

Kenneth (Bud) Henry Newman

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Interviewers: Colette Lebeuf, Barrie Touchings and Don Bouzek

Camera: Don Bouzek

KN: I was born in Edmonton the end of October 1946. I was the second child of my family. My sister is two years older than me. I was born in Edmonton and I think my sister was too. Both parents had moved to Edmonton [...] near the end of WWII. At the time when I was born, my father, who had come [from the Handhills farming area] and held various jobs [in the city], had an opportunity to buy a piece of property on 156th Street near 107th Avenue. My sister just told me that it was 20 acres; it was right on the edge of Jasper Place. At 156th Street were a lot of farming areas [...] to the west. I'm not sure of the exact dimensions of the property but it was a narrow strip that extended in my understanding all the way to Mayfield Road [...]. So it was a long way out in my mind and my imagination. I was very fortunate, which I realized some years later as I was growing up, becoming an adult, that I'd had a fantastic opportunity to grow up on a farm essentially right on the edge of the city. Jasper Place was still in my mind a very new place because of the area that was there. We lived in a small house, a little white house on the property, that really consisted, I think, of two bedrooms and one large room which consisted of the living room and the kitchen area, which was separated by a curtain that we pulled back and forth. There was a porch at the back end that contained a great big water barrel that would get filled up by the Davis water truck. This was a big truck – what would be classified as a three-ton truck – with a large wooden barrel on the back, that serviced the west end of Edmonton, or Jasper Place. He would come every so often – I can't remember what the frequency was – but he'd fill up our large barrel inside the porch. That was where we got our water from. We didn't have plumbing in the place, so we had an outhouse. That was quite normal for all the properties along that area of 156th Street. My dad grew up on a farm in southeastern Alberta and so did my mom in a different area. Can I go into a bit of their history? My dad had a yearning to farm; he liked farming. [...] [I]n WWII, my dad served in the Canadian Army and ended up in England. During heavy training, his feet gave out and he was put on medical leave. [...] Then he was shipped back to Canada a little bit early. He settled in Edmonton at the time and held various

jobs: taxi driver, bartender. But when he had the opportunity to buy this small farm, he took it. With some of the monies that the military or Canadian government had provided to soldiers returning from the war, he was able to afford it. We ended up on a farm with two cows, Betsy and Mary; they were milk cows; about a dozen or so chickens, with a very mean rooster that used to chase me as a little kid; a dog, Goldie, a nice cocker spaniel which had a litter of puppies during one period there. We also had a pony for a few months one summer that was boarded at our place, so we got to ride the pony as well. I had all these fields to go out in, mostly alfalfa [...]. On the north side of the property line separating us from the next property was a copse of mostly poplar trees, and they were giant poplar trees. I've noticed a few as we were driving today that are 150 or 200 feet tall with lots of big branches. I just used to love to climb those. So it was quite a heaven for a small kid. I could go on.

156th Street was a dirt road running north and south. It had very large ditches on either side because it didn't have any storm sewers in the roads at the time. Across the street was the Wilkerson family, and their son was the age of my sister. My sister and Ross would play a lot and leave me out, so I would get pretty angry. I did a nasty thing to my sister as a result of that. One birthday she received a great big, large – a wedding dress doll – which at one point of anger, I broke the head off of because Ross and Sharon wouldn't play with me. But it was a great place. It was lots of fun growing up there [...]. Most of my memories are when I'm five to seven years old; we lived there until I was nine.

What happened during that year was, the property was sold because developers had come and it was going to be developed. My parents in the negotiations ended up being able to afford a new house, a split level three-bedroom at 9602 – 163 Street, which also bordered on the edge of the city at that time, or the edge of the town. So I still had farmers' fields behind me on 163rd Street. Going back to 156th Street, some of the development that took place back then... Stony Plain Road was the main road; we'd walk south down 156th Street to get up to Jasper Avenue, which is where there were drugstores and other commercial stores. There was a lumber store along there towards the east, towards Edmonton. Jasper Place was on the boundary up to 149th Street; to the west at that time was Jasper Place both north and south, and the city was really bounded by 49th Street on the east [by the Town of] Beverly, and on the west by Jasper Place. So

Beverly and Jasper Place bracketed the City. Eventually, Jasper Place amalgamated with the City. What I remember during that whole process is my dad's career. Early on, going to elementary school – I went to Canora, which is where Barry also went – my dad was the janitor there. That's how I knew my dad – milking cows and then going to work as a janitor. In Canora School, the janitor's office was down in the basement; there was a lower level. Basically, I generally was restricted from going and visiting him during school hours but would sometimes sneak in. I would stay after school and help him sweep the floors before we went home. Both my sister and I went to Canora School, which was a lot of fun playing with all the kids running around in the big schoolyards and all that good stuff. I made a lot of friends during that period and, amazingly, still have one sitting in the room here today. So that was a really good time. My dad's career... he was, as I say, the janitor there. He got interested a little bit in politics because he also had opinions. He expressed them one day and was challenged by another citizen in Jasper Place to basically run for office – so, "Put up or shut up, Mr. Newman." He ran for Town Council; Jasper Place was a separate entity – an incorporated town, was my understanding – at the time. It was growing fast with developments on the north as well as the south of Stony Plain Road. He ran for Town Council; he served on Council for one or two terms, I can't remember. I was quite young, and I got pressed into service to deliver flyers for him, which really pissed me off. But you did it. So that was good, that was fine. Dad was successful in being a councillor and representing people, he enjoyed that. He was very good with people and talking with them. He then decided that he would run for mayor of Jasper Place. As I recall it, Mr. Stone – Harold, I believe, Harold Stone – was the first mayor I believe of the Town of Jasper Place. He owned the motel on Stony Plain Road, and my dad ran against him, and became the second and last mayor of Jasper Place. I'm not sure how many elections or what the elapsed period was for that but, basically, my dad saw the amalgamation with the City of Edmonton during his term of office. That's where I'd like to take a short break.

KN: It really was a magical time in my life, in retrospect.

Q: Was your family able to sustain itself from the farm, or was it sort of a supplement?

