

## CHAPTER IV

Taking on another family – We all get on – Weekly borders - Live nearer the school - Thornborough – College Farm - Freelance Studio – Waterways – Chance for early retirement - Ruff - Conventions – Financial services abroad – Andalusia Properties – Trevor Dine – Sir Joshua Hassan – A place in the sun – Selling home – Setting-up in Spain – Jersey Directors.

### College Farm

As in all house sales things eventually do click and a buyer found; which was just as well as we had seen the near perfect property in Thornborough, a village close to the school and not far from the shops at Buckingham. The owner was a most successful free-lance Graphic Designer. The property had three stables, a tack room, photographic darkroom, outside toilet facilities; a garage complex built under an imposing studio with the latest designer furniture and equipment reached by an open wooden staircase. It was in three acres, a paddock, which sheep grazed, and a thatched cottage, which led off the gravelled drive, which practically circled the house.

A College of Oxford University originally owned the farm. It was seventy-two foot long, thatched with stone built walls with mullioned windows with leaded glass, bread oven and inglenook and the latest fitted kitchen in bleached oak with a beautiful fire engine red aga. The whole house was carpeted in a deep red velvet pile and the curtains in matching velvet. It was a most attractive house positioned on the edge of a village close to a stream.

The studio complex gave Josephine all that she needed for a workplace at home - I had my eye on the cottage to convert

into a studio for myself. We bought it and that May we moved in, the girls each having a bedroom of their own whilst Chris could have the remaining bedroom on those occasions he felt he needed to – school vacations – continuing to be a full border at Aldenham for his final year.

In January 1986, I went skiing for the first time with Josephine who was a previous skier. I was forty-eight and not expecting to take on a new hobby, which was to last for so many years and prove to be an annual delight. Josephine had won the right to be at the Hill Samuel Convention in Zermatt, Switzerland, for Financial Advisers who had achieved a high status in business sales. It was at this time that Josephine had developed effective business links with executive search consultants, Overton Shirley & Barry.

The resort was lovely – no cars or trucks just horse drawn sleighs with the musical bells jingling from their harnesses. The Matterhorn was the back-drop to most ski runs and the pistes were lined by fir trees laden down by the snow which sloped down to typically alpine style log houses.

There were many who had not skied before and so instructors were organized to take us through our paces. It was all so new and exciting and fortunately, I advanced to the next class very quickly. It will be ever etched upon my mind how wonderful that week was. The venue was splendid being a top class resort free from cars having as its only transport horse drawn sleighs. The accommodation at the hotel was a delight being typically Tyrolean – made of wood in the Swiss style – the snow was terrific that year and the weather sunny and warm – what an introduction to a wonderful sport.

When we arrived home, I started up my freelance design business in the small cottage on the drive. It was planned to give a specialist treatment in stationary design, menus, and show cards.

My first client was the solicitors Horwood and James and soon after that was finished a restaurant in Buckingham wanted menus and cards.

Josephine's next convention held in Miami and Boca. We flew out on Concord, as a special prize, to Washington, and I must say that it was a tremendous experience being whisked through the air at over twice the speed of sound in such luxury – then onwards to Miami by specially chartered jet. It was there that guests who had an interest in other countries other than England were invited by the Hill Samuel Management to fill in a questionnaire stating what their interests were in that country and whether they would like to expand their own business there – to be an advance guard and prepare the ground for Financial Services. Josephine complied highlighting our house in Spain and setting out a plan to start a business - demonstrating that most wealthy people populate southern Spain in the region of Gibraltar where they could not only fly in but also converse in English, play golf and feel more connected to home.

Little did we know at the time that that was just what the management was looking for - an opening into the Spanish peninsular, Portugal and Gibraltar and someone who had the expertise and knowledge to back it up?

The Financial Industry was going through one of its boom periods expanding across all markets. There was at that time no local agencies in the peninsular catering for ex-patriots – they had to fly back home to secure further business contracts and products so it was deemed to be a prime target for investment banks.

The Hill Samuel management sent round a list asking for members of staff who held connections on the continent and who wished to pursue those contacts in a business-associated way to place their names forward. Josephine entered her name stating

that she owned a house in Spain, had existing clients out there who needed her to service them, and knew of others who were talking about becoming expatriates.

