

Portuguese Bullfight Does Not Spill Much Blood

This is the 17th in the series of stories about a trip to wartime Britain and return, by way of Portugal. They are written for the weekly newspaper of Canada, by Hugh Tompkins, editor of the *Vergara News-Record*.

I have already written something of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. This week, I added some more. Frankly, what I write is colored by my point of view. Perhaps I do Lisbon an injustice.

An excellent guide book, published by the Government of Portugal and presented to the winners of the competitions of the Minister of Propaganda (for they only a spade a spade in Portugal), says:

"Lisbon is enchanting. It is a city at once ancient and modern, with wide avenues bordered by magnificent houses and crowded with swift motor cars. There are streets of steep steps in which houses of many colored fronts jostle one another, continuing while between them passes a crowd in typical costume, festively, but not festively, carrying jars of water on their heads in classic pose."

"True enough—no doubt—but my diary tells a different story. Up to that time, it had been full and complete, as readers may have guessed. But for the week in Portugal, it is brief. It says:

"Saturday, October 10th, to Friday, October 16th. The terrible week in Lisbon. Disliked it from the start. Saw bullfight on Sunday, October 11th. Sick on Tuesday and stayed that way. Ill. Escamillon called on Friday and for four days more."

And that, except for two pages of notes on the bullfight, is all. But I need no notes to bring back memories of Lisbon. They keep coming back, even in my sleep, and nearly always as nightmares.

All in the Point of View

Yet it is all in the point of view, apparently. To thousands of people from Nazi-dominated Europe, Lisbon in those months and for some fifteen months before, was the symbol of liberty and comparative safety. Some of them gave up everything they had except their lives, to reach the city. Uncounted hundreds probably lost their lives trying to reach it. Lisbon was the only point of contact with the free world with the United States and, to some extent, with Great Britain. During the voyage across the Atlantic to New York, I was to hear at first hand the stories of some of these refugees. Not till then did I learn what Nazi domination really meant. For those poor people, Lisbon was literally the doorway out of Hell.

I didn't look on Lisbon in that way. To me, it was but a part of all on the way back to the home I was anxious to see as soon as possible. When I learned I would have to wait ten days for a plane across the Atlantic, it was a shock. With the seven other Canadian editors, I began to haunt the offices of Pan American Airways, and later, those of American Express. I stood in line with other refugees and became one of them. Would I get out of Portugal before the Germans arrived? I wondered. Would the United States be forced into the war while I stayed on in Lisbon waiting for the Clippers that were so slow coming?

I had just come by plane from

Britain. The trip had its dangers, but they were of the exhilarating kind. A few nights before, I had come unscathed through a bomb raid and had unscathed at the way free people took those things. There had always been some danger in those days and nights in England but the people were of my own kind, and it had seemed a good place to be.

In Portugal, the very air was different. I knew not a word of the language and little of the customs. An amusing number of policemen were to be seen everywhere, one could buy lottery tickets on the streets, but could be arrested for using a cigarette lighter.

Portugal has a benevolent dictator, a Professor Salazar. He has done much good, they say, but there must be times when he quails at the magnitude of the job ahead of him. The people are desperately poor, many of them have deadly sicknesses. I had been warned not to drink the water in Lisbon, and indeed, it is terrible. I distilled water was sold in five-litre bottles for that purpose. No food was to be eaten, all raw fruits and vegetables. It may have been a lettuce salad, or perhaps a bunch of handsome grapes that finally sent me to bed, quite ill.

But it may have been partly the fear that comes from being watched day after day by enemy eyes. The new Hotel Victoria swarmed with Germans, one of them said to be the head of the local Gestapo. I had to turn over my passport on arrival to the International Police. I never did find out who constitute that body, but I knew the passport said I was travelling "on official government business."

The German knew that. Only once in the whole week in Lisbon did I feel really at ease, and that was the night the people in the British Embassy gave us a dinner at the British Club. It was a grand old building and inside its thick walls one could talk freely.

The Bullfight a Bright Spot

To Canadian readers, it must seem strange when I say that the bullfight I saw in Lisbon provided some recreation.

