

Being Tailed by German Gestapo in Lisbon not Pleasant for Editors

Canadian Weekly Newspapermen Did Not Enjoy Attention of German Secret Service Men in Portugal. Interesting Description of Portugal and the General Conditions There.

(This is the 16th in the series of articles describing a trip to Britain last September and October. The writer, Hugh Tomlin, editor of the Fergus News-Record, represented the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and the stories are written exclusively for the weekly newspapers of Canada.)

I'll never forget the night we left Ireland behind and flew toward Portugal in the largest seaplane I ever saw, the good ship "Berwick," which later became famous when it carried Winston Churchill back over the Atlantic from Bermuda to Britain.

We left the peaceful little village of Adare, in Southern Ireland, about ten o'clock on Friday night, driving by bus along the winding, walled roads, through a couple more tiny hamlets, and down one last hill to the seacoast. Once again, there was a hurried session in the little customs house, though no baggage was opened for inspection. One more entry was made in our passports, and we filed out on the pier and down a shaky gangplank to the launch.

It all seemed strange to me that night. There I was in Ireland, where I had never expected to be. Behind us on the hills, lights shone in the few houses, not exactly what had become accustomed to during a month in England where everything would have been black. On the pier a powerful searchlight swung around picking out at times the shape of the big winged boat on the estuary, throwing its black shadow on the cliff behind until it looked like two ships, one gray and one black.

One launch had gone out with the mail and I climbed into another with a dozen fellow passengers. One or two loads had already gone aboard. The bay was rough and our launch went out beyond the seaplane, drifting back past it. The crew missed the rope thrown from the plane and tried again. The second time they had better luck and we climbed aboard the big float which is part of the body of the plane and down through the narrow door.

The interior looked familiar. This was another Boeing plane, similar to the Clippers by which I had crossed the Atlantic some weeks before. Even the pattern on the tapestry that covered the walls was the same. But this was a later model and larger.

There were no berths for the passengers that night. There wasn't room for them. We were packed in too closely, and we sat up all night in the comfortable seats. After we rose from the water, there were no lights either. The plane was to fly down opposite the unfriendly coast of France and the only safe way to go was in the dark. And even that wasn't too safe, as we all realized. So we sat sprawled around in all sorts of queer shapes, trying to sleep—and having some success, at that.

Aboard the Berwick

I don't think Pan American Airways would have tried to fly a Clipper on a night like that. The waves were high and the wind was off-shore. That made it necessary to go away out into the estuary and taxi toward the land, with the ship gaining height fast enough to clear the range of low hills. Three times, the Captain tried before he finally lifted off the waves and into the air. Each time, he went farther out into the open ocean.

I sat at the window and looked out at the waves, thrilled beyond anything I had known on the trip before. I could see two of the four huge motors and the long wing with the green light out near the tip. The waves splashed up over the window when the motors speeded up. Twice the waves were so high they came up over the Wing-tip, obscuring the green light. Then we turned towards land, and there was a louder roar, and I could feel the slap-slap of the waves on the bottom of the ship, growing less violent and finally disappearing and we were in the air.

The great ship circled towards the south. The wing-tip light and all the interior lights went out. Down below, Limerick showed through the clouds, for Ireland has no blackout. Minutes later, there were two or three lights—open sea, then nothing more but clouds for hours and hours.

Lisbon From the Air

Lisbon, as seen from the air, is one of the most beautiful cities. The Berwick arrived over the mouth of the Tagus River just before the sun came up over the hills behind Lisbon. (The interior of Portugal is quite mountainous in spots). Down below, a large fleet of fishing boats could be seen on the Atlantic, mostly little sailing ships, but a few steam trawlers. Then there was Es.oril, the health resort at the mouth of the river, and then Lisbon set on several hills. A new airport was being built outside the city, with broad modern roads leading to it, in contrast to the narrow lanes of the city itself. An Oriental cemetery with little tombs inside a high wall provided an odd touch.

Twice the ship circled the city, losing height, and came down on the river, beside a Pan American Clipper, preparing to leave in a few hours. "How nice it would be," I thought, "to transfer from one plane to the other, without even bothering to go ashore." But wartime travel isn't that easy in Europe.

