

Flying Through Hostile Skies Our Editors Reach England

This is one of a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and over countries visited during six weeks in Europe and over the Atlantic. Written specially for the weekly newspapers of Canada by their own representative on the tour, Hugh Templin of the Fergus News-Record.

The first close contacts with war came at Bermuda. Because of bad weather at the Azores, the Dixie Clipper turned back during the night and the first six Canadian editors spent over a day on that island. Not only are there two naval bases on the islands, one British and the other American, but the big American PBV flying boats (Catalinas, the British call them), took off regularly every two hours or so to patrol the nearby ocean. It was obvious that the U.S. Navy was definitely in the war even then. During my stay in Bermuda, I had a chance to see several ships of that navy.

The first hint of personal danger came when we returned to the customs office on one of Bermuda's little islands. The word went out that our luggage was to be searched, because there was a danger that someone in Bermuda might have secreted a bomb among our clothing and if one of them exploded while the Clipper was in the air, it would be just too bad. One of my bags had been broken open during the time I was in Bermuda, so I insisted on a thorough search of its contents. There was no bomb, and nothing seemed to be missing.

A First Grim Example of War

The first grim example of a world at war came the morning after the Clipper had left Bermuda. I wakened and stretched in my comfortable berth, and then looked out the little window. Eight thousand feet below there was a great patch of oil upon the water, with long streaks out towards the west. Nearby, two little lifeboats floated on the great expanse of ocean. From that height, they ap-

peared to be empty, but perhaps I was mistaken. I wondered what to do. No doubt the crew, watching all the time, had seen the same thing I had discovered. What would they do about it? Anxiously, I watched the shadow of the motor on the wing to see if we would circle and offer aid, though just what the Clipper crew could do seemed uncertain. Later, I learned that the radio operator had sent word to an American destroyer, which was already on its way to give help, after receiving an S.O.S. call. I never knew the name or nationality of the steamer, or the fate of the crew.

In Touch With the Enemy

At Lisbon, we came in closer touch with the enemy. Portugal is neutral. It may be that the warring nations find it to their advantage to keep the country that way. Lisbon is full of spies of all nationalities, refugees, people who once had money and now have none, gangsters who would make money out of the war. To that port only, in all Europe, American

ships and planes have been allowed to go. The feeling of tension and intrigue soon becomes apparent to every visitor. There is a saying that "Germany doesn't even need to invade Portugal: Hitler can take the country by telephone any time he likes." That is partly German propaganda, but it doesn't make a stay in Portugal any more pleasant. Those who go to Lisbon now are not on holidays.

Our stay in Lisbon while on the way to England was brief. It was midnight when our group cleared the Portuguese Customs. Out in a tiny courtyard, taxi drivers pushed and jostled and shouted in a strange language. The British Embassy people got us placed in a big car, supplied us with Portuguese escudos and sent us away to the Estoril Palacia.

That 15-mile drive to the seaside resort of Estoril was the most exciting of my life. It was, perhaps, a taste of things to come. Most Lisbon streets are narrow but two cars can pass with care. But there is an added complication when there is also a street car running down the centre.

In places, an automobile could not pass a street car. That did not seem to worry the driver. He would go at 60 or 70 miles an hour until he saw a street car coming; then he would jam on his brakes and turn into the nearest side street. Once he barely made the turn, running up on the sidewalk. After the street car had passed, he backed out again and continued on his way to the hotel. It is said that Lisbon taxi drivers have just one accident—their last.

The porter at the hotel collected our precious passports and assigned room numbers, while sleepy waiters served our first European meal, which was excellent. B. K. Sandwell and I went up to our rooms in the elevator with a German and an Italian.

An International Airport

I was away again, long before daylight, to Cintra airport. The Portuguese farmers must have spent hundreds of years building stone walls along the roads and it was a foggy morning but this time the taxi driver was cautious, and crawled along over greasy pavements.

In a Europe at war, Cintra airport is surely a unique place. Out on the field stood three planes, one Dutch, one Portuguese and one Spanish. The Spanish one looked as if it would not lift off the ground; the Dutch plane was heavily camouflaged.

Inside, the ticket offices of the British Overseas Airways and the KLM (which is the Royal Dutch Airlines) are on one side of the hallway, and the Lufthansa (German) and the Italian Lines on the other. The passengers all go out to the field through the same doorway and are weighed on the same scales, in kilograms. A young Portuguese served us tea and cakes. He spoke English. He lived three years in New York and went to school there, but he still had a grievance against his teacher. She did not know that Portugal was a separate nation. She insisted he was a Spaniard. No wonder it rankled.

A deep ditch separated the air field from a sheep-pasture. On one side were the planes, backed by a group of ultra-modern buildings. On the other side was an old shepherd with a staff and long flowing robes. As he walked, he called his sheep and they followed him. He might have stepped right out of the Old Testament. Behind him, the mountains of Portugal were tipped with sunrise pink.

Flying Over Portugal

I was glad when the plane rose from the bumpy runway of the Cintra airport and left the soil of Portugal behind. Somehow the air seemed more free and more safe, though really it was a dangerous trip that lay ahead. The Dutch crew looked like mere boys, but they said they would reach England at three o'clock that afternoon and they brought us down at one minute to three. There is no waiting for perfect weather on that trip: the planes run on a time schedule.

