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ORCHARD PARK EXQUISITE VIEW  
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OUTSIDE DANCING EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY  
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PING PONG AFTERNOON TEA REFRESHMENTS  
Overnight Accommodation

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Intermediate

## BASEBALL

Holiday Game

OAKVILLE SNOWS

VS.

MILTON RED SOX

FRIDAY, JULY 1

3 p.m.

AGRICULTURAL GROUNDS

ADMISSION

35c

Battling for second place in the Halton League

## June Promotion List Announced By Holy Rosary School This Week

Holy Rosary School has announced its June promotions. They are as follows:

**Grade VIII to Grade IX**  
Tom Melanson (Hon.), Michael Armstrong (Hon.), Norman Stutt (Hon.), Nolda Vandenheuvel, Reginald Zanatta, Mary A. Sosnowski, Dolores Dingman, Anna Van Grunsven, Henry Vandenheuvel.

**Grade VII to Grade VIII**  
Sylvia Restivo (Hon.), Patsy Boyd (Hon.), Noell Stutt (Hon.), Virginia Huska (Hon.), Linda Armstrong (Hon.), Joyce Soulier, Aldo Durante (Rec.), Bruce McGinnis (Rec.), Margaret Armstrong (Grade 6 to Grade 8).

**Grade VI to Grade VII**  
James Pearson (Hon.), Michael Devlin (Hon.), Pat Melanson (Hon.), Sandra Paton, Carol McCarron, Lino Tesser, Madeline De Bruin, Gerald Soulier, John De Bruin, Dianne Soulier, Michael Brush, Mario Tesser, Ronald Arpa.

**Grade V to Grade VI**  
Donald Arpa (Hon.), Jack Kierwin (Hon.), Norman Kiervin (Hon.), Cathleen Sosnowski (Hon.), Mia Van Grunsven (Hon.), Frank

Devlin, Alain Lebon, John Soulier, Gerritt Van Grunsven, Martin Vandenheuvel (Rec.).

**Grade IV to Grade V**  
Linda Breen (Hon.), Ellana Kiez-er (Hon.), Karen O'Connor (Hon.), Anna Caon, Carlos Smedja, Bern-ardis Schouten, Koojji De Bruyn.

**Grade III to Grade IV**  
Louise Scisizzi (Hon.), Kathryn Tufford (Hon.), John Zoppas (Hon.), Gloria Peruscello (Hon.), Toni Vandenheuvel (Hon.), Anna Casarin, Carol Clemmett, Silvana Ghegin, Mike Pedulla, John Sosnowski, Vernon Stutt, Edith Schouten, Michael Huska, Peter De Bruyn, Lena Restivo (Rec.).

**Grade II to Grade III**  
Janice Rocke (Hon.), Loretta Pearson (Hon.), Gwen A. Kovachik (Hon.), Neil Devlin (Hon.), Catherine Cooke (Hon.), Frank Bertasson (Hon.), Milton Stutt (Hon.), Leo Bertasson, Renato Bertoli, Gary Dingman, Ronald Hachey, John Keilty, Carlo Marcantonio, Martino Scisizzi, Katharine Casarin (Rec.), Jacqueline Clemmett (Rec.), Richard Cushner (Rec.).

**Grade I to Grade II**  
Winnifred Sosnowski (Hon.), Frances Mary Sanford (Hon.), Di-anna Breen, Donna Breen, Sharon Dennis, Gerald Devlin, Pasquale Gardin, Alfonso Restivo, Janice Scisizzi, Lucius Smedja, Helena Smedja, Roy Tonelli, Wilberdian Van Grunsven.

## Youths Learn Home Nursing

Halifax (CP)—The Red Cross Society has accompanied a feat akin to teaching the intricacies of the ballet to a batch of lumber jacks.

And that is teaching home nursing to a batch of teenage boys.

The seven lads, all from suburban Herring Cove, enlisted for 14 lectures on how to make beds and other features of sickroom work.

