

We all have good memories of growing up here and many of us who came back appreciate living here now and are passionate about keeping the history alive. I remember Montgomery Park as the hub of activities for us growing up. We were never stopped by cold weather, us girls playing broomball or enjoying the public skating. Our dads all taking turns in the rink shack (we still call the recreation building in the park the “rink shack”). In the summer when I was younger, I remember playing marbles on the road on the way to and from school. As Merle Falk said, we had our best friends but would always play or hang out with everyone.

As all the other families, we had a large garden. A job Ken and I had was to pick the raspberries, getting scratched by the thorns and having ants crawl up our legs. To this day, although I love eating raspberries, we didn't plant any and I don't go picking them.

One of my fondest memories was going horseback riding usually most weekends – Claypools had a stable just south of 11<sup>th</sup> St and the trail used to come right through the south end of Montgomery Place. I have an old home movie which shows me and my brother with the horses in our backyard – lots of grass for them to munch on there. In these early days the natural field grass in our backyard would grow quite tall, my dad would cut it down with a scythe and leave it in big piles, as youngsters Ken and I would play and jump in those piles of grass. Where else in the city could you have the rural and city pleasures as a child growing up?

Ken and I had a summer job helping our Mom and Dad deliver the mail- there are 3 or 4 posties out here now. Those of us who grew up here and live here now, always refer to different homes by who originally lived there – we would refer to the “Strouts” house or the “Fairbrother” house etc.

Another summer job I had was helping my dad when he built garages for neighbours. One day Jan Strouts and I were on the roof of the garage being built at the Schklov house. Our job was to spread tar so dad could lay the shingles – somehow one of us tripped and the whole can of tar spread over the shingles that

were already layed.....poor dad, he had to do it all over again. Needless to say we didn't do that job again.

High school days took us out of our community – do you remember everyone trying to squeeze onto the bus to travel to Mount Royal, including Mr. Patola? We walked home many times because it was so crowded. I remember carpooling with Jan Strouts, Marg Ludlow and Doris McCullough when we could finally drive. My brother and his friends spent many summers at the SIR drag racing – his car was a blue Valiant convertible and mine was a 1964 Falcon 2door hardtop! – what fun.

Lots of good memories of growing up here, it is a special place.

*BARB (THOMPSON) BIDDLE*

