

SCRAP BOOK



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—Staff Photo; Herald Engraving

MAN OF THE HIGH COUNTRY — Andy Russell, guide, outfitter, outdoor photographer and writer, was a visitor in Lethbridge Wednesday from his Hawk's Nest ranch near Waterton Lakes National Park. He reports heavy snow in the mountains after a pretty hard winter. However, the famous mountaineer has been mighty busy for he's writing a novel with its hero—a typical Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. Then in Andy's spare time over a period of months he has been photographing the life cycle of mountain sheep for the Glenbow Foundation, Calgary, and soon he will be on another hunting expedition—with cameras—that will carry him as far north as Yukon Territory. The grizzly, which Andy figures is the most noble, proud and photogenic wild animal in North America, will be the object of his quest. He will be heading north about April. In Lethbridge, this friend and guide of millionaire sportsmen, addressed the Journalism class at the Lethbridge Junior College on "Writing the outdoor story and getting the Photographs to Illustrate It," on invitation of the regular lecturer Frank Steele. He also showed on the screen some of his striking camera studies in color of mountain wildlife and flowers to the admiration of the class.

Andy Russell to Speak At Taber Annual Meet

TABER — (HNS) — Andy Russell of Waterton Lakes National Park, well-known western Canadian guide and wild life authority, will be the guest speaker at the annual banquet of the Taber Fish and Game Association to be held Tuesday evening, March 19, in the Canadian Legion Memorial Hall here. The engagement of Mr. Russell was announced by Fish and Game Association President Harvey V. Davies after arrangements were confirmed with Mr. Russell.

The decision to invite Mr. Russell to Taber was unanimously made at a meeting of the executive committee, at which time the banquet arrangements were made.

Delegates to the annual meeting of the Alberta Fish and Game Association held recently in Calgary, H. M. (Mike) Bartram and George Powell, reported on the pertinent business of that convention at the local executive meeting. The association was advised that Lethbridge has been chosen as the host city for the 1958 annual meeting of the Alberta Fish and Game Association, and a number of the resolutions presented were discussed.

HELP BOW ISLAND

The meeting was also advised that Bow Island sportsmen are presently forming a fish and game association, and four members of the Taber group were delegated to attend the first banquet meeting of the new association to lend assistance to the organization activities.

Correspondence between the Taber Fish and Game and Alberta Fish and Game secretary George Spargo, relative to the stocking of Chin Lake with rainbow trout, was read to the meeting. Mr. Spargo advised that the request of the Taber association is being brought to the attention of Wm. H. MacDonald of the provincial fisheries branch, and

that the association would be advised of any decision made.

CHIN LAKE PROJECT

The stocking of Chin Lake this year with trout is one of the main projects of the Taber Fish and Game, and much concern is felt regarding a rumor that the fisheries branch has been considering stocking the lake with whitefish for commercial net fishing. The Taber association feels that Chin Lake is ideally suited to stocking with trout, and if so stocked would take much of the pressure off Shesburne (Grassy) Lake, which has proved such a success, and would open up a great tourist attraction and a sportsman's paradise, providing a central location for South Alberta's Isaac Walters.

Other business dealt with a letter received from the predator chairman of the Alberta Fish and Game, advising that even though a resolution dealing with the continuation of the annual crows and magpie campaign had been passed unanimously at the convention, the game branch has definitely recommended to the legislature that the campaign be discontinued.

In view of the past success of this campaign, which has cost the government a few thousand dollars annually and destroyed a hundred predators throughout the province, the Taber association feels very strongly that it should be continued, and a letter to that effect is being forwarded to the Taber MLA, Roy S. Lee, now in Edmonton attending the current sitting.

Andy Russell Stresses Need Conserving Natural Heritage

PINCHER CREEK — (HNS) — Andy Russell, well-known authority on wild life, was the guest speaker at Thursday night's dinner meeting of the Lions Club, when president Colin Hedderick presided. Mr. Russell spoke on the topic of "Conservation." He stressed that any country which does not conserve its natural resources which includes soil, forests and wild life, is doomed. He cited as examples, Crete, Greece, Italy and Palestine, which were at one time great nations but because they used up their natural resources with no effort at conservation or replacement of what they used indiscriminately, are now minor states with great problems of survival confronting them.

DEFINITE MOVE

The speaker stated that authorities on this continent are making a definite effort at conservation. He said that during his extensive lecture travels in Canada and the U.S. what surprised him most was the ignorance of young people on this most important subject. He urged that every resource be used to teach conservation to youth.

Interesting wildlife films accompanied Mr. Russell's address.

A definite date of May 4 has been set for Charter Night, at which time the Lions will entertain their wives and other guests.



ANDY RUSSELL

See and Hear

ANDY RUSSELL WILDLIFE SHOW

at the
LETHBRIDGE
L.D.S.

AUDITORIUM

THURSDAY, APRIL 15
8:15 p.m.

Thrilling, exclusive films in color of the scenic Waterton Park Country taken by Mr. Russell. Famed Guide, Naturalist and Outdoor Writer. First appearance following his return from a series of successful engagements by outdoor and travel clubs in New York, Detroit and other Eastern cities. Flycasting Exhibition added feature. *Big Andy*

EVERYBODY WELCOME

ADULTS 75c

STUDENTS 35c

(Proceeds of this outstanding Entertainment and Educational Event will be devoted to the Third Ward Building fund.)

A. Russell To Again Tour States With His Wildlife Color Picture

Andy Russell, our well-known local big game guide and naturalist, stated Monday that he plans to leave after the first of the year for United States points where he will show his wildlife picture "Wildlife in the Canadian Rockies."

This picture was presented recently at the Fox Theatre and was greatly appreciated by patrons.

Mr. Russell will show the film at Carlton School of Engineers, Minneapolis, on January 12th to open the American tour. The picture will also be shown at the Minneapolis School of Fine Arts on January 13. From there Andy will travel south to Kansas, Oklahoma and Colorado, being away about three weeks on the tour before returning to Alberta.

Mr. Russell personally comments on the two-hour picture as it is being shown. No doubt his American audiences will be well-pleased with the fine views of our Canadian Rockies, big game animals and migratory birds, which are included in the color film.

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Overflow Crowd For Russell Film At Pincher Creek

PINCHER CREEK. — (HNS) — Andy Russell's wild life show sponsored by the Pincher Creek and District Fish and Game Association, was held on Wednesday evening. Six hundred people packed the High School auditorium to view the film, and almost a hundred people were turned away for lack of standing room.

The full-length feature was taken by the well known guide and naturalist in and around Waterton Lakes National Park. Mr. Russell spent two years of camping and travelling through the Park and the mountains to obtain the lovely scenes of mountain sheep, goats, deer, bear and other wild animals. In addition to close-up shots of wild flowers which Mr. Russell found high in the mountains.

Mr. Russell was introduced by F. H. Riggall, well known former guide and big game hunter. In his reply Mr. Russell paid tribute to Mr. Riggall, stating that all he had learned of the great outdoors and big game hunting, had been taught him by "my friend and father-in-law, F. H. Riggall."

Waterton Guide To Speak Here



Do you city dwelling fathers ever wonder how you can help your children discover the wonders of the outdoor world?

If so, then you ought to be at the Central School auditorium Wednesday at 8 p.m. to hear the Waterton Lakes National Park guide and outfitter, Andy Russell, who is shown above, speak on "Your Child and The Outdoors."

Mr. Russell, who lives at Twin Butte and operates the Skyline Packtrain and Saddle Horse Co., during an address to the Central Home and School Association meeting, will tell what parents should do when their children ask for a gun. He will explain the value of outdoor life to both parents and their children, of the companionship it brings and its mental and physical influence on character and personality.

The speaker has written extensively for such magazines as Outdoor Life, Field and Stream, on Natural Life and is a feature writer for American Woodman. He collaborated on the book, Snyder's Book on Big Game Hunting, and also did a chapter on hunting in Western Canada for the Hunter's Digest.

He is a member of the Sportsman's Club of America and 33 affiliated sportsmen's club throughout the world, as well as a member of the Outdoor Writers' Association of America. He is the only outfitter listed in Who Knows and What, a tabulation of 35,000 specialists published as a supplement to "Who's Who" by A. N. Marquis.

Visitors are welcome and the speaker will be introduced by H. O. Long, general manager of The Herald, and a personal friend of Mr. Russell.

Waterton Film Here Tonight

Andy Russell arrived in town early today from his Hawk's Nest ranch in the Waterton country for the "Andy Russell Show" at the LDS Auditorium tonight, Thursday. The famed guide, outfitter, naturalist and outdoor writer came with his color films of the Waterton-Southeastern British Columbia countries that have won wide acclaim and will show them with comments and tales of the open spaces at his appearance tonight.

This is his first appearance following his recent New York visit when he was featured at travel clubs in metropolitan New York and cities upstate. In fact, he was unable to accept all the invitations and is likely to make another eastern tour next fall.

In May, Mr. Russell is booked for Great Falls under the auspices of the Great Falls Kiwanis club. En route east he gave a preview there, and the club signed him on for a show at once.

Andy Russell Show Pleasing

NATAL, B.C. — (HNS) — Before a capacity crowd at the new Sparwood High School auditorium the Andy Russell Wild Life Show, sponsored by the Natal-Michel Parent-Teachers Association, was much enjoyed by the large gathering. Andy Russell of Waterton Lakes National Park, is a well known guide, outfitter and lecturer on wild life. "Wild Life in the Canadian Rockies" is an unusual moving picture in color, illustrating vividly a cross section of birds, flowers, big game and scenic splendor encountered by the wilderness traveler in the Canadian Rockies.

Andy Russell's WILDLIFE SHOW

Twin Butte Community Hall

Friday, May 7 - 8 p.m.

DANCE AFTER SHOW

FREE LUNCH

ADMISSION:

Adults \$1.00;

Children 35c

PROCEEDS TOWARD COMMUNITY HALL

Large Number Attend Andy Russell's Wildlife Show

Andy Russell's wildlife show, sponsored by the Pincher Creek and District Fish and Game Association, was held on Wednesday evening, January 6, in the High School Auditorium. Over five hundred nature lovers were on hand to view the full-length feature and approximately 150 had to be turned away due to lack of seating and standing room.

Mr. Russell, well known naturalist and guide, along with his two sons spent over two years camping and travelling through Waterton Lakes National Park and adjacent mountainous country in their search for scenic views upon which to base the story. Those in attendance saw deer, buffalo, elk, sheep, goat, bear and other smaller animals, along with wild flowers and birds in their natural surroundings.

It is understood that television interests in Chicago have been negotiating during the past month with Mr. Russell with the intentions of buying all or part of the film for use on a TV network in the United States. Mr. Russell expects to leave on February 7 for Chicago. He will make a tour of some of the larger centres there and arrangements have been made whereby the film will be shown to the Campfire Club in New York.

The large number of people who were not able to see the picture

on Wednesday night may have the privilege of seeing it some time at a later date if suitable arrangements can be made in Pincher Creek.

Can Animals Think?

By ANDREW G. A. RUSSELL

SHOWING clear and sharp against a background of craggy, snow-covered peaks, the big bull elk made a fine picture in the field of my binoculars, as he lay bedded deep in the snow on the slope of an alpine meadow at timberline.

After half an hour had passed, he stood up, looking down over the country below as though trying to decide where he would go for his afternoon feed. Apparently he saw nothing more attractive than the meadow where he stood for, stepping out of his bed, he began pawing down through 14 inches of snow for the tasty bunch grass beneath.

After watching him feed for 50 yards along the meadow, I caught a flash of movement on the edge of a stunted clump of balsams 200 yards farther up the mountain beyond. A second later a big gray coyote stepped into view. After looking down the slope for a minute at the elk, the brush wolf trotted down into the meadow in a business-like way. There he poked through the tufts of grass sticking up out of the elk's tracks, looking for mice. Although I watched him carefully, I did not see him catch one mouse.

Apparently deciding to change his tactics, he trotted casually up to and around the bull, until he was directly in front of the big animal. If the old bull saw him, he did not show it. As for the coyote, he seemed to think this lack of recognition was just what he wanted.

After a moment or two of close study, he dodged around to one side of the bull and stood practically in his shadow. Then, as the bull lifted a forefoot to paw away the snow from the grass, the coyote stood poised to pounce on any mouse that might be kicked out of his cover. Almost unable to believe what I saw, I watched that smart little wolf use the proud old bull for a sort of unsuspecting mouse-digger for the better part of half an hour.

There are people who explain the many curious actions of animals by the use of one word—instinct. To say way of thinking, the word instinct covers a very small part of animal behavior. To see wild game meet the everyday emergencies of their lives and solve the ever-changing problems of their existence is the surest way to be convinced that animals use more than instinct to stay alive.

Different species of animals have highly developed senses to suit their particular needs. Some have finely developed eyes, others depend upon their ears, while a well-developed nose is the outstanding organ of protection used by many.

In addition to highly developed organs of sound, sight and smell, or combinations of the three, most animals have a well-developed brain. Furthermore, they can use that brain to good advantage.

One For the Beavers

A NUMBER of years ago, a small colony of beavers established themselves on our ranch. At first there was only one pair in a small dam on the headwaters of the creek that wanders down through a muskeg before coming out on some flats, where our hay meadows are located. Under careful protection, the beavers increased and spread out, until their dams were actually flooding a good part of our meadows. Then they energetically began to build a dam that threatened to flood a bridge crossing the creek, and we realized that something would have to be done.

Optimistically we pulled out the offending dam in hope of scaring the beavers into another part of the creek. It wasn't as easy as that, for in a couple of days the dam was as good as ever. Then began a contest to see who was the most stubborn—we or the beavers. Every night after work we pulled out the dam. Every morning it would be as good as new.

Finally, when we were about ready to give up, our hired man had a brilliant idea. Taking a few old boards and nails, he fashioned a water wheel with bright tin cans for paddles. Then tearing out the dam, he placed the wheel on uprights, so that it would turn in the strong current. Then, with an added touch of genius, he hung a huge cowbell on an overhanging limb, so that the paddles of the water-wheel would clatter on it as it revolved.

The morning after the wheel was installed, everything was as it should be. The creek gushed through the breach in the dam merrily turning the wheel, which made an infernal racket on the bell. The second morning we investigated to find a surprising sight.

Although none of us had been there to see what had happened in the night, the signs were plain to read. Some time in the night a beaver had come out on the bank upstream to think over this new threat to the peace and well-being of his colony. A few feet farther up the bank a six-foot chunk of half-dry, peeled poplar pole lay where it had been discarded the season before. The beaver went up to it, rolled it over and pushed it down into the water. There the current picked it up and carried it downstream. In a few minutes it floated into the breach of the dam, jamming the wheel solidly. In a matter of minutes the whole colony was at work repairing the dam. When we arrived next morning the pond was brimming full again and, to add insult to injury, the cheeky beavers had used the waterwheel for reinforcement.

I Looked Harmless

TO most of us the skunk is just a smallish black animal with white marks on his back, a touchy disposition, and armed with a gun that is always loaded. We don't particularly dislike him. We respect him, but we don't give him credit for having much sense.

One fine April morning three years ago I had reason to revise my opinion. I was out riding, looking for strayed horses, when I spotted a skunk feeding away out in the middle of a 100-acre flat. He wasn't much out of my way, so I rode over for a closer look. When I was still well out of range of his scent gun, he suddenly saw me and flagged his tail up in warning. Keeping at a discreet distance I stopped my horse, waiting to see what he would do. After a few minutes' hesitation he decided to move, making off at a shambling gallop for the nearest timber, a quarter of a mile away. Keeping back at a safe distance I followed. Just for fun I decided to try and drive him home—a distance of two miles.

Heading him across the big flat, I chased him toward a chain of meadows leading to the buildings. He drove better than most domestic animals, and we made good time for the first half-mile. But he was short-winded, and his gallop soon fell off to a shuffle. Then, while crossing from one meadow to another, through a narrow strip of brush, he came close to a willow bush and, seeing his chance, dived into it.

Stopping my horse I cautiously approached him on foot from the windward side. I had given up all hope of getting him home.

Cautiously I moved closer. Several times he lifted his head, giving me a long look, and I could almost see the mental cogwheels turning through those bright black eyes. After considerable thought he seemed to decide that I meant no harm, for he allowed me to come up almost within reach. After a reasonable length of time, I carefully picked up a six-inch twig from the ground and held it toward him. Stretching out his neck he sniffed it, and then he went back to his grass.

Moving very slowly, I reached over with the twig and gently touched him on the ear.

Other than to twitch his head, he paid no attention. Then I scratched him a little just back of the jaw. That was his weak spot. He must have been itchy there for a long time, for he stretched out his neck and, with his eyes half-closed, enjoyed my scratching as much as any dog or cat ever did. After a few minutes I discarded the twig and offered my bare hand. He would allow me to reach him, but just as soon as my fingers touched his fur, he would rough up his tail in alarm.

What interested me most was the way he seemed to know that I meant no harm. Most wild animals are extremely shy of man and take a great deal of persuasion before they will allow any familiarity.

Of all the big game of the North American continent, the bighorn ram is considered by most hunters to be the most difficult to stalk. In the first place nature has given him a marvellous pair of eyes. Then, too, his native range, the high, rugged peaks of the Rockies, offer him protection on their craggy flanks,

helping him to put distance between himself and his enemies. Mountain sheep are not only masters at making fools out of their enemies and finding a living in a country noted for its hardships, but they actually play organized games.

One summer my partner, Bert Riggall,

noted authority on wildlife, was camped with a party of trout fishermen near the British Columbia border in southwestern Alberta. It was a warm evening in early July when Bert stepped out of his tent with his glasses for a look at the mountain face back of the camp. A quarter of a mile to the west the sheer cliffs of the Continental divide rose 3,000 feet to the sky line. Bert played his glasses back and forth over the mountain looking for game, and was not surprised to see a lone mountain sheep ewe standing silhouetted on the summit against the sky. In a few minutes the old ewe was joined by nine other sheep—all ewes, lambs and small rams.

