LITTLE PEOPLE IN FAR-OFF LANDS



329

MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN

Switzerland, Holland and Belgium

J. HANDLEY

No. 7

2180

MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN

SWITZERLAND

CHAPTER I

I EXPECT you all love holidays. In this book we are going for a holiday, first to Switzerland, then to Holland and then to Belgium.

Let us imagine that we are in the train just entering Switzerland. We have been on the train for a very long time. We crossed the English Channel in a big ship. Luckily none of our party was seasick. It is nearly two days since we left our homes in England. We are feeling rather tired of eating meals on trains, but very excited, for soon we shall be arriving at our destination.

Look out of the window! The houses are of a different shape from what we have been seeing. They have steep roofs with overhanging eaves. Instead of being called houses, they are called chalets. Wood is the material it is most easy to find here, so the chalets are built of wood. In the towns you will find that bricks and stones are used, just as they are in England.

If you take notice as the train is passing, you will see that, although it is midsummer, logs are being cut, and piled against the walls of the chalets. These are fuel for the winter. Coal is expensive and logs are easy to get.

329

Look how the balconies of the chalets are decorated with pots of flowers! As many as possible are growing everywhere.

The eaves of the chalets are long so as to protect the chalets in winter. Sometimes chalets are covered entirely in a blizzard.

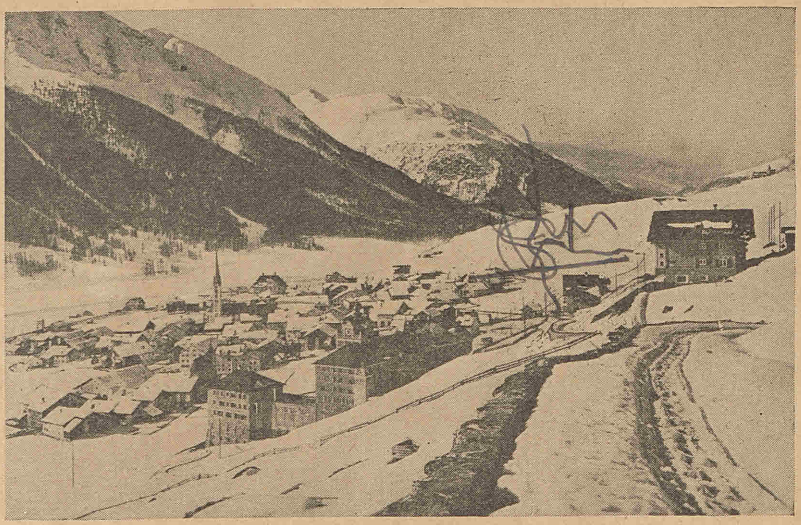


Supper-time in a peasant's cottage in the Bernese Oberland

Watch carefully as we turn the next bend. Ah, I thought you would hold your breath! There are the mountains in the distance. Can you see the snow on the top of that high one? We are lucky to-day. Sometimes the tops are hidden in clouds.

We shall see many lakes while we are in Switzerland as well as mountains.

Have you all got your haversacks? We are getting out at the next station. You will notice that the town is like a small clean town in England. The air is quite different though. It tastes good and smells good. It makes your cheeks tingle.



A Swiss village in winter

In this town there are gardens and shops, a station, and some hotels and houses. In one part there is a factory where watches and clocks are made. Swiss clocks and watches are famous all over the world. I shall change some of our English

money here for Swiss money. Instead of shillings and pence the Swiss people have francs and centimes.

We must go now to the landing-stage where we are to board the steamer which is to take us to our village. Some of the villages have no roads good enough for buses to use. The steamer chugs backwards and forwards several times a day, and calls at the landing-stages dotted round the lake.

At last we reach the chalet where we are to stay, and eat a very welcome meal. Some of our rooms have balconies with chairs and tables where we can sit in the sun and write letters. The sunshine in Switzerland is wonderful. Even in winter when the ground is covered with snow, the air is so dry that you feel hot in the sun. We shall be very brown before we go back.