Truly, I never expected to be seen at a bullfight, and on a Sunday afternoon, at all times. It took some time for the idea to sink in. B. K. Sandwell and I walked up the Avenida da Liberdade on a Saturday afternoon, dodging the hawkers who tried to press lottery tickets on us, and looking at the sights. The huge, colorful posters advertising the bullfight fascinated us. They bore some resemblance to full fair posters back home, but they had pictures in brilliant colors, of toreros and raging bulls. Slowly, we translated the posters, or thought we did. The top line was clear enough: "8 Bravos Toreros." "8 Brave Bulls." And then the time and the place and the price, which was only 15 escudos, or less than 75 cents for box seats. But the line that really fascinated us was down near the bottom, "6 Toreros Disembowled." We shuddered over it. "I should go," Tompkins said. Mr. Sandwell said: "It must be a bloody spectacle if they are going to disembowel six bulls."

Back in the hotel, others of our party had the details. They said the bulls weren't killed. It was all just pretend. But it was the national sport, something like hockey. We shouldn't miss it. Besides, a young

Portuguese Army officer, who spoke excellent English, would accompany us to explain the fine points. One of the crowd had already arranged for two boxes for the party.

Lisbon's bull-ring has a magnificent setting. The tribunes turned out of the broad Avenida into a beautiful park. In the centre rose the great, circular bull-ring, a tall structure in fancy Moorish architecture. People were getting out of cars all around it, while hundreds of others came off the street cars or on foot.

The Portuguese Lieutenant found the proper door and we began to climb, up and up on concrete stairs. It reminded me of the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. It was another typical "hockey crowd," mostly fairly young people, a few families with the children accompanying the parents. "They were a happy," excited lot.

"The box seats were up at the top, on the shady side. Lisbon is a hot place. The temperature in the daytime runs about 85 degrees. Seats in the sun cost about half the price of those in the shade. We sat on chairs in a large, unenclosed box. Nearby, various prominent families occupied their own boxes. The family coats of arms showed on bright cloths hung over the railings in front.

Down below were the cheap seats, around a perfectly circular ring with a sandy floor. Over on the sunny side, a band played unknown airs. The place seemed about 15,000 and was fairly well filled, though there was a big counter-attraction that day in a smaller city nearby, with nearly twice as many bulls.

On the side of the bulls. The Portuguese bullfight, as it turned out, is not a bloody spectacle, but rather, a pageant. Horses and costumes are beautiful and even the bulls look impressive as they came on at first, snorting and occasionally pawing the sand. But no blood is spilled, no animals are killed and no person gets hurt, though that was merely because the bulls failed to follow up their advantages, when they came. It was less cruel than a rodeo, much less exciting than a junior hockey match, less dangerous, apparently, than senior rugby football.

The costumes were beautiful, all covered with gold braid on bright colors. There were toreros, who fight on foot, using a cape or cape to attract the attention of the bulls. Chief of these is the matador, the man who kills the bull in Spain or uses a wooden sword and pretends to kill the animal in Portugal. The mounted bullfighters are cavaleros. Sometimes there are other men who wrestle with the bulls and throw them. They are toreros.

A huge blow and the excitement begins. There is a sort of grand parade, two cavaleros on splendid Arab horses and several groups of toreros in brilliant yellow and deep plum colored velvet suits with gold braid. The trumpets blow again. The ring was cleared. A gate at the left opened and a black bull with brass balls on his horns came rushing in. Another gate across the ring opened and a horseman entered, while toreros jumped over the fence and ran.

After his first rush, the bull had lost his enthusiasm. The toreros, waving their red capes at him and he charged them, while they neatly sidestepped, or turned over their capes to show the yellow side, whereupon the bull lost interest. But he didn't like the horse and charged for it. The cavalero held what looked like two tiny spears, with bright ribbons on the ends. As the bull charged, he turned his horse, leaped towards the bull and neatly planted the barbed ends of these banderillas in the fatty part of the neck. The spears broke off near the points, leaving ribbons hanging on the bull's neck. The bull looked angry, rather than hurt, but he didn't press the fight until the men with the capes stirred him up again. Six darts, in all, were placed in his neck before the cavalero took a wooden sword, and all alone in the ring now, made several attacks on the bull before dealing what might have been a death blow with a real sword.