The boys had some misgivings when they started out but admitted later that they took no ribbing from other boys in the village.

"If they'd kidded us, somebody would have really needed a nurse," vowed stocky Mike Pelham.

In pay and allowances the Canadian Prime Minister receives \$37,000 a year.

## Old Buildings, Squares, Commons Stir Memories as London Revisited

by GWEN CLARKE  
With the Canadian Press in Britain

And now it's England. Last Friday we came by train from Edinburgh to London. It was a most interesting sight-seeing journey and we all enjoyed it. We got into Euston station about 10 p.m. . . . and then I knew we were back in London. The same old mad scramble for luggage! One porter would say it was in the car ahead, another in the car behind. Eventually it was untangled and we were on our way. One bus took passengers; the other the luggage. Most of us climbed to the top of the double-decker bus and had our first thrill driving through the lighted London streets—for so many years completely dark.

We were taken straight to our rooms at the Stratford Court Hotel. Apparently this hotel is fairly new and no one seems to know where it is—not even the bus driver. So now when I get myself lost—which I do quite frequently—I ask for Marlborough Street, a big store which is next to it—a sort of Eaton's College Street type.

Saturday we went on a motor-coach tour of the city—or rather part of it. We followed the route taken by the Coronation procession so we drove through Hyde Park, past St. James Palace, Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. We were too late to see the Changing of the Guard but we did see Guards riding by on their beautiful black horses, perfectly in step.

As we passed various well-known places the thought came to me—how much we learn from educational films. The places seemed so familiar, not on account of my having seen them before but because of the number of times I had seen them on the screen—small wonder, really, as I saw the Coronation picture three times.

**Words Inadequate**  
We went on to Westminster Abbey and of course that is something that cannot be described. One is so over-awed at the antiquity of the buildings, the tombstones, the Poet's Corner, the marvellous architecture and stained glass windows that words are totally inadequate and since you have either seen or read plenty about the Abbey I'll pass it up.

Sunday morning about nine

o'clock we assembled for a motor tour to Oxford which had been arranged for us by the British Travel Association with one of their staff to accompany us. We went by way of Uxbridge, Maidenhead and Woking. We stopped briefly at a lovely hotel—Spindle's Hotel at Maidenhead. The terrace where we had coffee overlooked the River Thames complete with pleasure boats, canoes and punts. Best of all there were a number of graceful swans. A waiter at the hotel provided us with stale bread. A number of the girls in their enthusiasm got on to a floating dock to feed the swans. A boatman came hurrying along warning them to get off . . . their combined weight was sinking the dock!

By the time we got to Oxford it was raining but for awhile that didn't worry us at all as we were given a five-course luncheon at the Randolph Hotel—still as the guests of the British Travel Association. I didn't hear anyone complain about the English cooking!

**Still Over-Awed**

Thus fortified we were ready to walk the cloisters and a few of the colleges. We visited Magdalen College, Christ Church and one other, the name of which I have forgotten. Although I had seen all these colleges before I was just as over-awed as other members of the party by the ancient buildings that had been the seat of learning for so many of our famous British men and women—including Canadian—for five or six centuries.

Naturally we only skimmed the surface as we had to board our bus again by four o'clock. The driver returned to London by a different route, coming through High Wycombe and Beaconsfield—a road I remembered so well.

By special request the driver went off course a bit so as to take us through Stoke Poges. Here we all left the bus to wander through the churchyard and up to the little village church, where the famous Gray's Elegy was written. We couldn't have arrived at a better time. The church bell was calling the villagers to worship and I think many of us would have given a lot of money to have stayed for that service. The setting was historic rural England at its best—old, old tombstones, graves well cared for, sweet-scented roses trees—not bushes—in full bloom. Natural shrubs and a hedge of English holly on either side of the gravel path from the Church to the road. But alas, we had to continue our homeward way—through many well-known suburbs, including Acton.

