

HOW THEY SPENT WHITSUN

This was Whitsun for 200,000 youth hostelers, and a quarter of a million hikers, ramblers, walkers and what-have-you's. At Grindleford, in the Peak district, they take a restful three day break lugging thirty pound packs up one side of the hills and down the other. It's all right, if your feet hold out. Others see the countryside, with heads down over handlebars, like those cyclists we spotted at Nethercough in Derbyshire. But for most of the holiday seeking millions, there is still nothing to rival the pulling power of the seaside. We tag along for the day with father, mother and the kids, at Southend. During the week, mother queues for the ration and father queues for the bus. But Whit Monday, it's different. All they do is line up for a place in the sun.

Down on the beach, all the peace of the holiday atmosphere. It's the one day, that isn't like the rest of the week - it's the day they have all been looking forward to. A rest from the week's worries and they'll be fit again to go back.

Well that's the way it goes. Thousands escaping crowded cities in the way they like to do it.