INFORMATION TO USERS

This manuscript has been reproduced from the microfilm master. UMI films the text directly from the original or copy submitted. Thus, some thesis and dissertation copies are in typewriter face, while others may be from any type of computer printer.

The quality of this reproduction is dependent upon the quality of the copy submitted. Broken or indistinct print, colored or poor quality illustrations and photographs, print bleedthrough, substandard margins, and improper alignment can adversely affect reproduction.

In the unlikely event that the author did not send UMI a complete manuscript and there are missing pages, these will be noted. Also, if unauthorized copyright material had to be removed, a note will indicate the deletion.

Oversize materials (e.g., maps, drawings, charts) are reproduced by sectioning the original, beginning at the upper left-hand corner and continuing from left to right in equal sections with small overlaps.

Photographs included in the original manuscript have been reproduced xerographically in this copy. Higher quality 6" x 9" black and white photographic prints are available for any photographs or illustrations appearing in this copy for an additional charge. Contact UMI directly to order.

Bell & Howell Information and Learning
300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1346 USA
800-521-0600

University of Alberta

The Soldier In My Classroom

by

Donald Robert Shaw 

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Education

Department of Secondary Education

Edmonton, Alberta

Fall, 1999

University of Alberta

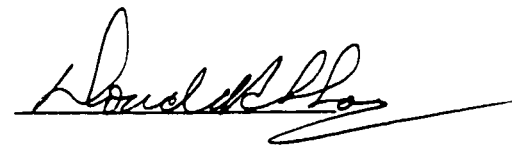
Library Release Form

Name of Author: Donald Robert Shaw

Title of Thesis: The Soldier In My Classroom

Degree: Master of Education

Year this Degree Granted: 1999



99-09-28.

12 Greenwood Crescent
Spruce Grove, Alberta
T7X 1Y5

University of Alberta

Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research

The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research for acceptance, a thesis entitled The Soldier In My Classroom submitted by Donald Robert Shaw in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Education.

Dr. Maryanne Doherty-Poirier, Ph.D.

Dr. D. Jean Clandinin, Ph.D.

Dr. Max van Manen, Ph.D.

Dr. Jose da Costa, Ph.D.

DEDICATION

To the memory of my younger brother, John Edwin Shaw, who was an honours student through most of his school years, but never met his potential. He was great at Drafting and Art, loved acting, car driving, dancing, James Bond trivia, martial arts, and worked for 17 years as a letter carrier. He was delivering the mail when a careless dump truck driver lost control of his vehicle and a pup trailer full of sand flipped over and crushed the life out of him, Thursday, August 13th, 1992. *"We don't come with any guarantees. We never know how much time we have."*

And

To the memory of all the great teachers, may their stories be told and retold.

ABSTRACT

The author was an Industrial Arts, Industrial Education and Career and Technology Studies teacher in Alberta for 26 years, during which time he taught regular and special education students in junior and senior high school. In this narrative inquiry the author reflects on his multiple careers as student, soldier, worker in industry, and teacher in an attempt to explain how and why he became a teacher, what kind of teacher he was, what he accomplished as a teacher, and what he learned from the experience.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To all my former teachers and instructors from whom I have borrowed freely. To Dr. Maryanne Doherty-Poirier for accepting to be my advisor, enabling my return to university on short notice, and pointing me in the direction of a method. To Dr. D. Jean Clandinin for her constant efforts on behalf of all teachers, the teaching profession, and education in general; and personally for her acceptance, encouragement, clarification of method, for her many suggestions and extensive assistance in editing, and especially for telling me to "keep writing" when things were not going well. To Dr. Max van Manen and Dr. Jose da Costa for their willingness to serve on my committee and their patience throughout all the attempts at finding a common date for the oral defence.

To Karen Whelan and Janice Huber for reading and commenting on large quantities of my writing, when I was in need of a confidence booster. To all my fellow students who gave me feedback and encouragement. To Ann Atchison, Dianne Conrad, Marilyn Huber, Gary Jones, Nancy Langford, Stephan Leppard, Mary McGregor, Debbie Pushor, Gayl Sarbit, Iris Xu, and all the other people in the reading and writing groups, the story groups, and the works-in-progress groups.

And finally to my wife and family for the help and attention they did without, throughout the years of teaching, the last two years during the Master's program, and in particular while writing this thesis.

SYMBOLS, ABBREVIATIONS AND CONVENTIONS

When using Military abbreviations I follow the military pattern of putting the abbreviation first without using periods, followed by the meaning of the abbreviation in brackets. Civilian names use the standard method of placing the name first followed by the abbreviation in brackets including periods if used.

I use italics to represent, to the best of my recollection, what I was thinking at the time the incident being described occurred. I use single quotation marks to represent common military expressions, industrial jargon, and other special words or phrases which had significant meaning in the context of the writing or in the context of the event being described.

Some names are actual names used with permission and others are pseudonyms used to protect the innocent. Where I have used a first and a last name for a student, it is because I taught more than one student with the same first name and I felt the need to differentiate.

Table of Contents

INTRODUCTION

Neil, the principal, walked us down to the far north end of the west hall, stopped, turned left, and proudly unlocked the door. We saw a large, mostly empty space, intended to be a two-teacher, multiple-activity, junior high school, Industrial Arts laboratory. The space was subdivided into two main areas. Around the periphery, clockwise from the doorway where we still stood, open-mouthed, I saw a finishing room, a large material storage room, a hot metal casting area, an engine running room, a darkroom, a small storage room, a conference room, and semi-centrally located, an office. There were six workbenches, four built-in bookshelves, and one long cabinet with a sink at the far end. The only major piece of equipment on site was an ABDick 324, table model, offset press. That was, September 1972, my introduction to teaching in a public school.

When it became obvious in the spring of 1997 that I would probably retire at the end of the year, I started to reflect on my years in Industrial Arts, Industrial Education, and Career and Technology Studies, and to ask myself, "Why did I become a teacher, how did I become the teacher I was, how and why did I do what I have done, and what have I accomplished?" Later, with the decision made and the end of June fast approaching, I decided I would return to university to pursue a Master of Education degree. To many this would seem quite odd, to retire from teaching and then go back to university. To me however, this was quite logical. I had for many years voiced the opinion that when I had gained enough experience I would like to teach at university, to help prepare new teachers for the Career and Technology Studies program. After twenty-five years I thought I had finally gained enough experience. I was only 53. I thought I still had a few good years left.

On a Tuesday evening in my second year, as we neared the end of the allotted class time, the assignment for the next week was given, "Write about the storytellers in your life. Answer the question, who are your storytellers? Your personal storytellers? Those who teach you about education?" As I thought how interesting and intriguing the question was,

names quickly ran through my mind. As I drove home I started making a mental list of the storytellers in my life. My list grew into several lists and became as long as some people's stories of their storytellers. I realized my life has always been filled with storytellers. Some told short anecdotes, some had favorite expressions, some told of their lives, and some told jokes and humorous stories. For some the stories were told to motivate; for some stories were part of their instructional methods, by telling of real life experiences to introduce a lesson or to prepare students for learning; and for others stories were for recreation and entertainment, just for fun. For all, stories were part of their personality, part of their lives.

Even when I shortened my list of storytellers to only those who had a major influence on my life as a teacher, my list was still considerable. Upon reflecting on forty-one years of instructing and teaching in various formal, organized, and structured environments, there have been a great many people who have influenced who I am and how I performed as a teacher.

I reorganized my list of storytellers into groups or categories so I could better understand the sources and degree of influence. The major groups of storytellers in my life include: immediate family, extended family, and friends of the family; schoolmates, teachers, army cadets, and cadet instructors; industrial workers, soldiers, militia and regular army instructors; university students, and professors; my students, fellow teachers, and presenters at conferences and conventions. I recounted stories from all of these groups. Many of their stories have become part of my story. I realize I have lived in, and am living in, a storied society; and in that context, a life, my life is an accumulation of stories. I am an accumulator and teller of stories.

This then is *my* story of *my journey* into and through a quarter-century of teaching in public schools—the experiences that made me the teacher I am, my lessons as a teacher, and what has happened to that teacher since retirement that still plays out 'as a life of teaching', 'as a life in teaching', 'in a life of teaching'. One of the many ways a story of a life may be told.

CHAPTER 1

"Building A Foundation: Stories of Family."

The phone call told him, 'it' was out again. He said, he would be right there! When he arrived home the garage door was open; and there, up that same old telephone pole, was his latest project, an adolescent black bear. He went and stood at the base of the pole, called the bear by name, and told it. it had better come down, right now, if it knew what was good for it. The bear moaned and complained as it backed down the pole. As it hit bottom, it was cuffed across the nose, grabbed by the ear, and told to get back in the garage. It went without further incident. He closed the door, gave his children hell for allowing the bear to get out, and went back to work.

This and other similar stories were frequently told about one of my grandfathers long before my birth. I started collecting stories from the time I was born during World War II, when four uncles, one aunt, and my father served overseas; and another two uncles served in Canada.

Both grandfathers were tradesmen. Born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England in 1878, Grampa Shaw was indentured to his step father at the age of 12, and a journeyman machinist at sixteen. As a young man he believed in building a solid physique and being physically fit. He did a little boxing and loved to run, once beating the British sprint champion in a 100 yard dash. He also learned to play the violin very well, developed a cultured interest in classical music and saw "the Great Caruso" break a wine glass with the power and control of his voice during a live performance. He tried to enlist in the Army during World War I, as had his half-brother; but was refused because he was a machinist in a shipbuilding yard and deemed to be involved in a vital war industry. Instead, by the time the war ended, he had trained over 240 women to be machinists. With his family, he immigrated to Canada in 1922 and rapidly moved west where employment was supposedly better. It was for a while, but at times during the depression he worked three jobs: part time

as a machinist (job sharing): selling Watkins products door to door: and teaching violin lessons. For short times there were other jobs no one seems to remember now, while he tried to keep his wife and seven children clothed, housed and fed. After working for the Edmonton Transit System for many years he retired briefly only to be recalled because of his ability to machine the journal boxes for the streetcars which were still in use at the time. He eventually retired for good at the age of 76. The next seven years, until his death in 1961, were spent with many hours devoted to his hobbies of photography, playing the violin for personal enjoyment, and regularly visiting his many sons, daughters and grandchildren.

One of my dad's favourite stories of his father was when Grampa decided to build a door for the coal bin. Being a machinist he took two quick measurements, at 90 degrees to one another, and proceeded to build a perfectly square wooden door. When he tried mounting it in the opening, it wouldn't fit. For the next hour, while he planed his perfect door to fit the out-of-square opening, he cursed the idiot who could not build a proper coal bin with a proper (square) opening.

Gramma Shaw died when I was very young. My only memories are of a very kind and gentle woman who cooked very large semi-formal dinners for the entire Shaw family after Sunday Mass at St. Alphonses church and gave us funny shaped spoons to play with in the sandbox. I later learned, from my mother-in-law who had similar spoons, that they were real silver and had been worn to a strange flat on one side of the tip by lots of stirring in mixing bowls.

Jack McGaffin, my maternal grandfather, was born in Ireland, we are not sure when. A carpenter by trade he immigrated to Canada and worked his way west on the CNR in 1913. His hobbies included raising canaries in cages, prize tomatoes in the greenhouse, and bears in the garage. Because of his strong interest in nature he eventually became the superintendent of the exhibition grounds and was responsible for starting the first Edmonton Zoo and planting most of the trees in Borden Park. I have three visions of

Grampa McGaffin: sitting in the corner of the kitchen, kind of tucked out of the way; carrying a small bag of candy in his suit jacket pocket for the children he might meet on his daily rounds in the exhibition grounds; and giving grandchildren rides on his foot, something he called a 'ronk-a-tinky'. The strongest memory I have is the day he took me on a tour of the zoo. That day I saw several small birds take bread crumbs from his lips, he took a monkey out of its cage and allowed it to check his hair for lice, and he walked into the cage with the biggest black bear that I ever saw. The bear stood on its hind legs while Grampa talked to him. It was obvious to me that the bear, one of several he had raised from a cub before placement in the zoo, recognized and remembered him. The bear then dropped back down on all fours, Grampa patted him on the head, said goodbye and without concern turned his back on the bear and let himself out of the cage. Grampa died 'in harness' while at work one day when I was in grade one. Two hay wagons, heaped with flowers, were part of the funeral procession.

I was born on Gramma McGaffin's birthday. As a result some say I had a special place in her heart. I cannot really say for sure, although she did confide in me what her real age was when she would not admit it to anyone else. Mable, or Mrs. J. as she was known to others, married early and gave birth to ten children, nine of whom survived. She suffered through much of her life from eczema which at its worst would cover most of her body and cause her hands and feet to split open and bleed. She tired of mothering early, but having a large family made it possible for her to conscript the girls to perform the great majority of the household chores.

In addition to cooking, cleaning and laundry, my mother was required to take care of her two youngest siblings. This meant that from the time they were born she took almost total care of them, except for when she was in school. The youngest, Sam, thought Mom 'was his mother' and created such a fuss when Mom left for school that Gramma eventually demanded Mom leave school after grade seven to take on full time care of Sam as well as a greater role in the operation of the household. Mom often commented that most

of her childhood was taken away from her. Now, she is easily angered when she hears of some nephew, niece, or grandchild being required to look after younger children. She says, "It's just not right!"

Mom often repeated stories of her experience of the wartime years before Dad went overseas. They moved a lot, too many times, as far as Mom was concerned, Edmonton to Camrose, Camrose to Calgary, Calgary to Camrose, back to Edmonton, back and forth, back and forth, over and over again. Dad was a very good instructor. Everyone said so. Each platoon of recruits gave him a present at the end of every course. After each platoon of men Dad helped train left for elsewhere, he was told he would have to train another group. He would register his dissatisfaction, with not getting overseas, by going AWL (Absent Without Leave). He would be charged, fined, reduced in rank to Private for a few days, re-appointed Lance-Corporal, and after a couple weeks promoted to Corporal again. Mom took great pride in taking care of Dad's uniform. With every change in rank she would remove or sew on the appropriate badges. She thought of putting snaps or zippers on his stripes, they were on and off so often, and she felt she was being punished as much as Dad. Many years later, while living in military housing, she was inspected and graded on the cleanliness and condition of the stove, fridge, and the rest of the house. She always got top marks. She 'served' in the army too.

Dad finally made it overseas, and Mom, pregnant with me, moved back home to the 'big house'—the superintendent's residence—inside the fenced area of the exhibition grounds. There were many reasons. Mom did not have enough money to live on her own. Gramma's medical conditions were acting up—Jim and Bill, her two eldest sons were in the Navy; Mynn, the eldest daughter was in England with the CWAC (Canadian Women's Army Corps); Tom, next oldest, was overseas with the Artillery—so it was up to Mom, next in line, to take care of her mother. And, hopefully, if Mom had any complications with her pregnancy, there would be someone around to help her out.

They tell the story of how I was named in the context of the rest of my family. My

older brother was the first grandchild on both sides of the family. As a result he was named Thomas (for my Dad), James William (for Mom's two older brothers), John (for both Grandfathers and Dad's older brother). Mom sometimes said, "We weren't sure if we would have any more children. After all, there was a war on!" When I came along all the good names were already taken. For some reason Mom thought Donald was a good name and thought I should have at least one more but could not think of any. She was sitting in the kitchen looking at the stove while pondering her dilemma, and noticed the oven control knob 'Robertshaw'. The three names sounded all right together so I became Donald Robert Shaw. Now really I am quite lucky. I have known people who only ever had two names, a given name and their family name. Of course when your name is Beunifato Yowchasekewsky, who needs more than two. However, Don Shaw seems to be a fairly common name. By 1975 there were three Donald R. Shaws listed in the Edmonton phone book and I had received mail for each of the other two. There were four more Don Shaws, and an additional six D.R. Shaws. At the same time there was only one T.E. Shaw, my father, and one T.J.W.J. Shaw, my brother.

Because of my experience with names, we named our son Robert (my middle name), Heath (my wife's maiden name), Andrew (it made the names flow nicely), and David (because my wife said he just looked like a David when he was born). It is a fine mixture of Scottish and Welsh names and he is the only R.H.A.D. Shaw of whom we are aware. Five years later our daughter was born and we named her Meredith (a Welsh name we liked), Kathryn (a variation on Kathleen for my mom), and Arianwen (another Welsh name after a distant cousin who had stayed with us). The only M.K.A. Shaw! Now some people would say my daughter got cheated, she only got three names when my son got four. Well, I guess it depends on how you look at it. Meredith has one more letter in her names (27 including Shaw) as compared to David (26); and ten syllables as compared to only eight for David. So, as Mom used to say, "What you gain in the beans, you lose in the bananas."

Although our children's names are original they have, as a result, caused both of them some problems. Because David's first name is Robert but we call him David, he has had all sorts of mixtures on his mail, such as: David RHA, R. David, R. David H.A., and occasionally even R.H.A. David as he usually lists it. Meredith's problem is most people can't spell her names correctly and very few can pronounce Arianwen. On the positive side, neither child has received mail for someone else.

I was two years old before I saw my father for the first time upon his return from overseas. I used to claim, "I started my basic training at the age of two." I was joking, but there was a grain of truth in that statement. Dad trained recruits, young officers, and infantrymen from 1940 until 1943 before finally getting overseas. He trained vigorously in England for another year and a half before finally seeing combat and being wounded in Holland in January, 1945. An upbringing that emphasized "children should be seen and not heard," and having been around men—fighting men, soldiers—for so long, made it hard for Dad to treat us as just small children.

Living in my grandparents' home during the war, and near the exhibition grounds immediately after the war provided a rich environment for hearing stories, learning stories, and learning from stories. Many an evening's entertainment was spent with the extended family and many regular visitors playing cards and exchanging stories around the large dining room table in the 'big house'. Uncles and aunts ranged in age from teenagers to late twenties. The two youngest uncles in their early teens, along with many others, often looked out for my older brother and I, and helped to build a bridge to my parents' generation and beyond allowing us access to information, experiences, and relationships not normally available to young children. We were known throughout the area as Jack McGaffin's grandchildren and no matter where we wandered word of what we had been up to reached home before we did.

I remember my father telling stories at Christmas parties and other 'get togethers' at relatives' homes. He was frequently asked to tell a specific story even when everyone in

attendance knew the story from previous tellings. I had memorized most of Dad's stories by the time I was seven, even the ones which should not be told in polite company. Dad had a long repertoire of jokes, songs, and stories which made him the star performer for many years at family gatherings. Beyond the type of stories told strictly for entertainment, he told of his childhood: of uncle Cubby falling out of a tree while playing Tarzan; of living through the great depression, of riding the rails at age 15, of staying in 'hobo camps', of helping with the harvest in Saskatchewan, and of picking fruit in B.C. He told of his early working years, driving truck and working with Uncle Chet at Western Cartage; of moving pianos, and bags of puffed wheat on top of farm machinery (images that would have greater meaning for me, later, when I was working in warehouses); of training recruits during the war, of moving back and forth to Edmonton, Camrose, and Calgary several times; of working in the oil fields and driving bus for Edmonton Transit in the early 1950s; of life in the post-war army; and, on very rare occasions, about a limited number of his wartime experiences.

Dad believed that children should be exposed to alcohol at an early age. "It takes away, at least a part of, the mystique and, as a result," he believed, "children are less likely to drink heavily when they are older." In my case it worked. During the Christmas holidays in grade one, just a month after I had turned six, Mom and Dad hosted a small party in the basement suite where we were living at the time. Dad had given me some beer and several pieces of garlic sausage. I guess all the excitement, and lots of candy and nuts earlier, added to the effect. What I really remember was being violently ill later that night. To this day I cannot stand the smell of beer, and strongly spiced garlic sausage makes my stomach turn over. I think this is the strongest reason why I never took up drinking.

I was frequently reminded over the next few years of my family's involvement in the military. This was not done in any overt way, but it was there. I was told, "There has always been a Shaw in the army in every generation." I was definitely aware of my family's positive regard for military service. My father re-entered the Army twice during

peacetime and finally retired after 27 years as a soldier. My older brother joined Army Cadets when he turned 14 and was congratulated by the family for having done so. I joined Army Cadets at age 13, by special permission one year younger than normally allowed, to follow in the 'family tradition'. Within a year I was instructing other cadets and was given positions of responsibility. I obviously believed in tradition and service to my country. I experienced a sense of duty and obligation at an early age.

At some point we started calling Dad 'Father Bear' and later referred to him as 'the Griz' or just 'Griz', short for the grizzly bear, because of his unpredictable disposition. As a result Mom got labelled 'Mother Bear' and as her hair slowly turned to grey, she became 'Silver Tip'. We also called her 'the human snowplow', because of her unparalleled exploits with shovel and scrapper. We teased about buying her a hard hat with a flashing light on top and a black and yellow sandwich board, so other vehicles would stay out of her way. Later, I would be called 'son of snowplow', by my friends, because I treated snow shovelling as an aerobic exercise.

Just as I was about to give up on an article on May Sarton's Memoirs (Heilbrun, 1990, p. 195), I was hooked by the idea of the 'guardian angel' because many times throughout my life, I felt I had a guardian angel watching over me. The concept of and belief in a 'guardian angel', I am sure, was implanted by Mom, who, commented on more than one occasion, after some story of happenstance, "Your guardian angel must have been watching out, over you." While growing up my 'guardian angel' took on a female persona any time I envisaged it, but most often I was only aware of an aura, a spiritual presence, or an energy form that had the power to protect or shield me from harm. Perhaps my 'guardian angel' took on a female visage, because of the link to Mom.

Over the years, in addition to the idea of 'guardian angels', our family practised several Irish superstitions like never coming in one door and going out another, except at New Years, when it was supposed to bring good luck if you ran out the back door, around the house, and in the front door before the clock chimed for the twelfth time. We talked

about 'Yahoodi', 'the little man who wasn't there', leprechauns, and the Irish Sweepstakes. We also used a lot of strange words, some legitimate and some not, like discombuberate, knabble, ablution, and abscond; and we mispronounced many words on purpose, like ke-nigh-fe (knife), or ke-nigh-ves (knives), skiz-zurs (scissors), pee-new-moan-ia (pneumonia), and sink-row-id-ee-ah-see (idiosyncrasy).

My sister, Trish, was prone to mispronouncing and using words incorrectly, and as a result added lots of words and expressions to the family's vocabulary. 'lock-the-door-undone', 'do-it-undone', 'nip-it-in-the-butt', 'misconscrew' (combination of misconstrue and screw it up) and 'Aunty Bert', to name a few. Trish had stayed with Aunty Vera and Uncle Bert when my younger brother was born. Because of Uncle Bert's love of playing with small children, and his very kind and gentle nature, Trish dubbed him 'Aunty Bert'. He took it as a compliment and the nickname stuck for the rest of his life. When Trish was in grade one, Mom and Dad got a report from school that Trish did not know her birthday. Immediately after supper they started working with her. To teach July the twenty-third seemed pretty easy. Tom and I took turns spelling off Mom and Dad as they got tired. After over four hours the closest she came was 'Le-Ji the Three-Dee-Two'. The family has unfairly kidded her about it ever since. At times during that evening we thought she was just being obstinate. Upon reflection on those interesting reversals, I know she was having great difficulty. Hard working and persistent, Trish fought through her difficulties, and completed a regular high school program, passing all subjects.

My older brother changed the spelling of his name in grade twelve. He reasoned if Thomas was spelled t-**H**-o-m-a-s, but was pronounced 'tom-us', then why should t-**H**-o-m not be pronounced 'tom'. He just started spelling his name T-h-o-m, and was bloody minded enough to 'demand' his name be pronounced Tom, and to get what he wanted. I still think of him as Tom in his younger years and Thom as an adult, but decided to use Thom throughout this thesis in recognition of his individualistic nature. Although he failed English 30, three times, he passed the fourth, graduated from university with a Bachelor of

Science degree, was once the Dean of Extension Services at Olds College, plays a mean game of scrabble, and project manages book publishing ventures. He would agree that he risked my life a few times, but the number of 'saves' far outnumbers the 'shots on goal'.

CHAPTER 2

"Moved by the Army: Stories of Schools."

I attended thirteen different schools from grades 1 to 12, and had over 50 different teachers. Maybe that is why I became a teacher. I saw so many. Perhaps this was my real Phase I, Education Practicum. The first school I attended was Eastwood in September, 1949. Mom walked the Flynn twins, Doris and Doreen, and I the three blocks to school that first day while Mrs. Flynn looked after my little sister Trish. I sat at a desk in the window aisle on the west side of the school. The black iron and dark wood desks were bolted to the oiled wooden floors. Mom, and the other mothers, stood with their backs to the windows for the first half hour as general rules and expectations were explained. Then the parents were requested to leave. No one cried or seemed out of sorts for the rest of that first morning. We went half-days for the first week, then full days thereafter. At the end of September our family moved. We were still in the same school district, but now I had an extra block and a half to walk. Once, shortly after the move, I came home at the start of afternoon recess. I guess I had not been paying attention and thought the day was over. Mom sent me back immediately, telling me to apologize for being late from recess and to explain that I had gone home by mistake.

Part way through the school year, Dad re-enlisted in the Army, we moved again, this time across 118th. Avenue putting us in a different school district. I changed schools and finished grade one at Parkdale. Although I do remember Miss McDonald as my first grade one teacher, the only curriculum detail I remember about either school was being taught the colours, which I already knew. We were given individual strips of paper on which had been mimeographed one of the colours in 1 1/2 inch high letters. We were required to trace over the letters with the appropriate colour crayon, then punch a row of holes, about an eighth of an inch apart, along the lines of the letters with a straight pin. I guess you could say it was an early example of kinaesthetic as well as visual learning. It

did teach me the shape of the letters by tactile means instead of just by sight alone. The colour yellow sticks out particularly prominently in my memory.

During the summer we moved again and the new school-year brought another new school, the first school I remember fondly. Westmount school, still in use as a school, is now surrounded by residences, shopping malls and light industry areas, but when I attended in grade two and most of grade three, there was no Edmonton north or west of the school.

Everyone called our principal Major Petrie. "I've just come from Major Petrie's office." "Major Petrie wants to see you." "You will have to ask Major Petrie about that." "Major Petrie said... ." Everyone addressed him and referred to him as "Major" Petrie. A veteran of both World Wars, he had been prominent in sports and service clubs in Edmonton for many years. He was small (about five foot six), sturdily built, with white hair, and glasses. The 'strap clocks' on the wall in the office gave the impression of a strict disciplinarian. He spoke kindly to primary students. He seemed to know every student by name and to know something of their background.

People said Major Petrie started most of the routines and traditions at Westmount. Grade twelve students acted as playground monitors at recess and lunch time, and supervised bus loading after school. The high school boys in Industrial Arts each built at least one project per year that was donated to charity. Selected elementary students were rewarded for good behaviour with a trip to Household Economics. The high school girls prepared entire meals, set tables with tablecloths and full place settings, and served their young guests. It was Major Petrie who arranged for the PPCLI (Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry) Band to play and accompany the school's mixed choir for the Christmas concert in 1951. It was the first time I heard "Walking in a Winter Wonderland", and it was the most beautiful Christmas concert I ever attended!

But the most important tradition was the annual snowball fight. In the morning after the first major snowfall he announced over the PA system, "The annual snowball fight will

take place at noon on the west field." I could hardly wait until lunch time. The bell rang! Class was dismissed! I made a mad dash for the west field, dressing as I went! Major Petrie was already there. Dressed in his small brimmed black fedora and his long black overcoat, he held a loud hailer to his mouth and called, "Okay lads. Gather 'round!" He explained the rules, "You will have 15 minutes to build snowballs and snow forts. No rocks in the snowballs. No sticks or boards in the forts. The grade twelves defend the north end of the field." He pointed. "The rest—grades three to eleven—defend the south end." He pointed again. "You start and end on my whistle!" He paused. "GO !" He stood there in the middle of the field, left arm bent, head tilted down, looking at his watch.

Furiously I began building snowballs. It was obvious the older boys had been planning all morning. Some rolled large balls to make the snow forts. Others filled and smoothed the gaps between the large balls. Still others were huddled in small groups, strategizing, but still building snowballs. Teamwork was evident everywhere. At the appropriate time Major Petrie blew his whistle and snowballs flew. Most of the first volley seemed to be aimed in his direction. After exactly ten minutes, covered in snow, still standing in exactly the same spot, he blew his whistle again. It was over. With much laughing, cheering and camaraderie we headed back toward the school, where teachers waited with brooms to sweep us off so we wouldn't mess up the hallways. There were no snowballs for the rest of the year.

During those years at Westmount we were bused from the Army camp at Railhead on 142nd Street and 107th Avenue. In the beginning it was neat to ride on a large 40 passenger army bus. Later we were transported in a variety of smaller vehicles as the number of students diminished. The camp was gradually being closed down. I remember a young driver we had who was eagerly waiting until he turned nineteen so he could go over to Korea. He would laugh and joke with us and demonstrate how to make the small carryall —a cross between a panel truck and a station wagon—backfire, by turning off the ignition and then turning it back on while the vehicle was still in motion. He used to brag how, "He

was really going to show those 'Gooks' when he got over there, boy!" One day he wasn't with us anymore and we learned, from our new driver, that the young driver had been sent to Korea as a replacement. About a year later, just before we left Railhead, he was back as our driver once again. We didn't recognize him at first. I remember he looked about 26 years old. He had gained some weight, his face was weathered, and he had a moustache. He was much quieter, he didn't brag about anything, he wouldn't talk about Korea, and he said making the vehicle backfire caused too much wear on the engine and he flatly refused to do it. He also seemed more concerned for our safety and used to drop us off by our front door rather than by the gas pumps as before. I was amazed by the difference one year of active service made in him.

We were the last family living in the almost abandoned army camp, before it was demolished. Thom and I were rummaging through the old buildings one Sunday, looking for 'good junk', when he discovered a ladder on the stage in the drill hall/theatre/ gymnasium that lead to the attic. He called for me to come and have a look. He noticed there were trap doors from the attic that opened into the main gym area. He said, "Let's have a race. You go down that side and I'll go over here. What we'll do is run along the 2x4s until we get to the trap door, lift it, look down, close it, and continue on to the next. First one to the far end wins!" We lined up. "Ready?" he called, "GO!"

I made it to the first trap door, opened it, put it down, and ran on to the next, but halfway to the second trap door, my right foot slipped off the rafter and down through the beaver board ceiling I went. *Oh no! I'm going to die! I wonder if my whole life will flash before my eyes? It's been a pretty short life. There's a few things I remember . . .*

WHAM ! I hit the floor with great force. I can't move. I can't feel anything. I try to yell for help. Nothing comes out. *Is this what it feels like to be dead? I can't be dead, I'm only eight!* I suck in hard. My lungs are still empty. *If I can't move, if I can't get up, if I'm paralyzed, Thom will have to go for help. He'll have to tell Mom-n-Dad. Then we'll really be in trouble.* He rushes across the rafters to check on me. He stumbles, his foot

momentarily pokes through the ceiling. *I hope he doesn't fall.* He reaches the hole I fell through and hollers, "Are you all right?"

On my third deep intake of air, I can only manage a whispered, "I think so."

"Don't move, I'll be right down!" He takes the fastest route he can.

I can't see him, but I can hear him. I try to shout, "Be careful." He stumbles again. *He didn't hear me. If I can crawl over there, I can pull myself up. I have to get home so Mom-n-Dad don't find out.*

Thom reaches the front of the stage. I'm not there. "**DON!**" He looks terrified. I would find out later he thought I had died and disappeared already. Heaven or hell? He didn't say.

"What?" I reply from the stairs at the side of the stage.

"**How**'d you get over there?"

"I crawled. I thought it'd be faster."

"Are you all right?"

My leg is numb. "I think I've broken my hip."

"Is that **all**?"

"I think so." *I have to get up, I don't think I can crawl all the way home.*

"See if you can stand up?"

"Okay."

"Don't tell Mom-n-Dad! God, please don't tell Mom-n-Dad. They'll kill me!"

With help from Thom and the aid of the stairs, I stand. It hurts a lot, but holding on to the edge of the stage I **can** walk. "Good," he says, "Let's go home."

I'm limping quite a bit. I remember what Dad said they told him when he was wounded, "If you limp, then you will limp for the rest of your life!" I try not to limp. It hurts more when I try to walk without limping.

We are quiet for the long block behind the maintenance garages. We are both trying to think up excuses. As we turn the corner by the Alberta Laundry, I slip on a large patch

of ice. I land on the same hip. I start to cry. Thom helps me up. He says, "That's it! We'll tell them you slipped and fell on the ice." "Please don't tell Mom-n-Dad. Gees I'm sorry!"

Soon we are within sight of the house. *Somebody might be looking out the window.* I do my damnedest not to limp. *Maybe they won't notice.*

Inside, coats and winter pants off, I limp as I cross the living room. "What happened to you?" Dad asks.

"Oh, I slipped and fell on some ice and hurt my hip," I answer, continuing toward the bedroom.

"Yeah, it was right down at the far corner of the Alberta Laundry," Thom adds.

"Well we'd better have a look at it," says Mom reaching. Down come my pants. I have a black bruise the size of a quarter on my left hip. "We better keep an eye on that!" Mom says.

Later, in our bedroom, Thom says, "It worked. They believed us. Thanks for not telling!" I was mad at him. It had been **his** idea to have a race along the rafters in the attic of the old drill hall/theatre/gymnasium; and I had fallen through the ceiling 25 feet to the hardwood floor. But, I wasn't going to squeal on him. **He** was my **brother**!

You might say I was performing death defying acts in the theatre at an early age. I have often thought I was saved for some purpose. Maybe it was teaching.

I was over 51 before my parents found out what had really happened. David was a student in five of my courses and heard me tell the story in class. One weekend while we were visiting Mom and Dad, Dad made a comment about kids behaving dangerously when growing up. David responded by saying, "Like the time you fell through the drill hall ceiling, eh Dad?" Mom and Dad looked inquisitively at me. I glanced at my brother Thom, he shrugged, so I told them the story. Dad slowly shook his head, then said, "I knew damn well you had done more than slip and fall on the ice. But I wasn't going to ask!"

We left Railhead in the spring, 1952 and from then until February, 1955 I attended

Bellevue school. Mr. Pritchard was the principal. I later discovered he was another ex-army officer. I found him in a group photo of officers of The Loyal Edmonton Regiment in Italy (Stevens, 1964, p. 291). He served as the Adjutant through most of World War II. I imagine he found it relatively easy to handle a 250 student elementary school after being the main administrative officer for an infantry battalion of 600-850 men in combat for almost two years. He taught grade six as his home room class, grade five Health, a grade five-six boys Physical Education class, and coached the soccer, softball, and track and field teams. I remember his nicotine stained fingers and his lesson on how the bladder and bowel work. He told us when the bladder filled up, the fluid touched a nerve which sent a signal to the brain, which said, "Hey Hank, empty your tank!" and with the bowel it was similar but the signal was, "Hey Joe, ya gotta go!" Not very elegant, but I still remember it after all these years. Sometimes in education it is the strangest things that leave an impression.

Mr. Pritchard had a different approach to discipline. If you were late to 'Phys Ed' class, you had to run the 'hot box'. The class formed two parallel lines. The offender had to crawl on his hands and knees between the two lines receiving a slap on the rear-end from each classmate. If they missed and hit you on the back, they had to run the 'hot box'. One day, not wanting to be late, I ran down the hall. We were not allowed to run in the halls for any reason. He caught me. Mr. Pritchard did not give the strap for running in the halls, instead he had me bend over and touch my toes, then he hit me on the rear-end with a ping pong paddle. I never again disobeyed the rules in school.

We called her 'old lady MacIntosh' or 'Macintosh crabs' and at times I thought she was a real 'battleaxe' but in reality she was my grade five home room teacher. She taught all the grade five subjects except Health and Physical Education. She never called it 'Phys Ed', it was always the full Physical Education. Her strengths were Mathematics and Music. I was one of two male sopranos in the grade five-six choir. We won a competition that year and, as a result, participated in the fiftieth anniversary celebrations for the city of Edmonton, in the old Edmonton Gardens. It was televised by Edmonton's first television

station, CFRN, so we had to arrive early to have make up put on, which proved to be an interesting experience for a somewhat self-conscious ten year old boy in the mid-1950s. Miss Macintosh also required all math errors to be corrected for homework every night ready for the next day. I remember a student who failed the year before, primarily because of his poor math skills. She used to keep him in for part of recess and occasionally a few extra minutes at noon or after school to give him extra drill and practice. He passed grade five the second time without any problems and did just fine in grade six as well, at least up until the time I left Bellevue. I guess the extra help paid off.

When I entered grade six Mr. Pritchard had moved on to be principal of a larger junior high school and Mr. Sandercock was the new principal. He taught a large class of 40 students most of the grade six subjects. 'Phys Ed' was taught by a new male teacher on staff whose name I forget. I remember I enjoyed his classes and that he started an intermural hockey program. We played over at the city rink in Borden Park where Uncle Sam was the 'rink rat'. 'Rink rat' was a non-disparaging term used for the guy who flooded, scraped, and looked after the outdoor rink. I was not allowed to call him Uncle Sam, just Sam. Because we were related, it would not look right if there were any accusations of favouritism. I was assured, "I will not automatically take your side if you have any problems." I was told by Mom, "Make sure you keep yourself out of trouble."

Music was still taught by Miss Macintosh who on several occasions came right out onto the playground at lunch time and physically dragged me into a choir practice because she wanted us to win the city festival again. As nasty as she could be about the choir, I thank her for drilling the multiplication tables into me, and also requiring math corrections. I am able to do most of my mathematical calculations in my head and I think it is largely due to her efforts.

My last experience of elementary school, grade six, was a very interesting year. I attended five schools in that one year. I had been at Bellevue School for three years, finishing grade three, all of grades four and five, and most of grade six until February,

1955. Dad had rejoined the Army, for the third and final time, and after three months away in Kingston, Ontario 'on course', 'we' got posted. I say we because, we, the whole family, were moved as if we were all members of the armed forces, and, in fact, when you live on military property you are subject to military law just like the serving members. I was glad when we moved because I did not have to attend any more choir practices. I liked to sing but enforced singing took all the fun out of it. Accommodations in Calgary, where we were posted, were in very short supply and, as a result, we had to move around quite a bit until we could find something suitable.

The first place we lived in Calgary was Wellington Terrace, a two story 1904 wood frame apartment house just east of tenth street on third avenue NW. There was a school just across tenth street, Hillcrest, so that is where I went first thing Monday morning after moving on the week end. As it turned out, I was in the wrong school because I lived on the other side of tenth street. In the afternoon I went through the registration and home room assignment routine again at Sunnyside, three blocks east of where we lived. I went to Sunnyside for only two weeks, but in that time I remember being ahead in Math and a little behind in Social Studies. I made friends quite easily because I was good at Red Rover, the most common game played at recess. This was probably due to all the football I had played with friends at Bellevue.

Thom and I introduced 'Road Tag' to Calgary. In 'Pie Tag' a large circle was trampled in the fresh snow followed by intersecting diameters trampled through the center of the circle. We had become bored with running around in circles when playing 'Pie Tag' and branched out on our own outside of the constrictive confines of the circle to form many different pathways we called 'roads'. Like 'Pie Tag' the players had to stay on the pathways, and could not tag across the boundaries of non-trampled snow. With the countless meltings and fresh snowfalls in Calgary, at each of the new schools, 'the Shaws' were frequently called upon to produce new varieties on the now common theme.

The apartment in Wellington Terrace was too small and mom said it was a fire trap

so we moved as soon as Mom and Dad could find something better. Something better was at 19 Alberta Avenue in Montgomery, a village suburb on the western outskirts of Calgary, between Calgary and Bowness. Mr. Theriault, my teacher at Montgomery Elementary School, I remember as always trying to find ways of incorporating artwork into the other subjects. We did a lot of sketching, colouring, painting, drawing cartoons, soap carving, and even a little bit of model building. We used water paint, poster paint, finger paint, papier-mâché, plaster of paris, and plasticine. Sometimes we would be listening to him or successive students reading in language class while we were painting or carving images that the stories brought to mind.

The school did not have a gymnasium so we had to walk six blocks to the junior high school to play dodgeball or basketball in 'Phys Ed' classes. It is a good thing spring came early to Calgary that year. Mr. Theriault used to tell us stories as we walked to and from the other school, so even when it snowed or it was a little windy the walks were still pleasant. I still believe the curriculum should be integrated rather than sequestered in our individual specialties and 'Phys Ed' should incorporate more recreational activities and fewer competitive sports.

After six weeks in Montgomery a PMQ (Permanent Married Quarters) was available at Currie Barracks, in southwest Calgary, so we moved again and I finished the year at Currie School. Miss Levvitt had a set of Encyclopedia Americana in her room and I stayed after school on several occasions to look up topics related to my hobbies and my interest in military history.

Over the whole year I remember the experience as being generally a positive one. My old report card stated I was an average student. Looking back, I think being an average student was a pretty good accomplishment considering how many times we moved and the number of times I had to adjust and adapt to a new and different learning environment. I saw several different teaching styles, and different approaches to teaching almost every subject. I think I ended up with a better understanding of some of the subject matter simply

because of the variety of methods to which I was exposed. I always seemed to be ahead in some subjects and behind in others every time we moved. It seemed to average out in the end. Most of the students seemed to be very friendly and welcoming of the new kid at school, the 'stranger in town'. I was willing to join in whatever was going on and the other children seemed very willing to let me join in. Was it a sign of the times, or just a part of the 'cowtown' atmosphere in Calgary? I'm not sure, but I wonder if it would be the same for a grade six student today. I think not. The most negative aspect of all the moving around was that I made a lot of good friends whom I had to leave all too soon. Maybe this is part of the reason why I have been more shy and reserved since grade six.

My first best friend was Billy Woywitka. I met him in grade three. He introduced me to the game of football. We practiced hockey in his basement, and sometimes did homework together on Sunday evening while watching his family's TV. He was the other male soprano. He was better than me at everything. I remember the pain I felt during the second summer living in Calgary, when we came up to Edmonton to visit relatives and I found Bill had a new best friend, and we could not get together to visit or even talk briefly. People move away and people move on. I phoned him when I moved back from Ontario to tell him I would be going to the same school as him once again and maybe our paths would cross. They never did. He went on to become the top academic student, the top athlete, and the valedictorian of his graduating class in high school. At university he played hockey and football for the Golden Bears and graduated in medicine. After graduating he specialized in cardiac care at the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto. He died of a heart attack at the age of 33. I finally did something better than him, I lived longer.

CHAPTER 3

"Junior High School and Cadets: Stories of Youth."

One Sunday recently, while out walking with my wife, I heard a sound I recognized from my past. It was the sound of two or more glass bottles clinking together. As I looked across the road in the direction of the sound, I saw a young boy about ten years old trying to throw a very large bag of garbage into a dumpster at the edge of an apartment building parking lot. He continued to struggle in his attempt to complete his errand, so I ran across the street and asked him if I could help. He said yes, I easily tossed the garbage in the dumpster, he said thank you, I said you're welcome, I crossed back over the street to where my wife waited for me and we continued our walk. The sound brought to mind how when I was in my late pre-teens and early teens I used to go rummaging through garbage cans looking for pop bottles. It was my major source of money with which to buy plastic models, a hobby I have maintained to the present day.

I occasionally spent part of Saturday or Sunday 'going looking for pop bottles'. Pop bottles were better because I could turn them in myself. Beer bottles I had to add to Mom and Dad's empties and wait for them to return them to the vendors—this was in the days before bottle depots. I took my bottles to Blue Jean's corner store just outside the PMQ area. I got two cents for a seven, ten or twelve ounce bottle and five cents for a twenty-four to forty ounce bottle. The owner of the store would total up how much I had, I would pick a model worth as close to the total as I could, and then take the rest in candy. Usually I chose the 'airplanes of the world' bubble gum cards and most often I threw away the bubble gum because I just wanted the cards.

The disadvantage of this system was I quite often had to settle for a model that I could afford at the time rather than a more expensive model I really wanted. One day the store owner said, "You could open an account." Beside the till and under the counter he had many small amount-owed booklets for families in the area who ran up a monthly bill.

Mom, probably because of her experience through the depression had told us most emphatically, on more than one occasion, "Never run up an account! If you can't pay for it in cash, you can't afford it!" I said, "No, thank you. I am not allowed to run up a bill." The owner said, "No, no! That's not what I meant. You could have a credit account. We could keep track of how much credit you have as you bring in the bottles and then you can save up for one of the bigger models that you would really like." He must have noticed how much difficulty I was having trying to decide on which smaller, less expensive models to settle for. I said, "I would have to check it out with my mom, first." He said, "Okay, we'll just keep your bottles in the boxes here behind the counter, and I'll wait until you go home and find out what your mom says. I've already totalled them up." He showed me.

I had something like $1.67 worth of bottles. The prices of most models at the time were $.98, $1.49, and $1.98. Occasionally they had some real 'cheapies'—ten pieces of poor quality—at $.49, and some slightly larger kits at $2.49; but the really good models started at $1.98. As usual I was just short of some of the really good stuff. I ran all the way home, about two blocks. Mom said yes. I ran even faster on the way back and became the only person in the neighbourhood to have a positive credit account at the corner store. I immediately went out looking for more bottles and by the end of the day had enough for a model I had been eyeing for about six months.

