

Calgarians of Yesteryear Recalled on the City's 75th Anniversary

By LEISHMAN McNEIL, Calgary, Alta.

FOLKLORE, Folklore, what is Folklore? Webster says "the traditions, beliefs, and customs of the common people".

To a country 75 years old, Western Canada is hardly entitled by age to contain much Folklore, yet Dr. Robert Gard of Cornell University has said, after years of intense study, that our great West contains more Folklore than any other district that he has investigated. Ask any oldtimer of this district what he knows of Folklore and his answer will be "I don't know much about it, but there were certainly some great old characters in my day. I remember . . ." and he's away!

How well I, as a pioneer son, remember seeing such men as George Lane, tall, well over six feet, wearing his long, grey Prince Albert, his long grey mustache, both flying in the wind; cowboy hat and boots; kindly and rough to us kids who played with his family.

Pat Burns, small, round, pink and white, immaculately dressed in later life. One thinks of the time when in painting the little Catholic Church at Midnapore he noticed the Anglican Church needed paint as well as his own. "Just go over and paint the other church," says Pat. "It needs it as well as our own." Today if only people had the outlook of men such as Mr. Burns, how many churches could be painted?

John Ware (colored), rider, horseman, athlete, one of the best and strong. His prowess is legion, that all oldtimers talk about. But the one thing that outlived John Ware was his character — a white man if there ever was one. Oldtimers all respected him and made him their equal.

Johnnie Hamilton, perennial bachelor, owner of the Bain Stables. Johnnie Hamilton had as much fun as any man living. The stories one heard of him!

Paddy Nolan, Irish, brilliant, a lawyer whose ready wit was famous. Like the time, it is said, in Prohibition Days (yes, we had prohibition!) he took an Eastern Judge to a bootlegger late one night to get a drink. Into a kitchen — no one was around — Paddy knew where the bottle was hidden. The Judge drank and they both left a dollar on the table to pay. Next day the eminent Judge learned they had visited Paddy's own kitchen.

Chrispen Smith, the English Magistrate, small, precise, but one of the boys.

Dave McDougall, who came in the '70's, fur trader, rancher. The yarns he told in later life — just a riot! Like the time he was driving to Calgary from Morley in bitter winter in a bobsleigh; the Chinook came so fast he had to whip the horses to keep the runners on the snow. And the time he was buffalo hunting and got caught in a stampede. The buffalo were so dense he jumped off his horse and ran across the backs of the buffalo until he was out of danger.

Rev. John McDougall, short, bearded, a man of God, the first Methodist missionary, who came in the '60's following his father, the Rev. George, who froze to death in a blizzard.

Bob Edwards, the Eye-Opener, with his mythical character Peter McGonigle of Midnapore. Ask any oldtimer about him; he was a character!

Col. Jas. Walker who came with the original Mounted Police up through Montana. How well I remember him, straight, tall, the man who went to war every 50 years.

Cappy Smart, short, fat, red-faced, gruff, but a heart of gold. One thing about Cappy, he never sent a fireman where he would not go himself. The Fire Department in my early youth was the centre of attraction to all Eastern visitors. Cappy ran the reels for every occasion. Like the time Cappy was introduced to the Earl of Minto as Chief Smart, along with some Indian Chiefs. The Earl was said to have remarked to an aide, "My word, what a fine looking savage!" Cappy — what stories one could tell of him, and the hundreds of others who walked our streets, Stephen Avenue, Atlantic and Pacific, and by their everyday deeds and actions developed a tradition that has made Alberta famous. To men such as these must go the credit for the spirit of the West, our heritage.

But today I want to talk about a character, a name that is ever-present when oldtimers reminisce. Strange as it may seem, not a robust man, but a member of the gentler sex — a lady by the name of Mrs. Mary Fulham, "Mother" Fulham as she was known far and wide in Calgary's lustier days. How Mrs. Fulham was ever nicknamed "Mother" is an unexplained mystery, for if there ever was a woman that lived less entitled to the name, it was she. However, for the record, let us continue to call her "Mother" Fulham.