Lisbon is one of the most romantic cities in the world at present. It's a poor magazine that hasn't had some story dealing with Lisbon and its refugees, its spies, the German Gestapo and such like. There has been a whole series of moving pictures about Lisbon, such as "One Night in Lisbon," "The Lady Has Plans," and "Affectionately Yours." The general idea seems to be that anything can happen in Lisbon. I believe that is true: anything can happen there, and most of it does happen. Some of the things that have happened are probably more exciting than anything the fiction writers have produced. But alas! Some of the true stories must be kept secret until after the war.

I didn't see much of Lisbon the first time I was there, but on the return trip I saw far too much, and I do not care if I ever see Portugal again. Even when peace comes again, I think I would decline an invitation.

Lisbon After Dark

On the eastward trip, the short stay in Lisbon and suburbs held some excitement but it was pleasant. The Clipper arrived after dark. My first impression of the Tagus River was that it consisted of acres of mud flats. The tide must have been low that night and the bright searchlights on the plane and on the shore shone on the mud as the Clipper circled around in search of its anchorage. The trip to shore was over a long pier that ended in the Customs office. There the British Embassy people picked us up, supplied us with plenty of escudos (the Portuguese money) and gave the taxi driver directions where to take us.

There followed a wild taxi ride through the narrow streets of Lisbon and out to Estoril. It was far more exciting and undoubtedly more dangerous than the Clipper trip across the broad Atlantic, but we arrived breathless at the Estoril Palacia, the finest hotel in Portugal. (It is this hotel you see in some of the movies). There was a midnight dinner in the magnificent dining room along with the crew of the Clipper, then a few hours' sleep and away again in the early morning darkness to Cintra, the airport that is used by British, Dutch, German and Italian planes. And so to England.

Seven Days in Portugal! On the return trip, I spent seven days in Lisbon, which was about five too many. It was mid-October when autumn storms were interfering with the Clipper schedules. At first, it seemed, I might have to wait ten days for a place on a Clipper, then it was more indefinite. It might be three weeks. As it has since turned out, it might be never. A prominent Canadian who returned a few weeks later had to go by way of Africa, Brazil and Trinidad to get out of Lisbon. The city is full of people trying to get out. For some of them, it is a matter of life and death. They must leave before the Germans get them. A place on the Clipper was not to be measured in mere dollars then (though it cost over \$500, west-bound). So I stayed in Lisbon with seven other Canadians, and as the days passed slowly, our plight became so desperate that we returned at last on a refugee ship, "part of a cargo of cork," as Bishop Renison puts it.

As I have said, Lisbon is beautiful from the air. So is the rest of Portugal that I had seen from the plane. From the ground, parts of the capital city are beautiful and everything is interesting. But under its picturesque exterior, there lurk dangers, even in peace time. Now the whole city is full of danger and intrigue.

For the first time, the question of money began to bother us, when we learned we might be in Lisbon indefinitely. We could bring only \$40 each in American money out of England under the strict wartime rules. Out of that, we had to pay our fares home from North York. Other expenses began to come up. We held a conference and pooled our reserves at last, finding that we had just enough to stay one week at our hotel in Lisbon. We knew nothing of the language. For two days, we lived like paupers, hoarding every escudo, till the British Embassy came to our aid and guaranteed our hotel bill.

Modern Cartier Offices Now Situated in Theatre Building



Above is shown the fleet of 11 modern, spacious cars that are at the beck and call of all patrons of the Cartier Cab Co., which celebrates its third anniversary this week. The above picture was taken in front of the Cartier's modern new office in the Cartier theatre building, Mountjoy street. During the three years the company has been in business, Cartier cabs have travelled more than 700,000 miles. The number of accidents in that time has been extremely small, as all Cartier drivers are trained to take care on the road. This year the Cartier Cab Co. launched an innovation with the hiring of two women drivers. The young women have proved very efficient at their jobs and the company plans to hire two or three more very soon.

Cartier Patrons Are Covered With \$20,000 Insurance

Policy Will be Used to Pay for Any Damages Resulting from Accidents.

For the protection of their patrons the management of the Cartier Cab Company have taken out a \$20,000 insurance policy to cover everyone using a Cartier Cab in case of an accident. This policy is quite an expense to the company but it gives confidence to the passengers to know that while they are riding in that taxi they are insured for twenty thousand dollars.

Cartier drivers have an almost perfect record for safe driving but Eddie Vaillancourt, owner-manager of the firm, knows that a lot of accidents are unavoidable. Many times when a car is involved in an accident the blame lies with the driver of the other car.

