

Several decades ago when Lindsay was experiencing growing pains, a gentleman named Wallace established, owned and operated a factory for the manufacture of buttons made of real bones — a true statement, because a few isolated buttons are still in scattered homes and the articles are so rare that they have become collector's items.

The story of "Button, button, who has the button" — an old time game — rose to the surface, so to speak, when a former native son of the town renewed acquaintances in Lindsay and was presented with a gold 60 year jewel by the brethren of his mother Masonic Lodge No. 77 at a meeting held in the Ridout Street Temple.

Harold Wallace, now retired in the British Columbia city of Vancouver, is one of several Lindsay boys who have made good in the Pacific Coast city and he became successful in the lumbering business. Harold's father was a pioneer in the old Lindsay business world, first in the button business and then in the woolen mill business. The mill was at the corner of William and Bond Streets, the later site and home of Horn Brothers mill in the manufacture of the one time well-known Horn blanket.

Like his father, Harold Wallace was successful in business, the lumber business in the fabulous province of British Columbia, famous for its red fir trees. Since his retirement, Mr. Wallace has become a world traveller.

He has always maintained his interest in the old home town and in his fraternal membership in the local Masonic Lodge.

The presentation at the recent meeting of Masons was ably handled by Charles Heels, Past District Grand Master.

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Correction. "Main Street" was wrong in an item which stated that the old card game of Lost Heir has disappeared. Gordon Mayes, of the Little Book Shoppe, states that many decks are sold every year. At one time it was one of the few card games but it still holds a worthwhile place with card enthusiasts.

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Remember the days when there was a crude baseball diamond on every vacant lot? When as a youngster there was no money in the cookie jar to buy a ball but you

watched big brother make a ball by winding twine around a piece of cork or around a small Indian rubber ball. The cork was supposed to liven up the ball and it did.

After winding the string, the next operation was to cut a piece of leather in two parts, shape the leather properly and then sew the jacket around

the yarn ball. Many a boy made many a baseball. True at times the "pill" was knocked lop-sided but it still could be used, especially when there was no money for a store ball.

There was very seldom a pitcher's mound and as a matter of fact, many players and spectators never knew that in the regulation diamonds there is a mound for the twirler, which tapers out unnoticed by the eye to a distance of four and five feet. . . .

Remember when on some vacant lots the umpire or perhaps the captain of the home team, measured out the home plate and the batter's box? Then came the day of the skinned diamond, and this idea livened up the game.

Remember the time when  
dime were scarce and to see  
how you had to close one eye  
and squint through the hole  
in the fence with the other?

Remember the day you stood  
outside the gate and when one  
of the ball players paid your  
way, or when you carried a  
player's glove and passed  
through the gate? . . . The  
same action also passed you  
through the gate at the hockey  
rink. Many a trick was tried  
in order to get by the man at  
the gate in order to see the  
game.