Mrs. Fulham, as one can readily imagine, was born in Ireland. She kept her Irish brogue and her Irish wit to the bitter end. Her vocation in life was pigs, and more pigs. Her shack where she lived periodically with a Mr. Fulham, and her pigs, was on Angus Avenue (6th Avenue and 5th St. West), these days in the heart of Calgary, 45 years ago practically in the country.

How well I remember how scared we as children were when we saw her, for our greatest dread was the threat of our parents when we got unmanageable: "They would have Mrs. Fulham come and get us!" Perish the thought! I still grow cold when I think of it. Talk of child psychology; we were brought up on "Mrs. Fulham".

Daily Mother Fulham hitched up her wagon and her one horse and drove to town. She had a concession with the Calgary hotels to gather the swill for her pork farm, and gather it she did. Woe betide anyone who interfered with her concession; it was dynamite to cross her. How well one Chinaman learned his lesson. Mr. Ted Shelley, a well-known present Calgary oldtimer, well remembers the day when he, as Manager of the old Alberta Hotel, heard the darndest commotion at the back door of his hotel.



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One of his Chinese cooks, who had earlier wrapped a cooked chicken and hidden same near Mother Fulham's swill barrel, was sneaking it away. Mother Fulham thought he was stealing from her and, unfortunately for the Chinaman, caught him by the seat of the pants and dumped him head first into the swill. The hotel lost a cook, but stopped a chicken thief.

Mother Fulham, as by now you must realize, was quite a character. One of her characteristics was drink, and more drink; daily the boys took turns treating Mother Fulham until she was pie-eyed. The more she drank, the rougher she became; swear? She knew all the words, and then some! One memorable day, when she was particularly under the weather, some of the boys conceived the bright idea of unhitching her outfit. They led her horse around the C.P.R. rail fence, putting the

shafts through and hitched the horse on the other side. Strange as it may seem, Mother Fulham blamed the horse; she thought it had climbed through the fence. Oldtimers still shake when they recall that episode.

One famous yarn oldtimers delight to tell is the time Mother Fulham hurt her leg, badly enough to go to see Dr. Mackid. Dr. Mackid took one look at it and said, "Mrs. Fulham, I'll bet you \$5.00 there isn't another leg in Calgary as dirty as that one."

"And for sure, I'll just take you on that!" says Mrs. Fulham. "Put up your money."

When the Doctor had done so, she took down her other stocking. The Doctor paid!

Naturally, with such a nature as Mother Fulham possessed, she was in trouble constantly with the police. Time and time again they would arrest her and lock her up. Paddy Nolan, Calgary's famous early lawyer, was called on to defend her, and defend her he always did, much to his Irish delight, and hers.

Mother Fulham was pretty illiterate, as can well be imagined. One day she went to her real estate agent, our old friend A. M. (Tony) Grogan, to sell some property. Mr. Grogan took her over to the newspaper office, run by Tom Braden, to put in an advertisement for the sale of her property. Tom Braden told her when the ad would be printed, and she insisted in knowing just where it would appear in the paper. The day the paper came out, she asked Tony Grogan if Braden had put the ad in that she had paid for. Tony, being considerable of a wit (he still is), told Mother Fulham the ad wasn't in, and showed her the paper. Cursing, she went to the newspaper office and, before Tony or Tom could stop her, proceeded to wreck the office, upsetting cases of type, etc. Poor Braden had printed the ad alright, but on a different page! How Tony Grogan laughs to this day when he tells of that episode.

Come March 17th, Calgary in yesteryear always celebrated. What a day! One year the firemen (voluntary) held a grand Irish Ball in the old Albion Hall. Well, such an event was just too much for some of the boys. They bought Mother Fulham a paddy green dress and all went to the Irish Ball. A near riot ensued. The Calgary Society of that day rebelled; many a husband was blamed for his antics. However, Mrs. Fulham survived, as well you might expect. Stories about Mrs. Fulham — there are lots of them; any oldtimer of 60 years standing will laugh and tell what he saw in those days of the old West.

