Norbert Waibel 4-H Club Head Hill and Dale

FIRDALE-IOWA HILL—Hill and Dale 4-H club met at the Firdale school house Friday evening and elected the following officers: Norbert Waibel, president; Mildred Haase, vice-president; Paul Bowen, secretary. Stanley Hergert was again chosen as their leader. New members who joined the 4-H club are Paul Bowen, Mary Evelyn and John Herrold, which makes 15 members all together.

Move to Grove

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rose moved to Forest Grove last week, where Mr. Rose has employment. Their son George stayed with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Duncan, and finished out the week of school.

Londoner Says War British Favorite

(Continued from page 1)

go dotty, too. We've got imaginations all right, but I guess we keep them looking ahead, not dwelling on the present minute for what might never happen. My own feeling is that if my name is on a bullet or a bomb, I'll get it, even if I run to the north pole—so why run anywhere? I believe in doing what you can to keep yourself safe and not worrying about what is, after all, a very small chance of being hit, when you think of how many people there are in the British Isle—it's a thousand to one chance still.

We're not nearly so upset by Hitler's blitzkreig as we thought we were going to be. Once you've got used to the noise and the temporary inconveniences of the results of the bombings you get your "second wind" and decide it's not so bad after all. In fact we're getting so used to bombs, bangs and wallops that we'd most take liberties with them now. At first, we did as all the experts who had survived hundreds of raids in Spain and Finland and Holland told us to do—we marched into shelters at every alarm and stayed put until the "All Clear"—but you just can't live like that.

We must carry on and we must expect to live, so now we only take cover when the planes are actually bombing the neighborhood, and we come out as soon as they've cleared off. Then there are these wretched "time" bombs all over the place—dropped at night and liable to go off at any time. The authorities rope off about 50 feet of road on all sides of a bomb and put red flags and red notices saying "Keep Clear, Unexploded Bomb"—but you just can't keep clear when they're all over the place! Traffic and deliveries would be at a standstill, and everything held up—so now the rope gets pulled down to road level, and essential things just carry on.

I am sitting now at my work, surrounded by three of these little people from Germany—two in the convent grounds next door, and one in a demolished house in the opposite direction, but until they go off and give us a terrible fright we don't think about them, and after all, it would be unlucky if it went off at the precise second that I was passing it—I don't dawdle!

I had a letter from a friend of mine this morning in a coast town. Last Saturday her two children, boy of ten, girl of twelve, had gone to the pictures. There was a raid and the cinema was hit and some people injured. She searched and inquired and was nearly frantic with worry as she knew they had gone to this cinema and could find no trace of them. Two hours later, when she was nearly prostrate, in they walked. "Where on earth have you been?" "Pictures." "But where have you been since the Odeon was bombed?" "Oh, we'd hardly seen anything then, so we went over to the Princess and saw the pictures there!"

One of my girl guides, also evacuated by her job to a coast town, was leaving her office near the sea front when a bomb dropped without any warning. Her arm was blown off, and as she lay in the street the raider came down and machine-gunned the street and victims. She had a few bullets in her back, and must have suffered agonies, yet she has never let slip one word of complaint, not even mentioned her injuries at all! We all feel that after her wonderful example we could not grumble, whatever happened to us.

Everybody seems to think London is in ruins and even people from provincial towns have been writing us letters of sympathy and anxiety—but it is remarkable how little damage has been done, and how few lives lost comparatively. Our own borough of Fulham has had a very bad time, compared with most on this side of London, yet it is only a house demolished just here and there. You could walk for ten minutes and see no sign of damage, and then come on a bad patch. The repairs are so quickly done that it is almost incredible. One day there will be a crater in a road big enough to put a car in. The gas and light mains and water pipes may all be injured, and three days later, or less, there will be traffic driving over the spot and only a rough surface patch to tell the tale. The only maddening part is when they destroy ancient things which can never be replaced. The east end dwellings were a disgrace, and apart from the sufferings of the people there, it is a jolly good job the actual places have been blown away. Perhaps it will be rebuilt for this century, and good will come out of it, sad though it is just now.

As you say, we are just proud of our king and queen, and the way they share it all. They came to see the damage in our borough, just like ordinary visitors, in a plain car, no bodyguards or fuss at all. The queen inquires after all the little things and ways of managing which shows she understands just how the poor live and manage. Before she ever met the king she ran the Girl Guide company in the Scottish village and used to take the village children to camp and see to all the arrangements herself. She was no figure head guider, but a real one, and can cook a camp-fire meal in the rain with any of us. The princesses are learning to do the same. The man who called out "Gawd 'elp 'Itler if 'e 'hurts you or the king" just about expresses the sentiments of all of us.

Of course, when you are actually in a big raid it is no fun for the time being. I went to the Essex county rabbit show at Plaistowe in the east end a few Saturdays ago, and there was a warning came through. I had not been in a raid then, but had done a good deal of raid training and had been to a lot of lectures on behalf of a large factory where I am a welfare worker, and I have seen photos of raids in Spain, Finland and Holland, and have listened to men who were in them and it sounded just awful. My one idea was to get into a deep shelter quickly, but there was no shelter in the show place. In any case, a terrific gun barrage had started and planes were zooming overhead, so we just stayed put and went on talking.

