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**Portugese Bullfight Brilliant Pageant Without Any Blood Being Spilled**

This is the 11th in the series of stories about a trip to wartime Britain and return, by way of Portugal. They are written for the weekly newspapers of Canada by Hugh Tompkins, editor of the Terra Nova Record.

I have already written something of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. This week I add 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 me with the compliments of the Minister of Propaganda (for they call a guide a guide in Portugal) says:

Lisbon is a charming city, a city of old and modern, with wide avenues bordered by magnificent houses and crowded with well-kept cars. There are streets of steep steps in which houses of many-colored fronts jostle one another confusedly, while between them passes a motley crowd of typical costumes—fishwives, bareheaded but wearing golden necklaces, women 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. Began it from the start. The bullfight on Sunday, October 11th. Back on Tuesday and stayed that way till Wednesday 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 first hand the stories of some of these refugees. Not till then did I learn what Nazi domination really means. 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 call 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 Export Lines. 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 marvelled at the way free people took things. There had always been some danger in those days, and I might in England but the people were 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 unusual number of policemen were to be seen everywhere. One could buy lottery tickets on the streets, but being 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, and many of them have deadly sicknesses. I had been warned not to drink the water in Lisbon or even clean my teeth in it. Distilled water was sold in five-litre bottles for that purpose. Nobody warned me against 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 constituted that body, but I knew the report said I was traveling "on official government business." The Germans 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 it thick walls could talk freely.

**The Bullfight**

To Canadian readers, it may 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 of all times. It took some time for the idea to sink in. Mr. Bandwell 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 lights. The huge, colored posters advertising the bullfight fascinated us. They bore some resemblance to Pall Mall 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 Toros Toros"—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 Toros Dramaticos." We shuddered over it. "Good gosh, Tompkins," said Mr. Bandwell. "It must be a bloody spectacle if they are going to disembowel six bulls."

Back in the hotel, others of our party had other 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 points. One of the crowd had already arranged for two boxes for the party.

Lisbon's bullring has a magnificent setting. The taxi cab 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 on foot.

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

The box seats were at the top, on the shady side. Lisbon is a hot place. The temperature in the daytime ran about 85 degrees. Seats in the sun cost about half the price of those in the shade. We sat on chairs in a large, uncrowded box. Nearby, various prominent families occupied their own boxes. The family coat-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 seated 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

**The Editor's Corner**

**WILL GEORGETOWN DISTRICT GIVE \$4,000?**

In the \$9,000,000 Red Cross appeal which will be made to the Canadian people beginning May 11th, the citizens of the Georgetown district will be asked to contribute at least \$4,000 as their share in this great campaign. This is a lot of money in any man's language, and it will mean that each and every one of us must dig just a little deeper than we did last year, when the Canadian War Services appeal saw \$3400 raised in the district. That, at the time, was a good record, as the national objective was three and a half million dollars less, and Georgetown's quota being \$2500, the patriotic record of the district was maintained by a large over-subscription.

Can we raise \$600 more than this past figure? That depends on you, and you, and you! Surely the people who bought over \$300,000 worth of Victory Bonds can dig up \$4,000 to give away. Surely those free-will offerings of \$3200 recorded in the two Herald funds in fifteen months, can be enlarged in an intensive appeal, with canvassers calling at every house.

**WHERE WILL THE MONEY GO?**

It is impossible to summarize in brief all the activities of the Red Cross Society, but just a few of the bigger things may help you realize where your money will go. At the present time, 40,000 parcels are being shipped every week to prisoners-of-war in Germany and Italy, Hong Kong, Singapore, Greece, and other Axis-controlled territories. The Society has been asked to double these weekly shipments—to supply 80,000 parcels every week for war prisoners. The Blood Donor service, operated by the Red Cross, is organizing and operating clinics to obtain 3,000 donations a week, to make the precious serum which has saved countless lives. Hospital supplies, knitted comforts for men in service, clothing for air raid victims, canteens, are only a few of the varied things which the Society provides in its humanitarian work.

That's where your money will go—to help relieve human suffering in all shapes and forms, to cheer up lonely men far from their homeland, to save lives. Aren't those reasons enough to be generous.

**FINALE**

We bid good-bye this week to our anonymous correspondent, who contributes a final article on high school days. We've enjoyed them, and to judge from the comments overhead among subscribers, they have been one of the most popular features of the Herald this spring. Too bad a weekly paper's budget doesn't allow a paid reporter, or Mr. A. (or should we say Mr. E?) would have a new job. We can appreciate the many hours of effort that went into the composition of the five articles, particularly the hockey train classic and last week's poem, which was certainly one of the cleverest of its type we have yet seen.

Speaking of the poem, that line "What it is makes corns and callouses, and why Aurora Borealis," brings back an amusing anecdote from a summer spent in Trois-Pistoles, Quebec, at summer school. A popular rendezvous with the students was the Cafe Jacques-Cartier, where the pretty waitress was known as Aureole. One night, a girl student asked if anyone knew her last name, and one of the male wits said it was Borealis.

"That's funny," said the innocent victim of the joke, "the prospectus for the school says that the Aurora Borealis is one of the sights of Trois-Pistoles." The joke was carried on for many weeks before the student finally found out that she was the victim of a ribbing, and meanwhile we are quite sure that Mlle. Aureole thought the English students were completely "fou," because of the peals of laughter which greeted her in the cafe.

But to get back to our correspondent, as we cannot thank him personally, we shall take this occasion to convey our thanks and those of our readers for his contributions. We hope that sometime in the future, he'll get the urge again and send in some more articles.

**AUDITOR'S REPORT READY**

The 1941 Auditor's Report will be ready this week-end, and interested ratepayers may obtain a copy of this at the Municipal Office. The report is late this year—as sickness and staff changes contributed to slowing up production at the Herald, and we owe an apology to the Council and to citizens in general for our tardiness.

However, as a review of 1941 financial affairs

in town, the report will be of interest to those who have an intelligent curiosity into this important phase of municipal life. The town is fortunate in having an auditor who has the gift of putting into clear, every-day language, what others might confuse by too much pomposity, and the worth of his report can be judged by a recent request from the Department of Municipal Affairs for a copy to be used as a sample in setting up a standard form of financial report for small municipalities.

Once again this year, a detailed list of tax and water arrearages is included in the book. It will be realized that these lists were prepared as at December 31st, 1941, and since that time many accounts owing have been paid up, so it in no way represents the present situation. Undoubtedly, these lists which were published for the first time last year were responsible for the great increase in the number of citizens who requested copies of the report. One lady asked for a "voter's list," while many referred to it as "that book with the names in it." We trust that their curiosity led them to read some of the other pages in the report, which perhaps haven't as much "human interest" connected with them, but are the really important parts of the book.

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9.34 a.m.	c 11.25 a.m.
12.09 p.m.	2.30 p.m.
2.24 p.m.	ad 4.45 p.m.
4.54 p.m.	b 5.40 p.m.
6.34 p.m.	e 7.15 p.m.
9.19 p.m.	f 8.30 p.m.
b 1.50 a.m.	g 10.05 p.m.
	11.35 p.m.

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Passenger and Mail	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only	8.21 p.m.
Passenger, daily	9.43 p.m.
(Stops for Toronto and east of Toronto passengers only.)	

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.35 a.m.
Passenger, Sat. only	2.15 p.m.
Passenger daily except Saturday and Sunday	6.14 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sundays only	11.30 p.m.

Going North

Passenger and Mail	8.45 a.m.
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Going South

Passenger and Mail	8.50 p.m.
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