Mrs. Percy Nugent, of Lindsay, Writes Cheery Letters to Soldiers' Mothers.

PROUD OF THEM

W. (Bill) Ellis, a Lindsay boy, now a member of the Toronto Daily Star reportorial staff, has the following to say regarding a visit to Lindsay recently and to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Nugent, Glenelg St.—

"I'd have been ashamed if they hadn't gone; I know they are safe and the only thing that bothers me is that I can't get over there myself."

Thus comments Mrs. Percy Nugent, of Lindsay, regarding her two sons—one a prisoner in Hong Kong and the other a prisoner in Germany.

They are Lieut. William F. Nugent of the Winnipeg Grenadiers, who is in "H" camp at Hong Kong, and Sgt. Pilot John A. Nugent, of the R.C.A.F., whose plane took fire and exploded on his second trip over Germany last July. John had planned to marry Margaret Leonard, a Welsh girl, the same week.

Mrs. Nugent heard from John a few weeks after he was forced down in enemy territory, but had to wait eight months before receiving word that Bill was a prisoner.

In his letter. written June 3 and received August 28, Bill wrote that he was wounded in the left leg and arm and spent four months in hospital. "I am hale and hearty again now, however, and playing softball and volleyball," the letter continued. "We manage to have a fairly enjoyable time, despite the hot, wet weather. Ted Terry and I are competing in a bridge tournament. Chess, ping pong and reading take up a lot of our time. We have enough instruments and players to form a good band and, supplemented by local talent, it presents frequent and highly entertaining concerts.

Poets Thrive in Captivity

"Amateur poets are thriving while plainer folk turn their energies to wood carving, the making of sandals and furniture. Others avail themselves of the opportunity to catch up on studies. I am studying German and teaching mathematics.

"We are being paid enough to buy toliet articles and few cigarettes. We are really quite comfortable, so that there is no reason whatever to worry about us. We expect to be allowed to write one letter each month."

Mrs. Nugent has received several cards and letters from John, who asked his mother to give $2 of his money every month to the Red Cross because it is "our main joy and it is not so much when you know how much they are doing."

"The Red Cross takes excellent care of us, so never worry about me," John said in one letter. "The Germans treat us well and we all consider ourselves lucky to be alive. We have a swell library and I'm getting plenty of serious reading, hence education. There are sports and I'm starting my running again. Our barrack are neat, plenty of showers and we do our own washing. I've just been doing vegetables for tomorrow, peeling spuds and shelling peas. Saturday we got ¼ pound of chocolate and 50 cigarettes for a week."

In addition to keeping up her son's spirits by frequent writing, Mrs. Nugent corresponds with the mothers of other boys listed as missing, wounded or captured. To those who have waited weeks or months for word about their sons, she points out that it was eight months before official word came through about Bill's fate at Hong Kong.

No Time For Bridge

Mrs. Nugent also corresponds with a number of her sons' comrades-in-arms scattered throughout the fighting zones. She says she has to chide one lad in Africa for failing to send her more stories about the big snakes he encounters.

The mother of a grown-up family of six, Mrs. Nugent has another boy in uniform. He is 18-year-old Wilbert, of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. Other members of the family are Harold, Lillian and Elisabeth, in Toronto. Elisabeth is working hard now at knitting socks for her brothers. She is employed by a Toronto advertising firm.

Lieut. Bill Nugent, a graduate of the University of Toronto, was employed by the Hudson's Bay Company before enlisting. John was formerly commander of the Lindsay Collegiate cadet corps. He received his wings at Summerside, P.E.I.

Mrs. Nugent says she never gave up hope during the months of waiting to hear how Bill fared, nor during the time John was missing.

"I always try and keep myself occupied," she explains. "However, I just haven't time for such things as bridge—I'd rather be at my knitting or needle-point work."