



with Ford Moynes

Time marches on and in the forward trend, what has become of the shoe shine parlour? There were three or four stands and they long ago succumbed to so-called progress.

Old Timers today can recall when as boys they had one thing to do every Saturday night — clean their shoes for Sunday. Then came the modern shoe shine parlour, generally in a barbershop or pool room. Remember the high shoe shine chairs in the Bert Naylor barbershop?

Bert was a progressive tonsorial artist and his shop was taken over by the late Marshall Stevens many years ago. The long cushioned seat was high up so the shoe shine boy did not have to break his back when applying the black polish with a rhythmic slip-slap.

Often a customer had to wait and take his turn and in that event there was usually the Chicago Blade and Leger on hand to peruse or better still the Calgary Eye Opener.

Another good shoe shine parlour was in Brown's pool room, located in the Tangney block. It was interesting and sometimes fascinating to watch the pool sharks operate (and sharks were around to take the money from beginners and smart alects). Billiards and pool were games for the experts and the amateur and the table were always busy and the parlours well run.

Reeves had a fine parlour as did Danny Hogan.

Then there was the shoe shine owned by Herb Hardy, tobacconist. Karrys had a good elevated shoe shine bench and he also had two or three pool tables. At one time Karrys was directly interested in baseball in Lindsay.

A fourth shoe shine stand was located on William Street north in the days when Herb Williamson was the king tonsorial artist. For a time one of the shoe shine boys operated a one seat stand on Kent Street near the Royal Hotel.

It was however, when Lind-

say folk travelled to Toronto that they experienced a visit to barbershops that operated five to ten chairs and a busy shoe shine boy was always alongside.

It was a sight to see the long line of white coated barbers standing by their white leather cushioned chairs waiting for customers. One visit is recalled when a Lindsay visitor walked into a Young Street shop and took pity on the barber who was at the end of the row. The barber was lathering his face when the customer felt one foot being lifted on a stand. It was the shoe shine boy who blackened the shoes as the customers were being shaved. This was all right, but that was not all.

While the hot steam towels covered the face of the customer a soft slender hand lifted his hand and a finger nail manicurist started to work.

When all was completed the Lindsay youth could not afford to be a cheap guy so he was generous with a ten cent tip for the barber, a dime for the shoe shiner and a quarter for the feminine charmer!

Again a transition has taken place. The old days are gone and once more father and son are back to shoe polish and the brush.