Since cars have been frozen for the duration of the war it is more important than ever that the drivers exercise care in driving and thus prolong the life of the car. For that reason the Cartier drivers have been instructed to take extra precautions while on call.

Recently two young ladies have been added to the Cartier staff of drivers and they were put through hard driving tests before being hired. The Cartier Cab Company is confident that they can stand up to any driving condition they will be called upon to face. The women drivers have proved so satisfactory that the company is thinking of hiring two or three more women drivers during the coming summer and they will teach them to drive properly so that they can be classed with the best drivers in the district.

The insurance company that is backing the policy by the taxi firm has written to Eddie Vaillancourt, congratulating him for hiring women drivers and informing him that women drivers are considered to be much safer drivers than men. Experience has shown the insurance company that a smaller average of women are involved in accidents than men.

Big Programme of Entertainment to be at Legion Event

Legion "V" Carnival to be Held Week of June 22nd to 27th.

"It won't be long now," is a popular saying around the town and district, and when questioned as to the meaning of the statement of course the answer is the Legion "V" Carnival, at the McIntyre Arena, June 22nd to 27th. The stage show planned for this event will be one of the finest ever to perform here. Word from Miss Jeanette Garrett, the stage and concert dancing star, of New York City, says she is looking forward to her engagement here and will have some spectacular dance routines for the public's enjoyment. Woodhouse and Hawkins, C.B.C.'s ace radio team, are bringing their act right up-to-the-minute for their show, and don't be amazed if they know as much about Timmins and district as you do. These popular artists have just completed a coast-to-coast tour of Canada, entertaining the troops in all the camps and have met with great success everywhere. The Legion expects that the Arena will be packed each evening for this programme. Miss Bernice McGrath, local soprano vocalist, needs no comment, and "Margaret's" Little Stars will de-

ally lifted off the waves and into the air. Each time, he went farther out into the open ocean.

As I have said, Lisbon is beautiful from the air. So is the rest of Portugal that I had seen from the plane. From the ground, parts of the capital city are beautiful and everything is interesting. But under its picturesque exterior, there lurk dangers, even in peace time. Now the whole city is full of danger and intrigue.

For the first time, the question of money began to bother us, when we learned we might be in Lisbon indefinitely. We could bring only \$40 each in American money out of England under the strict wartime rules. Out of that, we had to pay our fares home from North York. Other expenses began to come up. We held a conference and pooled our reserves at last, finding that we had just enough to stay one week at our hotel in Lisbon. We knew nothing of the language. For two days, we lived like paupers, hoarding every escudo, till the British Embassy came to our aid and guaranteed our hotel bill.

Headquarters of the Gestapo We saved at the Hotel Victoria in Lisbon, not at the expensive Palacia. It had been recommended to me by an American foreign correspondent in London. "It's new and clean," he said, "so long as you don't mind staying in the same hotel as the head of the German Gestapo in Portugal."

I laughed that off. In London, that sounded like an added adventure. So on my recommendation, we stayed at the Victoria. It was new, and clean, and cheap, and the meals were good. And we saw the head of the Gestapo, not just once, but too often. His men kept a close watch on the eight Canadians. It gets on your nerves in a few days.

The Avenida da Liberdade is the main street of Lisbon. The name, as you may guess, means "Avenue of Liberty." It stretches north and south up a broad valley between Lisbon's ten hills. The avenue is reputed to be one of the most beautiful in all the world. I don't doubt it. It is wide. Down each side is a broad roadway. In the centre, is a four-lane highway. In between the outer strips and the centre, are gardens with palm trees and edible chestnuts and benches to sit on under the palms and on the grass. Here and there are sidewalk cafes, where everything can be had to drink from ice cream sodas and strong coffee to much stronger things. The roadway circles around many monuments or fountains with goldfish swimming in the waters, and all the sidewalks are of mosaic—little pieces of colored marble laboriously laid by hand into patterns. Not only are the scrolls and flowers, but the history of Portugal is written there for those who can read the language.

Up and down the Avenida, there is a steady stream of traffic. On the roadways at the side, old-fashioned street cars with open sides pass every few seconds. I never saw so many street cars on one street anywhere. The automobiles are mostly tiny cars and one could ride half a mile in a taxi for six American cents. Most of the people are on foot, many of them with bare feet.