Some of our beds have square fat pillows and an eiderdown that looks like a feather bed. The sheets are buttoned on to this and there are no blankets. Out of the windows we can see the lake and the mountain at the other side. Lights are showing in the chalets here and there on the mountain-side.

To-morrow we shall see some of the children who are all in bed to-night.

CHAPTER II

There are no sleepy heads in the morning when you are on holiday. I expect you are feeling chock-full of energy after our delicious breakfast. Most people here like coffee, just as at home in England we like tea. Swiss cherry jam is famous, and the little fishes we ate were caught in the lake very early this morning. It is nearly always warm enough here in summer to have meals on the verandah, and things taste specially good in the open air, don't they ?

This morning I think it will be a good idea to go across the lake to that little village opposite. There is a woodcarving school there. We shall see some interesting work.

Did any of you see the children passing on their way to school ? They start at seven o'clock in summer and come home for dinner at twelve o'clock. Then they go back at two o'clock until four o'clock. In winter they start school at eight o'clock. About ten o'clock in the morning they have their lunch and a drink of milk. They go to school on Saturdays too, but have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons free. We will look out for them as we come back. They will be free this afternoon.

Here is the boat. Can you hear singing ? It is from a girls' school, that large white building over there on the edge of the lake. Most of those girls

are not Swiss. They are of different nationalities. Some will be English. Switzerland is very healthy, and people of all countries, who can afford it, like to send their children to school here. Many lessons can be done outside in the sunshine.



A group of young skiers

Ah, here we are. Jump out of the boat carefully. We go along this road. Here is the woodcarving shop. Quite a lot of people come here in their spare time to learn to carve. It is a woodcarving school as well as a shop. In the winter when there is no farm work to attend to and no visitors to look after, the men and boys, and some of the women too,

carve these figures to sell in the shops to visitors in the summer. Some of the men make clocks and watches too. They buy the parts in town and put them together at home. Chocolate is made in Switzerland and, of course, condensed milk and cheese.

We had better each pick up what we want to buy now and go back for dinner. How smooth the lake is and how tiny the boat seems in the shadow of the mountains.

If we had been here on the first of August, we should have seen something wonderful. The people have a carnival. The boats are decorated and everyone who owns one, wears a special costume. These are very precious. They are made of silks and lace, and some of them have been handed down from great-grandmothers.

The girls have wide skirts and blouses, and little laced-up black bodices. On special days and sometimes on Sundays you will see them. The boys and men have white shirts and trousers with embroidered braces and short stockings. There are fireworks at night on the carnival day and everyone is very jolly and happy. The first of August is a national holiday in Switzerland and the people all over the country celebrate it.

Here we are back at the hotel. Can you see the children coming from school ? The boys are wearing shirts and shorts and the girls cotton frocks.



A young brother and sister in the costume of their canton

Those children over there in the strong boots must live on the mountain-side. They are going to climb up that path behind the village. The little girl has a long basket strapped to her shoulders, with a long-shaped loaf in it. If your home is on a steep hill-side it is useful to carry things on your back. Then you have your arms free to help you to walk.

After dinner we will come down again to the edge of the lake and make friends with some of the children who will be playing there.

There are two things you can see from here that I would like you to notice. The first is that garden full of washing. Look how white it is! Swiss people are very proud of their linen and have a great deal of it. They only wash once in four weeks. The girls help their mothers to fold and put away the clothes. They would think that it would look as though they had not much household linen if they washed every week as we do.

The other thing I want you to see is that field up the mountain-side. Look at those little cones! They are made of hay drying on sticks. Hay for cattle in winter takes a lot of collecting here, so the country people cut it as often as five times in a year. They dry it quickly on those sticks.

We will walk down to the lake and watch those children, and see if they play different games from those we know.

Those on the landing-stage are fishing, I see. Look, those on the road are playing hopscotch! One of them is asking if you would like to play rounders. I expect you will enjoy that. Some of the older children know some English words.

