

# Summerside Student Tells of Education Tour

## James Clark of Summerside High School Enjoying Holiday In England Visits Many Historical Places.

The following are extracts from letters of Mr. James Clark, one of the students from Summerside High School chosen to attend the Coronation and who is remaining in England, to go on the second tour, under the auspices of the National Educational League, of London, England. Mr. Clark is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clark of Summerside. John Downing, mentioned in the letter is the son of Mrs. Downing and the late H. M. Downing, Summerside.

Left Summerside April 27th. Spent several hours in Moncton where we were met by Moncton High School Scholars and shown through their new High School and extent of interest in the City.

Left Moncton at 10 P. M. and arrived in London on the following day. Spent the evening looking around the City and at 8 P. M. we met the S. S. Montclair in midtown. She had just arrived from Montreal.



JAMES CLARK Now on Educational Tour

Had a very pleasant trip across the Atlantic. We were accompanied by members of the crew that it was the smoothest crossing in years. I was particularly lucky in the assortment of cabin mates. There are four of us in cabin 593. They are John Downing, Jack Matthews, Jerry DeWard and myself. Jerry is a man after my own heart even if he is from Ontario, a mile or two west of the Ottawa River. He is a typical French Canadian, exceptionally well-mannered and has had a wide experience in such tours as this. But what I like in him most is that he is a staunch follower of "Les Canadiens" of Montreal and a bitter enemy of the Toronto "Maple Leafs." He knows many of the players personally and as he is a great talker, we hear lots of them. The boys are pretty good heads, in general especially the Maritimers and the French from Quebec. Generally speaking I am not too fussy about the Ontario boys. The Westons are O. K. but as yet I do not know them very well. There are also one Jap and one Indian in the group. Mr. Shaw, the Superintendent of Education, is also on this trip. He surely is a fine fellow. The Maritimers are clammy and stick together a lot. The other fellows call the Island the "Boatleggers Paradise" and Pop (John Downing), Jack Matthews and I are called "Boatlegs." I have spent whole evenings arguing for the Island with other fellows from Moncton, St. John and Fredericton, but we usually wind up thankful that we are from the Maritimes and give a cheer for them, making it loud enough to be sure for the Ontario fellows to hear. They do not like it, but they have to take it.

We have a concert every second night in the Dining Saloon put on by the boys. While I like the Waiters and Stewards very well, our quarters are nothing to blow about.

There are four Leaders in the party. Mr. Miller from London Ontario is the head. With him are associated Mr. Rowe from Calgary, Mr. Evans from Halifax, and Mr. Nestcott from Montreal. Of these Mr. Evans and Mr. Nestcott are favorites. Mr. Evans is the youngest of the group and is very popular. He has charge of the Maritimers. Mr. Nestcott is a middle-aged, fat, good natured French Canadian and speaks English almost as well as French.

There are eleven hundred passengers on board and the boat has a crew of three hundred, practically all English and they are very nice. Yesterday, May 2nd, we were taken up to the bridge where the officers explained the various instruments to us.

Mr. Shaw has just informed us we are invited to tea in the first class saloon tomorrow morning.

May 5th. We just had afternoon tea in the first class Lounge. Some class eh! This is really our last night at sea. We get to Havre at 2 P. M. tomorrow and Southampton at 8 P. M. However we have to wait on board ship until Friday morning for customs, so that we will have the rail trip to London in daylight. We have just enjoyed quite a thrill. Over the water we can see the lights of Lands End, England.

King George's House. They spent five hundred thousand pounds on decorations alone. The main streets were closed to traffic being packed with people. We again made our way to Buckingham Palace in front of which there were more people than Coronation day, when the streets were kept clear for the procession. The crowd set a terrific yell "We want the King!" He and the Queen appeared on the balcony. When an upset Princess Elizabeth and others also appeared. There is no sense trying to tell you anything of Coronation Day, but I would not like to attempt to over-

throw the King in England. We also visited Hampton Court. I wish Mother could have gone to Hampton Court with us. Her age would cross seven oceans to be there if she knew what it was like. It has the most beautiful grounds I have ever seen or ever expect to see. Every tree is shaped almost to perfection and the flowers are wonderful. The grounds comprise forty acres.

