

A RECORD WHITSUN.

The holiday coincided with a minor heat wave, so nearly everybody went away. One touch of summer and millions seized the chance to relax on the beaches, or else be very active there. Small blame to those who put the job and the boss out of his mind and concentrated on the things worth while. Certainly, there hadn't been such a Whitsuntide for years. What a difference two or three days by the sea can make. So much to do, so much to look at, so little time - you can't always be expected to look where you're going.

Down by the briny the naked eye can do with a little assistance. Lovely things come into range.

Lying about isn't the only way of relaxing; it's a tonic to get out on the water, the sea air rushing past your face, taking liberties with the fillies' frillies.

Inland there was no less fun than at the seaside. At Woburn Abbey the Duke of Bedford (enterprising as ever) gave over his famous Park for the National Caravan Rally, the Duchess presenting prizes. Last summer they had a nudiest congress at Woburn. Caravanners prefer to go Round the World with Something On. Spread over the 120 beautiful acres here were about fifteen hundred caravans. But no rest.

Caravans are fine for folk who temper the Great Outdoor with a little home comfort. For people who stayed at home, the garden demanded attention, man's best friend lending a willing paw.

When it was almost too hot, a man with a well trained family could manage to keep cool. Unless of course, he happened to be a slave to the lawn. Who on earth invented grass, anyway?

But no matter how much lawn you've got, the radio-controlled electric mower is the complete answer. A 24-volt battery makes it do the work while you put your feet up and languidly press a knob or two.

At the London Zoo the chimps' tea party was as big an attraction as always. Their table manners are perfect - well, almost. In fact they think that human beings are nearly chimp-like.

A second cup, sir?

No need to stop drinking. Just carry on concentrating, and the tea will get there in the end.

The chimps bejoy being filmed. It's just their cup of tea.

The White City staged the British Games, sponsored by the News of the World. The 220-yards International Invitation Event.

With perfect timing D.H. Jones (Great Britain) passed Foik (Poland) winning in 21.2 seconds.

Now the International 20 yards hurdles.

P.B. Hildreth (Great Britain) had the lead, held it against Tait and Duncan and went on in great style. He hung on like grim death winning in 14.7 seconds.

Hildreth first, Tait second, Duncan third.

Now came the International 880 yards event, with Germany, Poland and Hungary challenging Great Britain, whose hopes lay with Mike Rawson, the European 800 metres champion. At this stage K.H. Kruse (East Germany) was in the lead. If Rawson was going to challenge him he couldn't afford to delay his effort much longer. He made it, passed Kruse and hung on to the lead.

In the fastest half-mile in Britain this year, Rawson won.

Time, one minute, 50-5.

Now, athletics in a lighter vein. The famous Shirt Race, at Banpton, Oxfordshire. In every pair, one man pushes, one rides. At the first pub the pusher drinks a pint, then changes places; and so on till all seven pubs on the course have been successfully negotiated. Banpton men have been doing this for the last 200 years at Whitsun and it was a thirsty day for the race. Fancy dress is compulsory.

Light hearted the race may be but there's an awful lot at stake. For the winners, a tankard and five gallons of beer. They'd drunk their way round the course in 15 minutes. Flat out. Maybe later on they'd be flat out again.

To conclude for Whitsun, a highbrow note; fun and games in Paris, at the Display of Comed Art. Two for the price of one; plastic art, with dancing thrown in. Uplift in a big way. Wet or fine, can you beat it?

Obviously they're dedicated to their art, and she's thoroughly rapt up in him!