There is poverty everywhere in Portugal and it intrudes even on to the beautiful Avenida. Hundreds of women pass in an hour, with baskets on their heads containing silvery fish or grapes or flowers. Men carry cases of wine or heavier loads. Many of them have little fancy wicker baskets with a lid and handle. I was curious about them. One day I followed an old lady. She stopped occasionally to pick things off the street. At last she sat on a bench and I sat down beside her. She opened her hamper. Inside were little bits of metal. On the lid of the basket, she had a horseshoe magnet. With the magnet, she tested all the metal scraps. The iron ones she put in one pile, the non-ferrous in another. There's no need for salvage campaigns in Lisbon. Nothing goes to waste.

Nephew of Mr. and Mrs. R. Richardson Wins D. F. C.

Among those honoured in London, England, last week was Flying Officer Reginald Wiseman Brown, of Saskatchewan, a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. R. Richardson, of Timmins. Flying Officer Brown was awarded the D. F. C. for "great skill and courage". He was a member of the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve 218 (Gold Coast) squadron and was the navigator of a sterling bomber which dropped a heavy load of high explosives on the Skoda works at Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. Dense clouds making flying difficult and dangerous, but through Brown's skill the target was located and bombed, despite heavy anti-aircraft fire. "Brown has continuously displayed great skill and courage and always identified his targets under extremely difficult and hazardous conditions," the citation said.

Ladies Auxiliary Holds Bridge Party and Afternoon Tea

Members Stage Bridge Party on Tuesday Night and Afternoon Tea on Wednesday.

The Legion Hall was the setting for the first bridge party of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion on Tuesday evening. The ladies had previously been entertaining at tournament whist-drives but this week, the event took the form of a bridge party.

The ladies enjoyed themselves playing bridge with Mrs. Hass, Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Rudd taking prizes. Mrs. M. Smith also won one of the prizes. On Wednesday afternoon, May 26, the Ladies Auxiliary held its regular comfort fund afternoon tea at the Legion Hall. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent by the following members: Mrs. W. A. Devine, Mrs. J. McGarry, Mrs. R. Hardy, Mrs. E. Ray, Mrs. J. Potts, Mrs. J. Precious, Mrs. R. M. Smith, Mrs. E. Wheeler, Mrs. E. Croft, Mrs. H. Pope, Mrs. E. Page, Mrs. J. E. Brown, Mrs. A. Kettle, Mrs. A. Cannell, Mrs. L. Nicholson, Mrs. R. Johnson, Mrs. E. Pooley, and Mrs. E. Charlton.

Next Tuesday, June 2, The Ladies Auxiliary will hold a whist-drive. The following Friday, June 5, an executive meeting will be held commencing at 7.15 p.m. and a general meeting will take place on Monday June 1st.

Horticultural Soc'y. Anxious to Assist in War Gardens

Ready to Help Those Not Expert in Making War Gardens.

Not only is the Timmins Horticultural Society seeking by way of prizes to encourage the making of war gardens as a patriotic effort, but the society is anxious to assist any who may not be experts at the work. The Society has received from the Ontario Dept. of Agriculture a pamphlet entitled "Home Gardens in War Time." This booklet gives a large number of very helpful hints and helps to the amateur gardener. The Society has a limited number of these booklets and will be pleased to give one to anyone asking for it while the supply lasts.

Vanishing Teas are Continued by Local Women This Week

Proceeds of Teas to be Used for Mrs. Winston Churchill Fund.

Continuing the series of the vanishing teas held during the past few weeks for the Mrs. Winston Churchill Fund for British Service Women, several local women have entertained their friends at teas or luncheons.

Among these are — (first-named, the hostess followed by her guests)—Mrs. F. Rankin—Mrs. E. Ellefsen, Mrs. S. Hayne, Mrs. M. Koval; Mrs. L. Pankari—Miss Elma Nykanen, Miss. Elise Heinenen; Mrs. E. Vesala—Mrs. H. Tyne; Mrs. A. Kojola—Mrs. S. Haapala; Mrs. Tyne Honkonen—Mrs. A. Kojola; Mrs. J. Aho—Mrs. R. Leivo, Mrs. A. Peterson; Mrs. A. Peterson—Mrs. V. Dahl; Mrs. G. Erickson—Mrs. E. Vesala, Miss T. Jokela; Miss T. Jokela—Miss

