


AUGUST HOLIDAY.

3/8/54.

Arundel Castle was, as usual, the scene of a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ midsummer cricket match of international flavour --- but this year the visitors were from Canada --- and that, for cricket, is unusual. Included in the Duke of Norfolk's team was Denis Compton --- but the mighty Denis lost his wicket to Jim Cameron's bowling, for a total of only four.

Following Compton was the Duke; ~~xxxxxxx~~ after a sparkling opening, his wicket too fell to Jim Cameron.

Also in the home ~~team~~^{side} were Jim Parks, and his son, Jim Parks Junior, 

Now it was Canada's turn to bat; but at 137 for 7 the inevitable happened; rain stopped play.

Another outstanding match was ~~xxx~~ played at Bexley in Kent --- at a club whose cricket history goes back a hundred and forty nine years. But of course, it hasn't been raining ^{the} ~~all~~ ~~that~~ time.

Those were the good old days when you couldn't recognise bodyline if you saw it; bowlers were limited to underarm bowling and woolly underwear; and the batsmen ~~xxx~~ had never heard of grace. But --- yes --- it was really cricket; and what would the village greens be without it?

But this is the twentieth century; so an August holiday must include many meetings of the model aeroplane clubs. Here at Creft Airport near Darlington, they have radio-controlled flights and diesel engines, and all the speed and thrill of this modern, airborne age.

They even race in teams; in dizzy circles, these little planes cover as many as ten miles in a race --- with scheduled stops for refuelling.

But now --- harking back once more to the days of the placid and distant past --- here in W Berkshire is the procession of the Festival of St Oswald.

Lord Milner of Leeds gave the address at a public meeting at the Cross, before the return to the Rectory Hall --- at a festival that has remained almost unchanged, since the days of Cromwell.

Now --- as happens all too often at holiday times --- the peaceful turn of events was shaken by a drama at sea. Fire broke out on board the cargo-ship Mildrid, ^{of Trenchheim,} carrying wood pulp ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to Rochester. Twenty-nine people on board were rescued --- and the British Tug Turmoil, towed the Mildrid to Felixstowe.

x On the ~~Isle~~ Isle of Wight --- there was a tragedy of the roads; a bus travelling from Freshwater to Sandown plunged over an embankment. Although it was three parts full, no one was killed.

But to round off our story in holiday mood --- August, as usual, found the yacht clubs out in full sail in the Solent; and a fair breeze kept them dancing across the waves from Cowes to St Catherine's Point..... from Ryde to the Needles.

Among the entries was the Duke of Edinburgh's Coweslip --- though the Duke himself, of course, was in Canada.

And here's a foreign-looking fish in home waters --- based on a Polynesian war-canoe, though she was built in a British yard. She's going to attack the world speed record of 23 knots.

Well --- there you are; another round of holiday news and sport in the 1954 summer; and only about a hundred and twenty shopping days to Christmas.