

EASTER 1941.

In the not-so-long-ago our railway stations looked like this at Easter Time, but now, due to that "nasty piece of work" from Germany, this is their 1941 appearance, while the "porteresses" are having a rather thin time.

Of course, there's more than one reason why the family car is laid up, one being that the allotment needs much, very much, attention! All hands to the job and spuds will soon be "four pahnds tuppence".

Once upon a time the proms were crowded at Easter, but now, (deprived of a day by the sea) dear old ladies make the best of things at home.

Aw! come on, Sis, we might as well. Hand the expense. They're awfully good for you! Easter week-end in the country is nearly as thrilling as one at Brighton used to be....And as for hiking, why, it's a grand life foe a fellow on the wide open road.