They Use Their Brains

DIRECTLY under the sheep, a steep, hard snowdrift ran down 100 yards to the top of the main cliff, which dropped off sheer, and overhung hundreds of feet into space. To Bert's great surprise the old lead ewe suddenly stepped over the edge and shot down the snowdrift with her feet set, straight for the cliff below. Plowing down over the crust at high speed with the snow squirting up from her hoofs in showers, she seemed bent on suicide. When only a matter of feet from the lip of the cliff and a terrible plunge to a sure death, that astonishingly active old grandmother made a sort of four-legged Christi turn, and galloped merrily off the snow on to a dry, rocky rib to one side. Then she began climbing as fast as she could leg it to the summit.

One after another the rest of the band followed her glissade, each making that hair-raising, nonchalant turn on the edge of disaster and climbing back for another turn. Down in camp the whole party sat breathless with glasses glued to their eyes watching every move of that daredevil game, played so expertly by those masters of the crags. The sheep went on with their play with no letup until it was too dark to see.

Although I have spent a good deal more time than most people watching animals, both domestic and wild, I still see but a fraction of their lives. And yet, of one thing I am sure. For the most part they have keen brains and know how to use them. Give them a fair chance, and they will survive to be enjoyed by countless generations to come.

Great Falls Hosts Tenth Annual Range Management Convention

1957

Six hundred farmers and ranchers from throughout the United States and Canada are expected to be on hand in Great Falls, Mont., Jan. 29, to Feb. 2, to attend the 10th annual convention of the American Society of Range Management.

A delegation from Southern Alberta will be headed by Harry Hargreave of Lethbridge, chairman of the local section and head of the animal husbandry department of the Canada Experimental Farm here.

The convention is open to any farmer or rancher visiting in Great Falls at that time. The following is a list of the daily activities, topics of discussion and featured speakers.

TUESDAY

Board of directors meeting in the morning, section chairmen meeting during the afternoon and a general business meeting during the evening.

WEDNESDAY

Ranching on the Northern Plains. Chairman Dan Fulton, Montana Stock Growers' Association, Laramie, Mont.

The Physical Background of the Range and Livestock Industry—Geography, Geology, Climate and Vegetation, by J. B. Campbell, Canada Experimental Farm, Swift Current, Sask.

The Plains Social Environment: Regionalism vs. Basin Development, by Karl Kraenzel, Montana State College, Bozeman.

Types of Ranch Operation and Their Economic Characteristics, Bert Hargreave, Walsh, immediate past president of the Western Stock Growers' Association.

Range Management and Forage Improvement, by E. H. Sandberg, soil conservation service, Bozeman.

men's Association, Kit Carson, Colo.

The Grange Looks at Our Natural Resources, Winton Wedemeyer, master of the State Grange, Fortline, Mont.

The New Horizons in Range Management and Conservation, by E. A. Pollard, First National Bank of Portland, Klamath Falls, Ore.

The Application of Range Research to Important Land Use Problems, by George Jemison, California Forest and Range Experimental Station, Berkeley.

Extension—Getting Range Management into Practice, by A. H. Walker, A and M College of Texas, College Station, Texas.

THURSDAY

Wildlife and range section, Chairman J. F. Ashley, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Portland, Ore.

The Ranchers' Interest in Wild Life, by Andy Russell, guide and outfitter, Waterton Lakes National Park.

The Future Management of Big Game, by Burton Lankhart, Washington State Game Department, Seattle.

Antelope—Range Relationships in Central Montana, by Glen Cole, Montana Fish and Game Department, Helena.

Bitterbrush Revegetation and Big Game, by R. C. Holmgren, Intermountain Forest and Range Experimental Station, Boise, Idaho.

Study of Deer and Livestock Habits on the Little Hills Game Range, by L. E. Riordan, Colorado Fish and Game Department, Denver.

Techniques in Studying Competition Between Big Game and Livestock, by Richard Julander, forest service, Ogden, Utah.

Andy Russell, Friend of the Famous; Park's Internationally Known Guide

—Authority On Wildlife



Andy Russell and Vermont Nixon with grizzly bear they trailed and killed in the foothills. The "killer" was the terror of the ranch country before it was killed several years ago.

WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK—Andy Russell of Waterton is an internationally famous guide and outfitter. As soon as the trails are open in the spring Andy takes his first party of "dudes" into the mountains and continues through the summer and fall until the end of the hunting season in November. The outfit which Andy now manages was started in 1906 by his father-in-law, F. H. Riggall. Mr. Riggall has now retired from the outfitting business and is a gunsmith in Pincher Creek.

"He taught me all I know about the outfitting business, big game hunting, and nature, no one ever had a better tutor. Mr. Riggall is a great reader and can talk with experts on any subject, but his specialty is botany," stated Mr. Russell. Andy took over the outfit in 1946 and renamed it the Skyline Pack Train. This year the string of horses formerly owned by Slim Waitcher were added to the Russell outfit.

FOOD BIG ITEM

Mr. Russell's first trip in the summer is usually about the first of July. For weeks preceding this long hours are spent calculating the exact amount of food that will be needed for the party. In past years diaries have been kept of the food requirements thus there is no guess work attached to the calculations. Only the best in food is bought and no matter how far the party may be from civilization each meal served is a feast.

The trips last for 21 days and start from Red Rock Canyon. The first camp is at Twin Lakes then they cross South Kootenai Pass into the Kibenehn Valley. The party then swings east back towards Waterton and camp at Wall Lake. They cross the divide back into Alberta and make their last camp on Boundary Creek below the Carthew summit. They return to Waterton past Carthew Lake and Alderton. To save time the next trip makes its start from Waterton and reverses the circle.

In Mr. Russell's absence Mrs. Russell has gathered the grub for the next trip and Andy is ready to leave with another party the following day.

FAMOUS NAMES

Most of Mr. Russell's clients are families from large American cities. Since Andy started with Mr. Riggall he has taken out such famous men as the Mellons of Pittsburgh, B. Kanzer, production manager for the Ford Motor Company, Jack O'Connor, editor of Outdoor Life, Col. Harry Snyder, internationally famous big game hunter, Johnny Longden, the miner's son from Taber who has become world famous as a jockey, and many an industrialist and financier from San Francisco to New York.

The largest party ever taken out, 19 people, required 43 saddle and pack ponies.

Andy's specialty is big game. He has made a close study of the wildlife in the southwest corner of British Columbia where he does most of his hunting. One of his articles on game, "Can Animals Think?" was published in the "National History Magazine". He is one of the few Canadians belonging to the Outdoor Writers' Association of America. Andy acts as a liaison between the American conservation program and the Canadian conservation organizations. He has been nominated for the Sportsman's Hall of Fame in Chicago. His name is listed in the latest edition of "Who Knows and What."

KNOWS WILDLIFE

Though Andy has never had a formal university education he has acquired a vast knowledge of wildlife and associated fields through reading and his own observation. He has not hesitated in the past to tangle with university professors over problems concerning fish and game conservation. Most of the men who have disputed his claims in the past now admit their errors.

Andy is afraid that free hunting is rapidly on its way out in North America. The first indication of this he points out is the abundance

of "no shooting signs" which have appeared in the last few years. Hunters have been abusing their privileges, damaging farms and ranches and leaving refuse and dead domestic animals in their wake. Under these conditions the farmer or rancher can not be blamed for feeling indignant. Soon ranchers and farmers who have posted their land will become aware of the value of the game on their property and will rent shooting rights to hunters. Already in the state of Texas, a state priding itself for its freedom and individualism, there is hardly any free shooting open to the public.

Andy's hunting area in British Columbia is his own and under that province's law no other outfitter can infringe on his territory. Here he is laying down his own conservation program. Legally hunters are allowed up to seven animals, however, Andy allows each member of his party only four head. "If they get their game early we go camera hunting and it is just as much sport," states Andy.

During the summer at Waterton poor sportsmen can often be seen dragging out far more than their limit of fish. Andy is of the opinion that these fish hogs should not be allowed to buy a license as punishment. "One would be surprised at the people who are the worst offenders, some of them are outspoken members of fish and game associations," added Andy.

6—THE LETHBRIDGE HERALD—Thursday, January 10, 1933

Call of the Outdoors

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Andy Russell Is Guest Speaker at Home and School Meeting Here—Tales of the Foothills

"Outdoor life is one of the best antidotes I know to those conditions and environments which lead to juvenile delinquency," Andy Russell, Waterton Lakes National Park guide and naturalist, told Central Home and School Association monthly meeting Wednesday evening as he spoke on "Your Child and The Outdoors."

Some 150 fathers and mothers with a sprinkling of children thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Russell's tales of the foothills and mountains, of fishing and wild life, the trees and streams and of the beauty at every hand. It was a nature talk at first hand by one who has lived with nature all his life.

"We have astronomical potential wealth in the natural resources here in South Alberta," said the

man who guided Governor-General Alexander and his two sons in a day's fishing during their Waterton Lakes National Park visit last summer. "But our greatest wealth of all lies in our children, they are the most important," he said.

PIONEER FAMILY

With Harry Bealim, president of the association in the chair flanked by Mrs. John Wilton, secretary, Mr. Russell was introduced by H. G. Long of The Herald as a member of an old time family. His grandfather, George Russell, was a pioneer who came to South Alberta in 1882 as a member of a survey crew, who helped the Gaits in the early development of the sawmills in the Porcupine Hills from which timber for mines and the river steamboats was brought to Coal Banks. Andy Russell, he said, is a thorough-going guide and writer of outdoor tales, but above all he is a conservationist of the forest, water and wildlife resources of the east slope of the Rockies.

The speaker told of the lessons of the vast outdoors and how to learn them—the plants, the trees, the animals, insects, fish, the flowers, the rocks and the streams. "Take away the forest cover which protects the head of our streams in the mountains and the prairies would perish," Mr. Russell declared.

A BOY AND A GUN

There is no greater joy than exploring nature with the boys and girls, he said. He told of big game hunting which calls after a time, said that the greatest joy of the nature lover is to hunt with a camera. He answered the question: "When should a boy be given a gun?" And the answer was: "As soon as he can be taught to handle it safely" with a demonstration Mr. Russell gave with a 22 rifle. Get the boy or girl good fishing tackle, too; they'll be proud of it and learn much while using it.

An attractive setting for the address had been provided by a couple of Central School classes. Christmas trees had been saved and brought to school. They were set up on the stage with models of teepees and with a touch of reality given by stuffed birds and animals common to South Alberta.

A vote of thanks was moved by M. Tewksbury and a social evening followed the address.

Discovers Rockies With Andy Russell

By STEWART MCKEOWN

We stood by our horses at about 8,300 feet, with the mountain peaks beside us. Like spun glass, they shone in the changing mid-day light: Mount Yarell, Kichineena, Mount Kirby and Spence, Starvation, King Edward, Kinnerly, Kintla, Armasik, Mount Custer and Blackiston. The air was just thin enough to make for a slight dizziness and quicker breathing.

We were immersed in stillness. Even as children, we have read of the silence found in the mountains and certainly it is just as absorbing and awe-inspiring as any saint or explorer has told us. No one who has seen mountains only from an airplane or car can properly sense the loneliness and strength of them.

If one is to set foot on these high places, the saddle-horse is indispensable. Two weeks earlier, Andy Russell had set out with 22 horses and his crew, together with Roloff Deny and myself, to spend exciting days moving from Waterton Lakes National Park in Alberta across the Rocky Mountain boundary into British Columbia and so to the Fishhead River. On the return trip, we climbed in the region of the South Kootenay Pass to the summit of the Continental Divide and followed it for several miles before swinging down into Red Rock Canyon and thence homeward.

REMEMBERS CONTOURS

When Andy Russell takes his packtrain through the mountains, he remembers contours rather than trails and he places little reliance on a compass in country abounding with mineral. Over about 400 square miles he has exclusive jurisdiction in the conducting of summer pleasure parties and in the hunting of big game, such as Rocky Mountain sheep and goats, in the fall season.

"It's always spring somewhere in the mountains," Andy said, and how true it was. One day our horses trampled the heliotrope or

wild strawberries. But farther on there might be snow underfoot, almost to deep for the horses and, in fact, for two days snow fell.

The horses were sometimes required to ford streams swollen with water, sparkling in clearness but so cold that one almost froze at the touch. Beside them, the Indian paint brush grew in a wealth of orange and red. By noon, the air was comfortably warm, so warm that we loosened our sweaters.

The horses were marvelously agile, high-spirited creatures. A few of them had been so full of life that no one successful attempt had been made to break them to riding but most of them in an emergency could carry either pack or rider. They had wintered on the range and this was their first trip out for the season; among them, Fox, Sally, Whiskey, Buckshot, Fibber, Tuck, Dime, Dopey, Pincher, Amos and Jimmy. We soon discovered that each had a distinctive personality and particularly a pride in his place in the line.

DENSE GROWTH

Sometimes we moved in a thick growth of Indian lodgepole pine. These grey-brown trees, awaying gently and continually in their great height, are marked by short leaves, in bundles of two and by small spreading cones. Such slender trees were used by the Indians to support their buffalo-skin lodges, and so the name was derived. Equally common, too, was the fragrant balsam fir, to be recognized easily by its purple-blue cones. It grows quite densely in the lower reaches of the mountains and flourishes well even at timber line.

Perhaps we might come upon a black or cinnamon bear, bulk elk or moose. Several times we saw a grizzly. This is the most formidable of the bears common to the Rocky Mountains and it owes its name to the fact that its brown color is usually grizzled by yellow or white. Larger than the black or brown bear, it grows to eight or nine feet in length and at the shoulder it stands four and one-half to five feet. An un-

usually broad head and a definite hump at the shoulder marks the grizzly apart from other bears. It is no longer common to the Western Plains but now lives in the mountains near or above timber line. The few grizzlies which we saw fled silently at our approach. And well that they did. For though normally shy, they sometimes do attack.

TELLS TALES

Andy Russell's stories of his own expeditions to hunt grizzlies are fascinating. But by the evening campfire, he also relates a few gruesome tales about them. When grizzlies attack, they may methodically bite the person's scalp free from back to fore. They seem to hate man and to be more anxious to kill than devour. Sometimes they will track a man for hours without striking.

Andy told of two white men who were entirely unfamiliar with hunting grizzlies. With two Indian guides, they roused one. The grizzly was in dense growth, and when one man fired and the bear attacked, his companions could not at once give him cover. He was chewed half to death and scalped before his companions could shoot the grizzly at close range. He lived in miserable condition only until hospital was reached many hours away.

Or, again, there is the tale of an experienced hunter who but a few years ago prepared to sleep on a ledge in the mountains even though he knew that he had wounded a grizzly which might be prowling nearby. In the night, the grizzly came back and before the hunter could shoot him, the grizzly had torn his feet apart. One day we passed Grizzly Gulch where, in 1906, Bert Rigall, Andy's father-in-law, shot an attacking grizzly at six feet with a .300 Mannlicher pistol.

I should also mention the story of one Slim, who had lived since the war beside the Kichineena River which we forded several times. He made a setup for a grizzly which had been bothering his camp. In making a setup you lash the gun so securely that when the bear tugs at whatever

bait has been attached, the gun explodes without shifting its position. With any luck, you have a dead bear. But Slim substituted a Luger pistol for the customary sawed-off shotgun with the lead bullet and no doubt, the lashings were not secure enough. Slim must have heard the Luger explode and gone to investigate. In any event, when men came later, they found almost no remains of Slim.

LOVES ROCKIES

So much for two weeks with Andy Russell, a man who loves and respects the Canadian Rockies. He came to the foothills when he was three and he worked hardest when he was 16 to 18, for during that period he and his father cleared 35 acres of timber and scrub. Now he runs the fine Sky Line Pack Train from Waterton Lakes into the mountains of Southern Alberta and British Columbia.

In his later 30's, Andy is a lean 180 pounds, and stands in his socks 6 feet 1 1/2 inches. He has become something of a legend among Westerners for his penitence and his skill in mountain lore. On the trail he is a colorful figure, wearing a six-shooter. At Sarcee Military Range in Calgary, among the best shots in Alberta, he won by a one-point margin top honors in the 1933 sporting rifle competition. He used his own custom-built .257 Sedgley - Roberts. Our plans are now well along for some big game hunting with Andy Russell.

Peaks, Valleys and Forests Mingle in Mountain Vista

Don Brestler, a member of the Rocky Mountain pack train expedition, surveys a vast forest expanse at 8,400 feet from a vantage on the Continental Divide.



This vista of mountain scenery was photographed by Roloff Beny, noted Canadian artist and son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. F. Beny of Lethbridge, during a pack train trip through

the Rockies with Andy Russell, famed Waterton Lakes National Park guide, and Toronto law student Stewart McKeown.

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—Staff Photo: Herald Engraving
Warren Page, right, a top U.S. authority on big game hunting is in Southern Alberta gathering material for a feature magazine article. Shown with him is Andy Russell, well-known Waterton Lakes National Park guide.

Warren Page in South

Variety of Hunting Discourage Alberta

By JOE BALLA
Herald Staff Writer

Alberta's varied hunting seasons for different species of game discourages rather than welcomes the visitors, according to Warren Page of New York City, noted shooting editor for Field and Stream magazine.

In the city during the weekend, Page told The Herald in an interview that only a resident of Alberta could figure out the open seasons on the various species of game.

"You have almost as many open seasons as you have species of game," Mr. Page said.

"For the visitor, particularly an American, this is very discouraging," he added.

"When we came up to this part of the country," he explained, "we would like to be able to go after more than one species of game at a time — and not hunt just one certain type of animal."

"You would find," he added, that if you changed your open seasons so that several species of big game could be hunted at one time, more Americans would hunt in this part of the country.

"Big game hunting in Alberta could be made into a big tourist business — you have the game and there are many from the United States who would like to come after them," he noted.

Mr. Page, one of the world's most travelled big game hunters and rifle experts, is spending this week in the Brooks and Hanna districts hunting pheasant and sharp-tailed grouse.

