

HOLIDAY TIME, BUT NO TIME FOR HOLIDAY.

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Title: Farmer's Daughter.
Track: Ditto.
Lines: Stagg.
Voice: Ditto.

The mercury's going higher and higher and everybody at work naturally thinks how nice it would be to go away for a holiday. Well this year the Government says 'Don't Go Away.' Don't wear out the poor old feet hiking, either. And don't crowd the beaches as in the good old days of peace. It'd only disorganize food-rationing and heaven knows things are tight enough as it - quiet, will you. And don't go jamming up the stations. The railways are wanted for army transport. As for motor-coaches, forget them till the war's over and just dream about all these nice places and all the wonderful boys you met there, because we mustn't congest the roads. They're wanted for war transport too. Holidays-at-home is the solution. The local swimming-pool isn't quite like Brighton and Blackpool; it isn't quite so crowded, but it's a good substitute. Why not spend the holiday learning to be a first class diver. In fact, do so in your own garden.

A little imagination, and home seems like the Riviera. Explore the parks you've neglected for years. Hire a hack in Rotten Row and you'll think you're Lord Tomnoddy.

Go fishing on the local canal, and don't forget the pepper. The idea is, it tickles the fish's nose, he comes up to sneeze, and you can fix his retail price for the duration.

Go to the Zoo. Most of the animals are still there, hungry for buns as ever.

Fathers should do gardening, especially if they spend all the rest of the year on an office stool.

The tandem hire-service will take you to your social engagements in style, though there's no Ascot this year.

Good morning, Mrs. Lowsborough-Gooseberry, good morning.

Then of course there's sport. You can either watch others or keep fit yourself. What pleasant memories are recalled by the penny-farthing race, which was won year after year by that old rip, Van Winkle.
