

Montgomery Place Memories

I attended the Memorial Cup Games in Red Deer this past May and wore a poppy for the opening ceremonies to commemorate the Cup and what it represented. They honored the Military Veterans and the pageantry took me home and how Montgomery Place was founded. Veterans returning home from WW2 being allowed to purchase property under Veterans Land Association (VLA). The early days when we were in the RM of Cory not the City of Saskatoon. Cst. Riemer t RM Cop who would have been more the a little surprised at my career choice.

Most of all I remember the friendships and families where the doors were never locked and children were always welcome.

Snippets

Merle, I remember your father coaching with Bud Quinn, always well dressed with a tie and fedora. I remember him trying to teach me how to play hockey and baseball and the many looks of confusion on his face when I didn't get it. Later in life I realized the look wasn't confusion but frustration. I coached hockey and baseball for many years and thought of his style of coaching often, which I feel would still work today.

The Gent family, Doug and me being the youngest having our older brothers as best friends Brian and Barry our seniors and Art the oldest, when home always dropping in to say hello to my mother and the smile it always brought to her face. Doug and me being more the outdoors sports type hunting with Bow and Arrow, fishing, camping and cross country skiing. The bike trips to Pike Lake on the old road, or anywhere there was the hint of a trail.

The Thompson family, playing touch football in the vacant lot beside the Williams' family home across the street from Ken. I remember Mrs. Thompson delivering mail to acreages winter and summer. I remember asking her how she got the mail and taking me to their basement where she showed me her sorting area. The miles she walked and the time she always took to say hello

The Backs, being invited in on a warm summer day for cold homemade root beer, as I remember, the best I ever drank. Sitting at their table just like one of the family. That's the way it was, everyone looked out for each other, parents shared the deeds of all the kids good or bad with the other parents not out spite but out of a sense of caring.

I remember the Saturday night parties when the parents 10 to 12 couples at least, after a long week of work would get together with pot luck and a bottle of hooch. Sing the songs of the day and tell stories of the war. I would lay in bed and hear the chatter and laughter falling asleep with ease as all the vibes in the house were so positive.

The Riddles family store, Howard having to stock shelves while I was just generally being a pain in the ass. Mom ordering groceries every Saturday and having them delivered. Walking home from MRCI and usually stopping for a soft drink before the final leg home. I remember them always taking the time and asking how I was doing as they did with all their customers.

The Winslow family that lived kitty corner to us, the girls being younger than me, Burt and Dad were good friends. Linda, later on becoming Miss Teen Canada, I remember that specifically because I was in basic training. We watch the pageant on TV and I mentioned that I new her growing up, I was hazed for lying.

Kilborns' Store at the other end of Montgomery Place, biking there for an ice cream cone on a warm summer evening, walking or biking through the wheat field behind the store

'The Park' winter or summer the hub of the area for all of us. Endless shinny games of hockey during the winter and baseball and hoops all summer. The public skating with music almost every night with a different volunteer parent helping the younger kids tie their skates. By the end of winter, the snow behind the boards was higher than the boards.

Montgomery School, from the first class rooms to it's final expansion. I remember being on the roof one with others who will remain unnamed, asking what these wires were for, as it turned out they controlled the Air Raid Siren which up close was really loud. My father did not see the humor in my need to evaluate the system, 2 minutes in the penalty box, I'm sure he took a ribbing from the other dads as there were very few secrets in Montgomery Place.

I remember playing golf on the boulevards on the way up to your place, then moving over to the park where I had more room, Sammy Snead Blue Rig wooden shafted clubs. The beauty of Montgomery Place was there was room to do anything, and we did almost everything.

I remember being very young and going out to the bush and camping, having an open fire, food and a blanket. My first cooking experience with a can of beans, who new you had to have a hole in the top of the can before putting it on the fire, when it exploded there were beans everywhere, Ric's first buffet, no utensils required.

I can still go up and down Caen, Ortona and Dieppe Streets, see the houses and who lived in them. I remember the parents and how safe I always felt, and how they all looked after us. I was a very naïve kid and as I look back all the parents were great listeners. The mentorship of my youth wasn't put into practice until later in life when my early role models had taught listen first, be patience and understanding, all making me a

better investigator. Montgomery Place was a special place for me and I have used it for stories and lectures many times over the year, I was blessed to grow up in a very special place surrounded by great people. I am looking forward the gathering in September.



Ric and friends



Fabian home