Indian Affairs. One of its goals was to listen to briefs from organizations and individuals, and the Association was gearing up for its presentation when John Laurie died. At the meeting in April, just before Laurie's death, Howard announced that the Association would seek repeal of the compulsory enfranchisement clause in the Indian Act and push for other changes that would place more of the decision making in the hands of the Indian people.

An executive meeting was held in late summer, at which time the decision was made to hold open sessions on five reserves in the province to give Indians a chance to express their concerns, to bring forward resolutions, and to indicate what should be contained in the Association's brief. The main meeting, a two-day affair, was scheduled in November for Hobbema, after which the results would be submitted to the annual meeting. I attended any meetings that didn't interfere with my job and then spent several days putting the resolutions into proper form for presentation at Hobbema. At the same time, Gorman dropped off briefs to me on various subjects such as welfare that had to be rewritten. When everything was in order, I had the resolutions and briefs mimeographed and bound for the Hobbema meeting.

The meeting was held on November 20 and 21, 1959, and it proved to be a turbulent affair. Here is what I said in my diary for the first day: "Arrived at Samson's Hall at 1.30 pm. It developed into a very stormy meeting during the afternoon, with Mrs. Gorman trying to run the whole show. It exploded violently during the liquor debate when Mrs. Gorman 'refused to accept' a motion (she was not the chairman, only an adviser) and clashed with Ralph Steinhauer. The delegates overrode Mrs. G. and withdrew the motion before adjourning. I had a talk with Ralph who says the Saddle Lake delegation threatens to pull out and prepare their own Brief unless Mrs. G. is controlled." On the following day I wrote, "There was another long session today. I caught Mrs. G. before going in and advised her to keep quiet and to speak only in explaining certain sections and if she didn't I warned it would probably split the IAA wide open. She was quite restrained all morning and all went smoothly. But she couldn't keep still and everything exploded again in the afternoon on enfranchisement. Finally, delegate Edward Cardinal asked who was running the meeting, the IAA or 'that woman.'"

After Cardinal made his statement (pointing to Gorman while he said it), she scooped her papers into her briefcase and stomped down the aisle of the hall. She was about halfway along when her briefcase popped open, her papers and other items were dumped on the floor. No one said a word. Then she gathered up everything and left the room. As soon as the door closed, Dad

and Ralph rushed out after her. They spoke to her for quite a while and at last convinced her to return to the meeting. She did, and a number of people expressed appreciation for her volunteer work on their behalf.

By the time the meeting the over, the delegates had passed thirty-six resolutions on education, treaty rights, and self-government which provided the framework for the submission to the Joint Committee. But they had run out of time and still had not dealt with the resolutions on health, welfare, and other matters. In order to complete the work, the Association struck a committee consisting of President Howard Beebe, John Samson, Albert Lightning, Ralph Steinhauer, Peter Burnstick, Mrs. Nora Matchatis, Ruth Gorman, Dad, and me.

We met at our house about two weeks later. Steinhauer, Samson, Burnstick, Dad, Gorman, and I were in attendance. Ralph chaired the meeting and by midnight we had approved all the necessary resolutions, reviewed the drafts of the brief, and had everything needed to prepare the final report. It was nice, but even nicer was what happened next. As we met so late, Ralph, Johnny, Pete, and Dad stayed for the night and we were so crowded that Ralph slept on the couch. Next morning when I got up, Ralph said to me, "I didn't know that Lloyd could walk."

"He can't," I replied, "He can only crawl or stand up beside the furniture."

That's when Ralph laughed and said that when he woke up in the morning, the little boy came walking into the room. Sure enough, when we got him on his feet, Lloyd toddled along as fast as his chubby little legs could carry him. So Alberta's future lieutenant-governor was the first person to see Lloyd walk.

During the early weeks of 1960 I worked evenings and weekends on the brief to Ottawa. I wrote the historical introduction myself based on my earlier research and then Gorman provided me with her handwritten narratives which I rewrote and then appended the appropriate resolutions. It was long, tiring, and frustrating work, but I finally got the brief into shape and Pauline set to work to type five copies of it to send out for approval. When this was done, the copies were finally shipped off to Ottawa.

Some weeks later, an IAA delegation consisting of John Samson, Howard Beebe, and Ruth Gorman went to Ottawa to make an oral submission. Gerald Tailfeathers, who was there at the time, said that some of the Joint Committee members walked out on the first day because of Gorman's domination of the meeting. Gerald added, "But as time went on, Howard and Johnny Samson had more of an opportunity to talk and apparently did quite well (as we knew they would)."

In the end, I found out that we needn't have bothered. Even though Dad was a co-chairman of the Joint Committee, it proved to be a lion with no teeth. Submissions were heard from Native groups, governments, and interested parties over a period of two or three years. In the end, the recommendations the committee made were government-oriented, self-serving, and almost entirely without benefit to the Indian people. Not only that, but the final report was simply tabled and forgotten. So we could have saved ourselves a lot of trouble. In the end, it really didn't matter.

Once the Joint Committee was out of the way, the executive settled down to other business. Our new president was Ralph Steinhauer, and he set out to revitalize the organization. He was concerned about the lack of recruitment on most reserves and the fact that the total membership of the Association represented only a fraction of the treaty Indians in Alberta. In some cases, such as the Blackfoot Reserve, a once-active local had become completely inactive. Early in 1961 I accompanied Dad to the Peigan Reserve, where Bunny Grier agreed to reorganize that local. We called a meeting where about a dozen people showed up, including Chief John Yellowhorn, Samson Knowlton, Bob Crow Eagle, Joe Crow Shoe, and a number of young people. A week later, I met Pete Many Wounds and we called a meeting of the Sarcee Local at their community hall. There were seventeen people there, enough to hold an election, and Pete was named president, with Fred Eagle Tail as vice-president, Gordon Crowchild as secretary-treasurer, and his dad David as a director.