Languages are important in Swiss schools. There are three languages spoken in Switzerland. German, in the part near Germany, French, in the part near France, and Italian in the southern part next to Italy. So the children start learning languages early. I think they will often pick up words

from visitors too. People of all countries find Switzerland so lovely for holidays that it has been called the playground of Europe.

The little girl called Hedi who is swimming in the lake, told me that their school has been for a



Winter sports—Skiers in Switzerland

trip up a mountain this week. They have a school trip every year, just as some of our schools in England do.

It would be a good idea for us to climb a mountain to-morrow. We will go part of the way by train, then we can reach the top and get back the same day. Sometimes people spend the night in a

hut at the top of the mountain. There are many of these huts and travellers are very glad of them.

Swiss children have lessons on winter sports. Their teachers take them out on the snowy slopes and help them to ski and skate.

Skis are long pieces of shaped wood fastened under the feet and used for travelling over snow. It is an exciting Christmas Day for a Swiss child when Santa Claus brings the first pair of skis.

Do you see those two boys climbing up the path? They are fetching the goats which have been cropping the grass at the side of the path. It must be time to milk them. Goats' milk is very nourishing indeed. We must go now, as it is time for tea. I expect you are all looking forward to our trip to-morrow.

CHAPTER III

To-day we are going to climb a mountain. I hope everyone has packed his haversack with the food and drink we have been given. We shall enjoy the oranges we have too. I hope you have each put on an extra woolly. You will find it much cooler when we reach the top. We are going up part of the way by train, so we shall not be so uncomfortable and hot when we arrive.

After a short walk we reach the foot of the mountain we are to climb. The little train is waiting

at the bottom of the slope. It looks like a toy. There are lots of windows so that we can see the scenery. We climb in and the train begins to ascend. We go slowly as we are climbing very steeply all the time, and soon we leave the trees behind us.

The flowers are very pretty up the mountain-side, but we have not come to the wonderful alpine flowers yet. They are higher up the mountain.

Slowly but surely we reach the place where we are to get out. The sun is glorious and we are filled with wonder at the sight of the snow-capped peaks in the distance. The mountain on which we are standing is covered with snow higher up, but where we now are it has melted away.

We eat our lunch in a little shelter by the side of the path and then begin climbing again. Soon we reach the height where the alpine flowers make a vivid carpet for our feet. The colours of these flowers are nearly past believing. The forget-me-nots are bluer than any other forget-me-nots any of us have ever seen. The wild yellow pansies are almost as big as the ones we grow in our gardens. There is a bright pink flower called a rock rose, which covers the rocks, and many others.

People who are familiar with the mountains know where to look for the edelweiss. This is a little, greyish, velvety flower which usually grows in places which are difficult to reach.

Our path bends round now, and we are going to climb down by a different route. If we look carefully we may see some chamois. These are graceful little animals rather like small deer. They are very shy. We are lucky to have a clear path to



Sunrise over the mountains

follow. In the higher mountains the shepherds and villagers paint boulders white to guide them.

From here we have a wonderful view of a glacier. Those men fastened together by that rope are going to walk across it. They have a guide at each end of the rope. They may find deep cracks in the ice which could be very dangerous indeed if they were alone. They have ice axes too. I think they are

probably on their way to one of those higher mountains in the distance. There they may find solid walls of ice to climb. The ice axes will cut steps for their feet.

Down the path once more we go. Soon we shall reach the cow pastures. Ah, here is the beginning of them.

Can you hear the boy over there yodelling to someone we cannot see? Yodelling is a hard sound to make. I know some of you can do it, and when you are in the mountains the sound carries extremely well. Anyone who can yodel is not so likely to get lost if he loses his way in the mountains. If he misses his path he can call for help.

The cow bells make a very musical sound. The owner knows the note of his own cow bells. When it is milking-time the Swiss horn is sounded. This is a long, twisted horn, nearly as high as a man, which makes a very deep, hollow sound. The cows hear it and come from wherever they are grazing.

Here we are at the cheese chalets. This man lives here all the summer with his cows, and makes cheese. See! He is bringing us some milk to drink. We will have some of our food too. He says that in the hut over there the cheeses are stored until they are taken to market. You can tell that the wind is very strong sometimes up here, because there are big stones on the roofs of the huts.

