DUTCH CHILDREN ARRIVE

Dutch children, young citizens of a suffering country, get ready for their three menths' trip to England. Little Jan from Eindheven, and his sister are among the first batch of refugee children to leave for convalencemee in Britain. Medical check-up is essential for these pale, heavy-eyed youngsters snatched from the battlefront. Anti-louse powder can be a ticklish business.

This is their last meal in Holland for many weeks. It looks as though it may also be the first substantial feed they have tucked away for a long time.

Luckily, as with kids the world over, smiles and good spirits come back. Watch and listen to them on the quayside.

Life-belts lend an air of adventure to the whole proceedings. All but the really sick and ailing make the most of the thrills and excitements of the voyage.

The terrible past is already beginning to fade as the camouflaged ship sets them ashere at a British Pert.

From here they go to an English city whose own battle-scars have been seftened by Time.

Some of these children have lost both father and mother. All have come from a land racked with battle and four years of Prussian rule. Mapping up operations begin as soon as the milk arrives.

Tattered clothes and weeden sabots were the best that could be done for them at home. Here, in England, they can learn again what it feels like to be decently shed and clothed. Here is a picture the world will not forget. A spectacle of what war and the Nazis brought to Murope's children. Tuberculosis and like evils of this German inflicted scourge of war must be driven from their bedies and minds and replaced by health and freedem from fear. Welcome to England, little people.