

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

HOMECOMING

The Case for Private Philanthropy

THERE IT WAS IN THE FALL OF 2005, on the front page of the *Globe and Mail's* business section, a colour photograph of my rough-hewn mug, and on the inside, an older colour picture of me embracing Lois at the official opening of the Haskayne School of Business at the University of Calgary. The day before, the *Calgary Herald* had quoted me on the front page about Gwyn Morgan's surprising announcement that he was retiring from EnCana. That evening, I'd felt honoured by a gala evening attended by eight hundred—colleagues, friends, family—as I was inducted into the Junior Achievement's Calgary Business Hall of Fame. And that morning, illuminated photos of my larger-than-life face and those of the two other inductees, Harley Hotchkiss and the late Fred Mannix, began to greet people in the busy corridor of Bankers Hall, where I have my office in the heart of downtown.

So I sure didn't need the publicity of the column in the *Globe* that talked about my philanthropic contributions. But I was grateful that the columnist did go on to discuss a pet thesis of mine: the vital need for more of us who've done well in our business careers to volunteer our time and pragmatic experience as well as our money to not-for-profit organizations. To act as individuals—not just through the companies that employ us or through the ones we own. To give back—but wisely. I knew the late Francis Winspear, another Alberta-bred accountant who was president of more companies than me—nineteen of them—was

a pro bono director of the University of Alberta's School of Commerce, founding president of the Edmonton United Appeal, and a co-founder of the Edmonton Symphony and the Edmonton Opera. He once said something that rings true with me today: "Giving money requires even more prescience, more imagination, more executive skill, than making it." You have to consider carefully where you devote your energy as well as donate your cash. Education is my main philanthropy of choice, and the U of C has been high on my list of involvements.

My most absorbing relationship with the university began in Toronto one day in early 1990. I was back east as head of Interhome Energy—working feverishly with Price Waterhouse to mount a defence against the Reichmann brothers' attempt to take control of our company—when I learned the name of the new chairman of the University of Calgary: Richard Francis Haskayne. I'd received a forwarded fax of a press release from Alberta's advanced education minister announcing that Robert Wilson's successor as chair of the board of governors was me.

To my great surprise.

The last contact I'd had with the university was with Murray Fraser, the relatively new president and a kind and ethical human being. He'd taken me to lunch one day late the previous year and said, "Dick, I really need you. Bob is at the end of his term, and your name has been submitted as chairman, and we're having trouble finding the right person."

"Jeez, Murray, I'm dealing with the Reichmanns right now. I don't understand university governance. I don't know what the hell your senate does, or the difference between the general faculties' council and the board of governors."

"I just want to convince you that it's the right thing to do," he replied.

Important as I knew the U of C loomed in the city and the province, I was not convinced the chairmanship of this very public institution was any role for me. I'd been actively engaged with the university as president of Home Oil during the 1980s when we held meetings in our fancy dining room to raise funds for what's

now Scurfield Hall in the original business school. That, for the time being, was as far as I wanted to be involved. And now this.

I was mad as hell. I didn't even know who the minister of advanced education was (it turned out to be John Gogo, with whom I was to have a positive relationship in the years ahead). Premier Don Getty, the retired oilman and Edmonton Eskimos quarterback whom I knew well, was as embarrassed as I was about the premature announcement. But because my name had been made public, it appeared to be too late to do anything about the screw-up.

As it turned out, my six years in the job were some of the most satisfying of my career. Unlike corporate boards, which meet behind carefully closed doors, half of the university's sessions were wide open to anyone, including the press—which I sometimes forgot about in the heat of discussion. Some of the governors, among all the business, academic, and community types you'd expect, were even students. I once got into a debate with Nick Devlin, the student-council president on the board, about the number of local people the overcrowded U of C was turning away. Politely but firmly, he was pushing for the government to provide more money to reduce the waiting list, which was probably topping a thousand then. No other governors were responding, but, a little atypically as a chairman, I did: "Listen, I don't know how you can say they're not going to get an education. There's a big university up the road that has been around longer than us, and they seem to have room there. Some of the rest of us attended there years ago, and it's not all bad."

Nick argued that students were already having trouble earning enough money to stay in Calgary, much less to attend the University of Alberta in Edmonton. During a break in our meeting, reporters crowded around as he said, "When we're dealing with the board, we deal with people who have made it and are successful and are a little bit removed from the difficulties of life as a student.... I don't think any of the board members have eaten Kraft Dinner in a long time." Although I apologized to my fellow governors for challenging Nick, his quote made the papers the next day.

At the end of that year, we had a dinner at the president's house where I handed out plaques to retiring members. One of them was this little bugger, Nick, who walked up with a brown paper bag in hand and, after receiving his plaque, asked for the floor. He made a speech about how we'd had our debate and I'd gotten flak for it in the media, and so he wanted to give me a memento in return. Out of the bag, he pulled a trophy made of a Kraft Dinner carton with the wording, "The Kraft for Best Board Chair/Dick Haskayne/In appreciation of your Leadership and Friendship (In case of cutbacks, open box)." I still have the trophy and cherish it—and Nick, who later received the Order of the University of Calgary and became a crown prosecutor with the federal Department of Justice in Toronto.