He returned Saturday from the southeast corner of British Columbia where he hunted elk, moose and mountain goat. An account of the trip will be read by Field and Stream readers next year. Accompanying Mr. Page on the trip are Enos Axtell of Grand View, Mo., bank manager and sportsman and Joyce Hornady of Grand Island, Neb., bullet manufacturer.

Guide for the party into southeast British Columbia and for the pheasant and grouse hunt is Andy Russell, well-known Waterton Lakes National Park Guide and outfitter.

From the sojourn to B.C., the party brought back a moose, two goats and two elk. One elk, shot by Mr. Page, will rate high in Boone and Crockett record quality.

U.S. Big Game Hunter Dies Suddenly West Of Akamina Highway

WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK — (HNS) — J. Maurer, 62, businessman of Pennsylvania and big game hunter, died while stalking a mountain ram, in the rough, rugged Rocky Mountain country six miles west of the Akamina Highway, late Sunday afternoon.

Word of the hunter's death came out of the mountain area yesterday afternoon and the body will be brought out today.

HEART SEIZURE

Mr. Maurer, whose home city is not immediately known, was seized with a heart attack. It is understood, in the excitement of stalking the ram, his main quest on the expedition with "Andy" Russell, veteran Waterton Park guide and outfitter, the first illness or death of a hunter Russell has had in his 30 years of escorting big game parties in the Rockies.

Russell came out yesterday by saddle horse and said the death of the American visitor had been reported to the Natal, B.C., detachment of the RCMP and the Natal coroner, as the party was camped in the southeast corner of British Columbia.

There was a guide with Maurer

at the time of his seizure and he had been accompanied to Waterton Park by a nephew and friend. It is understood he was wealthy and a keen and experienced outdoor man.

The body will be sent east for interment after being cleared by the authorities. It is not yet known whether there will be an inquest.

ENJOY RUSSELL FILMS

RAYMOND — (HNS) — A crowd of over two hundred enjoyed Andy Russell's colored wild life films, together with a lecture on wild life and back-to-nature stories at Raymond on Monday evening. The film which required a couple of years to complete, showed scenes of many of the species of wild animals from all parts of Waterton-Glacier National Park. It also proved that these animals will become accustomed to man, and will pose for a picture, and even put on a show for the photographer.

Andy Russell Making 'Life Of Bighorns'

WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK — (HNS) — Andy Russell, naturalist photographer of Waterton Lakes National Park, is now recording on colored movie film the natural history life story of the Bighorn sheep. When completed "The Life of the Bighorns" will be produced with soundtrack and possibly original musical scores. Producer of the film which will be available for educational purposes is the Olenbow Foundation of Calgary.

"The Life of the Bighorns," expected to be at least two years in the making, will present the life story of these famed animals that live among the craggy peaks of the Canadian Rockies. The film will cover all phases of the Bighorns' life from birth to death, including environment, feeding habits, herd discipline, and life in general.

Photographer Andy Russell has had wide experience in natural history photography. A guide and outfitter for some 30 years, he has gained a keen insight into the habits of all wildlife, but particularly the Bighorn sheep, in this area.

Within the past several years Mr. Russell has independently produced two colored movie films on the habits and environment of animals in Waterton Lakes National Park. With these films he toured and lectured in many major cities in the United States and western Canada. The pictures were given high praise by capacity audiences in these centres.

Andy Russell Gets Rare Wild Life Pictures

CARDSTON — (HNS) — J. H. Read, local gunsmith and sportsman spent an interesting weekend when he accompanied Andy Russell and sons, Dick and Charles, on a special mountain trip, to take wildlife pictures for Olenbow Foundation of Calgary. From Cameron Lake in Waterton Park, they made the trip by horse, going to Boundary Creek to the Russell Camp, about 7,000 feet elevation near Chipman Glacier, the southwest side of Mount Carthew. It was an ideal day and Mr. Russell got some choice pictures. He got pictures of four magnificent rams and two muley bucks.

It was very clever, Mr. Read said, how he stalked the four big rams getting pictures with telephoto lens to be within 15 feet. The country was rough and beautiful, states Mr. Read. They also stood at the monument where Alberta, British Columbia and the U.S. join. Sunday it snowed all day in the mountains, but was very welcome, due to the dry season, which has made a fire hazard. Mr. Read says he has never seen the mountain streams so low, as at this time.

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Hunting And Fishing

Take That Trip While You Can

... Tom Van De Car

THROUGHOUT THE NEWS-HERALD circulation area sportsmen who thought of "hunting and fishing" were likely to follow with a thought of Tom Van De Car, long time editor of this column and the acknowledged top expert of the area on hunting and fishing.

We think we are safe in saying Mr. Van De Car had been on more big game hunts and major fishing excursions than any man in the midwest.

He was a city man with the spirit of a pioneer scout. He couldn't fit enough of nature untamed in Kansas, although he appreciated and fought for what there was.

He yearned for great open places which hadn't been cut into sections, packaged by fences, tied by telephone wires. Such places he found in the wilds of Canada. Frequently he started planning for his next big game hunt on the day he came off the last one.

His advice always was not to wait until you have a lot of time, or the weather is right or the fishing calendar says fishing will be good—"Go whenever you can get away, and plan so you can."

Long before his death last Tuesday, Tom knew he had made his last trip to Canada. He had been ill for many months following a heart attack, and the knowledge that he could not, in this life, again escape man-made boundaries may have hastened his death. He's off now, on a new exploration of God's great unknown.

Tom kept up a continuous fight to better hunting and fishing for everyone in Kansas.

He crossed swords frequently with those who wanted more for themselves at the expense of their fellow sportsmen or those of future generations.

He hated game hogs, out-of-season shooters, trespassers and crows.

He taught hundreds of persons how to flip a fly-rod, tie a fly, shoot a gun, load a shell. With each lesson he taught good sportsmanship and sound conservation practices.

For all these things Tom will be long remembered.

By example, Tom taught something else, equally important.

Van De Car lived the dreams of many men. Thousands of men dream of fishing in the Ozarks or the ocean, of hunting big game in Canada, of antelope hunting in Colorado. Hundreds of those thousands never do.

From one busy season to another many men postpone even the making of plans. And time goes by until it is gone.

Tom made plans and made trips. For him as for few men it can be said "He did these things he planned to do."



Tom Van De Car

Death Claims A Sportsman

Thomas James Van De Car, widely known sportsman, died at 3:30 a.m. Tuesday at his home in Stafford. Mr. Van De Car had been in ill health for several months.

Mr. Van De Car was born Sept. 22, 1896, at Elba, Neb. He was manager of the Hipple Clothing Co. in Hutchinson for a number of years, and had operated his own men's clothing store in Colorado Springs. He moved to Stafford in 1952.

Five years ago Mr. Van De Car began devoting all his time to hunting, fishing and guiding. He took a number of hunting parties to the Canadian Northwest and the western United States, and was guide for an Indian maharajah and his wife on a trip in Colorado.

His colored films of hunting trips were much in demand at meetings of sportsmen groups and civic clubs throughout the Middle West. Mr. Van De Car's bait casting schools introduced novice fishermen to one of his favorite sports.

In addition to his hunting and fishing column in The News-Herald, Mr. Van De Car wrote for national outdoor and sports magazines.

He was a past commander of the Hutchinson Lyle Rishel post, American Legion; a Mason; a member of Stafford Rotary Club, the Stafford Methodist Church, and the Outdoor Writer's Association of America.

Survivors are the widow, Deris, of the home; one daughter, Mrs. Robert Kohler, Colorado Springs; a son, Lt. Col. Howard Van De Car, Montgomery, Ala.; one brother, H. C. Van De Car, Scottsbluff, Neb.; four grandchildren; two step-daughters, Mrs. C. J. Riney, Wichita, and Mrs. Dale Smith, Ponca City, Okla.

Funeral services will be at 2:30 p.m. Thursday at the First Methodist Church of Stafford. Rev. Glen Palmer will officiate. Burial will be in the Stafford Cemetery.



Tom Van De Car

Big Game Hunting Never Fails To P

Beauty Of Canadian Wilderness As Much A Lure As Its Trophies

By TOM VAN DE CAR

Canadian big game hunting has provided many of the major thrills of my life.

This year was the third on which I have made a big game hunt and I have just returned from my third big game hunt. I say this to prove a point.

That's a lot of hunting, but I still get the "big thrills" that I experienced on my first hunt. The novelty of the great unspoiled wilderness areas, rugged mountains, fine fishing and hunting just doesn't wear off.

One of the greatest pleasures derived from the enjoyment and wonderment of hunters who go north with me each year. Usually at least some of them are making their first trip.

This year my hunting companions were Reece Morgan, Hugoton and Bob English and son Tommy, of St. John.

We left Kansas Sept. 19 and arrived at Waterton Lakes, Alberta, Sept. 22. When the big adventures began.

The outfitting of a hunting party is no small item. We formed quite a caravan as we pulled out of the Waterton Lakes area on Sept. 22.

Our outfitter was Andy Russell of Twin Butte, Alberta. Our crew, in addition to Russell, included Wenzel Devorak, guide; Frank Moon, cook; Dave Simpson, horse wrangler and Frank Lighthood, bull cook. We had 30 head of fine horses for the nine men and packs. It takes quite a pack train to take the tents, cooking equipment and food, bed rolls and other essentials.

Our first camp was on Sage Creek. We awoke the following morning to find the ground covered with two inches of snow. A day in this area convinced Russell we were not in good game country.

Next day we started toward the headwaters of Sage Creek, high in the rugged Canadian Rockies which we knew to be wild, remote and dominated by high peaks and wind swept ridges.

As we crested the big burn on the side of a mountain, Russell whispered "There's a grizzly!" I hit the ground with my rifle at the ready. Spotting the big bear I leveled off and, just as the cross hairs settled where I wanted them, Russell added "Hell, there's two cubs with her". I put my rifle back in the saddle scabbard. I can still see those cross hairs on the shoulder of that bear, the heavy coat fluffing in the wind.

There's no law in British Columbia against shooting a bear with cubs at their side, but those cubs were small, not yet yearlings, and

grizzly cubs stay with their mother for two years. Chances for their survival, had I killed that grizzly, were pretty slim. It was a cinch shot, one of the kind that you dream about. But I got a thrill out of passing the shot. Sort of like releasing a fish.

We had barely settled in our new camp when the weather really came undone. The wind blew a gale and snow fell in blinding swirls. For several days we could not get out of camp. Not only was it cold, snowy and windy but visibility was almost zero. Hunting was too dangerous to risk. In the meantime we were enjoying camp life, the food excellent, a little reading and fascinating stories of the north.

Bob English was the first to collect a trophy, and it was a fine goat killed on Wed. Sept. 30, a billy with horns measuring 10 1/2 in. It was one of those once in a lifetime shots too. As a usual thing your shots at goats are long range, but this goat was practically in Bob's lap. His guide, Wenzel Devorak had spooked the goat around a ridge. It passed Bob on a ledge just about twenty yards from him, where he killed it with one well placed shot. Usually goats won't drop until you've hit them three or four times.

The following day Reece Morgan collected another fine billy. This one came the hard way, as is usual in goat hunting. It took Morgan and Russell an hour and a half to make the stalk after we spotted the goat, high on a steep cliff. The first shot should have been a killing shot, and would have been on any game other than a goat. It

took two more, however, to bring the big billy tumbling down the slope. Russell took the head and cape and we headed for the pass as darkness started to settle. It was dark, cold and windy when we sighted the lights of camp. We needed no rocking to get to sleep that night.

Then we hit more bad weather and it was Oct. 4 before another trophy came into camp. This time Tommy English came in with a nice goat killed after the usual fusillade.

My luck hadn't been good, except with the camera, and time was running out. Not many more hunting hours left. I was getting some mighty movie footage and not worrying too much about not having a trophy. The others were somewhat worried, but I assured them I'd take my trophy on the way out so that the skin would be real fresh. That's exactly what happened. I killed a big goat at noon on the last day of the hunt.



TYPICAL CANADIAN ROCKIES—Reece Morgan turns his back to the cold wind as Andy Russell classes the area for signs of game.



BOB ENGLISH grins as he displays his goat.



REECE MORGAN pictured after getting his goat.

I have killed many goats during the past years, and this was one of the few I have killed with one shot. It wasn't a difficult shot. I folded the goat as it started around the point of a sheer cliff.

Weather conditions during most of the hunt were such as to keep game pretty much keyed up and seeking heavy cover. We saw many elk, some with real trophy heads, another grizzly and a black bear, neither of which could be reached.

Mrs. Van de Car and Mrs. Morgan were at Waterton Lakes when we returned from the hunt. The four of us went to Edmonton where we spent a couple of interesting days, then down to the Banff and Lake Louise area where we spent two more fabulous days before we started south.

Our route home brought us through Calgary, crossing the border at Piegan, then through the Glacier National Park and through western Montana, along the shoreline of the huge Flathead Lake, a beautiful country. Then down through Yellowstone and home.

It was a gorgeous trip. This is the most beautiful time of the year in mountain country whether it's Canada or Colorado. The colors are beyond description, after the rough weather during the hunt, settled down into the perfection of Indian summer, and there were no boards of tourists to clutter up the landscape.

It was another grand experience to file in memories' storehouse.

Andy Russell's

SPORTS AFIELD

As I sit here at Hawk's Nest writing this, there is the smell of winter in the air; the first real winter we have had this season. I am struck with the ineptitude of man, for here I stay until the snow falls window high, while the ducks and geese head for the warm, balmy reaches of Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Texas and California. I am writing under a virtual canopy of wings today. Five minutes ago there were five big flocks of ducks and one flock of geese in sight at one time and more are coming.

We hear much of the great inventions of man. Radar, nuclear fission and many other wonderful things are thundered into our ears by radio and assault our eyes in the press. But the birds prove there is nothing much new under the sun, by smelling a coming cold spell and heading south. Some of them fly thousands of miles. The snipes generally winter in Central America and some even go as far as northern South America. When one thinks of a tiny hummingbird going all the way to Central America from the Alberta Rockies it seems incredible, but that is exactly what they do. Young birds produced in nests in the far north, make the flight without benefit of the guidance of older birds, which have been over the route.

Who knows? Perhaps birds have been using radar since the beginning of time.

The laws of nature are written with fang and claw, and along with the wild fowl heading south too, in great sweeping circles, the predatory eagles and hawks wing their way. On occasion I have seen the regular formation of a flock of ducks or geese suddenly thrown into a disorganized panic. From out of the blue with wings half closed in a stunning dive an eagle appears and there is a sudden puff of feathers and the flock rejoins without one of its numbers.

The great golden eagles and bald headed eagles are a common sight these days as they follow the migrations south. These big predators sometimes winter in northern latitudes and as a general rule don't go as far south as the regular migrants.

I saw an interesting thing the other day concerning a pair of bald eagles and a great raft of coots. The coot raft of several hundred birds was on Knights Lake in Waterton Park. The eagles were perched in a tree along the shore not far from Kootenai Brown's grave. As I stopped the car to look them over with my glasses, the eagles suddenly left the trees and flew out over the lake towards the coots. The divers didn't dive as I expected they would under the threat of air invasion, but immediately bunched up in a tight mass swimming very fast. Instead of swooping down and picking up a bird as I fully expected they would, the eagles just made low passes, and seemed afraid to get close to the tightly massed coots. I watched this procedure for several minutes, and neither eagle got a bird. I am wondering if the coots would have ganged up on the big birds and drowned them if they had closed for a kill. Nature is full of surprises.

X X X

Those of us who practically live outdoors miss the cheery hustle and songs of the many birds which summer in these latitudes. But we aren't entirely left alone, for the jays, chickadees, rose breasted grosbeaks and wax wings stay with us all winter. So does the incredibly tough little dipper or water ouzel.

This last mentioned little bird is often seen along the open water of springs and creeks in the coldest winter months, and is a common sight to anglers in summer. It is a lead grey little bird with a short stubby tail somewhat smaller than a robin. He will be seen perched on a rock dipping and curtsailing, and when alarmed will take off with a sharp chitter. They are shaped something like a common house wren, and are actually closely related to them.

They feed on the gravelly bottom of streams and clear lakes and are often observed completely submerged scratching around for aquatic insects life amongst the sand and gravel of a stream bed. They seem absolutely impervious to cold and wet, and I have often seen them cheerily feeding in below zero weather.

X X X

Once when I was morosely making my way through a deep new fall of snow in late March, and contemplating the hard luck of anyone unfortunate enough to live in a country where winter sometimes stretches well into spring, I was suddenly startled by the clear beautiful song of a bird. Nothing could have been more unexpected and completely incongruous. I was close to the willow lined banks of a little creek, and as the song seemed to be coming from the direction of the creek, I investigated. To my great surprise I saw a dipper sitting on a rock, and as I watched his throat suddenly swelled to pour forth a beautiful song very like the song of a wren, only louder. Since then I have heard them on several occasions in late fall and early spring.

The dipper seems to insist on being wet most of the time and brings its young into the world in close proximity of a thundering fall. Its nest is always built where spray of falling water plays on it continually. It is a compact covered affair made of moss, and is usually perched precariously over a swirling pool at the foot of a fall. I have often marvelled that all young dippers don't die prematurely of rheumatism.

Northwest Adventure

By DAVE HALL, Press City Editor



TRAIL CREEK CANYON in Waterton Lakes National Park is a favorite for visitors.—Andy Russell Photo.

Chapter 11—Picture Hunter

BUCKHORN RANCH, Pincher Creek, Alberta.—Back down the road in Waterton Lakes National Park I met a man who had rather shoot big game with a camera than a gun.

He's Andy Russell, a gaunt, black-haired ranchman who was born and reared within the shadow of these giant Canadian Rockies.

Andy has his reasons: hunting is more fun with a camera. Not that he hasn't killed his share of big game. He has.

Take, for instance, that black bear that measured seven feet four inches and broke the scales at 750 pounds. He has a picture to prove his kill.

