

**FORD MOYNES**

ON THE MAIN STREET

Riots have been besmirching the pages of history in hundreds of American towns and cities and in distant lands. The word is now an ugly one in today's vocabulary. Riots have been as scarce as hen's teeth in Lindsay but two have been chronicled.

The first was before any of the readers of this column were born, away back in the days when the Purdy's had a grist mill on the banks of the Scugog River, when the building of a dam caused hundreds of farm lands between Port Perry and Lindsay to be flooded. Crops were ruined and farmers became so incensed that one bright sunny day they armed themselves with hay forks, pitch forks, whiffle trees, pike poles, irons and stones and marched as an angry mob on Lindsay to destroy the dam. By peaceful persuasion and promises to rectify the trouble the riot was halted.

The second riot still remains fresh and green in the memories of many citizens of today. It was a tumultuous affray. It was a lovely sunny day in winter but the thermometer hovered around the zero mark

about the middle of the forenoon. Business men, clerks and pedestrians were somewhat startled and alarmed when they heard a few screams and when they saw a young Chinese girl clad in pyjamas running down the east side of William Street past the Gregory block with a burly Chinese laundryman in close pursuit. The chase ended on William Street south. No harm was done but ugly rumors were heard during the balance of the day. The young girl was fleeing to the home of a missionary woman who had been a friend of the girl.

The second chapter of the story starts with a hockey game. The old rink on Lindsay Street south was packed to the rafters to witness a game between two rival teams from Lindsay and Peterborough. Excitement as usual ran high and during the game frenzied fans talked about the morning episode on William Street. Lindsay won the hockey game but the battle had been hard fought and tempers flared after the game. When the fans were in front of a foreign operated laundry on Kent Street where Cooper's restaurant is

now located, some "bright" person threw a chunk of ice through the window and the riot was on. Lindsay's one man police force, Chief John Short, was brave but hopeless as he drew out his baton and rolled around in the snow. Then the mob, now joined by Peterborough rooters, moved on to the laundry on William Street and in a few seconds the glass window was shattered and door smashed. Snow balls, rubbers and sticks rained on the building for some time and inmates fled upstairs.

It was impossible to make arrests but on the following day a number of rioters appeared before the "Beak" but the charges were dropped.

For good measure a large crowd of fans followed the Peterborough visitors to the Grand Trunk depot and tossed a few more snowballs at the car windows accompanied by many unprintable but flowery epitaphs.