

The Girl Scout Messenger

By Joanne Hetherington Sterrett #27321

I was 10 when WWII began, so I saw a lot of war movies, bought a lot of war stamps, and helped my mother in our victory garden.

But nothing felt as important as the time when I, as well as other members of my Girl Scout troop, became an official “messenger,” with an arm band to show my title.

Because my hometown, Miami, Oklahoma, was on Highway 66, it was feared that invaders could come up 66. So, town leaders prepared!

We had a night of blackout. Various points were planned for leaders to assemble, and messengers were needed to take vital news.

Thus I, on my bicycle, went from point to point, taking messages such as “BLACK OUT! PUT DIAPERS ON ALL LIGHTNING BUGS!”

Miami’s small airport became a training school for British aviators, and the town adopted those men from so far away. Several of them came often to our home for Sunday dinner. I learned to waltz from one of them, and a big thrill for me was when one took me to a movie when I was only 11. And he paid the adult rate (25 cents!) for my ticket!