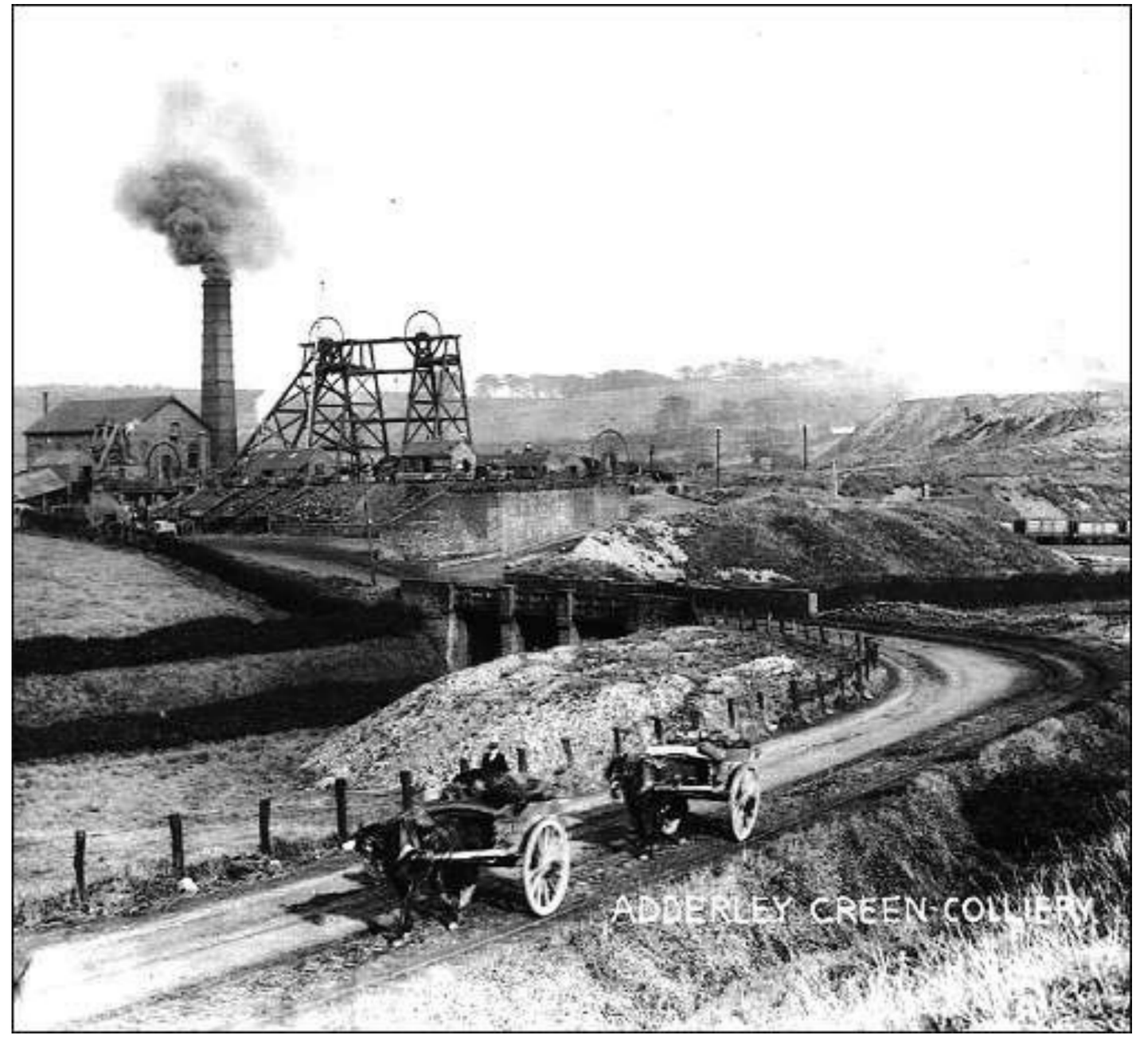
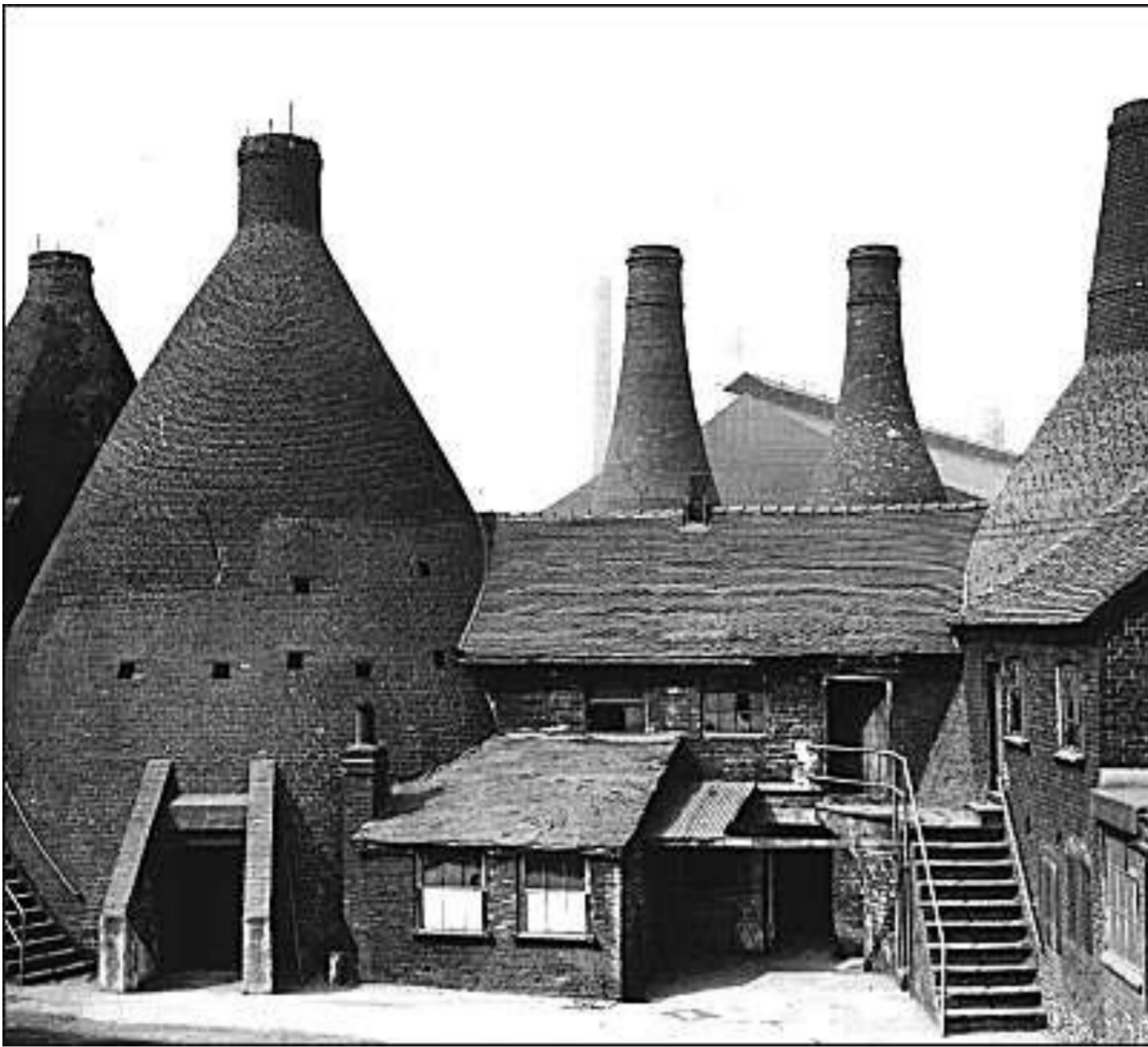


ODE WRITTEN by a YOUNG EVACUEE in TRENTHAM in 1939



An Ode to Stoke—

These lines have been written by a thirteen-year-old London evacuee staying at Trentham—

*Stoke, Stoke,
Beautiful Stoke!
Stoke in the evening sky.
Stoke, Stoke,
Covered with smoke—
That's where the Potteries lie,
Give me my home,
With the old gramophone,
And records of Cyril Fletcher;
Away from this hole,
Of smoke, soot and coal—
I'll soon be home—I betcha!*



Beautiful Stoke

The youngster comes from Palmers Green. Whatever the child may think of the Potteries, Trentham ought to compare with Palmers Green. But then it is "Home, sweet home," wherever you may be.

