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Can't Get Away from Georgetown Train Companion Wigo Relative

In Letter No. 8, Mr. and Mrs. John Cordaro continue their European tour, visiting the Wittnesse Congress in Nurnberg, Germany, then continuing on to The Hague, Holland.

Nurnberg, Germany) This is our last day here. So far for us no rain yet. It has rained every day here for weeks, so they tell us. The day is very warm with just a hint of clouds in the sky. We are just beginning to feel safe in making our way around. If one gets lost it's not too easy unless you can find someone to explain the way. The Germans are eager to help but neither of us can understand each other. We were given cards at the station when we arrived here with our own address, also that of the Kongress in German and it read something like this: Please help me to find any way to Kongress, signed by the Head of the Organization. Such names as Gubentrass, almost unpronounceable by us.

So for the last time we boarded a street car which by the way runs in three — the electric car and two trailers. We passed along on all those empty buildings that had been bombed, piles of rubble with heavy fences placed around them to keep out the inquisitive from the dangerous walls. At last the Sunday afternoon talk by Brother Knorr. This is always the highlight of the Assembly. For some time now we had been aware of a darkening sky. Just as the talk ended the first few drops of water fell. We deemed it advisable to take refuge in the cafeteria tent just around the corner, and just as we stepped under its roof, the storm broke, and what a storm it was. Almost a deluge. With thousands of others we stood until it was almost spent. At last it seemed safe to emerge and what a sight met our eyes. There is always a song and a few closing remarks by Mr. Knorr and the German people had come prepared for anything, but determined to sit it out, and the Kongress went on despite the storm. There were hundreds of people clad in raincoats, umbrellas still sitting on the benches and chairs with huge puddles all around them, but they heard every word that came to them over the loud speaker. Next the closing song and prayer, and then the orchestra played the opening chords of "God be with you till we meet again." Voices were raised, each in his own tongue, emotion was written on every face, tears filled the eyes as German and French Canadian and English shook hands, each one a brother to his neighbour. I'm sure that God looked down on that human family with approval for God is here, and here it was demonstrated to the full.

Next morning we said our good-byes at our boarding houses and arrived at the station, but here again were German brothers and sisters gathered to see us off. Then over a loud speaker came these words "Jehovah's Witnesses, may you have every blessing on your trip, may happiness go with you, we bid you goodbye with much love." It was followed by wave after wave of clapping from the windows of our train. Then with good-byes over we slowly pulled out of Nurnberg. People all along the route for miles were waiting for our train to pass. We stayed at the windows waving goodbye till we at last passed beyond the limits of Nurnberg.

Now it was another four hours or more before we would reach our destination. "The Hague." Fortified with lunches we settled down to enjoy the trip. Soon after we left Nurnberg we began to approach the Alps again. The bombed out city was left behind us. We saw other cities as we went on our way to the border, some of them almost completely shattered, then once again our passports were stamped, first by the German officials then by the Dutch.

We arrived at the Hague shortly after midnight and almost before we reached the platform we were greeted by Dutch singers. Another tedious wait for information as to what direction to take for our boardings, then on a street car and arrived at the place at last to Pension Kramer. However, we met with disappointment here, for the manager with an eye on the almighty dollar told us that he had placed a mother and daughter in with us in our room. In vain we showed him our card which stated one room for two persons, so we phoned the Society and they sent a taxi to pick us up. As the hour was by now 2.30 a.m. it was impossible to find a place so one of our brothers offered shelter for the night. It was 3.30 when at last we crawled into bed.

Next day we started out for the Assembly. It was only a few steps to the end of the street and crossing the road we reached the canal. All along the banks were houseboats, some just small and neat, others like floating palaces. One even had a verandah on top with sides of thin brush like bamboo sticks. The banks were a mass of little trees and flowers. All along the way was a boulevard with flowers of every description. Then we came upon a little hand drawn cart beside the road. It had a painted sign hung over it, the shape of a fish. Curious, I stopped to see and was surprised when the owner lifted up one to see, showing his wares. It was little fish, one compartment, even had cooked fish. We later saw some people buying the raw fish which they grasped by its tail and dropped into their mouths. Everyone rides a bicycle in Holland. They come in droves, father

will have son on the rear, mother will have daughter or baby in its baby chair fastened to the rear. Infants of only a year or so ride like this. We entered the Assembly Hall. All around outside were the cafeterias, lunch rooms, etc. Inside one entire side was taken up with a canopied platform with a beautiful backdrop complete with fountain. From each side of the platform to the end were large standards topped with flowers and between the standards a trellis also topped with flowers and lit up with electric lights.

The talks were mostly in Dutch, some of them were translated into English. At the end of the day we came out a side door and there was an amazing sight, thousands of bicycles. I wondered how each one would know his own bicycle among all the thousands there. Even motorcycles are used by women here. They have a special sidewalk for bicycles. It runs next to the road and between the road and pedestrian sidewalk.

