

# On the Main Street

Donald Jackson of Lindsay has again displayed his extraordinary mastery as an expert archer — the Champion of Canada, and recognized as “tops” in the United States. He is a wizard when handling the bow and arrow. Last Sunday he again demonstrated his uncanny ability in competition with a number of visiting experts.

Jackson's performance recalled to one “old timer” the days when school boys used to bring to school their home-made bows and also catapults. It required some skill and strength to whittle out a long bow from a piece of hardwood but many fathers were good with the knife and the carpenter's plane.

Remember the catapult? Remember the sling? Many a tough gad from a tree was whittled into a two prong catapult when the lad with parental help took a leather tongue from a boot, cut it the right shape, attached strong twine and made slings.

A few window panes were broken but generally the boy became an expert with the contraption, just as Donald Jackson has become champion with the bow and arrow.

Remember how youngsters made whistles out of a gad from the willow tree?

Remember the choke cherry trees and how the lips puckered up when eating the cherries? These trees are no more.

Remember the hawthorn trees in some corner of the old cedar rail fence — gone

but not forgotten. Remember the acorn trees, a delicious nut?

Remember the wild gooseberries, the green ones and the red ones. Gooseberry jam was delicious.

Gone are the old farm orchards with trees loaded with Talman Sweets, Harvest apples, Red Astricans Russets, Pippins, Spies, Harvest Apples and Crab apples. Gone are the Pear trees as well.

Remember the days on the farm before refrigeration when the apples were gently spread out on the earthen floor in the cellar. Gone are the days when the farmer's wife made applesauce in a large bowl. Gone are the days when the pigs relished the apple and even other animals feasted on apples.

Remember the home made cider, the kind that the entire family devoured?

Remember when it was the best thing to do — carve the initials of the best girl on the stable door and expertly carve a heart alongside? It was long hours and hard work, but turning back the pages of memory — it was worthwhile. The old days were good days.