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Blitzkrieg Described—

IT SEEMED LIKE HELL WAS LOOSE

Bomb Victim Describes His "Luck" And Gratitude To Fund

An extraordinary escape from a direct hit on an air raid shelter is described in a letter to the Queen's Canadian Fund for Air Raid Victims from a man in Southampton, England. He expresses gratitude for a gift of money "just at the time it was needed" from the Lord Mayor's National Air Raid Distress Fund through which the Queen's Fund operates in Great Britain. Here is the letter:

I had experienced some very bad raids in Southampton, but always seemed to bear a lucky star and somehow come through it unscathed. I was walking along a particular road last summer during an alert, when a German machine dived out of the clouds and began to machine-gun the road. I immediately fell down alongside of the wall and I am still wondering how those bullets missed me. About two minutes after I heard the screaming of bombs and looking up from where I was lying saw a huge amount of debris flying through the air. A large bomb had scored a direct hit on a hotel.

These scenes after a while became quite common and after a while we seemed to get more used to them. As the months went on I began to think that I was really born under a lucky star for I had dozens of lucky escapes from injury.

Well, on November 23 there was a particularly heavy Blitz. I might add it was a night Blitz and I took my mother to a shelter. We had not been in there very long when a large bomb fell and landed no more than 30 feet from where we were. I immediately came out of the shelter to see if my house was very much damaged and found that it was almost in ruins, but the funny thing was that my canary was still hanging on the bare wall standing, and was just as lively as ever.

Without A Home

There were a few casualties caused by this one bomb, as I helped to get some of the injured to shelter pending the arrival of the ambulance. That was a very bad night for us, as of course the following day we were without a home.

Well, the only thing to do now was to find another house if possible.

In the meantime we had to take refuge at the Central Hall, a large building being used for the purpose of helping air raid victims. In our search for another house we were rather fortunate and began to move in on November 30. All that day I worked like a Trojan, salvaging what I could from the ruins of my old home and transferring it to the new.

When it became too dark to do any more I decided to go and have a drink at the pub that I always used not five hundred yards away, but I had hardly begun to walk there when away goes the alert for another raid. I did not take a lot of notice until the guns started to send up a rather heavy barrage and old Jerry dropped his flares, so I decided to take shelter for a while and have my beer after things had quieted a bit, but I never had that pint that night.

I was sitting talking to a couple of soldiers who by the way were lying full length on the bench. Outside it seemed like hell was let loose. Bombs were dropping all around us but my luck still seemed to hold good. I had a bit of food in my pocket and was just thinking of having a bite, when I heard a bomb coming that seemed louder than the rest.

Stiff With Cold

I immediately ducked my head very low, why I cannot really say. The next thing that happened is really hard to describe. It appears that this bomb scored a direct hit on the entrance to the shelter we were in and everything seemed to cave in on us. After it was over I realized that I was lying on my face buried up to my waist in a great heap of rubble, and my two friends, the soldiers buried right in. They were dead of course.

I lay there for a while thinking hopelessly what I should do when to my delight the rescue squad found me. Bombs were still falling fast as they began their job of digging me out. It was bitter cold lying there, but there it was, and I had to make the best of it. After four hours patient digging and probing they managed to release me. I was immediately rushed to hospital where the first thing they did was to cover me with plenty of blankets. You see by then I was as stiff as a plank of wood with the cold. The next day I was taken to another hospital in a safety area where they cut my clothes from me to find out the extent of my injuries.

Our Chins Up

I very soon found out that I had fractured ribs, lacerated legs, injuries to my back, and rather a nasty black eye. I spent some time in the hospital, of course, but after I came out I found my way back to Southampton, where as you can see by my address I am now staying.

I am not yet very fit to resume work, but hope to be very soon. I might add that I am full of gratitude to the Air Raid Distress Fund for their gift of money just at the time it was needed. I would appreciate it very much if you could let me know if you receive this letter and let the Canadian people know that we people over here have still got our CHINS UP.

(The Queen's Canadian Fund operates in all parts of the United Kingdom through the Lord Mayor's National Air Raid Distress Fund and subscriptions may be sent to the Daily News.)

EXCLUSIVE

FIGHT PICTURES

JOE LOUIS vs BUDDY BAER

Did Louis hit Baer after the bell rang? . . . See Joe Louis knocked out of the ring!

MARCH OF TIME Presents "AMERICANS ALL"
COLORED CARTOON—"HOME GUARD"
2 Shows Nightly, 7:00 and 9:15—Feature at 7:49 and 10:01
TONIGHT — TUES. — WED.

FILM IS MUSICAL

Jack Benny And Fred Allen In "Love Thy Neighbor" At Capitol Theatre

The two popular radio comedians, Jack Benny and Fred Allen, head the cast of stars in the fast and funny musical farce, "Love Thy Neighbor," which is the feature offering on the screen of the Capitol Theatre here for the first half of this week. Between gags are several popular songs and some beautiful dances.

