

Countries Covet Azores Portuguese Islands are Large

ARTICLE NO. 37
(By Hugh Tompkins)

The past two stories have been about the group of islands in the Atlantic known as the Azores. This week, I will tell of the other group of Atlantic islands at which the Clippers land on its way to Europe.

Nobody could have known much less about the Azores than we did before flying to Europe. We remembered the first line of the poem that used to be in some of the readers.

It was about the last flight of the Revenge. It began, "At Flores, in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay."

You remember how Sir Richard and his sick crew went out against the might of Spain and did a lot of damage before being overpowered.

We realized that the Azores were islands somewhere off the coast of Portugal. They had been used by the first Americans to fly across the Atlantic. We used to think that was cheating, because they claimed to be the first to cross the ocean in planes but they came down twice on the way across. As it happened, we came down four times.

Two of those landings were at Horta, in the Azores, on the island of Fayal, if we recall. "We wouldn't be too sure."

They are not little islands, these islands a thousand miles from the mainland to which they belong, and they were built up by little coral animals, either, as the Bermudas were. They are volcanic islands, and at least one volcano remains, on the island of Pico, opposite Horta. It is distinctly of the volcanic type, and as we flew past the crater of it, we believed that we saw some smoke still coming out of it, though it may have been just the clouds.

As the Clipper came within sight of the Azores, we watched curiously for our first sight of Europe. It was a rocky shoreline, with a rock off the tip with a hole in it, which might have been the Pever Rock, off our own Gaspe shore.

Clippers Land at Horta
Horta is the landing place for the Clippers (if a seaplane can be said to "land"). It is a small city with most of the houses white, and the others painted light pink and light blue. The pastel shades, with red roofs, it was quite picturesque.

The harbor is an artificial one, with a concrete breakwater. Inside the breakwater, a large Portuguese destroyer was anchored. It had a big "V" on the stern, but this was an Allied "V for Victory" sign, but an identification, for the name of the ship was "Vougo." Nearby was a large German merchant ship, interned since early in the war. There had been two, but the other got away with the crews of both on board.

The sailors from the "Vougo" were out on the flat breakwater, drilling. It was early morning, 7.35 by the Azores time, 4.35 by my watch which still showed New York time. Night had been three hours shorter than usual.

A Pan American launch came out and took us to shore. The breakwater was built of stone. Along the top ran a cobblestone road. Along it, donkeys, oxen, mules and horses hauled little carts. Many of them had sugar cane that they were taking to a factory near the shore. A soft coal, apparently out of a seam in the nearby mountain, made up a number of other loads.

Nearby, there was a market. Even at that early hour, women with baskets on their heads were carrying fresh fruit and fish. In a nearby wine-shop, native brandy sold for a dollar a bottle. One Canadian bought a bottle of cognac and took it on the plane. He was boasting of his bargain. A little spilled on a rubber tobacco pouch and ate a hole in it. He lost his appetite for Portuguese drinks.

Boys came along with boxes and equipment for shining shoes. I declined. Others had postcards, and I bought several excellent photographs of the islands, with Portuguese stamps to bring them back by the next Clipper. Both the shoe-shine boys and the boys with the postcards knew a little English.

Into the Hills Around
Even more interesting than the town of Horta was its background, a range of hills. These were cultivated to the very top, with little buildings scattered here and there over the fields, and winding roads going up to the top. There were few trees, most of them in the town. But the fields were divided off by hedges of what was said to be bamboo for this is a sub-tropical country. These hedges were to be found sometimes around little patches of cultivated land on other islands which we flew over later. I supposed that the Azores must be terribly windy and it was impossible to grow some things without such protection.

There was one other feature of that island which stood out. Along the top of the ridge there was a row of tall, stone windmills, with great arms turning around, the type we think of as Dutch windmills, but common, apparently, to many European countries. They were up where

the wind must blow continually, and someone told me they were used to pump water, grind grain and even to develop electricity in this modern age.