I had a couple of other interesting experiences when collecting bottles. One day I was going through the garbage stands behind one of the barrack blocks in Currie Barracks itself when an older member of the PPCLI came out with a small bag of garbage in his hand. As he approached he asked, "What are you doing, looking for bottles?" "Yes." I replied. He said, "You really shouldn't be going through the garbage," and, as he put in his garbage, he helped me go through all the other bins gathering up the bottles. We stacked them neatly beside the garbage stand. He then said, "Come with me, and we'll see if we can get you some more." Inside the barracks was very quiet. It smelled clean too. When we got outside his room on the second floor he hollered, "Hey! There's a kid here looking for

bottles!" That started quite a commotion. Heads appeared in all the doorways, people were running around, and in very short order there were a couple hundred bottles in front of me. Someone had even gone outside and brought in all the bottles we had gathered up by the garbage stand. Someone said, "He's gonna need something to carry all those bottles in." Boxes and bags appeared, almost instantly. One soldier took a bayonet and punched holes in one of the boxes for handles, while another put string through a box so I could put it over my shoulders to make it easier to carry. Suddenly everything was quiet again with just the first soldier and I standing there in the hallway looking at each other. All the bags and boxes were neatly stacked against the wall by his door.

He said quite calmly , "You'll never carry all that by your self in one trip. Just a minute, I'll be right back." He disappeared into his room and in a moment he was back with a book and a chair. As he sat down with his small pocketbook he said, "You take what you can easily carry and I'll just sit here and watch your bottles for you. Don't worry they'll be here when you get back." I knew I didn't have to worry, I could tell by the ribbons on his chest he was a veteran of Korea and World War II. I was sure he could handle the situation. After three trips all the bottles were transported to the store. It was over $5.00 worth of bottles and the largest single haul I ever made. After I thanked him again, on my last trip, he said I could come back again anytime I was looking for more bottles. It was one thing to be invited into the barracks, but quite another to just walk in and impose yourself on someone who had displayed such kindness. I never went into the barracks again and stayed away from their garbage cans for quite a while. I didn't want them to think I was greedy.

About a year later I had a drastically different experience at the same garbage stand. In the intervening year the PPCLI had been posted to Edmonton and were replaced in Calgary by the Queen's Own Rifles. This new battalion was composed, except for officers and NCOs (Non-Commissioned Officers), of mainly very young brand new soldiers, 17 to 19 years of age. As I looked for bottles I was greeted with a call of, "Hey, what the ya

doin'? Get the outta that garbage bin. You're not s'posed ta be 'round here. Get outta there!" I left. There went my best source of bottles. What a difference between a new young inexperienced soldier and combat veterans. The veterans always seemed to have a soft spot and consideration for children. The new ones seemed to be not much more than children themselves.

My junior high school years were spent at Currie School in the PMQ area of Currie Barracks, in southwest Calgary. As a school for Army and Air Force dependents, it was run by the Department of National Defence. We used the standard Alberta curriculum and at least some of our supplies were purchased from or through the Calgary Public school system. There were some original features to the way Currie operated. It was not uncommon for a student who got into trouble at school to have his or her father 'called up on the carpet' in front of his CO (Commanding Officer). The father would be told to get his child under control or he, the father, would be serving a lot of extra duties. We did not have a lot of discipline problems at Currie.

Both Catholic and Protestant students attended Currie. Time was set aside at the start of each day for religious observances. The Catholic students would gather in a couple of the rooms to have 15 minutes of catechism, and the Protestants would stay usually in their home rooms and have 15 minutes for the Lord's Prayer, bible readings or, as I had for most of grade nine, free reading/homework time. I remember when we had a Jewish student and another occasion when we had a student from some other faith. Time and spaces were arranged for them to take whatever observances they and their parents felt necessary. Many times, in reference to race, nationality, as well as religion, I heard statements like, "remember he/she/they come from a different background." I felt a distinct atmosphere of tolerance and understanding throughout the school and the army camp area. We did not take any special courses or classes to accomplish it, it was just there.

Once again I had a principal with military experience. This was not surprising considering two of every five Canadian men in the appropriate age range had served in the

armed forces during World War II (Stacey, 1948, p. 309). I only learned of Mr. McRoberts' involvement recently when I was doing research for a "D-Day" presentation to a Social Studies class. There he was, Flying Officer Sandy McRoberts, next to his spitfire as a member of 421 RCAF "Red Indian" Fighter Squadron shortly after D-Day (Bashow, 1997, p. 176). This information helped to explain the enthusiasm and background knowledge he demonstrated when we studied "The Flight of The R for Robert" by Paul Brickhill, the story of a Wellington bomber mission during World War II. He taught Literature, a course separate from Language, to all of the grade eight and nine classes. His love of poetry was contagious and he encouraged us to read for the imagery, the turn of phrase and the enjoyment of the story.

We had other very good teachers at Currie. Mr. Suttor was the assistant principal for junior high, and taught the grade nine class. Mr. Richmond taught the grade eight home room, all of the junior high Social Studies and boys 'Phys Ed' classes, and coached the softball, volleyball, basketball, soccer, and 'track-n-field' teams. I was in Miss Levvitt's home room in grade seven. As well as teaching a grade seven-eight split class, she also taught girls 'Phys Ed', and at least once a week we had time for dramatic skits, sketches and monologues. Mrs. Jenner taught French and Music during grade seven. Have you ever learned French from a teacher who has a British accent? An interesting experience. And one afternoon per week, we were bussed to Hillcrest School for Industrial Arts for the boys, and Household Economics for the girls.

There was an assembly in grade seven, late in the year, right after the city-wide junior high track meet. All the junior high students were in the gymnasium, sitting on the floor, with Mr. Suttor standing in front of us. He was reviewing the track meet results in particular, but the whole year's achievements to that point in general. He said, "Young Shaw, where are you?" I was often referred to as 'Little Shaw' or 'Young Shaw', because my older brother was just two years ahead of me in the same school. I don't think Mr. Suttor knew my first name was Don, I was just Shaw or Young Shaw. I raised my hand.

"Stand up!" he said. I stood up. He continued, "I want you all to take a good look at this little guy. He competed in the track meet; in the 100 yard dash, high jump, and broad jump —it was still commonly called the broad jump at that time—even though he was one hundred points below the McCloy rating for juniors. If he can do it, you all can do it". "Thank you Shaw! You can sit down." I sat down. I felt proud and in a way honoured, but I also felt embarrassed.

I think that was my first fifteen seconds in the spotlight. Since then I have been interviewed on the radio, and seen on television on several occasions because of some event of which I was a part. In none of my 'media appearances' was I featured, and by none was I embarrassed. I know that Mr. Suttor was trying to compliment me and at the same time to motivate other students to work harder, using me as an example. I remember how embarrassed I felt that day, but I continued to play a lot of softball and soccer and to compete in track and field and I now performed academically at the 'above average' level.

Friendships developed in grade seven and continued through grades eight, nine and beyond. Doug Arril, Don Gilbert, and Mart McCumber were a some of the first, with several others being added over time. There were two home rooms in grade eight. I was with Mr. Richmond, but some of my friends were moved to the other class. Some friends, like Mart, who was a grade ahead of me, were out of school friends. Starting in grade eight there were four of us, Henry Doe, Bob Erhart, Terry Bolton, and I, who tried to sit in a two by two square, in every class. Someone once called us 'The Four Musketeers' because we were always together, and the name stuck.

One of the best things about living in the PMQs was the group of friends that developed. Everyone in the age range from one year older than Thom to one year younger than myself were known to each other. It was a large enough group that we were able to put together a football team to play against the Air Force camp at Lincoln Park south of Currie. We played tackle football without equipment and beat them three games out of

three. We did not take part in all activities together, but we could usually find someone who was also interested in doing something we wanted to do. We often went to the show with three or four other members of the group.

I joined Cadets when I was in grade eight. Thom had been in the Loyal Edmonton Regiment Cadet Corps when we were still in Edmonton, and transferred to The Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) Cadet Corps shortly after we moved to Calgary. Occasionally I would go with him over to Scott Hall in Currie Barracks on Monday nights. These visits became more frequent in the fall of 1956. I would stand on the edge of the parade square area and observe the training in progress throughout the evening. I was always polite and on my best behavior; and I stood at attention when someone spoke to me. I remember quite vividly the night Sergeant-Major Ross came and stood beside me. We talked for a while, and then he said, "Why don't you join?" "I'm not old enough, Sir" I replied. "Well, why don't you fill out an application and see what happens?" he added. I joined army cadets on December 3rd, 1956. I had just turned thirteen, a year younger than normally allowed. I discovered, much later, the Cadet Liaison and Dad had discussed and approved my enrollment even before I brought home and filled out the application.

All of my original instructors in Cadets were World War II or Korean War veterans. They were picked, by our parent regiment, to work with 'the Cadet Corps' because they had combat experience; they had demonstrated leadership ability; they were good instructors; and they enjoyed working with young men between the ages of 14 and 18. They called us 'men', they treated us as young men learning how to be men, and they expected us to behave like men. They quickly gave us responsibility for instructing and supervising other cadets and they held us accountable for our actions.

On the Saturday morning after that first Monday parade night, Mom said, "Okay, go get your uniform." She proceeded to teach me how to thread a needle, sew on buttons, reinforce all the weak buttons, sew on all the different types of flashes and badges, and how to press my shirt, my tie, my battledress tunic and trousers, and my greatcoat.

Thom was my first Section Corporal in cadets. He told me, "You're going to have to take extra good care of your uniform, look sharp at all times, be on your best behaviour and always try you're hardest. Otherwise it'll make me look bad." Then he added,"And don't expect me to stick up for you if you get in trouble or get picked on." I expected no more and no less. He taught me how to shine my boots, brass buttons, the brass buckle on my web belt, and my hat badge. Pouring a little brasso on a piece of cardboard and rubbing the brass on it wore down the rough surfaces faster and made it easier to shine. Final polishing was accomplished with silvo, a soft toothbrush for crevices, and a soft cloth for buffing. Especially when I was shining my boots, I would ask Thom if they were good enough, after all if it was going to affect his reputation then he should tell me when they were good enough. He never did compliment me. His feedback consisted of: they need more work on the side, or the left boot is not as good as the right, or a little more might be enough. I knew I could stop when he said, "It'll do." Several years after he quit cadets he admitted my boots were usually better than his. It was nice to know, but by then it did not matter.

Of course, over the next few years I picked up a few tips from Dad and a great many other sources. I learned to shave the wool on the inside of the pant legs to make the material thinner so you could press the creases sharper. I learned to shrink my beret, so it would fit better, by pouring boiling water and vinegar through it. Another suggestion was to iron, or bone my boots to make then smoother and easier to shine. Having my boots capped and buffed by the shoe maker was a better solution. If you could afford it you could send your brass away to have it buffed, bi-nickeled, and gold flashed, then you did not have to shine it at all, but it was not as good as silvo and toothbrush. On silver badges, toothpaste works best. Now there were new things to be purchased with pop bottle money.

During my first year as an Army Cadet I was taught 'Principles and Methods of Instruction', a course of several lessons which covered all the basics of how to be a good instructor. This instruction was, of course, specifically oriented toward the needs and

orientation of the Army. I learned quickly and enjoyed instructing. I looked forward to the summer of 1958, after grade nine, when I would be old enough to attend the two week 'Junior Leaders Course' at Vernon. In a year and a half I was a Lance-Corporal, six weeks later a Corporal, and in another three months a Sergeant. Over the subsequent 41 years of instructing and teaching in a variety of venues, what I originally learned was very applicable and formed the foundation for all of my teaching activities.

By the start of my grade nine year Currie school was fully incorporated into the Calgary Public system and a new separate building became Currie Junior High School. Students from the surrounding area outside of the PMQs, 'silly villains' (civilians), now attended Currie and some new teachers joined the staff. Mr. Daniel became the assistant principal, and was my home room teacher. The new Industrial Arts Shop was not ready until mid-fall and the new teacher was allowed that time to set up his new facility. The new Language teacher was a 'short old man' named Mr. Brock. He was almost as short as I was, and my impression of him is such that I can easily imagine myself as taller than him. At least I see myself looking down on him. He once accused me of talking when I was not, and sent me out of the room, to wait in the hall with a girl he had sent out a couple of minutes earlier. When he came out into the hall, he accused me of always talking. When I replied, "No sir, I wasn't talking." He hit me across the side of my head with his textbook and told me, "Get back inside and shut up!" As I re-entered the classroom behind the girl, the other students noticed my red face and chided, "What were you doing out there?" As I turned my head to look at them, they could see only the left side of my face was red. They all knew something had happened. As I sat down, Henry, who sat in front of me, asked, "What did he do to you?" I did not answer. The class ended after another five minutes and as we got up to leave Henry repeated his question. I replied in a whisper, "He hit me with his text book." "I'm gonna beat the shit out of him," said Henry, mad and meaning it. "No!" I demanded. At six feet two and a half and 205 pounds, I could just see Henry

pounding Mr. Brock and then getting expelled. I did not want that. I thought, *He isn't worth it.* I said, "Just let it be." In a little over three years at Currie, he was the only bad teacher I had.

Some of the group used to hike out to the army training area in Camp Sarcee, occasionally onto the Sarcee Indian Reserve, or along the Elbow River to the Glenmore Reservoir. An area we particularly liked was along the 'clay cliffs' at the top of the river valley above Old Weasel Head Bridge. Our favorite spot was at the last sharp bend before the river widened out to form the reservoir. The actual cliff, at this location, was about five or six feet high, straight up and down, with a fairly steep slope of loose sand, clay and sandstone shale gradually turning into weeds, scrub brush and small trees in the valley floor about a hundred feet below. Along the top was a dry grass plateau from which you could look out over the entire valley to the west for about ten miles.

Most Saturday mornings through the fall and winter we would go over to Scott Hall, in Currie barracks. As an extra Cadet activity we would practice shooting on the indoor rifle range. All of the group who were in Cadets had either qualified as Marksmen or First Class shots with the Lee Enfield .22 caliber rifle. When spring came and the ground dried up, we would take our own .22s and go for a hike out to the training area or along by the river valley to practice. Sometimes we used paper targets, sometimes tin cans and bottles, and sometimes old plastic models which had fallen into disfavour.

Of course every spring brought track and field tryouts. At the track meet in grade 9, I finished fourth in the 100 yard dash (1 point), fourth in the 400 yard relay (1/4 point), and second in the broad jump (3 points). After the first round of jumps, I was first in the broad jump and for that short time even held the new record of 14' 8 3/4", when a competitor showed up late. The event staff asked me if we should let the late arrival jump. I said, "Sure, why not?" After being assured I did not have to allow him to jump I still said

they should allow him to jump. The wind died down, he ran and 15' 7 1/2" was the new record. I had jumped 15' 9 1/2" in training, but against the wind which persisted for the rest of the afternoon, no one was able to jump their best.

Although I played on the softball and soccer teams, attended a training workshop to act as spotter for the Gymnastics classes, competed in five events at the track meet and collected 4 1/4 of the team's 6 points, I did not win any athletic awards. When Terry and Henry asked Mr. Richmond why, after the awards assembly, he apologized with, "We forgot you were still a junior." To be little and have to work hard is bad enough. To be little, work hard, and be forgotten is worse.

Shortly before the end of the Cadet training year, we received word the Junior Leaders Course was being discontinued and The Senior Leaders Course was being given a new name. I would have to wait another year to attend the new seven week Cadet Leaders Course. *Oh well! By the end of another year I will probably have a higher rank and I'll be better prepared for summer camp.*

CHAPTER 4

"High School in Calgary: Stories of Teenagers."

I attended grade 10 at Viscount Bennett High School in Calgary. Of all the schools I attended, I experienced it as having the best school spirit. I have observed that school spirit can be an elusive quality. Why was Viscount's spirit so high? Maybe because it was a new school. Maybe because it had good teachers, a least two of the best I ever had. Maybe because it had a good blend of academics, sports, and other activities. Or maybe, it was because it had a good principal. His name was Mr. O'Brian. We called him "King Hughie." He knew it, and it didn't seem to bother him. We used to say, "It's not the school, it's the principal of the thing." I think principals make a big difference to the tone of a school.

Mr. Gee taught Science 10. I remember the first day of classes quite well. After we were all in and sitting quietly, he introduced himself and started systematically going up and down the rows having us say our names slowly and clearly, so he could learn our names and match them to our faces. When he got to me part way down the second row, I said, "Don Shaw."

He said, "You wouldn't happen to be related to Thom Shaw, would you?"

I said, "Yes, he's my brother." Thom, two years older than me, had a bit of a reputation.

Mr. Gee looked at me very deadpan and said very slowly with great emphasis, "Don Shaw, Eh?" He paused, smiled, and went on. Part way down the fourth row, he stopped, turned abruptly, looked directly at me and once again repeated, "Don Shaw, Eh?" He paused again, then continued until everyone had told him their names. He walked back up to the front of the class and proceeded to explain the course content. We were not given a course outline, we were just expected to pay attention and to remember what was to come.

Part way through his explanation he stopped, looked at me and again, this time very softly, said, "Don Shaw, Eh?" After he finished his explanation there was just enough time for him to answer any questions we had, before the bell rang to end the class. As I headed up the aisle to leave, he had a big smile on his face and said, "Don Shaw, Eh?" It let me and everyone else know that we were not likely to get away with anything. I felt he was going to keep a close eye on me. I was not too worried. Thom liked him and I already thought he was a good teacher, so I just decided I would work hard and do my best. But at the same time I took it in good fun as I am sure it was intended. Unlike my brother, I did not have a reputation and did not want to be tarred with my 'brother's brush', so Mr. Gee had nothing to worry about. I thought it was an effective technique and used it once or twice myself. But it is kind of risky. I would want to have the right feeling about the student first. I would not want to start off on the wrong foot.

Mr. Gee was an excellent teacher and used a great many interesting techniques. I still remember his little memory aide, Please Send Charlie McCarthy A Zebra Contained In This Long Hollow Crate Marked Stripped Printed Goods. It was to help us remember the activity series in chemistry: Potassium, Sodium, Calcium, Magnesium, Aluminum, Zinc, Chromium, Iron, Tin, Lead, Hydrogen, Copper, Mercury, Silver, Platinum, Gold. Whenever I can, I make up little rhymes, anagrams, acronyms, or other memory devices.

I remember his joke about Sulphur. It is very old and very modern at the same time. It is old because we have known about it for thousands of years, and it is modern because it comes in two forms, Rock & Roll. He told the following story about the Lone Ranger.

> Outlaws hit the local bank, by the time they informed the Lone Ranger the bandits had a significant lead. After a couple of hours of hard riding he had closed the gap to only a hundred yards. But his horse was getting very tired. The bandits were pulling away again. So he leaned forward and whispered in his horse's ear, "Hydrargyrum." His horse found an extra burst of energy, he caught the bank robbers, and put them in jail.

Now, if you know the Lone Ranger's horse is named Silver; and if you know Hydrargyrum is the latin name for Mercury, and the common name for Mercury is Quick Silver; then the story makes a lot more sense. This entire story was told so we would remember **Hg** was the symbol for Mercury. It obviously worked.

Mr. Gee's most amazing technique was how he taught the valences of the various elements. As each new element was introduced, a student was assigned to remember the valence. The first element was Hydrogen and Henry Doe was assigned to remember the valence was +1. For the first few days when working with equations Mr. Gee would say, "And Henry can tell us the valence of Hydrogen is . . . ?" and Henry would say, "Plus one." After a while the statement was changed to, "And the valence of Hydrogen is . . . ?" And Henry would say, "Plus one." Eventually every time Hydrogen appeared in a formula or equation Henry would just automatically add, "Plus One."

Susan was assigned Sulphur, Alice got Aluminum, Brian got Boron, Carol had Carbon, and I had Manganese (the third letters in Don and Manganese match). I did not realize the pattern at the time, but when I first told it to someone else I realized what he had done. The most remarkable thing, I think, is that he repeated this with three different classes of Science 10, at the same time, and remembered who in each class was assigned each element. And it is even more amazing when you consider he started a new list with every new class of grade tens and still remembered who was assigned what when they moved on to grade eleven and grade twelve.

When I entered high school I was only four feet, eleven and a quarter inches tall. Everyone else was taller and in their growth spurts. Many of my friends were forming new friendships, finding girlfriends, and were less interested in spending time with me. I felt left out, marginalized. I came from the army camp while most of my classmates did not. There were many strong academic students in our school and, although I was a good student generally and even stronger in Math, I felt I was not in their league. I had been good at sports in junior high and now, much smaller than the rest, I was no longer higher,

faster, or stronger.

In Grade 10 Social Studies we were required to make in-class presentations. I was assigned the Punic Wars. After researching and writing a 25 page report, having it marked and returned, it finally came time to present in front of the class. The day before my presentation the presenter finished early and I was afraid I would have to start my presentation and finish it the following day, as sometimes happened. I didn't feel prepared. I got so nervous I wet myself. Luckily, Mr. Ferguson used up the rest of the class time reviewing and summarizing. I had to carry my binder in front of me to hide the damp patch on my trousers as I left at the end of the class. I went home and spent all evening reviewing and studying my report. I still remember how it started. "The Punic Wars, of which there were three, were fought between the Romans and the Carthaginians over supremacy of the Mediterranean Sea." The presentation went off without a hitch complete with diagrams of battles on the blackboard and detailed descriptions of the action. Mr. Ferguson commented, "Good job of memorization Don." Students clapped me on the back and said, "Well Done!" They said, "It felt like we were sitting on a hill watching the battles." I felt empowered, I had found my voice. My first major success at teaching.

Mr. Ferguson was reputed to have a photographic memory and was one of the most organized teachers I ever saw. At the beginning of his Social Studies classes he always took two sheets of paper out of his briefcase. He would then place the two sheets, his lesson plan, on his desk, and then without looking at them, start teaching the class. At some point in the lesson he would turn the first sheet over and, again without looking at it, continue with the lesson. When he had finished covering the information on the second side he would put the first sheet away in his briefcase. The lesson continued with a repeat of the first part until the second sheet was put away. He would give a short summary, ask a few review questions, and ask if there were any questions, pause, and the bell would sound to end the class. He must have occasionally looked at the sheets, but I never saw it. I once caught a look at the sheets, when he had taken them out while looking for something

after class, and I noticed they were extremely neat, with underlined headings, sequentially numbered and lettered, the same as he presented the information. They would have made a perfect set of notes.

Grade 10 was a great year for me; one H (honours), five A's, and four B's. I was considering Electrical Engineering at the Royal Military College in Kingston. If I could keep my marks up I was certain I could get accepted. I sure hoped so. It was the only way I would be able to go to university, because university was only for the rich, and we certainly were not rich.

Don and Dennis Gilbert, and Thom developed slow motion football, with a slight dramatic flare, as a different approach to team sports. Some of us used to gather in Henry Doe's basement to play table tennis, chess, and table hockey; many times playing more than one game at the same time. It was at this time that Dad called Henry, Hank as the short form for Henry, and it stuck. Thom and Don England were best at Table tennis, Hank was better at his hockey game, Thom was best on ours. Hank introduced us to chess and Mart rapidly became the undisputed champion. Mart would play someone else hockey and Hank chess at the same time. Hank would make his move after several minutes of careful deliberation and Mart would simply reach over and make his move without a moments hesitation, leaving the impression of not even having to think about it. Hank would say, "McCumber I wish you'd concentrate on the game." Mart refused to sit staring at Hank until he made up his mind, but he would win anyway. It frustrated Hank to no end.

As well as indoor games during the winter, the group enjoyed hiking and camping. These 'camping trips' were extensively planned like major military operations, with detailed menus, equipment lists, and itinerary scheduling. We started with day trips to the Sarcee area, leaving early in the morning, having two meals in the field, and arriving back after dark. Next came overnight, then a weekend, then three or more days at easter, and eventually even camping for a few days during the winter.

During Easter Holidays, Don England and Dennis Gilbert went out to the Sarcee area with the intention of staying for five days or so. The weather had been cold but had warmed up nicely before they left. However, during the second day, the weather turned very cold and miserable and the temperature dropped to -35°F overnight. Four of us, including Thom and I, decided we should take a quick trip out to see if they were all right. That day, the sun shone brightly. We waited until after lunch to leave figuring we would be out during the warmest part of the day. I did not have a pair of winter boots and could only find a pair of old army boots which were too small for me to wear an extra pair of socks. I thought I would be okay; we were only going to make a rapid trip straight out and back, and would only be gone for two and a half to three hours.

Going out the wind started to pick up, it clouded over and the temperature started dropping sooner than we expected. We briefly debated about turning back but we were worried about Don and Dennis. They had been out there all alone for going on three days. They might need help. We found their camp fairly quickly and they were doing just fine. Their only complaint was they were eating up their food more quickly than planned and would probably have to come home a day or two early. It was a good thing they took enough food for seven days. My feet were kind of cold so I took off my boots and warmed them by the fire. We decided to head back right away. I quickly laced up my boots and we were off.

It was definitely turning colder quickly, typical for the Calgary area. The weathermen used to say Calgary was the hardest area in all of Canada to predict, and, if you didn't like the weather, wait ten minutes. Maybe we had waited too long at their camp, or maybe I had dried out my boots too much and taken some of the natural oils out of them. At any rate my feet were getting cold very fast. I started to lag behind the rest of the group and Thom yelled at me a couple of times. It really was getting cold. Out along the flat, totally exposed to the wind and the cold, I was having difficulty walking. My hands were cold and my feet were starting to sting. I was dropping behind again. Thom grabbed me

and pulled me forward and said, "Come on Don you're slowing us all down and we're all getting cold. Keep up!" After only a few paces I was dropping behind again. The stinging in my feet changed to a numb ache and the stinging slowly moved up my legs. My legs were stiff, my feet felt like large heavy wooden blocks on the ends of my legs, I wasn't really able to feel them. I felt a jarring each time my foot landed on the ground like an awkward, plodding, old work horse; and it took great effort to pick up each foot and throw it forward for the next step. My hands started to sting. The pain from the cold was causing me to cry and tears were freezing on my face. My mind and body became separated. My body was working from memory, plodding along mechanically. My brain wanting the pain to stop, made it so. I did not feel anything and I did not care any more.

Thom started cursing at me. He ran back and kicked me in the ass. He punched me, pushed me, called me every dirty name he could think of, and then said, "If you don't keep up you're going to die." "I don't care." I said as the pain came back, "It just hurts too much." I was jarred out of my trance, "Go on without me" "I can't just leave you here! What would Mom-n-Dad say? Don't be stupid, I'm not going to leave you here." Thom replied. He hollered to the other two guys, "Keep going! Go on without us. I'll carry the little bastard if I have to!" He kicked me again and yelled in my ear. After a couple of minutes his tone changed, it was more compassionate. Maybe we were out of hearing range of the other two. He had his tough teenager image to think of. "Come on Don, I know it hurts, but we've got to keep going, I know you can make it." He hung on to me and gently pulled me along with him. He told me to stamp my feet instead of just walking, "Put them down hard and maybe it will stimulate the blood flow." When I'd slow down he would swear at me again, but as long as I was trying he was very encouraging.

I remember thinking, *If only I can make it to . . . the bend in the road, . . . the jump tower, . . . the back gate, . . the polo field, . . Harvey Hall, . the barrack blocks, . the PMQs, Somme Crescent, home.* We finally made it home and I recovered, although my feet and hands remained extremely sensitive to the cold for the rest of the winter. I now

dress properly for winter, and for all other conditions; I plan ahead and don't leave things to chance; and I know that when you reach the point when you are ready to give up you can always find a little more to give.

One Saturday afternoon, later in the spring, Mart, Thom, Hank, and I went, without rifles, for a walk out to the Weasel Head area. We were walking along beside the 'clay cliffs', at the top of the slope to the valley floor, when we heard the 'zip-thump' of a bullet, as it hit the clay cliff right behind me, followed immediately by the crack sound of a rifle firing. Within a couple of seconds there was another 'zip-thump... crack' and the bullet hit the cliff right in front of me, between Mart and I. We realized someone was shooting at us and we scampered over the top of the cliff. As we did so we heard the sound of a third shot. We made large semicircle loops back to the edge left and right of the spot where we cleared the top. We approached the edge by crawling and observed carefully to see if we could identify who had been shooting at us. Thom thought he recognized a couple of guys from school, but by the time he worked his way around to the road and down to the bridge area they had disappeared.

The next Monday at school, Thom found one of them and 'beat the snot out of him'. The kid said they left their bikes by the bridge and went across to do some shooting, just like we had done on many occasions. When they came back they found their bike tires slashed, and, because we were the only people they could see in the area, thought we had done it and shot at us. By now the partner had shown up and Thom explained that they were both damn lucky we had not had our rifles with us, because we would have returned fire. I shudder to think what would have happened. We probably would have killed one, or both, of them. I think Thom scared them sufficiently that they would think twice before shooting at someone again, even if it was 'only to scare them' as they claimed.

Thom did some caddying at the Glenmore Golf and Country Club and was given an old set of wooden shaft golf clubs by a lady for whom he caddied. This soon lead to various members of the group playing 'slough golf'. There was a sandbox near each of the

corners of the triangular shaped slough area across the road from Hank's. A round of 'slough golf' consisted of hitting the ball from the grassed area opposite Hank's into the first sandbox, out of the first into the second, on to the third and back to the first. A bad lie was right adjacent to the foot-high boards that surrounded each of the sandboxes.The worst possible lie was on some Sergeant-Major's front lawn. After the local residents complained about the 'swearing' and hazards posed to small children by errant golf balls, the group looked for a different outlet.

Many members of the group had a hand in developing the constantly evolving game of 'Sockey'. It started with the old set of golf clubs, a golf ball, a baseball glove, and a broom. The cement side of Hank's front stoop formed the goal. The rules were a mixture pulled from soccer hockey and elsewhere. A tennis ball substituted for the golf ball caused many fewer injuries, and hockey sticks replaced the broken golf clubs. You were allowed to kick the ball as well as hit it with the clubs or sticks. Everyone was against everyone else and the first person to score 10 goals became the goal tender. The goaltender was the player who used the baseball glove and broom. Several years later when Thom and I introduced the game to friends in Edmonton we used a 'Blob' instead of a tennis ball. The 'Blob', so named after the Horror movie of the same name, was formed by scrunching together plastic bags wrapped with alternate layers of string, more bags, and electrical tape.

Terry Bolton and I went to the annual Armed Forces Day held at Currie Barracks on the third Saturday in June. Equipment was on display, regiments had special parades, and the camp was open to the public. They allowed people to ride in various vehicles as part of 'the experience'. When you ride in a jeep at high speed over small hillocks, you become momentarily airborne, as a result your instinct is to grab on to something, anything, in order to remain in the vehicle. The seats in a 1950s army jeep are hinged and somewhat loose and become floppy when airborne. Thus I learned the lesson 'be careful where you put your hands'. This is also good advice to keep in mind in today's environment of increased sensitivity to sexual harassment.

In the summer of 1959 I was finally old enough to attend cadet camp. Actually I was old enough in the previous November but had to wait until the following summer for a camp to attend. Seven weeks in Vernon, B.C., I could hardly wait. Thom had gone in 1956, Mart in 1957, Hank and Mart in 1958, and now it was my turn; and I would get paid $100.00. Wow! I'd be rich. Think of how many pop bottles that would take. Dismounting from the train in Vernon, the first thing I noticed was the heat. It was intensified by the heavy wool 'Battledress' uniforms we wore, the only uniform issued to cadets, except at summer camps. We were told to form up in three ranks on the station platform. "Answer your name when called. The following people will be in "A" Cumpnay (Company)!" My name was not one of those called. "The following people will be in "B" Cumpnay!" My name was called and I joined this second group. We were loaded onto 3-ton trucks and driven up the hill to the camp. First stop, in front of our barracks to drop off our kit bags. We were marched to our second stop, the MIR (Medical Inspection Room) for, you guessed it, a medical examination. It was not much of a medical really, a quick listen to the chest, thumps on the back, say aahh, cough, bend over and spread your cheeks, NEXT! I knew I stood 5' 2 1/2" tall, I weighed 114 pounds, and I had been declared fit for training at summer camp. During the next two weeks I would grow 2 1/2" and gain 14 pounds; and none of it would be fat. Third stop the QM (Quartermaster's Stores) to draw our bedding. Bedding consisted of: blankets, wool, grey, 3; sheets, linen, white, 2; pillow, feather, 1; pillowcase, linen, white 1; towel, bath, white, 1; towel, hand, white, 1; and washbasin, galvanized, 1. I know a washbasin is not bedding but we got it at the same time anyway. We were marched to the barracks to drop off our bedding and then back to the other end of QM to draw summer uniforms: trousers, KD, long, pairs, 2; trousers, KD, short, pairs 2; socks, hose top, brown, pairs 1; putties, brown, pairs 1; belt, web, 37 pattern, 1; belt, web, trousers, 1 1/4", 1; coveralls, mens, black, pairs, 1; and helmet, pith, 1. We brought two shirts from our home unit cadet corps which we would wear with the KD longs or shorts. KD stood for Khaki (pronounced kar-key) Desert, and most often was a light tan,

desert, colour. The rest of Sunday was spent making up our beds; stowing our kit in our boxes, soldiers, common (barrack box); at supper; and being briefed on what to expect in the next few days. I was in Four Platoon of "B" company, same as Thom three years before. I remember thinking, *This is going to be neat..*

The next morning we were up and at it bright and early. We were told we would wear long trousers Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and shorts Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. I dressed in my smaller pair of KD longs, the pair that was meant for someone 5' 8" tall with a waist of 34. After a rather brief inspection we were marched up to the parade square and marched around and around the square. After the first two trips around the square they started picking people out of the various 'Cadet Leader' companies. Whispers in the ranks said they were picking people for 'The Guard'. "Sure," I thought, "and me with these pants, they'll never notice me." Twenty more minutes of marching around and I heard Sergeant-Major Tankard say, "We only need five more." and I still wasn't picked. Suddenly, "Get that fourth one in the front rank! And take him and get those bloody pants changed! I almost missed him because of those pants!" Thank you Sergeant-Major Tankard. I was in "D" Company, 'The Guard'.

The rest of Monday was spent in moving our kit to our new barracks, making clothing adjustments and once again back on the parade square. Our new hut was right along side the highway, directly opposite one corner of the parade square, and it had the new white asbestos siding on it. It would be cooler than the 'tarpaper' huts of "A", "B", and "C" Companies. When all our kit had been moved we were inspected in each piece of clothing and told which was our best shirt and to always have it clean for Saturdays and all special trips. Our best pair of KD shorts were marked and taken away to the tailors where the waist was taken in and the leg length was adjusted to fit 'one hand width' above the knee. These would only be worn on Saturdays and our special trips. Saturday was CO's Inspection.

CO's Inspection required our beds to be unmade. Our mattress was rolled in thirds,

with the pillow inside, and placed at the head of our bed. Both sheets were folded to a width of 18 inches, with four folds showing. Above and below the sheets was a blanket folded to the same width with three folds showing. To form a bundle the third sheet was wrapped around the others. The pillowcase was then neatly centered on top. The bundle was then centered on top of the mattress. We centered our plastic drinking cup on top of the pillowcase. Towel and face cloth were clean and centered on the end of the bed. The barrack box was left open and all the contents were arranged according to specifications.

Next we were marched over to the QM stores to get the special kit for 'The Guard': white pith helmets with a brass spike on top, white web belts, rifles, white slings for the rifles, and white frogs for the bayonets. My large ugly pants were exchanged for pants that fit almost perfectly. When Sergeant-Major Tankard wanted something done, 'it got done'! Back on the parade square we were each given a chance to march the others around. They told me I would act as the Company Sergeant-Major. I would shadow Sergeant-Major Tankard. *Fantastic!* I later discovered that Sergeant-Major Tankard was the Regimental Sergeant-Major of the Seaforth Highlanders, a Militia (Army Reserve) regiment in Vancouver. He had taken a drop in rank and pay to work with the cadets at Vernon. He liked working with young soldiers, and was a great role model. It was too bad I was not going to be in the same platoon and company as Thom was in three years before, but Thom was never in 'The Guard'. This was even better. At the end of the week I got more good news. They had decided to make me the company commander of "D" Company. I would be the 'Commander of the Guard'.

There was a certain prestige or status associated with being a member of 'The Guard', there was also a lot of hard work. The other cadets on the Cadet Leader and Cadet Leader Instructor Courses would spend 64 periods on the parade square. We, as members of 'The Guard', spent more than double that number of periods on the square, learning and practising drill so we would be good enough to march in the parades at the Penticton Peach Festival, the Kelowna Regatta, and the Pacific National Exhibition in Vancouver. We

looked forward to those trips, riding hour upon hour in the backs of 3-ton army trucks in our best uniforms; so we could march for an hour or an hour and a half in a parade, wander around the fair grounds for a while, get back in the trucks again and travel back to Vernon late at night so we could get up bright and early the next morning to go 'square bashing' again. It is amazing what we thought was a fantastic inducement to practise hour after hour in the hot sun and then to repeat it again, on our own time, at night in the barracks.

The parade square at Vernon was a large rectangle of recently repaved, black asphalt. It drew the heat like a magnet. If Vernon was the hottest place in B.C., then the parade square was definitely the hottest place in Vernon. By the end of the day most of my shirt would be soaked with sweat, and as it dried white stains appeared from the salt in the sweat. Shirts were washed daily. White salt from the sweat even worked its way through to the outside of our thick heavy black boots. This meant we had to wash our boots at night to get rid of the salt before we could shine them ready for the next day. Many were the days that the parade square felt like the hottest place on earth. That was until we got to Glenemma.

Sunday night and first thing Monday morning, we packed up our kit bags with a shortened list of kit in preparation for the week in Glenemma. After morning inspection, we loaded up our good old 3-ton trucks and started our journey. We drove all over the country side. At one point one of the guys whose home was near Vernon commented, "Hey, we've been over this road before in the other direction." We knew that might be possible because the drivers were cadets on the 'Driver Mechanics' Course. Two and a half hours later we off-loaded at the bivouac area and were immediately put to work building 'hoochies' as our shelter from the elements. We built and marked the latrine areas, stands for our wash basins, and some inventive souls even built little shelves for storing some of their personal kit. We would be living 'in the field' for the next five days.

We were warned that because of the distance we were from Vernon, the water trailer would be there in the morning for us to get cold water for washing shaving and one

cupful to drink. The trailer would be brought back once later in the day for washing and one cupful to drink. That was all the water we would get. Our company, with the two guards and the band, had a strength of 150 counting instructors and kitchen staff. The usual strength in the other companies was 120. This meant severe water rationing indeed. In the evenings, when we went swimming in the creek, I went upstream and drank the water we had been told not to drink. It sure tasted good and I suffered no ill effects.

Most of the field training consisted of section and platoon tactics which culminated in a night exercise complete with patrols, passwords, and lots of blank ammunition. The last day the temperature reached 113° F (45° C), we were dressed in black coveralls, and were only allowed to undo the top button at the neck. When you wear putties around your ankles and a web belt around the waist there is not a lot of air circulating inside black coveralls. It was damn hot and uncomfortable. It was so hot the black powdery dirt lay four to six inches deep on the roads throughout the training area. When we marched back for supper at the end of the day the people at the back of the platoon ended up covered in the fine black dirt.

As we lined up in front of the field kitchen in the bivouac area, desperately in need of a drink, the water truck driver hooked onto the water trailer, turned on the taps and let the water drain out as he drove off. One of the cadets broke ranks, ran after the truck and caught some of the water in his mess tin. Before the water reached his lips, some officer shouted, "Arrest that man!" Two Corporals grabbed him. His feet barely touched the ground as he was hauled out of sight. He was placed in a vehicle, his kit was gathered up, he was driven back to camp, and he was on a train home that same night. He was RTU-ed (returned to unit). This was the greatest disgrace a cadet could have bestowed upon him. That night when we went swimming in the creek, the water tasted extra good and I was not the only one drinking.

Twenty-five years later on a trip with my wife and children I visited the Vernon area and in driving out to Glenemma discovered it was only a ten minute drive north of Vernon.

I had also discovered during the intervening years it was unlawful (against regulations) to impose water rationing on cadets. I realized the lower level of control they had over us in the bivouac area in the evening and at night, but I really wondered about the lengths to which they went to maintain the deception that we were far from Vernon so cadets would not sneak out of camp and go into town at night.

Once back from Glenemma we started to focus on the next highlight of the camp which was the Searchlight Tatoo. A short distance south of Vernon, just off the highway a couple of hills form a natural amphitheater. On either side of the flat at the base of the hills they had planted trees, which formed the wings of the stage. A World War II anti-aircraft searchlight was placed, on the saddle, between the tops of the two hills. This was our light source, like a giant floodlight, only much brighter. Two Platoon of 'The Guard' would perform a "Feu de Joi." This is a ceremony dating back to the days of the French Army in Canada, when troops would point their weapons in the air and fire, not in volleys, but in succession, as a celebration of victory or happiness. As it was the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Louisbourg (1759), it seemed appropriate.

We practised in many locations and were finally marched to the Drill Hall/Theater, so we could simulate the night time conditions. The lights were turned out. It was totally black, not a speck of light anywhere. "Commence!" "BAAAAAAAAANNNNGGG!" The sound inside that closed, darkened drill hall was deafening. No one had dropped a round when loading, no one missed firing, everyone fired in succession. It was perfect. When the lights were turned on there were fifty two of the biggest smiles you could ever imagine.

We performed twice: once at the dressed rehearsal on Thursday night, for all the Camp staff, family, and special invited dignitaries; and again on Friday night for the public from the town and surrounding area. We returned to barracks late that night to prepare everything for CO's Inspection next morning.

The routine at Vernon gave a new meaning to the phrase 'Rise and Shine'. We

swept, wiped, cleaned, polished, and shone almost everything in sight everyday. Floors, windows, wash basins, ablution counters, showers, toilets and urinals were cleaned daily. Cloths, brushes, Sergeant-Major soap, bon-ami, dutch cleanser, brasso, and silvo were in constant demand as the new tools of the trade. Whitewash and several colours of paint could also become tools of the trade. One Sunday shortly after Admiral Raynor's son left to go home to Victoria for the week end to attend the garden party for the Queen, our Platoon Sergeant entered the barracks and shouted. "Who wants to go to a garden party?" Over half the guys in the barracks jumped at the chance. Dad always said, "Never volunteer for anything." My experience, on the other hand, had shown me if you volunteer early, you usually get the easy jobs and when some large dirty job comes along they say, "No, not you Shaw, you're always volunteering, we want someone else." But this time, I sensed something was odd. Besides, I was going to get to speak to the Queen, when she visited Vernon, later in the week. I continued shining my boots for Monday morning.

The Platoon Sergeant with all his 'volunteers' in tow, unlocked the storage area under the hut. They re-emerged shortly with rakes, shovels, and a wheel barrow. He announced, "We're now going to build a garden!" A beautiful ornamental garden soon took shape, with a border of whitewashed rocks, and barbecue briquettes painted in bright colours spelled out "2 PLATOON, D COMPANY". All the soil was freshly dug, raked, and lightly watered to a nice even black. There were no flowers, but 'The Guard-en' continued to be watered once a day for the rest of the summer.

Later in the week, after several rehearsals in the hot sun 'The Guard' lined the highway on the approach to the parade square, prepared for me to give the command, "Guard, Royal Salute, Present Arms!" Although spread over a long distance down both sides of the highway, all knew they could hear my voice, and were prepared to carry out that command.

I, and one designate from each of the other companies, attended several separate, smaller rehearsals in the evenings, where we learned and practised the correct form of

address when meeting or being presented to royalty. "Your Majesty", and "Your Highness" were used the first time you answered, and "Yes Ma'am", and "Yes Sir," respectively, any time after the first. On the pe-arranged signal, I would double from my position in the center of 'The Guard' to the parade square and be introduced to the Royal Couple.

We stood, waiting, and waiting. Word came, 'they were late'. Wrong, 'they were delayed,' the Royal Couple 'is never late'! Some problem along the rail line must have delayed the royal train. Finally, 'they had arrived at the station and would be at the camp shortly,' but because they had been delayed so long, 'The Itinerary' must be shortened. I, and the other designates, would not get to speak to the Queen. Standing at 'the salute', as they passed in their open convertible, I stared them in the eye, and imagined myself speaking to them.

CHAPTER 5

"High School and Militia: Stories of a Young Adult."

In the fall of 1959 'we' were posted again. While in Calgary, Dad was transferred back and forth between the LdSH(RC) and 215 Workshop. Now with the formation of a new armoured regiment Dad was posted, as a tank mechanic, to the Fort Garry Horse in Petawawa. So, after one month in grade 11 at Viscount Bennett in Calgary, we moved to Ontario. Because Mom and Dad did not know how long we would be in Ontario, Dad requested leave and we went to Edmonton to visit relatives before the long drive to the 'East'. On the trip we were stranded by a blizzard for three days in Virden, Manitoba, and did not reach our destination until the end of October.

By the time my family reached our new home, Mart McCumber had already been in Petawawa for three weeks. He had 'recce-d', carried out a reconnaissance of, the area and, upon my arrival, gave me a detailed tour of the camp, Pembroke, and also gave me a total briefing on the high school. Camp Petawawa is 15 miles from the town of Pembroke, where we had to go to school. A bus trip every morning and afternoon meant we left early and we returned home an hour and a half after school was let out. Talk about killing my motivation to do homework. A year and a half of that was enough.

I lost courses and credits in the move from Alberta to Ontario. Some courses that I really liked and wanted to continue were not available, others had no equivalent. I was placed in grade 10 French and was still behind most of the other students in the class. In Alberta we started French in grade 7, in Ontario they started in grade 4. I was allowed to try grade 11 typing, by myself, with no help from the teacher, in a class of 35 students taking grade 12 typing. I only lasted two weeks. I was placed in grade 12, for the rest of my subjects. Pembroke Collegiate Institute was the worst school I attended. As I recall, it had some of the worst teachers, and definitely some of the worst students. I could not understand the attitude of the students who went out of their way to make things difficult

for the teachers. They enjoyed it. I had not seen anything like it in schools in Alberta. Several of us, from Alberta, wondered why they did not just leave school if they were not interested in learning. Of course, what did we know, we were just 'army brats' and 'dumb hicks' from out west! Dumb hicks? We knew you could not just 'go out and dig an oil well', as many of them thought. It was the first time I heard the expression, 'army brats' even though I had lived in two different army camps before. I guessed only army dependants in Ontario were brats.