HE'S KILLED the grizzly, moose and elk, too, in these moun-

tains. Not to mention Rocky Mountain goats and deer and lesser game.

But Andy figures it this way: he knows the traits of all these animals. He can nearly always hit his mark. He used to get a thrill out of bringing them down. But no more. It's a bigger thrill to stalk them for pictures.

We sat in the Swiss-gabled Prince of Wales Hotel and looked at his pictures. They're a side line with him. He raises horses on his neighboring ranch in the Twin Butte country and guides and outfits hunting parties in the park.

HERE WAS another picture of a grizzly standing over the carcass of a horse. The bear didn't kill the horse, Andy explains. The horse probably drowned in a beaver lake and the bear dragged it out for food. Andy got the picture, but didn't shoot the bear.

He has had some close calls with his camera. Once he was guiding a hunter when charged by a bull moose. A bullet from his brother's gun stopped the animal at close range. Another time he was "looking down the throat" of a grizzly when the beast was brought down.

He shoots color movies and has expensive cameras. But he gets most of his pictures with a small, inexpensive camera which he carries because it is easy to pack and no great loss if it gets broken.

THERE'S a park valley about seven miles from Waterton that seems to be Andy's favorite place. It's called the Lynham Basin. For years there was no trail into the basin, no way to even take a pack horse. Finally Andy trailed into the basin from the back side and found it an outdoor paradise.

The lakes there are alive with cutthroat trout which weigh up to four pounds.

"It's no trouble to catch fish," says Andy. "The trouble is in keeping people from getting bored with catching them."

The Waterton Park is located in the southwest corner of Alberta where the eastern slope of the Rockies meets the U. S. boundary. The park adjoins Glacier National Park in Montana, with which it forms the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park.

Famous Waterton Guide Leads Exciting, Action-Packed Life

By ELSIE BIDEELL

(This is the first in a series of articles depicting the life and somewhat unusual calling of one of Southern Alberta's colorful personalities—The Andy Russell story.)

For several decades, Waterton Lakes Park has been the mecca of camera enthusiasts wishing to get the best in pictures of mountain scenery. Painters and landscape artists galore have set up their easels in many, many of the sites to be found within the Park, intent on capturing the intimate beauty of the scenery in oils and water colors.

As we gaze with awe on all this breath-taking loveliness (which is considered by many visitors to the Park to be comparable to any mountain scenery in the world) we like to think back, with our mind's eye, to the people who have lived and who are still living within the townsite today. People who have contributed to its history by their colorful personalities and their deep affection for their beloved Park.

We like to think back to the year 1865, when the buffalo roamed the foothills of these mountains. That was the year the magnetic figure of John George Brown, better known as "Kootenai" Brown, got his first glimpse of the Waterton Lakes—and loved it. This man, who was born in England and educated at Eton and Oxford Universities, and who possessed a voice that revealed an English culture together with a knowledge born of many rich experiences, was the first warden there. When the region of the Waterton Lakes was declared a National Park he was appointed Acting Park Superintendent.

We think of Kootenai Brown as part of the history of Waterton. As guide and interpreter, he made history by his colorful, daring personality. He died in the year 1914, and today his grave can be seen from the Park highway leading into the townsite, enclosed by a low wooden fence, painted white. Buried beside him in this unpretentious plot are his two wives, one on either side.

Now, let us set the past and the present against each other. The average Canadian of our present generation is inclined to take his environment for granted. He knows



ANDY RUSSELL

full well that not very long ago the land around him was an uncultivated and uninhabited region. He does not, however, acknowledge that our debt to the pioneer is very great. He takes the pioneer for granted. There is, however, another class of settler who, by his own manner of living, shows a sort of vision of the kind of place his community should be, and who, whether he realizes it or not, is contributing to present day history. Such a man is Andrew (Andy) Russell, Guide, Naturalist, Lecturer and Writer. For the largest part of each year this man makes his home in Waterton National Park.

Born in Lethbridge, Andy is the son of George Harold Russell, who now lives in Victoria, B.C. His father was the first white boy born in the city of Lethbridge.

"I was raised back up around the mountains here—about 12 miles north of the Park," he told us when we interviewed him. There is no doubt that Andy was exposed to fishing and hunting lore at a time when most of us were preparing for our initiation to kindergarten, and it is small wonder that the full, free, adventurous life he enjoys today is the life he finds "possibly the most fascinating life one can live."

His lean, hard-muscled physique gives the impression of strenuous outdoor living. Tall and straight, with slightly bowed legs and a swinging gait peculiar to men of the saddle, his popular style of dress is—tight blue jeans, leather jacket with fringe, riding boots and large cowboy hat which looks so much larger in contrast to his wiry, spare frame. One notices too, when listening to Andy lecture, that his conversation is enriched with a sort of homespun philosophical lingo

which seems to make what he has to say all the more convincing.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

"Tell us about your childhood days," we queried. There was a twinkle in his eyes as he told us how he and his brother used to take off into the woods—hunting, fishing, exploring, climbing. A grouse, shot with a sling shot, with a piece of cast iron or a chunk of rock for ammunition, or a good-sized trout caught with a makeshift rod and line, tasted mighty good to two hungry boys, even if at times the fare was only half-cooked—almost raw. With a flat rock for a table, by the side of a mountain stream, small boys of the outdoors aren't epicures in the matter of cuisine.

Of ram pastures, with big-horned sheep grazing nearby; of fishing along miles and miles of mountain streams hitherto unexplored; of their own saddle horse string and of parents who "didn't tie us down with too much work." These were his memories of a happy childhood spent around Waterton.

"How did you become interested in guiding?" was our next question. Well, breaking horses on his father's ranch seemed to be his chief job of work, but "I was always interested in guiding," he said. It was in the year 1934 that he started to work for Bert Riggall, a very well-known guide outfitter since the year 1909. As "packer" and "horse-wrangler" on the pack outfit for several years, Andy finally became a full-fledged licensed guide (and incidentally, he married the boss's daughter).

Of the life on the trail Andy has this to say:

"I think this business I'm in is probably a little unusual. Parties, sometimes large, sometimes small in number, usually made up of a group of businessmen from the big cities who are looking for the sort of relaxation our mountains and forests afford. Sometimes the whole family will come, to fish and hunt, and want the services of an experienced guide. These trips take a lot of planning. We have to fit our program to the types of personalities we're dealing with. We find that people who are interested in botany, birdlife, zoology as well as several other 'ologies,' and there are those who come to hunt and fish only."

He told us about one job of guiding he conducted this year. Belton, in Montana, was the starting point of a fishing trip for Mr. John Stevens of New York. Mr. Stevens is a brother of Robert Stevens, Secretary of Defence in the United States Government. In this party, besides Mr. Stevens, were his wife, three daughters and their husbands. It was on July 1 that Andy met this party at Belton, and assembled their equipment, which, by the way, included between 30 and 40 head of horses. They then proceeded along the MacDonald Range, 10 miles up the river on the B.C. side of the border. They were to be away from civilization about three weeks. John Stevens had a movie camera and the necessary equipment for "getting footage" which I believe is the technical term for taking rolls and rolls of moving pictures. The retinue consisted of—the guide, a horse-wrangler, a cook and assistant cook and handyman. Andy's son John, a likeable boy of 10 years old, was to go along in the latter capacity and he was to receive a bicycle for his wages. This writer was puzzled to know why John would want a bicycle, when he can have his pick from some 75 horses to ride.

Photography has lately been introduced to many trail riders and is becoming very popular. In a later article in this series the writer will deal with Andy Russell's experiences "Hunting With a Camera."

Grizzly Bear Is Fast

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By GENE TELPNER
Free Press Staff Writer

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Just in case the people of Southern Alberta are underestimating Andy — unlikely though it may seem — this column is going to be devoted to telling you about one of your own people. Because far beyond the borders of Alberta there is the highest esteem for this hunter-writer-guide-photographer-lecturer. The name of Andy Russell is a name that is known from New York to Winnipeg and from Lethbridge to Los Angeles and where it is known it is respected.

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It is extremely difficult to build climax in an article if it ends with the animal escaping, or merely having his picture taken, or being observed and studied. The reader of an article or story looks for a climax, and it is hard to convince him that seeing a fox catch a mouse, a badger cleaning his claws or a grizzly bear digging for ants is

the same sense that an audience of scientists would have listening to Einstein on the theory of relativity — you are listening to one of the real authorities.

This is a particularly happy fact because, in the view of this reporter, Andy Russell possesses a great potential as a writer. Certainly he can already sell what he writes — his articles appear consistently in *Field and Stream*, *Outdoor Life* and other discriminating magazines.

They are excellent. But the day will come when the sensitivity to the beauties of the mountains and the ability to choose the right word to describe what he has seen and felt could elevate Andy Russell to the position of one of the very fine natural history writers of the continent. This prediction requires one qualification: Andy Russell now is many things, and only one of them is "writer." The full exploitation of his writing talent will inevitably require a degree of specialization that he has not yet elected, and it is by no means the most profitable thing that he can do.

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The blood and the flesh must be the product of the writer's genius; very few great stories are stories of literal fact — they are fictionalized; the anecdotes may be used but they are moulded to fit, so that they do not distort the literary picture that fills the mind of the writer.

The man who does not know in exhaustive detail the nature and the habits of the creatures about which he is writing does not dare to take liberties with his anecdotes. The writer must know that under certain circumstances the animal is likely to do certain things. Andy Russell knows the animals of the mountains and foothills as well as he knows his own family.

There may be some who have known Andy Russell far longer than this reporter who will feel I am overenthusiastic in my estimate. Perhaps I am. All I pretend to do is to report what we think of Andy Russell in Winnipeg.

As you may have judged by now, we think a lot of him.



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Presented to

Mr. Andy Russell

in sincere appreciation by the
Winnipeg Game and Fish Association
on the occasion of their
76th Annual Banquet

Friday, 18th April, 1958, at the Royal Alexandra Hotel
Winnipeg, Man.

"Eskimo carving by Oloolik of Povungnetuk — North-east tip of Hudsons Bay.

Graphically illustrates an Eskimo
Seal Hunter about to skin out a Seal."

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Mr. Andy Russell

in sincere appreciation by the
Winnipeg Game and Fish Association
on the occasion of their
76th Annual Banquet

Friday, 18th April, 1958, at the Royal Alexandra Hotel
Winnipeg, Man.

"Eskimo carving by Oloolik of Povungnetuk — North-east tip of Hudsons Bay.

Graphically illustrates an Eskimo
Seal Hunter about to skin out a Seal."



Ken Liddell's Corner

WATERTON—The Hawk's Nest is so weather-beaten today from the Pincher Creek-Waterton highway it looks just what the name implies and only after a moment of study is it recognized as a house amid the gaunt trees.

Before the Hawk's Nest, so high on its hill, is a solid bank of mountains to the south and the west; the north rolls with other hills that batter themselves against the Rockies, and the east is placid with plains that drop over the horizon.

"I have been told," said Andy Russell, who owns the Hawk's Nest, "that this compares with the finest locations on the continent for sheer beauty."

One can believe it.

THE HAWK'S NEST was built in 1924 by some wealthy Minneapolis people. They used it for vacations in summer and for hunting in fall. It was once a rather sumptuous lodge, a home befitting those who reached it after travelling by private railway car to Glacier, Montana.

Today the Hawk's Nest is a shell of its former self. The Russells acquired it in 1942 when it was sold in course of settling the estate of the original owners. The Russells have plans to convert it into a permanent home.

In the meantime they live in smaller but most comfortable quarters just down the hill where the view is as magnificent but you must stretch your neck a bit to see it, a beautiful spot the Russells have called home since 1939.

THERE STILL IS talk of the hunt in the Hawk's Nest, but it is of a different sort. Andy Russell and two of his sons, Dick, 23, a third-year zoology student at University of British Columbia, and Charles, 21, use the old lodge for a darkroom and a studio.

They process rather than mount the results of their hunting because Andy Russell, a guide and a packer all his adult life, has given up stalking game with a rifle, apart from what he may need for meat, in favor of capturing it with cameras.

In doing so he also took to writing about animals of the high country, the grizzly bears and the sheep, and he has earned a healthy reputation in the United States, although he is not as well known to Canadians.

It's the old story of the prophet in his backyard, which is becoming sort of a Canadian theme song.

ANDY RUSSELL WAS born in Lethbridge in 1915. His grandfather arrived in that area in 1882 and began ranching. Andy Russell's father,

Harold Russell, now of Victoria, was the first white boy born in Lethbridge. His son's proper name is Andrew George Alexander Russell and the only reason Andy can attribute for the long handle is that his mother "didn't want to hurt anybody."

Andy was five when the family moved to Drywood Creek, 14 miles south of Pincher Creek. When he ran out of grades at the Drywood School he began high school at Lethbridge, but the depression set in and he figured he should help at home.

With his brother, John, now in Calgary, he would cover a 30-mile trap line three times a week. Muskrat, mink, ermine and coyote were plentiful.

IN 1934 ANDY RUSSELL went to work for Bert Riggall, a Pincher Creek guide. He packed and he broke horses for Riggall and in his spare time courted a daughter, whom he married in 1938.

But for Russell it was more than a job. It was an education. Bert Riggall read a lot. And he never forgot what he read. He could discuss botany, zoology and even astronomy, anything that would interest a man of the outdoors. For Riggall, the country was a classroom and a saddle horse his desk. His young employee tended his lessons well and, looking back, he said

"it was an opportunity of a lifetime."

In 1946, troubled with his health, Riggall sold the business to Russell.

ANDY RUSSELL continued packing and guiding for 14 years. Then, in 1960, he gave it up, or most of it, just like that. He had his reasons. The country and the people were changing. The country was running out of wilderness. People who wanted to go where they wouldn't see a road or telephone line for three weeks were becoming fewer.

Then, too, in his guiding he had worked with professional photographers. Some of that art rubbed off on him. And he had found he could entertain people by telling stories around the campfires.

Both are arts, the former developed and the latter a natural talent. So when most young people were looking for fortunes in a general economic boom, Andy Russell took a courageous step. He decided to go free-lancing as a photographer and a writer to tell the world of the wild things in his own backyard.

Today he has quite an audience... in the United States... and some interesting opinions about the world of Canadian letters.

(First of two articles)

Andy Russell — Hunter-Rancher-Writer

Shooting Into Black Bears Is Like Blasting Dynamite

By RALPH HEDLIN

(Tribune Special Correspondent)

"Shooting into a black bear compared with shooting into a grizzly is the same as shooting into a bag of feathers compared with shooting into a bag of dynamite," Andy Russell told the recent 75th annual meeting of the Winnipeg Game and Fish Association. And yet Andy Russell — hunter-guide-rancher-photographer-writer-lecturer — had as close a shave with a 'bag of feathers' black bear as any one would care to contemplate.

Andy Russell's ranch home is some 80 miles south and west of Lethbridge and three miles from the Waterton Lakes Park. One morning when he came out, he found the pad marks of a mammoth bear in the snow between his house and stables. It was the largest black bear track he had ever seen, and corresponded to one that fellow ranchers had reported finding around animals killed in their herds of cattle.

Snow Melted

The snow melted later in the day, and the track disappeared. But a few days later it snowed again, and Andy took to the hills and the hunt. For two weeks he failed to find a trace or track. And then one morning he headed toward a valley where the remains of a horse had been left the fall before. He had despaired of finding the bear and when he came over the crest of the cut-bank and the bear was actually on the horse remains he was not ready; the bear headed for the bushes as Andy's rifle bounced

up. The shot wounded but did not kill, and the wounded bear disappeared into the willows beyond.

In the scrub, the odds would be all with the bear. Russell cut around the outside to try and head the animal off. As he circled, the bear turned back toward him and suddenly Andy saw it through the trees. He got a fast shot away and saw the bear go down. It dropped over a fallen tree and Andy could see its feet projecting into the air as he approached.

He was almost up to it when the legs suddenly disappeared. The bear hurtled over the log. Russell stepped back to position himself for the shot. A stick caught his heel, and he crashed onto his back. As he fell he was looking into two rows of approaching teeth and, without aiming, he fired as he fell. Had the bullet missed, the bear would have had a better prospect than Russell of lecturing at the 75th annual meeting of the Winnipeg Game and Fish Association.

Hit In Mouth

The bullet caught the bear in the roof of the mouth and killed it instantly. Its nose lay against Russell's feet.

Andy Russell's best story of a grizzly was the time he didn't get one. He took an American guest back into the mountains and for a week they searched without success for a trophy grizzly. They came home empty handed to find that Andy's wife had shot a grizzly that came nosing around the ranch yard. If Mrs. Russell was discreet, the neighbors weren't. Andy was the recipient of constant good natured ribbing in the months that followed.

Hunting, no doubt, is a gratifying pastime. But Andy demonstrated that he is much more than a hunter. When Clarence Tillenius, Winnipeg artist and naturalist, introduced the speaker he pointed out that Russell was the champion rifle shot of Alberta and also the champion fly caster of the fishing fraternity. The speaker demonstrated that he was also a champion stalker and photographer.

In the films that he showed, Russell had stalked to within a few feet of Bighorn sheep, mountain goats (the shyest of the mountain animals) elk, mule deer, bear and other smaller animals, including badger, chipmunk and rabbits. And when he talked of the animals he did not talk of hunting—he talked of the habits and the life of the animals amongst whom he lives.

Wilderness Areas

Indeed, Russell had a message for this province: he feels there should be "wilderness areas" set aside for the hunter and the naturalist who has no inclination

to hunt or study wild life with the assistance of planes, and motors — the type of wilderness area made famous by the Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario. Certainly it would still be possible to carve out areas in Manitoba where a visitor went in on foot or with a paddle-propelled canoe, or stayed out. Ten years from now it may no longer be possible.

Russell is now 42 years of age. Since he could first clamber, he has been clambering on the mountains of western Alberta and eastern British Columbia. For an hour he talked of the beauties of the mountains, of the habits of the Bighorn and the grizzly and of the exciting splash as a speckled trout hits a fly.

