

THE CENTENARY AIR RACE.

What excitement there was at Mildenhall,
On the twentieth day of October;
That was the greatest day of all,
For men the whole world over.

That was the day of the great air race
From Mildenhall to Melbourne,
A race against all time and space
By well experienced airmen.

The planes were lined up on the 'drome,
The engines began their roaring,
Thousands of people left their home,
To see the start that morning.

There were Scott and young Jim Melrose,
Mollison, Turner and Shaw,
Hansen, Jensen, Parmentier, Moll,
And a dozen others more.

Excitement overcame the crowd,
As the starting time approached,
The engines began to roar more loud,
Then, "They're off!" cried a thousand throats.

Trooping down the laneways of the skies,
Wing-tips gilded by the morning sun,
Each pilot eager to gain the prize,
The Cavalcade of the sky-kings had begun.

—MARJORIE COCK.

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