

1st

No books mentioned
Very well conceived
and written.

(2--)

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22nd August. 1932.

My dear Lewis,

As no doubt you have heard, Rhodesia has improved very much and Father has sold all his tobacco. Consequently he said that it would be a good thing for Mummy and me to go to England, our Homeland, for a holiday, which we have needed for so long.

My Father had booked our passages on the "Durham Castle" which was due to leave Beira on 27th April. That meant we had to leave Fort Jameson a week previous to this date, as there is a two days' motor journey to Blantyre, and a further two days' railway journey to Beira. As the "Durham Castle" was already docked there, we went on board rather than stay at an hotel, but the boat was not due to leave for three days. I need not

tell you much about the voyage for you have travelled much more than I have. I need only say that we enjoyed the six weeks on the sea very much.

Both Mummy and I were very excited when we sailed into the English Channel for we knew that in a short time we would reach Southampton. Early next morning we arrived there, but it was some time before we left that place, because all our luggage had to be examined by the Customs Officer. How strange it seemed to be in an English town! As the train did not leave for Waterloo Station, London, for a couple of hours, we decided to have a look round Southampton. It is a fine old town, and in the docks were berthed several of the big liners.

When the train left Southampton, it travelled for a few miles parallel with the coast. Then we journeyed through the New Forest, and caught glimpses of the wild ponies and the rhododendrons. When we came to the outskirts of London, we seemed to pass through endless tunnels and at last steamed into the huge station. I had never seen anything like it before, and I felt quite bewildered. As Mummy wished to do a little shopping we stayed in London until the next day.

The following morning we drove across London in a taxi to Paddington Station and took the train from there to Exeter. This train goes very quickly

indeed and is named the "Cornish Riviera Express". On arrival at Exeter we changed trains and went on a branch line to Lake, my Mummy's home and my native place.

It was very, very pleasant to stay in the beautiful little village of Lake, and most restful after our long journey from Northern Rhodesia. While Mummy rested for a few days, I spent my time in playing with my Cousins and was most interested in all they did - their lives are so different from mine.

As I was almost a baby when I left England, my Uncle suggested that I should see as much of Devonshire as possible while I was there, so one day he arranged a motor trip to Dartmoor. Early one fine morning we set off taking our lunch with us. We travelled for many miles along pretty country lanes with high hedges on either side, and soon came out on to the open moorland. The ground had been rising, and now the air got keener and colder. We went on and on until we saw a town in the distance - my Uncle told me that it was Princetown. On the left-hand side as we drove in, we saw high walls, with a huge gate, surrounding a large building. This was the famous Dartmoor Prison. We could not see inside, but later in the day we saw a gang of convicts, with several warders in charge, working on the road. I should not like to be a convict. Princetown is a very lonely place, and the only people who live there are the warders and their families - my Aunties

said that it is a very cold place in winter. We came home to Lake by another road and were very tired when we got back that evening.

Another day we went to Plymouth. I was very anxious to go there, as I wished to see Plymouth Hoe. I felt quite thrilled as I stood by the Statue of Sir Francis Drake and almost imagined I could see the Spanish ships coming over the sea. In the bay we saw, at anchor, a Training Ship where youths learn to be sailors. The streets of Plymouth seemed to be full of sailors. I was very sorry when it was time to leave there.

We also paid a visit to Exeter where another Auntie lives. Exeter is a nice old town with a beautiful Cathedral. The Cathedral is smaller than most but is full of torn, dusty, blood-stained banners - relics of old time wars. There were many American visitors there.

The trip I liked best was to Clovelly in North Devonshire. It is on the coast and is one of the strangest places I have visited. It is built high on the edge of a cliff and consists of one long street which slopes down to the sea. The road is made of cobble stones and is so steep and long that donkeys with panniers on their backs carry people to and from the sea. It is also one of the prettiest places I have ever seen.

The weeks passed quickly and the day came when it was time to return to Rhodesia. This time we set sail from Plymouth

on the "Dunluce Castle". After six weeks of
delightful travelling we arrived home and my
memories of my holiday in the Homeland are
very pleasant. I hope to have a long letter
from you soon. Please tell all about your life
in Canada. With best wishes from

Your old school friend,
Gordon E. Grout.

Master Lewis A. Burston,
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