

I remember when our house (3239 Ortona) was the last house in the subdivision going west. Our neighbour to the east was Curley, the milkman who delivered milk in a horse drawn wagon. Also remember playing street hockey with road apples.

I remember growing up with other baby boomers. You always had a best friend but there were lots of other kids in our age group to do activities with. It seemed like everything was done outdoors, probably because our houses were fairly small.

I remember helping my father flood the rink and I couldn't wait to skate on fresh ice. Who could forget the January cracks in the ice? You had to skate with your head down to avoid the cracks. I remember walking across the park at night to go skating and the Skaters Waltz still rings in my memory.

I remember going to the Saturday matinee at the Roxy Theatre on 20<sup>th</sup> Street. My mother gave me 35 cents; 10 cents for the round trip bus fare, 15 cents for the movie, 5 cents for popcorn and 5 cents for a drink. If you walked home you had an extra nickel to spend.

I remember helping my parents pick raspberries. My parents took advantage of our ½ acre lot to add a large raspberry patch to our garden (back then, everyone had a vegetable garden). We sold raspberries for 35 cents a pint or 3 pints for \$1.00.

I remember almost all the houses in the community were small, usually less than 1000 square feet. Like many other families, my father was the primary builder of our house with the help from other firefighters. After the war, times were tough but we made it through and are all better people for having the opportunity to grow up in Montgomery Place. It still holds a lot of cherished memories.

MERLE FALK