He told of a pass that he and his 16-year-old son (now 18) had found through and over the mountains, and he showed films of taking a string of pack horses and some fishermen across to virgin lakes through the newly found pass. From where they fished, they could look down from the high reaches of Canada across the nation.

Dramatic Experience

Perhaps the most dramatic experience recounted took place when Russell was guiding two geologists in the mountains. The through, it had killed but not burnt out the giant lodgepole trees. A great forest of dead trees reared around them, and Andy watched the sky constantly because, in a wind, he knew that scores of the great trees would come crashing down — far more dangerous than a dozen dynamite-packed grizzlies.

In fact, it was a grizzly that moved them out of the dead forest. They were preparing to cross a switchback, and a grizzly came down the mountain after them. Russell sent his geologists to a flat below and rode toward the bear to discuss the matter. The bear stopped. So did Russell. Seemingly it was agreed that each would hold what he had — the bear the mountain and Russell the flat below. As Russell had nothing other than a handgun he accepted these terms, and guided his nervous geologists to a camping ground beyond the borders of the dead trees.

They had not much more than made camp when the wind howled down from the mountains. The dead trees creaked and broke. Great trees, weighing many tons, came crashing to earth, splintering other trees and branches as they fell, and filling the forest with chunks of wood, hurled like bullets.

Had the bear not turned them back, they would have been caught in the midst of the wooden maelstrom.

Russell now favors a somewhat quieter life. He no longer guides hunting parties, but he still must see the back trails in his mountains. He travels back and takes superlative moving pictures of the animals. He is preparing a life history on film of the Bighorn sheep. And he writes extensively of his experiences for sporting magazines. And, of course, he periodically lectures to interested groups, of which the Winnipeg audience was one.

Russell is a walking and breathing encyclopedia of the mountains and animals beyond Waterton. And no one needs to listen to him for more than five minutes to recognize that he loves what he talks about.

At November Meeting

Fish & Game Hears Talk
By Wildlife Authority

Big game was the top subject picked for the Vulcan and District Fish and Game Association's Nov. 20th meeting and the club hit the jackpot with one of Canada's foremost guides, outfitters and authorities on the subject, as guest. He was Andy Russell, who lives on the brink of game country between Pincher Creek and Waterton and who during the last 22 years, has been in demand as guide to some of the biggest names in the Canadian and U.S. sporting world.

During the business meeting previous to the visitor's entertainment, president Bill Holton set January as the month for the annual meeting and banquet of the association. Exact date cannot be set until replies are received from prospective speakers for the evening.

Clareholm game officer Bill Bell was again present and answered question from the floor.

The officer strongly endorsed the group's action towards the government, appointing a full time game officer for the County. He explained the present impossible situation that the post-war boom in hunting has brought to game officers throughout the country. His area borders the Connemara road to the north, south beyond the Camangay district and west of No. 2 highway.

Dick Osterburg of Lethbridge Fish and Game was in attendance and he reviewed proposals brought forth at the recent meeting of southern district clubs. The Vulcan club, organized since spring, has not received official recognition of affiliation with the parent body yet but Mr. Osterburg promised this confused state would be cleared at the annual convention early in 1960.

Don McCord of Queenstown gave some impressive weights and tail lengths in the competition for the heaviest duck and goose and longest pheasant tail feather. With the season concluded, figures will be compared and winners presented at the January banquet.

Opening his part of the program, Andy Russell measured a set of antlers from an elk shot by Carl Steiner of the Vulcan club, describing the method used by anyone seeking official recognition of an unusual sized trophy.

Photographing and writing of wild life has replaced Mr. Russell's rifle somewhat and the hour of color moving film demonstrated the extent to which his years of studying animal life has taken him.

He showed and described the migrating habits and characteristics of elk and deer in the Waterton area and into B.C. and accompanied the film with amusing incidents relative to the subject. One of his experiences involved the gun editor of the United States sports magazine, Field and Stream,

whose dream was owning a large set of antlers to back up his position in the sports world. Andy had the editor at a camp trailing game when an attendant came in with the news of a tremendous buck a quarter of a mile away. The two hunters went to the area described and as this was during the fall rutting season, the guide began calling in the animals to their position. The first two bucks were turned down by Russell to the almost believing eyes of the hunter and by the fourth reject the visitor was almost beyond control. Finally the huge set of antlers came through a thicket and the guide told his companion this was the one and not to make a move until the animal could be called in to the open. The tension was too great, the hunter took a step forward for a better view, came down on a grouse which emitted a scream and their prized possession disappeared.

Andy Russell spent 17 months on government service some years ago doing research into the lives of the sheep family. This necessitated constant proximity to the animals in their mountain habitat through winter and summer, and during that time he said he learned to "break the barrier of association which exists between man and wild animals." Although he did not have the full film of this project with him, he showed several shots of sheep, goats and rams taken up to four feet distance.

A summer trail ride over an 8,000 foot pass to a fishing lake near Waterton was also shown and the beauty of natural rock

gardens watered by constant mountain streams and the summer scenes came as a welcome break to the early winter being experienced outside the hall.



Ken Liddell's Corner

WATERTON — Andy Russell spread some U.S. magazines on the dining room table and they were so slick they fairly shone, the type of publications that would warm the heart of any writer upon having material accepted by them for publication.

Russell's name was on some of the covers and inside were stories with colored pictures of wild life from the Alberta foothills and Rockies to the Yukon, and with the byline of Andy Russell.

"I'll tell you a story about this story," said Mr. Russell, pointing to one article with the stem of his pipe.

"I SENT THAT story to one of the major Eastern Canadian publications and they sent it back," he smiled. "So I sent it to a major U.S. outdoor magazine. They sent me a healthy cheque. Later they sent me another. It was my share of what they had received for foreign rights to the article. The foreign rights had been purchased by the same Canadian publication which had returned the story to me."

So as he put away the copies of Field and Stream, Hunting Year Book, Outdoor Life and the Reader's Digest, all major, high-paying books as the trade knows them, one could understand why Mr. Russell said, "I don't bother with Canadian publications."

THIS IS A MATTER of economics rather than entirely of preference. A writer and photographer, for which Russell gave up the trade of guiding and packing, has to live, particularly when he has a son at university.

"I won't do myself any good by saying this, but I won't do the writing craft any harm, either," he went on. "Canadian publishers must give established Canadian writers higher prices, and they must give more encouragement to those who are beginning."

"There is a lot of talk about getting better Canadian publications, but nobody seems to be aware that what makes a good publication is good writing," he added. "To see the same names in Canadian publications all the time would lead the novice writer to think

he is jousting with a closed shop. I don't blame the writers, but the editors."

ANDY RUSSELL IS by no means a rich writer, but his success is more than modest considering the fact that while he dabbled with words for years, he turned to writing and photography as a profession only two years ago. He is in demand for illustrated lectures.

A novelist, of course, can work anywhere, but for the tyro writer in other fields Mr. Russell suggests he stick to his environment. As Russell's field is mountain wild life, he has roamed the mountains from Waterton to the Yukon. This summer he camped at 7,000 feet for three weeks.

He has eaten his lunch among animals he photographed. Animals, he believes, know when a man is a predator and they seem to detect when a man is thinking, "that head would look good on my wall."

HE WORKS THROUGH an American agent, and the fact there are none in Canada is a sad reflection on growth of its literary field, he believes.

His working day, at home, would be the envy of many. He'll spend four morning hours writing and when he feels tense he chops some wood, takes a stroll in the bush or goes out to seek photographs.

With two sons, Dick, a zoology student, and Charles, both in their 20s, he has acquired 7,000 feet of film on grizzlies, a film now being edited. Some of it was photographed at 20 yards in wilderness country.

MR. RUSSELL FEELS he has re-discovered an old art rather than any particular latent ability as a writer. He is 47 years of age and remembers the days when even radio was not too common.

In those days conversation was entertainment and the man who could tell a story well was always in demand. And that, he thinks, is the secret of writing.

Which is why he does not consider himself to be a writer.

"Actually," he said, "I'm a teller of stories. Tell them well and people will listen. Or read."

(Second of two articles)

ANDY RUSSELL

Well known naturalist and writer, Andy Russell of Waterton Lakes National Park, will be guest speaker at the annual banquet of the Writers' Workshop which has been arranged for Friday evening at 6:30 o'clock at the Marquis Hotel. Mr. Russell will illustrate his lecture with colored slides.

Andy Russell Speaks to Writers' Group

Andy Russell, naturalist, writer, guide and outdoor photographer, of the Waterton area, was the guest speaker Friday evening at a dinner of the Lethbridge Writers' Workshop at the Marquis Hotel.

Mr. Russell featured in his talk on creative writing and markets a travelogue of his recent trip to the North West Territories wilderness country, stressing the wealth of material for a writer in that vast, scenic area. He showed slides taken on the trip depicting the territory reached by the Alaska Highway and the mountain sheep abounding in the remote, rugged terrain.

Mr. Russell was accompanied to the city by Mrs. Russell. They returned Saturday to their Hawks Nest Ranch.

ANDY RUSSELL

It was at the recent annual dinner of the Writers' Workshop at the Marquis that I met my old friend Andy Russell here for the dinner from the Hawks Nest Ranch, just north of Waterton. Andy blew into town like a bracing breeze from the wilderness country armed with his notes for a speech to the writers at their delightfully arranged "do." Of course, we all talked shop and I am telling no state secret when I add that Andy has been clicking regularly with the outdoor magazine press but, not content, has also sold a story on Rocky Mountain Sheep to none other than Reader's Digest.

Convention and Things

THIS is convention weekend down at Medicine Hat. It's the annual convention of the Alberta Fish and Game Association. Yours truly, Harold Janneke, Dave Hunt, Gene Sculley, Dick Osterberg, Bill Mason, Erle Carr, Oscar Ertland, John Robinec, Jack Wenner - Hasselt, Dixie Dugan and Joe Puko are going to try and hold the fort for Lethbridge.

Talking to Andy Russell the other day we learned that southwestern Alberta's famed Rocky Mountain Big Horn Sheep are going to gain real world wide recognition.

Andy, that great outdoorsman and conservationist from down Waterton way, has had his story about the Big Horns accepted by none other than the Reader's Digest.

Andy started logging the story about the Big Horns more than 10 years ago. At one time Andy and his two older boys, Dick and Charlie, spent every decent day for 17 months, winter and summer, camped back around the tree-lines of the mountains, watching, photographing and learning everything possible about the big rams, ewes and lambs.

Several times they were marooned back in God's Country. And also on several occasions, Andy and his boys ranged along with the sheep at fairly close quarters. If you think this isn't an accomplishment, you try and see one sometimes when you are actually looking for one, let alone getting in there with them.

Andy's trail of the Big Horns led to an outstanding article and some outstanding pictures in Outdoor Life, June, 1954. He also filmed the Big Horns in color for the Glenbow Founda-

tion in Calgary.

In addition to this, if you are following Jack O'Connor's big game series in Outdoor Life, you will soon be seeing Jack's article illustrated with one of Andy's Big Horns.

We have seen many of Andy's photos and film strips and we say without hesitation that Walt Disney's crews could take a lesson or two from Andy, especially when we consider the equipment at the disposal of the movie studios. What Karsh is to portraits, Andy Russell is to wildlife photography.

Coog: Andy, we are certain forward to that article. And while we are on the topic of writing, Jim Bond, that other famed wildlife photographer and lecturer, who makes his sojourns through this part of the country every two years, has a good article in the current issue of Outdoor Life on the Grizzly bear.

If you had the good fortune to see some of Jim's films when he was through here last, you will recall that the old hard rock gets into close quarters with the big mean fellows when he is taking photos.

Watch for these two events in the very near future: the annual awards night of the Granum Fish and Game Association. Harry Perkins and the boys have kind of a contest going on. We're not quite sure whether it will be a battle between bars, or exaggerated true stories.

Then there will be the annual wildlife banquet of the Staveland Fish and Game Association. Heard that there were some lucky moose hunters around Staveland last fall. We'll see.

Here Are The Bear Facts

Wherein A Canadian Guide And Naturalist
Comes To The Defence Of The Grizzlies
BY ANDY RUSSELL

DURING the past two years, the holiday seasons enjoyed by thousands in Canadian and U.S. National Parks have been marred by several unfortunate incidents involving bears. As a result, one of our most interesting species of wildlife is suffering unfair condemnation.

Bears can be dangerous on occasion, but people in general are mighty queer. In spite of thousands of signs clearly stating that the feeding or molesting of bears is forbidden by law, a great many summer visitors to our parks seem to feel it their duty to risk prosecution, life and limb by deliberately ignoring them. As a result many normally shy black bears are reduced to road side bums, raiders of camps and garbage cans, and have to be destroyed because they have lost their respect for humans.

★ ★ ★
IF LEFT ALONE, bears usually mind their own business. If our parks visitors were as well informed about bears as bears are about humans, there would be little or no trouble. In thirty years of travel as a mountain guide and naturalist, I have had very little trouble with bears.

There have been the odd exceptions. One fine August morning down in the Flathead Valley, of British Co-

lumbia, I was charged by a grizzly for no apparent reason. I suppose I might have been justified in shooting him, but instead I talked him out of his notions. He will live long in my memory, for he gave me a thorough scare, the thrill of a lifetime and taught me a little more about a most admirable species.

★ ★ ★
GRIZZLIES normally lean over backwards to avoid contact with humans and will show fight on occasion only if surprised at very close range, or if cubs are present.

A grizzly has the Oriental attribute of hating to lose face; so if a man blunders into a situation where the bear might be embarrassed by precipitous flight, he will likely stand up and growl. This is largely a means of saving his dignity, for all the while he is likely wanting to get somewhere far away as quickly as possible. If nothing is done to annoy him further, he will not press the issue.

Recently I was taken to task for these views, by a gentle lady, no less. "But they are dangerous," she protested, "and should be destroyed. After all, the

Parks are for the people of this country!"

★ ★ ★
IN ANSWER I picked up a newspaper and showed her an account of an auto accident, in which two people had been killed and two seriously injured. I added the fact that more citizens had been killed on the highways of Canada and the U.S. since the Second World War than were killed during the actual fighting. Then I asked her if she also recommended the elimination of automobiles because they were dangerous if not properly driven. She told me that was much different, because cars are necessary.

So are grizzlies necessary. If our wilderness parks are to remain something more than a mere symbol of what they were originally intended — a haven for wild things, where men can see and study them in their natural habitat — then we must have the grizzly.

★ ★ ★
CERTAINLY the grizzly can be dangerous, but living is dangerous. From the point of cold mathematics, the odds against the possibility of a wilderness tra-

veller being mauled by a bear are many thousands to one, in contrast to those encountered on a Sunday afternoon motor trip.

Many times man has blundered abysmally by trying to eliminate a form of wildlife he considers undesirable, only to find the repercussions are much less attractive. Grizzlies are a grand animal, a part of our mountain parks, and from them we can learn many things.

★ ★ ★
THEY CAN EVEN TEACH us about living if we observe them closely. For instance, they do not expect their young to go forth into the wide world alone without knowing the meaning of discipline. While tolerant with their cubs, they will spank them soundly if they do not do as they are told. Delinquent cubs are practically unknown. They grow up knowing the value of hard work, and will move mountains of earth to uncover a few roots and squirrels for dinner. They mature with an inborn sense of dignity that is most admirable.

Even when surprised at

close range by a man, this dignity is evident and if the man uses a bit of common sense, trouble can be avoided. Grizzlies cannot climb trees, so if a tree is handy it is wise to move quietly and diplomatically to its base. It is useless to try to run away from a grizzly. This action may anger him into pursuit, and no man can run faster than a grizzly. Never, never throw anything at a grizzly to try to frighten him away. This is in the same category as kicking a canister of nitroglycerine.

It is best to face the animal as calmly as possible, stand still and talk to him. Tell him to go away and mind his own business and keep on telling him, and it is likely he will go. After he has left, you will draw a big breath and you will be scared as I was, but you will know you have really faced — you have faced a grizzly, you have told him to go, and he went. You will also have a wonderful story to tell your grandchildren.

Yes, we could have those mountain meadows empty of bears, wiped clear of a magnificent presence; but then our wildernesses would have a sterility in which there is no true beauty. We would be faced with a real danger — the kind from which there is no return. I hope I do not live to see the day.

CALGARY FISH & GAME ASSOCIATION
TONIGHT and FRIDAY EVENING, 6 P.M.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING
MARCH 22nd, 23rd and 24th

1961

— FEATURING —

"THE ANDY RUSSELL SHOW"

BOATS — GUNS — MOVIES
BEAUTY CONTEST — FASHION SHOW
MANY COLORFUL EXHIBITS

Sportsman's Show

Attendance Doubled From 1961

Calgary's second annual Sportsman's Show drew an attendance opening night (Thursday) double that of the first night a year ago.

Nearly 1,700 persons attended the big show in the Jubilee Auditorium, an attendance almost equal to the biggest attendance in 1961 which came Saturday evening last year, the final night of the three-day show.

The show began at 6 p.m. with a guided tour of more than 35 exhibits on two floors of the auditorium. Two events highlighted the evening program, the parade of 12 beautiful contestants for "Miss Outdoors" and the presentation of the sportsman of the year award to William Wolley-Dod of Cal-

gary by the Calgary Fish and Game Association.

Wolley-Dod, who recently retired from Calgary Power Ltd., has had an association with the organization which goes back to his father's first membership in 1908 and his own active participation for many years.

The 12 Miss Outdoors contestants will be on stage each evening with the final contest and crowning of the winner Saturday evening.

The evening event which drew

the widest interest and applause was narrated by Russell, Canada's famous outdoor writer, slides and movies. The show and photographer.



OUTDOORMAN — Andy Russell is a rare combination of writer, naturalist and photographer. He loves hunting and knows a great deal about it but does most of his shooting with a camera. From his home in Waterton Park, Russell makes long journeys by boat, horseback, airplane and on foot to photograph wildlife. He will show films and slides and lecture at the Sportsmen's Show, March 22-24 in the Jubilee Auditorium. Russell is one of Canada's most successful freelance writers.

