

FORD MOYNES

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on the

MAIN STREET



Many a school boy has been punished for minor and major pranks and misdeeds and just as many failed to be caught. It is probably fair to state that school misdemeanors were a great deal more prevalent in the days gone by. The offences are different today and the wholesome practical jokes are almost a thing of the past and in many instances rightly so. Perhaps there was more fun in the old days and days not too far back.

An ex-Lindsay boy was a competitor in the local lawn bowling tournament a week ago and he recalled one school day prank. Gordon Fee, son of the late W. J. Fee, a rail-roader, now lives in Peterborough and he recited the story that when his aunt, Miss Margaret Fee, was teaching in the Central School that she was a yearly victim to hay fever and had the nauseating ailment severely. One day in order to get away from Miss Fee's class the young nephew picked a bouquet of golden rod and left it on teacher's desk. The gag worked — Miss Fee was out of school for three days.

It was remembered by another lawn bowler that the best way to disrupt a class was to drop a tiny mouse on

the floor and then go into laughing convulsions as girls screamed and stood up on the seats. The culprit was seldom discovered.

Chewing tutti fruiti gum in the class room was a crime, especially if the eagle eye of the teacher caught Johnny showing a girl across the aisle how long a string of gum he could pull out between his teeth. Many wads of gum decorated (?) the hidden part of a desk or seat.

Teachers loathed gum but they surely loved apples and many a boy and girl were called the teacher's pet because they handed the teacher a beautiful larged red apple and what the teacher did not know was that many times the juicy apple had been polished by a juicy spit, and polished by rubbing the apple in a part of the boy's home made jeans.

An unnumbered total of tales regarding school days could be told. What was the reader's most remembered story?

How many remember school inspector Knight, a short and plump white-haired man with a beard? His visits were a joy as he generally dismissed school early and he took a great lot of pleasure in showing the class how to draw a

large sail boat on the black-board. He was also for some time the pipe organist at St. Paul's Anglican Church. He was the father of Leigh R. Knight, a lawyer. The latter had a watery grave when he lost his life in the lake at Deer Lodge when he rushed into a stormy, billowy lake in the vain attempt to save his son from drowning. Both father and son lost their lives.