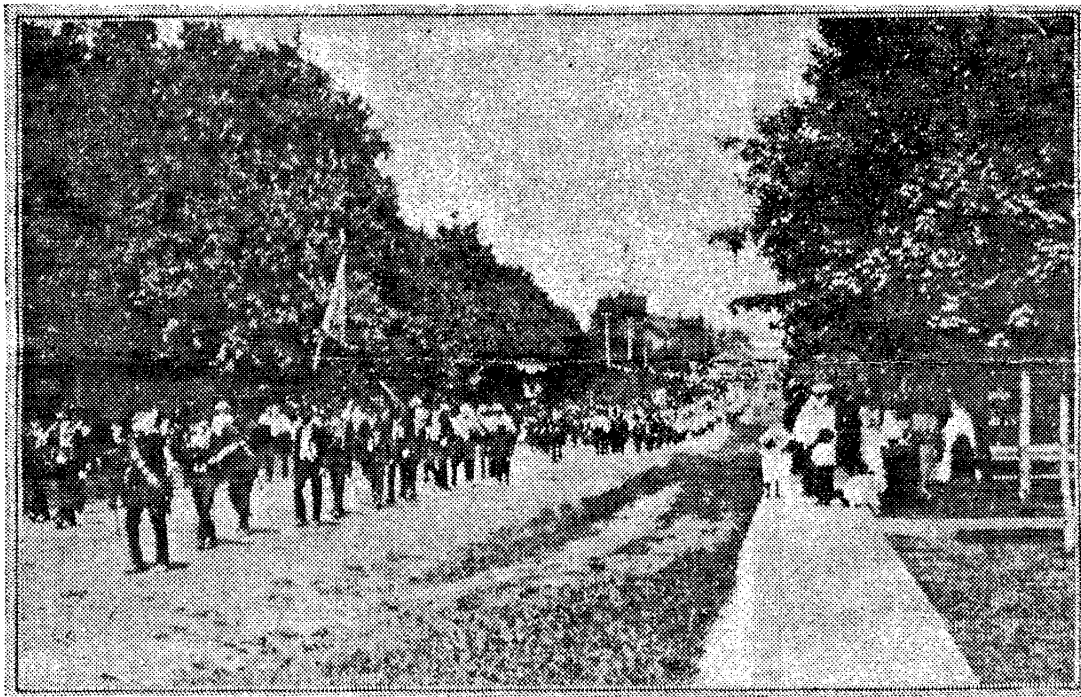


The Post

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1969

On The Main Street

with Ford Moynes



Orange Demonstration, Lindsay, July 12, 1906 was inscribed below this photo on a "Private Post Card" submitted to "The Post" by Lindsay resident Charles Heels. The view is looking east along Kent Street from the corner of Albert Street, and shows an Orange parade in progress along the gravelled roadway. The sidewalk in this area appears to be of concrete.

Countless thousands of pulses and hearts will beat faster and throb with excitement when the Battle of the Boyne will be observed on Saturday next, July 12 in many parts of the universe including the hundreds who will march in Lindsay next Saturday.

Many Orange "walks" have been held in Lindsay during the past century and ardent old timers have happy memories as they recall the days when members of Nos. 557 and 32 turned out in hundreds and many remember when No. 32 looked spic and span, 200 strong, dressed in blue suits and decked with beautiful and highly colorful sashes of black, red and gold and a parade headed by the Lindsay brass band of forty real good musicians.

At the head of the parade rode two County Masters mounted on large and lovely white horses, similar to the steeds ridden by Prince Charley and William of Orange two centuries ago in the lands across the briny ocean.

Thousands of people rolled into Lindsay on the steel rails from the East, South, West and hundreds stepped off the Hali-burton train as the heavily loaded coaches of a double header train screeched down Victoria Avenue and "disembarked" at Kent street.

Remember the main street with it's streamers and banners and many flags fluttering in the breeze,

Remember how "full course dinners" and all you could eat for 25 cents were announced at the different hotels by a man dressed in white who rang a hand bell as he directed visitors to the main door and it was deemed the customary thing to do to toss off a couple of glasses of brew?

In the dining room the long tables were laden with all kinds of food and hungry customers did not hesitate to scoop up extra rations. The tea was so strong "you could almost walk on it" but it was refreshing and no one bothered about the big and ravenous flies buzzing around or the ones which "gave up the struggle for life" as they were glued to a long streamer hanging from the lamps. Make no mistake the dinner was clean, wholesome and appetizing — and all for a shilling and the odd plugged nickle.

Remember the monster parade? It was so long that by the time the tail end left Victoria Park the front end was approaching the opposite end of

the park after a route which tramped the streets of Kent, Cambridge, Durham, Lindsay, Wellington and Victoria. At the park the noise of music filled the air as several bands, fife and drum units and many a lone drummer and picalo player accompanied the big drum, rat-a-tated on the kettle drum, or played the "Protestant Boys" on a fife. Every small corps appeared to be in competition and all wanted to be heard. It was veritable tattoo and it was a grand sight and a happy spirit permeated the park.

The old band stand was crowded to overflowing with officials and speakers and eloquence flowed from the lips of orators. At times it was hard to hear the speakers as a number of over enthusiastic drummers and pipers never seemed to lack fervor and muscle and the drummer who could beat the big instrument by crossing his fast moving sticks in all directions and keep the tempo up and at the same time perspired like a spraying fountain and became a hero.

At the close of day, long after darkness had settled over the town, the sound of a small fife and drum band could be heard above the noise made by the farm wagon on which the musicians sat.

Another "Glorious Twelfth" was over but not forgotten for many long months.

DRUMBEATS

Col. Sam Hughes always walked with his fellow Orangemen.

The Lady Lodges and the juvenile lodges were greatly admired and applauded.

A popular old timer who loved his flute was Dick Abercrombie, one time lockmaster.

When L.O.L. 32 was on parade the two big men who generally led the parade were Jimmy Lauder and Wally Bell.

The annual "Walk" was the occasion when tall plug hats and long frock coats were brought out of moth balls.

One settlement in particular, Verulam, could always be depended on for a large and colorful lodge on parade.

SOME ARDENT VETERANS

Below will be found a list of a large number of Orange veterans. Many have passed on but their memory still lingers, namely: members of LOL No. 32 — Dr. J. W. Wood, L. E. Williams, S. M. Scott, E. N. Mitchell, Joe Ashman, A. E. Staback, and James Lawder.

E. W. Moore, Bill Brown, Hank Brown, Tom Gage, Jim Roson, W. G. Graham, Sam

Alcorn, Allan Gillies, William Barnsley, Wellington Bell, Henry Bell and D. Cinnamon.

Port Conquergood, John A. Hall, Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, Norman Kennedy, Fred Quibell, Ernie Riley, Major William Warren, George Coombs, Sam Scott, Merle Lindsay and Lloyd Lee.

J. E. Blewett was the W.M. in 1918 and 1919 when there were over 400 members.