Pete Many Wounds was one of my best friends. We met because his wife, Muriel, was one of Pauline's schoolmates at Alberta College in Edmonton. Not only that, but she was the daughter of Ralph Steinhauer. When we moved to Calgary, Pauline and Muriel soon re-established contact and I immediately took to Pete. He was a man of limited education but great intelligence. We used to talk for hours about anything and nothing, from horses to the Indian Act to current events. After a while, we got into the routine of visiting on a weekend with all our children and they had lots of fun together. Often we would have a picnic down by the creek below Pete's house while at other times we had them over for supper. It was all very enjoyable.

But back to the Indian Association of Alberta: Howard Beebe volunteered to tackle the reorganization of the Blackfoot Local. We went there in February 1961 and were pleased when more than a hundred people were gathered at the church hall. I was really impressed with Howard. He made a speech which was more than an hour long, entirely in Blackfoot. I couldn't understand more than one per cent of what he said, yet he held my attention during the entire

time by the force of his oratory, by his hand and body movements, and by the way he impressed the audience. I had heard historically how orators had transfixed their audiences but this was the only time I actually saw it happen. After Howard there were others – Steve Mistaken Chief, Dave Crowchild, Joe Crowfoot, Matthew Melting Tallow, Ben Calf Robe, Clarence McHugh, Charlie Royal, and others – all speaking in Blackfoot. I also made a short speech (in English) outlining the good the IAA could do for them. In the end, a new local was formed with Adam Solway as president.

Ralph also decided that the 1944 constitution of the Association was outdated and did not reflect its current role and responsibilities. At his suggestion I prepared a draft copy of a new constitution, a committee was struck, and they met at our house a week after the Blackfoot trip. Those present were Ralph, Dave Crowchild, Steve Mistaken Chief, his brother Fred, Mike Devine, Pete Many Wounds, Rufus Goodstriker, Wayne Beebe, and Mary Dover. The members went over the proposal clause by clause, with Steve and Pete voicing the loudest criticisms and asking for revisions which, for the most part, were very positive. In the end, I had an approved outline which I was able to put into final form so that it could pass at the next general meeting. Later, I had these printed and distributed to all members.

During all this time I was busy with IAA matters but I was having great fun. Ralph was an excellent person to work with and had the best grasp of the Association's goals of anyone I knew. Over the next six years, my role as "honorary" secretary was anything but honorary. I sent out notices of meetings, solicited resolutions from the locals, rewrote resolutions and gathered them into mimeographed form, made up the agendas, sent out accreditation forms, made delegate ribbons, attended the annual and executive meetings where Pauline usually took the minutes, and I wrote up the final minutes. I also wrote letters to ministers, premiers, the director of Indian Affairs, Indian Health Services, and any other places from which the Association was seeking the redress of their problems. Later I had to take their replies and put them into a narrative form to send to all the members. If it sounds like a lot of work, it was.

My name seldom appeared during these years because I worked behind the scenes. Most of the letters were sent out under Dave Crowchild's name and I was not mentioned in the minutes because I had no speaking role. Like John Laurie, if I had something to say, it was usually to people like Ralph Steinhauer or John Samson. As I always said, I considered myself to be the extension of a typewriter, providing the Indians with a service they needed. I was not

there to give advice or direction as they were perfectly capable to doing this themselves.

The 1961 meeting was held on the Alexis Reserve, west of Edmonton. At that time, Ralph retired and Howard Beebe returned to office as president. Pauline was sick so I had to take the minutes as well as doing everything else. When it was over, I was so tired I slept for two days. Afterwards I reflected in my diary, "I can see that the Indians are still painfully short of leaders. Among those who have anything really useful to offer on a provincial basis are Ralph Steinhauer, Pete Burnstick, John Samson, Pete Many Wounds, Gerald Tailfeathers, and possibly a few more. I can see a hope for some of the younger ones but it will take time."[65]

The first day of the meeting went well, but just after the election on the second day, Ruth Gorman arrived. Ralph could always restrain her but Howard Beebe could not. As I wrote in my diary, "She began breaking all the rules again and held up the works, rewrote and misworded her own ideas for amendments, etc."[66] There were rumbles of dissatisfaction but nothing came of it.

The following few years ran only slightly more smoothly. The annual meeting in 1962 was held at Morley, where John Samson took over as the new president. The following year at Alexander's Reserve he was re-elected and I commented, "the meeting was one of the smoothest I have seen in recent years."[67] The following year the meeting was held on the Blood Reserve when Howard was elected president, but this time the legal adviser was there and the dissatisfaction was apparent.

As Ralph wrote to me in 1965, "We should meet in Calgary the week of June 6 and talk over the whole problem of Indian organizations in Alberta. ... it seems that IAA has fallen apart altogether and for one reason, I think, is that our legal adviser is trying to exercise too much authority and dictate the organization's every move. Saddle Lake is very disturbed with the way she conducted herself at Cardston last June and as a protest they, Saddle Lake, have reorganized the local and have quite a large membership. They also plan to bring to Cold Lake [annual meeting] a resolution protesting the conduct of the legal adviser."[68] However, the days of domination by white people were almost over, as Native people were taking more and more control over their own destiny.

In 1966 I was unable to get away for the annual meeting at Cold Lake and the next two as well. I still helped Dave Crowchild with the minutes and put the packages together, but my work at Glenbow was taking up more and more of my time. I did, however, continue to work closely with Ethel Taylor,

of Red Deer, who had been named chairman of the Association's Advisory Committee. Perhaps by this time I saw the handwriting on the wall, for one of the young people who took an active role in the 1966 meeting was Harold Cardinal, a university student. He had all the qualities that people like Taylor and I had been hoping for. He was dynamic, intelligent, well educated, and an effective speaker. Also, his approach to the Association was entirely different from that of people like Crowchild, Samson, Burnstick, and the others. While they rejected any thought of receiving government money and were adamant about maintaining their independence, Cardinal firmly believed that government money could be taken without compromising the role of the organization.

