

Huge tiles of concrete can be seen on the Cambridge Street boulevard between Peel and Wellington. Cement cylinders large enough to "swing a cat" and not ruffle the fur. Perhaps this will be the last major drainage in the area for some years to come.

Old timers have watched a system of drainage in the area for countless years. Back in the distant past when Granny was in her prime, rivers of flood water poured from the township of Ops, southwest of Lindsay causing serious floods around Durham, Melbourne, Albert, Glenelg and Sussex streets.

Many cellars were flooded and there was a yearly holler from irate home owners and in several cases the corporation paid sums of money to householders who could not descend into the cellar where the water was knee deep and jars of precious home-made fruit and pickles floated around the basement. Property owners tried to seal the water out by cementing the walls but all to no avail. Many a landlord sued the town for damages and a few were compensated.

The township council was besieged with complaints, the board at the County Home listened to many complaints as the sewer from the Home could not handle the heavy flow of water travelling off the farm fields. Catch basins on the streets could not handle the floods, residential walks along Sussex Street were washed aside and parts of private walks floated down the streets as far as Victoria Park.

Years ago the town fathers spent several hundreds of dollars building a large wooden box drain through the park, but the remedy did not come until a huge tile drain was built. It is reported that many decades ago the flow of surface water from the upper south ward was so bad that it washed out a small wooden bridge on Kent Street opposite the present Loblaw property.

When the four foot box drain was not large enough the water-flooded streets on Peel, Wellington and Cambridge. At one time this flood water found its way to the river down the Wellington Street hill and many times the drain past Wellington to Bond Streets was crammed and overflowing, causing flooded cellars and sunken gardens. Finally the town installed tile large enough to take care of the trouble. Town Councillors suffered many headaches and much abuse. These huge tiles are costly and installation takes large sums of money but

no one questions the necessity.

At this same time in municipal history, oceans of the flood water from the southwest of the town overflowed catch basins and sewers along Melbourne and Glenelg streets to Lindsay Street, emptyng into another large wooden box drain on Lindsay Street and many times the streets at Lindsay and Russell corner were flooded ankle deep. The old wooden drain had an outlet near the foot of Mill Street at the old stone mill. Through the years councillors have done well in solving the what was once a great nightmare.

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In this ever changing world, boys and girls have up-to-date grandmothers some with mini or middy skirts, grey hair tinted brown, mascara around the eyes and a few wearing false eyelashes. Not so those dear old grandmothers of yester-year!

Remember the beautiful little old lady who seemed to knit all the stockings, the mittens, the scarf and the toque? Gone are the hand knitted red mitts and the long string which ran up and around the neck to the mitten on the opposite hand, and gone are the heavy knitted stockings which at times were fastened above the knee with a large safety pin.

gone are the mile and two mile walks through deep snow across the field, over the rail fence, to school. Deep snow was not a deterrent and keen cutting winds seldom stopped that journey to school. School kids today balk at walking two or three town blocks out in the old days, especially in the country, youngsters had to walk a mile and further in snow up to the knees.

Remember the old box stove that was fed sticks of hardwood four feet long and remember how the sides of the stove became red hot? Remember how the water pail was topped with a half inch of ice?

School was fun — the spelling matches, the Christmas tree concerts, the chewing gum under the desk, the dirty ink well. The seats were hard and uncomfortable.

Carving one's initials on the desk was forbidden but was often done. Teachers were supposed to be strict and cross but they invariably had time to answer questions and help the most backward pupil and they also had time to play games in the yard. It was fun to learn songs like "Three Cheers for the Red, White and

a parody on "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Home work was at times almost a bane in the race for existence but then, as now, the boys and girls who were almost forced by Mother and Dad to study extra at night were the ones who seemed to get along best in the big busy world.

Many eulogies may be written about the school teachers of the past, but students of the distant past can never forget the patience of a loving mother and the necessary severity and strictness of a well-meaning father. Students of the past can still sing and whistle the tune to "School days, School days." They are still looked on as "Dear Old Golden Rule Days."