Very quickly, her offer was taken up and a business plan was formed. She was to go out to Spain set up her own base, which would enable her to service and sell new products to new and existing clients from the border of southern France and Spain right round the coast into Portugal, taking in the financial centre of Gibraltar. Although there were a few existing salespeople there already they were not on a par with Josephine's status and would come under her jurisdiction. In effect this didn't alter anything because in reality it was accepted that what the management were aware of was that it was from Malaga to Gibraltar which was the main area to concentrate on.

At the time, there was a boom in house purchase on the coast. New owners had to be aware about existing tax systems, holiday home purchase, lets, local inheritance taxes, off-shore banking, portfolio management, capital gains, wealth and income taxes and how planning should involve the local laws and lawyers. Although these are not within the remit of Josephine's need to know skills, she had to be aware of such essentials. The International Money Show in Marbella was a venue she had to attend to represent the company.

Now you can imagine what all that meant. We had to sell both the house in northern Spain and College Farm; then sort out how the children were going to fit in to the grand scheme; once all that had been worked out, parcel-up everything perhaps for perhaps the rest of our lives - to be spent in Spain. In some ways it was opportune moment for all of us we were all at a turning point.

There was the businesses to consider particularly seeing that Josephine's clients were fully serviced by her two advisers

who also had to be thought about – where they were going to work from and just how they were going to service the existing client bank.

We had a pow-wow with the girls to see what they thought about the idea. Anna, the youngest at thirteen, was all for it even though it would mean that she would have to learn another language. She wanted to get away from her existing school and to be at home all the time.

Helen was seventeen and in her first year at the Ivan Norvello Drama School in Littlewick Green, Buckingham after turning down a place at the Northern Drama College. She was lodged close to the school and wanted to see her time out and progress her chosen acting career. We had many long and detailed discussions about what she wanted to do. She had had her mind made up many years before, whilst at Arts Educational, about ‘going on the stage’ and nothing would change her mind - to keep on with the performers group rather than the drama teacher’s-course. Taking this course would have given her an added qualification more in keeping with her potential – a practical course to stand her in good stead for the rest of her working life. If skill and luck had played a greater part giving her acting career how much better to have the insurance of a teachers qualification as well?

Although she was not keen to see us going abroad was determined enough not to give up her goal and was very dedicated in all that she did. Her essays were always closely researched and documented.

Anthony was well set on continuing to make his mark in the music world now that the band had been formed and were playing at local venues. He would no longer use our home as a base but operate from Watford. Whilst combining working for

the Royal Automobile Club, on a part-time basis to bring in extra cash, whilst progressed his musical career.

Christopher had by now left school with his 'A' levels and looking forward to starting work with the Bank of Credit and Commerce International immediately after leaving school – an introduction managed by Josephine with Chris Johnson at the bank.

Whilst all these other considerations met, Anna continued at Charmandean School. Her teachers believed she was best off there. We went along with that decision for the time being simply because there are so many other things going on at the same time and we knew that it was only going to be for a short period.

One of Josephine's clients had a litter of puppies. She happened to mention that I might be interested in one to the owner who contacted me to see when I would like to have a look at the puppy. I went round to enquire what it was they required. Of course I was captivated by the only one remaining – the runt of the litter which was a bitch. I was somehow landed with this decision and as it turned out a wonderful moment because it was a turning point something living 'of my own' to look after. I resolved to have it there and then.

When I got back home, I hid the puppy in my studio waiting for the morning when I would show her off. I had made up my mind that I would call it Ruff after its wonderful white fur collar around its neck. I showed off the puppy the next morning to Josephine having Ruff in the pocket of my dressing gown with her head just peeping out

She was an immediate success with the girls when they came home that weekend. Their first job was to make a home for her out of a cardboard box - with her name boldly written on the front. After training, which only took a few weeks, Ruff became a main player in the scheme of things – never left out of anything.

She would wait patiently for the mail carrier on the stairs every day and thereafter follow me everywhere never needing a lead but walking at my heel.

That Christmas 1986, Simon and Rebecca stayed in the coach house studio; Anthony was out in the photographic darkroom Chris and the girls upstairs. It was a crowded house and it took all our joint efforts to see that they were all fed and watered.

Shortly after moving into College Farm, I retired from teaching, after writing myself out of the job. To be offered an enhanced pension at the same time as early retirement I had to write to the college establishment setting out how my job had become redundant through advanced technology... the plan then was to start my own design studio, working from home.