In 1968, Cardinal was elected president of the Association, and a short time later he let it be known that they did not need an advisory committee, a legal adviser, or an honorary secretary. Both Ethel Taylor and I were extremely pleased, for this is just the goal we had been working towards, but I must say that some in the group were not happy and complained about a lack of appreciation for all their efforts. I felt that our goal from the beginning should have been to work our way out of a job. If that happened, we knew we had been successful. That's the way I felt then, and it's still the way I feel today. It was a pleasure to be fired.

During all these years, Pauline was also active in Native issues and I was sometimes involved, just as she shared my interest in the IAA. Her first major commitment was to young Indians coming into Calgary in 1959. In that year, the federal government became fully committed to integrated education but, like so many things they did, it was strictly a short-sighted bandaid approach. The policy was to get Indians into senior high schools, so an arrangement was made with the Calgary School Board to accept students and for the government to provide a monthly living allowance. The Indian Department never took into consideration that these were all reservation Indians who, for the most part, had had no experience with city life. They just dumped them in the city and left them.

Let me give you an example. One day geologist Bill Gallup was driving to work when he saw one of the students walking to school, and he realized that she still had miles to go. Because he knew her and her family, he picked her up and as they were driving to school he asked her why she hadn't taken the bus. She finally admitted that she had never been on a bus in her life and

didn't know how to buy or use tickets. She was too shy to ask so she was simply walking to school.

Some time after the opening of the fall term, it was obvious that these young people were completely lost in the city. After some discussion, they said they'd like a place where they could meet other Indian students and get to know them. Pauline came up with a solution: form an Indian social club. She called a meeting on November 2nd and among those who turned up were Betty Crowfoot, Alex Janvier, David and Shirley Healy. Arrangements were made to hold meetings at our house or other private homes until sometime later when Tony Karch got the YMCA to agree to let them use one of their rooms. Indian Affairs co-operated by providing a list of all students in Calgary.

And so the Calumet Indian Club was formed. I believe it was the first Native organization in Calgary. After a few meetings a formal constitution was passed and an election held. Alex Janvier became the first president and Lila Healy the vice-president. The routine was to hold weekly meetings, usually on a Monday evening. The gathering opened with a meeting and after the business was over a dance was held. There were times when the entire Indian student population turned out – Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, Stoney, Sarcee, and Cree. In later years, it was interesting to note how many of its young members went on to become leaders. Some of them were Alex Janvier, Delphine Black Horse, Matthew Ayoungman, and Edward Fox, just to name a few. Besides these regular meetings, the club also had craft sales, special events, and formed a basketball team that competed all over southern Alberta.

The club was designed much along the lines of the Indian Association, in that its membership was entirely Indian, both youths and adults, while interested white people formed an advisory committee. I was a member of the latter group, and from 1961 to 1964 I edited their monthly newsletter, the *Calumet Moccasin Telegraph*. The club worked closely with other Calgary organizations, such as the Council of Community Services, which was under the capable direction of Tim Tyler. Pauline also worked with the YWCA and helped them form the Ninaki Girls Club.

The situation began to get complicated in 1961 when the Council of Community Services held a series of workshops and meetings to see if there were any needs of Indian people that should be addressed. As Indian centres were becoming popular in places like Winnipeg, Edmonton, and Vancouver, the question was raised as to whether one was needed in Calgary. Independent investigations were made by Pauline and by a white person and they both came to the conclusion was one was not needed. While the other cities had large

Native populations, Calgary at that time didn't have more than about two hundred Indians and perhaps a thousand non-status people with Indian blood who were in various stages of acculturation.

The following year, the question was raised by Grace Johnson and Ruth Gorman, representing the Local Council of Women. Ignoring the earlier decision and without consultation, the Local Council passed a resolution indicating that some kind of an Indian shelter "was a necessity." They envisioned "a bathroom, telephone and a room where Indians can meet or rest"[69] and began to plan a facility to be located in East Calgary. Early in 1963, I noted, "This evening I went to a meeting of the Council of Community Services regarding an Indian centre. It was a hot and heavy affair but accomplished little. The Local Council of Women want to put up a place in east Calgary with toilet facilities while most other groups are opposed. Among the Indians present were Pete Many Wounds, Mrs. and Mrs. Lawrence Whitney, Mrs. Phyllis Bennink (nee Eagle Child), and Andrew Bear Robe."[70]

At that time I had no strong feelings about it one way or the other, just as long as the Indians were being consulted and their voices heard. From this meeting, it was obvious that this wasn't happening and the women were forging ahead with their own ideas. The Calumet Club held a meeting and decided to send a protest to the Council of Community Services. They asked me to write the letter but when it was sent to the Council, Mrs. Johnson tried to discredit it by saying it was written by a white man and also that the club was made up of young Indians who were not representative of the large Native population.

These and other Indian protests slowed the Local Council down enough so that it took another look at what was happening in other cities, and then switched their plans from a toilet in East Calgary to a full-fledged Indian centre. This would be complete with meeting rooms, sports facilities, and counselling and referral services. To many Indians, including Pauline, this sounded like a better idea, but there was a fear that this would become a do-gooders' paradise instead of a centre run by Indians. Not so, said Grace Johnson. In a letter to various clubs and organizations she said, "It may interest you to know of the 7 Centres in Western Canada, 3 were formed by the efforts of Local Council of Women in the citys [*sic*] concerned and in no case, in no case, has the Council of Women in anyway run the centre. They have simply brought the financial and moral support of the women of the city concerned to the aid of the Indians who then manage and run their own Centre."[71]

On the basis of this statement, a Calgary Indian Friendship Society was formed, headed by Grace Johnson as interim president and Ruth Gorman in another official capacity. Pauline became interim treasurer of the group and gave it her full support. She even brought in a cheque for $3,000 from her friend Catherine Whyte of Banff. It was funny – or perhaps not so funny – when Pauline told these white women about the cheque. It was obvious that they were very self-satisfied at what they were doing for the Indians in what was clearly a "master-servant" relationship. The fact that one of the "servants" came up with one of the largest individual cheques of the campaign (other than government money) must have been unsettling. The women showed very little enthusiasm and left me with the impression that they almost resented Pauline for trespassing on "their" turf.