KN: It was largely a supplement. We did have milk, which I believe was sold to one of the dairies. I did grow up sometimes on unpasteurized milk, and I got squirted in the face from time to time during the milking process. But, largely, from what I recall, we had homogenized milk. We did have a cream separator and we did make butter from time to time. I had a great time churning the separator that was back in that porch.

Q: Did you grow vegetables?

KN: Yes, we also did have a vegetable garden, always had lots of carrots and peas. Grew up loving vegetables, carrots and peas particularly. And some mint around one of the corners of the house brings back a memory there.

Q: Was it in the '50s when your parents sold to developers?

KN: Yes. I was nine years old when we moved from 156th Street to 163rd, so that would be 1955, probably the fall of 1955, I think. I ended up not going to Canora School any longer; I was going to school over at Glendale for Grade 6. So, it was 1 to 5 at Canora, and then just Grade 6 at Glendale.

Q: Did the place on 163rd have indoor plumbing, or did you still have an outhouse?

KN: No, it was a real house. My mother had a sister and brother-in-law who lived just inside the boundary at 142nd Street approximately and just south of Stony Plain Road. Both of them were teachers who had bachelor's degrees and were teaching, so had fulltime jobs. They lived in a modern house with plumbing and so on, and we would often go over there for Christmas dinners, which was great. My Aunt Ethel was a great cook, and I loved her candied yams; those were great dishes. But there would be a lot of family get-togethers over there at that address on 142nd Street area. When we moved, part of the deal – I'm not sure exactly how the deal evolved

with the developers – but the sale price of the house and dealing with the land developer resulted in a new house for us, and probably some other monies, I'm not sure exactly. So it was a three-bedroom, fully-modern house, which is there today. But at the time, as I say, there was a road going out to a farmer's field, and we used to go out there and catch gophers. From Glendale – that was my Grade 6 – I got glasses that year; I broke about four pairs of glasses in the year because I was a fairly active kid. Remember, I used to love to climb the trees, and I still love to, which I did a few years ago. Sorry, that's a ramble. But as school progressed, south on 163rd Street, Jasper Place Composite High School was built. So that was being planned. My sister went to the old high school on the north side of Stony Plain Road, but [for] grade 7 and 8, I went to Meadowlark School, which was another new development; so that was quite new. For Grade 9, I ended up getting bused over to Lynnwood further south yet. That's where I think Barrie [Touchings] came back, and we got back together seeing each other. After Grade 9, the Jasper Place Composite High School had been completed, so we were then going to that high school. Barrie and I were in the same classes for Grade 10, 11 and 12. We were the first graduating class that attended all three years in the high school, so we were told by the teachers that we were special. That's kind of the completeness up to grade 12. It was interesting.

Things that had developed – as I remember Jasper Place – is the Jasper Theatre was built during that period. A neighbour kid and myself – a guy by the name of Fred Shaw – would walk all the way down to Stony Plain Road and go watch a movie. Fred was a bit of a character who had moved from Nordegg, which was a town that was abandoned from coalmining, and ended up in Jasper Place. Fred would get us into the adult-rated movies by brazenly going up and starting to make a sad face when we were told that it's for adults only, this movie. The nice lady there would say, "Oh, okay I'll be your mother for tonight." So we got to see movies such as the dinosaurs chasing the cowboys across the prairies. I'm not sure why that was an adult one, but it was. So that was interesting.

Q: How much did movies cost then?

KN: Oh gosh, I think a couple of bucks or less.

Barry: I remember in 1957 going to talk to my dad in the back yard, because I wanted to go to the Tivoli Theatre for the Saturday matinee. I wanted a quarter to be able to do that. With a quarter I could get into the movie, I could get a pop and a popcorn.

KN: Bringing up the Tivoli reminds me of going to the Tivoli, because that was the first place we would've gone. That was a long way to go from where I lived, but we would walk it. What I remember particularly about the Tivoli is that all the movies were prefaced by short action little things. What sticks in my mind is the Black Hawks that would race up the mountains after the bad guys. It was half a dozen militia-type police guys, these Black Hawks, who were all dressed up. They were the good guys. But the races were quite dynamic, so that was always fun. That was a good part.

On the farm, there was lots to do. I'd often get into trouble. We had a haystack at times to feed the two cows. I really liked Betsy and Mary. There was enough of a shed that I could climb up and get above the haystacks and jump down, which was a real no-no, but I did it anyways. I think I only stopped after [...] my face hit my knees and I cut my lip. After a little bit of blood, I think I stopped doing it. I couldn't tell my parents that I actually had hurt myself.

When Jasper Place amalgamated, that was a really big deal. At that time, as I recall, Jasper Place had about 30,000 people, which was at least three times larger than what you needed for population to be a city. I had wondered as a kid or teenager how come we weren't a city of our own. But it was the amalgamation with Edmonton that had allowed sewer systems to be installed on 156th Street, and they had torn all the streets up and started paving these places and so on and so forth, and allowed us to move into a nice new home, which was great.

Q: When you were still on the farm, was that what would've become Britannia-Youngstown or would it be Mayfield?

KN: I think it might've still been Britannia. Mayfield seemed to be a bit north and west of us, from what I recall.

Q: But initially the land itself did go all the way to what is now Mayfield?

KN: Yes, it was a long way out there. I'm not perfectly clear if our property only extended three quarters or half of the way to Mayfair, the street. But that whole street, by the time we left, I think was being developed as a road that was coming off of 111th.

Q: Was it 111th or 107th?

KN: No, 107th was right at ours. We were 10760; I'm a little bit confused whether we were north or south of 107th. For some reason, the main avenue that we used to go down from our address, we would go about half a block or so north, and then walk to the east towards Edmonton, because about six blocks down, there was a little corner store that was owned by a Chinese operator at the time.

Q: Can you tell us a bit more about that?

KN: It was our favourite store. We'd go down there to buy chocolate bars and stuff. On the north side of the street there was a family that lived there that was a Black family, which was something that was fairly unique in our neighbourhood at the time. Unfortunately, we never really got to know the kids, partly because they would shout at us as we walked down the street. We just ignored them and kept on walking; that's what we were told to do by my parents – my sister and I, when I say "we"; she was two years older and my guardian.