The board faced more serious problems during my tenure. Shortly after I became chairman, some governors threatened to resign over a provincial government proposal that would have let the advanced education minister veto any changes in the university's program of study. (Ultimately, the province added a qualifying phrase: "without derogating from the general powers of a board ... to manage and control a university.") A year later, I was incensed when a controversial professor accused several departments of not pulling their weight in scholarly research and claimed that the university's leadership lacked integrity and credibility. As well as defending Murray Fraser and his people, I responded with a practical businessman's approach: "This university is here to do a hell of a lot more than just research." And in my final year at the helm, I was warning of a fiscal crisis as the board approved a barebones budget—the toughest in the U of C's history—that spurred faculty to warn of job action if no pay raises were forthcoming.

The most poignant personal situation I had to deal with on the board was the resignation of my boyhood friend Vern Hoff. Because he'd been a schoolteacher, farmer, municipal councillor, and active volunteer in Gleichen, I recommended him as a governor because of his rural perspective and his general wisdom. He was serving well on a board with nine other non-academic members, including Charlie Fischer of Nexen and corporate lawyer

Brian Felesky. But Vern was on the personnel committee when it considered the issue of extending benefits to partners in same-sex relationships. He was old school through and through, a rock-ribbed conservative and a strong Christian, and though the issue didn't offend my morality, it did his. Our full board voted in favour of extending the benefits. After wrestling with his conscience for six weeks, Vern resigned just one year into his term. I regretted his leaving.

Operating a university is a big business—ours was the fourth largest employer in town—so I tried to run the board like a public company's, confining the debate to the issues without being autocratic about it. Fortunately, I had the counsel of Murray Fraser and a superb board secretary named Rhonda Williams, a leader in corporate governance in Canada (who jabbed me in the ribs when I was being too outspoken in front of the press). And some great colleagues, including Ann McCaig, who was a long-term governor before becoming chancellor in 1995. The wife of the late Trimac Corp. founder, Bud McCaig, was born in Tisdale, Saskatchewan, the daughter of an implement and car dealer and a Russian-immigrant mother who worked as a maid before struggling to become a nurse.

Ann, a former Miss Saskatchewan Roughrider, earned a bachelor of education. She is as smart as she is beautiful—serving as a director of Suncor Energy and a trustee of the Killam scholarships for students and professors and convincing others to also invest time and money in causes such as helping sick kids and addicted teenagers. We have a mutual-admiration society based in part on our shared rural roots but mostly on our similar way of viewing the world. In a speech she made a couple of years ago to The Canadian Club about volunteerism, she said, "Dick will often refer to himself as 'the butcher's son from Gleichen.' It's because he has never forgotten where he came from." And nor has wonderful Ann. I was thrilled when, in the same speech, she mentioned the influence my folks had on me: "Dick has never forgotten the values and principles that were instilled in him by his parents. They made sacrifices and worked hard to take care

of their family while at the same time they cared about others around them.”

While Lee was ill, the minister of education pressed me to stay on as board chair, which I did for another three-year term because it was at least something I could do close to home. We’d had a \$40-million fundraising campaign in my first term, ably headed by Ann and former chancellor Jim Palmer, but funding continued to be a challenge. And this in wealthy Alberta where only 43 percent of high school students were moving on to post-secondary education—the lowest rate in Canada—and a province that even into the new century would rank second last, after Nova Scotia, in supporting post-secondary education. In 2003, a TD Bank Financial Group report on the Calgary-Edmonton corridor (subtitled “Take Action Now to Ensure Tiger’s Roar Doesn’t Fade”) pointed out that “a long period of government cutbacks” meant that “student debts have skyrocketed” to an average on graduation of \$18,000. No wonder some of my corporate friends and I felt compelled to fund scholarships for deserving young people wanting to attend universities and colleges. Fortunately, things have since improved somewhat as an embarrassed provincial government began making advanced education a priority. Not a moment too soon.

One of the benefits of being involved in community and charitable activities is the relationships you develop in those endeavours. A prime instance in my life was my years chairing the university’s board. It’s a non-paying position, yet I spent as much time on it as any one of the corporate chairs I’ve held. In retrospect, I felt I made a contribution during a difficult era in its history because of the 25 budget cuts it had to face. But on the plus side for me were the associations that continue to this day—for example, Murray Fraser became one of my best friends, and I’m still close to his wife, Anne, and their sons. My friendship with Ann McCaig continues to be as strong as it ever was when we had the university in common. Another example of the payback from this sort of community involvement is my ongoing role as a trustee with the Alberta Heritage Foundation for Medical Research, where I serve with people of the quality of Harvey Weingarten,

the current president of the U of C, and Indira Samarasekera, the distinguished new president of the University of Alberta.

When I retired as chair in 1996, after two three-year terms, my NOVA Chemicals compatriot Ted Newall took over from me and then Brian MacNeill succeeded him. Brian, ex-Enbridge and current chair of Petro-Canada, has nicely summed up the difference between corporate and academic boards: “The problem with a university board is you get so many factions, and they don’t always realize what their role is. There are grad students and union reps and teachers who view themselves as just representing their constituencies, and I say, ‘Well, remember, if we get sued, we all get sued.’”

BY THIS TIME, I HAD A NEW WIFE and soulmate. In January 1994, I’d still been depressed after Lee’s death, had lost twenty pounds, and was having problems with my waterworks. It seemed like a good idea to visit the Scripps Clinic in San Diego for a physical and take along Don Campbell, who was having some heart trouble, and Marlene, who just wanted a checkup. After getting some counsel and a clean bill of health, we stayed down south to play a little golf. And it was there, on the links, that I encountered Lois Heard.

