

ON THE MAIN STREET

Mar. 4/68



"Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All It's Own", "Always", "Katy", "Shadows", "Moonlight and Roses", "I Wonder Whose Kissing Her Now", "Charmaine" "Merry Widow Waltz", "It's Three O'

Clock in the Morning", "The Rye Waltz", "Glow Little Glow Worm" "Peg O' My Heart", "Peggy O'Neill", "Memories," — Remember?

Old songs like the above (and there were many more) recall the days of yore when Lindsay had a dancing group of young people who belonged to the Twelve O'Clock Club. Dancing was popular and "hops" were held on an average of once a week in the Town Hall, in the Post hall, the Arnold hall, the Rebekah hall and large dances were held in the Armory.

Remember the waltzes, the barn dance, the two steps and the Paul Jones dances? There were no "Bunny Hugs" and some of the more or less stiff laced people did not approve anything that came near to a bear hug. Dances started a round eight o'clock and the "Good Night Ladies" number was sharp on the stroke of twelve when the girl dancers scurried for their coats like Cinderella. At times a paper moon on the end wall was lighted up at midnight and all other incandescents were doused. That was a thrilling moment for the romantic dancers and a squeeze of the hand signalled the end of another perfect day.

Remember "Ma" and "Pa" Tilly? Mrs. Tilly taught many a young couple to dance. T. J. Tilly was Manager of the Bell Telephone Company and although he was not too light when he stepped on somebody's corn, he was a kind and considerate gentleman.

It was the day (or night) when the girls carried a decorated bag to hold their dancing shoes and the men stuffed their dancing "pumps" in their pockets.

Remember the night the Twelve O'Clock Club chartered the Steamer Lintonia and

ran a moonlight excursion to Bobcaygeon? That was a gala and exciting experience. A dense fog sprang up completely enveloping the village and it was almost impossible to see a hand two feet away. Capt. Grey refused to push the steamer from the dock. He was adamant. There was no place to go and the telephone girl was found to be asleep at the switch. Father and Mother could not be reached. Some of the crowd tried to get rest on board, others sought haven in a CPR train coach and some walked the streets of 'Caygeon and many sat all night on street benches.

Next morning the Twelve O'Clock dancers hobbled to the depot, boarded the train and returned to town.

There was no liquor flasks in the party and incidentally there is still some of the dancers who have a feeling that the Lintonia could have made the

trip across the lake and along the Scugog to Lindsay, but that as the Steamer had to make a scheduled trip to Lindsay next morning that the decision to remain in Port was not hard to make.