

Some memories, no particular order, as my brain is functioning as an “official old fart brain”.

The rink....learning to raise a puck, crashing into the boards repeatedly, ruining the toes of my skates, sorry Dad; playing “crack the whip”; hearing the skaters waltz.

The community geography...the immensity; the sloughs, the rafts....I forget who else said it....but those rubber boots that weren't quite high enough....sorry Mom; picking Buffalo horns; building forts; playing all day with friends; watching the big “guys” play baseball.....wanting to be like them; getting picked up by Nick Patola at 7 in the morning in his Volkswagen with no heat....loved that man; Curly and the horse drawn milk wagon, sitting on his stove in the wagon and burning a jacket, sorry Mom; “thumbing a ride down to Riversdale pool; transitioning from bikes to cars; knowing everybody on your street...ok all the streets, there weren't that many then; watching Jim Kryway and seeing his respect and manners; Merle mentioned this....garden raiding...whoops; watching teams, being on teams; golfing at Holiday Park; walking to football games at Gordie Howe bowl; the Northern Lights viewed in Montgomery; building snow forts.

Wow.....

LARRY LARSON