Outstanding Film By Andy Russell

Andy Russell of Waterton Lakes, internationally known naturalist, will present one of his outstanding films at the

Sportsmen's Show, March 22, 23, 24 in the Jubilee Auditorium. "Beyond the Great Barrier" was filmed in the southwestern Rockies of Alberta and as far north as the mountains in the Yukon Territory. It shows close-up views of many species of wild animals which demonstrates the photographer's ability to cross the barrier of fear ordinarily encountered by man in his association with wildlife.

Only in this way, Andy Russell says, can the true habits of wildlife be recorded. Most of the film to be shown was taken during experimental stages of his work but the pictures will thrill the audience with close-up views of many ordinarily shy species.

Hunters in particular will enjoy the film. Andy Russell was a professional guide for 22 years before becoming a wildlife photographer, naturalist, lecturer and outdoor author.

A wide range of interesting exhibits will be on display for outdoor recreation at the second annual Sportsmen's Show. There will be a large display of boats and other aquatic equipment. There will be a display of live game birds and game fish and numerous other wildlife and outdoor exhibits.



BEHIND THE SHOW—These are three of the people contributing time and talent to the Sportsmen's Show in the Jubilee Auditorium, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. At left is show manager Grant Moyer, top centre, Stan Henders, president of the Calgary Fish and Game Association, the association is sponsoring the show, and right Marg. Shaddock, Miss Outdoor Queen of the 1961 show.

THE ALBERTAN, Thursday, March 22, 1962 17



RUSSELL SHOT — This is one of the outstanding shots (with a camera) which have been taken by the

Something for Everybody In Second Annual Show

Calgary's second annual Sportsmen's Show will have something for every member of the family interested in every aspect of outdoor activity and recreation.

There will be displays of every type of outdoor sports equipment and supplies, boats,

motors, hunting, camping and fishing equipment. For the person just taking an interest in outdoor activities there will be displays, pamphlets and members of the provincial government fish and game branch to help the beginners get the proper start. There will be numer-

ous non-commercial displays and exhibits as well as commercial units.

Children will be thrilled by the interesting exhibit sponsored by the Calgary Zoo. The star performer of the exhibit will be the talking Myna bird. The Calgary Hook and

Hackle Club will have a display and demonstration of fly tying. Native and tropical fish will provide an interesting exhibit.

The famous O'Connor-Brown collection of antique firearms, which has been touring Western Canada for the past year, will be on display.

A highlight of the three-day program in the Jubilee Auditorium will be the films and lectures by Canada's leading naturalist, Andy Russell of Waterton Lakes.

Russell is an internationally known writer and photographer of wildlife in the Canadian Rockies, northwestern British Columbia and the Yukon. He was born in Lethbridge of a pioneer family and has spent more than 20 years as a guide and outfitter, naturalist, author and photographer.

Russell will give a commentary with films each evening of the show in the main theatre of the auditorium. The films to be shown have been taken by the outdoorsman during the last year while he was photographing the grizzly bear in Alberta, B.C. and the Yukon. He will have many interesting stories of the country and adventures he has known while making the film.

The show is sponsored by the Calgary Fish and Game Association. The show will be open to the public Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening.

Program for Three Days

Second Annual
Sportsmen's Show
Presented by
Calgary Fish and Game
Association
March 22, 23 and 24
Jubilee Auditorium

THURSDAY

6:30 p.m. Guided tour of 33 exhibits and demonstrations.

7:30—Official opening of the show.

7:35—Miss Outdoors beauty contestants.

7:45—Casting demonstrations.

7:50—Presentation of Mr. Sportsman 1962 trophy and crests to local sports casters.

8:00—Retriever and pointer demonstrations.

8:10—Fashion show.

8:25—Andy Russell, outfitter and leading outdoor writer, narrates his interesting grizzly, elk and sheep slides and movies.

9:30—Exhibits and demonstrations on both floors. Audio conducted tours.

Selections from over 20 outdoor films to be shown at regularly announced intervals.

FRIDAY

6:30 p.m. — Guided tour to exhibits and demonstrations on both floors.

7:30-9:15—Simultaneous stage

7:30—Casting demonstration.

show in main auditorium.

7:40—Miss Outdoors beauty contestants.

7:55—Retriever and pointer demonstrations.

8:05—Outdoor fashion show.

8:20—Andy Russell show.

9:30—Exhibits and demonstrations.

Selections from over 20 outdoor films to be shown at regularly announced intervals.

SATURDAY

1-3 p.m.—Guided tours to exhibits and demonstrations on both floors, audio conducted at regular intervals. Frequent outdoor film runs will be announced during tours.

8:00-10:00—Final stage show in main auditorium.

8—Selection and crowning of "Miss Outdoors 1962."

8:20—Casting demonstration.

8:25—Retriever demonstration.

8:25—Outdoor fashion show.

8:35—Andy Russell show.

9:35—Exhibit and demonstration tours, audio conducted.

The Lethbridge Herald

•Special
edition

FREE

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1980

VOL. 1 — NO. 1

Cleo Mowers not a one-sided warrior

By RON WATMOUGH
Herald staff writer

He's a fighter who has slung editorial words at the foes of floridation, and those who would squander water resources. Militarists and those bent on retaining capital punishment also felt the his verbal blows.

But Cleo Mowers is not a one-sided warrior. His phrase-loaded sling, in a newspaper career of more than 40 years, also tosses bouquets to deserving individuals, groups and efforts.

Seen and heard, his front-page baby of The Herald, continues to be the first and widest read item in the newspaper he piloted more than 20 years.

His way with words got him fired as editor of the University of Saskatchewan newspaper The Sheaf. But the experience whetted his appetite, turning his path from a "man of the cloth" to a "man of the pen."

Mowers has a bachelor's

The former Herald publisher is a pacifist. That's was the rub when he was fired as editor of The Sheaf in the late 1960s. He promoted peace when the country was preparing for war.

When cut from The Sheaf, Mowers already had a foot in the door of the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix. He had been campus reporter for the daily and landed a spot full-time with it in 1939.

He switched to the Winnipeg Free Press as assistant editor in 1942, and to the Calgary Albertan (now the Calgary Sun) in 1944, as a reporter. He became the Albertan's associate editor in 1948.

He sharpened his editorial writing skills. He began writing a few editorials for the Albertan and ended up writing them all, in addition to handling major beats of oil, agriculture and politics.

Mowers became publisher of the Lethbridge Herald in 1956. The city's



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Mowers has a bachelor of arts degree from the U of S, with a major in economics, but he spent 18 months in post-graduate studies in theology and three summers as a student minister before finding "the call" wasn't for him.

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Mowers became publisher of the Lethbridge Herald in 1959. The city's population then was about 30,000. There will soon be twice that number and the paper's circulation has already more than doubled to more than 31,000 for the Saturday edition.

He retired as publisher of the paper last month but as editor emeritus, continues to use his trusty editorial sling.

His stay at The Herald, or anywhere for that matter, was threatened two years ago by a severe heart attack. He was sidelined as a word-warrior and focused his fighting spirit on recovery.

Mowers is modest, personally, but doesn't back off bragging about the daily he guided for two decades. He says there's no better paper of its size in the country. It rates well with papers considerably larger, he adds.

Publishers, aware of the power of the press, might often hope their influence is impressive — that they're communication with the public is effective.

But Mowers' appraisal is "communications are much worse than they ought to be."

"Newspapers, largely, have failed to do what is expected of them. People are grossly uninformed about the diverse, complex and confusing issues that determine their well-being."



CLEO MOWERS RELAXES AT JAPANESE GARDENS

Doram denies computer tales

The retirement of Cleo W. Mowers as publisher of The Lethbridge Herald was a well-planned step into another phase of a long and distinguished career, and not the result of computerization, Mowers' replacement, Don Doram, said today.

"The rumors that he was replaced by a computer are unfounded, malicious, untrue and just not very nice," Doram said in an attempt to clear up several misconceptions surrounding Mowers' quasi-departure from the newsroom.

He also affirmed that the former publisher's silvery locks attained that color through natural aging, and not because of any single incident or series of incidents that occurred during his tenure. He also denied that his hair would achieve the same hue in a short time, as some ways have predicted.

"Preposterous," he snorted, glancing anxiously into a nearby mirror. He said Mowers will continue a "loose" association

with The Herald, coming in two or three times a week to look around, peck away at a typewriter and chat briefly with management. "You won't even know he's gone," Doram said.

The dark-haired and husky publisher also affirmed that the acquisition of the FP chain by the Thomson conglomerate will have no effect on Herald editorial policy.

"We will maintain complete independence, publishing an efficient, objective and fair newspaper as we have always done, regardless of the opinions of Lord Thomson," Doram whispered firmly, glancing under his desk, in the lamp and behind pictures.

Doram said his main concern was to clear up the misconception regarding computers at The Herald. His statement was released, completely hyphenated and justified, on a high-speed computer printout.

"End paragraph," he said. "Send field."

SEEN AND HEARD About Town

A slightly windblown Cleo Mowers encountered Klaus Poble at the washroom door, saying, "I see you have a comb" with Poble replying, "Yes, would you like to borrow it?" Ric Swihart claiming he won't eat horsemeat because it gives him the trots... Mickey Kovac blaming his widening girth on too much Adam's ale... Herald switchboard operator Donna Ferguson getting a long-distance collect obscene phone call and accepting the charges... Don Tizzard generously promising everyone a share of the \$100,000 he was supposed to have won in a lottery... Don Doram trying to impress the Thomson representatives with his frugality by having sandwiches sent up from the cafeteria then trying to figure out why they returned to head office two days early.

INSIDE

Prairie beginning

A few pictures from Cleo Mowers' past gives us a glimpse of his roots..... Page 6, 7

Good advice

Ann Landers gives timely help to a recent retiree..... Page 9

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LOW TONIGHT
HIGH FRIDAY
COOL, CALM,
COLLECTED

"So you're retired. Look on the bright side, Cleo, if you'd have been a horse you'd have already been dead 40 years."

Working with Cleo

By DOUG WALKER
Herald editorial page editor

What was it like working for Cleo Mowers? Nobody knows, because one worked with him, not for him. His approach was to consult and reach agreement or to gain his ends by indirection. The bossism attitude is entirely foreign to him.

Those who entertained the stereotype of servile editorialists turning out pieces ordered by the boss would be surprised that this didn't happen under Cleo Mowers. If he had a matter he wanted touched on he wrote it himself.

A familiar pattern was to have him appear, giving the impression that he felt almost as an intruder, and ask if he could do a piece on a certain subject. Then, almost before one had settled back into the task at hand, he would reappear with the editorial.

What can be an agonizing, grinding mental experience for those who write commentary is apparently something Cleo does effortlessly. The crumpled pieces of paper found in many editorialists' waste-baskets, betoken false starts, were not to be found in his working place. He seems able to plunge in and progress, without faltering, to the end. And what he

writes stands up extremely well.

Believing that his appointees should be left to do the job assigned to them, Cleo seldom interfered. When he didn't like something on the editorial page he might drop in to say it wouldn't offend him if a certain writer or type of commentary didn't appear again. Similarly, should he find something he liked and wished reproduced he would simply suggest it be used, if space permitted, and never questioned if nothing happened with it.

Only one thing prevented co-workers from gaining access to Cleo's office for consultation on matters large or small — the pre-empting of his time by someone else. He never gave the impression of being too busy to hear out concerns and express opinions; indeed, he usually seemed to feel he was being done a favor, thanking his visitor for coming.

To have been able to associate with this ever-approachable, remarkably gifted and many-faceted man is to be counted a privilege. Few people have such a rewarding working relationship as has been afforded those who shared with Cleo Mowers the daily tasking of putting out a quality newspaper.

A tribute

By R.S. MALONE
Former FP Publications president

Since the Lethbridge Herald was first established, it has been characterized by two particular features, its championship of Southern Alberta and the independent thinking of its publishers and editors. These were traditions well maintained by Cleo Mowers during his period of office in the publisher's chair. Following such colorful personalities as the late Senator "Billy" Buchanan and Harold Long, Cleo had a challenge to meet and a standing to be maintained in Canadian journalism. Whether one always agreed with Cleo or not, there was no questioning his independence of thought or the strength of his loyalties to Western Canada, and Southern Alberta in particular.

The writer's first association with Cleo Mowers was in Winnipeg prior to the Second World War, at the Winnipeg Free Press. Editor of the Free Press at that time was the famous Dr. J. W. Dafoe, still recognized as

the most distinguished editor in Canadian history. Dafoe's championship of liberalism and the rights of Western Canada was infectious to all who served with him and he surrounded himself with an outstanding group of younger Canadian journalists. Amongst this elite group were such names as Dr. John Deutsch, Bruce Hutchison, Jimmy Gray, George Ferguson, Max Freeman, Frank Walter, Jam Cook, Maurice Western and many others.

Unquestionably, the association with these writers of liberal views at The Free Press helped formulate the views of Cleo Mowers in his younger years.

When some of his old colleagues would hear that Cleo was promoting such projects as a Japanese Garden on the Prairies, they would wonder what he would come up with next time. However, like the witer, his old friends and associates in the newspaper world will indeed wish him well and much happiness in his retirement years.

In the mind's eye



Photo and text
by David Bly
Herald staff member

A man is not known
for his pedigree
or the schools he's attended,
but by the friends he keeps.

Letters to the editor

Age advice

Dear C.W.M.

I recently heard via the grapevine that you have now reached that significant age which from henceforth entitles you to be known as a Senior Citizen, an OAP'er, a member of the Grey Brigade or whatever.

Although I still have a few years before I qualify for the same honor, I have been collecting a few observations against the day and pass them on to you in the hope you'll find them useful in the years ahead.

Right at the start ignore the pessimists who would have you believe that this is the end of everything. Reflect instead on "Snow on the roof doesn't necessarily mean the fire's out down below". You're only as old as you feel.

A word of advice here. Get out of the house as often as you can. I've been told that nothing soars a marriage faster than having the old man underfoot all day, every day.

Avoid the pitfalls. They are many and varied. At the top of the list is the temptation to be "old, wise and witty". Long-standing friendships have been known to founder on that one. Also high on the list of unmentionables are your current aches and pains and other people's shortcomings. . . Don't fall into the traps that age sometimes brings. Instead, be enthusiastic about the future and stay young.

I was going to suggest that you learn how to cat-nap but I seem to remember that you were already very proficient in this field.

Here are a few down-to-earth observations on the elderly as seen from the other end of the spectrum, some Grade One children. I think you'll get a chuckle out of them:

"Old age is when your skin gets tired and creases." "When you're old your nerves get bad and you have to take a lot of pills." "Your hair gets grey and you have to have the TV turned up loud."

Enjoy your leisure years. Sharpen the pencils. I look forward to reading your books.

With good wishes for a productive and happy retirement.

Peggy Hornsby
Former editorial
secretary,
The Herald

More letters on Page 3.

The Lethbridge Herald

PUBLISHED WEEKLY SINCE 1982

"I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH STREET CANADA IS ON."

— Al Capone

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CLEO W. MOWERS, Editor Emeritus
"SHIRLEY SERVES COFFEE"

KENNETH E. BARNETT
Chief Scoop
GEORGE STEPHENSON
Coffee Drinker

ROBERT M. FENTON
Token Irishman
ROBERT HELMER
Chain Smoker

WILLIAM ANDRECHUK
Ukrainian Joke
JILL E. WATSON
Good Looker

LAURA E. EDWARDS
Actually it's Bohaychuk
but no one can spell it

JOE E. MYNDIO
Used to be from Raymond

GARY L. HARKER
Graduate from Glenwood

W. ALAN SCARTH
Bullshitter

Maps, beats, apologies and 1960s salaries

By D'ARCY RICKARD
Former Herald reporter

Cleo Mowers climbed out of a deep pit of sadness and learned to laugh again. He was a very compassionate person.

He had his own tragedies and people around him had a great deal of incredible back luck and sadness too. He was always there to lean on. Many a letter meant something. God bless Cleo and all his friends.

What talent and training

did he have to be an editor-publisher of The Lethbridge Herald? Who cares. Who knows? He never said much, only that he was in Israel once. He must have had some aptitude for the job. He seemed to let everybody do what they wanted and never took violent offence at their stupidities. I drew a cartoon once that suggested Alberta was going broke and he merely pointed out something about the annual surplus and so on. Didn't suggest my head

Others weren't so gentle.

—I recall Cleo's great love for maps. He loved maps. He wanted maps and diagrams in the paper. Great map man.

He wanted lots of short stories. He suggested we get out on our beats and talk to lots of people. Good advice. Ever go from a newspaper with a beat system of news gathering to a newspaper that switches assignments from one reporter to another indiscriminately? Cleo favored the beat system. Good beat man.

Good mental health man. After one bad blowup, Cleo suggested some apologies might be made to several persons—Murray Brown, Jim Merri-man, Don Pilling and possibly someone else. W

insulted in groups of four in those days, now its groups of seven. It worked out okay. The point is, Cleo could make things work. He was a good social worker--interfacing between disagreeing persons.

Can't you see him at the UN, smoothing things over between the PLO and the Zionists?

I sure loved him as a human being in this vale of tears, not so much as a boss, more as a friend. To be honest I got tired of him as a boss. "That's an order," he said once, telling me to have my picture taken with some guys from Taber. Pee up a rope, thought.

He took my boy by the hand when he was knee high to a John Deere hitch and had a private conference with him in his office making him feel like a person too. Probably showed him the Alberta Atlas or something. Cliff is always looking at maps.

Don't remember Cle
for the One Prairie Prov
ince conference, the Nikk
Yuko Garden or the
university.

Remember him for the

partitions he was always taking down and putting up. What happened to the door to Bill Hay's office anyway? So that's where the door is, said the carpenters after they covered it up with wallboard and Mr. Hay bumped into it one morning. (Remember the time that Hawaiian dancer was over and we posed her on Bill Hay's desk in his office. Bill didn't like that—rest his soul.)