I am sure you will wonder how necessary sup-

plies and groceries are brought up here. Donkeys come up from the village with their panniers full. We must look out for some as we go down.

It is lovely resting here, so high above the rest of the world, but we must not stay too long. We still have a long way to go. So we say good-bye to the man of the cheese chalets, and continue on our way down the mountain.

It has been a glorious day, and here, at last, is the village we started from. It would have been disappointing if it had been wet to-day, as to-morrow we must leave Switzerland and go on the next stage of our journey.

HOLLAND

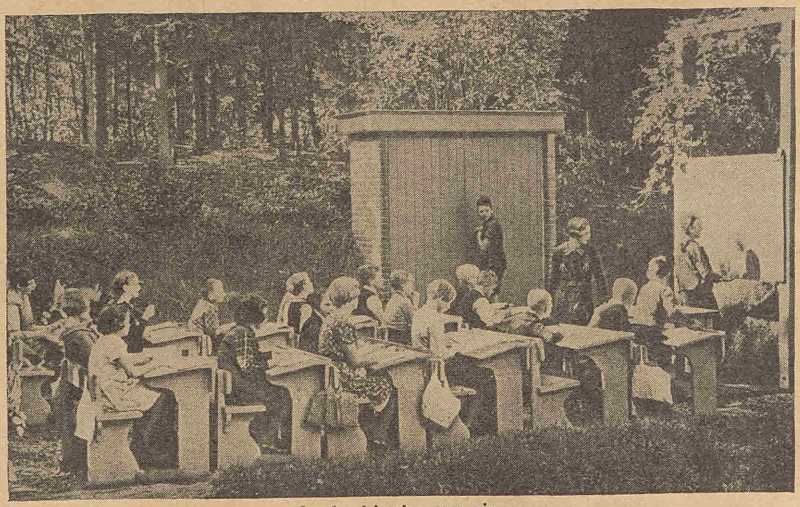
CHAPTER IV

We are already very busy although we only arrived in Holland yesterday afternoon. After we had admired the gaily coloured houses and busy canals, we settled in our hotel and had tea. Then we went to see a family for whom I had a greeting from friends in England. When we reached the house we found the family seated round the table. The children were doing their homework. Their mother was darning and mending some of their clothes and their father was reading a book.

Some of you looked rather surprised to see the family sitting round the table instead of round the

hearth as we do in England. This is a custom in Dutch homes. Family life is very important and great discussions on school work often take place.

The children told us something of their school life. The subjects they learn are similar to ours.



A school in the open air

They study the Dutch language as we study English. One thing they told us, and we had heard of this in Switzerland too, was that children have instruction very early in local government and how their country is managed. This makes them grow up with a keen interest in their newspapers and affairs of their country.

Mr. Jorissen told us too how the children at

school change their desks every eight weeks, so that no one can suffer eye strain because of sitting too far from the blackboard.

I think you were all very glad that Mr. Jorissen spoke English so well. He made everything very interesting. All the same I think you were pleased when he told his children that they could finish their work and go outside in the garden and play with their new English friends. You were surprised how many games you could play together although you did not understand each other's language.

In winter the Dutch boys enjoy football just as much as you do. They are very fond of swimming and sailing boats too. This can be understood in a land where there is so much water. As the land is so flat cycling is very popular. Most Dutch children go to school on bicycles, as do many English children.

The wooden clogs many of the children wear outside are taken off when they go indoors. You noticed how clean and shining Mrs. Jorissen's house was, didn't you ?

It was altogether a very enjoyable evening. An invitation to tea to-day quite completed our enjoyment.

As we walk along the canal-side to Mr. Jorissen's, we can see the market-place. It is still busy, and we watch a Dutch market-girl roll cheeses down a wooden chute into a boat on the canal. This is

very amusing to watch. The cheeses are round and have a red skin.