My stay at Horta was brief. In a little over an hour, the passengers were back on board the Clipper with three added to their number, a young Portuguese couple and their baby. Ten minutes later, the Clipper moved out of the harbor into the open water of the Atlantic and after only a two-minute run, we were in the air—the best take-off I had seen the Clipper make.

For more than half an hour, it flew over the coast of an island, which was probably Pico. The island must have been 75 miles long, and it wasn't the largest in the group. (Compare that with 30 miles for the length of the main island of Bermuda.) There weren't many inhabitants. The shoreline was high and rocky. An oil tanker was making its way along the shore. The fields looked tiny, and they had their hedges, or occasionally, a stone wall.

A Lost Opportunity
The skipper of the plane sat beside me, and we talked about things aeronautical. He asked me if I would like to go upstairs with him to see the pilot and the navigators at their work. I assured him I would like nothing better and he told me that when the plane came down to the water again, he would look me up; it was against the rules to take the passengers up during flight.

The chance never came. Just at that moment, there was a change in the rhythm of the motors. We both heard it and looked out. Number four motor had stopped. The skipper said, "Oh, oh!" nothing more, and was gone and I didn't see him again.

The Clipper turned back towards Horta. The other Clipper, which had left New York two days after we did, was sitting on the water. Before we came down, the gasoline was dumped into the Atlantic. Someone told me that 5,000 gallons went to waste in the interest of safety. We came down easily to a perfect landing and piled out into launches at Horta for a second time.

On the breakwater, six other Canadians watched proceedings with interest. They were the balance of the newspaper party, who had left New York on a later Clipper and had now caught up to us. There I first met three editors from Western Canada, two from Quebec city and one from St. John.

We left the Dixie Clipper sitting on the waters of Horta harbor, with mechanics working feverishly over that balky engine, while the Atlantic Clipper soared into the air and ten hours later, came down on the Tagus river opposite Lisbon.

San Miguel
Six weeks later, I saw the other side of the Azores group. This time, it was from the water level and I was on the "Excambion," sailing past the high and rocky coast of the largest of the islands, San Miguel. It must be well over a hundred miles in length, for we were within sight of it for hours. The island is decidedly mountainous, and only here and there were there signs of life. The occasional valleys, coming down to the ocean, usually had villages on the coast and a few houses back in the valleys. Railways would be impossible. Perhaps travel is mostly by boat. Towards dusk, we passed a fairly large city, well lighted. Some of the European refugees on board stood out on deck till the last of the lights disappeared under the horizon. It was their last sight of Europe.

When I hear of San Miguel, I will think of Dolphins. A number of these playful animals (for they are not fish), followed the "Excambion" that day, jumping out of the tops of the waves, and playing around the boat. I could understand why so many old navigators chose the dolphin for a place in their coats-of-arms. The appearance of dolphins must have been a pleasant break in the monotony of long voyages.

Much Coveted Islands
It is probable that you would far rather spend the rest of your days in a Canadian prison than on the bleak shores of San Miguel or some of these other islands, but they are coveted by many nations right now. Germany would like to have them. They would supply submarine bases a thousand miles nearer to parts of North America and South America. Nor is it only Germany which could use the Azores. Last October, before the United States was into the war, that country was quite unpopular in Portugal. The reason was simple. The United States had recently acquired naval and air bases on a chain of British islands from Newfoundland to South America. Having got these bases, they looked for more, and the eyes of some talkative senators fell on the Azores. "With those islands in our hands," they said, "we could hold off German attacks before they had much more than left Europe."

The argument was true enough; there was just one flaw in it. The Azores belong to Portugal, a neutral nation, at present doing harm to no one. And you can take my word for

The Week at OTTAWA

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A pretty sure sign that the military chiefs of the North American continent are catching right up with Britain in the new theory of offensive warfare can be found in the announcement that Canada and the United States are joining hands in an unprecedented undertaking to train troops for combined operations.