Cleo loved growing things. Damn fine editor-publisher-farmer. Grew damn fine baby carrots. He wrote the odd thing. He wrote a very fine editorial, kind of a tribute, after November 22, 1963, stunned us all. He always seemed to get just the right touch on those Cup of Milk appeals. Who ever thought we'd see the Boat People? Good old Lotta, out there tossing life preservers. Millions starving. Maybe we learned something.

And look at all the reporters and editors we lost, starved on those salaries of the 1960s. My rent was \$75 a month for a two-storey frame house on 13th Street which I took to make life miserable for a crippled mother-in-law who spent all day getting up the stairs. Sunny days, not quite gone, still remembered. Love you, Nana.

Now we remember Mel Hinds, a fine city editor with a fine sense of fair play. Tommy Adams. Don Maclean didn't like the way we drew his nose. That was a nose? Election tabulations—4 a.m. and still punching the adding machine. Mel was in again at 7. Always had another assignment up his sleeve.

Lethbridge, a peculiar city in some ways, is richer for Cleo having worked it over. He dragged it into the position it now holds, just east of the high level bridge.

(Now why the hell did Murray Brown have to bow out that way?)

Cleo retiring? For you



RICKARD

guys perhaps. Not for me. For me, some distance from the scene in body but not in spirit. Cleo will always be looking around the newsroom for the Albertan and Sully will always be reading it in the can. You

are watching him retire. For me, his office will always be open and I'll always be the pansy wondering what the hell is going on, you know what I mean. See you soon. Sunny days.

Missed one

An election was held once in which Wagner Saenda did not run.

East of here

Coaldale is somewhat east of Broxburn.

Gateway

Lethbridge is known in some circles as the Gateway to Diamond City.

Our mistake

Cleo W. Mowers was incorrectly identified as a farmer in a previous Herald story. Our apologies to Southern Alberta farmers.

Andy Anderson was incorrectly referred to in a recent story as the late mayor of Lethbridge. Anderson says to the best of his knowledge reports of his death are somewhat inaccurate. His claims were not yet confirmed at press time.

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Being a Grit no easy task

By NICK TAYLOR
Alberta Liberal leader

It is a joy to have the privilege of writing a few words about Cleo Mowers. My first memory of Cleo goes back to the early 50's when we met at Cleo's and my first love (when we could spare time away from making a living) — working within the Alberta Liberal Party.

Cleo is one of those fortunate individuals who takes life seriously, takes his politics seriously, takes his work seriously, but does not take himself seriously. His quiet sense of humor can always be counted upon to take the tension out of a heated argument or to make people realize that after all, this is a discussion or an argument and not a war.

One would expect that a



NICK TAYLOR

Retire, if you must

By DR. B. WAYNE MATKIN

This good guy, Cleo Mowers, we all agree as we nod our heads in solid satisfaction, has been a great, fine man in our community as he published the news, betimes with some reaction.

He wrote without restraint when so convinced, on diverse subjects, without fear of mean reprisal: wheat, fluoridation, dams; and never minced words as he spoke of Peter, Pierre and Feisal.

He pleased, more than he knew, our hearts and senses with: irrigation, fashions, and then most sorely chastened us for drugs and ugly backyard fences, restored our faith with David Bly and Dr. Morley.

Other priorities appeared on his agenda: crude oil — what price to regulate its flow? Inflation, patriation — without a referendum? almost too much to ask one man to know.

To deal with tyrants, comes a revolution? two power-hungry men, one east, one west should fashion ploughshares: our editor's solution — Canadians call, from coast to coast, that's best.

His voice will still be heard from printed page and forum, though now he's a distinguished graduate: in confidence he hands the torch to Doran, assured The Herald will continue great.

All right, retire if you must, our friend, but know that this shall surely be a pause, a turning round the bend as you pursue your star, to bless humanity.

boy raised on the prairies with the name Cleo would learn to be tough (remember that song a boy named Sue) and Cleo is tough. One would also expect anyone raised in Alberta who is not afraid to say that he is an Alberta Liberal supporter, is not afraid of swimming against the current. Cleo loves to, and is good at, swimming against the current.

Still further, one would expect a newspaper man, (an editor at that), who says he is an Alberta Liberal supporter, is not afraid of standing alone. Not being afraid to stand alone is the mark of a real man.

All in all, it has been a delight knowing him all these years and Lethbridge has indeed been fortunate to have had the lives of Phyllis and Cleo touch theirs.

I know I am only one of hundreds of Albertans who do not feel he has really retired, but instead look forward in the future to hearing his sweet reason, gentle humor, and firm clear ideas from the peaceful confines of his retirement, rather than the burly-burly of the editorial or publishers office.

Good luck and good health Phyllis and Cleo and may Alberta be lucky enough to have Lethbridge share you with us for many more years.



Herald photo

Waiting for the mailman

Recently-retired Herald publisher Cleo W. Mowers awaits the arrival of the mailman with his poodle Mon Petit. Mowers is anxiously awaiting his pension cheque so he can take the bus down

to Golden Acres to play shuffleboard, while Mon Petit is eagerly anticipating a bit of sport with the postie.

Author-publisher relationship can make all the difference

By ANDY RUSSELL
Author-environmentalist

When a budding writer undertakes to market his product, he is inevitably aware of working in the dark. After all, most of the business negotiation is done through the mail with editors a long way away. It is something to make one aware of a certain vulnerable feeling.

Because he didn't know any better, this Canadian writer undertook to sell his first work to the top publishers of outdoor magazines in New York. It wasn't supposed to work, but it did, and the first time a cheque came back in the mail, it was a never-to-be-forgotten moment of exultation.

It was a start, but as time went by, it became increasingly apparent that a writer must also be a business man, if he is going to make a living with his craft.

Publishers are keen business men; they have to be to hold down a job in a very competitive field, and they deal with writers every day. What usually develops between a writer and a publisher is a kind of love-hate relationship — love generated by the fact that his or her work is being published and hate

because a writer has reason to wonder if he or she is being taken in the process. Unfortunately the wonder is not all due to imagination — sometimes.

It was years after I sold my first magazine story to Outdoor Life, before I sold anything to a Canadian publisher. My first real writing assignment in Canada came from The Lethbridge Herald by invitation of Cleo Mowers.

I accepted and that first column continued for almost 300 regular contributions. The pay was exactly what Cleo promised along with some unexpected and very profitable side benefits. The Calgary Albertan picked up a few of my stories. Then John MacLeod, the famous agricultural broadcaster from CBR in Calgary asked me to voice my stories on his program. This resulted in some of my stories going on the national CBC network. Invitations came from all over North America to speak at various functions. Then Bob Ranson, advertising manager for Baker Lovick in Calgary, invited me to try out for Calgary Power's Heritage Series. This well known production is likely the oldest one of its kind in Canada being on the air



ANDY RUSSELL

continuously by radio and TV for the past 18 years.

The whole effort stemmed and grew from that first column in The Herald. My career as an author, broadcaster and public speaker owes more to Cleo Mowers than any other man. His friendly, quiet and sincere promotion is worth more to me than ever can be estimated. It was a case of "direction by indirection take," as Shakespeare said, for if I had turned down Cleo Mowers' offer away back there, I might

very well still be a relatively unknown man in my own country.

My first impression of him was that of a keen, warm-hearted and sincerely positive thinker and I've never had reason to question that opinion. Our business relationship developed into a lasting friendship. We haven't always agreed, but he never refused to publish anything I ever submitted to him. Our relationship cemented into something very rare between a publisher and a writer. Within the limits of his position, he supported and encouraged me during my one and only foray into bigtime politics as Liberal candidate in the 1972 election. Needless to say, I didn't win, but I wouldn't have missed that experience for a million dollars, even if I wouldn't do it again for another million. We have on occasion worked hard together and had fun doing it.

Now that Cleo is stepping out of working harness, I wish him a long and happy retirement. Alberta has very few men who have contributed more to this country, something worth a cheer on this 75th anniversary of this province.

The Lethbridge Herald

Lifestyle

Prairie grown

The Prairie left its mark on Cleo Mowers. Besides looking like he just came in from standing out in the wind, he has other characteristics that indicate his roots. He understates, with a carefully-chosen vocabulary, dodging the trap of verbosity that so often ruins otherwise good writers. Perhaps it is the hundred-mile sweep of a Prairie horizon in his being that enables him to be far-seeing. He has been touched by the free-blowing wind, and is able to sweep away the obfuscation and double-talk of politics and deal, in straightforward words, with the real issues. From the simplicity of a Prairie home came a man who sees life in terms of humanity, who sees events in the stark light of the Prairie sun, that is, in black and white.



MOWERS' PRAIRIE HOME AT SIBBALD



CLEO AS A BABY



CLEO AS A BOY



CLEO THE HUNTER WITH GRANDFATHER



HANDY MAN AT THE GRAIN TRUCK GETS IN SOME SHOVELLING PRACTICE. A SKILL USEFUL IN THE NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY



HORSE SHOWS HOW WELL HE HAS TRAINED CLEO



CLEO WITH PARENTS AND SISTERS



CLEO AND SON LORVE

Hurried hello first impression of Cleo

By DENNIS O'CONNELL
Director of
Economic Development
City of Lethbridge

I suppose I was one of the first persons to meet Cleo Mowers after his arrival in Lethbridge. I knew his predecessor Harold Long quite well and Harold called me over to meet Cleo. He was in a hurry and with a hurried "Hello" bounded up the stairs. I didn't think that augured well for our future relationship. How wrong I was!

I soon found out about Cleo's interest in agriculture, water resources and gardening. This led to his quickly becoming in succession, Chairman of the Chamber's Agriculture Committee, and in successive years Treasurer, Second Vice President, First Vice President and in 1966-67 President.

Those were exciting years. We had retained Dr. Hu Harries in 1965 to examine and report upon the feasibility of developing university facilities in Lethbridge. The report was positive and we presented the report in February 1966 — just before Cleo took over as President. The various events and struggles that took place have been recounted by Dr. Owen

Holmes, now Academic Vice President of the University in his book "Come Hell or High Water" and will not be elaborated here. There were endless meetings and knockings on doors. I well remember going with Cleo to see the Honorable Randy McKinnon — then Minister of Education to discuss the Board of Governors and the President. Mr. McKinnon asked "What would you think if I appointed Mr. X?" Quick as a flash Cleo replied "That would be a disaster." Mr. X was not appointed!

1967 was Canada's Centennial Year. Cleo was, and is, an avid gardener. He thought that Lethbridge's centennial project should be a garden — and because of the number of people of Japanese origin it should be a Japanese garden. I believe he is the real father of the Nikka Yuko Garden. Will anyone forget the official opening in June of 1967 by the Prince and Princess Takamatsu? I don't think Lethbridge had ever seen such security and hasn't since. I left the Chamber in 1968 to work for Sam Smith, President of the University of Lethbridge. Cleo and Sam thought that The Herald and the University should

co-sponsor a conference entitled "One Prairie Province" and asked me to manage it. It turned out that we held it in May 1970. It probably attracted the greatest galaxy of politicians, constitutional experts, economists and experts in many disciplines that Lethbridge will probably ever see. During a reception, Cleo, Dr. Bill Becker — then acting President of the University of Lethbridge, the Honorable Jim Richardson and I were chatting about the conference. Jim Richardson said "This is far too important to let die. Something must be done to carry on what has been started here". Thus was born the Canada West Foundation which has had such an important effect on constitutional discussions in Canada.

I could reminisce at great length about the many things Cleo and I have been involved with together — Rotary to which I introduced him; General Research of the West, Alta Fresh; the Western Canada Reclamation Association which became the Canada Water Resources Association; Water Conference in Wenatchee, Washington; vegetable tours of Southern California, and jai alai games in Tijuana, Mexico. But one event stands out — an event of a very personal nature. In 1965 I was phoned by Web

Lomas, the then President of the Lethbridge Chamber and was instructed to report to the late Doug Sutherland's office at 2 p.m. I did so in trepidation because the order was peremptory with no explanation. When I arrived Cleo was also part of the group. I was told that there was an agricultural conference in Ireland next week, and my wife and I were to attend it. I replied I didn't think I or the Chamber could afford it. "Here are the tickets for two of you, and a cheque to cover your expenses. You are not to return for a month. And by the way it doesn't really matter if you attend the conference", was the rejoinder.

Of course it really was a holiday for my wife and me. It was the first time I had returned to England since 1946 — and the first time ever for my wife. Passports were arranged for by Deane Gundlock, our Member of Parliament — the passport pictures being taken by Orville Brunelle, Herald photographer. It was probably the most heartwarming experience of my life. And it was Cleo's idea and organizing that brought it about. Such is the warmth, kindness and love of his outstanding man for his fellowman. I look forward to sharing his friendship in the years ahead.



O'CONNELL

NATIONAL ADVERTISING

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Harley May
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George
Al
Frank
John
Don
Ray
Robert

True son of Mother Nature

By BRUCE RUDD
Publisher
Peterborough Examiner

Someone called me the other day, reminding me that one Cleo Mowers was retiring and that there would be a special supplement published in his honor.

Would I, the pitch went on, write some sort of poem for inclusion therein, something in the order of 400 words would do nicely.

Geez, I thought but didn't say, 400 words... that's a bit thick.

In all honesty, factually, warts and all, where does one begin?

There are those who don't know Cleo that well from the newspaper business. Sundry friends, acquaintances and other good Lethbridge burghers, might think of Cleo in terms of: carrots, radishes, potatoes, fancier of the gladiolus, and other blessings of nature.

Yes indeed, a true son of



BRUCE RUDD

Mother Nature. Look at his love of and expertise in such matters as: Japanese gardens, continental water resources (trust Cleo to get into water and not oil) and waterfalls on front lawns.

All are surely aware of his non-hereditary title as Lord of Monarch. With a magnificent non-ancestral home strategically situated on the flood plain, Cleo, in his rubber boots, was the uncontested mas-

ter of all the scrub he could survey.

Perhaps it was this same scrub which moved Cleo to one of his more impetuous acts, to wit, improving on Mother Nature. Lord of Monarch was not enough. What about Lord of the Monarch Golf and Country Club to boot?

As an avid golfer and sportsman himself and contemplating the thousands of potential golfers (I keep wanting to write gophers) living in and around the thriving metropolis of Monarch, this seemed like a splendid idea. Whatever happened to it?

But this love of the land could not be satisfied by Lethbridge and Monarch. Indeed, Canada was not enough. He became known as a world traveller, sometimes at his own expense, oft-times at company expense. One could not be envious of this; one could only stay at home filled

with awe and admiration as Cleo roamed far and wide staking his thirst for the foreign.

On the news side what can one say. His fame and that of The Herald has spread far and wide. What may not be known is his deep-seated affection for Press and Broadcast News. He is such a strong believer in the concept of news about the people, for the people that he believes, philistines to the contrary, that Canadian Press should provide its members' news to those organization without charge!

But, enough of that. As a colleague, I will miss Cleo. I am thankful that, as a friend, there is no retirement.

Slept in hotel

Mackenzie King once slept in the Garden Hotel disguised as Edmonton Journal reporter Tom Mansell.



Ann Landers

Dear Ann:
I never thought I'd be writing to you.

Bored in Barnwell

Dear Barney:
Neither did I.

Ann

Dear Ann:
I have fallen in love with a Herald compositor. What should I do?

Little girl from Sask

Dear Sassy:
I think you should take the cool, logical approach and go throw yourself off the train bridge.

Ann

Dear Ann:
I retired recently, retaining a loose association with my former employer. I now have huge volumes of time on my hands, my wife spends considerable time with her job and my poodle has become quite arrogant. My former business associates have taken to helping me up the stairs, speaking loudly when I'm near and asking if milk is too strong for me. They also buy me prunes and Geritol for gifts instead of the usual. The administrator of the local senior citizens foundation has been mailing me literature and the bus driver calls me Grandpa. I can cope with all this. What's keeping me awake is this question: what does emeritus mean?

Troubled on Parkside

Dear Parky:
It means old.

Ann

Dear Ann:
I have a very responsible job and often find it lonely at the top. So I found a beautiful white cat to keep in my office. I find she is the only one who understands me, the only with whom I can talk eye-to-eye. I find it soothing to

have her around. This has led, however, to a problem of protocol. How do I introduce her when visitors come into my office?

The Friendly Giant

Dear Friendly:

It depends upon whether your visitor is human or feline.

Ann

Dear Ann:

In my job as an executive with a very important newspaper, I find I ain't getting no respect. What do you suggest?

Bob Downstairs

Dear Downy:
Grammar lessons, for starters.

Ann

Dear Ann:

The girl in the next office is starting to bug me a lot. It's not that she's a bad sort, it's just that she's so efficient she makes me look like a klutz in comparison. She has everything under control, she's self-assured and she always has her facts straight. Since I'm too old to change, I think she should slow down. What do you think?

Smoking Joe

Dear Smoky:

I think you're a klutz.

Ann

Dear Ann:

The man in the next office is starting to bug me a lot. It's not that he's such a bad sort, it's just that he's so inefficient he slows the department down. He thinks the rest of us should slow to his pace, instead of him trying to catch up. What do you think?

Smart Lady

Dear Smarty:

Like I said, I think he's a klutz.

Ann

Retirement age is nonsense

By CHARLES D'AMOUR
Editor
Le Nouvelliste
Trois-Rivières

Time waits for no one... says the song: "It passes you by and goes on endlessly, like the clouds in the sky." That Cleo Mowers has reached already the respectable age of retirement is absolute nonsense. If such is the case, I could be some ten years from now the next victim. (Phyllis — please read that I am ten years younger than he is.)

You cannot share some two decades of fellowship in a select group like the Canadian Daily Newspapers industry and not feel for your fellow confreres a certain sense of brotherhood. I am certain that most of the honorable profession will miss Cleo at our memorable spring and

fall meetings.