Two little Dutch girls

In the distance we can see a windmill. There are many of these in Holland. Dutch people grow many bulbs in their flat, fertile country. Dutch bulbs are famous all over the world.

Look, there is a Punch and Judy show! We will watch it for a little while.

You notice that the children who are watching it with us are dressed like Mrs. Jorissen's children and like yourselves. The girls are in cotton frocks and the boys in shirts and shorts, and many of the children are wearing wooden clogs or sabots. On Sundays some of the children put on special clothes.

At one time these were always worn. The girls and women have very full, coloured skirts, often with a pretty shawl crossed over their bodices. On their heads they wear stiff, starched, white hats. The men and boys wear baggy trousers and a round cap. Of course they all complete their costumes with wooden shoes.

Here we are already at the Jorissens' house. After wiping our feet very carefully we go into the house. The children are very pleased to see us again. They have brought out their books of collections to show us. There are some pictures which are given with a kind of cake and which are reproductions of famous pictures.

Jan Jorissen is collecting cigarette cards too. Some of you have books of these at home. I think you wish you had carried them in your haversacks to compare notes. The biggest collecting craze in Holland is stamps. In many of the children's papers and magazines there is a page showing what "swops" children have to exchange.

Tea is now ready. The grown-ups have coffee to drink, but you all prefer milk. There are cinnamon cakes called speculaas and delicious little cakes called Borst Plaat. As a special treat each of you has what is known as a banquet letter. This is your initial in marzipan surrounded by flaky pastry.

We start talking about the food in Holland and the food in England. The Jorissen family are

amused because we like a cooked breakfast in England.

In Holland people have a large breakfast, but it is nearly always cold. Perhaps they would begin



The donkey stand at a seaside holiday resort in Holland

with slices of meat and cheese and bread. Then they might have slices of bread and butter with syrup or sugar spread on, to follow. On the table too might be sweet crisp biscuits and a kind of dry ginger cake which the Dutch people eat with bread.

After tea the children tell us about Christmas in Holland. They start their Christmas festivities earlier than we do. The day to which the children in Holland look forward is December 5th, the feast of St. Nicholas, not the 25th. They put their wooden shoes out for Sint Klaas (St. Nicholas) to fill. They say that if you have been naughty, instead of toys in your shoe you will get a bundle of birch twigs. I wonder if anyone ever does ? We ask Mr. Jorissen, and he says he has never known anyone who was naughty enough for that.

CHAPTER V

To-day we are going with the Jorissen children to visit the seaside. We are not going to a large seaside resort. We are just going to a quiet place, where we can walk along by the sea and watch the gulls and admire the Dutch scenery.

We were up early and enjoyed a hearty Dutch breakfast. We feel very contented as we walk along the road to the landing-stage. All the Jorissen children are waiting for us, eager to show us their country. Maria is wearing leather shoes, but Jan and Piet have put on their wooden ones.

It still seems strange to see the houses built on the very edge of the canals. Perhaps it is truer to call the canals waterways. There is certainly as much traffic on the roads of water as on the ordinary kind of roads.

Here is our barge, and we climb aboard. As we sail along the smooth water we pass houses, shops, churches, schools and many other buildings. Some of the houses are painted in gay colours just



Domburg, Holland
Children of the village school photographed in the main street

as we colourwash our English cottages. We notice how straight the canals are, just like roads, not like winding rivers.

The canal on which we sail is very busy. There are many barges and boats going up and down with

different cargoes. One has a cargo of crates of hens and geese, which make an enormous noise.

The time passes very quickly and we are surprised to find that we are at our landing-stage. From here we walk along a country road, past farms and sometimes windmills. We eat our picnic meal in a field near a windmill whose sails are revolving slowly. These windmills are used here to pump the water up into the sea to drain the land.

We can see in the distance a long green ridge rather like a green sand-hill. This is called a dyke. On top of it there are some trees and buildings. There is a road too on the dyke, which we cannot see, but on which we shall walk later.