Monday was another big day. The morning was free so I wandered off to parts of the city that I once knew fairly well. I tried to find the Rec-

tory in Charing Cross Road where I had stayed—maybe 40 years ago. The Rectory and the Church had disappeared, a movie theatre was on the site of the old Anglican church, previously a Greek Orthodox church, dating back hundreds of years. I wandered around Soho Square and Greek Street, which somehow seemed to have lost its allure. Then I spent a little while—I could have spent hours—in the world-famous Foyle's bookstore, which I believe is the largest bookstore in the world.

**Greeted by M.P.'s**  
In the afternoon, by invitation, our group visited the House of Commons. The initial stages took a little while as we had to pass from one lobby to another, each with one or two policemen on guard. Evidently the "bobbies" were out to enjoy themselves too as they insisted on calling us Americans, but winking across at each other as they did it. One of them said—"We tried it on a group back there and they didn't 'alf bristle!"

Only a limited number of the group were allowed a peak into the house, and then only for a few minutes, but were all invited to afternoon tea on the Terrace overlooking the Thames. Here we were greeted by a few of the members of Parliament, including Beverly Baxter. From the House of Commons we proceeded to Canada House, to a Reception given by the High Commissioner.

This was the end of our group activities for the day so I boarded a bus and found my back to St. Paul's Churchyard. It was not the Cathedral I especially wanted to see—it was the bomb damage I had heard so much about and the way in which garden had been laid out to hide the scars left by the Blitz. Everything was very tidy; in many places walls were at a uniform level but within the walls were piles of rubble, wild shrubs growing in its midst. To me it was as much a monument to the thousands of Londoners who died in the Blitz as, in a military sense, is the Monument to the Unknown Soldier.

## Railway Work Yard Does Big Business

Winnipeg (CP)—Just south of the town of Transcona, 10 miles from Winnipeg, western Canada's biggest junk business operates with a bang and clutter.

Operated by the CNR, the yard is turning old trains and old tracks into new ones. Day by day and year by year, the railway giants of days gone by are dismantled and made into usable parts for new trains or else sold for scrap.

The job of the Transcona junk yard is to cut down on the pieces that have to be thrown out.

This crusade of thrift is the profession and hobby of W. M. Shook, district storekeeper for the CNR. "Our aim," says Mr. Shook, "is to see the day when we don't throw anything away. We're getting nearer to it all the time."

As the business grows, more and more worn-out equipment from the Lakehead to the Pacific is routed to Transcona. Last year the system demolished 3,424 old freight cars and 170 steam locomotives and a good portion of these found their way back into service by way of the Transcona junk yard.

Walking through the yard you might see on the left a row of the first diesels to operate in Canada, vintage of the early 30's taking their final bow. Behind them a row of 1919 boxcars are being stripped down.

It can be depressing due to a general atmosphere of rust and decay found in any healthy junk yard; but you get used to it, says Mr. Shook.

## COCCUS MOBILIS



We offer this as a Latin label for a brand-new type of barnyard fowl—a skating rooster. "Buster" is reported to be a nonchalant performer on a pair of 5-inch roller skates taped to his feet. Need we add that they're of featherweight aluminum.

No less impressive than this fowl's spirit of derring-do is the resourcefulness of the designers and engineers who dream up new uses for aluminum—from gadgets (see above) to furniture to minesweepers. It keeps Alcan's researchers busy, working with customer companies with new ideas on how to use aluminum to create lighter, more lasting products.

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MONTHLY

## PAPER

## COLLECTION

SATURDAY, JULY 9 — 1 p.m.