The special combined force which Col. Robert T. Fredericke, of the United States coast artillery commands at Helena, Mont., is of course, at a beginning. The roots are there and in time combined training may be the keynote in Canada-United States military methods.

It seems safe to predict that the forces of the two great neighbors will be increasingly pooled for greater efficiency and economy of operations. The new two-nation force will be groomed to strike and strike hard, as the popular designation "super-commandos" implies. When it has knocked off the rough spots in training, the First Special Service force will take the lead in any North American fighting, if its detachments are not sent overseas to fight on remote fronts.

Canadian Leader
Lt.-Col. J. G. McQueen of Calgary, 29-year-old native of Medicine Hat, Alta., is second-in-command and the first Canadian assigned to the force, which Defence Minister Ralston says will take various phases of its training in Canada and the United States, already have arrived at Helena. Essentials of future training will be parachute attacks, marine landings, mountain fighting and desert warfare.

Theoretically, every Canadian soldier with a thirst for action can join the super-commandos. Instructions have been issued to all Canadian army establishments to seek volunteers from among men already in the army.

It is hardly a coincidence that the announcement of this new link in international relations came just a week or so after formation of the Canadian parachute battalion was disclosed. It may be that Col. Ralston's "reorganization" of the defence department's headquarters staff, described to the House of Commons just before the summer recess, may already be bearing fruit.

Farm Co-operation
In another sphere of international co-operation, selective service officials in Canada find unemployment officers in the United States are formulating plans to assure that equipment and men do not stand idle along the international boundary while there is work to be done this busy harvest season.

As outlined here, the procedure is for a farmer whose crop is ready for harvesting to get in touch with the selective service office. If he cannot obtain labor in Canada, if men and machines are idle in the United States boundary area, special permits will be given enabling necessary machinery, its owner, or lessor, and not more than four assistants to enter Canada as long as 29 days. Canadian harvesting units may travel to the United States on the same basis.

Income Tax Collection
The government, meanwhile, is seeking to ease the pain of income tax collection under the most burdensome budget in Canadian history. Late this week, the National Revenue department will issue tables to employers showing how much income tax should be deducted from each employee starting with the first September payroll.

The tables will provide for deducting 90 per cent of the income tax any employee should pay, leaving 10 per cent for adjustments when the taxpayer files his final return in September, 1943. It sets out the amount deductible for life insurance premiums, principal payments on mortgages, superannuation, pensions, and payments to trade unions other than wages.

They Housekeep For a Squadron
Three Auxiliary Air Force Girls Have Big Jobs on Their Hands

LIVERPOOL, (CP)—Few women have as big a house-keeping chore as Pat, Frances and Bessie, three 21-year-old airwomen of the R.A.F. coastal command. They are housekeepers of a coastal command squadron and each day go to the ration store and collect boxes and bundles of food for their airmen.

That over in Lisbon, the Germans were doing their utmost to spread the sayings of these too-talkative senators in Washington.

Prairies Facing Storage Problem For Bumper Crop

Lumber Shortage Adds Difficultly as Farmers Erect Granaries on Their Own Farms

WINNIPEG, (CP)—With only a few weeks before the heavy work of harvesting sets in, prudent farmers on the prairies are making the best use of time available by erecting granaries on their own farms.

During the past few weeks they have had fair warning from several sources, which agree that some 200,000,000 bushels of wheat will have to be stored on western farms this fall because Canada's storage facilities are already near capacity.

The Dominion's storage space amounts to 601,191,310 bushels, but her elevators already hold about 400,000,000 bushels, leaving only about 200,000,000 bushels' storage space to handle the new crop, forecast at more than 400,000,000 bushels.

Lumber Problem
The problem of farm storage has become acute because of a critical shortage of lumber on the prairies. Western Retail Lumbermen's Association throw the spotlight on the lumber shortage three weeks ago in a statement issued here which said that 200,000,000 feet of lumber would be needed to store the grain.

