

# Left Bradford To-day—and Enjoyed It

## NO WORRIES ON THIS SKIPTON TRAIN.

(By a Staff Reporter.)

A BURLY lad is John of Heaton. He completely blocked from view a newspaper bill shouting Hitler's demands as he stood at the railway station sucking his barley sugar stick. He waved his rolled copy of "Comic Cuts" authoritatively. "I shall," he announced, "go blackberrying when I get there."

There's nothing wrong with the spirit of young Britain—at least not upon this evacuation train bound for Skipton. There was room for 800. Just over 200 were on board when we steamed out.

There were no tears, no long faces. Here and there a tiny miss might press her face whimsically against the carriage panes, but she was soon singing with the rest and chatting eagerly about the incidents when they left the schools early this morning.

They recalled with glee how Mr. George Winterbottom, a master at Hutton Modern School, had swiftly dealt with four late arrivals at the



Forster Square Station was the departure point for these Thornbury children on their way to the Settle area.

deal with four late arrivals at the school. He borrowed a bicycle, put the youngest laddie on the cross-bars and pedalled vigorously off with the three other sisters running behind. They got aboard the "Safety Express."

And there was sympathy for those four tots, brothers and sisters, from one family at Ravenscliffe, who turned up at Hutton Modern School with their neatly packed haversacks—only to find they were not in an evacuation area and could not go with their school mates.

Scarcely had the train left the Bradford suburbs and the youngsters were digging their teeth into apples and oranges, quietly reading their comic papers and in some cases already opening up and sampling their iron rations.

I found six-year-old Shirley Smith, of 93, Ashbourne Way, smiling at me over her apple as she played noughts and crosses with her sister Doreen. In another corner there was Rita Talbot, aged 8, of 325, King's Road, buried in "Our Edward Gang" tales with her brother seated opposite.

Not far away was Mrs. E. M. Knowles, of 14, Scotchman Road, Toller Lane, with her three sons, Robert, Tony and Charles. Mrs. Knowles was formerly a school mistress and is assisting with the evacuation. Her husband, a master at Belle Vue, also left to-day with scholars including his daughter, and the Knowles home has been closed down.

Another family party were the Lewlands—Gordon, aged 9, and Barry, aged 7, with their four-year-old brother Roger, who looked a little bewildered at so suddenly leaving his home in Leylands Lane.

"Mummy told me I was going



No signs of dismay and worry from these youngsters on the platform at Forster Square Station.

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old brother Roger, who looked a little bewildered at so suddenly leaving his home in Leylands Lane. "Mummy told me I was going into the country for a holiday," piped one laddie. "I have got double spending money," chimed in another, gazing at a handful of pennies. "Will we see rabbits in the fields when we get there?" asked a central city child, who is more accustomed to rabbits hanging outside fruiterers' shops. "Why was mammy crying? I'm only going to play in the hayfields," asked one puzzled little girl.

Thus there was a subdued strain of drama behind this calm and quiet exodus, and pathos, too. But was there not something typically English in the fact that several scholars overslept and missed their trains? It is an old English custom to muddle through



Dr. W. Scatterty, Medical Officer of Health for Craven, chats with some of the arrivals at Skipton Station. Right: Children boarding a 'bus for Embsay.



Skipton children welcome their new friends from Bradford, and (in the picture below) rations being distributed to evacuees on arrival at Skipton.

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