

# HIGHLANDS HISTORICAL FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER



11141 - 62 St.

VOLUME 3 No 1 SPRING 1991

## William Magrath: Founder of the Highlands

"I built my home in the East End: I was not afraid to live with the people of the East End, feeling that they were just as good as myself. My home is built there, and it is not a home that I could transfer. It was built to stay and I expect to make it my home always, while I am on terra firma."

Those were the fighting words of the original co-developer of the Highlands, William Magrath, when he ran unsuccessfully for mayor of Edmonton in 1912.

Indeed it was a home he could not transfer, since he had, at the time, just built the Magrath Mansion. It was the most prestigious home in his new real estate undertaking—the Highlands.

The mansion, its columns and balconies looking like something out of "Gone With The Wind," is still the most prominent home on Ada Boulevard (6240 Ada Boulevard)—the avenue Magrath named after his wife, and one of Alberta's most impressive residences.

Magrath was a self-made man, an Easterner who came West.

He was born in Peterboro, Ontario. As a young man, he moved first to Belleville, Ontario, where he was involved in cheese exporting.

It was in Belleville that he met and married Ada T. Lake in 1894. They had one son, Adrian.

Ten years later, Magrath looked westward. When the first CNR train pulled into Edmonton, Magrath and his family were aboard.

In 1906, Magrath went into partnership with a Mr. Hart in Magrath-Hart and Co. Three years later, Mr. Holgate purchased Hart's interest in the company.

With the city in a high growth period, both Magrath and Holgate left their other businesses to concentrate on land development.

Magrath-Holgate is best known for the Highlands, but the company was also buying and building in Bellevue, Bellevue Addition, City Park Annex, Windsor Park and West Glenora.

What do we know of Magrath himself?

He was very much a community man, and a leader. As a prominent Methodist, he was an active in the Highlands Methodist Church and was elected superintendent of the Wesley Sunday School when it was organized in 1907.

An avid sportsman, Magrath helped organize the Highlands Curling and Bowling Club. When the Alberta Curling Association was formed, he was its first president. In 1914, he became president of the Edmonton Baseball Club, which operated a franchise in the Western Canada League.

Magrath was extremely busy in those early years of the first decade. As the Highlands was taking shape, he threw his hat into civil politics. Unfortunately, he came in second to William Short in a three-way fight for the mayor's seat, leaving Highlands and the northeast to ponder what might have been its fate had a "local"

resident occupied the mayor's chair at that pivotal time.

Sadly, Magrath passed away at quite a young age, 51, in 1921, after a lengthy illness.

The house remained in the Magrath family until the early '30s. According to author Phyllis Patterson, the family ran into financial difficulties after William died. Adrian continued to look after his mother, who became ill, after they moved to a smaller home in the Highlands.

The Magrath mansion passed through several owners, and at one point ownership reverted to the city due to unpaid taxes. It was vacant for some time.

In 1948, the Ukrainian Catholic Diocese bought the property as the residence of its bishop. It has remained the bishop's residence to this day.

-Auri Patricio



## President's Report:

The Highlands is a unique community, with a history that deserves to be gathered and stored for future generations.

Each of us has his or her own reasons for choosing to live in and enjoy this lovely neighbourhood. An understanding of its past helps us appreciate the pride long-time residents feel.

The Highlands Historical Foundation was set up to make the neighbourhood, and the city for that matter, aware of its fascinating history. It's also here to encourage the preservation of the historic resources we are so lucky to have.

Please accept this invitation to become a member of the Highlands Historical

Foundation. The financial cost is not great and together we can help our community. A membership form is enclosed with this newsletter

Any assistance you can offer, in the production of these newsletters, expanding our archives, walking tours, membership drives, researching homes, oral histories etc. is greatly appreciated. Even the patronage of those establishments kind enough to advertise in this newsletter is appreciated.

Please call me at home—474-6683—in the evenings if you'd like to join us.

Thanks for your continued support.