The women worked hard, and some of them, like Joyce Stewart, Pat Waite, and Vera Irving, were truly dedicated. They got money from both levels of government, found a fine old house on 4th Avenue SW, and got it ready for the opening. During all this time, Pauline and others fully expected that when the Indian Centre was ready, it would be turned over to an all-Indian board. However, in the summer of 1964 Mrs. Johnson presented documents regarding the incorporation of the society and the by-laws that would govern the organization. Pauline and I, as well as a number of Native leaders, were shocked. Rather than turning the Centre over to the Indians, the by-laws provided for an Indian staff but a Board of Directors made up of both Indians and non-Indians with no guarantee of an Indian majority nor that the president must be an Indian. When the question arose about making changes to these draft by-laws, those present were informed that they had already been submitted to the Alberta government and were now law. Provision also was made for the interim Board to remain in office for one year before the first election would be held. This meant that Grace Johnson would stay as interim president of the Board, with almost absolute power over the Centre. This was diametrically opposite to the promise she had made when the Centre was first conceived.

The official opening was held in October 1964 and we were all there, with Dad doing the official opening, along with Mayor Grant MacEwan. Pauline still hoped that Johnson's role would be temporary and that as soon as things settled down, she would leave gracefully. But it didn't happen. Lawrence Whitney, from the Sarcee Reserve, was named acting director but it was clear from the outset that he had little or no authority. Grace Johnson was at the Centre daily, completely running things. By the beginning of 1965, some of

the others who had helped start the Centre were also having concerns about the way it was being run. The first to leave was Joyce Stewart, who resigned from the Board early in the year. Pauline became disturbed when she learned that Johnson was doing counselling work when she had absolutely no experience and was making decisions without consulting anyone. But the final straw came when, as treasurer, Pauline learned that Grace Johnson was billing the Centre for the cost of her babysitter. Pauline refused to sign the cheque for this expense and, instead, she resigned from the Board.

Matters might have ended right there as far as the Dempsey family was concerned. We now had five children, the twins being only fourteen months old and John still in diapers. Pauline had been planning to leave as soon as the Centre was up and running and in capable Indian hands but obviously this wasn't happening. Once she resigned, she decided that she would just leave it alone and let the Centre work out its own problems.

However, over the next few days Pauline was inundated with phone calls and messages, some from the ruling women wanting her to reconsider, and others from people like Tim Tyler and Pete Many Wounds who were disgusted with what was happening at the Centre. Then she received a visit from a representative of the Citizenship Branch of the federal government, the body that was partially funding the Centre. He urged her to do something to correct the situation and that if she could get enough Indians to support her, he would get the government to make an investigation. I was there when he made his presentation and it was very persuasive. He made it sound like a simple matter to make the request and then the Centre would be placed in the hands of the Indians to run.

A petition was drafted asking the two levels of government to investigate the Centre, particularly "domination by non-Indians, lack of constructive programming for Indian teenagers, and handling of funds," as well as to "examine constitution, methods of counselling, and an inability to cope with alcohol problems."[72] Over the next several days, Pauline and I travelled to all the reserves in southern Alberta while others helped to contact Indians living in the city. Within a matter of days some seventy-five signatures had been gained and Tim Tyler, from the Council of Community Services, advised on the best methods of proceeding. Meanwhile, Mrs. Johnson learned of the petition and launched a counteroffensive. The first we learned of it was when Ed Many Bears asked to have his name taken off the petition; Mrs. Johnson had contacted him and implied that his son's job at the Centre would be in jeopardy if his name was allowed to stand. Then there was a call from Les Tallow,

who had been waylaid at the Centre by Mrs. Johnson and persuaded to have his name removed.

The petition was finally submitted to the Alberta minister L.C. Halmrast and federal minister Rene Tremblay, with every effort being made to keep the matter out of the press. However, Bill Wuttunee, a Cree lawyer in Calgary, heard about it and broke the story to *The Albertan* and the *Calgary Herald*, even though he had not been involved. Soon charges and counter-charges were echoing back and forth in the pages of daily newspapers. The first result of this was that the government man who had instigated the whole thing ran for cover like a frightened rabbit and was of no help at all. The second was that the ministers in Edmonton and Ottawa became cautious as the matter became a public football. Had it been kept out of the press, they probably would have proceeded quietly with an investigation but now this was not possible. It was easier for them to sit on the fence. The tower of strength to Pauline during this time was Tim Tyler, as well as people like Gerald Tailfeathers, Pete and Muriel Many Wounds, Leonard Crane, and Rufus Goodstriker.

About this time, the rumour reached me that someone had tried to contact Eric Harvie to get me fired. Harvie was in the Caribbean at the time so I submitted a long memo to John Slatter, Glenbow's president, outlining the whole situation and asking permission to proceed with helping Pauline. I was very gratified to receive word that as long as I didn't take any action in my capacity as an employee of Glenbow, I could do whatever I wanted.