Grattan O'Leary and I sat in the front seat of the Douglas. The Ottawa editor slept much of the time, but I was interested in the almost perfect performance of that young crew, taking a land plane on a long sea voyage. I could see the altimeter and I knew with what skill they flew their Douglas through the dangerous air opposite the unfriendly coast of Occupied France.

As long as we traveled beside the coasts of Portugal, the plane stayed low and I could see the little white houses with their red tiled roofs, the white stone fences along the roads, the churches on the hills, and an occasional city. Near Oporto, we came in over the swampy coast and landed on an airport which was little more than a pasture field. While the Douglas was being refueled, a train of tiny cars drew up beside a sugar refinery not far away. Along the borders of the airport was a stream. At a broad pool, Portuguese women were busy doing the family washing, beating the clothes on the stones and hanging them to dry on the bushes growing along the bank.

Over the Ocean in a Land Plane

The route after leaving the north west corner of Spain is probably a secret and no doubt it varies somewhat with each trip. We no longer flew low, but so far above the clouds that they looked like the Prairies in winter—an even, glaring white. The pilot chose a height of more than two miles above the water, and after that the altimeter needle never varied for hours at a time. It was a little too high for comfort. Looking down at my finger nails, I saw that they had turned a bright blue, and there was a numbness in my hands and feet. That wasn't important then. Far more important was the fact that an enemy plane could have been seen 25 miles or more away against that snowy background. It is said that planes have been molested on that route, but none has ever been lost.

At noon, one of the Dutch boys gave me a box lunch and a light tray. The lunch was huge, but so was my appetite. There was a large cut of some kind of fowl, which intrigued most of the Canadians. One editor ventured the opinion that it was ostrich. Possibly it was a Portuguese turkey.

"All in the Front Line Now!"

Before the British Isles were in sight, the windows of the plane were



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covered with locked shutters and the passengers saw nothing of the land until the plane came down with scarcely a bump on British soil.

I stepped out into the sunlight and looked around curiously. The low buildings were camouflaged. Walls of sandbags were built in front of the doors and windows. A big Wellington bomber, the first one I had ever seen was taking to the air and passed over my head. The buildings of a city showed over a low hill and above the hill floated several barrage balloons. They looked exactly like the photographs I had seen so often—from that distance like silvery hot-dogs in the sky, with a piece of the sausage hanging out one end of the bun.

This was our first sight of England in wartime! We were "all in the front line now!"



CANADA

THE PRICE CEILING ORDER IS NOW LAW

A fine up to \$5,000 and two year imprisonment is provided for offences against this law

What You Must Do to Comply With the Law

1. As a Consumer

You must not buy goods or services for more than the highest price charged for such goods or services during the basic period, September 15 to October 11. If in doubt, ask your merchant for proof the price he asks is a lawful price under the Price Ceiling order. Normal seasonal price changes in fresh fruits and vegetables and greenhouse products are exempt.

2. As a Retailer

You must not sell goods or services for more than the highest price at which you sold such goods or services in the basic period, September 15 to October 11.

You must not buy goods or services from manufacturers or wholesalers or any other sources for more than the highest price you paid to them in the basic period.

It is intended that cases of serious hardship should be adjusted by reducing the cost of merchandise to the retailer. Retailers whose cost of merchandise delivered to them after Nov. 30 is too high in relation to the Ceiling prices, should get in touch with their suppliers and try to arrange an adjustment fair to both parties.

The price of goods of a kind or quantity not sold during the basic period must not be more than the highest price charged for substantially similar goods in the basic period.

3. As a Wholesaler

You must not sell goods or services at more than your highest price (less discounts then prevailing) for such goods or services during the basic period, September 15 to October 11. You must not buy goods or services for more than the highest prices paid during the basic period.

Wholesalers will be expected in some cases to reduce their prices below the ceiling in order that their retail accounts may carry on. Wholesalers in turn may have to ask their suppliers for price reductions.

The continued flow of goods through normal channels is of the utmost importance and the Board will intervene if suppliers divert business abnormally from one customer to another.

4. As a Manufacturer

You must not sell at prices higher than your highest price (less discounts then prevailing) during the basic period, September 15 to October 11.

In some cases it will be necessary for manufacturers to reduce their prices below the ceiling so that wholesale and retail accounts may carry on.

Where maintenance of the retail ceiling requires manufacturers' prices to be substantially reduced, the Board will investigate and in proper cases will afford necessary relief.

Imports

Retailers, wholesalers and manufacturers are assured by the Board that any considerable increases in the costs of import of essential goods will be covered by subsidies or by adjustment of taxes. Details will be announced shortly.

Services Also Come Under This Law

The Price Ceiling law also applies to rates and charges for electricity, gas, steam heat, water, telegraph, wireless, telephone, transportation, provision of dock harbour and pier facilities; warehousing and storage; manufacturing processes performed on a commission or custom basis; undertaking and embalming; laundering, tailoring and dressmaking; hairdressing, barbering and beauty parlour services; plumbing, heating, painting, decorating, cleaning and renovating; repairing of all KINDS; supplying of meals, refreshments and beverages; exhibiting of motion pictures.

NO CHEATING OR EVASION OF THE PRICE CEILING LAW WILL BE TOLERATED

"How the Price Law Works," a pamphlet setting forth how each branch of business must apply the regulations to its own operation will shortly be available at Post Offices and Branch Banks.

The Board will soon open Regional Offices throughout Canada where problems may be discussed. These offices will co-operate with business in the adjustment of difficulties. The Price Ceiling law is vital to Canada's war effort.

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