The girls became weekly borders now that I was home for good. The plan was to make them daygirls as soon as practical - when we were settled into life at Thornborough. Every Friday I would pick them up from school bring them home to start their weekend. Their washing was put in the machine to be washed and dried ready to be ironed for Sunday - to start all over again. Homework got out of the way on Saturday and any other preparation made. Helen's allergies prompted special care in such things as food preparation and her eczema made it imperative dust was kept to a minimum.

Initially all went well with my design studio having a number of commissions to look after but it soon became apparent that to try to look after the property - having a number of outhouses, a garden and paddock of three acres - mostly of grass, do the shopping in Buckingham and cook, whilst looking after the girls at the weekends - which entailed picking them up on a Friday then taking them back on Sunday... all took up a great deal of time - especially those things for school having to

be done to fit a certain time scale... the weeks went by very quickly...

It was too much, and something had to change - to make it all work smoothly. If the girls were to become daygirls, my freelance work would have to be restricted or stopped altogether.

It was that spring 1987 that we had a tremendous thunderstorm which carried on for many hours – the rain pouring down... flooding the surrounding fields and lanes. The stream down the road was swollen to the extent that you could not walk over the bridge. The ground quickly became saturated and the ditches and land drains could not cope with the sudden flash flood. The water ran down the garden and found its way into the house - through the large living room and into the under-floor heating system... soaking the carpets as the water flowed through. It became essential to dig out a land drain across the lawn, lay a large perforated pipe, linking into the existing drainage system..., which took the water to the stream.

We employed a husband and wife team two days a week – Fred and Lorna. Fred concentrated on the garden and paddock, who was now going to help me dig out, and lay the pipes for the new land-drain... he was then to follow on and do some ditching and hedge laying; Lorna's job was to 'do' the usual - in the house. The stables and Josephine's office were very much my preserve, which, coupled with my own studio work and the front garden was a continuous round of maintenance. Later we had the builders in to lay a brick terrace and patch up the studio roof, which was leaking...

I could not keep up with all the normal day-to-day events – my own business would have either to stop or take a back seat. It was very fortunate that Josephine was going from strength to strength and loving it. Having a secure base allowed her to expand and develop the business taking on two Advisers to work



from the same office in the large studio, which was big enough to accommodate them.

The other string to my bow was painting a range of dog portraits to display at country fairs – to seek commissions. Whilst the pictures were finished, the ultimate aim not fulfilled... I was offered the job of resident portrait painter at Champney's Health Farm near Tring. I was delighted to accept... this being a feather in my cap - likely to be a source of many commissions. Soon after starting the job I was commissioned to paint Champney's, for presentation as a print to retiring members of staff. The original hung in the hotel library... the painting later adapted for greeting cards and notelets. It was a very busy time travelling backwards and forwards... on call - for residents. I had an art exhibition for The Waterways Commission - held in a gallery in Buckingham - ten pictures associated with the canals and workings. Thelma and Roger, Sally's brother and sister in law, wanted some stylish notepaper and business cards incorporating a couple of animal pictures for their kennels and cattery. A design, depicting their own breed of dog, used for many years right up to the time the kennels were sold on - many years later.

A partnership with Sue, a local builder of houses and property conversions, in and around Milton Keynes, was a near run thing until a discussion with Duncan - my best man, and building surveyor, involved the conversion of a chapel in Buckingham, close to the university... to convert into three separate houses. However, the proposed move to Spain cut across all those ideas and they never happened, which was perhaps just as well. Duncan went ahead with the project himself and found that it was indeed a profitable undertaking. So the decision made... we were to move to Spain. Now everything was a-buzz, we had so much to do but first we had to sell our properties, the one already in Spain - but in the wrong place, and

look into buying a house close to Gibraltar as well as find a school for Anna.

Flo and Iris had been persuaded to move house – to be near the sea, closer to Flo’s other daughter. This was unfortunate for they would have been better off staying where they were. However, it was an opportune happening for us - the house was ideal for Anthony and Chris. They managed to secure a joint mortgage; and after the ladies had left work started almost immediately to convert the house - to separate the upstairs from the lower portion to give the boy’s their own patch whilst sharing the bathroom and kitchen. The house was completely redecorated, carpeted with curtains made and hung. A new kitchen and bathroom installed and plumbed in. The whole venture was a success and came at just the right time.