The crowd, understanding the fine points, howled cheerfully when he missed and cheered when he succeeded. Then the trumpet blew again as the referee, sitting on a pedestal, signalled that the fight was over. The horseman rode away, bowing and smiling. The bull looked around and saw no one. The gate opened, and a herd of six skinny, trained steers, each with a huge cowbell on its neck, came in. The ring and encircled the bull and he trotted off with them, the herd driven by two little boys in bright costumes. There was one more fight on horses back and six on foot. They tended to grow monotonous. The sympathy of the Canadians was all with the bulls, which didn't want to fight. Once a bull had his chance. A torador slipped and fell on the sand. The bull immediately stood aside until he got up. But the Portuguese don't ask the bulls to fight more than once. They retire after one path, apparently. Perhaps that's just as well. The bull back on the pasture. I might get to thinking. "Now, I had only run at the man once. I had that red tag. And if any bulls seem like that it might off back fighting.

There remained one mystery. How about those "toreros disembowled"? We asked the young Lieutenant and he laughed heartily. "Why?" he said, "We Portuguese don't disembowel our bulls. It means, how you say it." Oh yes, six disabled bulls. You see the ones

The Week at OTTAWA

Specialty Written for The Acton Free Press by BY ALAN HARVEY Canadian Press Staff Writer

OTTAWA, (CP) — Prime Minister Mackenzie King on Monday announced the resignation of Transport Minister Caplin and at the same time moved in the House of Commons for an unqualified report of the provision limiting Canada's compulsory service law to home service.

Mr. Caplin's letter of resignation said he could not agree with the "new policy" on manpower adopted by the government but Mr. King denied that the government had adopted a new policy. The amendment he proposed was the logical consequence of the vote on the plebiscite, the Prime Minister said.

On Tuesday a Liberal caucus at Ottawa passed a vote of confidence in the prime minister. At the same time indications were that a large block of Quebec's M.P.s members would vote against the prime minister's amendment in Commons.

An inkling of the Conservative stand was given by House Leader Hanson when he told Mr. King, after the prime minister gave notice of the proposed amendment, that the country wanted "something decidedly more" than the amendment alone.

Even if the conscription debate does not materialize immediately, the bill to amend the National Resources Mobilization Act which appeared on the House of Commons order paper Monday must be viewed as one of the most important acts of the administration since the war started.

Present Restriction

The act itself was passed in the same days of June, 1940, when France was reeling under German pressure. The crucial section is Clause 3 which restricts use of the sweeping powers embodied in the Act to Canada or its territorial waters.

While the Commons studied Mr. King's bill, debate on the \$2,000,000 war appropriation bill was to continue with War Services Minister Thomson and Munitions Minister Howe available for questioning on the activities of their departments. Defence Minister Ralston and Navy Minister Macdonald held the flag last week, answering questions respectively on army and naval matters.

One of Mr. Macdonald's most important announcements was that as from April 1 dependents' allowance for families of navy men would be on a parity with those paid in the army and air force. He also disclosed that the Royal Canadian Navy shares the duty of Atlantic convoy work almost equally with the navies of the United Kingdom and the United States.

Naval Strength

The navy, for which Mr. Macdonald forecast an estimated strength of approximately 500 units and personnel of 44,000 officers and men by March 31, 1943, had conveyed more than 500,000 tons of cargo and 9,000 ships across the Atlantic since the war began. The navy minister added that officers of the Women's Royal Naval Services would come to Canada shortly to help organize a women's branch of the Canadian Navy, "several thousand" strong.

Meanwhile, as the capital looked forward to the United Nations air conference here starting next Monday, the international angle was stressed by the visit of some 25 delegates of the American Women's Committee on the cause and cure of war. They met in three-day conference here with the Canadian Women's Committee on international relations.

