## BIG BEN'S CLEAN-UP.

Among Parliament's many femous voices, only one is heard round the world, year in and year out - that of Big Ben himself, at the top of his great tower.

So great a public figure requires careful greening to keep him in trim - and that's a major task. Thousands of fost of scaffolding must be erected for a start. The whole structure must be inspected. High above London, Ministry of Works architect Mr. Worricher, and Mr. Payne, Parliament's senior Clerk of Works, dismentle the cross and orb which crown the tower. If that's not firm, it has a long may to fall.

Not many people have seen Westminster from this angle. Come to think of it, not everybody would want to.

This must be mended - or every M.P. will have to be issued with a reinfered unbrella.

This big eleck's just like a small boy - it's almost a hopeless task beeping his face and hands clean, if only because he never keeps still.

One hundred and fifty-mix strokes is Ben's daily total. Anyone would be slightly eracked after keeping that up for years. But the experts will put it right, for Lendon's best-loved voice must never be silent. Time - gentlemen - please!

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