In the end, the Alberta government decided not to act and the federal authorities limited themselves to an examination of the Centre's finances. This was perfect ammunition for Grace Johnson, as Pauline had been interim treasurer during this period. The implication was the Pauline was being investigated, not the Centre. To add to the problem, a few invoices had been mislaid (Pauline found them in her files two years later) and although no money was involved, it was used against her. By this time, the whole situation was becoming unreal. As I mention in my diary for February 19th, "We heard that the meeting called last night by Mrs. Johnson was a real vilification of the Dempseys & followers. We were accused of being jealous, anti-white, etc. and had deceived people into signing. We expected this so it was no surprise.…" The only bright spot was that Mrs. Johnson called for a vote of confidence in her work and three Board members actually voted against her.

As time went along, more support came to Pauline. The Council of Community Services, Catholic Family Service, Anglican Diocesan Social Service Board, Calgary Native Friendship Club, and a number of individuals

were behind her and as a result they formed the Calgary Indian Services Committee. But it was too late. The two levels of government had already committed themselves to the easy way out and were not about to change. Soon the subject slipped off the pages of the newspapers, and as I mentioned in my year-end summary, "The fight with the Indian centre was a failure and caused Pauline much grief and anguish." In the end Mrs. Johnson remained in complete control.

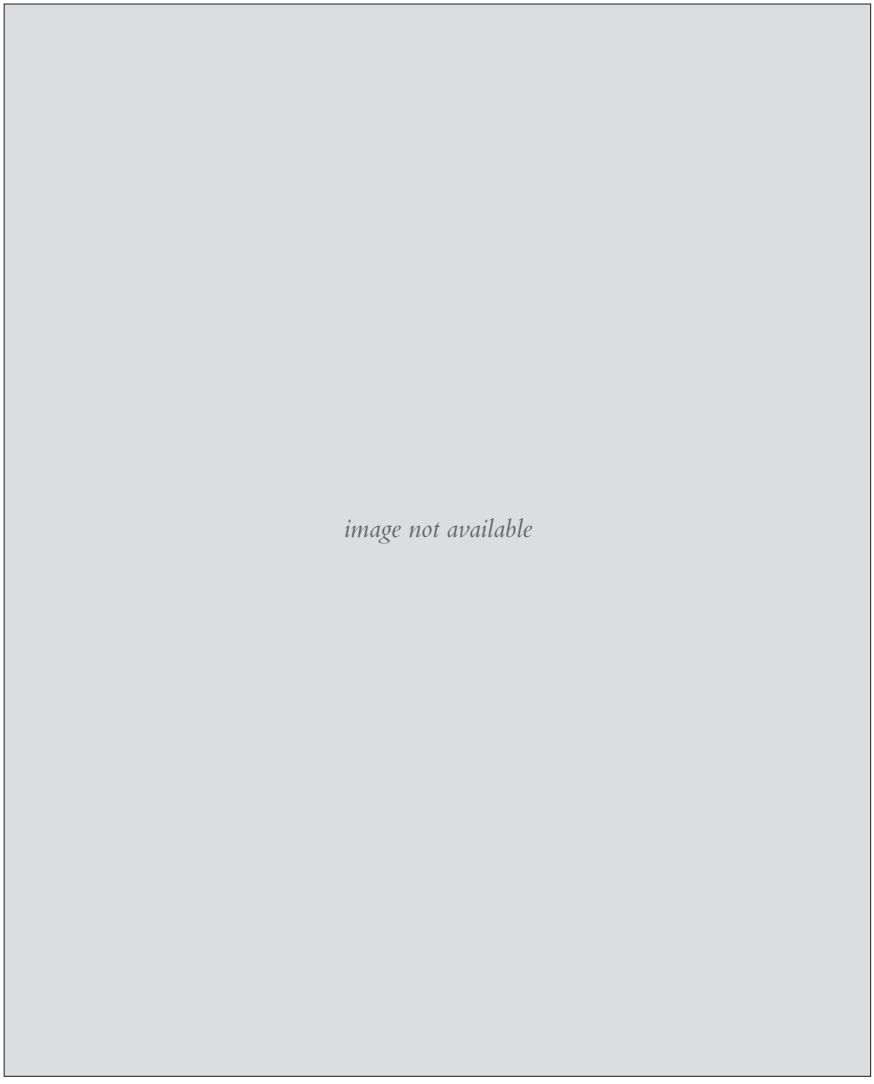
As for the Calumet Club, it went out with a whimper. As I wrote late in 1965, "In the evening Pauline went to the final function of the Calumet Club before it dissolves.... About 40 teenagers turned up, many of them drunk, and the evening was marked by fights, obnoxious drunks and rowdiness. If it hadn't been for the help of Wilton Goodstriker, Pauline might have had trouble on her hands. This sort of situation has arisen only since the advent of the Friendship (?) Centre."[73]

After Grace Johnson died, Pauline returned to the Board of the Centre as Recording Secretary for the 1970–71 term, and again from 1980 to 1986. By then, it was finally in Indian hands and carried on for another twenty years before folding.

The problems with white do-gooders were based on the fact that both Pauline and I shared the belief that Indians were fully capable of handling their own affairs and did not need to have white people running things. We agreed they were useful in an advisory capacity but only when and as needed by the Indians. I should add that I did not influence Pauline in this line of thinking, neither did I persuade her to take on Grace Johnson and her gang. She had her own strong feelings.

