



CAMPING NEAR MONTAGUE

**VARIETY**  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1-B  
\$2.00 per night. Winter address: 5 Summer Street, Summerside.  
**GREEN ACRES MOTEL and TRAILER PARK** — 12 trailer hookups with water, sewer and electricity. Three acres playground with picnic tables. 1 mile west of Summerside, swimming beach, golf course. Rates: \$1.50 per night, \$10.00 per week. For information write Mary and Wendell Rogers, 101 Bayview Drive, Summerside, P.E.I. or phone 455-5200.  
**RUSTICO GOLF and YACHT CLUB CAMPSITE** — Jack Proud Prop. Situated on beautiful Rustico Bay midway between Cavendish and Stanhope and only 12 miles from Charlottetown on Route 6. Space for over 100

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tents on 200 acre development. Camp on the shore front or back by the woods. Play golf on the Island's newest, most scenic golf course — 9 holes over 3200 yards par 36. Boating facilities on spacious Bay with trout and deep sea fishing, clam digging, swimming, duck and goose shooting in season, recreation facilities and club house. Rates: \$1.00 per night. For information write Box 1164 or phone 894-6300, Charlottetown.

**PRIVATE CAMPING AREA TWO MILES FROM ALBERTON**  
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**PARKSIDE CAMPGROUND and TRAILER PARK** — Opposite P.E.I. National Park Campgrounds at Cavendish, P.E.I. Large scenic area with modern washrooms, picnic tables, electrical hook-ups, near beach. Green Gables house and Golf Course. Large Foodmarket in premises with complete food and other supplies, also drive-in restaurant with ice, home cooking, etc. Rates: Tents \$1.00 per day, trailers \$1.50 per day. For further information write P. R. Boyle or phone Hunter River No. 5, P.E.I. Summerside Rusticoville, 9003.  
**PRIVATELY OWNED PICNIC SITES**  
P.E.I. WILDLIFE INC. — 87 acres situated 100 yards from

the North Rustico entrance to the National Park. Entrance to Wildlife Park off the National Park highway between North Rustico and Cavendish. Picnic facilities available free to Wildlife Park Visitors. Four tables situated along the western park boundary overlooking Rustico Bay, six tables located in wooded portions of the park and land adjacent to park ponds. Less than one thousand yards from supervised swimming area and children's playground at Rustico Beach. Washroom and toilet facilities available in canteen and souvenir building. Native animals displayed in natural surroundings. Park open from 9:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., May 15th to November 15th.

**MAPLE SYRUP TAPPED**  
Enough sugar maples grow in the grounds of Government House, Ottawa, for sugar-tapping to be an annual duty of the staff.

**GREENS BUILT BIG**  
The ancient Greeks periodically built gigantic statues of wood, plated with ivory for the flesh and gold foil for clothing.

**MARBLES TRAVELED FAR**  
The Elgin Marbles are a sculptural frieze taken from the ruined Parthenon, in Athens, by Lord Elgin in the 19th century.

# Ottawa couple claim Island vacation one of finest ever

J. O'Kinsellagh of Belair Park, Ottawa following his 1964 vacation to this part of the country, on his return home wrote the following description of the visit of he and his wife, to this province, which he termed "One of the finest vacations he ever had was made more memorable by their first trip to the 'Garden of the Gulf' — Prince Edward Island."

The O'Kinsellaghs on their trip to this province made several stops at a number of vacation spots in Quebec, New Hampshire, Maine and New Brunswick and eventually arrived at a motel near Shediac, N.B. where they stayed overnight before heading for Cape Tormentine and the ferry.

Following is the detailed description of their trip after checking out of the motel: We decided to follow the Shore Road to see the sea villages enroute. It was a most delightful drive. As we approached a small bridge an old chap was loading seaweed on to a small truck. We stopped and engaged him in conversation. On questioning him he informed us that the seaweed was used to bank the houses for winter as many houses had no foundations. On further discussion it was learned he was born in Ottawa before moving to N.B.

It was pleasant speaking with him and the pause refreshing. Just after leaving him around a curve in the road off to the left could be seen the ferry just leaving the dock at the Cape. This meant a half-hour stop for the other boat from P.E.I. However it passed most pleasantly as we chatted with some Americans from San Francisco, California, who had just covered 5,000 miles and were also headed for the "Garden of the Gulf". Cabot Trail, Gaipe, New York City and the World's Fair. All very interesting.