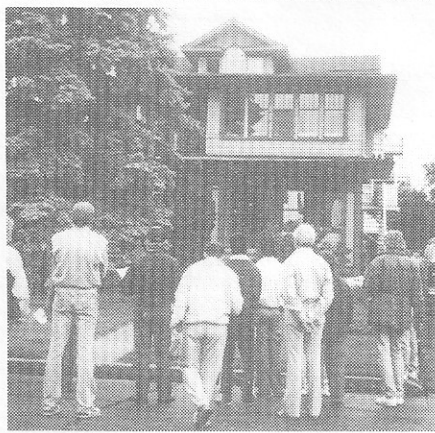
- Ted Smith, President

## Highlands historic homes tour

In what has become an annual tradition, the Highland Historical Society is pleased to provide advance notice for this year's historic walking tour of the neighbourhood.

On Sunday, Sept. 22, from 2 to 4:30 p.m., Edmonton historian Dr. David Leonard will take foundation members back in Highlands time. Some homes will be open for interior tours as well.

As this tour is limited to 40 people, please pre-register by calling Ted Smith at 474-6683 (evenings.)



Historic tours are a tradition.

## Festival of Flowers Walking Tour

Two years ago, the first walking tour of Highlands gardens was a roaring success, thanks to organizers and Virginia Park Greenhouse proprietors Kathy and Ray Granstrom. Over 50 people toured through one beautiful garden after another.

Out of that tour was born the Highlands Gardening Club. The club and the Highlands Historical Foundation are pleased to present, once again, the second "Festival of Flowers" walking tour.

Please join us on Saturday, July 20, beginning at 2 p.m. We will meet La Boheme Restaurant (6427-112 Ave.). In case of bad weather, the walk will be postponed to the following Saturday. The walk is open to all.

The tour will be leisurely, with refreshments. We hope to provide some transportation (a horse-drawn carriage?) for those who may need to rest their feet during the tour. If you're a gardener, or know of a Highlands garden that is a feast for the eyes, please contact the gardening club care of 11138-56 St. or call Carolyn Wilson at 471-4785 (evenings).

Please call if you'd like to offer any suggestions, join the gardening club, or would like to help in providing refreshments, designing the tour etc.

- Carolyn Wilson

The Highlands Historical Foundation is a non-profit society dedicated to the awareness and preservation of the historical resources of the Highlands community of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

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## Lepines retire after 36 years at bakery

# Farewell to old friends

After 44 years of continuous operation, the oldest ongoing business in the Highlands, the Highland Bakery at 11155-65 St. is being sold. Florent and Yvonne Lepine are taking a well deserved retirement.

The building that is now the bakery was at first a cleaning depot. The original owners converted the cleaning depot into a bakery. Young brothers Florent and Honore Lepine purchased it in 1947. Florent had been saving since he was 15, which explains how he was able to enter the baking partnership with his brother at the very young age of 21.



Florent and Yvonne Lepine are now officially retired, but the Highland Bakery is open for business until June 29.

Honore, an army veteran, taught the business to his brother. They worked together until June 30, 1954. One year later, to the day, Florent married his sweetheart from Legal, Yvonne Lutz.

From the very beginning, the bakery was both their place of work and their residence. After two years of living in the back of the building, the Lepines moved upstairs.

Florent expanded the building four times in all. One can only imagine running a business, renovating and doing repairs while raising a family!

Yvonne did the laundry, cleaning, front desk sales and "put up with Florent." Their daughters have all, at one point or other, contributed to the smooth operation of the bakery while earning spending money at the same time.

It was not uncommon for them to go downstairs, as needed, to slice bread, bag buns or look after customers. Florent remembers a young Cecilia stating plainly to her uncle Honore that he "knew nothing about bagging buns."

Florent, Yvonne and their three daughters were a hard-working team, with the parents putting an average 60 hours a week into the business.

With the workload, it wasn't surprising that the Lepines had to accept the occasional disappointment in not being able to attend events such as weddings and funerals together. Holidays were also nearly impossible in the first decade. Except for one week in 1958, the Lepines did not take a vacation until 1964. They then began their custom of closing down the bakery for three weeks every summer.

Florent can be proud of his own attendance record. Over 44 years, he's only missed 16 days due to illness.

When the Lepines started, a 100-pound bag of flour cost \$2.25. Now it's over \$22. A loaf of bread which sold for nine cents in 1947 now sells for 75 cents.

For many years, the family has passed on surplus bread to the Hope Mission Centre.

The Lepines have no regrets. They have enjoyed their many regular customers. After all, says Yvonne, "being French, I love to yak!"