In June 1987, the annual convention for high achievers was held in Barbados at Sam Lords Castle. This was my first visit to the Caribbean to see for myself how poor the inhabitants were and how meagre the job prospects. Paradise Beach with its dingy sailing and snorkelling, shell collecting, barbecues and dancing at night on the beach were all romantic and given special appeal knowing that life back home was going to be hectic as well as exciting.

My brother Stan, now retired, was just about coming to terms with his affliction to the extent that he was looking to spend the rest of his life abroad in a warmer climate. He discussed his position and his hopes for the future with us and I think concluded that perhaps Spain provided all that he was looking for. When Josephine and I went out to Spain in the summer of 1986, we invited Stan to come along and sample Spanish life by staying at our house in Bernia Golf, Altea.

We were planning to sell our house in Spain but it would not do for Stan - he was looking for a bungalow – built on flat

land that would take a wheel chair... with two bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, and hopefully, a swimming pool. As the object was to be self sufficient - relying on his pensions to provide for Pauline and Tim, the project had to be kept to a very tight budget. A property, which would not require all his savings, was the order of the day.

These specifications almost demanded a new development in an out-of-town location. Considering his health and the obvious benefits of being in a hot, dry climate Spain was the simple choice, especially at that moment: when the coastal regions were being developed and incoming capital from foreign speculators and the European Economic Union were bolstering up the Spanish economy.

That visit convinced Stan that what he was doing was right. Within a space of a year he and Pauline and Tim were on their way out to start life afresh - new horizons and challenges, leaving behind a number of bad memories and unfortunate experiences.

David had not long finished his Honours Degree at Middlesex Polytechnic - soon to start work as a supply teacher; he later took a teacher training course at Roehampton and applied to take up a position as a lecturer in English at a further education college in Epsom. This he succeeded in doing and once there continued seeking further qualifications by reading a Masters Degree course in Linguistics.

Ruth was working part-time in Harrow after working in a florists and Benjamin was at Safeway's supermarket. Just after Christmas Ben had to go to hospital - have a course of antibiotics to cure a viral infection. It was not long out of hospital that he decided to return to education and read an Honours Degree course in Computer Programming.

Rebecca started a two-year part-time course at The Birch Walthen School, New York, studying acting and stage

management. After Easter, she took a Greyhound Bus trip round America and in June visited her friend Mrs Harrison in Oakland, California returning to New York mid-summer. She read a critique of Anthony's rock group, Romeo's Daughter's first album in a British music magazine called 'Q' they believed that it was very commercial and should do well.

When Rebecca finished her first year college course in July, she took on the job as host in a restaurant. She took the opportunity whilst there to visit friends in Long Island. The morning post bought her a hoped for interview at Queen Mary College London to read History the following year in an Honours Degree course. She then flew back to attend the interview and to spend some time in England.

Josephine and I went back out to Bernia Golf to put the house on the market and to settle any financial matters whilst there. Helen and Anna, Rebecca and Christopher came along too - so we made a bit of a holiday of it. This time we motored out although a bit of a squeeze got us there in style. They were fascinated by the experience and the time went all too quickly before having to do an about-turn and head back.

On Sunday the 12<sup>th</sup> May 1987, Josephine and I flew out to Malaga in southern Spain. We had to find a house, look into a suitable school for Anna, and perhaps find a business location - it was important not to make a mistake for time was short and we could not afford to have to keep flying out on doubtful promises. On arriving back, Josephine had to make a report to the London office to update the Directors - telling them when she was going back - be there permanently. Shortly we set out again...

We had seen an advertisement for properties for sale in Spain... one in particular - at a gated estate called Sotogrande - on the coast in sight of Gibraltar, with Andalucia Properties... It

was to them that we intended to make our first call, having alerted them to our needs by phone.

Having never been to the area before had no idea of the area. Hiring a car, at Malaga Airport, drove down the coast road towards Estapona and Gibraltar... hoping to find a suitable base to begin our search... made for the Estate Agents.

Having taken a morning flight... found us driving past San Pedro, Calpe - about midday... Noticing a group of people standing outside a small chapel - next to a school... our interest aroused - for they looked very English. It turned out that the building was the coastal English Mission Hall, and they were indeed part of the English community... We parked the car and introduced ourselves...