My best teacher in Pembroke was Mrs. Summersgill who gave me a great appreciation for Shakespeare, as she acted out different interpretations of the many versions she had seen performed live on stage. She was 78 years old and had been recalled out of retirement three times. I knew why !

When we moved to Ontario I did not join a new cadet corps. The local Cadet Corps in Pembroke was a 'school cadet corps'. It was compulsory for all grade eight and grade nine male students to be members of the cadets. The standards were low and the quality of their training was not very good. I was also planning to join the Militia, so Cadets seemed out of the question. I joined the Militia on December 1, 1959, the first parade night after my sixteenth birthday. I found the Militia interesting and exciting, by comparison to the school curriculum in Ontario, which I found dull, dry, and boring. Originally I was in the 59th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, but in February, 1960 we were re-badged to become the Lanark and Renfrew Scottish Regiment. We turned in our blue berets for Tam-o'-shanters, were issued kilts in the Black Watch tartan, and all the other accoutrements of an average highland regiment. Once again, I was instructing others within a year, even though I was still just a Private.

In the following spring, the cadets started receiving help from the Fort Garry Horse and even though I was involved with the Militia on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, I was asked to join cadets and help out with the training. By the end of the year I was a Cadet

Lieutenant and was selected to attend the National Cadet Camp in Banff. Only the best 'Master Cadets' from all across Canada were chosen.This was an honour and a privilege, and I would get back home to Alberta for the summer.

Summer holidays had just started and I was getting ready to go away to London, Ontario for preparatory training prior to going to Banff. Because we would be seen by many tourists while in Banff, our training in London was meant to make us sharper so we could properly represent the Canadian Army to the world. I had been going through my clothing and equipment checklists and laying out some of the kit prior to packing. As I entered the kitchen to talk to Mom, she asked me a question. I looked at her as I answered and backed up to sit on the chair at the end of the kitchen counter next to the table. As I sat down, I missed the chair and landed on the sewing machine.

Mom saved a lot of money over the years, mending and sewing, with that old 1911 Singer machine. The basic machine was exactly the same as its older treadle operated predecessors but this one had a small electric motor. She did most of her work on the kitchen table and sometimes, when working on a large project, she would just remove it from the kitchen table for the meal time and it went right back onto the table as soon as the meal was over. This time Mom had moved the chair over a bit and placed the sewing machine on the floor in the corner where the chair normally sat.

I let out an "Ouff" of surprise, stood up, turned around to find where the chair was and sat back down, this time on the chair. "You've hurt yourself," Mom said. "No I haven't," I answered. "Yes you have. There's blood on your seat!" she said. I stood up and wiped my hand across my left buttock. When I brought my hand forward it had a smear of blood across the palm. When I looked back down at the chair there was a bit of blood there, too. I must have landed on the spool post. I went up to the bathroom and put a band-aid over the small puncture wound I had received and thought no more about it.

Within a week I was in London, Ontario. As usual I had to undergo a medical to ensure I were fit for training. By this time the wound on my buttock had developed a minor

infection and was swollen. When the Medical Officer asked me to bend over, he demanded, "How long have you had this boil on your backside?" I said, "It's not a boil, Sir." "Yes it is!'" he replied. His tone said, not only am I a doctor; but, I am an officer, and therefore I am right; and what makes you think you can contradict me! I repeated, "It's not a boil, Sir. I sat on a sewing machine," surprised at my own assertiveness. "You did what?" he queried. I gave him the abridged version of the story. He said, "Oh, well, it looks a bit infected, so we'll have to keep an eye on that." I could just picture it, him following me around, keeping an eye on my rear-end. Anyway, he gave me a prescription for some medication. Then he took it back, went away for a couple of minutes and came back with several tablets and described how I should take them, and how often; and he told me to keep it covered, and gave me a small supply of band-aids. There were no problems for the next couple of days.

We did PT (Physical Training)—the army's version of 'Phys Ed'—twice daily. Many of the routines were designed to increase reaction time as well as general fitness and strength. One drill was on the command, "Cross Legged Sitting Down", from a standing position we would cross our feet and drop to a sitting position as fast as possible, of course landing on our bottoms. This was usually followed by the command, "On Your Feet Up", whereupon we were supposed to push up with our legs to the standing position, as fast as possible. I have often wondered why most PTIs (Physical Training Instructors) give orders in a high pitched voice. But that is another story. Anyway on the third day after my medical we were doing this routine when on one extremely fast "Down" I landed extra hard and burst open the "not-a-boil wound" and could feel the blood and whatever in my shorts. I said, "Excuse me staff?" We addressed all PTIs as "Staff". "Excuse me staff? But I think I have injured myself." I asked, Permission to stand, Staff?" He said I could. I then tried to explain quietly what had originally happened, followed by what had just happened. He said somewhat incredulously, "You did what?" I repeated, "I sat on a sewing machine." He told me to report to the MIR and I headed off across the field. He called after me, "Do you need

any help?" I replied, "No, Staff. Thank you, Staff!"

Of course when I got to the MIR and had to explain why I was there. It was a repeat performance of what I experienced on the sports field. "I sat on a sewing machine." "You did what?" "I sat on a sewing machine." Again I retold the original story and the recent events of the day. I was told to wait outside, in the hallway on the bench seat. As I left the MIR someone asked the Corporal to whom I had spoken, "What did he say?" although I didn't actually hear the answer, I heard it in my head, as I said to myself, "He sat on a sewing machine." This, of course, was followed by gales of laughter and several repeat choruses of "He sat on a sewing machine, Ha Ha Ha!" When the doctor finally arrived and I was called in I was greeted with, "Ah, Yes, You're the fellow with the not-a-boil who . . . " And we both said together, "Sat on a sewing machine." He looked and commented, "Well it's all cleared out now so just keep it covered and it should heal up nicely. It did within a couple days and only occasionally over the years have I had to explain to another doctor, who during an examination noticed the scar on my left buttock, how, "I sat on a sewing machine."

For slightly over two weeks our daily routine Monday to Friday was as follows: Reveille (pronounced re-valley) was at 0600 hours, we did our ablutions, started our clean-up of the barracks, dressed in our 'Work Dress' uniforms, went to breakfast from 0645 to 0715, returned and finished our clean up of barracks, and waited for inspection beside our beds with our entire kit laid-out on our beds, properly stored in our drawers, or hung properly in the closet.

0730-0750	Inspection in rooms (Work Dress)
0800-0820	Inspection on parade square (Dress Uniform)
0830-0910	Drill (Work Dress)
0920-1020	Lesson on Military Equipment, presented by regular force instructors
1020-1040	Coffee break
1040-1120	Drill (Work Dress)

1130-1210	PT (white T-shirt, blue Shorts, grey Socks, white Running Shoes)
1210-1245	Lunch (Work Dress)
1300-1315	Inspection on parade square (Dress Uniform)
1320-1400	Drill (Work Dress)
1410-1450	Lesson on military equipment
1450-1510	Coffee break
1510-1550	Drill (Work Dress)
1600-1640	PT (PT Clothing)
1700-1745	Supper (Work Dress)
1800-2000	Interior Economy
2000-2020	Canteen Break
2020-2200	Interior Economy
2200	Lights Out

The train trip was long, boring, and uneventful. Three and one-half days on the train. Solid rock through northern Ontario, trees and lakes in Manitoba, Saskatchewan so flat you can watch your dog run away forever, and finally the Rocky Mountains.

As I stepped from the train in Banff, I observed a cadet from Quebec take an entire 12 exposure roll of film without moving more than 10 metres down the platform. He was awestruck by the sheer magnitude and beauty of the mountain scenery. I do not know of any of the cadets who were not impressed. We spent one week on sight seeing, one week of camping, map uisng, and mountain climbing, in the bivouac area, and one week of military training in camp. Add in a few days getting fitted out with dress uniforms, photographs, press interviews, and settling into the various camps; the two weeks training in London; one day putting on a display for other cadets in Ipperwash; the half-week, each way, travelling by train to and from Ontario; and it was the best seven week paid vacation I ever had.

Hank Doe and Des Domoni, friends from Calgary, worked as staff at the camp that summer. Thom, who never went down east with us, came for a visit. He was not in camp more than twenty minutes when he was in trouble. He got into a water fight with camp staff he had worked with the previous two summers. A couple of cousins stopped by while on vacation. But, the most memorable event from my time in Banff was the 'Sunset Retreat Ceremony'. The cadet camp band was from a highland regiment which had won the competition as the best cadet band in Canada. During the ceremony, they played several tunes, and demonstrated counter marching and other band drill formations. The sun slowly disappeared behind Cascade Mountain, the bugler played 'Sunset', the flag was lowered, the bugler sounded 'Last Post', and as a lone piper played 'The Piper's Lament' in the still crisp evening mountain air, with the gentle sound of a small waterfall on the mountain in the background, even Sergeant-Major Davies had a tear in his eye.

My strongest memory of school in Ontario was my Chemistry teacher, Mrs. Singleton, who thought I had potential. But, because I 'barely passed' fourth form Chemistry, she arranged for me to repeat it as well as take fifth form Chemistry concurrently. The Chemistry curriculum required many experiments, all of which had to be written up in proper form: Apparatus, Diagram, Procedure, Observations, Conclusions. In Alberta today the average grade 12 student in Chemistry may do 6 or 7 experiments. In that second short school year I spent in Ontario, September to February, between the two courses, I completed 197 chemistry experiments with complete write-ups. Did I still have potential? I do not know. Did it make me love chemistry? NO! It made me ask, "Why, if I have already passed, do I have to do all this again?" If she had just identified the areas where I was weak and had given me some review readings, exercises, and a test, it would have been better. In retrospect, I did not need more practice on conducting and writing-up experiments. What I needed was more time reviewing and studying the theory.

In February, 1961, Dad was posted again, this time to Egypt on UNEF (United

Nations Emergency Force) duty. The rest of the family moved back to Alberta to be closer to relatives while Dad was overseas. Dad was again granted leave, and we drove West. All of central and western Canada experienced freezing rain that winter. Every afternoon, along the entire 2500 mile journey we stared at shiny silvered snow. I was the navigator, reading maps and watching for road signs, and suffered from snow blindness by the time we reached Edmonton. I left Ontario in grade 13 and went into grade 12 in Alberta. Again I lost courses and credits. This time I had six months of work to catch up with in the all year program at Eastglen Composite High School.

I transferred to Dad's and Thom's old regiment, The Loyal Edmonton Regiment in the Militia, and took the last half of the Regimental Police Course, learning traffic control and a few 'come along' and 'take down' holds. I was sent on the Junior NCO Course during the Easter holidays and passed top of the class. A month later I was promoted to Lance-Corporal.

Because I learned how to assess other instructors on my recently completed junior NCO course in the Militia, I assessed my high school teachers that spring at Eastglen, using an army Instructional Assessment Form. Most passed. The best was Mr. Bourgoin, the French teacher. He was well organized, he broke the class time up into a variety of activities, he spoke clearly, he had high expectations and standards, he gave many quick review quizzes and he returned assignments promptly. The worst was the English teacher, she failed miserably. I don't remember her name.

Six weeks later I was a Corporal Instructing on a Junior NCO Course for seven weeks at summer camp. A definite pattern was developing, every summer I was attending military camps and I was repeating the pattern of promotions from Cadets. Within three months I was a Sergeant, a Lance-Sergeant actually, which means you do the job and have the authority of a Sergeant, but you get paid as a Corporal.

My older brother played high school football in Calgary. He was good at it. I felt I had to prove I was as tough as him. In my second year of grade twelve at Eastglen I went

out for football. On the second day of practice I sprained my ankle. It swelled up almost twice as big as its normal size. We could not afford for me to go to the doctor, so I waited a day for the swelling to go down a bit, wrapped it in a tensor bandage and played the rest of the season on a 'badly sprained' ankle. Two years later I found out it had actually been broken, not sprained. I played first string defensive end at 156 pounds, and was invited to the training camps of the junior Wildcats and the U of A Golden Bears. I thought all high school players got invited so I never tried out. Twenty years later, while coaching high school football, I learned only players that have the potential to make those teams get invited to try out. I guess I did okay in high school football.

My experience in the army also played a part in why I do not drink. I can remember being inspected on parade and having an instructor close enough that I could smell his beer breath. Not a pleasant experience. In the Militia I was a Sergeant by the time I was eighteen and required to perform Orderly Sergeant duties. This meant that because some activity went on six, sometimes seven days a week, once every couple months I had to stay on duty until after midnight. I had to check that all doors and windows were secure, all fire extinguishers, fire hoses, and fire buckets were full and properly stored, and when in barracks ensure that light were turned out at the proper times.

"In the beginning, the Lord said, 'Let there be light.' and you could see for miles. And the Orderly Sergeant said, 'Turn out those bloody lights!' and there was no light." This is one of the many old army stories I learned long before I joined Army Cadets and one I heard repeated many times throughout my military experience.

The largest part of the job was closing the Sergeant's Mess. Being only eighteen I was not allowed to drink, the legal age being 21; but as Orderly Sergeant I had to ensure everyone left, and the place was locked up, on time. Many of the old sergeants were World War II and Korean War veterans, and many of them drank too much. With what they had witnessed during the wars I think they had earned the right to over drink on occasion.

Still I will never forget 'escorting', read holding up, a 45 year old sergeant and

helping him walk down the stairs, and then fitting him into a cab so he could be driven home; all the while fighting the urge to be sick due to the overpowering stench of the alcohol. When I repeatedly saw the effects of alcohol it made me ask, "What's the point?" I could not see allowing myself to become so disgusting and incapacitated, so I never started drinking even when I was old enough.

Easter Holidays came and I got another weeks employment from the Militia. I was the Platoon Sergeant for a Recruit Course that would complete their final week of training at Griesbach, on the northern outskirts of Edmonton. Al Payne a young friend of mine was a relatively new Lance-Corporal working as the clerk for our Easter Week training program. The phone rang and he answered with, "Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Easter Week, Recruit Training Program, Corporal Payne speaking, SIR!" On the other end of the line was the RSM (Regimental Sergeant-Major) of the PPCLI Depot, WOI (Warrant Officer Class 1) Austin, awarded the Military Cross for bravery and a legend throughout the Canadian Army. His nickname was "Mick the Stick". He shaved his head bald, had a huge, waxed, handlebar moustache and sewed all the pockets on his dress uniform closed so they would not have any bulges. He looked fierce, scared private soldiers spitless, and froze water with a single glance.

As this conversation progressed I saw Al slowly rise out of his chair so that by the end of the conversation he was standing at attention with the phone by his ear in total silence. I said, "Who was that?" He said, "That was Sergeant-Major Austin. He said he would be right over." Al stood motionless for another five seconds, gradually relaxed, hung up the phone, sat back down, and told me about the conversation.

Al, "Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Easter Week, Recruit Training Program, Corporal Payne speaking, SIR!"

Austin, "This is Sergeant-Major Austin, just checking to see if you got settled in okay, if everything is going all right, and to see if you need help with anything."

Al, "Everything is fine sir, no problems so far . . . "

Austin, "Good! By the way, what was your name again?"

Al, "Corporal Payne, Sir!"

Austin, "Corporal Payne. Are you a Lance-Corporal, Corporal? Or a Corporal, Corporal?

Al, "I'm a Lance-Corporal Corporal, Sir!"

Austin, "A Lance-Corporal Corporal Sir. What the hell is a Lance-Corporal Corporal Sir? I've never heard of a Lance-Corporal Corporal Sir."

Al, "No, Sir! Not a Lance-Corporal Corporal Sir. I meant I was a Lance-Corporal, (pause) Corporal; (pause) and not a Corporal, (pause) Corporal, (pause) Sir!"

Austin, "I see, so you are called a Corporal but you are really a Lance-Corporal and that's why you said you were a Lance-Corporal Corporal Sir!"

Al, "Yes, Sir!"

Austin, "Well I have never met a Lance-Corporal Corporal Sir, I'll be right over."

Al, "Ah no, ah, I mean, ah, yes, ah, sir ? . . . "

Al had just nicely gone back to work when . . .

All in one fluid motion he knocked on the open door, stepped inside, removed his forage cap, and stuck out his large right hand in greeting, "Hi! I'm Mickey Austin." Al stood, snapping to attention so fast he knocked his chair back into the radiator and the chair folded up and fell to the floor with a crash. His long legs hit the table he was working on and it jumped forward about four inches. He realized the hand was extended to him in greeting and he cautiously reached out and grasped it. Austin continued throughout Al's fumbling movements, "I just thought I'd drop by and introduce myself. I'm sorry for getting you all flustered, but I just couldn't resist the opportunity to have a little fun. I've never met a 'Lance-Corporal Corporal Sir;' and I just had to meet one. By way of apology I was going to say I'd buy you a drink, but I guess you're not old enough for alcohol. Well get your hat and come with me and I'll buy you a pop." He then proceeded to take Al over to the Dry—non-alcoholic—Canteen and bought him a coke. When they returned, talking about school and plans for the future, he shook Al's hand again and with his head turned

slightly facing the foyer and loud enough for anyone in the barrack block to hear said, "And if anyone else around here gives you a hard time you just send them to see me, Sergeant-Major Austin, and I'll straighten them out for you!"

Here he was, this parade square legend, the epitome of a Regimental Sergeant-Major treating this very young, 'militia Lance-Corporal' as if he was an old friend. In all of this exchange I didn't think he had even noticed me in the far corner of the room; but of course he had, as proven when he spoke to me later as I entered the Sergeant's Mess, "That's a very nice young lad you've got there as your clerk. I'm sorry for getting him all flustered." I said, "That's quite alright sir." He then added, "If you have any problems with **anything** around here you just let me know and I'll straighten it out for you right away!" I was sure he would. I said, "Yes Sir, I will. Thank-you Sir."

When I should have been studying for my grade twelve final exams an interesting opportunity presented itself through the Militia. Our regimental Drill Team was asked to mount a Quarter Guard for the Trooping of the Colour ceremony to be performed by our Regular Army 'sister battalion', The Second Battalion PPCLI. Because I was the commander of the Drill Team I would be the Sergeant of the Guard. We rehearsed Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings; and all day Sunday. Wednesday evening and Saturday were regular militia parade days. It didn't leave much time for studying. While being inspected by General Sir Hugh Stockwell, GCB, KBE, DSO, the Deputy-Chief of the Supreme Allied Command Europe, his sword scrapped along the ground and I had to fight to keep from smiling. Later during that same summer of 1962, we mounted the Quarter Guard again in Camp Wainwright, and were inspected by General Sir Richard Hull, GCB, DSO, ADC, Chief of the Imperial (British Army) General Staff. Afterward, I received a letter of commendation. The letter stated the General was pleased with our dress and deportment, our steadiness on parade, and was convinced we were the best of regular soldiers. He was particularly impressed with the word of command of the Sergeant of the Guard. All heady stuff for an eighteen year old.

As I look back on it I would not recommend for someone else to follow in my footsteps. I failed three of my grade twelve courses and, although I got enough credits for my high school diploma, I could not enter any post secondary institutions, not that I had expectations of doing so any longer. Although Mom only completed grade 7 and Dad grade 9, they did encourage getting as much education as we could. I had not given up yet. Over the next two years I attempted evening classes and completed two summer school courses to upgrade my high school standing.

CHAPTER 6

"Indust-Real-Arts: Stories of Work."

My third career was as a worker in industry. I was for varying lengths of time: a paper boy, a popcorn popper, a men's clothing salesman, a stocker, a picker, a packer, a shipper, a warehouseman, a hobby printer, a receiver, a fork lift operator, an issue-wicket clerk, a shipper/receiver, a dock worker, a campus patrolman, a forest officer, a soldier, a small parcel delivery driver, a swamper on a furniture van, an elevator mechanic's helper, a lens grinder, a fitter, a partsman, a machinist apprentice, a tool and die apprentice, and a greenhouse erector. Twenty-five part- and full-time jobs later I became a teacher. Twenty-five years later I came back to university to work on my master's degree. There must be a lesson here somewhere.

Cam Sadler asked me to look after his paper route for him while he was away on vacation. It was only supposed to be for two weeks but stretched into three when he decided to stay with his grandparents for an extra week. His bike was a big beast, not as easy to peddle as my own, it had a carrier on the front, and only had front brakes. It was very difficult to stop when going down hill with a full load of newspapers. During the time I did the route the Calgary Herald celebrated a major anniversary by putting out an extra large, 125 page, edition. Ninety-two papers with 125 pages each is a lot of newspaper. Some people paid him in advance, so I did not get that money. Some people refused to pay me because I was a replacement, saying they would pay their regular paperboy. I didn't get that money either. Not an auspicious start in the world of business and commerce.

It was the owner of Blue Jean's Store who got me my first full time job; as a popcorn popper for the Severn Popcorn Company. I got paid 50¢ per hour and was allowed to eat all the popcorn I wanted. It is surprising how fast you don't want popcorn when you make it all day. I worked 2 forty hour weeks at the beginning of July, 1958. They needed the extra help to get enough popcorn ready for the Calgary Stampede. I made

$44.00 in total. I don't know why I was paid the extra $4.00. I did not work any overtime. Maybe it was holiday pay, or a bonus. I do not know, I was never told, but I was assured it was correct.

Town and Country Men's Wear, located in beautiful downtown Pembroke, Ontario, had a branch store in the MLS (Maple Leaf Services) shopping center in Camp Petawawa. The main salesman was Bill Hogan, who I met in the Militia, and helped get me the job. I worked Thursday nights and all day Saturday. My main responsibilities were to straighten the shelves of socks, shirts, and sweaters; brush the suits and jackets; sweep the floors; and when I wasn't busy, sell clothing. One Saturday a mother entered the store with a young child in hand and an even younger child in a stroller. It was obvious by the children's faces that they had been out for treats before their arrival at our store.

Down the first aisle they came, with the mother telling the older child, "Be careful of the nice clothes." As they paused for the mother to look at the "nice sweaters," the one in the stroller, I presume in reaction to all the treats, threw up all over the floor right in front of the sales counter. The two older salesmen, Bill and A.J., still hoping for a sale, were very quick to assure the mother, "That's all right, don't worry, we'll clean it up." And I, the bottom man on the totem pole, was told, "Would you please clean up that mess." As the mother left without buying anything and, while the two older salesmen went to the front doors with her, which also happened to be the point farthest away from the mess, I cleaned up.

Having helped to clean up after younger siblings, I was able to carry out the clean-up without too much difficulty. Bill commented, "I don't know how you could do that. I would have just added to the mess on the floor. I can't stand the sight or smell of it." What ran through my mind was, if you couldn't handle it, why did you expect me to be able to do it?

A couple of weeks later, also on a Saturday, a couple of young soldiers entered the store, and I recognized that both had been into the store on several occasions before but I

had never seen them buy anything. I let them wander for a while, then as I approached, I said, "Well gentlemen, what can I talk you into today?" One answered, "What can I talk you into? Boy, that's the truth!" The other said, "Is that ever the case around here." The first one said, "I am just about to go on annual leave, my first since joining the army a year ago, and I want some new clothes so I'll look good when I go home." "Well," I said, "What exactly are you looking for?"

He said, "I need pants." I showed him pants. I showed him dress pants and casual pants. I explained the advantages and disadvantages of each type and style we carried, I helped him take his measurements, I explained how to figure out the sizes, and I left him to make up his mind about what he wanted. He then said he needed shirts, then a windbreaker, socks, shorts, a sports jacket, a tie, and finally a sweater. In each case I showed him what was available, explained the characteristics, and left him to make his decisions. I never really sold him anything, and I certainly did not talk him into anything. He was ready to buy. I just happened to be there at the time. When he was all done it totalled nearly $300.00. I knew what a Private was being paid at the time and realized he had been saving for the whole year to be able to afford his new clothes. I asked him, "Are you sure you really need all you've laid out here?" He said, "Yep, I really want to make a good impression on the folks back home."

I wished him a good holiday, he paid cash, and left. The store made $150.00 on the sale. I made $1.75 for the hour I spent with the customer. Jean, the big boss, present on one of his infrequent visits was most impressed with 'my big sale'. He complimented me and hoped I would have "a lot more like it" in the future. He had no idea of how little a Private got paid. I told him, "It took that young Private a whole year to save up enough to buy those clothes. I don't think I can make a sale like that every week!" On the following Thursday I turned in my resignation. The knowledge of clothing was great, my experience in sales was not.

Although I looked after the paper route for Cam Sadler, popped popcorn for

Severn's, and sold clothing in Ontario, my third career as a worker in industry did not really start until I left high school. I can remember Mom and Dad saying, "Get yourself a trade, then you will always be able to find work." But for one reason or another I never went completely in that direction.

After high school, I went to work for International Harvester Corporation (IHC) in their large 'parts depot' warehouse serving most of Western Canada. In ten months I worked my way up from shelf stocker, to picker, packer, and finally shipper. For part of the time I was the designated trainer of all the new pickers. One of the new people I trained was Ed Lineham, whom I met previously when he was a medical assistant in the Militia. In the early spring, Ed bought himself an expensive pair of safety boots, a very uncommon item at the time. Shortly afterward Jack Segeart, the foreman, started giving Ed a bad time about his new boots, saying, "They're going to slow you down, you'll be costing the company money." Ed decided to prove the foremen wrong. The next Monday Ed worked extra hard and it quickly became obvious to all of us he was likely to have the highest number of lines by the end of the day. A 'line' was the term used for each item on a purchase order from one of our dealerships. We filled the order by 'picking' the items out of storage bins. A 'line' did not include the quantity of items, just the listing of the item. One small rubber grommet was counted as equal to a dozen ploughshares or to a truck rear axle housing. The number of lines were tallied at the end of each day and it was a matter of pride to be the top picker. If your total was not consistently high over a period of time you got fired. Ed did not have an easy day. As well as a few small, easy to pick 'emergency' orders, he had a giant sized 'stock' order containing many large items like 37 disks for a disk harrow, two truck fenders, a caterpillar track, a large tractor wheel and several rear axle housings.

At the end of the day we all gathered around the assignment desk while the assistant foreman totalled the lines. An average was from 325 to 375 on a good day. Naturally Ed's total was saved until last. "Five hundred and ninety-nine lines!" said Frank. "Fantastic,

unheard of," said John English, who had been with the company for 42 years. All Jack Segeart could say was, "Humph, one more and you would have had six hundred!" as he turned and walked away. It turned out to be a record even though it was one short of six hundred. Never before in the history of International Harvester, had anyone, anywhere in the world, picked that many lines in one day. It is amazing what a person can accomplish when he sets his mind to it.

As in many companies, people had their own special (favourite) places in the lunch room. Herb was no exception. He always sat at the left end of the bench seat nearest the exit door and, when he was finished eating, he would always leave his lunch bucket lined up on the very edge at the end of the bench seat. This meant at the end of his shift he could zip through the lunch room, grab his lunch bucket and be out the door with a minimum of delay. He was usually the first one out the door at quitting time. Jim, by comparison, used to take his time. He would sit and change out of his work boots into his street shoes before going home. One day Jim decided to play a joke on Herb. At the end of coffee break, after Herb went back to work, he screwed Herb's lunch bucket to the end of the bench seat. At 4:30 Herb zipped through the lunch room, grabbed his lunch bucket, and tore the handle off the bucket in his haste to be first out the door.

Next day Herb thought he knew who had played the joke, and decided to get even. He put thumb tacks way down inside the toes of Jim's street shoes. That night, as Jim changed into his street shoes, he 'got the point' right in the ends of his toes. Both men were fired. The company would not tolerate that type of horseplay. Horseplay always accelerates. It has to be one better, and one better, and one better until it gets out of hand.

Gus was a man in his mid to late forties, kind of easy going, and a little on the dumpy side. He didn't talk much, was quiet when he did, and mainly concentrated on his work. Kirk was new to the company and, after a couple of weeks, for some reason, took a dislike to Gus. He would make disparaging remarks and verbally abuse Gus to no end. Gus ignored Kirk figuring he would eventually get tired of his game. Instead Kirk got

worse. He just would not let up. Finally one day Gus, quite calmly, said to Kirk, "Would you care to step outside?" Kirk was the kind of guy who liked to pick fights and used to brag about his fights in the bars, so of course he said, "Yeah!" Gus said, "Okay, Let's go," headed out one of the overhead doors onto the loading dock and jumped down onto the grassy area next to the truck bays. Kirk followed, so did a lot of us. Gus now said, "Okay you've been busting for a fight; go ahead, whenever you're ready, take your best shot." The rest happened in a flash. As Kirk threw his first punch, Gus blocked it with his forearm, grabbed Kirk's hand, swivelled his hip under Kirk and easily flipped him over his shoulder. Kirk landed flat on his back with his right arm fully extended and with Gus' right foot firmly planted on his chest. Gus then released him and went calmly back to work. I overheard someone say Gus was an unarmed combat instructor during the war. One of Kirk's friends helped him up and requested time off to drive him to the hospital. Kirk suffered a broken arm, a dislocated shoulder, and two bruised ribs; plus to top it off, he received his two weeks notice upon his return.

One of the tasks I performed for about six weeks was warehousing. Warehousing usually only involved John English and Hans Stubbe, who changed location of items based on quantity and customer demand. Small, lightweight, or high demand items were stored near the scheduling desk to make it faster to pick and complete the orders: larger, heavier, or less frequently used items were stored farther away. Types of bins or racks varied according to the type or quantity of items to be stored. 'Porky' and I were assigned to work with Hans to narrow the aisles in the south end and to construct additional shelving for the larger, awkward, or heavier parts. Our routine basically consisted of: remove all the items from a row of shelves; move the row of empty shelves over, changing the aisle width from four feet to three feet; then replace all the items back onto the shelves in the most appropriate arrangement. On the first row of shelving we totally disassembled it and reassembled it one foot over. On the second row we realised we could just disassemble the sections where we had to move around a post or beam. By the third row we were leaving

some of the lighter items on the shelving and moving them as we dragged the shelving into its new position.

One day, while relocating the rows, 'Porky' and I noticed that the guys who smoked seemed to be able to pause anytime they wanted to have a 'smoke break' but if the non-smokers stood around too long they were given a hard time. This seemed unfair. We decided to make a point. We went to the vending machine and each purchased a chocolate bar. We returned to one of the empty storage units, sat up on the shelf, unwrapped our chocolate bars, placed the wrappers neatly on our laps, and proceeded to enjoy our treat. When Jack Segeart happened by and asked, "What are you guys doing?" We said, "we are having a 'chocolate bar break'!" He said, "What do you mean?" We replied, "Well, the smokers get to have a smoke break whenever they want. We don't smoke, so we thought we would have a chocolate bar break." "Oh!" He said, leaving us alone without saying another word. The next morning we were all requested to gather at the scheduling desk. It was announced that from now on smoking would only be permitted in the lunch room at coffee breaks, lunch time, or before and after work. All breaks were to be taken in the lunch room and not elsewhere around the warehouse. I guess we made our point.

After relocating a few more rows we hit upon the idea of using a pair of truck jacks interlocked end to end to simply drag the entire row without removing anything from the shelves. The three of us worked well together as a team. One Friday afternoon, Jack Segeart came by, inspected our work, and seemed impressed with our ingenuity and our progress. He was disappointed, however, when we interrupted his calculating of a completion date by explaining that we wouldn't be able to use the truck jack method on the next couple of rows because several sections were filled with batteries which would be too heavy to slide. We explained we would have to take all the batteries out of the shelving to make it light enough and that would take a considerable amount of time. It was then that Jack hit upon his wonderful idea, "What we will do is get everybody we can spare in the warehouse and we will just grab the row of shelving and pull it over the required distance."

We were sceptical.

Within a few minutes well over 25 of us were spread out along the length of the five sections of storage shelving. More of us were posted along the section with the batteries than the other four sections. The lighter sections moved quite easily but not the battery section, where I was. It hardly budged. More people were added to our section and still it barely moved. We gave one mighty yank on the front metal frame and it moved, but not the way we hoped.

The storage sections were designed to accept a 4 x 8 sheet of 3/4" plywood as the shelf, supported by three metal cross braces at two foot intervals. What happened was the metal frame we were pulling on, bowed outwards, the cross braces fell off their ledge, and the plywood shelf fell downwards pinching our fingers under the weight of all the batteries.

I was close enough to one end that it only caught one of my hands, so I was able to push upward with my free hand to resist some of the weight. Poor Don Shea next to me had both his hands trapped and was in considerable pain. Still unable to free my trapped hand I knew something else was needed. I started pulling batteries off the shelf, others joined in, I resumed pushing upward. Suddenly my hand popped loose. Without my hand in the frame more weight now pushed on Don's right hand. He screamed in pain. I climbed under the shelf, and using my legs, pushed up with my back to help take the weight off his fingers. With more batteries being removed and two other people joining me underneath we were finally able to free both of Don's hands.

I was lucky, only one cut and two compressed fingers. Don Shea had three fingers split open on his left hand and two on the right.

After the accident I was allowed to take the rest of the day off, Don was sent to the hospital, and many other people spent the rest of the day cleaning up the area around the accident site. The following Monday Hans, 'Porky' and I went back to our old way of moving the shelving. At the hospital they told Don he might lose the middle finger of his

left hand. Luckily it looked worse than it was and, although he didn't lose any fingers, he did have difficulty working for the next six weeks. I could not see myself continuing in this environment for the next 47 years so I could retire with a full pension. At the end of June, I quite my job at IHC to attend summer camp with the Militia.

The first week of July I attended the annual 'unit camp' where, because of a shortage of NCOs, I was employed as a Section Commander, Platoon Sergeant, and Company Sergeant-Major all at the same time. After a very hot day in the field I finished supervising weapon clean-up at nine in the evening. I had to see the company commander about details for the next day and he was in the joint Officer's-Sergeant's Mess. Except on duty I avaided the Sergeant's Mess. Being in the army and being a non-drinker was an oddity, and a challenge for some people. Many were the times someone added some form of alcohol to my pop, figuring I would not notice. They did not realize my sensitivity to the smell of any amount of alcohol and I always detected it before drinking any. At this time we had a Colonel who thought a good way of developing 'regimental spirit' was to buy a round of drinks and then order people to drink them. His favorite drink was called a 'kilt-lifter' and consisted of one and a half ounces of Scotch and one and a half ounces of Drambue. It had quite a kick and was the undoing of more than one young officer and sergeant.

I arrived just as the colonel bought another round of drinks. I declined the drink stating I was just there to see the company commander and was needed back in the tent lines. The Colonel ordered me up to the bar. I complied, but I again refused the drink. The Colonel said, "I order you to drink that drink!" I said, "Sorry Sir, but I don't drink, and I'm not going to drink for you or for anyone else." At this point Sergeant-Major Dow, whom I quite liked, jumped up and said, "That's right sir, Shaw doesn't drink. No one has ever seen him drink. Has anyone here ever seen him take a drink? I think it must be a religious thing, sir." The Colonel said, "Oh! Well, that's okay then." After that day

whenever the Colonel bought a round of 'kilt-lifters' he would always add, "And a Ginger Ale for Sergeant Shaw!" Not drinking is easy. Convincing others you don't drink is the hard part.

After the one week regimental camp I joined the Alberta Young Soldiers Summer Training Unit and was assigned as Platoon Sergeant of 17 Platoon. I would have a regular force RCEME (Royal Canadian Electrical Mechanical Engineers) Sergeant as my Platoon Commander. *Good deal, better than some young officer who doesn't know anything.* When we went down to the barracks to meet the platoon I discovered they were all RCEME. RCEME is pronounced as a word, as 'ReeMee' after the British REME (Royal Electrical Mechanical Engineers). The platoon was very pleased about having a fellow 'ReeMee' type as their Platoon Commander, but were a little disconcerted when the 'Infantry Drill Sergeant', was introduced as their Platoon Sergeant. I said, "My father has been a member of the 'ReeMee' for nine years now, so I think we'll get along just fine."

They were a very intelligent group of young men, as one would expect from a group training to be repair tradesmen. They learned all military subject quicker than any group I had instructed before, including drill, which is normally regarded as the infantry's forte. As a result I rewarded them by giving fun drill as soon as they demonstrated competency in the lesson of the day. If you time the words of command correctly, it is possible to split up a platoon into separate ranks and files, have each marching in a different direction, or performing a different movement, and get they all back together and marching in the same direction, perfectly lined up and all in step, as if they had never been apart. This created many opportunities to have fun while 'doing drill'. Other platoons, seeing 17 Platoon in action, wanted to know if they could do 'fun drill' too. The rules were always the same, "You have to demonstrate the required drill lesson correctly first." It made for an interesting summer.

As a Platoon Sergeant at summer camp, my daily routine consisted of Reveille at 0530, down to the men's quarters by 0600 to ensure the platoon was 'up and at it', back to

Sergeant's Mess for breakfast, carry out morning inspection in the quarters and on the parade square, eight or nine periods of instruction, supervision of quarters in the evening, prepare my own kit, prepare lessons for next day, 'lights out' at 2330. As well as being the Platoon Sergeant for 17 Platoon, I instructed Drill to all 17 platoons, and Basic Rescue and NBCW (Nuclear, Biological, and Chemical Warfare) to several of the platoons, including the Engineers.

During the first NBCW lesson to the Engineer platoon, I explained the history of nuclear weapons, blast effects, and types and characteristics of explosions. The platoon was seated in the shade of the drill hall, while I stood beside the 4' x 5' blackboard, next to a lectern, in the sunlight. As I said, "Air Burst," I held my hand loosely opened above the lectern. When I said, "Surface Burst" I placed my still loosely open hand on the top front edge of the lectern, and as I said, "Sub-surface Burst" I lowered my hand to a position below the lectern. At the end of the lesson when I asked, "What are the three types of bursts?" the entire platoon repeated, "Air Burst, Surface Burst, Sub-surface Burst." in unison, accompanied with their right hands in a loosely open position at three different heights, one above their knees, one on their knees, and one below their knees. I felt sure they had learned and understood that part of the lesson. It was a spur of the moment thing. I have always found gestures and motions, within reason, are helpful with explanations in many subjects.

As 17 Platoon marched down the road to 'form-up' for our 'passing out parade', two members of the PPCLI came out of the Dry Canteen, looked at us, stopped and stood 'at attention' by the side of the road, as we marched by. It is a custom in the army for recruits or untrained soldiers to stand 'to attention' for a body of trained soldiers, especially if the body of soldiers is 'armed' (carrying weapons). It is a sign of respect. It is very unusual for regular force, trained soldiers to stand 'to attention' for a group of militiamen. Being level with the last file, so I could watch the entire platoon as I marched them down the road, I heard the comment made after we marched past, "Did you see that, a whole

platoon of RCEME!" "Yeah, but did you see who their Sergeant was?" I was sure they were not speaking of me personally, but that as I, the Platoon Sergeant, was a member of the Loyal Edmonton Regiment, an infantry regiment regarded as one of the best in Canada, and that somehow made the difference. I told the platoon, "You have just been complimented. Those two trained soldiers stood 'to attention' for you!" Their chests swelled and they looked even sharper. I commanded all 642 'men' on that passing out parade, but I was most proud of how sharp my platoon looked marching down the road.

After summer camp I was looking for work again when someone at militia suggested I talk to Major Wakefield, who was head of Purchasing and Stores at Chemcell (1953) Limited, the Canadian Celanese chemical plant in Clover Bar on the Eastern outskirts of Edmonton. People joked about the plant being the '4th Battalion' because of the number of people from the Militia who worked there. He told me to come out to the plant and fill out a job application and he would see what he could do. It was three miles from the end of the nearest bus line to the plant, but the walk was well worth the effort.

I started work in the warehouse at Chemcell in September of 1963. It was a good thing the company chartered an ETS bus to and from the plant every day. We called ourselves 'trained slaves' as a way to describe our status in relation to all of the labourers, operators, and repair trades around the plant. All got paid more than we did. I did the same kinds of work as a labourer, unloading trucks, filling orders, building cardboard separators for shipping boxes, etc., but I had more trust and responsibility, meaning I occasionally supervised a small group of labourers unloading boxcars.

Within two weeks of starting at Chemcell, I underwent a full week of safety training. The 63 page plant safety manual still sits on my bookshelf as one of several resources I used for teaching safety in school. The training covered emergency first aid, alarms and signals, hazards, special procedures, colour coding of special lines and pipes, breathing apparatus, protective clothing, basic fire fighting, and fire fighting equipment. A

first aid certificate from the Militia meant I did not have to take the first aid part of the course. I took it anyway. It was a good review. Friday was devoted to testing. We were told at the start of the day, "If you don't pass the safety exam you will get another chance on Monday morning. If you don't pass the second exam you can pick up your pay Monday at noon, and you will no longer be an employee of Chemcell (1953) Limited." In the morning I wrote a three hour safety exam. Lunch was provided by the company. In the afternoon I took a series of practical tests requiring me to demonstrate the correct use of a wide variety of equipment. I passed the theory exam and all the practical tests without any problems.

When I would describe something that happened at work, Dad would say, "I know exactly what you mean." I think my experience in warehouses loading and unloading trucks and boxcars, plus moving and stacking boxes, barrels, and bags must have been very similar to what Dad experienced at Western Cartage before and after the war.

Later when I was teaching, students who knew that I was married, would ask, "Why don't you wear a wedding ring?" In response, I would tell them the story of John Sainchuck. John drove an old 3-ton delivery truck around inside the chemical plant. One day after unloading his truck inside the warehouse, he walked to the back of the truck, put his hand on the rack and jumped to the ground. His ring caught on a carriage bolt and there he was hanging by his ring. He screamed from the shock and was obviously in great pain. His feet were below the bed of the truck and his hand was bent so he couldn't pull himself back up into the truck. I ran over, grabbed him around the thighs and tried to lift him up so he could unhook his hand. It didn't work. His arm just went limp and his hand did not come off the bolt. By this time Alex had arrived on the scene and held him by the legs when I released him. During the transfer he slipped and let out another yelp from the pain. Being younger than Alex, I jumped up into the truck, grabbed John around the waist and we lifted him up. I held his upper body with my right arm and unhooked his hand. We sat him down on the end of the truck and I jumped down to have a look at his hand.

His finger had been torn open, and you could see where his ring had been bent right into the bone. It was bleeding profusely now that his hand was lower than his heart. I couldn't close the wound because of the way the ring was bent into the bone. He wanted me to do something to stop the pain. I told him to raise his hand above his shoulder and hold the pressure point at the base of his wrist. I ran and got the key, opened the attractive stores lock-up where we kept small, desirable, easily stolen items, and I got a pair of needle nose pliers and a pair wire cutters. When I got back I had to reach right into the open wound with the wire cutters to cut the ring. Then using both the pliers and the wire cutters I bent the ends of the ring open so I could get it off his finger. I was now able to push the skin back down over the exposed bone and I quickly bandaged his finger. Someone else took him down to the plant first aid department and they sent him to the hospital where they cleaned and sewed up his finger. I straightened out his ring and gave it back to him when he returned to work later in the afternoon. The doctor at the hospital said he was lucky he only weighed 165 pounds. If he had weighed much more he probably would have torn the finger right off.

I decided that day I would never wear a ring again. When I married my wife, Janis, she wanted me to wear a ring. I held up both hands with the fingers spread wide apart. I asked, "How many do you see?" She said, "Ten." I said, "Do you like me with all ten?" She said, "Yes." and I said, "Then I'm not wearing a ring." To me the symbol of being married is in my brain and whether or not I wear a ring makes no difference.

Another person who stands out from my time at Chemcell is George Twomley. George was the clean, neatly dressed, organized, efficient, hard working, quiet, very pleasant, Irish, delivery driver for Grinnell, a company which supplied a great variety of pipe and pipe fittings. When I worked with Paul Schneider in receiving, George would stop in for us to check the delivery, then drive around to the pipe yard, and if I didn't get out there fast enough he would have it unloaded and all put away by the time I got there. Unlike most other delivery drivers, he said he "didn't like standing around waiting."

Sometimes he would say, "Don't bother coming out. It's such a small amount, I'll just drop it off by myself, and save you some time." We would sign the weigh bill and off he would go. There were never any mistakes with George. On one occasion, after the pipefitters had been extremely messy during an emergency 'shut-down', he even cleaned-up, straightened, and re-organized the entire pipe yard. He said, "I couldn't find anything so I straightened it up to make it easier." He made it easier for us, not for him!

Early in the morning, Fred Wetter would leave his home in Calgary, drive out to Kananaskis, load his truck, drive up to the Chemcell, help unload, and return home in the same day. He usually made one trip per week, occasionally two, during the spring run-off when we needed more lime for water treatment. Once he made two trips the same day. Fred was an extremely hard worker who took pride in how neatly his truck was loaded, and in how fast he could load and unload, always handling more bags than whoever worked with him. A truck load of lime was always the same, 640 bags, 50 pounds to the bag. We off-loaded by placing a small mini-pallet on the blade of a wheeler, and stacked up 10 fifty pound bags, making a wheeler load of 500 pounds. I once backed off the side of his truck in the winter when my safety glasses became covered with a mixture of sweat-frost and lime dust.

One particular incident remains riveted in my memory. Fred and I were doing the stacking while two others were wheeling. He seemed slower than usual and much less energetic, I was able to get the last bag every time without trying. Then, as I asked him if he wasn't feeling well, I noticed blood on the arms of his shirt. I asked, "What have you done to yourself, Fred?" He rolled back his sleeves. The entire upper surface of both forearms was covered with cracked scabs and fresh bleeding.