Barrie: There used to be a grocery store, a little convenience store, on 156th Street and 104th Avenue. It was run by some Chinese people. They closed that down in early to mid '50s and then moved to 154th Street and 105th Avenue on the southeast corner. It was the same family, a Chinese family. There was also another little convenience store on about 151st or 152nd Street

north of 105th Avenue; it might've even been north of 106th Avenue, on the east side of the road. That might be the one that Ken is talking about, east along 105th or 106th Avenue.

Q: Did those convenience stores have sections with magazines and comic books?

Barrie: I can't remember any comic books. I remember at Sam's Grocery on 154th Street and 105th Avenue these big water coolers for pop. You could get a small Coke for 5 cents and a big Coke for 10 cents. I also remember at the little convenience store on 151st and 152nd Street they had a display with a counter and some wooden bins underneath the counter with glass fronts on each of these bins, and candy that you could see through the glass fronts. You could go and pick out what candy you wanted, and it was all in bulk.

KN: I don't remember that kind of detail for the corner stores that I went to. I would think of magazines as being in the drugstores and that's where I recall seeing them, wandering around the drugstores. Just going back to 156th Street, some history that came back to me in understanding this is because of the recent Russian invasion of Ukraine. I grew up with the Delowskis on the south side of us just one or two properties down. There was one property in between or so. The Delowskis, as I recall, were Polish. Mrs. Delowski made great holubtsi, loved it. One of their relatives, either a brother-in-law or something like that – a guy by the name of Mike, and I think he might've had the same last name but I don't recall – he moved into the small property just on the south side of our property. I remember Mike because he was a nice guy, but he did a bad thing to me. My dad had built a very tall swing for Sharon and me on the property, and it was on the south side of the property just on the edge. But it was a really big swing from this kid's perspective, and I loved to get on there and pump it as high as I could. I would go out there and swing and swing and go up and make it go as high as I could so the ropes would go slack and I'd go jerking down and go back up. I did that so often, I ended up getting nightmares at night because I would be swinging in my dreams, and I'd go up higher and higher, and suddenly I'd go up and everything went black and I'd wake up. That really became a recurring theme for me. But I loved that kind of motion and adrenalin rush I guess; I wouldn't

have known what it was at the time, but I did that. Then Mike took over this property on the south side and, as was his right, he wanted to check out the property line. So it was resurveyed, and that property line went right through the middle of the swing. So my dad had to take half the swing down, and he never put the pole up on the other side to rebuild the swing. So my sister and I, Sharon, lost the swing. I really never forgave Mike for that. Unfortunately for Mike, his outhouse was close to that property line, and I did take the opportunity to lock him in one day and my parents had to let him out. I didn't get in a lot of trouble for that; they understood, for some reason. But I'm sorry, Mike, I don't remember your last name. But they were good neighbours and further along were the Pillapow [family, which was fairly large). My mom really made good friends with Mrs. Pillapow; she was a very large lady. There was at least four kids or so. I became a good friend with Dale Pillapow, who may still be living in the city. His older brother ran a business in Edmonton I think for a while.

Q: Sonny?

KN: Yes, his name was Sonny. Oh yes, let's go back to the nicknames. Oh boy. My "real" name, which I didn't mention at the beginning, is Buddy or Bud Newman. I was Bud Newman at least until grade 7 and I never knew who Ken Newman was, except that was my dad. I was never called that in the family. A little story there is that my mother, Alice B. Newman, was always called Dolly. Dolly was basically born with Dolly because she was a cute baby and her parents must've made that stick. When I was born somebody in the crowd said, "Oh, it's a nice little boy, it's a buddy for Sharon," – my sister, who's two years older. My mom, of course, made that stick. So I was Buddy growing up, and it wasn't until I switched schools, I guess, and went to Glendale in Grade 6 that I told my mom that I really wanted to be called Bud and drop the Buddy – sensitivity there. Then in Grade 7 I went to Meadowlark School and the principal there, who also taught classes, was also named Neuman, Mr. Neuman, but it was spelt with the German spelling. He asked me one day during registration or class time, he said, "Oh, Buddy Newman or [Ken] Newman?". He looked at me and said, "Okay, what would you like to be called when you grow up for business and working in the business world?" My answer was shrugging the

shoulders, as if I cared; I didn't really think about it, of course. But from that point on he called me Ken and the school records said Ken, so I ended up with Ken. By the time I was in high school and moving on to university, it was always Ken. I give my friends and family a problem, because they have to decide whether to call me Ken or Bud. That gets confusing at times. Even my wife gets the question every once in a while, "Who's this Bud you talk about? I thought you were married to Ken." So, anyways, that's another little side story there on my history.

Q: Did you participate in sports or other activities in the schools you attended?

KN: Yes, I did. I wasn't heavily involved in sports. I liked individual sports [...]. I was never a strong skater. Even though I learned to skate on a pond out in the farm area – some little swamp out there – I never mastered the sport or got interested in hockey. I don't think I liked contact sports [...]. But I did take up boxing, because my dad had a strong interest in boxing, and he became the commissioner of boxing in Alberta.

[...]. Basically, I guess, in high school, one of the [superintendents, Albert (Bert) Hohol, who] became Minister of [Advanced Education and Manpower] for Alberta, tall lanky fellow; I have to look him up, sorry; anyways, he had [an RCAF] background and he started up Air Cadets, an air cadet squadron in Jasper Place, which was something brand new. There was Cubs and Scouts; Barry and I met in Cubs early on in elementary [school]. Anyways, yeah, [Bert Hohol] [...]. He was the commanding officer of the Air Cadet Squadron 699 [...]. I got interested in that because I was interested in airplanes and had built models all my life basically – my life to that point. Air Cadets became my focus. We would meet every Wednesday night throughout the school years, and I was in there for almost five years based on being 13 to 14 years old, up to about 18 or coming on 19 [...]. I worked my way up through a number of ranks and became a leader in the Air Cadet groups, which was great. That was part of the magic, in a way, because I did learn to shine my shoes and took big pride in that, made sure shirts were pressed and everything else. I got selected to go to some summer camps for a week or two weeks. I ended up also in a senior leader's course that took us six weeks down in Orillia for Air Cadets across Canada. In the very last year, I was given a flying scholarship. Certain air cadets were selected after being

