

It has often been told how Lindsay received its name from a Land Surveyor by the name of Lindsay whose remains are resting under the trees at Macdonnell park.

There are a number of places called Lindsay and their locations are named in the following story from the pen of Leonard D. Nesbitt, a former Post reporter.

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As long as I live I will remember with fond feelings the town of Lindsay. I came there as a child with my family was educated there and grew into young manhood. So when my wife and I were motoring down the west coast of the United States, some fifteen years ago, and came upon a town named Lindsay, I was greatly interested. It is located in Tulare county just below the giant redwood forest. Its population, they told me was 6,000. Since then I studied a world almanac and discovered that there are only five places in the whole world of that name.



There is a village named Lindsay, population 100, in Montana; in Nebraska there is another Lindsay with a population of 225; and in Oklahoma the town of Lindsay has a population of 5,000. So, Lindsay, Ontario, my old home town, beats them all, for I think its population is 12,000.

In 1958 when my wife and I were in Scotland I was informed that there was a Lindsay clan and its head was the Earl of Crawford at Balcarres, Fifeshire, and a ruined castle at Edzell, near Brechen, Forfareshire, had previously been a headquarters centuries ago. The Lindsay tartan: green, brown and dark blue.

When our family came to Lindsay our home was on the west end of Regent street. Among my pals were: Ernie Corley, Russell Williamson, Dick Gray, Eddie McInnis, Fred Helson, Herb Hopkins, Harold Elliott, the Williams boys, Bing Crandell, Neil Armstrong, all in the immediate vicinity. I could name many more a little further off, but it would take up too much space. We had a hockey team and played Woodville in Lindsay and I got a broken nose in the game.

Two years ago when I was taking a medical examination, the doctor said, 'did you know you had a broken nose?' I replied, 'that broken nose is 60 years old.'

I had a letter from Mrs. W. G. Abbott, 47 William St. N., whose maiden name was Viola Laidley, who said she read my articles of old times and remembered me. But I am much older and remembered her step-brother, Eddie McInnes, ore intimately. But most of my generation must have moved away or passed to 'that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller ever returns.' I did meet Harold Wallace in Vancouver years ago and had a letter from Aird Flavelle, now a lumber magnate on the coast, who said he had read in a monthly letter of the Bank of Montreal an article I had written on "Weather in the West," and he mentioned he was proud that a Lindsay boy was so honored, which pleased me but was only an example of how Lindsay people, scattered far and wide, are still interested in each other.

Incidentally, I overlooked to mention that John Fleury, whose father had a grocery store on the south side of Kent St., lives in Calgary and I used to see him often. He got to be office manager of a big grain organization, the United Grain Growers, but has been retired for some years.

Years ago I wrote a jingle about Lindsay's river, which may be of interest. Here it is:

### **THE SCUGOG RIVER**

You may have trod old London's streets,  
And seen the Thames aquiver,  
But I have seen a lovely moon  
Above the Scugog river,  
You may have cheered for  
Kings and Queens  
Who rode in pomp and splendor,  
But I have stood where young  
love stood  
When eyes were bright and  
tender.  
You may have stood on mountain peak  
And watched the Fraser raging

Or seen Mackenzie's might  
flood,

Forever northward surging.

But I aver to you who find  
Your greatest joy in roving,  
There's far more bliss on Scu-  
gog's banks

Mid hearts well-loved and  
loving.