

Remember when Chief Bell, Peel Street, was the head of the Lindsay constabulary? On officer made all the arrests, kept books and records, attended court and patrolled the streets. Chief Bell concluded his police career as a Constable at the Union station in Toronto.

Remember Chief John Short, St. Paul Street, also a one man force. He was tall, grey haired and in the winter months wore a tall wedge hat of persian lamb fur. He was strong and fairly agile. His biggest battle was probably the night hockey fans from Peterboro and Lindsay caused a riot which resulted in the smashing of window of two Chinese laundries, one on Kent street near the Star Cafe and the other on William St. North, the present office of W. D. Whyte, insurance.

Chief Chilton was a portly man, as was Chief George Umphrey a former resident of Burnt River.

Remember Chief Ralph Vincent, an Englishman who was drilled in police work in England. He was also known to Masons as a singer and was a member of a male quartet. Vincent moved on to the Canadian Soo. Joe Nelson was an officer who was quite dapper in appearance and was often noticed with a whisk and a brush frisking dust off his uniform.

Remember Ralph Lawler, a popular and efficient Chief of Police who received his training with the Irish constabulary. He was also known for his knowledge of the law and many a time was called by by lawyers to set them straight on the law.

Then there was Chief Art. Webster the man who held the dual office of Chief of Police and Chief of the Fire Brigade. He moved on to Toronto.

Remember the name of Reeves? Chief Charles Reeves was a big man and was a

good officer as was his son Fred Reeves who after leaving the police force ran a fine billiard parlour in the present Tangney block. As years went by Ewart Reeves, a son of Fred Reeves, was also a member of the Lindsay police force. For several years past Ewart Reeves has been identified with the Canadian National Railway on runs out of Lindsay.

Members of the police force in former years were adept at the use of the "billie" and many a tough disturber was brought to the "cooler" after receiving a couple of taps on the head from one of these leather covered sticks.

The local force under the capable head of Chief John Hunter today numbers over fourteen and the department has two fast cruisers and a motor cycle. In the old days the Chief of Police rode a bicycle and it was a one man squad. Today the members of the force work on eight hour shifts and in the yester-years they worked practically day and night. Today the men get regular holidays with pay. In former years the Chief of Police was lucky to get a holiday.

Such is life, such is progress in a progressive age.

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Hockey championships are still being decided in the middle of the merry month of May. Professor Arthur Phelps of Kingston broadcasting for the Canadian weekly newspapers on Sunday morning on the CBC, proudly commented on Bobcaygeon winning a junior championship. The manager is Jack Phelps, no relation of Arthur Phelps but they have one thing in common - Prof. Phelps recalled the Bobcaygeon team of which he was manager of sixty years ago when the championship was wrestled from Fenelon Falls, the game being played in Lindsay.

Incidentally Prof. Phelps, a

son of a clergyman who occupied the pulpit of the Queen Street United Church, preached for a time at Nogie's Creek before becoming a professor at Winnipeg University.

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Remember Norman "Buster" MacDonald, now of Toronto, who was a former employee of the old firm of Dundas and Flavelle? "Buster", renewed acquaintances with his former pal Hilton Brown of Brownie's Men's Wear last Saturday, and he recalled the curling days at the Peel Street rink when a team of youngsters won the club championship, much to the chagrin of the veterans of the day.

Bert Menzies was the canny skip who could draw "through the eye of a needle"; Art Carew was the vice-skip who could belt opposing rocks out of the blue circles with deadly aim; Hilton Brown was the guard man who could be relied on the over shot rocks and "Buster" MacDonald tossing the two 50 pound stones was the youth who planted the rocks at the touching edge of the rings.

Recalling the championship, MacDonald said he will never forget the manner in which J. D. Flavelle entertained the rink in the large billiard room of the Flavelle home on Bond Street, when the winners also received prizes and refreshments.