

THE BAY COLT.

VIBRANT with feeling and courage
Was his sensitive high-flung head,
As he hurled his challenge to rivals
To test what his sires had bred!

Shone the light of a steadfast spirit,
The faith of a soul in the gaze
That yearned with a youngster's ambition
For the triumphs of coming days.

In the sheen of his golden beauty
As he galloped with kingly air,
Glowed the star of all Art's inspiration—
The flame of the artist's despair!

On the turf his backers were legion,
Be his field the pick of the land;
He was voted "the best of the season,"
A horse with the speed and the "sand."

The King's Plate claimed proof of his mettle.
"Too fast and too far," they professed;
But he bore the blood of great racers
That knew not defeat from the best.



*"Vibrant with feeling and courage
Was his sensitive high-flung head."*

The horses pranced out from the paddock,
Their colours ablaze in the sun;
Amongst them a Black and a Chestnut,
Strong favourites both in the run.

Soon a cry went up from the watchers
As the horses streamed up the track,
With the Black and the Chestnut leading,
And the Bay Colt many lengths back.

Six furlongs he stayed with the rabble,
Till the field here opened out wide
When, knowing that this was his moment,
The Bay Colt leapt into his stride.

A few lengths ahead the Black and the Red
Galloped neck and neck in a bolt
For the winning-post goal, gleaming white up the track,
While cries intermingled: "The Chestnut!" "The Black!"
Then every eye turned to the colt.

The Bay had come through like a bolt from the blue,
And strained at the tail of the Red,
As she flew with her head all ablaze in the lead,
For the Black, though a good 'un, was slackening speed,
While gamely the colt fought ahead.

With his nose at her girth, for all he was worth
He strained the half-length to diminish.
Like a flame in the wind the mare strove to out-vie
The speed of this rival dropped out of the sky
To threaten her place in the finish.

And now neck to middle! Which wins? 'Twas a riddle
That sent the crowd wild to decide.

For the pace was terrific, the distance was slight,
But the colt came of stayers who knew how to fight
With "punch" for the last telling stride.

As they flashed by the post 'twas doubtful to most
Till the numbers went up with a run.

Then a roar rent the air from every man there,
Sportsman and sinner saluting the winner:
"The Bay Colt!"—"The Bay Colt has won!"

The season passed by and a dark crimson sky
Reflected an Empire's pain.

Loud sounded her trumpets in rallying blast
A call to her children for proof of their caste—
An appeal that was never in vain.

Soon the Bay Colt stood in a land of blood,
Tossing high his royal head,
Though the shrapnel screamed with a sickening sound,
And the great shells gored up the shuddering ground
Sowing wide their countless dead.

Through the awful hell of shattering shell
Came the trumpet's silvery breath,
When they charged through the horror of guns and mines,
And the Bay Colt won through the Prussian lines,
Where he died a Thoroughbred's death!

BRUTUS.

FÊTE DAY, June 24th, 1917.

THIS was a red letter day, on the lighter side of the Battalion's life. It was decided to make some return for the hospitality extended by the people of the village (somewhere in France), where the Battalion was stationed in June, and the brilliant idea was conceived of giving a Grand Fête with Exhibition Sports for the amusement of the community, and the benefit of the funds of the Croix Rouge Française.

A good site was selected, and the lay-out and gay decorations of the ground invested a charming little clearing in the woods with a real gymkhana air. The weather was perfect, and the fête was honoured by the presence of the Divisional and Brigade Commanders, Staff Officers, representatives of all units in the neighbourhood, and a large number of civilians who had walked and driven from the surrounding countryside.

The band, made up with much originality as clowns, niggers, highwaymen, etc., paraded the village to begin with, and also pulled off a variety of comical "stunts" during the afternoon.

Horseback wrestling, tilting at the ring, tent-pegging, pillow fighting, sack races, tugs-of-war (mounted and dismounted), and V.C. races were all contested with great spirit, and proved a novelty to the civilian element amongst the crowd, and an interesting exhibition to the military visitors.

During the afternoon, the ladies, escorted by their cavaliers, sold little tricolour favours for the benefit of the French Red Cross, and smiled and cajoled no less than one thousand and fifty-five francs from a most willing and cheery crowd.

As a concluding item, the Band put on an inimitable "Mock battle of Farbus," and kept the audience in fits of laughter with their motley costumes, quaint antics, and their conception of how an attack, covered by a barrage from a fearsome-looking T. M. battery, and also an ambulance service, should be conducted. The system adopted will not be found in any of the official text books.

A couple of aeroplanes passing over head, dropped messages, and gave the people a closer look at a British machine than they had probably ever had before. In one of these planes was Lieut. Driscoll, late of our own Battalion.

The great day closed with the playing of "La Marseillaise," "The Maple Leaf," and "The National Anthem," and as the dusk of a beautiful summer evening was falling, a delighted crowd left the grounds loudly acclaiming the novelty and success of the Fête.

R. O. W.