Yvonne and Florent officially retired on March 30, after the seasonal production of their famous hot cross buns for Easter. Because the bakery supplies several schools, it will remain open until the end of the school year, June 29.

The Lepines plan to travel—the Mediterranean and the Panama Canal are among their destinations. They'll have a chance to visit their daughter in Victoria, enjoy their grandchildren, and take relaxing walks in the Highlands.

Most foundation newsletter readers have been, at one time or another, customers of the Highlands Bakery. Even though Easter will never be the same without those hot cross buns, we all wish the Lepines a very happy, and well deserved, retirement.

- Aurie Patricio

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## Virginia Park Greenhouses Ltd.

# Through the eyes

On the other corner stood the red brick Gibbard Block (the southeast corner of 112 Ave. and 65 St.), the only big apartment/business building between the Highlands and downtown. Its entrance of glass and white-painted wood was centred in the brick face.

We never knew anyone living on the floors above street level. To the right of the apartment entrance, on the corner, was the Red and White store.

When you entered, an oily smell from the squeaking floor, black and dull with layers of sticky dust and oil. When no one was looking, we swiped candies out of the glass jars, or, in the summer, cherries off the counters. The cherries we doubled over our ears for earrings. Limp lettuce, carrots and overripe raspberries lay under the hot summer windows, buzzing with flies. In the winter, nothing but pyramids of canned food. We couldn't get fresh vegetables or fruit, except from those who had stored their summer garden produce in root houses and felt generous. We kept our potatoes and carrots in the dust near the coal



Patterson's grandmother and guardian Eda Owen, with Phyllis' sister Pamela, downtown Edmonton, circa 1940.

Calgary author Phyllis M. Patterson grew up at 11227-63 St. under the guardianship of her grandmother Eda Owen, one of Canada's first female meteorologists.

The Highlands Historical Foundation is honored to present the second and final excerpt from Patterson's soon-to-published novel, excerpts that reflect her youth spent in the Highlands during the Great Depression.



Phyllis Patterson

bin in the basement. Cold air came in where the chute door didn't close properly.

Red and White store owners always changed and no one in it was part of our world, until the Williams and their son Dougie joined us.

Mr. Husband's drugstore was to the left of the apartment building entrance. It was dark and musty with a slightly antiseptic smell, like Auntie Bobo's bedroom after she got sick. There was a magazine stand, a platform, flat on the floor. The door opened against it with a crash, unless you held onto the doorhandle. When I grew older and wasn't so scared of the dark and silence in the store, I'd crouch by the stand and skim through the publications.

When I went in, I always wondered where Mr. Husband hid. There was never anyone in the store. Maybe the contrast of the dark inside, after the light outside, gave it the air of mystery. Eventually, from the gloom at the rear, I'd hear "Yes?" or suddenly he'd be standing beside me while I read. He always startled me. How did he arrive by me so fast? How did he know when I came in?

"The nurse says Auntie Bobo's prescription needs refilling," I'd say—Auntie Bobo with the pain in her heart.

Sometimes when I went in the drugstore, I'd hear a floorboard creak and know Mr. Husband was there somewhere watching me. I'd go further into the gloom to the back of the store. Mr. Husband looked out a little window at me. "Auntie Bobo needs her medicine." Then I'd take the brown paper-wrapped bottle home to the "Other House" where my aunts and uncles lived on 62nd St.

Mr. Husband, so bland, so quiet. Maybe it was all the time he spent behind those bottles and pills. Indefinite. Not like my family. Mr. Husband had black hair and a blue chin, even when he shaved; rimless glasses and a long, small oval face, like a monkey's. Pale, pale blue eyes.

The silence in his store wasn't oppressive. But it always seemed like something dead, as if the air didn't move. My Uncle Quint and Mr. Husband were friends.

Spring in Edmonton always came tenderly. My best memory was to walk one morning to the sound of running water. Sometimes the water would melt under the snow and the trick was to walk on the top crust without falling through and getting my feet soaked.

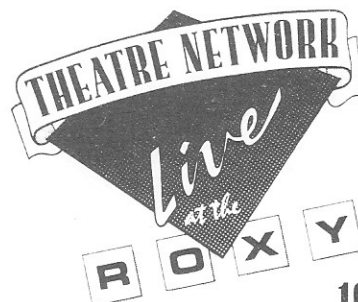


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# of a child: Part II

The water formed little creeks of its own across the ice into street gutters, with banks muddy from dirty snow.

