

# The Post

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## On The Main Street with Ford Moynes

"I have worked on 'the line' at the General Motors Plant at Oshawa; I worked hard as a farm hand around Whitby and I laboured from dawn to dusk in the Prairie wheat fields of the Western part of Canada but I like best my quiet, peaceful life right here on my sixty acres in Manvers Township with my two best friends — my dogs," said Edgar Hewson, a quiet and mild mannered man who has seen a great deal of life in far away distant points.

When the call to arms, in the name of the King, came in 1914 young Hewson was living in Toronto and he was among the first to leave the Queen City for the barren fields at Barriefield, Kingston; he was among the initial members of the cavalry to sail across the broad Atlantic for England. "We were enthusiastic soldiers and I felt mighty proud to wear the Canadian khaki and be one of the boys in the French fields of Flanders. I was lucky for I was in several battles, especially around Vimy; heard the big guns roar and witnessed comrades slain in the front trenches, but I remained without a scratch — perhaps if I had received a wound I might be enjoying a pension today, but I never had a thought about a pension and anyway I have had a happy life."

Edgar Hewson's best house-

hold friend, next to his dogs, is his television set. "We watch the TV day and night and often crawl into bed after one a.m."

"Who do you mean when you say 'we'?" The reply: "Me and my dogs. Of course they have their bed, but one of the dogs watches TV as much as I do and apparently gets a kick doing this. I like hockey and I like Toronto Leafs, but they are not shaping up very well."

This Manvers war veteran lives a quiet life. He regrets he did not learn to drive a car but he manages to do some shopping at Janetville and Bethany and when in Lindsay he never fails to call at the Edwards Hardware store and picks up meat for the dogs at the Dominion Store. "They like the best," he added.

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A few score years ago storekeepers were more familiarly called shopkeepers. There are a few senior citizens who remember when there were wooden plank sidewalks on Kent Street and many stores were protected from the stormy elements by wooden verandahs.

As a protection from thieves and burglars some storekeepers used to have pairs of locked iron gates at the front door — remember? An unusual prank among some boarders at McConnell's Royal Hotel, so the story goes, was to step

out of a Kent Street window of the Hotel, walk on top of the wooden awnings and peek into the rooms of second storey lodgers.

These were the days of muddy Lindsay when there were plank cross walks on Kent at Cambridge, William and Lindsay Streets and when wagons and horses became mired in the mud so that at times sections of the crossings were lifted and used to rescue vehicles from the mud and clay and then put back in place. This is the unverified story of one local historian.

Wooden sidewalks were "easy prey" for Hallowe'en pranksters, as were the rear yard "reading" closets.

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Remember the days when there were several barber shops in Lindsay, when the well groomed gentleman got "dolloed up" before calling on his girl and especially previous to a dance — and dances were numerous.

Many a hoedown was held in a public hall or in private homes, especially in the country. Big dances in town brought a raft of business to the local barbers.

Walter Richards, Duke Street, ran a two and three chair shop on William Street South, and, being very careful and an excellent barber, he had a large patronage. "Those were the days," said Walter,

"when the town beaus went all out to please their bright eyed gals; the days when some of the young fellows wanted to look their best and smell their best; when they asked for 'the works' which meant a shave, a neck shave, a hair trim, sweet smelling face lotions, talcum powder, a face massage, and hair shampoo with a final touch of some of the sweet smelling hair tonic and some times a shoe shine. I believe the young people years ago had a better time and more fun than they do today." Mr. Richards added: "I used to have customers get the 'works' and end up by having their hair powdered white for a dance and that was something."