He explained he had loaded by himself in the rain the day before on his way home from another load. He received lime burns on both forearms from the caustic effect of the lime dust wetted by the rain. When he tried to work, the scabs on his arms broke open and let the fresh lime dust into the now open wounds, causing considerable pain, but Fred was

determined to continue unloading. After several minutes of argument, I finally convinced him to stop, citing the real possibility of additional burns, severe infection, permanent damage, and the loss of the use of his arms. We sent him to the first aid department where they were able to give him some immediate treatment, and recommended a trip to the hospital. He refused, and said he would see the doctor when he got back to Calgary. Being self employed, Fred felt he could ill afford the two weeks off he was forced to take. He had little to worry about. With a guy like Fred no one was going to give his contract to anyone else. All of his customers took what emergency measures were necessary until Fred was back on the job.

Another location where we handled bags of lime was in the acetic acid recovery unit. The job was simple, pile 90 bags of lime into the small room on the second floor. Geordy and I had done the job several times before. Three pallets of 30, fifty pound, bags had already been placed on the ground floor, below the suspended platform, under the hoist. All we had to do was load them onto the hoist, raise them up to the platform, haul them in, stack them into the room, bring back the pallets and we were done. Forty-five minutes tops.

The doors to the room were normally left open for two hours before we got there. They were closed. Maybe they blew closed from the winter wind blowing in through that open window we passed on our way along the second floor hallway before we turned through the doorway that led onto the platform by the overhead hoist. We reached out and opened the doors. Instantly I was blind, my throat squeezed shut as if giant hands were choking the life out of me, my eyes and throat burned, and my nose felt like it was on fire. I could not breath. *I'm going to die if I stay here.* I could hear Geordy gagging, struggling in a vain attempt to breath. I remembered the open window. I reached out, felt Geordy's parka sleeve, grabbed it and pulled him along semi-beside me. No words spoken, he understood and moved of his own accord. Unable to see, we ricochetted off the doorjamb, through the doorway and stumbled toward the open window guided by the steady flow of

cold fresh air rushing in. It was a full ten minutes before our eyes cleared enough so we could return to the warehouse to tell them of our problem. *Good thing the doors closed when we let them go.* It was a full half hour before we could see and breath normally. Ninety-eight percent pure acetic acid vapour can be deadly. I had survived yet again.

The forecast said it was going to be the coldest day of the year. At 8:00, Geordy, Alex and I were tasked with unloading 50 tons of Aluminum Phosphate from a boxcar at the southwest door. Geordy and I would stack three layers of five 100 pound bags on a 4' x 5' pallet and Alex driving the forklift would haul them out of the boxcar and into the warehouse. Geordy and I took off our safety glasses because they fogged up every couple minutes. We figured inside the boxcar and sheltered by the warehouse and the power plant, we were fairly well protected from explosions or flying objects. When we stopped for coffee at 10:00 Alex jumped off the forklift and could not straighten up. The cold weather and sitting still on the forklift stiffened his legs so badly Geordy and I had to carry him inside. While his legs warmed up Geordy ran upstairs and got a scientific thermometer and placed it out on the loading dock to see what the temperature was.

When Alex's legs warmed up he walked around inside the warehouse for 15 minutes just to loosen them up. We went back outside. The wind was blowing strongly and condensation from the power plant had covered everything with frost. Geordy checked the thermometer, it read -92°F (-69°C), which would be a reading including windchill. For the rest of the day, Geordy and Alex switched off driving the forklift every 20 to 30 minutes. By the end of the day the back of my parka was covered in ice from the perspiration which passed through the layers of my clothing and froze on the outside. The good old army surplus parkas, Geordy and I wore, kept us warm and 'comfy' all day.

Boring but indoors, is the way I describe a task I performed for two weeks. Place sheet 'A' over the posts, spread the glue evenly, place sheet 'B' over the posts, press down firmly; sheet 'A', spread glue, sheet 'B', press; sheet 'A', spread glue, sheet 'B', press. It took 122 sets to fill the boxes. I rearranged the piles to make the work flow better, then I

tried to see how I many I could do in one hour, then how many boxes could I fill in one eight-hour shift. Passers-by would snicker, pester, tease, and not quite insult me as I worked, "Hey, what did you do wrong?" or "Bin a bad boy again, eh!" Some would just ask, and I would explain they were dividers for the boxes that hold spools of fibers for shipment. One day when , "What cha buildin'?" was asked, someone else answered, "He's makin' armpits for teddybears!" That became my standard answer from then on. Sometimes it comes in handy when teaching, too.

On another cold winter afternoon I was called into 'Major' Wakefield's office. He handed me an envelope and told me, "I want you to take this to Dr. Evans in the Pilot Lab. He's waiting for it, so hurry. And don't give it to anyone else. Make sure he gets it personally." Out into the bitter northwest wind I walked, covering the 600 metres as quickly as possible. At the Pilot Lab, a small specially designed building where the scientific staff tested experimental processes, the door was locked, as usual. I rang the doorbell. No one answered. I went around to the North side of the building to the loading dock where I had delivered five-gallon bottles of acid on several occasions. I rang the back doorbell. After a minute or so the door was opened by one of the technicians who informed me I could not come in and I would have to go around to the main, south door. I told him, "I have already been there and nobody answered the door." He closed the door. I did as I was told and went back to the south door. I rang the doorbell, several times. I waited. After at least 3 minutes someone appeared at a side window. I motioned with the envelope. The person left the window and after an additional couple of minutes appeared at the door. I motioned with the envelope again. He opened the door. I explained, "I have this envelope for Dr. Evans. I am supposed to give it to him personally." He replied, "You can't come in here." and started to close the door. I said, "Mr. Wakefield, in Purchasing and Stores, said Dr. Evans is waiting for this, it's important and he is in a hurry. Can Dr. Evans come to the door?" "No! We can't disturb him." as a second door was closed in my face. I returned to 'Stores'.

As I re-entered the warehouse, a layer of frost around the hood of my parka, Wakefield was waiting for me, "Where the hell have you been? He's waiting for those documents." I said, "I was just down there. You said to give it to him personally! They wouldn't let me in and they wouldn't call him to the door. So I came back here to find out what to do." "Well, get back down there! He was just on the phone and he was mad as hell. Make damn sure he gets that envelope." As I left I heard "Hurry!" yelled after me. I jogged, in the cold and wind, the entire 600 metres back to the Pilot Lab. This time I rang the doorbell repeatedly until someone came and opened the door. I said, "This is a special envelope for Dr.Evans, he is waiting for it, he is mad, and I have to make damn sure he gets it!" What I got in reply was, "You can't come in." "I know that!" I answered, "What I need is for someone to take this to Dr. Evans and to come back and tell me he got it." Five minutes later still standing out in the cold, I was assured Dr. Evans had received the envelope. As I turned to leave, the person added, "He said he didn't know what was so important he had to be interrupted!" I did not appreciate getting the run around. The term 'trained slave' came to mind.

When I returned to the warehouse I immediately went into the office and asked Rose, Wakefield's secretary, if he was in. She said yes, and before she could stop me I walked right into his office, stopped in front of his desk, removed my safety glasses and ID badge, placed them on his desk and calmly said, "I quit." turned, and left. I left the office, the warehouse, and the plant. Outside the gate I caught a ride into Edmonton in a truck that had just unloaded at the warehouse.

That night at home I received a phone call from Syl Buehler, the foreman. He wanted to know the details of what happened. I told him. He said he wanted me to come back to work the next day, and Mr. Wakefield wanted to talk to me first thing. I said I was not coming back to be berated, belittled, yelled at, or reprimanded. I was reassured nothing like that would happen. In Wakefield's office the next morning I was yelled at. I told him, "I did not come back to be yelled at. If that's what this is all about, I can leave right now."

He urged, "No, Stop. Sit back down." We discussed the details of the previous day, as well as what I liked and did not like about working in the plant. I was told, "Follow procedures, do what you're told, and 'soldier on'." I said, "I didn't think I was a soldier here." He said, "You know bloody well what I mean! Now go out there and get to work!" I paused in the open warehouse doorway, tempted to leave again, but decided to give it another try. Within two weeks I received 'his', Mr. Wakefield's, copy of the Stores Procedures Manual, and a pay raise from $230.00 to $250.00 per month.

Just before Christmas, Mr. Wakefield noticed Geordy and I both wearing war surplus army mukluks as well as our army parkas. He asked if we could get him a pair. We could not imagine when he would use them, and thought he would look pretty odd in his immaculate business suit with a pair of army mukluks. They were almost brand new and cost $17.95, today a pair of the same quality would cost $150.00 or more. We started to wrap them up and got carried away, having a little fun. After the first layer of paper we tied it with string. The second layer was taped. The third was bundled with scraps of old rope. After about seven layers we figured we had 'done enough damage' and made an extremely smooth and neat covering wrap with brown shipping paper. Then, we very neatly printed, "TO: Uncle Keith. FROM: Sandy Claws." We put a fragile sticker on it, and printed under it, "THROW GENTLY", then added a this side up label, followed by printing of, "THIS SIDE AT THE BOTTOM, THIS SIDE AT THE SIDE, THIS SIDE AT THE BACK." Then in big bold red felt pen we carefully hand lettered, "DO NOT OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS!" We gave the parcel to Rose, Wakefield's secretary, and told her to give it to him, as he left, at the end of work that day. We would be gone by then. After Christmas, 'Uncle Keith' thanked us for the present, and Geordy and I ripped up the bill for $17.95. A small cost for favours given.

In the early spring Syl told me to go out to the east wing and tell Ollie, one of the labourers who had borrowed our forklift, theirs was in for repair, that we needed the fork lift, right away. I went. I told him we needed the forklift. He had two words for me. They

had to do with sex and travel. He added, "I'll bring it back when I'm done." I returned and told Syl, "Ollie wouldn't give me the forklift. He says he'll bring it back himself when he's done". Syl said, "Go back down there, and tell him we need it, and I want it right now!" I had just finished a three hundred metre round trip on the first futile journey. Again, I was being sent on an errand with insufficient authority to accomplish what I was being asked to do. I told Ollie, "Syl says we need the bloody forklift, and he wants it RIGHT NOW!" Ollie gave me specific instructions on where to go and what to do with myself when I got there.

I was angry. I hated being given the run-around. As I passed a large cardboard box that was out of its proper place I punched it back into position. It slid the full distance of slightly more than a foot back into place and hit the wall with a loud thump. I felt a sharp pain in my hand right behind the little finger. I carried on back to Syl's office and told him Ollie said I couldn't have the forklift. Syl went to talk to Ollie. When Syl came back, less than five minutes later, he was driving the forklift. I told him I thought I had broken my hand. He said, "Where? When?" I said, "Putting a box back in place when I was down in the east wing." He told me to report to the nurse in the safety department.

When I came back from the hospital with a cast on my broken hand—broken fourth metacarpal of the right hand—I went back to the east wing, to the scene of the crime so to speak, and I looked at that box again. There, neatly stencilled on the box top, under a layer of dust of course, was "Net Wt. 487 lbs." At that moment I realized the strength a person possessed when angry. If I could move a box weighing 487 pounds more than a foot, and it would have gone farther if it hadn't hit the wall, then what could I do if I was to hit a person, someone like Ollie, when I was mad. I knew I would have to learn to control my temper.

Because of the cast on my hand there were a lot of tasks in the warehouse I could not perform. They decided to make me the issue wicket clerk. There would be less heavy bulk work and lots of writing. The fact I wrote with my right hand, the one in the cast,

meant over the next six weeks, I re-learned how to write four times. Every time I worked my way though a cast and replaced it, my hand was in a new strange position relative to the writing surface, due to the shape and thickness of the cast, and I had to learn how to write again. The last time was when I broke the third cast and Dr. Allan decided if I could work my way out of that cast I probably didn't need one. My handwriting has never been the same.

In many ways my job became more physically and mentally challenging. The area of the warehouse in which I worked was built in three layers, each about seven feet high. The top two layers had expanded metal walkways supported on beams and posts instead of normal floors. The only things stored on the third level were pipe insulation, ceiling tiles, and light bulbs—things that would not be affected by the higher temperature. In the wintertime, when I ran up the 22 steel stairs to the third level, sweat would instantly appear on my forehead. I got one of the scientific thermometers from the bins in the warehouse and placed it on my desk on the main floor as a reference check. It read 38 ° F (3.3° C), just a little chilly. I then took it up to the third level and placed it on a ledge at waist height. After about twenty minutes I went back and checked, 122 ° F (50°C). Quite the change in my 10 second dash to the top. At least it was better than being outside on the loading dock like before.

On an average day I would fill about 300 requests for parts and supplies mainly for the maintenance trades around the plant. On an eight hour shift that meant about one order every 1.6 minutes. As a result I found short cuts like running up the large rolls of gasket material to the second level instead of using the stairs, and vaulting over the hand rail part way down the stairs on the way back down. It saved time and distance. It was fun, too.

A couple of university students, hired during the following May, for the summer at Chemcell, wanted to know why I didn't go to university. They said I was certainly smart enough and suggested Physical Education, probably because of the athleticism I displayed in the warehouse. I can't recall any particular incident that would have motivated them to

make the comment, but if they had not it is quite possible I would not have gone to university the first time and, without that first exposure, it is quite probable I would not have gone back later to become a teacher. So, whatever the reason, I am thankful it happened.

Later that summer, I took a leave of absence, from Chemcell, and went to summer school. I raised my marks in French 30 and Math 30 and with an average just over 60% I applied for, and received, acceptance into the Faculty of Physical Education. Living on my savings, no loans, grants, or scholarships, I entered the University of Alberta in the fall of 1964 in the Bachelor of Physical Education (BPE) program. I was the first in my extended family to take formal education beyond high school. I dropped out in December of that year, with doubts about my ability, convinced I was not doing well enough.

When I look back through my records, Biology was my only low mark. I was doing extremely well in all the PE courses (85-92%), doing well in Organic Chemistry (78 %), and had even received an 85% on one of my English essays. Introductory Psychology was okay (65%), especially the part about the compulsory participation in experiments. We were required to act as a test subject—now it would be called a human participant—in six experiments throughout the full year. By the time I left in December I had already participated in 26 experiments. I found them to be great fun and I learned a lot about test construction and evaluation. Biology was a different story.

I had not taken Biology in high school. I did not have a strong interest in Biology. It was mandatory in the BPE program as a pre-requisite for Physiology and Kinesiology. I did not have a problem with learning the skeletal or muscular structures. Nerve endings, muscle insertions had relevance for understanding how the body functioned in performing complex physical activities. But memorizing the dissected portions of worms and plants did not have any importance for me. I remember very clearly the day I decided to leave university. It was during a Biology lab. We were supposed to be looking for a '27-letter-

named organism' which was green. I was busy drawing a very complex structure in a 2" circle on my lab worksheet when the Lab TA walked by. "What the hell is that?" he asked. "It's that 27 lettered thing." I answered. He replied, "That's not it! Here give me that!" Whereupon he grabbed my microscope, slid it over to the edge of the workbench nearest him, changed the magnification to maximum, moved the slide around a bit, refocused the microscope, and said, "There, now it's right in the middle of the slide!" I said, "Thank you!" I slid the microscope back and looked in. I took a clean worksheet, drew a new 2" circle with my compass; and using my apple-green pencil crayon, I made a small round dot in the middle of my circle.

Somehow, using an apple-green pencil crayon to make a small 1/16" dot in a 2" circle, while looking through a microscope, at maximum magnification, did not seem to be teaching me much about Biology. It definitely did not pique my interest. Another less than wonderful experience with science labs. It is my understanding, after twenty-six years working in Industrial Arts and Career and Technology Studies laboratories, that it is very important for all activities in laboratory courses to have a definite practical purpose in teaching useful knowledge, skills and attitudes.

Other factors played a part in my decision to leave university. I thought I was spending money too fast on tuition, books, athletic equipment and lab fees. I was paying my half of the rent, utilities, and food for the little house I shared with my brother. I was living on savings; there was no income coming in. My calculations indicated I would most likely, not definitely but most likely, run out of money before the end of the school year. I was having trouble living with my older brother; he liked to invite friends over when I was trying to study. If I couldn't pass Biology, then I couldn't take some of the other courses and I wouldn't be able to complete the degree. If it cost this much for one year, how would I ever earn and save enough for the rest of the years. Pride, and Mom's long standing advice on credit and borrowing, lead me to think, *"If I'm not going to be successful, why waste any more money. Cut my losses and leave now."*

I went back to work at the chemical plant. I went back to warehouse work and other unskilled, dead-end jobs for the next year before I joined the regular Army. One thing about working in warehouses. I learned how to count, stack, straighten and organize. These skills, along with the safety training, industrial experience and technical exposure definitely helped when I became an Industrial Arts teacher.

Earl Vallee was instrumental in my getting the job at M&P Transport, and also provided transportation to and from the rather remote west end location. The job as dockworker, consisted mainly of moving freight from local carriers to a trailer going out of province, or unloading a trailer with an inter-provincial load for local distribution.

Mixed loads can be extremely difficult. I thought of Dad talking of "Puffed Wheat on top of farm machinery," and wondered what was hidden in this load. Earl was working at the bill of lading table counting items as we unloaded the trailer from 'down east'. As we went by we would say, "Four mufflers for Miller's (Miller Motors)." "One spool of cable for Bruce (Bruce Electric)." "One roll of tape for the Office (just to lighten the load)."

The large control panel, for Alberta Power, was rather wobbly, the skids on the bottom being uneven. Randy dragged it out of the trailer using a long chain hooked to the forklift, then left it right behind where Earl was checking the bills. It blocked the aisle, and being unstable, wiggled in the wind created by anyone passed by. Joe got the forklift to move it out of the way. He did not have the forks flat on the floor, and when he hit the panel instead of sliding under it, the panel started to fall. If you catch something soon enough, no matter how much it weighs, you can stop it from falling. I let go of my wheeler as I jumped to stop the falling panel. I was not fast enough. I was knocked backwards over my wheeler and became semi-trapped between wheeler, table, boxes, and panel. Earl caught my movement out of the corner of his eye, which caused him to turn around. He was squished out past the other end of the bills table rather than squashed across the sharp metal edge along the front of the table. The now twisted table probably saved my life. Ten

men struggled to raise the panel upright. It suffered minor scratches. Earl said he was okay, but later went to the hospital on his own time, to discover, in addition to scraping the entire left side of his body, he had two broken ribs. I had a puncture wound on the front of my right shin, which stopped bleeding quickly, and a very painful area below my left knee. X-rays taken at the hospital showed nothing. I was expected to return to work immediately. I tried, but because I had no power in my left leg for lifting or pushing, I stayed off work for two weeks, without pay. I did receive $13.58 from Workman's Compensation, which is almost a dollar a day, so I shouldn't complain. Private soldiers during WWII only got $1.25 per day and they were in combat.

When I returned to work, Earl was on a different shift, so I had to arrange my own transportation. There was only one bus every hour that ran anywhere near the west end location, the number 11, and it dropped me nine to ten blocks from the truck depot. Even walking as fast as possible would not get me there on time. I had a choice, I could either be 5 minutes late or 55 minutes early. I chose early. When I arrived I had a nice long discussion with the night watchman, who in addition to running his own security and guard dog service, was the chief of the university Campus Patrol.

For the next three and a half months I worked for the University of Alberta, as a 'temporary' Campus Patrolman. This was my second time at the university and I lasted about as long as the first. I did not take any classes but I did continue learning. I guarded $1,000,000.00 in the bookstore, over night armed with a flashlight; manned a barricade, when the brick wall on the fifth floor of the Chemistry building separated in the wind; helped in an investigation to catch a purse snatcher; prevented a catastrophe, thanks to my safety training at Chemcell, when a medical student left a beaker of sulphuric acid on a hot plate; watched university students 'abandon' their vehicles on the jubilee lot; and I applied for many 'permanent' government jobs.

During this period I memorized the standard reply, "We regret to inform you that although your application was given all due consideration we can not offer you a position at

this time. We encourage you to re-apply for other positions in the future." In mid-November I received another of the standard government envelopes and almost threw it away without reading it. Inside was a different message, "We are pleased to advise you that you have been accepted for the position of Forest Officer III in Red Earth. Please contact our office at . . . " I was paid $310.00 per Month, experienced temperatures of -50°F, with winds at 50 mph, which created a wind chill equivalent of -132°F. I enjoyed working outdoors, even in the extreme cold. I dressed for it, and was never uncomfortable. But when Larson's impatience broke the winch on the front of the truck and with the truck stuck in a ravine, we walked 10 miles in the cold to get help, and using more skills learned in the army, I tied rope and winch cables together, in the dark, to recover the truck, the recovery of which was further impeded by Larson's continued impatience, I knew it was time to move on. I lived for a couple of months on savings until Dennis Fleck, another friend from the Militia, helped me get a job as a shipper/receiver at Miller's Stationers in the early spring. Stability in my life was provided by continuous involvement with the Militia.

CHAPTER 7

"The Regular Army: A Short Story."

When most people find out I spent time in the Army they automatically assume they know what I experienced and they jump to conclusions about how I will be as a person and/or as a teacher. Whenever I demanded strict adherence to a procedure, such as when processing a film, many students wanted to believe it was because I had been in the Army rather than because strict adherence to the procedure is necessary to correctly process a film. In the armed forces I saw more evidence of people being treated equally than in any other environment. This is a behaviour the average civilian would not believe existed in the military. Many times I observed someone of higher rank being an advocate for, or a defender of a subordinate, not because he 'had to', but because he 'wanted to'. There was a sense of personal obligation to the person as an individual human being. Most of my instructors were combat veterans. Maybe because they had seen and felt the value of other human beings in and out of the combat situation they felt the need to defend and encourage that value in everyone. I witnessed many acts of fellow soldiers, willingly (voluntarily) filling in for someone so he would have an easier time, or would not be in trouble with the system. Sometimes this was done with considerable discomfort to the volunteer. Throughout this chapter I tell the story of "Huxtable", one such individual.

I joined the Regular Army on May 8, 1966 as a private recruit. The fact I had been a Staff-Sergeant in the Militia meant nothing to the regular Army. I was 22, had spent four and a half years in Army Cadets, six and half in the Militia, held the rank of Staff-Sergeant, and had dropped out of university. After completing an extensive battery of tests I was informed I could enter the Armed Forces in any trade field I wanted except for pilot, because of my colour blindness. I remember one test in particular. There were 77 questions and I was allowed 20 minutes. I was finished and just kind of looking over the questions when the Lieutenant re-entered the room saying, "Times up! How many did you finish?"

"All of them," I replied. "You can't have!" He grabbed up the test and left the room. He was back in less than five minutes, "You cheated!" "I did not." How could I have cheated in a room with one table, one chair, one pencil, and two posters on the wall. He said, "You are not supposed to be able to finish more than 72 questions in the time allotted. Are you sure you have never seen this test before?" "I have never seen that test before." Of course I did not tell him about all of the psychology tests and experiments in which I participated.

I requested machinist. I was told there were no vacancies. I was told I should take the OCP (Officer Candidate Program), where, after 90 days of training, I would be qualified as a 2nd Lieutenant in one of the combat arms. I declined, citing my belief that as a graduate of OCP I would not rise above the rank of Major and after twenty-five years I could retire with a full pension and be qualified to do nothing more than be a middle level, paper shuffling, administrator. I was told I was correct. I decided if I was going to be a combat soldier I might as well be the best trained combat soldier I could be. I chose to be a Private recruit in the PPCLI and reported to their 'Depot', recruit training unit, in Edmonton.

Soon after the start of my recruit training the Platoon Commander, Sergeant Bolin, explained to me privately, "Because of your previous, militia, training and experience, we could 'up-squad' you and you could graduate in two weeks with 'Mount Sorrel'." All the platoons in 'the Depot' were named after battle honours—significant battles the regiment had participated in, which were emblazoned on the 'Regimental Colours' as a symbol of recognition. "But we would like you to stay here, you answer a lot of the other recruit's questions and give them a lot of help. It's like having another NCO in the barracks. We have already spoken to the RSM and the CO, and, if you stay, our plan is as soon as you graduate you will be promoted to Lance-Corporal and made an instructor in 'the Depot'. You will be scheduled for the first junior NCO course that comes along, and we will give you a pass whenever you want." I agreed to stay with 'Vimy' Platoon.

He was a seventeen year old from Saskatchewan with only grade six education. I

met John Huxtable in the 'Depot'. We were about six weeks into our seventeen weeks of basic training when one of the Corporals came to me and said, "Huxtable is having trouble. Can you work with him tonight so he can pass a retest on the rifle tomorrow?" That night, after my kit was ready for the next day, the only quiet, out of the way, place I could find, was the janitorial storage room. I found Huxtable and we spent about an hour reviewing the necessary information and skills. The next day 'Huxtable' passed the test. He thanked me so profusely, I was embarrassed. After that, I noticed Huxtable 'around' more frequently. Although his dress and deportment improved he was never a real 'parade-square' soldier.

Huxtable didn't spend much. He always had money left at the end of the month. He used to lend money freely to other members of the platoon. He never charged interest and he never asked for it back. If they didn't repay him, he just never lent to them again. He never wrote it down, he just remembered.

The only bad experience I had in the Depot was with Corporal Barker, of 'Passchendaele' platoon. Corporal Gray had marched us over for supper, and after giving the command, "Form single file, from the right, into the kitchen, remainder Halt!" had left for the wet canteen, as was his custom. Corporal Barker, as Depot Orderly Corporal, stopped us inside the door, told us we had to be marched over, and although we informed him we **had** been marched over, told us to, "Form up in three ranks, on the road!" We were followed out of the kitchen by 'Flers-Courcellette', who had not been marched over. As Corporal Barker berated us, he allowed his platoon into the kitchen. I felt obligated to the other members of my platoon to try to rectify the situation. I smartly came to 'attention with a loud crash of my heel', stuck out my right forearm parallel to the ground, and spoke, as permitted in regulations, "Excuse me, Corporal! We were marched over to the kitchen by Corporal Gray. He then went to the canteen, Corporal!" He paused, looked directly at me, and started walking in my direction, "You're Shaw, aren't you?" "Yes, Corporal!" "Yes, I've heard about you!" "Corporal?" "You report to me at my table after

supper." "Yes, Corporal!" He ordered, "Vimy Platoon, Single file from the right, into the kitchen, Quick March!" Well, at least we got in ahead of 'Flers-Courcellette'. I ate quickly and reported to his table expecting to have to clear away his dirty dishes and wipe tables or some other dirtier job. Three other Corporal were sitting with him, he said, "You report to me, in coveralls, at the Orderly Corporal's Office, at 1800 hours." "Yes, Corporal!"

Assessing his personality and sensing some kind of run around I dressed carefully. After quickly pressing creases in my coveralls I dressed with highly polished boots, weights, puttees, web belt, and my best hat badge on my Caps, Field, Olive Drab. I figured this might prevent him from repeatedly sending me back, several times for 'one more' piece of clothing, until I was finally 'properly dressed'. I halted in his doorway at precisely 1800 hours, and reported, "S-M-1-1-1-8-0-1, Private Shaw, D.R., Reporting as ordered, Sergeant!" The Fire Piquet NCO, a Sergeant in the RCEME was also 'present' in the room. As I remained standing at attention in his doorway, Corporal Barker spoke to the Sergeant, "See this? This is Private Shaw, very smart, very intelligent, he used to be a Staff-Sergeant in the Militia. Okay Shaw, I want you to take this bedding and make up the bed in the next room for the Fire Piquet NCO!" "Yes, Corporal!" I took the bedding and went next door. I was on my fourth hospital corner when the Fire Piquet NCO entered, "You don't have to do that. I'll just have to tear it all apart before I go to bed anyway." "Sorry Sergeant, If don't make it just right I'll be in trouble with Corporal Barker and he'll find some other dirty little job for me to do." He said, "What did you do to deserve this?" I gave a brief summary. He just shook his head. As I was crawling out from under the bed after pulling the sheets and blankets extra tight, as I would for morning inspection, in walked Corporal Barker. I snapped to attention, "All finished, Corporal!" He took out a quarter and flipped it onto the bed. It bounced. "Very good, Shaw. In future, don't speak out on parade." "Yes, Corporal!" "Dis-missed!" "Thank-you, Corporal." I returned to my room. I was pestered all evening by members of the platoon, wanting to know what happened as I prepared my kit for the next day. I told them, "He gave me a little job to do,

nothing serious."

Early next morning the word was out. I was visited by Corporal Paquette, then Corporal Prowty, Sergeant Laroche, and Sergeant Bolin, all wanting details of what had gone on the previous evening. After a brief discussion outside my room they disappeared downstairs. I heard their loud voices upstairs in my room. Sergeant Bolin returned and told me, "I've spoken to Corporal Barker about last night, and told him if he ever interferes with my platoon again I'll have him up on charges so fast it'll make his head spin. And further to that, if anyone ever tries anything like that to you again, I want to know about it immediately." Both Corporals told me, that after their 'friendly hints' of physical dismemberment, they were sure Corporal Barker would not bother me again. Shortly after the incident, 'Vimy' Platoon went to Wainwright for field training and I never saw Corporal Barker again.

One Friday evening Huxtable asked if he could go to the show with Art McIntyre and me. We said "Sure Huxtable." I noticed something. I said, "Gees Huxtable, what have you got in your pockets? It looks like you've got your whole kit bag in there." He started to empty his pockets. The first thing he pulled out were his gloves. It was the middle of summer and he had his gloves. "What are you doing with your gloves?" we asked. "I don't want my hands to get cold on the way home." By home he meant back to the barracks. I guess he had a point. By the time he finished emptying his pockets, he had the pair of gloves, a stick of gum, a ball of string, two nails, a screw, a small pebble, a chocolate bar wrapper, a nickel, and four pennies; all of which had been rammed into his two front pants pockets. He said, "D' ya wanna see what I got in my other pockets?" "No!" we assured him, "Let's just get to the show before we're late." He had never been a boy scout but I guess he believed in 'be prepared'.

Once, while in Wainwright, I had to act as a target. It wasn't because we were on a restricted budget or because the Platoon Sergeant didn't like me. We were working on the target indication range. Imagine a large field with a small slough in the middle, a copse of

trees on either side, a variety of tall and short grass and weeds, a vehicle trail, and a couple of medium rolling hills in the distance. Spread throughout the area were large square brightly coloured signs, each with a large letter, from A to F, in a contrasting colour.

Each of the people acting as a target had a series of cards with detailed instructions, for example, start in the area of sign "A" totally hidden from view, walk out of the woods five paces, stand still for 10 seconds, walk back into the woods. Gradually the instructions became more complicated. They included running, going to ground, and firing blank ammunition. The rest of the platoon was learning to observe and accurately describe what they saw.

The next day we moved to the advanced target indication range and again I was selected to be a target. The area had less variation in terrain or foliage and there were no signs to help with indication and description. The actions of the targets were much more complex. We were hardly ever totally out of cover.

I was carrying the section light automatic rifle. It was repeatedly emphasized, when working with automatic weapons, to only use two round bursts. Anything longer rendered the weapon inaccurate. Careful trigger control was soon developed, although occasionally a finger slipped and fired off more than two rounds. The only problem on this particular day was someone forgot to bring the blank ammunition. As a result I had to run, drop to the ground, roll, crawl, and holler, "BANG, BANG! BANG, BANG!" at the appropriate times. This activity with several variations was repeated for most of the afternoon. On the final exercise of the day I was required to lie in a mixture of weeds and short willow saplings 75 metres away, then gradually crawl straight toward the observers' position, and, at random intervals, repeat, "BANG, BANG! BANG, BANG!" After crawling on my stomach for almost 50 metres, still without being seen, I became rather bored with the whole procedure and just for variety said, "BANG, BANG, BANG!" The Platoon Sergeant instantly yelled, "Only Two Round Bursts!" To which I replied, "Sorry Sergeant. My tongue slipped!" There was a roar of laughter from the rest of the platoon.

My experience in the Army taught me about improvisation, adaptability, and a sense of humour. If you are trained well enough, you have run through all the options (variations, possibilities, and problems) and are prepared for what might happen. It makes it easier to adapt and improvise. In my teaching I always had a "Plan B", and I consciously allowed for a sense of humour.

Early one September morning, out in the field in Wainwright, one of the recruits was finding it 'awfully chilly'. He complained, "Gees it's cold on the arms. Why do we have to have our sleeves rolled up?" Corporal Paquette said, "Well, roll yer sleeves down then! Any damn fool can be uncomfortable." Burroughs queried, "But I thought we were supposed to have our sleeves rolled up in combat uniform." Corporal Paquette said, "That's for in the camp, we're out in the field! So, roll yer bloody sleeves down, if yer arms are cold" Thinking back to my winter camping excursion in Calgary I thought, *"I've been there, and I know what he's talking about."*

On October 1, 1966 everyone in Camp Wainwright was marched to the theater for a presentation from a special team from Ottawa. All across Canada all Army, Navy, and Air Force personnel were informed at exactly the same time. Not even Camp Commandants or Unit Commanders were notified in advance. Paul Hellyer, the Minister of Defence, a former Corporal in the Air Force, had been adamantly pushing for the total 'unification' of the armed forces and this was his first major step. The best kept secret in the history of the Canadian Armed Forces was revealed to us that afternoon. A new pay and rank structure was explained. Marriage allowance was eliminated. My marriage was already planned for October 15. There would no longer be a rank of Lance-Corporal. All presently holding the rank of Lance-Corporal would be immediately promoted to Corporal. No retroactive promotions would be allowed. In future you would have to serve four years before you could be promoted to Corporal and then the promotion would be mandatory. Promotion based on time served rather than on merit was a concept foreign to the Army, the Navy too, I think. Some called it 'union-ification', or 'air-force-ification', or even 'civilianization'.

My decision to stay with 'Vimy' Platoon now had far reaching consequences.

The next day 'Vimy' Platoon moved back to Edmonton, and the following day, October 3, 1966 we had our passing out parade and I graduated from the Depot. I received the 'Best Recruit' award. Both the Platoon Sergeant and Platoon Commander, again, said they were sorry about the changes in the new pay and rank structure, as they had in Wainwright immediately after the surprise presentation. I told them, "I understand, you had no way of knowing, it's not your fault." They had my name added to the list for the next Leading Infantryman course, unfortunately it would not be until the early spring. They helped put my name forward for the regimental police, which gave be a regular assignment and no extra duties.

After we finished basic training we were posted to the battalions. The Second Battalion was 'rotating' over to Germany and the First Battalion was coming back. Temporarily there were very few of us in camp to perform all of the administrative, maintenance, and routine tasks. As a result we were given a lot of extra duties. One day, the 'Orders' were not posted on time. We were told they would be posted later that afternoon. I was only on duty until 1600 hours (4:00 p.m.). Now married and not living on the base, I had to catch the Griesbach bus at 1620 to go home. If I missed the bus it meant a three mile walk. I waited and waited for the 'Orders' to be posted. I finally left with just enough time to catch my bus. The 'Orders' still had not been posted.

The next morning upon reading the 'Orders' I found I had been detailed to clean the headquarters building the previous evening. I figured I would be charged with AWL and have to explain my absence; but, I was not overly concerned. From my previous experience in the Militia I had learned you must be warned of an extra duty 24 hours in advance. I fell-in for morning inspection and expected my name to be called for 'Orders Parade'. My name was not called. I thought maybe I misread 'Orders', and it is tonight I clean headquarters. I listened. My name was not called for the extra duties list.

When we fell-out after morning parade I went to talk to the Orderly Corporal

thinking there had been some kind of mix up and I wanted to make sure I wasn't going to be in big trouble later. I was brushed of very curtly, "Your name has been checked off, so what the hell are you bothering me for." Someone must have done my duty. I went back to the platoon area and asked everyone. No one knew anything. I said, "Someone did my duty." NO ONE knew anything.

A week later I was in the headquarters building and met my old Platoon Commander. I said, "Morning Sergeant Bolin!" To which he replied, "Glad to see you looking like yourself." I said, "Sorry Sergeant, I don't understand?" He said, "The other night I was coming down the hallway, and I saw Huxtable, and I said, 'Good evening Huxtable' and got no reply. So I repeated, 'GOOD EVENING HUXTABLE!' to which he replied, 'I'm not Huxtable, I'm Shaw.' I stopped. I looked at him, and I said, 'You're not Shaw, I know SHAW, and you're not HIM!' To this he replied in a whisper, 'I'm just Shaw for this evening Sergeant. I'm filling in for him so he won't get in trouble." Sergeant Bolin did not ask for details and did not pursue the matter further. He could have reported the irregularity which would have caused great difficulty for Huxtable; for me too I suppose. When I returned to the barracks and confronted Huxtable, he vehemently denied the whole thing. He said I must have been mistaken. He said Sergeant Bolin must have been mistaken. I asked other members of the platoon. They all denied any knowledge of the incident. I said, "Sergeant Bolin told me he saw Huxtable doing my duty." They ALL still denied any knowledge of the incident.

A little over a month later I transferred to the RCEME and was posted to 215 Workshop in Calgary, to learn a trade as a weapons technician, and, hopefully later, as a machinist. My first morning on parade at the workshop was a real eye opener. As people's names were called, some did not even come to attention, but only leaned as they said, "Corporal!" One, just back from Egypt, replied, "Yes, Ofendi." instead of "Corporal!" *What kind of an outfit have I myself gotten into?* Even though I tried to slow down, when my name was called, I responded with a lightning fast 'bash' of my left heel, as I snapped

'to attention' and bellowed, almost at the top of my voice, "CORPORAL!" It was a conditioned reflex. Someone behind me said, "Fresh out of the school." meaning the RCEME school in Kingston, where RCEME recruits train. He was on the right track, but I felt insulted, *I'm from the Patricias and that's tougher than any bloody RCEME School.* It would take a long time for my intensive training of the previous six months to wear off. I soon came to understand that in the RCEME, discipline, morale, and esprit de corps, were all based on technical competency; and all personnel were respected, not for rank, but for their ability to solve problems and produce under pressure. Smartness on parade could be achieved, when they wanted, but was not regarded as important.

When Janis and I moved to Calgary, Mart McCumber, now back in Calgary, was on hand once again, and of great assistance. Mart and his wife helped us find a place to live and also provided us with lots of cheap entertainment, in the form of Coca-Cola, games of cards, and movies on TV. Janis' family always had a large garden and kept us supplied with fresh vegetables, and when her father went hunting, we received some moose and deer meat.

Only being paid $207.00 per month as a Private in the army did not provide much for food after rent, utilities, and bus fair to and from work. Janis went to the butcher shop, down at the corner, and told the butcher we only had $40.00 for meat for the month. He asked, "What do you like?" She said, "It is not a matter of what we like, It's a matter of what we can afford." He said, "No, I understand that, but you tell me what kind of meat you like and how you would like it packaged and I'll see what I can do." Janis and the butcher worked out an order, hamburger, sausages, stewing beef, and pork chops mainly. Every month there was a little something extra in the box. A couple of steaks one month, a package of pork cutlets another, and at Christmas there was a small turkey, just the right size for the two of us, which we could not afford and did not order. The butcher said, "It was too small for anyone to buy, so I put it in as a little present. Merry Christmas."

The owner of the corner grocery store was also kind to us that year. That was the

first year Coke had a Christmas decoration special. In every case of six bottles of coke there was a small cardstock folder of designs that could be cut out and glued together to make Christmas tree ornaments. The storekeeper gave us all the cards left behind by people who didn't want them. On Christmas eve he let us take all that were still there in the cases. That year most of our small tree was covered with cardboard Coca-Cola decorations. We still use a couple of the cardboard ornaments each year on our tree, as a reminder.

In the spring I bumped into a member of my former unit. I asked about some of the guys from 'Vimy' Platoon, Meldrum, McIntyre, and of course, Huxtable. He said, "Yeah, Huxtable, the guy who did your duty . . . Oh, shit! I wasn't supposed to say anything about that. Oh well, what the hell." He then proceeded to tell me how it happened. After reading 'Orders' Huxtable went to supper early to guarantee he would be first in line at the mess hall. He wolfed down his food and left in a hurry. He changed into a clean uniform, put on his best boots, made up a strip of paper with *my* name on it, slipped it into his name tag holder, and disappeared. Just before lights out, he returned, said he had done my duty, and swore all the members of our platoon to secrecy. If you can imagine working for five to six hours sweeping and mopping floors; washing walls and windows; scrubbing toilets, urinals and washroom floors with a scrub brush on your hands and knees; you know what Huxtable was willing to do to repay a small favour or a little bit of help. I bumped into Huxtable three years later in Germany. When I thanked him again for having done my duty, he said, "Nope, wuzn me, musta bin sumwun else!" Not the sharpest soldier on parade but one I would have had in *my* platoon any day.

After six months in the workshop, although I was still just a Craftsman—the RCEME equivalent to a Private—I was teaching 'Group 2' repair functions to another weapon technician, and Math 30 to Senior NCOs about to go on an articifer's course. It was while working in 215 Workshop that I decided to return to university and become an Industrial Arts teacher. Janis had once suggested Industrial Arts might be a career I should investigate. Based on my experience I was unsure. When I was in junior high at Currie,

just a short distance from where we were now living, we did a little bit of drafting, mostly 'wood butchering', and a very tiny bit of 'metal bashing'. That was the extent of junior high Industrial Arts. At Viscount Bennett, that I walked by everyday on my way to the workshop, we had single unit shops for Woodworking, Machine Shop, Electricity. Some of the others larger schools had an even larger choice. Eastglen had Automotives, and Electronics. I thought you had to have a trade to teach Industrial Arts, and at the time of her suggestion I did not have one.

I was standing at the corner of the tool crib looking down the length of the workshop towards the control room. On either side of the control room was large overhead door, entrance to the left, exit to the right. A vehicle driven in first stopped in the inspection bay at the head of the centre section, at the top left corner of a giant **U**. Following down and around the shape of the 'U' were 'B' (wheeled) vehicle repair bays, with the last being a steering and headlight adjustment bay at the top right, before a reassembled vehicle left the workshop. Around the periphery, outside the driving lane, were several ancillary shops. Again starting in the top left by the entrance door were steam bay, paint shop, small arms (weapons), leather and canvas worker, welding and blacksmith, machine shop, the tool crib, the ordnance small parts stores section, batteries, electrical, washroom and locker area, electronics, and the instrument repair shop at the top right by the exit door once again. Out behind the tool crib were the 'A' armoured vehicle and 'C' construction vehicle repair areas, and the large pats storage 'Butler hut'. In a three month period, I saw a 55-ton Centurion Tank driven in, totally disassembled (totally stripped down with every nut and bolt removed), inspected, overhauled and repaired as necessary, reassembled, and driven out the door. The workshop fixed every thing from a wrist watch to the aforementioned tank. Our informal motto was "What you break we fix."

A new concept hit me. At least it was a new concept to me. Industrial Arts should include all types of materials (not just woods and metals), many types of tools and many different technologies, all integrated together. I felt school children should gain a better

understanding of the complexity of our industrial society, in a way which demonstrated the integrated relationship of man, technology and society. Industrial Arts should be more like this workshop. In my naïveté I thought you could make up your own curriculum for option courses like Industrial Arts. After all every school I attended had a different program. So I decided to go to university, get a degree in education and teach 'my version' of Industrial Arts.

After leaving the army I again worked for short times at a variety of jobs until I was accepted by the University of Alberta. I delivered parcels and furniture for Eatons during their Christmas rush. I built and repaired passenger elevators, and learned the mechanic and his helpers must be willing to risk their lives for the safety of their future passengers. They test all newly constructed elevators by letting the elevator freefall down the shaft, with them in it, to ensure the safety mechanism will stop and hold the elevator. It must pass safety inspection before passengers are allowed to use it. I was learning how to grind lenses when we decided to move back to Edmonton in preparation for Janis to attend university and in case I was accepted.

Upon returning to Edmonton I got a job with Liberty Machine Works. I discovered 24 -.50cal machine guns in the storage room and reported my find to the RCMP who determined the weapons were registered to the United States Air Force and were in Canada illegally. The owner of the machine shop claimed he only wanted them as scrap metal, but they were all in working order. I was fired "for giving information to the police," something which is in itself illegal. All the jobs I have had, that was the only time I was fired. When the RCMP offered to get my job back, I said, "No, they will just find some other reason to fire me."

Because I was fired, I had difficulty finding work, until I was hired by Northwest Industries who because of their military repair contracts were impressed I had acted in a responsible manner and that I had a military security clearance of 'secret'. I was notified

that I was accepted for apprenticeship as a tool and die maker at the same time as I was accepted by the University for the Industrial Arts program. It was Janis who convinced me to swallow my pride and take out a student loan so I could attend university at the same time as she worked on her degree in Occupational Therapy. When I entered the BEd(IA) program in September 1968, I was surprised to learn that Dr. Henry Ziel had developed a program which was amazingly similar to what I had thought Industrial Arts should be like when I was in the Army workshop. I was very pleased with my decision to come back to university.

When I left the Regular Army, I returned to the Militia, which provided part-time work, on Saturdays and one night per week, throughout the school year; and full-time employment during the summer. Along with student loans, the Militia helped me pay for the four years of university. And during my third summer at university, presented me with the following useful experience.

Some times when teaching or training people they reach learning plateaus and very creative methods have the best results in moving them forward and up, off the plateau. I remember an experience I had in the summer of 1971 with the Militia. We were training a group of 173 young males and females, as part of the Summer Youth Training Program sponsored by the Trudeau government. The males had to be at least seventeen years of age and the females at least eighteen, because of the age of consent. The trainees' ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-one with most of them being high school students and a few from university or college. For the first four weeks they were put through the usual basic militia training and then split into 'special to corps' platoons, with one each for infantry, artillery, engineers, medical, communications, and the last platoon for Service Corps drivers and cooks.

