



Margaret Zwart

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My parents were immigrants from Holland. They came over right after the war. There was a lot of that here. They came here not speaking English, and they weren't always received well by the Canadians at the time. They built their own churches and their own schools. We would walk over the trestle bridge by Elgin Street to our bus stop. All the public school kids were coming this way, and we were going the other.

We would come down to a variety store; it was Frank's Variety Store. We would come on the weekends and get a 10 cent ice cream cone. We used to walk down to the mill pond and go skating. My dad would

come down and tie our skates. I remember before we had a freezer in our home there was a store called Dykstra's, and they had lockers where you could leave your frozen food until you needed it. The milk came in a horse drawn wagon a few times a week. You had the bottles with the tokens inside that indicated what kind of milk you wanted and how much.

