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MILLIONS TAKE A BREATH:

There have been more people to the square yard on some holidays at Southend (seen here from an R.A.C. plane) but it was still quite a bank holiday crowd, and the place was typical of scores of beaches. So millions relaxed. Women forgot that in ordinary weeks it was washing day. Fish out of water is what most folk would feel if they were on the Mediterranean, so millions gladly settled for Britain, and made a nice picture too, posing for portraits, or sampling promenade fashions that never saw the light of Paris.

It's the simple pleasures that score most. Two good licks, and you've got a perfect mask.

The fare was traditional. Other things move with the times. Any more for the Skylark nowadays means scudding over the sea at 40 miles an hour. No extra charge to sit in the back row.

Not quite airborne, but just another sample of the thrills to be had on all sides.

Now to the White City and the British Games. Six well known girls in the eight-eighty yards invitation event. Leakes, of Kettering, went into the lead; then M.M. Vincent, of London Olympiades. Soon the crowd saw Diane Leather (Commonwealth record holder for the distance) take her expected place, head of the field, running splendidly.

And there was the record holder, going Diane for Leather, to finish in 2 minutes, 9.5 seconds.

Another women's event, the 80-metre hurdles. Girls from England, Australia and New Zealand competed. This was one of the Britain versus Empire and Commonwealth races. And how they did run! First home was that brilliant Australian Norma Throver. Time: 11 seconds.

What a sensation in the men's hundred yards. Favourite, the great Jamaican, Keith Gardner. This race, the tit-bit of a great meeting, sponsored by the News of the World, And Peter Radford beat Gardner to it, right on the tape in 9.8 seconds.

Manchester visitor to hospital children was no less than the Lone Ranger. And what an experience it was for the youngsters to see their masked hero in the flesh. He's thrilled them in a thousand exploits, and here he was, mysterious as ever, making his gun do everything but talk.

One little chap almost saw behind the mask, but that was too much to expect. Good-bye, Lone Ranger.

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The Duke of Edinburgh led a team of famous players, in the very welcome presence of the Queen, and bowled his stiff spinners against opposing captain, Lord Porchester. It was at Highelere Park, Hants., in aid of the National Playing Fields Association.

When the Duke's turn came to bat he was ably supported by such stalwarts as Edrich and Compton. It only wanted Johnny Wardle to make it perfect.

The Duke hit one out of the ground, but the real match of the day was at Zandvoort, where Manchester United Ladies were in great shape against Holland. Pretty combinations between the Dutch centre forward and inside left menaced the English goal, but the substantial custodian left little room for them to shoot.

Manchester opened the score in 25 minutes, and it was love and kisses all round.

On this showing England could do a lot worse than play this team next year in the World Cup. The Manchester girls hung on to their lead till close on half time. But one goal wasn't enough. The Low Country lasses rallied, split the English defence and saved Dutch honour with the all-important equaliser.

Also in Holland, the Motorocross Grand Prix. In the 500 c.c. were crack riders from all over Europe, six from Britain. 30,000 spectators saw some magnificent riding.

The winner, riding a B.S.A. was John Draper; a great performance by a British motor-cycle ace.

25 drivers of seven countries got away in the German Grand Prix. 212 miles over the famous Nurburgring. Sitling Moss led the field in a Vanwall till he retired with mechanical trouble. The circuit of just over 14 miles numbers close on 180 corners. Tony Brooks was also driving a Vanwall.

Peter Collins and Mike Hawthorn (Ferraris) were fighting a terrific battle with Brooks. It was soon after this that poor Collins No.2, had his fatal accident. Hawthorn saw it happen, but raced on.

Tony Brooks hurled his Vanwall over the line, winner at a record average for the course of 90.87 miles an hour. That brilliant victory gave Brooks third place in the world championship.

At Cowes the elements took an unkind turn. The Number One regatta was graced by the Duke of Edinburgh and the young Prince of Wales, and the royal yacht Britannia lay at anchor. The "Queen Elizabeth" lent her majestic presence. Her passengers had a better time than some of the yachtsmen.

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In fact even veteran sportsmen declared there was far too much "weather".

However, the tough conditions didn't deter the Duke, in Bluebottle, from bringing his son with him. Also aboard were The Duke's sailing master, Lt-Commander Easton, and that doyen of the yachting world, Uffa Fox. Exciting sailing for the Prince of Wales, so obviously following in father's wake.....

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