ROYAL ASCOT (2nd DAY

A few hours of fine weather made possible the traditional royal drive from the Golden Gates down the Ascot course.

Her Majesty had no horse running in the Gold Cup, the main event of the day. Sunshine had transformed Ascot into the place of beauty it should always be. Rain all but ruined it the day before. Fashion then took refuge beneath raincoat and umbrella, and yet it contrived to be Royal Ascot, because Her Majesty won the Royal Hunt Cup. All eyes in the royal box were on Choir Boy as Mr. Marsh got the big field smartly away. 21 came under starter's orders. The Royal Hunt Cup is run over 7 furlongs, 155 yards, protectors' distance, but uphill for most of the first 400 yards.

Over the hill D. Smith had Choir Boy near the front. Brunetto Two furlongs out the 4-year-old drew clear of Erne and Hilltop. The champion jockey was up on Brunetto, so again it was Gordon Richards against the Queen's horse. This time Her Majesty's colours were first past the post.

Next day it was Ascot, if not at its best, at least something like the real thing. Feminine optimism responded to the sunshine; beauty of face, form and fashion delighted the eye.

the One touch of topical originality was/coronet effect provided by an American visitor. Queen 's Having viewed the horses the / moyan party returned to the royal box. It was now near to 3.45, the time of the off in the race which brings the owner nearly £11,500. That Trench glittering prize attracted a strong contingent from Brance, a quarter from which no racing challenge can ever be laughed at. From royal box to the popular side there was intense excitement over the Gold Cup.

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6.5 PM.

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AMS

ASCOT - 2

.... Ten runners, 2-and-a-half miles to go, and a cracking pace set at the start.

Over a distance like 21/2-miles tactics are all-important. M. Bousace Aram, pace-making for Talma 11; include the field with Le Flamand, pace-making for My Duboss's Feu du Diable. In fact the pace they set was such that the rest of the field hardly seemed running on the same afternoon.

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Near the end it was obviously going to be a tremendous finish. Just when it seemed that the Gold Cup would go to Charlie eigher Aram or Le Bourgeois (both French) Hummin Elliott made his effort on Mr. G. R. Digby's Souepi, drew level with Aram and best him in a photo-finish. It was the grandest Gold Cup since long before the war.