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EASTER HOLIDAY.

Whatever the weather may be --- whether it is fine or wet or merely doubtful, there will always be a crowd of optimists going away for the Easter Holiday --- the first and longest general holiday of the year. Coach, train, boat, plane --- all are packed with holidaymakers-to-be ---- man, woman and child determined to enjoy themselves even if they catch pneumonia.

So Britain ~~goes~~ ^{leaves} away from the noise of the city for the quiet of the countryside.

What does the Easter egg hold ~~mean~~ for you? Life is full of little surprises. What do you think about a farmer's life? Oh --- mustn't grumble. What about the open road? In a caravan trailer you're free as a rabbit, but don't leave a litter.

At Easter the horse really comes into his own --- either the hack in the ~~Park~~ Park --- or in that famous old institut~~ion~~ the Van Horse Parade which even modern mechanization leaves untouched. There's racing too --- at the end of the holiday you're broke anyway, so why not this way? The bicycle comes out of its winter sleep --- racing at Herne Hill for the pedal pusher --- ~~and~~ and at Donington Park for the motor cyclist.

And there's hill-climbing. But for those who don't like strenuous sport, don't forget that hundreds of couples ~~of~~ get married at Easter. It gives you something to do at Whitsun, too.

But for a good old British holiday, it's hard to beat the fun of the Fair. Then, when the holiday's over, we all go back to work. But pity the absent-minded girl who thought she was still at Blackpool.