Aerial Bombardment Damage Fails To Halt Publication Of Post Reporter's Newspaper

This is the second and concluding article written for Dallas Post readers by Editor Basil E. H. Amps of the Ilford Gazette, Ilford, England. In this latest of his stories Mr. Amps describes how the English people resent damage to the King's palace but are willing to take their own troubles on the chin smiling.

By BASIL E. H. AMPS

EXCLUSIVE: Ilford, England (Passed by Censor)—These are her that she should have been more bad times but so far the worst nights I have had were those indignant that her own house had which followed the intensive Saturday afternoon bombing of been hit. London's dockland and East-End factory belt. From our garden we saw that evening a fiery red glow in the sky reflected with such intensity from a pall of smoke that covered all the East of London that one could read a paper by it. It looked as if all London was burning. That night for hour after hour I stood in horrified fascination listening to planes as they came the machine room and the composup the river and unloaded their bombs on the blazing areas. Plane after plane came up and unloaded and each time there was a reverberating roar and the red glow leaped. It was like a regular service of dustcarts tipping refuse on to a funace. One dare not imagine what it was like for the people living in

that area or the men fighting the fires. And the next night was the same. The red glow was dull in the early evening but it flared up again as the first bombers arrived to do their job and for the rest of the night crash followed crash and you shuddered at every crash. The horizon was ringing with fire and you wondered if anything was left to burn. The end of civilization may well come like this if man does not come to his senses.

Since then I have seen some of the damage. It makes your heart ache when you see the mounds of rubbish that only the day before were homes that had taken long years of devoted labor to make and keep. You see a wife picking over the bricks searching for some little treasure or her husband staring stolidly at the ruins. I saw some people from the East End. They had He had three days growth of black beard and his eyes were hollow and staring. He had nothing left and he did not know where his wife and children were. He spoke flatly and without expression of three nights dodging bombs. The factory just moment. This raid has lasted since

You must not get the idea from them or judge how far they are this that all is wreckage. In most parts you would not realize that had throughout September day anything has been happening. Oc- raids had no terrors. We stood and casionally you will pass a heap of rubble that was once a building and in many of the more abuilding and that the class we stood and watched the air battles which took place at such tremendous heights in many of the main shipping areas you find wood where once was plate gnats, and kept an eye open for glass. At the beginning the people in the streets dashed for cover as soon as they heard a warning si- was some thrill about that, but ren, but now they carry on until believe me, there is no thrill about gunfire draws near and then wait under cover until it fades away half the day with the pretty sure clined to go to them nowadays, but souls, of course, who appear to take the shops do business as usual and little or no notice but I have seen so have large stocks and many custom- many houses laid flat and listened to ers. There are times, in fact, when so much tragedy that I, frankly, everything outwardly appears quite haven't the nerve to stay indoors normal and you could go a long way almost anywhere without seeing evidence of raids. The other day I go to, I have got "shelter conscious". was feeling that as I rode my cycle If we hadn't one and had had to to work along a main shopping stay indoors, lurking under the road. At a junction I saw a number of people looking along the side road which was roped off. I stopped and looked and at first could see nothing wrong. Then I stared at a gap between some houses and thought, "Surely there were houses there". I showed my credentials to the policeman at the ropes and went through. I found that two houses within fifty yards of the main road were just a pile of debris. White dust covered surrounding property for hundreds of yards. A piece of curtain hung from the top of a tree nearby. A torn photograph of some people at a Coronation was half covered with dust in the gutter. Men of the rescue squad were working on the debris. There were seven or eight people under that pile of wreckage, all dead. But it didn't register as it should do. In ordinary times this would have been a national story-"Seven or Eight Killed as Houses are Wrecked!" the heading would have been. Now it was common place, not worth sending to the news agency. I knew one of the men killed in one of those houses. Outside a neighbor's house I met his son and air raid warden, gray faced, in the dusty blue dungarees of His Service. He had been standing at the door of his father's house during the raid. A friend on the other side of the road beckoned him across. He went. He had just half smoked a cigarette when a bomb hit his house that he had just left and wrecked it.

R. L. Brickel, C. A. Frantz, W. B. Jeter, Sterling Machell, W. R. Neely, Clifford Space, A. C. Devens,

Bombs Stop Letter

The break here indicates that I had to leave this letter and resume it again today (Oct. 4) It is very difficult to get time to do anything now that the evenings are getting so short. No sooner have we finished tea than we have to go down to the shelter for the night. In consequence I am having to do my correspondence and other things in spasms. This is being written in the

Printing Plant Damaged

We have had out difficulties on

reasons decree that I shall. That, of course, is the way it is with a good We scrambled everything over to a it again.

means unlikely that we shall catch can't get it focused properly at this stage. newspaper office in the next town, But the attitude of mind of many took our comps and machine operapeople is really extraordinary. An tors over by car and in a day and a elderly lady with whom I was talk- half they reset every advertisement ing had had her home wrecked be-yond hope of salvage. Everything news and we produced that week's she had owned—and it wasn't much issue just a little ahead of scheduled —had gone. The day before that on time. It was a real feat but it meant which I saw her Buckingham Palace hard work for a day or two. We had been hit. She was full of in- have been printing there since but dignation—that Buckingham Palace hope to have our own works going had been hit! It did not occur to again next week though it will be a tarpaulin roof among charred

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shopping to do as soon as we get papers at any time I shall be glad the "raiders passed" siren. It is no good trying to do shopping before that because most of them keep closed during the raid warnings. I will try to write you a more coherent letter before long. This one has certain limitations in that respect,

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afraid you cannot count me among ing rooms and foundry were burnthe heroes of London. I am sticked out. We had a good deal of stuff much good going in for elaborate ing it because economic and other already in type for that week's issue reconstruction because it is by no I think would interest you that I

And now I must close my letter as Thank you for your interesting am told they will only accept a last letter. I sent off a copy of our certain weight of letter for U. S. A. paper and hope you received it. If just now. In any case I have some you can slip across any U.S. A.

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(Fernbrook-Huntsville Road) Call Dallas 467-R-16 All the best until next time. Basil E. H. Amps



HEADS AIR CORPS



been in that inferno of fire that dreadful week. They had nothing chief of the U. S. Air Corps, sucbut what they stood up in. Many ceeds Major Gen. Henry H. Arnold, had lost relatives. Some were weep- who was promoted to the new post ing. I spoke to a young man with of deputy chief of staff. The promoa sunken face the color of paper. tions clothe the air corps with new importance.

opposite his house where he worked noon and it is now four o'clock. had gone up in flames. It must Clouds prevent any view of what is have been hell down there, and happening. It is always more nerve bombed though other parts have been, they have suffered nothing you know they are sitting up there above the clouds but you can't see Some of the cinemas are prospect of being down there all because few people are in- night as well. There are some brave through the thick of it. The trouble is, I suppose, that having shelter to stairs as many people do, I should have got used to it by now. I have been in the house during one or two heavy bouts of firing and the place has shaken as if it were going to crumple on top of me. That is not a nice feeling. So you see, I am

Card Of Thanks

Mrs. Corey Gordon and son, Paul wish to thank all those who so kindly assisted during the recent illness and death of their husband and father.

Mrs. Corey Gordon. Paul Gordon.

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