

## FAREWELL TO OLD LONDON PARIS, ROME NEXT STOPS

Letter No. 4 from Mrs. John Cordaro gives faraway impressions of London, and describes some interesting highlights on Paris and the trip to Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Cordaro are attending assemblies of Jehovah's Witnesses in various cities.

London, July 30, 1955  
Last day of assembly . . . 41,629 present. Glorious weather. Many written my people at Chalfont hoping they might be able to come, but that seems just too much to expect. However, who knows?

We listened to an inspiring address by Brother Knorr of New York, and at the close we mingled with the thousands there, hoping to catch a glimpse of our relatives but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. We boarded a bus for home and looked at the shops as we passed with regret, knowing that this was our last day in dear old England. Tomorrow we leave for Paris.

Tired out, we reached our home, to be greeted once again by our smiling hostess at the door with these words: "You have visitors!" Who on earth could it be? I covered the distance between front door and dining room with about 2 bounds, and there seated all around the room was cousin Blanch, Bert and two others I had not yet met. Once again we hugged each other and I told her of the wonderful talk we had heard and presented her with my own booklet on the talk.

Then to my utter surprise and delight she said: "Oh, we already have one, we went to the convention and heard it all, and got our own booklets." I asked her how on earth she had found us. "She said 'We looked everywhere for you and gave it up, then we saw your information booth, so we timidly inquired if they did by any chance know you, and to our surprise they simply pulled out a box of records and in no time I had your address and here we are.'" She praised the efficiency of our organization and the order with which everyone conducted themselves. Blanch told me she never saw so many happy faces. I thought of the happy faces around that table back at Chalfont, and realized the true source of happiness is home, which was truly reflected at that table and at the convention.

Then to my joy they told me that they were going to look for a place to stay all night and would see us off for Paris in the morning. Just imagine they had travelled over 100 miles to be at the convention and to see us off at Victoria Station, and this they did, for all of them were at the station even before we arrived. They bought platform tickets and carried our bags right onto the train. We took pictures of them in the queue as we lined up for our train. And what a line that was! Over 1,200 of them. We boarded our fast express train and in every compartment there was a table so that you could fill out your passport card. I was so weary I fell asleep on that comfortable train.

At last we reached Newhaven where we went on board for our trip across the channel. We took pictures of the white cliffs of Dover as we passed. The channel crossing was very smooth. We had a lovely day and arrived at Dieppe about 3 hours later. I always thought the ferries were very small and old fashioned but not this one. They had a first class dining room like the best hotel, and gave us a wonderful meal for only sixpence.

At Dieppe we once again lined up for customs which we passed through in very short order, then on to waiting trains, fast express for Paris. Here we are now in Paris. We were met at the station by Witnesses with placards on a long stick which read Jehovah's Witnesses. We followed the placards outside to the concourse, where brothers were frantically coping with the crowds, directing them with maps of the city of Paris in which direction they were to go. We simply hired a taxi, showed him our assignment card, and away we went. It was still daylight when we got to our hotel and I wished I could have gone out again to see the sights but was too exhausted, so crawled into bed supperless. We stayed at Hotel Terminus De Lyon right in the busy section.

Next morning we went down to breakfast. Here was disappointment, 'non parlez Français.' They brought us coffee like mud, only warm with boiled milk in a separate pitcher. The milk was thick with scum "me no drinkee" but very thirsty. Outside the hotel we looked for a restaurant, but all were sidewalk cafes, so we settled for a beer, then on our way by bus and subway to the Palais des Sports where the convention is held. We got off our last bus and had to walk the rest of the way. We looked into one shop where they sold bread by the yard. It looks very funny to see the people carry 3 or 4 sticks of bread unwrapped. We met a brother and sister coming out of a store carrying theirs, so I took their picture with John holding the bread. Wonder what Toronto Health officers would think of that? We then made our way to the convention hall where the brethren were busy transforming it with flowers for our opening day of assembly.

After that we walked towards the river and the Eiffel Tower. It is situated close to the river Seine, surrounded with a beautiful park. There are seats and chairs everywhere to rest. We sat right in the centre of the huge structure and watched the escalators go up and down with the lights. John wanted to go up to the top, but that is this time I would not let him. We walked . . .

ed then to get back to our hotel as it was getting late and it's one thing to get lost in the daytime and quite another to be lost at night. We had to go to all across Paris by bus and underground. It would be fairly easy if one could converse with Parisiennes in their own language. That language barrier that was inflicted on the Babylonians by God when they tried to build the tower of Babel was only one sample of how thorough God accomplishes his purposes. No matter how we try to understand each other, we have to give it up in confusion. However, we did have our map of Paris and by consulting that, together with the help of people and gendarmes, we managed very nicely.

An amusing incident happened to me. I was stopped by a lady and gentleman who apparently were in a hurry to locate some special place. He was very excited and all I could do was raise my hands and say "Non parlez Français." He threw up his hands and rushed off to someone else.