Friday we were invited to listen to a concert by the B. B. C. Empire Orchestra at Broadcasting House. That is a privilege that is seldom granted without ten or twelve months application beforehand.

Saturday afternoon we attended the University Track Meet at the White City Stadium. Such Universities as Cambridge, Oxford, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh were represented. The meet was won by Cambridge. Several records were broken including the mile record, it being done in 4:16.

Sunday and Monday. Free.

Our days are so full I could not begin to tell you everything about the places I have seen, so I will tell you about our conditions here. We are living in King George's House, a large five storey building. It is sort of a boys' home. Besides the students (boys only) from Canada, Cyprus and Newfoundland, there are boys brought in by the Government from discolored areas of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. They are under supervision and are given a chance to learn a trade. The people who work here are very high class, due to their scarcity of servants at this time.

As stated in a previous letter the waitresses at the table are society girls who volunteer to serve. The bedrooms are very spacious, there are six in our room including myself, the others being Pop (John Downing), Jack Matthews from Souris, Murray Wannamaker from Wolfville, N. S., Bill Hood from Yarmouth, N. S. and Av. Cameron from White Bay, N. S. We have two large reception rooms, a library, shower baths and everything.

I have talked to Mr. Douglas, representative of the Prince Edward Island Pur Pool in London on the telephone several times, but only saw him once. He is coming down Monday as it is a holiday day. We are going to a Cricket game. I have not yet seen Miss McLean, A. E. McLean, Senor McCarthy, Jiggs, Margie or anyone from the Island except Ruby McNeill and Dolly Matthews. The buses are still on strike and we have been travelling either on foot or underground.

Sunday May 23rd. Here we are with only one week left in London and I do not think I am doing so well. I was unable to see the British Museum until this afternoon and have yet to visit the Tower of London, Parliament Buildings, Art Galleries and numerous other things I want to see. Yet there is only one week to see them and there are all the engagements already for the week. The last week was really the busiest we have had so far.

Tuesday the 17th we attended the Youth Rally at Royal Albert Hall which was a great success. We had speeches by the Duke of Gloucester (representing the King) Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister, Lord C. Chairman of the London County Council, the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, the High Commissioner for the Prime Minister of Australia, Alfred Noyes who read a special ode which he wrote for the occasion.

Next morning at ten we were in the stands before Buckingham Palace to see the King and Queen in their motorcade. We had to wait over two hours in the rain and wet and did come there in a closed car with no escorts. We were mad.

You probably heard the service in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday afternoon so I will not say anything about that, as there is so much to tell that I would not know where to start.

Immediately after this service we left by bus for Portsmouth. We had two nights on board ship leaving Portsmouth again on Friday morning. On our way back we stopped at Hanworth Aerodrome where we had lunch and spent the afternoon. Most of those who had permission to go were given airplane rides. I was not one of the lucky ones, but I thought I had permission, the rides being chosen by lot. The Naval Review was wonderful. I was on the Rodney which is the largest battleship in the world (about 34,900 tons) although not the largest warship. I liked it fine. However, like the Coronation, I could not begin to tell you about the Review. You will have to wait until I get home. I must however refer to the aeroplanes, hundreds of which continually flew over the ships. They were big army planes, much larger than the ones at home.

I was at the Theatre yesterday to see the Coronation picture. When the Royal Family and Mr. Baldwin were shown the crowds started clapping their hands and stamping their feet. You should have heard the applause Mr. Baldwin got at the Youth Rally. Nor did I ever dream that people were so attached to the Royal family. I was very tired but had a wonderful time. The morning was fairly fine but in the afternoon it poured rain and this made it very uncomfortable for many. A full description of the Coronation is impossible at this time.

Thursday, May 13th. We made a general visit of the City. In the evening the main buildings were flood lit and what a sight. Selfridges store was beyond description. They spent five hundred thousand pounds on decorations alone. The main streets were closed to traffic being packed with people. We again made our way to Buckingham Palace in front of which there were more people than Coronation day, when the streets were kept clear for the procession. The crowd set a terrific yell "We want the King!" He and the Queen appeared on the balcony. When an upset Princess Elizabeth and others also appeared. There is no sense trying to tell you anything of Coronation Day, but I would not like to attempt to over-

Amirals and the castle was built by the Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth.