Another featured member of the cast is Mary Martin who sings the song that made her famous "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," this being the finale to the picture. Other popular songs include "Do you know Why?" "Isn't That Just Like Love?" and "Dearest, Darest I."

Others taking part in the picture are the Abbot Dancers, Merry Macs, famous radio quartette Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, Verree Teasdale and Virginia Dale.

A feud between Benny and Allen is the inspiration for the action which keeps the picture and music in fast and furious pace from start to finish.

Of interest to boxing fans and others will be the presentation on the same program of the Louis-Baer fight pictures, showing how Louis was knocked out of the ring and the incident where Louis was alleged to have hit Baer after the bell.

Whifflets
From The Waterfront

Making her initial voyage of the season on the Alaska tourist route C. P. R. steamer Princess Charlotte, Capt. William Palmer, arrived in port shortly before 8 o'clock this morning from Vancouver and sailed at 10 a.m. for Skagway and other northern points whence she will return here Saturday afternoon southbound. The vessel had on board a good-sized list of round trip tourists.

Union steamer Catala, Capt. Ernest Sheppard, arrived in port at 3:15 this morning from the south, sailing at 8 a.m. for Stewart and other northern points whence she will return here tomorrow afternoon southbound.

Northland Transportation Co.'s steamer North Sea, Capt. A. W. Nickerson, was in port from 11 a.m. until 1 p.m. Saturday. The vessel, southbound from Ketchikan to Seattle, discharged fish here for transshipment East over Canadian National Railways.

Hitler knows one language only—the language of FORCE. And force will end his mad ambition to enslave the world. Your dollars—LOANED.

Not Bye-and-Bye—But BUY and BUY!

A Man who won't Lend is Hitler's Friend!

CANADA'S BATTLE IN BRITAIN

Contributed to the Victory Loan Campaign by Cartoonist Chambers of the Halifax Herald and Mail.

Man in the Moon

It is reported that some of the recent arrivals in Prince Rupert have been very dissatisfied until yesterday. In the south they were told to bring slickers and gumboots and they had no occasion to wear them until this week.

Patience is a virtue. Keep the gum boots until next winter and they may be useful.

I remember reading an advertisement for a cook written by William Marion Reedy, a literary newspaperman of St. Louis. It was a model for all advertisers but a little too costly for some people who do not know the value of a good cook.

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without love, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

"I want a cook who can cook suitably for a fat man and his frau. Just plain cooking for plain folks—on male side of house. No chef de cuisine I crave—just a cook. Mild and gentle disposition preferred. Out on the farm, close to nature. Cuckoo of a place for a cook. Pay, anything short of a Wall Street campaign contribution. Victrola in the kitchen; records of all classic operas. Picture show accessible by automobile."

They say that Mr. Reed received a thousand applications and many people have not yet forgotten the advertisement although it was published more than a quarter of a century ago. If some of your amateur ad. writers would learn a lesson from the fat editor of St. Louis, you too might go down in posterity as great men even though you be but a vendor of ordinary household necessities.

UNITED IN MARRIAGE

Miss Cathie Eastman Becomes Bride Of Art Hinton

At a quiet wedding in First Baptist Church Saturday evening, Cartherine Mitchelson, younger daughter of Mrs. H. B. Eastman, became the bride of Arthur Gordon Hinton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hinton of Cranbrook, Rev. E. E. Brandt officiated.

The bride wore a light gray suit with powder blue accessories and her sister, Miss Betty Eastman, was was the bridesmaid, wearing navy blue with matching accessories.

The groomsman was private Pte. William Lye, 102nd Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery.

H. B. Eastman gave the bride in marriage.

The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents where some forty friends of the couple gathered to congratulate them.

Dr. J. P. Cade proposed the toast to the bride and the groom suitably responded. Jack Ray gave the toast to the bridesmaid and the groomsman replied.

The groom is employed by the W. H. Malkin Co. and the bride has been identified with McMeekin's Brokerage.

The couple will reside in Prince Rupert. They will have hearty congratulations and best wishes of many friends.

Save for your Country—or Slave for the Hun!

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA IN PROBATE
In the Matter of the "Administration Act"
And
In the Matter of the Estate of Robert Emanuel Johnson Deceased

TAKE NOTICE that by Order of His Honor, W. E. Fisher made on the 15th day of May A. D. 1941, I was appointed Executor of the Estate of Robert Emanuel Johnson, deceased, and all parties having claims against the said estate are hereby required to furnish same, properly verified to me on or before the 27th day of June, A. D. 1941, and all parties indebted to the estate are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness to me forthwith.

DATED at Prince Rupert, B.C., this 27th day of May, A. D. 1941.

OLOF HANSON
Prince Rupert, B. C.

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