

History was made many years ago in Chicago, USA, when Mrs. Murphy's cow kicked over a stable lantern and started the great Chicago fire. This write was reminded a few days ago regarding the year 1957 when the name Lindsay was spread in bold letters practically on every front page Canadian Newspaper in bold type on many front pages of the largest newspapers in the United States and even across the broad Atlantic Ocean in England, Ireland and Scotland. It was the occasion of the great and only bull fight.

Pictures of Lindsay appeared in the largest newspapers

and on TV and the radio blatted the name of Lindsay clean across the length and breadth of Canada, "THE LINDSAY BULL FIGHT". The name of Pitts, Polito, Mackey and Mark appeared in newspaper articles. Never did the old town on the Scugog river gain such prominence before or after.

The much advertised event received a staggering blow in the solar plexis when the Mexican bulls were halted at the Canadian border and refused entrance until cleared by health authorities. Then came the day of arrival and hundreds of people motored out to a farm yard southeast of town to get a first glimpse of the bulls, said to be untamed and as wild as bucking bronchos from the western prairie lands. Instead, the bulls, little fellows and nothing like Victoria County bulls, were skinny and docile and hardly had enough energy to whisk the flies with their little tails.

A special stockade, or high fence was built around a portion of the race track at the fair grounds on Adelaide street with higher price seats for the more affluent fans. Great preparations for a contemplated great bull fight. Crowds filled the stands and the bull fight fans waited for the critters to burst from special stalls built under the grandstand. The docile animals were there and a couple of torridors from the big city on Lake Ontario walked into the arena but the Mexican beefers showed an utter lack of interest and it was only when Lindsay's Chief of Police John Hunter doffed his jacket and approached a bull that the audience received a "kick". Hunter, once a farm lad in Verulam Township, stepped forth boldly and yet with an instinct of caution. The minion of the law grabbed the horns of the bull and momentarily nothing happened. Then the Mexican hunk of beef seemed to take a dislike to the law and the Chief perhaps thinking that it was not good to be too bold as he did not like the nasty look in the bull's eyes, took a few hasty strides and was almost helped over the fence. That was the best thrill the "fans" received for their money. However, Lindsay hit the headlines of a countless number of newspapers and pictures added to the story. What next?