

THERE WAS A DERBY IN 1941.

A day or so before the Derby we went around to some of the training establishments where the entrants were preparing for the ^{big} race; we went largely because there's been so little talk about the Derby this year that we wanted to be quite sure there was really going to be one. We didn't want to go to Epsom and find we were the only people there. But, of course, if we had gone to Epsom we should have been a bit lonely because the great race this year was at Newmarket. It turned out that quite a lot of other people knew the race was at Newmarket, and they ^{must have} used thousands of gallons of petrol to go and see it. Well, here we are by the paddock, waiting for the big event. ~~but~~ a lot of spectators were late because their cars got mixed up with an army convoy and both the racegoers and the army got held up. Fortunately for us, Adolf missed the bus again.

~~and~~ now ~~the~~ the parade. There is an atmosphere of rural peace about this old world scene in a country that's been fighting for its existence for nearly two years; ~~we~~ ~~hardly~~ know whether to cheer or burst out crying.

Yes --- there certainly were quite a lot of cars about the roads; inspectors from the Petroleum Department were to be seen taking the number and registration details of every one.

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And this is the race. The winner was Owen Tudor, but at the start he was lying well back; most of the running at this time was made by Morogoro and Sun Castle and Starwort.

Just before the finish, Owen Tudor came up to pass the leaders and win by a length and a half, with Firoze Din third -- a 25¹⁰/₁ shot won the Derby in 1941.

So now all that remained was to get home. ~~It looks~~ like ~~a awful lot of petrol, but of course,~~ the Petroleum Department does allow a certain amount to be used for private purposes. Perhaps we're got all the petrol we need; perhaps we've got all the ships we need to bring us plenty more.

But you can't help wondering if the men who risk torpedoes in tankers really like doing it for this.