Bury St. Edmunds, 4 1-2 miles from here, is also very old having Churches dating back to 1100. The Town itself dates back to Roman times. As yet I have only been there once to see "Romeo and Juliet" at the Theatre. We stay here until about the 16th, then we go to Folkestone.

Yesterday we visited Lady Islington's castle, only 1-2 miles from here. The house was built during Queen Elizabeth's reign, but the site is much older. We had tea there. The inside of these places are wonderfully finished and furnished. Lord Islington at one time Governor of New Zealand, has been dead for some years.

We also visited Milden Hall Airport. It belongs to the R. A. F. and at it are many of the big bombers like those we saw at the Naval Review. They are monstrous things. You can walk right up through them from the tail to the cockpit. They are much quieter than the small planes and do not need much of a runway to take off. Of course we were not allowed to take pictures. At this place there are always a number of planes in the air, with others landing or taking off. It is like a small town.

A thing that impresses one over here are the fine roads. Even the small country roads are paved and kept in constant repair. They are kept very clean always and there is a fine, for throwing waste of any kind on the road. And did you notice how clean the streets of London are kept considering the amount of traffic.

Our red blazers surely came in handy as many times. They surely enable us to get a lot of privileges. Pop (John Downing) is now at school at Plymouth and I will not see him for another week but there is a good bunch here at Mr. Aldous and I am having a fine time.

Tomorrow the Major of Bury St. Edmunds is going to have us for tea and have things about the City. One thing about living here you do not spend as much money as in London. It is surely hard to hold on to it there.

Again I cannot help but think of the three weeks in London, and while I was pretty tired at the last, wouldn't I like to have them over again. Even without the Coronation, Naval Review and Youth Meetings, they would have been wonderful. The organization under whose auspices this tour is being conducted must have tremendous influence to get us to the places which we have visited.

On Friday we were received by the Mayor and shown around the City by the Councilors. The Mayor is a great fellow. He lives in Canada for a while and has been in Summerside. I felt quite proud that the Mayor of Bury St. Edmunds remembered my home town.

June 13th. Bury St. Edmunds. We leave here about 11:30 on Wednesday the 16th for Charing Cross for the first really bad day we have had since we came over here. Service was at Rushbrook this morning and we had to cycle 1-2 miles to get there. We were pretty well soaked.

I can now say I have seen both Oxford and Cambridge. We were to Cambridge yesterday and saw many of the College buildings. As was the case at Oxford, we had bad weather. However, I had a fine time although I should like to have several days in which to see the place. The half way between Ipswich and Cambridge. I am anxious to see Bury St. Edmunds a very old and historical town that can rightfully be called the Cradle of English Liberty as Mr. Aldous says. This is a fine country here and very quiet, about the half way between Ipswich and Cambridge. I am anxious to see Bury St. Edmunds a very old and historical town that can rightfully be called the Cradle of English Liberty as Mr. Aldous says. This is a fine country here and very quiet, about the half way between Ipswich and Cambridge.

Some of the boys have rented bicycles for two weeks. I may do the same.

June 6th. We have been at Mr. Aldous for almost a week now and are having a great time. He is a wonderful man, a country parson, not very rich. However, he manages to keep us all I do not know, but the hospitality here surpasses anything I have ever seen. He is a small man with a beard and the friendliest face you ever saw. The last penny boy. He is very comical. Gee, but he is swell here. He is so free and cheerful, too much so when he is driving his old car. He drives through heavy traffic like the "dickens", waves to everybody he sees whether he knows them or not. How he avoids accidents, I do not know. The other day he went to Bury St. Edmunds in a hurry and a crowd of men were doing repair work on the road. There was only room for a car to get through the steam rollers, carts, men, etc.; but Mr. Aldous went through with one hand on the wheel, saluting the other and saying "Cheerio" "Right-o, hello" to the workmen.