The centre, the creek bed, was clear because the soot had washed away. It was all snow but it looked like a tiny world to us when we were small. We'd crouch on our haunches and float miniscule twig boats in the little creeks.

When we were young in the spring, we walked on the river ice. In the winter, the boys cleared patches to play hockey on the solid ice. It was strong enough to hold a wagon and team to cut out chunks for the iceman to store and deliver to ice boxes in the summer.

In the spring our excitement was to walk a short way onto the ice until we heard it crack, then run to shore as fast as possible.

All the mothers threatened us with the dangers of going on the river ice. One day the policeman's little boy followed us. When the ice cracked, he slipped and fell off, sliding under the huge ice floe that quickly formed when the chunk we had been on broke away.

We couldn't pull him out. The shock and horror of the day we may have forgotten. But I noticed we never went on the ice in the spring after that.

The dips and hollows in the empty lots or sloughs were great sport for ice-walking. The best kind was what we called "rubber ice." Our pleasure was to walk as far as we could, even get to the other side, without falling through. We'd begin gingerly enough, sliding our feet along, one foot after the other, a little bit at a time. We might hear it creak slightly and watch it bow under our weight. We'd become bolder the farther out we went. Perhaps we could make it to the middle.

It took more care to make it back to the shore, or better yet, to make it to the other side. If we were good, if we kept our weight light, if we didn't move too quickly or too heavily, we could make it. Otherwise, our feet were completely soaked in ice-cold water.

My sister and I didn't have rubber boots. Some children did, but Sara wouldn't buy us any. Did we ask her? Maybe we did that first spring when we went to school and saw the other childrer wearing boots, but she refused, saying, "I'm not going to encourage you to play in the water." We did nevertheless.

Older kids walked on the ice on the roads in the hard-rutted track from yesterday's slush, frozen overnight. This ice had air bubbles in it. The kids cracked it in the morning air and broke it underfoot on their way to and from school.

When the snow and ice began to melt, the trees quickly turned green, the branches budding one day and the next and the next, before they leafed. They became huge pale green ferns a yellow green before the leaves reached their dark green mature colour for summer.

The mud, when the snow left, was a heavy gumbo that formed in ever widening chunks around our shoes. Like mud snowshoes, it weighted our feet too heavily to run.

The gumbo clung black and sticky all over everything, to sidewalks, to grass beginning to show brown green through the snow, to back and front verandahs. We had to scrape our feet on the edges of the sidewalks or the scrapers by the doors. We waited until it dried to seep away. Mounds of mud everywhere.



The home Phyllis Patterson grew up in, at 11227-63 St.



Patterson, in uniform, with her friend Marion Milray on Jasper Ave. in 1940.

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Concordia College as seen from the river valley in the '30s. "Faculty Row" consists of the four houses on the right side of the picture.

### Concordia long part of Highlands community

## College roots run deep

Concordia College, on Ada Boulevard just east of the Capilano Freeway, may not technically be part of the Highlands. But its roots in the community run deep.

Since the college was founded by the Lutheran Church in 1921, its students have boarded with Highlands families. Many professors past and present settled in the area.

The college was originally meant to prepare men for preaching and teaching within Lutheran churches and schools. The administration building, named Schwermann Hall in honor of the first president, and the boys' dormitory known as Founder's Hall, were the first buildings on campus.

Co-education was briefly experimented with during the latter half of the '20s, but was dropped and did not re-appear until 1941, when the college introduced Alberta-accredited high school courses.

Five women were in that 1941 class, growing to 28 by 1945. Since the girls' dormitory on the west side of campus was not built until 1956, a fair number of the girls attending Concordia College were billeted in the Highlands.

Of particular interest to the Highlands Historical Foundation was the fate of four houses on Ada Boulevard just east of campus, built to accommodate teaching staff. They were demolished (one was moved) to make way for the Capilano Freeway.

In 1929, new residences were under consideration for five faculty members. The college exchanged 11 lots it owned on the north end of campus—along 112 Ave. where the Esso gas station and car wash now stands—for an equal amount of land along Ada.