She tells friends now that she knew within three days she was going to marry me someday: “The chemistry was right, the ethics were right, the whole package was perfect for me.” All I knew was that she was a poised, pretty woman (a magazine writer has described her as “strikingly beautiful”), athletic, and all of five feet, who was down there to refurbish a house she’d decorated for friends. She was a self-employed professional interior designer in Calgary, and she was single. The confidence I saw in her probably came from the fact that she’d been solo for eighteen years, mostly running her own business as well as raising her five now-adult children. I happened to know her friends the Bennetts, and it was they who’d invited me to golf and dinner with a group of people, including Lois. It turned out she had met Lee and me socially a couple of times, just long enough to say hello. Greeting her now

on the golf course, I gave her a big hug. Over dinner, we seemed to click immediately as friends. A Calgary couple asked us to a party the following evening, and then I invited Lois to a restaurant dinner with the Campbells the next night.

Don and I were staying around to attend a golf school. “Will you call me when I get back to Calgary?” I asked Lois as she left to fly home.

“Pardon?” she said, a little shocked. “Why in the heck would I do that? You know my name, my company name. I’m in the phone book.”

Lois had just walked in the door of her house when the phone rang. It was me, inquiring whether she’d made it back safely—and if she would be free to go out with me one evening when I returned. Though not a social butterfly, she just happened to be attending a concert with a girlfriend on that date. But she did suggest I could perhaps call her to schedule another night. Which, when I got back, I did. Whatever happened to the written warning I’d given myself after Lee’s death to watch my own behaviour and be “CAREFUL and CAUTIOUS”?

Letting my guard down launched a courtship of two years. I was to discover that her background and mine (and even Lee’s) had many striking parallels—as well as some significant differences. Her great-grandfather had come from Youghal, the same little medieval village in country Cork, Ireland, as Lee’s birth father had. Lois was one of two daughters and a son of Reece and Paula Kenney, both born in the U.S. but raised not far from where I grew up. Reece’s father had left Utah to run southern Alberta’s enormous McIntyre Ranch (which still operates more than a century later). He then brought the family to Calgary, where he helped found Ranchmen’s Gas and Oil and leased cattle ranching land from the CPR in Redland, just northwest of Gleichen. Like my dad, Reece was a butcher, briefly running one of his family’s retail shops. And, like me, he later became an accountant, doing the books for the Burns packing plant. After moving to the ranch, he was playing cribbage in a nearby town when he met Paula, the daughter of a lumber company manager from Minnesota. They

married in the village of Rockyford, where she was a secretary in the municipal office.

Lois, their middle child, was born the same year as me. She was a tomboy, playing baseball and winning gun competitions but never feeling like a true country girl. “You love to go back to Gleichen,” she told me, “but I could not care less if I ever went back to a rural setting. It was a wonderful upbringing, but I never, ever belonged there. There weren’t enough books for me, not enough art for me. I went to Drumheller, thirty miles away, once a week for my piano lessons. And I loved school; it was a passion of mine. I just felt so stifled and told my mother I had to go to university. My dad was Victorian, born in the 1800s, and he was saying all I could take there was nursing or teaching. What I did do was major in phys. ed. and minor in English—but my parents never knew that.”

Both Lois and I were extroverted, learning-mad country kids determined to get a higher education. In another coincidence, we attended the University of Alberta at the same time—and though never meeting one another there, I knew her best girlfriend and sometimes drove her back home to the town of Rosebud. Lois tells me now that she and I were perfect for one another in our later years but not when we were young—“You probably would have spoiled and ruined my children totally. You’re always trying to help.”

Instead, Lois met Sandy Heard at university, married him, and then moved to Ontario where he taught at Trinity College School, the independent boys’ high school in Port Hope. She put her own teaching on hold while having their first four children: Pam, Janice, Cynthia, and Mark. She then briefly taught at Port Hope Junior High part-time until getting pregnant with Rod. By that time, realizing she wanted a different career, she took psychological testing that confirmed her interest in interior design, which she’d been doing informally for friends for over a dozen years.

Lois didn’t practise design professionally until she and her husband moved back to Alberta, where he became headmaster of Strathcona-Tweedsmuir, a country day school in Okotoks. By then, their marriage was shaky, and it ended in 1977 when she

moved back to Calgary with her children. Working first for two local designers, she eventually branched out with her own free-lance business, surviving as a single mom and putting the kids through school.

When I met her, Lois was a great-looking grandmother. She wouldn't even introduce me to her family for the first five months, and when I did get to meet nine of the grandkids at a birthday party, she warned me to curb my congenitally cursing tongue. Luckily, the little ones seemed to like me as much as I fell for them, and even though I kept slipping up, they never seemed to notice my casual swearing. And as time went on, I felt a bit like a surrogate father to the grown children and a granddad to their kids, who still come to me for career advice. The Heards would become a branch of my extended family. I formed a special bond with plain-talking Pam, the eldest daughter, even following up on her request to have me show her around the Gleichen of my boyhood.

In the spring of 1995, I asked Lois—Lo, as I was now calling her—to help me buy a suit. As we passed Birks, I directed her into the jewellery store and introduced her to a saleswoman who took us into a back room and presented her with a tray bearing six engagement rings. Lo started to cry and said she'd left her glasses in her purse back at my office. I went to fetch them, leaving her dangling there for half an hour as I kept meeting friends in the mall. When I finally returned, she said, "Dick, that is the most unromantic way to ask me to marry you"—while the saleslady was killing herself laughing.