Part of the infantry platoon training was a short course on the GPMG (General Purpose Machine Gun). Things started off with great enthusiasm and the young men were

progressing well. After a few days, however, the young Lieutenant running the course noticed they seemed to have levelled off. They did not have the same zip or energy in their work. We had an older, more experienced, Sergeant-Major and the Lieutenant went to see if he had any suggestions. He said, "Well... The manual says they are supposed to be able to handle the weapon in all conditions of war. That means if it was winter, they would have to be able to handle it with winter mitts on. Because we're in the middle of summer we can't draw winter clothing; but, we do have boxing gloves in the sports stores. Go draw some boxing gloves and have them run through the gun drills wearing boxing gloves. If they can handle it with boxing gloves, they can handle it with winter mitts."

The Lieutenant did as suggested and the enthusiasm and excitement returned. They were learning faster once again. However, after a few days he was back to see the Sergeant-Major. "What should I do," he asked, "Got any suggestions?"

"Well..." said the Sergeant-Major, "The manual says..."

"They must be able to handle the weapon under all conditions," interjected the Lieutenant.

"Right!" said the Sergeant-Major. "They have to be able to handle the weapon while wearing respirators."

"Right," beamed the Lieutenant, "I'll have them run through the drills wearing respirators..." and out he went. Later that day, at lunch time, the Sergeant-Major's path crossed that of several members from the machine gun course and they commented, "You should see us Sir. We are really getting good."

"Good," he replied, "I'll stop by this afternoon." Later that afternoon he did in fact stop by. They had three or four groups demonstrate for him and then asked what he thought. He said, "You are too slow." They disagreed. He repeated, "You're too slow. I could beat you by myself!"

"You and who else?" They inquired, having repeatedly practiced as three man crews.

"No one else. I said, I could beat you by myself. I'll tell you what. You practice, pick your best three man crew, and I'll compete against you by myself." The Sergeant-Major seemed confident.

"When?" they wanted to know. It was Tuesday, so the Sergeant-Major said, "Thursday, right after afternoon coffee break."

"You're on," several of them shouted in unison.

As the Sergeant-Major headed away the Lieutenant caught up with him and asked, "Do you really think you can beat them? You haven't touched a machine gun in what, two years?" The Sergeant-Major stopped and looked back in the direction of the men. "Does it matter? Look at them." They were already busy practising.

Over the next two days the men often worked through coffee breaks and returned from lunch early to put in extra practice. They were eager in their learning of new material and their enthusiasm for everything about the machine guns, especially the repeated practising of the gun drills, was very noticeable. Some even asked the Sergeant-Major when he was going to practice. They just shook their heads when he said he didn't need to practice.

Thursday afternoon, 1515 hours (3:15 p.m.), right after coffee break the Sergeant-Major arrived at their training area to find all 173 candidates with all their instructors gathered 'round. Word of the competition had obviously spread. No one had told the Sergeant-Major. Two sets of equipment were neatly laid out ready for the competition. They now told the Sergeant-Major the drills would be run wearing respirators. He just removed his beret, picked up the respirator they handed him, and put it on. This was in the middle of summer. It was in the heat of the afternoon. The temperature was 92° F (33.3°C).

The first drill was called "Mount Gun". It required the crew to pick up all of the pieces, double forward, open and place the tripod on the ground, place the gun in position, arrange all of the accessories in proper order, prepare the sights for firing, and report

"No.1 (or 2) gun, ready." Even though he was only one man against three he beat them on the Mount Gun.

The second drill was the "Load". He beat them on the Load. Next they carried out "Immediate Action and Stoppages". These are drills for what to do if something breaks down or goes wrong. He beat them on each of the Immediate Actions. He beat them on the "Unload" too. The last step in the competition was the "Dismount Gun". This is probably the most difficult part of all the gun drills, where the gun is dismantled and all the various parts are taken back to the start line, and arranged in proper order. The last step, after laying out the equipment, was to line up in a row and in sequence to number "One, Two, Three", then for the No.1 to say, "Hup", and for the whole crew to stand "At Ease" together.

By this time sweat was visible on several parts of the Sergeant-Major's uniform, his head and hair were wet around the edges of the black rubber respirator, and the facemask eye pieces were starting to fog up, making it more difficult to see. The masks had not been prepared for the hot weather conditions as they should have been. The order "Dismount Gun" was given and the crews went into action. They beat the Sergeant-Major to the line by a couple of seconds. But, he was quicker on saying, "One, Two, Three, Hup", and standing "At Ease." He had beaten them by the beat of a foot.

There was tremendous applause and cheering. He paused, relaxed, and removed his respirator. Sweat that had collected inside the facemask splashed onto his chest. "I didn't think you could do it," stated the Lieutenant, standing quietly nearby. "Neither did I," replied the Sergeant-Major in a whisper, "but with all the people here, I had to give it my best effort." He put on his beret and marched off, returning to his normal duties, as if it was all in a day's work.

At the end of the summer the platoon presented him with a bottle of Crown Royal Whiskey in a special ceremony of their own creation. He accepted the gift graciously, not having the heart to tell them he did not drink.

In the fall of that year, when I was an MWO (Master Warrant Officer) I heard there was a Sergeant Barker, from the Loyal Edmonton Regiment, training recruits in Training Company at District Headquarters. I thought I knew all the NCOs in the regiment, but I did not know this person. I had never seen him in the Sergeant's Mess so I made some inquiries. I learned he had been a Corporal in the PPCLI Depot for many years. Now his name rang a bell. The following Saturday morning I spoke with another of our sergeants, who was going up to District Headquarters, and suggested we should invite him down to the mess and make him feel part of 'The Regiment'. *Maybe I'll go up myself, tell him I bear him no ill will, and invite him to the mess myself.* I told the sergeant, "Tell Sergeant Barker that Sergeant-Major Shaw is going to come up and visit him this afternoon." At 1300 hours, that afternoon, 'Barker' turned in his kit and quit the Militia. I do not know what he expected, but I asked myself, *If the mere mention of my name caused him to quit, should he have been working with recruits?*

Even when I started teaching Industrial Arts in 1972 I continued my involvement in the Militia where I learned more about instructing than I ever did during my undergraduate years at university. If I had not had the experience with Cadets, Militia, Regular Army, and industry I would have been poorly prepared to go out into schools to teach Industrial Arts. I ceased my active service with the Army in 1977 and remained on the Supplementary Reserve List until January 1981, thus ending my second career, my military career, as a Captain. I call it my second career because although I joined Cadets before I had my first part-time or full-time paid employment, I was a student before that. My first career was as a student, and that career still continues. I believe in lifelong learning.

CHAPTER 8

"Teaching: Stories of Facilities, Curriculum and Students."

I started teaching Industrial Arts in a new, two-station, multiple-activity laboratory (lab) in an upper elementary-junior high school in 1972, where George and I team-taught for our first nine years. The school changed to a junior-senior high school, a senior high school, and finally to a composite high school, with the construction of a new building. George and I moved to the new high school, and continued to team-teach all of our courses for another six years in two separate adjoining labs. Through years 16 to 22 I taught, separately, vocationally oriented courses in Drafting, Graphic Arts, and Electronics. After the Practical Arts Review in 1988 I became involved with the development of the new Career and Technology Studies (CTS) curriculum in the Design Studies and Electro-Technology strands, and also had input into the development of the Communication Technology strand. During my last three years I started gradual voluntary implementation of the interim CTS curriculum. In all those years on only two occasions did I teach exactly the same courses two years in a row.

Over the same period of time the curriculum changed from Industrial Arts to Industrial Education, became included under the umbrella of Practical Arts, and was finally reorganized as CTS. CTS, the most extensive restructuring of curriculum in the history of the affected areas, became mandatory for province wide implementation in September of 1997. The CTS curriculum, organized into 22 strands, replaced the discrete courses which used to be included in Industrial Arts, Practical Arts, Industrial Education, Home Economics, Business Education, and Vocational Education. Each strand represents a definite career field and is composed of a number of modules, soon to be called 'one credit courses', containing curriculum content which take the average student approximately 25 hours to complete. The 'one credit courses' can be mixed and matched in a variety of ways to provide three or five credit courses. CTS has some distinct differences in the philosophy

and orientation as compared to its predecessors. There is a greater emphasis on portfolios, presentations, and problem solving in the approaches to projects and to teaching.

Throughout the majority of my teaching career I was the only person in the school division who taught the subject areas mentioned above at the high school level. Because of space and equipment limitations I pioneered techniques for teaching two different courses, such as Drafting 12 and Electricity-Electronics 12, at the same time. These techniques were expanded to senior level Drafting 20, 30; Electronics 20, 30; and Graphic Arts 22, 32 courses, when limited enrollment would have otherwise precluded the offering of such courses, and by so doing provided additional opportunities for students. The experience I gained from creative course combinations and timetabling enabled me to more easily handle the introduction of the CTS modularized, multi-level, multi-activity classes. During my first block class in semester two of the 1996-97 school year, I taught Design Studies 2 & 3, Communication Technology 2 & 3, and Electro-Technology 2 & 3, all at the same time.

Although technically correct, the three preceding paragraphs provide a clinical, sterile, and uninspired introduction to and overview of my teaching experiences. I have informed the reader of the setting, but I have not described the teaching landscape, and it is not how I remember it. I want to rewind back to the beginning of my teaching experience, reset the stage for the storyteller, and tell the story as I remember it. As I describe representative examples of my storied past I trust the reader to fill in a more complete picture in much the same way as my students did.

My first job interview, in the spring of 1972, with Mr. Taves, Assistant Superintendent, Personnel, went reasonably well. He suggested I stop in at the school, on my way back into the city and meet the principal. Neil, the principal, explained the school was an upper-elementary junior high, grades four to nine, with a student population of about 500. Students went down the highway to Ponderosa Pines School for grades ten to twelve. The new two-teacher, multiple-activity lab was still under construction so a tour was out of the question at that time. He looked forward to seeing me on staff in September.

I haven't been hired yet!

A week later I had an even better interview with Marlin, the Industrial Arts Coordinator. At the end of the interview, he said, "Well, we are still interviewing other people for the second position, but you've got the first. I'm sure you'll be able to work with whoever we hire." I was pleased and felt complimented.

Sylvia, a friend of my wife, was teaching at the school and when she heard, through formal channels, I had been hired, she phoned to fill me in. She also told the staff I was a strict military type, " . . . and sure won't have any trouble with our problem students." As a result of statements made by Sylvia, I had three of the worst students put in my Camping and Survival Option, in my first year. Randy, Perry, and his younger brother, Dale, got bored easily, but as long as I kept them busy, I never had any real problem with them.

There were George and I, 8:00 a.m., Friday, September 1, 1972, standing in 'our' mostly empty lab. Left somewhat agape by the 'Cooke's Tour', added to our concern, as we expected students in four days, on Tuesday, after the Labour Day long week end. We briefly discussed what we could do for the first day of classes and started two lines of activity. One, we made lists of what we needed to do in the immediate future, and two, what we needed in the long term. We started looking around the school for unused or abandoned furniture we could beg, borrow, or steal (claim).

As luck would have it we received good news at the 9:00 a.m. staff meeting. Option classes would not start for two weeks and we would use a modified timetable until then. This was decided in June, but, new to the staff, George and I were unaware of this important piece of information. George would only have a grade nine Science class and I a grade eight Math class for the first two weeks, leaving lots of time to check and follow-up the purchase orders (POs) that were supposedly made during the summer.

Over twenty-five years my experience of the first day of school did not change very much. Every year the nine o'clock staff meeting started late. The routine remained the

same. Staff members continue to socialize over what they did or didn't do during the summer, new staff members are introduced, and the same issues are discussed: timetable changes, room allocation, increase or decrease in enrollments, attendance policy, lates, supervision schedules, parking stalls, keys and security, fire drill routine, field trip applications, professional development plans and forms. It goes on and on.

It is interesting for me to watch teachers who expect their students to remain still and silent for 80 minutes, but who can't keep still or quiet themselves for 25, and the ones who are busy talking about their holidays and then ask for the entire lates and attendance policies to be re-explained. Over the years some small details have changed, and in my opinion they have changed for the better. For example at my first staff meeting teachers were allowed to smoke. Today they may fuss, fume, and vent; but they are not allowed to smoke.

After that first staff meeting in 1972, George and I went to the County Office to meet with Marlin, whose position was a bit of an oddity. At that time, the county had five Industrial Arts facilities, including ours, with a total of only eight teachers, and they had an Industrial Arts Coordinator. Later when further expansion had taken place, they would have eight schools with facilities, 20 teachers, and a greater variety of curriculum, but would reject the idea of a coordinator as unnecessary and too expensive.

Marlin gave us copies of all the purchase orders that had been made up so far, made some phone calls to get some items shipped as soon as possible and said he would drop by whenever we needed a hand. He kept his word and was a great help. Back at the school after lunch George and I continued to make our lists of tools, equipment, and supplies as we jointly went through the 'POs' noting any missing items. We also continued our discussions regarding lesson plans and hand-out materials.

The school did have a photocopier at the time. It was expensive (25¢ per copy), slow, and limited to materials which were important and already in printed form. If something needed to be typed first, before duplicating, especially a hand-out for students,

then it was to be typed on a master for either the spirit duplicator, of which there were two, or the Gestetner. During my time in the army I had purchased my own hand-crank Gestetner. It cost me $144.86 and I used it to prepare my own lesson plan forms, hand-outs, and tests. It came in handy once again. Even in the future when we had supplies for the small offset press, I still on occasion, made use of the Gestetner. I have offered my Gestetner to several museums, but since it was not used by anyone important or famous, they have all declined the free gift. It sits at home in my garage, part of my museum.

During the two weeks before the full timetable took effect, George and I settled who would teach which areas, but not without considerable discussion, debate, argument, and finally assistance from Marlin. Although we were both around the same age, had just finished the same program at university, we had varied industry and business experience, and many minor differences in the way we approached teaching. Since we would have to work together, all these little details had to be worked out, to our mutual satisfaction, if we were going to be our most effective in this team-teaching situation. It was more efficient to divide areas of responsibility, than to collaborate on every detail. It was decided George would teach Woods, Metals, Plastics, and Ceramics, the 'Materials' areas. I would teach the 'Technologies', including Drafting, Graphic Arts (Printing), Photography, Electricity, Electronics, Power Technology (Small Engines, Pneumatics, Hydraulics, and Mechanics), Digital Logic and Computers. The decision was based on who had the most experience in the technologies. When I decided to teach Industrial Arts, I most wanted to teach machining and metalworking. The only time that happened was when I was a Lab TA for university evening classes during my third and fourth years of teaching.

Interspersed with the discussions and planning sessions were many phone calls and visits to suppliers, either following-up on equipment and supplies already ordered or in finding sources of equipment and supplies still needed. Over the next few weeks we made countless trips to Alberta Government Telephones (AGT), the National Film Board of Canada (NFB), Shell Oil Canada Ltd., and the Workmen's Compensation Board

(WCB)—now called The Worker's Compensation Board, to pick up films on various subjects related to Industrial Arts. If we could find a legitimate connection or 'tie in' to the subject areas we would be teaching we borrowed or rented the film. Remember we are talking 16mm films here, not videotape (videos).

From AGT we borrowed two free films. The first covered all aspects of microwave telecommunication starting with AGT's construction of towers for the national television network in 1955. The second told the story of how AGT was modernizing their telephone network with optical cables. Although AGT's logos appeared on trucks, equipment, and hard hats in the films, they were not produced as advertisements. Both films focused on the technology and were designed to inform AGT employees about company operations. Our use of them was to quite a different audience. AGT also donated an electronics kit and a science kit, comprised of surplus telephone and switchboard equipment.

Shell Oil produced a series of films on auto racing. Obviously gas and oil play a part here. However the theme of the series was on personal automobile safety devices which were developed through auto racing. Such items as rear view mirrors, seat belts, roll bars, tubeless tires, sway bars, and impact beams, had their origins and their value explained. Shell also had a series of films on the development and testing of various types of plastic. This series, created and filmed in Britain for educational purposes, except for the occasional thick accent, was an excellent introduction to the world of plastics.

WCB gave us stickers, labels, posters, safety manuals, and loaned or rented various slide tape and film presentations. We used everything we could get our hands on. However, even though we were always careful to preview the materials before showing them to students, there was still room for problems. We showed the film "Lucky" about a careless worker in a cabinet shop. Having previewed the film, we forewarned the students, "there is graphic detail included." We allowed any squeamish students to leave the room before the graphic part. In the film, Lucky always has a dirty, cluttered and very hazardous work space. He causes several minor accidents with his carelessness. His fellow workers

think he is 'lucky' because although close by, he always escapes injury, not realizing he is the cause of the accidents. Then his best friend is killed by Lucky's disregard for safety. The message is brought home with an extremely graphic representation of a board being 'kicked back', flying off a table saw and passing through the stomach of his friend.

We only showed the film twice, to one morning class and one afternoon class. The next day students entered all smiles and excited, "Do we get to watch the blood and guts movies too?" We decided the wrong message was getting through and decided we could accomplish the message we wanted without the 'blood and gore'. Teenagers are often hard to predict as to how they will act or react. Sometimes a simple story, carefully planned, and well told can have as much impact as the most expensive Hollywood movie. Imagination is a powerful tool.

That first September we deliberately took longer than in subsequent years to cover the basic information. We needed to use a different approach than we wanted because some equipment was so slow in arriving. We covered a brief description of Industrial Arts, explained what areas the students would work in, the type of equipment they would use, and the kinds of projects and experiments they would complete. We talked about safety, work habits and attitudes. Then, as we obtained the films and other resources, we gave 'general instruction and theory' related to 'all' of the areas. We gave them tests and quizzes on everything we covered to guarantee they were learning and remembering the material rather than thinking we were just filling time. The first actual physical activity they worked on was drafting, using mathematical instrument sets on top of regular desk tops. The first lab activity was introductory relief printing in the graphic arts area. Next we were able to start some basic photography, then drafting on drafting tables, some electricity, then ceramics, plastics, electronics, etc. The last areas to be included were woodworking, machining and power mechanics. The entire lab was finally equipped and operational in February, but we did not offer machining or power mechanics until the start of the second year.

Tests on the basic information became a screening device for us. Students who got the highest marks on the safety test were first to start activities in the lab. Those who got the highest marks on the general theory information were the second batch, and so it continued. Our students quickly realized we were not teaching a 'come and play' course. We emphasized theory must be understood in order to do the best work in any physical environment. Quite often one of us would take both classes of students while the other unpacked, checked, or set up some piece of equipment as it arrived. One would show the film, deliver a theory lesson, and test the previous lesson while the other traced wayward materials. All things considered, the first year went remarkably well.

Word was out around the building that I was a 'NARC', an undercover narcotics agent in the RCMP. It was because of my short hair, and I appeared to be only teaching part-time. In the early 1970s, the only people our students had seen with short hair were RCMP officers. I told them, "I am in the Militia, the Army Reserve, and that is why I have short hair." I asked them, "Do you think if I was going to go undercover I would show up with short hair, looking like a policeman?" In perfect student logic, they responded, "Yeah, but if you thought we would think that way then you would just leave it and we wouldn't, and you could do it anyway, right." I again reassured them I had short hair because I was in the Militia and that come June, and next year, I would still be there as a teacher. It was after February, when I was still present and teaching full-time, that they finally accepted that I was not a 'Narc'.

After that first year our start of year or start of semester routine stayed fairly constant, except for the usual continuous changing and upgrading as curriculum and equipment changed. The first day of classes we would take attendance slowly and deliberately. I always took extra care, especially at the start of a new semester, to learn the correct pronunciation of my students' names. I would usually say something like, "I'm now going to take attendance to see who's here. I apologize in advance for any mistakes I might make in pronouncing your name. I assure you it is not intentional. If you tell me how

to pronounce your name correctly, I promise I will do my best to get it right in the future." These days there seems to be at least one in every class that provides a new challenge.

Next I would hand out a course outline and discuss the details of areas or modules, rotation through areas, mid-term and final marks, attendance, homework (planning and preparation for the next class), work habits, attitudes, and expectations (emphasizing the importance of safety, following instruction, attention to detail, and clean-up). We would encourage students to ask questions and we would answer all questions before going on. We next had the students fill out an information sheet with, as Dr. Meyers at the U of A used to joke, "their name, rank, and shovel number;" as well as address, phone number, previous experience in Industrial Arts (later CTS), medical disabilities, hobbies, and any other special qualifications (such as first aid training from scouts or cadets, etc.). I have often used a shortened version of the story of, "Why my children have many names," to explain the importance of filling out forms correctly and carefully, with your full and correct names.

When we taught all-morning or all-afternoon classes, this point in the lesson would be a convenient time for a bathroom break, or as we sometimes called it a 'biffy break' or 'going to see Mrs. Murphy'. I remembered what it was like to write a three hour Physics exam in the hockey arena at university. I would watch for signs of the 'washroom wiggle' or the 'bladder bursting bustle', which is similar to the 'have to pee hoe-down', but with a little more of the bumblebee effect. It is hard to work with your legs crossed, so we never expected junior high students to sit still for the entire morning, or afternoon. However when we gave them a break, we delivered expectations first, "When you are out in the halls be absolutely silent. If you disturb the other classes then they will all want to join us and their won't be enough room for you guys. Go directly to the washroom, do not pass GO, do not collect $200. Otherwise you GO TO JAIL, directly to jail. Make sure you come straight back here when done. You have five minutes. Not six minutes, not five and one half minutes, not five minutes and one second. But there is no penalty for coming back

early. Any questions?" Often someone would ask, "What happens if we are late?" I would say, "Late! What's that? I don't understand that concept." or I might suck in, "Oooouuuuuwwwww." as I said in my stern voice, "You don't want to know that." Then always, "Don't be late! Remember FIVE minutes, quiet in the hallways." Then in a very soft whisper, just loud enough for them to hear, we would say, "Go quietly!"

When they came back we would often tell a joke, like, "Why did the little mouse walk softly across the road?" Answer, spoken in imitation of the way a small child talks, "Because he couldn't even walk hardly!" or "What is black, white, grey, and brown, is full of cement, and howls at the moon?" Answer, "A coyote." pause, "I just put the cement in to make it hard for you." After they finished laughing, jeering, or throwing rotten fruit and were quiet again, we continued. If someone was late, we might say something like, "You pusillanimous, procrastinatory polecat! Now you will have to stay after class, so we can make funeral arrangements, I mean so we can solve this problem!" then, "Yes, I am serious, please stay after class."

Next it was time to deal with Emergency Procedures. The sheet we handed out included Fire Drill, what to do in the event of an accident, location of the first aid kit, accident report forms, location of the telephone, and use of the telephone in an emergency situation. To emphasize the importance of this information we often had the students close their books and write a quick quiz immediately after the presentation to see how much they took in and remembered. We pointed out this was not something that they needed to study for the final exam. "Everyday is a safety test!" They needed to know it **now**, **and** for **the rest of the course**.

The safety hand out was based on an information sheet we obtained from the WCB. It contained definitions of an industrial accident, an unsafe act, and an unsafe condition; it listed nine unsafe acts, and eight unsafe conditions (see Appendix "B"). The sheet was developed over several years through investigating industrial accidents in Alberta. The WCB believed there is a progression in accidents which is like a domino effect. Step 1,

there is something in the background of the individual, his upbringing, experience, or personality which will affect the way he or she thinks and acts. It is very hard to change the way a person thinks, or their basic personality. Step 2, there could be some physical disability which may affect his or her ability to perform certain tasks or to avoid a situation, in a time of danger. We cannot be easily add on arms legs or eyes, etc. Step 3, is either some unsafe act, something which the person does or fails to do, or an unsafe condition, something which has not been fixed, which is the direct cause of or contributes to the accident. Step 4, is the accident itself, which may or may not be followed by Step 5, injury. With the desire to stop accidents, and prevent injury, the WCB philosophy of accident prevention focuses our attention of the areas where we can make a difference, which leads us to the idea of eliminating all of the unsafe acts and conditions. If an accident is always preceded by an unsafe act or unsafe condition, and we train workers to eliminate all of the unsafe acts and conditions then we can eliminate all of the accidents.

I told students, "Tell me of an accident, no matter where it occurred, and I can tell you the likely cause or causes from the list of nine unsafe acts and eight unsafe conditions." In explaining and illustrating each of the 17 statements, I used various of my stories, Fred Burger, John Sainchuk, Fred Wetter, Don't tell Mom-n-Dad, and others as examples. I asked my students to see how many stories from their past applied to the list.

Additional stories were added with plot lines aimed at specific acts and conditions. Often I told whatever came to mind at that moment, like the following stories. An untrained forklift driver roared across the warehouse, up the ramp into the box car and slid right out the open door on the other side and embedded it, forks first into the ground. I rode with Geordy in his Triumph Spitfire at 85 miles per hour down 118th. avenue, in the curb lane, through winter pot holes, in the ice and snow, so we wouldn't be late for work at Chemcell. That was the last time I rode with him. It made more sense not to wait for him in the mornings when he was late. Instead I walked two blocks, caught a bus, transferred to the company charter bus, and rode in comfort to get to work on time, relaxed, without

worries. I saw a truck with a load of lumber all piled on one side, and when the truck hit a bump going around a corner, it bounced and almost flipped over. In one of the first shipments of equipment for our first lab we received a potters wheel with a large steel flywheel mounted under the central post. The design enabled you to rotate the wheel by leg power or drop an electric motor onto the flywheel and use electrical power. The motor bracket protruded into the pathway of the back and forth motion of a leg in the kicking action. We deemed the design unsafe, refused acceptance and returned it to the supplier.

As I told these and other stories I am sure individual students thought of stories from their pasts or stories they had heard from someone else's past. Some students added their personal examples to the discussions and they were subsequently added to my repertoire. I believe all teachers have stories which can be used as examples, but many times teachers seem reluctant to use them.

The next three sheets of our safety information we called Rules and Reminders and listed various guidelines which amplified the 17 points on the first page with particulars as applied to our lab. After a couple of years I rearranged and regrouped our rules and reminders so they followed the same order as the list of unsafe acts and conditions. Our number one rule was "Horseplay is prohibited in the lab." Number one meaning it was first on the list and first in importance. This also was rearranged for greater effect by one of our students. He said it in this order, "Horseplay In The Lab Is Prohibited, because if you take the first letter of each word it spells HITLIP." He said, "It reminds you if you get caught engaging in horseplay you will get hit in the lip." I took his suggestion and kept it that way throughout the rest of my teaching.

Originally with the junior high students, and later with grade ten students, we emphasized all aspects of safety, at the beginning of each course, whenever starting a new unit or module, and when demonstrating any procedure or piece of equipment for the first time. With senior classes I still reviewed safety as a reminder at the start of every course, but I used different examples and used a much abridged presentation, quickly moving to

test and confirmation of learning. One of my later principals once claimed that all I ever taught was safety, which was untrue. But, if we cannot keep the students alive and healthy, how are we going to teach them anything else.

Off and on we used a commercially prepared A/V (Audio - Video) lesson called "Think Safety" produced by Moreland Latchford. It emphasized six main points: plan ahead (and this does not mean design a ship's bathroom), get permission (including instruction and approval of your plans), select the right material (which implies having knowledge of the different materials available from which to select), select the right tool (for the job to be done), dress safely (with personal clothing and protective equipment), and keep learning (emphasizing the idea there is always something changing in the areas of technology). We started using it with special education students at the junior high level because it was short (ten minutes), simple (only six points to remember), and easy to understand (no big words).

A strategy I employed to reinforce safety training throughout the year, I called "The Safety Poster of the Week." Every Monday, or Tuesday after a long weekend, I put a new safety poster on a special bulletin board. I told the students, "If you take the first letter of each poster and write it down, over the semester it will spell out a hidden safety message." Each semester the hidden message was composed of a single short sentence or thought. The first message I used, in 1978-79, was, "Think Safety, Every day in every way!" The first poster matched the slide show, and I told the students to write down both words. Then I used one poster for each remaining letter in the message." Some other messages used included: "If you don't who will?", "Prevent accidents now!", "Know the ABC's of safety.", and "Sure I'm safe, are you?" I found or made posters for every letter of the alphabet. I made posters for the more common punctuation marks. One poster had only a giant " ' " on it. I asked, "What does an apostrophe represent?" I paused to receive answers, and then continued, "It means something is missing when used in a contraction, or it can mean possession. Therefore, make sure it is not safety that is missing, then you

will still be in possession of all of your parts." For the comma the message was, "A comma means pause, so remember 'PAUSE for SAFETY' or 'PAWS for SAFETY'." The exclamation mark meant, "Emphasize safety in everything you do, today and in the future!" I used spaces to mean it was time to have students make up a poster. Sometimes it had to start with the first letter of their first name, or the first letter of their last name, or it had to match a certain safety theme. The "safety poster of the week" added a little bit of fun, and kept the students alert and safety conscious. The first student to correctly identify the hidden message, including correct spelling and punctuation, earned a bonus of two percent on his or her final mark. Each additional student who deciphered the message earned a one percent bonus.

I especially liked it when a question mark appeared right before exams, because there were so many questions in the students' minds already. Their future was a big question mark, how would they do on exams, would they graduate, would they get a job over the summer. There were so many things I could pull into the lesson that had to do with more than just safety. The first time I used a question mark in the safety message two students volunteered to make me a giant question mark poster. The question mark was cut out of black cardstock and placed over a yellow cardstock background. When a third student commented the question mark was backwards, I said, "I like it that way!" I did not agree it was backwards, instead I said, "It all depends on how you look at it!" In my lab at the time were several windows around the drafting room. At certain angles they acted just like mirrors, and from where I was standing, looking in the mirror of the windows, the question mark was the right way around. In subsequent years I emphasized the idea of lateral thinking, "It all depends on the way you look at it!" with the use of the giant question mark.

In one particular year I taught the safety and introductory information 27 times. I taught nine half-day classes on a trimester rotation. The repetition of the information had a memory imbedding affect, on me, as I discovered one night. I was elbowed, into

consciousness, in the middle of the night, followed immediately by my wife saying, "Wake up! You're reciting safety information in your sleep, something about unsafe acts, you're keeping me awake." Considering some people teach their introductory information once each year, that part of that year was like experiencing an entire teaching career in one year. I recently tabulated I have taught the basic safety, work habits, attitudes, and expectations information, in one form or another, 382 times. I had to come up with changes for variety just to keep myself from getting bored.

Several students jumped on the safety band wagon, as exemplified by the following examples. Warren was a fan of the television series "Hill Street Blues", so when he was made the safety person, he cautioned every one before allowing them to go to work, "And, hey, hey, hey, Let's be careful out there!" just like the patrol sergeant at the precinct start of shift briefing. Walter, when foreman, brought a pair of white gloves as a joke, for his after clean-up inspection. Curtis made a slide production on safety. He wrote the script, made a series of play-dough figures of "Joe Dummy", shot the slides, processed the film, mounted the slides in frames, recorded the audio tape, presented the lesson to the class, and then donated the production to the school. Joe was burned to a crisp, melted by bright lights, dissolved in chemicals, flattened through the offset press, and squashed by falling objects. Curtis would have been excellent at the new audio/video production module.

For my explanation of what I meant by attitudes and work habits I developed several lessons. In a flash of inspiration I produced the following routine the night before classes started, 1976. I wrote the letters A-T-T-I-T-U-D-E, in a vertical line at the left edge of the board. I then said, "One of my attitudes is . . . I wrote the words beside the letters as I said the words. "Always trying to instruct the uneducated dunderheads everywhere." It looked like the example below when finished.

A - always

T - trying

T - to

I - instruct

T - the

U - uneducated (later changed to unknowledgable)

D - dunderheads

E - everywhere

I again wrote the same letters in a second vertical line on the board beside my first column and stated, "We talk about a positive attitude. What do we mean by 'a positive attitude'? Here is an example. What I think of as a positive attitude is . . . I added a second row of words, "Always trying to instill the utmost discipline everyday." beside my new column of letters so it would look like this:

A - always	A - always
T - trying	T - trying
T - to	T - to
I - instruct	I - instill
T - the	T - the
U - uneducated	U - utmost
D - dunderheads	D - discipline
E - everywhere	E - everyday

I then said, " When some people hear the word discipline they think of punishment. That is not what it means to me." As I continued talking I added a third vertical column of letters, D-I-S-C-I-P-L-I-N-E . I said, "When I hear the word discipline I think of:" Then added a column of words beside the column of letters, without saying anything, as illustrated in the example below:

A - always	A - always	D - direct
T - trying	T - trying	I - individual
T - to	T - to	S - self
I - instruct	I - instill	C - control
T - the	T - the	I - internal
U - uneducated	U - utmost	P - performance
D - dunderheads	D - discipline	L - limiting
E - everywhere	E - everyday	I - impulsive
		N - nuisance
		E - egotistical

Then I explained, "I think of discipline as being direct individual self control, it is internal performance limiting action aimed at curbing impulsive, nuisance, and egotistical types of behaviour." I followed this with, "When you have developed this kind of self-discipline, then you will have the proper kind of work habits." Next I added a new column with the letters P-R-O-P-E-R, and after a short pause I said,"You will be able to perform the required operations proficiently, efficiently, and with regard for others," pause, "with regard for safety," as I added the appropriate words to the last column. See example below:

A - always	A - always	D - direct	P - perform
T - trying	T - trying	I - internal	R - required
T - to	T - to	S - self	O - operations
I - instruct	I - instill	C - control	P - proficiently
T - the	T - the	I - individual	E - efficiently
U - uneducated	U - utmost	P - performance	R - regard for others
D - dunderheads	D - discipline	L - limiting	
E - everywhere	E - everyday	I - impulsive	
		N - nuisance	
		E - egotistical	

Then I said, "You can learn to do things properly by learning to," I paused, and as I spoke again I started adding the letters P - R - O - P - E - R again, below the first set. I said, "Plan and prepare, before classes; request instructions and permission, before undertaking any new tasks; and by observation, when given demonstrations. Then once again you can perform the required operations with 'Proficiency', 'Efficiency', and with 'Regard' for SAFETY. The final display looks like this:

A - always	A - always	D - direct	P - perform
T - trying	T - trying	I - internal	R - required
T - to	T - to	S - self	O - operations
I - instruct	I - instill	C - control	P - proficiently
T - the	T - the	I - individual	E - efficiently
U - uneducated	U - utmost	P - performance	R - regard for others
D - dunderheads	D - discipline	L - limiting	----------
E - everywhere	E - everyday	I - impulsive	P - plan & prepare
		N - nuisance	R - request 'I' & 'P'
		E - egotistical	O - observation
			P - proficiently
			E - efficiently
			R - regard for Safety

Vocational courses had a different orientation than either the old Industrial Education or the new Career and Technology Studies (CTS) courses. As a result I developed the following approach after a teacher's convention presentation I attended in the early 1980s. The following example is taken directly from the notes I made in the evening after the presentation, and used to make the presentation to students. I probably delivered it slightly changed, as usually happens, but the intent and content would have remained the same.

I am going to teach you how to become a "drafter' (that used to be draftsman, OR draughtsman if you were British, then it was draftsperson, which is rather difficult to say, and now just like the machine . . . Drafter. Rather dehumanizing to be named the same as the machine that does the job.

Notice, I did not say , "How to be a drafter." I said, "HOW TO BECOME A DRAFTER." I will not be teaching you all the skills and all the knowledge to become a drafter; but, I will be teaching you the basic skills, and the basic knowledge. And, I will give you a good idea of what it takes to be a drafter and [then you can see] if it is a career or area of activity you would enjoy or in which you have any ability or aptitude.

Basically it will take three things:

1. Lots of practise.
2. Great attention to detail.
3. A strong desire to continue learning.

"REMEMBER THIS IS AN INTRODUCTORY LEVEL VOCATIONAL COURSE."

When you apply for a job, there is an implied agreement, written or not. You are saying, "I will do what you tell me as long as you pay me." And the employer is saying, "I will tell you what to do, provide you with some tools with which to do it, and try not to dismember you in the process.

When you are hired they are not buying you. They are renting your behaviour. They are renting specific behaviours which constitutes a specific job when done correctly. In business an appropriate behaviour is both specific and limited; and it is essential for the survival of that business. There is not a wide choice of behaviours available if the job is to be done well.

When you go to work for a company you are in fact agreeing to restrict your alternative behaviours to those for which the employer is willing to pay.

If I am supposed to be preparing you for industry, the real world, the world of work, then I am supposed to be teaching you the appropriate, specific, and limited

behaviours which are accepted and expected by industry.

When you choose to remain in this course, you are saying, "You will do what you are told and you will limit your behaviour to that which will get the job done well and for which I am willing to pay." Yes, I will be paying you. I will pay you with marks. [Then I pointed out to the students that]

[The] AVERAGE high school graduate will earn $500,000.00 more in [his or her] working career than a non-grad.

[You need] 100 credits for [a] high school diploma. [That is] $5000.00 per credit

5 credits for this course. $25,000.00 if you pass.

IT IS AN INVESTMENT IN YOUR FUTURE!

When you choose to remain in this course, I am agreeing that I will tell you what to do and how to do it. I will do my best to ensure you understand the task and the quality of performance required. I will assist you as and when I see necessary to accomplish the objectives of this course and to give you a sense of achievement and success. I LOAD FOR SUCCESS. And I will recognize your success and accomplishment.

If at some future time your behaviour is no longer limited to the specific job related tasks then you are saying you no longer are offering to rent your behaviours and you are engaging in SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOUR. My responses to this will be very limited indeed.

Sometimes people NEED encouragement, sometimes people NEED patience, sometimes people NEED congratulations, and sometimes people NEED a kick in the butt. I am here to help you meet your NEEDS.

I gave a variation of this presentation each time I taught one of the vocational courses, such as Drafting, or Graphic Arts.

Another source of inspiration for presentations was other staff members. Our

library staff had a habit of giving end of the year gag gifts. The gift they gave me in recognition of all the repair work I did for them became a set of props for another introductory presentation for students. It was a small child size set of tools, consisted of a hammer, a screwdriver, a pair of pliers, a ruler, a saw, and a hard hat with "BOSS" across the front. I held up each item as I spoke, "When I was given this set of tools I saw many possibilities (saw). Some students need a little persuasion (hammer), some just need a little fine tuning (screwdriver), and some times teaching is like pulling teeth (pliers), regardless, around here you have to measure up (ruler), and last and most important, just remember I'm the boss (hardhat)," as I put the little toy hardhat on my head.

Part of the reason I was given the toy tools was because of my special toolcase. It was an electronics repair technician toolcase which the students named MacGiver, after the television series of the same name, because it contained the solution to so many problems. Another part of the reason was my green smock. Wanting to keep my clothes clean I wore a smock. Green was one of the school colours. I modified the smock to suit my special purposes, mainly concerned with safety. The sleeves were cut off short and taken in, and elastic was put in the waist so I would not get caught on any machinery. Velcro was added between the top two snaps to keep the single control lever on the offset press from sliding inside my smock. Two large pockets, added to the back of the smock, held my specially designed mark record book and my 'to do' list notebook. They were put on the back of the smock so they would not poke into my stomach when I bent over. The top pocket of the smock was moved to the inside and held an assortment of pens, pencils, and a small screwdriver, protected from machinery hazards. I carried a pocket knife, and other special devices in the other pockets, and a safety pin under the lapel.

One year, some students started to rattle the lab door as soon as the warning bell rang. I was still setting up a demo in electricity. I hollered, "Just a minute." They kept rattling the door. When I let them in and they were sitting quietly, I asked them, "Has anyone here ever been to the Calgary Zoo?" Two answered, "Yes." I asked, "What

happens when you rattle the gorilla's cage?" They answered, "He gets angry." I cautioned, "Don't rattle the gorilla's cage!" They called me "The Green Gorilla." I said, "As long as you don't call me 'late for supper' it's okay."

In one of the schools where I student taught,the clean-up routine was basically each student 'cleaned up where they worked'. I was amazed the students thought they worked in such a small area. They basically cleaned around the last place they had worked and totally forgot about the rest of the lab work benches and counters where they had stood briefly or worked momentarily while assembling something to be used elsewhere. Some students thought the corners were the place you swept dirt into rather than pulled the dirt out of, and some students even had to be taught how to sweep. No one was assigned any specific duties or responsibilities and everyone just 'played' at clean-up with no real intention of doing a very good job. My student teaching took place well into the term, so by this time I felt a better job of clean-up should be taking place. I asked if I could implement some changes to clean-up in the classes with which I worked. I received approval, and based on my army experience with cleaning huts and barrack rooms, set up a list of duties and a rotation system. It required a certain amount of explaining the next day but within a day or two the lab was much cleaner and in less time. When I finished the round of practicum the cooperating teachers asked if they could continue to use my clean-up routine. Of course I said yes.

Borrowing heavily from that experience, when I started teaching with George, one of the first things I did was to draw up a list of duties which matched the needs of our new lab. Each duty had detailed instructions on what was required and every student was assigned a specific duty. All students rotated through the full duty roster, which meant every student had a chance to be a foreman, as well as performing the other duties. I also explained and demonstrated what was required as part of each job and how to perform the new skills necessary for its accomplishment. I taught how to wipe, sweep, inspect, and supervise. Humour and exaggeration helped. I would say something like, "You've still got

'a dirt' in there, 'a dirt'? Heck that's almost a rock, someone could break and ankle if they stepped on that, better get that cleaned up right away." Or I would say, "There is so much dirt in that corner I could plant potatoes in there." After a while I would just holler over to George, "Bring out the seed potatoes!" Because many of our first students came from farms or farming backgrounds they appreciated my choice of examples and got the message quickly.

At the end of clean-up time the foreman was required to report to the instructor that the lab was "clean, neat, and safe." I most often asked, "Are you sure?" If the foreman said, "Yes." and I knew that the area was not clean, I would ask, "Are you willing to clean, all by yourself, everything they missed?" If he said, "No." then I said, "Then you had better check it again." or "Let me give you a few clues." If he said, "Yes." I would let the rest of the class go, when the bell rang, and the foreman would have to clean up, at least the worst problems, by him or her self. The first couple of years the students had a lot to learn. At the start of subsequent years I always used an older or previous student as the first foreman and safety person because they knew what was expected. That made the development of a proper clean-up routine faster and smoother.

I mentioned earlier about always previewing films before showing them to students. I learned about proofreading hand-outs the hard way. During our fourth or fifth year of teaching, I handed out a new revised Clean-up and Duties sheet. The sentence was supposed to read, "There are countless tools, kits and other pieces of equipment to be properly stored, always after careful cleaning and readjustment if necessary." I left out the "o" in countless. I discovered this as I scanned down the page in advance of reading it aloud as the students read along on the sheets they had just received. I said, "And there is a typing error in the next line, It should read 'countless tools', so please insert the letter 'o'." and I carried on reading as if there was no mistake. There were a few snickers and snorts but nothing untoward. At noon, before I ate lunch, I retyped the page and photocopied a new set of papers including a new set for the class with the faulty sheets. When they

returned for their next class I removed the offending sheet from each notebook and replaced it with the corrected page. After that day I always proofread everything and sometimes had someone else read it for me. We never heard anything from any parents or administration about my mistake, but like the old adage, "Measure twice, cut once." It is better to be safe than to answer nasty phone calls.

Glen was one of 'our' students from 1973 when he was in grade eight, until 1978 when he was in grade twelve. He has been teaching, at the school I left in 1997, for four years now. In my last year at the school, Glen, who was on staff at the time, came in to observe me, during his block one 'prep', while he worked on his lesson planning. He said, "I want to learn how you gain such good class control so early in the semester." He was always impressed with my students when he substituted for me before he got his permanent position. I told him he could come in anytime and commented, "Glen, you should know how I do it. You were one of my students way back then. You saw what I did." He answered, "Yeah, but back then I was so scared of you I just paid attention and did my work. I never watched you for your methods." I hoped he was exaggerating, he never displayed any signs of being scared. It had never been my intention to scare everybody, a few bad students now and then, but not everybody.

I never missed a day of school due to illness in twenty-five years, so the only time Glen substituted for me was when I did work for Alberta Education or attended some other professional development activity as a presenter or participant. I reiterated, "You're welcome any time Glen, whether it is to ask questions, to observe, or to use equipment in the lab to prepare materials for your classes." He still maintained there was something, "that was just there," and he couldn't figure out what it was by just watching.

I do think I developed a physical presence from my time in the army that conveys, "Here I am. I mean business. Let's get down to work!" In the army they said, "Be tough on the first day, you can always ease off later. If you are too easy to begin with it is very

hard to tighten up later when it becomes necessary." At university I heard some professors describing a strategy of, "Don't smile until Christmas." That is not what the army meant. You can 'smile' all you want, but students must know and understand there is a time for work and there is a time and place for play. And when it's time for work you mean business with no fooling around. I always felt it was important to set the tone on the first day of classes. Glen, for some reason, was unable to observe me that day. Too bad, maybe then I would have learned what it is I do.

I think my secret whenever I had a substitute was in the way I prepared my classes before I was away. The day before the substitute came I always said, "You can tell the level of maturity and self-discipline in a group by how well they perform when the boss is absent. I expect you to impress Mr. Hill with your behaviour and performance while I'm away (fill in reason for absence). AND, I expect an excellent report on your progress waiting for me on my desk when I get back." The army taught me, "State what you want clearly and concisely, don't threaten, set high expectations, push people to meet their potential, and always strive for 'the little extras'." and, "If you set high expectations for people they will not necessarily meet your expectations, but they will come a heck-of-a-lot closer than if you expect nothing." I kept that in mind throughout my teaching.

I started telling stories as part of safety training. By recounting anecdotes and details of actual incidents there seemed to be greater impact, resulting in the students learning the lesson more quickly and subsequently making a more concerted effort at working safely. After a time I included stories about attitude and work habits and hints on how to be a better person as well.

AIM PLUS is the name on a file in one of my 'boxes of stuff'. In the army the term, Aim Plus, means the teaching beyond the lesson content into the areas of character development. It is subdivided into "W" and "S" character traits. "W" stands for WILL POWER and includes: tenacity, perseverance, physical and mental toughness, personal self-discipline, a sense of duty and responsibility, and courage; traits which I saw as

valuable in any field of activity. "S" refers to SELF-DEVELOPMENT including: alertness, initiative, imagination, adaptability, cheerfulness, and maturity. These are also traits which I considered worthwhile. My file contains news clippings, brochures, and anything else which might provide a trigger for an 'aim plus' mini-lesson. Added to the file but stored in my head are all the stories I have accumulated.