Suddenly the ferry "Abegweit" appeared and a blast on the whistle indicated to the dock hands to make ready for the mooring. It was interesting to see how the skipper handled the boat as it nosed into the dock.

Soon all was in order and a CNR official waved to proceed aboard. The cars were nestled around the deck. Then a complete train — minus the engine

— was shunted aboard the belly of the "Abegweit", with an appreciable movement of the ship. The train was loaded aboard in sections. A blast of the whistle signalled we were about to pull away for the "Island" and Port Borden.

The interior of the plush "Abegweit" — a Micmac Indian name for "Cradled on the Waves" and the first name of the Island — was lovely. The wide lounge, restaurant and observation decks are a credit to the CN. I believe the Abegweit is the largest ferry of its type in the world.

**NOVEL EXPERIENCE**  
Having decided to dine aboard ship, as it was noon, and a novel experience for my wife Joyce crossing the nine miles of Northumberland Strait and most delightful.

Disembarking at Port Borden we headed for the new Trans Canada Highway and a 38 mile drive to Charlottetown, the capital city of the Island Province which was preparing for the Queen and the Royal visitors.

As agreed over the phone we drove to St. Dunstan's University football field to meet our son Bruce who was out practicing with the Varsity team. He played safety defensive and was doing a good job from all reports.

A tour of the College Campus was most interesting. There was the Kelly Memorial Library — a beautiful new building named after the Bishop of Oklahoma City, Okla., U.S. a former graduate, who had donated his complete library. Then over to the main building founded in 1881.

The ivy covered walls stepped in Island educational history. A short walk to the gym and new artificial arena indicated action aplenty come winter. The whole atmosphere was conducive to study balanced with enough recreation to help the student.

Later we drove over to 2 Dennis Crescent, where Bruce had a home away from home in the lovely new bungalow of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Woods a newly wedded couple and wee David 2-year old whom Bruce grew very fond of.

The Woods family had kindly offered us the use of their home for the weekend as they had motored over to Albany, P.E.I. to see the old folks. This hospitable gesture typifies the heart warming Islanders who go all out to make your Island stay a memorable one.

A little shopping at the nearby Ellis Shopping Centre, supper and a lazy homey evening just watching TV. Then the national news and so bed.

Sunday saw us all at the local Parkdale Church. Then breakfast and away to the varsity football practice at St. Dunstan's. It was quite an interesting session as the Saints were preparing for their opening football game against the Stadacona Sailors from Halifax, N.S. **PERFECT SUNDAY**

Following the practice we all motored over to the lovely Charlottetown Motel for supper. It was here we secured accommodations. A delicious supper was served in the Knotted-Pine Coffee Shop. Then to our rooms to watch TV, only one channel like Ottawa in the early days — and one hour ahead being on ADS Time. Then the news and fins to a perfect Sunday on P.E.I.

The following few weeks schedule had been planned in advance. We were to tour the Island from tip to tip along the historical shore roads. Perhaps I should preface my story with a little history of P.E.I.

It was called "Abegweit" by the Micmac Indians and the first white settlers were the French and many Island accidents attest to these early pioneers from the Old World. Then the Island changed hands and the English took over, the present population is made up of French, English, Scotch and Irish, and all staunch supporters of the Queen and the Commonwealth.

At one time there was a flourishing silver fox industry on the Island. Today it's mainly agricultural, the home of the famous No. 1 P.E.I. red soil potatoes, fishing and tourism. Very little industry exists in P.E.I. and as a result the schools and colleges turn out a first class scholar well fitted to compete anywhere in America or Overseas. The Island is 140 miles long, 40 miles at the widest and four miles at the narrowest points. The red soil is everywhere and the 103,000 island inhabitants love their island home.

**FRIENDLIEST PEOPLE**  
Charlottetown is the capital with 28,000 and Summerside 6,700 are the two main cities. It's the birthplace of Confederation, home of the world famous Malpeque Oysters and recently quite prominent in world news, due to the 1964 Centennial Celebrations and the Royal Visit of the Queen. The friendliest people this side of Heaven. Each summer the beautiful beaches in the National Parks are packed with summer guests — and are unsurpassed. It has to be seen to fully appreciate all its restful beauty.