If my proposal took an accountant's overly practical approach, so did my suggestion for a prenuptial agreement. I asked her to meet my financial advisor, Bill Tynkaluk. He left the impression that the marriage contract would be for her protection because I was bringing the major assets to the relationship and Lois wasn't. And she said, "What do you mean, Dick's got all the assets? I have five kids and eleven grandchildren, and he doesn't have any! It's me with the assets—he only has money."

We got married anyway that fall, with her whole family on hand and Don Campbell and my nieces Leslie and Laurie standing

up for me. Our so-called honeymoon was a trip to Japan with twenty-two people from MacMillan Bloedel, where I was a director, as the lumber company held a board meeting and visited some of its customers there. Lo was right: We've been ideal partners in our second childhoods, travelling the world, collecting Canadian art, and buying and having her redesign beautiful houses on the brow overlooking Calgary's downtown, on Bearspaw land north of the city, and in Palm Desert.

There've been some sobering stretches in the time we've had together. She contracted cancer and had to have one lung removed by Dr. Gary Gelfand, and only two years later, she underwent a bowel reconstruction. These were scary times for both of us. If courage is grace under pressure, then Lois was the most graceful of patients. She continues to have bouts of coughing and has to pace herself to the best of her ability, conserving her still-astounding energy. Meanwhile, Lois has always looked after me as much as she could—trying to make sure I eat sensibly and don't press the pedal to the metal too hard—and, in spite of her best efforts, having to take care of me after my bypass surgery.

BEING CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD of governors was far from being my final link with the University of Calgary. The most public involvement, well after I'd left the position, was the renaming of its Faculty of Management as the Haskayne School of Business in 2002. The dean of the faculty then was David Saunders, the former associate dean of the masters' programs in business at McGill University. He was ambitious for Calgary's business program as well as for himself—he'd later become dean of the much-lauded Queen's School of Business in Kingston—and was looking for ways to turn our faculty into a full-fledged school. One idea came from consultant Peter Ufford, who'd earned a reputation as being a champion fundraiser as external-affairs VP at the University of British Columbia. Naming schools for their benefactors was an increasing trend: The University of Toronto had the Joseph L. Rotman School of Management, Western Ontario had the Richard

Ivey School of Business, and the University of British Columbia was soon to have the Sauder School of Business.

Independent consultant Peter Ufford had confidentially polled several dozen friends of the university in Calgary, me among them, to recommend prospects whose names would carry enough weight and credibility to be associated with a local business school. Of course, there was a catch: The people approached would have to be well fixed enough to make a sizable donation for the privilege of having it named for them.

I told David that I wasn't even comfortable with having the school bear any name, whomever's it was. Look what happened with the Houston Astros' baseball home, the Enron Stadium, or the various auditoriums and galleries christened for the disgraced accounting firm Arthur Andersen—they all had to be renamed.

Despite knowing my doubts about the idea, at some point David told me my own moniker had been suggested as a possibility (apparently one of the two highest-ranked in acceptability). Would I be interested? Well, first of all, I said, I didn't have the kind of money to make a significant enough contribution to the cause. I knew that Joe Rotman, who'd been involved in real estate and resource financing, oil trading and merchant banking, had given the U of T \$15 million over fifteen years. I was certainly well off, but he was Wealthy. Besides, since 1996, I'd been awarding ten \$4,000 bursaries a year to first-year students at the U of C in honour of my wife Lee (as well as similar awards to those at the University of Alberta in Edmonton and Calgary's Mount Royal College and the Southern Institute of Technology, in Lois's and my name). And I'd recently given the management faculty the major donation that established a \$3-million chair in accounting, along with generous support from the Chartered Accountants' Education Foundation. And then they named the chair for me. Enough was enough.

That's when I really got to know the remarkable Dr. Harvey Weingarten, the university's recently appointed president (succeeding my friends Terry White and the late Murray Fraser in the position). Harvey had been a distinguished scholar and researcher

in psychology and medicine before becoming provost (academic vice-president) at McMaster University in Hamilton, where he was the chief architect of an ambitious five-year academic plan. With his full beard and unruly thatch of hair, he may have looked like a mad scientist, but the man had damn good insights into the psychology of business people and a gift for both organization and the building of relationships. And he was pragmatic as hell: “Our job is to get the job done,” he’d say.

Harvey was soon to discover that, in his own academic realm, Alberta’s post-secondary institutions were not producing enough skilled people in the most obvious of fields: “I didn’t have to be a rocket scientist to figure out our universities should be the world leaders in energy and environmental research.” One of his first clever moves in the new job was to meet with business leaders downtown—the Morgans, MacNeills, O’Briens, and Fischers who make Calgary such a “can-do” town. “These people understand institutional culture and change and the issues of leadership,” he recalls. “I learned a ton from those guys.” He has since taken to dropping in to my downtown office occasionally just to talk (he likes to seat himself at the round table in the meeting room where he can view a starkly beautiful, snow-white rural scene by the Native artist Allen Sapp).

Early on, he approached Ralph Klein. Harvey’s opening salvo was not to bemoan a lack of funds but to ask a man who’d never attended university and wasn’t known as an unswerving supporter of post-secondary education, “What can our universities do for the province? What’s going well? What can we do that we’re not doing?” At that point, observers say, the populist premier unfolded his arms and talked, asked questions, and listened. In a later meeting with him, Harvey and Jack Davis, the CEO of the Calgary Health Region, took the tack that “everything the government has done for the province has brought a level of growth and prosperity that is wonderful—but just understand that we cannot keep up on both the educational and health sides of things.”