Then came a lull, so we went out to find a shelter, and after passing several which were full up, we got into one which was a semi-basement kitchen of a shop, shored up. Here were 50 people from the streets—all sorts, rich and poor, a soldier, two Canadian sailors, a mother with a fifteen-day-old baby on her way home from the maternity hospital, women caught out shopping, children cycling, and us and our rabbit! As soon as we got in, terrific guns started again. We were near the docks and Woolwich is not far off, and it was like hell let loose. A plane came crashing down with it's engine screaming—we heard bombs screaming down and terrific explosions shook the place. We all got on the floor; we put the tiny baby under the table; the light went out, someone produced a hurricane lamp. Presently a terrific "screamer" came crashing down—everything rocked, the light went out, dust and gas filled the air—bricks and glass rumbled and crashed—a man shouted "We're hit, come on!"

But the warder at the door kicked him and said "Stay still, everyone, you will kill that baby if you move"—but nobody else had moved, or made a sound—and we heard people shouting up above "are you all right down there?" We said "yes," and presently they got us out the back way, an alternate exit made for just such an emergency. All O. K.

What a sight we were! Filthy dirty, half choked and our clothes torn, but we hadn't been hit at all! An aerial torpedo had hit behind a shop opposite and blown it away, and the blast had taken the top off of the building we were in, but below it had sounded as if the whole world had been shattered and demolished! It took us three hours of wandering about to get out of it, as we did not know the neighborhood, and naturally traveling facilities were temporarily at a standstill, and fires and unsafe buildings made us wander about in circles.

Everywhere we met people turned out of their homes, carrying a few possessions, but I did not see one person, or even a child, in tears and plenty were joking, though many seemed just dazed by it all. The emergency squads were wonderful—everything was going like clockwork and the mess was being quickly cleared up by the public and paid helpers. However, it was rather a shattering experience while it lasted, and we were glad to be out of it alive. It was the worst raid the east end has had, and that's something!

The next few nights were noisy—we frequently ducked as bombs came whistling down—but Tuesday night was ours. We didn't get four hours' notice, we got about four seconds! We had been like a lot more people, optimistic about raids and had no shelter, but the day after the east end raid I insisted upon something being done, and we shored up the cellar stairs with iron girders and big timbers and made a dug-out there. My father scorned it and insisted upon sleeping upstairs in his bedroom. About 2 a. m. the bombs got nearer and nearer, explosions shook the whole ground and suddenly three terrific shriekers came hurtling down. Everything went black and it sounded as if the whole house had disappeared into the front garden. We staggered up and were amazed to find we still had a house, though doors, windows and furniture and ceilings were all mixed up on the floors.

We yelled for father and he shouted "get anything out you want, we're all right." We ran to the front door (the only one left) and opened it, just as a blazing oil bomb hurtled by. Shrapnel was falling with the Germans still zooming overhead and people were screaming. (They were safe really, but the house next door had fallen on their shelter and trapped them in it, and they were scared stiff.) A large paper warehouse surrounds our house on two sides, and two high explosives and an oil can bomb had gone into it, missing my father's bedroom by exactly 4½ feet! The whole place was blazing to heaven in a matter of seconds, and we expected our house to be trapped in the blaze.

Our shelter was so comfortable and seemingly safe that we went to bed properly in it, so all I had on was silk pajamas and a dressing gown and slippers, and it was a chilly night. Two hours in the streets like that is no joke! I have my rabbit hutches against the warehouse wall, and I was going to have them roasted alive. I filled my dressing gown pockets with baby rabbits and safety-pinned the tops, and so did my sister. I stumbled about in the dark over glass and mess and found my traveling boxes and put some in and ran to a friend's house with them. They lent me cardboard cartons and we kept running back for another one, dodging shrapnel and hoping the wretched "Jenny" overhead would not let another one into the blaze. The funniest sight I ever saw was my father in a tin hat and his pajamas and our garden hosepipe—playing it on to the warehouse wall which towered 40 feet above him, with raging flames above that! Talk about an optimist!

However the fire fighters were wonderful and saved the part of the warehouse behind our house and saved ours, though to see it no one would have believed it possible. My father wanted to give the squad something as a thank offering, and they wouldn't even take cigarettes! They said "No, it's just the chance we've been waiting for all these months, it's just our job." It was a dreary life for a few days, cleaning up the mess

(Continued on page 8)

Ready for State Corn Show

Keen interest is being reported in the fourth annual Oregon State Corn show, to be held at Oregon State college November 22 and 23. Shown above is C. A. Marsh, Albany, who won last year's shucking contest at the show and is planning to defend his title. Below is a truckload of corn being put into the crib—a scene more familiar in Oregon now than formerly.

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