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BANK HOLIDAY NEWS:

At Roath Park Lake, Cardiff, August Bank Holiday means the Taff Swim. 33 ladies prepare to brave the cold wind and even colder water for the start of this traditional race. The Taff swim, to people outside Cardiff, is something of a mystery, for it doesn't take place on the River Taff! It used to many years ago, but someone built the Cardiff Bridge and that put paid to the race on the river. So, keeping the same name, they moved the Taff Swim to this lake. There go the men. The course is over one and a half miles - and every inch of the way is darned cold, down to 57 degrees in fact.

Quite a few of the competitors are beaten by the cold, but the hardier ones are making for the finish now, and here's Vida Dallimore, coming in to win the ladies race. This is her fourth successive win - a great achievement. Meanwhile, the men are still at it. Of the 88 starters, Mr. Miles and Mr. Williams take the first two places. On now to cricket. The Duke of Norfolk and Trestrail, the captain of the visiting Canadian team, lead rival sides in a friendly match at Arundel Castle. The Canadians field first, The Duke's opening pair are Jim Parks senior and Don Smith. Meanwhile, there's work for Freddie Brown, back in the pavilion.

Denis Compton is another in the Duke's all-star team. A nice one by Jim Parks shows he still hasn't lost his touch.

Right back in form, Denis Compton sweeps to leg and up goes the score. Rain threatens to halt the match, but not before the Duke himself has had a go.

The Duke, has a swipe to leg and adds two more to the score. Moving Westwards, Torquay isn't faring so well with the weather. The sun's in and so are the visitors. The Riviera of the South, they call it, but a cold wind and a fair measure of drizzle tend to belie the fact.

Maybe they've got the best idea. But don't think Torquay is along in its plight. You wouldn't call Worthing exactly a paradise just now - no, not even for them.

There's a couple of brave 'uns for you. The call of the sea I suppose you'd say - seems it didn't call quite loud enough.

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Back to the West again for a glimpse of the Devon Scout Jamboree, held at the King George the Fifth playing fields. They wanted to rough it - and by golly, rough's the word. About 2,400 boys are taking part in the Jamboree; not that there's much jam about it.

Idea of the Jamboree is to give the lads an opportunity of getting to know their brother scouts from all over the country, and from overseas. These are Swedish scouts. Others come from Denmark Germany, Norway, France, Austria, Holland, Greece, India, Finland and Yugoslavia. Too bad they should have to suffer a traditional English summer, but even the rain can't dampen the get-together they'll talk about all winter.

Four thousand boys, have a day of flying at Stanford in Norfolk. All the lads are cadets, Air Army and Navy, and this show is put on entirely for their benefit. A Royal Naval Helicopter is one of the few 'planes not belonging to the R.A.F., in the display. Now a Canberra swoops in -

Sabres of the Royal Canadian Air Force, Hawker Hunters and Vickers Venoms are among the high-speed aircraft that give the boys a bank holiday to remember.

London's Battersea Fun Fair to crammed with kids of all shapes and sizes, for a Very Important Cowboy has just come to town; the one and only Hepalong Cassidy. Although a car replaces his faithful nag for the visit, Hepalong is obviously a big hit with his young partners. To all the boys, Heppy just says "Howdy", but for all the girls, he sends a ten-gallon kiss.

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