A delegation of western lumbermen this week placed the problem before Assistant Timber Controller D. D. Rosenberry in Vancouver, who said British Columbia would make "a desperate effort to help the prairie" but that the west was only one of several big markets asking for all-out production from B.C.'s lumber mills.

One grain authority, who called the situation "critical," said: "What frightens us is the prospect of the new crop where are we going to put it?"

The only answer authoritative sources offer is farm storage. Lumber shortages or no, farmers will have no alternative to keeping the grain on their own farms.

Farm Granaries
Types of farm granaries which will appear in profusion in the wheat-fields during the next two months are outlined for farmers in a handbook, "Storing Grain on the Farm," being issued by the Manitoba Agriculture Department.

First issued last year, the publication now is being re-distributed in large quantities. It provides farmers with full details of various types of granaries their construction, advantages and cost in labor and materials based on engineering experiments made at the University of Manitoba.

General observations made in the booklet are that (a) square bins are more economical than rectangular ones, (b) a circular bin is the strongest shape, and (c) tall bins (those more than 2½ times as high as wide) are more economical than low bins.

Suggested granaries range from elaborate circular models to rough, shipyard-buildings with straw-hatched roofs. One temporary type to which farmers may have to resort unless the lumber shortage eases, consists simply of woven wire drawn to a circle and lined with heavy weather-proof paper or sheaves.

LESS WASH, MORE COAL
LONDON, (CP)—Stop-press government aid in the London press: "Early victory is our hope, use less water with your soap." The point is, it takes power to pump water and to make power in Britain it takes fuel at a time when coal is scarce.

BE BRIEF... CLEAR YOUR LINE FOR THE NEXT CALL

Clear telephone lines for ALL-OUT PRODUCTION
Your telephone is part of a vast interlocking system now carrying an abnormal wartime load. Don't let needless delays hold up messages on which production efficiency may depend.

OTHER "WARTIME TELEPHONE TACTICS"

1. BE SURE you have the right number... consult the directory.
2. SPEAK distinctly, directly into the mouthpiece.
3. ANSWER promptly when the bell rings.
4. USE OFF-PEAK hours for Long Distance calls: before 9:30 a.m., 1-2 p.m., 5-7 p.m., after 9 p.m.

These things may look trifling, but on a 6,000,000 mile telephone network, they are very important.

On Active Service Giving Wings to Words



AN OLD CANADIAN CUSTOM

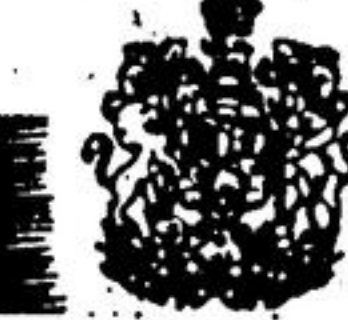
When our pioneer grandparents had a big job to do they called in their neighbours. A barn raising brought help from miles around. Skilled barn framers took charge; sides were chosen and competition between teams lent interest to the work. This old Canadian custom was revived when Canada's National War Finance Committee was formed and went into operation. Under the leadership of the National and Provincial Committees—men experienced in the organization and conduct of financial operations—Local Committees were formed in all communities. Co-operation and competition characterized the work. The biggest "raising" in Canada's history got away to a magnificent start.

WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB TO DO NOW

The War goes on. The National War Finance Committee carries on. Some will serve on the committees organized to promote continued sales of Bonds, War Savings Certificates and Stamps. All of us must continue to buy these securities. We must save every dollar, every cent we can—and lend our money to Canada. We must provide the money required to carry on the war—the money required to win the war.

Our fighters must have more ships and tanks and guns and planes. They must have better ships and tanks and guns and planes than the enemy has. We must all work, and save and lend. The safest investments we can find for our savings are Bonds, War Savings Certificates and Stamps—and they will provide money for us to buy things that we will want when the war is ended.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE



National War Finance Committee 103