interviewed and so on, so I learned to fly one summer, which led to another interesting event. I got to crash my airplane in the City of Edmonton and survive; I made front page news. In the Air Cadets, all the kids in the city of Edmonton from the various squadrons, those few who had – I think about a dozen or more – got selected to go on flying scholarships each year. Another air cadet, who was a very strong friend of mine, had gone the year before. Fortunately for that, because I got to go flying with him a few times after that. When I went for training, the air cadets were all based out at Namao. We lived out there basically and slept out there and were bused in every day into the municipal airport, which was a fully operating airport up until that time and beyond. We would take flying lessons for four to six weeks; it was [35] hours of flying time plus an equal number of hours in ground school. I had learned enough that the chief flying instructor, who was my instructor that day – I had learned to do some solo – said, “Okay, we’ve got the plane booked for an hour and a half.” We did circuits taking off and landing, going around the airport and landing and taking off. We’d done that for about an hour, and he said, “Okay, you’re doing fine. Drop me off back at the club and then you can go do some more circuits by yourself.” It was really my second solo flight, and I took off and the engine went on idle as I reached about half the altitude I was supposed to be – so, full power pushing the throttle forward, the plane goes up; we’re climbing towards the north end of Edmonton and the engine suddenly goes idle. Pull the throttle out, push it in, nothing happens, the plane just, “Putt-putt-putt.” I leveled the plane off because it was at an angle going up and it wasn’t flying up anymore. There’s also what’s called a choke on the plane, which helps to prime the engine. I pulled it out and pushed it in a couple of times, but the engine didn’t start. Pick up the radio phone and I called the control tower saying, “Mayday, Mayday, Mayday.” We’d been taught those emergency procedures. In the meantime, I’m starting to glide from about 500 feet up and looking for a place to land this thing. I know the airport’s behind me, but it’s not a good idea to bank the plane steeply to make a 180-degree turn; you lose altitude very fast when you do that. There had actually been a fatal accident a year or two before at the airport in such a situation. I started looking for a place to land, like a school yard or some open field – a park. I looked down and at the north end of the municipal airport is the CP Rail line. I look at that and there’s great tracks, there’s wide space, and I start tracking along it as I’m slowly losing altitude. I make a

second Mayday call to the control tower and still hear nothing back on the radio, so no instructions from them as to how to help me. So, I keep gliding and as I get a little bit lower, I see massive numbers of telephone poles with all sorts of wires on them. I'm thinking, "Oh, this isn't going to go well, it's going to get tangled." So I turned just slightly more. At that point I'm getting low, I look down and I see a great big concrete construction place, so I'm just gliding towards that and still looking for a place to land. The last thing I actually remember is seeing a crane in my line of vision, like this, sticking up. I'm approaching it and I'm thinking, "Am I going to go beside it, under it or over it? I'm not sure." And I woke up on the ground. That's how I made the [...] front page of the paper. Sorry for taking so much time to describe this. Con-Force Construction there builds concrete beams for bridges and roads. They get these big slabs and they stack them up so you get 12- to 16-foot high of concrete beams stacked one on another. There's this wall, it turns out, I learned after the fact from the pictures. [...]. [The small plane with an 80-hp engine, has 2 wheels below the engine compartment]. I glided in and the wheels [...] hanging down hit just [at the top of that concrete beam wall]. The plane actually stopped and the tail broke in half, so the plane tilted up like this so it looks like a V. That's the fuselage. The engine and my instrument panel actually broke off from the plane and fell between this [concrete] barrier [and] a chain link fence about four feet away from it. [The] engine goes over the far side of the chain link fence with the propeller, the engine and the instrument panel. My seatbelt breaks and I fall down and hit the ground between the fence and the concrete beams. I wake up lying on my side, my arm was under my head, my gut was in a lot of pain, probably because of the seatbelt breaking and the pressure. But I was only unconscious I think for about 10 to 15 seconds, maybe 30. [...] So I woke up on the ground, lying there with my eyes closed. I remember opening my eyes, seeing red, and closed them again. By that time, there was a man who was talking to me to keep me calm on the ground. He was telling me not to move, and I was inclined not to move anyways because I was in pain. I really wasn't writhing but I guess I knew enough to not move. But I did wiggle my toes and said, "Okay, that's okay, they seem to be there." My arm was under my head, and I could tell that my eye was bleeding. I wear glasses, and I must've banged my head against the instrument panel or when I hit the ground, because the glass cut my eyelid open and that's what was bleeding. But fortunately, I never had a

damaged eyeball. Anyways, they wrapped me up with gauze; the ambulance was called. I'd also cut my arm open with a fairly big gash and scraped the bone. [I] still have a bone spur that sits here as a result of that scrape. I did have a small concussion with a tear in the meninges covering of the brain, and was leaking cerebral spinal fluid through my nose; it was dripping, apparently. So they kept me in the hospital for about a week; my nose was broken – they said it was all broken to bits, but it was all in place. So they didn't do anything with that. I guess the glasses frame helped keep it there. I had a few visitors and wanted to get out of the hospital, but they kept me there because they wanted to make sure that the meninges had healed so that I didn't get an infection and became seriously ill. They wouldn't let me fly for about three months, thinking that the altitude might cause it to tear [...]. But yeah, that was exciting. My parents had been at a summer bonspiel in Nelson, B.C. that week. Unfortunately, my sister had to get the call that I was in the hospital; then she had the duty to call my parents and bring them home. It worked out fine in the end. Later that fall or winter, I started to complete my lessons; after seven hours of flying, I worked up to the full 35 hours of flying. I continued to fly small planes and take additional training after that for about three years. But I ran out of money, because I went off to university and moved out of home and was self-supporting – flew the coop in more ways than one. But I ran out of money and, embarrassingly, I went to seek a student loan. They asked me what I needed the money for, and I said, "Well, I'd like to take my flying classes." They said, "No, we can't support you in that." So I quit flying, at least for the time, and years later took up sailing instead.