The last I heard of Mrs. Fulham was that she sold her property after her husband died, "when it is said she cried with both eyes", and moved to the coast. The late Cappy Smart claimed she bought and ran a restaurant in Vancouver; in fact Cappy used to say he had eaten there, but everyone knowing Cappy just laughed. Maybe Cappy did see her in a restaurant business, but all oldtimers know even Cappy, the tough old rooster that he was, "wouldn't dare eat at a Mother Fulham restaurant".

Folklore, Folklore, the traditions, beliefs and customs of the common people. Webster must have known Mother Fulham.

Beef Miscellany

INSPECTED slaughter of cattle in Canada in 1949 was 1,439,489 head compared to 1,489,883 in 1948, 1,293,246 in 1947 and a high of 1,820,127 head in 1945. Average carcass weight ranged from a high of 488.4 lbs. in 1946 to a low of 478.2 in 1949.

Canadian meat consumption per capita in 1949 was 138.6 pounds comprising mainly 56.5 lbs. beef, 9.1 lbs. veal, 3 lbs. mutton and lamb and 59.3 lbs. of pork. In 1948 the figures respectively were 135.3 pounds, 57.5 lbs., 10.9 lbs., 3.5 lbs. and 53.9 lbs. The average per capita consumption for the period 1935-39 was respectively 118.3 pounds, 54.7 lbs., 10.5 lbs., 5.6 lbs., 39.8 lbs. Consumption per capita of canned meats rose from an average of 1.9 lbs. for the 5-year period to 3.5 lbs. in 1948 to 5.1 lbs. in 1949.

Cattle population in Canada as reported by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics for December 1 of each year 1945 to 1949:

	Total Cattle	Steers
1949	8,243,300	806,200
1948	8,251,300	925,900
1947	8,943,500	1,010,500
1946	9,016,000	1,157,300
1945	9,961,000	1,267,900

Total exports of cattle from Canada to the United States and to the United Kingdom from 1913 to 1949 inclusive were 5,396,888 head and 640,934 head respectively. Heaviest export to the U.S.A. was 453,606 head in 1919 and to the U.K. 110,868 head in 1925.

Yearly weighted average price per cwt. of total sales on public stockyards were as follows:

	Cattle	Calves
1949	\$16.20	\$19.83
1948	15.19	17.66
1947	10.92	12.62
1946	10.00	12.25
1945	9.00	10.85

Estimated value of cattle and calves marketed at public stockyards, shipped direct to packers and direct on export (in thousands of dollars):

	Cattle	Calves
1949	\$303,263	\$37,217
1948	301,800	32,129
1947	165,438	17,643
1946	182,933	20,419
1945	175,607	18,889

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Community Auction Sales

1949 was a most successful year for the Community Auction Sales Association Limited. Of 23,045 cattle entered in 49 sales, 253 head were bid in or passed — 22,792 head were sold for a total value of \$3,326,580.21, an average of \$145.95.

The following is a list of officers for 1950: President, Hugh H. McLean, Macleod, Alberta; Vice-President, A. W. Stringam, Nemiscam, Alberta; Secretary-Treasurer, Arthur E. Ryan, Pincher Creek, Alberta.

Point Directors: F. E. Bevans, Cardston, Alta., for Cardston; Stanley Wyatt, Claresholm, Alta., for Claresholm; P. C. Dougherty, High River, Alta., for High River; A. M. Connelly, Lundbreck, Alta., for Lundbreck; H. H. McLean, Macleod, Alta., for Macleod; Warren C. Cooper, Nanton, Alta., for Nanton; A. W. Stringam, Nemiscam, Alta., for Pakowki; M. W. Bradshaw, Mountain View, Alta., for Parkbend; C. F. Hochstein, Pincher Creek, Alta., for Pincher Creek; A. I. Millhaem, Warner, Alta., for Warner; Otto Sommerfeldt, Whiskey Gap, Alta., for Whiskey Gap; B. Powlesland, Calgary, Alta., for Purebred Cattle Sales.

This is a new departure. The Sale of Purebred Cattle is now regulated by a Committee of their number.

Directors at Large: Don E. Ball, Edmonton, Alta.; S. W. Jenkins, Pincher Creek, Alta.

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