

THE REPORTER





After an April shower at Buttermere, Cumberland—one of the lakes that Wordsworth loved.

Beware the sparkle of Britain's Spring!

SPRING in Britain is a heady season. It inspires giddy odes. Unlikely similes. Frightful clichés. And love.

It also has a mind of its own which it expresses by ignoring the vernal equinox. In Devon, the primroses start to pop in January. Cornish daffodils stare February in the face and chuckle. And, by the time those April showers fill the air with invisible hyacinths, you

begin to believe there's a flower seed in every raindrop.

You can sense some of the sparkle of Britain's Spring merely by flicking through a calendar of events. Flat racing starts in Spring. So does the leisurely lunacy of cricket. Festivals, fairs and floral dances put a froth on your fun. And, like any fauna faced with flora, you want to grow wild. In

one Buckinghamshire village, housewives celebrate Shrove Tuesday by running a pancake race!

If you *must* get practical about this irresponsible season, ask your travel agent about the latest transatlantic fares. Complete your trip by March 31 and you can get to Britain and back for \$320. If that little bargain doesn't inspire spring fever, see a doctor.

*FREE! Colorful 24-page fully illustrated booklet "Portrait of Britain"; write Box 311, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.*