Harvey Weingarten now brought the same charm and shrewd psychology to bear on both Lois, who was having similar doubts

about seeing my surname on a business school, and me. Somehow the idea seemed presumptuous and glory-seeking. But there were a few rationales that convinced us, after all. One was that publicizing the donation might encourage others to make similar gestures. It's a compelling argument, based on research, and one that I would later use to encourage friends and associates to have their generous donations publicly acknowledged. Another reason was that having a name on a business school is good marketing, a form of branding: The public considers the school to be something of a stand-alone entity, strong enough to compete against all those other christened schools fighting to attract the same pool of MBA candidates and top undergraduates. And finally, giving publicly rather than anonymously is usually seen as a sign of confidence in a university's leadership—and Harvey was just about a year into the Job and was frankly looking for such support.

So Lois and I capitulated. As for the donation itself, the university and I came up with an innovative solution. Real estate consultants working for the U of C were looking for rural land on which to build a new health-sciences facility to house research animals. The provincial government had agreed to give the university \$8 million to replace the existing facility near property I owned along the Bow River in the Bearspaw area just west of Calgary. When the realtors came across my 310 acres, the university suggested I donate them as part of any gift to the business school. We agreed to give 220 acres, which were valued at \$8.7 million. At the time, I thought that was too high an amount—but in fact, Peter Ufford assured me that in his experience as a chief fundraiser at UBC, any land gift always appreciated dramatically. Which is what's been happening with this parcel ever since—as I'll explain later.

There was a public ceremony launching the Haskayne Endowment for Achieving Excellence, which would expand the business school's research capabilities by financing professorships, scholarships, bursaries, and capital projects. Not surprisingly, I used the event to talk about the shameful state of business ethics. The Haskayne School of Business has taken on an independent life of its own ever since, in ads to recruit students and media

reports that mention its name in the same breath as the Rotman's and the Ivey's. I've had a few amusing encounters because of the profile my name now has in the wider world. Once, I took some of my grandkids to the Cowboys bar in Ron Mathison's Penny Lane mall and was greeted by a big bouncer, obviously a student in his off-hours, who was wearing a button with the Haskayne School's name. Another time, I was paying for a piece of jewellery with a credit card and the female owner asked, "Are you related to the Haskayne School of Business?" Assured I was, she said someone in her family had been a student there, and she insisted on giving me a discount.

Academically, the school is earning accolades, including its recent ranking as second overall for the social and environmental impact of its BComm and MBA programs in the annual Knight School Ranking sponsored by *Corporate Knights* magazine. The MBA program also placed second in the category of institutional support—which measures such factors as faculty research, new student orientation, and endowed faculty chairs—and in the relevance of its courses to sustainable education. Not long ago, the school's BComm students, coached by Dr. Bob Schulz and competing against twenty-eight universities, came first in six events at the national Inter-Collegiate Business Competition at Queen's University extending their winning streak to twenty-eight years. And a team of four undergraduates, filling in for New York University at the last minute, placed third at "the Olympics" of business-case competitions hosted by the Marshall School of Business at the University of Southern California.

When Harvey Weingarten talks about my endowment and others from private philanthropists, he says, "The most important thing the community gets from us is six thousand graduates a year. I feel an incredible obligation to serve our public at the level of quality that they merit. We are living in an extraordinary fast-growing community with very high expectations. And very simply, there is not enough money the government can give us so that we can supply everything the students need. So what do we need? We need one tangible financial help from the community. I

have never asked anyone to put money to things that we were not prepared to put our own into.

“But we need something else. I don’t think the public university system is well structured or responsive enough to the community or to students. And one of the things that philanthropy does is to move the university much more quickly in directions we have to go and to set up different structures and programs. I use the big donors to drive the university forward so that, five years from now, we are doing things differently.”

WHY AM I GOING ON SO LONG about my relationship with the University of Calgary? Because this real-world, concrete example out of my own experience might help to underline my message that all of Canada needs more private philanthropists who contribute not only their money but also their talent and time to community causes.

There are a lot of like-minded people in my circle of friends. Charlie Fischer of Nexen, for one. Six-foot-three and sporting a trademark handlebar mustache, Charlie is a graduate in both chemical engineering and business administration from the U of C and a thirty-four-year veteran in the petroleum industry. In 2005, *Maclean’s* listed his company as one of Canada’s one hundred best employers, and *Alberta Venture* magazine named him the province’s “Business Person of the Year.” He was being honoured in part for the astonishing year Nexen had—to be capped by the record \$2.9 billion in capital spending it planned in 2006 to develop massive new projects in the oil sands and the North Sea. But what the business publication also pointed out is his highly personal commitment to the corporate philosophy of giving back to the communities in which Nexen operates. It’s not just a corporation that’s contributing, it’s the CEO, on his own time and dime.

Charlie long ago worked for Gerry Maier and me at Hudson’s Bay Oil and Gas and for Gerry and Doc Seaman at Bow Valley Industries. He still calls on all three of us whenever he needs some crucial counsel. I don’t know if he’s complaining or what when

he tells people, as he did the magazine, “Haskayne has probably made me work harder in the community than anybody.”