Ella Luhtanen; Mrs. R. Leivo—Mrs. O. Askainen. Mrs. O. Winsa—Mrs. J. McIsaac; Mrs. A. E. Humphries—Mrs. E. McCourt; Mrs. R. Hardy; Mrs. J. McIsaac—Mrs. Charles Worth; Mrs. B. McDonald, Miss J. Dund, Miss H. McIsaac; Mrs. E. Halonen—Mrs. K. Lakanen, Mrs. E. Seppa; Mrs. L. Mannila—Mrs. S. Haapala, Mrs. A. Lehtinen, Mrs. M. Jarvinen; Mrs. S. Jansen—Mrs. M. Eckholm, Mrs. H. Leander; Mrs. A. Mattson—Mrs. L. Lind, Mrs. I. Hovi; Mrs. F. Salo—Mrs. J. Eskelin, Mrs. H. Orpana; Mrs. M. Honkala—Mrs. P. Maki, Mrs. H. J. Keineck; Mrs. H. J. Keineck—Miss Phyllis McConnell.

Thousands of Dollars Damage in Recent Storm

The recent hail storm in the Cobalt area did quite serious damage. Halleybury was perhaps the heaviest losses. Hundreds of windows at Halleybury were broken by the large hailstones. The greenhouses at the Prospect Nursery (owned by Mrs. Worley) suffered very seriously from broken glass and injured plants. The loss is well over a thousand dollars.

Hefty Hail Stones Fell in the Cobalt District

Mr. A. A. Cole, in charge of the Temiskaming Testing Laboratory at Cobalt measured a number of hailstones that fell in the recent storm in the Cobalt area. The largest was one and three-quarter inches by one and a half inches, he said. They were picked up in the grass on his lawn and had melted slightly before he measured them.

WHAT A VOICE!

A Welshman who was very proud of his voice was describing a wonderful dream he'd had. "I was in a mighty choir," he said, "5,000 sopranos, 5,000 altos, 5,000 tenors—all singing together double forte." "It must have been wonderful," said the listener. "But what about the basses?" "That was it!" said the dreamer. "Suddenly the conductor stopped the choir and, turning to me, said: 'Not quite so loud in the bass, please, Mr. Jones!'"—Sudbury Star.

THE LADY'S CLOTHES

"All right back there?" called the conductor from the front of the car. "Hold on!" came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on." The entire car of passengers turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry. —Blairmore Enterprise.

McINTYRE ARENA ROLLER SKATING SCHEDULE

EVERY MON., WED. & FRI. EVENING
Mon. & Wed. Afternoons
Saturday Morning
9.30 to 11.00
Central Public School Pupils

LOWER INSURANCE RATES

CONSULT US REGARDING LOWER RATES FOR AUTOMOBILE AND PRIVATE DWELLING RISKS

Simms-Hooker & Pickering

INSURANCE IN ALL BRANCHES — REAL ESTATE
TELEPHONES: 112 TIMMINS SOUTH PORCUPINE 20
20 Pine Street North, Timmins Black

Join the WAR on WASTE Save Fuel.. Save Money.. with

IRON FIREMAN STOKER

Get more heat from less fuel, with an Iron Fireman Stoker. Iron Fireman burns coal scientifically... feeding coal to the water side of the fire, and supplying the correct amount of air for best combustion. Iron Fireman's fire is so efficient that there is no wasteful smoke-nuisance. You burn less coal; fuel bills are cut... yet you get the steadiest, smoothest automatic heating that is obtainable.

EASY TERMS. Small down payment. Buy the stoker that carries the greatest name in heating. Telephone or come in.

Large Iron Fireman stokers are aiding the victory program in industries and buildings. Let us convey your boiler plant.



SMITH & ELSTON

"We Service All Makes of Stokers"
71 Third Avenue Phone 327

DIAMONDS WATCHES
C.A. REMUS
JEWELLER — OPTOMETRIST
Third Ave. at Cedar Street
TIMMINS

Bowl For Fun
It's Good Exercise Too For Young and Old
EMPIRE BOWLING ACADEMY
11 Balsam South Phone 2145

RIVERSIDE PAVILION
HENRY KELNECK and his ORCHESTRA
DANCING EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
Ladies 25c Gents 75c
ENJOY DANCING to the Finest Music and on the Best Floor in the North

Albert's Hotel

FULLY LICENSED
Mountjoy & Second Phone 1965
J. A. Mongeon, Proprietor

Thirty-Eight Rooms
Running Water In All Rooms
Excellent Cuisine
Special Low Weekly Rates

We Take This Opportunity To Wish Continued Success to the **CARTIER CAB CO.**