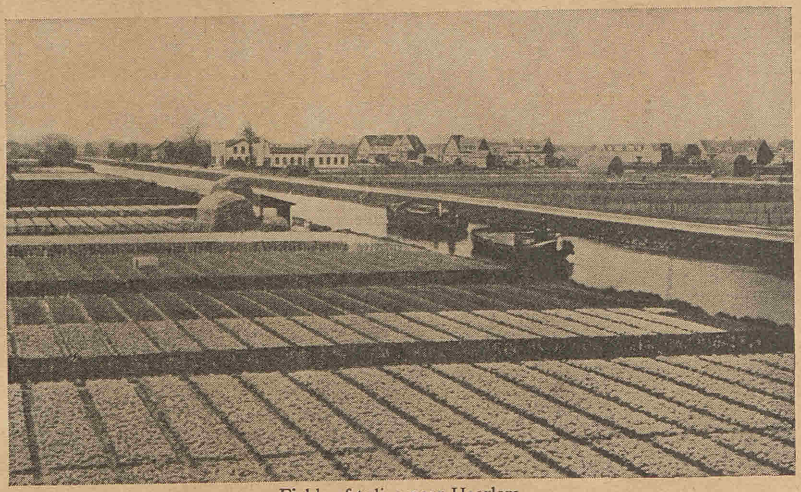
Just as we are finishing our meal a little old woman comes out of the windmill. She asks us if we would like to see the view from her windmill. Of course we are delighted. We climb the spiral staircase carefully, and are soon standing on a little wooden balcony.

We gaze round at the extensive view. It is a dazzling sight. There seems to be water everywhere, and sails and trees are mixed up in the strangest fashion. Behind us in the distance is the little town with its intricate waterways.

Some of the canals are higher than the fields, and the sea itself here is higher than the chimneys of the houses. The sun shines on the railway-lines, and catches the windows of the houses, and the

weather vanes on the churches and steeples. It is a most brilliant picture.

Some of the fields we can see are a blaze of colour with bulb flowers in the early summer. There are many tulip farms near here. One day, we decide,



Fields of tulips near Haarlem

we will come and see them at their best. We count windmills around us and argue whether there are eighteen or nineteen. We examine the sails of our own windmill, which are still now, and think that they are rather like four combs. At last we climb down from the balcony and thank the little old lady who invited us.

Now we are going to walk along the road until we reach the dyke. We climb to the top of the dyke

and stroll down the road which we find there. We can see the waves lapping the wall of the dyke. On the other side the land slopes down and we see the houses nestling below. It seems odd to think that the fishes are swimming higher on one side than the birds are flying on the other.

Another name for Holland is The Netherlands, which means the lower-lands. You can see this printed in your atlases. This dyke on which we are walking is watched very carefully all the time for leaks or faults, as are all the dykes. The walls of it are built of stone and cement and willow boughs. You can imagine how strong the walls need to be to hold back the ocean.

It is late before we sail back on our barge. We are hungry, but have had a wonderful day. As we return, Jan and Piet Jorissen tell us about the winter-time when the canals are frozen. Almost everyone can skate in Holland, and there is great fun while the ice lasts. Children skate to school. Doctors even skate to see their patients, and work-people skate to work.

The Jorissen children ask us to go back to their home with them for supper. We do, and spend another enjoyable evening with them all. We play charades and have great fun.

To-morrow we are setting out on the last stage of our journey before we return to England. We are going to visit Belgium.

BELGIUM

CHAPTER VI

Here we are at last in Belgium. In the train with us were some Belgian children. They were dressed very similarly to you.

Suddenly both the children began talking to their mother and making movements with their hands. We could tell that one of the children had toothache, and that they were going to the town to see a dentist. When they saw that we were interested in them they began to tell us the words for different things in the railway carriage and for parts of our bodies. Then we told them the English words. I think we should soon have understood each other.

As we walked to our hotel, after saying good-bye to our little friends, we passed many old stone buildings amidst leafy trees. As we noticed from the train we had not lost our waterways by leaving Holland. Here, as in Holland, there are many canals and old stone bridges. We passed the town belfry. In all big towns in Belgium there is a belfry. In olden days the bell rang to tell the people news of important events.

