

EX-CANUCK ASKS POST'S AID IN SAVING ARMY SHOE SOLES

Kent, England,
January 1st, 1941.

Lindsay Daily Post.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if you will help me to save a considerable amount of wear and tear to what at one time was a perfectly good pair of army boots.

Briefly, it's like this: I'm the husband of Herberta Thurston, late of Bobcaygeon (I used to waggle a mean skate around Dunsford "Maple Leaf Arena" at one time). To continue, as perhaps you are aware we have a spot of bother going on here with some German chaps—I guess likely you know something about it, but you know how these things get about.

Anyway, it seems that half the in-

habitants of Lindsay, Bobcaygeon and points East have got the idea this is their schnozzle too—that's fine, in fact it's swell—BUT! here is where my boots come in. Every time my other half Herberta reads that "So and So" of Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, and etc., etc., (including Point Ideal and Scugog Harbour) has arrived in England with the C.A.S.F., I get marching orders—Says she "Now I wonder if 'So and So' is anywhere near where you are stationed?" It's a great life — if —so off I go wherever I hear a bunch of Canadians have pitched their tents and watered their camels.

Now you must understand I'm an Englishman—a Bloke—a man o' Kent (or a Kentish man, we won't argue) and an awful lot of big fish have been nearly caught (but got away) by an awful lot of people on Sturgeon Lake since I last ordered apple pie and ice cream in the "Olympia."

So picture me striding among a bunch of tough, strange Canadians, asking if any one of them comes from Lindsay, 'Caygeon, etc., etc. A puzzled look steals o'er their brows and they mutter in their beards "What manner of strange man is this that speaks familiar names in a strange tongue? Off they dash for an interpreter who, after going into a huddle with me for an hour or so, turns to the assembly and speaks thus: "Any o' youse palookas from Lindsay, etc., etc., etc.? But a vacant look comes again and once more I learn the bitter truth.

But I have not tramped these miles in vain, for not so long ago I found a batch of wild men, and taking my life in both hands (difficult to imagine but easy to write) I sallied in among them and found one little lad from Lindsay—success at last. His name, "Butch" O'Connor of the Artillery, a pleasant young lad.

I promptly took him prisoner and took him home to Maidstone, my duty done (for the moment, I retired to a corner and nursed my aching "dogs," while the two exiles chatted away at top speed. O'Connor returned laden with "Lindsay Post" copies and very pleased at finding someone from Home to visit.

So far I've worn out two pairs of good army boots and found only one Lindsayite—I did find one other last summer but I lost track of him as Jerry was up aloft sowing winter wheat.

I have found Melville Gendron of Bobcaygeon, and expect him up for a visit soon—he says he is busting for a chat with someone from the old home town.

Well, Lindsay Post, I had a very good time in Canada years ago, and I'd like any Lindsay, or 'Caygeon lads over here with the C.A.S.F. to know we are glad to put them up for a week-end on leave if they care to come.

So if you can find room to put our address somewhere in the Post it may save me the trouble of asking every bunch of Canadians if they are from Lindsay and save my feet. — Any Lindsay friends of my wife may be pleased to know she is taking things here like a real "HERO" and is keeping fine.

All the best for 1941.

Yours,

T. G. Nye, Gnr, R.A.

Mrs. T. G. Nye,
Longfield Cottage,
Long Rede, Barming,
Maidstone, Kent.
England.