The wife of the resident pastor was the first to introduce her. She asked, 'had we come to the morning service?' We exclaimed, 'that we hadn't but would... following behind, into the hall...

The service was very familiar and thankfully short. After, as we were walking out, she invited us and others back to the pastor's house for lunch... during which we voiced our quest: to find a home close to Gibraltar, and, English speaking school - for our daughter.

The Pastor and his wife, Walter and Beryl Vane, had been working at the mission for five years and lived in a delightful bungalow close to the mission hall. Walter taught mathematics in both English and Spanish schools whilst Beryl found personal fulfilment as a social councillor for the church authority. We could not have found a perfect couple to put us at our ease... They remained great friends: Walter at one time Anna's mentor - teaching her in the evenings to attain the next grade in mathematics... Beryl, a councillor, and friend to Anna - when

Anna sought an English university... She remains one of my few unforgettable and dear friends.

Their advice was to seek out Trevor Dine of Andalusia Properties, Sotogrande... where we had been heading, and, to look into the possibilities of Anna becoming a pupil of St Jose in Estapona where, Walter exclaimed, "The very best education in the region could be found - of a high standard - teaching the Baccalaureate curriculum." The education, he believed, compared to the best English public school standard... it was where he taught English so knew the school intimately, particularly the high degree of discipline.

St. Jose was a fee-paying private school, with an accepted high educational achievement rating. With the lunch, served by Beryl, being absolutely mouth watering, the company positively charming, plus having perfect advice, from, as it were, 'the horse's mouth...' we were delighted we had taken the trouble to stop.

That evening we stopped on the outskirts of Estapona at an apartment in a rental block of flats - to get in a goodnight's sleep, ready for an exciting day ahead. We had not been forewarned that the nights could get so cold - not having any extra blankets, we had a restless night, eventually waking to blue skies, penetrating sun and a not very good breakfast of just corn-flakes. I was never able to acclimatise myself to the Spanish style of interior house decoration. Everything was bright and hard - no curtains or carpets, shutters, blinds, very heavy furniture and the minimum of soft furnishings.

The following day we set off only to find out that the property agency closed on Mondays. However, we drove to the estate to find the house ourselves. When we arrived, there was a note pinned to the door, inviting us to meet the firm's sales manager John Reece? He turned out to be both kind and

thoughtful showing us round the house, which in fact was a three bedroomed bungalow set in ample grounds with a pool. The price was one hundred and seventy five thousand pounds. John showed us round two others which although suitable we settled for the original - the first property viewed.

That night we stayed with John and Margaret Reece - sharing their evening meal, during which, came to know far more about the whole nature of the building site, its history, the type of properties constructed and how developed.

On Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> May, we meet Trevor Dine – another acquaintance who became a great friend, all the time we lived in Spain. It was then that we declared ourselves interested in buying the property. It was convenient to have all the necessary expertise in just one place - to advise and arrange that we should buy the property through a Gibraltar Company, the building of additional living space, garage, and driveway, have on hand Spanish speaking staff to ease the transactions and paperwork...

Sotogrande was similar to a gated suburb of California, where each property has at least a third of an acre, all painted white, immaculate lawns, palm trees, cactus, bougainvillea and azaleas, the obligatory swimming pool, terracotta roman tiles and grilled doors and windows – typically Spanish architecture using many painted tiles and natural stone. All this was set on the coast with it's: two golf courses, three polo fields, shopping arcade, marina, tennis club, private beach and sports club. The whole estate guarded and patrolled by uniformed guards day and night.

A leading company of lawyers based in Gibraltar and headed by Sir Joshua Hassan, onetime prime minister of Gibraltar, engaged to see to the rights of purchase. They introduced us to a subsidiary company who sold companies for property transfer and purchase.

This whole week spent with John Reece and his wife. They were kind enough to show us round the vast Sotogrande estate formed by an American before the Second World War... pointing out the polo grounds, marina, small shopping arcade and the areas that were to become two new golf courses. It was very much like a middle-class area of Florida - gracious houses and bungalows set in beautiful gardens with tree lined roads. The port and marina of Sotogrande was still under construction, as was the marina La Duquesa - further up the coast towards Estapona.