So that's up to university. Jasper Place, going back to Jasper Place and the high school, it was an interesting year. As I say, I remember high school primarily from an air cadet point of view and the adventure that it was for me there. But I participated in a number of school things. I don't know how to say this part, but there was what they call streaming going on in high school that year. I'm not sure if it's practised today, it probably is somewhat. I didn't really understand it at the time. One step aside... because this was a major and the first composite high school in Jasper Place, and it was such a big deal, they recruited a new principal from Ontario, Bernie Keeler, who also became the president of the Alberta Teachers Association years later. Bernie Keeler was the principal, he was fairly strict and had a major responsibility for all these teachers,

and I'm not sure how many classrooms we had altogether in the school. There were about four or five in each grade at least, maybe more. One class was of essentially the brightest students, and I wasn't in that class to start with. I had a different homeroom teacher, but I guess I did fairly well academically. I was not a bright student in that sense, because I didn't like to work hard. But I did apply myself a bit more in Grade 10, and a few of us from one Grade 10 classroom got moved into the other Grade 11 classroom with the smart kids, is the way a few of us looked at it. So I would call myself kind of an average – 70 or 75 percent is where I would like to perform on average – but all these other people, like Barrie and Bev Etherington, the class valedictorian, Melanie Nichols – there was a lot of them. But a few of us worked hard and we did well. We had probably the best teachers, too. I remember from high school Mrs. Laws taught Math 30 and Math 31. She was a really good disciplinarian, didn't take any guff from students. I think all of us really respected her. There was a Physics teacher which I really liked, Mr. Evans. Our homeroom teacher was Mr. Gates, who taught Chemistry at all levels. He was a very nice elderly gentleman who I had contact with after high school a few times and visited. My English teacher, which Barrie and I both had, was Mr. Ed Dale. He was, I think, the first Black teacher that I'd ever had. He was from Jamaica. He'd got a master's degree in English from England. He taught Geography and English and he also did things like theatre and [other extracurricular activities too]. He also created a high school literary work called *The Quill*, which may have been mentioned in the previous interview. No? Okay, I think Barrie had contributions to *The Quill*, and might have been the editor for it [...]. But I remember that I, as part of the Geography class, [wrote] a paper that Ed Dale [...] asked me to submit. So I did. He offered a few changes and gave it back to me and asked me to revise it again and gave it back to me. I think I did this four times. The fourth time or the fifth time he gave it back to me, I lost interest in publishing in *The Quill*. I never returned it to him. I don't think he ever mentioned that to me, or maybe he said something like, "Oh, I missed your paper in *The Quill* edition." But several students had the opportunity, and I think it was a very good exercise, in retrospect. I had very good teachers and competition, so I worked hard and became studious and got through it. Other sports, I played badminton and was on badminton teams. We also had a chess club there; that went quite well. I can't remember any others. Oh, track and field, yeah, I used to run track

and field. So those kinds of things, but mostly individual sports – volleyball as well, yeah, noncontact sports.

Q: Can you tell us about the building itself?

KN: Jasper Place Composite High School really was big, it was a big school. Quite astounding for all of us wandering around the place. We had two large gymnasiums I think, one of them that had a divider in it. There was also... it was called a composite high school because it had various trades in it. There was automotives, I'm not sure about welding, but other things like that; carpentry, that's right, carpentry. Grade 9, I took grade 9 carpentry and built two sides of a bookcase that were the same left side. My carpentry teacher wasn't very pleased with the waste of mahogany. But, yes, it was a very big school and had all those things. I was annoyed in some respects that I really wasn't allowed to take about five years of education there, because I wanted to do automotives and some of those other trades as well. But you can't do it all. There was theatre programs, it was quite amazing. I think I was also on the graduation planning committee; I might have a mental block over that. And there is a little bit of a connection to current history in that, when I was in high school, well, I didn't have a steady girlfriend. In elementary school in grade 3 or 4 at Canora we had dance classes, so we took square dancing, basic things -- allemande left and swing your partner around, do si do, allemande left, etc. There was one tiny little girl – I wasn't very tall myself – but her name was Helen. She was my partner in square dancing. When it came to "Swing your partner around and around," I would be able to swing her right off her feet and around and around we'd go. She didn't particularly like that, but I did; it was a lot of fun. But I really didn't see Helen until back in grade 10, 11, 12 at the Composite High School because of different paths and where I'd moved to the south part of Jasper Place. Those guys who lived in the northern parts had gone to different junior highs than what I had gone to, Barrie being the exception, coming down to Lynnwood. But by grade 10, all the students in Jasper Place that were in high school were coming to the Composite High School, so we regathered. Lo and behold, Helena was in our smart classroom, because she was one of the smartest. She was unattached and I think she was on the [graduation planning]

committee as well. I asked Helena to be my date for the grad in grade 12. We had a good grad, and we went out to somebody's cabin late at night after the grad and stood around a campfire and talked. I don't know if we drank some beer or not, I don't think so. Anyways, when I think back on it, I hope she enjoyed the evening. I remember a pleasant evening with her, and I remembered the pleasant times of being in elementary school with her. Unfortunately, she's not with us today; she died early. But she's left a fantastic legacy for us in that one of her daughters is in the federal government these days.

Q: That would be Helena Chomiak?

KN: Yes, [Halyna] Chomiak. She went from being Helen [...] to [Helena to Halyna as she moved closer to her family's Ukrainian roots over time] [...]. But yeah, it was amazing. So a very blessed upbringing for myself -- and experiences.

Q: And in university?