We arrived at our hotel a short time ago and have had an enjoyable meal of cold meat and salad, with coffee to drink. We are now going to explore the town.

As we go into the town we think how pretty it

will look in spring when the green leaves are paler and fresher. We are looking for a shop to buy a film, and turn up a side street. Here we see a Belgian milkman. He has a clean little cart and big shining brass containers on it full of milk. Dogs



Antwerp, one of the chief cities of Belgium

used to pull these carts along for the milkmen, but this custom has almost died out. The milkman stops at each door and the people bring out a jug for the milk.

We follow the side street a little further and come to a field. This is evidently a school sports-ground,

for there are many boys playing with balls. Football is very popular with Belgian boys in winter, but cricket is not so well known. Farther down the road we see the school, and all the children coming out of the gate on their way home to tea. They look very similar to English children, as did the children in the train.

A long time ago boys and girls had a very pretty costume which is hardly ever worn now. It was very attractive. The girls wore a large, often striped, skirt. Tucked into that was a pretty blouse and a velvet bodice. On their heads they wore caps with lace wings. The boys had loose trousers and wore smocks over them, and round hats. Both boys and girls wore wooden shoes. When there is a carnival I think lots of people find costumes which are packed away, and enjoy wearing them for a little while.

We have now walked quite a long way out of the town and have come to a cottage at the side of the path. We must ask our way here. First let us watch and see what the people who are sitting in the garden are doing. There are two women and a little girl.

One of the women is knitting a sock, but the other is making lace. She has a cushion on her knee and the lace is pinned out on this. She works quickly as she talks to the other woman. The little girl is about ten years old. She has been making clothes for her doll, as we can tell from the materials

beside her. Just now she is helping her mother by peeling potatoes.

They see us and I ask the way back to the town and our hotel. They ask us to have a cup of coffee



Children in the Carnival Des Gilles (Clowns) at Binche, held on Shrove Tuesday. Notice the ostrich plume head-dresses and baskets of oranges

before we go back so far, and we sit in the garden with them. You all make sure that Anna, as the little girl is called, has some help with her potatoes. Anna's mother tells us that she is expecting her sons in from the fields very shortly, and she is preparing a meal for them. As we do not wish to

keep them from their work we wish them good-bye.

It is now the following morning and we are to visit a Belgian school. We are told that we are lucky to be going to-day because the children are performing some plays. We reach the school in good time and enjoy the plays very much. Although we cannot understand the language we watch the actions, which are very amusing.

Afterwards one of the teachers comes to talk to us in English.

The teacher tells us some of the quaint customs of Belgium, how, for instance, the children find Easter eggs in their gardens on Easter morning. They say the Easter bells sow them. I wonder if their mothers put them there ?

Before we leave we are invited to go with the children for a trip to the seaside the next day. We feel very fortunate to be here at the time of both the plays and the school trip, and accept the invitation with pleasure.

CHAPTER VII

We are now on our way to the school ready for the visit to the seaside. We buy a ball as we go. We have also brought our swimming costumes and towels. If it is warm enough we hope to swim.

We arrive at the school and see all the children with their teachers gathered in the hall.

The buses which are to take us arrive and we climb in. We sit amongst the Belgian teachers and children. We are going to continue the game we played in the train and try to learn some foreign words.

Somebody is talking about Belgian glass. This is as famous as Belgian lace. We are arriving at a seaside town now and draw up in front of a café. Here we have a meal, and then we all make our way to the beach.

There are many games we can all play together. Other people have brought balls too, and we play rounders and other ball games. We show them how we play cricket, with a piece of driftwood for a bat, and a pile of coats for wickets.

Then it is time to bathe. The headmaster has hired bathing vans. Everyone must bathe from vans in Belgium. They do not like people to come down from their hotels with mackintoshes over their swimming suits. We have races with some of the Belgian children, and take some of the balls in too with which to play.

When it is time to come out we have a brisk rub down and are soon dressed ready for tea.

After tea the Belgian children sing some songs for us. We like the tunes of these and the teachers explain the words to us.