We visited San Jose - the school, and spoke with the Headmaster and the English tutor asking what the position was for new entrants - the entry procedure, the cost, what the uniform consisted of and what books to be supplied by the parents. The Headmaster handed us an application form and a detailed brochure telling us about the school: its foundation - its aims and objectives and answering all our many questions. I must say we were most impressed by the school and the system. What he did say was that if we were considering sending Anna to his school we would have to get her existing qualifications certified so that she could be slotted into the Spanish system comparable with her then existing standard - that could only be done by somebody who was au fait with each county's educational system. For instance, the Ministry of Education attached to the Spanish Embassy in London.

When we got back to England our Estate Agent in Spain rang us up to say that he had a buyer who was a local businessman - ran a computer shop in Buckingham - and would be making an offer. This he did and we received a fair price although we had to contribute half towards having the roof re-thatched. You can well imagine what our waking time was involved with for this whole period was most exciting. The possibilities were enormous and the scope boundless. We were so



pleased that we had found a buyer and that the sale was all going ahead so smoothly.

To make the move abroad secure for Anna, I took out adoption papers. The object was to declare a moral responsibility to her and for her – demonstrating, in an outwardly legal fashion, that I would be her guardian and keeper. She was enthusiastic with the prospect. To further incorporate our children, Josephine and I kept our own surnames. We believed that by so doing, our children would retain their identity.

It was a strange feeling to know that within a short space of time Anna and I would be in Spain... not as holiday makers or for a short break but as residents... there to stay... perhaps for good.

It seemed such a long time ago that I had left sixty-eight to take up residence at Leighton Cottages. All the heartaches and sadness, the lack of money and the stress of trying to pay maintenance. It had been my hope that some of the younger children would have come round and stayed. That did not happen, in fact some of the children had only been there that once, whilst others had never seen the place. I had been told that at the outset I would never have believed it. So much for Rita's opinion and my planning...?

Now, just five years later, I was off to sunny climes. So many things had happened, so many new friends and experiences. And there was more to come. Whilst Josephine continued working from the London offices of Hill Samuel, I planned, sorted and packed - to move out of College Farm. It was no good being sentimental about the vast number of things that had to be put away, given away, and discarded; there was nowhere to store the excess. As it was, the removal van was likely to be overloaded.

The month before the girls left school, June 1987, the place was a scene of chaos to get things done. Everything had to be

packed and loaded ready for what was left of the family to take up residence with Graham Hawes in Tring, who had kindly suggested putting us up until the day of moving.

Once we had moved out we marked time, the days seemed long for we didn't have all our things around us – we were held in limbo. Gradually time passed and the appointed hour arrived. The box bought from the vets to house Ruff was assembled and Anna and I, driven by Josephine, made our way to Luton Airport, to mount the steps, carrying Ruff in her box, into the plane. Our adventure was about to begin...

Looking back on what had happened to me over the period since leaving North Harrow I had been exceptionally lucky. If I had stayed at Leighton Cottage in my then single state, it is still unlikely that anyone of the children would have taken up residence with me. It is true that my financial state would have improved but being in the area close to all the happenings of sixty-eight, I would have been involved in more heartache and unhappiness.

Now I had a new life with far reaching potential. As I prepared to fly out to Spain, what was being planned could have had far reaching possibilities. The fact that these hopes were not completely filled did not matter for Josephine was not the sort of person to just sit back and allow doom and despondency to reign. I too would have taken full time employment to augment the family finances. As it was, it wasn't necessary good fortune followed in our wake. There is absolutely no doubt that Anna benefited from the hard work and dedication asked of her. She achieved her goal and made full use of the opportunity. That she had other stresses to contend with is part of life's rich pattern... who escapes those? Those of the children, who had worked hard - to achieve qualifications either immediately after secondary education or later, gave themselves greater opportunity to find

higher paid work and permanent employment. Those who did not suffered the extra worry of being at the mercy of the general economy and the whims of management.

An individual's life has not become easier but has changed by emphasis. Man's onetime security and power has been greatly reduced. Women have secured for themselves greater voice and rights. Children have suffered from less security and the caring hand of a gentler style of upbringing - forced to assume greater responsibilities, to cope with the perniciousness of consumer advertising, and having to differentiate between salacious media coverage and true sexual freedom. They have not been offered the multitudinous offerings of the many youth clubs and associations that were at onetime available. It is they who have suffered most from our new labour society.