

SPRING.

5/3/54.

Spring is round the corner; the four-footed creatures are gambolling over the downs and from some distant copse or spinney comes the melodious call of the first cuckoo. "Cuckoo!" There! Did you hear it? ~~X~~ The sealions are eating --- the bird is on the wing. You thought the wing was on the bird, didn't you? ~~There~~ <sup>Here</sup> little fellows <sup>are</sup> only six hours old, and if you listen carefully you'll hear ~~the~~ <sup>Their</sup> first plaintive bleat for Mama. "Cuckoo!" Oh --- there he is again. You will write to the Times about it, won't you? Well, now, you men, we're taking you over to the Festival Hall, where you can see a selection of spring wear for all occasions --- just in case that hole in last year's trousers, has ceased to be funny and become vulgar. ~~And~~ here to tell you all about it is Peter Brough --- assisted as always by Archie Andrews --- who will let you know what goes on and how ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to get it off.

Some of the smartest men are wearing Highland dress for formal occasions in the evening; and Archie Andrews will ~~answer~~ <sup>check up on</sup> that question that you're all dying to ask.

Well --- there you are. And now there's no excuse if your girl-friend puts you in the shade. But to get back to our natural history, down at Whipsnade there's been a new arrival in the wallaby family. "Cuckoo!" H'm! Gets a bit monotonous after a while, ~~and so on~~ Frightened the wallabies too. But best of all in spring --- "Cuckoo!" Oh, shut up!