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BUSTON EXPRESS TRAGEDY

On a misty October morning tragedy came to North London. When a local train was standing at Harrow and Wealdstone station crowded with workers on their way to the City, the Perth night express came thundering in. Then, to add to the horror, the Liverpool-bound train roared in at 60 miles-an-hour, piling up into a hell of wreckage and human suffering.

The injured and the dying lay there - the typists, the clerks, the soldiers, the fathers and mothers and children. "It was like a battlefield" reported our cameramen - who would rather go into battle again than film tragic scenes like these.

And as in all such moments of anguish, mankind was at its finest. There came the magnificent police and firemen, the men of the Services, the women of Wealdstone, the doctors and nurses ... And from nearby came American servicemen with superb equipment, and, even more important, with great hearts.

"To suffer and be strong!" There was no panic. Our people have learned to endure, and in all the grief and agony there was ever thought for others in deeper plight.

Everyone who sees these pictures will mourn for the bereaved families, and their sympathies will go out to all those hundreds of people whose memories will be scarred forever with the horrors of this terrible morning. But they will know that the nation is proud indeed of the courage and bravery that shone through that morning in October.