Lucky we brought along our own wash cloths and soap. Noms here in Paris . . . not even paper in the toilet.

Meals here and the cost of living is terrific. We changed two ten dollar cheques for just bus fare and tube tickets for two days. A quart can of grapefruit juice was 200 francs or 57 cents, so we bought a can in preference to the awful coffee or beer. We were warned not to drink the water here as it makes one sick. The policemen or gendarmes here direct the traffic with white sticks. I asked one if I could take his picture. He said no, so we settled for a street scene with 2 policemen in the distance. Every other shop here is a sidewalk cafe.

Now on to Rome! . . . We packed our bags and shopped around for something to take on the train with us to eat. I think the people of France must live on those slices of bread and ham for everyone on the train seemed to have the same thing. We have twenty-four hours on this train, each compartment holds 8 passengers, just like the ones in England. The sun has gone down and we begin to settle down for the night.

We bought small pillows at the station for 120 francs. They helped to stop the vibration of the train. Now the moon is up and we are going through the Alps. I think it must be like this in Canada while travelling through the Rockies. It is as bright as day and those mountains . . . how I wish I could give you a perfect description of them. For much of the trip during the night it was mountains and more mountains. The peaks of some of them could be seen above the clouds. Here and there were cottages, some of them perched on ledges quite a long way up and they have worked the ground for gardens in long terraces. At the foot of these mountains is clustered the villages and towns. There are palm trees and beautiful flowers everywhere. Each person, no matter how poor the dwelling, seems to have his own vineyard. They have grape vines over arches in the doorways. There are acres and acres of grape vines, sugar canes, etc. It grows everywhere. There is even sugar cane growing in great clumps at the stations.

At last we reached Rome and here we were met by the brethren who had a wonderful arrangement for us to get to our various destinations. They were waiting with placards on long sticks on which was a corresponding number with that on our assignment card, so we all lined up in our various groups under our own banner, then we marched over to our bus and we were personally conducted to our lodging. A word about those beautiful buses . . . pale blue finish, deep soft cushions, and even a beautiful framed landscape or city view on the rear of each seat. The motor was inside the front of the bus on the floor, between the driver and the conductor. It was completely covered with a hood and so clean you could eat from its surface. Our home address here was Pensilone Torquati, Via Caraccioli 2 . . . very comfortable. After dinner we settled for the night to be awakened at 8:00 a.m. by the ringing of church bells. They rang every half hour for mass. After breakfast we found a bank where we changed our travellers' cheque for Italian lire, one dollar is 620 lire. Then on to a bus from which we changed to a subway. Here again were were agreeably surprised. The subway was all white marble, huge in size with once again that beautiful blue. Seats were leather this time, but very comfortable.

Soon we were at the Exposition Hall. This is new also and never have I seen such beauty or such a huge auditorium. It's a marble palace. I have seen pictures of huge pillared buildings like this, but this beats anything I have ever seen. There are huge pillars of white marble, all across the front, the floors are pure white marble, even the wide, wide steps that go down to the washrooms are black marble. Each side of the huge plate glass front are stairs in terraces to ascend to the galleries around the auditorium. They have as a background pale green walls and the railings are gold colour. We took pictures of the front. Will try to get some of the inside. The seats are very comfortable leather with an arm rest each side. I bought some views of Rome last night and posted 14 of them today. Tomorrow we go to see the Coliseum.

Today is all Assembly, and I had a thrilling moment. Between the sessions we went for a drink at the bar. There I saw an old lady who was so much like my mother that she would have passed anywhere for her. I think she sensed that I was attracted

to her, for she came over and took my hand. I could not talk to her for she was Italian, but something made me put my arms around her and kiss her. Just then John came up and spoke to her in Italian. I learned she had been immersed only that morning and that she was seventy four years old. Her name was Carolina Partara. They still use the oxen to plough and do heavy work, but every time I tried to take a picture of them we had got too far out of sight. Tomorrow we go on a tour of Rome by bus. Will take all the notes I can and pictures for you all at Georgetown.

Cheerio,  
—Kay and John Cordaro.

### FARM NEWS

#### IAN EMSLIE VISITS IN NATIVE SCOTLAND

Seeing his homeland for the first time since he left as a boy of 15, Ian Emalie sailed last Tuesday on the Empress of Scotland bound for Scotland.

He will be overseas for at least two months, and is planning to spend most of his time in Aberdeenshire where his family came from. He has several cousins there and in Kincardineshire.

Neighbours on the 6th Line joined with other friends to give him a bon voyage party the day before he left, and presented him with a travelling bag.

#### INITIAL PLAN FOR MILTON NIGHT SCHOOL

Last week an initial meeting, convened by Mrs. Velma Norris, met to make plans for an open meeting, relative to night school classes or courses in adult education for Milton district.

Mrs. May Johnson, secretary of the local committee says that the open meeting is to be held in the Milton High School on Tuesday evening, August 23rd. All interested organizations, both rural and urban, are being invited to send representatives.



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