The residences on "Faculty Row" became a taxation test case that went all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada.

The college had asked the city assessor for a ruling on whether the buildings, since they were part of the college, would be tax-exempt. The assessor assured Concordia they would not be subject to taxation.

When the assessor changed his mind the following year and sent out

a tax notice, the case ended up in the Supreme Court of Alberta. When the college won, the city appealed. Eventually, the highest court in the land ruled, in 1934, that the houses were taxable.

Professor Albert Riep, a Concordia student and then a teacher, lived in one of the four homes from 1942 to 1967. They were all identical, the now-retired teacher says, four-bedroom, two-story homes built in the colonial style.

Dr. Riep has fond memories of the wonderful view from Ada Boulevard overlooking the valley and the golf course. He remembers the abundance of choke cherry and saskatoon bushes nearby.

He also remembers the vibrations from the explosions in the tunnels of the mine that ran underneath the Concordia College property.

After mining ceased in the '30s, the tunnels tended to collapse. Instant ponds would develop, overnight, on the golf course.

When plans for the Capilano Freeway became a reality, most of the Faculty Row residents moved. Three of the homes were torn down, and a fourth moved to an unknown location. Of the five privately owned homes located behind Faculty Row, only one remains. It was built by a Mr. Grady, a retired contractor. His wife continued to live in the home after his death, and the house was sold to Concordia in the '70s. Grady House is presently the home of the college bookstore and some faculty offices.

Schwermann House, built in 1953 for the former Concordia president, was spared from the wrecking ball due to its location just outside the freeway's needs, at Ada and 72 St. But nothing stays the same. Schwermann House was moved last year to the west side of the campus.

Its former site is now taken up with the construction of the Concordia Lutheran Seminary, designed by Edmonton architect Peter Hemingway.

- Barbara Patricio

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Tracing home ownership isn't difficult

# Researching your home

Do you ever wonder, as you wander through your Highlands home, what conversations those walls have been privy to over the years, what lifestyles they might have observed over the past decades stretching as far back as 1912 in this neighborhood?

Researching your "house tree" is a fascinating, and not terribly difficult, historical pursuit. A number of readily accessible resources can provide a wealth of information.

The first step should be an historical land titles search. Armed only with the legal description of your property, you can request a search of all the titles registered in the Alberta Land Titles office (mezzanine floor, the Brownlee Building, 10365-97 St.) against the home since it was constructed.

The titles, which cost \$2 each, indicate who the previous owners were, the value of the property when it was acquired, a record of mortgages, etc. A search can be restricted, if you wish, to a particular time period.

If you're curious as to the manner in which a property was transferred, i.e. if the transaction was a sale or a foreclosure, copies of transfer documents can be obtained from another department of the land titles office.

Also available, with a bit of digging, is a copy of the original subdivision plan for your neighborhood. The plan number will be noted on your current certificate of title, and can be retrieved from the survey section of the land titles office. If your house pre-dates 1915, that plan will show the actual name of your street before the numbering system came into effect in 1914.

Armed with the names of previous occupants and the dates of their occupancy, you can move on to phase two of your research.

A wealth of information is contained in old Henderson directories. The annual directory, published every year since 1905 in Edmonton, lists the occupants of each address in the city, the occupation of the principal resident, and can even yield up information about other members of the family.

Since Henderson directories also list community organizations with officials, you may even be able to establish the previous owner's community activities. (Admittedly, this might be a time-consuming exercise.)

The Edmonton Archives may provide other nuggets of historical information, since many building permits etc. are on record there. The archives may actually have files under the names of previous occupants or owners.

Historical information about the neighborhood is also available from the Provincial Archives in the Provincial Museum.

One of the goals of the Highlands Historical Foundation is to build up, through this newsletter and the compilation of data, an complete and thorough history of the neighbourhood.

Happy research!

- Yessy Byl

## The historical resources designation programme

Historical designation, by the provincial government, is one of the few ways in which we can ensure the protection of the unique historical character of the Highlands.