The guy does work hellishly hard outside the office. This father of two daughters was co-chair, with the splendid Ann McCaig, of a \$50-million fundraising campaign for the stunning new \$253-million Alberta Children’s Hospital on the University of Calgary campus—for which he won the Association of Fundraising Professionals’ Generosity of Spirit Award. (As a life member of the hospital foundation, I’d dragooned him to serve.) He’s been deeply involved with the university itself on its management advisory council as well as on the board of governors in many roles, from vice-chairman to audit-committee chair. He now sits on the dean’s advisory council for the medical faculty. And he’s chair of the foundation for the Hull Child and Family Services Foundation and has chaired the organization it supports, a residential and community centre offering intensive and comprehensive treatment for emotionally disturbed kids and their families. In previous years, this volunteer-to-all-causes has also been on the board of the Canadian Olympic Development Authority and the McMahon Stadium Society and has presided over the Calgary Petroleum Club. He’s married to Joanne Cuthbertson, the next chancellor of the U of C, where she has been chair of Education Matters, a new public trust for Calgary education, and a supporter and advisor to the education faculty.

Not surprisingly, a couple of years ago, Charlie received the Haskayne School of Business Distinguished Leader Award as well as an honorary degree from the university. The man is a classic example of the old saying that if you want something done, ask a busy person. And he epitomizes another adage, this one from the writer and philosopher Henry David Thoreau: “It is not enough to be busy . . . the question is: What are we busy about?”

Another mindfully busy fellow is Harley Norman Hotchkiss, the Calgary Flames’ co-founder and chair of the NHL’s board of governors who oversaw the drama of the players’ strike and then the healing as hockey’s rules changed for the better. At the same time, Harley has also remained deeply involved in his great charitable

work. Over the years, he's headed the Foothills Hospital's board of management and the Alberta Heritage Foundation for Medical Research (endowed from provincial petroleum royalties) and co-chaired the \$50-million Partners in Health project to support the city's health services. But his most personal cause is the Hotchkiss Brain Institute, named for Harley and his wife, Becky, who gave \$10 million in 2004 and a further \$5 million in 2006 to help fund a new centre of excellence in brain research and clinical care on the U of C campus. It's built on the foundation of the Calgary Brain Institute, a collaborative venture between the universities in Calgary and Lethbridge and some community health groups. The institute should benefit all Canadians with leading-edge investigations into the neurosciences and educational programs explaining conditions that affect the brain.

Harley hoped that the family's contribution would also kick-start donations to an even bigger cause: REACH, a \$300-million effort in community fundraising. Headed by the Hotchkiss's daughter Brenda Mackie, Calgary Flames president Ken King, and RBC investment banker Bill Sembo, the campaign is now under way by the U of C, the Calgary Health Region, the Calgary Health Trust, and four newer centres: the Brain Institute, the McCaig Alberta Bone and Joint Institute (founded by Bud and Ann McCaig), the Libin Cardiovascular Institute (Alvin and Mona Libin), and the Markin Institute for Public Health (Al Markin). In Harley's case, there was a private reason for supporting such medical research: He has a small brain aneurism that he gets checked every year, and a brother died of an aortic aneurism, conditions that prompted the Hotchkisses to make a significant donation to a neurological unit at Foothills Hospital.

For his contributions to the community, Harley has been given the Woodrow Wilson Award for Corporate Citizenship (the same honour I received from the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars at the Smithsonian Institution) and was named to the Hockey Hall of Fame.

"I've just got a fundamental belief that as you move through life, you have some responsibility to share with others, particularly

with those who are not as fortunate as you've been," he says. "And I see what medical research will do. By doing things in the private sector, committing resources and some time and energy, I think we're catalysts for making things happen that maybe wouldn't otherwise. We also bring the understanding that we care, we want to see things better, and are appreciative of the opportunities we've had, particularly in this city, in this province. I feel very strongly about this because there are people I know and respect who don't feel that way. They say, 'Look, why do you want to support health care? That should be all government.'"

Texas billionaire Boone Pickens—a friend of Harley's, who used to do business in Calgary—recently donated \$2 million (U.S.) to the Hotchkiss institute for a Centre for Neurological Science and Advanced Technologies. Harley took the opportunity to challenge younger people to get involved in philanthropy: "I believe you should, even when it hurts a bit, commit some time and some resources." And Pickens added, "We've got to start bringing leaders up from the next generation." Dick Wilson, whose own retirement as a VP of EnCana sparked a Dick and Nancy Wilson Fund at the Calgary Foundation, told the media, "Over the last ten years, it seems it's just the same faces actively engaged. Right now, there's a mini army of community leaders, but they're not being replaced one-for-one."

While I know many executives and entrepreneurs in their forties and fifties who *are* engaged—people such as TransAlta's Steve Snyder and the high-profile Murray Edwards—the point needs making time and time again. Steve came from the east and has since chaired the local United Way campaign, the Calgary Zoological Society, and the Calgary Stampede Foundation. "These institutions need business and strategic advice and financial support," he argues. "Calgary is a very involved community. And it was clear to me that you just can't buy your way in by giving a lot of money to get on a board—with many of them you actually have to volunteer."