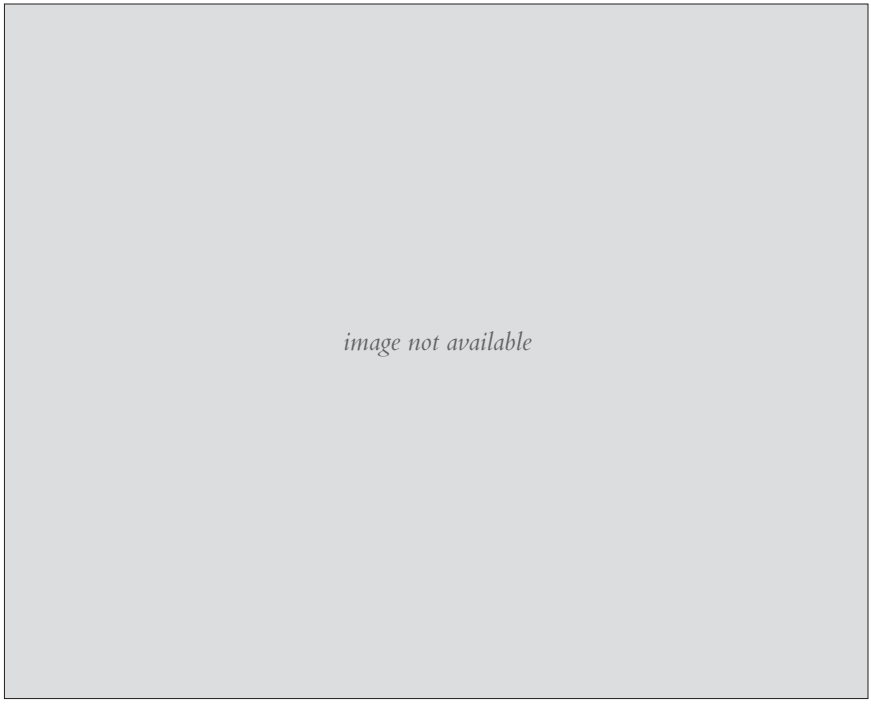
Pauline always had been busy with volunteer work. She had been a board member of the YWCA, vice-president of the Calgary Women's Progressive Conservative Association, member of the University of Calgary Senate, and a member of the Indian Events Committee at the Calgary Stampede. For her various activities she became the first recipient of the Chief David Crowchild Memorial Award, presented by the City of Calgary for the betterment of Indian-white relations. A plaque was placed in the lobby of City Hall, where it still resides today. In the following year she received the Alberta Achievement Award for her services to the province.

Dempsey considered family to be the most important part of his career. Left to right in 1965 are children James, Louise, John, Lois, and Leah, as well as "Duchess," Hugh, and Pauline. (Author's files)



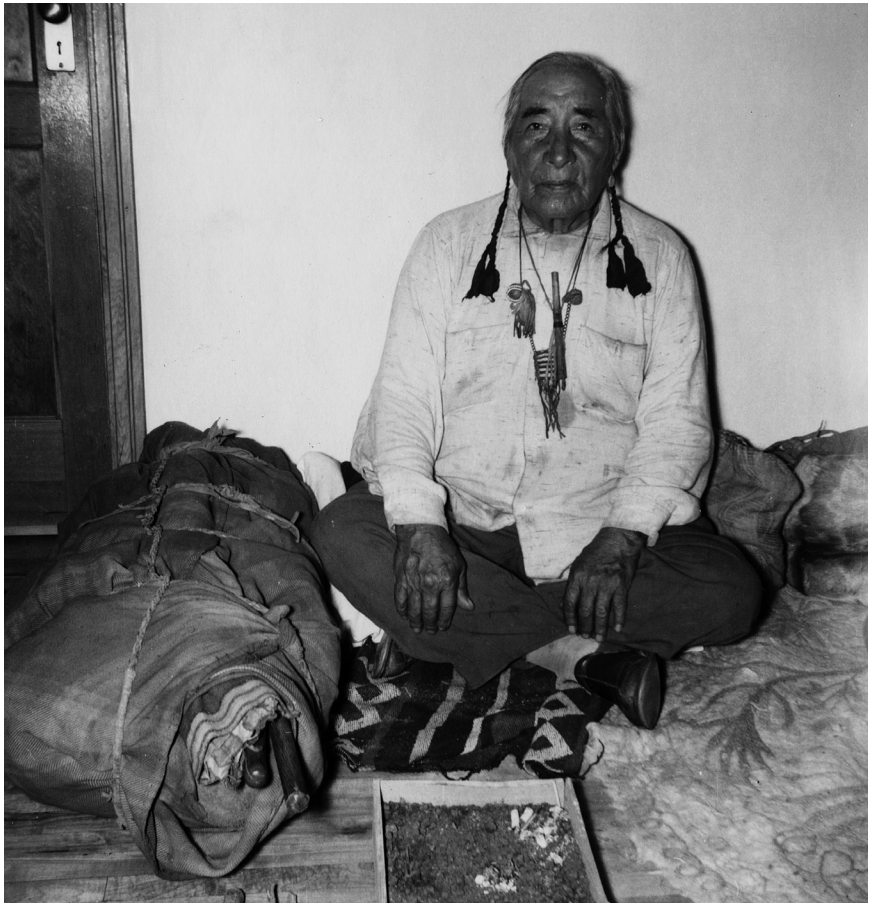
In 1956 Dempsey became the first Archivist of the Glenbow Museum and established the procedures under which it still functions today. (Glenbow photo 265-8)

Eric Harvie, family, and friends visited the Blackfoot Reserve during Glenbow's excavation of the Earth Lodge Village site in 1960. Left to right are Archaeologist Richard G. Forbis, Donald S. Harvie, Mr. & Mrs. H. Gordon Love, Eric Harvie, Mrs. Don Harvie, Glenbow employee George H. Gooderham, and Hugh Dempsey. (Author's files)