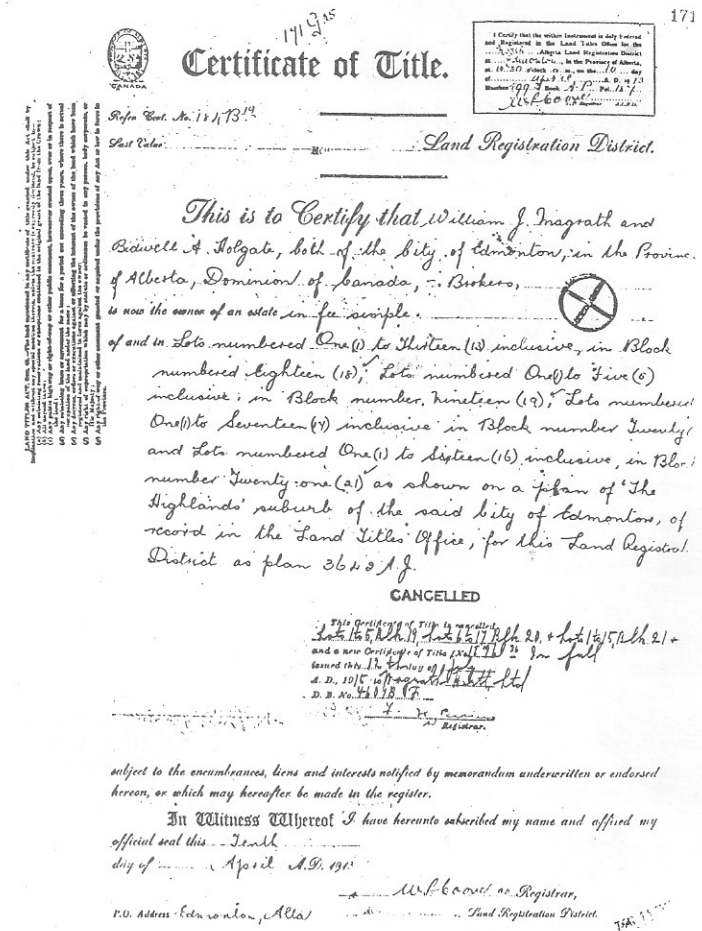
We already have an unprecedented number of historical sites in our neighbourhood—Magrath Mansion, Grierson House, Holgate Residence, and the Morehouse (or Ross) Residence. Application has been made for at least two other sites—the Gibbard Block and the Chown Residence.

Two levels of historical designation exist.

Most Highlands historic sites fall into the "registered historic resources"—significant sites for a community or region, with moderate to strong architectural merit.

Upon such designation, an owner must notify the minister of culture 90 days prior to any planned alterations. As long as the department does not respond once those 90 days are up, the homeowner is welcome to go ahead with changes.

A "provincial historic resources site" is normally associated with an important part of Alberta's history—i.e. the residence of a famous person—or there must be outstanding architectural merit to the building. With such a designation, you cannot make any repairs or changes to the building without written approval from the minister of



Certificates of title, such as the one illustrated above for a Highlands home in 1913, are easily made available from the Alberta Land Titles office in Edmonton.

culture. The Magrath Mansion is the only Highlands building falling under the provincial historic resources site designation.

If you feel your house is worthy of designation, begin by contacting the Historical Resources Division of Alberta Culture to obtain forms and further information. Be warned, it's a lengthy process!

Unfortunately, funding cutbacks have led to the cancellation of the government's grant program for restoration of homes registered as historic resources.

Also, substantial lay-offs at the historical resources division of the culture department have left some doubt as to the extent of resources available to assist in preparing the designation request and even in the providing of technical advice. We can only hope that these changes do not mean the government has lowered the priority given to preserving historic resources.

At present, only one government agency—the Alberta Historical Resources Foundation—provides grants for the maintenance or upgrading of historical sites in Alberta.

Further information about historical designation can be obtained from: Gerry Ward, Assistant Director, Resource Management, Alberta Culture, 8820 - 112 St., Edmonton, Alta. T6G 2P8. The telephone number is 431-2362.

- Yessy Byl

## Highlands Homes

# The Chown Residence - 11141-62 St.



The Chown residence has a semi-tragic history, reflecting the boom-bust economic cycles of Edmonton.

The Chown residence was one of the original homes built by Magrath-Holgate at the onset of the development of the Highlands. Local rumour has it that lumber used in its construction came in the same shipment as the wood used to build the Magrath Mansion.