Meanwhile, family foundations play a prominent role in Calgary, in Canada, and in the world. For example, the Mannix family has funded the low-key Carthy Foundation, launched in 1965,

which originally directed its philanthropy to arts and culture, social services, health, environment, and education. At the family's one hundredth anniversary celebration in 1999, they announced a \$100-million contribution, half to endow the foundation and the rest for charities across the country. Since then, the Carthy has focused on a new mission to create opportunity with and provide education for young people. The Kahanoff Foundation was established in 1979 from the estate of Calgary oilman Sydney Kahanoff. One of our largest, it has given \$60-million-plus in Canada and nearly \$50 million in Israel in the areas of health, education, culture, social services, philanthropy, community development, and research. Other families have contributed by setting up funds within the Calgary Foundation—among them, investment manager David Bissett and his wife, Leslie, who donated \$8.2 million in 2000 and their friend, oilman J.C. Anderson, who a year later gave the foundation its largest-ever single contribution, \$11 million in shares of Anderson Exploration.

In the summer of 2006, four grandchildren of the late Alberta philanthropist Eric Harvie surprised Albertans by endowing the province with 3,246 acres of historic ranchland along the Bow River between Calgary and the town of Cochrane. The government paid \$40 million for property that is likely now valued at twice that figure. In the past, their grandfather's generous donations—nearly half a billion dollars' worth in today's values—founded Calgary's Glenbow Museum and funded numerous major community projects, including the Calgary Zoo and the Banff Centre for the Performing Arts. A lawyer and petroleum entrepreneur, he bought the original ranch in the Cochrane area in 1933, and a son, the late Neil Harvie, acquired and expanded it twenty years later with neighbouring land near Calgary. Now it will become the Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park, a stunning sweep of grasslands, wetlands, and large wooded tracts that open up the waterway to the public for day use. As Alberta Community Development Minister Denis Ducharme said, "It is one of the most visually spectacular and environmentally important pieces of land in Alberta—its environmental impact is huge."

Lois and I were delighted to be able to do our part in linking downtown Calgary with what will be a park stretching the fourteen unbroken kilometres beside the Bow to Cochrane. We've sold the city two key parcels of land we owned on the northern riverfront near our Bears paw property. The ninety-one acres went for \$10.3 million—well below market value—half of that as a charitable receipt. It's an ecologically sensitive stretch of native foothills fescue grass, which once lost, could never be grown again. And, in a wonderful feat of urban planning, the city of Calgary has linked this acreage with the new provincial park by buying the 220 adjoining acres we'd already donated to the university. It paid \$20 million for the land to establish this new city parkland, linked to urban trails, and the funds will directly benefit the Haskayne School of Business. The whole package of land will be called Haskayne Park.

As well as making donations, Lois and I have become something of a tag team in local charitable circles. We're honorary chairs of a new \$40-million capital campaign for Heritage Park, Canada's largest historical village, where actors portray pre-1914 life in western Canada. I've been honorary chair of the Alberta Mentor Foundation for Youth, and she's served on its committees. She's on the Hotchkiss Brain Institute council, and I'm on their policy board as well as the boards of the Bone and Joint Institute and the Heritage Foundation for Medical Research. She has helped raise funds (a chore she hates) for the Calgary Counselling Service and the Cantos Music Foundation, which is dedicated to organ music with a museum, a festival, and concerts throughout the year. And we open our home every year to welcome the first-year students who've earned the bursaries we've endowed—a wonderful time to recharge ourselves with the enthusiasm and idealism of youth.

Lois has her own favourite philanthropies, including AARC—the Alberta Adolescent Recovery Centre for drug and alcohol rehabilitation—and cultural organizations such as opera, ballet, and the symphony. And one day, she surprised me with a phone call: "How's everything? Guess what I just did? I've just given Rosebud Theatre \$100,000.

“You did what?”

Rosebud, Alberta, is not far from where she grew up, and today, one of the few things remaining there is the province’s only professional rural theatre company and the Rosebud School of the Arts. “A society without the arts,” my dear wife says in her defence, “is a crude, almost barbaric society.”

Lois also makes the case, as I do, for the sheer necessity of any kind of private philanthropy: “Isn’t it a miracle, such a blessing, that we have enough money to do this? But people don’t have to give money—they can volunteer, too. There’s an onus on society to give as much of your money and time as possible, particularly your time. That’s what makes the world go around.”

I’VE COME A LONG WAY in telling my story. Now it’s time to go back to where it all began—the hamlet of Gleichen—and where I returned a while back on a sweet late-summer day. This time, my visit home was inspired by more than mere nostalgia. I was there to announce a project that, with any luck, might help the local communities a little. The occasion was the Gleichen-Cluny fall fair and the special Homecoming events for Alberta’s centennial celebrations in 2005. I spent this Saturday morning showing off the community to a friend. As we drove down streets punctuated with “For Sale” signs, I pointed out how so much of my past has been erased. Gone are Doc Farquharson’s pharmacy and his competitor kitty-corner across the street, the two druggists always vying to stay open later than the other. The pool hall, where Native kids were some of the deadliest shots, is a vacant lot. And there’s a trailer parked on the corner where publisher/undertaker George Evans long ago put out the *Gleichen Call* and prepared the dead to be put into the ground.

Some people and places have survived. We stopped in to see an old chum, Peggy Menard, still pretty at seventy-nine and working in the morning sun on her impeccable garden in a pleasant residential neighbourhood. She reminisced about how her mother and brothers had milked the cows that supplied their dairy in the

days before my “Dick’s Milk” tokens. A short drive away—there are no long drive in Gleichen—the little white clapboard United Church, where Lee and I were married, still stands with its steepled bell tower at the foot of the newly renamed Haskayne Avenue. But during the week, it’s now also an outreach school for disadvantaged students from the Siksika Nation.

