

Pick Pock ts and Crooks mingling with the crowd. On approaching the course we were met by numbers of winning ticket tipsters including that world famous coloured man calling himself Prince something all dolled up with feathers in his hair like an Indian, shouting 'I gotta orse'. Every one seemed to patronise him even if only to say he had sold them a ticket, or rather tip. On the way we had passed an old fashioned vehicle of the old mail coach type drawn by four horses and on the top of which were perched men and ladies, the former wearing top hats and the ladies large flowery hats. I have a very good snapshot of this vehicle and of the crowd on the Hill we mingled with ~~on the Hill~~. Near our pitch was a very large tent doing a roaring trade in beer and other drinks. Well as there seemed to be no Lou about, an enterprising man had put up two hessian enclosures where one could rid oneself of the surplus beer etc. These two structures marked Gents and Ladies one could enter for the sum of one penny. And I bet the man made a fine profit.

In the Pavilion enclosure are the big Book Makers known as the gold and silver rings. On the Hill we had just the small man who took bets for as little as 1/ which was our mark. Anyway it was great fun having a bet on the five races before the Derby. These Book Makers on the Hill are kept informed of the ruling prices by men known as Tick Tacks who by some secret method signaled from the silver ring. I thought I had spotted one ~~signal~~ signal & the tick tack man put his hand to his head and I thought it was a horse called The Turban but was wrong. However we had great fun putting on the odd shillings and in the end made a few bob each.

We saw the start of the Derby but very little else but as the race finished there was a tremendous shout from the crowd and the Bookie said 'The favourite has won'. He was right. Just before the race was run a plane flew over the course towing a large pennant with 'BLUE PLUM' painted on it.

We got back to the hotel shortly after the race, not waiting for the finish of the meeting as Lorna wanted to collect her winnings from her bookie of the morning as she thought he might do what is known as 'Welching', clearing out.

On returning to the hotel we had hot baths and then prepared for dinner for which as you can imagine we were ready. After a very good night and a very fine breakfast next morning we bid our host goodbye and set off for Devon and Cornwall hoping shortly to enjoy Devonshire Cream and Cornish Pasties.

On the way we passed through Military territory, Bagshot, Camberly, and skirting Farnborough where I spent my first two weeks training with the R.F.C. in 1917. and Aldershot where, we, on a previous trip spent an evening at a ~~Wife~~ Military Tattoo. This was a first class show by the Military the bus service to the show and the seating accommodation etc. all very well organised. We left London on a conducted tour in the early afternoon and all the way were policemen conducting and controlling the traffic when and where necessary. There was no fuss and everything seemed to be running very smoothly. There must have been hundreds of cars and buses heading for the Tattoo. We eventually arrived and were shown to our seats from where we had a very fine view and saw the thousands who had come to see what was a very fine show. Infantry, Gunners and many forms of attraction. There was never a dull moment. At one stage two gun teams collided but one saw very little damage if any for the lights switched off for a few seconds and the show carried on. The show finished about midnight when our guide lead us quietly and without any fuss to our bus. and we were off within minutes. This I think was a very fine performance with all those cars and buses to get going. Our bus