The building permit for the house was issued to Magrath-Holgate Co. in November, 1912. At that time, 62nd Street was named Grace Street. It was subsequently renamed Johnstone Street before the ultimate change to a mundane number.

The architect was in all likelihood Ernest Morehouse, who designed the Magrath and Holgate homes along with several more the development partnership built in the neighborhood. It is a style popularly called "American Foursquare" and is quite similar to the Highlands residence that Morehouse built for himself at 11153-64th Street.

Russell Chown purchased the house from Magrath-Holgate on Dec. 31, 1913. He had arrived in Edmonton the preceding year, joining his parents and siblings who had made the trek west from Belleville, Ontario in 1906. They had established Chown Hardware in Edmonton in 1906, with father W.W. Chown in charge.

Russell arrived to take on the job of secretary-treasurer of the company, and manager of one of the two store locations.

There were close personal ties between the Chowns and Magraths. Both families were active in the Methodist Church and originally emigrated from Belleville—Magrath in 1904, the Chowns in 1906. Before it was made into a number, 116th Ave. was called Chown Ave. Both Russell and his brother Leroy purchased homes in the Highlands. Leroy lived at what is now 11445-63rd St. then known as Irwin St.

Russell's timing couldn't have been worse. The fortunes of the Chown Hardware mirrored those of the Edmonton economy, and its disastrous downturn in 1914.

In March, 1915, one of the Chowns wrote to a relative in Belleville. "In a business way, things are not satisfactory. Our business last year showed quite a large loss. The volume of trade is so reduced that the results cannot be expected to be profitable."

His prediction was accurate. Chown Hardware Ltd. was liquidated

in May of 1916. The entire Chown family, except for Russell, his wife and children, left Edmonton in 1916.

Russell stayed longer than his family, but his fortunes did not reflect his persistence.

In 1914, to keep Chown Hardware alive, he took an outside job as superintendent of the city stores and works department. He was still involved as a shareholder and secretary-treasurer of Chown Hardware until the 1916 closure—going so far as to re-mortgage his home in 1915 to meet the bank's demands for additional security on its loan.

Even the security of a municipal job was short-lived. Russell's job, as well as the entire city stores and works department, was eliminated in 1916 or 1917. He subsequently became a travelling salesman for a series of building and hardware supply wholesalers. But by 1923, Chown was unemployed. The 1924 Henderson's Directory lists him as a labourer.

At that point, Russell Chown finally gave up on Edmonton. He and his family are believed to have returned to Ontario.

The house itself also suffered a prolonged ignominious decline. Russell Chown had purchased it for \$7,000 in 1913. By November, 1916, the house and lot were appraised at \$4,300. By 1922, Chown lost title to the home to Magrath-Holgate Limited, who foreclosed on the mortgage. The family, however, continued to live in their home until the departure back to Ontario.

The house was converted into two suites in about 1924, when title was transferred to Magrath Ltd. The "renovation" caused some less than attractive alterations to the home's interior.

Things didn't get much better for the home. In 1931, another mortgage-holder, the Edmonton Credit Company, foreclosed.

The property in fact never regained the giddy heights of its value in 1913 until 1946, when it was sold for the grand sum of \$8,000!

Application for historical designation has been made for the Chown residence. With the assistance of the Alberta Historical Resources Foundation, the slow process of preservation and restoration has again begun.

- Yessy Byl

## Festival of Lights 1990

Once again, the Highland Historical Society managed to pick the coldest night of the year to bring judges together to enjoy the Highlands Christmas Festival of Lights.

Deciding which home and which block had the finest Christmas lighting of last year's Christmas season was difficult.

After much deliberation, the winners were named as follows:

- Marcella Gibbs' dress shop, best decorated commercial establishment.
- 5660 Ada Boulevard (the Koshman residence), best decorated residence. Honorable mentions to 11227-63 St. (historic

decorations); 11341-64 St.; 11234-63 St.; 6111-111 Ave. and 11234- 61 St.

- Best block went to 64th St., for the best decorated boulevard trees between 111th Ave. and 114th Ave. The judges were hard-pressed between 63rd, 64th and 65th Streets.

A special thanks to the donated prizes. Ernst and Carol Eder of La Boheme donated a dinner for two to the winning residence. Theatre Network supplied 15-pairs of tickets for the occupants of all the 64th St. homes who strung lights up on their boulevard trees.