We headed back towards Highway 1 and the Homecoming grounds. I wanted to make a couple of stops along the way, the first at the small local cemetery. Bob and Bertha Haskayne, the honest butcher and the community caregiver, are buried here beside one another. Looking around the graveyard—here was the headstone of the wife of the Canadian Pacific roadmaster, there was the village blacksmith’s—I could have told a story about every one of those people, most of them friends of my mom and dad. Then I drove for a couple of minutes to visit Mike and Sherrie Yule, who’d bought the neighbouring farmhouse where Lee’s parents once lived. It had begun life in 1926 as the Salvation Army’s Eventide Home for elderly men. I’d acquired it more than four decades ago and, after my in-laws moved out, sold it to the nice young Yules, who raise grain on my surrounding leased land. Mike is boyish-looking and quiet, Sherrie more exuberant. Talking with her hands, she tells the story of how Lois met her eighty-four-year-old mom at a wedding and found out she’d had nine children. “Oh my God,” Lois said, “I had five. So you never found out how it happened, either.”

The Yules were just a hop, skip, and a jump from the scene of the Homecoming: the Gleichen and District Arena and Curling Club and its Gunners Restaurant, named for the local hockey team. The brilliant blue Alberta sky was painted with clouds as white as exploding milkweed—a great afternoon for a fair. Kids were taking horse-drawn wagon rides and cavorting with farm animals at a petting zoo, homemakers and gardeners displayed their choicest jams and vegetables, cowboys competed at the nearby rodeo, and folks relaxed at the beer garden. I met up by the yellow registration tents with my niece Laurie and my partners, Shauna and Nancy, and their husbands, Murray and Randy. We

all mingled with the locals. Walter Hayes, whose dad had dammed up a creek and cut ice in the winter with a big handsaw to cool my father's meat all summer. Cec Crowfoot—the great-grandson of Crowfoot, the Siksika chief who signed the historic Treaty 7 with the British crown in 1877—whose own son Strater has an MBA and is chief of his tribe. Bud McKay, the son of the local hardware store operator in the '30s, who told me, “I remember your dad in the butcher shop. We'd go in to see you all in the back with a pot bellied stove, and he'd give me a wiener.”

And Vern Hoff, my friend who'd resigned on principle from the University of Calgary board of governors while I was chairman. Vern was retired now from teaching and farming, but his community involvements included chairing the Homecoming committee. He was behind the idea of christening Sixth Avenue with our family name and honouring me this evening as a favourite son. First, there were a whole lot of others being celebrated. The arena, packed with people, was buzzing as Vern stood at a mike, against a painted backdrop of cowboys rounding up cattle, and said, “I used to be a school teacher, so I expect silence here. A great big Gleichen welcome to all you people who came to be here today. It may not be the same town, but the spirit is the same as when you were here. Communities like ours just don't happen.”

Gleichen was paying homage to dozens of old-timers, one of them aged 101, who'd lived eighty or more years in Alberta or forty or more in the hamlet. Men and women “who coached a team, laced up kids' skates ... who made squares, sandwiches, and potluck dinners ... who worked and supported businesses here ... who helped their neighbours in any way.” All of them came up to the front, sometimes with help, to receive their Centennial Builders' Awards.

Then it was my turn. I wasn't surprised to find that good old Larry Plante, fellow prankster and hockey player, was introducing me. After doing his schoolboy trick of stumbling as he strode up on stage, Larry was his irreverent self. He brimmed with stories from our past, like the one about how we'd train together by running along the tracks to my dad's slaughterhouse “and then

have breakfast at the Haskaynes—bacon and eggs and four pork chops.” At the end, he said, “The only thing I wish is that your mom and your dad were here—they’d be very proud.”

The community gave me a plaque that read, “You’re proud of your roots, and we’re proud of you.” Going up on stage, I said, “I’ve faced a lot of audiences, but I’ve never faced one as critical to live up to—with all my friends here.” Choked up, I began with some one-liners: “When I tell people I’m a butcher’s son from Gleichen, they say, ‘Where the hell is Gleichen?’ And I quote my friend Dave Powell, who said, ‘It’s the only place where the water is stronger than the whisky.’” Getting serious, I said, “I learned as much as I know about business right here in Gleichen.”

And then I made the announcement I’d come home to make: Lois and I were launching the Haskayne Gleichen Cluny Bassano Community Fund—\$1 million over ten years to support local projects and student awards. I’d been raised in Gleichen, gone to high school in Cluny, and played hockey in Bassano, where my brother Stan had his butcher shop and my niece Laurie is a school librarian. I owed all three places big-time, and now I was trying to repay the debt. Some of the money will go (and has gone) to supporting the community in general: assistance for seniors, health and recreation, the arts, or civic beautification such as restoring the historic water tower at the entrance to town. The rest of the money is financing at least five entrance-award scholarships each year, worth \$4,000 apiece, for students from one of the three communities who will be attending a post-secondary institution.

These were the hamlet, village, and town that bred me and taught me about life and business and, most important of all, about ethics. Someday, I hope, some of those students will work for—or even run—ethical Canadian companies and help to transform them into true Northern Tigers.

“It’s a small appreciation for what you’ve done for us,” I told my friends that evening. After everybody had lined up for an Albertan beef dinner, a piper and some red-coated Mounties marched into the arena as we all sang “O Canada.” And then the bands came on and the dancing began.