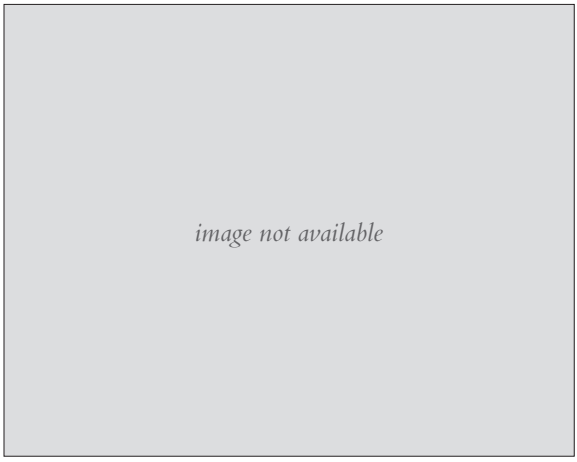


As part of the Glenbow Foundation-Alberta Government agreement in 1966, Eric L. Harvie presents a cheque for $5 million to Mr. Justice N. D. McDermid, first chairman of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute's Board of Governors. The cheque was matched by the government. (Glenbow photo NA-4001-1)

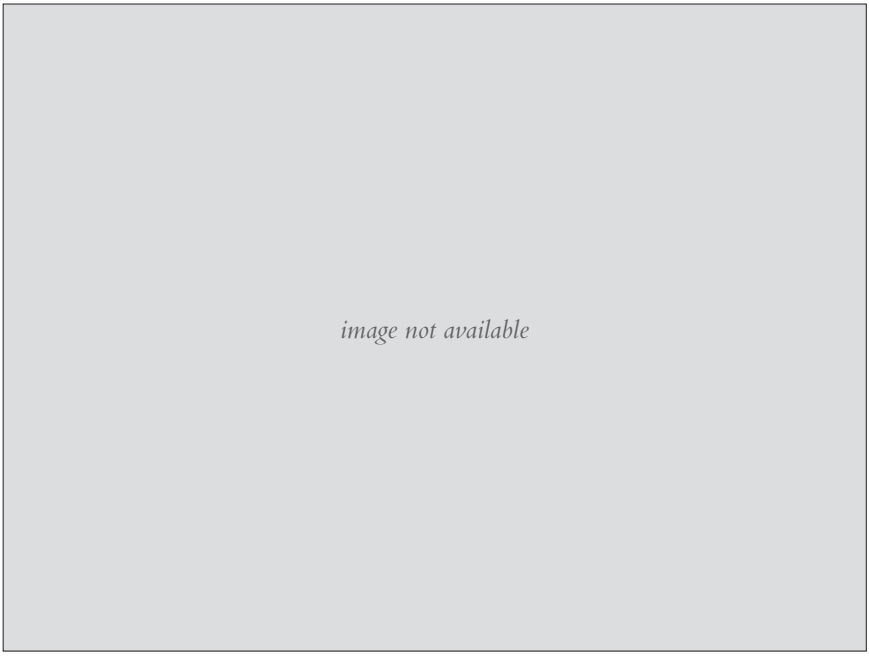
When the first Native high school students were sent to Calgary, no plans had been made for their recreation so Pauline and Hugh Dempsey were among those who formed the Calumet Club, which had weekly meetings and dances. Here, in 1961, Nick Breaker is dancing with Pauline Bull Shields while in the back is Delphine Black Horse. (Author's files)



When Dempsey acquired a sacred Beaver Bundle from the Peigans in 1956, he asked his friend John Cotton to perform the ceremonies so that they could be recorded. Cotton is seen here in the Gladstone home with the bundle at his side. (Author photo)



During the Sun Dance on the Blackfoot Reserve in 1961, Dempsey arranged with Dick Brass to go through the ceremony of opening his medicine pipe bundle and to permit Glenbow to film it. Dempsey is seen here at the entrance to the lodge. (Glenbow photo R6-2)