KN: I had great hopes for myself in university. I was really interested -- and I still am -- really interested in Physics. I did very well in Physics in high school and it was great, I just loved it. I enjoyed Chemistry [and] I did okay in Chemistry, but I'd be more interested in Chemistry today than I was in high school. I didn't do Biology, unfortunately, because you only had to take two out of three sciences at the time for matriculation. I did okay in the Maths -- I took both Math 30 and Math 31, which is Trigonometry. So I had a good background and achieved honours status with some work. But it was work for me. At university, I entered in the honours Physics program, which was a four-year instead of the standard three-year Physics degree, because I really wanted to be a physicist and study atomic physics. It still interests me today, scientific theory in that area. But by the third year of Physics, it was all deep mathematics. I'd lost track of the physical world in this process. I really should've been in Engineering, I think, in retrospect. One class I actually failed, and I didn't like that on my record, so I went back the second year to redo that class. It was a Physics course that was taught one year by the Math department and

the next year by the Engineering department. The year that it was taught by the Math department, I failed. I took it over again, but of course I'd practised by then. But the engineer said, "You know, this equation describes the distribution of heat on a steel plate from hot to cold." I said, "Oh, that makes sense to me, I understand this stuff." And I passed the course okay, so I feel I redeemed myself in that. But during that year, I dropped out of honours Physics and went back as a "special" student [...]. I took my first Computer Science course, which was fairly new at the University of Alberta; the Department of Computing Science had been established just in the previous year or two. I discovered programming. It was just a massive puzzle to solve in how to write these programs. What was really interesting is that the standard language being taught – and this might make sense to some of your viewers – is Fortran as a language, and there are a couple of other languages. One of the graduates at U of A was Ken Iverson from Camrose, where he grew up. Ken was a mathematician and scientist, worked for IBM in their computing area. Born in Camrose, PhD, [then a] research scientist for IBM. He developed what's called APL, which stands for A Programming Language. This programming language consists of a whole bunch of hieroglyphics – little triangles that are this shape or upside down, circles, dots, crazy things, summation signs, the mathematical language. This language required a special Selectric typewriter which had a round ball with all the letters on it and the special symbols. You used a Selectric and the ball, and you'd type these symbols, it would bang bang bang away. That was in the class that I learned how to program in. Not Fortran, not this weird language Fortran that you had to punch cards to take them to somebody and leave in a box, and then you come back hours later and get it with a listing that says, "You punched this card wrong," and you had to re-punch that one card, take it back and wait maybe another day to get it back. Computing power was very scarce. But us lucky people in that class that was being taught... it wasn't being taught by Ken Iverson; he was down in White Plains, New York, as I understand it, doing his research. But because he'd come through the U of A, they developed a special relationship with IBM. IBM had provided the computing power to the U of A, and we got to use these Selectric typewriters that [...] printed these codes and programs, and when you hit the return key, you right away got this message that says, "That's wrong." So you would fix that very easily, and press the return button, and bang again; within two or three seconds, "That's wrong." So you

got instant feedback, and it gave me anxiety because you got feedback too fast. I couldn't keep up to this machine. Those Selectric typewriters were connected to one of the largest IBM computers of the day in White Plains, New York. That was the online processing of computer back in 1964, '65. There was a memory called a drum memory, which was about that big around and about this deep. It would contain half a megabyte of data, so a half megabyte would fit there; now we have terabytes like this of data. So I was on the forefront of IT in that sense. It was great, I learned this language and I didn't know anything about punch cards for another two years. So I was on the forefront of interactive computing, fell in love with it. The mathematical symbols were what I'd already learned over the past three or four years. I could solve physics-type problems and all that kind of stuff. So I became enamoured. After graduating with a BSc with a Physics major, I signed up to work for Control Data Canada, which was a competitor to IBM in Canada. They haven't lasted but were at the forefront of very large computers at the time, being able to create super computers that competed with IBM's largest computers at the time. I worked for them for two years. I went down to [Toronto], they sent me from Calgary – I was hired in Calgary to work because they had sold a computer to the University of Calgary; unfortunately, that deal fell through – they'd sent me away [to Toronto] to do some training. They didn't tell me that the job had fallen through in Calgary, but they kept me there for three months asking me if I would like to move to Toronto or Montreal. I said, "No, I want to go back to Calgary." Then they finally said, "Ken, we have a job for you in Toronto or a job for you in Montreal, or we don't have a job for you. What would you choose?" I chose Montreal and worked there for two years, then came back to University of Edmonton and got a master's degree in computer science. Then I taught Computer Science at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia for two years, which was great. That was a result of meeting a PhD student, a fellow who had come from Germany to teach at St. FX. St. FX had said, "Ernst, if you go get a PhD, we'll pay for it and you can come back and teach for us." Ernst recruited me to go teach because he couldn't get back there on time; he hadn't completed his PhD, so they needed an instructor. I found out later I was his third choice to go; the other two had declined the invitation. But I knew what I was getting into because I'd been down to Nova Scotia about a year or so before that to visit my sister, who had been living in Montreal and had

taken a holiday down there. So I really enjoyed teaching at St. FX. But my first wife and I got pregnant while she was down there, and the homing instinct set in, so we moved back to Alberta and settled in Calgary. Then I worked there for 25 or more years and settled down there until basically retirement. I now live in Victoria, B.C. since 2014, so coming up to 10 years. I've had a very successful career in IT and been very pleased. I got into a lot of consulting and enjoyed it.

Barry: How about the MBA?

KN: Do you want me to mention that too? Well, I like studying things. I went through the whole process of being a programmer and then a supervisor for programmers, then consulting and management consulting. I was always interested in learning more. I enrolled in night classes to do a nighttime MBA program at the University of Calgary. I had to drop out of that because work and raising two kids at the time just got to be too much, so I put it aside. I have a daughter who was born in 1975 and a second daughter who was born in 1979. That was a bit of a handful. But my first marriage fell apart after 19 years. I took a leave of absence from the working world at that time and went back to do an MBA fulltime. I was able to consult in the summers and do the studies during the two years of the MBA program. So, I did complete an MBA but ended up going back into consulting and staying in it essentially before retiring. Then I took up sailing in Victoria. I wasn't sure whether I'd ever own a boat, but I've managed to own a 38-foot sailboat. Last year we circumnavigated Vancouver Island, so it's our biggest adventure to date. This year we're planning to go back up to the north end of Vancouver Island and keep on going and see how far we can actually get, as far north as we can go basically in Canada, let's put it that way. Other people out there have gone up to Alaska, and people do that, but we haven't set our sites on Alaska yet. So that's about where things are for me at the moment.

Q: Where were you living while you attended U of A?