Sometimes I changed the way I told a particular story because it was more effective for teaching a particular moral or lesson. I often changed the telling of the story. I might change the lead in, or the conclusion, or rearrange the details; in the same way as one might rearrange the content of a lesson to accommodate different learning styles, or to accommodate greater or lesser background knowledge on the part of the audience.

I used news items from the morning paper, or from television the night before, and stories learned at conventions and conferences; I told of "Huxtable," of "Easter Camping," of "The Sergeant-Major," and "Don't tell Mom-n-Dad." The stories were a quick presentation at the start of the class, distracting students from the melee in the halls and from previous events of the day, and helped to focus them on the job at hand, working in the lab. Whenever I stopped telling stories students would ask, "What, no story today?" or, "Can we have a story before we go to work today?" They obviously saw some value in the stories. Maybe it was just an attempt to get me off topic and waste time.

Chris Haddlington, one of my students, summarized "Don't Tell Mom-n-Dad" and other stories for me when I was retiring. I had asked for suggestions to put in the yearbook as my final words of advice. He said, "Don't run in the rafters." "Learn something new everyday." "Beware of the man in the green smock." and "Be Safe!" I think the fact he also included "Be Safe!", meant the story of the fall had more meaning than just about being careless or foolish, or conversely about being safe. Maybe he gained something about being grounded, about being mentally and physically careful when undertaking new adventures, (running in the rafters, walking in the clouds) following your dreams.

Supervision was fun when I started teaching. I found that grade four students liked to walk around the school with the teacher on outdoor supervision. Some even asked if they can hold my hand. Some just wanted to walk and talk, and they talked about everything under the sun. I learned about pets, hobbies, friends, family, relatives, likes and dislikes. I heard lots of stories. I learned about people. On indoor supervision, the big problem was boys running in the hall way. I used to stop them and ask them to turn around and walk back and forth and then comment, "How about that, those legs **do work** when you walk." Repeat offenders I made stand facing the wall until I came back around the hall on 'my beat', then I would require them to accompany me for the rest of supervision.

What I found most interesting was that on the next day of supervision they would ask, "Can we walk with you again?" When asked why, they told me, "It's fun to see what you are going to do to the 'bad guys' you catch." The word was I had a lot of 'different' ways of dealing with the 'bad guys'. There were a couple of grade six boys who were my escorts everyday I was on supervision. Ernie used to stop by almost everyday to ask, "Are you on supervision today?" When I said, "No, not today." he would say, "Ah, gee!" and turn, head down, and walk away dejectedly. Other teachers commented, he looked lonely on his noon hours without me, but was bright and cheery on the days we did supervision together.

Fred Burger was a neat kid. I identified with Fred. He was the smallest student in all of my Industrial Arts classes, one of those little guys who has a penchant for doing everything smaller than everyone else. He had lots of neat ideas, and had a great sense of humour. He used to bring me cartoons he found in magazines or the paper, and he often accompanied me on my noon hour supervision rounds outside around the playgrounds. Fred and I were kind of buddies. We talked about a lot of things. I understood Fred without him having to explain. I knew what it was like to try to fit in when you are the smallest guy around. He moved around a lot, he wanted to do something in electronics when he grew up, and his favorite colour was yellow. Whatever Fred did, whenever he

had a choice, it was always in yellow. I gave Fred a ride home one day after school. He stayed late to complete some extra work on a project. His home was easy to find. He said, "It's the only yellow one in the area." He was right. It was more than yellow, it was "BRIGHT YELLOW'. He said, "My family bought it because I bugged them so much." I kind of watched out for Fred to make sure no one picked on him.

In my first year of teaching I taught grade eight Math, as well as Industrial Arts. The Math class met in the conference room of the lab in order to make it easier for me. I did not have to move to another class which might make me late. Being a new teacher I did not have much money to upgrade my wardrobe and I had a pair of pants with a lazy zipper. One day, in a rush after helping a student clean up in the lab, I quickly whipped off my smock, rushed into the conference room and immediately started teaching the Math class, without performing 'the little finger check'. As I delivered the lesson more students than usual seemed to be whispering to one another. I sensed something was not right. Fred who always sat right up at the front, was busy writing a note on a small piece of paper, something I had never seen him do before. Fred slipped me the piece of paper as unobtrusively as possible. I flipped it open and read it aloud, "Mr. Shaw, Your fly is down, Fred."

I said, "Thanks Fred!", quickly reached down and ZZIIIIIIPP, pulled up the zipper. Everyone else seemed embarrassed. I wasn't, why should I be? I suspected what was going to be in the note when Fred handed it to me. I figured I could have said excuse me for a minute, left the room and returned after fixing the zipper; I could have turned around facing the board and done up the zipper, but who was I fooling? No one. So I decided I would just do it the easiest and quickest way possible and get on with the class.

The worst accident that ever happened in my lab while teaching was in my second year when Fred cut the end off his thumb on the paper trimmer. It wasn't really too bad, he only cut a couple of millimetres off the very end of his right thumb, just enough to make it bleed really well. The problem was, Fred couldn't stand the sight of blood, especially his

own, and he passed out. I quickly performed the necessary first aid—one of the many things I learned and taught in the Army—and he was taken across the road to the medical clinic. The cause of the accident was of more concern than the accident itself. A student named Bill had decided to practice his karate and had kicked another student in the shoulder while the other student was drafting. Fred had been distracted by Bill's actions and had looked away from his work as he brought the knife blade down. I removed Bill from the class, sent him to the principal's office, and demanded that he never come back. Although Bill was in the school for another four years he never set foot in the Industrial Arts lab again.

I don't know if he ever tried to renegotiate his way back into the lab. He may have talked to the principal, but he never talked to me. During his final year in the school, one day in the spring, we were having a school beautification day and I was painting the outside surfaces of the large exit doors of the IA Lab. Bill came over to me and said, "It looks really nice Mr. Shaw." I said, "Thanks Bill." He crouched there beside me for a couple of minutes as I continued to paint and then went back to where he had been before. About ten years after Bill left school I met him in Safeway and he asked, "Are you still teaching at the high school?" When I said I was, he said, "Good!" He then said, "When you kicked me out of the lab, that time, you were right to kick me out, I was a jerk." We spoke about things in general for a while, then he wished me good luck as he went on his way. I still bump into him occasionally and he always says, "Hi. Are you still at the high school?" And when I said yes, his reply was, "Yeah! Good!"

Also during this time period, one Friday after classes, there was a knock at the lab door. When I opened the door there stood one of my female students with another slightly older female. I said, "Yes ladies, what can I do for you?" She replied, "This is my sister, she wanted to see what you looked like." I said, "Well, here I am. This is about as good as I get." They giggled and turned to leave. As the door slowly swung closed behind me I overheard, "See, I told you he was good looking." A smile crossed my face. It turned to a

frown as I went back to cleaning the press, and contemplated what to do if it turned out she had a crush on me. I always worried about that.

Which brings to mind what I used to do when I got a breast in the arm. Some young girls in junior high or high school are unaccustomed to the new space their rapidly developing bodies occupy, and, as a result, they sometimes make contact in unexpected ways. Some times they seem unaware they have made contact and many seem unaware of the effect this may have on the male of the species. Others were indeed aware and thought it is fun to try to get a rise out of me. As a male teacher and sensitive to the delicate nature of developing and changing sexuality in the teen years, I think the question of what to do and how to do it has important consequences. I did not want to appear welcoming or encouraging, but at the same time, I did not want to offend or bring unnecessary attention. An additional complication was that I taught photography which often placed me alone in the darkroom with one or more female students.

My usual reaction was to simply turn away from the person as if looking for something or moving to watch another student from a better angle. When shown an object for evaluation I would turn away while stating, "Ah, now in this light I can see the details better." Seldom was there a case where someone did this repeatedly, knowingly. When it became obvious Joanne was doing this on purpose I said, "Am I not giving you enough room or do you just enjoy bumping into me?" Maybe it was not the best approach but it did put an end to it.

I was standing at the photocopier when one of the young, recently married, female teachers entered the staff workroom. As she passed behind me, she said, "You have such a nice bum." and she squeezed my left buttock. I told her, "I can not understand that you would think it was okay to touch me like that. I would never think of going up to you or anyone else and doing such a thing. I am deeply offended." Thus ended a ten year friendship. She transferred to another school at the end of the year.

Fairly quickly in my teaching career I developed an active avoidance of the staff

room. It is a hard habit to break. When I started teaching I went to the staff room when I wasn't busy. I rapidly learned that besides sports and politics, the number one topic of discussion was all the terrible little urchins the other teachers had in their classes. I found their opinions were poisoning me towards students before I even had them in my classes. I stopped visiting the staff room as often.

After I had been teaching for a couple of years most of the staff discovered all of my partner, George's, and my multi-talents, and all of the wonderful things we could do in our lab. Another problem developed. Any time I was required to go to the staff room for a special announcement, presentation, or meeting, I was always asked for a favour. Even if I could find a corner where I would not be plagued by the discussion of sports, politics, or 'evil Johnnies', I could not escape the request for favours. I spent most of my lunch hours in my lab working with students, doing favours for staff members, and relaxing in the relative calm. I never escaped the favours but I did limit them to the people brave enough to approach me on my own territory.

I specifically remember when one of the 'Phys Ed' teachers asked me, as I passed him in the hallway, if I could print some small signs to be used as headings on their new track meet record board. I said, "If you can measure the sizes you want and give me a list of what you want, I'll see what I can do." He said, "Well, couldn't you come and measure it?" I said, "NO! Bring me the list and measurements, and I'll see what I can do!" I walked on. A couple of weeks went by before he caught me in the hall again and repeated his request, and I repeated, "Give me the list and the measurements and I'll see what I can do!" This type of exchange was repeated several times over an extended period of time. I think it was a little over two years before he finally made the measurements and gave me the list. All the printing was finished by the end of the week in which I received the necessary information.

I often found November had a bit of a lull before we got into door decorating, Christmas concerts and the end of semester rush that hits in December and January.

Around the time of Remembrance Day I always felt it important to remind students of the significance of the day and why I never regarded it as a holiday. During my twenty years in the army I was on eighteen Remembrance Day Parades. I told students of the parade I remember most strongly. We formed up to the east side of City Hall in downtown Edmonton before marching to the cenotaph which was located by the Edmonton Journal building along the top of the river valley. As the group of veterans formed up next to us I noticed an elderly gentleman in a long grey tweed overcoat walking, with a pair of canes, down the sidewalk in our direction. He was accompanied by a much younger man who, we later learned, was his nephew. As he came level with us, he turned and stopped at the curb. He carefully, and with noticeable difficulty, stepped down off the curb using his canes and assistance for his nephew. He then turned and handed his canes to his nephew and said, "Here Jimmy, you hold on to these for me, and I'll see you back here at the end of the parade." He reached into his right overcoat pocket and withdrew his royal blue beret, which he carefully put on his head and pressed into correct shape. He then proceeded out onto the street to join his colleagues. With each step his chest swelled noticeably, he straightened to this full height, and he appeared to walk with ease. He joined the group with the usual hand-shaking, comments, jokes and jibes. From my position in the parade I could watch the veteran as he stepped off smartly with his arms swinging to regulation height, he showed no sign of weakness all the way to the cenotaph. Facing into the bitter wind, blowing up out of the river valley, he stood still, proudly throughout the ceremony. By the end of the march back to City Hall for dismissal, many of the veterans had lost a little of their crispness, but they all still looked like the well trained soldiers they were. When we 'Halted' and 'Ordered Arms', we had to force our rifles down out of the grasp of our cold-stiffened right hands, so we could rest the rifle butts on the ground beside our feet. The veterans 'fell-out', and the grey tweed gentleman made his way to the curb where Jimmy waited with his canes. Upon reaching the curb, struggle as he might, he could not pull himself up onto the sidewalk. We, soldiers in ranks, were not allowed to move. As we

watched, helplessly, I felt the men in my platoon lean as one, in the direction of the veteran, in an effort to help. With the help of two fellow veterans, and Jimmy, he finally mounted the curb, retrieved his canes, thanked Jimmy, and walked with difficulty down the sidewalk toward the Legion.

Later in the Legion he was asked, "How old are you John?" He said, "Seventy-seven last March." When asked why he had gone on the parade, he said, "I didn't want to let the older fellas down." Still another question, "Why didn't you take your canes on parade?" He raised his canes out to regulation height in front of him and said, "You can't march with canes!" Unspoken but felt in his answer were the words, "Don't be daft, it just isn't done!"

I sometimes told another story of veterans.While attending an Officer's Mess Dinner, I was talking with a young fellow officer, when we were joined by two World War II veterans. One, now a senator, is a former Lieutenant-Colonel and Commanding Officer of an artillery regiment. At the time of the dinner he had recently been appointed a criminal court judge. The other had been a Major in Popski's Private Army, a legendary desert raiding unit I had read about as a pre-teen. Both had been awarded medals for bravery and were special guests at the dinner. They commented on the fact that we, Dan and I, had been standing quietly talking and overtly separated from the "false bravado" displayed by all the "boisterous bar-flies" who had been falling over one-another to ingratiate themselves with these two decorated veterans.

The former Major commented, "Most of the truly brave men, and leaders, I saw during the war had the same quiet, almost shy, reserve or reticence that both of you [Dan and I, seemed to] display." The judge commented he had recently been to Ottawa, as recipient of "yet another meaningless award," but was pleased to be in the company of a fifteen year old from Edmonton, who was being given a medal for bravery.

Both veterans decried the importance of their own bravery saying, "That was what we were trained to do." and both were effusive in their praise of the fifteen year old, who

could not swim, and yet, had jumped into a river, in full flood, to save a younger child, who was a stranger to him. They said, "To know the danger, and in everyday life, not in the heat of battle, to risk your own life to save someone else was the true display of courage." They were proud this young man was receiving recognition for his unselfish act.

I think their efforts were largely to make Dan and I feel accepted and more comfortable in the surroundings of the mess, and to assure us we did not have to imitate the others. At the same time I felt honoured to have been approached by these two gentlemen, and especially to have been informed I exuded characteristics of leadership valued by two well-respected veterans. When telling this story to students, I left out the complimentary personal details, and emphasized the idea of two decorated veterans who shunned false bravado and were impressed with the courage displayed by a fifteen year old in everyday life.

When I started teaching, one of the women on staff had been teaching for 36 years. She started teaching grades one to twelve in a one room schoolhouse, in 1936. One of the male teachers had 32 years experience, another 28, and another of the women 23. A couple of the veterans said, "You know you have been teaching a long time when you start teaching children of your former students." Chris Read was the first student whose parent I had also taught. It was after only thirteen years of teaching. But I cheated, I taught his father when his father was a recruit in the Militia. The first situation where I taught both the parent and the student in school, happened in my eighteenth year, when I taught the daughter of one of the girls from my first year of teaching. I did not feel I had been teaching all that long.

Teaching your own children is another experience. My son David, was always marked harder in my classes than other students. I explained to him that not only must I not show him favoritism, there must never appear, to other students, to be any favoritism. He understood. On the mid-term exam in Electricity-Electronics 12 he got the highest mark in the class, in fact the highest mark ever obtained on the exam, which I had refined and used

over many years. When we took up the exam in class one of the other students commented, "How come you gave me a mark for question 27, but you gave David zero, and he has a better answer than I do?" At the same time as I replied, "Because David knows better." David responded, "Because I know better!" The student forcefully announced, "But that's not fair!" I was glad they did not think I was going easy on David or showing favoritism. David completed the course with the highest mark ever obtained in the course and only one of the 'Phys Ed' teachers thought it was because he was my son. The same one who, when David graduated with top honours, asked in all seriousness, "Where does your son get his intelligence from? It must be from your wife."

I hated to see a student caught in the middle at exam time. The school policy was, students with conflicts during final exams were to see each teacher to see how the conflict could be resolved. In every case the students came to me saying the other teacher was not willing for them to write at another time. Many times the students were also told that because my course was only 'Industrial Arts', and less important, I should make the accommodation. It became a habit with me to simply state each semester, "If you have a conflict between the time of the exam for this course and some other exam, come and see me and we will work something out." During exam week in January of 1991, I had 18 students with conflicts. I supervised 26 hours of exams, including one day from 8:00 am to 5:00 pm straight, without a break. At the February staff meeting when two English teachers requested a change to the supervision schedule because they had supervised four hours of exams, one more than anyone else, I recounted my experience and told them to stop complaining. The entire staff sat in silence for a few seconds. The principal said, "I think we can re-examine the exam schedule." Although, after that time, I had fewer exam conflicts to deal with, I still did not experience another teacher making the accommodation.

As well as teaching, the years around school provided many opportunities for extra curricular activities. George and I organized two winter carnivals, with 'tube steak' eating contests, moose calling, and toboggan and snowshoe races. George did most of the

administrative work, ordering food, arranging prizes and donations, and I was his number one support staff building signs, posters, tickets, locating equipment, etc. A group of teachers played a basketball game against the Edmonton Eskimos, to raise money for charity. For the first several years the teachers played an annual spring touch/flag football game against the students. One year George signed me up to again play against the students without my permission. I refused to play citing my belief, "No one volunteers me." He said, "But I know you love football." That was the first year the teachers did not beat the students. They never played the students again.

I was the defensive coach for the local high school football team for eight of its first ten years, taking an occasional year off. After one year without a team I coached the first two years of the team's new existence. Coaching football allowed me to meet and work with students I would not otherwise have known. It also allowed me the opportunity to see many students in a different setting. Some top academic students did not have time in their timetables for Industrial Education, but they came out for football because it was an extra-curricular activity. Some vocational students fitted their timetables with 35 credits in Automotives or Building Construction and could not find time to take one of my courses, but played football. In my experience many students behave differently on the football field than they do in a school classroom, in the cafeteria or in the school parking lot. Students commented that I was vastly different as a coach than I was on noon-hour supervision. I would explain I was doing a different job, with different requirements, so the behaviour is naturally different. Students saw me in a new light, as a more complete individual. The benefits carried over, into the hallways and back into the classroom.

After heavy hitting drills I would tell the defensive linemen and linebackers, "Run to the fence and back, Go!" It was slightly over 100 metres to the fence. It gave a gentle stretching out of muscles to help avoid cramps. Sometimes it gave me a minute to think about what I wanted to practise or review next. One time I added, "The last one back has to do 20 pushups." I just wanted them back quicker. I jogged over to the head coach, asked a

quick question, and jogged back to my spot on the field near the goal line. What I saw coming toward me was a perfectly straight line of all my players lined up shoulder to shoulder. Their plan, so no one would be last and have to do pushups, was they would all cross the goal line at exactly the same time. It was the first real evidence I saw of them wanting to work as a team. I rewarded them with, "Well Done! That's what I like to see, TEAMWORK!" And then added, "Now since you were all last, everyone give me **five** push-ups." When they were finished, I let them sit and again complimented them on demonstrating teamwork, then explained by slowing down to the speed of the slowest they were not pushing each other for maximum effort and improvement. Then it was on with the next drill.

Joe asked, "How long before sundown?" I fully extended my right arm with the fingers bent across in front of my body, the little finger resting in line with the horizon and said, "About thirty minutes." The players near by wanted to know, " How can you tell that?" I explained, "Each finger width the sun is above the horizon is equal to fifteen minutes. The sun is a little more than two fingers above the horizon, so it is about thirty minutes before sundown." I then received two more queries. Some asked, "How do you know that?" and others said, "Did you learn **that** in the army, too?" Yes, It was just another 'useless' piece of information I learned in the army. I never know when these skills will come in handy.

It was always interesting watching the veteran players trying to explain to the rookies about how to dress for their first 'cold weather' game in the late fall. You have to be warm enough but still be able to move freely. It does pose a problem. Those who stood, shivering on the sidelines would hear some veteran say, "Any damn fool can be uncomfortable!" *Gee, I wonder where they got that from?"*

Tightness in the chest, breathing difficult; taut throat, an effort to speak; tears in my eyes, emotions barely concealed; those were the physical symptoms. We had just lost the championship game. Each of the coaches was making a few short comments before we

loaded the bus for home. When my turn came, my voice broke. The defence had played the best they could. I could not have asked for more. I was so proud of them it hurt. They had outplayed the most potent offence in the league that year. They were the best defence I ever coached. I felt so unbelievably proud of them for how well they had played, and in that same moment I felt so sorry for them that they could not feel the exhilaration of victory for their unsurpassed effort; I could not force the words out of my mouth.

When I stopped coaching football I lost my best fitness activity. In the fall of 1996, in an effort to re-establish a more healthy and active life style my wife and I registered in the "Live It Up" program run by the university hospital. We went to see Dr. Randy Gregg for a check-up, as recommended, prior to beginning a more rigorous walking or running program. He took a series of x-rays of my knees because they were my area of greatest concern. The x-ray of my left knee area showed a break on the tibia about two inches below the knee. Dr. Gregg asked as he pointed to the break, "When did you break your leg?" I said, "I never did, as far as I know." Suddenly I had a sharp clear vision of me being knocked over the hard edge of a wheeler by a power panel. "Now I remember. That was way back in 1965. Thirty-one years. Wow." *No wonder I didn't have any power in my leg.* Dr. Gregg stated, "Well, it healed nicely, perfectly aligned, so there shouldn't be anything to worry about." *No cast. It must have been held in place by the muscles. All those years in Cadets, Militia, and athletics paid off.*

Over the years a number of students have kept in touch. Some stop in almost regularly, some whenever they are in town. Others only stop by before or after some major event. It is always flattering when a former student makes a point of speaking to me in a restaurant or some other public venue to say thank you. Several times I was told how much they appreciated the safety I taught them. Three times former students made a special trip to tell me I had saved their lives because of something they had learned in my class. Countless times I was told to keep teaching and emphasizing safety.

Mark Mohan 'blames' me for his becoming an aircraft maintenance technician. He's

head of maintenance for Honk Kong Airlines. He brought me a T-shirt from the Imperial War Museum in London several years ago. I suggested he should try to visit the "Tank Museum" next time he was in Great Britain. He sent me a card from the Tank Museum. He wrote, "This place has Mr. Shaw written all over it." When I did visit the Imperial War Museum in 1995, at least partially spurred by Mark's communications, I was excited and amazed that I was finally there. I felt the presence of many 'warriors from the past' in the part of the Halifax fuselage I walked through. Since then I have read extensively about the Halifax being used by RCAF squadrons during WWII. We were not allowed in any of the tanks, too bad! When I visited The Tank Museum, during the same summer, I took many photographs, in support of my plastic modelling hobby, but I was not aware of any spirits.

Nils Hahn is an engineer working in the United States. He used to build lego structures as his rough draft for English essays. He completed his MEng in 10 months. He sends me cards and email when he is not too busy. Dawn Marie Schurman was the top student in both the Urban Planning and Architectural Engineering Technology programs at NAIT. She said, "It's all your fault. Keep up the good work." Jeff Bailey, a former student teacher, sent me cards from Africa when he was off setting up new electricity training programs for NAIT. Now he works for the Alberta Apprenticeship Board. Mark DeLeeuw, another student teacher, phoned me recently to see how I was doing at university.

I bumped into Marcus in Safeway. I did not hurt him. He was one of the offensive players on our first football team to make the playoffs. I never coached him directly but we always talk when we meet about once every two years. In answer to my question, "What stories would you tell someone else about me?" He said, "You were a straight forward, to the point, no nonsense kind of guy. We knew where you stood. And that is getting hard to find these days. I look back on those times and I appreciate that about you." And then after a short pause he added, "You're a good guy, what can I say." (M. Munro, personal communication, November 13, 1998)

I interviewed my son, David, recently while waiting for the start of an Eskimo

football game and include the results here as an example of a student's reflections six years after high school.

What do you remember about your years in High School and your teacher in Drafting and Electronics? "I kept in touch with my teacher from those years. Ha, Ha! What do I remember? Hmm. . . . Application of knowledge to the real world setting. I was just talking to someone earlier this week about when we [Drafting 20] did the town planning for the town on the actual ground we went to see, and we designed a house that could not be more than 100 square metres maximum size. It had to be efficient, [both] energy wise, and in use of space. We did the floorplan, electrical, plumbing, heating, etc."

Anything else? "The clean up and duties with assignments of individual duties and rotation with everyone doing each of the duties: foreman, wipers, sweepers, etc." "The use of stories which were instructionally motivated. They conveyed a message more effectively than the conventional approach."

Others? "You set very difficult standards to live up to, and in my case, doubly so, to prevent accusations of favouritism."

Was I unfair? "Sometimes, unfair on occasion. On the Drafting 12 practical, mid-term, I finished the computer assignment in about 12 minutes, instead of the 40 minutes allowed, and I moved on to the tables [for the hand drawn assignment]. Then you gave instructions on how you wanted the titleblock filled out and I lost marks on that."

Of all that you learned, what sticks out most? "Attention to detail!"

From Drafting? "Yes."

And what about from electronics? "Digital logic is useful in programming, flow charting a problem, truth tables, they all help when writing a program or solving a problem in the Physics [computer simulation] I'm doing. I'm able to repair or replace electrical devices, switches, outlets, lamps, if they break down." "It was a more comfortable and familiar environment."

Because of Dad, the teacher? "Yes, and having been there when younger, and being

asked to help out with maintenance, and upgrading and maintaining the computer network." "It was a more disciplined environment."

Define discipline? "I never saw, in other high school classes, as many students spend as much time on task."

Why was that? "No horseplay, you did not gladly suffer fools. You were treated like it was a real job. No chatting, you are distracting others from getting their work done."

What else about your definition of discipline? "Self-policing, the fact that after a while you could have left and things would not have fallen apart."

Why wouldn't they fool around with a substitute? "Fear! . . . Mark Latham said, about you as a coach, and I heard it from others [about you] as a teacher, 'You either totally liked him or totally hated him, but always respected him.' "

Why respect? "Competent. It could not be said about you that you didn't know the material or what you were doing. There was an authority, a bearing, probably from military experience, partly fear, you had a powerful voice and were not afraid to use it."

What about the actual instructing and demonstrating? "Putting points on the board in a cryptic way to make people think. The use of humour."

What type of humour? "Play on words, situational, silly skits and props, like your hard hat and tools, and occasional bouts of silliness." (R.H.A.D. Shaw, personal communication, August 27, 1999)

Joel, Scott, Glen, being avid ski fans, active participants, and close friends, all bought black turtleneck sweaters to wear under their ski jackets. Embroidered on the front neck area of each sweater was one of the words from the phrase "Flash, Crash, and Burn." Other than the three members of the group, I was the only person allowed to call them or to refer to them, by their 'handles' (nicknames). I preferred calling them, "The Three Musty-Steers." All three are still active skiers and have worked as ski patrol members at various times. Two are volunteer fire fighters in Jasper, and one is a safety committee member at

Syncrude, in Fort McMurray. The two fire fighters stopped in to see me when they were in the area for an 'extraction competition'. They commented that my safety training, as part of Electronics, was a reason for the start of their involvement in fire fighting, and it helped in their basic training. After their surprise drop-in visit I received a letter from Scott.

> Dear Mr. Shaw,
>
> Greetings and salutations from the small town of Jasper. This letter has been a long time in coming on my behalf. Earlier on last year when I was in town during an extrication competition and stopped by to see you at the school, it came to my attention that of all my teachers that I have had in my short, but memorable, stay in organized education, you have been perhaps the most influential of all of them. Not by being the most forceful, or most restrictive, or most structured (You were in fact all of those, and then some) but you never were one to let school interfere with my education. Not my words but those of Mark Twain. (Pretty impressive huh!) I have been told that high school is when young minds are at there most receptive to setting learning patterns for future life, it has only been in the last little while that I have come to the conclusion that maybe they were right. Now that I am a father myself I hope to pass on some of my life experiences to my daughter, and most of my high school memories will, I'm sure, reflect upon fond recollection of time spent in your classes. I'm not sure how close to retirement you may be but when you reflect upon your career and wonder if at any time you have made a difference in someone's life, I want to tell you that as an educator and as a human being you have certainly been one of the largest influences in my life. And for this I will be forever grateful.
>
> Thanks, and remember, you have made a difference.
>
> Scott Sherlow (S.Sherlow, personal communication, January 1,1997)

I include one more example of a communication from a student. Nils sent the following email in answer to my recent question, "What stories would you tell someone else about me?"

> You were certainly a big influence on my life during high school, you were somebody I could talk to for hours on end on most any subject, without feeling judged or in any way put on the spot. You were (and are), somebody I could be totally open with, I could say what I felt like saying, I could feel what I felt like feeling, without being asked to justify myself, defend myself, or in any other manner hide my thoughts, in the fear that any weakness exposed through them would be exploited in the future. This unconditional acceptance simply of who I was, who I am, and who I am becoming, stands out most strongly. There are really no stories, since it's ultimately an ongoing story, the ongoing story of a deeply valued friendship, that loses something in the attempt to analyze it, in the attempt to document it on paper . . . (N. Hahn, personal communication, August 24, 1999)

CHAPTER 9

"My Last Year: It's a Long Story."

From the time I started teaching in The County until I retired I witnessed many oddities in the operation of the school jurisdiction. In the two major communities of the county, school board members were elected as school board members only. In the remainder of the county a number of people were elected to serve as county councillors, and also automatically sat on the school board. The fact that a county councillor ran on a platform of concern over road maintenance or snow removal and had no interest in school operation did not matter. He or she sat on the school board anyway. Not all of the members elected from the two major communities could vote at any one time. This was to prevent undue influence on the 'rural board' policies by the 'town people'. Local election policies were changed as necessary to guarantee the status quo.

The original procedure probably made sense. However, over the years, with the shift in demographics, the disparity in representation became ludicrous. I observed that many times people who had failed as farmers or small business operators were elected to county council/school board. They could make more money by 'per diem' than they could by farming, office work, or selling cars, houses, and farm machinery.

The last three elections produced predominantly female boards, 13 of 16, 11 of 13, and 6 of 7. Few board members have special qualifications, training, or experience which would recommend them for a position on the school board. Many board members, male and female alike, seem more interested in social status than in quality education. Understanding the composition of the board helps me to explain the lack of wisdom in many policies and decisions.

With the reforms initiated by the government, the school board, following a business model, demanded each school set five new goals for the next year. After our school set our new goals the school board set seven additional new goals. We were

obligated to work on all 12 goals for the following year. Over a couple of years the list was cut to seven, then five, and finally just three goals. The board felt very good about rewording the goals in such a way as to encompass the original twelve. While the school staff found the goals just as difficult to accomplish, the board thought they had simplified the task. One goal demanded we increase the number of students who attained honours, ≥ 80%, by five percent for each of the next five years. They did not specify where or how we were to find the additional 25% of able and hard-working students needed to meet this requirement. Over the five year period our staff increased the percentage of students achieving above 50%. However, there was no significant increase in honours graduates. In fact, the percentage of honour students dropped slightly each of the last three years.

We constantly heard the expression 'the business model in education'. We must be more productive. We must please the customer. The board implemented annual satisfaction surveys. Surveys were distributed to parents, students, teachers, and administrators. Of the 1100 surveys distributed to parents by our school only 17% responded. Of the respondents only 30% were dissatisfied. Thus only 5.1% of the total parent population expressed dissatisfaction, or conversely 94.9% were sufficiently satisfied that they did not feel the need to complain. However, our new principal decided we needed two new goals for the following year to address this serious lack of satisfaction. At the same time, he stated we had tremendous support from the public for teachers and our school. It seemed an amazing paradox.

As a result of the survey, the board attempted another course of action. Our contract negotiations were held up for an entire year because the school board would not drop the idea of Merit Pay. They proposed that parents and students would answer questions about the teachers on the annual satisfaction survey. Teachers who scored higher on the survey, which I considered to be nothing more than a 'popularity contest', would get a bigger bonus. Bonuses would come from existing funds for salaries, so all teachers must first take a pay freeze or a pay cut.

My last couple of years teaching CTS were far from a positive experience. I was still part of the task force and the field review team for the Electro-Technology strand of CTS with Alberta Education. I was implementing new modules in three of the CTS strands, Communication Technology, Design Studies, and Electro-Technology. I was department head for CTS, the largest department in the school, with a budget equal to all the other departments combine. I became too involved in 'administrivia', department head responsibilities, and developing and implementing the new CTS curriculum. Occasionally, I forgot that my emphasis should be on the students, as it always had been in the past; that the students were what was really important. I was often distracted from my educational philosophy and I had to constantly remind myself of what was most important. I had become more concerned with meeting external demands than with the pedagogical relationships with the students in my classroom.

For twenty-one years I was basically part of the same school staff. Over the years the age group served and the curriculum delivered changed, but, except for a normal gradual turnover in staff, the staff remained largely the same. After nine years in our old building and an additional twelve years in our new, specifically built high school, we received a major change in administration. Our principal, whom I always referred to as Mr. Antoniuk, out of respect, and Tom, the principal from down the highway, exchanged positions. One of our three assistant principals retired, leaving Harry and Jane to carry on, and providing an opening for a new assistant. Tom brought Dick, one of his assistants from his previous staff. We heard many stories about Tom and Dick.

I met Tom during my first year in teaching on a professional development day held at the high school down the highway. Over the years I heard many stories about him as a teacher, assistant principal, and principal. Immediately before their arrival at our school many additional stories circulated to our staff from the staff at the school down the highway. While assistant principal down the highway, Tom had 'arranged' a voicing of 'lack of confidence' in his principal, Carl. The school board convinced Carl to step down

and Carl transferred to our school as a classroom teacher. Tom became principal of the school down the highway, which had a smaller student population than our school. After several years passed, the exchange of principals between the two schools was neatly 'arranged'. Keeping in mind that principals and assistants get a base salary, plus a bonus for each student enrolled in the school, and pensions are calculated on the average salary earned over the last five years of teaching, it seemed convenient that Tom would be at our school, the largest in the school division, for his last years before retirement.

Dick had been transferred to the school down the highway, another school in our town, because of unsatisfactory performance as assistant principal and because of unauthorized personal use of school equipment at home. After a few years with Tom, Dick was referred to as 'the henchman' by the staff down the highway. Such were the stories we heard before the arrival of Tom and 'his assistant'.

For the first year with the new administration the timetable, budget, and other routine matters had been largely set by Mr. Antoniuk and 'his' administrative staff before his departure. That first year was fairly uneventful. In the spring, during timetabling and budget planning for the next year, it quickly became obvious the new administration had a totally different philosophy regarding the operation of a school. Teaching assignments were completed by Tom and Dick in a very erratic manner with almost no relationship to logic; the expertise, ability, or experience of teachers; or the interests of students. Part-time teachers who had been on staff for many years, requesting full-time status, were told there were no positions available. Then new full-time teachers were hired in the same subject areas as the people who had requested the change. Several teaching assignments required three teachers to each prepare for six courses when regrouping the assignments would have required no more than four courses to be prepared by any of the three teachers. Teaching a mixture of English, Social Studies, Math, CALM, Phys Ed, and Information Processing seemed to me to be a little too demanding for a beginning teacher. I also felt it was unfair and unnecessary considering the expertise available within the existing staff. No course

trading or negotiating was allowed. It seemed Tom wanted everyone to be equally overworked.

At the first staff meeting in August, before the start of the second school year with the new administration, Tom said "Well I guess the honeymoon is over. We're going to do things my way!" We began to see all the stories about Tom and Dick were true. It was at this time, at a meeting, Tom said, "They [teachers] will either work themselves to death, quit teaching, transfer, or come around to my way [of thinking]." I thought it was a very interesting philosophy, with an interesting set of priorities: death, quit, transfer, my way.

Two teachers had developed a method of coordinating the teaching of English 30 and Social Studies 30 so the assignments would match in both courses. An English essay covered the period of history being studied at the same time in Social Studies. When a particular poem or novel was studied in English the content in Social Studies was related to the literature. Timetabling with a back-to-back double period for one semester allowed for the showing of longer films for either subject or bringing in guest speakers relevant to both areas. The new administration seemed unable to see the benefit of this arrangement and changed the timetable. The two teachers worked out a new arrangement for alternating block 4 English on day 1 and block 4 Social Studies on day 2 all year long. Not quite as good but there were some new advantages. After a year in this arrangement it was changed again, making joint activities more difficult to coordinate.

After two and a half years with the new principal, Jane, one of the assistant principals, accepted a secondment to Alberta Education. She once said to me, "I could no longer morally accept working there." That left Tom, Dick, and Harry. Tom decided not to replace Jane, thinking the three men could do what she had done anyway. Tom once commented to me after Jane left, "She was the biggest impediment to the staff growing and moving forward, because they [the staff] relied on her too much." He then went on to tell me, "I found it very hard to work with her after I found out she told one of the teachers at [down the highway], she didn't want those two assholes coming over here." He then

asked, "Did you ever hear her say that?" In fact I had used that exact expression myself, but I just answered his question honestly, "No, I never heard Jane say that." Harry had been on our staff for several years and although he was not the most organized or competent individual, he continued to perform to the best of his ability under difficult circumstances. He only had a few years until full retirement when Jane left. Having set the stage, so to speak, I will now describe my perceptions of how Tom and 'his assistant', Dick, operated.

We were asked for new ways to deliver courses and course content. I suggested grouping new modules to provide an Architectural Drafting and Design, and a Graphic Design course. Tom told me, Dick said it would be too difficult to schedule. A group of teachers suggested using a 'cadre' system where a small group of teachers would teach all of the courses to a class of students. The same students would stay together for all courses rather than be in multiple different groups or classes. The students would voluntarily choose to take the courses as a total program. If the program worked it could be expanded to a larger group of students until the cadre's timetable was filled with cluster classes. This was almost like having a charter school within the larger school. Tom and Dick said it would be too hard to schedule. All of the teachers involved either transferred to other schools or retired because of difficulties with the administration. At the same time Dick decided to create a Robotics course by pulling modules from other existing courses. For some reason it was very easy for him to schedule 'his course'.

During a staff meeting a teacher questioned why a particular action was being taken. Tom appeared uncomfortable with having his ideas challenged and told the teacher she was bordering on unprofessional conduct. When the teacher stated, "All I want is clarification on how the decision was reached and why this particular course of action is being implemented in this particular way." Tom stated, " If you continue to question in this manner you will be charged with unprofessional conduct."

Another teacher asked for clarification on the interpretation of unprofessional

conduct. Tom explained that because the subject had not been discussed in private prior to the meeting, because he had not given his permission for the subject to be raised in front of the group, and because he felt his abilities as principal were being criticized, he had the right to prefer charges. When the second teacher pressed the further he too was warned regarding unprofessional conduct.

On another occasion, after showing the break down of marks earned by our students on departmental exams as compared to the provincial average, Tom suggested we should mark easier and award higher in-school marks on diploma exam courses so as to raise the overall averages of our students. A teacher asked for a more detailed explanation regarding departmental examination results. I saw nothing offensive in what she asked or said. My impression was she had actually spoken in support of Tom's suggestion. She was called into the principal's office after the staff meeting and told if she ever spoke out like that again he would have her job.

At the end of his second year Tom decided we were over staffed and would have to let five people go. They would be declared surplus and would be transferred to other schools. The first of the five teachers, Lucy, the only visible minority on staff, was told by Dick, during her fourth block class, "Tom wants to see you, I will watch your class." Tom told her she was surplus to requirement. She asked where there were openings. He said he did not know, but he supposed she could ask around. He then told her to go back to class and finish teaching. She did manage to complete the class.

Joel, another of the five, had challenged Tom on more than one occasion. Joel was not told that he was surplus to requirement, until the last day for transfers at 1:30 p.m. He was also told maybe he could find a position at the junior high down the highway. Joel, instead, found a spot at the high school with our former principal, Mr. Antoniuk. Garnet the principal at the previously mentioned junior high school, was most upset when Joel did not go to his school because he thought it had been 'arranged'. I later learned at least two other principals in the division knew Joel was going to be transferred two weeks before

Joel was told. This is in contravention of Alberta Teachers Association (ATA) policy and local contract regulations.

Then there was Maggie, yet another of the five. Her problem was she had openly criticized the administration at a couple of parties. The word got back to the 'boss'. She, too, was transferred out. Dan and Sherrie the remaining two of the five surplus teachers each took there case to an ATA review board. Dan suffered stress related problems as a result of the ordeal, was off work for a total of one year on extended medical leave, and returned to the staff during my last year. Sherrie has been under almost constant harassment since her return to the staff and keeps an ongoing journal of all dealings with Tom and Dick, as the ATA recommended. Knowing and watching the effects on these two staff members and feeling helpless to assist two colleagues caused many, including myself, additional stress in our work environment.

On several occasions early in his tenure as principal Tom told me I was a leader, that people regarded me as a leader, that I was filling a leadership role, and I had definite leadership ability. In a letter of recommendation for a county Merit Award he wrote, "as well as carrying a full teaching load he provides leadership in the CTS department." In November, 1996 I submitted an application to the Department of National Defence for a teaching position at one of two international schools for NATO dependents in Holland and Belgium. The application required a reference from my principal on a standard form. He called me in to discuss the form. When we came to the part about demonstrated leadership he asked me what I wanted him to put there. I said, "Put the truth, as you see it. That is what they are asking for." He put on the form that he had, "not observed any demonstrated leadership".

During the planning for renovations to the CTS labs, which was underway in the 1996-1997 school year, several incidents occurred which demonstrated to me the lack of leadership on the part of Tom and 'his assistant'. At an initial meeting with the CTS staff, told us, "You should really put our mark on this project." Nine of the 10 department

members, including myself, left with the same impression. The impression was later confirmed that Tom and Dick had already decided what they wanted and we were just supposed to agree with it.

Both Tom and Dick advocated a large open area and team-teaching of all CTS courses. George and I had team taught modules in Industrial Arts and Industrial Education for our first 15 years together. We expressed opinions based on our experience regarding the difficult aspects of team-teaching. Tom and Dick visited Morinville, where a new 'CTS suite', was working well in its first year in operation. We expressed the opinion that almost anything appears to work well when it is new. We had all kinds of tours when our school was new. We thought it was more important to consider how it would work after five years. In my experience in shared areas, if no one takes ownership and responsibility for cleaning, maintaining, or repairing machinery, or for inventory and ordering of supplies, I found things start to break down. We also pointed out there had been several schools built in the early to mid 1970s specifically around the concept of open-classrooms and team-teaching. In all cases, after a few years, teachers started using dividers to break up the open-space into individual classrooms. Eventually, when the budgets permitted, the open areas were sub-divided with permanent walls. Many locations continued with team teaching in separate classrooms until there had been several staff changes and the new teachers were not able to fit into the team teaching environment. In a meeting with Tom and Dick, I cited Hunting Hills, in Red Deer, as another site for comparison and possible visitation. Hunting Hills was a new high school in 1994, and one of the pioneers of the new CTS 'suite' concept. The term 'suite', copied from 'master suite' used in house floorplans, is being used to describe a large open-classroom laboratory facility. After only two years of operation windows between subject areas were being covered to provide fewer distractions, and gain more display space. Dividers and new furniture arrangements were made to limit student movement between areas. In my experience if team teaching is to work over a long time, it requires teachers who have the same philosophy, background,

and standards of performance, behaviour, and assessment. I do not know of any case of people working at team teaching longer than 15 years. We were the only teachers on staff who had any extensive experience with team-teaching and our opinions seemed totally discarded.

A consultant was hired to help prepare a proposal for renovations to the CTS areas. He toured the areas to be renovated. I pointed out two 'loadbearing' walls which could not be moved and would interfere with many of the ideas put forward by Dick. I was told I was wrong. When the architect toured the areas I again pointed out the two 'loadbearing' walls. The architect said they could find out later and it was no big deal. Tom and Dick told me again I was wrong. When the architect's assistant did a mechanical evaluation he found that the wall between George's and my labs was indeed "a load bearing wall." Later that day I asked Tom how the new information would change their plans; he said it was no major problem. I again said I thought they would find the second wall previously mentioned was also a 'loadbearing' wall. I was again told I was wrong. During the summer, after I retired, while construction was under way, an emergency site meeting was called. It 'was discovered' the second wall was also "a load bearing wall." The solution to this problem incurred considerable additional expense, because of commitment to a plan which could not be changed at such a late date.

In May 1996, at a meeting to review the consultant's findings, the consultant recommended we go with only one computer platform, and that should be IBM, the platform preferred by Dick. Most of us were not asked for input. I presented facts about the advantages of a Macintosh network or a mixed network as being easier and cheaper to install, and cheaper to operate and maintain. I gave details where even the logos, manuals, and advertisements for IBM had been produced on a MAC, that MAC was the industry standard in graphic design, animation, and sophisticated image production. They just sat and looked at me. It was obvious the decision had been made.

We had been asked to review the consultant's report, for spelling and grammatical

errors, inaccuracies, and inconsistencies, prior to it being sent to Alberta Education for approval. When I pointed out the errors I had discovered I was criticized as being negative. Also during the meeting, the consultant made a statement regarding the use of the new facilities by the Integrated Occupations Program (IOP) students. I asked the consultant, "With all the emphasis on high technology equipment, do you really feel the IOP students will be able to handle it." He said, "No, probably not." *Then why did he put the statement in the report?*

Shortly before the meeting in question I had toured another school and asked a teacher, in the presence of his assistant principal, about their IOP program. He hesitated, looked a little funny, glanced at his assistant principal, and said everything was okay. Later when he was alone, I asked him again and he said, "It [the IOP program] isn't working worth a damn." As a result of this experience I said to the consultant, "If teachers were asked, without fear of retribution, they will tell you the IOP program is not working." Tom's face got very red, he got up and stomped out of the meeting. He returned about twenty minutes later, clearly still angry and sat staring at the wall, avoiding eye contact with anyone. The rest of the meeting was chaired by Dick and the consultant. That night, at 9:00 p.m., at home, I received a phone call from Dick. His first words were: "How good is your lawyer?" I was then told Tom was very angry and was considering having me charged with unprofessional conduct. My comments had not been criticizing our school but were directed at the program province wide. None of the other members of the CTS staff got the impression I was criticizing our school's program, and they also felt the program, in general, was not working.

