

Two classes for young men several years ago, both having a fine enrollment, had their birth in Cambridge Street United Church. One was the class taught by Miss Ethel Flavelle, B.A. It was called *Semper Fidelis*, a Latin term meaning Ever Faithful. The class was well organized and the membership was not restricted to the above denomination. In fact, it included young men from several Churches. This Class held sway for several years and many members "rose to heights of glory" in many fields of endeavor.

Many mature men of today will also recall with fond memories the O. R. B. Young Men's Literary Class, when the Class met regularly at the home of the founder, Mrs. Wm. Flavelle.

Members held Mrs. Flavelle in high regard. Mr. Newton Smale met regularly with the Class and was named the Critic. Many of the problems of the world and problems of society were attempted to be settled by this young group, and many leaders in professional and business ranks today owe their start to their membership in the O. R. B.

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Citizens of Lindsay as well as from many miles north, west, south and east, still "mourn the loss of a once timed honored friends — the large four-faced clock which use to ornament the old Post Office tower when the P. O. stood on the Kent Street site of the present Dominion store. It is gone but not forgotten.

The paragraph above reads like an obituary and it could be so. It was back in the day when Sir Sam Hughes was a prominent figure in local and Canadian politics that the post office tower was raised so many feet to accommodate the big time piece. It was one of some twenty such clocks passed on to posterity by Sir Sam. There are citizens today who still unconsciously raise their eyes to the atmosphere where once the clock was. Where is the weather seared old clock? In the "dungeon" underneath the Town Hall. There was a "hue and cry" by the populace of Lindsay when the old post office was razed to the ground in the name of progress and Lindsay suffered the loss of the clock. The result was that the Town Council bought the Clock for \$700 and it was "interred" in the cellar of

the Town Hall. There it remains to gather dust, rust and blue mould. Perhaps some day the Historical Society, the Town Father or some philanthropist will resurrect "Good Father Time" and elevate it once more to the gave of present and future generations.

Mr. Bruce McCarty, well known popular jeweller, recalls the hundreds of times he mounted the ladder in the old post office tower, squeezed through an aperture in a high platform in order to reset the clock and start the mechanism in motion again after the hands were stuck solid by the stormy blasts of fall and winter.

He had this to say: "Sir Sam Hughes was instrumental in securing the clock and McCarty's had the contract of

caring for the apparatus — and that is the right word for it was large and many times it refused to tick and it was no easy job to keep it going. My brother Wilbur was with the Canadian Army overseas at the time and I had the task of “pleasing the public” and keeping the time accurate — the old clock was popular for every time it failed to go, every person in Town complained and the newspaper editorialized. The clock did have a place in the hearts of the people.”

Many visitors even to this day almost automatically look up to where the clock used to perch. — Gone but ~~not~~ forgotten.