Next day we made our way to the beach for the immersion ceremony. First there was a meeting at the Assembly Hall. Here those wishing to be baptized were taken to seats in the front row. They listened to a talk on the dedication and answered questions pertaining to their baptism, then with bathing suit and towel they entered waiting cars and were driven to the beach. As we neared the spot chosen we saw 2 long lines of people from the disrobing tents to the water. The Witnesses walked between these lines to the water where brothers were waiting to immerse them in exactly the same manner as Jesus himself when he dedicated his will to that of his Father at the river Jordan. 451 were thus immersed today.

Now back to the Kongress for dinner. In two more days our assemblies will all be over and we travel for a holiday. It has been wonderful to have a part in this but rather too strenuous for me. Another gall bladder attack and one of the sisters called the first aid, with a doctor one side and his helper the other, I was taken gently to the first aid where rows of beds were waiting for the sick. There I was given a tablet and drink and covered with a blanket. In 3 hours I was okay once again. Our host, hostess were in to see me many times and were greatly concerned for me.

When we reached home they bathed my feet and fixed my bed with special care. We shall be sorry to part with these people and Holland will long be remembered as a beautiful spot where we spent many happy hours.

Now at last our assemblies are over. At 10 a.m. we plan to leave for Rotterdam and then on to lovely Switzerland again. So till next week, cheerio.

— K. Cordaro

Rotterdam Staying here overnight and on our way again tomorrow. It's a small world. While on the train from the Hague to Rotterdam I sat beside an air force officer. He saw my badge which I was still wearing with my address on it and asked if I knew a radio and television man in Georgetown. I said yes, we had one in our store. To my amazement he told me he is a relative of Wigo Electric and gave me a note for him.

While in London I phoned Miss Baily, where Elaine Wodson is staying but was disappointed. I planned to try again but time was too short. Am sending her a card from here, also to Mrs. Wodson.

Saw a strange sight. A mother stopped at one of those fish carts and bought a raw fish which the fish man cleaned and rolled in chopped onion. She then picked it up by the tail and holding it over the child's head let it drop into her open mouth. It reminded me of the way a bird feeds its young. Can't say I like the idea of raw fish.

We have a lovely room here. It's right on the corner of the square and overlooks the broad street. The room is large enough to eat, sleep and dine in. It has one bay window, and two other large windows, yet it is only 18 guilders per night which includes breakfast. Am not too confident about the breakfast. It seems all European breakfasts consist of one cup of coffee with a roll or two, and marmalade. But who knows? we may be lucky, this time. This room is twice as big as a room at the Royal York. 18 guilders is \$4.77 in Canadian money.

— K. Cordaro

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Here are the Directors Responsible for Coming Georgetown Fall Fair

Home after a two-month holiday in the west, president Harding Price is enthusiastic about the success of this year's fall fair. While on vacation, Mr. Price spent a week at the Calgary Stampede, and attended a number of other large and smaller fairs in the Prairie provinces.

In the president's absence his place was ably taken by the first vice-president, Spencer Wilson, who is cooperating in every way possible. Second vice president Vern Archer, treasurer F. W. Cleave and secretary Garfield McGillvray round out the balance of the executive.

Mrs. Spencer Wilson heads the lady's section of the fair, ably assisted by Miss Charlotte McCullough, ball superintendent, Mrs. Don Lindsay and Mrs. Mac Alexander, 1st and 2nd vice-presidents, and Miss Jean Ruddell, secretary.

Directors are: John Bird, Ken Ella, N. A. Robinson, T. J. Brownridge, Graydon Chester, H. Price, Oliver Hunter, Jack Hart, Frank Wilson, William Cromar, John McNabb, Clarence Spence, Percy Clark, James Fisher, Spencer Wilson, Vern Archer, Lloyd Fisher, Murt Allison, Jack Williamson, R. Darou, Gerald Graham, Len Cuxr, Robert Cunningham, Wilfrid Bird, Val Stein, Denney Charles, Maurice Baker, Mac Alexander, William Kinrade, Charlie Hunter, Doug Currie, Ern Batkin, George Burt, George Wilson, Donald Lindsay, John McClure, Trevor Williams, Ward Brownridge, Howson Ruddell, Floyd Bridgen, Harold Henry, Herb Cleave, Frank Petch, Ken McMillan, Craig Reid.

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HOME & SCHOOL HAS OPEN NIGHT

Opening program of the Home and School Association is a "Meet the Teachers" night at each of the two public schools.

Sept. 12th there was open house at Chapel Street school when Principal Harold Henry and his staff were in their classrooms to meet parents.

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Newcomers to town particularly were given the chance to see the school accommodation that night and to learn of the Home and School activities. This Monday a similar evening was held at Wrigglesworth School, with Principal William Kinrade and staff present in their rooms.

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