Soon we pass down the main street again in the buses. We notice open cafés along the road, and

people dancing to the music of a barrel organ. We say good-bye at the school to our friends and promise to write to them from England.

Now we are at the end of our holiday. I wonder if you have enjoyed it.

QUESTIONS

Chapter I

Name any differences between Swiss houses and ours.

Chapter II

1 If you lived on a mountain-side how might you carry your parcels home ?

2 Tell me about the three languages that are spoken in Switzerland.

3 Describe a pair of skis and their use.

Chapter III

1 Name some of the flowers you would expect to find in summer on the high slopes of a mountain.

2 How do the people in Switzerland make their voices carry a long way in the mountains ?

Chapter IV

For what flowers are the Dutch famous ?

Chapter V

1 Describe the walk along the walls that hold the sea in check.

2 Do you know another name for Holland ? What does this name mean ?

3 Why are the Dutch such good skaters ?

Chapter VI

What might you find on Easter morning in your garden if you lived in Belgium ?

Chapter VII

Tell me something about the two things for which Belgium is famous.

ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date.....

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY E. J. ARNOLD & SON LTD. LEEDS
mM-ek-r-mk-31185P

LITTLE PEOPLE IN FAR OFF LANDS

The books are written in a most entertaining and descriptive manner by capable authors with a first-hand knowledge. Each volume tells the young reader of the home life, dress, food, native customs, games, festivals, products, climate, etc., of the countries dealt with. Each book 32 pages, with questions, and profusely illustrated with reproductions of the most recent photographs.

LIST OF THE SERIES

F1	China	J. Booth
F2	The Sunny South (*Italy, Spain and Greece*)	F. Tapsell
F3	The Cold North (*Greenland, Lapland, Finland*)	M. Rowlands
F4	Under the Burning Sun (*India*)	H. Gudgeon
F5	In Far-away Africa (*South Africa*)	Q. du Preez
F6	Across the Sea (*France and Germany*)	F. Tapsell
F7	Mountain and Plain (*Switzerland, Holland and Belgium*)	J. Handley
F8	The New World (*North America*)	D. G. Green B.A.
F9	Garden and Desert (*Iran and Arabia*)	
F10	At the Edge of the Desert (*Egypt, Morocco, Algeria*)	A. Dunning
F11	Our Island Cousins (*Australia and New Zealand*)	D. G. Green B.A.
F12	Under Eastern Skies (*Turkey, Syria and Palestine*)	A. M. Baxter B.A.
F13	Scandinavia (*Norway, Sweden and Denmark*)	W. Clayton B.A.
F14	The Motherland (*England and Wales*)	F. Tapsell
F15	The Land of the Sugar-Cane (*The West Indies*)	W. Mason
F16	'Mid Forest Shadows (*West Africa*)	A. M. Baxter B.A.
F17	Sunny Islands of the South Seas (*Samoa and Fiji*)	W. Clayton B.A.
F18	Sunny Plains and Snowy Mountains (*Burma, Siam and Tibet*)	F. Tapsell
F19	Isles of the Inland Sea (*Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, Cyprus*)	W. Clayton B.A.
F20	Pampas and Wilds of the South (*Argentine and Patagonia*)	A. M. Baxter B.A.
F21	Among the Balkans	W. Clayton B.A.
F22	The Land of Mountains (*Tyrol*)	C. M. Rutley
F23	The Island Home (*Malta*)	C. M. Rutley
F24	Africa's Garden (*Abyssinia and its Borderlands*)	C. M. Rutley
F25	The Island of Sunshine (*Borneo*)	C. M. Rutley
F26	'Midst Moving Waters (*Madagascar*)	C. M. Rutley
F27	The Children of the Sun (*Peru*)	C. M. Rutley
F28	Where Pirates Paused	S. L. Grant
F29	Russia	A. Dunning

Price 6d each

E. J. ARNOLD & SON LTD. LEEDS

SINAVIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date
ERNAKULAM

E J ARNOLD & SON LTD
LEEDS GLASGOW & BELFAST