KN: I guess I was living at home the first year. The second year I rented a basement suite with a friend, Mark Hobden, a basement suite in Belgravia just on the south side of U of A. The couple upstairs who owned the place had a baby that was colicky. That brings back a memory, which is I remember solving a problem in the night when the baby was up and making lots of noise. I had been working on some kind of mathematical problem, and the answer came, so I didn't begrudge the baby.

Q: What was transportation like getting to university and back?

KN: It was a bit of a problem. I know that my sister, who had gone to university for one or two years, did have a car so I probably had gotten rides that way. I don't recall significantly riding the bus a lot. But being out of home, I think, was the primary objective at that time, just being an independent adult. Being in Belgravia, it wasn't a significant problem. I did live further to the east from the university at another time and shared with a different friend, but I think he might've had an old jalopy by then and we used that.

Q: Do you have memories of streetcars?

KN: I do have memories of those, in that, very early on Jasper Place had its own bus system, the Diamond Bus Lines, which had, I think, a blue symbol, and ran in Jasper Place. We would catch the bus and take it over to 149th where there was a little circle and the termination and turnaround for the city bus. I do have vague memories of actual streetcars in Edmonton as a kid in the downtown area. They used to run over the High Level Bridge, which was great. So I can remember that part, but not much about it. Yeah, the city bus system and the Diamond Bus Lines

Q: Did your family have a car when you were growing up? Did you go to the Starlite?

KN: Of course. Yes, thank you, the Starlite was the major entertainment. So, yeah, we did have a car. It was an old 1957 Chevy. Yeah, Starlite was a favourite, the drive-in theatre down there. I was sorry to see it go. I felt really lucky to be in Lynnwood, though, because it was so close, it was closer to the Starlite, and it was still there at the time. So, yeah, we watched a lot of movies down at the Starlite theatre.

Q: Do you remember any changes that happened after the 1964 amalgamation?

KN: Because I was in kind of a new world by having moved to 163rd Street, there was a new normal that was established through that. I was leaving the country life behind. But I'll confess to having a nostalgia and a mourning period basically for, I think, five to ten years, after university or around that time. I would remember the experience that I had growing up. I just feel so fortunate that I was able to have that experience of the freedom of the farm. My mother came from a family of five [siblings] who were raised on a wheat farm in southeast Alberta. My dad, who initially grew up on a farm near Hanna in southeast Alberta, lived in a small town called Craigmyle down there. His dad died early and his mom with five kids had moved into this little town of Craigmyle, and that's how he was raised. So we would go down to Craigmyle, and my cousins and aunts and uncles who lived down there had wheat farms. So we would go down there on an annual basis and help out or visit and so forth. So I had this experience of the farming communities and the family communities who were farmers. Some of them of my dad and mom's age and those siblings had moved into Calgary and Edmonton and so on, and other major cities, so we got to see them and visit them in the cities in the west here. But several uncles and aunts remained on the farms until basically their retirement periods. Jasper Place gave me firsthand experience of animals. I grew up with the dogs and the damn rooster that used to chase me, and swings and climbing in trees and all that kind of thing. Yeah, when I think back to that period, it really was kind of a mourning period that I was having to become an adult. I didn't resist that, but I recognized my life was very blessed in that way.

Q: Do you remember store hours shifting around the time of the amalgamation?

KN: Not specifically. But stores were generally closed on Saturdays and Sundays back then. I think the opening until 9 o'clock or something was new. But that could've occurred later, I'm not sure about at the amalgamation time. There might've been an adjustment but, no, I don't recall specifically.

Q: Did your family shop in Jasper Place?

KN: Most of the shopping, the big things, were on 111th Avenue – Woodward's and the big shopping centre, Westmount Shopping Centre. The paving of Groat Road and so on was all a big development going on in the city at the time. Groat Road was quite new. My sister had an accident at the Groat Road circle with one of our neighbours from Jasper Place who was notoriously notorious. He was very nice when my sister got out of the car and saw who it was. But yeah, Jasper Place... I mean West Edmonton Mall is not very far from where I collected gophers as a kid. That wasn't even thought of at the time. Maybe it was thought of, but there wasn't much development right behind Jasper Place Composite High School. That was all brand-new stuff while we were still going to school there. There was the Catholic high school that was just north of there, and then there was a track and field track and stuff that were built between the two facilities, which, really, I never and I don't think our school used very much because we had our own at the time. So that was a new sort of communal track and field centre. I'm not even sure what it was called anymore, I don't recall.

Q: It was named the Johnny Bright Sports Field.

KN: Okay.

Barrie: I can remember in Grade 10 in Phys Ed we would do cross-country runs from the school going west through farmers' fields.

Q: Do you remember when the roads started to get paved?

KN: Not really. I guess, again, because I'd moved south of Stony Plain Road, I don't have a good memory. One of my best friends was a fellow by the name of Fred Shaw, who'd lived a couple houses down from us. I used to buddy around with him a lot. Then I moved south, and I didn't see Fred so often. Fred ended up going to Jasper Place Composite High School but by that time we'd been separated too long, and I never really re-established the friendship with Fred, unfortunately. He was running in a slightly different circle, which I didn't appreciate at the time either. But my memories of Jasper Place and 156th Street was that you just go north and you eventually get up to St. Albert, and that was miles and miles away. But we'd do that every once in a while when there was some reason to go up there. Walking south and so on, when it rained the ditches would get lots of water, and the mud and clay that was in there was so thick that I would go down and stick my boots in there and the mud would come right up to the high tops of the rubber boots and I couldn't get them out as a kid. I remember one day stepping out and taking my socks off and going barefoot and pulling the boot out finally to get it out, then walking home with boots that had all sorts of mud on them in order to clean them. It was that bad. I think my parents might've explained some time later that that's why we had to amalgamate. Jasper Place was known for its low taxes, but it lacked in services. I think Jasper Place ended up getting a new town hall somewhere in that period. But, yeah, it was a lot of growth taking place. I was in a good location to enjoy the development of the place.

Q: Did your farmland ever flood?

KN: No, I don't ever recall a flood specifically. I do recall tremendous thunderstorms out in the area at the time, and that was a little scary as a kid. But no, my best memories are of the trees. Unfortunately, in clearing the rocks, there's a whole bunch of small rocks piled up under these poplar trees, and I did hurt myself once in a while falling out of the tree, fortunately nothing that seems to have lasted, unless your opinion is different.