At a steering committee meeting with the architect, a student representative questioned the wisdom of having windows in the lab walls along the hallways as suggested by Tom and Dick. He stated, "In a multiple-activity lab there are already many distractions just with the wide variety of in-lab activities. Maybe having the additional problems of students standing around looking in, and maybe, purposely trying to distract students in

class, or the students in class just being distracted by whatever was passing in the halls is not a good idea." The student was not invited to any more meetings.

At another steering committee meeting, while Dick was busy discussing details of what type of computer desks would be used before we had even finished placing major walls or finished room layouts, Tom repeatedly dozed off, even though one of the assistant superintendents was in attendance. For me, this confirmed my impression Tom was not all that interested. He was leaving things up to Dick, who could do whatever he wanted, and Tom would simply agree with Dick's demands.

Other events were also contributing to our school environment. The provincial government demanded school councils be established for every school. The school council, composed of parents and other interested community members, was to provide an advisory group for the principal. As our new school council came up with suggestions Tom demanded we try the new idea so he could impress the council with how much he thought of their ideas. It felt like we became members in an 'educational program of the month club'.

Another of the government reforms required a reduction in central office personnel and resulted in site-based management. In our situation this gave Tom (BEd), with no special financial training, more money to play with and less supervision from central office. When his workload increased he simply downloaded more administrative tasks to the assistants, then to department heads and then to the teachers.

Tom suggested we start an, "advisor program." Each teacher would meet with a group of seven grade 10 students for twenty minutes once a week. The teacher would discuss 'things' with the group and be available as an advisor. Later the teacher advisor would follow the students' progress and intervene if the student ran into trouble. Each teacher would get an additional seven new students each year until each teacher had a group of seven grade tens, seven grade elevens, seven grade twelves, and some number of repeating grade twelves. It seemed to me this would become another class to look after.

Others on staff saw this as a ploy to get teachers to take over the assistant principals' job of grade coordination and discipline follow-up. We were not given a list of what to discuss with the students, nor was there a set time for meeting. It was suggested we should take the students to lunch once a month. When I asked one of the teachers this past November how the program was going, he said none of his group of students had come to see him at any of the allotted times, and he had not met with them as a group since the first day in September.

In the early spring of 1997 we completed the preliminary registration for the 1997-98 school year. The results showed there would be eight blocks of classes in my areas. Since full time teaching would cover only seven blocks, because of preparation time, it would require someone else to teach in my areas for one block. Usually, after final registration, numbers fell. Some students changed their minds, some failed required courses, some moved away, and over each of the two previous summers, our enrollment had dropped by 60 students. Chances were, come September 1997, I would have a full schedule and no one extra would be required. However, I knew that after the renovation there would be two labs designed for the curriculum I had previously taught in one lab. I also knew, if we had an increase in school population, or if my classes became much more popular, I would not be able to handle all the students. I was told, at some time in the future when enrollments warrant, they would hire another teacher for one of the courses I was presently teaching.

A week after preliminary registration, at the following Tuesday faculty council (administrators, department heads, and coordinators) meeting, details were given regarding enrollment and staff requirements for the coming year. It was announced, there was need for a Communication [Communication Technology] teacher. It was the first I heard that the decision had been made. People looked at me questioningly. I kept a straight face. Tom and Dick sat at opposite ends of the conference room table so one could watch faces when the other one was talking or reading from notes. After the meeting several people asked, "Are

you leaving?" or "Isn't that something you teach?" or "What's going on?" I had to tell them I did not know. To be the department head for CTS and not know what was happening was an uncomfortable position. None of their questions were asked during the meeting. They were afraid to ask.

The next day, Wednesday, as I told my department members the details of the meeting, I mentioned that I thought the way I found out the decision had been made was not very professional. I felt it would have been more appropriate to tell me privately first. On Thursday I was called into the principal's office and accused of unprofessional conduct, because of my comments to other staff members. I was also told, "If you ever do something like that again you will be charged with unprofessional conduct." At this point I told Tom, "I understand. If you feel that way, go ahead." meaning go ahead and charge me. He reiterated, "If you ever do something like that again I will charge you." I said, "Go ahead!" The tone of the meeting immediately changed. I realized he had tried to bully me. It had not worked.

He said he couldn't understand how I could not have known they were going to hire someone else, after all we were going to have two labs. I said I thought I was going to spend part of my time in each lab until the numbers increased. I also said I couldn't see any sense in Dick's suggestion of making Design Studies (one of my courses) compulsory. Not everyone has the interest or ability to take Design Studies. If they did then everyone in society would be a designer. He said he could not understand how anyone could not see the plan. I said that no one in CTS knew what the plan was. He said, "Well then, we'd better have a meeting to explain the plan." He set the meeting for the following Thursday.

On the following Thursday I had to remind Tom of the meeting because he had forgotten he had called it. When Tom and Dick arrived in the conference room I was sitting in the position where Dick normally sat (I didn't take leadership training for nothing). I was in the direct confrontational or adversarial position. The only spot open for Dick was next to Tom. Tom asked, "Well, what do you want to know?"

On behalf of the department I, as department head, asked the questions and the discussion went as follows: "When will construction start?" "We aren't sure." "What will be the final room arrangement?" "We haven't decided yet." "When will construction be completed?" "We don't know." "What is the target date you are aiming for?" "We haven't set one yet." "When do you want us packed up for removal and storage prior to renovations?" "We're not sure." "Where will items like cameras and delicate electronic instruments, and other attractive items, be stored during the renovations?" "I suppose we'll have to arrange something. Maybe we'll rent a storage shed across the tracks." I recounted the details of the faculty council meeting where it was announced they were hiring a new Communication Technology teacher. I asked, "Since the new teacher will only have about a half-time timetable, what will he be teaching for the rest of the time?" "We don't know." I asked, "Since I will only have a half timetable, what will I be teaching for the other half?" "We don't know." I recounted, "At the faculty council meeting there had been mention of a half-time department head position for CTS, what has been done about that?" "That was just an idea we were toying with, we haven't decided anything." Then Tom asked, "Are there any more questions?" Then he said, "Well, that's it. There's the plan." *What plan?*

One week later, Thursday, April 24th, I met with Tom regarding some of my scheduling concerns, and concerns raised by other members of the department. While I had considered early retirement, I told him I had decided not to take early retirement. Tom said he thought we could work well together, and then he told me, "Just concentrate on making it the best lab you can, and the best program you can, the best program in the province." He seemed to expect a lot from a person with 'no demonstrated leadership ability'. I said, "That is what I planned on doing." It seemed like we understood each other. On Friday, April 25th, Dick came to talk to me in my lab after school. I was on the phone, so he told Glen, a teacher working on a computer in my lab, that he, Dick, wanted to talk to me first thing Monday morning. Based on Tom and Dick's behaviour patterns in the past, I was a little apprehensive all weekend. On Monday morning, April 28th, first thing, I went

looking for Dick. He said he needed sketches of the floorplan for my arrangement of the Design Studies/Electro-Technology lab. He had a meeting Tuesday afternoon. I asked whether it was design WEST or design EAST, the two possible locations which had been flipping back and forth over the previous six months. He said WEST. By 12:30 pm on Tuesday, April 29th, I had gone beyond sketches and produced scale drawing floorplans of my preferred arrangement and took them to him well in advance of his meeting. By Thursday, May 1st, Dick was talking about Design in the EAST configuration. *Why did I bother drawing plans, or even sketches, if the arrangement wasn't going to be used?* It seemed Dick was going to decide what he wanted, Tom was going to agree, and I was just along for the ride. So much for working well together.

Later, Dick met with George, my teaching partner for twenty-five years, who had already announced his early retirement. Dick asked, "How do we get Don to buy in?" George told him, "Talk to Don! Ask him!" I was never asked.

Over the next two weeks things continued to worsen. Tom and Dick suggested I should visit one of the nearby city's Catholic schools which had recently undergone a renovation to their CTS facility. I asked both Tom and Dick if I would have any input regarding our renovations after the visit to the Catholic school. If I wouldn't have any input then it would be a waste of time to visit. I was assured I would 'be asked' about what I saw and any ideas I had when I got back. The Information Processing teacher and I spent two-thirds of our professional development day, at the start of May, visiting the suggested school and receiving a conducted tour of all the renovated areas related to their new CTS program. What did I see? I saw a total of 66 Macintosh computers 3 Windows machines in three different locations. In the renovated CTS lab were areas for hydroponics, graphic design, screen printing, and video editing. I did not see any ideas of which I was not already aware. I found it interesting they chose Macintosh computers. The 'Graphics' teacher said their choice was Macintosh because their feeder schools all used Macs (just like ours), and they were the industry standard for graphics. When we got back to our school,

Dick was using one of the paper trimmers in my lab to cut sheets of rubberized plastic. I informed him it was the wrong machine for the job, and showed him the proper machine to use. He did not ask me about the tour. He did talk with our Information Processing teacher, also an IBM advocate, about the tour. Tom did not ask about the tour.

In the afternoon of our professional development day we broke into seven groups, mainly by department, and as told wrote a list of the characteristics of our ideal student. Tom wrote out a "black list" of all the "bad" students in the school. He said he would share his list with us. We never saw it. We asked what we were supposed to do with our lists of ideal student characteristics. He said, "Nothing, I just wanted you to think about it and make a list."

I was now wondering if my decision not to take early retirement was the correct course of action. Janis and I already knew our son, David, was planning to move out 'on his own' during the summer. He received a National Science and Engineering Research Council scholarship which would cover the two years of his Master of Physics program at the U of A. Meredith was accepted to attend Lester B. Pearson, United World College, in Victoria, on full scholarship. Janis and I discussed all aspects of my decision to retire. My earlier decision, not to retire, had not felt right from the moment it was made. We decided we could live on the early retirement bonus for about two years, on a very strict and sparse budget, until I started to receive my pension at age 55. I would inquire, although it was past the deadline, if early retirement was still a possibility.

I contacted central office inquiring if application for early retirement was still possible. I was told, if I could have a letter of request in as soon as possible, they would put it before the board at their next meeting. I decided to make one last attempt to work things out. I met with Tom and again reviewed my concerns. I summarized the events of the past few weeks, as outlined above, and asked, "Am I needed or wanted here?" Tom said, "Well, you know, if you or I were to leave, they would find someone to replace us."

I knew at that moment it was time to leave. In my letter requesting early retirement I

wrote, "I have been assured that the programs I teach will not be adversely affected by my leaving." At 0805 a.m. on June 11th, 1997, the assistant superintendent phoned me at home to inform me my application had been approved by the board the previous evening. I informed the retirement committee at school of my decision. They decided to include me with the other seven. I never informed Tom or Dick, I was sure the central office would inform them in due course.

Johann, a teacher who requested a transfer to the high school down the highway, received confirmation from central office that his transfer was approved. Tom called him in to his office. Tom had wanted Johann to become an assistant principal specifically tasked to bring improvement to the science department. Johann described this job as a disguise for 'hit man'. Tom's last comment was, "I have ways of getting even with people who cross me." Then realizing his mistake made out like he had only been joking. Johann knew why he was leaving.

The staff as a whole, was expressing a sense of uneasiness and impending danger. They expressed disgust for the administration, and dissatisfaction with the fact so many staff members were leaving the school. Eight retired, seven of them earlier than planned, two transferred, one accepted a position with a different board, one took a leave of absence, and three new teachers did not have their contracts renewed. Thirty percent of the teachers on staff were leaving. Out of my sense of frustration and anger I felt something had to be said. On the afternoon of the retirement dinner I sat in my lab after class and wrote "The Story." I read it at the dinner that evening.

"The Story."

Once upon a time in a land far away there was an empire with many resources, small craftsmen, and beautiful rolling parklands. They were a fairly enlightened society for they had appointed councils to help the new young king, to govern and to oversee the business of the empire.

Over time these councils became elected bodies and became institutionalized and multi-layered, and were regarded as stepping stones or training grounds for those seeking higher levels of political involvement. Sometimes some of the lower level appointed overseers wanted to become the Lord & Master of one of the many limited realms. As with many developing nations today, some accomplished their mission by over throwing their predecessor, others merely manoeuvred them out of the way politically and some patiently bided their time until they legitimately succeeded based on their own merit and potential. Also in the various councils there were many volunteers who just believed they could help and make a difference in their society, and had no political aspirations whatsoever.

And in this land their greatest enemy was ignorance, from the land to the south. Sometimes this enemy was obvious and threatened from outside, and sometimes it was hidden secretly within, and still other times it was blatantly obvious to some and totally missed by others. And many could not understand how this could be.

It came to pass that the high court decided to shift the ruling feudal lords from one region to another, hoping to improve productivity and happiness throughout the land. In one corner of the realm, one of the 'Cousin Princes' arrived to conduct an audit and revitalize the community.

The Prince and his page were installed in the local abbey where there were many scholars, many loyal hard-working servants, and many old soldiers, veterans of many battles with ignorance. As the residents of the abbey became acquainted with the prince they found him to be a stubborn, narrow-minded individual who always demanded his own way in all things. The page was a very careful civil servant who went out of his way to make sure the prince could have his own way whenever he wanted.

As time passed the mood in this end of the empire became solemn and depressed and for a long time the high court seemed not to notice. Many of the scholars, decided to undertake a religious pilgrimage or to move to the larger regional monastery to live in quiet retirement. Even a few of the loyal old soldiers decided they should ply their trade elsewhere, knowing they might not be able slay the dragon any longer, but confident they could still teach the new young soldiers elsewhere how to fight the battle in a new arena.

Eventually the people at large rose up and demanded action. Action was taken, the prince was recalled. Many years of hard work were required to undo the damage done. But the community survived and prospered, and many lived happily ever after.

I won't tell you the moral of the story, you can decide that for yourself, you can draw your own conclusions.

In writing and reading "The Story," I accomplished several tasks. I made a statement which, if worded carefully, would not result in my being either threatened, or charged with unprofessional conduct, a real danger I had to keep in mind. I let the administration know I was not beaten, I would not submit to being nothing more than a 'yes-man', I was leaving on my terms, and I was choosing to leave before they did totally

irreparable harm to me as a teacher and as an individual. I also hoped I could create enough emotion in other staff members, they would be willing to do something as a group.

At the end of the dinner I was contacted by 15 people who wanted to compliment me on "The Story" or what I had done. Over the next few days at school I was contacted by an additional 16 people. A group of staff members wanted me to supply them with copies of "The Story" so they could send it, anonymously of course, to the superintendent. If they had been willing to sign it or to start a petition I would have been willing to provide copies. I wasn't interested in simply sending it anonymously, especially without me having any control over possible editing for their own purposes. I had obviously generated some action, but I was a fool to have thought others would have enough courage to put themselves on the line. They had too much to lose. If there is any justice it could be in the form of what has happened recently. Over the last three years my old school's population has dropped by approximately 200 students. Odd, both the high school down the highway and the local Catholic high school, have had a total increased enrollment of about 200 students. Is it a coincidence or are parents and students 'voting with their feet'.

In order to make a change you have to start where you can. I felt I had to say something. I could say everything **is not** okay. There is a reason why everyone is retiring, transferring, quitting, off sick, unhappy and doing a poorer job than previously. Nothing has happened yet. Many people within the community are slowly becoming aware of the situation, as their children or their friends' children bring home stories. But I am sure they feel powerless to do anything about the situation. Like those on the school board they don't know how. Maybe, eventually enough stories will be told; the right people, the ones with power to do something, will realize what is going on; and the right action will be taken. Well I can dream. When action is taken, and I am sure it will eventually be taken, it will require a lot of hard work to fix all the damage that has been done by the 'Prince-ipal' and his 'Henchman'. Many may live happily ever after, but not all!

In recent reading on brain function, I learned, when a person is exposed to an

excessively stressful environment similar to the one I experienced, a build up of certain neuro-transmitter blockers increases which stops the flow of signals (information) in the brain and brain cells start to atrophy. If exposure to the environment is long enough the effects become irreversible. The brain cells die, and the person will never have the abilities they once had, and will never be able to improve and produce the desired result, which was, supposedly, the reason for imposing the stress level in the first place. The only guaranteed outcome is guaranteed failure. Is there any wonder 'the staff' at my old school continues to work very hard without achieving the result for which they were once noted.

I am truly glad I left when I did before any major permanent damage was done. However I have been affected. I find myself doing, or not doing, certain things that I realize are a direct result of my experience during that 'last year'. From the moment I decided to take early retirement I have not regretted that decision. I often miss working with students, I miss many of the staff, but I don't miss the administration. Incidentally, Tom, Dick, and Harry were the names of the tunnels at Stalag Luft III, where the great escape took place, during World War II. In the last five years, not counting unrenewed first year contracts, over 27 people have made the escape from the 'POW Camp' atmosphere at the school.

CHAPTER 10

"After Retirement: Another Story Of Teaching."

Out for a walk in the early spring, 1998, near the end of our first year in grad studies, Janis and I, passed the local Catholic high school and noticed two new additions under construction. A large sign near one of the additions told us it was a new CTS facility. I made inquiries at the school as to what courses they would be offering when renovations were complete, and offered my services for free, if they could use my help in setting up their new facility. Kelvin, the principal, accepted my offer.

At Kelvin's insistence, I undertook some contract work over the summer to compile and complete equipment lists and purchase orders. Subsequent discussions lead to Kelvin inducing me out of retirement to teach Design Studies, and Communication Technology, at St.Timothy Catholic High School.

I was offered a one year temporary contract, the most they could offer me, as the first and only non-Catholic working for the board. As I look back I realize I regarded it as a one year assignment and did not, therefore, invest my maximum effort as I had in the past. At the start it was my intention to only stay one year, at which time I would be finished my Master's degree, I would be old enough to start drawing my pension, and it would be time to look for something else. Whether that something else was in education, or not, did not really matter, at the time.

My assignment had three components. First, I was to teach introductory modules in three credit courses of Design Studies, Communication Technology, and Photography. The photography modules are normally part of the Communication Technology strand. It had been decided before I came on the scene to pull the modules and run Photography as a separate course. Second, I was to act as a mentor for three other teachers who would teach part of their time in the CTS Suite. Third, I was to oversee ordering, tracking, unpacking, and setting up of the new equipment and supplies to make the new facility fully operational.

Simon, in his sixth year of teaching, was the senior of the teachers with whom I would work. Although he has also taught Religion and Information Processing in the past, Physics fills half of his timetable throughout the year. With experience in construction and cabinetry he developed an interest in design. This would be his first experience of teaching Design Studies. Cindy, a second year teacher, with degrees in Business and Education, and experience in teaching Religion, Information Processing, and other business related courses, would be teaching Photography, only in the second semester, as well as her usual mix of other courses. Timi was a brand new grad, trained in Information Processing, with experience as a chef at a 'family restaurant' franchise. Only once during the first semester would there be three classes in the lab at one time. Appendix C, contains a copy of our interlocking timetables.

Kelvin is an excellent principal. I think in terms of working with him, rather than working for him. Not only is he good with financial matters, scheduling, and dealing with parents, he is also on excellent terms with the superintendent. From the Maritimes, he talks fast, has a quick wit, and a keen sense of humour. He is a people person who understands how to build a sense of community in his staff. One of the first things I noticed about the staff at St. Timothy's was when somebody said good morning and asked how you are, they waited for an answer. This was a characteristic displayed by all of the staff at St. Timothy's, teachers, secretaries, and caretakers alike. They are a very open and caring group of people who work hard and seem to enjoy what they do.

As I started teaching again, I felt a great hesitancy regarding many of my old teaching practises. The reasons were many. A year after the negative influences of my previous school I still felt apprehensive of criticism. Even though there were no signs of anything like what I had experienced in my previous school, I was still apprehensive. I was unsure of how students and staff would respond to anything which might be different from what they expected, and I did not know what they expected.

Being in a Catholic school for the first time, I was cautioned that I must do nothing

which would interfere with or undermine the Catholic teachings and life style as put forward in the school. I was also cautioned not to discuss any religious matters or to answer any questions from students regarding religion. There were many different 'celebrations', ceremonies, rituals and practises, as compared to any previous schools I attended as a student or worked in as a teacher. My first day on staff was called a Faith Development Day which included, as part of the itinerary, a special Mass for teachers at the local Catholic Church. This was a very different experience for me, although one to which I was not totally unaccustomed. My father was a Catholic and I attended a variety of 'church parades' in the army. In some of the activities at the church, as well as later throughout the school year, I felt ill prepared to participate, in others I felt it would be hypocritical for me to participate. I discussed my quandaries with Kelvin. He reassured me he did not want me to feel uncomfortable in my new teaching environment, and as a result he excused me from any activity in which I felt ill at ease.

I was reluctant to tell stories at the start of classes, partly because at the start of the block one every day we had morning prayer, plus the National Anthem, "Our Father" or "Hail Mary," and the "Prayer of our Patron Saint" every Monday. I was hesitant to use more instructional time for telling my stories. During a few of my first semester classes, and more so in the second semester, I had the opportunity to tell a few short anecdotes or stories during the normal course of class activities.

In one of my two photography classes, I had 24 students. They were mostly grade twelves and although they were not all academically oriented they demonstrated more maturity in behaviour and work ethics. Several were willing to work with and help the younger more inexperienced students to complete their assignments. They were a good group to work with and there was a relaxed atmosphere. On the first day that I was to do a demonstration on using the enlargers in the darkroom I got interrupted many times. As I re-enter the darkroom for the third time, Jill, Erin and Jo-An all said in unison, "You said you would be right back!" in a mock accusatory tone. I replied, "Sorry, I got knabbled."

"Knabbled? What is that?" "It's sort of like absconded, only different." "What does that mean?" "You'll have to look it up in your dictionary." "On with the demonstration . . . " After that exchange, they often brought me new words hoping I would not know what they meant, and frequently asked if I had any more weird words for them. One of the students called me 'big guy' even though he was at least five inches taller than me. Another was the younger brother of one of my former football players, and spread stories about me that his brother told him. The humour and lighthearted interaction with the students made me look forward to the class every second day. It was a welcome relief from the setting up activities, which were still occupying a large portion of my time, and the noise and disruption caused by Timi's classes.

When we had three classes of 24 students each in the one large open area, the noise level became unbearable. Timi's students were too noisy due to lack of control and supervision, Simon and I found our students and ourselves talking louder in order to be heard over the interfering din. Simon and I worked very hard at keeping our classes noise level to a minimum, hoping it would serve as an example. Both of us spoke with Timi, on several occasions, about our concerns and offered advice and assistance in many forms. Timi seemed unable to make any significant adjustments. Kelvin came to observe at Simon's and my request and said he didn't know how Simon and I had tolerated it for so long. He immediately spoke with Timi, and then went to work on transferring some of the students from each of the three classes into other sections. We ended up with two classes of sixteen students each, and one class of thirteen students. It solved part of the problem. Kelvin also stated he would never again allow three classes to be scheduled into the area at the same time. Kelvin met with Timi several times to give advice and counselling in an attempt to improve Timi's teaching skills. Minor improvements were noticed but were transitory. Timi did not have the necessary teacher's radar, the 'eyes in the back of his head'. He would be totally focused on talking or listening to one student, and would be totally oblivious to everything else going on in the lab.

At the beginning of October, still heavily involved in setting up the new CTS Suite, and implementing the new programs, I wrote, "A typical day for a CTS teacher. Is there a typical day for a CTS teacher? I do not think I have experienced one so far this semester." I thought it was important to try to capture something of the tone and texture of a day in the life of a CTS teacher. I made notes of the major events of that day and later using other notes, invoices, receipts, and my planbook I filled in the details. Here is my recreated summary of that day.

06:03h Get up, shower, mouthwash, brush teeth, comb hair, shave.

06:25h Help make the bed, dress, downstairs, bring in the newspaper, set table for breakfast, make my breakfast. Breakfast consists of juice, a mixture of corn flakes, rice krispies, and life cereals, with skim milk, and vitamins.

06:45h As I eat I read the newspaper headlines and the critique of the Edmonton Eskimos, they lost again yesterday afternoon.

07:13h Downstairs to my den in the basement, check my plan book and my 'do lists' for the weekend to see what things I did not finish and have to carry forward to today. Check what I have scheduled for Monday morning. Remind myself to call Graham Barclay at McBain Camera to check on negative carriers for the enlargers and to ask about repairs to one of the D220L Olympus digital cameras. One of Timi's students screwed up another camera. I cannot fix this one. I was able to glue the one with a crack in it. I wonder how many more items I will have to repair, or solve repairs for, because of something Timi's students have done? I place the MINICAD box on the stairs so I will remember to take it to school. I write myself a note on yellow paper and leave it on my desk to remind me of what I must do when I get home tonight.

07:53h I take briefcases upstairs. I carry two, one with my stuff and one with student work for marking. I have a lot of catching up to do. Shoes and coat on, I pick up my lunches, which Janis has 'built', and my briefcases and say goodbye to Janis. I leave

for school. It is only a five minute drive to school. I thought I was close enough I would walk. So far I have had so much to carry back and forth I have taken the car every day. When I arrive at school, there are more cars in the parking lot than usual. I suddenly remember there is a Mass for Dave's young daughter who was to undergo surgery. Not being Catholic, I wasn't planning on attending the Mass. I pause and not quite pray. I invoke the help of my guardian angel for Dave's daughter. I unload the car, unlock the lab, turn on the lights, stow my coat and lunch, return MINICAD to it's correct location and answer a question from a student at the door. I remove my plan book from my binder and place it on my cart. I open it and review my lists and lesson plans for blocks one, two, and three. Block four is my preparation period. I take all of the student's work, which I took home for marking, out of the briefcase and place it on top of my cart.

08:15h Walk down to the office and clear my mail box, two flyers, one catalogue, the minutes of the September staff meeting, and the Division Newsletter. I return to the lab. I check the drawers in the Design Studies area to see if all of the drafting instruments are present and put away properly by Simon's class in block four on Friday. All is okay, I do a little straightening and prepare for my morning classes. I mark a few things.

08:35h The warning bell sounds, Timi has not arrived yet. I wait a couple more minutes. If I open the door, I will have to supervise his students as well as my own. I go to the door and as I open it Timi arrives.

08:40h The students have just taken their seats when the bell sounds to start block one. The National Anthem is played, the Principal recites "Our Father" and the "Prayer of our Patron Saint," reads the morning announcements and it's on with the class.

Blocks one and two are both Design Studies, everything goes relatively smoothly. We are doing some freehand sketching so I place the selected samples from my box of "Photo and Sketching Props' on the various tables. After the required time interval the objects are exchanged along a, now familiar, snake like pattern up and down the rows, until everyone has drawn each sample object. As usual we start with simple objects for

quick five second sketches, then change to ten seconds, then fifteen, and soon we are on thirty second and one minute sketches of more complex objects. I have to keep after two of the students, Brad and Jason, telling them to keep working and do less talking. They are better than a few days ago. Timi's classes are noisy and disrupt my students on several occasions. Throughout the two classes I do all the timings for the sketches, keep track of the samples, encourage the sketching with suggestions or quick skill 'demos', and move around the Design Studies area constantly.

11:32h Lunch hour, lunch 47 minutes actually. I ensure a couple of my students clean up before leaving. I clear 'my stuff' out of the Design Studies area, I clean up the photography area after Timi's class, in preparation for my teaching there in block three. My name is called over the PA system, telling me I have a phone call. I walk down to the office, they have a message for me, the caller could not wait. I step into one of the counsellor's offices to return the phone call from an unknown elementary teacher. I learn she was hoping I could help her school produce their yearbook. This could be re-written as I do all the technical production under her direction. I declined the offer on the grounds that we are still setting up the new program in our new facility with a new team of three teachers and we are not ready yet. Also I tell her we will not have an offset press when we are totally set up and as a result will still be unable to print her yearbook. Her voice conveys an insistence and an incredulity that I cannot help her, and it takes roughly twenty minutes to assure her we will not be able to help. I return to the lab. I get four or five bites of my sandwich as I finish preparing the photography area for my block three class. I finish my drinking box of ice tea while I open the door for the telephone installer before the warning bell, and it is time to let the students enter for the afternoon classes.

12:21h This is the better of my two photography classes in which most of the students pay attention and work hard at learning and improving. They work hard once again with few problems. Three are taking pictures with the digital cameras, five are taking pictures with the 35mm film cameras, two are processing their film, two are practising

loading film into processing tanks prior to processing, and later load there film into the processing tanks ready for next class. Three students have downloaded images from digital cameras to computers and are doing an evaluation of their work. I have to demonstrate how to make proof sheets and process paper in the darkroom. I constantly move from group to group, asking questions, posing problems, answering queries, making suggestions. There are two grade tens who still have to complete an earlier assignment and I have to tell them repeatedly to quit talking and hurry up.

13:35h I tell the people in the dark room to start cleaning up. People turn in their cameras. I check them and put them away. I help two people download from camera to computer.

13:41h It is suddenly time to shut down computers, gather belongings, check darkrooms, straighten tables and chairs the bell goes, we finish clean-up and I release the students. I clean 'my stuff' out of the photography area and double check everything is clean and neat for Timi. All is okay.

13:50h I start my preparation time by setting up at a table in the Communication Technology area that Timi's class has just left. I wipe off a table, pick up scraps of paper from the floor along with two broken pens. I put them in the waste paper basket which is only three steps away. *I guess Timi didn't see them.* Simon asks me about sketching. I help him find some of my samples and explain how I demonstrate sketching, and how I have the students practise and exchange the items. I help lay out the samples. I observe for a while and make sure he does not have any other questions for me.

14:15h I go to the office and into the staff room. I phone Graham at McBain. He updates me on what has arrived at the store on our purchase order, and we review what I have received at the school. I make arrangements to exchange a couple of items which are not what we ordered. He tells me to phone Dan in their audio/video division regarding repairs to the digital cameras. My call cannot be transferred, so it requires two separate phone calls. I phone Dan. I make arrangements to bring in the camera for repair. The

secretary asks me about some of the outstanding POs, I comment, "None of them are very outstanding." She appreciates the slight bit of humour. I give her an update on the POs. I go back to the lab and get a little bit of marking done. I remember I have to ask Kelvin about additional cabinetry and computer tables. I go back to the office.

15:10h As Kelvin and I talk the bell sounds to end block four. *There goes my 'prep' period.* The principal's comment that he had not seen me in the staff room yet was valid. It was true the only times I had been in the staff room were to check my mailbox in the early morning and twice to use the telephone while attempting to track down 'still not arrived' equipment and supplies.

15:20h Upon returning to the lab after our brief meeting, I open the bottom drawer of my filing cabinet, remove my red reusable lunch bag and take another bite of my yet unfinished sandwich. I have lost eight and one half pounds in the month since I returned to teaching. I pack up my briefcases, pick up the camera for repair, and the items for exchange, turn out the lights, lock the lab, and hurry home. I pick up Janis, and drive to McBain, make the exchange, drop off the camera for repairs, and drive Janis to the university for her staff meeting.

16:30h Janis has arrived at her meeting on time. I check for some information in the library and return to the Students Union Building (SUB). While waiting I find a quiet corner in the food court area, start to read an article for my university evening class and quickly end up working on some ideas and planning for the next few days.

18:09h David, our son, arrives unexpectedly, "Is this seat taken?" He joins me at my non-supper. He asks, "So, how do you build team spirit?" I jot some quick notes on my sheet of paper, so I will not forget, and answer his question. David tells me his fellow grad students in Physics feel they are not understood, feel a lack of support, and there is no sense of common purpose in the department. We discuss various aspects of 'team spirit', 'school spirit', 'morale', and 'esprit de corps'.

18:30h Janis arrives. We decide to eat supper at the food court. While we eat we

update each other on how our Master's programs are going. David in Physics, Janis in Human Ecology and Don in Education, three family members all working on our Master's degrees at the same time. The Shaw family studies!

20:00h Home at last, I stow my stuff in the basement den and start planning for tomorrow. Tomorrow I have a block one 'prep' and three classes. In Design Studies I have three different simultaneous activities, in Communication Technology, five different activities, and in Photography, four. This requires planning for the equivalent of twelve 82-minute classes. I fully understand the curriculum content, so the planning is mainly concerned with the details of delivery, predicting potential problem areas, checklists of what to prepare on site before each class, and solutions for potential problems. I do readings for my evening class at university. I make short notes. I write a little, very little.

23:30h Bed-time. Lights-out. Good-night.

Obviously it was not a typical day for the average CTS teacher, anywhere in Alberta, but it was a representative day in the life of this CTS teacher at that time. It could be similar for some other CTS teacher during the start of a semester, while setting up a new facility, or while implementing a new program.

At the end of the first semester I awarded marks to 113 students. The total number I taught was somewhat higher with several withdrawing for a variety of reasons throughout the semester. The students I taught, in the first semester, covered the full range of students, the same as I usually taught in my previous years of teaching. I would like to include descriptions of the full range of students I found at St. Timothy's. I would like to, but cannot, because I have limited space, limited time, and I cannot remember anything special or outstanding about most of them. Instead I will include descriptions of a random sampling of my students to provide a feel for the range of students taught in one semester.

Pawl was a shorter and thinner than average grade ten student. He had a cheerful,

inquisitive, attentive disposition and demonstrated a good sense of humour. He also seemed to be a magnet for being pestered and picked on. If not quite bullied, it could at the least be regarded as being 'a willing victim'. When I interrupted one of his larger 'friends' and told him to remove his arm from around Pawl's neck, he said, "We're just **playing!**" I told him, "It doesn't look much like playing or fun for Pawl!" When I asked Pawl, "Are you okay?" He replied with a raspy voice, "Yah, I'm okay." His 'friend' interjected, "We're good friends, we play around like this all the time." The odd thing is throughout the first semester whenever I broke-up their 'playing', I never saw Pawl with his arm around someone else's neck, or throwing 'fake' punches that hurt, or imitating the World Wrestling Federation while stomping one of his 'friends'. It was always Pawl on the receiving end. He was not stingy with being the 'guinea pig', he spread himself around to several 'friends', whom he always defended with, "Yeah, we're friends, it's okay." During the last quarter of the year I never saw any incidents of Pawl being picked on. Had he, or we, finally put an end to it, or had they just moved outside? I wondered. *What in Pawl's background made him so 'willing' to tolerate so much in the name of friendship?*

Paulette was a pleasant grade twelve student, in a grade ten level Design Studies course, who did not have the ability to measure accurately or even to draw a straight line. She had convinced herself she could not do the work and had given up. Her parents were either incapable of understanding, or chose not to believe, Paulette's low ability level. Her mother acknowledged the possibility over the phone, but did not really grasp the idea. Paulette was in a course that required things she was incapable of completing. Her mother asked, "Is this your first year teaching?" It was my first year in this particular school. I replied, "No ma'am. I have been teaching for twenty-five years." She said, "Oh! I guess you know about teenagers then. Paulette is a good girl. She always does her homework." She still refused to believe that what I saw Paulette demonstrate in class was evidence of either a decision not to try, or an inability to understand and complete the task.

In all but two of the years I spent as a teacher, I taught special education students.

Special Class, Educational Opportunity Fund (EOF), Academic Occupations (AO), Integrated Occupations Program (IOP), they are all the same kind of students, they just keep changing the name. I often thought back to my younger sister, Trish, and how, with lots of review and practise, from Mom, and Thom and I when we could, she overcame several difficulties and succeeded. I wondered if she would have benefitted from a special education program. The most successful programs I saw guaranteed the students learned and understood the basics before moving on. When the program just provided temporary support, as soon as the crutch was removed, the student fell down once again. The most important aspect I saw in successful programs was the desire, on the part of the student, to learn .

Shaun didn't finish assignments, in Design Studies. Simon, his Physics teacher, said he did not complete assignments in Physics either. Shaun figured he didn't need credentials for designing web pages. I tried to explain that if he took some 'more formal' training in design it would probably improve his understanding of design, the elements and principles at least, and as a result enhance his natural artistic ability and talent and enable him to produce even better web pages. Like Billy, 20 years before, who only wanted to practise the same two pieces he already knew how to play on the trumpet, Shaun saw no reason for spending more time and effort on developing and practising new skills or gaining new knowledge.

Cujo, one of my grade twelve photography students, was a goaltender for one of the local boys hockey teams. Curtis Joseph was his hero, idol, or at least someone he looked up to and tried to emulate. As a result he always wanted me to call him Cujo. Not being one to call people by nicknames I always insisted on using his real names. Here however, I can accommodate his wish. He asked, "Mr. Shaw, do you drink?" I assured him, "Yes I do, because without water I would die." He said, "Very good Mr. Shaw! Now do you drink alcohol?" "Now, No" "You know what I mean!" "Yes, I do. And, NO, I don't drink alcohol. I went on to explain why I did not consume alcohol. He said, "Neat, I

can understand why you wouldn't."

Scotty was in the Animation module and forgot to bring the backdrop, he took home to 'work on', back to class. He asked, "Can I get a video camera?" I asked, "Why, what are you going to do with it?" He said, "I don't know." I said, "No. If you don't even know what you are going to do with it, why would I let you use it." Scotty's mother had asked for a copy of the outline for the module on which Scotty was presently working, Animation, as well as the next module on which he was scheduled to work, Digital Design. I asked him, "Have you read the module outline?" "What outline?" "The one I gave your mother." "No! That was for her!" I gave him a new copy, his second, of the outline. When I saw him talking to another student five minutes later, I asked, "Scotty, have you finished reading the outline?" He said, "Yeah." I asked, "You read the whole outline?" "Yeah, I skimmed over it." I said, "No Scotty, you have to **read** the entire outline, not just skim it." He asked, "Are you going to teach me how to make a Web Page?" I said, "No!" I reiterated what I had told him when he had previously asked if he could take the Digital Design module, "The module assumes the student already knows how to use the software and other equipment necessary to accomplish the assignments. The module is designed to provide the opportunity for the student to **apply** the skills and knowledge, already learned, to the design of a multimedia message, which is not necessarily a web page. The student, you Scotty, must come up with a plan for the message, and how you are going to put it together, and then follow the plan without modification. Just like it says in the module outline." He spent most of the rest of the class reading a newsletter, from the school division to parents, that he had received earlier in the day.

I had forgotten how much grade tens forget over a two week Christmas holiday; but was reminded this past January when I returned and found not only did they not know what they were supposed to be working on, but their behaviour had reverted back to 'September level'. They had to be reminded all over again about all the proper work habits and attitudes. This was a common experience in my previous years, especially the last five,

with each successive year's students seeming to demonstrate less focus and higher forgetfulness. Discussions with other teachers evoke similar impressions. It seems the longer the teacher has been teaching the more pronounced the perceived difference between students in recent years as compared with students from five, ten, or more years ago.

With the end of January came the end of the first semester filled with final projects, module tests and exams, and final marks to be compiled. With the beginning of February came the start of a new semester with course outlines, safety information, handouts, basic rules and expectations. It is like year end and start up both at the same time, and can be a very hectic and stressful time. To complicate matters this year, during exam week, workers arrived to install sound baffles to dampen reverberation in the lab from 4.5 seconds to approximately 1.2 seconds, and to lower the noise level in general. It was the next step in an ongoing campaign to lower the ambient noise to acceptable levels. While performing their installation from a scaffold, so they could reach the space between the rafters, the workers moved all the furniture out of their way. When they were finished they left without putting any of the furniture back into its previous position. I was left to move all the furniture back into a proper arrangement in a day and a half as well as trying to install the new darkroom sink, and to try solving some computer networking problems.

Similar to my second short year in Ontario, when I left in February to come back to Alberta; my 'second' last year of teaching, was almost as short. I almost left in February at the end of the first semester. However, I felt a great sense of loyalty and commitment to Kelvin because he had such high expectations for what I could help them accomplish. On more than one occasion Kelvin told me, "I know you are not religious Don, but to me you are a God send." Two of the teachers I worked closely with said, "I don't know what we would have done without you. We would have been in a terrible mess. We couldn't have done it without you." I reassured them, "I don't know. You would have found a way." Deep down I know I was able to help them; but, I only hope what we accomplished was sufficient for the money I was paid.

With the start of the second semester I taught seven classes instead of six, and still maintained my other responsibilities of acting as a mentor, setting up the lab, and implementing the new programs. Because of Kelvin's dissatisfaction with Timi's performance during the first semester, but still believing in giving new teachers an opportunity to learn and grow, he moved Timi out of the CTS Suite completely and rearranged several timetables to provide, us in the lab, a more tolerable situation. Timi's new timetable included Information Processing, Social Studies, and Religion, in all of which he was trained. Cindy would teach four classes of Photography, one more than originally planned, and Simon would teach three sections of Design Studies. I would teach all five sections of Communication Technology, one of Photography, and one of Design Studies.

Simon and I noticed an immediate difference. The baffles definitely reduced the ambient noise and reverberation, but the major difference was the instruction and student voice levels were noticeably quieter with any combination of the three of us. Cindy was very nervous about teaching photography at the start, but with the more she learned and practised the more comfortable she became in the new environment, and she started looking forward to teaching more photography in the future. With things being quieter and running more smoothly I started looking at individual students more and felt more willing to try some of my old methods, like telling stories.

Many high school students today seem preoccupied with partying, panting and puking as evidenced by a discussion I overheard in my lab, in February, while two students were planning a possible presentation. Gradually, almost everyone in the class was drawn to the discussion. Not all spoke, or were involved openly, but all stopped work to at least listen and become spectators. I only allowed the discussion to continue for two reasons. One, they were all grade twelve students and were supposed to be able to demonstrate responsibility for their own learning and effective time management. And two, I could observe their behaviour and possibly learn how to reach them. In their discussion

on parties they mentioned how it was necessary to have lots of food so you could stuff yourself, then you could go vomit, and then you could stuff yourself again. Also you had to have lots to drink, and getting drunk was the most fun. There was a brief mention of sex and when I heard this I thought of comments made by Simon who had interrupted a discussion during one of his classes on how much fun it would be to have sex with your brothers and sisters. I soon realized that for many, in my estimation most of the students in that particular group, they were interested in little else and I could only reach them if I organized a party complete with excessive eating, drinking, and sex.

In this context why would I expect my anecdotes, my stories, my lessons to hold their interest and to reach beyond mere interest to serve as examples of life and how life could be lived, or at least how it is lived by others of the 'non-constantly partying' variety. Some students do make the connection, but it seems like an ever diminishing return on a heavy emotional investment. Thankfully not all were of the variety described above.

During the morning start up procedures I watched the students and their reactions carefully. I looked at morning prayers. Actually, I listened to morning prayers. In fact I did more than listen, I thought about and analyzed morning prayers, as well as the students' experiences of, and responses to, morning prayers. I have tried to be very objective as the only non-Catholic teacher in a Catholic high school. I thought back to the tolerance and understanding shown multi religions in Currie school and how that message was always with me. In my mind I said, an often repeated line in my family, "I may not agree with what you believe but I will fight to the death for your right to believe it." I have heard this line attributed to Voltaire, but although I have tried, I have not been able to confirm it.

A number of times I watched students, in another class in the lab, smiling at or talking to one another during morning prayer. Worse, I regarded, the ones who were chewing gum and giggling. It made me wonder, how many really get something out of this ritual? How many students just go through the motions, but do not really 'listen' to morning prayers, think about the intent, look for the deeper meaning, and make a concerted

and consistent effort to live by what they say and hear. I showed more respect for their religious practises than they did. I thought of the meaning behind the prayers and many times I thought of one of my stories which carried a similar message.

I believe I could write a morning prayer, or a prayer to be used for some other purpose. I see that many of my stories are similar to the parables. At least my intent, in using my stories to teach lessons about attitudes, work habits, and how to live with others, is the same. It strikes me as very interesting, that a non-Catholic, in fact a 'heathen', could write a prayer which could be used in a 'very Catholic' high school.

In three of four of my block one classes, throughout the year, another teacher was in the lab with me so I did not have to worry about finding material to be used for morning prayers. Many of the teachers throughout the school kept a copy of a prayer book in their rooms, and at the start of the morning block one class, would either pick the prayer for students to read on a rotation basis, or would assign students to pick a prayer from the book and read it to the rest of the class. Some of the books of prayers contained a wide variety of writings which did not always seem to me to be prayers. I thought of many sources of 'life philosophy' and remembered many old oaths, blessings, proverbs, adages, aphorisms, maxims, and just plain sayings, which I thought had more meaning than many of the prayers I heard read. I felt if I was to pick a message which I found very meaningful and wrote it in the style of a memorable prayer, it would probably be accepted, and if it was designed for a specific purpose, such as thanksgiving, or teacher preparation, it would probably be used.

Once again, in the second semester, as in the first, I had a photography class with several students who were keen to learn, worked hard and showed great improvement over the length of the semester. When teaching Photography as with Design Studies, I enjoy asking a lot of questions. I believe it is important to get the student to the point where they start to ask themselves the questions, then it is easy to move to answering their own questions and just confirming their correct answers. Of course, some students come from,

or are used to, an environment where the answers are all provided, and they go through the motions without having to think. They did not enjoy my attempts to get them to think. They just wanted me to tell them the right answer and not to check for learning or that competency had been reached. They thought the idea was to get to the end, and check it off, rather than to go through a process and in so doing learn and practise an ability to think, as well as learning useful knowledge and skills.