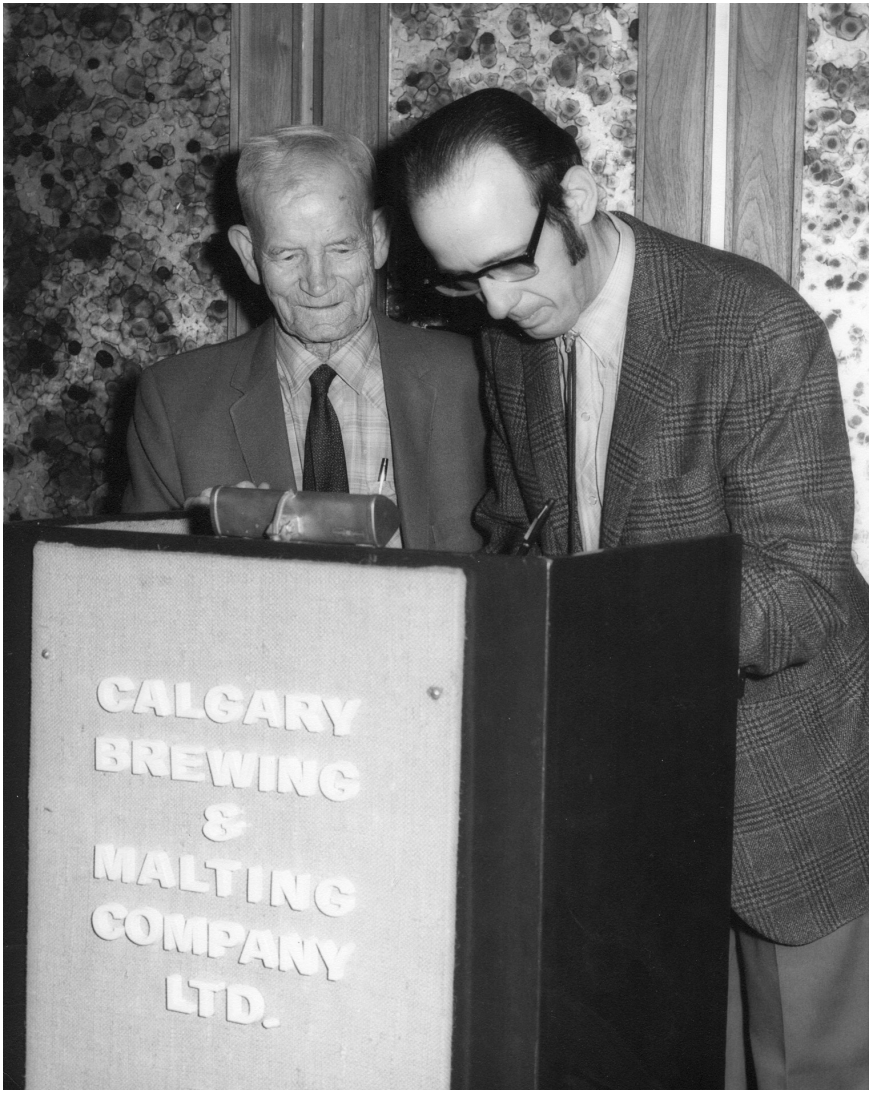


In 1963, Emma Brass approached Dempsey about putting on the Ghost Dance ritual and letting Glenbow take still photographs of it. After an altar was made the ceremony commenced, and at one stage Dempsey was called forward to be painted and blessed. Seen here, ceremonialist Ed Axe performs the ritual while Dick Brass, one of the sponsors, sits nearby. (Glenbow photo 74-13)

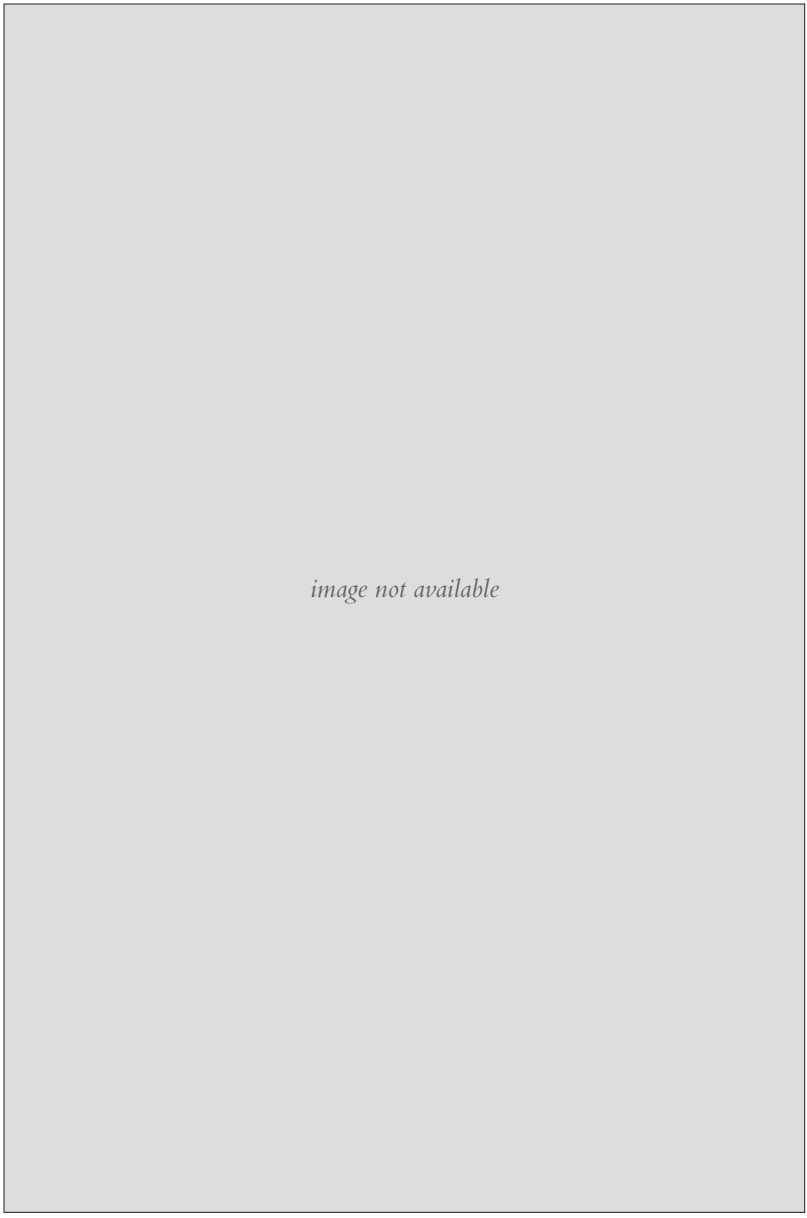
One of the greatest honours of Dempsey's career was to be inducted as an honorary chief of the Blood tribe in 1967. Willie Scraping White performed an elaborate ritual which ended with him placing an eagle feather headdress on Dempsey's head. At this ceremony, Dempsey received the Blackfoot name of Potaina, or Flying Chief, the name of his wife's grandfather. In the background are other honorary chiefs, left to right, Hon. Arthur Laing, Minister of Northern Affairs, Dr. J. K. Mulloy, Indian agent Ralph D. Ragan, Chief Stephen Fox, and Albert Swinarton. (Author's files)

A visit to the Gladstone ranch could involve many diverse activities, including this jackpot rodeo in 1955. Second left is Fred Gladstone while Pauline sits on the rail with her back to the camera. (Author photo)

It was 25 below zero in 1959 when Dempsey photographed cattle on the Gladstone ranch. (Author photo)



In 1971, Hugh Dempsey and his father-in-law, Senator James Gladstone, sign the register at the Old Time Range Men's Dinner at the Palliser Hotel in Calgary. (Author's files)



Duncan F. Cameron was appointed Executive Director of the Glenbow Museum in 1977. He is seen here a year later. (Glenbow photo NA-2864-30568)

Jim Many Bears of the Blackfoot Reserve gave prayers at the opening of *The Spirit Sings* exhibition in 1988. He is seen here with Dempsey, examining one of the displays.