Sweden Losing Pacifist Idea

Seeing What's Happening in Denmark and Norway Does it, Says Woman Leader

LONDON, (CP) — The plight of Norway and Denmark has modified the former pacifist feeling in Sweden, Mrs. Gorbett Ashby, President of the International Alliance of Women said after completing a four weeks' tour of Sweden. She said the Swedish government had drawn up plans for evacuation of industrial centres in event of war and had built air raid shelters which are better than many in Britain.

That fight the horses have brass balls on their horns so they cannot beat the horses' flanks; the ones that fight the men have no balls on their horns."

Men, Women Over 40 Feel Weak, Worn, Old?

Want Normal Pop, Vis, Vitality? This weak, rundown, exhausted condition may be relieved only by... Men, Women Over 40 Feel Weak, Worn, Old? Want Normal Pop, Vis, Vitality? This weak, rundown, exhausted condition may be relieved only by... Men, Women Over 40 Feel Weak, Worn, Old? Want Normal Pop, Vis, Vitality? This weak, rundown, exhausted condition may be relieved only by...

Forest Fires In Canada During 1941

With the arrival of warm, spring weather, Canadian forests face one of the most critical periods of the year for at this time the danger of forest fire is very acute. This year is one of particularly acute because, according to the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, the season of 1941 was the worst forest fire year since 1923. Last year the total damage and cost was \$13,212,170, and the total area burned over reached 4 1/2 million acres. The average loss in the previous ten years was \$1,100,000. The actual toll of fighting forest fires last year was \$1,000,000 an increase of half a million dollars over the ten year average.

Especially the fire season has had equal severity in all parts of Canada, and with the exception of Quebec, Ontario and Alberta, the losses were below the annual average for the previous decade. In the three provinces specifically mentioned, extremely dry weather, combined with other causes, resulted in the spread of the which burned an area from 100 to seven times greater and caused losses from 100 to ten times higher than average for the previous ten years.

Spring fires accounted for 23 per cent as compared with the ten year average of 16 per cent. Neither land clearing operations caused 18 per cent, compared with 17 per cent average, smokers 14 per cent as compared with 16 per cent, and camp fires, 13 per cent compared with 20 per cent.

These figures indicate that 23 per cent of all fires occurring in 1941 were caused by lightning, a natural cause, while the balance of 77 per cent was due to human carelessness, which could be avoided. At this time when Canada's forests are playing such an important role in the war effort, the protection of the forest resources from fire is a matter of deep concern to all citizens of this Dominion. Particularly is this the case in view of the handicaps under which the various

forest protection organizations are functioning, namely, loss of key personnel through enlistments, and the lack of labor usually available for fire-fighting operations but now employed in war industries. The situation can only be met by every Canadian doing his part by taking extra precautions in the use of fire in or near the forest.

SPEED TRANSPORT

LONDON, (CP) — Now that road transport is almost entirely restricted to war work, many road traffic signs must be dispensed with for the war and there will be a general speed-up of transport on the highways under the direction of the War Transport Ministry.

Help The + Red Cross "SALADA" TEA

Low Round Trip Rail Fares FOR VICTORIA DAY

(MAY 24th) WEEK-END FARE AND ONE-QUARTER

Good going on Friday, May 22, until 2 P.M. Monday, May 25. Returning leave destination up to midnight Tuesday, May 26. Time tables are Standard. For fares and full information apply to your nearest ticket agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL



FARMERS... YOU CAN BORROW For War-time Production

If you need money to improve your production of food and other essential supplies to help Canada's war effort, you are invited to discuss your needs with our nearest branch manager, who will treat your business as strictly confidential.

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Acton Branch: W. H. CLAYTON, Manager

THIS BLOOD MAY SAVE A LIFE



Through clinics located in most of the larger cities of Canada the Canadian Red Cross is receiving 300 donations of blood each week which is made into life-giving serum for use in transfusions to wounded soldiers, sailors and airmen. So great is the demand that the Red Cross is increasing its facilities as rapidly as possible to take care of 5,000 donations each week. Above: Laboratory technicians take samples of each donation which is carefully tested.