The Island tour was covered in sections and aided by perfect fall weather the three counties of Kings, Queens and Prince were discovered by the couple from Upper Canada: Joyce and Jack Kinsella.

The first day, as Bruce had the day off, we toured the National Parks and beaches. Little activity here now but ideal for sightseeing. The Green "James Golf Course and home of the author Lucy Montgomery were visited. The beautiful beaches of Cavendish, Brackley, Stanhope and Dalway now deserted except

for a lone fall tourist car but in summer a mecca for guests from all over Canada and the U.S.

One day we spent an hour or so at the lovely town of Summerside, enroute to Cape Wolfe. It was at Cape Wolfe that Capt. Wolfe reportedly stopped on his way to Quebec in 1700. Here one gets a magnificent view of the Straits of Northumberland and the sea. While speaking to a lady who runs the general store at the Cape we were told representations had been made to the government to erect a Cairn and make it a National Park. The old frame United Church over 150 years old was visited and register signed.

**RESTFUL SCENERY**  
On our drive to Cape Wolfe we followed "Lady Slipper" Drive near the famous oyster beds of Malpeque Bay. Hunter River and Kensington — lovely scenic country — and so restful.

One day we drove to Georgetown where we saw the original seaport and museum of P.E.I. history and the new frozen fish factory being constructed. Swinging south we followed the coast to East Cape and as you sighted the Cape Breton Highlands and the Cabot Trail you realized you were at the end of the island.

Turning we followed the lovely paved road to Souris, and it's "Dragger Fleet". A stop at the new post office and a chat with the postmistress elicited the information that Souris got its name in the early history of the French settlers as the place was overrun with mice. Now it is a thriving fishing town.

The lovely Provincial Parks with the P.E.I. flag waving in the breeze added to the island beauty. Each day was so restful. Then one morning we had our first rain after almost three weeks of sunshine. This day we decided to visit the Public Buildings in the Capital of Confederation and followed the residential Riverside Drive which skirts the harbour passing Victoria Park, Governor's House, etc. and on to view the Provincial Museum.

The decorations for the forthcoming Queen's visit were in progress and the bustling activity at the beautiful new Centennial Arts Centre was really something. Prince of Wales College, St. Dunstan's Basilica where we attended Sunday service with Governor General Vanier and his charming wife Madame Vanier was a treasured occasion.

As we contemplated the deep loyalty of the P.E.I. people to the Commonwealth, and their lovely island so friendly and hospitable to the visitor, we could not help but remark how proud we were to be Canadians in this Great Land of ours from sea to sea.

Soon the time for fond farewells approached and the night before our departure we received an invitation that climaxed our visit to P.E.I.

**TROUT DINNER**  
Mr. and Mrs. Allison Woods, and Mrs. Delaney the mother who so kindly took Bruce on a tour of Charlottetown on his arrival, topped everything with a delicious baked trout Sunday dinner. It had been caught by Allison at nearby Albany River. You have never tasted fish

until you taste the fresh caught rainbow trout of P.E.I. The lovely homemade pickles, chowder, cookies, tarts, cake, P.E.I. turnips and potatoes, etc. a real treat and indicated Bruce was in good hands. Mrs. Woods even prepared a lunch for our trip home with some of the goodies. Just a further sample of these wonderful island folks.

Then it came time to say adieu and with the blessings of the Island we departed to our motel and early departure Monday morning.

At first we thought of leaving the Island as originally planned by the Wood Island Ferry to Nova Scotia, via Truro, where we hoped to see an old friend Harry Bryson the former postmaster. Also to see Grand Pre (Land of Evangeline) and the Annapolis Valley, crossing to

Saint John, N.B. from Digby, N.S. However news from home indicated we should return at once. Our youngest son Dermott had been quite ill with recurring asthma, after being taken to the hospital with severe injuries sustained in a football game. We were advised by his aunt just before we left. Naturally Joyce was most anxious to go via the most direct route. It was hastily decided to take the first ferry at Port Borden, where we had entered from Cape Tormentine, N.B.

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