Some years ago, at a fall meeting held in Ottawa that year, Cleo and his wife Phyllis introduced, Julie my wife and I, to the golf gambling game of "Bang-Bang-Bung." The idea was that "Big" was a pin for the first ball on the green, "Bang" was a point for the ball nearest to the flag, "Bung" was a point for the first ball in the cup. With always the farthest ball playing first.

After all the detailed explanations, it was agreed that we would play it at ten cents a point. This misadventure must have cost me the fabulous sum of forty cents. And this proves that if you cannot make it at gambling, you better work for your money.

At most of our spring and fall meetings, I had the honor to share "chair-

neighbors" with Cleo. What he said officially was bad enough...you should have heard what he said privately.

He took his professional responsibilities at heart. The purchase of a new press and so on. But he also felt very responsible at the Canadian industry level. For some reason or other he felt that at the Canadian Press meetings he had to be the tough guy. Many presidents over the years, certainly wish that he had retired sooner.

But all jokes being said, Cleo did a tremendous and very worthy contribution to the Canadian daily newspapers industry as a whole and a real professional job as publisher and editor of The Lethbridge Herald — Cleo should not retire as old soldiers do...he should be kept as an esteemed counsellor.



D'AMOUR

As a member of the French language sector of the Canadian Daily Newspapers, I am honored to share in the tribute we all owe to Cleo W. Mowers.

May he pardon the abuse I have made of his confidence as a friend, and believe that sincerely we will always be friends.

Compassion for poor led to generosity

By DR. LOTTA
HITSCHAMANOVA
Executive director
USC Canada

To say goodbye to a friend is always difficult and very, very sad, but when that friend has also been a devoted and generous partner in a cause to which you have given your entire life, it hurts even more. Since 1964 I have been meeting Cleo Mowers year after year at his old desk at the Lethbridge Herald Building; and I always began to talk — from the bottom of my heart —

because I knew that in his sensitive way Mr. Mowers had the imagination and compassion, to grasp what I was talking about, — about hunger, stark hunger in the developing world; about naked children, crying because they were freezing in the cold winds of the mountains of India and Korea; and many other problems I wanted to talk about, because they were so near to me.

Mr. Mowers used to listen intently and he never interrupted me, but when I

finally had finished describing what was haunting me most at night, — the terrible contrast between our own Canadian way of life and that of the people in Asia who, by a sheer accident of geography, were in desperate need of help, his mind was made up. The first time I poured out my heart to him, he promised to speak to the publisher about the possibility of a Christmas appeal and to our immense delight and gratitude the first one in his area was launched in

December, 1964. It netted \$2,800 — a tremendous and most unexpected contribution indeed. From then onward every single year the Lethbridge Herald has been sponsoring a USC Christmas campaign and including the 1978/79 appeal, the total stands at \$303,012.23 — the second largest total amount among all newspaper appeals which have been held for the USC.

But it is not only this impressive amount of funds for which I want to thank

Mr. Mowers ever so warmly in this farewell letter, it is his true dedication to suffering mankind with courage to stand up for a principle, even when others do not agree. I consider Mr. Cleo Mowers a true friend of the down-trodden and the forgotten and I hope he will find a great deal of joy in the new way of life he is entering; may it be filled again with new challenges and heartwarming, quiet victories.



DR. HITSCHAMANOVA

Cleo Mowers leaves lasting impression

By TOSH KANASHIRO
Construction
supervisor
Japanese Gardens

Into everyone's life a few special people come and leave a lasting impression. One such person in my life is Cleo Mowers. My close association with Cleo lasted about one year, but the experience has significantly influenced my life.

Cleo was the chairman of the Japanese Garden Committee in 1964 when I was appointed the construction supervisor. Our initial meeting was uneventful, however it became apparent as the time

went by that he was a man with a dream, a purpose, which no amount of problems could diminish. My function was to help bring this dream to reality and this provided me with varying opportunities to see Cleo in many moods and environments.

The members of the Committee, which later became a Society, were all volunteers. Whenever problems arose, we were required to locate the individual concerned. In the case of Cleo this could be in his office at The Herald, in one of his many "rented" gardens, on the street between meetings, or at his "farm" near Monarch. I

saw Cleo in a business suit at formal gatherings, his work clothes surrounded by gladiolus, fussing in his greenhouse, or simply watering his tree nursery located at his farm.

After we had dispensed with the problems, which he somehow managed to quickly reduce to simple terms, and therefore simple answers, we would talk about many subjects. His love for plants and all growing things, his obvious interest in politics, his vision of the growth of Lethbridge and area, his enthusiasm for cultural activities, but most of all his ability to inspire and motivate people was the greatest lesson I learned from this man.

The many technical, monetary and political problems confronted by the Society would have defeated a lesser man, but each new challenge simply made the dream brighter for Cleo. The beauty and grace of the Garden is a tribute to this man who overcame all obstacles by persuading all his foes of the benefits and significance of the Centennial Project.

This large, sensitive and patient man became a father figure to me and taught me to think beyond the present and aspire for greater and brighter future, with a keener appreciation for nature and all her beauty.

I had many memorable experiences during the construction of the Nikko Yuko Centennial Garden, however having known Cleo during this period of my life will always be treasured.



TOSH KANASHIRO

Cleo did the work of three reporters

By EVA REID
Former columnist
The Albertan

Cleo Mowers must be very happy looking back on all the things he has done; the service he has given and the friends he has won.

As one who worked with Cleo for some 20 years, plus an association for another 20, I can say without fear of contradiction, he was capable of turning in copy during a day's work (usually 10 to 14 hours) that would equate the submissions of three reporters.

In later years Cleo added the writing of editorials — usually on the local scene — to this list. Yet, he found time to be a husband, and

parent of a fine son and daughter.

One would think this load would occupy his every waking hour. Not so. Cleo was very active in the CCF (Canadian Commonwealth Federation) party and served on various levels.

He worked with such notables of the day as Amelia Turner Smith who was, if I remember correctly, one of the participants in the drawing up of the famous CCF Manifesto; A. J. E. Liesemer and Gladys Dynes, all living.

The comparatively new party in Cleo's time presented many challenges and some very rough sailing in those years. All this only whet Cleo's controversial appetite.

Only the rush of a dead-

line prevented Cleo from entering into a spirited argument, usually on behalf of the underdog; often for his party. Whatever, he always displayed amazing control of voice and temper, despite his very strong feelings.

I recall too Cleo had a wry sense of humor and even a smile when losing ground on an argument which was seldom I hasten to add.

Peter Hefner, editorial writer and later associate editor of the Calgary Albertan which earlier this year was sold to the Toronto Sun, worked with Cleo for several months on The Lethbridge Herald from which Cleo is now retiring as publisher.

Peter had this to say about his colleague: "Cleo is one of the most compassionate people I have ever known; yet he was always realistic."

"He was also great in taking the initiative in organizing conferences. I recall the efforts he put into the meeting for 'The Union of Western Provinces' in Lethbridge some years ago."

Dorothy Allen Gray, journalist and food consultant, and other Calgarians, are warm in their praise of Cleo's efforts — often going out of his way — in making sure they saw and had personal tours of the unique Japanese Gardens, Lethbridge's pride and joy.

I am joined by a host of Calgarians who wish Cleo and Phyllis a long, happy and well earned retirement.

And personally, Cleo, may all the things you have thought you'd "someday" like to do work out to make the future especially bright for you.

Visits always challenging

By BERT MARTIN
B.C. Forest Products

which to satisfy his insatiable curiosity and interests.

Calling on Cleo was always a pleasure but also somewhat of a challenge. The pleasure because one was certain to encounter a friendly reception, gracious hospitality, wit and urbanity. So far so good! The difficult part came from the diversity of subjects likely to be introduced in the discussion. The root of it stemmed from Cleo's catholic range of interests, plus his amazing memory for details and past comments.

I first came to Cleo equipped with what I thought to be a fair and practical knowledge of the properties of newsprint and its applications, and confident that if I failed in this regard my company and association would certainly provide the necessary data. No one at the mill, nor at the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada was prepared though to provide information on the use of our product as "HUT KAPS." These, if memory doesn't betray me, were to cover nascent shoots to ensure strict mendelian conformity. This seemed a logical application to Cleo, and for all I know may be providing us with an idea to survive against the inroads of the electronic newspapers. The marketing of tall-wood and industrial uses for beet sugar led to a frantic search for articles with

Until I met Cleo, I thought that having Terry Nishikihama cutting our lawn provided sufficient grounds for a Japanese garden. The nuances of stone, moss and flowers positioning respective to light, shadows and environment were patiently and interestingly outlined to an amazed pupil.

The granola which my wife dutifully prepared apparently lacked in sufficient nutrients. Not to worry, however, for Cleo introduced us to "Kutia", one of the twelve traditional Ukrainian Christmas dishes to supplement whatever was lacking in our previous diet.

What is the weight of the average mature bald eagle and how much can he lift? The answer, if anyone is interested, is between 10 and 12 pounds. Such a bird can easily arise with as much as half a ream of 32-pound newsprint. Perhaps our conversion to the metric scale will reduce that figure!

At one stage in Cleo's career, I do confess to a definite lapse of attention to his esoteric discourses. After all, when your interlocutor is wrestling with the Mafia, could not Big Louie burst in with machine gun blazing! I always felt safer when he was clashing with the members of parliament, the City



BERT MARTIN

Council, and the newspaper companies.

The great spirit of innovation and intercommunity is showing no signs of reduced activity. The social, tribal and economic aspects of Kenya now have grabbed his attention. My only surprise was that Cleo's command of Bantu was limited to some 50 words, an this after spending but one week there.

This largesse of mind explains why the Lethbridge Herald could attract and hold good newspaper men and debunk the myth that larger is necessarily better. Cleo personifies the spirit of free journalism. My confreres join me in lamenting his retirement from active management. However, our sorrow is tempered by the certainty that his novel contributions will continue to influence and mark both the Herald and the community it serves.



Gardening hint

Maintaining a beautiful, well-landscaped yard, says Cleo Mowers, is made considerably easier when one has a Japanese gardener, such as the one shown above who has been retained by Mr. Mowers.

Mowers' vigor belies his silvery locks

By OWEN HOLMES
Vice president
U of L

There are those among us who reflect the dignity of advancing years by respectful acquiescence to decorum; by weary deference to authority; by measured resignation to the conventional wisdom of the day.

Then there are others among us whose infamy rests upon the stridence of irresponsible criticism; stubborn rejection of the inevitable change imposed by the flow of history; timid refusal to seize new opportunities for challenge and adventure.

But who, we might ask, who would plunge deliberately into each passing community controversy with a vigor belying the silver in his locks, and a wisdom denying the simplicity of his deportment? Who would challenge authority with either equanimity or abandon as the case might warrant? Who would serve as the lever to pry public opinion loose from its rusty smugness?

And who, we ask again, would risk personal and professional security in pursuing hazardous causes in which he deeply believes? In combatting forces of prejudice and injustice threatening his community?

And of the University of Lethbridge, who would write "today's world has no patience with less than the best. A University that doesn't try to be the best in some field or another, and good in everything else it tackles, is hardly worth the bother" and then proceed to be the University's sharpest and most astute critic, probing and exposing its foibles and failings with accuracy and tenacity?

Who would understand the paradox that "a univer-



OWEN HOLMES

sity, and all it stands for, transcends all levels of education" while at the same time "a university degree is not a certificate of superiority or even of merit and bestows no special status, rights or privileges"?

Who rightly would claim "the university was never intended to be popular. Exploration and adventure rebuke inertia, and most of us are stand-patters. A university's success should be measured not by the decibels of applause but by the doubts raised, the minds opened" and at the same time just as rightly demand that the university

venture forth from the safety of its ivory tower?

And finally, we should ask, who would have the impudence to enroll in art courses in his seventh decade? or the imprudence to start a radish farm with no market in sight? or the impertinence to suggest the export of Southern Alberta water? or the impropriety to be a liberal in Lethbridge?

Cleo Mowers, that's who!

Went east

John Gogo once visited Ontario.



Man of nature

While those in the newspaper industry know Cleo Mowers as an editorial writer, as a friend of statesmen and an enemy of inhu-

manity, many others know him as a man who loves nature. His garden is living proof of his interest and skill in the plant world.

Newspaper industry will miss Cleo

By MARGARET HAMILTON
Thomson Newspapers

The newspaper fraternity will seriously miss Cleo Mowers in its assemblies, as it tries to solve the problems facing its members.

Cleo was always there, always interested and always committed to the overall good health and vigour of the press in Canada. He is well known, and well respected in these assemblies, and has contributed much to their future strength.

Nevertheless, Cleo felt that there were times when the "press of Canada" took itself a mite too seriously, and he proposed to do his part to lighten the procedures by the introduction of music. A capital idea!

Specifically, he suggested that a barber shop quartet be formed from the membership of Canadian Press, and that suitable messages be incorporated in the lyrics to invigorate the usually somewhat ritualistic program.

Cleo puts events in motion. He contacted possible

artists, chose suitable music, sought to commission the writing of inspirational lyrics.

However, the "quartet" is a rarified art form. It's potential for nobility and grandeur is limitless—but difficult to attain. Cleo would not accept less than perfection.

His candidates for roles not not, alas, have his dedication to quality, or his musical virtuosity.

The "ADAGIO'S" came out "ALLEGRO". The

"PIANISSIMO'S" were "FORTISSIMO". The "DEMISEMIQUAVERS" lengthened to "QUAVERS". The songs of joyous praise sounded like dead marches.

The quaternary had let the maestro down. The dream was dead!

Fortunately, Cleo's other aspirations for the concepts he found important were often realized, and (except for his magnificent vision of the CP report delivered musically) have added significantly to the newspaper world.

Read The Herald

to find out what

John Scott Black

missed or mispronounced on

the six o'clock news.

Herald CLASSIFIED

Citizens of Lethbridge, unite behind us in these troubled times to make sure Andy Anderson still has the mayor's seat after these elections. While his election may appear certain, we must maintain vigilance and persevere, lest we lose the battle in the last minute.

Inserted by the Committee for the Re-election of Mayor Andy Anderson

Classified Advertising

Happy Retirement
We wish
Smallwood
Cheryl
Sylvia Van Egmond
Deana
Kirk
Lynne
Edwards

43 AUTOS FOR SALE

1963 Mustang, pink and orange, no motor or transmission but runs good. Closest offer to \$52,000. 321-4455.

1980 Lincoln, 2,200 kilometres. No serial numbers but spotless otherwise. Call back of the Cecil Hotel after midnight. \$200.

Incredibly ancient Dodge Dart. Three door. Needs a little work on the starter, carburetor, radiator, trunk, transmission, engine and wheels. Call Mike, ext 343.

4 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES FOR SALE

CARPENTER'S SPECIAL
 Cory Third Ave. hotel, slightly damaged, could become a real hot disco spot under right management. Call quick, though, this one won't last. 321-5555.

1 CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE

RARE FIND
 Lovely old north side home, five rooms and a bath. Decorated in early depression. Genuine imitation brick siding. Stained chimney loaded with character. Picket fence with most pickets still standing. Vendor anxious to unload this property. Call 327-3359 and ask for Phyllis.

107 EMPLOYMENT WANTED

Recently-retired newspaper publisher seeks spot in Senate. Long-time Liberal, impeccable credentials. Lofly outlook and gentle manner. Has rare ability to sleep while appearing to be contemplating. Write Box CWM, The Herald.

84 MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE

Book for beginning French course. Used only once. See A. Anderson at city hall.

For Sale — several boxes photographic paper. Opened only once. Call Rick, ext. 343.

For Sale — Several secondhand shirts. Useful for making tents or sails. Call Garry, ext. 318.

For Sale — Pillows, eggs, shoes, chickens, geese, fleeces, sides of beef, quilts, combines and medium sized tractors. See Little Jake on Thursday at the Marquis.

112 EDUCATIONAL SERVICES, TUTORING

LANGUAGE LESSONS:
 Starting lessons in Saskatchewan, beginners or intermediate, beginning November 1st. See Buchinski at the desk.

102 FARM HELP WANTED

Willing worker with some knowledge of farming. Must know which kind of roosters lay best eggs. Must be able to work for joie de vivre. Call Al, ext. 219.

93 PRODUCE FOR SALE

Eggs. Eggs. eggs. eggs. Good price. Get them while they last or you'll lose your job. See Al in the newsroom.

122 PERSONAL

Congenial business editor would like to meet lonely rich widow. OBJECT: personal spiritual enrichment. Call ext. 319.

NOTICE
 Would the person who put pencil shavings in my pipe last year please step forth and take his punishment like a man/woman. I just found out and I'm mad.
 Call Murd at the Herald, Calgary.

Monty,
 Come back.
 Derek



Cleo Mowers
Night

— Guest Speakers —

Mr. John Gogo

MLA, Lethbridge West, Master of Ceremonies

Hon. Robert Clark

Leader of the Opposition, Edmonton

Mayor A. C. Anderson

Lethbridge

Mr. Fred Oxenbury

Sales Manager, Newsprint Division
 Crown Zellerbach Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. Graham Trotter

Chief of Bureau
 The Canadian Press, Edmonton

Mr. Stan Roberts

Pres., Canada West Foundation, Calgary

Dr. Robert Hironaka

Animal Nutritionist

Lethbridge Research Station

Mr. George Brown

Director, Lethbridge Broadcasting

Dr. W. A. S. Smith

Former Pres., University of Athabasca, Edmonton
 and University of Lethbridge

Rev. Dr. Nelson R. Mercer

Retired United Church Minister, Calgary

Mrs. Jane Huckvale

Retired Editorial Writer, Calgary

Mr. Lorne Mowers

Real Estate Developer, Edmonton

Mr. Don Doran

Publisher, The Lethbridge Herald

— Menu —

French Onion — Cheese Grouper
 Tossed Green Salad with 1000 Island Dressing
 Boneless Breast of Chicken — Cordon Rouge
 Julienne Carrots
 Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce
 Parisienne Potatoes
 Rolls and Butter
 Baked Alaska with Hot Peach Sauce
 Tea Coffee Milk