Q: I won't ask about your experience with Chemistry.

KN: Oh, geez Barrie. Is there a statute of limitations?

Q: Is there anything else you'd like to talk about?

KN: Well one thing that I have here that we touched on earlier was the neighbours. We were such a blend in the whole community. Gordon de Jong was a friend of mine who I met in grade 6; we became fast buddies. Gordon was a year older than me because his family had moved from Holland and settled in Jasper Place. They were right near the Glendale School. Gordon joined Air Cadets with me at the time. Gordon learned to fly; he flew the year before I flew. I think he was the first from the 699 squadron, and Gordon became a Snowbird. He progressed through the Canadian navy first of all, because he never completed high school. His dad was a butcher for Maple Leaf or something, a big packing plant in the northeast of Edmonton.

Gordon's dad was a butcher who ended up cutting his arm badly enough that Gordon had to go to work, and Gordon's older brother had to go to work to help support the family. So Gordon ended up joining the navy. He couldn't join the air force because he didn't have a high school diploma. But he was an air traffic controller for the navy; he went out to Vancouver. He wanted to learn to fly and the navy said, "Well, we don't have the same restriction; we'll train you as a helicopter pilot." So Gordon became a helicopter pilot and then he transferred to the Canadian Air Force and he was so adept he became a Snowbird and was flying with the Snowbirds. Again, I lost a good friend because Gordon crashed his plane in Grande Prairie. The plane broke up while he was at low level and he lost his life, unfortunately. But there's some really good people that came out of Jasper Place. It was quite the melting pot with all sorts of people. It was great that way. I don't know if you want me to say anything more about my dad, but I do have a couple more notes.

Q: Sure.

KN: You might already have it here, but just his history, where he started. I see that there's a mention here of his veteran of WWII and the last mayor of the town. So yes, as I mentioned, he was the janitor at the school, is how I first remember my dad. Did I say something about the winter ride to school? I didn't mention that? So, from where we lived on 156th Street, it wasn't too far really to school. Dad would walk to school and I guess Sharon and I would walk in the summertime. But when the snow came and it got really cold, like minus 30 or so degrees, dad would take Sharon and I on a sleigh to school, but he'd put a cardboard box over us. He'd tow this cardboard box on the sleigh to school so we wouldn't freeze. So that was a unique experience that I can still remember. I think it was Harold Stone was the first mayor, I think that's his name. He owned the Stone's Motel on Stony Plain Road. I did cover that dad went through the process of being a councillor and then became an alderman for the City, where he lasted for 19 years of service as an alderman for the City of Edmonton. He was voted in six or seven times and retired while he was still in office. He was interested in civic affairs. One thing that I made a note of was to try to... the development appeal board I think is the term – the provincial development appeal board. After dad had left his responsibilities as an alderman, he continued to serve the province and became the chairman of Alberta's development appeal board. He would travel throughout the province from time to time up and down between Edmonton and Calgary to hear the special cases when there was objections or reassessments.

Q: So this was during his work as an alderman with Edmonton after amalgamation?

KN: Yes.

Q: That was the 19 years you spoke about?

KN: Yes, he was an actual City alderman at that time for the 19 years. . . . The area of Jasper Place was a strong supporter of him even when it went to the ward system, which was a new feature for the city at the time. So, yeah, he enjoyed working and made a lot of contacts. He had mentioned to me in his later years that people would come up to him and compliment him and

thank him for what he'd done in addressing their issue, and he couldn't remember who they were exactly. So he would be very polite and thank them for their thank you. But, yeah, he served people. He'd learned various techniques. He told me once that, when he was in Jasper Place as the mayor of Jasper Place, a fellow phoned up at about 2 to 3 a.m. in the morning after a night of drinking or something and complained about how the road was in such shoddy shape for him. My dad said, "Well, I will look into that, Mr. Smith, and I'll get back to you as soon as I can." So my dad phoned Mr. Smith the next day at 3 a.m. and gave him his answer.

Q: He must have had really good people skills.

KN: He did. He was a very good storyteller. I learned about that when I was a kid because my dad, when he grew up in the prairies, he hunted for small game or game birds. He learned how to shoot, shot off the end of one of his fingers climbing through a fence with the shotgun, and the barrel had jammed or something and blew out. But he hunted for game. He taught me how to hunt as well for upland game and ducks and geese. Sorry, I'm losing my train of thought, Don. But he was a good provider. He knew people quite well. He enjoyed talking to people immensely. He was a taxi driver and a bartender, did all sorts of things like that in order to survive during the early '50s and '40s. He'd also worked as a messenger for the U.S. government taking messages by rail up to Alaska during the war. He said he didn't know exactly what he was doing, but he had this ability, or had the job, and was trusted enough to take messages of some sort on the railways. He never did really find out exactly what he was doing, I don't think. But he was interested in boxing, loved to watch the fights. He always watched Muhammad Ali, for example. In fact, that was really kind of one of his dreams as an adult was to meet Muhammad Ali, and it happened, it came to pass. He was a boxing commissioner, promoted boxing in the city, and he was able to get Muhammad Ali up here for a boxing match, not as a boxer, but as a celebrity to promote boxing. Muhammad Ali ended up giving him this nice red set of boxing gloves that were signed. I have this picture of my dad and Muhammad Ali with the gloves, and my dad's got the silliest grin I've ever seen. He was so happy. But he taught me to box early on, so I was a bit of a scrapper too. I can remember actually in Grade 6, it wasn't a boxing issue, but

there was a tall lanky kid who was quite a bit taller than me in Grade 6. We had this verbal contest as we were leaving school one day. I jumped up and grabbed the kid around the neck and we fell over into one of the shallow ditches outside the school, and unfortunately right in front of his home. I was hanging on for dear life on this kid and holding him to the ground when his mother came out and said, "You get off my son, you get off my son." I remember getting up, and I'm not sure who I was with, but we all laughed heartily as we headed off and felt sorry for the guy that I had held onto the ground because he was going to be embarrassed at school the next day.

[...]

[END]