My questions and statements consisted of, "What do you think?" "What is your best guess?" "What settings did you use?" "What do you think you should do next?" "Compare with (fill in name of student or item) and let me know what you think the difference is?" "How many have you made?" "What have you noticed?" "So what?" "Then what?" "Tell me what you have learned." "You explain it to (so and so) and I'll ask them to explain it to me, then we'll see how well you did." "Make up five questions that you think will fully test what you should have learned in this unit." "Now answer those questions." "Take your picture and stand where you stood when you took the picture, then come back and tell me how you think the picture compares with the real object."

Communication Technology provided different opportunities for interaction with the students. The first module, called Presentation and Communication, required students to make three different types of presentations to different groups. With 78 students in five classes, I watched over 200 presentations and learned of hobbies, recreational activities, favourite books, games, and aspirations for the future. I learned diverse material about Siberian Tigers, how to cooking macaroni and cheese, Magnetic Resonance Imaging, and cancer research. With Audio/Video Production, as with, Photography, not all activities take place in the lab. Research for presentations sometimes required students to use resources which were located elsewhere.

A student asked if he could go to the library to get a book. At the February staff meeting the librarian requested sending a note with students when they are working on special assignments in the library to help her assist the students and to prevent unnecessary

student wanderings. I wrote the required note:

> 99-02-17
>
> Dear Mrs. Library,
>
> Derek is looking for information on hockey, for a presentation in Communication Technology. Thank you
>
> DRShaw [signed as one word]

Derek asked, "Why did you put Mrs. Library?" I told him it was a joke between the librarian and myself. I did not tell him the librarian had been the teacher's aide in my son's kindergarten class nineteen years ago.

Well into the semester, I asked Cindy for her impressions regarding teaching Photography. I found many of her answers particularly interesting.

> The course material is overwhelming as compared to other CTS areas or core subjects. The open environment [in the lab] is difficult to get used to. You have to learn to focus yourself as well as the students. There are very, no, extremely limited resources for teaching the modules. The shift to manager/facilitator is different and difficult, but necessary. It requires increased planning for many groups in each class. You are not able to split yourself the number of ways required. If I had to learn a new CTS area, like the ones in the lab, each semester, I would not last in education very long! (C. Hetlinger, personal communication, March 5, 1999).

I had more fun with the students in the second semester and by the last quarter of the year I was starting to feel more like I had when teaching five or six years previously. Staying in teaching started to look like a viable option. Both the principal and the

superintendent expressed satisfaction with my work, and were hinting they would like me to continue, but nothing firm was offered.

With the shootings in Colorado fresh in my mind, I took time at the start of all of my classes and told my students of my experience of being shot at and of moving many times and not always feeling that I fit in or that I was accepted. I emphasized that my background and upbringing had impressed on me the acceptance of others and the tolerance of other religions and belief systems. I encouraged my students to make newcomers feel welcome and accept that we all are not alike. I stated my opinion that similar incidents could happen anywhere. The Taber shootings gave credence to my opinion.

Following my stories many of my students commented that they had enjoyed my stories, and wondered why more teachers did not share their stories with students. One student said he knew people in the past used to do a lot more storytelling and asked, "Why doesn't that happen any more?" In three separate classes students asked if I could 'please' tell them more stories in future classes. I assured them I would try. When the opportunity presented itself I told other stories, but only when they had a direct relationship to course content or a behavioural aspect we needed to improve.

The thought occurs to me, "my attitude towards teaching has changed." As I get older and have repeated some of the content many times I have, I think, less enthusiasm for the content and for the process of repeating it "one-more-time." I also find I have less patience with the student who does not come prepared and does not pay attention, but expects me to explain and repeat yet again, 'just-for-him' now that he needs the information from that key demonstration. Most often to repeat the information yet again would take time away from some other student who was paying attention and is ready to move on. I also have less tolerance for the student who is lazy saying, "I need a piece of paper," and looks at me expecting me to run and get it for her, like her mother running to get her a glass of water whenever she says, "I'm thirsty."

Obviously the concept of the 100th monkey does not apply when teaching humans.

The 100th monkey concept states when the 100th monkey has learned how to gain food from a particular source, or how to perform some other skill, then all the monkeys of the region seem to have learned how to perform that same skill or they seem to demonstrate it as an inherent skill. With some skills the magic number for the figurative 100th monkey may be lower or higher. It appears to me the human magic number is unreachable. I feel confident in saying this because I have taught some basic knowledge and skills to several thousand students, who have subsequently demonstrated their proficiency in using the knowledge or skill, thus proving they did in fact learn the knowledge or skill, but I have yet to experience the 100th monkey phenomenon.

As a peace-time soldier my duty was to pass on, to other peace-time soldiers, a sense of service, loyalty and duty; to protect the rights and freedoms of others; to serve unquestioningly (not to obey blindly, but to serve unquestioningly) for the betterment of others; to endure criticism, pain, and hardship unflinchingly; and to willingly sacrifice yourself for the greater good. As a soldier of the world, I see my duty as to teach and pass on a sense of duty, loyalty, service and commitment, to others individually, to the earth, to mankind as a whole, and to make the world a better place.

I always felt if I just had a little more time I could have been a really good teacher. I could have prepared and delivered a really great lesson, several great lessons, many great lessons, maybe one whole year of great lessons. I could have really organized the lab. I guess I had a penchant or desire to do the best that I was capable of and always felt I never quite made it. I used to tell my students, "Yes, I do have high expectations for you; but I have even higher expectations for myself, and for my performance. If you expect nothing, that is exactly what you will get, nothing! If you expect a lot from people, maybe they will not fully meet your expectations, but they will come a heck-of-a-lot closer than if you expected nothing."

The principal and the superintendent expressed deep appreciation for my teaching efforts and especially for my work in setting up the lab and getting it operational. They both

independently stated they wanted me to stay on in some capacity. I was offered renewal of my contract for another year, and beyond if I wanted to continue teaching. I waffled back and forth regarding whether to retire or not. I came close to not retiring.

I did not feel I was doing my best. I was short tempered and impatient with reluctant learners. I felt I had lost the 'passion' for what I was doing. I was working very hard on many fronts, teaching, mentoring, university and family. Seldom did I feel I was enjoying what I was doing. I still enjoyed working with students, but definitely could do without the other 'stuff' that goes with it. I started to ask myself, is it time to move on? Is it time for me to look for some other line of work? Perhaps a slightly more mature audience—teachers in training, university students, student teachers—would be more receptive to my message. Maybe a change of venue would be a passion booster. Will I recover the passion even with a change of venue?

Jill, Erin, and Andrea, brought me crepes they had made as part of their French class. These were students from first semester's mostly grade twelve Photography class. Jill, also from that class, brought me an old camera for my camera museum (my collection of old cameras that I use to demonstrate types of camera). She said, "I knew you would put it to good use." I donated it to Cindy, for her Camera Museum, which she will use in her future Photography classes.

Near the end of the semester while discussing students' presentations and resource usage with Mrs. Shipper, the librarian, she made the comment, "Your students sure respect you!" I asked her what she based her comment on. She replied, "Oh, students tell me a lot of things. I'm in a position to hear a lot of things." She meant that with her involvement on several student activity committees throughout the school year, or in the library, she overheard comments from students, or heard statements directly, which lead her to the impression that the students respected me. It was good to know.

Some students expressed the opinion the teacher coming to replace me should retire and I should stay teaching. By the end of the year as more and more students made

comments like, "Why are you leaving?" or "Why are you retiring?" or more interestingly, telling me why I should stay, I started feeling sorry I was leaving, and felt if only I was going to be there for another two or three years I could start to have a real impact on some of the students. I found it hard to leave St. Timothy even after only one year.

Reading part of Chemin-d'ecole, by Patrick Chamoiseau brings to mind memories of my own school days. For me there were so many first days of school. Each September as I started a new school year, and each new school as we moved and moved again. Ten years after I thought grade twelve and school was over I became a teacher and the process started again every September for the next 27 years. In the past year when students complained of how long they had been in school I would tell them of my 13 years in school, my six years at university, and my previous 25 years as a teacher. Forty-four years in school. I thought 25 years was a life sentence. Obviously I haven't learned my lesson yet. Of my eleven not-in-school years, five were pre-school, mainly learning from my parents, and six years when I was learning in the larger classroom of the world of work. I think the majority of people, if they pause to reflect, will find they have been involved in teaching and learning, in one form or another, for the majority of their lives. Within the framework of life-long learning, the context of 'being in school' involves simply teaching and learning. We all get a life sentence of 'being in school'; we just change the venue.

Here it is, September 1999, and I am now working as a consultant for the school. My main role is to act as a mentor, resource person for the teachers in the CTS Suite. As well as answering the teachers' questions, and offering advice, and helping prepare curriculum materials, I get to be a guest speaker and demonstrator for teachers and students alike, and I do not have to do supervision or parent-teacher interviews.

The other morning when I stopped by for my early morning check-in, the staff picture was being taken. Several teachers suggested I should be in the photo. I declined. Kelvin insisted, "Get in the photo!" threatening to, "cancel your [my] contract," if I did not. I think it may be hard once again to leave St. Timothy after only one more year.

EPILOGUE: "Sacred Places."

The 44 Bus to the Elephant and Castle, a short six-block walk up St. George's Road to the gates at the garden's edge. This building once housed Bethlem Royal Hospital, the origin of the word "Bedlam". But it is more than a building! Would it be all I had hoped? Adele Nyberg had brought me postcards and a visitors guide book, from her first visit with eighteen students during spring break 1976. Mark Mohan, one of those students, brought me 'the T-Shirt' from his second visit, when he worked for CP Air at Gatwick in 1988. I stood on the steps, slightly emotional, a mixture of nervous anticipation and childlike excitement. They talk of small children being so excited they have to go to the bathroom. This small child, small by comparison, in the presence of such greatness, needed to relieve himself, but would hold it for another two and one-half hours, such was the strength of my eager excited anticipation. I entered, slowly, past the giant pillars, through the large front doors. I was finally here, The Imperial War Museum, July 1995.

Once inside I stood silently, almost in prayer, proud of their determination, sacrifice, and accomplishments; a tightness in my chest, a slight dampness in the corner of my eyes, as I scanned the Large Exhibits Gallery. I did not feel them immediately, but sensed they were there. As I spent more time I felt their presence, the spirits of many generations of warriors. When I moved up to the second level I felt the spirits slowly descend around and envelop me. I felt slowly surrounded by a multiple spirit, a collective of several spirits that acted as one, gradually becoming a singular spiritual energy. I saw no images or visions. Rather than any representative physical configuration, thousands of tiny needle points tickled the air above my skin, as I was slowly wrapped in a gentle energy hug that was there to greet me, and at the same time to comfort, reassure and protect me. I seemed subconsciously, intuitively, aware that it had been with me before, possibly had watched out for me always, and at that particular moment was greeting me in person. It was as if I was in it's home, as if I had come to meet it and it was welcoming a part of me

home. I felt this was the shrine of the collective warrior spirit; and my guardian angel was being explained to me.

My first attempt at writing a description of this experience proved extremely difficult. I now know a part of that difficulty was my inability to fully understand what I did in fact experience, and my inability to express that experience in words. Sandwiched between a week of final planning and preparation for the trip, at the end of another hectic school year of change and implementation, and the start of an extensive, one week,coach tour of England, Scotland, and Wales, I did not have time to absorb, internalize, or assess what had really taken place. Only in reflection, allowing myself to relive the intense sights, sounds, smells, touch and emotions of the experience, unpacking, retelling, and re-storying, or restore-y-ing the experience have I come to realize the depth and meaning of the experience.

This, to me, is a sacred place, both the physical space and the experience of that space. The physical space is a memorial to those who fought to guarantee us the rights and freedoms we so often take for granted, and abuse; a place to honour, give thanks, and remember; a sacred place. I share my experience of the space with respect, honesty and a degree of vulnerability. I regard my experience as an internal sacred place.

Every year I stood in nervous anticipation; a mixture of pride and excitement as I started each new school year; nervous anticipation of what was to come, what I would learn, what they could learn; pride in what they, previous students, had accomplished; and excitement at the chance that we, new students and I, could do even more together. Then too, I think I always had a little fear of 'Bedlam', of students out of control, undisciplined, un-learning. Discipline to me has never been the act of punishment; but instead, the act of self-control which eliminates behaviours which are counter productive and interfere with others' working and learning, and includes showing respect for others.

My classroom was a sacred place, a place to give thanks for the opportunity to work with young exciting minds; a place to remember those who tried and those who

succeeded; a place to honour society by trying to give back students who were better for having been in my care. I tried to treat everyone fairly, to push them to meet their potential, and to provide them with an environment of respect for others. A safe environment, physically and emotionally; where it was safe to risk trying something new as part of a creative learning process.

We all have a 'sacred space' around us, our 'comfort zone'. I remember when I started teaching how uncomfortable I felt when someone invaded my personal space, my comfort zone. I had a distance of about one and a half metres around me that when encroached upon made me feel very uncomfortable, threatened even. I had to overcome the urge to fight back, to defend myself; an impulse developed from my time in the army. Over time I learned to relax and feel comfortable with students standing right next to me, but it did not come easily for a person who felt emotions deeply and did not express them well. We all have a personal comfort zone, an area I feel should be treated as sacred space.

Teaching for me was like a religious calling. Into my classroom I brought the spirit of my family—Mom, Dad, Thom, Trish, John, Janis, David, Meredith—and the spirits of my former teachers—teachers, instructors, soldiers, friends—who together were my teachers of life— morals, ethics, work, methods, techniques and relationships; the spirits who were with me through Railhead, Sarcee, Vernon, Chemcell and the university; the spirits I felt in the Imperial War Museum; The Soldier(s) In My Classroom.

REFERENCES

(1912). A Discourse on Method and Meditations on First Philosophy/Rene Descartes (Donald A. Cress, Trans.). London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd.

(1950). The Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Rene Descartes (John Veich,1887, Trans.). LaSalle, Illinois, USA: Open Court Publishing Company.

Bashow, D. L. (1997). All the fine young eagles. Toronto, Ontario, Canada: Stoddart Publishing Co. Limited.

Chatman, S. (1990). Coming to terms: The rhetoric of narrative in fiction and film. Ithica, New York: Cornell University Press.

Clandinin, D. J. (1986). Classroom practice: Teacher images in action. Barcombe, Lewes, East Sussex: The falmer Press.

Clandinin, D. J., & Connelly, F. M. (1986). Rythms in teaching: The narrative study of teachers' personal practical knowledge of classrooms. Teaching & Teacher Education, 2 (4), pp. 377-387.

Clandinin, D. J., & Connelly, F. M. (1998). Personal experience methods. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), Collecting and interpretingqualitative materials (pp. 150-178). Thousand Oaks, California: Sage Publications.

Connelly, F. M., & Clandinin, D. J. (1990). Stories of experience and narrative inquiry. Educational Researcher(June-July 1990), 2-13.

Denton, D. E., & al, e. (Eds.). (1974). Existentialism and Phenomenology in Education: Collected Essays. New York: Teachers College Press, Teachers College, Columbia University.

Ellis, C., & Bochner, A. P. (1992). Telling and performing personal stories. In C. Ellis & M. G. Flaherty (Eds.), Investigating subjectivity: Research on lived experience (pp. 79-101). Newbury Park, California: Sage Publications.

Ellis, c., & Bochner, M. P. (1999). Researcher as subject: Autoethnography, personal narrative, eflexivity.: Manuscript in preparation.

Gall, M. D., Borg, W. R., & R., G. J. (1996). Educational research: An introduction. (sixth ed.). White Plains, New York: Longman Publishers USA.

Heilbrun, C. G. (1990). Hamlet's mother and other women. New York: Ballantine Books.

Honderich, T. (Ed.). (1995). The Oxford companion to philosophy. Oxford, England: Oxford University Press.

Kerby, A. P. (1991). Narrative and the self. Bloomington and Indianapolis, Indiana: Indiana University Press.

Lieblich, A., Tuval-Mashiach, R., & Zilber, T. (1998). Narrative research: Reading, analysis, and interpretation. (Vol. 47). Thousand Oaks, California: Sage Publications.

Lyons, N. (1998). Constructing narratives for understanding: Usingportfolio interviews to scaffold teacher reflection. In N. Lyons (Ed.), With portfolio in hand. (pp. 103-119). New York: Teachers College, columbia University.

McLuhan, H. M. (Ed.). (1961). Tennyson: Selected poetry. New York: Holt Rinehart and Winston.

Rubin, D. C. (Ed.). (1986). Autobiographic memory. New York: Cambridge University Press.

Solomon, R. C., & Higgins, K. M. (1996). A short history of philosophy. New York: Oxford University Press.

Stacey, C. P., Col, O.B.E., A.M., Ph.D. (1948). The Canadian army 1939-1945: An official historical summary. Ottawa: Kng's Printer.

Stevens, G. R., Lt-Col, O.B.E. (1964). A city goes to war. Brampton, Ontario, Canada: Charters Publishing Company Limited.

van Manen, M. (1990). Researching lived experience: Human science for an action sensitive pedagogy. London, Ontario, Canada: The Althouse Press.

Zinsser, W. (Ed.). (1987). Inventing the truth: The art and craft of memoir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

APPENDIX A:

"My Journey Through The Wilderness In Search Of A Method!"

As I began my masters program my primary area of interest was to reflect on my years of teaching and to pull from that experience lessons which would benefit other teachers, especially beginning teachers. This interest in reflecting on my career was as a direct result of several concerns which became prominent during my last few years in teaching. There is a trend in Alberta to encourage senior teachers to take early retirement. Although economically advantageous, this strategy is accompanyied by the lessons learned by senior teachers leaving the school systems with them. Most school divisions do not have a mechanism for mentors or mentorship programs. There is no provision for mentors to tell their stories to the inexperienced new teachers. Many lessons which can only be learned over considerable time are not being passed on to the subsequent generations of teachers.

Another concern is the constant push for improved productivity in schools and a resultant decline in the morale of teachers, primarily because of the methods used to attain that increased productivity. Morale can not be mandated. We accomplish improvements in morale by showing teachers that we understand what they are experiencing and by asking them what 'they' know and what 'they' need, by valuing their knowledge and experience. Morale grows out of an environment of trust and encouragement. It grows and develops when there is a sense of belonging and a feeling of mutual support and respect. Many teachers are finding it difficult to constantly strive to improve themselves as teachers, in the light of criticism in the media and by the public at large.

By demonstrating an understanding of what other teachers are going through builds a base of trust. The statement of their situation, the telling of 'their' story or the hearing of someone else's story that sounds like 'their' story lets them know they are not alone, and in some small way, helps to overcome some of the unwarranted criticism all teachers have

faced in the recent past. One good teacher doing a good job encourages the few others with whom he or she comes in contact. One principal doing a good job encourages an entire staff, and beyond. An entire staff of teachers doing a good job can encourage an entire generation or community. In order to make change we must start where we can.

Although I have been instructing and teaching, in a variety of environments for 41 years, only 26 of those years were spent teaching in public schools. As listed in Chapter 8, mine was a fairly unique experience, covering a wide range of curriculum and curriculum implementation; facility planning, equipping and operation; course timetabling; and course delivery strategies. From this experience I learned many lessons that I feel would be of inestimable value to new CTS teachers. We should not, indeed cannot, expect new teachers to repeatedly rediscover what has already been discovered countless times before by many previous generations of teachers. Each beginning teacher should not have to go through another 25 years to learn the same lessons that I or some other teacher learned. One method of documenting these lessons is by telling my story.

It was my intent to reflect on all my years of instructing and teaching, with particular emphasis on the 26 years in CTS and its predecessors, and in so doing to answer the many questions that reverberated in my self-questioning and self-doubt at the end of June, 1997. What is my educational philosophy? How did it develop? Did it change over time? What lessons learned in the army were used in the classroom? What lessons learned in industry were used in the classroom? What was it like to team teach CTS? What are the advantages and disadvantages of modularized curriculum? Why did I emphasize safety? How did I teach safety? How did I teach leadership and cooperation? Why did I use storytelling as a method of instruction? Was there a hidden agenda in my storytelling? How was what I did different from what others did? What lessons did I learn? Are the lessons learned, by the teacher, by the students, or both? What were my successes and failures? All these questions could be simplified into three main questions: Why and how did I become a teacher? What kind of teacher was I? And,what have I accomplished?

Identify a problem, state my research goal, assess the research methods available, and align the method with the problem, goal, and philosophy. This was the approach I intended to use. I had identified several problems, which I felt needed to be addressed. I had identified my research goal before returning to university. However, my preliminary attempts at stating my area of research were imprecise, and as a result were met with limited interest. Initial reactions ranged from, "I don't know . . ." through "What method were you intending to use?" to "No one has done it that way. . ." Many suggestions of methods to use, courses to take, or people with whom I should talk were offered. All encouragement was gladly accepted. My attempts to explain what I saw as the end product of my research were large, diverse and unclear. As a result my early efforts were misdirected and widely scattered.

My preliminary investigation indicated that no one had completed a study on an Industrial Arts, Industrial Education or Vocational Education teacher in Alberta. A study of a secondary school teacher in Alberta covering more than one year had not been undertaken. No research on the entire teaching life history of a teacher in Alberta had been carried out. There had never been a retroactive or reflective self-study of a teacher in Alberta. I still thought the self-study begged to be done!

My literature review found six references to Career and Technology Studies (CTS), all are articles explaining the new curriculum or ideas on implementation. I found no records of case studies being used in CTS, Industrial Arts or Industrial Education. Six records were found related to "teacher and lifetime;" of these six, one was on the role of music in Christian and missionary alliance schools for children, four were on opportunities of a lifetime (teacher exchange, etc.), and one was on the financial security of a university teacher. Two records were related to case study and vocational education; one on the quality of technical education in Zimbabwe and one on human resource development in Africa.

Using Career and Technology Studies (CTS) as a search term, I found 11

references, two Alberta Education publications, one conference in Alaska where Dr. Clarence Preitz made a presentation on CTS in Alberta, one on career change in Australia, and the rest were totally unrelated. Further investigation produced: drafting referring to a grade twelve teacher of writing skills "drafting" compositions, graphic arts referring to the Rand Corporation's use of "graphs" in the early twentieth century, and electronics referring to the teaching of "electronic skills" at a technical college. Of all the 91 matches with Vocational Education three studied the induction of 'Voc Ed' teachers; another with the interesting titled, "They just gave me the key," also referring to lack of induction of a 'Voc Ed' teacher; one pertaining to technical teaching in a Canadian prison; one was titled, "But I've been doing this for years," about integrating academic and vocational teaching; and the rest had to do with skills development at vocational colleges.

I did not investigate examples of Home Economics, Business Education, which are now also included under CTS, or other multiple activity environments, becoming more common in the sciences, because my experience and interest was in the areas more traditionally labelled as Industrial Arts or Vocational Education.

Although I saw value in both 'quantitative' and 'qualitative' approaches to research, I felt a qualitative approach was more appropriate for my purpose. Gall, Borg and Gall say research contributes four types of knowledge to education: (1) description, (2) prediction, (3) improvement, and (4) explanation (1996, p. 4). Thinking in terms of my preferred methodology, the information gained would be in three of the four types. The information would be descriptive. It would describe my experiences as a CTS teacher. The information would be aimed at improvement of teaching. It would, hopefully, explain how and why I became a teacher, and why I was the kind of teacher I was. My research may not provide hard data with operationally defined theoretical constructs, or manipulation and isolation of variables; but, I feel if other teachers used methods similar to mine then they would get similar results.

In the early fall of my first term, my sense of frustration was predominant as I sat

at the kitchen table looking out over the neighbourhood park which adjoins our back yard. I wrote:

> I have paused on the small station platform at the base of the mountain of personal philosophy and I watch as the many express trains rush off into the wilderness of research. This is the rail junction. There are many paths to choose. Not to choose 'from', we are never choosing only one path. We often choose multiple paths simultaneously, one each for our personal, professional, and educational lives. The pathways converge and diverge many times, are often intermingled, and sometimes are coincident.
>
> When I started, I too was on an express train, on the main line of the Industrial Arts railway. As I progressed the train became a slower, regularly scheduled 'limited' and over the years it gradually turned into the daily milk run. In the last two years it became an over-specialized, government and industry, container freight. I have dismounted from the train and now survey the [slowly expanding] vistas of my past, present, and future on the boundary of the wilderness. Daily, former fellow passengers fly past on their journey reminding me of my past. I wait eager, but [eagerly yet] uncertain of which path to take, or even which mode of transport to use. Perhaps a leisurely walk in the meditation garden, to the ponderous woods, or past the reflective pool; maybe a carriage ride with the regular beat of the hooves and the rocking of the carriage to reassure me; maybe a slow drive back along the path I have taken to retell a history; or maybe a totally different path in search of a new goal and new direction, with more time for self . . . Something I have missed for a long time.
>
> I notice the sentence fragments and realize they are fragmented unfinished thoughts. Should I drive to the airport and fly away to a new beginning? Should I just run from my responsibilities? No. I could never do

> that. But, I still search for meaning in my life. At 54 [now 55] I feel I am just entering 'mid-life'. I have at least half of my life left to live. I am too young to just retire. I'm sure I was saved for something. I must contribute to have meaning. I must serve a higher good. I feel a mission to make the world a better place. I feel I must help others better themselves. I must defend moral principles and am willing to sacrifice self for the benefit of others (Shaw, Intermittent Journal, 97-11-22).

I asked myself, "Is there a method in my madness?" "Is there a method in my desire to 'reflect on my twenty-five years' in teaching?"

Through subsequent research and investigation my understanding of what I wanted to accomplish became clearer and my ability to explain it improved. "It must be remembered that the purpose of research is clarification and the researching is an act of clarification" (M. Doherty-Poirier, personal communication, August 17, 1999).

Assuming I could identify the preferred method, how would it fit with my personal, educational, and research philosophy? I would then be required to state my philosophy. In order to state one's educational research philosophy, it is necessary for one to 'have' a philosophy regarding educational research. Before I could have a 'research' philosophy I had to have an 'educational' philosophy; and in order to have an 'educational' philosophy I first had to have a 'personal' philosophy. For all the years I taught, I am sure I had an educational philosophy. I was questioned by others because I did not have a written philosophy. In my head it was clear. It governed my thoughts and actions. It formed the guide for all my instructional activities. It was founded on many key experiences in my upbringing, schooling, early employment, continued education and training, long before I became a teacher, and it changed over time. It was only occasionally vocalized, never clearly stated in full, and not until grad school was it ever written down.

During the years of teaching I never felt I had the time to reflect on a philosophy. I reflected on my actual teaching activities repeatedly, in a constant effort to improve what I

was doing. I felt that as I would describe my years of teaching I would reveal what I really believed about education, I would state my personal philosophy and my educational philosophy for the first time. And if I had one, my 'retrospective deliberation' would also derive my research philosophy. By 'retrospective deliberation', I mean more than recollection or reflection. I mean deliberately and deliberatively thinking a long way into the past; rather than recording events as they happen, or thoughts and impressions immediately after the events occur; and more than present thoughts on something just learned or as a result of ideas raised in discussion. It has to do with the time frame of the reflection. It is a contemplative survey of past events, the synthesized residual effects of collected experience, the derivative of valuable lessons accumulated from a total lifetime.

Retrospective can mean more than simply looking into the past, it can also mean a representative exhibition of the lifetime work of an artist. If there is an art to teaching then I may very well be creating a representative exhibition of my lifetime work as a teacher. My exhibition would be created deliberately; carefully thought out and formed, with purpose; carefully considered, judged and decided; unhurried and methodical. The idea of Teaching Dossier or Teaching Portfolio came to mind and the thought of producing 'my teaching portfolio' as a part of my research. I had completed all of my years in teaching without ever having, using, or seeing a teaching portfolio. But that would be more a project than a thesis.

Recollection can mean the act or power of calling back to mind, the act of remembrance. It also has an older meaning of religious meditation. In many ways the act of teaching has been my religion for many years. My retrospective deliberation would be like a religious meditation. When I first said I wanted to use my recollections in my research, a person mentioned to me that had never been done before. Most great achievements at some time in the past had never been done before. Simply because it has never been done before does not seem to be a valid reason for not using my recollections in my research.

In 1641, Rene Descartes wrote his "Meditations on the First Philosophy" giving

rise to the misquote "I think therefore I am," or in Latin Cogito ergo sum "I am thinking, therefore I exist". Both statements are an over simplification of his conclusion to one step of a larger argument, "I am, I exist, is necessarily true each time it is expressed by me, or conceived in my mind" (Descartes, trans. 1887, 1911). or also translated as "I am, I exist is certain, so long as it is put forward by me or conceived in my mind"(Second Meditation) (Honderich, 1995, p. 189).

Descartes was criticized for not citing other authorities, for not using the accepted scholastic approach as taught and followed at the time, and for only using his own reflections and deductive reasoning. It was only in retrospect that Descartes has been regarded as having contributed something significant to the world of science or to the world of philosophy (Honderich, 1995; Solomon, 1996).

I am not comparing myself to Descartes, only to his method, as a reference to justify the possible use of a method by which I may also use my reflections and deductive reasoning. Unlike Descartes I will not invoke the aid of gods, devils, demons, or some 'evil genius'. I will simply reflect on my experiences as a teacher, using my archival artifacts as my audit trail, and deduce from my experiences lessons that I hope would be of interest to beginning teachers.

The next problem I face is that my reflections are not immediate, meaning they do not follow immediately after each event upon which I am reflecting. I have not kept a journal over my years of teaching. What of hermeneutic phenomenology? ". . . phenomenological reflection is . . . retrospective" (Van Manen, 1990, p. 10). There is no statement of a statute of limitations. Retrospective means looking into the past. There is nothing in the meaning that says only so far into the past. Ideally we are told, one should reflect as soon after the event as possible. If one was too busy that day and the soonest they could reflect was the next morning there seems to be no problem. If we could not reflect until two days after the event, I suspect this would also be acceptable. After a very busy week, a weekend reflection seems acceptable. After a summer vacation we still seem

capable of reflecting accurately about the events of the entire holiday, the meaning attached to those events and the interpretation of that meaning. Well then, at what point does it become unacceptable. After a very busy career of teaching seems to me to be the only logical time to reflect on the whole experience of a career of teaching. The interpretation of the meaning which I found in my experience of twenty-five years of teaching can only be accomplished after the completion of the event.

My intent was to describe the experience in a manner that would have meaning for others, not in repeated reflection and analysis of events designed to express the meaning which I derived from the experience. Although some of my meaning may be revealed it is not the intent of my research.

I realize the established pattern is for an ongoing record of reflection through the series of events which might make up a class, a course, a semester or even a year; but, I am sure the beginning teacher would like to know something of the entire experience of a career in teaching, an experience in which they are about to immerse themselves. To them the fact the entire reflection took place after the entire experience would be no less valid than if it had been completed in the standard manner. The fact is, I believe, although it may be more difficult for me to recall all of the significant events of my career, if I want an impression of the entire experience, the writing of the interpretation after the fact may provide less bias on individual events than the reliance on notes possibly written on the emotional highs and lows immediately after the events. Of course my suggested approach may give too much emphasis to the last and most recent events of any career. I think this can be compensated for in two ways. First, any immediate reflection on most recent events can be rewritten after all other reflections are complete. Second, leaving a detailed analytical or evaluative reflection on most recent events until all other reflections are complete, thus being more able to put the most recent events into proper perspective.

"The essence or nature of an experience has been adequately described in language if the description reawakens or shows us the lived quality and significance of the

experience in a fuller or deeper manner" (Van Manen, 1990, p. 10). I am interested in reflection and storytelling for the sake of the meaning and the description of the lived experience of teaching. "So phenomenological research has, as its ultimate aim, the fulfilment of our human nature: to become more fully who we are" (Van Manen, 1990, p. 12). I felt the need to teach others to be better human beings. After the devastating experiences of 1994 to 1997, I felt the need to better understand who I was and how I could help others who were about to enter the teaching profession.

"Any protocol for interpretation and explication is to be generated from within the situation being described" (Denton, 1974, p. 101). The situation I am trying to describe is my experience within a multi-level, multi-activity CTS laboratory through an extended period of constant and at times almost radical change. The protocol, if derived from within, must include my recollections and stories because they are an essential and integral part of my experience as a teacher.

It was suggested that I am the research site, and a case study, and as the repository of many lessons on teaching if I didn't investigate myself, someone else would (E. Simmt, personal communication, January, 1998). I would be the main participant, both as 'actor' and 'researcher' in the case study. For me being both actor and researcher provided a major conflict.

As a 'researcher' I have had the unique opportunity to observe and evaluate the 'actor' throughout his entire lifetime. If I were approaching a newly retired, 25 year, CTS teacher what research methods would I use? Would I be conducting a case study or would I ask him to tell me his story. I found the idea of interviewing myself foreign. I found the idea of investigating my self in the manner of a sociological or anthropological case study in conflict with my natural way of telling my story. I have asked myself all the questions over time and my constant dialogue continues to tell my constantly changing story as I "adapt and improvise my life" (D.J. Clandinin, personal communication, January, 1999). The dialogue is ongoing and is better told as reflections and stories which describe the

details as I recall them, and in so doing to hear the stories as I learned and told them.

As the 'actor' I would be providing a narrative, telling 'my stories' of my background and my teaching experience. I would also reflect on my career and state what I felt was most significant. As the 'actor' and the 'researcher', I have already collected a significant portion of the data. When I took early retirement in June of 1997 and closed my lab for the last time I transported home over 50 boxes, (average size 11" x 17") full of archival materials and artifacts collected over 25 years. My archives, "my 'data' for life stories" (D.J. Clandinin, personal communication, March, 1999), included: my intermittent journal, my 'fifty boxes of stuff', and my accumulation of written and unwritten stories. Finally, I would conduct my observations, data analysis, discussions, and 'retrospective deliberations'—my narrative reflection. I realized I could not eliminate the built-in bias presented by the same background and experiences I was trying to describe. The idea of a case study was cancelled.

I saw value in phenomenology, case study, action research, ethnography, and many other methods, but none told my story. The more I learned about narrative inquiry the more it resonated with the storyteller in me. I knew I had found the method. I was aware that certain aspects of other methods would likely find there way into my work. However, I was writing an autobiography or memoir. I was telling 'my story' of 'my life in teaching'.

I read, "Humans are story telling organisms, who individually and socially, lead storied lives" (Connelly & Clandinin, 1990, p. 2). I immediately thought of uncles and aunts at family gatherings, or a group of soldiers sitting around the barracks swapping stories, myths, and legends. When I talk to my parents each week Dad must tell me 'a story'. A phone call from Mart McCumber in Calgary always includes at least one story. My entire past life is filled with stories. I cannot try to explain narrative inquiry without rapidly moving into story.

My stated desire to reflect on my years in teaching seems to fit perfectly with the

following thought. "As a narrative researcher my experiences would be central to my inquiry" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1998, p. 161). In the telling of my experiences I wanted to use my everyday way of speaking, not language which is heavily laden with sterile or stilted academic jargon. Clandinin and Connelly ride to the rescue with, "Narrative reports in natural language" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1998, p. 174). Ellis and Bochner lend support with, "It is largely free of academic jargon and abstracted theory" (Ellis & Bochner, 1999, p. 16).

This sounds too easy. The question, where is the catch? Am I confusing my idea of storytelling with narrative inquiry? I check my new Oxford Canadian Dictionary for definitions and find: Narrative: a spoken or written account of connected events in order of happening. A recounting of stories, events, or experiences. Inquiry: The act or the instance of asking or seeking information. A question or query. I feel reassured, but still uncertain. Connelly and Clandinin (1990) explain the difference between narrative and story thus:

> It is equally correct to say "inquiry into narrative" as it is "narrative inquiry." By this we mean that narrative is both phenomenon and method. Narrative names the structured quality of experience to be studied, and it names the patterns of inquiry for its study. To preserve this distinction, we use the reasonably well-established device of calling the phenomenon "story" and the inquiry "narrative." Thus, we say that people by nature lead storied lives and tell stories of those lives, where as narrative researchers describe such lives, collect and tell stories of them, and write narratives of experience. (p. 2)

I think of the number of stories I told to many different groups of students. The seemingly endless retelling of my stories has certainly helped me understand my life more clearly, and by inference to also understand life in general more clearly. The telling of

stories also seems to have helped my students to understand a wide variety of life experiences more quickly and clearly. If "Narratology is the study of how humans make meaning of experience by endlessly telling and retelling stories about themselves that both refigure the past and create purpose for the future" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1986, p. 385), then I appear to have been involved in narratology for a long time. Therefore it seems appropriate for me to use narrative inquiry as my method of research.

During a class on Tuesday, November 3rd, 1998; the assignment according to my notes was, "make a sketch of where you are with your work in progress, your major project; a table of contents for your book, with what is done and what is not done." I again returned to the travel method/journey metaphor I used the year before as I wrote:

> Well I am now going to make a sketch. First a hasty one, then a better one if I have the time. The idea running through my head is I have gone past the point of seeing the light at the end of the tunnel. I can now see out the end of the tunnel, I can see the road turning, bending around the mountain, and the valley beyond. Considering last year I wrote about being on the station platform before the mountains of the research wilderness I think I have made definite progress. Obviously I still see the rail/road metaphor.

In my sketch, the actual drawing that I made, I see a road, not a railroad. I see this as a change and I felt that I was in a car and I was in control of my research journey. My journal continues:

> I think this can be interpreted as a definite path exists, as in others have gone before me, as long as I don't fall off the rails, and as I wrote last year I just had to decide which path to take. I think I am now through the wilderness and I am now able to see a bright and more open future. The

> road is still bending and I can not see all of it, but I now know, at least I feel I know, where I am going and it looks good up ahead. The road up ahead may have some blind spots and some unexpected curves but I am seeing things opening up rather than a large series of barriers or barricades. I almost wrote that as Barrack-aides. Another military metaphor? Could it be I once again have gone back to my military roots for help and direction. As Nona Lyons (1998) mentions in several places in her article much of what we do and how we look at things is so affected by our background, upbringing, and culture (Shaw, Intermittent Journal, 98-11-09).

I have always believed we teach the way we were taught. I read somewhere a long time ago that the vast majority of our set of values and sense of morality is inculcated by the time we are five or six years old. If this is true, then our guiding principles are set early and are used as a framework or filter through which we edit all our experiences to learn and develop patterns of behaviour. The behaviours would include the basic ways we interact with and relate to other people. Because teaching is essentially communicating and interacting with, or relating to, other people, then those early learned behaviour patterns would also include our basic teaching behaviours, and definitely influence the way we teach. Therefore I felt it necessary to describe in detail the background which in no small measure determined the teacher I became.

"Teaching is a moment of human interconnectedness . . ." (Denton, 1974, p. 104). By stories I connected with more people than by any other activity of teaching. Sharing our stories with students, as Jean Clandinin says, is a place to cross borders. There exists in society many places where a 'we and they', 'us and them', schism has developed. One of these places is the teacher-student split (chasm). By telling our stories we break down the barrier, the Berlin Wall, to communication. We cross the border, or boundary, of what many students see as the persona, or constricted image, of the teacher, in effect what they

expect a teacher to be. When they see us shopping they realize we are people who shop, and probably even eat, just like they do. By telling stories we also allow students to cross the border and come into our world, to learn something about us as real people rather than just as 'the teacher'.

When someone asks how was the show? The answer is most often in story fashion rather than a strictly clinical analysis of the event in question. When student teachers asked me to explain something about how or why I did a certain action, procedure, or activity, I most often said something like, "Once I had this student who . . . " or "Let me tell you a story about . . . " or "This is what happened when . . . " I often described a real incident from my past as an example. When marking exams and final projects I made notes for myself on changes for future classes. Often these notes where a couple of key words which brought a story to mind. It is very much like Clandinin and Connelly suggest in, "when persons note something of their experience, either to themselves or to others, they do so not by the mere recording of experience over time, but in storied form" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1998, p. 154).

I realize I will be as Clandinin and Connelly put it, "Speaking partially naked" and "open to criticism" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1998, p. 172), because I do not have classical examples of corroborating evidence for my beliefs or claims. Rubin (1986), reminds us that autobiographical memory can be fallible, and therefore it is important to have field texts, or some form of corroborative evidence of what is being stated autobiographically. When I closed down my lab for in June, 1997, I carried home, what I refer to as my 'fifty boxes of stuff'. In preparation for my final writing of the thesis I reorganized, listed the contents of and counted my 72 boxes of field texts and archival materials, my corroborative evidence.

"Images are not memorial in and of themselves: they require a context, they require corroboration from related events to become meaningful or be meant in a certain way. Another way of saying this is that memory attains its important status as it links into and

develops part of the story of our lives"(Kerby, 1991, P. 27). In the telling of stories while teaching I was trying to take lessons learned through experience in the context of my past and to present the lessons in the context of the student's present so the lesson could develop into a part of the story of the student's life.

As part of the justification for the chronological order of the story of my life, I cite, "what makes Narrative unique among the text-types is its 'chrono-logic,' its doubly temporal logic" (Chatman, 1990, p. 9). In addition the chronological order is necessary to show the earlier life as the cause or causes of becoming a teacher, "the internal or story logic entails the additional principle of causality" (Chatman, 1990, p. 9).

In considering what to write and what to include I did not have many questions. Regarding myself, I first wrote whatever came to mind as I recalled it happening, then once an entire section was written, with reference to my 'life data', I edited for clarity and accuracy. Sometimes, I slightly edited the story as I revisited it and recalled additional details I had not remembered for years. A new repetition had triggered some long buried material. "The choice of a complete or an edited transcription is directed by the intended uses of the text, by consideration of the reader . . . " (Lieblich, Tuval-Mashiach, & Zilber, 1998, p. 29). Finally I edited for ease of reading, occasionally adding details which were necessary for the reader. Because I was used to telling the story orally, when putting it on paper I had to describe details rather than writing them on a whiteboard or making gestures.

Kerby tells us, "At any moment we can become aware that the past (or a past) is accessible to us, is with us as ours." a repeating theme, of which I was conscious, throughout my reflections. Kerby continues, "We are . . . also aware . . . that the past is tributary to the very meaning of the present." a premise which describes a major part of what I was trying to show in my work. However Kerby cautions, "We would also not want to conclude that the past I am conscious of is *the* past as it actually was" (Kerby, 1991, p. 18-19).

In a few cases it was only in the context of careful reflection, reliving the event in

excruciating detail, and the attempted description of the incident that I came to a fuller understanding of the event and the intense emotional meaning it held for me. "When the text is used to understand broader features—such as the order of life events, psychological motivations, major themes in the life story—an edited version is more useful" (Lieblich, Tuval-Mashiach, & Zilber, 1998, p. 30).

But am I writing an autobiography or a memoir? Zinsser in reference to a series of talks on "The Art and Craft of Memoir," tells us,

> 'Memoir' was defined as some portion of a life. Unlike autobiography, which moves in a dutiful line from birth to fame, omitting nothing significant, memoir assumes life and ignores most of it. The writer of memoir takes us back to a corner of his or her life that was unusually vivid or intense—childhood for instance—or that was framed by unique events. By narrowing the lens, the writer achieves a focus that isn't possible in autobiography; memoir is a window into a life" (Zinsser, 1987, p. 21).

Almost implied in the above definition is the idea that with no fame, as in my case, it would be inappropriate to write an autobiography. My military background pushes me to write everything, every detail, in sequence, the assessment and editing of which can come later. Although my childhood had a few intense moments, none of my life story feels all that unique. I am limited to telling only a portion of my life. It would be impossible to give complete coverage of all the hours spent instructing and teaching. I understand although I definitely have autobiographical aspects to my research I am more accurately writing a memoir.

Clandinin (1986) writes of the role of the teacher as researcher, the importance of teachers' practical knowledge, and a personal dissatisfaction with teachers being viewed only as agents for external purposes. My 'memoir' describes something of my role as a

teacher, the ongoing research I conducted during my active years in teaching, the research I conducted in the form of a narrative inquiry; gives some idea of the practical knowledge I accumulated; and expresses my dissatisfaction with the drastic increase in demands from external agents or agencies to meet external expectations which are not necessarily based upon sound educational goals or philosophy.

APPENDIX B: The WCB Safety Sheet.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT

An unplanned, unexpected event which interferes with the production process.

UNSAFE ACT

Any departure from the accepted, normal, or correct, procedure or practise which may cause accident or injury.

UNSAFE CONDITION

Any hazardous physical condition, which if left uncorrected, may lead to accident or injury.

UNSAFE ACTS:

1. Operating without authority.
2. Operating or working at an unsafe speed.
3. Making safety devices inoperable.
4. Using unsafe equipment or equipment unsafely.
5. Unsafe loading, placing, mixing, combining, etc.
6. Taking an unsafe posture or position.
7. Working on moving or dangerous equipment.
8. Distracting, teasing, or HORSEPLAY.
9. Failure to use safe attire or personal protective equipment.

UNSAFE CONDITIONS:

1. Improperly guarded equipment.
2. Unguarded equipment.
3. Defective tools, equipment, or substances.
4. Unsafe design or construction.
5. Hazardous arrangement, or procedure, etc.
6. Improper illumination.
7. Improper ventilation.
8. Unsafe dress or apparel.

APPENDIX C: Interlocking Timetables.

SEMESTER I						
BLOCK						
	DON	TIMI	SIMON	DON	TIMI	SIMON
1	PREP	PHOTO	Physics	DES	PHOTO	Physics
2	DES	PHOTO	Physics	DES	PREP	Physics
3	COM	PHOTO	PREP	PHOTO	COM	PREP
4	PHOTO	COM	DES	PREP	PHOTO	DES

SEMESTER II						
BLOCK	DAY 1			DAY 2		
	DON	CINDY	SIMON	DON	CINDY	SIMON
1	COM	Info Pro	Physics	COM	PHOTO	Physics
2	COM	PHOTO	Physics	COM	PHOTO	Physics
3	DES	Info Pro	PREP	PREP	PHOTO	DES
4	PHOTO	PREP	DES	COM	Info Pro	DES