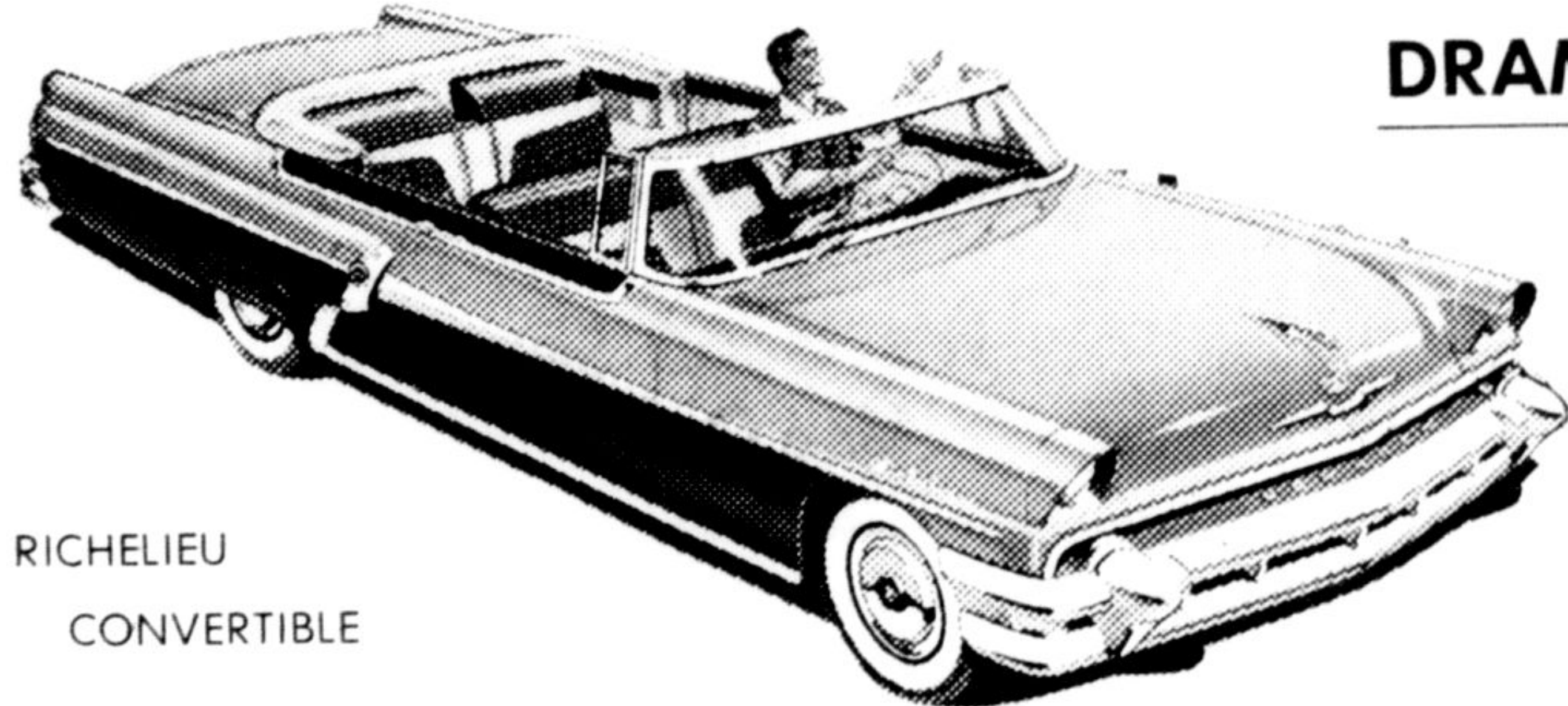
PLEASE BUNDLE PAPER SECURELY OR PACK IT IN CARTONS AND PLACE AT EDGE OF SIDEWALK.

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+ THURSDAY, JULY 14th +  
Held on Same Grounds as Last Year--Opposite Ball Park  
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YES FOLKS! A BALL GAME—AT 7.15 P.M. SHARP

NATIONAL TORCHES vs. CICONI'S

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Canada's leading ventriloquist. Songs, Comedy, Stories and Gags. (A real burst of excitement!)

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