It is very quiet out here but there is lots to do playing tennis, croquet and cycling. You should see my bike. I rented it Thursday for five shillings. Friday morning I went twenty-five miles, —20 miles on the bike and 5 miles pushing it. The lock nut on the rear wheel came off and the gear shift broke. I had to take a five mile trip to home. I got it fixed that afternoon and that is high I also had a flat tire that night. The rear wheel went floppy twice yesterday and now the tire is flat again. As I was driving along yesterday a piece fell off. I did not make any difference. It took it back to Bury where I got it. If I can get it put together, I think enough to get there. And to think I could have had a brand new bike for one shilling more.

I was sure glad to get here after our three strenuous weeks in London, but now as I look back, I realize they were and probably will be the most eventful weeks I shall have perhaps in my life time almost surely on this trip.

Yesterday we cycled to Long Melford to visit the castle of Sir William Hyde Parker. It was built in 1550 and is one of the most interesting castles in England. This family has been noted for its

cripple. Our red blazers have surely come in handy over here. Only for them I would not have met Lord Neville, Ernest LaPointe and many others. Every day we wear our blazers we are stopped by many people, some Canadians, others who have been to Canada or are interested in Canada. When we do not wear our blazers we are frequently taken for Americans and we do not like that. In many respects however, the blazers are a nuisance as they draw the attention of the auto-grammaphone seekers and what a nest of them in Folkestone. I dare say I have already signed over five hundred autographs in Folkestone alone.

Yesterday, June 23rd, was a busy day with us. We got up at five to see the boys off—those that were returning to Canada as the first tour is now concluded. They left at 6:44 A. M. and Pop (John Downing) and I left for London at 8 A. M. and spent the day running about London in this manner—Cannon Street Station to Waterloo Station to check our baggage thence to King George's House at Stockwell where we lived during our stay in London, thence to Cockspur Street headquarters of the National Overseas League, thence to Cannon Street, thence to Cannon Street, thence to Cannon Street, thence to dinner and again to Cockspur Street, from there to St. James Park and again to King George's House, thence to Waterloo Station and from there to Charing Cross at 4:15 to take the train back to Folkestone. We certainly were busy.

I am still having a fine time and cannot see enough of this country to suit me.

The extended tour which starts on July 9th will be carried on along under the same auspices as the one just closed and we will continue to wear the same uniforms.

I see by the Canadian and American newspapers there is going to be a war over here. We have not heard anything about it here, and we are in the place that would likely be first attacked from the continent. Nevertheless I guess they are ready over here. Dover looks harmless enough but a guide was telling us that all the fortifications and war instruments are under ground and but two or three officers are familiar with every part of them. It is quite common to see squadrons of three, six or nine planes passing overhead.

June 29th. I have just been doing some work on my essay which has been completed by July 15th.

Pop (John Downing) and I have hired bikes and cycling is our chief pastime. Dover is only seven miles away. Canterbury fifteen and there is beautiful countryside everywhere. Yesterday we cycled to Rampeur R. A. F. Aerodrome. We were not allowed in, but we could see the planes landing and taking off. There are several aerodromes within a few miles of Folkestone. There are also a large number of Soldiers around. Shorecliffe, two miles from here was the headquarters of the Canadian Army overseas during the war. It is still a great military centre and a number of the buildings were erected by Canadians. There is also a beautiful Canadian Cemetery and the people of Folkestone have had a remembrance service for the Canadians who died overseas annually during the last twenty-one years. This year it was held on June 21st and we were privileged to attend. There was a very large crowd there including at least four hundred

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seen two of the three, the other being the Inner Court at St. John College, Cambridge.

Folkestone is also reputed to have the first Nunnery in the world, and the bones of its Patron Saint lie in the Parish Church here which dates back to the year A. D. 600. Hythe five miles distant has the smallest public railway in the world.

This trip is agreeing with both Pop and me. He has lost thirteen pounds and I have gained eight. He still weighs 202 lbs. and my weight is now 163 lbs. We both feel fine.

While at Canterbury we had a group picture taken and I purchased one to take back with me.

There is a lot of shipping in these waters. Looking out of my window I can now see many ships passing through the Straits.

July 8th. Our Extension tour begins tomorrow and we are leaving here at noon tomorrow to go back to the world. If I see it, I shall have

(Continued on page 9, Col D)

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