

CELEBRATING THEIR HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY



These children from Shepherd-street Mission, Preston, are on holiday at Withy Grove Hall, Bamber Bridge. They all enjoying ice cream when our photographer arrived.

Photo: "The Lancashire Daily Post"

SPENDING SIX WEEKS IN A MANSION

49 Preston Children at
Bamber Bridge

JACKIE IS THERE!

SIX weeks in a country mansion with spacious grounds in which to roam at will—

This is a holiday which anyone would enjoy, but it is far more than a holiday to 49 happy youngsters near Preston. It is their juvenile idea of heaven.

These temporary cherubim are the children of the Shepherd-street Mission, Preston, who are at present enjoying a summer holiday at Withy Grove Hall, Bamber Bridge. They arrived there a short time ago and were just beginning to settle down when I visited them, writes a "Lancashire Daily Post" reporter.

Their visit is due to the fact that their regular home, Crow Hill House, Oxford-street, is being altered. A cottage which has been

most. There is abundant space for games, and the children take full advantage of their freedom.

At the same time, they are getting large doses of Nature's panacea, sunshine and fresh air. The results can be seen in their rosy cheeks—and their appetites.

When I first visited the hall, the children were just finishing lunch. They had each accounted for two generous helpings of the principal course, and were eagerly holding out their plates for a second filling of pudding! No wonder that they looked fit.

Under the superintendence of Sister Holden, who has charge of the girls, and Sister Smith who looks after the boys, games of all kinds were going on in the grounds.

On the lawns girls with tennis racquets were showing their skill. For the boys there was football and cricket in a nearby field. And for the tiny ones—the ages of the children at the home range from three to 14 years—there was a sand-pit, complete with buckets and

of the whole establishment.

Perhaps it is because he is the smallest and chubbiest of all the youngsters there; perhaps it is that slow smile which occasionally creeps over his round serious face. But whatever it is, he is irresistible.

The gardener at the hall soon gave way to him, and bought him a little drum. He was beating it slowly and solemnly when I first saw him, mounted on a wooden horse which another youngster was only too willing to pull.

Some day that boy will be in a position of authority. He has a way with him.

There is no doubt that the children are enjoying the time of their lives at the hall. They will only be with regret that they will be leaving their "town house" next month. It is hoped that some such establishment cannot be found for them permanently.

"Would you rather be here than at Preston?" I asked a healthy-looking lad of about five. He nodded vigorously.

"Do you like it then?" I said.

